

vampire

an epic Vincent/Yazoo vampire story

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 23:

23

He was walking down the stairs in a melancholy mood.

Vincent hadn't come back for two weeks now, that being the longest period of absence ever.

He was probably still angry because of Yazoo's attempt to make him a vampire...

Though the teen didn't feel too pleased by Vincent's rejection either. But knowing Vincent he probably didn't mean it in the way that he thought Yazoo ignoble. Most certainly the vampire had this uncomprehendable idea that his state was something despicable that should not be shared and he only wanted to protect Yazoo from himself, or something. Just how could he make him understand that his condition was no curse, but a gift Yazoo was more than willing to share?!

Frustrated the silver haired youth made his way into the kitchen, but stopped in surprise as he almost bumped into a red cloaked, broad back.

"Yazoo," Aeris exclaimed, but looking at him somewhat awkward.

Vincent turned around, nodding his greetings, but his eyes remained distant. The expression was wiped away though as the vampire said in his normal, quiet voice that bared no resentments whatsoever, "There you are. I was inclined to come to your room this very moment. Please put on your Sunday dressings, I will await you outside."

Yazoo blinked, but then went to do as he was told anyway.

Now this was seldom, Vincent going out with him. During all the time they had spent together, he could count the occasions they had left the house on one hand. Mainly they had visited the bookmaker, but this time Vincent seemed to planning on something different, for he didn't need to dress in his best clothing if it was only for a visit at Reeve's.

Aeris came up to help him with his hair, carefully gathering the strands in his back and pinning them with a golden clasp. He asked the maid if she knew what was going on, but she only shrugged, smiling at him and wishing them a fun night.

As it turned out, Vincent lead him to a brightly lit mansion not very far from their own.

Aristocrats were gathering in the luxuriant entrance hall, handing their heavily broaded and jeweled coats over to the servants and then gathering in small groups.

Lifting an eyebrow Yazoo looked up to his Master for he surely was known to be anything but sociable, but Vincent just ignored his sceptical look and motioned for him to hand over his green velvet, gold buttoned coat to the servant.

They were guided into a dance hall where a group of musicians played their instruments and a few couples were swaying around stiffly, doing their 'dancing'. Others were sitting or standing around opulently covered tables.

The stench of heavy perfume and sour sweat underneath hit their sensitive noses and Yazoo knew instantly that he wouldn't be able to eat something here, wrinkling his nose a little.

After an hortative look from his master however, he settled with an emotionless expression, letting Vincent guide him towards two chairs that stood a little apart from the others and were cast in twilight, securing them from too curious eyes. A murmur was going through the room upon their entering though, and Yazoo suspected that they were the subject of at least half the whispered discussions.

But what did he care.

Sitting down on his chair, arms lying on the armrest and legs crossed, he gave the perfect image of regal boredom and disinterest, erecting an invisible wall around him that effectively deterred everyone from coming too close towards his claimed territory.

Just what had Vincent driven to drag him here and waste their precious time together?!

The vampire sat beside him, looking just as impassive and disinterested, his eyes lazily scanning the room.

They remained like this for approximately half an hour and Yazoo had started to almost doze off, when another murmur was going through the rows and the music ceased.

The pairs stopped in their dance and made place as a young woman entered the hall.

She was accompanied by several other women her age, but all eyes were cast on her. Her beauty was breathtaking as she was gifted with every quality a woman could wish

for. Her brown, almost black hair was pinned up and decorated with small white pearls. Two bigger nacre balls were dangling from her perfect earlobes, framing an angelic face with big brown eyes and a rosy mouth. Her impressive bosom was constricted within a white corsage, and the expensive white, sheer fabric of her skirt was flattering her long legs.

If one wanted to compare her to any other person in the room her outstanding appearance came astonishing close to be a female version of Yazoo.

She greeted the other guests with a gentle and refined nod of her head, holding out her angled, white hand for the men to kiss it and curtsying in a cute manner before everyone of her guests.

"Tifa Lockhart," the sonorous voice of his master informed the silver haired teen who could as well have done without that information.

"She is the only child and daughter of the mayor."

"Hn," Yazoo made, not knowing what to say but feeling that he had to give something back.

The mayor's daughter and her party settled down in the opposite corner after the mayor had made his speech, thanking everyone who had come and telling his guests to enjoy his little party. The music was filling the room again, and Yazoo wondered how long he still had to endure this before Vincent would decide that he had tortured him enough and finally release him.

The vampire on the other hand seemed to enjoy himself as his interested eyes wandered to Miss Lockhart and he observed her quite openly. Tifa returned the favor, looking back at him every so often, her cheeks painted in a rosy colour. Apparently her friends noticed also as they giggled and chattered, obviously teasing the young woman.

Yazoo felt like puking.

"That woman's looking at you," he pointed out dourly towards Vincent.

"Really?" the vampire returned facetiously. "Well, there are worse things, she is a beautiful woman."

Needless to say that this comment didn't do anything to brighten the silver heads mood.

"Hn," he snorted, tilting his head "Why don't you go over then and ask her for a dance?"

It was meant as a sarcastic tease, because Yazoo was sure that the day Vincent Valentine would dance in public (if at all) was the day hell had frozen.

Apparently the demonic underworld must give the Arctic a run for its money, because the vampire looked thoughtful for a moment, then rose from his seat with a "You are right," and went over to the party, bowing and offering his hand to the young lady. She accepted with another blush, letting herself be lead to the dancefloor.

Shell-shocked the young man watched as the vampire gracefully swirled the girl around, making everyone else stop in amazement and building a circle around them.

It seemed as if their feet didn't even connect with the floor and as if dancing was their natural way of moving as the music became more dramatic and so did their frisk.

Fuming, Yazoo asked himself why Vincent never had danced with him . Not that he was eager to dance, it was all about principles here! After all he was the one who shared his master's bed, making him writhe and arch in pleasure as he burried himself deep inside Yazoo's body!

Or at least, that was what he'd thought until now.

Suspiciously eyeing the two finish and the circle erupting into applause he wondered what exactly Vincent was doing everytime he was absent.

The vampire bowed before the mayor's daughter, who lowered her head in return, lifting the corner of her skirt as she curtseyed again.

Her giddy friends were almost melting as they mustered Vincent hungrily, but the vampire had only eyes for his companion, ignoring every other offer for a dance and instead leading the more than willing young woman towards their seats.

Yazoo had propped his head into his left palm, the other morosely drumming against the ebony of the armrest, though his facial expression didn't betray his bloodlusty mood at all.

They came to a halt in front of his chair, Vincent letting go of the woman's hand and galantly introducing his protégé. "Miss Lockhart, this is my student Yazoo, Yazoo this is the mayor's daughter and the town's rose Tifa Lockhart."

She blushed again at his flattering.

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance," Yazoo replied smoothly, but totally ignoring the offered hand as she expected him to press his lips against it.

Confused she withdraw it, saying "It's my pleasure as well," and casting a helpless look at the vampire.

"Please excuse my student's unusual behaviour. He is not used to this kind of events."

Vincent sent his lover a silent and frosty warning that went unanswered as Yazoo just continued to sit in his chair sulking, flashing her a toothy grin.

"Oh no, please don't feel sorry. I understand his feelings perfectly well, usually I do not like these kind of events either," she hurried to reassure them.

Yazoo doubted that she had even the slightest idea how he felt right now, and the word 'usually' and her strangely glassy look into their direction made him put her on top of his death wish list.

"You are too kind," the vampire purred, bowing again, an arm held behind his back.

"Well then, does your student benefits from your teaching regarding dancing too?" Tifa asked politely, remembering her lessons of blitheful small talk very well.

Before the cloaked man could answer Yazoo took the opportunity, drawling "I'm sorry to disappoint you. Vincent teaches me *a lot*, but dancing is not one of the subjects, I'm afraid."

The vampire got the hint very well, but gladly the young woman was far too innocent to understand the innuendo.

"But I am certain," Vincent stepped in, a cruel and merciless look behind his perfect mask of politeness "that Yazoo has just a natural talent where these kind of things are concerned, so it should be just as much a pleasure dancing with him."

With a glare that tolerated no objection the vampire forced Yazoo out of his seat, grabbing unwillingly for the woman's hand and leading her to the dancefloor more roughly than would have been necessary.

The musicians were starting a new melody just now, and grudgingly Yazoo lead the offending woman over the floor, trying not to stumble over his own feet. Though Vincent had been right, it wasn't that hard at all and after a few rounds he gracefully, albeit boredly flinged her over the parquet. From out of the corner of his eye he could see Vincent socialise with the mayor and his party of selectmen and apparently he did a very good job. He seemed to have said something witty (no big surprise here...) as the mayor broke out into hearty laughter, approvingly slapping him on the shoulder.

"Father seems to like your Master," the obnoxious woman dared to talk to him and entangle him into a pointless conversation.

"Hn," Yazoo only made, impassibly swirling her around.

"I think that's great, usually he is quite picky about his company," she continued smiling, either being too stupid to sense that he was absolutely in no mood to talk to her or just blatantly ignoring it. Judging from her 'lovely' personality, he tipped on the former.

Just as he was about to say something facile the flash of something yellow caught his eye and soon after two very familiar und unbeloved blue eyes stared at him in disbelief as Cloud Strife was making his way through the crowd. Gritting his teeth, Yazoo asked himself if the night could get even worse, when Tifa innocently

announced "Even more so as this evening was set up to search for a decent husband for me."

Stopping dead in his tracks Yazoo stared at the confused girl blankly before something awkward clouded his eyes and he excused himself tightly.

With long strides he exited the room, leaving the puzzled woman behind.

In the entrance hall he snapped his coat out of the scared servant's hand who had the misfortune to come into the line of his homicidal glare and finally exited this disaster of a party.

Xyleel: Tjaja, Yazoo wird noch lernen müssen dass nicht immer alles nach seiner Nase läuft.... Aber ein bissl ist Aeris ja auch selber Schuld, sie hat ihn verzogen XD Ich denke auch, dass es unverzeihlich ist das Yazoo Aeris geschlagen hat, aber zur damaligen Zeit waren Frauen eben kaum was wert und hatten so gut wie keine Rechte. Er ist also mehr oder weniger Kind seiner Zeit, und hätte eigentlich nen Orden verdient dass er sich überhaupt entschuldigt hat (Aeris ist ja 'nur' ne Frau...).

Wie Vincent zum Vampir wurde wird noch lang und breit erklärt, keine Sorge :D
Freut mich dass es dir gefallen hat!