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Disclaimer: The following may contain explicit events between consenting Adult males. If you are not of age or it is illegal for you to read this, please leave now. I am also not responsible for any misconceptions had of or gained from this piece.

In any case read and drop a line if you're able or have criticism or suggestions.

Death and Loving it: Through Death (2)

“ You make me feel old ya know.”

“Why would I do that?”

Sable threw his boyfriend a smirk. After one of their late night romps, he thought that it would be easier for Mana to stay then explain to his dorm mother why he needed to come home so late. Sable looked over his shoulder and away from his own musings to see Mana arranging himself in bright and colorful clothing. It had such a deep contrast to the gloomy half live in area that was Sable's loft.

“You dress so juvenile...you make me out to be some kind of pedo ya know?”

“Oh puh-leze. You aren't that much older. If it wasn't for all that doom and gloom you wear, you wouldn't look like a rapist.”

“Hey! I thought you liked my doom and gloom...” muttered Sable pretending to look hurt.

“I only said that to get into your pants,” quipped Mana.

“Speaking of which, how in the hell do you keep getting clothes here?”

“Well after you strip them off me, I treat them like casualties and let rest where the fall.”

“Meaning?”

“I keep leaving clothes here and you wash them and I wear them next time we play hide the sausage,” stated Mana as a matter-of-factly. It took some work to not burst out laughing. Sable was not even sure what it meant, but the thought of such a game was funny nonetheless.

“Why don't you just move in with me? I can keep you in comfort and safety. You've already got have your stuff here anyway.”

“How am I supposed to explain living with you?”

“What about the mail order Russian bride scheme I came up with.”

“Um yeah real cute Sae, but I mean to people like my parents? What do I tell them? That we’re like Catman and Rubin, fucking and fighting crime?”

“Fucking and reaping souls ...”

“Whatever! The point is... I don’t know... I gotta think for awhile.” With that he rushed out the door. Sable called after him but he was already gone. A text beeped on his cell phone. It read: “I’ll meet ya back here later after school. Have a good day at work.” Love, Mana

“Fine be like that,” Sable said pouting.

Sable started to get ready for work. He wore a black collared shirt with his job’s logo of a heart bleeding black ink, a pair of rough black jeans, black socks, black converse, fingerless black leather gloves and a loosely tied black bandana with his hair leaking out of the top. He rolled up his sleeves to show off his tattoos. He worked at a high-end gothic tattoo parlor. He grabbed his keys and cell. With a hop and a skip he turned back and took one last look at his building. It looked awful. It was kept that way to keep people away but the inside was done up nicely. A short glimpse then he was gone.

It was funny that after all that work getting dressed his job was only a few blocks away. He only got the job to keep himself busy while Mana was at school. It also gave him something to do and kept him looking somewhat like a normal human being. He worked for a lesbian couple and some of their friends. He liked being the only guy there even if he wasn’t as butch as the rest of them. The job interview was a piece of cake. He made up where he learned to tattoo from and did some crazy designs on a practice dummy. He even stripped nude and showed them his tattoo. He ended up tattooing everyone there with the logo he had come up with.

Yeah he had fun but he preferred being with Mana.

-----Mana-----

In his mind’s eye he sat and watched all the nothing in the world parade itself past him. He sat eyes glazed at the view he had taken in hundreds of times. He was not the only unenthusiastic one. Many faceless people were frozen in place in various states of movement and being. No color was visible here, no sounds were heard, just lots of nothing. Time and space distorted around the nothing as it passed by his gaze. The background began to fade and he knew it was almost over. He turned to leave as everything faded into white.

A woman screamed somewhere. He thought it odd that it was always a woman who screamed. It was also odd because there was never any sound in those dreams of his.

Murmurs all around him were getting closer. Mana's eyes fluttered open to stare at the table at which his head was resting. He was in his last class of the day, English. His face felt wet and sticky. He lifted his head up to look the professor right in the eyes. A few people gasped.

"He's alive," shouted someone.
He felt his face and looked at his hand. It was bloody. For once he hadn't been parting when something like this happened. But unlike that time he passed out under the drunk chick with her period, he was in class.

"Mr. Pember are you alright?"

"Huh? Yeah I 'm cool." He shuffled through his bag and got out a compact. Someone in the audience coughed "fag". Mana peered at his own reflection in the little mirror, and was surprised at what looked back. A one-green one-blue eyed bloody mess glared back at him.

"Mr. Pem-"

"Yeah if ya don't mind I am gonna go to the bathroom and fix myself up." The strangest thing was definitely his eyes changing, but after that was he couldn't find where the blood had come from. He had no cuts and his nose didn't have any blood in it or coming out of it.

As he made his way through the crowd of people packed into the small English classroom to the bathroom he managed to drip blood on a strange preppy man in almost all white.

"Sorry," he whispered

The man only sneered at him, and proceeded to wipe up the mess, that Mana had left on him.

"Whatever," he thought and quickly made his way to the bathroom.

-----Sable-----

It was getting close to five and he was getting fidgety. About twenty minutes before the end of his shift and some jack off decides he wants his whole back done in heavy ink. Looking at the size of this guy back and the tattoo he wanted Sable estimated

that it was easily a 2-hour job. Sable tried to push him off on someone else, but the guy liked his work the best.

Sable's ego grew a bit from the compliment, especially since the ladies he worked with had trained and had years of experience. "In my defense I could have been doing this for much longer than any of them, well before I got amnesia and started this whole topsy-turvy decent into Madd World," he had often thought when people complimented him and he felt guilty for accepting their praise.

In any case it was time to go. He packed his things and got ready to leave.

"Hey! Where ya goin? What about my tat?"

"Sorry kid my shifts over. Find someone else to do it," he said trying to act gruff by using the man's dialect.

"It's gotta be you though or else it won't work."

"Listen kid, any other day I would be all over it but not today, I got me something I need to do before tonight."

"Oh you lookin to scores some primo stuff?"

"Naw kid, gotta see a man about some things for ma crib, ya know?"

"Yeah ah get it, gotchore self some baby mama drama, huh? Alright I get undastand don't wanna getchu in trouble wit wifey. See ya tomorrow then kid."

"Yeah see ya," Sable said to no one in particular as the man had walked off. He didn't understand half the things the man had said to him, but guessed he meant he would be coming in tomorrow for the tattoo.

In truth he did have a few "chores" before meeting Mana later tonight. He thought to himself while trying to sense the meeting place for today. It's been a long time since he had been to the Goths and he wondered how much money he had racked up. The Goths were the support system to the reapers. They were regular humans who dealt out the paychecks and special cases. True Goths were the ones who knew the truth about death since before the word. Unlike the posers who shop at Hot Topic or Tripp or the ones who say that they hate life or the ones who write really depressing poetry. Mainstream gothic ideas stem from the Goth's influences and were essentially away of making money by selling the expensive crap the posers like to wear as well producing music they liked to listen too.

He went down a back alley and was led to a dark cramped area with a heavy metal door and a small window. Graffiti marked the door and informed its reader to use

the window. Luckily he was tall enough to rap the door twice before stumbling a few steps back into a loaded trash bag.

The window opened up and a young man of about fifteen or sixteen pops his head out to look for the perpetrator of the noise.

“Oh, he will be right with you. Please hold on one moment.” The door slammed shut leaving Sable to his own wiles. He decided to use this rare opportunity to write his name on the asphalt.

“Oi Oi Oi put tha thing away! Ah doe knee it smellin like wanker out hea wile ah do mah business.”

Sable finished taking a leak and stuffed “it” in his pants after a quick shake in the voice’s direction. It belonged to a stiff old man in a comfortable looking black jumpsuit, with long white hair. He was Nell the man he had come to meet, one of the Goth advisor’s assigned to the NY, Manhattan area.

“Well whacha’ll be wontin en? Urry an be quick a bou it. Ah got me a tite sledge ul, an ah aint gots no time tab eh pissin roun wit ta like ah you.”

“Right... well Nell, I am here for my pay and I got a few questions about the academy.”

“Righ oh, ears ya fukkin chek, dough spen it all un one round,” he said throwing my check to me while laughing at me and his own jokes. “Ass for ta incurry, ah dun know but tha seems lie ah job for ta managemen.”

“Okay thanks Nell, take it easy man.”

“Righ en piss off ya fukkin prat.”

“Delight as always”, thought Sable. He made for home disappointed. All meeting had a two-week period before they would meet with anyone. Of course like Nell they move from place to place at odd intervals so he couldn’t just rush them. He would have to break out the mirror and then send them a message. Of course the management would want to know about Mana’s ability and any other dormant ones. That was why he wanted or really needed to get Mana into the academy.

Sable took his time making his way home. It would be awhile before Mana would be over and he thought he would cash his check and see about any new jobs on the way. It would help expedite his request for an audience if he had a few more special missions under his belt. These missions were usually dealing with cults and their like who had managed to acquire pieces of Goth history or any knowledge of the truth about life and death.

Like acquiring his check he had a roundabout way of cashing it. He walked down a few streets until he came to an old building that was seemingly abandoned and broken down. He inside was perhaps something out of a magazine.