

Mark's lament

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Author's Note: This is the last chapter of *Mark's lament*. Although I haven't started writing it yet, there will be a sequel titled *My Boyfriend is a Vampire*. Keep an eye out for it!

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Chapter Twelve

*I am here to tell you we can never meet again
Simple really, isn't it, a word or two and then
A lifetime of not knowing where or how or why or when
You think of me or speak of me or wonder what befell
The someone you once loved so long ago so well*

*Never wonder what I'll feel as living shuffles by
You don't have to ask me and I need not reply
Every moment of my life from now until I die
I will think or dream of you and fail to understand
How a perfect love can be confounded out of hand*

*Is it written in the stars
Are we paying for some crime
Is that all that we are good for
Just a stretch of mortal time*

*Is this God's experiment
In which we have no say
In which we're given paradise
But only for a day*

- Written in the Stars, by Elton John

Mark took a very deep breath. He looked at the contract. The very document that sold his *immortal* soul to Christian. His parents had sold him out 10 years ago. Now he had it back. The reason wasn't what he had wanted. He had it back because it was needed to destroy a demon.

Mark found out why his soul had been sold. His parents wanted the money, but even more Christian wanted a soul. Not necessarily his, but a soul. The original idea was to somehow bind that soul to himself. Yet as Mark grew up, Christian explained, he could never go through with it.

"Why the FUCK did you sell my soul to him?" Mark was furious at his parents. Him and Christian had come home to work on the documents.

"Mark.. honey..." Eva tried to say, but Mark just kept yelling profanities.

Christian put his arm around Mark, but Mark wouldn't let him. He was angry at everyone in the room. Sure he loved Christian, but at that moment, he sure didn't like him.

"It's complicated" Christian explained. "I was looking for a soul that I could use, either through friendship, or binding it to me as a servant, or something more complicated. I offered your parents a lot of money. How could they say no?"

Mark glared at his parents. "Seeing as it is my soul, I should get 100% of that money!"

Eva and Alex's faces went pale. "The money is gone, Mark."

Mark crossed his arms. "Then I'll get a lawyer, and sue for it!"

Mark had left the conversation very angry. He calmed down towards Christian, but felt it difficult to forgive his own parents. He was livid in that regard. He also knew that there was a whole lot about it all he wasn't being told.

A few days later, Mark was trembling a little. He had left his friends at home, and snuck out on Christian. It was 4:00 pm. Christian couldn't follow him in the daylight. The bus stopped, and Mark looked over at the large cathedral. Mark stood, taking a careful step, and then another, and finally he made it off the bus.

He was sure that he was doing the right thing. He couldn't bring Christian along. It was his turn to be the hero, or the victim. In reality he didn't want Christian getting hurt, again. Christian always tried to protect Mark, but in reality always got more hurt than if he had minded his own business.

Mark loved Christian, but he knew how Christian would feel betrayed. He had written a note,

and left it on the kitchen table.

Dear Christian,

I am going to meet my fate. Perhaps even my destiny.

You will probably be upset. Okay, that's putting it mildly. You'll probably trash the house after reading this. Please don't be upset with anyone other than me. I know what I am doing.

I went out to find the demon. I'm going to follow Fiona's instruction's to the T. I cannot allow you to come with me. You would just get hurt again, and it crushes me inside every time I see that happen to you. I can survive the daylight, you cannot.

Nyarai told me to be mindful around you, or else I might accidentally expose you to the daylight. This applies to the demon as well. This is something I have to do alone.

If I can come home, I will. If not, know that I love you so very much.

Love always,

Mark

P.S. Please go by and see my sister Ashley once a week. I promised I would be around for her, but some things are more important, like saving her life.

Mark opened the door to the cathedral, and it creaked the hinges desperately needing to be oiled. He took a deep breath, stepping into the foyer.

“When's Mark getting here?” Scott asked, getting comfy on the sofa with the popcorn. The gang was getting started early with their movie night. It was now around 6:00 pm. They had all had pizza, knowing that Mark wouldn't want any.

“He should be here by now” Lisa looked a little concerned.

The phone rang.

Drew picked it up, “Hello?” Everyone looked at Drew, who quietly spoke into the phone. Finally, the phone hung up.

“What?” Lisa looked at Drew, even more concerned now.

Drew looked really upset. “Mark's not coming.” He started to sob, “He might not... might not...”

even come... come home... alive.”

“WHAT?” Lisa screamed.

Drew started crying downright. “Christian said he left a note. He went to find the demon, alone.”

Stan stood up. “We have to go after him!”

“Stan” Drew looked at him with tears in his eyes, “He left two hours ago. Christian said he would go over there, but he doubted there would be anything we could do now.”

Mark sat on the floor in a quiet area of the sanctuary. He had the documents on his lap, and was saying the quiet incantation to infuse them as Fiona had instructed them to do. Anyone could do this level of magic.

Mark stood up, ready. With the documents in hand, he walked over to where he knew the Priest was. The Priest turned and looked at Mark, he gave an evil grin.

“You think you can defeat me, *vampire*?” The Priest had a cocky and arrogant attitude about him.

Mark didn't dignify the question with a response. He threw the document at the Priest, and loudly recited the second incantation that he had been instructed.

Christian stepped into the church. He walked down the main aisle of the sanctuary, and saw both Mark and the Priest, but didn't know what was going on. Finally there was a blinding light, and when Christian looked again, both Mark and the Priest had disappeared.

Christian ran over to where they had stood. He got down on the ground, and started to cry. “No! Mark! You can't leave me!” He couldn't move from that spot. Christian remained there, crying his heart out.

Everyone was at Drew's house. Christian, Lisa, Drew, Stan and Scott.

Christian had finally managed to drive home, after one of the Nun's helped him to calm down a little. He told them all the news. No one could decide if it was *bad* or *good* news. The demon was gone, but so was Mark.

Both Fiona and Nyarai tried to reassure Christian that all was fine, but neither of them could say that this was 'according to plan.' No one, not even Nyarai had expected Mark to disappear.

humanlover08: I don't know what to do, Nyarai. I miss *him* so much. I feel like my heart is going to leap out of my chest. It hurts so much.

romeomustdie: I know, Christian. This is something he had to do. While this wasn't according to plan, the demon is gone. Plan B and C were a lot worse.

humanlover08: WORSE? HOW CAN IT BE WORSE THAN IT IS?

Lisa came over, and put a loving arm around Christian. He was on his laptop, talking with Fiona and Nyarai. She knew he needed some physical comfort.

Christian closed the computer finally.

“So what do we do?” Stan asked, needing some sort of closure.

Christian looked over to his friend. “Nothing. All we can do is wait. If Mark returns to us, then he'll return. If not, we have to move on.” Lisa put her head on Christian's shoulder, and started to sob. Christian cried as well, and the two started to hold each other.

“I... I'm going to... study...” Drew quietly said, “I have a test tomorrow.” Scott went with Drew up to his bedroom. Really he wanted to cry in solitude, without everyone watching him.

“Is it done?” Horatio asked the shadowy figure.

“Yes, the demon has been destroyed.”