

## Mark's lament

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<http://ca.groups.yahoo.com/group/phoenix-writing>

### Chapter Two

“A 16 year old boy was found nearly dead in Central Park off of Bank St. tonight. Witnesses told Ottawa Police that it looked like a vampire had attacked the boy. He is in critical condition at the General campus of The Ottawa Hospital. Tune into CTV news at 11:30 for more details.” The female announcer said.

Drew and Lisa watched the news interruption of their favourite TV show *ER* with horror. Mark hadn't shown up, and they had been worried for the last hour. No one called to tell them what happened either.

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Mark's parents Eva and Alex quietly sat in the waiting room. Their son had been admitted to the ICU, and they were quietly being upset, wondering why anyone would want to attack Mark.

The door to the room opened, and a man of about 5'7” tall with deep blue eyes, and long, wavy brown hair to his shoulders stepped into the room. He wore a long, black trench coat, with a white shirt loosely hanging over a pair of black pants. On his feet were a pair of black loafer shoes.

“How is he?” The man asked to Eva and Alex.

Eva sniffled a little.

Alex took a deep breath, “They say he will live. The news thinks that a vampire attacked him.”

The man looked a little startled at that revelation.

“Has he been having a lot of trouble with bullies from school?” The man quietly asked.

“No, not that we're aware of. And the police don't seem to think that a bully could have... done this to him. He was badly beaten, and he lost a lot of blood, but the puncture marks...” Eva said.

The man thought for a moment, “When will he be released?”

“In a few days” The doctor said from the door.

The three of them looked over to the doctor, waiting for some sort of explanation for the comment.

“He was badly hurt, Mr and Mrs Yonge. But he will heal, and by the end of the week, we can send him home.” The doctor offered.

The man quietly left the room, Alex and Eva listened to what the doctor had to tell them.

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Lisa and Drew were beside Mark's bed. Mark slowly opened his eyes. On the hospital table were some chocolates and candies his friends had gotten for him.

“How do you feel?” Lisa quietly asked Mark.

“Like I was run over by a truck.” Mark groaned a little.

“Have you been run over by a truck before, Mark?” Drew asked with a straight face.

Mark just groaned again, not offering the comment a reply.

“Who attacked you?” Lisa asked, concerned.

“I don't remember. The police wanted to know as well.” Mark said before closing his eyes, and going back to sleep.

As promised, a few days later, Mark was released from the hospital. He was back at school, roaming the hallway at lunch.

“Hey, Fag!” Tommy shouted to Mark. Mark just tried to ignore him.

“Hey, Fag! I hear you got beaten up! Good for you! Saved me the trouble!” Tommy shouted.

Mark just headed for Drew's locker, where he knew he would find Lisa, Stan and Drew. Reaching them, he just quietly sat down on the floor next to them.

“Don't let him get to you, Mark.” Stan offered.

Mark didn't reply, closing his eyes to get a bit of rest. Despite being released, the doctor told him to avoid stress, and Tommy's taunt didn't help that situation.

Later that night, after the science club had finished, Mark started to walk home. It was dark out, but he felt safe enough, despite his previous encounter.

A fist tried to land on Mark's cheek, but a figure moved so fast to get the attacker out of the way. Mark just stopped, looking at his attacker, but he didn't see him anywhere. Not wanting to get killed, he just started running towards home.

Finally getting inside the house, Mark locked the door, took off his shoes, and ran to his room, hiding under the covers of his bed.

Alex and Eva both blinked, wondering what the odd behaviour was about.

Alex went into Mark's room. "Mark, what's wrong? I've never seen you act like this before."

"Someone started to attack me when I walked home" Mark started to say, a little shaky. "But... something stopped them. I never got to see... got to see the person who... stopped the attacker."

Alex looked a little upset by the news. "Are you going to be ok?"

Mark sighed a little, "I will be in a few hours."

Alex patted his son on the shoulder. "Dinner is ready when you are. If you want, I can bring something up for you."

Mark looked to his Dad. "Thanks, Dad. But I'll come down in an hour or so."

Alex smiled and left his son's bedroom.

"Why do the bad things always happen to me?" Mark lamented.

"Should they happen to someone else?" A masculine voice asked Mark.

Mark looked visibly started. "Who? What?!?" Mark started to scream.

The figure stepped out of the shadows, and sat next to Mark on his bed.

"My name is Christian." The man said. It was the same man who had checked on Mark with his parents at the hospital.

Mark just closed his eyes as tight as possible. "Please don't hurt me." Tears started to form.

"I'm not here to hurt you, Mark. I'm here to protect you." Christian calmly, but compassionately

said.

“Why would you want to protect me? I'm just a fag. Tommy and his friends at school love to tease me about it.” Mark opened his eyes and looked up at the 22 year old with the blue eyes, long, wavy brown hair, and black trench coat.

Christian offered Mark a smile. “I protected you today while you were walking home.”

Mark blinked. “You couldn't have. I didn't see the person who saved me. He moved too fast.”

“And what do you suppose, Mark could move that fast?” Christian asked evenly.

Mark shrugged. “A vampire I suppose. They say that's what attacked me.”

“It wasn't a vampire that attacked you, but yes, a vampire can move that fast.” Christian explained.

“Oh, and I suppose you've met a lot of vampires, eh Christian?” Mark asked rhetorically.

“I suppose you could say I have. I am a vampire.” Christian said

Mark just jumped out of his bed, and pretty fast flew out of his bedroom, and was already down the stairs towards the kitchen.

“Huh, I suppose *he* can move almost as fast as I can. And he's human.” Christian mused as he slowly made his way down the stairs.

Mark found the kitchen table and went right underneath it.

“Mark, aren't you too old to be hiding under the table?” Mark's Mom, Eva asked.

“There's... there's... there's a monster in my room.” Mark stammered.

“Aren't you too old to believe in monsters in your bedroom?” His Dad asked.

“But... but... he said he's a vampire!” Mark stammered still.

Eva just looked over at Alex with a concerned look on her face.

“And what did the vampire look like, Mark?” His Mom decided to ask

“THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS VAMPIRES!” Mark screamed.

“Honey, I think you should go and talk to Christian. He's in the family room. I promise he won't bite you.” Evan said calmly.

“Aren't you supposed to be telling me that vampires don't exist?!?” Mark asked, astonished

that his parents were acting strange.

“No, we wouldn't lie to you about that. Now go and talk to him. We'll be in here when you're done.” Eva said.

Mark move out from under the table, and sighed. He didn't have a choice. He walked into the family room. Christian was quietly sitting on the sofa, looking over at him. Mark found the chair that was the furthest away, and took a seat.

“You don't have to be afraid of me, you know.” Christian quietly said.

“I disagree. You look like a well built jock, and everyone has decided that you're a vampire. For my own well being, I'd rather just keep my distance.” Mark tried to calmly reply.

“I own your soul, Mark. While your harm would benefit me, I think you're too beautiful a person to let have harm come to them.” Christian looked at Mark.

“You own my soul?!?” Mark managed to say before he passed out.

About half an hour later, Mark found himself laying in bed, as he regained consciousness. He could see Christian sitting in the chair in the corner.

“So you're a vampire, and you own my soul. What do you want from me?” Mark managed to ask.

“Nothing. Originally when I bought your soul from your parents 10 years ago, I saw you as a potential helper, someone to ease the lack of friends that 500 years of life brings. Now I just want you to be happy, Mark. I've been watching you for the last 10 years, saw what a beautiful person you have turned into.” Christian said.

“Do... do I get to finish... high school?” Mark looked concerned.

“If you'd like. You can even go to University. I know the President of Carleton University, I can get you admitted there if you wish.” Christian offered.

Mark turned on his side, to face away from Christian. Christian got off his chair, and walked over to the bed, sitting next to Mark. He laid a hand on his side.

“What's wrong, Mark?” Christian quietly started to ask.

“I'm gay, you're just going to hate me for that!” Mark started to cry a little.

Christian slowly rubbed Mark's side. “You don't hate me because I'm a vampire. Or perhaps you do, but seeing as how we're talking about it, you seem to be becoming more accepting. I'm bisexual if it helps.”

“It doesn't help.” Mark replied.