

## **Mark's lament**

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Stories get posted to my Yahoo! Group a week before I submit them to Nifty. Visit my website at [www.phoenix-writing.com](http://www.phoenix-writing.com)

### Chapter Five

*They're Pinky and The Brain  
Yes, Pinky and The Brain  
One is a genius  
The other's insane.  
They're laboratory mice  
Their genes have been spliced  
They're dinky  
They're Pinky and The Brain, Brain, Brain, Brain  
Brain, Brain, Brain, Brain  
Brain.*

*- Pinky and the Brain*

It was still dark out as Mark arrived at the church, feeling worried. The doors were locked, so he started circling around it, and noticed a bush. He walked over, pulling back the branches.

“Christian? What are you doing out here?” Mark asked very concerned.

Christian looked up at Mark in relief. “Do you have your swiss army knife on you? The master demon tied me up, and I need you to cut me free.”

Mark just snickered a little, getting his knife out, and worked to free his boyfriend.

“And why are you snickering, Mark?” Christian asked a little miffed.

Mark grinned. "It's not every day that a vampire needs *me* to rescue *him*. I may have to celebrate this day on an annual basis."

Christian just groaned a little. "You won't bring it up again if you want my protection."

Mark kissed Christian on the lips having cut all the ropes free. The kiss lasted a few minutes, and finally broke, as Christian stood up. "I'm sorry to be so hard on you, Mark. The demon had meant for me to fry in the sun."

"It's a good thing I came by then. So what are we going to do about this demon?" Mark asked, concerned.

"You are going to go home, lock your doors, and do your homework." Christian started. "I will find the demon and destroy it."

"Oh yeah? Like that worked so well the last time." Mark mused loudly.

Christian grimaced. "Do you have a better idea?"

Mark smiled, "I want some hot chocolate. Would you care to join me at home?"

Christian and Mark went over to Mark's place following the rescue. The two of them cuddled on the couch while watching *ER*. They were both silent and, just enjoyed the cuddle for what it was.

After almost an hour, Mark broke the silence. "I should head to bed. I have an early morning with school."

Christian looked over at Mark, a little worried. "Alright, have a good time at school tomorrow."

Mark kissed Christian on the lips for a few moments. "Call me tomorrow as soon as you wake up."

"So we can cuddle more?" Christian queried.

"No, silly. So we can go demon hunting!" Mark grinned. He'd have to look on-line for a demon hunting kit!

That night as Mark lay in his own bed, he kept tossing and turning from two recurring nightmares. In one of the nightmares, Christian was killed by the master demon. It broke Mark's heart. He felt the emotional pain more than if it had been real.

In the other nightmare, Mark saved Christian but in a way he couldn't explain. However in this nightmare, he himself had been turned into a creature of the night as well.

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“Mark, you look like crap!” Drew commented as he saw his friend at lunch.

“I didn't sleep very well.” Mark yawned. “How was your date with Scott?”

Drew just blushed a deep red. “It... it went...” he stammered, “it went really well. He even kissed me, Mark! He kissed me!”

Mark just laughed a little, noticing Scott come over and sat next to Drew.

Lisa and Stan came over, joining their friends at the usual lunch table. Lunch started off in silence, with Lisa finally breaking it. “So Mark, what do you think that...” she tried to think of a better word for demon, “Santa Claus wants that would cause him to tie up our favourite night owl, leaving him for the sun?”

Mark had talked with Lisa and Stan before school and gave a brief update of last night, leaving out the cuddling and kissing part. “What Santa Claus does every day, Lisa... try to take over the world!”

Scott just snickered at the statement.

Mark looked to Scott. “What's funny?”

Scott grinned. “Santa Claus is always trying to take over the world. That's why he gives out presents every year. I'm sure if he ran for Prime Minister of Canada, he'd easily get elected.”

The rest of them gave a hearty laugh, realizing Scott's ignorance of the true situation, and of course, laughed at the idea that the real Santa Claus probably could take over the world.

The bell rang, and everyone returned to their classes. Mark was lost in thought, the nightmares still vivid in his memory.

After school Mark found himself getting a ride home with Lisa. “I'm really scared, Lisa.”

“Why? What do you have to be afraid of? You have this HOT vampire protecting your naughty little self. Could it get any better?” Lisa grinned.

“I'm afraid that Christian is going to get killed, or that I'm going to be turned into a vampire.” Mark was visibly shaken, and a look of absolute fear and horror was on his face.

Lisa put her arm around Mark, “We won't let anything happen to you, or Christian. So take a deep breath. I think you should go and cuddle with your eternal boyfriend tonight, and forget about demon hunting for a few days. It won't do you any good if you lay awake every night afraid of getting attacked.”

Mark quietly left the car after arriving home, and went up to his bedroom to hide under his warm sheets.