

Mark's lament

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Chapter Seven

*Hello there, the angel from my nightmare
The shadow in the background of the morgue
The unsuspecting victim of darkness in the valley
We can live like Jack and Sally if we want
Where you can always find me
We'll have Halloween on Christmas
And in the night we'll wish this never ends
We'll wish this never ends*

*(I miss you, I miss you)
(I miss you, I miss you)*

*Where are you and I'm so sorry
I cannot sleep I cannot dream tonight
I need somebody and always
This sick strange darkness
Comes creeping on so haunting every time
And as I stared I counted
Webs from all the spiders
Catching things and eating their insides
Like indecision to call you
and hear your voice of treason
Will you come home and stop this pain tonight
Stop this pain tonight*

*Don't waste your time on me you're already
The voice inside my head (I miss you, I miss you)
Don't waste your time on me you're already
The voice inside my head (I miss you, I miss you)*

- I Miss You, by Blink 182

Mark wandered around a bit, he was having trouble focusing on his studying. It was just past dusk, and he sighed. He ended up outside of Christian's house. He walked up, and pressed the doorbell. No answer.

A neighbour was leaving the main entrance, recognized Mark and let him in. Mark wandered up to Christian's front door, and knocked. Still no answer, but what concerned Mark was that the door was slightly ajar.

Mark entered, and almost screamed in horror at the sight that greeted him. On the floor in a pool of blood in the living room was Christian. Mark rushed over to the vampire's side, trying to see if he was still... alive, or as alive as a vampire can get.

Christian opened his eyes a little bit. "Mark" he smiled, "I love you so much. I'm sorry that..." a pause, "that I can't protect you."

Mark's eyes teared up. "What can I do to help you get better?"

Christian looked Mark in the eye. He quietly replied, "I need blood, to heal." He took a breath, "The demon attacked."

Mark kept a hand on Christian, contemplating what to do. Finally, he rolled up a sleeve, giving Christian his arm. "You can have my blood, Christian. I don't want to lose you!"

Christian looked at the offered arm, and then at Mark. "Are you sure this is what you want me to do?"

Mark just closed his eyes and nodded, crying a little. "I trust you to keep me alive." A sniffle followed.

Christian wasted no time in sinking his fangs into Mark's arm. Mark started to feel a little tired as Christian drank, and he almost passed out. Christian finally stopped, and pulled Mark to him, holding him very close.

"You didn't have to do that, you know. You could have and should have let me die." Christian said.

Mark opened his eyes a little, his lips touching Christian's forehead. "You're willing to die for me, Christian, but are you willing to live for me?" Before he could hear the answer, Mark promptly passed out.

Mark awoke some time later, to find himself in Christian's bed, naked. Getting out of it, he walked out to the living room to find Christian on the computer. "Hey" he greeted.

Christian looked over at Mark, before getting up, and helping him to the couch. He then quickly went to the kitchen, and returned with a glass of orange juice. "Here, drink this. It should help you regain some energy."

Mark took the glass, and drank it all in one big gulp. Christian sat down next to the naked Mark. "What did you do with my clothes?"

"I washed them. They're on a chair in the bedroom." Christian replied. Mark had a bad habit of wearing the same thing for days.

"How long was I asleep?"

"About an hour or so." Christian looked to Mark. "I don't know how I can thank you for what you did, Mark."

Mark looked up to Christian. "No thanks are necessary, Christian. I did it because I both trust, and love you."

"I was wrong I suppose. Wrong to think you'd put me in danger." Christian gulped.

"No, you were right. I spent a lot of time thinking about what happened, and my feelings for you. I had done nothing to show you I trusted and loved you, and you had done everything to show it to me."

Christian just looked into Mark's eyes, before easing into a long, drawn out kiss.

"RONALD JOHN LUGGE THE THIRD! GET BACK HERE!" the woman shouted. Stan and Mark just shift a bit on the front porch, waiting for their classmate Ron. They were here to work on a group project, but Ron had left the dishes undone from dinner.

Ron's mother returned to the door, offering a pleasant smile. "I'm sorry, dears. Please, come in. You can wait for Ronald in the family room. He shouldn't be too long." Stan and Mark took off their coats, and finally found the sofa. Mark tried to relax.

"You look really tired today, Mark."

"I sort of saved Christian's life... again." Mark sighed, his tone sort of somber. He was worried about Christian.

Stan looked surprised by that. "How so?"

"He was attacked, again. I just happened to end up at his place, so I sort of offered him..."

my... blood.”

“You what?!?” Stan had a hard time keeping a straight face.

“I let him bite me.”

Stan laughed. “I would have never thought, Mark. Wow. I'm surprised. Lisa will be even...”

Mark held up his hand in a stop manner. “Don't! Don't tell anyone. I'd rather they didn't find out.”

“Alright, I won't say anything.”

Finished with the dishes, a young man of 5'3” entered the family room.

“So Ron, how do you think we should approach the project?” Mark asked, changing the subject.

Ron picked up a doll, his sister's doll actually, playing with it a little as he thought.

“What is that you're playing with?” Stan asked.

“It's an R.B. Brite. My sister's doll. It's like a voodoo doll, but all bright and cheery. If you give it access to the internet, it intelligently sends out e-mails in response to stories posted on Nifty.” Ron replied. “I think it's loosely based on the old *Rainbow Brite* television show from the 80's.”

“Maybe we can do our project on it” Mark said out loud.

Finally, the kids were all back after the Christmas holidays. Most of Mark's time had been taken up with family, much to his chagrin. He only got to see Christian twice. And they haven't even had sex yet! Mark gave a wide stretch, approaching the table for lunch. He patted his tummy, home-made lunch in hand.

“So what did you get for Christmas?” Stan asked over lunch.

“Two seasons of *Torchwood* on DVD, the *Twilight* books, and a few other little things, like an iTunes gift card.” Mark replied, pulling out the books to show Stan. “If I get some free time, I'm going to read them later. I'm ahead in algebra, so I might get some time then. What about you?”

“Oh you know gift cards, books, clothes, and of course, more socks.” Stan replied. He got socks *every year*. Stan even pulled off his shoe to show Mark the rainbow colour on the socks.

Mark grinned. “Quite... gay, I'd say.”

"Except I'm not gay!" Stan tried to whisper.

"I got that new game for my Wii. *Animal Crossing* or some such." Lisa said, changing the subject.

"Good for you" Mark said, trying to smile.

"I volunteered at the food bank" Drew replied with pride. "And Scott was there to help."

Everyone just starred at Drew, and Scott. "Are you two like... official?" Lisa finally asked.

"More official than the Mayor." Drew quipped.

"Huh?" Stan asked, blankly.

"Yes, we're a couple." Scott smiled.

Drew shook his head. "The Mayor, he's an official. You know, for the city. Name's Larry O'Brien..."

Everyone still looked at Drew with no clue. Finally, Lisa looked over to Mark, studying him for a few moments. "How's Christian doing? Did he recover?"

"Who's Christian?" Scott asked.

"He's Mark's vam -- boyfriend." Lisa caught herself, she realized Scott didn't and couldn't know.

"Oookkkkay..." Scott said, drawn out.

"Christian and I have been dating since the beginning of the school year, more or less." Mark clarified.

"What grade is he in? I don't recall seeing you with anyone in the halls," Scott commented.

"He's not a high school student." Mark said, wanting to give out as little detail as possible.

Scott wondered what it was that everyone wasn't telling him. He wasn't stupid. He saw the large holes of detail that everyone left out, usually surrounding Mark. He'd never met Mark's boyfriend, and before today, this was the first time he'd heard a name.

"Mark, look... I'm sorry if you feel you can't..." Scott started to say.

"You're right, Scott. I can't trust you." Mark said coldly. "Years of abuse have taken that from me. I used to be able to trust you, but lately I don't trust you as far as I can throw the CN Tower."

"I..." Scott tried to say the words, and failed.

"Don't. Don't make false promises that you'll end up regretting. You can't expect to be trusted after only a few months. Not after all that has happened." Mark got up from the table. "I'm going ahead to civics. I'll meet you there, Stan."

"Of course" Stan replied, quietly.