

## Mark's lament

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### Chapter Nine

*Spend all your time waiting for that second chance  
For the break that will make it ok  
There's always some reason to feel "not good enough"  
And it's hard at the end of the day  
I need some distraction, oh beautiful release  
Memories seep from my veins  
They may be empty and weightless, and maybe  
I'll find some peace tonight*

*In the arms of the Angels, fly away from here  
From this dark, cold hotel room, and the endlessness that you fear  
You are pulled from the wreckage of your silent reverie  
You're in the arms of an Angel; may you find some comfort here*

- Angel, by Sarah McLachlan

"I should have *HUNTED DOWN* that fucking demon, and killed it already!" Christian spat.

"It's not your fault. You couldn't have known." Lisa tried to reassure Christian.

Nyarai darkened in the door to Mark's room, just after the doctor came in.

"I'm sorry, Mr & Mrs Yonge. There's nothing we can do for him now. He's got a few hours at most, we don't expect he'll wake up. A nurse will be by shortly, wanting consent for organ donation" the doctor tactfully explained.

"Yes... of course" Alex replied, very numbly.

The doctor left. A quiet voice filled the room.

"It's his destiny. He's meant to be where he is. If you fight it, it will only make it harder." With that said, Nyarai left as quickly as she had arrived.

"What did... what did she mean by that?" Eva quietly, but upsettingly asked.

Christian sighed. "There is one way we can save him, but I'm not sure he will ever forgive me if I do this."

"What... what are you talking about?" Scott finally asked.

"Scott" Drew put his hand on Scott's shoulder. "Mark didn't tell you, because he didn't feel he could trust you. Christian is a vampire. If I'm understanding him right, he could turn Mark into one as well. He just turned 17."

"So he'd look 17 forever? Is it a problem if he's turned at 17?" Scott asked, curious.

"Yes, he would look 17 forever. It's not a problem for him to be turned at 17, but we prefer not to turn anyone under 18." Christian explained. "I suppose you could call it vampire morals."

"Vampires have morals?" Scott asked, a little astonished.

"Apparently they do," Drew quipped, but then went back to being sullen.

"I think he looks more like 18 or 19 if I turned off my knowledge of his age." Lisa said.

"How you see him now, is how he'd look forever. Well, minus all the wounds and such." Christian said, glumly. He put his head in his hands, his chair next to Mark's bed.

"It should be his choice" Stan finally spoke, but quietly.

"But he can't make that choice!" Lisa almost screamed. "The doctor said... he wouldn't wake up... before the end."

Christian rubbed his forehead. This wasn't his decision to make. "You guys have to decide. I'll honour whatever that decision is. Nyarai is right, though. We're just fighting it." Stan just held Lisa close now, in a big hug, as Scott and Drew held each other as well. Christian squeezed Mark's hand, desperately wanting him to wake up.

"It's no secret to anyone here, except maybe to you Scott, that he never wanted to be turned." Lisa finally spoke up. "But he is madly in love with you, Christian."

There was a long pause, and a lot of unease in the room. No one wanted to be the one to tell

Christian to turn Mark, but they all knew it had to be done. Minutes went by, no one said anything, the tension and sorrow could be felt even outside of the hospital room.

“Do it, before I change my mind” Alex finally said, Eva crying into his shoulder.

Christian looked around, but they all just nodded their approval in silence. Lisa walked over and closed the door. It was an inopportune moment for a random nurse or orderly to walk in. Christian moved up on the bed with Mark, and leaned over to kiss him gently. He moved down his jaw-line, finally kissing his neck. He moved down the right arm, Mark's IV being in the left, and when he reached just above the wrist, he bit in.

After a few moments, Christian took out a knife, and opened his own vein. He put it to Mark's mouth, encouraging him to drink. With the tube down his throat this was easier said than done, but it did get taken. After a few moments, Christian borrowed some gauze and covered up his wrist while it healed itself. It would be fine in a minute.

Mark's body went cold, the alarm bells would have gone off, if the heart monitor hadn't already been turned off by the doctor earlier that evening. Mark gasped, pulling out the tube down his throat, his eyes bulging open, as he sat up straight in the bed. “What the fuck?!?!”

Christian looked at Eva and Alex. “Go and tell the hospital staff that you're signing him out against medical advice. He can't stay here, or he'll be discovered. Don't let them think he died, though.” Christian picked Mark up, and quietly said, “Look dead. I'm going to carry you to my car, and we're going to my house. I'll explain everything there.”

Mark just nodded, and went to play dead. Couldn't be that hard. He was dead. If anyone examined him, they'd just find a corpse. Of course Mark didn't yet know what had occurred.

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Mark had his hands on his head, he was bent over, elbows on knees, trying to prevent himself from hyperventilating. As if he could do that anymore. “Explain it to me again, Christian. Why the *fuck* did you turn me into a blood sucker like you?”

“None of us wanted you to die!” Christian yelled, quite upset. He loved Mark, and didn't like his threats. He had been threatening to walk out into the sunlight. It was already day, but Christian's home was quite well protected. Christian was tired though.

“I'm going to bed. You're welcome to join me if you want, or you can use my computer, etc. My home is your home. Goodnight.” With that said, Christian walked downstairs into the basement, and got into bed.

Mark stood up, still in denial, and walked right to the front door. He opened it. Feeling the sun's warm rays, he stepped outside. Taking a breath, he enjoyed the sunlight bathing his otherwise cold skin. A smile came to his face as he realized he didn't turn to ashes. He went back into the house, and down the stairs to find Christian. He slowly started to poke him.

“Ow, what do you want?” Christian asked, very tiredly.

“I won't try to kill myself anymore.” Mark said, a little too happily. He wasn't tired, he got lots of sleep in the hospital.

“Okay, and why not?” Christian decided to see where this was going.

“I can go outside quite fine. So I can enjoy the sunshine, the beach, fun, and those sorts of wholesome activities.” Mark smiled.

Christian pulled his pillow over his face. “Mark, don't tease me. You and I both know that...”

“CHRISTIAN! I'm not lying! I really can go outside! I just did it.” Mark was frustrated now. Christian was seriously bringing down his newly-acquired happy mood.

Christian sat up in bed, and just looked at Mark. He blinked. “Tonight, I will teach you how to hunt. If you can, as you say go out in the sunlight, then you can still go to school. No one will notice your lack of aging until after you graduate. I'd still prefer if you lived with me, though. I still have 500 years more experience, and I can protect you.”

“Like you did so well at Dow's Lake!” Mark rebutted. “If you had done a better job, I wouldn't be a vampire right now, would I?!?”

“I... I...” Christian started to cry. “I'm sorry, Mark. I failed you.”

Mark sat down, and put his arm around Christian. “I'm sorry for bringing that up. I want to be here with you. We both will find that demon, and destroy it.”

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Lunch time was different now for Mark. He didn't have to eat real food. In fact, except for the occasional liquid drink, he never ate. He couldn't eat solid food, he'd just puke that up. He could have some liquids in small amounts. He'd had the weekend so far to go hunting with Christian. Mark licked his lips.

Stan noticed Mark's licking. “What's up, Mark?”

Mark gave Stan a little grin. Lisa, Drew, and Scott were also in their usual spots at the table. “I feel like having a little... snack.”

“Um...” Stan started to reply, “could you not look at us like lunch when you say that?”

Mark's grinned turned a little evil. “Don't worry, handsome. You're not my type.” He winked to Stan. Then he started to howl with laughter. “Get it? You're not my type?!?”

Everyone at the table just stared at Mark, not having gotten the joke.

"You people seriously need to learn about blood types in biology." Mark said candidly.

Scott finally spoke up. "I know I just learned of certain facts on Friday, but... how is it you're here at school, during the day... with lots and lots of sunlight out in January?"

Mark shrugged. "We're not sure, but when I find out, you'll be the second to know."

"The second?" Scott queried.

"Christian's gotta be the first, I kind of live with him." Mark smiled.

"Ah." Scott said.

"LOOK! You can all smile, and laugh at my jokes, or I can treat you coldly for doing what I never wanted!" Mark snapped. "I never asked for this. I never asked for a new special diet. I never asked to be sentenced to life in a basement during the day. I got lucky, but none of you knew that when everyone at this table chose."

"It was your Dad that..." Lisa started to say.

"Christian told me he gave everyone plenty of opportunity to object, so you're all just as guilty!" Mark snarled.

"Mark..." Stan finally spoke again, "I'm sorry. For not getting your joke, and for the snack comment. I know it's not easy for you."

Mark nodded to Stan. "Thank you. I'm trying very hard not to wallow in self pity." He sighed. "Except for my new diet, it seems almost normal, you know? In a few years, the lack of age will catch up with me."

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romeomustdie: How are you doing today, kid?

vamplover92: I am well, thank you for asking Romeo. Is she there?

romeomustdie: Yeah, just a sec...

romeomustdie: Hi Mark. It's Nyarai. How are you holding up?

vamplover92: Better than could be expected. Apparently I am immune to sunlight.

romeomustdie: I suspected something like that could happen, sweet boy. As I have to remind everyone, you have a destiny. Being immune to the sun is part of it. Be careful though, sweet boy. You may forget that you are one of us now, and lead Christian into the light when neither of you expect it.

vamplover92: Every day I am thankful for that wonderful man... vampire, being in my life. Adjusting is taking a long time, however.

romeomustdie: Change doesn't happen over night, sweet boy. Just be mindful of Christian, and you will be fine. Also make sure to be wearing that signet ring. I suspect it protects you. I have to go now, it's prime hunting time here. Be well, Mark.

vamplover92: Thank you, Nyarai. For everything.

*romeomustdie has signed off.*

thehungerisreal: Hey, kid.

vamplover92: I'm sorry, do I know you?

thehungerisreal: No, but I know you. A word of caution. The council knows who you are. Nyarai's visit tipped them off, even though she thought they didn't know, or couldn't track her whereabouts. Keep your eyes opened.

vamplover92: Uh... why?

thehungerisreal: Kid, the *Vampire Council* is not to be underestimated. Rumors have it they may even have their next meeting in Ottawa. Keep a low profile, and make sure that Christian continues to train you in taekwondo, and such. While you haven't met me, Christian and I are friends. If you need to know more, tell him Franklin said hello.

vamplover92: Are you sure I can trust you?

thehungerisreal: There are only a small number of people that *you* can trust in the vampire world. Me, Christian, Romeo, and Nyarai. I haven't met Romeo or Nyarai myself, but their word is their bond. They seem to really want to look out for you. Also trust yourself.

vamplover92: So I guess the operational phrase is trust no one?

thehungerisreal: After a fashion. Good night.

*thehungerisreal has signed off.*

humanlover08: Sweetheart, are you still online?

vamplover92: Yes, is that a problem?

humanlover08: Come to bed. We have the weekend off from activities, and I want to explore your body with my mouth.

vamplover92: Oh yeah? With your mouth, hmmm? I don't know. Some guy named Franklin gave me a better offer. He said to say hi.

humanlover08: LMAO!! ;-) You can trust him. He's a cool guy. I gave him your IM info, I hope that was ok, sweetheart.

vamplover92: He seems nice enough.

humanlover08: Come to bed. I'll make sure you meet Franklin in person sometime soon. He's connected to some nice people, you'll make a few vampire friends.

vamplover92: Okay.

*vamplover92 has signed off.*