

My Boyfriend is a Vampire

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Author's Note: This is a sequel to my previous story, *Mark's lament*.

Check out my [new blog!](#)

Chapter One - Preface

*I know I stand in line
Until you think you have the time
To spend an evening with me
And if we go someplace to dance
I know that there's a chance
You won't be leaving with me*

*Then afterwards we drop into a quiet little place
And have a drink or two
And then I go and spoil it all
By saying something stupid
Like I love you*

- Something Stupid, by Robbie Williams & Nicole Kidman

My name is Christian, and I'm a vampire.

I have been a vampire for 500 years. I am 525 years old, or in a few days, I will be 526 years old.

Six months ago, I lost a man I loved more than life itself.

Six months.

I lost myself six months ago.

I fell into a pit of despair. Everyone tried, but no one could get me out of this depression. Several times I even tried to walk out into the sunlight, but each and every time someone was around. Franklin, Fiona, Lucien, Scott, Drew, and so forth.

They all took shifts.

For the last six months, I have been watched twenty four hours a day... by my friends.

You can't exactly lock up a vampire in the *Royal Ottawa Mental Health Centre*. Even Nyarai came all the way back from Israel, in a vain attempt to cheer me up. She tried to give me hope, she tried to give me peace.

All I wanted was to die.

I was born in 1483, in the Kingdom of Germany. It was part of the Holy Roman Empire. Frederick III was on the German throne. I can't tell you much more than that, I was just an infant.

I had loving, doting parents. They say a vampire's memories are clear for his entire life, but up until I was turned at age 25, I can't remember much of my life. I was turned in 1508, by a young woman I thought I was in love with. Nyarai was a seductress at the time.

The year I was turned, Maximilian I was elected as Holy Roman Emperor. He was of the House of Luxembourg. Of course, being the most powerful man in the world at the time, besides Pope Julius II.

I met Nyarai at a local drinking establishment. Despite her beautiful and mysterious looks, I was not attracted to her. I was attracted to the woman she brought with her, who's name was Frida. She was one of the most beautiful woman I had ever met. Flowing blond hair, a flowing white and sky blue dress that glittered in the sun. I thought I was in love.

Of course Frida was killed a few nights later. The night she was killed, Nyarai had taken me out for my first hunt. Nyarai bit me during a passionate fit, and was going to let me believe it was just a big sexual experience, but Frida convinced her to turn me.

In 1508, Frida was about 150 years old. She had been turned by a big burley man named Horus. But Horus couldn't keep his liquor down, and despite constantly being reminded that he couldn't drink massive quantities, he did anyway. And so he was piss drunk the night he got staked.

Nyarai wasn't the oldest vampire back in 1508. She was old, most certainly but there were a few others who were older anywhere from a few hundred years to one vampire who claimed

he was the original Adam. As in Adam and Eve.

Of course for a man as old as he claimed to be, he decided one time that he'd lived long enough. Nyarai was around 465 years old at this point. So one day Adam just stayed out and watched the sun rise. He was never heard from again.

The other older vampires all either got killed, or committed suicide.

I read this story once on the internet, called *Gone from Daylight*. It's by some guy named Comicality. In his story, he talks about a celebration called a 'sunquest'. Where there's a big party, and then the vampire wishing to die waits for the sun. Like a living funeral.

We don't do that.

Sure vampires kill themselves, but we don't celebrate it.

There are no large, public celebrations when we die. We simply decide that it is our time to go, and go. All our affairs are put in order ahead of time, if it is planned. If not, well, that's what a will is for.

So anyway, where was I? Oh yes, 1508. That's when I became a vampire, and started my life in darkness.

For 500 years, until I met Mark as a teenager, I had been heterosexual.

I still am.

I saw passion, fire, potential, and so much more in that little boy when I bought his soul from his parents. At the time I wasn't completely sure what I was going to do with a little boy's soul. He was only 6 years old at the time.

I had broken up with Mark, once. I tried to blame it on him, and his attitude. I suppose that was bad sportsmanship. Nyarai had called. My reaction when I saw her on the Rideau Canal was honest, I hadn't seen her since I left. I was with her for 50 years, while she trained me to be a 'model vampire'.

Can there ever really be a model vampire?

When I first saw Mark at age 16, I fell. I fell for him something fierce. I knew I had to protect him. Sadly, he seemed to protect me more than I protected him. Either way, through hard work and my family's connections, we solved the problem.

But now Mark is gone.

And I'm so lonely.

When Nyarai had called, she suggested that Mark was *special*. And I'm not talking in the mentally challenged way. She told me I needed to watch out for him. That we needed him alive at all costs.

So I kept watching him.

Then he saved my life, for a second time.

How could I stay apart?

So we got back together. He's the only guy I have ever been attracted to.

And the only person I have ever loved.

Now he's gone.

Away.

To God knows where.

Right now I really do wish Adam was here. Maybe he could call God on his cell phone and find out where my Mark is. Where my sweetheart is.

I think I'll ask him to marry me.

Vampire weddings are a lot like human weddings, except bigger. A lot bigger. Because vampire's live longer than humans, they meet more people. I was at one wedding once where I swear that half the vampire community in Europe and Asia had showed up at.

I'm not kidding.

So since we don't eat, what do we have at a vampire wedding?

Blood, of course, and a small selection of spirits for those who can tolerate it.

Since I'm the second oldest vampire, and Nyarai is my 'mother', the guest list will be as long as the Rideau Canal. Or perhaps longer. On second thought, maybe we'll just elope. Vampires do that too, but if you have a large family, or people who remotely care it's usually a bad idea. Otherwise you risk tolerating months to years of *nagging* for making the decision to elope.

If your human parents are vampires, you don't even stand a chance of eloping! The moment you even get engaged, they move in with you. If you're homeless, you move in with them. Usually though, this happens while you're still dating the boy or girl of your choice. Human parents have a lot more attachments and hangups than vampire parents. If your human parents are vampires, you will suffer slow torture while your human parents plan *your* wedding. All you can do is grin and bear it.

Oh look, Fiona is coming over to remind me to get off the computer. She wants to talk to someone on *Windows Life Messenger*. Franklin thinks he can try to get me to go out hunting with him this evening. Scott offered me his blood once, but I politely declined.

Yes, sometimes there are more than one of them here at a time.

It gets annoying.

The humans are usually the only ones here during the day, but both Fiona and Franklin have been known to crash at my place when they want to watch me during the day. Like they could run after me if I did walk out into the sun.

Mark is such a *fucking lucky son-of-a-bitch!* He can go out into the sun, and still enjoy the daylight. I am very envious.

Sigh, I still love him with every breath I take, and every atom in my body.

What hurts the most is the not knowing. Is he alive? Dead? Is he coming home?

I need the pain to end soon.

Lisa and Stan are messing up my couch, by making out on it. Joy. Perhaps I need to go over and mope more. Maybe it'll discourage them from getting their heterosexual cooties all over my leather couch.

I really, really, really miss Mark. I'd rather be making out with him on my couch.

When I let my hand travel over his skin, it's so smooth and perfect. And reaching for his cock

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A problem has been detected and windows has been shut down to prevent damage to your computer.

The problem has been caused by the following file:
markslamentchapterone.sys.odt

PAGE_FAULT_IN_NONPAGED_AREA

If this is the first time you've seen this stop error screen, restart your computer. If this screen appears again, contact your system administrator.