

# My Boyfriend is a Vampire

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Edited by Winter & Rilbur

May, 2009



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

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## Chapter Two – The Song of the Skylark

*Do you remember,  
Or should I rewind,  
To that summer when you caught my eye,  
I played it cool,  
The weather was hot,  
You had the beauty and the beach on lock*

*With your flip flops, half shirt, short shorts, mini skirt,  
Walkin' on the beach, so pretty,  
She wasn't lookin' for a man,  
When you saw me in the sand,  
But you fell for the boy from the city*

*I was like, "hey, girl, can I get your number"  
I remember what you told me too,  
"Don't call after ten"  
But you know that I did,  
'Cause I couldn't stop thinkin' 'bout you*

*I think about you in the summertime,  
(Oh,oh)  
And all the good times we had, baby,*

*Been a few years and I can't deny,  
(Oh,oh)  
The thought of you still makes me crazy,  
I think about you in the summertime,  
(Oh,oh)  
I'm sittin' here in the sun with you on my mind.  
You're my, my summertime.*

- Summertime, by New Kids on the Block

Six months.

It had been six months since that sad day.

Everyone had gathered at Christian's house. Mark's friends were all there. Lisa, Drew, Stan and Scott. Even his vampire boyfriend Christian was there. They were all telling stories and laughing.

Mark wasn't there, however.

Six months ago, he had disappeared. The last time anyone saw him, he had been fighting a demon, and he disappeared into a bright light. Christian had changed, however. He was withdrawn, and only went out to hunt. The rest of the time, he spent brooding in the basement of his home.

He missed Mark something fierce.

He went over to Mark's house once a week, though. He spoke with his parents, and hung out with his sister Ashley. He knew it was important to Mark. The note said it all. Even that he loved him.

He loved *him*.

How he could see those words over and over in his mind.

Everyone tried to cheer him up. Mark's friends, Mark's parents, even Nyarai came back from Israel with Romeo, just to try to help Christian cope. Nyarai was the world's oldest vampire at 2000 years. Franklin found himself spending days at Christian's house, afraid he'd do something stupid.

Franklin had been Christian's best friend for the last 100 years, at least. Like Christian, he too was a vampire. He was a tall guy, with ebony skin, and gold filigree type artwork on his skin.. He had worked out before he turned, and had no complaints from his wife Fiona from his looks. In fact, she was a little jealous at the looks her husband got from other women and men.

The doorbell rang, startling Christian out of his usual depression. He wasn't expecting anyone

to be arriving, but he walked over to the door, very slowly. His hand finally on the door knob, he hesitated for a few moments before finally opening the door.

A shorter person, around 5'6" with a black cloak stood at the door. Christian didn't recognize him, however. "Yes, can I help you?"

The teen pushed past Christian, and walked into the house. He walked over and sat on a chair, pulling back the black hood, revealing his Israeli heritage. The teen had black hair, and blue eyes.

"WHO ARE YOU?" Christian practically shouted to the stranger.

Franklin looked over at the teen. He studied him for a few moments. "What are you doing here, Horatio? I expected you to be in Israel. You wouldn't want to miss tomorrow's Council meeting."

Drew, Lisa, Stan and Scott along with Christian all looked very confused. They had no idea who this teen was, or why he may or may not be important. The doorbell rang again.

Christian got back up, and answered the door again. Three figures in matching cloaks were there. They all pushed past Christian, and sat near the teen. A woman lowered her hood.

"Nyarai, what is going on!" Christian demanded.

The two others also took back their hoods. Nyarai was a young woman, looking around 28 years old. The man beside her looked to be around the same age. Christian recognized him as Romeo, Nyarai's honoured grandson. The other looked to be around 35, with a shaved head, but a brown goatee. He had green eyes.

The teen spoke first. He had a deep voice. "We are concerned about Mark. There is a council meeting tomorrow, here in Ottawa."

"What?" Christian's face looked very confused. "How can there be a meeting about someone I haven't seen in six months?"

Nyarai looked *very* guilty now. "We know where Mark is. He's in a place, sort of like another dimension, discovering himself."

Christian just stared at Nyarai. He coldly asked, "So when do I get him back?"

Nyarai looked down at the floor a little. She was usually a very confident woman, never feeling guilt. But this Mark, had a power over her. She felt obligated to the 17 year old vampire. "When he's ready. He has stuff he needs to deal with."

"When he does return," the teen said, "you and he need to get out of the city, for your own safety. Find a friend to stay with, preferably someone who can protect you."

Christian glared at the teen. “Who the *FUCK* are you coming into *my* house and telling me what to do!”

The teen also looked at the floor. “I’m Councillor Horatio. Nyarai and I came, with Councillor Khenan to, well... protect you two.”

Drew, Lisa, Stan and Scott had all been paying attention to the special guests, but that statement really got their attention. They all seemed to sit up straighter at that revelation. Apparently Christian and Mark needed protecting. Yet Mark wasn’t here with them.

Christian took a deep breath. He was ready to explode. “Protect me from what?” Christian said this as calmly as vampirely possible. He held back and used a *great* amount of restraint. Even Nyarai could notice that.

“The Vampire Council is meeting tomorrow. They think you may have violated the accords. I’m trying to talk some sense into them, telling them this *must* happen. But you know how stubborn those 13 can be.” Nyarai replied candidly.

Scott shifted in his seat a little. He tried whispering to Drew, “When are they going to come out and tell us that we’re all on *Candid Camera*, and that Mark isn’t really gone?”

Vampires of course have excellent hearing, and all the vampires in the room heard what Scott said to Drew. Khenan looked over to Scott. “I know this is hard on you, child. You were once touched by a demon. I assure you, there are no hidden cameras. We really do want to protect everyone in this room. Even humans.”

“Why?” Stan asked bluntly, not hiding his anger or his fear.

Nyarai studied Stan a little. She watched him, determining how to answer the question. “The Council thinks we’re still in the dark ages. They believe we should avoid all contact with humans when possible, and stick to the accords as best as we can.”

“What accords?” Stan again asked boldly. He had no idea what anyone was talking about.

“The accords between the Vampire Council and the High Synod of the Wizards. A long time ago they were signed, after a long war. We agreed no vampire would ever bite a wizard.” Horatio calmly explained. “The penalty was that there could be another war. But even the wizard’s themselves knew that one day the accords would be broken, and with good reason.”

Stan stood up from his seat on the sofa. “Alright then, let’s say you’re right. Which vampire bit which wizard, and why? Can’t you just execute the vampire, and solve the problem?”

Khenan and Horatio looked down again, Nyarai looked at Stan. “No, we cannot. The vampire is Christian, and the wizard is Mark.”

No one moved a muscle. That wasn’t the answer *anyone* in the room, including Khenan or Horatio expected to hear. Khenan and Horatio simply knew there was a reason for it all, and

that the Council was outdated. Even they hadn't been given this information.

“Wha... what?” Christian finally asked, very softly as he looked over to his vampire mother. The woman who had bit him, and turned him.

Nyarai nodded a little. “Mark is a wizard. That's what I couldn't tell anyone before, but Chairman Mao learned of it a few months ago. He's determined to punish you, when I *insist* you did nothing wrong. Especially since you didn't know. No one did.”

The room went quiet, everyone digesting their thoughts. The TV could quietly be heard in the background.

*“Ronald John Lugge the Third was found dead today at Kingston Penitentiary. Lugge was convicted last year by an Ottawa court for the murder of his sister, Tina Lugge. Yesterday was his first day out of solitary confinement since being convicted. A spokesperson for the penitentiary said they found a pile of ash where Mr. Lugge had been sleeping. He was 18 years old, and had been convicted as an adult offender.”*