

Mark's lament

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Chapter Three

Mark quietly sipped his cup of hot chocolate. He was in a Tim Hortons coffee shop not far from home. After talking with Christian, he decided that he needed some air, and some time to think things through.

About an hour after Mark had left home, Christian walked into the Tim Hortons. He walked over and sat across from Mark.

"Were you following me?" Mark asked quietly, sipping his drink.

"Yes. I had to make sure you wouldn't tell anyone about me. It's a secret that needs to be kept." Christian calmly, but quietly said.

Mark just shook his head a little. "Mom said you wouldn't bite."

"I won't, unless you want me to." Christian put a finger under Mark's chin, lifting his head up gently.

"You know what, Mark. Tomorrow night I'm going to take you out to dinner. A quiet place you've probably never been too." Christian quietly said, looking into Mark's green eyes.

"What? Like a date?" Mark queried quietly.

"Yes, a date. You've never gone on a date before, and I want to earn your trust." Christian explained.

"Oh boy" Mark simply sighed and took another sip of his drink.

It was Saturday, finally. Mark was over at Drew's house, just sitting in the family room, his eyes on the TV, but his mind elsewhere. Drew, Stan and Lisa were chatting while watching *Fantastic 4* on DVD, but Mark just decided to think things over. Yesterday had been one of those very weird days.

He wasn't even sure it was all real. First he was saved by some invisible force, then he found out that invisible force was a vampire, and finally he found out his soul was owned by the vampire – albeit a hot vampire named Christian.

"Earth to Mark, are you feeling ok?" Lisa asked concerned as she looked at her forlorn friend.

"Huh? I'm sorry, I wasn't paying attention. I didn't get a lot of sleep last night." Mark wasn't totally lying. He hadn't gotten a lot of sleep. He just couldn't tell his friends that Christian was a vampire, or that he had a date with him. Okay, he could tell them about the date, but they wouldn't believe him.

"What's the matter? Have you got a hot date that you're scared about?" Drew teased.

Mark just looked up at Drew, a little horrified.

"Oh my god! You do have a hot date?!?" Drew almost shouted.

Mark just shook his head. "It's not like you've had any dates lately, Drew. And no, my hot date is with my bath tub."

"So what, Mark?" Drew grinned a little. "Are you and the bath tub going to have sex? Freaky bath tub sex? Are you going to get freaky with the bath tub, Mark?"

Mark was stunned. He picked up the cushion that had been on his chair, and tossed it at Drew. "Shut up!"

Stan smiled a little. "Be nice to Mark, Drew. I have bath tub sex when Lisa is... otherwise indisposed."

Lisa just gasped."STAN!" She threw her cushion at Stan, and from there, a pillow fight broke out, and chaos pretty much ensued.

When the pillow fight was over, Mark finally spoke. "So Drew, why are you still single?"

Drew just blushed a little.

"What's his name?" Mark asked, honestly curious.

"I sort of like Scott" Drew tried to whisper, but failed miserably.

"You like Scott? How could you like Scott? He's one of the biggest bullies in school!" Mark exclaimed.

Drew blushed a little. "But he's on the football team, and he's really hot."

"So apparently for you, what's inside doesn't matter, hmm?" Mark commented.

Mark patiently, and slowly ate his salad as he felt Christian watch him. Christian took him to the most expensive restaurant in town, and only ordered a Pepsi. He only did that for appearances, telling the waiter he wasn't hungry.

"How's your salad?" Christian asked of the 16 year old.

"It's... good." Mark quietly said.

"You don't eat meat?" Christian smiled a little.

"No, I'm a vegetarian. I don't suppose a... you would ever become one." Mark was going to say vampire, but quickly recovered.

"No, my dietary habits dictate that I have something to sink my teeth into." Christian ran his tongue along his fangs briefly. Mark noticed, and gave a small shudder.

Two hours later, dinner was finally over. The two of them rode over to a local park in Christian's BMW. Walking side by side, they admired the sights at nighttime of the park.

"Thank you for dinner, Christian" Mark finally said.

Christian smiled to Mark. "It's no problem. I'll take you anytime you'd like."

"When do... when do you eat?" Mark queried.

Christian studied Mark for a moment. "Usually once a week, sometimes more, sometimes less."

"Do you... kill the person you... eat from?" Mark asked a little nervously.

"No, they think it's some sort of kinky fetish, and they always leave my presence happy." Christian said.

As the two were talking, a hand came upon Mark's shoulder. Christian noticed it really fast, and started to attack the unknown being, but it got away.

Christian finally walked back over to Mark.

"What was that thing?" Mark queried of the vampire.

"I don't know. It's pretty fast. It seems to want to target you for some reason. I suspect it could be a demon, or someone possessed by a demon." Christian replied.

Mark sighed a little. "How are we going to figure out what it is? I can't keep getting attacked or almost attacked a night."

Christian hmmed a little. "I'll do some research on it, and we'll talk more in a few days."

Mark sat in his history class wondering a little about the being that kept wanting to attack him. Why him? Mr. Bell wasn't picking on him today, so he was left alone with his thoughts.

As he sat on the school bus, Mark kept pondering. He had been thinking about it pretty much since his class, except for the two minutes Tommy wasted trying to taunt him.

Christian wouldn't be bothering him tonight. Not for a few nights, he had said. Not that Mark cared. He *loathed* the idea that someone might actually *own* his soul. Not that he ever really believed in such a thing as a soul, but since the majority of people did, it wouldn't hurt his best interests to worry about it being owned by a creature of the night.

What he couldn't understand was the fact that Christian appeared to be helping him. He was convinced he was going to be last night's dinner. He shuddered at the thought.

Arriving home, Mark went up to his bedroom, and quickly put on a DVD.

A few months passed. No more attacks happened, and Mark saw Christian every few days. The vampire was teaching him taekwondo, so that in the future, he could protect himself. Christian remarked at the excellent progress Mark had made.

Mark was starting to develop feelings towards Christian during this time. He wasn't at all sure of what Christian felt, but Mark had an unmistakable fondness for Christian now, at the very least he saw him as a best friend, but in his heart, he wanted Christian to take it further.

The two were done taekwondo practice for the day, and Mark was laying on the grass in Christian's backyard after some roughhousing. Christian ended up on top of Mark, gazing into his eyes. Quietly Christian leaned down and kissed Mark.

Mark returned the kiss, his arms wrapping around Christian's waist, feeling the vampire's passion. But the kiss only lasted a few moments. They looked into each other's eyes.

"I have something I want to tell you, Mark." Christian said quietly.

Mark remained silent, indicating that he was open minded and ready to hear whatever Christian wanted to say. He had a bit of fear in him, but hoped it would be good news.

"Mark, you are a wonderful angel. A vibrant young man who came into my life 10 years ago." Christian gently stroked Mark's cheek. "I love you. It would be a great humility if you would do me the honour of being my boyfriend."

"I... don't have to be a vampire to date you, do I?" Mark asked, a little worried.

Christian smiled at the question. "No, not if you don't wish to be one."

Mark simply pulled Christian down, and started kissing him passionately. No verbal answer was required.

Mark found himself the next evening at Drew's house with Drew, Stan, Lisa and Christian. He was going to introduce them all. Christian even said Mark could tell them the secret to his friends, so long as they kept it.

"Guys, I want you to meet Christian, my new boyfriend." Mark said on the more quiet side.

"I KNEW IT!" Drew jumped up happily. "You have been going on dates!"

They all exchanged happy hugs, and eventually settled back down.

"There's something else I need to tell you, a secret you must take to your grave." Mark said, watching his friends.

"Anything, Mark. You know you can trust us. We'll take it to our graves." Lisa spoke for herself, Stan and Drew.

"Christian isn't as young as he looks." Mark started.

Lisa thought for a moment and then asked, "How old are you Christian?"

Mark smiled a little. "Christian is around 500 years old. He's a vampire."

"When other little girls wanted to be ballet dancers I kind of wanted to be a vampire."

- Angelina Jolie