These Violent Delights

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**These Violent Delights**

by [wrhl](http://archiveofourown.org)

**Summary**

Book One of The Violent Delights Series.

Frank is your normal guy living in a city. Single, gay and a serial killer. When Gerard moves in and is anything but Frank's definition of normal (which is far fetched to begin with) only the most horrible of delights can ensue.

**Notes**

My first work on AO3, let alone series, so please be gentle, I tried.
I'd like to add the fact that I don't have a Beta (if there are typos I apologize).
And I'm almost completely whinging it.
Chapter One: Clunky Pretty

Frank walked with a quick gait on the street, keeping up with no one but the entity that was pedestrian traffic. He needed to get home quickly. Being out in the open after doing something that he found so shameful made him nervous.

His clothes smelled like day's past. He had lost something, someone, a feeling, in the crinkles of his now wrinkly shirt.

He hated having one night stands, he hated getting hangover's and sneaking out of a stranger's bed. He hated the human needs that he had for other men whom he did not know.

It was a vice of Frank's. Frequent one night stands that left him jagged and dirt feeling. Nothing else did that to Frank. Not even killing.

On the contrary, killing made him feel so much more alive. Made him feel /clean/. Killing made him feel superior to his victim, superior to everyone. That was why he killed, of course that being only one of the reasons. But of course, he had grown out of his past doings.

He continued walking, as quickly as his slight legs were to carry him in a comfortable pace. His hands hung in his pockets, sliding around in the jeans that weren't meant to be saggy. He needed new clothing. He needed skinnier jeans, but when he was so small, only little kids had the length that he needed. It was annoying, being this small and innocent looking.

When Frank was anything but. Not like anyone but his victims knew.

His mind trembled with the treble of another person's once forgotten-once remembered scream. That was the past. That was over. He stopped doing that.

He shuddered, someone had walked on his grave, and he think it was himself. Getting, home, a quicker walk to keep up with his darker thoughts, he saw a car sitting in the parking lot.

Frank lived in a small apartment building, a few blocks away from the really bad side of town, the side he never went in anymore. The building was quaint, small enough but big enough to breathe. The walls, a bit chipped with years of wear and tear, were a dark red, like the colour of the silly putty a friend of his had when he was in grade school.

There were places available, a few doors down from where he lived. He wondered if anyone was moving in. Someone probably was, but how close to his flat, he didn't know.
There were two people standing by the car. He didn't catch what they looked like enough to wonder if they were dating, friends, brothers, sisters. Their figures were just black masses, one tall and thin, the other medium height and thicker with a bit of a figure.
He huffed, not wanting to have to adjust to noise of any extent when he had just gotten used to the echoing silence that rang through the apartment floor. He lived on the third floor with three other people occupying the other rooms.

He walked up the stairs, tripping on his pants a few times. His legs powered, one after another, messing up a few times on the steps when he went too fast and lost his rythme. Opening his door, he saw that everything was the way it was when he left yesterday, just a bit sadder. Of course, his home was immaculate. He liked organization, even though it didn't show in his dishevelled look.

He yawned, stretching his arms above his head in an almost sensual fashion, ready to go to sleep only hours after he had woken up.

It was a bad habit of his, taking frequent naps during the weekend. He probably had to stop, but he loved sleeping so much. It took his mind off of everything, and he got to relive his murders in a way that was the closest thing to real he could get.

During the weekdays he worked. He worked at a dentistry office as one of the receptionists. It was a job, usually done by women, but it was the only one he could get with his numerous tattoos. They didn't care about that, but he did have to wear these weird ass scrubs.

Taking a breath, a sigh, a sign of defeat, he plopped down on the couch ready to settle down for a slight nap, needless to say, being very lazy.

He didn't really want to think right at that moment, especially about the one night stand that was starting to creep up on his thoughts.

He didn't remember the guy's face. Bit odd, he noticed, but he didn't. Maybe it was dark, maybe he was ugly. He remember how he had felt though. Really nice, really good almost soft, like a girl. How could he forget a body like that? he remarked something odd, something off with his chosen counterpart for the night.

Was it the way he smelled? The house he lived in? Who he was?

Frank didn't get to the bottom of it, he was asleep by the time more hypotheses rolled into his brain.

Gerard and Mikey, while Frank was asleep, were busy getting their house in order. Well, their apartment. It was small, and Gerard didn't really want to live with Mikey but with his shitty job, he couldn't afford his own place. Not yet.

Mikey was giving him boxes, a job that was harder than putting everything away, but Mikey always was the stronger of the two.
Gerard's head hurt. He and Mikey had gone out the day before to celebrate the great siphoning from their parents. Gerard was twenty three. Mikey was fresh out of high school, going into college, at eighteen years of age.

Gerard could have sworn that he had a one night stand, or maybe it was a good dream about a guy he had seen there at the bar. He did wake up naked in a bare ass apartment, but he woke up alone. He wasn't sure what really went on, he was so drunk.

A yawn escaped his lips, his hand covering his wide mouth and small lips. Mikey would be back in with more boxes, they didn't have that much stuff. It would be the last of the haul that had taken under two hours.

Then they would go into their separate bedrooms and set their individual stuff there before moving on to the kitchen and living room. It was a simple enough task but Gerard was already sick of it. And they hadn't even started.

It was in his right to be sick of it, though. Even though it was his fault for staying up all night with a stranger that may or may not have been there in the first place. Mikey, back with the last of the boxes, settled for picking up his boxes, six there were in total of just his out of about twenty. Gerard only had three.

Gerard wiped his eyes, sighing when he went to go put everything away neatly, just so it could get messed up in a few weeks. Gerard wasn't that much of a clean person, so to speak.

Gerard was soon done, Mikey had passed out in his still dirtied bedroom, boxes and stacks of items in clutters. Typical Mikey. Now he had known why Mikey had wanted to get there early in the morning.

Gerard moved on, starting with the kitchen they would be immediately needing as of a few hours. The kitchen was small, modern, needless to say it was good enough, just like the rest of the flat. The cabinets were a deep brown, the island, a little purple. The rest of the appliances were white. It was a little off with the colouring but he thought it had character. Gerard thought everything had character.

He sat on the top of the island, his ass cold in his thin black jeans he insisted on squeezing into that morning. He didn't know where to start. They had only a few dishes (smart when they didn't have any friends and were two people). He decided to start on those, it was eleven in the morning now and the new apartment was just nearing half way done. He was quite proud with himself.

The kitchen, taking well into the early afternoon was finished a few minutes after Mikey had woken up, the living room and bathroom the only thing that still needed some doing and Mikey could get on the latter later.

Mikey scratched his head, scanned the room, appraising it.
Gerard had set up the coffee table and tried to push the couches into place before giving up. Gerard had never been that of a muscular build.

"Nice," was all Mikey said on Gerard's progress before going into the kitchen, going to look at that.

Gerard looked behind him at his disheveled brother, a smirk at his wild hair, before going back to what he was doing before. Which was positioning the furniture that had been brought by their friend Ray when Gerard was fixing the kitchen.

They had no food, as Mikey soon sorely found out. He put on a jacket and his shoes, hair already taming itself out.

"I'm going out, to get some food. Want anything?" he asked his brother who was too busy trying to center their ratty couch with the mantle.

"Hmm..? What? No, thank you," he said quickly before going back to his work with the symmetry of the living room.

Mikey rolled his eyes, typical Gerard to forget to eat. He would be hungry tomorrow and Mikey didn't want to deal with that, but whatever, Gerard was weird. Mikey couldn't force him to eat, and there was no harm in him not so he didn't try. He shut the door behind him, grabbing his keys in the process, jogging down the long ass steps to his and Gerard's car. Mikey hated the stairs when he was bringing up boxes but he would hate them even more in the ensuing months.

It was beat up, there car was. An old Hundai Sonata. It worked well, when it worked at all. Mikey hated it and loved it. It was there and it was whatever so he dealt. He sighed, starting the car, looking at the gas tank that didn't need to be filled for a little while. Well, at least that was good. He wouldn't have to crawl around town doing a fuck ton of errands. More sleep for him.

The apartment that they were living in was small, a bit drafty, as if something bad had happened and it was screaming through the pores of the walls to be heard. He shivered, he had never liked scary shit. But, despite the weird feeling Mikey got when first walking in, the rent was manageable and it wasn't in a very shifty part of town.

Other than that, the apartment would feel less creepy soon enough. Gerard was good with these kind of things. Homemaking. he probably got it from their aunt, she was always doing this kind of stuff.

Mikey drove to the grocery store, humming along to a random song that wasn't even playing through the speakers. His fingers tapped incessantly, he was always one for getting bored. It was a bad habit, he inferred.

The grocery store had been open a few hours. He yawned walking in, going over the things that they
would be needing.

Bread, milk, eggs, cereal, sugar, etc. He roamed the aisles, putting whatever looked pretty useful in his basket. He wondered if Gerard was done yet. He probably was, with every room. Even though it had been specified that his room to set up was the bathroom.

By the time he was finished getting groceries from the chilly and slightly smelly store and all checked out, Gerard had just finished the whole apartment.

Efficiency was always his forte, especially when it came to this. Gerard was a no nonsense sort of person and even when he was having fun he did it in a conservative way. (Mikey thought it was sort of annoying, really.)

Immaculate and pristine was their new apartment when Mikey walked in with a few essentials gripped in his hands.

He walked awkwardly, a bit off kilter and shimmying through a few doorways. The bags rustled like they were restrained protesters. Like the way Mikey carried them (bumping into several things on the way to the kitchen) was not adequate.

Mikey set them down, looking around at the job Gerard had done with the place. It was nice, not much different from their old kitchen, once Mikey thought of it. Gerard had never really liked change. But neither did Mikey so he didn't mind the obvious comfort Gee took in putting things in familiar places.

The bowls went over the plates in a cupboard right next to the microwave. The cups went next to them, paper plates proudly displayed vertically. The fridge was bare, save for the shelves.

Mikey put the bread on the top, situating everything else into the apparatus with barely any problem.

Gerard wasn't in the kitchen when Mikey was doing this, he was probably setting his bedroom up. Mikey figured this, right before he was about to put the eggs next to the milk on the second to the bottom shelf, he heard a Smashing Pumpkins song scream out anti-conformity lyrics from the area in Gerard's room.

He was tired, even though he had taken a nap and done almost nothing within the last four hours, save going to the store. It was all the excitement of the past few days. The fact that he went out with Gerard and their friends the night before to celebrate their change in housing was a factor in this fatigue.

He remembered that Gerard hooked up with someone. He remembered it well, actually. It was probably because Ray had recognized the face so readily.
Apparently it was Frank Iero, who had been out of the punk rock scene for a while, but was still known. The man was short, hardly noticeable besides that. But the real defining trait was his cold eyes. Looking up to you through high lashes and lavender bags as if looking down to you. It was unsettling.

He remembered fear, spiking through the veil of the alcohol. He didn't want Gerard to go home with this stranger. He was dangerous. Or at least he /looked/ dangerous. His mind was put to ease when he awoke next morning in his bare bed surrounded by bare walls and boxes with Gerard alive and well. Besides a slight hangover.

He chided himself later on. How could he be so paranoid that his brother was going to get his throat slit by a twenty-some year old man who looked twelve. It was foolish, looking back on it as he so frequently had in the past few hours. Gerard was safe with that person (to what extent was debatable, but surely not unsafe to the point of /death/).

It was at this time, that he stood, slouched over, thinking back on the night before, refrigerator still open and deep whirring noise coming from it in a steady stream. Gerard chose Mikey's faded out stature to enter the scene, questioning his brother.

"Mikey?" came a skeptic voice from the corner of the room.

It was Gerard, holding what seemed to be a painting in his hands.

Mikey snapped out of it, his slouch now less noticeable and eyes only just more so attentive. "What?" was his dazed voice.

Another yawn from Mikey, another question from Gerard. "Are you cool?"

"Yeah, yeah, great, just tired and y'know... thinking," came his reply, wiping at his face in a lethargic fashion. He crawled, almost zombie-like, feet unsteady and lurching towards the kitchen, probably on the hunt for some type of sustenance. By the way he walked Gerard didn't know if he wanted brains or cereal.

Apparently it was just cereal. he had taken out the milk, swinging it lazily, grabbing some corn flakes. It was early afternoon but who said they had to be productive? Definitely not Mikey by the way he ate slowly, put his bowl on the coffee table and then promptly fell back asleep.

No matter how grudgingly he thought, Gerard did think, Mikey needed a nap from moving all those boxes up the stairs. Even if it was his second one in the past few hours. Gerard watched, bemused, as his brother fell into a sudden sort of sleep, his body laid haphazardly on the couch that was newly knicked from the move upstairs and through multiple doorways. He
stood over his brother, arms crossed, face alight with a suppressed smile.

Mikey was taller than Gerard, by a few inches. But Gerard had always had the more mass between the two.

He wasn't fat, oh, no. Merely pudgy. He'd always been a bit bigger than the average kid, but that had never gotten him down. Mikey, on the other hand, was tiny. He looked sickly, like he would blow away in the wind, or snap in two with a strong enough gust.

But Mikey was always quite lively (and infinitely more social than Gerard) so it didn't really matter. They were the almost complete opposites of each other. Gerard was still standing over the couch, staring at his brother when the door was knocked on. Of course, he wasn't really staring at Mikey anymore, he had just zoned out over his body in that same stance. It would look a bit unsettling if anyone came in to see this scene, but Gerard was unaware. Till the doorbell rang.

Then he snapped out of his reverie. He shuffled to the door, hems of his pants two inches longer than his actual legs.

The door opened with a slight groan of protest, gliding smoothly on the hinges, giving way to a woman who stood with her hands behind her back in a friendly formal manner. Gerard was surprised and slightly confused to see the landlady standing there in front of him.

"Hello, Mr. Way, just checking up on how things were," she said in her cheerful voice. It was clear, ringing like a bell.

Gerard's voice was less than immaculate. His smoking problem continued for several years tended to creep up into his voice, making it gravelly. Totally grating on someone who wasn't completely used to it. It was high pitched, cheery as well but still scratchy.

"Hello, ma'am." He insisted on calling the nice woman Mrs. Micket 'ma'am' because she was so kind as to clean the place before they moved in and Gerard was taught to show the utmost respect to the elderly.

Mrs. Micket wasn't terribly old but she was around sixty years old. Her hair was a fair white, falling in wisps out of a bun that was hastily put together. Her clothes were a bit baggy with grandmotherly prints littering them in soft colours.

"Oh, Mr. Way, I've told you, ma'am makes me feel old," she said with a smile, her voice holding a slight southern accent to it, making it all the more sweeter.
He smiled at her while she went on. "Everything all right? Moved in fine?"

"Yes, ma'am, everything's quite peachy. Except for the fact that my brother's a bit tired out," he said gesturing inwards with a goofy jerk of the head to add comedic effect.
She laughed, a bit tinkering. It was a laugh that sounded like springtime and home cooked meals with lemonade and Gerard loved it.

"Well, that was to be expected with all the boxes he's carried. Ah, goodbye, then, if everything's in order," she said with a merry wave. She slinked off down the burgundy hallway, Gerard watching her go.

He closed the door as she descended the stairs, or at least tried to. A voice, hardly above a boyish whisper, almost as scratchy as Gerard's stopped him.
"Pitiful, you are," it said making Gerard's head whip toward the sound.

It was a man, or at least Gerard thought it was. He looked hardly over the age of a teenager. He was short, tattoos and baggy jeans that were not in fashion just ill fitting. Gerard found himself smelling him as the man advanced. He smelled like tattoo ink and a bit like sweat. He smelled the way an old record shop would and Gerard kind of liked that about the stranger. Even if the stranger was rude.

"Excuse me," Gerard said slowly, firmly, trying not to stutter or to get caught up in his pretty smell. It was hard, this man was a stranger and Gerard was intimidated by it. Gerard was intimidated by a five year old if they were a stranger. So it was fabled that Gerard didn't deal well with strangers.

"You and Mrs. Micket. It was kind of gross. I would think you were flirting with the woman if I didn't see that you were so egregiously /gay/," said the stranger, gesticulation strong in his argument.

"Gay? How'd you know?" asked Gerard of this rude person he would soon be introduced to as Frank.

"I got a hella good gaydar, kid. I can sense it," gloated the stranger, hitching up his pants and tapping the side of his head, knowingly. The pants were almost half as tall as the kid himself, slinking past his sneakered feet slyly. Gerard felt almost bad for the person. He was wearing a belt and they still fell down.

"Oh, yeah? Well, what's it to you anyway? Why the fuck do you care how I talk to the landlady? Hey, who are you anyway?" Gerard asked, as derisive as the pitiful being in front of him. He had to admit the stranger was pretty attractive, but of course, was a total asshat.

Frank was thinking just about the same thing of this lame stranger. He was attractive, hair messy, a bit pudgy, chin firm, eyes large. Not the usual Frank liked, but unusual was his specialty. And unusual Gerard was.

But Frank, to Gerard was thing of glorious nature, rather than a potential lay. The man's eyelids were a thing of beauty, the colour of soft sunsets. Gerard felt himself drawing him, in his mind, an artist's bad habit, he supposed. His eyes themselves looked like muddy grass, bright and intellectual. His mouth was soft looking, words doing the cutting that his lips couldn't as he talked next.
"Nothing, you just looked like a tool. The name's Frank by the way, cutie," he said swinging his hand out for Gerard to shake.

Gerard just stared down at it, sniffing in disdain. He had stopped drawing Frank's features at his remark. His eyes flitted back to Frank scowling. He could feel himself hating Frank.

"Who's the rude one now?" Frank asked, a small smirk making his eyes twinkle with impish mischief. His arm fell, swinging at his side for a few moments as if he was too punk to stop it. His hands were tattooed to some extent, letters littering the knuckles.

Gerard wondered what tattoos he hid under the sleeves of his cardigan. He shook his head, blinked rapidly, trying to get the picture of this pretty (rude) person naked out of his mind. He did not want a crush on this piece of garbage. No matter how attractive.

Gerard wanted to slink back inside his apartment and forget about this whole hallway incident but he decided to stay against his instinct, which was to flee. "What's your name, stranger?" asked the teenage-man, leaning against the wall.

Gerard put his greasy hair behind his ear, deciding whether or not to answer. After a few moments his resolve faded. "Gerard," he grumbled, as if angry at this man for making him feel obligated to answering.

"Hmm, cute. Suits you. Sort of clunky pretty," he said, appraising Gerard.

'Clunky Pretty' was not a way that Gerard was every described before but he felt himself liking the phrase immensely.

Gerard stared at Frank, as if he had come to a great realization. Frank liked this wide eyed stranger. He just had a very odd way of actually showing it. He hoped that Gerard didn't hate him. But of course, Gerard probably did.

Of course, with that mind blowing phrase, Gerard felt himself liking the man that stood awkwardly, bouncing on the balls of his feet staring at Gerard as if he was an alien. Gerard looked like one, staring blankly back at Frank with just awe. It got kind of unsettling but it gave Frank more time to look at his face, study it more.

His chin jutted out, almost like he was in one of those cartoons that used to come on every Saturday. It was kind of attractive, the way his lips hung, turned down, in perfect contrast with his pale skin and juttly chin.

Gerard wasn't going to wake up anytime soon, a shame, Frank really would have enjoyed talking to him a little while more. But of course, Frank would just look like an asshat further.
"Goodbye, Clunky Pretty Gerard," Frank said in a slow whisper. He found himself hesitantly walking away from this new anomaly and down to his apartment that he had left for whatever reason had slipped his mind.

Gerard was still in his daydream when Frank had slipped across the corner and by the time he broke out of it, Frank was nowhere to be seen.
**Chapter Notes**

I actually hated this chapter. Gosh, it was such a singular point of view. Man, this does suck. It's so watered down.

Gerard didn't hate Frank in an instant. It was pretty gradual, over a course of three days to be exact. It was on the third day that he decided that Frank was a dick. Or that the circumstances he was always put in were dickish. There was one incident that stuck out in his mind. It was just a wave of unfortunate events after another that made it suck so much. That incident, more like that succession of incidents, that made him actually despise Frank fully. This happening gave Gerard a reason.

He had already got a really bad vibe off of him (not as bad as Mikey's), but this was ridiculous. Really making for an awkward encounter in the following days. It'll take some explaining, reader, so sit tight and feel the weird that Gerard had to.

It was a Friday. Gerard was inside, like usual, with Mikey staying at a friend's house for a party. So that meant that Mikey was either studying or fucking some poor girl. Mikey was old enough to take care of himself, so Gerard wasn't really worried about him. Gerard was enjoying the apartment that he was slowly falling in love with, though. Reading and just sitting, quaint and content.

It was quite a nice night, actually. It was one of those good nights that was so far and few between for Gerard. He was rarely ever just happy. He was reading a book of his that he had just got, the smell of thrift shops still lingering on the pages. He had always loved that smell. It was yellowing but in good shape, no ripped pages or anything. The print was still in tact, albeit a bit smaller than what Gerard was used to.

It was warm in the apartment, that was what Gerard liked about the place, the temperature was almost always right. He had more good vibed moments in the place in the past few days than he had ever in his old house. Maybe it was the change of scenery. Maybe it was the fact that his book was *really* good. He was enjoying himself though, for whatever reason. It was quiet, not even the sound of crickets or the dark penetrating the walls of his apartment making for a comforting silence. He was curled up on the couch, ear against the wall that connected his apartment to Frank's.

Frank's flat was pretty quiet, too. Gerard remembered, vaguely, him going out. Frank was a pretty nice neighbor, Gerard had found. Despite him making a terrible first impression on Gerard, he was happy to find that he was quite mature and as private as Gerard, so that meant no guests or parties. Never really loud, all there by himself, playing guitar at the occasional time, but he was good, and Gerard liked the music he played, so it didn't matter. But it was at this point that Gerard bent into despising the man, or at least what he was doing.

There were a few bangs, groans and the shuffle of bodies like plastic bags after going through puberty. The fabric of clothing made a friction noise and Gerard knew what was happening next door in an instant. Frank Iero was fucking.

And fucking loudly, I might add.

He, Gerard Way, twenty-four year old man, had only had sex before a few times. There were very
few gay men in New Jersey, he was surprised when he found that out. And even fewer people who liked him (not a new fact). So Gerard was practically a stranger to sex. Making this ten times more awkward than a normal person would feel about it. Adding his naivety to the fact that he had slight crush on Frank Iero this made for a condemning escapade.

He didn't want to move, the lighting was perfect; that was hard to get. It was hitting his book just right. Everything but the steadily getting louder noises coming from Frank's apartment was perfect. He wanted to blame Frank for having human instincts but knew it was ridiculous to do so.

He wondered if he could just wait, get his headphones real quick and just keep reading. That seemed a bit rude, though, even though Frank would probably never find out. He didn't want to impede on anything (not like it would matter if he did to that extent). He just wanted to give him a wide berth; Gerard Way thought sex was a very private matter.

Gerard found himself despising Frank, despite wanting to be as diplomatic as possible about it. His legs twitched, they wanted to get out of there before it got really awkward but the rest of Gerard's body and mind wanted to read his fucking book. Gerard heard familiar moans. That was probably Frank (Gerard had heard him jack off several times before, it was sort of ridiculous when it happened almost twice a day).

But no, not just the moans Frank was making made him awkward. It made him remember. Gerard remembered something that startled him.

It was Frank who he had slept with, the day before moving in to the apartment. He and his friends went out to celebrate and he had sex with his would be neighbor! He had felt an odd sort of familiarity about this place when they first were moving into the apartment. How drunk was he to have only had /that/ much recollection of this place?

That was a bit insane. A largely frightening coincidence. The almost perfect storm. Perfect in all respects except being /very/ inconvenient.

There was a growing tightness in Gerard's pants, coming from the beautiful noises his attractive yet dickish neighbor were making. He had always gotten turned on by noises more than anything. He cursed that part of him to hell with Frank.

Gerard was almost too caught up in this realization that he had become a neighbor to some random lay that he had that he began to not even register the loud noises Frank and his partner for the night were making. They had went straight to his dick and out of his mind. He began to come back to Earth, hearing the sounds they now made. Loudly, might I add, reader.

He looked down to his growing bulge. He didn't want to be weird though and have to jerk off because of what he overheard his neighbor doing. That was pretty creepish. Gerard shuddered, uncomfortable greatly with the situation at hand. He was too lazy to move, though. Or at least that was the excuse for staying to listen to the fuck music Frank was making. Frank's mouth was a work of art, Gerard had seen over the three days of living next to him.

And the sounds that came out were even more great. Scratchy moans, almost like singing, came from his throat. Gerard was completely jealous of the man that lay beneath or on top of Frank. (He could not remember who topped or bottomed in their situation) He was jealous that Frank would even think of going out to get a person to sleep with. He didn't know why. (He was /definitely/ not attracted to Frank Iero.)

Gerard was angry at him, a whirlwind of denial and bad emotions fueling him to pick himself up off the couch and into his sanctuary. He proceeded into his bedroom, the sounds only louder. He must
be closer to wherever Frank and his partner where.

He crawled into bed, book abandoned, headphones retrieved from his bedside stand. He was desperate to block out the sounds, no matter how pretty. He plugged them into his phone output and ears, listening to very loud music to block out the beautiful Frank. It was then eleven p.m. and Gerard Way was trying his best to get as little turned on as possible at this episode of odd.

Gerard was trying his best to refrain from masturbation, his dick trying to spring up as if to say, "Touch me, you bastard!" He was tempted to take off his pants and just get some sort of chaffing away from his problem. But that would probably only tempt him further. It was probably really unhealthy to let his raging boner go unattended like this. He toyed with the idea of looking it up. Just to occupy his time. He realized that he had a few more pressing matters to contemplate. Like his undeniable attraction to the entity of annoyance that was Frank Iero. And the fact that Frank had been a one night stand. (But that seemed like an issue he might take care of later or just dismiss altogether.)

It was so hard to be this attracted to a person who would never like him and he never wanted to like. Frank Iero was only hot to Gerard Way. Very hot. He shared no emotional and or mental connection with this man. That was what Gerard tried to say to himself but the Misfits song that Frank had a pension for playing made him think otherwise.

Frank and his partner for the night soon quieted and Gerard fell asleep a short while after, his erection hurting, throbbing against his jeans that he was so audacious to just sleep in. He doubted himself to the point of insanity, he was not risking jerking off. His morals would not allow it.

He didn't know how he did it. It must have been two in the morning, probably later, probably earlier. It was at this time that Gerard sort of regretted not masturbation before going to sleep. But the him that was unconscious, deep in sleep, was not able to regret. Quite opposite actually.

In his dream (wet dream) Frank was writhing, naked on Gerard's bed, blood apparent on his pale, fleshy chest. He looked even shorter on the dingy mattress he laid on. His tattoos stood out in the dim lighting, different shades of deep colours against the smeared, watered down blood. Gerard was a fairly vanilla person, the blood would have frightened him if he was awake. But in the dreams, it only turned him on further.

Frank was so beautiful. Strung out and fucked out. His head was tilted back, neck open, hickeys and bite marks littering his skin like an abstract art piece. There was blood smeared across his lips, his cheek, his brow. He looked painted on. Gerard didn't know if he found that hotter than if he was just left plain and unmarked by anything but his tattoos. Maybe it was the art student in him that felt intrigued by Frank's body. But there was no time to be 'intrigued'.

Besides looking like a human art exhibit Frank looked hungry, staring at Gerard through lust filled dark, hazel eyes. God, he was even more beautiful this way than he ever was in real life. Gerard's eyes were his own, seeing the same thing as the dream him was, no out of body onlooking experience. He was glad for the more visceral experience.

Gerard walked forward, he must have, because he was standing over Frank's eroticised body and hungry eyes. He was breathing heavily, feeling blood pumping through his ears. He wondered if it was the same blood that was on Frankie.

Frank's mouth opened, showing a perfect, pretty mouth, tongue as red as the blood on his chest. That must be his own, Gerard concluded from the fact that Frank was somewhat wounded. Bite marks covered the sides of his hips, his chest, his neck. He looked so weak like this. It made Gerard's dick twitch. That would have startled him if he was conscious.
Gerard was so fixated on Frank's body, he never dared look at their odd surroundings. Frank was on a dingy mattress, sheet lost in the pile of blankets. Gerard was startled to see it was his old room. Or at least a more dream oriented form of it. He wondered if this was where they had sex that one day.

Frank writhed more, gaining Gerard's attention, taking him back to Frank's body. He dropped, lowering his head to Frank's member. It stood erect, like a soldier at attention. It was throbbing, red, needy. No wonder he was so full of movement. This man was in need of a release. He must be hurting. (That was another appreciative twitch from his cock and another note to reevaluate his daddy issues when he woke up.)

Frank's head moved, as if in an exorcism, eyes rolling back. Gerard's breath hit his cock at the perfect angle, making every feeling heightened for Frankie. Frankie whimpered, a groan and a moan and just a needy, hungry sound coming from his cock, through his mouth. He was anticipating a blowjob, Gerard could tell that much from Frank's disposition. And Gerard wanted to give it to him. Although, teasing Frank further was a blatant must.

"Want me to suck you off?" he heard in a weird, distorted, almost disembodied voice. It was his own, just perverted. Deeper almost, darker, huskier, as if the all but innocent words tainted it.

Frank just whimpered, unable to form words, head so stuck in a mind fuckingly numb place that it swam like the sea. He was ready for whatever Gerard could give him. He was so desperate. He bit his tongue, staring at Gerard with wide, vulnerable eyes.

"I didn't hear you," Gerard crooned teasingly, still in the voice that was somewhat unlike his own. His mouth was so close to Frank's cock that he was tempted to just suck instead of teasing him like this. Teasing Frank was teasing himself.

"Yes, fuck, /please/," said Frank in deep earnest, looking at Gerard, desperate. His voice was his own. The same whiny, not too deep, not too high voice. It was scratchier than usual, though. He jutted his hips forward towards Gerard's waiting lips. Frank's beautiful, tattooed hands grasped at the sheets, awaiting pleasure.

"Mhm," Gerard said with a slight chuckle, wetting his lips further, going to lick at Frank's precome soaked slit. Frank moaned, a mix between a whimper and a noise of utter blissfulness. It fueled Gerard to take Frank into his mouth more.

He sat, nealing at the side of the bed, Frank's cock sitting sideways in his mouth. Frank stared at him through a sheet of his own greasy hair. His hazel eyes were dark, hungry, waiting for Gerard to suck him off and finally give him what he needed. "More!" Frank practically screamed, a writhing mess under the sexual prowess Gerard who was, in real life, anything but. Frank continued to whimper as Gerard went to move on him.

Gerard obeyed his command, kneading at Frank's thighs, feeling on his body with his hands, his mouth against his cock. He tasted almost metallic. The way putting a penny in your mouth would taste. He licked a clean line on the pink, veiny limb of Frank's, driving both of them crazy. Frank was just very more verbal and blatant about it.

"Gee, Ger-aarrdddd," Frank called, writhing further, prolonging Gerard's name. Gerard smiled around his dick, licking, sucking, feeling further. He felt him hit the back of his throat. He was very happy that he did not gag, of course, in a dream that meant absolutely nothing towards his actual skill, but he was grateful.

Frank moaned, panted like a tired dog. Loud and ten times better than just hearing it through the wall of his apartment. He made noises that sounded from the tip of his dick where Gerard was sucking. It
was there, tangible even if it was in a dream.

He moved his hand around to Frank's dick, stroking what he could not put in his mouth at the moment. Frank looked almost in pain. Maybe that was a good thing, Gerard concluded. The noises that Frank was making were sending signals to Gerard's dick. It was making his pants tight. Tight. Tighter.

"Gee, Gee," Frank said, moving to knot and twist his fingers into Gerard's hair. He tugged, the knot in his stomach making a knot in Gerard's. Gerard was still clothed, in clothes he had not time to look at or describe. He was too busy sucking off and staring at Frank. Frank hit the back of Gerard's throat again. Frank's fingers went deeper into Gerard's greasy hair. Black and layered, like he was constantly sexed up. Which, right now, he kind of was.

Gerard winced, feeling pain tingle his scalp but he kept on sucking, letting his teeth graze Frank in a sensitive spot to get back at him. He kept going though, taking pity in the needy Frankie.

"Sorry," Frank breathed out, realizing what he did to Gerard. Gerard was appreciative, he had had less than considerate partners in real life and in dreams.

"I'm gonna... come," called Frank, his voice almost far off, scratchy, pleading.

Gerard hummed around Frank, letting him know that it was okay. Frank came, long and hard and salty in Gerard's mouth, hands still tangled in Gerard's hair, as if it was real. Gerard didn't get a chance to swallow it.

Gerard woke up. He woke up, headphones in his ears at a lopsided angle, phone dead and dick hard. He cursed himself for letting this get out of hand. It was his fault for staying longer than he should have to listen to Frankie having sex.

The dream itself had felt so /real/. He had felt pain in it, by God. As if it was actually happening. He brushed it off though, his hand going to his needy cock. It was throbbing, hard and painful. The boner that he had was his only concern right now. It pulsed with his heartbeat, beating against his pants, angry.

It felt so good when his cold hand wrapped around it, squeezing and jerking slightly. He was grateful for anything. It didn't die down like he wanted it to, and the bliss that he felt while he was touching himself made him a bit grateful. He let out a loud, drawn out moan. Happiness, more like gratification, relief, shuddered through his body when he went to flick his wrist again. He bit his lip, trying to keep quiet. he didn't know what time it was, he didn't really care right then.

"Gee...?" called Mikey from the next room, he must have come home just then. Gerard heard footsteps coming to his room. He cursed, hand on his dick, he was not willing to let go.

"Kinda busy, Mikes," called Gerard in a scratchy voice, breathlessly trying to get off. He was going to burst if he couldn't. he was really annoyed at Mikey right then and there. Mikey would get it. And Mikey did.

"Oh, ew, gross," Mikey said, leaving Gerard's door quickly. He was grateful that Mikey was his brother, because if he had had the same situation with his mother, she wouldn't have grasped that he was trying to jack off. His mom was kind of clueless about that.

But still, he felt a twinge of annoyance when Mikey bothered him. Gerard might have chuckled at Mikey's reaction if the knot in his stomach wasn't so close to breaking him apart, whipping at his insides.
He moaned again, biting his tongue, faster, faster, faster. His wrist was barely more than a blur, his stomach a barbed wired fence. It felt so good that it was hurting, or maybe that was why it felt good. He didn't want to, but his thoughts fell on the noises that Frank was making in his dream, in real life, the night before. His boyish voice, scratchy to an extent, made high pitched, drawn out moans.

This sent Gerard to the edge, imagining Frank moaning around his dick, sucking him off like he did to Frank in his dream. Spots went in his eyes, pricking him in his mind, washing like waves of ecstasy through his body so he felt numb and a good kind of cold. He collapsed, cum everywhere on his sheets and in his pants. he should have probably taken down his pants, but he was so desperate to come, he didn't really think it through.

He would deal with that later. When he wasn't numb due to the best orgasm he had ever given himself.

"Are you done?" asked Mikey warily coming back to his door, snapping him back to reality. Another twinge of annoyance at younger brother Way. Gerard didn't want to answer his brother, who he usually loved to pieces, but now all he wanted to do was rip him into pieces.

"Yes," he said through gritted teeth, head hurting from lethargy. He was still breathing hard.

"Neighbor's here," Mikey said with a smile in his voice, knowing that Gerard would be so humiliated.

Gerard cursed under his breath, rubbing his hands on his lotion he kept so he didn't smell like fucking fish when he jerked off.

"What do they want?" Gerard said, rudely. He assessed the damage on his sheets and clothing. Nothing but his sheets were dirty and underwear. Everything else was pretty good. He groaned, he was going to have to take the top sheet off and put it in the wash. He would never hear the end from Mikey. He also needed to get dress

"It's Frank," said Mikey with a slight taunt in his voice, knowing that Gerard "liked" Frank. Or at least that was what Mikey said.

Gerard might like him, but Mikey made it sound like he was obsessed with the man. He didn't think it was that obvious that he thought Frank was cute. But Mikey knew him better than anyone, so maybe it was just what he saw. Gerard internally groaned. He hated everything. He was going to annihilate Earth. This was terrible. Terrible.

"Well, what the fuck does Frank want?" came Gerard's counter, trying to stall for a little while because he did not want to get out of bed and talk to the man he had just had a wet dream about and jacked off to. He shifted in bed, plugging his phone in, checking the time on his analog clock. It was eight A.M. on a Saturday. Why did he have to wake up this early?/

"Said it was urgent. Wouldn't tell me what, hey, maybe he likes you, too," Mikey said. Gerard was not in the mood for his taunting and or telling his secret.

He roared, jumping out of bed to go kick some skinny college kid's ass. "MIKEY WAY," came his angry voice. He had never noticed how much he sounded like his mom when he did that. Maybe it was because he had never had a chance to. He was seldom angry at Mikey.

Mikey just chuckled. He was probably in his bedroom, trying to formulate a plan to humiliate his brother. God, Gerard hated Mikey at times like these. If there was ever a time like this. Gerard cursed under his breath. This was going to be awkward. Really awkward.
He sighed, standing up in his squishy tight jeans. He wrinkled his nose, stripping out of his pants, throwing them across the room into the corner. He would deal with that after dealing with whatever the fuck Frank wanted.

He might have been happy that Frank wanted to see him if he hadn't have had the hottest dream about him. Or listened to him last night. It didn't matter, it would just be a bad day all around, it didn't matter. He was resigned to it. And that was kind of sad.

He looked around, fishing for pants that didn't look too dirty. All of them did, so he went for the second best choice and just slipped on a pair of sweatpants. They had embarrassing emblems from Superman (a comic book that he actually didn't care for) but 'fuck it, I'll deal with it later,' seemed to have become his motto for the day.

"Come on, he's getting impatient," Mikey yelled at him when Gerard was trying to take his sheets off his bed, hastily. He hated making people wait, but if he didn't do this, he would probably forget about it till he sat in cum later that evening. "Yeah, yeah, yeah," Gerard said to him, balling up the fabric that smelled like the locker room at his old high school. He fixed his hair, quickly, trying to see if he was somewhat presentable.

"Fuck it, I'll deal with it later," he said, a twitch of a smile at his own inside joke on his lips. His hair was greasy, in his face and tangled. It made him look nice. Like a drug addict. Attractive. "Gee!" Mikey said, breaking him from his reverie.

"Mhm," Gerard groaned, loudly, walking out of his bedroom door. He sighed, trudging into the living room where Frank stood with Mikey. Gerard repressed the thought of Frank's dick in his mouth. Frank looked scared, like Gerard had hurt him or something.

"Hi," said Frank, breathless, grabbing his hand quickly, getting sweat all over Gerard's already sweaty body. Begging. Whimpering. Shaking his hair rigorously to get the thoughts out, Gerard followed. He was dragged into the hallway by Frank. Moaning. Writhing. Another shake of the head, some more shuffling.

"I think we really need to talk," Frank said, in urgency, nervousness pervading in his voice, panic in his wide hazel eyes. Hungry. Naked. They were in the hallway, Gerard had never noticed how it had looked like something out of The Shining.

He didn't want to look at Frank, he wanted to look at the uncanny resemblance to his version of The Outlook that was right above his head. He didn't want images of pron playing through his head whenever he looked at Frank, it was rude. Frank deserved more than that. Gerard shook his head, lightly, running a hand through his hair.

"Mhm, okay, yeah," he said. He had never sounded more like a zombie before. He sighed to himself, internally. He was still looking around at the scenery. Who was Danny in this equation? This was going to be a long talk with Frank.
I like it! It's actually kind of late. Sorry, I got side tracked for a few days with The Dove Keeper. It's a bit flimsily edited by Yours Truly but whatever. I never think much of the things I do, so whoever knows maybe it's a masterpiece and I just have really low self esteem.

Once Gerard had followed Frank outside into the hallway to have the bone shaking discussion he realized that the hallway looked eerily like something out of the shining. It was an odd correlation, he'll admit, but it was almost spot on to what Gerard thought a hallway in the Outlook would look like. Frank was not comparing it to the Outlook, he was comparing it to hell.

Gerard stood with Frank, oblivious to Frank's nervousness. Frank's hands were suffocating comfortably in his armpits. Gerard's face was tilted away from Frank, biting his lip absently. The hallway, the Outlook Hallway as Gerard now dubbed it, was much more interesting than Frank's anxiety.

Frank did not know that Gerard could care less that they had slept together. He thought he didn't even have a clue and that he was soon to flip his lid. Frank would too if he was told something like that. He hated having more physical and emotional contact with a person than needed. And this was definitely more than needed.

This would make staying far away from him harder. As if it wasn't hard already. For some reason with Gerard, doing what he always did was harder and doing things he had never done before was easier.

Talking to him, that was a bit difficult, but with practice in picking up people to kill, he had gotten quite good at it. Talking normally, though, was difficult. Staying away from him, not getting under Gerard's skin was hard.

It had always been easy, to stay away to just get the killing done in solitude, now there was Gerard, looming over him, ready to pull off the sheet and expose him. He didn't want to be exposed. He didn't kill anymore, at least he tried to refrain, but still the past was buried under such a thin sheet of lies. And that sheet was soon to be whisked away. He didn't want to be known as a monster. Not just yet. He wasn't ready. And the fact that Gerard had the power to do that, or would soon have it, scared him shitless. Everything pertaining to being exposed as the serial killer that plagued this part of Jersey scared him.

Even though, Frank felt kind of smug, knowing for sure that Gerard was a flit just like him, though. He had always knew it. By the way he walked. By the way he moved and carried himself. He was an odd one, queer for sure. He had to be a bottom. (Frank was a top and that was not changing anytime soon.)

But the smugness of his one up on Gerard was washed away with the feeling of hot water and hysteria that cascaded over him and drained from his ears. He hated when he was scared in this way. He felt like he was going to piss his pants. But he didn't, he had to make himself calm and cool. Calm and cool. Facades. Something he was good at. Something he was born to do. He sighed a
breath, steadying his hands on the fabric of his shirt.

He wasn't sure what he was more scared of, Gerard's reaction that was sure to be terrible, or the fact that they were now forced to be somewhat closer to each other than just neighbors. He was good at this, hiding his insecurities and doubts, but he was not good at showing. It was one of his vices and his virtues. Good for killing, bad for living.

Gerard yawned, fitting his hands in the pockets of his hoody, tightened around his body. The body that Frank had once seen naked and almost wanted to see naked again. But Frank couldn't afford himself that liberty, he could only look and hate himself more.

Gerard had curves, almost like a girl but was too broad to be considered one. It was like only his face was copiously feminine. His nose was slanted and his eyes wide, impish and childlike. His body was feminine as well but just so in an alienated way. Like it did not fit quite right with androgyny but never fit into the other genders. But Frank didn't really care about what gender he fit in most. Frank thought he was interesting, definitely not beautiful, not yet, he would have to love him to find him beautiful (he had yet to feel that about anyone). But he was interesting, and that was enough for him to be pernicious.

Gerard looked almost slimy though, like he needed a shower, or a break. Frank knew what it was on the weekends, personal hygiene was abandoned for a few days. He was the same way. He hated being associated with Gerard in that way. He hated being associated with Gerard in any way. But at the same time, craved the common idiosyncrasy.

They were not that alike, but just alike to be a good match. Music and books, they were both quaint. They were similar people. That was definitely deadly. That would bring them closer (if Frank let him, which he probably would, against his best interest.) He wanted them to remain just neighbors. Just acquaintances, head nods and hand shakes. He didn't want to get close. Like he knew he would. It was just in his nature to nestle under the skin of everyone like a sliver but this time he really wanted to. He didn't want to. He didn't want Gerard to bleed, but he wanted to make him.

"Gerard?" he asked finally, voice wanting to shake but years of keeping a cool facade making it almost untraceable that he was splitting at the seams with this startling information. He rung his hands, he hadn't been this scared since gym class games had to be played in middle school. It felt almost ludicrous, to be this scared again. But he was, he was so scared.

He was scared of Gerard. And what Gerard might do. And he was scared of himself. And what he might do to Gerard.

Gerard's eyes flicked to him again, the way his head tilted made his cheeks look hollowed. Made him look like he was even paler than he already was, a ghost. Made him look sickly. It made Frank's heart stutter. He didn't want Gerard to be a ghost. He wanted him to be okay. But oh God, he didn't want to care! He didn't want Gerard to have this power over him.

He wanted everyone else to die. He wanted to kill everyone else. Fuck, he wanted himself to die. But Gerard. He wanted Gerard alive. He couldn't remember ever wanting someone to live as much as he did right there, to Gerard.
It frightened him. Gerard was frightening him, or maybe it was the things Gerard did to him, or what he might do to Gerard. (He thought of cutting the older man's throat, the thought not as appeasing when he was the victim, rather than a random stranger.)

That was what Frank did. Fuck, destroy. Consume, destroy. Kill, destroy. It was a sickening habit. So sickening, he barely heard what Gerard said next over the chant of /destroy. destroy. destroy./ that was going on in his head.

"Yeah?" Gerard asked, getting Frank's attention this time.

Frank was jittery, dropping the bomb of sexual relations. He was no longer scared of being caught, a murderer, blood of a few dozen on his hands, but he was scared at Gerard getting angry. Everyone ended getting angry at Frank. Getting disappointed. He didn't want Gerard to be disappointed. He wanted Gerard to be happy and proud of him. He had never even wanted his mom to approve of him so much.

"We slept together, the day before you moved in. Remember? One night stand?" Frank said, quickly, trying to jog his memory. He skipped from foot to foot, needing something to occupy his time with other than the thoughts of killing Gerard and kissing Gerard.

"Yeah."

It was blatant. Like he already knew and wasn't angry or shocked or scared. When Frank was almost all those things when he made the realization. Anything but the first. (He was quite delighted at this scandal.)

Frank stared at Gerard. Gerard was nonchalant. His hands were working through his mass of knots, whimpering when he found one that was acutely nasty. Gerard looked all but concerned with one of the things that was ripping Frank apart like his limbs were being pulled by horses. He forgot what kind of torture that was called. Something middle ages.

Frank stood for a second startled, shifting in discomfort at the thought of the torture he could not remember. Gerard just went back to comparing a literary setting to the hallway. He was unphased, Frank lay in a metaphorical heap of confusion.

"But, you... I. You hate me?" he asked finally, when Gerard was swaying along to a phantom draft that went through the hallway. He looked mystical. Like he was content with a bad fate or something. Which, he sorta was. He would be doomed to have fucked Frank Iero in a lapse of judgement.

"I don't hate ya, Frank," Gerard said and he knew that it was a stretch of the truth.

He liked Frank. In a primitive fifth grade way, he had a crush on him. But for his personality? It was pretty shit. And he had vowed that he hated him, the night before. But he was always one for bending rules, and so this was what he did right there. Not that hating Frank was a rule or anything, it was just easier to think that way. He didn't want to deal with this so he tuned out the meaning and just heard Frank's voice in it's sweetly drifting fright.

He was always obsessed with fear and anything to do with horror. It was the human reaction and how it varied so that intrigued him. One person could grin at a dead body, others cringe, some even throw up. Some weren't even moved by it. Positive or negative. Those people were the things that frightened him. The ones that didn't care about seeing such a beautiful and ugly thing.

"Than, what? I thought you hated me. Everyone hates me when they first meet me. Well, almost
everyone," he admitted vaguely gesticulation making him bob his head side to side. Most of his victims were people he had picked up from bars around town so of course, they couldn't hate him. But everyone else did. Hell, even his mom probably did.

"No, not me, then. I am an anomaly," Gerard said, shrugging his shoulders. He shifted, his feet irritated by the hem of his pants pressed against the arch of his foot.

He was feeling pretty greasy, as if his pencils had rubbed on him in the night. (They might have, he always fell asleep with shit in his bed.) It was an uncomfortable feeling. He was made even more maladroit with the fact that he was standing in front of Frank, heart racing, trying to hate him and like him at the same time, and looking pretty shit while keeping himself together. Not to mention that he had jacked off to his moans from the night before. And of course, the kinky wet dream he had about him just moments before having to talk to him.

Frank just looked at him, unaware that Gerard was going through all these internal conflicts, while Frank himself was unable to say almost anything else. He was flabbergasted (not a word that he really liked to use, but here it fit). He could have sworn that Gerard was utterly disgusted with him. He had to be. He had to prove that him, Frank Iero, was a monster so Gerard wouldn't find out that he actually was one.

"Last night," Frank tried to say, tried to figure this capricious man out. Gerard must have hated him for that. He must have been at least annoyed.

Frank was desperate to find a reason to stay away. To find a reason to hate himself more. And this was the acme of what he could use to pick himself apart. The one man that opinion's meant the most to him would be so painful when it was negative. Frank almost laughed at the way he was so self-deprecating. But it was in his bloodstream. Kill strangers, kill himself, save his friends (friends in which he did not have but liked to imagine.)

Gerard's face fell into an unamused expression, not having the reaction that Frank initially wanted from him. He wanted hatred, loathing. All he got was annoyance on the other man's part."I was trying to read my book," Gerard said flatly. So he was still kind of pissed about that. That was point Frank. It stung a bit, the way Gerard disapproved of what he did last night. Or maybe Frank was desperate and imagining it.

Frank was so fucking sick. He was getting a high off of getting emotionally hurt. He usually got his orgasms out of being physically hurt though, so the switch was nice if not odd. Only more in proving that Gerard hated him, though, was the way Gerard was looking around like Frank was just another phantom in Gerard's eyesight.

'Stay away. Stay away. Stay away,' Frank chanted in his head with the next phrase. He pleaded that he could and that Gerard would.

"Ha! You do hate me." Frank didn't know why he was trying to prove that this human being detested him. Gerard's attention turned back to him, confused. A little concerned. Frank was concerned about why he was acting like this. But his motives were clear to him, if not foggy to Gerard.

He would break apart if Gerard actually said that, he liked him so much. But if Gerard didn't say it, Frank would surely break Gerard apart. The latter was not an option, so he settled for the thing that would save the most important of the two. It was what Frank did. It was in his nature to find, coddle, love, and then destroy. Even if it was himself. That was why he killed. So he could get his high off of destroying something with no consequence. So he didn't take out his needs on the people he knew. So he didn't flounder and become completely desperate, completely insane. It was the only
He didn't want to hurt Gerard. Even if he didn't love him yet, even if the possibility of hurting him yet was small. He didn't want Gerard to hurt, or even have any threat on his feminine being. He was an anomaly, he was right. That was why he needed to be preserved.

"No, Frank. I don't. Not really anyway. It's quite arbitrary, I'll admit," Gerard said leaning against the doorway of his apartment snapping Frank back to their argument and away from his own.

Frank tore at his skin in slight bunches, his short nails only making angry red marks on the skin that would surely sting when he washed his hands later that night. It was the only thing that was keeping him from spontaneous combustion.

Gerard was not going to say anything else on the subject till Frank answered. Which he hadn't yet. He didn't know why he stood there, waiting for nothing when he could be getting stuff done and being slightly less productive than he would have to be the next day. He didn't care much, though, he stood idly, swaying by the door awkwardly.

The paint was flecking off on the door to his apartment, giving way to a second skin that was a light shade of green that clashed horribly with the red. Gerard started to pick at it absentmindedly with this fingers, not wanting to look at Frank. He was a bit embarrassed, in most people's books this was considered flirting. He was not aware that Frank was thinking of ways to rip him apart against his own will. And ways to keep him away. He was just aware of the fact that his heart was beating all too fast, and not because of the danger that was Frank Iero standing in front of him. But because of the danger of having his 'secret' found out by Frank. Much too similar to how Frank was feeling about his secret.

Gerard didn't want to flirt with Frank. The action, the crime per say, that he was committing with Frank, however unknowingly of the other party, was trivial. It was primal, like school children kicking dust at each other. They were sneaking stares at each other, Frank still wringing his hands so angrily, as if he were furious at them. Or maybe just taking out his anger at Gerard on his pretty hands.

Gerard wanted to tell him to calm down, it was alarming the way he looked so intently content on just ripping at the skin on his delicate and tattooed hands. It started to freak Gerard out. His gently tanned skin wrinkled and folded, combusted for seconds on itself while Frank crushed them. Frank was ripping at his skin, only to substitute for ripping at Gerard's. He didn't want to hurt Gerard but it had become a habit, to fantasize, to dream about what might have been other's nightmares. He was a monster, a determined one. Determined not to let Gerard see his inner workings.

"Stop," Gerard said firmly, his voice's hysterical undertone making Frank look up in surprise. Did he know? It was a ludicrous thought. He couldn't look into Frank's mind. But Frank was so paranoid that it was a thought that had darted into his mind before he could think it out.

Gerard ran a hand through his hair, not feeling the grease, just feeling anxiety. He was staring at Frank's hands, knowing that he would go back to slipping violently on them in a few seconds if he didn't calm him down. If Gerard didn't calm himself down.

Gerard hated seeing other people's nervous ticks. Just like the ones he had on his own. He especially hated seeing it on Frank. Why was Frank so scared? Why was he so angry?

Gerard was tired, he didn't want to talk anymore. He wanted to go back inside and sleep. But he also wanted to see Frank, if that wasn't an odd request. Frank was interesting, just like Gerard was to Frank.
So he compromised, closing his eyes before trying to be explicit with Frank. He was going to get it over with. So he could leave and have a somewhat nervous breakdown from the emotions inside him that had no meaning. He hated when he felt too much he didn't feel at all. It was times like these where he wanted to disappear into his favourite book. Not just reading, but becoming. But he pushed on, talking, eyes still closed.

"I don't hate you. Not for being a prick the day I met you, not for disrupting me last night, not for sleeping together. Nothing," he said, eyes turning away from him again. They had opened during his short and bland speech. They flicked back when Frank started to abuse his hands again.

"Stop!"

"Sorry, sorry," Frank mumbled, picking at his nails for an alternative, eyes not looking toward Gerard. It was like he was more angry at Gerard liking him than he would be if Gerard hated him. Frank Iero was a confusing person and Gerard was not having anymore of it.

"Can I go now?" Gerard asked, feeling a spotlight that was not there on him, burning his shoulders, his ears, his head, his face. He had to go. He had to get out of there. He felt trapped and claustrophobic.

"Yeah, of course," Frank said, smiling at him sheepishly. It was the one gesture that was not confusing within their several minutes long talk. Frank had to move. had to let Gerard go inside. He didn't want to let him, though. He was so scared at passing up some opportunity, missing something that was part of the bigger picture. That maybe he was supposed to fall in love with Gerard and get saved by him from his murderous ways. Or maybe he was supposed to break him down in a futile attempt at a healthy relationship. It was a risk, a gamble that he was tempted to take. He always had been a hopeless romantic.

Gerard smiled back for a moment before turning toward the door. His smiles eased Frank's mind for a minute, as if the metaphorical ulcers in his stomach were calmed. The door to Gerard's apartment was closed, his hand going to turn the knob before Frank called him from his action that he didn't really want to perform.

"Why don't you hate me?" Frank asked him, hands behind his back. Frank hated himself right then, himself in his mind kissing Gerard all over his body. His body that Frank would have tainted, bloodied, hurt.

Gerard looked so pure, standing there hunched, paused in the motion of escaping Frank. Frank felt bad for trapping him like that. But it couldn't be helped, his curiosity bit at his stomach only calming when Gerard answered.

Gerard worried idly if Frank's hands were being wrung, lying behind his back, out of Gerard's sight but not out of his mind. His shoulders weren't shifting in anyway so he probably wasn't.

"You haven't given me a reason to," said the taller man down to Frank finally after some deliberation. This was true. Frank wanted to point out why Gerard should hate him, but Gerard couldn't see why those events would make him hate him. Last night, he must admit, he did hate him a smidgeon. It was mainly jealousy, though. A pitiful feeling, Gerard thought with disdain.

Frank looked so innocent, like a baby deer when Gerard had said that. His eyes were wide, his face fresh and not dark like it usually was. He looked like a sunrise. When the blue merged with the tinted grey. He looked like dew, reflected off the grass. He was beautiful. Gerard hated himself for thinking that.
The artist in Gerard felt no harm in it, thinking Frank was beautiful. Gerard felt almost everyone was beautiful. But Frank was that hug your heart kind of beautiful. It felt as if someone was strangling his chest when he looked at him.

But Frank knew, whether Bambi was his twin right then or not, he would never be what Gerard was thinking of him. He was ugly, dark. Disgusting. He was twisted and he hated it and he loved it. Ambivalence prevailed in his soul, tearing him in two. Frank just stared at him, his internal conflict not showing up on Gerard's radar, hands quivering behind his back and he wanted to kiss him so badly. He wanted to kiss him. He wanted to kiss him. /He wanted to kiss him./ It was a feeling Frank rarely got. It was new to him. The last time he had wanted anyone was years before. Before he started his alienation from life and his affinity for death. He forgot who this person was, but looking back on it, the want had been brief and drunken. Gerard's eyes closed. His eyelashes lay like sleeping ballerinas against his pale skin. Slim and dark and graceful. He wanted to kiss Frank, too, not knowing that same though was dipping into Frank's mind at the same time.

"Kiss me," Gerard breathed against Frank's waiting skin, standing inches away from the man who wanted to rip him apart and put him together. Frank was unlocked by those words, his mind reeling, lips feeling. His nose was pressed almost uncomfortably against Gerard's soft skin but it didn't matter. He was kissing Gerard's lips.

He felt secure, not that he was close to Gerard, but when he was touching Gerard, he knew he was whole. He knew he was good and okay. And much too close to Frank. But Frank indulged. He was a serial killer after all. They had to be a little selfish to ever get anything done.

He felt like feathers were gracing his lips, damp and wet and soft and godlike. He liked kissing Gerard, he decided three seconds into it. And Gerard liked kissing Frank. He made it quite clear in his action.

Gerard grasped at Frank's hair, his neck, anything to get him closer to him, desperation sinking in like the claws that were Frank's hands on Gerard's back. He didn't want to let go and face the fact that he liked Frank. Liked Frank enough to kiss him. He didn't like acting on feelings. He never had. He felt vulnerable and he loved it. Frank never liked getting close to people either. And that was what he was doing. He was getting close. He was getting too dangerously close, teetering on the edge of even more not okay. Gerard would find out. Gerard would find out. Gerard would find out and he'd know Frank was a monster.

But Frank didn't care because right then Gerard opened Frank's mouth with his timorous and amorous tongue. Gerard tasted vaguely of stale air and mornings. The surprising thing, was that Frank didn't care. Usually, when he kissed someone, he did. But this, this was different. This was electric. He let his thoughts wonder back to hating himself, though, like he always let himself indulge in whenever.

Frank barely wanted himself to know he was a monster, the monster in him coming out only when he killed. Finally, Gerard's mind started to get uncomfortably full with nothing and his lungs felt on fire like his heart and lips. He had to let go of Frank. He had to stare him in the eyes and explain what they just did.

Gerard couldn't bare it. So when Frank, flustered and breathless tired to explain himself, Gerard just turned away back into his apartment. He was so ashamed. He opened the door, taking a glance at Frank just for glancing's sake. Frank looked frightened, Frank looked so angry. Frank looked like a person in loathing. Of himself or Gerard, Gerard never really found out till later. He just let the door close.
Frank stood in the hallway for a long time after the click of the door sounded Gerard's departure and regret. It was the sound that dipped Frank into his loathing.

He had always hated himself, but this was a particular hatred rather than the overall feeling of contempt that he was so used to. This was pinpointed in his soul. He was about to destroy Gerard. And he was pretty sure he knew it, too. The horrible thing was that he almost knew how he would rip him, piece by piece.

He stood rooted to the spot, hands behind his back. He must have looked like a soldier in his stance, standing there early in the morning, clothing rumpled, thoughts tumbled. His eyes were dark, his brows overcasting them like a storm. A hazel green storm.

Why did he let Gerard kiss him? Why did he let Gerard do that? Why did he do that? Gerard just wanted a kiss. Frank could have refused, albeit awkwardness would ensue. But he didn't. He didn't refuse. He was the one to enact it for Christ's sake.

His feelings could not remain surreptitious. They were out in the open, plunged into the air like the messiah. He was not the messiah. Definitely not Gerard's.

It was always harder to cope with feelings once they were turned into feelings. He knew that from experience. He refused to feel anything, the taste of Gerard on his lips fading away with every thought that refused to stay still. But he still felt something, fingers at his lips, static between them with excitement. He was ambivalent as to if he actually wanted them to fade away though; they gave him such a nice shock.

He felt his mind wiggle, writhe and groan. He licked his lips again, flicking his tongue out like sin along the pale red skin of the apparatus that touched Gerard's similar ones. He wanted to hate Gerard. He wanted to love him. It was quite ridiculous. He was pretty sure he was incapable of love, but the feeling of his chest made him think otherwise. He was not sure that it was love for Gerard he was feeling, maybe it was anxiety about getting closer to the man. In his experiences love was just as uncomfortable as anxiety. But it was just masked as something beautiful. Anxiety was in it's beauty and nude. Out there like the ugly truth. He was going to hurt Gerard. (That was another ugly truth.) He was going to rip him to shreds like he did to every other thing he deemed good. It was instinct, nature. It was in his fucking blood. He was going to kill Gerard and he wasn't sure if he wanted to even stop it. Frank believed in fate. What would happen, would happen. But he had to stop it, or at least try. He wanted it to stop. But it was either fall in love with Gerard and remain a monster, killing others so he didn't kill all his friends, and subsequently Gerard, or staying away, almost as painful as loving Gerard, and not being a monster. Becoming a monster again. Selfish or unselfish. Frank couldn't decide, he wasn't sure he wanted to. It was when his decision was made that his actions would reflect who he truly was as a person. He didn't want to know who he was. So he just stayed in his rut.

He had always been scared of who he was as a person. He was scared of who he was as a monster,
an object. He hated himself, but he didn't really know who he was. He remained unsettled as he walked back to his apartment. It was mechanical, everything dull compared to the kiss he shared with Gerard.

It was a loathsome observation. The walls looked even more flaked with wear. The gas lamps were more rusty. Even his footsteps didn't have that childish, happy ring when they hit the thin (now too thin) carpet. He had to figure out some way to make Gerard last. At least in his universe. He had to preserve him. It was either that or just kill. Kill. Kill. Or torture him, so the routine thought that a victim would be soon enough. But he wasn't sure he wanted that, and went back to comparing the walls to Gerard's lips. Even the walls that were once so acceptably dull seemed a despicable shade. It was disgusting him.

Everything was disgusting. Of course, if he was to get mushy, he would have to add the fact that Gerard was anything but disgusting. Frank, though, Frank was disgusting. A virus. A man. Something much lesser than this person he had a massive and dangerous crush on. Gerard was so good. Gerard was clean, and pure. Gerard was innocent and that made it worse for Frank to tear him down.

It hit him like a ton of bricks. Making weight alleviate from his chest like the pile of bricks that just hit him. He liked Gerard. He could not like Gerard. He didn't even want to look in the mirror when he got home. He would probably throw up. Just being himself, just liking something so indulgent as Gerard was was gross.

But it was ironic. A killer. Dozens of innocent victims and a dozen more guilty ones had their blood painted on his hands. He was a demon and an angel all at the same. He was the figure of death in a human being. He could handle that. But he could not handle a simple fancying of this other human being.

He was sure that he was going to throw up when he looked in the mirror, if he looked in the mirror. But he didn't. Entering his house, which he did not quite think was a home, he habitually glanced at his ugly, tanned face. His heavy lids and thickly graceful jawline flicked back, like the fire that was licking at Frank's insides and not in the way that they were when Gerard was kissing him. That was good, this fire was malignant. Just like Frank. He almost laughed at the correlation, his apprehension not adding to the comedic effect, but dampening it.

He felt useless, out of place more like. He felt off. He wanted to kiss Gerard again. It was a horrible observation making for an even more horrible disposition. He stared in the mirror, at his sad eyes sitting amongst a crossroads of his sad life. His fingers, index and middle, ran up along his lips, bumping over his lip ring before skating along the surface of the soft skin. All he could think to himself was "Kiss Gerard, kill Gerard. Kiss Gerard. Kill Gerard," like it was a nursery rhyme of violent delights. It was a reiteration of what he had already felt before. The ripping of Gerard and the piecing back together of Gerard. Just in another wave of hatred for himself. It was one of those days where existing wasn't very nice, dying wasn't much of an option and living was not in Frank's vocabulary. Normal people were happy when they kissed the person they liked. But all Frank could do was despair.

He mulled about, eating, watching television, staring at all the non-existent pictures that lined his walls. He had no family. Occasionally, when he couldn't help himself, he touched his lips again, they were growing dry, he refused to lick them. They were rough but flavored with the feel of Gerard still on them, or maybe that was a placebo all itself.

Frank felt foolish. A serial killer acting like a school girl. Now that was your latest sitcom's overused plot. It was mid afternoon on a Sunday and he was pretty sure Mikey Way had some classes. Who
knew a college kid's schedule (especially, when he had never been to college himself) But Gerard was off for the day like most people were. Frank had nothing better to do than itch at his mind, thinking about killing, and pester Gerard. The latter was not very good but the first hurt too much and it was in the middle of the afternoon. That was a rule, even if he were to kill, to not do it in the daytime. He was refraining, trying to break his habit before he got caught, so that was crossed out already. That left pester Gerard as the most viable option. And that was not a good idea. But whoever said Frank made wise decisions?

So one foolish decision after another, had Frank walking back to Gerard's door a some twenty minutes later. His hands were in his pockets and his heart was on his sleeve, pounding away, ripping from the stitchings. It was painful, standing there, waiting for either rejection or acceptance. None of them were very good in either the long run or the near future. His feet rubbed against the matt that was positioned half-assed in the front the apartment the Way brothers resided in.

It was another itch, another tick, another movement of apprehension as the seconds went like pin pricks in Frank's skin. Frank didn't get nervous. But Gerard made him sweaty in more ways than one. Gladly enough, Gerard opened the door quickly. There was no going back, Frank couldn't just run away or change his mind. Gerard's face was apprehensive, flinching when he saw Frank standing there, awkward and abandoned by his courage. He clutched the door frame, his awkwardly angled body not lessening his dirty beauty. "Frank," came his croaky voice, as if it was coming from somewhere muffled. His body was hidden behind the door, in the fashion he was hiding something from him.

"Gerard" said Frank playfully, trying to hide that they had just kissed only a few hours before. Something that Frank almost never did to the same person twice. But that was what he did. His toes strained as he tried to reach Gerard's lips. He couldn't believe he was doing this. He couldn't believe he was risking so much just because he was bored. No, not bored, curious. There was a difference. He was curious. He had to justify his actions enough to act upon them and not hate himself too much. Gerard was just another social experiment. He would kill him if things went too far. He would kill him anyway. Just to watch Gerard squirm. To hear the ache of betrayal in Gerard's voice. He would relish torturing this victim. He held that back, though. Better not overdue it, or else he could not trick himself very efficiently. But he shoved that aside, anticipation for something that was not killing Gerard curling in his stomach. He was oh, so horny. Not good. Frank curled his arm, much like the feeling in his stomach, around Gerard's neck.

"Frank, please man. Don't get the wrong idea. I... sorry, I wasn't coming onto you or anything," Gerard said, tugging away from Frank breathlessly. Frank felt a sting in his stomach, replacing the sexual anticipation. "You want me. I know you do," Frank tried to get Gerard to admit to the both of them.

"I'm not gay," Gerard croaked, closing his eyes.

Frank just chuckled. "No one ever is, sweetie."

"No, Frank. I don't do this kind of stuff. I'm... fuck. I don't know what I am. I don't like you," Gerard tried to insist, as if ingraining it into his skull, too. He couldn't let Frank in. He was still hiding his lower region from Frank even when they were kissing. Frank couldn't know what he was doing before he had shown up.

"Stop hiding. What are you hiding?" Frank asked, catching onto what Gerard was trying to do.

Gerard was hiding something that was clearly unfortunate. To him at least, Frank would probably laugh if he knew. He had just been jerking off (again) to the thought of Frank fucking him into oblivion. It was a bit vulgar, Gerard could admit but it was exceptionally hot. But as of right now, it
was only extremely dangerous.

Frank was still trying to get him to open the door, forcing it open as of right now, while Gerard panicked and tried to keep him out. Frank coaxed him, or at least tried to, from behind the door. Frank had always been an impish person. This just tickled his curiosity too much. It was Gerard's bad luck. Gerard was rooted to where he stood, shutting the door as much as he could from Frank. He was desperate to hide this thing. Whatever it was. Frank still had no clue.

"Frank don't! Stop, please," Gerard whined, beating at Frank's prying hands. Frank just tried harder. To no avail, Gerard continued to try to make Frank stop. Just like Frank kept trying to open the door and see what he was hiding. It was a curious thing. he felt silly, if he were to look back on what he did sometimes. Good God, he killed people. He murdered and he loathed himself and he killed. That was not very childish. But what he was doing now, trying to get his hands in between Gerard's door was.

"Show me! How bad could it be?" Frank insisted further yanking the door open finally to see what Gerard was hiding from him. His eyes scanned eagerly. He computed what he saw after several seconds of awkward silence, only Frank's heavy breathing, chastising the air around them for feeling so maladroit was loud enough to hear. But Frank could swear, that he heard Gerard's heart pounding and his ears burning. This was quite an embarrassing plot.

It was Gerard, still standing there, but pantsless. He was in his underwear, embarrassingly themed with superheros. His thighs looked like mayonnaise. (That was not very poetic but there was no other colour pale enough without getting cheesy.) But that was not the most surprising thing. It was the raging hard on he had.

It was truly fascinating to Frank. It sent blood straight to his cock as well, but that was not the point. He wanted to laugh and he almost did, but thought against it because Gerard looked like he was about to cry. He felt kind of bad for this despondent man. It was a bit disgusting, the pity that he wanted to give him. But he was never good with emotions so he covered it with cockiness.

"Oh, that is embarrassing. Is that from me?" Frank asked slyly, picking up Gerard's chin so he was staring Frank in the eyes. Although his head was still at a downward angle because Frank was the some two inches shorter than him. Frank was an impish creature, as we've so seen him give example for before. But this was a whole new level of dangerous mischief for him. His lips were hot near Gerard's, almost against his, like they were that morning. He felt a tingling around his stomach and in his body like it was one big pinched nerve. It was not entirely unpleasant, just sort of uncomfortable.

Frank stared, deeper into Gerard's Autumn coloured eyes. Gerard's hazel orbs were panicky and humiliated. His cheeks were blotchy and breath shallow. Frank smiled to show him it was okay. Begrudgingly, Gerard nodded.

"Was jacking off to you," Gerard whispered in an ashamed voice.

Those words were like poetry. Frank looked down again, his own pants growing tighter. Tighter. Tighter. Gerard really was big. And fuck was his lower region beautiful.

"Never knew it was such a turn on to turn someone else on," Frank said in a scratchy whisper, going in to kiss Gerard again his hands trailing down to his throbbing dick, past his pulsing heart.

Frank wanted to kill Gerard right then. /Shh, serial killer Frank, this was all part of the plan. Just like every other one night stand slaughter you've had, but longer. More fun./ his mind was hushing his over-excited stomach.
Gerard groaned against the kiss, bucking his hips against Frank's leg, practically fucking in the doorway to the hall. Anyone could catch them. Frank had never been turned on by that kind of thing, but with Gerard he was. With Gerard he was turned on with everything. A daunting subject. He liked Gerard way too much that it had to be reiterated several times. He was frightened, though, worried. Frank shushed Gerard and shushed his thoughts, opening his mouth to do so. Gerard broke away, breathless and horny. Almost like the dream. Almost. Or at least it would end up along that theme.

"You're not mad?" he asked Frank in a timid, caressing voice. Total bottom. Frank could tell. Butter in Frank's hands, he decided with an inward smirk. He was happy at that. His little submissive boy. That was even hotter. He felt as if he could bust a nut right then and there, in his pants like a teenager. It was all so visceral. It was touching God.

"No, baby," Frank said coolly, even though he was almost splitting with pleasure already and Gerard hadn't even touched his dick, he went back to kissing Gerard again, letting Gerard practically hump his leg. It was so much hotter like this. They might get caught (standing out in the hallway like they were), Frank was just waiting for the few months from then when it would be nice to kill Gerard. He was thinking of him bloody, thinking of him bruised and almost lifeless under Frank's body. He was kneading his thighs as Gerard rutted against his ripped jeans, so hot. So hot. But Frank had to ask.

"You wanna go further?" Frank asked, feeling Gerard's straining package, even more sensual with the fabric between them. Gerard just groaned, pulling Frank's tongue into his mouth and body into his apartment. Frank took that as a yes. He shuffled into the flat that Gerard shared with his younger brother.

How would Mikey feel about this? Probably grossed out. It was a pretty gross prospect from a brother's point of view. Frank really didn't want to think about Mikey right then, though. It would ruin the mood. So he just looked at the beautiful, little feminine Gerard.

Frank started pawing at his flesh. Part of the plan. Part of the plan. What other to describe the fire in his stomach as? Gerard's thighs looked milky. Like the stars on a clear and silent night. He looked gloriously vampiric. Funereal.

"How much have you done before?" Frank questioned Gerard in a husky tone, Gerard's body bent over the back of Gerard's ratty couch with his body in between Frank and the fabric.

He answered quickly and unashamed. "A few times before. Nothing more than sex."

"Good, still pretty fresh. Love that," Frank said, chuckling darkly. Frank was always obsessed with the thought of purity. He was obsessed with the thought of being blank, and impressionable. It was the killer in him, the highly functioning sociopath. Gerard gulped. That must have freaked him out. That was the serial killer laugh. Shit.

"Calm down. We'll take it easy. This is a casual fuck, alright? For convenience, yeah?" Frank clarified. Gerard was still fucking Frank's leg with quick and animalistic jerks. Gerard was probably heartbroken, fuck he was heartbroken. But he was hot and had a nice ass and Frank murdered for a living. They were only compatible in any other way than this way. It would be a pity if he refused, though. He wouldn't.

Gerard felt a stab in his chest but he was not going to pass up fucking this beautiful man again just for his pride. Hell no, this was Gerard Way, horny motherfucker who was formerly jacking off to Frank when he showed up. Frank was right.

"Yeah," came Gerard' scratchy voice, scratchy from anticipation or disappointment Frank couldn't tell. neither could Gerard himself.
"Glad we've cleared that up," he said, hiding a smile with efficiency. He was already starting to torture Gerard. It was so beautiful to give into his violent delights. He kissed Gerard's hot and open mouth again, imagining the feel of his lips on his growing cock. But that was for another time. Another form of torture.

"Frank?" asked Gerard in a shy voice. It was the voice that was asking for something. And asking for something he was.

"Fuck me? Frankie..." came Gerard's voice from outside Frank's mind again, just busting through his ears enough to make sense.

Frank quickly let his hands fly to Gerard's hard cock, squeezing at his balls. Gerard let out a moan, his eyes drifting backward, turning into whites. His hips twitched into Frank's hands, he needed more than denim friction, he needed Frank's cock. Frank eagerly looked up at the blissed out Gerard from his work at his dick. It would be so much better when he killed him. He relished in the fact that it made his dick harder.

His pants were all too tight, hurting him. He kicked them off of his body, quickly. Gerard was still layed out over the back of the couch, as if he were a coat. But he writhed and moaned, his dick so hard it hurt, not unlike Frank's problem. He was breathing so much harder than he was used to. His face was hot, his body almost numb feeling.

It was a miracle that Frank liked him, too. Even if it was only physical. For Gerard it was only physical. So he didn't know what he was complaining about. It was a win, win situation. But Frank was being oh so rough, sucking on his skin and leaving black and blue kisses with his deep red lips. He was dangerous. This was fun. Gerard was exhilarated. Gerard's eyes were stuck to the ceiling, visceral was the experience he wanted. His skin remained being sucked and touched until Frank brought him back down.

"I'm gonna fuck you now, alright? I'm gonna need to prep you. You know this," Frank said gently, almost condescending if it were not so tender. His pupils were blown wide, staring into Gerard's eyes which were always like that. His lips trembled with what looked like blood. He must have chewed his lip. Gerard liked blood. Gerard liked Frank. Another win.

"Go ahead," Gerard said in a trembling voice that matched that of his first time smoking. That was years ago and seemed so much more far away than usual. Frank pressed his fingers into Gerard slowly, both letting out a collective moan as one being. It felt so good, Frank's digits being pressed upon, pressing down and around in Gerard's tight heat. Gerard was missing the feeling of sex that had been so bright in his mind. The last time he had sex was with Frank, just about a week before. But that was drunken and this was clear.

Clear, clear, clear fucking.

Frank groaned with every movement inside of Gerard. Fuck was he tight. This was a dream. Gerard already was a better fuck than numerous people he had had. That was probably a very bad thing. It would be a shame to get rid of him, but at least he could enjoy him while he had him. Yup, a bad thing. Frank's knees were weak, holding up his body and the bottom half of Gerard's. But he kept thrusting, pleasure mixing with the fact that this was not an ideal position for him. For the both of them.

Gerard's face was buried into the faded red, at a very weird angle, of the tattered couch like he was making out with it. Really, it was just containing his moans. Frank wanted to hear him. He wanted to hear him scream his name. he wanted every pleasured sound by Gerard to ring through his ears.
Frank picked up his head, ah's, and ugh's trailing along with it, coming from Gerard's mouth. He kissed him, holding his hair, thrusting inside him. It was sloppy and wet the way they did it but Frank couldn't care, he held Gerard in place by his jet black, greasy hair. Gerard moaned into Frank's mouth, vibrating the cavern and making it all the more better. Frank jerked him off, holding his hair still in one hand, the other on Gerard's throbbing cock, stroking violently. Gerard moaned and whimpered, pitifully.

"You like it? Huh, little cockslut?" Frank asked through his teeth in a low and husky voice. Gerard didn't answer, he was moaning and writhing, busy with kissing Frank's neck rather than answering.

"Asked you a question, whore," Frank grunted thrusting in, faster, faster, shaking Gerard's body. It was hard for him to answer, his teeth almost clacking. They would be from the action of Frank rocking his hips into Gerard's body if it was not for the fact that Frank was still gripping his hair tightly.

"Yes!" Gerard screamed, ashamed to describe it in his own words as "woman-y." Frank hit his prostate just then, his voice would have been deeper but that was an ecstasy ridden exclamation.

"That's the spirit, whore," Frank said, still namecalling (a dirty little kink of his.) Gerard kept repeating his answer, more fervently than that of the first time, if that was possible, as he came, the knot in his stomach clenching almost painfully.

As his stomach clenched so did his asshole, tightening around Frank sending him over the edge of his own Utopia. He saw stars. He never thought coming that hard was possible, but fuck did he want more of it. He was panting, coming down from his mind boggling orgasm, quickly, but yet gently. His eyes turned to Gerard, his hips positioned in the air, dirty little faggot hips. Gerard looked all the more innocent with his wide eyes and strewn hair, covering his pale face. Bruises littered his thighs, a lot like how the clothes littered the floor around them.

Frank pulled out of him, still holding onto his hips, not as tight as when they were fucking. His fingers went up, up, up Gerard's chest, uncovered by the shirt he could have sworn was never taken off.

"So pretty. So pretty, Gee." Frank said this nickname without thinking about it, his mind in another place, his heart was hurting from looking at Gerard and in a very bad, very good way. Gerard blushed, whether at the compliment or the nickname Frank wasn't sure.

"We should do this again sometime," was all Gerard said, turning a bit more business as he stood up. His back cracked and he winced. That was the best fuck of his entire life. (Which was not hard to surpass the others when one had puked on him when they were hooking up.) Frank just nodded with Gerard, naked and sweaty and really fucking happy.
Gerard and Mikey's Contrasting Days

Chapter Notes

This took forever. I felt like a fucking action movie making this. It is hot as fuck in my bedroom and this is a bit of a shitty update but something had to be updated. Enjoy, though!

It was the same day that Gerard and Frank faced their desires for each other's bodies.

We pan out to a college full of dull and broke young adults. (Two quirks all too common in today’s generation.) Setting the scene in a less than sterile classroom, everyone was sitting wondering why they even went to that class that day in the first place. To pass it of course, but Mikey didn’t reach that conclusion yet. Mikey Way was blissfully unaware of what his brother was busy doing with the neighbor that he more or less hated. But all was not blissful. At least not for Mikey.

Mikey Way was bored in a most egregious manner. His college class that he was forced to take and had nothing to do with his major was killing him. He would rather gouge out his eyeballs than sit there, at least than he would have something to do. But he couldn’t just get up to get the apparatus that might help him to do that, people would think he was nuts. It did occur to him to just leave but that seemed a bit rude. Rude to who exactly, he wasn't quite sure of. He was so awkward, so he just sat there wanting to die. No not die, but be obliterated. Expunged.

He wanted to be that ghost that people glanced over to and wondered what happened. He wanted to be the not there boy. He wanted to disappear. He wanted to bash his brains in. He wanted to kill. Kill. Kill. Kill. He wanted to kill himself but in a very low key manner. He didn’t want to die. He just wanted to kill himself. If that ever made sense to anyone but Mikey. He wanted to disappear for a few moments. Hours. Days. Years. Whatever was convenient for him.

He sat there, planning his own demise rather than listening to the words the man up front was say. He caught snippets of what he was saying. Something about dying? He couldn't even remember the subject this class was. He just knew that he had like half an hour left of it. So he sat, doodling planning, bored. Bored. Bored. All in a day of Mikey Way. Bob Bryar was sitting next to him.

Bob was a cool guy but for some reason actually wanted to pay attention in this class. He was friendly enough with Bob to actually want to talk to him, but alas he couldn’t. Bob was very adamant on paying attention. Maybe it had something to do with his major and he actually had to pass this class.

Mikey as of right could not care less. He just wanted some coffee. He must have forgotten his that morning. He knew he was missing something when he showed up for his first class. There was no time to go and get a cup from the Starbuck’s on campus until after this class. Maybe that was why he was so set on getting out of this class as quick as possible. Because he wanted his coffee.

Mikey rolled his head back, staring at the ceiling, staring at the speckled white, makeshift stars of a classroom confining. It was what they had on the ceilings of Mikey’s old high school. he wasn't sure why he thought of that. He just made the correlation that every fucking learning enviroment had these speckled ceilings.
Bored. Bored. Bored. replayed in his head like a metronome. This was not gouging his eyes out, but it was gouging out his mind.

Dear Dead God, was he bored. He looked back down at his notes, not having written anything down since several slides before on the powerpoint. He studies the doodles more than the topic they’re currently on. There’s a unicorn, a zombie, various things that Gerard could draw way better than Mikey. But that never stopped him.

He goes to doodle something else, an eye this time. He starts with the curve of the upper lid, it’s going pretty well until his arm is bumped by the annoying asshat Bob Bryar. He was beginning to wonder why he came today. Oh yeah, he was kicked out by Gerard’s bizarre and disturbing behavior. He was literally cumming in his week’s unwashed pants that morning when Mikey left. (Also the reason he forgot his coffee.)He shuddered, damn their neighbor. Damn Gerard for thinking their neighbor was cute.

“Yo, pay attention. This is the good part. They’re talking about that serial killer from around here,” Bob said, eyes still fixated on drinking in the information.

Mikey cocked his head up from his now messed up eyeball. That was pretty interesting, but the killer themselves hasn’t killed in a few weeks at most. It was completely random the way he did it. The victims at least, but his calling card was something kids were even starting to wear around the area. A J within a jagged heart. Probably standing for Jersey. Where, obviously, all the killing’s were located. It was always stitched into one of the victim’s appendages. Whether it be their naked arm, or a leg, sometimes even their chest it was always there. Sometimes there was less blood around it than others. Those were the ones that put up a fight. It was rarely ever gruesome enough for flinching. A PG serial killer. Who would have thought?

“The killer they are now dubbing The Jay, has been killing since the middle of December of 2012. Every killing happens between a span of two weeks, this was the longest he or she has gone without killing since the start of the murders. The trademark J within a heart that documents whether the killings are The Jay’s has been starting to be worn by his followers. Teenagers, young adults and sometimes even middle schoolers, have been seen wearing them. The killer now has a cult status and is famed all around Jersey,” the professor was droning on about The Jay.

“The motives of The Jay are always clouded. The way he kills and who he kills never shows any apparent sign of madness. Some experts say that he is a ‘thrill killer’. Some have varying theories.” Mikey wondered what these ‘varying theories’ could possible be.

It was pretty interesting, but Mikey could still care less, he needed coffee too much to pay attention. This was enough to hold him over till the end of the class but it was still teetering on the edge of mindlessness for the poor Way brother. Bob was riveted, mouth ajar as he listened. He was always into this kind of stuff. Mikey never really understood it all that much.

Gerard liked it to, always went on about how interesting this guy was. Interesting was the word Gerard used because he didn’t want to say he admired the killer at all. Even though, unlike most serial killers, The Jay didn’t rape or anything. He just killed. Sometimes the bodies were mutilated, but that was as gruesome as it got. That was kind of why Mikey didn’t particularly know what the fuss was about this kid. He killed, so what?

That’s heavy, yeah, but he was a kind of lame serial killer in comparison to other serial killers, at least. In Mikey’s opinion. But, what was he complaining. It was better than having a severely dangerous serial killer on the loose. He was just glad that Gerard had stayed out of it. He had had his share of getting Gerard out of his amateur detective work.
Mikey had no clue why his brother was fascinated with this kind of thing. He was just happy it wasn’t as entirely demented and dangerous as the last time he got fixated on something of this topic. His mother didn’t understand either. She used to get so worried that he was mentally unstable. Visits to the psychiatrist and school counselors were the staple of Gerard’s pitiful puberty.

He wiped his face, trying to wash away the now crippling boredom. He fantasized about gouging his eyes out again, the need for some tedious business urgent. Maybe Gerard wasn’t the only psycho. Bob was sitting, enraptured. Everyone else that seemed sane could care less. There were several more minutes of listening to a droning lecture on this seemingly off-topic serial killer. The professor went on, whether Mikey was listening or not.

“The Jay lives here in Jersey. Or is presumed to, at least. All of the killings have been in New Jersey. That is the basis for this information. He is considered the third most dangerous serial killer in America as of the twenty-first century. He has killed over forty people to date.” Mikey rolled his eyes. Third dangerous in America, really? He’s killed a lot but he didn’t terrorize. That was ridiculous.

“Methods of killing range from strangulation to lethal injection, etc. etc. The haphazard style of killing can be shown in his picking of victims. Seemingly random enough. Homeless people, prostitutes, family-oriented sorts, old people, middle aged adults. Never children, is what police have seen, and never during the day. He or she also doesn’t rape, and very rarely tortures. That is all they seem to see in way of patterns,” the professor used gesticulation to convey his point.

This was (finally) getting interesting, Mikey had never known this about the guy or gal. A bit more respect. If that was possible. It wasn’t toward the fact that they were clever, it was more for the morals they upheld. Mikey could barely believe he was so bored he was soliloquizing the morals of one of the most dangerous human beings in America. He proceeded to feel sorry for himself and slump on his hands.

The professor went on, Bob listening, Mikey smoldering.

"The Jay has been tracked to inhabit around the apartment area that is several minutes away from here. Morristown to be exact, but they never seem to get exactly to the killer themselves." Mikey perked up at that.

That was where his apartment was. That was the town he lived in, near all the apartments.

"Yo, Bob," he said nudging the man next to him, unable to keep quiet about this actually exciting piece of information.

"What?" Bob asked with a whine, looking at him in contempt.

"That's where I live. Morristown," Mikey said to the blond man. Mikey knew that Bob lived somewhere on the farther outskirts of Newark.

"Woah, dude, no way. I have to like, do some sleuthing at your place with you. I swear," Bob said, fully turning to Mikey gesticulation and his tone of voice showing that he was really excited. Mikey shook his head. He was just moved in, he didn't like having people around. Gerard was weird with that. He was going through al of these excuses while Bob was talking to him.

"No! Please, please. We can like catch this guy and shit. Like just a little CSI bullshit, please. Push pins and strings on boards and-and- Mikey it'll be so fun!" Bob said trying to persuade him. Mikey knew there was no talking Bob out of this.
He went along with it for now. He nodded, hesitantly. He rolled his eyes clocking out again, regretting that he ever told Bob about it.

"Where's your place?" Bob asked, trying to talk to a less than willing Mikey and still listen to what the professor was saying. It was proving difficult. Mikey wrote it down for him, quickly shoving his pencil into his messenger bag with all his other useless shit. It was the end of class and Bob was still happily talking to Mikey with all the passion of an artist, ready to catch this killer.

Mikey rolled his eyes, Bob either not seeing or ignoring his less than exuberant status on the matter. Bob was in the zone and Mikey had never seen him so excited about anything. It was kind of reassuring. Bob was human. But he had to roll his eyes again as he walked across campus with Bob still on his heels, asking him question after question. He felt like a celebrity. Bob was the paparazzi. He walked into Starbucks, Bob still on his heels. Oh, jeez what a long and trialing day for Mikey Way it was.

Back at their apartment, Gerard was feeling anything but sorry for himself. Actually, his situation was polar opposites to Mikey's. He was sitting though, not unlike his brother, for the most part. He was initiating in an act so forsaken by the general public though. But it felt delicious.

"Ride your daddy, whore," Frank was growling like he was covering a Distillers song.

Gerard loved that about Frank, so controlling. So sexy and rebellious. Frank was a darling on fire and Gerard was salt water, slapping against the body that was Frank Iero. Gerard jumped, jerking his hips in time with his breaths. Pleasure coursed through his body with the perfect storm that was Frank talking to him like that and this action. He rode Frank, faster and faster. He was always close to the edge, holding onto Frank's skin and his own sinful pleasure.

Frank yelped while grinding his palms into Gerard’s hips, holding his thighs with his arms. Frank knew, yet again, that he was getting into dangerous territory with Gerard. But it could not be helped. He needed his sweet ass. That was what he told himself, of course. But anyone could see with the way he looked at him, he wanted so much more than a fuckbuddy.

One of the reasons he was telling himself was not his perfect ass that he was ramming into but the sounds he made. Gerard mewled and whimpered, harder, harder, harder. He shook with overstimulation and the Godless names he was being called by a neighbor he was jacking off to hours before. He let out choked gasps with words stuck in his throat as he moved up and down on Frank.

"Daddy, daddy," came his sighed prayers to the wind like a plea. It was a plea. He was about to burst with pleasure. He was already splitting at the seams. He had never said that word to another person. It was an odd experience. But it was a pleasurable one, sending wanton shock through his bones. He never thought he would have that specific kink. It just showed up and Frank and him rolled with it. It was the first time he had indulged in his sexual desires fully. That was pitiful. But, maybe, he didn't care. He was close. Closer. Closer. Closer.

He fucked himself on Frank, the beautiful man lying under him, inside him. Every ounce of him felt like some force of nature. He was powerful and malleable. And he felt the fire that was Frank in his bones, clawing at his skin like hooks of euphoria.

"Look at me," Frank commanded, bringing Gerard’s eyes towards his from the ceiling where he was letting out his unholy prayer.

Frank was gasping, too. His words were slurred and breathless and forced out of his mouth by his tongue and teeth. He bit his lip again, crying out when Gerard looked at him. Fuck Gerard was so
pretty. He was so gorgeous, fucking himself on Daddy’s cock. Frank convulsed with that thought again, it was his first time with this Daddy kink thing. He liked it.

Gerard was gasping, choking on air. His bones were on fire. He felt delicious. He looked into Frank’s eyes, dark with lust and pleasure and excitement. He was glad he wasn’t the only one reacting like this. Frank’s lips were plump and stretched out across his teeth. They were swollen from being bitten. Both by Frank and Gerard. He breathed, harder, head thrown back, eyes still locked with Gerard’s. Gerard could barely believe he was seeing him like this. And regretted not seeing him like this sooner. Frank snapped his hips up, hitting Gerard’s prostate. The sound of skin on skin heightened Gerard’s pleasure. He shook, curling his fingers for support into anything he could get to. He caressed Frank’s chest, stroking each nipple, making it perk, making him moan.

“Daddy!” Gerard gaped again, letting go of his endeavor on Frank’s chest, trying to get at words to express his pleasure, but that one was efficient for Frank. Gerard substituted words for clawing at Frank’s pale chest still, needing some sort of release when he was yet again so close to his edge, by this man. His nails were not sharp so little blood was drawn, angry red lines where he attacked standing testimony for what he did. Frank could tell Gerard was close.

“No, no coming till I do,” Frank spoke quickly, jerking his hips again. Gerard felt like he could cry, the building hurt in his body feeling oh so good. He needed his release. Gerard became a rubber band, so close to snapping under the pressure of this other man inside him, so bendable and vulnerable. He screeched with the weight of his delight, turning into a moaning, dry sobbing mess as his daddy rammed further and further into him, building pain and pleasure.

“Mmm, Frankie,” he let drop from his lips, riding harder, his heart about to go numb from exhaustion. He panted like a dog, hopping on Frank’s cock. It was a blur of noises and wet kisses. He moved like he had a mission and he did. His goal was met when the younger man let out a delicious and heavy moan. It was thick with sweat and pleasure. Gerard felt it in his bones like it reverberated from inside his mouth, consuming him, him consuming it.

He felt Frank come inside of his tight heat with choked moans of his own, making the feeling of being full all the more unbearable. It dripped from his asshole, down mingling in their lower regions. He dug his nails into Frank, as far as Frank was in Gerard. He made fucking porn noises as he came all over Frank for probably the third time that day.

His mind swam with dots, like he was just coming inside to a dim room after it was sunny as fuck outside. Those kind of spots. The eye adjusting, mind numbing, totally fucked out orgasm spots. He felt it seep through his throat, and down through his toes like it was a tidal wave and he was the shore. Frank was the moon pulling the tides around his shoulders, and under his chin. No, wait, that was just his blanket.

He must have laid down within the space of pleasure and God. They were laying in Gerard’s bed, no sheets from his morning escapade. He hadn’t gotten around to putting on any new ones. Shame. It hurt his back. He never liked the feel of a naked mattress. It reminded him too much of places he shouldn’t be. He was panting, hard, as if they were still fucking.

That was not fucking in the first place though That was art, vibrant, volatile, violent. It was true beauty laced in dirty words and the slap of skin. Gerard knew not to put such value on something described as a casual fuck. But he did, that was just the kind of person he was.

Frank looked back at Gerard with an amused expression. “I assume you’ve never been fucked like that?” Frank asked him, picking up a cigarette on Gerard’s bedside table. It was light outside but partly cloudy. It gave his bedroom a nice blue glow. It gave Frank an otherworldly tint.
“Only by the bank,” Gerard said breathlessly, not even thinking about how stupid that sounded. Frank laughed though. Lighting the cigarette with a lighter produced from a likewise place on the table, he laid down next to Gerard. His laugh was pretty, his body was warm.

Just friends. Just a casual fuck. Not even friends. They were neighbors. Just for convenience. They were casual. Casual affairs didn’t start butterflies in tummies though. He ignored the butterflies, moths, dragonflies, wasps. He couldn’t look at Frank, though, just to be safe.

So he looked at the wall his naked front was facing. It was dirty with Gerard’s sticky notes and tack holes. He sighed, listlessly, this was nice. This was temporary. But maybe that was why it was so nice.

He finally decided that the butterflies had migrated for now so it was safe to look at Frank. It wasn’t. He turned around, facing Frank. He was posed like a model. His arm was behind his head at a tasteful angle, cigarette at his lips. Gerard refrained from drawing him. That would probably be weird on Frank’s part. He wanted to breath out how pretty he looked. He wanted to remain wide eyes and staring at this beautiful man. He was all edges, some softer than others. Frank stared at Gerard, too. It was not the kind of eye contact that was awkward. It was nice, soft eye contact. It was the kind of eye contact that was knowing. Gerard was pretty, eyes a bit wider than usual, face pale, body agitated and red. He looked like Frank felt. Pure.

“I know you like me,” Frank said, making Gerard’s blood pulse with embarrassment and fear. He blushed. Leave it to Frank to ruin a moment so completely and swiftly. In his blood.

“What?” Gerard asked quickly.

“You. You like me. You have a crush on me. I don’t like you. I don’t want to. At least,” Frank spoke, mumbling between the cigarette he refused to take a drag of. He was waiting, till it was safe. Safe to say the words he wanted to without mumbling or obstructing them.

“No, I don’t. Crazy bastard,” Gerard said, denial. He turned his head over, clutching a pillow closer to his chest.

“Glad we cleared that up then,” said Frank, finally pulling the disintegrated cigarette from his lips. He looked sideways at Gerard, like he was challenging him to say something else on the part of the argument.

Gerard stayed silent, turning to the wall that he chose to study rather than the wasp inducing man sitting next to him. Better not to start an argument on such a trivial and dangerous subject. Fucking James Dean wannabe. Frank would never sleep with him if he found out he liked him. He didn’t want this to stop though. No, this was too rare. Too different and exciting. They lay naked in bed together, a silent standoff between the two men. Gerard knew that Frank was something different to what he considered normal. Frank was something special.

Usually Gerard would cherish different. Usually. But truth be told, the prospect of Frank kind of scared him. Frank wasn’t supposed to scare him. But he did and he didn’t know if that was more scarier than the fact that he kind of liked it. Frank looked to him again, his eyelids were so heavy on his slushy green eyes. He took a drag of his slowly fading cigarette again. The smell twitched in Gerard's nostrils. He needed one. Damn, this was all too confusing. He needed to chill the fuck out.

Cigarettes would do just that. Oh, he needed one. His new found sex fix was controlled. But his long time nicotine one was not. He must have looked desperate for something that wasn't sex for the first time in the short time that Frank had known him. Because what Frank did next was just what he needed.
Frank stared at him for a moment. Just a moment. As if deciding something. He gave Gerard no more than that two second glance before offering the cigarette he had to Gerard. The cigarette he bummed from Gerard. Gerard took it, gladly yet warily. His fingers hooked around the cigarette pale as him.

He stared at Frank as if asking for the man's permission. Frank nodded once, officially almost. It was granted. It was ridiculous to ask it in the first place. Oh what Frank Iero did to him. His fingers wrapped around the cigarette further. Gerard fluently brought it to his lips. He looked away from Frank as he had a habit of doing in the few days he had know him for fear of being or making it awkward. He felt like a foolish teenager. Smoking with his first crush.

That was an experience from back in the day. He did not like to dwell on that. But right then he did. And the amazing thing was that he did not care. He always cared about that embarrassing moment. Or at least reacted to it. But apparently he was so afraid of Frank, or rather what he would do or get done to when he was around Frank, that he wasn't secondhand afraid of what had happened to him years ago. That was a surprise. A bit of a disturbing one, but a slight comfort nonetheless. Gerard could never forget that moment he choked on the smoke and the guy he had a huge crush on to look at him like he was a fucking idiot.

Since when did Gerard’s life turn into a YA novel? Since he saw Frank Iero. That was when.
Victim of the Alley, Victim of an Ally

Chapter Notes

Not bad, probably the longest chapter I've ever written. I like this.

It was at times like this that Frank looked back on his relationship with contempt. If a relationship it was. (It really wasn't.)

This guy just would not die. Seriously, Frank tried stabbing him like five times. Probably even more than that. Maybe it was where he hit him. Maybe he was just a stubborn bastard.

Let me backtrack, and explain for the sake of your composure. It is really, fairly quick, to be true. But nothing ever is, in retrospect. Frank was currently delving into his addiction, the one that he had went cold turkey from for several weeks. Several weeks being only three. But it was a good try. Frank Iero was killing his forty-seventh victim.

It was a middle aged man around forty years old. Much like his stature on the ladder of victims. His face was bearded, a slight stubble gracing the sides of his face before flourishing into a bouquet of graying bristles. His eyes were watery and worn. But they seemed permanently content with everything. Except this. He must have been in love. They just shined with the tears of a stinging loss. But they seemed insatiably happy. Like he was thinking of who he loved.

That happened to Frank. He would think of Gerard and instantly smile. It could not be helped. When in love, you put your heart on your sleeve. And a smile between your cheeks.

They were a delicate shade of brown, his eyes, not yet a chocolate, but a bit darker than mahogany. Frank wondered how many people have fallen in love with this man's eyes.

The man was hugging Frank's sides for supports as he stabbed the man. He was getting blood all over both of their clothing. It was an amount that would never come out. It would take a burning to get this evidence away. Note to Frank and his killing technique, quit fricking stabbing people. But he kept it up, just for the sake of finishing his newest hit. Over. And over. And over. He just kept stabbing him and the guy just kept living. The guy clung tighter with each thrust to the abdomen that Frank made. God, he must love this person. How ironic for Frank to be getting a hug from a person he was destroying.

It was like Gerard. Gerard thanked him when he was destroying him. He talked to him, like a friend after they had sex. He said hello. He talked to them in the hall when they were outside their doors. He didn't even know he was being destroyed. But Frank did. And he hated himself for it. He hated himself. He thought about Gerard when this man's blood was being spilled all over the walls of the building they were next to. He thought about Gerard when the man's muffled screams were sounding against Frank's chest. It vibrated like a slash to the wrist. It hurt. It sounded against his chest, in his mind. It hurt. It hurt. It hurt. That was just like Gerard. Gerard would scream his name into whatever crevice available, as if to rid himself of the sound and pleasure. A mass exodus of desire. But that did not hurt. It only hurt when he looked into Gerard's eyes. It hurt to face Gerard's mind. It was like he was more unclothed than ever when Gerard looked into his mind. Never mind textiles. He was vulnerable around Gerard. His facade got weak like his knees when he was fucking him. Of course, when Gerard did it it was the fact that Frank was fucking him into oblivion but that was not the point
of that analogy. The point was to get Frank thinking of Gerard. His mind had played some sort of
devious prank on him because he hated (loved) thinking about Gerard. Especially like this. He didn't
like dwelling on the topics of Gerard and death in quick succession of each other. He did not like to
equate this man, this victim, to Gerard. But this was not the same thing. Gerard was a future victim.
He was not a victim right now. Or maybe, technically he was and Frank was slowly murdering him.
But it did not matter, as to this victim was so close to death, himself. Frank didn't have to worry
about who to murder next or when, he just had to live in the moment. The man screamed again. A
muffled cry of bitter hope stuck in his throat, and caught by Frank's fingers. A word. A name, to be
exact. A name that might have stopped Frank if he was not so tired and eager for his next victim.

"Eileen." It sounded through the air, more painfully loud than any gunshot. More sickening than any
scream that had fallen from the man's mouth.

"Eileen." It sounded again like a prayer for help. Out in the open like a clothesline of need. It was a
hopelessly hopeful word, name, setting the air around Frank stagnant. It made Frank's blood cold.
His wife, probably. The woman that he loved and wanted to keep loving. That was the first time that
someone had said someone's name when Frank was killing them. It was always a plea of mercy,
ever another person's name. It made him think about the man more.

This man was selfless, this man was thinking of other's in a time that his instincts would be telling
him to think of himself. Frank wasn't sure if he hated that or appreciated it. He sure as fuck envied it.
You see, reader, Frank was selfish. Frank was the type to take and never give back. Frank hated it. It
was one of his worse vices. It was something that he had in such abundance, he hated himself further
than he would have if he was just averagely selfish. But Frank was not averagely selfish. He was a
disease, consuming and itching and eating and loathing and greedy. So greedy. Greedy. Frank took a
step back from the man trying to find purchase on his skin with his blood slicked hands.

The man collapsed to the ground, clutching his abdomen where he was stabbed multiple times. He
was sobbing, soft, like a whimper, like a child subsiding. Like he was drifting off to sleep and he was
so sad. He seemed content to lay there in respite.

What was the man doing before Frank started to kill him? What was he going to do? Was he
married? Was he happy? When did he get erased as human, man, and get repaged as victim? When
did he become number forty-seven? More importantly when did Frank lose his humanity? He
faltered from stabbing the man again, he just stood there. He looked at the washed out glare of the
damp street. It was just like those stupid crime movies. Just like a scene out of Sin City or something.

Frank never believed in spirits or anything like that. What was gone was gone and nothing was a
ghost. Only the people still living. But Frank knew, that if the man could become a ghost he would
haunt Frank's ass so hard.

"Eileen, Eileen," came his desperate cries that made Frank sick. Made Frank think of Gerard. Gerard
had called his name out when they laid in bed together, Gerard asleep and dreaming of him Frank
wide awake. This was after sex usually when it was late. Sometimes it was not the fact that Frank
and Gerard were having sex that made Gerard call Frank's name. Frank thought about how he would
relish making Gerard love him then see him whither to the ground like a stepped on flower. He
wondered how much it would hurt him to hurt Gerard. None. Nothing. Because he was selfish. He
was Frank. He didn't feel hurt. He didn't feel Gerard. But he wanted to. That made him angry, his
mind should have stayed caged. You face your fears and desires and they come out and slap you.
Frank wanted to kick the man. To shut him up. He wanted to shut up.

He had work to do. He hadn't brought his needle and thread for no reason. He sighed, stepping
down to The Eileen Caller. He was writhing, saddened by the despondent fact that he was bleeding
"Shut up," Frank growled to the man, turning his body over with gloves. (He wasn't an idiot. He didn't want evidence all over.) The man gasped in pain. Not unlike Gerard would when Frank fucked him fast and hard. No, don't think about that Frank. Don't think about Gerard. Think about killing. Think about killing him. Think about his life slipping away like sand. That did the trick, Gerard was out of his mind for no. It was on his work now and his work only. Gerard was a ridiculous notion to be thinking about.

The other man whom Frank had so desperately called a casual fuck has been occupying Frank's thoughts too much. Too little, it seemed to the part of him that was not in denial about how much he liked Gerard. Gerard was on his mind when he went to sleep, Gerard was on his mind when he woke up. When he ate, when he smoked, when he was horny. Especially when he was horny, for it was Gerard he would go to for that predicament. Gerard simply was there too much. But Gerard was there too little.

Frank's words did nothing to how loud the man was being. He was still sobbing, hands on his mouth like a reverent. It was not like it mattered, they were in such a dark and loud yet desolate alley that no one would care or hear. It just got annoying. It made Frank furious, actually. It made him so angry that this man had a quality Frank was sorely lacking. He was envious, fueling him to stab the man again. And again. And again. It was one of his more brutal kills, but fuck, he was angry and thirsty for a kill. The man had multiple wounds all over his body. He was bleeding from several nasty lacerations. It was not his cleanest. It was not his favourite. It was probably a little sloppy even. But Frank didn't need cleanliness. Frank needed violence and he needed death. And he needed it in abundance.

Frank relished what he was going to do to the man's body next. This was his favorite part in all of the murders. The calling card that was The Jay. He was The Jay. He was the man behind the murder, the monster behind the murders. And he loved the role he had in this story, trust me. He had to pull out the thread that was running out. He had just enough to get this one done and then some. He was going to have to take a trip out of state to get a new spool soon. He was not taking any chances with being caught with slip ups so he usually went to New York City or somewhere in Philadelphia. That was just who Frank was. A person who took no risks and a meticulous perfectionist. It was a bit of a vice. But, with his murdering, it was his virtue. He threaded his needle with skilled precision, the only difficulty being that it was somewhat dim in the lighting department. He finally got it on after several tries, going to make the first penetration with his needle.

Gerard hated needles. Frank knew that enough. It was one of the first things Frank learned about him. It was apparent by the man's lack of piercings and tattoos. Gerard just hated needles. It was nice to know that Gerard had little quirks like that. It made him seem more human to Frank.

He needed to stop thinking about Gerard, it was getting ridiculous. He cursed himself, reigning his mind in to the still dying man. He was coughing blood, he was silent, now, but gurgling noises in his throat were the delicate soundtrack to Frank's delicate work. A stitch was started in the man's neck. It was the only clear part of skin Frank could get at when the man was in this position. He made quick work, but neat precision, making his trademark symbol into the man's dirtied skin.

The Eileen Caller was dead by the time that Frank was finished, his blood on the grimy pavement around Frank. The smell of trash permeated the air, blooming like a blasphemous rose in Frank's nostrils. It was disgusting. He wanted to leave, this place was giving him the spooks. Easy enough said when there was a cadaver right in front of him. He wiped his hands absentmindedly on his coat, standing up to walk away from the man, dead.
He stuffed his thread and needle into his pocket as he walked home. He was as quick to get home as he was as quick to finish sewing his symbol into the man's neck. It was late and everyone else was asleep, the only thing that was showing action was the rickety stairs that Frank was walking up to his flat. The light flickered ominously on every floor that Frank peered into. Frank was up to his apartment and into bed after peeling off his blood splattered clothing. He would have to put that into the washer A.S.A.P. when he woke up.

He was conscious enough before falling asleep to notice the number on the clock read some ungodly hour. And Frank had work tomorrow. He wondered vaguely whether or not he would just skiv off. What would it matter? He had never called in sick before in his whole year of working there. They probably wouldn't mind. He decided it would depend on whether or not he was really tired tomorrow. He shifted his head, going to bed. (He really was thinking about Gerard as he was cast into a dream.)

He slept restlessly. Despite him being tired his body would wake up. Three-thirty. Four-fifteen. He wasn't going to go to sleep. He was just not doing that.

He finally just gave up, still tired, getting out of bed. He felt tired but he had work to do. The blood on his shirt and pants was all dried. He took it off, caked in the essence of the man he just killed. He had to take that off and change. Quickly. He felt sick.

Having other people's blood on him always made him feel sick.

He climbed, hurriedly out of bed, tripping on his comforter. He shucked his shirt off, walking to the washer to put the shirt in the load. He grabbed another from the top of the dryer. He took of his pants, not bothering with anything besides his boxers. Those were clean. He yawned, walking into the living room.

Gerard was less than tired. He was going strong on too much coffee and some random pop punk band playing on his iPod. He wanted to fuck Frank. He wanted to touch him. It was a ridiculous request. He had made a pact with himself in his mind. No going to Frank, Frank came to him. It was somewhat for his pride but mostly because he didn't feel comfortable seeming like he liked Frank more than he already did. Frank was probably asleep, he had work tomorrow.

(Gerard did not, or at least, not exactly. He had to go in and finish up the touches on a project he was working on, but that was it. It was going to take him a few hours at most, than he could go home. That's what he loved about working there. The hours were so flexible. He tossed and turned, finally shutting off part of the reason that he was still awake. The music stopped and his headphones were put up. That didn't stop him from thinking still. He always thought about Frank. Little did he know Frank thought about him, too. They were both pretty oblivious to what each other thought about them. Even though they fucked practically everyday. They still didn't know what made each other tick. What made their heart beat faster. They didn't know each other, but they wanted to. They just didn't know if that want was consensual between the two. Even though Frank liked to act like he knew what Gerard thought of him, he really didn't. It was just his numerous complexes were at work. If they ever talked after fucking, and when they did it ended their adventures for the day, Frank would always take a smoke off of Gerard's nightstand, lay next to him and tell him that he knew his secret. Gerard didn't approve it, so it must have been wrong. (Gerard knew Frank was right but kept such a viscous cool that it couldn't have been.) Frank just kept insisting, as if trying to make him love him. That would have been dangerous on Frank's part. Of course, for obvious reasons. But it would be so much more dangerous for Gerard. Physically, mentally, emotionally. Frank found himself wishing that Gerard would love him, not to hurt him more for his overall gloriously
disgusting scheme but for the sake of being loved. He wanted to be loved and he wanted to love Gerard. (He wouldn't admit that to any party.) He wished Gerard would love him, but he equally, and more openly to himself, wanted to hurt him. He wanted to see him squirm and whimper and hurt. And not just sex. Before the sex, there was always the air of fragility that made Frank want to break Gerard. That terrified Frank. It should have terrified Gerard, too. But Frank could tell his authority over Gerard only fascinated the man. Gerard was gullible. Smart, yet gullible. A dangerous combination. Frank used that to his advantage, almost unwillingly. He knew it was dangerous, and the more moral side of him wished that Gerard and him were as normal as possible in their situation. He didn't want to abuse Gerard, but Gerard was so easy to abuse.

It was not Gerard's fault. He was just trusting, easy. Gullible. He was a puppy. He was a puppet. Frank was a master with his fingers stuck and curtains refusing to go down. The marionette doll that was Gerard was on fire and they both had asthma. It was Frank's favorite catch-22. Gerard was the thing he couldn't escape (but he wasn't sure he wanted to.) But Gerard didn't know the effect and ambivalence he gave Frank. He was blissfully unaware. He was an innocent slaughterer in the equation.

He was quite sure he was just a dull little star but he was more important to the universe than Frank wanted to admit in his little extra-terrestrial analogy. Gerard was a whole galaxy. He was light and dark and confusing and he kinda scared Frank but only what Frank might do to him. Frank was asleep, unaware that this was really what he did think of Gerard. Gerard was wide awake, yet as unaware as Frank that he was apparently more than human. Apparently he was a galaxy. But no, Frank would never tell him that. And he would never believe it from anyone else.

That was Gerard's catch-22. A bit easier than Frank's, but a catch-22 nonetheless. He turned inward to the wall, tracing it with his eyes like he did after the first time he slept with Frank. It was not the same, he was not as happy, he was not as sleepy, and he was not as confused. Plus, the lighting was wrong and the man sleeping in the apartment, just walls away from him, felt so much more farther away. Frank always felt far away. That was why Gerard liked having sex with him so much. He was just a little bit more there to Gerard. Frank somewhat despised the idea of sex with Gerard (till he actually did it) because of the same reason. Gerard's fingers traced a symbol of no importance and great boredom into the wall. It tingled on the pads and almost subsisted for Frank's back. He always liked to trace his back. Even though he had had sex with Frank twice in that day, he had never felt more abandoned and lonely.

Frank was only fucking him to get a stress release that morning after Mikey had left, Gerard could tell. And the second time near the mid afternoon he was all the more distant, if that was even possible. Gerard wanted to bury his head in his pillow. He wanted to not like Frank as much as he did. It was really inconvenient. But he did, and he had to deal. And dealing he was. Frank and him had become what one could call friends. So then it had upgraded to friends with benefits instead of what had started out as 'casual fucking'. So Gerard could just go get Frank out of bed and bitch about how his insomnia was working up. He decided to do just that, too tired and pissed off to think about the consequences that might follow.

He dragged himself out of his bed, walking quickly and quietly out of the apartment with his pajamas on and a determined look. Mikey was asleep, it was so late. It was just starting to get light again, the stars being washed out by a groggy and clean blue that was just beginning to peak. Gerard usually liked this time of day, but at this time he just wanted to complain to Frank. He was padding along into the hallway of the main floor which branched out to all the other apartments and looked for Frank's. It was only a few doors down. Gerard could find it quickly. His blanket was still around him and he was kind of more angry at the lights that dared to disturb his eyes atoned to darkness as of then. Like the fashion of all their doorway encounters, Frank opened quickly. He saw it was Gerard and his angry look vanished. He replaced it with a knowing smile and a somewhat condescending
"Couldn't sleep?" He asked Gerard, standing in his doorway. Gerard felt silly, acting like a boy going to his parents for guidance after a nightmare or something. He nodded, shrugging the blanket higher. Frank smiled wider at Gerard, inviting him in with a casual gesticulation. He walked in the door shutting it behind Gerard when he shuffled in. Gerard had never been inside Frank's house before. That was just a new thing that he realized. Frank's house was large and open, if somewhat dark and lonely. Those things clashed but that was what it was. It looked like it could be friendly but it looked like a shell of an apartment. Frank never looked lonely. But Gerard had intuition, Gerard could tell that he was. It was not that hard if one just looked. "Nice place," he remarked with a nod. He shrugged again, the bulky piece of fabric on his body weighing him down a bit. Making him uncomfortable.

"Yeah, I get by in it," Frank said casually moving past to open the bay window with a window seat. Gerard would kill for one of those things. His grandmother had one and he practically died when he first curled up and read his book there. It was a beautiful apparatus. Frank moved, taking Gerard's blanket off of his shoulders. He moved systematically, more, taking Gerard's blanket to the couch and splaying it there. He went to go make tea. The tea pot screamed in protest when Frank just got there, good timing. It was steaming, rolling over like fog on the water. Frank poured two cups, Gerard still standing there awkwardly in the middle of his living room, blanket gone. He was beginning to regret coming here in the first place. He was so awkward. Frank settled in some tea bags into the cups, letting them cool and brew at the same time. Smart, if Gerard was more patient, he would probably do that too. And if he had a kettle. But he didn't have either of those things, so he just admired Frank's tea making technique.

"Please, sit," Frank said gesturing to the couch. He was being so much more nicer from the other time's that they've talked. Gerard remarked this to Frank.

"You're nicer." It was a simple observation, the words he spoke being filled with gratitude.

"You caught me at a sleepless time. Usually when I'm tired, I'm a more acceptable human being," he explained with a sigh and a shrug.

"You're tired? I apologize barging in here like this. I'm aware it's Sunday night and all," Gerard kind of vomited, curling up on the couch, holding himself. Frank was sitting opposite him, close and so far away. Just close enough to feel his body heat.

"It's okay. I was probably going to just stare into the sky anyway till I had to drag myself to work. Now I at least have something to do," he said, his hands all over the place. Gerard knew this from their tiresome exercises that when Frank was fatigued or in a good mood (more synonymous than not) he liked to talk with his hands much more than usual. He rolled his head onto his hands, kneading at his hair in novice self flagellation. Gerard glanced out of the window. It was late, late enough to be early. It was a pale blue now, a baby blue, fetus blue. A blue grey, like a pearl in water.

"It's beautiful. I love the view. Love it," Frank said smiling and giggleing at absolutely nothing. This was not the Frank Gerard was familiar with, but he really liked him. Gerard looked sideways at a probably slightly inebriated Frank. It might have been sleeplessness. Who knew? Gerard definitely didn't, so he just went with it. What would be the harm? Frank scooted closer to Gerard, a comforting sort of nearness in his gestures. This was definitely out of Frank's usual personality.

He sighed, expecting that this was a move of Frank's though. Maybe he was being nicer to Gerard to get into his pants. That was a shitty thought. Gerard readied himself for sex though, he knew what was coming. So he leaned in to kiss Frank, capturing his lips in his most sensual fashion. He was getting better at kissing, he was less sloppy now, even though they ended up in that very fashion
when they were fucking each other.

"Wait, Gerard. I don't wanna fuck right now. I just wanna sit with you," Frank said a little defensively. Gerard broke away from going in to kiss him again, surprised. No sex? Than what did Frank want? They weren't really friends. They were rough acquaintances who hung out with each other out of necessity. He pulled away fully from the rumpled and sleepless looking Frank. He was biting his lip and looking away from him as if ashamed of what he was going to do, or what he did. It was not helping their situation, Gerard hadn't even wanted sex but now there was a beach ball of anticipation stuck in his throat that was a bit painful to even swallow. So he didn't, he just let it subside. He didn't even breath for a few seconds. For those moments, everything was silent.

Everything. No rustle, no wind, no shuffling or scuttling. Just the slight huff of Frank breathing in the scent of his own apartment. It was soon time for Gerard to start breathing again because his lungs started to feel like they were swimming. He let out a low huff, remembering some tip he read about staying awake one time. Holding your breath for a while than letting it ut somehow helped pull allnighters. Frank looked back at him, hold on his lip gone for the time being. Gerard was somewhat okay again. He was a little bit more calmed down.

"Gerard?" Frank asked, as timid as Gerard was when he first called his name. "Mmh?" asked Gerard, staring back at Frank. He hated eye contact with anybody for this long. Staring at a person for more than five seconds indicates if you either want to bang or gank them.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

Gerard could tell which of the two he'd rather do to Frank. Frank couldn't. Frank didn't say anything, just laid his head down as gently as the whisper was placed on Gerard's body. He curled his arms around Gerard, holding the man closer. They were both cold. But it was the nice kind of cold. The refreshing type. It was a welcome from the stuffiness and heat of Frank's thoughts. Five seconds had passed and in those five seconds Frank couldn't tell what he wanted to do to him. Now he still couldn't, but he definitely knew he didn't want to kill him.

He didn't want to fuck him, he just wanted to sit with him. Like this, holding each other precariously, sitting cross-legged a foot away from each other on a couch that was not made for people to sit this way. But Frank didn't care. His leg was falling off the side and his body was slipping under Gerard's grasp but he was happy. And that scared him. He was choking back grateful and hysterical tears, so he turned his head from the crook in Gerard's neck. He looked out at the sun rising on the skyline. It was coming up like a beacon. The trees were a pale sort of green, like Gerard's eyes. And the sun was a pale sort of yellowish, like Frank's.

"Isn't it beautiful, Gerard?" asked Frank, feeling evident in his choking and cracked voice. That was the most feeling Frank had ever put into his words. That was the most Gerard had ever heard before. Even when they were fucking Frank had never put that much emotion in his voice.

"Yeah. Yeah, Frankie, you are," Gerard said, whispering the last part to himself as he stroke Frank's hair with his fingers. Frank didn't reply, and Gerard didn't think he wanted him to. It was nice knowing that he might have not been heard.
Even though he was so viscerally sleepy that his heart did not even feel a jolt when he let it slip from his mouth. In fact, he was completely unfazed. He just went on feeling Frank's hair. And Frank just let him. It was smooth like water. Slick and tangible and black on his fingers, twirling between the teeth of his hands. He liked Frank's hair, he liked it a lot. It was a nice colour, a pale black like onyx. Gerard must have been sick on the fact that he hadn't slept within the last twenty-four hours. Maybe it was the fact that Frank was so eclipsingly arresting he couldn't help himself and it just slipped.

It was beautiful the way that Frank thought the sunrise was. And it was beautiful the way Gerard thought Frank was the sunrise. He was so deeply infatuated with this man. He was dangerously on the precipice of the 'l' word that haunted romantic comedies. But Gerard didn't mind. In fact, that was the very thing he didn't do. He was settling in to a life where he did not think about the consequences. At least with Frank. He didn't think about the fact that Frank, during most times of the day, was a bit frightening. He didn't care that Frank would do everything in his power to keep Gerard's love unrequited. He didn't care. And it was beautiful. Just like Frank. Just like the sunrise.
Frank mewed, holding onto the broken shards of the glasses he just smashed. It was at times like this when he was truly all alone, that he hated himself. They glittered like deadly diamonds, like stars, and they were hurting his hands.

He was kneeling in the middle of his tiled kitchen, back to the doorway. His knees were covered in little bits of his own cruel torture. This was his punishment, self flagellation. Not something that he was completely new to.

He had done this before. In different ways. He definitely was not religious, but he did believe in being a good person. He had starved before, days without eating. That was it. He had never self harmed. If it was harm in any way. He was sick, truly. And he knew that if Gerard knew that it would be along shot before he loved him.

But Frank could not tell himself that. Frank wanted to be wanted. He wanted to be loved. But he also wanted to toy with people’s hearts. He was an ambivalent man, a confused monster.

It was still dark, a blue haze covering the room. It was dim, he could only see faint outlines, nothing else. It was a navy coloured world, with a blood stained character. He let sobs ring out, it must have been a few hours since they had drifted off to sleep. His cries bounced off the walls and into his ears tenfold. He had hoped he was not being too loud. It was somewhere around six A.M. Gerard was clocked out still, he must have been really tired. Poor baby.

Frank felt a certain disdain for that phrase that had entered his mind, laced with sympathies. He was weak because of Gerard. Frank hated how he cared. He hated how he couldn't help it. It hurt his chest, his heart. Like palpitations going through his whole body. Like an irregular pulse followed by a quick display of angst. Frank cried and cried, snot running down his face like he was a little kid again. Pitiful, pitiful. He hated being weak. He would hate it even more to seem weak.

He didn't care about Gerard hearing though. Gerard slept through anything. Frank was confident that he would not wake up any time soon. From experience, Frank knew this. Gerard slept through leaving. He slept through moving away, moving on. He slept through the shutting of doors and the sneakiest of morning afters. He slept through Frank putting on clothes. He slept through Frank, past Frank. And now, he slept through screams.

It made Frank feel so much more alone. But so much more safer. Gerard would never see him as a freak. At least not yet. But he was right there yet Frank didn't have any way to correspond with him. Like Frank would ever tell him what he got up to when they weren't together anyway. Like Frank would talk to him in any context besides greetings and dirty words. It would be suicide to. He would be caught. And then he couldn't destroy. Then he couldn't be.

Gerard was fragile, breakable. But the idea of Gerard was absolutely dangerous. But he didn't want
to worry about that. He had enough to worry about already. He could just kill Gerard earlier if his plan failed. Or if Gerard found out anything about him. He didn't want to kill Gerard. Not when things were just getting dramatic. He always loved to play with his food. And Gerard was a toy and a meal. Truly the best of both worlds.

Frank moved among the shards, needing to move because his legs were getting that prickly blood loss sensation. Sort of ironic. The glass cut into his flesh, past his pants. Into the skin. He was bleeding, droplets of blood skimming along his pale thighs. He was glad Gerard was not here to see him fall to pieces, for obvious reasons.

But he was also glad he was not here because Frank would fuck him senseless. Gerard always had his little blood kink. (So did Frank.) Even though, Frank knew that blood in most context, would make Gerard sick to his stomach. Gerard was weird that way.

Frank knew that this was probably the only weird thing Gerard might see of him. Might. Gerard would probably just leave before he could come and say goodbye to Frank. But truly knowing Gerard's ways, Frank would get a goodbye and a hug or if Gerard was particularly daring, he would get a kiss on the cheek. Maybe that was just Frank who left without a second glance. Frank only had to worry about that. Gerard finding him. That and maybe, him destroying Frank. Frank could be destroyed, just as he could destroy. Gerard would expose him. If he had the chance to. Gerard would never need to know about his true occupation.

If he stayed away. Which, Frank knew, deep down, that Gerard definitely wouldn't. And he liked that. He liked Gerard. He liked the fact that Gerard wanted him. But he did not like the dangers it entailed. Gerard was going to get hurt and Frank was going to be the one hurting him. He didn't want to hurt him. But the late night fantasies he'd had about him could prove that wrong. He had dreamed of tying up his baby boy. Hurting him in all the best ways, making him feel good, making him feel pain. He would cut his flesh. He would hurt him. And in some respects, that was not that bad. He let his mind wander. It was with bitterness that he found it laid on Gerard most of the time. More thoughts of Gerard, bruised and strung out. Sexed out. Frank had a perverse mind. He thought about Gerard happy, he thought about Gerard dead. He just thought about Gerard. His mind was travelling, meandering along the pathway of his rassoodock.

He was looking for something, he didn't know what. Or why, for that matter, he was looking for anything in the first place. But he needed something to do, he needed to get his mind off of the loathing. Gerard was surely to think him a freak if he woke up to this, he could leave. He could leave, leave a note, just go for a few days. But that was not fair to Gerard, and he would have to explain what he did to Gerard in a few days. There was no option of running away from this. He just couldn't fathom it. (That scared him more than facing the truth.) If he were to run away from Gerard, he would be angry and hate him more than usual. Frank still couldn't fathom such a beautiful piece of work like Gerard, and how Gerard could like Frank. He didn't want to jeopardize whatever he had with Gerard. So stay he would till he had to flee.

Because, even an idiot could see that Frank was falling for Gerard. He was falling for his tiny teeth and his kind words and his arching back. He was falling for his eyes. And his voice and mind and the way he cuddled and laughed and fucking breathed when he was asleep. All the while he was thinking, he was doing his work.

He sifted, fingers searching, flailing like little worms among the cavalries of sharp objects. Bigger and bigger pieces were revealed to him with his effort. He grabbed a particularly nice one, clenching his fist around it. It stung, more so than the glass that was on his pants, caressing at the fleshy skin on his thighs.
It was a sharp twinge of pain to his brain, making him feel awake. He was alert. And he was alive. He didn't even shy away from it this time. Gerard never made him feel alive, at least not like this. Gerard made Frank feel clean, otherwordly. Oddly enough, he was sort of enjoying his punishment. It was a sick sort of thing. No not enjoying the punishment, enjoying the purging. There was a difference. It hurt. It hurt a lot but it was so beautiful. Like cold rain on his face. It kind of hurt, little pricks, but it was quite visceral. He was bleeding, the cool of the laceration against his skin being contrasted by the warmth of the red liquid. His head was a bit dizzy, but he was not afraid. This was punishment, it was supposed to hurt. It was supposed to be unpleasant. This was all for Gerard. In some sick little way. Frank was going to destroy him, so why not destroy himself in the process? Why not? But all was not in this beautiful state of 'what if' and optimist for long. He was going to breakdown. He was going to fall away to pieces by the time the sky was a lighter blue. The humorous thing, at that time when he was in the glass, he was kind of happy. No, not happy, content. And it had been a while since he had felt that.

Gerard woke up in a very odd position that morning. Oh, no, not naked or anything of that sort. Just sort of... odd. He was lying on Frank's couch, still. Frank was not there but his location was soon to be found out. He was still in the stance that he was on the couch with Frank or at least he felt like it. His back was killing him and his arms were stiff. It was just like he had exceptionally rough sex. But he hadn't even had sex. And to top it all off he was still tired. His appendages were sluggish. His mind was foggy, like a Da Vinci painting. He felt like he was twice as slow as usual. He was used to being tired. He had a touch of insomnia at sometimes. So he could understand restless sleeping. It was a bit unpleasant being in this mixture of ways so he moved himself, shifted. Gerard felt sort of content, if not somewhat confused upon first waking up (then registering that he was inside Frank's house, lying on his couch). But, in a weird sense, it was like having a one night stand with a person he really liked.

He was kind of confused at where he was that morning, and he was stiff. And he was happy. But he was clothed. His clothes smelled like someone else. They smelled like cigarettes and coconut. That's what Frank smelled like. They must have drifted off on the couch together. So of course, they smelled like each other. They had fallen asleep together, Gerard holding onto his shoulders like their relationship wasn't entirely built up on sex. It was almost beautiful enough to be a fond memory. The fact that Frank was actually nice to Gerard was a plus. Gerard had never seen him like that. So calm and gentle and made of light. Gerard loved falling asleep with Frank. No matter how compromising the situation was. It was an experience. But Gerard did not wake up next to Frank. There was always a hemartia in the plan of how things went. And this was that.

He didn't notice how he could not hear it. It was the one thing that woke him up. Did it take that long to register? Must have been the sleeplessness. He awoke to screaming. Shriil, piercing, yet muffled and slightly unintelligible if you were as blind as Gerard was at that moment. Maybe it was more acceptable that he couldn't have heard it. If he was not so happy with the fact that Frank let him stick around without even getting any he would have panicked immediately. It took him a moment to notice the fact that not all was well. In the kitchen, at least. He computed, after his eyes had opened and he got past the fact that he was in uncomfortable pain, that screams were echoing around the house. They were muffled, like they were covered with a slight piece of fabric, a secret, and a door. But they made Gerard uneasy anyhow.

He stumbled off the couch with urgency and hesitation. He had never been one for real life gore. He was frightened, but he was quick to curiosity. His curiosity was stifled as he shuffled to the source of the screaming. The kitchen. It was of a quiet smoldering, shrill and drowned out and desperate. It was an apocalyptic scream, one that frightened Gerard and chilled him to the bone. He shivered, a pain going through his spine, still irritated at the notion of awkward sleeping positions. He ventured forward. It was at this time, the split second between finding Frank and feeling fright that he began to contemplate. It did not take him too long to reach his destitation, but in that short time it took him
only a fraction of the given time to develop horrid scenarios. Frank could have been murdered, mutilated, fallen. Nothing was worse than what he actually found, sitting on the kitchen floor. It was Frank, mostly in tact. Mostly. The kitchen was the same but the apparatuses that lay in wait for use were not. A glass was broken. Several probably, Gerard could not tell.

He stood in the opening. Frank was wailing, holding a wounded arm to his chest. It was sickening how pitiful he looked. The glass slept around him in jagged factions, a group here by his foot, all loosely connected by the horror show on the floor that was Frank. Frank did not look that bad. His arm did though and the fact that he was wailing so profusely and thoroughly made Gerard think that this was not all an accident. He scuttled forward, careful to dance around the ballerina shards. They were sleeping dancers, already to hurt his feet at any chance given. Warriors. And he was not giving them their chance to conquer him.

He tiptoed into the kitchen, around the shards, straight to Frank. Frank was still wailing, shirtless and hurt. Gerard pried Frank's arm away from him, he had to examine the cut. His heart was beating so fast. It felt like a mouse running away from a fox, running towards a fox. He tisked, trying to sound as calm as possible. That would need stitches. It was too deep. But it was not that bad. It could wait, surely his curiosity was much more important.

"What happened?" His voice was unsure, soft and airy next to Frank's hard and fire-like cries. Frank did not answer till he was calmed down. What came out of Frank's mouth was one of the most confusing things Gerard had ever faced.

"I don't. I don't wanna hurt you," came his blubbering mouth. His eyes, like his lips, were red and rimmed with despair. It hurt Gerard to see him so raw and bled out for Gerard. It made him sad to see Frank so passionately opposite in feeling within such a short band of time.

"What? Frank, you haven't hurt me. What are you talking about? What did you do to yourself?" Gerard was calm, a bit condescending in a situation other than this one. He was getting kind of flustered, confused. He was panicking on the inside. He hated blood. he absolutely hated anything to do with violence.

"I'm going to. I'm going to hurt you," he rambled on, shaking with his entire body, trembling with the fear of something that would never happen.

"No, why?! You won't hurt me. Please, I want it, I want you to hurt me," I tried to solace him, probably not the best way but the both of us were growing hysterical. He was shaking, rocking back and forth, holding his arm away from him, his body miles away. Blocked off.

He was so pitifully beautiful to Gerard, so much that it hurt. It hurt his heart and smoldered his eyes. He didn't know how to help Frank but he wanted to so badly. He wanted to save him. Gerard tried to grab him, closer to his body. He was so scared right now. The fact that both of them were having an emotional breakdown was not very helpful to the fact that Frank was still bleeding and he was bleeding a lot. Gerard took his arm, the crunching of glass almost as loud enough to drown out what Frank was wailing. Not enough. Never enough. He would never get his screams out of his head. Frank was bleeding, blood leaking onto Gerard, onto his hands, pooling in the reassesses of their skin and swirling like a psychedelic trip. It was red as cherries, thickly thin and a grotesque consistency. It smelled of pennies and batteries on your tongue. It was warm and slick and slightly off-putting. It was absolutely gross but Gerard could not focus on that. He had to focus on the fact that Frank was injured and still babbling.

"Hospital, Frankie, gonna get you to a hospital. You hurt yourself real bad," Gerard said over his shrill cries. They had turned to high pitched whimpers, subsiding into timid madness. "Okay," was his childlike reply into the ears of Gerard. Gerard was frightened. More so than Frank should have
he had never been in charge of Frank. He had never had to hold him like that. It was a daunting task. But he managed, getting him into Frank's own car after coaxing him down the stairs. Surprisingly enough, no one stopped them on their way down.

"Come on, baby. You can tell me what happened in the car," Gerard said, the last part more to himself than to Frank. He didn't want to alarm him, so he walked on eggshells like the glass that he would have to clean up at Frank's place when they got back from the hospital. It was a long drive to the hospital. Complete with a just as long and ugly story. Frank started with answering a few of Gerard's question, he sat, clenching his arm between blood soaked fingers, sniffing and answering.

While Gerard drove, asking. "You said that you thought you were going to hurt me. Why?" Gerard started, that question being the one to itch at his mind in such a drastic way. Frank sighed, despondent but answering Gerard after a few moments of agonizing silence. "I don't want to, trust me, I don't. But it's what I do. I hurt and destroy. Especially the good things in my life," he murmured, words strung together like the hum of the highway under the worn tires. "I'm a good thing?" Gerard asked, throat closed in excitement.

"Hardly a feat, Gerard," Frank retorted with a snort bringing him down just a bit. But he kept on, driving and asking.

"Tell me. The whole story," Gerard said after taking a nervous gulp. He was never too keen on actual gore. Movies, fuck yeah, people, no way.

Gerard was one of those weird types who lusted after the violence but cowered away. A real clockwork orange. Frank looked away for a moment, fingers curling and uncurling from his wound like a reflex. It was, sort of. He took a deep breath, he never had liked talking about emotions. He glanced back at Gerard, as if getting confirmation for what he was about to say. Gerard's gaze flicked back to him, urging him with his wide eyes. With hesitation, Frank retold his story to Gerard. Of course, he left out a lot of what actually happened and what he was saying. He didn't want feelings to come up to much. He didn't wish to frighten the man sitting next to him, driving. "I wanted...to say the least, I wanted punishment," Frank started his gruesome story off, his ears burning. He shrank in his seat, banging his head into his hands in quick succession. "God, that sounds so stupid!"

"Hey, quit! Frank, quit! It's okay, keep going. Keep going," Gerard said easing his foot off the gas and onto the break. They were at a stop sign. He looked away from Gerard's smoldering stare. It felt like a blanket, a prod with a hot rod, keeping him from being quiet. He spoke again, his next ejaculation in urgency rather than hesitation.

"I broke the glasses. All of them that were breakable, that was. God, I need new ones," Frank said. He crossed his arms, tender with his wound. "I sat on the kitchen floor. It was early, too early for the sun to be up. Or you. You slept through it, most of it, at least," Frank said.

He hadn't meant for Gerard to feel guilty, or make him feel that way, Gerard just did. Sleeping through that? When the guy he might almost positively really like was being hurt. They were friends, and in Gerard's book friends help out with that kind of stuff. The highway hummed a one note song, a soundtrack to the retelling of this sickening saga. It was the only one that spoke at that time. Everything was so much louder in silence. Frank continued on with his story, voice shaking.

"So, I just screamed. And screamed, I didn't care about waking you up, you sleep through anything." He chuckled at that. Gerard did sleep through anything. Whether it be an earthquake or Frank getting out of bed and leaving before he could be caught. He slept through Frank putting on clothes, closing doors. he slept through the sliding of an arm under his head. Gerard slept through Frank. And he
would sleep past Frank. Frank shrugged. That was all he wanted to tell Gerard. It was all he could bring himself to.

"Why?" Gerard asked him. Frank was confused, he had already answered that question. What was Gerard getting at? "Why would you hurt me? Huh? And none of that bullshit you gave me about it a few minutes," Gerard clarified and warned.

"I-I- Gerard. I just will. You're so fragile. You're so beautiful, I can't help but hurt you, or want to. You make it so easy." Frank whispered the last thing he would tell Gerard on the subject. "So easy to hurt, Gerard." Frank realized he was crying, fingers in his mouth, hooked on his teeth like a caught fish. He stared up at Gerard. It was him. Gerard was Frank's kryptonite. He was his poison.

"Stop it. Stop fucking crying," Gerard said to Frank in a harsh tone. He was angry at him for being so foolish. He was angry that Frank could have any part in being so stupid. "I'm not a baby. I can do what I want. And what I want is you," Gerard hissed through his clenched teeth. "You want me?" Frank asked wiping tears away, deciding not to listen to Gerard's implied insults.

"Of course, dipshit. You're hurting me!" Gerard ejaculated. His words ended up tightening Frank's throat like a noose. He had to think of something quick.

"Gerard, shut up. God, I thought we had a good thing. Not even for a few days. Tsk. Tsk," Frank said, tears drying almost instantly.

"I oughta slap you upside the head. You like me, too. Stop being so stupid and afraid. You're a fool. A frightened coward" Gerard said in a now desperate whine, all of his anger gone, replaced by distress. He was seeing red, could Frank just get over himself and like him?! He didn't know what had gotten into him. (It was probably anger.) He wanted Frank to own up and treat him like an actual person and not slip away when he thought Gerard was still asleep.

"No, you idiot! I don't like you. I just had a bit of a break. It happens all the time. You're nothing special. Shut up! Stop talking about it," Frank cut Gerard off abruptly with curt phrases slung from his lips.

"You're so selfish," Gerard muttered to himself, accelerating on the highway as much as legally possible.

He did not want to be in a car with Frank anymore. Frank made him sick. He had felt bad for Frank. He had really been worried. But clearly, he shouldn't have been. They weren't dating, they weren't lovers. They weren't even friends. They were fuckers. They fucked each other, they sometimes said hello. They weren't friends. Gerard went back to driving, faster, faster. Frank's words cut into his skin like his floor glass. He was nothing special. It was silent for a while before Gerard slashed it like Frank did to his dreams.

"I'll take you to the hospital, whenever you get out, I won't be there," he said not talking again till they were actually at the hospital. With one last wave to each other, they both got out. Gerard whipped out his phone. He had to call Mikey to come pick him up. Frank went inside the doors to the hospital. Gerard was still fuming when Mikey picked up.
Mikey was sitting on his bed, dressed and ready for the company that was due to be late. He was waiting for Bob to finally get his ass over there. For being so energetic at college about their plans for novice detective work, Bob was not there yet.

Mikey expected more from him. Bob was always a straight to business kind of guy. But then again, he had to have lenience with the fact that Bob was rarely ever on time to class.

Once Bob had been a minute early and the professor, who had only ever learned his name because of the fact he walked in in the beginning of a lecture all the time, had nearly had a heart attack. Mikey looked back at the clock. Bob had said he would be here by twelve p.m. It was working on twelve-twenty. Just then, the clock flipped its last number. It was twelve-twenty-five now.

Mikey sighed, slumping further down. Bob was late. Mikey had to expect that from the aforementioned text. Bob was always one for being late. Even though he was only a few minutes late. Mikey had to be grateful for the fact that Bob was not here yet. He was not looking forward to this long expedition of fruitless goose chases.

Bob could be annoying when he got energetic. Which, thankfully, was not often. Come to think of it, this was the most energetic Mikey had ever seen Bob before. It was an unpleasant experience on Mikey's part. Bob could get /so/ annoying.

But it could be worse. It could be worse. That was what Mikey liked to tell himself. Even though most of the time it didn't work. This time it definitely didn't work. Because of the very next thing that had happened to him. He got a call, Gerard's icon showing up in the screen of his phone while it blasted Smashing Pumpkins. It shook on his messily made comforter.

Gerard was probably calling him to tell him where he was. Not like Mikey really cared, Gerard never went outside so he wasn't kidnapped, and Gerard had been at Frank's house the night before. Or at least that was what Mikey assumed. They had been spending a lot of time alone together. Come to think of it, Mikey had only hung out with the two together at the same time was when he came home from college early once. The room had smelled like sex. That was what Mikey assumed they got up to in their time together. But he was not one to judge. Gerard liked Frank. And Frank liked Gerard, in his weird way.

Mikey had seen Frank caress Gerard's skin like he was breakable when they were sitting together on the couches, all awkwardly talking. Frank 's eyes lingered on Gerard after he had left the room to get a drink. But Frank had also acted rudely disinterested in what Gerard and Mikey were talking about, tugging on Gerard, as if to get his attention for every moment of the congregation. But he digresses. Mikey's phone fumbled in his hands like slippery ice. It was cold from just sitting there, being flicked by the pads of his fingers, sluggish in acting in Mikey's favor. It had wrung three times before Mikey
picked up for Gerard.

"Hey, Mikey. Can you come pick me up? Long story. I'm at the hospital-" he started, static clinging to his voice over the phone.

"Hospital?! Gee, what happened?" Mikey asked panicked, his heart raced like a horse. Jockey ready to fall off, palms sweating.

"Don't freak. I'm fine, I drove Frank to the hospital. He slipped and cut his hand. I don't feel like waiting here longer than I should. Come pick me up?" Gerard asked in an exasperated and hollow tone. His tone, albeit as hollow as it sounded over the phone, was full of negative emotion. It was tired, it was sad. It was a deadpan, deadbeat, dead voice. Gerard had a corpse voice, a cadaver instrument.

Mikey felt like this was serious so he slid on shoes, hoping Bob wouldn't be too angry at him for ditching. But he wasn't ditching, not really. Not when after he confirmed his answer to Gerard about the favour and was out the door, Bob was just turning the corner in. Mikey zipped up his jacket, jogging to meet the slightly confused Bob at the end of the corridor.

"Mikey?" he asked, his head tilting like a puppy dog's.

"My brother, Gerard, he is at the hospital. I have to pick him up," Mikey said, picking up the collar on his jacket. He flicked it, the fabric and his fingers trailing along his neck. It reminded him, coolly, that he was going out. And that Bob was coming with him.

"Come on, it'll only take a few minutes. You can tell me your hairbrained plan on the way there," he said, not looking at Bob's confused expression. No, he was not looking at the blindly following Bob. He was looking at the walls and how chipped they were. He was unworried about why Gerard needed to be picked up at the hospital. The vague reassurance was enough for now. Gerard got himself into shit all the time. It was normal. But apparently, Bob was not aware that this situation was not an extra terrestrial. He was flustered, spitting half-assed words to half-assed questions as Mikey dropped onto the steps. Rickety as they were they carried his recklessly placed legs. He stood at the stance most are when they go down the stairs. A looser sort of speed to him. He had the habit of not grabbing onto the railing. Much to his mother's dismay. And his several injuries. Bob followed him, finally getting a question out in his scratchy, deep voice.

"Why's he at the hospital?" Mikey answered after putting some gum in his mouth. He chewed it once, mint blossoming like static in his mouth. He opened his static lips to speak to Bob.

"Um, he said his boyfriend got hurt." It was a soft sort of drawl, he was busy whipping the corner to the open lobby. The woman who owned the whole joint waved at the two with polite enthusiasm. Mikey waved back, a non-condescending smirk on his face. Bob quickly followed, Mikey's spider legs, a challenge for the shorter man.

"Oh, is his boyfriend okay?" Bob was too polite for his own good. But it was the nice kind of polite. It was the take you to your grandmother's, not stepping on cracks type. It was the type of person Gerard was.

And the type of person Frank, Gerard's boyfriend, wasn't. And it annoyed Mikey to no end. He would not try to set up Bob and Gee, that would be weird. But Frank and Gerard were not going to work together. No matter how much they liked each other. And Mikey saw that they /really/ liked each other. The way they stared. The way they talked and caressed each other's skin. He would go as far to say that they were falling in love.
Mikey was always one to believe in quick love. They had known Frank for several days, barely even a week. Definitely not enough for them to fall in love. But Mikey could see it. He was like that, it was a gift and a curse.

But he had no time to count his blessings because he was soon piling into his car with Bob quickly catching up, lip ring and fair hair bouncing with his jog. They buckled up, Bob's hands slack around the seat belt like he was gonna hit Mikey with it. It was an odd tick of Bob's Mikey would soon find out. Not caused by trauma or anything, he just feelings like holding things. It was a habit of his from when he was but a child. Bob was just odder and odder the more Mikey hung out with him. Even though that was probably why Mikey hung out with him.

They drove in silence, a slow swindling banter gracing the air between them from time to time. Stirring the air up like a soup of naive passions. Mikey agreed with his inner cynic. This was not a thing they were going to finish but it was nothing to indulge in Bob's fantasies. He had nothing better to do. And hey, you never know, there might be an adventure in his future's bed. He was never one to pass up an adventure. It was in the same hour, twenty minutes later, to be exact, that they reached the hospital where Gerard was standing. Mikey felt a little bad for him. The hospital was sanctioned near richer parts of town, a bit secluded from all other buildings but that was only for a mile or so. It was sweltering hot, the sun beating down on Mikey even in the car. Gerard must have been sweating his ass off. Why did he endure this and not go inside to see how his boyfriend was? Something was up and Mikey wanted to get to the bottom of it. Gerard fixed his sleeves before walking to Mikey's waiting car. He opened the door, staring, as if longingly, at the hospital, waiting for someone.

"Gee," Mikey asked, craning his head back to him as Gerard slammed the door with a dull, suctioning thud, "Are you sure you don't wanna stay with Frank? Is he alright? What happened?" He asked this with a hint of surprise in his voice. Gerard didn't have many boyfriends, but when he did, they were royal fuck-ups always in the hospital once or twice a month. Even for the smallest things, Gerard always went with them. It was just who Gerard was. So Mikey could tell that Gerard was somewhat angry. Or at least disturbed.

He didn't want to make Gerard any angrier than he already was so he was very careful with the way he said his words. Gerard never had Mikey walk on eggshells that often, but when he did Mikey had to fucking tiptoe past sleeping crocodiles in squeaky slippers. So that was why Mikey asked this question in the smallest voice he could. Not barely a coo, just a stroke of the ego and the placidity of Gerard's mood. Gerard seemed like he was trying to contain the fact that he was angry. Mikey knew that face on him. That demeanor. Gerard was just a bit too temperamental for him to be submissive.

"No, I'm fine. Frank'll be fine on his own for a while. I have work." Mikey could sense bitterness in his words but did not question it. He would talk to Gerard about it later. If Gerard would even talk about it.

He started the car, feeling a faint sense of 'I probably shouldn't be doing this' on his shoulder like the devil, but he passed it up and shrugged it off. He drove back home. It was not his place to judge Frank or Gerard's actions anyway. They probably were just hitting a rough patch. But this early on in the relationship? They were gonna be so problematic if they lasted anytime past three months.

Mikey looked back at Gerard every now and again. He was slumped against the doorway of the car, holding himself and not bothering to even buckle up. Mikey was growing concerned with the way he was so depressed looking. He really did need to talk to Gerard about what happened to him. Gerard stared back at the hospital till Bob spoke, snapping his attention to the passenger seat where Bob sat. Bob was never awkward, even in situations that were meant to be awkward. Bob always had to prod the bear. But the thing was, he did not know he was doing that. He felt like he was stroking a fire around a group of frozen people. That was the kicker. He felt he was doing no harm,
so Mikey could not blame him for what he asked Gerard when they were just starting to hear the hum of the Interstate.

"What happened to Frank?" he let screech out softly into the silence. It broke in Gerard's ears like the sound of Frank's agony that had taken place in his kitchen that morning. It made him flinch before answering the man whom he was only familiar with through Mikey.

"Cut his hand. It was bleeding pretty badly."

Gerard was glad that he did not have to lie about that one. He did not like lying. He could not lie. He barely even wanted to. Frank /had/ cut his hand. He had bleed badly enough to be taken to the hospital. But the next question had Gerard ready to lie. He had to on this one. It was not his choice. Could he just tell someone else what had happened? He could barely tell himself. He found himself cringing at the thought of Frank's agonizing screams that had not woken him up soon enough.

"How did that happen?" He did not feel like sharing Frank's private happenings like that but he could not bring himself to shrug it off. So he improvised, skimming the truth and giving half-lies.

"He fell."

He had fallen.

(In love with Gerard.) But the funny thing was that was total coincidence that Gerard had said that. He did not know how deeply (and truly madly) in love Frank was becoming with his new amoureux. He was sure it was just a fling for him as he'd so tried to insist to Gerard before. He was stuck in his head, weighing the fact that Frank and him were two royally fucked up paramours. But Bob kept throwing questions.

The next one particularly putting Gerard in a malenky bit of an unsavory situation. The next question caught Gerard off guard so totally he had to rack his brain for an acceptable answer. It was a simple question, really. But nothing was ever simple.

"He's okay, right?" It was an innocent question. Harmless and a little bit touching. That was Bob for you. An atom bomb with bunnies. Gerard cleared his throat. He was starting to feel the guilt of not going in with Frank hit his chest. Frank would have to drive himself home with a fucking bandaged hand and troubled thoughts. Fuck, Gerard had to see him as soon as possible, but he had to not break. Gerard answered Bob in a small span, he was quick to catch himself. He did not want to talk about heavy stuff anymore with Mikey, or at all. He hated being troubled.

"I don't know, I didn't go in with him." His voice did not crack. Not one bit. He was in the clear. "You didn't go in with him?! But he's your boyfriend?" Bob asked in childlike awe. Gerard could have laughed if it was not for the thrill that went through Gerard when Frank and him were acknowledged as a couple. Frank didn't even do that, so neither could Gerard. But it was the way Bob put it. So assured. So steadfast that they were together. Even though it was nice, Gerard had to correct him and put it in perspective and harsh reality for the both of them.

"He's not my boyfriend. We're like... friends," he said with a shrug, not able to find a better name for what him and Frank actually were. Fuck buddies was too vulgar. Friends-with-benefits was just a loose title for an even looser cannon. They were not particularly friends. They were complicated. They were each other's Complicated. That was very complicated.

"And friends sleep at each other's houses?" Mikey taunted, wriggling his shoulders from the front seat to prove it. Gerard rolled his eyes, becoming more livelier as the hospital got father away.
"I couldn't sleep last night. I went over to his place to bug him. And besides, I slept on his couch," he said to counter Mikey. That was actually all true.

"With him?" Mikey asked, eyebrows like his shoulder's previous stance as he stared at him in the mirror. A thrill went through Gerard. How could he know that? That's impossible.

"How'd you know?" came his surprised voice from the backseat. Mikey thumped the dash with his palms off the wheel for a few moments.

"Ha! I fucking knew it! Except I didn't. That was a hoax," he said, raucous laughter coming from his mouth. Gerard burned to his ears. His face felt like a frying pan.

"We're not dating. I don't like him. Not like that. He doesn't like me," he tried to assure them. They were not having it.

"Yeah, not dating. Even though you sleep together. Hang out and totally have the hots for each other. Gerard, stop kidding yourself. Please," Mikey said in a patronizing brother tone. Gerard felt foolish. Almost like he was going to cry. It was a ludicrous notion, he knew it was all in good fun. But it was not for him, he could not explain it to them because he could barely explain it to himself. That was what Frank ended up doing to you. He made Gerard feel stuck. Even though it was only Frank's fault in a roundabout way, he was still the problem. He was always the problem. Gerard really didn't want to slump against the window like a moody teenager. He sure as fuck pulled the look off, though. He had too without getting picked on more.

Meanwhile, when Gerard was having his middle-aged angst Frank was getting his hand bandaged up by a doctor. The doctor's name was Dr. Whiese, almost as squeaky clean as the hospital room he worked in. Frank looked around as his hand was being wrapped in gauze.

"So, Frank, how did this happen?" was the doctor's muttered small talk as he stared at the hand he was bandaging.

"Um, I had woken up to get some water. It was way too early for that apparently. I broke a glass and hurt my hand in the process," Frank said. He lied so smoothly. It was disgusting. He caged his disgust as the doctor talked to him again.

"That's unfortunate. Keep it bandaged, if it gets infected call me. Take pain killers when needed. Mind you, not too many," when he said that, even though it was just a weightless warning Frank felt like the doctor knew what Frank had done to himself. He was a monster. Self-mutilating, a killer. But he shook that off. He smiled. /Act like you don't hate yourself./ was what he advised. He let out a fluent reply, he was prolific in the language of bullshit and banter.

"Of course not."

The doctor smiled like he did. A happy little gesture that was just to fill the space between the silence and the awkward. Even though, it was not an awkward smile. It was a smile you would give to someone you were proud of or something. It was a smile that curled at the edges and dipped in the middle. It was a nice smile, a beautiful smile. He looked down at his hand when his doctor looked up at him.

The doctor was attractive. His hair was in a quiff. It was a goldeny brown. He looked like the doctorly sort. A Californian man if Frank saw any. His eyes were a deep brown, like the colour of the bookcase his grandmother used to own. His skin was flawless, cheekbones prominent on his long face. It was soft in all the right places, hard in others. He was your average attractive type. The type
you don't give a second glance but appreciate when you have too. Usually, Frank was a sucker for brown eyes. Especially the dark ones that consumed everything in a frothy tsunami of chocolate. But his heart did not beat faster when his doctor stared into his eyes. His heart only stuttered for Gerard's slushy hazel ones. Fuck. He couldn't even sleep with other people now. Only Gerard satisfied his physical addiction. He wanted to curse at that. His doctor really was hot and he was totally feeling the attraction. But he could not sleep with him. That was a traitorous act to Gerard. It would be like /cheating/ on him. Even though they weren't together. They weren't even exclusive.

Frank left the clinic confused, with a bandaged hand, and with a closeted doctor staring listlessly at him. Great. Frank walked to his car, half expecting Gerard to show up around the corner and greet him with a smile and a coffee that he had picked up in the few minutes Frank was in the hospital getting his hand helped. But no, Gerard was not there. It was just Frank and his car. He had to drive home with one hand that would not have been hard if he did not live in Jersey. He sighed, getting in the front seat.

Gerard had work, he could not talk to him. Mikey disliked him. A lot. He was alone with a wounded hand for a whole day. And he couldn't even jack off because his dominant hand was the one that was hurt. Frank's day was just getting better and better. Gerard wasn't going to be enjoyed for a few days. He was still pissed at him and Frank was wounded in action. He should have never flipped that morning. That would have never happened and he might have gotten laid for the day.

It was sweltering hot. Nothing like the brisk cool it was a few days before. This was so hot it was a desire to become ice and shove some frozen confectionery up your ass hot. Of course, black clothing and air tight jeans were not helping his cause. He wanted to cry. This was the one day that he chose to wear all black and his new skinny jeans. He was fucking sweltering. He was hot and sticky and sweaty and horny and angry.

Fuck, that would have been the perfect time to ram Gerard's pretty little ass into oblivion, or next year, whatever was closer. He just needed something. But not just anything. That something had to be Gerard. And because he was a fucking creepy weirdo ass, he had to go without his new little game for a few days. Frank hated abstinence, part of the reason he was not particularly considered Catholic anymore. Or maybe the fact of his religion was based on the dirty thoughts about sticking everything he could in every crevice of Gerard's beautiful fucking body.

If his mother could see him so hightenly desperate and pitiful, she would cry. Fuck, she /had/ cried before over whatever sacrilege Frank was. Her sweet baby boy had grown up to be a disgusting ass fucker, serial killer, loser in love.

In love. It fell onto his mind like a feather but hit his body like a boulder. Love. No, not possible. He knew Gerard for days. Fuck, barely even knew his favorite colour. He was not in love. He was surely not even in like. Frank had been in love, he knew what love was. Sure it was with ideas, with things, with bands and art. But love hurt. It was a good kind of hurt, the kind of hurt that spread allover your body like it was syrup but tasted like sun tea a bitter yet oddly gratifying taste that you liked more after copious amounts of it. Like sun tea, love took time, took care. Took a little while of leaving-alone-ness.

Frank was not in love, he just felt his way and sometimes his feelings got confused. That was all. Frank Iero was not in love with Gerard Way. Frank Iero was not in love with anything at the moment. He needed a cigarette so badly. He needed to smoke, take a drag, a hit, a break. But he feared the fire of the cigarette would make him all the more hot. He felt like he was going to throw up.

He physically felt fine, a bit uncomfortable. But he felt like he was dying. It was not helping that he
hadn't even started his fucking car while he was thinking about sweet tea and nonsense for ten minutes in the heat. That was illegal in several states if you did that to a dog or a child.

God he needed to kill. He needed the sweet, slick blood all over his fingers and gushing like the movies, real horrorshow like. He needed the scream of helplessness to slip through his hands clamped shut around his victim's jaw. He needed to kill. Kill. Kill. He didn't even care who anymore. He needed to kill them all. Every single last person on the Earth.

It was an innocent thought that passed into his mind. As innocent as a homicidal thought could be.

(Which was not entirely a guilty plated thought.) He wanted the art of destroying something that was not him. But that was not what his fate had in store for him. His fate had him go back home and waste away his time till the stars that wrote this shitty fate were in the sky again. He remembered that being some sort of Shakespeare quote. "The fault is not in our stars, dear Brutus, but in ourselves." Some shit like that from either Hamlet or Macbeth.

It was an overrated quote but Frank found himself debating if it was true or not. He finally started his car up enough to find his way snaking back through the Jersey disenchantedness to his apartment complex. He didn't kill, he didn't destroy, he just sat there in bed, cursing the stars that dared fault him. He was so angry at these blasphemous stars.

Enough for him to furiously jack off with one hand. His left hand. Even though he didn't come and he was left half-hard and infuriated he still didn't substitute all of the messing about like a lazy teenager with killing. And that was probably the thing that made Frank the most angry when he turned over onto his side to fall asleep that night.

Even though, in his heart, he knew it was the sound of laughter that was coming from the Way residence that sounded distinctly like Gerard's. Not just the sound of Gerard Way being so blissfully happy without his selfish and pernicious companion but it was the fact that several others rang out with it. And the fact that it hurt him. It hurt him, it squeezed him and spread allover like a tsunami of boiling water. Fuck, it squeezed his heart and he knew that he was in deep shit. Because it hurt, and he liked it.

Because it hurt, and he was in love.
Take Your Pants Off, You're Insane

Chapter Notes

It is so short. I am so sorry. It took me a while to start it and yeah. It's like a thousand words shorter than usual. I'm sorry. Even though this is early a few hours. If that makes up for it. :)  
Oh, and if you get around to it, listen to this kick-ass band called The Dead Milkmen. They're pretty amazing.

Frank Iero's next time meeting with Gerard Way was anything but picturesque. In fact, if we were to stick with words that end in 'esque' it would be nothing but grotesque. But here we start, not with words that end in 'esque' but with a sweaty and drunken Frank.

Frank had to get drunk. It was a neccessity for him to not go madder than he already was. He had to get drunk to take his mind off of all his problems. His problems that included the fact that he hadn't seen Gerard Way in a week. And that he was probably not going to see him anytime soon.

If we were to set the pitiful scene, which we are, we start with the backdrop. The sky leaked into the dirty streets like rainwater in gutters (which drip in copious amounts onto the streets and in alleyways.) It was black like ink but the stars doted like dirty diamonds, contrasting the sky. They gathered around the moon with quiet interest, twinkling and annoying the waxy half-crescent with their nighttime existence. The road that Frank was walking on the sidewalk adjacent to had cars, abandoned for the night in citizen's endeavors for a good time. Frank was not having a good time.

He was crawling around on his two legs, slouching like usual. He barely could carry himself. He shouldn't have had that last beer. He shouldn't have gone out at all. You have to understand reader, that Frank was rarely ever drunk. And when he was drunk, he was barely even tipsy. But him, Frank Iero, serial killer, hopelessly in love serial killer, Frank Iero, had the biggest predicament that we have been over in this very sentence. He was now in love.

But it was not with the destruction of himself and others that was so prevalent in his mind. It was with the thing that he didn't want to destroy. It was with Gerard Way. Gerard Way with his sloppy hair, sloppy kisses, sloppy lips. Gerard Way with his bright eyes and bright ideas. He loved his laugh, and his nose. He loved his hands and the way they caressed his artwork. He loved Gerard and he hated his level of drunkenness.

His heart ached, like it physically hurt him to think of Gerard he just wanted him so much. He never wanted to hurt him, so he hurt himself. Frank Iero was in love with Gerard Way and it hurt him so much more than true love should. And that is why we open up with this pitiful man walking along the dark and dirty streets of Jersey. That is why we shift and slip, much like our inebriated antagonist, to our protagonist.

Gerard Way whose fate for the night would soon mix with Frank's was sitting content and warm. Gerard Way was completely unlike how Frank was. Gerard was sitting at home, alone and sober. It was like this usually on the weekends. Mikey was the more sociable of the two, going out to parties and what not without him. A few times Gerard had been taken with Mikey to these parties but being one of the only one's who could drink, it started to lose appeal by the time that problem had been erased. But whenever he went, it was always uncomfortable, having to explain to people that he
didn't have a major and he was just a tag-along of Mikey's was all the more tiresome.

So Gerard stayed home, and that was alright with him. But not when the next thing that happened was as shocking as it was. It had been quiet for sometime, just the ripple of silence falling on Gerard like his blanket. He did not expect what happened next, even though in a few person's situations, this was ordinary, or at least not extraordinary.

There was a thump outside his door, like someone had fallen onto it. And then the shuffle of keys with the subsequent cry of a muttered fallout. "Fuck," came a voice from behind the door. It was just one person. If his ears served him correctly. It was just Frank. He doubted himself, it was just a person falling down.

He was so immersed in missing Frank that he wanted to think that even the most unfortunate soul was him. It had been seven days since he had seen him, touched him, let him steal a cigarette. And he missed him. He missed him. He ignored the aching in his heart. Gerard's interest was peaked and he did not want to get sad and slink off to cry in bed. He set down his book and poised up, in a half sitting position to assist someone. Was there a fight? Did someone fall down? Someone probably just fell down. Maybe he should help. The good Samaritan inside him decided on doing that.

He stood up, walking towards the door in his dirty clothes, flicking the lock up so he could see what the commotion was in the hallway. Gerard found out when he opened his door. Frank was laying down, in a fetal position, his back to Gerard's door. It was a shocking thing. Like finding a box of kittens, but this was so much more better. Frank's face was covered with greasy hair, but Gerard could still see he was somewhat asleep. He felt a little electric go through his body with finding him like this. No, it was not Frank's vulnerability. It was the fact that he loved him so much. Even though he would never truly admit it. But he knew the clawing at his heart was not just pity. There was so much more. And he was so naive to that. But still, with the love that he truly was unaware of being there, Gerard was taken aback with Frank like this. Or seeing Frank at all. He was still supposed to be angry at him. He still kinda was, but that didn't keep him from kneeling down to check on Frank. The face he hadn't seen in about a week was at his doorstep, curled up like a baby, drunk like a skunk. He didn't know if Frank was going to pass out anymore so than he already was. But he looked tired, he looked like a beautiful wreck. He looked like a mess. His hair was stringy and in his face. He smelled of beer and musk of other people's sweat.

Jealousy rang through Gerard's body. How many guys had he gotten to fill his need instead of Gerard? How many had let Frank inside of him? More importantly, how many of those guys had Frank wishing they were Gerard?

"Frank?" Gerard asked, shaking his shoulder lightly, like a concerned parent. He could imagine it, in some fucked up universe that Frank was laying in bed after a long day at school and it was time for dinner. But it was not that easy, this was not a kid's show. It was Gerard's almost kinda boyfriend blackout drunk in front of his apartment after a seven day period that Gerard could truly not stress enough, of being M.I.A. In front of his apartment. It was a predicament that he had to face. He could not rightly leave Frank out in the open like this. He had to bring him inside, at least so he didn't wake up with a hangover and a hurt back. He was truly much to nice to this asshole that he was constantly left pining over.

He dragged Frank in, all the while thinking about how pitiful he truly was. He always had loved being a good person, but this was going to far for even Gee. But he could not help himself around Frank. It was like a trap that you would see in Saw. He could wait and get killed, or struggle and get killed. He was ensnared and it was something he just had to deal with. So he took Frank into his apartment, dragging his small body like a dead weight, anchor baby. He held him by his armpits,
It was late when Mikey was still not home and Frank was just gotten into his living room. Gerard and a passed out Frank the only occupants of the flat itself. Gerard had put a cool cloth on Frank's forehead when he had situated him on the couch, not really knowing if that was what he should do. But it felt right, so every few minutes he dunked a washcloth in wet water before putting it back on Frank's head. He was not going to be coming to his senses anytime soon. Or maybe he was. Gerard had never gotten drunk before. He had never even really seen anyone drunk before. That was an odd occurrence. It was odd. But, still Gerard tried his best to make Frank, the asshole who played with his emotions and sexual desires, as comfortable as possible. That seemed difficult when Frank was, albeit shorter than Gerard, was not that much shorter. Gerard must have only been around three inches taller at the most. So Gerard had to situate the only somewhat shorter man on his couch in little increments of grunting and pushing and breaks. He was sweaty by the time he was finished getting the less deserving man onto his couch. Frank was still asleep. Not like he would say thank you to Gerard even if he was awake. That was just how Frank was. Even though his asshole-ish tendencies were less than appealing. His face was something that got him by on Gerard's terms. And that was the one way that Frank Iero got by. He didn't particularly know what to do with Frank, so he let him just lay on his couch, passed out. It wouldn't really matter. If Gerard didn't keep hearing Frank talk in his sleep.

He was sitting and drawing, next to Frank on his couch, laying his feet over his lap like the belt on a roller coaster. It was really late (Mikey was not home) and quiet. Frank would snore and Gerard would internally go 'aww' but other than that, nothing really changed except the numbers on the clock. Until it hit about three in the morning. Gerard was getting tired and the odd thing that he heard was dismissed as a snore gone wrong in his fatigued mind. Until it happened again. This time it was too out of place to ignore. And it was clearly there. Frank's mouth was moving along with the words. He had to be saying it.

"I don't. Not gonna hurt you, Gee. No," was Frank's still asleep body, thrashing lightly like a big boat at sea. His arms went up around his body while his legs splayed a bit farther on Gee's legs, twisting and shimying with each word. This was odd, and Gerard was transfixed. There was nothing better to do at this time of night with no one else conscious. What could he be dreaming about? And the several times Frank had slept over at his house, Gerard had never heard him talk in his sleep before. He let himself writhe and wriggle. He was a sleeping flower of violence. He was a plant warrior. And he was beautiful. Gerard, his mind going straight to art when something slightly momentous was happening, was grabbing his sketch book to get Frank's troubled look. He had drawn Frank before. Numerous times. When he was sleeping, when he was asleep. He had even memorized his face when Frank was fucking him so he could draw it later. Frank's face was just nice to draw. And easy. Like straight sweeping lines. But it was also easier to love. And that was another point on why Gerard was so intrigued with this happening. He was concerned. Frank was in, no matter how much of a reality or not, he was in danger.

"Not Gee. I don't wanna kill... anymore." Frank's voice sounded light. Like a feather grating on someone's skin. It pierced the silence and the veil of Gerard's mind. Frank was a killer. Frank killed. The despair in his voice had Gerard thinking it was more than a dream that Frank was living in at the moment. Gerard was getting really weirded out. It was making him uncomfortable. But he didn't want to move and wake Frank up. He was stuck under his lover's tiny legs. Which, in normal circumstances would be mega cute, but in their situation, were completely irrelevant. It was probably a bad idea to sketch Frank for calming down techniques. But art was his passion and Frank was his lust. So he drew him and discredited Frank's muttering.

But he could not shake the feeling that Frank was something more than what he had always shown
himself to be. If Gerard was going to be a blind romantic and not care about what it meant he could
say that he actually kind of blushed. It was actually flattering to some extent, if he could not label it
scary. Frank was dreaming of Gerard. And that meant something. Or at least it had to. Right? He
didn't care. As long as Frank was dreaming of him, he was all right. He went back to drawing and
listening to Frank's little incubus symphony.

* * * * *

Frank laid on Gerard's couch. He wasn't sure how he got there. At the time he didn't even know if it
was Gerard's house. All he knew was that he had a raging headache and a need for alcohol. He had
already had copious amounts some time unknown to him, before. But his motto in his inebriated state
was "Fuck it." But apparently Gerard didn't seem to think so. He was busy playing dysfunctional
housewife, drawing in his broken sketchbook and taking care of an unconscious and ungrateful
Frank. He didn't seem to know Frank was awake. He was going through his art portfolio. It had a
copious amount of portraits of Frank. Gerard didn't notice him for a few minutes. He was drawing
another portrait of Frank's sleeping form.

Although he was not sleeping anymore. He found that out when he glanced back at Frank again. He
was going to shade in the eyelids more, finding Frank's piercing orbs staring back at him. He
jumped, his arm twitching with his shock, messing up his paper with a deep black line. The drawing
ended up pretty fucked up. Gerard himself looked lovely. His tousled artist hair flying around his
ears like the dirty things Frank wanted to whisper there. His hair was greasy at best, clean if you
counted days before. But above all, dirtiness and wistful beauty, he looked tired. He looked
exhausted and nervous.

"You passed out. In front of my door," Gerard said with a nervous chuckle. He seemed scared,
somewhat worried. But Frank could see it was not for him. It was for something else.

"What's wrong?" Frank, still groggy, asked the man who seemed to walk on eggshells turning into
knives with every word. Gerard laughed anxiously, his hair reaching behind his ear with a swipe of
his hand.

"Nothing. Why?" he asked. The last word was an exclamation. A panicked question of 'Oh, shit. I
fucked up.' There was definitely something wrong. Frank went to cup his face, kissing him, trying to
calm his down in a brief display of affection. He figured he would welcome it after how long it had
been since contact.

Gerard squealed with the first contact, pulling away from Frank like he was the enemy. Frank was
bewildered. This must have been the accident as he had dubbed the accident that had taken place just
a week before. He knew it. Gerard would think he was weird. Gerard did think he was weird. And
now he could never have Gerard again. The thought hurt his heart. Gerard thought he was a freak
and it was prevalent in his eyes. But that was not exactly the reason Gerard was acting so weird
towards him. It was something far more worse.

"You talk in your sleep," Gerard said with that alienated look still in the storm that was growing in
his eyes. The tempest was not just in his irises, but in his chest. He was breathing heavily, a race
sitting down won by him.

"And....?" Frank was confused. What did that have to do with anything?

"Are you really a killer?" The air was thick with silence. It stabbed at Frank's ears like a scream. It
scratched at his back like a cat or a rogue lover. It thudded in his chest, replacing his heart beat.
Replacing his mind. The silence that ran for seconds in between their bodies was bitter. Gerard was
always one to break the silence. But break it, he did not. He shattered it. And with his next question,
shattered every idea of hope or future Frank had of Gerard.

"How many?" came his shaking question, the bones of the words clanking with fear. Frank looked up to Gerard laying on the couch, so close, so far away. He couldn't lie to him. He wasn't going to lie to him. He sighed before answering. He was defeated. The silence became too much between stalling, it was hurting his mind. Piercing him like a shriek of all the people he had destroyed.

"Forty-seven." Gerard processed this information. Frank was sitting next to quite a death toll. How many did Gacy have? How many did Bundy have? Dahmer only had seventeen.

"How long?" "About two years." It was a bit comforting to be spilling this information out to another person. He had worked so hard to keep this a secret for so long, it was nice to let the toxins out. But he couldn't help but feel disgust on the nonchalant attitude they both shared over this. He was the person everyone loathed. He was a societal menace. But Gerard was fascinated in the worse way. His eyes were wide like a child in awe. He was sitting, attentive and slack jawed. Gerard was fascinated, all right. But he was still afraid.

"Are you going to kill me?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I want you, Gerard. I love you." His last words, so quiet and gentle in his mind, and even on his lips, rang forward like a headache in action. It almost hurt to say it. Gerard did not say it back. All he said was, "You destroy the things you love," in a soft tone. Picking at his nails he laid back against the couch processing all this. It was silent. Frank's head flower already wilting away, ready for winter. Gerard spoke again, breaking the silence for the second time that colloquy.

"Do you like it?" "What?" Frank asked, looking up, expecting Gerard to show him the picture he had been drawing for the last thirty minutes. But there was nothing, just Gerard's wide hazel eyes waiting for him to say something.

"Killing."

He looked embarrassed after saying it. Like his question was something to be ashamed about. His cheeks were red and his eyes were wide. Excited. It dropped from his lips like blood from a busted nose. It was such a small utterance. One word. Two syllables. But a life time of hurt to come for the both of them and then some.

It shattered the silence, but it bitch-slapped the sound. No one spoke for several seconds after Gerard had said it. It was the word that would define their entire relationship for the remainder of the best of it. But it was just a word. A verb. Something Frank liked doing a whole lot.

"Only second to fucking you, doll," he said with a cunning smile in Gerard's direction. He had not gotten to finish his making out with Gee before he had to spill his dirty little secret. And his head hurt and there was a strange pain in his side so he might as well fuck him hard. That was probably the weirdest thing he had ever said to get laid. And he didn't even get laid that night. Or that morning. Whatever, he didn't get any at that moment.

Because Mikey had just walked in.
Mikey walked into their abode at about three in the morning. The space between Frank spilling his dirty little secret and Gerard being a bit horny but mostly panicked. He made his grand entrance in a less than graceful manner, spilling all over himself and slurring his steps like his words. He must have been really out of it to get like that.

Gerard had seen him drunk before. But never in the way that he was then. But Gerard didn't really worry all that much, Mikey had bad hangovers, that was true, but he was always good with bouncing back from them. He would probably only miss a day of class. But Gerard had bigger problems than his brother being drunk off his ass and throughout his other muscles.

He had a serial killer who wanted to jump his bones instead of his corpse. Logically, that was a good thing. But it was not a good thing when it was temporary and the serial killer made him feel like there were flames inside his stomach. He was going to get hurt by those flames. Soon enough.

He ought to thank Mikey for coming in when he did because he wasn't sure that he could get it up after finding out what Frank did, fear might be like an aphrodisiac but that night it was the opposite of a non-medical Viagra. He looked as drunk as Frank was when he walked into the house himself just hours before. His legs looked like twigs to a churning sea stomach. He was going to have a horrible hangover the next morning, Gerard assessed. But that did not stop him from taunting Gerard further about his and Frank's relationship.

"Ooh, gross. Don't mind me," he slurred with a giggle fit for a little girl. Whenever Mikey was drunk, he got a weird Southern accent that was actually quite funny. When Gerard was not busy being frightened by the fact that a killer was inches away from his lips.

He wanted him, he really did. He wanted all of Frank except for the part that scared him. His past. The fact that he was capable of killing. Despite what he had said. Despite loving him, (A thought that sent shocks into Gerard's system like he was Frankenstein's Monster), he was still afraid that this was a sick game and he was going to get killed. Hell, he wanted it. If he wanted to be murdered, he would want that murderer to be Frank Iero. He never thought that he could have a chance to say that. He had never wanted to have a chance to say that. Actually, scratch that, he had never even /thought/ about that before. Who would? Him, apparently. Mikey wobbled his way into the hallway adjacent to his bedroom.

They were alone again. And Frank was on his way to Gerard's face again. His lips, such a Godsend from days apart just made him sick. He wasn't sure if he was going to get through this session without crying. That would be terrible having to explain himself. He would be so embarrassed.

"Wait, wait! Let me move my stuff, you'll smudge my charcoal," Gerard said, trying to stall as much as possible. He didn't want Frank to catch on though. He wanted him to remain clueless. He loved Frank, God, did he want Frank. But he was scared. This was all too much, at least for now. He moved his sketchbook. He shuffled around to get a better angle on Frank's lap and swallowed his
disgust. He was just about to go to kiss him again, with a half forced smile on his face when Mikey appeared again. This time, not in the form of a completely drunk college student like he was, but of a hurt form, blood dripping from his hand and a look of childlike disgust apparent on his face. He must have hurt his hand when he was on his way to his bed. He did have that glass right next to it. Or at least he did the last time Gerard checked.

"Shit! Frankie, could you assess the damage in the bedroom," Gerard said jumping off of Frank in a way he hoped was not too eager. He thanked God for Mikey's terrible coordination and luck graced him with this opportunity to pick glass out of his brothers hand at three in the morning. It was not bad, a large bandaid and a glass of water helping to soothe him. Frank came back just as he was laying on the bandage, smoothing it out over the hell of his little brother's hand like they were kids again. He had glass and blood on him and Gerard thought, disconcerting the fact that it was Mikey's, it was pretty hot. He felt his dick twitch in excitement. Okay, so maybe he wouldn't mind fucking Frank tonight.

"His sheets aren't terrible. Just a smear or two near the top. Nothing major," he said wiping his snot on his hands, smearing blood across his face.

Gerard stifled a moan, this should not be as hot as it was. With who's blood it was, at least. But Frank looked so beautiful, a scarlet beauty, a funereal God. Frank could feel the lust in his eyes and when he dumped the glass into the garbage, smirked to himself before jutting out his hips like a slut, begging Gee to come forward and get him.

"Mikey, go to bed. You'll be fine," Gerard said out of the side of his mouth, to his brother who was already rambling into his bedroom. Even drunk, Mikey was intuitive enough to know to bounce. Gerard stood up before going back to sit down on the counter in between Frank's legs. He wiggled his ass between the space, letting his legs hang off the side, the fat being pinched by the counter and the pressure of the weight.

"Frankie," he breathed like a lovestruck teenage girl. He was like a lovestruck teenage girl. It was Frank and him and he loved him no matter what, a true romance. They were Clarence and Alabama with corpses instead of cocaine. He let his lips move inward to Frank's with this movie reference. Around his neck, like a hot breath an inferno of desire in his lips, his mouth, his nether regions. Frankie's low mumble of a moan in the back of his throat traveled through his mouth, between his lips, tight with pleasure, through the unbearably distant space between them and straight to Gerard's dick. What a beautiful boyfriend he had. Singing symphonies of sex with barely even a word. Hardly a word, barely a sound. He kissed him, hot and passionate, blood from his brother's drunken hand wiping around their pressed together faces like lipstick smudges. He kissed him. He kissed him. He kissed him. And he loved a murderer.

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The backlash of what Frank had said the other day resonated in the car the next day despite them having waken up naked next to each other in Gerard's bed after a night of tempestuous sex. The frigid silence weighed like water pressure at a thousand feet. It hung like a crucified man, hurting so much more than the cruel form of torture. No one dared speak for fear of setting off a bomb made of unknown substances, and exceptional power.

Frank could barely take it. It was like hot coals on his cheeks and on the small of his back. It prickled at his skin like an iron maiden and he was stuck. He had no choice but to sit there in the screeching silence, looking out the window. They were on the way to the hospital. He listened to the wailing whisper of the highway like the pained cry of a lover forsaken. No matter how agonized, the highway was more talkative than Frank's boyfriend. His lover, forsaking him. His lover.
He remembered the way he told him what his vices were. What his virtue was. Killing and a love for Gerard, respectively. He remembered the way he held him and the way he confessed. It was so easy. It was easier than killing. Gerard didn't even get too phased about it. From his perspective, Gerard was as strange as he was. And that meant Gerard was a fucking alien. But Frank was still a monster, even if Gerard was close enough to being one, too, and the silence screamed that back louder than Gerard ever could and Gerard ever didn't. And monsters don't fall in love with aliens. But he did. And he would do it again in a heartbeat. But his heartbeat was fast but Gerard's driving was faster.

Gerard's driving was awkward, with awkward jerks of his hands on the wheels whenever the car turned. Awkward presses of the peddle like he was afraid to break it, but afraid to break himself. He was so glad Mikey walked in when he did last night, if we are to shift to his inner monologue, because he wouldn't have been able to stomach sex with Frank, no matter how much he wanted to. And trust me, reader, he did. He wanted a murderer inside of him and that was not the problem. He was afraid he was next.

He was scared of Frank. He was scared of his lover, or at least what he could do. And that was not a good thing. That was never a good thing. Gerard didn't want the silence to seem like he was giving Frank the cold shoulder but he couldn't help but keep his lips pursed throughout their whole drive. He couldn't help but alienate himself enough to stay out of the range that was the fire Frank was. Frank was a fire, a cosmic killer and Gerard's lover who he could not help but look upon as if the sun were his entire body. He was a dangerous thing, an A-bomb. A Frank-bomb.

A bomb that was currently wounded. His hand, not yet healed from the escapade of 'The Accident' that they had both dubbed in unison without speaking upon the topic, was now infected. Frank's drunken state was too slippery for the bandage to stay on. And now it looked like something awful, something out of a horror movie in the after climax part where the character is left injured. They were going to the hospital, Frank wanting Gerard to drive him. He had said it was because of his hurt hand making him unable to transport himself but they both knew it was for something else. It was because Frank couldn't stand being without Gerard in his grasp or at least in his sights. He was so afraid that Gerard would just leave him or banish him, he needed the reassurance of his body next to him in the silent and suffocating car. They didn't speak. No words were better at describing the tension between them than the silence. So it was a quiet ride to the hospital. Silent, I should say, reader. Because the emptiness of words felt louder than bombs.

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When Gerard and Frank arrived at the hospital to see to Frank's infected hand the awkwardness of the wailing silence had been somewhat lifted. Not fully expunged with the bright hospital lights, but the pain was duller. Like they craved each other too much to fully stop communication. Frank grasped Gerard's hand, before his eyes flitted to his. There was panic in the orbs. Panic for the upcoming appointment? No, panic that now they were out of the confines of the stifling car, he was going to leave. That this was too much and Gerard would fly away. Panic that he was going to be rejected. Gerard grasped back, making the panic clear, the remnants of the anxiety falling into his heartbeat that was so much faster than usual. But now, not because he was scared, but because he was holding Gerard's hand and he was looking into his beautiful eyes. And he was so in love with him. He wanted to bash the butterflies in his stomach to death but he was surrounded by so much mortality he wanted to feel alive for once. And he did, standing under fluorescent lights and holding onto his frightened lover's hand. He felt alive, so he was all the more afraid he was going to die.

Frank looked down, gratitude emitted from every orifice of his being at the acceptance Gerard had for him. He had been so afraid he was going to be expelled from Gerard's glorious life. Gerard's hand was a plae sort of milky white. His veins were blue, tinting the skin around the immediate a lighter shade of greenish-violet. His skin wrapped tight in a soft little cocoon of "I'll keep you safe,"
around his knuckles was taut and white with tension. But not of the past awkwardness, but the way he was gripping Frank's hand. He clutched it like he was close to dying, at the apex of life and not yet beginning the swift disent into death. He was scared. Just like Frank. They were both so scared. So they held on like the frightened little kids they were.

They walked to the woman at the desk, who was wearing scrubs not unlike the ones Frank had to wear at his job. She was a nice woman of average build and average features. She had a voice that was a bit on the shrill side but it was a nice change from the even shriller silence that seemed worlds away by then. Her hair was blonde in a cut that made her seem professional, it was dyed like every woman's with that shade of blonde. Her eyes were brown, a similar shade to her roots. It was the average looking receptionist that directed them to go to the examination room after a business like chat between the three.

That was one of the first times that day Frank had heard Gerard talk besides their small conversations about what the plans for the day were. The looking at Frank's hand took five minutes. The bandaging took about ten. The doctor tutted, the same one he had had the last time he came in for that wound, Dr. Whiese, and bandaged the off white fabric around his hand like a noose. But it was not a noose, it was to heal, Frank had to tell himself. God, he just wanted the thing off the second it got on. He hated the restriction it caused. Can't even jack off properly with it on.

"So, Mr. Iero, who is this fellow we have here?" he muttered in a keen but slightly disinterested tone as he worked on Frank's hand, his eyes flying up to Gerard who was standing awkwardly in the corner with his hands behind his back.

"That's my boyfriend, Gerard," Frank says without a second thought. His ears start to burn and his eyes feel like they're melting with embarrassment. He could not believe he just said that. Gerard did not think it was a big deal, but he did nearly the same of what Frank did. He blushed, as well, in more of a happy manner than anything, and he smiled against his hand that was now covering his girly face. The doctor nodded tightening the bandage around more just to be sure. He dusted it off before turning it over, viewing his handwork.

"How did this infection happen?" he asked. Frank swallowed his pride giving it to the doctor only kind of sideways.

"I took off the bandage," of course he left out the part about getting drunk. It was embarrassing.

"Why would you do that?" All those questions and Frank's face was hotter than when he called Gerard his boyfriend. He sighed, trying to prolong the period of time when he would not be a complete pathetic loser. He hadn't answered in the few stuffy seconds. The doctor glanced at him like he was a little kid. Gerard found himself wishing he could be like this doctor guy. Dr. Whiese, as a placard near him sported as well as some doctorate.

He wanted to be bigger than Frank, just once, instead of being the smaller one. He didn't want power over Frank, no not really, but he didn't want to be small anymore. The feeling was fleeting when Frank actually answered the doctor's true question. There were more serious matters at hand. His heart stuttered again at the mention of the night when their whole relationship was changed forever. Like Frank would mention that he was a killer. His paranoia was itching at his frontal lobe like a mental patient. He had to calm down. Shake his head, pinch his skin. Don't get jumpy.

"Got drunk. Guess I took it off," he said shrugging off the awkwardness that lay on his shoulders in heaps.

He was reduced to rubble under the doctor's basic brown eyes. It was a bit of a judgmental glare. A glare that screamed, "That's none of my business, but if it was, I would judge you so hard."
What sanctimony did this doctor have over Frank? What power did he have over him? Gerard found himself, now wishes shifting, that he was not the doctor. But at least next to Frank to give him some sort of support. Because for a split second he looked like he was drowning. The doctor hummed in a cruel tone, almost on the brink of disappointment that tore Frank to pieces. It was truly sadistic of the doctor to do that to Frank. Not like he felt horrible enough already. Frank pulled himself away from the glue-like look of the doctor.

Gerard swung on the hinges of his legs like an awkward pendulum. He was kind of a medical third wheel, there for no particular reason except for the ones discussed before hand. his eyes were searching for something to hold onto. It was an easy task with the placards yelling at him the doctor's name and all his qualifications. But that was an easy read for his eyes to skim over then go onto the next thing of no importance. Till they met Frank’s. Something of terrible importance.

The doctor was looking for something with his back turned, shuffling through the drawers built close to the wall. He didn't know how long Frank had been staring at him, but the way he did with his confusion coloured eyes full of love and warmth, made his tummy flop on it's face. He wished he had seen him sooner the way he truly was. A beautiful thing, a poem, the night sky. Frank was a calmly cloudy day. He was a pale cool morning when you think it's nice but it's actually kind of cold; the best kind of mornings. He looked like seven A.M. in the summer when Gerard didn't get any sleep and no one was outside besides him, the sleepy sun and the dew on the grass. His lips were like ballet dancers, falling right above his chin like a tease to the skin, thin and graceful, curling around his cheeks when he smiled like pools of water, shimmering, an enigma He could kiss the pale pink, creme soda lips all day. He was staring wistfully, like Gerard was far away and Frank was thinking about him, like how all the gals looked in fairy tails. But this was Frank. So much more beautiful than cheap oil canvas paintings in storybooks. Frank was the most beautiful thing Gerard had ever seen and that was an understatement.

His jaw was like a knife, stronger than the words his spine yelled from the way it was hunched in a silent defeat to good posture. He looked like a soldiering sort of tired. And he was beautiful. He looked clean. He looked pure. If that was a way to describ someone. He just looked, /good./ He felt his chest hurting and his stomach flopping at it was a cacophony of a colloquy screaming, "You love him, idiot." And he did. He loved him so much. He loved him so much it hurt. He loved him so much he wanted to pop his heart like a balloon because it was filling his heart with carbon dioxide. But it was pleasant. A sort of blissful euthanasia. He must have gazed at him for seconds more, the long stare by no means awkward. In fact, it was positively marvelous. It was nice to stare at him. To finally see him as his lover. To see him as a person, rather than a makeshift master.

Frank saw Gerard as nearly the same thing. He saw him as a galaxy. He saw him as an intergalactic vampire. He was so pale and just so cool. He was so cool. His eyes were wide, hazel like the sun refracting off of the trees near the park. Frank always used to get uncomfortable when in the first days of their relationship he looked at him. It made him feel weak, or at least, it used to. Now it made him feel like he could fly, like his bone marrow was extracted and he had become a bird. Gerard stood in the corner where Frank didn't dare to look and break their intense stare. He was a dainty little flower painted in black. A baby black dahlia. He loved his little flower. And he loved how twisted his little flower seemed. He smiled at Gerard and he smiled back. God, he loved those tiny little teeth. His loved him. And it fucking hurt so badly. But he didn't mind, because Gerard made him happy. And he was retty sure he made sure Gerard happy.

The moment of careful tension and thoughtful, quiet insight on their relationship in Gerard's head was broken with a clap of the doctor's hands. They both jumped away from each other and to attention of the doctor. Gerard decided there was something off about this guy. He looked hungry, but not for his lunch break or anything. But for something that made Gerard uneasy. Frank didn't notice it, even though it was blatant. Gerard wondered how he could miss it. He couldn't help but
think of the dentist from Little Shop of Horrors. That guy was a real creep.

"Alright then, lets just get those antibiotics for you, Mr. Iero," called the doctor that Gerard had dubbed as 'hated'. His voice was clear, like he wasn't a societal menace (or at least, a vibe menace). You could tell a lot from a person's voice. This guy's voice sounded like hot fudge, fast and thick and sweet. He sounded nice. Which was probably why Gerard didn't like him. He was just jealous. He should have probably forgotten his apprehension.

But he couldn't shake the feeling that something was terribly wrong. He didn't like this guy, there was something off about him. Something that sort of got under his skin. Something slimy that made it's way into his mouth. But not his mouth, Frank's as would soon go down in subsequent time making dire consequences for both parties involved.

"I'm gonna be in the car, babe," Gerard said, holding onto the smooth doorway, giddiness overriding fear in a bad call to walk away and a very good one to take the liberty of calling Frank what he just did.

"Alright," Frank said, smiling widely over his shoulder at his boyfriend who returned the benedictive gift with his tiny teeth and all.

Gerard walked out and as soon as he did the doctor that Gerard had dubbed 'hated' on a hunch, dove at Frank. He pinned him down, mouths together in a dance that felt more like a dispute. Frank squealed against Dr. Whiese's mouth, pushing him away with his small yet strong arms by the shoulders. It felt like poison the way his lips were so slimy and disgusting and not Gerard's. He had to wipe away his blasphemy like smearing paint, except paint was so much more beautiful than that disgusting bastard. Paint reminded him of Gerard.

"What the fuck was that?!" Frank screamed in anger. No one had touched him in the longest time besides Gerard. He didn't want anyone to touch him besides Gerard. Especially not that creep. He was sickened that at one point in time he had actually thought the doctor was a decent person, a decent potential lay. He had seen Gerard and Frank together, he knew that they were, it was so fucking there, right in front of his face. And his still dared make a move at Frank? That was blind audacity. Audacity that would be deadly. The doctor looked confused. His arms were up like he didn't just kiss a person who was in an exclusive relationship with someone else.

"What? Frank?" the doctor said in a soft patronizing croon. Gerard would do that sort of voice. The Accident, when they made love, when they talked after that.

Hell, he used that voice just last night. But with Gerard it never made him want to shoot up a public place. With this guy he was seeing red long before he started throwing punches. And trust me, that was not long at all.

He took the doctor by the collar, staring at him in utter contempt, his fist balled so hard against the fabric it burned, the only word describing what he felt being not even close to what was actually coursing through his veins. Pure loathing, went into every subsequent punch he threw at the helpless doctor. He just started hitting him, mantras of the flesh on flesh sound of punching and gritted teeth. That was the score to this horrible movie. He hit him till he fell, and then he dropped to his knees, and hit him some more. He was bloodied. And he was bruised from hitting him so hard. His knuckles screamed in protest, now angry at Frank as well as Dr. Whiese. But he could care less. The doctor's breathing grew more shallow but never did Frank's anger. It seemed to only grow with every attack thrown onto the scumbag doctor.

"You," /punch/, "don't," /kick/, "kiss" /punch/, "guys in love." He spat on the broken doctor that was laying in a crippled mess on the floor. He wanted to scream in the doctor's dying face. He wanted to
annihilate him. He wanted his bones to break and he wanted his Earth to turn upside down. He wanted this audacious bastard to hurt. He felt as if he should do more but do anymore and then he would have a forty-eighth victim. Something Gerard would probably not appreciate and neither would the staff of the institution he was in. He looked down at the doctor, breathing hard and patience shallow. That guy was a fucking douche. And he deserved to be treated like one.

He let another kick out on the guy, pure driving force into this one, except he was tired. So it was not as hard as when he had first initiated abusing him. He probably shouldn't have done that last little kick to his side because as of then, Gerard walked back in and witnessed Frank bloody, standing over the body. It was probably bad karma getting back to him express mail for his overreacting. The look on Gerard's face could have been sold to art museums. "Sorry, sir. Forgot my keys-" Gerard started, opening the door not seeing anything of the horrific scene yet. He started to look around, not noticing anything was wrong till he did. He gasped, closing the door quickly, looking around in paranoia. He loved Frank too much. He really did. He would protect him like that. This was not a little, oops I fucked something up in his room thingy. It was Oh, I fucked /him/ up in his room thingy.

"What did you do?!" he asked in a harsh whisper scream, his hands gesturing to the body with more force than the volume of his voice.

"I... I think I killed him," Frank decided on further inspection. It was a whimper, a silent little "I'm sorry. I'm scared.' Apparently, he really did lose his cool, as well as his sense of perspective. He could have sworn he hadn't hit the guy that hard. Or maybe he did, but he never meant to kill him. They way he said what he did in reply to Gerard really got to him, more than actually killing. Just because killing was so normal for him, the feeling he got right after this time, was not. He said it in a hollow tone, forlorn like he felt bad for doing it. Guilt. He felt guilt.

That was the first time feeling that. In a long time. It was Gerard, Gerard brought out the guilt in him. This was not the way he felt when he regularly killed. He thinks it's because Gerard is there to see him at his most raw and it makes him feel dirty. Maybe it was because he never meant to kill him. When he usually kills, although it is unplanned, at least to some extent in the victims category, he always brings his thread and needle to put his insignia. This time, his pockets were empty. Just like he felt. There was nothing to mark it as The Jay. Nothing to hide behind except his sheet of hair that was not working well. Gerard's hazel eyes still pierced into his skin. He felt shame coat the back of his neck. He was so sorry. Not for the man, no, he still felt anger towards him. But his baby, that his darling lover had to see him in his worst.

"Frankie, baby. Why?" Gerard asked in as soft as voice as possible, but Frank knew that he was breaking. His voice wobbled and he slid down the wall where the blood was starting to creep closer to him like a child looking for a friend to play with. He was starting to hyperventilate, he couldn't look at the body. He couldn't look at Frank. He looked at the placards. He looked at the shiny placards for a man now dead. They didn't help. In fact, they freaked him out more. But maybe what Frank said next did help, at least a little.

"He tried to kiss me. He did kiss me," he said and it was just as hollow and straightforward as his other answers. He was so fucking screwed. There were cameras around, police would know that he, Frank, had done it and Gerard would be pegged as an accomplice because he would never rat Frank out. Frank knew that, if only knowing Gerard for a few weeks. He was trustworthy, he was loyal. But that barely mattered when they were stuck around a body.

Frank never killed this way before. Never with his own two hands beating somebody to death. It was always knives, guns, choking, drowning. Never anything this violent. He sank to the floor next to the body. They were now both sitting down next to a dead body with time running out and options
limited. Gerard thought back to what he said /"Tried to kiss me./" / Tried to kiss him. Tried to get his baby. Jealously towards a dead man was what got him off the floor and together.

"Get the fuck up, baby. We gotta hide this body. We gotta stuff it in the closet or some shit," he said, yanking on Frank's arm. Frank looked up at him for a second, a little shocked, a little jaded. he looked confused, lost. It was a first for Gerard to be taking the lead on anything. But Frankie needed him right then and he had to help him with this. Because that was what people in love did.

"Yeah, yeah, okay," Frank said and it seemed like a lie. He staggered upward, Gerard still holding onto his arm like he was a little kid just learning to walk. He felt like jelly, he felt like a true murder and not just a guy hiding behind an insignia. This was real, this wasn't a comic book. This was life. And that hit him hard. He looked back up at Gerard, down to the body. Gerard look set. He looked a little sick, but was putting on a hard facade for Frank's health. Frank loved him for it. Gerard let him go, making Frank feel like he was tilting off a tall building again, falling off his chair. On a rollercoaster.

No, not okay. Nothing was okay. He thought at that point in time he would be not as jaded, even though this situation was new, killing was not. Killing was nice. Or at least in most of his cases. Beating someone to death was not. Even if it was for love. Love, what a deadly game. Much more deadly than hiding a murder up by shoving a body conspicuously in the closet. Like no one would ever find that in a few days. It was better than nothing. Or at least Frank hoped.
Gerard and Frank were in their sticky situation. Sticky being the blood that was slicking up their hands. Gerard must have dropped the body once or twice, or at least almost. It was hard to hold up with all the emotions coursing through his veins and messing up his fingers.

He was frightened, to tell the truth, reader. He was so afraid that he would actually drop the body and Frank would hurt him for fucking up. He had to be strong though, he had to suppress his emotions and do this. Physically, metaphorically, emotionally he had to just be okay. And then he could go home and forget it.

He could let Frank fuck him. He could cuddle him and drink. He could forget everything. It would be okay when they hid the body and he went home. God, he was trembling all over and he let Frank write it off as muscle strain.

He let Frank think that he was strong. He had to be the one to call the shots when Frank looked so emotionally unstable. He had to be okay because Frank sure as hell wasn’t. He was stormy looking, his face overcast and Gerard was never one for the rain. But he also looked broken. He was a murderer. And Gerard understood why he looked so guilty.

He had killed Dr. Wheise with his bare hands and then he had to help his boyfriend hide a body. Frank had beat him to death within the span of minutes for kissing him. Gerard was angry, as well. Definitely not to the point of murder though. More along the lines of jealous.

How could that doctor dare kiss his Frankie? He was dead, but there was still a seething feeling of jealousy in the pit of his stomach. It made him want to throw up. Just thinking about the doctor with his hands around Frank’s chin, cradling it, touching him, made him furious. The seether in his stomach boiled over and he felt anger rise into his eyes.

If he had been there when the doctor kissed him, Frank would have to move over. Frank would not be the one to kill him. Gerard would.

Just the thought of it. Just picturing it. Frank being loved by anyone other than him. Weeks before, he wouldn’t care. But now it just made him murderous. And frightened. And maybe a little bit nauseous.

But the doctor was dead and couldn’t touch his Frankie. Frankie was still his and he was still Frankie’s. He couldn’t help but feel insecure. Frank was not going to leave him for the doctor, that was obvious. In short, Frank hated Dr. Wheise. But if we’re talking measurements, in the long run he could have decided that Gerard was not the one for him.

That scared Gerard more than any bodyhiding could. He almost dropped the body again with the thought of that. The thought of Frank not being there.
In the short span Frank and him had been together, Frank had turned his world upside down. He couldn’t remember life without him, and he didn’t want to. He loved Frank, and it would destroy him if he left him.

“Okay, lover, this is how it’s gonna go. They’re gonna ask us about this. They’re gonna know we were the last ones here. We gotta lie and we gotta lie well,” Frank said in a raspy voice that reminded Gerard of the countless Harrison Ford movies he’d seen.

It would be hot if they were not deciding how to cover up a fucking murder. And deciding it over their victim’s corpse.

But not only the tone he used made feelings rocket through his stomach, what he called Gerard. Lover, like he was trying to tell him that he wasn’t going anywhere any time soon. That made Gerard feel nice.

Gerard was flustered yet again. Frank seemed so calm and cool. Gerard had to act like that in the beginning because Frank couldn’t. Now Gerard was realising that they were so screwed.

They would get caught for sure. Even if they hadn’t have done it, they could be pegged just by the overwhelming evidence surrounding them.

“What do we say? We don’t have an alibi,” Gerard said, wiping his sleeve across his forehead. He was sweating like a pig. Halfway due to dragging a body that was the same size as he was, partly because he was afraid. Okay, so a whole lot more than just the strain of the weight. He was fucking terrified. And that outweighed the weight ratio between Gerard and the corpse.

“We act like we do. Is Mikey home right now?” Frank asks Gerard over the body of the dead doctor.

Gerard wanted to let go. He wanted to go home. He wanted to snake out of his clothes and take a shower and he wanted Frankie to fuck him so hard he forgot about the doctor. So hard he forgot his own name. He wanted to forget so badly. But right then he had to remember. For the sake of their futures. He had to remember.

“No... I think?” Gerard said. Mikey kinda went wherever Mikey felt like going. His schedule was blatantly arbitrary.

He might have had class at that time. Maybe. Something like Music Theory around One P.M. If it was anytime past twelve he would have been gone.

“It’s twelve-thirteen, love. Think. Our future could depend on it,” Frank said, scooting the body into the closet.

They were moving the body now upright into the closet, full of medical supplies and other miscellaneous stuff relating to hospitals. It clanked around with the corpse, like a fatal party. The darkness was drowned out and the light hit the body, more frightening than seeing it in full fluorescent. It was aided with an air of mystery. It frightened Gerard.

Gerard grunted. Pushing the body once more before eagerly letting go. He started to dust his hands off, useless due to the fact that dust was not on his hands, blood was.

It stuck to him. His entire being. His body. His bones. His skin. His conscience. It tapped him on the back and screamed “Boo.” It dug into his skin like tiny prickling claws and he was stuck to it. Stuck to him.

Suddenly his flesh did not feel like flesh. It felt like a prison. But those were the same things weren’t
they? In his new situation. They were feeling more like synonyms by the second.

“He is leaving for a class. What about it?” Gerard replied when Frank tapped him with a bloody glove on the shoulder to get him to pay attention.

“Then we go home. Your house. We make sure no one sees us, we sit on the couch and act like we’ve been there since about twelve. We showed up to the hospital at eleven-thirty. It takes about twenty minutes to drive. Fifteen to get all this bandaging done. We can make Mikey believe we’ve been there all the time instead of doing this. Call him, talk to him, lie or something,” he said walking toward the sink.

Frank was going to get the blood off of his skin. Off of the gloves that Gerard did not know what they were going to do with. He had never done this before. But Frank would protect him. Frank knew what he was doing. Even if Gerard didn’t.

Gerard took out his phone before looking at it for a second. He had never lied to Mikey before. Mikey would be able to detect the lie. They would get in trouble. They would take Frank away from him.

He looked at Frank, small and dangerous. Two things that never really mix. He was washing his hands. He was so beautiful. He was so fucking beautiful. Gerard didn’t want to be away from him ever. He wanted him in his arms every night. He wanted him to lay with him and walk with him and be with him. He loved him so much. He didn’t want Frank to go to prison. Frank was not a monster. Gerard was not a monster. (he found that hard to believe; his own bloody hands stating otherwise.)

He yanked off his gloves, nasty and bloody and sliding on his skin with prosecuting friction. Anything to stall the lying that he had never done before. Anything to keep him from this task that seemed unbearable.

He let his finger glide over the lock screen. He hovered over Mikey’s contact. He always hated calling. Maybe he would text him. No, Mikey’s texting was atrocious.

He held his phone up to his ear, letting the rings time with his heartbeat. Everything slowed down. It was true, everyone was right, it felt like his legs were just hardening cement. Fright really changed you. From something human to an apparatus.

It sure as hell changed Frank. His knees were shaking. Could Gerard see? Could he see that he was breaking? Could he see that they both were breaking?

Gerard was focused on his phone. Gerard looked at him every once in a while while he was washing his hands. Did he see that Frank felt like a monster? Did he see anything?

Frank felt a no shudder across his shoulders. Gerard didn’t realise. Frank was probably fooling himself. Thinking with a few lies and some luck that they were going to get through this.

But they weren’t going to get through that, not to Frank’s knowledge. It would never work. He would lose Gerard. But he could always lie for Gerard. That probably wouldn’t work.

But he loved him, God he loved him so much. No matter how clueless or naive he seemed. He loved him and the way he was shaking. He loved him and no one could take that away, even if they took him away.

He wanted to cry. The prospect of losing Gerard was breaking him. Losing himself.

Gerard would keep him together. He would keep him sane and okay. Gerard was the key to Frank
staying sane. But how could he keep Frank sane when he was dying himself?

Frank could see it, Gerard just breaking. He could hear it, when he was talking to Mikey. He could feel it, all around them. The death and the trauma.

Gerard should have never felt that. Gerard shouldn’t have seen that. That was something that he shouldn’t have been exposed to. But he reacted better than Frank thought he would.

He was at least trying to put on a facade of being okay. He had pulled him up when he had killed, he was calling his brother and trying to create as solid of an alibi they had. He was trying to be strong.

Not to mention the fact that he was sort of into it from what Frank could see. He seemed a bit too eager to just hide the body.

But Frank could see that he was frightened. From the way he kept looking at Frank like he could make anything okay. But Frank couldn’t. But maybe he could try.

He would try. Anything for Gerard. He had to protect Gerard. That was the only thing that mattered. Him.

* * * * * *

The small police radio called for backup again. At the hospital down the highway. The one where Ray was going.

It was some hours later from when the incident occurred. Frank and Gerard were restlessly waiting at home, but this section of our sanctioned tale is not on them. It is on Ray Toro.

It was about three P.M. and they sky was a bit overcast. Nothing major, just cloudy. It wasn’t going to rain for a while yet. But there was no promise for the night ahead.

He sighed again, remembering the briefing. This would be just like all the others they got those days. This would just be another innocent body. This was another teenager screaming the doctrine of Satan and worshiping The Jay murdering a person. Something that he had seen all too recently in his line of work.

Murder used to be done by psychopaths and gangs. You never had completely mindless murders. It was all driven by organized crime. But now, murder was committed more than ever. By The Jay, by his followers, and by the ever present crimelords that ran the scene around them when the lights went out. But nw it was almost all about The Jay.

The Jay was a cult leader no one had seen but all had witnessed. The Jay was an outcasted teenager’s wet dream, their call to arms. And The Jay needed to be stopped.

These teenagers who thought they were hot shit because they chanted some mispronounced latin on Saturday nights in their suburban bedrooms with their mentally unstable friends had been killing in the style of this psycho and there was nothing Ray could do to stop it.

Sometimes it wasn’t even in the style of The Jay. But lord knows that it was for him.

It horrified Detective Ray Toro to no end. And there was nothing he could do to stop it.

We hear of Ray Toro in the first chapter when an incident of a knicked couch first reaches our eyes. Yes, it is true Gerard and Mikey Way were close friends with a detective. A very good detective.
It was his mission to clean up the streets of Jersey, a goal that was almost completely unattainable, even if the state in question was not as crime ridden as his. It was a laughable goal and people knew it by the way they tried to shoot him down. But he wore a smile on his face all while they were laughing. He always smiled.

It was in his nature, curly hair and chubby cheeks and a kind smile. Being a detective didn’t take the happiness away from him. No matter how many times he was around bodies as gruesomely mangled as this body was going to be. He was just always happy.

He pulled into the hospital where there were cars of nurses and people there and families. He wondered if some people knew there was a murder. It seemed reasonable not to if you were stuck in a hospital room all day. It seemed reasonable to not know of the horror in one of the rooms.

He got out of his car, the clouds parting like hair to make way for the sun sending a glare straight to his eyes. He hurriedly put a hand like a visor over his brow. He refused to wear sunglasses.

This zanny reasoning was because his friends would make fun of him more for being that typical TV show detective if his glasses were on and his puns were up. God, did Ray Toro hate those television depictions.

Ray was really not like them. He was nice and reasonably intelligent. Not cold and biting, or witty as the television formula might make him. He liked to play guitar on the weekends with a few friends in shitty bars. He wasn’t a cliche, but damn was he afraid of being one.

His partner made his way to him in a sensible black suit despite the fact that it was kind of hot out, her sunglasses on. She was not really one for being self-conscious. That was screamed by the high heels that made the woman who was usually just under Ray’s height tower over him.

Her skin was dark. Her hair was darker, her eyes just the shade in between, large and imploring and kind, almost innocent. The look of intelligence ruined that. But they still were of a playful era. Her hair was neatly pulled back into a bun. She usually wore her long braids like this. Her chin was pointed and her cheekbones prominent. Her jaw could cut off circulation if you looked at it too long.

She has a southern drawl, like her words were dipped in molasses and bathed in sweet tea. That sweet tea bath was followed by being dried off by a towel of Grandmother’s love. That was the kind of voice Armani Dahmer had. And it made many people just comfortable enough to squeal. It came in handy on several occasions Ray could recount.

A little girl once witnessed a murder and would only talk to Armani and Ray. It was probably due to the fact that they were the sweetest team on the force, but Ray could bet it had something to do with Armani’s soothing voice, too.

Another time was when an infamous drug dealer wouldn’t talk. Of course, Armani had to use more than just her voice that time, too. She didn’t seduce him, no matter how many times she would go in and get silence she never resorted to that. She had too much pride. She was just extremely persistent. He finally gave up after she gained his trust. That was their biggest bust as partners together.

Armani’s voice could break people and make people. But Armani was so much more than just her face. More than just her voice.

Armani was a sweet woman, too sweet for a New Jersey task force. But that did not stop her from becoming one of the most successful in years. Ray Toro and her were an almost unstoppable force, consoling children, comforting mothers, convicting criminals. Her talent was almost surpassed by her kindness. Almost.
Armani was tall, slender, but not as thin as a model. She was surely not taller than Ray, heavens no. But she was almost there, just shy a few inches. The fact that she was nearly six feet did not stop her from wearing high heels most of the time that she was seen at work, or even out of it.

She was kind, that is indisputable, but Armani did not take any shit from anyone. That was just the person she was. She respected people when they deserved it, and when they needed to be backhanded she did just that.

Armani was not a violent woman. She was a take-no-shit woman. Two very different things.

Armani couldn’t afford to take any shit. As a black woman, she was oppressed daily, racially and sexually. Armani had to be tough as nails, or she would bend like the finger.

But if Armani being kind, strong, and talented was not enough, she had a stellar sense of humor. At least as far as being a cop went. Her and Ray would joke all the time. Stupid dad jokes, making fun of the stereotypes of cops seen on TV that Ray detested so thoroughly, but most of all when a crime goes horribly wrong. The stupid criminals were always her favorite criminals.

Ray loved her. Ray really did. In a best friend, sibling kind of way. Due to the fact that Armani was a lesbian. And the fact that Ray truly didn’t love her past their relationship as each other’s best friend.

Today was no exception to her hilarious wit. She jogged forward to her less than amused partner in an enthusiastic fashion. Her gun slid around in her pocket, giddy with her, dancing with her delight. Her face was excited, a glorious sunlit smile across her face.

“You’ll never believe how hilarious this case is,” she said with gesticulation high in her hands.

“It’d better be good; I gave up my day off for this,” he said. He had been very excited to stay home and catch up on some sleep. He was going to take a nap. That was exciting, as hell, right?

The wildest he was going to get was maybe calling his parents. Or playing the guitar.

Okay, so maybe his plans for the day really weren’t that great to most. But it sure as hell beat seeing some sloppily murdered doctor.

Cases like these were all the same. Some kid killing for The Jay, or at least in the name of The Jay. It would be a horrible thing. Sometimes they even forgot to put his fucking insignia on the cadaver. Rarely they ever did that. But it all linked to a crime committed for The Jay by kids The Jay didn’t even know.

As was iterated before, it was a horrible thing. A thing that Ray was tired of.

This was no exception. The body was horribly mangled, beat to death by his surprise. (It was rarely ever /that/ violent.) And the victim was quickly identified to the department. Ray would find out in the punchline of Armani’s joke in her next sentence was tied to the victim’s identity.

“FBI agent, Daniel Rhutgers was undercover at this hospital as Dr. Wheise,” she said in her same delighted tone. Her hands bunched up and she squealed at him, waiting for his laughter.

“Holy-fucking-shit,” he said in a deadpan voice.

“The victim is an FBI agent?” he asked her, laughing in a slow way, astounded with the killer’s stupidity.

She nodded, biting on her bottom lip with her two top teeth. She hopped on her foot to see his more
thorough expression.

The kid who did this would be in deep shit. So much more deeper than just murder.

He wanted to laugh, but he was too busy being stunned. This was wild. It would be so much more fun to see how this ended up. His day just got a little more interesting.

“Show me this fucking body,” he said with the same excitement Armani had in her face in his voice.

* * * * * *

Mikey Way and Bob Bryar are sitting at the poorly lit desk of Mikey’s. We shift to their piece in the plot and back a few hours. This was before the body of the Douchey Doctor was discovered. This was just after Gerard and Frank hid the body.

They were discussing something in a murmur, like the sea when the tides were receding. Everything was subdued in the room, the lighting, the sound. They worked in quiet. Till Mikey’s phone rang, Smashing Pumpkins, the telltale sign for Gerard calling him like Batman’s distress symbol.

Mikey picked up the phone from across the startled Bob and answered it. It blared, his favorite song piercing his ears in the way he thought it never would.

“Mikey? Hey, yeah Mikey? Are you home?” Gerard asked him and he sounded a little distressed. It was a concerning kind of shake in his voice, like a shiver of cold.

Mikey did not stress it, he probably just forgot something when he was out and needed it to be brought to him. No biggey, Gerard forgot things at the house all the time.

“Yeah, sure Gee, what do you need?” Mikey asked standing up with his phone against his ear.

“Nothing, just wanted to check up on you. Why aren’t you in class?” he asked, talking like nothing was wrong. That felt a little off to Mikey. But he did not sweat it. Gerard was weird.

“T ook today off due to that killer hangover last night,” he snorted out a chuckle at something that was not funny before shifting his phone in his hand.

“So Gee, are you alright?” he asked him moving into the hallway. Bob was busy pushing pins into a board that showed where the murders were.

“Yeah. Me and Frankie went back to his place. His hand isn’t hurt too bad, yay!” Gerard said and Mikey could just picture him cheering with his pale arms to the sky and his little penguin-y open mouthed grin.

“Okay, that’s good for Frank. See you soon, bro,” Mikey said before hanging up and going back into the room to do more work with Bob.

Essentially, they were putting markers on a map showing wherever the Jay killed so when the time period of his killing came up they could track it around. It was pretty clever, Bob’s idea. They were kind of using Mikey’s resources because he had no clue what he was doing. Bob was studying this shit. He was the brains, Mikey was kind of there to look awkward and give a little insight to what was happening.

Bob knew more about that sort of stuff. He was studying criminal psychology. Or at least, that’s what Mikey remembered him saying he studied.
Mikey turned back into the room, Bob still busy pushing pins into their map. Garden Street, near the cemetery was a victim to this terrorizing red pin that was laid there next. Much like the woman who was strangled by The Jay.

“The woman who was strangled there, she had bruises on her. Right?” Mikey asked, slipping a cigarette out of his pack. He stood against the doorframe, thinking of what police had said about what the bruises meant.

He fondled the stick full of nicotine and addiction lovingly, if still absentmindedly. He was thinking about their victim. One in a sea of many. But this one had a certain significance.

Bruises on her neck and jaw from being strangled and hit. Barely any other bodies held those remarks of violence.

The two hadn’t said anything past Mikey’s question. Bob had yet to confirm or deny. But in all the cop shoes, bruises meant breakthroughs. Think about it, Mikey, he order himself. The marks were small…

The more he thought about it, the more he could legitimize the fact that he could find something. It itched at his brain. All he needed was the evidence to convince himself.

“Bob, get me a picture of the victim’s neck,” he said. He stood up, straightening out and lighting the cigarette that he was just seen fiddling with in thought. He was going somewhere with this.

Bob quit tacking up settings to witness Mikey’s furrowed brow and cigarette apparatus. His eyes pierced through the veil of darkness, the hue that set the room’s tone. The lamplight glinted off of them, making them look like crystals as he stared at Mikey for verification.

Mikey could not see his eyes. He was too deep in thought.

“Claudia Babbin. Strangled at the age of twenty-four by serial killer The Jay. On her way home from a birthday party for her niece when murdered on Garden Street in Morristown. Apparently no witnesses. Bruises on her neck from the killer. No other forms of bruises but cuts are apparent on the body when found, three hours later, indicating struggle.”

Mikey read this off in a flat tone, a mumble more for himself than anything. But Bob was listening, now pushing a pin into a street a few towns over.

Mikey could still not find out what his brain was so desperately looking for. The bruises meant something, something about the killer. He needed to pinpoint it, it was driving him mad. It scratched at his brain like the victim to the killer. It had to be something.

“Ha!” Bob yelled, standing up, so abruptly speaking that Mikey almost dropped the cigarette from his mouth.

“What?” he asked, expertise allowing him to keep the cigarette inside his apparatus to damage his lungs further. His eyes blew up, Bob must have something to say about it. That would ease the itching, Mikey hoped.
The smoke curled, as eager as Mikey to hear Bob’s explanation. Bob stood up, fervor in his next actions. He snatched the file from Mikey, another surprise.

His blue eyes were alight as he showed Mikey a clear picture of the wounds on the woman’s neck in the dim light. Mikey squinted to see better, his eyes adjusting further to the bad iridescence of his room.

“Small bruises. Strong bruises. Most likely made by a stout, strong, yet small man. Physically speaking he is fit. He must be either young or athletic. The latter is unlikely due to the fact that he chose a victim that was small. Miss Babbin was a petite woman. Five foot four, 120 pounds. She is small. Our attacker must be, too. They always go for smaller people.

They haven’t murdered anyone under five foot nine. They’re hands and their victims indicate they must be only mid five foot,” Bob explained, circling with his fingers around the bruises on the woman’s neck, outstretched.

Mikey glanced up at Bob who was excitedly looking back at him. His eyes were brighter than ever, the blue of his irises dancing with the glare of white. He looked back down at the picture. He repeated this action several times before making any sound.

Mikey hummed in thought after a few seconds of glancing at Bob and the pictures, the back of his throat vibrating with the information he was just given. Was that important to write down? Was it right? Or at least sort of accurate? Mikey sat down on his bed after pacing around, still staring at the pictures that Bob had since handed to him. It was something that seemed relevant enough.

He got out his notepad, sitting in his back pocket with his pen. He jotted down notes.

- Probably Small due to size of victims and handprints.
- strong though
- young/athletic

It was nothing Bob had not told him before by the theory they were both thinking of. But it was good enough to catalog. That narrowed down their search considerably enough among other things that they needed to find out.

Mikey yawned, sliding his notepad onto the stand next to his bed. The clock showed that it was twelve twenty-six. They had been working since Gee and Frank had left for the hospital at eleven thirty. That was probably enough for them. Or at least for Mikey.

He was fairly lazy and he was looking forward to a day of bunking off of school. It wouldn’t be worth much, Gerard was not there to watch cheesy horror movies with but sleep was as good as his brother.

Bob took their tiny breakthrough as a queue to leave. He gathered his things. He was still going to his classes for the day. Goody-two-shoes Bob.

Mikey yawned, his thin frame even thinner lying down. His glasses were a tad bit askew on his face. But he didn’t mind, they were like that most of the time.

“Bye, Bob,” he said, waving au revoir to his retreating figure.

He watched for a few moments, Bob’s blond hair bobbing as he left.
Mikey was tired, but he wasn’t fatigued enough to ignore the fact that he was proud of himself. Bob and him were doing something. They were being something. Maybe his eighteen-year-old existential crisis was wrong.

He couldn’t deny the feeling in the pit of his stomach that something was happening. Maybe this would end badly and they would get killed. (That was unlikely.) Maybe they would be heroes. Maybe they would just stop this frivolous thinking in a few days.

Who knows? This could end and they could go on and retell this story to girls they really liked to make them laugh. But despite the prospects of this actually being rewarding being slim he couldn’t disregard the feeling that he had about this particular project. Was this how Ray felt all the time? Just feeling good and solving things? Must be why he was always smiling.

He turned over, not even bothering to take off his glasses or get under the covers. He fell asleep contemplating the feeling in his stomach and what they were doing with themselves and this project.
Gerard came inside their apartment with timid steps unlike the contrasting cacophony of the cleanup and the killing. He came behind Frank, from the car where they were mostly silent except for the unsettling sobs that racked Gerard’s breaking body. He couldn’t drive home. He couldn’t see through the tears.

He had remembered having to cover his face as well as possible. A lot of people cried in hospitals but Frank knew that they would be questioned and security cameras would catch him crying. It would look suspicious.

They left through the back, climbing into their car in secrecy and hesitation. Frank pulled all the stops, keeping Gerard and him away from the eyes of others and cameras. He was the smart one, the paranoid one. Gerard just wanted to go home.

He had stopped crying since then but anxiety ripped through him like a tornado in his stomach. It hurt. They were going to get caught. He was going to jail. He wasn’t cut out for that place. He would go to jail and Frank would go on death row and his mother would hate him and and and…

He needed to calm down. But he couldn’t. He kept shaking and all of his movements were deliberate and undecided. They were jerky and acted on their own accord in tight, awkward movements. He felt like a marionette doll with a mad puppet master and sick children were the audience.

It was seen when he closed the door, the movements so absolute in themselves it was like a stop-motion movie. Frank had left for the kitchen, leaving Gerard to stare at the nothing in Frank’s apartment that he felt.

The room was clean and spotless. Somewhat calming in his state of chaos. The habitat had nothing to do with what they just did. And what Frank would do again.

It was clean and normal. A psychotic householder for an unbelieving home.

Frank would kill again and Gerard couldn’t stop it. He was a murderer and it was an addiction. But it was Frank. He couldn’t just stop loving him. It was not that easy. Nothing was easy when it came to Frank. And that was just what defined Frank.

It was quiet. So quiet a whirring in his ears and the imagined screams of all the people Frank had killed was on a constant playlist in his head entitle “Lover”. He wanted to fill that mixtape with all his favorites. The ones that made him cry, the ones that made him happy. But that was all ruined. Gone.

He couldn’t stand standing. His knees were shaking and his legs felt like wet hair, dragged down, cement sneakers working against him. He felt weak and he felt heavy and off balance. He felt out of his head and insane. There was a spot where the curtains let the light in. And that was where he
focused his blurring eyes. It burned his retinas like flowers that were too bright. He did not care.

He was in a comatose sort of peace, the soundtrack of a murderer that he was chained to in his mind, broken record in his ears. But it was a peace shattered with his incapability to handle that soundtrack.

He slid down the wall, tears building up against his head, pounding like the screams that he heard within his ears. They wouldn’t stop. They wouldn’t quit. It was all artificial but it felt so real.

He wanted to scratch off his own ears and gouge out his eyes and get rid of his nerves and skin. He did not want to hear it, he did not want to see it, he did not want to feel it. He didn’t want it. His body was rejecting the murder in his violent way.

He sobbed, out loud, a retching that reached in his heart. It echoed in the place where his most used muscles used to live. If his heart was absent, why was he still breathing?

He clawed at his chest, the crying becoming too much for him to not want to hold himself together. He was so close to spontaneously combusting he knew that he needed to self preserve. Hold himself together. Even if it meant, burning his hands on the thin thread.

The thoughts of himself exploding or imploding or even just existing were too much. Everything was too much, he was splitting. Splitting apart at the seems and he just couldn’t do it. He started to breathe quicker again. Breathe, breathe, breathe, the only thing that made him feel complete was the air in his lungs and the pounding of his heart.

Gerard wanted to divert his thoughts from his own demise and the demise of others, the victims of Frank. He thought about something equally as horrible, a little more bearable. Something that was just a little better than the things he kept imagining.

Frank kissing the doctor. The thought of their collective victim doing something bad was enough to chill his conscience. Just enough for him to stop crying as hard as he was.

Frank was his, his disgust with himself was now matched by his anger at their victim. That took away a little bit of the guilt. That took away a little bit of his hatred for himself.

He stuffed the fist that he had previously latched on his shirt in his mouth. A banging of glasses showed that he was in danger of being found out by his lover.

Although that wouldn’t be terrible, he really didn’t wish to talk about it. He didn’t want to be held by Frank. Not yet. He was too alienated from himself at the moment.

He was running out of time. Frank would come out and he would be seen and that was anxiety he didn’t need. It loomed over him and in the pit of his stomach. He needed to move. To Frank’s bedroom, to the bathroom, onto the couch. Someplace that left him less vulnerable.

He scrambled, holding himself in awkward places that had to do with him breaking apart, to the couch where he could hide in himself at least for a little while. The couch was facing the kitchen, the back would hide him from Frank’s view somewhat.

He stuffed his fist back in his mouth, sobbing around it, his teeth knowing into the skin, grazing his knuckles. The same logic applied when he was on the couch. The silence lapped at his ears like the tide, eager to guilt trip him into destruction. He could hear it, hear them. The thud of bodies, the water he used to clean his hands. The slap of soap on the linoleum they used to clean up the blood and make it look like they weren’t there. They were never there.

He could hear it, scared of the silence but terrified of the sound that he might make. Scared that it
would be so loud he would split apart. Was he splitting apart?

He was sure of it, the next voice being just under enough to get him from cracking fully. He was held together by a string, a string that was held between scissors, ready to be cut.

“Gerard?” came a hesitant voice, seeping so slowly between the cracks in himself. It filled him with emotion. Hatred or love, he wasn’t so sure. But it hurt like both of those feelings did. Everything seemed to hurt. Everything was hurting.

He trembled, leaflike with the permeation of Frank’s voice, a sonnet of sorrow substituting the screams. His knees shook, his body quaked. He was not cold. He was not frightened. Maybe just overwhelmed. Maybe just confused. Maybe.

“Baby?” he asked in a more hesitant heart-wrenching voice. Gerard held his breath inside his head, he didn’t want to be seen yet.

Frank seemed melancholy over the fact that Gerard was not answering, but the fist that he would not remove from his mouth would make that hard. The fact that he was fractured beyond repair made it hard.

Frank’s voice was breaking like Gerard’s being. When he said that, he was afraid. He was so afraid that Gerard was not there. He did not see him, not yet. Did he leave? Did Gerard leave him? When he didn’t respond he couldn’t feel his bones. He felt like glue and jelly and water swirling around instead of his skeleton, muscles, skin. His marrow was replaced with cyanide. Gerard come back. Come back to me, was a whisper scream in his mind, pounding at his head, squeezing his mind. He yearned for the person he loved to be happy, to be safe. But above Gerard’s well being, ideally, his well being would be brought by Frank.

But Frank couldn’t do that. Hell, he didn’t want to. If Gerard wanted to leave him he had to let him. He had to let him be free. Because he loved him. And that was what love was. But he couldn’t help but feel sick at the thought of Gerard happy without him.

“Gerard? I’m sorry,” he said, wondering with his breaking and ignorant heart how he could have ever been so calm about this. The action of leaving Gerard alone and acting like this was normal seemed so alien.

“I know,” Gerard sobbed out, holding onto himself harder, insisting on keeping his ramshackled body together and himself sane. His voice sounded as broken as Frank’s, as broken as he felt. It was a deep sort of patheticism. Like he was practicing his begging.

And begging he was. For what the both of them were not sure. Thus, he was left pining for something other than what he had. Dysphoria coursed through his veins with his obvious mental instability.

“Gee,” Frank said, running to the front of the couch and putting his arms around his breakdown boyfriend. He didn’t know how to make him feel better because he knew he was the one to do this.

“It’s okay. Cry, you can cry. Get it out, Gee, baby. I’m sorry that you had to see that. I’m sorry you had to do that. Won’t happen again, baby,” Gerard was told in a coddling voice that seemed so foreign to a murderer.

“How could he do that to you?” Frank was asked in a shaky whisper between gasps for air. The voice sounded so dejected. So self conscious.

“I know, baby. It’s over now. It’s over,” he assured Gerard, kneeling in front of where he laid,
stroking his soft, dirty, hair.

He wasn’t too sure if he was really upset over Dr. Wheise touching him or something else. Like the fact that he had killed him. He was doubtful that it was truly the first thing that Gerard was so upset about so he opted to cut out ‘I killed him’ and replace it with ‘It’s over.’ Something that probably shifted the nature of that current thread of conversation significantly.

“Did you like it? Huh?” Gerard asked, tears streaming down his pretty face as he looked up at Frank, all grinding teeth and watery eyes. He had to force his words out through the wall of his little teeth, the little teeth that Frank loved so much. they came out soft, like a blanket of needles stabbing into Frank’s body.

What Gerard said hurt him. How could his baby think like that? His soulmate. His one and only, Gerard Way, the only and quickest person he had ever loved before. How could he think so little of himself.

“I killed him, didn’t I? Of course I didn’t like it. It was horrible, only you Gee. No one but you can make me feel loved. I will never love someone as much as I love you, not him, not no one,” he said, more frantic in his strokes of Gerard’s hair. He was trying to calm him down, but nothing seemed to be working. Maybe he would just have to ride this one out. He wanted the pain he had caused to end, it hurt him to see Gerard hurting.

“Oh, baby. I’ve done this before, remember? I’m gonna keep you safe. No one will ever take you away from me, not ever,” he said, crouching further on his knees, gripping Gerard’s face tightly in his hands.

Gerard couldn’t stop shaking. He couldn’t stop crying, the feelings that he had rattled deep in his bones like the regret he was feeling for ever meeting Frank.

His mind was starting to shift and change, as Frank held him, loving and beautiful. He was a liar. Frank was a liar.

How could someone so glorious and protecting kill someone? Ever? How could he do that? Gerard felt sick. He felt frightened. More so than when he had just found out. Because now he knew the extent of his power. The extent of his fists.

He started to breath heavily again. He was going to hyperventilate. He was going to pass out soon enough. He was having a bit of a panic attack. Frank didn’t seem to notice pass calming him down.

Gerard would be going to jail in a few days. A man was dead and his boyfriend was mentally unstable. (Not to mention he was, too.) Fuck his life. Fuck his life. Fuck his life.

He hated Frank. He hated meaning Frank. And for the second time in their short span of acquaintance, he acknowledged it.

Frank was rubbing circles into Gerard’s still crying back, words and sobs and breaths being
predominately made by Gerard. Frank just kept quiet, duty in the way he held Gerard so awkwardly. But he kept at it, love in his actions and deep loyalty in his heart.

“I hate you,” he was told in a whisper. It was muffled between sobs and the fabric between them. Frank grasped tighter to his boyfriend, denial in his actions.

“What?”

He heard what he said next so much more clearer, even if his words were covered, not by fabric anymore, but by gritted teeth and loathing. His head came up, tears covering his eyes and matting his hair. Despite looking like hell he looked up at Frank and uttered words that made him let go.

“I. Hate. You.”

It was three words that stuck in his heart, lodged like arrows. Like when his dog died when he was eleven, or when he was eight and he heard a gunshot for the first time and didn’t know who shot it and who it was shot at.

It was a slow and gentle process of analyzing it. He let go, his arms unlocking from around Gerard. His arms were cold, he only just noticed enough for it to hurt. He stared at him, disbelief making him even colder than he already felt.

Gerard was unapologetic. His eyes were dark, only alight with the abhorrence he had for Frank. Frank wanted to disappear. He wanted to sink into the ground. He wanted to die. The feeling in his stomach that he had mistaken as nausea was now growing into a complete annihilation of his happiness.

Gerard was the only thing that mattered to Frank. He was everything that he ever wanted and the fact that he hated him, after he told him he loved him, after he told him the secret not even he wanted to know. It just seemed like his existence was an entire waste. He felt so stupid.

“Why?” he asked. It was only to keep Gerard talking. It was only so he could have a few more precious moments of selfishness with Gerard, taking Gerard in.

It was probably stupid to do this. He felt terrible in his presence. And the way Gerard was looking at him like he was more than just the scum of the Earth, like he was the actual devil, was not making him feel any better.

Gerard’s mouth opened, spitting out a venom that Frank had never witnessed on his face. “You’ve ruined my life. You’re selfish. You’re a monster. You’re a murderer,” he spat at Frank, making him flinch.

He nodded. He pursed his lips, hard against his teeth to keep them from quivering. His eyes closed, but despite that he could still feel Gerard’s eyes on him like bullet wounds. Open and apparent.

“Would it be stupid to ask if it was over?”

His tone was raw like his throat was feeling, the acid was crawling up into his esophagus. He wasn’t going to throw up, but it sure as hell felt like it.

His eyes opened, brave enough to stare at Gerard with the growing silence that they had seen too much of lately. A silence that he has loved, hated, and now feared more than ever.

Gerard’s face was almost as torn as Frank felt. His lips were pursed, not unlike his ‘lover’s’ (a term that was debatable in lo of the conversation). Frank wasn’t sure if Gerard was going to cry, too, or if
he was just angry.

“I wouldn’t hold it against you,” Gerard finally said. His lips were quivering while he spoke. He was going to cry. He didn’t answer the true question. but Frank seemed to already know the answer.

“I’m sorry. It doesn’t count for shit. But, I’m sorry. Fuck, I love you so much. Too much, Gerard. It hurts. I’m sorry. You are absolutely the best thing to have ever happened to me and I don’t want to lose you,” he started to full on cry, holding himself in a pitiful stance at the feet of Gerard like he didn’t reduce him to ashes.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I’m sorry!” he screamed, curling his hands liked smoke, like his words, crashing against his ears like bowie knives over the wail of the silence that was coming from Gerard and the shriek of his stares. He shifted into his body, the cavernous empty not unlike what Gerard was feeling just minutes before. But Frank did not know that, he was in his own agony.

“I told you that I would hurt you,” he explained when the tears had stopped enough for him to open his eyes and actual see Gerard.

Gerard started to stroke Frank’s face with his fingers. It was quiet except for his scratching on Frank’s skin. Frank moved to Gerard’s knee, like a puppy needing attention. The pads on his fingers felt coarse against the coarser skin of his lover.

And in another circle they went, consoling each other and silence. Then a fight would break out again, a scuffle. Then crying, then consoling. Around and around and around. And Frank was fanciful to think it would ever be broken.

It was quiet. One of the few quiets that he did not dread if he didn’t think too hard enough. The only thing he dreaded were the words to come between them. Something that he had been feeling all too much as of late.

“You’ll be okay Frankie,” Gerard said into the silence continuing their strained conversation.

But Frank could feel that that was a lie. He knew that he was hated. Gerard had told him that. He knew that he had screwed everything up and that he had just murdered. That he was going to send his boyfriend to prison with him. He needed to keep him safe. It was only Gerard. It was all for Gerard but he had nothing more to give when he was at his hungriest and neediest.

He began to cry. It wouldn’t make a difference. But he just felt like crying. With the prospects of their future together bleak and everything. And the fact that Frank was the one to fuck that up.

He fucking everything up. Everything. The first thing he ever killed was his mother’s hopes and dreams. The second thing was his hamster. Both of those things, he did not just kill, he fucked up. He fucked Gerard up. he fucked his life up. Did that mean next victim was Gerard?

No, it wasn’t. He had to talk again or the artificial shrieks of Gerard would run him over and skin him alive.

“You think I’m a monster. You don’t love me anymore, Gerard.” What Frank forgot to add was that he thought he was a monster.

His words were spoken in shaky breaths like skeletons in the wind but they held such a forceful meaning. Gerard didn’t love him. Gerard would never love him. Never, never again. He had fucked up so badly. At least he got this. Gerard was still petting his face, pushing his tears away, pushing their fears away. Like he still loved him. And maybe he did. His reply made it sure seem like it.
“I love you so much, Frankie,” he whispered. “So fucking much, don’t forget,” he added in a sort of command.

Frank didn’t believe him. He could never. Not after being told the opposite. “You’re confusing me. How the tables have turned,” he said, a break between his two sentences, a sigh and a breath for air.

He wanted to laugh at the irony of everything that was circling around his head.

He looked back on The Accident. Gerard had looked so scared, so helpless, so confused. Frank could admit to making him feel that way, but had never felt so bad about it till now. He now knew what it felt like.

It was painful, being confused. Always disbelieving and hurt. It was painful in his brain, it was a constant stab, Gerard’s stab in the back. He could only imagine how Gerard felt when he had so briefly done it to him. His morals crumbled quickly. What could he say?

“I know, I’m confused, too, baby,” he said, in a sort of comforting way, absentmindedly swirling his fingers around Frank’s cheeks.

Frank shut his eyes, not wanting to start a fight over the outrageous statement Gerard had made. He was confused?!! Well, how did he think Frank felt?

But he did not say anything for a while due to the fact that he was quite enjoying his time left with Gerard, despite it being riddled with pain and other crappy emotions. He wiped his face, eager against Gerard for one more time. It felt so nice. He almost shed a tear.

He yanked his head up with a sigh. He had to do this. It was an itching in his skull, a scratch on his face, like Gerard’s fingers leaving burns.

Gerard’s hand stopped. His eyes turned to him, wide and imploring. He could not quit this, he would not let himself crumble with Gerard’s face, one of his only weaknesses.

“I’ve decided something,” he said in a final tone. Waiting for a reaction, he took the time for his eyes to turn to something that resembled steel. Glass, not letting out any feeling in them as Gerard tried to look at him.

“What did you decide?” he said to him, his fingers now empty and searching for something to do, settling on being bitten in anticipation. He was scared, his eyes were windows that Frank wanted to jump out of.

“That I don’t like being confused. Explain yourself,” he commanded to Gerard. His hands were on his hips but this was everything but humorous. He stared down at Gerard for the first time in his knowing of him despite their sexual relationship being such of a domination/submission sort.

His eyes turned from steel to metal to water again as Gerard looked at him in a panic and confused way. He was sitting on his couch, curled into himself like he was going to be hurt.

Frank did not want to show sympathy but his knees shook under him as he stood, away from Gerard, away from his lover. Must stay strong. Please stay strong.

“I- fuck I can’t, Frankie,” he said, wiping his face in a most apparently tired manner.

“Tell. me,” Frank insists, gritted teeth grinding along each other like people dancing.

“I hate you. Like, sometimes I really hate you. Like when you try to push me away, and when you
confuse me. And when you ruined my life today. But i can’t help but love you, too. So much, Frank. So fucking much. I love you. I love the way you cross your arms. And I love the way your chest feels when we’re cuddling and you're just breathing and I can hear your heartbeat. I love the way your mouth moves when you talk. And I love you. And I hate you. And I don’t know if I can elaborate on that,” he said, adding a shrug as punctuation to his speech.

He seemed entirely too casual about this whole thing. Frank’s head was still reeling and Gerard had caught all his fish.

Frank sighed, that was as good as an answer as anything even if he didn’t have any metaphorical fish. That was the best he was going to get till another one of them broke down. And that wouldn’t be for the next few days.

It was the fighting, quiet thing but in a bigger scale. It was Frank fuckig up, Gerard calling him out and then them not speaking, then fucking. Till it began again. It was their cycle.

He sat back down, staring at Gerard from his place on the floor, the edge of the couch between them. Again, he was seemingly lesser than his fidgety boyfriend, always looking up at him, always lesser. He didn’t mind anymore. He had gotten used to imbalance when it came to their relationship.

“Sorry?” Gerard said, the edges of his apology curling as to indicate a question.

It was a ridiculous thing. Telling the person you loved that you hated them, then telling them you love them and baffling the shit out of them and only answering with a questionable apology, as if you didn’t do anything wrong. Bullshit. But Frank still went for it. He was tired. He was so tired.

“Yeah, baby,” he was told in a slight whisper, Frank’s tone of voice and where he was looking not really meaning acceptance.

Gerard couldn’t blame him, it was not every day that you were told that you were hated by the person you were supposed to be in love with. At least for most people. Gerard was one of the ‘most people’. And so was Frank. But it was also not normal for couples to leave for the hospital happy then come back with blood on their hands and damaged psyches.

He felt like an asshole so bluntly blaming everything on Frank. It was his fault, there was no arguing there. But he hadn’t fully ruined Gerard’s life. Not yet anyway. Not till they were caught.

“Don’t you have work?” he was asked, while Frank was picking at the couch, right next to his leg with his tattooed and dainty fingers. He didn’t look at him, it was just a mutter. A placeholder for the silence that would soon be taking it’s place in line back.

“Don’t you?” Gerard countered, leaning back on the couch, just watching Frank, the same sort of intent obscurity in his tone.

“Sick day. You?” he was asked. The mumbling of Frank was a bit endearing not going to lie for the sake of Gerard’s pride. But despite being a cute tone it was an awkward vibe.

Their conversation was blunt, jerky, it was an artificial thing and Gerard felt saddened by that. They used to spin webs with words when they were together and weave stories through the silence. Now it was this, small talk and looking away or it was explosive complaints to the other at one thing or another. He just wished he could be there, days before, the first day they had sex, lying in his bed, happy and unaware of how quickly things turned to utter shit. It was so nice back then, even if Frank and Gerard weren’t together. Maybe that was the nice thing.

“Whenever I feel like it, I mostly work at home,” he said with a shrug. This was probably the first
time they got on the topic of work together, and it was not as stimulating as Gerard imagined it being.

(Gerard imagined all of their conversations. To future grocery store trips, to telling each other they love each other (like that’s going to happen anytime soon). To just asking about this thing. Work. With Frank he thought everything through top to bottom and over again, and he still managed to royally fuck it up. C’est la vie.)

He really couldn’t say he was disappointed in anything anymore. He just couldn’t. Maybe he cut Frank too much slack. Maybe it was the shock of the events at the hospital. Either way, he kinda didn’t care anymore. That was a daunting prospect.

“What are you working on?” he was asked by a pushing Frank, still picking at the couch, but now turning to look at him. That was a one up.

The quiet interest he showed in Gerard made a thrill go through his heart. Okay, not a disappointment. Frank was truly one of the only people who asked about him, and wanted to know more. Even when he hated him.

“Something about aliens. It’s a graphic novel. That’s what I do, I draw. Like, this one is about a woman who is supposed to be abducted by aliens but she ends up keeping the alien sent to her house to get her,” he said with a little nervous chuckle.

It was a stupid idea. Telling Frank and the plot of the graphic novel. He was the one who came up with it. He was the one who was working on it. It wasn’t even for work. For work he was just penciling. This was his own, but he didn’t tell Frank that. It was not like he ever did anything else at work besides the things he wasn’t supposed to.

“That’s cool,” Frank said, nodding. They were acting like people just meeting, they liked each other but the conversation went stagnant and had to be pushed like a dead car every time someone stopped talking.

But it was ridiculous the fact that they knew each other better than any other person but Gerard had had more rewarding conversations with the landlady. Did they run out of happiness? Did they run out of nice things to say and only relied on the sex and the fighting for their relationship to thrive?

Gerard sighed, knowing the only way he could get back his Frankie, his real Frankie, was to fuck him. Fucking made everything better, right? At least for them it did.

So he said it, blurted it out to a Frank who had went back to looking at his much more interesting and less awkward couch, “Fuck me.”

It hung in the air like most daring things they said to each other, for a few seconds, sinking into their skin, making it a little harder to breath. It was more compelling, those two words than anything Frank had been told by Gerard within the few minutes of calm nothingness they had.

“What?” Frank asked, a blush on his cheeks.

This was barely the Frank Gerard knew. Where was the Frank that would get him on his knees and fuck him hard into submission? Where was the Frank that wanted him? Where was the Frank that he had hated, the Frank he loved?

“Don’t you want me? Don’t you want to fuck me?” Gerard asked in a simpering voice. If he could not turn Frank on enough to sleep with him, he could sure as hell guilt him to do it. His large eyes looked to Frank who was blundering on the floor, holding onto the couch with the hands that would soon be in Gerard’s tight little ass if he stopped acting like an awkward teenager.
He blubbered, incoherent words coming out of his mouth. Gerard gouged on, knowing deep down that sex would make it right. At least for a little while. He just had to grit his teeth.

Why would he do this? Because he loved him. He loved Frank Iero but his heart was only fluttering right now because he was scared that Frank would leave him. When he looked into his eyes all he felt was hatred.

He was desperate. This was not the best measure taken but he had seen worse on TV so what was this to anything? Nothing, it was an easy fix. It was an easy fix, he would not remember the hatred he had for Frank. No, he would remember the love again.

He wanted his boyfriend back. He wanted his old life back. No killing, no knowing, just denied attraction and fucking like kinky rabbits. It was easier that way. It was easier when he knew he loved him.

“Come on, Frankie. I need you inside me. Want you to fuck me. Huh? Fuck me like you kill. I want you to fuck me hard. I want you to make me forget,” he said, moving forward, closer and closer till he was talking against Frank’s lips. He was full lioness, forgetting the gender. He slinked forward, biting down into the blushing even harder Frank.

Frank would give him anything he wanted if he seemed desperate enough. Mentioning the thing that made Gerard so upset that afternoon would just make it icing on the cake.

But not yet. It didn’t work like that. Not for Frank.

He didn’t respond and that was when Gerard got frustrated. “Come on, fuck me, wimp,” he said, shoving his shoulder.

Why didn’t Frank want him? Why didn’t Frank jump on him like he did only days before? Gerard felt tears come to his eyes before Frank finally spoke full and intelligible sentences.

“Daddy’s slut doesn’t talk to him like that,” Frank said in a growl, eyes snapping, transforming like they did earlier, into lust filled moons, dark and ready. All of his hesitation was forgotten and he was hauling himself onto the couch, touching on Gerard.

Gerard just smiled, laying back and getting ready for the pain and pleasure. This would fix everything, right?
Frank took Gerard’s arms, holding him down like he was a danger to himself. He felt like it, like he was an atom bomb and he was going to explode. He felt like he was going to break in two with the need of a thousand goddamn horny teenagers.

Frank was not helping him. Not in the way he wanted. Frank was taking his sweet fucking time doing whatever. Whatever being staring at Gerard intently as he withered and sexually starved beneath him. He seemed to like it, get a kick out of watching Gerard suffer. Wouldn’t be the first time he had done it to him. Probably wouldn’t be the last.

Gerard whimpered with the need of friction. He wanted to grate himself against Frank but he was held down at an awkward angle making movement impossible. He was so desperate for something, anything. But at the same time of his depravity there was an overload of everything. He felt so sensitive.

He was held down by tattooed arms, strong. Sinewy in their act of force, keeping down his body. It felt as if he was being pulled by an extraterrestrial being, lust.

His eyes were dark with it, both of theirs. Frank’s hair was already matted with sweet sweat, dampering the deep coloured strands but not making it unbearable. But Gerard was another story, his little squirmy boy Gerard was anxiously waiting for anything, his hair already in tangles around his face, sweat dripping off of him like he was grass in the morning. Frank was the one having all the fun. As much fun as he could with this amount of textiles between them.

They were both still clothed, but it would not remain that way for long. Maybe Frank would tease him, maybe he would jerk off onto him, spilling across his pants and shirt and body, making him a mess for him. Maybe he would make him blow him, or maybe he would go easy.

They hadn’t done anything hardcore like this often, hell they didn’t have a safeword, they didn’t have anything that they needed to have a relationship like that. And Gerard was convinced Frank knew it by the way he looked so hesitant. Or maybe it was the lighting.

“Gonna fuck you, baby. Gonna make you cum so hard, gonna make up for it,” Frank said with gritted teeth and a deep voice, low in his ear like the lapping whine of the tides against rocks on a shore.

“Oh, Frankie, fuck me. Please, please, Frank,” Gerard moaned in a coo, caressing Frank’s slick skin with his voice. He begged in a whimper, adding it like a weak punctuation to his first sensual sentence. He was so desperate for Frank and not just kisses and promises.

Their words were in deep contrast to their slow, burning movements, words all gravel and rock and words just a little bit of sea water and roll. That was okay, that was how they worked. They
Gerard learned about contrast in art school. White against black, sharp against round. That kind of thing. A lot of people used it to make something seem more striking. Gerard and Frank worked like that. They were one in the same, except the other was peaceful, the other violent. Contrast.

Frank moved his finger, index moving like a divining rod, travelling from his lover’s navel, down to where the hair started, down, down, down,

His fingers were electrocuting him, shocking his skin with warmth and pleasure and he hadn’t even touched him with more than one finger.

Gerard’s stomach went hard, muscles grasping and latching together, his torso pivoting to the sky, trying to purge itself of his body’s sinful thoughts.

his body was shouting, trying to get the poltergeist of lust out of him.

His head was screaming, swimming, trying to make sense of his surroundings when all he was surrounded by was Frank, whispering and touching and moaning into his ear. It was all too much, all too little. Contrast.

“Come on, fuck me. Go ahead, what are you waiting for? Want you,” Gerard managed to grunt out, still so graceful with his strung out voice in Frank’s mind. But then again, Frank had a sort of biased thinking.

It seemed dark, too dark for early afternoon, but then again when he was with Frank nothing ever seemed to light up and he liked it that way. He liked the dark. He liked Frank.

And he liked what Frank was doing to him.

Frank had shoved his calloused hand into Gerard’s tight pants and under his already soiled boxers, only soiled from nights spent on his dirty floor and numerous wears and absent washes. But they were soon to be soiled by the tension growing in his stomach, not with just the muscles.

His cock was hard, eager for Frank and whatever he could give to Gerard. But he was being so sparing.

Frank was taking his sweet time to slide his fingers against Gerard, who was more than ready to forgo teasing. Frank was not, his fingers, still deep in his groin, shifting between his cock and just the tip of it.

“C’mon, Frankie. Said you were gonna make me feel good,” Gerard said, close to fucking tears in frustration. He wanted Frank so badly. It drove him out of his mind and into the street. The new tenant in his head was the devil himself in the form of Frank.

“Relax, baby. You’re gonna feel good,” Frank promised but Gerard couldn’t help but feel wary about the prospect of that.

The thing was, it already felt so good, like an addiction, a little taste of something great. He needed more and he needed it pronto.

Gerard tried to get closer, his hips jutting against his fingers, crying for friction. Friction. Anything. It was like an addiction, the telltale metaphor so desperately used before, a hunger, itching at his mind and in his pants. Right where Frank was touching.
His fingers just kept on dancing, electrifying for what seemed forever before he spoke actual words, foreign to Gerard who could only whimper in pleasure at the touches of his cock.

“We’re just getting started. Gonna make you feel good, okay?” he asked in the lightest of whispers, like his fingertips against skin. It was another promise that would be so prolonged it couldn’t be true.

But they way he said it should be discussed. Like Frank was actually gonna fuck him, a real bona fide promise. That was so rarely used between the two Gerard could hardly believe his ears.

He sounded like he loved him, like they were normal lovers, like they were normal people. But they weren’t. They were murderers and nothing could fix that, not permanently. So Gerard took what he could and didn’t make a fuss about it.

Gerard nodded, eager. Frank was being nice, Frank was being selfless, he might as well enjoy it while it lasted. Because it was not often that he was a good person.

He was great, Gerard loved him. But, damn, sometimes he could be nothing short of horrible. Especially when it came to sex. He was a bit of a mindfuck. And Gerard wasn’t sure why he liked him at times. But Frank was Frank and right now he was being nice, so Gerard rolled with it.

He smiled up at him shimmying his pants down and off his legs, exposing his fleshy pale valleys of skin, hills of knees and thighs. Gerard had never felt good about his legs, especially when they were out in the open in front of another person. But right then, he didn’t care. He didn’t care, not with what Frank was doing to him.

He was suckling his skin, taking in the hordes of flesh, lightly nipping at them. The route to his dick from his thigh was not straight but it went straight to it. His cock jumped to attention like a little flesh toy soldier, against his boxers. Contrast.

Frank had not taken off Gerard’s boxers, so his cock was hard within the confines of cotton, cool atmosphere hitting his rock hard cock through the fabric. Frank seemed to be paying no attention to his needs, but damn was he fulfilling what he wanted.

Gerard wanted to squirm, but he kept still, Frank would understand what he wasn’t saying. Frank was good at that, Frank was good at this. His fingers trailed like figure of an atom

Frank clamped down, harder, harder, harder, on Gerard’s thigh, his teeth sinking like concrete bodies in the ocean. Gerard cried out with a shock of pleasure. A moan and a seizing of his muscles were not voluntary.

How could he like this? He asked himself question similar to this when he let his boyfriend play Sexy Cannibal. Before Frank he had been so normal, well, only a quiet sort of weird, but now it was abrasive, out in the open. It made him feel like an alien. The person he knew weeks before would blush at this type of thing, the person now, the present Gerard loved it, relished it, got off on it.

“You like that, baby? Like when I bite you? Well, I’m gonna fuck you, alright? Long and hard and all night long. Gonna fuck you and bite you and kiss you,” Frank said, moving upwards to nip on Gerard’s sweaty cheek with affection.

Frank smiled down at him, his arms holding him up, palms flat on either side of Gerard. His smile looked a little scary, but that was not his fault. Gerard knew that he was a little out of it, and Gerard was too. Frank’s hand slipped or a moment, loosening his scare factor just a bit. They both smiled at each other, like awkward friends would. The small couch could not hold them for much of their endeavors sufficiently, and that was just what Frank was thinking too.
His smile never dropped as he carried Gerard, bridal style and everything, into his bedroom, which
Gerard had never remembered seeing. That was because he hadn’t, save for their first encounter,
drunken as it was.

It was normal, for a murderer. There were posters on the wall, a bit torn from wear and tear,
damaged to say the very least. He had shoes by the door that he hadn’t yet worn. Cups on a few
surfaces, piled up against each other. Underwear on the floor.

There were a few books lying on a shelf in a haphazard way. Catcher in the Rye, Harry Potter,
assorted titles that made him seem normal, intelligent. He was still shocked, but he was adjusting. He
was normal. Gerard didn’t want to know anymore than what he saw.

He didn’t want to see blood, he didn’t want to see victims or anything. He sure as hell didn’t want to
see trophies, ears or panties or pictures posted against the walls for the occupants of the room to leer
upon.

He just wanted the nice Frank. The Frank that fucked him hard and went to work and loved him.
Not the Frank he had seen at the hospital. Not that Frank. Not the Frank that was on the floor of his
kitchen, crying and holding his bleeding hand, so timid. He didn’t want the bad parts of Frank, but
he got them because he loved him. And he was pretty sure he was okay with it. Most of the time.

Frank laid his hands on Gerard’s shoulders, suddenly insecure again about what to do. He looked a
little embarrassed. Gerard jumped, his own thought land ebbing away with Frank’s gentle touches.
He massaged his rounded shoulders through his t-shirt. His fingers were whirlpools, calming Gerard,
sucking him in.

“It’s, uh, it’s dirty,” Frank spoke against his neck. The noises vibrated against his skin, rippling into
his spine with a innocent sort of pleasure, a tickle.

“Whatever.”

Gerard shrugged against his hands, turning around with Frank’s finger in tow. He flipped himself so
he was facing his smaller boyfriend, a fancy dance-y little move that he had done, slipping his weight
on the carpet.

It seemed darker where they stood, staring at each other. Correction, anywhere but each other. Frank
was staring at the wall and Gerard was busy with their hands, intertwined. The air seemed stilled,
waiting for the next move. It lay on their hunched shoulders like fallen leaves, red. Blood red and
dancing. Swirling.

Frank was quivering, the only thing natural that was moving in their surroundings.Everything else
had been stilled, frozen for the explosion of the oncoming moments. His lips were earthquakes and
Gerard was a tempest. Together they would be a tsunami. Together they would make waves.

His eyes were dark, uncertain. The irises danced around the pupils in an endless parallel tango to
each other, circling, swimming. They were brown, like honey in mud. But despite their dull colors
with flecks of caramel, Gerard got so lost in the labyrinth that was the nooks and crannies of his
brown wasteland lamps. His eyes were so pretty, to sum it up enough.

“Take me, if that’s what they say in the movies,” Gerard said, a smirk gracing the end of his sentence
with a sharp wit to cover up his stupid cliche phrase. If it was just that, just a “Take me,” they both
would probably end up laughing and not even fucking. Gerard needed to get fucked and he needed
to get fucked, to forget. To forget. He was desperate. What could he say?
The murder, was always in the back of his mind, a constant hug of poison, cyanide saying hello to him. He had to shake it off, get held by Frank, fucked by Frank, forgetting everything for Frank, caused by Frank, with Frank. God, Frank was everything in this situation and a few weeks before he might have been scared about that idea but now he embraced it with open arms.

His joke was not so funny to himself anymore, the real reason for smiling fading, but his happiness made him smile more, harder, a little grimace of that was true just for a little while because of his Frank filled thoughts.

Frank smiled with him. His own smile was just as genuine, so much more soft. Was this how Frank saw Gerard? This was not as Gerard saw himself? Gerard was not soft.

Gerard was a killer, technically. In the eyes of the law, at least he was an accomplice. He liked it, he liked the blood and the look in Frank eyes. He liked the horror that they had witnessed, real horrorshow.

After the aftermath of the terror faced, the shock was gone and all he felt was guilt (somewhat softened by Frank). He felt guilt, not for doing it, but for the fact that he realized he liked it so much.

But despite his now knack for murder, he was soft. But he wasn't. He wasn't soft, and he knew that because of his newfound hobby (even if no one else did). But how could that sentence be true when it’s all he’s ever been told. When it’s the only thing he was feeling at the moment. His legs were jelly, firecrackers, if you will, flimsy with twigs for limbs, bending and close to breaking but never snapping, resilient.

He felt like it was his first time, the foreplay from the couch was all but forgotten, in the staring at each other from the distance their cocks had been ignored. But not anymore. They were remembered, a sharp jerk to his brain saying “Asshole, I’m still here.”

Gerard was ready for whatever he was given at whatever pace. He was greedy, hungry for him. Waiting, just waiting. He didn’t mind what came next. Even when his cock was nearly screaming at him to get touched and fucked he didn’t mind just being kissed.

Frank’s smile, next move, cupping Gerard’s soft, so soft, face in his hand, kissing him was what alighted his body to start throwing bowling balls into his intestines, knocking into his vital organs, making him dizzy. Gerard had never liked his cheeks, they were too round, too babyish, but when Frank touched them, lord, they were nearly a national treasure.

Frank’s lips were soft, like silken bedsheets caressing his lover’s skin. His fingers were a forgotten sort of rough, turned soft in Gerard’s mind with the love he had for him. He skidded across his skin, tongue skidding across his teeth.

Gerard felt alive, an electric cacophony erupting in his veins. His blood was liquid nitrogen, so cold he was burning. He felt numb. He had never been more sensitive. It was the best sensation he had ever felt.

Frank’s pink lips went from his paramour’s mouth, down his neck, trailing like the curling vertebrae of his spine down to his shoulder. His tongue was sheathed, a sword not yet uncovered. Gerard could not wait for it’s deadly blow.

“I love you. Don’t forget. I love you,” Frank cooed into his lover’s skin. Gerard was touched by his hot breath, his skin warmed on his shoulder. Frank’s words were fire, a dragon of passion the speaker was.
“I love you, too. I love you, Frankie,” Gerard spoke, his eyelashes splashed against his cheeks, like butterflies of ecstasy. He was dying to be touched but this was enough. His glory of kisses and sweet nothings were something to be relished. But he yearned for more. More.

Frank palmed him, his cock hard and leaking already with the moans he was dying to spill. Gerard was almost ready to come like that, like a schoolboy, right in his pants.

Frank knew him well, his eyes fearful of just that thing. “Not yet. Gonna make love to you,” he said. His hybrid of a whispery grunt, out of breath and horny was perfect for this, nonchalant yet sincere.

A shock went into Gerard’s skin like he was a nail in a light socket. Make love, that was the first time they had done something like that, touched each other in a way that proclaimed forever. Their fingers would become picket fences, bite marks foundations for houses, bruises were lakes and ponds. They would be maps of each others neighborhood, each others galaxies. They weren’t stupid enough to not notice that this was a millstone. It somehow made Gerard harder.

He was more eager for what was to come just so he could bask in it, but this was part of it, too. You couldn’t rush perfection. And, oh, perfection it was.

Their lips melded together again, an atom bomb, a supernova, black hole mouths creating one big vortex of bliss between the two. It felt like too much, but Gerard was greedy. Gerard wanted more. He wanted to please Frankie, he wanted to touch him, his hands moved to Frank’s clothed body. He hadn’t taken off his pants. That would have to be changed soon or Gerard was going to explode.

He grumbled, tugging at Frank’s waistband, his hands stuck between them, trying to get Frank to take them off.

Frank stepped out of his pants, their legs clashing, hairy and pale and fleshy. It was okay, their bodies weren’t perfect. They didn’t need to be, because together they were perfect with all their cracks and bumps and murderous tendencies.

“I love you, Frankie,” Gerard proclaimed against hot skin again and again, as if trying to make himself believe it.

He didn’t need more reassurance, the way his heart felt at that moment, pounding against his chest, begging to get out and touch Frank’s body like his fingers were, he knew that he loved him. He loved Frank Iero more than anyone could ever love someone. At that moment he didn’t hate him, he didn’t need to.

His words were distant, ringing still in Frank’s ears, better than moans, better than anything. “I love you, Frankie,” was all he needed to hear.

He dipped Gerard, his sweaty hair flying parallel to the wall with his movement. They were in socks and t-shirts and boxers. They must have looked a mess, making out in the middle of a dirty bedroom, as if awaiting arrest. But Frank didn’t care, Gerard didn’t care. They didn’t care about anything except each other and how the other felt and that was

They were poetry, truly. Gerard’s hands clamped on Frank’s shoulders like stanzas, Frank held Gerard’s face like sonnet. They kissed like a simile. They were metaphors together, melded bodies and all.

Gerard was gasping for air, Frank dancing him around the room in a nonsensical way. They were twirling and they were kissing and they were laughing and Gerard could have sworn they were drunk, that they were in love. But more times than not that was the exact same thing.
His lungs felt so full they slushed around and screamed. That was not just the love talking, that was the lack of oxygen. He pushed Frank away, both panting, breathless, in the middle of the room swaying together, in each others arms.

He had to breathe, but Frank was oh, so breathtaking.

Gerard petted Frank’s face, his hill like cheekbones and the valleys of his facial flesh, like he was a statue, soft and warm, not hard and cold like they almost always were. It was the aftermath of their apocalyptic tongue dance, lip smash, teeth clash. It was the end of their supernova, no, the beginning of their consumption. Their black holed beauty.

“Frankie, I never want to leave you. Wanna be with you forever, wanna live like this forever,” Gerard said and to any sane person it seemed like a proclamation of dedication. And to Gerard and Frank, it was, but it was taken much more lightly. Was it the lack of oxygen or the look in Frank’s eyes? No one knows, least of all Gerard.

Frank hummed in agreement, his face upward to his boyfriend. Sometimes he forgot that he was shorter than Gerard by a few inches. Hell, something as trivial as that to the fact that he might have onced forgot his own name.

Frank’s fingers felt themselves snaking up Gerard’s face to the wrinkles of happiness bunching at his eyes like a map. He traced them, feeling the crevices, small and cracking, making Gerard all the more beautiful.

Gerard kissed him again, Frank’s hands moving to the back of Gerard’s neck. The swirling eddies of small hair were soft. His fingers traced them tentatively, trying to imagine, as he kissed him, how such a gorgeous human being could have ever existed in that close a capacity to Frank.

“So beautiful. You hear me? You are absolutely gorgeous,” Frank mumbled against Gerard’s swollen lips. They were red with exercise but Frank was not complaining. They were incredibly hot.

Gerard groaned, making Frank’s previously forgotten dick to jump in excitement.

Frank pulled Gerard to the ground, growling in a new excitement, hungry. Gerard hummed in encouragement, his legs folded under him, eyes staring at Frank with all the more attentiveness.

They were no longer just kissing, there was the hunger that they shared on the couch between them now and the nothingness of their consuming kisses were not enough, in fact they left them starving. Frank was starving. For more. For more.

Gerard’s eyes, innocent yet knowing, definitely not naive, were gnawing on Frank’s energy. Gerard was as hungry as him. And Frank was not going to deny him what he needed. No, he would give him what he needed and more.

Frank sat down next to Gerard, eying him warily, as if a teenager unsure of what he was about to do. Like they were kids.

Frank didn’t know how he got along without Gerard for this long into his life. Jesus, Gerard was an enigma, a fucking alien who loved Frank and wanted Frank and needed Frank. And God damn it Frank needed him, too. But that was alright, right? Because Frank was so sick of being so lonely.

He never told anyone, reader, not even himself. He was so lonely. He was so lonely. And Gerard fixed it, he fixed it so well, Frank never wanted to be lonely again. Maybe, he could deal with being lonely, but he couldn’t deal with knowing Gerard was out there without him.
And he didn’t have to, Gerard was here and Gerard loved him and Gerard was all around him, kissing him, needing him. Gerard was there and Frank could barely believe no matter how much he felt him.

He kissed Gerard, trailing his hands along his pale skin, that was all they seemed to be doing but it was so right, so natural. They hadn’t even moved past fondling each others cocks. But it was okay, it was slow and burning, smoldering. Frank liked it, more than anything else they had done previously.

“Gerard,” Frank said, not calling to Gerard, no he didn’t need to call to him, he had him there in his sights. He just needed to say his name so he could taste it again. It felt like grapes, green and sour, sweet in their tangy facades. He liked it, the way it rolled, the way it fit in his mouth and stood against the wall like a silhouette. He was right the day they met, it was a clunky pretty name.

Gerard didn’t answer save for a smile. he knew what he was doing, he understood. He got it. That was the best thing about Gerard. He got it, he understood. When no one else did.

His fingers, pale and thin and dainty like a fairy’s were tangled in Frank’s black hair, ratty and slick. He liked it. He liked Frank.

But his dick was not digging just kissing. He hated to ruin the nice mood but he needed more. His dick needed more. He created friction against Frank’s body, sitting in his lap and rolling his hips.

Frank moaned in his mouth, vibrating the cave full of teeth and tongue, making him hump him again. They were both acting like teenagers but with more subdued passion.

“Oh, Gerard,” Frank called, drawn out and high pitched, girly even, his gravelly voice the only thing distinct in genders.

“Frankie,” Gerard panted, jutting himself against Frank more, faster. He felt the nerve endings wired like tightropes, sensitive.

Frank moaned into Gerard’s exposed neck, taking a fistful of hair with him. Gerard’s eyes fluttered shut and they were fucking on the floor of the younger man’s bedroom.

Frank grunted, rolling so Gerard was under him. Gerard whined at this, afraid that Frank would tease. He wouldn’t dream of such a thing.

“Love you,” Frank said, grabbing Gerard’s free hand, the one that was not busily pulling his boxers down, then Frank’s boxers.

“I know,” Gerard said with affection coating his voice as he nuzzled Frank’s sweaty neck.

They were soon naked, with some difficulty, from the waist down. Except for their socks, which they did not bother to take off.

Frank’s fingers found their way into Gerard, carefully beckoning pleasure forward with one digit. Gerard moaned, making Frank smile with delight.

Another finger, another explosive feeling of readiness that was all too loudly expressed by Gerard.

“Frankie!” he said in earnest, needing him.

Frank knew not to play with Gerard, not when he was squirming like that, not when he himself promised to make love to him.
He got up, pulling fingers out of Gerard to get the lube and condom. It was only a few seconds but Gerard felt empty, Gerard felt cold.

But then Frank was back, sweaty hair and twitchy fingers and Gerard loved him. Gerard loved him so much, everyone had to. He was Frank. It was so easy to love him.

Gerard must have looked dreamy as hell because Frank gave him a loving yet questioning look before sliding on the condom and lubing up his fingers.

He put it in, cold and welcome in Gerard’s body. It felt nice, like a warm bath after a long day, like taking off your shoes and socks and getting under the covers of your bed.

Gerard’s back arched, his shirt trying to stay with the ground like they were the lovers in this situation, his back felt cold when he lifted it from the warm yet scratchy carpet. Frank let in another finger into Gerard, the stretch not alien.

But when he added the third finger it felt kind of like a sting, a stretch, absorbed and transformed into pleasure. Gerard let out a moan when the fingers went in, out, beckoned for him.

Frank smiled, wide and gratified. He situated his legs over Gerard’s body, swinging his body to hover over him. His soft hips were just jutting out of his shirt. They were so beautiful. He was so beautiful. He traced the little peek of bone, a tiny, pale mountain.

“I love you,” yet again it seemed to be filled with so much passion it almost fell flat. How could three words, how could they mean anything? How? It felt like a feather, a tickle, soft. But it landed like an anvil, a sledge hammer beating his heart into a sword or stained glass.

He loved Gerard. And he wanted to keep loving Gerard. He wanted to show Gerard, just how much he cared.

His cock entered Gerard’s body with a slow slide and a gentle gasp, placed on his shoulders, making him hunch over. Gerard moaned, hooking his legs on either side of Frank, forcing him in further.

Frank shook with pleasure. He bit his lip, letting out a groan that flared out into a moan. Gerard took him in further, holding him there for a moment, no rush. There was no rush just relishment.

He gyrated his hips, earning a loud noise of approvement from Gerard. He clawed at Frank’s back, latching his fingers anywhere he could. There would be roads of pale red, rose blossom paths on his skin where Gerard marked him. It was going to last for very little but they would be so pretty when he turned to look in the mirror.

Deeper, deeper into Gerard. A little bit faster, still pretty slow. They had taken twenty minutes to get where they were and forty more to even come.

But it was worth it, he was so strung out from all the teasing and kissing and quiet that this was like a lightening bolt straight to his veins, driving him out of his head.

Spots came to his vision. The fact that he hadn’t eaten in the last twenty-four hours or was it the effects of Gerard? He didn’t know, he never found out.

Gerard and Frank would be caught. Frank was sure of it. That would never stop him from trying. Gerard was not going to get caught. Gerard was not going to have his beautiful life ruined. He would not be someone else’s bitch in prison. Frank was going to take care of him.

They had to leave. They had to go as soon as possible. As far away as possible. Gerard had to be
safe. Gerard was the first priority. Frank was second and without the first, the second couldn’t exist. He loved him so much.

He looked at his boyfriend, head lolling and eyes white, flecked with little red star like veins. Gerard’s hair was black and stringy, not so unlike Frank’s. He was pale and beautiful and fragile. Frank had to protect him. He had to take care of him. And that meant keeping him out of the way of the law. That meant leaving.

Gerard wouldn’t want to. He’d miss Mikey. But goading him into going was for another time. Hell, he hadn’t even figured where he wanted to hide them away.

Where they would go Frank wasn’t sure. But they would go far, far, away as soon as possible. Maybe Portland, California? He could keep up his antics as The Jay with the help of his baby. Maybe, but with the way Gerard had acted about just hiding a body, not even killing it’s person, made him wary about that sort of thing.

He didn’t care anymore. He had to take care of Gerard’s short term needs. He was sweaty and moaning out sins from between his lips. “Frankie, Frankie, Frankie.” The name was a curse in itself, the way Gerard said it just made Christian mothers want to cover their children's ears.

Another moan with his next thrust into the deep abyss of Gerard. He curled his fingers into his hair, he was shaking, holding himself up by sheer will power. His elbow was shaking with his weight, he let his hips snap again, earning an earthshaking moan from Gerard whose eyes rolled into the back of his head.

His neck went all exorcist, circling and twisting with pleasure, his face now turned to the shaky elbow that was holding Frank up. His hair was in shambles, all knots and sticking up and to his neck.

He kissed Frank’s awkwardly placed wrist, the one that felt like it was burning, gently resting the arm down so Frank was right on top of Gerard. Gerard kissed his head, letting Frank snap his hips into him again, right against his body, making it feel all the more truly genuine.

Frank took Gerard’s body into his lap, sitting them up, all weirdly placed knees and soft caresses. He was soft skin, folded against a tattooed body, the sweat shared between them making everything genuine, heightened.

They were like teenagers together, so in love and so young, so uncertain. The future hung on a thread. But they were not worried, not Gerard at least. How naive Frank’s baby could be.

Gerard was sitting there, blissed out and happy. Frank wore a sort of forced, sloppy smile. He loved Gerard, fuck, and that was why this mess was so egregious. He had to lie and he had to lie well and he had to have luck. In copious amounts, or else nothing would work out.

But Gerard didn’t see into care, so neither did Frank. He pushed the thought out of his mind, touching Gerard with soft caresses and mindless hope for a future so dim.

“I love you, I love you, I love you,” was the waves that they made, making love in the middle of the carpet sea, blue and curly and coarse. Frank was not bothering with details for their destiny but he was basking in his sick little romance.

They probably looked beautiful. They probably looked like art. Gerard sure as hell felt more like an artist then than he ever did at work. Of course, that was only because with Frank everything he ever wanted was fulfilled.

Gerard and Frank moved positions on several occasions. From missionary, to Gerard riding Frank to
laying down and cuddling. But the things that remained constant were the pleasure and what they uttered between snaps of hips and gasps like punctuation, like a promise, fortified by the act of saying it.

“I love you,” were the words spoken when Gerard kissed Frank again, firm on his lips, hiding his smile, splitting the suction, for a moment.

“I love you,’ were the words spoken when Gerard rode Frank into their final oblivion, their peaked reached when the words were screamed like lyrics.

“I love you,” said the two parties when they both came with spots in their eyes, moments after saying it for the second time, holding each other like they were life vests and they were bobbing in their carpet sea.

Gerard felt immortal in that moment, coming all over Frank’s tattooed chest, feeling their hands intertwined and their futures mend so there were few cracks left to even see. They felt peaceful, serene, invincible. Invisible. Alive.

“I love you.”

And that was that.
It was a bright day, lighting up and touching everything. Except for this one examination room. Bright in itself, artificial, a crime scene. Horror filled, hollowed out like a tree and filled to the brim with a sick sort of toys from a parodied To Kill A Mockingbird.


Ray Toro stood over a mangled body. He stood over a body that was beaten and bruised and dead. He stood over the body of Dr. Wheise, agent Daniel Rutgers in disguise.

He stood over a tragedy.

He was disgusted with the sick person to do this. It was likely a kid, unlikely to be the guy’s last patient due to the fact that he had an alibi. He had been at his apartment with his boyfriend, who lived in the apartment next to him and happened to know Ray. Due to his boyfriend’s brother validating this, he could not have done it, he also knew Ray.

There was no evidence that the man, dubbed Frank Iero, had killed him. There was nothing against him, not a DNA sample, not a murder weapon. Nothing. So they moved on. They go onto the possibility that could connect to this sort of violent crime.

It was not a hate crime. He was a white man, middle class, a doctor, openly heterosexual, and not affiliated in drugs. There was nothing to hate him for. He was not oppressed in any way.

It was a kid that wanted to be The Jay. Or maybe it was just someone looking for a kill. Some mindless violence. That was likely.

The man was killed in the way that seemed like it was not some Satanic sixteen-year-old though. It was not ritualistic in anyway, he was beaten to death. It was cold blooded. Seemed like a hate crime, even though it couldn’t be. There was no form of oppression in his lifestyle. He was not a minority. In anyway. So they moved on, more baffled by the second.

Whatever this person was motivated because of wanted it to be hidden. Hell, they shoved him in a closet and cleaned up. This was not a crime that was to be flaunted.

Most of the time when a person is killed in the style of The Jay, it is cleaner and more open. Due to the fact that The Jay makes clean kills most of the time. They are rarely ever violent. It has the symbol sometimes but is easily discernable from The Jay’s actual style. Different type of thread, if thread there be, different style. Sometimes it’s drawn on or not even there.

It was not there in this case. But there were bruises. There were so many bruises. He was a constellation of wounds. A nebula of savagery.
Ray was not the type to use metaphors. But Gerard was. And Gerard had seen this man minutes before he died. Was he okay? He would see when they went over, if they went over to interrogate his boyfriend. But for now, all he saw was this victim.

Abrasions, lacerations, contusions and a fuck ton of other ions on his body. He was a galaxy of hatred. His autopsy came back with several fractures, and multiple broken ribs.

This person was killed by negative emotions, violence at it’s finest, something that would make a droog proud. This had nothing to do with The Jay, not one bit. He was beaten to death. That is not what The Jay does.

Besides, The Jay wasn’t due to kill for another few days. He killed every two weeks, almost like clockwork. It was not The Jay on several reasons.

This left the case harder to solve. If it wasn’t The Kay, it was either gangs or related to The Jay as of lately. There was not a large window of possibility. This left Ray and Armani puzzling over the body with Armani holding a donut and coffee.

“Maybe gang?” Armani asked, mouthful of powdery fat in her mouth, coffee in hand, steam rolling out of the all too hot container. She was being incredibly nonchalant about the whole thing. More so than usual, she was always better at this sort of stuff, way better than Ray ever was.

They were both nice people, kind people, but Ray wasn’t good with bodies. He was good with comforting victims and families. He wasn’t good at standing over bodies. Armani was.

“No, no gang affiliations,” he said in as least shaky a voice as he could. Armani sipped her coffee, a splash of snowy sugar getting on the rim.

“The Jay wannabes?” she asked in a deadpan voice. She was as tired of that prospect as Ray was.

“No, doesn’t match up. Too sloppy, not even trying to make it seem like it was like that,” he said.

“The kid? That kid, Frank?” she asked. She wasn’t thinking like he was, she was dead set on that kid doing it. But he didn’t. He couldn’t have. It was impossible, he had an alibi.

Ray was more lenient than Armani, she never let up from a gut feeling.

Ray sighed, she also never let up on a decision, “You wanna go interview them?” he asked. This was going to be a long case.

Armani nodded, taking one last bite of her donut before turning around and walking out the door, the donut and coffee sailing into the trash in the corner as she left.

She knew how to make an exit. What could he say?

* * * * *

Her heels clicked on the floor, a sort of cheap linoleum as she bounced along, arms swinging like pendulums taking all the air through her fingers, purifying it. She was dark against the cool colours of the wall, flaking and breaking as she kept everything together.

This description of a female is not needed, no, but it surely sets the scene.

Ray and Armani made their way to the door of Frank Iero’s apartment. Armani still thought he did it, Ray, based on a sort of biased view with being Gerard’s friend and all, was skeptic. They had an
alibi alright. Someone in this city didn’t. They couldn’t spend time trifling with people who wouldn’t lead anywhere. But despite that, he wanted to see the friend that had all but disappeared off the face of the Earth for the past month and his new boyfriend.

He knocked, a soft rapping noise resonating lightly on wood. It was a calling, short and sweet and gentle. Gerard soon answered, the door opening with little fanfare but a smile. Gerard’s small teeth lit up his face with a slight gasp of hello.

“Hey, Gerard. Could we come in. We have to ask about the murder. You and your boyfriend were the last people to see him besides the killer,” Ray said.

Gerard looked panicked for a second. “Wait, what?” he asked.

Ray was flustered for a moment. He always forgot people didn’t know what happened half the time. That was his mistake. You would be surprised, reader, how often that happened to him.

Armani stood, a little impatient next to him. She sighed, “Ray, you did it again,” her voice spoke in it’s tired, worn out way.

“What happened?” Gerard asked, looking from Ray to Armani. His eyes were bugged, wide.

“Dr. Wheise. He’s been murdered,” Armani said in a calm tone.

Gerard blanched. He was making a good impression of surprise. Was he not, reader?

“Holy shit,” he said, covering his mouth. Armani looked, still gentle at Gerard in a tone that she was used to giving. It was best to explain softly, patiently, like a stroke of a careful paintbrush.

“You and Mr. Iero were the last people to see him alive. Could we speak to you guys?” she asked in a smooth, soft tone. Just like a paintbrush.

“Sure. Sure,” he said ushering them in. Armani had said it slowly, but it seemed to speed Gerard up. Like he was anxious (which he was, but they didn’t know.)

“Baby!” he called to Frank who walked out, playing with the cuffs on his shirt. He was getting redressed, feeling icky after killing someone in his clothes. There were a few indiscreet blood stains that he would have to get rid of later by burning the shirt.

It was also due to the mind boggling sex he had had with Gerard just an hour or so after they paid a visit. God, would he have loved to just fall asleep to that and wake up in bliss. But alas, truth called and Gerard couldn’t stand laying in bed.

Odd, when he was the one who always wanted to do it. Maybe he was not over the fact that he hated Frank. Frank shuddered inwardly, convulsing tightly mentally, he did not like thinking about that. So he didn’t. He just walked out of his bedroom.

“How did it happen?” Gerard asked Ray, mouth agape in a sort of housewifely gossip way, grabbing his arm in a sort of fixated gesture.

“He was beat to death,” Ray said in a sort of disgusted astonishment.

Gerard cringed, Ray thought it was in lieu of the horrific crime, and in part it was, but it was also they way Ray put it, not an act of love, but an act of violence. Gerard had never seen it that way.

Never seen Ray that way, also. So disgusted with something. Something that Frank did. That Gerard
did. If he found out would he react the same? Would he react more? With more disgust, more horror. He shivered again, his spine shaking like a dancer for several seconds before going back to the same shape, the cold still lingering in vertebrae.

“Mr. Iero, I am agent Armani Dahmer, agent Ray Toro, here,” she gestured to Ray, then gestured to Gerard who still looked a little shocked, “who is also a friend of Gerard’s.”

“What’s wrong? What happened?” he asked, grabbing hold of a Gerard who was still sort of trembling in his own little way. Not from the shock he was supposed to pass on but the disgust he felt for them. They were killers. They were gonna get caught. And Ray was going to do it. And his mom would hate him. And his dad would hate him. And Mikey would hate him. And everyone would peel back his skin and see it in the way he felt it.

He crawled in himself, like an insect in a pure body, a pure mind not present. He wanted to be cleansed, drenched in water and born again, a revenant he would be, all he had to do was stay free. Stay free and stay with Frank, the very person that corrupted him.

He could not help it, Frank made him feel whole. Frank made him feel real. Whenever he was with Frank and they weren’t facing murder or sex, just talking and looking at each other, he felt so free. He felt like a clean bird, soaring and feeling the wind on his wings.

Today was not the case, he felt like a murderer. He was not a bird. He was Icarus, stripped wings, hot wax the only thing remaining to burn his back and help him plummet to the sea, where he would die, but he would get clean.

Frank held Gerard close, snapping him out of his thoughts, as if to say

A comforting reminder of their murder.

“We’d like to ask you some questions about the murder of Dr. Wheise who has been identified as an FBI agent under disguise Daniel Rhutgers,” she said.

Frank wanted to throw up. FBI agent? They would never get passed this. They would catch them. This was too big for them. They would get sent to jail. Frank wanted to throw up. But he hid it and put on a look of mild disgust. He had to hide it or they would really get caught.

Gerard wouldn’t want to leave, he wouldn’t want to leave Jersey. He didn’t love Frank enough to do that. No, he hated him. He hated him, almost as much as he loved him. His morale was broken in his head, his countenance remained stony. Gerard would leave him and he would die but he would go down with a little grace and a little hope.

He would try to get Gerard to come with him, but he couldn’t help but feel a stab of hatred for himself. A stab of guilt that he did not let reach his eyes, pupils being windowpanes, tinted.

He felt bad for Gerard who would soon have to pack his bags and say goodbye to Mikey because they were not staying there for much longer. It was a shame, he really liked this place. It had nice memories. But were memories better than having Gerard in his arms? No. Not at all.

But memories were better than having Gerard hate him. Maybe he would kidnap him. Start again, make him truly love him. No, that would never work.

“Please, sit down. I’ll make drinks,” he said, still thinking about his plan while trying to seem normal.

This Armani woman seemed like a grade A detective. So did her partner. They were already suspicious, but if they played well enough, they would get the attention off of them and onto some
innocent.

“Nah, I got it,” Gerard said, just to remove himself from the situation for a little while so he could privately freak. Frank knew what he was doing. But it was okay, he needed space. He untangled himself from Frank’s warm arms. The scent of him left him, curling out to him, like tree branches, calling to him. He walked on. Into the kitchen to make a shaky pot of coffee.

Gerard walked away into Frank’s kitchen, grabbing the needed things to make coffee while his breathing hitched. He could hear voices in the living room. They trailed like ghosts to his ears. He was frightened.

He was so scared that he would slip up and his shaky limbs noticed that. He focused on coffee, still hearing the voices that seemed to haunt him coming from living mouths in the next room.

“So, sir, Mr. Iero, what were you doing at the hospital yesterday?” Armani, the detective asked Frank, business in her steely eyes and tone. Her legs were crossed, a little out of place on his easy chair, poised and ready to write was her figure.

Her suit was a sort of grey. The jacket was well fitted, well dressed. She knew how to be professional and look good doing it. They were so screwed.

Frank, looking at the detective as normally as possibly, not too stand-offish, friendly, friendly. Her name was remembered as Armani. He was getting ready to talk when he was sidetracked by the love of his life.

Gerard came back, dishing out the drinks to each person, waiting at Ray and chatting with him a bit about small talk. Armani kept a separate discussion with Frank about the case. She once reprimanded Gerard and Ray, reminding Ray of staying on task.

They were told they had to keep it professional or Ray would get kicked off the case. From talking with his friend, he knew it was important to him. So he kept his mouth shut for the remainder of the casual interrogation. Both of them seemed to do that.

Gerard fell into Frank’s arms, cuddling into the warmth that was a promise to keep him safe, a beacon of security, cutting off his discussion with Ray, getting situated, listening to Armani ask Frank questions with her black steel eyes sharp. He laid his head on Frank’s chest, listening to the heartbeat that almost drowned out the noise of the questions being asked of a laid back Frank.

He had met Armani before, once a while back. She was nice, but the fact that they hadn’t met between the year they were introduced made Gerard still uneasy around her.

He was uneasy around a lot of people. Hell, even his aunt put him on edge. He had to get to know people. Except Frank, Frank was the exception to everything. Almost.

He stared up at his boyfriend, admiring his strong jaw and strong jaw, the stubble just hinting to sprout from his lower mouth. He loved him with all his heart. He admired him with all his being.

Frank was not intimidated, he hadn’t done this before, but he had prepared. He wasn’t an idiot, he knew what to do and after they fucked yesterday, he schooled Gee on it. Gerard was not going to freak out and they were not going to get caught. Simple as that.

“I had a cut on my hand from the previous week, it had gotten infected over the few days,” he said in a casual tone, showing her the hand with a little gesticulation. He was so calm it was impossible not to bask in it. They were killers, right under their noses.
Gerard liked this. The sort of thrill to it. The joy of Frank and him knowing a secret they didn’t. He understood why Frank liked killing now.

It frightened him, in the fact that he really was enjoying this. Or maybe he was mixing the relief of not getting caught with the ecstaticism he thought he felt of murder. He hoped he was just confused, for once in his life, he wished he was.

She wrote something down. She started another question. She took no heed of Gerard’s inner monologue. It would albeit, be dangerous if she did.

Gerard was in his boyfriend’s arms and freaking out internally. He monitored it closely, not letting it get out of check. He was not going to get Frankie in trouble for some stupid mistake that he made. He had to be with him, they had to be together. They were soulmates.

Gerard had never acknowledged the term but the more he thought about it, the more he could not survive anything without Frank by his side. Was that bad? That was bad. But he didn’t want to exist without Frank. He didn’t like thinking about it. It hurt, like pressing a bruise. But maybe he could live without Frank. It would sure as hell be less painful, less happy and a lot more dull.

No matter what. Soulmates or just lovers, he had to stay with Frank. They had been through too much. They had to stay together.

He would make sure of that, cuddled in Frank’s arms at that moment as much as possible without seeming weird just so he could calm down enough to talk in a straight voice.

He could not lose Frank. He could not lose him and he would never be apart from him. He couldn’t possibly do that. It was a disgusting thought. It was a thought he did not want to have. So he pushed it out and listened to the conversation, focusing on each syllable like it was a life source, a life preserver in the middle of the ocean that he needed to cling to. If he focused on each word, he would not get freaked out by the whole sentence. That was his strategy.

“How was your relationship with the doctor?” she asked Frank.

Frank’s flashbacks went to him getting kissed by the doctor, pushing the doctor. Beating the doctor to death.

“It was good, I guess. Nothing much to base it on. I had met him once before the day he died at that was the week before when I first cut my hand. He was my doctor, he was cordial and a good one, that was it,” he said, smoothly. Gerard ran his thumb in a circle over his hand. He was calming down. Just because he was tracing Frank’s tattoos idly.

Armani wrote that down, looking to Ray and saying something to him.

Ray sat next to her, twiddling his thumbs. Armani ran most of the investigations. He just had to sit there and observe. He really was of little help. But he balanced her out. So that was enough to keep him there.

“Check the records,” she had murmured to him. Gerard was frightful that she was telling him he was dubious. But he had to remain calm. Trace the patterns on ‘romantic’ that would keep him calm enough. Romance was nice, it had to do with Frank. He could make murder sound pleasant, he did make murder sound pleasant.

“What did you do when you got home that evening, Mr. Iero?” she asked him, turning from Ray back to them, pronouncing his name wrong. He didn’t sweat it. She was nice and it would not help his cause to be innocent looking. He had to seem anything but tenacious.
Anyway, her pronunciation was not important with the heat of Frank’s face and Gerard’s giggle.

He blushed and looked at Gerard, who giggled and shoved his face into his shoulder, peels of laughter vibrating onto his skin through the fabric, further, much more at ease as of this question. They looked back with red faces and hot cheeks to the woman who looked a bit embarrassed herself.

Armani wiggled on the couch, suddenly feeling hot. Frank and Gerard shyly watched her, giggling to themselves like lovers do. Everyone here was embarrassed except for Ray.

“I see,” she said, clearing her throat between going on. Ray laughed at her for a moment, his cheery bell chuckle ringing through the room, alighting Armani’s cheeks with more red.

“Do you believe that there is anyone who could have killed the doctor?” she asked him, moving on, the remnants of the incident stuck in her dark cheeks.

Oh, they had some sort of idea. He bit his tongue, placing another sentence on his teeth.

“Well, like I said I didn’t know him that long,” he added a shudder for emphasis, “but could it have been someone he worked with? A rival doctor? Or maybe those crazy kids trying to be The Jay? Spooky shit. Fucking sickos,” he mumbled, shuddering again.

That shudder was for real, the kids who wanted to be like him, do what he did, made him sick. Made him feel gross. How could anyone want to do what he did? Be who he was? Those kids made him into a sick parody of what he actually was even though they got the core of him right. Monster.

She actually looked thoughtful for a moment, before writing that down. “We haven’t thought about other staff members. Thank you, Mr. Iero,” she said in a genuine voice.

“I’ve watched my fair share of Law and Order,” he joked, gaining a small snort from her.

“Well, thank you for your time. If you think of anything, here’s our card where you can reach us,” she said, handing him a business card, thick with information on her profession.

They left, the man who and been quiet the whole time giving a wave and a smile as they were shown out.

“Bye, Gee,” he said.

“Bye, Ray,” Gerard called back in a cheery tone, smiling as his friend left.

“That was easier than expected,” Gerard said to Frank, shaking with pent up anxiety, the shield of ironic protection that was Ray, gone.

He wiped his clammy hands on his jeans, the denim making a sound in protest when his fingers got their fill of feel.

“Relax, baby, this is the home stretch. They’ll catch some guy and we’ll be free. Okay? You did really good,” Frank said in a comforting voice, grabbing at Gerard’s hands. He knew just what to say to make it seem alright. And he meant it. That was the best part.

Frank made everything right. He could do it. No matter how much of a mess they get into, he could take care of the both of them.

Gerard shouldn’t have been worrying, Frank was right. Frank was always right when it came to that stuff. Everything would be okay. But he couldn’t bring himself to feel that way, not fully. He was
still freaking out.

“Okay,” Gerard said in a small voice, smaller than his hopes for their future. He didn’t voice anymore concerns, but Frank saw how he looked when Gerard went wrap his arms around Frank. Frank could always tell how Gerard felt. But this time it was not particularly hard.

His eyes were dark. They were scared, little doe eyed, the dull grass color tinged with the sunlight, panicked. The orbs held so many emotions, Frank was worried for him.

“Gerard,” Frank started in an exasperated voice, going to hug Gerard’s middle. He rubbed circles into his back like disturbed water, shockwaves of comfort.

He couldn’t help but feel guilty for doing this to him. He had done this to him. He was a monster.

No, he corrected. He wasn’t. He wasn’t a monster because Gerard loved him. Somebody loved him so he couldn’t be a monster.

“You’ll be okay. I will make you okay. But we need to discuss the future. If it doesn’t work out, what are we going to do?” Frank asked him.

Gerard acted as if this was an insidious topic. A sinister plot that he wanted nothing to do with.

Gerard shook his head, squeezing tighter to Frank. “No, no, no. We’re not talking about this. Not now, just fuck me,” he said to his boyfriend who continued to insist. His hand was soon shoved down Frank’s pants, trying to get him hard so he would expel the conversation. He started to whimper into Frank, closing on him, hot lips over his.

For a serial killer, he had a lot of responsibility. He sidestepped Gerard’s desperate little shaky handjob that he was giving him. He kept talking, no matter how much he wanted to fuck Gerard right then and there. “No, Gerard. We have to talk about this.”

The sentence shattered Gerard in a way that was so immediate it was startling. His will fell, his face, too. He was defeated and he knew it, so he accepted it. They had to talk about it. He couldn’t escape it, he knew.

Frank’s insistence made Gerard remove his hand and put his arm back around Frank. He looked at Frank with his eyes blown up and childlike. He was not trying to look that innocent. He was just frightened.

Frank softened, softened as much as he could for Gerard and continued to speak. His voice rang out, hitting the ears of his darling, soft in his arms, resilient in his mind.

“We have to run away if we get caught. And if I get caught, you will, too. Alright? Or maybe, we could lie for you. Say you were in the car while I killed and never noticed. You wouldn’t get in trouble…. ” Frank said, stating it more to himself and running the statistics. His arms went slack with a certain type of concentration that Gerard was not having.

This branch of discussion made Gerard panic and hold onto Frank more. “No! No, not leaving you,” he protested. His arms made up for the jelly that were Frank’s.

He couldn’t imagine Frank wanting to leave him, he couldn’t stand being without Frank. He couldn’t remember the last time he had woken up and Frank was not there in his mind, ready to make it okay. Frank made everything okay. Frank was his savior.

Frank rubbed his back more, thinking about it while he did. He didn’t take heed to what Gerard was
saying, he was just trying to think of the best possible way Gerard could exist while being happy. He 
was still thinking of him getting caught and Gerard going free when he continued talking.

“Baby, I want you to be happy,” Frank said to his boyfriend, taking his hand. He held it between his, 
china doll and cardboard cut out, beautiful and crude if they were to stay respectful.

He realized that he needed this to be uttered to fill the space, to fill his mouth that was feeling dry, to 
make his rotting teeth it in his mouth. He wanted Gerard to be happy. Gerard just had to accept that 
sometimes things don’t work out the way you want and you end up with a less happy situation. But 
he wanted his to be happy as possible.

A small smile, a bit of a default mechanism, shy and sweet graced Gerard’s face. His small teeth 
poked through his mouth, spilling like tiny, neat, piano keys. “Okay,” he said, his teeth dancing with 
the four letter word, as if laying down a blanket on a sleeping child, it was laid there, soft, almost like 
a surrender.

“If we get caught, Gerard, are you willing to run away with me?” he asked Gerard, looking at his 
blotchy face with wide eyes, staring into his soul.

The question was baring, a sort of reality with a question mark. It was digitized in their fantasies, in 
their “I love you’”s, in the sagas between the sheets. It was brought to light, real. So much real 
everything else seemed to turn fake.

He hoped to God that he said yes, because he knew that Gerard could not handle that without Frank. 
He also, didn’t want to exist without Gerard. So if Gerard said yes, this would be a win win.

Gerard nodded, wiping at forming tears. He would need convincing. But were they really in love if 
he needed convincing? Frank didn’t want to think about that. So he didn’t.

“But Mikey,” he lamented, shoving his face into Frank’s shoulder. Frank started to wave more 
frantic circles into his lovers back.

“I know. Do you want to stay?” Frank asked him. He was open to that option, no matter how much 
it split open his entire fucking esophagus to say it.

Gerard started to nod against his chest, head knocking collarbone. They were at an odd angle, 
Gerard seemed to act shorter than Frank, head going on his chest. It was times when he needed to 
comfort his baby did damn his stature.

“I could go,” Frank said and Gerard started to shake his head, faster and faster, a frantic dance of 
declination. “I could get caught and then you’d be safe.”

“No! Don’t you dare leave me. You leaving will be the opposite of being safe, it’d be thrusting me 
into danger.” he said.

“Okay. Okay. So you don’t want to be apart. Decided. Okay. But we will have to leave if they catch 
us,” he said taking Gerard’s head in his hands. As if that pose would make the truth come out.

It seemed to with the wetness that he felt on his hands next.

Gerard cried into his palms, soaking the hardened skin with salt water. He was really upset, and it 
tugged on Frank’s heart.

“Okay,” Gerard said, smaller voice than ever, barely a whisper. He seemed to accept it, quietly, and 
tiredly.
“I’m gonna take care of you baby,” Frank said in an earnest voice. He hugged Gerard tighter. He felt like squeezing the air out of his beautiful boy, but suppressed his desire.

He remembered wanting to kill him. He remembered wanting to toy with him. It would be so easy. To snap his neck, to beat him to death like he did the doctor. It was an attractive idea.

It was because he was so small, so dependant on Frank. It made it all the more appealing and all the more morally impossible. He loved him. He couldn’t kill him, only consume him. Destroy him.

Destroy him.

The mantra of disturbing comfort rang in his ears, closing his eyes, slipping into a fatigueless lethargy. So beautiful, so pure was Gerard. What a fun game to taint him.

He shook his head, holding tighter onto Gerard. “I’ll take care of you, baby.”

A broken record promise, stuttering out in perfect articulate syllables. That was the game that would hurt less. The whisper seemed to scratch out of his throat. A promise alright, by a promise to who? Him? Gerard? Who needed the reassurance?


“Okay,” Gerard spoke again, voice even smaller than before, body shaking harder than before. He was a little trembly leaf, bright red and brittle, fallen off of a tree.

Frank wanted to keep him safe. Gerard deserved to be kept safe. He would keep him safe.

It was a sort of feverish need. Like an addiction, a beating in his heart.

“I love you, baby. You’re my entire world,” Frank whispered, clutching Gerard to his chest like a lifeline in the nostalgic silence, breaking it with a gentle crush of his fist, curling into Gerard’s shirt. The fabric was soft, black. A sort of off set grey, the kind that caught all the dust on it and made it look speckled.

“You’re my entire galaxy,” was the whisper back to Frank in response, making his heart grow as big as the galaxy that he was portraying.

He felt it in his feet and in his fingertips. He felt it in his heart and if he were a tree he would feel it down to the rings on his trunk.

He was a murderer. He was Gerard’s. He was a galaxy.
Merry Christmas! Happy New Year soon to be! This is a little bit of a build up to the next chapter so not too much too it.

Mikey Way pulled up to the college where he was currently attending, cell phone up to his ear and keys just grasped in his hands. He yanked them out of the ignition slot, his car abruptly stopping at that. He felt the little indents of the teeth against his curled palm. The skin around the car keys was going white with tension, his knuckles the same shade. His fingers were starting to hurt, he was holding those things so tightly.

Why, you ask? None other than a heated debate with Bob Bryar.

He had been talking to Bob more so than if they weren’t working on some stupid case together. That stupid case being something that was taken seriously by none other than Mikey Way, the switch between commitment drastic and surprising.

Bob was the one who used to obsess over this shit. But now it was Mikey. It was Mikey who was trying to go above and beyond with this. Bob couldn’t have cared less. He still liked it, of course. But Mikey was the one who was more passionate about it as of lately.

“Bob, I’m tellin ya man, new murder. From what’s on the TV, they have absolutely no leads,” a pause and a fumble for a cigarette.

He had about twenty minutes before he had to get to his first class, that warranted a cigarette. Like a reward. A frugal reason to give a reward, but hey he was craving anyway.

He was never early before. Especially by this much. Hell yeah this warranted a reward, at least in Mikey’s eyes. He was pumped about this murder. Something that he would not have thought a few weeks before. Murder and death and weird things like that were Gerard’s thing. But now it was Mikey’s.

He went for a drag on his cigarette listening to Bob drone on about Mikey’s idea being unrealistic. He enjoyed the little gift of black lungs given to him but it was not enough that he was not excited about this murder.

His little present to himself was not important when he was itching to sneak into the crime scene and check it out.

After the pause he retaliated to the unknown retort. “Nah, man. FBI agent, they’re real about this, not gonna drop it, easily,” Mikey said, flicking the lighter with his thumb a few times, putting it up to his lips and the end of his cigarette.

His next words were mumbled. “Bro, I swear to God, we gotta go to the hospital and check this out. What if it’s connected?!” Mikey asked the other end of the phone.

His eyes were wide with his prepossession, cigarette dangling out of his mouth, ashes falling onto his t-shirt, three days dirty.
The other person talked for a very long time, leaving Mikey time to nod and grab his things from his car, books and other papers spilling from the pile in a haphazard fashion, into his hands, waiting to catch them, used to their need of exodus.

“Bob!” Mikey whined, putting the phone under his chin. He seemed to be begging. And begging he was.

Bob stood away from the traffic, slowly and steadily streaming into the school from the front steps. He smoked his cigarette, just like Mikey’s, on the phone with the other smoker himself who was trying to convince him of checking out a crime scene.

Bob was the one who wanted to do it. He wanted to be a detective whatever, so he could get more knowledge on that kind of thing, seeing as he was majoring in Criminal Psychology. This was all a game to him.

But not when he was due to get arrested by doing something. He was on the fence about everything, Mikey being the one to want to do everything dangerous now. It was a little ironic, a week or so ago he wanted nothing to do with anything about it. Hell, he wasn’t even interested.

And now he wanted to go jump into a crime scene and get arrested for crime scene contamination or some shit just to get a glimpse at something that did not mean anything to what they were trying to do.

Mikey was nuts for this thing. And Bob was just starting to realize that this kid was probably off his hinges.

Mikey came forth towards him, dropping the call as he was just yards away. The boy’s long legs, walked forward, eagerly picking up conversation where they left off.

His face was bright with excitement. “Bob, seriously. This is wicked cool!” he said to the disinterested man, a high contrast from his own face and disposition.

“Why is it so cool?” Bob asked, droning voice buzzing with hidden interest. That sentence let out a wave of information from Mikey, biased in the least.

“My brother was there! He saw the guy last. Hours later he was found beat to death in the examination room. No ties to anything, not a hate crime, not The Jay. They are confused as shit. And I think it was a sloppy job, by The Jay himself,” Mikey exclaimed, a little too smug in his radical theory that was hard for even Bob to grasp. And Bob was pretty open minded.

“Ohkay. Okay. Okay. This is too much. Back up, start again,” Bob said, gesticulation in his rotating fingers and open ears. His eyes were trained on the man standing just a few feet and a hell of a lot more pages away from him.

“My brother and his boyfriend went to the doctor because his boyfriend cut his hand the week before and got an infection. That’s not very important though. They left and boom the guy was dead!” Mikey said.

“How does that end up being The Jay?” Bob asked in his dubious voice.

“I got a feeling in my gut. I mean he was due for a killing and they just keep getting more violent. It couldn’t be a hate crime, had no ties to gangs or anything. What else could it be?” Mikey asked in his excited tone.

“Alright. Fair enough. So, your brother and his boyfriend last saw this guy?” Bob asked, slower than
Mikey was content on going.

He jumped around outside of the building, standing on the steps that had ice lingering on them. Probably a little dangerous. But Mikey couldn’t care. He was acting like he found Jesus sitting outside his house.

“Yeah. I mean like within minutes of his death. It’s fucking crazy. They were in Frank’s apartment when it happened,” Mikey said, putting his hands in the crevices of his armpits.

“So your brother and his boyfriend killed this doctor guy?” Bob asked.

“No! They went back to his boyfriend’s apartment! I told you!” Mikey said in defense of his brother, a quick heat of anxiety flailing in his chest, a cascading ‘what if’ like hot water over his head.

Bob’s eyebrows were furrowed, like he was building up defenses. He was stony and serious. Mikey stopped bouncing, looking at him warily, as if he could sense the crashing of reality that was to come.

“Did you see them?” Bob asked. His eyebrows raised, he leaned back on the frosted bar, brown and flaking.

“No.”

Mikey shifted now, not excitedly, not because he was cold. But because he was now a bit uncomfortable. It was beginning to feel hot under his collar rather than the frigidity that he experienced a few minutes before Bob suggested his blasphemous theory.

“What did he say when he called you?” Bob asked him.

“That he was back at his boyfriend’s apartment and that Frank was okay,” Mikey said in a feeble tone. They couldn’t have killed the man? Could they?

“Did you see any party’s car in the parking lot around that time,” Bob said.

“I didn’t check,” Mikey said, begrudgingly letting the fact that his brother might be a suspect in a murder case seep into his skin. It seemed to taint him, turn him a different colour, a doubt that grew like a disease under his nails; doubt.

“Totally justifiable that they did it,” Bob said snuffing out his cigarette and checking his watch. They had ten minutes to get to class. Ten minutes to chew the fat.

“How?! Tell me your reasoning! Huh?” Mikey asked defensively.

“Well, their alibi is shit, for one. And the boyfriend is already a little bit off. And plus, your brother does weird things, too. They’re both a little fucked up, no offense,” Bob said. Offense taken.

“No! Gerard gets sick at the sight of blood. And he’s not weird! Frank is though,” Mikey said, shaking his head. Even though he could admit the last part, his brother was just different, not weird.

“Boyfriend do it?” Bob said, eyes looking at Mikey knowingly, as if x-raying him and seeing that he was turning the different color from Bob’s theory.

“Gerard said they were together at the time it would have been committed,” Mikey replied with a shake of the head.

“Acomplice?” Bob said, suggesting the second worst thing to come out of his mouth in that
conversation.

“Gerard is gentle. He would never let Frank do that,” Mikey said, shaking his head so hard it spun. Spun more than with the words Bob was saying anyways.

“Really?” Bob asked.

His eyebrows went higher, like his accusations. He turned to walk away from him, in an effort to stop conversation between the two. He popped his collar, walking to the building next to the one Mikey was standing out so he could go to his sociology course.

It worked and Mikey watched Bob go away as disinterested as when the conversation started. But Mikey was less excited and more anxious.

He felt sick. He wanted to go home. But instead, he walked to his next class, a nervous bounce to his step.

What if they did it? He would just ask Gerard. Then he would know if something was up. Gerard was terrible at keeping secrets.

* * * * * *

It was early in the day, when Mikey was still asleep and not had his perspective shaken up. We shift to Frank, looking over the couch, his neck craned to look at his frustrated lover.

“Gerard, baby. Did you find your keys?” Frank asked his boyfriend who was searching through couch cushions and in dark crevices.

This dilemma was so normal it almost wiped out their last day, full of insanity. But it couldn’t get rid of the fact that Frank was still finding blood smears in his vision whenever he blinked. It was the thrill. What could he say?

He loved killing. He loved the rush. He loved it, almost as much as Gerard. That fact made it seem like he could stop, for his lover, but no, he couldn’t. He couldn’t stop and he wouldn’t stop. He was so glad Gerard didn’t want him to.

Maybe he did. Frank wouldn’t know. He probably did, due to his reaction the day before to the murder when they got home. But, due to the fact that he was messed up after the cleanup and not the murder, made it seem like his problem was a bit more complex.

Frank knew when people were like him. He could see it in them, like supervision or some shit. He knew that people wanted to kill. Not necessarily that they did, but he could tell they had a little knack for death and destruction and Gerard had it.

It sparked when they fucked. And it sparked when they touched. Everytime he looked at Gerard he saw his apprentice, his lover. His little homicidal babydoll.

He turned his body around, looking in amusement and smugness at his boyfriend’s jean clad ass, bent over from rummaging through the shadows, pestering them for his keys to no avail. A little peak of his underwear showed, a sliver of risque existence that peaked from under his shirt like impish fabric.

Gerard was searching for his keys, ten minutes till he had to go to work and finally get that project that he was putting off done. His jeans were not helping the fact that he was trying to do domestic aerobics. The search for his keys were not in his favor. And his jeans were not helping him in his
search for the metal apparatus.

But damn were they helping Frank’s boner. He almost hated saying this but Gerard was incredibly hot, even when he didn’t try to be. It was one of the superpowers that he seemed to have. That and the ability to actually love Frank.

“No! I can’t find them,” he whined, he pouted in a discrete fashion, not exactly pouting because it was warranted frustration. His face was red with frustration. He put his head in his hands, raking his fingers through his hair. He was on his knees, not helping Frank’s situation.

Frank felt himself growing, only slightly visible through his baggy jeans. He was thankful for that. It would be a new experience to be caught with a boner. Even if it was by Gerard.

“Come on, I’ll drive you,” Frank said, his smirk growing with his cock.

He wasn’t going to try anything. No, but he was going to go to work frustrated. So be it. Gerard did not seem to be in the mood and they were both running a bit late. There would be no time for anything. What a shame.

He sighed, picking himself off of Gerard’s couch. The cushions were plush, ratty. It scraped softly against his skin as he pulled himself from the piece of furniture that had handled some of our more

“But what will I do tomorrow?” Gerard whined as they walked out of the apartment, door creaking with their exit.

“Look for your keys tonight. You’ll have more time, then,” Frank said, pulling his lover’s hand down the stairs, leading him to his car.

His hand was soft, the little map lines that he could see when they were cupped together, linked between the fingers, the only rough things between them. It was a sort of reminder. Constant and nice. Despite being kinky, he really liked to hold his hand. It was one of his favorite past times.

“Don’t you have work today?” Gerard asked Frank. He yawned, it was early in the morning. He still hadn’t recovered from the sleeping in of the weekend but he would manage. He really needed to get this project done.

He caught up beside Frank, not lagging behind anymore, swinging their arms between them like a pendulum of pale skin.

“Yeah. I don’t put my fucking uniform on till I get in the fucking building. I look so stupid,” Frank mumbled, embarrassed. His hand tightened around Gerard’s in a one last little huzzah before he let go of him, walking around to the driver’s side of his car. His face was not, imagining the pale blue scrubs that he had to wear, even behind a desk.

“I bet you look alright,” Gerard said to his lover, opening the door to the black car, several years old. He kissed Frank’s cheek once he was in the car, inhaling his scent and the feel of his skin.

He was soft also, his cheek being a bit rough, full of hills of unshaved facial hair, peeking out of his pale face. Gerard’s thin, red lips left a wet mark against him. He felt the little burn of the pleasant friction against him for a second afterward, a little memory of affection.

It was hot inside the car, the feeling of claustrophobia was not present though. It seemed wide, full of possibilities, full of Frank, full of love. It was stuffy in the best possible way. A grateful sort of warm.

Gerard looked to his boyfriend, who was busy starting up his car, thin hands gripping the keys, a
smile gripping his face. He was so beautiful.

Reader we have iterated this before on numerous occasions but you have to understand this is different. It was cool out, the frozen sort of sunshine that comes with early winter that Gerard had come to love beating down on them. The sun shone, an artificial light, not quite heating, illuminated Frank’s face, making it seem clean. Pure.

It made his eyes melt into honey and fade into glory. His lips were a plump type of thin, the perfect lips for kissing and biting and sucking on. He looked beautiful. And the best part was that it passed over his head.

He was happy, almost blissfully unaware if you will, of his intense radiation of pulchritude. It was probably one of the only times they were just happy and in each other’s company. One of the only times they were happy and it was not the haze of orgasm.

“No, I look very bad. And very weird,” he said this with a shake of the head and a purr from his old car. He wiped his tattooed hand across his face like a mop. He was groggy, his hazel eyes bloodshot and evidence of the worry that he faced within the last few days.

All was not well, despite the smile on his face. Gerard thought it was alright and he looked at Frank like it was glorious. Gerard didn’t know. And if he did it would spark a Bad Silence. And possibly some sex.

He was just so worried that Gerard hated him, that Gerard would never want him again. Even though that when they spent an hour in bed after their sort of makeup sex it was only full of promises of forever, Frank couldn’t help but remind himself that Gerard had said he hated him. And maybe he still felt that. Maybe he always felt that and he was just scared of Frank. Maybe he was too scared to be truly honest to him.

Or maybe he was scared of himself and what he might do to Gerard. It might not have been Gerard that was scared, but himself. Himself. The murderer. How ironic.

But he was in his right to do so. He could barely meet his eyes when all he could think about was gouging them out. That warranted fear in himself, right? It had to.

He wanted to hurt Gerard. He wanted to save Gerard. He couldn’t have them both. He didn’t even want to hurt him, but as long as Gerard’s eyes were full of love, Frank’s heart was full of destruction. They were a contradiction, contrastment. It was so ridiculously artistic that Frank wanted to hold a gun to his head and blow his brains out.

These things kept him awake at night, no not the artistic suicide but the thoughts he had, sitting next to Gerard, breathing even like a lullaby, an invitation to ruin the perfect rhythm he had going on. He couldn’t help but want to hold him, to choke him. To destroy him.

Why?

Because he was so small. He was there and he needed protecting and maybe it was his earlier scheme to murder him after having some fun talking or maybe he was going insane. Perhaps he was out of it. Fucking Alice Cooper type shit.

He didn’t want to hurt Gerard. There was one part that was protecting him. And there was the other part, the insidious part. The motherfucking monster virus part that wanted to watch him squirm in pain and not in just the kinky way.

Gerard didn’t know what he thought about. he had no clue. And maybe that scared him more than
the fact that these thoughts were occurring more and more as he sat up at night, sitting next to his deadly, lovely, lullaby.

The thoughts would have appalled Gerard and they appalled Frank.

How could he want to kill his baby boy? How could he want to destroy him like he did? It was all very frightening. And he couldn’t bring it up to risk his happiness so he just let it fester under his skin, making him seem like a time bomb and his lover the enemy.

And one day, it would explode. But for now he faked a smile and loved Gerard.

Gerard just smiled at him, knowing the petty argument that they were externally having could go on for as long as time did but it would have no value so he stopped talking but not knowing that Frank was currently thinking about burning his skin off. They faded into a lovely silence. They seemed to be having more of these as time went on and happiness festered into diseases, seeping into their veins.

Gerard liked their new sort of silences. The retros ones were killers, viruses, a different kind than the happiness ones. Sinister. He did not like to dwell on them.

But all silences were bad silences to a Frank that was currently going insane.

They were soon at the place where he worked. People were streaming in and out, Gerard being one of those people.

But before he went into the job that he should have liked but actually kind of hated, he kissed his boyfriend goodbye.

“I love you. I’ll see you later,” he said, earning a response from Frank in the form of kisses and the same profession of adoration.

He loved him. He loved Gerard so much. But it seemed hard to love him when he wanted to choke him to death.

He hummed against his lips, a smile dancing on his own before pulling away again.

He waved goodbye, walking into the building and leaving Frank to pull away from the curb.

* * * * * *

Now it was several hours later and the work day was a few moments from already ended and Gerard was home. Frank was there as well.

They were in one of their silences, the bad ones. The ones where it went from a cacophonous sound to a silent sort of suffocation, more choking than the overwhelming sound.

Then it was not a silence, but a bloom of hatred, old feelings resurfaced. The next words were uttered with a pseudo sort of not caring on Frank’s part and too much caring on Gerard’s.

“If he finds out, I’ll have to kill him,” he whispered, too close to Gerard for his liking. They bounced off of him, crawling under his collar, making it harder to breath.

He was underwater, feeling impossibly too much, so much, so engulfing that he felt numb.

“No, please. He’s my brother. I love him,” Gerard begged, hands in a prayer.
It was silly of him really, his brother’s fate was not in his hands. Nor was it in God’s. No god could help him. He had given up his power to Frank.

“You love me?” Frank asked. It seemed like a statement but Gerard could sense the telltale question mark. He gorgonized Gerard, making him stutter for breath like a fish out of water. The question that was said so timidly, so forcefully, was something contrasting on each other. Contrasting like Frank and Gerard.

This contrast seemed all the more sinister and surprising. Gerard bounced back, searching for air, searching for an argument. He grasped at one quickly, his words rolling into each other in a quest for something to grab hold on.

Frank kept him on a fucking cliff dangling from his fingertips and he was trying to get back up. He was making it so much harder because maybe he liked the way the wind blew on his arms.

“Of course! I love you so much but I love Mikey—” Frank was told in a quick manner, still begging on Gerard’s part, pleading to keep Mikey alive.

Frank’s eyes were stony, a sort of dark implication in them. He was so in love with Gerard it scared him. It scared him and so he scared Gerard.

“If you love me, you would know that to stay together and to protect you I would have to eliminate anyone who stood in the way,” Frank insisted.

He felt a worry growing in his stomach. Did Gerard love him like he loved Gerard? Did he love him enough to pledge himself to him?

To Gerard the fidelity of his love was not an issue. He loved Frank so much but this as a matter of frustration.

Gerard wanted to just hit something. He was so angry at the rock and the hard place they should not have gotten to. Maybe Frank was becoming his hamartia. Maybe he was becoming a sort of disease.

Their issue was a mountain, none of them going over it to get to the other person so they stood like that, a pinnacle of drama between them, dividing them.

“Mikey won’t stand in the way!” Gerard exclaimed, wanting to be out of Frank’s vicinity as soon as possible. His arms went above his head, gesticulation meeting his ejaculation.

“But he will! If he finds out!” Frank argued back. He hissed the words like the venom they were. Truth being the fueling for this murder of Gerard’s fanciful thinking.

“He won’t,” Gerard said. He was getting angrier by the second, their voices raising as the distance seemed greater.

“Won’t what?” Mikey asked opening the door at the best of the worst possible times.

“Nothing, Mikes,” Gerard said, sighing, his voice falling considerably.

He felt scared for his brother’s life. He felt a strange urge to tell Mikey to run. But that would make them look a little suspicious so he fidgeted in position a feeling of dread and need to cry prevalent in his chest.

Frank was not supposed to make him feel this. Not after the close call with destruction that they had days before. They were supposed to be in love. If they were in love why did Gerard feel so
frightened by him?

Mikey’s eyes furrowed. He was dubious of Gee’s tone but decided not to press it, for it was not worth it.

But he could not help the feeling of nagging he had at the tone. Maybe Frank did kill that doctor guy (who it had been released as having also been an F.B.I. agent) and Gerard was hiding it. He hated to dwell on it. But the evidence was starting to stack up against his brother’s weirdo of a boyfriend.

From the look on Frank’s face, it was best to leave it alone and confront Gee when his psycho lover was not around. If Mikey had the heart to confront him at all.

“I gotta go, baby,” Frank said, pecking Gerard’s check quickly, darting back out in an awkward display of affection, going to hustle out the door within seconds.

“Wait,” he was told in a pitifully dependant tone when his feet started to shift on the idea of fleeing.

Gerard took his hand, the hand that was laid oh so tenderly on his chest, clutching it before giving Frank a look that made him reply with, “I love you, baby. You know that,” and a deeper kiss.

Gerard counterattacked with capturing his lips again, after taking a breath. He looked into his eyes, mirrors or pools Mikey wasn’t sure as he looked on, “Can we talk more?”

It was a whisper, a secret shared between the two like a code. (Mikey couldn’t help but feel a little suspicious.)

“Of course. But not now,” Frank said, letting go of his hand and looking to Mikey, as if accusing him of sabotage of some sort. It seemed a ludicrous accusation.

Gerard protested, arm out to his boyfriend as he shuffled away, pushing past Mikey in a discrete way, Gerard still choking on his words that would never come out, the fragment punctuated with a door slam. He dropped his arm and dropped his lip, pouting.

He retracted his arms into his body, as if they were a defense mechanism and he was retreating from a lost battle.

“God, he’s a dick,” Mikey observed.

“I like his dick,” Gerard admitted with a small smile, turning to brotherly affection and joking as he focused his attention not on his boyfriend but on Mikey.

“Eww,” he said giggling with Gerard, just like old times.

“He is a dick though,” Mikey had to admit at the end of his tittering with Gerard.

He had left Gerard, obviously distressed, obviously needy despite just fighting with him. That was a dickish move. Or maybe Mikey was just a little bit biased.

“I love him,” Gerard protested. He seemed to be doing an awful lot of that lately. It was either protect his brother from his boyfriend or his boyfriend from his brother. It was exhausting doing either, let alone both. He was tired of it, and it was starting to show.

It was starting to show in his countenance. They way he seemed to slouch just a little bit more than usual. The way his eyes were bloodshot, rimmed with red from perpetual nights fitfully slept through. He looked like a battlefield with bodies and craters and ravaged and deserted by everything
but pity, Mikey knew that he was just going to run himself down till he was the entire war, no sides
winning and him being both sides.

“Yeah. I know,” Mikey just sighed, knowing that it was not his place to judge nor was it his place to
comment but damn could he have opinions and observations. He left it be, if it made Gerard happy,
he was all for it, but lately it seemed to just leave him sporadic, leave him a graveyard.

Sadness and then Frank this Frank that. Hell, with Gerard’s mood swings Mikey was surprised that
he didn’t have the notion of the couple murdering in his mind sooner. Gerard was unstable as fuck
and Frank was a fucking time bomb. They were a bad combination but maybe that was what made
them the best. At least in their minds, Mikey could not hate the thought of the two together less.

Mikey was worried about his brother. He was worried about Gerard for many reasons, the obvious
being how worn down he looked which we have already covered. The second was the way Frank
looked.

Frank looked practically murderous before leaving, a tender kiss the only thing to throw off the
homicidal disposition. Mikey was sort of scared of Frank, to be honest.

He was short but he seemed demented. If Mikey could he would break them up. But he couldn’t.
Because maybe Gerard was just a little too attached to his possibly deadly boyfriend.
“Why do you love him?” Mikey asked, sitting down on the couch. He tucked his legs in, body ready for a long talk like he was used to having with his brother. They fell in against the textile, pushing into the cloud like being. The cushions were plush, fabrics coarse.

He was worried. But he couldn’t seem like it. If he faced the problem head on Gerard would scurry away from it. That was who Gerard was. Mikey had to dance around it. He had to ease into the discussion to get anywhere. Subtlety was the way to go with his brother.

He couldn’t seem suspicious. Not for a while. He had to have Gerard hooked. He had to have him off guard. Then, and only then would he get any answers from him.

Gerard sat down to, tired but oh so eager to talk about the guy that kept fucking him up and fucking him hard. Mikey could tell that it was one of his favorite past times. Being fucked and talking about Frank, to be clear.

He liked talking about Frank. Understandable. He liked talking about the thing he loved. But it was a sort of obsession. When he wasn’t with Frank, he was thinking about him and every chance he got he was talking about him. It made Mikey nervous.

“That’s one of those questions where if you can answer it you don’t really mean it. Y’know? Silence would be the best answer, the truth. There is too much, so much to just say one thing. It’s a bit too broad to try to even answer,” Gerard said, leaning back on their couch. Mikey didn’t know it was where he dry humped Frank before getting fucked only a day before.

What would he do if he found out? Would he get uncomfortable? Would he continue talking in that forced sort of stance he was in that he was so desperately trying to pull off as not awkward when it clearly was?

Mikey was fidgety and Gerard knew it. That made Gerard fidgety. Maybe Mikey knew that Frank was a murderer? If he asked him about it, if he talked about it, Gerard had to be ready. But it was his fucking brother. He shouldn’t have to lie to his best friend.

But those were just the circumstances the two brothers fell under.

Mikey continued to shift, a hot blanket of suspicion making the cloth on his collar chaffe on his skin. He felt sweaty, he felt jittery. His heartbeat was like a jumping bean, like grass in the wind, swaying at will, temperamental, a tempest.

He checked the clock, the neon green lights blinking. They proclaimed Four:Thirty. He knew these kind of talks well. It would take hours before they retired from each other. Or maybe just minutes if things went badly.

Gerard’s eyes flicked back to Mikey as he started talking, the neon green information being processed into his head, he was trying to focus on that and not on the fact that Gerard was murderer,
or at least was an accomplice and kept looking at him. It was already getting dark, twilight approaching like an old car, slow and steady, pulling the night with it, an impatient child covering the sky with their blanket. It was dim outside just then, not dark enough to call evening but just enough to admit that it was time to retire inside.

“So, what’s one thing? One thing that really gets your heart pumping?” Mikey asked. It was a starting point in his little way of intervention. He was not sure of how this talk was going to go. He was sort of scared.

He barely knew what he was going to do when his brother answered this question but hopefully it was to get closer to what he wanted to know.

If Gerard really was a murderer or had anything to do with it, Mikey would probably drop dead out of shock and or disappointment. If disappointment was the right word to use.

He would be devastated. His older brother, a killer, a criminal. He wouldn’t know how to cope. Gerard would be a monster.

He did not look like a monster, sitting on their couch. He looked a bit like an alien. A foreigner, he always had looked like he was somewhat different. But never homicidal, never a killer or even the negative type of outcast.

He was sort of a cartoon character. The lovable one that was a fan favorite. He was not a murderer. Mikey just couldn’t see it.

He stared at his brother, sitting a few feet away with his eyes wide and thinking.

He looked so innocent. He looked like he could never hurt a fly. He looked like Gerard. His brother Gerard, peaceful Gerard. But Mikey was not sure of Frank being of the same countenance as his brother.

Frank was odd. And not in the good, Gerard way. He was a sort of slinking ghoul against his happy brother. They were right for each other but there was something unsettling about the way they stared at each other, like everything was exploding in their eyes.

It made Mikey uneasy. Like something about them was atomic, nuclear, vulgar. Like it was going to transcend their retinas and blow up in their faces.

They were in love and Mikey could see that. He could also see that it was a twisted sort of love. That is was explosive and dangerous. But he could not help it, Gerard was too love sick and love blind to notice anything about Frank. Or maybe he was just faithful.

It was silence for a few moments, in a way that it was tranquil, each in their own thoughts. But it was broken with impatience coming from Mikey who had finished his deeper thinking.

“One thing,” Mikey reminded Gerard when he was taking a little too much time. His leg continued to bounce like a metronome. He felt the shuffle of fabric in his ears, chafing periodically against textile on the couch like a comforting pseudo ocean.

It filled Gerard’s ears as he thought. And thought. And thought.

No matter how much he spent on it there was just too much that was absolutely amazing about Frank and if he said “Frank” it would be too broad.

There was one thing, though, that he really liked about his lover. Something that stuck out more than
any little quirk ever could. Because this was not a little quirk. This was murder.

Gerard could not say that one thing, obviously. That one thing being entirely too illegal for even uttering and if Mikey did not call the police on the moment of expulsion of the confession, he would look at Gerard funny and wouldn’t change that expression for the rest of his life. So he put the one thing that really was attractive in his pocket and moved on.

He wondered what Frank would do if he ever did tell anyone about his murderous ways. Would he hurt him? Would he hate him? Or would he just leave him? Would he kill him?

He shuddered. Those prospects frightened him to he did not dwell. He thought about Mikey’s question instead. The question that he was running out of time, and Mikey was running out of patience for him to answer.

There was so much, but what did he really love? What did he love about Frank that stood out like a mountain in his mind? Gosh, he could write symphonies about his eyelashes and operas about his fingernails. He could write novels and novels about his lips. But what did he really love? What got his heart pumping, as Mikey so worded it.

“Well,” he started slowly, “I love his eyes. And I love the way he holds me. I love the way he talks. And smiles and the way he kisses me. I love the way he smells and the sounds he makes when he sleeps. I love the way he breathes. I love the way we fit together. When we’re lying in bed. I love the way he looks at me. I love the way he loves me. I love him, Mikey. God, I love him,” he said. He had given way more than one answer. But they were all very good answers.

He was imagining Frank. The nice Frank that didn’t threaten to murder Mikey. The nice Frank that hadn’t killed someone, or at least the Frank that Gerard was unaware he was a murderer. The nice Frank that was still denying his love for Gerard. The nice Frank that kissed him like he wanted him. (That part had not changed though, it was just nice to think about.) That Frank, his Frank.

Was it weird to say he kind of missed a person he had just seen and still had?

He had a dreamy look on his face, anyway, reminiscence was a beautiful thing. It was a look that proclaimed a sort of stake in the storybook romances. It had glittery eyes and small smile, like a proud smirk. He looked like he was in love and he had accepted the horrible fact. If Gerard’s look was that of peace, Mikey’s was the look of a sort of comfortable disturbance.

Mikey looked at him in a sort of awe. Mikey was never one to grasp relationships, let alone one as complex as Gerard and Frank’s. Or, maybe it was the simplicity that went over his head. It was the simple fact that they were in love, like soul mates, maybe, that made it so complex for Mikey.

Mikey knew that Gerard really did love Frank. Most people said eyes, smiles, just like Gerard did but he had yet to hear about simply just existing together. That was love.

Existence was a beautiful thing. Especially when you did it with someone you loved. Then it was even more beautiful, just the idea of it made you sort of giddy.

He might not like Frank, hell he nearly hated the kid. But he had to admit he made Gerard happy, even if it did make him a little uneasy.

Mikey smiled at Gerard. He took a sigh, drinking in his brothers words, digesting them fully before speaking again. He had to go deeper. He had gotten the ball rolling and gotten Gerard talking now it was time to go further. He had gotten him happy enough to be able to not have too much damage when he accused his boyfriend in the near future.
He sighed, he was not sure how to go on from there except mood wrecking and soul crushing so he jumped right into the accusations, dodging his own advice from minutes before.

“So, you really do love him?” He said. Rhetorical. “Enough to lie for him?” he asked in a slightly ominous tone, staring at his nails in awkwardness. He looked up at a now flustered Gerard. His face was red.

No, he couldn't know what he was talking about. Did he? It seemed like he did. Almost. Almost. He couldn’t. It was like he refused to acknowledge the blood on his brother’s hands.


Everything was put against him and it was ripping Mikey apart because he fucking knew he did it. He knew that he was a killer but he would not, could not, should realize that his brother was not as innocent as he wanted him to be.

“Enough to lie for him?” Mikey asked, looking at his brother, his own voice coarse from the fact that he was facing a nightmare worse than his own imagination could have concocted. Maybe it was a dream, all a dream. No, no it wasn’t. Mikey was not lucky enough for that.

Gerard hid himself. “Okay, so maybe we lied about him being twelve when we went to the movies,” he joked, staying away from what Mikey was saying. He was dodging the true question with a joke.

“No, Gerard. Lying about something worse. Something illegal. Lying about something deadly. Like murder, maybe?”

Mikey’s eyes were cold, a poker face chiseled out of ice, staring his brother down in a calculating way. Gerard’s face was red, he had guilty plastered all over him.

Okay so maybe Mikey was not the best at being subtle in an art where he had to be. But that could would not stop him from asking his brother something that was itching at his brain. He couldn’t hold it in any longer. He had to say it. He had to speak it out loud. He had to know, even if it was a lie, even if it was the truth.

It had been burning his throat and now that it was released it was burning the air and it was burning Gerard. He looked distressed enough.

His face got hot. His hands got shaky. Frank. Frank. He needed Frank. Frank was the one that handled all this. He could not handle this. Not alone.

But Frank was not there. So he had to handle it. But god, was he fumbling. He had to act cool or Mikey would really know. As if he didn’t already.

They were so screwed. Mikey knew about it. And now Frank would have to kill his brother. That just made him feel sicker. It didn’t help his cause. God, he was so bad at that. He was so bad at lying. But he had to try. He had to convince his brother that they were innocent. Convincing was different than lying.

“What the fuck are you talking about, Mikey?” he asked his brother. He was so glad he was good at acting.

It was not lying, not yet. Merely acting, he reassured himself. He could not lie to his brother. Not
without acting.

He was lying to himself if he thought this wasn’t lying. Convincing, acting. No, it was lying but if he could lie well enough to tell himself that, then he should keep Mikey ignorant and safe.

“Gerard, cut the shit. He killed his doctor. Beat him to death. He killed him with his bare hands. He made you help him cover it up,” Mikey said, he was standing now. Fists balled, yelling at his brother who was splitting at the seams in front of his younger, taller brother.

“No! Mikey, no. He didn’t do those horrible things,” Gerard said, curling up. He started to shake. War like flashbacks went to yesterday at the hospital. No, he could not hear it. But Mikey was saying it.

His brother was saying it outloud. He was speaking these things. He was saying it and it was so true. It was true and he had to deny it. He had to act like it wasn’t.

He had to deny his Frankie’s hands, the hands that he had professed to loving, the hands that held him so gently when they had the pleasure to sleep in the same bed, the hands that touched him with adoration and carefulness, were the hands of a killer. He was not a killer. But Frank was. And he had to accept that, and he had to deny it. And he could barely do either at the moment when he was a shaking mess.

He shivered harder, holding himself together like the day before was being relived but just now it was without Frank and with too much truth, holding himself closer to his body, falling apart like he did when he was first coming to terms with what Frank had done. He felt himself crawling back to that time in his mind. He felt like throwing up and Mikey just kept screaming at him. Just like his mind only a day before.

Mikey’s voice had escalated from the minutes before, when he was just starting to accuse Gerard and Gerard had started falling apart. His voice was loud like the screams of all the people Frank had killed. Louder, even. Because it was a truth he was facing, and a truth he could not handle.

No matter how much he liked that dangerous part of Frank, he did not like the truth it came with. He did not like the fact that his lover’s little habit had a body count or that Mikey would be next.

“Why are you crying, Gerard?! Why are you crying? He did it? Didn’t he? Your beloved boyfriend is a sick murderer! Isn’t he?! Isn’t he?” Mikey screamed in a piercing voice that broke Gerard’s shell of a fetal position.

“NO! NO! NO!” Gerard shouted back, looking at Mikey through his legs with his eyes, wide and innocent and scared. It was a lie, sort of.

Gerard was in a limbo of denial and knowing and that made it seem like Frank was innocent. It made it seem like he was innocent. And maybe the fact that he wasn’t, but he wanted it to be so badly was the thing that was ripping him apart so much.

Mikey stopped, looking at the scared Gerard and believed the lie, the one Gerard wished so badly for to be true. Mikey felt a personal change in outlooks. Maybe Frank didn’t do it. The look on Gerard’s face definitely told him he was innocent.

But there was something else there in those shaky hazel abysses. Something not unlike fear. Fear of Mikey? Fear of the truth? Or maybe it was desperation for him to truly believe. His brother’s sort of validation that his boyfriend was innocent might not have been going well.

“He’s innocent, Mikey,” Gerard said in a shaky voice, breathing hard. He was not keeping it
together well. It was the silence that added a weight onto his shoulders rather than the weight of the
screaming on his ears.

It was their own sort of cycle, a mimic of his and Frank’s. There was the screaming, then there was
the silence. Gerard was so tired of the cycle. He was so tired of this being a thing prevalent in all his
relationships.

He felt a strong urge to break it. To run away, to get away and just die. Either or. He felt so tired. He
was so tired. He would rather just screaming, or just silence if it meant that he could be out of this
circle, this cycle. He was so desperate for this drama to be over.

He started to whimper softly, the fatigue making his eyes dry, the crying seemingly making it worse.
He was so tired. He was so tired. He was so tired. And he was just starting to realize that.


Gerard put his arms around his head, cradling him in a wall of his own sounds, blocking out
Mikey’s. They were only muffled, a still pleading sort of coddling.

Gerard hated coddling. He hated the fact that it was happening more and more.

Gerard didn’t want to be small anymore. He didn’t want to be Frank’s protectee and he didn’t want
Mikey to comfort him. He didn’t want to be dependant. He hated being dependant, but it was the
only thing he really knew how to do.

He didn’t want to be anymore. He was so tired.

He needed Frank. He needed Frank even if it was only for a few minutes before everything went to
shit even more.

“Mikey?” he asked his brother, who was standing looking almost as sad as he was. He looked
innocent, a vague sort of awe in his melancholy eyes. It was so funny how guilt could almost be
conceived as purity.

“Yeah, Gee?” he asked going into his caring mode, too eager to do anything for a hurt Gerard. It was
his fault.

“Can you-Can you get Frankie?” he asked his brother, a grating tone, drought of his voice brought
by the flooding of his eyes.

“Sure, Gee, sure,” he said being very pussyfooted about everything.

He left, steering around Gerard’s still crumpled up figure that was laying on the couch, sniffing. The
door shut and he was left with his thoughts for a few minutes. He let them wander, their leash lost
and Gerard silent.

Gerard knew Mikey did not approve of Frank, he did not like Frank. This was not the reason why he
wanted Mikey to get him. This was not the reason at all.

He wanted Frank to hold him. Hold him with his murderer hands and touch him all over with his
tattoos and soft words of reassurement, pounding it into Gerard’s mind that they would get away
with everything and it would be okay.

He wanted Frank to talk to him. He wanted him to lie to Gerard. He just wanted Frank.
He wanted Frank all the time, every day. He wanted him when he was happy and when he was sad and when he hated himself and even when he hated Frank. He wanted Frank forever.

He sobbed, harder. He would be alone for a few minutes but those minutes felt like months. He could not handle that. He could not handle being alone, for how little time.

He needed Frank. He needed him forever.

And anything that forever entailed.

* * * * * *

Mikey was going to get Frank to his own personal chagrin. He was going to get Frank and ask him if he had killed those people. Or maybe he wasn’t. Maybe his brother was much more important than a hunch.

Maybe he would let him comfort Gerard then confront him. He would probably chicken out. He was most definitely going to chicken out.

That was just how Mikey was. He was a coward. He knew it, he was aware of it. But he sure as hell didn’t like it.

He was going to drag Frank to comfort Gerard. He was not going to tell him why Gerard needed to be comforted in the first place. Then he was going to go vent at Bob. You see, coward.

He knocked on the door to Frank’s apartment. It was a rust colour, dull and flaking. It added to the desolation that he felt. It was a pitiful sight, run down and dirty looking, the wood was coming through, the colour of that just as pitiful.

Mikey couldn’t shake the feeling of apprehension he had. He was going to talk with a murderer. Possibly, The Jay if he mingled his theory in the recipe.

His brother made it seem pretty believable that Frank did not do it. But there was a panicked sort of look in his eye that told him that maybe, just maybe, Frank did.

Gerard might have insisted on Frank’s innocence but what if Frank made him? What if Frank was abusing Gerard? Maybe he did love Frank, but not in the way that was healthy.

He had seen it in their eyes, when they looked at each other. It was the kind of love that unsettled him. The sort of glint of obsession, no, insanity that pegged the two lovers as odd whenever they looked at each other. As if they were puzzle pieces to a gory picture and they fit together just so to make that picture possible.

But Mikey could not bring himself to think his brother was a murderer. Despite how odd he looked when he looked at Frank, all the odds of homicide were stacked against him. He was not a killer. He couldn’t be.

He hated blood, the sight of it made him sick. He was surprised he had held it together so well when he got drunk and hurt his hand, (a cut that was just starting to scab over.) He was the nicest person Mikey had ever met, besides swearing, smoking and never showering Gerard was pretty courteous to the general population. He was not a menace. He was not a killer.

Mikey had decided that Gerard was innocent. But Frank was another story altogether. He was so weird.
He was just scary. It was a little hard to explain. He was short, he was small but he looked pernicious. He looked like a fucking hamartia walking.

It had been a while since he had first knocked and Frank had not answered yet.

He knocked on the door to his apartment again, punctuating the wooden thuds with sighs. He felt as if this was a bit of an embarrassment. It was going to be. If Frank asked the right questions. And Mikey was pretty sure he would.

It was going to be awkward explaining to his self-proclaimed enemy that Gerard was crying and he was the one to do it. And Frank was the only one who could stop it. He used to be able to do a pretty good job of making Gerard okay.

But right then he was a mess, in stitches on a stitched up couch. And it was all Mikey’s fault.

Yeah, that would be a stiff sort of story. But he was prepared for the embarrassment it brought him if it was over quickly. He didn’t really like it when his brother was sad. It was a thing that was stemmed from their time as children and being each other’s only friends.

“What!?” he got screamed at him, snappily, before the door opened on a disgruntled Frank.

Mikey was startled by it, not used to such a loud exclamation after such a period of silence.

“Mikey, it’s you,” Frank said, just a little distain dripping from his teeth and into his voice like blood used in a horror film.

“What do you want, Mikey?” Frank asked, exasperated. He sounded tired, the disdain being replaced by fatigue.

“Frank. Gerard is crying and he needs you,” Mikey said, sighing. Yes, this was as awkward as he imagined it to be. He was admitting his defeat, laying it all down to his enemy.

What battle they were fighting, Mikey wasn’t too sure. Because Gerard was a person, they were not competing for his affection in anyway, and he was just a messenger. But nonetheless, he felt threatened by Frank. And that was saying something on his hunch on the homicide.

Frank was scary, Mikey had to admit. In the way that annoyed you, though. He was scary, not intimidating. So Mikey did not mind talking a little lip to him once and a while. He really, really did not like Frank. Murderer, or not.

“Oh? What happened?” Frank asked, his interest peaked and sympathy tapped. His eyes went a little darker, in a way that showed his love and concern for Gerard.

His face softened and he leaned against the door. What could have Gerard running back to him after such a fight? Was it his fault? Did he make his baby cry?

That would be a horrible thing to have happened. He didn’t want to hurt Gerard. He wanted to keep him safe, even if it meant compromising his happiness.

Gerard was already in danger being with him, already sad. It was his job to keep him kind of happy. It was his job to keep him as safe as possible. It was something that was his duty when it came to Gerard.

But Frank could tell that something was wrong, not with Gerard, but with Mikey.
Mikey sighed, humiliated. He put his fingers on the bridge of his nose, pinching it. He didn’t want to speak it out loud but he had to. He had to for the sake of peace. Frank would surely want to start a petty argument. Or at least goad him on further than he needed to be at the moment.

“I made him cry,” Mikey said. He did not want to tell Frank why. He did not want his reaction and defensiveness about the situation and the cause of Gerard’s plight.

“What? Why?” he was asked in an enraged voice. That was a more mild reaction than what would be if Mikey accused him of murder. So this was probably better.

“Doesn’t matter. We had a falling out. Listen, Frank, he needs you. Are you coming or not?” Mikey asked, hand on his hip in impatience. Before that gesticulation of that, he had waved away the question of why he had made Gerard cry.

He already felt bad doing it, hell, he felt horrible. But for some reason, it was worse saying it aloud, trying to face it in a more public way that he felt a little more horrible doing. It was an odd observation.

Mikey could feel his guilt fester in his stomach. He let it consume him in a wave of heat. He felt so terrible, doing that to his brother. Making him cry. He was a disgusting person. And he knew it, he just couldn’t face it.

It was almost as if he could feel Gerard’s wailing. Feel his need. But he left that to Frank to figure out. He was the soulmate to Gerard.

Frank hurried past Mikey in a way that showed he was disgusted. And in a way, Mikey was disgusted in himself, too.

But he was still flip-flopping between thinking that Frank was innocent and thinking he was a murderer.

It was completely plausible, logical. There was so much evidence stacked against Gerard and Frank that it seemed impossible they were even free and walking. He just hoped his brother hadn’t killed yet. Or would ever kill.


Murderer.

He sighed, turning to walk down to the first floor where he would be in his car and off to Bob’s to talk this over within minutes.

They had a lot of discussing to do about this. And Mikey had a feeling that when he got home his outlook on his brother would be change, as well as his entire life.
Save or Destroy, What's the Difference When You're Insane and In Love?

Chapter Notes

I was gonna do something else near the middle when Frank and Gerard are talking but I decided against it because it would do nothing to help the plot and would just be cheap angst so if it's sort of choppy, I apologize.

Gerard was first greeted by Frank. The shorter, younger, better man stood in the doorway to the apartment, looking at Gerard with pity that Gerard did not see due to the fact that everything in his little world was just black.

He was still curled up in his couch ball, sobbing about nothing and everything, in formation to get hit with a bomb. His fingers locked over the back of his head, a hair band. His elbows went, tucked against his sides a turtle, his knees were the same. His back was a small arch and he could feel his spin bend like a bridge he couldn’t get over because he was too busy being suffocated under it.

“Gee?” Frank asked him, his voice small. He walked into the apartment, rapping his knuckles on the wooden doorway, even though it was an unspoken rule he was invited at every time of day.

Gerard, being still blind to everything but himself and sounds did not like the way Frank’s tone was. It was soft, like a blanket. But Gerard was already suffocating under the heat of Mikey’s suspicion and was tempted to just kick Frank’s voice off like he did in the summertime when he was sweating. Frank’s voice was small, that blanket being turned into just a little throw.

Gerard couldn’t take small, it made him quiver more than the weight of large.

Gerard’s face came out of his body cocoon and looked up at Frank in the most innocent of manners. His eyes were wide and puffy. They looked like stained glass, the green somewhat tainted in all his sadness. He looked bloodshot, worn out, a Kodak moment at a funeral.

“Hey, baby. Hey,” Frank said in a coo. He was coddling Gerard. He wasn’t even touching him but Gerard could feel it, the absence of meaning in an overwhelming feeling. He hated the whole parodied act of it.

Gerard buried his head in his hands again. He wanted to disappear for a few moments because he felt too much of not enough.

“Hey, Gee. Don’t be that way,” Frank said, coming forward, (not that Gerard could see), and put his arms awkwardly around Gerard. He wedged his one tattooed arm between Gerard and the couch and put the other around the outside of his encasing.

“Baby?” Frank asked him in a small voice, trying to hack into his being.

Gerard hated small. When would Frank start to understand that he did not want small anymore?

Gerard loosened a little, knowing that Frank did care though and he might get mean if Gerard didn’t obey, or worse, he would just go back home. Gerard did not want him to go home, he was the one that called him there in the first place. He had to make him stay.
“I love you,” Gerard whined into the couch, directed at Frank. He sounded desperate, he was desperate.

He was desperate for the feeling those words would bring. He was desperate for the feeling that he would gain when Frank said them back. He was a clean slate and that was the worse thing he had ever been. Not a murderer, not an accomplice. A clean slate was his now horrible state. And he hated it. Because he felt so numb.

He was desperate to keep Frank anchored there. Maybe Frank could make him feel something. Maybe Frank could just fill the empty everything.

“I love you, Gee. Are you okay? What’s wrong?” Frank said in his soft voice that scared Gerard with its prospects and a hand making gentle circles on his side. That was a sort of soft he enjoyed.

But no matter how much he enjoyed it, and how many butterflies were currently starting riots in his stomach he still felt cold, he still felt a bit like jelly.

“No, I’m not okay. I’m so fucking numb,” Gerard admitted to his boyfriend who didn’t speak but just kept rubbing him and cuddling him in his awkward position.

Frank put his head on Gerard’s back, being so deliciously close to Gerard but not enough. It was not enough, nothing was enough.

But despite his discontent Gerard liked this silence. He did not like the silence that followed when they were standing across from each other in Gerard’s bedroom, so far away in a time that would soon come to pass with the most odd of occurrence.

“Did he find out?” Frank asked in a whisper. Maybe it only sounded like a whisper because they were so far away. Maybe it was because Gerard could not handle the truth any louder than it already was in subtext. It screamed at his eyes, at least it was nice to his ears.

“He’s suspicious,” Gerard admitted in a cracking voice.

He loved Mikey, he did not want him to be hurt. If he got any closer to the truth, he would die. And then Gerard would probably die, too. And he would die even more knowing that it would be Frank to get rid of him. He would not be able to face Frank after that. He would lose the two most important people in his life. He could not stomach that.

“Please don’t kill him,” Gerard added quickly, a still quiet plea. He felt a tear drip from his eye, a lone line trekking to his chin.

“I won’t. I won’t kill him,” Frank said and Gerard could hear the lie thick as molasses. But it was a promise, no matter how fractured and that was enough for now.

“I’m serious. I wouldn’t be able to love you if you did,” Gerard warned to his lover, who moved his head to the other side as Gerard said that, the rustle sounding like an echo, a reverberation across Gerard’s back.

“Never want to lose you, won’t kill him. Promise,” Frank mumbled in a makeshift sort of vow, kissing Gerard on his back before laying his head back down, ear against spine and sighing.

It was a lie. It was a total lie. Frank was just making promises to keep Gerard sedated for a little while because he knew that would have turned into a fight and Gerard could not handle that in his flimsy state.
“I am so entirely too in love with you for my own good,” Gerard said with a sigh, knowing that someday he would be okay but today was not the day and he was just waiting for that day to actually come.

“I’m sorry,” Frank said, adding a pin into Gerard’s heart unknowingly.

“It’s okay,” Gerard said. He sat down on his bed, his feet touching the ground, body sinking into the mattress like it was grass.

“No, it isn’t,” Frank said, the same deadpan, tear choked voice that Gerard used.

“It isn’t,” Gerard sighed, laying down on the bed, Frank sitting down in his spot like they were robots. Maybe they were.

Maybe they were just so used to the pain that they seemed to be addicted to that it would take an apocalypse to actually make them feel anything besides constant disappointment. They were so used to everything they were now that happiness was their substitute for pain but where was it?

They weren’t happy but when Gerard looked at Frank, he liked to think he was.

“I love you,” Frank said, laying next to Gerard on his small and messy bed, littered with a crumpled sheet and a discarded comforter.

“I know you do,” Gerard said, knowing Frank hadn’t said it to have it said back to him.

Gerard cuddled into Frank’s body, eyes still puffy with emotion, nose clogged with sadness. He sniffled, burying his head in the smaller man. Frank smelled like firewood. He liked it.

That, that right there was heaven. He felt it inside of his chest and it banged around in his stomach. It was a silent sort of ouch but he liked it, how it burned.

He looked up at Frank, eyes innocent and glowing past the brown shirt that Frank was enclosed in. Frank was looking at him in a way that wailed ‘forever’. His small smirk was gracing the edges of his lips like sunshine rays in sunrises, those pastel colours coming through the horizon.

They didn’t say anything. They couldn’t. That was sort of sad, their relationship was only perfect in edited photographs. But Gerard couldn’t care less at that moment. He was too in love with Frank, too entranced in him.

Frank looked away from Gerard, his smile fading as he stared at the ceiling. Gerard’s smile slipped and he squirmed to look to where Frank was.

It was just a ceiling, what was he so entranced in?

“Frankie?” Gerard asked, his head now level with Frank’s and looking at the same ceiling.

“Gerard, we really need to talk about something,” Frank said to him. His adams apple was at an angle, bobbing with the buoy in his mind, anchoring him to sanity.

While they were staring at each other, Frank wondered how exquisite it would be to rip Gerard apart. Him, the lover, replaced by the killer. He would not be Frank anymore, he would be The Jay. He would be a murderer and Gerard would be his next victim.

No, he couldn't. He was too atrociously dazzling. Gerard loved Frank and that was not his fault, that was not his vice, but damn it all if it was his virtue.
Gerard would look so pretty with his innards wrapped around his throat, he would be so beautiful. He would be covered in blood and his heart would stop. He would look so beautiful all cut up and gory and dirty. But he would be dead. And Frank would be alone.

The thought of that made Frank's heart almost stop. The murderer inside of him did not realize that if Gerard died, no matter how gruesome, no matter how refreshingly, Frank would, too. He would perish with his heart stopped the moment Gerard's did no matter how much beautiful carnage came with it.

But he quickly recovered with the comforting weight of his madness meeting his shoulders again. He could kill someone else. He could bring Gerard, show him the nicer side of murder rather than just the dirty work. Maybe then he would like it.

He smiled at his darling, his eyes were so glorious. So easily ripped out of his head. His body was small against Frank, he could hear the pitter-patter of an innocent heartbeat that made his blood while with the lust of murder and carnage.

His ribcage sung against his skin, he could usually contain the need to kill but with Gerard it was like his libido. It was like his senses. They were all heightened, Gerard made everything too intense.

Gerard made everything just a little more dangerous and Frank didn’t know whether he should be annoyed or in love with him more for that.

But maybe that was the thing Frank loved most about Gerard. Maybe it was the power he gave his lover over him.

But he had to tell him, no matter how happy Gerard looked at the moment. He had to tell him about how much he was in danger.

The sheer felicity on Gerard's face made him hesitant to tell him about these thoughts, but he must, he must shatter the illusion that Gerard would be safe when he was with Frank, no matter how hard Frank himself tried to keep him that way. He was always in danger of insanity, and adjacent to that danger would be the mortality and fatality of Gerard Way. A person too ethereal to even be put in danger.

Maybe he would leave Frank. Maybe he would walk away and he would be okay. But that was unlikely. Gerard was head over heels in love with Frank that he couldn't pry himself away from Gerard even if he wanted to. They had been through too much and he could not just get scared and bolt no matter how much he was tempted to.

He knew this would happen when he first fucked him, when he first saw him. He knew they would be volatile. They would be explosive. HE just didn’t know he would fall so in love with him.

He should have known though. It was a classic koi no yokan. The first time he had seen him it had been lust at first sight, disaster at the double take. He should have stayed away but the charisma of innocence that Gerard so mindlessly exuded was overwhelming and Frank was already a sad case before his temptation.

Frank was weak willed, he would follow Gerard and maybe Gerard could sense that. Maybe, just maybe he would know that Frank always loved him, but the murderer inside of him didn't.

The murderer inside of him wanted him dead. So much that maybe he had become a hazard, a hamartia to his beautiful lover who looked so happy not knowing what was going on in Frank’s head.
Soon, with his confession to Gerard he would surely be frightened. But not as frightened as Frank was about his little fantasies, the ones that did not include Gerard naked (even though they were admittedly disturbing in their own right). He was scared of what his hands could do. The hands that were so busy twirling on the skin on Gerard’s blissful face.

Did Gerard know? Did Gerard know what he thought about him? Did he want to?

All while he was contemplating all of this he wondered what Gerard would look like without any skin. Probably just as lovely. But too dead for Frank’s liking.

But he had to tell Gerard that he thought this, not as some sort of twisted compliment, but as a fact that had to be spoken aloud.

He had to tell him. No matter how hard it felt and fell on his tongue.

"You know I love you, Gerard? Do you know that?" Frank asked him, swallowing so violently that his Adam's apple bobbed ferociously. He looked down at Gerard, his radiance hurting his eyes so he looked back up, quickly so he didn’t go blind.

He was nervous.

"Yeah, I know that, silly," Gerard said, looking at his boyfriend more, his elbow propping him above Frank. He stared down at Frank, Frank still diverting his attention from him.

Frank’s hand went to Gerard's hair, he pet it, matting his fingers in the weighted, slightly greasy mass of stringy black hair. He liked the feeling that it gave him, the comfort of comforting.

He sighed, he would not know how to word this to Gerard without both of them feeling like he was threatening him. He was in a predicament but he needed to get the barbed wire words out with the least damage to Gerard.

What would Gerard do when he found out? Would he get scared? Did Frank want him to get scared? What if he didn’t? Did he have a complete disregard for his safety? Should he be concerned if he wasn’t concerned himself?

"Honey, do you know what I want to do to you?" Frank asked him, taking a break off of staring at the wall to catch a glance at the Gerard who was biting his lip suggestively.

"You want to fuck me," Gerard answered, incorrectly.

He wished it was just that simple. He wished his thoughts of Gerard were just a little perverted and not so blatantly grotesque.

"No, well, yeah. Always," Frank said, a chuckle apparent on his breath even though he knew this situation was not funny the answer was just a little bit ironic.

"Well then what do you want to do to me?" Gerard asked in a meek voice.

He was hurt, if Frank did not want to fuck him, what was he going to do? Kiss him, hold him. That would be the best case scenarios but with Frank that rarely ever actually happened. No matter how much he loved him, Frank really did fuck up a lot of things about Gerard’s life, not like he would ever admit that to him.

Frank could sense Gerard’s sadness, even though he was rarely looking at him. Was he, was he breaking up with him? Was he leaving Gerard? After all that had happened?
Gerard would be devastated if Frank left him. He would probably die, or just fade away. Let’s be honest, Frank was his bones no matter how much his just months before body tried to disagree, Frank was a part of him now. Frank was his everything now. He could not just pull the rug out from under Gerard. He could not just do that when Gerard loved him too much. He wouldn’t dare.

What was he doing?

"Dollface, don't take this the wrong way, you know I love you-"

"What do you want to do, Frank?" Gerard asked getting panicked, looking at his lover with wide eyes.

He wanted to cry, he wanted to turn over and sleep and he wanted to forget the fright and hysteria Frank was making clog in Gerard’s throat. He felt hot, he felt scared, like he was running a fever.

Frank sighed again, he couldn't step around the subject anymore. Gerard was getting terrified with apprehension.

"Are you breaking up with me?" Gerard said, choking up, panicking. His voice was gagged with words, muffling the tighter syllables.

"No, Gerard," Frank sighed again, he couldn't keep stalling like this, he had to tell Gerard.

He looked at him, patting his cheek in between his calloused fingers. He loved him so much, but he had already started to say it, he had made Gerard so scared, he could not just back down. He could not say, “Never mind.” He could not do that to Gerard.

"Than what?" he asked, burying his head on Frank's chest to hear the constant nervous tapping of a heartbeat against his ivory structure of bones.

He didn’t want to be away from Frank. He didn’t want to hear bad news. He wanted to go back to his black abyss of nothingness, curled up into himself where everything was one colour, easier.

"Gerard, you know I kill people right?" Frank asked, he looked up to the ceiling again, away from Gerard's confused gaze.

"Frank, you're scaring me," Gerard said.

"Sorry, kitten, but this needs to be said," Frank replied to him in apology.

"Than say it!" Gerard insisted of his lover with an excited? tone that exuded fear more than any felicity.

"I want to murder you. I want to tear off your skin and break your bones. I want to see what you look like when you're too tortured to be you anymore. I want to break you," Frank said to his lover who, after a stunned moment seemed a bit more calm about this than he should.

"Why?" he asked Frank, more hurt rather than frightened. Maybe that was a product of sadness, maybe it was a product of hanging out with him, Frank.

He quivered fingers clutching Frank’s shirt. He felt a bit abandoned, he needed comfort and Frank was the only one who could possibly give it to him. It might have been foolished to do that, but Gerard was never quite smart so it seemed.

"I don't know, baby. I love you, God I love you, I would never hurt you. A part of me doesn't want
to. But you're so innocent and pure that I would just love to taint you in a way no one else could. I would love to completely and utterly destroy you," Frank said, articulating the last words like they weren't already the biggest the both of them had ever heard.

There were a few moments of silence, a meditation, the ripples of water subsiding.

Frank felt a ripping pain in his chest, Gerard was still laying against him so that was a good sign but what if it was just shock keeping his lover from bolting?

Gerard kissed Frank on the cheek before falling back down against his place against his heartbeat. It was fast, slowing but still impossibly fast.

"I love you, Frank. I love you, so much. No amount of you being a killer can change that," Gerard said, much more calmer than Frank, the one who had planned on murdering him upon first meeting.

"It should!" Frank exulted. When would Gerard learn?

He wouldn't, that was the problem. He would never learn. He would never learn the danger of Frank Iero.

"Frank, it doesn't, get over it," Gerard said and Frank so desperately wanted him to be lying.

"I want you to be safe," Frank explained to his lover through tears of aggravation, the liquid fogging up his eyes but never releasing onto his cheeks.

"I want to be happy. You make me happy," Gerard said, too ignorantly blissful for the information that has came to light. He wrapped his arms around Frank, feeling him around his loving flesh, he sighed, happy.

Frank was stunned. He knew Gerard had a blatant disregard for being, but to this extent? He never knew.

"Do you want to die, Gerard?" He asked, caring about his mental well being rather than his physical.

"Only if you kill me," Gerard said, squeezing tighter once to add emphasis to his devotion.

Frank shook his head in disbelief. This was all too much for him. He felt a bit sick. He felt a bit appalled.

But at least Gerard was as devoted to him as he was to Frank. That was the only upside to their situation. if there was one at all.

"You're insane, love," Frank said in a deadpan voice.

"Thank you," Gerard said, too nonchalant and cutesy for Frank's liking.

Despite sounding so casual, or at least apathetic. He was angry at Gerard. He was angry that he didn't care about himself. He was angry that he was so casual, it just boiled in his bones. It turned the ivory structure into instruments of death.

"Wasn't a fucking compliment!" Frank screamed, launching himself from under Gerard, practically sick of his lover at that point.

Or maybe just sick with his viewpoint of the situation.

He stood up and stared at his lover, flustered with the sudden ejaculation of emotion coming from
"Stop yelling at me!" Gerard exclaimed, exasperated.

Frank quieted down. He put his hands out to Gerard. "Come here," he said with a sigh. He beckoned to his lover, knowing that it was tiring to be with him.

But for some reason he just wanted a reason to be angry at Gerard, or maybe he already had a reason he just needed a better one to act on. He wanted to hurt Gerard, but he knew Gerard was not in the mod for rough sex.

It had been so long, it seemed, since their last fight. Maybe they could only exist on sadness and despair.

"Frankie?" Gerard asked with a quiet sort of innocence in his glorious voice, innocence making his head tilt down and his eyes tilt up.

He walked toward Frank with his quiet footsteps and an even more acquiesce face. He was innocent, he was so scared.

"Y'know I love you, but I want to keep you safe. And let's be honest, I am fucking volatile," Frank said putting his arms around Gerard and his forehead on his.

"I love you, though. I need you. Like air, I crave you, like life," he said, kissing Frank's nose.

"Jesus, baby. I hate your guts," Frank said to his lover in an almost cruel timing.

He really did. He hated what Gerard did and he hated who Gerard was and he hated how he felt about him and he hated himself enough just to hate thing thing he loved the most. Because Gerard was just as much a part of him as any of his vices or virtues.

“I hate you, too, Frankie,” Gerard said, kissing his nose like he didn’t even mean it.

But he did and maybe it was the fact that he meant it Frank felt a new wave of anger coming on and surging through his hands, cupping his angel’s face.

Gerard stared at him, too in love to even care that Frank could be so close to snapping his neck or hurting him. He did not care about his vulnerability. He didn’t care about anything with Frank.

Frank’s eyes flickered around his face, deliriously placing thin lips under his nose before speeding up to his green eyes, flecked with a caramel brown.

“Wanna break you,” Frank said, maybe delirious in his skimming of Gerard’s cheek with his nose. His eyes were close and his teeth were gritted like he was a primal being.

“Frankie,” Gerard giggled, unaware of the more sinister need that Frank was exhibiting in his touches.

He hadn’t really heard his lover speak those words after him, but he only felt his nose, trailing so closely on Gerard’s cheek in such a display of affection that he needn’t worry his heart about anything else.

His heart was beating so fast. It almost sensed that danger was to be on the horizon. He knew that this came with the thrill of killing. But the thrill of killing was never so sweet when it was something that he was really risking.
What was he risking?

Was he risking immortality? Was he risking the act of being Gerard’s forever? Was he risking his forever?

Was Gerard his forever in a few respects? Was he the one thing that he couldn’t stand losing so he rarely stood at all? Was he the thing that could preserve him past oblivion? Or was it love? Was he risking his loyalty and love? Was he risking his future?

Whatever kind of forever Gerard represented, Frank wanted to gamble it. And gamble he did, pressing harder into Gerard’s soft, babyish skin that Frank adored so much.

“Wanna hurt you, baby. So sorry,” Frank said, more feverish, crushing Gerard’s face in his hands.

He didn’t necessarily liked what he was doing, but it felt so good. It felt like he was a god, the act of killing was so potent, but the act of sacrifice, risking was even more poignant.

Gerard noticed now. He noticed the pain he felt in his cheekbones now, Frank’s hand crushing him too much now. He noticed that this was not a game and the dementia in Frank’s eyes told him that even if it was, Frank was not going to play fairly.

“Owie, Frank,” he complained. He wanted to get his scary lover off of him.

“Why don’t you understand, Gerard? Why don’t you understand that no matter how hard I try I will always hurt you?” Frank asked, seemingly absentminded as he explored Gerard’s now slightly aching face he was still making ache.

He stared into Gerard’s eyes, yearning for him to see his side but all Gerard saw was madness in the browning orbs.

He was frightened. He was frightened of Frank and he did not like the feeling. He felt unsafe, he felt intimidated. But he could not help but still the think the butterflies of anxiety were butterflies of romance.

Gerard was confused by Frank, the enigma that he always was. When they were first hooking up, Frank scared him but more in a mysterious intimidating way, but now Gerard was tempted to piss himself.

Gerard tried to get away from his crazed lover’s hands he had cherished so much just hours before, feeling the calloused fingers against his face like rusting prison bars. “Frankie!” he complained again, this time a high pitched whine that made the Frank that was not slipping into insanity let go of him. Sadly, this was not that Frank.

This was the killer Frank, the one who was slipping into madness with his last kill. He surely did not want to hurt Gerard. But, then again, maybe he did. Maybe he wanted him hurt.

“Do you think your brother will find out?” Frank asked a Gerard who did not care about that at the moment when Frank was starting to scare him. Starting to, no, he had already thoroughly done that.

Frank’s eyes were wild and Gerard vaguely thought that he was just a bit paranoid. But this was not paranoia. They were bright and shiny with the inebriation of growing insanity, he was a new penny, a faulty penny, but a new one. But pennies did not frighten Gerard like this.

“Yeah, probably. He’s not stupid,” he said, wriggling in Frank’s still vice like grip.
He should not have said that to his lover. He would probably be hurt more by Frank’s growing madness.

“Frankie, let go,” he pleaded. He whined his way free, wriggling like a caged butterfly, a feeling he should not get when standing so close to his lover.

Frank was snapped out of it after a few seconds of looking off into the distance, contemplating.

“What? Oh, sorry,” Frank said, backing away.

Gerard massaged his cheek, looking at Frank in a victimized way. His cheek still hurt when he pressed his fingers ever so lightly into it. It would leave a bruise.

“Sorry, sorry,” Frank repeated sitting down on the floor. He mumbled it, barely an actual apology but Gerard was too forgiving of Frank to care that it was not quite formal.

Frank was on the ground, looking up at Gerard like he was the frightened one now. Like he was the one who had just been held much too close by a serial killer who professed to wanting to destroy them.

He just looked terrified. Maybe it was of himself.

His heart was still a little fast from the odd behavior but he acted as calm as possible after being scared by your boyfriend, the scarer now looking to the carpeted floor in an absent, innocent way that was too full of maleficence to be comforting.

“S’okay,” Gerard said, sitting down in front of him. He continued to rub his cheek in a tender way. It would definitely leave a bruise.

“Gerard?” Frank asked, shaking back and forth on his bottom, arms linked across knees.

“Yeah?”

“I think I’m going insane,” he finally said, rocking harder yet, voice shaky like he was driving on rocks.

There was a panning feeling in Gerard’s chest that felt like it would leave a bruise.

“Yeah, I know,” Gerard said, massaging his face and holding Frank closer to him as they sat on his carpeted floor, rocking and rocking, nursing injuries that weren’t too severe but crucial it seemed. At least to the meaning of their future, and or relationship.

He looked at his lover, wide eyes and tattooed skin and he was suddenly small. He was suddenly just like Gerard. He couldn’t help but think how much he loved him and how much he was scared for him and of him.

Frank was an enigma. He was so complex that Gerard would soon be lost in his labyrinth. But his journey did not frighten him, not really, at least. It was what he would find at the heart of the maze.

What would he find? Would he find Frank? Or would he find a demon? Or maybe, they were they synonymous and that was the thing that Gerard knew but Gerard did not want to have to face. That would be the big reveal by the end of their slasher flick when all the smoke cleared and everyone was dead.

He sighed, accepting his fate that seemed so bent on making him completely and disturbingly
unhappy in the happiest of ways. (That happy/unhappy being Frank himself, swaying back and forth and looking remorsefully at the floor of Gerard’s bedroom, a nappy, curly sea of blue carpet.)

Gerard squeezed Frank closer to his body, hoping to warm his frozen lover up from his almost catatonic state. If there was one thing that Gerard really knew it was that Frank was weird and maybe Frank wasn’t totally okay as of late but Gerard loved him, even though it would leave a bruise and much more horrible abrasions.
Mikey was freaking out. To tell the truth that had been what he was doing for the past few days, or at least hours. Ever since Bob planted the idea that his older brother’s lover was a murderer. So yeah, a few hours.

He felt sick, like his stomach was churning, a cauldron of emotions that were not very good. He was not in love, but there were still butterflies, beating their wings against his stomach lining like instruments of war.

He couldn’t be in the house that seemed to make him freak out more. He could not be around his brother. He could not be around his brother’s lover. Even if Gerard wasn’t currently crying (and crying because of him) he would have left. He had to. He needed to clear his head because everything in his world was getting fuzzy. He wasn’t sure how they were so codependent on each other's well beings [his brain and his environment] but he could tell it was like Frank and Gerard.

It scared him.

If Mikey was this confused and this scared as of now because of something that emulated his brother and his lover’s relationship, how did Gerard feel all the time? Even if he wasn’t a murderer, his love was toxic. And if he was a murderer, the love became all the more twisted.

Mikey himself could tell that and he hated being around the two when they were together. They were weird. Gerard was weird, but he was weird in the good way. Frank was weird in a bad way. Frank was just scary.

And so Mikey was scared for Gerard.

He didn’t want his brother to be unsafe. He didn’t want his brother to be tainted or harmed or hurt. He didn’t want to worry about anything. He didn’t want the constant nagging that his brother was unsafe in the back of his mind when maybe it was his brother who was the unsafe thing that Mikey should be worried about. Would he kill him? Would he kill Mikey? Would he let Frank do it? Maybe Gerard wasn’t all that sane because of Frank. Or maybe he had just gone off the rails himself.

Mikey shivered, walking to his destination and farther away from Gerard and Frank.

He was probably stupid now, to be going back to talk to the guy that planted the idea that Gerard and Frank were murderers, in the first place in his mind to get him to talk him out of thinking like that. But Mikey was not making any sense and so wasn’t his life.

Gerard could not be a murderer. He tossed this idea back and forth, each bone crushing and mind melding flip that he made in his judgement probably battling his psychological standing as a person. This was all too much.

Gerard was not a murderer he decided in the moment just after thinking Gerard was. Mikey’s logic and knowledge of his brother would not allow it to be the worse way. He was too kind, too innocent.
He was Gerard, and that was not synonymous with murderer. That was synonymous with kind, with brother, with loving and gentle. Gerard did not mean murderer. At least, not of what Mikey had seen of that.

But despite that, despite the valid argument that Gerard wasn’t a murderer, there was also a compelling argument that said he was.

He was there, at the scene of the crime just a few minutes before the crime itself. His alibi was flimsy at best, nonexistent in the worst. But Mikey loved his brother, so these points did not truly exist to him. Love was blind, even if it was brotherly.

Frank was another story as we’ve so told you before. But if Gerard did not do it, Frank did not do it. And if Gerard did it, Frank did it. The two went hand in hand in this crime. Whether they had committed it or not. That was a bit why Mikey was so torn, because he hated Frank but he loved Gerard.

And Gerard definitely did not do it. And Frank definitely did.

But there was no way one could kill, in any way, without the other knowing. It was impossible. With the story they had, of course it was.

But that meant if Frank did it, Gee did it and that was not feasible. So their innocence was on the table for now. Despite how much he really did think Frank did it and Gerard was innocent.

And despite how much Mikey disliked Frank and loved his brother, he took that one somewhat negative point into consideration when looking at the case. They had to do it together. They would have had to do it together. Yes, Mikey took that into consideration.

And so did Bob, who, without emotional ties to either party, thought they were guilty. The rational part of Mikey thought him right, the logical part was scared if he was. And the rather emotional side pretended it was a fanciful theory made up by the cruel acquaintance that Bob seemed to be now a days.

But despite being so disagreeable in Mikey’s eyes, he still went to Bob with this trouble, a little unwisely we might say, looking back upon his choice of direct socialization and partner for discussion over the topic.

He just did not want Gerard to be a murderer. But he wished that the case that favored him innocent was more substantial than the one that found him guilty.

He did not want to see Gerard go to jail. He did not want Gerard to get into any trouble. He was going to get into a lot of trouble.

This would damage their relationship. An unbreakable glass wall between them and Gerard (usually dressed in black) would be in a prison jumpsuit, bright orange whenever Mikey went to see him.

He did not want Gerard to be a murderer. Who would want their brother to be a psycho?

But it was just that that made everything so much harder on Mikey. Gerard was his brother, the guy he played baseball with when he was seven. The guy who talked to him when he was thirteen. The guy who lived with him when he was in his twenties. Gerard was his best friend. And he did not want his best friend to be a murderer. He did not want to see his best friend in this situation at all.

So it was better to deny everything that pointed to Gerard being a murderer and accepting the fact that he simply was innocent in this heinous crime and this was all a mixup. He could admit, looking
back this was a cocktail of denial, desperation and arrogance. But at the time, the drink was so good.

Bob did not agree with him in anything about this case. He thought Gerard was as guilty as Frank. He thought Frank weird, but he thought Gerard just as weird. He hadn’t really known Gerard. But he had seen him around enough in their circle of friends that he knew he was peculiar. And he seemed to believe that Gerard was homicidal.

As well as he thought Frank was The Jay. Mikey and him did not differ on that, they had analyzed it and it was safe to say that even without being biased towards Frank that he was the one to do it. He was the murderer.

But there was one offset. Before this, he had never been tied up in anything legal. Barely even a parking ticket. He was squeaky clean.

How could such a law abiding citizen be a murderer with almost fifty victims in his belt?

It actually made sense though, when he was thinking about it. Frank was weird. weird enough to be a murderer. He gave off those vibes to Mikey and Bob. But he was clean cut enough to kill people in an almost pacifistic way. They were rarely ever killed in the style of brutality. It matched with Frank, strong will power. But an impulsive and growing need for killing.

He was routine, (two week schedule ring a bell) and he was secretive (only letting Gerard into his apartment.)

So it was good that Bob and Mikey agreed on that thing, or else they would be on entirely different plateaus rather than the differing planes that they were standing on currently. Mikey found himself on his way to Bob’s apartment to discuss none other than their differing theories. More like cry about them as he would soon find out.

As stupid as it seems when he is doing it now, dear reader, he was just a bit more desperate for someone to talk to than he was desperate for his brother to be innocent. Was that selfish? Maybe it was. But he was going mental with no one knowing this dirty little maybe secret. Maybe he was just going mad with the fact that he couldn’t make up his mind about this predicament. They seemed to flip with his standing in the case of Gerard’s purity.

When he was innocent, he was more concerned about the fact that he probably wasn’t. When he wasn’t, he was concerned over the fact that he was hiding a secret that he wasn’t even sure about. There were problems within problems within problems in this quandary.

But at the moment Gerard was teetering on the edge of guilty, in Mikey’s mind so he was currently hoarding a secret. A secret that was ripping him apart with it’s consequences and implication.

He had to tell someone. He wanted to tell someone. Who could he tell? Who could he tell? Who would want to hear him? Would anybody care about this? Of course they would, but would it be bad for him.

It was this frantic sort of searching for someone who he could tell without there being a change in much things that lead him to Bob. He couldn’t tell Ray, his brother would surely be arrested. He was already on the suspect list, he could not divulge the fact that Gerard’s alibi was terribly weak. He had to keep him safe, even if he

he was guilty, in the deepest recess of his heart he knew he was guilty. But he could not admit that. He could not tell anyone his doubts about Gerard.

Therefore he could not tell anyone else if he wanted to freeze the situation for a while. He could only
talk to Bob, the man that thought his brother was a murderer in the first place. He was the only one that was almost completely indifferent to this.

Bob was like his best hope and his absolute worst.

He was surprised that he was not scared about going to Bob’s. Didn’t he register that Bob could definitely make him see reason and see that his brother was a murderer? Bob had the power to do that. Bob had already half way done it. Maybe Mikey was just so lonely that all reason had left his head.

So soon, after a brief time lapse of sitting in his car and debating going anywhere then going to Bob’s, he was at his destination after thinking and driving and holding back the tears that were starting to prick his eyes like thorns but his problems were no roses.

If they were his problems at all. Maybe it was just all Gerard’s. How he would kill for them to be just Gerard’s problems. Maybe if he ignored them it would all blow over. But it would never blow over. Death was permanent and justice was inevitable.

He just wanted Gerard to be happy. He wanted him to be safe. But he would never have both if he was with Frank. He would never be happy with anyone else.

He had seen how they looked at each other. With purpose, with love. No matter how slippery that love was. No matter how much the friction seemed to burn Gerard and leave red marks on his metaphorical skin.

It was hard to see his brother so caught up in this. What did he do to deserve this? What did Gerard do to be so stuck in a place he loved but a place that left him dying?

Gerard didn’t deserve his mess and Mikey was growing tired of it.

He sighed, hands stuck at ten and two, not moving till he forced himself to. This was a bad idea but it would be an even worse idea to not move and keep all his fears pent up.

Fears that Gerard was in deeper trouble than just a toxic relationship. Trouble like a toxic set of morals, mental health or willpower.

It was cold outside. There was frost on the ground. There had been a bit of a cold snap in their creeping winter. The autumn had left with its bags half packed, leaves clinging for dear life to the trees that abruptly had went brown.

But besides that the growing white was replacing the dull colours and the sharp cool of the September Era, filling the outside world with a cold that was not as enjoyable with the pure looking blades of grass, white on the tip, tinting the grass a lighter shade of green in a sort of allusion.

No matter the beauty. He had forgotten a coat and he was getting colder, a few steps walk from his car to the front of the building chipping away the hairs on his arms, his heating armor piece by piece, making the cold bite like a dog at his open flesh. The clothed parts of his body weren’t any better. His jeans became colder, as well, temperature giving into the peer pressure of the growing winter.

He shivered, contracting his body into himself, heading into the large door, the large heat that would soon melt his bones enough so they were comfortable yet again, barred from the annoying frost.

He found himself wishing that his only problem was the cold and he was going over to Bob’s, not with tears in his eyes and an answer he didn’t like to their mystery, but an answer that was completely unrelated to his brother in all ways.
But his life was not that easy, the cold was not his only enemy. It was cold hearts that were. Cold hearts and heated emotions. A tornado would have been made. And it was, in the form of corpses.

He put his hands in his pockets, defeat in his stance. His thumbs hung out like planks of wood off of a splitting ship that was his body, deformed and still cold. They were splinters out of the denim of his pants.

His skin was a marbled, pale blue. The veins sticking out in protest to his still heating up body. He shivered. He always liked the way his thin body looked when he was cold. He looked sickly, almost dead. Not the effect that most people would want on a body, but he thought it was cool. He thought he looked like a map.

But staring at his thin hands, he had never been more lost knowing exactly where he was.

He stepped in front of Bob’s apartment, the door much nicer than the doors of his complex. It was a light beige colour, thin and non chipping. Unlike his red and chipping door, the paint that was felcking giving way to an even nastier shade of green.

Mikey knocked on the door with his fist connecting twice to the door, a light tapping resulting in a hollow thud. It sounded against the wood, a notification of a need for human contact.

Bob answered the door, pulling it open showing his blue eyes, illuminated and his scruffy face lit and shaded by the awkward lighting.

“I think they might have done it,” Mikey said in a weak voice. He didn’t know how close he was to crying till he actually said the words that made him want to cry.

He had been almost fine a moment before, just annoyed. But it was not in his head anymore. It was out there. It was in the open and it seemed, when it wasn’t in his mouth, when it was in the atmosphere, it was used as a weapon against him. A sort of friendly fire from himself.

Bob knew what he was talking about immediately. It didn’t need any explanation. He had good intuition. He just rarely knew how to act on it.

But now he could. He could recognize it and act on it. Bob could sense his distress, a sigh and a pull into his arms where Mikey stumbled from the weird position of a few feet away closer into him. He let him lay against his shoulder, hugging his body in a disinterested, caring way. (It was just the acting like he wasn’t apathetic thing he needed to work on now.)

“It’s okay, Mikes,” Bob says taking him closer into his apartment, closing the door while still dragging the melancholy Mikey along for the ride. He put his hands on Mikey’s back, supporting him, and holding him like the friend he had become.

Mikey didn’t reply, he was too busy sobbing in denial. He should have known that Bob would probably bring up what he was crying about in the first place. That was how Bob was. Bob was smart, but not when it came to people. He was selfish like that, always hungry for information. Always hard in his skin. Maybe he was tougher and always forgot that others weren’t. Maybe it was his way of dealing with things. But whatever the motive for it, it was that odd quirk of Bob’s that made Mikey kind of hate that he had went over there in the first place.

So he found himself sitting on the couch of Bob, pale and plush, unlike his own, talking to him and telling him all that was going through his head with barely one interjection.

“He can’t be. He can’t be. He can’t be,” Mikey ended up chanting after explaining it all, swaying back and forth. He felt like the sea but the skin and his bones felt so tight, woven around his soul,
hugging and squeezing closser and the fact that everything was out of his hands made him suspect that he was only a puddle. And that the sea was a figment of his imagination, much like he wished the topic of his sudden realization was.

Bob had not said anything for several minutes, he just massaged Mikey’s thin back, the vertebrae sticking out like the actual splinters of Mikey, a bridge to being that was starting to ache. Bob continued to rub his hands in circles like shockwaves against puddle Mikey Way, holding him when it was necessary. He was not a very good comforter. Even he would admit that to the distressed Mikey, but he tried his best and that was the one thing that got Mikey to stop crying later on in this incident, reader.

Despite doing a good job of comforting he was always one for having to hit you with reality.

“But what if he is?” he asked in a soft voice, he offered up the one possibility Mikey had such an aversion to hearing. And again, he was terrible at comforting.

“No! My brother doesn’t hurt things,” Mikey insisted through hiccups of anguish. He doubled back over, tears still streaming down his face, more of a drip now, an excess overflow now that it had been several hours since he had left the house that Gerard still resided in with his maybe murderer boyfriend that Mikey could barely bare to think about at the time.

Everytime he did his whole being hurt with a sort of liquified agony. Like it was a poison seeping under his skin, injected by anything that had to do with his brother’s heinous lover. It pained him to have any thought whatsoever about Frank.

He was such a horrible person. Couldn’t Gerard see that? Couldn’t he see that Frank was a horrible person? Maybe Gerard was just as much as a horrible person. He shook his head rapidly, trying to expel the thought that seemed to linger the second he started to think about it.

Maybe Gerard did do it. Maybe Gerard did it with Frank. He could accept that Frank did it, why not Gerard? Why was it so hard to see his brother as a societal menace. He had always known it, he still did. But denial was running his coarse, and who was he to stop it?

“Is there anyway that Frank could have done it, and not Gerard?” Mikey asked Bob, who was much more level headed at this point in the conversation. Mikey was still dry sobbing, heaving his chest up with every breath.

Bob thought about it, all silent except for his shifting and Mikey’s cries. Mikey waited, as silent as his situation could allow him to be, watching Bob for an answer through a tissue that he fished out of the box on the coffee table.

“Well, Frank could have committed it all by himself. But Gerard is still an accomplice. There is no way that he could be innocent in this. Unless he was forced to do it,” Bob admitted near the end of his statement. “They would probably let him off for that, maybe,” Bob added.

“He must have been forced. Gerard doesn’t hurt things,” Mikey said, shaking his head. At least he as innocent morally, maybe that would be enough for his brother to move past this.”

“Even if, we have to call the police, we have to talk to them, you have to retract your statement of an alibi. You have to tell them they did it,” Bob tried to tell him, taking his hair in his hands soothingly. He was seeming to warm up, knowing the boy responded to touches just enough to be a little more responsive about this matter.

“But what if Gerard gets in trouble?” he asked weakly, sitting back on the couch which was much
nicer than his, legs going between his arms.

“That’s something you’ll have to risk. Don’t you want justice for that doctor?” Bob told him and reminded him at the same time of the victim.

Mikey had not really thought about him in the past few hours, he was focused on Gerard and Frank and if they were innocent or not. He did not focus on the doctor, or F.B.I. agent he kept forgetting he truly was, and the fact that he did not have a chance to be innocent or guilty anymore.

He suddenly felt bad to be so selfish about it. The victim must have had a grieving family. He was a person, living and breathing. And it was Frank and Gerard who killed him. He was just starting to get his head wrapped around the idea, it still made him sick.

“Okay,” he said to Bob after some minutes of just sitting there, Bob’s blue eyes wide and patient and caring. His voice was soft when he spoke next, like his hair seemed to be. Very cushiony like his couch. It was gentle, guiding. A side that Mikey had never seen on Bob before, but was a nice change to his usual flat tone.

“You have to talk to your cop friend,” Bob said, a little sorrowful and helpful smile on his face. He put his hand on Mikey’s shoulder, clasping the boney bodily apparatus with his large palm.

He knew this was a difficult decision for Mikey, he knew it was a difficult action, I should say. The decision had already been made. It was enforcing it that was the hard part.

“Ray,” Mikey gave him the name that had rolled off his tongue since he was sixteen. A person he had divulged nearly all of his secrets to would be getting another tonight, one that actually would hold weight. He wiped his eyes and his nose, the side of his face smearing the liquids of sadness onto the heel of his hand that was no longer blue from the cold.

Which, I might say, was odd. Because Mikey had never felt more frozen before.

“You gotta call him. You gotta tell him what happened. He’ll understand,” Bob said with a sympathetic tone. It was something that was nurturing, something that Mikey had never heard before out of Bob, yet again, that would have surprised him if he wasn’t turning his brother in for murder as of the next few minutes. But he was, so there was no room for awe.

He called Ray on his own phone, sobbing to himself and Ray and Bob and anyone who would listen when he explained what really happened and not what he was trying to say to himself. He blubbered and he was so glad Ray was as much of a sweetheart as he was because he listened through the whole conversation that lasted just over an hour.

By the time he was done Ray was almost as hysterical as him.

He couldn’t imagine what he was going through. Gerard was one of his best friends, too. And he was the one who had to arrest him. It was just as hard on him as it was on Mikey, who was related to him.

They cried together, as friends. But Ray soon had to get to business and get to work.

“Mikey, I have to go arrest him, is he home?” Ray asked him and Mikey could hear him sniffling over the phone. His tone was shaky, like walking a tightrope. And he was, but the thing was he had already fallen off, and hit the ground hard.

Ray himself couldn’t believe that Gerard was a murderer, he couldn’t believe that his friend, the friend who was so gentle could have anything to do with it. He had his doubts, but he just couldn’t
think it logical enough to arrest him. Hell, he didn’t want to force his suspicions. Armani was right, Gerard and Frank did it. He felt so horrible, but we’ll get to that in the next chapter.

Mikey answered him in a sort of hesitant tone, only asking one thing of him. “Yes, but please. Don’t arrest him today, I need to say goodbye to him when he still loves me,” Mikey pleaded of Ray who hesitantly agreed. He sighed, a pained breath expelling from him. He had betrayed his brother. He just betrayed his brother.

The weight of what he did fell on his body. But he did not cry. He was numb. It was odd, he felt relieved? Maybe, like a weight had been lifted but the pressure had been added. He felt compressed, small. But he also felt free. He felt like the chains had lifted. But at what cost?

“Thank you,” he squeaked out, struggled, throat closing with the choking power of what he had done and what would happen to his brother who did not deserve it, hanging up. He looked to Bob who was a bit awed at the exchange, not the usual bored which would be awing in itself if he was not already blown away by his predicament. But he was, so he remarked it with such indifference that he almost completely overpassed it besides observing the look.

Gerard would go to prison. He would have to testify against his brother. Could they flee in time? Would he let them go? No, he couldn’t.

But he hoped to God that they left on their own because he would rather never see Gerard again than have to look him in the eye and say that he was a killer and that Mikey had turned him in.

If he hadn’t, he soon realized. Frank would have surely killed him. He shivered. Looking down, he stared at the phone that sealed his brother’s fate. He could bare the token no longer. He looked up at Bob, frozen with witnessing the impressive story, frozen with the momentum.

“Do you want to meet a murderer and his crazed lover?” asked Mikey with the straightest face he had probably ever managed. Or was it the other way around? Was Frank the murderer? Was Gerard the crazed lover, the accomplice to the crime? A helping heinous hand?

Bob nodded in a sort of trance, awe still caking his face in an unsightly shade. His eyes were wide, blue, curious lakes with swimming fish of sand in the irises on closer inspection.

Mikey stood up from the light cream coloured couch. He nudged his head, a quick, sharp jolt to the direction of the door. “Come on,” he said in an almost nonchalant voice. Almost. It still quivered.

Bob looked up at him, eyes wider than ever and it was almost comical again. But there was no area for laughing in this crowded box of sin and carnage so he was silent. He just looked at Bob again, waiting till the statue like man got up so they could start their journey to see the wondrous, murderous, lovers.

Bob was frozen in an ice like stance, staring up at Mikey who seemed to have an easier time adjusting to his brothers lifely infidelity than Bob did, who was almost a total outsider. But he was more fascinated at this than Mikey ever was. Even now.

He broke out of his awkward trance, staring up at Mikey in a daft way, getting out of his position on the couch, shaking his head and getting up in an embarrassed flurry. His cheeks were red

“Yeah, sure. Come on,” he repeated the last two words from Mikey himself, shuffling out the door, followed by Mikey who still seemed to saunter, a parallel to his crying mess being dragged into the same apartment just hours before.

But Mikey was quick to bounce back. He was quick to cover up his feelings. He had gotten the
sadness and denial out of his system. Now he just had to say his goodbyes. His painful, painful goodbyes.
Bob followed him out of his apartment, the cohesive paint job calming Mikey down in ways that his dark hallway couldn’t. This hallway was the setting of the first day of the rest of his changed life. It would lay witness to the bare nude that was Mikey Way divulging secrets that were never his. If it was a person, would it hate him? Would it judge him?

Hell, he could feel it. Eyes watching him, eyes judging him. It was just him and Bob. It was them and the silence. It seemed so pressing on his loneliness that he could only fix it by getting more isolated. His logic was fucked on that but it almost always was, and this was not the most realistic of situations to begin with.

He let his thoughts wander. He let them gander over mountains and through the walls and back to his brain where they were fidgety, caged, and anxious once more.

How would it feel when he testified in court? How would it feel to have people judging him for real, judging his brother? He did not want to think about it. He did not want to think about anything. Especially that. He had to just let it roll and do what it would. He had to stop worrying. But he couldn’t. It was completely reasonable to be freaking out like he was and it was also reasonable to be completely chill about it.

The deed was done and Mikey was a betrayer. He let that sink in. Deep into his skin, like ink poisoning, the wound fading, the pain not. It seemed to permeate, embedding hooks into his skin. He felt like it was a brand on his body. ‘Betrayer’. It was burned into his skin lie he was cattle, nothing good than a farm animal. He felt dirty like one. He could not be calm about this.

He was a betrayer. He was a dirty person, selfish and gross. He felt like there was a layer of residue laying on his skin. I guess that was what he felt like. A betrayer.

He had to get over that, he tried to get over it, at least. It was not like it was really working. He just had to walk to his car and go home. And even when he was there he would not be over it, just faced with it. And when he was facing it, it was mortal danger that he was truly facing, Frank being a psychopathic force to reckon with and his brother being a new sworn enemy if it came to that.

Bob was not making the situation anymore normal. In fact, if it was just Mikey alone walking to his car, accepting his fate, it would be easier. It would be easier to make this journey alone than with a silent giant, staring blankly ahead.

Bob was completely apathetic. Or maybe just awkward. He didn’t know what to say so he didn’t say anything. Mikey did not blame him but this silence was starting to crush him.

He had to say something but what does one say in a situation like this. “Sorry, my brother is a murderer,”? No, he couldn’t say anything. But he had to say something, because the eerie silence was putting him on edge. It was so quiet, or maybe he just imagined it that way. Maybe he was just blocking out everything. It was a tangible reality.
The silence lasted till they got in the car, not a sound coming from the two people, the slam of doors shattering nothing but his angst filled bones with the awkward sound of doom that they contained. It was even more quiet in the confined space. Besides the highway and the fuzz from the radio. Like there was finally something in the world to fill the void of their shock with. It was like the aftermath of the divulgence was setting in, the weight from the secret had lifted, now it was just the weight of the truth that they had to bear, so much more heavier than that of the latter.

Mikey felt like he was being crushed by everything. The silence, the truth, his betrayal. But it was Mikey who squeezed out the words from his throat first, allowing them into the air, the silence not being wasted, clearly but his energy was. Just to utter those few words it took all his strength to continue to look at the road and not swerve into a fucking tree in a desperate suicide mission to feel something besides guilty regret.

“Will he hate me?”

Bob didn’t need him to elaborate. He didn’t need him to say anything else. He knew what he meant. And maybe that was the actual sad part. Or maybe it was the fact that he didn’t have a definite answer.

“To tell the truth, I think he might. If all goes badly enough, he probably will. Do you think he’s innocent?”

“He doesn’t hurt things, let alone people. Frank set him up. He must have forced him to do it. He wouldn’t do that of his own will. He’ll forgive me, even thank me, maybe,” he said, maybe it was the denial talking. Maybe it was the fact that he was being a complete and utter idiot.

“Are you sure? He really loves Frank,” Bob pointed out. Mikey had had a while to think about this, mull it over. He had an answer right away.

“Well, it isn’t love, is it? Not really. It’s more like dependency, obsession. I mean, he’s always sad in the Frank department. Hell, I thought it was just a fling, but no. He is obsessed with him, they’re obsessed with each other. It’s not love. Frank forced Gerard to do that. He is a weirdo, probably forced him to watch and help him hide the body. Probably hurts him, too. Gee always seems to have bruises and fucking bite marks,” he explained, basically just trash talking Frank. Or maybe just digging himself a bigger hole of blindness.

Bob looked a little taken aback by his forcefulness.

“Are you sure your brother is morally innocent?” (Bob had to phrase it carefully.)

“Of course! Gerard is perfectly sane, he has no inclination to murder and no need to. It’s not like he’s mentally unstable or anything,” he said, shaking his head.

Bob just made a noise in his throat that stopped the conversation as Mikey parked in his apartment building.

We fast forward to the daunting, flecked red door, paint giving way to green the colour of the barf that Mikey was going to produce in a few seconds flat if he did not calm down.

He could not believe he was standing outside his apartment door knowing that what waited inside were two criminals. They were the criminals, so why did he feel like the only one? The betrayer, the backstabber, the former brother. He was the criminal, they were the murderers.

At the time it had felt right, to betray them, it had felt like he was doing the logical thing. And maybe he was, hell he was more worried about figuring out if Gerard really did it, or if he was innocent. He
had to accept that his brother was guilty. He had to accept that Gerard deserved punishment. He had to tell Ray. It was all in his own healing process. Would Gerard be able to accept that?

He loved Gerard, he still did. And he worried for his brother. He was worried for his own life, though.

Maybe Gerard was not the one that would get in trouble, maybe he could talk to Ray, tell him his point of view. Maybe Gerard would confess to being abused, despite it being a very personal matter.

But Frank, what about Frank? Frank would want to murder him when he found out. He probably would. He wouldn’t hesitate. Maybe the thought of Gerard would make him, but considering how he treated Mikey’s brother, he could care less.

And onto Gerard, his brother, innocent still. Gerard would surely kill him, or at least want to.

He had shattered his current life and his lifestyle. He was ripping him apart from his boyfriend, albeit toxic for him. And Frank just would. Frank would murder him in a heartbeat, without a reason. Now he had a perfectly good one. He could slit his throat while he slept tonight. He could do that, and Mikey had no doubt that he would.

He shivered into himself, by the end of the day someone would be out to get him, and the end was near approaching. It was racing on nine o’clock. It was hard to believe that he had school the next day. It was hard to believe that everything would keep going on and he was just slowing down.

He found his throat closing up as he walked to the door of his apartment with Bob, his body shivering in excitement, or maybe his bones were just filled with the cacophony of a secret.

Would Gerard be able to sense it? Would Gerard be able to notice that Mikey was a betrayer? Could he sense it? Mikey hoped it didn’t linger on his clothes. The phone call with Ray, or the tears that he shed on Bob’s couch.

He smelt it on himself. It smelled just like he always did. A betrayer. He was a betrayer. Would Gerard hate him? He felt it, if he looked in the mirror he could see it. He knew it was like a layer of loathing on his skin.

He froze, hand on the handle. He was so scared. He was frightened. Would Gerard kill him? Would he make Frank kill him?

He turned to Bob, the man who was struggling to keep his apathetic facial expression on so they didn’t seem suspicious. He was doing a better job than Mikey, who was currently hyperventilating, eyes blown wide and face blotchy.

“I want to go back to your place, I can’t do this,” he said, trying to get past Bob, away from the chipping red door.

“No, no. Stop it, you’re a grown man. You’ve made a decision, and that decision was to turn your brother in, you have to speak to him. Face your fears, he loves you. He will not hurt you, no matter what you do,” he scolded.

Despite Bob’s almost forceful help, Mikey still felt antsy.

“Bob. Bob, I’m scared, Bob,” Mikey whined in a hollow voice to the man who was currently staring at him with wide blue eyes.

Bob gave him a sympathetic look, clapping a hand on his shoulder. “You’ll be fine. Act natural. You
might want to get Frank out of there, though,” he added with a tip that was sure to make Mikey’s imagination go wild.

It did. Would Frank want to kill him? Or hurt him? Or would Gerard do that? Could Gee bring himself to do that? Would he even consider Mikey his brother after his ultimate betrayal? Mikey did not want to think about that.

“But Bob, I can’t face him. He’ll kill me,” he professed, lip wobbling, his deepest fears going into the atmosphere of the world, frightening, scary.

He wanted to push past him and just go back to his couch, he wanted to melt into the sofa. He didn’t want to be seen by anyone else, not while this layer of backstabbing was on his skin.

“No, he won’t. Not if you don’t tell him. And even if you did, he’s your brother. He’ll still love you,” Bob told him, massaging his bony shoulder, pressing the words into his body.

“Will he?”

It hung in the air for a short while before Mikey realized that he was not going to get an answer from Bob. It felt thick on his shoulders, falling lightly like snow or a blanket. But it hit like a ton of bricks.

Silence ensued for a moment more before Bob answered with opening the door for Mikey, not meeting his eyes. Mikey took that as a no. But Bob took that as a promise he was not willing to make.

Mikey stole a quick look at Bob for the last time, who’s opening of the door entailed the sobbing that was still coming from his brother to be heard. It had been hours. Several regret filled hours since he had first sent for Frank and left the house and everything had changed. But it looked as if it never had.

And maybe that was the thing that kept him rooted to the threshold, the cheap metal not being passed over more than a few steps. He was floored, awed by the fact that it was so cruelly ironic.

Nothing happened for several seconds except Bob shuffling awkwardly to the kitchen to get a drink. Or something to do.

It was Frank that came out of the bedroom his brother had with a scowl on his face. He stared at Mikey, the man who looked so much like Gerard, acted so much like Gerard it was weird how he could hate him. But he did, he hated him, and he didn’t even know what he did that was that bad.

He had just made Gerard cry so far.

Gerard himself was still curled up on the floor of his bedroom, the scratchy carpet being held from him by Frank’s arms and a blanket, one out to get a glass of water for the scared man.

Gerard heard voices, he heard Mikey, but he could not bring himself to get out of his position. He heard a muffled version of what Frank said next.

“What now, Mikey?” he asked, arms flying to the sky in a violent gesticulation. “What now?”

Mikey was rooted to the floor and his mouth was rooted shut. He had to pry it open, letting screws fly in the process in the form of words.

“I have to talk to Gerard. Family business,” he said, stiffly. Boy was he doing a good job of passing off his innocence in the matter of snitching on the murder.
“What sort? He’s in no condition to talk to you again,” Frank said in a defensive tone. He had a point. But Mikey had a better one, a bit fractured, but still as sharp as Frank’s.

“You’re just his fucking boyfriend. I’m his brother. What do you know about him?” Mikey asked, it was weak. But it seemed to work on Frank, who did not leave without giving him a warning.

“Watch it, Way. Don’t fucking upset him,” he said, inching his way past.

Now, it might have been stupid, reader, for Mikey to do what he did next—he was practically home free, home free to tell Gerard to run, to tell him to go as soon as possible and get away from the actual criminal in the pair- and you’re right. It was. It was completely idiotic.

“What? Are you gonna kill me?” he scoffed to the shorter man, who was only halfway to the door. He almost regretted the words he spoke. Almost, but the look on Frank’s face as he turned was precious.

He was furious, boiling over, red and flushed. Like he was overheating. But no, he was just found out. Maybe it was the same thing.

“What did you say?” Frank’s voice was dark, foreboding, like a foggy evening in a horror movie. It almost nearly chilled Mikey’s spine if a curious force did not egg him to gloat about his shameful actions from earlier.

It was not a smart idea, and looking back on it, he had no idea how it could not be blatantly idiotic to him at the time, everything would have gone so much differently, maybe even better.

“Like you did that F.B.I agent?” he asked, looking at Frank, his furious face. He didn’t get a glimpse of Bob, who was now backing himself against the wall, slowly, he knew the fight that might happen, and he acted accordingly as a bystander.

“I didn’t kill him. We didn’t kill him,” Frank lied. Right through his gritted teeth. Everyone in the room knew it was a lie. But if he could just keep it up, he wouldn’t have to face it, he wouldn’t have to admit to it.

“Give it up, Iero. Your alibi is flimsy. We know it was you and you made my brother go along with you. You corrupted him. Hell, I bet you abuse him. You don’t deserve him. And he doesn’t deserve a nuisance like you,” Mikey ended up shouting, louder than what he had planned.

But Frank was louder. Barking at Mikey with a force of a killer, the force of a madman.

“How dare you accuse me of anything of this! I love your brother and he is just as innocent as I!” Mikey was shouted at.

He countered with a remark dripping with hatred. “You corrupted him! You are a coward, a sicko, and a murderer.”

“He loves me! And I love him! I don’t hurt him! And I certainly do not murder people,” Frank spit at the taller, younger man who looked back at him with sheer disgust.

“Lie all you want, the jig is up. Your alibi was thin in the first place. Did you think you could get away with it? Now, you’ve got my brother in trouble for your selfish ways! He’ll go to jail, or worse, hell. What did you do to him anyway? Did you make him murder that innocent man for cheap thrills?! Or did you just make him hide the body?”

He did not expect an answer to the questio, not even a denial, so what he got next hurt even worse.
Frank’s voice was soft, a knowing sort of soft. He was going to rub the fact that he was right in Mikey’s face and watch the truth explode across his eyes. He was going to watch Mikey’s world crash and burn and he couldn’t wait.

He spit out the words that held venom in them like they were a used toothpick. But they stabbed like knives.

“He helped me hide the body.” He did not stop with that. He did not stop with the toothpicks he went on with the boxcutters, slashing an ‘X’ into the middle of Mikey’s stomach, deep and cavernous and festering.

“I murdered that man with my bare hands and we stuffed him in the closet, went back to my house and I fucked him,” he added insult to injury.

It was a blow to Mikey, but an even bigger blow to himself. He would go to jail for sure, and Gerard would follow. Maybe for a lesser time, but he was doomed to the same type of fate. at what cost did Mikey’s world go down in flames for?

He was beginning to regret telling Ray more and more. But he could not take it back. He would never be able to take it back. And maybe there was more of a guilt in the fact that he wanted to take it back than have justice for the brutally murdered man.

“You bastard!” Mikey yelled, running forward to the Frank that was only a yard away, hands out and ready to steal all the air out of Frank’s unworthy lungs.

“You are going to get him in trouble, you scum! You fucking psycho. He’s innocent, he’s innocent! You take that back.”

He grabbed hold, holding tight to a Frank who continued to fight for purchase on Mikey’s own skin.

He yelled at the taller man, kicking and biting and scratching at him. He felt his face start to numb. He felt his vision go spotty. But not before Gerard came out in a blanket, face wet and red and opened in horror.

“Mikey, no! Let him go! Let him go!” he screamed, thumping his brother’s back with his fists.

Frank sputtered and kicked at Mikey, rage giving him an upper hand and height. He tried to talk through his clutched trachea, having it come out all raspy and wheezy.

“I murdered him! I murdered him! I murdered him!” he repeated, like it was freeing to get out.

Oh, it was. It was so freeing. He felt the weight of everything lift of of his shoulders like a rocket to the moon. But he was still struggling for breath. He was struggling for

“No! Gee, can’t you see that he’s a bad man?!” Mikey asked, thumbs squeezing down into the middle of his throat, guttural noises coming from him in desperate wheezes.

“Let him go! Let him go! Let him go!” Gerard was screaming.

In all this confusion, Bob had grabbed hold of Mikey and was ripping him off the murderer.

Frank gasped as soon as Mikey was out of his close vicinity, face turning back to it’s natural color as soon as Gerard was there, next to him, smoothing down his hair.

Mikey was held by the waist by a strong Bob, thrashing about in his arms. “You’re a murderer,” he
was shouting like a madman at a wheezing Frank, face red and angry.

He calmed down when he felt Gerard come closer, like the man who was so like Mikey could calm him. It was ironic really, everything seemed so fucking ironic.

Gerard felt along his cheeks, kissing him, peppering the little pecks along his red face.

“I love you,” he said quickly, smoothing down his hair some more, like he was reassuring and telling everyone what exactly their status was.

“I love you, too,” he said in a scratchy voice, grabbing hold of his hand. He gasped for breath, throat dry, even after being released.

Bob brought them all the attention. “Hey!” he yelled, making Gerard’s, Frank’s, and Mikey’s necks snap towards him.

“Let’s talk about this shit, alright,” he said wisely, setting down Mikey, gently.

He gave him a look that seemed to ooze warning. Mikey did not dare go near Frank.

Gerard helped his lover up leading him to sit in a chair before promptly landing softly on his lap, sticking his arms around his soon to be bruised neck.

He pecked a fond kiss on his lover before bringing his attention back to Bob. He looked almost completely at ease.

Did he hear? Did he know what Mikey had done? Mikey was pretty sure not even Frank knew. He just knew that Mikey was sure of them committing the murder itself. Or maybe it was just Frank. (He was dead set on it being only Frank, that was another layer of logic he had to set right, but for now reader, we can let him dream.)

Bob clamped a hand on Mikey’s shoulder, this time not a reassurement, but a threat.

He was sitting next to Mikey, keeping a firm eye on the fidgeting, angry, college student, so much bigger than his peer.

“Mikey, tell them what you did,” He commanded the lanky man to get the ball rolling.

Mikey started his story with a sigh, reluctant and vulnerable to the truth of his own crimes, a look of hatred for Frank on his face. Frank just had a look of horror that matched his partner in crime’s one for the remainder of the night.

* * * * * *

It was Ray who got off the phone with his good friend, hell, his best friend after an hour. It was Ray who just nearly dropped the phone itself from shock, bones limp and wrist nonfunctioning. It was Ray who debated whether it was all a dream. It was Ray who realized that one of the most gentle people he knew was a murderer. Or at least, according to Mikey, was caught up in a murder. But he had no time to speculate. He had work to do and a person to switch into.

It was not Ray who dealt with anything but the fact that Frank was a killer and Gerard was an accomplice. It was Detective Toro who cleaned up the aftermath. It was Detective Toro who contacted Armani. It was Detective Toro who stored his feelings away for the time being so he could cry about it later that evening. He had shit to do.
He punched in her number on the phone that gave him the bad news just minutes ago, listening to the few seconds of dial tone, like a pendulum of monotone in his ears.

Before she even started talking he started cracking. “You were right, you were right. It’s them. Mikey’s divulged stuff about them, it’s them, through and through,” he said. So maybe it was Ray who shined through the disguise of a cop when his voice broke.

How could Gerard Way do that? Gerard Way the quiet one, the nice one, the soft one. The one that never really minded the bullying that he got. That bullying was even kept to a minimum.

How could that sweet boy he knew be wrapped up in all of this?

But no, it was not Gerard. It was not, Mikey had told Ray. He thought it was only Frank. He said that he had pushed his brother into doing it. Maybe that was not far off from the truth. Maybe it was completely spot on. They just had to investigate further. Gerard would be clean, he would go home and forget about it and get a nicer boyfriend, a boyfriend who did not make him commit murder.

He just wished that he could get past this unscarred.

But no matter, they both had to be taken in for questioning. He had to face his best friend, the friend who’s worst secret had been laid out to dry. He just hoped Gerard wouldn’t crack under the pressure that Armani would give him.

Armani knew not to say that she told him so. She could tell how broken she was from this. It was a respectable pause and a sigh. “Today or tomorrow?”

“Mikey has requested tomorrow,” he said with a businesslike voice. If he was not one hundred percent stony in this affair then he would be one hundred percent soft and he could not have that. He had to do his job.

“They’ll get away,” she told him, her voice now smug. She knew if she danced around it it would just make it worse. So she had to just go straight through. Armani was smart like that sometimes.

It was Ray that heaved the sigh from deep in his chest, he sort of just wanted to sleep off this whole affair. He was so worried for Gerard’s well being, and Mikey, well the kid must have had a death wish. “We’ll have to risk it, Mikey needs to say goodbye. It’s the least we could do,” he argued.

“But Ray, the kid could get fucking killed!” she said.

Ray groaned in a way that told her that that hit a cord he was not prepared to stop from vibrating. “Sorry, but it’s true,” she said.

“Whatever, Armani. Just wait a while. It’s his brother, he won’t murder him.”

“It’s not Gerard who’s the murderer if I listened to your retelling of Mikey’s theory correctly,” she pointed out.

“Well, just wait. Alright? Just wait and Mikey will be okay and Frank and Gerard will not get away!” he tried to convince her, or himself.

Whoever he was trying to convince he was probably not doing a very good job at it. Armani caved though, finally. She sighed and accepted it.

“Alright. But tomorrow morning, if they’re not there, I’m gonna give you a big I told You So,” she
warned.

Ray hung up without saying goodbye, listening to the dial tone and the emptiness it seemed to solidify. He pressed his ear against the cold plastic, knowing that it was all over, and nothing would be the same.

He could not believe and even if he could he did not want to. Not this thing. Not this disgusting thing that he felt start to snarl in his insides, getting knotted on his intestines. He could feel it snare on him. Inside him.

No, nothing would ever be the same. Not for him. Not for Mikey. And definitely not for our two iniquitous lovers.

Everything was changing, like a landslide it was all falling down. And no one was safe from the rocks. Not even the one’s who built them up. Not even Frank and Gerard.

But that’s something we’ll adventure into in the chapters to come.
Mikey retold the story as well as he possibly could without conveying the fact that he felt as bad as he did. He did not want anyone to pity him and he did not want to think he wanted pity. He had to keep up his facade. But he still had to sympathise with his hyper distressed brother.

“I’m sorry, Gerard. I really am,” he started out, looking at his brother who just looked scared. His eyes were blown wide, sweat running as he looked around like he was a cornered dog, or a child in danger, caught with his hand in the cookie jar. He let himself fall more into Frank, his shoulder blades must have been hurting the young man, smaller man, but Frank did not care, he was consoling his lover.

Gerard looked at him with hurt. Like he was betrayed. And he was, but for now Mikey had to brush it off and keep going, at least till he ran out of words or was overpowered by guilt.

He didn’t want to have to justify himself, no not yet. He would do that later. When he was better composed.

He took his next breath in a wave of guilt, letting it fill him up and fuel his story. Like it wasn’t already a fire in itself. Like it wasn’t burning him alive, sitting in his stomach and crawling up his esophagus like a demon.

“I told Ray, I told him. I’m sorry but I couldn’t deal with it. Tomorrow he’s gonna arrest your boyfriend, Gee. You’ll be okay, I think,” he said, cringing with fear as he ran over the topic of Frank incarcerated.

Bob also had a bit of a predatory stance when he mentioned that, ready to get at a lunging Frank. There were already pulses of pain where Mikey’s contusions would begin to show within a few days.

“What? Mikey, what?” his brother asked in a hurt voice more than enraged in anyway, almost tired. Like he knew it would happen but really was hoping for it not to.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I couldn’t live with myself. I wouldn’t be able to, not with that man’s murder in my head,” he said to his brother, cringing further, deeper, into Bob’s side.

He felt the warmth of the other man and it clashed with the toxic of the real world. He felt the fleshy fiction of his body pressed against Bob’s and he was tempted to just disappear.

“I'm sorry,” he repeated meekly to the now frantically slow lovers, looking at each other with a hopeful deathwish in each’s eyes. There fingers trailed slowly on the other’s skin. A touch that was so potent with a need, a want, for more that it was overpowering in itself.

It made Mikey sick to look at.

How could these two love each other so much? Wasn’t the other the one’s hamartia? Weren’t they destructors of each other? They had to loathe each other. Despise each other. But no, they relished in the touch of the opposite lover, trailing fingers like road maps across their cheeks, dipping into dimples like clavicles, like deep abysses, portraits of the black hearts they had.
They were mad for each other. A fact Mikey soon realized that made him also discover the lengths they would go to for each other. Like murder, like death.

He let himself shiver, watching as their fingers trailed down necklines and to each other’s nerves, sitting right under their skin and right in the open.

It didn’t really work, but we have more important things to deal with.

Gerard started to cry by the time Mikey was finished, again. He was crying again and it made Mikey feel horrible. He laid his head on Frank, quivering into his body, a leaf against his tree.

Frank took his body into his arms, holding him close and kissing his head. He massaged his vessel in his arms, melancholy lover whimpering in shame.

“What happened? What really happened? I want the whole thing,” Mikey said and his words were steel, bracing himself for the worst.

Frank shushed Gerard who was about to talk in his nasally voice, knowing that he could not do it at the moment. “I got you, baby boy,” he told him in a whisper, who buried his head back in his arms, staring away from his brother, anywhere but his brother. Keeping him safe. Keeping their story straight.

“I killed him. I killed that man. Gerard didn’t have anything to do with it, yeah, he knew. He knew what I done. I got angry at the guy, he tried to make a move on me. Tried to kiss me. He had seen I had Gee, my beautiful Gee,” he added, wistfully looking at his lover, who gave him a small smile through the tears, “I got so angry at him. I started to beat him up. I killed him. I killed him.”

His voice had gotten desert like by the end of his brief statement. It was dry and cracking and rocky with realization and acceptance. His eyes were stormy, blank. Like a wave of storm clouds in his golden brown eyes. He liked killing, he did not like admitting.

He continued. “Gerard didn’t want him. I remember how he cried. I remember how he hated me. You hate me, Gerard? Don’t you hate me?” he said, frantically looking down at Gerard who was captivated, laying in his arms like a starstruck nymphet.

His arms reached up to touch Frank’s pink, quivering lips. “No,” his voice was soft, leaf-like, almost pathetic, completely earnest, “No, Frankie. No, I love you, I love you so much.” He traced his lips, an outline of ‘I love you’ sitting on his fingertips.

Mikey looked away from his brother and his lover, acquiescently giving them a moment. He felt sort of guilty, putting Gerard through this.

Gerard looked like he was in a sort of haze. Like he was stuck in a trance. He was drifting through the storytelling, looking like Frank like he was mesmerized the whole time, holding on and letting his tears fall.

“And you say you’re a bad liar,” Frankie teased, a small smile again gracing his lips, pulling at the edges like sheets made of cotton being folded together. It was not a happy smile, but a melancholy one, one that reached his eyes but not in the desired way.

He looked back up from Gerard after realizing he had a story to tell. Gerard buried himself back in Frank, breathing hard, heart beating faster and faster.

“He didn’t want to, I made him. Forced him,” Frank said, pushing this act of innocence on Mikey who bought it immediately.
“I knew it!” injected Mikey to their conversation, a helpful kind of poison made from his words into the wound of their crime.

Frank wanted him to buy it, he was a main witness, they would go to court and Mikey would tell everyone this. That Gerard was innocent where it counted. He was made to do this.

“I forced him to help me and I hurt him. God, I don’t know why he loves me. I hurt him, I hurt him,” he just kept repeating it. He wanted Mikey to believe him, he needed Mikey to believe him if he was to ever get them to let Gerard go, let Gerard be happy. He was not an accomplice, he was like a hostage.

“I’m horrible to him. God, I want to murder him. I want to kill him, I really do,” he told Mikey, who was looking at him with a loathing facade. He looked up at Mikey.

“Gerard, come here,” Bob said, who was only looking fearful. Frank crippled under the weight of who he was and his confession.

Gerard looked up from himself, hidden inside of Frank’s arm. He was surprised. He had been ignoring the whole conversation, keeping himself to himself for the time being, surprised at the fact that his name had been mentioned directly.

“What?” he asked in his voice, a telltale stuffy nose shaping the sound of the words.

“Come here,” he said, more forcefully, like a parent looking after a clueless child.

Gerard looked at Frank cluelessly, naivety painting his features precious.

“Go,” Frank commanded to him, who untangled himself from Frank’s body acquiescently. Gerard looked back once more to his lover.

“Go!” he said, raising a hand to Gerard to ensure the lie that he was an abuser.

He whimpered, looking hurt and betrayed, digging a deeper hole, more comfortable, for Frank. He looked confused, going over to Mikey who sort of growled at Frank who sunk farther down into the chair he was sitting in, empty even though his body was there, empty because Gerard wasn’t.

“He’s innocent?” Mikey asked, as if he already knew. Which he did, Frank was just confirming the sort of lie that he had going on.

“Yeah, yeah, I guess. In the best of senses. It was all me, I did it, I killed him and I made him help me hide the body. It’s all my fault,” he said, shaking his head and looking down, away from Gerard who began to protest.

“No, what? He doesn’t. He didn’t,” he started, only making scraps of sentences in his panic and Mikey’s dismissal.

“Shh, Gee. He won’t hurt you anymore, stop lying, we know what he does. He admitted it, he won’t hurt you, you don’t have to pretend,” Mikey told his older brother who began to cry, looking to Frank for help that he would not get.

“Frankie?” he asked through his sobs, head in his hands, heart in Frank’s.

Who crushed it. He fucking crushed it. “It’s over, Gee. I’m sorry, I’m sorry I hurt you. I’m sorry I keep hurting you. You’re safe. I’ll go to jail and you’ll be safe. It’s over,” he repeated them all, like generic pop songs, promises and lies and heartbreak in words. It’s over. It’s over. It’s over.
“Frankie?” he asked again, more confused sounding than the last time. Like Frank was actually leaving him, giving up on him. Guess again, baby.

He closed his eyes. A tear slipped out. “Give us a minute?” he choked out, directed to Bob and Mikey.

Bob left more eagerly than Mikey who gave him a warning, the same kind of warning that he had given to him just about an hour before. It was now about ten. A time where he would start retiring to bed.

He let his crying subside for a little while, eyes still red. He was a good actor, fuck, he was such a good actor. That was because he was a good liar and when he was in a business like his business, he needed to be.

He snapped into the mode of protector, the plan maker, the boss. He was going to map out his disjointed plan to Gerard in the best way he could with what he had flying off the cuff. But there was one thing that was for sure to make his plan work that he needed to stress.

“Gerard? Gerard let me explain. It is crucial that they think you’re innocent, okay? That means that I have to get caught and you have to get sympathy. Okay? I need to hurt you. Okay? And then tomorrow, when they take us in, I can get away, somehow, I’m gonna get away. Then I’m gonna get you, okay. But I have to be taken into custody and you need to be alone for a little while. I love you, baby. But you have to go along if we are to pull this off. Tomorrow, when I come to get you, you need to act like you don’t want to go. I need you to pack tonight, okay? Pack some things and I will get you, somehow, I will get you.”

His plan was shit but Gerard went along readily. He would be kept here, brought in for questioning in a few days. He was not a suspect anymore, not with Mikey’s statement, not with Frank’s. He was just another victim.

“You have to-I’m stressing this-no matter how hard it is for you, you have to say that I forced you to do it. You will say that I hurt you, you will say whatever you need to for them to think you had no willful part in this,” Frank carefully instructed Gerard.

There were tears streaming down Gerard’s face. They came involuntary like a little kid who fell of his bike, a knee jerk reaction. Frank could barely bare to see the tears on his face, rolling down his cheeks, leaving clean trails of purity and sadness in their wake.

He kissed his lovers swollen eyelids.

“You are okay, I love you. I love you so much. You are okay,” Frank said, petting his hair back with his fingers.

“I’m scared, Frankie,” Gerard admitted in a rickety voice. It was hollow, like wind through the trees on Halloween. It was so desolate, it made Frank’s heart ache, it made it drain.

He swallowed all his guilt, strong for his lover, as strong as he could be in this situation as the murderer. “I know. I am, too, baby. Gotta be strong, I will get you and we can run away, forever and ever and this will be the last of it, you never have to come back again,” Frank told his lover, hair wet with tears being pushed back from his sticky and blotched face.

“I never got to say goodbye, to anyone. And I never will,” Gerard lamented, a new wave of sob stitching together his words like paper dolls meeting at their crudely cut hands.

“I’m sorry I ruined your life. I’m sorry,” Frank said, he was now crying with the realization that he
did fuck up Gerard’s life. He ruined it. Burnt it, then burnt the ashes. Then he kicked what remained all around. He ruined his life. He had let it get away with all his selfish and carnal desires. He was a monster. But this was barely the time for crippling self doubt. There was the night time for that.

“No, no, Frankie. Just made it interesting,” Gerard reassured the man, kissing his furrowed brow, kissing Frank, taking his tattooed arms into his thin artist hands. He smiled around his lips, fitting them together like key and lock, opening each other’s hearts. Frank’s pounded, like a hummingbird. He felt it thundering against his ribs. A ticking of a clock in his chest. Like he was the crocodile after Captain Hook but he was also Captain Hook himself. He was a contradiction.

Frank’s chest swelled with butterflies, beating against the confines of his ribs, breaking them, giving him a weird mix of anxiety and hope. If they wanted to live in there, then maybe someone as magnificent as Gerard did, too. They knocked around again, taking off bottles from shelves inside of him, making them drop like tones to his stomach. It was probably a bad idea to think about Gerard and get excited when he was already wired up. He felt another tick, faster this time, like a bomb in a movie close to the exploding point. Or maybe that was his heart? Maybe he was just going insane. Either way it wouldn’t matter. He knew how dire the situation was.

“I love you, Frankie,” Gerard said, meekly, sniffling and frightened and somewhat pitiful.

“I love you, Gee,” Frank said, relishing in the fact that he could say them out loud to someone, and mean it and it just barely hurt him.

He relished in the silence for a few more minutes, feeling Gerard’s greasy and slick hair, hair like his morals, hair like his luck, or his fate. But his face was pure, clean and almost happy, or at least content, both being in a melancholy way if they were to switch out but he was happy with what he had.

It was the purity, the clean of his lover, that made him so hesitant to compare himself or his situation to the rest of Gerard. His problem was not clean, his plans were not clean. He was not clean and the love they shared, as pure as it seemed to be, was cloudy and deranged and a little bit insane.

It seemed even more insane with his next request.

“I’m gonna have to hurt you, now. Okay? Make them separate us and sympathize you. Okay?” Frank asked, voice sounding deranged, breathless.

“Why?” Gerard asked, coiling away in surprise and hurt.

Frank explained patiently. “To make it seem like I actually do hurt you. C’mon, babe, this is crucial to victimizing you.”

“Oh, okay,” Gerard said, still hesitant, acquiesce.

“You’ll be okay, nothing too bad, lover. You’ll be okay,” Frank said, coaxing him into being okay, coaxing him into beginning to go along with the plan.

Gerard didn’t really reply to the exact statement in any affirmation but Frank knew that this was enough. “I love you,” Gerard said, grabbing Frank’s hand from across the table.

“Love you, too, baby,” he said, a small smile before he lunged at Gerard, taking out all the anger he had onto him.

He beat him with fists, kneeing him, his baby starting to scream for effect, tears staining his cheeks. He felt white hot with anger, this was how killing started. He did not care anymore, he was The Jay,
he was Frank. Frank was like the hulk. Frank was always fucking angry.

Frank was not scared of hurting Gerard. That was the thing. The Jay, Frank. They were the same two people, the only difference is that one never really killed. But they were always the same, always in unity. But Gerard was not.

Gerard was not Gerard. Gerard was not his baby, he was not his lover. He was not even a person. He was now Victim. They were in character. Frank staring cameo in the world’s most popular snuff film and Gerard Way: Victim.

He took a hold of Gerard’s throat, his eyes panicky, even though he knew that this was all an act it was too real. It felt real, a potence that permeated, percolated from his fists into Gerard, making the latter panic.

“Mikey?!” he yelled for his brother through the grip of his lover’s fingers, his lips were going blue, an ocean. Gerard was turning into an ocean.

Bob came in first, hearing his frantic screams, Mikey following suit. It was easy to get Frank off Gerard, he let go easily.

“You piece of shit! You fucking whore! You got me caught. Couldn’t keep your fucking mouth shut!” he told his boyfriend, spitting on him.

“Call Ray, call Ray,” he commanded to Mikey, holding back a nonstuggling Frank.

Gerard crawled away, back up to the couch. He crawled away, farther away from Frank. He looked fearful, clutching his throat, holding the one piece of bruised roadway that Frank loved to kiss most. He just loved to kiss him, kiss the wounds he inflicted.

But he couldn’t, because Bob was constraining his small body, keeping him away from his crying lover.

“Ray? Yeah, I mean, we got Frank to confess if that means anything. Um, yeah, he hurt Gee,” a pause, “Not too bad, a few bruises by the morning maybe, but nothing severe. It’s not like he broke a limb or anything, just a little shaken up,” a pause, “Yeah, definitely,” there was another pause, and an angry sigh from Mikey, “Yeah, I know. Bob’s got him, hurry please, and do your cop thing?” he told the phone, sneaking a look at Gerard who now just looked panicked. He was still clutching his throat, like if Frank wasn’t there to choke him out he was so close to doing it himself. Like he needed the destruction that would be brought with the asphyxiation.

He was destroying himself and Bob was holding Frank back from at least trying to save him. He always tried to save him. And he always fucked up. And even when he didn’t try to save him he fucked up. He kept on fucking up.

Frank didn’t struggle anymore. Bob’s hands were under his armpits and his legs were hooked around him, holding him back. All he wanted to do was hold Gerard, he wanted to hug him and love him. He looked so scared.

He just wanted to disappear from the looks of hatred everyone in the room but Gerard were giving him. The one person who should actually be looking at him that way. His eyes were wide, glittery from tears that showed because of pain, covered in the most adoring disposition.

He couldn’t look away from Frank, not his lover who was buzzing with the thought of murdering him. He had no clue, Frank was sure he had forgotten.
He was soon frightened with the fact that if it all worked out, they would be alone together, trekking across the country to find a safe place to hide. They would be alone, together and who knows what Frank would do.

Would he snap and kill him? Would he hurt him on accident? Would he go insane and skin his lover or do some other horrible, lovely thing to him, something that was fit for The Creepshow. He shivered, Gerard had no idea. No idea at all.

He just looked at him in adoration, clueless. Clueless in what he wanted to do to his lover’s body and not in a sexy way (unless you were more twisted than Frank).

He looked at him like he was the sun and his eyes were starting to burn, sticking in their place from the heat. Staying that way from staring at him, blinding himself from Frank’s something. The glued, glazed and stuck together. They were going to fall out if he didn’t stop staring, but he did.

Frank didn’t know what Gerard thought he was so amazing at. It was definitely not his skills as a lover. But maybe it was. Maybe it was just Gerards delusions of him. That would be a dead ringer.

He had hurt his lover to the point of worship. He was so abusive, he had to admit, he hated it. He confused Gerard in such a way that it was detrimental, but he had no desire and no willpower to leave Gerard in a way that he should have.

He wanted to stay with him, he wanted to love him. He wanted to make him okay. He wanted Gerard to be okay, happy and safe. And with Frank he wouldn’t have anything of those things, but he definitely thought he would. And that was the problem with Gerard. But he just kept staring,

He stared at him in awe. Like Frank was a God, or his guardian angel. Like Frank would make everything okay.

And maybe Frank would. or Frank could fuck it up further, something he already did so much. Maybe Frank would make it okay for the both of them, maybe they would live a fucked up life of blood, guts, carnage, and happily ever after. Or maybe they would end in a shower of bullets, those bullets shining like wedding rings. Wedding rings they would never have and Frank could never bring himself to put on Gerard’s finger.

Or maybe Gerard could be his Lolita, be his little Dolores Haze or they could be Mickey and Mallory Knox. Or they could be both, a perfect mix of disaster, a casual, passionate tornado. A tempest of love and pain and passion and killing and fucking.

Maybe Gerard would start killing and they could be a duo together, criss-crossing the country as the world’s most fashionable murderers at the time.

Or maybe it would all be okay and they would be okay and they would just fade away and maybe Frank was just starting to slip out of sanity and he could catch himself from freudian slipping up and stop killing for good, stop killing for Gerard.

Either way, Gerard was looking at him like it would be fine, like this was just a bad dream or a good adventure and they could ta out anytime they wanted. Like it was okay. Like it was going to be okay. Like it had to be okay.

Because in that moment Frank realized that he could not live without Gerard Way, not now, not ever. So it was his only choice to be whatever Gerard needed, wanted, deserved and expected.

And it was their only choice to be okay and forget about what this was when they drove away and left everything behind tomorrow.
Tomorrow was the day they would start a new life and leave. Would Gerard still love him? Would Gerard hate him more? Would he not come to save him? What if he didn’t? What if he did but he regretted it?

Frank stared back at Gerard, Mikey now taking him away, so Frank stared at his head.

“I love you, stay with me,” he whispered, almost to himself. He barely heard, Bob barely heard, so how the hell could Gerard reply in an accurate fashion?

He turned around, looking over Mikey’s shoulder, arm pushing his brother forward a bit like a coin machine but Frank was the one falling, tripping. He dug himself a deeper grave, swimming in Gerard’s hazel eyes.

“Always,” Gerard replied, thin pink lips holding that whispered promise with a smile that was only meant for him. Him, and no one else.

And it was now his only choice to pull off their flimsy plan. Because Gerard Way needed Frank Iero just as much as Frank needed him and that was what he finally decided he could decipher from Gerard’s look of continual loyalty when there were bruises on his neck and a dog at Frank’s.

Chapter End Notes

  
it's so sh or t
The Escapist

Chapter Notes

Last Chapter of this one, sorta surreal. I'll post the first chapter to the next book in a few weeks. Will be update at regular time (Friday Evenings)

“What happened? What exactly happened, Mr. Iero?” Ray asked Frank, spitting the words to the man, who flinched at the sudden sound of his voice in the room, bouncing off the walls and into his ears, rotting away the drums with its sickening connotation, begging for an answer that he did not want to say out loud. He did not want to say anything out loud.

He felt like Gerard could hear him from here. He felt shameful. He knew, Gerard already knew but if he opened the wound anymore than it already was, it would get more infected, and just look more nasty.

He was unworthy of his lover, he was unworthy of everything that Gerard had given him in those short few weeks. He was unworthy of the feeling of love. He was unworthy because of what he did. And what he did was heinous.

“I killed a man. I killed that man,” he said pointing to the picture that he was forced to stare at. Detective Dahmer’s doing. He hated her. He despised her. His already rotting eardrums agreed when she was the one who spoke next.

“Why?” she asked, long and round sounding, bitter, like dipping a candy apple in cat piss instead of caramel. It was scornful, almost, torturous, really. It was goading him to bask in the bad, grinding the gross into his face.

“He tried to kiss me,” Frank said, laborious breathing, his motive was so ludicrous. He felt shameful saying it out loud. It was hard on his tongue, fumbling it with the syllables. His voice broke, looking back this whole mess had started because he was silly. He was silly and broken and weird. And they knew that, they had to know that or else Detective Dahmer would not have acted in the way she did, elbows on the table, propping up her bullying face.

They hated him. And he hated himself, so it cancelled out well. Or maybe it just added to the growing anger he felt towards the two interrogators. It was definitely irritating, like the collar of a shirt that kept chafing along his neck. The soft lullaby of nails on a chalkboard. He felt it in his bones, resonating through the marrow. Annoyance.

“What?” Detective Dahmer asked him, hatred and scorn still in her voice. She scoffed out a chuckle, kicking her breath upon the pavement like the heels of her shoes. But they would scuff soon enough and get worn out. He took solace in that.

He wanted to grit his teeth. But he was just trying to get by. He was trying to calm down and that would only serve as a reminder that he was angry. Think of Gerard, the pretty Gerard, the innocent one that never really existed. The one that he didn’t deserve and the one that would never exist. But answer the question, for God’s sakes, answer it, the silence was deafening. He had to open his mouth and spill the toxic words into the toxic silence. Where was Gerard to mend everything and hold his hand? Where was his muse, his motivation?
“He tried to kiss me. I was with Gerard,” even the thought of his lover hurt. Was he okay? Was he was doing as planned, or would he let Frank rot? He continued. “He tried to kiss me, after Gerard went to the car, and I was to get antibiotics for my hurt hand,” he said holding up the hand, already pretty healed and starting to scab over, get over it’s infection. The scar was pink and angry, just starting to do what it should have for the healing process to go smoothly. He almost always forgot about it.

“Gerard came back, forgot his keys, I was already finished beating this guy. I beat him to death. I didn’t realize till Gerard came back, I forced him to help me hide the body. He didn’t want to. I swear he didn’t want to. I hit him and told him to help me again, this time he was acquiesce. We hid the body, then I took him home.”

He took a ragged breath, this was the sort of truth he was spinning. He didn’t hit Gerard, but he sure as fuck forced him to help. He was so horrible. He was disgusting, tainting such a pure thing as Gerard. He wanted to gouge out his eyes because he could not look at them, very much as have them.

“He cried. He cried so much, I thought he was going to break apart. He hated me, so I fucked him, then you came to question us. I made him lie to you,” he said, not looking up from the picture of the dead man.

He sighed. He looked up for one second, the pools of blood and the red caked on the cold linoleum was stained in his mind. “Is he going to get in trouble?”

He was fixated on his face, the one part that looked semi normal, but terrified and terrifying at the same time. The eyes were dead like the rest of the body and that made it much more eerie. The life once there, once a sark, a breath, was diminished. That was his doings. Those were his handprints. He had never stared a victim in the aftermath before. It made him more hungry for the carnage. Was that sick? That was sick.

The corpse was slack-jawed, eyes wide and lulled back. Black eye, contusions and cuts on his face. It was semi-okay. At this rate, if he squinted a little he could just see the makeshift being that could be passed on. He looked less dead, and more unfortunate.

The rest of his body was less pretty.

There was skin hanging off of his body like ghosts in the wind, clothes hanging out to dry, whispering to the weather and the sunlight, begging for the sun to get them dry. It was red with anger, bloated and bunched up. Frank did that. Frank was a killer. He was a machine of carnage. He was disgusting. His fists were disastrous. He was disgusting.

“Mr. Iero, this case is clean cut, you’ll be locked up for sure, we just need to know one more thing,” Ray sat down, looking at him with his hands on the table fingers folded, intertwined with each other. Like they were dancing. Would he ever get to dance with Gerard? Would Gerard ever want to dance with him?

Ray’s hands shifted like waves on the table, subtle, calm shifts, a switch of a finger there. A movement of the whole vessel.

Frank wanted to hold Gerard’s hand. Where was Gerard? Was Gerard okay? Was he doing okay?

He looked at Ray’s hand, away from the picture. He could not bear to look at it anymore. It was disgusting knowing that he had done that.
Ray’s hands, Ray’s hands were tan, rugged but not ugly. More just clunky. His hands built things, saved people, painted stories. Frank’s murdered. There was probably blood trapped deep in his fingernails that was so deep he couldn’t even see it. Ray was pure and that amazed Frank.

“Are you the serial killer known as The Jay?” Ray asked Frank, looking at him knowingly.

Frank looked down at Ray’s hands again. Once. Like they were holding answers.

He couldn’t tell them that he was, they would take extra precautions with him for sure if he was. He would never get away. They would take extra good care of him if he confessed. He couldn’t confess.

He looked up, that was a rule in lying. You always look unsuspicious. Do not suspicious behavior. Say things that are not suspicious. to throw people off the scent. You have to.

“No, sir,” he said, looking back down at Ray’s hands, thinking of Gerard. Gerard who was currently trying to get his brother to get out of the house so he could pack for his lover and himself.

“No, Gerard, I can’t leave you alone, you’re hurt,” Mikey said to his older brother.

Gerard was kind of pissed that Mikey was always protecting him, always looking over him, when he was the older one.

“I don’t want your pity,” he said holding back a grimace, it hurt to talk, his throat was sore, not to mention his neck and all the bruises that were starting to form, planets, galaxies, nebulas on his skin. They would be beautiful, only if the person who made them was there to kiss them.

Where was Frank? Was he okay? Gerard couldn’t believe he had ever lived without him. He was bouncing off the walls, or maybe that was the fact that he had his bags packed and ready to leave. He was going to leave, he hoped Frank could pull off his escape.

Mikey sighed, he could tell that Gerard needed space, and begrudgingly went up to give it to him. Gerard was getting good at lying ,or maybe it wasn’t lying. Because he really did not want pity, not at this time.

“I’m going to school, call me if you need anything,” he said, kissing his brother’s head. He always babied Gerard and sometimes he hated him for it. But today, he was sure that this was the only reason Mikey was actually listening to him and giving him his “space”.

But Gerard was lying out of his ass on this thing and he wanted to feel bad about it. But he was too jittery to get back to Frank again. He was too jittery to get away.

Mikey walked out the door minutes later, not forgetting his coat and shoes, still staring back at Gerard in a sympathetic, more like pitiful way.

Gerard sighed for a moment, staring at the door he would not walk out of and he would never see again. His brother had walked out without a clue and he would leave, to never see him again as a liar.

Mikey was his brother, his best friend. He had spent all of his life with his brother as his go to human being. And now because of Frank, he would have to leave him.

But he did not resent Frank. No, he loved him. He loved him too much to resent him. So he would
go with him, with little regret but much anxiety.

But there was no time to dwell.

He had work to do.

He shuffled into his bedroom, grabbing the bare essentials needed.

His heart was racing but the task itself was almost entirely mundane. He sorted through things, books he would not bring, books he would. Only one or two. Clothing that would never be worn again, if all went well.

He looked at the bed that had held so much for him, for Frank. Something that was a pinnacle to his existence. Something that he was leaving behind.

He would save Frank, he would go and save Frank and he would never come back to this life, his life. The stable life that he had. What would he do in a week? In a day? Where would he be? Would he be okay?

He pushed it out of his mind to decide whether or not this hoodie would be useful when they were running from the cops.

Part of Frank’s plan was to keep Gerard as innocent looking as possible. So Gerard would come in, requesting alone time with him before being taken as a hostage out the door by him. The gun they would use as a prop to get out was in Gerard’s sweatshirt pocket.

He wanted to pack nondescript clothing, he had to pack nondescript clothing, clothing that had the ability to hide his face. He had to pack black things. Just black things. And then when he was done with his things he had to pack Frank’s things.

He had to go into his boyfriend's house, the person’s house he had only been in a handful of times before. He had to pack his things. What would he pack?

He barely knew what he needed to pack.

He sighed, sitting within the circle of everything that he could keep from his past life in a bag.

He was struggling with this. But he needed to pack quickly and he needed to find Frank. The longer he took was the longer the jump was and the higher his anxiety got.

They had to get lucky. He was almost desperate enough to pray to the God that surely shunned the murderous lovers.

He stared at the bag that he had in his hands, his pale hands, bony hands, bloodied hands. Would he and Frank kill more when they were on the run? Would Frnk curb his habit, his addiction? Or would Gerard cave in and kill with him?

He shuddered. No, he would never kill. THat would give him too much power. It would get out of hand. And it was completely foolish. If he killed, Frank would and they would leave an easy trail of bodies to trace them. No, if they killed they would be plagued by ghosts. They couldn’t indulge themselves. Gerard would make sure of that.

He stared back down at the bag, he needed to focus. He needed to be efficient. He wanted to get out of there and into his car with Frank by his side. He wanted his lover, no matter how homicidal, no matter how destructive. He wanted him to be there, for the rest of his life. That was why he was
doing this. Staring at a bag that wasn’t even half full and seemed truly impossible to fill.

It was just a rucksack, holding enough clothes for three days of changing. But that was soon to be his life. How long would they be on the road? Where would they go?

Three pairs of pants. Three shirts. All of them black. Some underwear, some socks. He fished out his wallet, taking out all of the essentials and burning them, he was not himself anymore. There was no going back, he had no identity. He was just Frank’s. He was just another child, turned into wind.

I may backtrack, reader. You must be confused as to why he burned the important things. His logic was that if he was to seem kidnapped, at a whim of a murderer, and people went to look for clues as to where he went or anything like that, they would see the fact that everything that was important was gone and it was staged. But if he brought them, there was a chance that he could drop something if they fled or he could be figured out if they ever settled down. There would be no rest for him as long as he was Gerard Way.

So he watched his license burn, staring into the flame that stared back, hot and flickering in the sink, till it died out with the writing that held him.

He sighed, setting the bag in his bedroom, checking to see if Mikey was coming home anytime soon. He had another class in a few minutes so he was not coming home for another hour.

He gathered Frank’s things from his apartment. Not a case unlike his own. Black clothing, money. He felt the handgun in his pocket the whole time.

It did not let him rest, and it did not rest, it kept hitting against him, everytime he moved.

“I see you, you are guilty. I am here as a reminder. I will not let you be. I will never let you be,” it kept chanting, a ritual, a ceremony of torture. It was just a gun. Just an instrument of death.

Since when did he become okay with death? Was it the time before, when Frank fucked him into oblivion? Or was it the time when he first saw someone die? Or maybe it was the time he said he was in love with Frank. Maybe it started as early as the time he met Frank. Or maybe he was just born, conditioned to extreme acts of violence.

Whatever it be, he was doing this. He was in his car, riding the way to where Frank was held and where Ray was watching him. He drove his way to his new beginning.

He wanted to say he drove slowly. He wanted to say that he was shaking. But the only shaking he was doing was the shaking of anticipation.

He could not wait to see Frank again. He could not wait to be whole again.

He couldn’t wait to kiss him.

He wanted him, and he wanted him in his arms and in his car and driving away to a new life where they would be alright and everything would be peaceful.

He just wanted Frank and he wanted everything he symbolized.

So he floored the gas pedal and rehearsed what he was going to say to Ray when he got there, explaining his pseudo masochism.

The trees passed like green flags of “GO!”. Like they were reassuring him that this was alright. No matter his acceptance and excitement of this, he was still scared. The gun that he had in his pocket
was thumping against his denim clad thigh, telling him to be careful.

Man, he must have been going mad, there were a shit ton of instances of inanimate objects talking to him today.

Would Ray let him bring in the gun? Would he let it pass? That was what he was banking on.

Today it was just Ray at the station, there were numerous people out, trying to figure out the whole thing with the FBI. They were not going to be there, so there was only Ray to get the gun through.

He thought about his job, the job which he so hated, the one he was glad to leave. Sad to leave on such short terms. He hated inconveniencing people. But it was alright, his boss was a bit of a dick.

His hands flexed on the steering wheel. He would be free, he would be with Frank, in just a little while.

* * * * * *

“Gerard, you can’t bring guns,” Ray told him in an exasperated tone.

“I need to see him with this. You can’t be in there, you can’t. I need to tell him some really personal things. But I don’t want him to hurt me again,” Gerard said, shaky breath, forceful.

“Gerard, what if he tries to take your gun?” Ray said to him, tone already breaking with acceptance.

Please, please, Ray. I’ll stay away, and if he takes it, I’ll scream, I need to do this,” Gerard begged, face hot with anxiety. This had to work.

Ray shook his head. “Alright. Don’t tell anyone I let you in with it, but as a favor I will,” Ray said to him, warning in his exasperated voice. He was too nice.

“Thank you,” Gerard said, hugging him quickly before walking with shaky legs to the cell that held Frank, tied to a chair in the interrogation room.

His smile was wide till it cracked, Ray’s added phrase shaking his soul. “You owe me.”

It resonated in his brain. He owed Ray, now. He was not free. Another burden that would follow him, something that he could never fulfill.

He gulped, continuing his shakily legged walk to Frank, his lover, his savior.

“Darling,” he got with a cocky smirk, a laid back lover in his acquired element.

“Frankie,” Frank got in reply, breathlessly relieved of wind and anxiety. A smile that was as wide as the world graced his face as he ran toward Frank.

“Lover,” Frank said, Gerard holding his middle, looking up at Frank adoringly. He pet his hair with his free hand, the other tied lazily around the chair.

Gerard got him out. His gun clattered in his pocket.

“Showtime,” Frank smiled at him, kissing him and taking the gun from his pocket.

He put the plastic against Gerard’s temple, making him fall in love all over again with the semi-psychotic man. Or maybe it was full blown mental instability.
Gerard hummed in satisfaction. “You’re so hot,” he said with relish, nuzzling the gun and Frank’s beautiful, long fingers clutching the death trap to his lover’s head.

“Your need for annihilation frightens me,” Frank remarked with a small frown, petting his hair for a moment, fondling the strands, greasy.

Gerard just smiles before putting a frightened face on, screaming loudly.

“RAY! Ray help me!” Gerard yelled looking toward the door, frightfully. He was a good actor. But Frank seemed better.

He yanked Gerard’s hair grabbing it with all too belligerent fingers, standing up from the chair, kicking it behind him. A clatter sounded out, Gerard’s heavy breathing in his ears, heart pounding through his body so hard it must have been seen through his skin.

They were really doing this. Gerard and Frank were going to run away. He thought about all the things in his car. He hopes he had enough. He hoped they had enough.

The future was not the thing he should be worrying about when it was time for their big act. They had to put on a good show, didn’t they?

Ray ran down, cop mode reached, taking his gun out immediately, assessing the situation later. His eyes flicked around the clean room, blank white slate of a room.

“Gerard, fucking damn it!” he yelled to the man, exasperated. He didn’t have time to chastise him, he just held the gun up to Frank.

His face was red, concentrating and angry. Gerard’s titled head saw Ray raise his gun to his lover.

Now his heart was really beating in fear. What if Ray shot Frank? Would he do that? Would it come to that?

“I will not hesitate to shoot you,” he warned. Gerard’s heart went faster. A pitter patter, like the rain, thrumming against his ribs in cacophonous protest.

“Give it up,” he continued to add, “We know who you are. A dirty murderer. Murdered dozens of innocents,” Ray spit to his lover, who appeared unphased. He kept the cool facade of a murderer in action on, and it was turning Gerard on.

He laughed, a psychopath. “What’s a few more?” he added chillingly. The gun waved in his hand, the familiar weight away from Gerard for a few moments. It left him cold, empty feeling.

He slowly raised his head to look at Frank, his kissable lips in a careless smirk. The only emotion he showed.

“That’s right? What is a few more, filthy you are. What do you need him for, huh? To get out of here? They’ll get you, Iero. What goes around comes back around,” Ray warned, flexxing his finger on the trigger.

Gerard could feel his heart go faster again, pounding in his ears, beating on his eardrum.

“Taking the bitch with me, leverage,” he said shrugging. He tore at Gerard’s hair, recently washed just for the occasion.

Gerard whimpered
Gerard looked from him to Ray, fearful.

Frank massaged the gun into Gerard’s hair in eddies, teasing Ray.

“Come on, Toro, get me,” he said, spitting at the ground.

Ray rang out a shot that Gerard swore split his ears.

It shot the back of the room, leaving a small hole the size of a big abyss of “What if?”

What if Frank died? What if he was shot? What would Gerard do then? Well, obviously Gerard would die, too.

He shook his head, lightly, just enough to brush the gun that he had almost forgot was held up to him in his fear.

Gerard squeaked as Frank pressed the gun closer to him, it was cold on his skin.

He was sweating, scared, so scared. Scared for Frank? Scared for himself? Scared for Ray?

Frank raised his gun, a look down at Gerard that must have solidified what he did next.

He shot Ray. It rang in the air like all of their lengthy silences. But this was not silent. This was violent. And Gerard felt it in his bones, crawling into his bloodstream, turning him into the sickness that it was, contaminating him. All while Frank was pulling his lover out of the building as fast as possible.

Gerard followed on scuttling legs, looking back at his friend who was more emotionally hurt than physically wounded, his face contorted in pain and fear for his friend. He had failed, but little did he know he helped their plan.

But there was so much blood and there was too big of a cost.


There was so much blood, that in the space between the shot and their escape Gerard’s eyes closed, that was all he could see.

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