i sing of a greater love

by orphan_account

Summary

frank and gerard are the most nervous people any of their friends know. they're also getting married after being together after nearly fifteen years (about time tbh)

title from clear - twenty one pilots

Notes

hi! this is a two part bc i felt like leaving some
enjoy!

xojose

See the end of the work for more notes
Frank nervously twisted his hands in his lap and fiddled with the cuffs of his dress shirt.

“You okay, Frankie?” Asked Mikey from the other side of the room, where he was attempting to pull a tiny suit on to Toby and keep Emilia entertained at the same time.

“I mean, I guess.” Frank replied, voice wavering a bit. “We’ve been waiting to do this for like, six years, Mikey. What if I fuck it up?”

“C’mon, Frank. If anyone is gonna fuck this wedding up it’s gotta be Gerard. The guy is going crazy in there!” Mikey laughs, taking Toby over to Frank and throwing an arm around his shoulder.

“Okay, little man, let’s try again, huh?” he says to the three-year old on Frank’s lap, pulling at the buttons on his shirt.

“I’m gonna try find Jamia and Belle. You okay here with the kids?” Frank asks, standing up and pulling his sleeve.

“Yeah, man- I think they’re getting their hair done down the hall.” Mikey adds, trying to keep the toddler from running away while he fixed his tie.

Frank opens the door and carefully treads down the hall, trying to pick up his feet so he doesn’t scratch his new shoes and finds the room where Lindsey and Jamia are taking command of everyone’s hair.

“Frank?” Jamia says, startled as she tries to fix Raya’s wispy hair into some sort of order. “Aren’t you supposed to be with Toby, Emilia and Mikey?”

“I wanted to talk to you and Belle for a minute?” He asks nervously, still fiddling with his sleeves.

“Yeah, okay, hang on.” Jamia replies, sliding some bobby pins into the little girl’s hair and passing her over to Lindsey. “Can you put her dress on, Linds? It’s the one with the yellow band?”

“Mia, they all have yellow bands.” Lindsey laughs, planting a kiss on her cheek and taking the toddler over to the dress rail.

“Belle?” Jamia asks, knocking the door of the other room they were using as a dressing room. “Are you ready? Actually, can we come in? Your dad is here.”

“Come on in, guys.” The nine year-old replies, pulling her shoes on.

Frank follows Jamia into the room and sits down on the couch.

“Dad? Are you okay?” Belle asks, looking concerned.

“You’re like the fifth person to ask me that today, Bee.” He laughs, pulling her into his chest.

“I’m fine. I swear.” He whispers into her hair. “I just needed to see you, yeah?”
“Sorry to break up the hug-fest, you two, but you know, you’re getting married in like an hour and your hair looks terrible.” Jamia states bluntly, dragging Frank back into the room and sitting him down on a chair.

Frank sighs and lets Jamia play around with his hair.

“Hey, Belle!” Lindsey shouts from across the room. “Go get Mikey and the babies, and go see how your papa is holding up?”

“On it!” She replies skipping down the hall and into the room where Frank was supposed to be.

She knocks the door three times, before letting herself in and walking over to where Mikey was sitting, Toby on his lap and Emilia sleeping in her car-seat.

“What’s up, Beezle?” He asks, as the toddler reaches out his arms and giggles at the sight of his big sister. She takes the baby from Mikey and cuddles him into her, being careful not to crease her dress.

“Aunt Lindsey and Jamia said that you and Emilia have to go down to Daddy because he’s getting his hair done and freaking out.” Belle tells him. “Can I bring Toby to see Papa and Uncle Patrick?”

“Whatsoever you want, kiddo.” He says, going to mess up her hair, as she pulls away in the nick of time. She scowls at him and pokes him.

“Goddammit, Mikey” She says, walking down the hall, as Mikey laughs at her.

“Love you too, Beezlebub!” He shoots at her, making his way to the hair room, carrier in hand. Maybe someone would flat-iron his hair for him.

Belle reaches the third door and knocks as well as she can with the toddler in her arms.

“Papa?” She calls out, walking in and handing Toby to Patrick, and striding over to the couch where Gerard was slumped.

“Hey, Bee.” He says, voice deep and husky.

“You okay, Papa?” She asks, concerned.

He looks up, and nods, before shaking his head.

“I just… I can’t do this! I’m gonna mess it up, and Frankie’ll hate me and I just don’t know what to do!” He cries, hugging Belle tighter and reaching out for Toby. Belle gets up off of the couch and whispers to Patrick, while Gerard plays with the babbling toddler beside him. Patrick smiles and nods, before heading out of the room to another.

Gerard looks up.

“Where’d Trick go?” He says, looking significantly happier yet concerned.

“I think he just went to the bathroom, Papa.” Belle replies, setting Toby on the floor and trying to teach him pat-a-cake.

There’s a knock on the door and a shuffling noise.

“Go open the door, Papa.” Belle says, smirking at Toby with her back turned to Gerard.
Gerard sighs, and pulls himself up off of the couch and strides over to the door. He pulls it open and is greeted with two beaming smiles.

“Hey.” Says a voice, accompanied by a little giggle.

“Frankie?!”
“What are you doing here? We’re not supposed to see each other! It’s like, bad luck!” Gerard rambles, before Frank steps in with Raya and puts her down beside Toby, then pulling Gerard down to kiss him.

“Shut up, Gee” He mumbles into his shoulder, hugging him tightly and probably ruining his shirt but Frank didn’t really care anymore.

Belle, still trying to teach the babies pat-a-cake, turns around and beams at the two.

“Hey, guys?” A voice comes through the door.

Frank walks over to pull the door open to the person, and sees Jamia and Lindsey standing there.

“Sorry to bother you, but Belle needs her hair done and you’re getting married in literally twenty minutes so if you could both calm down and get ready for this shit that’d be great.” Lindsey says, as Jamia retrieves Belle from the floor and pulls her down to the room where they were doing hair.

The door slams and Gerard and Frank can hear running.

“Twenty minutes, huh?” Frank laughs, scooping Raya up into his arms and settling down onto the couch as Gerard does the same with Toby, dropping down beside Frank and resting his head on Frank’s shoulder.

“You ready?” He adds, looking down at Gerard.

“As ready as I’ll ever be.” Gerard mumbles, lifting his head up and turning slightly.

“You think we should go now?” Frank asks, moving to stand up with Raya and beckoning for Gerard to do the same. They look each other up and down, fixing cuffs and collars and adjusting ties before opening the door and making their way to the hall where everyone was waiting on them.

Gerard and Frank left the babies with Mikey and Lindsey and then made their way around the back, into the tiny room behind the hall.
“See you soon, Frankie.” Gerard says, kissing him goodbye and making his way back around the way he came.

“You ready?” Jamia asks Frank, as he shifts around. She fixes his yellow tie and tucks a stray curl behind his ear.

“Ready.” He replies, taking a deep breath and watches her take Patrick’s arm, and walk into the hall, down the aisle between the chairs. Lindsey and Mikey follow, with Belle leading Jamia and Patrick, throwing flower petals along the carpet. Gerard’s mom follows behind, a twin holding on to each hand and finally Frank behind them, confident slow strides to the pace that Belle had set.

He spots Gerard standing at the altar and smiles brightly, perking up and wishing that the line would move a bit faster. Belle runs out of petals and takes her place to the side of Gerard, along with Lindsey, Jamia and Raya. Mikey, Patrick and Toby take the other side, flanked between Gerard’s dad and Frank’s dad. Gerard and Frank’s moms stand behind Lindsey and Jamia and Frank finally goes to stand in front of his fiancé, smiling and gently brushing his hand.

The minister stepped up and stood between the two men, smiling and silently asking could they begin the service. Gerard and Frank looked at each other and nodded, turning to the man.

“Dearly Beloved, we are gathered here today, in the sight of our loved ones, to join these two men in marriage. If anyone should object to the bond of these men, speak now or forever hold your peace.” The minister announced, before turning to Frank.

“Do you wish to say your vows to Gerard, Frank?” He asks nicely.

“Okay. Here goes.” He takes a deep breath. “Gerard Arthur Way, from the very first second I met you, I liked you, even though I smashed your phone, you were nice to me and then I ruined half of your comic book collection, you were still the sweetest guy ever. What I’m trying to say is that you’re literally the nicest guy ever and I’m so lucky to have you and our three beautiful kids, and I can’t wait to spend the rest of my life with you. I promise to stand by your side our whole life, I promise to laugh at your jokes, even if they’re terrible, I promise to watch Star Wars with you again and again, even though you insist Han didn’t shoot first. You are my best friend and my coffee maker, and future diaper changer and I promise I’ll stop putting my feet on you when they’re cold. I promise to love every dumb hair colour you go through, and laugh at you when it falls out. You are my sun, my moon and my stars, and as far as I’m concerned, the world revolves around you. I love you, Gerard. I love you so much.” Frank finishes, earning a few ‘awww’s’ from the crowd, and a few tears on Gerard’s cheeks.

“And Gerard, do you wish to say your vows to Frank?” The minister asks once more.

Gerard nods and turns to face Frank.

“Frank Anthony Iero, on our first date you asked me something that I won’t share because our parents are here, and that’s kind of a no go, but I agreed and the next day you took me out for coffee, mostly because you were indirectly the cause of me almost dying three times that week, but it was an awesome week. Pretty soon after that we both went to college, and we stuck together all through that. I remember me asking you to fly to LA to live with me, and you were reluctant, because everybody knows you’re a Jersey boy. But you came for me, and we’re still here fourteen years later. You are my first love, and the guy who peels the stringy bits off of the banana, because they gross me out. I promise to put up with your stupid ideas that mostly involve things that could get you killed, and I promise to do one of them with you some day. I promise to get the eggplant lasagne recipe from your mom, and learn how to make it so you’ll shut up sometimes. I promise to tie your
shoes when you can’t, and I promise to take you to ratty ass punk shows in your wheelchair. You are the sprinkles on top of my cupcake, and you’re my favourite flavour. I can’t wait to spend the rest of my life with you, and I swear I won’t even care if you put your cold feet on me. I love you more than anything, Frankie.”

Gerard watches Frank, who is crying a little bit, but he doesn’t care.

“I guess we’re both huge saps, huh?” Frank laughs, wiping Gerard’s tears away, and Gerard doing the same for him.

“Are we ready to continue?” The minister asks the two. They nod once more and wait for the minister to continue.

“Can we have the rings, please?” He asks, looking at Mikey carrying Emilia over, who was their ring bearer. (They thought it would be cute.) She smiles at them and reaches her arms out as Mikey hands the pillow to Gerard. He carries her back to where they were standing and she holds onto him again, settling down on his shoulder.

“Alright, Frank- repeat after me.” The minister tells him.

“I, Frank Anthony Iero, take Gerard Arthur Way to be my lawfully wedded husband, in sickness and in health, in poverty and in wealth, until death do us part.” The minister says, looking at Frank.

“I, Frank Anthony Iero, take Gerard Arthur Way to be my lawfully wedded husband, in sickness and in health, in poverty and in wealth, until death do us part.” He smiles, slipping the black metal band onto Gerard’s ring finger.

“Okay, now Gerard, repeat after me.” The minister asks once more, looking at Gerard this time.

“I, Gerard Arthur Way, take Frank Anthony Iero to be my lawfully wedded husband, in sickness and in health, in poverty and in wealth, until death do us part.”

“I, Gerard Arthur Way, take Frank Anthony Iero to be my lawfully wedded husband, in sickness and in health, in poverty and in wealth, until death do us part.” Gerard says, smiling, as he slips the matching band onto Frank’s ring finger.

“You may now kiss your partner.” The minister finishes, closing his book and smiling.

Frank smiles and drags Gerard down to kiss him, sweet and tender before turning to their family and friends who are cheering. They practically run down the aisle out into the garden, where others are waiting for them, throwing rice and flowers.

Gerard kisses Frank this time as they stand in the shower of confetti around them, blissful and happy and feeling complete.

End Notes

i think this series is done, but i might post a few ficlets in soon anyway, i’m kind of glad to be done but i’m sad to see it go
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!