

The Sharpest Lives (A Frerard tale)

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The rain outside drums like a alcohol influenced heartbeat

*Gerard's been on a bender and it shows
but will Frankie love him
and share a kiss before he goes?*

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1 - The Sharpest Lives

The Rain outside drums like an alcohol influenced heartbeat, the lightening flashes white and blue. I am woken by the sound of heavy knocking on the front door, I trudge down the hall and unlock the door, there you stand, your black hair matted and dripping, your beautiful eyes, dull and heavy, your posture, slouched against the wall, barely conscious.

You say my name, your voice deep and meaningless.

"I need to sleep on your couch" You manage to mutter, I nod my head and you try to walk, falling, I catch you in time, before your head hits the floor.

I help you to the couch and lay you down, you smile at me and I glare back.

"Where have you been?" I ask as if I didn't already know.

"Dancing" You mutter and I mime

"You drunk?" I ask the same question every time.

"I suppose" you smile.

Its times like this I really loathe you, I love you, but I loathe you.

You turn to leave me alone on the couch, like always. Walking to your room to lock yourself in again locking me out. I push my hair out of my face, God I feel ill.

I know I should stop drinking, but I can't. I can't bear the sight of you upset again, tears stain your eyes every time you answer the door, I think to myself, it's all your fault. But the drink, however small or large it is, a cheap whisky or a glass of Vodka, it's my poison, and I love it.

"Frank" I mutter, you turn and look at me.

"Don't go" I plead.

"Gerard I'm tired, I'm goin to bed" you say sleepily and turn away.

I catch your arm and tell you not to leave me, not ever, you don't understand, you think I'm to drunk to care about you. But I do.

You sit on the couch next to me and ask me what I'm on about, I smile sheepishly and wrap my arms around your neck.

"Look Gerard, yeah you've been on a bender, and it ...shows" You say to me, I give you a hurt look and you mutter sorry.

"Get some rest, it'll make you feel better" I say hoping you buy it and let me sleep.

Way to go Frank, you always have a way of taking the pain away from me, and I love you for it, but it wont work now.

"Can I go now?" You ask sleepily

"Not yet" I whisper into his ear

"Why" He whines

"You have to kiss me first" I say smiling

"..?!Did Gerard just tell me to kiss him...off stage?" I think to myself

"All it takes is a kiss" A Kiss and I will surrender

I lean in and you look worried,

"Don't worry, I don't bite" I say smiling, wondering if you'll let me, wondering if you like me back.

Our lips meet, only for a second before you pull away and run to your room, leaving me in darkness. I run to your door and you lock it before I reach it.

You I hear the bathroom door open and slam closed, I press my ear to your door and I can hear your muffled sobs. What did I do to you?

I run into my room and lock the door, frantically I look around for anything to clam my nerves, I pick up a glass of water and down it, not enough.

I run into the bathroom and slam the door, I look in the mirror, I'm sweating like mad and my face is bright red, the tears welling up in my eyes.

"He doesn't like you" I tell myself "He's to drunk to know what he's doing" My mind races, tears spilling down my face, I can't let him hear me. I pick up a towel and dry off my face, only to break down crying again.

I was leading one of the Sharpest lives and it's true that they are the deadliest to lead.