

You Were Perfect to me

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Short story told in Mercedes's point of view. What were to happen if Lace were to die?

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Chapter 1 - You Were Perfect to me

2

1 - You Were Perfect to me

I always liked Lacey, and I never told him that enough.

I sighed and dropped a flower on the mound that had appeared on the ground, sighing quietly, staring at it. It was weird to think of Lacey as dead, as finally gone. I felt something wet on my cheek, reached up and rubbed it.

Tears? I couldn't remember specifically the last time I cried. They felt weird, alien to me.

I stepped away from the grave and back to my "family", or what remained of us now. I said nothing to my "brothers", just watched them walk to the grave themselves.

I looked up at Vincent and reached over, taking his hand. He wasn't moving, seemed as if he wasn't breathing at all. His dark locks of hair were falling in front of his face, his mask hiding the tears I knew were there. After all, he loved Lacey; he had to be crying, right?

I figured that was how real love worked.

"Vincent?" I asked, my voice almost cracking. I hadn't said anything all afternoon, and the sounds felt weird escaping my throat. His eyes darted down to my own, my chocolate gaze that was so much like his. "Are you gonna be okay, Vincent?"

His grip tightened on mine, then his arm snaked around my shoulder and he pulled me to his side. I smiled and wrapped my arms around him, my long blonde locks falling over my brown eyes. I bet I stood out, my pale skin to his black clothes.

Then my brothers were returning, and Vincent released me, taking them into his arms for an embrace. They were crying too. It seemed we were all crying, drowning the world in our tears.

As we walked away from the mound, I wondered when we'd come back to it. Would we move on with life and forget about Lacey's body, withering away into the dirt?

I hoped not.

I didn't speak that night, not to my brothers, even as they disappeared off to bed. I sat in my room, in a house in the town. After Lacey found me, Vincent convinced Bo to empty it of wax figures and let us stay there. It was a quiet house, and now all too quiet without the sounds of Lacey up and about at night.

He could never stay in one place long. I remembered as a kid sitting on my bed, watching him creep by, Lacey thinking he hadn't been noticed. I knew he was sneaking out to see Vincent in his workshop, to watch Vincent work. He liked to do that.

I lay down and hugged my pillow. It smelled of Lacey. Smelled of his sweet scent, and I wondered how the scent had lingered. When was the last time I had asked Lacey to sleep with me?

I sighed and closed my eyes. I could hear his voice, so smooth, in my ear, calling me.

"Mercedes, Mercedes." I whimpered a bit, then rolled onto my back and sat up. I pulled my light gray shirt up over my head and threw it on the floor. I then gripped my knees and pulled them to my bare chest, closed my eyes and fought back tears. My blonde hair was on my shoulders, my back, my chest, softly grazing over my skin.

I didn't want to be alone in my room tonight. I wanted to be with Vincent. I wanted to be down in his workshop, around the wax. I wanted to try and lose myself in it too. I didn't care that I was no artist compared to him, never would be.

I wondered if I could help fill the whole Lacey had left in Vincent. I wondered, could I ever do anything like Lacey had? Could I keep Vincent from feeling lonely, talk to him and reason with him? Could I care for him, physically, emotionally...

Sexually?

The idea sparked me. I'd never tried it. I'd honestly never tried very hard to get to Vincent or Lacey sexually. I guess that was normal, they were parent figures, but still...

Our family was not normal, none of us. So why follow that restriction? I stood up and walked out of my room, down the hallway, past my brothers' room, and down the stairs. They brought me right to our front door, and I stepped out, still shirtless.

It wasn't too far to the House of Wax, but it felt like it, with the cold wind hitting my chest and arms and stomach. I shivered and was relieved to step into the dark wax building.

Every step I took seemed to sound like a herd of wild beasts to me in the silence, I was sure Vincent could hear me. I stepped to the door of the basement and began creeping down them slowly, guiding my hand over the wax wall to keep me steady. Once I reached their end, I turned to face the workshop and saw Vincent working on a wax figure.

As I walked towards him, I couldn't see it's gender, and it jarred an idea in my mind. Why not turn Lacey into wax? Keep him forever with us in a hard prison of art?

I pushed it to the back of my mind. I would think on it later. Right now I had other things to think about.

I walked up behind Vincent, and I knew he knew I was there, he just hadn't acknowledged me.

"Vincent."

He turned his head and his brown gaze met mine. Those dark eyes were so smooth, and I wanted to shiver. This was insane. This man was my father figure, my guardian, and was I about to try and seduce him after he just lost his lover?

Well, it seemed so.

I moved closer to him, and he took his mask off, his hair draping over much of his scared side.

"What is it, Mercedes?" I blushed a bit and stopped, keeping my gaze locked on his. "Where's your shirt? You'll get sick."

I shrugged at his questions, then got closer, my body pressing to his. Vincent was a lot older than me, he had been a lot older than Lacey. But Lacey had been so young, only in his thirties, when we lost him a few days ago.

I was only 22. I didn't care. I let my arms encircle Vincent's neck, watched his eyes widen.

"I don't want you to be alone tonight, Vincent," I said. "I'd never forgive myself if I didn't try to keep you from being alone."

I kissed him. I'd never kissed Vincent like this, hard against his mouth, with my tongue molesting his own. His hands were on my waist, his fingers gripping at my skin. I wasn't sure if he was pulling me closer or pushing me away.

I broke the kiss and stared at him. He stared back, and part of me thought he wanted to kiss me again.

"What are you doing?" He asked. I blushed, averted my eyes. I wanted him to like it; I wanted him to kiss me back.

"I'm trying to...trying to..." I wasn't sure what to say. Seduce you? No, because in a way I wasn't. Part of me wanted Vincent a little, but...I wouldn't die without him, I didn't love him like that...so what was I doing?

"I d-don't know, Vincent but...I feel like...I need to do this..." He shook his head, and took my hand. We walked over to his cot and sat down.

"You don't need to do anything, Mercedes," he said. "You're trying to take Lacey's place already, trying to fill his shoes. You don't ever have to do that, no one ever has to. No one ever can. Lacey was Lacey; no one will be enough like him to replace him, not even you. One person cannot replace another."

I blinked, and stared at Vincent. I almost never heard him say so much at once; I thought I might

overdose on his voice.

"...I've been thinking about him alot..." Vincent confessed, one of his hands sliding over the cot. "I can't seem to get rid of his face...he's everywhere."

"I smelled him on my pillow," Mercedes confessed. "And he hasn't slept in my room with me for a long time. It's like it's just embedded there or something..."

Vincent's arm went around my shoulder, and I leaned my head against him. His hand was playing with a few strands of my hair, they were tickling my shoulder.

"Lace thought you were beautiful," Vincent said. "He loved you, Mercedes. When he first saw you, I don't think I've ever seen his eyes shine so much, not without tears in them."

I blushed.

"How could someone as pretty as Lace ever see me as beautiful?"

"You are," Vincent reassured, and I felt a bit of that parent like quality coming into the scene. I sighed more, my hands resting between my legs, clasped together.

"I never told Lace I loved him enough," I confessed. "I never said it enough, never showed it. I never called him anything but Lace, as if he was just a friend..."

I was shaking, crying. How had this come on so suddenly? I wasn't sure, but Vincent took me into his arms and held me, made me feel better.

"Lace knew you loved him," Vincent said. "He knew you loved him. And he loved you so much, more than I even thought you could love your own flesh and blood."

I looked up at Vincent, and sighed.

"I want to say good-bye again."

Vincent walked me back to Lace's plot, let me stare down at the mound, at the headstone we had made and put there ourselves. I saw no lights on in our house, knew my brothers were sleeping. Perhaps not peacefully, but at least sleeping. I knew Bo was in his house, avoiding us. He had always hated Lace, but perhaps he hadn't hated him enough to disrespect the dead.

I sighed and locked my hands together, tried to keep my composure.

"Good-bye, Lace," I whispered. "I...love you...more than you'll know. I...miss you already...and I promise, I won't let anyone replace you, not now. Vincent...was right, you were...are you, and no one can change that." I crouched down and brushed my hand over the dirt. I thought I smelt Lace's sweet scent. "I love you, you were perfect to me..."

~Fin~

o.O No idea. Boredom. No real story line, Lace just randomly died. I never said it, but he got sick. Mercedes is a "child" of Lace and Vincent, they "adopted" him in a way. Kind of odd, when I get the official story line about him down, I'll write it. This is just a quickie, not really how Lace's life ends...or maybe it is. You never know.