

# Love Never Dies But Springs Eternal

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*Title: Love Never Dies But Springs Eternal*

*Pairing: Frank + Gerard*

*Summary: It was something unspeakable, unbelievable*

*Pov: Second*

*Disclaimer: Fake.*

*Authors Note: Possibly fluffy. It is confusing.*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/roadkillcafe/42070/Love-Never-Dies-But-Springs-Eternal>

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# 1 - Love Never Dies But Springs Eternal

## Love Never Dies But Springs Eternal

It was something unspeakable, unbelievable. Gripping you like a vice unable to break free from its tyrannous reign. Clutching harder as the impossibly long days pass slower and slower. You find it complicated how the other believes time travels faster when you're having fun but does he not notice the hesitation now ever present in your sweet voice? The ever pressing failure you feel deep within your oh-so-colorful skin; the constant revulsion you now feel whenever his smooth hands caress your identically smooth skin. The compulsion you feel to just rip his bleeding heart out of his fracking chest and break it into a thousand tiny pieces just like he did to you only to mend it just to repeat the process.

The letters you ignore steadily pile on your doormat. The phone messages you refuse to answer gather in your phone's inbox. The empty vodka bottles overflow from your bin and your house is a mess and you can't help but laugh hysterically at him from behind the closed and bolted door as he screams at you: "Frank! Frank let me in!" and yet you continue to laugh. You think you're going crazy when you hear your door crash open and see a worried him.

You remember watching him cry and scream and shout and collapse just to pick himself up and repeat it all like an age-old fairy tale, its short-lived hero fighting the good fight and when he asks you what you were thinking you don't hesitate to let him know.

"That our lives are part of nothing but a fairy-tale, one ages old that is told and retold, it's short lived hero and it's even shorter romance," you say quietly. "Are you not tired, Gerard, of fighting the good fight like the heroes in the tales of old and the stories of new? Are you not tired of living with the knowledge that you will never find love or find peace?" You remember the look of horror on his beautiful face as you brandished a piece of paper and a lighter. You remember the look of realization cross his features as he made sense of what you were aiming to do and you laughed again.

"Frankie, baby, you can't do this. You just can't," he cried making you pause mid motion.

"Why not Gerard? I don't see why not I mean I know it isn't for me, they never are," you spat maliciously.

"It's not finished yet, you cant. It's the final piece!" he cried again stepping forward. "I just need to add it to the rest and you can see it. I promise, just please don't."

You paused at the emotion in his voice, you knew how this would affect him and it was what he deserved. You looked at the paper in front of him, not seeing its intricate designs and it's real meaning, only imagining the flames you wish to consume it.

"Why should I give you this? You've given me nothing! I gave you everything! This miserable piece of

paper along with the rest is all you care about."

"Give me five minutes and you'll see. Just five minutes. Please," you decide to give him those five minutes he requested before you decide to take his heart, life and soul away from him. You toss the paper at him, giggling inside as you watch him scramble to collect the paper; you sit and play with the lighter while you wait. Five or so minutes pass before he comes back out holding a large leather bound book. He drops to his knees in front of you placing the book in your lap.

Curious, you open it, looking at the first page, a single word in a difficult design read "Memories", flipping through the pages you realize every moment you and he have shared he has put to paper and you can't help but soften when you see a painting of you and him asleep. You briefly wonder how but your gaze falls to the one you were going to burn earlier.

"Focus on the center," he whispered. You do as he says like always and you're shocked to see the words you longed to hear.

*"I love you."*