

Seven Deadly Sins

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Pairing: Frank//Gerard

Pov: Gerard's

Summary: Frank and Gerard relationship in seven parts

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1 - Superbia - Pride

Superbia - Pride

You walk like you're in the clouds. No, not in, on top of. Better, higher, bigger than everything else. One step ahead. One point above. And it scares me because sometimes I think the same. I see you as larger than life, because hell, you're so much larger than mine. I am but a weak excuse for a human being, and you are all that is and ever was to be excused.

You walk passed me like you've never seen me before. You always do. Your nose is so far in the air I fear you may actually bruise the porcelain of your face upon the ceiling. But no, I've forgotten, you're above the clouds. No cement wall or covering could ever contain you.

I follow you into the dressing room and I see your eyes dart left, right, and left again. Everything with you is so didactic, structured--I suppose it prevents you from ever breaking your perfect glass world with the fragmented stones of error. God forbid you ever appear...real.

Closing the door you shove me roughly against cold metal, the squared handle digging sharply into my back. It wasn't the first bruise, and I held a sick hope that it would not be the last.

"You want me, don't you?"

I merely whimpered and stared into the mocking torture of your sadistic grin. Of course I wanted you. I always had. Always will.

You pushed me backward again, as if I had somewhere to go, some new found dimension that had since expanded this tiny, meaningless dressing room turned pseudo-torture chamber of yours. My body again came into harsh contact with the industrial wall behind me, and I could almost feel my bruise turn a deeper shade of purple. Later that night I looked into the mirror, and the breathtaking contrast of pale skin and wound seemed to read only your name in big, bold letters. Property of that which I am nowhere near good enough to even share air with. The words were written in pain upon my flesh.

"Oh Gerard, don't you know that I'm too good for you?"

I had known it even before you spat the words into my face, saliva dripping with hate and truth. Yet I allowed you to attack my lips with your own, ripping the soft flesh wide open, leaving a mark that paralleled expertly with the blue-black upon my spine. My own innocent blood dripped slowly down my own innocent chin, and you watched it's liquid travel, watched the flowing current make a map of shame upon my tattered face.

"Honey, you should clean yourself up, I really can't be tainted by the blood of such a sick slut. You understand."

You kissed me softly upon the cheek before turning and emptying the saliva behind your lips upon my shoes.

"I feel dirty already."

Pushing me aside, you exited the room. I took off my worn sneakers and threw them heatedly across the room. One of the rubber soles came into unfortunate contact with a relatively small mirror on the opposite wall, and the glass cracked before my eyes into intricate spider webs starting from the initial point of contact and moving in a sickening pattern outward. I walked towards it, seeing myself through the eyes of destruction: fragmented and angular, stained and bruised. I'm not sure I would have looked any better in a pure reflection, though, because I was beginning to see that which you had so blatantly attempted to prove--I was below you. Below everyone. Second-class human being? Oh no, I didn't even deserve a rank. I was so far beneath you that I began to find myself amongst the demons of deepest hell even while I continued to breathe.

But Frank, pride is *your* sin, and this is getting deadly.

2 - Gula - Gluttony

Gula - Gluttony

The stiff carpeted floor of a tiny room on a tiny bus is your silver platter. Upon it lie two thick glasses and one pointedly less sophisticated object: a small, well-used syringe. It seems as if the first glass truly does not exist, for it is spotlessly transparent and filled with the purist form of fire. A posh expanse of vodka, more than one could ever want to drink in a single sitting. The second glass seems as if it should be filled with the deep mahogany of wine, but to the naked eye it appears empty. Its presence is only noticed due to the rainbows of light created by each twist and turn of its creator's imagination; squared off angles make it shine brighter than even you have ever shined in my eyes. It puzzles me, this glass. I want to know what your sinful mind has in store for this innocent goblet. It's funny, that it truly seems innocent. Everything, even the most unchangeably inanimate of materials seems innocent in the stark contrast of your presence. The final object makes me cringe; I shake uncontrollably on the inside while remaining your perfectly cracked porcelain doll on the out. I have been within that syringe. I know the feeling--the high, the smiles and the fogged view. I know what it is to love it more than anyone or anything.

You pick up the syringe first, and I nearly knock over the contents of your oh-so-chic platter in an effort to tear your hand away. I knew it wouldn't work before I did it. But that's what you do to me; you take away the rhyme and reason of our little poetic tragedy.

Skin meets skin in a frustrated effort to feed the flame of addiction that burns painfully within you, and as I nurse the reddened mark you left upon my cheek I watch you kill yourself slowly. I can almost feel the injection myself as the heavy liquid stretches the earthly confines of your blood-filled veins. Your eyes roll backward. It's starting.

I am leaning against the wall with knees hugged to my chin, watching you come down from your futile self-poisoning. You're smiling the sickest smile; it disgusts me and makes me love you even more. Maybe I really am as sick as you.

"Why do you do that to yourself?" I fear my own question more than I fear you.

"Because of this," you pick up the empty glass, "Can't you see it, Gerard? It's filled to its limit with excess. It's me. It's everything you've always wanted but never needed. It's giving into everything you know is wrong and being happy about it. It's making everything that doesn't belong to you yours."

"What gives you that right?"

"I'm a rock star, baby." You get up and drop the goblet to the floor. It lands upon the ugly, stained carpet and creates a subtle thud that sends vibrations up my spine. It was never supposed to be like this. We

made a pact, a promise before it all began that it would always be about the music, our music, not this tainted symphony to which you dance so seductively with satan. "What the frack do you care anyway? You ask too many questions. I really hate you, you know that?"

I think that I did. I do. I know all of these things that I wish I didn't. You're walking towards me, and I know what's coming. I know that you will bruise me, hurt me, make me cry and never even consider kissing away the tears. I know that you only use me for sex, for the carnal desire that rearranges the anatomy of your body, and places your heart far lower than it should be. I will bleed and you will scream somebody else's name. You will leave me before I'm even aware you were there, and I won't even get the disgusted thank you that we both know I deserve. I know that you're horrible. That I'm nothing to you. That this won't ever change. That I will always and forever be your outlet for sin. But honey, I also know that you're my own personal heroin high.

3 - Invidia - Envy

Invidia - Envy

It was so long ago, that we were lovers. Yes, we still frack, but that all-too-important four-letter word has seemed to vanish entirely from your vocabulary. I remember the night that L became F, O became U, and so on and so forth. The idiotic situation that sent letters and emotions into their disgusting, and irreversible metamorphosis.

The van had broken down. Yes, van. It was that night that I looked into your eyes and saw the smoke of a murdered flame, and I thought to myself that maybe our lives were not destined to be defined by three silly letters, M, C and R. Little did I know that I had been the extinguisher, not a van fueled by poverty and an ambitious band with no gigs, no money, and no hope.

We were sitting close together on a couch in the lobby of a Motel 6. My pockets were shallow, yours held so closely to your skin that had you possessed any money it would hardly have fit within your denim confinements. We watched people walk by, making up stories of their future when maybe we should have been concerned with our own. A mom and daughter passed, tears and squeaky wheels that spoke of broken suitcases and broken homes. Not long after came a high-class businessman, wedding band gleaming brighter even than the sequined garment of the bottle of peroxide with which he linked arms. You snickered even in your exhaustion--you were planning something.

An hour later you beckoned my sleeping limbs to move, and I followed you down a dirty cream-colored hallway. You threw me against the peeling paint and covered my mouth as a loud couple passed by, giggling and whispering about how sexy the hot tub would be. It was the wealthy man, and someone I could only pray to the god I hoped existed was his wife. I knew it wasn't, just like I knew you weren't mine for much longer. That's why the hope is gone. You're why the prayers don't come true.

The lock was too easy to pick, the bed too soft, the sheets so unclean, the air so plagued with the smell of sex. I watched you walk around the dark room, stark naked, searching through briefcases and lives that would never again touch yours. You made a sharp right into the closet, emerging only seconds later in a pair of shining, leather dress shoes. And for those fifteen minutes of make-believe fame your footsteps were his, and his footsteps were yours.

"I want this." You said, pointing towards the ground.

"You want what, babe?" I asked a question to which the answer was obvious, but my heart willed me to search for an answer that included me. That maybe, for once in your life, you were going to admit that you needed and wanted me.

But no, how wrong my breaking heart was to find that you wanted wealth. The ability to buy a sleazy

motel room for one night, and to walk around in thousand-dollar slacks and ugly leather loafers. You wanted to pay the bell hop to carry one single bag, to wear a shiny gold ring on your hand. You wanted the silicone blond as a side dish to love. You wanted the casual fracks with the casual acquaintances.

And Frank, it makes me sad to think that even now, when you have it all, you still want more. You have me at your beck and call, yet I hear you moaning the name of a blue-eyed girl in the bunk below me. I had seen the wink when she asked for your autograph, had seen the spark in your stare. I wonder if she knows what I know. That in your head you are reviewing every face you saw within the crowded venue tonight, wondering if she truly was the best looking. Mikey's groupie was probably hotter, the bastard.

Every breath of sex I hear brings one more tear to eyes that should long ago have gone dry, because I wanted your violence tonight. I wanted you alone. Because I bought you a present, Frankie, your very own pair of shining, walnut brown dress shoes, and you can walk in them any time you like. We can pretend that they belong to somebody better than us, somebody who has even that which your excess can not encompass.

But no, I suppose it's good that you found her. Maybe you can walk in her shoes. You would like that, wouldn't you? Oh how you love to taint the paths of others--to run them off the road, to take the knotted reigns.

To think, babe, I lost your love to someone else's shoes and someone else's slut. I can never be your adultery frack. How much longer can I be your sin?

4 - Acedia - Sloth

Acedia - Sloth

You're an apathetic bastard, you know that? Of course you do. Because I told you once. You laughed this loud, maniacal laugh that twirled and spun through the air, overwhelming ears for miles. It was as if you wanted them all to know how utterly hysterical you found my cheap shots to be. No, maybe it wasn't really a cheap shot after all. It was the truth. Just the fact that I said it made it cheap. You make me that way because even with every hair that stands on end in angry retaliation to this laugh, even with the raise of skin, with each and every loathing goose bump and wounded heartbeat, I love you.

I think that maybe I'm the problem. That you don't have to care or change because at the end of every day a twisted salvation lies in my bruised arms.

So, to spite and to save you, I decided to change. I wrapped myself tightly in a thick layer of retribution and the process began. The sickening creature becomes delicate.

In my cocoon it is lonelier even than the adultery tainted nights alone on the bus. In my cocoon I can do nothing but meditate on you. Your face, your heart, your soul prior to and following the fame-induced metamorphosis that sucked all things good and true from your existence.

From within this first thin layer, I can still hear your laugh.

I know that I have two choices. Not separate or independent of one another, but more cause and effect. I will try with every substantial fiber in my weakened being to make this cocoon fit two. A joint change. A dual rebirth.

I pretended I was the spider and you were the fly. It fit well with this insect themed alteration. Because that's all either of us really is in the end. A parasitic bug. You live off of everything I am, I live off of you.

I spun a large web whose design held my cocoon suspended in air that still carried the sound waves of your hateful laughter. I crawled from edge to edge plotting my strike. I crawled through your veins and bit at your skin, but the poisoned persuasion of a changing man could not wake you from your spiritual lethargy. And in defeat I wrapped my cocoon tight with layer after layer of everything I thought would make you good again. Part two of the plan. Change by example. Change by aid. Change through a love I still cling to.

And it's funny because the day that I emerged marked the end of possibility. Because even in my passionate sobriety, my willing nature, my new-found wings, I could not alter you. The only constant is not change, it is sin.

I awoke from my cocoon and you immediately plucked me up, nailing my living form to the stark white matting of a thick, ebony frame. You smashed the glass upon my figure, and my wings of change ripped under the pressure. And even this delicate beauty began to slowly die, and I began to laugh the sickest laugh. I could only dream that the sound waves broke through glass and reached your sleeping ears. I could only dream they turned your dreams into nightmare just as you turned butterfly to sloth.

5 - Avarita - Greed

Avarita - Greed

"frack that."

"Frank, man, what the..." The rest of Ray's sentence was muttered incoherently to the ghost of your small body that had been left behind when you dashed, head held high, to the back of the bus. I wanted to follow you, to calm you, to understand--but that doesn't happen much these days and I had a sickening feeling that you were in the wrong. Of course I would defend you, but I would do so half-hearted, and you would want more from me that I just could not give. I shot Ray a don't-talk-to-me-about-him look, and fell quietly into a cross-legged position. My hands were cold and shaky as I lifted them to my forehead, closing thankful eyes in thought.

"Dude, you have to talk to him. He can't write every fracking song on the new record, and frankly, his new stuff is shoot." Ray spat at me, leaving his guitar half-strung and flopping loudly into his bunk a few seconds later.

You were biding your time expertly, and I guess that I was too, for the second Ray left I prepared myself for a conversation and you walked confidently into our tiny makeshift living room. Dark gray circles lay under eyes that were squinted constantly as your eyes roamed the room for something or someone to attack and conquer. That's what I'm here for, baby. Let me have it.

You sat in a chair, above me, never would you have lowered yourself to this floor--to my level. The furniture moaned softly beneath your fidgeting form and I knew that this wasn't about music at all. This was want--you wanted more of your perfect poison and this bus just didn't seem to stop. It was coursing through your veins, the greed for your next high, and it was infecting you. I've been there. I've repented.

"Gerard, I want to write more." You stated calmly before pausing, making brief eye contact before beginning to bound your right leg up and down, and up and down. My eyes followed it, not wanting to see the sickly green fire that burned within your eyes. Any distraction was better.

"Ray's new stuff is awful. This next record needs me, trust me on that." You set your hand atop your knee and the two shifted in unison. "I want to be the lead writer. And I think I should probably get a larger percentage because of it. I mean, I'm working myself raw for this fracking band." I wanted to laugh in your face. The drugs were working you raw, Frank.

"And really, I'm not happy. I shouldn't have so much left that I want when I'm fit for and deserving of all of my desires." You got up and began to pace, ink-ridden arms flailing about, enhancing your vehement speech. "I should have the whole fracking world at my feet. I want it there, Gerard. I want more than that. frack it, I want the universe. Write my name in the fracking stars, man." You fell to your knees in front of

me and you began to shake. You weren't lowering yourself to my level, no, it was the weakness that comes with involuntary detox.

"I want a frack buddy who has a spine." You looked into my eyes, and the trembling became contagious. "But I want you too. Both of you. Everyone. I want to be in the center of the next magazine cover and I want to be offered a light for every fracking cigarette I even consider smoking." You had my arms in your grasp and as one we were jerking about violently. Bruises and scrapes, broken windows and dented walls. You were fighting with yourself, but I was the mediator, standing in the middle separating the two Frank's. The junkie and the human being. And for all of their differences, both stood with their palms out, wanting more, wanting something from someone that would make Frank the user become Frank the rock star again. And your shaking only accomplished to crack this whole wide world into pieces. Two pieces. One for your weak side, one for your strong. But both for you. You had the whole world in your grasp and it wasn't enough.

Like an earthquake, it was over before it began. You let go, got to your feet, and looked me straight in the eye.

"I'm too good for this. What I **want** is out. Tell Ray he can write whatever he pleases. I want the frack out."

6 - Luxuria - Lust

Luxuria - Lust

You had been gone for two months and the tour had ended without you, and somehow I let the possibility of having a new life and starting over seep into the edges of my brain. And then my phone rang and my heart stopped and my lungs sucked in what I thought would be their last gust of Jersey smog as I saw your name flash across the screen. I could barely hear your cracking voice on the other end, and my hopes quickly leaked from my mind, puddling in my ears so that I strained even more to make out your request. The ocean of optimism poured from my lips as I told you I'd be there and hung up the phone.

I walked apprehensively into the bar, immediately regretting my entrance to this little preview of hell. Smoke and booze and drugs. Was this hell or was it my past? Maybe it was both. Like you.

You sauntered up behind me and I could feel the bile rise into my throat. You were so pale that I was unsure you truly existed, your tattoos merely pictures hung upon the transparent wall of your shaking form. The t-shirt you wore was faded and torn, your eyes were bloodshot and told stories that I never wanted hear.

I could not speak to you. Every time words formed I would convince myself that this could not be *my* Frank, and the sentences would die not-so-heroically upon the smokey battlefield that lay between tied tongues. Your skeletal limb reached feebly towards my hand, and I ran sickened fingers along loose, thin skin as you led me to a solitary couch in the back room of a dive I could have sworn was only a hole in the ground. Forgotten, dirty, disgusting to all who can't call it home.

I sat, you sat upon my lap, and your tongue was down my throat before I could object. I wanted to cry. I think I may have had the courage to push you away this time.

Your hand was grasping at my hair, your knees tightening around my waist and your hips rolling mechanically against mine, but I could not touch you. I allowed the attack but I would or could not return it. You tasted like everything I left behind so many months ago and I feared the mere contact would drunken me. I wanted to push you away and purge the sinful residue from my body, to sit at an A.A. meeting and confess my slip-up to the stay-at-home mom's and a generation they had regretfully produced. But I wouldn't. I couldn't. I can't and won't ever turn you away.

Our clothes were lost and regained. Nudity and moans and sweat and hate tainted air that was already littered with nicotine, swear-words and filth. I could still feel the impression of your body upon mine--all hip bones and ribs and blackened veins to accessorize dark circles and greasy hair. You sat upon the couch, I was fully dressed and grasping a stomach that threatened to leap from my throat as I watched you calmly pull on your shoes. God, Frank. Those shoes. The ugly brown loafers I bought for you. How could you wear them here? Like this? Who the frack's footsteps are you walking in now?

I left not an hour ago and I've just realized that we did not utter one word to each other. I'm looking for a drugstore now, I need to buy glue or tape or the love of a cheap whore on the alcohol aisle. Anything that will fill these cracks before I fall to dust upon this crowded Jersey asphalt.

7 - Ira - Wrath

Ira - Wrath

I'm sitting behind the gravestone of a man I've never met, and I wonder if he hates me for it--if he's looking upward through decomposing eyes and cursing my trembling form. It's disrespectful to walk on graves, its probably worse to hide behind them, and it would all make so much more sense if I knew how and why I got here.

My hair is sticking uncomfortably to my forehead, it's greasy and tangled and mixed with sweat even in the chilled fog of this October morning. My hands are tinted red, and I don't know why. My knuckles are bruised--they're purple and cracked and the tale of how they got there is tucked irretrievably within the wrinkles and creases of limbs that won't stop shaking. There is something cold and metallic pressing against my ribs, but I fear it will explain these last few days, and this occasion, and something deep within me continuously promises that ignorance is bliss.

There's a party gathering across this field of souls, but they are only black and gray smears upon a bright green canvas. I want to cry and steal their sorrow as a casket makes its descent, but I am so fracking tired and my eyes are slipping closed. This is a darkness understood only by the bodies lying six feet beneath me.

My lips pulled life from a cigarette that didn't taste normal or comforting as I leaned against a dirty brick wall. I was the epitome of stealth in my black attire, hiding amidst dumpsters and the ghosts of former crimes as I waited for you to leave the low-rent apartment complex. But you weren't coming and the courage I had mustered was dissolving into the air--falling to the worn asphalt with the embers of this half smoked cigarette.

I was sick of waiting, sick of you and your drugs and your sex. I was sick of all of this and something had to end here today. Throwing my smoke to the ground, I crunched out the flame as I emerged from the shadows that had never felt more like home. The steps were loud and telling as I took the fire escape stairs to a cracked window on the third floor, my conscious begging to turn around and go home.

Sliding the glass aside, I crawled into a one bedroom apartment, nearly losing my stomach at the sight of you, needle in hand, about to fulfill your latest fix. Things weren't going that way today though, love. Today was about me. I knocked the syringe from your grasp and snapped a quick and breathy, "not a word" before you had even had the chance to object.

"I hate you." I spat, saliva and emotion flying from the tip of my razor sharp tongue. Within the pocket of my coat my fingers rested coolly on the smooth barrel of the gun inside. "I fracking hate you."

You got up to move but I shoved you back into a wall that threatened to crack under the pressure. "I hate

you and your fracking pedestal." You laughed, and the bile within me churned. You were asking, begging, dying for me to show you that I meant business tonight. I pulled the weapon from my chest, heart and soul attached to each of the seven bullets within it, and pointed it towards your beautiful face. "I hate your drugs and your vodka." I slapped the gun against your shaved head, for good measure or to steady my hands or to let you know how much I hated you. I'm not sure which. "I hate when you leave me broken. I hate that you think I'll never be as good as you are. As I already am."

My heart must have found a path to my skull as I slept, for its rhythmic beating plagued my brain with evenly-timed throbs of pain. My vision was blurry, my equilibrium loudly protesting as I attempted to reach my feet. The party that had not-so long ago wept began to return to their cars as a new headstone gleamed brightly, the light of a mocking sun shining upon its surface. The heavy object within my coat pocket hit my chest repeatedly as I walked towards the new grave.

Thud. "I hate your pride."

Thud. "I hate your gluttony."

Thud. "I hate your envy."

Thud. "I hate your sloth."

Thud. "I hate your greed."

Thud. "I hate your lust."

I finally came upon the grave, and my memories, though short and choppy and unbelievable, began to flood my brain. I fell to my knees and it all made sense. It was all so fracking crystal clear as I stared at your name, written in perfected block letters upon the headstone. It was the last moment of real, lasting sanity that I would ever feel. Because now my mind was jumbled. My brain was sending my body messages that were incoherent and pointless. I was blinking madly, it was so bright. It was cold, and I quivered. I pulled roughly at my hair. "I hate your sin." I began to chant. "Pride, gluttony, envy, sloth, greed, lust. Pride, gluttony, envy, sloth, greed, lust. Pride, gluttony, envy, sloth, greed, lust." I didn't know if I'd ever be able to stop.

Something was missing though, something big, something important, something that belonged to me and only me. I still don't know what happened, how my hands were stained such a bright, bloody red and how a nearly empty shotgun had found its way into my pocket. Every night, when I come back here, hiding from a society that would call me a killer, I run my questioning fingers over the deep, home-made embellishment that sits lovingly beneath your name.

WRATH

These moments are the only pieces of my life when I feel like nothing is missing at all.