

Gerado And Frankette

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This is a Gerard/Frank fanfic me and Charlskellington00 wrote together! Enjoy

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1 - Gerado and Frankette

Gerardo and Frankette
By **CharlSkellington00** and **Padfoot_Lover**

If he'd known, he wouldn't have pushed him back.

"Gerard, I gotta go sort some stuff out...I promise I'll be back for practice later, okay?" Frank had said, slipping into his jacket. Gerard was agitated.

"Can't it wait?" He groaned, putting down the sheets of lyrics he'd been holding on the small, cluttered coffee table, "We need this practice. Especially you." Frank shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Gee," He apologised, shrugging, "I swear I'll be quick." He leaned forward, putting a gloved hand on Gerard's shoulder. He attempted to kiss his cheek, but Gerard pushed him back.

"You're wasting time!" He snapped, "Get out of here if this 'stuff' is so important!"

Frank left, hurt. The moment he stepped outside his hair was whipped out of his face, and his cheeks were stung by the cold, harsh wind.

"That was nice," Mikey commented sarcastically, from where he was, sprawled on the sofa with his bass. Gerard spun around, not in the mood for his little brother's sarcasm. But Mikey's point was sinking in: he suddenly felt bad about being sharp with Frank, and was all set to run after him when Ray and Bob appeared by his side, and handed him the microphone. He sighed, and, flicking his long dark hair out of his eyes, pushed Frank to the back of his mind.

Later that evening, Gerard was sat alone in his and Frank's apartment, twiddling his thumbs and staring at the clock,

"Why hasn't he come home yet? He said he'd be quick..." He asked himself, lying down the sofa and massaging his aching head. He sat in silence for almost an hour, alternating between worrying about Frank and trying and failing to write lyrics about being in a bisexual relationship. He eventually gave up, throwing down his pen, and rolled over onto his front, burying his head in the cushions. He drifted into a heavy, dream-filled sleep, Frank dancing through his mind...

He dreamed that he was at a church, wearing a suit. Then he saw Frank; dressed in a beautiful wedding dress...he presumed that this was his and Frank's wedding day. He blushed furiously, hiding behind his long black flow of hair. The church was full, but he didn't recognise anybody but the band. Suddenly, a woman with raven black stood and began to dance up the aisle. He suddenly recognised her- it was his grandmother, but alive and young and beautiful again. She spun into his arms, and he caught her. She looked up at him and smiled, but then her eyes shut and she fell backwards onto him.

"Gran?" Gerard urged, frantically shaking her. But he blinked, and realised that it wasn't his grandmother. It was Frank, his red eye make smudged down his cheeks, his skin grey. "FRANKIE?!" He wailed, starting to cry. He felt a hand on his shoulder.

"It's okay." Mikey soothed, rubbing his brother's shoulder.

"NO IT'S NOT!" Gerard screamed, waking up abruptly. He wiped the tears from his eyes, breathing heavily. He blundered to his feet, getting head rushes as he tried to walk. He clumsily snatched up his phone and looked at the clock on the screen.

“11:45?” He exclaimed, when his eyes finally focused, “Where’s Frank?!” He searched the apartment, hoping to find Frank casually sat in the kitchen drinking black coffee, or in the bathroom washing his hair. But he was nowhere to be found. His heart thumping painfully in his chest, Gerard called Mikey. There was a series of loud thumps and a lot of background noise when his little brother picked up, and it took about 30 seconds before Mikey said,

“Hello.”

“Hey Mikey, it’s Gerard,” Gerard said hurriedly, “Listen-”

“I know,” Mikey interrupted, “I have caller ID. So you didn’t need to tell me it was you- GET AWAY FROM THAT LAMP SHADE!”

“Mikey, listen to me!” Gerard yelled, “Frank still hasn’t showed up! You’ve seen him, right?” There was a buzz and a click, and Mikey was gone. Gerard held the phone at arms length and looked at it as if expecting it to explain itself. Suddenly. It rang again.

“Sorry about that,” Mikey breathed as Gerard answered, “I’m not even going to explain. No I haven’t seen Frank, have you tried Ray?” There was a sigh and a shout at the other end of the line, “Look, I gotta go, Bob’s dropped his drumsticks down the back of the sofa. I’ll see you later. Bye!” Gerard set the phone down on the coffee table, and instinctively snatched up a packet of cigarettes and a lighter. He was about to light one when he pressed the cardboard packet against his head, muttering,

“No, no, no...” and threw them down again. He stood still for about five minutes, thinking, eventually shouting, “I gotta find him!” He flung on his coat and ran out of the apartment to the car, and drive around looking desperately for Frank.

He spotted Ray and stopped the car quickly, leaping out onto the sidewalk.

“Hey Ray, uhm. You seen Frankie today? I think he’s gone missing...” asked Gerard.

“Maybe I have... maybe I haven’t” Ray replied indifferently.

“Ray, c’mon this is really important, you seen him or not!?” asked Gerard sharply, clutching Ray by the shoulders and shaking him.

“Fine, fine, calm down! I may have seen him by the woods, he went in at about 12pm, haven’t seen him since.” said Ray pushing Gerard off of him.

Gerard didn’t even thank Ray, he just ran straight past him to the woods.

He walked around, and every so often he would call “Frankie?!” but still there was no answer. He got out his cell and flipped it up, displaying a picture of him and Frank on his wall paper. Gerard stroked it and then dialled in Frank’s cell number. As he listened to it ring, a cell phone ring came from the bushes behind him. He hung up the phone and pushed the bushes aside, there on the floor was Frank’s jacket...in shreds . He ran to it and grabbed it in his hands. He raised it to his face and sniffed the familiar, comforting scent. “Frankie...” He picked up Frank’s cell and saw the missed call...from him. Tears welled up in his eyes as he clutched the tattered jacket to his chest.

“Oh Frank,” He mumbled wetly, stroking the ripped material. He leapt up, throwing down the jacket, and ran all the way back to the apartment. Once he arrived home he downed many drinks of strong alcohol he gradually passed out on the floor still with a drink in his hand.

Mikey called Gerard, to check Frank was okay, now that all traumas with lampshades and sofas and drumsticks were over. The dialling tone went on and on. Still Gerard did not pick up, as he was unconscious on floor.

Later that evening, Frank stumbled in the door covered in dirt, breathing heavily and with red scratches and bruises all over his uncovered areas of skin. All his clothes were shredded. He opened the door and collapsed onto the door frame.

“Gerard?” Frank called, coughing, “Gerard, you home?”

Frank noticed two feet on the floor coming from behind the sofa, Frank ran and saw Gerard on the floor, “Oh my gee! Gerard’s DEAD!!!” Screamed Frank and he fell to the floor and embraced the limp body.

Frank looked up and saw a bottle of spilled pills all over the floor. Frank screamed so loudly, that Gerard woke up, startled.

“Frank?” he gasped.

“HE’S ALIVE!” Shouted Frank.

Gerard looked confused and looked at Frank, asking,

“Why would I be dead?”

“Well, I saw the pills, I thought you... took an over dose...” Frank replied, his cheeks flushing at Gerard’s mocking expression, as his friend continued,

Gerard laughed. When he stopped laughing, he said

“If you saw the pills then I obviously didn’t take them, pssh!”

“Oh, yeah...” Frank mumbling embarrassedly, sitting down on the floor next to Gerard, “I’m sorry Gerard, I shouldn’t have left yesterday, I wanted to get you a present but it back fired...”

“What do you mean?” asked Gerard interestedly.

Frank took a deep breath and began to tell a short story.

“Well, what happened was, I read your diary about you wanting a kitty cat, so I went to the pet store and I got one and I took a short cut threw the woods but the cat got loose and it had a fight with a beaver, then got really mad and attacked me and it stole my jacket so I ran and hid in a badger’s hole for the rest of the day until it went.”

It was a slightly unbelievable story, but then again it was Frank, and with Frank anything is possible. There was a long pause, then Gerard finally said,

“YOU READ MY DIARY!? And it’s not a diary, it’s a Journal! It’s different!” Then added in a mumble, “Diary sounds sissy.”

“Gerard, I like your sissy side...” Frank smirked sweetly. He held out his arms and tried to hug Gerard but was pushed away once again.

“I’m still mad at you for reading my JOURNAL!” said Gerard sternly

Frank glanced at him, then began to stare pleadingly with wide, innocent eyes. Gerard sighed, rolling his own, and then leaned forward, putting his hand on Frank’s shoulder. Their lips joined and the two began to kiss.

Meanwhile, Mikey considered sticking a fork in a toaster as he was sure that both Gerard and Frank *must* be dead.

- The End-