

# **Crimson Hate, Black Love**

**By Fool\_for\_love3692**

Submitted: April 19, 2006

Updated: April 19, 2006

*Just a story about a girl who moves to a new school. Basically, the girl is me but all the 'I' is 'you'*

Provided by Fanart Central.

[http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Fool\\_for\\_love3692/31984/Crimson-Hate-Black-Love](http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Fool_for_love3692/31984/Crimson-Hate-Black-Love)

**Chapter 1 - As we lay healing**

**2**

# 1 - As we lay healing

**\*\* are thought bubbles.**

**“Oh yeah? Well... I'm ninja you can't see me!” you yell out in the middle of lunch. You're sitting across from you newest friend, whose name is Johnnie Sullivan. She has politely requested that you call her Lizzi. On her left is Jakie, one of your other new buddies, and on her right is... an empty seat! Next to Jakie is Jamie, the cool girl from your 1st hour class. Mandy, Lizzi's 18 year old niece, is on your right. Last but not least, Kyle, the other new kid that is from Texas, is sitting on your left. Lizzi, Jakie, Mandy and Jamie are laughing at your ninja comment, while Kyle gives you a look that reads: You are the scariest girl I've ever met. You stop laughing when a most handsome stranger fills the empty seat next to Lizzi.**

**“James! What took you so long, you bloody bint?” Lizzi greets her boyfriend with a smile. You look him up and down while giving a low whistle.**

**“Nice choice, Lizzi my friend. I like this one.” Lizzi smiles and blushes while James gives you a mock bow. You poke his forehead when he surfaces again. Whilst the narrator rambles about your actions, she describes what you and your new group, Punk/Misfit Society (PMS), are like. James has brown hair that is spiked up with gel. He's wearing a black tee shirt that reads “My girlfriend made me wear this shirt,” and black jeans that have construction stains in them. Lizzi is wearing a red shirt that reads “Bang, you're dead! My Chemical Romance,” on top of a black heart with a crooked knife down the middle. Her faded jeans have holes in the knees, and she's wearing fishnet stockings underneath. She's also wearing fishnet sleeves on both of her arms and a chain choker around her neck. Jakie is wearing a white tee shirt with a black button up over it, unbuttoned. He's wearing jeans and, him being mister perfect, they have no holes in them. Jamie is wearing a black hoodie that says “NEVER!” and jeans that have lots of chains, buckles, and zippers. Mandy is wearing a black tee shirt that says “Gerard Way loves me, he just doesn't know it.” She is also wearing pants like Jamie's with less chains and buckles, but plenty of zippers. On her forehead rests a chain headband that you are oh so tempted to steal from her. You are wearing a black tee that has your famous quote on the front: “Cheese comes from happy cows. Happy cows come from California.” On the back is an obnoxious picture of a cow's head. You have black bell bottoms (blast from the past, I know) on that have holes in the knees. Underneath are similar fishnet stockings to Lizzi's, but yours have small spiders on them. You are also wearing a red fishnet sleeve on your right arm and a large red bracelet on the other with spikes coming out of it. You have a dog collar for a necklace, and have multiple piercing in your ears.**

**“Jeez, Brittany, you didn't have to be so blunt around him.” Mandy states after catching her breath. You give a cheesy smile in her general direction.**

**“Tis quite okay, Mandy. I actually quite enjoy the flattery, since Lizzi doesn't give me any anymore. Just kidding! Just kidding!” James stutters when a threatening look emits from Lizzi's nearly black eyes. You point and laugh at James, who looks like he's sulking, but you're not quite sure. That is when you notice the golden light, the light of all holy lights, the light of-**

**“Brittany, you still there? Brittany? EARTH TO BRITTANY! ABORT MISSION! ABORT!” Mandy is snapping in your face when you come out of your “look at the holy light” stage.**

**“What? Is there something I can help you with?” You address Mandy personally, giving her your full attention. She laughs, and you notice Lizzi banging her head against the table while James tries to stick his hand under her head. When Mandy stops laughing, she turns to you, wiping the tears from her eyes.**

**“You... you made it sound so serious... Okay, I'm done. Let's get back to my point. I noticed you looking at Spike, the most wonderful being I have ever seen. Don't attempt contact yet, Julia is clinging to his side.” You didn't notice the last sentence, seeing as you got up to get in line. Lizzi and Mandy get up after you and follow you to the place behind him in line. You pretend to not notice where you're going and “accidentally” run into him.**

**“Oh, I'm so sorry. Are you alright?” you say, looking up into the clearest, bluest, most gorgeous eyes you have ever seen. \*My word, if I fall, I hope he catches me\* you think to yourself.**

**“He's, like, fine, thank you. By the way, I'm Julia and, like, this is my boyfriend, Spike.”**

**“Oh please. Julia, that's only in your dreams. Spike, I would like to introduce you to the newest member of PMS, Brittany. Brittany, this is other PMS member Spike. Unusual name, I know.” Mandy explains. Spike takes the hand you offer and gives it a kiss. He says to you in a quiet voice, “Quite pleased to meet you, Brittany.” You blush while Lizzi and Mandy make kissing noises from behind you. You turn yourself around as fast as you can.**

**“Knock it off! You guys are so childish!” you say to your friends. You hear Spike laughing behind you. You turn back to him. \*Good goddess, he has the most gorgeous eyes\*. You give him your best smile, while glares permeate off of Julia, who proceeds to conversate with, “Like, what did you, like, mean by “In my dreams?” Mandy replies with, “Well, seeing as you like Spike but Spike hates you, I would think it's just your dreams. And don't tell me you'll tell Mom, because that is not going to happen, ya hear?” Julia nods and returns to Spike's side to hear his response.**

**“Don't worry, pet, they're like that with every bird I talk to. Except small one, here.” You happen to notice his voice is like melted chocolate. \*Keep talking, and you'll have me hook, line, and sinker\* you say to yourself, realizing that you just might be falling in love. Spike begins to shift his eyes side to side, like he was nervous about something.**

**“Julia, pet, why don't you just go save us a seat? Next to Brittany if you would please,” he said to Julia while shooting you one of his perfect smiles. She gives you one final glare before stalking off to find where you put your binder. Lizzi and Mandy go off with her, realizing that Spike wanted time alone with you. The lunch line moves ahead mere inches, and you look at him**

clearly. You take in his abs under his tight fitting shirt, the way he held his hands in his belt loops, the biker boots, his short yet spiked blonde hair that has that bed-head look, everything.

“Wow, uh, I've never been this bloody nervous since the start of high school. So, uh, how are you? New, are you? Do you have a nick name I could call you? Ah, I'm rambling aren't I? Just let me-“You cut him off by putting your hand over his mouth.

“First, why are you nervous? Second, yes I am new. Third, you can call me Britt, but only if you stop your rambling and get out whatever it is you're trying to say. OK?” He nods his head after your little speech, and you remove your hand. He takes a few deep breaths before starting.

“Well, um, pet, I don't know how to put this but... uh... well... wouldyouliketogooutwithmesometime?” he stuttered in one extremely long word. My first expression is amusement. Then he takes another deep breath before clearing his throat.

“Sorry, let me put that better. Bloody hell... \*sigh\* Britt, I was wondering if you wanted to go out with me some time this week. Maybe I could show you around or something, ya know?” he looks hopeful. \*Aw, look at those puppy eyes! How could I resist?\* You pretend to think it over, tapping your chin and scratching your head.

“Well, I don't know... I don't know you all that well and...well, OK!” You nod your head enthusiastically. He gives a sigh of relief, and you take hold of his hand in the line.

“So, what are your parents going to say about this?” you ask him. He smiles down at you and replies, “They won't care, love. Not if it's just you. Hey, do you think that I could have your number?” you nod your head, pulling a pen out of your back pocket. When Spike sees it, he raises his scarred eyebrow. You just shrug, and he copies your movement while you write your number on his hand. He takes the pen when you're done and writes his name and number on the inside of your hand. When he finishes, you put the pen back in your pocket with your wallet. You guys begin to talk about how your parents are and ask questions about each other. By the time you have your lunch, you know just about everything you can about him. You walk down the lunch isle holding hands and talking. When Julia notices you, she leaps from her seat.

“Hand off, he's so mine!” she points her finger at you while telling you this. You smirk down at her with a reply of, “If this is true, why is it I know everything about my current boyfriend? That's quite right, he asked me out, Julia. Not you.” She glares up at you, even though she's at her full height. You put a hand on her chest and give a gentle shove. She stumbles back, and you tell her to give you and Spike some space. As you sit down, Spike gives you a gentle shoulder/one-arm hug. You smile as Lizzi and Mandy look at you with mouths wide open. James' brown eyes are sparkling with joy.

“Finally you choose a bird to go with, Spike. Even if she is the new girl to PMS.”

“Well, at least she's in bloody PMS. I could have picked Ju here, though the thought is highly doubtful.” You grin at Spike and take another bite of your cheese pizza, thinking of how wonderful your life just became at St. Davis' High School. \*All I know is that I'm going to love going to this school.\* You sit quietly for a while, just listening to the chatter of the rest of PMS.

Towards the end, Spike gets up to throw away his tray. You jump up and follow him, planning out your next move.

“Love, you want me to-“ you cut him off, placing a gentle but definite kiss on his lips. When you pull away, you just say, “One hour, beat my time of nothing!” You toss your tray into the garbage and walk back to the table, a slightly stunned Spike following you. You sit and join the last chatter of lunch hour, talking to the others about your schedule.

“You have five minutes, five minutes everyone,” one of the security guards says into the microphone. You smile as all the members of PMS say it with him, seeing as they've been here so long. Julia sits down on the other side of Spike and turns to Lizzi.

“Like, Ashley wants to know why you, like, do that.” You turn to her, ready to punch her in the mouth. First thing you notice, though, is her trying to run a hand up and down the front of Spike's shirt, and you don't like it.

“Get your filthy hands off him, witch-who-knows-no-magik.” Your eyes turn black as the Wicca training your old friends Willow and Tara gave you kicks in. They had warned you that it might be too strong, seeing as Wicca was in your blood. Julia looks at you, smug being the first thing to her face, and then looks scared. Really scared. Your hair turned black and your nails grew out so that they were like claws. You try to calm yourself down, and it works just enough so that your nails go back to their original length. Spike holds you, and your hair slowly turns to its original color. Your eyes turn back to their grey-blue state, and you go limp in Spike's strong arms as he assists you in sitting up. Julia is practically scrabbling on the floor now, fear being the greatest thing in her stiff body. She gets up and runs back to her seat with Ashley Duhan, proceeding to tell her what just happened. As soon as you rest in Spike's arms for a minute, your eyes flutter open and you rub your head. Spike still has his arm around your waist, assisting you with sitting up more.

“Ugh, what just happened? Did I go all I'm-gonna-give-you-pain on Julia or something? My memory blanked when I saw her... uh, do something...” You turn to look at Spike. He has a smile on his face and he shakes his head, signaling that he would never do anything with Julia. You lean on him, glad for the warmth of his body against yours.

“That... was so frickin' awesome I don't even really know what to say! How did you do that? What made your eyes and hair go all black and stuff? OMG, you're bleeding, your palms!” Lizzi is pointing at your palms, and you notice nail marks digging in an inch or two. You try to get up, but you're still dizzy and Spike gets up to help you to the office.

“Where are you two going?”

“To the bloody nurse, that's where! She's just fainted and her palms are bleeding bad.” Spike helps you walk out the cafeteria doors and down the hall as the security staff stare, mouths open.

“Thanks... oh, how did I do this?” you ask yourself out loud. Spike gives you a gentle squeeze around the waist before opening the door to the nurse's office.

**“There we go, love, gentle now. Nurse Kathy! We gots ourself an injury!” Spike yells out into the short hall of the nurse office. A small, African-American lady came bustling down the hall way, mumbling about how Spike didn't have to yell so loud.**

**“I'm here. What do we have... Ah! I haven't seen anything good for a few days, so this should be exciting. Dear girl! How did you get these nail marks into your palms like that?” Nurse Kathy put a hand on your forehead, feeling for some sign of a fever. Spike, meanwhile, provided information while rubbing his hand up and down your back.**

**“We were eating lunch and she passed out for a minute. Maybe it happened then, and her hands naturally curled up into fists.” Spike mentions while giving a convincing shrug. \*Thank the lord I have this hottie-with-a-body for a boyfriend.\* You nod your head, but it makes you dizzy so you lean into Spike again. He lays his arm across your shoulder and gives it a squeeze. The nurse takes note of this and asks you to lay down on the bed for a moment so she can place ice on your forehead and take your temperature. You lay down, and Spike lays down beside you.**

**“Now, Spike, I know you're familiar with the office, but laying on the bed is only for patients.” The nurse puts her hands on her hips and looks down at the two of us.**

**“But ma'am, I am a patient! My girlfriend just passed out. I have an emotional issue and will not leave until both bloody problems are fixed. Basically, please make sure she's okay so I can be okay, okay?” The nurse raises both her hands and her eyebrows in defeat. Spike stretches his arms and puts his hands under his head. You rest your head on his shoulder and place one hand on his chest, feeling the power of a swimmer's body. The nurse clears her throat and you turn back on your back, giggling as Spike turns his head to grin at you. The nurse hands you a bag of ice for you head and sticks a thermometer in your mouth as soon as you open it to ask him what he was grinning about. Spike turns on his side, hand under his head, propping himself up. He lays his arm around your waist and on your stomach.**

**“So, what's it like to be little miss patient, love?” Spike says with his schoolboy grin still on his face.**

**“Um, interesting and wonderful, seeing the circumstances.” Spike gives you a show-all-teeth smile, and you giggle. That's when Lizzi, Mandy, Jakie, and Jamie all bust into the office, and Kyle walks in behind them like he was forced to come.**

**“Where is she? Show us her body, hopefully live and well.” Mandy taps on Lizzi's shoulder and points at the nurse bed, where Spike and yourself are resting comfortably on each other's lap. Except for Spike is sitting up and you're resting on his lap. Lizzi smiles and tries not to break out laughing out. You and Spike look up as Mandy slaps a hand on her face and Jakie gives you the raised eyebrow look.**

**“What? We're not doing anything wrong!” you say up to Mandy. She just smiles and you can see her body shaking from laughter that's built up inside. Jakie is still looking at you with a raised eyebrow, and you glare at him with a growl. He holds up his hands and turns around to find himself face to face with Julia. James, though, is standing right behind her, panting for breath.**

**“That... is the last time I leave you all alone! I go for one minute to get something, and all of you take of. Never again... never...” Lizzi runs up to him and gives him a hug and a kiss as if she were begging for forgiveness. He returns both, and you smile at them. Then your eyes return to Spike's face as he leans over to give you a kiss. You take all in, and shiver in happiness. He breaks off and read the thermometer.**

**“Hm, seems like your temp is normal... oh, hello Julia, pet. I think that having you here makes the room a tad bit too small, could you leave PMS alone for a bit to talk to my girlfriend?” She balls her hands into fists and lunges at you. You roll to the side, and she misses you by inches. You stand, eyes fading more grey. She notices and stops, fear striking her again.**

**“Leave us. Now!” you notice the power emitting in your own voice. She stumbles out of the room and runs into Ashley, who looks at you with a glare after some whispers from Julia. You shoot a smirk in her direction and they take off down the hallway. You return to the bed, feeling a tad bit drained. Lizzi takes a seat next to you, but is careful to avoid sitting on Spike's legs. You had set yourself on his lap and leaned against him. He wraps his arms around you and strokes your hair. Lizzi gives you a pat on the leg and signals everyone to leave. James, being last to leave, puts his arm on her shoulder and walks out with her. Lizzi leans into her boyfriend, her last fleeting thought being about your overall physical and emotional health. You and Spike stay in your same positions, and eventually fifteen minutes pass. The nurse returns to the room, glad that all the people are gone.**

**“Well, since you seem to be okay, we'll bandage those cuts and you'll be free to go.” Spike smiles down at you, and you push yourself into a sitting position holding your hands out. They seem pretty clean, and she places gauze around them and secures them. Then she opens the door for you, smiling at you as you and Spike pass by. Spike as wraps himself around you.**

**\*Okay, must be an emotional issue...\***