

Untitled

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Well Mikey is alone in a cottage on a cold night, he hears noises...

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1 - Untitled

Untitled!(Be Afraid!)

Author's note: This is really short and I wrote it just for fun, its not meant for Mikey and Gerard to have relationship, it was a joke between me and my friends.

Mikey sits in a dark room lighted only by one candle, he is shivering, the cold sweeps the cottage he is sitting in...a noise is heard, Mikey's heart races, his breathing speeds up and a hand touches his arm, it is his brother, "hey there Mikey," Gerard said in a sexy tone his hand now moving up and down Mikey's arm, Then another cold hand does the same to his other arm, it is Frank, Mikey looks at them both a drop of sweat rolls down his creased face. Mikey decided to make a run for it. His muscles tensed, he prepared to run. He shrieked like a little girl and ran out of the cottage and into the cold dark forest covered in snow. Frank and Gerard looked at each other and broke out in laughter. "That worked well!" Gerard said. Frank just nodded.

You can call me stupid for writing it but I just felt like writing it....^-^-. If you have a name for it tell me. (this is one of the dumbest things I have ever written.

2 - More Trouble(yes i made anthor chapter)

Mikey kept running through the forest, his heart was burning, he had to get away! The ground was hard underneath him, his feet begin to ache, sweat was already pouring down his face, he then hit something hard and fell to the cold hard snowy ground and looked up.

Stood over him was the very tall Bob Bryar, his friend. He extended his hand in which Mikey took the cold hand that pulled him up, and into a hug. "What wrong Mikey?"

"Gerard, Frank, they were hitting on me, so scary!" Mikey said crying on Bobs shoulder, in the cold night. Bobs hand just patted Mikey lightly on the back, but slowly moved downward and before Mikey knew it. Bob squeezed his butt. Mikey shrieked and broke out of Bobs grasp and ran again.

3 - Everything It's Supposed To Be

Mikey shot up in bed, grasping at his chest with his hands. "What the hell was that!?" He yelled out loud. He tilted his head back against the headboard as he tried to steady his heart beat. He closed his eyes and took in a deep breathe. "It was probably nothing, just a side effect from all the sleepless nights spent with cups of coffee." He shook his head, trying to rid himself of the dream - no, nightmare - he had just had. "It's not like Gerard would ever really do anything like that. Frank might, but that would only be to freak me out on purpose." Just as he finished that finally sentence, he felt two pairs of cold hands pulling at his arms to lift him into an up-right, sitting position. He soon came face to face with his older brother, Gerard. "Hey there, Mikey." Gerard said, seductively. Next to him he saw Frank, grinning wildly at him.