***Our Life The Fairytale, HAH!***

Bells rung softly in the distance, children had come running out of their houses in this early morning, so eager and excited to play with their new toys. Parents watched from their front doors, a cup of hot tea in one hand and their free arm wrapped around a loved one.

Though most in the city were awake and laughing with joy and excitement, others either remained in their beds, or sat in their cold living room, waiting patiently for their partner to return.

A young white hedgehog sat in his living room, eyes drowsy and red, from staying up all night, waiting for his partner to come home.

With a frustrated sigh, the white hedgehog rubbed his eyes and forced himself to stand up. He made his way over to the small pathetic little Christmas tree that resided in the corner of the room. It drooped to one side, and only had two strings of tinsel, one silver and one red, it had one present underneath, with a card on it that read:

***"To Silver, with love, from Silver x"***

"Wonder what I got." he muttered sarcastically as he dropped to his knees and reached for his gift.

The sound of the front door swinging open and smashing against the wall, made the young hedgehog jump and turn towards the door, only to see his 'beloved' partner standing there, slumped against the door-frame, a shoulder of Jameson in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

"Scourge." he greeted dryly, amber eyes focused on the green hedgehog swaying in the doorway,

"Happy Christmas, Babe." the green hedgehog hissed as he stepped into the room and slammed the door shut behind him.

Silver just stared at the other hedgehog, clearly unamused. "Nice to see you bothered to come home." "Pfft, blame the bastards in charge of the drunk tank." Scourge grumbled and took a swig from his bottle and then a long drag from his cigarette.

Tired amber eyes narrowed. "What did they bring you in for this time, Babe, hmm? Showing your soft, useless baby-arm to innocent girls? Pissing in a tip jar again? Or did the Guards just get fed up with your shitty attitude." He growled, before turning back to open his gift.

Not really being phased by the younger hedgehogs’ comments, Scourge merely rolled his eyes and watched the boy with disinterest. He already knew what the gift was, but there was no reason why he couldn't bash his 'lover' with well deserved insults for having such a gift. "What ya get yerself this year then? Another supply of 'Junk'? Heh, ya fuckin' druggie."

Silver gave an amused smile as he ripped open the paper, revealing a box with ten small bags of white powder in it. "Happy Christmas to me~" the boy sang and grabbed a few of the bags out of the box and hugged them close to his chest. "Finally, some relief." he sighed and turned back to the older hedgehog, who had a look of surprise on his face.

"Ya jelly, mother fucker?" The amber eyed boy giggled, waving one of the bags in the air.

"H-how could you afford that much?! We have no fucking pot to piss in! Unless..." He trailed off as he watched his partner lay on the floor hugging the bags of heroin. He noted the way his legs were spread, the way his free hand rubbed up and down his stomach slowly, and that lovely look on his face!

Then it clicked.

"Ya fuckin' slut!" He roared and threw the bottle of whiskey at his young lover. Silver rolled over in time, dodging the bottle. The bottle shattered on the ground next to him, whiskey splattering everywhere and shards of glass flying here and there. The white hedgehog glared up at Scourge.

"What the hell was that for?!" He growled, quickly getting to his feet, but keeping his distance from the angered 'hog.

Scourge took another drag from his cigarette before letting it drop onto the floor, and stomping on it. He blew out a puff of smoke as he spoke "Ya deserved to be hit with that bloody bottle, after what you've been doin' behind my fuckin' back! Ya bleedin' tramp!"

"I don't know what you're talking about, you have a damn screw loose or something! You're allowed get shit-faced, come home at all hours and just because I get this, yo-AH! STAY THE FUCK OVER THERE!"

With a deep growl, Scourge lunged at the boy, knocking him to the floor and holding his wrists in a vice like grip.

"Ah! Let go! You drunk bastard!"

Scourge snarled at the ivory hedgehog beneath him. "A drunk bastard I may be, but least I ain't no cheatin' whore! I know you're a drug addicted pussy, but selling that ass of yours?! Fuckin' low rankin' scum-bag! " He hissed and butt his head against his cheating boyfriend, making his head bounce back and slam against the floor.

Amber eyes widened in shock. Silver lay still beneath his partner. He knew Scourge was a terrible person, he got on his nerves, tested his patience, and tempted to snap that string that was his sanity, but being accused of cheating, that was something he couldn't let his 'adoring' partner get away with.

However, when the white hedgehog went to rip his lover a new earhole, no words came to mind. His mind just suddenly went blank, and he felt his anger quickly deflate.

Why though?

He wanted to tell his partner off, he really wanted to rip into Scourge for even thinking he'd sell his backside for Smack.

Oh he knew well that heroin wasn't the best thing to get wrapped up in, that was a shame he'd learnt to accept, not flaunt or battle with, but it made him feel better knowing, that he always worked hard for his drug money.

Any job that paid for his release, was an honest legal job, and he felt quite proud that didn't resort to selling his body.

Hearing his partner accuse him and attack him for going into that line of work, angered him, hurt him.

For the past five years, they danced a similar dance like this one. One accusing the other of something, one throwing tantrums over no drink money, whatever the argument was, it ended up the same. First insults, then objects thrown or smashed, then a physical fight would ensue, sometimes either resulting in forced love making, or a trip to the hospital and or police station.

Now, for the first time ever, Silver realised he was tired. Tired of their dangerous dance, tired of the abuse, tired of everything.

Amber eyes became dull, and his struggles ceased, and in a monotone voice, the younger hedgehog spoke.

"Accusation: False."

Scourge gave a look of confusion. "What?"

With a defeated sigh, the dull eyed boy repeated "Accusation: False."

Ice blue eyes narrowed.

"Silvs, speak fuckin' proper." Scourge hissed, leaning down more so he was right in Silver's face. The smell of alcohol on his breath made Silver gag inwardly, but he said nothing, he merely stared hopelessly into his partner's eyes.

This disturbed the hell out of Scourge.

Silver always fought, always struggled, his temper was short, he was so easy to rile up, much to Scourges enjoyment.

However, right now Silver looked, well, dead, and that annoyed Scourge.

"What the hell is wrong with you?! Where's the insults?! Where's the shitty come backs?! Why aren't ya fighting?!" The sadistic hedgehog screamed, losing his temper once again he released the white hogs wrists and slammed his fists down onto the poor boys chest, over and over again.

Ohh, it was so satisfying to hear pained gasps, gurgled pleas and to feel the boy squirm beneath him, in a vain attempt to get away.

Delicious.

"That's it, that's it, Babe! C'mon, cry for me to stop, fight me. Fight me!"

Normally his pride wouldn't allow him to give in to his sadistic partner, he refused to give him the satisfaction of crying for him, begging. Today was an exception though. Silver threw his pride out the window, he cried, he whimpered, he begged for his partner to stop.

With each slam on his chest, the poor boy felt he was going to die!

How he was able to scream and cry, he wasn't sure, and he didn't have time to think about it, when he felt another slam to the chest, this time a loud crack was heard, followed by a gut wrenching scream from the younger hedgehog.

Scourge heard the crack too, and that's when he stopped. Not out of sympathy or having a sudden feeling of regret, he just took such satisfaction in seeing his young lover like this, it was a rare but delicious sight.

"Aww, did I break some ribs, Babe? " he cooed, and gently wiped away his lovers tears, and trailed feather light kisses along his cheek, down to his neck, then his collar bone.

The white hedgehog shivered, the fake affection he was receiving, the mock concern, the kisses, it made the whole situation even more sickening.

"Wh-why, ah, do yo-ou do thi-is?" the boy wheezed. His ears fell flat against his skull when he saw the look his 'loving' partner was giving him.

An evil toothy grin, it was disturbing, he looked like he'd finally lost it.

However, his next move was in no way violent, just pride killing.

Scourge nuzzled into the soft patch of fluff on the boys chest, earning a pained gasp from the younger hedgehog.

"Oh Silvs." he chuckled. Silver winced at the gentle tone.

"Why do I do what? Keep the really dangerous fights for Christmas? Simple, it's 'cause I love you, so much~" he purred, and gently traced the injured hedgehogs with seemingly loving hands.

Amber eyes widened as those words sank in, and that's when he noticed he had been holding his breath.

He finally exhaled and stared up at his smirking abuser. "S-sadistic-ah-"

"Yes, Babe?"

"-b-astard-uh-"

"Mmmhmm, yes?"

"-m-m-mother fu-ucking- nnnn-"

"Yes, what's your point?"

The poor boy looked up at the green hedgehog desperately, none of his words were phasing the older hedgehog, it was like he was enjoying it, taking pleasure in hearing those words, however choked out, come from his young lover.

"I hate you!" The boy sobbed, and turned his head away. He'd never felt so useless, so tired, so hurt, in all the years they've known each other, for the years they've been together, beating each other, getting each other into trouble...

Perhaps that string, that once represented their sanity, had finally snapped.

"Hey, Babe? You know the way it's Christmas and all?"

A shaky nod was his reply.

"You know the way the main colours are red and white?"

The boy was getting nervous.

"Y-yes, I-ehem- do." he wheezed.

His heart began to pound in his abused chest, when he saw the other hedgehog reach for the broken whiskey bottle.

"Your fur is white."

"No! Don't!"

"You need some red added in a few places."

"SCOURGE NO!"

"Merry Fucking Christmas, Babe!" He laughed, as he held the broken bottle high, ready to slam it down, and add some red, here and there.

***The End***