

There's A Hole In My Ceiling.

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Just a little fic of Edward Elric getting what he really needs a the hand of Roy Mustang. Warning: Contains Spanking! Don't like? Don't read! Thank you.

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1 - There's A Hole In My Ceiling.

There's A Hole In My Ceiling.

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It was a normal day for Young State Alchemist Edward Elric. Well, sort of...

Colonel Roy Mustang was walking down one of the many halls at Central when he heard a string of curses.

He new right away to mouth voice those words were spewing out from. It didn't take long to find the direction of the words, either. It was coming from one Edward Elric's room.

"Let's see what the pip sweek is up to now." Roy said to himself with a small chuckle, as he welcomed himself into Ed's books-covering-the-floor-room...and saw that 'Up' was indeed the right word to use. "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?!!" Mustang shouted at an upside-down-on-the-ceiling-Edward-Elric.

Ed looked down at Roy with his arms folded across his chest. "I'm thinking of painting the ceiling....What do you think I'm doing?!! I'm stuck!!!" Ed then proceeded to start up on his favorite string of curse words while trying to unstick his feet, which looked as though they had been glued, from the ceiling.

Mustang sighed and raised his hand in Edward's direction. Before Ed could object Roy snapped his fingers and a flash of fire erupted from Ed's feet.

"AAAHHH!!! HOT HOT HOT!!!" Ed's arms waved wildly as he thrashed about, and finally to his pleasure and dismay, was freed from the ceiling...and fell to the floor in a pile of books and plaster.

"Now that your right side up again. Care to explain what you were doing up there?" Roy said calmly as he pulled up a chair and sat down.

Ed's plaster covered head popped out of the pile of books from the floor and glared at Roy. "I was trying to make this hole-in-the-wall-room bigger with a little Alchemy Redecorating...But I kind of forgot what this room was make of and it backfired..." Ed sank in a little deeper into the book pile while grumbling something about, "How

was I supposed
to know the ceiling had Metal beams in place of Wood and it would turn them into a Magnet."

Roy frowned at this news, this was the third time that Edward had tried to 'Remodel' something in Central
to suit
his tastes. He stood up and walked over to Ed, who was still grumbling in the book pile. " Edward, your
first mistake
was thinking of trying to alter the settings of the room we of the State have provided for you, and the
second mistake
was DOING IT!!"

Ed jumped clean of the book pile when Mustang had raised his voice. He now stood glaring at Roy with
a look of
'So What?'. "Well if you would have given me a bigger room to conduct my studies in I wouldn't have
had to resort
to this."

Roy pointed at Edward with his eyes narrowed. " Listen hear, Edward Elric. You may think we of the
Military owe you
some sort of 'Special Treatment', but you are sadly mistaken. You should be thankful that you are here at
all! Given
your age, you shouldn't even be here! Now I ORDER you to never use Alchemy to alter this room ever
again. Is that
understood?"

Ed blinked a few times before snorting and turning his head away. "Yeah, yeah. No more altering this
room after I fix the
hole you put in my ceiling." He looked up at where he had once been and the large hole that was there
from Mustang's
fire eating through it.

"No. I said never again. You want it fixed? Then go down to a store and buy the tools you'll need. No
Alchemy." Mustang
smiled in spite of himself at the look Edward was now giving him.

"You've got to be kidding me! I can fix that hole with a simple clap! Why should I go and get a bunch of
worthless materials
that would take hours to fix it?" He then pointed an angry shaking finger at Roy and spat, "You fix it your
own damn self.
You're the one who caused it in the first place, You Son-of-B-"

Before Ed could finish his insult a sharp 'smack' rang out in the room. And in its wake a pinkish glowing
mark in the
shape of a hand was on the young, and very shocked, face of Edward Elric.

"Ow, Ow, OW!" Ed immediately started to curse a blue streak and rub feverishly at his left cheek. " What
the hell is wrong

with you?!"

"Your mouth for one." Mustang was glaring down at young Edward with a look of great rage. How DARE he curse at his Superior?! "You will speak with manners and respect at all times to your Superior. Is that clear?!"

Ed glared at Mustang and made a rude jester with his hand. "Is that clear enough for you, Colonel Bastard?!" Then suddenly the angry, wicked, smile vanished from Edward's face as he now found himself staring at his book-covered floor.
"What the--ACK!!!"

Ed's question vanished with a sharp 'Slap' that landed itself on his upturned rear. The now very POed Colonel Roy Mustang had grabbed Edward the second he saw the rude hand jester aimed at him, and pulled Ed over his lap while sitting down on the chair he sat in earlier. He began to scold Edward while delivering stinging swats to Ed's backside with each statement. "You seem to forget, Edward, *Smack* that I am your Elder *Smack* and you are still a Child. *Smack* The fact you are a State Alchemist *Smack* does not excuse your behavior. *Smack* You will learn *Smack* to control that dirty mouth of yours *Smack* and show respect, *Smack* even if I have to spank you, *Smack* like the brat you are, *Smack* every day, *Smack* for the next two weeks!!! *Smack* *Smack* *Smack*"

"Aaaahh!!!" Ed couldn't stop the wave of cries that now poured from his mouth, nor the tears that had started to fall. Though he felt a little lucky that Roy hadn't removed his pants, and merely moved aside his red jacket, he still couldn't believe how much it still hurt! And it was clear that Mustang wasn't holding back one bit. With each painful slap, Ed had to fight from pulling his arm back to cover his now burning backside. Then he got an idea. Holding back a cry of pain as another slap brought more heat to his fire-ridden rear, he began to bring his hands together...

Roy's anger was about spent, and he was about to let Ed back up, when he saw Edward start to bring his hands together. If Roy Mustang hadn't of been with the Military for as long as he'd been, or if he didn't know Ed's stubbornness as well as he did, he might have disregarded the movement as nothing. But Roy knew this movement very well. He quickly grabbed Edward's right arm and pulled it behind his back, while pressing the other arm against his side.

"Let me go!! You can't do this!" Edward started to struggle until he felt his belt begin to loosen, then he began to panic. "Hey! What are you doing?!"

Roy was loosening Edward's belt and pulling down his pants and dark blue boxers. "It seems as though

I'm not getting through to you as I had hoped. Let's see if this works better, shall we?" Roy then brought his hand down on Edward's exposed rear and a large pink handprint remained when he pulled it back.

Ed was now crying freely. The pain was terrible. He couldn't stop the cry nor the bucking of his legs as the stinging swats landed one after the other on his now deep red rear end.

Roy was hitting much faster now. Not letting the pain settle in before bringing down another..and then another.... Being a Military Dog came with many risks. And if by bringing pain to Ed's young rear could help him avoid the biggest risk of death by not following orders. Then Roy would gladly do so as often as needed.

Ed now hung limp over Mustang's lap. His tears falling on the many books that covered the floor. He didn't have the strength to beg nor fight . All he knew was that with each punishing strike,he wanted more and more to take back all the words and jesters he had ever given Colonel Mustang.

After what seemed like hours,though it was only minutes,Roy's blows stopped. Edward took no notice of this,and continued to cry openly. Roy began rubbing Ed's back in small slow circles,while whispering comforting words. "It's ok. Shhhhhh...It's over now Edward."

After a few minutes Ed got himself under control and was pulled to a standing position next to Roy,and his pants were pulled back up,with a painfilled hiss from Edward. Ed used the sleeve of his jacket to wipe away the tears from his eyes, and then rub tenderly the pain from his rear.

"Now Edward. I expect you to listen and obey from now on. If you don't,I won't hesitate to spank you again. Understood?" Roy looked down at Ed with loving,yet stern eyes.

"Y-Yes,Sir." Ed sniffed.

"Good. Now first thing tomorrow morning I expect to see you fixing that hole without Alchemy. Till then,Good Day,Elric." Roy stood up and left the room,leaving Ed to his thoughts.

The next day found Edward at a store buying the tools he needed to fix the ceiling. When the store owner asked," You're a State Alchemist,right? What do you need all this stuff for?"

Edward smile and scratched the back of his head sheepishly. " Well you see...There's a hole in my

ceiling...."

~The End~

