

# Opposites Attract (an FMA story)

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*There's a new alchemist around, known as The Ice Princess, and Mustang does his research on the new threat. But what happens when she stumbles onto him?*

*(rating may change)*

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# 1 - Chapter 1

The phone had been ringing non-stop for almost a week straight. And almost every time, it had been a report about someone called 'The Ice Princess', causing havoc everywhere. The strange part was, everywhere she would cause destruction, a light snow would be left for about an hour, even in the middle of summer.

Mustang had sent out countless soldiers, trying to catch the criminal. But every time, they come back empty handed. Or, the more unfortunate ones had been badly injured with broken bones, guns shots, etc.

Finally, as the phone rang for about the thousandth time that day, Roy snapped. He stood up, sending his chair flying. "DAMMIT! EITHER WE GET A TRACK ON THIS GIRL, OR I DO IT MYSELF!"

Riza calmly walked up to him, and said "Sir, there *are* no free teams available in Central." although her voice certainly didn't copy her composer.

"Alright then..." he said, calming down a little, putting his hands on the desk in front of him. "I guess I *will* have to do this myself..."

The phone rang again, and he calmly (although with much struggling) answered it. "Yes? I see... right.... I'll be right on it... thank you." He put the phone back into the receiver, and said, "Well, our first lead. Another snow has come around, heading in the direction of the woods a few miles out of Central."

"Would you like me to come with you Mustang?" asked Riza.

"No... this will probably turn out to be just reconnaissance at the moment... and it will be better to have the least amount of people possible during... so I will go alone."

"Right..."

He walked out of the door, and out into the streets of Central, heading towards a cab that would take him to the outskirts.

## 2 - Chapter 2

As Mustang got out of the cab, he saw a very shifty looking girl. She had long blond hair with light blue highlights that was held up in a pony tail. She wore black baggy pants, and a black leather jacket. She also had black boots, and a black messenger bag that looked *too* full.

She was fidgety, and constantly looked around. She stood still for a moment, then saw Mustang looking at her. She quickly ran towards a motor cycle close by, and Roy ran after her. She quickly put on a helmet and cranked the engine to life, then sped of towards the forest.

'Well... at least I have one suspect... and I know where she's hiding out...' He knew that if he was to do this right, this reconnaissance mission would take at least a few days, so he headed back towards Central to tell Hawkeye and get supplies.

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The next day, he was almost ready to leave, when the phone rang. Another siting of this 'Ice Princess'. This time, she had robbed a bank. And this time, he had gotten a description of the girl. Now he *knew* that the girl he had seen yesterday was her. One of the people at the scene had also scene her speed away on a motorcycle like the one he had seen yesterday.

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As he got to the outskirts of Central again, he saw the same shifty girl get onto her motor cycle. He followed her on the one he had rented in town that day.

All the way up into the forest and through it, he stayed a good distance behind her, so as not to be seen.

As she slowed and eventually came to a stop, a small cottage came into view. the girl opened the door, and was immediately surrounded by at least a dozen small children, all in ragged clothes, and all shouting things such as, "Aila's back!" and "Aila! Aila!"

"Calm down kids, okay?" she said, chuckling as she walked inside. Mustang quietly walked over to the window and looked inside. The girl name Aila was pulling fruit, can food, and other essentials out from the bag, and handing them to the children.

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Mustang spent the rest of the day watching the house. Late that night, after he had seen Aila put the children into beds, he heard soft crying. He walked around the house and saw that there was an open window.

He circled around into the trees a short distance away from the window, so that the opening was still in view, but he could not be seen.

He saw Aila sitting at a desk directly in front of the window. Her face was buried in her face, and she was gently shaking from the tears.

Once she had gone into another room and gone to bed, Roy walked up to the still open window. There was a small journal on the desk. He picked it up, and read the newest entry. It read:

*I hate doing this. I know that this is wrong... but how else am I supposed to help these children? I can't just abandon them out here... how will they take care of themselves? I just can't handle all this stealing.... What happens when I finally get caught? How can I help them then? This is all so complicated... and I can't get a job anywhere... At least the old store clerk can help me... he knows that I have to steal that money to pay for the children's food... I just don't know what to do... I-*

the rest of the page was unreadable. It had been smudged with tear marks, and all of the ink had smeared.

### 3 - Chapter 3

Over the following days, Roy gained more and more information on this 'Ails', before heading back to HQ.

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Aila made sure that all of the children had been given breakfast before going to change out of her pajamas.

Last night, before falling asleep, she had thought up a way to help the children even more. She changed into the new outfit she had gotten just in case anything like this were to happen.

It was a white tube top that showed her stomach, also showing her blue-flame belly-button ring. She slipped on black and white arm warmers, then pulled on short, white, baggy shorts, and snapped on a black belt. She walked to the front door, and pulled up her black high-heels, which went up to her knees, and told the children that she would be back later.

She went out to her motorcycle and put on her helmet, then sped off towards Central.

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She hid the bike in its usual place, behind the old ware-house. She walked towards the old clerks store, where she would usual buy things for the children. Out here, in the outskirts of Central, she was a friend to everyone and everything.

She went by the old store and waved to the clerk, then turned the corner and walked into a little costume shop.

Before she could put her plan into action, she had to buy a wig to hide her distinctive blue streaks she had in her hair. She quickly found one, and put it on to see how she would look in the mirror.

she asked the cashier if she could wear it out of the store as she paid. He said yes, and she thanked him for his time.

Once she was back on her bike, she headed off for the inner parts of Central.

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Of course, once she reached inner Central, she drew a lot of attention to herself. Most people either walked, or took a cab.

And then, it hit her like a cold chill. There was a major flaw to her plan. If that man she had seen worked here, then he would recognize her immediately.

She pulled a u-turn, and quickly heading back the way she had come.

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Aila sighed to herself as she rode in the cab. she hated not having the wind blow around her. It always made her feel... free.

She had had a hard time trying to find a place to hide her bike. She didn't know the back alleys here as well as she did the ones in the outskirts.

even though she proffered her bike, she was a little grateful for the cab. She had finally found a place to hide her bike at the perfect time, because as soon as she had gotten into the cab, it had started to rain.

As the cab turned right and started to slow, she saw the HQ for the military.

Aila thanked the man, and quickly made her way out and up the stairs. Dripping a little, she opened the door and walked up to the front desk.

As calmly as she could, she asked the woman behind the desk, "May I apply for a job here?" It was perfect. If she worked here, she could still rob to get money for the children, and she could make even more money from her pay! The military would never guess it was her, and she was right under their noses!

And, before her plan could even start to take action, it all crashed down around her. Without even looking up from her computer, she responded, "Sorry Miss, no." she was none to polite.

"B-but you don't understand!! I-I need this job! I need the money to-"

"I'm sorry, Miss, but I can't help you! Now, please leave me to my business."

"B-but, please-"

"I said no! Now please, try to find somewhere else.

Holding back her tears, she walked back out into the rain. she sat down on a step, letting the tears come, not caring if she got wet.

"Miss?" said a deep voice from behind. she looked up, tears still streaming down her face, although they were hidden by by the rain. The man was the one she had seen a few days ago, although it didn't look like he had recognized her.

He held out his hand for her. She took it, and he helped her up. They stood under his umbrella.

"Are you alright?" he asked, clearly seeing the tears through the rain.

"Y-yeah." answered Aila, wiping her face.

"Yes, you look very alright to me." he said sarcastically. "Especially since your out here crying in the rain."

"W-well, I have a reason! I-"

"Why don't we talk inside, before you get sick." he cut her off.

"A-alright." she said, shivering.