

Yet another fanfic. (DanaXRoy)

By dani416

Submitted: June 18, 2008

Updated: June 21, 2008

Random fanfic with DanaXRoy (Dana=me, therefore it's written in first person). Oh yeah and i need to edit it, some parts make no sense, i just had left them in there because i went through a fortnight long writer's block. lol

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/dani416/53049/Yet-another-fanfic.-DanaXRoy>

Chapter 1 - Chapter

2

1 - Chapter

Blinking to clear the haze of my clouded mind, I stared at my surroundings in awe. I was sitting, propped up against the only tree, in the midst of a field of brightly coloured flowers. I rose shakily to my feet, wincing as pain shot up my right leg.

Holding onto the tree for support, I examined my injured leg. My mouth fell open in surprise when I saw the horrifying wound. It looked as though a bullet had grazed my thigh, tearing off flesh as it passed by. Closing my eyes to the nauseating sight, I took a long, soothing breath of clean air, before opening them again.

I kept my gaze anywhere but my leg as I stumbled away from the tree, my every step excruciatingly painful. I felt the fresh blood stream down my thigh, staining my skin, and my stomach lurched in reaction. I limped out of the shade, and squinted my eyes against the blinding sunlight.

I was halfway across the field when my leg simply gave out on me, forcing me to fall to the ground. My gaze shifted drastically when I finally regained the strength to sit up and I placed a hand to my throbbing temple, trying to ease the ache.

What the? I asked, pulling my hand away and staring at the warm, sticky blood on it. I slowly stood up, wiping blood from my face as I did so. I shook my head over the seeming unreality of the situation, the action causing me to sway on my feet.

Hey, someone's over there! A voice shouted and I spotted a group of men clad in blue uniforms running towards me. Wary, I tried to retreat a step, but ended up falling onto my backside.

Are you alright? A dark haired man asked as he stared down at me. Our gazes locked and I narrowed my eyes, trying to distinguish whether or not he was a threat to my well-being.

I have a gaping gash on my leg that is pouring out blood, and a wound on my head. I said, my lips twisting. I've never felt better. I spoke sarcastically, gritting my teeth as he hauled me roughly to my feet.

I'm glad to hear it. He said and I glared into his black-as-death eyes.

Who are you? I demanded as he led off, tugging me along behind him. When I received no reply, I dug my heels into the ground.

Colonel Roy Mustang. Another man supplied helpfully. I turned my gaze to the tall,

blonde-haired man who spoke.

And you are? I asked as we started walking again.

Second Lieutenant Jean Havoc. He replied, inhaling a breath of smoke from his cigarette. He shot me a friendly grin and quickly introduced the others. This is Kain Fuery, Vato Falman, and Heymans Breda. He said, and I gave the trio a polite nod, unsure of which name belonged to whom.

Pleasure. I muttered and Mustang increased the pace. Ripping my wrist from his grasp, I stopped in my tracks. I happen to be brutally injured here. I said. And, I have no idea what is going on. I took a deep breath and stared at him, willing him with my eyes to respond. Your move soldier. I said, arching one eyebrow challengingly.

We are taking you to the car, where we will transport you to a nearby hospital. He said coolly. A higher up will explain everything to you there. He said, his deep voice flat.

We stood there for a moment, just staring at each other, my gaze defiant, his icy. I collected the shredded remains of my dignity and limped past him, my chin raised high. I heard his soft laugh behind me as I strode away from him, following the others, who had already begun walking. I stiffened, but kept moving, my eyes fixed on the path ahead of me.

So, what is your name? A voice asked and I raised my gaze from the ground to look up into the curious blue eyes of Jean Havoc.

No clue. I replied with mock delight.

Did you hit your head and get amnesia then? He asked and I shrugged nonchalantly.

Don't know, maybe. I said and he dropped the cigarette from his mouth, crushing it into the dirt with the heel of his boot.

He reached into his pocket and pulled the package out to get another when a photograph fell out and fluttered to the ground. I bent down and picked up the picture, glancing at the woman in it briefly before I handed it back to him.

Your girlfriend? I asked, tipping my head to one side.

Yeah. He said and we continued walking. She's just gorgeous, I absolutely adore her. He said, a wide smile on his face.

What's her name? I asked, trying to make small talk with the soldier.

Kin Akimaru. He said as the small path we were following joined up with a main road. Lieutenant Hawkeye should be here with the car any moment. He said, staring down the empty highway. She's another soldier under Colonel Mustang's command. He informed me as a car came into view. The others joined Havoc and I at the side of the road and we waited for the car

to arrive. After several long minutes of an uncomfortable silence, the vehicle pulled up beside us.

Hop in. The woman I assumed to be Lieutenant Hawkeye said, rolling down the window.. I climbed into the backseat with the lower ranking men, while the Colonel sat up front. I stared out the window and watched the scenery pass by, wringing my hands nervously in my lap. I had no memory prior to that encounter, and I had no idea if my decision to trust these people would prove to be the right one.

Central headquarters. The red-head announced as we got out of the car. My mind elsewhere, I shifted my weight solely to my left leg, and tried to listen to what the heavy-set red-head was babbling about.

Sir. I said as I became woozy from my lack of blood.

Please, call me Breda. He said and I nodded, suddenly fascinated with a rain that started to pour down from the sky. Is there something you wanted to ask me? He looked at me worriedly and I forgot what I had wanted to say.

Hi. I said brightly, wiping the rain and blood off my forehead. He balked at the sight of the blood and I flashed him a huge grin, the fact that I needed medical attention badly having slipped my confused mind.

Has she gone insane? the shorter dark-haired one asked Havoc, as he pushed his glasses further up his nose. I heard soft footsteps to my left and instead of merely turning my head to the sound, I whirled my entire body around to try to see who was approaching.

Tell them I m not crazy Mustang. I pleaded and he reached out and pressed the back of his cool hand to my forehead.

I stared up at him through teary eyes and watched as he put an arm gently around my shoulders and began leading me towards the door. When we reached the foot of the stairs he turned and attempted to pick me up.

If I can walk before, I can sure as hell walk now. I said as I tentatively placed a foot on the first step. Now tell them I m not crazy. I ordered he and he sighed in exasperation.

She s not insane, she just has a bad fever. He told them before turning back to me. Happy?

Yes. I replied, limping up the rest of the stairs.

Fuery, inform the Fuhrer we are back, Havoc, go prepare a room for our friend here, preferably somewhere one of us can keep a close eye on her. The Colonel commanded and the black-haired, spectacled one and Havoc ran inside. Breda, find Full Metal and tell him I will meet with him in a few days, and Falman? Fetch blankets and food and bring them to us. He said and the red-head and grey-haired one rushed off as well. Mustang half-carried half-dragged me up to the room Havoc had made up for me. By the time we reached the door, my conscious was slipping from my grasp. When my heavy lidded eyes fell upon the lamp on the bed-side table, I

let out a loud giggle and waved to it. I shrugged off Mustang and took a step towards the bed, falling unconscious mid-step and tumbling to the ground.

When I awoke I was alone in an unfamiliar room. Rubbing the sleep from my eyes, I sat up and squinted around myself. I spotted Hawkeye resting in the chair beside my bed, a clipboard in her hands as she dozed. I leaned forward and grabbed it, careful not to disturb her slumber as I read over it. It was a schedule, the title reading Guarding the new kid .

New kid, what the hell? I asked loudly, startling Hawkeye. She had her gun pressed to my forehead before I could blink. My almond-shaped brown eyes met her wide blue ones and I turned to the side, pulling the weapon out of her hand in a swift motion.

I- I m sorry. She stuttered. You surprised me.

Uh, huh. I said, before clearing my throat and handing her the gun back.

I was halfway down the hall before she realized I had even moved. Miss! She called, chasing after me. I paused and looked over my shoulder at her.

Yes? I asked, unconcerned by the steady ache in my leg.

You should rest, you just recovered from a bad fever. She spoke softly, as though I was a fussing infant.

I m fine Hawkeye. I reassured her gently. I would like to speak with the Colonel, if I may.

Oh, sure. She said, he should be in the mess hall, down that hallway. She pointed to our left. Tell him that Edward Elric is waiting for him in his office.

Will do. I nodded before striding off. I saw the Colonel exit the mess hall and I jogged after him.

Hey, Colonel Mustard. I called and he paused and turned back at me, his expression incredulous.

Mustang. He corrected.

That s what I said. I insisted and he shook his head. Oh. Then what did I say?

Mustard. He replied and I let out shout of laughter.

Sorry. I choked out and he rolled his eyes. I just made a sandwich. I lied, my eyes darting back and forth comically.

Uh huh. He said, folding his arms across his chest. Was there a reason you stopped me, or were you just trying to keep me from doing my paperwork?

It doesn't matter if I stop you or not, your paperwork will remain unfinished. I shot back. He took a breath to reply to my insult, but I ploughed on. I would like to speak with you after you debrief Edward Elric, who is waiting in your office. I informed him before giggling. I'm sure you'll have fun debriefing him. I remarked over my shoulder as I walked away.

Oh, a sexuality crack. He spoke in a dark voice before it turned sarcastic. How clever of you.

I know. I tossed back at him before I entered the mess hall, closing the door gently on his frustrated mutters. I ate my food alone, and in silence until a blonde-haired boy and an armoured covered man sat down across from me.

Hey. The taller man said in a friendly tone. How are you?

Nobody. I replied, my own voice sharp. Who are you?

I'm Alphonse Elric, and this is my brother Edward Elric. He introduced, pointing to the short dude who was cramming his food down his throat as fast as humanly possible.

Hi. Edward said, before he choked on his food.

Brother, chew your food. Alphonse said, patting him on the back.

Your Edward Elric? I asked, astonished.

Why are you so surprised? Ed stopped eating and glared at me suspiciously.

I'm sorry, I just expected someone, different. I admitted, my gaze falling to my food. I made a gay joke about a child? I asked myself, repulsed. My god.

Someone taller?! Ed bellowed and I leaned back, blinking at him as he flailed his arms around.

No, no. I soothed, trying to extinguish the oncoming tantrum. I thought you'd be older, not taller.

Sure. Ed grumbled, going back to shovelling his food into his mouth, his arm moving in a windmill fashion. I stared in fascination for a few moments before turning to Alphonse.

Alphonse, are you and Edward brothers then? I asked.

Call me Al. He said before confirming my question. Yeah.

It must be hard to look out for your younger brother then. I said sweetly, looking at them innocently when they freaked out.

I m the older brother! Ed shouted and AI nodded.

Oh, I m sorry. I apologized.

It s a common misconception. AI said. No big deal.

Well from Ed s reaction, I think it bothers him a lot. I said quietly to AI. A bit more than rational, to be frank.

You know, I m right here, and I can still hear you. Edward said loudly and I laughed. We rose and walked out of the hall, nearly bumping into the grey-haired man and Havoc.

Where are you going in such a rush, Falman? AI asked as we fell into step behind him.

I m supposed to fetch Kin. He said as we entered a dark room. Havoc flipped on the light and we saw the form of a woman lying, unmoving on the floor beside a bed.

Oh my god, I think that she s dead. Falman said with a gasp.

I don t think that she is. I said staring at the mass of limbs. It looks as though she is breathing, I said and Falman let out a sigh of relief. Although, it could be a trick of the light. I added as an after thought. She groaned loudly and Ed, AI, Havoc and Falman all jumped. I smirked at them as they regained themselves and Ed and AI went to wait in the hall.

A barely audible voice rose from the floor. Someone help me up. She ordered and Havoc pulled her to her feet with surprising strength. She wiped her eyes and blearily stared at me. So, who are you? She asked and I blinked, the weight of my missing identity hitting me in one blow.

I don t know. I answered honestly and she looked remotely bewildered before taking pity on me.

Let s call you Saia Fortune. She suggested. It seems to fit you somewhat well, even if it is made up.

I felt slightly more at ease now that I had a name at least, content with the tiny sense of belonging. I m going to assume that you are Kin Arimaru. I said. Her eyebrows lifted in question and I hastened to explain. Havoc told me about you.

What exactly did he tell you about me? She asked, looking over at Havoc, who smiled at her.

Nothing out of the ordinary, just that you re my shorty. He said. I didn t know someone could turn bright red so fast, but Kin managed to do it.

I m not short! She yelled. I m just vertically challenged. She said, jokingly punched Havoc in the arm.

Just for the record, I am too. Edward called from the hallway.

