

FMA: A New Story

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It's been three years after the finding of the Philosopher's Stone. Ed and Al are back to normal, but what are they to do now? Seems like Ed still has some unfinished business to do...

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1 - Do you love her?

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FMA: A Different Story

Chapter One: Do you really love her?

It's been three years since the Elric brothers got the Philosopher's Stone, a ruby red rock that contains `magical' powers to perform any type of alchemy in a blink of an eye. Alchemy is a science that can only be performed by giving up something of equal value to transmute an object or any type of matter into something else. Most alchemists need to draw a transmutation circle, a circle that has a specific design for specific transmutations, yet, more skilled alchemists, like a child prodigy by the name of Edward Elric, doesn't need to draw a transmutation circle to perform alchemy.

Edward Elric, the age of nineteen is short, has long blonde hair pulled back into a braid everyday, and wears a long red jacket, black no-sleeve shirt, black pants, and black boots. His brother Alphonse, on the other hand, is tall, short dirty blonde hair, and wears a white T-shirt with blue jeans.

It's been three years since the two brothers obtained the Philosopher's Stone, allowing them to return to normal once again. When they were younger, they performed a forbidden human alchemy, trying to bring their mother back from the grave. They tried, and failed, resulting in Ed losing his right arm and left leg, but Al's sacrifice was much worse. Al's body was completely lost, but at least, Ed, being a child prodigy, quickly linked Al's soul to a hallow suit of armour, so he would at least have his brother with him....in some way.

Now, both brothers have their normal bodies again. They used the powers of the Philosopher's Stone to return them to their old selves, hoping now their deal with the military was over with. Unfortunately for Ed, it wasn't.

"Brother, what are we going to do now that we have our bodies back?" Alphonse asked his older brother. He didn't even bother looking at his brother when he spoke, for he was too interested with all the things around him in his hometown of Resembol.

"I dunno. Pick on Winry, I suppose," Ed sighed, walking over to his brother. Edward plopped down on the soft grass next to his younger brother, looking up at the sky, in the same direction as Al.

"You shouldn't be so mean to Winry!" Alphonse stated. He broke from his gaze from the sky to look at his brother.

"Why do you care what happens to her? Do you *love* her or something?" Edward teased. He knew his

brother never had strong feelings toward the girl, but still felt threatened that Al might take Winry away from him.

"I love her, but as a sister. Hopefully sister-in-law soon!" Alphonse smiled at his brother, but deep down, feared that he might have said something wrong, for his brother always got mad when mentioning Winry and him in that manner.

"What are you talking about, Al? You don't even know if she likes me or if I even like her!" Edward sighed. Ed had loved Winry all his life. He thought he could never live without her. He loved her so much and wanted to tell her, but he was afraid that she wouldn't feel the same way.

"Brother, it's obvious that she likes you and you like her, so why don't you get some courage and just tell her. But if you do tell her, be romantic, and not too out with it. I bet that's how she wants it exactly!" Al smiled at his brother, hoping he'd agree.

"You've gone into much detail with how I should tell her. Is there a specific place I need her to be when I tell her the news?" Ed asked mockingly, wondering if his prediction was right.

"No, no. I think she'd want it to be at home during a candlelight dinner, or something in that manner!"

"Really? Is she at home right now?"

"Yes, she is, Nii-san."

"I'll go to her right now and get everything prepared." Edward was about to get up off the grassy hill, but his younger brother pulled him back down.

"Wait, brother!"

"What is it, Alphonse?" Edward sighed. "I wanna tell her the news soon!"

"Don't mess up, okay?" Al said calmly.

"I'll try my best not to! Now can you let go of my jacket?"

"Yes. And good luck, Nii-san!"

"Thanks," Ed responded as he walked off into the distance toward Winry and Aunt Pinako's house.

2 - Confessions?

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Chapter Two: Confessions?

Running as fast as his two legs could take him, Ed ran toward Winry's and Aunt Pinako's house. The two story house with white siding and a balcony upstairs was coming closer and closer to Edward every second. His heart was full of joy; he couldn't wait until he saw his Winry again and hear her confess those three words.

With a big grin across his face, he slowed his pace down; hence he was a few yards away from entering that wooden door. Upon entering the Rockbell's house, Ed saw Winry sitting down at a wooden table, working on an automail arm for one of her customers. Looking up from her hard work, she saw Edward standing in the doorway, panting from running so fast; trying to catch his breath.

“Edward? Why are you here? I thought you were going to talk with Alphonse a little more,” Winry said while walking up to the short blonde teenager. She placed an arm around his back and helped him to the gray couch.

“I wanted to see if what Alphonse said was true,” Edward stated. He blushed and didn't speak to Winry and her beautiful face. He just looked at whatever was to the right of him.

Winry's eyes widened as far as they could, fear of what Alphonse exactly said to his brother. “Why don't you just sit down and adjust your thoughts while I get something to drink for both of us?” Winry compromised, trying to buy some time.

“No, Winry. I need to know now,” Edward said as he sat down on the gray couch. Winry sat close next to him, wanting to hear every word of what Ed was about to say and not miss or misunderstand even one word.

“Well, what is it, Edward? I don't have all day, you know!” Winry exclaimed. She had quite a few automail parts to fix and construct by tomorrow, so she couldn't even waste a second of time, else she would have to pull another all-nighter for the second time that week.

“Alphonse....he said that....” Edward trailed off, trying to hide himself from Winry even more now. His hands were sweating, making his two white gloves moist; his voice cracking, not knowing what words to say and how to say them.

“Edward? What is it? If it's something important, just spill it! I told you, I have work to do! I don't intend for another all-nighter this week!” Winry exclaimed, jumping up from the couch. She stood in front of Edward and looked at him sternly.

Edward still didn't look at Winry, his eyes looking down at the ground, still embarrassed to ask a simple question. "Don't go, stay with me," Edward mumbled, taking Winry's hand and pulling her into an embrace.

"Where would I go? Tell me, Edward what it is that you have to ask me," Winry whispered in his right ear. She held Ed closer to him, her emotions getting the best of her. "Edward, don't be afraid, I'm here with you."

"Winry....is it true...that you love me?" Edward winced, scared of what her answer was. He clinched his fists, not noticing that he held a tight grip to Winry's shirt, almost tearing a hole in her clothes.

"Edward...I...I..."

3 - Is it true, Winry?

Disclaimer: I do not own any FMA characters

Chapter Three: Is it true, Winry?

“Edward...I...I...” Winry stammered, trying to put her feelings into words. She truly loved Edward, but still was so afraid to say it, let it out in the open, and *know* that he heard those words from her. *It's just three simple words, nothing much to that. Why can't you just say it? You know Edward loves you, so what are you afraid of?* Winry thought.

“What is it? Winry, you know you can say anything to me, so why are you so afraid?” Edward asked looking into Winry's teary eyes. He placed his arms around Winry's waist, pulling the crying girl close to his warm body. “If you won't say it, then I will.” Edward heaved a heavy sigh; gulping down his fear, and slowly eased his way closer to Winry.

He was only centimeters away from her face, longing for her. Scared, he paused for a second to recapture his thoughts. *It's not as hard as you think. Just move a little bit closer, and then I bet she'll take over and pull you in so close you can feel every curve of her.*

Lost deep in thought, Edward didn't even notice that Winry pushed him off the couch and onto the cold, hard wooden floor of the Rockbell's house. “Edward? Are you still too lost in thought to notice...” Winry trailed off, wondering if Ed was fooling her, or truly in deep thought.

Coming back into the world again, Edward just stared at Winry who had pinned Ed to the ground. She had control over him now, and wasn't going to miss out her chance this time. She'd already blown her chance before, and didn't plan on doing it again.

“Edward? Why do you look at me so?” Winry asked, grinning like a Cheshire cat. She came closer to the stunned Edward, her long blonde hair almost covering her pale, white, delicate face barely showing the two blue sapphires eyes and lips made of rubies, always shining in the light.

“Winry? I don't believe it.... Is it really true, or are you just playing a trick on me?” Edward asked, his heart beating rapidly, hoping that she wasn't playing around, teasing him. He kept questioning himself, unsure if this was the real Winry or if it was Envy, a shape shifter homunculi, a type of fake people born from forbidden transmutations gone wrong.

“What does it look like, Ed? Do I look like I'm joking around?” Winry asked, looking directly at Ed, straight into his bright golden eyes.

Appalled by what was going on, Edward lay still for moments afterward, trying to comprehend if this was a living dream that he'd wake up from soon enough. He pinched himself to try and wake himself up, but with no avail. “I'm not sure...”

“Maybe this will make you believe,” Winry said, just as she placed a kiss on her lover's lips. She put her right hand underneath his head, her left clasping his right, pulling him closer for a better kiss.

Giving in, Edward no longer lay motionless. His arms that were to his sides, now were around Winry's smooth body. Both got up, never breaking the kiss, heading towards a hallway past the lonely and open living room-kitchen. They walked in perfect pace, almost like a dance, where every step was choreographed perfect, exact. Soon, they came to a sudden stop when they hit into something or somebody that was much taller than the two of them.....

4 - What if fantasies turned into a reality?

Chapter Four: What if fantasies turned into a reality?

“Where do you think you're going, you two?” asked the large man standing behind the two blushing lovers, still lip locked with one another. He placed a hand on both of their shoulders, pulling the two a few feet apart from each other.

“What is the matter, Mr. Hohenheim Elric?” Winry asked, her eyes to the floor, her face an even darker shade of red. She didn't dare make even an attempt at looking at Hohenheim, fear of what he might say or do. Winry knew that he knew where the two young adults were headed; she was scared out of her mind, shaking fear that Hohenheim might break the love that took Edward and herself years to confess.

“Winry....” Edward said, clasping his hand over her's, calming her down. “It's alright, just please, calm down for me.” Edward embraced her, even though he could feel the watching eyes of his father.

“I can't believe what you two were about to do....” Hohenheim scolded. He hovered over the two young adults, bending down to their height and to their surprise, hugged the two in a tight squeeze. “But I'm happy that you have finally confessed your feelings to one another!” Mr. Elric exclaimed, grinning ear to ear. “I'll get out of your way now!” Hohenheim stood back up and wandered off into the kitchen, for his stomach was grumbling so loud that the whole town of Resembol could hear.

The two lovers looked at the direction of where Edward's father was and then back at each other, perplexed. “So, dad's living here until we have enough time to build our own house?” Edward asked. Before she had time to answer, he grabbed hold of her hand and the two walked into the guest room, which was currently Edward's and Alphonse's bedroom. They both plopped down on Edward's twin size bed, talking, telling each other all their problems and wishes they want to be granted.

“Yeah. While you and Alphonse were gone, on your last attempts for the Philosopher's Stone, Mr. Elric came by. He wanted to surprise you two boys and see the succession of bringing back Al's body and your right arm and left leg. He's a really nice man, but scares the hell out of me!” Winry whispered, watching towards the door, to see if anyone was eavesdropping on their conversation.

“He scares me too. I don't really like the fact that he came back, abandoning mom and us...” Edward trailed off looking into deep space, remembering all the painful memories of his frightening past.

“What about your mom? Are you going to try and bring her back again?” Winry asked, curious to see if she might actually have another mother to help her with any predicaments. Even though she thought of Aunt Pinako as a mom, since both her parents died in the Ishbal War, Pinako was getting into her late sixties. Death was at her door....soon.

“It's a useless cause. I don't want to risk anything again. If I tried, even with the Philosopher's Stone, you wouldn't know if I'd die in the process.” Tears were now running down Edward's face; he finally admitted

to himself and to Winry that he would never try human transmutation ever again; no chance at seeing his mother again either.

“Edward....It's alright not to do that. I wouldn't want to you get hurt and die. Then that'd make me have one less family member and soon another one,” Winry laughed through the tears that were running down her pale white face; both of the young lovers now had red, teary eyes.

“Are you talking about Pinako?”

Winry nodded her head. She let go of Edward's grasp around her hands and wiped the tears away. “I want to ask you something. Will you....promise to stay with me forever?”

“Promise,” Edward said, a grin emerging across his face. “I'll stay with you now and forever.”

5 - A Brother....Possessed?

Chapter Five: A Brother & Possessed?

Thank you&.It means so much after all these years, Winry whispered into Edward s ear. She placed her head down on his shoulders, glad to feel his soft skin and no longer cold, heartless metal. She loved his automail, no doubt, putting loads of effort into each broken piece. However, working so hard to get his own flesh back, she couldn t help but love it even more. I m glad you got your body back. It makes you feel like you re a little warmer now&

It s nice not to worry about getting the metal broken anymore or hearing you complain about how I need to watch what I m doing more often, Edward smiled, knowing that each time she scolded him, it was her way of grieving. It broke his heart for her to see another wound on his body. And with each new wound, embedded memories of pain he never told her. Sighing, he put his left hand around her head, pulling her closer to him. It s nice not for you to yell at me anymore about my automail. I think with my body restored, it s brought us closer together. What do you think of that?

Yeah. But I ll still worry the same about you, even if you don t have a part of me with you. Besides, this time, you have real limbs, and they can t be replaced

Shh! Stop that. I m not in the military anymore, remember? You don t have to worry about me being hurt. He placed his forefinger to her mouth, limiting her of any words thus spoken. And please, don t talk about lack of money. I enough in savings, and, with a famous name, I bet you, I can get whatever job I please, Edward chuckled to himself. And&if all else fails, your automail business is doing quite well!

I know, but, Edward, are you sure? He tensed at how she used his full name, knowing that she was worried no matter what words he spoke of. Edward Elric knew this girl wouldn t believe a thing he said until she saw it with her very eyes.

Please, Win trust my word&.for once? He placed a kiss on her forehead, and looked into her eyes, wanting to confirm this promise he asked of her. Eyes averted, she sighed, not knowing what to do, what to think. She was a girl that stuck by her ways, and even if she would go out to her ways and break them, the answer would never be completely honest.

She stayed silent. Winry didn t even move her head to motion a yes or no. Not waiting any longer for a response, Edward placed his forefinger and thumb upon her chin and turned her so he could see the tear stained face of hers. He sighed at the sight, not wanting to get violent, but not resorting to a hopeless dramatic. Edward got up and went to the opposite bed, lay down facing the wall, and closed his eyes. You need time, so please, just go and think, sleep, whatever you need right now. I m tired, so I d like for you to exit this room, so I may rest in peace, he muttered.

Winry didn t take much time leaving the room. She dried the tears from her face and left the room immediately afterwards, heading straight into her own room, locking the door behind her. Winry didn t fall to her knees and break down like most girls would do, nor did she cry herself to sleep. She went back to working on a piece of automail that needed to be finished by the next nightfall.

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It was barely past midnight, and almost the entire household was asleep. Edward, now in a complete dream state, was in the midst of a nightmare, tossing and turning, talking and barely, just barely, shouting what he was saying. This dream was a reoccurrence of a battle he had, except, he didn't have any automail to protect him, just his own flesh and alchemy. The opponent was the one who had automail, *his* automail; coming towards him, pinning him down, and holding a knife to his lower neck, a knife that was made from that familiar automail arm of his *was* his.

Pain he thought. There's pain. But is it just from my dream? He screamed aloud, the knife going even deeper into the thin flesh right below his collarbone. Why does it feel so real? Why does it feel like this is really happening to me? He placed his fingers close to where the knife was lodged in him. Blood. Real blood. The feeling of the liquid made him open his eyes, seeing his brother straddled on top of him, a knife in his hand, blood dripping from the tip.

What the hell? Edward looked at his brother once again, thinking he was only dreaming, hallucinating. His eyes&.they look as if they've faded, like in a trance. Alphonse, stop, please. Please. Don't you remember who I am, who you are?! he cried out, just as everyone came running into the room, wanting answers to why they were awoken and what was happening before their very eyes&.