

Cold Truths

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Cold Truths

by [RandomAnimeArtist](#)

Summary

Edward Briggs Armstrong is the son of Olivier Mira Armstrong.

Some know him as the Heart of Briggs

Others, the Fullmetal Alchemist or even Colonel Armstrong

What most don't know is he's a 14 year old kid

Even Edward forgets sometimes

Not many people know Alphonse but those who do say that he's a kind kid

Alphonse Elric is on a search for his long lost sibling and he won't stop until he finds them

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The frost bit at his skin, ice-cold metal meeting flesh. Footsteps sounded behind him and he turned to see a Private coming towards him. Feeling his hair dance in the wind, he exhaled a long sigh and took a breath of the chilly air of Fort Briggs.

The Private before him was as stiff as a rock as he saluted to him. He nodded his head, giving the man permission to speak.

“Colonel Armstr-” The Private was interrupted by the Colonel.

“Look Private, unless someone ranked Brigadier General or higher is nearby and isn’t the Major General You can call me Edward or Fullmetal, take your pick,”

“Yes si-” The man was cut off again.

“Also, don’t call me sir,”

“Understood Fullmetal. Uh, Major General Armstrong wanted you to meet you in her office,”

“Thank you. You may go,”

With one last salute the Private left.

Edward moaned. He was tired of grown men calling him sir and colonel but it couldn’t be helped. He started walking through the familiar fort. Grey metal walls he knew as well as the back of his hand greeted him as Edward walked through the halls of the Fort. Stopping at the white door in front of him. His automail hand opening the door. Edward snapped into the familiar salute as his eyes scanned the room, looking for any unfamiliar faces. After finding no foreign people, he let his hand fall and relaxed his muscles.

“You wanted to see me?”

“Yes, I did. Take a seat,” She gestured to the chair facing her desk.

Edward took a seat and crossed his legs, making sure his metal leg was under his flesh one.

“Your assessment is coming up soon,”

“Yep, my train leaves in two days from now. Is that all you wanted to ask?” He was too tired to have small talk at the moment.

She smiled at him, her ice blue eyes warm with love and affection.

“Straight to the point today, are we? Well, I won’t take too much of your time, I hope. So, because your assessment is coming up and you will be in Central for a while, I thought you

should maybe stay for awhile-

"What good would I get out of from leaving?" He snapped back. Clenching his fists in annoyance.

"I was going to get that before you interrupted me. Now as I was saying, you could study more about alchemy, you could see more of Amestris, maybe meet some new people,"

"But what if Drachma attacks again!

"They won't," Olivier crossed her arms and leaned back into her chair.

"How do you know! They had a full-scale attack 14 years ago!" Edward slammed his hands on the desk, causing the once organized items to be in complete disarray.

Olivier's eyes grew cold and she raised her voice "They have only attacked twice since you joined the military and both times were random and stupid, and we destroyed them. Other than that they have been little cowards for as long as I have been in charge of Fort Briggs. The full-scale attack was because I couldn't fight so they thought they could win,"

"But-

"No buts! If Drachma attacks, we will be fine. Did you forget that I have been protecting this fort long before you were born!"

Edward sighed in defeat as he sat back down, he could never win in an argument against his mom.

Olivier took a deep breath and spoke in a kind and loving tone

"Edward, you have spent your whole life in Briggs. Other than your yearly assessments and the joint training with the east you never leave Briggs,"

"You don't leave Briggs that much either,"

"True but I'm an adult who had a relatively normal childhood,"

"I've had a normal childhood!" Olivier raised an eyebrow.

"You finished homeschooling at age seven and joined the military at twelve and became a colonel at age thirteen,"

He looked down. The chair he was sitting on just suddenly became very interesting.

"Your fourteen Ed, you can't spend the rest of your life in Briggs. If I can't convince you as your mother, then I will have to order you to leave as your commanding officer,"

He looked up at his mom "No, no! You don't have to, I get it,"

She smirked in triumph "Good, your dismissed Colonel Edward Briggs Armstrong," she teased him.

As he was about to open the door he turned around.

“I love you mom,”

“I love you more,”

“I love you most,” he said back but before he could close the door behind him his mom said.

“You wish my little alchemist!”

He smiled and closed the door. As Ed walked down the hall, he went from Ed, the son of Olivier Armstrong to The Fullmetal Alchemist, The heart of Briggs.

The sound of the warning horn blared in Al’s ears as he sat down in the set opposite of his dad. He looked into his dad’s gold eyes and smiled at him. His dad just stared at him for a moment and then he opened his mouth.

“Alphonse,”

“Yes dad?”

“What is the real reason you wanted to travel with me?” he questioned.

Al looked sheepish but didn’t break eye contact as he responded

“Well, you know how you, uh, had intercourse with that military lady?” He didn’t know how to bring this up without this being awkward. But Al guessed that no matter what he said, this conversation would still be awkward.

“Yes...” Hohenheim said looking like he would rather be talking about anything else.

“Well, I want to see if she has a child,”

“Okay, but what would you do if she did?”

“Try to find my long-lost sibling” Hohenheim sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose in exhaustion.

“You know your mother wouldn’t be happy about this. What will I even tell her? ‘Hey your son is not coming home for a while,’ she’ll kill me!”

“You could make something up...” Al trailed off.

“I can’t just leave a thirteen-year-old in Central all alone. You don’t know how the city works. How would I know if your okay?”

“I can protect myself,” his father groaned and after a few seconds responded

“Look Al, I know you can protect yourself so I’ll make a deal with you. We will go to Central library and if Olivier had a child, I will allow you to travel alone. There would be some ground rules but we could talk about it if it came to that,”

“Deal!”

He honestly thought his father would just say no and be done with this conversation, but luck must have been on his side today. Alphonse smiled and looked out the window watching the Resembool countryside pass by in a blur. The calming movement of the train lolling Al to sleep, his head pressed against the cold glass of the window.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the chapter. I tried by best to not write anyone ooc. Thank you so much for reading

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Al woke up to the sound of multiple footsteps and someone shaking him awake. Opening his eyes, he was met with the face of his father, a small smile on his face.

“Time to go,”

Al nodded his head, grabbing his suitcase and following his dad. Al has only been to the one train station in his life, back home in Resembool. But that didn't change that fact that the train station was stunning! The top roof was made of glass letting in natural sunlight without it shining in your eyes, the spotless grey walls were neat and orderly. But what caught Al's eye the most was the massive clock on the brick wall that they were heading to.

Al stayed close to his dad as they walked through the station. He's never seen so many people in his life! Excitement was bubbling in his chest as they walked and before he knew it, they were at The National Central Library! The library is the largest literary repository in the nation. It contains texts and reference materials collected from all over the nation and throughout its long history. The library itself is separated into several Branches for different categories of literature. Most of the library is open to members of the public, certain branches are accessible to State Alchemists and military members of a certain rank.

As his dad opened the huge doors, he was met with the smell of book, the comforting aroma putting him at ease. He looked at his father as a way of asking if he could look around. With a sign he nodded his head and Al smiled at him before leaving him and he started looking around. Al decided to not look at the alchemy branch first, even though he really wanted to. He knew if he did, he would be there forever and he had a job to do. After looking around for who knows how long he found a few books that might be of help to Al. 'The Surnames Handbook: A Guide to Family Name Research' 'Surnames, DNA, and Family History' and despite himself 'Famous State Alchemist's from 1900-present' It being 1913, Al thought it was an important read even if it probably had no useful information for his search.

He found a table to set at and Al started reading.

Ed was in his room, a suitcase on his desk. Tomorrow was his train ride and even though he should have started packing yesterday but he needed to talk to his men about his 'trip' and now he had half a hour to pack. At first, he thought it would be hard to pack for a long trip like this but that's not the case. Ed was surprised by how little he actually owned, other then military paper work, his uniforms and his alchemy notes, he basically has nothing. Of course, he has stuff for his hygiene and oil for his automail but other then his pyjamas and a picture of him and his mom he had nothing else to pack. It only took ten minutes for him to finish packing.

"Let me see what you packed,"

In a slip second, he was on his feet and his automail arm was a blade. Until he realized that it was just his mom, leaning on his door frame staring at him. How had he not heard her!

"Nice reflexes," she nodded her head in approval.

"Thanks, here" He gestured to his open suitcase on his desk.

She looked over and frowned at the measly belongings he packed.

"Why do you have more then one uniform packed?" Olivier questioned.

"What do you mean?"

"You are not wearing your uniform everyday,"

"Why not!"

“Where are your clothes? Why aren’t they packed?”

“I don’t have any...” He looked away

“Then make some! I see you make your men clothes,”

“Fine,” Ed’s too tired to argue with her, maybe he can sleep on the train?

He grabbed two large blankets from his bed and with a clap, made two long sleeved shirts and two pairs of pants. Folding them and putting them in his suitcase.

“Happy?”

“Yes, I am. Thanks for asking. Come on, you have a train to catch,”

“Yes sir!”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you again for reading. I hope you enjoyed. I’m trying hard not to make everyone OOC but because they all went through different experiences then canon I changed them a bit. Olivier I think would have a sarcastic side and be caring to Ed if he was her son. Especially when she has to act tough with him in public

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Warm humid air hit Ed's face as he stepped off the train. He took a deep breath, mentally preparing himself for the stares and whispers, before he started walking. Ed's been to Central many times. Not just for work related reasons, but because the rest of his family lives in Central. His mom tried her best to not go back home but occasionally she has to visit.

The Armstrong Family is an illustrious and noble family, that has served in the military for generations. But most importantly, their genetics are weird! They are all gifted with impeccable strength and all the members have a curled forelock and shared by as well as a similarly curled moustaches for the men.

But thanks to Ed's shitty genetics he can't grow facial hair. At first, he was pissed but lately, after seeing all his men complain about their beards, Edward was glad he didn't have to worry about that stuff.

More eyes fell on him as he got closer to Central Command Centre. Ed used to feel embarrassed from all the attention that he got wearing his uniform, but now he wears his rank with pride.

Another thing that used to bother him a lot was how short he is. Armstrong's are naturally tall but somehow, he's managed to stay at 4,11 for four years now. But after fighting he learned how useful it is to be small in fights and a lot of his combat style relies on being fast and small.

Before he knew it, he was at his destination.

Al was starting to loss hope.

‘The Surnames Handbook: A Guide to Family Name Research’ and ‘Surnames, DNA, and Family History’ both were useless and that only left Al with one more book. ‘Famous State Alchemist’s from 1900-present’ it was punished two years ago so maybe it could help Al

He opened it up, skipping past the introduction and started flipping the pages looking for last names that start with A. Of course, it was alphabetized by their codenames and not their last names. He got to the letter F and Al gasped, shocked to see what he was looking for.

The Fullmetal Alchemist is a up and coming alchemist. Known for his no nonsense attitude and his cold personality. Of course, that’s to be expected from someone raised in Fort Briggs. Son of Major General Armstrong, Edward Briggs Armstrong is a mystery. Joining the military at twelve years old and disappearing back into Fort Briggs.

He found it!

Al found his dad sleeping on a couch and woke him up.

“What?” He asked surprised.

“I won!” He said holding up the book.

“Well, Fullmetal. You have proven yourself worthy to continue being a State Alchemist. Congratulations,”

“Thank you, sir,” he saluted at the superior officer.

As soon as Ed was out of the office he sighed. His exam was always so easy, it's a waste of his time. He could be home with his mom and leading his men. But instead, he had to take a test so easy that a five-year-old could pass it! Walking through the halls of Central, Ed was hoping to get out of here as fast as possible, even if he didn't know where he will be going.

"Fullmetal!" But of course, Roy Mustang had to show up.

Ed has known Roy as long as he's been in the military. He used to be one of the men in charge of the State Alchemist exam, but now he was stationed at Eastern Command so he hasn't seen him since the last joint training with the East.

He wonders if he knows he was promoted? Ed took his record of the youngest Colonel. They were the same rank now! No longer could he annoy him with his comments about his height and if his mom was single.

"Flame Alchemist," Ed said in a monotone voice and he makes sure his face isn't showing any emotion what so ever.

"It's been a while. I almost didn't see you there. I see you haven't grown one bit since I last saw you,"

Was this his punishment for having a short temper back then? Well, Mustang had another thing coming if he thought he could push him around he had another thing coming!

"I'm glad your tall it gives me more of you to dislike,"

"I see your still as sarcastic as ever,"

"I hide behind sarcasm because telling you to go fuck yourself is rude in most social situations,"

Roy's eyebrow twitched before speaking in a serious tone.

“That's no way to speak to a superior officer, Major,”

“Are sure about that?” He said matching Mustang's tone.

Roy looked at his uniform and slowly his face contoured into a shocked mess.”

“What! How can you be promoted two whole ranks!”

Before he could ask more questions, Ed started to walk away. As soon as his back was turned, he started to grin.

Maybe this trip wouldn't be so bad after all.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading and commenting! I had fun writing this chapter.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He was sitting on a bench. Why? You may be asking? Ed didn't really know himself, and that's why he's on a random bench somewhere close to Headquarters.

Edward's train of thought was interrupted by a man running towards him. As he got closer he could see he was a lieutenant colonel.

"Colonel Armstrong!"

"Yes?"

"You know that the train for North City is leaving in five minutes, right?"

"Yes, I do," Ed replied in a monotone voice.

A look of genuine shock crossed the man's face. Why was he so shocked?

"Wait! So you're not going back to Fort Briggs?" He questioned.

"No, I am not going back home. I would if I could but my mo-I mean, Major General Armstrong stationed me here,"

He was about to rant about how ridiculous his mom was for forcing him to stay here, but then he realized that the man was staring at him intensely and quite frankly, freaking him out!

“If you don’t mind me asking sir, do you have somewhere to stay?”

Of course he did! He could check in at a hotel, go to the dorms, or if push came to shove, Ed could stay at the Armstrong Family Mansion. But in all honesty it was so awkward in there that he’d rather sleep outside.

But Edward was bored so why not humour this man.

“No,”

The man's demeanour changed in an instant.

“Then why don’t you stay with my lovely wife Gracia and my beautiful daughter Elisha!”

Before Ed was able to reply. Photos of this man's family were in front of him.

“Ah I-“ Was all he could get out before he was interrupted.

“Yes! Well then let’s get going! You’ll love Gracia’s cooking!”

The man grabbed his left hand and started to drag him somewhere.

“Lieutenant colonel!” The man stopped and let go of him.

“Oh I’m sorry I got a little to excited,”

Understatement of the year, Ed thought.

“Look if it’s that important to you I’ll come with you but I can walk,”

“Right. Sorry Armstr-“

It was Ed’s turn to interrupt him,

“If I will be staying at your house then please call me Edward or Ed,”

“Of course. I forgot to introduce myself, I’m Maes Hughes,”

“Nice to meet you Hughes. Um....so where do you work?”

“I work in the investigations department. I also work very closely with Major Armstrong,”

“Oh,”

He looked down. He didn’t know how to respond, he normally talked when he was giving commands or receiving them but he was not used to small talk.

“So why did you join the military,”

“I honestly forgot a long time ago! I went to the military academy, made some friends and by time I joined the military I was sent to Ishval,” Maes answered.

All Ed could say was “Oh,”

They took a pitstop to a bathroom so Ed could change out of his military uniform, and then the rest of the walk was in silence until they made it to his house.

Okay, so maybe Alphonse was a little over his head. Maybe he thought that the hardest part of his journey was to convince his dad but now he actually has to look for Edward. He was probably at Briggs but the Armstrong Family Mansion was in Central and Alex Louis Armstrong was Stationed in Central and it would be a waste not to check.

Pulling out his leather notebook he packed for this trip he started to write a list of places to look in Central for his Brother.

Alphonse's heart skipped a beat thinking about his brother. He couldn't wait to meet him.

He packed up his things and started to make his way to the nearest hotel. It was getting late and he was exhausted

Chapter End Notes

There will be little of Al for a bit, sorry. I don't have wifi for the for a while but I'm at a friends house with wifi so I can post. I have most of chapter 5 done so be on the lookout for that. Thank you so much for reading my story.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Ed has a 'fun' talk at Hughes place

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Honey! I’m home!”

“Welcome home my love! Elisha is staying at her friend's house for a sleepover tonight so it's just us tonight!” Called another voice that was coming from the next room over.

A brown haired woman with warm eyes turned the corner.

Edward didn’t know what to think. He hasn’t seen romance in a long time. Not since Emily died at least.

“So how about we....Oh hello, who are you?”

She trailed off when she noticed Ed standing beside her husband.

“Hello, my name's Edward, it’s a pleasure to meet you,” he held out his left hand and she took it.

“Nice to meet you Ed, my name is Gracia. So Edward, are you staying with us for dinner?”

Before Ed could respond, Hughes answered.

“Yep,”

“Well then, come in. I just need to put out a extra plate,”

By the time Ed was seated, there was already a plate for him with some casserole on it. They eat in silence for a while but Gracia finishes before him and Hughes. At that moment Ed knew she would ask some questions.

“So do your parents work with my husband?” Griacia questioned.

“I guess,” Edward replied.

He knows he really should just tell her that he works in the military but he wanted to eat and not make her awkward.

“Where are your parents?” She said looking worried.

“At work..” Ed said quietly.

Hughes looked at him with an eyebrow raised.

“I think what Ed’s trying to say is, that he works in the military,”

“What?” Gracia said and she looked like she was going to faint.

Ed sighed and looked at Hughes for guidance. Hughes nodded, getting the message.

“Gracia, remember that twelve year old who took the State Alchemist Exam,”

“Yes...Oh! You're that kid!” She said a bit too loud for Ed’s liking.

“Yep,” Ed said, picking at his food.

“If you don’t mind me asking, why did you join the military?” She asked.

“I do mind actually,” He snapped back.

“Sorry Ed. So, if you're a State Alchemist, who are you stationed under?” She questioned.

“Major General Olivier Armstrong,” Ed mumbled.

Gracia looked shocked.

“Ed, if you're uncomfortable, I can do the talking for you, if you want?” Hughes said, sensing the tension and looking at Ed with sympathy.

Edward decided at that moment that Hughes was a saint. Even if it was his fault he was in this situation at all.

Ed nodded his head a bit too eagerly.

“Edward is Major General Armstrong’s son. He was just promoted to Colonel and he is staying here in Central for a while,” Hughes told his wife.

“Oh, I’m so sorry Ed if I made you uncomfortable,” Graica looked at him apologetically.

“Don’t worry about it,” Ed replied. He was just happy that the cat was out of the bag.

“Well, it was very nice to meet you Edward but I have to get to bed,”

“Thanks again and goodnight,”

She smiled at him before walking upstairs.

Chapter End Notes

So I didn’t add AI because I still need to write it but I am finished this. I went over this with my mom (yes my mom helps me sometimes, she writes for a living) she said that if there is dialogue then you need to add who said it. So I tried my best. Thank you so much for reading

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Alphonse has a run in with someone and Ed has a talk with Hughes

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME!”

Alphonse turned to the alleyway where the screaming came from

Al dropped his bag and ran to help the person in need. As Al got closer, the blood curdling scream stopped and an abnormally large man stepped out of the dark alleyway.

His face was pale, and bony as if the man had been starved,

His eyes were a dull blue color and his nose was long and hooked. The man grinned at Alphonse with crooked yellow teeth.

“Look at that! Is someone trying to be a hero?” His voice was deep and husky like he smoked too much.

Alphonse just stared at the man, hoping he didn’t notice the fear trying to escape Al’s eyes.

The man started running toward him at breakneck speed.

Al tried to run out of the way, but he didn't have enough time and was suddenly hit full force with a gigantic right hook to his gut, followed by a very strong punch to his jaw.

The impact caused him to double over in pain.

His head hit the ground and stars began to fill his vision. The man wasted no time and kept throwing punches and all he could do was lay on the ground, thinking of how he would get out of this situation.

Just then the man stopped and turned around to the other victim in the alleyway.

“AH! OH GOD NO, HELP ME, HELP ME!!!”

Al lightly touched his head and when he looked at it again his hand was covered in blood. Alphonse quickly drew a transmutation circle using his blood and put his hands down on the circle. The ground contorted as it trapped the man in a cylinder of earth, leaving his arms stuck tight to his side.

The last thing Al saw was blue and gold before he fell into the darkness

All of Ed's life, he has lived by three main principles

The law of Equivalent Exchange

All is one and one is all

Survival of the fittest

So even though Hughes is probably a great guy, there was a reason he invited Ed over and Edward was tired of waiting.

They are in his living room, Ed sitting on the couch and Maes sitting on a rocking chair.

“So, Hughes,” Ed crossed his legs, “What’s the real reason you invited me over Hughes?”

“What are you talking about Ed?” Maes looked genuinely confused.

“Don’t lie to me,” Ed said, looking up to meet Maes eyes, “What do you want my help with?”

“Ed I really don’t know what you are talking about,”

“Look,” Ed crossed his arms and sighed, “You don’t just offer someone a place to stay and a meal for free. So, what do I owe you Lieutenant?”

Hughes met Edward’s eyes as he spoke.

“Edward, I have no idea how you came to that consultation. I invited you because I wanted to,”

“But, why?” Ed said, putting his left hand on his forehead, “It doesn’t make any sense! Even if there’s nothing you want from me, I’ll still be in your debt!” Ed yelled.

He hated owning people anything and just thing about it made him upset!

“Kid, I invited you because I wanted to and because you had no place to go,” he must’ve sensed Ed’s frustration because he added, “But if you don’t wanna be in my “Debt” I do have a case I need help on,”

Ed smiled.

“What do you need help with?”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it took me so long to update. I wanted to make my chapters longer but then I started second-guessing how good my writing was. Sorry if the chapter sucked but I hope you enjoy. Thanks for reading

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

This is the old chapter 7 and new stuff.

Ed has a nightmare

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Have you heard of the recent killings of State Alchemists?” Hughes asked Ed.

When Ed first got to Central, the higher ups warned him about the killings but other than that he knew next to nothing

“Yes. Is that the case you want me to start working on?” Ed inquired

“Yep,” Hughes yawned “Let’s talk about it tomorrow, I think it’s time for me to go to bed

It was then he realized how tired he was and nodded in agreement

Hughes showed Ed his bedroom and left to go to bed. Edward got ready for bed and the second his head hit the pillow he fell to sleep.

He was in the dark. A cold shiver racked his body

Ed looked around and then he saw Emily. She was holding out her hand

Waiting for him to take it.

Ed was trying to grab Emily's outstretched hand, but just as he was about to reach it, Ed's hand disappeared. Black tendrils started tearing at his flesh. He whipped his head around and saw the gate, its huge doors opening and sticking him in the white abyss of knowledge. Ed suddenly was aware of the throbbing pain in his left leg and when he looked down he saw it was gone.

"Ed,"

Emily was back, arms outstretched. Her olive green eyes looked at him lovingly.

A crackle of electricity and lightning, the next thing Ed saw was Emily. But her eyes were no longer green. Her eyes were a dark purple that seemed to glow.

Her body twisted and contoured into a deformed, living mass. All those twisted limbs, the pulsating, the horrible gaping mouth, the eyes and that strained, gasping noise... It's like the creature was struggling to breathe.

Its ribs were sticking out of its chest, and its limbs were halfway through its body in some places.

It suddenly came closer and tried to claw at Ed's skin.

Tears start to stream down Ed's face as he backs away, shaking his head.

"P-please! I'm sorry!" He screams, struggling to get out of their grasp. Their nails, feeling razor sharp, dig into his skin as he tries pulling away.

They slowly start dragging him towards them, black blood leaking from their mouths in thick, sticky rivulets.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

“Ed?”

"Let go of me!" Ed shouts as he continues to be pulled back. "Please!"

"Ed! It's just a dream, wake up!"

"Let go! Let go of me! I- I don't mean to! Please!"

Ed shoots up into a sitting position, eyes wide as he gasps for air. Almost as if he had been drowning. He felt something warm roll down his cheeks and realized that they were tears.

There was someone beside him and as he turned around, he saw Hughes looking at him with a worried expression. He tensed and swiftly wiped his tears.

“Ed-”

“I’m fine, I appreciate your concern but it was just a nightmare,” Ed interrupted him quickly. He can’t believe how weak he was.

Edward pulled the covers over his head and he waited until he heard the door close to start crying again.

All Ed was, was weak.

The world seemed to spin around Ed. There was a sharp, throbbing pain that took hold of him, so much so that all he wanted to do was vomit and hope the pain would come out with it. Cold shivers shot through his body, leaving him trembling.

The pain flared once more and every muscle in his body tensed up. Edward waited for the pain to subside once again. He was tired of having to deal with the pain, but he didn't really have a choice in the matter. So he swallowed the pain and continued onward.

Ed could deal with pain. He could handle it. Physical pain was familiar and it was easy enough to deal with. Injured? Clean the wound, stitch if needed and bandage.

His automail bothered him though. But it wasn't because they had to reconnect the nerves when he got his automail refitted or repaired. It wasn't because of the irritation he often had to deal with around both of the ports either.

Hell! It wasn't even the constant minor maintenance like cleaning out dirt or drying it off when it got wet. Not the occasional ache around the ports when the weather got bad. No, the worst part about his automail wasn't the physical pain or the hassle of it all, but that irrational phantom pain that tended to show up out of nowhere, for no reason.

And the absolute worst part of it, was that it wasn't pain he could control, put a label on, or get rid of.

Sometimes it would appear as a stinging pain on his left side, other times it would appear as a crippling pain on his right side, and sometimes it would appear as a sharp, throbbing pain in his left leg.

Sometimes it would appear as a series of small, but very powerful electric shocks that he felt inside his back, sending a sharp pain up through his body. Other times it would be like a hot knife being forced through his shoulder blades.

The only thing that kept him going was the fact that eventually it would fade away and disappear. In fact, all he could do about it was grit his teeth and endure it.

A knock at the door stopped his train of thought.

“Ed, can I come in?”

A part of Ed just wanted to say no but he knew he owed the man an explanation.

“Yes,”

Maes opened the door, he looked worried and Ed already knew why.

“Look, I know you said you didn’t want to talk about it. But I’m worried about you,”

“It was just a nightmare,”

“Ed, I have seen nightmares. That was not a normal nightmare,”

Edward broke eye contact with him and looked down at the floor.

“I know I just met you Ed and you have no reason to trust me but...I haven’t seen a nightmare like that since...Ishval,”

Ed head snapped up to look at Hughes. At that moment he understood why he cared about him so much. Hughes was trying to be a father to Ed.

“Maes, thank you but I just had a bad nightmare,”

“Ok, but is there anything I can help you with?”

Ed’s cheeks blushed in embarrassment.

“Can you help me oil my automail, I can’t reach the back,”

Hughes smiled

“Of course,”

Chapter End Notes

I am starting to like my writing more. I merge the old chapter 7 and my new stuff. Thank you so much for reading

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Edward meets the team.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

As Ed walked down the halls of Central Command he felt nerves for the first time in years. Thinking back, the last time he felt this nerve was either when he had automail surgery or when he took his State Alchemist exam.

He paused as Maes opened the door. Ed lifted his head up and straightened his shoulders. Making sure he looked like the Fullmetal Alchemist.

As Ed looked around, he noticed there were only four people there. Back home most teams had ten to fifteen people at the least.

All of them saluted but they all had confused expressions when they noticed Edward.

“Good morning everyone. In the coming weeks Colonel Armstrong will be helping us with this investigation,”

Hughes then pointed to each of the soldiers.

“This is Warrant Officer Amber Wilson,”

“Sergeant Michael Aston,”

“Second Lieutenant Philip Hampton,”

“ And the Spark-Work Alchemist Peter Watson”

The first one, Warrant Officer Wilson. Had tanned skin and narrow pale grey eyes. Her fine, straight, red hair was worn in a bun that reminded Edward of an overused mop.

Sergeant Aston, had turquoise eyes silky and straight, black hair.

Second Lieutenant Hampton had a large build and had bright green eyes. He had brown messy hair and a smile on his face and a just as messy unshaved face.

The Spark-Work Alchemist Watson...looked like an asshole. Ed could tell he was grinding his teeth and he just stared at Ed with brown eyes full of unadulterated hate. His slick mustard hair was gelled back.

Wilson looked nervous as she said "Permission to speak sir!"

"Permission granted," Hughes replied

"Umm with all do respect...Why is that kid here,"

Ed sighed, of course they were going to talk about his age. It didn't matter if he was a major or a colonel. Whenever he met someone new, they always asked if he was lost, or if his dad worked here.

Before Maes could start to explain, Ed stepped forward. His steps were calculated as he advanced.

His voice was emotionless as he said "Yes, I am a child. I am also your superior officer. If you have a problem with that, then you can leave,"

“I was only joking around,” Amber mumbled

“No, you weren’t joking. Would you joke around if Colonel Mustang walked in here, would you start ‘joking.’ No you wouldn’t. I demand to have the same respect that you would give to one of your superior officers!”

She looked surprised at Edwards' tone as she responded. “I apologize for my disrespect sir. I was just confused,”

Ed nodded his head and then turned to face everyone else.

“Before we start. Does anyone else have anything to say,”

His voice carried a sense of seriousness as he spoke. But Ed could tell that Watson was biting his tongue.

He obviously was not excited to work with Edward, and he was sure if it wasn’t for Hughes here that Watson would disrespect Edwards rank.

Ed knew that Watson was going to be a problem down the line. But right now he had a job to do.

—

But of course it turns out that there was little to no information on the investigation.

“Is this seriously all we have to go by!”

“Why do you think I asked you to help out with this case?” Maes replied jokingly.

"I mean we don't have much info, why do you think there are so few of us working on this case," Hampton added.

“But I thought this was a big deal?” Ed questioned.

“It is, but the government is too lazy to do anything about it,” Hampton sighed as he looked down at some paperwork.

Suddenly the telephone rang, Hughes picked it up and after a few seconds he responded with a quick “Yes sir” before hanging up.

“I’m sorry Colonel Armstrong, but I have a unexpected meeting,”

Ed waved his hand nonchalantly as he responded. “Don’t worry about it,”

However, Ed didn’t know the hell that was about to break loose after Maes left.

He was just reading some files. There was next to nothing on this ‘State Alchemist killer.’ All Ed knew was:

That over five State Alchemist were murder, all having their brain exploded from the inside out.

There is no evidence on who murder the victims.

They were all killed using alchemy.

Of course though it would mea-

“Hey Kid,”

Ed’s eyes twitched as he responded calmly.

“Yes Spark-Work?”

“Why is a kid like you here?”

“I didn’t know you were deaf, as I said earlier, I am here to help with this investigation,”

“No, I asked why some dumb kid just walked in and starts to order me around!”

That's it. Fuck it! Ed was done with this asshole

He looked towards him. “Get out of my sight now!” He shouted.

“And what are you going to do about it. Go cry to your mommy!”

“You have no place here. I warned you. Get the hell out of my sight.”

“Make me, Fullmetal,”

“You asked for it!” Ed said.

With a clap of his hands, his automail transformed into a sharp blade. Before Watson knew it. Ed was on top of him. A blade at his throat.

Suddenly a new voice was heard.

“What the hell!”

Edward got up and turned to face Colonel Roy Mustang.

Fuck my life!

Could this day get any worse!

Chapter End Notes

I kept thinking this was shit but I saw a post on tumblr that really helped me:

If you want to write, write. Otherwise only you are standing in the way of what you want. So I just had fun and tried

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Ed looks at the case

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Fullmetal?”

“Flame,” Ed said as he retracted his automail blade.

“I thought you left after your assessment? And what the hell did I just walk into!”

Before Ed could answer, the man under his feet blurted.

“This kid is abusing me!”

Ed kicked Spark-Work with his left leg before answering.

“To answer your first question, I’m staying in Central for awhile. Second, I’m teaching this disrespectful excuse of a State Alchemist a lesson,” Edward said, making sure to show no emotions to Colonel jackass.

“Might I know why?” Mustang said as he raised his eyebrow.

“No, you may not. Now why are you here Mustang?”

“I came to talk to Hughes but it seems he’s not here at the moment,”

“Lieutenant Colonel Hughes is currently in a meeting, and he left me to supervise,”

“It looks like you are failing at that job,”

“What do you want from me? I am not in the mood to deal with you today,” Ed said. He'd dealt with enough bullshit for one day

Roy sighed “Do you know when Hughes is done with his meeting?”

“I think in a hour but I’m not too sure,”

“Well that's all I needed to know,” Roy said as he walked away.

“Your Welcome asshole!” Edward yelled at him.

Roy didn’t respond.

As soon as Maes returned and Ed told him about Spark-Work he left for a walk. He needed to get out of that office and take a small break.

The streets were not too busy and the weather was alright. It was too hot for his liking but it wasn't unbearable. Ed got a few looks, but he was fine. It was okay. He was the Fullmetal

Alchemist, but it didn't matter if people thought he was some dumb kid or lost. He didn't need people's approval...right?

His train of thought was cut off by the sound of someone screaming.

“AH! OH GOD NO, HELP ME, HELP ME!!!”

Edward ran, the noise was coming from an alleyway. Just then he saw a flash of blue light, alchemy.

The first thing he saw as he rounded the corner was a boy laying on the ground. Beside him was a man encased in earth. In all honesty, it was impressive work. Suddenly the woman who was screaming ran up to Ed.

“Please help, I...I was being attacked and....this boy saved me. Please help him!” She then toppled over into Ed's arms and passed out.

Shit

He gently put her down, leaning on the alleyway wall.

Edward looked around, there were only around three to five people.

“Go get help!” He screamed at the civilians. Fuck, Ed was not trained in this shit. The city was so big and open and this wasn't a battlefield. At least he knew more first aid than most State Alchemists.

Edward knelt down to see how injured they were. What surprised Ed was how young this person was. They looked to be younger than Edward. His golden hair was covered in blood from the wound on his forehead. He had a few cuts but other than the head wound, Ed wasn't too worried.

This kid was still breathing and seemed to just be unconscious, now that wasn't a good thing! But it was much better than someone being shot or being impaled.

Ed took a breath and took the kid to the ambulance.

Alphonse woke up to the sound of a heart monitor beeping. At first he was confused but he then remembered what happened.

He was pretty much frozen in a daze for a while.

He seemed to recall being in pain, and being in a ton of pain, but then it was gone, his thoughts were just disconnected.

He saw a nurse coming towards him.

The nurse reached her hand out, and touched his hand.

"Hi, how are you feeling?," She had a soft spoken voice that kinda reminded Al of his mom.

"Okay I guess, but I'm really tired,"

"That makes sense. You were sleeping a lot, and you were sedated.

The doctors say that you're recovering fast, but that your body has just been through quite a lot.

Is it okay if I just check you for anything, just for a few minutes?"

"That's great.

After she finished she said,

“We had some visitors this morning, they’re probably going to come back to see you tomorrow,”

Al nodded and she left.

Chapter End Notes

I wrote this a while ago so I hope it's good

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Al wakes up

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Al woke up to the sound of a knock on the door, he looked up to see a man wearing a military uniform. He had a thin scruffy beard and short spiky black hair. And he had rectangular glasses in front of his hazel eyes. The man kind of reminded Al of his mom.

“Sorry I woke you up. My name is Lieutenant Colonel Hughes. I hope you don’t mind if I ask you a few questions?” He said with a smile on his face.

“Alphonse, and don’t worry about it, I don’t mind at all,”

He took a seat beside the bed and pulled out a small notebook and a pencil.

“Now then, do you mind if you can tell me your full name?”

“Alphonse Elric,”

“Okay so, how old are you?”

“Thirteen,”

Hughes just nodded

“Very good, where are you from?”

“I’m from Resembool,”

“How long have you lived there?”

“I’ve lived there my whole life, this is the first time I’ve left home before,”

“What about your family?”

“I’m an only child. My dad is an alchemist and my mom stays at home,”

“Where are your parents now? I couldn’t find them in the waiting room?”

“Oh, I’m here by myself,”

Hughes looked shocked

“And this is your first time you’ve left Resembool!”

“Uh... Yeah,”

Hughes put his hand to his forehead and sighed.

“Well that means one thing,”

Al started to panic before saying. “What?”

“You can come live with me until you go back home!”

“What!”

“Yeah! I have a wife and my precious daughter at home,”

“That’s a kind offer but I’ll be fine,”

“Look Alphonse, you're a minor in a big city who was just attacked. I can’t leave you running around the city alone,”

Al thought about it for a moment before responding “Ok, thank you so much,”

“Great! Now I just have a few more questions for you.”

Al nodded and Hughes wrote a few things down.

They ended up talking about the attack for an hour but then a nurse came in.

“Um, sorry to interrupt you Lieutenant Colonel but Mr.Elric is being discharged. We just need you to sign the paper,”

“Of course!”

Hughes grabbed the paper and signed it quickly and turned to face Alphonse.

“Let’s go home!”

“And then that bastard had the nerve to pull rank. But the look on his face was priceless, I wish you could've seen it!”

“I do too,” Olivier said

“I started working on a mission with lieutenant colonel Maes Hughes. But-”

“Ed, times up,” Hughes interrupted.

“Got to go, talk later,”

He hung up and followed Hughes.

Chapter End Notes

I got nothing other than thank you so much for reading. I hope this is good.

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Alphonse wakes up.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Al woke up to the sound of a knock on the door, he looked up to see a man wearing a military uniform. He had a thin scruffy beard and short spiky black hair. And he had rectangular glasses in front of his hazel eyes. The man kind of reminded Al of his mom.

“Sorry I woke you up. My name is Lieutenant Colonel Hughes. I hope you don’t mind if I ask you a few questions?” He said with a smile on his face.

“Alphonse, and don’t worry about it, I don’t mind at all,”

He took a seat beside the bed and pulled out a small notebook and a pencil.

“Now then, do you mind if you can tell me your full name?”

“Alphonse Elric,”

“Okay so, how old are you?”

“Thirteen,”

Hughes just nodded

“Very good, where are you from?”

“I’m from Resembool,”

“How long have you lived there?”

“I’ve lived there my whole life, this is the first time I’ve left home before,”

“What about your family?”

“I’m an only child. My dad is an alchemist and my mom stays at home,”

“Where are your parents now? I couldn’t find them in the waiting room?”

“Oh, I’m here by myself,”

Hughes looked shocked

“And this is your first time you’ve left Resembool!”

“Uh... Yeah,”

Hughes put his hand to his forehead and sighed.

“Well that means one thing,”

Al started to panic before saying. “What?”

“You can come live with me until you go back home!”

“What!”

“Yeah! I have a wife and my precious daughter at home,”

“That’s a kind offer but I’ll be fine,”

“Look Alphonse, you're a minor in a big city who was just attacked. I can’t leave you running around the city alone,”

Al thought about it for a moment before responding “Ok, thank you so much,”

“Great! Now I just have a few more questions for you.”

Al nodded and Hughes wrote a few things down.

They ended up talking about the attack for an hour but then a nurse came in.

“Um, sorry to interrupt you Lieutenant Colonel but Mr.Elric is being discharged. We just need you to sign the paper,”

“Of course!”

Hughes grabbed the paper and signed it quickly and turned to face Alphonse.

“Let’s go home!”

“And then that bastard had the nerve to pull rank. But the look on his face was priceless, I wish you could've seen it!”

“I do too,” Olivier said

“I started working on a mission with lieutenant colonel Maes Hughes. But-”

“Ed, times up,” Hughes interrupted.

“Got to go, talk later,”

He hung up and followed Hughes.

The hallway had as much personality as the rest of the hospital. The floor was slate gray and the walls were a lighter shade of gray. The ceiling had lights that were bright enough to give Ed a migraine.

The hospital smelled of antiseptic. The smell cut Edward like a knife. Above every door he passed there was a large plastic sign, dark with white lettering- no fancy fonts, just bold and all-caps. It's so new and spotless Ed felt like the whole building must have just gotten beamed here from some-place dirt is outlawed.

Back home, the hospital looked just like the rest of the fort, cold and made of steel. But they both have the same smell, a smell that gives you a sense of life and death, pain and pleasure, happiness and sadness.

Hughes snapped Ed out of his musings as he spoke, his voice hushed.

“Did you read my notes about Alphonse?”

Ed just nodded, he hasn't met anyone that was his own age before and Ed didn't know how to feel about it. Unfortunately he didn't have a lot of time to think about it before they were at the door of Alphonse Elric's room. He reached for the navy door handle. Without pause he pushed, it swung open soundlessly and with ease. A draft of air hit his face, warm and with a slight smell of bleach.

The room was plain, a little cramped, with cream white walls. There was a single-bed with an IV line hanging up and a wooden nightstand. Ed sat on a wooden stool next to the wall and waited for the boy to wake up.

But the second he got comfortable, Alphonse woke up. He rubbed his eyes and sat up. Before he noticed Edward and froze. Looking up close, Ed could see how similar the two looked. Ed snapped back to reality and spoke.

“It's nice to meet you Alphonse, my name is Edward Armstrong and-” Ed was cut off.”

“Armstrong? Like Olivier Armstrong!” The boy was ecstatic. Ed didn't know how this boy knew of his mom, and was so excited about it.

“Um, yes?” Ed answered, hoping he didn't look like an idiot.

Alphonse smiled and exclaimed.

“You’re my brother!”

“Um, I’m...what!” Ok, so maybe he wasn’t an idiot after all. Did this kid still have a concussion? He had no siblings. Unless his dad... Edward’s face went pale at the realization. All his life, he had heard the whispers. How he was a bastard child. How his mom first tried to kill him and how she blamed him for what his father did. But after he was born his mother stopped hating him and loved him but that didn’t mean his father didn’t cause his mother grief.

"How do you know we're brothers?" Ed asked.

"Oh, our dad told me!"

"That man is not my father!" Ed screamed suddenly. Al's smile dropped

"But he is!" Alphonse insisted.

Edward calmed down and shook his head.

"That man is nothing to me, even if he is my biological father," Ed said, trying to get his thoughts together. Alphonse stared back and had no time to answer as Edward asked another question.

“Can you excuse me for a second?” Ed said, looking for some way to get away.

“Of course! Take your time,”

The second Ed’s back was behind Alphonse, he dropped his calm façade and scowled.

“Are you kidding me?” he whispered, as he slowly shook his head.

He needed some fresh air.

Chapter End Notes

1000 words! I used to write over that on Wattpad but now I hold myself to a high standard so it's harder. My finals went good. I got 97% in ELA so that's good. I hope you enjoyed and thanks for the support on my little break. Thank you so much for reading and stay safe

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Ed has to talk to someone he hoped he would never meet

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ed was trying to get his head around the situation, really he was. But no matter how hard he tried, it was difficult to make sense of it all.

There are two possibilities, either Alphonse was confused and or lying. Or he was telling the truth and was really his brother.

Ed prayed that it was the first opinion. He had enough going on with the killings, he didn't have the time or energy to deal with family drama.

Edward sighed as he put his head against the wall he was leaning on in the hallway

He could call his mom but.....he didn't want to be a burden. What if bringing up Hohenheim made her mad. He already troubles her enough as it is anyway. Ed would just have to deal with this on his own.

His first transmutation was a simple cylinder raised from some scrap metal. In a week, he no longer needs to rely on the perfectly drawn arrays of unknown origin and small scrawled letters he found in a box. His mama gave him a big hug and mom gave him a small smile.

It was a normal day when it happened

He was reading in his room when Miles came into his room. His eyes shone with sadness.

Miles crouched down and told Ed the worst thing he could have. Mama was dead.

His leg was throbbing, his arm screamed in agony. But all of it was null and void when he heard footsteps coming. Edward's pain was converted into shame when he saw the look of horror on his mom's face.

Life moved on.

He threw away his childhood when he stood in a white void of knowledge.

He lost his innocence when he sold his soul in exchange for a silver pocket watch.

All of it was whisked away by the cold frost of Briggs.

But Ed grits his teeth and clenches his fingers, he had to keep going because he did this to himself. His hair was longer now and the warmth then turned cold.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

He got lost in his thoughts and when he suddenly heard the sound of footsteps.

“Edward,” Maes said, panting as he came to a halt beside Ed.

“Is everything alright Lieutenant Colonel?”

“Alphonse’s father just arrived. You seemed pretty shaken up earlier, is everything alright,” Maes said sympathetically. It made Ed sick.

“Thank you for your concern but I am fine,”

As they walked back into the hospital room Edward braced himself. There were two outcomes, Alphonse was his brother or was not his brother. Edward prayed to a god he didn’t believe in that it was the latter.

As he turned the corner he could hear voices.

“Alphonse! Do you have any idea how worried I was! You said you would be careful and that I didn’t need to worry. Instead I had a heart attack! What are we going to tell your Mother! I knew this was a terrible idea,”

“But dad, I found him!”

Abruptly the conversation ended when they must have heard their footsteps.

The second he walked into the room he realized that either god hated him or he was dead.

Before him was a tall middle-age man with a full beard. He had long golden blonde hair loose in a ponytail, which was strikingly similar to Edward's. The man had golden eyes that resembled the golden flakes in Edward's blue ones. He shook Ed's hand in greeting and when he smiled, it reminded Ed of the aged grainy photo he found in the box of alchemy books when he was three.

It became clear to Edward that Alphonse was not crazy. This man was his father, Van Hohenheim.

Behind him Alphonse was sitting upright on the bed. Then to prove that his brother was indeed his brother, he smiled the same smile.

Ed wanted to throw up right then and there. The worst part of it all was that he had to act professionally. In this room he was Colonel Edward Armstrong, a State Alchemist. Not Ed the pissed son of Olivier Mira Armstrong.

Edward straighten up and spoke, making sure his voice didn't show a hint of emotion.

"You must be Mr. Elric, I am sorry your son got caught up in this investigation," Ed hoped this little jab made Hohenheim uncomfortable.

"Hohenheim, Van Hohenheim. It's okay, I'm just glad Alphonse is safe. I'm sorry to ask this of you Colonel Armstrong, but do you know if Alphonse will be discharged from the hospital?" It was clear Hohenheim was uncomfortable.

"I'm not a doctor so I wouldn't know, but unfortunately we need to keep Alphonse with us for a while, if that's okay with you sir?"

"Of course but if I'm allowed, may I know why you need him?"

Edward knew he wasn't the most patient person in the world. He just wanted this man to leave.

“Your son is likely a witness to this case and if you would allow me to be honest, we need as many hands on this investigation as we can,”

Ed was talking out his ass and Hughes most certainly knew that, but thankfully didn't stop him. The truth was that Ed didn't just want Hohenheim to leave but he also wanted to talk to Alphonse. Ed was curious about this bright eyed alchemist.

“I see. Okay but if you have the time I would like to met up to talk about...stuff,”

Ed knew what he wanted to talk about and he wished he had the strength to tell it like it is. Unfortunately Ed was weak and above all else he was a scientist and wanted to know the truth, no matter how disappointing it was.

“I'll see if I have the time, we can talk more about it next time we meet,”

“Perfect! Alphonse I will see you next week to check in,” Hohenheim being the best father, leaves his son to a group of strangers.

“If you excuse me, I have to go,” Ed rushed out of the hospital and into an alleyway. Then he proceeded to scream

Chapter End Notes

I'M BACK! And worse than ever. In the span of a year I...

Was abused and gaslighted
Lost almost all of the people I love
Collected trauma like Pokémon cards
Have crippling anxiety attacks

In all seriousness I just want to thank you for all the patience and to the new readers just know I hope to update more often.

I haven't touched this story in over a year and then three days ago my brain thought I should write.

This was written on a bus and at night so this is not my best work but I was able to make this chapter over 1000 words!!!!!! I'm now going to go back to crying over the fear of losing my girlfriend and best friend!!!!!!

Let's hope the next A/N isn't in 2023

Thanks again and I hope you enjoyed

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!