

Ticked Off

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Ticked Off

by [Moonlight_Hearts](#)

Summary

He was never ashamed of his tics. However, after considering joining the military with them knowing nothing about his condition, he started to think of ways to hide it. Hell yeah he was badass and of course they would want him in the military either way so they definitely didn't need to know about it. Right?

Or: Ed has Tourette's Syndrome and has been harming himself by suppressing his tics. This is literally just him telling them and all fluff. Team Mustang love him so much I can't.

Notes

Hey everyone! I'm Sasha and got sucked into the world of Fullmetal Alchemist a year or so ago. There was absolutely no content with Ed and Tourette's which is a crime so I will be uploading what I want to see more of. For anyone that doesn't know, Tourette's Syndrome is "a nervous system disorder involving repetitive movements or unwanted sounds. Tourette syndrome starts in childhood. It involves uncontrollable repetitive movements or unwanted sounds (tics), such as repeatedly blinking the eyes, shrugging shoulders, or blurting out offensive words."

Happy reading!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Ed really didn't know what he should do in this situation.

Is this a time where he should excuse himself? At this point it is less of a matter of him not wanting to disturb Mustang's team and more about him not wanting to lose control of himself in front of them.

Al and Granny had started noticing when Ed was six that he would make random movements and noises throughout the day. After many months of avoiding the inevitable they were finally able to corral Ed to their town doctor.

Tics.

He only had a few at first and they didn't really cause any trouble. Whistling was his most common one, along with repeating peoples' phrases back to them and any specific sounds that clicked just right with his brain. His physical tics were slightly more annoying but they never really got out of hand.

Until he got older that is.

Now, Ed knows that committing the taboo was a bad thing and he should definitely not have done that. However, he is kind of glad he had two less limbs jerking about at random times of the day. While the automail he later got installed did connect to his nerves, they didn't play any part in his tics.

He picks up new tics every few months but has mostly settled into a pattern. His vocal tics were the most common, and his more physical tics had the unfortunate tendency to make him hurt himself.

Of course Al and Granny knew about everything the whole time, so he never had to suppress his tics with them. However, after considering joining the military with them knowing nothing about his condition, he started to think of ways to hide it. Hell yeah he was badass and of course they would want him in the military either way so they definitely didn't need to know about it. Right?

Al says he's overcompensating. He yells and gets in people's faces and says weird things enough that nobody looks too hard at him when he lets out a yell or confusing string of words. He's a genius, so obviously he's saying something smart and they're just too stupid to understand.

At least that's what he's going with.

Suppressing his tics around Colonel Bastard and his crew was a pain but a necessary one. The bastard already treated him like a child, he didn't need to give him more reason too. After all, would his commanding officer still send him on these missions if he knew Ed could be a liability? Ed couldn't take that gamble, they had to get their bodies back. He promised Al and he had no intention of backing out because of something this stupid. There was also another thing.

When he was in the field, his tics calmed significantly, he's barely ever gotten any while fighting. He researched it in Central's library and found it had to do something with his focus. Fighting and alchemy was a beautiful song and dance that allowed him to feel free and in control of himself. No way was he giving that up because Colonel Bastard decided he wasn't fit for it knowing about his tics.

They were really only dangerous to himself. While Al got some laughs out of the weird things he has said and done over the years, it isn't all fun and games. He's broken his flesh hand/fingers multiple times slamming it into his metal limbs. He's almost always covered in bruises. Luckily, his hair is able to hide the giant bruise he has on his forehead almost 24/7 from constantly slamming it into a wall.

He's slapped Al a few times but it doesn't matter with the armor and all. He has a really annoying one of tapping Winry on the nose and poking people's shoulders. But all in all, there isn't that much extra danger to everyone else by having him around. He isn't in the office most of the day anyway and when he is he suppresses them as best he can. Sure, it leads to some pretty bad tic attacks when he gets into a safe space, and sure he generally ends up hurting himself the most when he does that, but that's not for anyone else to know.

Now, however, he has managed to get himself into a bit of a pickle.

The bastard put him on paperwork duty for the past three days. Said something about too much property damage and taking responsibility blah blah blah.

That being said, he's trying really hard not to be too obvious in his struggle. The whistling is annoying, but not incriminating. The imitation tics he has though? Not so much.

It's only ten in the morning and he's thrown his pencil three times, repeated Lieutenant in that stupid voice of Mustangs, and can not. stop. whistling. It's annoying him now, he can't even imagine the patience of the other people in the room.

Right now, only Hawkeye, Mustang, and Havoc are in, the rest having gone to brunch together to celebrate the coming weekend. Edward, unfortunately, has too much to do and isn't getting any of it done with the distractions from his own body.

He knew it was going to be a bad day from the start when he could not for the life of him stop repeating Fullmetal Alchemist in different voices and tones. If only he could take a few hours to calm down by himself or go pick a fight, he would be fine.

But no.

He has three pairs of slightly concerned eyes on him after literally throwing himself off his chair and saying woo on repeat to the ceiling. So much for keeping this a secret.

At least he won the bet with Al, he lasted longer than either of them thought.

"Well-click, this is woo unfortunate. Just give me-shrimpy!-a second." This is karma. He's been suppressing them but it's been too long and he can't control them all that well on a good

day. Instead, he closes his eyes and just accepts it. He lays down fully on the carpeted floor, at least his physical tics don't have much to work with.

He's clicking his tongue and jerking his head and just finishes setting down his flesh hand after throat punching himself when he hears it.

"Uh, chief are you okay?" Of course Havoc would be concerned, he's flopping around like a fish out of water. He peels his eyes back open to glare at the three people watching him intensely. Mustang and Hawkeye are exchanging glances and keeping an eye on him. "I'm not all that well versed in alchemy you know, but I'm pretty sure this isn't one of those things that just happens." Hawkeye turns to glare at Havoc while Mustang refocuses his attention on Ed.

Ed has been dreading this conversation. Al has said from the start that they are good people and would understand. That they would keep letting him do what he wants and not be ableist pricks. While Ed certainly has a strained relationship with the word respect, he knows trust and he knows it well. It's almost embarrassing how far he's come under Mustang's command. For the longest time it's only been him, Al, Winry, and Granny.

Now though, he's got Hawkeye asking to drive him to the train station. He's got Mustang asking in his stupid bastard voice if he slept well and teasingly asking if he needs a break before his next mission. Havoc bringing him food, Breda listening to his alchemy rants, Falman and him sharing book recommendations, Fuery taking Ed and Al on walks with his puppy. Ed has gotten disgustingly attached and is admitting that he should already have told him about his tics.

Because he trusts them. It's a hard pill to swallow and he almost doesn't want to believe it himself, but he's come to rely on these people he sees everyday. He trusts them to help him, to stay out of his way, and to always come back. He trusts them with Al.

So yeah, maybe he owes them an explanation. What's the worst that could happen?

"What, never heard of Tourette's?" He tries to screw his face into something of a smirk instead of portraying the extreme nervous energy he's currently got going on.

"Can't say that I have Fullmetal. You gonna explain?" Colonel Bastard has one eyebrow raised at him, barely concealing the blatant concern. And that's fair. Ed had no idea what his tics were before his extensive research at the library. It's not exactly common and he doubts anyone in the military would have experience with it.

"Involuntary movements and sounds right? Has to do with the nervous system?" Of course Hawkeye would know. He really needs to stop being so surprised she knows everything. He honestly wouldn't be surprised if she already knew he had Tourette's. Yeah, he tried to hide it but it's involuntary, you don't really get to decide if you can hide it or not.

Ed nodded to her but didn't speak, watching all of their expressions carefully.

"Does this affect your performance?" Ed quickly shook his head to Mustang, trying to keep the panic out of his eyes. "Then I think we'll be just fine. Do you need help up?" A hand

appeared in his line of vision.

Okay. Hm. Acceptance. Right. Totally what he expected.

“What?!” Completed with a neck jerk and all.

He totally nailed the ‘I wasn’t worrying about this at all’ thing. And they were all looking at him weirdly again.

“Jeez I was starting to get worried, never heard you so quiet chief. You are still on the floor though, how about you get up here and we can talk more?”

They were talking to him like he was fragile. He couldn’t bring himself to find it unfamiliar though. Mustang’s team was always like this when he and Al came back from a particularly grueling mission or Ed had elected to work more instead of taking care of himself. Hawkeye and Mustang definitely got the most worked up around him and Al though.

He theorized that they still held guilt for bringing him and Al into the military so young. Mustang still made him angry but they settled into a routine. They bickered and messed with each other so much the others occasionally intervened. Ed was loath to admit that he enjoyed it. Mustang cared for him and Al quietly. Leaving food around that was obviously not for himself, telling him to rest and asking how he is disguised with sharp witted jabs.

Hawkeye was far more forward. But Ed would die before he admitted he saw the two as pseudo parents.

Jarred back into reality by Mustang shaking his hand in front of his face Ed took hold of it and let the bastard pull him up.

“Basically what Hawkeye said. Involuntary movements, mine are mostly hitting myself and other twitches. My vocal ones are more common, they’re most of the things I say that don’t make sense or when I’m mimicking people.” He kind of wants to laugh, they literally look so concerned.

“What do you mean by hitting yourself?” Hawkeye asked.

“Like slamming my head into things, punching myself, stuff like that. I don’t normally hit other people besides like, knocking on Al’s armor and stuff. And, my tics calm down while I’m fighting, which is a plus.”

They asked him a few more clarification questions and Ed was kind of waiting for the other shoe to drop. For the inevitable saying that he would be a liability in the field and he would be kicked.

But they didn’t even mention anything about that. Like it wasn’t an option in the first place.

“Well this does clear up some things I’ve been wondering about. Are there any accommodations we should make or anything that needs to change about your workload and schedule?” Mustang asked.

Ed was honestly a little stunned for a second. Whatever he thought would come from this conversation it was definitely not this.

Havoc was laughing at whatever stupid expression he had on his face. Seriously, the nerve. “What did you think was gonna happen boss? You’ve got this whole unit wrapped around your little finger. Honestly, I think the Lieutenant and Colonel are glad they don’t have to corner you to ask you about the bruises you usually carry around that aren’t from fighting. You really got their panties in a twist.”

Well. He didn’t know how to feel about that.

“Uh, no, everything’s fine how it is-” He was cut off by Mustang.

“How did we not notice before, do they usually go away when you are in the office too?”

“Not really, some of the things he usually does are tics but he normally just holds them off as best he can until we get home. Then they all crash down on him at once and are really bad. It’s really hard to hold them in as well and I have no idea how he does it.” Ed whirled around to face Al and the rest of Team Mustang who had apparently gotten back into the office at some point during the conversation.

Perhaps not too long ago, going by the confused look on Falman, Fuery, and Breda’s faces. Al turned and started explaining to them while Mustang, Hawkeye, and Havoc watched Ed.

“Well then you must stop doing that. We don’t mind and I need all members of my team in top condition at all times. That’s an order, Fullmetal,” he added when Ed looked ready to argue. He looked at the rest of them, all smiling at him.

He’s sure they don’t understand all the chaos they’ve allowed him to unleash but it’s not like he wants to suppress his tics so he’ll take Mustang up on that.

Obviously, he kicked open the door when he stepped into the office the next day. He would finally get back out on the field tomorrow and could take it somewhat easy today. Not that he was nervous about anything at all. He totally wasn’t worried about them deciding he was too much or too annoying to be around. Not at all.

Edward Elric didn’t get anxious. He didn’t have time for it.

“Morning Chief!”

“Good morning Ed.”

“Fullmetal.”

So far, so good. Nothing unusual yet. He nodded to them and walked to his desk. He didn’t know when his tics would come on but there would probably be more than usual since he was thinking about them so hard and had to talk about them last night. After leaving with Al, he noticed he had been unconsciously suppressing them while they were still with everyone.

Now, without the constant itching, pressure, and sense of wrongness, anything could happen. And Ed found himself alright with that fact.

His tics were embarrassing sometimes. He copied the people he was around a lot and right now, he was always around Mustang's team. That meant he picked up their actions and words.

He had just gotten settled when the snapping started. At first it was just snapping in front of himself, then Mustang's usual motion of snapping and pushing out his hand to the side, and finally the snapping along with darkly muttering 'bad rain'. At least he was still able to write and continue working but he looked up at the silence following his short fit.

Everyone was looking at him. Mustang and Hawkeye were looking at him with wide eyes while the rest of the crew looked on with wonder in their eyes and were close to laughing.

"Why would you ever hide this from us? You're so cute boss!" Breda exclaimed. Ed's face burned. Mustang turned to glare at Breda before offering Ed a reassuring(?) smile. He looked amused and not angry at least.

A truly perfect moment for him to faceplant into the desk. Ed hisses and sits back up quickly but Hawkeye is already rushing to him.

"I imagine that's why, huh?" she asked. Ed quickly nodded and took his hand off his head. He sent a wry smile to the team now looking at him in concern.

"Al finds it hilarious, I try to keep my more physical reactions to myself." At least they aren't pitying him from what he can see.

The day went on as usual, just with more exclamations from Ed.

"You know, I'm not happy you have to deal with this all the time but don't worry about distracting or interrupting us. You honestly broke the tension and gave us a reason for extra breaks. We'll always watch out for you Ed." Havoc said.

Ed was truly touched and offered him a smile. He knew they'd understand what he couldn't say.

When Ed walked into the office the next day for a brief check in he found everyone smiling at him. Even when he winked while saying Edward Elric in Major Armstrong's voice.

Yes. He's found his people. He didn't have anything to worry about.

End Notes

And that's a wrap! I'll be posting more hurt/comfort focusing around Ed in the future and will also have stuff for some other fandoms. I'm not really on a schedule and just writing as it comes to me so don't expect much.

Thanks for reading!

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