

Let Me Out

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Let Me Out

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Summary

Epilepsy. His was caused through genetics but it isn't always. The doctor talked with Granny and they spoke of pills from the bigger cities that their small family could not afford. He only had seizures, they wouldn't kill him. Probably.

Or: Ed has epilepsy but still does everything he does in canon. He gets some god damn comfort and they love him.

Notes

Heya everybody! I wasn't planning on getting this out until the weekend but there was such an enthusiastic response to my last work that I just couldn't help myself. Thanks for the support, I'll be uploading pretty frequently for the next little while.

Slight TW for vomit, nothing graphic and is only mentioned once or twice.

Happy reading!

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

Life Changes

Ed knew his mom was sick even though she tried to keep it a secret. He knew because one day he watched her fall to the floor jerking and shaking uncontrollably. She told him they were called seizures and that he must not tell anybody.

She told him that she was happy and it didn't matter. Ed kept it a secret. He didn't tell anybody anything until she died. Granny knew something was wrong when he asked her if mom died because she fell down again.

They found out what it was, years too late. There were ways to help her, she could have lived longer. They also said that a heart condition and epilepsy weren't a good match up and things may not have worked out after all.

They said it was in her genes. Possibly their father's as well. They said to keep an eye on Ed and Al.

Ed knew his mom had been sick. He knew because he was sick too.

He didn't put it together for the longest time. Finally, after he woke up on the ground with his whole body sore and feeling nauseous it clicked. He went to the library first. Then the doctor. Alone.

Epilepsy. His was caused through genetics but it isn't always. He didn't have any of the other problems his mom did. The doctor talked with Granny and they spoke of pills from the bigger cities that their small family could not afford. He only had seizures, they wouldn't kill him.

Probably.

Granny was upset with him. She was upset with herself. Ed had been spacing out for minutes on end some days. Absence seizures, the doctor said. Common to have multiple times a day, though Ed hadn't gotten to that point yet he was told they could increase in frequency as he got older. Ed didn't experience the big ones nearly as much. Tonic-clonic seizures. The jerky ones that made him ache.

They were the worst. He would be spacy for a while after, his body would hurt, he'd usually end up vomiting, and occasionally lost control of other bodily functions.

All in all, no fun at all.

After going through the Gate and seeing Truth, there was a strange uptick in his seizures. His doctor said it could have been stress, he wasn't sleeping, he wasn't eating right, or they just gradually got more common. Ed thinks Truth did something cause they're a fucking menace and live for chaos.

One thing he did learn with time was how to read his auras and understand his body. Auras were the warning signs he got before a seizure. The symptoms got more intense the closer to the seizure. These symptoms included a bitter taste in his mouth, weird smells, dizziness, body pain, numbness/tingling, and ringing ears. He didn't get all of these symptoms every time but a mix of them before the big ones.

His absence seizures gave him nearly no warning at all. He would be totally fine one second then the world would blur for a little while. He couldn't hear or move and a weird calm and heavy feeling came over his body. He'd blink again and sometimes only seconds had passed and sometimes a couple minutes.

Easier to manage, harder to explain why he wasn't paying attention.

Al told him that his eyes glazed over during these and he looked dead. Al told him he looked like mom. Al cried.

Al cried a lot. Al cried when Ed woke up on the floor of Granny's house for the first time. Al cried while Ed stared at him in confusion after pushing Ed onto his side so he wouldn't choke on his own spit and vomit. Al cried when Ed cracked his head open from slamming it onto concrete flooring.

Al didn't cry when Ed broke his collarbone by slamming his metal arm into it. Al didn't cry because he couldn't. Because he was only a soul tied to a suit of armor.

Winry cried enough for the both of them anyway. They knew exactly what to do and how to help. How to keep him safe from himself. How to keep him from ending up like mom. How to turn him on his side during his tonic-clonic seizures and to not restrict his movements but gently place any fabric or pillow under his head so as to not crack it open again or gain a concussion.

Ed didn't have accidents that bad anymore. He knew when he needed to lie down and wait. He knew when he needed to get to a safe place and find Al, Winry, or Granny. He knew that he would lose time to absence seizures at least once a day, most times more than that. He knew that he got big seizures nearly every week and being in the wrong place or position could get him seriously injured or killed.

Ed did not know what to do when Roy fucking Mustang walked into his life and told him to join the military. Sure, these days he knew when he was about to get seizures but that wouldn't help him a lot if he couldn't get out of a fight. It would be so lame to be some well known alchemist and finally get to embrace his confidence then start flopping on the floor like a fish out of water in front of his opponent.

Sounds like a real easy way to get killed.

So naturally, he was against it at first. But then he looked at Al. What was left of his brother. What he had done to his brother. And decided that he would figure out his seizures and problems relating to them as he goes. Goes into the military that is.

He spoke to Al about it thoroughly. In short, Al was worried for him but would support Ed in anything he chose to do.

They took the test. He passed. Al pleaded with him to at least tell his commanding officer about it in case it affected him during a fight. Ed considered it. And considered where they were. And the funds he now has. And the expensive medication that would allow him to live a semi-normal life.

He went to a doctor outside of the military's reach the next morning.

Medicine was one of the fields that was constantly advancing. Everything had to start somewhere. In Ed's case, the medicine he needed wasn't complete. It was safe for him to take but not fully effective. And it came with some nasty side effects.

He bought it anyway.

Al noticed right away and Ed showed him what he had found out. It would take him weeks to adjust but he wouldn't be put out into the field that quickly anyway.

He took a small white pill every morning now. He found the patterns and what changed over the next few months. His absence seizures decreased to only once or twice a day and the length varied. His tonic-clonic seizures decreased to about once every other week or so. They weren't a miracle fix but they helped.

There was also the golden rule he'd heard from every doctor he's gone to about this. He had some control. Sleep deprivation, drinking caffeine, being stressed, low blood sugar/not eating enough or well all made his seizures come more often. He generally didn't take any other meds because those could make his seizures worse too.

His list of triggers was thankfully short. He'd yet to have a seizure happen specifically because of flashing lights or loud noises.

Overall, his meds helped but he could undo the little they helped with just by being extra stressed or by overworking himself. Which he apparently did a lot if blinking into awareness in the back corner of the library floor to Al's face had anything to say.

So yes. He had seizures but he managed them most of the time. He hasn't had a big one while he was on the field or in the office, his auras usually gave him enough warning. As for the absence seizures, nobody paid too much attention to him when they did happen around people.

After all, he was just an angsty teen right? He was ignoring Colonel Bastard and his team for a minute or two because he thought he was better than them, right? Because he didn't need help and already knew what they were gonna say?

Well that's at least what he figured they were thinking.

He thinks that they may know something else is going on as well. Hawkeye is unfailingly perceptive in every way and Mustang is as well, though he hides it well. Mustang's team are

so in tune with each other that he would bet if one of them found something off about Ed the rest would pick up on the energy.

Great for him for being a part of such a productive team. Not great for him when he's the one trying to hide something.

At this point, he knows Bradley is trying to keep him around for one reason or another and won't discharge him from the military because of something like this. Mustang wouldn't have much control over him if he did decide that Ed shouldn't be doing what he has been doing. So it probably wouldn't be too disastrous if they found out, he'd still go on missions and make progress towards getting their bodies back.

The other problems it would bring up are not something Ed is quite ready to have to deal with yet. He knows they worry about him. They think he is too young and works too hard. Another factor to that worry is Al's behavior. Winry used to call him Ed's guard dog. Al recognizes his absence seizures for what they are and grabs onto him as soon as he notices in case Ed gets confused or dizzy. Also, on days Ed tells him he's expecting a big seizure soon and the day after he does have a big seizure, Al doesn't let him out of his sight.

Like he expects Ed to just keel over or something. Which, fair, that happens. But it is alerting the more observant members of Mustang's crew that something's going on with Ed. And, as time passes and they continue to work closely they figure out his motivations and the like.

They figure out that Ed isn't the type to not listen to people giving him information on how he can help others or further leads on getting their bodies back. They see how committed Ed is. They also see how focused he can get which is a blessing in disguise. Because now that they know he wouldn't not listen to them, especially Hawkeye and the bastard, they have something else they can write it off as.

Him getting too invested in what he's reading or thinking about isn't totally off the mark anyway. When he is just focusing though he's still hyper aware of everything around him. He's listening, his leg is bouncing, he's letting out short hums as he processes. His seizures are silent and still.

But, he's had them for a long time. Longer than he's known them. He's been having them since he came onto their team so he's hoping they see it as 'just another weird thing Ed does'.

And they do, for the most part. Though Hawkeye's calculating gaze and Mustang looking at him like he's a fucking puzzle aren't giving him much hope.

He begrudgingly trusts them and figures that maybe he owes them this. Honesty. Trust. He's only had a few good relationships in his life and they were put into very clear categories. He trusts Al with his whole being and he knows Al feels the same. They're brothers, friends, teammates, accomplices. Winry is his best friend, but he knows there's things he can't tell her to keep her safe. Granny is a caretaker of sorts.

Mustang, Hawkeye, Havoc, Breda, Falman, and Fuery don't fit into those categories completely. They've all joked about Mustang and Hawkeye being the parents of the group. Al has referred to Havoc as a crazy uncle.

Family. They feel like family. And Ed doesn't know what to do with that. Because at first he didn't tell them about his epilepsy out of fear of being treated differently or not being able to carry out his promise to Al. Now, he feels guilty. He feels like he's lying to them even though he knows he doesn't owe them explanations.

He also doesn't think that he can handle Mustang or Hawkeye in Mama Bear mode, as the rest of the crew calls it. He's seen the lengths they go to to protect each other and the team. The lengths they go to for Ed and Al. If he had to deal with that protection, stay behind me, do you need help, I care for you, all the time, he might just throw himself off a cliff. He doesn't need that, he's Edward Elric, youngest State Alchemist.

(When he indulges them and himself just a bit, he feels tingly and warm and more at home than he's ever felt since mom died. It scares him, the security they bring. So he will ignore it and hope it goes away, as is the Elric way.)

Maybe he won't get a choice in when to tell them anyway.

It all came to a head because of one stupid mission. Him and Al were to travel to the outskirts of East City in search of a missing alchemist that was rumored to have been up to some shady stuff.

Colonel Bastard didn't want to send them in blind but he didn't have much of a choice. He said it shouldn't take them more than a day and half and if he didn't hear from them by the end of the third day they would send soldiers to their last known location.

Ed and Al followed the few leads they had which all led them to a small city. Of course, they walked right in to try to find out more. What they didn't expect was the entire city to be booby trapped and apparently a cult with the missing alchemist being the ring leader.

They stayed in the town as long as they could, trying to find the alchemist and shut this down but the people were fighting back and no place was safe. They moved between small towns but it was like a wild goose chase. They didn't have guaranteed food, water, or a place to sleep for three days. They were constantly on the run.

Finally, they caught him and could leave dealing with the people to East City forces. Al made a quick call to Mustang's office so he wouldn't send out a search party.

They took the train back that same day.

Ed was overly tired, hadn't had time to eat in a day in a half and had a killer headache. They saw Hawkeye waiting for them outside the train station in Mustang's car and couldn't be more relieved. They were going to go back to the offices first to give a quick rundown of everything that happened and then Ed was going to sleep for the next week.

He was sitting in the chair across from Mustang giving the report he had thankfully thought to start on the train when his ears started ringing.

Uh oh.

Honestly, he should have seen this coming. Sure, he had a big seizure only five days ago but he knows they can come more often depending on what he does to his body.

On the mission, he tried to take his pills when he could but he's sure he missed at least one day. He's also done literally all the things you're supposed to avoid if you have epilepsy. Things like not eating and not sleeping. It really wasn't his fault this time though!

He's been writing off feeling shitty and wrong all day because of what happened while he was on the mission. His epilepsy didn't exactly cross his mind.

Now though, his ears are ringing and his hands are shaking. He can't really remember what he was saying but whatever it was is definitely coming out slurred now.

Well.

Looks like they're doing this now. He knows Al is behind him and will explain for him. With the last of his seemingly unreserved amount of brain power he looks Mustang in the eye whose brows are furrowed together and seems to be speaking to him.

"Seizure." Or at least he hopes it comes out like that. He moves out of his chair and lays flat on his back on the carpeted floor. He can't remember who else is in the room besides Al and Mustang but he hopes most of Mustang's team went home already.

The colors around him are too bright. The buzzing in his skin hurts almost as much as the loud ringing in his ears. He feels his leg jerk right before he blacks out.

His senses come back to him in waves.

Touch always came back first for him. He feels the carpet under his cheek so he's likely on his side. He tastes the bitter dryness in his mouth. Hawkeye must be behind him, he can smell her laundry soap. When he finally gets to peeling his eyes open it's to Al kneeling beside him conversing with Mustang.

He blinks slowly at them.

He can't make out what they're saying or comprehend it. Al turns to look at him and offers a small smile.

Ed's too confused and his body's too heavy for him to try to figure out exactly what happened. Al can deal with it.

It must be another few minutes before he starts to hear their voices.

"-come around in another minute or two."

"-okay?"

“Ed? Can you hear me?” Al’s soft voice broke him out of whatever trance he was in. He opens his eyes once more and can now focus on the clear figures of Al and Mustang in front of him.

Ed stares at them for another moment before humming lightly and moving to sit up. His head hurts like hell and his whole body aches but it’s a familiar thing. At least he didn’t puke all over the bastard’s fancy carpet.

He still feels pretty detached from his body but he does register Mustang sliding a hand to his back to help him sit up.

In literally any other circumstance he’d try to bite the bastard’s fingers off but he feels weak and Mustang is so warm. He’ll let it happen this time. Just this once.

After being eased into a sitting position he turns his head to look at who else in the room. Al and Mustang are to his right and Hawkeye is on his other side. The others either left or weren’t in the room to begin with, Ed can’t remember. Al looks like he usually does, and Ed has no idea how Al can show so much emotion with only two red lights for eyes. Hawkeye looks calm and concerned at his side while Mustang is a strong presence though a little more frantic.

He shook his head to clear it because this is a conversation he needs to be fully present for. “Time?” he asked Al.

Al shook his head. “Ten minutes, the seizure was about three and you’ve been out and spacey for seven ish.” Seizures over five minutes were irregular and dangerous. Al carried around a blocky stopwatch that Granny gave him for this purpose. Al glances away from him and back to Mustang and Hawkeye. “I gave them a basic overview, genetic epilepsy, meds, triggers, that kind of stuff.”

Ed doesn’t know what to do. They’re supposed to have some kind of reaction right? Normally, Ed would retreat to his room and wrap himself in a weighted blanket after a seizure. He likes feeling grounded and pressure always helped with that. It’s either the blanket or asking Al to squeeze him tight.

After what seems like forever, Mustang speaks up. “This would have been good for me to know Fullmetal. You could have gotten hurt. Do you want to rest now or are you good to talk about everything?” Ed considered it for a moment. Sure, he was exhausted but he knew he couldn’t rest with this conversation hanging over his head.

And talk they did.

“Wait, so you were having seizures in my office nearly everyday? Absence seizures you said?” Ed laughed nervously.

“Yeah.”

Mustang looked baffled and Ed savored the unusual expression. He could never surprise the bastard these days. “Right. Well I’d like to have your primary care doctor closer to here and see if they can do anything else for you. With how I see it, you should be fine to keep doing

field work as long as you take at least one other person with you just in case. It would also be a good idea to tell the rest of the team so they don't find out accidentally, like this." Mustang gave him a tense smile.

Ed hunched over slightly. "Don't worry Ed, he's just worried about you. The Colonel doesn't like seeing his team hurt." Hawkeye's soothing voice filtered through and made him feel a little better.

He likes doing his own thing and being independent. He also values this team and what they do for him. He doesn't know what he'd do without their support, he doesn't like making them angry.

Well, Hawkeye knows Mustang best so he'll take her word for it. He smiled.

"Yah! Who said you could go sharing all my secrets Lieutenant? Stop at once or I'll have to replace you with Breda!"

"Sorry, sir." Ed was glad they were smiling too.

Outtakes

Chapter Notes

These are just some extra scenes that didn't fit into the first chapter.

Enjoy!

They made a space for Ed. For when he knew he was going to have a seizure in the office. They called it the Crisis Couch. Ed had to lay down somewhere flat and with enough space for him to move. That ruled out the corner room and closet so the couch it is.

It's an old sofa that Mustang has kept with him no matter which office he ends up in as he climbs the ranks. You can remove the bottom cushions and store things in it. It is stocked with blankets, water, extra clothes, and such.

Before, the team had gone to the couch when they had long missions or stayed too late. Now, it was where Havoc went to cry about upcoming deadlines and Breda to complain about the newest recruits. Hence the name, Crisis Couch. The dedicated spot for Ed to go for seizures, one of them would follow him over so he didn't choke to death on vomit or saliva or something equally stupid. Usually Al. Or Mustang.

There had never really been a problem with his absence seizures in the first place. He either caught on to what he missed or Al would speak with him. These days, he comes back into reality to patient smiles and concerned eyes.

Everything's good.

Except for a few minor incidents.

Like Ed being scolded by a general for "not paying attention" and doing the same to Mustang for not "controlling his subordinates".

Hawkeye shot the general her best "I'll shoot you if you don't stop talking right now" look and guided the two of them out of the room. One hand on Ed's shoulder and another on Mustang's arm.

She sat them down on the Crisis Couch. "Colonel, I'm moving your last meeting to tomorrow. Edward, your report can be delayed for another day. Take a break, the work day is almost over."

She knew how fast the Colonel could get angry with the brass and the rest of his work wouldn't be the best quality if he didn't get the chance to cool down. Edward would be fine

to go back to work but it would get the Colonel in a hissy fit if he was the only one put in “time-out”. Plus, seeing Ed calm and alright would soothe him faster than anything else.

She looked over as she finished up a half hour later and saw the Colonel asleep with his head in the back of the couch. Ed, also asleep, was leaning into his side.

She sat back down. Five more minutes.

With the bastard and his team adapting so well after finding out about his epilepsy, he kind of forgot he needed to tell other people he was traveling with.

People like Ling.

He’s shifted into awareness just enough to turn himself onto his side to vomit. He becomes aware of the hand on his head all too soon and quickly sits up, which makes him feel even more sick.

He sees Ling. Ling who he’s been traveling alone with looking for leads. Ling who doesn’t know he has epilepsy. Who has tears in the corners of his eyes and is holding on to Ed’s long red coat with one hand.

“I’m okay.” The prince watches him for another second before scrambling forward and pulling Ed into his arms.

That. Hm. Hugs are nice. Ling is warm. Ed feels cold. He likes the pressure.

Ed melts.

Just this once, just this once is repeating like a mantra in his head.

“You scared me! What the hell happened!” Right, explanations. Ed speaks as much as he dares before he becomes overcome with exhaustion. Ling seems to understand, or maybe Ed is too tired to read into his reactions.

For now, Ed lies back and Ling follows to lay on top of him like the brat he is. It’s kind of nice though. Not that Ed would ever admit it.

Now, don’t get him wrong, Ed loves Major General Armstrong. She is an incredibly valuable ally and doesn’t take any bullshit. Her strong will is also what got him and Al thrown in a makeshift prison. A prison he was let out of to fight a semi-immortal creature and possibly commit treason.

Cool, cool. He’s totally cool after being put back in the cell after that high stress situation. After the multiple high stress situations from the last few days.

It's not like he can get to his meds from here anyway and he's been having auras for a day and a half now. It was bound to happen in some unsavory circumstance but really? In a Briggs cell? With his hands in handcuffs?

He puts himself on the single bed on the side of the cell. "Al." Al looks up at him and his eyes(?) widen as he sees what Ed's doing. "Can you hold my hands to the side?" Usually, it is a very big no-no to restrict the movements of someone having a seizure. This is an extreme circumstance. He could break or dislocate parts of his arms or hit his head or other body parts. The risks of restraining him do not outweigh the risks of what he could do to himself, at this moment.

"Brother, don't you think we could call the guards in here for help? It's not like they're super suspicious of us anymore."

"No time." Then the shaking started and Ed can't keep another train of thought before he passes out.

Ed doesn't really remember coming out of this one but he does remember gaining something that he will hold over Mustang's head for the rest of his life. Major General Olivier Armstrong offered her apologies to Ed as they left. She wouldn't even look at Mustang and his team (barring Hawkeye) so this was not something he was going to let get past them.

To her, he inclined her head with promises to work together again soon.

Ed doesn't know how this happened. Everyone he spent a lot of time around knew how much he relied on his weighted blanket daily. When Al mentioned that any pressure did the same job it started.

The hugs.

Now, it's just a regular thing to squeeze the life out of Ed for a good ten minutes after any type of seizure. Havoc claims that short people always calm down with hugs. Breda says Ed is just catching up for lost time. Falman and Fuery won't even give him their excuses. Mustang and Hawkeye never needed excuses in the first place.

It's real and it's familiar. He has a support system and knows he has people in his corner to help him when he gets himself into a tough spot.

End Notes

Thanks for sticking around until the end! Your comments literally give me life and I love each and every one of you. Go drink some water, have a snack, and take a rest. My next work will be out within the next few days, so I'll be back soon!

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