

Cradled Comfort

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Roy has to stay late to finish up with some paper work, and Maes, the big loveball that he is, brings our starved bishou some food ... and a little more. RoyxMaes (also on my ff.net account)

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/BlackMoon/16984/Cradled-Comfort>

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Author's Note: Well ... here it is. My first finished, first posted, non-*Inuyasha* fanfiction. Gee, what a "surprise" that's the first one's shounen-ai. :P And a not-so-widely spread pairing, to boot. It's all "RoyxEd" this and "EdxAI" that ... While I'm here in the corner digging around for some nice RoyxMaes `fics. :3 I know this fanfiction won't reach many people, seeing as there doesn't seem to be that many fans of the couple. But I hope the fans that *are* out there enjoy this. (Smiles)

Disclaimer: Don't own anything but the first two DVDs and the manga ... and you can't have `em. XP ('Cause I don't own so you can't sue. Unless you got some cool lawyer ... (Looks around) please don't sue me. T.T I said I didn't own it.)

Note: Yes, this is a shounen-ai `ficy, if you don't like that, or if you don't like the pairing, maybe you should try some other fictions that would greater suit your interests, yes? (Smile)

"Cradled Comfort"

A sigh escaped the man's lips, bored to death by the papers he was flipping through at his desk.

His dark eyes looked over to his phone once more, but he quickly looked away again.

Roy Mustang would never, *ever*, worry when he didn't get a call every five minutes from Maes Hughes ... well; at least that's what he kept telling himself.

He had been held back from going home by the papers for several hours now ... shouldn't Maes be calling him, pestering him to come home by now?

Roy sighed again and went back to work.

I guess I can't expect much from a married man ... one with a child, no less ... Roy thought to himself, though he couldn't help but feel a little down.

He had been reading the same line over and over again, not realising it. His mind kept wandering back to Maes. He opened a bottom drawer and pulled out an old picture of himself and Maes, laughing and being happy.

That's before ... before I was worried about climbing the ladders of the Military ... when all that mattered was—

Roy was cut off by a sharp rapping at the door. It didn't sound like someone was knocking, Roy noted, more like kicking it. But whatever.

"It's open," he said gruffly, only mildly wondering who it was.

"Roy! You have to open it for me! My hands are full."

Roy felt his entire heart swell, and he nearly ran to the door. He opened it, making sure his face didn't reveal any emotion.

"Hughes, come on it."

Maes grinned at him, bringing in a big brown bag.

"What, may I ask, is in there," Roy said, curious.

“Well,” Maes replied, setting the box on Roy's desk, “since you weren't home I thought I'd bring your food to you at the office.”

Roy blinked and looked at the clock. “But ... Hughes, it's after midnight.” Roy felt overly delighted at the thought Maes would care enough for him to bring some food.

“I noticed you hadn't been eating very much lately, probably from all the work, so I thought, `Why not bring my pal Roy something to eat? I'll make it myself!’” Maes explained perkily.

“*You* made it? It's not going to kill me, is it?” he said, peeking inside the box. But the look Roy gave Maes told him that he'd eat it no matter what was wrong with it.

Roy pulled out a sandwich and ate it hungrily, finishing it in a few bites. He pulled out a loaf of bread, and nearly swallowed that whole, too.

Maes watched from where he stood in the middle of the room with a soft, caring look on his face. It made him feel wonderful to know he got to feed Roy. Yet he felt terrible ... because the feelings he held for Roy were far stronger than he held for Gracia ... But, most of all, worried filled him when he thought of what Roy would think if he knew how much he loved him. This cold, hidden, beautiful man ...

But Maes didn't know these same thoughts crossed Roy's mind, as well. He was bothered at the thought that he loved a man that was, as far as he knew, untouchable.

They looked at each other, and Maes' golden-green eyes locked with Roy's black ones, and all their fears drained from their minds.

“M-Maes ...” Roy whispered, his voice cracking. He stood swiftly and walked towards Hughes.

They wrapped their arms around each other, Maes bending slightly to rest his head on Mustang's shoulder.

The warm embrace was only deepened when Maes pressed a soft kiss to Roy's lips.

“You know we can't—” Mustang cut him off by shaking his head forcefully.

“Just, don't ...” he said.

“Whatever you say.”

Maes smiled and kissed Roy once more.

Done.

X3 Okay, I know this was lame but if you liked it, please review? (Puppy dog eyes)