

Snooze

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Envy hits the 'Snooze' button...and then he hits it again....again....and again...and again..... (Based on my own personal hatred for alarm clocks)

[OneShot. Finished]

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Snooze

Summary: Envy hits the 'Snooze' button...and then he hits it again&.again&.and again&and again&..
(Based on my own personal hatred for alarm clocks)

BEEP

BEEP

BEEP

BEEP

BEEP

BEEP

Why the hell hadn't he destroyed that thing already?

Envy flopped over, face into the pillow, as he attempted to drown out the beeping of the alarm clock. Dante made it. She'd gotten fed up with him sleeping through most of his assignments (I.E. spying on the Elrics) and swore to find a way to wake him up so he wouldn't fall asleep. Not Envy's fault he just liked to sleep.

Oh, wait, you're saying it IS Envy's fault? Well&your mom.

Ugh.

After Envy had broken the other three alarm clocks, Dante alchemified her own damn clock. It couldn't be broken, destroyed while being thrown out a window, run over by a train, eaten by Gluttony (It just comes out from the other end&. perfectly intact&), stabbed right in the middle with a sword, eaten by a shark (Same as the Gluttony issue. Besides, the damn thing was hard.) or anything. Trust those words, Envy had tried.

Oh, and THIS one only had a 'Set Timer' button and a 'Snooze' button. It didn't turn off (the alarm went off after five minutes of continuous beeping), no radio instead just that&stupid&.

High-pitched&

Annoying&

BEEPING!

SMACK

The beeping stopped as his hand slapped the 'Snooze' button.

There. Nine more minutes of quiet until he had to smack it silly again.

"Much better&" he mumbled into the pillow, his arm snacking back under the covers. Envy LIKED sleep and he DISLIKED anything that got in the way of sleep. He disliked most things that got in the way of what he liked. Like sleep. He once slept from 1:00 at night to 8:00 the next night, without waking up. That was some good sleep. Once he slept for a full 24 hours. That was even *better* sleep. He could sleep for days. He actually did too. He once slept for two days. Lust said it was annoying trying to drag him everywhere while he was sleeping but Envy didn't care. He liked sleeping.

Another thing he liked besides sleep? Candy.

What? You gotta like candy. If not candy, then it was sugar he enjoyed. He liked getting sugarhigh then bouncing around then running after Wrath and scaring the living daylight out of him with tears running down his cheeks from being so scared. Not so much the getting half eaten by Gluttony who also seemed to enjoy eating sugar (Along with liver, paperweights, and flesh) but the entirety of sugar was something

he enjoyed. And hell, when he got a sugar crash, guess what he did after that? That's right. He'd SLEEP. THIS is why he liked candy; it provided him with his two favorites things and those things were SUGAR and SLEEP. It didn't get much better than that!

BEEP *BEEP* *BEEP*-

SMACK

Ugh. Nine more minutes.

'Alright, Envy I can see your just that tired so I will let you have another nine minutes' It said via silencing the beeps.

Ya have to love that 'Snooze' button.

But why did the damn clock have to beep? Why a BEEP? The LEAST Dante could've done was installed a radio. SO it could be music instead. He didn't really listen to music as much as Greed did (which is a lot, believe him) but ANYTHING was better than the damn beeping.

If not music, than maybe the soundtrack to a porn movie? Moans and groans and whip crack and everything.

Envy smirked into his pillow at the thought. Ahh, there was ANOTHER thing he liked.

Sex.

Envy liked sex. Hell, who DIDN'T like sex? Show him a person who didn't like sex, he'd change their mind.

As long as they were a woman. Contrary to popular opinions, Envy was not only male, but he was straight too.

GASP! What a shock!

Back to subject. Envy liked sex. Sex was nice. Sex was good. Only with women though. He did it that other way ONCE as an experiment and it was&.weird&.he didn't even finish. That was the only time he didn't finish sex. He kind of&left in between when he found out just what gay sex WAS.

And you know what gay sex is? It's WEIRD. THAT was Envy's definition for it.

WEIRD.

JUST. WEIRD.

But sex with women, he liked that. He only slept with certain girls though. Not hookers or prostitutes, or anything like that. One that could handle a one night stand and not think about it the next day as 'something special' but as 'really REALLY great sex'. And if they were good, he MIGHT invite them back for a second try. But it was very rare.

Envy grinned. He knew he was just that great with sex. He knew certain moves too. There were certain places that every girl liked to be touched. Like their&*aHEM* Heh. Minors are reading this, hm? You minors can't hear THAT kind of language. This IS after all, rated 'Teen'.

BEEP

BEEP

BEEP-

SMACK

What was he rambling about again? Augh. He hated when he lost his train of thought. After all, it meant he lost something he liked.

Yes, despite popular opinion, Envy DID think. And he LIKED to think. Thinking helped him clear things up. Helped him put two and two together (Which always ended up being four for some odd reason). Helped him&.well, function! Like right now, he'd been THINKING of things he liked which means he was THINKING -which he liked-and not only that, THINKING of something he LIKED-Other than thinking-which meant DOUBLE the thinking pleasure.

&&.Did that make any sense?.....

&Shut up&

