

No Childhood Crush

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It's just EdxWinry fluff. (Based on the manga with Ling and Ran-Fan) ohh ... by the way... anybody wanna kinda help me? I'm new and i'm having a majorly sucky @\$\$ time trying to find a way to upload my pics...

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Chapter 1 - Doubt

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1 - Doubt

“Ed,” Winry calls happily. She smiles as she carries her tray of food which supplies as dinner for the two of them. “I made dinner!” Alphonse, who sat at the table as well, gazes at the food.

“It looks delicious,” he comments. Winry smiles broadly.

“Thanks,” she says. “It took me a while to make.”

“Of course it did,” says Ed. The short-blond alchemist gazes at Winry. “You can't cook for shoot. I bet you over half of this was store-bought.” Winry, who still held the dinner plate in her hand, is now face with two decisions: one, slam the dinner plate onto Edward's head or two, just smack him. Winry place the dinner plate on the table with a loud *clank*. Ed and Al tense up slightly. Winry's angry aura was always detectable. Her emotions may be predictable, but her motives and actions are always a blur. She looks up and smiles as Ed.

“Do you think you can do better?” she asks sweetly. Pulling out a wooden spoon, she rams it against Ed's head. Winry's eyes darken dangerously. Her eyes were suddenly gleaming with sudden hatred. “I've worked over three hours on dinner for the both of us and this is all you can say?” Winry growls as she looks down on Ed. Her other kitchen utensils (including a knife) was held in her hand. “Can't you appreciate this more?” Winry cries. She slams the utensils down and sighs. The Elric Brothers continues to stare at their friend. Winry glares. “What are you all looking at?” she cries. “EAT!”

Alphonse, who couldn't eat, took a plate anyway out of fear of Winry. Ed quickly grabs a plate and starts spooning food onto the plate. Winry was angry, but that wasn't anything new. She usually was angry at one of them...usually Edward.

“This is your entire fault, Ed,” Alphonse hisses. “You got her angry again!” Alphonse places his plate down in sudden realization that he couldn't eat. A sigh of sadness tinted in his voice as he continues, “You know she's working really hard for the both of us.” Ed and Al glance over at Winry. Her eyes were downcast and she was eating rapidly.

“Does she know how much she's eating?” whispers Ed. “I'm not surprise if she gains a few... OW!” A spork hits Ed's head. “HEY! WHAT WAS THAT FOR?” Ed stood up and clutches the back of his head. His head was throbbing in pain right now. Tears clutches onto the rim of his eyes. He may have experience pain before, but never was he bruised both on his dignity and body. Winry was the first to ever do that.

“I'm just sitting over here,” says Winry. “Do you think I wouldn't know?” Someone opens the door. It was Ling.

"My, my a lover's spat," murmurs Ling. Winry and Ed both blushes and glares at Ling.

"I've food prepared for you, too." Winry murmurs. "I'm not hungry." Winry says simply and leaves. She storms up the stairs and her footsteps disappear.

"Thank goodness," Ed whispers. "She's gone."

"Shouldn't you go after her?" asks Ling. Ed nearly falls off his chair as he sat.

"Come again?" Ed cries.

"Aren't you supposed to go after her?" Ling repeats. "When a lady runs off like that, it's obvious she wants you to follow."

"Shut up," Ed orders. A dagger flew by.

"Do not tell Master to shut up," Ran-Fan whispers softly. A spare dagger dangles from her fingers. She was still wearing the mask. She quickly moves next to Ling.

"Food," Ling smiles. "Here, eat." Ran-Fan seems to hesitate for a moment.

"B-but..." Ran-Fan whispers. "My...mask," she touches her mask.

"Just take it off!" Ling smiles as Ran-Fan touches the tip of her mask. "There's no law saying that you can't take your mask off." Ran-Fan seems to have held her breath for a moment and she removes her mask.

"I don't get it why you are always wearing that mask," murmurs Ed. "It's not like we haven't seen your face before." Ed was about to continue when the glint of the table knife caught his eyes. He held his tongue and resumes to eating. Alphonse nudges Ed. "What?" Ed asks, his mouth half full with the food that Winry prepared.

"Go talk to her." Alphonse whispers.

"Who?" Ed says dumbly.

"Winry," Al hisses.

"Why should I talk to her?" Ed cries. "She hits me on the head twice and called me short!"

"S-she never called you short," Al says. *Not at first anyway*, he thought. Ed was just trying to make up excuses. "Stop making excuses!" cries Al. This time, Ran-Fan and Ling looks up. Ed's face reddens slightly. He realizes that he was standing up.

"Al," Ed says simply, "shut up." He sat back down and continues to shove food into his mouth.

Winry grumbles. "Hmph," she sighs. She was hoping Ed would follow her up. Winry place her head down against the pillow. "Stupid Ed," she murmurs. "Saying I can't cook; well if I can't cook how come you're still downstairs eating?" Winry picks up one of her auto-mail tools and threw it down. It took her a moment to realize that it was Ed who bought her that. Quickly she got up and picked it up. She sighs.

"What am I doing," Winry murmurs. She leans against her beside. "He wouldn't..." Winry gazes at the wrench. Her eyes reflected off the metal. "He...wouldn't...love me back." Winry force the words out feebly. "I'm too...unladylike." Winry closes her eyes. "Maybe he already met someone during his time gone."

When Ed was gone, Winry always worried about the same things. Ed or Al getting hurt and dying, Ed breaking his auto-mail, Ed not getting enough nutrients because he's not drinking milk, Ed finding someone to replace Winry with...

"Stop it!" Winry says to herself. She clutches the wrench. "Ed..." she closes her eyes trying to squeeze her tears away. "D-don't...cry," she murmurs. "Why am I crying?" Winry suddenly cries. *Because you're afraid of losing Ed...*

"Why...would I be afraid?" Winry cries. "It's not like... I...love him." She whispers. *But why? He left me and Pinako home all those time! He left us alone! He made me worry. He made me cry... But I worry because I love him. I cry because I care for him too much.* Winry coughs suddenly choking on her tears. She slumps down the ground. Her hair spills around her face. Her tears fall gently to the floor. "Why am I crying?" she asks out loud.

"I thought...you said Winry's cooking was bad." Alphonse says.

"Yeah," Edward replies. His mouth was half full.

"Then...why are you eating all of it?" Ling asks. Ran-Fan was helping Ed finish the food as well. Ed doesn't reply, he continues eating.

"You're a pig," Ran-Fan says, "not an alchemist." Ran-Fan engages Ed with a small round of fighting chopsticks for the last piece of meat. "Small," Ran-Fan whispers, "short, tiny, puny," the list continues. Ed gets angrier each time. Finally, he slams the chopsticks down.

"JUST SHUT THE HELL UP!" Ed cries. "I'M FULL!" He leaves. Ran-Fan munches on the meat.

"That worked," Al whispers.

"Short, puny, WHATEVER, JUST GO TO HELL ALL OF YOU!" Ed cries as he walks up the stairs. He was fuming. He was angry. "When I finally beat Colonel Asshole's (a.k.a. Mustang) butt to become Fuher, I'm going to make sure nobody is ever allow to use those words again!"

Ed walks quickly pass Winry's room. Distant crying was heard from her room. *What?* He thought. *Is she crying?* Ed frowns slightly. "I wouldn't blame her," he whispers. "Winry," he says out loud.

Winry clutches her wrench. She didn't say "come in" or anything, she just sat there with her wrench clutch closely to her chest. Her name was called again by Ed. Winry didn't reply.

"I'm coming in," Ed says. Winry didn't care. She locked the door. A bright shining light suddenly appears. Winry turns around, a large hole stood where her door once was.

"I could've been changing!" Winry cries. Ed notices that she was holding her wrench and backs off slightly.

"Look, Winry, I'm sorry...about that cooking thing at first." Ed smiles weakly.

"Is that all?" Winry asks. She was hoping for more.

"Yeah," he says. Winry lowers her eyes.

"Ed...d-did you..." Winry starts. Her voice was being caught in her throat. "D-did you..." she gulps. She can't find courage to say it.

"What?" Ed asks. Winry closes her eyes, new tears forming at the brim. Ed tenses slightly. *She's crying again?* Ed swallows. Winry tries to continue.

"Are...you...i-in..." Winry was stuttering. *I can't say anything! Why can't I just say it?* Winry opens her eyes and forces them shut because of her tears.

"Just say it, damn it." Ed says.

"DID YOU FALL IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE ELSE?" Winry hollers. She falls on her knees. "D-did you, Ed? Did you fall in love with someone...while I was at Resenbool?" Winry looks down, tears flowing freely now. "Am I just too unladylike?" *Or am I just unattractive?* Winry couldn't bring herself to say it.

"W-what?" Ed says. He walks towards Winry and kneels down. Winry was sitting with her legs under her.

"When you were away...did you fall in love with someone? Is that why you're always acting like this? Is that why you never write to us and only call when you need help?" Winry says. *I'm being too selfish.* "I'm afraid, Ed. I'm afraid someone will come and take you from me." Winry murmurs.

Ed gazes at Winry in astonishment. He couldn't say anything. "I'm so scared that you would forget me." Winry continues. "Ed...I love you, and..." her words were caught in her throat. *Do you love me?*

Ed pulls Winry into an embrace. "You idiot!" he cries. Winry's eyes widen. "You...stupid...idiot... What makes you think I can fall in love with someone?" Ed cries. *Does that mean you don't love me?* Winry thinks.

“W-what...” Winry murmurs. Ed tightens the embrace.

“How can I fall for someone when I’m already in love with someone?” he says. “When...I’m already in love...with you?” Ed slowly moves himself further apart and kisses Winry on the forehead.

Winry returns the kiss and kisses him on the cheek. “Ed,” she whispers.

“Yeah,” he says. She pulls out her wrench and clobbers Ed with it. “WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT FOR?” *You just ruin the moment!* Ed thought.

“That’s for calling me an idiot!” Winry says. “And this is for...” Ed cut her off quickly. One hand held her hand with the wrench, the other arm pulling her closer, and his lips over hers. For a moment, all other troubles were forgotten.