

The Life Of A Alchemist's Pet

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Slavery. Love. Stubbornness. Alchemy. AU. Pretty much sums everything up. I suck at summaries. Please read.

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1 - The Cavern

Hey People! This is the first time I've put up anything in forever.

Writer's block on New Era Scouts sorry! If anyone has any ideas I'd be delighted to try a story together. Well here's my newest story. It's a AU. My first ever! Couples.....Meesha/Roy, Cleo/Ed! Meesha, and some other charchters are based on some of the best friends anyone could have... and I am so lucky to have them by my side. This story is dedicated to them and all we have gone through. So please comment!

Slavery. Some are born into it. I wasn't. I grew up in the Regal. An area spelled off long ago by the gods. I knew nothing of the troubles of the world outside. But when I was 15, a young, blonde, alchemist broke through the barrier into Regal. Knowing not what laid ahead the military attacked. Leaving some villages to die off, seeing our powers as a threat. They took some as slaves, experiments....pets. My best friend, Meesha and I thought this was hillarious. Meanwhile, the army was planning, learning, getting closer. Two Alchemists were looking for new "pets." And two certain firebrands were what they got.

"Meesha?! Meesha!? Come here NOW!!!!" I said between peals

of laughter. I lay on the ground, soaking wet. Meesha walked up and offered a hand.

"Oops! Slipped, sorry Cleo. I swear...I never meant to dump

that whole bucket of water on you." Her voice dripping with sarcasm. I rolled my eyes and stood up trying to wring my hair dry.

"I know Meesha....just half of it. Father is going to go mental when he sees me like this!" I said laughing a bit.. Meesha shrugged.

"You have to lighten up kid. I mean worse things could happen!"

"He is gonna murder me Meesha!" I said more seriously.

"AND we have a circle tonight."

"Like I said...worse could happen." She picked up the bucket and started for home. I followed and threw my hands up in the air.

"What could be worse than dead?" I asked. " I mean when you're dead you really can't be any worse off." Meesha laughed again as I caught up to her.

"You could be a pet!" I stopped mid-step and turned on her.

"That's not funny!" Meesha just walked by. "I heard Father

tell the elders that there was another attack to the north of us! And they took even more pets this time! We could be next!" Meesha stopped still. Everything was quiet.

"Wanna go to the cavern?" She asked. "No one can trace us there." I nodded. In quiet we traveled the path both of us knew by heart. We could go to that secret path in dark...which we've done more than once before.

"Come on! Let's hurry up! Let's go!" She said taking off at full sprint. Laughing I followed after her laughing and yelling her name. As we ran through the darkening woods my mind strayed to the cavern. It was peculiar, not just the the place, but the way we found it. When we were young we found a small cavern close to the boundary line of our village....

flashback

"Meesha! Meesha! Meesha! Can I come? Please????!!!! I wanna

go!!!" I asked, pulling on the back of her kimono. She turned around and held a finger to her mouth.

"Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Be quiet! You can come as long as you be quiet. Okay?" She whispered, sounding just the teenyest bit

annoyed. I nodded. She turned away. I tiptoed passed her... I went about ten feet in front of her 'till I remembered. I had no clue where I was going.

"Meesha? Where are we going?" She shrugged.

"Woods, probably."

"Really? Father won't approve.... let's go!!" She gave me a questionable look. Being only six years old I was eager to go anywhere or do anything. Especially if my Father didn't approve. Father was the village cheif and the forest was completely off limits. No one knew why. But when Father says 'no' people listened. You had to, unless you were his daughter, of course. Being the little brat that I was, I followed Meesha into the depths of the forest. The darkness of the woods did little to scare me. I had been in the dark for a long time before Meesha came along.... But with the darkness came the feeling of solitude. And even at the age of six the lonsome, feeling of solitude scared me.

"Meesha, why are we comin' out here?" The only response was,

"Why? Cleo, are you scared? If you're scared then I'll take

you home and I'll come back alone." I shook my head vigorously.

"Are you sure? I'll take you home...." I stomped ahead of her.

"I'm not a baby! I'm almost seven years old! And I'm not

afraid of the dark anyways!" Meesha laughed.

"You know you have more guts than any of the guys in village?" I straightened up to my full height which was still a good inch or two shorter than her. We continued in quiet, each of us lost in the wonders in of our minds. The opening we soon came upon was small and yet shadowing. We both had a glint in our eyes that night. And dared venture into the cavern.

"Meesha! It's so big!!!!!!!" I said jumping up and down. I'd

never seen anything so big in my life. It was true the cavern was huge and it was also full of magic. Old and powerful. Soon to be unlocked by two children.

"Yeah it is... but there's nothing in here. Just a bunch of rocks." She said walking around, examining every rock and every vine.

"Do you think it echos?" I asked quietly.

"Yeah, probably." She said ignoring me. "Look at the markings. They're little stick people... with lightning coming out of their fingers." She laughed. I saw a rock that was about the size of two of me, sitting between two big trees growing out of the rock. I jumped up, trying to get on top.

"Ouch!" I fell to the ground skinning my knee. "Stupid rock!" Meesha turned around and cocked her head. She was only seven

and full of more spunk than I'd ever seen. Everyone in Regal was pretty quiet, and softspoken. I wasn't. I had always showed off everything I could do. I was always ahead in my classes.

"What did you do now, clutz?" I wasn't friends with her then. Well, I thought I was.... But all I had succeeded into doing was getting on her nerves.

"I didn't do anything! I just fell off the stupid rock!"

She gave me a weary look. "It's so big and I wanted to sit on it. And I kinda fell...." I explained. Without receiving any reply I turned around and tried to jump again. I heard Meesha's faint laughing and looked up to see her sitting on the top.

"How'd you get up there?" I asked.

"There's footsteps in the back. Like they're meant to be there. Weird, huh?" I ventured around the back and sure enough there were chunks out of the stone. Almost like steps. And they were just my size too. "Wow! Look at the writing." She said as I sat down beside her. I leaned forward to look at what she was pointing at. What she had called 'writing' I would have described as chickenscratch.

"You can read that?! It looks like a bunch of scratches." I said looking back down at the writing. Staring at the writings they didn't look so unfamiliar. Almost like I had remembered them from a long time ago. My mouth opened and the words spilled out.

Can you see the light?

Can you hear the fight?

Can you feel the fire?

Can you take it higher?

Call upon the Gods on high.

Or watch your people cry and
die.

Chills went up my spine as I watched Meesha's eyes grow
wide, as wide as mine had become. The cavern had been filled with
bright lights, and gorgeous colors. Warmth filled the brittle night and
the cavern was replaced by the soft setting of a shimmering waterfall
under the glistening summer sun.

End Flashback

Neither of us could explain where we were or why we were
there. But not even our adventurous minds had convinced us to go far
beyond the small oasis. For as far as we could see was sand and hot,
hot sun. Since finding the cavern Meesha and I had grown closer.

Without actually saying anything.... we had made a pact never to tell anyone about the cavern. When things were bad with my Father....or we just needed time alone. The cavern was our escape. Sometimes, the cavern would remain the cavern. We could never figure out what brought us to the waterfall or why we were there. But weird things always happened.

Upon entering the cavern we both climbed onto the rock.

Meesha got up before me always. Meesha was taller than me still. By about three inches. She had dark brown hair and deep brown eyes. She was spunky, tall, willowy and full of humor. Most of the guys in the village had the biggest crushes on her. Other than that 75% the other guys hated her. She could show them up at any sport and would intrude on their wrestling just to beat the best without breaking a sweat.

While I on the other hand had short, strawberry blonde hair and muddy brown eyes. I was cocky, shorter, and had the chest most girls would kill to have.

I had friends, but mostly they were stuck ups who wanted to get on my Father's good side or wanted to suck up to me to get to my brother, Liam. Still sitting on the rock we both were quiet. Reliving countless memories and secret desires.

"Cleo....there's something I want to tell you."

"Yeah?" Meesha sat looking at the ground or her feet.

"Well....." The cavern began to feel hotter than usual. I was calmly waiting for a response and trying to stop wondering why I was sweating so badly. That is when I heard a scream. A scream and a voice I knew well. Father.

So any comments? You guys like it? ??????????????????????????????

Well....please comment. Thanks a lot.

2 - First Impressions

If anyone wants me to keep going I'll need five reviews. I'm only doing this chapter for a friend of mine. I'm changing the couples for this fic because I have had a change of plans for the ending....*grins*

Anyways, please comment flames or not, I need some feedback people!

Here are the couples.....Meesha/Roy, Cleo/OC, Katelyn/Alphonse, Sato/Edward.....

Chapter 2

/Father!/ I gasped jumping off the rock, and sprinting for the exit. I turned around. Meesha remained motionless, her eyes still fixed to the ground.

"Meesha! Come on!"

"No." she said softly. "Just stay put Cleo. It'll be over soon." I shook my head, not understanding the words escaping my best friend's mouth.

"Meesha! Come on!" She jumped off and grabbed my arm roughly.

"Cleo! Just stay put....." She looked at me with such a hopeless gaze, I shuddered. The screams echoed around me.

"What are you talking about?! Come on, let go! Stop fooling around! Father's in trouble! Meesha?!" I pleaded. I watched as she

remained motionless, not lifting her hold on my arm. Jerking away from her I sprinted towards the exit. I heard her call after me. In the distance I could see the village. In flames. I sprinted towards the now louder screams of terror. There was a ring of high, burning flames around the village. Men were there. With odd looking clothes. I heard someone scream my name. Searching for the source I laid my eyes upon a group of men standing in a circle. Holding back a young boy who I remembered playing with in the creek weeks ago..

"Cleo! CLEO! HELP! HELP ME CLEO!" One of the men started approaching me with a slow steady pace. My heart raced and I felt all of the men's eyes on me. I knew I should have done something, I should have moved or ran, or said something. But I didn't. Stopping the man drew out a small, greyish looking object. Pointing it at me he said,

"Who are you?" I took a terrified step backwards. I began backing away slowly and I tripped. The man took a step forward, the thing still pointing at my face. "Tell me who you are." Scrambling I tried to get back up. He kneeled down, setting the thing aside he grabbed the collar of my kimono. I got a better look at his face. His black hair gave off a blueish tint and he had brown-black eyes. "Tell me who you are...now!"

"Stop Colonel!" I looked at the voice to see a woman with blonde hair and brown eyes. Her blonde hair was pulled up into a bun, that was fanned out to look like hawk feathers. "There's no reason to

scare the child to death."

"Lieutenant! I thought you were with Hughes in Central."

"Well, I'm not. Why are you interrogating the girl?" she asked.

I realized she meant me.

"She wasn't in the village, she just arrived. The girl promised everyone would be there, meaning she lied to us Lieutenant!" The woman gave him a curious look. She then turned to me and laid her hand on my shoulder.

"That's no reason to interrogate her Colonel. Are you alright?" I could feel my legs and I did the first thing that came to mind. Ran! Not very far though. I ran into a solid wall of flesh. Looking up, I saw a giant of a man with the biggest muscles I'd ever seen. Looking down he grabbed my arm.

"Colonel. Lieutenant. Having trouble are we?" he asked in a deep voice.

"Yes, we are. Thank you Armstrong." the Colonel replied. I tried wiggling from his strong grasp. Suddenly, I found my voice.

"Let go of me! I demand it!" I yelled, digging my nails in his skin. He didn't even flinch. The Colonel laughed, "You're in a disposition little lady. Because at the moment you have no right in demanding anything."

"LET ME GO! I'M THE PRINCESS OF THIS VILLAGE! UNHAND ME NOW!"

the man known as Armstrong looked at the Colonel nervously. The Lieutenant looked at the Colonel. The Colonel remained calm. "WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH MY VILLAGE?! LEAVE US ALONE!" My arm remained in a firm grasp and it was hurting.

"Where's your friend?" the Lieutenant asked. "The fiesty one with the pretty blue eyes." I paused. Madelyn.

"WHY, WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH HER?!" The Colonel tried keeping his cool.

"Your little friend helped us into the village."

"She...no...no she didn't...." I said weakly. I felt my knees

give way underneath me. She couldn't have. She was my friend. She'd been there for me forever. 'Madelyn.....no.' "NO! You're a liar!

Madelyn's my best friend! She couldn't of! What do you want from her?!"

I screamed. The Colonel stepped forward,

"Do you really want me to answer that? Now tell me where she is." The Lieutenant stepped in to interfere.

"Maybe this interrogation could be finished somewhere else? Somewhere inside?" she asked politely. Colonel gave the Lieutenant a warying look.

"Yes, I suppose that could be alright. Lieutenant you have a way with kids, you take her back." He picked himself up and brushed himself off. The Lieutenant leaned over and pulled me up by my

shoulders.

"I suggest you listen to me, or else I'll have to shoot you and neither of us want that, do we?" she said. My mind probably had a hundred of Meesha's snappy comebacks swimming around. But, my mind was simply numb.

"Mustang! Let her go!" All spun to see Meesha, hand fingering the belt around her waist. Which I knew held in place her ivory handled sword. "I told you everyone would be here. Now let her go." she said civilly. She pulled her blonde hair into a pony tail and her blue eyes flashed menacingly. "Now." Two thugs approached her quietly, to Meesha's total unawareness. I was so confused. But, she was my best friend. So, I screamed. But, a thug pulled Meesha back by the hair and forced her to the ground. The Colonel approached her and smiled.

"You look surprised little girl."

"This wasn't part of the deal, Mustang!" she said struggling

to reach her sword. He tilted her head up lightly.

"All is fair in war, some learned that the hard way." he paused. He leaned in and whispered something in her ear. I saw her eyes go wide, catch mine, then fall to the ground. "Good. Let her go boys, she won't run anywhere, she doesn't want to endanger her little friend now does she?" Meesha was released and she stood, her head down, "Get the captives to the base." The Lieutenant led me away.

"You don't want to see this." She said. I wanted to ask why. I

up-and-down look. I must have done the same because he chuckled. I sent darts at him. "She's a charmer, isn't she?" He said lightly. He had broad shoulders and emerald colored eyes. Lieutenant Hawkeye opened the cell door and I jumped up. My mind racing at full speed. 'If I can just get out.' I prayed silently. But he was quicker than me. In seconds he had a hold of my wrist. I tried to pull away, to no avail. He slowly backed me into the wall. I tried pulling away again, ignoring the fact he was much stronger than me. He was closer to me than I felt comfortable with.

"Don't.....please." I whispered. His eyes widened and he took half a step back so that he wasn't breathing in my face.

"My name is Zachary Reese." he whispered back. He positioned himself so that both my wrists were held in his right hand, held above my head uncomfortably. "If I let you go, promise me you won't run away." I stared at him. He stared back. "I don't want to hurt you, but if you run I'm gonna have to." he said seriously. "Promise?" He wasn't going to get a reply. "Fine." he said reaching into his pocket. He pulled out what looked like a brown leash. With his left arm he slid it about my neck and let go. I walked around him. I tried to back away, and I had a feeling he would have let me. But the leash had different plans. I couldn't go more than a few steps without being suffocated by the leash. He smiled and stepped outside the cell, pulling gently.

"Come on now, don't make me carry you." I stood still. 'He won't carry

me...will he?' Sure enough he stepped forward and swept me up without a problem, bridal style. I pushed him away and fell out of his hands onto the ground. He gave me a disapproving look.

"Don't touch me." I ordered. He raised an eyebrow.

"Right...and since when do you have any choice in the matter, missy? By the way I don't think I caught your name." He said pulling me up by the arm. I jerked away.

"Cleo. If I follow you, and don't run, will you stop touching me?" I asked. I figured that was the only way I could try to reason with him.

"Probably." Was his casual reply. I thought I heard Lieutenant Hawkeye laugh. I glared at him. He threw up his hands. "Fine, you follow, I don't touch. But I'm gonna warn you my promises don't last forever." He started on his way down the hall. A few men walked down the hall and gave Zachary a smile and asked him about his new girl. He just smiled and continued down the halls. We came upon a large door, Zachary pulled out a key and unlocked it. The door swung open and he stepped in. In the room was a desk and the walls were lined with bookshelves. My eyes went wide and I went to the nearest shelf and fingered a black book. I pulled it off the shelf and read the title Basic Alchemy. I placed it back on the shelf and fingered another book in awe. I heard him chuckle lightly.

"I didn't think savages could read." I spun around.

"I'M NOT A SAVAGE!" I yelled angrily. "WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MY

PEOPLE?!" I asked, advancing on him. I wasn't sure what I was gonna do

when I got to him but all I could think about was how angry he made me.

He grabbed my arm and pulled me into him. His arm wrapped around my waist gently, but tightly all the same.

"This is gonna be quite amusing." he said. I tried pushing him away and twisting away from his grasp. He lead me to another door in which he opened and pushed me in, shutting the door behind him. Instead of advancing he leaned against the door. He watched me intently as I looked over the room. There were two large windows, out which I saw the sun had setted and the stars were high i n the sky glimmering brightly, and a giant canopy bed. Off to the side I saw another door, small and metal. I gave him a questioning look. "Go see what it is. If you want." I strode cautiously to the door and pulled it open with the metal hatch. It was a smaller room with a small, thin mattress on the floor and a wooden nightstand. I turned around and opened my mouth to say something. He was standing right behind me. "Now, I have some business to attend to, so if you would kindly step into your new room I bid you goodnight." I glared at him. He smiled and removed the leash around my neck then he pushed me back gently. "Good night, little girl." I stumbled back onto the ground and the door shut. I heard the lock fall across it. I banged on the door.

"OPEN UP! OPEN THIS DOOR NOW!" The room was dank and dark and I

couldn't see. "PLEASE OPEN UP!" I didn't get an answer so I leaned against the door, afraid to move around. I shivered and pulled my legs to my chest.

/Zachary's POV/

I stood against the door, sighing softly. 'She's gonna be a handful.'

Suddenly from the inside I could hear her soft crying. I sighed again, just soft enough she wouldn't hear me. 'This isn't the best way to start out.'

Hey people, please review! I really need reviews if I'm gonna go on with it. Thanks lots.