

For A Friend

By VegetaHolic

Submitted: December 25, 2005

Updated: December 25, 2005

*Just a 'short' lil' fic I felt like doing one day ^^' Greed just needs to borrow something from Kimbley...but will Kim let him borrow it? READ N' FIND OUT...hehehe.....*snorts and cracks up* XD*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/VegetaHolic/25364/For-A-Friend>

Chapter 1 - For A Friend

2

1 - For A Friend

Slight mentions and intentions of Greed x Kimbley(ex. pet names, SLIGHTLY close touching, etc).

Greed walks down the hallways of the Devil's Nest, humming to himself as usual. Passing several doors, knowing whom owns each one of them. Stopping for a brief moment to smell the....*dog* scent that was reeking from Dorochet's room. Greed cringed. Lord, how he hated that smell. It was as if there were twenty dogs in there and they've never had a bath in their lives.

He snorts and continues walking to his destination. Kimbley. He stills owes him money! Kimbley may live here with them, but he can't have free drinks all the time! Greed growls and knocks on Kimbley's door. "Open up Kimmy!" he calls, delighted in hearing the grunt of annoyance from his....friend, whom hates being called that name. "Kimmy~!" Greed calls once more for his money owing companion.

Kimbley opens the door, an aggravated look upon his rather handsome face. Greed grins, his deadly sharp teeth gleaming in the dim light of the hallway. "You owe me." he states. Kimbley just snorts, replying to Greed's grin with a smirk. Greed cocks an eyebrow, "What are you smirking about?"

Kimbley closes his eyes and gives a low chuckle. "I believe I owe you nothing, dear Greed..."

Greed's grin turns into a frown as he states, "Oh? And I believe that you do." With saying this, Kimbley just slams the door in Greed's face. "Ah...Hey!!" He bangs his fists against Kimbley's door. "Open up!!" Greed waits for an answer, but receives none. He bangs his fists against the door once more. "I can easily break this door down, I hope you know!"

A low cough is all he gets for an answer.

"What was that?! I can truly break this door down, and I will!" Greed growls and takes off his sunglasses, placing them neatly into his pants pocket. After doing this, he doesn't have to worry about taking off his jacket, for he's not wearing it at the current time.

"I'm waiting, Mr. Strong man." Kimbley calls from inside his locked room.

Greed growls angrily and goes into his Ultimate Shield. Raising his hand above his head, he slams it into the door, easily breaking the wood, creating an indirect opening into Kimbley's room, where Kimbley was conveniently layed out on his bed. Greed smirked. "Nice position." he says while waling in, going back to normal, but also leaving his sunglasses in his pocket.

“...” was Kimbley's reply.

“Aw, it seems widdle Kimbley Wimbley doesn't have any where to go~..” Greed snickers evilly. Kimbley just looks at him. “I could just blow you up.” he says, as if blowing up a living being as a normal, daily thing.

“Oh, but I would regenerate... Remember, dear Kimbley of mine?” Greed grins, once again his teeth gleam in a dim light, this time the light of the moon seeping through Kimbley's window. Kimbley just gives him a sarcastic smirk. “Ah, yes. I do remember...” they both smirk as the memory passes through each of their minds.

It was a rather dark night... Kimbley was waling out in a park that he found near the Devil's Nest. He looked up at the stars that gave off the only light at that moment, the moon currently covered by a passing cloud. He smirked. How he wished he could blow those glowing balls of light up. It would be such a show... The millions of pieces of star shooting off in random directions, lighting up the whole sky with a massive explosion, which was caused by nothing more than two circles on a man's mere hands. “Hm...” he thought of what it would look like and smiled to himself. “What a show...”

Just as he was reaching the center of the park, he could hear a rustling behind him. “If you're a chimera, you'd best come out now.” The only answer he got was a little bit more rustling, as if someone was following his exact pace, except hidden in the bushes that lined the wall layed out trail in the park. “Hnn...” Kimbley growled almost inhuman like. Whatever was following him, he would surely blow up with out a thought. He stopped in his tracks, listening to see if whatever or whoever was following him would too.

And it did.

He smirked. This will be fun... Just another thing to blow up. He turned to face the bushes that were containing the thing that was following him. He took a step towards them, before something big and black jumped out at him. “WHAT THE?!?!” he placed his hands forwards, whatever jumped out at him landing directly in front of him, his hands automatically toughing it. In an instant it was blown up. And just before it blew up into, actually, rather large pieces, the light that goes before every explosion showed, revealing whatever dared to attack him at such a peaceful hour. “...Greed...?” Kimbley blinked in surprise while looking down at the pieces of what used to be Greed. He just shrugged it off and turned around, continuing to walk.

A few minutes pass, and not hearing anything from the pieces, he jumps in surprise when Greed's voice speaks up. “Hey! You can't just leave dead body...ah, chunks in the middle of the park! People will find them!”

Kimbley turned around at high speeds, actually feeling a tinge of fear in the pit of his stomach. “Wh...what the he -..” he was cut off by Greed's finger placed upon his lips. “Now, now, Kimmy,...” he started, smirking, “It's not nice to curse~” He grinned.

Kimbley pulled back rather fast, a very shocked look upon his face. “How!? How the he...HEC did you

live?!?" he was filled with rage now. Not just because Greed survived his attack of blowing him up, but also that Greed had the guts to attack him! And in the middle of a public par in the middle of the night no less! "What are you!?" he pointed at Greed.

Greed just smirked. "To answer your first question, I will also have to answer your second." he cleared his throat, and stood up strait, as if getting ready for a long speech. "I'm a homunculus."

Kimbley sighed. "Lord, I was so confused that night." he chuckles.

Greed just claps, "But you understand now, correct?" he walks over to Kimbley's bed and sits down next to the crimson alchemist. "So..." he places a hand on Kimbley's shoulder. "You got that money?" he smirks.

Kimbley growls at him, "Is that all you ever want!?"

"...No. Of course not, idiot. I want everything. Money, women, power, land.... The list goes on and on, Kimmy... and sometimes that's the only thing I don't want." he looks down at the ground, a rather depressing mood settling down upon him.

He just feels Kimbley's hand pull his own off his shoulder, snorting. "All my money I keep under my bed... Take what you need, and get out of my room. I want and need to get back to sleep." Kimbley growls at him. Greed just sighs, "Thanks for supporting me." he says sarcastically. Kimbley just nods as a 'you're very welcome'.

Greed reaches under the bed, feeling around for some money. "Ah!" he feels some paper, figuring it's money. He pulls it out and,...ah, look! Money. He smirks and counts the money. "Even more than what I need."

Kimbley stands up in a second. "I said TAKE WHAT YOU NEED!" he shoves Greed a little, as a warning. Greed puts on a mock hurt face, "But, but, but....I neee~eeeed the money, Kimmy Wimmy!"

Kimbley just snorts. "What for?"

"To replace all the alcohol you drink!"

"Hmnn....Does that mean I'm helping you?"

In fear that if he says yes, Kimbley might not let him have the money, Greed hesitates, "M...Maybe..."

Kimbley gives one of his best smiles, even though it's being forced. "Then you can have it."

Greed takes a couple steps back, shocked. "WHO are you, and WHAT have you done with Kimbley!?" he points at Kimbley, who's standing a good five feet away, a some what confused look on his face. "What ever do you mean, Greedie?" Saying that name makes Greed wobble backwards a bit. Shows him for saying 'Kimmy Wimmy'.

"The normal Kimbley would do nothing like this..." Greed lets out an annoyed growl, which has a pang of fear, and a hint of worry in it. "Envy?!" he points harder at Kimbley.

Kimbley snorts, "I'm too sexy for that he she to look like me." he chuckles.

Greed just drops his finger, hand, arm and all, back to his side. "So why are you giving me the money?" he cocks an eyebrow.

"Let's just say... I'm doing for a...hm...a `friend'." Kimbley smiles. Not a smirk, not a sarcastic, `I'm better than you', smile. A true, loving smile. Greed felt a rather large pang of guilt hit his heart, for accusing the man before him. The man who just confessed that he believes Greed is his friend. Kimbley waves his hands in front of Greed's face, "Hellooo?" Greed blinks and snaps out of it, blushing some. "Sorry."

Kimbley shrugs. "It's alright."

"So... I guess...ah....." Greed was stuck on words. "Th...Thanks."

Kimbley just smiles and shoves him out of his room. Greed chuckles. "Yeah...Thanks." he smiles and walks away, returning to the front of the Devil's Nest to make an important phone call to the liquor house downtown.

END