

Through the Door

By nightninja

Submitted: November 23, 2007

Updated: November 23, 2007

Emma Lerikson resently lost her left arm at the elbow in a car accident. But when a mysterious old man pushed her through the familiar door from her favorite television series, Fullmetal Alchemist, things change.

Provided by Fanart Central.

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1 - Emma Lerikson

"Ouch! Don't!"

"Miss Emma, if you want that seture out I'm going to have to probe the healing scar."

"It's only been three weeks since the accident. It's still sore!" Emma argued, "Ouch! Would you cut that out!?"

"If I don't take it out it will fester and get infected." the doctor said calmly, carefully snipping the skin at the scar on Emma's left arm stub. He squeezed at the red, irritated lump. Emma winced. And out came the small black stitch which should have disolved. "There were are!" the doctor said with a successful grin, "That should be much better. Keep it clean and come in in a week so we can fit you for a prosthetic arm."

"Yes, doctor." said Emma's mother. They left the hospital office and walked out to their car in the parking lot. Emma got in the passenger's seat. "You know," her mother said with a small smile, "A prosthetic will make everything so much easier on you--"

"Mom, i told you I don't want a prothetic!" Emma yelled rebeliously at her mother, "I can live without it. Besides, it's my own fault I ended up this way."

Her mother's smile fadded. "I really wish you would stop blaming yourself. It's not your fault that man was driving drunk." Emma didn't resond. She reached over and turned up the radio. Her mother sighed.

"Let's just get home so I can watch Full Metal Alchemist." Emma said after a long silence.

"Goodness, I don't know why you like that cartoon. You're a sixteen year old girl."

"It's not a cartoon, mom. It's an anime with a complex and interesting storyline and intreging characters. If you really feel that way, I'll just go over to Marisa's and watch it with her."

Ding-dong

Marisa opened the door to se her best friend, Emma. "Hey, Mar!" she said in her normal happy tone.

"Hey, Em!" Marisa replied, "FMA doesn't start for about an hour. So whacha wanna do?"

Emma shrugged, "Wanna just go down to your room and goof off?" Marisa nodded. Once there, they began talking about random things: their favorite bishis, school, bishis, and then they got to talking about their looks.

"Emma, you're really pretty!" Marisa objected, "Don't say you're not!"

Emma walked up to Marisa's full-body mirror. She saw her pitete figure. Her sandy-blond hair that reached about two inches under her shoulder. It was pulled back in a low, loose braid. A few of her eye-level bangs fell in her face. Her eyes were a blatant hazel. "I'm so...normal. There's nothing about me that makes me stand out. except that stupid stub of and arm."

"You forgot one thing." Marisa added. Emma looked over to her friend curiously, "The face that you're super SHORT."

"WHO YOU CALLING SO SMALL THAT GLUTTANY ATE HER AND THOUGHT HE ATE A PARASITE!!!!!!!"

"I didn't say that..." Marisa said smiling, "But it's good to have you back. C'mon! It's 7:00 o'clock, let's go watch."

They were watching a re-run of episode 42. They'd already seen all 51 episodes. "You know waht I can't help but keep thinkin'?" Emma said with a mouth full of popcorn.

"What?"

"That this is alot like the war in Iraq right now."

"Hmmm... you're right. That sorta freaky..."

"And presided Bush is just like the Fuhrer!" They both broke out in laghter. They hated Bush. They couldn't wait for the 2008 elections. When the show was over, Emma bided Marisa goodbye and started to walk home.

It was beginning to get dark and the street lights were lighting up. Under one of them was an old man dressed in a hooded robe. With caution and suspition, Emma approached the woman. "Do you need help, sir?" she asked.

The man pulled down is hood to reveal a dark-skinned face and red eyes. Emma jumped back startled. 'He looked like an Ishbalian.' Emma thought to herself.

"Does it scar you, Emma?" the man asked, reaching out and grabbing her left shoulder. Emma shook with fear. The man ran his finger down her scar.

"Please, let me go!" Emma pleaded. The am looked Emma in the eye and smiled. He released his grip on her stub.

"Yes, you are indeed the one." he said. He slammed his hands on the ground. It glowed a bright red. Emma looked down. She saw an accurately chalk-drawn transmutation circle on the ground under her. She was directly in the center of it.

A gateway appeared behinder her. She recognized it immediantly. The doors opened and revealed many eyes. "Please enjoy my gift, Emma." the man said as he charged her and pushed her into the gate's opened doors.

Many things flashed in Emma's mind. The greatest knowlege of Alchemy, and other things unexplainable. Being far too much for her to stay consious through, Emma fassed out, but the flashes continued.

A few minutes later, the door opened and dumped the unconscious Emma's body in a rural area by a river. And there she laid unconscious for four hours.

"Why are we got to the river again, Al?"

Al smiled at his brother. "Beat me, brother. I just felt that we should go to the river this morning."

"You're such a weirdo, Al." Ed said, his hands in his pockets. When they got to the riverside, they were suprised to see the body of a yound girl. Her left arm seemed to tbe missing.

"Brother!" Al exclaimed worriedly. They rushed over to the girl's aid. Ed put two fingers under her jaw bone.

"Her pulse is normal." He examined, "We should take her to Old Lady Pinako." All nodded and helped his brother carry the girl back to the Rockbell residences.

Al: Kitties!!!

Me: sorry. i have to stop here. Al won't stop bugging me to take him to the pet shop.

Ed: Just review already...

2 - French Toast

Emma slowly opened her eyes. Her head hurt, like it had hit the concrete of the sidewalk. She looked around at her surroundings. She had been put into a small twin sized bed in a tiny, what seemed to be a guest room. She couldn't help but wonder where she was. Being as there were no windows in the room, she wasn't able to see the outside area to maybe give her some sort of clue to this question.

"I must have tripped." she said to herself, "Yeah. That's it! I tripped and dreamed up the whole Gate thing. The old man didn't know where I lived and took me to his house until I woke up." Her stomach made a terrible grumbling noise suddenly. "Well, I'm sure he wouldn't mind if I raided his kitchen. Even if he did mind, 'Hunger get what hunger want!"

Emma walked down the stairs quickly, but quietly not wanting to wake anyone else in the house. The kitchen looked oddly familiar. She brushed it off and looked around for the ingredients for French Toast: Eggs, bread, cinnamon, milk, and butter. Surprisingly, for not having a left arm for only three weeks, she had adapted to life without it very well. As she cooked, the wonderful smell suffused the house. She made a big plate of toast, just in case the old man wanted any.

She herself was about to dig into the fruits of her labor when a clunking of metal reached her ear. She looked up at the doorway and saw a large, suit of armor, with a feather protruding off the helmet. She recognized the armor immediately. At the sight of each other, they screamed for a few seconds.

"Brother! Winry! Grandma Pinako!" Alphonse yelled, running back through the arch he'd come in from. "She's awake!"

He ran back and bowed in greeting. Emma just sat there, trying her best to hold back a fangirl scream. "Must not glomp. Must NOT glomp." she screamed in her head.

"Hi!" Al said, in that adorable voice Emma loved so much. "My name is Alphonse Elric. Most people just call me Al, though."

"It's nice to meet you..." Emma finally managed to say. "I'm Emma Laurencen..."

At that moment Edward, Winry, and Pinako came sliding in. This time Emma had to restrain herself from her yelling, "Ed, say 'Roy Mustang looks dead sexy in a minishirt!'"

"It's good to see you're doing better." Winry said, "I'm Winry Rockbell. That's my grandma, Pinako."

"And I'm Edward Elric." Ed added in.

"Everyone, this is Emma!" Al said to the others. "Emma, did you make all this breakfast?" he added, seeing the mountain of toast in front of her. Emma nodded.

"And with one arm?" Edward asked.

"What's that supposed to mean, shrimp?" Emma burst. All, Winry and Pinako exchanged and 'Uh-oh.' looks.

"WHO YOU CALLING AN EATABLE, TINY SHELLFISH!!?" Ed yelled, "Besides I'm taller than you are, so HA!!"

He was right. Ed was taller than her by only a inch. She she used her not-a-comeback comeback. "Yeah, well, RAWRTASTICISHISM!" Everyone looked at her puzzled and Emma just stood there beaming proudly. Edward took a wiff of the air and piled some toast on his plate. Ed stuffed his face, cramming two slices in his mouth at a time.

"Hey, this is good! What is it?" Ed asked with his mouth full.

"French Toast." she answered quickly.

"What's in it?"

"Well, you soak the bread in a mixture of eggs, cinninnmon and milk--"

"Milk..." Ed immediantly stopped eating.

"Yes, milk."

"GROSS!!!" Ed ran back upstairs to the bathroom. Winry and Al laughed.

"Sorry, Ed has... milk issues." Winry said.

"Yeah, I know." Emma said, then realizing what she had said she covered her mouth.

"How, did you know?" Pinako asked suspiciously.

"Ummmm...." Emma studded, "From his reaction, j-just now. That's how." she laughed nervously. Ed came back into the room and all was forgotten.

"YOu know, those weren't that bad. If you hadn't said there was milk, I'd have kept eating." Ed said blankly.

"Well, thanks...?" Emma said, awkwardly, trying to cross her arms. Winry noticed her discomfort and jumped at the opportunity for a sale.

"Hey, i could make you an arm!" She said happily a twinkle forming in her eye as she thought about it. "I need to work on joint functions anyway. Yours would be the perfect chance to practice."

"Wait, you mean automail?" Emma said, almost excitedly. Then she remembered the oath she had sworn after her accident: to never get a prosthetic. "No, I can't. It's my own fault I lost my arm, and I don't deserve to get it back in anyway."

Ed knocked her on the head. She looked up at him surprisedly. "Don't talk stupid." he said, not even making eye contact with her. "Automail helps out alot. I highly recigmend it." He smiled that toothy grin she had seen so many times before.

"Fine..." she said turning to Winry. "I'll give it a shot. But I don't know how I'll pay you. ALI i have it... foreign money."

"Oh, it's not charge, young lady. No charger." Said Pinako with a smile.

"Oh, my God!" Emma yelled out as they began conecting the nerves. She expected pain, but nothing like this.

"Hold still, Em!" Winry yelled back. "I'm almost done." She connected the last wire. Emma gave a sigh of relief as they finished. It was finally over. She passed out from when it was finished. Winry and Pinako took her to the guest room again, where she had woken up that morning. When she finally woke, Edward was the first to greet her.

"See? Wasn't too bad, was it?" he said with a smile.

"Buzz off..." Emma mumbled tiredly.

He laughed. "It's pretty painful, huh?" he added holding his own automail up. He looked down. "So how'd it happen?"

She looked to him. "Accident... a man was driving drunk and he ran into me. My arm got caught in the engine belt and..." she looked away, rolling to the other side.

"At least you have a good reason." he said in his comforting voice. "I lost my arm and lag for stupid and selfish reasons."

"I've got a guess..." Emma mumbled to herself.

"And that would be?"

"Emma broke out in a sweat. Did she tell him the truth or lie? "Well, from the look of it, you attempted a human alchemy..."

"Ed froze, "So, you knew..."

"I kind of figured..." Emma said, hoping they wouldn't be questioning. "Edward smirked. You must be a pretty shilled alchemist to have figured it out."

Emma sat up. She was starting to feel much better. "No. I've never done alchemy before in my life--" She stopped, remembering that she had passed through the door and it's ability to bestow the knowledge of alchemy. She smiled. She bend her arm at the elbow or her new automail. "Geez, how do

you lug this stuff around all the time...?" she complained.

He laughed. "I guess it just takes some time to get used to it." he said. There was a knock on the door and Al walked in, clunking with each step.

"Brother, I brought you some dinner." he said, then he looked over to see that Emma was awake already. "Oh, hello."

"Hey, Al." she said perkily. She was such a sucker for his innocent voice inside the huge armor.

"Thanks, Al." Edward said, a bit of disappointment in his voice, it seemed. He stood and added, "I'll go grab Emma some food." He left.

Al shook his head. "He's so stubborn. I kept telling him to go rest, but he won't listen to me." he turned back to Emma and took a seat in the chair by the bed. "Pinako said the procedure went well."

"That's good to hear." She said, propping herself up against the headboard. "How long has Ed been here?"

Al shrugged. "Since you got out of the operation. So... that would be since lunch. He's been really worried."

"Oh..." Emma said, trying to hide the embarrassment in her voice. She had always been a bit of an Edward fangirl. This was almost too much for her to handle. Edward Elric, sitting at her bedside for hours.

"Hey, Emma?" Al's voice broke her thoughts. She looked up at him. "I heard you two talking. So you know what I am."

She nodded. "You're a soul connected to the armor with a bloodseal." she explained briefly of her knowledge. "I'm sure Edward drew it for you."

"Yes, he did." Al said, his voice going squeaky like it usually did. "It's hard to believe that you're not an alchemist."

She looked up at him and laughed. "Well, I would be willing to learn." she said happily, "I'm sure I'd catch on fast, if you guys would teach me." she tried not to hint that she'd seen the door. She figured she'd also be able to do a transmutation with her hands.

Al's giggle indicated that he was smiling. "That would be great! But we have to travel back to Central soon." he looked down disappointed at first. His head popped up suddenly with a thought, "Hey, you can come with us!"

Edward was in the doorway as his brother said this, holding a plate of food. He quickly dropped it at the thought. He walked over and grabbed Al's shoulder, dragging him out of the room. He slammed the door behind him, but it bounced and stayed open just enough for Emma to hear.

"Al, she can't come!" Ed's voice said, "It's too dangerous for her in her current condition."

"Brother, please! She wants to learn Alchemy. We could teach her!" Al's protest was squeaky.

"No, Al!"

"Don't you think it would be nice to have different company, other than just eachother?"

"That's not the point, Al!" Emma was just outside the door now, peering through the crack in the door.

"Brother, why do you always have to push people away?" Al's voice sounded like he would have cried. Emma felt sick to her stomach just at the sight of the quarrel.

Ed looked out of the corner of his eye and he caught her's. She cringed at she pushed open the door. "Get packing..." he mumbled. "We leave for Cenral tomorrow morning." He stuck his hands in his pockets and walked away, not even looking back to see the surprised looks on Al and Emma's faces.

3 - Liar

Emma borrowed some of Winry's clothes the next morning, seeing as her current attire, and AC/DC tee-shirt and ripped jeans, made her stick out like sore thumb. As Winry helped her pack, they chatted a bit. It was nice to have the small bit of girl time.

"So, the boys are going to teach you alchemy?" Winry said, "Knowing Ed, he'll let it all go to his ego gouged head."

They laughed. "Yeah, I'm sure." Emma replied, stuffing a pair of baggy black pants into her bag. "I can't wait to see Central." She walked back to the closet to see if there was anything else that no longer fit Winry that she could take. A powder blue sundress caught her eyes, pushed back to the back of the closet. She pulled it out, dust coming with it. "Hey, Win?"

Winry looked up at it with a giggle, apparently having a flashback. "Oh, I haven't worn that thing since my 13th birthday." she said, "Grandma bought it for me and made me wear it. You're so puny, it probably fits you--"

"WHO YOU CALLING SMALLER THAN A SINGLE STRAND OF CHROMASOME!!!!???" Emma retorted sharply.

Winry sweatdropped. "I didn't say that... gee you're more like Edward than you know. But if you like, you can have that, if it fits you, that is."

Emma held up the dress to her own figure as if she were wearing it. "I guess it'd be safe to try it on first." she said.

"Alright. I'll finish getting this packed and you go to the bathroom and try that on." Winry smiled, warmly, like she did when she saw the latest model of screwdriver, "But come back when you're changed. I'd like to see." Winry again began packing as Emma skippd happily to the bathroom across the hall.

She pulled it on over her head and straitened out the shirt. Pulling her medium length hair out of the back, she looked at herself in the fulll body mirror on the wall. "God, I look horrible..." she mumbled. The automail made everything look even more awkward than usual.

Her body shape, being she was still in her premature phase of growth, was strangely preportioned. She didn't have much of a curve; it was barely noticable. She sighed and walked back out in the dress to go show Winry as promised. As she opened the door, she ran into someone.

They were both knocked backwards onto the floor. Rubbing her head, she noticed now that it had been Edward. "Sorry." they both said at once. Edward stood up first and held out his hadn to helf her up. She took it thankfully. When she was up, she pounded the dust off the shirt.

"What are you wearing?" he asked.

She looked up slightly to him. "Winry's old dress. She wanted me to try it on." Ed moved past her, starting his decent down the stairs. As he did so, Emma headed in the direction of Winry's room.

"It looks nice..." he daid suddenly. Emma felt her face go slightly red. She turned to respond, but he was already gone, downstairs with Pinako and Al.

She walked into the room and Winry was sitting on the bed, the packed suitcase at the end of it. "Emm, you look good." she said with a smile. "So, you going to take it along, too?"

"Sure..." she responded, "But I really don't see when i would ever wear it."

"The promotion ceremony."

"What?"

"Colonel Mustang's promotion ceremony. That's why Ed and Al are heading back to Central. That and to get their assignments."

"Oh..." Emma said. She didn't recall anything like this in the series. It much have been when Mustang was promoted from 1st Lieutenit to Colonel.

Emma changed back into her new waredrobe, baggy black chargo pants with many silver zippers. The shirt she had on was a dark teal color, and long sleeved, so that it somewhathid her awkward looking automail. The neckline was lower than what she was used to, so underneath it she wor a black camasal to cover her barely noticable cleavage. She had also been unfortuanate enough to have the hairtie holding her braid in break, forcing her to wear her hair down. It came a little past her shoulder, and was quite wild, which was why she alway kept it in a braid to begin with. Most likely, it was going to drive her insane.

She and Winry carted her bag downstairs, small enough that she could carry it with one arm in the suitcase. Ed and Al were waiting patiently with their own bags. "Well, come one." Edward mumbled, throwing his suitcase over his shoulder in a manly fashion. "Go ahead and toss your bag to Al. He can carry it no problem."

Emma nodded and gave her bagage to Alphonse who quickly threw it into his suit of armor chest. They all said their goodbyes and walked out to the train station. Al and Emma conversed as they did so, but Ed remained quiet.

"So Emma, you never told us where you were from." Al said casually.

Emm avoid eye contact, knowing that he would know she was lying by the look in her eyes. Quicky coming up with a story on the spot, she said, "A town that's tinier than Risenbool. a ways up the river."

"Oh, so how did you end up on the riverbed down here?"

Gread. More question to lie about. "Well, couple nights ago I was fishing, slipped on a rock and bumped

my head. I must have fallen into the river and got washed up here." she thought this was a rather convincing story.

They arrived at the train platform just as the train was preparing to depart. Boarding quickly, they found only one empty compartment and sat down. Emma quickly claimed the left window seat. Al did the same on the opposite side. Edward took the seat next to Al, which was expected.

Suddenly, there was an echoy 'Meow!' Emma nearly busted out laughed, knowing exactly what was going on. "Al..." Edward growled, a red temple pulsing on the side of his forehead. "I told you to leave that stupid tabby we found in Risenbool!"

Alphonse switched to his ever popular chibi face of innocence. "But brother--" he opened his chest and pulled out a fluffy black cat. "He followed me..." the cat meowed again, giving the cutest tilt of its head, its green eyes flashing percasionally.

"Al, that's no excuse."

Emma quickly took the cat from Al and hugged it. "Oh, it's so cute!" she exclaimed, her voice going high pitched. "Don't be so hard on him, Edward. It's only a cat after all." The cat curled up in her lap and fell asleep, purring loudly.

"Fine..." Ed mumbled quietly, "We'll keep him... for now. But only till we get to Central."

They all sat in silence for an hour or two before Emma broke the silence. "I'm starving to get hungry." she complained. She hadn't had the best breakfast that morning.

"Same here." Edward said, happy that someone other than him had mentioned food. "Hey, Al--"

Al was already standing and heading for the door of the compartment, "I'm on it!" with that he left.

Edward and Emma sat in silence for a bit, both their feet propped up on the seat in front of them. Edward broke the silence this time. "You're a liar..." he said with a smirk. She looked over to him worriedly. He'd figured it out. "There's no town up the river from Risenbool. You may fool Al, but not me..."

She sighed, looking down guiltily. "I should have known you wouldn't fall for it..." she turned her sights out the window.

"If you'd like to make up for it, then answer me this: Where are you from?"

"I can't say..."

"Why!?"

"I just can't!"

Al walked back in happily, two lunch bags in his hands. "Here you go!" he said, tossing one to each of

them. Edward and Emma glared at each other as they ate. NO one spoke all the way to Central, and the only noise was the clicking of the track beneath them and the faint purring of a black cat.

4 - The Offer

As they all unboarded the train, the air was tense. Al stood between Edward and Emma, just in case they decided to lunge at each other. They came to the steps of Central Military Headquarters. Al and Ed were able to pass by immediately, but the guards at the gate blocked her way. "Hey, what's the big idea?" she protested, pushed back more and more with every step she tried to take.

"She's with us!" Al squeaked, turning and stopping to try to help. Edward continued walking forward.

"Is that right, Fullmetal?" the first guard asked, grabbing Emma's automail arm. She cringed a bit; it was still sore from her connection a couple days before.

Edward stopped in his tracks and looked over his shoulder at her. "No. We don't travel with liars." he said blankly, turning back and walking again.

"Brother, what are you talking about?!" Al yelled at him, "She's with us." he repeated to the guards.

"Sorry, but we need that clearance from Fullmetal." the second guard said. "I'm sorry, Alphonse."

Emma twisted out of the guards. "You know what, screw you, Edward Elric!" she yelled. After a few more minutes of steaming and throwing curses at him, she stomped off back towards town.

"Brother, why did you do that?" Al said angrily, catching up with his brother. "She didn't--"

"She was lying to you, Al." Edward interrupted calmly. "She pulled the wool over your eyes and you fell for it." They walked inside, Al looking over his shoulder worriedly, Ed not even bothering to.

Readjusting her bag constantly on her shoulder, Emma pushed through the large crowd. She didn't know what to do now, but she had to find away home. That was what she was hoping to do by traveling with the Elric. But that plan had obviously backfired.

Turning into an alleyway to escape the crowds for a bit, she sat down on an empty wooden crate. She sighed and took out a bit of food from her bag. Just as she was about to take a bite, she heard someone slurping on their own saliva. She knew the sound too well.

"Can I eat that one, Lust?" the slurping voice said, "Oh, please, oh, please?"

"Calm down, Gluttony." Lust said, in her normal seductive voice. "She looks like she needs help." They both stepped out of the shadows of the alleyway.

Emma jumped at the sight of them, her mouth subconsciously forming the word, "Homunculi." She stood up quickly, grabbing her bag again off the crate, ready to fight if it came to it.

"Relax, kid, we don't plan on hurting you." Lust said again, extending her fingers to brush Emma's right arm. Emma jumped. "I see you know what we are. Good. That saves alot of explaining and time."

"Lust! Please, I'm starving!" Gluttony whimpered again. Lust glared at him and he receded.

Turning back to Emma Lust smirked, "You're from the other side of the door. YOu seek a way back, correct?"

Emma was a bit surprised at this. "H-how did you know?" she said shakily.

"Please, we humunculi have been inside the door, between the worlds. We have seen our share of both sides." She answered with a small laugh.

Emma hesitantly let her guard down. "And you think you can help?" she didn't care how she got back. It wouldn't back a difference, good or evil assistance wouldn't make matter at all.

"OH, I'm sure our Master could help you. Of course, you would have to come with us to see them." Lust offered her hand. Emma inched forward, reaching out to take it.

There was a sudden gunshot, causing the trio in the alley to look to the end of it. A boy, about Emma's age stood in the light, a pistol in his hand pointed up. He was in a military uniform, but didn't have the jacket on, only the white shirt. "Leave. Now." he ordered the humunculi.

Emma looked back to Lust. She smirked. "Meet us by the military gates after that oaf Mustang's promotion ceremony. We'll talk about this then." she and Gluttony jumped over the fence that split the two alleys and disappeared.

The military boy walked up to her, his gun now in his holster. "Are you alright, ma'am?" he asked professionally. Withough waiting for an answer, her added. "Colenel Mustang sent me to get you."

"I'm fine." Emma mumbled. "I don't know how Mustang would know about me but--"

"I'll explain on the way back to Headquarters." he said grabbing her arm and dragging her along. "My name is Alexander, by the way."

"Emma." she said, quickening her pace to keep up with him. "So, are you always so dramatic on recovery missions?" she teased, twisting out of his grip. He looked at her confusedly. To clarify her meaing her held up her hand in a gun-like shape and made a noise like that of a shot.

He looked away, "It's an easy way to get attention." he mumbled, embarressment clear in his voice. Emma laughed slightly.

"You did what, Mustang!?" Edward yelled, slamming his fists down on Mustang's desk.

The colonel sat calmly, being used to Ed's outbursts of anger. His head was lazily propped against his closed hand. "I sent one of our trainees out to find the girl, Emma."

"What the Hell did you do that for!?"

"It was on your brother's request." He motioned to the towering suit of armor behind Edward, who turned angrily to face him.

"I'm sorry, brother." Al said calmly. "I had to. It's not safe for her to be out there alone in her current condition, even if she did lie."

The door opened behind them, and in came Emma and Alexander. Alexander saluted quickly and pulled Emma up beside him. "The girl. Just as you ordered, Colonel." he practically yelled in monotone.

Mustang laughed. "At ease. At ease." he managed to say. "You are dismissed, Lardon." Alexander quickly marched out. "He's a bit too enthusiastic sometimes." he mumbled with a smirk.

Al walked over to Emma and bent down to her height. "Are you alright?" he asked immediately, beginning to do an examination of her arms, legs and other body parts to check for any sign of injury.

"Al? Al!?" she yelled, trying to get his attention and get him to stop. He did so soon after being yelled to. "I'm fine, Al. Just chillax." she smiled. Then she turned to Edward, a serious look on her face.

He glared back at her. "Liar." he grumbled.

"Jerk." she growled back.

"Slut."

"Loser."

"Freak!"

Emma smirked as she said, "Shorty."

She got just the reaction she wanted. "WHO ARE YOU CALLING MIDGET!!?" Edward steamed.

"Not that I hate to break up this wonderful little reunion," Mustang said suddenly, "But Fullmetal needs to get his assignments. Your next few will just be here in Central, since you are required to attend the promotion ceremony this week." He handed Ed a stack of papers. "Fill these out and have them on my desk tomorrow morning."

Ed grumbled, picking up the papers. "Fine..."

He headed towards the door, "Come on, Al." Al went along, motioning for Emma to follow as well. She did so quickly. They shut the door behind them, leaving Mustang alone once again.