

## Two Barefeet

**Anime:** Full Metal Alchemist

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**Pairing:** Roy X Ed

**Contains:** shounen Ai, foot fetish

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The day had started out quite normally—Ed had reported to headquarters, been verbally abused by various and sundry other alchemists, had no less than thirteen outbursts dealing with his height (or lack thereof), and finally retreated to the library.

By now, however, it was the hottest part of the day and the library was terribly stuffy. The open window looked inviting, but Ed knew that it was only trying to trick him into going outside. It was a breezeless day, ninety-five degrees in the shade. Edward had stolidly resisted the shedding of clothing until he felt the sweat dripping through his shirt and onto the book he was perusing. The blonde gaped in horror at the little sweat drops collecting on the page and hastily shrugged his jacket off, glad for the reprieve his sleeveless shirt gave him.

He sighed happily, going back to his book. 'Subcutaneous snail larvae clipping hairs save coupons', the book said. Ed wondered for a moment why his brain couldn't seem to process the sentence, but then he realized that it made no sense. Was he reading it right? Was he dyslexic? Was the author, Mr. Jay D. Holmsteinberger on mind-altering drugs? And just what were infantile snails doing in layers of the skin, being coupon-saving barbers? Why were baby snails allowed working permits! It was outrageous!

Ed brought a hand up to his face. It was burning up. "Maybe I'm delirious from the heat..." he mumbled, sliding down in his chair. It would probably be a capital idea to leave the library and go entertain himself in some room with considerably greater ventilation, but he didn't want to leave. Outside the library were Roy's taunts, Riza's guns, and Hughes' several thousand wallet-sized pictures of his daughter. Those things were just more than he could take. Avoiding that was worth dying of a heat stroke, ne? ...Wait.

"I don't think my thought processes are working quite right," Ed mused. He snuck some furtive glances around the library; no one was there with him—even the librarians had left, moaning of the heat and fanning themselves as they shuffled out the door. It would be safe, then.

He took out his ponytail holder, unbraiding his hair and pulling it up tightly at the back of his head. Ed took hold of the hem of his shirt, slipping it over his head and folding it neatly. He put it on the table before tugging off his big platform shoes. Finally he pulled his socks from his feet, balling them up and pushing them inside his shoes. Without them on, he could swing his legs freely in his chair without touching the ground. He glared at his feet momentarily, cursing his shortness, but he quickly decided that it wasn't worth it and propped his feet on the table, continuing his reading. He found that the sentence he'd read earlier had nothing at all to do with underage snail barbers, and quite a lot more to do with theories on human transmutation.

When Roy entered the library, he was met by quite a lovely sight. Sitting at the library table was nothing less than a flushed, shirtless, barefoot Edward Elric. Roy felt the urge to drool, but decided better of it and did the next best thing. "Hey bean, you've got work to do!"

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**Author: The Rabid Toenail**

"WHO'S SO SHORT YOU COULD EAT A POT FULL OF HIM BOILED WITH AN OLD HAMBONE!" Ed yelled. Apparently he was still slightly delirious.

Roy tilted his head to the side, staring at the boy. "Did you jump in the deep end of the sanity pool, munchkin?"

"Go away," Ed muttered, turning his attention back to his book.

Roy strode forward, coming to stand at the edge of Ed's table. He intended to demand in a loud voice that Ed leave the overly stuffy library and do some paperwork (which, incidentally, Roy was supposed to be filling out at the moment), but as he stood there, he found that he just couldn't.

The colonel's breath caught in his throat as he stared at Ed, so close... on impulse, he ran a gloved finger across the arch in Ed's metal foot. Ed didn't notice the touch, so Roy switched to the other foot. The blonde's eyes shot upward, glaring at Roy. Roy smirked, ghosting his fingers over the underside of the lovely foot.

Ed couldn't contain his giggles. His feet were extremely ticklish and Roy—and Roy—did Roy have some odd obsession with feet? Ed quickly dismissed it. It was another of those snail and hambone ideas, and those seemed to do bad things to his brain.

The blonde gasped as his chair flipped backward, the colonel collapsing on top of him, his lips oh-so-conveniently placed on top of Ed's.

And for the next twenty minutes, Ed's two bare feet got the recognition and attention they had so deserved.

Meanwhile, Hawkeye had placed another mountain of paperwork on Roy's desk...