

CharityXGreed

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Charity is my homunculus, whose power like thing is absorption, and it's also written in first person, because i fail at third, and also second. (A friend of mine tried to get me to write a story between her and Edward in second person, lol).

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My life was created by an alchemist, and I knew it would be ended by one as well. What would happen in between, I didn't know, but that was all about to unfold.

My first sight was of a horrified alchemist's face, a man I knew, but did not. I took a deep shuddering breath and stared at him, watching as tears fell down his face.

No, you're not my daughter. He denied in a whisper, and I moaned softly, unable to do much else. He left the room, leaving me in darkness.

I saw the shattered remainders of something blood red, a stone of some sort, and I managed to pull myself towards it. Out of pure instinct I opened my mouth and devoured the shards, growing stronger with each mouthful. My body was coming into proper shape, and I rose to my newly formed feet, standing on two legs. I flexed my arms, testing their strength when I spotted a mirror across the room. I took my first awkward steps, stumbling over to it.

The person I saw was unfamiliar to me, and I blinked at her. She stood tall, with a proud stance, her legs braced apart ready for battle. I grinned and she did as well, a lock of dark black hair falling over one of her violet eyes. I stared in fascination at a mark on my right wrist. It was like a tattoo, in the shape of a serpent devouring its own tail, but I turned my mind to other matters. I scanned the room for anything useful and I spotted even more pieces of that eatable stone lying on a table.

Wonderful. I said aloud, walking over to them. As I was munching away, I read the notes on the desk. They were of human transmutation. I read further, looking down at a page of an open book. If human transmutation is failed, a homunculus is created. I read aloud. A perfect artificial human, a homunculus, is something with a human-like body and mind, but no soul. I flinched. Harsh. I said laughing, until I remembered the man's reaction to me. Well frack, I think I'm a homunculus. I said, picking up the book. The man re-entered the room and I glanced up.

You weren't thinking to kill me were you daddy? I asked in a sweet child-like voice when I saw the dagger he held tightly in his hand.

Is that you Charity? He asked, his fist relaxing, the knife held loose in his hand. I walked over to him and stared innocently up into his gold eyes.

You wouldn't kill me, would you? I asked, my own eyes filling with fake tears.

No, of course not. He said, pulling me into a hug. I moved swiftly, pulling the blade from his hand and slicing it cleanly through his neck. I stared into his eyes as his head fell into my outstretched hands. I moved away as his body fell to its knees, and then forward onto the ground. I tossed his head to the floor, feeling no remorse.

Whoops. I said, leaning down and looting his pockets. I found his thick wallet and I opened it, pulling the cash out and tucking it into my own pocket. I tossed it onto the carcass and took a step forward to leave when I stepped on a photo. I moved my foot, looking down at it. I picked it up and stared at it. I saw myself, a boy who looked just like me, and the dead man in the picture, laughing at some unknown joke. I stared at the similarity between all of us before realizing that there was one crucial difference between this woman and that girl. While I had violet coloured eyes, hers were a vivid yellow, just like her brother's and father's. I picked up the picture and read the back.

Charity, Zolf and their father. It read and I tipped my head to one side, trying to remember. When nothing came to me, I discarded the photo and watched it flutter to the floor.

I took the money and the book with me, leaving the rest of the house untouched. Stepping outside, I flipped up the hood of my jacket and walked off down the road. I walked for what seemed like hours, just wandering the streets, no destination in mind. I stood outside a diner, staring at it, before entering and taking a seat at a table.

What can I get you Miss? A bartender asked me as I removed my hood.

A glass of water if you please. I said quietly, trying not to draw attention to myself. A man was staring at me, and when I reached for my water, he stood and walked over to me.

Who are you? He asked me, sitting down beside me. I glanced over at him. He had long green and bright purple eyes, like myself.

I am no one, not here, nor there. I said, returning my gaze to my water.

Are you a homunculus? He asked, and I looked briefly over at him. He grinned and pointed at my wrist. You have the sign of the Ouroboros.

Perhaps I am. I said, rising to my feet. Or perhaps I am not.

Calm down. He said, smiling. I'm one too. He pointed to his thigh and I saw a similar mark to my own, etched into his skin. I'm Envy. he said and I raised an eyebrow.

Pleasure to meet you. I said derisively, rising to my feet, and walking away.

Wait, where are you going? He demanded, running to catch up. I have some questions for you!

I don't want to answer any of your questions. I said simply, leaving the diner.

Wait! Envy shouted, chasing after me. STOP! He bellowed and I laughed over my shoulder.

The day I take orders from a transsexual palm tree, is the day the world goes to hell. I said, continuing down the road, unconcerned about the anger I was causing him.

Transsexual palm tree? Envy s strangled shout reached my ears.

Hey! A voice called from my left and I turned to look. Men in blue uniforms stood in a line, their weapons at the ready. You have the sign of the homunculi. He said and I rolled my eyes.

No. I said sarcastically. He shot me a look that was as dark as night before nodding to a soldier to grab me.

I jerked away from the man who tried to secure me and I placed my hands on his chest. Using my newfound powers, I absorbed his life, taking his knowledge and powers for myself. The body fell as an empty shell to the ground and everyone stared at me. Whoops. I said, baring my teeth into a wide grin. I picked up the gun he was holding, and I instantly knew how to use it.

Stop. The man in charge said and I flashed him a grin.

Now why would I want to do that? I asked, firing a round at his soldiers, killing some of them, injuring others.

You re coming with me. The man said and Envy shook his head.

I need to speak with her. He argued and I rolled my eyes again.

How about I don t go with any of you. I suggested and turned to run, but my path was blocked.

A woman held up a skull and walked steadily towards me. I m sorry Charity. She said and I shook my head, confused. She kept walking and I became weaker with every step she took, until I passed out.

Five years in that cell, with all that I could do was stare at the large marking on the ceiling, unable to move. I spent so long lying on my back, staring at that one symbol, until it was engraved in my mind.

I heard a cracking noise and the haze that surrounded me lifted. I sat up, strong again and looked around. Through the dust I saw a smashed skull, the same that the woman had held. I broke the bonds around my wrists and stood up. The debris had cleared and I saw clearing a

large hole in one of the walls.

Five fracking years of captivity. I muttered to myself as I climbed outside and took a long soothing breath of fresh air. It is good to be free. I said, stretching and stepping out into the street. The air was cool and moist, and I was surrounded in darkness. I heard shouts from behind me and I whirled around to look. I spotted more men in blue uniforms, and I quickly ran towards them. Before they could even cry out in protest, I lightly touched each one, taking their lives into myself, using them for my own personal gain. I stared down at the ground littered with dead bodies and smiled.

Charity, giving to others, being selfless. I laughed. How ironic that that would be my name. I shrugged before walking away, a smirk on my features. I slipped into the shadows, disappearing into the night.

After roaming the city for days on end, slaughtering and torturing people for the mere fun of it, I became bored. I walked back to that house I was created in, curious to what had become of my father s corpse.

I entered the house, glancing around before I walked up the stairs slowly and entered the room where the decayed body still laid. I walked over and bent down, smiling at the bones.

Hello dear sister, I thought you died. A voice said and I glanced up, staring at an older version of the boy in the picture. His sharp inhalation of his breath told me he realized what I was. So did our father try and fail to bring you back then? He asked before shaking his head and laughing. The fool, no wonder he s dead.

I killed him, four years ago. I told him, watching for his reaction. What I received was not what I was expecting.

Good for you Charity. He said, coming over and giving me a pat on the back. I like this new you better, compared to the old one.

Thank you. I said in a cool voice. Though, you realize what exactly I am don t you? I asked, moving away from him.

A homunculus? He asked before laughing. Yeah, I figured it out.

Very interesting. I said, beginning to like my brother. We are very much alike, are we not?

Very similar. He said, his yellow eyes flashing in the light as he took a step towards me. I can get you a job in the military if you want. He said. And you can kill legally.

Why does it matter to me if my murders are legal or not? I asked and he grinned.

Well, if you don't care about that, perhaps you can become powerful and be Fuhrer. He suggested and I smiled slightly.

I like power. I said thoughtfully and he nodded. And not having to watch my back all the time would be nice & Sure, what the hell. I agreed.

My brother, Zolf Kimblee helped me join the military, under the cover of being his sister, and after several long years of serving those bastards, I had finally made my way to a respectable position.

Colonel? A soft mocking voice asked and I turned to look at my brother. He stood a few paces behind me. I have just received word of the Fuhrer coming to Southern Headquarters meet with you. He says he wishing to finally meet the woman who has been climbing the ranks in his military. He said before smiling, with a slightly evil expression on his face. He also is bringing the details of a mission for you.

Thank you Zolf. I said softly. I will see that everything is ready when King Bradley arrives. I said, before turning and dismissing him.

I hope it is news of a war breaking out. I thought to myself. I could always arrange war to happen, but I didn't want to jeopardize my new power. I thought, examining my nails lazily.

In my years with this crappy job, I had absorbed many talents, including the power to do alchemy, though only one type. My body refused to cope properly with any other kind. They called me the Ice Alchemist, though in truth, I controlled and manipulated water, not just ice.

Before Zolf could introduce me as his sister, we had to get a skilled alchemist to transmute the colour of my eyes to match his. Five years later, they only changed back to violet when I became angry, which didn't happen very often.

Once I had entered the military, I first took the state alchemist exam, killing off several other people who also wanted to take it. I acquired their knowledge and it raised the chance of me being the one to gain the title. I then took the test and easily passed, using their alchemy and intellect for my own needs. I took the title as state alchemist readily, and began climbing the ranks after that. Just recently I had achieved the title of Colonel and was given the Southern Headquarters to command.

Humming a soft, sad tune, I tied my long black hair in a high ponytail, and paced my office,

awaiting the Fuhrer's arrival. I planned to kill him off once I had gained the highest rank under him. Not myself of course, but to hire someone else, and have it a public event, so I would take no blame in the act.

Once I am Fuhrer, I will & I thought before realizing with a start that I had no idea what I would do when I came to absolute power. Go on to conquer other countries? I suggested before my door opening commanded my attention.

Can I help you? I asked coldly, not bothering to look.

Yes, is the Colonel here? A voice I did not recognize asked and I turned to see who interrupted my thoughts. A tall man with a warm smile and an eye-patch stared at me kindly.

And who might you be? I asked curiously.

I am the Fuhrer, King Bradley. He said and I snapped to attention, saluting him even as he laughed. Be at ease. He said. Uh, I'm sorry, I don't know your name dear. He said and I felt confused for a moment before I remembered my name.

Charity, sir. I said, bowing my head, repeating what I had been going by.

A beautiful name. He said. And what is your surname?

Kimblee sir. I replied and he looked interested.

Are you the Major's sister then? He asked and I nodded. You have your older brother's eyes. He said, giving me a smile which I returned, though mine was much more devious.

Thank you sir. I said softly.

Come forward, let me have a closer look at one of my higher ups. He ordered and I walked forward, my strides strong and steady. I stopped about two feet in front of him, before looking up into his friendly face. How old are you child? He asked and my eyes widened. I had no idea how old I was, and had no clue as to how old I looked, or what was appropriate.

I am twenty-six, sir. I said, picking a random number, and was surprised when he nodded, accepting my false age.

You look younger than your age. He commented and I gave him a fake smile.

I get that a lot. I said brightly, no hint of sarcasm in my voice. I'm just that good. I laughed inside my head, beaming inwardly over my accomplishment. Sir, I was informed by my brother that you have a mission for me, is that correct? I asked and he nodded.

I do, it is a very important one. He said and I bit my lip.

Please let it be war, please let it be war. I thought quickly and flashed him a rare smile. What is

this important assignment you have for me sir?

I would like you to lead some troops into battle. He said and I tipped my head to one side.

Are we going to war sir? I asked, almost unable to keep the joy from my voice.

We are just repressing a bit of a civil war before all hell breaks loose. He said and I pretended to look concerned.

Oh. I said. With what city?

Ishbal. He said and I raised my eyebrows. One of our soldiers accidentally shot an Ishbalin child. He said and I blinked, a knowing smile flicking across my face. He realized that I knew he was lying and frowned at me. That is the story I am sticking with. He said sharply and I nodded as he turned to leave.

Of course sir, no one will know. I said and he jerked around to look at me.

You know the real reason? He demanded and I looked away, pretending to have my attention drawn elsewhere. You know about the attack? He asked and I looked at him, smiling. I didn't know, but I had wanted to find out.

I do. I lied, nodding.

How did you get this information? He asked before shaking his head. No, it is not important how it came to it, just that no one else finds out. He said, giving me a dark look.

My lips are sealed. I reassured him and he smiled again.

I knew you were a good person. He said and I nearly started laughing then and there.

Thank you sir. I managed to strangle out. He handed me written instructions about my new mission. He then bid me good-bye, turned on his heel and left the room. I waited a minute or two, to let him get out of earshot before I fell to my knees and burst out laughing.

What is so funny? Zolf asked, coming into the room. I held up one finger, motioning for him to give me a moment. I finished laughing before standing up and regaining my composure. Well? He asked when I still didn't tell him.

The Fuhrer, told me I was a good person. I choked out, giggling again. Zolf snorted with laughter and I let out a long sigh and went and sat in my chair.

So what was the mission for you? He asked and I looked up into his malicious yellow eyes.

I have to lead some troops into battle. I said, shrugging. Somewhere named Ishbal, in the east I think.

We went to battle, myself leading some soldiers, killing on command. When all else failed, some state alchemists and myself were sent into Ishbal, where we exterminated almost everyone. I was promoted a rank for my work in Ishbal, while my brother defied an order and was sent to prison.

Don't worry Zolf, I will spring you from jail. I mumbled to myself as I went to meet with the Fuhrer in Central. I was petitioning the Fuhrer for release of my brother from that awful prison.

Come in. The Fuhrer's secretary called out to me, once I had knocked on the door.

Hello Ms. Douglas, is the Fuhrer in? I asked, stepping into the room. She nodded and smiled, inclining her head towards a big desk on the other side of the room, where the Fuhrer sat.

What brings you to Central Charity? King Bradley asked, staring up at me as I approached his desk.

I would like to speak to you, concerning the imprisonment of my brother, Zolf J Kimblee. I stated and he frowned.

He disobeyed direct orders and his actions killed his men, how can you justify that? He demanded.

I plead that it was an accident sir. I said, and he stood, walking over to stand in front of me.

Zolf Kimblee admitted to the deed. He growled. For that he was sent to jail.

I accept your decision sir. I said, bowing my head respectfully. I suppose I will have to free Kimblee myself. I thought, smiling. Let's go cause some chaos!

Charity. The Fuhrer said, and I immediately stiffened.

Had I thought aloud? I asked myself, staring up at the Fuhrer. Yes Fuhrer? I asked, an innocent expression on my calm face.

I am very sorry for this, what an awful strain it must be on you to have your closet relative go to prison. He sympathized, and my shoulders lost some of their tension. I can give you the address of the jail and his cell number if you would like to visit him. He said. Normally no outsiders are allowed inside the prison, but with your ranking, I can pull some strings to arrange it. He told me and I nearly jumped for the chance to spring my brother.

I would like that King Bradley. I said. You are too kind to me. I said, smiling at him.

Could you wait a fortnight? He asked and I immediately agreed.

Of course sir. I said, nodding. Two weeks to plan it out, now how am I going to accomplish this? I mused, staring at the Fuhrer, though deep in my thought. With a hell of a lot of killing of course! I came to the conclusion and grinned.

Charity? You may leave. Said the Fuhrer and I nodded and smiled again at him.

Thank you so much for understanding. I thanked him again before saluting and leaving the room, pulling the door closed behind me. I let of a long sigh before beginning to walk down the hallway when the a tall man with black hair stopped me.

Who are you? He asked and I turned to stare at him. Why is a civilian inside the building? He asked his friend, a man also with black hair, but bright green eyes.

Oh my god. I said towards to the sky. I am not a civilian.

Oh really? The first man said, his black eyes boring into my own. Than why are you dressed as such?

I didn t have time to change. I spat.

And why have I never seen you before? He demanded suspiciously.

Because you are a dimwit. I shot back before turning on my heel and walking away.

How dare you speak to a superior like that? He asked, his voice edged with anger. I am Colonel Roy Mustang, also known as the Flame Alchemist. He said proudly and I smiled evilly at him.

Superior? I asked and he nodded darkly. I am a Brigadier General, moron, I outrank you.

What? He exclaimed, and his friend s eyes widened. Than why have I never seen you around before?

I am in command of Southern Headquarters. I stated, once again turning away. Have a nice day. I said, walking away from their shocked expressions.

Wait, I ve met the person in command of Southern HQ. He said and I paused. She fought by my side in the Ishbal rebellion, a water alchemist if I can remember properly.

Yes, that is me. I said.

Didn t your brother get sent to prison for killing some of our side? He asked and I clenched my jaw before walking away, leaving him with no answer.

Two weeks of my time were spent carefully planning the jailbreak, my every action mapped out for me. Between small missions for the Fuhrer, I used every free moment simply planning. I didn't see that Colonel Mustang again during that fortnight, until the day of the planned event.

I sat in the shade beneath an old oak tree, that was just outside Central HQ grounds. My legs were stretched out in front of me and I was leaning back against the tree, with my hands entwined behind my head. I was waiting for the Fuhrer's secretary to give me the go ahead signal, and I replayed what should happen in my mind.

I am so prepared. I said confidently to myself in a soft voice as I let my eye lids fall shut. This will work out perfectly, as planned. I tipped my head back and smiled, my eyes still closed.

And that would be? A voice asked and I frowned to show my annoyance.

Oh, nothing. I said, finally looking at the person who spoke. What a pleasure to see you again Colonel. I sneered mockingly, rising to my feet to glare at Roy Mustang.

The feeling is quite mutual. He replied, his tone mimicking my own.

What are you up to on a fine day like this? I asked when he didn't leave. You wouldn't be trying to follow me, now would you?

Oh no. He said, his voice dripping with malice. I have much better ways to spend my time.

I'm sure you do. I said derisively, my eyes rolling heavenwards.

Even if I did want to waste my time by stalking someone, He said, as he examined his gloved hand. I sure as hell would choose that someone to be you.

I placed the back of my hand to my forehead dramatically. Oh, now you've gone and hurt my feelings. I said sarcastically and he shot me a black look, his eyes darker than death itself.

Well I'll be seeing you, mon ami. He said, pretending to be charismatic towards me.

I wait for our next meeting with bated breath. I said in a sardonic voice, my attention already elsewhere. As he walked away, I glanced back at him and shouted out to him. Mustang? I called and he turned to look at me, though he kept walking.

Yeah? He asked, tripping over a rock in the path and falling onto his backside.

Try to be more careful. I laughed, before walking towards Ms. Douglas, who was approaching me.

Charity, you have permission for a visitation with Zolf J Kimblee, cell number 149, convict number 294. She read off a piece of paper. Is this correct?

As far as I know, yes. I said and she nodded before continuing.

We have a driver ready to take you. She said, leading me over to a car. We will expect you back in about three hours.

Thank you. I said as I climbed into the car and she shut the door. I looked at the driver when he spoke to me.

So, you're Brigadier General Charity? He asked, looking at me through the review mirror. I nodded abruptly and stare out the window, hoping that he would take the hint. I'm Second lieutenant Jean Havoc. The blonde man introduced, and I turned my disapproving stare back to him.

Pleasure. I said, a mocking smile on my face.

You know, you remind of my current girlfriend with the sarcasm. He said and I let out a long exasperated sigh.

That's nice. I said, once again trying to ignore him.

So how's life treating you? He asked He asked and I laughed softly.

I have to give it to him. I thought shaking my head. He's a persistent thing. I thought after I remained silent and he repeated himself.

So? How is life? He asked for the third time and I finally gave up trying to dismiss him.

It's wonderful. I said, switching back to sarcasm. I love every minute, especially the silent ones.

I was utterly grateful when we pulled up in front of the prison. He promised that he would be back in a few hours to pick me up, and drove away, leaving me to enter the building alone. I walked forwards and my gaze flicked over the landscape and neighbouring buildings. Stopping in my tracks, I frowned. It was the same building I had been kept in myself.

You can wait a few more minutes brother. I decided aloud, and I stealthily approached the Lab.

Nimbly jumping the tall barbed wire fence, I landed neatly on my feet. My gaze searched the building and its surroundings, looking for any sign of life. The only interesting thing I saw was a broken toaster lying on its side, on the ground. Walking up to it, I narrowed my eyes suspiciously.

You saw nothing. I told the useless machine before walking up to the seemingly abandoned building. Apparently, I am not the only person who wishes to enter this facility. I said as I walked up to an empty suit of armour sitting underneath an open grate. I used the shoulders of the steel armour to boost myself up and I could've sworn a child spoke to me as I did so.

Watch over brother. He said, and I paused, looking around for the small boy.

I decided after a moment that I was just going insane and calmly climbed into the vent. I crawled along the narrow space, nearly getting stuck several times. Without warning, my hand fell through an empty spot and my body followed, falling down. I slammed my face into the concrete floor and winced in pain before leaping to my feet. The hallway was a total mess, which had been created by the person before myself. I picked my way through the rubble until a bone-shattering crash exploded around me.

What the? I asked, skidding backwards. I stumbled towards the gaping hole in the floor and saw similar markings as the ones that held me captive. My chest tightened in reaction and I took a deep breath and relaxed before leaning forward and looking into the room. I could see a man lying on the floor, his arms and legs bound. A skull lay on the ground, and I instantly knew that was what had held him immobile. He pushed himself to his knees and began laughing manically as he easily broke his bonds, snapping them as though they were merely a toothpick. He slowly stood up and grinned, having not had spotted me watching him. He stopped laughing and extended his arms, and let out a soft sigh.

About one hundred and thirty years I'd say. His voice was darkly soft and felt like a caress on my skin. I shivered once and he saw me at last, leaping up with one fluid motion. He grabbed my wrist, and my yellow eyes darkened to purple in response to his touch.

And who might you be? He asked and I immediately struggled against his grasp. He leaned forward and with his free hand, pulled my hair out of its tie at the base of my neck and smirked.

It looks much better out babe. He said smoothly, his hand rubbing circles on my wrist. He let out a low gasp when I started absorbing his life into me and it was my turn to smile. Pulling back abruptly, his lip curled and he glared furiously.

My name is Charity, who are you? I asked, answering his earlier question.

You're a homunculus? He demanded, before smiling easily. I get the old crone's humour. Charity is the virtue that opposes Greed. He said before speaking with an obvious snarl in his voice. Well you can march right on home and tell Dante that Greed's free and is staying that way.

I take it that means you aren't allied with the others either. I said and his eyebrows lifted. I was kept in a room very much like yours, though I escaped three years ago, after being in there for half a decade. I told him and he took a step closer, forcing me to look up at him.

Really? He asked, pausing before putting out his hand for me to shake. Hey there Charity, I'm

Greed. He said and I took his hand.

What do you plan to do Greed? I inquired, staring at him curiously. I planned to watch him for a while longer, and figure out how dangerous he was.

Find some minions. he replied curtly and I followed him to a locked door where he punched the wall and it exploded, unlocking the cages. Let me break this down nice and simple. He said to the animals inside them. You can either remain in here as lab rats, or you can come with me to bring hell to those above us, your choice. He said, coolly looking at them. I m only asking once! He shouted before laughing evilly again.