

# Age Old Crush

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*It's been awhile since I posted stories on this site, so I figured I'd throw one up for old times sake. It's a simple one-shot about Ed and Winry.*

*I suck at summarys, (sp?) but I just think it turned out cute. ^.^*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Keiyou/51551/Age-Old-Crush>

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# 1 - Age Old Crush

K: This piece was something I posted in a challenge story. Truthfully I don't think I did the challenge right...and I love how this turned out so I decided to post it as a one-shot on here.

Enjoy.

So far it was a dark and stormy night, which led to an equally dark and stormy morning in which a pissed off looking blond sat befuddled and hurt.

All night he'd waited. She'd said she was going to meet him here, in some small fancy six corner pavilion that adorned the equally small park in Risembool.

That was before it rained. Before he realized he' been stood up.

Rechecking his watch; it was well past three thirty in the morning, and the rain surrounding and cascading on the sad excuse of a shelter.

He wanted to go back to the house.

He didn't dare. His stubbornness echoing in his nerves like his limbs were acutely aware that going back meant he'd have to admit he was wrong...

And that *she* was right.

That stupid blond girl he called a friend. His mechanic. His so called advice giver.

Mrs. 'I'm-telling-you-Abigail-hasn't-changed-she'll-forget-you-' girl.

And the sad thing about it all was; the stupid blond was right.

But like hell he would admit it.

He couldn't go back.

Not like this, a cold and shivering easily-led rube, with her rubbing it in his face.

Ed wrapped his arms around himself, realizing he *was* cold.

How could he be so stupid.

Abigail really was the same mean red head girl that picked on him and Al when they were kids. Mostly Al, in which Ed had to occasionally jump in as protector.

It wasn't that this girl was a hard core bully, she was more or less a teaser. she knew she was beautiful and used it to her advantage whenever she got the chance.

The sorry thing was that she *is* good looking, if only on the outside. Ed had harbored a long forgotten crush that had only resurfaced just yesterday after running into her while touring his old hometown with Al and Winry as company.

How was it he had let himself be so swayed to believe this same mean and hateful girl would have changed?

Again, how could he be so *damn* stupid.

Not a big loss; of course. It was just humiliating.

"Edward!"

Ed looked up, a feminine voice had rang out from the sweltering rain. Only it didn't belong to the callous red head.

It was someone more familiar... and blond.

Winry Rockbell ran into the pavilion, her hair and clothes soaked from the downpour. She paused in

front of him, bent forward slightly as she tried breathing and speaking all at once.

"Ed...Edward...do...y...you...have...any idea...what t...time it...is?! Gra...Grandma and...Alphonse...are worried s...sick!"

Ed could only gape in response. Did *she* even know what time it was? And what girl in their right mind gets up at three in the morning and runs three miles from their home into town through a storm just to scold someone?

Winry held out her hand to him, taking his own with force.

"Come on, let's...go home."

Oblivious to a puddle of rain water that budded on a step, Winry walked right onto it and ungracefully fell backwards with a small squeak.

Ed caught her from behind before any permanent damage could be done. "Damn it I'm such a klutz..."

Winry muttered. Her face lit when she realized her back was against his chest, with his arms wrapped around her.

"A-are you okay?" he asked, fully aware that some would view their position as somewhat awkward or rather lovey-dovey for just friends, so with pink lining his face he let go.

Winry looked back at him, concern in her voice. "What about you? Are you alright?"

Ed observed his blond friend, her soaked coat and clothes, wet and tangled flaxen locks, and crystal blue eyes that clearly read that she cared about none of these things.

That she only harbored thoughts about her friend's condition.

Ed smiled. "Yeah, I'm alright." he said and held out his hand to her. "Let's go home, now."

She accepted his hand and smiled back.

As they trudged home hand in hand through the falling rain he suddenly felt very grateful to have someone who would go out of their way just to see him.

Maybe all this time it should have been *her* he had an age old crush on.

Ed turned his head to look at his childhood friend.

She turned her head to look back, and she stuck out her tongue. "Race you back!" she yelled and let go of his hand to dash forward.

"H-hey wait a minute!" Ed exclaimed, giving chase.

No, he realized. As the two raced back to the shelter of the Rockbell estate through the now calming storm.

He harbored something more in his heart for that stupid blond.

And she deserved every piece of it.

END.