

Jealous

By Rinturien

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Drabble. RoyxHavoc. Havoc hasn't been able to get a date, and he's a little upset with a certain someone because of that.

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Warning: Shounen-ai. WAFF.

Pairing: Roy x Havoc

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Jealous

Havoc was depressed; another woman had turned him down. That made it the... sixth girl to say 'no' that week, and the reason why? She was already seeing someone. Who? None other than the notoriously infamous Roy Mustang. Havoc was so upset; he would have beaten his commanding officer until he was a bloody puddle on the floor. He sighed, and laid his head upon the desk before him, only to raise it dejectedly when a polished pair of black boots sounded their approach against the wooden floor. "Is there a problem Second Lieutenant Havoc?" The source of all his woes now stood before his desk, watching him with cold black eyes.

The lower ranking man stood in a weary salute.

If only Roy hadn't appeared; any other time and Havoc wouldn't have said anything, but he was too upset to care anymore, "Yes, there *is* Colonel. Why d'ya have to chase after every woman in Central? Is one not good enough for the 'gorgeous' and 'charming' Roy Mustang?!" He had finally snapped, "Because of you, I haven't gone on a single date for weeks! Is this a competition I didn't know about, do you want to make me jealous, or do you just really hate me?"

The flame alchemist waited stoically for his inferior to finish his outburst; only taking the several steps that separated them once he was sure Havoc wouldn't do anything drastic.

"Your logic is all wrong, Jean," The only distance between Roy and his inferior was caused by the desk, "Maybe I don't hate you. Maybe you're not the one who's jealous, but I am. Maybe I just don't want anyone else to have you."

Leaning across the gap created by the soldier's desk, Roy lightly touched his lips to Havoc's, "Idiot."