

Softly

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Edward explains his love for his brother in ways no one's dared to assume before. Elricest.

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Alphonse...he's so easily manipulated, so easily lead astray from the path of righteousness.

Said the woman "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."

Alphonse...he's so perfect, beautiful and clean. So right. Easily the best choice to break. To break and then scatter the pieces.

Because he is one. One body. One soul. One blood. Together.

And as much as I love him as my brother, I enjoy seeing him squirm. I love to see him so full of lustful wanting that he can't stand it anymore, but still afraid to take what he needs and to *like* it.

But out of all the pleasures my brother gives me, the one that I love the most is to watch him cry. When my brother cries, his tears fall like the waterfalls of paradise, shimmering in miniature puddles at his feet and cascading down his face in perfect harmony with his sobs. Sick, it might seem, to enjoy to watch someone cry, but he is by far his fairest when he is in pain. And I'm always there to hurt him and break him, then kiss away his thoughts afterwards. Always there to act as if I'm innocent, as if his agony was caused by another soul and not I, not I, the one who is here to help him pull together again. And when we lay panting in a bed with dirty sheets, he cries.

He knows that what we do is wrong, that I am wrong, that we are wrong. As do I, but another sin as small as a forbidden love is nothing when added to the ones that weight me down. Al is my everything, my world, but most importantly, Alphonse is my brother. And so after the sin is done and the guilt has plagued him, I can still hold him in my arms and whisper the words of comfort he wants, no, needs to hear. He is one, he is whole, and I am part of him. The glue that just won't stay intact, the whispering seduction in his ear, the part of him that says yes when he hears no. The subconsciousness that keeps him coming back to me, craving my skin again, begging for pleasure and getting what he wants. And he knows that he can't only blame me. He's aware that the screams from the back room at auntie's don't belong to anyone but himself. He knows that without me he's nothing but pieces.

My brother, Alphonse.
The only one in the world
who has ever seen the side of me
that forgives but won't let you forget.
That draws you in and leaves you to starve.
That kills you softly.....

from the inside out.