

# **Conections**

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*Roy's friend and her family have some problems... I hate doing these descriptions. Rawr! Oh, and love the title! It took me a whole one minute to think of it!*

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"I want a sandwich!" the alchemist yelled in his friend's ear. "And I want one now!"

"Aren't you completely independent," the female alchemist moaned, standing up. She carefully avoided the forest-green couch that she was just sitting on and opened the door to the kitchen. She felt around for the toaster and put two slices in and pushed the lever down. Again, she reached for the cupboard and opened the sticky door. The honey got spilled on it a few years ago due to Roy's stupidity so now the door sticks.

The peanut butter and honey were near each other towards the back of the cupboard. She quickly found what she was looking for and retracted her hand, closing the sticky door with her other.

The toast popped up and she grabbed it in one sweep of her hand. Once the whole routine was over, she went back to the living room and sat on the couch, and almost on her friend's feet.

"Careful," the black-haired man said, pulling his knees up to his chest. "Your big butt almost turned my feet into pancakes."

"Sorry," the girl sighed, laying on her side. "Roy ...," The man looked into her blue-green eyes. "I think I want to start living on my own again."

"But you're ...," She closed her eyes and leaned her head against the arm of the couch. Roy smiled.

"Fine, Nicola. You can try living on your own, but if you have any problems, you call me, Okay?"

"I know," Nicola groaned, sitting back up.

"I mean, you're like a little sister to me ..."

"Okay."

"Please be careful ..."

"I will."

"And remember, just because you're blind, don't mean you're useless." Roy looked at her, seriously.

"Just, be careful."

"You're repeating yourself." The both sighed.

"Well ... I gotta go." Nicola smiled towards the direction of the flame alchemist's voice. "I'll see you tomorrow." He kissed her forehead gently and left the room, towards the entrance. Nicola sighed again. Reaching across to the end table, she found the remote to the tv and turned it on.

"It's boring without Roy here," she groaned quietly. Then she smelled herself. "Maybe I should shower."

Nicola headed up the staircase from the living room to the hallway upstairs. She took a left from the stairs and a right to get to the bathroom. The red-headed girl deposited her military uniform on the counter to the left of the toilet and turned the knobs on the tub to let it fill with warm water.

"Roy doesn't think I can live on my own," Nicola murmured, sitting on the ledge connected to the bathtub. "I can handle myself." She climbed in and relaxed for a while. The sound of stomping around downstairs broke her short silence. Nicola climbed out and grabbed a nearby towel and to the stairs. At the bottom of the stairs stood her rarely seen, older brother.

"What do you want, Dermot?" She could hear his steady breathing. Nicola put her free hand on her hip, her other hand holding up her towel. He almost never left his side of the house. He had every thing he could need, so they never made much contact.

"I heard Roy. Why do you hang out with him? He's a bad influence," Dermot snapped. A short silence flooded the room.

"Since when did you care about me?" Her brother looked at her, thinking of something to say.

"I don't care about you. I just don't want the house burnt down by your idiot friend. Nicola's jaw dropped,

slightly.

"He's not that careless!" she screamed.

"But you are!" He yelled as he walked stormed off. Nicola ran back up the stairs to her room and flung herself onto the lang, white bed.

"Sometimes I hate him," she cried to herself. "Why did Mom have to want us to live together? It would just make life easier if he moved out." She remained on her bed for a while longer until a draft came, reminding her she was still only wearing a towel. Niclola stood up and searched the floor for something clean. Usually Roy cleaned up after her, but she's been trying to live with out Roy for nearly a week so things were scattered. The girl resurfaced from the pile with a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt of who knows what color. Nicola threw them on and layed back on the bed. She drifted to sleep for a while before she was awoken by a small, childish coo. She leans up and tilts her head in teh direction of the sound.

"Aunty Nici," a small, black-haired boy murmured. "May I come in?" She nodded and he ran in, jumping onto the bed.

"Can I ask you a question?"

"I don't know," she replied. "Can you?"

"May I?" He cutely looked at her, not that she could see him though.

"Yeah."

"What was my mom like?" Nicola looked at her nephew and thought to herself. The boy never really met his mother. She died in childbirth and Dermot never got over it. He eventually started blaming hisself. Nicola hated to see her brother like that, but they never were close, and since their mother died they rarely even spoke to each other.

"She was nice." Nicola smiled at the child.

"Do I look like her?" She smiled again.

"Slade." She gently grawped his chin. 'You have her eyes." He grinned and kissed her cheek.

"Thank you. Daddy wont talk about Mommy." This comment made Nicola's smile droop into a frown.

"He just misses her."

Well, he's benn missing her for eight years." Nicola smiled again.

"When some one leave, you do miss them for a while." He gave her a hug and ran off, back down the stairs.

"Sweet kid," she said to herself. "I can't believe Dermot was like that once.