Shame Forbids Satisfaction

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/749.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Slash (M/M), Hetero (F/M), Y/N (reader insert), Getting Together, Queer
Fandom:	Fullmetal Alchemist - All Media Types
Relationships:	Alex Louis Armstrong/Reader, Alex Louis Armstrong/You
Characters:	Alex Louis Armstrong, Reader, You, Gender Neutral Reader
Additional Tags:	Gender-Neutral Reader, Reader-Insert, Second Person POV, Queer Reader, Able-Bodied Reader-Insert, No Use of Y/N for Reader-Insert, Unnamed Reader, Bottom/Recipient Reader, Queer Themes, Sex, Rough Oral Sex, Consensual Sex, (Armstrong is:), Self-Loathing, Sober, (and), Lonely, Post-War, Post-Ishval Civil War, Post-Ishval Massacre, Guilt, Big Dick, fics I never planned to write, Cruising, Angst with a Happy Ending, Alex Louis Armstrong - Relationship, Author is Trans, anti-military and anti-Führer but does not bash military characters (FMA), One Shot That Became a Three Shot, Three Shot, Erotica, Queer Friendly, full disclosure it's incredibly horny, Canon Compliant, Smut, Pre-Canon, Falling In Love, Secret Relationship(s), Implied/Referenced Imperialism
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-10-30 Words: 6,301 Chapters: 1/3

Shame Forbids Satisfaction

by relocation

Summary

The Ishval War is over, everyone (everyone *Amestrian*) has arrived home, and as much as you didn't want to celebrate the massacre, you didn't like the idea of spending the night alone. As last call comes, there was only one other bar patron who had remained sober and silent all evening.

A night spent in the bedroom of Alex Armstrong. It may be impossible to cure his grief in one night, but you could show him he was wanted, for a moment.

plus, now a threeshot: The aftermath of a night you can't forget, in lust and love with a partner with whom you must mutually remain secret.

Reader isn't gendered, but this is written with queer themes so it might not appeal to cishet women (in the words of Pansy Division: You don't need to be queer, but it helps a lot). No gendered reader-pronouns (not even singular they).

Imported from my AO3

Notes

This is not supposed to reference any particular country's nationalism. The reason it may appear to is because, regardless of specific country, there's a pattern, so there will be parallels.

This idea got in my head this past weekend, and I couldn't for the life of me get it out, so I wrote this over the past couple days just to get it down.

I literally never thought I'd write an Armstrong pairing fic, I never found him that attractive (nor did I think anyone else really did- not because he's unattractive, but because despite his more important arcs, he is often comedy relief), but this happened and I actually really like it and am into it? I'm sure they exist but I've never read a reader/Armstrong fic before, or even one shipping him with anyone else (except once, in the background).

Title changed from 'Mourning, Moaning'

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: A Chance Encounter

Chapter Notes

Warnings: self loathing, guilt, mild dissociation, consensual sex that may look like dubcon once or twice?, bigots and nationalists, war crimes (mentioned), death (mentioned), alcohol (not consumed by reader or Armstrong, but the opening is set in a bar. added this warning specifically for those who clicked for the 'sober' tag), PIV or PIA sex (reader's choice) 'received' by reader, other sex acts

There are some size-queen-esque bits, but it's less about wanting the biggest dick and more about appreciating the dick in front of you, which in this case is huge

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Looking around, you wondered, not for the first time, if you should have bothered coming to the pub. You hadn't wanted to be alone on a day like this, but you didn't really feel up to seeing friends either, so you sat at the bar, nursing a ginger beer. You might have liked something stronger, but with no one but rowdy strangers around, it felt safer to just take in the atmosphere. Nonetheless, you wanted to at least look like you were drinking.

The place was loud, and the patrons around you were not just plastered, but a combination of belligerent and nationalistic; groups occasionally broke out in patriotic folk song and, more often, threw jokes and slurs back and forth, mostly about Ishvalans. Most of the guests had the tell tale cropped hair and diction of soldiers. From your spot on the far side of the U-shaped bar, you could watch the door and most of the crowd. From your view, you considered again whether this was the best place to have gone tonight.

It was still better than being home alone- at least, you were pretty sure it was. You finished your glass, and flagged the bartender to refill it.

A new group, one that seemed to still be sober for the time being, entered the busy pub. You weren't sure who they were, but they must have been some sort of big deal, as people around the bar muttered even more, and the busser almost immediately cleared a large table, and a waiter practically threw food down for another customer and raced to take their orders.

Not a minute later, the same waiter delivered several pitchers of beer, a bottle of red wine, a lowball glass and a bottle of liquor that you couldn't read, and, shockingly, a single glass of water. While the waiter poured beer for everyone, one of the men served wine to himself and the one lady present at the table, and another poured himself the liquor, neat, and finished it before the waiter had finished serving.

None of them had the same signifiers of military standing of the many guests surrounding them, but they were given a wide berth and, though the place didn't seem to get any quieter, there was a kind of awed hush that fell over those who saw them, so you continued to inspect them from a distance.

The woman sitting at the head of the table was blonde and pretty, though she looked very solemn as she slowly sipped her wine. Beside her, on the long side, the one sharing the wine, a man with glasses and stubble, seemed to be trying to cheer her and, on his other side, the liquor-drinker, up. Despite this, his face went dark and thoughtful whenever either of his neighbours spoke to him.

The heavy drinker had dark hair, and looked vaguely Xingese- another count against them being military. It was hard to place his age- those around him looked like they ranged from a couple years to perhaps a decade over him, but the deep lines under his eyes spoke otherwise. He took a sip from his beer glass, and wrinkled his nose before returning to his chosen poison.

Facing away from you was a man with long hair tied back in a low pony tail, who seemed only to be drinking beer. His posture was strong, and even from behind he looked tough and masculine. He didn't seem to speak at all, but as you were unable to see his lips, you couldn't be sure.

Across from the cheerful and miserable black-haired duo was a frankly enormous man. He was bald, and his forearms were like ham hocks; his blond stubble was long, verging on shaggy. He too didn't seem to speak at all, and he did not touch the beer before him, instead nursing on the glass of plain water.

As dramatic as the table seemed, they were some of the only guests at the pub who were keeping to themselves and not participating in the disorder and fanaticism around them.

That lasted until someone, drunk and stumbling, found his way to their table.

"Why the long faces?" he asked, or rather, yelled at the group.

Many of the other patrons turned around to watch, muttering with a mix of excitement, suspicion, and curiousity.

No one at the table even looked at him.

"C'mon boys- oh, and ma'am- the war's over! Ishval is gone! They're all dead!"

It's like the dickhead doesn't know we're still fighting Creta, you thought, though you knew it was more that they didn't care. Exterminating Ishval meant far more than resolving a real, non-constructed conflict to the type surrounding you.

He grabbed a pitcher from the table, and shoved it toward the large blond man, apparently having lost all sense of self preservation.

"Drink up! Let's celebrate!"

Though no one cheered outrightly, a sound of assent nonetheless rose from the crowd at large.

"C'ome on, a big guy like you needs to get started early, take it, meathead!"

The ponytail and cheerful man both shifted, as though about to stand, then a shot rang out, and glass shattered.

You covered your ears and dropped your head down. From the corner of your eye, you could see many around you doing the same.

The drunkard didn't shut up.

"You bitch! You're supposed to be heroes!-" so maybe they were military- "I guess you don't care about the common man after all, you-"

"I think it's time you leave," said the liquor drinker, rising to his feet and tugging gloves onto his hands.

The malcontent went white and hurried out.

You turned back to your drink, keeping your eyes on the counter in front of you.

"For the damage," said a calm, measured voice beside you.

You turned, confused, to see that the speaker was the blonde woman from the large table; she was talking to the bartender, having left several large bills on the bar.

"Don't worry about it, I'm sorry L-"

She waved her hand, cutting him off.

"I insist."

She returned to her seat, and with much more subtle glances, you watched for a while as the table finished their drinks. Blonde lady and cheerful man hauled gloves-and-liquor up onto their shoulders, dragging him out, and the man with the ponytail exchanged a few quiet words with the large man before following them.

The muscle man continued to sit there alone, even as the crowd slowly moved on, leaving a much quieter clientele behind- some already long drunk and dozing in their booths, some newcomers coming to get a bite of food before going home to face the morning, and a handful who, like you, just sat in solemn silence, taking in the night's events. No one else had tried to approach him, and he just sat there with his half-empty cup of water, even as another hour passed by.

Attempting another surreptitious glance, you almost jumped when his eyes met yours, but just managed to keep still. You defocused your eyes, as though you were looking at something behind him, and, after a moment, he looked away as well.

The bartender checked on you again, and you ordered a water. Though his ginger beer was stronger and spicier than it was sweet, you thought you should probably have something a little less sugary before you headed home to bed.

You spared a look at the man, and this time couldn't hide your reaction as you met his eyes.

He held your gaze for a second that felt like an eternity, then looked away again.

This time, as you sipped your water, you continued to watch him, and when he looked again, you locked eyes with him, blinking a few times, but not looking away.

He raised his glass in a way that looked almost sarcastic, though you knew that was an odd assumption to make without him even speaking, then looked away, closing his eyes as he finally downed it. He wiped his mouth with his sleeve, and raised his head, regarding you again.

This time, meeting his eyes, you finished your glass as well. Then you made the slightest jerk of your head to the door.

It might have been wishful thinking, but he seemed to move his chin a similarly tiny amount, in what could have been a nod.

You hailed the bartender, and he came over, not nearly so busy anymore, taking your payment and what you hoped was a generous enough tip.

Outside the bar, you stood, watching the occasional person pass by, most struggling to stay up as they made their way home. You fleetingly wished you smoked, just for something to do, and to keep you warm in the cool night air.

After a minute or two, the door opened again, and the man came out. He was even more enormous standing- not just broad and strong, but he might have been the tallest man you had ever seen, and it crossed your mind that perhaps, on this night where you hadn't planned to cruise at all, you should have stuck with your decision.

It was too late now, if he was planning on a fight or anything he already had you, so you just nodded, then headed toward the town centre. It was a little too well lit to get to much, even in the shadows, but you'd be away from the bars and it would give you some time walking to consider an exit strategy if you needed it.

Before you reached the centre, he pulled you by your shoulder- surprisingly gently, but still too firmly to resist- into a dark alleyway.

You froze, and he, or what you could see of his silhouette, stiffened before taking two steps back from you.

When you still didn't speak, he took a third, giving you more than enough space to get by.

Impulsively, you strode forward, though it took you more than three steps to reach him, and took his hand.

He seemed to relax.

More gently than before, he pulled you down the alley, back out onto a bright street, leading you several blocks over, before following the fence that framed an enormous hedge to a small side gate, one you wouldn't have seen if he hadn't approached and opened it.

You followed him in, and gasped.

The moonlit garden of an enormous manor stretched before you. In the distance, you could see the real entrance, paved in what shone like marble.

Your suitor led you in a side door, then through a narrow servant's quarters. You hoped the manor's owners didn't keep a close eye on their staff, lest you and he both be kicked out.

He took you up a set of stairs, then out into the manor itself, and your heart raced. Still, you followed him through the long halls, staying on the rugs running the length of seemingly the entire manor, until he unlocked a door with a heavy key, opening it and gesturing for you to enter ahead of him.

You obliged, and were stunned.

The room was not just as big as your entire home melded into one, but bigger, significantly bigger. The enormous bed was the focal point, but there was also a sitting area to the side, with a table in the middle and several bookshelves surrounding it, and a dressing area complete with dividers and an intimidating wooden wardrobe on the other side. Off from that area was another door.

He followed you in, locking the door behind you. You led the way toward the bed losing your shoes and socks along the way. Once he sat on the edge, you dropped down to undo his pants.

He leaned back and cooperated as you removed them, then groaned when you touched his cock.

It hadn't been hard, but it reacted immediately to your touch; it was firm enough by the time your lips reached it, and still growing.

Your partner let himself fall back, laying flat across the bed as you took him in your mouth, first using gentle, wet lips to encircle him, then working yourself up to alternating hard and soft sucks, bobbing your head just slightly, suction begging him to push deeper.

He stifled a moan, his cock twitched, and he was rock hard.

It didn't look incredibly impressive next to his thick, defined thighs, but the image meant nothing when your jaws were stretched as wide as you could get them, when you were choking with him only half down your throat.

He moaned again as you worked the top half of his cock with your mouth, stroking the rest of the shaft with one hand, cupping his balls with the other. It felt too bold to be at all rough with them, let alone to explore and slip your fingers further back. Instead you made yourself content with all you had. After all, it was a *lot*.

You moaned at the thought of his size, and wondered if he planned to fuck you. The idea only encouraged you, and you swallowed, hard and repetitiously, trying to convince your throat to take him all the way.

His hips jerked. You were pretty sure it was involuntary but it spurred you on.

After managing another inch or two, you felt your throat spasm with a gag, and pulled back hard, choking a little and taking a deep gasp for breath, though you didn't stop pumping his hot length with your hand.

He said something, but your head wasn't quite clear and you didn't hear what it was.

"'m okay," you said, hoping that was the right answer.

Resuming the blowjob, you had not continued even ten seconds before he spoke again.

"What's your name?"

You answered, then resumed bobbing your head, still trying to take him deeper than before, feeling not only heat and urgency throbbing in your pants as you worked him, but as your cheeks flushed with effort and desire, the rest of your body grew hot as well, and with a sigh of frustration you stopped, stripping of your top. You'd wanted it to be sexy when you undressed, but at least that layer needed to be thrown aside sooner rather than later.

"Sorry, I'm just-"

Your eyes focused, and you looked across his body to his face.

"Hey, are you okay?"

His eyes were pointing straight up to the canopy of his bed, and you couldn't be sure, but they were watery, as though he could have been crying.

He didn't answer, so you stood, hand tentatively resting on his thigh.

"We can stop whenever you want, if this is too much," you told him. "I don't mind."

He still didn't answer, and your heart started pounding. Had you pushed him into this? Was he angry? As upsetting as it would be to know you had pressured him, you were also scared; this was not someone you would want to panic.

The logical part of you wanted to back away, but you were worried for him as well, and, slowly, you took his hand.

"Can I get you anything? Or I can leave."

He blinked, and his eyes focused on you.

You exhaled, relieved.

"Stay," he said, his deep voice almost inaudible.

"What's your name?" you asked him.

"Alex Lou-" he started, a theatrical flair even in his low voice, then cut off. "Alex."

"Are you okay, Alex? Can I get you a water, or anything?"

He shook his head, but held your hand in his.

"We should stop. Do you want to sleep? Or-"

Alex cut you off by cupping your cheek in his free hand, gently leading you lower, and lower.

You obliged, taking the tip of his still-hard cock in your mouth, then gagged and choked as he pushed deep into your throat.

Sputtering, you jerked up. He was already apologizing.

"I'm so sorry, I shouldn't have-"

"I'll tap out if it's too much," you interrupted, and tapped your hand thrice on his leg in demonstration.

You heard him open his mouth, but you were occupied in plunging your own against his cock, swallowing hard, pushing against him even as your throat protested, wanting to feel the soft, hot skin of his balls against your chin.

He groaned, loud, animalistic, as if it had escaped before he could stifle it.

You took the hand you were holding and pressed it into the back of your neck.

Immediately he released you, and you slid back, leaving a slippery layer of the saliva that lay deep in your throat along his shaft. You circled his head with your tongue, then flickered it on his frenulum before he pushed himself back in, much more shallow, and pumped into your mouth several times, before relaxing his arm and letting you resume the treatment on his head.

"Is this okay, Alex?" you asked, in the firmest voice you could muster at such a low volume. As you spoke, you slid both your hands under his ass, closing your eyes as you felt his firm cheeks, cupping and squeezing them.

He made a noise of assent, and slowly, you slid one hand out, spat on it, then moved toward the cleft of his cheeks, only slowly sucking his cock as you concentrated on the new task, and on making sure he was enjoying it.

When you stroked a single finger down his centre, he gasped and tightened his grip on your neck. When you teased around his hole, he cried out and thrust into your mouth, making you squeak in surprise, his full length finally slamming past your lips and deep into your throat, his hand holding you there, tight against him.

You moaned, your head flooded with nothing but desire. Despite his firm hold of your head, fully impaled on his cock, you did what you could to move, pulling at him with your lips and rubbing your tongue along the underside of his shaft. As you did, you worked your finger around his asshole even more, before sliding it in, curling it toward yourself, stroking him from the inside.

As if by your control, Alex started fucking your mouth in time with your fingers, not always piercing so deep, but with a steady pounding rhythm.

Light-headed, you tried to time your breathing, but all you wanted was for him to cum, and lust clouded your mind as you allowed him full rein.

After what felt like both an age and an instant, Armstrong picked up the pace, thrusting in turn onto your fingers and into your mouth, accelerating, not allowing you a moment to breathe, not that you wanted to request one, slamming bruisingly back into your throat as you moaned and gagged and wordlessly begged for his cum.

He exploded so deep in your throat that you couldn't even taste it, but you swallowed until he pulled back.

His cheeks were flushed red, and he looked down at you, seeming apologetic.

You leaned forward and licked the remaining drops off his cock, giving it one last, slow suck to clean it.

He stared down at you, and you up at him, taking in his face: flushed, and an odd combination of giddy and stunned.

As if just coming back to his senses, he stood up, reaching a hand down to you, which you accepted. He pulled you to your feet, made eye contact, looked away, then cleared his throat.

"You should..." his voice dropped off, and he turned. "This way."

You followed him past his dressing area to the side door you'd noticed before, and he revealed a lavish bathroom. The bathtub itself was sunken and had to be over eight feet long, and it was both wide and deep, with a shower hose next to the taps. The ceiling was as high as anywhere else you had seen in the manor, and the separate shower stretched up to the height of the ceiling. Another room, with etched windows to let the light in, had its door open to reveal what looked like an incredibly clean toilet and sink. His towels were monogrammed with *A.A.*

There was a sink and vanity to your left, and you went to it, glancing at Alex in the enormous mirror before washing your hands.

He handed you a towel, and a glass for water.

You accepted, then stood in silence for a moment.

"I'm going to clean up," he said, eventually.

"Oh," you said, and felt yourself blushing. "Okay, I should probably go-"

"Wait," he said, reaching for your arm, then jerking his hand back, like he'd touched something hot.

You waited.

"Do you want to join me? I mean," he hurried to say, "you will need me to wait for me to show you out anyway."

You took his hand softly, and went with him to the shower.

It was probably very fancy inside, but you were distracted from the moment Alex finished undressing.

His muscles were intense, almost inhumanly so; it was as though watermelons were attached to his already thick arms and legs. He was admittedly a little more vascular all over than you would usually prefer, but Alex wore his size well, like a hero's sculpture. His abs were like a washboard, and even his neck was thickly muscled, even more visible without his collared shirt on. His body hair was translucent blond, and his thick curls of pubic hair, now visible in the bright light of his bathroom, were the same yellow-blonde as his scraggly hair and beard.

He allowed you to wash his back, and you obliged, enjoying the feel of his smooth skin and firm body under your hands, though you did find several scars, most white and smooth, but some red and still swollen. When he returned the favour, it was more like a massage than anything.

Drying off, you met his eyes again. They were a startlingly bright blue, and he had long, delicate lashes.

He cleared his throat and you looked away, embarrassed by your own staring.

"Would you stay the night?" he asked, in the same low rumble that he had used with you all night.

You nodded without thinking it over, but it wouldn't have mattered- hardly anywhere, your work included, would be open tomorrow.

Alex handed you his dressing gown. It dragged on the floor and refused to stay up on your shoulders, but you did feel at least a little less vulnerable.

"Do you mind if I...?" you asked, lowering the robe slightly.

"Do you?" he asked, and you shook your head.

Both of you climbed into the bed, your bare skin touching.

You woke up to Alex's voice, and when you tried to turn around to see what was going on, you found yourself tight in a bear-hug, the small spoon to his big one.

"'re you okay?" you asked, but he didn't respond, only speaking harsh syllables and words you couldn't make out.

"Wake up, buddy," you tried, squirming a bit in his arms, only to be hugged tighter.

His face was nuzzled deep into your hair, and his upper leg locked you against his body. You still couldn't understand quite what he was saying, but it was obviously a nightmare.

"Hey, come on, wake up. Alex?"

You tapped him gently with your foot.

"Alex!" you repeated, louder, and he flinched, the sudden squeeze making you cough, then released you, backing off so that no part of him was touching you.

"I'm sorry," he started.

You met his eyes in the dim morning light, and realized he'd been crying.

"It was just a nightmare," you told him, but he didn't respond.

Sitting up straight against the headboard, you beckoned him, letting him lay his head on your chest.

After some time, he asked you something.

"Do you know who I am?"

You shook your head, then said "no," aloud when he didn't respond.

He still didn't reply, and you thought, briefly, that he might have fallen back to sleep.

A clock above his door read 4:35.

Closing your eyes, you tried to get back to sleep, only to be interrupted.

"I'm Alex Louis Armstrong,"

That sounded familiar.

"The Strong Arm Alchemist," he added.

Your muscles tensed. You were in bed with, and comforting, a state alchemist.

Opening your mouth, you found yourself unable to speak. Your mind ran wild, unstopping, ramifications both real and imagined swamping your head.

You had given desperate, needy, wanton service to a murderer. Soldier or not, the entire use of state alchemists in Ishval was extermination, and state alchemists had to put themselves through rigorous testing to get that position. He was going to punish you for cringing the way you were, and you couldn't stop. You couldn't show your face around your friends- even if

they never found out, *you* knew. He was the one man your awful relatives would be pleased to find out you were "courting." You cast your eyes around, becoming aware of the thick reference texts littering his shelves and tables, of photos that, while you couldn't quite make them out, all seemed to show dress-uniformed soldiers.

Of all the soldiers he could be, he was the one who had committed some kind of atrocity bad enough to have been sent home from the war, even as the government ordered genocide. You didn't know what it was, but you had seen in the papers that this single alchemist was dismissed early.

"I'm sorry," he said, yet again. "I thought you must know... that you would at least by the time we reached the Armstrong Manor."

"I'm not from Central," you whispered, barely breathing.

"I should have told you when you asked my name," and now his eyes were not just wet, but streaming with tears. "I just- there's no excuse, I'll show you out. Or I can ask a maid to, if you'd prefer."

You nodded stiffly, trying to stand, to look for your clothes.

"I didn't think anyone could desire me, after..."

Dragging it off the floor, you put on the enormous dressing gown he'd loaned you.

"Can I ask," you started, the words escaping before you could hold your curiousity, "why you were sent home?"

Armstrong laughed bitterly.

"Insubordination. I couldn't do it. Even after I helped end so many innocent lives, I couldn't do it myself. So I left the field, and was sent home, without even doing anything to stop them, or to help the Ishvalans flee. The Armstrong family has worked alongside the Führers of Amestris for generations, both to serve and to affect change. But I am a coward."

Elbows on his knees, he leaned over, sobbing into his lap.

"You... refused to kill them?" you asked, processing the words only as you spoke them aloud.

"I killed them by any standard that matters. I kept them from escaping, I destroyed their homes and land and anywhere they hid, then watched the others finish them off."

"But you weren't dismissed for doing something to them? Something so awful that you got sent-"

He laughed again, then continued in a dark tone.

"There was nothing too awful for our generals to allow, and there are no war crimes if they deny seeing them. My cowardice let me escape seeing any more brutality from the truly *prized* state alchemists, and from preventing it."

He choked, though you couldn't tell if it was upon a sob, or if he was gagging on disgust from the memory.

"I'm sorry I let you..." he trailed off. "It was selfish of me not to stop you, once I realized you did not know who I was."

You were exhausted, and it was too much to take in.

"Lay back down," you told him, and he obeyed instantly.

"Of course, anything to make you more comfortable," he said from his new vantage point.

"No, just..." you sighed. "Go back to sleep. I'm here if you have another nightmare."

You could see disbelief in his glinting, still-tearful eyes, but he did not protest, and when you curled up beside him, he rested his hand protectively over your side.

You had hardly slept- there was too much to think about, were state alchemists really redeemable?- when there came a pounding on the door.

"Wake up! You are going to be late!"

Armstrong sat up straight, then looked at you, as if just realizing you were still there. He gestured for you to be silent, and didn't answer himself.

"How are you planning on getting our standing back if-"

The angry woman's voice cut off, and though you couldn't make out the words, you could hear a muffled argument behind the door, until she scoffed loudly, knocking one more time.

"At least you weren't too cowardly to attend the ceremonies. You better not get into the habit of sleeping in!" she snarled, then she stormed away, as announced by the sound of her boots.

Only a few seconds later, there was a gentler knock.

"Alex? I told Olivier you are on leave. Come talk to me later, okay?"

There was a much gentler padding when she left.

You took a breath, and looked at Armstrong. His eyes were full of tears.

"Catherine is too good to me," he blubbered, tears taking over.

"Who is Catherine?" you asked, bracing yourself for a disappointing answer.

He wiped his streaming face.

"My dear little sister. In a family with five sisters, I am so lucky to be her older brother."

His eyes, a little drier, twinkled.

"And the other one was...?

"Olivier, my oldest sister," he said, more seriously, but still with a distant, hopeful look in his eye. "She has pushed me hard to get me where I am today. She is working her way through the ranks at Briggs, in the North, but given her position as Colonel she was sent as their representative to attend the ceremonies and honours given yesterday."

"Did you...?"

"I received none, of course, but friends did, and I would not expect a job at the end of my leave if I did not attend such an important event. Do you know who I was with last night?"

You shook your head.

"Their names don't matter. They were my friends who most regretted the awards they received."

Alex got up then and, with your permission, sent your clothes from the night before with a maid for cleaning.

"Sleep for a bit," he said. "You've only had a couple hours."

When you awake again, the sun shone bright through the window, and you stretched, delighted with how comfortable your bed felt, and still aroused from your dreams.

Someone cleared their throat, and your eyes snapped open.

You were in Alex's enormous bed still. He was in his sitting area, books spread around him, a notebook in hand, wearing just a pair of thin cotton pants. In the daylight filtering through his windows, his chest was like nothing you'd ever seen. You shivered, and realized you were uncovered- somehow you'd kicked all of his blankets off of yourself, and though you'd worn the dressing gown into bed this time, only one arm was still in it.

You blushed, and Alex took a step toward you, his erection pushing tight against his pants. There was a shy flush to his face.

He- both he, and *his*- looked even bigger in daylight, and a sense of nerves, or maybe it could be called dread- in the horniest way something could be called dread- filled you. You hadn't gotten to try it the night before.

You reached toward him, beckoning, then noticed to your side, a cup of water. Looking away from him, you swished it hard in your teeth, then swallowed, hoping your breath would be clean enough. By the time you looked back, he was next to you, looking at your face, waiting for a signal.

You spread your legs just a fraction more, met his eyes then looked down at yourself.

Alex touched your side, slowly sliding his hands down to your hips, keeping eye contact.

Not wanting any more ambiguity, you told him, "fuck me."

You had thought he would be off to the races with that, but although he smiled and gripped you more tightly, he kept his pace as it was, and your nerves seemed to scream in frustration as he worked his way towards your aching hardness.

He stroked it in his hand, just as painfully slow, and you arched your back, pushing against him.

He leaned in close, hot, damp air cascading over your vulnerable parts, and you bucked again, pushing yourself into his mouth.

This time he took the signal, and you were buried in his hot mouth before you could take a breath. You couldn't keep your volume down as he licked and sucked you, and he didn't ask you to, working as though his only job was to stimulate you as you moaned and cried out.

He alternated his precision on your head, the tight sucks and gentle licks, with attention to the rest of your parts, licking languidly up from your ass, or very gently nibbling the soft folds of your skin with his lips. He massaged your perineum in a way that made you ache, with a thumb slippery with his own saliva. His free hand he slid under you, groping your ass as you had done his the night before. You hoped it felt as good in his hands as his had in yours, but you couldn't think that for long because, suddenly and forcefully, you came into his mouth, whimpering and gasping for air, feeling him not only continue to suck you through it, but as it faded off, gently lapping your fluids away.

Alex stroked your side again, and you tugged his arm, pulling him up towards you, until he lay beside you as he had in bed.

He was still dressed, so you unbuttoned his casual linen shirt, revealing his chest to yourself again, then burying your face in it, not licking or sucking or kissing, but letting yourself feel fully embraced as he reached his arms around you. After a moment, you looked up, and his lips met yours, and for the first time you were kissing.

Gentle to a fault, he held himself back, and you pushed harder, begging mentally for him to stick his tongue into your mouth, to suck your lips and claim them.

When he was still reluctant, you reached around his neck, pulling him closer, urging him to dominate, and whether it was your thoughts finally reaching him or your earlier request for him to fuck you, he took charge.

Your heart- or *something*- sailed when he plunged his tongue deep into your throat and you licked back like you had licked his cock, sucking it as though to beg him deeper. He was gentle on your neck, but once he had made his way below your collar bone he kissed and nipped and tugged at your skin, and you felt bruises forming.

You busied your hands tugging at his pants, and with some collaboration, you liberated him of them, and his hot, hard cock bounced against your leg. Your breath hissed through your teeth in anticipation.

First spitting into your hand, you stroked him, your fingers barely if at all encircling his girth, and though he was much quieter than you had ever been, he thrust into your hand with enthusiasm, sweat beading on his face.

Grabbing his hips, you pulled at him, sinking your nails in, pulling him toward your hole.

"Are you su-" he began to ask.

"Fuck me," you whined.

He spat onto his cock, and a surge rode through you at the image. You rolled onto your front; it was just an impulse, but you wanted him deep. You could feel tears in your eyes as he lined himself up, and they began to flow as he thrust into you.

"It feels so good," you hissed through your teeth, and he picked up the pace.

It was a good thing his muscles were what they were, because without him holding your hips in place, you would have been thrown about the bed with each thrust, the way his cock filled you, resisting escape and touching every inch of your insides as your groans turned into exhilarating, desperate sobs and gasps, between which you begged, only sometimes coherently, for him to keep going.

At first he'd bottomed out not three-quarters into you, but his hand, full of slick lube, rubbed between you, and you felt yourself stretching to meet him. This feeling solidified as his balls started to slap against you, and the new stimulation gave another rising feeling of ecstasy, crowding the others throughout your body and soul, building to a release.

You couldn't know if the sound you made was any different than your depraved cries throughout the session, but your whole body shook and shuddered, and you felt yourself cumming, and only a few thrusts later, egged on by the way your body had wrung him, Alex came, his thick cock only feeling thicker each time it pulsed inside you.

Exhausted, you laid on your front on the bed, then rolled to your side, heaving for breath.

Armstrong picked you up easily, and you were too tired to protest.

After a short shower, where he kept you on your feet, he helped you into the bathtub, and left, returning with a tray of food and a pitcher of ice water.

"We may have been heard," he said, but you couldn't bring yourself to care as he settled in the water with you, letting you rest your head against his chest.

Chapter End Notes

small note: they're supposed to have been overheard by the household staff, who dropped off breakfast for both of them, NOT by any of Armstrong's parents or sisters

Other notes:
- It didn't make it into the story, but the reasons Armstrong is sober are twofold: he returned from the war earlier than the other state alchemists (and so has had more time to stop drinking if he was), and he is so self loathing that he doesn't want to allow himself the escape. You're welcome to have other headcanons (and share them with me!) but personally, I think that Armstrong probably drank a bit *during* the massacre to cope, but quit in order to punish himself and restrict escapism even before he was officially dismissed.

-At Armstrong's table are Riza, Hughes, Roy, Isaac McDougal*, and Armstrong himself. I clarify this because McDougal's description could arguably apply to Kimblee (masculine body, has ponytail)
*Isaac McDougal is only in Brotherhood, but I wanted to fill out the table a bit more and we know he's anti-Bradley.

-There is at least one Pansy Division reference and I considered the awful title 'Horny in the Mourning" for this fic based on this fact.

-The reason the character does not immediately recognize the 'war heroes' is because the military wouldn't have allowed much journalism on location during the Ishvalan genocide, so it will be tomorrow, when the papers come out, that their faces become recognizable. However, many of the bar patrons are, as mentioned, military, and word travels fast in a packed bar.

Let me know if you'd be interested in a second chapter or an epilogue, I have some ideas, and subscribe if you want to see it when/if it uploads. EDIT: Updated to be a three-shot, chapter 2 is up.

edited to change Olivier's rank (if she was a Major General during the Ishval conflict, that would mean she hadn't climbed the ranks at all in the years between the war ending (1909) and Edward meeting her (1914)). My sources say it goes Colonel to Brigadier General to Major General, so that leaves plenty of time (considering she is ambitious) to rise up to Major General. This parallels the also-ambitious Mustang's climbing of ranks since Ishval (Major to Lieutenant Colonel to Colonel)

Would love to see comments on any chapter, regardless of how long ago they may have been updated.

End Notes

I will always love to see comments, no matter how old this gets.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!