

Risk Factor

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Summary

Now Roy laid on his back with Kimblee holding the Flame Alchemist's arm tightly against his chest, his face pressed against Roy's shoulder.

Notes

Roy should know better by now.

Roy tried to stretch within the confines of his own bed but it's other occupant made it difficult- and the fact that he was wrapped around Roy's arm like some sort of python inhibited his movements also.

He hadn't remembered Kimblee being the type to cling, normally after fraternizing in Ishval he would scamper away like an alleycat or send Roy back out into the desert, the nights they had spent together were with limited contact; usually Roy found one of Kimblee's long legs encroaching in his space or fought his own temptation to cling affectionately (he only gave in once).

Now Roy laid on his back with Kimblee holding the Flame Alchemist's arm tightly against his chest, his face pressed against Roy's shoulder.

Roy twisted his wrist, his fingers brushing against the bony notch of the Crimson Lotus Alchemist's hip and the elastic waistband of his boxers. When had he bothered to pull them back on? His upper arm pressed against his sternum, forearm felt the concave of his stomach and Roy frowned. He'd used a great deal of effort to swallow his sympathy for this man. Prison was for horrible people who had done horrible things- and Kimblee certainly was that, wasn't he? Nevermind the cognitive dissonance Roy used to justify his own forgetting this when Kimblee complied for him and was so docile, laying on his back obediently.

Still, maybe prison was only good when you sent someone there and never saw the end results. Roy was too soft and too guilt ridden to see what prison does to people after they are allowed out, to feel it against his fingertips.

Perhaps the lack of human contact is what possessed Kimblee now, the reason why the heat of his body was smothering Roy's appendage. The wave of sympathy washed over him and he rolled onto his side, laying his arm over Kimblee's narrow waist. Despite his icy personality, he radiated a warmth that Roy was instinctively drawn to. He saw flickers of it sometimes, bubbling to the surface, the way he would tilt his head when he was listening to Roy talk or the affectionate way he would lean into Roy's neck when he was beneath the Colonel, who bent down to him in hurried ecstasy when he would finally climax inside him.

Roy's fingertips danced along the small of Kimblee's back for a while, dragging up and down. He briskly felt something silky against his hand, and realized it was Kimblee's ponytail curved along his spine. Roy always wondered why he kept it up, even in bed. Only a few times had he ever let it down to comb his pale fingers through it. Roy had pulled it down of his own accord a few times, but he noticed he did draw Kimblee's displeasure in doing so.

Still, if he was asleep, maybe he wouldn't notice. Roy didn't get where he was today by not taking risks, and the tattooed palms near his naked skin was certainly risk enough. He swallowed and listened to Kimblee's shallow breathing before dragging his fingers up. When his hand was on the white tie in Kimblee's hair, he almost pulled it free when his wrist was restrained by cool, slender fingers, gripping with a defiant strength.

"That's far enough, Roy Mustang."

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