

2 Ed / ENY written in Ed's POV

## 6/7/00 Why Can't You Love Me?

How did I get here? I feel a haunting presence as I glance around the room. The floor and the walls are unfinished, gray, ruff and unwelcoming. They are bare except for a large mirror hanging on the wall closest to me. No doors. No windows. No light. No escape.

My legs feel weak. I sink abruptly to <sup>my</sup> knees. Gritting my teeth together as I scrape myself.

"Edward," all of a sudden someone else's body is pressed against mine, filling me with warmth.

"Look at yourself Edward," they whisper coming forth from behind me, kneeling next to me.

"You are such a pretty little boy," they say, putting their cheek next to mine. "I'm surprised you haven't realized who I am yet." My eyes adjusted to the darkness. I immediately



noticed long, silky, green  
locks of hair. (say.)

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"E-Envy," he licks the side  
of my face. His hands explored  
my chest, "Please, don't do this  
to me," I say. "I see, hear, leg.  
I am defenseless, I don't  
want it. I can't want it, but  
I don't do anything to stop  
him. Like I am paralyzed  
with fear, but I'm not afraid.  
This feeling - I hate it, but  
I crave it."

As he slides his hand lower  
and lower the pounding between  
my legs becomes stronger and  
quicker. I let out a soft  
moan - big mistake.

"I knew you would like it, so  
don't tell me stop, don't have  
that expression on your face  
like you hate me, as much as  
I think you look cute when  
you're distressed, I want you  
to enjoy this," Envy began to  
stroke my inner thigh.

"No, Envy, please don't!"



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my face is now wet and hot with tears. "stop crying." Envy digs his nails into my skin. I can't stop. "Then I'll give you something to cry about." Envy bites down into my shoulder - hard, and he recklessly grabs my crotch. I shut my eyes and bite down on my lower lip to try and keep the scream in. I can't. I scream.

"Envy, please."

"That's right Edward, scream. I have, get out of here. Get away from him. I clap my hands together in hopes that I could conjure something with my alchemy to make him stop. He sharply locks my arms behind my back. I think my left arm dislocated. Envy grabs me by my braid and presses my face against the mirror arching my back to the point where I felt it was going



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to snap.

I tried earlier to be nice to you, but you just had to go and fuck it up. Now - screw consideration, I'm just going to fuck you - fuck you till you're numb. Envy's lip curls and his eyes narrow. He leans his hips into me, he pauses just before making contact.

"Don't fret, little one," his voice sickens me, I knit my eyebrow. Harder than I expected he rammed himself into me. I scream, I whail, louder than I knew I could, but my scream is muffled by his hand.

His next blow from behind was harder than the last, but it was all at once - no suspense which made it better - almost enjoyable.

No Edward, stop it! You're losing it! You're not having fun!  
Envy began to pick up a steady



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pace. He suddenly turns  
me over so I am facing him.  
He presses his lips against  
mine, he moves his tongue  
across my teeth. Tasting  
me. Tasting him.

Envy giggles, "For someone  
dreading this, you're pretty  
good," he smirks, "Now tell  
me, Edo, are you hungry?  
I don't like where this is  
going."

"N-no," I <sup>manage to say</sup> Envy just smiles.

"It's rude not to eat  
when you're offered food," he  
puts his hands on my  
shoulders and pushes me  
down my knees. I know what  
he wants me to do.

I know there is no way out  
of this, I should make this  
easy for myself, get it over with.  
I feel as though my body and  
my mind are apart from  
each other. I give in to what  
he wants me to do.

"Mmm, Edward," Envy moaned. I



sock harder, and glance up to see his expression. His eyes are closed and soft, in a state of ecstasy. His eyebrows are tilted upward, creating an overall orgasmic look. But his mouth - spread out wide and obviously into a psychotic grin, his upper lip twitching. It makes him look scary, like I'm hurting him but he likes it. It makes me sick. I have the urge to bite it off, but I won't because he might derive some sick pleasure from that. I twirl my tongue fast - then faster. Envy burries his hand in my hair, running it through then tugging. It hurts but it's a good hurt. I swirl faster. Envy bucks forward. I feel a liquid in my mouth other than my saliva. I stop to spit it out.

"You're good, chibi-no-baka," Envy smirks. He squats down, so we are face to face, I'm still



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on my knees. Envy rests one arm on my shoulder. With his other hand he uses a finger to scrub some of that - that fluid that was in my mouth that I spat out. He grabs his finger really close to my face.

"You know what this is?" he grins; I shake my head, no. He leans his face in, really close to mine. "You're so stupid."

Envy kisses me again. This time more carnivorous than the last. I don't hate this anymore. I'm not afraid. I push Envy back so I can have a moment to breathe. Before he can react, I lean forward and initiate a more passionate kiss. Before I know it am all over him. My legs intertwined with his. Our bodies are so close. I slide my hand under his clingy shirt. He moans and strokes my back.

Soon we roll over. He has me pinned to the floor (I guess I'm just not meant to be the same).

Envy works his way down from

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my mouth, stopping to nibble on one of my nipples. Blood is drawn but it feels unbelievably good. He continues to trail his tongue down my body. My gut lurches once he reaches my lower abdomen, his mouth encloses on my penis. My flesh leg twitches as his teeth ground against my skin.

"Oh, Envy," I weakly whine. My voice is shaking - my entire body is shaking. Envy responded by moving his tongue more rapidly. I dig my nails into the floor. My entire body is going to explode. I don't understand this feeling. Pleasure? Is that it? Is my entire body being taken over by pleasure?

Something leaves my body, just when I can't take it anymore. Envy stops, he rises up, lying on top of me. We are face to face again. He has something in his mouth. As he moves forward to give me a kiss. As our lips intertwine



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he deposits a fluid, other than  
saliva into my mouth. The  
fluid.

Envy sits up, I sit up too.  
HP's legs are wrapped around  
my torso. I can't swallow, I  
can't spit out, I don't want to  
do. Envy strokes my hair.

"That was the fluid that left  
you," he whispers into my ear. "It  
left me too. It's because we made  
each other happy." Envy forces a weak  
smile. He gazes deeply into my eyes.  
Suddenly his voice changes from  
sweet to evil and assertive.

"Swallow it," he commanded.  
I whimper and shake my head.  
I can't. A few tears escape  
from my eyes. Why is it so  
hard for me? Why does this -  
everything feel so wrong? Envy  
wipes away my tears with  
his thumb.

"Just do it," his voice softens,  
Why? Why does he want me  
to do this so badly? I press his  
chest against mine. The being,



that just a few minutes ago was  
raping me, was bringing me so much  
comfort. Maybe even, love? I  
swallow. As soon as Envy  
hears me panting, he cups my  
chin in his hands, He sees  
my mouth open and breathing  
heavily. He gently kisses me on  
top of my forehead. I push him  
back.

"Envy, I can't. I can't. I can't  
love you." I yell. I hate him.  
I hate how he can hurt me so  
bad, and I still want him.

"Why Edward? Why can't work?  
I love you so much I'm willing  
to hurt you make you understand,"  
he stands up, fury in his eyes.  
He raises his hand and slaps  
me across my face. I bury  
my face in my hands. I'm  
still on my knees, my head is  
at his thigh. He brings his knee  
up, then he kicks me in my face.

It hurts so much. I vomit  
on the floor next to me. I recoil  
into a fetal position. My entire



body is terrifying. But I can't be  
hurting as much as Envy is. All he  
wanted to do was love me. And  
I, let him. I loved him back.  
I'm so confused. I'm confused?  
What am I talking about? If  
I'm confused what about Envy?  
I'm so selfish. I hate myself.  
Envy kicks my back. I deserve

it. He sinks down to his knees. He  
rolls me over on <sup>my</sup> back and looks me  
in my <sup>eye</sup>. He's not even smiling at my  
suffering. He doesn't say anything  
or taunt me. He just stares at  
me with angry violet eyes. Not angry-  
hurt. His eyes are glazed. He's  
crying. He's not as immune to human  
emotions as he made it seem. He shuts  
his eyes and crashes his head into  
my chest.

"Edward," he sobs, "Why can't  
you love me? Look at yourself," he gestures  
to the mirror, "You're beaten, you're  
tired, you're confused, but you look  
better than you did when you first  
came here. You look complete. I  
gave you something, Edward. I

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completed you. We belong together, why can't you see that?"

"No we don't. I'm human, you're an abomination. 'You're unnatural! I can't love you! I can't!' I yell. Now I'm crying again too.

"Stop saying that," Envy growls through his tears, "I give you my love and you respond more inhuman than I am!" He's a liar. Envy never gave me his love. He raped me, and then I fell into his trap - I went along, I liked it. That's what I hate

About Envy, he distorts things into making it seem like I am the horrible one. I like his body, but I hate his mind. His sick, twisted mind!

"I hate you!" I bark. I repeat those three words daily a few times afterwards. I stand up, but Envy rises to his feet quicker than I do. His hands lunge for my neck, he has me pinned against the cold glass mirror.

"You don't hate me," he leans forward and darkly <sup>whispers</sup> into my ear, "At least not all of me, and I know that now for a fact." All traces of his sadness is



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gone, he's back to his brutal self. It terrifies me how quickly his personality can change. Then his expression turns from angry to manic, and impulsive. He's going to kill me, I know it. His grip tightens around my neck. It becomes harder for me to breathe. I should give up, I'm just hurting myself. I close my eyes and let my pulse catch up to the way I feel. Dead.

I'm awake. Awake from what? Awake from my death. Awake from my newly discovered conscious. I die and it's the first time I feel alive? The bedsheets cling to my sweaty body. Was the most real thing that has ever happened to me been a dream? How could such thoughts even occur in my mind. Am I trying to tell my self that what I really want is Envy? This arises so many questions that pain me to answer. I am destined to live my life incomplete. I am unworthy of the truth.

- The End -