

Riza Hawkeye, Cock Inspector

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Summary: Not quite as bad as it sounds. Though I'm still going to hell for writing it. Riza Hawkeye vs. Roy Mustang in a bad hardboiled detective story. Rated for really bad double entendres, sexual language and situations, and excessive abuse of a single joke.

**Chapter 1*: Riza Hawkeye, Cock Inspector*

Riza Hawkeye, Cock Inspector
A Full Metal Alchemist Oneshot
by Anne Packrat

Disclaimer: Full Metal Alchemist and it's attendant characters and setting were created by Hiromu Arakawa. Bubbles is unfortunately my own creation, whom I can no longer control.

Warnings: Sexual language and situations. Profanity Abounds. Excessive abuse of a single joke.

It's another day in this god forsaken city of Central. It's full of the bad kind of people, the kind that makes you want never get up in the morning. But then you have to get up because you really have to piss and you don't want to clean up the sheets if you piss in bed.

Yeah, Central is a piss-in-the-bed city. It's wet, it smells, and even though it's warm at first, you eventually just end up shivering in a puddle of your own urine.

Who am I you ask? I'm just a single woman trying to make this damn city clean again. There are men out there, men with cocks, and they're using them willy nilly, keeping poor hygiene habits, and never letting them get any exercise.

It's my job to stop this downward spiral of cock abuse.

My name is Riza Hawkeye, and I'm a Cock Inspector.

I yelled for Bubbles my secretary to bring me the file on the Mustang case. Bubbles was a real classy lady, even if he was secretly a cock-owner. But Bubbles was one of the few good ones. He knew how to handle his cock, and did it well.

I yelled for Bubbles again, before remembering it was his day off. Too bad. I would miss seeing him in his bufont wig, with that cute red bustier and lime green miniskirt combo he favored. I always wondered where he found lingerie in 5x sizes. I made a mental note to ask him about it, and about where he found orange thigh high boots.

Knowing Bubbles, he was probably out getting his nails done or shopping like any proper lady would. Like I should be doing. But I don't have time for that frufu stuff. I have cocks to inspect.

I retrieved the Mustang file myself and sat down to look over it. I needn't have bothered though, I knew the whole damn case inside and out.

Mustang was one of the worst. He and his cock traveled all about town getting into and out of all sorts of trouble. Gambling, hookers, fights... You name a vice and that guy's cock is in the thick of it. But so far he'd eluded all my efforts to find him. Now he's in some unknown location, doing horrible things with his cock. I had to find the man and stop his sick and twisted ways. Time to hit the streets for information.

The shoeshine stand on Kendall is one of my favorite places in this city. Alfonse Elric, the shoeshine boy is a good kid. Well, "kid" and "boy" may be the wrong words to use when describing a giant hollow suit of armor bigger than a grown man, but I used em anyway. Alfonse was smart, hardworking and always knew the latest word on the streets.

I sat on the chair and put my boots up on the shoeshine pedestal.

"Hello, Ms. Hawkeye!" Al said happily, "How you doing today? How's Black Hayate?"

I smiled at that. No one else ever asked about my dog, but Al always did. The kid loved animals, and meowing from inside his chest told me he was taking in strays again.

"We're both fine, Alfonse. You found some more kittens I see. I'm not sure it's real healthy for them to be rattling around in your armor, though."

Al shook his head. "Don't worry about that, Ms. Hawkeye! I put in padding and a cat-bed for them!"

"You turned yourself into a cat condo?" I said surprised.

Al nodded. "Yeah! I hope to put a litter box in next!"

Confused I stared at him, "I would have thought a litter box would be the first thing-" I trailed off then shrugged. Who was I to scold the kid? He did things his way, and I did them mine. That's the way the world worked.

Al took out his brush and leaned down to do his job. "You want the usual, Ms. Hawkeye?"

"Sure," I replied, "You know anything about this Roy Mustang?"

Al paused in his work, then resumed. "I hear he's a bad man, who takes way too many liberties with his cock."

"You heard right then," I answered. "You happen to know where he is now?"

Al finished up and gave each boot an extra polish with his rag. "I hear he's holed up in Warehouse 13 over at the docks." He looked up at me then with concern in his voice, "You be careful, Ms. Hawkeye. I've heard lots of horrible things about this Mustang, and I'd hate to see him use his cock on you."

I smiled and patted the boy on his shoulder resulting in a dull clanking sound. "Don't worry about me, Al. I've taken on much worse cocks than Mustang's."

Seemingly pacified, the boy stood up, and I did the same.

"Thanks for the info, kid," I said as I pressed twice the usual amount in his hands. He quickly dropped the money in his chest, presumably to be a kitten toy until he got home.

I asked Al once what he did with the money, considering he didn't really have to spend it on food or drink. He told me he was trying to find a cure for his brother who was vertically-challenged. What a sweet kid! Always thinking about others. I wish more people in this godforsaken town were like him.

It was evening by the time I reached Warehouse 13. I drew my gun and circled around the back. I wasn't lying when I told Al I'd be fine, I was one of the best shots in all of Central, and nobody, man nor cock, was immune to my bullets.

I saw a light and a dark figure sitting at a table. Cautiously I approached and found Mustang passed out surrounded by several bottles of scotch.

Wow, Mustang sure was making it easy, being piss drunk and all. I guess his vices finally caught up to him.

I carefully circled around to the front of him and put my gun a foot from his face. I took a glass of water I found on the edge of the table and threw it on him to wake his pasty ass up. He jolted out of sleep, spluttered and then tried to stand only to be stopped when he saw the barrel of my gun.

"Inspector Hawkeye!" he cried, his eyes widening in recognition. "How did you find me?"

I scowled at him. "I just followed the ugly sticky messes you and your cock were making."

I took off my gun safety and glared at him. "Now where's your cock, Mustang?"

He sighed in defeat. "Fine, I'll get him." He reached down and struggled with the bindings confining the beast. He groaned as he struggled to free his cock. "It's not coming out, dammit."

"You know it's unhealthy to constrict your cock so much," I told him as he pushed and pulled on his stuck partner.

"Look, do you think you could help me?" Mustang said, "The damn thing is trapped."

I sighed and leaned over. Big mistake. Suddenly Mustang's cock was in my face attacking me. I struggled with it, only dimly aware of Mustang above cheering on his cock. It was a dirty fight. We traded slaps, punches and blows. He socked me a good one on the shoulder, but bruise on the cock's side showed I meted out my own share of punishment.

Realizing that I desperately needed space to fire my gun, I concocted a plan. When the cock came near my face again, I lunged for it, biting down hard on the head. Mustang's cries echoed in my ears as I rolled out of reach and took aim.

I fired.

One shot was all it took to reduce the great cock of Mustang, feared throughout Central, to a red splatter on the floor of a dingy warehouse.

"My God!" Mustang cried, "You shot it! I can't believe you shot my cock!"

I blew the smoke off my gun, before holstering it. "Maybe next time you'll know to use your cock more responsibly."

"He was the best cock I ever had!" he wailed. God, I wish that bastard would shut up already. It was just a stupid cock.

"I'm sorry it had to end this way, Mustang, but you know the damage your cock caused."

"That cock was my best friend!" he yelled, before bursting into tears.

I sighed and walked over to him, past the gory mess of feathers and blood that was once a living bird. I patted on the back awkwardly.

"If it's any consolation," I told him, "that rooster put up one hell of a fight."

He seemed oddly comforted by this. "He was a handsome bird," he said sadly.

I nodded. "Roy Mustang sure had a fine looking cock."

Author's Indulgence

Hands up. Who didn't see that punch-line coming from a mile away?

This started out as a joke I mentioned in the author's notes of "Lonely Mornings Chapter 5". Then my brain, the naughty little thing that it is, decided to run with it. Damn you, brain. You get me in so much trouble.

This is not intended to be serious. None of the cast is intended to be in character with the possible exception of Al. This is intended to be a bad parody of a hard-boiled detective story.

No cocks were harmed in the making of this story.

-Thanks to the creators and cast of FMA for not killing me outright for this story.

- Thanks to my husband for not committing me for writing this.
- Thanks to those reviewers who said they wanted to see this fic, but are probably running for the hills now.
- Thanks to you, the reader. But shame on you for reading this trash.
- Anne Packrat (April 19, 2006)