Well, Nobody's Perfect
by nothin_much

Summary

They're a mess, but it's nothing he can't handle.

(Alternatively titled: Meet the Psychopaths)

Notes

Tone? What tone? Never heard of it.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Greed Homunculus has one weird family.

It didn't help that they're inhuman creatures with supernatural powers, live underneath a large nation, and act like a bunch of sociopaths with no knowledge of how to behave as a productive member of society.

he wouldn't be ticked off if people think of this murderous gang out to kill for some kind of power or authority. No joke, most of those statements are true. They can do gruesome things if they want to.
The thing is, they're not just that. They don't exist to rule the world or take people souls or to take down a god (where did those ideas come from?). They're not just "monsters" or "murderers". It must've sounded ridiculous how they're not using those gifts for their own benefit. It's like seeing demons going to McDonald's in the middle of the night because they forgot to buy dinner.

And that's true. They did that yesterday.

If to humans they are dangerous threats from fairy tales, to Greed they are just a group of complicated weirdos.

Their creator, Father, who is a disturbing old man with a serious case of god-complex, had thought that living underground would be a fun idea. At first, Greed took it as a lousy joke, but seeing how deadly serious he was while saying "Welcome", Greed decided that the man has gone mad from those years of being a hermit.

"It's spacious… for you kids to play in," he reasoned matter-of-factly. Greed doesn't know if he should be grateful, or extremely offended.

Father is excessively old-schooled for Greed's liking. Apathetic, clueless... he probably doesn't know what year it is. The man wears the same robes for centuries and he doesn't seem bothered at all? Does he have a closet full of that white garment or something? Worse, he doesn't know how to act like a normal person. He does not know how to live as a person. He's like an alien exploring earth and failing miserably.

No wonder all his kids are nutjobs.

He didn't seem interested with the things outside their chambers, just spends his time thinking. About what is still a mystery. That's why there are rumors saying that the seven siblings were created because Father had been—this will sound outrageous—lonely. Judging from his sluggish behavior to that secret tea set stashed in one corner of the house, Greed confirmed, "Yep, he's depressed."

Maybe he thought bringing children of his own would be pleasant, like fresh air to his dull life. He even thought of the family name way before: Homunculus. It's not the most creative name out there, but they kept it. Not as a public surname, of course, that would be suspicious.

Sure, alchemy starts to disappear bit by bit that in some parts of the world, it's almost as much as a myth as homunculi. The number of alchemists who study them(or at least know it) is scarce. More like, none. It's not like humans could reach their house before being maimed alive anyways.

For an awkward guy with no sense of personal space, Father is still cold, not to mention incredibly powerful. There was always this intimidating look in his gaze that screams no to be messed with. To be honest, Father might be the only one Greed has trouble understanding. Is it fear? Wariness? Does Father care? Does his indifference have exceptions for the seven of them? (He pushes the thoughts away for now)

There's Pride, the arrogant bastard who bosses everyone around and your get-to-go for the latest gossip in town. His shadows are his eyes and ears, ranging wide enough to cover parts of Amestris, all for his own vile entertainment. He probably had seen hundreds of murders or embarrassing scenarios and laughed at all of it, saving some for blackmail material. No one, not even the Homunculi, can have a single night of privacy. Summarized: he's fucking creepy.

He acts like he's so special and better than everyone else where despite being the oldest, he took the form of a kid no older than – what, seven? He didn't do it in a grotesque way, it shouldn't even
bother Greed. Still, there's something about the kid's (and yes, he keeps calling him 'kid') smile and how his purple eyes crinkle in amusement, patronizing every single thing around him.

Except for Father, he noted. Pride seemed to latch himself to their creator like an obedient dog and Father favors him. Greed knew why. No one can take Pride lightly.

He imagined if the situation was different, everyone would despise his very presence and he wouldn't even spare a glance because he doesn't care what foolish insects think of him. Greed was sure that part of the story never happened. With enough years, almost everyone knows that Pride's just a huge hypocrite who sees others like trash because he doesn't want to be one. He enjoys it too. That's sick? Hey, we're all sick in our own different ways.

Ha. Don't get him wrong, Pride's still a brat. Perhaps that time when he finally stares at them like they value something, it was that moment when they share the same feeling of attachment to this chaos. They've been on this train together long enough for needless bitterness. Plus, the kid's a walking magazine and he's happy to indulge Greed with some of those juicy contents. For a price, obviously.

Lust was way easier. They both share similar interests, similar desires. She's the one who actually encouraged him to try and put up with their eldest sibling. Not outright saying it, but he watched how she leveled her gaze on every homunculus. A level of endurance that looks more like ignorance. The ignorance that this is who they are and she doesn't care.

As the only remotely sane one in the house, she took the responsibility to take care of her "careless brothers". She's the one who reminds them about dinner, cleaning, and the dirty dishes piling in the sink. She's the one who told them that there's an intruder outside and they should stop being idiots fighting over the remote control. She's the one who took care of all of them, even Father. Without her, the 'house' which is already unqualified to be a proper shelter, will turn into a dump pile within seconds.

Regardless, she's still irksome. How her retorts sounded sharp and confident, how her eyes glint in mischief, underestimating him. It's irritating. He shouldn't even mind it because they're the Homunculus; the haughty persona runs in their veins. It's in his too. They all think they're superior to every other being. So he started replying in even more sarcastic remarks instead and she brightened up to the challenge. Slowly it became childish banters of empty insults that only cause their grin to grow. Calling names and go for each other's throat—it's the Homunculus family's thing.

When Envy came along, the household couldn't get any more alive. They're so attached to this modern life than their siblings were, embracing it immediately like second nature. The true youngster here, alright. It makes Greed feels old whenever they're around.

But man, aren't they just fun? Greed loves to rile up the younger homunculus and let them snarl slurs at his face. It's hilarious. They don't even have to fight physically, which made it more enjoyable. He doesn't want to waste his strength on useless combats either.

They stick with words. The really colorful ones.

Envy is like their other mailman. Despite everything, their house is still a 'hideout' or some sorts. Sure, they can trust old Mailman Bob (the only good human in the world) to go inside, but Envy is in charge of pizzas—deliveries that include going outside with risks. They would wait in different random locations, shapeshift into different people, take the orders, and swiftly (sometimes begrudgingly) went back.
With that kind of energy and endless petty taunts, Greed thought they would fit in just fine. But no. Of course not! These people will never take the easy way. Envy love their life. They hate the people in it. He bets they detested everyone in the building as much as they hate themselves.

This sadist who took thrill from other's misfortune was so envious that every little detail of their being is deemed worthless by themselves when compared. It took time for them to find a suitable (likable) body to hide their original form. There's always something that makes them change again, again, and again. Greed couldn't remember how many faces Envy pullout throughout those years. That's okay though, Greed reminded. They loathe themselves at some point of their endless lives.

The day they stopped shifting every 5 minutes was the day Envy tried to understand the 'thing' that, one way or another, kept them together. That's already enough.

Sloth was next and Greed wasn't peeved in the slightest. In fact, he's impressed. The gigantic homunculus had longed to sleep, so he does, and he gave no shit about it. He just wants to laze around and be listless whenever he wanted to and Greed thought it was enthralling.

Now? Not really.

He thinks it's because of his boundless craving and his never-ending dissatisfaction. Sloth rarely speaks, all he does is hog the couch and watch TV all day long. That small amount of freedom could never appease Greed. He's strong, he's mighty fast, but even the general thought of living wearies him to the core. They know what it feels like though, not to an extreme extent that Sloth goes through (it almost like he's in pain.), but they know it.

It became funny as much as it is difficult to see Sloth with eyes glued to his phone cradled between his oversized fingers, his deep yawning that shook the place, and his intentional obliviousness. It's even more ridiculous when someone attempts to move him.

Gluttony enters the circle comfortably at, to Greed's amazement, a short period of time. He's unique, alright. Especially his stomach. He's a literal vacuum cleaner and he could raid the fridge, swallow in one gulp, and plays dumbly innocent when he's hungry. Who is he kidding? He's always hungry. Their empty fridge and loss of dinner could be blamed entirely on Gluttony. He would hang his head in shame, but do not be fooled, he would still empty your plate if you so much as blink.

Luckily, he has Lust to his rescue whenever anyone started to ready their fists. He absolutely adores his sister and she kept him close with mutual esteem. They're constantly together, keeping each other's company. Gluttony's brain is akin to a child's and Lust is the one who scolds him, who tells him what to do and don't, and pats his head when he did something right. Every gesture is so motherly that it seems like Gluttony is being coddled by her. It's not entirely false. Appreciation is something they all had wanted.

The last one to come was Wrath. There's something about him that separate him from the others. He was a human. A species the homunculus always belittle. Something they look down upon.

He didn't act... humane, though. He's hard as the steel of his blades, the fury behind his eyes is clear like day.

Wrath was the youngest, like, really young. When the rest ranges to a hundred up, he's in his twenties—a young man who managed to control the philosopher's stone and walked away with new profound powers. During those first couple of months, they didn't converse to him, only Father did. They treated him like an outsider and there's this twinge of unknown feeling in Greed's guts when he remembers it. He's just like us. Why are we like this?
He is definitely heartless, always temperamental at small things. But he was human and that essence sticks to him no matter how faint. It's amazing to see a figure of anger keeping his emotions checked. He bottles everything up. That's probably why he was the most bearable Homunculus here. They know the signs from how he grits his teeth or the forced smile he uses whenever resentment boils under his skin. He excuses himself right after and destroys everything on sight. The Homunculus tried to set lines. They're not going to have the same fate as the furniture.

A brief silence. "...I mean, he's not one anymore, right?"

Greed knew Wrath will become a part of them sooner or later and when it happened, he knows that the once human has his anger directed to his siblings once or twice a day. The only let down is that this makes him even more comfortable to express said anger (and damn it's messy).

He's young, which is great, they could pop beers, say self-deprecating jokes, and go to malls just to steal some mannequins. Too bad Wrath acts just like Father. He's like a trained soldier with no social skills. Which is also great because they don't know how socializing works either. The problem here is he's too much of an adult for a little brother. His older siblings are hundreds of years older than him (with looks that fool) and they act like teens with a shitty sense of humor and poor life choices. Like elderly trying to be a millennial and actually succeeds. Every one of them had fallen to the deadly clutches of the internet. Every one. Wrath doesn't even know how to be a youth, sheesh.

Thankfully, as years go by Wrath had seen how this thing of theirs works. Greed caught that look of wonder and incredulity and slung his arm around the man who replied with a quick crunch of eyebrows, "Just pretend you're looking at children. But with guns and knives and concerning coping mechanism. And you-," he grinned, poking him on the chest. "-Little brother is stuck here to comprehend them."

He didn't blame Wrath if he didn't get it. Even he sometimes wonders how the hell did this family even works. They should be shunned by one another by now, or maybe rebel against Father. Yet again, after all those years doing nothing, there's not a single excuse for any of them to leave that place. It's almost as if they're glued underground no matter how much they don't want to.

Maybe if they haven't learned a thing or two about themselves they would have been looking at one another like pests. Maybe if they were too busy to even try and get along they wouldn't care if the other disappears. Greed felt like maybe he would've hated his brothers and sister. Maybe in another world, they weren't even a family (he's still reluctant to say that word out loud).

It's hard to imagine, Greed admits. They went through thick and thin together, pull hellish pranks, mess around, annoy the heck out of each other. He's already used to the screaming and splatter of blood after ferocious fights. He's already used to feeling how the room seems to darken when they couldn't keep their mouth shut. He's used to the pain. He shouldn't have, but he is. Because there was always this moment of understanding, though short and subtle, between each of every one of them. That moment where they know they're whole and they always will be. They never change. It just seems so normal after seeing it over and over again. It feels right.

Greed the Avaricious, he wants everything the world could offer and is not willing to let go a single one. However, in the end, he kept founding himself wandering back to this place. This horrible hellhole that somehow gave him comfort.

It was always like that, they were always like that.

It's home after all.
So I've been thinking. What if Father never had any plans to be a god? What if he just wanted kids? And if the homunculi had stuck around long enough trying to stand each other, would they be a decent family? The idea was stuck inside my head for days.

Is this crack? Yes and no. It's crack-ish... but it's not(?). It's definitely omake-canon.

It's like a story foretold by a drunk and it's a mess of emotions. Everything here is (probably) completely intentional because talking about his siblings' existential crisis is the same level of mood as talking about memes. I mean... they managed to do that and live till 2019, so it'll be fine. Feel free to point out mistakes and drop questions, though!


**time for some incorrect quotes**

*Greed: Look, you seem very nice.*

*Ousider: Thank you.*

*Greed: I have no room in my life for people like that.*

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