

Eremika oneshots

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Eremika oneshots

by [Sharinganblossoms](#)

Summary

Collection of various eremika oneshot set in canonverse and AU.

Notes

Edit: Made some changes in the chapters. Re-read is recommended.

Hickey Prank

Chapter Summary

Mikasa plays a prank on her boyfriend but it doesn't turn out as she expects it to be.

Rating: T

Requested by : Lali

Chapter Notes

Set in alternate universe

Mikasa knew the moment she said dare and saw the sly smirk on Sasha's face that she had gotten herself into a trap. Shit. She should have chosen truth. Better safe than sorry. But it was too late to go back on her words now.

"Well then, I *dare* you to do the hickey prank on Eren."

The *what* now? Mikasa sat with her mouth wide open. It was a joke right. She had seen this prank getting popular on Youtube lately.

In her opinion it was immature and insensitive. Even though it was a prank it was very likely your boyfriend would never trust you completely again.

"No."

She said firmly as Ymir snorted by her side. Sasha scowled while Historia chuckled. This whole game was a bad idea. They were in college. Why the hell were they playing truth or dare? She should have stayed at her apartment and snuggled with Eren instead of agreeing for a slumber party.

"You can't say no now. You agreed to it remember? You can't break the promise."

Mikasa narrowed her eyes but Sasha simply blinked. After years of being friends she had gotten used to her death glare. Dammit.

"But—"

"If you refuse now then that would mean you are a chicken shit? Are you? I thought you were the bravest among us all, Mika."

"After me."

Annie added beside Historia, as Mikasa resisted the urge to roll her eyes. This was about her pride now. No way she could back down now. *Heck* Annie agreed to dance in a strippers club this weekend. Atleast it was better than that right?

“Fine.”

Sasha fisted her hands in the air victoriously while Mikasa just dreaded the moment she agreed to come here. Eren was going to break up with her.

It was two days later that Mikasa found herself applying the matt lipstick just above her breast. She tried to follow the tutorial video as she blended it with the brush to give more realistic look. She had no idea that there were tutorials for even *this* kind of things. Satisfied with the result she closed the cap, and placed the lipstick back in her makeup vanity before going to the living room. Eren will be back from classes any moment. They moved in together after dating for two years. She was so lucky to find such a sweet and caring boyfriend. And here she was planning to deceive and hurt him because of a stupid dare.

‘No takebacks, Mikasa.’

She mentally scolded herself as she set the camera carefully behind the flower vase. Perfect angle. She slid her tank top a little lower so that her ‘hickey’ could be seen in the open. There was a slight noise in the front as the doorknob turned open and Eren walked in.

‘Showtime.’

He gave a bright smile on seeing her and picked her up before twirling her around and placing a sweet kiss on her lips.

“Hey.”

He greeted as she smiled and hugged him back. Shit. She was *evil*. After few seconds of just standing there in each other’s arms they broke apart as he moved towards the couch. She followed him and sat besides him as he started telling her about the stupid thesis paper he had to write. She nodded along as he played with her hairs before pausing. She saw his eyes focused over her cleavage as she adjusted the top and hid it. He moved his hands towards her as she stopped him.

“What?”

“What is that?”

“What do you mean?”

“That mark.”

“Nothing.”

She swatted his hand away as he tried to take a peek again.

“It’s not nothing. Why won’t you show me?”

“Why are you acting like this?”

“It’s a fucking hickey!”

“You must have left it.”

“We didn’t have sex in two weeks!”

“Whose fault is that?”

“Are you *fucking* kidding me right now?”

Okay so maybe she was a little sexually frustrated too. Scratch maybe she definitely was. Could you blame her though? When you had such a hot boyfriend, but you couldn't enjoy the benefits of it. He was seething with anger, and Mikasa was already beginning to doubt her decision.

“It’s probably just a rash.”

“Can you stop *fucking* lying already?”

“Can you stop dropping the F bomb?”

He got up abruptly as he gritted his teeth at her, and ran his hands roughly through his hairs. She stood up too as she touched his shoulder but he flinched.

“Eren, calm down.”

“HOW ABOUT YOU TELL ME THE TRUTH FIRST?”

She winced at his loud voice and mentally decided to pay Sasha back with *interest*. But for now, she had to follow the plan. She took a deep breath and bit her lip, whilst trying her best to look guilty.

“Yes, it’s a hickey.”

His eyes widened as she could see him visibly shaking. He stood frozen on his spot for what seemed like *minutes* before moving towards the door. Shit. He opened it and slammed it so hard behind him that the painting on the wall besides it fell down. She showed middle finger to the camera before running after him. He hadn’t gotten too far as she stopped him before he could enter the lift.

“I can explain.”

It was then she noticed his eyes were welling up with tears. *Fuck my life*. He wiped off his nose, as he tried to wiggle out of her grasp. Lucky for her, Mikasa was very strong and she made him stop.

“It's not real. Come with me, I can explain.”

He gave her a dubious look, as she didn’t wait for his answer, and *practically* dragged him inside the flat.

“Touch it.”

He frowned, as he tried to blink back the tears and she moved his hand over her chest. She wiped off the lipstick with his fingers as he shook his head in disbelief.

“It was a dare. I am *so* sorry, Eren. Sasha dared me to do this. I am *really* sorry.”

He massaged his head before collapsing on the floor. She placed a light kiss on his hands as he closed his eyes. They remained like this for a while before she broke the silence.

“Do you still love me?”

“No.”

“Yes you do.”

“Yes I do.”

She hugged him tightly then as he nestled his head in the crook of her neck. She can't believe he cried. She was expecting him to get mad but not this.

“I am so sorry for making you cry.”

“Shut up.”

He grumbled as they broke apart and she chuckled at his pout. He was so adorable.

“Want me to make up to you?”

She asked shyly, as he raised an eyebrow at her. She quickly got up as she moved where the camera was hidden and turned off the recording. He just sat there in confusion as she moved back at him with a seductive glint.

“Don't want to give a show to Sasha.”

His eyes heated up at her intention as she settled herself in his lap.

“Well then, It's time to show you how real hickey looks like.” That's what she wanted in the first place.

Mission accomplished.

Heartbreak

Chapter Summary

My take on what would have happened if Armin and Gabi weren't present in chapter 112.

Rating: Heavy T

Chapter Notes

Canonverse diversion.
Spoilers from chapter 112.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“We need to keep an eye on this kid for now.”

Commander Hanji announced as she put up the unconscious body of Falco in the bathtub to wash away the remnants of the wine. It was a chaos *really*. Who knew how many people like that kid had ingested Zeke’s serum. To be on safer side, everyone was told to wash off their hands and face with proper antiseptic water.

“Will he be ok?”

Mikasa’s eyes fell on the young girl who sat beside the bathtub, as she watched over the boy. Her eyes held a dejected look. The scene hit *far* too close to her. She remembered feeling this helpless, this scared whenever Eren was hurt or taken away from her. She had million questions she wanted to ask to him. If only she knew where in the world he was right now. Her head throbbed painfully as she excused herself from there and left.

She found a vacant room for the private diners and entered it, asking the other scouts to not disturb her for a while.

She slumped on the chair as she remembered all the memories from their childhood. Life was much simpler back then. They were *just* little kids with big dreams. Life was much easier before the collapse of the wall, before they learned the truth, before the chaos their life had become now. Mikasa didn’t know how long she sat there and contemplated, before she was snapped out of her thoughts by a loud commotion outside. She frowned as she heard someone shouting. Was it Jean? She could hear Armin too in between all that. She had barely gotten up when the door to her room was unlocked, and Eren himself walked into the room. For a while she thought she was dreaming *probably*, there was no way Eren was right there in front of her. He raised his hand then to show the blood coming out of the cut and she gaped. What was he planning to do?

“Sit down.”

He commanded her but she stood frozen on the spot and shook her head. Was he really threatening *her*?

“What are you doing, Eren?”

“I said. Sit. *Down.*”

She settled back in her chair as he moved to sit from across her. Her heart ached as she saw the emotionless, the dead look in his eyes. Who was this man?

“I will ask the same thing I asked to Armin and the others. Where is Zeke?”

“I don’t know. Do you have any idea wh—”

“Your friends are being taken down to the cell. If you want them to be safe then tell the truth.”

She gasped and stared at him in shock. His eyes held no ounce of compassion as it bore into hers.

“They are your friends too. You are being controlled by Zeke.”

He shot her an annoyed look, as he stared at the table surface.

“I am free. Whatever I do and whatever I choose is of my own will.”

“No you are not! You are being controlled. You are not the kind of person who would involve innocent children and civilians, even if they live in an enemy state. You have cared about us and thought about us more than anyone, you saved me and wrapped this scarf around me out of your own kindness right?”

“I *Said* Keep Your Hands On The Table!”

He spoke with gritted teeth, as he glared at her while Mikasa could barely control her tears. This was not her Eren. Why was he acting so heartless, *so* cold towards her? She removed her hands from the scarf and put it back on the table as he continued.

“I hid myself in Liberio and spoke to Zeke. Brother to brother. He knows a lot more than the Marleyans. I learned about the Ackermans there too. The only reason you are strong Mikasa is due to the Eldian Empire fiddling around with Ymir’s subject for a long history. Ackerman clan was an accident who maintain a human form but, in some cases, can manifest power of titans. In other words, you only cling to me because of your instinct as Ackerman.”

No. What was he saying. He wasn’t possibly implying that her feelings weren’t real, was he? This was absurd. She opened her mouth to speak but he interrupted, looking at her with his bored eyes.

“You obeyed my order the moment you were facing death. Apparently when all those conditions are met, the Ackerman blood instinct awakens. Not only did this heighten your physical abilities but gave you the experience in battle accumulated by every past Ackerman through path. All because you tricked yourself into believing that I was the host you had to protect. “

“Stop!”

She got up abruptly as her eyes welled up with tears. She wasn’t some kind of artificial being designed to obey orders. She was a human just like him. How could he come here, and say all those things?

“You are wrong! Are you seriously believing what your piece of shit brother is telling you? Over years of *our* friendship? Does that mean nothing to you?”

He stood up too, as he rounded the table and approached her.

“I am believing the facts. Apparently once an Ackerman awakens their instinct they find themselves suffering from constant headaches. It happens due to their true self trying to resist being forced to protect the host. Sound familiar?”

“Eren, stop *please*.”

She practically begged him but he paid no attention as he looked into her eyes.

“In other words, real Mikasa died in that hut ten years ago leaving behind only you, ever faithful to your Ackerman instincts. A clan built only to follow orders, in other words a *slave*.”

She felt the sharp sting in her palm, as she realised, she had slapped him. She shivered with agony as he rubbed his cheek slightly and gave her a nonchalant look. Here she was having the worst breakdown she possibly ever had and he didn’t feel anything. He didn’t flinch *once* as she sobbed.

“You Are Wrong! Everything I Did Was Because I Love You! I Have Always Loved You. Ever since you wrapped this scarf around me.”

She saw then. It was only for a second but a flicker of emotion passed through his face as those words escaped her mouth. She knew she could break him. She had to keep going. She took bold steps towards him, and grabbed him by his collar so that he could look right into her eyes.

“Eren, I love *you*. How can you not see that? I love you more than *anything* else in the world.”

“Let go off me.”

“No!”

He tried to get her hands off of him but she was stronger than him. She grabbed his hand and nestled her face in his chest as she whispered again and *again* that she loved him. She saw the slight static in his hand, and her face tightened with pain.

“Go ahead then. Transform right now and kill me. It will be much better than you calling me a slave.”

Eren forced her to let go off his hand, and pushed her face from his chest as they stared at each other. It was *only* for a second before his mouth crashed on hers. She was almost knocked off her feet but he grabbed her waist and brought her body closer to his. Mikasa had no idea what was happening. Eren was kissing her. *Why* was he kissing her? She let out a low moan, as he squeezed her backside and he pushed his tongue inside her mouth, exploring her cavern. She returned the kiss with equal intensity as she moved her hands in his thick hair coaxing him to bend more and gain more access to her mouth. He pushed her against the table as he roamed his hands all over body from her ass to her stomach. She traced her hands over his hard chest as he picked her up and placed her on the table.

He broke the kiss, and traced her lips lightly with his tongue before biting on the lower one. She wrapped her leg around his waist as she *tried* to bring him closer. His right hand moved towards her neck as he grabbed it lightly and kissed her deeper. She moved her hand inside his shirt, feeling the back muscles. His flesh hot underneath her fingers. A loud moan escaped her mouth as he tightened his grip on her neck and nipped at her lips. Their bodies were practically flushed together at this point, and Mikasa wondered what the *hell* were they doing? But all the incoherent thoughts left her brain anyways, at the first taste of him. His mouth left hers as he nipped at her neck and she groaned with pleasure.

“You like this?”

He asked as she moved her head to look at him. His teal eyes stared into her onyx one with mix of anger and desire. His hand traced her face from her eyes, her nose to her lips as she shivered. He tugged at her earlobe with his teeth as she felt his hot breath against her ear.

“Do you know what I hate most in this world? Anyone who isn’t *free*. That or cattle.”

She tried to focus on his words, but he bought her mouth to his in a slow kiss. Why was he talking about hate again? He moved his mouth lower, as he kissed her jaw lazily and spoke against her skin.

“Just looking at them made me *so* angry. Now, I finally understand why. I couldn’t bear to look at an undoubting slave who *only* ever followed orders.”

He grabbed her chin then, as she looked up at him, *slightly* out of breath.

“Even now you didn’t stop me and let me touch you.”

She felt herself choking up with emotions as he gave her a look of disgust before stepping back from her.

“You are just a slave. That’s why...ever since I was a kid, I have *always* hated you.”

Tears streamed down her cheeks as he looked at her with *so* much hate in his eyes. He was testing her. So everything he did now was just a twisted way of hurting her. When did he become such a *sadist*? She bared her heart to him. And *this* was his answer. Why was he lying? He protected her many times.

“Really? Even when you defended me in the court and protected me from the titan? Was it *all* hate?”

He narrowed his eyes as he looked away and towards the door. He called out a name as two man dressed in scouts uniform entered.

“Take her away, and lock her with the others.”

They nodded at him as Mikasa felt the air around her thicken and she felt the worst imaginable pain in her chest. Oh yes she knew what it was.

It was heartbreak.

Chapter End Notes

I have no idea what I wrote. I just needed to write an asshole Eren.

Missing her

Chapter Summary

Eren getting rid of his 'tension'.

Rating: M

Chapter Notes

Spoilers from manga.

Takes place during Eren's Marley infiltration

"I don't want this person to become a soldier."

Falco's words from earlier today resonated in his ears. He remembered how red the boy got, when Eren asked if that person was a girl. A talented girl who he couldn't surpass huh. Didn't that sound similar? A low chuckle slipped past his lips, as he remembered *how* jealous he used to be of Mikasa when they were cadets. Looking back at it now he felt guilty for how he treated her back then. But she always stood by his side— protecting him, taking care of him.

'*You are famil-*'

He closed his eyes, and sighed as he remembered their last conversation. Just family huh. He had expected to hear something else from her. Something which he started feeling too after being oblivious for years.

'*Why did you lie, Mikasa?*'

He kneeled closer to the edge of the bed and moved to open the mini drawer which held his minimal items. His hand rummaged through the top drawer before he found out what he was looking for. He took out a book and rummaged through it before pulling out a photograph he placed inside it. A small smile spread across his lips as he looked at it. It was a picture of *just* him and Mikasa. He remembered that day very vividly.

Eren took in the smell of the sea as he stood on the shores of Marley. He had to admit. This place was really beautiful. No one could tell by the first glance all the horrors it carried within. He turned his head as someone called out his name and found Armin motioning him to join them. They all stood in front of a dainty looking man, as he adjusted a device no camera. He shook his head as he neared his friends.

"*Come on, Eren, join us for the photograph.*"

Connie enthusiastically announced as Eren moved to stand beside Jean. Hange and Levi had chosen not to join as they stood by the bridge talking to each other. His eyes like always rested upon Mikasa as she stood by Sasha awkwardly. She was fidgeting with her fingers as she didn't know where to look and Eren smiled. She was adorable. As if she sensed his eyes on hers, she

turned to look at him and her eyes softened before letting out a barely there smile. His heart skipped.

"Excuse me, sir and mam. Eyes on the front please."

They both looked away simultaneously, and towards the stout man in front as the camera clicked.

He took the picture out and handed it to Armin who payed him some coins as they all started to walk away. They had barely taken a step when the camera person called out

"If you don't mind me saying, I take lovely pictures of the couple, and the scenery behind is just perfect for a romantic shot. What do you say, young man?"

Eren realised he was looking and talking to him as he blinked. Wait what.

"There isn't a couple here, sir. Sorry."

It was Jean who explained as the man's eyes darted from him to Mikasa. Was he too obvious?

"Wait, Jean. Why don't Eren and Mikasa go for it? You guys are wearing matching colors as well. It would be cute."

Armin lamely tried to hide his matchmaking as Eren raised an eyebrow, and Mikasa flushed. She shook her head but before she could say no Eren intervened.

"It's not a bad idea."

He walked to where Mikasa was standing as she looked flabbergasted. Her cheeks held tint of pink, as the cameraman told them to move closer and hold onto each other. Eren extended his arm for her to take as she hesitatingly grabbed onto his side before looking at the front.

Click!

Eren felt something bubble up in his chest as he looked at the photograph. They looked like a couple. Mikasa apparently shared his thoughts too as she flushed on seeing it. She looked really beautiful in it with her rosy cheeks and shy look. Later Eren kept that photo for himself before leaving for Liberio.

He traced Mikasa's face in it moving from her forehead, her nose to her lips. He wondered what it would be like to kiss those luscious lips. He had fantasized about it *quite* a few times in the past. His gaze flickered lower to her body as he inhaled sharply. Mikasa's body was a work of art. He remembered when he first saw her training in her bralette, the peek of her cleavage and those abs was enough to give him a hard on. He even got so many vivid dreams about them. His hands ruffled his hairs in frustration as he felt himself getting hot.

He had wanted to stay focused on his mission, and not indulge in such activities, but it was difficult with the sight of Mikasa parading around in her bra and tight shorts on his mind.

Fuck it.

He got into the bathroom with the assistance of his crutches before discarding his clothes and increasing the temperature of the water. He stepped inside the shower and turned on the hot water as his hands moved to grab his growing length in his hand. He started rubbing on the pink flesh and

closed his eyes, as he imagined Mikasa's soft hands wrapping around it. Her licking her lips as she gave him a squeeze. Those eyes staring up at him full of innocence as she leaned down and took him in his mouth. Eren hissed at the thought as he increased his pace. His cock twitched at the thought of those pretty pink lips wrapped around him. He braced a hand on the wall as he started pumping *more* vigorously. His cock now fully hard and roaring with life as he imagined her taking him deep in her throat. Her playing with those fantastic tits, as she bobbed her head up and down. He hissed and clenched his teeth as he settled down on the shower seat. He wanted *her*. He wanted to fuck her until she was begging and clawing for more. He wanted to hear her moan out his name. He gritted his teeth as he felt himself drawing closer. Low growl escaped his lips as he envisioned that perky ass lifted in the air, allowing him to enter her from behind as she clutched at the sheets almost ripping them apart. What a sight she would be. Sweat began to gather around his forehead, and he clenched his abs as he neared his release. He wanted to kiss her until she forgot how to breathe. The sight of her bouncing on his cock with closed eyes, and parted lips had him *over* the edge as he released spasm of white liquid all over the floor. Eren panted as he leaned back on the wall. He should be ashamed. Fantasizing about his best friend like that. Mikasa would be disgusted, if she ever learned the things he wanted to do to her. But he couldn't help it. He was in love with every inch of her. He wanted to be with her *forever*. He wanted to run away with her and start a new life away from all the war and destruction and the cruelty of this world.

But, he knew it was impossible. His fate was sealed the moment he was born. There was nothing he could do to change it. Only thing he could do was keep moving forward to protect her and the others.

Maybe in another life they could have been together.

Blood lust

Chapter Summary

A vampire Eremika AU with little drama and smut.

Rating: E

Chapter Notes

Explicit sexual content ahead.

Inspired from vampire diaries.

The strumming sound from the speaker resounded the club, as Mikasa played with her half empty glass. She had taken *only* a little sip so as to mingle with the rest of these drunken fools. She was here on a business. A manhunt if she was being honest. He had taken out three of her gang members. Using a *fucking* crossbow to kill them! But he had no idea who he was messing with. She belonged to the feared vampire clan *Ackerman*. They played with those damned human hunters like their toys! Mikasa wasn't called the *Crimson queen* for nothing. She had killed many of his kinds.

The Intel she received didn't reveal much except that he was six foot, strongly build, had a manbun and his eye color was amber. She had only seen those eyes on *one* man in her entire life but it couldn't be him. Last time she saw him was forty years ago *plus* he was of her kind. And why would he *ever* show up? He left her. She meant *nothing* to him. She was.. Mikasa took a deep breath trying not to get side tracked. She fanned her face as the heat was getting to her, combined with the dozens of human. She had remarkable control over her bloodlust due to years of experience, but even *she* was getting a bit thirsty. Hmm...she just had to wait for that damned hunter to show up then she could have her fill. She was playing with her cellphone when she spotted her target three feet apart by the dance floor. It was difficult to make out his face in the dim lights but he matched the exact description.

She finished off her drink in one gulp before approaching him. *Ughh...*stupid filthy humans! She pushed through them to make her way through, wanting nothing more than to rip off their damn heads, but she had some morals. She finally made it there but she couldn't see him anywhere. Did he notice her coming? But he hadn't seen her ever? How would he know it was her? She gritted her teeth as she roamed her eyes, he couldn't have gone too far. In a swift motion she reached the back door exist, walking through the empty corridors. Fucking hell it was really empty! It was...she sensed the motion behind her, and with one sharp turn grabbed the guy by his throat before pushing him against the wall. Her teeth bared out, as she got in his face. It was still *too* dark to make out his face but his stiletto matched the hunter's description as she felt his hot breath fanning her.

"You really thought you could kill me? I am a four hundred year old vampire, I can rip your heart out in a second!" A second silence as she waited for him to speak. For some reason she wanted to hear what he had to say.

“It’s good to see you too, *Mikasa*.” That voice...She recognized that voice. It couldn’t be. His hand lifted gently to touch the scar on her cheek as she shivered. That touch. It was *him*.

“Eren...?” A whisper was all she could manage as she let go off him before taking two steps back. So many emotions were running through her heart. Love, pain, anger, lust, betrayal. He stepped out of the shadows as she got a good look at him.

It was *really* him. Those same eyes, strong jawline, pair of full lips. He was same but yet so... different. He used to be lanky before, but he had filled out pretty well. His hair were considerably longer, and he looked powerful, more in control than ever. The years had been good to him. “How have you been?”

Rage like any other filled her as soon as those words left his mouth, and she tried to punch him but he dodged *just* in time, grabbing her by the waist before pressing his body behind hers. She inhaled sharply as she felt his hot breath fanning her ears. “I missed you.”

“I can rip your heart out with a snap of my fingers.”

“Then, why don’t you?” She knew she was stronger than him but for some reason she felt helpless to overpower him. She was *still* not over him. “You left me without a word. Now you are back killing my people? What do you want?”

“I didn’t want to kill them. I just wanted to know where you were, but they won’t tell me. I had no choice.” She narrowed her eyes, ignoring the way how good his hard body felt against her back.

“You used the hunter’s M.O for that? You could have easily ripped their hearts out. Where did you *even* learn how to use that?”

His hand curved just above her bottom, as she tried to stay calm, and not tear his shirt off, fuck him *then* rip his heart out. “I was afraid, if you found out it was me you will never see me. I learnt it from one of my human friends. Not all of them are enemies.”

“I know that better than you.” Of course, she did. He was the military doctor back during world war, and he saved her when she was poisoned. He was a nice guy and for the first time she felt warmth in her stone cold heart.

Even though she recovered quickly as she was a vampire, she had spent many months there because of *him*. They became good friends and she genuinely enjoyed his company. She wanted to protect him, and keep him away from the dangers of war but he was fearless and stubborn. She still remembered the day he had gone to the deep war zone and came back all bloodied and *barely* hanging on for his dear life. She had screamed and cried, probably for the first time since becoming a vampire. She was in love with that man, and she couldn’t let him die. So she did the only thing she could think of.

Turned him.

It hadn’t been easy. He was shocked, terrified and blood thirsty all the time. He had zero control, he was reckless but she taught him. She taught him self control, trained him for years after that. She was blinded by love. But she *never* once tried to make a move on him. She felt guilty for cursing him with the life of eternity against his wish. Eren had adjusted to it though as he got back into his doctor field, aiding people. She still remembered one day he came to her door in the middle of the night all bloodied up. When she asked him why he was covered in blood he simply answered it was by treating patients. But somehow Mikasa knew he was lying.

Before she could confront him he had crashed his lips against her, and they made love all night. Her question forgotten. It was the best night of her life. Her happiness was short lived though, as when she woke up the next morning he was gone. Vanished into thin air without a word. It was in 1975. And now he was back again.

“I was out of control.” He murmured in her ear— his finger still caressing her hips as she tried not to react. “You were always there for me during transition, and after that, and you made sure I only drank from the blood bags. I thought, I got used to it but *no!* One day a heavily wounded man showed up, he was drenched in blood and I was too weak Mikasa. I drained him out dry.”

His voice trembled— Mikasa clenched her eyes shut, not wanting to hear the rest of it. “I knew you would be so disappointed, but I was weak. I had become a *damned* ripper. I killed a lot of patients like that. The ones who were in critical unit so as to *not* raise too much suspicion. But the night I came to you, I was in middle of draining out one when the nurse showed up. I had to kill her too. I drained her out, until her heart stopped pumping. I became a monster.”

“I don’t want to hear anymore.” She pushed him away finally, ignoring his hoarse voice— tears staining her eyes as she took deep breaths. “I had to leave you. I had no other choice. I let you down. I joined with a brotherhood gang then, who helped me a lot with my ripper tendencies. It wasn’t easy, but I am in full control now. This is why I came back.”

Mikasa sensed someone entering the hallway as she turned to look at Eren, her eyes narrowed she let out her fangs. “I guess there is *only* one way to find out.”

She moved like a flash before grabbing the intoxicated man, and throwing him against the wall. “Don’t scream.” She commanded as he stopped panicking and she dug her teeth into his veins, relishing in the sweet taste of blood. It never felt this good with the blood bag. It wasn’t warm and delicious like this.

“What are you doing?” Eren was now approaching her, as she moved the man in front of her body before placing her teeth at his nape, her eyes challenging. “Come on, Eren...you love this right? Can you hear the pumping of his heart? The sound of his blood seeping through the veins? He is *delicious*.”

She licked her lips before diving in for another taste just as she felt herself being thrown to the ground. Eren’s eyes flared at her, before he bit off his hand and fed his blood to the barely conscious guy to heal him. “Forget everything that just happened and go back outside. You saw nothing.”

Mikasa glared at him as he finished healing the guy before letting him walk away. He turned to her — mixture of anger and frustration. “See? I have gotten better at control. Do you believe me now?” Her features relaxed a little as she trotted towards him, each steps measured as she neared him. She paused an inch away from him, his eyes boring into hers as he wiped off the blood from her mouth before licking it off his finger. Her eyes heated at his move as a moment passed between them.

The very next second they were clawing at each other’s back— their mouths crashing against each other as she pushed him against the wall. They were kissing each other, desperate and grasping and wild. He tasted like red wine—*like oak and blackberries*—and the drag of his mouth across Mikasa’s made her drunk. Eren lifted her with a swift motion and his fingers curled around her thighs, palms sliding before swapping their position. He had gotten stronger.

He moved his hips between her legs, pinning her against the wall with his pelvis, rubbing against her, making her wet and throbbing. It had been years but it still felt like it was only yesterday.

Mikasa pulled at his hairs, her tongue tangling with his as he let out a groan. Her whole body was feverish, burning.

He yanked at the strap of her slip and it snapped. He pulled the fabric down, exposing her breast, and his mouth devoured her. He suckled and licked urgently, opening his mouth wider to envelop nearly her whole breast. It's as if he wanted to taste every inch of her skin all at *once*. Then he was back to her mouth—kissing her long and deep and wet, as she played with the loops of his jeans, pulling out his belt and cupping him through the material as he hissed. His teeth nipped sharply on her lips drawing blood as he licked it off. So that's how he wanted to play huh. *Fine*.

She broke apart from his mouth—leaning back to give him one hot look before piercing his neck with her teeth. He let out a moan as she sucked on his skin. His scent intoxicating her as she lost herself in his sweet taste. Sure the vampire blood didn't taste as good as the humans but it was Eren. And *every* inch of him was a delicacy for her.

He moved his hands under her dress, ripping off her panties as his fingers slid inside her. She moaned, letting go of his neck and squeezing his shoulders, grasping at the cotton of his shirt. His scent, his rough groan, the tight hold of his large hands, the stab of his hot tongue on her earlobe—everything about Eren was domineering, and so deliciously male. And *him*. She had missed him.

Mikasa moved back down, tearing at his pants before freeing him and taking his heavy cock in her hand. She pumped him hard and fast in her hands, squeezing it a *tad* bit strongly as he grunted before pulling out his finger and thrusting inside her. *Hard!* Next it was all about urgency as they fucked each other without any abandon. He pressed her closer against the wall, withdrew his cock halfway before plunging back in so strongly, they both moaned out loud.

She clung on to him as he repeated the motion again and *again*, groans, pants and muttered curses filling up the hallway. Her mouth was moving all over his face, down his sharp cheekbones and across the strong line of his jaw. Her hips rose to meet each of his thrust and urgent-filled moans were torn from her throat. She felt as if he should be closer, deeper. Fear abruptly overwhelmed her and for a split second, she was afraid that she was dreaming, and that any moment, she would wake up and find herself back in her bed with no sign of Eren.

He must have sensed her fright, because he increased the speed and intensity of his thrusts, burying himself *so* deep she could feel him touching her womb. He wrapped his fingers around her knee, lifting it higher against his side. She was mindless with need, the promise of an orgasm so very close. Out of nowhere, she suddenly closed her teeth sharply around his earlobe and the slight twinge caused him to let out a roar.

His teeth flared as he rammed his fang into her neck. She whimpered at the sweet pain as he thrust hard and fast, with the speed only a vampire could achieve. Filthy curses fell off his mouth as she squeezed his back, pulling him closer to her. Her muscles tightened around him as she let out a moan, his mouth swallowing her voice as pleasure swarmed through her. Her eyes rolled back to the back of her head as she lost herself in the moment. He bellowed out her name, thrusting one more time before emptying himself inside of her.

Mikasa pried open her eyes to peek at him—their forehead resting together as he murmured.. “I love you. I am *so* sorry for leaving you.” Her hand moved to the damage she had done to his skin, tracing it slowly as she placed a chaste kiss on his lips. “I love you too.” And another. “It's a good thing we have an eternity to make up for that.”

The Teacher (Part I)

Chapter Summary

An au of Teacher Eren and goth student Mikasa on demand of the readers.

Rating: M

This is part I.

Part II will feature Teacher Mikasa and Student Eren.

Enjoy!!

Chapter Notes

Ages:

Eren: 25

Mikasa : 20

The air felt hot— humid inside the car as Mikasa felt herself being pressed down further on the back seat. The warm breath fanning her neck sent shivers down her spine. His teeth nipped her earlobe as she gasped— wrapping her legs around him to pull him closer. She felt him deeper like this, his thrusts increasing in intensity, as she lifted up her hips to meet his. Her hands raking down his back— god how she wished she could feel his muscled back bare. But she didn't have time for that. She just wanted a quick one night stand, and he was the hottest guy in the club.

Their eyes had met across the room, and next thing she knew they were kissing and he was dragging her out in the parking lot. His tongue traced her lower lip slowly before he was kissing her again. Their hips pumping together faster. If anyone saw the vehicle from outside, they would realize what was happening but screw that. He had wanted to take her back to his place but she wasn't comfortable going to a strange guy's house.

"Fuck..." His throaty voice groaned in her ears, his grip tightening on her hip as she felt herself nearing her peak. His hand moved down to rub her clit as she moaned. *Yes*. She was close. *So* close. He mashed their mouths together again— fucking her hard, drawing a release out of her. He followed her in few quick thrusts, emptying inside the condom, as their heavy breathes resounded the small space.

Now that she was coming down from her high, Mikasa realised how congested the area was. Sensing her discomfort, the guy got up, pulling back his long hairs. She took a moment to assess him again. Half button down shirt, chiseled body, long hairs and the tattoo running down his arm, he must be in some sort of motor cycle gang judging by his appearance. Back then she had been blinded by lust, but *now* that endorphins were wearing out she needed to leave. Mikasa cleared her throat— adjusting her top and buttoning up her jean as he looked at her.

"Well *this* was fun. But I need to leave."

A frown appeared on his face as he looked outside at the dark parking lot.

"It's late. Let me drive you back home." She raised an eyebrow, already moving to open the car door.

"You think I will drive with a stranger? I am not *naïve*."

"I promise you I have no bad intentions. I don't think it's safe to go alone like this." If Mikasa didn't know any better she would think he was worried about her, but she knew how most men were.

"Leave it, pretty boy. My place is nearby so I can walk. And I am a trained boxer. I don't need protection." She bit out before opening the car and walking out. A quick glance at the watch told her it was 11:48 pm. How long they had been fucking? She needed to hurry, hopefully the dorms weren't closed yet.

She winced when she felt soreness down there. It had been too long plus he really knew what he was doing. She wouldn't mind taking him on ride again, but he looked trouble. He had a manbun for God's sake and that was the *only* warning sign she needed.



"I hope I get *atleast* one hot teacher this sem! I can't spend another six months staring at a boring old dud." Mikasa chuckled as Sasha whined out. Mikasa couldn't give a fuck who taught her as long as they left her alone and didn't comment on her dressing style. She had gotten sick of Mr Whitman or Miss. William saying she can't come dressed up like a goth. Or the students asking if she was a member of the cult. Fucking judgmental people.

She bid goodbye to Sasha as she walked to her first class. *Business law*. It was probably going to be some grouchy old guy. She rolled her eyes at the thought before taking a seat in the middle. The class soon filled with capacity as chatters surrounded her. She popped a balloon with her chewing gum, listening to her favorite metal artist just as the teacher walked in.

The pink bubble burst upon her face as she took in his appearance. That *face*...those green eyes and manbun. He was the guy from a month ago. Everything was same except that his t-shirt was replaced with a formal shirt and tie. His hairs were tucked in properly instead of being loose in front and he was carrying a *fucking* man purse.

This couldn't be happening. He was supposed to be a bloody gang member not her professor! Fucking hell! She had very good photogenic memory so there was no doubt it was the same guy. She had sex with her professor!

"Good morning, class. My name is Eren Jaeger. I will be teaching you business law."

She heard some *oos* and *ahhs* from a few students. Right. He was a hottie with an equally hot voice. She sank down a little on her seat, trying to avoid his gaze around the class. Maybe he wouldn't even recognize her. Yes. It was dark that day and—

She momentarily looked up and found his eyes zooming in on *hers*. They widened visibly before he cleared his throat and looked away. *Fuck!* Did he recognize her? She buried her nose in her book for the rest of the lecture. Mikasa was glad when it was finally over and started rushing out of the room. Yes maybe they both could feign ignorance. She was fine with it.

“Excuse me, miss! A word.” She slowed down and turned her head slowly, her '*professor*' was looking right at her as she sighed. So much for ignorance. Mikasa walked in front of his desk as he stood silently, waiting for everyone to leave. When he realized the coast was clear he addressed her.

“You are a student.” He stated flatly, as she narrowed her eyes.

“And you are a professor! How old are you? I thought you were of my age.”

“I am an Assistant professor and I am twenty five, Miss...”

“Ackerman.” She added as he nodded, looking a bit uncomfortable now.

“Look I know we engaged in some...activity a while back. I will appreciate it if you keep it to yourself.”

Mikasa snorted, folding her arms across her chest as she gave him a once over.

“Don't worry, sir, I won't tell everyone, I know how your cock looks like. Or *feels* like. Is that ok?”

She wondered if she saw heat flash in his eyes for a second there, or was it just her imagination as he picked up his bag.

“Please stop saying that, Miss Ackerman. This is a professional environment.” She tilted her head, a smirk gracing her lips as she gave a fake nod.

“You are absolutely right. *Penis* it is, sir.”



Mikasa never ever opened the faculty page, but her new '*professor*' tempted her to do so. She leaned back on her dorm bed. Eren Jaeger. Age 25. He had double masters degree in finance and human resources.

Impressive. At least he wasn't lying about his age. She wouldn't mind the five year age difference, but the problem here was he was her teacher. Well technically he wasn't teaching her when they hooked up so they did nothing wrong. *Yup.* She lied on her back playing with her silver chain as a sigh left her lips. Now she just needed to figure out how to stop fantasizing about him. Great!



The first month of the semester they both ignored each other's existence. He taught her like any other student, and she kept her focus solely on taking notes and not the hard curve of his bicep. No words were exchanged between them, it wasn't that he didn't talk to his students, he did.

The female students who had no interest in the lecture were suddenly coming up with many doubts as they always swarmed his desk. Well she was smart. She didn't need his help.

Mikasa lit up her cigarette and took a long drag as she stood in the backyard of her college. She still had ten minutes before Sasha texted her that her class ended. Enough time to finish one up.

“Do you know how many people die a year due to lung cancer?” She snapped her head, *almost* hitting it against the brick wall. At the sight of her 'not so' hot business law teacher she rolled her eyes.

“Are you following me?” At her accusation he pointed towards the parking area, a couple meters away, walking closer to her.

“No. I am here to get my car.” She tried not to *flush* as the memories of what happened in said car flashed through her mind. She chose to ignore him as he paused in front of her.

Legally you can't smoke on the college premises, so either you throw it away, or I will have to report you.”

“Legally you aren't allowed to be balls deep inside your student's pussy too, sir.” His eyes flared at her words. *Too far?* He took a step forward, walking until he was just a few inches away from her. Mikasa's breath quickened as she noticed how close their faces were. His mouth neared her ear—his hot breath fanning it as he whispered.

“In my defense, her pussy was like heaven.”

She gasped, her heart beating wildly just when he drew back again. She noticed her cigarette in his hand, as he crushed it beneath his feet and gave her a polite nod as though he didn't talk about her *vagina* just a second ago.

“Have a good day, Miss Mikasa.”

Fucking asshole. Now she needed cold shower.



Mikasa wasn't surprised to find that she did well in all her tests. Even the one which her one night stand taught. She was afraid she would score less because of paying less attention to the lecture, and more to the hot ass in front. He hadn't said anything to her after the cigarette incident three weeks ago.

Maybe he was ashamed of that, as he seemed very professional usually. He sure was a strange guy. He was so prim and proper but then he had that giant snake tattoo and those rebellious long hairs. A whole contraction. She looked away when she found him looking at her. *Crap*. Had she been staring at him all this time?

She slinged her bag over her shoulders when the period ended, trying not to stare at her teacher and the hot blonde currently standing in front of his desk. Mikasa had to admit she was hot and wondered what he thought, but he kept his professionalism and focused his eyes solely on her face as he explained her some topic, and not the deep v of her shirt. *Fuck*, was she feeling jealous? She never got jealous. It was an ugly emotion. She wasn't some pathetic high school girl. He could do whatever.



Mikasa turned the page of the novel, a slight smile spreading across her face as Elizabeth chastised Mr. Darcy once again. It was Saturday evening so she had decided to head off to the library and get some assignment done. She got tired of studying so she decided to chime in a little read of her favorite novel.

“Pride and Prejudice?” She tried not to groan as she heard the familiar voice and looked up. His green eyes twinkled with mirth as he took in her thunderous expression.

“Oh, I am not following you, Miss Ackerman. I come here every evening. Is that ok with you?” Was he teasing her? She tried not to frown, as he was right. She had seen him around here many times in the past but he didn’t bother addressing her before. So why now?

“I wasn’t accusing you. And, yes I have read this novel. I have taste.”

To her surprise he settled in front of her, pulling out one of the course book— he was probably making notes for the lecture.

“I wasn’t questioning your taste. I know you are a bright and exemplary student.” He flashed her that smile which made butterflies flutter in her stomach as she looked away. Stupid heart. She needed to be in control.

“Have you read this?” His eyes moved to the cover as he pursed his lips. Who was she kidding? Of course he hadn’t. Not a single guy she knew had read this. It was a satirical critique on woman in eighteenth century.

Why would he have read that?

“We are each of an unsocial, taciturn disposition, unwilling to speak, unless we expect to say something that will amaze the whole room, and be handed down to posterity with all the eclat of a proverb.” Her mouth dropped open, as he quoted the lines from book word to word. She knew it was correct because she had only read it a thousand times.

She shut her mouth— looking away, and ignoring the victorious smirk he gave her.

“Ok. So you have read this. Big deal. You are not the *only* man.”

“Not only did I read this, I wrote a paper on it highlighting the feminism depicted through Miss Bennet back in college.”

Calm down heart. Surely he didn’t paint it in a good light. She took a deep breath.

“So you highlighted the errors of her way?”

“Quite the contrary, I talked about the pros and how brilliant and ahead of time Jane Austen was. I am a feminist.” He lifted a finger to his heart as she clenched her hand. Oh god. A *feminist*. This was too much. Why couldn’t he just be simply a sexy gang member who was good in sack. And not the sexy but intellectual professor who was *trying* to win her heart. They discussed pride and prejudice along with other works for an hour after that, with each word that came out of his mouth, the butterflies increased.

Mikasa only realized how long it had been when Sasha called her, asking her to bring some pizza

on her way back. *Fuck.*

She grabbed her books and novel before getting up, ignoring his intense gaze on her.

“It’s getting late.” He got up too— ignoring her questioning gaze as he packed up his things.

“I can drop you off. I am not the same stranger you met back then.” She wanted to say no, but for some reason she wanted to steal more time with him as she nodded.

Mikasa told him to park a block away so as to not raise questions what she was doing with a professor. She turned to him, intent on thanking him when she noticed he was *already* staring at her. His amber eyes darkened as they fluttered between her eyes and lip.

“I should go.”

“Yeah...” His voice was thick as he moved his hand behind her to open the door. A slight graze on her hips made her tense as their eyes met again.

It happened so sudden that Mikasa had no time to react. His lips came crashing down upon hers— pressing her against the glass as she returned it with equal fervor. Nipping and biting his soft lips. He tasted *so* good. His tongue dived into hers, tracing every corner as she moaned. A honk of a car from behind snapped Mikasa out of this lust filled frenzy as she broke apart.

Her chest heaving up and down as they looked at each other. His own eyes were wide open in shock as though he couldn’t believe what he did. Her dark lipstick staining his mouth as Mikasa resisted the urge to clean it off.

“Thank you for dropping me.” She didn’t wait for his reply as she took quick steps and walked without looking back once.



Mikasa skipped his next class and another and another but when Sasha dragged her out of the bed and forced her to go she had to follow. She also didn’t want her attendance falling down much and hearing a lecture from her uncle Levi. Mikasa didn’t bother painting her lips black today or any of her makeup as she left bare faced. She received many looks from her classmate, some *even* asked if she was new. *Great.* This was the last time she was doing it.

She kept her eyes solely on her notebook in his class, dotting down the notes. She felt his eyes on her but didn’t look up. That kiss was a mistake. She wasn’t supposed to be feeling things for a guy. *Especially* not for her professor.

“Miss Ackerman?” Why was he calling her? She looked up and found him dangling a paper. He was distributing their test sheets. How long did she zone out for? She quickly grabbed it off his hand, not meeting his eyes. A+. She didn’t even need to revise it for any mistake. She stopped when she found small scribbling on one of her sheet. It was an address of some street with some kind of code. What the fuck? Did he give her his address? But it had name of some book store.

She glanced up at him but he was busy with other students as she sighed. She had to erase this first.

Turned out it was a legit address of something but not his apartment. Not that she wanted that. It

was a small bookstore. There was nothing special about it, but then she remembered the code.

When she showed it to the owner he smiled before excusing himself. He came back in a minute carrying a book with him. Wait was that—

It was a copy of Jane Eyre. And not the edited ones. It had the original cover. She remembered mentioning how she wanted to read the original illustration so *bad* that day. He remembered? How did he get this? She asked the shop owner that as she smiled.

“This was a special delivery for Eren Jaeger. He requested this a week ago. We had it shipped from different state.”

“How much do I have to pay?”

“Oh no, it’s fine. He already paid for it.” That jerk. What was he trying to achieve by this? Stupid Eren. She wanted to storm to his place, and ask the meaning of it but it was useless. For starters she didn’t know where he lived.

“Are you following me, Miss Ackerman?”

Of course. He was here. She suppressed a smile as she turned around. He was in casual shirt and jeans. A goofy grin on his face as he looked at her.

“You asked me to come here.”

“Did I? What proof do you have of it?” She waved the book in front of his face, as he furrowed his brows as if in deep thought.

“Right. I almost forgot about it.” This time she did let out a smile. He motioned her to follow him out which she did as if she was a lost puppy. Pathetic.

“How much is it?”

“Don’t sweat it. Think of it as a gift.”

“For what?” He shrugged his shoulders as they strolled in silence for a while.

“You look...different.” He pointed to her face. Mikasa wondered if he meant it in a good or bad way. But she didn’t *dare* ask. Just like that day they engaged in a conversation about literature and classical works. God, he was an enthusiast just like her. He was so bloody perfect it was frustrating. The sky was getting dark now as Mikasa realised it was evening. She always lost track of time around him.

“It’s getting late right. I think you should head back to your hostel.” She nodded stiffly, not wanting to leave. What would he do if she told him no. She noticed him staring at her yet again. Something which he did quite often. They had chemistry and tension, if she went by logistics she knew the attraction wasn’t one sided, and it was killing her. He looked away— asking her to follow him to his car when she grabbed his hand.

“I am done pretending.” She didn’t give him time to take in her words before she was kissing him. Her lips urgent and needy as they moved against his. If he pushed her away now she would drop his class she swore. She would never—

He started returning the kiss, grabbing her by the hips to flush their bodies together. Relief rushed through her as she ran her hands through his silky hairs, pulling him closer when he bit on her lips.

They broke apart after a while. His eyes mirroring the desire in hers and Mikasa got scared that he would leave and the magical moment would end. So it came as a welcome surprise to her when he said

“How about we head back to my place?”



Their relationship was explosive and passionate. They spent almost every night in his bed. There wasn't a single surface in his apartment which they hadn't christened. At college they *never* partook in any activities, keeping their distance. Probably due to the fact that one or the other would jump each other if they were in close vicinity. Outside of bed too they enjoyed spending time with each other. They bonded over their love for literature and metal music. Mikasa even taught him how to box while Eren a gifted chef taught her how to cook some delicious food.

"How is it?"

"You didn't burn down my kitchen this time, so I will say *pretty* good." Mikasa gave him the finger whilst he simply chuckled, and followed her into the living area. He was the *only* man whose teasing she could tolerate anyways. She hadn't been this close to a guy emotionally since her father died years ago. Levi doesn't count. He was stoic like her. Being with him felt natural, and put her at ease. Her *only* regret was that she didn't get to do it in public.

Mikasa wished she could stake her claim on him to the whole world. She hated feeling jealous when she saw all those girls flutter around him. He was *hers*. They hadn't put any labels on whatever they were doing but she knew she wanted more. She was just scared if he felt the same too. What if he was getting his rocks off by fucking a student? Maybe she was just a meaningless sex to him? Her insecurities weighed up when she saw him laughing and talking to one of the fellow teacher. She was very pretty. What if he was dating her, and Mikasa was just a sidepiece?

These thoughts clouded her mind and she didn't answer his call or went to his place today. Or the *next* day. She needed space to clear her head. Even during lecture she chose to ignore him, and busied talking with her seatmate whose name she didn't remember.

He had been flirting with her for weeks but she didn't give him any attention until today. Whatever he was putting out she lapped it up by smiling and nodding along.

“Miss Ackerman and Mr Adam! Focus on the lecture.” Eren's eyes were filled with anger as they bored into hers, and she simply gave him a blank look. She was acting like an immature brat but screw *him*. She hated these emotions.

After the class Eren stopped her saying he had to discuss her assignment but Mikasa knew he wanted to talk about her little stunt. After everyone left, he shut the door behind them before grabbing her and slamming her hard against the door. His lips were everywhere. She had no idea when he undid her shirt, and his hands wandered to the places which would be *very* inappropriate in the campus setting.

“*Er-ren*...the camera!” He kneaded up her ass, carrying her towards his desk as he lifted up her skirt.

“It's not working. They are doing some upgrade.” She relaxed then *finally* gave in as his tongue

thrust into her mouth hungrily, followed by the events which could lead to her getting expelled if caught, but her senses went out of the window when Eren was concerned.

When they were done, he helped her adjust her dress— pressing a kiss to her forehead as they cleaned up.

“Why were you flirting with that guy?”

“Why were you having lunch with that professor?” Confusion marred his face as she looked down.

“I was jealous. I hate feeling like that. I am supposed to be strong and emotionless.” A laughter fell off Eren’s face, as he rested his forehead against her.

“You are strong, Mikasa. Along with being the *most* beautiful and amazing woman I have ever met.” She tried not to blush, she wasn’t used to such sweet compliments.

“And for the record I like you. *Very* much.”

She smiled, looking away shyly. He liked her. He had never said that before. Mikasa pouted her lips, acting casual as she shrugged.

“I *guess*, I like you too.” His lips met hers softly before he pulled her down the desk.

“I want you to be my girlfriend officially when this semester ends.”

“But, is that allowed? I mean you will *still* be a teacher.” He shook his head, pulling out a letter to show her as she frowned.

“I am quitting in a month. I got a new job proposition at a firm downtown.” Her smile widened as she wrapped her arms around his neck. Happiness bubbling through her.

“Congratulations! I am *so* proud of you.” She placed a quick kiss on his cheek, as he beamed at her in return.

“Thanks, sweetheart.”

"Maybe I should bake some cookies for you as a celebration!" A wrinkle of his nose was his response, as he lifted his bag, and followed her out.

"Try that again." Her cooking wasn't that bad, was it? Who was she kidding?

"How about we *order* some take-outs before heading back to your place?"

"That's *much* better." She shot him a glare, which didn't last too long as she was too happy to be mad at him anyways.

Finally they could be together.

Married life

Chapter Summary

Collection of drabbles of canon Eremika married.

Chapter Notes

Their ages vary from 23-25.

Rating: M

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Four Years after the present events

Mikasa finished putting the last of the lettuces in the basket before grabbing it and heading back home. She wondered if Eren was back yet or not. In addition to helping her out in the fields, he was also learning about medicines and served as a helping hand to the doctor. She was surprised that he wanted to follow his father's footsteps but he insisted that he wanted to do some good for the people. The door was still locked— notifying her that Eren was *still* not back as she opened it before getting inside and placing all the groceries in storage room. The farmland was fertile and yielded a lot of rich crops as well as vegetation. She opened the window to let some fresh air in before letting out a sigh.

Mikasa had always wanted to lead a simple life in the mountains in a peaceful environment. Four years earlier she never would have guessed that it would become a reality but it did. The paths had been destroyed— Ymir was set free and the Titan curse along with the Titan powers, and millions of colossal had disappeared. Mikasa managed to save Eren who was willing to die after destroying the path world and flew with him back then as things were too tense. Magath along with warriors and Armin, Hange had managed to come up with a peace treaty, as there was no threat of Titans anymore. They all had come together to rebuilt destroyed cities and establish relations. It had taken a while but things had eventually become lot more peaceful and stable than before. There were no world forces coming to destroy Paradise now. Eren and Mikasa had come back to shiganshina after it, and build themselves a home in lush area of mountains after getting—

A knock on the door announced Eren's presence as she opened the door. His tired face lit up with a smile before he gathered her in his arms and placed a soft kiss on her lips.

“I missed you, *wife*.” Mikasa let out a smile against his lips before breaking apart from him. She would never get tired of hearing it.

They had been married for seven months now. Something which she *only* imagined happening in her dreams. She took the bag from him before heading towards the kitchen to prepare food. He must be starving.

“Let me give you a hand.” He offered as she shook her head before pushing him back in the living area.

“You are tired, get some rest. I will handle it.”

“I am not that tired.”

“I can see your eyes drooping. Besides, you are bad at cooking.” She deadpanned which had him shutting his mouth before he nodded and collapsed on the couch.

“I met Jean today.” He murmured later when they retired to the bed. Mikasa was massaging his head gently as he looked up at her.

“Yeah? How is he?” They hadn’t kept much contact with others when they moved in this house. Armin occasionally visited them atleast once a week, but that was about it.

They had eloped together, and married privately with Armin as the witness and since then they had kept their distance from others. There were still old wounds and some bad blood which needed time to be healed.

“He is doing good. He likes training new cadets. I am sure he will make commander soon.” After the walls fell down survey and recon corps was dissolved and in place of it they started recruiting for the army just like other countries. Mikasa had been asked to train the cadets too, but she was done with her old life. She realised Eren had fallen asleep after a while of narrating his day as she traced the sharp lines of her husband’s sleeping face before succumbing to sleep herself.

“Let me get that one.” Eren took the last clothing from the laundry basket before putting it with his remaining pile, as he went back to washing the one in his hand. Mikasa loved how he was always willing to help her around the house. He always insisted they split the laundry whenever he was at home.

It might not be big deal for other couples but Mikasa loved sharing these moments with him. His forearms were covered in detergent water as he reluctantly concentrated on getting it clean. She had to bite back a smile at that. It was just a small task but Eren made sure to give his one hundred percent all time. He felt her gaze on hers, and gave her a bright smile which made her heart skip a beat. That *damn* smile. He would always have that effect on her.

After washing all the clothes, she gathered her ring from the counter before putting it in dishwasher solution. Mikasa made it a habit of hers to clean her wedding ring daily without any fail. It was simple silver band stunned with ruby but it was the most precious thing to her. She had given Eren

emerald ring with a sleek cut which she bought from her visit to Hizuru. She wasn't sure back then, if they would get married but she wanted to buy him that.

It complimented his tan hands plus the stone was the same shade as his eyes.

With the way he had lifted her and kissed her when she slipped it in his finger, she guessed he liked it as well.

"Your hair is getting longer." She pointed out when she was brushing them one day. It was true. They were almost nearing middle of Eren's back now. He hadn't trimmed it in months.

"I thought you liked it." He gave her a knowing look which had her blushing before she turned back his head in front to finish combing. Maybe she liked it...in *certain* circumstances, but still he needed trimming.

"Wait a second." She rushed out before coming with a pair of scissors and got to work.

"Its uneven at some places." She pointed out as he hummed. Mikasa's hairs had grown too, but she never let it go past her shoulder blades as she knew Eren preferred them short. She always trimmed them herself so she had gotten pretty good at it. After a while she was all done, as she told him to check himself in the mirror. She had trimmed it an inch and a half, not much because his long hairs suited his profile a lot.

"They look better now..." He said assessing himself in mirror as she gave him a smug smile. Of course they did. His face went from impressed to mischievous as he turned towards her.

"They are still long enough for you to grab on when—" A pillow smacked him in the face which had him laughing as she left the room.

"Remember when we used to come here to collect woods."

"Mm...it was mostly me who did all the work, as you fell asleep most of the times." Eren chuckled at her accusation before pulling her close, and nuzzling his face in her neck. It was a pleasant evening with cool wind flowing around. The couple were lying down on the grass reminiscing their childhood days.

"If it's any consolation my dreams were mostly nightmares." He sadly smiled. He had told all about it to Mikasa, how he saw the horrors of future and the memories from past as well. He even saw *her* in his dreams, telling see you later. That something hadn't happened yet and she wondered was it because the future changed somehow, or was it yet to occur.

“It’s all over now. I won’t let those nightmares haunt you again.” She murmured tracing his cheek as he bent his head to brush their lips together.

“You saved me...” Grabbing her by the nape he molded their lips deeply, running his hands through her body before climbing on top of her.

His hand slipped up her skirt as Mikasa gasped before pulling back.

“Not *here*...” Eren’s teeth nipped her earlobe, his hand reaching her center as she moaned.

“There is no one here but us...” Mikasa could rarely ever say *no* to him, as her hands moved to undo his buttons, her hand grazing his hard chest as he pushed down her panties. And then it was all about desperation. Their clothes were gone— their skins marred with each other’s lips and hands before he was rolling her below him, and pushing inside her. All she could feel and smell and hear was Eren, as he made love to her with every ounce of love he held for her.

He swallowed her moans in the kiss as he pumped rigorously inside her, taking her to her release. Their hands intertwined together as they held each other’s eyes before coming down from their high.

“I can never see this place same as before.”

Mikasa expressed her thoughts as she got dressed— looking around and making sure no one saw them. That was beyond reckless...but *kind* of exciting as well. Eren zipped up his pants before pulling up his messy hairs in ponytail.

“We just made a new memory here. Now when we come back I will remember the face of my wife *coming* instead of those nightmares.” Mikasa was both touched and a bit flustered as she got up. He always knew how to render her speechless.

“It is not too late to give up...” Mikasa taunted him as she held his hands under her, holding him under a locked position. They loved to spare in their free times, and even though Eren was a lot stronger now he was *still* at a disadvantage when it came to his wife. For starters he didn’t want to hurt her in any shape or form ever again so he was always careful. And second she was *so* beautiful it usually broke his concentration.

“I know you are holding back. Why don’t you use those moves Annie taught you to get out of it.” She mocked him again as she held him in death grip, even though he loved her he had to do something about that cocky expression of hers. She was right. Locking his legs below her thighs, he disturbed her balance for one second, and in that moment he flipped their position so that she was under him. She gasped— losing air before using her strength to push him off as they both got back on their feet.

He tried not to get distracted at the sight of her training bra and shorts. She traded her regular clothes for more battle suitable ones, which *eventually* broke his concentration. Fine then. Two could play this game. He pulled his t-shirt over the head flashing her a wicked smile as her eyes moved to his abs. He knew how much she loved them. Taking advantage of her momentary

distraction he came at her, aiming to make her lose her footing but she snapped back in time.

Twisting his hand she turned him around, placing a firm grip on his stomach.

“That’s not fair...”

“Life’s not fair.” He teased before breaking hold of her and turning around to grab her by waist. She licked her lips— her eyes darkening as she pressed herself against him. Their chests flat against each other. She tilted up her head as he slowly closed his eyes, leaning down to kiss her. Almost—

He lost his footing by a sharp jerk at his knee falling down flat as she gave him a victorious smirk.

“I win.”

He groaned in frustration as she walked away, cursing this weakness of him. It used to be much easier during their training days, when he had titans to distract himself.

Dammit.

One evening he noticed that the cloth wrapped around her wrist was gone—a *rare* circumstance, as her eyes rested on her tattoo. Approaching her, he gently tapped her, as she just blinked and went back to staring at the design.

"Hey, what's wrong?" He asked gently, sitting beside her, as she answered after a huge pause.

"It's my parents fifteenth death anniversary." Oh. It had been *that* long huh. Fifteen years since they —

"It's also our fifteenth anniversary." He reminded her, as she blinked and gave a gentle smile— burying her face in the crook of his neck. He wasn't an expert in emotions especially when it concerned Mikasa, but he didn't want to see her upset ever again. Not in his presence. He had been a shitty friend to her in past on several occasions, but he would make sure to be a great husband.

Mikasa was insecure of her body. Something which had taken Eren *quite* a while to figure out. Well...it wasn't until he had walked in on her during their early marriage days, and found her sulking at the sight of her naked figure —a sight which drove him crazy, that he finally asked. It had taken a *lot* of coaxing on his part for her to spill the truth.

And it had taken him an even longer duration of time to convince her that he found her insanely attractive. She was the definition of beauty for him. Her pronounced abs made him wild, and were subject of his desires, and he had *quite* a many dreams in which he envisioned her strong thighs wrapped around his head while he—

Mikasa was an idiot.

He had gotten his first hard on courtesy of her. It was a while after she broke her ribs. He had gone in her room to make sure she was resting, but instead she was training in those tight shorts and bra which accentuated her cleavage. He had become a blabbering mess and rushed out.

That was the first time he jerked off. Even though other boys did it, Eren never did that before as his mind was usually occupied by Titans but that sight had driven him crazy. He was already having mixed feelings for Mikasa after her confession in the field, and that made things worse.

When he had told her that incident that day, first she had turned red, then became a blabbering mess, and then *finally* broke into a fit of laughter, as she thanked him for trying to cheer her up.

Weird.

He still had a long way to go before he could understand the workings of her mind, but Eren liked to believe he was making some progress atleast.

It's as clean as it is going to get." Mikasa pointed out as Eren washed the floor second time, still not satisfied. He couldn't help it. Maybe he had become a clean freak under their captain but it was a good thing. Right?

"Eren, you have OCD."

"I don't." Mikasa raised an eyebrow before going back to their bedroom as he went back to wiping the table now. The surface was still not shiny.

"Look at this." He turned his face and found her carrying her undies in his hand.

"You ironed my underwear and bra."

"They were crinkled." She narrowed her eyes as he gave her his puppy eyes. She always melted under that.

"When you spilled the milk two days back, you cleaned off the whole kitchen thrice because you thought the smell will linger."

"It was lingering." She let out a sigh before giving him a look that said unbelievable. But it was a good thing. *Right?*

"You are worse than that shorty captain." He dropped the cleaner from his hand, his jaw dropped. She did not *just* say that.

His back met the wall, as his wife attacked his lips, nibbling and sucking and biting on it. Although he wouldn't admit it out loud, but he absolutely loved it when Mikasa took control. She whispered some incoherent words in his ears, before moving her lips to his neck sloppily, as he let her have her fun.

Did he forget to mention that Mikasa was intoxicated? Unlike him, she had a *very* weak alcohol tolerance, and hence she could get hammered just after a shot. Drunk Mikasa had a filthy mouth *even* more than usual.

They had gone to the city to grab some drinks with their friends: Jean, Connie and Armin. It proved to be a bad idea as Mikasa started seducing him right in front of his other friends which left them all awkward. He could barely wait to tell her this next morning. He loved teasing her, and—

Eren realised that she had stopped kissing him, as he pulled back *only* to find her fast asleep with drool dripping down her mouth. Even though he had severe case of blue balls now, he couldn't help but chuckle at her cute expression, before carrying her to their bedroom. He was atleast lucky that she didn't puke all over him before passing out.

Thank goodness.

Mikasa loved how Eren always made sure to caress and kiss her scar whenever he got a chance. She had felt his lips and a whispered sorry many a times at night when he thought she was asleep but she was actually up. It was not just a sorry for giving her that scar, it was for every tear he caused her back then. Mikasa had already forgiven him and moved on, but she had seen guilt and sadness in his eyes sometimes. She still remembered when he apologized to her for those ugly words first time, and how he had cried in her arms. When she told him she loved him no matter what, she wouldn't give up on him *ever*, and she was sorry for not telling him the truth that day he had taken her face in his hand and gently kissed her all over.

They had been inseperable since then, and Eren always made sure to show her his love and appreciation in any way or form which was what he was doing now.

“Don’t you think it’s too much?”

“No. It’s nothing.” He grinned as she face palmed on seeing the jumbo carton of ice cream. This flavour was exported in market for first time today, and Eren had managed to sneak in a whole carton with help of factory owner who held high respect for him and gave him the box before it could be out in shop.

“It was going to be all sold out.”

“Uh huh.” She loved ice cream. She really did but it was a tad bit much. Sure they had ice machine to store it in but still.

He opened the box and handed her the cone as she frowned. Wait.

“This is-“

“The first ice cream you tried back in Marley. We shared this same flavor.” He remembered? She bit her lip to stop herself from crying as he removed the cover.

“You have the first bite.”

“I love you...” He smiled as she took a bite from him before holding it out so he could eat it.

“I love you too.”

Usually it was the sound of the chirping bird, or the alarm clock which generally woke Mikasa up. But today something was off. She had a funny feeling in her stomach since past few days. It came and went, and she shrugged it off to be *due to* the weather change.

However when this morning, she felt an ugly feeling in pit of her stomach which had her sitting upright before rushing to the toilet where she emptied her stomach's content, she realised it wasn't normal. The sound must have woken up Eren as well, as he darted in with disheveled hairs, and half confused, and half sleepy face. Without any questions, he held her hairs, as she puked everything she had last night. Maybe it was due to the PMS wh—

It was *then* she realised that her cycle was awfully late this time.

It couldn't be.

Mikasa had always dreamt of having a family of her own— especially with Eren and now as she sat inside the doctor's clinic and received the news. Her hand tightened over Eren's as she tried not to cry.

They were having a baby.

They visited both of their parents graves and told them this news, seeking for their blessings for this new chapter as they both couldn't hold back their tears this time.

First three months were difficult with morning sickness and her constant mood swings. She felt sorry for Eren who had to endure all her cravings and nagging but he never once complained.

They told everyone in the fourth month as their friends threw a congratulatory party. They started buying all the baby stuff in fifth month along with reading parenting books which Eren bought.

Mikasa's eyes fluttered open when she heard soft whispering. On looking down she found Eren caressing her bump as he talked to their baby. Ever since she reached the point where the baby could hear the voices he always talked to it. The baby loved hearing it's dad's voice as well, whenever he spoke to it the baby would start kicking inside of her.

Ouch. There it went.

“Sorry.” Eren said sheepishly as she smiled and assured him that it was fine. She liked it.

Her baby was just as fond if not more of the puddings as her. She had been craving them like crazy in her seventh month. Mikasa knew she resembled a balloon now. Her back was always aching, she couldn't walk straight and she had lost a lot of her muscles. But Eren never failed to tell her how beautiful she looked every single day without a fail.

Her water broke a week before her due date. Eren was there by her bedside holding her hand and comforting her as she was taken in the delivery room. Mikasa was a strong woman but it still fucking hurt.

"You can do this. I know you can." Her husband's soothing voice whispered in her ear as she pushed harder than before. Tears running down her face now as she felt a sense of relief. She saw a small form in doctor's hand through her blurry eyes.

"It's a girl." A sob rushed past her lips as the baby now bundled up was placed in her arms. Eren was already crying as he touched her forehead. Mikasa had no idea that she could love someone *this* much already. She was in her arms, and yet she missed her.

"She is so beautiful...like you." Eren's hoarse voice came as he placed a small kiss over the baby's tiny palm.

"Do we have a name for her?"

The smiling doctor asked the couple as Mikasa looked at Eren and nodded.

"Carla Yeager."

The name seemed a fitting tribute to the woman who held an important presence in their lives.

His daughter let out a giggle as he lifted her up his head and swung her around. She loved when he played with her like this. She was truly an angel. Her eyes were shaped like Mikasa, but they were the same shade as his. She also got that gorgeous smile from her mother.

He would have never thought this day would come ever. Six years ago he was all ready to die but his guardian angel saved him. And he was grateful for that. If not this precious human being wouldn't be born. She let out a yawn, as he placed her on his shoulders, patting her back to get her to sleep.

He was so glad she was born in a world which was free of oppression. So many lives lost, so many sacrifices and suffering but they had formed this new world finally. The children of today would never see the suffering they went through and he was glad for it. Carla's breathing turned even, as he realised she had fallen asleep and Eren let out a smile and whispered to her the three words he wanted to hear all his life.

"You are free."

Fun fact: Carla also means free.

Ballerina

Chapter Summary

When a stranger meets a Ballerina, everything changes.

Chapter Notes

Set in modern world.

Rating: M

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Spirit is a child, the tune of dancing feet its lullaby.

She reached up, leaping across the floor, as she tilted her head up towards the roof— the muscles in her back and shoulders stretched tight. Her ballet shoes clicked the marble floor everytime she twirled with her hands raised up. The soft melody reverberated in the empty room, as she arched her back, before coming up on one toe and stretching high for a moment's pose.

This was her life.

This was what she had been doing, since she was six.

Her mother was a famous ballerina, and her inspiration to walk down this path, even though the road to this was very rocky. Her mother had taken upon herself to teach her, when she saw Mikasa trying to mimic her movements, whenever she occupied her mother to the dance academy.

Naturally gifted.

That's what people kept telling her, even after she lost—

Mikasa paused, her eyes darting sideways as she heard a faint distinctive noise. She always arrived two hours earlier than the other girls, eager to put in more practice in private. Her best friend, Sasha dropped her here, before heading to her morning shift in the bakery. The dance studio was a safe place, as no one without the entrance pass could enter. But, their was first time for everything, *right?*

Shut up.

She scolded herself mentally, refusing to think negative.

“Hello?”

She called out, her nerves alert, as she blinked twice, and tried to hear anything else.

There was a cobble of steps, as her blood froze before she heard the sound of music being lowered.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you. I thought the place didn’t open before seven thirty.”

The low voice of a man vibrated through the air, and she tried not to notice the baritone quality of it. He could be a serial killer for all she knew!

“Who are you?” She took careful steps— walking by the sandpaper and reaching the starting mark before grabbing her cane lying by the wall.

“I am Eren Jaeger. Nice to meet you.”

She scowled, feeling overly conscious and *dare* she say it a bit scared. She should have listened to Levi’s advice, and stopped practicing like this but no! She didn’t want people to treat her like a porcelain doll, she wanted to do things the way she wanted to like a normal person. Had her stubbornness gotten her into trouble finally?

She needed to leave, or call the security. Darting as quick as she could, Mikasa walked by the markers, eager to get away from that man. In her rush, she might have missed tone mark, as her foot collided with the piano table, and she winced.

“Woah! Are you ok?”

“Stay away from me!” She pointed her cane towards him—one hand planted on the desk, as she tried not to whimper at her bruised toe.

“Hey, it’s ok. I don’t mean any harm. I promise. I just came here to play some piano. I didn’t know, you were here.” His voice neared her, as she held the stick in front defensively. Atleast she planned in going down with a fight, if it came to that.

“Look you are bleeding, let me help you, please. It’s my fault, anyways.”

“No, thanks.” She snipped, reaching out for her phone, eager to call Sasha, and get the hell out of there.

“I know Mr. Hannes, the owner of this building. He is my Uncle. Well sorta. I got in with his card. I mean no harm, Miss.” She felt a rectangular object touching her finger, and realised he was handing her his card.

“You can call him, and ask if you like.” Her toe throbbed, as she scurried her forehead, hissing with the sensation. She could feel the liquid oozing out of her wound.

“I know you don’t trust me, so go ahead, make the call, in the meantime let me be back with the first aid kit.” The clacking of his shoes got far away, as she almost commanded her phone to call Hannes. But...

With a sigh, she kept the phone beside her, moving her leg to and fro.

Maybe he went to grab a chainsaw.

Her head swarmed with multiple ways he could murder her, as she tried to shake those thoughts. If he wanted to, he could have already. For some strange reason, she didn’t know, she felt like he wasn’t a bad guy.

Great, Mikasa. Go by your guts. It’s not like it hasn’t come wrong before, right?

She spent the next few minutes, twirling her phone, and casually clicking the keys. She didn’t

know how to play by any means, but it didn't hurt to try.

“Wow. You are really bad at it.” She almost jumped, hearing Eren's voice, as she felt him sit beside her. How had she not heard him approaching? Her mouth twisted in an unimpressed expression, as she felt rough hands grabbing her feet gently. Mikasa felt the sting of alcohol over it, as he dabbed the cotton pad around the injured skin. It took her a moment, but she finally relaxed, and let him clean her up, and tried not to notice how good his warm fingers felt, as they gently massaged her toe.

Stop it, Mikasa. He could be a forty year old man, for goodness sake.

But, he sounded young.

“There, all done.” He slowly put her leg back on the ground, as she cleared her throat.

“Thanks, I guess.”

“No need to thank me. It's my fault you got hurt in the first place, remember?”

She felt a slight rush of embarrassment, as she remembered the way she acted just few minutes ago. Could she trust him? Not really. But, he didn't seem like the serial killer, she had pegged him to be.

“How old are you?” Mikasa wanted to know, if he was a student of art school just like her.

“Nineteen.” Same ages as hers. That was a bell of a coincidence. She tried not to show the relief on her face— at least he wasn't an old pervert. But hey, if he was, its not like she could know anyways.

“What is your name? It seems like, I am the only one doing all the answering.”

“I am not the one who sneaked on someone's private practice.” She stated flatly, and heard a low chuckle slip out of his mouth.

And then with a moment's hesitation, she answered.

“Mikasa.”

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It had been two days since she was last at the studio. Levi had strictly restricted her to rest, until the wound closed properly, but she was too impatient to sit uselessly at home.

After practically shoving Sasha to her shift, and assuring her *five* times she would call if she needed any help, she was once again dancing to the soft tune of the *Purple rain* ballad. Her movement was a little sloppy, due to the bruising but other than that she felt good. Ballet was like breath of fresh air for her. She couldn't live a day without dancing her heart off. It was the only ray of light, in the dark abyss of her life.

Pausing to take deep breath, she froze, as her eyes narrowed, before turning her head.

“Is that you, Eren?” What seemed like a sheepish laugh sounded from her left, as she tried not to

punch his face. She had called and asked Hannes about this guy, who had assured her of his identity, and added *as a side note* that he was a good guy at heart, albiet a bit awkward sometimes.

But that still didn't give him the free pass to creep on her.

"You finally noticed."

"Is stalking people a hobby of yours?"

"Technically, I was here before you. I was practicing up in the music room, then heard the speaker and well..." He trailed off, as Mikasa wiped the sweat from her forehead, before crossing her arms across her chest.

"If you don't mind, I will like to practice."

"Can I watch?"

"Why?" It wasn't that Mikasa felt comfortable dancing in others presence, but this guy was a stranger, and dancing for her was like baring a piece of her soul. She wasn't comfortable on doing that in front of him.

"Because you are an amazing dancer."

Well...she didn't know how to respond to that, as she sighed, before shrugging her shoulder, and getting into position once again.

"Umm...can you rewind the song, please?"

"Is that a yes?"

She could feel a playful smile spreading across his face—that's what she pictured in her head, as she got back into her position, and waited for the soft melody.

And then she hopped, and stretched her hand, before bending down *once, twice*, then picking up the pace. Getting lost in the music, and forgetting all about the world around her, and the person who was watching, she danced her heart out.

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"What do you play?"

She could feel his head turn, and the gravity of his stare at her question. Mikasa had a feeling, Eren hsd intense, penetrating eyes, because she could always feel when he was looking at her, *almost* like the heat of the sun, or the drop of the rain, which when kissed her skin, was noticeable.

"Acoustic guitar and a little bit of piano."

"How about playing now?"

"You want to hear me play?"

“It’s only fair! You have been watching me dance for a week now.” She heard the low hum of his voice, as she sipped into her caramel latte. This was the weirdest friendship, *could she even call it that?*, that they had established over past few days. In exchange for watching her practice, Eren used to bring her a hot cup of coffee: her favorite flavor, and she couldn’t complain.

They had talked a little bit about their interest, and their families— nothing too personal, and she had realised they both had interest in classic literature, as well as jazz music.

Call them old fashioned, if you wanted, but Mikasa was so pleased to find someone with same taste as her. Jazz was clinging to life, in the present generation of music, and as such no one in Mikasa’s life was into it, and she was left alone to listen to the sixties tune...until now.

“Before I start, let me warn you that I am going to ruin your ears for any other music.” Humor laced thickly in his voice, as she snorted, and felt him shuffling around with the guitar, he retrieved from the room above.

“Do your worse, Jaeger.”

And he did.

As soon as the first verse of *Through the barricades* started flowing out of the musical instrument, Mikasa knew she was a goner. That richness, that sweetness, the *rise* and *fall* of the harmonious music had her gasping, as she closed her eyes. Even though she saw the world the same, with or without open eyes, but there was a serene difference to when she tried picturing it in her head. The last time she had seen colors was at the age of nine. Mikasa pictured an older version of her dancing to that tune—dressed in her black tutu, she swirled and jumped, and smiled. She could also see Eren in the background playin—

Mikasa opened her eyes, lips pressed together, as she felt disappointment running through her veins.

She wanted to know what he looked like.

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“Holy shit!”

“What?” Mikasa turned her head slightly—hands enveloping Sasha’s, as they both walked towards the entrance of the dance studio.

“There is a really hot, and I mean *super* hot guy standing just right by the door.” Typical Sasha. They walked hand in hand, as Sasha kept gushing over his amber eyes, or the even proportion of his face, or the way his hairs were whisked in a low ponytail.

Hey, Mikasa.” Her senses got alert, at the familiar voice of her *sorta* friend, and she let out a confused noise.

“Eren?”

“This is Eren. *The* Eren?” Her brunette friend let out a low whistle, as she realised that the man she had been describing all this while was her Eren. Not *her* her, but still her friend.

“You have been telling your friends about me?”

“Yes, I told Sash to look into you, the first thing if something bad ever happened to me down here.”

“She is lying. She was gushing how great of a guitarist you are. You should have seen the look on her face wh—”

“SASHA!” Two set of laughter surrounded her, as Mikasa felt her cheeks burning up. *Great.* Now he probably thought she was a weirdo. This was the last time she was ever sharing anything with Sasha. She was expecting him to tease her, but the words which left his mouth were quite different.

“She is just being generous. It’s nothing compared to what a marvelous dancer Mikasa is.” She ignored the way her heart skipped a beat at that.

“Of course. Mikasa is the best! The show is always full whenever she performs on stage.”

“I bet.”

And now they were talking about her as if she wasn’t even there. Just wonderful.

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“Where do you study?”

“Not far away from here.” His response was too generic, but she didn’t push for more, and continued munching on her bagel. She wouldn’t admit it loud, but she was growing to love his company more and more every day. It had been three weeks since they first met, and he was always there before her, with a bag of snacks and hot coffee. They would chat a bit after that, and then fall into that habit of playing and dancing for each other. It was a strange situation, but nothing in her life had been normal since that accident. She had given up on trying to fit in with the others, a long time ago. Mikasa never got to experience the things, a normal teenager did. She didn’t lose her virginity in the back of a car, or have a date to the prom, or go to long drives at night, or drink booze and pass out. It’s not that her friends didn’t force her to go to parties, they did, but Mikasa knew that if she went, they wouldn’t be able to enjoy themselves—too busy taking care of her.

But it was ok.

She was content with ballet.

She was happy and she felt like she didn’t need anything else until...

“What do you want me to play today?”

Eren.

He had stormed into her life uninvited—making her laugh, joking around with her, and making her feel things she shouldn’t be feeling. It’s not like Mikasa didn’t have any guy friends before. Jean and Connie were her good friends, but none of them made her feel like Eren did. Usually whenever

she met a stranger, they would act cautious with her, and she could almost hear the pity in their voice, but not Eren. *No*. He treated her just like any other regular person. He didn't lend out his hand, or guided her through doors, or told her to be extra careful or sympathized with her. Heck, she didn't even feel like she was blind when she was with him.

He was so...different, and full of life. He made butterflies swarm into her stomach, whenever their hands accidentally brushed, or when she felt the warm puff of his breath, whenever he laughed or said something. She had accidentally grabbed his bicep once, and almost shivered at the muscle tone in it. If Sasha's description was anything to go by, he was an extremely attractive guy. A guy like him should be investing his time, dating normal and pretty girls. Why did he bother waking up at *five am* daily, and giving her company? Didn't he have anything better to do?

She asked him so.

Mikasa could feel the silence suffocating her, and wondered if she made a mistake blurting that out. After another moment's silence she heard him speak.

"I thought that was obvious."

"Huh?" She clenched her fingers on her lap—waiting for him to elaborate.

"I like spending time with you. It's as simple as that."

And that was the end of discussion, as he diverted her attention by strumming on the strings, and Mikasa was enchanted by that melody again.

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"Will you play...when I dance?" Her voice was filled with hesitation, as she adjusted the strap of her clothing, and waited for his response. The sound from the stereo had begun feeling like a faded chime, since she got used to Eren's chords. It was live, more powerful and *sensual* as compared to the old beat up tunes.

"Sure, why not?"

And herein started the addiction, Mikasa couldn't get rid of.

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"Mikasa honey, your footing is off." She heard the old trainer Kiyomi reprimand her, and cursed inwardly for growing so accustomed to Eren's notes. She had to keep in mind, that he couldn't be there all the time with her. She didn't need him *or* his music to feel alive. She shouldn't. Mikasa quickly regained her footwork—trying hard not to focus on the boy who had crept into her life, and was stealing piece of her heart day by day.

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She heard the vibration of her phone, as she tapped on the machine and read the text.

Be out in ten minutes. I am at the gate.

What the fuck? Was that some kind of joke? Sure they had exchanged numbers, and he had once dropped her off at her home, over the month, but she hasn't expected him to show up at her house at—

Ten twenty three pm. The app announced, as Mikasa shook her head with disbelief. What was he doing here so late?

What are you doing here?

She tapped send, and received his response few seconds later.

Waiting for you. Now haul your ass out, or I am sneaking in through the window.

Oh, no. She wasn't going to be responsible for his death, if Levi saw him. Pulling on a hoodie, and tying up her hair in bun, Mikasa tip-toed out of her room. Knowing Levi, he would have already retired to bed by *nine thirty*, so the coast was clear. It didn't take her long to push past the gate, as she heard the low vibration of engine.

"Do you expect me to sit on that?"

"Why? Are you scared, champ? I thought you were tougher than that." Her nostrils flared at his words, as she set up her mouth in glare, and heard the rumble of his laughter.

"Fine. But, if Levi finds out, I am not saving your ass." She felt the helmet being pushed over her head, as he secured it around her head, before leading her to his bike.

Oh boy.

And the engine stirred to life, before they took off in a whisk.

Mikasa clung to him tightly, and felt the cool breeze fawn her face, as he picked up the speed. Her hands tightened around his torso, and she realized this was the first time, she was this close to Eren physically. She could feel the corded muscles of his abs through the fabric of his shirt, as warmth rushed up her face.

She had no idea where he was taking her. A sensible person wouldn't have said yes, to a crazy adventure like this, but Mikasa's senses went into hibernation whenever she was with Eren. He was a free spirit, and being with him, made her want to be just as unhinged. She didn't know how long they drove for, but he finally came to a stop, and grabbed her hand, before walking with her.

"Did you bring me to throw me off some cliff?" She tried to joke, but froze when she felt his hands wrap around her waist, as he turned her around.

"No. Something better." And then she heard it. The faint melody of *So what* by *Miles Davis* played at a distance, as she blinked.

"What is this place?"

"One of the oldest country club in the city. Ten to twelve is the only hour they play jazz for." He

explained, leading her to what she assumed was inside of the club, as the music got louder. He stopped after a while, planting his hand on her shoulder, as she felt goosebumps rise up her skin.

“What are you doing?”

“This” He clasped their hands together, as he continued “I believe is called dancing. Something you are very familiar with.” She bit down a smile, and buried her head in his shoulders, as they danced together in this strange place, at the strange hour of the night, and Mikasa couldn’t for the life of her remember, why she had been dubious in joining him tonight, in the first place.

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“I want to know what do you look like.” She admitted one morning, as the chords of his guitar stopped, and she felt his eyes upon her.

Silence.

And then there was a slight movement, as she felt his hand grabbing hers, before placing it over the rough skin of his cheek. She started on his jawline, and she felt the sharp angle of his face, and trailed up her finger to a full pair of lips. They were soft under her touch, and she tried to ignore the itch inside her—begging her to claim them. She trailed up a path towards a straight nose, and thick set of eyebrows, a full pair of eyelashes, before resting on the side of his forehead. Few strands of hair fell over his face, and Mikasa pushed it back—amazed by every crease and curvature of him.

He was really a perfect specimen of a human. Suddenly realising how long she had been touching him for, Mikasa traced her hand back, slight blush creeping onto her cheeks.

“So...am I upto your standards?”

She ignored his stupid question, and went to practice for the next hour. He was proving to be a big distraction, and she needed to be focused if she wanted to make it to the Broadway.

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The first time they kissed, was three days later. Eren had been trying to teach her *Prelude in C major* by *Bach*, and she had finally gotten the first few keys right, and overwhelmed with joy, she had moved to plant a kiss on what she *assumed* was his cheek. Big mistake. She had caught his lips accidentally, and paused with sheer horror—expecting the worst. He would leave her, think she was an idiot, he just wanted to be fri—

But all thoughts had left her head, as she felt his lips press deeper into her, before he had grabbed her by waist and pulled her closer. And all the cliches of that kiss which made your heart beat faster, and toes clench faded, when he tilted her chin and slipped his tongue inside.

She was falling for him.

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“Eren, n-no! Someone can walk in.”

“Who gives a damn?” He murmured before diving back into her neck, as she grabbed his shoulders for support. Ever since their first kiss, they had fallen into a pattern, where they would talk and eat and laugh, but instead of practicing, they would indulge in making out first. Mikasa didn’t think anything could ever compare to the rush and excitement, and euphoria of ballet, but she was wrong.

Eren Jaeger destroyed then rebuilt the meaning of euphoria with every touch, every kiss, every husky whisper. He was intoxicating, and that made him *very* dangerous. They hadn’t put any labels on whatever they were doing, as Mikasa was too proud to ask that, and Eren...well he was more of a living into the moment type of guy, than thinking about something so serious.

He brought his mouth on hers again, as she wrapped her arms around him, and pulled him closer—urging him to open his mouth. And she forgot all about her surrounding once again.

“You weren’t always like this, right?” She knew it was coming. The dreaded question which she had feared. She didn’t like talking about it, as it brought ugly memories.

Memories which she wanted to shove in a locker before throwing it’s key away.

“I am sorry. I shouldn’t have asked.” Mikasa nestled her head in the crook of his neck, relishing in his warmth, as he planted a kiss on top of her head. She wanted to tell him though.

“I was nine when I got into a car accident. My parents...they died, but I survived because I was in the back seat. But I did endure a serious injury to my head, and next thing I knew, I couldn’t see.”

She had felt like dying, when the world as she knew it turned dark. Not only did she lose the light of her eyes, she also lost the two souls that brightened her up, and were her everything. It had taken months before she started speaking and going to special needs school. Thankfully, Levi let her shift to the normal school in sixth grade, because she didn’t want to feel like she was weaker than the others. She refused to live like that, and got back into ballet—surely it took much more practice, and *intense* hours of labor, but she had finally reached a point, where she could proudly say she achieved something.

“You are the strongest person I know, Mikasa. Your parents would be proud of who you have become.”

No sorry. No pity. No sympathy.

And that’s what she liked about him. He didn’t say the words she had heard only about *thousand* times, instead he said what she wanted to hear.

Strongest.

And that did put a smile on her face, as he placed a soft kiss on her lips.

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Eren was an enigma. She had known him for almost two months now, but still she felt like she barely knew much about him. Sometimes, his behavior was cryptic—for example when she had asked him more about his college, he had changed the subject smoothly, piping in a question about her next live performance. She just knew that his parents were dead—he hadn’t seemed adamant on discussing the reasoning for it, and she didn’t bother nagging him. It could be a sensitive subject for him. And so Mikasa had made peace with the fact that there would be things she might never know about him, but it was ok.

All she wanted now was for him to stay with her. He had taken her insecurities away, and made her realize that she was capable of holding someone’s interest too. Especially someone like him, who could have anyone he wanted to. He was funny, smart, handsome, and a kind guy. But he had chosen her. And that was more than enough.

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“Does it look bad?” Mikasa inquired one day, when she felt Eren’s hand tracing the outline of her scar. This was another injury she had endured from that accident. She often find Eren’s hand resting and caressing the spot, and even though it made her soft and fuzzy inside, she couldn’t help but wonder if he found that ugly.

“No. It suits you somehow. Feels like one of those beauty marks.” And to emphasize his point, he placed a small kiss over it, and she tried not to blush too much. *Smooth*. That’s what he was. Mikasa hadn’t pondered much on her physical appearance before, but nowadays she couldn’t help but wonder how she looked. She had gotten Sasha to teach her how to do little bit of makeup—lipstick, mascara, eyeshadow—that sort of thing, and even though her best friend had assured her she was gorgeous, she wanted to know what Eren thought.

“Do you...like the way I look?” She fidgeted with her fingers, and could feel the heaviness of those beautiful emerald eyes on her being. Was it stupid? *Maybe*. But she wanted to know.

“If I didn’t, I won’t be sparing a second of my time on you.” His thumb pressed circles on the inside of her palm. “Don’t you know how shallow I am?” Mikasa would have thought she offended him, if not for the undertone of amusement in his voice. *Jerk*.

“I just wanted to know.” She shrugged casually, trying to play it off cool. That still didn’t answer her question.

There was a moment’s silence, and another, until she heard him speak again.

“You are probably the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life. And, I am not saying it just because I like you.”

Ohh.

Well.

She bit her lip, and tried to cool down the heat rising up her neck at that. She had asked him, didn't she?

"The first moment I saw you, I was captivated." There's more? She tried not to shiver, as his hands ghosted the side of her cheek with a gentle touch. "I stood there standing and watching you dance, for ten minutes before you figured out, you weren't alone. Funny thing is, I didn't even know that much time had passed." She felt warm breathe fawning her ear, as he leaned closer.

Mother of god

"The only thing more beautiful than you, is the way you dance. I have never seen someone move so passionately, the way you do. Your flushed face when you are done, or the expression of pleasure you have when you glide through the dance floor—it's like watching you make love to the music." He rested his point with a sharp tug to her ear, and she clenched her thighs close. Aroused.

His hands were massaging the inner skin of her thighs, and she wanted more. More of that feeling, but before she could get lost in that feeling, he retrieved his hand, and reminded her to go practice.

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"He makes me happy. Isn't that enough? Or, do you think I am not good enough for anyone to ever like me? Go ahead, say it! I am a big girl, I can handle it."

Mikasa hadn't meant to snap like that, but when Levi said how she was being too *naïve* in trusting an almost stranger, who just might as well be using her she had heard enough. It seemed like he thought she wasn't ever going to be worthy of someone's affection. That even the thought of it was so ridiculous to entertain, and that had hurt her.

Her own brother thought of her that way, all this while, Mikasa could have never imagined. When she received no response, she got up and started walking towards the staircase, but then his voice stopped her, sounding *too* soft for someone like Levi.

"I am sorry I made you think that. You deserve the best in the world, kiddo. And I really hope that Eren is it. I just wanted to protect you."

There was an honest rawness in his words, as she calmed down a bit and nodded.

Eren would never hurt her though.

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"List of things I want to do?"

"Yup. Everyone has one of those. What's your poison, Mika?"

They were sitting snuggled up in the back seat of his car, just lazying around when he had popped that question. It had become a habit of hers to sneak out at night with Eren for a few hours. Sometimes they went to the same club for jazz music, other times, they went star gazing, and Eren would describe the scenery in front with a *vivid* description, and she could actually see the star full of sky, the floating clouds, and the blanket of the night curving the hemisphere in her head.

“Mika?”

“Hmm?” Right.

The question.

She nodded, intertwining their hands, before she announced all the things she had not done, and wished to do *once* before dying. Mikasa had thought that it was just a general question to quench his curiosity, but she was proven wrong when next day Eren took her paragliding. One of the items on her list. And that’s when Mikasa realized, this man wasn’t going to steal a piece of her heart, he was after the whole damn thing.

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In past few weeks, they had ticked off twenty items off her list, something which Mikasa didn’t think would ever happen, and she was on cloud nine. Was it possible to explode out of sheer joy ? The answer to that one would be yes now, as she clasped Eren’s hands, and participated in the flash mob. Since this was a random flash mob, Eren assured her that they don’t have any need to co-ordinate their steps, and just went with the flow. She twirled and grooved in his arms, laughing her ass off as *Everybody* from Backstreet boys played through the speakers.

She had visited New York before, but never *really* seen it.

She wanted to perform one day in the theatre here, she told Eren so. She just have to perform good in the academy, and Eren promised her that he would be there cheering her up from the front row itself.

The day went on in a whirlwind of exploring as much as they could. And then came the awkward part. It was the first time they would be staying together over night.

Eren's friend, someone named *Armin* lived here, who had offered his place to them. He was gone to some science convention for the weekend, leaving only the two of them alone.

They had made out heavily before, and things had escalated a bit south when their hands would wander a little far, but they were yet to cross the line. Mikasa knew she was ready, for more, but she was not quite sure about Eren. As much as she admired how he respected her, she also wanted to feel that passionate high with him. Wanted to experience what almost all girls her age had done. Maybe she just needed to be upfront with Eren about it.

And it was that thought, which had encouraged her to wear the flimsy satin nightwear Sasha had forced her to pack incase something happens. She couldn’t see in the mirror, and tell how she looked, but she guessed she had an *ok* body.

Her cheeks had gone red when she had stepped out of the washroom—hoping to god, that Eren would like it. She had even put a light shade of pink to give her lips a glossy look. But all her

expectations had shattered when Eren had rejected her.

She could hear her heart breaking, as her lips wobbled, and she tried not to cry. Mikasa didn't cry. *Ever*. This was one thing she prided herself in. She hated letting others see her emotion, but in that moment, his rejection had pierced her soul, and all the *what ifs* and insecurity came piling up on her chest, as the first tear spilled down her cheek.

He had told her to change in normal clothes in flat tone, and had gone to sleep on the couch, leaving her all alone in the guest room. Did he not want her? Was her body hideous? Or was it her disability which made him shut her down. She had thought he didn't see her differently. Was she mistaken? Was he really going to treat her like a glass figure as well—afraid she might crumble.

Mikasa had wiped her cheeks furiously, trying to bury all the remnants of her heartbreak, as she had changed back into her normal pajamas. Feeling suffocated in that room, she had stepped outside, and decided to head out into the lobby, and maybe see if she could go to an open terrace.

“Where are you going?” She didn't reply to him, and continued walking—one hand on her cane as she held on the wall with other for support. Just when she thought, she reached the door, strong hands turned her around, and she winced at the force.

“Where the fuck do you think you are going?”

This was the first time he had dropped the f bomb on her, and she knew she had pissed him off. But Mikasa wasn't one to back off.

“Out.”

“At this hour?”

She tried to remove his iron grip on her wrist, but to no avail.

"How does that concern you? Go back to sleep. That's all you came here for, right?"

“I didn't bring you here so I can fuck you, Mikasa. Why would you even think that?”

Ouch. That stung more than his *no* before. So, that was it then. She tried not to break down again, as she used all her strength to shove him away from her—dropping her cane in the process.

“Is that because I am blind? I am not like the other girls. Fuckable? Fine. Maybe you think that, but I bet I will find someone outside who won't.”

She hadn't wanted to come as a bitch. Say those ugly lines, but you had to see her point of view. She was on the edge. He had made her feel precious and beautiful, so him rejecting her was too big of a shock. It was a stab to her self esteem, and she hated that. Lashing out was the only way she knew how to protect herself.

She had barely turned to undo the knob, before she was slammed against the door. Pair of lips crashed upon her, as she almost lost her footing, but Eren's arms held her straight, as he nibbled and sucked and kissed her all over. It was nothing like she imagined. She had wanted the slow dance of exploring each other, before they got lost in the sensual rhythm on the bed. But this...*this* was nothing like it, as she felt hot all over, and burned and combusted with every inch of her skin he marked. Every piece of clothing he tore off her, and with the urgent way his fingers played at her sensitive skin.

She knew he was good with those hands, but she could have never thought he would play her just

as well. Tonight she was an instrument for him, to test and strum those fingers over, as she cried out his name.

Mikasa had always thought she would lose her virginity on silk sheets of the mattress, but not spread eagle wide, on the dingy couch. Sure he had gone slow, and taken his time to let her adjust to him, but still there was roughness and anger depicted clearly, as he gripped her thighs a tad bit harsh, or how his teeth sunk over her nipple, as he moved in and out of her. Her skin was on flames, as he consumed her with every kiss, every thrust and every touch. When it was over, he had leaned down and licked at her core until she had come all over his face, crying with pleasure. The act in itself was so lewd, but one she *thoroughly* enjoyed, and couldn't complain. He had kissed her for a long time after that, whispering apologies for taking her like that, but she told him she didn't mind it. Infact, she wouldn't prefer it any other way.

That night of intimacy had brought them even closer, and for the first time Mikasa admitted to herself she was deeply in love with him.

And the idea of that was both terrifying yet exciting.

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Warm lips traced the crook of her neck, as she was engulfed from behind—her chest heaving up and down in quick motion, as she felt his hands roaming her body.

“Eren! Let me practice....” But of course he didn't listen, as his hand lingered over her pantyline—just a snap away from removing that article of clothing. Ever since they had slept together, they could barely keep their hands off each other for the most part. But this was dance studio, and they shouldn't engage in such frivolous activities here.

She gasped, as she felt his hand reaching inside her underwear, playing with her bundle of nerves.

“This is too... publ—ahhh...”

Her body betrayed her, as she succumbed to his touch, and before she knew it, she was bent down, and the non rhythmic beat of the keyboard floated in the air, as her torso was pressed on it.

Mikasa realized she had no self control when it came to him, no sense of inhibition, nothing. And that scared her. But as he shoved her dress and pushed inside her, and whispered those filthy words which spurred her on, she forgot her own name, and let him claim her as much as he wanted. The sound of skin slapping, and moans and grunts along with occasional notes from the piano filled the room, whenever she would move a little, or press on a key when he changed the angle, and hit that spot inside of her.

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“I love you.”

This was one of the moments when Mikasa wished she still had her eyesight. She wanted to see the expression on his face. Was he horrified? Happy? Disappointed? Eyes were the soul of mirror, and it was just her luck that she couldn't use them. Eren was a complicated individual. Sometimes he would shower her with affection, but other times he would be closed off, like he was in deep thought. Sometimes she got the bad feeling that he was hiding something from her, but didn't voice it out loud. What they had was good. There was no other girl in his life, that was for sure—Armin had assured her of it, after a fight between the couple in which his friend had acted as a mediator, and that ugly side of hers had snapped and said something about the other girl. She wasn't proud of her behavior that day. Mikasa trusted Armin even though, she had met him not long ago, but he seemed like a guy who had a very good sense of judgement.

She hadn't expected Eren to say it back to her, but his silence hit her hard, as she closed her eyes, and pretended that it hadn't hurt her. But then she felt his soft lips on her own, and his calloused hands caressing her cheek, as he kissed her like it was the last time he would ever do that, or like he couldn't get enough of her. He might have not said it, but his actions depicted what he felt. He had to feel the same way. She just knew he did.

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She had a feeling something was off when she woke up that morning. The sky rumbled, and the rain came down in heavy pour by the time she was ready to leave for the studio. She had tried calling Eren but his number went to voicemail, and figured he must be still asleep so she rode with Sasha.

He hadn't shown up this morning, but it was still fine, no need to worry. He must be asleep. Besides, that meant she could practice without any distractions. By the end of her classes, she had tried him once again and still his phone went to voicemail, and that's when the fear started creeping in. She thought of calling Armin, but didn't want to come off as too clingy, and instead she went back to home.

By the night, when she hadn't gotten any response from him, she finally texted Armin. He hadn't replied immediately, which had left her tossing and turning and waiting for the ding or to hear the special ringtone she had reserved only for Eren.

Where was he?

Around *two am*, she got a reply from his friend.

Eren is fine, but we need to talk. I will come by tomorrow.

What the heck did that mean?

Needless to say, she hadn't been able to sleep all night. Fear and paranoia became her companion, as she both dreaded and anticipated the meeting next day..

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Her knees had crumbled, and she could barely hold in the violent sob which ripped off of her. This wasn't true. It couldn't be.

I don't want to see you anymore. It's over. It is time for you to move on, Mikasa.

And he didn't even have the courtesy to send this to her directly. Instead, he had blocked her number, and sent his friend to do the honors. This wasn't her Eren. She refused to believe he would say that. He wouldn't. He loved her. She knew he did.

But...it was his voice.

Then, why?

It didn't make any sense.

"I am sorry, Mikasa. He got transferred to a different school, and well...he didn't really mean to make you fall for hi—"

"Shut up! Tell your friend to take this message and shove it up where the sun don't shine."

Sasha hissed with fury, as Mikasa felt the brunette's hands wrapping around her for support, and escorting her from there.

It wasn't true. No way.

She refused to believe that, and hence forced Sasha to drive to his apartment, but it was locked. She even went to Hannes and he told her the same thing Armin did.

No. No. No. No.

What if something terrible happened to him, and they were lying to her? But, the message didn't make sense then.

She wanted to hear him say it. To her face.

Clutching her heart tightly, she asked God why? Why did he send him into her life? Why did he give her back the ray of light, only to take it all away from her?

She didn't think anything would ever hurt her the way her parents death did, but she was wrong. She had bared out her heart to someone after a long while, only for it to be torn apart and ripped to shreds. She felt hollow and empty as she collapsed on her bed.

Days passed by, but she couldn't move her legs to get back into ballet. Everyone was worried—her mentor even came to check up on her coaxing her to return, otherwise it would affect her credits.

But nothing worked.

Darkness consumed her more and more everyday, as she had difficulty even in walking. Nothing made sense to her without him. Nothing answered why he left. There was no explanation for it.

Atleast he was alive.

Yes, she had somehow gotten that information from the tenant who was lending Eren his apartment, that he had dropped by three days after her unsuccessful visit to his place, to empty the apartment. There was no way the guy would lie to her. He didn't even know who she was, and he had no reason to do so.

And that was when the depression had kicked in full force.

Mikasa lost track of time, as she spent all hours locked inside her bedroom. Levi had even vowed to *find the Jaeger kid, and beat the shit out of him*, to quote him. She told him no. There was no way she would force her feelings upon him. Maybe her confession had made him realize, he got more than he bargained for: A blind girl to mess with.

Her love for jazz had turned to hatred, as she threw away all her vinyl collection, and deleted all the songs saved in her phone.

Everything had seemed lost, until one day she got a letter which changed her life.

Invitation to New York Joyce ballet for the winter festival.

She was invited to perform in her dream city.

And it was the first time in days she had stood up, without feeling the weakness in her legs. She had found her purpose again.

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I will be in the front row, cheering for you.

She pushed those words out of her head, as she jumped and twirled, and poured her everything. Unwary of the audience's clap, or any music, she danced to rhythm of her heart. She danced for the love she had lost, she danced for the hope she still held, but most importantly she danced, because she knew *otherwise* she would crumble into thousand pieces.

Ballet had saved her once before, and it was doing it again.

It had been five months since the day Eren walked out of her life, and it had not been easy. Every day she hoped that he would return, and tell her he didn't mean any of that.

But that day never came.

When her performance was over, and she went backstage and towards her best friend, and registered her response—the slight sliver of hope she had left was gone as well.

He hadn't shown up.

It was time for her to let go.

Chapter End Notes

Should I make a Part 2? Or this is good.
Let me know.

Ballerina (Part II)

Chapter Summary

Continuation of the ballerina oneshot on demand of the readers.
Hope you like it!

Chapter Notes

Rating: M

This chapter is told from Eren's perspective for the most part.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“ON YOUR LEFT!” Their corporal heaved a heavy practice round into the breach and then secured it, as the others scattered. “Loaded!”

“HURRY UP! THEY ARE ON MOVE. FIRE!”

BANG! Clink clink! .

He jumped through the fence, in a swift motion— rolling down the sand before hiding behind the bush, and assessing the area in front.

“Watch that shell...” A shout came from outside the vehicle, as he focused on the target in the front. There were two gunman engaged with his crew members on the top of the dilapidated house, while the other two were guarding it in front.. He just had to slip past them *slowly*, as alert as possible.

Stay as nimble as a cat. Hold your breath. Don't let the enemy know of your presence.

He waited for the distraction. Any moment now. There was a loud *boom*, as the guards turned to their rights, and he skidded down the dirt path as quick as possible. He could do it.

Almost there. Almost there. Alm—

SHIT

There were three more members perched by the back exit, as he muttered a string of curses. The team had made a mistake in their calculation. There were supposed to be two, not bloody five! Fuck! There was no way he was coming out of it unscathed. Oh well...there was no choice but to engage now. They spotted him a second later, and he knew he was in a tough spot. Not only was he outnumbered, but they had heavy machine guns with them as well.

Three versus one

He wasn't a religious man by nature— if he had been that would have been the right time to send

prayers to heaven.

It wasn't like he had anyone back at home. No family. His best friend was there, but he hadn't talked to him in ages. He doubted that his blond friend even remembered him now. And there was

Another shot fired, as he ducked, before raining his own bullets on them. He tried not to think about her, but it was quite difficult to do so.

Bang. Click...click..

Loud whirring noise surrounded him, as he barely escaped and retaliated with the same intensity. Her laughter echoed in his ears, as he saw her twisting, and twirling and moving through the dance hall. Why was he thinking of her now? He thought he had pushed her into the back of his mind. Was this because his death was near?

Brrrrr. BANG. BANG! BANG!!

The rest of the events were a blur, as he let his adrenaline lead the way, *shooting, engaging, defending*. One down. Two down. He could hear his commander mentioning something about the back—up, but they didn't have much time as he kept engaging and engaging. He didn't know for how long it went on. He remembered seeing the tied up women and children, and *perhaps* freeing them before he was ambushed by two more members. He remembered engaging in hand to hand combat. He remembered hearing sound of distinctive footsteps of his own comrades, as a sharp noise drummed in his ears. He remembered the blood oozing down his torso, as his steps wobbled and he realised he was shot.

I love you

He also remembered chuckling to himself, when the last thing he could think of was her beautiful face, just as the darkness surrounded him.

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Eren blinked open his eyes with difficulty, before shutting them back. The light glaring back at him was too bright, as he felt thrumming in his head.

Where was he?

The last thing he remembered was rushing in for the rescue mission, getting ambushed, and getting shot. Was he dead? He tried to stir open his eyes again, but this time slowly, as he took in the surroundings. A plain pastel painted room with heavy curtains and monitor beeping oh....he was in hospital. He was alive? He had walked into that building with the thought that he wasn't going to make it out of it. This *certainly* was unexpected. His arms felt like noodles when he tried to move them, and spotted the multiple pipes buried into his veins.

That explained the poking sensation

“Mr. Jaeger, you are finally up.” He squinted his eyes *still* having difficulty adjusting to the bright

view, and spotted a grey haired man presumably Doctor, who gave him a friendly smile before going through some form of clipboard.

“You are certainly a lucky fellow. The bullet missed your heart by just few millimetres, do you know that?”

Ahh bummer.

He remained nonchalant, just staring blankly at him as he had no idea what to say. *Thank you?* He wasn't known to be the man of many words well...in his marine group that is. His old friends and dead family would have answered completely different on this topic though. Ever since he got recruited for the mission, he rarely ever spoke unless it was *absolutely* necessary. He preferred to stay focused on the mission instead. Countless nights were spent on watchduty, several hours spent a day just training as much he could, or taking down the terrorist forces. He had seen a lot of deaths *gruesome, horrible* at an early age. Blood, sweat and screams of wail were a daily occurrence in his life. The last mission they were assigned to was one of the most difficult ones of his career. It was a miracle he had made it out alive.

"—have asked you to fill this form. Your commander will be here with you shortly.” He realized that his doctor had been speaking all this while, as he passed him some form, and a pen. *Right.* He was supposed to fill it. He was cautioned to stay put, as the doctor left leaving a nurse in charge, and he spent the rest of the day just staring blankly at the wall.

He didn't know how many hours had passed when there was a knock at the door, and in walked the Major Erwin Smith himself. It had been a while since he had seen the man. He saluted the blonde sergeant well as best he could, and the man in question stopped him, as he took a seat by his bedside.

“No need for the formalities, son. Stay put.”

“Yes, sir.” Or atleast that was what he said, but it came out sounding a bit incoherent, as Mr. Smith just smiled.

“I am not going to beat around the bush, Eren. You and I both hate that.” A nod. “Only three members made it out alive out of the thirty three of you.” He swallowed, trying to ignore the burn in his chest. Everyone there had a family to return to except *him*. Why? He should have died instead. That's what he wanted.

“I can already hear the thoughts brewing in your head, Jaeger. Don't think that way. Your life is a gift. You were lucky to come out of that mess alive.”

“When do I return back to the duty, sir?” He asked with as much strength he could muster to let those words slip out, as the older man just gave him a sympathetic look.

“Unfortunately you are removed from the active duty effective immediately. The doctor had deemed you unfit to return anytime soon. It will take you months of physical therapy to walk back on your feet again, and any strenuous activity is out of the question. You might as well consider it your retirement.” Eren just snorted in response. He was only twenty fucking five. Too young to retire. The only way he wanted to leave the military was if he was put in a coffin. This was not in his plan.

“Isn't there *anything* else I can do. Maybe helping out at the bas-“

“You were one of our most valuable troop, and sergeant, Jaeger, and We all are thankful for your

service. But unfortunately, we don't think it's safe for you to deport back there *atleast* for now. We will be paying you this year's salary in full—“

“Its not about the money.” It never had been. He wanted to feel something *anything*, to honor the memory of his parents. Every life he saved, every day he served, every enemy he killed, he felt like he was doing something worthwhile.

“For now you will continue with your physical therapy, and we will get a report on it over the time. If after months or years, you are fit to serve again, you can join back if you wish, but if not, you will have to adjust to the civilian life.” There was a moment's pause before he continued.

“Personally, this could be your golden chance to escape the horrors. Maybe it's a blessing in disguise for you. You have a choice now. You can live the rest of your life comfortably. Your... parents wouldn't have wanted you to spend your life like this. You already got your revenge, didn't you?” Yes, he did. A year ago, they had taken down the Taliban group which executed his parents. His father was a renowned doctor in military, and his mother was a nurse. That's how they had met and fallen in love. His childhood days were mostly spent in the gulf countries. They were on active duty in one of the base, when it was attacked, and they were captured. Eren was fifteen then, and living in the states at Armin's. They were killed three days later. He didn't even get to see their dead bodies. That incident had changed everything, and he had enlisted for the cadets two years later after finishing his school. Eren had always wanted to kill those fuckers with his own hands, and he did, *in a way*. The whole group was captured, before being executed one by one. He wished he could have tortured them for a little more while, but alas he wasn't given the opportunity. Not enough. His life was left meaningless after his parents death, so he had given it his all— that being the only purpose in his life. And now not only was he being removed, but he also had no idea what to do with his life anymore.

“There is a reason behind everything. Don't waste the rest of your life wallowing in misery. Look for your purpose again. Hatred will bring you nothing.” With a strong pat on his shoulders, the domineering man left the room, leaving behind an extremely confused Eren.

Purpose? What purpose was there to his life now?

Is stalking people a hobby of yours?”

No. It had been five years. She had probably even forgotten about him long ago, and moved on. As she should. But still...

I love you

Hope was an extremely disgusting emotion to have. It made you wish for things, something which Eren had not done in a long time. Even if he wanted to, he couldn't just show up in front of her house like this. For starters he was miles away, and in no position to stand back on his feet.

Baby steps.

And so he signed up the form to start his therapy as soon as he was healed enough.

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“Jesus fuck, Eren, are you trying to burn down our apartment?” He just grinned as the blonde girl shot him a glare before turning off the stove.

“These are burned.” *No shit*. He scratched his head, *apparently* he still sucked at the cooking part, as Annie deposited the ruined pancakes in the trash. Ouch. That hurt.

“Where is Armin?”

“Gone out. Told me he went to buy some groceries, but I am pretty sure he just likes flirting with the hot cashier at the supermarket.” The look he received *almost* put him ten feet below, as he just raised his hand in surrender.

“Your best friend let’s you crash at his place, and in return you try to sabotage his relationship?”

“I was only kidding.” She pushed him out of the kitchen, and demanded him to go sit in the living room, as he did so without question. Annie was scary as hell. How in the world did she end up saying his sweet best friend he had no idea. But deep down, she was still a good person, or else she would have thrown him out by now.

He had returned to the states a month ago after spending seven months into his therapy. Physical therapy was still bearable, but the *psychological*, it had been a real torture. He had to talk about his demons, his actions, every ugly thing, to a fucking stranger. Eren wouldn’t say that he had defeated all his demons, nope, but he did function a lot more better now than he did months ago, so that was a bonus. At first Armin had wanted nothing to do with him, even landed a punch on him for disappearing for years, and for hurting Mikasa. *Deserved*. It had taken a couple attempts on his parts where he had to stalk his friend, before he *finally* listened to him. And so Eren had poured out everything, which led to a tearful hug between the two before he had invited him to stay at his place in the meanwhile. Eren had been crashing at Hannes couch before that, as he had bare minimum money to afford any accommodation. His annual term had ended so he wasn’t receiving his pension anymore, and all his savings was spent in his treatment which was pretty expensive. He had to search for a job because he wasn’t going back to the military anymore. Even though he was cleared to resume his duty again, he had chosen not to. He wasn’t falling into that abyss once more. It was time for him to move on.

Thankfully, his music skills came in handy as he got a position to be the music teacher at local school. Salary was *okayish*, but without a college degree it was more than he could ask for. He had to save up as much as he could, if he wanted to afford a living space.

“Are you coming with us this weekend?” His head snapped towards Annie who had an unreadable expression on her face, nothing *new* as he pondered on the possibility. Was he ready to finally meet her again? Armin had told him practically nothing about his ex girlfriend except the fact that she was a successful Ballet dancer here in New York. *Just like she wanted*. He couldn’t have been more proud of her. She did it. He also remembered that he broke his promise to her. He had told her he would come watch her performance, but alas...

She must hate him now, not that he could blame her. She might have also moved on to someone new. He tried to ignore the burning sensation in his chest at that. Armin had refused to tell him any personal details of her life. He was surprised to find out that Armin and Mikasa had become such good friends in his absence. *Probably bonded over their mutual hatred for him*. This was why Armin and Annie were going to attend her recent performance. It was kind of a big deal in her world.

He wanted to see her *god* he did. She would hate him. But that was the whole point of his return, wasn’t it? He came back for *her*. She was his purpose. If he still had a chance, or a place in her

heart, he wanted to find out. And if not, he atleast wanted an opportunity to apologize to her properly. He owed her that.

What's the worse that could happen?

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“—Mikasa Ackerman.” Her name itself sent shivers down his spine, as he dug his nails into his knees, while the curtain opened. And there she was. An ethereal being. Still as radiant, and beautiful as the last time he saw her. Her eyes still sparkled with the light, as she took the stage.

Thump thump

He could barely hold himself from clutching his heart, as he stared mesmerized at her. *Six years. One month. Twenty three days.* That was how long it had been since he had seen her, and still it felt just like yesterday. All the feelings came rushing back to him, even stronger than before. She still left him speechless as she turned and twirled. She still moved with the same grace *even* better as she owned the stage, at the slow beat of contemporary.

“Close your mouth. You are drooling.” He narrowed his eyes at Annie, who ignored him as she wrapped her hand around Armin’s. *Way to ruin the moment.* The whole song sequence he sat there dumbfounded, and couldn’t even muster the strength to give her a round of applause once it ended.

“Are you ready?” Armin inquired as they headed for the backstage, and Eren nervously played with his fingers. He wasn’t. But still, he shook his head in a small yes, before following them.

One step. Two step. Three step. Four step.

There was no sign of Mikasa though, as someone, *he guessed*, her manager, told them to wait in her dressing room. Growing anxious, he decided to head to the washroom first to wash off the sweat gathering over his face. He looked pale as fuck, despite being naturally tan skinned, as he washed off his eyes, and gathered up courage in front of the mirror. After one last look, he walked out with heavy steps, turning the corner hop—

His legs froze when he saw the person making their way towards him. She was still dressed in her dance wear— a gorgeous silver white tutu, as she walked with support of her crane. *Fuck.* He forgot she couldn’t see him. But still...it was terrifying as she reached him. He wanted to stop her, call her name, do *anything*, but he was still frozen. She moved past him, as he mentally debated whether to follow her or not, but then noticed she had paused. Her back was turned to him, but her brows were furrowed, as she tilted her head, almost, staring in his direction. Did she feel his presence? Was that even possible? They both kept staring at each other, but only one could actually see, as he took in her every features. She had matured into a woman now— the one who he wanted to gather into his arms, and—

“Babe, what are you doing here? I was looking all over for you.” A strange man approached *his* Mikasa— placing a hand on her shoulder, he looked up at Eren, then at her with a dubious look.

“Are you lost, mister...” Eren could barely form a word as the word babe resounded in his ears, before he shook his head, and walked away.

He was too late.

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The nightmares were a constant plague in his life. He had become accustomed to them, years later. He would see the distorted visions of people dying, sometimes *even* his parents, sometimes he would see himself getting shot again and *again*. Screams of his comrades, or their lifeless eyes staring back at him. This was the constant pattern of his nightmares, so when he dreamt that Mikasa was walking down the aisle to a strange man that wasn't him, he woke up with a pant.

What the hell? But it didn't stop there, oh no. She was ever present in his dreams too now. Once he saw her pulling the trigger, as she shot him. He was certainly losing his mind.

She was dating someone—he had already considered this possibility, but that didn't mean it didn't hurt. He hated this newfound feeling very much.

“I thought you were there to apologise. Why does it matter if she is with another guy, or not?”

Armin was right. It had been years, and there was no way she going to wait for him, when he broke her heart, and treated her like *nothing*.

“Fuck, you still love her, don't you?” Armin gave him an incredulous look, as he found the carpet extremely interesting. There was a movement, as his friend seated himself beside him, heaving a sigh.

“Eren, you have to continue on, *even* if it means without Mikasa. I will want nothing more than for you both to be together again, but...this is the reality.” Logically, he was right. Eren knew he was. He curled his fingers through his hairs in frustration before walking away. The next few days weren't easy. He had difficulty concentrating in his classes too, and it felt like someone was hitting a hammer on his chest constantly. He spent a lot of time stalking her social media accounts, just staring at her picture. *Creep*.

Maybe he was one. But he couldn't help himself. Was this how it felt to get a taste of your own medicine?

On week one, he moved out of his best friend's house. He had already third wheeled enough in their relationship, and it was about time he found his own place. There was a studio available which he could afford, as he didn't need much space anyways.

On week two, he decided to join a local gym to take out his frustration somewhere. Exhausting himself till he was too tired to stay up was the only way he could not think about her.

On week four, he visited his old house, and his parents grave. Eren hadn't been there since their death. He told them about what he had been upto, and how much, he missed them daily. He also told them about Armin and Annie, and Mikasa. *You would have loved her mom*. He had a feeling she would have. When he left that place, it felt like a huge burden had been lifted off his chest, and brought him a sense of closure.

On week six, he got a gig at a club to play in the evening hours. The teacher salary wasn't enough to pay for his expenses alone. The money was quite decent, plus it was better than spending hours in his bedroom *wallowing* in his misery.

On week eight, he went to another of Mikasa's performance. Due to his great dismay, he found out that her boyfriend was her dance partner as well. *That must be how they met.* The whole show was painful as he had to sit there, and watch her in the arms of another man.

That night was the first time he drank in ages, until he passed out.

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He wanted to punch Armin. Really. Or maybe strangle him. Yeah, that sounded better. How could he do that to him? How?

"Eren, are you ok?" Reiner tapped on his shoulder, giving him a worried glance, as he nodded dumbly before taking one shot glass from the tray. He needed some liquid strength.

"I will pay you before we close off." The blonde bartender just shrugged, and assured him that it was on the house. Each step he took felt heavy, as he walked towards the stage— trying to ignore the duo sitting right at front. He couldn't believe Armin brought Mikasa there. What was he thinking? How could he be so cruel? The raven haired woman laughed at something his friend whispered to her, as Eren positioned the mic.

There was no way Armin would have told her that Eren worked here, otherwise she would have *never* come. He was messing with both of them. Trying to ignore the nervous palpitations in his chest, he started strumming his guitar— his eyes focused solely on the chord strings, as his fingers worked effortlessly over them. He performed three songs before taking his first break. Without a backward glance to the duo, he walked into the break room, wiping off the sweat from his brows. *Fuck.* He didn't want to go out again. It was a torture seeing her there, but not being able to talk to her.

"Yo, Jaeger! Your friend is waiting out looking for you." Bertholt, the drummer informed him, as he let out an irritated sigh. What did Armin want? He motioned him to let Armin in, as he gulped down some water, mentally noting to not get too mad at him. Surely, there must be a good reason why he showed up with her, here. He knew that Mikasa loved jazz but still there were plenty of clubs in city for that. Couldn't he take her t—

All the air left his lungs, as he saw *Mikasa* entering the room. *Silence.* He couldn't breathe, or speak, or move a muscle, as she took cautious steps, and neared him. Her face a mask of indifference, as she paused behind the giant table placed at the center. *Fuck.* Why was the universe so cruel?

"I know you came to my performance, three days back." He swallowed, having difficulty finding words. "And that day as well with Armin." *Oh.* Taking the support of the polished furniture she rounded the corner, as though looking for him, as he shuffled his feet.

"Armin is an idiot, if he thought I wouldn't put two and two together. Your sudden appearance in my life, and then suddenly he offers to take me to a jazz club, and *surprise!* You play here."

“In my defense, I didn’t tell Armin to bring you here.” He was astonished that he could even form words in front of her.

“I don’t know what your game is, *Eren Jaeger*, but stop coming to my shows. I don’t want to see your name in the audience list again.” Her expression is still void of any emotions, as he jammed his hands in his pockets, and got up.

“Is this all you came to tell me?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“Why what?” Her nose wrinkled up with annoyance, as he stepped closer to her.

“Do you hate me?”

“I don’t feel *anything* towards you.”

“Then me going to your shows shouldn’t bother you at all.” He knew he was treading a dangerous territory here— trying to get a reaction out of her, but it wasn’t like he had anything to lose. Plus, she was the one who made contact first. This could be his one and only opportunity.

“Why do you even want to come? It’s not like you cared before.”

“Is that what you think?” A whisper left his lips, as she backed away a little, *probably* realizing how close he was standing. She guffawed, her nose tinted with anger, as she planted a hand on his chest.

“Don’t. I want you to disappear from my life once again.”

“This isn’t something you will say, if you felt nothing for me.” His breath ghosted the side of her face, as she let out an involuntary shiver.

“I don’t.” Her voice came low, as he lowered his head, and stated. “Liar.”

She turned her head in other direction, visibly affected by his close proximity, which gave him the courage. “Will you give me a chance to apologize? I owe you an explanation.”

Her leg almost wobbled, as she put distance between them, and shoved his hand away when he tried to help her find her balance. “You are six years too late for that, and I have moved on. We were basically teens then, it doesn’t matter.”

“It matters to me, Mikasa.” He wondered how much of what she held the truth. Was he really *that* insignificant to her, or was she just putting on a façade?

“Why should I care what matters to you?”

“Because if you didn’t care, you won’t be here.” He was probably digging his own grave here. She would walk out, and never come back, and definitely ban him from attending her shows. But he had to take that chance.

“Fine. Meet me at the central coffee house at six thirty. You will have twenty minutes to explain yourself.” And then she was walking out with an elegant gait, as he couldn’t help but smile. She was still the same spitfire as ever. Eren felt like he fell for her all over again.

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His coffee had turned cold by the time he took his first sip. Still, he needed something as his throat felt too dry after speaking continuously for so long. He could hear the chatters of other people around them, as heavy silence settled upon their table. Mikasa hadn't uttered a word since he told her why he had to leave her, that he didn't want to put her through the never-ending suffering of loving a man like him. Someone who had a higher chance of returning back lying in a thick coffin bed. It was easier to make her think he *abandoned* her, than his probable death, which he highlighted by telling how he almost died. Eren didn't realize how much time had passed before he heard her speak again.

"I should go. It's getting late." What? Mikasa grabbed her purse and cane, before heading to her waiting car, where her driver was already waiting.

What

Just

Happened?

He sat bewildered there, for a while after she left, *trying* to make sense of her reaction. Was she too overwhelmed? It wasn't like he could blame her though, they had dated for barely three months, and known each other for around five. He wasn't a big part of her life. What had he expected? That she would come running into his arms, or offer him a token of friendship. *Something*. Eren decided to let it be though. She had come, and heard his story and that was more than enough. At least he had cleared up the things from his side. He couldn't force her to do anything now. If this was the last time they crossed paths, then he had to be content with it.

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Except that it wasn't the last time.

She showed up to his nightclub three days later. Alone. Was it even safe for her to come alone? Why was she here? There were so many *why*, and *how* and *what* in his mind, but instead he went plbaxk to playing, as his eyes strayed to hers occasionally. Once he was done, he immediately went to her, and asked what was she doing here.

"Am I not allowed to here? It's a free country, right?" He had no comeback for that, as he tried to figure out why she was here. Before he could ask anything, she beat him to it.

"I started hating jazz when you left. I threw away all my collection, *even* the vintage ones." A chuckle left her lips. "I am not going to say, I am sorry for what you went through, because it won't turn back the time. But, I do admire how strong you are. Not everyone could have done it." *Indeed*.

"Thank you." He hadn't told her that to earn her sympathy. He wanted to be honest with her, and

he told her so.

“I am glad that you told me. Really.” Another burden was lifted off his chest, a content look on his face at her words, but it didn’t last long when she added. “I finally got my closure.” So that was what it was about. For once, he was glad that Mikasa couldn’t see, as disappointment was written all over his face in big bold letters.

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He went to her next show, and the one after that, and another one, as he formed a habit of coming to every one of them. Maybe subconsciously he was making up for breaking his promise of not attending her debate one. He never tried to visit her off stage— taking delight in watching her dance solely. Mikasa had also frequented the club three times after that. She always showed up on the weekends, and sat through his performances *humming* slowly, and then they would exchange some words, and she would leave with her driver again. Plenty of times he wanted to inquire about her boyfriend, but couldn’t do it. It was easier to remain ignorant, but even he had only too much of control, as he blurted out that question one day.

“Why does your boyfriend never come to pick you up?” He regretted those words, as soon as it left his mouth, as it put both of them in uncomfortable position. He expected her to be perhaps annoyed by this *personal* question, but instead she just fixed him with a nonchalant look.

“We broke up.” Oh. Eren ignored the way his heartbeat picked up at that answer, and the tiny ray of hope glimmered through his being again. But he didn’t prod any further, and the topic remain untouched. An unspoken feeling hung in the air, as they engaged in a discussion about politics, because that was *much* easier.

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His phone rang in the middle of the night, nearly at *1 am* as he groaned before sitting up. He had retired immediately to bed due to exhaustion once he was back from the club. An unknown number popped on the screen, as he pressed his lips together before answering after a moment’s wondering. It could be important.

“Hello?”

“I h-hate you. So muchhh.”

“Mikasa?” He got alert now, as she was the last person he would ever expect to call him. How did she get his number? Probably Armin.

“Fuc-ck you. Fuck you. I was doin-ng fiine without youu. But you just have to ruin everything!”

“Are you drunk?” She was slurring on her words, plus this late night call wasn’t something she

would do in her sober state.

“I was finally mo-vinnng on. Even went on d-dates you know. But no one compared to yyo-uu. St-illl I said yes to my coworker. But nothinggg. I felt Nothiin! And you show up and- F-fuck youuu.”

His hand massaged his forehead, as he absorbed in her words. It was too much to take in.

“Mikasa, can we talk about this tomorrow when you are not this hammered? And please, tell me you are at your place, and not some random bar.” He cursed himself for not dropping her back to her apartment himself.

“Don’t you worry, Jaegger. I am at home. We have important things to talkkk. Did you even li-isten to my voice mails? Read my messages? Miss mee? I would have waited for youuu. Months, years I don’t caree! Your excuse isn’t good enough! It is nottt.” He clenched at his bedsheets- the gravity of her words too much to bear, as he bit his lips in despair.

“I still have your messages saved. I used to listen to them when I was alone there. Miss you? Not a day went by when I didn’t think of you. Fuck, Mika. You have no idea how much I missed you. I came back because of you!” He gritted his teeth in agony, not able to control his emotions. “I loved you. I still do. It’s such a bad idea to tell you this first time over phone, and when you are drunk. But it’s true.”

He heard some static noises, and what felt like a sob, as he called out her name. He didn’t want to make her cry ever again, but he did.

“I want you sooo bad, Eren it hurts. So muchhh. I want to hate you, but I c-cantt.” Why was she doing this to him? He was not going to get an ounce of sleep, that was sure. He wanted to hold her, comfort her, kiss her, and be wrapped around her again. He didn’t want to let her go.

“Mikasa. I promise I will call you, first thing in the morning. For now, please go to sleep. I can’t do this when you are in this state.” It took a lot of convincing on his part before she finally hung up the phone. At the end, he could barely make out her words anymore. He slumped back on his pillow, staring up at the ceiling—prepared to spend a night of sleeplessness.

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“I love you.”

“Don’t!” Her angry voice reverberated through her dressing room, as he took bold steps towards her. “I told you, we will talk when you were sober. Didn’t I?”

When she hadn’t picked his call in the morning, he had no choice but to go to her training center. He already had a feeling that she would most likely avoid him after her late night fiasco. There was no way he would stand idle, and not confront her about it. The things she said were real. She was just not brave enough to admit it without some liquid courage.

“I was drunk. I didn’t know what I was *saying*.” She clarified, as he grabbed her wrist to make her face him.

“I know you meant every wor—“

“You need to leave.”

“You came to the club again and again! It surely wasn’t because you liked that local pub, or the whiskey there.” He called her out, as she pulled her hand away from his grip. Her face conflicted, as she shook her head— refusing to listen any further.

“That was a momentary lap-“

“Bullshit, Mikasa! I am not an idiot! I know you still love me. I know what we had wa—”

Smack!

Her teeth bared, as she slapped him hard. “SHUT UP! JUST SHUT UP!” And then she was grabbing his collar to pull him forward, before landing another blow on his face. *He had it coming.* Her fingers tightened around the fabric of his faded shirt, as a resigned expression spread on his face. He let her hit him *once, twice, thrice* and some more, as she let out a sob— tears streaming down her eyes. Her nails dug into his shoulder blades, as her tears stained his cloth. Her head coming to bury itself deeper into his chest, as he wrapped his arms tightly around her. Eren didn’t know for how long they stayed like that, as he whispered *sorry* repeatedly against her ear. She was the one to pull away first, as her fingers came to rest on his cheek. They roamed through the entire length of his face, as though trying to remember. Her nose brushed against his own, as his eyes grew heavy at their close proximity. His lips an inch away from her own, when she brought her palm up to smack him again, but he grabbed it.

“Don’t.” And with a pause he added. “I love you. “

“I hate you.”

“You hate that you love me.”

“Shut up.”

“Make me.”

“Fuck. You.”

“You did. Quite a many times if I recall.”

“Stop talking.”

“*Make* me stop.” They were breathing against each other at this point, as her hand clutched at the cotton of his shirt tightly.

And then the world stopped spinning.

Their lips crashed together— clumsily and fervidly, as their teeth clacked against each other, and he pulled her closer to him. A fire was reignited inside of him after long. Her hand in his hairs, his arms grabbing her waist. *Close.* Her lip parted to let him in, as they tangled deeper into this age old web. Their chest pressed flat against each other, as her hand roamed the length of spine. She still tasted the same— sweet, and raspberry, as her teeth sunk into his lips. Both pushing and pulling, as she almost lost her footing. He caught her then, engulfing her waist, as his finger roamed the delicious curve of her body. She rucked against him, as he felt every pore of his skin ignited with fire. Their mouth made a low smacking sound, as she tilted his chin to deepen the kiss. Just the feel of her skin against his was enough to send his mind into overdrive. All his senses were overwhelmed by Mikasa— any coherent thought he had went out of the window.

Then there was a knock on her door, as reality came crashing in, and they broke apart with lightning speed, and then she was pushing him off of her again.

Mikasa swallowed her gasp of disbelief in the back of her palm, almost stumbling on her feet as she backed away from him. He was breathing heavily, as he watched her yell *I will be out in a minute*, before she pleaded him to leave. He had pushed her enough for now, so he decided to oblige for once, and left.

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I need time.

He didn't ask her for what, or why, or how long, as he decided he would do just that. He didn't know what it actually meant, but he was curious to find out. Minutes turned to hours, and hours turned to weeks, as he kept his distance from her. No text, no phone call, no nothing. He might have acted a little more persistent before, but he wouldn't force her to do something she wouldn't want. If she never decided to contact him again, he would have to make peace with that as well. He had done his part— told her the truth, apologized to her, confessed his love, now the ball was in her court.

Life went on with a regular phase for a long time, but one day the normal flow was disrupted when a knock came through his front door.

"I am *not* like other girls. You can still find someone who is perfectly normal."

No casual greetings, no small talks, nothing! She went straight to business as he blinked— still not believing she was there, before letting her in.

"I don't want normal. I want you. I thought I had made it clear since day one."

"And I am still mad at you for abandoning me!"

"I know."

"If you ever disappear like that again, I will kill you."

"I know."

"I shouldn't even have come here. I should have just moved on."

"I know. "

"But...I can't."

"I know." And then he hugged her close to his form— feeling a relief unlike any other before.

The wait was worth it.

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A sense of déjà vu ran through him, as he saw Mikasa moving gracefully around the dance floor on the pointed heels. It was around quarter past five in the morning, but it was nothing new to them. They were the only two people in the large dance hall. Mikasa had asked him to accompany him today, and there was no way he could *ever* refuse her. His eyes followed her every movement, just as captivated as the first day he saw her. He hadn't planned on introducing himself to her back then, *or* becoming friends with her, *or* falling for her. It sort of just happened. Another skip, and a twirl, as she raised her hand, and moved in sync with the beat of his acoustic music. His fingers drumming the strings with the similar intensity with which she moved. Their rhythms effortlessly matched, as she smiled, and skidded through the marble floor. The tempo of his beat increased, as she spun on one toe. She had become even more confident, and elegant over the years, as she *owned* her surroundings.

He had to ask himself once again how did he ever walk away from her before?

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“I want to try something.”

Eren immediately gave his affirmation— there was absolutely nothing he could decline her. The words she whispered next sent a different kind of chill down his spine. It didn't take him long to find what she asked, as she tied the thin cloth material around his eyes. His world turned black, as he felt her lips pressing against him. He could rely *only* on the sensation of touch and sound, as he pulled her closer. He was in her world now— she was the one in complete control. She straddled his lap, before pulling off his shirt, and tasting every inch of his skin. She left gentle kisses over the ugly scar the bullet left on his chest, assuring him he wasn't alone anymore. He had her now. Forever.

He let her guide his hands, let her take the lead, as they shed their clothes, and she pushed him on the mattress. He let her trap his hand behind his head, as she kissed him ferociously. Let her take him in his mouth, and leave him a babbling mess. Let her ride him for as long as she wanted— her hips gyrating against his, as all he could do was hear her moans, touch her soft skin, and get lost in the sensation. Eren didn't know that he could love being blindfolded, and at *her* mercy this much.

Once they were done, he snuggled close to her, before falling in a peaceful slumber. This was the first time in ages, he didn't have any nightmares.

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Years back when Eren hadn't shown up to her first show, she had tried to pretend he never existed.

That the time they spent together was *all* a delusion. It wasn't an easy feat, something which had taken *quite* a long time to get used to. She had heard that the first love hurts, but she had no idea how much. She would like to think that she did a good job at trying to forget him. But reality doesn't work that way. She had certainly not expected him to show up in her life once again. All the years of pent up emotions came rushing back to her. All her efforts worthless. She had tried to hate him...really she did, but she was incapable of doing that. After hearing his story all she could feel was pain, as her heart broke for him. The *tiny* truth that he loved her as well struck her harder than she expected. It had all become so complicated.

She had tried to push him away even then, to walk away from him but she simply couldn't. She still loved him. It was that simple.

People who are meant to be together, will find their way back one day or another

And they did. Almost seven years later, and here she was once again getting ready for the annual dance event. But this time she wasn't filled with broken heart, or that feeling of abandonment, but utter joy, as Eren was right by her side this time. He gave her a quick kiss, before leading her to the stage, and a whisper of *I love you*, before he left, and the curtains dropped.

Let the show begin.

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully it turned out ok. Let me know what you think.

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