

Crossing the line

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/21793393) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/21793393>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Shingeki no Kyojin Attack on Titan
Relationship:	Mikasa Ackerman/Eren Yeager
Character:	Mikasa Ackerman , Eren Yeager , Eren Yeager's Parents , Armin Arlert , Jean Kirstein , Sasha Blouse , Connie Springer , Annie Leonhart , Levi (Shingeki no Kyojin) , Hange Zoë , Gabi Braun , Falco Grice , Onyankopon (Shingeki no Kyojin)
Additional Tags:	Friends to Lovers , Childhood Friends , Friends With Benefits , Male-Female Friendship , Eventual Romance , Sex , Rough Sex , Kissing , Shameless Smut , Fluff and Angst , Jealousy , Possessive Behavior , Heartbreak , Alternate Universe - Modern Setting , Light BDSM , Dirty Talk , Drinking to Cope , Anal Sex , Mental Health Issues , Eren Yeager Has Anger Issues , Angst and Hurt/Comfort , Childhood Trauma , Explicit Sexual Content , Some Humor
Collections:	Snk Stuff
Stats:	Published: 2019-12-14 Completed: 2020-06-04 Chapters: 30/30 Words: 181638

Crossing the line

by [Sharinganblossoms](#)

Summary

Blurring the lines between friendship and attraction is a surefire to lose a friend. Its the end of the year and Eren and Mikasa are ready to risk it all after a night of drunken mistake. Between growing passion and newfound feelings will their friendship survive?

Notes

Present age:

Eren: 24

Mikasa:24

Past age:

Eren: 9

Mikasa: 9

Both Eren and Mikasa are in their last year of post graduation.

POVs will keep alternating between Eren, Mikasa and third person.

The story is divided into two parts 1 and 2. There will be timejump to and fro in past and present as indicated by the heading so readers don't get confused.

This is Sora, and you can find me on Twitter @4scintillating for updates regarding my other works.

Thank you.

PART I: Beginning

Chapter Summary

Eren makes a big decision but it doesn't go as smoothly as planned.

Chapter Notes

Words in italics are either flashbacks, text messages, song lyrics, used for emphasis or internal thoughts

Eren's POV

This isn't working out anymore.

I shook my head as my current girlfriend, Ami, ran in circles around me on the beach. Dressed in a bright red bikini, she smiled as she splashed me, garnering the jealous attention of other guys nearby. Every so often, when I smiled back at her, she would untie the camera from her wrist and stand next to me-holding it high above us while yelling, “Selfie time! Cutest Couple Everrr!”

To be honest, everything about this woman was damn *near* perfect on the outside: She was stunningly beautiful with light brown eyes and full soft lips; she had an infectious laugh that could make the most sullen person smile, and her sense of humor was pretty similar to mine. She had a naturally bubbly personality which made any stranger believe she was a best friend at a first encounter, and behind closed doors, her desire for sex was almost as high as mine.

That’s where her nice qualities ended though, and I *unfortunately* found that out much too late.

A few weeks after we started dating seriously, her true character began to show: *First*, I found out that her naturally bubbly personality wasn’t “natural” at all; it was a side effect of the illegal drugs she often abused and overdosed. *Second*, was her habit of texting me every hour on the hour with “I miss you, baby. Where are you?” whenever we weren’t together. If I didn’t answer her in three minutes or less, she would text me repeatedly: “Are you dead? ARE. YOU. DEAD?!” I was a guy who liked having my space. Even my best friends understood that I needed some time alone. Plus I needed to focus on my academics now. It was my last year at medical school and I was aiming to get residency in John Hopkins and that couldn't be done by sitting on my ass and entertaining a wild girl like her. It was a bad idea to get into a relationship at such critical stage.

“Eren!” Ami splashed me, knocking me out of my thoughts. “What are you over there thinking about?”

“A lot of things...” I admitted.

“That’s why I like you.” She smiled. “You’re always in deep thought, thinking about deep things...” She held the camera above us. “Deep-thought selfie!”

“Right...” I waited until she’d snapped the photo. “Are you ready to head back yet?”

“Almost! Give me five minutes. I want to feel the waves against my chest one last time.”

She motioned me to join too but I simply refused with a forced smile. I couldn't take it anymore. I needed to end things before last semester started.

I was 24 years old but I could never get past the six month mark with any woman I date— Heck my longest lasting relationship was only four months.

“Okay!” Ami approached me on the shore. “I’m ready to head back now if you are, Eren. I know what’s really on your mind...” She moved her hand towards my crotch as I stepped back and clasped her hand.

Jesus. She didn't seem to notice that as she happily walked beside me.

“So are you coming with me to the charity party my dad organised?” she asked.

I also forgot to mention that she came from old money just like me, and she relished in the luxury of the wealth. *Not like me.*

“I think we should talk about that tomorrow...We actually have a lot to talk about.”

“Awww.” She squeezed my hand. “It sounds like you’re finally going to let me inside and tell me all your deep, dark secrets...”

“I don’t have any deep, dark secrets.”

“Well, whatever you want to talk about tomorrow, can we not talk about it at Wendy’s?”

“What?” I looked over at her and raised my eyebrow. “Why not?”

“Because, although I know you love the food there and I do, too, I hate that place. Like, being there, you know?”

“Not really...”

“I just feel like it’s not our own ‘couple spot’, you know? Every couple needs their own “OMG this is our spot” type of place. Speaking of which, I was thinking we need to post more pictures of us together on Instagram. I’ll be posting what we took today on tomorrow. What do you think of the caption: “OMG my boyfriend took me on a surprise trip to the beach? Hashtag, he loves me, hashtag, don’t be jealous, hashtag, he always spends money on me.”

“The beach is free...”

She ignored my comment as she babbled on. It eventually wore her out as she collapsed on my bed and fell asleep as soon as we reached my place.

Relieved, I took a beer from the fridge before moving towards the couch.. I needed to think tomorrow’s break-up through. I needed it to be short, swift, and to the point.

"It's not you, it's me..." "I'm just not sure if I'm really the man you're looking for..." "I need to focus on my degree right now and frankly you aren't worth risking it ..." No, no...I need to be diplomatic about this... Hmmm...

I googled, "Top Ten Best Ways to Break Up with Someone," but nothing seemed convincing enough as I gave up after few minutes and dialed up the number of one person who could help me.

"Hello."

"Mikasa, I need your help."

I could practically sense her rolling her eyes on the other side as I heard shuffling and low sigh.

"Eren, I have to complete my design before midnight today. I am busy."

I groaned as I leaned back on my sofa and spoke before she could hang up on me.

"I need advice on how to breakup with Ami."

"Simple. Just say it's over."

It was my turn to roll eyes at her reply. Typical Mikasa. She was always too straight forward—one of her qualities I loved, but she needed to know not everyone functioned like her.

"Mika, she is going to gauge my eyes out and kill me cold blooded, you know that right?"

She snorted as I settled comfortably on the sofa.

"You are better off asking Armin or Sasha about it. I am the worst person to get relationship advice from."

It was true. Mikasa was very choosy and she could barely get past the first date much less start a relationship. This was why she only had less than handful boyfriend. Most of the guys were either too intimidated by her cold exterior or tried to make a move on her too soon. She was also an introvert by nature and opened up to only a couple of people. I was lucky to be one among them.

"I don't know. I guess you are always the first person who comes to my mind."

She mumbled some incoherent words before taking a deep breath and addressing me.

"Are you sure you want to breakup? I mean she isn't that bad, is she?"

Ami's high pitch voice squeaked in my mind as I inwardly cringed.

"Oh she is, believe me. I have finally accepted that I am not a relationship type of guy. I want to be single again and focus on my career just like you."

Mikasa was a diligent student. She was doing her post graduate from FIT and her dream was to work in Paris among the very best designers of the world. Since we were childhood friends, I had always been jealous of Mikasa who was a born prodigy but as years went on she made me realize I needed to work harder too to achieve my goals which was the reason why I was among the top students of my batch today.

"Well ok then, take her to a nice Italian restaurant feed her some Bruschetta and tell her your only focus is career right now. Problem solved."

I chuckled at how easy she made it sound, and hummed, as I moved towards my fridge to grab another drink.

"Ok I really need to go now. Bye"

"See ya."

She hung up the phone, as I pulled another beer from inside. As I was closing the door a plate whizzed by my head, merely inches away from my ear and shattered on the wall.

"What the—" I turned around to see a red faced Ami. "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"With me?" She tossed another plate at my head and missed. "What's wrong with me? What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"Only one of us is currently using plates as a potential murder weapon right now..."

"You're breaking up with me tomorrow? Days before the New Year's Eve!"

"If I say yes, will you stop throwing my goddamn plates?"

She threw another one, but it landed near the stove. "I thought we were going to the charity ball together! I planned on introducing you to my family!"

Ok that was too soon. We had been dating only for three months.

"I know I text you all the time, but only because I worry and like you so much, and I'm a journalism major so I see stories that would make your mind explode... People are out there dying every day, Eren. Every. Day."

"Okay..." I shook my head. "Exactly how much Adderall did you take today?"

"Our perfect future aside, you're breaking up with me, and I have to hear about it from a phone conversation you're having with someone else? That's messed up, Eren! Beyond messed up!"

"You're right." I held up my hands in a slight surrender. "And I'm actually very sorry about that, but yes, I am breaking up with you tomorrow. Well, right now, actually..." I decided to say what Mikasa told me. "I need to focus only on my career right now..."

She was silent for a long time, glaring at me in utter disbelief. I was hoping she wouldn't try to talk me out of this, otherwise, I'd have to spill some harsh truths and there would be more plates throwing.

"You know what?" She set down the remaining plates in her hand and slid her bag over her shoulder. Then she walked toward me. "I should've seen this coming miles away; should've known that you would never bare your soul to me like I bared mine to you."

"You're more than welcome to stay the night," I said, glad she was somewhat accepting. "I never said I was putting you out. I can take you home tomorrow."

"Oh! So, now you want to be a gentleman?!" She hissed. "Please! My best friend is outside waiting for me."

"Well, in that case...I'm sorry we didn't work out."

"You're really not," she said, stepping closer. "You're not sorry because you don't really want a

girlfriend, Eren. You've never wanted one, and do you want to know why?" She hissed and I was more than convinced that ending this relationship was for the best.

"Ask me why." She pushed my shoulder. "Ask me why you don't need a goddamn girlfriend!"

"Why don't I need a girlfriend, Ami?"

I asked with a bored tone as her face gleamed with some sort of twisted expression.

"Because you already have one... You always have..." She pushed me harder. "And her name is Mikasa Ackerman."

I raised my eyebrow, completely confused.

"So, fuck you and her, and I hope your tiny little cock—"

"It was huge when you were riding it.."

"Whatever! Fuck. You. Eren." She bumped me with her shoulder and headed toward the side door. She twisted and turned the lock a few times, pushing and pulling on the knob.

"You have to leave through the front door," I said, without moving. "New locks, remember?"

She gave me one last venomous stare before huffing and pushing past me and towards the front. The door slammed behind her as a relieved sigh escaped my lips. *Finally.*

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"You are unbelievable, my friend."

Armin laughed as he heard my breakup story from yesterday. Well, I couldn't blame him. That was the most dramatic breakup of my life.

"Remind me, how you ended up dating her again?" He took a sip from his caramel latte as I sighed and paused eating my sandwich.

"Our families run in same social circle. My dad told me to entertain her and well." I shrugged my shoulders, as Armin gave a disapproving look. Ok I might have ended up with her in the bed later and next thing I knew we were dating. I didn't consider dating as a big deal unlike my friend. Armin believed in *once in a lifetime* love and all that shit so he wasn't a big fan of my...methods, but I was content with this. It's not like I didn't believe in love and stuff it's just that my work was my first priority. It's always been plus I knew what love did to people. I wasn't about to become a lovesick fool.

"I just don't know why you can't find a decent girl for once." He muttered as I tapped my fingers on the table top.

"Maybe, because I never met one Armin. I always find the crazy weird ones."

"You haven't looked hard enough then." His eyes gleamed with some hidden meaning, as I frowned but before I could question him a third voice chimed in.

"Sorry, I am late."

Mikasa announced as she settled down on the seat besides me and suddenly my day got brighter. She threw us an apologetic smile as she called for the waiter and placed her order. We were at the Wendy's right now. It was a tradition among us three to meet up at this place on weekends. It started when we were in high school and were passing by this road after school and decided to grab a quick bite. Over the years it became a habit. Due to our clashing classes and in case of Armin:work, we weren't able to meet up much so we decided on a time at Saturdays.

"It's fine. You didn't miss much. We were just discussing my inability to love." I stated dryly as she chuckled and patted my arm.

"It's ok, Eren. I am sure there's a medical explanation for your condition."

Armin high-fived her as they both shared a laugh, while I chose to sip my coffee.

"You know the same can be said for you, Mikasa. You never fell in love either." She raised an unimpressed eyebrow before turning to face me properly.

"I don't fall in love because I haven't found the right person yet. You don't fall in love because you *chose* not to."

Smartass.

"Well you can't find the right sample, if you haven't experimented on much."

She smacked my arm as I groaned. Sometimes I forgot how *freakishly* strong she was.

"If you both are done with your verbal sparring, can we please discuss about the new year plan now?"

"Wait, what plan?"

Mikasa looked between me and Armin, as I rubbed my forehead. "Jean wants us all to take a road trip to Dallas for the Eve."

Mikasa straightened as she pulled out her phone and opened the calendar. "Ok, so who is going so far?"

Armin chose to answer her this time as he counted on his fingers. "Me, Eren, Connie and Jean are on-board. Reiner will be joining us too there with some of his friends. You and the girls are left. Well, Ymir is definitely coming which means she will convince Historia too. And Sasha will definitely not pass on the opportunity of a food festival, so it's just you."

"Hmm. Levi did mention something about dinner reservations-"

"No way! You are coming with us."

I interrupted her, as she scowled at me before shaking her head. "I don't know. Uncle Kenny is coming with his new wife. Levi wants to have a family get together."

Armin wrinkled his nose in disappointment, as I took Mikasa's hand in my own and started rubbing my thumb over her palm. "I am not leaving without you. Besides, who will keep me in check if you are not there."

She pushed away my hand and folded her arms across her chest as she looked at me. "I am not your

mother, Eren. You can survive on your own."

"Didn't you promise my mom to always look after me and keep me out of trouble?" I reminded her as she pursed her lips, indicating her annoyance.

"Yeah. That was when we were in middle school and you always got into fight!"

"I can still get into fights you know."

She looked more irritated than before as Armin gestured us both to cool it down. Oh yeah we were doing it again. Me and Mikasa had the bad habit of arguing over simpler things ever since we were in elementary school. And it never changed. We were yin and yang. We always got into an argument somehow or the other. It was a miracle we both became best friends.

I took a deep breath before reaching out for her hand once again as she looked up at me, her eyes doubtful. "You might be leaving for Paris in six months. And I might be moving to different state too. Many things will change. This might be our last new year together."

Realisation dawned upon her face as her eyes softened and she unconsciously squeezed my hand tighter. Her eyes held a tint of sadness as I moved closer to her and gave her a sideways hug. "Will you come with us?"

She glanced up at me and bit her lip before nodding slowly as a wide grin spread across my face and I placed a small kiss on her forehead. I always knew how to win over my girl. Well she wasn't my girl *technically*.

I separated from her as Armin raised his cup and we followed the suit clinking our coffee together.

"To the New Year!"

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Sixteen years ago

Third Person POV

Eren moved his leg to and fro as he waited for his Dad to come out. Hospitals were boring. If only Mom hadn't gone to Grandma's house he would have stayed at home rather than getting stuck here. He got up from the chair and decided to get a candy from the vending machine. He pulled out some coins and trotted down the hallway. After three failed attempts he was finally able to get one out. With a big smile he pocketed it into his pants before his eyes landed on someone. There was a girl sitting few feet away on the metal chair. Her head was bowed and she looked very sad. It stuck something inside Eren as he slowly began to approach her. His mom always told him not to talk to strangers but she was just a little girl like him. That wouldn't hurt.

He paused a few feet away from her, as she raised her head to look at him. Her eyes looked blank and he noticed the band aid on her head.

"Here, have this candy. It tastes really good." He offered his favourite one to her as she just stared at it. Not knowing what to do he hesitatingly sat besides her. He fidgeted with his fingers as he wondered what to say. He wasn't very good at talking to others and he only had one friend Armin. Armin was smart. He would know what to say if he was here. Eren scratched his head, as he noticed her shivering slightly despite wearing the sweater. Without any thought he took out the scarf around his neck before wrapping it around her, a bit messily. She looked surprised as Eren inwardly cheered on getting some reaction out of her.

"It's warm right." He blushed a little as her eyes scrutinized him before they filled with tears. "Yes, it is." She had the sweetest voice he had ever heard, as he gave her a small smile before taking out his candy and trying once again.

"It's better than Santa's candy. I promise." This time she did take it from his hand as Eren felt pure happiness swell through his heart.

"Santa's don't exist you know." She muttered after opening the wrapper as he frowned. "Huh, but he always brings me presents on Christmas." He was confused now. Dad told him that Santa left the present for good kids. So Eren always behaved well before Christmas. "Our mom and Dad leaves it not Santa. My parents used to do it too but they can't anymore."

"Huh, why not?"

"Because they are dead." Her voice started to quiver again as tears welled up in her eyes. Oh no. Poor girl. This should never happen to anyone. Eren wouldn't know what to do if his parents weren't around anymore. He remembered his mother's words as he turned to face her.

"My mom says that people who die become angels, and watch over their loved ones. You can't see them but they are always with you. Your parents must be watching you too. They won't want you to cry, otherwise they will get upset too."

She wiped off her face and blinked her eyes before looking around them. "Really?" He nodded as he gave her another piece of candy. "Here, you might like this one." They sat in comfortable silence for a while just eating their candies before the girls voice broke out.

Thank you...umm."

"Eren. My name is Eren Yeager." He held out his hand just like he saw his father doing it to people, as the girl took it slowly before shaking it. "My name is Mikasa Ackerman." Eren immediately decided he liked that name.

"EREN!"

He looked ahead to find his dad approaching him with hurried steps followed by another man. He got up as he noticed the short man moving towards Mikasa as he extended his hand.

"Come on kid. Let's get you home." She took it somewhat unsurely before getting up and walking with him. She threw one last glance at Eren, as they both disappeared down the hallway.

"Eren, I thought I told you to stay by my office." He looked up at his father as a wave of sadness passed through him. "I was just trying to talk to Mikasa. She was all alone." His father's face softened, as he gave a bittersweet smile before motioning Eren to follow him.

"That was kind of you."

"Do you know how her parents died, Dad?" His father sighed as they got inside the elevator. "They were killed in a car accident. Mikasa was also in the car but she survived because she was in the back seat."

Eren felt a pain in his chest as he tried not to cry thinking about the poor girl. Why did such thing happen to an innocent girl like her? He wished he could make her happy. He wanted to be friends with her.

"Eren, where is your scarf?"

"I gave it to Mikasa. She needed it more."

My dear friend

Chapter Summary

Mikasa is tired of explaining to everyone that Eren is just her friend. Or is he?

Chapter Notes

Present age:

Levi: 40

[Click here to see how Eren and Mikasa look in the present day](#)

□

Mikasa's POV

I pulled the gloves over my hand as I stretched my body *once, twice* before getting into the position. I arched my left leg back, as I tightened my wrists and punched the bag with full ounce of my power. I switched my hand before repeating the same motion again and *again*, until sweat began to gather over my skin. I was grateful for Levi for building a private gym inside our house, so I could train and exercise any time I wanted to. I had been trained in martial arts ever since I was 10 year old —courtesy of Levi of course, so this had become an essential part of my life. After my parents death, I needed a medium to cope—to *invest my energy in*, so my cousin introduced me to judo and free form. He offered to teach me himself so unlike other girls who spent their childhood years playing with dolls and dressing up, I trained to get stronger. For a long time I was convinced, that I would grow up to become a physical instructor or some shit, but during middle school I got interested in sketching and drawing. I did all kinds of sketching from abstract to expression to modern to designing clothes. It was my hobby—my favourite past time. After reading many articles and news magazines, I was fascinated by the world of fashion designers. It seemed like a sensible career compared to that of an artist. So I started watching fashion shows when Levi wasn't home and dreamt of running my own shows. I *eventually* realized what I really wanted and discussed with him. To say that he was surprised was an understatement, but he was very supportive later on and so my journey began. *Just six months more*. After that I might be working with big show runners of the Fashion city. I was already getting lot of propositions, but I wanted to work with the very best. I panted and wiped off the sweat from my face before jumping and throwing kicks in the air. However, just because I chose another field didn't mean that I stopped training. I still worked out vigorously as much as possible. It was a part of my life.

“Oyi, brat, easy! I bought that bag just this week.”

I paused as I found my older brother, well *technically* cousin brother entering the gym. He was dressed in his uniform already, so I knew he was on the way to his work.

“Come on, have some breakfast.” I nodded as I followed him out and into the dining room. The place was pretty big for just two of us. This was one of the reason why I never moved out of the house. All of my friends were living alone at this point except me. Not to mention, Levi would be

really alone if I left. After his divorce with Petra, he had become more reserved than before—only focusing on his job. Although I was glad that his relationship with his daughter hadn't changed. Petra was a very sweet person, and rest assured, they would never face any problem regarding custody. It was sad to see those two separate. Just went on to prove how love wasn't enough for a relationship.

"Kenny will be coming on 29th."

I looked up from my plate, as I remembered that I had a more *pressing matter* to attend to. I still hadn't told Levi, that I was leaving with my friends. Well no better time then now. "I won't be here on New Year's." He paused eating and frowned up at me, as I cleared my throat.

"My friends have planned a getaway to Dallas for three days."

He hummed, *obviously* displeased as I waited for the interrogation. Even though I was a grown woman, Levi was still overprotective of me, even if he did not show it discreetly.

"And who are these 'friends' you talk about?"

"Sasha, Armin, Eren and few others."

He pursed his lips, deep in thought, as I slowly chewed on my bun. "Kenny's wife was looking forward to meet you. You skipped their wedding too." I sighed, as I didn't want to have this conversation again. I wasn't fond of my Uncle's methods. This was his sixth marriage. With a 22 year old nonetheless. The very idea that his wife was younger than me left an unsettling feeling in my stomach. I knew she was in it for his money, and he wanted a beautiful young *trophy wife* to parade around in front of other socialites. A rewarding settlement for both.

"I have no interest in meeting her or *him* for that matter. I am going with my friends." I stated firmly leaving no room for more discussion. Levi knew better then to question me, so he chose to remain quiet and we finished our food in silence.

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Sixteen years ago

Third Person POV

Mikasa hesitantly stepped out of the car as she looked towards the gates of the building. She could see children walking inside, talking and laughing. They looked happy to come here unlike her. She didn't want to attend school. Not now maybe never. All she wanted was to curl up in her bed with the hugsie her mom made for her. It's been a month since her parents died, and her brother decided she needed to get out and go to school like normal people. She had to also move schools as Levi lived in other city, and Mikasa absolutely hated this new place. This city. Everything. It was too big, too noisy unlike the place where she used to live before.

Levi held her hand, as he walked her inside the school premises. She could already see some people looking at her and she grew more nervous. She didn't know anyone here. What if the children here were mean? She followed Levi to the headmaster's office as they both talked briefly, and the principal threw her a gentle smile. The old man called in a peon and asked her to follow him to her class.

"Mikasa?" She looked up at Levi, as he firmly grasped her shoulder before continuing. "I know it's hard, kid, but you need to study too. You are a wonderful girl. I am sure you will make good friends here, and soon you will love coming to school." Mikasa highly doubted that as she gave a weak nod. Levi ruffled her hairs as he bid her goodbye and she was left standing alone in the room, surrounded by strangers. She followed the tall man down the hallway as they both climbed the stairs before he paused in front of a classroom. Fourth C. He knocked on the door, as the teacher opened it and let her in with a friendly smile. She tried to stop her shivering, as her mam introduced her to the class but she had barely begun when a loud voice interrupted her.

"MIKASA!"

She looked up and found green pair of eyes looking at her with surprise. She had seen those eyes before. And that face. It was the boy from the hospital. Eren. Mikasa felt something akin to happiness and relief flooded through her system, as her face broke into a smile mirroring his own.

"Eren, settle down on your seat." The teacher ordered as he slowly moved back on his seat but grinned widely at her.

"I know her."

"You do?" He nodded as the teacher asked her to go sit on the empty seat besides him. And Mikasa thought that maybe school might not be that bad after all.

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Present day

Mikasa's POV

"I think I look fat in this." I rolled my eyes as Sasha examined her figure forumpteenth time this evening. I took her hand and forced her to move from the washroom. "Come on Sasha, Mrs. Yeager must be wondering where we keep disappearing off to."

She followed me a *bit sulkily*, as I rolled my eyes. Yeager family always threw lavish Christmas parties so it had become a common tradition among us to gather here for the feast. We stepped into the kitchen where Carla was already supervising the preparation of the food—giving orders and working on the turkey. She smiled when she saw us approaching.

"I would offer you some turkey, but it's still in works."

"Oh no, Aunt Carla! We want to help you out!" Sasha proposed, as the older woman shook her

head. I couldn't believe she was in her late forties now. She didn't look a day older than thirty—her eyes marred with fine wrinkles, which gave her face a mature, more *dignified* look. Mr. Yeager was fine looking but Eren definitely got those good looks from his mom.

“Nonsense! You both go have some fun outside. I already have many hands helping me. See!” She pointed across the room towards the patrons and chefs, as I sighed. “Here, take some of my special pudding with you.”

She offered us a plate as we both thanked her. “Mmm. Mrs Yeager, can I kiss your hands please? These taste magical!” Sasha was *practically* drooling, as Auntie laughed at her and I shook my head. It was delicious—I must admit, but nothing I hadn't been eating for past fifteen years.

“So, I heard my idiot son finally came to his senses and dumped that tramp!” I coughed on my bite, as both me and Sasha shared a funny look. It wasn't everyday you heard Eren's mom use some 'choice' words. “She wasn't that bad.” I offered weakly, as she prepared the stuffings.

“She was doing body shots off a man twice her age first time I saw her.”

“Oh.” A laugh whisked out of my throat at the picture she painted. Oh yes, I do remember Eren telling me about it. They were attending an annual ball of some sorts, and her behavior was borderline...well *slutty*. Her parents were apparently used to her 'friendly' behavior so they didn't say anything. Mr Yeager then took it upon himself to ask Eren to lure her away from the party for a while. Oh, he lured her all right he lured her *very well*. Eren did seem to have a poor track record with the girls. I didn't know, if it was intentional or not but he mostly dated rich sorority snubs—a type Carla despised the most. *No wonder his relationships never lasted.*

“When will he realize he have the perfect girl by his side all this time?” She murmured more to herself than to us, but I froze and awkwardly stood there. It wasn't a big secret that Eren's mom wanted us both to date ever since we hit our teenage. She had even shown me the family ring when I was in high school *stating* that it will be mine someday.

“Well, we will see you outside in a few.” I excused myself as she nodded, and I walked out of the kitchen followed by a chuckling Sasha. “She will make you her daughter in law one day, mark my words.”

“Shut up.” Of course, she didn't listen to me. “I mean, seriously, why don't you guys date already? You both know each other so well, and you also have amazing chemistry. You will be perfect together!”

I had heard this thousand times before. Everyone who knew us had asked this question at some point in our life. *How do you manage to stay platonic?* Apparently a boy and a girl can't be *just* best friends. Plus, I had seen what happened to the girls he dated and broke up. He couldn't even stay in the same room as them. I didn't want our friendship to be jeopardized, if we ever got together and things didn't work out. Besides, what I had with him was more than enough.

“He is like my brother, Sasha.” She cringed at my words, as I too felt a little disturbed. Ok not brother exactly, because I have ogled him more times than I could count, but I had to say something to get her off my back. She didn't get the message though, as she continued.

“Brother-brother or step brother? Because if it is the latter, you should give it a try someday.” This time I did give her my death stare, stopping her line of questioning as we rounded the hallway. Suddenly, I was lifted off my feet and spun around as I gasped before recognizing those strong arms around my waist.

“Eren!”

I pinched his hand, as he winced before letting me down and hugging me from behind. “Merry Christmas!” He whispered in my ear before placing a friendly kiss on my cheek, as I tried not to blush. Sasha gave me a knowing look mouthing ‘*Brother huh*’, and I scowled before removing Eren’s hands from around my waist, and turning on my heel to face him.

“Same to you.” Despite myself my eyes raked over his body, and I had to hide the tinge of attraction. He was dressed up in dark jeans and burgundy sweater, and his long hairs were whisked back in a ponytail with few strands framing his face. My best friend was really *too attractive* for his own good.

“You look beautiful.” I tilted my head in mock surprise, as he whisked past me to greet Sasha too. He didn’t kiss her on the cheek and somehow that knowledge made me feel *extra* special.

“Let’s go meet up with the others.” Sasha said as together, we three moved outside and in the garden area which was decorated for the occasion. Our friends were all circled up together laughing about something as we approached them. Immediately, I exchanged quick hugs with Jean, Connie and Armin.

“Man, I can’t wait for our trip now.” Connie announced as I agreed inwardly. This was the first time I will be leaving the city for holiday and I was really excited. Jean popped open the bottle of champagne as Armin called him out.

“We didn’t have dinner yet. It’s too early to get drunk.”

“Relax dude, it’s just one glass” He passed around the glass to everyone, as I thanked him before taking a small sip from it. I didn’t hold my alcohol too well and got tipsy after just two shots, so I decided to take it slow. It didn’t surprise me when Eren already finished his first round and poured himself another one. Among all of us he was the one who handled his alcohol the best.

“Geez, Eren, slow down! Aunt Carla is going to kill you.” He snorted at Armin’s words before finally putting the glass down, and leaning back on his chair. We spent next few minutes just talking about absolutely nothing, before we were asked to come to the dining hall for buffet. Food was extremely delicious as *always*, and I wished Levi could have joined as well, but his superior had already invited him to the party at his home.

“I am stuffed.”

Sasha patted her belly, as I agreed with her. I was so full and all I wanted to do now was to go home and sleep. Jean came up to my side with a glass of drink, as I frowned. “I am not drinking more than one, Jean.”

“It’s just soft drink, I promise.” He lifted a hand to his heart, as I huffed before taking it from him. Well ok, he was speaking the truth. He grinned at my relieved expression as I grunted.

“Umm, Guys.” We looked at Connie as he pointed above our head, and I looked up to find the mistletoe hanging from the ceiling. *That’s just great*. “We don’t have to. I mean, Mikasa will be clearly uncomfortable.”

I tried not to roll my eyes, as I motioned him to shut up before giving him a quick friendly peck. Tradition was tradition right. I could have sworn his temperature spiked up, as he scratched his head.

“Are you kidding me?” I wasn’t surprised to find Eren scowling at both of us well *mainly* at Jean,

as I walked past them. Typical. Eren and Jean had friendly rivalry of some sorts for years, and unfortunately I was dragged into it too when Jean announced he had a crush on me in high school. I found out later that they both got into a fight, and Eren justified himself saying I was too good for a *horse face* like him. Even now his temper used to flare whenever Jean would flirt with me *albeit* harmlessly. I already had one overprotective brother at home, I didn't need one more.

"Hey." I saw Eren walking out through the glass doors, and into the balcony as I inhaled.

"Did you really have to kiss horse face?" *Here we go.* He was obviously displeased as I tried not to lash out at him. I was getting too tired of this behavior. "It was a peck not a kiss."

"Doesn't matter. Your lips still touched." He grumbled with annoyance, as I glared at him. "Eren, it's not any of your business who I kiss okay?" I stepped past him before he grabbed my hand, a defeated look on his face.

"You are right. I am sorry. "

I sighed, as he pursed his lips looking at me with far too innocent expression than he actually was. He knew the effect those puppy eyes had on me. *Jerk.* I couldn't stay mad at him, even if I tried. He smiled as he saw my features relax before extending his hand.

"Let's dance."

"I don't dance." He chose not to listen, as he grabbed both of my hands and tried to sway me with him in ballroom style. I decided to cooperate with him after a while, as he kept bumping our legs. He hugged me then, as I placed my head over his shoulder and closed my eyes. I felt relaxed as he swayed our body slowly. His warmth making me feel protected. I missed this. We were always so close, but after he started dating Ami he had kept his space from me. I knew she was jealous. I mean, I would be too, if I was in her shoes. Seeing my boyfriend this close to someone else. He pulled away, and I groaned at the loss of heat.

"I am really lucky to have you." He admitted looking at me with lazy eyes—side effect of alcohol, as my heart skipped a beat. Sometimes the way he looked at me with *so much adoration* made me feel things I shouldn't be feeling. It had been a long time since I got over those feelings, but his actions and words sometimes made it hard for me.

"Me too." I replied as he held my hand and we both walked back inside.

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I worked my hands boldly through the croquis, as I drew the seam line around the waist. I had to submit four designs before New Year's holiday. These works were to be sent to few esteemed recruiters who have asked for the best samples from our batch. Since, I was top ranker of my class, professor had already asked me to provide them with the best I could. I had been working non stop whole week to get them ready. It wasn't an easy task coming up with something unique and appealing—which would impress their team. I planned to submit it by tomorrow itself, so that I could go home and prepare for my trip. We were leaving in two days, and I still hadn't gotten any packing done *nor* decided upon what clothes to bring with me.

"There you are!"

I looked up to find my classmate Hitch approaching me with a wide smile on her face. I was surprised she was able to find me. This was my secret room where I worked in sometimes when I had free hour.

“Hey.”

She rounded the table, as she came to stand beside me and looked at my work. She whistled before seating down on the chair. “As always you leave me awestruck, Miss Ackerman. These are great.”

“It’s not done yet. But thanks.” I carefully filled in the legs, using sharp, thin strokes so the design won’t look messy.

“I wish, I was as talented as you.”

“You are. Otherwise you won’t be studying in one of the best college of this country.” She disagreed, as she pouted her lips in a thoughtful manner and picked up my finished piece. She grazed her hand over it as she addressed me.

“No, I am here because my daddy was rich enough to get me admission in this place.”

I snorted, as I shaded along the border of the dress. “Your dad didn’t help you in passing your exams though. That was all you.” She shrugged it off, as I focused on my work. Unlike me Hitch was only doing this post grad for the thrill of fun. Designing was her hobby while it was whole life for me. This and art. But the latter was shoved down on the back of my mind nowadays because *priorities!*

“I heard you guys are going to Dallas.” I paused as I looked up at her. Of course. She and Jean were childhood buddies, so she must have heard from him. Come to think of it why didn’t Jean invite her. I asked her so as she chuckled.

“He did actually. But, I have already planned a ski trip with few friends.” She was clearly disappointed, but I didn’t pry further. She and I weren’t that close, plus if she wanted to come she could easily cancel her old plan.

“Mikasa, can I ask you something.” I glanced in her direction, and nodded silently asking her to continue as she took a deep breath and smiled. “So, umm...I wanted to ask about your best friend.”

“Eren?” I questioned as she bit her lip and agreed. *Oh.* She lowered her voice as if he was actually in earshot. “Would you be mad, if I went out with him?”

Not the first time I heard this line.

“Why would I be mad?”

“Because, I mean...I personally think you two have probably done stuff in the past, and there are some hidden emotions on your part, so-”

“There are no hidden emotions on my part.” I cut her off swiftly. I was *so tired* of people making assumptions about us all time. “We have never even kissed.” I added to solidify my answer.

“That’s not the point.” She waved off the topic. “I want to go out with him, and I want to make sure it is okay with you since we’re friends.”

We weren’t friends *strictly* speaking. Hitch was just my classmate—my study partner sometimes. But I didn’t voice that out loud.

“You don’t really need my permission. However, I don’t think Eren is looking for a relationship right now. He just broke up. “

She waved it off dismissively. “Jean told me that Eren was up for a little fun you know. Even, I am not looking for anything serious.” Well...Eren did not tell me that. We were best friends, but he didn’t tell me of his sexual exploits *so openly* like he did to Armin and Jean. I wouldn’t call my friend a *player* but he had definitely been around. And I was sure he wasn’t against the idea of some *no strings attached* relationship. Especially with someone like Hitch. Even though, I was a girl but I had to admit she was hot.

“Well then, go for it.” She squealed with happiness before hugging me tightly, as I groaned uncomfortably.

“You are the best.” I forced a smile, as I wondered if I did the right thing. Well it wasn’t really my place to control who could or couldn’t date my friend.

“I heard he has a huge cock! And that he is into dirty and rough sex. Is that true?”

Wow! I did not need to know that.

“I don’t know. “ I turned back to my work starting my strokes again before she interrupted me.

“Oh come on you mean to say you haven’t even coped a feel, and-“

“Hitch, I said no.”

She immediately shut up at the pointed look I gave her. I had my limits, and she was beginning to cross it now. She mumbled an apology before bidding me goodbye and leaving me alone.

It was late evening, that I decided to head back to my house. I was almost done with my work and just finishing was left now. I wasn’t surprised to find a car waiting for me in the front with a familiar face peeking at me from the window shield. My jeep was sent for servicing, so I had to carpool with my best friend for today. He got out and threw me his charming smile as the corners of my lip lifted.

I heard he has a huge cock.

My eyes unconsciously drifted towards his pants as Hitch's question resonated in my mind. I flushed before looking away and mentally prayed he didn’t notice that. He didn’t, as he held the door open for me, and I sat besides him on the passenger seat. *Stupid Hitch.*

“Are you done with your assignment?”

“Almost.” I answered shortly, as I glanced right to look at him. He was focused solely on driving. His hands gripping the steering wheel firmly. I noticed the veins in his forearm, where he rolled up his sleeve. He had rough calloused hands — definitive sign of working out. This time I wasn’t too discreet, as he caught my eye and I flinched inwardly before looking in front.

“Are you ok?”

“Mm. Just tired.”

I was surprised by how calm I sounded, as my heart was anything but calm. Why was I suddenly noticing how attractive my best friend was? I mean I had always been aware but it was now that I was actually realizing it. I needed a distraction.

“Hitch wants to ask you out.” He threw me a quick glance, as I continued.

“She wants casual thing just like you. Jean told her.”

“He is a loudmouth.” Eren murmured as he took a U turn on the highway. I played with my phone, as I asked carefully.

“Should I say no to her?”

“I don’t know. I mean, I am not opposed to hooking up, as long as she doesn’t ask for more.” I looked away and out of the window. Well, he was free to do whatever he wanted to.

“I will text her your number.” I provided to him, as he shrugged. “Tell her, it will only be a one time thing.” I violently tapped my fingers on the phone, as I sent his number. I had no idea why I was feeling pissed. I could sense Eren’s eyes on me *assessing* me closely as I kept my gaze solely on the road. I wasn’t surprised to see her reply few seconds later, as she sent me thank you with a kiss emoji.

I didn’t respond.

Once we reached my house, I got out of the car as fast as I could giving him a short goodbye. I took quick steps, as I reached the front of the house before knocking. There was a murmur and loud footsteps as the door slammed opened and a small body attached itself to me.

“AUNTY!”

I felt a smile creep up on my face for first time today, as I kneeled down and hugged my niece.

“Hey, Bella!” She was strong for a five year old, as she tightened her hold around my waist. I picked her up as I walked in to find Levi standing by the hall with his hands planted on his hips.

“Bella, come finish your milk first.” She nestled closer to me, clearly not wanting to drink it as I laughed. Only she could give my brother a hard time.

“Bella, finish your glass.” His voice was more gentle this time, as she peeked at him, and I walked towards his direction.

“Sweetie, if you won’t drink milk you will remain a shorty just like your Papa.” I had to stifle a laugh at his glare as she looked at me with horrified expression before turning towards her father.

“Papa, I want to be as tall as Auntie Mika.”

“That’s my girl.” I kissed her cheek, placing her down as she ran to grab her glass.

“Lesson at my expense. Nice.” Sarcasm was thick in his voice, as I tried not to laugh at his sullen face. His height had always been a sensitive topic for him, but I couldn’t help but poke a fun every now and then. He knew I meant no harm. We saw Isabel trotting towards us drinking her milk with a nasty expression on her face—obviously expressing her displeasure. Well, at least she was drinking it.

Later that night, as I was lying on my bed after wrapping up my work, I got a text from Eren. I wasn’t too keen on talking to him for reasons I didn’t want to dwell on, but I knew he would start calling me, if I didn’t respond so I opened it.

I am not going out with Hitch.

I sat up immediately, and squinted, making sure I read it correctly.

Why the change of mind?

I replied, and got his response few seconds later.

I have known you since you were nine. I knew you were mad at the idea of us hooking up. I am not going to ask why, but I want you to be honest with me always.

I should have known. Eren had always been good at reading my mind. Even if to outsiders, I appeared cool and aloof sometimes there would be a storm brewing inside, me and no one would know, except my best friend. I rolled back down, as my hands typed and erased thinking what to send him. His text beat me to it.

I can see you typing. I know you are thinking what you should say. It's ok. I don't want any explanation. You mean more to me than some random hookup.

My heart fluttered unexpectedly as a gentle smile spread across my face. He might not know, it but Eren definitely had a way with his words. He could be really smooth when he wanted to. I wished him *good night* and went to sleep with a much better mood than before.

Of road trips and new feelings

Chapter Summary

A tense roadtrip leads to some interesting new discoveries.

Chapter Notes

Present Ages:

Armin: 24

Sasha: 24

Connie: 24

Jean: 24

Reiner: 26

Pieck: 25

Historia: 24

Ymir: 26

Porco: 25

Colt: 26

Bertholt: 25

Past age

Eren: 12

Mikasa: 12

Armin: 12

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

Eren's POV

Mikasa hurry up

I drummed my fingers over the steering wheel of my SUV —patiently waiting for Mikasa to show up. Ok, the patience part was lie. We were leaving for Dallas today, and we were already two hours behind the schedule, thanks to my *not so punctual* friends. Firstly Jean slept in late, then Sasha was still packing when we arrived at her house. And Connie; well Connie wasn't even at his apartment. Yup, that idiot was halfway across the city buying some good quality weed. *Don't judge him*. My friends weren't exactly role model for the society, but we always had each other's back, and that's what mattered the most. Armin and Mikasa were the only ones who I could actually rely on to be most responsible. Well...that's what I used to think until now.

I will be there in five.

She texted back, and I slumped back on my seat as Armin poked me from behind asking how long would she take. I raised my fingers to answer before closing my eyes. This was the first time Mikasa wasn't on time. We had been sitting out here for twenty minutes already. *So much for reaching there by tomorrow morning.*

"Did I tell you guys I joined a cannabis organization few days back?"

"What the fuck, Connie?" Jean voiced out all our reactions, as I looked at them through rearview mirror.

"Did you already smoke too much weed today? It's kind of early for you, isn't it?"

"For the record, there is no such thing as too much weed." He admitted boldly, as I wondered perhaps it was time to recommend a good therapist for him. This shit wasn't normal.

"Let me get this straight, you are happy about joining an organization that promotes illegal drug?" Armin deadpanned, clearly none of us were a big fan of this.

"Okay, first of all, weed is not a drug. It's an herb," he said defiantly. "This shit grows from the ground, just like a goddamn carrot."

"What about the side effects?" Sasha who had apparently been napping in the back seat piped in. "The warnings?"

"What warnings? This herb may relax you and make you overwhelmingly calm, peaceful, and happy? Oh, yeah." He rolled his eyes. "The side effects are practically lethal. Weed cures glaucoma, helps the blind, and the only reason it's illegal is because the government knows that, if they make it legal it'll be hard to tax because people might attempt to grow their own untaxable stashes in their backyard."

"As a practicing doctor, I can counter all the points you made Connie." I was starting to worry about how lightly he took his health. He mumbled something in Spanish, and I decided to let it be *for now* leaning back once again on my seat. I was pretty sure it had been more than five minutes now. Where was she?

On the cue, I heard a whispered *Damn* from Jean followed by a whistle from Connie as my eyes shot open.

"Mamacita luciendo bien!"

Connie shouted as I turned my head to look out of the window, and found Mikasa walking out of her house. *Finally*. But that wasn't what the commotion was about. It was the way she was dressed. Mikasa was wearing high heeled boots. She never wore heels! Her legs were donned in skinny blue jeans and she was wearing a red leather jacket over the black turtle neck. It wasn't anything much over the top, but just the way she carried herself today, something was different. She was also wearing red lipstick. I never realized how plump her lips were. Her almond eyes glistened in the sun, as an apologetic smile played across her lips. She was a mixture of sexy and innocent right now.

What The Fuck?

Jean rushed out to grab her bag, and put it in the car trunk, as I sat still frozen at my line of thoughts. She rounded the vehicle and slid beside the driver's seat before turning back to address everyone, as I blinked. "Sorry, I wasn't done with my packing, I had to edit my assignments so I didn't get umm...time" Her eyes landed on me, as I snapped out of my trance and looked away

from her before nodding. Shit. Was I really staring at her like a creep all this time?

“Mikasa, you look mighty fine today!” She smiled awkwardly at Connie’s compliment not realizing he was high, as I tried to forget about the past minute and started the engine. Was I really attracted to my best friend, or was it just spur of the moment thing? I glanced at her one more time—at her lips precisely which were set in a perfect pout, her chest rising and falling with every breath as my eyes lingered on them for far too long. Fuck!

I immediately focused all my attention on driving as Sasha called Mikasa from behind, and they got into a conversation about something, and right now I was extremely grateful for the distraction.

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Five hours into the drive

“Eren, you gotta stop at the next restaurant. I need real food.” Sasha said munching on some chips, and I wondered if she was already done eating all our snacks.

“There’s a service center 3 km ahead.” Mikasa provided as she looked at the GPS attached to the windshield before going back to reading the novel.

“You plan on doing that whole time.” I asked her pointedly as she gave me a side eye. “There isn’t anything better to do.” I could think of something we both could do, and it would be extremely enjo—stop. Just stop Eren dammit! Seriously what was wrong with me?

“Oh look, there it is!” Armin pointed towards a shabby *cottage like* structure on the side, as I slowed down before parking in front. Everyone got out one by one, as I stretched my arms.

“You guys aren’t coming?” I didn’t realize Mikasa was still seated beside me, as she shook her head at Armin. “I had heavy breakfast before leaving.”

“Yeah, I am full too, buddy.”

He nodded as he moved away from the window and a silence settled upon us. I unlocked my phone, and began to play game on it. Now that we were alone my mind was begging to go into the gutter again. I sensed her moving, as my eyes flicked towards her briefly, and found her twirling a strand of her hair. She was the definition of *sitting there doing nothing but looking absolutely gorgeous*. How had I not noticed how attractive she was before? Suddenly, her onyx eyes darted up towards me with a frown and I looked away immediately.

“Is something bothering you?” Way to go Eren. Keep staring at her a bit more and she would realize what was going on in your mind. “No. Nothing.”

“Then why do you keep staring at me weirdly? Is there something you wanna tell me?”

I looked back at her to find her eyes filled with curiosity, and a twinge of irritation. What was I supposed to say? That I am fantasizing about spreading you over the car hood and taking you right here? That I was so sex deprived to the point, where I wanted to fuck my best friend!

“I am ok, just a bit tired.”

“Well then, switch with someone after this.”

I nodded silently before getting out of the car. I needed to put space between us, lest I ended up kissing her. This trip was off to a rough start.

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Thirteen years ago

Third Person POV

Eren sat there holding the wet compressor over his nose, blocking the blood from running out.

“Just hold your nose like that for a little while. It will stop.” The nurse told him, as she left the medical room leaving Eren with his two unimpressed best friends.

“This is the third time this week!” Mikasa said angrily as Eren tried not to roll his eyes. He didn’t need to hear a lecture from her too. He will get enough of that from his mom. Jean started it. He was the one who kept teasing and taunting him so what was he supposed to do? Just sit there silently like a mute. One thing led to another, and Jean ended up with the bleeding forehead and Eren with a bloody nose.

“Eren, you shouldn’t listen to Jean. He loves provoking you.”

“Yeah whatever.”

Armin’s face wrinkled with disappointment as Eren shrugged off his advice. He was always more wild, more ill tempered than his friends. He couldn’t just sit there silently while others talked shit about him.

“You could be suspended. You know your parents will-“

Eren gritted his teeth before shouting at his pestering friend. “SHUT UP ARMIN! ATLEAST I KNOW HOW TO FIGHT BACK UNLIKE YOU WHO ONLY CRIES WHEN GETTING BULLIE-“

He tumbled down his chair with the force of the harsh slap that stung his left cheek. Mikasa. She glared at him as he slowly got up. Tears were beginning to fill in his eyes.

“Shut up! The only crybaby here is you, who gets butthurt everytime someone tries to talk sense, because you know they are right. You are the one who have no hold on your emotion, and get mad at every little thing. Grow up, Eren! You are not in elementary school anymore!”

He sniffed, as he stood back on his feet. Shame evident in his eyes. She was right. He was the only one who acted bratty all time. He slowly looked up at his blonde friend whose face was pursed with sadness. Eren felt guilty. He was the one who used to save Armin from the bullies after all.

“I am sorry, Armin.” He said honestly, as his friend smiled and shook his head. “Its ok, Eren. I just don’t want you to get into any trouble.” They only wanted to look after him. His eyes moved to Mikasa who had her hands folded across her chest. Geez. She could be really scary when she wanted to. He mumbled an apology to her as well as her eyes softened.

Their tender moment was broken by the nurse as she peeked her head into the room. “Eren Yeager! Your mother is waiting for you in principal’s office.”

Shit

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Present day

Eren’s POV

12 hours into the drive

Connie and Jean were fast asleep in the back seat, while me and Sasha occupied the middle one. I was showing her some reasonable priced apartments on my ipad, as she was moving out of her parent’s house soon. “If these are the prices at Kingsbridge, do I even want to know how much the avenue costs?”

“Nope.” She groaned as I slide to another picture. Living in NYC wasn’t a joke. Property taxes were enough to give you nightmares.

“How about Crown Heights? One of my colleagues live there, and the place is pretty good and affordable.” Armin suggested from the driver’s seat. I immediately started searching there, as the silence settled in once again except for the country music which played through the speakers. Armin and Mikasa were a big sucker for old country songs. They both kept humming slowly to the lyrics, as I sighed. I was more of a metal rock guy, and this was a big torture for me. I got out my ear plugs, as Sasha snorted beside me. “Its not that bad, Eren. Give it a chance.”

“I think, I will pass.”

“Don’t bother with him, Sash. Eren only likes the music which is damaging to his eardrums.” Mikasa said—still focused on her never ending novel, as I narrowed my eyes at her.

“Firstly, that is judgmental, and secondly are you reading Remembrance of the things past? You have been going at it ever since we started.” She flushed before throwing me an irritated look over her shoulder.

“First of all, this is my third novel of the day, and second of all Remembrance of the things past is 15000 pages. It can’t possibly be this thin. We will need two extra seats to keep it.”

“It was a rhetorical question, Mikasa.”

“I don’t care, Eren. Mind your own business.”

“Oh my god, I am trying to sleep here.” Jean moaned from the back, as we both silently glared at each other. My eyes flickered to her lips which were half parted in annoyance just begging to be pressed shut by my—I looked away first. Something was seriously wrong with me. I hadn’t had sex in three weeks. Maybe that was it. Yes. I pulled out my phone and shot a message to Reiner, who had already reached Dallas a day ahead of us.

Have you brought along any friend I might be interested in?

I read the headlines of the day in the app, as I waited for his reply. Less than a minute later his text popped up, as I opened it.

There is one. A bit older than you but you guys will click.

I sent him a thumbs up before turning off the screen.

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Sixteen hours into the drive

I'm talkin' to ya

See you standing over there with your body

Feeling like I wanna rock with your body

And we don't gotta think 'bout nothin' ('Bout nothin')

I'm comin' at ya

“Can you turn off that barbie girl shit, Sasha?” Connie yelled from behind as she gave him the finger. “Its Ariana Grande, you uncultured swine!”

I could already feel a headache coming, as they started bickering again. This had been going on ever since we all switched seats and Sasha took upon driving. She played the most pop, most sweet tooth songs possible which was beginning to irritate me, Jean and Connie. I was trying to watch the repeat broadcast of the NFL on the back seat, but I could barely concentrate with their loud noises. I cursed slowly, as Armin chuckled and shook his head.

“So, I guess the return trip isn’t happening by the car?”

“Oh no, they can take flights on the way back. I am not bringing them.” I loved my friends I really did, but right now I was wondering how the hell I ever befriended them in the first place? This road trip was anything but what I wanted. Everyone was grumpy and tired due to the long drive, and the cold, dry weather wasn’t helping either.

“Whose genius idea was it to use car rather than a plane?” I asked them all before Jean snapped at me from the passenger seat. “Its your car dumbass, of course it was yours!”

I immediately sat up throwing him a dirty look. “You suggested this trip not me! Obviously it was yours.”

“No, it wasn’t. I was going to book flights, but you said we will use your car remember!”

“Sure, I did.” My voice was thick with sarcasm as he shot me a glare.

“Shut up both of you!” Mikasa hissed from my front. “And you too, Sasha and Connie! You guys are behaving like nursery kids! It’s really embarrassing.”

I knew, I shouldn’t have said anything and just lied back down. But I was frustrated. Frustrated with this trip, and the fact that I still very much wanted to kiss her.

“Can you just loosen up, Mikasa? We are just arguing. It’s not anything serious. You are always in this overprotective mom mode—wanting to make sure everyone is prim and proper, well guess what? We are going to have fun, We are going to get drunk and dance and enjoy. So please, just chill out dude!”

I knew it was wrong thing to say by how fast her expression changed to blank, as she looked away from me before extending the seat and lying down on it. This time it was an uncomfortable silence which settled upon everyone, as their eyes fidgeted to me. I didn’t know what was wrong with me? I didn’t know what was wrong with her too? She was being rude to me for no reason. We had been arguing a lot for past two days.

What could have possibly?

Wait.

Shit.

I pulled out my phone, and opened Mikasa's chat screen before typing.

You know?

Her phone vibrated as she slowly pulled it up and opened it. She didn’t look back at me, as I saw her typing.

Do you really think Hitch won’t tell me?

I groaned, pinching my forehead, as I remembered the events from two nights ago.

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“Hey, Eren. It’s nice meeting you.”

“Likewise.”

Jean had invited us boys for a drink out at our regular bar. I had thought it was a boys only thing so I was shocked to find Hitch there too. I thought she might be a bit upset but apparently she took my rejection really well, and was polite and friendly. I actually enjoyed talking to her. We all got super drunk, and it was then she started being overly friendly and leaning onto me, as she asked me to join her on dance floor. I was feeling light, and she was hot so why not? I agreed as we slowly grinded together, and I didn’t know who made the first move, as her lips found mine and soon we were making out in the middle of the dance floor. I backed her to the corner—squeezing her rear, as she moaned and bit my lip. The pain helped, as a switch bulb went off in my brain, and Mikasa’s face came into my mind.

Shit.

I pushed her away, as I exhaled sharply. I had promised her I won’t.

“I can’t, I am sorry.” Her eyes squinted with disappointment, as she whined and tried to grab me by my shirt. I stepped back.

“I can’t, Hitch.”

“Its coz of Mikasa isn’t it?” She went from sultry to bitchy in a second as I frowned.

What?

“I know she keeps lying to others that you are only her friend, but the truth is she wants you all to herself.”

“Don’t.” I took a daring step towards her as I lifted a finger to my face. “It has nothing to do with her. I am still not over my girlfriend.” I lied straight to her face, hoping that I was convincing enough. Her features relaxed a bit as she rubbed her arms and nodded. “I am sorry. I shouldn’t have done that.”

“Its ok. We both are drunk.” I justified as we started walking back where our friends were either passed out or still taking shots. I needed to get out of here. I tapped her on the shoulder as she looked up at me.

“Don’t tell about this to Mikasa please. She won’t be too happy with me, if she finds out I tried to use her friend as a rebound.” Another lie rolled past my lips smoothly. I knew Mikasa couldn’t care less about Hitch, as harsh as it sounded, but I gave her my word and I failed it.

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I should have known Hitch wouldn’t keep quiet. That understanding smile was just a lie. I massaged my forehead, as I typed again.

I was drunk Mikasa. I am sorry, I wasn’t in control but we just kissed that’s it

I waited again staring at her face from the shadows.

I am not mad at you because you kissed her. I am mad at you because you kept this away from me. We promised to never have any secrets between us

Jesus. I needed to talk to her face to face right now. “Sash, can you stop at the next restroom please?”

“Huh ok.” Mikasa got alert, and I knew she figured out what I was upto. But I needed to talk to her. Like she said. No secrets. We found one just after ten minutes as we all got out minus Connie who was snoring in the middle. I waited, as the others got in the building one by one before grabbing Mikasa’s hand and pulling her towards the backside of the structure. I let her go, as I found a secluded spot and she gave me a blank stare.

“I didn’t want to hurt you so I hid this ok? Nothing else happened anyways, and I didn’t want tension between us because of something that small.”

“If It was small, you should have just told me. You know I hate liars.”

“Technically, I didn’t lie. I just omitted the truth.”

“Semantics.”

“Why are you really mad, Mikasa?” I saw a tinge of surprise in her eyes as I moved closer to her. “No secrets remember? Why are you pissed at me?” She inhaled as she took a step back, and I tried not to smile.

“Because of the lie thing, what else?”

“Bullshit.” I took two steps forward so that she was only few inches away from me. Maybe it was the exhaustion catching up to me, or maybe the deep dark thoughts brewing inside my head since this morning which gave me courage. “You are jealous.” There it was. I had pushed that thought away, as I knew it didn’t make any sense. We were friends for more than half of our life, but we had never tried to blur the lines between us. But something about her reaction to Hitch made me think otherwise. Was I wrong? *Probably*. But I needed to hear it from Mikasa. Her lips parted in shock, and my eyes flickered to them. She was so close. All I had to do was tilt my head down a bit, and capture that plum flesh in my mouth. I bit my lip, as I leaned closer to her and grazed my thumb over her mouth. I trailed it over her lower lip as her eyes hooded. “Were you picturing yourself in place of Hitch?” I whispered a breath away from her lips as she gasped.

“We are friends, Eren.” She reminded me, as I smiled.

“Best friends.” I added, as I lowered my head to lean closer to her. I could hear her loud heartbeat and the spike in her body temperature. Even though it was cold outside, I suddenly felt hot. “This is wrong.” She murmured, as I stood half inch away from her lips. Our breathes mingled together and I gently flicked her lip with my thumb.

“Is it, really?”

“Eren...” A throaty whisper left her lips sending tingles down my spine, as I growled—ready to claim those lips, but a loud voice cleared the haze of lust from my mind, and I froze.

“EREN! MIKASA! WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU GUYS?”

Reality rushed back to both of us at Armin’s voice, as we jumped apart putting *as much* space

between us as possible. Mikasa rushed past me and towards the front, as I took heavy breathes.

What The Fuck Just Happened?

I followed after her too, and found Jean and Armin leaning by the car waiting for us.

“If it were anyone else, I would have thought they were messing around at the back.” Jean chuckled. *We might have if you didn't interrupt.* “We were talking.” Mikasa said shortly as she got back in her seat. I didn’t see her expression, but knowing how good she was at masking it, I was sure she was as cool as a cucumber. I chose not to say anything *instead* throwing a bored look before getting inside. I stretched my seat before lying back and closing my eyes.

Fuck.

I needed some rest.

Twenty hours into the drive

It was 6 am. We were all up and awake now. After stopping at a restaurant to have some breakfast, we freshened up before getting back on the road again. Dallas wasn’t too far now. I had taken over driving again, as I drove twenty miles over the speed limit. I wanted to be there before 8 am, plus the early morning adrenaline was really kicking in. The traffic was minimum too, so why not?

“You are going to get a speeding ticket, Eren!”

Armin chastised beside me, and I just smirked. I loved driving at high speed—that rush, that pump, I lived for it. I used to participate in a lot of illegal car races during my senior year. Yes, I had done it all. I loved exploring new things every once in a while, even though it got me in trouble sometimes. But I hadn’t gone to jail so far, so it was all good. I switched up the gear, increasing the speed, as I reached somewhat of a deserted area.

“Jesus Fucking Christ, Eren! Are you trying to get us all killed?” Jean yelled at me from the back .

“Don’t be such a pussy, Jean.”

“Not everyone is suicidal like you asshole.”

I just laughed. Except Jean, no one else seemed to complain though. He just loved arguing with me for no reason in particular. My eyes unconsciously drifted to Mikasa who had her airpods on as she stared outside. Our moment from last night was still fresh in my mind. We hadn’t talked after that, as we both kept our distance from each other. I just hoped no one else noticed though. Her head turned, as she looked in my direction before moving her eyes on the rearview mirror. We both held each other’s gaze for a while, before she looked away. I sighed moving my eyes in the front. How long was this awkwardness going to last? We couldn’t spend our whole trip avoiding each other.

I didn’t want to.

I took out my phone.

Are we really going to act like this whole time?

Her reply was almost immediate.

I don’t know. I am not the one who was going to kiss my best friend last night.

I cringed at her text and realized how messed up it was. I had to fix this.

I am sorry Mika. I don't know why I acted like that. I guess I was sleepy and out of my senses. Can we forget about everything and be best friends again?

She took longer to respond this time, and I got worried. My phone chose to ping at that moment as I picked it up.

Yeah, I will love that

I breathed with relief looking at her once more. She was already staring at me, and smiled as I returned it. It was going to be ok right?

Twenty two hours into the drive

"Its about damn time!" Connie exclaimed with relief, as we finally reached our destination. The place was buzzing with crowd—just like us many people had arrived here for the *End Of The Year* party. It was difficult getting a parking place, but thankfully I had already reserved the space beforehand. We all decided to check into our rooms, and freshen up before meeting up with Reiner and the co. who were also staying in the same hotel.

"Here are your keys!" Armin passed one to each pair as we were all staying in double bed rooms. The twinning was done in the following order: Me and Armin, Connie and Jean and Sasha and Mikasa. After reaching our room, I took a quick shower, got dressed before leaving down for breakfast. Reiner had already texted me two times *Where the hell are you?*, and I was just as eager to meet my old friend.

"Hey, Armin! I am heading down to the diner. Meet me there ok?" He gave a small *yeah* from inside the bathroom, as I left the room. I had pulled up a jacket over my shirt—even though it was sunny outside the air was still chilly with December wind. It took me awhile, but I was finally able to reach the diner. Reiner spotted me before I did, as he waved his hand before getting up.

"Finally man." We shared a quick hug as he patted my back. I greeted Bertholt next who was also my senior from high school like Reiner. My eyes landed on two unfamiliar person, as Reiner introduced them.

"This is Colt and this is Porco. They are my friends from college!" I shook hands with both of them before taking the empty seat beside Reiner.

"We have heard so much about you, Eren Yeager." I raised an eyebrow at Porco's remark, giving a side eye to Reiner as he chuckled. "I might have told them about your misadventures." I sighed before speaking with mock relief. "Then I guess, I won't have to pretend to be a good guy now."

"Nah man. You are cool " Colt shrugged at me as we all shared a laugh. We got engaged in a conversation, and I started to loosen up, as I realized they were all just as crazy as me. Any doubts I had before about this trip soon vanished from my head, and I was assured I was going to have plenty of fun these three days. We were interrupted by three new people, and a smile broke out on my face, as I recognized Historia and Ymir. Historia was the first to move as she hugged me tightly. She always radiated warmth and happiness. Ymir broke us apart—her eyes narrowed as she scoffed at me. "Alright Yeager, step away from my girlfriend now!"

"I see, you are as charming as ever." She rolled her eyes at my 'compliment' before Historia stepped in. "Oh come on, babe, loosen up a little. We are here to have fun." I could have sworn the freckled woman said something like *not with this brat* before Historia kissed her to shut her up.

“So this is Eren Yeager.” My eyes then moved to the short girl standing beside Ymir. She roamed her eyes shamelessly over my body before giving me a smile which was anything but innocent. She was confident and attractive, and she knew it. I gave a warm smile in return before holding out my hand in greeting.

“Yes I am. And you are?”

“My name is Pieck.” She grabbed my hand slowly, as I shook it.

“It’s nice to meet you.”

“Likewise.” She didn’t let go off my hand as a sultry smile spread across her lips. Was this the girl Reiner told me about? Someone cleared their throat, as we broke our staring contest and she retrieved her hand.

“We will be just in the front booth, if someone needs us.” She informed everyone before throwing me a last lingering look. I stared at her retreating form before Reiner nudged me.

“That’s the girl I was talking about if you haven’t figured out.”

“Oh, I *definitely* have.” I said sipping on my coffee. This was exactly what I needed to get over my sudden attraction for Mikasa.

“Someone is getting laid this holiday.” Porco mused throwing me a suggestive glance, as I shook my head but he continued. “What about you, Eren? Bring any hot friends, I might be interested in?”

I stirred my cocoa with furrowed brows. No way was he making a move on Mikasa or Sasha. I might have known this guy for only ten minutes, but it was enough to figure out that he only wanted a night stand while both my friends were strictly *relationship only* girls.

“No, I am afraid not.” He was disappointed, as I ignored him, and talked to Bertholt and Colt. They both were much nicer and laidback. Bertholt narrated the story of how he got rejected by Annie—my other friend from high school, for the third time, and he was finally planning on moving on from her. I felt bad for the guy. He had a crush on her for as long, as I knew him but that girl never showed any ounce of interest in him.

“You deserve better, Bert. You need to forget her.” He sulked at my advice, and I wondered what it was like to want someone this badly. I had never felt this way ever in my life. I had never fallen in love with anyone, and none of my girlfriends were interesting enough to get me hooked up this bad. I wondered if someday this would happen to me—

I broke out of my thoughts as Porco let out a loud whistle at something or *someone* over my head, his eyes wide open.

“Who Is That Bombshell?” I turned my head to see who he was referring to and froze.

Mikasa and Sasha were walking inside the premise.

Don’t tell me it is Mikasa.

“That dark haired chick is hot!” His eyes shamelessly trailed her length, as I fisted my hands, disgusted by his behavior. Of course it was her. I knew first-hand how gorgeous she was.

“That’s Mikasa.” Reiner answered before I could say something, pointing a thumb in the girls direction. They settled down into the booth near the door, unaware of our eyes upon them. I saw

Porco getting up, as I planted a hand on his forearm.

“Don’t even think about it. She is my best friend.”

He raised an unimpressed eyebrow, eyes moving back to her before resting on me.

“Hey man, you are gonna hookup with my best friend. It’s only fair I do the same.”

“Mikasa isn’t like that. She doesn’t do one night stands.” I was surprised at how angry I sounded, but he didn’t get the memo, as he waved me off. “That’s not for you to decide.”

He left with that comment, as my knuckles turned white with how hard I was clenching my palm. I didn’t want her getting involved with a douche like her. Infact, I was sure she was going to reject him and *possibly* humiliate him. I knew she was a spitfire and relaxed *a little* at the notion, as a smile played on my lips. He sat in front of her as I could see him speaking something to both of them. Mikasa said something followed by Sasha, as he nodded before giving them a friendly smile and walking back to us.

What was that?

He threw me a smug grin before settling back down on his seat. I wanted to ask what he said but Colt beat me to it.

“What did you say to her?”

“Nothing much. I just introduced myself and told them I was friends with Reiner.”

“That’s it?” I was still suspicious as he nodded.

“I am not dumb, Yeager. If I had told her, I was interested in her, she could have blown me away that very moment. So, I just acted like I was greeting Reiner's friends, trying to be a gentleman.”

“I don’t know what you are planning, but she won’t go out with you, no matter how hard you try.”

I stated as a matter of fact.

It was true. Mikasa barely dated at all *let alone* slept with someone so casually plus I knew her type. Everyone she dated was decent and grounded, not an arrogant ass like this dude. Funny, how I thought he was interesting five minutes ago.

“You know, Eren it sounds an awful lot like you are jealous.” If this was said to me a few days ago, I would have just laughed at that person’s face and scoffed at the ridiculous idea. But now, I wasn’t sure what it was that I was feeling. She still looked just as gorgeous as she did yesterday when she walked through that door.

That spell hadn't worn out yet.

“Don’t worry, dude. They are the most platonic friend you can ever find, believe me. I have known them for ten years, and they haven't ever kissed let alone something more.”

Reiner's laugh resonated in the background, as something clicked in my head. He was wrong. He was wrong not only because of me but Mikasa too. Images from yesterday danced in my head as I finally realized.

It wasn't me, but Mikasa who leaned in *first* for our almost kiss.

Chapter End Notes

For anyone wondering where Annie is, she is will show up next chapter.

Of Jealousy and Dances

Chapter Summary

The end of the year party ends up in a most unexpected way. Will it change things for Eren and Mikasa?

Chapter Notes

Past age:

Eren: 15

Mikasa: 15

Mikasa's POV

First day of the trip

"God, this is so delicious!" Sasha exclaimed in between munching over the extra large hotdog at Bubba's food stall. I had to agree with her though. It was exquisite delight. We were currently food tasting in the Six flags theme park after Sasha practically dragged *me*, *Historia* and *Ymir* to enjoy the lavish diners of the city. It was late evening, and the crowd had started coming out of their shelter to enjoy the holiday season. The place was thickly packed, and our other friends were *god knows* where.

"Here, Hisu, how is this one?" Ymir passed her dumpling to Historia, who smile before biting down from the corner. They were the definition of true love. They had been dating for seven years, and their relationship just kept getting stronger everytime I met them. None of my other friends had this luck when it came to relationship *me* included. I wiped off the corners of my mouth, and waited for the others to finish. "Sash, you might wanna slow down, if you want to sit in roller coaster after this." I warned her as she nodded to me absentmindedly. Of course she wasn't gonna listen to me, not when it came to food. My phone vibrated in my purse, and I quickly opened it before taking the call. It was Armin.

"Mika, where are you guys? We are going for the rides now!"

"We Will Be There In Five!" I shouted over the commotion of the crowd and motioned the girls to follow me. It took us ten minutes to reach them as we took the wrong turn on our way out. This place was a *goddamn* maze. I spotted Armin, Jean, Reiner —his other friends and —

My heart dropped, as I found Eren leaning closer to that girl from before. She whispered something in his ear and they shared a laugh. I looked away and towards Armin who was giving me his usual bright smile.

“Took you long enough.”

“Don’t blame me. This one couldn’t keep her hands off the food.” I pointed towards Sasha as he laughed.

“You took her to her favorite sanctuary. What else can you expect?” Jean teased as Sasha slapped his shoulder lightly.

“Alright children, buckle up for the ride!” Reiner announced, as he passed all of us our tickets and ordered us to get into a queue as the coaster we were going to ride was filled with people.

“I feel like I am in fifth grade again.” Reiner’s friend Colt joked as we all formed a line and started walking. My eyes zoomed on Eren again who seemed like he was in his own world with little missy there. She was even holding onto his arm. *Wow*. Well what else was I expecting from him? That last night might mean something to him like it did to me? That it wasn’t just a momentary lapse which made him say all those things and try to kiss me? What if we hadn’t been interrupted? Would he still prawl around with someone else, if we had kissed?

“Earth to, Mikasa!” I snapped out of my trance, and found Armin waving his hand in front of me. He gave me a worried look, before I smiled to assure him I was alright. He wasn’t convinced but let it be for *now*. Each carriage had four seats so we all split up into pairs of four. I wasn’t surprised to find Eren taking seats with the brunette. *Typical*. His eyes found me then as though he heard my inner musings, and I looked away.

“Hey, Armin! Mikasa! Join Us.” He shouted from the front, and I scoffed. Not in a million years! I looked back to see, if someone else was still left but mostly everyone had already started getting into the ride and my stomach dropped.

“Hey, Mikasa.” I turned my head to find Porco giving me a small smile as he motioned towards the coaster.

“You wanna join us? There is a spare seat left, if you want to.” I looked back to find Armin already walking towards Eren as the latter kept staring at me *precisely* at me and Porco. My eyes moved down to his ‘friend’ before I turned to the man in front.

“Sure, why not.” I casually shrugged, as he grinned widely before leading me towards his carriage. I was surprised to find Jean there as well, along with Colt, as I got inside and buckled myself up.

“Why aren’t you sitting with Sasha and Connie?”

“Sasha looked like she was about to hurl and stayed back. Connie has motion sickness remember.” Wasn’t Sash just beside me? I had been too busy in my angry musing that I didn’t even notice when she left.

“I heard you are a fashion designer.” Porco inquired from beside me, and I shrugged.

“Not really. I am still in my last year of post grad.”

“Masters? That’s impressive.” He whistled appreciatively, and I gave an awkward smile. I wasn’t an idiot. I knew he was trying to make a move on me, ever since he first introduced himself. He wasn’t very discreet in hiding his ogling. I knew his types. It was written over his head in big bold letters—he was just interested in hookup nothing more. But I wasn’t going to sit beside Eren, and his flavour of the week, and watch them suck each other’s faces.

‘I want to spend time with my best friend’.

Such bullshit.

I thought back to his text, as he had barely talked to me after we arrived here. He was either busy with Reiner and Armin or her. If he was going to be like that so be it. I could survive without talking to him just fine. I knew, I wasn't as friendly as Eren *quite the opposite* infact but it wouldn't hurt to make small talk with others, right?

"What do you guys do?"

"I run a business with my dad. We do exporting and such." Porco answered first as I turned to Colt.

"I am a software developer in California."

"In Cal? That sounds amazing." Jean complimented, and I agreed silently. He did give away that nerd vibe. On the cue, the carriage moved, and I realized the ride was ready to start now, as I gulped. I wasn't scared of them by any means, but I did get a *bit* uneasy and always had to hold someone's hands for support. Eren was always there beside me for comfort. This was the first time ever he won't be there. The realization hit me hard, and I tried not to panic as we started moving. I felt a pull on my hand and found Jean holding onto my palm tightly, as he gave me a reassuring smile saying *I am here*. My friends knew about my anxiety. I returned it as the death ride began.

Ten minutes later

Jean had to hold my shoulder as we got off the ride. I had been a total wreck today. My head felt slightly dizzy too, as I took careful steps.

"Can I get you some water?" Porco asked, they all got concerned, when I shut my eyes as we ascended back then. My heart was still beating wildly, and I was wondering if I should have just stayed back with Connie and Sasha.

"Mikasa!"

I heard a shout from the further left, and turned my head to find Eren rushing towards me— his eyes full of worry as he took in my state. He hugged me tightly, as soon as he approached and I tried not to blush. His hands rubbed my back soothingly, as he whispered.

"I asked you to sit with me, but you just have to go on another one." And be a third wheel?*No, thanks*. I pushed him away gently—irritated by his word and decided to search for Sasha before heading back to our hotel. He didn't get the message, and followed me before grabbing my wrist again and making me look at him.

"What?" I hissed partly due to my dizziness and *partly* because I was still upset with him. He dragged me towards the empty seat in the corner, and made me sit on it.

"Don't go anywhere. I am bringing you water." I grabbed a hold of my chest, as I felt the world around me move again. It was definitely bad this time. I had dealt with my anxiety for years but it had gotten better, as I grew older. This was first time in months I was facing this. He returned a minute later with mineral bottle in his hand. He passed it to me, and started ruffling his pocket before taking out his wallet. What was he searching in it? I was surprised to see him pull out a familiar capsule from it.

"Eat this." It was the anti anxiety medicine, I used to take whenever I had panic attack and such. *Why did he bring that?* Even I had stopped carrying it with me now. I gulped down the capsule with water before leaning my head back on the bench— closing my eyes. I just stayed there for few minutes, as I started to feel better. I opened my eyes and heat rushed to my neck, when I found Eren

staring at me silently.

“Thanks.” I mumbled before sitting up straight. I heard him sigh as he shifted closer to me.

“What were you trying to do sitting with them? You know you need me whenever we go on such rides” He made it sound like I couldn’t function without him, and I snapped.

“Don’t get ahead of yourself. Jean was there to hold my hands.”

“Oh yeah? Then why did you get this sick, Mikasa? You didn’t even bring your medicine with you, if I haven’t-“

“I can take care of myself. It won’t happen again.” I said coldly, while he gritted his teeth and got up. He started walking away, but turned back after few steps pulling his hairs in frustration.

“God! Why do you always have to be this difficult? I am your best friend, and I am going to look after you. So deal with it.” He was an insufferable jerk!

“You talk like I have to be dependent on you.”

“Well, I can’t see the lie there. You do need me!” He jerked his thumb in the direction of the ride, reminding me of my situation from few minutes ago. *Oh, yeah?* Where was all this concern— this protective nature when he ignored me, and barely talked to me today? I masked a blank expression on my face as I got up. I had enough of his attitude. I got right into his face and whispered “No, I don’t.” before walking away from him.

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Ten years ago

Third Person POV

Mikasa grabbed her notebook before closing the locker, and walking to her next class. She ignored the stares and leering glances of some of the guys, as she was pretty much used to it by now. Ever since she hit the puberty her body had undergone drastic changes— giving her curves in all the right places, plus the judo training didn't hurt either. She was even approached to model at the next school festival, but she blatantly refused. That was simply not her style. She walked into her classroom and wasn't surprised to find Eren missing from his seat as usual. Ever since he got a girlfriend, he snuck out to spend time with her during lunch breaks. Mikasa opened her book and started going through her previous lecture just as he arrived. She looked up and found a stupid grin on his face, as he greeted her before going to the guys in back.

“What’s with that shit eating grin, Yaeger?” She heard Jean questioned him as she played with her

pen.

"I have no idea what you are talking about." Mikasa tried to focus on her notes, but they were too loud and part of her was curious to know why he was so happy.

"Split it out, Eren." It was Armin this time, and she heard Eren say ok twice before continuing.

"Alyssa and I kissed." There was a series of howl and cheering, but Mikasa couldn't hear anything at the sound of her stupid heart breaking. She had thought that it wasn't serious. This was his first girlfriend after all and they would break up soon.

"Tongue or no tongue?" Connie asked over their commotion as Mikasa gripped on her inkpen tightly.

"What do you think?" There was smugness in his voice, as more cheering ensued and Mikasa took deep breaths. She had always thought that she would be his first kiss. They were so close and people often thought they were dating. She thought that as well with the way he always hugged her or held her hands sometimes, that he liked her the same way she did. But she first experienced her heartbreak when he announced he was dating this girl. It had only been two weeks and they already kissed. She felt wetness on her cheek, and realized that tears were falling down her face. She discreetly wiped them away, and tried not to have a breakdown just as their teacher entered. School was really difficult next few days seeing Eren with someone else. She even once stumbled upon them making out in the locker room, and rushed away before they could spot her.

It was during the third period that Mikasa felt it. Her legs and hands started to grow numb, and sweat started forming over her forehead. No, no, no! Not in the middle of lecture. Not here please! She couldn't let others see her like this. Her body started shivering and she knew she had to get out before it got worse. Mikasa got up immediately and asked permission to go to the washroom, and tried to keep her feet steady on the way. As soon as she reached there, she splashed cold water over her face and tried to open the capsule bottle but her legs gave out. She could feel the room closing in on her as a chill ran up her spine. She was going to die. Her body shivered, as tears fell down her face.

"Mikasa!"

She could barely register the voice, as she felt someone sit beside her. A voice spoke to her softly "It's ok, Mikasa. It's just your thoughts." Eren?

"Take deep breathe. One two three. I am counting, ok? Follow me." She did and tried to follow him, she felt his hand gently rubbing her palm while speaking to her soothingly. She didn't know how long it went on, but her breathing finally started to return to normal and her vision cleared. She curled out and saw Eren looking at her. His face masked with concern and something akin to fear. How did he know she was having a panic attack?

"Eren, it's girls washroom." She reminded him in a small voice, as he nodded.

"I know. It's ok, no one is here. Did you bring your medicine?" She managed a small yes, as she passed him the small bottle she grabbed before leaving the room. She realized he was already carrying his water bottle as he passed her to take the medicine with.

"Feel any better now?" His voice was still soft as he asked after a moment, and she nodded. Yes, she did indeed feel much better.

“Eren, you need to leave now. You can’t be seen here.” He would most likely get a detention for this. He held out his hand, as they both got up from the floor.

“Are you sure you are ok now?”

“Yes. I am ok. Now leave.” Her voice had gone back to its normal pitch, as he sighed before turning away to walk.

“Eren?” He looked over his shoulder as she blinked. “How did you know I was having a panic attack?”

He scratched his neck before throwing her a smile so soft she felt she would melt.

“I know you better than anyone else remember.”

With that he left leaving behind a smiling Mikasa. Rest of the day went normally, and she couldn’t be more thankful that she didn’t experience anything again. After the classes she was just on her way to school bus, before Eren stopped her.

“Hey, do you mind if I tag along with you?” She knew he was worried about her and wanted to make sure she reached home safely. He was so sweet. She nodded albeit a bit hesitatingly as he grinned before walking out with her. It had been awhile since they left together.

“EREN!”

They looked back to find his girlfriend Alyssa trotting towards them with fast steps. Mikasa could have sworn, she threw her a dirty look before turning to Eren with sugary smile.

“Baby, I thought we were staying back for some basketball practice.” By the way she insinuated it, Mikasa was sure it was just slang for making out in a secluded area. Gross.

“Nah, I am leaving with Mikasa today. She isn’t feeling well. Sorry.” Eren explained and the girl’s face twisted in a nasty expression as she looked at her.

“She looks fine to me.”

“I really can’t, just drop it ok.” Big mistake. Mikasa could see her nostrils flaring as she raised a finger.

“I KNEW YOU WERE CHEATING ON ME!” Wow. Eren seemed confused as he asked her what before she pointed at Mikasa.

“You Are Sleeping With Her, Aren’t You?”

“What The Hell Are You Talking About?”

“Do you think I am dumb? You spend so much time with her. No two best friends are this close.” He pinched his nose and she could feel him getting mad too. How did she get trapped in lovers quarrel?

“Listen. We are friends, ok. I don’t have to explain it to you.”

“If She Is Only Your Friend Then Prove It! Ditch Her And Stay Back With Me! Or Else We Are Done.” She gave a confident smirk to Mikasa knowing he would not go with her now, as Mikasa started to walk away. She just wanted to get in her bed and sleep, and not be a part of some teenage drama. She had barely taken two steps, when she felt Eren’s hand wrap around her wrist stopping her. She looked confused as his eyes focused solely on Alyssa.

“Enjoy your basketball practice, Alyssa.” He turned around holding Mikasa’s hand and started walking towards the gate. Did he just breakup with his girlfriend? She could hear the latter cursing at them, but Mikasa was too shocked to register anything.

“Eren, what are you doing? She is going to break up with you.”

“Nope, she can’t. I am breaking up with her.” He stated as a matter of fact, as they both got into the bus. They found empty seat on the back and settled down on it. Did he really do that?

“But..you liked her.”

“You are more important to me.” She saw a tinge of redness on his cheeks, as he looked away, probably to hide his face. He seemed embarrassed for saying something this corny but Mikasa felt her heart swell with happiness. He would always be there for her.

“Same for me.” She mumbled after a while and saw him smiling, as he continued to look outside. And Mikasa realized that their friendship was more precious for her than anything else. She didn’t want to end up like Alyssa, if they dated and brokeup. She wanted to be with him forever. And that day onwards she decided that she wanted to stay by his side, so she buried those feelings. Buried all the silly fantasies of them getting married someday, and chose to be his best friend forever.

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Present day

Mikasa’s POV

Second day of the trip

This was torture.

Pure and simple.

Me and Eren had a lot of disagreements before, but we would always fought it out or argued about it. This was the first time we were well *most specifically* Eren was giving me the silent treatment. Ok I might have overreacted a bit yesterday, but he knew me better than anyone. It was just a heat of the moment thing. I didn’t mean it. I did need him in my life. More than anyone else. He hadn’t

said a word *let alone* look into my direction since this morning. We all went to museum— took a train tour in North Park center before returning back to our hotel. It was the last day of the year, and this was not how I wanted my new year to start. But, I didn't know how to break the ice. I wasn't good with this thing. With Eren I never had to explain myself before, as he knew me well. We were leaving for the event in forty minutes and I was in no mood to get all fancied up. I kept scrolling over his contact number— debating with myself, if I should call him or not?

“Mikasa, Get Your Ass Up And Ready! It's Getting Late!” Sasha shouted, as she straightened her hairs.

Wow. She was almost done. I looked at my evening black dress which was sprawled on the bed waiting to be worn, and groaned.

“Are You Listening To Me?” I nodded at her half heartedly before picking it up, and leaving for the washroom to get changed. Five minutes later I was done, and decided to just put a shimmer of lipstick and let my hair down for tonight.

“What is that?” Sasha gave me a disappointed look as she gave me a once over. She picked this dress, didn't she?

“What? I thought you liked this.” She smacked her forehead before walking up to me and tugging at my neckline.

“Mikasa, there is a reason this dress has a deep neckline. You are supposed to wear push-up bra with it, girl!” I looked down at my cleavage. My boobs weren't small by any means— they were decent enough, so what was the problem.

“It looks fine to me.” She rolled her eyes before walking over to my bag, and rummaging inside, as she found the black lace bra I bought. Oh yeah I wasn't planning on wearing that though. It was kind of suffocating.

“And here I thought you were into fashion! You are going to one of the most happening parties in the country, you gotta play it up.” She pushed the lacy innerwear in my hand, as I scoffed before walking inside again. I finally managed to get it on and gasped as I saw my reflection in the mirror. No way was I going out like this! My boobs were practically spilling out of my dress, and I felt slutty. When I told Sasha that she laughed and winked at me appreciatively.

“You look like a sexy siren! It's about time you show off your assets!”

I stood in front of the whole length mirror as I put on my knee length boots. Well, I did look kinda hot, but I wasn't used to wearing such type of dresses. I had no other choice though, as I only bought one single dress so it wasn't like I could do anything else.

“What do you plan on doing with your hairs?”

“Umm...leaving them open?”

She sighed as she made me sit on the rolling chair in front of the mirror before pulling out the curlers— her eyes gleaming with determination. Oh no.

“Mikasa Ackerman, I am going to make you the hottest girl in the room tonight.”

Shit.

Half an hour later, I was finally allowed to get out of my seat, as I took in my reflection.

Wow.

My face had minimal makeup but my eyes were given smokey look, and my lips were painted red. My hairs flew over my shoulder in waves. I was a whole different person, and I still have no idea if it was a good or bad thing. I looked at Sasha with horror, and she gave me a thumbs up.

“You are welcome.”

What the hell?

I chained up my black leather jacket till the collar— adamant on not taking it off unless absolutely necessary. Sasha was on phone with someone informing them we were on our way down now, as we got into the elevator. We had booked a limo for going to the event which was supposed to leave at 8 but it was already twenty minutes past 8.

“See, now we are late because of this.” I motioned to my get-up as she waved me off.

“Relax! They know girls take time to get ready. Plus, half of them are yet to show up.”

We finally landed on the ground floor, and I started walking quickly. Well as fast as I could with these heeled boots. I hated being late.

“Finally, ladies!” Reiner sighed with relief as we walked towards the black limo. I was about to get in but Porco interrupted me, rounding off the corner, as he gushed.

“You look breathtaking, Mikasa.”

“Thank you.” I said honestly as I got inside. I was little disappointed to find Eren missing and wondered where he was at. Pieck was already sitting inside so he wasn’t with her.

“Where’s Eren?” Apparently Sasha had the same thought as me as Bertholt answered.

“He went to pick up Annie from the airport. She couldn't find any cab, as all were booked so Eren offered to pick her up in his car.”

Fantastic.

I guess it was his personal duty to entertain all the womenkind in the world. I crossed my arms across my chest, as others got in too.

“You look great, Mikasa.” It was Jean as he and Armin sat in front of me, and I smiled. Historia and Ymir followed them and everyone was here except for *well* Eren and Annie. Reiner got in too and slammed the door shut as he addressed us.

“Eren, told us to go ahead. He will meet us at the Penthouse directly.” That was just great. Reiner popped open the bottle of champagne as he filled our glasses and cheered to the end of this year. It took us half an hour to finally reach the Gatsby penthouse, and I realized why this was the most happening place tonight. The area was filled with thousands of lights and the roar of the music could be heard from outside itself. We showed our passes at the entry point before we were allowed to go in. It was only 9 pm, but the party was already in full swing now. The place was lot warmer inside as contrast to the cold weather out. Sasha grabbed my hand as she dragged me to the open bar for drinks.

Let the night begin.

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I was slightly buzzed already, and felt a lot lighter—lot better then before as I grooved with Sasha, Historia and Ymir. My jacket laid forgotten somewhere, as I twirled Sasha around who laughed and cheered loudly. She was a lot drunk than I was.

“Annie is here!”

Historia pointed towards the bar where our friends were seated and *indeed* I found the blonde girl greeting everyone. If she was here then that means—

I spotted Eren too who was now talking to Pieck. Of course. I needed another drink. I walked towards the bar, and ordered another shot as I tapped my fingers over the counter. My eyes wandered back in his direction but I found him missing. I looked around and was somewhat surprised to find Armin and Annie sitting and chatting with each other alone. They both were laughing at something, and I could actually see Armin enjoying himself.

Interesting.

I shook my head, and roamed my eyes again in the thick crowd before spotting the familiar ponytail of my friend on the dance floor. He was dancing with Pieck. Bartender placed the glass in front of me, and I gulped it in one go— ignoring the burning in my throat. Maybe I needed one more.

“What are you doing sitting here alone?” A voice interrupted me, as I looked away from Eren and his lady friend to find Porco leaning besides me. Oh god not this guy again. He had been flirting with me a lot since the morning. It wasn’t too obvious but his little remarks and lingering glances when he *thought*, I wasn’t looking gave him away. I wasn’t interested in him. When I didn’t reply he chose to sit beside me and ordered one for him as well.

“You mind, if I sit here?”

“Well, you already are.” He chuckled at me as I downed another glass. I was going to have a splitting headache in the morning, but screw it. My eyes moved back to Eren again. His hands were now on her waist as she pulled him closer by his collar and grinded on him. They swayed slowly to the beat and I knew how this night was going to end for them. I was done. I was done suffering because of him now. I couldn’t believe I was a mess because of one *almost* kiss from that night. Why did he have this much power over me? First he went and kissed Hitch and now he was *probably* going to sleep with Pieck today. And here I was sitting depressed—nursing my one sided attraction for my best friend. I needed to have fun too. My eyes moved towards Porco who was busy stirring his drink, and I poked him.

“Yes?”

“Lets dance.”

I had no idea what I was trying to achieve. Sure I had danced with guys before. And by guys I mean my close friends and boyfriend. Porco was none. I wasn’t comfortable with strangers touching me in any way so this would have been awkward. Thankfully, I was drunk enough to let a little loose, as I dragged him to the middle of the floor. The place was dimly lit with disco ball as it cast the flickering lights over hundreds of people. I placed a hand over his shoulder and swayed to

the beat with him. I flinched a bit when his hand came around my waist, and he came a little closer but I didn't react. As long as his hands were far from my 'assets' I wouldn't punch him. We danced like that for one song, before he twirled me so my back was facing him and we swayed again. I was just glad he wasn't grinding on me. The music changed as 1975's *Somebody else* started playing, and I smiled. This was one of my favorite track.

*So I heard you found somebody else
And at first I thought it was a lie
I took all my things that make sounds
The rest I can do without...*

I ran my hands through my hairs and closed my eyes taking in the beat of the song. I hummed to myself swirling my lower body slowly. I opened my eyes and they unintentionally wandered to where Eren was and I gasped.

*I don't want your body
But I hate to think about you with somebody else...*

He was looking right at me. Pieck was groveling in front of him but he paid her no attention as his eyes stayed focused solely on me. I was taken aback by the sheer intensity in them.

Great, now he noticed me.

*I'm looking through you— while you're looking through your phone
And then leaving with somebody else
No, I don't want your body
But I'm picturing your body with somebody else...*

I didn't look away from him, and neither did he as he twirled Pieck once and brought her closer to him so she was resting her head on his chest. I moved Porco's hand in front of my stomach as I bend down and trailed my hand from my legs, and upto my waist. Maybe it was just my imagination running wild, or I was too hammered to see straight but I could have sworn his hooded as he watched my move carefully. The intensity in them making me feel hot. Those green orbs stayed on me, I tried not shiver.

*I can't give you my soul 'cause we're never alone
Get someone you love?
Get someone you need?*

Even though we both had dancing partners our eyes stayed glued to each other the entire time. He nuzzled her hair and tightened his grip on her waist while looking right at me. I turned Porco around and brought him in my front before leaning my head over his shoulder pretending it was Eren, as he pulled me closer. Eren's eyes narrowed as he saw my move and I felt myself getting unintentionally turned on.

I blamed my shameless demenour on the alcohol, as I ogled my best friend.

Few strands of his hairs were loose out of the ponytail as it shadowed his face making him look even more handsome, if it was possible. His eyes were getting dark with something which promised pleasure and I was sure it wasn't because of Pieck. He ran his hand through her hairs and swayed side by side all the while looking right at me. I bit my lip. I wanted his hands on me. Not somebody else's.

Our love has gone cold

You're intertwining your soul with somebody else...

His teeth tugged on her earlobe and I wished he would do that to me. I couldn't watch this anymore. I needed to leave.

"I gotta go." I told Porco shortly not giving him a chance to respond before moving through the bodies of people. It was overly crowded down here so I decided to climb up the terrace area. The scene here was exactly as similar to the one down but this had more intimate and cozy setting as the strobe lights were a lot dimmer here. Even the songs were a lot slow more sensual giving this more dark passionate setting. There were few people making out in the corner, but I ignored them as I walked in.

I just wanted some space away— some place far from Eren. Why was he giving me those look? As if he wanted me? It was similar to that night. He was playing with my heart now. I didn't want him giving me those smoldering eyes, but at the same time I didn't want to see him with somebody else. I pushed through the crowd of people, as I desperately tried to reach the glass door where I could loose myself in the outside view. Fireworks were starting to go outside even though there were a couple minute left for the clock to strike twelve.

Suddenly someone grabbed my arm from behind, and I got ready to punch the creep before his other hand caught my fist and turned me around. It was Eren.

"Easy there, tiger." His voice was throaty as he threw me a charming smile, and I tried to calm down my raging attraction. He gently lowered my hand as I blinked.

"What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be keeping Pieck company down there?" I knew I sounded jealous but fuck that. He was the one who was ignoring me since morning and suddenly showed up here out of nowhere. He ignored that as he grabbed my hand and placed it over his shoulder.

"Can I have a dance with my, best friend?"

"I am guessing you are done ignoring me now?" I deterred with innocence, as his smile faded away.

"You told me, you don't need me remember?" He retorted, as I moved my hand away from his grasp.

"Oh yeah, I definitely meant that of course." Sarcasm laced my voice as I started walking away from him, but he grabbed my waist and pulled me from behind so that my back rested against his front. His mouth rested next to my ear and I tried not to shiver as his husky voice whispered.

"Since when do you dance with random guys, Mikasa?" He wasn't pleased. Good.

"He isn't some random guy. Plus, I really enjoy his company." His grip tightened on my waist as I continued. "He is easily the best dance partner I have ever had." Ok, that was an exaggeration *clearly* but I wanted to prove to him that I was having fun without him. Strobe lights changed to red and blue as the track changed to Chris Issak's *Wicked game* and everyone cheered. Did they really have to play this song right now?

I was turned around then so that I was face to face with Eren as his eyes lit up. "Oh yeah? Let's find out."

What?

*The world was on fire and no one could save me but you
It's strange what desire will make foolish people do
I never dreamed that I'd meet somebody like you*

His fingers laced with mine, as he moved them above our heads before dipping my body in a downward fashion inches away from the floor. His eyes glistened, as he stared down at me.

*No, I don't wanna fall in love (this world is only gonna break your heart)
No, I don't wanna fall in love (this world is only gonna break your heart)
With you*

He pulled me up, and closer to his body, fingers still intertwined. Our faces only an inch apart, as his finger now glided down towards my waist and just a centimeter shy of touching my ass. He swayed side by side, as I started copying his move too and placed my arm around his shoulder. His eyes trailed to my parted lips before he twirled me around.

*What a wicked game you play, to make me feel this way
What a wicked thing to do, to let me dream of you
What a wicked thing to say, you never felt this way*

His hands engulfed around my middle, as he lifted me up and spun me slowly to the song. We had danced many times before. But this. This sensuality, this closeness wasn't there before. I stared down at him, and wrapped my hand around his neck.

*And I don't wanna fall in love (this world is only gonna break your heart)
No, I don't wanna fall in love (this world is only gonna break your heart)
With you*

He put me back on my feet, but we remained glued to each other like that—his iris green boring into my midnight blue full of ferocity.

“You look beautiful tonight, Mika.” he whispered against my mouth, letting his fingers caress my skin through the fabric of my dress.

“Thank you...” I breathed.

“Have you ever worn this dress before?” He tugged at its hem.

“Not really..” I buried my head in his shoulders to prevent our mouths from getting any closer. His hand grazed on the naked skin of my thigh, as I breathed in his scent. He smelled *so* good. His other hand ran through my hairs— setting my nerves on fire all over again. The music stopped suddenly, as the voice of the DJ rang over us.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMAN, ITS ALMOST TIME NOW! ARE YOU READY?”

“YES!”

“FIFTY NINE, FIFTY EIGHT...”

“Do you have any idea how sexy you look right now?” His low voice rumbled in my ear, as his finger tugged at the hem of my dress. I clenched my thighs together at that, before nuzzling deeper into his side.

“FOURTY SIX, FOURTY FIVE..”

The lights in the room dimmed down even further, setting the atmosphere before the power house, as his fingers edged closer to my pantyline. He moved even closer to me, and I let out a gasp as our lower bodies brushed against each other.

“TWENTY FOUR, TWENTY THREE...”

“I hate seeing you with her...” Alcohol gave me courage, as I whispered the truth and he pulled me back to look directly in my eyes. We were breathing on each other.

“I hate seeing you with anyone else...” He said lowering his hand down my waist, as the gentle touch sent shivers down my spine. God, I wanted to kiss him.

“TEN, NINE, EIGHT...”

His eyes mirrored my own expression, as they rested on my lips— mine doing the same. His mouth was so sexy.

Our lips grazed each other.

“TWO, ONE, HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!”

Fireworks started crackling the sky just as his lips crashed on mine.

I stumbled back with the sheer intensity, as he moved his mouth over mine. His tongue prodded, demanding entrance, as I let him in and flushed our bodies together. Eren gripped at my waist harshly, as I threaded my fingers through his hair, pulling him in. I tugged at his lower lip and he growled before I was pushed against the corner wall. He palmed my bottom with his one hand while my teeth sunk into his lips.

Electrifying

That was the word for this feeling.

I moved my hand lower to his back, and pressed my nails into his shoulder blades.

All the cliches, I heard about butterflies in your stomach, fire coarsing through your veins and losing our senses came true in that moment. Our lips moved urgently against each other— unaware of the surrounding as we rubbed against each other, seeking the pleasure in it.

Was this how it felt to be all consumed by passion?

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind
Should auld acquaintance be forgot*

We ripped apart from each other—reality dawning in, as I felt my heart drop.

Fuck.

No. No. No. No.

I Just Kissed My Best Friend!

I felt like puking.

What the fuck did we do?

But I didn't regret it. Did he?

My head started spinning, as my leg gave out before I felt arms around me.

Eren

The guilt was pushed to the back of my mind, as he felt me close to him, and I let out a content sigh.

Rest of the night was a blur, and I remembered lying in someone's lap as we traveled through a cab. I felt those same arms around me, as I was carried back to the hotel and into a room. I felt fingers weaving through my hairs, removing them from my face and a soft kiss on my forehead.

"Eren?..." My voice was slurred with alcohol, as I squinted to look up at him. His face was blurred but I could see him smiling.

Maybe the kiss wasn't such a bad idea.

"Take rest, Mika."

I would later blame it on the liquid courage, or the intoxicating kiss but it felt right then, as I grabbed his sleeve, when he was about to leave—parting my lips to speak before I could lose consciousness and pass out.

"I want you..."

And the world went black.

Lines getting blurred

Chapter Summary

A new year, a new angle in their relationship. But will it work out?

Chapter Notes

Warning: From this chapter onwards this fic will have explicit content in almost every single chapter. Some more graphic than the others.

Reminder: This is purely fiction work which don't have any relation to canon manga whatsoever. If you think Eren or Mikasa hooking up or dating someone else is too OOC then this isn't the fic for you. I have written my characters according to the modern world they live in and not an apocalyptic one. This is solely for entertainment purpose only and should be taken as such.

Past Age:

Eren: 16

Mikasa: 16

Eren's POV

Third day of the trip

“Eren, Are You Coming?”

“You Go Ahead! I Will Be Down In A Minute.” I informed Armin, as I heard his distinctive footsteps now leaving the room. I splashed the cold water over my face for the umpteenth time and stared at my reflection in the mirror.

It wasn't a dream.

Last night's memory was still etched in my brain clearly. Every touch. Every kiss. Her little gasp, when I touched her intimately. My grip tightened on the sink.

She felt good. *Too* good. When I saw her dancing in that short black dress— all the blood left my head and went down south. She looked insanely sexy, and I wanted nothing more than to take her back to my room and fuck her into oblivion. But she had been dancing with *him*. I went green with jealousy, when I saw him touching her. It should be me doing that not him. And when I saw her walking away, I had followed her involuntarily.

That kiss.

Gods she could kiss. That was easily the best kiss I ever had. And it was with my best friend. I turned off the tap, as I went to grab the towel. And the most fucked up part was not the one where we kissed. But the fact that I didn't feel guilty for doing it. Infact I wanted to do it again. Yes, I was a messed up person. She wasn't even sober for goodness sake and well...neither was I. But I was still more wary of my actions than her. What if she didn't even remember anything? Then I would be the creep who took advantage of my drunk friend. I came out of the washroom, and picked up my phone from the dressing table before leaving the room. *Well time to face the consequences now.*

My eyes wandered around the diner— looking for Mikasa but she had still not arrived. After she passed out, I had left her room and gone straight to bed. This morning as soon as I got up, I texted her we need to talk but she was yet to reply. It was 11 am. She should be up by now.

“Hey.” I quickly jerked my head hoping it was Mikasa but my face fell when I realized it was Pieck. *Oh.* I had an apology to make. I had totally ditched her in the middle of the dance floor yesterday, and didn't even bother explaining myself later on. I was a jerk.

“Hello.” She smiled at me as she placed her order of bagel, and I decided to be honest.

“I am sorry about yesterday.” She looked up at me silently for a few seconds, and I wondered what she was thinking before she waved me off.

“It's alright. We were just having fun. No hard feelings.” She crossed a finger over her chest, and I sighed with relief. Well that went a lot better than I expected. I grabbed my coffee and hotdog from the counter before turning to leave.

“Eren?”

“Yeah?” I looked back at Pieck whose face suddenly turned serious as she spoke.

“I am not dumb like the others. Whatever you have going on with her, sort it out soon. Or else someone is gonna get hurt.” With that she grabbed her coffee mug and walked away, leaving me standing with a dumbstruck face.

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She didn't show up for breakfast.

I didn't know, if I was mad or relieved. Connie had told me that she and Sash went for some shopping today which meant she was up and *most likely* had seen my message. And she was ignoring me. She won't be doing that, if she didn't remember our kiss. At least, I wouldn't have to worry about that now. But we seriously needed to talk. I didn't want to start my year with all this weirdness between us. This is why, I asked Connie the address of the place where they were at before heading there myself. It took me twenty minutes drive to reach there. I dialed Sasha, as I knew it would be useless calling Mikasa. She picked up on the third ring.

“Hey Eren! What’s up?”

“Yeah I am in the West village. I needed some help buying a umm...jacket, can we meet up?”

“Oh, you are here? Sure, why not. We are near the McKinney's uptown.”

“Ok, I will be there.” I hung up before driving there. After finding a parking place, I walked in front of the building and immediately spotted them sitting in an open café. Suddenly I felt nervous at the thought of seeing Mikasa. I took deep breaths before approaching them.

“That was quick.” I settled down on the chair beside Sasha, and returned her smile before looking at Mikasa. She immediately looked away and towards our friend before placing her milkshake down.

“You called him?”

“Eren told me he needed help with buying jacket and there are really good shopping complex round the corner.” Sasha shrugged carelessly, as Mikasa looked down and engaged in a staring contest with her glass —eager to win it. I could see her fidgeting her fingers, and I knew she was nervous. She probably figured out why I was here. No more running now. She bit her lip subconsciously, and I remembered the way she had sucked on my mouth.

Shit.

“Let’s go now.” Sasha was done with her drink, as she got up and Mikasa followed hesitatingly. Soon, we were in the showroom as Sasha started showing me various choices.

“Blue suits you more. Try this one!” I pulled on the fourth pair and looked into the mirror. They were all good, but I was just tailing time, trying to get Mikasa to talk to me. She was just standing in the corner—busy on her phone, and just responded when Sasha asked her opinion.

“God, Mikasa, you keep saying fine to every one of these. Aren't you supposed to be more knowledgeable than us when it comes to this?” She finally gave us her full attention, as she moved her eyes over the four pieces I tried on— taking them all in with eyes of a professional.

“Green is the best.” Sasha lifted it to show it to me as Mikasa looked at me. *Really* looked at me for the first time today.

“I thought it was kinda dull.”

“It’s the same shade as his eyes.” The corner of my lips lifted in a smile, as she blinked before coming out of her daze and looking away again.

“I will be right back.” She excused herself, as I saw her walking in the direction of the restroom. Now was my chance. But, I needed to distract Sasha first. I walked near the glass wall, as I peeked out and spotted a Chinese food stall right across the street. Perfect.

“Hey isn't that the Xi'an Pin stall!” She came walking right towards me as she looked outside.

“No way. I love that!”

“Then, go have some. I will buy the jacket, and we will meet you out there. Ok?”

She seemed hesitant, as she looked between me and the stall.

“Are you sure?”

I planted my hand on her shoulder firmly and nodded assuring her.

“Yes. We will be right behind you.” She smiled before dashing around me and out. Finally. I trotted towards the narrow hallway leading towards the restroom, just as Mikasa walked out of the ladies room. She almost lost her footing when she spotted me in front, and I took advantage of her momentary lapse in measured quick steps. I could have sworn she inhaled sharply, as I stood in front of her.

“How long are you going to ignore me?” She looked like a deer caught in headlight as she glanced away.

“I wasn’t ignoring you. Sash wanted to go for shopping, so I came.”

“You could have texted me back atleast.” I rested a hand on the wall beside us as she sighed.

“There is nothing to talk about, Eren.” She moved to walk by me, as I gripped her arm. I was done with her running away.

“Yes, there is. We kissed.” She flushed slightly, and looked away, as I tried not to smile. It was one hell of a kiss. She licked her lower lip— trying to compose herself before addressing me.

“Yes, we kissed. We were drunk and stupid. Let’s forget it. Are we done now?” I pinched the bridge of my nose at her nonchalant words. Sometimes her tough act really pissed me off.

“So, you want to...just bury it under the hay. Is that it?” I gave her a look of disbelief. Maybe I was the *only* one this affected. Maybe it was just alcohol talking when she told me she was jealous, nothing else. She seemed conflicted, as she pursed her lips and gently removed her hand away from my grip. I was sure I wasn’t gonna like her answer.

“Yes, Eren...” She said it so softly, as though not sure she wanted to say that. *What is stopping you Mikasa?* I thought, I understood her so well, but sometimes it felt like I barely knew her at all. Her mouth said something but her eyes told a different story. She tried to move past me again, as I moved in front of her. Oh no, she was not leaving till I got some answer.

“You didn’t mean anything you said last night?” She frowned and shook her head, taking a step back before running her hands through her hairs.

“What do you want me to say? That I was drunk, but I was fully conscious of what I did. Then fine? Yes, Eren, I knew what I was doing! You kissed me, and I kissed you back because I wanted to. And yes, I don’t know how to act now! I hate that things have gotten *so* complicated between us, and I wish that they would—”

I kissed her then. She was blabbering a lot, and I needed to stop her. Also, I wanted to test something. I tilted her chin to deepen the kiss and couldn’t help but smile when she returned it. Her mouth moving in sync with mine. I broke apart first, stopping before I lost control. Her cheeks were flushed, as she looked up at me with shock and half lidded eyes.

“What was that?”

She panted, questioning me as my eyes bore into hers.

“I was trying to find, if I will feel the same thing, if I kissed you while I was completely sober.”

“Yeah?...what’s the verdict on that?” Her cheeks were still tinted red, but she looked more put together than before as she studied me.

“Jury’s still out.” And I walked away from her with a smile playing across my lips.

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Nine Years ago

Third Person POV

“Reading Wachsmann’s deeply researched, groundbreaking history of the entire camp system makes clear that Dachau and Buchenwald were the products of institutional and ideological forces that we can understand, perhaps all too well. Indeed, it’s possible to think of the camps as what happens when you cross three disciplinary institutions that all societies possess-“

“Hey, guys!” Armin paused reading as he and Mikasa looked up to find their best friend settling upon the seat in front of them. He was carrying his tennis racquet bag too indicating that he was coming directly from the practice. Eren’s eyes moved towards the book on the table as he raised an eyebrow.

“What are you reading?”

Mikasa flipped the cover to show him the title as Eren wrinkled his nose. His friends were weird like that sometimes. Only they could have a discussion about the gore deeds of Nazi over a cup of coffee.

“This is your idea of fun read?”

“I think the word you are looking for is educational.” Mikasa pointed out as she took a bite from her hamburger. Eren was too tired from his afternoon match to indulge in an argument with her and decided to place his order instead.

“How did your tryouts go, Eren?” Armin asked gesturing towards his tennis shorts and appearance as his green eyed friend smirked.

“4 to 1.”

“Way to go, buddy!” They fist bumped just as the waiter came with Eren’s orders.

“Thanks.”

“Congratulations! You deserved it.” Mikasa’s voice was softer than usual, as she gave him one of her rare smiles and he returned it. Yeah, he wanted to represent the school and finally he was selected for the doubles and single tournament in November. He took the sip of his latte and sighed with pleasure. This was heaven. Nothing else compared to it. His eyes moved to Mikasa as he found her looking at her watch for the third time now before her gaze darted towards the glass

door.

“Is everything ok, Mikasa?” She snapped back towards him and he noticed her playing with her finger— clear sign that she was nervous.

“Yeah.” She answered shortly and drummed her finger over the now empty cup. Eren wasn’t convinced in the least, as he turned towards Armin to question him with eyes but the blonde guy was focused solely on finishing his reading. Damn. Since, he was an arts major he was readily seen carrying those books around all time. He kicked his friend's leg below the table, and thankfully he didn’t wince loudly as he gave Eren a confused look. He motioned towards Mikasa and mouthed 'Is she okay' as Armin sighed. So, he knew.

“Mikasa.”

She was startled by Armin’s voice, and looked sideways as he cleared his throat.

“I think you should tell, Eren.” Ok now they were kinda freaking him out.

“What’s going on?” He sat alert now, his whole attention on his raven haired friend who frowned.

“I got a date in a while.” Oh. Well...

This was the first time he was ever hearing Mikasa and date in same sentence. As far as he knew, she never showed much interest in boys or dating or even girls for that matter. Eren didn’t know what to think. He felt a weird feeling inside his chest but brushed it off and nodded.

“Well that’s great, Mikasa. Hope you have fun.” She gave an awkward smile and Eren wondered was there anything else he should know.

“What?”

“She is going out with Sawyer.” Armin answered as Eren froze on his seat. Wait what? Was this real? He looked at Mikasa with shock, as she shrugged.

“He is a nice guy.” Eren clenched his fists as his best friend complimented his arch enemy. Nice? Ok maybe he was a decent guy but he was always neck to neck with him in his class. They both were the top students of the science batch and Eren felt betrayed to find his best friend going on a date with him.

“You could have picked any guy! Why him?” He asked and found a bit of guilt dancing in Mikasa’s eyes before it was gone and she scoffed.

“Its just one date. I don’t even plan on going out with him again!”

“You don’t even know anything about him, Mika!”

“As a matter of fact, I know him better then you do. We are in the same club. We always spar together.” So the douche was in judo club with her. This was the first he was hearing about it. He rubbed his forehead, and took a huge gulp of his caramel trying to soothe his nerves. He remained quiet for next few seconds and focused on finishing his snack before Mikasa’s voice interrupted him.

“Do you want me to cancel?” Eren was surprised by the genuineness of her words. He knew her. If he said yes, she would definitely cancel it. After all he was her favorite. He wanted to say yes but then realized how utterly selfish he sounded. Judging by Mikasa’s cute outfit and her impatient demeanor she was definitely looking forward to the evening. And it wasn’t like Sawyer was mean to Eren anyways. He just detested him because of his competitive nature. In fact, he seemed to be a dare he say it, decent person. Eren let out a sigh before grabbing her hand from across the table.

“It’s ok. He is alright.” Mikasa gave him a smile just as someone called her name, and she got up and towards the front. Towards that guy. Sawyer gave Eren an acknowledging nod when he noticed him before guiding her out with him and Eren wondered why did he feel so uneasy on seeing them together.

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It has been three months and contrary to Eren’s belief, Mikasa was still dating that dou— Sawyer. He wouldn’t have believed it if it weren’t for the fact that she was his best friend. Mikasa was a very private person. Contrary to him, who didn’t shy away from public display of affection to his girlfriends, she barely even talked to the guy at all. She still spent the lunch hours with her friends and since she was in a different branch all together Eren doubted they shared any class. They probably only hung out together in the club activities. He had never even seen them share a kiss, and he was strangely relieved by that. I mean don’t get him wrong but seeing her sticking her tongue down someone’s throat would be disgusting. He didn’t want those visuals in his head. Eren was just leaving from his after school tennis practice when he saw Mikasa and Sasha chatting right outside the campus gate. What were they doing there? He trotted towards them and gave his usual charming smile.

“Its kind of late for you two to be here.”

“Mikasa’s practice ran late today, and I stuck around with her because there’s a really hot guy in her club.” Sasha explained as he raised an eyebrow. That made sense perfectly. He was surprised to find no sign of Sawyer today. Mikasa might be closed off but that guy wasn’t by any means. He made sure to drop her off home daily as far as Eren knew. Also wasn’t he in her club?

“Where’s Sawyer?” Words were out of his mouth before he could stop them and both the girls gave him the 'look'. That wasn’t a good sign.

“We broke up.” Mikasa stated simply as she started walking in the direction of bus stop with Eren and Sasha hot on her heels. He mouthed 'why' to Sasha as she shrugged, she was also in the dark about the reason. Ok this explained why Sasha was staying behind with Mikasa.

“I can hear you both talking about me.” Mikasa’s voice interrupted their shush conversation as they neared the station. She seemed completely normal for someone who just broke up, but then again Mikasa had always been different from the other girls.

“Why did you call it quit?” Ge wasn’t letting her off the hook. Eren wanted to know, if that guy did anything which would make him pack a punch or two on his face.

“There’s no reason.”

“Come on, Mikasa. You can’t just ditch someone like that. Did he do something?”

She rolled her eyes and crossed her arms over her chest.

“He was a nice guy. But I didn’t feel anything for him even after this many days. He deserved better.” Ok.

Wow.

Well he should have guessed this one. Mikasa talked about the sprouts more passionately than she ever did about him. But that was to be expected. Eren doubted there was a single guy in the world who could be perfect for Mikasa.

“Also, because he was a bad kisser.” Both Eren and Mikasa snapped their heads at Sasha who was chewing on some gum. Mikasa gave her a deadly glare while Eren was curious. After years of being her friend, Sasha was used to that look and feigned innocence.

“What? You told me yourself, Mika.”

“That was...our private conversation!” Mikasa hissed as Eren chuckled at this information. So there’s something Eren could definitely outshine him at.

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Present day

Eren’s POV

“It’s not like that! Annie is just a good friend.”

“Are you trying to convince yourself or me, Armin?” He mumbled something under his breath and I laughed. Teasing him was fun. Plus it wasn’t every day that my best friend was so whipped for a girl. I took a U turn on the highway, as I found him texting on his phone again. Who was he trying to fool? We were on our way back home now. It was only me, Armin and Mikasa this time as the others had decided to take a flight. Unlike us, they weren’t big fans of sitting in an enclosed area for a whole day, which was a relief as our road trip was disaster.

“Texting your girlfriend again?” I asked, as I saw my blonde friend smiling on his phone. He turned off the screen and furrowed his brows— declining my accusation for the umpteenth time.

“She is not my girlfriend, dude!”

“Is that why you were making out with her in the lobby yesterday?”

Mikasa’s voice chimed in from the backseat as she finally looked up from her iPad. Wait what?

“Holy shit!” I whistled as Armin grew pale.

“Who told you?”

“Ymir told all the girls.”

“I should have known she won’t keep quiet.” He mumbled, and I could see a tinge of red on his cheeks. So, it *was* true.

“You told Ymir but not us?”

“She saw us.”

“Why is it such a big deal, if we know buddy?”

“Nothing really. It’s still new so... I wanted to wait for a little while.” That was understandable. Armin wasn’t as flexible to idea of dating, as I was so it was only natural he wanted some time.

“Annie is a nice person. I am sure she likes you just as much, judging by the amount of times I caught her staring at you.” I tried to lighten up the mood, as he scratched his neck in embarrassment and his shoulders visibly relaxed. He definitely deserved the best, and I had a feeling Annie could just be it. I stopped the car at the red light as my eyes trailed towards Mikasa’s reflection. She was still indulged in watching the movie. Her nose scrunched up a little at something, and a pout formed on her lips. She was obviously displeased by whatever was happening on the screen right now. After our second kiss we had *almost* gone back to normal. Keyword almost. Well I surely did, as I talked with her how I used to generally. My mishap in the showroom hadn’t helped a bit, as I realized kissing her felt just as good sober— if not better. And that had opened up a dam inside me. She was obviously attracted to me as well. I mean she *did* kiss me back both times. Right? We couldn’t go back to how we were before. I didn’t want to. And I didn’t want any awkwardness between us. So what was the solution?

I snapped away from her as the signal turned green and started the engine. I didn’t know, if Armin’s presence was good or bad. On one hand it obviously acted as a good buffer between us. On the other hand, I wanted to explore this new found thing between us. However, I wasn’t sure if Mikasa would like that.

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We were more than halfway through our journey when we decided to grab some food from the takeouts. It was already late, and we were all hungry. I parked a couple meters behind in an empty spot, and got out. Armin followed me too as he came to stand beside me.

“Its ok. You stay here. I will go grab something quickly.” He assured me and started walking before I could protest, completely unaware of what he had done. I leaned by the door as I wasn’t sure, I could control myself around Mikasa now.

“Eren?” On the cue, her voice sounded from inside as I peeked inside the window.

“We need to talk.” My eyes widened at her words. I didn’t expect this from her. Mikasa wasn’t a woman of many words, and she *definitely* hated confrontations. But seeing that it was me, she probably decided to break the ice first. Without a second thought I opened the door to slide besides her. She took a deep breath, as she faced me. Her midnight blues flickering up to me with hesitation.

Did she always smell like raspberries?

“I think we should move on from what happened this weekend, and go back to normal.” I tensed immediately.

What? This wasn’t what I envisioned she would say.

“You mean...forget everything?” She nodded, as a pang of disappointment ran through my chest. She licked her lips — clear sign of nervousness, as I narrowed my eyes. She was trying hard to stay composed but failing *miserably*.

“Right...” I bit my lip and saw her eyes flicker to them for a second before resting back on my amber hues. I grabbed her left hand in mine, as I slowly grazed my thumb over her pulse.

“What are you doing...” Her voice dropped down a pitch, and her eyes darkened a shade as I smirked inwardly.

“You don’t want that...” I whispered as I moved closer to her.

“That’s not true...” She tried to argue but it came out as a throaty whisper, as I moved closer to her.

“Your pulse rate is way above normal indicating the rise in dopamine. You want me...” She gasped as a small smile spread across her face.

“Nerd...” I smiled before pulling her over my lap, as our lips met in a frenzy.

Shivers.

Light of jolt went up my skin. This was it.

Her hands tightened around her waist, as she roamed her own over my chest. Coaxing her mouth open, I entangled our tongues together. This was better than I thought.

She threaded her finger over my hairs as I kissed her rougher, deeper. Mikasa let out a moan as I broke apart before latching myself on her neck. I nibbled on her milky skin, as she wiggled in my lap and my hard on throbbed painfully. I had never gotten hard from just a kiss since my teen days. What was it about her? She moved again, as I hissed. She was doing this on purpose. I looked up at her and found her smiling through her half hooded eyes. She was going to pay.

Plopping her down on the seat, I climbed over her and trapped her legs below mine. I grinded myself against her as she moaned. Moving my mouth over hers again, I sucked on her plum flesh. Her lips tasted like heaven. Mikasa moved her leg around my waist to pull me closer, as I nibbled on the silky skin of her collarbone.

"Ahhh..." I slapped my hand over her mouth to shush her up, before giving her waist a light squeeze. My lips paused just shy of the v down her sweater as I licked her skin. Mikasa removed my hand from around her mouth before crashing her lip against mine. She pushed me back to place

herself on my lap again, before grabbing at my hairs *deepening* our liplock. Mikasa in control was hot.

I nibbled on her ear, as she panted and I trailed my mouth from her neck down to the v of her sweater making her moan. Even in the thick mist of lust, I realised that we needed to stop before we ended up losing some clothes, and I pulled back.

Our heavy breathes filled the air as we held each other's gaze for a while. Her cheeks were flushed — her skin sweaty as she got up, and rolled away from me adjusting her sweater. I pulled back my sweaty hairs in a messy bun, as I sat upright. *Great*. Now what was I supposed to do about my obvious hard-on. I glanced at Mikasa sideways, and found her combing her hands through her hairs to smoothen the knots. Feeling my eyes on hers she turned to look at me, and a blush spread across her cheeks. How could this woman be *both* hot and cute at the same time? I looked outside making sure Armin didn't see us in such condition, as I found emptiness around our vehicle. *Thank God for dark corners*. I moved to open the door deciding to grab some fresh air—maybe that would help my situation down there before a thought popped through me. I turned towards Mikasa giving her a quick kiss.

“Once we are back in New York, we are doing this the proper way.” I promised as her cheeks turned red at the implication.

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“See ya, Mikasa!”

Armin gave her a quick hug, as I pulled out her bag from the carriage and handed it to her as she thanked me. I smiled before enveloping her in my arms tightly. She returned the gesture, as I grazed her back.

“I will call you.” She understood the *implication* behind my words and nodded as we broke apart and said our goodbyes. As much as I wanted to take her back to my place right now, we both needed rest and a thorough shower. I gave a last lingering glance to her retreating back, and found her brother staring from the balcony. His deep eyes penetrated me *inquisitively*, as I looked away. Levi Ackerman was one person I never wanted to get on wrong side of. Not only was he a lieutenant of the precinct, but he also held black belts in judo and taekwondo. Long story short, he could kick my ass if he wanted to.

After dropping off Armin, I finally made it back to my apartment and let out a relieved sigh as I unlocked the door.

“Hey, honey!” I *almost* stumbled on my foot with surprise, as I found my mom walking into the living room. She had on her apron indicating she was cooking something. I really needed to take back my spare key from her.

“Mom, what are you doing here?” I asked her as she hugged me tightly. She was too strong for a tiny woman, as she crushed me in her arms.

“My baby is back from his vacation. Of course, I was going to come.”

“Mom, I am not 12 anymore.”

“Oh hush! You will always be my baby boy. So suck it.” There was no point arguing with her, as I dropped my bag on the table and kicked off my shoes before slumping on the couch.

“I cooked your favorite doner kebabs for you.”

“With extra onions?”

“And beef.”

“Thanks, mom.” She smiled as she brought the plate of hot food and placed it in front of me. There was definitely a perk to having a chef mom. I took the first bite and groaned with pleasure. It was *mouthgasm* truly. After cleaning off my plate in five minutes, I took a bath and wasn’t surprised to find her browsing through the channels. Obviously she wasn’t going to leave before she got the full details of my vacation.

“So…” I sighed, as I flopped down besides her and narrated the happenings of Dallas, *excluding* the deets about me and Mikasa of course.

“No new hussies, I presume?”

“No, mom. You make it sound like I hookup with every random girl.” She brushed off my argument, as I rolled my eyes. She did hate every girl I ever dated, and I knew the reason.

“I am just waiting for the day when you will finally see the light and date Mikasa.” There it was. I tried not to react, as I sat a bit straight. I was used to hearing this but after our ‘moment’ it left an unsettling feeling in my stomach. If I told my mother that we kissed she would start planning the wedding.

“She is my best friend.”

“Exactly why. She knows you better than any other girl.”

It was pointless trying to convince her otherwise, so I didn’t say anything. We both were about to go on a very different path. I didn’t want our hearts to get involved. *If* that was even possible. I was convinced the concept of love was lost to me. And Mikasa was exactly the same. Passionate about her work. This is why I had a proposition for her. For *us*. Something which could help our ‘situation’ without complicating things.

Later that evening, as I was ready to retire to bed I called Mikasa. No need in delaying it. She picked on the third ring as her groggy voice spoke on the other side.

“Shit. Did I wake you?”

“*No. I was just going to sleep.*” I flopped back on my pillow and hummed. Not believing her.

“Your brother is a really scary guy.”

“*No, that is how he normally looks.*” I chuckled as she let out a yawn. I felt guilty for waking her up now.

“You are sleepy. Go to bed. We will talk later.”

“*No. You did say...well we should talk.*” She sounded more alert now, as I could picture her fidgeting with her fingers— dressed up in her pajamas and her hairs tied in two ponytail. Old habits die hard.

“Eren?” I snapped out of my thoughts and cleared my throat.

“Yeah...Before that I want you to promise me you will be honest with me?” There was a second pause before she agreed.

“Ok.”

“I want you in my bed Mikasa.” I heard something similar to a choke, and I couldn’t help but let out a low laugh. Ok maybe I shouldn’t have been this direct with her.

“Bed...umm really?”

“Yeah, or wherever you prefer it.” She was silent for a while but I could hear her thinking on the other side. Considering it *hopefully*. After our dry hump in car, It wouldn’t be a stretch to say she was secretly thrilled.

“And when? Umm...Is it more than one time thing?”

“I don’t think, once is enough for both of us-“

She interrupted me. “*We have been friends for so long. I don’t think relationship is a good idea.*”

“Good thing, I am not proposing that.”

“Huh?” I massaged my head, as I sat back up and dropped my voice an octave.

“We will avoid the messy part of being in any kind of relationship by keeping it just sex. We will still be friends and hang out like before.”

“*What about our friends, your mom and well...everything?*” I sighed. I knew this would be an issue.

“We don’t have to tell them. It’s not any of their business, Mikasa. You know my mom, she would book the wedding hall as soon as she learns.” Mikasa let out a small laugh at this before growing silent again—possibly pondering over my offer. I didn’t want her to be in any kind of pressure.

“If you aren’t comfortable just say no, and I will forget this conversation and everything that happened. I promise.”

“*I don't want to...*” She answered a little too quickly, and I couldn’t help but smirk. She wanted me.

“Then...are you in or out?”

“*We need to lay out some ground rules.*” I agreed. I didn’t want there to be any problems afterwards.

“What do you have in mind?”

“*Ok. Rule 1: While we both are sleeping umm...together, we won’t have any kind of physical or romantic relationship with a third person. Rule 2: If supposedly we find someone else during this duration, we will be honest and tell the other asap and break it off. Rule 3: We both need to be checked out before starting this. I am sure you are already aware of it.*”

“Hey, I am clean. I get checked out after every relationship, but ok I will do it again.” She interrupted me still not done with her *Rule book* as I lied down.

“*Four: This arrangement won’t last more than six months. After we graduate we stop.*”

“You really thought this through, huh? Fine by me. Are you done now?” She mumbled a small yes, I could feel her getting a bit embarrassed over her conditions, but I was glad for that. She was a practical person like me.

“So here’s my own conditions. I am sorry if they aren’t as boring as yours.”

“*Shut up!*” I chuckled before continuing.

“One: Since we are in this for sex, we both will be open about our likes and preferences. You tell me what position you like to fuck in, and I will tell you how I like my cock sucked.” She gasped on the other line. “Second: If you have any kind of fantasy or stuff you want to try out, tell me. No matter how weird it may sound. Third: I want you all to myself on weekends, and as many weekdays as you can give me. Get used to spending nights in my house. Find an excuse for Levi. And Fourth: Get used to my dirty mouth, as you will be hearing a lot of it.”

Silence. Complete silence was what I heard. Well not really. I wondered if she slept or the line was disconnected. Or, did I scare her off? Was it too much too soon?

“Mikasa?”

“*Yeah.*”

“Do you agree?” She took a deep breath, as I waited for her answer. I was too turned on already and if she said no. Well I was going to need a night long cold shower to get over it and her.

Her voice was throaty as she finally answered me.

“*Yes.*”

First time

Chapter Summary

The lines have been crossed all the way finally. But is their arrangement really that simple?

Chapter Notes

Extreme sexual content ahead.

Past age:

Eren: 17

Mikasa: 17

Mikasa's POV

One. Two. Three.

I took deep breath then rubbed my palm together, trying to calm my nerves. My eyes wandered to my watch again. It was quarter past seven. Time to go. I started the ignition engine before taking off towards uptown. Eren had already texted me asking if I would like him to pick me up, but I refused. Besides, I drove in my car today so there was no need. My nerves were on fire.

It had been five days since our 'agreement'. Since we got back started, we both were busy with classes this whole week. *Heck* at a point, I even thought that Eren might have forgotten about our deal so it was a bit of shocker that he called me this *very* morning and told me to come to his apartment after my class. There was no explicit declaration, of course, but I got the insinuation. A delicious shiver ran down my spine. No one had ever made me feel the way he did with just a kiss. Our first kiss was like a dream. The one I never wanted to wake up from but felt so wrong. Wrong until he kissed me again and...*again* and it felt so right. Eren wanted me. To say that I was shocked was an understatement. I mean, I had always been attracted to him in the deep *deep* abysses of my soul but hid it perfectly until he brought those feelings to surface again.

With all the excitement came fear too, as I was afraid of things getting too complicated. I was afraid of catching feelings for him again. So, I proposed those rules. They would be my protection against any stupid thought. It was just sex. I had done it before. Not with my best friend of course, but still. I slowed down, and drove inside the parking lot just as I reached his apartment complex. I could feel my fingers getting clammy, as I shut the door and got inside the building. I had been to his place many times before but never for this reason. A part of me wanted to run away now, and shut myself in my room but the other bigger part wanted to experience that feeling of euphoria

again which it did, when we kissed. Elevator tinged, as it ascended upwards and I inhaled. We hadn't kissed let alone seen each other since he dropped me off after the trip. I had expected him to *maybe* try to have phone sex, but our conversations were pretty normal too. I wondered, if he was as nervous as I was. But I doubted it. Eren was a confident guy, and I had heard from the gossip mill that he was very 'talented' in this aspect. His exes had pretty big mouth.

The door slid open snapping me out of my thoughts, as I reached his floor. I took cautious steps, as I reached his door before knocking two times.

“Hold on!” His voice echoed from inside as I rubbed my forearms. Everything would be fine. It was only Eren. He opened the door and gave me a bright smile as he stepped aside to let me in.

“You are just on time. I am making pancakes!” He informed me, as he got back inside the kitchen area and I kept my purse on the table. I wouldn't lie. I was expecting him to jump me as soon as he let me in, but he surprised me again. I followed him in the kitchen as I saw him pouring maple syrup over it.

“Aunty Carla giving you lessons?” I let out an amused smile. It was rare to see Eren cook *much* less make delicate cakes. A rare sight indeed.

“Nope. It's part of growing up. You are gonna love this.” He passed me the plate, and I took a bite from one piece. Mmm...”They are surprisingly good.”

“I am good at most things.” He winked jokingly, but I felt a shiver rake down, as his gaze trailed down my body. I knew exactly what he was implying. He came closer to me as my heartbeat accelerated. A common occurrence with him now. Surprisingly, he walked past me, and motioned me to follow him as I let out a sharp breath. *Jerk*. We both settled down on the couch, as he switched on the TV and put on a movie. Normally, I would be watching that with interest but we were supposed to have sex today not...this! I even got Brazilian wax, and put on a matching pair of lingerie for tonight. I only wore fancy underwear when I went to some special event for goodness sake! I sneaked a look at Eren from the corner of my eyes, and found him immersed in the TV. Although he did have an amused look on his face. Was he teasing me?

“You want some more?” He offered me his plate, as I gave him a deadpan expression.

“Nope.”

“Are you fine? You look a bit dandy..” I shot him an annoyed look before crossing my arms.

“I am good.” He raised an eyebrow, as I turned back towards the screen and decided to ignore him. I focused *hard* on it although I had no idea what was going on. I sensed him moving by my side, before he sat right next to me and turned me to face him. Eren tucked a strand behind my ears as a soft smile spread on his face.

“I was just trying to make you comfortable. You seemed tense when you walked in.” Well...he was right about that. I remembered we always used to watch some movie and eat some pizza or snack whenever I came over. 'Nothing is going to change. We will still be best friends'. His words from that night resonated in my mind. Caring as always. I let out a small smile.

“I am fine now.” He caught my chin before bringing his lips on mine. It started slow, as we both tested the waters— getting used to it before he coaxed my mouth open, deepening the kiss. I wrapped my arms around his neck, as he placed his on my waist pulling me closer. Our tongues tangled together as my insides tingled. Biting, licking, sucking we continued to make out for a while, before his hand moved to my shirt and he tugged at it. His lips landed on my neck, as he

nibbled on my pulse point just as I lifted my hand to help him slid the material over my head.

“Fuck! You are perfect...” His eyes darkened with desire as they landed on my breast before he squeezed them. I bit my lip, as he played with them. I roamed my hands over the hard plane of his chest—wanting to feel his bare skin.

“Take it off...” I managed to say in between his hot kisses, as he got the message and leaned back a bit to pull the tee shirt over his head. *Gods*. I sucked in a breath. The last time I had seen him shirtless was two years back, when we went to the California beach. I had drooled then too albeit a *bit* discreetly but now, his body was all mine to do as I pleased. Every inch of his torso was roped with muscles. He worked out regularly, and it was showing. Suddenly my eyes landed on his left pectoral. I had always been fascinated by his tattoo. A sword piercing through the rose. It was hauntingly beautiful. When I had asked him the meaning behind it, he said it symbolized the beauty and cruelty of world —whatever that meant. I grazed my finger over it, as he pulled me over his lap and lowered the straps of my bra. I kissed under his jaw just as he unhooked my bra before throwing it somewhere. I trailed my kisses over his neck, as his thumb skidded over my nipple. My own hands wandered round his back, and I felt the strength rippling through his corded muscles. A gasp left me as his mouth closed around my left nipple— my hips slamming against his. My thighs gripped him, as I urged him closer, my back arching for more as he first licked me and then sucked hard, all the while pinching my other nipple between his forefinger and thumb. I felt a wet rush between my legs.

“Ere...”

I was panting hard now, as he sucked on my nipples hard. Suddenly, he was sliding down my body, his hands cupping and shaping my breasts as he descended— his lips trailing wet kisses down my stomach. I shivered at the touch of his tongue across my navel and then tensed, when I realized his destination was the apex of my thighs. His hand moved to unbutton my jeans, and he looked at me for permission but I froze. Sensing the sudden change he caressed my cheek, as I looked at him.

“Hey, are you alright?” I looked down, as I felt the anxiety crippling in. I didn’t want to ruin it. I made the pact. I wanted to go through with it. My eyes wandered around as I inquired.

“Can I have a umm...drink?” He seemed confused, as he slowly let me slid away from his lap. My hands covered my naked breast as I waited.

“Drink?”

“Whiskey, beer whatever you have. I am sure your mini fridge is stacked with them.” His eyes studied, me as I refused to meet them.

“You want to get drunk now? Before having sex?”

“I will just have one glass.” I tried to assure him. His eyes narrowed, as I looked away again.

“One glass is enough to get you tipsy, Mika. I am not doing that.”

“It’s not the same as being drunk.” I tried to justify, as he yanked my head towards him— his eyes piercing my soul.

“We are not doing this, if you are going to get drunk!”

“I told you, it’s not being drunk-“

“Is that something you did before?” He was up now, and giving me a cold look as I shivered. Had

he figured it out? Feeling exposed, I grabbed my shirt, and yanked it over my head as I stood up too.

“It doesn’t matter.”

“It Matters To Me Dammit!” He yelled before pulling at his hairs in frustration. I sighed, and got ready to spill my secret to him.

“Yes.” I cleared my throat. “I couldn’t do it without it. My anxiety got...worse.” Eren cursed under his breath, before cursing out loud as I winced. I wasn’t stupid. I had thought this might happen. I did feel a lot comfortable with him, than I ever did with my ex boyfriends, but I was still afraid I might not be able to go through with actual sex part. In that case, I had thought I would have a casual drink with him, and since he liked to have fun he wouldn’t mind it too much. I was wrong.

“I have never...been with a girl, when she was even slightly intoxicated...” He said icily clenching his fists on his sides. “And you are telling me, you— my own best friend, never had sober sex?” I closed my eyes. I felt ashamed. I should have known better. As much as a player Eren was he was very respectful towards women. I decided to give him an explanation.

“I was aware of what I was doing. I just got drunk enough to feel less anxious.”

“That doesn’t make it better, Mikasa. You expect me to touch you after that?” He reprimanded, as I winced. He was right. This was a mistake. All of it. I could never ever get comfortable with someone to enjoy sex. Not even with the guy who had known me practically all my life.

“You are right. This should have never happened.” I whispered, as I picked my bra and purse and started heading towards the door, but Eren moved in front of me not letting me escape as he spoke.

“You are not leaving like this. You are going to haul your ass on the sofa and tell me everything.” His words were firm, and I realized it was useless running away as Eren could be very stubborn if he wanted to. So, I sat down again and started speaking. I told him everything. How unlike others, I wasn’t turned on or excited by the idea of sex. That I only did it because everyone else was doing it. I was eighteen, and he was my second boyfriend. I was so nervous that day so my roommate in college told me I could use alcohol to calm my nerves. And I did. It helped. Sex was decent, and I didn’t come but it was less awkward and scary then before. I only had sex with two guys in my life. Both were in college. It was a routine— very mechanical for me. I could count on my hands the amount of times, I came with them. It was so dull that unlike others I never got around to enjoying it. The guys I was with never made a big deal about my drinking, and thought it was *kinda* hot that I liked getting tipsy before that. After I was done a long silence settled upon both of us, as I fidgeted with my fingers.

“Anything could have happened to you.” His voice was thick with anger as I sighed. I was aware of the risks.

“But it didn’t—“

“Fuck, Mika! You Didn’t Know That! I swear, I would have ripped their fucking balls off, if they ever forced you.” He hissed, and I felt my heart thumping loudly. He was right. I was careless. I knew it was a wrong way to go. This is why I stopped.

“I realized that. I haven’t had sex in three years. It wasn’t even in my mind until...well you. I thought I could go through this now. I mean it’s *you*. But, I ruined everything...” My heart felt heavy now. Eren definitely had a good sex life. I was ruining it for him too.

“You are wrong.” I looked at him, as his amber orbs penetrated into me. “You are the best kiss I ever had.” He moved forward and leaned down on the floor in front of me before grabbing my hands. “No woman has ever made me hard with just a kiss until you. You are so beautiful.” His hand lightly grazed over my cheekbone, as he moved closer. Blush rose to my cheeks at his words.

“And if you allow me, I will like to show you how much, babe.” I *absolutely* loved it when he called me that. “I want to make you feel good..” I was both moved *and* turned on by his words, as he traced his hand over the hem of my jeans. I waited for the fear. It never came, as I placed my hand over his and helped him unbuckle it. He pulled it down and discarded it— leaving me only in my panties. I discarded my shirt for the second time, as he placed his thighs on my side. Grabbing me by my waist he pushed me down on the couch. He placed his knee between my thighs, pushing them apart before leaving a kiss on my bare skin. Placing soft kisses on the inside of my thigh he grazed his hand over my center, as I gasped. His eyes questioning as he looked up at me.

“Yes...” Getting my permission he hooked his finger on the band of my panties before slipping it down my legs. My cheeks heated up, as he took his time eating me up with eyes. His gaze was hot, and I felt myself getting wet. Eren had made me come that day in the car only by dry humping me. I didn’t know how much I could take, when I was bare before him. I felt his fingers slide inside me, and a mewl of delicious surprise escaped my lips— bringing his eyes up to my face. They were intense, filled with sexual intent. His fingers slipped out of me, and then back in. My hips pushed against them, trying to catch his rhythm.

“You’re drenched, Mika” he groaned. “So wet for me.”

“Yes..” I choked out, tilting my hips up.

With a growl of satisfaction, Eren dipped his head. His fingers slipped out of me— but before I could mourn the loss, he parted my labia, and I nearly came off the couch at the feel of his tongue on me.

He circled my clit— teasing it, pressing and then he sucked it. I moaned— tightening my grip on the fabric below, and thrashed my leg as he licked deeper, alternating between slow and fast motion. I cried out, feeling my orgasm building quicker than I’d ever experienced before, as he continued to lap at me— pushing me back up toward climax. When he pressed his fingers inside me, I burst apart, my eyes fluttered shut. I writhed against his talented mouth— my fingers curled into the couch beneath me. The orgasm rolled through me in waves, and I pulsed against his mouth, until finally I went limp. I felt him move up my body, and when I eventually pried my eyes open he had his hands braced on either side of my head again, his lower body pressed to mine. He was wearing this pleased, cocky smile on his face. He brushed his fingers across my cheekbone affectionately, his eyes searching. “I take it that was good.”

It was an understatement. I was sated, satisfied and content. A lazy smile spread across my face, as I lifted my thumb to brush his jaw tenderly. “You earned that smug smile..”

He chuckled before leaning down to kiss me passionately. I tasted myself on his lips, as he lifted my chin to deepen our liplock. Before I could coax my tongue in his mouth he broke apart and sat up giving me a hand. I got up too, confused as he passed me my clothes.

“What are you doing?”

“I think we have done enough for today. I don’t want to overwhelm you.” I frowned, unhappy with this turn of events. “But, what about sex?” I was finally getting over my insecurity. I wanted more. He pulled his shirt over his head before facing me with a smile.

“You just had oral sex.” Semantics. I slowly dressed up too, as he trotted out of the room and into

washroom and I tried not to ogle his gorgeous ass. I got up, and put my hair in a messy bun before wearing my sneakers. I pulled out my phone and texted back Sasha, Armin and Levi just as Eren returned. His eyebrows puckered up in question, as he saw me all dressed up.

“I should leave now. Isabel is also staying over today. I haven’t seen her in a while.” He nodded in understanding before following me towards the door. As I moved to grab the handle he pushed me against the wooden surface before kissing me thoroughly, deeply. I was completely breathless as he pulled back and murmured his carnal promise. “Tomorrow we fuck.”

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Eight Years ago

Third Person POV

The funeral was over. The day had been very exhausting both mentally and physically for Eren. He walked into his room, and immediately collapsed onto the bed as he tried not cry. It was hard. Hannes had been there in his life ever since he was a toddler. When his father was on foreign trip or mother catering in faraway city, it was Hannes who looked after him. He was a second father figure to Eren. And now he was gone. Just like that. He had been suffering from lung cancer for past three years. Doctor had told that it was in last stage so he decided to spend his last few months to the fullest before he took his last breath two days ago. A knock sounded on his door, as Eren wiped the threatening tears and saw Mikasa walking in. Her eyes were red and puffy. He had rarely seen Mikasa cry. Just like him, Mikasa was also fond of the old guy— having spent many evenings listening to his stories from military days.

She sat beside him without a word before grabbing his hands in hers. He tried to suppress his emotions. He was a grown up boy now. He wouldn’t cry. Mikasa read his mind it seemed as she assured him.

“Its ok, Eren. Let it out. It’s ok to cry.” A lone tear spilled on his cheek, as she encircled her arms around his and hugged him. Mikasa wasn’t a very touchy feely person. She rarely ever initiated body contact except when it came to Eren. He was her exception to...well everything. He nestled his face in her neck, and let out a hysterical cry as tears flew freely now. Eren felt her lips on his head, as he tightened his grip on her and let it out. He always felt comfortable when he was with her. They stayed like that for a long time, just wrapped up in each other. A loud noise interrupted them, as they broke apart and found Eren’s girlfriend standing by the doorway. She didn’t seem much happy, and Mikasa let go off him quickly not wanting to give her any wrong ideas. Emma plastered a sympathetic look on her face before walking in, completely ignoring Mikasa’s existence.

“Oh hey, are you alright?” She cooed before sitting in front of him as Mikasa got up. It was her cue to leave. “I am fine.” He managed in a hoarse voice, as she rubbed his palms but Eren felt weird. She didn’t radiate warmth like Mikasa did. He wanted his best friend. He found Mikasa turning to leave as he spoke.

“Wait, Mika..” She turned her head as he pulled his hand from Emma’s grip. “Don’t go.” Mikasa looked in between both of them just as his girlfriend hissed.

“There is no need for her to stay. I am here, baby.”

“She is righ-“

“No, Emma. I want her to stay now. I will call you later. Ok?”

Oh. Mikasa closed her eyes just as the blonde got up with a shriek.

“Are You Kidding Me? You Are Choosing Her Over Me? I Am Your Girlfriend!”

Eren sighed. He just wanted to lie down, and not have this conversation right now.

“I have a splitting headache right now. I don’t want to argue. We will talk tomorrow.”

She got up with a jump, as Mikasa winced. There it was.

“If She Stays I Am Breaking Up With You! I Am Tired Of Being Your Second Choice Always.” Eren chose to remain quiet, as his eyes landed on Mikasa and he pleaded her with them to not leave. She knew the stage he was in right now. He needed comfort. Mikasa walked back towards him just as the blonde bombshell screeched.

“FUCK YOU, EREN YEAGER!! FUCK YOU AND YOUR STUPID BESTFRIEND! WE ARE OVER!” Saying that, she stormed out of the room and slammed it shut just as Mikasa sat back on his bed.

“I am sorry.” He shook his head.

“Its fine. I was thinking of breaking up with her soon anyways.” He turned towards her before nestling himself in her lap as Mikasa massaged his head soothingly.

“I feel like I am present during half of your breakups...and somehow responsible for them too.” He let out a low chuckle before looking up in her midnight eyes.

“No. It’s not your fault they are insecure.” Right. Mikasa couldn’t blame them though. She would be too, if she was in their place. She and Eren were too close. Everyone had suspected them of being in a relationship once. No one believed that there was nothing between them but it was true. Their relationship was rare and precious. It worked for them no matter what others thought.

“Stay with me tonight.” Her eyes widened at his bold words but she soon understood the meaning. Of course. He wanted her to sleep beside him. Dummy. She hesitated but seeing the vulnerability—the ache in his eyes she nodded as he got up before lying on his side and Mikasa occupied the other. He pulled her closer, and wrapped his arms around her as she tensed. She wanted to break free and run away but she couldn’t be selfish. Not today. He needed some comfort. She tried to relax and close her eyes as the two best friends fell asleep in each other’s arms with tear stained cheeks.

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Present Day

Mikasa's POV

I felt the cold surface of the metal behind me, as Eren pushed me against the elevator wall—deepening our kiss. His hand skidded to my bottom, as he squeezed them lightly. He was obsessed with my ass. I grabbed at the collar of his jacket, and tilted my head to trace his mouth with my tongue. The bell tinged, and I pushed him away just as the door slid open. An old man walked in who Eren greeted, as he smiled.

“Eren! It’s has been a while.”

“It has. How are you, Mr. Gregor?” He patted his chest as he addressed Eren.

“Fine, son! You know me, I never get old I just get better.” Eren chuckled as old guy tried to flex his barely there muscles before his eyes moved towards me. A knowing look passed on them, as I looked away. He didn’t say anything though for which I was grateful, and next few seconds were spent in complete silence before we reached his floor. I got out first followed by Eren as he bid Mr. Gregor goodbye.

“Have fun, kids.” I could have sworn there was suggestiveness in his voice— I didn’t look back and heard Eren laughing sheepishly. We reached his door, when he grabbed my waist from behind and placed a sensual kiss on my neck before unlocking the door. This was it. I wasn’t able to sleep last night in the anticipation of today so when Eren called in the evening my face lit up. We met up with Armin first in our usual coffee spot, and spend an hour chatting before leaving for his place together. Eren wasn’t discreet at all, as he started kissing me as soon as we reached his building. Even his watchmen saw this. And that old man knew too probably. I was pushed against the door just a second after he locked it, as our mouths meshed together. We both were addicted to kissing each other as we made out for minutes like teenagers. It was a honest to God *toe clenching* make out. I was slowly learning what he liked, as I sucked on his lower lip and he groaned. His hands slapped my ass lightly, and I let out a low moan. He chuckled against my lips, and I bit him. Hard on his soft mouth to shut him up. He hissed but didn’t let go, as his own teeth sunk into my plump mouth. Our lower bodies brushed together, as I felt his hardness, increasing my pool of desire. He broke from me to discard his jacket following the same with mine. The next to follow was our shirts, as we got rid of it with a urgency, before his hands moved to the hook of my bra. He gave me a hot look before removing my red lace, and throwing it with the heap of our clothes. Hovering above my mouth, he looked deep into my eyes. “Tell me, what you want tonight.” My eyes dropped to his mouth— so close and yet not quite close enough. Hoarse with arousal, I said the first thing that came into my head, one thing I was looking forward to since yesterday: “You inside me.”

My words affected him. I knew because he braced his hands on the wall at either side of my head, and pressed his erection against my stomach. “You want my cock, baby?” he murmured, letting his top lip catch my bottom lip before moving infinitesimally away, as I nodded. He lowered his lashes as a sexy smirk spread across his handsome face. “I want to hear you say it.”

God. My body was on fire as my heart pounded wildly. Eren did mention that he loved dirty talk. I had never tried it before, but I was *surprisingly* turned on by his hot words as I bit my lip. “I...want your cock inside me...” Red spread across my cheeks, as his eyes darkened, and he pulled me against him so that our naked chests brushed against each other. My nipple pebbled as I felt his

hard muscle brushing against my skin. I wasn't as soft as other girls. I had good set of abs too but they paled in comparison to his sinewy steel body. He rubbed his hardness against me again.

I groaned, and slid my arms up around his neck and Eren took that as my acquiescence. One minute, I was on the ground, the next I was in Eren's arms— my legs around his waist, my hands in his hair as he nibbled at my earlobe, over my collarbone, and my sensitive neck. Not wanting to give him all the control I licked behind his ear before biting on his pulse point.

His grip tightened on me, as I felt the air blow through my hair and we were moving into the hall, down the hall, into his bedroom and then I was falling. I hit the mattress with a surprised 'oof' and stared up at him indignantly. He reached for the button and zip of his jeans, and slid it down slowly, not breaking eye contact with me. I was about to burst and we hadn't even gotten to the best part yet. I tried not to gasp, as he dropped his pants and my eyes landed on the tent in his boxers. He was big.

"It's your turn." His voice gruffed out, as I sat up and pulled down my pants with as much as grace I could muster. I was more confident today than yesterday. He had already seen me naked. I knew, I didn't look as sexy as he did on doing the same thing but he still hummed his appreciation. He leaned and trapped me in his arms before brushing his lips against mine. And then he was moving. Kissing, nipping and sucking he trailed down from my neck and my breasts to my navel. He blew hot air against it, as I shivered. He didn't let any part of my skin untouched as his lips covered every ounce of my skin. His hand landed on my panties before slipping them down my legs.

"Fuck! You have the sexiest body I have ever seen." His hoarse voice excited me, as I looked at him.

"Thanks...you too." I added as an afterthought, and he laughed before dipping down to my center. His mouth was illegal. He lapped up at my labia like a man starved. I tried to stifle my moans, but it was no use. My voice was borderline scream as he finished me with his mouth. He looked up at me— licking off my essence from his mouth as I whimpered. I wanted him now! With a confidence I didn't know I had, I sat up before tugging at his waistband. He raised an eyebrow, as I ordered. "Take it off."

"Why don't you do it?" Excitement rushed in my eyes. He was the one doing most of the work now. If I wanted him to feel as good as me, I needed to return the favor. I pursed my lips and lowered the last piece of clothing on him as he kicked them off down the legs. My mouth dropped open as I took in his thick cock pulsing with veins. I had never used the word beautiful for a dick before until now.

"Babe, if you keep looking at me like that, it will be over soon." He warned in his husky voice, as I let out a throaty laugh. I moved closer to him, and grabbed his length gently as he tensed. My hands were shaking as he patted my cheek and assured me. I rubbed my finger over it— tracing the curve and stroked him gently. His breath quickened, as I moved my hand up and down his shaft and looked at him. He grabbed me by hairs, and pulled me in a harsh kiss as I increased my pace. I could feel him getting harder and bigger in my palm as my knees got weak. I wanted him bad but before that. I pushed at his shoulders, and broke the kiss before trailing my lips all over his naked body. I peppered small wet kisses over his neck, shoulder and chest before stopping at the base of his shaft. I asked him for permission with my eyes.

"You don't have to..." He groaned as I grabbed him again. I hadn't done this before. I didn't feel comfortable going down on the guy. Blowjob weren't meant for me. Plus guys rarely went down on me before, and even then they had no idea what they were doing. Yes, I knew I lead a very mediocre and boring sex life until now. Eren was a generous giver, and I wanted to make him feel

good too —besides seeing his pulsing hot thickness, I wanted to give it a try.

“Will you...teach me how to?” I asked in a small voice. He knew I had never done this. His gaze turned understanding, as he once again asked me if I was sure. I nodded as he spoke in his heavy voice.

“Take me into your mouth, and while you suck me off, pump the root with your fist...The key is to fist it hard but not too hard. Teeth sheathed.”

I nodded, hoping I could do this.

“You seriously don’t have to do t— ahh...” he hissed, as I cut him off by wrapping my mouth around him.

At first I was frozen by the foreignness of having him in my mouth— tasting him, feeling him as if he were all around me, as if there was nothing else in the world but him. It felt odd. It felt alien. And I was afraid I just wasn’t cut out for this part of sexual intimacy. Until I looked up at his face from under my lashes.

This was Eren.

I gathered my courage.

I began to do everything that he asked, and as I did I watched him —watched the color rise in his cheeks; watched the way his chest rose and fell in rapid breaths; watched his fists curl in the sheets around him; watched his mouth open on pants; watched the sheen of sweat build across his skin; watched his abs ripple. And I got off on it. I didn’t expect to like going down on a guy, but I loved the sensual power that rushed through me at knowing I could make Eren feel so turned on that he huffed out my name in pleased tone. I was suddenly pulled away from him, as he pulled me up by my arm before pushing me down. “I want to come, when I am inside you..” His husky voice stated, as he bent on the side and I saw him pulling the condom from the desk drawer before ripping it off with his teeth. I inhaled deeply. It was time. I saw him putting it on before climbing on top of me. His thickness brushed on my inner thigh and I gasped. He lowered his mouth and kissed me long and deep. I felt him brush against me, and I tried to stay calm. I could do this. His hand rubbed at my thigh soothingly as he whispered. “Shh...it will be ok. Relax, Mika.” I relaxed, my eyes locked with his. And then he was pushing inside of me very slowly— hands on the mattress at the side of my head to hold himself up. His eyes darkened as he pressed through the tight resistance of my body, my muscles squeezing around him. I stifled a whimper. It was uncomfortable. He was fully sheathed inside me now, as I tried not to groan at discomfort. It has been a while plus he wasn’t small by any means.

Eren shut his eyes for a second, panting. His arms shook a little. His lids fluttered open and my inner muscles squeezed him again in response to the sexual heat, I saw in his eyes. “You feel...amazing” he breathed, eyes gleaming. “So tight. I’m trying to go gentle, but you feel fucking amazing.”

Pleased, I caressed his back soothingly and realized that the discomfort was beginning to dissipate. I was suddenly eager to learn more. My hips automatically lifted— seeking movement, and he growled, pulling back out of me. Instead of pulling all the way out like I thought he was going to, he thrust back in. I cried out as I felt the stirring of a beautiful tension. My eyes were locked on his face— mesmerized by his expression, by the mixture of lust and gentleness in his eyes, by the tautness of his jaw that told me he was clinging to his control.

And he did that for me.

He was slow and tender, his hands gripping my thighs lightly as he slid in and out of me, His eyes drank me in— watching me pant beneath him, watching my breasts quiver gently against his thrusts, and suddenly he was pushing that little bit harder, moving that *little* bit faster. “Mikasa, come for me, babe,” he commanded, his voice guttural. I tightened my grip on his strong shoulder, and wrapped my leg behind him as I lifted my hips to match his. A loud moan slipped past my lips, as he hit the sweet spot. He paused as his eyes searched mine before they darkened and he did it again. And *again*.

“Eren...!” I cried out so loud that I was afraid his neighbors would have heard me. His teeth bit my neck, as he laced our arms together and behind my head before increasing the pace. His groans and my moans mixed with the skin slapping was the only sound which reverberated through the room. The coil tightened, as I thrashed back against the headboard shuddering uncontrollably— jerking hard against Eren as he gripped my hips tightly to his and followed me into climax.

When I finally stopped coming, my muscles relaxed to jelly. I thought, I melted into his mattress— just barely able to lift my arm and curl a hand around his nape as he collapsed over me, his head buried in the crook of my neck. We remained like that for few moments coming down from our high before he pulled out of me and got up. I winced with the loss and soreness, as he discarded the condom in trash before lying on the other side. Our eyes met and he gave me a smile so gentle my heart fluttered before removing the falling hairs from my eyes.

“This is what the real sex is like...” I breathed out, as he chuckled and entwined our fingers together. I wiped my sweaty forehead finally coming to my senses. I sat up then, as I looked at the digital clock on the desk. 7:35 pm. I got up and went into the bathroom cleaning myself off thoroughly before coming out. Eren was seated too now, studying me carefully. I became aware of my nakedness, as I pulled my underwear and bra from the floor and put them on with nimble hands.

“What are you doing?”

I shrugged innocently, as I pointed out. “I am getting ready to go home.” He didn’t look pleased. *What*. He stood up too and I tried not to stare at his semi hard length. Was he not done?

“The deal was for you to stay the night with me.” I sighed. This was what it meant by blurring the lines.

“Eren, the deal was to have sex not sleep with you. It is too relationshipy.” I walked towards the hallway, and heard him following me a second later, now dressed in his boxers. Thank God.

“No. I clearly said you will be spending the night with me. You are running away as if this was a one night stand!”

“No. You are overreacting.”

“We are friends too, don’t forget that. We fuck, then we talk we spend time together, or did you forget that part?” His jaw was locked with anger, as I looked down. This was what I was afraid of. I wanted to *god* I wanted to spend time with him, stay with him but it could get complicated. He walked closer to me.

“I am going to cook dinner. You are going to eat with me, we are going to watch some show then we are heading to bed..” His lips brushed mine. “And if you aren’t too sore, I am going to fuck you again.” Jolt of electricity ran down my spine, as he continued dropping his voice to more husky tone. “Once you get used to me, I am going to fuck you hard and long, Mikasa. So, get comfortable spending the nights here.” With that he walked away leaving me breathless and horny once again.

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I heard the water running in the bathroom, as I dressed up as quickly as possible. I groaned as I was still sore from last night—it had been a long time after all. True to his words, Eren had fucked me again later that night. I was too consumed by desire to refuse him, and enjoyed it a lot but now my sore body said otherwise. I needed a hot bath to relax my muscles. I wrote a short message on the notepad before walking down his hallway, and towards the front door. I knew he wouldn't be happy with me when he found me missing, but I needed some boundaries. It was too intimate for me. I had already spent the night in his bed, in his arms. It was bad. After reaching home and thanking the gods that Levi was out, I took a thorough warm bath and felt relaxed. As I got out in my fluffy towel, I saw the light blinking in my phone and bit my lips.

Two missed calls and a message.

Twenty four hours in and I am already exhausted by this fucking arrangement. I am going to mom and dad's today but once I return, you and I are having a talk. You are not running away again get it?

Shit.

Easing in

Chapter Summary

They have fallen into a pattern now but can they remain friends and keep doing this?

Chapter Notes

Porn without much plot basically...

Past age:

Eren: 17

Mikasa: 17

Eren's POV

Finally. I let out a relieved sigh as soon as I was done with my shift. The last semester was purely practical so I spent most of my time assisting in surgeries here and there rather than in class. I enjoyed it though. No. Not cutting open someone's body because hey that sucked but doing the practical work. I was blessed to work with some of the most experienced doctors already. Mr Meyers was the head surgeon today and he was one of the best this city had to offer so it was my privilege working under me. He had even complimented me of making it as big as my father and that in itself was huge. My father was one of the most skilled and sort out specialist in the country and had quite a few prizes and achievements up his sleeve. Well I wanted to be even better than him and make a name for myself instead of being known as Grisha Yeager's son. My phone pinged as I swiped it open to see a message from Jean asking me if I was coming to the NFL games tonight. Right, I almost forgot about it. I sent him a short yes just as I got inside my converter. My eyes wandered to Mikasa's name three rows down and I frowned at the blue tick. She didn't reply to my last message and I was too caught up with visiting my parents and work that I didn't call her. I gritted my teeth. Why was she so difficult? Would it kill her to text or call me herself? I thought sex was supposed to be a stress reliever. I checked the time and realized my opportunity before taking a U turn.

Twenty minutes later I was parked in front of her college as I trotted inside. It was her break hour and she must be practicing alone in that creepy classroom. Just my luck. However the smile slipped from my face when I realized she wasn't alone. Hitch was sitting right next to her as they both discussed something. Mikasa was the first to spot me as her eyes widened before her friend followed her gaze.

"Eren? You should have texted me you were coming." Mikasa did her best to stay neutral as I raised an eyebrow. Yes I would have if you weren't too busy dodging my message. Hitch got up

then as my eyes flickered to her and she looked away. I almost forgot about our kiss. Well after hooking up with Mikasa I probably forgot all about my ex girlfriends too so. She gave me an awkward smile as she walked past me. Thank God. As soon as she left I turned my attention back on Mikasa and wasn't surprised to find her a bit restless with my presence. Good. Before addressing her I took in the strange mosaic covered walls trying not to come off too strongly.

"I will never understand, why you practice in such creepy looking place."

"It looks creepy to you, because you don't understand art like I do." She was back to stroking the paintbrush over the canvas as I observed her. Her hairs were tied in a messy updo as few strokes of color covered her hands. A bead of sweat trailed down her neck and I resisted the urge to lick it. What was wrong with me? She was just sitting there doing her work quietly and I was getting hard just looking at her. I pushed the thoughts out of my head as I moved to sit beside her. She tensed for a brief while as I watched her work. My eyes more focused on her than the piece she was working on.

"Stop staring at me..." There was a tinge of redness to her cheeks as I chuckled, enjoying her discomfort.

"Why did you run off that day, after I told you not to?"

"I like having breakfast...at my home..." She finished lamely as I sighed. I grabbed her hand, pausing her work in between as she scoffed.

"I have to work!" I kept the brush on the other side as she tried to reach past me to grab it but I stopped her.

"You know, you wasted two days of our deal." I reminded her. It was Tuesday today. Two days since she ran away from my flat. I was surprised to find evidence of guilt on her face as she stared at me.

"I don't know. I guess its hard for me to...fit *this* in my daily schedule. I am still getting used to it. And we both are busy." She supplied as I nodded and looked around our surroundings.

"Does this room have camera?" I asked as I got up moving towards the windows before pulling down the blinds.

"Umm...no. Why?" I didn't answer as I pulled down each one of them before walking towards the door and locking it.

"What are you doing?" She sounded nervous as I turned around and started sauntering towards her. The room was dimly lit now but it was still enough for me to notice the myriad of emotions passing through Mikasa's face.

"Eren?"

"I am making time." I answered shortly before pulling her up and crashing my lips on hers. Fuck yes. I was craving her so badly since that day. After a moment or two of hesitation she gave in before wrapping her arms around my torso and pulling me closer. The kiss turned greedier, messier as our tongues battled against each other before I pushed her on the desk, scattering the items on the ground. My hands squeezed and flickered her tits as she moaned before trailing her hand down my length. She cupped me gently, giving me a light squeeze as I hissed. I pinned her hands above her head and used my other to slid up her skirt. Thank God she was wearing this. Easy access. I pushed down her panties before inserting a finger inside her. She let out a loud moan as I started a

slow pace inside her. Holy fuck she was so wet.

“Please...” I leaned down to nibble at her neck as she groaned. She wanted my cock. Badly. Judging by the way she kept trying to fondle me with her feet. I pulled out my finger before unzipping my pants and reaching for the condom inside my jacket.

“You just carry that around?” Her voice was still thick with arousal but I sensed a tinge of amusement behind it as well.

“Yes... when I am meeting you.” I quickly put it on as her eyes darkened at the sight of my cock and I smirked. She definitely enjoyed this as much as I did. So then why did she act so indifferent after we were done? Memories of her sneaking out came back to me as I felt my anger seeping back in. She still didn’t give me any explanation. I rubbed my cock over her wetness as she moved her hips, urging me to push in. I leaned down and caught her chin forcing her to look at me as I brushed my lips over her jaw.

“You want me to fuck you...right now?” She parted her lips looking at me full of want and disbelief as though asking are you being serious? I rubbed my cock over her nub once again as she groaned. Grabbing the back of her thighs I lifted her legs upto her shoulders before licking up her collarbone.

“Eren...Please...” She was getting impatient and restless. I liked that. “That depends...are you going to run again, Mikasa?” I was surprised at my own self control of not fucking her senseless right away. Her eyes shutting close now as she shook her head. I harshly bit on the skin above her chest as she wiggled trying to rub against my cock.

“Words, Mika...I want you to say it.” She was getting frustrated too judging by the frown lines on her forehead as she breathed. “No...I won’t run.” A satisfied smile spread across my face as I thrust inside her upto the hilt and she let out a gasp at the sudden intrusion. My hands spreading her legs as I buried myself deeper inside her. I started a quick pace pounding into her over and over as she writhed below me. My finger played with her clit as I lifted her ass up to reach even deeper. Fuck she was so fucking tight and wet! I groaned before burying my face into her neck and thrusting harder into her. The desk creaked below us as her muscles clenched tightly before she reached her peak with a moan. I wasn’t done though as I ground into her more ferociously, trying to find my own release as I came after a few quick thrusts, throwing my head back and cursing out. Shit. I had never felt this good before. I slumped above her, trying not to crush her as she gently ran her fingers through my scalp.

I pulled out of her slowly as she winced. I wasn’t gentle at all with her today as guilt washed over me. I gave her a hand and helped her sit up as she pulled up her pants. “Are you fine?...I am sorry I was-“

“I am...I liked this.” She replied genuinely as a shy smile spread across her lips and my own mouth tilted up. She liked rough. I kissed her softly before removing the condom and throwing it in the trash. After tucking myself back in I walked back to her and found her packing up her bag.

“Fancy having some coffee before heading back home?”

“Sure..”

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Eight Years ago

Third Person POV

Eren chuckled as Mikasa cursed under her breath after stepping on his feet for the fiftieth time today. It was no secret that Mikasa didn't know how to do the custom ballroom dance having skipped all the classes for her judo tournament practice. It was her fault Eren was suffering now.

"You should go find another partner, or I am gonna kill your feet by the time it's over." She mumbled as he laughed before lifting her up and spinning her once again. It was prom night and the best friends had come together as each other's date tonight. They both were single now so they decided why not.

"Well, you are doing much better now than we started." He tried to assure her as she rolled her eyes. The music stopped. Finally, as the couples bowed down before walking away from the dance floor.

"Atleast I nailed the end part." Mikasa joked as they joined the rest of their friends.

"Here's to freedom!" Jean cheered as he raised his glass while everyone else clinked it with his. Mikasa raised the cup to her lips slowly before taking the first sip and clenching her eyes shut with the bitter taste. It was so bad. She blanched as the others laughed at her expression. She was the last one to taste alcohol in their group deciding to wait until tonight to try it.

She heard a click as Sasha captured her picture while Mikasa shot her a glare.

"I am gonna break that cam, Sash!" She yelled before showing the pic to Connie as they shared a laugh.

"Hey, atleast you are doing better than I did." Armin tried to assure her as she remembered. Oh yes she had heard he puked at the first sip itself and didn't try it again until Eren slowly got him accustomed to drinking wine and less heavy drinks.

"Sash, I swear if you post that somewhere, I am going to kill you." Mikasa threatened her friend who waved her off.

"Alright kids, get in line! It's group photo time!"

Jean motioned them all to come closer before asking a random student to click the picture of them.

Click

They spend the next hour chatting and mingling with the others before it was time to announce this year's prom king and queen. Everyone held their breaths as the announcer finally announced their names.

"This year's prom king and queen is...Eren Yeager and Historia Reiss!!" The crowd erupted with cheers and claps as they both walked to the stage to get their crown. It wasn't a surprise to Mikasa

that Eren won because he had been the most popular guy of school since their freshman year. Loud howls emerged around as they both received their crowns and sashes from last year's king and queen.

"Give It Up For Eren And Historia!" Everyone screamed again as the spot lights fell on their faces before he took her hand and they both started the ceremonious dance. Few others joined the dance too as Mikasa kept her eyes trained on the couple. Their movements were flawless, gracious. Unlike her, Historia didn't step on Eren's feet.

"How much you wanna bet Eren is going to tap that before night ends?" Connie asked Jean who chuckled and pursed his lips, thinking the amount.

"I don't think you want to take that bet buddy."

They were interrupted by an unfamiliar voice as the gang turned their heads and found last year's graduate Ymir standing few feet apart.

"Woah! What are you doing here freckles?"

Connie asked as she scoffed and folded her hands, her eyes focused in the front.

"Waiting for someone..." The music faded as the crowned duo broke apart with a courteous hug before moving towards the gang. The blonde girl grinned as she waved at someone before stepping by Mikasa and running towards...Ymir? She placed a quick kiss on the tell girl's lips as four set of jaws dropped simultaneously.

"You Are Gay?" Sasha asked in disbelief as Historia gave her a confused look.

"Wait, I thought you knew that already?"

"Nuh uh."

"Its called being lesbian dear. You should improve your vocabulary." Ymir stated as they both walked out from there hand in hand.

"Wow. I did not see that coming." Jean muttered as others agreed silently. Eren laughed at his friends obliviousness seemingly the only person who knew this already.

"So...who wants to make this night even better?" He asked it out loud announcing it to all his friends as he motioned them to follow him outside.

"What? Are we skipping the rest of the party? I still didn't get Suzy's number." Connie whined but followed behind anyways as Eren stopped in front of his Range Rover, his dad's gift for his sixteenth birthday.

"Who is up for taking a spin round the city?" Everyone raised their hands before getting inside as Mikasa shook her head.

"I have curfew at 12."

"I know. And I promise I will get you back home before that. Now, will you mind getting in Ms Ackerman?" She slapped his arm as he jumped before getting in the passenger seat as Eren settled

into the driver's seat and started the engine.

Ten minutes later

“DAMMIT SUICIDAL BASTARD, SLOW DOWN ALREADY!”

“Stop Shouting In My Ears, Jean!”

“Uh oh. I think that cop car is following us.”

“SEE WHAT YOU DID! I DON'T WANT TO GO TO JAIL!”

“Shut The Fuck Up, Jean Boy!”

“What The Fuck, Sasha! I Told You Not To Post That!”

“Oops!”

What a great night indeed.

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Present Day

Eren's POV

My fingers tangled in Mikasa's hairs as I angled my mouth to deepen the kiss. Our bodies glistening wet from the water pouring down the shower head. Mikasa whimpered as I drove into her fast and hard, my hands clenching her derriere, my muscles tensing beneath her hands, the cords of my neck straining. Moan by moan left her lips as I pounded her pussy, each thrust lifting her up, carrying her higher and higher. My teeth sunk into her jugular as her nails sunk into my back, sure to leave behind marks. I grabbed her ass and lifted her up as she automatically wrapped her strong legs around my waist. Her hips moved in sync with mine as we started a sensual rhythm. Her moans were like a music to my ears. With a groan, I dropped my hand so both squeezed her breasts, panting in her ear “I love your tits,” my long fingers wrapping tight around her, massaging firmly till she sobbed with pleasure. My cock driving ball deeps inside her with every stroke as she pulled at my hairs harshly. I was so close. I wanted her to come first. My grip tightened on her thighs and I was sure it would leave a mark afterwards as the thrust of my hips grew shorter, tighter - each taut push between her legs joined by a grunt between my gnashed teeth.

“Come for me...come on my cock..” I knew she loved my dirty talk as she tightened around me and her body shook with the force of her orgasm. She cried out my name as she climbed down from her peak and I followed her close behind, emptying myself into the condom. We stayed wrapped around each other for a while, taking time to compose ourselves before I reached behind her to turn off the shower head. I separated from her as she cleaned herself off before getting inside the tub.

“Great! The water is all cold now.” She shot me a 'its your fault' look as I simply laughed. Ok I might have interrupted her when she was going to take a bubble bath and coaxed her into having sex. But hey it wasn't my fault that she looked fucking sexy while naked.

“You weren't complaining when I was balls deep inside you, Mika.” I was satisfied to see her cheeks burn as she splashed the water over me. I dried myself off with a towel before wrapping it around my waist as I watched her lie down inside my marble tub. It's been two weeks since our arrangement and I had been riding high ever since we started. Mikasa had a magical pussy. There was no other explanation. She made me hard with just a simple look and I always walked with a raging hard on around her. I had no idea how I remained normal around her before. We were having sex almost daily now and I was slowly learning what she liked, what made her toes curl and what was her sensitive spot.

My eyes moved towards her to find her relaxing inside the tub with closed eyes. She looked so peaceful. A mischievous smile spread across my lips as I decided to poke fun at her. I walked towards the cabinet and grabbed one bathbomb from the box before trotting towards her in silent steps, making sure she didn't hear me. She remained like that as I dropped the ball inside the tub, watching patiently as the water turned to blue and bubbles started forming inside it. They slowly started spreading through the whole tub as Mikasa finally sensed the disturbance and opened her eyes. She gasped as she found herself surrounded by bubbles everywhere.

“What The Fuck, Eren?”

She removed the bubbles forming on her face as I snapped her pictures. She looked funny and adorable pouting and trying to find the outlet inside the jet tub. Her eyes narrowed as she found me laughing and clicking her pictures.

“Dammit, Eren, stop that and help me get out of here! Or I swear to God, I am gonna chop off your dick!” Oh boy. She was pissed. I kept my phone on the stand as I walked towards her and plugged off the pipe to let the water escape. She finally got out, still covered in bubbles as she threw me an unhappy look. Uh oh.

“I am not getting laid tonight, am I?”

“Nope.”

She answered shortly before walking past me and towards the bedroom.

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The disco lights rolled around the room as an upbeat music from 80s resonated around. This club was better than the one we frequented to. More classy and good stock of drinks. I took a large gulp of my vodka as I listened to Reiner.

“And then he told me my plan was outdated. Can you believe this shit? I swear he likes having fun

at my expense!" He was complaining about his boss as I gave him a sympathetic look. Not everyone was lucky like me to get good superiors.

"Why don't you quit man? It's always the same story with you every month." Connie suggested as our blonde friend groaned.

"I would have, but I signed a two year bond with the company. That was before I knew, how much of an asshole that guy was" That sucked. No such thing in my residency. Not as far as I knew atleast.

"Ugh Reiner, no offense dude, but you gotta forget that asshole of the guy tonight. We are out here to have fun." Jean advised as I nodded silently playing with my glass. I checked my watch again. Just few minutes more then I will go back to my flat where Mikasa was waiting for me. I pictured her lying there only in her lingerie or the skimpy robe she sometimes bought when she came to my place. Fuck. I adjusted my pants and tried to think of some disgusting thing to push the image out of my head. Reiner in thong. Reiner in thong. I wrinkled my nose at the disgusting picture I painted as Jean's voice rang out.

"Damn, look at the girl in red. Ten o'clock." I casually looked in the direction he pointed and sure enough there was a woman sitting by the bar as she twirled her fingers. Her eyes landed on us too as I looked away and played with my phone.

"She is hot. Too bad she is giving Eren the look." Connie laughed at Jean as I frowned and looked back and sure enough she threw me an inviting smile. Few weeks back I would have jumped at this opportunity and probably ended up having her in the back alley but now, I already had someone waiting for me even though we weren't together. Besides no one compared to Mikasa anyways. I ignored her as I took last sip from my glass.

"Aren't you gonna tap that, Eren? Knowing you, you should be in her pants already by now." Jean seemed visibly annoyed, definitely wanting a piece of her himself as I shook my head.

"I am not interested. I gotta get home." I started to get up as Jean grabbed my arm.

"What's going on with you?" Confusion framed my face as his eyes assessed me.

"What do you mean?"

"Come on man! Have you taken a celibacy oath this year?"

"What? No! I am just busy with hospital work." He didn't believe me as he reprimanded.

"She isn't the first girl you aren't interested in. You said no to Linda at the NFL. She was a solid ten dude. And Hitch told me you refused to hook up with her as well. What's going on man?"

I shrugged casually as I placed my share of money, standing upright.

"I told you, it's just work thing." And I left, not looking back. Jean could be very observant if he wanted to and last thing I wanted was him to find out my little secret. I was lucky that Armin was busy writing his research papers nowadays and didn't hang out with me much as he knew me better than anyone. It was a miracle we managed to keep it away from him all this while. Now if only the rest of the time would pass by without anyone ever finding out that would be great. It was a long drive home but I finally let out a relaxed sigh as I reached my flat. Mikasa already had a key to my apartment as I knocked on the door and heard sound of her footsteps nearing the door. She unlocked it before throwing me a soft smile. I pulled her in my arms and kissed her deeply before pulling back, leaving her breathless. Her hooded eyes made me hard instantly as I took a bold step towards her. Dinner could wait.

Later we both laid on the bed, sweat cooling down on our skin as I lazily trailed my hand over her arm. She hummed contently before snuggling closer to me. My stomach chose that moment to growl as Mikasa chuckled.

“This is, why I told you to eat first.”

“I already ate your pussy, and nothing tastes better than that babe...” I answered casually as she gasped before kicking my side.

“You have such a dirty mouth.”

“Yeah and you love it.” I winked before getting up and walking out the bedroom stark naked, feeling her eyes on my back. Mikasa followed me a minute later clad in my shirt as she tossed my pants towards me.

“Put this on.” I refused as I poured some spaghetti and pasta in my plate. It smelled good.

“I am not eating with your dick hanging out like that...” She expressed her displeasure as I cocked an eyebrow at her.

“Why? Afraid you might wanna swallow something else besides the food.” She turned shade of red I didn’t even know existed before stuttering and looking away. I pulled on my pants anyways as I cast her a sideways glance. Mikasa had given me blowjob a couple of times but I never finished in her mouth as I knew everyone wasn’t comfortable with that. Although I would love to watch that sight but I would never force her to do something she didn’t like.

“It was a joke Mika.” I tried to assure her as I didn’t want to scare her off. I could really be a dick sometimes.

“I know.” She muttered as she dug into her plate and we ate in silence. To get her mind off my words I started asking her about her upcoming event, it worked as she narrated me what all people were going to come and how important it could be for her career. I loved how she got so passionate when discussing about her work. When we were young I always pegged her to be the type to be a lawyer or a police officer or an MMA fighter. But behind that tough girl exterior lied the girl who loved the poise work of fashion and colorful world of art. I still remember her being covered in oil paint or water color as she painted on the canvas on Sunday afternoons.

Mikasa was a complex person. Sometimes even I faced difficulty in getting a read on her but I definitely loved trying it. I dried off my hands after washing the dish before walking over to my bedroom. I frowned when I found Mikasa missing. I was sure she must have already slept by now. Bathroom door opened with a slight creak as I found her walking out. However that wasn’t what caught my eye, she was stark naked as she took tentative steps towards me. My breath hitched as I took in the perfection that was her body and got ready to pounce on her. She stopped me with her hand before getting on her knees as I inhaled sharply.

She hooked her finger under the elastic of my lounge pants, pulling them down before slowly pushing my briefs down a bit, letting my cock free, she licked her lips before wrapping her pink lips around the head. Fuck. I groaned, grabbing a fistful of her hair as she slowly sucked my cock deeper into her mouth, and let it hit the back of her throat. She moved her mouth up and down my length, darting her tongue against my tip each time she pulled back.

“Fuck...” I looked down at her, my eyes glazed over and lips parted. She was killing me.

She gripped the base of my cock with her hand and teased me with the pressure as my muscles

tensed. I watched as her tits bounced with the bob of her head. Her mouth continued to move over my cock, her saliva coating every inch of skin, as both my hands tangled in her hairs-gently attempting to control her rhythm.

“Babe...”

I groaned out, harsh and guttural as she slid her free hand down my length and I shut my eyes. She pressed the pad of her fingertips against my balls and massaged them- earning another low groan from me. She started to take me deep again, but I suddenly pulled her back-letting my cock slip from her lips.

“I’m about to come...” I said, my eyes dark and heated. “So, if you’re-”

She didn’t let me finish. She wrapped her mouth around my cock again, as I gripped her hairs tightly and guided her back and forth. I could almost feel it. She stroked my balls at a downward angle and squeezed them as I hissed. Her mouth working on my thickness taking it down till her throat as I cursed, my cock swelling against her jaws, and as my leg muscles tensed one last time, warm come slashed out and down her throat. She gripped my ass, not letting a single drop escape as she took it all in her mouth. Finally after I was done she let me go as I stared down at her, mesmerized and still in shock.

“I guess, I *can* swallow something else besides food...” I looked at her dumbfounded, not sure if I heard her correctly before pulling her up and bringing my mouth to hers, pouring every ounce of my gratitude in that kiss. I finally let her go when the need for air turned dire and trailed my thumb over her lips.

“You are simply amazing.” A shy but smug smile spread across her lips as realization dawned upon my face.

She loved challenge...

Making lies up

Chapter Summary

The arrangement might not be as easy to manage as Mikasa once thought.

Chapter Notes

Porn with plot.

Past age

Eren: 18

Mikasa: 18

Mikasa's POV

My lips curled upward in a simper as I read Eren's last text message.

I miss you. I hate this fucking conference. Can't wait to fly back and bury myself inside you.

Sweet and crass. I played with my spoon, texting him back just as the sound of someone clearing their throat caught my attention. Levi was sitting in front of me, eying me suspiciously as I quickly pressed send and placed the phone back on the table. When did he get here? I swallowed a spoonful of my oatmeal, hurrying up to finish my breakfast as soon as possible. I could already sense the impending questionnaire coming for me.

"You have been quite busy lately.."

There it was. I chugged another spoonful trying to act casual as I looked at him.

"Yeah, the schedule is hectic nowadays." He nodded stirring his bowl and I could hear his next words before they were out of their mouth.

"Hmm...Is that why you are missing on most nights and rarely at home?"

I sighed, well I could only get too far without Levi noticing it.

"Don't sweat it brat. If you are dating someone that's none of my business. Just be careful out there."

Oh. Well...that wasn't the term I would use to describe mine and Eren's relationship but it was definitely more 'appropriate' one.

“Yeah. He is a good person. You don’t have to worry.” I assured him. It was the least I could do. I was aware that behind all that tough exterior he still worried for me just as much as he did back when he first took me in.

“That’s good to hear.” I cleaned off my plate and got up, taking my dish to wash just as the doorbell rang. It must be Sasha. It’s been awhile since we spend time together as Eren took up most of my free time so I decided to hang out with her, now that he was gone for the weekend. After cleaning them I got out and found Sasha talking to Levi as she spotted me and grinned.

“Heya girl! It feels like ages, since I saw you.” Guilt crept through me as I realized I had been neglecting everything in exchange for hot sex with Eren. It wasn’t completely my fault though. We both were insatiable and had fallen in a routine which was far more pleasurable than anything else. I hugged Sasha with a smile.

“I am sorry, I have been so busy lately.”

“Yeah that’s what happens, when you get a boyfriend.” I froze as I heard Levi remark over his shoulder and found Sasha’s eyes widening in shock. Crap. I forgot to tell him to keep it to himself.

“You Have A Boyfriend? Why Didn’t You Tell Me?” I saw Levi pause as he gave me a doubtful look and I glared at him. He was worse than a gossip girl! But then again he might have thought Sasha knew already being my girl best friend and all.

“You didn’t tell her? Interesting.” I hated that judgy little look in his eyes as though he knew more than he was letting on but decided to give him a pass for now and focused on Sasha. I would deal with him some other time.

“Yeah. It’s really new Sash, so I didn’t get time.” I supplied as she crossed her arms, clearly unhappy with my little secret.

“Uh huh, how new is it?”

“...A month...”

She narrowed her eyes at me as I took a deep breath. This was what I feared. Lies.

“And here I thought, you told me everything. Even the things you couldn’t tell Eren, like when you lost your virginity and how crap-“

“I am still here.” Levi announced his presence from the couch as I rolled my eyes before grabbing her hand and taking her back to my room for privacy. I forced her to sit on the bed as she stared at me unimpressed.

“Ok, for the record, no one knows about it. I told Levi today, and that’s because he lives with me so he was noticing my absence more than the others.”

She pouted and played with her purse as I pursed my lips.

“I was going to tell you first Sasha.”

“I know. It’s just...you don’t open up that much Mikasa, and I get it. Everyone is different. But then you also told me about your crappy boyfriends and sex life, and somehow that made me feel like you trusted me enough to share that ya know? I felt happy, that I was the only one who knew how fast Brian used to come or how small Eric’s dong was-“ I chuckled as she reminisced my misfortune from college days. It was true. Sasha and I got a lot closer when we became roommates

in college to the point I shared with her the things I couldn't do even with Eren.

"I know. I won't keep things away from you now." I cringed at my own words as I was still not telling her the whole truth. I couldn't. This thing between me and Eren was just ours. It was something I didn't want to share with the world. She nodded in understanding before a mischievous smile spread across her face and she wriggled her eyebrows. Uh oh.

"So...how is this one in bed? Please don't tell me he sucks too, because ughh then I would have to personally hire a hooker for you. You deserve good sex!"

I laughed and shook my head before fidgeting with my fingers.

"He is...really good."

Memories from two days before came rushing back to me, Eren bending me on all fours and taking me from behind as I flushed.

"Oh my god, you are blushing!" She exclaimed with excitement as she turned my head back in her direction and I tried to fight off my smile.

"I never thought this day will come. You like him don't you? For real?" I couldn't fight my smile this time as I nodded slowly. Well I did like what he did to my body very much.

"I am so happy for you." She hugged me and patted me on the back as I wondered what I was going to do next.

"Thank you."

"So, what is his name?"

"Lucifer." I blurted out the first one that came to my mind, well I had been bingeing that series nowadays so naturally it came first. Lucifer good job Mikasa. You just had to come up with the weirdest name don't you.

"Oh wow. You signed the deal with the devil huh. Good luck with that." She joked as I forced a smile. Lies, lies and more lies. This would get complicated in no time.

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"Lucifer? Seriously?"

Eren let out a loud laugh at my expense as I frowned. I wasn't an expert at lying. Infact I sucked. I still had no idea how Sasha bought my story of a fake boyfriend. I let out a relieved moan as he rubbed the length of my arch, holding up my foot. Eren was amazing at giving foot massage. He poured some more oil before squeezing my heel as I settled more comfortably on his bed. Today was the FIT academy event and fundraiser and I didn't get any time to sit let alone stand still in

past twelve hours.

“So this 'lucifer', what does he do exactly?” I dug my heel into his sides as he grabbed my leg and proceeded to massage my feet, ignoring the death glare I sent his way. He was enjoying it.

“Librarian..” I muttered after a moment’s silence without opening my eyes, not bothering to check his reaction.

“You into nerdy guys babe? Should I wear glasses the next time we canoodle?” This time I did succeed in giving him a firm kick as he let out a low hiss. Jerk.

“Is that a yes or a no?”

I gave him the finger as he tickled my heel and I wiggled in his hold, barely controlling my laughter. Opening my eyes finally I saw him staring at me with amusement and wrinkled my nose like a child. Apparently he found it 'adorable' as he pinched my cheeks. Ouch.

“You look so cute, when you are angry. Like a cat.” My face scrunched up even more than before as I looked away.

“I swear, I would have left now if this-” I pointed to my leg “didn’t feel so relaxing.” He hummed his acknowledgement before pausing and catching my attention once again.

“Want to make this even better?” I cocked a doubtful eyebrow as he motioned me to sit up.

“Take off your clothes.”

“What?” I wasn’t sure if I had the strength to have sex today as he tugged at my pants.

“Its not what you think. I want to give you a full body massage. Now strip! Don’t leave anything on.” He got up and disappeared into the bathroom before returning with pair of fresh towels and grabbing the scented candles from the cabinet. He lit them and placed them by the bedside table before spreading the towel on the bedsheet and motioning me to settle down over it. He turned on the stereo to a soothing music as I raised an impressed eyebrow. He really was setting the right mood for it.

“You give out these massages occasionally?” I asked as I lifted up my shirt and undid my bra.

“No, actually it’s the first time “ He helped me pull down my pants and undies as I sat there only in my birthday suit. I was a lot more comfortable being naked around him now compared to earlier days as I lied down back. He placed a cushion below my ass and turned me on my stomach. His palm settled on either side of my spine as he worked his way up before returning to my lower back and using kneading motion to relax the knots in my muscle. His hands moved upward in a circular manner, reaching my shoulder blades as he worked around my muscle there. I purred in content as the tension left my body slowly. He then worked his way down to my thighs and used the same kneading motion on them till my calf. I felt his hand on my butt as he squeezed them and massaged them oily too as a different kind of sensation started brewing up in my body. His hand grazed my labia and I tried not to moan.

I was turned around then as he worked his oily hands in front. Starting from my feet again he moved upwards in gentle strokes as I fisted the sheet. It was getting too 'good' now as his palm massaged my breasts in an inward motion. My nipples getting rock hard under his gentle touch as I let out a small moan. He watched my reaction closely as he poured some oil on his palm before giving me a sensual smile and I realized I was in trouble. He rubbed on sides of my hips trailing downwards as my breath hitched up in anticipation. Placing his right hand on my entrance he

started massaging the outer lip, squeezing it between his thumb and finger as I moaned. Repeating the same thing a couple times he did the same to my inner lips as I grasped at the fabric.

“Ahh...” I was so wet now as he lifted the hood of my clit and rubbed the tip gently with his finger. His finger now working slowly inside my opening as he thrust ed once, twice edging me closer to the orgasm. I looked at him with half lidded eyes and found him staring right at me with a mesmerized expression. God he was killing me. I grabbed his wrist stopping him before sitting up and tugging on his t shirt. I wanted him naked and inside me now! So much for being too tired to have sex.

He got the message stripping down to nothing as I crushed my mouth to his, settling myself in his lap. I flicked my tongue against his, tracing the five o'clock shadow on his jaw. His unshaved look made him even hotter than before as he deepened our kiss. Breaking apart from his sexy mouth I grabbed the massage oil, ignoring his questioning look as I poured it over his chest, letting it dribble down his hard abs as he stared at me unabashedly. I spread them over his hard pecs in a circular motion as he nibbled at my neck. He loved that one spot particularly.

My hands ran upwards as I rubbed at his shoulders gently, outlining the hollow juncture on his neck and trailing it down to his muscular back, while pressing at the knots as he played with my nipples. I could feel his hardness poking my stomach and tried not to shiver in delight as I reached the apex of his spine. Retracing back my hands I oiled them again before grazing it over his breastbone and downward. His breathing increased as I grabbed at the root of his thickness and massaged it back and forth. He twitched in my hand before grabbing my hairs and pulling me down in a harsh kiss. Forcing my mouth open he traced every corner of my insides as I stroked him faster, harder. God I couldn't take it anymore. I broke apart with a pant.

“Now...please!”

He started to get up to grab a condom but I stopped him kissing along his jawline.

“It's ok. I am on pill.” I wanted him without any barrier, bare inside me as his eyes darkened before he grabbed my ass and impaled me on his cock. We both let out a moan at the intense feeling as I rolled my hips on his lap. His grip tightened at my thighs as he held my gaze, and we moved our hips together in a sensual motion. His thrusts were deeper, longer and slower as he reached my depths. My nails raked his back as we engaged in the slow dance. I hooked my legs around his torso to pull him closer. Grasping the back of my thighs he changed the angle of his deep thrusts, grazing his lips over mine. I clenched my eyes shut as he reached my sensitive spot and felt his thumb tracing my cheekbones. My face buried in his neck, I moved up and down his thickness as he met me thrusts by thrusts, our breaths mingling together as I drew close. I bit my lip as he grabbed my chin, forcing me to open my eyes.

“Look at me, when you come.” It was a gentle whisper as my chest heaved, the tingling inside me building up as I looked into those teal orbs, my insides shattering...I threw my head back as I came with a moan of his name. His thrusts became shallow before he pulled out of me and jerked in his hands

“Please...Come over me.” I whispered before getting off of him and lying down on the towel as he let out a loud guttural groan and came all over my breasts in one, two, three jerks of his hips. His hairs sweaty, his eyes closed shut and his abs glistening with the oil he was truly a sight to behold. He ran his hand through his messy hairs before slowly opening his eyes and soaking in the sight. I should feel dirty covered up in his hot mess but instead I felt good, sexy even as I trailed my hand over my breast, smearing his come on my finger before licking it clean as he inhaled sharply.

“You are killing me...”

I didn't answer as I closed my eyes. My breath returning to normal. I felt sated, exhausted and spent as my eyelids grew heavy. I was this close to passing out.

Feeling a movement over me I found Eren wiping up his mess with a wet cloth as he thoroughly cleaned me up there and between my legs before placing a blanket over me and leaving a kiss on my forehead. I drifted to sleep.

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Seven years ago

Third Person POV

"Alright, let's take it from the top once again. Put your foot on the brake pedal, shift your car into Drive, then take your foot off the brake pedal."

Mikasa did as instructed. It wasn't as easy as he made it sound. She was afraid she was gonna pedal it too strongly. But she managed it right as Eren grinned.

"Good. Now press down on the acceleration pedal with your foot. Then accelerate it until you have reached the speed limit, and slowly take your foot off. I repeat s-l-o-w-l-y."

She threw him a glare before doing her best to follow him. Ok, maybe she accelerated a little too much first few tries and they barely escaped crashing into the wall but he didn't have to rub it in her face now. It worked as she started a slow pace and excitement gleamed in her eyes. She did it. Her hands weren't shaking as much as before as she kept them planted on the steering wheel. She halted it after a good few meters distance and let out a relieved sigh. She could do it. She could get over her fear now.

It wasn't easy for her to take on driving especially because her parents died in a car accident so it had taken much persistence from her friends to finally get her to give it a try. Eren had promised to teach her himself step by step so she complied eventually.

"You have made a lot of progress now. I am sure, you will be taking the streets by storm in a week Mika."

"I am not taking anything by storm. I just want to drive like a normal person not train for Formula racing!"

Eren chuckled giving her a guilty look. Everyone knew that he was a fast and reckless driver as he loved the thrill, the adrenaline pumping when he sped up. His phone beeped with new notification as he found a new message from his girlfriend Marie. Mikasa averted her gaze trying not to pry as she looked out of the window.

"Alright, let's get you home." She nodded before switching seats with him as he started the engine.

Life has changed alot recently. She had started a new chapter in her life with college. It was much

different then high school. All her friends were scattered now. She only saw Sasha on the daily basis and it was only because they both were roommates. Mikasa had decided to leave Levi's house and live on her own for a while to grow more independent. Living in dorm room wasn't easy but thankfully she had Sasha. The two of them had gotten closer over past few months and Mikasa could confidently say that she was her closest friend after Eren.

She slumped down on her bed as soon as she reached her room deciding to take a nap but the stars weren't in her favor as her phone rang. She picked it up with a groan and found her boyfriend's name flashing on the screen.

"Hey Brian."

"Hey babe. What are you up to?"

"I was just...taking a nap." She rolled on her stomach to the other side closing her eyes as she heard him hum.

"Oh, my bad! Sorry to disturb you."

"Its alright."

"Ok listen, the reason I called is, 'cause I was thinking of going skiing this weekend. Two days stay. I will love it, if you joined me." Oh no. This was what she feared since they got in a relationship. Staying together overnight meant he was probably expecting sex from her.

"I will think about it." She hung up on him trying to calm her nerves. Should she or should she not breakup with him now? He was a good guy. Very caring and supportive. He deserved better than her didn't he? The door flung open, bringing her out of her thoughts as she found Sasha and Marie walking in. Oh yes she forgot to mention that Eren's new girlfriend was Sasha's friend as well as their temporary roommate. Marie had a feud with her ex roommate so she was staying over with them since two weeks. It was mid semester so she was facing difficulty finding an empty dorm room soon.

"Hey girl. You look like crap by the way." Sasha commented as Mikasa shook her head. She was tired, cranky and now facing a crisis due to her boyfriend. So yes she did look a little like crap.

"How did your driving lesson go? Please don't tell me, my boo is responsible for that sullen face." Marie wasn't as bad as Eren's previous girlfriends infact she was very sweet and supportive of her and Eren's friendship but then again they had been going out for only a week.

"It went fine. Brian wants to take me skiing for weekend."

"Isn't that the slang for having sex." What? Both Sasha and Mikasa gave her a bewildered look as the redhead nodded before placing her shopping bags on the table.

"Yes. Trust me. Lots of my male friends use it. It is a perfect opportunity to spend romantic time with your partner. I wish Eren would do something like that in future." She finished with a pout as Mikasa's suspicions confirmed. What was she going to do now? Sasha sensed her inner turmoil before sitting besides her and grabbing her hands.

"You can say no.." Mikasa knew that. But how long? She couldn't spend her entire life running away from this could she? She was lucky to find a good guy like Brian. He was ambitious, good looking and loving. She had seen it firsthand how many girls got stuck with pigs so she should consider herself blessed.

“No one is forcing you to do it, Mikasa. You don’t have to do a sexual favor just because he is good to you.” Of course she knew that. Truth is Mikasa did want to explore her sexuality. She wanted to find out if it felt as good as it showed in the movies. Was it really a stress reliever? Or it was just a hoax. Sasha excused herself to go to the washroom and left her muddled up in her thoughts.

“Can I say something?”

Mikasa looked up to find Marie observing her as she shrugged.

“I know we aren’t close, but you seem like a nice person, and well you are also Eren’s best friend so...umm. If you are feeling nervous I know something that can help you.”

Mikasa raised an eyebrow, her interest piqued as the redhead continued.

“When it was my first time I was a nervous wreck too. I felt so insecure and anxious. So my friend suggested me to take a shot. Not too heavy just casual before starting it. Just to loosen up a little. And it worked. I know it’s not ideal for everyone, but it can help you overcome your fear the first time. You don’t have to do it, if you don’t want...it’s just a suggestion.”

She wouldn’t lie. It definitely got her attention. It wasn’t ideal yes but it was an option which could prove helpful. Her eyes trailed to Marie who was rummaging through her clothes with a giddy look on her face.

“Thanks. I will think about it.” Marie looked over her shoulder and smiled before picking up a sexy sling dress from her collection. She gave it a once over before turning to Mikasa and shaking it in front.

“What do you think? Does this look good?”

Mikasa assessed the rose gold fabric which suited her skin tone perfectly before nodding. It definitely looked good.

“What’s the occasion?”

“I think tonight is the night!” She exclaimed with excitement as Mikasa frowned in confusion. Night for...her eyes widened in realization. Oh. But hasn’t it been only a week? Not everyone is a pussy like you Mikasa. She mentally scolded herself before slumping back down. It was time to get out of her shell.

And so she went. And did it. Liquid courage definitely came in handy. But Mikasa didn’t feel any fluttering, excitement or a floating feeling as she heard from others. It was methodical, mediocre even. And she realized alcohol wouldn’t make it better but definitely made her feel light and she fell into a pattern.

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Mikasa's POV

"Geez Mikasa, your timeline resembles a 45 year old cat lady's."

"Why did you open my Instagram? I haven't opened that thing in months!"

"Figures." I scowled at Eren from the corner of my eye before taking a right turn at the intersection. I knew I shouldn't have given my phone to him. He borrowed it for making one call as he had zero balance but ended up rummaging through my gallery, apps and music file. It wasn't that I had anything private stored in it, quite opposite infact but I was afraid he was going to mess with something. I slowed down on the highway before checking the time. Oh great we were twenty minutes late already. Others were going to chew our head off for sure. It was our monthly get together day when the six of us spend an evening together. It was a custom we invented back in college and had been following ritually for past seven years.

"Eren, give back my phone now." He of course didn't oblige as my scowl deepened. He was scrolling through something and I resisted the urge to park in the middle of avenue and snatch it from him. I could see the sheep meadow now as I took a sharp turn before turning in the parking lot. I parked in an empty space before turning to Eren. He gave me an innocent look before passing back my phone. I quickly took a look in it, trying to find anything different and exhaled with relief when everything was intact.

"I have more nudes of you, than you do yourself."

"The only nude I have is in my color palette." I deadpanned before unlocking the door. Eren caught my wrist before I could get out and kissed me square on the lips, entangling his hands in my hairs as I returned it with equal fervor, grabbing him by his collar. We broke apart after a while as I murmured breathless. "What was that?"

"I won't be able to touch or kiss you for next few hours, so I needed that." Oh. Which reminded me.

"Yeah, and you have to hold on to that. We can't slip, Eren."

"I know." He squeezed my palm as we got out.

The weather was surprisingly nice today indicating the beginning of spring season as we trotted inside the park. The area was lightly packed as it wasn't known to many and I was thankful for that. Most of the public parks overflowed during holidays. We spotted our friends who were lounging on the mat few feet away as Eren waved at them.

"You guys sure took your sweet time getting here." Jean commented as we settled down with them.

"Eren's car broke down, so I had to go pick him up."

"You could have asked me to pick you up, Eren. Mikasa's house is practically on the other side of the city." This was not good. Armin looked at us curiously as I fumbled for an explanation but Eren beat me to it.

"She was in the area visiting library, so she offered to take me." Tension dissipated in my chest as Armin nodded, satisfied with the answer.

"Were you meeting your library boy there?" Sasha wiggled her eyebrows at me as I snorted. Leave it to Eren to put me in the spot like that. I shrugged casually resisting the urge to smack him.

“Wait, your boyfriend is a librarian? A librarian named Lucifer? Now I have heard everything.” Connie expressed his surprise as Eren snickered besides me. Asshole was enjoying it far too much. Thankfully they didn’t press the matter any further as we opened the picnic basket to have our lunch. I hummed with delight at the taste of egg rolls. Maybe I should take cooking lessons from Sasha. After finishing our food we all sprawled down lazily on the mattress just as Connie piped in.

“Guys, let’s play truth or dare.”

“We are not ten, Connie.” Armin pointed out as I agreed silently.

“It’s for all age groups, Armin! It will be fun.”

“I second that.” Eren supported him as they both shared a high five and Armin groaned. His gaze fell on the rest of us expectantly as Sasha and Jean agreed reluctantly and I slumped my shoulders in defeat. Only me and Armin were the adults here.

“Great. Let’s spin the bottle shall we!”

Connie placed the water bottle in between before giving it a spin and we all watched closely as it landed on Jean. He frowned with displeasure before picking up truth.

“Do you still have a crush on, Mikasa?” Woah. Hold on. His face lost all it’s color as he glanced away when he felt my eyes on him.

“No. Kinda. I mean maybe.”

“It’s a yes or no question dude.”

“Then yes. But it’s nothing serious.” He answered honestly looking me straight in the eyes as I gauched on my place. Shit. Hell no I wasn’t going to choose truth if they asked such questions. I didn’t bother glancing at Eren as I was sure he wasn’t pleased with our friend’s admission when they spun the bottle again. It landed on Armin this time who moaned miserably before choosing the option.

“Truth.” It was Jean’s turn to ask as he tapped his knuckles on the floor, cooking up something before a ‘not so innocent’ smile spread across his face.

“Have you ever practiced kissing on your stuffed toy?” Okay...This was a bizarre and very specific question. Armin looked like a deer caught in headlights though as he sat there with his mouth hung open. Wait what.

“Oh come on man. You promised to keep it a secret!”

“You kissed your stuffed toy?” Eren tried to hold in his laughter as our blonde friend threw Jean a betrayed look.

“I was sixteen and practicing for my first kiss. He walked in on me.” Jean rolled back with laughter as I chuckled too. Sorry Armin.

“You had a stuffed toy in high school?” Connie asked in between snickers as we all shared a laugh.

“Yeah, yeah, laugh it off guys. Real mature!” He said with a scowl as Eren patted his back.

“Sorry buddy. I am sure Annie is a better kisser than your hugsie.” He smacked Eren with his

elbow as I shook my head at their antics. Boys. We spin the bottle for the third time as it slowed down before stopping on Eren. Armin rubbed his palms, giving him the evil eye as Eren named his pick.

“Definitely dare.” Of course the asshole would choose that.

“I dare you to go kiss that girl in pink over there. With tongue.”

I stiffened as Armin gave his friend a sadistic smile oblivious to my inner turmoil. Eren's eyes immediately rested on me as I tried to act normal. He had no reason to say no plus it wasn't a big deal for him.

“Aww come on man. It's like handing bone to a dog. You could have picked something difficult.” Jean mumbled as Eren glanced at his target. He shot me another look as I forced a smile, he was going to make others suspicious like this.

“Don't tell me you are chickening out now. Have you forgotten to kiss after your last breakup?” I taunted him.

“Oh I have enough practice. Don't worry.” His expression turned cold before he got up and sauntered away. My heart pounded wildly as I saw him walk away. He was really going to do this. Get a grip girl. So what if he kissed her, you didn't have any claim over him remember. It's just sex. He started chatting with the girl who was conveniently very pretty as we all stared at them. He threw her a charming smile which was reserved for me nowadays as she twirled her hair coyly. She was taking the bait. My heart dropped the next second as he grabbed her by the waist and kissed her. It wasn't a peck but a deep long kiss like Armin suggested. What was this feeling? I felt a burning sensation in my heart just as he broke apart and bid her goodbye. I turned away trying to calm my nerves as he neared us.

“See I told you, you shouldn't have dared him that!” Jean crossed his arms as Armin stared at his friend and nodded.

“Yeah, I guess I made a mistake.” He turned his gaze towards me and I looked down playing with the fiber of the mat. I tried to ignore Eren's presence beside me as the game continued. My mood was ruined now and I prayed to God that it wouldn't land on me but the luck was definitely not on my side. I stared at the bottle as if it was my sworn enemy before looking at Eren. His eyes were still dark and I wondered if he was mad at me. Well it wasn't like I could stop him then.

“Truth.” His lips lifted up at the corner and I was already regretting my decision. I was trapped.

“Have you ever fantasized about fucking me?”

Silence. Complete and utter silence surrounded us as I froze. My palms getting clammy and my heart rate picking up. Did I hear him correctly? His eyes jeering me silently as I tried not to gape. It was payback. I averted my eyes and found four sets of eyes resting upon me with sheer curiosity. I took a deep breath before tugging my lower lip between my teeth.

“Yes. You are physically attractive.” I answered as casually as I could as Connie let out a low whistle. Eren had a shit eating grin plastered on his face as Sasha cheered me on.

“Damn girl! Doesn't it violate some kind of best friend code between you too?”

“Don't worry. We don't have such codes Sash. She can fantasize about me all she wants.” He gave me a playful wink as I looked away. I was pissed at him but more so at myself for getting so worked up. It was just a game. And so it continued on for a while and thankfully next questions

weren't too out there. We chatted for a while after that before calling it a day.

"You coming with me, Eren?" I heard Armin ask as I walked in the direction of my car.

"Yeah just have to pee. I will be right there." I knew he was going to follow me as I started walking swiftly and crossed the pavement before finally reaching my converter. I was turned around in a flash and slammed against the door before a pair of lips landed on me roughly. Eren mauled my mouth with his own, nipping sucking and coaxing his tongue into mine. He gripped my nape bruising my mouth with his rough movements as I moaned, my own hand pulling at his hairs, drawing him close. We separated when the need to breath became urgent as he rested his forehead against mine.

"Don't fucking say that again..." He was referring to my taunt as I put some space between us.

"It doesn't matter. You would have done it anyways."

"I was going to say no to him." I sensed the honesty behind his eyes before letting out a deep breath.

"I think Armin suspects something." He was giving us both peculiar glances back then. There were definitely cons of having such an observant friend.

"Yeah. I think he have a notion, that something is off with us. I am kinda dreading going with him now." Eren admitted with a tilt of his head glancing around the empty lot.

"Well, you have to. Maybe you can lie to him about a little lady Lucifer you are hiding." He chuckled before taking a step back, moving away.

"See ya, Mikasa." I waved at his retreating form and tried to ignore the fluttering sensation in my stomach as I got into my car.

I hated this feeling.

Fine Line

Chapter Summary

The arrangement is falling apart as someone is catching feelings...or is it both of them?

Chapter Notes

I have created this story with a clear plan for it in its entirety. There will be no changes on the plot to adapt to any readers.

Don't like it? Don't read it.

Have a better idea? Write it! More power to you!

Just don't expect to rave in the reviews about what I should be writing and get what you want out of this.

Thank you.

Past age:

Mikasa: 19

Eren: 19

Eren's POV

I checked my watch for the umpteenth time in past twenty minutes and let out a sigh. It wasn't like him to be late. I had to get back on my shift in half an hour. I stirred my soup again before taking a small sip just as a whisk of blonde rushed inside the cafeteria. It was about damn time.

"Sorry buddy...the traffic was too thick." He explained panting as he settled down on the chair from across me. Well that was explainable. It was Monday after all.

"No worries. I just ordered a while ago." He nodded before calling for the waitress and placing his own order.

"Since when do you eat Salmon salad?" He smiled sheepishly and sat upright, looking almost hesitant.

"Annie introduced me to it and...I kind of like it now." I raised an eyebrow. Well I had heard that when two people got into a relationship they copied a lot of each other's habits but this was my first hand experience with it. I had never gotten close enough to anyone that I would copy their likes and dislikes.

"You in love with her or something?" I joked but was surprised when Armin almost splashed his drink on the table. He coughed before adjusting himself on the seat, avoiding my eyes. Shit.

"Fuck dude! You are?"

“I mean...I don't know, I have never felt this way before..” If I squinted I could actually see tinge of pink coating his cheeks as I let out a whistle. This was big.

“Damn man! That is great.” He scratched his neck looking away and trying to hide his blush and I couldn't help but chuckle.

“Enough about me. What's going on with you? You are barely around nowadays...” He tried to change the subject as I nodded cautiously. Well the work was definitely keeping me busy in addition to my sexy best friend but he did not need to know the latter part.

“Yeah, you know work and stuff. I am trying to spend as much time as I can at the hospitals to gain some extra credits.” His eyes were assessing as he gave me a long once over and I gulped down some of the water. I was relieved when he didn't question me in the car that day. I was almost sure he suspected something but it was just a false alarm back then...wasn't it?

“Hmm...so Mikasa falls into the category of stuff I presume?” It was my turn to choke on my food as I gripped the wooden surface tightly and took a long sip of water, swallowing the thick soup. I rubbed my nose, trying to act as nonchalant as possible.

“I have no idea what you mean. The last time I saw her was on her birthday.”

“Uh huh. You mean the day, when you both were locking lips in the balcony.” Fuck. Did he see that? It was Mikasa's fault though. She wanted to thank me for my sentimental gift and thank she did properly later on. I pushed the image of her lips around my cock as I turned back to Armin.

“You saw that?”

“Well yeah...next time you want to keep your relationship a secret, don't makeout in open!”

I took a deep breath, trying to come up with palpable words for our arrangement as Armin continued.

“Can't say I am surprised. Took you both a long while but...congratulations.”

“Its not what you think. We are not together. It's just...sex. This is why we kept it a secret.” His eyebrows furrowed as I gave a strained smile. I was about to receive a lecture wasn't I?

“It did not look just sex to me, when I saw you both together. You have always been close but for past few weeks you seem...intimate in a way which doesn't scream just 'sex.’” I looked at my watch. Ten minutes more. Well it wouldn't hurt to be late for once. And so I told him everything which happened past six weeks, skipping the details of our escapades of course. When I was done Armin was left stunned as he tried to process everything. What was Mikasa going to say when she found out he knew? She was the one who wanted to keep it hush hush. Armin remained quiet as his food was served and chose to dig into that instead of giving his words of wisdom to me.

“Well...?” I pursed my lips questioningly as he blinked before shaking his head.

“You both are idiots!”

Huh. Ok I wasn't expecting this. At my bewildered expression he pointed a finger at me.

“Eren, first of all starting this friends with benefits arrangement with Mikasa...seriously? I know you were oblivious in school, but did you really not figure it out in all these years?” -hold on what-
“I know you both are adults and know better alright but this thing either ends up ruining the friendship or you both are going to fall in love, get married and all.”

“I know that. This is why we came up with rules so-“

"I was not done." Alright.

“Its all fun and games now, but can you picture Mikasa with someone else after five months? When this is over, and she goes to Paris and meets someone. Will you be fine with that?” My grip tightened on my glass as I tried to push away the image of her and white french boy away from my mind. As if...Mikasa wouldn't fall for just anyone.

“Yup.” I forced a smile trying to sound as confident as I could as he gave me a sympathetic look.

“Remember how protective you used to get, when she got a boyfriend in the past? I am just saying...I don't want anyone of you to get hurt. Especially Mika-.” He shut up immediately as I narrowed my eyes at him. Why her specially? What did he mean? I asked so as he played with his plate, trying to brush it off and changed the subject to his prestigious paperwork.

“Congratulations Armin. I am so happy for you. Now...what did you mean by Mikasa specially?” He fidgeted in his seat looking uncomfortable as I grew more curious. What was I missing?

“Mikasa used to have a crush on you in high school... everyone knew except you. I thought it wasn't a big deal anymore, because you both were flirting here and there lately. I thought you were just teasing her for her old crush...not because you guys were sleeping together.”

Mikasa crushing on me? What? No way!

“Wait...you mean you didn't know about us that day in park?”

“The real thing? No. I actually thought you both were dating or something. But then you kissed that girl, and I thought I was wrong until two days ago.” My phone chose to vibrate that moment as I saw a text message from Dr. Mark, asking me to report back immediately. I sighed. I wanted to know more.

“I have to go now. It's an emergency.” I showed him the text as he nodded in understanding.

“I will call you once I am done. This conversation is not over.” She had been my best friend for years and yet I didn't know about this. Was I really too caught up in my own world? Was I this ignorant of her feelings?

“We can meet up at Wendy's at 6. I will be free then.” He suggested as I nodded, getting up before keeping my share on the table.

“Oh and, Eren...” -I paused throwing him a glance over my shoulder as he pointed at his chest while giving me an all knowing smile.

“Mikasa wasn't the only one with secret.”

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Six years ago

Third Person POV

“How does a dragon sigil sound?”

“Its your body, Eren. Get a damn Pikachu if you want. Important thing is you should like it.”

Eren scrolled through the page again, trying to find a design which was both meaningful and artistic. There were just too many of them. He would have thought that having two best friends would be somewhat helpful but they were useless. Armin kept approving every single design he showed while Mikasa suggested him to get a damn Pikachu. He threw a scowl at both of them which they obviously missed as they both were too deep immersed in their text book. Their mid terms were soon approaching so they both had chosen to study in the library instead of spending some quality best friend time together. And he was getting bored. Well it wasn't their fault that Eren's exams got over before them. But being a good friend he was, he spent next two hours sitting quietly with them while simultaneously trying to search for a good tattoo design.

“I am guessing by that sullen face, that you had no luck ?” Mikasa asked him after they dropped Armin off who had his first exam next day. They were currently strolling in the park as he shook his head. Nope. Eren had no idea he was this choosy.

“What about getting something which gives you inspiration or had an impact on you?” He cocked an eyebrow at her. Well there were many things which influenced him but he was unsure of the one which turned his life upside down. He never had any big defining moment like that. It was getting late so he bid Mikasa goodbye. Three months passed by in a blur and he still couldn't come up with anything.

“Mika, you know it's too dangerous. You can hurt your wrists more.”

“I will be fine Armin.”

“It won't hurt to take it some other day brat.”

“I am not a quitter, Levi. Let it be.” Mikasa tied her belt tightly as she assessed her hand. She had ended up breaking her wrist bone two months ago when a practice match got too intense. Blame her luck. Even though her cast was off but doctor has suggested her to steer clear of any tenacious physical activity for a while. Of course she didn't listen. She was supposed to earn her black belt today but due to her injury Mikasa doubted she would be able to gain enough points. But she wasn't the one to give up without trying.

“Hey, how you feeling?” Eren rubbed circles along her palm as he gave her a worrisome look.

“I am ok. It doesn't hurt I promise.”

“I know how stubborn you are Mikasa. I know we can't change your mind but remember you don't have to prove yourself to anyone. Everyone knows how good you are.” She smiled nodding at him just as the bell rang indicating it was time.

“Be careful.” Eren placed a small kiss over her bandaged finger as her heart swelled before she walked from there.

Eren fidgeted with his hands as he watched her take a stance against her partner. He knew that Mikasa was tough but she wasn't invincible. Eren had to turn away or close his eyes for almost

half of the time whenever things got too intense but Mikasa played carefully, not dragging any of her matches. He could see that her wrist still strained but she didn't give up as she gave her best.

"It's her parents tenth death anniversary next week." He was surprised to find the ever so quiet Levi speaking as his eyes widened. Oh yes it was.

"She have promised herself, that she will be black belt before it. Tch that child. Maybe it will give her a sense of strength. She hates feeling useless." It seemed like Levi was mumbling more to himself at this point as Mikasa lifted up her opponent before slamming him down on ground. Eren looked at the score board. Hundred points! She did it.

Cheers surrounded the stadium as he saw a genuine smile spread across Mikasa's face. She was full on grinning now as she lifted her hand. Her eyes had hint of tears as his own watered up. She was amazing. She was...everything he ever wanted to be. And then he realized. She was his biggest muse, his inspiration. Eren used to be so jealous of her when they were kids but it was only because he wanted to be just like her. She made him want to push forward and never give up. She changed him. And then he decided what he really wanted.

A week later

"This one shows the duality very well. The sword is the epitome of lost love and heartbreak. The rose stands for the beauty and vitality. Even after going through suffering, the person never stopped being beautiful and alive. They derive strength from their pain and turn it into something amazing."

"It's perfect." Eren whispered as he saw the design the artist drew for him. He wanted something symbolic to represent Mikasa. Carving her name on the chest was a cliché for him. He wanted something deep rooted to represent her. Mikasa was his soulmate. No one could ever take her place in his life. He traced his finger over the tattoo examining the black and grey ink over his ribcage. It was perfect. It was an intimate piece of him so he never shared the real story behind it to anyone. Not even to Mikasa. Maybe he would share it with her one day but it wasn't the time yet. Armin was the only one who knew it and that was because he found Eren's scribbling of Mikasa's name and the tattoo on his notebook. He had been trying to come up with something which represented her for days after finally settling on the rose through the dagger art. He made Armin swear to keep it as a secret and being the good friend he was he kept it.

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Present day

Eren's POV

"You don't have to worry, Mikasa. It's Armin remember? Hell I am more likely to blurt it out to someone than him!"

"That you surely did." I rolled my eyes at her as we walked down the hallway. Mikasa's snarkiness was still better than the lecture of Mr. Boyle's toxoplasmosis. I had registered in this conference thinking that it would be something interactive and brain storming but what I got was a monotone

reading for three hours. I was glad that Mikasa was in the area too and agreed to grab some subway sandwich with me.

“Eren Yeager?” I paused and turned in direction of the voice and found a tall blonde woman grinning at me. Hold on is that...

“Victoria?”

“The one and only!” She grinned at me as I moved forward and gave her a quick hug. I couldn’t believe it.

“What are you doing here?”

“Same thing as you. Attending a very boring lecture, which made Pacific Overtures look like Hamilton.”

I chuckled as she turned to Mikasa and they both shook hands. The world really was a small place! Victoria and I went to pre-med together and dated for couple months before we realized we were better off as friends. She was by far the most intelligent and smart woman I had dated. I actually liked her a lot. Last I heard from her, she was leaving to Canada for further studies.

“Oh god it’s great to see you. We should really catch up if-” She looked between Mikasa and me “you guys aren’t busy.”

Oh yes I didn’t know how Mikasa would feel about it. Victoria was still my ex girlfriend after all. Before I could say anything Mikasa chimed in with a neutral smile.

“I actually have a meeting scheduled with my professor, you guys catch up.”

I was put on a difficult spot here as I looked at Mikasa. She patted me on the back reassuring me silently before walking away. Was this the part where I chased after her?

“So...know any interesting place to eat?” Victoria wiggled her eyebrows looking around as I smiled. Well she was still an old friend it wasn’t like I was hooking up with her. It was just lunch. And so I motioned her to follow me.

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I tried to focus on the TV show rather than text Mikasa again for the fiftieth time. After catching up with Victoria I called her but it went in voicemail each time and she wasn’t even responding to any of my texts. I knew she had some session scheduled today maybe she got caught up in that? I checked on the time and decided to wait for another twenty minutes before driving to her home, making sure she was okay. So it was a total surprise when key turned in the lock and Mikasa walked in, still dressed in her attire from afternoon. I stood up just as she deposited her purse and key on the table.

“Where the hell were you, Mika? I have been calling you for hours!”

“My battery died a while after I left, and the session dragged on forever.” She seemed normal to me as I nodded moving towards the kitchen before she caught my arm.

“I had a really crappy day. I need you now!” Her eyes hooded with lust as she pushed me on the couch and climbed on my lap. Ok this was new. Straddling me, She gripped my hair in her hands and kissed me hard. My arms banded around her as I coaxed my tongue inside her mouth, deepening the kiss. She pulled away before pushing me down with a hand to my chest, a blank expression on her face.

“Well?” I asked, my voice low, eyes questioning. “What now?”

In answer she began sliding down my pants so she could slip her hand inside. I hissed as she began pumping me, at first long and slow before fisting me hard. Fuck.

“Feel good?” She purred across me before lowering her mouth and wrapping her lips around my cock. Holy shit. She began licking, sucking and tugging at my skin with her teeth as I pulled at her hairs. She was so good. Her mouth left me with a pop as she began lifting up her skirt. I stroked my hands up her milky thighs but she stopped me, pushing my hand away.

“No touching.” I wasn’t sure if I liked this new attitude of hers as she slipped her panties down before discarding them on the floor. The whole taking control thing was kind of hot but I had a feeling she was mad at me. She grabbed my thickness and rubbed it against her center as I let out a groan. I wanted to be inside her.

“Condom?” I breathed out as her eyes darkened with displeasure before she got up and rushed inside my room to get one. She was back in a heartbeat as she rolled it over me before slowly sliding down on my cock. We both let out a moan as she started moving above me. Up and down, her hairs framing her face, her tits bouncing with every thrust and I wished I could see them. I moved my hand to touch them but she swatted me away. Her eyes closed, her lips parted she increased her pace, making the couch bounce harshly against my back. Her strong thighs held me down as she trailed her hand around her neck. I was powerless below her as all I could do was hold on to the ride. Her muscles clenched me hard as I gripped on the edge tightly. I could feel my release near.

“Fuck, babe...” I groaned as she looked at me with half lidded eyes rolling her hips around me faster, harder than before if it was even possible. She was killing me and I was going to let her. I spasmed around her in waves as I emptied in the condom, filling it up. Mikasa wasn’t done yet as she thrust a few times before milking around me. Sweat rolled down her forehead as she took deep breaths. We both took a moment to come down from our high as her eyes met mine. Something passed in them as she rolled off of me and picked her underwear from the floor. I sat up and rubbed my shoulder as my eyes followed her every move. After cleaning myself up I entered the room and found her plugging her phone for charging as she looked up.

“How you feeling now?” I asked indicating her prior restlessness as her cheeks tinted red before she turned her head. Oh lovely now she was blushing! I shook my head as I engulfed her from behind before placing a small kiss over her ear.

“You are amazing, do you know that?” She tried to break free of my grip as I tightened my hold on her before whispering in her ear.

“Why are you mad at me?”

“I am not mad.” She pulled at my fingers again trying to get out and this time I let her. She walked and sat on the sofa as she switched on the TV. I narrowed my eyes at her as I moved forward.

“It was really great seeing Victoria today.” She stiffened and a vein in her neck popped up as she tried to restrain herself. Yup there it was. I tried to hide my amusement as I sat beside her.

“She is really witty and pretty. I wonder, why did I break up with her?”

“It’s not too late. She is still in the town isn’t she? Go kiss and makeup.” She replied coldly as she kept switching from one channel to another.

“You are jealous.” I stated as a matter of fact as she frowned and turned up the volume.

“Why would I be jealous?” I sighed before grabbing her chin and turning her face towards me. She was feigning ignorance as expected of her.

“Victoria is just an old friend. We discussed work that’s all. I don’t even think we are gonna see each other again.”

“Eren, I told you I don’t care. This 'thing' is just sex remember. We are still friends at the end of the day! I don’t mind it.”

“Your face is telling me another story, babe.” I pointed at her clenched teeth and the tension in her shoulders.

“And I told you don’t call me babe so casually. You are the one making it weird not me.”

“So you won’t mind, if I went on a date with her.” She froze as her jaw tensed slightly but I caught onto it as she shrugged.

“I don’t.”

I nodded before picking up my phone and scrolling through my contacts. She gave me a confused look as I typed something.

“Fine. She actually asked me out today, but I politely declined. Maybe I should give her a shot.” Mikasa swiftly got up and moved to grab her purse as I caught her hand refusing to let her walk away. She was pissing me off now. I turned her around on her heels making her look directly into my eyes.

“God dammit! Mikasa, I am so tired of this! I told her, no, today because I don’t want anyone else but you. I have been very clear about it since we started this. If I wanted Victoria, I would have said yes to her! I know you think I am a player of some sort, but I am not ditching you alright. It’s not for you but myself! I want you only I don’t know what I have to do to prove this. If you want to walk away now then fine, but it’s on you not me.” I inhaled trying to calm down my nerves as she looked at me with mouth agape. I hated that I became so transparent when it came to her. Armin was right. We were already complicating things now.

I settled down again refusing to look up at her as I played a game on my phone. I had nothing more I could say to her right now. I was tired of baring myself to her and not getting anything in return. I noticed her presence next to me as she took my hand.

“I am sorry.” Well that was a first. She barely met my eyes as she fiddled with her hands.

“I keep messing things up, but it’s only because...I am new to this and it's you.” I squeezed her hand sweeping a strand of hair behind her ear as she blinked.

“Me too. You have to stop overthinking things alright. We will play it by the ear.” Her lips tugged

up as she agreed and I pulled her to my sides.

“Although I have to agree, I did enjoy the benefit of your jealousy very much.” I pointed at our earlier frisky sex and was satisfied to see her face flush before she punched my arm.

“Ow! It’s true. No one has ridden me that hard before!” Another punch.

“And if you don’t shut up now, it will be the last time too.” That did the trick as I immediately shut my mouth. Everything was fine again and as much as I wanted to confront her about the whole crush thing I knew she would go in typical Mikasa mode and dodge me. Now wasn't the time. And so I focused my attention on the screen.

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“Where are we going?”

“Mikasa, this is the fifth time you have asked me that question in past ten minutes. We will be there soon.” She grumbled and crossed her arms before peeking out the window as I smiled. She wasn’t a big fan of surprises. Yesterday Mikasa had asked me how she could make up for her little tantrum and I came up with a perfect solution. Today was Valentine’s day. I told her we were going to spend this day on my terms with no complains from her whatsoever. It wasn’t something we were doing the first time. We had spent a couple of Valentine’s day together in the past when we both were single. We went to games or barbecue and did strictly 'friendly' stuff but I was about to change that. I wanted to test out what Armin said. Mikasa and me were perfectly compatible in bedroom and friendship department so I wanted to find out if we would work as a couple.

“Here we are!” I stopped the car in front of the famous french cuisine as she gaped. It was a famous spot for a couples date night.

“Why are we here, Eren?” She gave me a skeptical look as I held the door open for her.

“I told you before, no questions.” I held her hand as we walked in together and I guided her to the private booth.

“You booked this?” She hissed as I passed her the menu and signaled the waiter.

“Bonsoir, Monsieur et Madame! What would you like?”

“I will have Basque chicken with cheese fondue at side. And bring your finest champagne as well.”

“And you, Madame?” He asked Mikasa in heavy french accent as she examined the menu closely.

“I will have cottage pie and garden salad at side.”

“Coming right away.” He walked away briskly as I raised an eyebrow at her.

“Cottage pie?”

“It was the easiest one to spell!” I chuckled at her pout as she wandered her eyes around the place. She looked stunning in that red dress and an updo as I resisted the urge to drag her to the washroom and show my appreciation.

“How do you like this place?”

“This is a date “ She deadpanned as I cocked my head in a thoughtful manner.

“Hmm...I don’t know is it?”

“Eren, what are you-“

“You promised me no take backs now. Just think of it as a...friendly date.” She was still not convinced but let it go before checking on her phone.

“Oh great Sash wants to know where Lucifer took me?”

“Kingdoms of inhabited earth.” She laughed before typing up a response and I realized I loved the sound of her laugh. It was like chiming of bells. After an hour of eating, drinking and talking we left the restaurant as we got back on the road. This time Mikasa didn’t question me as a ghost of a smile played across her lips throughout her drive. I finally noticed the tenth avenue before stopping the car and getting out.

“What is this place?” She murmured as she took in the empty streets of the high line. There was no vehicle or a person in sight anywhere as we walked hand in hands.

“This is probably the quietest place in NYC.”

“It’s amazing.” She exclaimed at the serene atmosphere, I dragged her to the middle of the road as she looked front and back searching for any sign of vehicle making me shake my head.

“Rarely ever anyone drives by here.” I paused in the middle with a mischievous smile before leaning down and lying down on the street. She planted her hands on her hips as I motioned her to get down too.

“Did you plan this one out from the notebook?”

“What? No! I haven’t even seen it.”

“Uh huh.” I grabbed her hand and forced her down as she wrinkled her nose before finally giving in. We lied down side by side staring at the sky as she kept tilting her head around looking for orange lights of an impending car.

“Close your eyes and relax, Mika!”

“Yeah so that a truck could crush us down its monster tire? I don’t think so.”

“Mikasa...please.” I gave her my best puppy dog look as she mumbled something before squinting her eyes close. Well that was as close as I was getting to her relaxing. We spent next five minutes lying down like that before she started poking my sides and I sighed.

“As much as I am enjoying 'this', I think we are not alone.” She pointed to the pedestrians who were walking on pavement and giving us an amused smile as I sat up and waved at them.

“That’s Very Romantic, Buddy!” The stout man yelled at me as Mikasa got up with as much dignity as she could muster and I followed.

“Oh great!”

“Relax! It’s still better, than almost getting hit by a car.”

“I knew it! You have seen the movie. Liar!” I chuckled as she followed me back to the car throwing a punch at my shoulder.

"Did you really drive all the way here just to lie down on the road for few minutes?"

"Yup." She shook her head fondly at me then.

“So what’s the next thing on your list of 'surprise Mikasa package'?” She tapped her fingers impatiently as I gave her a saucy smile.

“This one will be your favorite I promise.”

I splashed some water at Mikasa as she yelped before moving to the other end of the Jacuzzi tub. God she looked sexy in that lingerie. She relaxed and let out a pleased sigh as my lips tilted up with mischief. I slowly waddled towards her side making sure to be quiet as I tugged at her bikini strings. Her eyes blurted open as I grabbed the triangular piece before rushing out of the tub.

“Eren, What The Hell! Give it back now!” She warned trying to cover up her exposed chest with her hand as I directed the camera towards her and started rolling. She glared as she saw the red light and I let out a laugh.

“That’s right, babe! That’s a good look.”

“Fuck you.”

“I would rather fuck you.” She splashed the water again but I dodged right in time.

“Careful it’s an expensive camera.” Forgetting about her semi naked state she waddled towards my end as I recorded her every move. I knew she wasn’t getting out as she dreaded getting spotted by someone nearby balcony if she stood up. I took advantage of it as I filmed her cursing and trying to reach me before she finally gave up and settled down at one spot with a huff.

“Do you have any closing statement for tonight, Miss Ackerman?” She peeked at me with one eye holding my gaze before a sly expression spread across her face. What? She tugged at the hem of her bottoms slipping them down slowly teasingly as my breath hitched in my throat. She roamed her hand down her neck, pausing to flicker at her nipple as I gulped visibly. She was giving me a show. Licking her lips she grazed her hand down her torso and towards her center as I almost dropped the cam. I saw her finger disappear inside her opening as she let out a moan. She added another finger and started a brisk pace before looking up at me, tugging her lip between her teeth.

“Eren...” She breathed out full of want as I dropped the camera to the sides before jumping in. I pulled her towards me with a force crashing our lips together, sucking, nibbling and biting them thoroughly before sucking her nipples into my mouth, swirling my tongue till they stiffened into peaks so tight she whimpered when I trailed my lips over them. Mikasa curled her fingers against my shoulders and raked them down my back, wordlessly begging me to give her more. My cock strained painfully against my trunks as she brushed her lower body against mine. I tunneled my finger inside her easily as she moaned.

“Fuck, baby, you’re so wet for me.” I muttered before clenching my jaw. Fuck I had to get out of the tub to get a condom.

“Hold on.” Mikasa reached towards the rob and pulled one out as I smirked. She had it all planned that vixen. I held out my hand as she shook her head. “Let me,” She breathed, grabbing it, her cheeks flushed as I watched her tear the wrapper apart with her teeth. By the time she was done, I had my cock out and resting heavy in my palm as she rolled the rubber over it gently. Drawing the flat of my tongue over her tight nipple I teased her wet pussy with the flared tip of my cock. It pulsed against her, forcing every desperate, filthy plea of need to burst from her lips. It lit a fire behind my eyes.

“Tell me again, Mikasa,” I rasped greedily. “Tell me how much you want my cock.”

“I need it.” Back arched, nails dug in my skin, She begged me. “I need you inside me,” She breathed achingly.

“Say it.”

“I need your cock,” She moaned, feverish, as I rumbled with delight over her anguished desperation. “I need it now. I -” Her jaw dropped as I pushed between her saturated folds. “Fuck!” The sharp growl expelled from my lips once I was fully inside her.

“Christ, you feel so fucking good,” I growled, moving swiftly and powerfully inside her, every solid pump between her legs drawing a deep, throaty groan from her lips. She arched her back, grabbing handful of my ass. Completely out of my mind with satisfaction at her touch and her voice I increased my pace. “Look at me.” She obliged my command, as I felt the sudden lock of two magnets when our eyes met. “Tell me how good my cock makes you feel.”

She moaned, barely able to get any words out. “Can’t...”

“You will. Tell me. Tell me how wet your pussy is for me, babe.”

I tangled my fingers in her hair, drunk off the sound of her sweet moans everytime I rammed inside her.

“You can hear it,” She whimpered.

“Mmm I can.” I rumbled against her lips crushing our mouths together again. My abs clenched, as I worked up my pace till I was slamming ferociously inside her, each stroke longer, more forceful than the last. I could feel her squeezing around me, her insides tightening and threatening me with an orgasm unlike any I’d ever had in my life.

“Don’t stop, Eren” She exhaled. “Please, don’t stop.”

I took those words as go harder and she didn’t object. I was just grateful for the intensity of our kiss as I drew pleasure out of her body. I fucked her into abandon, growling against her lips as the blood rushed to my ears. She finally came with a cry sobbing against me as I drilled into her with a ferocity as my own release neared. The orgasm tore through me shaking my body with pleasure as I finally collapsed against her, out of breath.

Silence settled in around us as we remained wrapped around each other like that. I couldn’t recall the last time I felt this blissful and happy before as realization dawned upon me.

I was falling for her.

Fuck.

Rousing Suspicion

Chapter Summary

Jealousy is an ugly emotion which can tear apart relationships

Chapter Notes

Warning: smutty, filthy graphic scene ahead. I have said before this fic isn't vanilla. Check tags.

Past age:

Eren: 20

Mikasa: 20

Zeke: 30

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

Mikasa's POV

I clapped along with the others as the performance ended and the pair stepped off the stage after giving a generous bow.

"It wasn't that good." Eren snorted from beside me as I rolled my eyes. Of course it wasn't. They weren't real singers they were just doing karaoke for goodness sake. He scoffed when I told him so before an excited gleam appeared in his eyes. Uh oh that look meant trouble. For me specifically. I chugged on the rest of my wine before grabbing my purse hastily.

"It's getting late. We should go."

"We can leave, yes. There is just a teensy thing I have to do first." And he darted off and across the bar as I followed him with my nervous eyes. I saw him disappear behind the stage as I tapped my foot impatiently. He was back in five minutes and settled down beside me with a far too innocent face as I studied him closely.

"What did you do, Eren?"

"Nothing. I just went to the washroom."

"So, can we leave now?"

"Sure... Let me just finish my drink." He sipped far too slowly for my liking as I crossed my arms across my chest all the while trying to tune out the horrible singing on stage. Jesus they shouldn't just let anyone up there. This time no one clapped as the announcer's voice boomed again.

"Alright now our next performer is, Mikasa Ackerman!" My jaw dropped as Eren gave me a guilty smile. He didn't. Announcer repeated my name as I stood up abruptly, hell bent on dashing the hell

out of there. Eren grabbed my arm as I shot him a betrayed look.

“Come on, Mika! You are an amazing singer! Hundred times better than the embarrassment that came up the stage before.”

“I have never sung in front of a crowd!” I hissed at him all the while trying to remove his iron grip from my hand.

“For my sake, please! I will do whatever you want, I promise.” He gave me his puppy eyes again which he knew I couldn’t resist. I took a deep breath and looked at the stage before calming my nerves.

“Fine! But only if you join me.”

“Sure.” He replied with an easy shrug and I wished I had the same confidence as him. He grabbed my hand before leading us up there as the spotlight fell on both of us.

“Hello, everyone. I am Eren and this is my beautiful partner Mikasa. Tonight we will be singing ‘I want it that way’”. Oh this sneaky bastard. This was our song! Memories of high school came rushing to me when I used to sing in my bathroom during shower. Once Eren had showed up unannounced in my room and heard me from outside. He was the first one to learn that I loved singing. We both were big fans of Backstreet boys and we sang this song a lot of times when it was just us and the gang. The music started as I closed my eyes not bothering to look at the screen. I had it’s lyrics memorized since I was eight. I could feel my legs shaking as I started. Here goes nothing.

Yeah

You are my fire

The one desire

Believe when I say

I want it that way

Eren joined in now as we sang the next verse together.

But we are two worlds apart

Can't reach to your heart

When you say

That I want it that way

The crowd started cheering now and humming along with us as I looked at Eren who was looking at me already and he gave me a wink. You got this.

Tell me why

Ain't nothin' but a heartache

Tell me why

Ain't nothin' but a mistake

Tell me why

I never want to hear you say

I want it that way

Our voices blend in together as everyone started grooving now and I couldn’t help but enjoy it too as a wide smile spread across my face. This was actually fun.

Am I, your fire?

Your one, desire
Yes I know, it's too late
But I want it that way
Tell me why
Ain't nothin' but a heartache
Tell me why
Ain't nothin' but a mistake
Tell me why,
I never want to hear you say
I want it that way

I intoned my voice with the music as my legs tapped on the floor automatically. I was lost in this moment now as the music picked up.

Now I can see that we've fallen apart
From the way that it used to be, yeah
No matter the distance
I want you to know
That deep down inside of me
You are my fire
The one desire
You are (you are, you are, you are)
Don't want to hear you say
Ain't nothin' but a heartache
Ain't nothin' but a mistake
(Don't want to hear you say)
I never want to hear you say
I want it that way

My eyes met Eren's again as he gave me his big charming smile and I returned it as I pointed my finger at him and continued the chorus part.

Tell me why
Ain't nothin' but a heartache
Tell me why
Ain't nothin' but a mistake
Tell me why
I never want to hear you say
I want it that way

At this point I was the only one singing as Eren kept staring at me and clapped with a big grin.

Tell me why
Ain't nothin' but a heartache
Ain't nothin' but a mistake
Tell me why
I never want to hear you say
(Never want to hear you say it)
I want it that way
'Cause I want it that way

Sound of loud claps resonated everywhere as I took deep breaths before rushing to Eren and kissing him square on the lips. I didn't care about who saw us at this moment as he picked me up and

swirled me around in his arms. We both smiled against each other's lips as we broke apart and I saw something in his eyes that both terrified and tugged at my heart. He looked at me like I was the most precious thing in the world.

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Five years ago

Third Person POV

Eren tapped his legs impatiently, roaming his eyes around for any tell tale sign of the person in the picture.

"Just relax." Mikasa rubbed his arm encouragingly as he forced a smile for her sake.

"Thanks for coming with me."

"Its no big deal." She assured just as the audience started cheering. He assumed a player would have shot a home run or something. He had next to zero knowledge about baseball anyways. He was more of a soccer guy.

"Eren Yeager?" His head popped up as he saw the blonde haired guy in front. A small smile was playing on his face and his eyes glimmered as he took in Eren.

"Zeke." He acknowledged standing up and going for a handshake but he was engulfed in a bear hug instead. Ok. This guy was little more enthusiastic. The man broke apart with an embarrassed smile as he rubbed his neck.

"Sorry. I just...well got excited. You are my brother after all." Eren did his best to keep his poker face on, it wasn't his fault. His father had been married to some woman named Dina of royalty when he used to live in Germany and had a son. She died a couple years after Zeke's birth due to a terminal illness and Zeke was taken in by his mother's family as the next successor. Grisha wanted the custody of his son but the family had powerful allies in the judiciary system plus his strenuous job didn't help either. Apparently the family held grudge against him because he eloped with Dina as his in-laws were unwilling to wed off their only child to some commoner. It was lot of controversy and Grisha's life became living hell after he wasn't allowed to meet his son so he left the country and came to USA. He left his past behind but eight years ago he got a call from a stranger who turned out to be his son, willing to meet his father. Eren remained in dark about his secret older brother all time and only his mom knew about Zeke's existence other then his Dad. He wished his Dad would have told him sooner rather then waiting till Zeke was in the country to introduce him. 'That family is complicated son. I didn't want to involve you in any of that mess until Zeke got his full freedom.' he said. Apparently his 'brother' didn't have any interest in running some province and was adamant on making a career in baseball. Long story short he cut off his royal ties and was free officially which is why he was finally meeting Eren.

Eren's eyes trailed over the shaggy beard and the round glasses. He looked a lot older than 30.

"You look nothing like your father." His brother murmured in awe and he felt weird being assessed like some specimen by his older brother. Fuck, he still couldn't fathom it. He was too old for weird family reunions.

"You look...alot like Dad." He admitted as Zeke chuckled and ordered some patrons to bring up some snacks.

"I have been excited to meet you for years. I always wanted to have a sibling." Eren wished he could say the same. They chatted for an hour trying to make acquaintance, well it was mostly one sided as Eren still had no idea how to feel about all this. Maybe he would get used to it one day. He realized that Zeke was in city for his team's match and he did a lot of world tours being their coach and all. He wished to spend a day with Eren 'alone', getting to know him better and Eren decided to give it a try. After all it was his old man's fault for keeping it a secret not Zeke.

"We will catch up soon, brother."

"Yeah." His eyes moved to Mikasa then who barely spoke a word during the weird family exchange, trying to focus on the game instead as he smiled.

"It was a pleasure meeting you, Mikasa. I am sure my brother was a lot anxious about this. You are a good girlfriend."

Mikasa looked lost for words while Eren was too tired to correct him as they bid their goodbyes.

Brother huh. Fuck

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Present day

Mikasa's POV

I squatted down holding the barbell parallelly to my body before getting back up and repeating the same motion again. Leg days were definitely my favorite part of the workout. I took a break from my set and moved my eyes sideways to Eren who was doing chest pullups. Even though we went to different gyms, I decided to accompany him to his today as I overslept at his place. Plus it was his fault for keeping me up late. I trailed my eyes to his muscle chorded arms and the gentle rise and fall of his sculpted chest. Is it getting hot in here? I took a quick sip from my water bottle keeping my eyes trained on him entirely. God he was so hot. His hairs were tugged up in a messy bun with few loose strands sticking to his sweaty face. I watched the sweat drop disappear down his tank shirt and wished to lick it. He had turned me into a horn dog! All I ever wanted to do was fuck him whenever he was in close vicinity. Feeling especially adventurous today I decided to have a little fun with him.

There weren't many people around, just a couple of them working out in the other corner as the

gym was the complex's property and only the residents were allowed. I walked up to him as he looked up and motioned him to stop.

“What?” His voice came out huskier than usual due to the strenuous exercise as I pointed to the mat.

“Mind helping me out with situps?” He shrugged a yes as he followed me down and an idea popped in my head. I pulled at my tank top and discarded it in the corner leaving only my sports bra. I heard him curse and tried not to smile as I lied down and he held my legs. I knew I was giving him a good view of my cleavage every time I sat up. He didn’t say anything though but his eyes kept flickering to my chest a couple times. Next I told him to help me with my deadlift as I squatted with my back to his front. He held onto my middle as I did my set, grazing my ass against his front as his grip tightened on me. After the first set I stood up backing against him completely as I moved his hand lower down my stomach.

“I am so wet...” -I paused for the effect wiping the sweat from my neck in a slow manner –“with sweat. Can you hand me the towel?” He passed me the white cloth as I wiped it over myself, gently grazing it in between my breast as his eyes darkened. Before he could say anything I cut him off.

“Let me help you now.” I said with far too innocent look as he gave me a suspicious glance but didn’t say anything before getting down on the chest press machine. I looked around making sure the other people were still on the opposite side before sitting on his lap.

“I am not that heavy, am I?” I saw a vein pop up in his neck as his eyes glimmered.

“No...” He started moving the weights as I gently trailed my finger over his thigh. Drawing small circles over it, I grazed his semi hard dick as he paused.

“Stop that...” His voice was heavy, breathless as my lips tugged at the corner.

“Relax...you have two more set to go.” He was pissed but he knew if he gave up now it would be a win for me so he continued. Well...I wasn’t going to make it easy for him. I moved a little up so that my crotch was pressed against his hardness and started gyrating.

“You know I was thinking...you still haven’t fucked my tits, have you?” I gave myself a firm squeeze wondering how it would feel. He picked up his pace eager to be done as soon as possible and I tried not to smile. I could feel him growing under me as I rolled my hips slowly.

“You have ruined me so bad...instead of working my legs...all I can think about is taking your cock inside my mouth.”

“I am gonna fuck you so hard after this, you won’t be able to walk.” He promised calmly as I found myself getting wet at his words. A moan slipped past my lips as I grabbed onto his sides tightly.

“Yeah? Is that a promise? You gonna come all over my face...or are you gonna come inside me?” I was too turned on to be embarrassed by the filth coming out of my mouth as I looked at him with flushed face. He didn’t look any better as his nostrils flared at my words. He was grabbing the barbell too tight and I knew I was gonna get 'fucked'. That made me even wet. To rile him up even more I carefully slipped a finger inside my short bottoms. His face grew red with anger and lust as I inserted it inside me.

“You fucking bitch...” He snapped, nose flaring as the deep masochist side of me got turned on by his 'wording.'

Biting my lip, I grinded against him slowly, making his suffering worse. I gave him a smug smile as I pulled out my finger and tilted up his chin.

“Getting a little wind up there, buddy? Too bad, I can't help you with it...” I cooed in a mocking manner as his eyes flared red. He was going to destroy me and I was going to enjoy that. I realized he was nearing the end now as I quickly got up from him and started moving away, swaying my hips just a little more.

“See ya.” I could hear him cursing but I didn't stop until I got inside the locker room and closed it behind me. I took deep breaths against the door. Oh god. I had never acted this shameless before. With Eren I felt so comfortable in expressing my desires and needs, I couldn't care less how I sounded. I knew he was gonna pounce on me the second I stepped back into his apartment. A delicious shiver ran down me as I decided to bath first. The sweat was cooling down on my skin making it sticky. I had barely taken a step before a slam resounded on the door and I turned my head and found Eren entering. My heart thrummed wildly as I saw the look in his eyes. They were wild with lust as he stared down at me with a predatory look. He locked the door behind him with a click as I backed down the room.

“You look nervous.” He mocked me as he took daring steps in my direction. I grabbed at the shower stall intent on getting inside but before I could close it he reached me, pushing it open before getting inside. He turned me on my stomach before slamming me against the wall as his lips nipped at my neck.

“That was a bold stunt you pulled out there...” His hand cupped my bottom before slapping my ass as I winced. Not ready to lose to him I chuckled.

“Is this the best you can do?” There was a pause before a ripping sound reached my ears and I realized he had ripped my shorts. He discarded it before squeezing my bottom.

“No panties huh...even better.” His hand grabbed at my throat as he sucked on my pulse line, rubbing his hardness on my naked ass as I whimpered.

“Fuck me!” I didn't want any foreplay. I was too wet already and I wanted him to take me without any control. He pulled at my hairs forcing me to look into his eyes as he smacked me again!

“Remember what you said earlier? Wanna make good to that promise?” He pushed me on my knees before removing his shorts and briefs as his raging cock greeted me.

“Show me those tits.” I licked my lips before removing my bra as my breath quickened. He pinched my nipples, rubbing and playing with my mounds before grabbing his dick. Pushing up my breast I squeezed them as he slid his length in between. He started thrusting up and down in them as I bit my lips. I was dripping with arousal.

He grabbed at my shoulder, increasing his pace as I squeezed my globes together making him twitch. I looked up at him with hooded eyes before leaning down and licking at his tip.

“You are so fucking filthy.” He grabbed my arm before lifting me up with ease and turning me around once again.

“I hope you are on pill, because I am gonna come inside you!” He growled as his cock nudged in between my ass cheeks and a shiver of delight ran down my spine. His mouth tugged at my earlobe as he whispered.

“You like that huh...want me to fuck your tight asshole?” I was unable to speak as his finger

strummed my clit pulling a moan out of me. "

"I will get to that soon but right now" -he slammed inside me with a rough thrust as I screamed. "I am gonna hold on to my end of promise." And then he started fucking me. I raked my nails down the tiles of the wall as he set a brutal pace. I absorbed every furious thrust behind me with a guiltless, lip-smacking pleasure. I was in ecstasy, filled with the brutal heat and deep pleasure of Eren's cock piercing inside me. His hand encompassing my throat, he held me exactly where and how he wanted me, his free hand groping my breast, squeezing me hard as he slammed in and out of my soaked pussy. "This is all I want." His sharp whisper cut through the silent room. Sliding his hand from my throat to my jaw, he hooked his fingers against my lip. "This mouth is the only fucking mouth I want. I want it first thing in the morning. I want it to be the last thing I taste at night."

With a groan, he dropped his hands so both squeezed my breasts, giving himself leverage to fuck me with a carnal rage from behind. "And these tits," he grunted fiercely, his long fingers wrapping tight around me, massaging firmly till I gave him a moan. "These fucking beautiful tits are mine."

"You can have anything, just don't stop," I begged from the pit of my throat. His lips spread in a grin against the back of my neck as he reached around to my front. "I won't." That velvet reassurance smoothed over my skin as he played gently with my clit. "Not till I hear you come." His fingers tangled in my hair, Eren stroked my swollen pearl, all the while keeping the rhythm of his rough thrusts inside me.

He slapped my ass again. Twice! I moved my hand back to fist in his hairs as he hit the sensitive spot inside me. The combination of his finger playing with my nub and his cock reaching my g spot was too much as I sobbed. "I don't ever want to stop!" God, it was the best thing I could possibly hear. I gasped for breath as he held me still and took over completely. I wasn't used to relinquishing all control but with Eren, I reveled in it-in the sound that came with his cock driving balls-deep inside me with every stroke. "Come for me." he demanded, his fist pulsing gently around my hair.

Tears of ecstasy ran down my eyes, as the pleasure was too much for me. My whole body shook as the ripple of orgasm tore through me and I screamed out loud. His hand dug into my skin as he bit down on my neck before releasing himself inside me. He collapsed against my back as his arms encircled me from behind. His heavy cock laid still inside me as I closed my eyes and laid my head on his shoulders. A moment of silence settled upon us before his velvet voice broke it.

"I am sorry." For what? I turned around with a confused expression on my face and found him refusing to meet my eyes as he pulled out.

"For...?"

"For calling you a bitch and making a mess down...there." He pointed towards his come dripping down my legs as I shook my head and leaned forward to kiss him.

"I don't mind either of it. It was kinda sexy." A lazy smile spread across his face as he pulled me towards him and nuzzled my nose with his.

"I will keep that in mind for future." I mirrored his coy expression, trailing my finger over his chest.

"Good. I quite like it, when you do that."

"Yeah?" he caught my lower lip between his teeth, biting down on it as his hand ran between my

thighs. "I hope, you like few other things too..."

I chuckled against his lips tracing his jawline with my thumb.

"And you too. I hope you won't mind me tying you up in the future. And I want your cock..." – I took his finger moving it behind me as I trailed it over my ass hole. "Here."

He crashed his mouth against mine as I found him growing hard again as he hissed against my lips.

"Goddammit! Don't say such things when I can't fuck you again."

"Why not? I am not that sore. Besides...did you forget the promise you made earlier? I can still walk you know." His eyes hooded as he squeezed my ass roughly. A dangerous glint in his eyes.

"Yeah? We gotta change that..."

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My hands clenched at the bedsheet as I took deep breaths trying to relax myself. The quick shower that I took in the gym stall was useless as I was dripping with sweat again. Eren added another finger as I bit down on my lip. Hard. The penetration felt more alarmingly intense than I would have guessed. It wasn't even about pain, but more about the oddness of it in a place where perhaps it shouldn't be, whereas having him fill my sex only ever just felt right. Still, I didn't want him to stop, didn't want him to let up. He added more lube as I could feel the liquid dripping down as he pushed his whole knuckle inside and I let out a scream at the strange fullness. The strangeness gave the act an almost forbidden quality that the perverse part of me relished in. Eren was making me test the boundaries I could have never thought of doing before.

I was stretched out now and I could only wonder what it would feel like when he puts his cock inside. Oh god.

"Don't move." He got off the bed and rummaged through the drawer for half a minute before coming back again. I tilted back my head and found the vibrating dildo in his hand as my sex pulsed with heat. I remembered the last time we tried it he made me come so hard. I was screaming at the top of my lungs when he was done. My legs were definitely a goner. Thank God it was Saturday today. He strummed it over my clit as I moaned grabbing at the headboard.

"Eren!"

"Shh." He moved the toy from my clit, teasingly over my cleft. He dipped it in once, and then again, holding it inside of me while he worked his finger in my another entrance. It was too much. He worked the toy into me slowly, the vibrator in my sex still embedded deeply as he left it there before pulling apart my ass cheeks and inserting his knuckle.

"Ahhhh" I thrashed my leg as he started thrusting the toy in sync with his hand. He set a slow but deep pace as I came in matter of seconds. That didn't stop him as he pulled out his hand giving me a slight relief before I felt something bigger and realized it was his cock. I pulled at his headboard so tightly the wooden surface cracked as I felt myself splitting in two. His lips peppered kisses on my neck as he worked himself inside me slowly.

“Relax baby. I got you.” He cooed in my ear as he started a very gentle pace. I inhaled and relaxed against him as he gave slow shallow thrusts while the toy drummed inside my pussy. He pulled the vibrator out of me as I whimpered before playing at the nub with his thumb. His left hand grabbed at my throat as he started whispering dirty things in my ear, making my body burn feverishly. I loved his filthy mouth so much.

“More...please!” Now that I was getting used to it I wanted him harder, deeper.

“You like being my dirty slut huh.” his hand smacked my ass as his thrust increased ever so slightly and I muffled my cry into his pillow. “Want my cock deep?” He growled in my ear as his pace kept increasing every time he entered. God I loved how he went from sweet to crass in matter of seconds. He didn’t pull out all the way as he reached deeper in my slick hole.

“Fuck!...Yes I want Ahhh!” I screamed out in between my cries as his finger inserted inside my pussy. Pain has always been a deterrent to my pleasure and I wondered if I was fucked up. He bit against my back, pounding into me harder than before as the bed shook with each thrust of his hips. My grip increased on the headboard, leaving my knuckles white as I felt the wooden surface cracking, but I didn’t care as I screamed so loud, I was sure his neighbors could hear me. His pace was brutal as he came inside me, milking me for all his worth and I followed him soon after. I collapsed down the mattress and winced when I felt him pull out of me as he cradled me in his arms. Eren spent the next few minutes kissing me and cradling me before wiping me clean and applying soothing cream on my butt. After that he held me close in his arms.

“I think, I broke your bed..” I mumbled after few minutes of harnessing my energy as he chuckled against my forehead.

“Worth it.”

“You will have to carry me back to my home. My legs are dead.”

“I will do anything you want.” His husky voice rumbled against me as he pulled the blanket over our bodies.

“Mikasa...”

“Mm.”

“Was it too much? Does it hurt-“

I shushed him with my finger as I nuzzled my face into his chest.

“Were my screams of pleasure not proof enough for you?”

“Yeah but-“

“Then shut up and go to sleep.” Another chuckle.

“Yes, mam.”

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The March wind blew against my hairs as I walked briskly down the pavement. The lovely smell of spring tingled my nostrils as a hand tugged my sleeve.

“Aunty I want that ice cream!” Isabel pointed to the stall in front as I nodded before walking towards the ice cream man. I ordered a chocolate chip cookie for her and a French vanilla for me. I took her to the park and settled down on the bench as I watched the kids play in front.

“Can I go play on the swing?” I contemplated what would Levi do before saying screw it as I gave her an encouraging smile.

“Sure. But only on the small ones, ok?” She gave a big lopsided grin before kissing my cheek and darting off in the direction of slide. I shook my head. Kids. I decided to check my messages in the meantime and found Sasha’s name on the top.

Guess who is back in the city?

I frowned at her text sending double question marks in response just as I heard someone call my name.

“Mikasa Ackerman! Oh my god it’s really you!” I looked up to find a shocked but happy face. Blonde hairs, brown eyes...no way.

“Marie?” She grinned as she ran upto me and hugged me a little too enthusiastically. Was Sasha talking about her?

“Its so good to see you!”

“You too.” I smiled as we broke apart before sitting down again. She slumped beside me as I took a quick peak at Isabel. She was still there.

“So...what have you been up to?” Her voice was still as cheerful as ever as I filled her in about my plans after fashion school and she returned the favor. She was working as an assistant secretary in a decent firm and she was here on a business trip. Well that’s good.

“Did you meet Sasha?”

“Oh no, I plan to tonight. You are the second person I ran into.”

That’s interesting. Then who was Sasha talking about.

“Really??”

“Yup I met Eren first. Goddamn, he has gotten so hot! Those long hairs! I mean damn. Why did we ever breakup?”

I froze but quickly caught myself and tried to force a smile.

"You met him today?"

“No. Yesterday right after I landed. We bumped into each other at Wendy’s. That place haven’t changed a bit! Then we grabbed a bite. We talked for around an hour.” -She lowered her voice like she used to back when we lived together- “Not to come off as slutty but I was totally ready to leave

with him, only if my boss didn't call me back." She finished with a disappointed huff as my fingers dug into my jeans. He didn't bother telling me he met his ex girlfriend.

"You two were...hitting it off like old days?"

"Well, he has gotten polite over the years. I flashed him my legs, oh so subtly, but he acted as a gentleman, choosing to look me in the eyes. The old Eren I knew would have dragged me down to the washroom and well you know." -She slipped in her day dream in typical Marie way. I gulped visibly trying not to lose my composure. I needed to leave now.

"Maybe I can catch up with him again properly, and we can get reacquainted if you know what I mean." She winked at me and I wanted to yell that we weren't friends like old times, She shouldn't be telling me all that and the person she was talking about was my...well what was he exactly? Every time we were together my heart swelled but I wasn't sure about him. I needed to get away.

"This was fun, but I really need to get going. I am babysitting my niece." I pointed in the direction of Isabel as she nodded in understanding before slipping her phone number in my contact anyways. I didn't even bother with goodbye as I grabbed Isabel and darted the hell out of there. Whole day I kept overthinking and even dodged Eren's call, deciding to spend the rest of the day with my niece instead.

Someone shook my shoulders as I blinked open my eyes, rubbing them. I found Levi standing by the bedside and realized I was in Bella's room. I sat up with a yawn. What time was it? I noticed her still snuggled by my side as a soft smile graced my lips.

"Your friend is here."

"Who?"

"That rowdy looking brat Yeager." My chest tightened as I let out a deep sigh. He was so stubborn. If I didn't go now it would raise suspicions with Levi. I forced myself to get up and put on my slippers as I walked out, not bothering to comb my disheveled hairs. Eren was tapping his foot on the floor impatiently and I ignored the wild beating of my heart. I plastered a blank look on my face just as his eyes met mine. I knew he wanted to kiss me but got a hold of himself choosing to give a smile instead.

"Hey, how are you?" Translation: I called you but you didn't pick up and I wanted to check if you were coming at my place later. For sex. That is.

"I am good. What are you doing here?" I cocked my head, definitely in no mood to entertain him more than necessary as his eyes narrowed.

"I need to talk to you. In private." Levi was getting down the stairs giving us both an assessing look as I sighed.

"Fine." He followed me back to my room as I mouthed 'I need privacy with my friend' to Levi who just snorted in response. As soon as the door shut behind us, his mouth crashed on mine, grabbing my hips gently but I pushed him away. He looked irritated as I clenched my palm.

"Is this what you came for? To fuck me in my room? You need to tick that off your list?" He looked taken aback by my tone as he stepped away from me. Good.

"I came here because I was worried about you, Mikasa."

"You should have just asked so, instead of groping me like I am your play thing." A glimmer of

anger rose in his green irises as I pursed my lips.

“What is wrong with you?” I massaged my head. Again I was the one complicating things like an idiot. I shook my head.

“Nothing. My head hurts. I guess, I am a little cranky because of that.” He didn’t believe me as he took tentative steps towards me and rubbed at my shoulder.

“Don’t ever call yourself a plaything. You know how much you mean to me.” My chest hurt so badly at his words and I nodded as he hugged me gently. Was I overreacting? Maybe he didn’t think of telling me about Marie thing because he thought it wasn’t worth mentioning. I hated this feeling.

“Hey, umm can I use your washroom? I came straight from the work.” He admitted sheepishly as I mumbled a small yeah, watching him disappear inside. His phone lied on my table stand tempting me as I took a quick peek at the closed door before picking it up. I knew his password already as he never shied from handing it to me. It was worth a try. I was relieved when I didn’t find Marie’s number and was about to close it when a text notification popped up on the screen. It was from Jean.

Don’t forget to come tonight. I have already invited Hitch so don’t you dare bail out. She was excited.

I switched off the phone and placed it back just as I heard the door opening as Eren gave me a smile. I was too shocked to return it as I sat down on my mattress. My heart was racing fast and all I wanted to do was curl up in my bed.

“Well...”

“I need to sleep. My head hurts.” I spoke without looking him in the eyes as his footsteps approached me and he placed a small kiss over my forehead and I shut my eyes.

“I will see you tomorrow.” I didn’t bother saying goodbye as I heard a click and his disappearing footsteps before slumping down. He was meeting Hitch! A sharp pain stung my chest as I wondered what else was he keeping from me. First hiding the whole Marie thing and now this... was he bored of me? His longest relationship lasted around four months. He must be getting tired of just sleeping with one woman. But what about the pact we made about being honest? Or maybe he wanted benefit from everywhere. Shut up Mikasa. He was your best friend. I took a deep breath. Maybe I was being too judgmental. But I couldn’t shake the feeling of betrayal from my chest. What else was I supposed to think when he was meeting his ex and his old hookup and keeping it from me? God I hated this feeling! I opened the last text Sasha sent which I chose to ignore before.

Sawyer is in city. Remember him? Your first boyfriend? And he is oh so hot now. He was asking about you.

What did you say?

Her response came a minute later as I lied on my back.

Not much. Just what have you been up to. He also asked for your number.

Give him then

Wait but won’t it be weird with Lucifer. That’s your ex

It's over now

*Shit girl I am so sorry. Well ok I will pass it along.
Please tell me you are you fine*

I will be

I closed the phone not bothering to check her response and tried to sleep.

Now who was the one making it complicated?

Chapter End Notes

Mikasa you gotta wash that mouth with sanitizer, it's so dirty and take Eren with you.

Kinky Mikasa inspired by her chibi version. We all know she is secretly wild.

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Finally

Chapter Summary

An argument leads the duo to contemplate on their relationship as a whole.

Chapter Notes

Past ages:

Eren: 20

Mikasa: 20

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

Eren's POV

I traced the edge of the paper with my pen as I read the file. The input from the meeting and docket comments underscore the debilitating effects of Parkinson's. The motor symptoms are physical change in movement, velocity, persuasive slowing of thought pattern. It took me two hours to dot down the important points for revision as I got up with a stretch. It was 2 am. So much for catching up few extra hours of sleep on weekend. I had my CKs tomorrow so the whole week went in shuffling my time between classes, hospital and studying. I needed some sleep so I could get up with a fresh mind. Before heading to bed, I sent a quick good night message to Mikasa. I missed her so much. We hadn't spent any time together since the day I went to check up on her. It was eight days seven hours and thirty-three minutes since I saw her last not that I was counting. I needed to focus and to say that her presence was distracting was an understatement. She had told me to pay all my attention to the exam and that was what I was going to do. And after I ace my test I was hauling her ass back to my place and fucking her in every position possible. I opened the gallery and scrolled through the hundreds of her picture as a small smile spread across my lips. The deal was off Mikasa. I was going to charm her and then ask her to be my girlfriend. Oh yeah, we weren't ending things any time soon. With a satisfied expression I went to sleep.

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"Well my shift ends at seven, so I am sure I can make it there by 9."

"Perfect. And tell Connie too, I tried calling him, but the number was unreachable. I hope he isn't

stoned.” Sasha chuckled on the other line just as I took a sharp turn at the intersection. My test ended half an hour ago and I was on my way to see my girl. I wanted to spend the afternoon with Mikasa before heading up to the bar with all our friends. It had been a while since we all were together.

“I will. Oh and, Eren...did you talk to Mikasa lately?”

“We texted yesterday. Why?”

“Oh...no reason.”

“What’s going on?” I asked in a serious tone as I slowed down at the highway. Was there something I needed to know?

“Well umm Mikasa met Sawyer three days ago and they had a good time catching up so I don’t know if she will bring him ton-“

I stopped listening after Sawyer as I pressed on the brake and halted the car. Sawyer? The guy from the high school? Her ex boyfriend? What business did she have meeting with him?

“Eren? Hello!”

“I am here.” I tried to keep my anger in check as my grip tightened on the wheel. She didn’t bother telling me this. Is this why her texts were short and spaced nowadays? And here I thought it was because she wanted me to concentrate entirely on my exam. Why was she secretly meeting that douche? Blood rushed to my ears.

“Yeah anyways, I don’t know if they are dating or not...you didn’t like him so I am just giving you a heads up in case he shows up tonight. Please don’t get all weird on her. He is a good guy. Probably the only guy Mikasa actually liked.”

That was really helpful. I clenched my teeth as I hung up on her. I was in no mood to listen about Mikasa’s ex. He was her ex I was her present. There was no way I was letting him touch a hair on her head. With that thought I drove twenty miles past the limit as I rushed past the other vehicle.

I reached her house in record time as I slammed the door shut before walking towards her entrance. It was her off day so she must be at her home. I didn’t care if Levi was there or not. I wanted answers from her. I wanted to know why she was practically ghosting me and meeting with her old flame. I buzzed the doorbell three times before hearing footsteps approaching and immediately knew it was her. Everything about her was imprinted in my brain vividly. She opened the door and let out a gasp as she saw me. Wasn’t expecting me huh sweetheart? She was dressed in a ratty old dress shirt and covered in oil paint from head to toe. She was painting. Even with such a messy appearance she gave me a semi hard on as her lips parted. I almost forgot why I was mad at her. I needed to be inside her.

“Eren? What are you doing here?”

“Is Levi home?” She shook her head as I took a step forward. I knew the sensible thing was to inquire about her ‘date’ but she looked so bloody damn gorgeous and it had been few days so the first thing I did was kiss her. It was rough bruising and possessive as I claimed her lips with mine. Our mouths meshed together as I shut the door behind us before backing her up against the wall. She tried to resist as she faintly pushed at my chest and I traced her mouth with my tongue. Mikasa let out a moan as I moved my lips down to her jawline, collarbone and then neck. My hand grabbed her ass as I rubbed our lower bodies together.

“What ahhh you...doing? She breathed out in that throaty voice I loved as I pushed down her panties and inserted a finger inside her wetness.

“What does it look like?” I managed to say before pulling up her shirt and exposing her naked breast. No bra. Thank fuck. I caught her nipple in my mouth, quick and rough as I dragged my teeth and sucked over them. She pulled my hairs as I moved my finger in and out of her. I bit at her jaw as she palmed my hardness with a rough grip. My teeth nipped on her earlobe while she tugged at my pant with impatience. I wasn’t wasting any time. She was already so wet and I had been hard ever since she opened the door. I unfastened my belt as she pushed down my pant and boxer before grabbing me in her hand.

“Wait...” She tried to lift up my shirt just as I slammed inside her in a quick thrust. Always so bloody tight!

“Asshole!” She winced as I chuckled against her lips. Reaching down between her legs I hooked an arm under her left thigh, spreading her wide. I thrust inside her again and again, going faster and faster until all I could smell and feel was her. I yanked her closer by the thigh, not leaving an ounce of space between us as she dug her nails into my shoulder blades sharply. She bit down on my neck as I pushed her further onto the wall. Her muscles clenched my cock as I growled and drove into her with all the strength I could muster. My eyes moved to her face and I found her biting down on her lip to suppress a moan. Oh no you don’t! My finger played with her clit making her inhale sharply as I caught her lower lip between my teeth. I was almost there. With quick long thrusts I emptied myself inside her as she bit down on my shoulder, following behind and letting out a cry. Our shallow breathes were the only sound reverberating around us before she quickly untangled her legs from my waist and pushed past me. I tucked myself inside the pants as realisation dawned upon me. Condom.

“Are you-“

I started as she gave me a short nod while adjusting back her dress. “I am on pill.” I smoothed down my shirt and noticed the traces of paint over them as my eyes landed on her. She opened the door as I frowned hearing her curt voice.

“You can leave now.” Was she serious? I ignored that as I curled my finger over the doorknob and slammed it shut before turning to face her. I needed some answers.

“We need to talk.” I stated as she gave me a nonchalant look. I did not like that.

“To discuss the time for our next meeting” She air quoted the word meeting and my eyes narrowed. “You can text me.” I was not having that attitude.

“What’s the hurry, Mikasa? Meeting someone after this?” I bit out as she snorted.

“You came here to fuck me. It’s over. Now, you can leave and let me get back to my work.” I let out a hollow laugh as I took two steps towards her.

“By work you mean your little date? So you fuck me, and go to wine and dine with your ex!” Her eyes widened in realisation. Oh yeah I know your little secret babygirl. But instead of looking guilty she glared at me as her knuckles clenched at her side.

“Kind of hypocritical thing to say, don’t you think?” I folded my arms as I assessed her closely. What kind of mind game was she playing?

“What the fuck are you saying?” Her face flushed red with anger as she gritted her teeth.

“Were you planning on telling me that you met Marie? Or that you were going on a date with Hitch!”

Oh. I massaged my head as I took her words in. Did she meet Marie? I should have known with her loud mouth. She had it all wrong.

“I stumbled upon Marie at Wendys. She sat in front of me for ten minutes and we made small talk, because I didn’t want to be rude. I left after finishing my meal. I didn’t tell you because that doesn’t mean a bloody thing! I Didn’t Want You To Be Mad For Nothing Like That Day With Victoria, But Obviously It Didn’t Work!”

I knew I was yelling at this point but I didn’t care. She didn’t trust me.

“And I Haven’t Seen Hitch In Weeks. What The Hell Are You Talking About?”

“I Saw The Text That Jean Sent You! Hitch is excited. Come soon.”

I pinched the bridge of my nose. Did she interpret that I was going on a date from that?

“Jean asked me to come over with my rover. His car was in the garage, and he was going on a date with Hitch later that night. She was excited about that. You would have found out they are dating, if you asked Hitch but I guess you aren’t talking with her...and really, Mikasa? Snooping around on my phone!” She was stunned silent as she looked down and I tried not to lose my temper.

“Are there any more questions about my fidelity, or am I in clear?”

She had the decency to look guilty this time as her face lost all it’s color. She rubbed her arms in a soothing manner as she met my gaze hesitatingly. But I was done with this. She thought I was a player, a manwhore that was going to cheat on her with the nearest pair of tits I could see. I wasn’t going into any more false trial.

“Eren...”

“Save it.” I said flatly before opening the door and leaving her place.

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Five Years Ago

Third Person POV

Mikasa painted the canvas with long but careful strokes as she blend in the orange and brown to suit the afternoon sky. Her eyes moved up to the row of trees in front as she started filling them in with the scenery. One thing she liked about painting more than her designing major was that she wasn’t restricted. It gave her more freedom, more enjoyment. It was a breath of fresh air.

“I can barely draw a sun let alone a live scenery like that.” Armin confessed from besides her as he stared at her work with an impressed look. She smiled as she filled in the green between the

leaves with precise movement.

“Why do you always use the oil paint for these? Acrylic dry a lot faster.” Eren pointed out as he worked on his own assignment. It was weekend and the three best friends were studying in the park together.

“Because this colors give more real and rich look. It is rawer and more expressive.” She stated while shadowing the dark green over the lighter shade. For the next forty-five minutes she blended, curved and shaded to get her trees finished and decided to do the rest at home.

“Damn, Mikasa! You can make a career in painting easily. You are good.” Armin whistled his appreciation as she gave a humble look.

“Its not as stable as FD. This is more about luck than talent. I want to be something which is going to be struck with me for my entire life.” She shrugged to her blonde friend. It was true. This wasn’t the first time anyone had told her she was a good painter. Mikasa knew she was. But she didn’t want to take a big risk and jump ships while she was already an exceptional designing student. So what if she loved painting a teensy bit more than that.

“Painting suits you.” Eren piped in as he lazed on the grass, with his eyes closed. “I can picture you owning a gallery in NYC. Fashion world is filled with selfish, sharp clawed people.”

“You think I am not strong enough to face them?” She raised an eyebrow as he finally opened his eyes to stare at her.

“That you obviously are. But I don’t think its your cup of tea.” She ignored his remark as she packed up her brushes in the bag.

“I am not that good.”

“Really? Why don’t you draw me then and let me judge that? I will be your first model.” He winked playfully as she rolled her eyes. Of course, he would come up with that.

“Eren, it takes hours! I don’t think you can sit still for that long.”

“Challenge accepted.” He extended his hand as she stared at it for few moments before shaking on it.

This was how Mikasa found herself a couple days later, sitting in the backyard of his house and painting him. She had never drawn an actual human being before and for some reason she was nervous. Contrary to her belief Eren proved to be a good model as he didn’t complain much and took very few bathroom breaks. She was just going for the basic version with minimal colors but even that took her hours. She was finally done when the evening set in as Carla Yeager gushed.

“You have blessed hands sweetheart. He looks gorgeous!” Mikasa blushed and felt a bit hesitant when Eren’s eyes landed on her work. The more he stared at it the more nervous she became. After a long drawn silence he finally spoke up.

“Why do I look better here than compared to reality?”

“Because beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder dear.” His mother winked at her as Eren reprimanded her for teasing Mikasa. After Carla left he gave her a soft look as he sat beside her.

“This is great. I am honoured to be your first model!”

“First and last. And thanks.” She chastised gently as he shook his head, still staring at the canvas in front.

“Do I have to pay to buy this...or?”

“I am not selling it.” He frowned turning to face her with a questioning look.

“This is my first work. I want to keep it. I will draw you another someday.” He nodded in understanding. Besides he saw his face daily so what was the need for that portrait.

“So...are you considering switching-“

“No. I am not switching to art.”

“Fair enough. You are not that great anyways.” She turned to him with an offended look but relaxed when she saw the amusement in his eyes.

“You drew me too good looking. What if some day you sell this, and the buyer falls in love with me, but when they see the real me they are disappointed? You did a terrible job.”

Mikasa laughed as she bumped her shoulder against his.

“You are a dumbass.”

His musical laughter filled her ears and she wished she could tell him that he was more beautiful than the painting. He just didn’t realise it.

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Present day

Eren’s POV

This was a disaster. I chugged down my drink as the music from the club pounded all around me. My mood had been visibly ruined after my meeting with Mikasa but I promised my friends I would be here. I wasn’t going to back down. I found Connie and Sasha dancing around the corner while trying to coax Armin to join them. The place was heavily packed even though it was Monday night, perks of being one of the most esteemed club I guess. The main floor space was huge and split into two levels. Four long curving steps separated the bar and the dance floor, with sofas and tables around it. Black walls with huge twinkle light surrounded the upper level and down on the main space, the edges of the room were broken up with paper flames that were lit from the back. A huge modern chandelier moulded into flickering flames hung from the ceiling and added drama to the club. Someone nudged me, snapping me out of my assessing gaze and I found Jean standing in front of me.

“You up for a round of snooker?”

“Sure.” I shrugged casually as he gave a small peck to Hitch before guiding me to the green table.

“Is everything okay dude?” He asked once we reached the corner as I grabbed the cue and adjusted the ball.

“Yup.” Was I this obvious?

“You look like a rat crawled up your ass and died.”

He stated as a matter of fact and I tried not to lose my cool. It wasn't his fault that Mikasa acted like that. Every goddamn time. Why did I have to fall for such a difficult girl? I tried not to ponder on it as I took my first aim. Missed it. Well, there was a second chance. I shot again and again but I kept missing it. I knew it wasn't because of alcohol. I never got drunk anyways. She was affecting me even if she was not here.

“That's not how you play, dude.” One random guy said as I shot him the nastiest look I could muster.

“Shut the fuck up!” Jean grabbed my arm as he tried to reason with the guy who was now glaring at me. He was weaker than me. I could easily take him no sweat. I swatted away Jean's arm as I walked back to the bar. I was going to drink until I passed out tonight. I placed my order as I resisted the urge to reply to Mikasa. She had sent me a text few minutes after I left her place.

I met with Sawyer for ten minutes between my lunch break. That's all. We didn't even exchange numbers. Talk to me Eren.

She had even called me a couple times which I obviously didn't pick up. I knew I was being an asshole. But how many times had she done the same? I wasn't taking revenge on her but I needed to clear my head. What if she was only interested in sex and I was complicating things? But then why did she get jealous? I pulled my hairs in frustration just as I felt an overwhelming scent beside me. I turned my head and found a redhead sitting in the adjacent stool. Her gaze met mine as she gave me an inviting smile.

My first instinct was to ignore her obviously but I wanted to test something. I returned her smile as she turned to face me fully.

“I am Laura.” She held out her hand politely as I shook it with a firm grip.

“Eren.” She curled her finger in her hair and asked me what I did. I knew this game. I had played it many times. Small talk then sex in the alley. It used to feel good. But right now I was more interested in a wet log than her. She was beautiful by standard. But she didn't hold a candle to Mikasa. Or maybe I was just blinded by my 'best friend'. She kept blabbering something as I stared at the lemon in the empty glass. I was surprised she stayed this long. I just nodded along to her when a shadow loomed over me and I found Armin standing behind. He did not look happy. Right.

“Excuse me.” I said as she gave me a coy smile. Wow. Either she was an oblivious fool or she was really interested in getting familiar with my body. Yeah that wasn't happening.

“What the hell are you doing?” He asked as he took me to the opposite corner and I scratched my neck, giving him a bored look.

“Talking.”

“Don’t be such a smartass. She was flirting with you and you were letting her. I know you and Mikasa aren’t dating, but even you are better than a cheater.”

“She thinks I am a cheater regardless. Why not take an advantage of it?”

“You are joking.” I stared blankly as he sighed.

“Look, I don’t want to get involved but whatever it is won’t be solved without talking. You aren’t in high school for goodness sake! Act like adults.”

“I like her...A lot” It was the first time I admitted it out loud and it felt weirdly liberating. He didn’t look shocked though as I told him the brief version of what was going on. When I was done he slapped a hand across his forehead giving me an unimpressed look.

“Like I said before. You both are idiots! Talk to her, Eren. You know Mikasa better than anyone. She rarely opens up about her feelings. You are her best friend before her fuck buddy or whatever. Talk to her like a friend would.”

My eyes widened as I took in his words. He was right. I patted his shoulder as I took off but not before an apologetic wave at the redhead. She barely noticed as she had already found her next prey. Good for her. I took off with brisk step as I stepped outside in the starry night. I headed towards my car just as I saw a familiar figure walking in my direction. My breath hitched as I found Mikasa walking towards me and I had to blink a couple times to make sure I wasn’t hallucinating. She paused few feet away from me as her eyes bored into mine. We stood there awkwardly for a couple of seconds before I decided to break the silence, but she beat me to it.

“I wanted to talk to my best friend.” My gaze probed her as I wondered what she was playing at. But I decided to go with the flow and pursed my lips.

“Yeah?”

“There is this guy I have been seeing for a couple of months. He is goofy and sweet and...great in bed-“ I bit my lip trying hard not to smile as she continued. -“It was supposed to be only sex but that didn’t work for Jamie and Dylan either.” This time I did smile but didn’t interrupt her as she took a long breath.

“He is so infuriating sometimes, but he can be incredibly sweet when he wants. I...am an idiot. You know I am not good with emotions, so I pushed him away instead of talking. I regret that. I think I...complicated it. You see I went out with my ex out of spite but I felt cheap later. He is special to me. I...want more.” -She looked down when she said that and my heart skipped a beat as I resisted the urge to take her in my arms.

“I don’t know if he wants the same, but I hope he does. Because if not, then...this is going to be really weird.” She motioned between us as I nodded silently. She was waiting for me to answer as I shoved my hands in my pocket before clearing my throat.

“I wanted to talk to my best friend as well. I kissed this amazing girl at new year’s party, and she has been in my system since then.” She fiddled with her fingers waiting for my next words. “We hit it off really well. We made a set of rules, 'almost'...followed them. I swear her pussy is made of gold. I can’t get enough of it.” The corners of her lip lifted. “I was an idiot to think we could keep it casual. I want to date her the old-fashioned way, take her on movie dates, kiss her in front of everyone and make love to her.” Her face was glowing as she placed a hand near her chest. She looked ready to rush into my arms. Atleast I thought so. “I want to ask her to be my girlfriend.”

I finished barely meeting her eyes. I was *really* a mess and slightly embarrassed by my confession. I was still doubtful of her answer. She scared me. Mikasa took three steps forward as her eyes danced with something akin to adoration.

“She says yes.” I let out a relieved sigh as she smiled before rushing into my arms. I engulfed her tightly as I took in her familiar smell. Lifting her body I spun her around as she laughed in the crook of my neck. We stayed in each other’s arms for few minutes before she looked up at me.

“I am sorry.”

“I am sorry too.” Armin was right. We both were idiots.

“So you want to wine and dine me, Mr. Yeager?” She asked me with a teasing smile as I pulled her close. Nuzzling her cheek, I whispered in her ear.

“Only if you let me make love to you afterwards.”

“That can be arranged.” I took her hand leading her to the car but she stopped me and I gave her an confused look.

“Remember how we spent Valentine’s day on your terms.” I did. Vividly. It was one of the best night of my life.

“Tonight we are doing it my way.” She grabbed my hand and led us to the pavement. I followed behind like a lovesick puppy. She led us to the subway before we reached the train station and took a train to Manhattan. I had no idea where she was taking us but I had no complaints as she sat snuggled into my arms. We kissed for most of ride, not giving a fuck about the fellow passengers. It was the first time my girl was letting me kiss her in public like that so suck it. After getting off we took the cab to Empire state building. I kept placing small kisses over her jaw and neck, making her laugh. Mikasa showed the express pass to the front desk as I gave her a surprised look.

“Did you plan this?”

“Kind of. I bought it after you left.” She admitted sheepishly as we got inside, past the long queue.

“What if I had said no tonight?” We entered the elevator to the top floor as she shrugged.

“I guess, I would have come alone. These passes are *very* expensive.” I chuckled as we got to the top most observatory. I had been here a couple of times but never before with Mikasa. Whole city glistened in the night light as the vehicles passing by looked like an ant. I had to admit. The view was spectacular.

“This is...so not like you.” I admitted and she nodded along. Mikasa wasn’t a hopeless romantic like other girls.

“I wanted to find out what the big deal was about this?” This was one of the most sought out spot by couples in New York.

“And?” She looked around before landing her eyes on mine, letting out puff of air.

“You are still you. There are no stars glistening around your body, or a breeze of scented flower blowing your hair.”

“What the fuck kinda show you are watching?” A couple with a young boy gave me a look but I ignored them as Mikasa shushed me. There was no firework going off in the background but we

did kiss at the top because it was fun and even asked the guide to take our picture. After all we were a normal couple tonight right?

We didn't spend long there as she dragged me to the sushi restaurant next and ordered two tuna rolls for us.

"This was my mom's favourite restaurant." She talked about her parents very rarely and I felt special she bought me here as I squeezed her hand. She gave me an 'I am fine' smile as we dug into the food. It was mouth-watering. Truly. We ordered desserts after that and I enjoyed feeding her the trifle chocolate with my tongue. We were being inappropriate again as the waitress asked us to cool it down. Mikasa promised me later as she pushed me away and finished off the rest of the cake like a normal person.

It was around midnight now as we took another cab to the outskirts of the city. The weather was acting up as lightning grazed the sky. Mikasa asked the driver to drop us on the bridge as we got out. I wasn't going to ask her any questions tonight as we stood by the railing. She looked up at the sky and pointed in the distance as I followed her gaze. There was a meteor. Right...the meteor shower was happening this time of the season.

"I used to come here to watch meteor shower with my parents. It is one of the few memories, I have left of them." My heart hurt for her as I placed my arm around her and brought her closer to my body. The blue and white light sparkled in the sky as we saw it disappearing down the surface.

"I wanted to show you this." She murmured as I placed a gentle kiss on her forehead.

"Thank you." This meant a lot to me. We stood there for what felt like hours, waiting for another one to pass but the sky was getting dark now, heavy with clouds. On the cue the rain started falling down as I cursed and took her hand to find a nearby shelter.

"No, wait!" We were getting soaked as it started raining heavily. Mikasa lifted her head and closed her eyes taking in the weather. I stood staring at her, mesmerized as she smiled brightly, flashing her pearl teeth and enjoying the rain. Her eyes opened few seconds later meeting mine and I lowered my head, kissing her under the stormy sky and the heavy pelting of rain. Kissing her was like a drug, I could never get enough of. I pulled at her hairs giving my everything in that kiss. I kissed her with all the emotions I could muster. We broke apart due to the lack of air and let out laugh.

"We are finally that cliché couple who kissed in the rain." She stated unabashedly and I couldn't agree more. If this was cliché then fuck it I would gladly be one.

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The constant rain pummeled the windows, and I blinked awake, the only light in the room was coming from the blue glare of the digits on the alarm clock. 6 am.

Sitting up slowly, I combed my fingers through my hair and wiped away the sweat on my forehead. Shit, it's hot in here. The humidity from the rain always made everything so miserable. Glancing to my side, I noticed Mikasa's form underneath the sheet, and I slowly leaned down on one elbow, my heart racing with pleasure at the sight of her curled up on my side, her hand – palm up – resting

next to her face. Reaching out, I ran my thumb down her milky cheek, the skin as smooth as water. Everything had changed last night. And it was one of the most welcoming change of my life. She pursed her rose lips, her soft breathing sweeter than music, and I let out a breath, running my possessive hand down her side and over her ass. God that was one fine ass. How had it taken me years to realise how beautiful my best friend was? We could have gotten together years ago maybe in high school. I could have been her first. Hell she could have been my first. There was no time for regrets now. She was here and that's all that mattered. She adjusted herself as the blanket slid down to reveal her perky breast and I groaned. I already had morning wood and she was making it worse. Her lips parted and I remembered how they looked wrapped around my cock. Screw it. Reaching down, I took myself in my hand and stroked as I leaned over and flicked her nipple with my tongue and then caught it between my teeth, dragging out the sensation. Her eyes fluttered open as I moved my finger to play with her clit. She moaned, and the sheet over my cock tented. I loved that little sound of hers.

“Do that again,” I begged, opening my mouth and sucking in as much of her tit as I could handle. She was awake now as her hand went to my hair, and I could feel the vibrations of her groan against my mouth as I kissed her body.
Fuck.

I let out a breath, feeling my groin tighten even further. “You got me hard again.” She had the guts to smile as I grabbed her hand, laying it on my steel cock. She whimpered, stroking it as I flicked once, twice at her nub. She was already so wet as I put one slick finger inside her. No need for foreplay. Good. I rose and climbed on top of her, nestling between the warm legs she so graciously opened for me. I grinded up and down her slick heat, feeling her wetness on my cock already. “Jesus, you’re wet,” I whispered against her mouth as I laid my chest flush with hers with my forearms resting on either side of her head. “Is that what I do to you? Huh?” I teased. She blinked awake and gazed at me, looking so fucking innocent and dreamy.

“Yeah.” She nodded. My fists balled above her head, and I covered her mouth with mine as I thrust my hips, sliding into her tight body. My thrusts were slow, measured as I moved my mouth in sync with my hips. She lifted her own hips to meet me midway before wrapping her legs around my waist. We kissed slowly, languidly as her hand traced my cheekbone delicately. I had never gone this slow before. But I realized I quite liked it. There was a different kind of intimacy to it. I opened my eyes gazing down at her half lidded ones as they stared back at me. We breathed on each other as I entwined our hands. My thrusts got longer, deeper but I didn’t increase my pace. I wanted to draw it out as long as possible.

“You are so beautiful.” I whispered to her as she parted her lips when I reached that sensitive spot of hers. I did it again as her hand rested over my chest.

“You are beautiful too, baby...” She breathed out in that throaty morning voice of hers and I got harder if that was even possible. This was the first time she called me that. I caught her lips again kissing her passionately, urgently as our hips danced together to the slow beat. Mikasa returned it back with equal fervor as her heels dug into my ass. Our joined hands rested above her head before I brought it down and lifted her up by her ass, reaching deeper inside her, drawing those beautiful moans out of her. We both came together this time staring into each other’s eyes as I rested my forehead against her. This. This was heaven.

This is just the beginning of their story. Future isn't going to be this smooth for them always.

Cat is out of the bag

Chapter Summary

Mikasa have to face a second hand embarrassment after a mistake.

Chapter Notes

I have not added few additional tags because they are a huge spoiler.

Past ages:

Eren: 21

Mikasa: 21

Mikasa's POV

"I am really not comfortable with meeting them! How should I phrase it so it doesn't break his heart?"

"Well...you should tell him, it's still too early for that. No need to sugarcoat it."

Sasha blinked, playing with her phone as she pondered on how to refuse her boyfriend's offer. Nicolò and her had been dating for past two months and she thought it was still too early to meet his parents. I was definitely with her on that. Me and Eren had officially started dating two weeks ago but we were yet to break this news to anyone else. We were still new to this. Plus I was afraid of Aunt Carla's reaction. She was going to book a wedding venue if she learned that.

"I guess, I will cook his favorite dish and break the news to him." She suggested with a wiggle of her eyebrow as I shrugged. Fair enough. It wasn't like I had any bright ideas for her. I was the worst person to ask for relationship advice.

"Oh! Before I forget, I need those tape from our Dallas trip. Eren told me you had it."

"Yeah. Hold on." I moved past the TV unit and pulled open the cabinet, rummaging through its content. I pulled out all the tapes inside before handing them to Sasha.

"I have this five. The Vlog must be in one of them. You can check." She nodded before moving to insert one in the player. I decided to make some coffee for both of us as I left for the kitchen. I poured the water to heat in the pan as I opened my phone. My hands automatically went to the gallery as I scrolled through Eren's pic. Sometimes when I was up before him, I took picture of his sleeping face. He looked so innocent and young then. There were also a few of him just sitting casually or shirtless. He looked handsome in every shot. I bit my lip before texting him.

Where are you

I quickly erased it before typing ***Are your test result out?*** They were supposed to be declared today. This was more appropriate. I didn't want to come off as a clingy girlfriend. Girlfriend. My heart still fluttered when I thought about it. I was dating Eren. My best friend, my childhood crush. When did I become such a sappy girl who was crazy about a guy? When I kissed my best friend that's when. I poured the coffee in two cups before carrying them upstairs. Sasha must have found the tape by now. I could hear distinctive noise coming from the TV as I neared my room. My smile disappeared though when I heard a familiar voice. Is that...

Fuck, baby, you are so wet for me

It was Eren's voice. It wasn't possible. I barely managed to carry the tray on my shaking hands as I entered the room with a pale face. There was no way it was what I think it was. But my nightmare was true. On the display screen I saw Eren and me going at it in the tub. Completely naked!

I dropped the cup just as Sasha yelled.

"OH MY GOD!! MY EYES! MY POOR EYES!" I quickly rushed towards the TV and switched off the screen as my heart started beating wildly. What The Fuck!

"YOU AND EREN! YOU WERE DOING IT! OH MY GOD YOU WERE DOING IT!"

"SASHA, SHUT UP!" She stopped immediately but her eyes remained as wide as the saucer pan as she stared at me like I was a ghost. Well I might be after this. I took out the tape before hurriedly placing it back in the drawer as she kept staring at me with a look of disbelief. Between us both, I was unsure who was more shocked.

"You and Eren?" It was more like a mumble this time as I squeezed my eyes shut. I had never been put in such an uncomfortable position before. I inhaled sharply before carefully trotting towards her. There was no easy way of doing this.

"I...yes." I managed out but refused to meet her eyes as we sat silently for few minutes. Thank god Levi wasn't home. If he had heard Sasha yelling and rushed in to see what was happening, Eren would have been dead. Oh, he was going to die definitely but not by his hands. Why did he film us without telling me?

"How long has this been going on?" Her voice had returned to its normal pitch now as I pursed my lips. Another lie...or

"Since, new year." I was tired of the lies now.

"Eren is Lucifer!" She stated as a matter of fact as I bit my lip and slowly nodded. Nothing was more embarrassing than this. To my surprise she started laughing as I frowned. Had I broken Sasha? I sat silently and waited for her to stop which she did after few seconds before turning to me.

"So...?"

Half an hour later we both laid side by side on the bed after I was done narrating everything to her. Almost.

"I swear this is out of a movie." She murmured laughing and I tried not to roll my eyes. Ok maybe it was. There was a reason such things were cliché, because they happened a lot.

“I am happy for you both.”

“Thanks...”

“It’s about time you have some great sex which by the sound of your moans, was very obvious you are havi-“ I smacked her shoulder as she broke down in a fit of laughter.

“I mean...he really seemed to know what he was doing.”

“Sasha...shut up.” She didn’t listen of course as she kept going. “That explains why you both were often missing at the same time together.”

“Mm...”

“You guys had great moves. It was better than a porn movie.” Another smack. She winced at the blow this time as I shot her my infamous glare.

“Why did you keep watching it pervert?” She could have turned it off immediately.

“I was too shocked to react.” She waved it off as I realized, she must have seen something else before that too. I cleared my throat and tried to keep a stoic face as I addressed her.

“Is there *any* chance you saw-“

“You masturbating for Eren? Yup. Nice tits by the way.”

My face was as red as tomato as I pinched her arm tightly. Eren was going to pay for this.

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“There is a *slight* chance I didn’t stop the recording that day.”

Atleast he had the decency to look embarrassed as I gave him a nonchalant look. Of course, he didn’t. He was too excited to jump in the pool with me that he forgot to turn off the camera. And it kept filming until the battery died down and it was just my luck that the tape ended up at my place when Sasha was present.

“You are lucky it was Sasha and not someone else who saw that.”

He gave me a shameless grin and I tried not to scoff. We made an accidental sex tape for goodness sake!

“It’s not funny.”

“It kinda is.” I chose to ignore him as I munched on the chips in the bowl when a mischievous smile spread across his lips. He got up with a bounce and grabbed the tape before walking towards the DVR set.

“Eren, Don’t You Dare!”

“Oh, come on! It’s only fair that I watch it too.” He ignored my warning as he inserted the tape successfully inside the player.

“I didn’t watch it! I only saw the glimpse. It’s weird.”

I wasn’t comfortable with watching us do it thank you very much. Doing it was one thing but seeing all that happen was-

The tape already started rolling as I saw my irritated face on the screen asking him to return my bikini top. Wow...that’s a very HD shot of my boobs. I turned my head just as the Tv me started sliding down her bikini bottom.

“You can give Mia Khalifa a run for money with those moves.” He dodged the pillow I threw just as my eyes unconsciously darted back to the screen. We both were rigorously making out now. More like trying to eat each other’s face. I was partially embarrassed/grossed and partially turned on as I saw him entering me. My shameless begging voice resounded his living room as we both watched in silent. I didn’t bother looking at him as my eyes remained glued on the screen. I had to admit. We looked hot together. The sight of him driving his hips into mine made me clench my legs together. And the way he looked at me when it was over made my heart clench. He lifted me in his arms as we kissed slowly before leaving the tub. The next couple hour were definitely the shot of empty jacuzzi. Eren turned off the screen as he took out the tape in silence before walking back to me. I frowned as he held it out for me.

“Destroy it or burn it. No one else needs to see this.” He looked serious as I took it back. I was surprised he wasn’t as turned on as me. I looked down and...ok so he *was* aroused. His face was flushed as a bead of sweat rolled down his forehead. Before giving me a chance to reply he walked into the kitchen and I decided to follow him.

“I don’t want to destroy it.” I admitted as I entered the room behind him and he gave a bewildered expression.

“Why?”

I squeezed the inside of my cheek as I moved to and fro.

“I don’t know. It’s *kinda* hot.” He looked genuinely shocked by my confession as I took few steps towards him.

“People make this all the time, right? It’s-“

“I don’t want anyone else watching it accidentally.”

“You said, it was funny.” A slight frown marred my forehead as he sighed.

“Yeah. That was before I watched it. I don’t want anyone else seeing you like that.” He closed the distance between us before moving the strands of hair from my face. – “Insanely hot...and beautiful” His hand traced my jaw and down towards neck - “and burning for me.” His teeth nipped down on my bottom lip as he encircled my waist to pull me closer.

“I will lock it up in my safe, I promise.” I murmured against his lips as he grinded our hips together. I was lifted with one quick motion as he settled me on on the counter, grazing his mouth against mine.

“Fine! You win.”

“Don’t I always.” I smiled smugly as his eyes twinkled with the challenge to prove me wrong.

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Four years ago

Third Person POV

“I hate this.” Eren grumbled for what seemed like the hundredth time in the past hour and Mikasa tried not to punch him. They were caught in one of the worst traffic jams in history of the city and Mikasa’s patience was running out. Eren had gotten cranky ten minutes into the thick rush and since then he had been cursing out or whining every few seconds.

Mikasa was just glad it was weekend and this didn’t happen when she was on her way to class.

“Alright, I told Armin we are taking a rain check tonight.” Eren showed her the message he sent their best friend as Mikasa sighed, obviously disappointed. Tonight, she was supposed to wind up drinking few shots of tequila and passing out on Sasha’s couch but luck was definitely not on her side.

“My legs have officially cramped.” Eren tried to stretch them in the car, with little success due to his tall height.

“I should have just stayed at home.” Mikasa mumbled as she saw zero sign of traffic clearing up and laid her head back on the seat.

“Hold on.” Eren turned back and dug into the duffel bag he carried around before pulling out a flask of rum.

“Maybe this might help.”

“Oh, thank god!” She snatched it out of his hand and gulped down as much as she could before taking a long breath. She definitely needed that. Eren cleared his throat wanting her attention as she turned towards him.

“How you feeling?” She sighed when she realized what he was asking. Was she supposed to mourn in bed and cry over her break-up? She had never done that. As much of a great guy Eric was, he was not the one for her. He even shed some tears when Mikasa broke up with him. But she couldn’t do anything except pat his shoulder and get the heck out of there as fast as possible. She was really beginning to suspect there was something very wrong with her. Was she a sociopath? But she had empathy for all her friends. Maybe she was just not capable of romantic love. That’s it.

“Never been better.” She meant it too as Eren assessed her closely. He knew Mikasa well so why was he asking such stupid question anyways.

"I know you aren't bummed out by your breakup but there's something bothering you." He tilted his head to look at her but she shook her head. What was she supposed to say?

"Mikasa..." His voice was gentler this time, prompting her to share her thoughts as she finally gave in.

"I think there is something very wrong with me." He urged her to continue as she looked away once again.

"Eric was crying, Eren! And all I could think about was how the deadline of my project was a week later, and which shade will look better with burgundy? I patted him like a lame person and practically ran out of there!" To her surprise her best friend started to laugh and her eyes narrowed at him.

"I am glad, you are having fun at my expense." His laughter reduced down to small sigh of amusement as he grabbed her hands.

"I don't think human emotions are your problem, if that's what you are wondering. You might come off as a bit 'standoffish' sometimes" She shot him a glare which he chose to ignore. – "But you are also very caring and supportive towards the people you love." At this she loosened up a little.

"And I don't think its your fault, Mikasa. All guys you dated were really lame." She scrunched up her nose at him as he nodded vigorously.

"Its true! You have more chemistry with your punching bag than with your boyfriends." A chuckle left her lips and she tried to hide it but he noticed as his eyes danced with mirth.

"One day, you are going to find a guy who will make you laugh and make your heart beat fast and worship you properly-" His eyes trailed down her length and Mikasa felt heat rise up to her neck before his eyes bore back onto hers. "And he will know more position than missionary- "She pinched his arm as he yelped but continued in midst of that. "But most importantly, he will make you fall in love with him. And he will be as good as you. Because you don't deserve anything less than that."

My breath hitched in her throat when she realized how close their faces were as they looked at each other, especially him. Mikasa always liked how Eren looked at her with so much fondness and something akin to the emotion she was afraid of. It was moments like this when she wondered-

His eyes snapped away from hers with a jolt as he sat upright and she came out of her fantasy land. Was she really picturing him as the guy he just described? Even though Mikasa was over her crush on him but there was no other guy she loved more than Eren. If anyone asked her whether she could see Eren as her potential boyfriend the answer would be yes. But she knew he had zero interest in her. It was better this way though. Mikasa was ready to lose any guy but not him. Never him. She didn't think she would be able to function if he wasn't there in her life. His eyes landed on Mikasa again as he threw her a soft smile which she couldn't help but return. Yup she could never lose him.

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Present Day

Mikasa's POV

"Mika...where are you?" I painted my lips blood red as a smirk graced my face. I drew a perfect pout with them and wiped the corner which smudged out. Perfect. I got up with a feline grace and walked back towards the bedside where my boyfriend was cuffed up currently. His eyes were blindfolded with red silk as he kept moving his face sideways for any sign of me.

"I am here." I announced my presence as I ran my fingertip over the heel of his feet. Eren had told me when we started our 'arrangement' that I could fulfill all my fantasies with him and I decided why not. I wanted to be in complete control for once. I wanted him to beg and writhe and moan under me for a change. God knows I had done enough of my share. I knew he would never let me have all the control so I had to tie him. His hands were cuffed to the bedpost and his legs tied together at the rear end. He was stark naked and his cock was already semi-hard, waiting for my attention. My hand found the whipped cream on the bedside drawer as I dripped it down his leg. He jumped as the cold liquid landed on his skin and I started pouring it over his ankle.

"I want to see you." He groaned but I paid no attention as I trailed a path from his ankle to his thighs. Slowly smearing it on the inside of his thigh, I drew circles as he hissed. I paused right below his thickness, not giving him the satisfaction just yet.

"Touch me..."

"Shhh..." I poured it over his hard abs instead and gave it a gentle lick as he tried to wiggle under me. Impatient. I left butterfly kisses from his navel to his clavicle before trailing the happy path between his legs. I took a handful of the cream before rubbing it over his cock as he panted. I pumped his root, coating it with the sweet cream properly before rubbing his shaft up and down. Pressing the pad of my fingertip against his balls I massaged them earning a low groan from him. He was thick and hard in my hands and I decided I had given him enough as I let go of his length.

"Fuck! I can't hold it.." But you would. I decided to switch up the things as I removed the blindfold from his eyes with one swift motion, uncovering his heated and desperate eyes. They widened when they took in my appearance. I was only wearing a skimpy thong and his key pendant which dangled over my exposed breast as I leaned over him.

"Babe! Let me touch you.." My smirk was the answer as I leaned back and grabbed the hem of my thong before sliding it down my leg. His muscles were visibly tense as his eyes landed on my smooth center and he let out a filthy curse.

"You talk too much." I breathed out before shoving my panties in his mouth, effectively shutting him up. I grabbed the base of his cock again, looking into his amber eyes before taking him into my mouth. I tasted the sweet essence of the cream as I slowly sucked him deeper. He let out a groan as I moved my mouth up and down his length, darting my tongue against the tip each time I pulled back. His eyes were glazed over as he spoke something against the skimpy cloth. Relishing the control, I had over him, I gripped the base of his shaft with my hand and teased him with the pressure as his muscles tensed. I let him go with a pop when I realized he was near as he whimpered with the loss.

"You are not coming, until you are inside me." I stated, my voice husky with deep throating as I

decided to torture him even more. Thankfully I had brought all the supplies with me. I grabbed the vibrator and the lube from the desk top before straddling his waist. His eyes widened as I poured some lube inside my opening and patted it with my finger. I tapped my finger over my clit as the vein on his neck grew bigger and he panted heavily below me. After making sure I was wet enough I started the toy before slowly inserting it inside me. A moan slipped past my lips as my muscles quivered with vibration. He cursed something incoherent as I started a slow pace. I was getting off on top of him without his help, it was sure to drive him wild.

“You know...this feels better than your cock...” I whimpered circling my nub while thrusting the soft plastic with another as his hands thrashed against the headboard. Thank goodness I bought the steel metal one so he couldn’t break through. I was more turned on by the expression on his face as compared to my vibrator. I played with my breast with one hand as I increased the pace.

“I think I can manage with this just fine...ahh your cock isn’t that big anyways.” I knew I was playing with fire but he was tied and at my mercy so I was allowed to. His nostrils flared; his pupils dilated with desire as he glared at me. Good.

“You want to come inside my pussy?” I cooed as I could feel his cock twitching under my ass. I took out the plastic and threw it aside before grabbing his cock once again. I leaned over him and slowly with measured paces dragged the flimsy material hanging out his mouth with my teeth before throwing them aside. His mouth was parted as he took heavy breathes. I gave him a peck before leaning back just as his mouth tugged on the dangling silver chain around my neck. With one quick tug he took it off me as his teeth dug onto the metal surface. I leaned back, taking him inside me until he was settled till the hilt and started moving. My pace was slow but deep as I danced over him. His hips moved up to meet mine thrust by thrust as I dug my nail onto his chest. His chain was still dangling from his mouth, his teeth biting onto it as I realized, he was using it to maintain some semblance of control. Not on my watch. I snatched it from his mouth with a tug of my teeth and let it slid down before licking his lip with my tongue. He bit down on my tongue as I winced and sat back as he gave me a smug smile. Fine. You asked for it. I got up and moved so I was settled over his face as I roughly grabbed his jaw.

“Congratulations. You just lost the right to come inside me. You will only get to eat my pussy right now.” I was surprised by the lack of response from him except for a flicker of disappointment before his tongue laved at my labia and I sucked in a breath. He continued to suck and lick at my sensitive spot for next few minutes as I pulled at his hair when I neared my release. I came over him with a moan, emptying myself over his mouth before moving down and collapsing against his side. His mouth was dripping with my come and I found the sight unusually erotic.

“You taste so good.” He licked off his lips and I tried not to blush as his hot eyes landed on mine. I was supposed to be the one in control but he still managed to leave me flustered. His erection was still standing proudly and I decided to relieve him of his misery by taking him in my mouth.

Forty minutes later we both were showered and clean as we laid on his sofa making out. I was dressed in his spare shirt while he only had his pyjama bottoms on as his tongue traced every corner of my mouth. I bit down on his lip as he growled against me before moving his mouth to nip at my earlobe sharply.

“Ouch, that hurt!” I complained as his arms tightened around me and I snuggled against his chest, listening to his heartbeat. His eyes were closed now as I gently drew circles over his chest. My palm traced the ink over his nipple and I gently laid down a kiss over it. I loved his tattoo so much.

“It’s you...” He mumbled against my hair as I paused and lifted my head to look at him. He was staring at me with sleepy eyes as confusion marred my face. What was he talking about? He placed

his hand over mine and pressed down over his chest, holding my gaze.

“I got this tattoo for you.” I gaped, my heart beating frantically against my ribcage as I sat up immediately. He was joking right. How did that thing even represent me? I didn’t do fencing or liked rose for that matter. And why? He sat up too, watching me carefully as I waited for an explanation.

“You were an inspiration for me, Mikasa. I used to be so jealous of you, when we were kids. You were a natural at everything you did, and I had to work hard for that.” He jutted his lips at the corner looking away.

“You told me to get something which was inspiring. Well...you were that. You never gave up. You made me want to be a better person. You were beautiful, smart and... everything I ever wanted to be. I decided to get this, when you won your black belt.” My eyes widened. That was one of the most tough matches for me due to my unfortunate injury. He brought my palm over his chest again, his eyes looked vulnerable and young as I tried not to shiver.

“Sword stands for lost love and pain. Rose stands for beauty and vitality. Even after going through suffering you never stopped being beautiful and alive. You derived strength from your pain.” I didn’t know I was crying until I felt wetness over my cheek. My lips quivered and I tried to look away but he held my jaw, refusing it as he wiped off my tears. His hand cupped my cheek as I swallowed hard under his soft gaze.

“You are important to me...more than anyone else.” He confessed and I kissed him with all the passion I could muster, pouring out all my gratitude and love in it. And he was mine. My best friend, my boyfriend, my soulmate. I never wanted to let him go. We broke apart after a while as I smiled against his lips.

“You are most important to me too...” He hugged me close to his chest and I wondered if I was falling too deep in the pit that was Eren Yeager.

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I attached my resume and the cover letter before pressing send with a nervous exhale. This was the last one. My mentor Miss Maria had informed me that I had impressed a couple of employers from renewed companies in the last show. I had two interviews scheduled next week and if I nailed them, I might be leaving for Paris in three months. I tried not to dwell on it too much as I geared up for my preparation. There was no room for mistake. It was all I ever wanted. Right? I didn’t want to think what would happen after that. I had never been happier than I was now. What would become of me and Eren after this? I shook my head. I was overthinking again. We would come up with a solution when that time comes. My phone chose that moment to vibrate and I saw the reminder popping up on the screen. Shit I had to get ready!

Half an hour later I was dressed in a lilac ballroom gown as I stepped out of my house. Eren was waiting by the porch area as I trotted quickly towards him. Well as fast as I could in these heels.

I slid onto the passenger seat as he leaned in to kiss me.

"You look beautiful."

"You too...you look handsome." He was dressed in a three-piece navy suit which framed his body like a second skin. His hairs were knotted in a sleek bun at the top of his head with few loose strands hanging over his hazel green eyes. He even had cuff-links and a striped tie on! Eren in jeans and casual shirts was hot but this. Oh dear god! He chuckled at my compliment before starting the ignition as I fiddled with my fingers. I was his plus one to the ballroom event which would award his father for his distinguished work tonight. I knew it wasn't a big deal as we had attended many such crappy events together before but I was afraid Mrs Yeager was going to figure out what was going on. She had invited me specially and I couldn't refuse even if I wanted to.

"Babe, relax..." Eren must have realized how tense I was as I nodded absentmindedly.

"What are we going to do? What if she figures it out?"

"Panicking isn't going to solve anything so just calm down, alright? I will handle it." He assured me as he cut into the fourteenth lane. Fifteen minutes later we arrived at the New York chapter of the Wakemed foundation association's annual gala. As much as I hated social event, I wanted to be here tonight for Mr. Yeager. I had huge respect for him. The party was in full swing as we stepped in. The event was taking place at venerated Cipriani Wall street, a luxurious event space sporting monolithic columns. Greek revival architecture, and a seventy-foot ceiling with a spectacular Wedgewood dome. I had read about this place in a magazine. The floor was practically dripping with wealth. It was packed with elegantly dressed people who were eating, dancing, laughing and drinking. A ten-piece band played on the rise on one side of dance floor, which was filled with couples. The hall was enhanced with dramatic violet lighting on the walls and enormous orchid arrangement at the corners.

We walked hand in hand looking for any sign of Eren's parents just as an old stout guy stepped in front.

"Eren Yeager! My, you have grown up boy!" He forced a smile as he shook hands with the baldy while I tried to look for any sign of his mother. I soon spotted her sitting on a chair engaged in a talk with some other woman. I tugged on Eren's sleeves, pointing in her direction as he excused himself. She broke into a huge smile as we approached her.

"Eren! Mikasa! Finally, you made it!" We both were crushed in a motherly hug before taking a seat consecutively on her side.

"It feels like ages, since I saw you. How are you sweetheart?"

"I am good." Her hand stroked my cheek gently asking me what I had been upto just as a tall brunette stepped in front of us. She threw a friendly smile towards Aunt Carla before moving her eyes towards Eren. He didn't seem to notice though but I tensed immediately.

"Miss Parker hey! Eren, this is Stella Parker. Stella, this is my son Eren." Confusion marred my face as Eren's eyes mirrored my expression before extending his hand politely.

"Hello." A coy smile spread across her lips as I clenched my fist. I adjusted in my seat trying to ignore them as Carla's voice resounded again.

"Miss Stella here is also single and in a dire need of company. Why don't you guys get to know each other?" His face paled as he looked at me and I was just as confused as him. Carla never once tried to hook up her son with any girl. She was always hell bent on the two of us so what was she doing.

"I am actually seeing someone, mom." He announced as he gave an apologetic smile to the girl who seemed flustered now as she walked away.

"Oh, really? Another hussy you met at the bar and whose IQ is same as her age. Stella went to Oxford."

"I am sorry, mom, I don't see the academic accomplishments, when I date a girl. And she is ten times better than Sterby."

"Stella."

"Whatever." He grumbled as she huffed before turning to me with a sweet smile and I could already sense the impending danger.

"Mikasa sweetie, why don't you come with me. There are some people I would like you to meet. And Eren, why don't you keep your dad company for a while hmm? He must be losing his mind between those old fools."

"Dad is old too." He stated dryly, receiving a displeased glare from his mother as we got up.

"Mind your manners, honey." He shot me a lingering look before walking away with slumped shoulders. He had planned to remain by my side so he didn't get bored to death but his mother had some other ideas. Usually she would be happy to see us together but she was hell bent on separating us today. She introduced me to some of the colleagues and associate of her husband as I plastered a fake smile. My eyes tried searching for Eren but it was difficult to spot him in this thick mist as a third person joins us.

"Mikasa, meet Kevin Miller. He is a second-year resident at the Central hospital." I shook his hand as he placed a customary Victorian era kiss over my knuckles. Oh god. The guy was decent looking but his colgate white teeth creeped me out as I took a step back.

"Kevin here have a black belt in judo too. And he is an avid art fanatic. Isn't it fantastic?" I had never been this uncomfortable before as my eyes moved towards her pleadingly and a knowing smile spreads across her face. Wait a second. Did she?

"Carla, can I talk to you for minute?" She didn't seem surprised as we stepped past the crowded area before moving towards a more silent spot. She crossed her arms across her chest and tapped her legs as I sighed.

"Are you going to make me say it?"

"I have no idea what you are talking about, dear." Fine. I bit my lip and inhaled as she held back an amused smile.

"Eren and I are dating." There was no squeal of excitement as I expected and I opened my eyes to find her lips quivering with emotions before she enveloped me in a bear hug.

"I knew it. Oh god, I am so happy for both of you!" Her voice was thick with happiness as I wrapped my arm around her back. She let me go after a full minute and stroked my cheek with her thumb, her eyes filled with tears.

"You are perfect for him." My lips curled upward in a genuine smile as she grabbed my hand.

"How did you know?"

She looked down sheepishly and I had a feeling I was not going to like what she had to say.

“Well...I decided to surprise Eren a week ago and came to his flat. I knocked, but he didn't open so I decided to use my key.” I had a very vague notion of where this was going. Shit should I run?—“He wasn't there in the living room and I could hear some noises coming from the bedroom and I realised what was happening.” I really wished the ground would open up and swallow me right now. “At first, I thought of interrupting him and his floozy. I mean it was afternoon time. But then I heard the voice of said floozy.” Why was the ground not opening? Should I just jump from the balcony? Yes I should. “And it sounded very similar to yours. A little huskier, sure. I was still not confirmed, but then I heard my dear son calling out your name and some other things, I wish I have never heard.” My face was flaming hot and ready to burst as I looked away. Kill me someone!

“And then I decided to give you two privacy and left.” She planted her hand on my shoulder as I mustered up the courage to look at her.

“I wanted to interrogate him badly, but I held back because I wanted to hear it from either of you. Look, I know I can be a little...persuasive sometimes but it's because I have seen the way you two look at each other. You are the happiest when you are together. Honey, all I see is love between you two.” And I wished she hadn't said that.

Later that night as I snuggled up to Eren and looked at his peaceful face I tried not to dwell too hard on the concept of love. But it was hard because with each passing day I was falling more and more for the boy who provided me warmth sixteen years ago.

Bared to you

Chapter Summary

The duo decided to give their relationship a colorful new twist.

Chapter Notes

Porn plot and more porn.

Past age

Eren: 22

Mikasa: 22

Eren's POV

How serious are you about this relationship?"

"Very. I know we haven't been dating too long but-"

"So, you see yourself marrying her in the future?"

"Uhh...I mean we are still not at that stage-"

"Oh really? You haven't slept together, I assume?"

"Well that's umm..."

"So, You Slept With Her, But Don't Plan On Marrying Her. What Else Could I Have Expected Of You, Yeager!"

Levi Ackerman was one scary guy. I had no idea how to respond to that as I counted seconds in my head, waiting for my gorgeous girlfriend to finish her coffee and come rescue me.

"I should have known the whole best friend thing was just a ruse-"

"Stop it right now, Levi!" My saving angel rushed into the room with a pissed off expression and I couldn't be any more thankful. I could kiss her right now! But I didn't think Levi would appreciate it. Both of them engaged in an intense stare down, it was like a Mexican standoff featuring the Ackermans.

"We were just talking about weather." Levi stated without blinking as Mikasa glared at him. She looked really hot when she got mad.

“I could hear everything you were saying.” He didn’t look guilty at all as he snorted before mumbling something about how he knew to dispose off a body as he left the room. Oh great, now I would have to install triple locks on my doors and windows. She sighed before walking up to me with an apologetic look.

“I am so sorry, babe.” I loved when she called me that on rare occasions. Shaking my head, I squeezed her hands in mine before giving her an assuring smile.

“Oh no, it’s alright. I was definitely expecting this at some point.” We trotted out the house and towards the parking lot where my car was parked.

“Well, still that was highly inappropriate.”

“Its not a big deal. Just tell me your ring size, and save a date next month. I don’t think we should waste any time.” I joked as she planted her hands on her hips, cocking her eyebrows at me as I opened the passenger's door.

“I was joking.” I was only half joking. Her brother terrified me. I wondered if he did the same with all her previous boyfriends or was I the special case? Subconsciously my eyes drifted towards her finger. Just out of curiosity. What *was* her ring size though? If I had to take a wild guess I would say it was 7 or 7.5.

“Stop looking at my finger!” Her eyebrows puckered together as I averted my eyes immediately and started the ignition. What the fuck was I doing? I shook my head to clear off my thoughts before taking off. We spent the majority of the ride in silence, listening to the Beatles. Mikasa had started liking the rock music too after listening to it blasting in my apartment majority of times. We alternated between talking about work and singing to the verse. It was her day off and she had decided to tag along with me to the hospital to get her routine check-up done. It wasn’t her regular doctor but she wanted to spend some time with me. I had to do straight ten to twelve hour shifts so I barely got to see her on weekdays.

“Your appointment is in 30 minutes, right?” She nodded as I pecked her cheek. “Call me once you are done. If I am free, I will show you the cafeteria and my workdesk.” I doubted that I would be though. I had already gotten paged twice on the way over. She grabbed my arm before I could walk off, leaning closer to me.

“How about you text me when you are free, and I can relieve you of some of your tension.” My eyes darkened immediately at her offer. It had been three days since I was inside her. I was already looking forward to my break time.

“Oh and...wear your white coat.” She kissed the side of my mouth, barely grazing my lips before leaving with a sway of her hips. Great. Now I would be thinking about fucking her in the middle of the work. On usual days I loved working and helping people but today my mind was occupied by my sexy girlfriend. My shift dragged on for what seemed like hours and I was disappointed when I was finally granted the break. It was 1 pm. Mikasa was probably long gone by now. She didn’t call me though but I did get a message from her. I almost dropped my phone when I saw the picture of her tits. Was she trying to kill me?

WTF Mika

Her reply came a minute later. *Do you know how wet I have been since this morning? I want your cock so badly.*

Jesus. I gripped at the desk tightly, adjusting my pants as I replied.

Then come here and get it

Her reply came in flash as my eyes sparkled with excitement. She was in the public library one block away and was heading back now. I decided to wait at the front for her. She spotted me before I could, surprising me yet again by placing a quick kiss on my lips.

“God, you look so hot in this...” She trailed her finger over my coat as I cleared my throat, pointing at the people around us as she scoffed. She didn’t care. Was this my influence? My stomach chose that moment to growl as I gave her a sheepish smile.

“Can we eat first?” As much as I was horny I definitely needed some strength for our 'activity'. It felt surprisingly pleasant to sit with her and have lunch at my workplace. It was like an official gesture that we were together. But Mikasa was more focused on turning me on than finishing her food. She was taking full advantage of the booth as her feet neared my crotch. I chewed on mine as fast as possible as she casually ate hers while giving me a footjob simultaneously. I practically inhaled my food and prayed to God no one saw that. I nearly dragged her when we were done, sprinting on my feet before pushing her unceremoniously in the Janitor’s closet.

Our lips found each other as soon as we entered, I was desperate and wild and hungry as I got drunk on the taste of her mouth. Her lips moved down, licking and kissing my neck and then trailing back to my cheek, eating me like I was her damn dessert. She groped my cock and gave it a firm squeeze as I let out a hiss.

“I want to feel your naked skin...” She whispered against my lips as I pulled back to strip off my shirt, coat and pants standing in front of her stark naked! She had me by my balls. Literally. I would do anything for her.

“Put the coat back on.” She ordered as she stripped out of her top and jeans making it harder for me to focus. I draped the white material around me as she grabbed my collar and slammed me against the wall before kissing me back once again. We nibbled and sucked and laved at each other’s skin for next couple of minutes before she pulled back and cupped my cock in her hands, leaning an inch apart to stare into my eyes.

“I have a sickness, Doctor Yeager, only you can cure...” I heaved out heavily, kneading her bottom as she licked at my lips.

“Yeah... What is that?” She bit down on my earlobe, dragging her nails down my chest as my cock throbbed painfully. I was going to burst at any moment.

“I need your cock, to fill me up with your come...” My muscle tightened as I grew harder if that was possible. “I want every last drop of your come inside me.” My grip turned painful against her hips as she flicked my tip with her thumb. “And I don’t want to feel my legs after we are done. Think you can handle that, Doc-”

I had her flat against the wall in a quick motion before thrusting inside her from behind. A growl escaped my lips at the first sweet thrust followed by her moan. She should know better than to challenge me! I groped at her bouncing tits from behind, pinching her nipples as I drove inside her without any abandon. Rubbing at her clit in short strokes I bit into her neck, making her whimper before pressing her further against the wall.

“You gonna scream for me baby?” She moaned out loudly as I pulled her back against me, leaving no space between us as I fucked her harder. Her arm snaked back to wrap around my neck as I held her in a death grip, pounding her against the rough surface of the wall.

“Eren...”

“It’s Doctor Yeager for you...” My cock stilled inside her as she whimpered, asking me to move. I turned her face, dripping my tongue inside her mouth long and slow as her muscle clenched around me.

“Fuck me ha-harder! Doctor Yeager.” I sunk my teeth into her milky skin, before driving inside her relentlessly. True to her words she screamed out loud before I had to place my palm against her mouth.

“As much as I like to hear you scream...I don’t want anyone else hearing it!” And her screams were drowned out behind my hand as I got lost in her.

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“I really need to clean up.”

“But I quite like you filled up with my come.” She turned red at my admission and snapped her head around, making sure no one heard me. Oh now she was embarrassed! After our rendezvous activity we were heading out so I could bid her goodbye. I had to get back on my shift again, break time was almost over. I placed a chaste kiss on her lips as I dropped her off in the front.

“I will see you on Sunday.” She nodded before walking away, giving me a fantastic view of her ass. My girlfriend was the sexiest woman I ever met. How did I get so lucky?

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Three Years Ago

Third Person POV

“I said get back on the bed right now, Eren!” He managed a weak glare towards his raven-haired friend before trotting back towards his room. He could barely walk straight. With a huge effort he tucked himself back inside his blanket as Mikasa came in. She picked up the thermometer and shoved it in his mouth for what seemed like the umpteenth time today before cursing.

“Its still 103...” He groaned in irritation. He hated this. He hated lying around in bed all day. He hated the constant body pain and the coughing. He had been diagnosed with pneumonia yesterday and since then it had been hell. Why did he get sick? Doctors weren’t supposed to get sick.

“That’s not true at all.” It seemed he said the last part out loud as Mikasa deadpanned at him. She had been staying over since yesterday, taking care of him as best as she could and he felt guilty for troubling her.

“Will you stop saying that? You would do the same, if I was in your place, won’t you?” He said it out loud again! Mikasa placed the cool compressor against his forehead just as her phone rang. Eren knew without seeing who it could be as she picked up.

“Yes, aunty...No its ok. Yeah...I gave him the soup an hour ago...He is listening yes...”

His mom was abroad learning french cuisines and she was on her way back by evening flight. He had told Mikasa not to tell her but she hated lying to Carla. This was the third time she called in the past hour.

“You couldn’t just keep it a secret, could you?”

“Nope. I still can’t believe, you didn’t get vaccinated.”

“How was I supposed to know I was catching pneumonia?”

“It is true. Doctors do make worst patient.” Eren rolled his eyes well tried to as best as he could with his splitting headache before groaning. He drifted to sleep pretty soon as the medications made him drowsy. The next time he woke up he had no idea what time it was. Mikasa was dozing on the chair besides him and his heart tugged at the sight. There were dozens of compressors lying on the table. She probably spent her whole night taking care of him. Always looking after him.

Eren felt a lot better when he got up and he took his temperature, after finding it to be normal he headed off to cook something. His appetite had returned. Mikasa woke up an hour later, practically rushing into the living room and sighed when she found him watching TV.

“What are you doing?”

“My fever is gone. I am fine now...except for little bit of cough.” He assured her but she didn’t look convinced as she took his temperature herself.

“See? Anyways...I made some pasta. Its in the microwave.” Eren focused back on the TV after she left, catching up yesterdays NBA games as his eyes fell onto a t-shirt, it was draped over the couch and he realized why. It was still wet with the paint as he looked at the drawing of a building on the side of- Hold on. Is that?

“Don’t touch that!” Mikasa walked in and snatched it from his hands before draping it by the chair as he got up.

“Was that a practice with my name?” She looked embarrassed, refusing to meet Eren’s eyes as he observed the drying paint on the shirt. It was a clinic surrounded with plush area. It was very well detailed from the rows of palm trees, the parked cars to the glassed doors. It even had Doctor Yeager inked over it in small block letters on the nameplate. As much as Eren wanted to work in a big hospital, he had secretly dreamt of having his own private practice. He only mentioned it to Armin and Mikasa because he wasn’t sure about it. He still had a long way to go before he could become a doctor.

“This is amazing...” He breathed out to her as she swayed nervously.

“Its nothing. I got bored and started doodling around.” She tried to play it cool, drawing a small chuckle out of him.

“I will be keeping this ‘doodled’ shirt thank you.” She shrugged her shoulders, still looking visibly flustered. Probably didn’t want him to know how much she cared about and listened to his blabbers.

“Oh and it goes without saying, that I will be wearing this shirt on my first day as the private practitioner.” Eren winked, leaving to take a bath before she could retort him. Maybe he should start thinking about the clinic thing seriously after all.

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Present day

Eren's POV

“This is the fifth time my goggles got foggy! We shouldn’t have come this early.”

“Why the fuck are you even wearing goggles, Connie? We are doing fine without it!” Jean reprimanded, adjusting the hiking pole as he walked.

“Because it looks real sexy. Who knows, we might find some hot chick around here!”

“Its 7 am. I doubt any chick hot or not will be hiking this early.” I was surprised Reiner was being so reasonable as he kept pace with me. I was trying to trot up as fast as I could. The boys had invited me for a hiking trip at bull’s hill. Even though I would love to spend my Saturday with Mikasa, I decided to come as I had been ignoring my friends due to our relationship. I zoned out the voice of Jean and Connie arguing as I took in the beautiful scenery. The low trees and small grasses made this place look like a savanna. We were passing by the quarry now and headed towards the white trail.

“Gods, would you look at that sweet view!” Reiner whistled pointing towards our right and sure thing, it was a nice view of Cold spring. The trail was getting more rocky and difficult now as I peaked back to check on my best friend. Armin wasn’t much into such 'athletic' stuff. He would rather spend his time attending some old arts conference than this. He was at the very last, juggling between climbing and typing on his phone and didn’t seem bothered at all by the rocky road. That was a first. He smiled at his phone screen as I raised an eyebrow. Was he talking to Annie this early?

“Seriously, man? That shrew won’t let you have some time to yourself, even here!” Reiner must have followed my line of sight as Armin snapped up his head, eyebrows furrowed as he heard .

“Hey. Don’t call her that.” Reiner just snorted in his classic manner before picking up pace. His annoyance might also be due to the fact that Annie rejected his best friend Bertholt and was dating Armin. No wonder Bert didn’t show up. Things would have gotten weird. I felt sorry for the dude but Armin and Annie were clearly happy together. She even made him forget about this hard climb.

I wished my girlfriend would text me like that.

Mikasa wasn't the type to chat much on text. Her messages were usually crisp and rare. Although I did love it when she sent me nudes at random times. And she mostly did that at work to mess with me. Out of curiosity I opened up messenger and sure enough her last text was telling me to have fun today. I sighed before closing it.

We made it to the top after three hours as I took in the sweet scent of the mountain air. It was like a fresh breath of air compared to our city. We were all sweaty and tired now so we settled down on the boulders of rock. The cool wind blowing against my sweat laced face felt good as I sighed with content.

"Man, I am so hungry!" Connie reminded me that my stomach was growling too due to hunger and we all followed suit, retrieving our lunch boxes from our bag. I had made some tuna sandwich and some egg rolls, sure they weren't as delicious as my mom's but they were pretty decent. We all ate like starved animals finishing off our food in a couple of minutes.

"It's so quite and peaceful here." Jean muttered as we roamed around the area. Thankfully it was a very short hike so none of us were that winded out.

"It's so quite, I can hear the voices in my head." Connie grinned as I gave him the look. Did he snort some cocaine on the way? His eyes looked normal so that must be him being his weird self. After we practically forced him, he had decided to attend rehab sessions to quit drugs. I just hoped it would work.

"It's picture time! Come on guys, huddle up in one place." Reiner adjusted his camera lens as we all took multiple pics together.

"Send me that buddy. I will post on my Facebook."

"Who uses facebook nowadays? Get an Instagram account, Grandpa!" Connie mocked Jean as he frowned in annoyance. I ignored them as I engaged in a conversation with Reiner and Armin.

"Thanks for suggesting this trip, Reiner. I needed that." Hospital had been hell and combined with my multiple assignments I barely got any time to unwind.

"It's fine, buddy. I am surprised you all came though. I thought you would prefer to stay back with your girl." He seemed affronted and I couldn't blame him. We all had girlfriends now with the exception of Connie plus I already bailed out on him two times before.

"We are sorry." Armin answered for both of us as I agreed silently.

"It's ok." He waved me off dismissively before turning to me. – "I am more surprised by the fact that you are dating, Mikasa! Can't blame you, she is super-hot! And that's big coming from someone who is super gay." He joked. Of course, I knew that. But it wasn't just her body. Everything about her drove me insane. Her beauty was just an added bonus.

"I am glad that you are really happy. 'Coz that's a risky move." I frowned, filled with confusion.

"What do you mean risky?"

He let out a half smile, looking uncomfortable now as I exchanged looks with Armin.

"I mean you guys have been best friends for a long time. If your relationship gets 'sour', it will affect your friendship as well."

“We are not breaking up, Reiner.” I said flatly not liking his thoughts at all. Sure, we had some differences and argued sometimes but we could never live without each other.

“Hey, don't take offense. I was just saying it from experience. But of course, it won't happen to you. You guys are tight.” He finished with a lame smile and I decided to let it slide.

Of course, it wouldn't happen to us. Right?

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I typed furiously on my laptop, determined to complete my thesis as soon as possible. I was only left with two pages and then I would be able to relax. Well to be fair I should have completed it by now but I kept getting distracted. My eyes landed on Mikasa again who was still filling up her canvas. Her legs were spread in a split position as she concentrated on brushing her landscape. Did she have to sit in that position? It wasn't a smart idea to come study at her house as she was a big distraction. Her cellar was soundproof and far more relaxing than my own flat so it seemed like a great place to study in silence but obviously it wasn't working. My eyes took in the brick wall covered with dozens of sketches of tunic, sheath, A-line, Bouffant and other dress design I couldn't place my finger on. There were dozens of materials lined up over mannequin or hanger or draped over her makeshift couch. Her paintings: abstract, modern, pastel acrylic mostly oil was hanging on the opposite wall. This was basically her workshop.

I glanced back at her. Even though we were sitting at the opposite corner of the room I got side tracked due to her. I had a problem. I shook my head, inhaling deeply before focusing on my work. The sooner I would get this done, the sooner I would be able to spend some time with her. Turns out that was all the motivation I needed as I wrapped it up in next forty minutes. What a relief. I walked up to her as she looked at me and gave a warm smile.

“All done?”

“Yup.”

“Alright. Give me five minutes to clean up.” She got up, probably to get ready so we could go out before a thought struck me. “Wait!” I grabbed her wrist as she paused, waiting for me to speak. My eyes landed on the large painting of the vase of flowers she was working on.

“Remember when you told me you will paint me again someday...” Realization dawned upon her as her midnight blue irises widened.

“Eren, it takes-“

“Hours. I know. You told me. But Levi is out of town, right?” She nodded hesitatingly. Mikasa had told me he wouldn't be back till Monday, that was why I decided to come here. No way would I have stepped into her house if he was there.

She bit her lip, her classic tell for when she was deep in thought.

“Come on, Mikasa! Paint me like one of your French boys.” I winked as she snorted at my silliness.

“Fine!” But first let’s eat something. If we are going to do this, then we will do it my way.”

“What is that supposed to mean?” I asked, following her up on the stairs close behind as she gave me a playful smile over her shoulder.

“No breaks.” Oh. Shit.

Half an hour later we were back in the cellar as I sat on her tattered couch after she threw down all the things on the floor. She. Was. Messy. I sat straight, trying to get in a comfortable position as she studied me closely.

“That’s not right.” She muttered walking close to me before undoing the knot on my hair, letting it cascade down my shoulders. She ruffled them up to give a messy look, taking two steps back and squinting her eyes.

“Nope. This wont work.”

“What do you want me to do?” I wasn’t a professional model so I had no idea how to sit. She wasn’t complaining this much last time. Her eyes took in the length of my body, it got visibly darker as a smirk graced her lips. Uh oh. That didn’t look good.

“Take off your clothes.” My eyebrows almost hit my hairline as my eyes widened at her unabashed request. I had no problem stripping down for her, I was just shocked she would make such a demand. But then again Mikasa had changed a lot now. Had he made her shameless?

“Any particular reason why?” I stripped off the shoe and the sock as her eyes bored deeply into mine.

“Well...nakedness is like an alcohol. It brings the real you to the surface. It’s a perfect opportunity to see more than what meets the eye and capture it. Besides...” Her thumb grazed my lips as she stepped closer to me. “-You wanna be my French boy, right?” I nodded. “Then strip.”

Her hands came down to unbuckle my jeans, she slid down my zip holding my gaze as I unbuttoned my shirt, revealing my torso. She pulled down my pants and briefs in one quick motion as I felt the damp coolness of the room. I was undoing my last button when her hands curled over my palm.

“Don’t take off the shirt... leave it open like this.” Her throaty voice commanded as I gulped some air. Sure. Whatever she needed. She walked back to the fresh canvas she set up as I settled down once again.

“Spread your legs, and cover your dick with the hem of your shirt.” She commanded as heat pulsed through my veins. I liked it when she got bossy. I stretched them as wide as I could, covering my shaft with the shirt. Thankfully it was long enough.

“Slide your shirt a little down your right shoulder.” I did, exposing my shoulder blades as she motioned down my torso. “-Adjust it, so your navel is visible.” I followed her direction. “Ok. Now slump and relax your shoulders. Lean back a little and place your hands in the center.” I was finally ready as she picked up her brush and begun.

Mikasa’s eyes started from the top of my head and trailed down slowly over my features. Her strokes alternated between quick and careful. Her hands went urgent then slow as she analysed me. The room stayed silent except for the faint noise of her brush stroke and her occasional command

of chin up, fold your hand like this, don't blink too much, be still and so on. It was difficult this time around because I wasn't allowed to get up. When I asked her why she had simply said the painting would get disrupted as I wouldn't be in the exact same position. Thank god I went to pee before this. I wondered if she had been practicing portrait painting. She looked much confident than the first time she drew me. I asked her so.

"Well, I don't paint a live model, but I occasionally draw from the photographs, laptop and such." She shrugged continuing her business as she wiped off the smudge of paint from her cheek. I lost track of time as I sat there for what seemed like hours. My legs would have been dead but thankfully I did yoga well Mikasa got me into it and it proved to be useful. I could still feel my legs. Her eyes moved back on my face, tracing the shape of my lips and the angle of my face. If it had been anyone else, I would have gotten bored sitting here but since it was Mikasa I was enjoying my view. She was dressed in a tank top, her bra peeking out from the open sides and a tight jean shorts which accented her toned legs perfectly. Her hairs were held together in a messy french braid which flowed down on one side. Her face was completely devoid of any makeup, giving her a younger look. Her eyebrows were furrowed together in seriousness as they looked at me. Our eyes met briefly; she was probably drawing them as she stared deep into it. Her no-nonsense look was turning me on as I could feel myself growing hard. I was turning into a teenage boy around her. She could turn me on with just a simple look. Goddammit! Hours seemed to have passed before her voice broke the silence.

"Come here."

I didn't know if she was done or not so I didn't bother putting on clothes as I padded over to her.

"Look." I glanced down at the easel as my breath caught in my throat. I was mesmerized. I wasn't an artist but even I could tell this was breathtaking. Mikasa had drawn everything my mirror showed me, and more: the tightness of my pose, the subtle disquiet in my eyes, every curve and cut of my exposed muscles. Optimistic but hesitant face. The last time she drew me, I looked flawless, sparkling even. I looked too cocky, too sure, too handsome. But this. This felt real. My emotions felt raw, as if I was staring into my own reflection. I felt like I could see my imperfections. She even captured the dark circle under my eyes due to the pressure and the burden of future. Now this was the guy I knew too well.

"It's really me." I murmured almost reaching out to touch it but the paint was still wet.

"What changed?" I questioned after another minute of staring.

"I saw you naked." She answered casually with the double innuendo as I glanced at her. Her eyes unconsciously flickered down my length as I became aware of my nakedness. Noticing the slight splash of green paint on her cheek I wiped it off with my thumb as she fixed me with an intense stare. I made no move to put on my clothes as I caressed her cheeks, stepping closer to her. I could feel every dip of her curve pressing into me as her eyes darkened visibly. Her finger slowly trailed a path down my abs as our lips brushed lightly. Her heart thumped wildly against my skin as she parted her lips.

One moment we were standing, the other we were flat on the floor rolling over her canvas as our lips crushed together. The paint felt wet under me and I realized we had just ruined her flower vase drawing. Mikasa didn't care as she climbed on top of me, tugging at my hair almost painfully before sliding her tongue against mine. Her hands roamed my chest and abs as I deepened the kiss, grabbing her nape. I broke apart tugging at her flimsy top as she discarded it in a quick motion, her bra following suit as her nipple puckered up for me. I sucked it in my mouth as she let out a sweet moan. I pulled off my shirt as she jerked her hips, rubbing against my erection and breathed.

"I can't wait..." I unbuttoned her jean shorts and slid my hand under her panties. She whimpered rubbing against my finger as they dipped inside of her.

"Fuck! Always so wet and tight." I cursed against her neck, moving my finger in and out of her. She cupped my balls, fondling them with the tip of her thumb as I hissed. I flipped us in one swift motion as I straddled her, tearing off her shorts and panties before throwing it down the corner. I planted my hand against the smeared painting, gripping at it as she pumped my cock into her hands. My chest rising and falling with short excited breaths, my hairs grazing her face.

"Fuck me..." She spread her legs apart for me as I pulled my finger out of her, licking her wetness and cleaning them off as she wiggled against me. I coasted my hand between her breast, her collarbone and jaw, leaving a trail of red paint behind.

"Ask properly." She brought up her legs and placed it over my shoulder with an ease as heat flushed through me.

"I want your thick, hard cock inside of me, and I want you to fuck me, until I can't breathe." Fuck! I claimed her lips with mine in a bruising kiss before thrusting inside her. Hard. We both cried out as her pussy clenched around my invasion. She bit down on my lip; her moan swallowed by my mouth as I pounded into her. She circled the base of my cock with her fingers, squeezing and stroking as I pumped in and out of her. Our breathes mingling, the room filled with our pants and groans as I fucked her harder than ever. My lips rested against the furious pulse in her neck as I dropped my hand, playing with her clit. I reached down deeper inside her in this position, pushing against her sensitive spot as she screamed.

Her nails clawed at my back, littering it with deep crescents as a mix of pain and pleasure ran through me. My back met the hard surface once again as she got on top of me, riding me hard and fast. Her hand reached down beside my head holding it there for few second before bringing it over my chest. It was smeared with mixture of colors as she ran it over my body, coloring me with it before tracing my jawline. Her eyes heated as she danced over me. Our lips met in a slow, languid kiss as her thrust grew more voracious, more urgent. She came with a loud cry bristling my torso with her nails before collapsing against my chest. Too bad for her I was still not done. I grabbed her hips, rolled out from under her and flipped her on her stomach, before hiking her ass in the air. I braced one arm against the destroyed canvas, wrapped the other around her throat and plunged deep inside her from behind. She cried out as I started a relentless pace, squeezing her bottom. Her back looked like a background of abstract work as my hands ran over it.

I brought my mouth next to her ear, nibbling it sharply as I slammed in and out of her.

"You made a mistake inviting me here..." A sharp cry left her lips as I pulled her closer by her waist. "-I am gonna fuck you, until you can't scream anymore..." Her hand reached back to grab my hair as I squeezed her breast. I thumbed the opening of her ass, testing it with my finger. "I hope you aren't too sore. I am going to fuck this gorgeous ass next."

"Yes! I wa-want it..." She begged from the pit of her throat liking my suggestion. - "I am going to fuck you on every bloody surface in this room and this house." She moaned, thrilled by the idea. "- How about your brother's room huh? How mad would he be if we fucked there?"

"No..." She whimpered rolling her hips back into mine, pulling at my hair too harshly. She didn't like that. "Good. His room it is then." I was pushed down in a flip only she could pull off as she pulled me out of her before grabbing my cock tightly. I winced at the pressure as she leaned down to growl against my lip.

"You can fuck me anywhere, any place you want." Her hand choked my neck as my hooded eyes

darkened at her invitation. – “-But don’t even think about using my brother’s room, you asshole...” I smirked against her lips, her pissed off face turning me on even further.

“Alright. Whatever you want babe...” Her grip loosened around my cock as I licked her lips. “Now get your ass up in the air, so I can fuck you properly.” We rolled and wrestled and fucked for god knows how long. The flowers were no more after our heated encounter. Our bodies had twisted the painting into vibrant colors so that the end result was a beautiful abstract piece.

“Are you going to throw it away?” I asked her when we were in the shower as she washed my back, getting off the paint.

“No. It will remind me of you...” I roamed my soapy hand around her waist as she pulled me closer.

“Now, hold on to your promise...” She brought my hand down and over her ass as I cupped it. Yeah, we were far from done. We spent the whole weekend christening her house, with the exception of Levi’s room. I ignored the vibration of my phone on the table as I ate her pussy. I muted it when it rang as I fucked her mouth. It was only after she slept that I decided to check it.

It was an unknown number. I searched it in the caller id and the name John Hopkins University graced my screen, I froze before pulling open the email app and there it was on the top. An acceptance letter from the John Hopkins, congratulating me for getting selected into their residency program. I checked the date before inhaling sharply. Three months. I only had three more months left here. Shit.

It's a shore thing

Chapter Summary

A vacation brings the two of them closer than before.

Chapter Notes

Past age

Eren: 22

Mikasa: 22

Present age

Eren: 25

Mikasa : 25

[Click here to see Eremika wardrobe from bar.](#)

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

Mikasa's POV

I increased the speed, placing a firm grip on the handlebar as I sped by others around me. My life jacket was soaked now as splashes of water surrounded me. I took a quick look at Eren who was just a couple feet ahead of me, riding like a maniac. We were nearing the shoreline now as I started slowing down my jet ski unlike Eren who only slowed when he reached the shore, pausing almost immediately. He was an expert in these things anyways. I got up and returned the vehicle to the rentals following my boyfriend close behind.

“That was absolutely reckless.” I told him when we were away from the shore as he grinned carelessly.

“Aww come on, I wasn't even driving at the top speed for your sake.” He threw me a kiss as I shook my head before taking his hand. We grabbed some Cuban sandwich and cocktail as we both had burned few calories back there. I soaked in the warmth of the sun and the fresh breeze which was a welcome change compared to our city. Eren had surprised me by booking a three-day vacation trip to Miami. He told me it was a spontaneous decision, he wanted to get away from all the workload to someplace fun. I was all up for it as a vacation was definitely something I could use in the midst of my busy life. Plus, this was my first time here. We had just landed this morning. After a quick rest we decided to head to the beach where we sunbathed, swam, ate and did jetsking.

“Where to next, senora?”

“That is a horrible Cuban accent.” I pointed out as he opened some kind of tour guide book. I focused on finishing my sandwich, god that was delicious!

“How about this?” He pointed to an amusement park as I sighed. Of course, the kid inside him would love it there. But why the heck not? It looked fun.

“Alright, but we need to change first.” I pointed to our wet swimming wear as he nodded. Two hours later we were there as we surveyed the stalls before playing a shooting game. I won that one as he grumbled but not for long as I dragged him to the roller coaster.

“Are you sure you wanna ride this? Remember what happened last time?” He was referring to my panic attack when we all went to Dallas.

“I know, but I took my meds before this...And this time you will be with me.” He smiled softly before giving me an innocent peck.

“Alright let’s do this, gnädige Frau!”

“Much better.”

Just like I expected I was calm throughout the ride as I held his hand tightly. I always felt safe when I was with him. We tried out car bumper, ferris wheel and carousel too and I couldn’t remember the last time I laughed this hard. I really felt like a kid again as we explored almost all of the rides there. We ate cotton candies after that and walked hand in hand, taking a couple selfies here and there.

“My face looks so comical in this one.”

“You look fine.” He chuckled as he posted the pic in which I was grinning like a Cheshire cat. It reminded me of the times when I used to laugh a lot when I was young. It wasn’t that I didn’t laugh now but I wasn’t as expressive as I used to be before my parents died. It was mostly Eren who elicited this kind of emotion from me now. I smiled taking in his flawless profile. How did I get so lucky? I often wondered what Eren saw in me. I wasn’t an open book per say nor was I easy to deal with but he was always patient with me. Did I even deserve him?

“This was how I wanted my first date to be in high school.” His voice broke my line of thoughts as I frowned.

“You mean you didn’t go to amusement park on your first date?” He shook his head.

“Nope. When I suggested this to Alyssa she called it childish and unromantic. She wanted to go to movie like grownups.” He rolled his eyes as I snorted.

“That didn’t prevent you from dating her though.”

“Yeah...Teenage boys are dumb. They don’t see what’s in front of them the whole time, and waste their first kiss and first date on some dumb girl with pretty face.” I didn’t have to look at him to know he was staring at me as I shrugged. I didn’t want to indulge in those days when I had one sided crush on my best friend. Being in a friendzone sucked.

“I wish, I didn’t waste so much of my time back then.”

“Alright enough. Can we go now? I am hungry. Plus, its evening already!” He gave me a strange

look before nodding and walking by my side towards the exist. I didn't want to dwell in the what ifs of our situation. What if we dated then and broke up? We might not be even friends now. I couldn't even fathom living without him in my life. I felt his mood dampen slightly by my abrupt topic change so I decided to divert his attention.

"Have you ever had a one-night stand?" He looked at me as if asking 'is this your idea of lighting my mood' but chose to answer.

"Yeah...why?"

I bit my lip, treading slowly as I turned towards him.

"I want to know what it's like?"

"What it's like?" He blinked blankly at me as though I was speaking some foreign language.

"Yeah. How it feels to bang a stranger in a bar or something?"

"Wait, are you serious?" He wasn't mad just curious.

"Maybe." I gave him a suggestive look as he frowned, not catching on my thoughts.

"I was thinking, maybe you could show me how it felt like." I dropped my voice an octave hoping he got the hint as realization struck on his face. Finally.

"You want us to roleplay as strangers." He stated. I never had one-night stand but a part of me was curious how did it feel. I would have never harbored these thoughts before but being with Eren granted me the sexual freedom. I was becoming as crazy and reckless as he was.

"Yeah. Will you be up for that?" He closed the distance between us, his lips almost grazing mine but not quite there as his eyes darkened.

"Is that something you can really go through, or is it just some momentary fantasy?" My eyebrows furrowed, not liking his taunting. Did he think I could never go through with that? What was so hard about it?

"Do you doubt my capabilities?"

"No. But I am going to act like a stranger, Mikasa. I won't be your sweet boyfriend."

I raised an eyebrow. After all the things we had done to each other did he really think I could be deterred by him? "I don't want sweet or my boyfriend. I want a stranger. Do your worse." His face darkened with an emotion I couldn't place my finger on as he extended his hand.

"Challenge accepted." I shook it with a firm grip trying not to dwell too much on his strange expression. We could do this. What the hell could go wrong?

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I was strangely nervous when I walked into the bar. I could already feel so many eyes on me due to my attire. I had donned a silver dress with a plunging neckline and a backless behind. The dress hugged my body like a second skin accentuating every curve, reaching to the middle of my thighs. I had paired it with high charcoal wedges and I had to admit my legs looked pretty hot in them. I had bought both of them from a showroom nearby our hotel just a couple hours before. I hadn't packed anything sexy, preferring to bring casual summer dresses only. This was by far the most scandalous outfit I had ever worn and I couldn't wait to show it off to my boyfriend. Well he wasn't my boyfriend tonight. He had left the room shortly after we got back from amusement park, giving me enough time to buy this and prim myself. We had already set the time and venue so we wouldn't get confused later on. My high ponytail swirled behind me as I sat down on the stool and ordered a drink. I stared around at the low-lit room. Purple strip lights had been placed behind the bar shelves so the ceilings glowed purple there and the floor beneath the bar did too. The music was loud but not too loud, which was a relief. The music had a thrumming dance bass, electronics and no heart. There were plenty of couples here, group of girlfriends, all guy friends, mixed groups and singles eyeing each other up. As my gaze drifted towards the crowd and back towards the bar, it stuck on a guy who looked an awful lot like my boyfriend. He wore a white t shirt and dark cargo pants. That was definitely not what he wore when he left. Like me, he had upped his game too. A couple buttons were done on the top providing me a clear view of his collarbone and the top half of his muscular chest. My gaze traveled down to his strong, sexy forearm which held onto the glass of beer. His hairs were up in manbun but a couple strands were let loose on his left side, falling over his amber eyes. He. Was. Smoking. Hot. Seeming to sense my gaze, he turned his head as he took a sip from his drink and our eyes met.

He immediately lowered his glass, his gaze travelling down the length of me as I sat back in the stool, the table far enough from me that it didn't block his view of my dress. When our eyes met again, I inhaled sharply at the hard look that crossed his features. It was like I pissed him off and turned him on all at the same time. That was the plan.

I reached for my drink and calmly took a sip, trying to ignore the man across the bar who was eye fucking me. I tried not to squirm under his hot gaze, choosing to focus on my phone screen instead. I waited for five minutes and was surprised he didn't approach me yet. Oh right, I had to at least give him a sign I was interested. I was so bad at this. I looked up and wasn't surprised to find him watching me closely as I clenched my legs before throwing him a smile of encouragement he'd been waiting on.

He crossed the room with the drink in his hand and gave me the sexiest smile as he settled down on the stool next to me. Our fingers grazed as he put his glass on the little round table and I felt the hair at the nape of my neck stand on end. Our eyes met and locked.

I felt myself getting hotter and hotter under his gaze. The only man who had ever made me feel this needy was my boyfriend. I pushed the thoughts of him away. Tonight wasn't about him.

"I haven't seen you around here before." The stranger said, his eyes dipping to my mouth and then to my cleavage. It was brief but enough to tell his intentions.

"I am not from around here." I replied as he cocked his head to study me.

"Your accent...New York, right?" What he was hearing was the little city inflection I had picked on over the years.

"Yes..."

"Well...you do have that classy city vibe about you." I gave an insouciant little shrug and he chuckled deeply, his eyes roaming my face as I crossed my legs. Time to stir things up a bit.

“Am I supposed to be charmed by that line?” He cocked an eyebrow as I drank the last drop of my drink.

“You and me both know, you are not here to chitchat with a strange girl in the bar.” If he was surprised by my words he didn’t show as he leaned forward, placing his forearms on the table.

“I was raised to be a gentleman to women. I am sorry, if I wasn’t crude enough for you.”

“Gentleman are boring in bed.” I said blandly as I saw him take a sharp breath obviously not expecting that. I was surprised by my own boldness but I did learn all this from my boyfriend.

He recovered almost immediately as his lips curled at the corners and I held his gaze.

“Alright. To tell you the truth, I don’t want to know your name, where you come from, who you are, and I don’t want to tell you my name.” His gaze darkened as it trailed down my body. “But I will tell you, what I want.” His hand rested on my kneecap as he continued.

“Since the moment you walked in, I’ve been picturing those long fucking legs of yours wrapped around my waist, as my cock thrusts into you.” My breath stuttered.

“I want to pull down that sexy dress you are wearing, and see for myself if those tits of yours are as beautiful as I’m thinking they are. And then I want to wrap my lips around your nipple and suck it, while I put my hands up your dress and finger-fuck you, and play with those perfect tits until you come. Hard.” His chest heaved a little as he leaned even further into me, until our faces were only inches apart. “You would be soaked and swollen, and I’d be so fucking hard, I’d be in pain. Then I’d take out my cock and I’d fill you, until all you could feel and hear and smell is me, as I fucked you.”

I almost breathed out his name, I was so lost in erotic description. My hands were trembling with want, until my nipples were tight and my breasts were swollen, and I was seconds away from tearing my dress and throwing my body at this potent man.

“Am I ungentlemanly enough for you now?” I bit my lip as his grip tightened on my knees.

“Yes...” He gave me a satisfied smirk as he gracefully stood up from the stool and held his hand out to me. We were silent as we walked. He led us right off the Main street and I followed him for two blocks until we were in a quiet area. There were still mostly stores here but they were all closed; the street looked like a ghost town and I had to remind myself it was late at night. I had just opened my mouth to ask what we were doing here when he suddenly pulled me down an alley between two stores. The farther he led me, the darker it got, until my heart started to pound with trepidation.

But I didn’t have time to grow overly concerned because suddenly I was pushed roughly up against the cold wall of a building. His body was pressing mine hard into it, so I could feel the slightly jagged scrape of the brickwork at my back. He captured my wrists in his hands and pinned them, holding me completely captive as my eyes adjusted to the dark and I could just make him out from the little light shining down on us from the street beyond alley.

Breathing heavily, his face but an inch from mine, he stared into my eyes and said hoarsely, “Last chance to change your mind.”

My skin was flushed. In fact, my whole body was alight with constant, chaotic heat. “Why? Afraid you won’t be good enough for me?”

His erection pushed against my belly as he pressed me even further against the wall. His teeth

gritted as he growled against me.

“No, sweetheart. I am just worried you wouldn’t be able to walk once I am done with you, and you would have to call your boyfriend to pick you up.”

My breath hitched, the tingling between my legs increasing to an insistent throb as his finger grazed the swell of my breasts.

“What would he think if he saw you thoroughly fucked like that huh? How mad will he be?”

My knees trembled, I managed to move my feet and widen my legs in invitation as I whispered.

“Why don’t you fuck me thoroughly, and then I can tell you the answer to that?”

His lips crashed against my mine as his hands unintentionally pressed mine harder into the wall. The brick scratched against my skin but I couldn’t complain. It spurred me, it made me hotter. His mouth was hot against mine as our tongues clashed against each other. He ground his lower body against me as my nipples instantly hardened. I let out a little gasp of excitement as he released my lips to trail down my throat, travelling lower to the rise of my breasts. He squeezed my wrists as I arched against his mouth. In answer he released his hold on my hands and pulled back to stare at my flushed face. My skin felt enflamed and much too tight. My lower belly flipped at the hunger I felt pouring off him as he slipped his fingers under the strap of my dress. With a deliberate slowness he lowered the strap, tugging on them and lowering my bra as he cupped my breasts. He flickered my nipple as I felt his dick strain even more against me.

His head descended and I cried out as his mouth wrapped around my nipple. Hands free of his, I reached for him, my arms curling around his neck, drawing him closer. My senses were overwhelmed by his scent, his heat, his hardness and strength. He pressed his body deeper into mine and lifted his head to kiss me again. This kiss was harder, wetter and ferocious. My hands tugged at his shirt, pulling it out of his trousers and slipping underneath so I could trace his hard stomach before sliding down to his pants. I unzipped it easily as his own hand slipped under my dress, bunching my panties down before sliding two fingers inside me.

“Do your boyfriend get you this bloody wet too?”

I whimpered as he stared into my eyes and fucked me with his fingers, “No he isn’t th-that good...” I tried to hide my smile as his eyes flared momentarily before his lips skimmed my jaw and moved up to my ear, nibbling it.

“Is that so?” I nodded before reaching out for his pants and shoving it and his boxers down. He bunched up my dress before pulling out a condom from his pocket and tearing the wrapper with his teeth. I was glad that he was being mindful of protection, being a stranger and all. He slipped it on onehanded with practiced ease as his cock crowned my entrance. I stared into the stranger’s eyes, my lips parted as he thrust into me. Hard.

I cried out in pleased pain as he repeated the motion and set up a pace. He eased me up against the wall so I could wrap my legs around him, it shifted him deeper inside me, and my finger bit into his shoulders. His mouth tugged on my nipple and my inner muscles clamped around his dick as he glided in and out me with increasing frenzy. I moved my own hips to match his as the sound of slapping skin and groans surrounded us. My boyfriend loved to talk dirty to me to spur me on but the stranger didn’t utter a word as he pounded me into the wall. I didn’t know how long we fucked as I felt bruising on my thighs and hips due to his harsh grip. I came hard as he followed close behind, letting out a deep grunt as his hips jerked against me in climax.

We stayed like that for a while, his chest rising and falling against mine as we struggled to get our breath back. I felt the soreness on my back as he pulled himself away from me and I adjusted my dress. I shivered at the chill in the alley as he discarded the condom before zipping up his trousers.

“Are you alright?” I felt relief at the familiar look on my boyfriend’s face before nodding and taking his hand as we walked out of the alley. We both walked in silent and I wondered if what we did was a good idea. I hadn’t felt like I was with my boyfriend back then. I didn’t even recognize him. We were physically close but I felt emotionally detached, as if we really were strangers.

With Eren it always felt something more than sex but back there it just felt like a physical act.

“How was it?” His voice broke the silence as we were back in the street. I shrugged, “It was good.” Well it definitely was physically speaking. It felt dirty and exciting as though we really were two strangers fucking. Sure, I didn’t like how detached he felt from me but it was only because he was pretending to be a stranger. I was surprised to find his eyes narrowing down as he stopped.

“What?” I asked not liking the broody look he gave me.

“No my boyfriend isn’t that good. What was that back there?” I sighed pasting a bland smile. “I was just spurring you on. It was an act.”

“Oh yeah? Well, did it give you the desirable result? Is your fantasy fulfilled?” There was bitterness in his voice as I shook my head with confusion.

“What is the matter with you, Eren? Why are you getting mad?” He pinched his forehead, turning away from me and muttering something to himself. This whole experience was weird and new to me but we enjoyed ourselves, didn’t we? Did he find it weird as well?

“Are you regretting doing that?” I questioned as he turned back with displeased look in his eyes.

“Were You Pretending I Was Someone else?” he retorted as I froze with disbelief. He was joking right. I gritted my teeth closing the distance between us as I got into his face.

“I wasn’t pretending anything! You are the one, who acted differently back there. It felt like you were just using me to get off. It felt different.”

“Then Why Didn’t You Stop Me? You Sure Seemed Like You Were Enjoying It!”

I glanced around making sure we were alone and hissed, “Keep your voice down.”

His features hardened before he stormed away from me. I could only stare at shock and wondered what did I do wrong. I felt my throat closing up as I dug my fingers into my forearms. Did I mess it up with the roleplay? Was it a bad idea? But he seemed on board with it when we talked in evening. I didn’t know how long I stood there rooted on the spot. I was too busy looking down at my feet, it took me a while to realise Eren was striding back toward me. I jerked back as he neared me before crushing me into his arms.

What the...

I stood frozen as he nuzzled his head in the crook of my neck. He stayed like that for a while as I made no move to touch him back. He hurt me.

“I am sorry.” He murmured against my skin as I blinked before pushing him away.

“What is this hot and cold attitude, Eren?” My voice sounded a little harsh but it was only because

I was upset with him.

“From the moment you showed up in this dress I was mad. You dressed like this for a stranger you wanted to fuck. I thought eventually you will break out of character but you didn’t. I even tried to taunt you using 'boyfriend' term, but it didn’t affect you. You didn’t even say my name once when we fucked.”

“It’s because you were acting so different! Its like it was you but it wasn’t at the same time.” We stared at each other for a while as I sighed. “This was a bad idea.”

He shook his head furiously.

“No, it wasn’t. Well we enjoyed ourselves right?...before I messed it up.” I inhaled as he grabbed my wrist pulling me closer to him once again as he placed my hand over his heart.

“I am crazy about you, Mikasa! So crazy to the point, I can’t even bear acting as a stranger with you. I was afraid you wanted me to be someone else.” His heart beat wildly against my palm as my own heartbeat accelerated.

“And there are times when I don’t understand what is going on in your head. You shut me down earlier, when I was talking about high school because yes! Yes, I wished you were my first everything. You muddle up my brain so much, I hate it!” I listened to him quietly, taken aback by his words. I had no idea I affected him this much.

“But I was a jerk just now. Its on me not you. I am sorry.” He sounded genuine as I leaned forward and caressed his cheeks, pulling him down to place a long kiss against his lips.

“If its any consolation, you muddle up my brain too.” He smiled for the first time this night at my words before hugging me.

I tried not to let the guilt seep in as I realised, I still hadn’t told him the whole truth. I was in love with him.

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Two Years Ago

Third Person POV

“Holy fucking shit! You could have broken my head, Mikasa!” Connie yelled as he barely dodged the volley ball she threw at him as their team lost another point. She was freakishly strong and not surprisingly good at it as her team took the lead by five points.

“Wohoo you guys are a bunch of losers!” Sasha teased as she high fived Mikasa and Connie threw a sour glance towards his teammate Jean who didn’t seem too fazed.

“Its just a game, guys, chill out.”

“Oh yeah? Or are you too chickened out to go against Mikasa?”

“Hey! that’s not true. I am doing the best I can.”

“Well yeah, you suck.” They asked for a five-minute break as Mikasa averted her gaze and roamed her eyes around the beach. It was heavily packed due to the summer break. They themselves had graduated college and decided to take a quick trip to California. While the rest of her friends were going for a job Mikasa had opted for post-graduation and she got accepted into three of the best colleges. She had already made the decision to attend the FIT as it was in their city itself.

Sasha passed her coconut water as she sipped on straw to get her body hydrated. She was all sweaty due to playing and decided to swim after they were done.

“You guys still aren’t done.” A new voice chimed in as she saw Eren and Armin walking towards them. Eren had practically dragged his best friend to go parasailing with him. Just like she expected her blonde friend looked shaken up as he stood beside her grinning best friend. Eren said something but Mikasa was too busy staring at his naked torso. It was the first time she had seen him shirtless in six years. He had filled out well as compared to his teen years and wow his stomach was corded in eight packs! Holy hell! She fanned herself and looked away praying to god no one saw her ogling and noticed a couple of people mainly girls eyeing him as well. Of course. He was eye candy.

“I am gonna go grab something to eat. You guys need something?” He asked his friends as they all said no with the exception of Sasha who asked for coke and crab cake.

The game continued as Mikasa forgot all about her hot best friend. Well tried to. She might be over her crush but there was no harm in admiring his attractive physique right. She was well aware that she was not his type and vice versa. It would be a disaster if they ever dated. They would drive each other crazy. She shook those thoughts out of her head as her eyes unconsciously drifted towards him and she wasn’t surprised to find him chatting with a girl. Whatever he was feeding her she was lapping it up if that coy expression was any indicator. Mikasa chuckled. He would never change, would he? Maybe one day he would find a girl who would actually be a good match for him.

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Present Day

Mikasa’s POV

Ice cream dripped down my fingers as it quickly melted under the heat of the afternoon sun. Today was definitely the hottest day of our vacation. We got tired of lounging so we were cooling off with some ice cream. Yum.

“You are getting it all over.” Eren laughed as he wiped off my chin where the cream had dripped down the cone before wiping it clean off his fingers. Feeling a little mischievous I turned his face

before smearing the cone all over him. He wrinkled his nose in surprise as a chuckle left past my lips at his face now covered in chocolate and vanilla. I grabbed his collar and licked it off him, peppering small kisses all over his handsome face. He grabbed my nape and rubbed it off on my face as I tried to push him away. His laugh mingled with mine as we acted like idiots, ignoring the people around us.

The tide was high today as I gathered some sea shells as a souvenir from this trip. I loved keeping a collection of them. Eren seemed distracted by something as he stared off in the distance. I followed his gaze and found a fancy setting of people and decorations ahead. It looked like a wedding ceremony. A beach wedding sounded nice.

“Fancy crashing that?” Eren gave me his goofy grin as I shook my head. It was wrong on so many levels. I told him so.

“Oh, come on! There are so many people out there. They won’t even notice. Free champagne and canapes!” He tempted me with a wiggle of his eyebrows as I looked back at the lavish party. Free food did sound nice.

“I can’t believe you talked me into doing this.” I murmured to him couple hours later as we walked into the wedding. It seemed like a hippie marriage as the ladies were dressed in summer dresses and the men folk in a shirt, tie and pants nothing too extravagant. This was why we were able to blend in so easily. Since our hotel was not too far away it didn’t take us long to change in a little fancier outfit and come back before the party ended. People paid no attention to us heck a passing waiter even offered us a glass of champagne as we accepted it shamelessly.

“Free champagne.” Eren smirked by my side as I shushed him and looked for the food. I was nervous, I wanted to get out of here as soon as possible.

“Buffet table.” I followed my boyfriend’s gaze where crowds of people had gathered near a table strewn with after dinner snacks. The sun had already gone down so I assumed the reception was taking place now. We trotted towards the buffet table as we filled up our plates with as much grace as two crashers could muster. Pudding! My eyes sparkled as I spotted my favorite custard pudding before filling up the bowl to its capacity. I practically inhaled it not caring if anyone saw me as a flash went by. I wasn’t surprised to see Eren capturing my picture as he laughed.

“You look like you haven’t eaten since fortnight.” I gave him the finger, pouring more of the pudding as he snapped a couple more. My mouth was full now as I tried to gobble as quickly as possible. Eren spared me a while later pocketing his phone as he munched on his own food and I snuck a quick look around, making sure no burly guards were looking for us. We were bad people. It was at that moment a couple bumped into me, almost making me drop my precious dessert.

“I am so sorry!” The lady in pink held up her hands in horror. “I didn’t spill anything on you, did I?”

“No, I am good it’s okay.” I assured her. Move on now. Don’t just stand there. Her partner assessed both me and Eren as I tensed.

“We’ve never met before. How do you know Stacy? Or are you guys friends with Matt?” I was at a loss of words but thankfully Eren stepped to my side as he gave a polite smile.

“I went to college with Matt. He sent us an invitation to his reception. I couldn’t say no to free food, could I?” he joked as the other two laughed with him and I sighed with relief. Wow that was smooth. They bid us goodbye as I tried to plaster a neutral look. As soon as they were out of earshot, I turned to him.

“Have you done this before?”

“A couple times in college.” He winked at me and I wasn’t surprised in the least. Of course, he did. I there was anything that screamed trouble and wrong Eren was the first one to run towards it.

“Ok, finish up fast! We have already overstayed.” I didn’t want to stumble into anyone else from the party now. He gobbled up the steaks, finishing it as fast as he could before chugging the rest of his drink.

“Let’s get the hell out of here.”

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We walked hand in hand as far away from the bridal party as we could. The moon bathed the sand and the water with its luminosity, providing us with an ethereal light as the ocean breeze kissed my skin. This felt amazing. We were far away from the busy spot now as there was barely anyone here in the sight. It wasn’t surprising as we had walked for god knew how long after escaping the wedding.

“That was the craziest thing I have ever done.” I murmured as he gave me an amused look. “But it was worth it.”

I agreed. I would never forget the sweet taste of the pudding as it dissolved in my mouth. I looked around. The tides were normal now. Splashing at a regular pace in the Atlantic Ocean. Suddenly an idea popped into my mind as I bit my lip and nudged Eren. “What is the next craziest thing we could do?”

He pursed his lips, a little taken aback but getting into deep thought as I pointed towards the ocean.

“Let’s go skinny dipping.” He looked at me as though I had grown two heads. “Are you insane?”

I shook my head, mirth spreading across my face as I took out my platforms.

“The water will be cold Mikasa.” He pointed out as I looked around making sure no was nearby. The place was well secluded and empty. Great.

“Are you chickening out?” I lifted my dress over my shoulder and dropped it next to my sandals, working on my bra next. I grinned at my boyfriend’s look of surprise as a little shiver ran over me by the wind. I forgot the shore got comparatively colder at night.

“You are fucking crazy.” He chuckled unbuttoning his shirt. My bra and panties followed next as he groaned looking at my breast.

“Can we have sex instead?”

“Oh no, we are doing this. I did your thing, now you will do mine.” He made a face but complied regardless as he made a quick work of his pants and brief, not ready to admit defeat to me. Despite my confident demeanor my stomach fluttered. The water wasn’t going to be warm by any means.

Plus, despite this being a secluded area it was a public beach. If we got caught it was a crime. That's two illegal things in a day. Sucking in our breaths, we both held hands before running into the ocean together. As soon as my feet landed in water, I knew it was a bad idea. Ice cold water surrounded us as my teeth chattered.

"FUCK!" Eren bit out as he stood up, grabbing my hand again and turning right back out. Fuck indeed! Why did I come up with such a ridiculous idea? My whole body was shaking as we got out and I jumped on my feet to get some heat. It felt relatively better outside as I felt blood rushing back to my body. I'd almost reached my dress when strong arms wrapped around me before I was dropped on the sand.

"There's only one way to warm up." Despite the cold I mustered a smile as he leaned down to kiss me. Sand stuck to my skin as I rolled him on his back before straddling him.

"Your body is much warmer than sand." He laughed but it quickly subsided as I grabbed his dick, stroking it furiously to get some blood flowing through it.

"I can't believe I am saying this, but your idea of crazy was far worse than mine." A smug smile spread across my lips at his compliment before I lowered my head to take him in my mouth. He hissed as I bobbed my head up and down and felt him swelling inside me. I continued the motion for a while, stroking his base and taking him deep as he got rock hard under my ministrations. Satisfied I let him go before leaving small kisses from his thigh, abs to his chest, flickering his nipples. His finger moved to play with my clit, rubbing my nub as I left open mouthed kisses on his neck. Every inch of him was delicious, hot and all mine. His eyes glazed with lust and love as he looked at me and I kissed him slowly, gently, giving my appreciation.

"Thanks for the last three days. I definitely needed that." He smiled against my lips as a gasp escaped me when his finger slid in my center.

"You are welcome, beautiful." He whispered as heat rose to my cheeks. His random terms of endeavor threw me off guard sometimes. I stroked his dark curls, now damp with water as he turned his attention to my breasts. He sat up with me in his lap, as I felt the heat of his mouth when he sucked on my left nipple. I wrapped my legs around his waist, his hardness poking my stomach as a moan left me. The feeling of his finger inside me and his mouth on my breast was too much.

"I want to fuck these gorgeous tits..." He groaned out tugging my nipple with his teeth as I whimpered. I grabbed his cock which was swollen, purple red veins jutting out as I rubbed it at my center.

"You can do that later but right now..." I pushed his finger out of me before taking in every inch of him with a deliberate slowness. I rode him slowly, feeling his fingers dig into my hips and ass as he begged for me to go fast. I pushed him down with a gentle shove on his chest before moving up and down. Going slow and deep, taking time to relish him inside me. Our eyes locked as he murmured soothing words, sweet and dirty words as I fucked no made love to him on a public beach under the million stars in the sky.

He was the first to come as I watched his face twist with euphoria and it sent me over the edge. I followed him shortly after, collapsing against his chest as he embraced me. We laid exhausted but sated in each other's arms as his fingers ran through my hairs.

Now that I was off my high, I could feel the coarseness of the sand mixed with the water cooling down my skin and I needed a bath. But it was all worth it. I wanted to capture this moment and freeze it forever to my memory. Me. In His Arms. Forever.

Chapter End Notes

gnädige frau-madam

Mikasa liking pudding was a shout-out to her chibi version liking it in Aot chibi series.

Pouring my heart out

Chapter Summary

When a secret is revealed the pair find themselves in a rough spot once again.

Chapter Notes

Past age

Eren: 23

Mikasa:23

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

Eren's POV

I couldn't keep the amused look off my face at the view in front. I refilled my glass and stood by the counter as I watched Mikasa and Armin singing and jumping to Brad Paisley's performance. The concert hall was stuffed with people. I didn't realise that there were so many country music enthusiasts here. And I definitely looked like the odd block among them as I didn't know a single line of any of the songs. I was just glad that they had alcohol here to keep me company. My friends and I had very different taste in music. I was a rock and metal fanatic through and through while they were hardcore country. Backstreet boys was the only band Mikasa and I had in common.

Armin made his way towards me in slightly wobbly steps and gave me a Cheshire grin. He was definitely buzzed.

"I still can't believe you came to this." He pointed around us as I shrugged. It wasn't a big deal. I wanted to know what the big fuzz was about. Plus, it made Mikasa really happy when I told her I wanted to come and well...her happiness meant everything to me.

"Well its not that terrible, as I hoped." I ignored the side look the guy next to me threw, he was probably a hardcore fan who didn't like my wording. Armin nodded, giving me a sly look. He was definitely going to tease me about something. I could feel it.

"You really love her, don't you?" I spat the drink and tried not to cough at the sharp sensation in my throat as my mouth hung open. Armin passed me the tissue as I stared at him with shock. What did he say? Love? Did he say love or maybe I was too drunk to...but no I never got drunk.

"What?" I asked him as he gave me a blank stare.

"You love Mikasa. Is it really that big of a shock? You guys are dating." Yes, but we had just started dating few months before. Wasn't it too early for big L word? Heck I had never told that to

any of my girlfriend before. I mean I loved her always as a friend but...

"I don't know, if we are there yet." I adjusted my throat and looked away. I didn't want to see the judgemental look in his eyes.

"You have been in love with her your entire life." It was my turn to give him a blank stare. What?

"I am pretty sure, if I was in love with her, I would have never dated anyone else."

"Alright, let's take a trip down the memory lane, shall we?" Fuck no.

"You are drunk, Armin." Drunk Armin was stupid. He wasn't supposed to speak in proper sentence. He was supposed to pass out before I carried him on my shoulders.

"I just had two shots." He shrugged as my eyes moved to Mikasa who was waving around and singing on her own. I tried not to smile as I could feel Armin watching me.

"One. You made a butterfly card for Mikasa in fourth grade when you realised, she loved butterfly."

"I was being a good friend."

"You put glitters and stars on it. You never even put so much effort in your craft examination." I didn't say anything.

"Two. How many girlfriends did you break up with because they said something about Mikasa?"

"I had an unfortunate tendency to pick crazy air head girls. It had nothing to do with her." It was a lie.

"Three. You always answered her call, even when you were in the middle of a date or with your girlfriend. Heck you even went running to her, when she called you to pick you up. You were in middle of sex!"

"Any best friend would do that." He gave me a strange look.

"Four. You unconsciously compared all your girlfriends to Mikasa. This is why you dumped them around two to three months. Because no one matched up to her." I clenched my jaw. I didn't do that. I broke up with them because they were jealous or possessive or stupid.

"Five. You always shared your secrets with her. Heck you didn't even tell them to me. Whenever you felt down you called her, and she would show up with a pint of ice cream and play Mario cart with you or let you sleep in her lap."

"It's because she is a good secret keeper." My voice sounded small even to me as Armin snorted. Maybe I should knock him out and just leave.

"Six. The only secret you ever told me not her was that tattoo. Not only did you get a tattoo that was meant for her, but you got it on your chest. Right over your heart! The artist even told you it would look better on your wrist or your forearm, but you declined." I kept my glass down as the air thickened around me. I wiped off the sweat from my forehead as I spotted Mikasa making her way to us.

"How long is it taking you to order some beer?" She scoffed at Armin who apparently forgot about the reason why he came here in the first place as she herself ordered some.

“Sorry, Mika. I gotta go now. Annie just texted me she is outside.” He gave her an apologetic look, showing her the text as I frowned.

“Take Eren with you. I am sure if he came all this way, he won’t mind actually singing with you, right?” My eyes narrowed as he gave me a goofy grin before bidding us goodbye. Mikasa sulked as she drank straight from the bottle and I caught her wrist.

“Take it easy. You don’t wanna be wasted right?”

She gave me an incredulous look before chugging down the rest of the beer. “Are you kidding me? I came here to get hammered, pal.”

Thirty minutes later I was carrying her in my arms as her heels draped around in my hand. She was light weight so naturally she got wasted and was barely able to stand now.

“You smell so good...” She actually took a whiff of my jacket as I carried her to the garage. She was really handsy now as she kept roaming her hands over my torso. I spotted my car and put her down on her feet as I searched for my keys in my wallet. I jumped as I felt her hand cupping me down there and tried to shake her off.

“But I want to suck your cock.” Drunk Mikasa was very loud as the couple two cars away gave us a look. I shushed her as I found my key and quickly shoved her in before driving off.

“You are such a pretty-pretty boy....” Her hand trailed my cheeks as I tried to focus on driving. I would have preferred if she passed out. She was very talkative. It gave me the flashback of the new year’s night when we first kissed.

“Let’s have sex in your car...” She wiggled and I realised she was trying to pull down her panties as I stopped her gently.

“Mikasa, no. We are not having sex like this.” I could sense the pout forming on her lips without looking at her.

“You don’t want me anymore...” I shook my head. Of course, she would say that.

“You are drunk. I already told you before, I don’t do that.” It was silent for a while as we pulled down the lane. We were halfway to my flat. Oh, thank sweet Jesus. I could see Mikasa slumping back on the seat from the corner of my eye. She was mumbling the lyrics to the song from the concert and I was glad she was sitting still now. Soon we were at my flat as I carried her bridal style into the bedroom and tugged her into the blanket. She was fighting hard to keep her eyes open as I kissed her forehead.

“Go to sleep now.” She gave me a lazy smile as her eyes fluttered close.

“Mm. Love you.” I froze, wondering if I heard her correctly as she rolled on other side. But she said it so casually. It didn’t mean anything right? I pulled at my hairs in frustration before walking out into the hallway. My heart was hammering like crazy as I switched on the TV, eager for some sort of distraction. Armin’s words played like a tape recorder in my head as I thought back to our relationship over the years. I paid no heed to the soccer telecast on the screen as my mind wandered back to our childhood and teenage days.

“Fuck!” I wanted to punch myself. How had I not realised this before? I had been in love with her since we were little.

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I blinked my eyes open, groaning as they slowly adjusted to the morning light. I wasn't surprised to find the TV still on as I had no idea when I slept. My body ached after lying on confined space of couch as I slowly sat up. I could hear the tap running in my washroom, indicating that Mikasa was up. I loved her. I tried not to dwell on it too much as I made my way to the kitchen to grab some water. My throat was so dry. I decided to make some coffee just as Mikasa entered the room.

"My head is going to explode." She moaned in pain as I tried not to laugh at her crazy hair and dishevelled appearance. And I was in love with this crazy hungover woman. I smacked my forehead to tone down on love thing as I rummaged through the shelves. I poured the coffee in the mug as I turned towards her.

"Here. This will help." I passed her the aspirin and coffee as she mumbled a small thanks.

"Why did you let me drink so much?" She was sitting on the stool now, massaging her forehead.

"I tried to stop you but you said, and I quote I came here to get hammered, pal." She snorted as I gulped down the dark liquid.

"I look like the bride of Frankenstein with a massive hangover." She said motioning to her tangled hairs and her smeared makeup face.

"I'd be hungover too, if I had to fuck Frankenstein." She let out a small laugh which soon turned into a wince as she rubbed her forehead.

I decided to freshen up myself as I took a hot bath and tried not to smile like a fool. After accepting the fact that I was in love with her, I felt peaceful and relaxed. It answered so many questions I had about myself and my 'apparent' inability to love any woman. Now that I had realised it, I wondered how did I ever live without knowing this.

"EREN!" There was a knock on the door as I heard Mikasa's voice outside. I turned off the shower head to listen to her.

"Yeah?"

"Can I use your laptop? I have to send an email and my stupid phone keeps hanging."

"Sure." I quickly washed myself off and decided to make some donuts. It was Saturday so I didn't have to go to my shift till afternoon. I could spend my time with Mikasa till then. After drying myself off and putting on my briefs and pants I exited the bathroom, drying my hairs with towel.

"Did you send the mail?" I rummaged through the closet and grabbed an olive tee shirt before pulling it down my head. Hearing no response from her I turned to her and was surprised to see the frosty look on her face.

"What is it?" I walked closer to her as she turned the laptop screen towards me. My email tab was open on it, but that wasn't what I focused on, John Hopkins newest email laid open as I froze.

“Why didn’t you tell me, you got accepted?” She sounded betrayed as I sighed and sat beside her. This was not how I wanted her to know.

“I was going to, but it slipped my mind.” That wasn’t the truth. I had known about it for almost a month now.

“Why haven’t you answered them back, Eren? This is the fourth follow-up they have send. They will give your seat to someone else.”

“Yes. I know that. I am still not sure about it.” She frowned, shaking her head.

“You have always wanted to go here! This is your dream. What are you waiting for?”

“Can we not talk about this right now? I am famished. I am going to cook something.”

“The deadline is next week. They need an answer by then. This is more important.” Frustrated I stood up, running my hands through my hair.

“I don’t know, Mikasa! Maybe I am not ready to face the fact that I would move to a different state, and you will go to other country...I just am not.” Her eyes softened as I clucked my teeth. Yeah, I was definitely not ready now that I realised, I loved her.

“It doesn’t matter how far we go. It won’t change anything between us, you know that right.” How was she sure about it? Distance always made things worse.

“You plan on starting a new life in Paris. You want to settle down there, and I have everything here! What are we supposed to do?” Her face hardened again as she looked away. I was right. She had not thought this through.

“We can always fly to and fro to meet.”

“Really? For how long? Months! Years! And my busy work style won’t allow me the luxury to fly out, whenever I want to!”

“And you think my work will? But we will have to make time for that!”

“It is easier said than done.” I said flatly as she gave me a look of disbelief. I didn’t want to sugar coat anything for her. This was our reality and we had to face it.

“What do you want to do then? Do you want to breakup?” I tensed at her question. Did she really just say that? My jaw locked as I tried not to lose my temper. I didn’t want to lash out at her, not now. Not mere hours after knowing she was the love of my life. Getting no response from me she got off the bed and grabbed her purse quickly, looking for her sandals.

“Is running away your solution to everything? I asked coldly, still pissed at her for ever suggesting we break up as she paused.

“I have a class in an hour.” She straightened up, looking down at me as I kept my gaze on laptop. -
“And you are the last person to talk about running away, when you keep ignoring those bloody emails! Once you have sorted that out, then we will talk.” I didn’t try to stop her this time as a numbness settled over my chest.

What should I do?

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Two years ago

Third Person POV“

In ten years, I will be married to a world class chef with twins, and we will have our own grand restaurant in the city.”

“That is very accurate, Sash.” Armin expressed his surprise as she just shrugged with a smug look. She had really thought this through.

“Ok next.” Jean sighed as he pursed his lips in deep thought. Eren had vague idea of what he was about to say and he wasn’t sure if he would like it.

“I hope to be a sergeant if not lieutenant by then. And married to a gorgeous Asian woman with long hairs.” He wasn’t subtle as his eyes flickered to Mikasa momentarily who only smiled in response. Why was she smiling? He smiled back at her as Eren cleared his throat.

“Can you stop hitting on my best friend, Jean boy? She doesn’t like you that way.”

“I think I can answer for myself, Eren.” She shot him a glare before turning back to Jean. He didn’t like this.

“All the best for that, Jean. I am sure you will find a ‘proper’ Asian woman soon.” She emphasised the word proper and Eren realised she was letting him know she was half German. To his surprise Jean just nodded with a smirk before calling out his name.

“What about you, Eren? Where do you see yourself?”

“A full-time practising neurosurgeon in an international hospital.” He admitted without blinking as he had been very clear about that since he was young.

“And what about your love life?” Connie wiggled his eyebrows as he made a face. He didn’t think he would tolerate any female’s company enough to make her his wife.

“Not interested.”

Others answered the same way with Connie wishing to marry a supermodel and running a fancy bar which sold legalised weeds as others chastised him for the latter. Armin expressed the desire to go on a world tour with his other half and successfully publish at least five books by then. It seemed like everyone wanted to be settled down by that age and start a family of their own.

“Running my own fashion firm in Paris and collaborating with some top designers.”

“That’s it?” Mikasa shrugged a yes as Eren chuckled and patted her back with happiness.

“See. I am not the only one who finds the concept of love stupid.”

“I don’t find it stupid. It’s just not my priority.”

She supplied as he brushed off her explanation. Mikasa was more uptight than even him when it came to relationship. No one would be ever good enough for her. She was unique.

“You know what guys...if both of you don’t find anyone by then, why don’t you marry each other?”

“Yeah right.” Mikasa laughed out loud at Sasha’s absurd statement as Eren tried not to take offense at her over the top laugh. He also found his friend’s notion blatant but he wasn’t reacting as poorly as Mikasa. He was still her best friend.

“Why is it that funny?” Her laugh subsided as she gave him a sympathetic look, shaking her head.

“Because...you are not a marriage material, buddy. And you are definitely not my type.” Not wanting to give her an upper hand, he chimed in as well.

“I agree. How can I ever forget your type lasts for only ten seconds in-” She smacked his forearm as he continued laughing.

“-Bed and only know missionary. I will be too much to handle for you, Mika.”

“Marriage is more than just sex you know.” She pinched his arm as he nodded with mock sincerity.

“You want me to give you statistics on the number of marriages, which ended due to sex or its lack thereof.”

“Whatever. You are too wild to be tied down to someone for long anyways.”

“I agree. I do love however tying down my-”

“That’s enough.” Armin interfered and Eren could have sworn he saw Mikasa’s cheeks turning red at his words but didn’t pry further. He had poked enough fun at her. In all seriousness though, he and Mikasa were both too alike as their only priority was their studies and career. If it ever came down to choosing between his work and a girl, he would choose the former without blinking.

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Present Day

Eren’s POV

I hated rain. Fucking hated it. So much. It hadn’t stopped raining since yesterday. It started pouring down heavily on the cue as though wanting me to suffer even more. And combine with it the fact that it was dark outside. I had told my parents to buy a house uptown but no, they just had to live on the outskirts of the city. Even though I had to admit the whole area was very homely and peaceful but it was good three hours ride from my place. My phone blinked as I swiped it open one handed and frowned. I just wanted to go back to my flat. With a sigh I turned down the lane before driving in the opposite direction. It didn’t take me long to get there as I halted the car on the bridge. I could

make out Mikasa's car a couple feet away as I rang her. She picked on the third ring as I melted at her hello. I hadn't heard her voice in four days. I had so much on my plate and she did tell me to sort everything out first.

"Seriously? You could have come to my apartment directly."

"I was already here. Did you decide yet?"

"I have accepted their offer." Silence. She seemed to be taking in my news and I spoke again, not waiting for her to answer.

"I drove there yesterday and made the rest of the arrangements." I tapped on my steering wheel trying to make out her form but it was difficult in the heavy downpour.

"Congratulations. I am really happy for you."

"Your voice doesn't seem that happy though." Her voice seemed to be quivering on the other line and I wondered what she was thinking about.

"I am, Eren. That's what you always wanted."

"Hmm."

"You should do a gathering with everyone. I mean who knows, when we all will meet like this after two months. Probably on someone's wedding."

I frowned as she was being weird. "Do you really think I would go a year without meeting you? I will fly to Paris, even if I have to take some working days off." Thick humidity was making me sweat as I wiped off my forehead. Despite the rain, it was too hot in here. Mikasa wasn't answering again as I wondered if the signal was lost. I called her name a couple times as she spoke but it sounded very heavy.

"Are you alright?" Why did it feel like she was crying? Fuck.

"I am. Don't worry. I just...I thought well...you said long distance doesn't work so..."

Wait a minute. Did she really think that I was leaving her? Was she fucking serious?

"You weren't really thinking I was going to breakup with you, right?" No response. Fuck this. I disconnected the call before getting out of my car, not caring about the dripping water or the rumbling thunder. I trotted as fast as I could in the watered street, pausing in front of the driver's side. She unlocked the door as I slammed it open before pulling her out in one quick motion. Her eyes were red and still brimming with tears as she looked up at me. Fucking hell!

"Are you kidding me?" She tried to look away but I grabbed her chin, forcing her to look into my eyes. Lightning struck the sky followed by a loud clap of thunder as we stood in the downpour.

"I don't know! You were right. How will we make this work? We fight even when we live this clo-" I crashed my lips on hers, effectively shutting her up and pressing her on the door. She tried to fight off my mouth's assailant which only made me pull her closer and kiss her harder. Finally, she started returning my kiss, running her hand through my wet locks as I broke apart. My lips brushed her ear as I wrapped my arms around her.

"Do you want to be with me?" Frigid raindrop the only sound surrounding us as I waited for her response. With each passing second, I could feel my heart getting heavy.

“Yes...” I exhaled with relief, nuzzling my nose against her neck as I took in her scent. She smelled like earth and the daisies but most importantly she smelled like my home.

“I am never letting you go. You hear me.” I peppered kisses along her neck, grabbing her shirt between my hands before ripping it open. I would show her how much she meant to me.

“You came first, not that stupid doctor stuff.” I pushed down her bra, playing with her pebbled nipples before taking one in my mouth. She gasped as I laved and sucked at her soft skin, leaving bite marks over her tits.

“You will always be my number one.” I assured her as she pulled me up and smashed her mouth against mine, coaxing it open and battling her tongue with mine. Her hand moved down to cup me through the jeans as I groaned. My own hand went down to her pants, sliding it down along with her panties and reaching for her clit. She whimpered in my mouth as I played with her opening.

“Fuck me...” She pleaded as I pulled out my hand, breaking apart from her lips before undoing my jeans.

“There is no one like you, Mikasa.” I slid my hand down to her ass and boosted her up as she wrapped her legs around me. Carrying her around the car, I placed her on the hood, pulling out my cock. The rain came down in heavy pour now but we were mindless to anything else besides the need for each other. She was like a drug I could never quit. Taking her underneath her thighs, I slid her to the edge of the hood and thrust up inside of her, her moans traveling down my throat as we kissed.

She wrapped her arms around my neck, and I leaned my head down on the hood as we stayed chest to chest. I pumped hard and fast, still not enough, never enough with her! I was so addicted to this woman. If I could, I would spend all my living breath making love to her, owning her body and soul. Her head fell back as her cries filled the night air, and I thrust deep, eating up her lips and neck as she struggled for breath.

“God, Mika,” I groaned as her nails dug deeper into my shoulder blades. I grabbed her jaw making her look in my eyes as she wrapped her arms tightly around my neck, leaving no space between us. Her teeth tugged at my lip as I increased my pace. Pounding in and out of her with increased frenzy. I never wanted this to end. She was mine.

“I fucking love you so much!” I angled her thigh to get deeper inside her as she moaned. “I love you so much...” Her lips crashed down on me as the answer. This wasn’t the most ideal place to confess my love. But I didn’t want to waste anymore time. I broke apart from her, grazing my lips down to her jaw, I trailed my finger on her lips, “These fucking lips are mine!” My hand slid down to her tits peaking out of her torn shirt. I gave them a rough squeeze as she moaned matching me thrust for thrust.

These tits are mine!” I didn’t stop there as I moved down to play with her clit, my pace merciless as she pulled at my hairs harshly, moaning out loud. “This pussy is mine!” Even though I was soaking wet my whole body burned with desire for her. She needed to know she wasn’t getting rid of me ever!

No matter the distance, job or circumstances I would never leave her. I pressed down on her chest, over her wildly beating heart as our eyes locked on each other. “But most importantly...this is mine.” Tears filled up her eyes as she leaned her forehead over mine. I knew she loved me. I could feel it in my bones. “You are mine and I am yours..” A sharp gasp escaped her lips as I hit her sensitive spot. “Tell me you are mine, baby..” I paused inside her, waiting for her answer as her chest heaved up and down. She tried to grind up and down over my shaft but I grabbed her hips.

She wasn't getting any release unless she answered me. "Tell me." I pleaded against her mouth as she pulled me closer by my nape, placing my palm over her chest. "I am yours..." She whispered, licking the water down my cheek.

"Only yours..." I started moving again, drawing a cry out of her sweet mouth as I fucked her relentlessly right there. She clung to me tightly as her hand scratched and ran over my back, her lips never leaving mine for more than a second. We moved together, a tangle of bodies, sweat and rain, not caring that we were on the street where any car could pass by us, anyone could see us. Even though it was a secluded spot but our luck could run out any moment. I nipped at her earlobe as she clenched tightly around me, nearing her release. She grabbed frantically at my hair and crashed her lips against my swollen ones as I grunted and moaned into her mouth. My cock drew out every last wave of pleasure from her body as my own orgasm tapered and I emptied myself inside her in quick short thrusts.

She slid down the hood as I collapsed onto her, the cords of my muscles softening against her as she wrapped her arms around my back.

"Let's go home."

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Embers of fire danced in front of my eyes as I watched the flames curl around the wood. Mikasa's hands gently caressed my back as I pulled her closer to me. Our naked bodies were flushed together on the mat by the fireplace, warming up after getting drenched in rain. I had never been this peaceful as I was now. It felt like a huge burden was lifted off of me after I told her those three words.

"Are you warm now?"

"Mm." She snuggled closer to me, her soft breasts crushing under my chest as I nuzzled my nose in her hairs. The room was dark save for the area around the fireplace as I pulled up the blanket to cover her properly.

"I used to have a crush on you, when we were young." Mikasa's sleepy voice broke the comfortable silence as I ran my hands down her waist. I was surprised she admitted that to me.

"If I told you, I already knew this, will you get mad?" I felt her tensing in my arms as I grazed my lips over her collarbone, trying to calm her. I didn't want her running away from me again.

"Armin told me. Well, he said it by mistake don't get mad at him..." I felt the rapid rise and fall of her chest and brushed my lips over her forehead. "It was when he found out we were sleeping together. I didn't want to tell you because...well you know how you will react."

She didn't reply as I continued. "And you hate dwelling in past, so it doesn't matter right...?" To my utter surprise, I found her smiling as she grazed her thumb over my lips.

"It is hard not to develop any feelings for a guy, who does so much for you." I returned her smile,

grabbing her palm and kissing each finger one by one as she left a small peck on my lips.

“I think it actually happened, when you made that card for me in fourth grade. It was messy and kinda ugly...” I scoffed at her, ignoring her laugh as she peppered kisses over my face. “-But the gesture was enough to make me fall for you. I still remember your shy face trying to act all tough and cool when you handed it to me. You were so smug when I told you it was beautiful.”

“Yeah, because dad told me I wasn’t great at craft and such things.”

“Well, he was right...but still it was the best gift I ever got. I still have it with me, you know.” My eyes widened ever so slightly as she nodded, removing the hairs from my face.

“I have your scarf too. I still wear it sometimes.”

“Really? You never wore it in front of me...” I expressed my displeasure, ignoring the way my heart beat increased. She still kept it.

“I didn’t want you to think I was weird for wearing that old scarf which barely fits me now.”

“It is not weird at all.” I assured her as she stared deep into my eyes, her eyes growing heavy before she leaned closer to kiss me square on my mouth. We kissed softly, clinging to each other as she climbed over me. Our breaths mingling together, her hands ran over my shoulders, biceps and chest. Her hand reached down to grab my cock as she pumped me, making me swell. Her lips came down on me again, this time more urgent and passionate as I kneaded her ass. She was so soft and smooth.

“I love your eyes...” She kissed my eyelids, staring into my amber orbs as her wetness brushed against my thigh. “They were the first thing I noticed about you. So lively and fierce. As if you can do anything you put your mind to.” Her thumb trailed down to my lips, puckering them open. “And you have such a sexy mouth...” I tried not to smile as she continued her ministrations. This was the first time she was complimenting me so abashedly, might as well enjoy it to the fullest.

“And your hands.” She intertwined our fingers, kissing the top of my knuckles as I breathed heavily. “-You have such gorgeous hands and...” She smoothed my hairs down to my sides. “-I am so jealous of your hairs...they are so perfect.” I chuckled which soon subsided as she grabbed me by the base and sunk down on me slowly. My body flushed as she leaned her forehead over mine and moved slowly, taking her time. I relished every inch of her warm insides, her muscles squeezing me tightly whenever I brushed against her sensitive spot.

Her breath quickened as her midnight blue eyes rested onto mine, her hands grabbing my chin as she tilted my head, increasing her pace.

“I didn’t say it back...” My heart thrummed wildly, wondering if she meant what I thought she meant as her nose nuzzled against my cheek. “You don’t have to...” I tried to assure her as her lips quivered, her eyes watering up as she stopped moving. A lone droplet landed on my cheek as I brushed off her tear. “Let me.” She pleaded, caressing my cheek and looking at me with so much adoration I could have melted right here.

“I love you...” My grip tightened on her waist as I swallowed slowly, my heart racing faster than ever before. “I love you so much!” In a second, I flipped her on her back, still joined with her body as my breath came out in harsh pants.

“Say that again.”

“I love you, Eren...” I made her repeat that line many times as I made love to her vigorously, not

giving her time to relax as I slammed inside her again and again, whispering my own words of love in between as we continued like that for most of the night. Mindless to anything but our love and desire for each other. Afterwards she slept sated in my arms, spent and radiant as I stared at her. So, this was what love felt like.

Chapter End Notes

The bridge here is the one Mikasa took Eren to for showing meteors.

Two lines

Chapter Summary

A shocking discovery puts Mikasa in a tough spot.

Chapter Notes

This chapter will dwell on some serious themes. Starting here on the story will take a more serious tone. I had tried to show a realistic reaction to such things. Not everything is planned in life, and not all surprises are welcomed with open arms at first.

Past age

Eren: 23

Mikasa: 23

[Click here to see Eren's tattoo design.](#)

Mikasa's POV

"I really hope you will consider our offer, Miss Ackerman. It's a great opportunity for a bright mind like you."

"I will certainly look into it."

"You have two months to consider it through. I will be looking forward to hear from you." I gave a polite smile to the woman in front as she shook my hand before bidding me goodbye. Miss Kiyomi came from old money and she had established a very successful clothing line in Paris. She was here attending a fashion week and looking for new recruits. She had interviewed ten students of my batch and at the end I got the offer. I had sat down in the interview casually as I wasn't too adamant on getting this job. I already had two proposals so I didn't need a third one but my professor insisted that Kiyomi could make a person if she took them under their wings. Oh well, I still had an ample amount of time to look into the pros and cons before accepting her offer officially.

I decided to collect my belongings before calling it a day. Today had been a hectic day to say the least and I was exhausted. I just wanted to go home and pass out.

"Congratulations, Mikasa!" I looked up and found Hitch approaching me with a smile as I shook my head.

“Thank you. But, I still haven’t said yes.” She passed me a glass of shake as we walked down the corridor.

“Oh, you will say yes eventually. You can’t pass on an opportunity like that.” I just shrugged, sipping on the liquid. The older woman seemed nice, too nice for my own taste. Infact she- I slapped an urgent hand against my mouth, stopping the bile rising up my throat.

“What’s in this?” I passed the glass to Hitch as she rubbed my forearm. I wasn’t allergic to any food in particular.

“It’s just peanut butter shake. We drank this once in our lunch break, and you liked it so-“ I didn’t hear the rest of it as I rushed to the washroom. Immediately latching on the toilet seat, I threw up in it, wincing at the sore taste it left in my mouth.

“Oh, my goodness! Are you fine?” I nodded weakly at Hitch before getting up with a pant and cleaning myself off in the sink. Great! I suddenly had peanut allergies or was it butter?

“Are you ok?”

“Hitch, can you take that drink away from me? I can’t stand its smell.” I wrinkled my nose as she stepped back with a quick apology. Yup. It was definitely peanut.

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Strong arms wrapped around my waist, crushing me to a hard body as I felt butterfly kisses on my neck. I tried not to laugh with the ticklish sensation of Eren’s five o’clock shadow as he kissed me.

“I missed you!” He admitted pulling apart as I encircled his neck and raised my eyebrow.

“You were only gone for four days.”

“It feels like a long time.” My eyes grew soft as I hugged him tightly, mumbling miss you back. He had a regulatory seminar to attend outside the state. We were so bad at staying apart from each other. And to think that it was our reality one month from now on.

“I love you so much.” He lifted me in his arms, carrying me inside his apartment as my thumb brushed his cheekbone.

“I love you more...” I told him thickly, playing with his hairs as his lips trailed a path down my neck.

“That’s not possible.” He said confidently and I tried not to roll my eyes. He couldn’t possibly love me more than I did. I had gotten very comfortable in saying those three words over the time. I remembered when he first confessed to me, I felt like I couldn’t breathe. It felt like a dream except that it wasn’t and he really loved me. I had never been more happier and content than that day. I felt like the luckiest woman in the world. Holding me tight, Eren cupped a hand to my nape, bringing my mouth to his.

I slipped my hands under his shirt, feeling his warm muscled back beneath my fingers as his own hand curled around the waistband of my sweatpants. I hadn't taken time to dress up properly, throwing in a casual sweat pant and shirt as soon as he told me he was back. We savoured one another in the kiss, tasting each other, our lips growing swollen from the passionate makeout.

"I love making out with you," I confessed nuzzling his neck as he walked us to the bedroom. He smiled in agreement, lowering me back on the ground. I pulled off my t-shirt and divested myself off my bra and panties as he followed suite. My hungry eyes roamed his body as he slipped off his boxer briefs. Why was he so hot? He pulled me gently to him, his amber eyes burning with desire as his hands stroked my spine, and down to caress my bottom. I ran my own hand over his chest, before pressing soft kisses across his pec, stopping to tease his nipple with my tongue. He squeezed my ass, groaning and pressing his erection deeper into my stomach. I continued to explore him, my mouth trailing kisses across his skin, while my own hands brushed down across his hard abs, smoothed around his narrow hips and grabbed his taut ass. I dug my fingers into his skin as he hissed. In retaliation he cupped my breasts as I winced, jumping a little.

"What?" Concern lit his eyes as he ran his finger down my cheek.

"Nothing. It's just...they are tender. I think my period might be coming soon." I grabbed his hand, placing them back on my breasts as I encouraged him.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, Eren. Please touch me." He kneaded them softly, flickering my nipple as I felt myself getting wet. To my disappointment he eased his hold on me. I eyed him in question as he smirked and silently answered by leaning down and lifting my breast to his hot, wet mouth. I cried out at the sensation of his teeth scraping my nipple as he sucked me harder into his mouth. I cried out rubbing my hips against him. It felt so so go-

My ringtone started playing in the background, distracting me from the mini orgasm I was going to have as I looked at my purse.

"Tune it out." Eren whispered in my ears, playing with my nipple and simultaneously groping my ass as I moaned. It could be Miss Hagen. I was supposed to talk her through our latest submission. Shit! I pushed him away with much difficulty, running and retrieving my phone as sure enough her name popped on my screen.

"Hello, Miss Hagen." I answered before she could hang up, it would have been a disaster otherwise. Eren scowled behind me as I nodded to her question.

"Yeah, okay, give me a second." I put her on hold as I picked up my shirt and pulled it on before grabbing Eren's laptop. Even though she couldn't see me, I felt weird talking to my mentor in my birthday suit. Yeah, I knew I was weird.

"Are you kidding me?" His eyes flared with anger and pent up frustration as I settled down on the bed.

"I am so sorry. This is really important. Just give me five minutes." I tried to assure him, opening the website before getting back on call again.

"Yes, I am here now, so have you opened the page?" I tried my best to keep my focus on the laptop screen and not on the six feet of naked gorgeousness in front. I was thankful she didn't try to skype me.

“Yes, and the next in line is ivory bu-“ Words got caught in my mouth as Eren took his cock in his hands and began stroking himself. Holy Shit!

"Mikasa, are you there?" I mumbled a small yes and took her through the whole thing as best as I could. Eren's eyes taunted me as he started pumping himself faster, I could see him growing in his palm as he let out a small groan. Fuck My Life! I clenched my legs together, trying my best to focus on what she was saying as his thumb stroked his tip.

I almost moaned at the sight, holding his gaze as he bit his lip. Sweat trailed down his neck and clavicle to his hard chest before rolling down his abs. His hairs were a ruffled mess due to my earlier ministrations and it gave him an even sexier look.

"You agree with this right?"

“Yeah. We can definitely use coc- I mean chamois for it!” Eren's eyes lit with amusement at my slip up as he continued his motion. Up and down. This was a torture! My whole body was heating up now.

“Yes. Alright. No problem. I will see you tomorrow.” I hung up quickly before practically pouncing on him as I wrapped my lips around his cock. He fucked my mouth rigorously before coming inside me with a growl. I didn't give him time to relax as I pushed him down and stroked him, getting him hard and ready for me before climbing on top of him and impaling myself on his cock. His hands stroked up and down my thighs, embedding himself into me from below as I braced my hand on his shoulders.

Sensation slammed through me with each roll of my hips, loving the feel of his cock inside me. His finger played with my clit, rolling and rubbing on them as I gasped.

“You are so fucking tight, babe...” He cursed as I bit my lip. I was burning so hot for him. Pure need seeped through my veins. I rode him fast, bucking up and down as he threw his head back on the pillows. His face twisted into an expression of intense pleasure, encouraging me further. Oh god yes. The beginning of climax sizzled through me as I moved faster, faster until...

I let out a scream coming around him in waves as my whole body shook with the sensation.

“I am not done...” I was still coming down from my high as Eren flipped me on my back, hooking his arms under my knees and drawing them high and wide. Before I could adjust to this new position, he was pounding into me, his thrusts deep and powerful, chasing for his own orgasm. My nails raked down his back as he bit on my neck, pumping hard and fast.

“Harder! I want more...” It was still not enough. I wanted to feel him deeper inside me.

“Yeah...you think you can handle harder?”

“Can you give harder?” I taunted back in between gasps as he wrenched my knees higher with a snarl, twisting my legs in a v and holding them up. He drove into me with such a force that the headboard rattled against the wall. Holding his gaze, I moved my hand to play with my clit as he groaned, driving harder and faster, rattling me until he couldn't go any deeper. I lifted my hips, matching him with equal fervor as he exploded inside of me. He took a moment to compose himself as I rubbed at my nub, eager to reach my completion. Before I knew it, he pulled out of me before moving his mouth down there.

“But, you have been insi- ahhh.” I moaned as he parted my labia and flicked his tongue inside me.

He circled my clit, teasing and pressing and then he sucked it. His name escaped my lips as I writhed against the delicious heat of his mouth. I sank my fingers into his hair and pulled, grinding my hips into his face, pleasure building and building, coiling, tightening, all my muscles clenched and my nipples throbbing.

“Oh, God yes!” I convulsed around his mouth, shuddering as I came hard, color dancing around my eyes as I reached my high. He collapsed on my side as I caught my breath. My legs and arms left a limp noodle.

“And for the record it’s Eren not God.” A laughter burst out of my throat as I looked sideways at him, his own eyes filled with mirth as we stared at each other.

“Yeah...you don’t need more ego boost by being compared to a god.”

A chuckle was his only response.

My eyes roamed towards the ceiling, staring at the blank wall in dark as Eren’s soft breath reverberated in the room. He had fallen asleep as soon as we were done but I was having difficulty doing the same. So many thoughts were running through my mind, preventing me from sleeping. Frustrated I got up, walking in the bathroom. I splashed myself with cold water, staring at my reflection as my eyes wandered down my breast. Gently I cupped them, still feeling the heaviness in them. I did the math in my head. I was late. Really late this time. Maybe I was just too stressed out with everything, Eren moving away soon, ton of work load and deciding between three jobs. It was probably hormonal imbalance. Even so...I had to be sure.

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One and a half year ago

Third Person POV

“I want to ride that feris wheel please!”

“Bella, you are not big enough for that one. Let’s get you on a small ride, ok?” Mikasa threw her a smile as the five-year old shook her head.

“No! I want that one. That little boy is also sitting on it. See!” Sure enough, a boy who looked roughly around her age settled down on the giant wheel as Mikasa shook her head. Great.

Why were people so careless with their kids? It was too dangerous to let her niece up there as-

“Eren, what are you doing?” She planted her hands on her hips, assessing her best friend who picked up the little girl and started walking in direction of the ride

“Relax, Mikasa. I will hold onto her tight ok.” Isabella cheered with excitement as Mikasa shook her head.

“No way you are taking her up there mister. You might love this dangerous stuff, but leave my

niece out of it.” She was regretting asking him to babysit with her now.

“Aww, come on. Bella isn’t scared right?” The girl in answer shook her head, sticking out her tongue in response to Mikasa as the older woman sighed, having no choice but to follow them in the queue.

Fifteen minutes later the trio got down with the two of them visibly happy while the third one caught her breath.

“Freaking heck! It was too high!” Mikasa had to hold onto Eren for whole ride while her niece simply giggled and enjoyed the experience. She was a little daredevil unlike Mikasa’s anxious self.

“I told you, you can stay down but you didn’t listen.” Eren chastised her as she shot him an ugly look before taking Isabela from his arms. Deep down she knew he was right, but hell would freeze over before she admitted that.

“Ok, what do you want to do next, squirt?” Eren leaned down to the young girl’s level as she tapped her chin, pretending to be deep in thought.

“I want to play that shooting game and then the dance machine!”

“Your wish is my command.” He gave a mock salute as Mikasa followed the hyper active duo with a slouch of her shoulders. Was she too uptight or was Eren just too reckless?

Ok maybe she was the one too uptight. Mikasa thought to herself as she saw the duo dancing and jumping on the machine. They were failing miserably at matching the steps but they seemed to be having fun. Mikasa couldn’t contain the laughter bubbling inside her as she recorded the whole thing. Eren sensed the camera lens on them as he leaned down to whisper something in her niece’s ears. Mikasa frowned as she received mischievous look from them before Isabela ran to her.

“Aunty, you join us too!”

“What? No, I don’t know how to dance.”

“Uh huh. If you don’t join us, I will tell Daddy you were really bad at babysitting.” Mikasa’s mouth gaped in horror at the blackmailing words of her niece as she glared at Eren.

“You taught her this!”

“Oh, come on, Mika. If you don’t come and dance right now, I think I will give Bella my best friend’s position. She is more fun compared to you anyways.” He raised his hand and high fived her niece from distance as Mikasa scoffed.

“Fine. But only for a minute.” She gave them the ultimatum before climbing on the blinking light step.

“Ok, now follow our leads.”

Mikasa could barely keep up with the rhythm, messing up her steps, her partners weren’t great either as she held back a smile at their silliness. Even so, Isabela was enjoying it and that was what mattered the most.

“Aunty, can Mr Eren babysit me every week. I like him.” Mikasa wasn’t surprised by her statement as all the girls liked him. He just earned himself the youngest girl admirer today. Eren pursed his lips in awe before picking up the little girl.

"I will be there at your service whenever you call me, pumpkin." She grinned before placing a sloppy kiss on his cheek as Mikasa watched with fondness. How was he so naturally good at everything? Mikasa was sure he would make a good father one day. He would be the kind of dad who would dress up in a tutu if his daughter insisted him to. She laughed at the picture she painted as they walked back to the car. They kept on chatting for most of the drive while Mikasa drove in silence.

"How did someone as scary as Levi give birth to such an angel?" Mikasa snorted at Eren's whisper, Bella paid no attention to it as she played some game on his phone, jumping up and down on his lap.

"Technically he didn't give her birth. Petra did." She pointed out, slowing down at the highway as he nodded in understanding before turning back to the girl in his arm again.

"Do you have any other question for me, pumpkin before we deliver you back to your Daddy."

"Mmm...Oh Yes! How are babies made? I asked my daddy that question and he didn't tell me. You are a Doctor right, Mr. Yeager? You guys bring little babies in the world. You must know."

Oh boy. Mikasa tried not to laugh at the bewildered expression on Eren's face. He gave her a look as she shook her shoulders simply. She is all yours buddy. He sighed before poking young girl's nose.

"I am not a doctor yet and not all doctors bring the baby in the world. Only few."

"Really?"

"Yup. As for your question hmm...when a man and a woman love each other very much, sometimes it creates a baby in woman's tummy which lives there for nine months after which the doctor brings it out."

"Wow." He ruffled her hairs as Mikasa bit back her smile. That was one way of putting it. Smooth.

"So that means you and Aunty Mikasa will have a baby too soon? You both also love each other, right?"

Mikasa almost slammed on the brakes, losing control of the steering wheel as her jaw dropped open. Eren's face lost its color too as he stuttered, at loss of words. His eyes met hers as they both mirrored the horror-struck expression. She looked away on the road before adjusting her throat.

"No, Bella. We are just friends. It only happens when two people are in love."

"But Mr Eren told love you to you back in the amusement park." Mikasa resisted the urge to smack her forehead at that. Eren slipped off little love yous every now and then to all his close friends. But of course, her niece didn't know that.

"We love people in very different ways. I love your aunt Mikasa in a friendly way, because she is my friend. I love my parents too as they are my family. You love your daddy, right?"

She nodded. "The kind of love which makes baby is called romantic love. When that happens between two people, babies are made." She seemed to have accepted the explanation as she got silent, pondering on it and Mikasa prayed she wouldn't say anything weird again.

"Love is so complicated. I don't understand it." Eren chuckled as Isabela folded her arms with a pout.

“It’s alright, pumpkin. I don’t understand it either.”

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Present Day

Mikasa’s POV

I tapped my hand on my palm, staring at the pink and blue kit lying in front of me. I had bought two tests just to be sure. I had been sitting like this for half an hour almost, I couldn’t muster the courage to take them. Living in denial was much better than facing the consequences. I sighed, counting till hundred again in my head for the eighth time. I could do this. It was just a stupid test. It’s not like it would be positive anyways. I was always on pill and occasionally Eren did use condom sometimes.

Get a grip Mikasa! I mentally slapped myself before getting up and grabbing the test with me. I had to practically force myself to pee in the cup as my anxiety left my bowels empty. With shaky hands I dipped both the sticks in it before waiting. I kept prancing around the washroom, checking the time on my phone as I felt difficulty in breathing. Oh god. I was not ready for the result. Time seemed to be passing slowly, taunting me as I took deep breathes. Thankfully I had refilled my medications as I was sure I would be needing them if things went downhill. Did we ever have unprotected sex? Did we? Or it could be a result of the 'contraceptives aren’t effective 100%' thing. I kept searching my brain for any clue of the day when...

Hold on. Shit. I was off the pills once, when me and Eren took a break in between and I told him to sort out his priorities. The day we confessed our love to each other. I was so high on love that I forgot I wasn’t on pill. No. No. No. I wiped off my sweaty forehead, looking back at my phone. It was time.

I trotted back to the test, quivering and mentally praying for it to be negative. We were starting a new life. Please god not now. We weren’t ready. I even chanted the Japanese prayer my mom taught me when I was young. I shut my eyes close as I picked one up, finishing the prayer. Please be negative. I wouldn’t ask for anything else. Please. I fluttered my eye open, holding it as I saw the result. Two lines. My legs gave out as I collapsed on the floor. No. This was wrong. It had to be! I latched on the basin, picking another one. Plus sign. A sob left my lips as I sat down on the cold floor. Tears pricking my eyes as I felt the air leave my lungs. I held on to my chest, rubbing at the achy area. I was having a panic attack!

I blindly searched for my meds, I had placed it on the counter. After waving around for a while I finally got them before gulping it down. I swallowed it directly as I closed my eyes. Count till hundred. It would go away. I tried to picture my happy place. Eren smiling, Eren bringing breakfast for me in the bed, Eren covering my feet with socks when they got cold at night. I started to calm down after a while, air rushing back into my lungs. Eren....Oh god how was I going to break it to him?

Unless...

I needed to make an appointment first.

I played with my fingers as I sat in my regular ObGyn's office two days later. Miss Parker was in her late fifties and she had been my doctor for last nine years. She recommended me pills for irregular periods in my teen years and she was also the one who gave me a refill of birth controls.

"Sorry for keeping you waiting. Blood test result came positive. You are six weeks along." I gave a half nod as she took a seat in front of me. I hated how she kept assessing me closely.

"Mikasa, we have other options too, you know that right?"

"Yes." I breathed out, not sure what to do. I was so confused. I had avoided Eren for past two days, making the excuse of an important test to keep him at bay. I was sure I couldn't withhold the truth from him if he came face to face.

"Does your boyfriend know about this?" I shook my head. I was scared of his reaction. Either he would freak out like me, or he would be extremely happy. I didn't know which option was the worst.

"What should I do?" I asked her in my trembling voice. I wished my mother was still alive. She could provide me with a solution. The doctor let out a sigh, her eyes softening as she studied me. I hated being weak in front of anyone. But I was too tired to put on a brave mask right now.

"I can't tell what is right or wrong for you. Sometimes people bring up their babies while going to college, having a hectic job while sometimes people can't take care of it even when they have the luxury to stay at home. It depends on a person individually."

I was yet to make peace with the fact that me and Eren wouldn't be staying close in a couple of weeks and now this.

"You have option of termination, Mikasa." I clenched my dress pant tightly. I just wanted to go home and curl up in my bed. I hated this new reality.

"I need some time."

"Of course. Discuss it with your partner first, and then get back to me alright. In the meantime here are some instructions you should follow till then." She passed me a pamphlet and my file as I nodded.

"I have also written some vitamins for you. Call me if you have any more questions." I nodded getting up, eager to leave this suffocating place.

I drove for an hour aimlessly, just trying to clear my head. I had to tell Eren sooner or later. I pulled back my hairs, driving to the one place I felt peace. I parked the car at the side, leaning over the bridge and inhaling the fresh air. To think, that this could be the place where I conceived this baby. I couldn't help but chuckle. First time I didn't use protection, I ended up being pregnant.

I remembered the last time I came here with my family. It was a couple days before the accident. What if I had died in the accident too? I escaped narrowly because I was sitting on the back and other vehicle's impact was fully in front. My family. If only they were still alive. Mom, Dad and... my baby brother. Mom was seven months pregnant when that happened. I wondered what kind of a sister I would have been. Their deaths had changed me a lot. Would I be still this reserved and introverted or would I be a bubbly girl? I couldn't even picture myself with a bright personality.

My hand slowly rested on my belly. There was no sign of bump yet but I could almost feel the

baby inside. My baby. Eren's baby. My heart skipped a beat at that. It was our baby. We made it. I immediately removed my hand, walking back to my car. I couldn't get attached to it. I shouldn't get sentimental. Not when I hadn't made any decision yet. I needed to talk to Eren.

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"How was your test?"

I stared at him blankly, before realizing my lie. Right. The test.

"It went great." I forced a smile. Eren was indulged in some paperwork so he was yet to notice my turmoil. I was glad for the distraction. He had offered me water and some cookies and asked for half an hour to wrap up his work. I definitely needed that time to gather some strength. I am pregnant. Too direct. We are having a baby. No, that would be an automated positive response. He might not like that. I have your bun in my oven. Seriously? Who even used this term now?

Ugh. Frustrated I leaned back, trying to calm down. Would the baby have Eren's eyes or mine? It should have his eyes, they were gorgeous as...no Mikasa! Stop it. Don't think that. Think about your future. Your career. You might have to take a break. You might end up losing your job offer. Heck you could mess up your relationship with Eren. We had only confessed our love few weeks back and now this! It was too much, too sudden. Oh god. My hands started shaking again. Not another attack.

I reached for my throat, feeling the dryness before getting up. Air, I needed air.

"Mikasa! Hey what's wrong? Look at me. I am here." I felt Eren's hand rubbing my arms, whispering soothing words as he told me to take deep breathes. He sang me a lullaby, holding my hands and walking me out of the room. Right. Too crowded inside. He took me to the terrace, telling me a story from our childhood. Reminding me it would all go away. Yes. Yes it would. I felt in touch with my surroundings again. I could make out his form clearly. Tears started building up in my eyes as I burst out crying.

He engulfed me in his arms, kissing my forehead and whispering I love you over and over again. No. I wasn't sure if love was enough for that.

"It's alright. I am here. Shh. It's ok." His words made me cry only harder. His shirt getting stained in my tears now.

"It won't be..." We messed up. I messed up. Now I was going to ruin his life too with a baby. He was just taking the final steps in his dream.

"Sweetheart, it's ok. I am here alright. You will be fine. Shh stop crying. You know I hate seeing you like this." His own voice sounded thick with emotions as I shook my head. I was hurting him.

"You will hate me..." I whimpered burying my face in his chest. I couldn't stand that.

"Nothing in this world can make me hate you, babe. If you killed someone, I will take the blame

for it.” I chuckled between the tears; I didn’t deserve it. One small mistake from me messed up. Why did I forget the pills?

“Talk to me, what’s botheri-“

“I am pregnant.” There. I said it. He knew now. I felt him freeze around me and refused to look into his eyes. I couldn’t face him. He would hate me. I closed my eyes shut, as his hands tightened around me. Hearing no response from him, I continued

“It’s my fault. I forgot my pills. I should have told you. We should have used the condom. Its my fault! I talked to the doctor, its fine, I can abort it if you-“

He pulled back from me, his eyes frantic as they searched mine. Jesus.

“I am so sorry!” I couldn’t control my tears, it was as though a dam had opened inside of me, refusing to be closed.

“Mikasa, calm down first of all.” He wiped off my cheeks, shushing me as I suppressed another sob.

“Come on, lets get you back inside.” We took the elevator this time, the silence deafening as Eren held onto my wrist tightly. His eyes were unreadable and it was scaring me. He gently led me to the couch, passing me a glass of water as I sipped slowly. He was pacing the room to and fro, not looking at me as I sat silently.

“When did you find out?”

“Three days back. I took the test then, and today I went to see my ObGyn. She confirmed it.” He stopped, approaching me before leaning down in front of me.

“What do you want to do, Mikasa?” It was an honest question. I frowned, shaking my head for the umpteenth time today. I didn’t know.

“You are leaving in three weeks. It’s hard enough for me to take so-“

“What does your heart say?”

“My heart is what got us into this situation. I don’t know.” He sighed, taking my hands in his and rubbing soothing circle over my palm.

“I just want you to know, whatever decision you make I will be right here, alright? I know its difficult for you. Fuck, I have no right to say anything in fact. I am not the one who will have to carry the baby.” His eyes flickered momentarily to my stomach as I tried to calm down my racing heart. It was his baby too.

“It’s your baby too. You have every right to tell me what you want.” I reminded him. He was too good. Always keeping me first. He gave me a bittersweet smile looking away. I didn’t like the sadness in his eyes. What did you want Eren?

“First you tell me what you want, then I will.” I inhaled deeply, closing my eyes. Well it should be easier right? We were in no position to have a baby now. It was better if we...oh god.

“I can’t do it...” I blurted out, tear gathering in my eyes again as he stared at me with confusion and heaviness.

“I can’t kill our baby. I can’t, Eren. I can’t!” His hands immediately wrapped around me, rubbing my back. I could never kill this baby. I lost my baby brother. I lost my mom and dad. I wasn’t going to lose my baby too. I wasn’t strong enough for that.

“Thank fuck, Mika! You have no idea how happy I am.” What? Blinking back my tears I broke apart to look at him and found him teary eyed too.

“Do you really think I will ever want to kill someone, which was a part of you?” A hysterical laughter left me as he traced my cheek softly.

“This is just another test we would have to pass together.” I nodded, resting my forehead on his. I felt his hand resting on my stomach as I stared at him.

“We are going to have a baby!” Excitement bubbled his voice, his eyes still glossy as I wiped his tears.

“Yes...Congratulations, daddy.” He smiled widely at the term before leaning down and placing a kiss over my flat stomach.

“I love you so much. You and your mom are my whole world.”

“Baby is too young to hear you.” I reminded him, trying hard not to cry at his soft words. Oh god, the pregnancy hormones were making me a sobbing mess.

“I know. I can’t wait, until she is big enough to listen.”

“She?”

“Yup. It will be a girl.” He said confidently as I raised my eyebrow.

“A girl with your eyes...” I gushed out as he traced my lips.

“And your smile...” I let out the said smile as he kissed me softly, showing me all his love.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.” I answered, loving the feel of his hand over my belly as his eyes shined brightly.

“Congratulations, Mommy...”

PART II: Everything has changed

Chapter Summary

Paris isn't all glitters as Mikasa expected while Eren's dream job does nothing to ease his heartache.

Chapter Notes

As I said in first chapter the story is divided into two parts. First part was more light hearted. Second part is serious and focused more on plot.

The past part here will be in normal text only so don't get confused. I will put the heading to clarify things.

Second part takes place three years after the events of last chapter.

The present ages of Eren and Mikasa are:

Eren: 28

Mikasa: 28

We would be going back and forth from present to three years back to connect the dots.

[Click here to see Eren's look after timeskip.](#)

[Click here to see Mikasa's look after timeskip.](#)

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

It takes place three years after the events of last chapter so don't get confused.

Mikasa's POV

“And, how was the work today? I had seen posters of the upcoming fashion week. Looked intriguing.”

“Work was fine...hectic as always. I didn't know you were interested in catwalks.” A tiny smile spread across Dr. Aubert's lips as she shrugged back her shoulders.

“Now you aren't typecasting me, are you, Miss Ackerman?” I shook my head politely. Why did all therapists have this soothing sweet voice? Was it one of the description for their job? I only had one other therapist back in high school but I only went to her office for two months. After that my panic attacks decreased to minimum, eventually disappearing so there was no need for it. I wondered if I took those sessions for long time, would I still be such a big mess right now?

"I wouldn't dream of it." She let out a slight hum, going through her or rather my file. I had been visiting her every two weeks for past two years and I was finally getting used to talking to someone about my problems.

"Any new developments I should know about?" I sighed, shaking my head once again.

"I didn't have any panic attacks."

"That's good to know. So it makes seven official months without one." She gave me a relieved smile. I was relieved too. When I first came to Paris, I used to have one every two or three weeks, infact I got so used to it that I adapted it as a part of my life. Once I had a breakdown in backstage when one of my colleagues noticed, he was the one who pushed me to go to a therapist.

"Have you been talking to your friends?" I nodded, knowing which friends were she referring to.

"Armin and Sasha mostly. We text most of the time. On weekends they would either call me or we will Skype. Others text me occasionally a month." She kept scribbling down as I played with my fingers, looking outside the window. Her office had a lovely view.

"And your family? Have you told your brother yet?" Another no. He didn't need to know the reason for what happened three years ago. He had his daughter to look after. I didn't want to drag him into my mess. My therapist gave me a disappointing look. She had been pushing me to open to someone about this. Except Armin and Sasha no one else knew about this. This was why I felt comfortable talking to them.

"Its all in the past now. Opening up old wounds wouldn't help anyone." I stated firmly. I hated the sadness which willowed in her eyes. I didn't want anyone's pity.

"And...do you ever think of contacting him? Eren I mean." The name sent chills down my spine as I froze. His name was seldom brought up, mostly by my therapist herself during these sessions. Even though he was in my thoughts all the time but hearing his name made him more alive than ever. I cleared my throat, feeling her penetrating gaze upon me.

"Not after that one time. He doesn't want anything to do with me. He has made it clear."

"I don't think that's the case, Mikasa. He is just badly hurt. And the way you described him...he was really in love with you, wasn't he?" Was. It left a bitter taste in my mouth. But who was I to feel bad? I bought this upon us.

"Yes, he was..." After crying for months my tear duct had all but dried out and I was thankful for that.

"You both need closure. Without it, you can't actually move on with your lives."

"I am moving on. And he has too."

"We both know, it's a lie." I frowned at her, I hated how she was so observant and seemed to know everything. But then again I did tell her my whole life story in past few months. It had taken me time to open up but eventually I did. And I felt light and comparatively a lot better. It was after I opened up about Eren that I stopped having panic attacks. It felt good to tell someone about him. No one at my work knew him and Armin Sasha and others avoided talking about him altogether. He felt alive only during my sessions, one of the reasons I liked coming here was to talk about him. Earlier I had avoided bringing him up altogether but once I did it felt good somewhat. Sure I missed him even more then but reminiscing about our old memories felt good.

“Do you ever plan on going back to New York?”

“I...haven't thought about it.” It was true. I had completely immersed myself in my work here. I didn't want to go there. I hated that place infact. It took everything away from me. My mom, dad, brother, Eren and-

The ringing of the alarm snapped me out of my thoughts as I got up.

“You are always welcome to stay, if you feel like talking more.” I shook my head, two hours were enough for me. Besides I had a thing to attend to after this.

“Have a good day, Mikasa.” We both shook hands before I left her office, taking a peak at my watch. I needed to hurry.

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I sat down on my reserved seat, a little out of breath. I got into the jam and had to rush out of the taxi and walk four blocks to reach here. Atleast I made it on time. The show had just begun as models started walking out, parading in the summer collection as I clapped with the others. My eyes wandered around, searching for my friend and I realized he might be backstage. Well then.

An hour later I walked back into the dressing room, siding past the models and makeup artist and let out a smile on finding him raising a glass to everyone. His eyes met mine as he let out a huge grin.

“Ahh there you are, my Asian goddess!”

“How many times have I told you to stop calling me that, Onye?” He moved forward, hugging me as I congratulated him on his first show. It was definitely a success if the buzz around was anything to go by.

“Give me a minute. Then we will go out and grab some lunch. I am starving.” I nodded, standing aside and waiting for him to pack his things. Onyakapun was my only friend in Paris strictly speaking. Rest were just colleagues plus I had no interest in befriending anyone at all. Onye was persistent and we shared traumatic history so we bonded over that. Like me he had lost his family young too but unlike me, he didn't have the privilege of someone like Levi taking care of him as he was passed into various foster homes which were barely tolerable. Despite being through many difficulties he had come very far and still maintained smile and a positive attitude which was less then what I could say about me. I liked his company genuinely. He was funny, didn't pry much and was wise nonetheless. We walked together to our favorite eating place before placing an order of croissant and some rolls.

“Look at the arse on that one.” He whistled eyeing the guy standing near the counter as I rolled my eyes. As much as I liked his British accent he could be really loud sometimes. Just like me he was a foreigner here as well, working for Kiyomi's firm.

“I could lick the whip cream out of his cr-“

“Don't you dare finish that sentence!” I gave him my signature glare as he let out a guilty smile.

Did I mention he was super gay?

“Aww come on, you have to admit he is hot. If he is straight you can have him.”

“I am not interested in dating.” It wasn’t the first time I had said that to him. He had tried to hook me up with a lot of people but I wasn’t simply interested.

“You never are. Excuse me for this, but your ex couldn’t possibly be hotter than these french guys?” He never used Eren’s name in front of me, preferring to refer him as my ex and I found it more suitable. He didn’t know much except that we were in love and broke up. I had sort of told him that one night after having some beer. Thankfully I didn’t spill more tea. He had no clue first hand how close me and Eren were. I was able to open up about my deceased family but Eren...I couldn’t. I scrolled through my gallery before stopping on an old photo and turned it in his direction as his jaw dropped.

“That....” He gaped as I nodded with pursed lips. I would do anything to get him off my back with this dating thing. Even if it meant showing him Eren’s picture.

“That is a very tasty dish...Damn girl I would be hooked too.” Yes. Eren had me hooked for lifetime and beyond. No one could compare to him.

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Three years ago

Third Person POV

“Mikasa, let me get that! What do you think you are doing, babe?” He snatched the box from her hand before keeping it aside as she blinked simply.

“I am pregnant not physically disabled.”

Of course he paid no attention to that. Over the span of past three weeks he had become more protective of Mikasa and treated her as if she was a fragile being. Even though she loved his caring attitude, he was kind of overdoing it.

“You have me for this. You are not doing any heavy lifting.” He stated simply, passing on the boxes to the movers. He was leaving for Maryland tomorrow but he had already sent most of the stuff beforehand. His apartment was all but empty with only the items of necessities remaining. Even though it upset her a lot, Eren had promised to visit every weekend. Mikasa still had over one month before leaving for her job in Paris. The baby hadn’t changed a thing and Eren didn’t want her to compromise anything. He was already making arrangements for taking long drawn leave starting her seventh month by filling in for overtime since day one. Even though she hated the toll it was going to take on him she wanted him there with her during the pregnancy. He would already be missing four months of it anyways. Their situation was certainly not easy but they had somehow decided how to manage it. Eren’s residency was going to last for three years after which they both would be moving back to New York. As much as Mikasa loved Paris she didn’t want to bring up

their baby in some foreign land. She was going to move back to states but until then they would have to depend on the to and fro travelling. She had decided to fly to him as much as she could during that duration as her job would be more flexible compared to his. And she didn't want anything to interrupt his practice. Eren was the best and she didn't want that to change.

"This feels weird." Mikasa looked up at Eren as his eyes took in the almost empty space. He had this flat on rent anyways so it was not like he could keep it. They already needed to save all the money for the baby. Eren knew that if he told his family, his mom and dad would be eager to lend him some cash but it was his family and he wanted to care of them himself.

"When are we going to tell everyone?" Mikasa murmured turning in his arms as his hand rested over her still flat stomach. Nine weeks was still too early for the bump.

"Not for a while. Give it a week or two atleast." They would have to tell everyone, specially their families before she had to leave. Speaking of which...the prospect of working in that city had always excited her but after being with Eren and especially after learning about the baby she dreaded going there. She had one offer in New York too. If she took it things would be much easier.

"This will all be much simpler if I stayed here."

"We talked about this already, Mikasa. You are not compromising anything."

"Its not a compromise, Eren. I want to!" He shook his head. It was all her maternal instincts talking. He hated being apart from his baby too but they had made a promise that no matter what happened they would achieve their goal. Eren knew that if he offered to leave this residency program Mikasa would be furious so how could he ask her to do the same?

"How about this? You take a month to test it out in Paris. If the work is horrible you can come back." Mikasa pondered on it before nodding slowly. Eren didn't want her to come back, he just wanted her to stop talking about this topic now. She was taking a lot of stress which wouldn't be good for the baby.

"Anyways before I forget, you have to come at Dellis club tonight. Don't ask why."

"Armin is throwing me a going away party isn't he?" Mikasa nodded raising a guilty shoulder. It was supposed to be a surprise but his friend hadn't been subtle at all with questions like what are you doing Thursday night? Don't have any plans. Do you still like whiskey neat or scotch with rocks would do? Subtle as an elephant in the room. Even so...Eren put on his best surprised face two days later. Armin, Jean, Reiner, Connie, Sasha, Historia, Bertholt, Annie even Ymir was there.

"This feels like a high school reunion."

Everyone laughed as he exchanged complimentary hugs with them. The champagne was popped open as Mikasa guided him to the round table with a three layered cake made of his favorite blueberry flavor. Dr Eren Yeager was scribbled on top of it with a small statute of what he assumed was him lying in the center. Applauds rounded the room as he blew the candles and cut the cake before feeding the first piece to Mikasa. She did the same putting some over his nose as he kissed her squarely on the lips.

"Get a room!" Ymir called out from the back as he finally broke apart from Mikasa with a laugh. Rest of his evening was spent mingling and chatting with everyone. Eren was glad for this as who knew when he would get to meet everyone like this again? Maybe at someone's wedding. Perhaps his and Mikasa's. He looked at her and found her chatting with Historia as a small smile spread across his lips. He would propose to her soon and they would be married first thing when they

move to NY three years later. He would have loved proposing her now itself but he didn't want her to think it was because of the baby. So he decided to slow it down. Although they were already having a baby which was as far as you could go from taking things slow as possible.

"Come on, Mikasa. At least have one glass. It's your boyfriend's party you gotta taste some liquor." Mikasa declined again, putting a scowl on Ymir's face. She had made an excuse of avoiding alcohol due to the new diet plan she was following but she wouldn't have guessed that her friends would be so pushy. So far Jean, Reiner, Ymir, Annie and even Armin had coaxed her to drink some.

"I hope you are not bothering my girlfriend too much, Ymir." Eren's voice boomed from the back as his arms encircled her waist and she felt his lips on her neck.

"Your girlfriend wouldn't have any drink. Did you turn her into such a dud?" Mikasa furrowed her eyebrows, not liking the term as Eren glared at Ymir.

"Don't ever call her that! Historia, are you sure you wanna spend the rest of your life with her?" The petite blonde in question gave a firm nod before wrapping her hand around her fiancé's. They had gotten engaged earlier this month which wasn't surprising as they had been a couple for so long.

"You guys behave. And, babe, it's Eren's day, lay off of him for once." Ymir grumbled something before pulling Historia with her to the dance floor. Eren let out a relieved sigh before turning his girlfriend in his arms, placing a kiss on the top of her head as he lent out a hand.

"May I have this dance, Miss?" He bowed down courteously as Mikasa bit back a smile and nodded. She took his hand as the duo walked to the center. They did the customary dance for a while, well as best as they could with Mikasa's sloppy foot work.

"I am not getting good at this, am I?" Eren chuckled in response as Mikasa placed her head on his chest and he enveloped her closer to his body, grooving slowly to the beat instead.

"I am gonna miss you..." She admitted as his grip turned more possessive. His mouth leaving small kisses on side of her face. He was leaving tomorrow. Things were going to change here on.

"I am gonna miss you too." She lifted her head, getting on her toes to catch his lips as she moved her mouth slowly against his. It was sweet, soft but nonetheless displayed their feelings for each other.

"Should we leave now?" He murmured against her mouth, they had been here for couple hours already and his friends were too busy getting hammered or talking to pay much attention to them. It was his last night and he wanted to make love to his beautiful girlfriend. She nodded with hooded eyes pulling his hand as they left from the back door but not before he texted Armin he was leaving and thanked him for everything he did tonight. His best friend deserved that at least.

Their lips tangled together in a molten kiss, his body pressing hers against the door as he locked it behind. They had made it back to his place in a record time, their body burning with heat and need for each other as they entangled in the sexy dance. Mikasa discarded her bra, revealing her perky nipples to Eren as he greedily took them in his mouth, latching at them, playing and nibbling on her soft skin. She moaned and moved her hand to tear his shirt as he grabbed her wrist.

"What..." Her voice came out breathless as he took two steps back and moved his nimble finger to undo the buttons. Mikasa was burning up and she didn't have time to take in his strip tease.

“Fucking hell, Eren! You either rip off that shirt, or I am going to rip off your cock!” She warned him with a flare in her eyes which he found sexy. He didn’t listen though as his hand undid the last button revealing his muscular torso to her hungry eyes.

“I wanted to show you something...” Mikasa heard him in the midst of her lust clouded vision as he removed his shirt. Her eyes automatically went to his chest first because she loved watching the tattoo which resembled her. She loved....Wait...her eyes widened, spotting the italic scribbling parallel to the tattoo as she let out a gasp.

“Is that?” He nodded, as she shakingly brought her hand to trace the new ink on his chest. Mikasa. It was her name displayed on top of his chest. Proudly announcing who owned his heart.

“This will always belong to you...” Tears welled up in her eyes as she pulled him closer and kissed him so passionately it hurt.

“I love you so much! You are half of my soul..” She tearfully confessed against his lips as he crushed her body to his, never wanting to let her go.

“Yes. You own me...” Her nails raked down his back, pushing him against the wall as she made a quick work of the rest of their clothes, discarding them before pushing his thick cock inside of her. They made love against the wall, on the couch and finally on his bed as Mikasa rid him as hard as she could, rolling her hips against his.

She loved how his hand caressed her stomach so gently amidst the rough way she was moving up and down on him. Ever since he found out she was pregnant he was gentle with her. His grip light, his bites not too rough. It was Mikasa who did all the damage, coloring his body with red welts, making his mouth swell with her deep kisses.

She was overly sensitive due to the pregnancy as she came hard, squeezing his cock with her muscles and coating them in the aftermath of her orgasm. She got up and started jerking him off in her hands as he groaned cursing loudly before releasing himself in the softness of her palm.

She wiped off her hand before lying on his side as they both breathed heavily, coming down from their high.

“I was planning to make love to you sweetly not...this.” Mikasa snorted at his admittance staring at him from the corner of her eyes.

“No...I wanted to feel you ripping my pussy open. But, you made me do all the work.”

“Mikasa, Can you not be this crass?” She raised her eyebrow at his pleading tone. Did she mention that he had cut off on the dirty talk significantly as he found it weird with their baby inside her. She had told him the baby couldn’t hear anything but no he was trying to be all proper and respectful. Now he would whisper you are beautiful instead of come on my cock babe. As much as Mikasa loved this mushy side of him, she loved it more when he went feral on her. Deciding to push him, she leaned on her elbow.

“But I want to, Eren. I miss when you would grab my hairs and make me fuck your thick cock with my mouth like a slut.” His breath hitched as she continued, trailing her finger over his scratched chest. She really did a number on him didn’t she?

“Or the way you will fuck my ass with your cock and use the bloody dildo to fuck my pussy.”

“Jesus....stop it.” He grabbed the sheets underneath, biting his lip as she saw him getting hard again. Good.

“It's Mikasa not Jesus. And as I was saying...oh yes, And I absolutely loved it, when you came all over my face making me lick your come clean...god you taste so good.” His hand clamped around her mouth shutting her up as his eyes burned ferociously into hers. Oh yes! She wanted him out of control.

“Turn around.” He ordered gruffly as she sat and turned on all fours, exposing her pretty ass to him. He got behind her, grazing her ass with his hardness before pulling her hair back to growl in her ears.

“You asked for it!” She bit her lip wiggling her ass against his cock as he let out harsh filthy curses before thrusting inside her in one quick motion. And then it was all about urgency, it was raw and dirty as he whispered things which made her burn with pure lust and a bit of shame. He didn't hold back on fucking her both verbally and physically.

After he made her come in a toe curling-eyes rolling back in her head, kinda way he collapsed beside her, his hand immediately going to her belly, as he whispered with a shush.

“I am so sorry, sweetie. Your mom is a monster. She forced me to it.” Mikasa threw her head back and laughed, her whole body shaking with laughter as he threw her a dirty look. He was so fucking cute.

“I hate you...”

“I love you too.” She threw him a kiss before closing her eyes with exhaustion. She felt his warm body enveloping her soon as he buried his head against her neck whispering.

“I love you more...”

The next day was heavy and tear-jerking for Mikasa as she got ready to bid him goodbye.

Eren's father, mother and Armin showed up too as they gathered around his car. The place was only three hours away so he was driving there. Armin had decided to go with him. Mikasa wanted to as well but she had an important exam tomorrow. She needed to focus on that. As if she would be able to focus at all after it. She was just glad that she had studied everything beforehand.

Eren felt like he was going to college again with the way his parents gave him a proud smile before hugging him. His mom's hug lasted longer as she placed kiss on either side of his cheek. Geez.

“I am so proud of you, my baby.” He smiled saying I love you to her and breaking apart before finally moving to the love of his life. He could see how she was trying too hard to hold back her tears, pasting a smile instead as he leaned his forehead against hers.

“It's just five days. I will come back on Saturday. You know that right.” She nodded as he wrapped his arms tightly around her, kissing her with every ounce of love he held for her. He could see a snap going off and realized his mother must be snapping their pictures which was very disturbing but he didn't break apart from her. She was the one who pulled away first, her eyes filling with tears as he buried his face in her neck, whispering so only she could hear.

“I love you so much. Take care of yourself and our little princess alright. Call me anytime, I will be there I promise.”

“I love you too.” She cried out a little louder than him, her pregnancy hormones making her a mess.

“Take her with you Eren!” He wasn't surprised to find his mom sobbing as she buried her face in

her dad's chest who chuckled in response. With a last lingering kiss he got into the car, his eyes staying on Mikasa's until she disappeared. Fuck he couldn't live without her. He pressed his palm to his eyes, trying not to cry as Armin's voice interrupted him.

"It will be fine, Eren. If anyone is strong enough to get through it, it's you guys." Eren wished he could agree. He missed her already. Fuck he was going to miss his baby's first kick, her bump, what if she felt unwell who would look after her?

"Jesus, Eren... Are you ok?" He didn't realize he was crying until his best friend stopped the car on side and patted his shoulder. He needed someone to be there for her.

"Mikasa is pregnant." He felt Armin freezing beside him, looking confused and shocked as he narrated him the whole thing. He and Mikasa had agreed to wait a while but still he wanted someone to check on her when he couldn't be with her. God what he was going to do when she went to Paris? Who would take care of her there? Maybe he should just quit? Or tell her to accept the New York offer. Or maybe he should tell her to move in with him and take a year's break. No. He wasn't selfish.

"I will look after her ok...just...stay calm. She will be fine. She is the strongest woman I know." He nodded with hesitation, wiping off his eyes as he sat straight. He was such a wimp, crying like that.

"Oh and congratulations by the way. I am going to be an uncle! And godfather am I right?" His friend asked, cocking up his head as Eren laughed and nodded. Of course if he trusted anyone with their kids life it was Armin.

He felt much better and lighter now, telling someone the secret as the rest of the journey went smoothly for him.

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Present day

Eren's POV

My hand slammed on the alarm clock on the very first ring, effectively shutting it off. I was up already anyways. I always got up before the bloody alarm could go off. I wondered why I still put on the alarm, maybe it was because I was afraid I was going to fucking pass out one of these days due to my negligent sleep. I had become an insomniac. On my best days I could sleep for five hours, on regular days I would barely sleep for three. But I was used to this new routine by now. Who needed sleep anyways? Sleeping meant dreams and my dreams were mostly plagued by her. After brushing my teeth I made myself a cup of coffee before doing my regular half hour of yoga. Another thing which reminded me of her but I did it anyways because it had some wonderful benefits. I hit the gym after that, working on my abs and shoulders today as I discarded my tank shirt. It was so bloody hot! I could feel the lingering glances of people around me but I ignored them as I was used to it by now. If I was not working I was at the gym or in my boxing classes. I needed a place to vent to and let out my frustrations, working out was the only way I could deal

with it in a healthy manner. My trainer had recommended me the boxing classes after I 'unintentionally' kicked the shit out of two fuckers here. He said I had anger issues. Tell me something I didn't know.

I took upon his offer as I got to punch the living daylight out of someone without getting fir lodged against me. I wasn't this violent unless the person in front of me provoked me. After burning up my body as much as I could, I took a thorough shower before getting ready for the hospital. Work hours weren't as hectic in the fellowship program. I had passed my residency with flying colors not that I ever doubted that. I was good at what I did. I wasn't being cocky it was a fact. Every damn white collar in the hospital knew my name and held mad respect for me. I was their prodigy. I received a lot of praise on daily basis from my superiors.

As if I gave a fuck what they thought. I didn't do it to receive compliments from some pot bellied baldy. Work was the only thing left in my life. I liked saving lives and helping people. Once I had been helpless in saving someone who was my entire being so with every life I saved I felt like it was a tribute to my little angel.

"Miss Grace, what is the latest stat on my 102?" I asked the nurse as I reached my office, pulling off my jacket and grabbing my patient's report.

"Mr Peterson received his usual 50 mg Zoloft and Vicodin. No new changes were observed. Pupils are 4 mm and briskly reactive to light. Visual acuity is 20/20 bilaterally. Although the headaches were a 8 on scale of 10 as rated by him."

I nodded turning the pages to follow up on my procedure when I noticed the nurse was still standing there, her gaze fixated on my bicep. Great. This was why I refrained from wearing short sleeves. My full length shirts were in the laundry so I had no choice. I pulled on my white coat finally snapping her out of her haze as she nervously tried to look away. Too late.

"Miss Grace, you get paid to do your bloody job not ogle the doctors." She stuttered turning red before apologizing profusely and darting. Thank goodness. I wanted someone else to report me. I wasn't fucking tolerating a ditzy nurse.

"Good grief, what did you say to her?" It was one of the resident Doctor who entered the room as I simply raised my eyebrow before shrugging.

"You need to hire more competent nurses. She just wasted forty seconds of my time." I didn't wait for the reply before rushing out of there. I wasn't interested in talking to anyone unless it was about work.

I approached my patient's room with a polite knock as he looked up at me from behind his glass, giving a weak smile. He was straining a lot. I went through his MRI report assessing it. It was a clear case of R IIIrd nerve palsy. I narrated him the most vital option.

"A lumbar puncture will be performed to assess pressure and CSF will be then sent for cell count. You will have your glucose and hemoglobin A1C drawn to evaluate for diabetes, and remain in close observation for 24 hrs, where I will be checking up on you every 4 hrs."

At his blank gaze I cleared my throat. Right.

"We will have to extract some of your spinal fluid and send it for diagnostics. Its easy and not very painful. Once the reports are in we can pinpoint the exact problem." He nodded this time, understanding some of the medical mumbo jumbo as I paged Dr. Richardson to send him the follow-up. I couldn't wait until my fellowship was over and I was in the full command. Just two years more.

I got my lunch break at 2 pm. A little late than usual as I went out for smoking first. I sighed with content blowing the first puff of my cigarette as I stared out of the window. Thank god they made the staircase smoke prone zone. I wasn't addicted to smoking, I liked doing it purely for pleasure sometimes. I knew it wasn't healthy, I should know better being a bloody doctor but screw that. Who wanted to live till their seventies anyways?

"Dr Yeager, fancy seeing you here!" I didn't have to look up to know who it was. Charles was in the same program as me, although my field was neurology and his was...I had no fucking clue. This guy was too friendly and loud for my taste.

"How does it feel like? You know...dragging that. I have never smoked before." He looked at the cigarette in my mouth as I blinked. Was he expecting an answer? Did he not know who I was?

"It's harmful for your lungs. You should refrain from that." He continued after no response from me. No shit Sherlock. Just to taunt him I took a long drag blowing right onto his face as he coughed backing away.

"Good god, you are horrible!"

"Piss off, Karen." He talked like one with his nasally voice and 'getting offended at every little thing' attitude.

"My name is not Karen. Why are you so mean?" I tried not to roll my eyes. What was it? Third grade?

"The only reason you aren't fired yet despite being such a huge asshole is because you are a good Doctor. Why are you even a Doctor if you hate people so much huh?" I pinched my nose, getting irritated by his whining as I turned to him. He had his hands clenched as they rested on his side. I looked down at him narrowing my eyes as he took a step back.

"Listen carefully, Karen because I will say it only once. I am here to work not make small talks or friends. If I wanted that, I would have participated in the fucking gossip room. And you are wrong I am not good, I am great at this bloody job! You wanna know the reason why? It's because I fucking do my work not put my nose into other people's business. You might wanna take some pointers, if you ever want to complete this program." He looked visibly pale as his skinny frame shook like a leaf. Jesus. I hoped he wouldn't cry.

"Grab some Kleenex before the lunch break ends. You might wanna use that."

He stumbled back, climbing the stairs but turned before he could reach the door eyeing me one last time.

"You weren't this rude when we first started working here. Somebody hurt you, and you are taking it out on everyone now." He was gone in a flash as I threw my cigarette before crushing it below my feet. Hurt huh? I had learned my lesson first hand what loving someone more than your own existence could do to you? Fucking human emotions. You bared yourself to someone and they would leave you like the dust under their shoe. No matter how much you groveled or got on your knees for them. Unconsciously my fingers moved to the last text she sent me a year ago.

Eren, I am so sorry for everything back then. Can we talk? I want to start over. Give me a chance to explain.

I snorted. Explain. Did she really think a text message could solve anything? I had not bothered replying to her of course and blocked her number. She had tried reaching out to me through Armin

Sasha heck even Jean but I told them to fuck off or I would be done with them as well. They didn't bother me after that. Yeah I was a dick tell me something new. I hated what happened to us.

I hated how she didn't fight for us and left. But most importantly I hated how I still loved her despite everything. She had me under a spell. There was no other explanation. I hated her but I loved her more and I was afraid that if she ever returned I would either end up destroying her or destroy myself falling for her again.

Chapter End Notes

Please read the summary and top note to be clarified.

Changing Perspective

Chapter Summary

Mikasa makes a big decision while Eren sees the shadows of his past in new interns.

Chapter Notes

Present age

Eren: 28

Mikasa: 28

Falco: 21

Gabi: 21

Mikasa's POV

“As always, you never fail to impress me, Mikasa.” A polite nod was all I could manage as Kiyomi praised me. The couture collection overseen and designed under my supervision was a huge success. It's launch had been nothing short of marvelous and it was deemed to cash in some good profit as well as popularity. We even got the A line models to walk the floor. In all seriousness I should be pleased with myself but I didn't feel it. Standing in the midst of this high profile party with many celebrity invites and top designers any person would feel on a high ground but I didn't. I had been working here for around three years now, my dream job in my dream city. This was what I wanted right? I should have been happy I was climbing up the ladders high. But I only felt emptiness. My eyes fell on Onyakapun who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself talking to the male model from today's show. He definitely loved this job. I could see it in his eyes but not me.

This was more of a chore for me, almost mechanical. Sure it succeeded in keeping me busy and distracted with what a mess my life was but still. I slammed down my wine glass before deciding to exit through the back door. I couldn't take it any more.

The high profile events, the high society interactions, phony smiles, mixing up with peoples that wasn't me. I hated fame or people in general. They were all selfish, willing to spit on their partners if opportunity arose. So why was I doing this?

It didn't take me long to drive back to my apartment as I quickly changed into my casual sleepwear before making myself a coffee. I put on the A night at the Opera in the speakers as I sipped on my cup. A smile tugged at my lips as I remembered how much Eren used to love this album. I had purchased a lot of metal rock album over the past three years. I used to hate them with passion other than Backstreet boys of course but Eren loved them. Listening to him singing the verses all

time somehow got me into it. If he saw me sitting here and listening to Queens he would probably have a stroke. Love really changed people huh. I always tried to remember the happy days we spent together when I looked back at our memory and not focus on the last seven days of hell.

Sleep was far away from my head so I decided to do the only thing which kept me alive these days. I rushed back to my home office, more like a storage room which was piled up with stuff before pulling out the canvas and my paint oils and brushes.

I pulled the painting I had been doing for past few months. I had never been this thorough before, working on every detail as I was now. Leaf green eyes pierced back at me as I smiled. I didn't want to draw him from a picture of his so I solely used my visual memory to paint him.

Just like few other nights, I spent next few hours painting, pouring out my emotions. Doing this I felt I was still connected to him in a way. I smoothed out the edges before finally stopping for the day. I wanted to scooch in some sleep as I had my nine o'clock appointment tomorrow.

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"So, painting gives you liberation?"

"More than my job." It was an honest answer.

My therapist adjusted her glasses before looking up at me.

"You never speak of your job in a positive tone, I have noticed. Why are you doing it, Mikasa?"
Right. Should I be honest? I mean that's why I was paying her right? To listen to me for two hours and give some useful insight.

"Because, this is what I thought I always wanted. I was good at it, and I liked it, but now...my interest is dissipating everyday. The only good thing about it is the pay."

"It doesn't matter how good you are at something, if you don't love it what's even the point? You stuck to this ever since your teens, because this was what you were good at. You didn't try to look into other options. You didn't take the risk and decided to remain in this shell." I didn't know what to say. She was right it was in my comfort zone so I stuck with it.

A "you saying that I should quit?"

"That's something you will have to decide on your own. Mikasa,...you know the pattern I noticed in every decision you made."

I blinked, shrugging my shoulders asking her to continue as she tapped the pen on her pad.

"You are scared. You are scared to take chances. You hate seeing things get out of your control. You hate spontaneity. You try to remain in your safe zone where you can control things, where you have a whole five year plan."

I bit my lip. I couldn't argue with it. She was right even though I hated admitting it.

"I guess, I am a bit control freak and uptight."

"And it's not just your job, Mikasa. Every relationship you had you planned it. You went into it with full control but then with, Eren...with him it was anything but that. You guys winged it and let it play out as it comes. This is why you were the happiest when you were with him. And this is why you left as well."

I tensed, rubbing my shoulders and looking away. I hated being reminded of that time but I had to. I had to remember it every damn time I came here.

"You were struck by an unexpected tragedy and you couldn't take it. Things spiraled out of your control too soon too fast--"

"Please stop now." I dug my nails into the sofa chair. She didn't listen to me.

"You realised your plan was this job, this Paris. Eren and the baby weren't in it. They messed up your whole plan."

"Its not true."

"And you wanted to get back to how things were when you could control it. When you didn't have to suffer any new loss again and fall in love."

"I am telling you that's not true."

"And you regretted falling in love with him, because he ruined all your safely led pla--"

"I SAID STOP IT! FUCKING STOP!" I stood up from my seat with an angry clench of my wrist as Ms. Aubert followed me. She was shocked as she held her notepad close to her. I glared at her, taking two steps forward.

"The one thing in my life, I will never regret is falling in love with him! I didn't leave him because he messed up with my plan, I left because he deserved better! He deserved better than a mess like me! It was my mistake I got pregnant, it was my mistake, I lost our baby! It was my mistake, he lost his child and he got hurt! He didn't deserve that! He deserved someone who could be more open with him! who didn't have fucked up mental issues! Who didn't tamper his life goal with her plan! It was my fault he had to do the overtime, drive six hours back and forth every week to visit me! He was supposed to be the best, award winning doctor and guess what? He is doing brilliantly now, because I am not there. I was bad for him!" My body was trembling now as I tried not to cry. Dammit! I thought my tears had dried out. I didn't protest as Miss Aubert pulled me in a gentle comforting hug. She let me go after few seconds as I stood taller, wiping off the tears and trying to be normal. As normal as a fucked up person like me could get.

"Mikasa, sit down. Have some water first." I ran my fingers through my hair, slumping down on her couch as she poured some water from the jug.

"Thanks." I drank it in a gulp and refused to meet her eyes as I stared at my lap. She was quiet for a while, probably giving me some time to pull myself together. I was as together as I could be.

"If Eren ever loved you half of as much you do, then he is hurting more than you are." Of course I knew that I hurt him. I wanted to apologize but he didn't give me the chance. Maybe that was for the better. Maybe I deserved it for pulling him into this mess. I just hoped he had moved on and was happy now.

"You also got your dream job but are you happy? No. What guarantee do you have, that he is

enjoying his work? What makes you think he doesn't miss you like you do? You have burdened yourself with too much baggage. I made you say that all before." I frowned as she continued. "I wanted to hear it from your mouth and I was right. You blame yourself for everything. Even your parents death, don't you." I froze, feeling bile rise up my throat.

"None of it was your fault. Your parents drove that day, it was their choice, You can't feel guilty because you were the one who made it out alive. Do you think your parents want that for you? Eren wanted to be with you, it was his choice. You can't blame yourself for the decisions others make. If a person flee to his home to meet his family and he died in an aircrash do you think his family should be guilty for asking him to visit them? Do you think it was their fault? Every time a doctor can't save a patient's life, do you think they deserve to live in the pool of guilt forever?" I shook my head.

"You have to stop taking the blame for others actions. You have to start living for yourself. What makes you happy, Mikasa, do it. You deserve it. Everything may not go as planned. Things might get ugly but you have to start seeing the beauty in it. You have to be more optimistic. Don't just breathe, live! You deserve better."

I let out a smile which reached my eyes as they glimmered with emotions. She was right. Maybe I couldn't change my past but I definitely could change my future now.

That's what mom and dad would have wanted right. I left her office today with a slightly less heavy heart and a hopeful smile. It was time for me to take risks.

"This is...I mean...Wow!" Onyakapun exclaimed staring with a gasp at my collection of the paintings as I sighed with relief. I had invited him over to my place in evening.

"Do you think it is worth something?"

"Yeah it is...it's holy crap these are really good! Girl, how come you never told me you are a brilliant painter! I thought we were friends." He pouted with a disapproving look as I chuckled.

"This is why, I invited you over. To tell you everything about me." His features relaxed as I traced the wooden border of my work.

"And I need help hooking up with some galleries here. Maybe we can go tomorrow, you are free right?"

"But, tomorrow you have that meeting at--"

"Don't bother with it. I quit my job."

"WHAT?" I ignored his jaw struck expression as I guided him to the sofa, ready to pour out everything I had been bottling up inside for years.

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Three years ago

Third Person POV

“So babe,...how do you like this?” Mikasa stood there with a blank expression as she took in the sight in front of her. She had been excited for Eren to visit this week but she had no idea he wouldn't be coming alone. His car was stuffed with baby products. Toys, mini tub, rattler, bouncer even a bloody crib!

“What the hell is this, Eren?” She finally broke the silence as he gave her an innocent smile. Why did he have to look so damn adorable doing that?

“I went to the retail store ok and there was sale on this baby products! And they were so cute don't you agree?”

“Eren! How the hell am I supposed to carry this huge crib on my plane?”

“Well many babies travel-“

“Without a baby! I am not even three months pregnant!”

“Ok...I think I got a little too excited.” He seemed a little crestfallen now as Mikasa sighed before walking over to him. She took his hand in hers as he pursed his lips.

“I know you are excited and I am too. But I think we should take it step by step right? We don't need to buy the baby stuff right away.”

“I messed up, didn't I? Great. I am gonna be a terrible father.”

She shushed him by her finger, tracing her hand over his cheek. He had such a soft skin.

“You will be a great father. And its fine. I mean they are all great. It's just it's too much stuff. Well thankfully your apartment still has till the months end.” He nodded, he had kept the apartment for another month until Mikasa left as well. Since the place was almost barren with exception of some items of necessity like bed, table, chair, there was plenty of space for baby stuff to go. He was really pumped for the baby huh. Mikasa was excited as well but her excitement led her to buying a couple parenting books. Not this...

“We have the appointment at 3 o'clock. Dr Parker is back from her vacation.” Her obgyn was out of the city for a while so they couldn't get the sonogram done before.

“That's great! I can't wait for it.” Mikasa let out a fond smile at her lovable boyfriend.

Several months back if anyone told her Eren would be this in love with her and eager to have this baby she would have laughed out and roasted them for making such a bad joke. But now...it was so surprising how far he had come. They were practically a family now. Sometimes Mikasa wondered were they moving too fast? They were still very young and their career had just taken off.

But she wouldn't trade this for anything. She lost her family once but now she was having a family of her own. Don't get her wrong, she loved her brother Levi but he had his own daughter to take care of. His own life. She lived with him for years but the sense of belonging and warmth she felt when she was with Eren, she didn't feel it with anyone else. It had always been him.

His eyes met hers then and he gave her a goofy grin before going back to keeping all the items in

the bedroom. He was such a big sof- wait...was that a pacifier in his hands? Mikasa wasn't even surprised anymore now as she let out a chuckle. Well atleast she would only have to do the cloth shopping then.

An hour later they were in the hospital room as Mikasa lied on the hospital bed. She felt a bit discomfort at the probe inserted inside her vagina. Eren sensed her uneasiness as he rubbed her arm.

"Does it hurt?" She shook her head, adjusting the gown. Even though it was only Eren she didn't want some nurse to walk in and get a peek at her vagina.

"No. Just feels strange." He raised his eyebrow before changing the topic to his first week at work, trying to get her mind off the weird feeling. He was in the midst of telling her about his first patient just as the doctor walked in.

"Good afternoon, Mikasa, how are you?"

"I am good. This is Eren. My boyfriend." She introduced them as they shook hands.

"Its nice to meet you." Miss Parker started working on the machine, setting it up and Mikasa tapped her fingers nervously. She was about to see her baby. Could they even see the baby this early? Miss Parker turned to them and pointed towards the screen.

"Ok. Everything looks good. Here's your uterus." She pointed to the image on the screen as Mikasa sat up straight.

"And right here..." The doctor pointed towards a spot as she squinted. "Is your baby." She felt Eren's hands clasp around her as they looked at the tiny blob on the screen.

It was...so tiny. She held back a gasp.

"She is like a prume...but much cuter." Eren whispered as she felt herself tearing up again. His hand came around her and rubbed her back as her doctor got up.

"I will give you two some space." It was when she left the room that Mikasa buried her head on Eren's shoulder, overwhelmed by this.

"Wow...we made that huh." She nodded along with him as they sat there next couple minutes staring at the baby.

Mikasa still felt jitters as they exited the hospital later. Seeing the baby made it much real now. She already loved it more than anything. She was surprised Eren didn't tear up like she did at the sight. Or maybe he shed some when he excused himself to the washroom.

"How are you feeling now?" Eren asked her once they were back at his place again. He had made some coffee, decaf for her and normal with him along with some bacons. She was craving them a lot since past few days and who was he to deny her wish.

"Good. Really good." He smoothed the hairs away from her face as he sat beside her.

Mikasa was much better than him at handling emotions, atleast that's what he thought. He had to stop himself from breaking down into tears with happiness back in the hospital. God he was such a wimp, crying so easily. Now that he was grown up he would have thought he got over his annoying habit of crying like a baby but nope. He still had his moments. Atleast Mikasa had pregnancy hormones as an excuse for her tears.

“Did you come up with any name yet?” He was surprised to hear this from Mikasa as he was sure he would be the one bringing it up.

“It’s kind of early for the name don’t you think?” She gave him a look as if to say are you kidding me?

“Eren, you seriously want me to believe you haven’t thought of any name? You emptied the whole toy shop!” Right. He gave her a sheepish smile before scrolling through his phone and opening the document where he had scribbled down some baby names.

“Ok fine. I came up with a few.” She raised her eyebrows, an amused look on her face as she prompted him to continue.

“Charlotte, Annalise, Helena, Marta, Alliso-“

“These are all girls name. I know you are hell bent on having a girl, but what if it’s a boy?”

Eren didn’t want boys. They were trouble makers, naughty and what if his son was a brat like he used to be? How would he deal with that? He would much rather have an angel daughter who was like her mother. Calm, cute and very mature.

“Why don’t you come up with the boys name? I will do the girls.” Mikasa frowned before finally saying fine as she browsed through the internet. Eren was curious to know what kind of names she liked.

“Ok here’s what I came up with.” He sat straight as she announced after a while, reading out the ones she had chosen.

Travis, Arnold, Brian, Nick, Kev-“

“Are you reciting the names of your favorite singers?” She feigned innocence as Eren simply massaged his head. Right.

“Doesn’t matter though, because it will be a girl.”

“It could be a boy. And you should get familiar with Nick because that’s my top pick.”

“Nick is such a dull name. You should get used to the name Helena because that is my top pick.”

“Helena really? Are we having a fifty year old?” He took offense at that as he folded his arms across his chest, Mikasa followed suit as he scoffed.

“Helena sounds like a name which is memorable. But what is Nick? We would like to bestow this honor on Mr. Nick. Pssh. It’s such a drab name!” Maybe he was being petty but screw Nick. He didn’t want his son to be named after the blonde haired singer his girlfriend had a crush on.

“Oh yeah? Do you know how many people love Nick? He was the-“ She couldn’t finish her sentence as she slapped her hand around her mouth before rushing to the bathroom. Eren rushed after her as she emptied her stomach contents in the toilet.

He held back her hairs, whispering soothing words in her ear as she finally got done. She flushed the toilet before gurgling her mouth. Morning sickness really sucked. Eren couldn’t even imagine how it must feel. She had to go through so much while he just stood aside, helpless.

“I am sorry.” He kissed the top of her head as she wiped off her face.

“It’s ok. Both the names suck. I think the baby didn’t like it either. Hence this sudden sickness.” He laughed and silently agreed with her before holding out her hand for her to grab on.

“But it’s no big deal. We have plenty of time to brainstorm baby names.” He assured her as she agreed with a small nod and followed him back outside.

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“God I missed this!”

“You have just been gone a week.” Armin pointed out as Eren stuffed his mouth with the hamburgers. He, Mikasa and Armin were at their regular place Wendy’s just like the old times. It had been a while since they came here together.

Armin didn’t bother pointing out Mikasa’s weird pick of foods as he knew pregnant ladies had very strange cravings. She was just eating cheese with splashed sauce now and completely ignoring the rest of her burger. Eren passed his share of cheese to her as well as she gave him a loving smile.

Armin couldn’t help but let out a smile of his own. He had been rooting for these two to get together for years and now they were in love and expecting. He couldn’t be more happier. They were perfect for each other. They were example of once in a lifetime love.

As much as he loved Annie he had to admit what Eren and Mikasa had was much deeper. Their love was very different. Even though they didn’t know it back then they had always been each other’s other half. At one point he was so done with their obliviousness he gave up on them ever getting together so it was a shock when he saw them kissing months back on the balcony.

He thought it was a spur of a moment being drunk thing but then Eren had reached out and caressed her cheek so gently and Mikasa had given him such a soft smile he felt he was intruding on a very loving and intimate moment.

“Earth to Armin!” He snapped out of his trance as he saw Eren waving his hand in front of his face, asking him if he was okay. Mikasa had excused herself to go to the washroom as Eren leaned forward, motioning him to do the same.

“What’s up?”

“Mikasa has an appointment this Tuesday. She was having some light cramps, wanted to make sure it was all ok but she won’t let me drive here. Can you please go with her? I will feel much better if she had someone.”

“Of course, Eren. I definitely will. I told you I will take care of her. Don’t worry alright.”

Armin reassured his best friend who nodded and thanked him with a relieved smile. As if Eren ever had to even ask that. He was the godfather of course he would be there.

They both sat back as if nothing happened just as Mikasa returned. He knew she hated being dependent on someone so they wouldn't tell her until the very day. Armin flashed her a bright smile as she looked at him before going back to finishing her...food.
Oh great now she was just eating cheese with the shake.

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Present day

Eren's POV

"Check." Zeke announced, staring at the board intensely as he waited for me to make the move. He was waiting for me to screw up, his rook and bishop had my king surrounded. I only had four pieces left. He tapped the table top, giving me a cocky smile as I stared blankly at him. My eyes went back to the board, assessing the position of his queen as I assessed the next three moves it could make.

The game had dragged on for too long, Zeke was too good at it and I considered myself as an average player. Sure I could beat dad easily but he wasn't as sharp as Zeke. Time was ticking, one wrong move and I would be in the checkmate. Now if there was any other way to...wait...e2-e4 b7-b6. It wasn't over yet.

"Checkmate." My monotone voice rung out as Zeke huffed with disbelief. He was sure he held all the power and he even checked me twice but then I realized his flaw.

"Good god, how did I miss that!" He exclaimed with irritation as I checked my phone for the notification Great. They wanted me to report back at 2 pm. Briefing the grad interns? That was fan-fucking-tastic! Zeke seemed to have composed himself as he took a large drag out of his cigar. A smirk gracing his lips.

"I wasn't expecting you to be a tactical genius, little brother."

"I am not. You got too cocky and messed up."

"Cockier than you? I doubt it." I put off my cigarette and discarded it in the ash tray before getting up.

"I gotta leave." He furrowed his eyebrows, clearly wanting to spend more time with me. Well I for personally thought I had overstayed.

"Oh well that's too bad. How about...we hang out this weekend again? You can find some hours to spare." He had badly misread the situation. I just came here today because mom had been poking me for weeks and I could be a massive dick to anyone but her.

"I don't take *off* on weekends. I think you have got it wrong. I came here because mom begged me to. So please spare me from your brother bonding bs." I didn't bother waiting for his reply as I left. I had to pick up the lab reports for my 35b first. I just hoped Hanji had it ready by now.

She was observing some tube dish when I arrived. Her magnifying glasses perched close to her eyes as I knocked. I could be polite too when it called for. She looked up from the weird green liquid before flashing me a wide grin.

“Eren! It’s good to see you. How are y-“

“I need the report on my 35b.” She formed a little pout before moving around the table. I stood rooted to the opposite side as she approached me.

“I was thinking we could grab some Starbucks like old times, have a little one on-“

“I couldn’t have been any more clear, that I need the fucking report now. I have zero minute to spare for your nostalgic crap.” She used to be my forensic medicine professor in my second year at college. Maybe we shared a rapport back then but I had zero tolerance for it now.

“I didn’t remember you being this rude in college. You haven’t aged well, have you?” I didn’t dignify her statement with a response as she let out a sigh before walking away to rummage through some drawer. I roamed my eyes around her lab, taking in the messy arrangements of the files and the equipment just bundled up on her desk. And here I thought forensic techs would be more neat.

“Oye Hanji, you ready to go? How much lo-“ I was surprised to find Levi Ackerman out here in Maryland. He paused when he saw me, pocketing his pants just as Hanji returned with what I hoped was my file.

“Here you go.”

“How have you been, Eren?” I wouldn’t lie if I said I wasn’t expecting him to acknowledge my presence at all. I sure wasn’t. Why was he out of his uniform and visiting Hanji in the middle of the day. Well it was none of my business. I blinked as I nodded slightly.

“Busy. You got transferred?”

“Uh no. I am here on business.” With the way he adjusted his throat and looked away for a millisecond I could guess what business he was attending here. My eyes moved to my ex professor who looked a little flustered too as I smirked.

“Well...I won’t stand in your way of business now.” I took two steps out before pausing as I added “these walls aren’t sound proof by the way.”

“What? You brat how dare you! Levi and I are just friends!”

I didn’t bother listening to the rest of it as I trotted out. My mood fairly ruined by seeing Levi. He reminded me of another Ackerman I tried too hard to forget. She was everywhere. I couldn’t find it in me to delete her pictures so I had just broken my old phone. I had to throw away a lot of my old stuff which reminded me of her. I was pitiful. I was sure she was having a blast there. City of her dreams. Who knew maybe she would have found some guy too. My grip tightened on the steering wheel as I thought about the other guy touching her soft skin, doing what I used to- Fucking hell!

I increased the speed, eager to reach the hospital fast and get myself distracted. Maybe I should do overtime tonight. That would greatly help.

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"Well then, let's get this over and done with." I turned and walked across the hall, tuning out the noise the interns were making as they tried to keep up with my pace. I stopped in front of one of the numbered room and swiped it open as I gave them all a brief glance. They muttered something among them before entering behind me. I lazily went through the list. There were eight of them, handpicked from the best institutes of our country. I looked at their credit score. My gaze paused on the name on top of the list.

Gabi Braun. Reiner's cousin. I had heard him talk about her a couple times. It didn't matter how good her score was because I wasn't going to make it easier for them.

"I am sure you went through your itineraries because I am not going to narrate them again. You have each been assigned a task. The admission note and care plan is to be submitted online only. I will be in my cabin 13c-8, if you have any questions. Follow the lead of the attending staff you have been assigned to. We are done." A hand rose in the air as I trailed my eyes to the dark haired female in front.

"Yes?"

"Usually we are supposed to report to the senior resident of the hospital but you seem a little..."

"Young? That is because I am. Chief is out of town, so he left me incharge of you for the week. Does anyone else have any question pertaining to my 'experience'? Please feel free to shoot away so I can remark you accordingly."

I looked back at Miss enthusiast as she kept her gaze on the floor.

"What's your name, Miss?"

"Gabi Braun." I raised my eyebrow before crossing my arms across my chest.

"I would appreciate it if you paid more attention to the curriculum at hand. This is a last warning for you."

"I didn't mean to be unethical I was just-"

"Please stop talking, Miss Braun. Don't tempt me to remark you harshly." She went quiet, probably cursing me inside her head as I dismissed them. Thankfully I wouldn't be dealing with these shit heads after this week. I still had no idea why Dr. Gavinson gave me the command. There were many doctors much qualified than I was. Or maybe it was to test me again. He knew how much I hated interacting with people unless necessary. And he gave me this mentoring task. Stupid old oaf.

I decided to check on my 3 pm patient and walked towards the elevator when I felt someone following me. I looked over my shoulder and found one of the intern guy from before. He was clutching the file to his chest as he looked at my hesitatingly.

"Yes?"

"I am supposed to report to you, Dr. Yeager."

He pointed at my name on his list as I gave him a nonchalant look. He followed me behind in the elevator as we stood in silence. I went through my patient's report in the meantime.

Her X-ray reports had come out clear so it wasn't anything serious. I needed to examine her one last time before releasing discharge papers. It didn't take me long to do my routine check-up and just as I expected she was in all clear. She just needed to work on her sleeping pattern to avoid back pain.

"Fill out the IPC for me Mr..."

"Falco. Falco Grice." I passed him a short glance as he picked up the forms to fill. Nine hours later I was done for the day as Falco followed me and submitted all the sheets. I had to hand it to him. He was a hard working kid and didn't bother me much with nonsense chatting. He had also been efficient in his work. I wasn't one to spout praise but I was impressed. For someone with average score he did good.

"You were alright today." I said as he glanced up at me, blinking once before giving a shy smile. Jeez. He reminded me of Armin with that innocent face.

"Thanks, Doctor. It was a pleasure working with you." I studied the forms and noticed he made a slight error in DVT Prophylaxis.

"You were supposed to check this checkbox." I pointed the black space to him as he apologized profusely. For some reason I didn't feel like berating him. I didn't understand why. Lucky for him, the rest of the forms were accurate.

"I won't repeat this again, Mr. Yeager. If you want to reassign me I understand completely."

"I won't." He helped me organise the file as I arranged them alphabetically.

"Umm...I know it's not my place to say but Gabi had no bad intentions back then. She is a protégé sir, please don't remark her badly. She won't repeat that again."

I cocked my eyebrow at him, my features hardening.

"Our relationship isn't at the stage where you can ask me for personal favors, Mr. Grice."

"It's not favor, Doctor. Give her a fair chance and judge her by her performance. That's all I am saying. She really needs to do well on this internship."

"I think you should focus on your own performance. I just found an error in your work don't forget that." He muttered some apology before leaving my cabin. My eyes went back to the form as I remembered.

Exact same thing happened with me as well years ago. I had messed up one of these forms too on my first day. Maybe that's why I was feeling so generous with him. I glanced up towards the hallway and found him meeting up with that girl as he scratched his head. For some unknown reason I became interested in the scene in front as I saw them bickering about something. She snorted before lightly pinching his cheeks as he winced before turning red. He had a crush on her didn't he? She gave him a haughty look before smiling widely as he followed her out. I froze as I saw them leaving. A protégé girl and a hard working guy who tried his best. It reminded me so much of me and Mikasa.

Nothing lasts forever

Chapter Summary

Is Mikasa ready to go back and face her past?

Chapter Notes

This is probably the most boring and depressing chapter of this story.

Past age

Eren: 25

Mikasa: 25

Mikasa's POV

My hand furiously worked on the background of the piece, giving it the final touch before wrapping up for the day. I had to submit this painting in the gallery tomorrow. I was positive this could be my big break. When I posted a little sneak peek of it on my Instagram page, I had gotten positive reviews.

It had been a couple months since I left my job. Ever since then I had taken in a couple gigs, working as a contract artist to establish some contacts. Paris didn't have scarcity of art enthusiast or collectors in any way which was a good thing for me.

Onyakapun had helped me in creating a website and social media pages to gain some attention. It was difficult at first as I was a rookie but some people had really loved my work and invested in it. That was all the encouragement I needed. I had finally landed a job in a local gallery a while back and ever since then I had been busy working on a grand piece. It wasn't a typical job but more like a meet and greet a couple days every week with collectors and other artists.

Tomorrow I planned on revealing this creation. I had put a lot of hard-work in it plus it was personal to me.

I was finally done around 2 am as I cleaned the oil paint off of me before going to bed. I just had five hours to sleep before getting up for my big day. I grabbed the tiny pair of booties and bought it close to me before closing my eyes. This was the very first thing I had bought for my baby when I was pregnant. Ever since I moved here, I slept with it tucked close to me. I hadn't even told my therapist about it. She would say it was unhealthy but it bought a sense of calmness to me.

The next morning I arrived right on time, dressed in formal trousers and suit as I displayed the painting on my designated spot. I was extremely nervous as for the first time I had high hopes. I

wouldn't lie and say the past few months had been easy. It didn't compare to the paycheck I received as a fashion designer and there were many moments when I wondered did I make a mistake? But then I would think back to how unhappy I was, working in such unfriendly, stiff and pressured environment and I felt better.

"Relax, girl, it will be fine." Onye patted my shoulders trying to comfort me as I forced a smile. He had come today as my emotional support and I was secretly glad. Ever since the day I opened up to him, we had become close friends and he was there for me more so than before. I didn't tell him to be here but he had come. The old Mikasa would have pushed him away and tried to be independent but the new me knew that sometimes leaning on someone for support was ok.

"What do we have here? Oh my! Mikasa, another scenery? I thought, I told you abstract would gain more attention." My gallery manager Nicolaj expressed his displeasure as I tensed. He had also told me to draw from my heart which was what I did.

"I am mostly good with portrait and scenery so--"

"All the best trying to sell that one." He left with a snort as I tried not to lose my cool. I could easily knock off a tooth or two from his mouth but that wouldn't help at all. I looked up at the picture I hanged. Was it really too drab and basic? Did I make a mistake?

"Ignore him, my goddess. It looks amazing! I am sure the right person will find it captivating." Onye encouraged me as I nodded. Yes. What did Nicolaj know about painting anyways? He was just an investor.

After two hours my confidence and morale began to go down as I saw many art piece being sold but not mine. My painting was among the last couple pieces left. There was just one hour left for the closing and I doubted anyone would buy it now. With a dejected look I sat on the chair, eating the gourmet. Onye had left a while ago on an emergency call from his work so I was alone now. Well...even if it was going to be a complete bummer I regretted nothing. I was sure there was someone out there who would appreciate this one. Some day or the other.

"You have a knack for storytelling." A voice spoke from behind me and I turned to find a middle-aged man approaching me slowly, his gaze solely fixed on my painting. Was he one of the collector?

"Do you want to hear what I deduced from this?" He turned to me as I shrugged my shoulder. He was free to do whatever he wanted to.

"Be my guest."

He folded his arms across his chest before assessing the canvas closely, stepping forward. My work displayed a couple on the bridge, watching the meteor shower. It had originated from an old memory of mine.

"These two are in love, but they don't know it yet. She is looking at the sky, a sense of ignorance in her body language, as she is trying to hide her feelings. He is looking at her. He isn't ignorant but clueless. He has no clue, he is in love with her, it comes naturally to him. But he doesn't know what the feeling is."

My throat clogged up as I looked away momentarily. Both awestruck and a bit emotional by his deduction. I could feel his eyes on me again as I composed myself.

"But this isn't just a story for you is it? Its real." His knowing eyes bored into me as I forced a smile.

"I would like to buy this one, Miss..." He looked at my initials at the corner before finishing.
"Ackerman."

A huge burden lifted off my shoulders as I let out a honest to god smile and nodded, thanking him.

You are very perspective for a collector."

"Who said I was a collector? My name is Claude Lalanne. I am an artist just like you."

My jaw practically dropped on the floor as he took out his card. The Claude Lallane! He was one of the finest artist of this country. He was to painting what George Clooney was to Hollywood.

"This is a huge honor. I am a big fan of your work! I didn't expect to see you here."

He chuckled in response, waving my compliment off. "I visit a lot of galleries, when I am not actively working. I am always looking for new talent, and it is the easiest way to find. This is how I recruited many artists who work with me. And now, I will like to extend you that offer."

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Working with Mr Lalanne was definitely a stepping stone for me as I learned a lot over the course of next few months. He taught me expressionism, modernism and surreal art. It helped me in broadening my horizon a lot. I had never been this content here before. I had found a purpose, a goal, a life which I greatly enjoyed. Well it was still nothing compared to what I had back at home but still. It was progress. But nothing lasts forever. I had learned it a hard way before and I was learning it again as I left my meeting with Claude.

He had propositioned me to move to New York. He had opened a huge gallery in Manhattan and he was assigning ten of us there. Sure it was a big opportunity to run a gallery in one of the world's most posh area but I had buried so many demons of my past there. I was walking aimlessly on the streets, wandering what to do before pulling out my phone. Only one person could help me.

"Are you afraid to face him?"

I had forgotten I wasn't alone in the room as my therapist spoke after what seemed to be a long time. She had taken time to process it as well. She was afraid, I assumed, that I would spiral back into my depressed life once again.

"I don't think, I am strong enough to do that."

I admitted honestly.

"I am afraid that you have to face him some day or the other. You can't move on with your life unless you get closure."

"Or...I can just stay here. Tell Mr. Claude I won't be going."

The corners of her mouth turned downward as she closed the notepad, leaning forward in her chair

as I took deep breath. She was going to monologue wasn't she?

"Mikasa, I have known you for two years now. I have seen you having a breakdown, but I have also seen you smiling genuinely and happy and do you know when it was?" A small shake of my head. "It was when you told me about your happy memories with Eren. Don't close off again. It won't make anything better. Plus, you have to focus on your primary goal right now. You will get to run a gallery in New York. I think it's a pretty huge deal. And didn't you tell me Eren was in different state? I am sure your paths won't cross this soon."

Yes, she was right. He was in different state altogether. I had broken down and asked Sasha about him one day and she told me he was doing pretty well there and he rarely ever visited New York. Plus it was a huge city. The chances of us running into each other were next to zero. I would just avoid the regular places we went to eat or malls or library or park. It wouldn't be a big deal right? I should focus on the positive aspects more. I would get to meet my brother and my niece and my friends again. I could do it.

"You are right. I will do it." I spoke with a new found determination as she smiled at me, impressed.

That city had taken too much from me but I forgot how much it gave. It had given me Eren, the one person I loved most in the world. And I could never hate it for him.

'We all write our own stories. It was about time I did the same.'

The next few weeks passed by in a blur and finally the day came for me to take off. I had only told Levi and Armin that I was coming. Armin had assured me that Eren was not here. But he also seemed a little tense on doing so. I wondered why? Did Eren hate me now? I wouldn't check this one out of the possibilities. After all I was the bitch who deserted him back then.

"I am going to miss you." I wrapped my arms around Onye in a tight hug as we reached the entrance to the airport. He had become very dear to me over the course of past few years. I was going to miss him tremendously.

"Me too. Take care, ok?"

"You know I will. Plus, hey! This finally gives me a golden opportunity to come to NY. I have always wanted to see that city!"

I laughed hugging him one more time and trying my best not to let loose some tear. His expression turned serious now as he planted his hands on my shoulders.

"Remember, Mikasa, everything happens for a reason. Who knows...maybe you and Mr. manbun aren't done yet."

"That's not how it works in real life, Onye."

"Sure. Sure. But remember to send the first wedding invitation card to me, when you both get together again."

He winked and tried to lighten up my mood while I tried not to roll my eyes. At least someone was comfortable joking about my 'pleasant' past.

With one last wave I bid him goodbye before walking towards a new beginning.

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Three Years ago

Third Person POV

Mikasa rolled down the suitcase before piling up her clothes inside it. Even though she still had a week before she left for Paris, she didn't believe in doing last minute packing. Plus, on weekend she would be busy spending time with her friends and Eren was coming a day early too. In midst of all that how would she ever get time for anything else. She winced when she felt a jolt of pain down her abdomen. Her obgyn had said it was normal to have slight pain sometimes and she had assured Mikasa that everything was normal on her last visit but she had been having these contractions a lot today. She took a deep breath before closing her suitcase and sitting on the edge of bed. Maybe she should visit her doctor right now. There was only a slight problem. Sasha had come to help with her packing, what would she say to her? Another sharp jolt! Screw that she might as well tell her the truth. She grabbed her cell-phone before ringing Miss Parker.

One ring. Two ring. Why wasn't she picking up? Dammit! The call went to voice mail as Mikasa disconnected with utter frustration. Nevermind that, she would barge into her office if needed to be. She quickly grabbed her purse and put on her sneakers before heading downstairs.

Sasha was making lunch for them when she found Mikasa trotting down the hallway. "Mikasa, what's wrong? Are you ok?" Fear must be written all over her face as Sasha's own face contorted with worry.

"I have to go to the hospital."

"Ok, wait I will call the ambulance! What is it? You getting panic attack or--"

"I am pregnant, Sasha! But it hurts. Its not supposed to hurt! I need to go!" She didn't have time to take in her friend's reaction as she hurried out of her house. Pain getting sharper every minute. No. No. No! Please let her baby be safe! She would do anything for it. She would never move away from here if that's what it took. Oh god please!

"Mikasa, wait!" Sasha came rushing after her just as she reached her car. "I am driving. Get in the passenger's seat now."

Right. She was in no condition to drive. She put on her seatbelts as Sasha sped off. Mikasa clutched her hand close to her stomach, rubbing to soothe the pain.

'Everything will be fine. Everything will be fine. Everything will be--'

No...she looked down as she felt bleeding down there. A sob left past her lips as she looked at Sasha.

"I am losing the baby..."

“Fuck! No. you won’t. We are almost there ok! Hold on, Mika. Just hold on!”

Sasha’s voice started resonating around her as she struggled to keep her eyes open. She was...she was feeling dizzy. No. She struggled to keep her eyes open as she saw everything around her disarrayed. She could barely hear her friend now as she grabbed onto the sides. A lone tear streamed down her cheek as she succumbed to the darkness.

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Eren left his patient’s room with a slight hum to his voice. The patient had been discharged today. It felt good to help people around him. He headed to the cafeteria, looking for his colleagues. Oh, there they were. Charles, one of his co-resident waved at him as Eren smiled before heading to the counter to grab some meal. He placed his order before pulling out his phone to check on Mikasa, wondering if she texted him. He had kept it on mute before coming to work. He frowned when he saw multiple calls from Sasha and Armin. 21 from Armin. 15 from Sasha. Last one was Armin sixteen minutes ago. What was going on? His heart thrummed wildly with tension as he called Armin. His best friend picked on the second ring, sounding very frantic.

“Eren, you have to come right now! Mikasa...she isn’t well. We bought her to the hospital.”

Eren had already started running down the hallway and towards the elevator. Dammit the lift was still down.

“How is she?”

“She is...fine. Don’t worry. Just...come here.”

He disconnected before rushing down the stairs. He was sweating furiously, his heart beat increasing as he rushed down. Even though Armin didn’t say it but he knew. The baby was gone wasn’t it? He bumped into number of people, running at full speed as he reached his car. Starting the ignition he took off at maximum speed. Mikasa was there all alone, she must have been terrified. She must have felt lonely. He should have been there for her. Biting down his lip sharply he drove at the max speed.

‘Wait for me, Mikasa. I am coming.’

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Mikasa's eyes fluttered open. Her head felt heavy and her body felt feverish as she blinked.

'Where am I?'

Then she remembered. The pain. Driving in the car and...blank. She sat up with a jolt, ignoring the sharp pain that sliced down her and then she noticed the tube attached to her arms. The hospital room. The hospital gown. She was...

Her hand immediately went to her stomach, clutching it, wondering if her baby was still there or not.

"Mikasa...?" The small voice called out from the doorway as she looked up and found Eren entering the room. When did he get here? How long had she been there? Hours? Days? What happened to her baby?

"Eren...the baby it-I was in pain and...How is it?" He sat beside her, wrapping an arm around her shoulder as his eyes welled up with tears. No. No. No.

"I am sorry. I am so sorry..." He hugged her close to him as Mikasa froze. No. This was wrong. It had to be. She can't lose her baby. She didn't even get to meet it. No. She didn't realise she was shivering until Eren started rubbing her arm and wrapped the blanket around her.

"Mikasa, hey take deep breath ok. I am here. It will be fine. I promise." Why did she keep losing everyone she loved? Why? Did god really hate her this much? Why?

A hysterical cry rushed past her lips before she started sobbing loudly.

"NO! YOU ARE LYING! I WANT MY BABY!"

"Mikasa, shh. It will be ok. Stop it, you need to get some rest."

"I WANT MY BABY, EREN! PLEASE! Please! I beg you. Please!"

Her words had dissolved into loud cries as she nestled her face in the crook of his neck.

"It hurts so bad! It hurts! Make it stop. Please bring my baby back!" Eren's own lips quivered and tears streamed down his face when he saw her in this condition. And there was nothing he could do to make her feel better. He was useless! Fucking useless.

She kept mumbling and crying for what seemed like hours. Eren patted her back, whispering soft lullaby to her as she finally passed out in his arms. The doctor checked her vitals and assured him she was fine. Her blood pressure had spiked down a lot yesterday when she was admitted and she lost a lot of blood so they had to transfuse her. He hadn't been able to sit down properly, the worry eating him out and it was only when the transfusion was complete, he allowed himself a moment to sit beside her, watching her sleep.

He had cried privately yesterday but seeing Mikasa having a breakdown now, he failed to compose himself. He tried to stay strong for her but after she went back to her slumber he broke down.

He was so excited to become a father. He was also coming to terms with the name Nick for son if it meant making Mikasa happy. But it was all useless now. He massaged his head, tears pouring down his face as he watched Mikasa sleep. Stains of tear were still left on her cheek. Why did horrible things happen to good people? He didn't know about himself but Mikasa was a good person. She was sweet, kind and beautiful both inside and out. She didn't deserve this.

He took her hand in his before placing a soft kiss over her palm. His eyes felt drowsy as sleep deprivation was finally catching up to him. Leaning his head on side of her hand, he fell asleep.

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Mikasa stared outside the window, her gaze blank as she looked at the passerby cars and buildings. A numb feeling settled inside her. After crying for hours past two days her tearducts had dried out and she had lost all her strength. She was discharged a while ago and headed back to her house now. This was the first time she and Eren were driving in silence. She wondered how he was doing? She had been selfish. She didn't even ask him how he was feeling? She turned her head sideways to look at him. He looked dishevelled and tired as Mikasa felt guilt seeping in.

"I am sorry." He snapped his head to meet hers. A bit shocked as if he wasn't expecting her to apologize or to speak at all.

"You lost the baby too." He swallowed visibly before nodding and looking in front again. Right. He was driving.

Mikasa was glad that Levi was on stakeout from past few days. He had told her he would be back before her flight. She was leaving in three days. Before she had been excited but now...she felt only emptiness here.

With slow steps she walked inside the kitchen, she wanted some water.

"I told everyone we won't make it to the party." Eren informed her as he switched on the stove. Oh that. Her farewell party. She was in no condition to fake a smile.

"What excuse did you give?"

"I told them we are going on a romantic getaway."

Mikasa nodded, heading outside and towards her room to take a bath. She shut herself in the bathroom and undressed. Switching on the shower she stepped into the ice-cold water. She slid down slowly on the floor, feeling weak and tired and pained. She was still bleeding heavily down there but she didn't care that she was making a mess. Family. Such a funny concept. One moment you had everything and next it was all taken away. She wanted to start a new family with Eren. Three of them. But it was all gone now.

"Mikasa? Are you in there?"

"I am taking a shower." She managed to blurt out in normal voice as she didn't want Eren to worry more. Look at what he had become. He was supposed to be enjoying his new job, partying on weekends, he was still too young to be dealing with all this mess.

And it was because of her. He should have continued casual relationships or loved someone who was normal, better than her. He was hurt because of her. She was cursed. There was no other explanation for that. Everyone she loved died, whenever she wanted to be happy, everything was

taken from her. What if something happened to Eren too? She wouldn't be able to live.

She brought her legs close to her chest, teeth chattering slightly as she felt the coldness all over. Maybe this was a sign? Maybe she wasn't meant to have a normal family life at all. She got up on shaky legs, turning off the water as she looked in the mirror. She saw a broken, weak woman who could give nothing but pain to the others. She had become a burden to Levi back then and now she was doing the same to Eren. Mikasa traced her hand on the side of her cheek, the scar was faint but still very much there. It was the only remnant of the ugly accident when she lost her family.

Eren deserved a normal life where he didn't have to compromise anything, where he got a chance to do normal couple things, where he didn't have to worry about his girlfriend's panic attack. Heck he deserved someone who lived in the same country as him.

Mikasa was broken. She could give him nothing. He was too good for a mess like her. Mikasa had no clue when she would ever get over her child's death. Probably never. She would always be a walking pile of depression. He didn't need that. He didn't need her.

She knew what she had to do now.

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Present time

Eren's POV

"Doctor Yeager!"

I didn't have to turn around to know who was calling me. I slowed down a bit, letting the young intern catch up as Falco reached me, passing me the paperwork I assigned him with. I opened the report and went through it briefly before closing it.

It had been a couple months and I had developed a sort of camaraderie and a cordial relationship with the kid. After his mistake on first day, he had become more alert and was more wary of his work.

"Place it on my desk." He nodded before leaving me alone as I decided to smoke. I headed up to my usual spot on the terrace before lighting up one. I went through the string of texts in the meantime. Passing on most of them before pausing at Armin's. He was coming down here on Sunday. I hadn't seen him in a while. I suppose I could make some time. I wouldn't lie and say I was very good at keeping in touch with everyone. I replied to them when I felt like it. Maybe that was why they didn't text me as much now.

Once upon a time I had been their number one person to reach out to when they had some problem. But now I couldn't even fix my own shitty life, how would I fix theirs?

I heard a slight creak of the door and turned my head to find Falco entering. Was this kid following me? I might be tolerant of him to some degree but not this much. He seemed surprised to find me here as he scratched his head.

"I am sorry, sir. I didn't know you were here. It is my break time so I always come here for fresh air. It feels--"

"It's fine. It's not my property." He stopped blabbering before taking short steps and standing few feet away from me. I took a long drag and puffed out, staring in the distance. My eyes unconsciously moved to the kid who was now clicking photos, standing in opposite corner. I raised my eyebrows. He must have sensed my eyes on him as he looked in my direction and flushed.

"You do this for fun?"

"Yes. I like taking pictures, sir."

"Stop calling me sir. I am not your bloody teacher."

"Right umm...Doct--"

"Eren is fine."

He seemed to be contemplating before nodding slowly. He took a couple step in my direction and I wondered if I gave him an opening to start a conversation just now.

"Do you know any good restaurants near here, si- Mr. Eren." I snorted at word Mister. There was no winning with him.

"What's the occasion?"

"Nothing special, just I have a date this weekend. I want to take her someplace nice."

I wondered if he mustered up the courage to ask that Gabi girl or he was finally over her. It was tiring watching him try to flirt with her. Either she was too dumb to notice or simply not interested. Well it's not like it was my business.

"You don't have to take her to a fancy place. Do what she likes most. Take her to the amusement park. Girls love that. If you are lucky, she might invite you back to her place."

"What...no! I mean its only first date. I will never do that. Not never, I mean if she wants to I will but--"

My face lit up with amusement watching him stutter and turn tomato red. Geez he was probably more innocent than Armin.

"Relax, kid. If nothing works, take her to the movies." He was still fidgeting and I took that time to text Armin I would be there.

"What did you do on first date, if you don't mind me asking?"

I remembered the first date me and Mikasa went to when I tricked her on Valentine's day. Still etched fresh in my memory.

"We went to the restaurant, drove down an empty street, lied down on the road, went back to my place, where I drew saunabath for her." He smiled, liking my gesture as I decided to mess with him a bit.

"Then I fucked her in the tub, on the bed and I think on the table. I lost count."

His face turned red, ready to burst, his mouth gaped as he looked down trying to blurt out

something but the words didn't come out of his mouth. A rare chuckle left past my lips as he finally looked up at me.

"I am just messing with you." His mouth formed a small o in reaction, letting out a relieved laugh as I put out my cigarette. I had to get back to work.

"Right. It was a joke what you said..." He concluded with a nervous laugh as I gave him a blank look.

"No, that part was all true."

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"Me and Annie are getting married."

It had only taken him one hour twenty minute and thirty-three seconds to blurt out the most important news. The old Armin would have asked me for proposal idea. My lips curled upward in a smile as I patted his back. The old Eren would have hugged him tightly.

He returned my smile as I congratulated with the happiest expression I could manage, which was a little upward curve of my lips.

"When did you propose to her?"

"A week ago." He took time answering as I gave a curt nod. That seemed about right.

"Look, Eren, I know I should have told this to you before...but I wanted to say this in person. You are my best friend after all."

"Its fine, Armin. I understand." I knew that I was a selfish asshole loner who had been a pretty shitty friend as of late. How many birthdays did I forget? When was the last time I had an actual phone conversation with anyone? I deserved this. My expression must have told him to move on which he did.

"The wedding is on October 29."

Three months. My best friend was getting married in three months.

"That's pretty soon to find a venue." He nodded, pulling out his phone before showing me a picture of what seemed to some kind of house. Farmhouse?

"This is Annie's dad's farmhouse. Its spacious and very cozy. Its perfect for the wedding."

"I am happy for you." This must be the most genuine thing I said to anyone in long time as he gave me a toothy grin. I was glad that my friends were happy and moving on. Life wasn't a bitch to everyone. Jean had finally found an Asian girlfriend, Connie was co-running a bar upstate, Sasha and her fiancé were starting their own restaurant. Everyone was content in their life.

"It will be great if you can drop by sometime soon. Everyone misses you, Eren." I said nothing as I watched the kids playing in the park, chasing after each other. By this time my daughter could have

been running around too, she would laugh at my silly jokes, probably sing some metal songs which I taught her. We could have been playing hide and seek as well.

“Eren?” I snapped out of my fantasy, Armin looked worried as I pulled out my stash of cigarettes. I needed to smoke.

I could feel his judgy little eyes on me as I lit it up but he didn’t say anything. Good.

“I will be there before your wedding.” I assured him, I would take two or three days off. I had all my leaves left anyways. It was the least I could do.

“I need you to be there, when I call. You are my best man after all.” I was? I gave him a questioning look as he nodded smiling gently.

“That has been your position since we met.” Not sure I was too qualified for that now. We barely hung out together. We were what you would refer to as casual friends now. Close friends did-

Close. I looked at him. He was inviting all close friends. Was she coming too? I felt tension in my shoulders at the thought. That was impossible. Why would she leave her cozy little nest and fly here? But Armin was her closest friend. Probably. I had no idea. How was I supposed to keep a straight face if she showed up? I was bound to get very petty and act like a dickhead if we ever met. I didn’t want to cause a commotion at his wedding.

“So, you have invited everyone?” I let out casually, refusing to meet his eyes.

“I haven’t actually. You are the first person I told this.” I looked at him with confusion, surely he wasn’t saying the truth right?

“Its true. I wanted to tell you first.” Even after I ghosted you so badly and distanced myself? I wanted to ask.

“Thanks.” A moment of understanding passed between us before we both looked away. I owed it to Armin atleast to be a decent human being. Even if she did show up which I doubted I would simply ignore her existence. Or she would ignore me like the pile of trash she thought I was. Easy to get rid of.

“Are you worried to meet her again?”

My features hardened as I clenched my teeth. I didn’t want to talk about it.

“Eren, face it. You both will meet some day. You need to resolve things with her, it can’t go on like this.”

“She doesn’t mean shit to me.”

“We both know that’s a lie.” He gave me a sad smile as I put on a blank look. I was fine without her. I didn’t need her selfish self in my life again. Armin took my silence as an invitation to talk as he continued.

“You still love her. You are just feeling petty because she left. I know it was a shitty thing to do, but doesn’t she deserve an explanation?”

“I don’t give a fuck about her explanation.” I clipped out shortly, taking long puffs now. I wasn’t here for a free therapy.

“If you actually talked to her once, you will feel a lot lighter. Anger isn’t going to help and you know-“

“I didn’t know, I was signing up for free fucking therapy session, when I agreed to come. I don’t need your help. If you wanna continue talking about her then I am leaving.”

His face contorted in annoyance as he got up, shooting me a glare as I stayed nonchalant.

“Don’t bother with it, Eren This time I am leaving. I know you were heartbroken” A twitch. “but that doesn’t give you right to act the way you-“ My lips pursed. “do. Everyone had some shit in their life but-“

“You are right, Armin! Everyone lost their fucking baby and everyone got dumped by the girl they loved! And in doing so lost sixteen years of friendship. You are so goddamn right, I am being so much dramatic. Thank you for that advice. I will see you at your fucking wedding!”

With that I stormed off, aiming to spend the rest of the day drinking in the solitude of my home like a sad ugly granite I had become.

Breaking the ties

Chapter Summary

Mikasa forms an unlikely friendship while Eren's surprise brings a huge shock for him.

Chapter Notes

Probably the most emotional chapter I ever wrote. I think. I don't know what you guys will think about it.

Present age

Eren: 28

Mikasa: 28

Armin: 28

Annie: 29

Mikasa's POV

The sky was painted in shades of metal grey and azure. A typical color on a regular New York evening. I wrinkled my nose at the vile city smell in the air as I dragged my suitcases through the parking lot. Same old same old. Yup. Nothing had changed. I spotted Levi standing outside his old convertible with folded arms. I couldn't believe I was going to say this, but I had missed him immensely.

"Welcome home, brat." He was fighting off a smile as I reached him, bowing down to grab my suitcase when I grabbed his arm and pulled him in a quick hug.

"Its good to be back."

"Did Paris soften you up, kid? Who would have thought that?" I let out a snort, getting on the passenger's seat as he finished putting my bags in the trunk.

"You wish. That was one of the two times I am ever going to hug you. Second time will be, when you are on your deathbed." A chuckle rushed past his lips as he started the engine.

"That's the brat I know and tolerate."

Everything was just as I left it back then. Except for the regular cleaning up, I didn't think Levi made any sort of changes to my room whatsoever. And I was glad for it. I liked this room. I really did but I needed to get my own place now. I had been living here for a long time. I was starting a new page of my life so I definitely needed a place of my own. But first things first, after a thorough shower, unpacking and eating some home-cooked meal I headed out for more important task at hand.

“Mikasa!” Sasha jumped up in my arms as we both laughed and I twirled her around as easily as I did back in school. We remained hugging for a whole minute, as she sniffled in my neck and I teared up a bit myself before letting her go.

“I missed you so much!”

“I missed you too.” My eyes then landed on Armin as he extended his hand and rushed to me, pulling me in a crushing hug.

“I can’t believe you are here.”

“I can’t either.” We broke apart after a while, heading inside the Wendys now as we took a seat at the end booth. Nostalgia rushed through me as we placed our order. Nothing beat the traditional cheeseburger of this place. Three of us coming here almost every week. The good old times. Except that it wouldn’t be three of us ever again. Sasha’s voice brought me back to the reality.

“Alright girl, we are here for hours. So, spill the beans! I want to know everything about Paris.” And I told them. About my job, Onyakopon, my therapist: not too much, my art gig and other couple details.

“I am really proud of you, Mikasa. That won’t have been an easy decision to make. But I am glad you are doing what you love now.”

Armin’s understanding smile assured me as I nodded, grateful that I made a right choice.

“Enough about me. What’s going on with you guys?” They both exchanged a look, Sasha gesturing him with her eyes as I raised an eyebrow. He turned to me, scratching his head.

“I got engaged.”

“Oh my god.” A gasp rushed past my lip, Armin’s eyes shone a little brighter as I grasped his hand across the table.

“Congratulations. That’s such a great news.” Pure happiness grazed my face as I squeezed his palm.

“Thanks. I was waiting for you to come, so I can tell this in public.” Well. I was really happy for my friend. This was an unexpected surprise.

“You are getting married to Annie. Who would have thought?” Me and her had sort of a rivalry back in high school. Be it sports, debate, quiz, test we always went head to head. We were birds of same feather in a way but we never got along. Even when she started dating Armin, I only met her a couple times and it was very cordial. Well atleast we got over our immature rivalry now and didn’t start engaging in verbal brawl when we met. Sort of.

“Yeah. About that...Annie actually told me, she wanted to talk to you. I gave her your number so if you receive a call from her sometime soon don’t be surprised.” She wanted to talk to me? Wonder what that was about? What could she possibly want to talk about? I guess I would find out soon.

I adapted back to my old city pretty easily. The gallery was a good hour ride from the home which was a bit bummer, it was why I had been apartment hunting near that area.

So far, I went to three places but I hadn’t been too invested in any of them. Renting an apartment wasn’t a piece of cake by any means. Luckily Sasha informed me few days after, that Nicolo was moving in with her and he was looking forward to sublet. And that was where I was driving off to

today.

The place was spacious. A bedroom, kitchen, living room and washroom opening in a small lobby leading to the bedroom. I could work with it. It was perfect for me.

I moved in by next week. It was a lot closer to the gallery compared to Levi's house so that was an added bonus. I bought only the items of necessities with me first. I would furnish this place one step at a time. I had an exhibition coming up so hopefully I would cash in some dollars soon. I decorated the walls with few of my paintings as well as some framed photos. My hand traced the frame of me and Eren from our trip to Miami.

We both were smiling widely, grabbing on to our melting ice cream. A local photographer had asked us if we were interested in getting our picture taken and Eren being Eren agreed reluctantly. I hanged it in my bedroom where more privacy was there. I didn't want to raise uncomfortable questions from anyone who visited why i had my ex's picture in the living room.

Well...off to setting up the kitchen now.

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I stirred my coffee, probably for the tenth time as I waited for Annie to speak. If I didn't know any better, I would say she looked a bit uncomfortable. She was munching on her cookies slowly, probably buying some time as I frowned. Alright that was it. I placed my cup down, a little harshly than necessary as she finally looked up.

"If I wanted to sit in silence, and drink coffee I could do it at my own place." That got her attention as she swallowed the rest of her cookie a little quicker before clearing her throat.

"What are you doing on October 29?"

"Coming to your wedding. Obviously." Her eyebrows furrowed down a bit as she placed her hands on the table.

"I mean...do you have any wedding duty? Something Armin assigned you with." I shook my head. Armin had enough male friends so I was sure he wasn't going to ask me to be his groomsmen. I was too old to be a ring bearer. And I was very sure I wasn't ordained so I wasn't officiating their wedding. She sat back, looking away before mumbling something.

"What?" Another mumble.

"Can you speak up please?"

"I want you to be my maid of honor." What the fuck? Was this a joke? She seemed a bit flustered as she kept her gaze on the sole of her feet. She didn't seem like she was kidding at all.

"But...we hate each other."

"Yeah well, I don't have any female friends or such."

"What about Pieck?" They all hanged in the same group so surely she was closer to her than me

right?

“We are not exactly friends more like we have mutual group of friends. And I haven’t talked to her in a year.”

“You haven’t talked to me in more than three years.” I pointed out as she looked overly uncomfortable now.

“You are right. This was a mistake. My apologies.”

Old me would have left by now as it was none of my business but I couldn’t do it. She was marrying my best friend, we would be part of each other’s life whether I liked it or not. If Annie was taking the first step the least I could do was meet her halfway.

“I will do it.” Her eyes flashed with surprise as I shrugged, sipping on my coffee. Dammit it was cold now. I really shouldn’t have stirred it this much. She nodded, sitting straight before looking me in the eyes.

“Thank you.”

“I have one question.”

“What is it?”

“Why me?” She sighed, averting her gaze yet again as I finished my coffee. God that tasted horrible! I could gather by her expression that she was prepping herself to give a monologue. I might have picked up a thing or two about human behavior during me therapy sessions.

“I know we never got along in the past, but I always held respect for you, Mikasa. You were always at the top and I wanted to outdo you. I guess you can say, I was jealous. I always strived to be number one to prove to my dad, but you were in my way. So, I hated you for it. Second position wasn’t nearly as good as first. But over time I realized how childish I was being. When I started dating Armin, I was sure you would try to coax him out of it but you were actually supportive.” It was my turn to look away as I focused my gaze on the window drapes.

“Armin liked you, and well he is a very good judge of character. So, I thought there must be something worth it in you.”

“I am grateful for that. You see...my old group kind of pushed me away then. They were always optimistic, I was going to end up with Bertholt. When I chose to date one of his school friend, they all shunned me out. Pieck said...some things about me so we grew apart. I guess what I am trying to say is you were not judgmental of your friend, and I wish my friends would have done the same.”

“I am sorry to hear that.” She nodded. A heavy silence settled in the room once again before I spoke.

“So, who are your bridesmaid then?”

“I was hoping to ask Pieck but I don’t know how it will go.”

“That’s it?”

“Did you not hear me say, I have no female friends.” I picked up my phone then, dialing a familiar number as she frowned. Turning my phone screen in her direction I stated.

“I might have a solution.”

Ok so this was not as easy as I thought firsthand.

“I think the velvet one is better.”

“Are you kidding me? Look how gorgeous this one looks. You lack taste, Sasha.”

“You are the one to talk, Ymir. Beige is the most boring color in human history.”

“Its my wedding, so I think I should decide that.”

“Annie, you are worse than her. You chose peacock green. I am not dressing to enter into a clown fest.”

“Guys. Stop arguing. Let’s look for some other option then. Mikasa, tell them.” I gave a sympathetic look to Historia who was trying to be the voice of reason of the group. I thought that I was doing the right think when I asked Annie to include Sasha, Ymir and Historia as her bridesmaids. More hands the better. But it was actually 'too many cooks spoil the broth' situation. I had taken myself off the situation completely as I sat scrolling through August edition of Vanity fair. It was the only magazine in this dress shop.

“Mikasa, you are the maid of honor. What do you say?” Sasha got my attention as I looked up, four pairs of eyes were fixed on me. I hated being put on spot.

“She is right. You also used to be a fashion designer. You should know better than these hussies.”

“Says the one who chose beige.”

“Calm down guys.” Annie and Ymir turned to me as I got up and rummaged through the collection. Too bright. Too lacklustre. Bad shedding. Gross color theme. And...I picked up the dusty rose one, feeling its soft texture. Not too over the top but classy enough to be worn at a wedding. A simple combination of chiffon and silk print.

“This is perfect.”

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Three Years ago

Third Person POV

Eren tightened his grip on Mikasa as he heard her breath getting even. She was finally asleep. She had been unable to before but maybe it was a side effect of her meds which knocked her out a bit. He was glad for that. She had looked so weak and fragile when she came out of the bathroom. But that wasn't what worried him the most. Her expression was stone cold and she barely spoke a word to him. He knew that it was a huge shock for her and it would take her time to be normal. Who was he kidding? It would take him time to be normal. They shouldn't have been this excited too soon.

Twenty percent of pregnancy ended in miscarriage during the first trimester. They should have

treaded lightly. But they specially him did the quite opposite by buying toys, baby stuffs and even brainstorming baby names.

He couldn't help it though. It was his and Mikasa's baby. He loved her so much and he had gotten overly excited at the prospect of being a father. He loved kids. He wasn't the kind of guy who wanted to wait until he was of certain age to start planning children.

Even before he was with Mikasa, when he didn't believe in love, he had made up his mind that he would adopt a kid if he never got married. She groaned slightly, moving a bit as he placed a gentle kiss on her forehead whispering a lullaby. She relaxed a while after that as he sighed with relief.

The next day he found himself alone in the bed as panic ensued him. He got up quickly calling her name and found her in the kitchen boiling eggs. She gave him a brief look before grabbing her breakfast and heading to the dinner table. Ok. She needed time. No big deal. He freshened up and cooked breakfast for himself as well before calling his hospital, asking to extend the leave. Eren was thankful for all the overtime he pulled in the past which granted his leave request easily.

Mikasa had said Levi wouldn't be back by Wednesday so it gave him two more days to be here. Plus they also needed to talk about her leaving situation. Mikasa was in no condition to travel this soon, atleast mentally. She was still bleeding but the doctor had informed him it wasn't anything big to worry about, it was similar to menstruation. But he would always worry about her. Where was she?

Did she go back to sleep again? He wanted to start a conversation with her but he didn't know how. For first time in his life he didn't know how to approach Mikasa.

To his utter surprise she wasn't sleeping in the least. Quite the opposite. She was packing up her bags. He frowned, entering the room as he approached her.

"Mikasa, what are you doing?"

"Packing."

"I can see that. There is no rush to do that. We will talk to your manager, explain the situation and ask her to extend your joining date."

"I am leaving tomorrow." She said blankly before grabbing the clothes in her closet. His heart drummed wildly as he walked towards her and turned her to face him.

"You are not leaving tomorrow."

"I am. I booked an early flight."

"You are in no condition to fly so soon."

"I have been dealing with bleeding, since I was fourteen. Its nothing new for me."

"You know what I mean." He said softly, tracing her cheekbone. Eren knew what she was thinking. She wanted to immerse herself in her work completely to tune out the pain. But that was not a healthy way of dealing with loss. She didn't say anything and instead walked back to where her suitcase was kept as he followed her.

"Sweetie, running away won't make it easy. I know you are hurt and I am too. It will take time but I will be here ok? We are in this together." The look she gave him left an ugly feeling inside his chest and he was already dreading what she would say.

"I am over it. Moping around isn't going to bring my baby back." Mine not ours. "I just need to get away." He grabbed her wrist, taking the clothes out of her hand before throwing it on the bed.

"Ok. You are right. It won't. I won't force you to talk about it. But don't rush into leaving. I took next few days off we can spend some time together. Maybe binge watch one of your favorite show? Eat pizza in bed."

"I don't want that anymore."

"Right...no show then how about we play some video game? Mario Kart just like the old times?"

"Eren...I think you misread me." She removed his grip on her wrist before staring at him emotionless. He didn't like this.

"I don't want us anymore." It was like getting shot by a bullet. Eren stepped back as she pursed her lips. he definitely misheard her. Surely, she didn't say what he thought she did. Shaking his head slowly he took a cautious step in her direction.

"I don't understand what that means..."

"It means, I want to breakup." No... He felt a sharp pain slicing through his heart as his feet wobbled. Mikasa looked away, putting the rest of the clothes in the bag as he stood staring. No. That was just her pain talking. She loved him.

He pulled her body to his, narrowing his eyes as she tilted up her head to meet his gaze.

"Don't." he whispered hoarsely, dipping his head so their noses were almost touching. "Don't do this. Not now. I know you are trying to push me away because you are afraid of loss. You will never lose me, baby."

He hated how stoic she looked. Her expression giving away nothing as she shook her head.

"I can't be afraid to lose, what I don't want."

Another blow. His lips quivered; He knew she was lying. She loved him just as much as he did. But it still hurt.

"Mika...don't do this to me. Its me. its us. Please don't push me away." This was the hardest thing she was ever doing in her life. Mikasa wondered how did she keep that stone face while seeing him like this. He looked so young and vulnerable. But it was ok. He would hurt for a while but he would move on. She had to do this for him. She had to be strong.

"I don't want us. I just want to leave for Paris now."

"I need you. You may be strong but I am not. Please don't do this..." His voice was a whisper now, tears brimming in his eyes, every word like a painful knife to her chest. She needed him more but she couldn't be selfish. She would destroy him.

"I want space. I want to escape from this shithole of a city." He sniffed before nodding furiously, leaning a bit back to speak.

"Ok, whatever you want... You want space I will give you that. We will take break from this relationship for a while. You can clear your head by then and after--"

"I don't want a break. I want to breakup. I don't want you. Why is this so hard for you to

understand?" She clipped her voice with fake anger, hating how he cowered a bit and his eye twitched a little.

"You don't mean that. You love me..." She closed her eyes in pain, hating how he looked right now. Hating the lies she was feeding him.

"Love is just a fickle concept. I don't know what it is. I want a new life."

"We can have that new life together..." he was choking on his words now, his grip tightening on her arm as she let out a frustrated sigh. She had to be harsh.

"I hate this city! Everything about it. I loved my baby. I did. But it's gone now. Seeing you every time reminds me of that ugly truth." He froze, a lone tear falling down his eye as Mikasa tried to remove his iron grip. "I want a new beginning far away from all of this. New place, new people. I am tired of this!" His expression changed slightly to a thunderous one as he pulled her towards him.

"You want to leave me? You want to live without me really? You can't fucking live without me! You cannot. You love me too much! If not as a boyfriend, then atleast as a best friend! I am not letting you destroy us. I know you are afraid... Shit happens but you cannot let it rule over your relationship with other people. You can't live in constant fear. We need to enjoy the time we have."

Its like he was reading her mind. He understood her so well. But she couldn't do this. He was just used to her presence. Once she was gone it would be easier for him to move on.

"This. This is what I am talking about. You are always all over me! Even when we were young, I had to take care of you like a child. It's like you couldn't function without me. It was always about you. Always. You are everywhere. Your presence is too much! Even when we weren't dating you were all up in my business. You are always suffocating me. Mikasa, do this for me, Mikasa, can you help me with this? Mikasa, where are you? Constant calling and texting! You don't even let me breath for a while! I don't need such a controlling, clingy person in my life." His face contorted with pain again as he pulled her in a hug. His voice broken.

"You are right. I don't know how to function without you. I am weak...I need you. I promise I won't call you and disturb you. Just a text sometime...Can I do that please? Just to know if you are fine there? I will give you as much time and space but please...don't breakup with me. I am begging you."

She choked up her tears, clenching her eyes shut too tightly trying not to let them escape. It was for his own good. He would be happier without her.

"No. I told you, I don't want that. You are a boy I have known, since I was a little girl. Naturally I got attached to you. I don't even know if I even loved you." He tensed "Maybe I was mixing things up. But the baby's death made me see things more clearly about what I want. And you are not the one I want."

He pulled back to look at her, tears streaming down his face as she gave him the coldest look she could muster.

She turned to pack once again when he wrapped his arms around her, falling down to his knees with a broken face. Mikasa didn't have the strength to push him away as he buried his tear-soaked face on her stomach. "I can't live without you...Your good heart. Your smile. Your eyes..." She shook her head, biting down on her lip to not scream with pain. She couldn't live without him either. But she would only give him pain. He wouldn't survive her.

She gently pushed him away, wrapping up the rest of her things as he sat there on the floor silently. Most of her things were already packed up so it didn't take her much time. She didn't dare look in his direction. Afraid she would drive a knife through her heart if she saw him.

"How is this so easy for you to do?" She heard a whisper behind. Locking up her bag, she placed it with her already packed suitcase before answering.

"Maybe, because I am more practical than you." Liar!

"I lost our baby; I can't lose you too..." Stop it Eren. Please stop. She couldn't bear it. She would break down. And that wasn't something she could afford. She felt him getting up again, his footsteps approaching her as he encircled her waist from behind, placing his head on top of hers.

"Stop this please."

"You don't mean any of that..." His voice seemed tired now as she inhaled sharply.

"If you really love me let me go. If you want to see me happy then let me leave."

"You are lying." His voice flared for a moment before he yanked her around and turned her towards him, crashing his mouth against hers. She could taste the desperation on his tongue as his hand held her head against his, the kiss deep, wet and bruising. She couldn't breathe. She pushed against his chest, making a noise of distress and he let her go. Well his mouth did. His arms still bound tight.

"You are lying, Mikasa. You are running away like a coward." He was right. "You think the way to not feel any pain is not having anyone you love in your life. But that's a shitty choice." But it was the one she chose to make.

"I can't stop you from doing what you want...I would never stand in the way of your dream." That was not the reason. "If you want to leave tomorrow. Go ahead. Do it. But let me tell you one thing." His eyes were spitting fire now as he let go of her arms. His voice harsh and hoarse with emotions.

"If you leave, If you leave like a coward now then you will never have me back! You have seen my friendship and my love so far but you have never experienced my hate and I promise you this, I will hate you more, than I ever loved you." Chills ran down her spine and for a moment she wanted to tell him she didn't want to leave. She wanted to be with him. But...it was all for his good. She could live with his hate if it meant he would remain happy.

Her expression must have given away a glimmer of what she really was feeling as his eyes turned soft again.

"I love you. I will fight for you, for us. I will give up anything for you! But I can't do any of that, if you are not with me in this. This is the last time I am asking...Will you stay with me? Look me in the eyes and tell me no...I dare you." She had no other choice. She dug her nails into her palm, keeping her gaze focused on him before whispering.

"I don't want you, and I don't want to stay with you." He jerked back with her words, giving her a disbelieving look, which soon turned into painfully bitter as he took a step back.

"Goodbye, Mikasa." He strided off without another word, slamming the door on his way as Mikasa's legs gave out and she suppressed her cries on back of her hand.

She did the right thing. Yes, she did. He would be happier now. Even it left her feeling hollow. She

was empty inside as she got her things together, texted Levi to tell him she was leaving early and left a text for everyone.

She cried and cried until she was drained off of tears. Next morning, she put on her glasses, when Levi asked her why her eyes were all swollen up, she told him she brokeup with Eren. She didn't want to lie. She told him it was because of the long-distance thing. He didn't question her further but assured her he was there for her. She ignored the stiff and tense faces of her friends who came to drop her off. Mikasa wondered what they thought the reason of her breakup was? Jean and Connie weren't even in the loop of what happened lately. They bid her goodbye, Armin even pleading her to talk to Eren but she only said no. It was all for his own good. And that was the only thought which got her going.

When she started therapy, she slowly started seeing the errors of her way. Her therapist told her that she owed it to Eren to tell how sorry she was. Even if they never talked again in their life, she wanted to tell him she was ashamed of how she ended things with him. That he did mean something to her. But by that time, it was too late, as he blocked her and refused to listen to her explanation through any of their friends as well. And she realised he meant what he said back then. He really was gone from her life and that was the new reality she had to live with.

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Present Day

Eren's POV

*Heading for another life
In a new world far away
Why not me, oh Lord
Why did Vandroiy have to die, why*

I blinked, peering down at the boring opera performance from one of the back seat. Since I was a dull, lonely person I had nothing better to do on weekends so every week I experimented something new. Something dull and boring just like me. Last week I went to a bureaucracy and strolled there for around an hour. Before that I went to a silent play, I had no idea why those things even existed? Well atleast this one had music. Another high note as I cringed before getting up from there. Screw that.

I walked down the pavement, smoking my regular cigarette as I took in the happy people around me. Everyone had someone. What had I become? Why was I so pathetic? It has been three fucking years. But the pain still felt as fresh as that day. Why was it so difficult for me to get over her? I had everything I ever wanted. I was climbing up high on my way to become a renowned neurologist. I had enough money too. I could get any girl I wanted. I had garnered the attention of quite a few past three years but I had no interest. My libido was dead. I couldn't even get hard properly anymore and masturbate to get off some tension. I was probably suffering from erectile dysfunction, either that or I had become Mikasa sexual only.

I had abstained myself from thinking about her in such way. I hated her now so whenever I thought about her, it was only all the ugly feeling bubbling inside me.

Shutting the front door behind me I entered my condo before grabbing a beer. I chugged down half of it before taking off my jacket. Maybe I should watch some series. It was the only interesting thing I did in my life now. I had binge watched a lot of shows over time. I even finished grey's anatomy and Big bang theory and those two were probably one of the lengthiest shows to exist. I put on the next episode of Vikings, the show I was currently binging before slumping down on couch. It was alright. Enough to kill time for me.

I rolled my head back when Bjorn and Gunnlid started having sex. Great. Rub it off why don't you? Frustrated and a slight bit turned on I switched off the TV. That was a total disaster. Maybe I should stick with cartoons for now atleast that way I wouldn't be reminded of my hermit life every bloody episode. Maybe I should just go to sleep.

One minute. Five minute. Twenty minutes. I kept staring at the ceiling before sitting back up with annoyed look. My eyes wandered to my laptop and I mentally chanted don't do it. Don't do it. But of course my heart didn't listen. I grabbed it quickly and logged into the cloud database. All the photos from my destroyed cell phone were there. Don't fucking open it. Too late.

I clicked on the folder and then it was all a blur as I kept scrolling through thousands of her photos. I had no idea I took this many. My breath sharpened when I landed on a nude pic of hers. She sent me a lot of that back then, mainly when was I working to mess with me. In this one, she was standing in front of the mirror, taking the selfie as her whole naked body was on display. Fuck. I felt a familiar feeling in my cock as I shook my head. Nope. Not happening today. I swiped past it to find another one, a close up of her tits, my key pendant chain nestled in her cleavage. For fucks sake! I closed the folder and slammed the laptop shut before lying back down.

'You hate her. You hate her. Don't think about her knockout body. Or those bloody tits. Or those toned abs. Don't. Don't.' My cock seemed to have a mind of its own as it started getting hard. Fuck it. I could hate her but still liked her body. Slipping down my briefs I grabbed it in my hand before slowly stroking myself, eyes shut as I thought about all the nights we spent together. Her sweet moans, her smell, her every bloody thing. I started to pump faster, groaning as the image of her riding me came to my head. Fuck! I shot down my load all over, panting as I felt a bit of tension slip away. Dammit that was quick. I ejaculated like a fucking teenager. Massaging my head, I sat up, feeling a little lose than before. Well...maybe it wasn't such a bad idea.

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"I am coming to New York."

"What? When? How? I don't understand. Wait why. Screw that. What?"

"For three days. I was being a pretty shitty best man. We need to talk...about stuff I said that day. It was--"

"That? Pssh. That is nothing. I forgot what we even talked about. When are you coming though?"

"Well...according to my GPS, I am about half an hour away from the city. Oh, and one more thing, I need to change so will you be home?"

"You are on your way? Cool. That's gonna be fun. That's really really great. Awesome."

“Why are you being so weird? Do you not want me here?”

“No. I didn’t mean that. I am happy, Eren. I really am. I am at my apartment, don’t worry. Yeah. We really need to talk.”

“Alright. See ya.” I hanged up the phone before speeding down the highway. I had felt bad about how I behaved that day with Armin. He wasn’t at fault for whatever shit went down between me and Mikasa. Plus mom had been constantly poking me to come, and she gave me an earful of lecture two days back so I had to. She seemed really upset and one thing I couldn’t do was hurt my mom no matter what. It had been months since I saw her last. I could spare seventy-two hours for my mom and my best friend. I could do it. I wasn’t such a big dickhead. And I had made a resolution that no matter what happened I would not lose my cool. I would behave myself. Even if they bought up her name I would remain rational.

I made it to his place and rang him again before getting out of my car. He came down five minutes later, his face paler than usual as he handed me his key.

“Hey buddy, good to see you. I have this really urgent thing to go and do. I will be right back. Forty minutes top. Don’t leave and go anywhere. I mean it. Stay in my apartment only until I am back. You freshen up by then, we have a lot to catch up on.” His eyes widened visibly as he gave me a nervous laughter and patted my back before walking past me. What just happened? Was something wrong? But he didn’t seem upset, more like scared.

Shaking my head I decided to take the elevator to his place. Wow. There was so much yellow. I raised an eyebrow at the huge painting of vases in the living room. Since when was he into artwork. Nevermind that, it was probably Annie’s. I should take a shower first. I had pulled an all-nighter and I didn’t take a bath, road trip would make me dusty anyways so I decided to do it when I reached here only. My parents home would have been another hour drive plus mom would chastise me for showing up dirty so this was a safer option. I grabbed fresh pair of clothes from my duffel bag before heading to the bathroom.

God, why was the body wash rose scented? I guess that was what happened when you lived with a woman. I wouldn’t know anything about that. It wasn’t like I had any other choice. I cleaned myself off thoroughly, taking time to wash my hairs before turning off the shower head. I dried myself off, walking into the room as I put on my cologne. I pulled back my hairs, still dripping wet from the shower as I observed myself in the mirror. I was in dire need of trimming my beard. Pulling on my briefs and my pants I was buckling up my jeans when I heard something. It was coming from the living room. Was Armin back? But it had barely been twenty minutes. I was sure it wasn’t any burglar or such because only the people who were logged into the visitor log were allowed in the building.

I closed the last button, ruffling my hair before grabbing my shirt. The sound of the footsteps getting closer. Was it Annie? That would be awkward. I was about to call out Armin’s name when I heard a voice which had me turning stone cold.

“Yeah, I am already here. What do you mean get out of there, Ann? You told me to pick those two designs.”

No. It couldn’t be. It was impossible. She was in Paris. No... Was this a dream? Was I going lunatic now?

“What is going on?” Her voice came again just when the door slammed open and our eyes met in the reflection of the mirror. It wasn’t a dream. It was real. It was Mikasa.

Crossing Paths

Chapter Summary

An unexpected reunion leaves the duo with some mixed feelings.

Chapter Notes

From now onwards the story will continue in present time only.

Present age:

Eren: 28

Mikasa: 28

Mikasa's POV

It had been a very busy day. Today's exhibition was attended by some of the international artists as well as many millionaires. It was our biggest one since we started this gallery. Needless to say it went pretty well.

I took the subway as I had yet to buy a new car. My old one was a piece of junk now plus all my money had gone in settling down in a new apartment. Lucky for me, all three pieces of mine managed to get sold today at exorbitant price so I could finally start looking for a car. I scrolled through my phone, checking my weekly itineraries, oh which reminded me I had to pick up the two sample designs for Annie's wedding dress. She wanted me to decide among them and if I was unsatisfied, I could make personal changes in it. If you had asked me a month back, I would be Annie's maid of honor I wouldn't have even laughed at your pathetic joke. But now...I was surprised we actually got along. She wasn't as bad as I had once thought. Infact, she was actually very awkward person and I could relate to that. I took a cab as soon as I got out the subway and towards her apartment. Annie was out of city in some meeting, so she had handed me the keys incase Armin wasn't home.

After this, I just wanted to head back to my place, grab a large pizza on the way and binge watch friends. A perfect ending for a perfect day. There was nothing which could ruin this day for me. After paying the cab driver I entered their building as the security person threw me a polite smile. There was no need to even check into the database as I had been frequenting their place quite often.

"Mr. Arlert is currently out, mam."

"Oh its alright. I have the key." He nodded just as I entered the elevator. Which reminded me, where did Annie mention the designs were? In her dressing drawer or the table in the guest room. I pulled out my phone just as the elevator opened on their floor. Surprise laced my features as I saw incoming call from Annie and...several missed calls from both her and Armin. I had muted my

phone during exhibition and forgot to turn it on. Did something happen? I walked down the hallway before answering her.

“Yes?”

"I thought you were dead." I tried not to roll my eyes as I approached their flat.

“Not everyone checks their phone every two minutes, Annie.”

"Clearly. Armin was looking for you everywhere when you didn't pick up, he even went to the gallery."

I turned the key in their door before opening it as a frown appeared on my forehead.

“I left from there a while ago. Why? what's up?”

"Where are you?"

“At your place obviously.” Now I remembered. She said she left it in the guest room. I took tentative steps in that direction as her loud voice boomed again.

"What? You are there? Get out of there right now."

“Yeah, I am already here. What do you mean get out of there, Ann? You told me to pick those two designs.” Why was she being this weird? She clearly had no problem with giving me the keys. Did she accidentally leave some of her embarrassing stuff out? Its not like I would care about that. We were all adults.

"Forget that. Get out..."

“What is going on?” I shouted, pushing open the guestroom door.

"Eren is at our place." She finally blurted out. But it was too late.

I'd already halted. A lump stretched my throat as I stood there, locking my eyes with his amber ones in the mirror, her warning came a second too late.

"Hello? Can you hear me?" I couldn't answer her. My whole body turned white as a sheet as I tightened my grip on the doorknob, my teeth glued together so hard I was unable to move. He stood at the mirror, with his back to me, and every muscle on his back and his arms was steel hard as he held me with a hard stare. This was really happening. No. No. It was too sudden, too early. I hadn't even decided how to apologize to him. Heck I wasn't even prepared to meet him till the wedding day. His eyes were cold, too cold.

He was definitely not expecting me. I inhaled short; shallow breathes. What the hell was he doing here? He was supposed to be three hours away in a different state! He straightened, grabbing the belt before putting it around the loop as his eyes remain fixated on me.

"I don't have all day to spare on this call, Mikasa."

It was like a million tiny razor cutting through my heart seeing him again after all this time. His back flexed as he finished closing the belt and that was when I noticed a new tattoo down his neck. It was angel wings with a small hallow on top as I realised, he had gotten it in the memory of our dead baby. I swallowed the pile of emotions rising inside me. When I was pregnant, he had mentioned that he wanted to ink tattoo for the baby too, but I never expected it to be there as a

memory.

"Did you hear what I said? Hello?"

He turned around grabbing the shirt and my heart clenched seeing my name still inked over his chest. And here I thought he would have gotten it removed. What did that mean? I tried not to notice the hard cut of his abs, as he pulled the shirt through his arm. He buttoned it up slowly as I stood rooted there. It was like I was hypnotised. He looked more handsome, more mature than before. But the look in his eyes left my throat dry as he strode towards me.

"Your ex-boyfriend is there."

He raised his eyebrow, probably having heard Annie's futile warning.

"Yes." I answered, clearing up my throat. "Thanks for the heads up." Not. And I disconnected the end call. His wet hairs hung loose over his shoulders, water dripping down his clavicle as I suppressed the desire surging through me. Why did he have to be so hot? That unkempt beard suited him as all traces of his boyish look was gone. He was a man now. And I was confused between the feeling of guilt, desire and love for him.

"Last time I checked this wasn't Paris."

His icy voice left goosebumps on my arm as I tried not to lose composure. "I moved back a while ago."

His eyes shadowed just a little bit as he took another step forward. Was it possible for the human heart to sweat?

"Why? This city isn't piled up in shit anymore as you once quoted." Right. Well at least I didn't have to wonder anymore where I stood in his eyes. At the bottom of the barrel if anyone was wondering.

"I guess, I don't think that anymore." There was no use feeding his disdain for me. He jutted down his lips, giving me a once over as he reduced the distance between us.

"Or...Paris ran out of people for you to use and throw, and you came back to give this city another go?" I tried not to show how much his words hurt me. Resentment in his eyes making my heart heavy with pain. I was getting the taste of my own medicine.

"They are people, not napkins."

"I doubt you know the difference between them." Every word was like a hot lava pouring down my chest as I tried to keep a neutral face, my lips wobbling and all I wanted to do was hug him and tell him I didn't mean anything I said. Tell him how sorry I was. On the cue a sound came from outside as I turned to find Armin rushing in, panting as he looked at us. His eyes widened in horror at the sight. Oh dear, he was out looking for me, telling me to steer clear of Eren and I stormed right where he was.

He looked frantic as he caught his breath, his eyes moving from one to another.

"You didn't tell me there was going to be a reunion here, Armin." Eren said in a clipped voice and I could feel his repressed anger now directed towards his best friend. I chimed in before Armin could take more heat.

"He didn't know I was going to be here. Annie told me to pick some of her stuff which is what I

am going to do.” I went past him and into the room and hurriedly grabbed the two paper before retracing my steps. I paused when I reached Eren, a dire need to say something right as I looked at him. His gaze was fixed on the wall in front, his expression still frosty.

“For what its worth, I never meant what I said back then.” His adams apple bobbed a little as he gave me a sideways look. His eyes turning colder if that was even possible.

“For what its worth, I don’t give a fuck anymore.”

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“Even though I had expected that, it still hurt.”

"Mikasa, I am actually proud of how you handled the situation. It was out of the blue. I am sure you can now figure out how to tell him the truth."

I sighed, twirling my night dress as I listened to Ms. Aubert on speaker phone. Even though I had left that city, I still did sessions with her every week. It was the reason why I hadn’t completely tumbled down on seeing Eren. She had told me, I could encounter him accidentally one day so I needed to be prepared. Be calm was what she had advised. And I thought I did a pretty good job doing that. Even though my anxiety skyrocketed when I saw him, I didn’t spiral. And that was a progress.

“Armin told me he will be there next two days. I guess, I will have to figure out how to approach him.”

"Its up to you. Just remember, you don’t have to rush if you aren’t ready. I know its hard that’s why...start slow if you think you aren’t ready. Ok?" I nodded, mumbling a small yes before hanging up on her. If I was going to talk to him, I also had to bring up the demons of my past, which meant telling him about my life before my parent’s accident and the truth about that night. I would have to tell him about that ugly secret which left me scarred and the mess I was right now. Something which nobody knew except my therapist. And I needed to be prepared for that. My hands shivered at the thought. Would he be disgusted? Would he be sympathetic? No. I needed time to be prepared. I had always appeared strong in front of everyone but then he would know I was weak and helpless once too. I wiped off the incoming tears, trying to forget about the demon which ruined my life back then as I tried to sleep.

“Put your right leg behind my left leg, and throw off my left leg. Here let me show you.” I pushed him straight back then backward and swiped him right off the floor as he winced falling down. Holding out my hand, I told him to give it another try as he got right up.

I had started teaching students at Levi’s judo classes from past three weeks. I had slacked off a lot in my training and I wanted to get back in my form plus this was a great way to spend time out of the world of art. The teens here were rookie but I wasn’t going to go easy on them just because of that. They needed proper discipline.

“Alright, let’s take it from the top, ready Fred?”

I had been going on for past hour atleast when Levi entered the dojo. He had a female companion

as well as he made his way towards me. I dismissed the kid before wiping off the sweat on my forehead.

“Someone is enjoying this a little too much.” I cocked my eyebrow as he looked around at the panting kids.

“Someone have to be the strict one around here.” I gave him an innocent smile as he just snorted, pointing a thumb in his companion’s direction.

“This is Hange Zoe. A colleague of mine. Hange, this brat is my sister.”

“Come on, Levi, its rude to call her that.”

“Its alright. Treating me like a little kid deludes him into thinking he is still young instead of old and cranky.”

“I call you a brat because you behave like one.”

“Aww. You guys are just adorable.” Adorable and Levi, I gave him an amused look as he rolled his eyes at Hange. We sat for lunch together and it was then Hange gave me her whole bio data. She was...really chatty. I was surprised she got along with Levi, but then again opposites got along well or should I say...opposites attract. There was definitely something going on between them. I made a mental note to pull his leg later.

“How does it feel to be back? I am grateful you are back though. Levi missed you a lot.”

“Four eyes, can you shut up for one second?”

She didn’t seem fazed at all by his glare which would have cowered lesser men or women. Interesting. I gave him a knowing look and he warned me with his eyes not to blurt out anything inappropriate.

“Its great. I am settling in quite well.” She nodded chewing on her food as her gaze turned assessing. I checked my watch. It was 2:43 pm. Me and Annie were going to get her fitting done at 4. I should probably leave now.

“Oh, wait I remember! I ran into your friend a while back. Eren. Now he is the one, who acts like a real brat.” My eyes went to Levi and judging by his bowed face I realised he hadn’t told her about our breakup or the fact that we ever dated as she continued.

“He wasn’t like this back in college. But I guess people change over time.” I gulped down my water before getting up, it was bad enough we ran into each other yesterday and now this. I excused myself giving her a polite look.

“I have to meet up with a friend. I should leave.” Levi watched me carefully as I assured him I was fine, with my eyes before leaving.

He was still here. And I was still not sure about talking to him just yet.

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“Now please raise your hand, Miss. Relax your body a little.” Annie scowled a bit as the designer took her time with the measurement. She hated being touched like that by a stranger so she must be having a blast. Deciding to mess around with her I took out my phone before snapping a couple pictures of her and forwarding it to Armin.

Your bride to be is having the time of her life.

Annie’s eyes landed on me as she gave me a suspicious look. I feigned ignorance as I wandered my eyes around the showroom. His reply came a second later.

Lol. Make sure she doesn’t kill that poor girl.

I chuckled sending him a laughing emoji before a thought popped up in my head. Don’t do it. Fuck that. I hesitated a bit before typing.

How is he?

A quick look at his fiancé told me she was still wrapped up in measuring tapes as I saw the dots appearing on screen.

He went home after that and haven’t called me since so I guess he is ok

Its all my fault

Annie was done now as she walked towards me, a permanent scowl on her face and I turned off the screen.

“Even Armin didn’t touch me this much when we first had sex.” My eyes widened slightly. Yeah that sounded bad. For Armin. How did they have sex exactly? No. Don’t even go there.

“That’s how its normally done. Don’t you get your suit pants tailored?” She was working in a business firm so I was sure she had to wear a proper formal dress there. Even I dressed in formals on day of the exhibitions.

“No. Who do you think I am? Kim Kardashian, that I will have all my dress tailored.”

“I am surprised you know who that is.” She let out a dry laugh as we approached her car.

“All those dumb blonde bimbos at my office talk about her constantly.”

“You are blonde too.”

“I am not dumb or bimbo.” That seemed fair.

A comfortable silence settled down in the car for a while and I was grateful for that. Most of my friends were chatty Kathies so this was a welcome situation. Annie cleared her throat catching my attention as I looked at her sideways.

“You have had sex right.” I gave her a blank look. Was this a rhetorical question? I could never tell with her.

“Are you expecting an answer?” She shot me an irritated look before glancing on the road once again.

“I wanted to inquire something, and I am not going to refer to those sex magazines.”

“They do have some good advice.” I pointed out, enjoying her discomfort as she tightened her grip on the steering wheel.

“No, I will rather not refer to those horny writers.” She had badly misread the meaning of those magazines but I didn’t bother pointing out as she continued.

“I want some advice on...how to spice up the sex. It’s not like it sucks, mind you, Armin is a very good lover and-“

“I really don’t want to hear it.” I shuddered, he was like my brother and I definitely didn’t want to know anything about his sex life but my words fell on deaf ears.

“I was thinking of trying some new things at our honeymoon. But I have no idea what. I mean we have done bondage, cuffs, roleplay, blindfold, toys so is there anything else, I am missing?”

My mouth gaped open in shock, not expecting that to come out of her mouth as heat crept up to my neck. Armin in cuffs...stop it! I shook my head trying to push those disturbing images away. She was clearly not fazed by it at all unlike me.

“Umm...you can try doing it in semi-public place?” She looked at me as if I had grown two heads.

“Do you not know your best friend at all? He wouldn’t even touch my ass in public.” Yeah that checked out.

“I guess you can roleplay as one of his favorite character in a show or a movie.” She raised an interested eyebrow as I tried not to mentally picture anything. I had an imaginative mind so it was out of my control.

“He likes Princess Leia. You can put on her costume, if you like. And...there is nothing else I can say, you have tried almost everything.” I cringed saying the last part as she raised an interested eyebrow, seemingly buying it.

“Yeah, you are right. He loves getting tied up and gagged-”

“Too much information, Annie!” That shut her up as she let out a slight nod, clearing her throat.

“ Right. This conversation never happened.”

“Agreed.”

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Eren’s POV

“Dr. Gavinson keeps praising you everytime we have a conversation. He is sure you are going to be awarded the Congressional medal at a younger age than me.” Dad let out a chuckle as I sipped on my beer slowly. My mind still occupied with my ex-girlfriend. She was here. She was really here. My brain had drawn a complete blank when I saw her. I was shocked, pissed, hurt and in love all at once. I wanted to strangle her and kiss her at the same time. She had grown so beautiful over the years it fucking hurt to watch. Even though she was dressed in a fitted pant suit like a

professional she looked more stunning than I had ever seen her. The bob cut hairs really suited her well and gave her a more dignified appearance.

Mikasa was the type of a woman who garnered attention from the people around her. If she was in a room, I bet you damn would notice her. But then I remembered how she left me and my temper had flared up and I behaved like an asshole.

For what it's worth I didn't mean what I said back then

This one particular sentence had fairly pissed me off and I was thankful she left or I would have said something even worse to her. I wasn't raised to be a dick especially to a woman but here I was being to the one I loved. She had so much power over me that if she tried to lure me, I would go crawling back to her. I needed to be strong even if I had to make ugly words a weapon against her I would do it. I hated her yes but it wouldn't take me a minute to fall for her like before if she whispered few sweet words in my ears and that's what scared me. And her body; fuck she was sexier than before and I wanted to bury myself inside of her and tell her how much I hated her and loved her. She was so infuriating! I was becoming unstable due to her.

"And then I buried your mom in our backyard."

Wait...

"What the fuck are you saying?"

"Finally, you are listening to me." I shot Dad a dirty look as he took the glass away from my hand and leaned further on his elbows.

"Eren. I know we are not as close as you and your mom are, but I can see you are hurting son. You have been hurting for a long time."

"Spare me the lecture, dad." I was in no mood to listen to his so-called wise words. Even mom had stopped bothering me with constant Mikasa nagging provided I shot her a smile once in a while and talked to her daily. He didn't get the message though as he started speaking.

"As you already know, before I met your mom I was married. We were young and in love, and we thought it was enough." Ok so this was really happening. "It wasn't easy. I was still in medical school and Dina was working as a local school teacher. It even became tougher once Zeke was born, and I am ashamed to say I wasn't a very loving father to him." I gave him a look.

"I was always working or studying. I wanted to work hard to climb ranks so I could give them a comfortable life. But in doing so, I neglected both of them. Dina fell sick and Zeke was detached from me. Her death destroyed me. And then they took my son too, and I felt so helpless I wanted to die. But I had a dear friend named Kruger, he told me to fight for Zeke. I had gotten a great offer in this country so I came here. I wanted to make a name for myself so Dina's family wouldn't be ashamed of having me as Zeke's father. And here was, where I met your mother. She...was a waitress in one of the restaurants. She was still in college."

"I know Dad I have heard how you guys met from mom dozens of time. What's the point of this?"

"Right... I fell in love again, son. Hard. And I told Carla all about Zeke on our second date. She was very supportive but destiny was against me. I couldn't get his custody. But after few years, when he was grown up, he approached me himself, I knew I was a shitty father to him but he wanted to get to know me and his little brother." I tensed, remembering our last interaction.

"What I am trying to tell you is that nothing is in our control. You can make plans, but things might

not go as you want it to. Everyone has ups and downs. The woman I loved died, son. I was a horrible mess back then. I thought I could never love again. Your mom changed that.” I clenched my jaw interrupting him.

“You want me to what, fall in love with someone again?” He shook his head furiously.

“I want you to start living your life like you used to do. Yes, things might be different but who said you can’t twist it in your favour. Carla and you taught me how to live again. You have your whole life ahead. I know you love your job, but you don’t have to burn yourself up for it and push others away. You have wonderful friends, you have me and your mom and your brother. You have all of us.” I got up giving him a hard look.

“I am sorry you lost Dina. But here’s the thing you and I aren’t the same. There is no Dina or Carla for me, there was only Mikasa. She was the only one for me...until she decided I wasn’t enough. I appreciate your ‘advice’ Dad but don’t worry I think I can handle myself.”

And I stormed off from there. I needed a cigarette.

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“Connie, you weren’t supposed to eat all of that!”

“I am sorry, this blueberry flavour was delicious and you know me...” Armin shot him an annoyed look before asking for another slice from the pâtissier. Me, Jean and Connie had accompanied him for cake tasting. I was still pissed off at him for not telling about Mikasa, but I was his best man as well and I had made a resolution before coming here that I would behave myself and I was trying my best to.

“I still don’t understand why you didn’t let the girls do this.”

“Because we divided the tasks fair and square, plus, I thought you guys really love cakes so you would be helpful but-” He shot a look to Connie. “Apparently not.”

I picked up one of the slices too, tasting a little bit of mango on it. Nope. It was horrible.

“How is this one, guys?” Armin asked us to take a spoonful from the Raspberry Truffle one. It melted right in my mouth.

“Sweet lord this is it.” Armin smiled at Jean then looked at me hesitatingly as I nodded along.

“It is good.

Armin nudged me once when we left the shop and I passed him a brief glance.

“I am sorry I didn’t tell you, she was here.”

“I don’t care about it.”

“Right. But I still should have told you so. Mikasa co-runs an art gallery now. She gave up the fashion designing job.” I tried not to react. Mikasa gave up on her dream job? The one she had wanted since she was a young girl. The one she left me for?

“Why are you telling me this?” He shrugged keeping pace with me as we neared the parking space.

“I am just saying...she made a mistake in past yes, but she has changed a lot. It wouldn't hurt to hear her out once. It may even give you closure.” I didn't respond to that as others neared us. I admitted a part of me wanted to know what she had to say when she texted me two years back and yesterday with that parting line but the other part of me was afraid if I let her in again, she could hurt me once more. And I wouldn't be able to handle that. Maybe she wanted to be friends with me, but it was impossible for me to go back to that after everything. I wanted to marry her back then, I knew what she tasted like, what she felt like, how she sounded when she came and I couldn't just shove it all away to go back to being friends. Hating her was easier than trying to be her friend.

If I had to pretend to tolerate her for a month until our best friend got married, I would fake that but I wasn't going to fall back in friendzone with her.

After bidding my friends goodbye I drove around the city for a long time, trying to clear my thoughts as well as enjoying being back on the roads here. Maryland sucked. It was a boring dumpster and the only reason I was tolerating it was because JH was a bloody good institute. But that place had made me a monotone. This city made me feel alive, gave a rush of adrenaline. I had planned to move back here once my fellowship was completed but I couldn't take it anymore. After talks with the chief I had applied for few transfer forms to a couple hospitals here a while back. I was yet to hear from them. I hadn't told anyone about it. I didn't want to get my mom's hopes up unless something was confirmed. I had been excited to come back then but now knowing that she was here as well I didn't know if I should be excited by that prospect or not.

A thought rushed to me as I turned the steering wheels and drove to one place I often liked to visit when I was in the city. I was driving as fast as I could on the busy streets but even then, it took me a moment to reach there due to the thick traffic. I stopped the car on side of the bridge before getting out and leaning on it. The sky here was much clearer compared to the smog covered one in the main city. Humans were really the worst creature. They contributed nothing to the planet except destroying it. I shut my eyes close for a while enjoying the soft blow of the breeze over my face when I heard a sound of vehicle approaching. Great. Don't tell me in past five months I hadn't been here, this place had become a public attraction too. I glanced sideways briefly and found a sedan parked on the edge of the bridge.

Was it someone else's secret spot as well?

There was only one person I knew who introduced me to this and-

A hysterical chuckle slipped past my lips as the person got out. Of course. Of course, it was her. Three years without her and now when I ran into her once, I couldn't seem to avoid her. Fate was mocking me. Surprise graced her face when she saw me, her legs hesitating as she probably wondered what she should do.

To my utter dismay she took few steps and walked right into my direction, pausing few feet apart from me as she turned to look by the rails. This was a public place so it wasn't like I could tell her to leave and if I left it would make me look weak. So, I stood there. The atmosphere felt thick with silence, if it were old times, I would have said something first but now no chance.

“I wasn't expecting to see you here.” Don't say anything. Keep your mouth closed.

“And I was expecting you to run after seeing me. You have a PHD in it after all.” Couldn't keep it close could you?

“I bought this car today, so I wanted to come here first. This was always my spot.” I thought my heart was yours too once. You didn’t hesitate in running from that. Of course, I didn’t say it out loud. I decided to just ignore her presence.

“I moved back two months ago. I am an artist now.” Did she think I was interested in knowing anything about her?

“Turns out you were right...I couldn’t blend in with those people and that job. I tried; I did but it was worthless.” She didn’t take my silence to mean as fuck off.

“I got into art after quitting and landed a pretty good gig. I love my work now. I am sure its nothing compared to what you do but its pretty great. I work on my pieces and train freshly graduated art school students there as well. They still have a long way to go.” Stop talking.

“I also teach Levi’s judo class three days a week. Its fun getting back into that. I get to kick some ass again.”

“Stop fucking talking.” I said in a harsh tone which had her turning to look at me, meeting my furious eyes.

“I don’t give horse’s shit about you or your life.” I hated how she didn’t even flinch at my words, the only slight indication I got that she was affected was by how tight her grip got on the iron rod. Her voice was calm as she addressed me.

“Eren, I don’t want you turning into a bitter person. You hate me...alright. But don’t punish others for it. Don’t punish yourself.”

“I am happy in my life. I don’t want pointers from you.” She gave a curt nod, taking a step forward as I frowned and looked away. She was right next to me. I could fucking smell her now! Still the same intoxicating scent.

“My actions were despicable back then. You have...every right to hate me.” Her voice wobbled a bit and I hated that I wanted to comfort her.

“I am sorry. I really am. I am not saying this, because I want to force you back in my life. I just want you to know.”

“I don’t need apologies from someone who means nothing to me.” I looked away when I said this. I didn’t want to see the hurt expression on her face. I was an asshole but I was doing it to protect myself. I didn’t want to melt again and fall for her and have her leave once more.

“One day...if you are ready to listen, why I did what I did then I will tell you everything. But until then-.” She retrieved her hands from the railing, standing straight as I noticed the glimmer in her beautiful eyes. I had made her cry. And it pained me to do.

“I won’t interrupt your life.” She walked away, and not running after her was one of the hardest things I had to do in my entire life.

Taking a step

Chapter Summary

A step forward or backward?

Chapter Notes

Don't drink and drive.

Eren's POV

"I just don't understand what is your obsession with this?" Mom tugged at the end of my long hairs before going back to massaging my head. I let out a chuckle.

"I don't know. I guess I am just attached to them now." I could feel her rolling her eyes as I snuggled deeply into her lap. Her touch was like magic. It made my head slightly less heavy and eased the strain in my eyes due to lack of sleep.

"Hmm...here I thought you were just going through a phase in college. I didn't picture my twenty-eight-year-old doctor son having this rowdy look." She pressed a little too forcefully near my forehead, obviously showing her displeasure.

"There's no rule stating Doctor should have small hairs."

"There are also not many Doctors walking around with this rough biker look. Atleast shave off that beard sweetie." I groaned.

This again. Mom basically hated me having hair at this point. She wanted her son to be clean shaved with trimmed head and a rectangular pair of glasses perched on his nose as he treated his patients.

"You watch too much Greys anatomy."

"You got me into that." Yeah it was my fault. My eyes felt heavier now as I was feeling relaxed and sleepy due to the tension easing from my neurons.

"So...did you see her yet?" My eyes snapped open at once, all hints of relaxation gone as my muscle tensed. She must have sensed the change in my body language as she continued.

"Honey I know you don't wanna hear it and I also know you walked out on your Dad when he tried helping you which was incredibly rude. But I am not letting you do that to me."

"Is that why you waited till I was relaxed in your lap?" Her silence was enough as I closed my eyes, the tension in them back.

“You need to talk to her. If you won’t then I will and you are aware how that’s gonna go!”

Mom had been enraged, confused and hurt when she realised Mikasa dumped me back then. She got to know through Armin a couple days after she left and that left her frustrated because she couldn’t confront her face to face. And later when she had tried reaching Mikasa through calls, the latter ignored it and instead sent text message that she had no intention of getting back with me. Mikasa was like her own daughter and she bestowed more affection on her than me on most occasions so it wasn’t surprising that she was just as hurt. See...she didn’t break my heart only.

“I have no interest in digging up old graves.”

“Fine. Then I will. And you aren’t going to stop me.” She stated with determination as I gritted my teeth. Of course, she would. But I didn’t want her digging more and finding out about the ba-. I sighed. She didn’t know that. She just thought Mikasa dumped me out of nowhere for her job. Well she wasn’t wrong but she didn’t have the full version.

"I can sense you thinking something. What is it?" I shook my head. What if Mikasa told her that? I didn’t want my mom to be hurt more. But then again would she even do that? She did mention that she wanted to tell me everything. A part of me was scared that if I gave her that chance, I would be vulnerable again, and I would give her another opening to hurt me.

“Fine. Don’t tell me. I will ask Mikasa herself. And not the half assed version you told me because I know there’s more.” I grabbed her wrist and removed her hand from my forehead before sitting up. Disappointment was written in her eyes as I turned towards her, my jaw clenched and my head throbbing once again.

“If I promise to tell you everything do you promise to stay away from her?” She seemed hesitant at first, her eyes questioning before she let out a sharp breath.

“Fine. I will. But I want to hear it from you.” I gave a half nodded, pursing my lips. Here went nothing.

“Mikasa had a miscarriage three days before leaving. She was pregnant.” She froze completely at that as I sat properly and waited for her to process it. Ok maybe it wasn’t the brightest idea to throw this upon her out of the blue. Her mouth gaped as she blinked once. A small rare curse slipping out of her lips.

“Oh my god...” Her lips wobbled a little as I looked down, realising that it was a bad idea but it was too late. And then I started telling her everything.

When I was done, she just sat in silence for a while and I gave her time to take it all in as I checked my emails. Still no confirmation of transfer. I was going back tomorrow anyways so I guess I would have to confirm at the hospital itself. If the request was still in queue maybe I could pull back my letter and stay there. It was a safer option anyways.

“Why didn’t you try harder?” I raised my head to find her teary eyes now glaring at me. What the fuck? What did I do?

“Why didn’t you try harder to stop her? She lost her child Eren...do you have any idea how big it is?” She wasn’t seriously blaming me, was she? I gave her a look of disbelief standing up.

“Was grovelling on my knees not enough? She told me if I wanted her to be happy then let her go. What was I supposed to do after that? And it was a pretty big deal for me too mom.” Her eyes softened a bit at that as she got up, reaching to place a hand on my shoulder as I tensed.

“I am not saying it was nothing for you sweetie.” She caressed my cheek soothingly, leaning forward to hug me as I didn’t know what to do.

“I am so sorry for your loss. I wish I had been there for you” I relaxed a bit hugging her back and taking comfort in her warm embrace. My heart felt slightly lighter now telling that to my mom. We broke apart after a while, she wiped off the tears from her cheek before clearing her throat.

“It was a big deal for Mikasa because she lost her family once. I don’t know why she pushed you away Eren. Maybe she wanted to free you somehow. Or maybe she was afraid of that kind of lose again. Some people push away the ones they love when they suffer a loss.”

“Of course, I know this and I told her so. But she wanted a fresh life where there was no reminiscent from her ugly past and apparently, I am a part of her ugly past.”

“She is back now. In the city which she hated so isn’t it time for you to find out why? I am not...pushing you to be with her I just want you to be-“

“Happy? If only I had a penny for every time someone said that, I would quit my job and live in a gold-filled mansion.” I said bitterly, I was tired of being treated as some kind of sad case by everyone. I winced when I felt the pressure of her hand on my ear twisting it around like she used to when I was a kid. Ouch.

“Feeling a little petty there are we? I didn’t carry your sorry ass inside me nine months for you to turn out like this. You are going to talk to her like a grown man and you are going to listen to what she has to say! Do I make myself clear?” Even though she was tiny in front of me a part of me was always terrified of her. I grumbled a small yes as she let me go. Geez. For someone that small she was too fucking strong.

“Good. And don’t ever try using that little attitude on me. I mean bitch where do you think you get that snarky ass from?”

“Bitch?” I gave her an incredulous look not believing my ears as she let out a snort at my expression. Right, I had forgotten that my mom was a rebel, trouble making college girl before she met my dad. She pushed me out of the room, ordering me to do what she said as I frowned. But she was right about that. Dad was a soft and gentle person. I definitely inherited that from my spunky dear mom.

Talk to her huh. I guess I could give it a shot or stab my leg. Latter was the easier option.

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“Isn’t it too early for a drink?” Reiner shrugged me off before placing his order with the bartender. I checked my watch. It was five pm only.

“Come on Eren! I am not drinking alone.” Well...I guess I could order one.

“One Whiskey on the rocks.” The bartender flashed me a smile and then turned to our third seatmate who was seated there awkwardly. I didn’t know if it was because we were drinking this early or was it because his superior was here. Falco made sure to avoid my eyes. I guess he didn’t

know I was meeting Reiner or vice versa.

“Come on buddy. What are you waiting for?”

Reiner nudged him as he shook his head.

“Just water for me.”

“Aww kid. Its ok to loosen up once in a while.” Reiner ruffled his hairs laughing as he let out an uncomfortable smile looking at me. I couldn’t blame him. It wasn’t everyday your douche trainee hung out with you in a bar. He answered no again as my blonde friend finally let it go.

“Alright little man. Suit yourself.” The drinks arrived soon enough and we clinked our glasses before taking the shot.

“You gotta come to the city more. Its so dull without you here.”

“I bet.” I remembered the old times and how we used to be so reckless in high school and college. We broke a lot of rules together. Me and Reiner. He was my go-to brother whenever I wanted to do some illegal and daring shit.

“I still remember that one time when we went to the strip club with fake ids.” I smirked remembering. Oh yes. I was twenty back then, underage but that didn’t stop me from tagging along with him.

“It worked out well for you. You hooked up with the bodyguard later on.”

“Me? Talk about yourself! You went home with two bloody strippers. Pretty sure it was illegal.” Falco choked on his water looking away as I chuckled.

“It wasn’t. I wasn’t paying them to sleep with me.”

“God, I forgot how much of a whore you were.”

“Careful. I don’t think your ‘friend’ wants to hear this.” I cocked my head in Falco’s direction who was playing with his phone now, slightly red faced.

“Falco is twenty one. I am sure he can handle that.” He forced a smile for the older guy's sake as I snorted. He was probably the most innocent kid I had met.

“Besides, he isn’t a virgin anymore. His new girlfriend popped his cherry last week.”

“He was a virgin?” The poor kid looked like he wanted to melt into a puddle on the floor as his frantic eyes met mine. Even though he was flustered he was telling me something with his eyes as I raised my eyebrow. Wasn’t his girlfriend Gabi? Oh. I looked at Reiner who was now narrating another story from our early days. He didn’t know Falco was dating his cousin. Interesting.

“I wish we could do all that shit again. I feel so old. I am thirty dude. Thirty!”

“Its not that old.” I pointed out as he exhaled heavily. Speaking of...I had something else to talk to him.

“About Annie’s wedding. Are you really not coming?” His expression changed from tiresome to frosty as he planted a hand over my shoulder.

“Look Eren, I have no bad feeling for Armin you know, that right? He is my buddy but Bert is my

best friend. I feel like I will be betraying him.”

“Annie is your friend too. Armin told me she had no one from her side except her father. She asked Mi-“I looked away. “Mikasa to be her maid of honor.”

“What the fuck! Seriously?” I nodded as he let out a loud laugh. Yeah in ordinary circumstances I would have been amused too. If Mikasa hadn’t been my ex that is. He noticed the expression on my face as his laughter dissolved and he put on a serious expression.

“I don’t know. I mean I am not even mad at her like I was before. She didn’t owe Bertholt anything. I am in a difficult position right now.” I got that. I just wanted to do a semi decent thing for Armin. I had been a shitty person to him so I wanted to make up to him somehow.

“Just think about it and get back to me. It will mean a lot to both of them if you showed up.” He nodded assuring me as we went back to our previous conversation. This was what I missed there. Simply hanging out with my friends and talking about absolutely nothing. We played a game of pool next where Reiner defeated me pretty easily. I was out of practice and I had gone rusty over time. I really needed to get back in game.

“Seriously man? What do you do? Work 24/7 there?”

“Almost.” He gave me a disapproving look, placing back the cue before turning to Falco.

“Is this true?” His eyes wandered between both of us before he gave a slow nod.

“The work there is hectic.” We got interrupted by the sound of a cell-phone as Reiner excused himself, leaving only me and his ‘dear’ friend behind. He gave me an awkward smile swaying to and fro as I decided to indulge my curiosity.

“Reiner doesn’t know you are dating Gabi right?”

“No. And don’t tell him please. He will-“

“Crush your skull and play soccer with it?” He stuttered on his word as I patted him on his back. Poor kid was too young to be this uptight.

“Don’t worry. I won’t tell him anything. But he is not an idiot. He will figure it out soon.” He answered immediately.

“We will tell him. Just not this soon, its still pretty new.” I decided to ask for a refill, I wasn’t even buzzed at this point. One thing which hadn’t changed was my alcohol tolerance infact it got better as I barely felt anything even after gulping two straight bottles.

“So, you took a leave or two to come here?”

“Yes, two days leave. Mom was sick so I came to check up on her. My brother is overseas so she is all alone here.” I remembered his brother. We met back then in Dallas. He was a decent guy, I guess it ran in the family. My mom would be proud to have such sweet sons. I always gave her trouble but then again in her own words I did get that from her.

“Why are you so uptight all the time? You are still young and you should enjoy it while it lasts. It wont hurt to let loose sometimes.”

He scratched his head in embarrassment as I sipped on my drink.

“Umm well actually I have a really bad tolerance. I get drunk after a glass and I have to take care of mom after this. And I am happy the way I am. I guess I like living normal life instead of searching for something reckless to do.” A jab at me? A slight smile spread across my lips. He was a younger male version of Mikasa with the lack of inhuman strength and that infuriating attitude. I ruffled his hairs, earning a surprised look from him.

“You are a good kid. Its alright the way you are, you don’t have to change for someone.”

He gave a shy smile earning another amused expression from me as I shook my head fondly. He was probably the most innocent twenty-one-year-old I had seen and that included Armin as well. My best friend wasn’t all that sweet as he led on. Which reminded me-

I motioned Reiner who was talking in a corner, pointing at my watch. I had to go say goodbye to Armin as I was leaving early morning tomorrow. He had told me he would be at the Pignet store. It was on my way home so I wouldn’t need to take the opposite turn and travel all the way inside the city.

“Don’t take months to come next time.”

I won’t.” I exchanged quick hug with Reiner before turning to Falco.

“See you at the hospital kid.”

“Yes. Goodbye Mr Eren.” Mister? He would never learn.

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Mikasa’s POV

“Ok first of all this truffle is shitty. And second of all...this oysters are microwaved too much. God Eddie, what is wrong with you?” I looked back and forth between the chef and Sasha as she gave him a condescending look before sliding away the plate. Annie glanced at me as I arched my eyebrow. Told you she was good.

Sasha had taken it upon herself to come up with the menu for the wedding. She knew beforehand about the catering services and the ones which were decent in the city. She took out her paper before crossing this name and threw the owner a brittle smile.

“How did you make it in the top twenty?”

We followed her to the next place which was actually the fifth place overall. I never had an idea that she was this picky.

“Ahh I really hope to god this one works out. Nicolo personally complimented this so I am hoping we find something good.”

“I certainly hope so.” Annie mumbled slumping down in the chair as I followed.

“We have less than a month left now and I barely got anything done.”

“I told you to hire a wedding planner.”

“They are useless, expensive, slutty and would probably try to seduce your fiancé.”

Was she referencing the Wedding Planner movie? I wouldn't be surprised if it were true.

She was full of surprises. Back in the flower arrangement shop when she got the sex and the city reference, I realised she was nothing like I thought her to be.

“Well...we need to trust Sasha on this. Once the menu is done, we would have one less major thing to worry about.” I had an exhibition coming up soon so I had to start preparing for it. I barely had any spare time next ten days so I decided to help her as much as I could this weekend.

“Mm. This crust is perfect. A little soggy but I am sure you can do better. The crème fraiche for the caviar. Perfect. Now bring me the seasonal salad.” The chef nodded before heading back into the kitchen. She turned towards Annie giving a victorious smile.

“I think this could be our caterers. I just need to check up on a couple things.”

“It would have been better if you catered for us.”

“Yeah duh! But we aren't doing catering yet. We want to focus on the restaurant solely for now. Anyways where's the bloody owner?”

I played with my phone, as Sasha went to inquire about the manager. Two minutes later a woman walked in as my eyes widened in surprise. Hitch?

“Sorry for the trouble ladies my car broke down so I had to take a cab. I am the ow-“ It took her a while to recognise us as she let out a gasp, her eyes moving from Sasha to me and then finally to Annie.

“Its you...” I turned my head and found Annie looking slightly pale and extremely uncomfortable as she took in my ex batchmate. What was going on?

“Hitch.” Annie acknowledged twiddling her fingers as I looked over at Sasha who looked just as confused.

“Wait...you two know each other?” She voiced my opinion as Hitch let out a laugh throwing a coy glance to the blonde woman.

“Yes, we were roommates in college.” Ok there was definitely some more history here. I wasn't the one to pry as I gestured Sasha to talk with her.

“Can we discuss about the food now?”

“Oh sure. Congratulations on your wedding by the way.”

“No no. Its Annie not me.” Sasha thumbed in her direction as Hitch raised an interested eyebrow.

“That's...great. I have moved on. You are moving on.” She flashed a ring to the blonde woman who sat still.

“You got married?” She grinned at me, nodding before extending her hand to me.

“Yes four months back. My husband Marlowe is actually the owner of this place. I handle things in his absence.” Right. That explained how she was suddenly working here.

“So Mikasa you moved back as well? Last I heard you broke Eren’s heart and ran off to Paris.”

“We didn’t call you to gossip about our life.” I said coldly, warning her to back off as she got the message and turned towards Sasha.

“Alright follow me. Let’s get this over with.” I fixed a pointed glance in Annie’s direction after both women left for the kitchen. She didn’t look any better than before.

“We should look somewhere else.”

“Why? What went down between you two? Ex best friends? Sasha loves the food here. I don’t think we have much option left.”

“Yes, we do. The best option is to ensemble a bar and let the guests wasted. No need of food.” That actually wasn’t such a bad idea.

Why did people care so much about the stupid food anyway? Attend the ceremony and leave, simple as that. Anyways it was Armin’s wedding too and I was sure he would prefer the normal way of things.

“You don’t have to worry about running in her if you both have bad blood. Sasha is handling all this.” She jutted her lips thoughtfully taking a while before finally agreeing with me. We sat there for half an hour more before they came out. Sasha gave us an optimistic smile while Hitch’s eyes glued on Annie.

“Its finalised. We are doing it.”

“You should confirm with Annie first.” The girl in question stood up facing her ex roommate.

“It’s ok with me.”

“So now that is out of the way can I ask what happened here?” Sasha gestured between both of them with an excited look as I face palmed.

“I think we should leave.” I didn’t want to make things ugly between them as I nudged Sasha to move who waved me off.

“Annie and I are ex friends.” Ok....” And ex-lovers.”

“WHAT?” Sasha’s outburst caught attention of a few customers as I shushed her before turning my shocked gaze on the girl beside me. Annie looked like she wanted the ground to open up and swallow her as she felt two shocked and one knowing eye upon her.

“Bu-But...you both are bisexual?”

“Oh no. I am not. Annie is. I had a...phase in college. I wanted to experiment with girls and a night of too many shots led to that.”

“Then when did you both started dating?” It was only Sasha and Annie who were speaking at this point as I wasn’t one to feed into old affairs and Annie was...well Annie.

“We had a good time and well...we couldn’t stop doing that.” Great. Now I had an image of Annie and Hitch doing it. Perfect. Why was she giving me mental scar every day?

"Every girl I know got some girl on girl action. What do you say you and I kiss it out too?" Sasha winked at me jokingly as I told her to be quiet. I was grateful they didn't hear her.

“I don’t know what it was. We never put labels on it. Kinda like friends with benefits.” Sasha shot me a look which I tuned out for obvious reasons.

“They don’t need to hear the whole history. It was in the past. We both have moved on.” Annie stated firmly grabbing her clutcher, she looked ready to get the hell out of there.

Well I understood that feeling very well. Running into your ex out of blue. Hitch wasn’t having it as she feigned innocence.

“Oh right. I think you got it a bit mixed up. Don’t you mean when you left after graduation without goodbye or any word and told me it was over by a fucking text message.”

“This sounds so familiar.” This time I did shoot Sasha a menacing look which silenced her completely. The blonde was rendered frozen as an expression akin to guilt marred her face. She looked up at Hitch, really looked this time before speaking.

“What I did to you was wrong. I was immature and scared for having feelings for anyone first time in my life so I ran away. I am...sorry.”

The girl in statement gave a slight nod, a little surprised and relieved as she took a step back.

“Thank you for saying that. I suppose we can put it behind us now.”

“Yes. I am getting married and you are...married.”

“Its like watching gossip girls.” Sasha murmured to me as I suppressed a smile. That was really something. Who would have thought? Annie and Hitch. The Hitch who dated Jean for a while. The very Hitch who kissed my ex-boyfriend. Wow. This was actually like gossip girl. Her mischievous eyes now landed upon mine and I already dreaded the words coming out of her mouth. That wasn’t a good look.

“I mean I have moved on and clearly Annie have too from everything. Now she is friends with you, the girl she used to crush on high school-“

FUCKING HELL! /Hitch shut up.”

Both Sasha and Annie said simultaneously as it was my turn to be shell shocked. Hold on. What? Was this some kind of joke? I chanced a look at her and she looked worse than before as realisation struck me.

“Oh she didn’t know? Oops my bad.” She addressed me again “When Annie gets drunk she speaks a lot and she told me all about you and how she hated you but wanted you as well. You were the one who made her realise she was bi Mikasa. Isn’t that big?”

“I wish I had a popcorn.” Sasha said having fun at our expense as I shook my head, grabbing her hand and ready to leave this place now.

“We should go. We have other stuff to do.”

Twenty minutes later in the car

“Just so you know I was only sixteen then. Don’t think much about it.”

“I won’t.”

“And I still hated you more than...that thing.”

“Its ok. We are all adults now.”

“Don’t even dare tell Armin any of this.”

“Of course.”

“It wasn’t anything special. I had crush on many people then.”

“I didn’t say it was.”

“I had crush on Michael, Eren, Theo-“

“Eren?”

“I just said I had crush on many people! Just because I acted like a stone-faced human doesn’t mean I didn’t have feelings.”

“I never said that.”

“Good. Now forget everything which happened today.”

“I won’t. its not everyday you see *the* Annie Leonhart put on a spot like that.”

“You are still a bitch you know that?”

“I thought you liked me being a bitch.” She cocked her head to look at me as I bit my lip, holding back a laugh.

We both burst out laughing simultaneously as she turned on the highway. A relieved sigh left my mouth when I realised, she was normal again. And I was right, We were adults now who could make breeze past the past. If only it held true for all the situation.

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My eyes went on the hundreds of rings being displayed around me studded with different kinds of rock. I noticed Annie still hadn’t taken out the wedding ring she purchased as she looked at it in awe. What was it like to be in love and getting married? I guess I would never find that out. I checked the watch and realised it was quarter past nine.

It was getting dark and I needed to get back to my place. Armin had gone out a while ago saying he had some urgent thing to attend to as he whispered something in his fiancé’s ear and we had been sitting here idly, waiting for him to return.

“Its getting late. I will take a cab.” She frowned before studying the clock on the wall.

“Just wait a while it won’t be longer. We will drop you then head back.” This was why people had cars. It wasn’t my fault though as Annie showed up at my place and picked me up then Sasha for food tasting. Sasha already left long time ago when her fiancé picked her up. Not everyone was single and miserable like me. I should have driven in my own car which I oh so lovingly bought yesterday. And Armin’s car was in the garage. Why was it that everytime someone or the other I

know had their car in garage? The roads of NY weren't that bad!

The glass door opened after a while revealing Armin as he walked inside with a worried look on his face.

“Finally. Let’s go.”

“Wait.” He looked nervous as I got up, anticipating his next words.

“Eren is outside. I actually went to meet up with him. He wants to talk to you.” My heartbeat accelerated all of a sudden, my hands getting clammy as I dug my fingers into my palm. He wanted to talk? Did he consider my words from yesterday? I swallowed, my heart getting heavy again as I was caught. Annie came to my rescue.

“But she needs to go back to her place? And we are going to drop her.”

“He told he will drop her.” Oh god. I didn’t like this. I wasn’t ready yet. I couldn’t tell him everything. It was too sudden and late. I was tired and I wanted sleep. I didn’t have energy for this. But what if I refused and I never got another chance again. Mustering up my courage I walked out, pushing open the doors and found his car parked in front. He was leaning on it, typing something on his phone when his head snapped up to me.

“Are you sure you heard him say ‘Drop her off’ and not ‘Bury her body in the forest’ coz that look isn’t very assuring.” Annie was right. He was throwing daggers at me with his eyes as I stepped down the stairs. A hand caught my wrist as I looked up and found Annie stopping me.

“If he acts like an asshole you better beat his ass up. I like the bitch Mikasa remember.”

Corners of my mouth tilted up as I nodded before walking down, ignoring Armin’s faint ‘What’s that supposed to mean?’ in the background. He didn’t say a word just opened the passenger’s door as I got in.

I put on my seatbelt just as he peeled away. A thick silence settled in as I looked out. I was surprised he hadn’t replaced his car for a new model yet. It definitely looked like it went through some upgrades but that was it. I had so many memories in this car. On top of it as well when he declared his love for me. I clawed my jeans, trying to push those images away as he weighed down on the gas. His eyes were focused solely on the road and it didn’t seem like he was going to speak anything. Was he waiting till we got at my place? I couldn’t sit just idle as I interrupted him.

“You wanted to talk to me?” he didn’t say anything at first and I wondered if this was a good idea. Wait he didn’t even know where my place was? I told him the address as he shot me a quick look before finally opening his mouth.

“The thing you mentioned yesterday, I want to hear it. So, talk.” Right. He picked up the speed as we reached the highway as I wondered where to start.

“Well I wanted you to know that...what you said then was right. I was afraid to lose again.” No response.

“I lost my family once and...I thought we could have that too but after...miscarriage I thought it was a sign.” I noticed he had taken a different route then my usual as it was quite deserted and felt a little uneasy.

“This isn’t the road.”

“It’s a short circuit. Keep talking.” A clipped response. Ok then.

“I thought it was a sign that I shouldn’t have family. People I loved died. I didn’t want...something to happen to you as well.” The haunting trees loomed over us on the sides as I noticed how it went past quickly. He was going fast.

“So, you broke up with me because of destiny crap.” He concluded.

“No. I mean yes! I thought being with me was a bad sign for you. But there’s more.”

Peeking at him through the corner of my eye, I saw that he was seething. He licked his lips and took heavy breath while he tightened his grip on the steering wheel.

“I would have preferred 'your job being your first priority' excuse over this fucking destiny shit.” I glanced at the speedometer and noticed that he was increasing the speed gradually. It was dark outside.

“No there’s more to it but can we talk about it at my place when you are not driving.” He sucked in his cheeks, passing me a brief glance.

“You believe your destiny won’t let anything happen to me when we are broken up right? Let’s test it out.” What? I felt gravity pull my body towards other side of the car, my heart thumped wildly as I saw that Eren wasn’t slowing down as we rounded the soft turn. What was he thinking?

And then he switched off the headlights.
Oh god.

The road was black and I couldn’t see more than a foot in front of us. It was a one-way road too! What was he thinking?

“Eren stop it! Turn on the lights.” I noticed he was driving way over eighty miles as I braced one hand on the dash.

“There’s no need to be scared ‘sweetheart’. As long as we are broken up I won’t die remember.”

“That’s not what I meant and you know it!”

We were zooming down the road at a frightening speed and a lump formed in my throat. I was scared! I had been in a car accident once. Why was he being like this? He knew I hated speed. He had never driven this fast before ever.

“Eren stop it! This isn’t a game.” He twisted his head to face me, his eyes hooded and that’s when I realised-

“Have you been drinking?”

“I don’t get drunk.”

“No. But you get intoxicated and crazy which is what you are doing right now! Stop the car!” The tires screeched as he rounded another turn. I was breathing as fast as the car was speeding now. I was sure we were going to hit something or turn over!

“PLEASE STOP!” Tears were forming in my eyes now as I bellowed with full force of my lungs, shaking his thighs as he slammed on the brakes and shifted to the side of the road. My hands were shivering as I got out of the car, he hopped out at the same time, his eyes wide as he looked at my

face. He knew! He knew I hated this much speed.

A sob left my lips as he neared me, opening his mouth to say something just as I slapped him hard in the face. He wobbled back a couple steps as I wiped off my tears. My heartbeat still running at many miles as I wiped off my sweaty forehead.

“You could have killed us!”

“But your fucking destiny saved us right?” He walked back towards me, the shape of my hand imprinted on his cheek as he pressed me against the car, his face an inch away from mine.

“Do you know I haven’t slept properly in years? In my dreams all I see is you, I couldn’t function properly I couldn’t eat I couldn’t sit when you left me? You made me this...this empty shell!”

His voice cracked, His face twisted with anger and pain as tears streamed down my face. My heart getting ripped as he held my wrists together.

“You were an addiction of mine! I wanted to quit but you I couldn’t. And just when I am thinking of moving on you fucking return!”

“I told you I am sorry! I was stupid, young and scared! I loved you. I loved you so much Eren. I still do...” The words escaped easily. It was true. He breathed out, his eyes narrowing down even more than before as he nestled his face on my head. His hot breath fanning my forehead as my heart pumped wildly.

“How dare you....you have no right Mikasa! No right. I fucking hate you.” I jerked at his ugly admittance as he pulled back to look at me again. His eyes darting between my eyes and lips as his long fingers wiped off my tear, turning my skin feverish. He looked confused. His lips stayed an inch shy of mine as I felt myself heating up. He was so close and I was becoming light headed. I wanted to kiss him. I wanted to love him ag-

He stepped back as though out of a trance, running his hands through his messy hairs as I blinked.

“Let’s get you home.” My legs stayed planted on the ground as he sighed running his eyes around.

“I won’t drive fast I promise.” And for some reason I believed him. He held true to his word as he dropped me without another word and I was too drained out to stop him as he left.

One day...one day when I was strong enough, I would tell him everything.

Back where I belong

Chapter Summary

Eren is back in the city again and tension is going to be higher than ever.

Chapter Notes

Text in italics are phone conversation on other side and text messages

Mikasa's POV

"You got a reaction out of him. That's better than nothing right?"

"I guess. But this was not how I wanted to talk to him."

"When people are mad, or act like a...how do you kids say it? Ahh douchebag! They are doing it to build a barrier to shield them. It's because they are afraid of getting hurt again. Eren is afraid to feel powerless against you so he either puts on the cold mask or acts a royal douche. He is afraid to let you in and let his guard down lest all his positive emotions for you keep flooding out. He is afraid you are going to hurt him again."

"I already regret doing it the first time! I just want to sit down and have a normal conversation with him. He just needs to listen to me for five minutes.. That's it."

"I am afraid he won't make it easier for you Mikasa. He offered to drive you that day and wanted you to talk in the car itself because he knew that would make you uncomfortable. He had no intention of actually listening to you. It may be he was forced to do that per say. And the answer you presented him ticked him off. Now he thinks you made him suffer because of some sign by the fate. That's even worse for him as far as I can interpret from your words. You need to take a breather on this for a while...focus on your upcoming project. And if you really want to get through him then...make him trust you again."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"It's exactly what I said. Think about it. But not too much, you don't wanna spiral back again do you?"

I nodded even though Ms. Aubert couldn't see it. I had to make sure to not put a pressure on myself as well. It had taken me a long while to finally accept what happened was not my fault and running back then only made both me and Eren suffer. It didn't do good for us. If I needed to remedy my mistake I had to keep a strong head on my shoulder. These all wasn't for me but for Eren. The least I could do was give him a sense of closure.

"You have really gotten rusty." I jumped back on my feet, throwing my brother a scowl. Well he

asked for it. I swung around my hand which he escaped by a millimeter, his leg aiming at my foot which I effectively dodged before finally landing a hit on him. He stumbled back a couple steps and it was my turn to smirk.

“Excuse me sensai.” Levi stepped back as one of the students approached him, inquiring about something and I decided to head to the sideline. Grabbing the mineral water I gulped down half of it before throwing some on my face. My skin was sticky with sweat but it felt good to spare this long again. It’s been ages since I trained with Levi and it felt good to have your muscles ache with fatigue.

I checked the time and realised I had overstayed here so I decided to hit the shower and change back into my normal clothes.

“Oye brat!” Levi trotted towards me, motioning me to follow him back into his house, which was next door to the training center. I frowned, what did he want to talk about which was so private. He closed the door and guided me to the couch.

“What’s the matter?”

“You left...some stuff here. I was cleaning your old painting room and found few things.”

“Ohh.” He was acting weird sort of and I wondered what was it. He headed inside as I tapped my fingers on my knees. The house was eerily quiet and lonely, no wonder he liked to go on stakeouts a lot. I wondered if stakeout was a codename for staying over at his clinic friend. What was her name? Hanji something. His footsteps resonated behind me as he rounded the couch and passed me a carry bag. That didn’t look like much.

“Thanks.” I grabbed the bag from his hand, peeking inside. Few brushes, my old tshirt? Ughh it had paint stains too. Two sh-I froze at the next item, exhaling sharply before looking past it. Surely he wouldn’t have thought much of it. A bib. I remembered now. I had unpacked a couple of things I bought in that room itself but forgot to throw them away when I moved three years ago. I had locked up that room as it was full of my paintings and I couldn’t carry them all on plane. Infact I had just recently shifted all my old work back into my new place, he must have cleaned it recently.

It was not like he must have thought much of it. For all he knew it might be my old baby cloth. But if that was the case he would have handed me the package outside itself.

I looked up and found his assessing eyes narrowed down a bit. He must have sensed the change in my expression.

“Well...thanks for this. I should go.”

“No. We need to talk.”

“Can it wait? My art students are waiting.”

“No Mikasa.” He rarely addressed me by my name. “I knew there was always more to why you left so suddenly. Is this-“ He pointed to the bag “related to it somehow.” I looked away. What should I do? This wasn’t anyone’s business.

“I may not show it but I...care about you brat. I thought maybe you finally realised that Yeager brat wasn’t good enough for you. But there’s more to it isn’t it?” I let out a chuckle. More like it was the other way around.

“You really wanna hear it?”

His eyes went to the bag again momentarily.

“You are not hiding a secret child somewhere are you?” Despite myself I let out a laugh, shaking my head before getting ready to tell him everything. Once I was done I slumped back, exhausted from telling that. I hated retelling my past, but now I could do it without crying atleast. I only told him what he needed to know and not anything extra. That was something I would share with Eren only, if he would let me.

Levi let out a sigh, his eyes a bit gravely as he addressed me.

“I am sorry you went through that. I wish you told me...but then again I wasn’t a very open person was I?”

“Maybe it runs in our family.” I forced a smile but he saw through me, leaning forward he grabbed my hand and gave it a squeeze.

“I can’t change the past. But I just want you to know that I am very proud of you and that I will be here if you ever need a pair of ears.”

The corner of my lips tilted up and I let out a small nod. Surprisingly it felt good to tell him. He averted his eyes, looking in the distance.

“I am sorry brat...as your brother I should have been more aware of what you were going through. I was a shitty broth-“

“Well then so am I. I am not any better than you at communicating. But it’s not your fault. Our relationship have always been like this. And it was...something private.” He studied me for a moment, his head bobbing down in understanding as he let go of my wrist.

“I suppose you are right. You have always been closest to that Yeager brat who I should beat to a pulp by the way for knocking my sister up before marriage.” I bit my lip, he wasn’t actually serious about it.

“But it takes two so I can’t put the blame solely on him.” I rolled my eyes, well atleast he was being reasonable. He rubbed his hands, getting serious again.

“This is why he had been looking like shit lately. I hope you patch things up with him. I am not a big fan of him...but he is the only one who could put up with your antics.”

“I don’t know if you are taking a jab at me or complimenting him.”

“How about both?” Of course. I got up then, I was already a lot late for work.

“Don’t hesitate to drop by once a while. Bella will be coming over this weekend. Maybe you will like catching up with her.” A genuine smile spread across my face, I adored my niece dearly.

“I will show up.”

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“My skin feels as smooth as butter.” Sasha let out a pleased sigh as she ran her hands down her arms. I unconsciously felt my arms as well. She wasn’t wrong. We were coming out of the salon after getting a full body wax and it felt heavenly. It had been a while since I got myself pampered like this. I was a minimalist and I didn’t waste much time in skin care or monthly salon visits, preferring to shave instead but Sasha insisted we give ourselves a treatment and practically dragged me here.

“I can’t wait to get relaxed in the spa now!”

My head snapped towards her, wait what?

“Sash did you sign us up for that too? I agreed to waxing only.”

“Oh hush. You need a good massage Mikasa. Your mind will feel as light as the air. Trust me.”

“Do I have any other option?” Her response was to grin at me as we headed inside the spa center. I had been to spa only twice in my life. The calm atmosphere, soothing music were a bit much for me. Sasha checked us in as I awkwardly followed her. This wasn’t really my scene. But Sasha wanted to do something for me and how could I reject her. Following the procedure we discarded our clothes and lied down on our backs, waiting for a masseuse to show up.

“Sash?”

“Vicky hey! I thought you weren’t gonna make it.” I turned my head and found a red head joining in with a towel wrapped around her.

“Mikasa this is Vick. My friend. Vick Mikasa.”

“I have heard so much about you. It’s nice to meet you.” She leaned down her hand as I shook it uncomfortably. I was severely underdressed for meeting new people. She settled down on the vacant place beside me as I snapped my eyes towards Sasha.

“She wanted to accompany me too. I should have told you sooner.” She whispered for my ears only as I groaned. Great. The masseuse entered a moment later, her hands like magic as I felt the tension easing out of me. My eyes getting heavy as I felt relaxation all over. Maybe it wasn’t such a bad idea. After she was done, we were left alone to soak in the treatment for a while. My eyes closed and breath relaxed as I tried to tune off the voices of the two girls talking. My exhibition was in seven days now. I wanted to showcase a piece which was extremely dear to me. It wasn’t for sale but it was something which could catch the eyes of buyers. It was bea- My ears caught in the gist of their conversation. Were they really discussing about sex?

“And then I told Nic the position you told me about. It was very effective.”

“Of course. I am happy to help.”

“What about you Mikasa? Do you need some tips to improve your sex life?” I blinked. She must have noticed me listening in their talk. And why would I want advice from a stranger? Plus I didn’t have any sex life.

“Vick is a sex therapist Mika. That’s her job. She can’t help asking such questions.” Oh. Sasha wiggled her eyebrows trying to explain to me as I inhaled. Well that made sense.

“I am single actually.”

“Oh honey so am I. But you don’t need a man to give yourself pleasure am I right?” Oh no she did

not just say that.

“I am fine.” I heard her shifting to lean in my direction as I kept my gaze on the floor.

“It’s nothing to be embarrassed about. Masturbation is a healthy practice and it eases out the tension. If you don’t have toys you can use your fing-“

“I know how to masturbate.” I couldn’t believe it. I was naked in a public place having this conversation with a sex shrink. This was not how I imagined my day to go like.

“I have no intention of offending you. I am just offering you an insight. It’s a healthy way to let loose and feel a little happy that’s all.” Needless to say I got out of there as soon as possible. It wasn’t that I was prude, I just didn’t like discussing such things with a complete stranger. Sasha later texted me and apologized for her friend’s forwardness and I assured her it wasn’t her fault. I headed to painting as soon as I got back home. I had still a lot of surface to color and the exhibition was near. This time I was giving six of my paintings, the highest I had ever gone for sale and one simply for display. My phone chose that moment to vibrate as I picked it up, it could be something important.

I almost dropped it when I saw the sender’s ID. It was Eren. It was a text from Eren. He had removed me from the block list. My hands felt shaky as I debated whether to open it now or after. What could he have possibly send? The last I saw him was six days ago when he took me on a death drive. No need in guessing, I pressed open the message.

I am sorry for that day. I was intoxicated and clearly not thinking straight. Our issues aside, that was a low thing to do.

I gulped down quickly, not knowing what to say back. If I sent something would he reply back? Did this mean he was giving me an opening? I remembered my therapist’s words of not jumping the gun immediately. One step at a time. I typed a short response but then erased it. I didn’t want him to think I was desperate. Maybe I should wait a while. I got back to painting, my eyes kept darting towards my phone as though he was watching me. After ten minutes I gave in.

Thank you for saying that

Yes. It was perfect. Nothing too personal or too formal. I didn’t want to chase him away plus I was still sort of pissed at his antic that day. I turned off the screen, not wanting to get my hopes up about a reply again as I headed towards the bathroom.

After discarding my clothes I assessed my body in the mirror. I had lost a considerable amount of muscle mass back in Paris but I was regaining it again with workout, yoga and judo. My abs had returned and I was more than grateful for it. My hand moved towards my short hairs, I hadn’t let them grow after I got them all chopped off back then. Maybe it was some sort of a coping mechanism for me. I didn’t know if I would ever grow them again. I turned around and grabbed the body wash before cleaning off my skin. I rubbed at the paint marks near my forearms then I headed down towards my stomach and waist. My hands grazed my center and I loved the soft freshly waxed skin. Infact...it felt really good. I pulled back my hand immediately. That sex therapist had gotten into my head. I did fine without it for years. I rinsed myself off with the shower head, eager to leave the bathroom soon.

Images of Eren using it to get me off flashed in my mind as I bit my lip. No. I wasn’t doing it. Him watching me as he told me to play with myself in front of him. I let out a frustrated moan, my hand already rubbing circles at the nub. Ok maybe just a little. Our wet bodies locked together as he thrust inside of me. I suppressed a moan, bringing the shower head down. My breath becoming

shallow as I rubbed at my clit as well as let the stream of water hit me right there. My hand working fast as I clenched my thighs together. Yes! Oh god yes. A moan slipped past me as the water stimulated my nerves. I brought the head closer to get the maximum pleasure. Eren's tongue laving and licking at my center. I pulled back my hand to squeeze my breast, my nipples rock hard now as I let the shower head do rest of the work. Eren's cock hitting all the right spot inside of me as his deep voice whispered filth in my ears. I leaned back on the wall, unable to hold myself as I moaned out his name and a powerful release hit my body. I slumped against the cold surface of the wall, slowly coming down from my high. I didn't know whether to be ashamed of this or not.

I just got off to my ex boyfriend. He wasn't mine now. Was there some sort of rule which said it was wrong? Well it wasn't like I could help it. Before him I barely came. I never masturbated for obvious reasons and my relationships well...I could count on one hand how many times I came with them. Eren taught me that sex could be good too and he was the only one who made me feel that way so...it wasn't my fault. Right?

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Eren's POV

"Doctor the apomorphine is unavailable in the hospital right now so--"

"Get it transferred from other hospital. Isn't that your job?" The nurse bowed down her head before quickly rushing outside the room. Geez. Two days back and I was already getting sick of it. I loved my work, I really did but the empty feeling after heading back to my lonesome apartment was just growing and making me crankier than usual.

After being in company of my family and friends for a couple days it was hard to adjust back to this. This was why I hated going back there. I loved that place and it made me realise how dull my life here actually was. I gave the shot to my patient, effectively putting him to sleep for few hours before heading to my office. I had still gotten no response about my transfer request.

Mikasa's return had made me question that but after returning to this hell hole, this was worse. Besides the city was huge it wasn't like I would run into her every fucking day. Maybe I needed to talk to the chief.

Chief Gavinson was a stout looking old man. He had made remarkable career in medicine and won many awards for his achievement. But he was pretty humble for his status. And I hated how he liked to tease me every now and then. Just because he was friends with my father doesn't mean I was interested in being his buddy as well.

"Ahh the transfer. Sorry son, didn't get much time to check my emails. I was busy with my grandchildren's baptism" I stared at him blankly. How many bloody days did that thing take? He must have read my expression as he added.

"We went to Armenia, our family is originally from there. Did Dr. Meyers not tell you?" Even if he did it wasn't like I gave a shit about their personal life.

"Can you check it now?"

“Always up to the point. You are no fun.”

“I come here to work not have fun.” He didn’t take offense at my standoffish tone. He was used to it by now. Why were old people so irritating? Except my parents. He spent a while searching in his inbox and I wondered if I even got any offer or not. My record was pretty good, I didn’t see how I wouldn’t be accepted anywhere.

“Ahh here it is. Well there are many. I will give it a clearance so you can check for yourself.” Few seconds later I got the mail as I got up and gave him a polite nod.

Fucking finally.

It wasn’t a very difficult choice. Presbyterian was one of the best neurology institute of the country, surely it wasn’t as good as JH, but whatever it lacked it would make up by the thrill of the city. I answered them back as soon as I got back to my apartment. The earliest joining date was in eight days and I was pumped up. I realized it had been a long while since I felt this excited. Mom and Dad didn’t know and I decided to surprise them.

Well luckily I had talked to the real estate agent before hand to hook me up with a decent apartment, I just hoped they found something by now. I shot him a quick text asking to get back to me as soon as possible. Humming to myself I poured some beer in the glass as I looked around. I would have to call movers too. I had a lot of stuff stacked up here. I walked into my room, my eyes falling to the blue crib on opposite side of bed, I enthusiastically purchased it long time ago. I had donated rest of the stuff I bought but for some reason I couldn’t say bye to this. Maybe it was because I had already pictured my daughter in it. And I wasn’t going to get rid of it now. I wanted to keep something to remind me of her. Maybe I was a sentimental idiot but I couldn’t help it.

I looked at the square painting next, hanging on side of the window. The one with me almost naked which Mikasa gave to me of course, as she promised back then. If anyone saw it, they would think that I probably loved hanging my portraits but that wasn’t the case. I couldn’t give two shit about my painting. It was the painter who lured me to hang it. Mikasa’s hands had been there, pouring her heart and passion out in drawing me and I could feel it. In a twisted way I wanted to keep a reminder of her. I was still helpless when it came to her. I had almost kissed her three days back and it was our third fucking meeting only. I had no self control when it came to her. Even though the words she said fueled my anger I still wanted her just as much possibly more than before. Whatever it was I knew I was gonna end up fucking her sooner than later if I kept this attitude.

I still do...

I clenched my eyes shut, trying not to remember her sweet voice. She left me for a fucking destiny mumbo jumbo. I didn’t believe in all that crap never would. She said she wanted to tell me more but I couldn’t hear it. Maybe it was worse than this. I didn’t know what I would do then?

I quit three days later, just before I was on my way back to my city I went to my old hospital one last time. I had wanted to keep it hush but doctors made enough of commotion that everyone came to bid me goodbye even fucking Charles.

“I hope you get good credit now that I am out of the competition.”

“I hope you get some manners back in that city.” I let out a smirk, look who grew backbone, as I gave him a pat on the back. Good for him. I headed towards office to grab some of my notes when I found Falco and his little girlfriend standing by the door. An eyebrow shot up as he gave me a smile.

“Mr. Eren. I was waiting for you.”

“I can see that.” I pulled back the drawers, hmm not much in here.

“I... We just wanted to thank you for the last seventy days. It was great pleasure working with a hard working and a dedicated person like you.”

“Really? Does that include my dickish behavior as well?”

“Definitely no.” Gabi muttered from his side and I chose to ignore her before placing a firm hand on his shoulders.

“I am sure you will do great. Hit me up when you are back in NY.” He grinned giving me an excited nod as I turned towards his very 'pleasant' companion. She always seemed kind of afraid of me.

“Miss Braun I hope your next superior suits your taste. Although you might want to lose that attitude if you are aiming to be a star pupil like your boyfriend.” I shot the said boy a wink before rushing past them, I had tortured the poor girl enough for a lifetime. I was surprised she didn't tell Reiner about this. I wondered what he would have to say about it.

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I cracked my fingers, feeling the weariness of the day catching up to me as I finished setting up my place. I had gotten call a day ago about the flat which was perfect for me and the man didn't lie. It had a huge balcony with a sweet view of the city just as I liked along with all the rooms of necessities.

Movers had left back a while ago after helping me with my stuff so it was just me now. I was yet to tell anyone about this except Reiner. Recently he and I had gotten pretty close again and I loved talking to him.

He was also the same as me so with him I had no fear of any judgement being passed. I would probably drop by and surprise my parents tomorrow then tell Armin and the others. Today I needed some rest.

I collapsed on my mattress and did a quick swipe through of the news, closing the app before shooting a good night text to my mom. It was a habit of mine. A thought passed me and I clenched and unclenched my palm. I still couldn't push away the image of scared Mikasa from my mind. That was really low of me. I knew she was terrified of that yet I still went ahead and did that. It was inexcusable. My fingers were hesitant as I removed her from block list. My palms sweaty as I typed the message before pressing send. It was least I could do. My eyes remained glued to the screen waiting for her response. I got irritated when I didn't get one immediately but then I remembered how she called me clingy and how I always texted her.

I didn't mean anything I said back then.

Sure she didn't. She liked to kick me where it hurt. After a while it flashed as I quickly opened the screen.

Thank you for saying that

I felt...disappointed. It was an appropriate response but for some reason I was hoping to get something more personal. The way she passionately said how she still loved me, you would have thought she would be more excited to get a text from- No. Stop it. I was going back on that path again. One fucking message. Three words only. Twenty five characters. And I was acting like this again. I threw the phone on side before closing my eyes. I needed some rest. I had a long day tomorrow.

As expected, my mom had burst out crying at the news, hugging me so tightly my air supply was cut off. How the fuck was she this strong? My father was at work so I told him on call. He said he already heard from Mr. Gavinson but figured I was going to surprise them so kept quiet. Oh well.

I told others via a text and caught up with Jean and Connie for drinks. Armin wasn't in the city so he couldn't make it. It didn't take me long to fall back in routine more like three fucking days only.

The hospital staff was not much different from the previous one. I greeted them politely but that was it and I figured they got the message that I didn't have any intention of budding up with them as they didn't poke me much. I was grateful for that.

Once in a while I would check my phone and open the messenger and couldn't hide a wave of disappointment at no text from her.

I figured someone would have told her about my transfer by now, mainly Sasha and she would want to contact me but some things never changed. Maybe I should put her in the block list again so I didn't feel tempted every once in while to open that.

But Fate had other plans apparently. Not that I believed in it. It was sheer luck.

It was weekend so I headed to bar for drinks with Reiner. Everyone else was pretty much living a settled life and we were the only singles left among guys.

"I have decided I am coming." I cocked up my eyebrow, a little confused as he added "to Annie's wedding. Bertholt told me to go. He seems like he has actually gotten over her now. And well it's first wedding among our gang."

"Did you forget Ymir and Historia?"

"They eloped. That's doesn't count man no one attended it." He had a point. The place was heavily packed today as I tapped my legs to the upbeat song. Reiner was distracted by some guy in blue shirt as they chatted while I roamed my eyes. I wondered if I was too old for this club life now. Was twenty eight old? You didn't have to be of a particular age to have fu- my eyes zoomed in a familiar figure at the corner of the club. Was that Sasha? What was she doing here? But then again this place served some good drinks. She was dancing with someone as I squinted my eyes. Flash of dark hair and pale skin grabbed her arm as my throat bobbed. Of course she was here. My eyes took in her length, she was wearing simple top with skinny jeans but she rocked it so well. Fuck. I took a sip of my drink just when my phone vibrated.

Hey

It was Mikasa. Had she spotted me? I turned my head and sure enough she was looking right at me. She had stepped back now and was standing by the wall. I could barely make out her figure in the dark but I knew it was her. Sasha was now grooving with some other girls as I looked back at my phone again.

Hello

There. Short and crisp. It took her only few second to reply.

Heard you transferred back. That is great. Everyone is happy to hear that

Are you happy? I wanted to ask but I didn't.

Yeah I moved awhile ago

I wanted to see if she was looking at me or not but her face was shadowed.

Are you adjusting back well?

Was this her idea of small talk? For some reason I was going with the flow as I typed back.

Yes. This has always been my place. I didn't see it as shit hole unlike some people

Too far? Didn't matter, I wanted her to remember I was still mad at her.

Sometimes shit holes are better than a pompous city which stinks of overpriced perfumes.

Was this her idea of joke?

I see your sense of humor still haven't improved.

I looked up at her, her hand working on the phone as my screen lit up.

I was stating a fact. It wasn't supposed to be funny

That old excuse seriously?

Take it however you want, I meant it

Corners of my mouth tilted, I could practically see her fuming. It was so easy to get on her nerves. What the fuck was I doing? I pushed that thought away as I started typing

How long have you been here?

An hour I guess. Sasha invited me for drinks with few of her friends

Are you drunk?

No

What was I doing? I ran my hand through my hairs, unable to stop myself.

Meet me in the alley

Are you drunk?

She shot back and I realized she didn't trust me much after that accident. Well I didn't trust her at all but that wasn't stopping me.

I just had one glass. I am very much sober.

I saw her moving then and towards the back door and wondered what did she think was gonna happen? What in the seven heavens was I even doing? My self control was hanging by a thread and I didn't want to do something which I would regret. But that never stopped me before. It sure as hell wasn't stopping me now. I took a quick look at Reiner who had now inched closer to the other dude before following Mikasa's trail.

I opened the door and found her on the other side of the road, fidgeting her fingers. What was I doing? There was no soul in sight as I started walking towards her, she turned and stood by the wall, her body language formal as I reached her.

"What's the matter?" I could hear her heart pounding loudly and her forehead getting sweaty and wondered if she could hear my loud heartbeat as well. This close she looked even more gorgeous and I was having a hard time holding back myself. You hate her. Remember hate.

"I told my mom about the baby." Surprise laced her features, both by that news and the fact that she wasn't expecting me to say this. I had to bring up a normal topic or I wouldn't be able to hold back myself. You hate her. Don't forget that.

"Ohh...How did she take it?" I pursed my lips, pocketing my hands as I was afraid I was going to touch her otherwise.

"How do you think? She might pop up by your place sometime so I wanted to give you heads up." She nodded, her eyes focused on the electric pole on side instead of me.

"I told Levi as well. I left some stuff and he found it so I had to." It was my turn to nod.

"Should I install triple locks on my door? I am sure he isn't a big fan of me." She let out a barely there smile and I clenched my wrists harshly in my pocket, taking a step back even though we had a lot of distance between us.

"Don't worry. If anything he is more disappointed in me." Her eyes landed on me briefly as she unconsciously bit her lip. I wanted to bite that. You hate her. Stop it.

"Well...it's getting late so." I thumbed towards the back exit as her eyes dulled. Was she expecting something else? I turned to walk back inside, each step heavy as I took out my hands from the pocket. Don't do it. Don't turn back. Don't. I didn't hear her footsteps at first and wondered if she wanted a moment to herself. My hand reached the doorknob, the loud thrumming of music coming from inside as I creaked it open.

Fuck this!

I turned around swiftly, taking long quick steps and found her already walking towards me as she grabbed my collar. Our lips crashed against each other with a strong force. Every cell inside my body burning up with strong desire. Her hands dug into my shoulder blades, our chests flat against each other as I pulled her closer by her waist. Three Fucking Years. It felt like a lifetime now but her taste was still the same. We were panting and pulling at each other's mouth like we couldn't get enough. Her hand roamed all over my back, my grip tightening on her waist as I walked her backward towards the wall. Her hand now raked through my hairs as she pulled at my ponytail and then went down to grab my nape to pull me even closer. I nipped and sucked at her lips, still so addictive and sweet. I was on fire. She coaxed open my mouth and let her in as we sucked on each other's tongue, tasting every corner of each other's insides. Our pelvis crushed together as my hand lowered to her ass before giving it a squeeze. Impatience raged between us as our mouth moved hungrily against each other, her nails digging painfully into my shoulder blades as my own grip turned harsh.

When the need to breathe became dire I pulled apart, still brushing against her lips as our hot breath mingled together. Fuck. My hand went to rest on the wall behind her as her eyes met mine. Still clouded and heavy and shocked as they stared into mine.

“You hate me...” She whispered and it was like a slap of reality to me. Oh now she was reminding me. Her hand lowered from my back as I held her gaze.

“I don’t need to love you to want you.”

This time she did push me away before walking past me. My breath still heavy as I leaned my head against the wall.

She had done it again. Fuck.

Truce

Chapter Summary

Eren is finally seeing the errors of his way. Will he change for the better again?

Chapter Notes

The painting here is the same one Mikasa used to paint in her free time in Paris.

Mikasa's POV

I checked my watch then the exist again. His plane must have landed by now. What was taking so long? I spotted the military cut hair in distance and his signature polka dotted dress as a wide smile spread across my face. I waved trying to get his attention as he was looking in some other direction just as his eyes met mine. He let out a toothy smile before rushing to me, arms extended as he crushed me in a bear hug.

“My Asian goddess! Oh how I missed you.”

“It’s good to see you too onye.” I patted his back as we broke apart. His eyes did a once over of me, wiggling his eyebrows as I deadpanned.

“If you are going to say I gained weight I will punch you.”

“On the contrary I was going to say how fit you have gotten. Look at these abs.” He gave a pat to my stomach as I rolled my eyes before grabbing his hand and dragging him away from there. Onyakopon had called me two days back informing that there was going to be a fashion show in NY and he was invited here. I had been delighted of course.

He was just in time for my exhibition too. He whistled as I guided him to my car, motioning him to get inside as he took in the view around.

“Girl you have no idea for how long I wanted to come here.”

“Since you were five and saw picture of Statue of Liberty in a magazine. Yes you have only told me that a hundred times give or take.”

“Aww. And here I thought you didn’t listen to my constant blabbers.” Of course he would think that. I was a very good listener thank you very much.

“I don’t know why you complained so much about this place. It’s so damn lavish and lively, sure it smells like shit a bit but that’s bearable.” I didn’t bother telling him that wasn’t the reason as I took a cut down the lane.

“How long will you be here?”

“Six days. The show will end early but I decided to extend my stay so we can catch up properly.” I smiled, I would definitely love that.

“Oh and just so you know we are heading to the gay bar after this right? I need to get laid.” I wrinkled my nose, shooting him a look.

“You need to freshen up and rest for today, you can go there tomorrow all you want.”

“With you?”

“I can’t for a while, I have to finish my painting remember?” I reminded him as he gave a sullen look. He had broken up with his boyfriend two weeks ago and this was his idea of rebound or getting over or whatever. I was never a fan of this rebound thing but if that’s what made him happy then...

“Don’t you have any friend I can tag along with? Or you can give me the address I will go there myself.” I sighed, checking my gps, his hotel wasn’t too far away now. I had next to zero information about such clubs. Maybe Ymir knew such place. But I wasn’t close enough with her to drop this bomb. Oh wait...there was one person who had all sorts of knowledge.

“You rest for the day. I will call you in evening alright. We will go together.” I told him as I dropped him off at the entrance of the posh hotel. This must cost a fortune even though it was four star.

“I thought you have work to do.”

I shrugged giving him a smile. “If you can extend your leave for me then I can take a night off for you can’t I?” His lips jutted as he gave me one armed hug.

“I would have totally married you if I wasn’t gay you know that right? Anybody will be lucky to have you.”

“Alright keep it in your pants. Now go get some rest.” He kissed me chastely on each of my cheeks before taking off as I swiped open my phone to make a call. I hope it worked.

“Are you sure we won’t get kicked out for being straight?”

“Ughhh Mikasa for the last time we are here for our friend. They appreciate such support besides if anyone tried to hit on you we can always say we are dating.” Sasha gave me a wink just as we neared the entrance.

“Atta girl! See she knows the drill.” Onye gave her a high five just as we showed our IDs to the guards. This place has more security compared to the regular clubs. Maybe it was because of fear of harassment for members of LGBTQ community. We were given the green signal as we entered. At first glance it looked nothing different than your regular one with music, drinks, dance groups but then you have to take a look and notice.

“Wohoo this place is heated up. So many hunks in sight.” Onye exclaimed with excitement assessing the area around us as we reached the bar and put tabs.

“What do you think about that one Sash?” I followed my friends gaze, noticing the tall guy on the dance floor.

“Mm yummy. He is all muscles but I don’t think he is packing too much down there. He seems to be compensating with those flashy clothes. What kind of guys are you into anyways?”

“I am not much into beauty. I like rough, rugged features and a confident guy of course. But not too confident.” She nodded pointing to a couple of them around as I sat on the stool. Well atleast these two were getting along. It was then I felt a pair of eyes on me as I turned my head. It was a short brunette who twirled her hair as she gave me a saucy smile. Oh dear. I looked away edging close to Sasha who was busy telling Onye which guy seemed to be perfect for him.

“Is this seat taken?” I glanced aside and found that woman pointing to the stool next to mine as I shrugged. “No.”

She sat there, crossing her legs, her eyes kept fluttering to me as I felt weird. Should I tell her I was straight? Or was it offensive in some way or should I simply say I am not interested. Yes that seemed polite.

“Got your eyes on anyone tonight?” She was asking me as I pursed my lips, shaking my head.

“No I am-“

“She is with me.” Sasha’s hand clasped around my own as she pasted a fake smile over her lips. Her arms came to wrap around my shoulders as the brunette's body language tensed.

“Ohh...I am sorry I did not know that.”

“Its alright. I am used to people hitting on my girlfriend.” She winked at the woman who got up, muttering something incoherent as I turned to Sasha.

“You are welcome.”

“You are enjoying this aren’t you?”

“Duh. I get to be the Mikasa Ackerman's girlfriend for a night.” I suppressed a smile just as Onye got up from his stool.

“Alright ladies I am going in. Wish me luck!”

“All the best. I hope you get a BJ in the washroom.” I tried not to facepalm as Sasha gave him a high five, sending him off in high spirits as I slowly sipped my drink.

“He is hot. If I wasn’t engaged and he wasn’t gay I would be totally tapping that.”

“Seriously?” She gave me an innocent look, stirring her own glass as I looked back at Onye who was now indulged in a conversation with some guy.

“I am just complimenting him. Just because I am engaged doesn’t mean I am blind.” Of course. I was the weird one in this regard. I had never been physically attracted to just any guy. Even with my three boyfriends, I liked their qualities I wasn’t attracted to them like that. I had always known I wasn’t normal. I was attracted to Eren mainly because I was the most comfortable with him as well. He took away my fears and taught me to be comfortable in my own skin.

My mind rushed to the kiss we shared two days back as my face fell. I had gotten weak in that moment, it felt good to be in his arms, to feel his lips and hand again but then I remembered his harsh words and he solidified them saying he only wanted me physically. I didn’t want that. Maybe if I hadn’t said that we could have ended up sleeping together but I didn’t want that. Sex was what

complicated everything in the first place. The next time I was in his arms I wanted him to love him. If not then I didn't want this. I wasn't going through this suffering again.

Onye signaled us both to get back home as he had found someone and I let out a sigh. Good for him. There was still plenty of time left before the night ended so maybe I could get back to my work.

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"Why does he have three legs and the third one is twisted around his left one?"

"I think that's his tail."

"Humans don't have tail Ann."

"Does that weird face look like a human to you?" Alright. So these two sure had busied themselves. Armin's eyes landed on me and I got the feeling that was I going to be subjected to their curiosity.

"You tell her Mik. Art is a complex thing to understand for us novice." His fiancé scoffed as she assessed the huge painting once again.

"I think it's three legged crow with a human face. Some kind of mythological creature perhaps. It's Debra's work she doesn't put symbolism in it believe me. She just likes to paint strange things."

"And people buy it?" Annie raised an eyebrow as I nodded. The world was filled with people like that.

"Well...yours is still the best, it is full of symbolism." Armin complimented me as I mumbled a small thanks. The place was heavily packed and the exhibition had just began. Already one of my piece got sold earlier and there were bids on the other two.

After making sure my friends were comfortable and informing them about the refreshments I walked away and back to the wall where my work was hung. I had drawn one of the piece for the LGBTQ community, a painting of a person in metal grey with colors of pride flag serving as the background. I had many friends from it and I had wanted to do this for a long time. This was the one which was already sold.

"If I had known you were painting that I would have put my bid first." Onye moped coming to stand beside me as he wrapped an arm around my shoulder.

"Don't worry I will paint one for you as a birthday present." His face lit up then, his hand pressing my shoulder in a light squeeze.

"I really wish you could sell that though." His eyes trailed up and I knew what he was referring to. My best work. I had just put it there for display, it was a show of a talent as my dear boss said. I didn't want to sell it ever. It was very dear to me.

"I heard a lot of people talking about it. They are ready to give a lot of money for it."

"I know." I was approached by many business man well...woman mainly who wanted to hang that beautiful portrait in their houses. I told them I was ready to do another portrait for them perhaps one featuring their loved one if they were so interested but this was not for sale. They had seemed crest fallen and eventually backed off.

Evening passed so quickly with flutter of people coming and leaving. All my three paintings were sold by then but still I decided to stay back a little longer. Armin and Annie had already left. Only Onyakopon was here still, drinking to his fill and chatting up with random people. He loved doing that. I hope he wasn't feeding them with praises of my work. He did that a lot too. I stared at my painting again, clutching a tall glass of champagne and taking a deep breath. Those beautiful eyes were capable of loving me as well as hurting me a lot.

A woman in her early fifties approached me, wearing a black cocktail dress, a pearl necklace, and red lipstick. There was no doubt she was loaded. She smiled as she studied my painting on the wall.

"Nature or love?" she mused. She just wanted to start a conversation I assumed and had no idea I was the MK who had signed the bottom of the painting. "Definitely love. I mean, isn't it obvious?" I quirked an eyebrow. I had taken around two years to draw that, painting him from my memory solely.

She laughed breathlessly, like what I'd said was utterly funny, and took a sip of her wine.

"To you, maybe. Why do you think it's love?"

Because the person who painted it is obviously in love with the subject."

"Why not the other way around?" She turned to me with a cunning smile. "See his face."

She trailed her manicured finger close to the canvas. "He looks happy. Content. Maybe he is the one who's in love with the person who painted him. Or maybe they're in love with each other."

"Perhaps they were." I said in somewhat of an anguished tone, the use of word 'were' not are still bitter.

Her eyes stayed trained on me for a while as she held out her hand politely.

"Martha William." I took her hand giving it a light shake as I introduced myself.

"Mikasa Ackerman."

"I knew it." She pointed towards my initials on it as I smiled.

"This must be very special to you if you aren't putting it for sale." I nodded, keeping my eyes on the sharp features of the face staring back at me.

"He is beautiful. You are lucky."

"I was lucky." I corrected her, her eyes widening slightly. I had thought about selling it quite a few times but I couldn't bring myself to do it. Maybe one day I would gift that to Aunt Yeager or perhaps Eren himself in the future but I didn't want it landing in hands of a complete stranger who had no idea how much it meant to me. I had kept it locked in the storage all this while as I couldn't bring myself to hang it anywhere at my place. It was bad enough that I hung one photo frame of us but this...so I decided to leave it at the gallery where it could be appreciated as well and I wouldn't feel awkward having that. I wasn't going to paint him ever again anyways. There was no point to it.

“I would have loved to buy it you know.” Her voice interrupted my trail of thoughts. “There is something about him...his eyes specially. I have never seen such captivating eyes before. His face have so many layers and that soul piercing gaze. They are full of love. I bet he has a good story.”

“No. He is an asshole actually.” I froze, hearing that familiar voice from behind as sound of footsteps got closer. I tilted my body slightly, meeting his eyes which were fixed solely on me as my heart thumped loudly.

What was he doing here?

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Eren's POV

I stared at my reflection in the mirror. Bloodshot eyes, gloomy face and a disgusting persona stared back at me. This was not who I was. What had I become? I splashed the cold water again, trying to look a bit alive after a whole night of restlessness. I didn't like the person I was now. I was being mad at her but at what cost? What was it giving me except more suffering? I didn't know how to forgive her and move on, I didn't know how to act like when I was around her as well. I needed serious help. I didn't mean what I said last night. I kissed her because I wanted to feel her again, because she made me feel alive, something which I had forgotten about all this time. I kissed her because I loved her. I was in love with her. She hurt me yes she did but me hurting her back wasn't the right way to go on about. It was Mikasa, the little girl I wrapped my scarf around, who always took care of me in school, who let me cry in her arms, took care of me when I was sick, designed clothes for me, supported my dreams on every step. That one single day of her cruelty was shadowing all the good things she ever did for me in my mind. Her face had looked so painstakingly hurt when I told her I didn't love her.

What was I achieving from it? Was it about my pride? Or was I nursing my so called ego? I called her a coward for running away but wasn't I acting similarly now? Refusing to listen to her explanation, taking a jab at her whenever I saw her to shield myself away. She had lost many people in her life. How many people had I lost?

I prided myself on understanding her better than others, for getting through her barriers but this one time when she actually wanted to let her barriers down and talk to me I was acting like this? What was it I even wanted to achieve? Hurting her wasn't making me happy in any sort of way. I was a grown up for goodness sake what was I doing? I quickly stepped back before heading out of the washroom to get ready for the day. I needed to talk to someone.

Ocean blue eyes stared back at me with a bit of confusion, wonder and thoughtfulness as I finished telling him everything. Armin always knew what to do. He was smarter, more rational and a much better person than I was. He was starting a new chapter of his life while I was busy burning the only important chapter of my whole life every chance I got.

"I am glad to know that you are accepting your behavior isn't healthy. I understand your anger and pain Eren I do but like you said, you are hurting yourself too in the process." I gave a brisk nod, I had already told him everything.

“Mikasa had been through a lot more than we have. Sometimes I feel there is a part of her she has been hiding from us all this time. I don’t know what it is, maybe that’s what she wants to tell you.” I tilted up my head. “She have changed a lot since she came back from Paris. She accepts what she did was wrong, she confessed that to me long time ago but you blocked her back then and she couldn’t talk to you. I don’t know...your bond has always been the strongest but you both always had some sort of issues. I thought if you got together it will go away but apparently not.” He let out a chuckle at that while my face stayed stoic.

“It’s because how I was. I was always dependent on her for everything. She was always there to take care of me so I started relying on her a lot. Some might even say I was clingy.” I let out a bitter smile. Did she mean it when she said this back then? But then again she had told me she didn’t mean anything back then.

“Are you kidding me? If anything it was opposite?” I frowned staring at Armin.

“Eren you had natural tendency to befriend anyone. You had lots of friends in school and college. You were open with others, interacted with others but Mikasa wasn’t like this. You were her only anchor. She took time getting close to me and Sash but even then she was never as close with us as she was with you. She always acted tough and strong, she never wanted to come off as weak. She was ok with helping you and others but when it came to herself she seldom let anyone give her a hand. Yes she might not contact you always but that was because she didn’t want you to think she was clingy. You were becoming more popular, outgoing in school, you had girlfriends and Mikasa wanted to give you her space. She isn’t a selfish person Eren she never was. She didn’t want to tie you to herself. Even now, I know it didn’t make sense why she left but apparently she thought she was holding you back, or she wasn’t fit for you. I think she thought that you deserved better.”

“I was not good enough for her!” I retorted, mouth agape. He was kidding right?

“Mikasa has always been the perfect girl. Academics, sports, beauty. She could have become anything she wanted to. Heck she could have become a better doctor than me if she chose to! There is no way she actually thinks that.”

“She told me that.” He muttered looking away as I clenched my jaw. Was she crazy? How many reasons she had for leaving me? And none of it was right. Not one. I took a deep breath trying to compose myself, I couldn’t just get mad and lash out at her or him. I needed to be rational.

“What should I do?”

“She have an exhibition coming in four days. Till then atleast...try not to do anything, it’s important for her. After that maybe try talking to her like an adult. The least you both were was friends right. Maybe that’s where you need to start, try to be civil with her because the way you have acted so far I don’t think she will want to talk to you so easily now.” He was right. I needed to clear my head. I could wait four days even though I still had no clue what to do after it.

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Armin had given me the location of her gallery, it was in a pretty posh place actually so I decided to dress up in formal shirt and pants. I was having difficulty deciding on wearing tie and decided

against it at the last moment. I tied up my hairs in a low ponytail and put on my regular cologne before heading out. I had no idea if there was any sort of dress code or such. I had checked up on their website and there was nothing mentioned there so I took their word for it. It was easily an hour long drive from my place and I was inwardly relieved when I realised that people weren't dressed up in suits...well not all of them.

Even though I had come here I still didn't know what I was going to do. I was just rolling the ball here but it had to be done. I hadn't told Armin I was coming as I knew he would advice against it. Well I wasn't here to ruin her evening, that's why I arrived half an hour before the closing time. I just wanted to...chat perhaps? I felt uneasy and a bit nervous as I walked inside. Thankfully I had already purchased a ticket online and the guard gave me a strange look, wondering why I was coming this late when almost all the paintings might have been sold already.

I tiptoed quietly, the place seemed kind of empty now indicating that people must have left. My assumption was spot on, there was barely any painting hanging now. I walked around for a while, the place was huge, looking for any sign of Mikasa when my eyes found something. Wait...what the?

I squinted my eyes, walking up the stairs to the first floor and wondering if I was seeing right. Was I having hallucinations now? It felt too real to be a hallucination. I paused few feet away from the wall as my eyes took in the huge painting at the center of it. It was me. It was my face staring ahead and my long hairs framing my face. Same eye color, same everything.

Did Mikasa paint this? I looked down and there she was, talking to an elderly woman. They seemed to be discussing the painting itself as I walked quietly. I wanted to listen what they were saying.

He is beautiful. You are lucky."

"I was lucky." I bit the corners of my lip, heaviness in my heart at her words as I trotted towards them.

"I would have loved to buy it you know." Was it sold already? "There is something about him... his eyes specially. I have never seen such captivating eyes before. His face have so many layers and that soul piercing gaze."

I cocked an eyebrow. I was staring normally...what did soul piercing even mean? That wasn't even logical. "They are full of love. I bet he has a good story."

"No he is an asshole actually." I spoke up before I knew what I was doing. The older woman was the one to look back first as she gasped recognising me. I chose to ignore her as I looked at Mikasa who tilted her head to look at me. She looked gorgeous in her tailored top and skirt which accentuated her curves. She was obviously shocked to see me as I stepped in front of her.

"Is this sold out?" I was greeted by silence as her forehead frowned, her expression troubled due to me.

"No actually. She have just put it up for display." The other woman answered for her as gave me a smile. I politely shook my head, looking back at Mikasa again.

"Is it allowed? I mean that's me after all and you didn't even take my permission. Isn't it some kind of violation of privacy?" I wasn't trying to be asshole. I was actually curious. She seemed to have heard me this time as she blinked twice.

“It’s not. Legally I am allowed to make a work of art that includes a recognizable likeness of a person without their written consent and sell at least a limited number of copies. But I am not even selling it. It’s just for display...” Her voice grew small as she looked away. I nodded, satisfied with her answer.

“Good god you didn’t sugarcoat it at all. He really have those eyes.” The lady awed as I felt a bit uncomfortable scrutinized like that by a stranger. I composed myself the next second though as I shot her a warm smile.

“It’s Eren Yeager. I don’t think Miss Ackerman mentioned my name.”

“Martha Williams. And no, it’s not necessary dear. You both make a very handsome pair.” I didn’t bother correcting her but Mikasa seemed alert, her eyes snapping towards mine as she tried to speak, perhaps clarify her but I interjected.

“Are you done for the day?” She took a moment to think, her eyes untrustworthy not that I could blame her.

“Yeah...”

“Care to talk a walk with me?” She was assessing me again, trying to read maybe what was going on in my mind. Honestly I didn’t know either. Her eyes moved from me towards somewhere behind my head as a new voice interrupted us.

“My goddess are you ready to go? It’s quite late an-“ The guy stopped blabbering as his eyes met mine. They widened as though in recognition as he looked between me and Mikasa. Who was he? One of her co-worker? Why was he referring to her as goddess? Was it some kind of coined name?

“Holy Mary. He is hotter in person!” His eyes shamelessly trailed my length as Mikasa nudged him with her elbow shushing him and I grew irritated.

“Are you busy?” I didn’t want her to be. I felt jealous seeing how close she seemed with this guy. They both seemed comfortable around each other. It was a sort of comfort she used to have with me back in days when we were best friends.

“I am tired Eren.” She tried to excuse as my heart fell. I really wanted to spend some time with her.

“Maybe just ten minutes?” I offered a bargain as she looked more troubled than before. Was she pushing me away again?

“Why ten minutes? Take all the time you need. I am heading back to hotel now love. Have a nice night.” The guy winked at her, placing a quick kiss on her cheek before walking off from there leaving her with agape expression. One thing was for sure...he wasn’t anything more than a friend.

“Will you be a prick again?” Her voice sounded sad now and I realised I had done this.

“I won’t. I promise.” She followed me hesitatingly, her sandals clicked on the floor as we walked out from there. We walked on the pavement, my hands in my pocket as she followed me a step back, choosing not to walk beside me. Understandable. Two minutes of silence as I was still not sure what or how to speak.

“What are we doing?” She beat me to it, staring at me.

“Are you ready to tell me everything now?” I wanted to know. Really badly at this point.

"I...need time." Of course. I had expected that. I looked around looking for something to do as my eyes caught an object of interest.

"Wanna get some ice cream?" She looked ahead in that direction as well, giving a light shrug as walked towards to the stall.

"One blueberry and one vanilla please. You still like that right?" I questioned her as she bit her lip and nodded. We walked to the nearby park next before settling down on the bench, a couple inches of space between us.

"That was beautiful...the painting I mean."

"Thank you." Silence again. It felt odd somehow. If it was three years back we would have been arguing about something.

"The exhibition went well I assume?" Maybe a small talk was a good start.

"It did. It was great." I crunched on the cone, it had been a long time since I ate this.

"How is the work at hospital?"

"Great. Hectic but great. I like it." I said looking at her as she held my gaze for few seconds before staring in front.

"Eren..." I hummed in acknowledgement finishing the last of my cone. "I am sorry for everything. I really am. And I don't know how to make you believe that. I don't know what else to do...to convince you I mean it. If you don't like seeing me then it's ok too but please be clear with me. I can't take these mixed signals." She finished with barely audible note as I felt guilt crawling up. She was right. It wasn't like she was actively chasing me or forcing me. She was probably confused why I came here.

"I am not. Honestly I don't know what I am doing." She nodded her head in understanding as if that perfectly made sense.

"You planning something for the bachelor party?" Oh right. It was in few days. I had some ideas but others begged to disagree.

"It's still in progress. You?"

"Same. Now I am free so I can come up with something." I didn't know what else to say. Well there were a lot of things left to be said but I didn't know if I wanted to open that can of worms just yet. Or was I?

"Eren..." She addressed me again, her eyes looking troubled as though she wanted to tell me something, everything but couldn't. She got up and I followed after her, confused.

"It has something to do with my childhood. The reason I am such a mess."

"Your parents accident?"

"Something before it." My eyes widened slightly, she always told me she had a great childhood that her parents were loving and their family was wholesome. What was it? She looked paler than before as though it was something difficult for her as I took her hand.

"Hey...take your time ok. I am not pushing you to tell me straight away." With the way she looked

at me, I wanted to hug her close to my chest. What happened Mikasa? What was it you had been hiding all this while? She was being weird around me because...well the way I had been acting.. I took a step closer to her, cupping her cheeks in my hand as she looked up.

“I don’t hate you.” Her eyes welled up with emotions then as I continued. “I was protecting myself from getting hurt by you again. But then I realised in doing so I was hurting myself regardless...I was acting like a dick because I wanted to hurt you somehow too, but I didn’t feel anything other than more pain. I didn’t want to listen to what you had to say because...I was afraid I will let my guard down for you and give you another chance to hurt me.”

“People change...” She interrupted, placing her own hand over mine. “Believe me when I say I have changed. I...started therapy, it helped me a lot and...made me see all the wrongs I was doing. I realised I blamed myself for anything someone else did. I thought it was my fault that I got pregnant and lost the baby and dragged you into that mess. That you have to do overtime just for my sake. I was ruining your life so young and-“

“You thought it all wrong.” I was getting mad again but at myself. I was supposed to be her best friend in the least how did I not understand her. Armin was right, she did think that. I placed my forehead on top of hers. “Believe me when I say the seven months we were together was the best moment of my life. Those few weeks when we were waiting for the baby I was the happiest I had been despite my extra shifts.”

“It was your decision.” She muttered stopping me. “You made that choice not me. I used to think it was my fault but it’s not. I am not responsible for the decision others make. You did it because...well you wanted to. I realise that now.”

“I am glad you realise it.” I pulled her in a hug then, burying my face in her neck as she wrapped her arms around my middle. I felt warmth and comfort again with her. My heart didn’t feel heavy. Armin was right, holding onto resentment and hatred was only making me more miserable. We stayed hugging like that for god knew how long, it reminded me of our high school when sometimes I was down and then Mikasa would hug me like that and I felt better than ever before. I broke apart first, stepping back to look at her properly. Her eyes were blurry. I wasn’t the only one who had missed this hug.

“I forgive you Mikasa...” She was taken aback by my statement. Perhaps I was too.

“But you-“

“Let me finish. That one day doesn’t define our whole relationship. Yes you hurt me a lot. But you were hurting too. And I believe you...I believe you when you say you have more to tell me and I will wait for it.” Her lips trembled slightly, she looked so innocent and small at that moment.

“We have our friends wedding to focus on so let’s do that. I am not going anywhere, you are not going anywhere I presume?” She nodded her head quickly. “So we have time. When you are ready to talk I will be just a phone call away. Now...you should head home it’s late. You came with your car right?”

“Yes. I did. Thank you for understanding.” I gave her a small smile before we both headed back to the building.

That night I slept alot better than before.

Phone calls and texts

Chapter Summary

Is it really that easy to go back to the old times now for Eren and Mikasa?

Chapter Notes

Text messages and phone call are in italics.

Eren's POV

The cool breeze scattered the dry maple leaves as I stepped past them, walking deeper into the almost empty ground. My eyes fluttering around as I walked to the other side of the field. It didn't take me long to find him, squatting halfway with the baseball bat and explaining something to a guy in his early twenties. He saw me before I could reach him, a bewildered expression on his face as he stood up to his full height.

"Eren?" It was a half question, half statement as I let out a small smile, pausing a feet away from him.

"Hello Zeke. How are you?"

"What are you doing here?" He answered with another question. That made sense completely. I took a brief look at the guy standing next to him, adjusting my throat.

"Can we talk in private?" He seemed hesitant for a second, fixing his eyes on the bat as he pondered for a while before finally agreeing.

He told the other guy 'his student I presume' to go catch a break as he motioned me to take a walk.

"Did Ms. Carla put you to this again?" Right.

"Actually no. *I* wanted to see you." Emphasis on I. He hummed adjusting his cap and I realised I had to keep the conversation flowing here.

"I am actually here to apologize to you." His eyes snapped up to him, definitely not expecting that before looking away as I continued.

"I acted like a...dick in our last meeting and the ones before it. My behavior was uncalled for. It's just...it wasn't anything personal. I was going through something and I took out my frustration and anger on people around me." He studied me for a moment, spinning the ball up and down in his hand before throwing it in my direction. I was caught off guard but managed to catch it. Barely.

"Da-Grisha told me about it, said you were going through a bad breakup. I am glad that you accept

your mistake.” Oh. I had no idea Dad discussed that. I wasn’t going to pry any further now.

“If it’s any consolation I was an asshole to Dad as well.” A low chuckle slipped past his lips as he turned to face me properly.

“Oh that is plenty of consolation.” Yup. He was still kind of sullen about Dad not trying hard enough for his custody, not that I could blame him. Dad was playing family here while his son probably thought he abandoned him. Even if I knew that it wasn’t the case.

“I heard you are headed back to Germany soon.”

“Yup. Mid November. The season is over and team gets two months off so I decided to pay a visit to home for Thanksgiving.”

“Well...you still have a couple weeks left. How about coming over at home for dinner tomorrow.” His eyes shone with surprise, a slight tilt of his head as he nodded.

“I would love that.” I threw the ball back at him which he caught with his gloved hand easily before smiling sly.

“Ever played a game of catch and throw?” I cocked an eyebrow, taking few steps back as I mirrored his expression.

“I used to with Dad. He sucked real bad.” Zeke actually let out a full blown laughter at this, taking few steps away from me and putting up a distance as he dusted off his shoes.

“Grisha and sports doesn’t match Eren you should know that.” I surely did after those few failed attempts. He threw the ball at me with full force which I managed to grasp in my hand.

“Let me show you how a real pro plays.” And so we spent the rest of the afternoon throwing back and forth and he even managed to teach me some basic moves about baseball. This was not how I envisioned my day off to go but I had to admit it was a lot better and fun than chess.

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“Strip club is the way to go folks.” Three pair of heads turned to Reiner including me as he gave us an innocent look.

“What? I am being serious. Armin isn’t going to see another pair of tits and ass again in this life, might as well let him see his share for a day.”

“Oh I am all down for that!” Connie whistled sharing a high five with Reiner as I stared blankly at them. I had called Jean, Reiner and Connie over at my place for some advice on Bachelor party but they were all nutjobs. Well two of them were, Jean still had nothing up his sleeve.

“I don’t think Annie will like that.”

“Come on Eren! It’s a very common thing to do. We aren’t hiring a stripper to come over at his place. We will just go to a strip club, watch from afar that’s it.”

“So you are ok with watching semi naked ladies gyrate on stage?”

“It’s a unisex club.” That made more sense. Reiner was obviously planning to get a private show of his own later on. I glanced at Jean, hoping to catch his attention with a small cough as he finally looked up from his phone.

“Please don’t tell me it’s Julie.” He was constantly texting his girlfriend day and night and whenever he could catch a break. I got that she was his dream Asian girl but I really could use some help out here.

“What’s up dude?”

“Did you seriously not hear a word we just said?” By the look on his face I guessed it was a big fat no.

“Reiner and Connie wants to take Armin to a strippers club. I had actually chartered boats for the night, dinner and games at Atlantic. Armin loves ocean in case any of you have forgotten.”

“Why not do both?” Jean presented as I simply raised an eyebrow.

“What?”

“Yup. We can go have that high profile classy evening in rental boat then late at night head to the club, stay there for an hour tops. That way we all get what we want.”

“Quick question.” Connie interrupted Jean as I pondered on his words. That made a lot of sense and it was a perfect thing to do.

“Are we gonna smoke pot at boat or at the club lat-“

“We are not doing that.” I stated as a matter of fact. I wasn’t letting them get high in any shape or form. Alcohol was where I was drawing the limits.

“Come on man!” I shot a glare at Connie.

“You can do whatever you want to at your wedding but this is Armin we are talking about. We are not doing anything which puts him out of his comfort zone.” After a round of incoherent mumbles and some complains they finally got on board with the plan and I could finally take a relieved sigh. Now I just needed to look for a classy club which respected some sorts of boundaries as well. I bet Annie was going to slit my throat at this new development.

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Atleast you came up with something I still can’t figure out what Annie will prefer

I typed my response quickly, munching on my hamburger as fast as possible.

You all should go hit the streets and search for a fight club underground. I bet she will love that.

My eyes stayed on my mobile phone as I could see the bubbles forming on the chat screen.

Or I can just tell her about the whole strip club thing and have her tie you all up and beat your asses to pulp. A perfect ending to the evening

A smirk spread across my face, as I gulped down my cola. Always sharp mouthed.

I am all down for getting tied up and being 'beaten'. I thought you knew that

When I didn't receive a response from her for another minute I wondered if I said something wrong. I wiped off my mouth with napkin checking the time. I still had ten minutes before my lunch break ended.

You are ok with getting beating from Annie?

Nope. Only you

I bit my lip. I could already see her getting flustered or irritated by my response. I wasn't flirting with her by any means just to be clear. This was how we used to talk when we were just friends. I would constantly tease her here and there and she would retort back.

You are such a pervert

I chuckled getting comfortable in my chair before shooting back.

Hey I only meant it in an innocent way. I can't help it if your mind went into gutter Mikasa

I didn't receive any reply for next ten minutes and thought that was the end of our conversation. We had been talking little bit here and there casually since that day but today was first time I kinda took things a bit far or should I say like the old days. I got dressed into my coat, heading towards my next shift just as the phone vibrated once again.

You are the one who made me dirty in the first place

Heat shot through my veins, remembering the ways I got her all 'dirty' as I shook my head. Were we flirting? I decided to leave her hanging there before turning off my phone and heading into my patient's room.

Even though Armin had convinced me that Mikasa didn't consider me clingy in any shape or form I didn't want to go back into my old habit of texting her occasionally. I wanted to take things slow, I wanted to wait until she was ready to tell me everything. A part of me was scared, terrified even to know what could it be. I had couple of guesses but I didn't want them to be real because if they were then it would mean Mikasa suffered.

But at the same time I wanted her to bare her feelings to me so that we could...we could what exactly? Go back to being friends? She confessed she loved me that day. And I did too. Would we really be able to go back to being a couple again? We both had changed now. Could we fall back into that old routine? I knew I could. My feelings hadn't changed at all. Sure they were clouded by hate but now I was seeing past it. We were way past the point of casual dating. What would we do?

My shift ended near mid night...well I stayed there late as I liked doing my job and I had nothing interesting to do back at my apartment. It was 11:36 pm now when I gathered my stuff and walked out of the building. Surprise laced my features when I found out two new messages from Mikasa.

Shit I can't believe I am considering your idea. Well not exactly. I booked us up for a paintball fight.

A laugh slipped out of me as I took the elevator and replied

And this 'fight' is against?

She must have gone to bed by this point as I got out of the elevator before approaching my car. Garage was eerily quiet. I was probably one of the last regular doctor to leave today. My phone buzzed up as my heart skipped a beat on seeing Mikasa's name. She was up.

Well it's like an event sort of thing against high scholars. Don't you dare laugh Eren Yeager

I did exactly that. My curiosity now piped up as I thought screw the clingy thing before dialing her. She picked up after two ring, scoffing as she heard my laughter

"Did you really call me to make me hear you laugh?"

I started my ignition before putting her on speaker.

"Maybe. Where's the big fight at anyways? Can we guys join as well? Or is it exclusive for teen boys and woman only?"

"Screw you Eren!"

"You have been there done that." I couldn't help it. It was difficult controlling my tongue around her.

"I bet you our party is going to be more lit than your lame ass cruise thing. I mean how old are you? Forty."

"For your information I have a lot of 'fun' planned out for everyone. I will keep it both classy and fun and I don't need bunch of teens for that. And seriously 'lit'? I can't believe you just said that word."

"Oh please. We will see about that."

I turned the steering wheel getting on the main road before smirking

"Really? You wanna make that bet?"

"Damn straight I do." She replied in a heartbeat and that was how I knew she meant business.

"Alright let's talk terms. What's there at stake?"

"My pride for one."

I tried not to roll my eyes. Of course she would say that.

"No that's abstract. You gotta choose something." I heard her groaning over the speaker phone, she hated doing this but she wasn't one to back down from a challenge.

"If I lose I will tell you everything."

This had me staring at my cell phone as if I could actually see her past the screen. Was she actually serious?

"I don't want you putting this pressure on yourself because of some stupid bet you know that right?"

"I know. There's no pressure...I want to. Well I planned to hold it till the wedding but hey why not? Anyways what is your term?"

My brain blanked there for a moment before I composed myself. Right. My term. I had no idea. Wait...

"If I lose...you can decide whatsoever my term will be."

"Really? You mean that? No matter how absurd or ridiculous that thing is."

"Yes mam I will do whatever you want to." Or simply do you. But I didn't say that part out loud for reasons painfully obvious. I didn't want to come off too strongly. We might have been flirty kind of but I didn't want to push her limits in any sort of way. Whatever this 'thing' was between us I didn't want to ruin it by taking it a step too far even though it was tempting.

"We will see about that. Alright I gotta go. Good night."

"Night ba-Mikasa." An old habit. If she noticed my slip up she didn't mention it as she hung up a second later and I shifted the gear eager to get back to my place and get some rest. Ever since getting back 'almost' into my old sleeping pattern I was more prone to sleep than usual and I definitely needed a solid five hours of sleep minimum. Funny how letting go of anger and hatred could make you feel so different and better than before.

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Mikasa's POV

I probably looked ridiculous to an outsider with this ridiculous expression plastered on my face. But I couldn't help it. I could barely contain my smile this morning. Eren and I had kind of spent whole yesterday flirting or bantering like the old times. I had missed that. I had missed us. It felt good. I felt giddy again, that fluttering feeling in the pit of my stomach as I walked through the fruits subsection of superstore. I wasn't expecting Eren to forgive me at all or make amends but I should have known better. No matter his angry façade or hurtful experience, Eren was always a gentle and loving person. He always had the biggest heart of us all. A ton load of burden had lifted from my chest when he hugged me four days back. It had felt surreal almost.

"Hey goddess! Why is there no Rambutan here? I wanted to have some before leaving?" Onye poked me from behind as I peered my eyes around. It was true, the fruit was nowhere in sight.

"We can check up on some other grocery store after this." I supplied, moving to other column in search of some other fruit. Where were all the good fruits? This was the last time I was coming to this mart.

"Mikasa?" I snapped my head, my eyes meeting the golden hues of the woman coming from behind me as I gaped.

"Miss Yeager..." Her eyebrows furrowed, her mouth parted half as she took me in and I stood rooted there, unsure of what to do. All the emotions bubbling up inside my chest at the tender and loving demeanor of Eren's mom. But I doubted she felt the same way now. I hurt her son, there

was no simple justification for that.

I barely had time to form a sentence before I was enveloped in a hug. Her tiny frame crushing me to her form as I stood motionless for a moment, too shocked to register before returning her hug. I had missed this. I felt like a young girl again as she sobbed in my neck, her motherly touch so warm and comforting like always. She let go of me after a while, stepping back to soak me in fully.

“You have gotten so weak...don’t you feed yourself silly girl?” Before I could form a response her eyes averted to my side, narrowing down a bit.

“I am Onyakopon. Mikasa’s friend.” He held out his hand in a friendly manner as her features finally relaxed and she returned the gesture.

“Carla Yeager.” His mouth formed an o as I asked him to stay silent with my eyes. Of course he wasn’t a mind reader. Or a subtle guy for that matter.

“Ohh you are that hunk’s mom. That explains the very familiar glare. He definitely gets it from you.” I mentally resisted the urge to smack his head as she let out a tiny smile.

“Well of course he does. You have met my son?” He nodded giving me a sly look before addressing her. Oh great.

“He dropped by at Mikasa’s gallery a couple days ago and took her on a ‘walk’.”

“Stop air quoting. It *was* just a walk.” I told him with gritted teeth as her eyes rested back on mine. I could already hear the dozen of thoughts going off in her head.

“Very well then. How about a walk with me once you are done shopping huh sweetie?”

“Okay.” I didn’t have much to buy anyways as I checked it all at counter before heading outside.

“This is the second time you are ditching me for a Yeager.”

“You can stay if you want. I am pretty sure she will fancy you.”

“No goddess I don’t aim on charming Mrs. Yeager. Now if it was her son it might be another case.”

“Are you done?” I deadpanned, sometimes I wondered how did I ever make friends with him. He grinned kissing my cheek as he walked out of the building.

“I will text you. You still have to show me Times of square remember?”

“I know. I will meet you up at the hotel at 7 Alright?” Seemingly satisfied he bid me goodbye as I waited out for Mrs. Yeager to show up. Ten minutes later she pawled out, carrying two bags with her as she gave a tired sigh.

“Grisha always forgets to pick up the groceries! I have to do everything I swear.” I offered to take her bags, grabbing it despite her retort as she asked me to accompany her to the coffee shop. Once settled I felt awkward once again as she sat opposite from me.

“It’s good to see you Mikasa.”

Finally looking up, I stumbled at first, feeling a bit ashamed and scared.

“I am so sorry. I should have told you before leaving.”

“Yeah you should have.” She was as straightforward as Eren so it wasn’t a big surprise for me.

“I always thought...well even if something happened between Eren and you it won't affect our relationship When you both fought I always picked your side. No matter what happened I wanted to be there for you as a mother. “ Shame entered my eyes as I looked down.

“I was always doubtful that there was more to it and well...I was right. Eren told me everything.”

“I know. He told me.” Her eyes turned painful as she grabbed my hand and gave it a light squeeze.

“You went through all of that alone and...I had no idea.” I shook my head swiftly cutting her off.

“It’s not your fault. I was stupid and a coward. I thought I was strong enough to handle all that alone. Well apparently not.”

The grief in her eyes mirrored mine. How many people I had hurt in the process?

“In the process of preventing others from getting hurt I did the exact opposite.” I chuckled bitterly. She got up then walking around the chair to settle down beside me, her hand caressing my cheek.

“Everyone makes mistakes. Important thing is to learn from that. And after what you went through I understand why you might have done that. You always shut down yourself from others as a coping mechanism...except Eren. Only this time you pushed him away too.” My face went sullen as she continued. “But it’s ok now. You guys talked right? Are you...”

She let the words hang in the air as I wondered if she meant on good terms or back together. I chose the safest option of course.

“We are talking now. He forgave me and we are cordial again. It’s more than I deserve.” I finished with a murmur but she heard me as she grabbed my chin and made me face her.

“Nonsense! Eren was such a reckless child but he became better in your company. You practically took care of him all your school life. You have given him, you have given us more than I could ask for. You are only human sweetie it’s ok to be weak sometimes. It’s ok.” The dam which had been building up inside of me burst open as I crooked my head in her neck, her hands coming behind me to gently pat my back as I broke down.

“I missed you Aunt Carla...” When had I become such a cry baby? That damned therapist had opened up a new barricade inside of me and I got so damn emotional this easily. But it was Miss Carla so it was ok.

“There there sweetheart. Its ok now. Everything is fine.” She kissed the top of my head and I melted even more. Even after all this she accepted me back so easily. How?

“A mother’s love knows no bound Mikasa.” I guess I said it out loud. “I was mad at you yes but I always knew you had a reason behind it. And I will always forgive you sweetheart. If I can deal with Eren’s antics throughout the years then I have more than enough patience and love for you.”

“Thank you so much...” I sounded like a kid with my small voice as she kept patting my back and consoling me. Even though my tears stopped I didn’t want to let her go this soon.

“Eren loves you so much. He always has. I am sure you both will find your way back to each other.” I broke apart from her then, wiping off my eyes as she gave me a sweet smile. Always so understanding.

“I love him too.” I had to admit this to her, I wasn’t very vocal about my feelings unlike him. She didn’t say anything just nodded silently.

“I know you do. Otherwise how can you put up with his nefarious activities all this year. I mean I love my son but he is not an easy person to deal with.” I chuckled. Didn’t I know that well?

“He got better over the years. Infact lately he was the one taking care of me more than I did.” A nostalgic smile spread across my lips as I remembered him being extra caring and loving when we both were dating.

“Mikasa...” She got my attention again pressing a gentle hand against my palm as I looked up.

“Don’t ever think you don’t deserve Eren. No one is perfect in this world. Eren sure as hell isn’t. If it ever comes to it, please don’t hesitate to accept his love. Love is accepting the other person with all their flaw just like you both did to each other. Eren can’t find a better person than you in this lifetime or another. You both are perfect for each other.”

I was at a loss of words. She always knew what to say to make me feel better and she was right.

“How did I last past three years without you?” It was her turn to smile as she gave me a cheeky look.

“Its alright. You aren’t getting rid of me again ever.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it.” I crossed my hand over my chest, meaning every word of it.

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I was exhausted as I entered my apartment. I had spent all afternoon with Miss Carla then I had scurried off to fetch Onye and show him around the city just like I promised. It was past ten thirty when I entered my room and I immediately collapsed on the couch. I had no idea when I fell asleep but the next time I woke up it was 1:36 am. Rubbing the sleep off my eyes I got up heading towards my bedroom before changing into my sleeping pyjamas. I wasn’t feeling sleepy again as I pulled out my phone from my handbag and decided to scroll through it a bit. I had a couple texts from my friends including Eren. I opened his first.

Heard you met mom

Oh. Of course she would have told him. I couldn’t stop myself. He was probably asleep anyways.

Yeah. It was really nice to meet her. We had a fun afternoon

I trailed my finger over his profile pic, his handsome face staring back at me. I almost dropped the phone when I saw him online and typing.

You love me?

This time I did manage to drop off the phone on my face, wincing as I nursed my nose. What the fuck? He was typing again.

Mom mentioned you said that. Sorry I guess I made things weird. Forget it.

I took a deep breath before typing. I wasn't going to be a coward again.

No it's fine. I did say that yes. I said that to you as well.

I played with the edge of my top, my heartbeat accelerating as he typed

I need to meet you

I bit my lip, my palms getting sweaty as I replied

We can't. Well not atleast the party.

I could feel him thinking over on the other side and I was scared he was going to ring me. Thankfully he didn't.

Fuck I wish you were here right now

I sat up then unable to rest back and feeling a little bold, maybe due to the late hour I replied

Yeah? What will you be doing then?

He was just as impatient and giddy as me as his reply came a moment later.

Spreading you across my bedsheet and eating your pussy unless you can't scream anymore

A moan slipped past my mouth, my nails digging into my thighs. I should have known better than to provoke him.

Too much?

He asked again as I shook my head typing.

What more?

I was being greedy for him. But I couldn't help it.

And then I will turn you on your stomach and fuck you from behind. That was always your favorite position wasn't it?

My breathing turned heavy, my palm sliding up my thigh as I reached my waistband. Another text chimed up my screen as I looked down.

But you never melted underneath me. Every time I pushed, you pushed back. I'd thrust my cock inside of you, and you'd push your fucking back up off the bed, rubbing your nipples against my lips and begging for my tongue. You always liked it hard.

I almost called out his name as I inserted a finger inside my panties, rubbing my clit.

I want you

I typed back unable to hold myself. I remembered how we used to fuck at random hours of night when we were together. I sent another text, too impatient for him.

I wish you were here.

My finger worked hard and fast as I waited for him to reply

Remember the night of my birthday? After the party we were in my car and you were just wearing those damn high heels as you rode me. Anyone could have seen us in the parking lot but you didn't give a fuck as you fucked me hard.

Sweat covered my brow as I remembered. I had been so reckless then. I was always reckless with him.

I can still feel the warm inside of your pussy stretching around my cock. Fuck babe

Why were you doing this Eren? I didn't write back anything as my motion turned rough and desperate, eager to reach my completion. I wondered if he was doing the same as well.

I want to mark every inch of your skin with my mouth once again. I want to taste you so bad Mikasa

Stop it Eren. No don't stop. I was drawing close now, my hands fisting the sheets.

I am hard as rock just thinking about it

Oh god. Why did he have to say that? I wanted him inside of me so bad it hurt. It fucking hurt.

Its been three fucking years. I need to be inside you soon

I slowed down my movement, reading through his text as I typed back finally. Maybe I was selfish but I needed to know.

Three years without me or?

I left the words hanging. Did I spoil the mood? Possibly. But I needed to know. I had to know if he ever sought relief in someone else. I would never hold it against him never! But still. My screen lit up again.

I can't even touch myself after you left. Forget about some other woman.

A relieved laugh escaped me as another text followed.

There was no one after you. Never will be. Besides, I had difficulty getting it up and I needed your pic, your memory to do so. My dick responds to Mikasa only apparently

I laughed collapsing back on the bed as I sent him my response.

Tell your dick that Mikasa misses it just as much

He was silent for a while and I wondered if I said too much. Well I said nothing compared to what he did.

Did you come?

How did he? I flushed, ignoring the ache in my thigh. What should I say? I wanted to seek release. Screw it.

No. But I want to

He didn't give me a reply instantly as I breathed heavily. My phone vibrated as the caller ID

displayed his name and I sat up once again, getting nervous than before and a lot bothered as I answered.

“Hey...”

Seven minutes later I laid sated and spent as he hung up, too tired to clean up the mess I made as I tried to catch my breath. I couldn't believe it. Eren just made me come over a phone call. I had missed his voice. His voice whispering filth to me, that deep husky tone. He had undone me so easily as he always knew what to say to spur me on, get me close. I was still unaware if he even came or tried to come or not.

A new message popped up on my screen as I picked it up with my shaky hands.

Go get some rest now you need it. Because the next time we meet you won't be getting it anytime soon.

And I couldn't wait for that moment. But before that happened I had to unveil all my past demons to him as well. This time when he had me bare I was going to make sure it was both body and mind.

Bachelor/Bachelorette Party

Chapter Summary

While the day is a success for one group, for the other it turns out to be a disaster when one person goes missing.

Chapter Notes

I was probably on crack when I wrote this. Joking. I don't do crack.
Warning: Characters might be a little ooc for few readers here. Just remember they live in a modern world here and have their little moments of craziness.

[Click here to see Eremika wardrobe for the party.](#)

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

Mikasa's POV

“Wow...please tell me you guys won't get involved in some kind of fight today?” Armin asked nervously as his eyes fluttered between me and Annie. I couldn't blame him for that. We both were donned in wardrobe which looked something out of a spy movie.

Annie was dressed up in black jean and crop top while I was in all black jumpsuit with a ripped silver chain to match and knee high red boots. Phase one of the party was coordinating dress among the girls. The dress code was black only. Any kind of silver accessory was permissible.

“Depends. If someone pisses me tonight I am not holding back.” Annie answered as normally as possible as Armin addressed me. “Mikasa promise me you guys will stay safe.” I raised an eyebrow, plastering an innocent look on my face and ignoring his statement before turning to Annie.

“Others are on the way, so shall we leave or you still need some touchups?”

“I am done. Let me just grab my handbang.” She darted inside the room as Armin's pleading gaze landed back on mine.

“Eren hey! You are a bit early.”

“No we agreed on six.” Heat rushed to my cheeks as Eren entered behind our friend. I didn't know whether it was due to our shameless encounter three nights ago or the way he was dressed. He was wearing a blue suit with a pressed white shirt and cufflinks. Was he actually wearing cufflinks? His top button was undone, showing off a sliver of his collarbone as I swallowed. His hairs were tied up in a sleek bun and his beard was trimmed. He cleaned up...nice. Real nice. His eyes met mine

and I couldn't stop the blush spreading across my face. I still couldn't believe he had made me come, we had acted like that. We needed to have an actual conversation not give into our desire but I had gotten weak. Stupid Eren induced hormones. His eyes did a once over of my length, gleaming slightly as he spoke.

"Are you supposed to be James bond's sexy femme fatale? Let me guess. Xenia Onatopp?"

"Why do I have to be James sidekick when I can be the star of my own movie." I said sweetly as he gave me an amused look, stepping closer to me and assessing my dress.

"Is there a place for holster in it too?"

"No. I can kick ass fine without a gun thank you." He bit his lip, resting his gaze on my cherry red painted lips as I dug my nails into my palm.

"Good luck with that." He murmured stepping back before smiling widely at his blonde friend who gaped looking between us.

"You guys made up?"

"We are cordial now yes." I answered quickly before Eren could say something else which would put both of us on the spot. Tonight wasn't about us. He seemed to have gotten my subtle message as he nodded repeating my words to Armin.

"Yes. We are back to...being friends." We were saved from further questioning as Annie stepped back into the living room and walked towards her fiance to give him a peck before turning her head to Eren.

"If you get my fiance in any kind of trouble I will kill you." Eren paled slightly as I held back a smile, Oh he was so doomed.

"I won't." He said quickly as she gave him a brief look before approaching me. "Let's get going."

I spared a last glance at Eren, his own eyes resting on mine before taking off.

"So...what are we going to do tonight?" Annie asked for the fifth time in past twenty seven minutes as I gave her a nonchalant look. We were almost there. She sighed when she received no response from me. The cab came to a halt few minutes later as we both got outside. She followed me as I trotted towards the vast parking lot of the rental share, searching for my friends.

"OVER HERE!!" Sasha's loud voice boomed from a distance as I found her, Ymir and Historia standing together, waiting for us. Just like me and Annie they were dressed up in dark wardrobe too. Sasha paired her shorts and heels with a halter top, Historia was donning a mini skirt and turtle neck over shredded stockings while Ymir was pairing her leather jacket with skinny jeans.

"I am really loving this look on us!" Sasha exclaimed with delight forcing us all to take a couple pics together before moving on.

"Annie pick one." I pointed to the three motorbikes we had rented as she gaped, a bewildered expression on her face.

"We are riding bikes?"

"Damn straight we are." Ymir answered with a smug smile as the blonde woman broke into a grin before choosing the Kawasaki on the left. Me and Ymir picked one from the remaining two as

Sasha climbed back on mine while Historia on Ymir's as the two of them were inexperienced in riding it. I started off the engine as we all took off, the others following me. Sasha and Historia screamed out lyrics to some song of Ari when we rode down the highway. I had ridden my fair share of motorcycle in college, sneaking off Levi's bike sometimes for a spin down the road. Even though it had been a while, it didn't take me long to get comfortable on it as we breezed past other vehicles. I had no intention of losing the bet to Eren. I was going to deliver tonight.

We reached the destination in a matter of time as they all got off behind me. I checked in with the reception before motioning them to follow me.

"This place looks shady. What have you planned?" Annie's lip turned into a simper, eager to experience the rush as we got inside the venue.

"Welcome to the 54th annual paint brawl war!" The lady at the gear shop announced passing all of us the items of necessity: combat suit, safety goggles, battle packs, paintball guns and smoke bombs.

"Have a lovely evening ladies!"

"You too mam!" Historia chirped as we all huddled up together and put on the suit and goggles over our dresses. I tightened my battle pack around my waist as we all got inside the field.

"Ok so we are against team F." Sasha flashed us our card as we walked in, a bunch of people already gathered here.

"Are they teenagers?" Annie inquired taking in their cracking voice and boyish faces as I nodded shooting her a smirk. "Oh yes. They are what this event holders consider pro players."

She snorted giving an evil eye as she positioned her gun. "Do you have any idea how long I have wanted to hurt one of these bratty kids?" Their group heard us approaching as one of the guy, I assumed their leader, walked towards us.

"Five woman? Seriously? ATLEAST MAKE US WORK FOR IT SUSAN!" He yelled at someone over our shoulder, maybe the planner as I frowned. Teenagers really were the worse.

"So you are one of those chauvinistic little brat who think woman are weak?" Ymir stepped forward engaging in a staring contest with the bratty kid as his friend hooted behind him.

"I am so sorry mam...I didn't mean it. Please don't hit me with your feminine hands." I was two seconds away from knocking off his teeth as his friends started laughing. Ymir gave him a sweet smile stepping closer before twisting his hand behind as he winced.

"These feminine hands have broken more bones than you can count kid. Be careful." She let him go as he looked half flustered and half mad. "Hey! I will report you for this."

Annie chose that moment to shoot his chest with paintball as he stumbled. "Oops." She muttered giving him her blank stare as he gritted his teeth.

"That's against the rules! You can't shoot until the ringer goes off." Tired of his whining I lifted my own gun before hitting him straight in the pelvis as he winced by the close impact. "We make our own rules."

And so it began.

"LET'S RAIN HELL ON THESE LOSERS!" Sasha cheered starting off her gun as we all followed

simultaneously, barely giving them chance to defend themselves. They ran, taking an aim with their gun as we all took cover. It was safe to say that none of the sides followed any kind of rules as we hit each other with paintballs and smoke bomb, not caring about the 'no hitting below pelvis region' rule. Ymir even snuck out to carry back a M16 rifle before taking a sniper shot at them.

“YOUR CORPSE WILL BE LEAVING TONIGHT! COME HERE YOU BRAT!” I momentarily paused impressed by Historia’s newfound determination as she gave me a thumbs up.

“KILL THEM MIKASA!!” As the lady commands. I threw two grenades in the middle, taking extreme joy in the blast that ensued as they all got covered in thick layers of paint. My rifle still shooting as I aimed at their cheek and pelvis. This was fun.

Twenty minutes later, we darted out skipping on our steps as we all burst into laughter.

“Did you see that guy’s face? He was about to shit his pants!”

“I am pretty sure he actually did.” Annie answered Sasha as we caught our breath, stepping outside of the building and out of the Armor suits now.

“It was worth it. Even though we got banned for the lifetime.” I mentally agreed with Historia. We were so reckless and on fire back there that they had to call the security to escort us out.

“This was the best thing ever.” Annie was still chuckling and it was probably the first time any of us had seen her this happy before.

“It’s time to head to the next place!” Sasha announced sharing a sly smile with me as we got back on our bikes. Our next destination was an old junkyard. I had known this place for years as it fell on the way to Levi’s house. Annie’s curious gaze landed on me as we all walked in. Bunch of broken cars, a couple furniture and few machinery items laid there as I looked around, searching for her special gift. I found it after a minute of prowling around lifting it up before handing it to Annie.

“Its...a hammer. What am I going to do with this?”

“We are going to demolish this place. You get the first hit.” Her eyes twinkled, looking back down then at me as I gave her an encouraging smile. She walked towards the car with the cracked window, taking her aim before breaking it’s glass. Everyone got to work picking the heaviest or most effective piece of tool they could find before starting the demolition. Sasha attacked the table with her axe screaming as she got our attention.

“FUCK YOU JOHN AND CARL AND MISS BONNIE! AND THE STUPID DOG WHO BIT ME! AND MRS CHERRY FOR ALWAYS GIVING ME DETENTION. ROT IN HELL YOU OLD HAG!!”

“Sash what are you doing?” I asked a bit worried as she paused looking at our worried faces.

“Oh this? I am just picturing this table as ugly face of all the shits who have ever hurt me in my life. I saw this in a series once, It feels liberating actually.” We all exchanged glances, an understanding passing between them before we started our attack.

“HERES TO YOU SEXIST... HAGGARDY BITCH! I WILL TURN YOUR FACE INTO A FUCKING PURPLE INFLATOR THE NEXT TIME WE MEET!”

“I AM NOT TINY AND I CAN GET ANGRY! HERE’S TO YOU MOLLY AND VICTOR AND EVERY FUCKING HOMOPHOBIC SHIT I MET!”

“HERE’S TO MY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS FOR TELLING ME THAT MY SEXUALITY WAS JUST A PHASE! FUCK YOU ALLL!!”

“Mikasa you gotta say something as well.” I blinked, meeting Sasha’s gaze as she encouraged me to yell out my frustration. I had no idea what to say.

“Come on you gotta have something.” Ymir piped in swinging her metal rod around as I sighed taking a deep breath. Right. I had complain from two person. One I couldn’t name in front of others but the other...I lifted up my brick hammer aiming at the sheet metal of the car.

“HERE’S TO YOU GOD! I HATE THAT YOU TOOK MY FAMILY FROM ME!” Two simultaneous blows. "I HATE YOU FOR TAKING AWAY MY HAPPINESS!" Another sharp hit. “I WAS FUCKING NINE...DO YOU KNOW THAT?” By the time I was done there was an oval shaped dent in the vehicle, I dropped it and wiped off my sweaty forehead, slowly meeting the eyes of others.

Sasha crushed me in a hug as I let out a laugh, enjoying the adrenaline rush.

“We aren’t done yet ladies.” Ymir reminded us, pointing to the still very intact items left as we got to business once again.

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“Mmm...this is delicious!” Sasha moaned with delight chewing her chicken tetrazzini as I agreed. My mouth already full with the Bologne as I sipped the wine. Demolishing old junk and beating down teen boys really took it out of you. After we had all exhausted ourselves at the junkyard and returned our rental bikes we headed to Italian restaurant next. This was our second serving but I still felt like I needed more to feel full.

“I wonder how boys are doing right now.” At Historia’s inquisition I got curious. So far our night had been success, I wondered how was it going over there with Eren and the company. I wanted to win this bet, I really did but Eren’s idea of fun was far more crazy than mine so I was sure he had some pretty tricks up his sleeve.

“Tonight was the most fun I had in years.” Annie said barely able to control the smile spreading across her face as I returned it.

“Thank you all of you for everything. I mean it.” Her eyes stormed towards mine, a silent gratitude in them as I nodded discreetly.

“Its only ten o'clock, should we head to a club?” Ymir asked the group, it was an obvious way to end the night. Get hammered and pass out.

“Oh we are definitely going to a club...a special kind indeed.” Annie’s face twisted in a mischievous smile as I frowned. “What do you mean special kind?”

“Right...you didn’t know. Sasha and I came up with it at the last moment.” My eyes immediately snapped to the said girl, a nervous expression on her face. Wait...she didn’t.

She did.

Entering the club, I inhaled, not sure what to expect. Cigarettes and maybe the stench of stale liquor, but that wasn't what hit me as soon as I entered.

The scent of golden peaches and rich berries and lilies drifted through my nostrils, filling my lungs with their hint of vanilla and musk. The black and burgundy interior of the entryway was accented with gold fixtures and would probably seem gaudy elsewhere, but here, the less-is-more idea prevailed. It wasn't overwhelmingly busy. The carpets were lush, the walls were a warm but dark violet, and the décor possessed singular objects on which to focus your attention instead of too much to distract you.

We stepped through a doorframe without a door on it and immediately stopped, seeing the low ceiling give way, and the room before us damn near took my breath away. I'd only heard about Cabaret strip club, a popular stopping point for men—and women—on their way home from work to the suburbs. It was reported to have great music, the best-looking dancers—which it would, since there were about four universities within an hour of here that had a lot of hardworking students needing good-paying jobs—and it served one of the finest wines across the country.

A hostess in a tight white dress approached us, sliding the menu for the drinks as we settled in the booth.

"Guys are yet to show up." Annie murmured peeking at the section near the stage as I turned to Sasha.

"How did you even know about it?"

"Connie might have slipped out and I might have...blurted it to Annie." The said girl gave me an innocent look.

"If Armin is getting a lap dance I am getting one too." I couldn't argue with that.

Apparently the male strip show was upstairs and started after 11 so we still had plenty of time to spare.

"What should we do till then?" Historia asked, just as our drinks arrived.

"Here you go ladies." Hostess offered us a polite smile when Sasha spoke up. "Can we get tequila chilled on the rocks please instead? And shot glasses too? Thank you."

The woman left just as Sasha addressed all of us. "I figured out a way to pass time till then. We are gonna play Never have I ever!" Cheers erupted from Historia and Ymir as I blanked a look at smirking Annie. "Sounds fun!"

Hostess returned with our drinks a couple minutes later as Sasha poured in each of our glasses raising above her head. "I will go first. Never have I ever gone skinny dipping."

Ymir and I took the shot as I avoided their curious gaze. I still remembered the chill water of Miami seeping up my skin. Annie went next. "Never have I ever pickpocketed someone." Sasha and Ymir drank to that.

"Never have I ever gotten a speeding ticket!" Historia said as Annie, Ymir and Sasha drank to that. As if I could ever get a speeding ticket.

Ymir was the next to go and I already knew she was gonna say something scandalous. "Never have

I ever made a sex tape.” What? No one lifted their glass to it as my cheeks tinted red. A slow lifting of my glass earned gasps from them.

“Oh my god! Mikasa you?” Historia had both of her hands on her cheeks as I tried to shrug it off.

“Knowing Eren, anything is possible.” Ymir gave me a saucy smile as I rolled my eyes, it was accidental. I went next. “Never have I ever kissed someone of same sex.”

Annie, Historia and Ymir took a shot as Ymir laughed. “Someone got a little salty.”

We continued like that for two rounds, I was already feeling buzzed as Sasha spoke up. “Come on guys. Those are all lame questions.” Her voice dropping an octave. “We are taking it to the hardcore r rated level now!” I was way too drunk to protest as I cheered with them speaking up the first thing that came to my mind. “Never have I ever had threesome!”

Annie took a shot as we all howled. A quick thought coming to me as I raised my finger.

“Guy and a girl or...”

“Two girls.” She said quickly now raising her glass as she continued. “Never have I ever had anal sex.” Me and Sasha took the shot bowing down as they asked for the story.

“It was once and with Nicolo. I wanted to experiment but it hurt so I never tried it again.” Four pair of eyes turned to me as I settled back in my chair, liquid courage coming in handy this time.

“A couple times with Eren.” I hiccuped crossing my legs as they kept staring at me and I sighed. “It was...awesome.” They all howled again keeping the game running as the questions got sillier with time.

“Never have I ever farted in public!”

“Never have I ever given a lap dance!”

“Never have I ever had friends with benefits!”

“Screw you guys!” I shot them a finger drinking as they erupted into laughter. The night beginning to blur as I was feeling a lot lighter now like I was floating on air.

“The guys are here! Look.” Historia got our attention, our head snapping to the front row and sure enough there were five of them...wait four. No it was five. I squinted my eyes at the weird sight in front.

“I am so drunk that I am seeing Armin booing off the stripper.”

“No you are not Mikasa. Armin is actually doing that. I think he is stoned.” Annie’s icy voice rang out as I blinked my eyes open. Really? My hand already getting to work as I dialed Eren. It was his number right?

“Mikasa?” His deep voice sent shivers down my spine as I smiled giddily.

“Hey handsome! How you doin’?” Did he just sigh?

“*You are drunk.*” I snorted, waving off my hand as I looked at him across the room.

“You look so delicious...I just wanna eat you up.”

“*Exactly how drunk are you? Wait...what do you mean look?*”

"I am looking at you right now baby... You wanna hold good to the promise you made on text."

"*Mikasa? You are here?*" Oh...right. That was what I was going to ask him. About Armin situation. Why was our best friend flipping the bird to poor dancer?

"Oops I forgot.." I couldn't stop laughing. "Is Armin stoned? Annie is so mad." I could see Eren wandering around his gaze and finally he spotted us before cursing.

"*Fuck.*"

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Eren's POV

"Welcome to the party pal!" Connie exclaimed, blowing up the confetti blaster right next to Armin's ears as he winced laughing lightly.

"Thanks guys." He said just as I shut down the limo door behind me and took the space next to him. Jean, Reiner and Connie were seated on our opposite direction.

"This looks really fancy. Please tell me you didn't waste a lot of money on tonight." Always considerate. That was Armin for you.

"Don't worry buddy, you are gonna enjoy tonight." Reiner winked at him, patting down his suit and I hoped it was the case. There was no way I was going to lose to Mikasa tonight.

"Let's start with a toast first." Jean opened the champagne pouring us drinks as I raised my glass.

"Here's to my best friend Armin who is going to have his last drink as a bachelor tonight! May we have a night that we never forget!"

We all clicked our glasses, taking a sip as 'the bones' played in the stereo alerting Armin as he looked at me.

"You didn't..." I nodded smiling at him. "Its your night so we are going to listen to your favorite album."

"No matter how much I hate country music I will tolerate it for you." Connie said through gritted teeth, not that I could blame him. I hated this genre as well but anything for Armin. "You guys. That means a lot to me."

My phone chose that moment to ring as I swore. I couldn't keep it on mute due to work emergencies. Fuck. I said that too soon. It was a call from the hospital as I answered.

"Hello."

"*Dr. Yeager this is Nurse Jane. I am calling about your patient, Mr. Smith in room 403. He had a brief seizure before collapsing four minutes ago. All our emergency doctors are attending a patient right now so-*"

“I will be there.” I hung up before knocking at the partition to get driver’s attention.

“What’s wrong?” Jean questioned as they all looked at me with a worried expression.

“Emergency at hospital. I gotta go. But I promise I will be back soon okay.” I patted Armin just as the limo stopped on the side of the road.

“Don’t worry about that. Go take care of your patient.” Armin gave me an encouraging smile as I got out, shooting him a brief nod before calling for a cab. Fuck. I just hoped I could make it in time.

It went better than I expected. Nurse forgot to give him his afternoon medication that’s why he relapsed but he was fine now. I checked my watch as I got out of the hospital. Fifty five minutes. Not too bad. They all must be playing poker on the boat right now according to my schedule. It took me another thirty five minutes to get to Atlantic as I hurriedly got out of the cab. I hoped they hadn’t started the dinner already. Maybe I should have told them to hold off. It was fine now as I was almost there. I just needed to get there by a motor bo-hold on. What was the boat still doing at the shore? I spotted the owner, giving him a small wave before approaching him.

“Why are you still here? Did the others not tell you to take it in deep waters?”

“Well the tall guy told me to hold off here and that he had a little thing to take care of.”

My eyebrows furrowed now with worry. What was going on?

“Where were the others?”

“I don’t know. He came alone.” I dialed Jean, running my hand through my hairs as the ringer went off. He picked up after three rings.

“Eren he-“

“Where the fuck are you guys?”

“Oh well here...and there. Can you come to Brooklyn?”

“Brooklyn? What are you doing over- you know what never mind. Fill me in afterwards, I am coming. Send your location.” And I scurried off again to find a cab, wondering just what the hell happened while he was gone.

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“Armin is...missing?” Jean and Reiner exchanged looks, nodding slowly as my jaw dropped. Missing?

“What does that...What?” Missing? He was a grown ass adult. Why was he not answering his phone?

“We got off on the way at KFC for light snacks and I went to the washroom and Jean went to call his girlfriend.” My head turned sharply towards the said man as he chuckled nervously. He was

supposed to be the mature one among us!

“And when we returned Connie and Armin were missing. They didn’t pick up their phones as well.”

“But Connie called few minutes back saying he was on the way and will explain everything. Armin went off on his own apparently.” Jean interrupted Reiner as I massaged my forehead. Why would he take off on his own and then not answer any calls? We waited for Connie who showed up after half an hour panting.

“Did you walk all the way here?”

“I took a Subway. I had to run from there though.” He answered Reiner as I crossed my arms.

“What happened?”

“I will tell but promise me you guys won’t get mad.” He was sweating a lot and it wasn’t solely due to his short run.

“I am not making any promises.” I stated crisply as Jean side stepped me planting a firm hand on his shoulder.

“Just tell man. Eren is nothing compared to what Annie will do to all of us.” Oh crap. I forgot about her.

“Armin was tense about the whole marriage thing and how it was going to change his life so much and what if he messed up. I took him back in the limo then so we could talk properly but he started freaking out and...I did something bad.”

“What?” I didn’t have any time for brain storming right now.

“I joked that he can get high to relax a little. I didn’t know he would actually do it. I just told him and he did it once.” Oh god. Fuck. “And I told him to keep it back and went out to pee and when I came back well...he wasn’t there. And I think he did it a lot more than once.”

He finished in a murmur as I walked away aimlessly, cursing myself for leaving Armin alone like that and for believing Connie when he said he wouldn’t bring any weed. Armin was now high and alone god knew where!

Fuck my life!

“Eren I-“

“Don’t.” I stopped Connie walking towards the KFC where he was last seen. He wouldn’t have gone too far. There was no way any cab driver would drive him in that state. Unless they had malicious intent. Fuck. Others followed behind me as I walked towards the subway. He must be nearby.

“We will split up and look for him. Don’t worry.” Jean assured me as they all went different ways. I was freaking out. Armin was an angel. Anything could happen to him. I lost track of the time as I went from shop to shop and different restaurant and bars. No one saw him! It was past nine now and I was starting to panic. He was still not picking up. Maybe it was time to file the complain with NYPD. I trotted back to where I came from, shooting a group text to the guys to meet back there just when a caller ID displayed. My heart thrummed wildly with anticipation at the name as I answered.

“Armin?”

“HEY! ITS MY HOMIE YOU ALL. SAY HI TO EREN EVERYONE!” A collective hi echoed in the background as I raised my phone a little farther from my ear.

“Where are you?”

“DO YOU KNOW THAT I AM THE KING OF KARAOKE? I HAVE VOICE OF AN ANGEL!”

“Stop yelling everything. What karaoke? Tell me where are you?”

“I MET THESE COOL GUYS. THEY LET ME TAG ALONG AT PHOENIX BAR! COME HERE WE GOTTA SING A DUET!”

“Just stay put alright. I will be right there.” He shouted yes again as I darted down the street. It was two blocks away. I took a taxi this time, asking others to assemble in front of the bar. He sounded high as fuck. Atleast he was safe. No big deal, I would just let him crash at my place tonight and tell Annie he passed out at my place. He would be fine next morning.

I rushed out of the cab, sprinting inside the bar as I looked around for him. The place was heavily packed as I pushed past the dozen of people, searching for any signs of Armin. Soon enough I spotted him sitting and chatting along with...some hippie guys. What the hell? I cobbled there quickly, tapping on his shoulder as he turned. Bloodshot eyes stared back at me as I recoiled. Wow. He was really stoned. He stumbled up on his feet, almost falling as I caught him before he shot me a grin.

“THIS IS EREN YAEGER EVERYONE! MY BEST FRIEND IN THE WHOLE WORLD!” The people sitting by the table waved at me as I forced a smile, pushing Armin back a little to face me.

“Hey buddy. We gotta go. It’s your Bachelor party remember.” He kept staring at me with a weird smile and then I realized he had blacked out as I slapped his cheek lightly, repeating myself.

“NO! WE HAVE TO SING A DUET FIRST. I TOLD YOU!” I winced as he shouted in my ears. His footsteps a bit shaky as I frowned, looking back at the table and then at him. There was empty bottle of liquor too as I tried not to panic again.

“Armin...did you drink as well?” He was still latching to my shoulder singing a folk song atleast that’s what it sounded like as I sighed turning to his new ‘friends’.

“Did he have a drink here?” The short stubby guy nodded his head, drinking straight out of bottle.

“He drank half of the bottle. He is a pretty chill dude, let him have his fun man.”

“He isn’t chill he is high and drunk.” I was left with no choice as I took a deep breath before lifting him over my shoulder.

“MY HEAD SPINN...SPINNING. PUT ME DOWN! I GOTTA SING BABY SING.” He clawed his hand in my shoulder as I gritted my teeth. I had to sober him up and soon. I had already told Jean to get the limo in front as I stepped outside. Soon enough the limo pulled up as I forced him inside, Connie and Reiner joining in soon with the bottle of water and milk as we left.

“Milk might help him sober up.” Connie stated pouring it in our whiskey glass before handing it to him.

“Here have this Armin. Remember how much you love milk?”

“No. I don’t. I love Annie.” Atleast he wasn’t yelling now.

“Yes you do. Milk is...very good for your angelic voice. You don’t wanna lose it do you?” Others gave me weird look as I told them to trust me. He seemed to be pondering either that or he had simply zoned out again but he took the glass eventually, drinking his fill. We got him to finish the whole packet but he still kept blabbering. Apparently he was a lot high than we had expected. It was past ten now and we were just driving around aimlessly. I had booked the boat only for four hours and time period had expired so we couldn’t go there as well.

“Guys I am starving. We should order some takeouts.” Connie’s word made me realize that I hadn’t eaten anything since this afternoon. We ended up having some food delivered here as I realized what a disaster this night turned out to be. I stared sideways at Armin who was still in his high spirits singing and eating along as I let out a smile. Well atleast he seemed to be enjoying himself even if it was due to the effect of weed.

“I think we all should head back home now. Have Armin crash at one of our place, he will be ok in the morning.” I was totally on board with Jean's suggestion. He might have calmed down a little bit but it was still risky to let him lose anywhere.

“But we paid a lot for those strip club.” Reiner said in a pained voice which made me sure he definitely paid for a private show for himself later on.

“Yeah but we have no choice.” I reminded him as he took a look at Armin.

“He seems better than before. He is just singing weird lyrics now, we don’t have to go for long just a while. We didn’t get to do anything for him tonight, atleast let us do this one thing that way we could have one memory of the party.”

“This...isn’t memorable enough for you?” Jean thumbed towards Armin as I puckered my lips in thought. Well he might be right. We could show up there for an hour or less tops.

“Fine. But we will only stay there for a bit.” He smiled at me giving a furious nod as I directed the driver to take us to the club. I wondered how girls were doing right now. They probably had dinner in some expensive Italian or Chinese restaurant and had a blast at the paintball fight. Now that I thought about it, that definitely sounded a lot more fun than what we all did today. Armin was still half leaning on me as I smoothed his hairs, returning his wide smile. Today was the first time I felt like I was the responsible one among both of us. Why had he taken weed anyways?

“Hey buddy?” He looked at me. “Mind telling me why you got high in the first place? It’s so unlike you.” He drew circles on his pant staring at me wide eyed.

“I was scared. I mean marriage is such a big thing you know. What if we are rushing in it? What if it’s too soon? What if we got divorced? There are so many factors to think about and none of those books have any advice on it. They all feed you crap, they are worthless. Burn them. Burn it!” He was starting to zone out again as I rubbed my forehead, clicking my fingers to get his attention.

“You have nothing to worry about. You are the smartest and the most sensible person I know. If anyone can make it work among us it’s you. You don’t have to take such a pressure on yourself ok? You are not alone in this. Annie is there with you as well. She might be...a bit bizzare but I know that she loves you just as much as you do. You both are going to be fine.” He gave me a toothy grin, grabbing my chin and placing a sloppy kiss on my cheek as I shuddered.

“You are a good guy Eren. So good. I love you.” Others bit back their laugh as I shot them a glare before patting Armin’s back. “I love you too buddy.”

The club was packed as expected as we got to our booked seats at the very front, courtesy of my dear friends. A dancer was already gyrating on the stage as we settled down. Me and Jean just ordered plain water while Reiner and Connie got a few drinks. Armin was sitting quietly so that was a good start. Uh oh. He was pointing a finger at the stage as I got nervous. Please don't say anything.

“YOU GOT NOTHING ON MY FIANCE DANCER LADY! SHE IS SMOKING HOT!” Connie immediately clasped a hand around him, as we exchanged worried looks. He was supposed to be less high now. Dancer paused for a while, not finding it weird as she climbed on the pole and started shaking her hips. He somehow managed to get Connie's hand off his mouth before yelling again.

“OH YEAH? ANNIE CAN POLE DANCE BETTER THAN YOU, YOU PLASTIC HAG! STOP TWERKING AT ME! THAT'S NASTY.”

“Gentleman do we have a problem?” Security approached us just as Reiner forced down Armin to sit again, trying to shush him.

“No we are doing absolutely fine here.” Jean said smoothly as the guard gave us a last warning look before leaving. Great. My phone started buzzing in my pockets as I took it out and found Mikasa's name displaying on the screen. Perfect timing.

Mikasa?” She smiled giddily which was so unlike her.

“*Hey handsome! How you doin'?*” Of course she was drunk. Unlike us she had a normal party. I let out a sigh.

“You are drunk.” I stated flatly keeping an eye on Armin too who was staring at the ceiling now.

“*You look so delicious...I just wanna eat you up.*”

Great. I forgot drunk Mikasa was a flirt. “Exactly how drunk are you? Wait...what do you mean look?”

“*I am looking at you right now baby...You wanna hold good to the promise you made on text.*” What the hell? Looking at me? How?

“Mikasa? You are here?”

“*Oops I forgot..*” She let out a giggle. “*Is Armin stoned? Annie is so mad.*” I wandered around my eyes, my palms sweating as I finally spotted the girls sitting outside the main lounge.

“Fuck.” I hung up as I found Annie making her way to us. She. Was. Pissed. Other girls following close enough.

“The girls are here.” I told the guys just as they reached our table. Annie's eyes fixed on Armin who seemed to have come out of his trance as he jumped on his feet.

“MY BEAUTIFUL FIANCE!” He rushed to her, almost falling as she hugged him back, shooting daggers at us.

“Just when I thought this night couldn't get any worse.” Jean murmured and I agreed silently.

“Armin let's get you home alright. I will castrate these fools tomorrow.”

“Will You Do A Private Pole Dance For Me?” She blushed, trying to get him to leave as we got up as well. She was wobbling a little as well, definitely not sober.

“You are in no way to take him by yourself in that state. Let us drop you.” I presented as she clenched her jaw.

“No thank you. You guys have done enough.”

“Come on girl, I am sure they have a very good explanation for this. Besides we don’t have any ride.” Ymir tried to reason with her as she sighed, letting Armin drape his hand around her shoulder. “Fine.” It was weird that the Annie was listening to Ymir. Maybe they really bonded well tonight.

My eyes snapped towards Mikasa who was leaning onto Sasha for support. She was the most light weight among us all. I marched forward taking her hand as she smiled lazily.

“Hey...”

“I will handle her.” Sasha nodded but didn’t let go off her as we walked out with a lot of difficulty. It wasn’t an easy task to get everyone home as it took us all a while to drop off everyone at their houses. Only me, Mikasa, Jean, Ymir and Historia were left now when we reached Mikasa’s place.

“You guys go ahead. I will stay with her, make sure she is safe.”

“She is drunk Yeager. You better keep it in your pants.” Ymir gave me a warning as I deadpanned.

“Geez you got me. I am totally going to make a move on my very drunk ex girlfriend.”

“I mean...you made a sex tape dude. I don’t trust you.”

“You did?” Jean turned to me with new found excitement as I clenched my cheek. Great. What else had Mikasa told them?

“Goodnight.” I shut the door as I carried her inside piggyback style. I had to face some problem with the security but after Mikasa’s very obvious affection for me and my identity proof they let me in thinking I was her boyfriend. I took off her boots and tucked her in, deciding to crash on her couch as she grabbed my hand, not letting me go.

“Stay here...” A murmur of words with drowsy eyes as I contemplated for a while, her grip got tight as she nuzzled her head in my palm. Sighing I got off my shoes and suit jacket before lying beside her. Her head coming to rest on my shoulder as she looked up at me with hooded eyes. “I love you.”

My heartbeat accelerated at that as she closed her eyes, succumbing to sleep and I kissed her forehead.

“I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

Type of drunks in the gang:

Eren: holds off alcohol well
Armin: happy drunk
Mikasa: flirty drunk
Annie: holds off alcohol well
Ymir: holds off alcohol well
Sasha: half sane drunk
Historia: happy drunk
Reiner: half sane drunk
Connie: no filter drunk
Jean: half sane drunk

Revelations and reconciliation

Chapter Summary

Mikasa finally opens up to Eren.

Chapter Notes

Before proceeding with the chapter I would suggest you all to read the em dance scene at end of Ch 4 and em car scene in Chp 5. I made changes in them.

Trigger Warning: Contains mention of past sexual harassment. I can understand if you might wanna skip some parts but to get a better understanding I would strongly suggest you to read it. It's nothing too explicit.

Another warning: Cheesy and goe mixness. Gonna get a lot corny here. I mixed up angst and fluff in this to balance out things.

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

Eren's POV

I groaned, trying to shift on my side but I had difficulty turning as my eyes fluttered open. The sunlight glared at me from the window as I tried to block it out. A pair of hands and legs were wrapped around my frame when I remembered last night. I was in Mikasa's bed. She was still sound asleep as I took in a moment to stare at her beautiful face. Her lips were puckered up in a pout which made her look adorable. Smiling, I slowly and gently got rid of her hold on me before standing up. It was only eight thirty and I had taken a half day break so my shift didn't start until two today. Stretching my arms, I looked around. This was the first time I was in her apartment. She had kept her room minimal with only a couple photo-frames hanging around. There was one of us at the beach as well. After washing off my face and tying up my hair in a presentable way I rushed out of her place. Twenty five minutes later I came back with some medications for her. My stomach was growling, decidedly so I made some scrambled eggs and coffee and ate my share before placing it in the tray and carrying it up to Mikasa's room. She was still fast asleep. I placed it on her table with a note before leaving. I didn't want to make things awkward for her in the morning with my presence.

I had nothing else to do so I decided to head to the hospital early after changing at my place. The day went on as normal as it could and during my break I checked up the phone to find a missed call from Armin and a text from Mikasa.

Thanks for staying by my side and for the breakfast and medicine. I owe you.

I sent her a simple ***You are welcome*** before calling back my best friend.

"Hey, Eren." I opened up my patient's file addressing him back.

“Hey, buddy. You feeling ok now?” There was a slight groan and I could only imagine the trauma his head went through.

“I feel a lot better. I just wanted to say thanks for taking care of me yesterday.”

I studied the diagnosis report, shrugging off his gratitude even though he couldn’t see it. “Its nothing.”

“It is! Sorry that I ruined the evening. You made so many plans, and I just foiled it all.”

Playing with my pen I sighed stopping him. “It was nothing. Remember how many times I fucked up and you and Mikasa had to clean up my mess. Don’t sweat it.” My lips turned up in amusement though as I decided to tease him a bit. “Although I do have to say that stoned Armin was... something.”

“Believe me when I say no one is more disappointed in my behavior than myself!”

“I was more amused than disappointed. Do you even remember what you did?” I was curious about that. Drunk Armin barely had any memory of his antics so stoned Armin was even less likely to remember anything.

“No its all a blur. But I talked to Jean earlier and he told me everything. I mean...everything. I just wanna disappear forever.” A laugh escaped me, it was unlike Armin to act the way he did so obviously he was embarrassed.

“Aww come on. We all have some embarrassing stories. Atleast your bachelor party is going to be very memorable now. Hey should I put it in my toast? Everyone should know this.”

“Eren don’t you dare!”

“I am just kidding. Relax.” I wasn’t kidding. I would only get one chance in the world to embarrass my best friend. I wasn’t letting it pass by.

“Oh and don’t worry about Annie. I told her it was completely my fault. She isn’t mad at any of you now... except a bit at Connie. But just to be safe tell him to steer clear of her okay?”

“Roger that.” We chatted for a couple minutes after that before saying goodbye. I still had to prepare the treatment chart for my patient. I noticed a new message from Mikasa and decided to check it before heading back to work.

Can we meet up today when you are free? At my place or yours, whichever you prefer. I need to talk.

I swallowed wondering if her talk was related to the thing she wanted to tell me about. A part of me was dreading it but other bigger part wanted to know badly. Deciding not to ponder much I typed quickly.

Sure. I will be free after 7. I can come over at your place if that’s ok?

I waited a while for her confirmation and soon enough it came with a one word absolutely. And I couldn’t wait to meet her tonight. But for now I had to focus on my work. And I went back to reading the report again.

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I reached her place around eight thirty. I was weirdly nervous when I rang her bell. Maybe I was overthinking it and it was just about the bet. I lost no it wasn't even a competition to be honest. Maybe she wanted to tell me her term. But why would sh- The door opened and Mikasa's hesitant face peered up at me as she invited me in.

I pocketed my hands trying to act as casual as possible as she guided me to the couch.

"Would you like some coffee?" A coffee sounded nice.

"Sure." I shook my head as she disappeared inside the kitchen for few minutes before coming back with two steaming mugs of hot cocoa.

"Thank you." I said picking up the mug as she nodded. This was weird. We were acting so formal. Someone had to break it in first. She was sipping on her cup slowly, not looking at me as I decided to take the lead.

"You won the bet. Congratulations on that." Her eyes snapped up at me, taking a second to soak in my words as she smiled.

"Thanks." That's it? What about my term? Was she not going to tell that? Her unsure eyes came up to me and I wondered what she had in mind.

"I called you here to talk about that...thing." I was right. She rubbed her palm taking a deep breath as I interrupted.

"But I lost the bet so you aren't obliged to tell me Mik-"

"Bet or not I was going to tell you regardless." She interrupted me as I let out a heavy sigh.

"There is no pressure, you know that right? If you are not ready I can-"

"I am. I want to tell." She stopped me as I gave a short nod. Ok. Closing her eyes she gave a long exhale turning to me.

"I will start at the beginning. And don't interrupt me ok? No matter what! Let me finish first then you can say what you have to." I only answered with a slight nod of my head. I could be a good listener right? She averted her eyes to the front continuing

"I was 8 years old. My family and I have just moved to NY few months ago. We were a lower middle class family but we were content. My mom worked at an embroidery shop...that's how I got interested in fashion design in the first place." She let out a smile at that. "It didn't pay much but she liked her work. My dad worked in a heavy machinery factory. We knew no one in the city back then. Levi got posted here a year after only so we never had guests. But one day-" She tightened her grip on the armchair as I frowned. "One day my dad brought someone with him. It was his friend from the work. He was...very nice and friendly and I immediately took a liking to him." I didn't like where the story was going.

Please don't let it be what I was thinking it was.

"He started coming to our place more often and each time he did, he would bring up some toys for me or sweets. He was my father's superior so my parents were very respectable to him. He lent out money to my father too on several occasions. Before we knew it, he cultivated close relationship with my family to the point where...my parents let him babysit me when they had to go

somewhere.”

No. I didn’t want to hear it. She sat straight, taking a breather before continuing.

“I was actually happy to stay with him. I mean I was a kid and he bought me candies and presents.” A chuckle escaped her lips.

“His place was bigger and better than ours. At first we did normal stuff like playing board games and Pacman and he showed me his place. And then...” She was starting to tremble now as I got up but she stopped me, shaking her head.

Don't! I can do this. Please.” Her eyes begged me to stay put as I gulped back my emotions, sitting back with a heavy heart. My hand digging into my knees.

“I was just sitting on his couch and then he sat near me and began to touch my face and my leg and well everywhere.” No. She might not have a breakdown but I was about to. “I was young and confused and I didn’t know so he...he asked me if I liked him? I mean I did. He was my fun uncle right. Then he told me...that our bond was special and what we were going to do was special and secret and he will...he will bring me more presents then. I was nervous and confused then he lifted my frock and...and-“ She blinked back the tears which were beginning to form in her eyes but I couldn’t. I was shaking as a lone tear fell down my eye. Not her. Not my Mikasa.

“I was small and weak and I couldn’t stop him. I tried to fight but I couldn’t. I couldn’t stop crying after that. He...put back my clothes and murmured sweet words how I was special now and that people did it. That if I told mom and dad they will not understand. They won’t understand it. I was ashamed and it hurt.”

“Did...did he?” She shook her head looking at me.

“He only used his fingers to touch me down there and...my chest. He dropped me off afterwards but I couldn’t say anything. I was scared and ashamed and felt weird. I wish I could tell you that it was once but...it wasn’t. I always hid in my room when he came after that incident so he...he insisted on babysitting me again. I said no but when asked why? I couldn’t say anything. My parents just thought I was being bratty. Next time he...threatened me that if I created this drama again he will tell my parents everything and then they will hate me. I didn’t want that he...he did it three more times after that in next few months. I became numb by the last time and didn’t even have energy to protest. I was young and immature and he took advantage of it, he manipulated me in doing it. He manipulated me in thinking I would be shamed and not him if anyone knew. I was a scared little girl. The only little relief for me when I think back to it is that he never forced me to touch him or...penetrated me in any way. Soon after that I started having anxiety attacks where I would scream and get up at night. I was beginning to close off at my school as well. Everyday I woke up in the morning I was scared he was going to show up. And it happened, my father told us that he would be stopping by for dinner. I couldn’t breath. I was so scared but then...then I remembered one of my classmates told me about an amusement fair which had come to city so I forced mom and dad to take me there. I wanted to do anything possible to avoid seeing him. My parents eventually gave in and it was the most relieved and happy I had been in months. But I was about to be proved wrong. That was the night...my parents died in the car crash. After that Levi took me in and I never heard or saw than man again. So you see...this is why I blamed myself for my parents death. It was because I forced them to leave.”

I couldn’t move. I was frozen on the spot, staring at the floor. All this time. All this years and she had been bottling this up, hiding this from us. How did I never know? I failed her as a friend. She was always there when I needed to rant about something and I- I could do nothing to ease her pain.

“Eren?” I looked up at her with difficulty, my vision blurred and it was then I realized I was crying. She got up from her place then kneeling in front of me as she wiped my eyes. Even now she was over here, wiping my eyes, staying strong when she should be the one to seek comfort.

“I am ok now. I promise. Stop crying please.” I broke down even more, burying my face in her neck as I crushed her body to mine. I wasn’t as strong as her emotionally. “I am so sorry....”

I didn’t have anything else to say. I couldn’t provide her any other comfort. I wished I could go back in time and save her. I wish I could drive a knife through that bastard’s heart over and over again.

"Where is he now?" My voice was thick, as I tried to repress my anger and pain.

“He is dead.” She replied patting my head as I broke the hug, looking at her. “The reason I took up the martial arts and trained myself was so that...I would never be that weak and helpless girl again. I wanted to be strong enough to defend myself. I was in middle school when I realized I was molested and it was his fault and the gravity of the situation. It was then my panic attacks got worse again and Levi recommended a therapist for me but I never co-operated with her. I was stubborn.”

I clasped her hand pulling her up and on the couch to sit beside me. “The reason I always had panic attacks was because of that. It started way before the accident but everyone always thought it was due to that trauma. I might have been in a way worse situation now but do you know why I wasn’t?”

She gave me a smile. “It was because of you. It was because I met you and became your friend. From the moment you wrapped that scarf around me and told me to sit with you on the first day at my new school you saved me. You were like this...ball of hope in my life, there for me all the time. You might have acted rude or bratty sometimes but you always cared the most.” She wiped off my eyes properly shooting me that soft smile of hers which made my heart melt every time.

“After I won my black belt I went to the place my dad used to work. I wanted to find that guy and make him pay for what he did to me. It wasn’t easy because it had been years maybe he moved? But then I found out that he died five years ago. Apparently his cloth got caught up in a shaft one day while he was working and he was dragged around in it for minutes. He was mangled beyond recognition, a painful death.”

“A well deserved death.” I stated without any ounce of remorse drawing circles on the back of her hand.

“After I left the factory I got out and laughed like crazy you know. I was both happy and...frustrated. Happy because he suffered and frustrated because well...coz I couldn’t punish him myself.” That was justified. If I were in her place I would have the same reaction.

“And promise me one thing.” Her strong voice made me look up at her again as she clasped my hands tightly, her lips pressed in a thin line as I coaxed her to continue.

“Promise me this thing won’t change the way you think of me. I don’t want you feeling sorry for me or treating me...like a porcelain doll due to this. I don’t want to see the sadness in your eyes or any kind of guilt because of that...I don’t.” With a downward curl of my lip, I assured her, that was definitely not something I would ever do.

“I won’t, I promise, Mikasa. If anything this...made me respect and love you even more. I didn’t think it was possible.” Her cheeks tinted red at my casual slip up of love word as she retracted her

hands.

“Thank you really. Those memories used to make my life a hell one time. He destroyed many good things for me and I don’t want it happening again. He was the reason why I was so averted to sex.” That explained it. That explained her only doing it under influence of alcohol and being stiff to such thing.

“I took that as a challenge though. I didn’t want it holding me back. I wanted to overcome my fear that’s why I did it back then. But I never enjoyed it truly until...well you.” Her thumb trailed over my lips as she leaned in closer to me.

“You made it good for me. You made everything good in my life, you were that person. When I lost the baby I relapsed, wondering if god was somehow punishing me again for something. All this time I blamed myself for my parents death and...I did the same for the baby too. Wondering if I had that negative aura about me that only brought misery. I believed in that fate crap and I didn’t want you to be affected by that in any way. But I realize now that only I make my own path. And I am sorry for making you suffer as well Eren...”

I cupped her cheek leaning my forehead against her as I whispered. “Yes you affected me when you left. I have never loved someone how much I love you Mikasa. You took my heart, my strength away when you left. And I hated you for it.” Her eyes turned sad as I pulled back. “Yes we lost three years and it won’t come up but I don’t see it as a waste anymore and do you know why?” She shook her head no. “Its because if you have never left you wouldn’t have opened up about everything and realized how you weren’t at fault for what happened. You would have never opened up to me about this thing and...never discovered your true passion for art.”

She chuckled grabbing my hands. “That is true. I love this new optimistic outlook you have.” I pulled up her hand and brushed my lips over her pointer finger. “Its because of you.” Index finger. “I never stopped loving you Mikasa. Not even for a second.” Ring finger. “I am sorry for hurting you and acting like an asshole. I wish I had really known what you were going through.”

“You have done more than enough for me. You have nothing to be sorry about. I hurt you first and my past doesn’t excuse that.”

“Yes but I could have acted in a mature way. And that day when I drove the car like that. I was such a fucking cunt. I-“

“Lets just agree that we both fucked up okay?” She gave me a patient look as I sighed, nodding before bringing her back into a hug. Her warmth soothed me just like always and made me feel alive. I was lucky to have such a kind, strong and beautiful woman in my life.

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Mikasa’s POV

It felt like a huge burden had been lifted off my shoulders. My heart felt lighter and happier than it had been in a long while. Today I had tapped into the most secretive chamber of my heart and let it all out. I didn’t want my past to come haunt me anymore.

Telling Eren all this was definitely a big step into that. We broke apart after a moment as we held each other’s eyes. His amber orbs filled with love and admiration as they bored into mine. He had

confessed that he loved me more than anything and I wanted to freeze that moment forever.

His tongue licked the dryness of his lips as my eyes flickered to them. I wanted to feel that closeness and passion only he could emit. Sensing my gaze, he gave me a look and an understanding passed between our eyes as we both leaned forward. Our lips met in a sweet loving kiss as I wrapped my arm around his neck, trying to pull him close. He was my other half and I felt complete being this close to him. We broke apart then went at it again, this time a little deeper and more passionate.

His hand encircled my waist pulling me a bit closer as we stayed engaged in the dance of our mouths. There was no rush, no urgency or lust here just love as we would pull back then entangle again. I lost track of time, something which was more common than usual around him by the time we separated for good. Our breaths a little heavier and our heartbeat a little fast.

“I want to do it right this time.” His words filled me with confusion as I blinked.

“What do you mean?” He grasped both of my hands in his own, his adam apple bobbing down as he explained.

“Last time we did it all wrong. We started off our relationship at wrong foot which made things worse. I am not making that mistake again.”

I raised my eyebrow, biting back my smile. Was he saying what I thought he was saying?

“You want us to...date again?”

“Of course. I thought that was pretty clear by my earlier heartfelt confession.” Uh huh. “But we are doing it properly this time.”

“Ok yeah what is that supposed to mean? You know I don’t like mysteries...Eren?” He didn’t answer instead asked me if there was something to eat and I got distracted as I hadn’t eaten yet.

We both ended up cooking the dinner together spending some time after that, just chatting and catching up. When he departed he left a long kiss on my lips which left me feeling like a giddy girl again.

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I went through the next day as usual, working and teaching and meeting up with girls for an hour to discuss the last moment details of the wedding as only four days were left.

“Come on Mikasa just for a while please! I haven’t been there in months.” I wanted to head to my workshop to get some of my work done after I said bye to the girls but Sasha latched to me, pleading to visit times square with her.

“But I have been there just last week with Onye.” There was no reasoning with Sasha though as she pouted and started how I didn’t really care for her feelings as I rolled my eyes. Fine.

“Alright. But I am not staying there for more than thirty minutes got it? I will be timing each second.” I pointed at my watch as she gave me a mock salute. “Yes mam!”

We took the subway there and I was already regretting coming here due to the thick crowd. This

place got even more packed than usual in the evenings and I hated all the cluster of people. I meant it wasn't the worse thing in the world but everything had a proper timing. A lot of foreigners were gathered around just like expected, taking pictures and laughing with their families.

How wholesome. Speaking of...what did Sasha want to do here? I wouldn't put it past her to drag me with her just to get the specials at food cart.

"Sash what are we-" My eyes widened not finding her beside me as I looked around. She was right here just a second ago. Did she get lost? Or distracted perhaps? I pulled out my phone to call her, tension building up inside me when she picked up.

"Hey Mika what's up?" I gaped.

"What's up? Where the hell did you run off to?"

"Oh Nicolo picked me up. We are having dinner at his parents. I can't wait!" Was she serious? Did she hit her head on the way?

"If this is some kind of joke I am not amused Sash. First you drag me here then you-"

Loud voice started booming off the speakers as laughter erupted from other side. Wait...was this tune...it was Backstreet boys!

"Enjoy girl! And don't get mad at him." Wha-

She hung up the phone as I noticed dozens of people gathering together, dancing to the beat of the song. It was a flash mob. What did Sasha mean by don't get mad? Him who? Eren? What did he do?

*You are my fire
The one desire
Believe when I say
I want it that way*

Nostalgia rushed through me at the familiar beat of my favorite song and I realised that they were crowding around me. I felt awkward as they pointed finger at me and swayed to the beats. Was this common? It was as if they were singing it to me.

*Tell me why
Ain't nothin' but a mistake
Tell me why
I never want to hear you say
I want it that way*

It was then I noticed a familiar head peeking from the crowd, a goofy smile plastered on his face and his eyes twinkling with mischief as realization dawned upon me. He did this! His dimple playing peekaboo as he approached me, making his way through the dancers.

*Am I, your fire?
Your one, desire
Yes I know, it's too late
But I want it that way*

"What is this Eren?" I was half flustered, half shocked at the attention as the mob surrounded us, throwing their arms and leg in whichever way a professional dancer did. But that was nothing

compared to what I felt next moment as my whole body froze.

Eren was on one knee now. What the hell was happening? The music paused as well, the dancers freezing in their position as my heart felt like it was about to burst open out of my ribcage.

I gasped clasping both hands around my mouth as I shook my head. "Eren this is--"

"Shush. It's not what you think." He reprimanded me and I felt somewhat...relieved? There was no way we could jump directly to being engaged after everything.

There was no ring in his hands so that solidified it as he grabbed my left hand.

"The past three years of my life were a hell without you. Getting out of bed...and going to work was difficult. I couldn't sleep properly because all I ever saw was you in my dreams" My heart somersaulted at that, both pain and love seeping up my veins. "I missed the love of my life, my very sexy caretaker" I chuckled shaking my head. "But most importantly I missed my best friend. The person I could lean on for any kind of support, one who always had my back no matter what!" Oh my god. I was going to cry.

People were gathered around us, watching in anticipation but my attention was focused solely on him. His eyes turned soft, a gentle smile gracing his handsome face.

"I am ready to leave it all behind and move on again with you by my side. Mikasa Ackerman... will you be my best friend and girlfriend again?" Chants of say yes! erupted from everyone around us as I bit my lip. This idiot! He just had to put me in spot like that.

Swallowing up my tearful smile, I nodded whispering a small yes as he gave a cheshire grin. Claps and cheers surrounded us as he got up gathering me in his arms as we kissed.

At that moment the world disappeared around me and all I could feel was Eren. Before I could deepen it he pulled back, cupping my cheek. "I love you."

My hand rested on his chest firmly, my eyes getting lost in him as I said it back. "I love you too."

The crowd started to disperse as I placed my hand over my forehead, still in disbelief.

"You know that if you had asked me this in confines of one our flats I would have said yes right? You didn't need to do it like this." He nodded, grabbing my hand as his lips turned upward in a simper once again.

"I know. But I wanted to make a grand gesture. Plus it was fun to watch you get all red faced in front of hundreds of strangers." I pouted, slapping his arm as he laughed kissing my cheek.

"You are so adorable. Like a kitten. Should I call you kitty from now on?" His lips puckered up as if in deep thought about it and I gaped, swatting his forearm. "Don't you even dare." He jumped slightly as I let out a smirk.

"You are so cheesy Eren Yeager." I wrinkled my nose, my tone a bit teasing as he shrugged his shoulders.

"Maybe. But years from now on you will still remember this moment and that's what matters." His tone taking a more serious note as we reached the pavement. "This city has given you a lot of painful memories. And I want to change that Mika. So this..." He thumbled in the direction where the dancers had gathered back then. "-was a start. I am going to give you a lot of happy memories here and one day it would outdo the painful ones."

Damn him! My eyes welled up as I stopped walking turning to face him properly. He just had to go ahead and say the sweetest thing so casually like this.

“Thank you really. But that’s not needed Eren because my happiest memory already outdoes the sad ones.” He frowned as I traced his cheek softly. “Every moment I spend with you is the happiest one for me. And it outdoes my painful ones.” His eyes turned gentle as he placed his own palm over my hand, smiling.

“Aww. This was one of the most romantic thing you ever said to me...and really cheesy too which is kind of embarrassing for you as you were taking a dig at me five seconds ago for being too cheesy.” My smile disappeared as I narrowed my eyes, retracing my hand.

“You just have to go ahead and ruin it don’t you?”

“But it’s true! You are a cliché girlfriend babe.” He shot me an air kiss, as I rolled my eyes. My lips turning upwards as I couldn’t fight off my smile. We walked hand in hand through the cluster of people and on the busy streets and I didn’t remember actually coming with him here before. I had missed the feel of his warm skin. Moving closer, I wrapped my hand around his arms seeking warmth in him.

“Where are we going?”

“Nowhere...we are just wandering aimlessly. We don’t always need to have a plan right?”

He asked, cocking his eyebrow as I sighed. That was true I suppose. And I was more than happy to be with him again.

“Oh and by the way, I lost the bet if you have forgotten. What are you planning to do to me?” My expression turned thoughtful as I let him ponder what I was thinking for a while before speaking up.

“I never mentioned that I will reveal your term immediately. It can be days or months or even years from now on. I will wait for the perfect moment to cash it in.”

“Clever.” He muttered lacing our fingers together as we stopped by a food stall to eat some sushi before grabbing some ice cream. In Paris I rarely ever ate ice cream cone. It didn’t feel the same without my friends or Eren to do so.

If someone asked me that if I had a chance to go back in time and stay here would I do it? Answer was yes. But if they asked me whether I regretted leaving back then my answer would be no. Despite all the suffering I discovered my true self there and Eren was able to complete his residency smoothly, without any obligations for visiting or making time for me. I couldn’t change the past but the least I could do was look on the bright side of it.

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I got out of Eren's car as he followed me behind, walking a semi circle to reach me. He paused a couple inches away from me letting out a warm smile. “So this is my cue to say goodbye.”

He scratched his neck, leaning forward to place a kiss on my forehead as the pit in my stomach

grew. Before he could pull away I grabbed his collar and crashed my lips hungrily against his own. All the sweet loving kisses were nice but this...nothing compared to the all consuming one like this.

He was taken aback but started returning as I pressed him up against the car. My hands wandering to his muscled shoulders as I nudged his lips apart, pushing my tongue in his caverns. His hand came to rest on my waist as I ran my hand through his hairs, pushing him further against the metal door as my hunger grew.

My left hand trailed down his chest and stomach as I fiddled with his belt. His lips left mine then as I inhaled sharply, our hot breathes mingling together as my chest rose and fell. My hooded eyes looked up in his own glossed ones as I whispered.

"Let's move upwards...you still have to hold good to your promise right?" His text from the night he made me come was still embedded clearly in my mind.

His promise of leaving me restless the next time we met. I had been burning up for him for a while now.

"We shouldn't." His simple confession cleared up my desire fogged mind as my forehead marred with confusion.

"What?" His expression turned into a sensible understanding one as he clasped my hand firmly.

"I told you we will be doing this in a proper manner this time and I meant it. I want to have real conversation with you, one which doesn't involve us arguing or ending up in sex simply." A hollow chuckle escaped me as I took a step back.

"Is it because of what I told you?"

"No!" His eyes flashed with momentary anger, his retaliation fierce as he took two steps forward, grabbing my chin to make me look at him properly.

"I was afraid you will think that but no. That's not the reason. When I mentioned doing it the right way I meant going on actual dates...having real conversation, bingeing shows, understanding each other properly. Last time the problem arose between us due to the lack of communication. We need to work on that Mikasa."

He was right. That was true indeed, we both held off few truths or told lies or weren't honest with each other back then. Well it was mostly me. I nodded agreeing to it as he smiled.

"You took a step that night telling me everything, inspite of how hard it was so I want to do the same. Sex is easy...but this, this conversation and building up trust and understanding is hard. We need to work on that and once we both feel like we are on the same page...we can have as much makeup sex as you want."

I nodded giving him an innocent look as I started. "You are right. I can do that no problem. I have my faithful vibrator to keep me company till then. I hope your..." I gestured towards him. "-hand is enough for you." Irritation seeped in his expression as I bit my lip.

"I know you are mocking me but I have gone without sex for more than three years Mika. I can absolutely do it. Although I am not too sure about you..." He tapped his cheek trying to appear thoughtful. "I mean you were the one ready to jump me few seconds ago." Fire blazed under my skin as I planted my hand on my waist.

“I can do this no biggie. I have amazing self control.” He gave me sexy smirk before capturing my lips once again, giving me a little taste before pulling apart, leaving me flushed.

“Goodluck. You are gonna need that.” And he departed, leaving me a raging human of desire as I let out a pant. Oh god...he was right. I needed god tier self control to keep my ovaries in check. Good luck indeed.

Chapter End Notes

Mikasa's past trauma was something I had in mind for the story since chapter 1. I left a few hints here and there as well with her odd behaviour in the beginning and anxiety attacks.

A difficult challenge

Chapter Summary

A challenge issued by Eren leads the couple to take extreme measures to win.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all the love and support you guys gave me. I appreciate each and everyone of you. I intend to stay here for a long time, and I write for myself and my few dear readers who enjoy my work. If you got a problem with my writing, go read other fics which are suitable for your taste. I never claimed to be perfect. I try to work on the areas I lack in, and strive to get better. Once again, Thank you for all the love. I adore you guys so much!!

[Click here to see Eremika wardrobe for the wedding.](#)

English is not my main language so excuse any grammatical mistakes or punctuation errors.

Mikasa's POV

A guitarist and violinist played an instrumental version of *Canon in D* by Pachelbel as I walked down the aisle. I flashed a reassuring smile at Armin, who looked absolutely handsome in his navy Burberry tuxedo with satin lapels paired with an Eton formal shirt. Eren, Jean, Connie, and Reiner wore what was called a Prince Charlie gray jacket and matching three-button waistcoat. Their charcoal silk ties were intricately knotted against their plain white shirts. Eren's eyes landed on me as I almost expired on the spot in the look in those amber hues. He looked mesmerized, awestruck even as his mouth gaped open. He was going to give us away like this. We still hadn't told anyone about us...well except Sasha.

Today was Armin and Annie's day and all the spotlight should be on them. I took my place on the other side of the altar beside Sasha, Ymir and Historia. All of us wore dusty rose silk floor-length dresses. The dress was off-shoulder, with sparkle beading sequin on chiffon fabric as it nipped in at the waist, then fell in a straight waterfall to the floor without hugging the body too much.

I silently pleaded Eren to look away as he bit his lip, amusement evident in his eyes before averting his gaze.

The music seemed to swell as Annie made it to the halfway mark of the aisle, holding tight to her dad— as her eyes locked on Armin. She was stunning in her ivory-white dress which was strapless, with a heart-shaped neckline, and the upper half of the bodice was ivory with crystal beading and

lace. She wore her hair in an almost Grecian-style updo of soft curls and French braids.

Wow.

I wasn't sure I had ever seen her look this in-love before.

The music drew to a stop and the ceremony proceeded. A pin drop silence settled inside the farmhouse as they exchanged vows.

“Ann, Of all the people you’ve met on your journey and of all the places you’ve been, somehow and somehow, you ended up here—with me. It is the most powerful and humbling fact that I can accept. I used to think that we met by chance but now I know without a doubt that the universe put you in front of me because we were meant to spend our lives together. You have filled my life with joy and have given me a sense of peace. Although today marks the start to the rest of our lives, I know it will not be enough time with you. I will not take our time together for granted. And because words cannot do it, I promise to show you, for the rest of my life, how much I love you.”

My throat clogged up at Armin's words as my eyes met Eren's. Would we ever have this as well? We had been through so much in past four years. We had more than enough of our share of ups and downs. Even though we were taking it slow for now, but I did want to have all this with Eren. He gave me a gentle smile as I returned it. Did he want this too? A family with me or...

Everyone started clapping as I realised I had zoned out completely on Annie's vows. Oh great.

“Those lobsters were amazing!” Sasha gushed as she came back to the table, probably after her third serving of the day. The speeches were over and the dinner was done. Eren had cracked us all up with his best man's speech, keeping it funny and real but at the same time sentimental. I sipped on my champagne as I chanced a glance at the bride and the groom who were whispering something to each other and laughing.

“So how does it feel?” Historia asked, her eyes lighting up as she looked at Annie. “To call someone husband?”

“Weird,” She answered without missing a beat. Eren snorted and Jean laughed. “Is that it?”

She shrugged. “It's the first word that comes to mind.”

I laughed too now as Sasha interjected. “Not ‘great,’ not ‘wonderful,’ not ‘right’? Just ‘weird’.”

“Weird definitely wins out.”

“Marriage to me is weird already. Good to know.” Armin said cheekily, a sardonic tilt to the corners of his mouth.

“Well, I wouldn't want normal, it's boring.” She assured her husband as the conversation shifted to their honeymoon. I sipped on my champagne, having difficulty keeping my eyes off Eren, who sat two chairs beside me. I hadn't talked to him face to face since yesterday as we both came in different vehicles.

“If you'll excuse us, we have more rounds to make.”

We waved Armin and Annie off, who went to entertain other family guests, as we settled into random conversation. Not long after, Reiner decided to reduce his boredom by seeking Connie and Ymir's company, and Jean dragged his girlfriend for a dance. Sasha mumbled something to Historia as they got up and she shot me a wink. What?

It was then I realised that I was alone with Eren after long while. He slid into the chair beside me as soon as they were gone and grabbed my hand.

“You look heaven sent.” His warm voice whispered in my ear as I glanced at him.

“That’s a good thing, right?”

“It means you look beautiful beyond words, babe.” My insides felt giddy as I laced our fingers together, shrugging.

“You look beautiful too.” His answer was to pull my chair closer and peck my cheek as I shot him a look.

“Eren, don’t forget where we are.”

“I can’t help it. You are driving me crazy.” A chuckle rushed past my lips as he placed another kiss over my knuckle. I made sure no one was looking in our direction, before gently placing a feather kiss on his neck.

“You clean up...real good.” I did a once over of his outfit suggestively as he chuckled, caressing my thigh over the sheen fabric of the gown.

“Thank you, Miss Ackerman.” I leaned slightly on his shoulder, intertwining our fingers as I took in the serene atmosphere. This small town was beautiful, no city noise or that stinky smell or large cluster of people in every corner. Annie and Armin had made a right choice, selecting this place. This got me thinking, if I were to ever get married where would that be? Where would Eren prefer it to be? Had he ever thought of it as I did? What would be our married life like, if that were to happen? Would we still live in a complex apartment in the city, or would we move out in a small house on outskirts of the main city? Just both of us and...maybe our kids one day. The life I once imagined we would have, but that was shattered after everything we went through. Could we have that again?

“Babe?” I snapped out of my trance, meeting Eren’s worried eyes as he caressed my cheek.

“Is everything alright? You seemed lost there for a moment.” Oh I was just thinking of our future together that’s all. No big deal. Of course, I didn’t say it out loud as I shook my head.

“Just thinking how peaceful this place is in contrast to the city.”

“Mm. I know. I always wanted to live in a more quiet, friendly environment.”

“Really?” He nodded as I tried to hide the gleam of happiness from my face. We shared the same sentiments regarding that at least.

“Wanna hit the dance floor?” Eren pointed towards the stage where all the couples and few children were grooving around. Right. We could do a formal dance as the maid of honor and best man.

“Alright. But you can’t be too handsy. We haven’t told everyone, remember?” He lifted his finger in pinky promise as I rolled my eyes, taking his hand. Beside Jean and his girlfriend, no one else was in sight as we moved to the center. I wasn’t a good dancer by any means, but I had learned a thing or two about the basic moves from Sasha, as I positioned my hand over his shoulder and waist.

He smiled as he lead me slowly, my footwork still sloppy and poor, but Eren didn’t complain as we swayed together.

Respecting my wish, he kept his distance from me and didn't try to get more...intimate in the movement. I loved how much he had grown over the years. When he suggested the 'no sex rule' I was shocked to say the least. That was something I would say not him, infact I was against that completely, but it mattered to Eren, so I agreed. Of course there was that teeny matter of our bet on who would break down first, and I wasn't going to lose.

He twirled me around two times, dipping me down as I smiled. Telling him the truth, had brought both of us closer than ever. Now there were no secrets between us, and I was glad for it. We had promised each other that no matter what happened, we would always be honest. Before, my secrets and tainted past had put boundaries between us, but never again. I loved him with all of my heart and this time around I wouldn't hold back in showing it to him. Yes. I looked around, aware of a couple eyes on us, and noticed Eren's parents, Ymir, Reiner and Historia looking in our direction.

Well, as far as I knew, they all thought that we were back to being friends again. I looked back at Eren, who was being discreet as I told him to. But...didn't I say that I wouldn't hold back this time? Wedding was officially over now, so I couldn't use the excuse of stealing the thunder. Eren never once held back in showing his love, and also respected my choice. Well...screw being discreet. I grabbed his collar and pulled him towards me, kissing him passionately and with every ounce of love I held for him. He was frozen for a moment but started returning it, grabbing my waist to pull me towards him.

Yes, this felt just right. My hands enveloped his neck as I angled my head to deepen the kiss. In that moment, only the two of us existed. I could feel his heartbeat matching up with mine, at an increased rate as he coaxed my mouth into a most sensual and tender dance of the lips, teeth and tongue.

We separated when the need to breathe became urgent. He looked enthralled, taken aback even as he stared at me.

"What...just happened?" Confusion laced in his voice, as I traced his jaw slowly.

"I love you...so much. I don't want to hold back anymore." A laughter of disbelief slipped his mouth at my words as he pulled me in a crushing hug, kissing the top of my head.

"I love you more, Mikasa."

And for once I wasn't worried about the reaction of others because screw what others thought.

Contrary to what I expected, no one bombarded us with series of questions afterwards, not that I was complaining, but it was odd. I paid no heed to it though, as I spent the rest of the night enjoying Eren's company. We even went on a long walk afterwards to the lake nearby and watched the constellation of stars in the sky. It was a perfect ending to a beautiful day.

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I loaded my bag in the trunk of the car, closing it behind me before walking to the passenger seat. Now that we weren't hiding our relationship, I had decided to leave with Eren and his parents. Armin and Annie had already left earlier this morning as they had flight for Aspen.

"Mom, are you sure you got all your things?"

“For the last time, Eren, Yes!” Aunt Carla gave me an exaggerated look as I laughed.

“You would think that he was the mother here, not me. Gosh.”

“I was just being responsible mom.” He rolled his eyes, starting the engine as I shared a look with Uncle Grisha, who let out a sigh. He was obviously the calm headed one among the three.

As we left the town, I realized how long it had been since I travelled with the Yeager family. I remembered the last time it was, when we were in eleventh grade and me and Armin were specially invited by them on a camping trip. I felt strangely at home with them. I never admitted it out loud, but Eren’s parents had always been like a parental figure to me. Levi was busy most of the time so Carla took it upon herself to attend my PTM meeting or annual function. I had also spent a lot of sleepovers at their house during school days. They always welcomed me with open arms, and I never felt like I was intruding.

“Mikasa dear,” I turned my head expectantly at Aunt Carla. “I think it goes without saying that you are invited at our house for the Thanksgiving. Zeke will be coming as well, I think it’s a good occasion for us to have one meal as a family.”

Oh. Wow.

“I would love that, Aunty. I just have to confirm with Levi first, lest he had made some reservations.”

“Oh definitely, sweetheart. I understand.” She gave me an understanding smile as I turned towards Eren who gave me a brief glance before addressing his mother.

“Yeah about that, mom...you don’t seem so...shocked by us dating again.” He took the words right out of my mouth. I had atleast expected her to jump with joy after our very public kiss yesterday. But nada.

“What is there to be surprised about, honey? Everyone knew you were back together again.” What did she say? “I mean, it’s quite obvious. You both couldn’t keep your eyes off of each other the whole time. We all just figured that you needed some privacy so no one said anything.”

My cheeks heated up as Eren and I shared a baffled look. The former didn’t seem much affected by it as he gave me a playful smile. So that explained the lack of reaction yesterday.

“That’s a relief actually, spares us the labor of announcing it to everyone.” He shot me a wink, as I shook my head. His parents were right behind, and I felt shy for an unknown reason.

“I have been meaning to ask you, Mikasa, how is the art gallery doing?” And just like that Mr. Grisha changed the subject and I gave him a grateful smile before indulging his curiosity.

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Two months later

Eren’s POV

“I want to buy this.” Mikasa gave me a surprised look, pausing her footstep as she looked at the

wall.

“Its not for sale.”

I had accompanied Mikasa today to her last exhibition of the year, which had been unsurprisingly splendid. This was my first time, officially attending an event like this and I had no idea it was so grand. People with heavy pockets crowded this place, and paid huge bucks for the artwork. I felt so out of place here but for Mikasa, it was like her sanctuary. She mingled easily with her fellow artists, and took pride in announcing me as her boyfriend. I didn't leave her sight for more than few minutes, as I observed the thing my beautiful girlfriend loved so much. Her canvas sold very fast, very well and just like the previous exhibitions, people showed interest in buying that painting of mine, but she refused. Well I got that, it might be little weird to sell it to some random strangers but why not me?

“But it's me! Shouldn't that hold some sort of credibility?” Sighing, she approached me, placing a gentle hand over my arm.

“Do you really want this, that badly?” I nodded profusely, I had wanted it since the day I laid my eyes on it. This was something touched and molded by Mikasa, something which she held very close to her heart, so yes, I wanted it all to myself. I was that selfish.

“You can have it, Eren. But I don't need any money for it.” She stated strongly, as I crossed my arms over my chest. Oh no, not this way.

“It's still your hardwork, and I don't want to get the free pass just because I am your boyfriend.”

Her eyes softened then, her hand coming to rest on my cheek as she turned my face in her direction. “That's not what this is about. This...is priceless for me. I can't put a price on it because it's you. Your value is more than some measly number, Eren.” Fuck. Did she really just say that? Stab me with a honey laced knife why don't ya? I was expecting some snarky ass comment from her mouth not this...sweet words.

“And here I thought, I was the romantic one.” I teased her, as she slapped my arm, approaching the wall before pulling down the large canvas carefully and placing it in my hands as she continued.

“I don't need to keep this anymore because I... got the real thing.” This woman. Closing the distance between us, I leaned down so that our faces were an inch apart.

“You got one part of that wrong.” She raised an inquisitive eyebrow, as I took a deep breath.

“This painting will be hanging over at 'our' home. I don't know if it will take days or weeks or months but...I want to start a life with you. Don't you?” She clutched my hand in death grip, resting her forehead against mine as I breathed in her sweet scent.

“I do.” And I let out a relieved sigh, pulling her closer to place a chaste kiss against her mouth.

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Moving in together wasn't a spontaneous decision. We had been talking about it for over a month now, and after our talk at her art convention, we didn't waste any time. We invested in a condo

upstate, which was on market. It wasn't much far from our workplaces and the place was pretty decent too. My personal favorite was the balcony with a sweet view of empire state building at far.

We had opted for four bedroom condo because each of us needed a home office to work from. It took us around a week before we could fully settle in all our stuff.

"That...is a little weird." I pursed my lips, eyes falling on the 18x24 painting of me, framed above our bed.

"I think it looks great. This way, I can look at your face there while you make love to me. Oh wait...we are not doing that." This again. Ok, I had to admit that I had taken it a bit too far, but in my defense, Mikasa wasn't giving in either. We had been together for almost three months now but none of us had caved in to our desire. We did everything a normal couple did. Date nights, long walks, long conversations, playing video games, cooking together, late night rides, dancing and kissing even making out heavily but our hands never wandered too far south.

I guessed at one point we had grown so accustomed to it, we never felt the need to take things further. Except a few remarks by Mikasa every now and then and sometimes me, we never discussed it much. We were more focused on the love part of our relationship rather than the sexual one. But with us moving in together now, things were about to change. We couldn't keep sleeping in the same bed without the idea of sex crossing our minds.

But we both were equally stubborn by nature and no one was going to give in like this. We needed a breakthrough.

"I think you are right. This have really gone on too far." Confusion mixed with surprise dawned upon her face as she took in my words. I let out a smirk, lips parted, as I approached her and I could feel her temperature rise by the color rushing to her cheeks.

"Lets kick it up a notch. Both of us will do anything in our powers to seduce the other, and the one who throws in the towel first, loses." Her eyes shone brightly with determination as she gulped once, hand extended.

"Fine. Game on." I shook on it, thinking, this was going to be both fun and torture at once.

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The next day started as usual, but I still kept my guard up around Mikasa. We ate breakfast normally and she didn't make any suspicious moves to turn me on. That, or maybe she was just bad at it. Mikasa wasn't the brightest person when it came to seduction. I was insanely in love with her that's why I always found what she did attractive, even if it was as simple as just spea-

Water splashed out from my mouth, as I noticed her leaving the bathroom after shower. Sure, it would have been an ordinary activity if she wasn't stark naked. She held no shame as she dried off her wet hairs with her towel, giving me a splendid view of her gorgeous curves as she walked out. It's been years since I saw her bare and all the blood rushed to my groin. Fuck! She rounded the table and busied herself making coffee as I tried not to salivate. I remembered kissing every inch of her spine, burying myself inside that round bottom. She dropped the coffee powder with a oops. Purposely indeed. And then bent down to grab it, giving me a juicy view of her ass.. My knuckles turned white as she took her sweet time picking it up, and even more time making the coffee as I

rubbed my forehead. I was about to burst.

Fuck the bet! I was going in. But that's what she wanted. With a self restrain that I didn't know I had, I got up before walking inside the bedroom with haste. I dressed up as hurriedly as possible before leaving for work. Fuck! If this was her opening move, I didn't want to know the rest of it. I would get her back somehow. Seduction was one thing I beat her in and I wasn't going to let her take that away from me.

The opportunity arrived in evening as I returned back from hospital. Sounds were coming from her workshop, so I realized she was working. After freshening up and changing my clothes I sat back down with my patient's report.

"Eren, you are back! I made chicken casserole so have that...first." She finished lamely, staring at me as I worked on my laptop.

"You are...wearing glasses." She mumbled to herself as I gave an innocent nod, typing on the keyboard.

"Oh this? Yeah I got a pair of computer glasses. It helps with the eyestrain." She swallowed, holding my gaze as I inwardly cheered. She never admitted it out loud, but Mikasa loved the look of glasses. I was pretty sure she was already fantasizing me, wearing this, during sex. She stuttered, telling me about the dinner again before rushing out.

Score!

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I shouldn't have been too happy with that small win. For once, I preferred Mikasa with her clothes on than off and it was because she was wearing my shirt. There was something so intimate and highly erotic about a girl wearing her partner's cloth, well atleast for me, that it had me on the pedestal again. She knew the effect she had on me, as she kissed me slowly, running her hand down my chest, before leaving for work. She had borrowed my shirt! Just like that.

Fine. I was going to get her.

No, I didn't do anything outrageously sexy, but I did what I knew turned her on. I cooked her favorite meal. I even made her favorite pudding from the scratch. I got off from work early so I had plenty of time at hand. I dressed it on the table, just like I had seen my mom do many times and waited for her to return. True to my expectations, she was flattered and happy as I served her.

"Here, let me." I snatched the plates from her hand once she was done. "You go take rest. I will clean this up, ok?" I placed a small kiss on the side of her mouth, grazing her lower back ever so slightly before walking past her. I was successful in sprouting the seeds of want in her brain, now I just needed to wait.

And wait I did. But I got no response and after retreating to our bedroom I found her sprawled on mattress, fast asleep. As it turned out, heavy eating and tiredness could lead to deep sleep as well. Something which I obviously missed. Letting out a heavy sigh, I placed a small kiss over her forehead before following her to sleep.

On the third day, I decided that extreme measures needed to be taken so I pulled a Mikasa...in a way. She was in the middle of waxing her legs when I got inside the washroom. She gave me a curious look before going back to the task in her hand. I discarded all my clothes before getting inside the shower room. I faced away from her as I closed the glass door, letting the steamy water pour over me before grabbing the body wash.

With précised movements, I cleaned off my body, taking time to rub every inch of my skin. I could feel her eyes on me from outside as I turned around slowly, ignoring her impending presence outside before washing off my torso. I made sure to glide my hand slowly over it and went downwards until I reached my cock. I could have sworn I heard her gasp, as I cleaned off my member properly.

Her watching me was turning me on, so I had to decrease the temperature of the water to cool down. The water turned ice cold soon enough, as I leaned against the wall, breathing heavily. Fuck! Three and a half year without sex. I was going to die of blue balls. Cleaning up properly, I got out and found her still seated there, body tense, as she washed off her legs. Leaving would have meant, showing weakness in front of me so she stayed. She didn't say anything as I grabbed a towel and wrapped it around my middle before leaving.

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“What’s the longest you have gone without sex?” Jean gave me a weird expression as I looked in front, asking for another refill of my drink.

“Sixteen years.”

“I didn’t mean since your birth, asshole. I meant after you started doing it.” There was a moment of silence and I wondered, if he even heard me, but then he spoke out.

“Ten months I guess. I was kinda heartbroken when Hitch broke up with me and I went through long dry spell.” Wow. That was long huh. I must have regrown my virginity by now then.

“Ohh...”

“And what about you? If I have to guess, two or three months top.” I gave him an irritated glance. Was he kidding?

“Mikasa was gone for three years.” I deadpanned as realization dawned upon him.

“So you were really never with anyone else then...Fuck dude! Wow. That’s true love.” Right. True love which made us both abstain from sex right now.

“What are you doing here then? If I were you, I would be spending every minute making up for that.” Yeah. About that...it had been six days and yet none of us caved in. Infact I was scared to head back home in fear of what I would find. My dick could only handle too much.

I returned home a little late than usual. The hallway was silent and I figured she might have retired to bed by now. But Mikasa never slept, unless I was back. Maybe all this competition was getting tiring for her too. I found her in our room, but she wasn’t sleeping. She was reading some book as I got in.

“Hey.”

Her face brightened as she saw me, tiptoeing on the bed to reach me, she kissed me square on the lips. Our lips were hungry against each other, an obvious sign of the building sexual tension as I nipped her lower lip, losing myself in taste of her. I just had to move my hand down and flip her on the mattress to relieve this tension. Yes, that sounded just right.

She pulled away before I could implement my move, and wrapped her arms around my neck.

“I missed you...” Hearing those sweet words, never failed to spur me on as I moved my lips down her neck. “I missed you more.”

None of us made a move to separate as I kept placing light kisses over her clavicle and she ran her hands down my back.

“How long are we going to do this?” She mumbled against my ear, as I gave a particularly harsh bite to her pale skin.

“It will be over now if you just admitted defeat.” Her hand paused at the waistband of my jeans tugging at it as I licked her skin.

“How about you yield first, Eren. I will reward you real good...” She whispered hotly, her finger dropping inside my pant and towards my ass, as I grabbed her waist and laid her down flat on the mattress. She yelped as I climbed on top of her, nudging my hardness against her center. I brushed my lips against hers as she moaned, rubbing against me to gain some friction.

I returned the favor, moving against her as she gasped. Her lips parted, as we breathed against each other.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” I gave one particular thrust, feeling the dampness of her panties as she nipped her lips. “Say the words, Mikasa...and I will give it you.” I nestled my nose against her, pushing my cock harder against her panties as she whimpered. Yes, I could do it. This way we both would win and-

With a sudden movement, I was thrown off and away as Mikasa adjusted her nightgown, glaring at me.

“Nice try. But, I am not losing.” I let out a profound curse, earning a throaty laughter from her lips before collapsing on my side. Fuck!

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Groaning, I blinked upon my eyes, feeling the glare of sunlight peeking from the window. I felt a pair of dainty hands around my torso and light brush of lips against my cheek as I let out a dreamy smile.

“You are up early today...” I mumbled, still half drowsy as I tried to turn around on my stomach. Mikasa had iron grip on my stomach though, as she stayed wrapped around my back. She caught my lips with her own before lazily moving them against mine.

“You look so innocent when you sleep.” She whispered, turning me around before climbing on top

of me. I immediately got alert, thinking she was finally going to break our dry spell but she had other plans as she continued.

“I think, this competition is ridiculous. We should both throw in the towel together. What do you say?”

I blinked open my eyes to peek at her properly as she gave me an innocent look. Her finger running through my scalp, as she stared anticipately at me.

“Really? You are ok with that.” She shrugged, tracing my cheekbone as I scrutinized her.

“Yeah. Winning is not more important than you Eren. I want you.” Her hand raked down my chest in a sensual manner. “You want me.” She placed my hand on top of her breast as I groaned. Well, that made things easier.

“Hmm...you are right.”

“Let's both agree to admit defeat at count of three, ok?” I nodded, cupping her ass as she started the countdown.

“One. Two.” I tightened my grip on her waist, her eyes filled with anticipation as she said.

“Three!” Her face went from excited to disappointed as she sat up, giving me a furious look.

“You didn't say it.”

“You didn't either.” I got up as well, getting out of the bed. “Babe, if you really thought this charade would work on me, you don't know me well then.” Throwing her a flying kiss, I rushed out of the room, chuckling at her swearing voice.

It was all fun and game in the beginning but now, I was really getting fed up of it. It had been two weeks since my declaration and they had been pure torture. For once I didn't want to lose, seeing as I already lost the best party bet. I was sure my seductive skills would tame her soon enough but nope.

Mikasa was a tough cookie to crack. The chilly air of January sent a shiver down my spine as I stepped inside the parking lot. My phone chose that moment to ring as I pulled it out of my pocket.

Speak of the devil. Mikasa's name popped on the screen as I answered.

“Babe, I was just on my way-“

“Can you pick me up at the g-gallery? I just...”

Panic rose in my chest at her distraught voice. Was she having another episode?

“Mikasa, what's wrong? Are you alright?” I started taking quick steps towards my car, tension rising up my gut.

“I am ok. I just...I need you here.” Nodding, I assured her I would be there soon enough. It didn't take me long to reach her building, as I walked in hastily. She was talking to someone when I arrived, noticing my presence, she excused herself before rushing to me and enveloping me in a tight hug. I kissed the top of her head, rubbing her back in a soothing manner as we stayed like that for a while.

“Take me home, Eren.”

We stayed silent for the majority of the ride but, Mikasa did manage to tell me that one of her co-worker's husband died in an accident. They had been married for ten years and he was just gone in a blink. That certainly explained things. Mikasa was always sensitive when it came to this matter. Even though, I felt terribly bad for the poor lady, I was glad that my girlfriend was safe and sound.

I poured her water, once we got inside, hoping to calm her nerves as she gulped it down and sat.

“Are you feeling better now?” She nodded, placing down the glass before approaching me.

“Today I realized how anything can happen to us at any time. I was scared that it could be...you too.” My heart clenched at that. I understood her fear well. If anything were to happen to her, I wouldn't be able to live.

“I don't wanna waste anymore time with you. I need you.” Her voice held true want as she tried to communicate that with her eyes. What? My eyes must have mirrored my inner confusion as she cupped my face, leaning in.

“I love you, Eren. I am done playing this stupid, childish game now. I give up, you win.” I gaped in astonishment, jaw dropping down a bit as she kissed me rigorously. It was short but powerful as she stepped back, eyes welled up with passion and love as she pleaded.

“Make love to me...”

And that was the last straw I needed.

No holding back

Chapter Summary

Eren and Mikasa finally collide in unbridled passion.

Chapter Notes

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

Mikasa's POV

Was it possible to combust from desire and wanton need for someone? Or to feel your insides melt with the burning passion, seeping through your veins? The answer to all that was yes, as that was exactly what I felt right now. My back was slammed against the wall, rough fingers finding it's way to my waist as pair of full lips moved against mine. My hands were frantic over his frame, as I didn't know where to touch him. My heart rate accelerated with each second as our tongues battled furiously against each other. I had lost track of the time at this point, having no idea how I ended up from the couch to the end of the hallway. His mouth dived in for my neck, his lips and tongue vicious as I licked a path down his collarbone. More! I wanted to see more of him. My hands reached down the top of his shirt, my need so urgent that I tore off the shirt from his frame. Buttons popped down the floor one by one, as I raked my hand over his muscled chest. *Mikasa*. My name scripted proudly over his chest announcing who owned it as I ran a possessive finger over it. Yes. That's right. He was mine. All mine. His heart belonged to me.

Fueled with intense urgency for him, I crashed my lips against his. Bruising and fierce and rough. He growled against my mouth, giving it just as good as he got, as his hands tugged at the hem of my shirt. His grip harsh and I knew he was gonna wreck my dress. With extreme difficulty, I managed to push him away. His eyes filled with confusion and lust as I rushed past him to the center of hallway. My eyes held his, as I undid the knot of my top, lifting it up over my torso with a bit of tease. I could have sworn I heard a 'fuck' from his mouth, as I exposed my bra laced breast to him. My nipples grew rock hard against the sheer fabric, as his eyes swept over it.

Contrary to my expectation of him chasing after me, he leaned against the wall, waiting for my next move. His lips parted and eyes shadowed, as he looked at me. Eren always made me feel like I was the most sexiest woman alive. His eyes daring me to do my worst, as my own filled with determination.

He asked for it.

Trailing my hand slowly down my torso and towards my skirt, I wiggled it down as patiently as possible. His gaze shamelessly trailed down my half naked length now as I took a step back. Time for me to pull out the big guns. I took tentative steps towards our bedroom, pausing just outside before looking at him over my shoulder. He hadn't moved from his spot, confident he would have me sooner or later. I was dripping with arousal here, but he still had some sort of semblance over his actions. I wanted him to be as unhinged as me. Wanted that raw animalistic behavior from him. I undid the front clasp of my bra, letting my breast spill out, as I dropped it aside me. I could feel his eyes boring holes into my back. Looking back at him once again, I discarded my panties, shaking my bottom as I did so, which earned me a filthy curse from him. His chest heaved up and down, eyes flared as he walked *no* rushed after me. Score!

Stepping back inside until I felt the bed, I leaned down on it, spreading my legs. I couldn't wait for him anymore. My fingers already working it's way inside my pussy, just as I felt his looming presence. About time.

His hairs were wild and messy, cascading down his shoulders like a wave, as he looked down at me. His broad shoulders, narrow waist and rock hard abs along with those long hairs made him look like a Viking warrior. A very sexy one. He seemed both pissed off and turned on by what I was doing, as I shot him a lazy smile. "Do I have to do all the work or are you gonna make yourself useful?"

He was on me before I could blink, his hand fisted against my hairs, as he kissed me raw and hard. Biting down on them before moving down to my neck. His lips traced a path down my clavicle, collarbone before landing on my breast. He flicked one with his palm, sucking another into his mouth as I moaned. His grip was harsh but not too much, as he laved at them with his teeth and tongue.

"I missed these fucking tits!" He tugged on my nipple, before giving it a lick as I gasped.

Oh god. I missed his mouth so much. Among other things. Leaning up, I traced my lips down his jawline, his throat, relishing in the way his Adam apple bobbed up and down under my ministrations. His fingers reached my damp center, playing with my clit, as I sucked in a breath. I was pretty sure I was leaking at this point. His finger eased in easily, once, twice then thrice, as I bucked against him, wanting more. He played with my bud with a finger, and fucked me with another as I threw back my head. Yes! Yes! I had never been this impossibly wet before. He pulled back as I groaned at the loss, staring up at him as he licked his finger clean.

"You taste better than before..." I almost whimpered, he was so goddamn hot doing that, it should be illegal. I wanted to devour him and I did just that. Pushing him back on the silk sheets, I climbed on top of him.

Touching, licking and kissing him everywhere I could. He was mouth watering, deliciously-hot, as I ran my tongue down to his v cut. His jeans stretched out tightly against his cock as I palmed him, running my hand over every ridge of his body. I wanted him naked! Undoing his belt and jeans I pushed it down, relishing in seeing the thick curve of his cock against the boxers. My hand had barely touched the material, when I found myself flipped down on my back, Eren's hard body pressing over me as he grabbed my chin.

"I hope you had your fair of fun because you are going to get fucked now." Goosebumps rose over my skin at his promise, as I spread my legs as wide as I could, a move which didn't go unnoticed by his sharp eyes.

Planting a searing kiss against my swollen lips, he discarded his briefs, revealing his thick long length to me. Pre-cum tipped his hardness as I licked my lips. I wanted to taste him so bad. But more than that, I wanted him inside me. Now!

He grabbed my hair to make me look up at him, teeth gritted, and eyes wild. "You dirty girl...want me inside your mouth, huh?" I nodded frantically as he nudged his cock against my opening. "Or...inside your pussy." I felt short of breath, trying to gain some friction but he didn't budge. "Which one is it, Mikasa?"

"Down there..." I breathed out, frantic to have him inside me as he nestled his nose against mine.

"No. Say it properly, baby." His voice dropping an octave, making me tingle. "Tell me what you want." I knew what he wanted to hear. He had made me beg and say that countless times when we

dated back then. Inhaling, I wrapped my legs around his waist, running my hand over his stubble.

“I want your thick, hard cock inside me. And I want you to fuck me until, I can’t breathe.”

I barely got a chance to see the way his lower abs jerked at my words before he was on me. His kisses were bruising, as he wrapped his hands around my legs, angling my body just right. His voice was low as he let go off my mouth, looking at me with sincerity. “Are you on pill or...?”

“I am.” I barely let it out, as his hips slammed inside of me. Hard.

We both cried out as my sex clenched around his invasion. It had been too long, as I felt discomfort on stretched out so much. But my need and urgency for him far preceded that. Our eyes met then, filled with longing and craving, pent up and blanketed for so long.

“Mikasa, fuck! I missed you, I missed this.” His voice cracking, as we stayed connected, his hips paused inside of me, as he caressed my cheek. The touch tender as opposed to his rough, greedy ones before. “I pictured you in my head, in my dreams, all those nights lying...unable to sleep, I thought about you.” My throat clogged up at his words.

Even though we had been together for a while now, we were still holding back. Sex for us was a way of communication. It was much more than just getting off, even though it might have started like that. The words he couldn’t say before pouring out of him. “Don’t ever run from me again, Mika. Ever! You are my other half.”

I tugged down his head, kissing him passionately before breaking apart, blinking as I looked into his blazing eyes. “I will never leave you, I promise.” I took his hand placing it over my chest before doing the same with mine. We both felt each other’s heartbeat as I smiled. “I love you. I will never stop loving you, no matter what. Now...please, can you bloody well fuck me?”

A throaty laughter was his response as he kissed me, before sliding all the way out and back inside. Heat returning to our eyes once again as he started pacing against me.

Growing reckless and a little bit careless, his pace kept increasing, as I lifted my own hips to meet his. Meeting him halfway for each thrust. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders, my legs hooking around his waist, as he started pounding into me.

“So fucking tight.” he said on a harsh breath. “I missed fucking you.” Me too. His hips were like a machine, every thrust insanely powerful and deep, making my whole body tremble. He didn’t let me shut my eyes as he held my gaze. Eren always liked to have eye contact with me during sex. It made our connection ten times more intense and hot. His thrusts got deeper, faster as I panted his name. I was so close! He had just started building up the rhythm, and I was about to burst. My hands fisted the sheet, trying to have some semblance of control as he nipped my earlobe.

“Let go, baby. We have all night, let go.” He cooed in my ears, flicking my bundle of nerves to urge me further, as I felt that ball building up inside of me. I let out a scream, my eyes seeing white as my orgasm hit me with a force. Oh god! My hands and legs felt like jelly around him. I was barely holding on now, Eren doing all the work as he chased his own release. His hips filling me again and again voraciously, as I closed my eyes.

“I missed this pussy so much! So fucking much!” He splattered on, kissing my sweaty neck with a groan. He lifted my leg over his shoulder, reaching even further deep inside of me as I whimpered, holding onto the headboard for support. With a growl of my name, he came inside of me. His hips jerked in hard shudders against me as the orgasm rolled through him, setting off little aftershocks in my body. His body slumped against mine, our heavy breathing filled the room as we took time

coming down from the euphoria.

That...was amazing. Pulling out, he braced over me then, his eyes soft now as he leaned down to kiss me whispering. "I love you so much."

I brushed back his sweaty hairs from his face, feeling blissful and complete again. I had missed this connection so much.

"Give me ten minutes. Then we will go for the second round." He told me, lips brushing my cheek as my eyes flared with excitement.

"This time I will be on top." I stated firmly, leaving no room for doubt as he chuckled nodding. "Of course. I just hope you are not too sore. I am not letting you sleep tonight."

Heat pooled between my legs as my eyes hooded, that sounded like a plan. We did have three years to make up for, afterall.

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This was madness. My hand gripped the table tight, sweat pouring down my forehead. The door was unlocked and anyone could walk inside his office. I moaned once again, but the rough palm pressing over my mouth suppressed my voice. My eyes kept darting towards the door once in a while, afraid we were gonna get caught, but not scared enough to stop. My boyfriend sure didn't give a fuck about being seen. My back arched up, as I absorbed every furious thrust with a guiltless pleasure. This was not what I had in my mind, when I came to pick up Eren, this evening.

It had been two weeks since we started our...physical rendezvous again, and since then we couldn't keep our hands off of each other. No matter how tired we were from work, we never failed to fuck, make love, canoodle...call it whatever you wanted. We were hornier than the teenagers as we went at it on every possible surface of our apartment and few other places outside our home. Like right now.

The muscles of my pussy contracted around his cock, causing Eren to grit his teeth as he pounded into me from behind. His hand moved from my mouth, down to the cleft of my buttocks as I tried not to scream.

"Can you keep your voice down?" His low voice asked me, as I nodded frantically.

Biting down on my lips, I tried to stay as quiet as possible as his other hand fondled my breast, squeezing and groping it through my unbuttoned shirt. He had pushed down the cups earlier to taste them. My nipples puckered up against his touch as his thumb moved from my ass to my clit. Fuck! It was a very bad idea to do it in his hospital.

So what if I found him insanely hot in his white coat, and a pair of stethoscope. I sure was going to wait until we went home...or atleast the parking lot. But he had other plans, as he bent me over his desk and proceeded to blow up my mind.

"Oh . . . oh . . . oh," I sobbed, my fingers clenched around the edge of the desk tightly. The combination of his hand on my breast, his fingers fondling my clit and his hard cock within me were driving me crazy. His lips feasted on my neck, as I shut my eyes. It was too much, at once! He retraced his thumb then as I went off.

"Fuck!" Eren growled behind me as my pussy milked him for all it was worth. He slammed into me one last time and his throat emitted a raw, unbridled sound as he released himself inside me. We took a moment to compose ourselves, before I was pushing him away to adjust my dress. He didn't even have the decency to look guilty, as he buckled up his pants, his coat swishing around as he did so.

"You are insane!" I hissed, moving towards the door as he followed me, shutting down the office behind.

"And you are impossibly hot." He murmured, coming behind me, as he grabbed my waist and I tried not to shiver. This man. He said goodbyes to some of his colleagues on his way out, holding my hand and I tried to stay calm. No one saw us...right? Even if the door was unlocked, it was still closed shut.

"Why do I feel like, you messed up your car on purpose, so I could come here, and you can do that?" I pointedly asked him, not hiding my suspicion as he grinned widely at me.

"Aww sweetheart, I would never do that. Although it does sound like a good plan. Thanks for the tip." He winked as I rolled my eyes. He was trying to be cute now. He gave me his puppy dog eyes, as I tried not to melt underneath it. He knew, I could never resist that.

Sighing, I drove us out of the parking lot, mentally berating myself to learn how to resist his charms.

Days passed by and the air got more warmer, the sky sunnier as March rolled in. It was my day off, and I had decided to reorganize our closet as I folded our clothes. I had let the window open to get some fresh air...well as much fresh as you could get in a polluted city like this one. This got me dreaming again, about having a small house in a sub-urban area. The house would have a pool, a large backyard and a small garden for-

My hand clacked against a solid thing, as I frowned. The drawer contained Eren's handkerchief and ties only, which were both made of soft fabrics. I debated with myself, whether to grab that little box or not? If he was keeping something personal, was it even my place to sneak a look? No was the obvious answer, but curiosity got the better of me, as I grabbed it. We didn't have any secrets anyways, so it wasn't a big deal. It was a small purple case resembling a...my hands started to tremble, as I took in its size and shape.

Maybe it's not what I thought. Maybe it's just for his cufflinks or his own rings. Right? I didn't know how long I stood there, wondering if it was a good idea to open it or not. Probably not.

But...

My hands lifted open the case, my heart pounding so loudly, the sound reached my ear. I froze, looking at the content in it, forgetting how to breath, for what greeted me was a white diamond ring.

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“YOU ARE GONNA ASK HER TO MARRY YOU?”

“Geez, Armin. Say it a little louder, why don’t ya? I don’t think the lady in the back heard you.” He gave me a sheepish smile, sitting back down, mumbling an apology.

That’s right. I, Eren Yeager was finally going to pop the big question to the love of my life.

We had been living in together for three months now, and I had forgotten what life was like before that. I wanted it all with her. There was no doubt in my mind about it. Heck, I had wanted to marry her back then as well but it wasn’t the right time. But Fate was with us now, and that’s all that mattered.

“So...how are you gonna do it? Do you have a plan in your mind? Oh wait, of course you have!” Armin’s eyes twinkled with excitement, waiting for me to dish out the details as I smiled. Yes, I had planned the perfect surprise for her.

“Yup. There’s a bridge which is special to her...to me as well now. I am just gonna ask her to meet me there casually-“ He leaned further, his smile wide as I continued. “I will have the whole area decorated with her fav lilies and candles, along with her favorite music playing in the background. And then...I am gonna propose.” I leaned back, a satisfied smile on my face, as he gaped in amazement.

“That sounds so romantic, Eren! She is gonna love it.” Of course she would. There was no doubt in my mind about it. Mikasa wanted a family, just as much as I did. Even though, we had different personalities, but our perspective in regards to a relationship was same. Getting married, having our own house, kids some day...probably and growing old together. I knew, it sounded cliché but I didn’t give a fuck. Yes, I was old school and what about it?

I was on a different kind of high this week, as I patiently waited for that day to arrive.

Just three days more, and we would be engaged. I had chosen a date, when we both would be free. We always went on date night those days, so she wouldn’t suspect anything too.

“Hey babe, want me to grab pizza on the way?” I asked Mikasa, as I drove back home. We generally ordered takeouts once a week and a pizza sounded nice. It had been awhile.

“*Sure.*” She answered crisply as I nodded.

“Alright. See you at home. Love you.”

“*Yeah bye.*” She hung up quickly, and I tried not to dwell much on the lack of ‘love you’ from her.

She must have been caught up in something.

Humming to myself, I thought about the possible locations, where we could hold the wedding. A beach wedding sounded nice. Memories of the time, we crashed a wedding came rushing to me as I chuckled. We both weren’t into much extravaganza stuff. I doubted we could get a place in the city any time soon. And I wanted to get hitched as soon as possible. Maybe in the summer. It was a perfect timing plus, that way, we could have it at the beach as well. It was a brilliant plan.

I shook my head, trying not to get any further with my thoughts. I should stick to the proposal for now. Who knew what Mikasa wanted? Maybe she would like to get married in winter or autumn or next spring. Maybe she would prefer it here. I should really hold my horses for now.

“Wow. Is this one going to be on display this month?” I inquired to my girlfriend, looking at the portrait of a lady in white, she was currently working on.

“Nope. This was a personal request from one of my buyers. She commissioned me earlier this year to get it done.” I raised an eyebrow, taking in the intricate details of the painting before sitting beside her.

“I didn’t know you took personal requests as well.” She gave me a brief glance, mixing the colors before coating it in the background.

“I don’t usually. But she was one of my first buyer in the city, and we had a good rapport so I considered it.”

“Is that your way or admitting you are a big soft gooey person inside, babe?” I teased as she scorned at me, hitting me with her elbow before getting back to the task at her hand. “I couldn’t say no to her. She recently went through a bad divorce, got cheated on by the way, and I guess, I wanted to do something good for her.”

I immediately felt bad for my light-hearted tone as I nodded in understanding. That did sound bad.

“And it was twenty years of marriage too.” Mikasa wasn’t done yet as I listened patiently. “He was having an affair with his young secretary. Asshole.” She huffed out the last part, her strokes rougher now, as she coated the grass.

“That sucks. But not everyone is like that. There are still guys out there, who are loyal.” I wasn’t trying to defend my gender, I just hated the stereotype this country presented that only men were scum. I wondered, if Mikasa somehow felt that way as well.

“Of course, I know that. Women are hardly saint. Marriage have lost its authenticity completely now.” A bitter expression crossed her face, as I frowned, aiming to prove her wrong.

“I get what you are saying, Mika, but there are so many happily married couples as well. Take my mom and dad for example! They have been together for thirty years now.” She gave me a look, probably because of my new found enthusiasm to defend the sacred vows as she spoke again.

“Yes, they have. But the statistics of this country shows how high divorce rate is. Marriage is nothing but a sham. It’s just a way to tie down your partner, feel a sense of normalcy in your life. Its just something which is loaded in our brains since we were young. Commitment and loyalty is much more important than having your name scribbled down side by side, on a sheet of paper.”

I could feel my hands and feet getting cold as I took in her words. My face probably resembled a white sheet at this point. What was going on? I distinctly remembered Mikasa wanting to be my family. Agreeing to move in with me and-

What if it was just that? What if she just wanted to live with me not...be my wife. As far as I could remember, we had never discussed the prospect of marriage with each other, ever! It was something which never crossed my mind, and neither did hers. I remembered her saying, she was not interested in marriage, when we were in college. What if her opinion hadn’t changed at all? What if she was still opposed to it?

Clearing my throat, I got her attention, eyeing her carefully.

“Does that mean, you don’t wanna get married?” No use beating around the bush. Had I misread all the signs between us? She looked surprised, giving me a confused look, as the brush paused in her hand.

“I...I don’t know, Eren. I mean right now, I am happy with the way things are.” She kneeled over to me, taking my hand, as I felt my heart cracking in pieces. This wasn’t happening.

“Everything is going so well with us. I don’t want anything to jinx it.” I forced out a smile, trying not to break down as she cupped my cheeks, giving me her gentle smile. “I am not saying that I never will. Maybe, one day, who knows? But right now, I am happy. Aren’t you?” Her expectant eyes blinked, waiting for a response from me, as I swallowed, answering.

“Yes. I am. I wouldn’t trade this for anything.” She placed a lingering kiss on my lips, before turning back to her work.

I meant, what I said. I was happy with this, with us. But, I wanted her to be more...to be my wife. I would never ask her to take my name, but I wanted her to be my partner for life. Stop it Eren! The last thing I wanted, was for her to feel any kind of pressure from me. I had just gotten her back. If she wanted to wait, I would wait. If she never wanted to marry...I would make peace with that too. Love was all about making sacrifices for each other, wasn’t it? Marriage was just a legally binding contract, afterall. Right?

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It wasn’t as easy to get over it, as I thought in my head. The date, displaying on my mobile screen taunted me, reminding that today could have been the day, I would have proposed. I flicked absent-mindedly through the channels, trying to forget about this day and marriage in general. There were a lot of people, who never got married, right? That doesn’t mean they were unhappy. I slammed down my phone, leaning back on the couch with a tired sigh. I needed a distraction.

And it arrived, dressed in blue shorts and black tank top, as my eyes took in those luscious curves. Blood rushing to my groin, as I hungrily took in her length. Fuck this!

I was on her without wasting a time. Turning her around, I slammed my mouth against hers, backing her against the kitchen counter. She didn’t complain in the slightest, as she returned it with equal fervor. Next few minutes were a blur, as we tore each other’s clothes off. Nipping and biting and sucking, we tangled in a mess of arms and legs before falling to the couch. Mikasa straddled my waist, sinking down on me, as a moan tore off of my mouth. Lifting her hips, dropping them back down, and rocking back and forth, she rode me. Her head remained placed in the crook of my neck, tongue slipping out to taste my sweaty skin. With hands on either side of her hips, I guided her movements and helped to control the speed, slamming my hips upwards, while my head was pillowed on her shoulder. Her pussy clenching tightly around me, as I groaned.

Playing with her clit, I licked and tasted her pink nipples. Her thighs, tightened around me, as she yanked at my hairs. Fuck! It wasn’t enough! She came around me soon enough, panting and dropping down over me as I breathed. In and out.

“Eren, you didn’t-“ I stopped her, running my hands through my sweaty hairs. I hadn’t come. I couldn’t. My mind was still occupied by my failed plan. I only then noticed Mikasa had gotten off my lap, and taken me in my mouth, hell bent on bringing me to my completion, as I bit my lip.

That wouldn't do.

"I have something else in mind." I told her, lifting her up, before carrying her to our bedroom. I dropped her on the mattress, moving towards the cabinet, to find what I wanted. It was supposed to be here.

"What are you doing?" Her sex-filled voice asked me, as my cock twitched. Just wait, baby. Aha! Found it. Grabbing what I needed, I walked back to her. Her eyes darkened when they moved towards the item in my hand, as I climbed on top of her. Without wasting any second, I cuffed her hands to the headboard.

Her breath hitched, as I towered over her, kissing her square on the lips, before putting the ball gag inside her mouth, effectively silencing her. Good.

She wiggled her bottom, trying to reach out to me, as I chuckled before leaving her there. I was acting a little fucked up, but I didn't care. Mikasa loved it anyways. It's not like, it was the first time I did that. I made myself some coffee, did some of my paperwork, went to the gym to workout briefly before returning.

Two hours. I had never left her for this long before. I had kept tab of the time for what I was gone, as I made my way inside. Her eyes were closed, it seemed like she had dozed off in the meanwhile, as I chuckled.

Hopefully she got her rest.

Because, I had new plans for tonight. Discarding my sweat pants and shirt, I slowly kissed my way up her body as her eyes blinked open. Enjoying the way she shivered under my touch, I took my time, kissing every inch of her skin from her ankle up to her inner thigh and her center. I licked and laved, eating up her delicious pussy as she struggled against her bindings.

Thankfully, I had purchased the ones with much better tensile strength, after she broke off the previous ones. Successfully making her come, I cleaned off her remnants before crowning my cock at her entrance.

She lifted up her hip, trying to get me to enter her as I smirked. "Want me to fuck you?"

She nodded, impatiently, her eyes begging me to stop torturing her, as I kissed her nose. We could have been engaged by this time. Pushing away those dreaded thoughts, I planted myself over her firmly, my hand encasing her throat. I braced a hand behind her, before slamming inside her without warning.

Her muffled voice rang out, behind the rubber material, as I clenched my eyes shut. Her inside was velvety soft as it squeezed my tightly. Holding onto the railed bars of the headboard, I started pounding into her. Fucking her again and again! Her intoxicating scent, her silky skin and her whimpers surrounded me, as I fucked her without any abandon.

"This is what you wanted, right?" I forced her chin, to make her look at me, driving inside her wildly as I did so. "Want me to fill you with my come? Isn't that right, baby?" She was lost in the torrid of sensations as I gritted my teeth. More! I wanted more. It was still not enough. Pulling out, I turned her sideways, entering her from behind, as she thrashed her legs. I grabbed her waist, reaching down to play with her clit. I slapped her ass, twice, relishing in the way it burned red with the imprint of my hand.

"You like that, don't you?" Her incoherent voice, said something, as I reached her till the hilt. Fuck

that, I wanted to hear her. With a snap, I freed her mouth, throwing the gag away as she gasped. Her pretty pink lips puckering up, as she took deep breaths. Feeling the need to taste her, I crashed my mouth over her in a hot, feverish kiss. My tongue tracing every ridge and corner of her insides. I let go off her with a popping noise, burying my face in the crook of her neck.

“Harder! I need more!” She begged, rolling back her hips to meet mine, as I pressed her knees closer to her chest, eager to bring her to completion.

Two orgasms later, we laid side by side, my muscles aching with the workout and the sex, as I caught my breath.

“What was that...” Her chest rose and fell as she looked sideways at me. I had no clue myself. Her cheeks flushed, and skin glowed in the aftermath as I wiped off her sweaty forehead. “Did you like it?”

Her eyelids dropped down lazily in answer, as she patted my cheek lovingly.

“Loved it. If you surprise me like this, twice every month, I will be the happiest woman alive.” Mirth rushed through my body, as I laughed, pulling her closer before tickling her sides.

“Ah-Eren no! Haha it-tickles.”

“I know.” Peppering her face with kisses all over, I pulled her towards me, taking in her scent and warmth before sighing with content. Being with her like this was enough for me. So what, if we never had a dream wedding, or I could never call her my wife. Staying by her side, was enough.

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A wave of nostalgia rushed through me, as I entered my old building. It had been years since I moved, but the place didn't seem to have changed a lot. Same floor design, same wall color and same old security guard. He recognized me, almost immediately, patting my back as I shook his hand. So many memories were linked to this place.

Me and the gang crashing here during college days, watching a movie or a game night with Armin and Mikasa. This was where, I made love to Mikasa, first time. We spent so many nights here, making love, talking, sleeping, making each other laugh. As the saying went, you never forget your first, I could never really forget about this place.

“Eren, welcome back!” The landlord Mr. Harrison shook my hand, throwing me a smile as I returned it.

“Its good to see you, Mr. Arthur.”

“You too, my son. You have grown quite a lot over the years.” A chuckle left me, as we engaged in the pleasantries for a while. I always had good relationship with him, but we had lost touch after I moved from there.

That was why it was a bit of a shock, when he called me yesterday out of the blue, wanting to meet up. His son was graduating medical school this year and he was looking for a good place to intern in. Apparently, he had applied for John Hopkins program too, and wanted to know if I could

pull up some strings.

With an apologetic look, I told him I had moved back, but promised to put in a reference for him at my hospital. Satisfied, he thanked me ardently.

“Oh, before you leave, want to take a quick tour of your place?” I blinked, taken aback as I shuffled in the chair.

“The place was vacated quite recently. I thought, maybe you would like to take a look at it.” He supplied as I nodded slowly. Of course. I would love to. It seemed like I had arrived just in time. He pulled out the key from the stash before throwing it at me, which I successfully caught.

“Go, right on. Return it after you are done, ok?”

I was sure his extra nice behavior had solely to do with his son's matter, and not our old relationship but I stayed quiet.

It was like a trip down the memory lane, as I took the elevator to my floor. My fingers felt extra clammy with anticipation as I approached my flat. Nothing had changed. Even the oakwood smell of the door was same. Turning the key, I stepped inside, expecting a heavy darkness but instead, I was greeted by dozens of candlelight looming around the place. What the-

I squinted my eyes, noticing dozens of pictures of me and Mikasa sprawled all over the wall, as my breath hitched. What was this? There were little notes attached to every one of the pictures, as I read it.

The day we first rode our bicycle together.

It was me and her, posing in front of our little bikes. Chuckling I moved along, reading as I did so.

The day I fell in love with you.

My throat clogged up, as I noticed the photograph from her birthday party. She was holding the ugly butterfly card I made for her in fourth grade, and there was a small smile on her lips. I, on the other hand was grinning ear to ear. Trying not to choke up I kept walking, each one had a memory attached to it.

The day we went to prom together.

The day we went star gazing.

The day I realized I couldn't live without you.

I could barely walk now. Too caught up in my emotions. My insides felt, like they were about to fall out.

The day, you told me you loved me.

Happiest day of my life. It was us, lying sprawled over each other, kissing slowly. I remembered snapping this picture from my phone, as a memory.

What did all of this mean? There was no reasonable answer for it...unless.

No. It couldn't be. She told me no, right? Maybe this was some kind of anniversary or...maybe, it was a prank from someone. But no one except both of us knew about these memories. Even so, I wasn't putting up my hopes like this.

Reaching the last photograph, which was visibly larger than the others, I started shaking. My eyes starting to tear up as I read the note below it.

The day I became sure, I wanted you to be my husband.

It was our best man and maid of honor portrait from Armin and Annie's wedding.

“You wanted it to be a surprise...”

Soft voice reached my ears, as I turned, my chest heavy and I couldn't breath. A lone tear fell down my eye, as I found her on her knees, giving me the most beautiful smile.

Chapter End Notes

How many of you saw that coming at end? Answer honestly.

[Click here to see Mikasa's ring.](#)

Happily ever after

Chapter Summary

The final conclusion to the story.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much to each and everyone of you who showered the story with so much love, past six months. I love and appreciate each and everyone of you.

I hope you all are staying safe in such difficult times .

Take care and I hope that you find the conclusion satisfying. I might write a sequel to it, which contain oneshots after the events of this story.

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

Mikasa's POV

I was trembling. My fingers were clammy as I slowly kneeled on the floor, taking in the sight of my handsome boyfriend. He looked just as shaken as I did, possibly more. When I had seen that ring for the first time, my world had turned upside down. Sure, I had pictured being married to him for hundreds of time, but I never thought the day would come so soon. I had paced restlessly for hours after that before calling Armin. I was unhinged, filled with flutter of emotions I couldn't contain and I needed to talk to someone. Old Mikasa would have kept it all in but the new me, believed in talking. Yes, I had grown strong into having conversations, thanks to my beloved therapist. Armin had confirmed my suspicions, and asked me to act surprised when he popped the question. I could have done that easily sure, faked the surprise but then an idea stuck me.

Eren loved playing pranks on me, catching me off guard when I least expected. How about I did the same? So, I formulated this whole plan with a little help of Armin. The stars were really shining on me, when I found out that Eren's old complex was vacated recently. So, I directed the whole faux of being averted to marriage all the while waiting for this day.

And it was worth it.

"Eren Yeager..." I started, my voice unable to contain the quiver as I tried my hardest not to cry.

"The day my parents died, I died with them." His eyebrows furrowed, not liking my choice words but I continued regardless, taking a deep breath. "I didn't have any good friends, not was I close to any of my family. So all that was lost inside my heart was a giant void. I thought this was it. Parents were the ones who loved you more than anyone, in the world. And I had lost that." He remained silent, listening to me. "But then...you came with that bright smile and dangling scarf and made me feel alive. Your words that night must seem ordinary to others, but for a girl who lost everything that gesture was much more." Fuck. I had to contain my tears. I wouldn't cry, not yet.

"Every moment I spent with you, you filled that hole inside my heart, little by little. Until I was complete again. I was broken and you fixed me back, Eren." His Adam's apple bobbed down, as

tears dripped down his eyes. I didn't think he noticed that.

"You mean so much to me. I didn't think I could ever love someone again, but you proved me wrong. Th-Thank you for that." I clenched my fingers, swallowing before continuing. "You have spend all those years showing me your love, now if you will let me, I-I would like to make up for it for the rest of o-our lives." Dammit. My eyes were filled with tears now, as I tried to speak. Why was it so difficult forming those four magical words.

I felt a motion in front of me, as I looked up and saw Eren getting on his knees as well. He sat in front me, letting out that damned smile, I loved so much.

"Mikasa, can I finish the rest of that now? It's only once in a lifetime, I will get to do this." He lightly joked as a chuckle rushed past my lips, and I nodded. I guess, I did steal his thunder completely and left him in a pedestal.

"From the very first time I saw you, I felt this dire need to protect you and take away your sadness. You were so...so beautiful and innocent, and I couldn't stop staring at you. I wasn't broken or at the low point of my life when we met." He grabbed my hand then, rubbing soothing circles on the inside, as I waited patiently for him to finish.

"But everyday we spent together, you seeped inside my heart slowly. I was young, and I didn't know why I felt so happy when I was with you, or why I got so sad whenever we argued. I-I always wanted to protect you, take care of you but you didn't need my help. You were already awesome at kicking ass and taking care of both yourself and me. And I acted like a brat whenever you saved my butt from trouble." Both of us laughed at that notion, clearly remembering his actions from school days. His eyes grew serious all of a sudden.

"I have loved you for last nineteen years, Mikasa, and I will continue loving you for all my life. Even when your hair turns grey, and your face grows wrinkles you will just be as sexy to me as you are now." A hysteric cry left my lips, at his sweet words. This idiot!

His eyes shut for a second there, as my heart drummed so wildly I could feel it's pounding reaching my ears. With a bit of a nervousness he opened his eyes, tightening his grip on my hand.

"I will not ask you to take my name, and I don't claim ownership of your body well...outside sex." I tried not to roll my eyes at that part. "But what I will ask for is to mark the third finger on your left hand with symbol of our love. I know it sounds cheesy but let me finish." Ok. I nodded, as he bowed down to graze my ring finger with a soft kiss.

"Mikasa Ackerman, will you m-marry me?" The dam broke as my shoulders shook, and the steam of tears flowed down my eyes.

"Yes! Yes I will marry you." That's what I said but it sounded hoarse and muffled by my crying voice. But Eren understood it though, as he let out a teary laugh, bringing me into his arms in a warm hug. I buried my face into his shoulders, letting it all out.

"Shit, I don't have a ring. Well not right now." He cursed after few seconds as I remembered. Slowly pulling myself out of his arms, I got up to retrieve the box from my purse, which I had sneaked in from his drawer before coming here. Don't judge me, I came here to get engaged so I wasn't leaving without a ring, was I? His eyes glimmered as I handed him that.

"I see, you came with all the preparations." I nodded happily, extending my left hand to him, as he put the ring on it. Fuck! It fitted so well. Before he could pull me in a kiss, and distract me effectively I retrieved the second piece of jewelry, as he let out a surprised gasp.

“You- Is that really?” I nodded, holding out the emerald ring for him as I spoke.

“I believe in equality, Mr. Yeager. Do you really think I would propose to you without a ring?” He laughed, scratching his head.

“Eren Yeager, I promise to love you, even if you lose those sexy abs and that v-cut and grow a pot belly.” He started shaking with laughter, his eyes filled with amusement now.

“Will you marry me?”

“Yes, I will marry you, mon amour.”

“Ugh for the last time, don’t call me that. I had my fair share of French for the lifetime.” He nodded with an unapologetic grin, as I slipped the ring on his hand, and he brought his lips on mine, sealing the deal.

I couldn’t wait for the rest of my life to start now.

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Eren’s POV

Six years later

“Even after I strictly warned you against it, you refused to listen to me and did exactly the opposite.” Mikasa’s stern eyes rested in front, her hands crossed firmly over her chest, as she took a step forward. “Do you have anything to say for yourself?”

Two pairs of eyes blinked up at her, as my lips turned upward in a simper.

“Daddy said it was okay to have cake before dinner.” Tiny fingers pointed in my direction as I felt the storm coming for me. I knew Vin would rat me out. He was his momma's boy, through and through. He would never lie to Mikasa.

“Stupid! You weren’t supposed to say that.” Throwing the best glare a four year could possibly form, his sister angrily retorted him.

“I won’t lie to mommy.” His chubby cheeks blew up, as he pouted before blinking up at his mother, who was giving me the evil eye now. Uh oh.

“Eren, seriously? I told you, don’t pamper them too much! They will get out of hand, if you keep letting them do what they want.” Letting out a sigh, I walked over to my wife, flicking her nose as her eyes narrowed just a little bit.

“Come on, babe. They deserve a break sometimes. While you were gone, they not only managed to do their homework, but they also did an extra exercise on their own. They deserved a reward.” Her eyes softened a bit, as she looked down at their innocent looking faces. Mikasa might act like the tough parent usually, but there was no hiding that she was a putty in hands of them. I knew my dear wife very well.

I could see her mentally berating for a while, before she let out an exhale, giving me a small nod before approaching the two.

“Fine. I will let it pass this one time. But don’t repeat that again, ok?” They shook their heads in sync, as her midnight blue eyes bored into mine.

“And you too, Mister. No more giving into their innocent charm anymore.” I shook my head, even though we both knew I wouldn’t keep my word. I loved spoiling my babies, and I wasn’t going to stop anytime soon.

“Ok, now that is said and done. Where is mommy’s kiss?” A smile formed on her face, as she held out her hands and both of them rushed into her arms. Placing a sloppy kiss on her cheek, they grinned at her as she hugged them tightly, asking them about their day.

I took in the sight with a smile of my own, my heartbeat increasing ever so slightly, as I looked at my beautiful family. It had been six years since Mikasa and I got married in a private beach wedding. I thought it was the happiest day of my life but I was proven wrong, when I held my twin babies in my arms for the very first time. I hadn’t cried that much in ages as I did back then.

Vincent Ryosuke Yeager and Vanya Haruhi Yeager were born with 2 minute 49 second difference, four years ago. Mikasa and I had made two very beautiful kids, and god, did I mean beautiful. Vincent had inherited Mikasa’s greyish blue eyes and my dark brown hairs while Vanya had inherited my amber eyes and Mikasa’s dark hairs. They were a perfect blend of both of us, even in mannerisms. While Vin was quiet, and quirky just like his mom, Vanya was loud and mischievous. Our kids were smarter than most children their age, be it in grasping some new concept or understanding of the things, and I was proud of it.

Although they both fought like cats and dogs sometimes, they also cared deeply for each other. Vin was overly protective of Vanya and made it his duty to keep her out of trouble in school. I was proud of my little man. And Vanya might not show it but she loved her brother just as much. Once she had punched her classmate for making fun of Vin. Did I mention she packed a punch just like her mom did? Mikasa wasn’t amused in the slightest, but I was secretly glad that my children could handle themselves.

I had recently opened up my private practice in the suburban city of Forest hills. We had moved here soon after Mikasa got pregnant, where we had purchased a two storey house with a nice backyard, large lawn and a swimming pool. It was just thirty minutes commute from the city where Mikasa worked, so it wasn’t much of a hassle. We wanted to raise our kids in a friendly neighborhood where they could go to the parks, ride bikes and experience nature so it was the best decision for us.

Sometimes I asked myself how had I gotten so lucky? There was nothing more I could possibly want right now, from my life except my family’s happiness and good health.

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“Daddy, high five!” I brought my hands upon Vanya’s tiny ones as we both grinned at each other. Two sets of grey eyes glared into our direction, as we won another round of monopoly. It seemed like luck was on our side for today. Even though we started playing the board games with our kids in good nature, but the game could get...competitive sometimes, like now.

“Alright, that’s enough.” Mikasa pointedly asked Vanya to stop when she started making teasing

face at her brother. We always played in pairs so that we could assist the kids, but in doing so, we got too invested into it as well. This was why Mikasa was sulking right now. It was crazy how similar her and Vin looked with those dejected expression. My babies. I decided to change the topic to take their minds off of it.

“Who wants to go to the amusement park this weekend?” Vanya raised her hand immediately, while Vin just looked with curiosity. He was shy and didn’t express himself as freely as his sister, as I motioned him to come to me. With a little hesitation, he scooted over to my side, as I lifted him on my lap.

“I will let you have a go at the shooting games this time, buddy. What do you say?” This time his face lit up with a bright smile which melted my heart, as he exclaimed an excited yes. Kissing the top of his head, I ruffled his hairs, as Vanya jumped into my lap as well.

“And, can I ride the mini four wheels, Daddy?” She made a puppy-dog face which she knew I couldn’t resist, as I chuckled, shaking my head in yes.

“And what is in store for mommy there? Or, am I not invited?” Mikasa’s voice had a little teasing edge to it, as she cocked her eyebrow, looking at me.

“Oh there’s plenty in store for you afterwards, babe.” The implied meaning behind my words wasn’t lost on her, as her eyes flashed with heat, and I bit my lip. Fuck. I loved the look on her face, when she was turned on. But this wasn’t the place or time for doing anything. Control. Having kids hadn’t diminished our passionate relationship by any means. Sure, we needed to be more discreet and we could only fuck in our room unless the kids weren’t home, but that didn’t mean we didn’t find other ways to make up for it.

Sneaking in quickies at our workplaces, or enjoying a delicious shower together, or doing it in the alleys or parking lot after our dates were few of the ways, we made up for it.

“Eren.” Her voice snapped me out of my explicit thoughts, as she gave me a warning look, motioning towards the kids. My face must have given away what I was really thinking. Clearing my throat, I turned back towards my kids.

Those thoughts could wait for now.

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My grip tightened on the curve of Mikasa’s waist, as she rode me hard and fast. With parted lips, dazed eyes and those sweaty hairs sticking to the base of her neck, she was a sight to behold. I gritted my teeth, slamming upwards into her, as she gyrated into a circle around me. Fuck! I would never get tired of being inside her. Never! How was it possible she still made me so goddamn crazy with those eyes, and that little smile and the insides of her-

She slammed her mouth against mine, grabbing my ponytail, as all coherent thoughts left my head. Shit! I could feel it. I was almost there...just a little more and-

Ding

The doorbell sound froze us both, as Mikasa paused above me. Her confused eyes fell on the table clock beside as she swore.

“Fuck, it’s nine. Kids are home.” Shit! We had obviously been too distracted by our all night rendezvous, after having the house to ourselves that we lost track of time.

With a quick leap only she could muster, she got off me and dressed up in clean pair of pants and a robe. Groaning, I followed her as well, putting on a fresh pair of clothes.

“Can you take care of that.” She pointed towards my still rock hard dick, as I sighed, heading to the bathroom. My hands were a poor substitute to the warmth of my wife, but I had gotten used to finishing like this after years of getting interrupted by kids. Ten minutes later, I was out and headed towards the living room, as my best friend flashed me a wide smile.

“Morning, Eren.”

“Just morning?” I asked kneeling down to place quick kiss on my twins head before sitting beside Mikasa.

“Yeah, seems like I took the good part out of it by dropping.” He shot me a sly smile, as I silently glared at him. Asshole.

“You should have called then.”

“Oh I did. But you both were 'busy' it seems. I also took the kids for a detour by the ice cream parlor to buy you some time. But apparently, it didn’t work.” He had a shit eating grin on his face now, as I took a quick look towards the kids to make sure they weren’t paying attention to the not so innocent conversation. Nope. They were indulged into some book, as I let out a relieved sigh.

“Annie seems to be rubbing off on you, and not in a good way.” It was Mikasa who spoke this time, her cheeks flushed in embarrassment but there was flare in her eyes, as Armin laughed sheepishly.

Yeah, Armin definitely wasn’t this snarky before.

“I will be sure to tell her that, when you guys ask us to babysit next time.” He answered with a cocky smile, making us both still.,

Damn he was good.

“Fine you win.” I said grumpily, not in the mood to argue anymore. The moment was over already, so there was no use being upset over it.

“Did you two have fun at Uncle's place?” Mikasa asked them, her attention now diverted from us, as I glanced sideways at them.

“Yes. We did! We also played treasure hunt with Charlie. It was so much fun!” Vanya announced, bouncing up and down on her seat, as Mikasa shot her a soft smile. Armin’s son Charlie was older than the two by only a year, so they were excellent buddies.

“Seriously man, thank you for taking care of them.” I told him genuinely, as he just waved me off.

“Its not a big deal. And hey, sorry for interrupting your...sexy time.” He whispered the last word to me, as I bit back my laugh, nodding.

“Uncle told us the story about you and Daddy last night!” I snapped my head towards my son, who was looking up at Mikasa. Our face mirrored the confused expression, as she looked between Armin and the kids.

“What exactly did he tell you, baby?”

“How you feel in love. Duh.” Vanya said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. Yeah, she definitely got that tone from Mikasa.

"Really? Why don't you share with us, as well?" Even though, her words were directed at the kids, Mikasa's eyes were fixated on Armin who was sipping the coffee nonchalantly. He wasn't even scared of Mikasa now. He placed the cup down, shrugging lightly before answering.

“Oh, you know, how it was New Year eve and you were drunk and then-“

“ARMIN!” Both of us shouted at the same time, horrified at the realization, as he just laughed. Did he tell them about our hookup story? Oh god. Mikasa was going to kill him, heck I was going to as well. Sure I would feel a little-

“Relax, I am just messing around.” He raised his hands in surrender, bobbing his head towards the twins, who were now staring at us with interest.

“Why don't you ask them what I told?” Sighing I turned towards both of them, asking how the story began, as Vanya jumped to attention. Her dainty fingers placed on her lap as she started.

“It all started when Daddy wrapped his scarf around Mommy.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

Once again thank you so much for all the love.

Sorry I couldn't reply to your comments as I was busy a bit but I appreciate each and everyone of them greatly.

I hope you give this love to my future works as well ♥.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!