

Broken

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Broken

by [Sharinganblossoms](#)

Summary

He was her safe haven, her happy place until everything fell apart.
They have done this dance many times before, but every time he returned back to her.
But this time it was different. Because the man in front of her wasn't her husband.
A psychological modern day romance

Notes

Hello guys! I am back with another story. This one is bit dark and won't be everyone's cup of tea. It's not just a traditional love story, as it also deals with serious mental and psychological disorders like identity disorder and possession syndrome.

The story is divided into past and present timeline. The formatting used for both is normal, but I have put the year difference in between so you don't get confused. Third Person POV will be used, but the story will be told from both of their perspective, for a better understanding.

Past age:

Eren: 20

Mikasa: 20

Present age:

Eren: 29
Mikasa: 29

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

Inception

Prologue

She wishes she was a little girl again, because skinned knees are easier to heal than a broken heart.

Her tears have all but dried up now, as she stays slumped on the floor. Her breathing slightly shallow, and her heart ten pounds heavier than usual due to the pain she has been subjected to for past few months. The walls seem to be closing in on her, choking and sucking the life force out of her, but she is too weak to stand, to run, to do something.

“I am so sorry. Please, listen to me once, Mika.”

She answers him with silence. The silence he very well deserves. The silence he punished her with, when she tried to get through him all this while. Her heart aches for him, but he has shattered, spit over, and tore their bond *beyond* repair now. Every second he pushed her away, every second he answered her with cruelty made her lose a piece of her heart. One by one.

“You are my wife. Have you forgotten everything? Have you forgotten us? Please, I need to see you. Please.”

He thumps once again on the wooden door, as she stays quiet. Forgotten? He is the one who forgot everything. He is the one who went up and beyond and ruined them. They made sacred vows, they made promises to never let go of each other. To love each other through thick and thin. They were just *empty* words. Easier to speak but hard to stay true to. Atleast for him.

“YOU PROMISED ME!” He rages, slamming his hand against the door, as she covers her ears with her palm, trying to drown away his voice.

Go away! Please, go away!

She doesn't want him.

“Please. I need you.” His voice cracks now, and she could feel him slumping down on the other side, perhaps leaning back against the door just like her.

She can't cure him. She tried once, but she can't repair him. It's a battle he has to fight alone, because it's a battle against himself. And if he isn't willing to, this will keep happening again and again, and she doesn't have it in her to go through this once more.

So the only thing she does, is take out her ring glistening in the dark, too *bright*, too *cheerful*, too *unbecoming* of her and their relationship, before sliding it down the door, and towards him.

It's over.

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Present Day

Her hands brush the stray strands of hairs away from her husband's face, as she smooths the creases on his forehead. Even when he is asleep, he seems to be on edge, peace and relaxation are nowhere to be found. She knows how *deeply* he is wounded this time; the scars marring one's skin faint away as the time goes by, but the ones rooted deep in your heart, aren't as easy to erase.

She places a gentle kiss on his forehead, taking a moment to take in his handsome features, he looks so young and boyish when he sleeps, It reminds her of the first time they met. Except now he isn't the same person anymore. She trails her hand down his stubble, which is in dire need of shaving, but *even* with the unkept appearance he looks nothing short of beautiful. She only wishes to see him smile once ag-

A loud noise of a shrill ringing jerks her in her place. Mikasa curses at the loud disturbing tone, and realizes it's Eren's. She rushes for the table stand, eager to turn it off but she is too late. Eren is up already, and reaching out for the electronic device.

"Hello?" He answers groggily, as she settles back on the mattress with a sigh. Too much for letting him get some rest. She scrolls through her own phone, answering back the emails she has gotten in regards to her next meeting, and tries not to eavesdrop on her husband's conversation.

"Who picked it up?" His still sleepy voice asks to the person on the other line, as Mikasa types away the response to her assistant. She has not been to the last two UNHCR meet-up, and she doesn't want more questions raised at her, and media to pry into her business. Even though she is a former actress/model, she still remains in spotlight due to Eren. Her husband is a successful actor, and unlike her, he is still *very much* active in the industry. He lives for his work. Mikasa picked up that profession, because it was something she has always known. Her mother used to be a model herself back in the days, and Mikasa was groomed to walk the same path. First become a supermodel then an actress. That life was never her real passion though. There was quite an uproar in the media and showbiz, when she quit at ripe age of twenty five, but she didn't care. No one supported her decision to walk out of the fame, *especially* when she was climbing fast in ranks of top actress. Only Eren stood by her side, and told her she did the right thing. And this is why she chose him, over her own blood relatives, and she *never* regretted it even for a second.

No one has ever loved her the way he did.

Plus she found her muse as well, and went on to work with humanitarian institutions, and is currently working on forming her own NGO. So in the end it all worked out well.

"Send the contract so I can take a look." She peers up at Eren once again, who is frowning slightly, listening to his manager probably, as he nods. Unlike her, Eren wasn't born in stardom, he was an outsider. He has been in acting business since he was nine. Everything he earned, he worked for it, he earned it by himself. There was no one granting him any favors, and that is what Mikasa admires about him. He has come so far.

"I don't need ass licking, Hanji, I need honesty. Think you can do that? Or do I have to find someone else to be my manager?"

"Eren." Mikasa scolds lightly, taken aback by the bite in his tone. He has been moody lately, not that she can blame him, but still...she doesn't want him losing his cool at every other person who he is close to. Just yesterday, he snapped at Armin; his childhood best friend, over a very silly misunderstanding.

This is one of the reason why she wants him to stay away from work. He needs to sort his head out. She has told Hanji that as well, but seems like some interesting script dropped in, and she wants Eren to take a look.

“Make sure it doesn’t happen again.” He ends the call and throws it on the pillow, as she scoots closer to him, wrapping her hands around his torso from behind, before placing her head in the crook of his neck. “You are not ready.”

“I am tired of sitting in the house.”

“Then let’s go somewhere. Just you and me.”

Mikasa knows she has her own work to attend to, but she will cancel all her upcoming meetings, if it means getting Eren back to normal.

“I want to work.” His tone is adamant, as she feels her shoulders slumping. Of course he will say that. Work is his escape. It *always* has been. And she has always admired that. The vigor with which he puts his everything in it, is admirable. He is a method actor. He goes beyond and above for his roles. The characters he plays are very variant in nature.

She doesn’t know how to answer to that. He has always been supportive of her when she walked away from everything. What kind of wife will she be, if she doesn’t do the same for him?

“What is the script about?”

“An ex military.” He answers briskly, as she rounds to sit beside him, grabbing his chin to make him face her.

“And?” He takes a moment, staring at her but not *really* looking before answering her.

“He was wrongly convicted and imprisoned, which led to his downward spiral, and made him do questionable things. It’s a psychological thriller.”

She blinks, wondering if she heard him right. “You are not doing this.”

He looks at her as if she has grown two heads. “Excuse me?”

She clasps his hands in her own, giving him a pleading look. “Eren, I don’t think this genre is right for you now. You need time to-“

“I am not going to breakdown, so stop treating me like I am made of glass! I am *so* fucking tired of everyone tiptoeing around me!” He pulls away his hand, his nostrils flaring, as he gets up. She follows him out of the bedroom calling out his name, as he pauses few feet away from her.

“I am not worried about you breaking down! I am worried by the fact that, you are compartmentalizing. Your parents died and you haven’t shed a single tear for them! It’s only been a month, and now you want to immerse yourself in work to escape the reality! It’s not healthy.”

She is greeted by silence, as he refuses to look back at her. He knows she is right, but he is too stubborn to acknowledge that. He has always been. So Mikasa continues.

“I won’t stop you from working. Infact, I want you to feel normal, but you have to do something for me in return. Please...”

The tightness in her chest subsides a little, as he finally turns back to her, and gives a short nod,

encouraging her to continue.

“I want you to see a therapist. *Atleast* once or twice a week. You won’t talk to me about it, fine. But I want you to talk to someone.”

His legs carry him back to her, and the blank look in his eyes scares her. She wants her goofy, happy go husband back. And she will do anything to make that happen. Even if it means, he ends up despising her a little for it. She is expecting him to flat out say no, then she will have to take extreme measures. One thing is clear, there is no way she will let him spiral down.

“One hour a week. No more no less.” A relieved sigh escapes her lips, as she nods frantically, glad that he didn’t resist it. But he still looks, less than pleased at the offer, if his clenched jaw is any indication.

One step at a time.

They agreed to be equal partners in their life, but maybe this time she will have to be the one to do all the work. And that’s fine with her. As long as she takes his suffering away. Mikasa knows it’s not easy, specially because of what happened prior to their death, but he has to move on.

She embraces him then, trying to offer her warmth, her comfort as much as she can. He will get through this. She will make sure of it. For a long time, she remains the only one clutching close to his form, but then she feels it. His hands on her back, as he wraps his own arms around her, burying his face in the crook of her neck. He is still here.

“Promise me you won’t ever leave me...” His voice is muffled, defeated and small. So small and her heart aches for him. She pulls back and caresses his cheek, leaning in towards him.

“I won’t. I promise.”

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Nine years ago

The burning taste of cocktail makes Mikasa scrunch up her nose in displeasure, as she blanches and keeps the drink down. No thanks. She will stick with the coke. The loud whirring music makes her want to rip someone's head off, or just destroy the stereo system.

But she can't do any of it. There is still a limit to how many boundaries she can cross in one day. She is slightly slumped down on the stool, as she takes large bite from her meal. Her converse laced feet swirls to and fro as she eats like a starved man.

Don't eat the cheesecake, it has carbs in it.

You are supposed to sit in an upright posture, not like a hunchback from Philly.

This is why I told you to cut back on your diet. You are two size above the scale. Two size!

Thank god the wicked witch isn’t here to petrify her every step now. This is why, she decided to indulge herself with some sugary drinks, and double cheese loaded sandwich. Kiyomi will have a

heart attack if she saw her gobbling up all the fat. Well, Fuck Her! It's very rare when, Mikasa gets to act like a normal person, and not the girl brought up in high society with a shoulder full of expectations. A dribble of cheese, trails down towards her chin, as she licks it off with her tongue as best as she can. She is just glad that this is a private diner, away from the hustle of the city, otherwise media will be all over her right now. She can already see the headline.

Victoria's secret model went to town on the subway meat like it's nobody's business.

Daughter of famous supermodel Mayuri Ackerman found feasting at a slummy diner downtown. Is it the first sign of rebellion?

A chuckle escapes her at the thought. It will piss off her PR team greatly, especially when she is about to star in her first movie. Maybe she *should* call the media.

"Are the mayonnaise that good, or are you naturally that hungry?" A masculine voice makes her jump on the seat, her heartbeat increasing in fear, that maybe a media-person did find her. She turns her head, and finds a young man sitting beside her on the vacant stool, placing his tab. His ember eyes are piercing in the dim glow of the diner, and there is a small smile playing on his lips. His caramel toned hairs are messily raking his face, as recognition hits her.

This is EREN YEAGER! The famous actor from the Paperback series. Holy shit! He is one of the youngest actor to ever win an Academy in supporting actor category. At the mere age of sixteen! Mikasa usually isn't the one to drool over superstars, HECK she *never* even dated someone from that line of work, except for few PR driven dates she has to attend every now and then to remain in limelight.

She is a huge admirer of his work, because unlike her, he actually likes what he is doing. It is obvious from his interviews and his talk shows, that he is deep in love with his work. What is someone like him doing here in a dumpster? Well she is the one to talk but still. Mikasa realizes how crazy she must look, staring at him like a creep, but she is surprised to find amusement dancing in his eyes.

"You have a little something on your cheek." He points out to her left side, as she wipes off her face as best she can. She must be quite a sight dressed in sweatpants and oversized shirt with her makeup free face donning huge eyeglasses. Yes, she doesn't have perfect 20/20 vision. Her hairs are all sticky due to the humidity and she is pretty sure her bun resembles a bird's nest. Of course it is just her luck, that one of the most happening young actors has to see her dressed like a homeless person. Unlike her, he looks very much put together in his purple hoodie and washed off jeans. Well put together is putting it mildly. He is gorgeous.

She looks away then, trying to regain a bit of her dignity by finishing off the rest of her sandwich as gracefully as possible.

"You don't have to do that on my account. By all means eat away." Great. Of course he noticed it. And then Mikasa wonders if he recognizes who she is, or he is just having fun messing with a commoner. She is rising fast in the world of modelling, and has a huge following on her social media. But she doubts those same people will recognize her looking so haggard.

"No. I am good." She finally *finally* says something. Shocker!

"I apologize if I have made you uncomfortable. That wasn't my intention. You intrigued me, so I just wanted to...well chat." She is surprised to find a hint of embarrassment in his voice, which eases her a little. That's a pleasant surprise.

“Well it’s not everyday a famous actor comments on your eating habits.” She points out, as he gives her a sheepish smile.

“So you noticed who I am, huh?” Well he should know that putting on a hoodie simply isn’t enough. He has a very unique face. Plus the fact that she is a huge fan of his gives her advantage. She knows how he looks and talks. So it was a piece of cake for her.

“If you want to blend in with the commies, you have to ditch those thousand dollar slacks.”

He laughs at that, as she finishes off the rest of her coke in a gulp.

“True true. I will keep that in mind next time.” Despite herself, she can’t help but smile as she takes in his wide grin. He has a beautiful and genuine smile. It’s not pretentious like the rest of them, *including* hers.

“What brings you here, Mr. Yeager?” She motions around the dingy bar, as he sighs, relaxing back in the chair, before sipping his drink.

“I have been shooting around the area, and I wanted to have a drink before heading back home.”

“It’s unsafe to be here alone.” It’s hypocritical coming from her, but in her defense, her management and security thinks she is crashing at her best friend Sasha’s place.

They have no idea that Mikasa slipped from the emergency exit for a late night run, and ended up eating mouthful of delicious sub, after burning out the carb on her long run. Sasha has fallen asleep when she left, plus it’s not like Mikasa was going to stay out all night. She just wanted to experience freedom for a while.

“My bodyguard is parked outside, plus I have some basic training in hand to hand combat. You don’t have to worry about me.” That smile is on display once again, but this time there’s a *dare she* say hint of flirtation with it, as she looks away.

“That’s good.” She nods, as if he has said something enlightening. She needs to get out of here now!

“I don’t know whether to be delighted, or be offended by your lack of fangirling?”

She raises an eyebrow at that. There is no arrogance in his voice, just genuine curiosity, as she shrugs her shoulders.

“Celebrities are also human beings, are they not? I am sure they don’t like being pampered over, or bombarded by fans every where they go. We think they have an easier lifestyle just because they are rich. But truth be told, they have to sacrifice many things, including their own happiness sometimes in that business...” She trails off, remembering all the times she just wanted to spend time with her mum but she was left in care of a nanny. Or when she just wanted to play games and go to amusement parks with her Dad, but couldn’t, instead her mother took her to ballerina classes and arranged lingual tutors for her. All she ever wanted was a normal childhood.

“You are *quite* considerate.” Eren’s words bring her back to reality, as she tries to remember what they were talking about. Right. The lack of fangirling on her part.

“You deserve some privacy. Don’t worry, your secret is safe with me.” He stares at her *abashedly* then, and she realizes how intense his gaze really is and feels heat creep up her neck. Calm down girl.

“Have we ever met before?” She looks back at him, his eyes are still scrutinizing her, but confusion is laced in them. She adjusts the glasses on her face, avoiding his assessing gaze, before answering smoothly.

“Does that line usually work on girls?”

Sensible thing right about now will be to excuse herself, but it seems her senses have taken a back seat for now. That’s a first.

“It does actually. I should have known it won’t work on you though. You are different.”

Of course. Now that she isn’t laced in costly silks, and perfectly blended make-up, she is just a regular girl. She finds sadness creeping up inside her. She doesn’t want to be a show girl. She wants to be like this. Living a normal life, eating at cheap diners, without worrying about her restrictive diet.

“I didn’t mean it in a bad way.” Her gloomy face must have tipped him off in a wrong way, and she tries to tell him, that’s not it, but he continues. “It’s just usually the girls, I am around have to keep up a façade to fit in that lifestyle. But you seem so...”

“Normal?” She finishes as he nods, and she feels guilt creeping up her inside. Oh, how wrong he is. She doesn’t want to deceive him any more, but she is enjoying his company tremendously.

She bites her lip, unsure of what to do and before she knows, she is turning fully to hold a proper conversation with him, and can’t help but be pleased when his eyes gleam with excitement at this.

“What if I am a media reporter pretending to be like this, when actually my camera crew is hiding in the room and have been video taping you all this time?”

“Then, I will say, you are not very good at your job, seeing as you blurted out everything to me.”

Smartass! The corner of her mouth tugs upward, as she decides maybe staying for few minutes more isn’t such a bad idea.

Mikasa doesn’t know when those few minutes turn into few hours, and they both are throwing their head off and laughing, as they leave the place. She tells him to drop her off a block away from Sasha’s place. Driving back there, late at night will catch unwanted attention, and that’s the last night she wants. He asks her name once again, but she refuses to give it to him, and instead tells him that if it’s in fate they will meet again.

He isn’t pleased by her remark, but he says he respects her choice. She knows it’s pointless anyways. They won’t meet again. Sure he might meet *the Mikasa Ackerman*, the fake girl she pretends to be, but not the real her. The one he grew fond of. And it’s ok this way. Because things like love doesn’t exist in her NO *their* world. Hollywood will tear them apart. She doesn’t want the memories of tonight to be tainted by the ugliness of their real world. It’s better this way.

It’s better this way, *even* when she is walking down the sidewalk, and he chases after her, and pulls her in his arms, before bending down to kiss her. *Even* when she wraps her arms around him, and returns the kiss, tilting her head just a little bit. *Even* when they break apart, and he leans his forehead against hers, breathing her in. *Even* when she realises, she has never felt this rush before.

It’s better this way, because they don’t always get what they want. It’s not that simple.

This is why, when he once again asks her name, *begging* her with those bright forest eyes, Mikasa just shakes her head in no. Because, she can’t give him what he wants. She isn’t who he thinks she is.

Disappointment and heartbreak is evident in his face, as he lets her go. And Mikasa ignores the heaviness in her chest. So what if spending time with him was the most fun she had in years, so what if he made her feel butterflies in her stomach, this isn't a movie. And theirs is not a fairytale.

So the next day Mikasa returns to reality and signs her first film and falls back in the same mechanical pattern for the next three years. Because that's all she has ever known.

But she is not aware of the storm coming for her soon which will change her life once and for all.

Fated encounter

Chapter Notes

Past age:

Eren: 23

Mikasa: 23

Present age

Eren: 29

Mikasa: 29

The text highlighted in italics, are to emphasize some words or show inner thoughts, text messages, dream conversation, phone calls etc.

The air around him gets thicker, suffocating and closing in, as he finds it difficult to breath.

You killed them.

The same voice whispers in his head, as he tries to run. A dark shadow is looming in the distance, approaching him slowly.

It's your fault.

The voice nears him, as the shadow increases in size, becoming more menacing, and he tries to back away. But there is no where to escape now. A huge wall blocks his path, trapping him there, as he tries to shout, to call out for help, but *no one* listens to him.

He thumps on the wall, trying to get someone's attention. *Please! Please help.* But no one's there. Suddenly he notices the red dripping down the chipped surface of the bricks. It's blood. It trickles down through every corner, as he backs away. His legs starts trembling now.

Eren

He freezes hearing the soft voice of his mother from behind, but refuses to look back. No. He can't do this.

You will be all alone again.

His Dad's voice pierces through the thick mist of darkness, as he drops down on his quivering knees.

Mikasa will leave you too.

No she won't. She will never! He wants to scream at them, but he can't. His throat is all clogged up.

She will leave. You deserve to be alone.

GO AWAY!

Eren wakes up with a jolt, panting and shaking violently, as he takes in his surroundings. He is at home. It was just a nightmare. It's over now. It feels like an eternity, before he can move, as he gets down on his shaky legs. It's 11:38 am.

Mikasa must be at work. Eren himself has forced her to go back to work, as she has been skipping constantly because of him. He must have fallen asleep sometime after she left. Bad decision.

This is why he hates going to sleep now. He is always plagued by his nightmares. It's always the same dream over and over again. Hearing their voices, walls closing around him, Blood, LOTS OF blood! He feels like he is going insane. This is why he needs to work, or else he will lose it.

A reminder goes off in his phone, and he realizes what day it is today. Shit, today is his first appointment with the therapist.

He wants to go there, as much as he wants to swim in a sharkful of tank. But he knows Mikasa will not give up, unless he agrees. She is just as stubborn if not more than him.

After taking a quick shower, and making himself presentable, he decides to head out. He has been keeping low profile since that incident, as media have been all up his case, wanting a word from him.

Vultures. That's what they are. If they could, they would livestream the moment when you are on the verge on your death, but refuse to lend out a hand for help. Sensitivity and privacy doesn't exist in their dictionary.

His security guard, Eric is already ready and waiting, as he steps out of his house. He has decided to ditch his Rolls Royce for his old junker Toyota Price, as he doesn't want to garner unwanted attention. Unlike other celebs, he doesn't have a personal chauffeur, as he doesn't want anyone else touching his prestiged collection, except well his wife. The only time he cares for a driver is when they book a limo to attend award ceremonies and such.

The therapist's office is located in Easttown, a secluded place, and he is grateful for that. The office is spacious enough to be comfortable, but not large enough to make it seem pretentious, as he takes a seat. It has a cozy feel to it. But no matter what, he has already made up his mind of what he is about to do.

The door opens, and a small woman who seems to be in her early thirties steps in. Mikasa has told him, she knows her personally, and she is trustworthy. She steps towards him and out of courtesy he gets up, before shaking her hand.

"I am Petra Ral. Nice to meet you, Mr. Yeager."

"Hello." He can't say the same, as it's anything but nice to be here. No matter how soft-spoken or harmless his therapist appears to be. Plus you know what they say about the nice ones, they wait for you to put your guard down, making you vulnerable, and that's when they let the claws out.

"Would you like some water or coffee?"

"No. Thank you."

He takes in his surroundings, the pastel colored wallpaper, the monotone curtains draping the window, and a set of Van Ghogh's famous work hanging above her sitting place gives the office an artistic look.

Interesting.

“Your wife has already given me the gist of your situation, but I will like to hear everything from you.”

Her smile is polite and encouraging, and for a moment he feels guilty for what he is going to do. But then, he remembers how ugly his demons are, and his determination resolute. Her friendly smile is still intact, as he takes pity on that. She really thinks he is going to talk huh. He sits upright then, placing his hands on his lap before motioning to his file.

“Did you sign the NDA my lawyer sent you, Miss Ral?” It was the first thing he did, when Mikasa informed him she has hired someone. This becomes a necessity, when you are a well known public figure. *God forbid* if any of their personal information leaks out, but that’s not the main reason why Eren sent it to her.

“Yes, I did.”

“Then, I am sure you must have read the second clause on page five.” She gives him a confused look, flipping through the pages, before shaking her head slowly. He takes that as a yes.

“Can you read it out loud for me, Miss Ral?”

This time her uncertainty increases as she looks up at him and then back to the file, before clearing her throat.

“It states that, I have to abide by whatever request my client personally makes, as long as it is not unethical, and under no circumstance am I allowed to confide those conditions to a third person.”

“That’s correct. So, here’s my only two request. First: I will be attending these meetings, because I have got no choice, but I am not going to say a word. And second: You are not supposed to tell this to anyone, as mentioned. When my wife asks, you just tell her, he is making progress. Do I make myself clear?”

She gapes, obviously not expecting that, as she tries to form words. She must have expected for some breezy request like, the location of their meetings, the timing, or perhaps how much he is willing to indulge to her daily, not this! Well too bad. He has discussed it with his lawyer thoroughly, to make sure, the clause was in no way immoral, plus she will be breaching their contract of six months, if she quit now. He has specifically asked that term to be included, so that he can keep Mikasa off his case, for a while. The movie shoot will be in full swing by then, and his nightmares will be old news. All he needs is to work, to get back to normal, too bad his wife doesn’t understand that.

“You will be fully paid for your service, so rest assured, you just have to bear my company for an hour. I promise I won’t disturb you in my form. You can browse internet, eat, do whatever you want. Just pretend that I am not here.”

She is obviously displeased by his behavior, but he doesn’t give a shit about that. He has kept his end of the deal: visiting the therapist. He never agreed to do more than that, so technically he isn’t doing anything wrong.

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A ghost of touch lingers over his nape, as Eren snaps his attention from the paper to his side. Mikasa has her hands planted on his shoulder, as she peppers kisses over his neck. When did she get back? He has been *too absorbed* in reading the script, that he didn't even notice her coming back.

"Is this the script?" She asks, finally noticing the hardbound copy in front of him, as he nods.

"It arrived today." Those pages are a breath of fresh air for him, an escape from the ugliness of his reality. He wants to submerge himself into it, and forget everything. Eren has already locked up that part of his heart, but those monsters chase him, when he drifts into slumber. That's when he is most vulnerable! He wants to forget everything about that day, because remembering it brings back many old memories, he thought he has buried. He hates feeling like that.

Mikasa makes herself comfortable on his lap, as she rakes her eyes through the first few lines, before he abruptly closes it. If she reads that, she is bound to get anxious, and more determined to stop him from working in it. She gives him a suspicious look, and he decides to distract her.

"Mind helping me with this?" He motions to his overgrown beard, as her eyes soften again, and she smiles. *God*, that smile! She is the only one keeping him sane right now. She is all he has left. Sure, he has friends, but no one compares to her.

He follows her to their bathroom, as she makes him sit on the shower seat, before pulling out the trimmer and foam cream from the drawer. Her soft hands work meticulously, and patiently, as she shaves off his face. His eyes moves from her concentrated eyebrows, her tiny nose to her full pouty lips, and he resists the urge to touch her. She is the ray of sunshine in his life. Ever since the first moment, he laid eyes on her, he was captivated by her, as though there was some unexplainable force, pulling him towards her.

Eren knows he is far from perfect. He has his fair share of fuck ups, but Mikasa has always looked at him like he is the center of her world. Sometimes he wonders, does he even deserve her? He is a selfish bastard. He always has been. He made her fall for him, took her away from her family, and is putting her through shit now. But he is too selfish to let her go. She is his, *as much* as he is hers.

She will leave you one day. You will be alone.

He pushes that thought away from his mind, as she wipes off his cheek, looking quite satisfied with her handiwork.

"All done." She steps aside, so he can look at his reflection in the mirror, and he lets out a faint smile. Mikasa has trimmed off the unkept stubble leaving only a five o'clock shadow behind.

She is too good to be with a fuckup like you. You don't deserve her.

He clasps her hand, just when she is about to leave, before pulling her in his lap. Surprise laces her face, but she complies regardless, as she hooks her leg around his waist, her breathing becoming slightly labored. Their eyes meet, as he feels the spark of desire coarsing through his veins once again. It never changed in all these years. That feeling, that rush, that chemistry they hold. His hands caress the curve of her waist, moving down to knead her bottom, as she gyrates her hip over his. Gritting his teeth, he throws his head back, taking in the delicious sensation it ignites all over him. Mikasa's hands pull at the root of his ponytail, as she tilts his head forward, and licks off the droplet of water, trailing down his chin.

You don't deserve her.

Shut Up!

He inhales her intoxicating scent, getting high on the sweetness of it, as he pulls their body flush together.

She will leave you just like they did.

His mouth crashes upon hers, as he tries to lose himself in her, to tune out the voices whispering inside his head. Just like he has been doing past few days. Using Mikasa to forget about his pain, is fucked up. He knows. But he never claimed to be a better man.

It's all about the urgency after that, as he relieves them of their clothes, touching and licking and nibbling every inch of her skin, he can get his hands and mouth on. This is the only thing that feels right nowadays. She takes him in her hand, pumping him languidly, as their tongues tangle sloppily with each other. In his lust driven haze, he has enough sense to break apart, and grab a condom from the supplies. A baby is the last thing he wants right now. Probably never. He is not cut out to be a father. Mikasa snatches the foil from him, tearing it with her teeth, something which he always finds sexy, before she is rolling it over his length, and straddling him.

You are not meant to be together. She will leave one day.

Mikasa sinks down upon him, parting her legs, and wrapping her hands around his shoulders, before riding him in a slow, sensuous manner. He mashes their mouth together once again, digging his fingers into the flesh of her hips, before driving himself deeper inside her. This. This is what he needs. And in that moment, he forgets about the monsters that haunt him, and the secrets that taunt him, as he loses himself to the sweet addiction that is his wife.

Yes. This feels just right.

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Six years ago

“Mikasa! Have you signed up any new film-“

“Rumors are that, you have been dating Jean Kir-“

“Are modelling days really behind you, now that you are a rising actress-“

“How does your mother feel about your accomplishments-“

“Can you tell us about your future project-“

The door slams behind her, as she lets out a relieved sigh. Her driver, Richard doesn't waste any time in driving out of there, as she leans back. Freaking media! She can't take a single step outside, without being followed by the paparazzi. They are everywhere!

Sometimes she wonders, if they have installed some kind of tracker on her person.

“Those people never change. Always up in others business.” Richard speaks, shaking his head in disgust, as she agrees with him.

“I guess I should be used to them after all these years.” She shrugs as the old man gives her a sympathetic look in the rearview, but doesn’t voice out his thoughts. Mikasa knows what he wants to say though. *Quit sweet girl. If you hate this so much, then leave. It is a cruel world you were born in.*

Richard has been her chauffeur since she was ten, and in a way he is like her grandfather figure. What Mikasa cannot express to her mother, or others she tells him. Because there is no way, he is going to rat her out.

“How big do you think the commotion will be, if I just up and left all this one day?”

“Hmm...I will say your mother will go ballistic, and paparazzi will have a field day reporting about it.”

She hums then, suddenly liking that idea very much. Her mom is always put together, it will be fun to watch her lose her cool.

Unable to stop her smile, she shakes her head, pushing those thoughts away, before checking Kiyomis message.

Wicked Witch: You have a meeting scheduled at 4:30 at Opium buildings. There is a new movie offer. Be on time.

She rolls her eyes, texting her *she will be there*, as the car pulls up outside her building. Mikasa recently moved to a three bedroom apartment upstate, to get away from her mother and her annoying relatives. She is enjoying her newfound privacy, as she can finally relax in plaid pants and tank tops and steal a bite of milk chocolate, every now and then.

Her phone vibrates and she notices, another notification from her manager. Great! Can’t she let her have a moment’s rest?

Wicked witch: You have to make a public appearance with Jean Kirstein, at the Waldron street tomorrow. Media is eating this thing up, and we have to keep this buzz going.

Mentally cursing, she throws her mobile beside her pillow, not bothering to answer her. It doesn’t matter anyways, what she wants. Things will happen the way her management team wants them to happen. Okay, yes maybe these kind of things make headline in every gossip magazine, but she will rather be known for her work, than her dating history. Jean is a decent guy, but she is tired of faking this thing now. It’s been three months! Mikasa is only thankful that they haven’t been instructed to kiss each other, for the sake of it! That’s one thing where she draws the line.

She opens her tablet then, going through the bundle of scripts being sent her way these past few months. Nothing is too eye catching for her. She just hopes the movie proposal Kiyomi talked about, will have a good storyline. So far, she has starred in five movies, in very vivid roles, proving that she is more than just a pretty face, and she wants to keep things that way. The only thing her management and her PR have no control over, is her movie choices. It’s always her ultimate decision, whether she wants to star in a particular role or not. If it were upto her team, they would have made her sign up some raunchy movie to increase her sex appeal. Yeah, as if! Mikasa isn’t against filming intimate scenes, but she doesn’t want to play a ditzy eye candy or just a love interest of the protagonist.

The rest of her day is spent discussing about the new endorsement deals, as well as scheduling interview for her newly released movie. By the time, she is done with it, it's already 3 pm and she rushes through to get to the meeting in time.

Her heels clank on the marble floor, as she pushes open the glass door leading to the office suite. Her management team is already present there along with a couple new faces. They must be part of the movie crew. Introductions are made, and after a round of courteous handshake, she settles down on her seat. The two guys, who she now knows as Gabriel and Louis, the casting director and the script writer are now explaining to her the premise of the plot.

Their hands gesture wildly every now and then, as they proceed further. Mikasa tries not to loose it when she learns the director is Martin Fincher! The moviemaker who won two Oscars as the best director. Holy Mary, he is a god among the filmmakers! But she keeps a nonchalant face, as they keep going.

In all hindsight, this is an unusual scenario for her, seeing as in normal circumstances the scripts are sent to her in person. This...seems very personal and out of the ordinary.

She asks them so, and they tell her that's how Martin does things. He is very picky about the cast, and sends his team to have a one on one discussion with the potential characters. Ok then. They say he loved her performance in *Gone with the wind* movie, and she is exactly what they have been looking for! Mikasa just shakes her head in a polite manner, while in reality she is loosing her shit. Martin personally asked for her? Is she living in a dream? For first time ever in her life, she is grateful to Kiyomi for bringing up this opportunity for her. When she leaves the building later that evening, she can barely feel her legs, and her heart is running a mile per second.

Sleep is the last thing on her mind when she arrives back to her condo, as she immediately goes through the script. It is a romantic thriller, something which is a very fresh concept for her, and the plot is intriguing enough to keep her tossing the pages.

She spends the rest of the night going through the screenplay, a pint of ice cream; *non fat* in her hand, as she absorbs every action, every line one by one. By the end of it, she isn't even surprised when few tears gather in her eyes. It is that good! Mikasa is well aware of the detailed love scene her character engages in with the male lead, and the semi nudity the plot demands from her, but she can get behind all that, because it's THAT brilliant!

And so the first thing she does next day, is call Gabriel and give her affirmation.

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Mikasa is delighted to be one of the first few to be onboard, as she spends the next couple of days preparing herself for her role, with her acting coach. She is determined to give it her best, as she doesn't want to disappoint Martin. Two weeks in and there is still no word of who will be the main lead, and she can't help but feel a little nervous.

The majority of her role, is riding upon her chemistry with the MC. If they don't click together, it is all going to go to waste. She expresses her concern with the crew as well, but she is assured that Martin knows what he is doing. He has a natural knack for picking up compatible people. She just needs to work on her role for now, and leave the rest in their hands. And work she does. Next few

days are a blur as she immerses herself to take her role to perfection...well as close enough as she can get.

She has the accent, the mannerism, and the gait figured out by the time she is called in for the formal table read. This can only mean one thing: the cast is finalized. The morning of the meet, she wakes up with the worst case of jitters in her life! What if she doesn't click with others? She doesn't even know her hero's name! This is so unorthodox. Will she be even able to fit in with those people? What if she can't give her best? Her head is swarming with thousand of questions, and a slice of insecurity, which is funny because Mikasa NEVER feels that. She is always confident in her skin! When she walks on the runway, she demands attention! When she smiles and waves at camera, albeit how fake it is, they eat it up. When she gets into her role, she forgets everything about the real world and pretends she is this girl from Hilburry who likes teaching piano classes.

But this. This new project of hers has got her feeling anxious. For starters she has never done a romantic movie. And to top that, she hasn't ever been selected without a screen-test before. If that's how Martin works, then color her scared, because she is feeling *very* out of her element.

Her hands smooth over the crease in her dress, for the umpteenth time that morning, as she enters the conference room. It is just like she expected: with a aerial view of the city, and a large mahogany desk in the middle. But it feels a bit cozy due to the addition of a fireplace, a mantle and bundle of snacks and pile of papers decorating the wide desk. Well then. She exchanges polite smile with few people who are already present there, as she slides in next to Gabriel's seat. He is the only familiar face here.

"Hello, Gabriel." The funky looking man, gives her a friendly smile, taking a large sip from his coffee, as she taps her finger impatiently on the desk.

"You are right on time. Unfortunately for you, not everyone is as punctual." He lets out a tired sigh, and she realizes he must have been working till late night. She would have felt pity for the guy, if she wasn't doing the same thing yesterday. Fortunately for her, she can hide her dark circles with a bit of color correction concealer. Her eyes take in a couple people making their way inside, as they all exchange pleasantries with her. She isn't surprised to find a couple well known veteran actors among the cast too, seeing as it's a huge project.

Well so far none of them, look like her love interest. Atleast she hopes not.

Getting impatient, she turns to her casting director, hoping to finally quench her curiosity.

"Am I allowed to know who my co-star is now?" There is a bite in her tone, but if he notices, he doesn't say anything and just lets out a mysterious smile.

"He is on his way here, Miss Ackerman. Have some patience. He just flew in from Toronto this morning." For a minute there, Mikasa wants to google about the celebrities who landed in the city today, but that will be borderline creepy. Or will it? She pours herself a cup of coffee, not bothering to touch any snacks, because high cholesterol, as she keeps her silence, but fails after few minutes.

"When did you cast him?" Her seat mate is busy scribbling down something as he answers.

"Three days ago."

"Why the delay? I mean, most of us have been working on our role for weeks now. And I read his part. It's not a piece of cake. Surely he needs to do his homework too."

“Truth be told Martin was unsure of the male lead. He had most of the cast figured out, including you, but he still had no idea who will be playing our lead. We did a couple of screen tests and he was *not* impressed.” He emphasizes the word not, flinging the pen in his hand, as Mikasa crosses her legs. That sounds like a bad news.

“And how is he sure that this guy will be the perfect fit?” She is answered with a chuckle, as she presses her lips together, less than amused. The stout looking man rubs his hand together, as if he is about to monologue.

“He is a natural one. Most of the actors play a character, but he lives and breathes it. It’s like a switch going off and on inside his head, that’s how easy it is for him.” Seems like she was right. He must be a fan of said actor. “He was Martin’s first choice actually, but there was date clash with his ongoing project, so we couldn’t get him onboard back then. The tides turned in our favor it seems, as he himself called back and asked if he could still make it. And of course he agreed. Martin adores his works. Everyone does actually-“

Mikasa can hear Gabriel going on and on, but she has stopped listening to him a while ago. *Heck*, she can’t make sense of anything right now, as her legs suddenly feel too heavy, and her heart starts pumping like a motor engine inside her chest.

It has been three years since she saw him in person. Three years since she pushed away the one careless night of her life. The one single moment which was impulse driven in her life. Life has a strange way of playing joke on people, she realizes today.

She can hear the faint sound of chairs being shuffled, as few other people including the Director make their way in, but her attention is solely fixed on the man in front of her.

Mikasa isn’t a foolish girl, she expected their paths to cross one day, perhaps at an award function or some gala but NOT like this!

Eren Yeager settles down in the chair right opposite to her, conversing with the man beside him, as she finds it unable to look away from him. Three years has done him good, as he fills out his shirt and those expensive slacks a lot better now. His tousled hairs which usually frame his angular face in layers, are pulled back in a half bun, and his eyes crinkle at the corner, as he lets out a laugh, at something Martin says. And then he is staring at her. Oh god.

And she feels that her world has stopped spinning.

Mikasa finds it hard to breath, as his eyes settle upon her, taking her in with a casual manner, and that’s when she registers Martin’s voice addressing her.

“Mikasa, I am so sorry for the inconvenience, dear, but I have finally brought your man with me! I hope he is upto your standards.” There is a round of laughter, and she knows that’s Martin’s way of breaking it in and lightning the mood, but she doesn’t feel like laughing. Luckily for her, she is good at pretentious appearances, as she plasters a smile on her face.

“Hmm...I have had better, but I guess he will make do.” Another chorus of laughter resounds in the room, as she straightens her shoulder, and looks back at Eren. She is chilled to find those forest eyes fixed on her, as he gives her an impassive look. Has he recognized her? No, of course he hasn’t! That night must have meant something to her, but it sure as hell wasn’t something special for him. She was just a girl in some dingly old diner he fancied for a moment. That’s it.

Yes, that’s what Mikasa wants to believe.

But she is left second guessing herself, the very next moment, when she hears the words falling out of his mouth.

“That’s funny, because you are exactly who I have been looking for, Miss Ackerman.”

End Notes

Just a reminder that Prologue part will take place in the future. It hasn't occurred yet. So don't confuse it with the present day scene.

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