

## Phased

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/26365930) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/26365930>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Underage</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Shingeki no Kyojin   Attack on Titan</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Mikasa Ackerman/Eren Yeager</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Mikasa Ackerman</a> , <a href="#">Eren Yeager</a> , <a href="#">Krista Lenz   Historia Reiss</a> , <a href="#">Jean Kirstein</a> , <a href="#">Armin Arlert</a> , <a href="#">Sasha Blouse</a> , <a href="#">Connie Springer</a> , <a href="#">Levi (Shingeki no Kyojin)</a> , <a href="#">Hange Zoë</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Jealousy</a> , <a href="#">Angst and Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Drama &amp; Romance</a> , <a href="#">Sexual Content</a> , <a href="#">Unresolved Romantic Tension</a>
Stats:	Published: 2020-09-10 Updated: 2020-09-13 Chapters: 2/4 Words: 10685

## Phased

by [Sharinganblossoms](#)

### Summary

Some things can't be defined. Like the size of the universe, the passage of time, and the anomaly that is you and me.

"Is this how you want us to end?"

"Apparently...we never even started."

### Notes

#### Canon divergence

This story consists of four parts.

#### WARNING:

*Characters might seem bit ooc here, because let's face it, it's a fic and I have to do some adjustments to suit the atmosphere. Also Eren and Mikasa both are really dense when it comes to this, so I had to make them a little woke. I tried to keep them in their element as best as I can.*



# Ein

## Chapter Notes

Character ages:

Eren: 16

Mikasa: 16

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

Jealousy is an ugly thing. That gnawing feeling in your chest which makes you want to shred someone to pieces, or slice up as many titans as you can. Something anything to not feel the burn in the pit of your stomach.

The first time Mikasa experienced that feeling was when she saw Annie and Eren engaged in combat during their training days. The blonde girl's body planted over Eren, as she pressed him deeper into the ground *even* when he surrendered. Or when Eren refused to fight Annie despite the fact that she killed his comrades without blinking an eye.

She was such a silly girl. Well...*maybe* she still is.

There is nothing alarming about the exchange in front. Sure they are looking into each other's eyes, and holding a conversation which seem to be light hearted if their expressions are anything to go by. But that's it. So, why is she turning green witnessing the scene unfolding before her eyes.

*How selfish of you, Mikasa!*

Historia lost Ymir not too long ago. If she finds delight in Eren's company then so be it. They are friends after all. And it's not like the young ruler only gives him attention. She has on multiple occasions invited her to have a sleepover, or for an informal cup of tea. She hangs out with everyone.

*Not as much as she does with Eren.*

Stop it!

Mikasa shakes her head before picking up her gear, and heading to the grounds for practice. The 104 squad has come to interiors for the weekend so that they can discuss their next strategy. They have *finally* gotten rid of all the titans in shina district, and they will be heading for their expedition outside the walls next week.

So much has changed over the past one year. All their lives has turned upside down. New discoveries has changed the course of their lives forever!

She does some quick stretches, before getting in the stance, and kicking the air with her punches and swift kick. Few minutes in, adrenaline starts pouring through her body as feels that rush again. Mikasa finds it ironic that she *even* if she has always hated this lifestyle of being a soldier, training is the one thing that makes her feel alive. A lone bead of sweat escapes down the hollow cavity of her neck, as she does an abrupt turn and—

“Woah!”

Her legs tumbles a bit, as she *barely* escapes her foot from landing on Jean’s chest. Still breathing heavily, she pauses and gives a hand to her comrade who is now lying flat on his butt.

“Sorry. Didn’t see you there.” He takes it without wasting any moment, and just gives her a sheepish smile, as he dusts off his clothes.

“No. It’s my fault. I should have been more careful.” He scratches his head and she gives a small nod. Right. She was the one unleashing her anger and frustration in the middle of *practically* nowhere.

Mikasa turns back to resume her practice again, when she hears Jean clearing his throat.

“Do you mind if I spar with you? I have nothing much interesting to do.” His eyes glimmer with hope, as she blinks twice, and searches for words. Usually she trains with Eren or even Captain Levi but sure why not.

“Alright. But I am warning you, I won’t pull my punches.”

“I don’t expect you to.”

And then they begin— her landing blow after blow on him, while he goes in a defensive mode— trying his best to protect himself. She sighs inwardly not too surprised by the outcome. There is barely *anyone* who can keep up with her. Eren can because he has learned from Annie how to fight a powerful opponent. His moves are clever she has to give him that. And Levi...well, let’s just say she will never admit it out loud that she runs out of breath whenever she trains with their Captain.

Jean does his best to show he is unaffected, but she can see him struggling against her, as he escapes the next throw narrowly.

“Should we stop?”

“Huh? No. I am good. Doing fine.”

Yeah. Right.

She has to give him some credit. He is *indeed* good at defending himself.

*Not for long.*

She slides her leg to throw him off his feet, as he stumbles on the patchy ground and she fists his hand over his head, to render him completely useless.

“Ok. Ok. I yield!” He is looking anywhere but at her *probably* embarrassed, as she gets up and he follows suit. He is scratching his head whilst looking down, and she feels bad for him. He did really good. It’s not his fault that Mikasa is stronger than average people. She plants a hand over his forearm, and gives him a pat of encouragement adding *You did good. Don’t be too harsh on yourself* and he finally *finally* looks at her with a small smile.

“Ahh. You don’t have to be so generous. Admit it I sucked.” Her eyes lit up in slight amusement, as she just shrugs, and he chuckles at her expression.

“Mikasa?”

Her head snaps sideways, as she hears the familiar voice, and narrows her eyes just a little.

Now who do we have here.

*Stop it. Don't act like a child, Mikasa. He is allowed to spend time with others as much as he wants.*

Jean steps away from her, bidding her goodbye, as she nods before turning back to Eren again. His eyes snap back to the retreating boy before landing on her.

Mikasa wipes off her sweaty forehead—mentally noting to take a thorough shower after this, as her childhood friend makes his way over to her.

“Since when do you train with Jean?”

She cocks an eyebrow—her expression full of disbelief before shrugging past him.

“Since today I suppose.”

“I thought we were going to train later.” He answers with an edge to his tone as if she committed a heinous crime which pisses Mikasa off.

*I am sorry for not waiting for you to spare me the scraps of your time.*

Of course she doesn't say it out loud. Mikasa rarely says what she is thinking anyways. It's easier this way. Letting her emotions out unhindered isn't a very clever thing to do, especially when you know that the person in front of you doesn't feel the same way.

Mikasa has made peace with the fact that Eren might never feel the same way about her. Plus, their world is a cruel one, as he barely has seven years left due to the curse of titan. She is fine with spending the rest of their time together like childhood friends.

She is.

Really.

But that doesn't mean she is not allowed to have outburst of emotions here and there. She is *only* human after all. A girl with unreciprocated feelings. A girl in love with someone who has limited time left. It's fine this way.

She avoids Eren for the majority of evening, because she is still sort of mad at him, and she is scared that in her vulnerable state she might let out something which should be left unsaid.

But come next day they are back to their usual selves again. Eren and Mikasa—the two childhood friends. That's all they are *ever* gonna be.

Not more.

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No one knows this, but Eren is scared to go to sleep as of late. Every morning he wakes up, and it takes him a moment to register who he is. It's weird having an identity crisis so young in his life, but that's just how things are. All the previous titan holder's memories are weighing down on his

mental state more and *more* as the days pass by. He is afraid of forgetting who he really is. Countless nights are spend lying awake on his bed—staring at the ceiling. Or going on long strolls by the sea.

That's where they currently are.

It's been almost a month since the scouts set camp by the sea shore and formed *sort of* an alliance with Yelena and her crew. Eren hopes to god that they come up with a solution to save paradise and *fast*. Because otherwise...

He shakes his head— refusing to think of those horrible memories of the future. There is no way he would go through with a plan as fucked up as that. There has to be something which could be done.

They were going to attend a meeting soon with representatives of the nation who might help them in this difficult predicament.

Letting out a sigh, he kicks a lone pebble out of his way— the cool air from the sea kissing his face, when his eyes land on a distant figure in the sea.

What the—

He squints, taking brisk steps towards the person—*one two three four*. It is late at night, and to his knowledge everyone is fast asleep. When he is just few feet away, he notices the familiar face glimmering in the moonlight.

Mikasa

Her face is washed up in glow of the white light—her porcelain skin shining bright like a diamond as she plays— well that's not exactly the word he will use, because she looks half confused, half scared and half delighted as she washes up her face in the water. Her feet planted deep into the mild waves, as she struggles to stand upright.

He tries not to smile, or find her antics absolutely adorable as she splashes around the water.

*Thump thump*

He tries to ignore how his heartbeat increases ever so slightly at mere sight of her. Seeing her right now— with her guards down, and relaxed no one can say that she is their second strongest soldier. Mikasa always has guard up *even* when she is around him. Sometimes he wishes that she would let herself be vulnerable— just like that time when she thanked him for saving her life. When she almost kis—

Eren shakes his head, getting rid of those thoughts. It's for the better. He is a dead man walking, and she doesn't need to suffer more due to him.

His head tells him to turn around and leave her in peace, but his legs refuse to move.

*Just a while longer.*

His eyes take in her form—the flow of her silky hairs against the wind, her parted lips staring ahead, and her drenched white sleepwear clinging to her form— highlighting her curves as they stick to her body like a second skin.

When did she change so much?

His cheeks heat up as he tries not to ogle her, but it's too late.

“Eren?”

*Caught red-handed*

He tries to act as nonchalant as possible, as she approaches him with a bewildered expression.

*Probably wondering what the hell he was doing staring at her so unabashedly!*

She is looking at him now, as he brings his eyes to her, with utmost difficulty—pretending not to notice her very naked skin obvious under the thin material of her cotton.

“What are you doing up so late?”

“I can ask you the same thing.” She retorts, folding her arms across her chest, as he ruffles his hair, pursing his lips whilst trying to avoid eye contact with her.

“I can't sleep.” He can sense her features contorting with worry— *that's why he didn't tell her such stuff*, as she tilts his chin to make him look at her.

“Is it the first time this has happened?”

“Yup. No worries.” *Liar*. He shoots her the best smile he could muster, and changes the subject.

“I thought you went to sleep pretty early.”

*Great. Now she will think he was keeping tabs on her.* He mentally berates himself but relaxes when Mikasa let's out one of her rare smiles.

“Sasha was mumbling umm more like yelling in her sleep, it woke me up.”

“Let me guess. Food?”

Mikasa shakes her head as confirmation, and they share a small laugh at their friend's weird obsession with it.

A comfortable silence settles upon the two, and Eren realizes it has always been like this with them. Unlike others, Mikasa and him doesn't need plenty of words to be in each other's company. Everything seems natural with her. His eyes fall on the horizon, as his thoughts dare to go at that place once again.

*Beyond sea*

*Enemies*

*Destruction*

*Rumbling*

*Millions of people dying*

He almost jumps, as he feels a splash of water hit the side of his face, and finds Mikasa fighting off a smile.

“You seemed lost there for a second.” She blinks innocently, as he furrows his eyebrows, before

looking down at the water then back at her again. Sensing his intention, she takes a step back.

*Too late*

He creates a huge splash— almost drenching her from head to bottom, as she gapes at him before repeating the same thing.

And soon they both are engaged in a childish battle of splashing around, and Eren realises how beautiful she looks like this— carefree, light hearted without a worry in the world. Her eyes crinkle and glow like the pale moondust, as she tries to avoid getting splayed. Her laughter a pleasant melody to his ears. They are a mess of laughter, and push and pull as they both tumble down the sand when Mikasa gives him a particularly hard shove.

Eren can't remember the last time he has smiled this much, as he peers open his eyes, coming down from that rush of hysteria and feels Mikasa pressed into his side— wiping her face to get rid of the sand sticking to them. His breath hitches in his throat, as he feels the swell of her chest against his bicep *and it's not just her chest but the poki—*

Her eyes meet his as everything stills and he gets lost in the grey blue oasis of her irises. Unable to look away, he is too enchanted, as he feels her hot breath on his face, when she tilts her head fully in his direction.

His gaze snaps between her eyes and her lips, as his heart starts pounding wildly.

*This is dangerous. Look away, Eren!*

He notices how her lips part more than usual, and the up and down of her chest, as her hard nipples dig into the skin of his arm. His skin *dares* to turn red, at the sight in front of him.

*Look away!*

She is temptation at its finest, and he wants nothing more than to press his lips against her very soft and plump ones, and he thinks he is about to, as he leans a little closer, but she sits up abruptly.

“I- W-we should go back.” There is a tremor and a stammer in her voice, as she dusts off her dress and he follows suit— just now noticing the sand sticking to his own clothes as well.

*Great.*

The walk back to the tent is awkward to say the least as they avoid any sort of eye contact, and Mikasa is sort of lingering behind him. There is a small mumble of goodnight from one of them— Eren doesn't even know who, as she ducks into her tent and he does the same with only one thought.

*Shit.*

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The atmosphere is thick as they narrate the proposal of Zeke's fifty year plan to their friends who weren't at the meeting. There is a lot of bickering, *some* shouting, *a lot* cursing and so on. Mikasa



massages her head as her body stays rigid in tension. There is a shuffle as Eren gets up abruptly before walking out of the room, and she and Armin exchange worried glances.

Without a moment's pause, she decides to follow him out. A moment later, she finds him sitting in the backyard with his head bowed down. There is a darkness brewing over his features, and Mikasa hates to see him like that. She doesn't announce her presence, as she takes a seat beside him. His knuckles are clenched tightly together, as she hesitates a second before placing her hand over his. A gentle but assuring touch to remind him that they are in this *together*.

They are survey corps after all. They have been prepared for disappointment, and suffered endless failures, but that *never* deterred their spirits.

"We will find out a way out of this." He doesn't say anything, but she can feel the anger and desperation coursing through his veins, as his jaw stays clenched.

"I am not sacrificing Historia."

"And neither will we, Eren." She tries to assure him, as his shallow breathing resounds in her ears. She wonders if he even registered her words, as silence settles far *too* long for her own liking, but then his voice booms in the thick curtain of night.

"How? Does anyone have a plan to avoid all this? Something which doesn't involve bloodshed." His voice becomes small, as he gets lost in the void again, and Mikasa contemplates his words.

"Bloodshed?"

"Nevermind." He releases her hold on the back of his palm, as Mikasa hugs herself, feeling lost. Things were certainly not as easy as they had thought it could be. For starters she doesn't trust Kiyomi a single bit. Doesn't matter if they share the same mother land, the woman is a bloodhound in a woman's disguise! Mikasa doesn't even want to know what plans her nation have for her. She is not abandoning Paradise and her friends. Ever!

Her hand unconsciously moves to the band-aid part of her wrist, as she sighed. Once upon a time she wanted to know the mysteries of her clan, but *now* not so much. She doesn't want to be associated with such people. Similar bloodline or not.

"You have an option to escape all this. You can go to Hizuru."

Eren's words interrupt her trail of thoughts, as she shoots him a look of disbelief.

"You can't be serious." His gaze stays fixed on the covered part of her hand, while he continues.

"You are a royalty, Mikasa. You will live a life of comfort there, and you don't even have to fight anymore."

After all these years, she still can't believe that he doesn't get it. Doesn't get *her*. Her teeth grits together, as she tries to control her anger.

"I don't want a life of comfort."

"You hate fighting."

"Do *you* want me to leave?"

"You will be safer there."

“Do you...*really* want me to leave?” Her voice is much softer now, as she turns to look at him searching for any sign that he doesn’t mean that, but his face remains passive, and she tries not to get overly emotional. She misses the days when he used to wear his emotions on his sleeves. His eyes narrating everything he felt, but now a shield has appeared there—making him unreadable.

“What if...they want me *only* to restore the shogun clan? Will you still say the same?”

Mikasa has a bad feeling that keeps nagging in the back of her head *especially* with Kiyomi's comment about her body, and the notion of her passing the tattoo to her future children.

Mikasa doesn’t want kids. Well...she only ever dreamt of having them with one person, but that scenario is *never* going to happen, so she has accepted this reality.

“I know you. No one can ever force you to do something you don’t want to.” And there is his answer.

That is it.

Right.

She knows that his words are supposed to be an appreciation for her unwavering tenor. That no one tells her what to do. But...

She gets up on her feet, and walks away without a word, keeping her tears at bay with utmost difficulty.

Will it hurt him to say just *once* that he doesn’t want her to leave. Or that he won’t let anyone use her like that. Sure, Mikasa can take care of herself but that’s not the point. It won’t hurt to hear it from him as well. It must sound silly to others, but she is still a young girl with feelings. How can Eren say that so casually? Will he not miss her at all? Is she that easy to get rid of?

These are the last thoughts running through her head, when she goes to bed that night. Next morning Mikasa is far more calm than the previous night, and decides to act as normally as possible. There are far bigger things to worry about at the moment. Eren’s dismissal of her isn’t something new anyways.

And that makes her heart sink a little. They are family, aren’t they? They are supposed to stick together through thick and thin.

*Till death do us part* is the only way Mikasa wants to ever part ways with him. If only he thought the same.

Eren isn’t anywhere to be seen the next morning, and a casual question to Sasha tells her that he went with the commander to meet Zackley and their queen. Of course.

That’s where his priorities lie. For Paradise.

Mikasa reminds herself that she is a soldier first and a person with emotions second. She has to suppress those feelings. She chants this throughout the rest of the day, but when her gaze falls on the letter Kiyomi has placed in her palm, after the meeting that day, she *finally* decides to open it.

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The week was a nightmare to say the least. In her sudden rush of anger, she decided to see what all the fuss was about, as she accompanied Kiyomi to her current base.

Mikasa even got to attend her first *ever* traditional dance, as she was stuffed in a fancy kimono *that's what it is called*, and she entered the high society. She has never felt that uncomfortable in her entire life. She was truly out of her element, as Kiyomi continued to parade her around announcing her as a royal blood, potential queen and so on.

Is this how Historia felt?

She can't imagine how this can be any fun. Five days of torture. But Mikasa is glad for her *own* peace of mind that she went. Now she knows what kind of things are expected from her there, and why she will never leave.

In this case curiosity *did* kill the cat.

Mikasa is bombarded by a series of questions when she returns— from Sasha, Hanji and Connie, and she being a person of few words tells them in less than five lines how much it all sucked. Armin and Eren are the last ones to greet her, as they were out running some chores, and she realizes, that Eren doesn't even have the courtesy to greet her, as he gives her a blank stare before turning to talk to Jean.

Fine. Two can play this game.

And this is how they both end up avoiding each other for the rest of the day. Even if someone notices that, they don't *dare* say anything.

"You left without a word."

This is the first thing he says to her later that evening when they stumble upon each other in the backyard. It seems like they have a knack of running into each other at odd hours.

"It's not like it matters to you."

His mouth falls open slightly, as he gives her a furious look.

"Did you leave just to get back at me?"

"You think pretty *highly* of yourself."

"Oh, I am sorry, my highness. You are right. That title belongs to you."

Mikasa has never wanted to hit Eren as hard, as she wants to right now. Is he serious? She hates the look of betrayal on his face, as if she is the one at fault.

"You told me to do *just* that! Why are you acting like this?"

"I didn't think you will actually consider that." An empty laugh escapes her throat, as her eyes narrow down to slits. The sheer audacity!

"Don't pretend you care." He takes a step forward at this, his eyes glaring down into hers, as she digs her nails in the inside of her palms, lest she ends up punching him.

“If that's what you think then *fine*.” He bits though his gritted teeth, his voice cold. “I don't care.” And the tears start to pool up in her eyes, as she blinks rapidly to keep them at bay— her temper finally getting the best of her.

“Fuck you.”

Mikasa doesn't think she has *ever* let out this crass word. The worst she ever said was bitch, but that's it. And then she is storming past him, with every intention of leaving, but she barely takes a step away when his hands come down to clasp on her forearm, and pulls her closer to him, so that their bodies are flushed together. She barely has time to register their closeness before she feels the soft but *firm* press of his lips on her own.

*Lips.*

*Eren*

*Kissing*

*Eren is kissing her*

WHAT THE HELL

The kiss is clumsy, and inexperienced, and she barely has time to take it in, before he is pulling back, and his eyes are *wide* and *shocked*. As though he can't register it himself, and then they are staring at each other, and Mikasa can't tell whose cheeks are more red, as they both struggle to find words.

But then Eren says he wants her to be by his side. That he *does* care, and it's like a myntra she chants in her head *over and over again*.

He cares. Of course he does. He says that he didn't think he would have to say it out loud. That it was an unsaid thing between them.

Because they have been together for most of their lives, and they don't need fancy words to express it. And she realises how stupid she is. In her fit of anger, she forgot the *very* essence of their relationship. Just being by each other's side has always been enough for them. Her face is still on fire when he shuffles his feet, and gives her an awkward look—seeming *too* overwhelmed by his own words and the kiss. *That*. She can practically feel the heat radiating off her skin, as she replays it over and over in her head. Mikasa thinks she hear him mumble a small goodnight, but she can barely hear anything over the loud drumming of her heart. Sleep doesn't come to her that night, as only one thing comes to her mind.

*Fuck*

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Eren doesn't know what *this* is. Whatever it is between them. He thinks that it has always been this way perhaps. *So you are family, but you aren't related, and you are not in a romantic relationship*. Someone actually said that to him once, and he remembers being flabbergasted over it. Why do people always need specific labels to define a relationship? Family is enough for them. Others

don't understand the nature of their bond, nor will they ever, but that's ok. His eyes dart to Mikasa's once again, as hers do the same, and a silent exchange passes between them, before she looks away with a flushed look.

### *Shit*

Ever since they *no* he kissed her that night, things have shifted between the two. No, there has been no repeat of that incident *heck* they are pretending that it didn't happen at all. Just like they pretended that Mikasa didn't try and kiss him two years ago.

Ok, that's a topic for another day. But there's something else. There has been many moments over past few weeks where their gazes will linger on each other far more than appropriate time, or their hands will *and he quotes* accidentally brush against each other a lot.

It's very subtle, but there is a shift, and it scares Eren. He is too terrified to acknowledge it.

His thoughts have been filled with Mikasa a *lot* more than necessary. The night terrors getting replaced with dreams, he can't even reminisce without feeling like a giant pervert.

### *This is bad.*

He has decided to tread on a path, Mikasa and the rest will never follow. Soon he will meet up with Yelena and Floch, and start his descend down that dark stairway. He can't drag Mikasa into his mess.

But...

His eyes once again wander to her and her sweet smile, as she listens to something Armin says, and Eren realises he is fucked.

He is having difficulty getting rid of those cluster of feelings taking homage in his heart.

### *Selfish*

"Once. Just once I want you to return from your training without suffering injuries like this."

Mikasa chastises him, as the steam from his healing fingers emit out, and he just smiles.

"You can't expect the Captain to not do any harm, can you?"

"You should have trained with me instead. I would never do this."

"That's exactly why." He teases, but she doesn't seem amused, as she just stares at him with her lips pressed in thin line. Mikasa often has the tendency to hold her punches against him, and if he wants to get better at defense, he has to learn from the best.

"You worry too much." He adds this in a serious tone— his hand clasping her fingers subconsciously, as she looks at him.

"Someone has to." And then he is matching her stare, and they are locked in *yet* another of those eye contact, but this time they are too close, and Eren wonders what would happen if he were to try his luck again? Feel those lush lips against his own?

### *Greedy.*

Yeah, maybe he is. But so what? Will it really be that terrible if he acts on that feeling?

*Feelings.*

It's Mikasa he is talking about. He can't play with her heartstrings like that. There are real emotions involved here. Things can get complicated. He can't pursue anything with her. There is no use in doing that, when they have no future.

He realises that he has been staring at her over the past few seconds, and looks away. But barely a second passes when he feels a soft pair of lips pressed into his own. It's a feather light touch—filled with *uncertainty* and a tinge of *fear*, and then she is pulling back staring at him with those wide almond eyes. He realises it's because he didn't return it, and she seems petrified now, as she is struggling to face him, when he gets her attention. "We can't do that..."

"I- Yeah. You are ri-right. I don't know what came over me, I—" She is blabbering now as he shakes his head, and gives her sleeve a gentle tug with *hey* and then she is staring at him, and he wants to take away those fears.

He is speaking without thinking, and Eren knows it's a bad idea, but he can't bear to see the crestfallen look on her face.

"I didn't mean it like that. I- umm like this too." *Faint blush.* "But, we are not in any state to pursue this formally. To put a label—"

"I didn't imply that. Is it necessary to give it a name?" She is the one blushing now, as the notion of her words is left hanging in the air. Will it hurt to just love in the moment, and not worry about the norms? To pursue this? Something to *just* get rid of whatever tension is brewing between them? A way to forget about their problems, and let lose. A distraction. He can't believe that such words came out of her mouth. His *innocent* Mikasa.

"You mean...we don't need to define *this*..."

"It is what it is." She fumbles with the hem of her shirt, as a battle starts inside his head.

"No expectations?" He has to be sure, he isn't misreading her or the situation. This is a bizzare circumstance. She has to know that he can't give her more. His time is limited. The rosy hue on her cheek dissipates, as a *barely* there smile makes its way on her face.

"No, Eren. You don't have to worry about it." He swallows. "We don't need fancy words, remember?"

Yes, he does. But this is not the context he thought, they will ever use it in.

*Say yes. You know you want to.*

**You know the repercussions of this can't be good. No, Eren.**

*Do you really want to hurt her like that?*

**Better than hurting her more afterwards.**

*You won't know it, unless you try. Life is too short to not take risks.*

Eren knows there are a lot of cons to his action—their bond can be permanently shattered if he takes that leap. He knows it will. Even if she assures him, she doesn't want more, there are feelings involved on *both* side. Atleast he thinks that. There is no way they will escape out of this unscathed, but...

*The only way to get rid of temptation is to yield to it.*

Fuck it.

And he closes the gap between them.

#### Chapter End Notes

Feedback is much appreciated.

# Zwei

## Chapter Summary

The two explore the newfound intimacy between them, whilst trying to hide their growing feelings for each other.

## Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all the positive response. I am lucky to have readers like you.

Ages:

Eren: 17

Mikasa: 17

“This is a temporary solution. What guarantee do we have that they won't break the term after Zeke's death-”

“So far we haven't been able to come with any alternative-“

“This will just be passing on the burden to our upcoming generation –“

“Some nations have already started working on weaponry superior to the Titan-“

Mikasa heaves a sigh of disappointment, as she hears the bickering between the members of military division. The meeting has been going on for past couple hours, but they haven't been able to come to any agreement yet. What is she even doing here in the first place? *Ahh* yes, Kiyomi is their main source to establish ties with other nations, Mikasa is being dragged into this since she might be the next representative of Hizuru.

*As if.*

Tilting her head slightly, she looks at Eren and finds him staring at the middle of the oakwood table—his lips drawn in a thin line; obviously displeased by the constant argument. She takes a quick look around the table, to check if anyone is looking at them *nope*, and let's her hand loose to place it over his thigh.

His head snaps down to her palm, and then her face, as she gives him an encouraging smile.

*I am here.*

And the effect is immediate, when his features relax a little. This whole thing has taken a huge toll on Eren as well, and she hates seeing him this sulle—

Mikasa barely holds back a yelp, when she feels the warmth of Eren's hand over hers. His fingers encircle the inside of her palm, drawing small circles over it, and she tries not to react.



This thing between them is still only few weeks hold, and Mikasa is *yet* to get used to it. She leans forward then backward, and tries not to let her cheeks turn red. Eren has intertwined their fingers together in a firm grip now, his eyes firmly planted on Zackley; seemingly unaffected unlike *her*. Or maybe he is just better at hiding his emotions, when they are in public eye.

Heat creeps up her neck, as she reminiscence their moments alone. Those stolen kisses, and whispered hushes, and the wandering of hands.

Mikasa doesn't know what came over her when she told Eren she wanted to pursue this. Maybe she wanted a connection with him— something *unique* only to the two of them. She isn't the kind of person to act selfless like this. This is surely a rare occurrence for her, but one she can't find in herself to regret.

She doesn't want to think about tomorrow, or the day after that. She just wants for *once* to live in the moment solely. Rather than spending the rest of their lives in regrets, and what *ifs* and suffering — she wants to make some beautiful memories together.

They are dismissed a couple minutes later, and she tries not to miss the warmth of Eren's hand over hers, as they leave the room. They walk side by side outside the HQ, when Eren's mouth comes to her ear, and he lets out a quick whisper of *meet me in the store room of old tower* before he is trotting ahead in hurried steps. The anticipation of what's about to come makes Mikasa nervous, as she rubs the side of her neck. It takes her a few minutes to reach there because she doesn't want to raise any suspicions *lest* someone saw Eren going there, and her heading there immediately afterwards. There are enough rumors as it is.

The heavy door makes a low creak sound, when she pushes it open, and squints her eyes to adjust to the low lighting.

Eren is leaning next to the wall adjacent to the door, as their eyes meet. Mikasa wonders if she is the only one who feels ripple of electricity running through her being at that.

“Hey.”

“Hi.” She whispers back, before locking the door, as he makes his way over to her, and pauses just an inch away. Her pulse rate picks up, when he brushes a lone strand of hair falling in front of her face.

“Your hair is getting longer.” A murmur leaves his lips, and Mikasa knows that. Her hair has reached past her shoulder blade now, and she has to use the hair tie to keep it in place.

“So is yours.” She retorts in a playful manner, to which Eren just smiles, and god she loves that little crinkle of his mouth. She won't admit it but the long hairstyle suits him. He looks more mature, and handsome like that.

His calloused fingers caress her cheek— her scar in particular, as he leans down. He has gotten taller than her now— another trait depicting his growth. The first touch of their lips is slow and gentle, they repeat the action again and *again* until Mikasa is wrapped around him. She parts her lips to deepen the kiss, while his arms wrap around her middle to bring their torsos together.

They have gotten better at this, *the kissing business* she means, as their mouths move in sync— eager to explore and taste each other. There is no more clashing of teeth, or awkward nose bumps anymore, having gotten enough practice now. A low moan slips past her lips, when his hand accidentally brushes the underside of her breast. He breaks apart from her whispering an apology, and she shakes her head. *It's ok. I don't mind.* His eyes widen at that, and Mikasa herself is taken aback by the boldness of her statement. They haven't done anything past making out, and even

then Eren makes sure to never touch her in places she might be uncomfortable with. His hands never wander down her waist, or above her torso, and she adores him all the *more* for it.

“Are you sure?” He asks her again, and she can’t help herself, so she places a long drawn kiss over his mouth, before nodding encouragingly. She won’t lie, and say that she hasn’t thought about taking things further with him. Kissing solely isn’t enough for her now.

“You can touch me...wherever you want.” Her voice comes out more thicker than usual—want evident in her tone, and she sees that need mirroring in Eren’s eyes as well. He crashes his mouth over hers—more desperate, needy and all consuming, as Mikasa digs her fingers into his scalp returning it *just as* fervently. And then he is trailing his kisses down her jaw and to her neck, while his hand cups her left mound slowly, and she bites her lips.

*Goodness.*

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Eren shuts his left eye, and cocks the rifle—taking aim for the dart, before shooting. The bullet lands on the upper left corner of the wooden piece of frame, as he exhales. This rifle is far more advanced than the one used by the interior police when he was kidnapped. They are slowly getting accustomed to the modern technologies of the outer world. This is one among the dozen other things they are becoming familiar with now—like the newly started construction of rail road. They have spent most of their lives as ignorant fools. The world is far more vast and ahead than them, and they are just now beginning to catch up.

A flash of blood running down the stream of city appears in front of him, as he shuts his eyes.

*People running and screaming.*

*Terrified wails of young children.*

*A young boy being crushed.*

Eren let’s out a groan of frustration—dropping the gun on the ground, as it gets difficult for him to breath again. No matter how many times he sees those memories, it never gets easier. They are like a dark cloud looming in his conscience, and appearing to the surface at most random times like *now*.

There is a heaviness weighing down his heart, when he thinks of his actions in the future. He wants it to change. *Badly*. But so far, they haven’t been able to come up with a single solution.

Zeke’s fifty year plan is out of the question. He won’t let this cycle of endless suffering continue. He needs to find a solution once and for all.

*Complete annihilation*

He shakes his head pushing those thoughts away, he trots inside the local camp. His friends are already gathered there together, whilst tasting some of Nicolo's food. His face immediately lights up when he finds Mikasa there as well.

## Mikasa

They have gotten a lot closer now, and Eren wonders how did he go before this without her taste and touch. Nowadays, the only thing which brightens up his mood is looking forward to spending *alone* time with her. She takes away all his pain and worries, if *only* for a little while.

“Eren! There you are.” Armin calls out grinning at him, as he blinks and walks towards his friends. He is then forced to taste the dish Nicolo has cooked; a spoonful of it. *Delicious*. He tells the young chef the same, who expresses his gratitude then turns to talking with Sasha who is listening curiously to the recipe he narrates.

His eyes dart to Mikasa once again, and he frowns when he sees her engaged in a conversation with Jean. Eren doesn't like this feeling. He has seen the way Jean looks at her, and it increases the tightness in his chest. It's different from how Armin or Connie looks at her. It's similar to how Eren *himself* sees her, and that's why it bothers him.

“Mikasa?” He calls out, and she finally glances at him, and Eren doesn't miss the way her eyes shine *just* a bit, and that gives him satisfaction.

Only he can elicit that response from her.

He motions her to follow him out, and she does so without *why* or *what*. The urge to reach out to her, and gather her in his arms is strong, but he keeps his hands to himself as they stroll by the narrow track of the railway.

“What is it?”

“Do I need a reason to spend time with you?” He cocks his eyebrow towards her, as a small *ooh* leaves her mouth.

“I thought you wanted to...” She shrugs her shoulder, and he gets the unsaid message, as he pause to stare at her.

“That's not the only reason I want to spend time with you.” Great. *Now* she blushes, but when he was sucking on her nipples yesterday, she only encouraged him for more. Before that sight can arouse him any further, he decides to distract them.

“Spar with me.” That seems to do the trick, as the dusty rose from her cheek disappears, and she leads him to an empty ground. They both get in the position before Eren counts *one, two, three*, and then it's a blur of rapid movement as they attack each other. He manages to sweep her off her feet once, but she is as nimble as a cat— pushing him away, and getting back on her feet. Their hands get locked in a series of *push* and *pull*, but he manages to free himself, and traps her in an armlock—fingers lingering on the outline of her toned abs through her shirt.

And then she is countering him, her hand grabbing at his arm, and it's oh so different from the time she rakes it down when they are—

Her lips are *almost* touching his jaw, as their eyes meet, and it's a lava combusting as desire streams through his veins *wanting* to explore her. But it seems like she doesn't share his idea, when she twists his arm, and traps him in front.

## Helpless

“Is this all you have got?”

He wonders if she *aims* to make her voice that suggestive before he is breaking free, and landing a blow on her. This routine goes on for *quite* a while, and Eren doesn't bother counting the amount of times, she overpowers him in process. There is a slip in his guard for *just* a moment, and Mikasa being Mikasa slams him on the ground, gaining the upper hand.

"Give up." She *commands*, refusing to let go of his wrist, as Eren gets lost in trance.

*Mikasa on top of him. Her sweaty body taking control of him, as she moves—*

"Yield, Eren!" It's his time to blush, as he mutters a low *surrender*, and she gives a triumphant smile still not getting up.

"Umm, do you mind?" He asks, doing his best to stop the blood rushing south, but fails, when he feels his length coming alive.

Mikasa is seated on top of it, and he wonders how long will it take her to—

*Not too long.*

It's a slow realization, as her smile disappears, and she looks down then *into* his eyes, then down again, before practically leaping off his frame.

*Shit. Now she probably thinks he is a bloody pervert.*

"I am sorry. I should have known." She curls her hair behind her hair, as he gets up, rubbing the back of his head.

"No umm, that was inappropriate of me. Sorry."

It's comical *almost* that they are involved in that kind of relationship, and *yet* they become a blabbering mess now. It seems like Mikasa has a similar thought as him, as she bites back her amusement, and he can't help but join in, and they share a smile which holds their secret, before retreating back to the base.

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Midnight eyes stare blankly at the neatly wrapped up boxes scattered over her bed, a groan slipping past her lip. If Hizuru thinks they can buy her off, they have got another thing coming. Materialistic things have never tempted Mikasa before, and they sure as well won't do now.

"Are you sure, you want to send all of them away?"

Eren asks whilst lounging on her bed, as she pauses and narrows her eyes at him.

"Yes, I am pretty sure, Eren."

"It's just present from one of your kin." She shoots him a condescending look as she places the items in the cardboard box. He won't understand this, but it's a matter of her pride. Her value isn't that less that she can be bought off with a few expensive items. They are *dazzling* she has to give them that, but shallow. It's reeking of wealth and overdone superiority. She has always been a person of simple nature, she sure isn't changing now. She also doesn't understand why Eren

pushes the Hizuru thing so much on her. She thought she made it clear, she wants nothing to do with them, but he can't seem to get it.

"If I accept this one thing, I will be owing them, and I don't want that. I don't want to go there. Ever."

The expression on his face remains unchanged, as she shuts the box with an annoyed sigh.

*All done.*

"Come here." He gestures with her hand, and after a moment of comprehending she *finally* makes her way towards him, and takes his hand. He urges her to lie next to him, and she snuggles up to his frame— her head planted on his shoulder as a soft *mhm* resounds from her throat.

His fingers absent-mindedly run through her scalp, and she tries not to notice how good it feels. Feeling herself relax, she wraps herself around him more intimately until they are a mesh of arms and legs.

*Thump thump*

Her hand rests over his chest, and for reasons unexplainable, she absolutely loves the gentle drumming of his heart. It tells her that he is alive. Still in her arms. *Breathing.*

For now.

Her chest tightens with pain, and she tries to forget that his days are numbered. But they live in a cruel world, so who knows, maybe she may end up dying first.

But still.

"Do you think there is a way for the titan curse to end?" His fingers stop their gentle massage on her head, as she peers up and finds him staring at her.

"Why this sudden question?" A casual roll of her shoulders is her answer, while she traces patterns over his heart.

"I thought maybe your memories might have something regarding that." She doesn't receive any response for a long time, and wonders if she has caused him pain reminding him of that but then she hears the rich tremor of his voice.

"Not really."

She tries to ignore the wave of disappointment that envelops her. What did she even hope? *Hope.* That word in itself is a curse to them, because they can never hope. Never hope for a desirable future.

*Six years*

Or even less. That's how much time they have left together, provided the world forces don't attack them first. She swallows back the pain which rises up her throat. It's no use. Crying won't solve anything. She doesn't want to spend their remaining time wallowing in misery. It's easy t—

She jumps when she feels Eren's feather light touch on her sides. Turning her head, she gives him a look, and spots a hint of something mischievous behind his irises, before he is running his hand down her torso again— forcing a laugh out of her.

“Eren! No...” But he refuses to listen as he tickles her neck, and then she is laughing wholeheartedly letting out a snort, trying to push him away. Her pleas get dissolved in her cackles, as he brings his left hand to stroke her neck in the same manner. Mikasa throws her head back, dissolving in fit of laughter, while simultaneously trying to wriggle free of him, but no use. She is grinning like a child when he finally let’s go, and his own face is beaming, when he bends down to kiss her, and Mikasa realizes that this is his way of distracting her from the painful thoughts.

*Thump thump*

The beating of her heart picks up the speed.

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“Because *you* are important to me...more than anyone else.”

His eyes rest on Mikasa, and his blush darkens—he has probably never said something so outright bold, regarding the matters of his heart before. Sure, it’s meant for all of his friends, but the emphasis is on this beautiful creature in front of him. She is creeping up her way into his heart *more* and *more* each passing day, making him wish for the things which aren’t possible. He loves the sound of her laughter, or the little crevice in her chin when she is in deep thought, and the way the skin around her eyes wrinkle up when she is confused about something.

*Shit*

He isn’t supposed to think of her this much. It’s not natural. It’s ridiculous. He is behaving like a love sick boy— a term he wasn’t even familiar with a while back. If he goes ahead with his plan, he will have to abandon Mikasa. She will hate him, oh *yes* she will. He doesn’t even know, if he will make it out of it alive or not.

Doesn’t matter, everyone will despise him by then anyways. It will be easier for him to die then. It will be easier to cut ties with her now, and push her away. The hurt will *only* get worse if he delays the obvious.

But...

He is becoming selfish. Selfish for *her*. He is a selfish person when instead of heading to his own chamber, he follows Mikasa to hers.

He is like a lost puppy who has found the object of his desire, when he follows her to the bath. Their nose brushing together, as she teases him, ignoring his lips, when he darts for a taste. She is getting more and *more* relaxed and comfortable around him now. No more shy, or turning red when he discards her clothes one by one.

A throaty moan leaves her when he kisses up the length of her spine. Her underwear is the only piece of clothing covering her up, when he hooks his fingers over its corner. There is a dire urge to explore more of her.

“Eren...” He just gives her a passionate kiss in response, silently asking her if he can continue. A nod is the affirmation he needs, when he bends down and peels of her last clothing. He doesn’t know how this works, having only heard it during his training days from the bunker boys. They *did*

get a class regarding the sexual education, but it didn't cover *this* detail. It was more of a textbook teaching regarding the functioning of their body.

There is a small patch of hair above her opening, but the rest of the skin is smooth, and bare, as he kisses up her inner thighs. Making its way to her opening, he leaves occasional kisses here and there on her soft skin. Mikasa is a sight to behold— her hairs cascading down her shoulders all disheveled, the muscles of her abs contracting, and relaxing while a lovely red colors the pale skin of her chest. He rubs little circles on the nub in the center, and feels Mikasa clenching her legs together.

He is eager to know what pleases her when he lowers his mouth to her opening, *almost* getting crushed by her toned thighs, as she reacts. He asks her how fast, or how slow he should go, and where she likes being touched more. It takes him a while, but he gets *acquainted* with her sensitive spots soon—his tongue lapping her up to bring her to *that* edge. And then she is moaning loudly, her mouth open in an *o*, as he reaches her depth. Her hands fist his hairs roughly, and then she is spasming with shivers, as she nears her sweet release.

He is *quite* satisfied with himself, for succeeding in that, as he was scared it will all be in vain.

“Eren, your face.” Mikasa wrinkles her nose in disgust, before turning up the water, and cleaning him up.

*She is so silly.*

And then they are wrapped in an embrace, and it's just another step forward in *this* thing between them.

“Bath with me.” She asks no commands him, but he shakes his head, because if he were to bare himself as well, then he will want to do things which might be too overwhelming for her. He silently passes her the message why he can't, and she twists her mouth in frown.

“Maybe...I want you to.” She is *absolutely* wicked when she says that looking at him like this, and he has to suppress a groan, as he lets go off her.

“Not yet.” Her face turns sullen in displeasure, and he can't help but smile, before unlocking their fingers and letting go.

And he wonders how will he make up his mind to let go when the time comes. But if he don't...

*They will die. Mikasa will die.*

And he can't let that happen, and this is the only encouragement he needs, when he first makes the contact with Yelena next day. A simple letter asking her to meet him soon, is delivered to her as he waits.

The countdown to his downfall has begun.

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Mikasa won't say that she is a smart woman, not like Armin or their commander, but she *still* likes to think of herself as somewhat of an intellectual.

But lately, she is not sure if that term can apply to her at all. If she were a better woman, she will start putting distance between herself and Eren. She will put an end to this frivolous affair, because she is falling for him. Anyone who says that you can separate physical and emotional bond is either a liar, or they haven't found their *own* Eren.

*No expectations*

That's what Eren told her that day, before the course of their relationship changed forever.

It's getting more difficult with each passing day to not think of the what ifs, and a future. What if there exists a way to end this curse? What if they escaped somewhere far away? When you get a little taste, you only want more of it, and before you know it, you have this deep urge to consume it in its entirety.

That's how she feels nowadays.

But she is too scared to speak her mind, lest she loses what they have as well, so she settles for what she *can* get.

“Mi-Mika-“ It's a groan that leaves his mouth, when her lips trace that sensitive spot behind his ears. His pleas a melody to her, as she nips and bites his flesh. The urge to hear him like that becoming urgent, as her hand disappears under his shirt, and runs through the hard ridges of his muscles. Heat flushes through her veins as she touches him everywhere. *More*. She wants more of him, as her tongue licks the trail down his neck, and her fingers rest on the hem of his shirt— her eyes *silently* asking. The pool of those amber eyes darken, as he gives his affirmation, and it's only a matter of time before she is discarding the bothersome material over his head, and running her hands and lips and teeth and tongue over his upper body. He tastes like forest and earth, and she is eager to explore all of him, and it's in that moment that her hand lands over the loop of his pants.

His hands immediately come to rest over hers—a glimmer of nervousness and a plea of *excitement* brewing. “Mikasa...”

She wants to do it.

“Its ok. I want to.” Because she doesn't want him to be the only one *giving* and *giving*, while she remains unmindful to his pleasure. Any other whisper of protest dies on his lips, when she undoes the button, and slips her hand inside. There is a tremor in her palm, as she is afraid of doing something wrong, but then she feels Eren's lips pressing into hers as his hand once *again* runs through her scar, and he assures her it's ok. She doesn't have to do it. He is content like that, but Mikasa *does* love to prove others wrong.

A *hiss* leaves his throat, when she grabs his length massaging it slowly, while he buries his head in the crook of her shoulder. His low moans a delicacy for her, as she repeats the motion again and *again* until she feels him grow completely in her palm.

And the next second, she is falling on her knees, as the thought of *its big* floats in her head, and it fills her with a greed for something more primal. Her tongue wets her lips, when she looks up at Eren, and finds his eyes heavy with desire, his teeth nipping at his upper lip, chest heaving up and down, and his callused fingers running through her hair.

*He wants this.*

And her tongue licks his tip slowly, and she cups his balls, and a *hnnn* with a low rumble leaves his lips. She loves that noise, and so she takes *more* of him in her mouth— the taste foreign and



strange but it's Eren so she wants this. And it takes a while before she actually gets the hang of it—asking Eren how deep she should go, or hard she should fondle his balls. He is left a blubbling mess when she takes him deeper into her throat, and the next moment she is being lifted off, as he kisses her fiercely, almost knocking her off her feet. It takes her *three* seconds before she is pushing him further into the wall—her tongue ravishing the insides of his mouth. Her hand strokes him up and down *faster* and *harder* as a lustful moan is ripped from his throat, and the very next moment she feels the gooey stickiness running down her hand, as his mouth leaves her, and his hot breath fans her face. *Hnnn ughh* or something along the lines of those incoherent syllables leaves his pouty mouth, as he empties himself in her palm. The muscles of his back starts to relax as he comes down from his high, leaning his head against her forehead, while Mikasa retracts her hand.

“Shit. Your hand is—“

“Shhh.” She silences him—bringing her messy hand to her mouth, and his eyes widens. It won't hurt to try, right? She licks off her index finger—the taste warm and salty.

“Fuck! Mika, that's gross.” There is a red tint over Eren's cheek and nose, and she can't help but smile.

*He looks adorable.*

“You did the same.” She reminds him of their escapades a week ago, whilst cleaning the rest of it with a tissue paper, as Eren buttons up his pants. Few days ago Mikasa won't have mustered the courage to do this, but with each passing day she is getting bolder and more at *ease* around him. At this point, both of them have seen each other naked anyways. She likes to believe that their bond has gotten more stronger now. They share something which is only *theirs*.

Mikasa likes to think she is brave, but in reality she is a coward. Because she knows that she will *never* tell Eren what she truly desires. She doesn't want to lose him. She will pretend that she doesn't want more from him. She has to be content with just *this*.

*Family? What kind of family is that?*

*Are you two siblings?*

*So you are always together, but you are not a couple?*

She has heard more things than she can remember by countless number of people. People don't understand the nature of their relationship, and they don't have to. Mikasa knows that Eren gets it, and so does she, and that's enough.

And as he turns to leave her room, but pauses, and then turns to her with those soft eyes, and warm smile, she realizes that's enough. She can spend the rest of their lives pretending that she doesn't feel a certain way about him, or that *this* isn't something deeper than she lets on. What she can't say, she makes sure to show it through her actions.

His lips press over hers in a chaste kiss— something which *only* lovers do, but they are not lovers. They are just Eren and Mikasa, and she has to accept this reality.

They are just two troubled souls finding solace in each other's company, looking for an escape from their difficult situation. No, they won't get married or have children, or build a future together, because their world is *that* cruel. But it's also beautiful, because she *did* meet someone like Eren, who filled the void in her life, with his mere presence.

And maybe... just *maybe* this is enough.

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