

## Doomed

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## Doomed

by [Sharinganblossoms](#)

### Summary

"It's never going to be right for us. We don't have a future together..." His words were cruel, but deep down she knew he was right.

In which Mikasa seeks out Eren for some answers but ends up getting more than she bargained for.

### Notes

Canon divergence between 105-106

## PART I

Three hours.

Hundred and eighty minutes.

Ten thousand and eight hundred seconds.

That's how long it has been, since they landed back to Paradise. Back after wrecking havoc on Liberio.

Mikasa wiped her tear stained cheek properly, as she tiptoed her way into the shower. Hesitant grey eyes landed on the reflection in front. The face was so familiar yet it seemed like she was looking into a stranger's eyes. Those dark irises were an empty abyss now. They had seen too many life lost—family, friends, comrades. Mikasa remembered the time when she used to smile and be carefree, and thought that the world was a beautiful place. The good old times when her mother and father were alive, and she used to do gardening with her father, or sewing with her mother.

It was before everything.

Before *him*.

Blood still splayed over the side of her cheek and trailed down the hollow area above her collarbone, as she brought her soap laced hands to wipe it off.

Sasha's blood.

She had held her dear friend's lifeless form close to her all the way back home, burying her head in the brunette's shoulder blades and sobbing silently to herself. It was a nightmare. It had to be. How could Sasha leave them just like this? In the blink of an eye. After escaping all the elite soldiers, and the titans she got killed by a gunshot wound. And by the hands of young girl none the less!

Water poured over her face and ebbed a path down her naked body, as she rested her forehead against the wall. She tried to forget the faces of the countless civilians, lying buried under the debris. The faces of innocent children and elders. The face of her best friend. Clenching her fist, she slammed it hard against the brick wall, creating a dent into the wall surface. She had become numb to the pain now, as she watched her knuckle get bloodied.

WHY?

Why was life this cruel?

Why couldn't they lead a simple life without bloodshed, and death and hatred? Why were they born this way? Why were the eldians treated this way? Why did the first king bestow all that cruelty back then? Was it where it all began? Was there any way to change the past? Did the future have any hope or everyone was doomed to follow this cycle of hatred and cruelty?

Drying herself off, she got out of the tiny shower room, dressing herself quickly—panties then bra and buttoning up a regular shirt followed by a long skirt and—Her fingers wanted to reach out for it but...

She let the old scarf stay put over the couch, and draped the shawl around herself instead. *The air must be chilly at this time of night, it was better option anyways*, Mikasa convinced herself.

Sasha's funeral was supposed to take early morning tomorrow. Mikasa knew the sensible thing was to stay put in her room, and go to sleep. But she knew, she wouldn't be getting any rest—not anytime soon!

Not before she saw him.

She had so many questions. So many!

Mikasa knew she couldn't stay put if she didn't confront him herself.

Walking into the military headquarters so late at night, wasn't the most smartest thing to do, but here she was. The soldiers didn't question her *what was she doing here so late?* Most of them stayed out of her way because they feared and respected her. Well...it was mostly fear and for once Mikasa was glad for the picture they painted of her inside their head.

Eren had been taken for interrogation, as soon as they were back. He was still either in the interrogation room, or he had been shifted to his cellar. She had heard Levi say that there's where he would be spending the rest of his time until the higher ups decided what punishment to bestow upon him.

But she didn't even have to ask him further to know the answer. She knew Zackley would feed him to someone else, if Eren didn't co-operate with them. She knew how the politics worked here. They didn't see Eren as a human. To them, he was just a tool. A means to an end. He was the humanity's savior until he was following all their orders obediently—the second he went to invade Marley alone, he had become a liability.

The soft sound of her sandals clanking against the floor, resounded into the emptiness, as she walked through the narrow halls.

No matter what, she wouldn't let them hurt Eren. He had already been burdened a lot. He didn't deserve this. Yes, she hated his actions, and wished he had been honest with them, but still...

The only way to avoid any more chaos was to get Eren to talk. She hoped he had told them everything, and if not—then she would make sure he told her.

She rounded the corner and stepped down the stairs, making her way towards the tiny room when two guards blocked her way.

“Ackerman, no one is allowed to go in there.”

She gave the lanky guy a hard stare, eyes drifting towards the room then back to him.

*So, Eren was still there.*

“Are you trying to stop me?”

Mikasa wasn't the one to use her strength as a threat towards others, but she was left with no choice.

The uniformed men exchanged worrisome looks, mumbling among themselves, as she crossed her arms over her chest.

“We were ordered not to let anyone through. I ho-“

“He didn't answer their questions. Did he?”

Another silent exchange passed between the two, as she took a threatening step forward, eyes narrowing down to slits, as she gave them her impeccable glare.

“One hour. That’s all I need with him. No one’s going to be back here this late anyways. I won’t breath a word about it to anyone, if you let me through. If you don’t, I will have to *force* you out of my way, and I don’t think your superiors will be happy to learn how easily you got your ass handed. They can’t punish me because they need me, but you-you people are easily disposable to them.”

In normal circumstances, she wouldn’t have stopped herself so low as to blurt these petty words, but time was ticking down faster and faster. In the long run she was doing what was needed for all of them. If she could make Eren talk. If...

There was a beat of silence, and few more exchanged looks before one of them nodded, and they asked her to follow them. Inserting the key into the door, she watched as the rusty metal door creaked open in front of her.

“One hour. And not a second more!”

One of them shouted behind her, as Mikasa ignored it and walked in.

Her heart suddenly felt ten pounds heavier, and that jittery thing she felt only when she was around him, was back into her chest.

Darkness gloomed over the ancient structured space, drowning her in, and making the nervousness behind her eyes more palpable. Her almond eyes squinted to make sense of the place, looking for a source of light, as the door shut close behind her, and she was locked in.

All alone.

With him.

After few seconds of gaping, her eyes started adjusting to the darkness, the moonlight from crooked metal bars of a window serving as the best source of light here. And under that luminescent glow, she found Eren sitting hunched over on the edge of *what seemed to be* an old rusty bed.

He made no move to address her presence, as she took careful short steps in his direction. There was a lamp placed on the tablestand, and Mikasa lit it up to look at him properly.

He was staring at a spot between his thighs- his once lively forest eyes devoid of any emotion, as she felt her heart break into two.

*Oh, Eren.*

She observed that he was still dressed in the same clothes from before, looking rougher on edges. There was a plate and glass of water placed beside him—empty she noted and she was glad that atleast they weren’t starving him, *not yet*.

She could hear the hollow sound of her feet clicking against the wooden floor, as she took tentative steps in his direction-he still didn’t look up.

Fidgeting with her fingers, she waited *one two three four* seconds before leaning down on her knees in front of him. And finally *finally* his eyes landed on hers, and Mikasa tried not to shiver under their intensity. He always had this unique way of rendering her motionless with *that one*

look!

*What am I to you?*

Their last conversation lingered close to something personal, something different, something *oh so* intimate, that Mikasa had become speechless—a bumbling idiot! And the way his eyes had softened back then, his pupils expanding just a bit and his face—*that look*! She still remembered everything clearly. Maybe that's why she felt this weird sensation on facing him again.

Conversation in the battlefield was a different thing than...whatever this was.

Her fingers edged closer to his calloused hands, and before she knew it, she had gently placed her palm over his much larger ones.

“Did you tell them everything?” She wanted to slap herself, shaking her head inwardly at the stupid opening question. She could have asked just about anything! Now he must think she was sent to inquire him.

*Stupid stupid, Mikasa*

“No.”

He answered shortly, growing interested in that same spot in floor from before, as she tried not to let out a sigh. *Just as I thought*. This was going to prove to be difficult.

“You could have been honest with me, atleast. Or Armin. Have we given you any reason to doubt us, in all these years?”

No response. Nothing. So she continued on.

“We could have figured out something. Armin is smart, he could have come up with a plan which didn't involve all the chaos that was created. Something which the militar—“

“The military couldn't come up with shit in past years. I am done playing their puppet, so spare me the dramatics.”

His voice came out gruffy— indicating he was not pleased with them in the least. Not that Mikasa could blame him. It was true.

They hadn't done anything useful since they discovered the truth. But it's not like they had any other choice. If they didn't follow their orders then...

“Eren, if you don't co-operate with them now, they will feed you to someone else. You know this!” Her voice rose just a decibel at the end, as she watched him remove his hand *with a haste* from her grip. Mikasa tried to remove the crack it caused inside her barely put together heart, as he got up and walked away from her.

*So it was like this.*

“Sasha died today. Her death will be worthless, if you became a fodder. There has to be something to prevent this.” He didn't reply, choosing to look out of the tiny window instead, as she got up too, turning to face him.

“Is there any other way, something which we can help with? Just te—”

“Its none of your concern.” He answered snippily, his tone relaying that this conversation is over.

But Mikasa has known him for years, and if he thought that he could push her away like that, he had another thing coming.

She boldly walked over to him, grabbing his arm and turning him sharply to face her, as she noticed the indifference and a *slightly there* frown embedded on his face.

“None of my concern? Do you think I am going to sit quietly, and let them do whatever they want to you?” His jaw clenched at her words, as he looked outside for a second before turning his eyes back on her.

“Why?” His voice was a whisper, as she stared up at him full of confusion. Why what? He took a step forward and *another and another* as Mikasa felt the air around her suffocating her now. Her cheeks *dare she say it* burned as he stood an inch away from her.

“Why do you care so much about me?” Every atom in her being was ready to combust, with the heaviness of that question. Why indeed? She stepped back to out distance between them—to be able to breathe again, because this was *too much* so sudden!

“Is it only because I am *family*?” He repeated her words back to her, and she could have sworn he split out that last word with a little bit of disdain, or was it with pain, or perhaps she was just overthinking. His expression was a bit tense, but she knew she had his whole attention now.

“This is not the appropriate time to ask such questions.” She tried to answer as smoothly as she could, not meeting his eyes as she heard a soft chuckle from him.

“When is the right time then? You said so yourself, I can die any moment, right? Can you be honest with me before that?” His beautiful face was twisted in anger as his ember eyes bored into hers, and she found unable to look away. He entrapped her, intoxicated her with his presence.

“I won’t let them hurt you.”

“That’s not what I want to hear, Mikasa.”

Why? Why did he have to bring this up now of all the times? She had come to discuss about more important stuff right now *not matters of her heart*!

“I answered you that months ago, I believe.” She swallowed. The lie slipping out of her lips smoothly, as she tried to look anywhere but at him, but you see—that was impossible. Eren demanded attention whenever he was in the room. He just had this aura about her. He was like a flame and Mikasa was drawn to him like a moth. What a tragedy it was *indeed* for her poor heart!

“Right. Family. Care to elaborate that?” What was wrong with him? She was supposed to be the one asking questions not him!

“Why would I answer your question if you can’t answer mine?” She retorted, noticing the way his hairs flew gently with the cool breeze from the outside. Even with those haggard clothes, and messy hairs, and unkempt beard framing his face—he was beautiful. And it’s then Mikasa realises he was dangerous. Dangerous for her heart.

“You can leave then. I have nothing else to say to you.” His tone was back to being emotionless as before, and she could feel him slipping away from her grasp once more, shutting her out, closing himself off!

She grabbed his arm, stopping him from pushing her away once again, as his eyes wandered to the

place where she had grabbed him, before moving up to her. Why was he being this difficult? Why couldn't he just answer her properly for once without pushing her to the edge?

"Why are you being like this, Eren? Please, let me help you." She was scared. She was scared of losing him too *so soon* after Sasha's death. She couldn't bear to lose anyone else now *especially* not him! He would take her soul away with him, leaving any empty carcass of a human behind. Four years...

He still had four years, and she would make sure nothing happens to him, before that at least.

"You shouldn't have come down here."

"I needed to see you."

He tries to remove her death grip on his arm, but it was useless. Mikasa didn't go through all this trouble only for him to push her away again.

"Let me go."

"No." She wouldn't. Not like this. Because there was a dreadful part inside her whispering that things were going to change abruptly soon. And not for the good. She could already see *her* Eren had turned into a completely different person now.

"Why? Why can't you let me be, Mikasa? Why? Just leave..." The vein in his neck, became obvious as he sighed heavily, and she tried to keep her tears at bay. Growing a little courageous she inched closer to him, before wrapping her arms around his form from behind. Burying her head into his back, she tried to hold onto him for a while—she could feel him slipping away from her rapidly. There was just something which told her he would. She could feel him grow tense at this sudden display, but he kept quiet, letting her embrace him.

Her vision turned blurry, and she tried to blink away the tears, not wanting them to soak into the material of his shirt.

"I can't lose you..." She murmured, her voice a bit grave due to the few tears which had escaped her being in the past few seconds. Sasha's death had broken her, she hated this. Hated everything about their situation. Were they that horrible? Did god really hate them? Is that why they were doomed to suffer for eternity? Why co—

She almost jumped as she felt the warmth of his hands over hers, as his thumb circled over the back of her palm. Her cheeks grew warm, at his touch, and she let go off him, trying to slip her hand out of his grasp as he turned to face her. He looked lost, unsure as his eyes trailed down from her face to her neck before meeting hers once again.

*Is he wondering about the scarf?*

"Why can't you lose me?" His voice was a soft whisper, his eyes heavy with a strange emotion, and she felt the walls closing in on her once again.

"You know why."

*Did he though?* He was approaching her now, as she tried backing away. Why was he asking her all this now?

She didn't have much time to dwell on that, as he closed the distance between them, his body straying an inch away from her, as her face turned a bright shade of red. She tried backing away

once again but his hands cupped her cheek, rendering her unable to look away from those brilliant shade of green. From the warmth that only he could provide her with. And then he opened his mouth once again, and repeated those five words to her, which had haunted her dreams quite a few times when he was gone.

“What *am* I to you?”



## PART II

### Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for the lovely feedback on this one as well ♥. I really do have the best readers out there. You all are legit the sweetest!!!

This chapter is purely smut, but in a way it's different from my regular ones.

Hopefully, you will notice that, because this one is supposed to feel more of an emotional thing rather than just wham bam. You know what I mean?

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

What am I to you?"

Her lips parted, and she was sure that her eyes were wide like saucers now. That...again? She tried to form words, but they wouldn't come out as his eyes stayed on hers.

*Expecting.*

*Hopeful.*

She could hear her heartbeat clearly, *thump thump*, and wondered if he could too. Of course he could. He was right there. In front of her. His hand suddenly dropped from her face, as he took a step back, momentarily closing his eyes, as if trying to get a hold of himself. *No!* She didn't want him to wrap himself up in that impenetrable wall again.

"Don't..." She hadn't expected her voice to come out this soft, a feathery whisper, as he opened his eyes. His gaze darted from her eyes to the door, as he pressed his lips together.

"This...just forget it." He said, trying to dismiss her, and was about to turn his back, *not again*, as she grabbed and held onto his shoulders. A steel grip.

"I don't want to, Eren. I won't." She took a tentative step towards him. *Right leg first then left...* you can do this, Mikasa.

She saw his adam's apple bob up then down, as they engaged in yet another face off. He was so precious to her. Why does he even have to ask her that? He had to know she loved him. Everyone knew it, even though they didn't confront her directly. She was so so in love with him, that her heart ached for him. All she ever wanted was a normal life with him, away from death and pain and suffering an—

Her head clogged with Eren's natural scent, as he trailed a finger over her scar. His thumb running *once, twice, thrice* over it, as his eyebrows scurried, and he took in her face. She could feel his finger brush over her forehead, her nose, her lips she shivered here and paused right on her cheek.

*What is he doing?*

Her lips trembled slightly as she felt his hot breath fanning her face. *So close....*

Mikasa tried to form words, but she could barely string a syllable as her mind fogged with everything that was *him*. His hand trailed down from her cheek to her neck, before they played with

the end of her shawl, and she couldn't help but let out a shiver. His hand rested on the edge of the soft cloth, before she could feel him sliding it open like *someone unwraps a present*, but with delicateness and not the overwhelming urge with which a present is undone. Great.

She was now comparing herself to a present.

He really did leave her brain a gooey mess.

And before she knew it, the silky poncho was rustling down the ground ungracefully. Mikasa wrapped her arms around her subconsciously at the loss of the warmth, and felt exposed—*bare* to him even though there was still a layer of clothing upon her.

“Wh-What do you think you are doing?” She hated the way her voice had quivered, as he looks at her and she feels the urge to laugh, because he looks just as bewildered as her. As if saying, *yes I will like to know the answer to that as well*. His right hand fidgeted with the collar of her shirt, and she wasn't stopping him, even though she should. Growing bold, his palm smoothed down the crease of her shirt before streaming back down, from her shoulder blade to the length of her spine before *finally* stopping near her waist. Mikasa didn't realise how close they were, until she could make out every single eyelash of his vividly. *They are so long*. His lips inched near her ear, as she felt them hovering above her sensitive skin, and she could feel the goosebumps.

“You shouldn't have come here.” He repeated himself from before, but there was a difference in the manner in which he laid it out. His tone was huskier now as compared to before. Low and smooth so...unlike him. His eyes were a shade darker than she remembered, and Mikasa wondered if it had something to do with their present condition.

She gasped as she felt his lips on her neck, barely a ghost of touch but she could still feel their softness against her skin, and she tried not to collapse with the shock of it. *Oh god. Oh god, oh god. What is this?* But no words left her. Because a part of her...well most of her had imagined them in such an intimate scenario. She had. Multiple number of times. But that was all what it was. A fantasy an imagination. It was nothing compared to what the reality was hitting her with it now.

Eren's hand traced down the curve of her ass, and she almost *almost* yelped, before it was running down her skirt, as she shut her eyes, trying to ignore the way it felt. This was wrong. This was all wrong. But she couldn't speak as his hands gently bunched up her skirt, making contact with the bare skin and ran up the length of her thigh. *Is this really happening?* His lip had found a spot interesting down her neck, as she tried to breathe in. In and out. She was falling. Tumbling down fast.

“This is in-inappropriate...” She couldn't recognize her own voice which was nothing but a breathless scurry of words. It was a surprise she was able to speak at all! What was he doing to her? She had definitely not come down here for this. Whatever *this* was.

“Eren...” She was supposed to chastise him, but her own voice betrayed her, as she sounded like a *woman in heat* when he nibbled on her jawline, his fingers just an inch shy of her center. If he touched her *there* he would find out how wet she was, and she couldn't let that happen. She tried to close her legs, but he kept his hand firmly on her inner thighs, breaking away from her skin to stare into her hazed eyes. His own eyes mirrored the look in hers—a scorching heat shimmering below those bright irises and she couldn't look away from him. Her eyes darted towards his full lips begging to b—

“Ahhh...”

She let out a gasp as his finger slowly slid down the thin material of her panties. They had

officially treaded towards the forbidden ground now. He wasn't supposed to do that, and she wasn't supposed to like his hand near that place. His lips were hovering over hers, as she chewed on her bottom lip, trying to suppress her sound of delight when his fingers brushed against her sensitive area, playing with her as if she was an instrument. Getting familiar with her intimately. Her bundle of nerves were burning up, as he flicked it *twice*! Then continued to circle and play with it some more.

"Th-This is wrong." She reminded him, as his lips brushed against her *once*. He didn't.

"Someone can walk in..." Another brush, this time it lingered a second longer than before, making her heart *badump* loudly under her chest, as she pressed her thighs close, trying to ignore the way his finger felt so good tracing over her opening. *So good*. Her brain told her to stop, but her heart had a mind of its own, but even so....

"This isn't right..."

"Its never going to be right for us. You and me...we are doomed." His finger slid inside her, *fuckkkkk*, rendering her speechless, as she could barely keep her legs from falling. She tried to ignore the discomfort and pleasure it brought, as he tested the waters slowly *going in then out*, and his lips captured her once again. *Doomed*? She wanted to ask him what he meant, but the combination of his lips tumbling on hers —clumsily and fervidly, and the feel of his finger in and out left her brain blank. Empty.

*Just Eren. Just him.*

He broke apart resting his forehead against hers.

"We don't have a future together..." What did he say? His words were cruel, but deep down she knew he was right. She just knew. *And it hurt*. What future did they have, in this merciless world? None.

"We just have now." And that was it. Just like that. No other words needed. Because this time when he pulled her closer, and crashed his lips against hers, Mikasa returned it with equal fervor. He tasted so so good, and Mikasa knew that she wasn't supposed to enjoy this. That her friend had died just half a day ago and she should be mourning not engaging in such shameless rendezvous. But, there was an unexplainable pull, a *gravitational one*, which made her fall into him. Because he was the planet and she was his moon, *always being pulled towards him*.. His tongue demanded an entrance and she let him. Another finger joined in her heat, and she clutched his shirt tightly, leaning onto him for support or else—she would tumble down onto the floor.

Their teeths clacked against each other, as they tasted each other's insides, their mouths a sloppy mess of lip and tongue and saliva and it was not a pretty picture, but Mikasa had never felt as alive as she did in that moment. He was her oxygen. Every touch, every kiss made her feel more and more alive. For a moment, she forgot all about her pain and suffering and the harsh reality. No one existed for her but *Eren*. He was all she could see and taste and smell. He smelled faintly of blood and sweat and that wild musk of outside, and it made her head swirl a bit. She could feel a tingling sensation down there and she felt like something was coming. She broke apart from his lips, suddenly wanting to see and touch more of him. All of him! His finger slipped out of her, and she tried not to mourn its lose.

Her hands came to rest on his beating heart, *thump thump*, was it beating fast for her? Or was it just the adrenaline seeping through his veins? She let that thought slide, as his finger arched at a different angle inside her, drawing a whimper out of her. And then she was tugging at the button of his shirt. *Off!* She wanted it off. *All of it!* Shame would come later, but for now...for once she was

going to be selfish. To take what she really wanted. Her life was doomed to end with suffering only, so she was allowed to have this! She helped him unbutton his shirt, slipping it away from his chiseled body. Her eyes soaked in the gorgeous plane of his chest, his abs and his wide shoulders. When did he become such a man? It was just yesterday he was just a skinny kid, and then a *slightly less* skinny teenager. But this. This person in front of her was all grown up. From his built to voice to that beard donning his face, everything about him *screamed* man! And he was hers for now. She wanted him close, *so close*. She wanted to freeze this moment, and look at this beautiful person forever, but she was snapped out of her reverie, as his own hand came to remove her clothing.

*This is wrong.* She ignored the voice inside her head, as she let him discard her shirt, let him snap open her bra, let him put his mouth on her nipple, tugging and sucking and licking on her chest over and over again. Mikasa let out a noise, which was so unlike her, filthy even as his name slipped out *Eren*...She traced her own hand over his skin, over the rippling muscle of his bicep, of the hard planes of his abs—he felt so good. So right.

So warm, so intoxicating but most importantly hers. *For now.*

A scorching heat was engulfing her entire being, ready to combust her, as her lips traced a path down his delicious skin. His skin tasted like earth— forest and river and wild. *So like him.* Before she knew it, her fingers were playing with the loops of his pant, as he lifted her up, bringing their mouths together once again as she wrapped her legs around his waist. And she realised how safe, how right, she felt with him.

They fit. *Somehow.*

They were two puzzle pieces, coming together, as they worshipped each other. Her hands and lips were everywhere—*his nose, his jaw, his ear, his lip, his abdomen, that deep v, those back muscles.* While his got acquainted with her breast, *over and over again.* And Mikasa realised he really liked them. And that spot behind her neck, where he had left his marking and of course her scar. He licked the whole length of it, before placing a gentle kiss on it—so opposed to the passionate and rough kisses he laid everywhere else!

He wasn't as vocal as her, but he did let slip her name out once and that long drawn *fuckkk* from his mouth left her even more wet than before. Thank god, he was holding her, or else she would have collapsed on the floor.

She could feel his hardness growing against her, but she was too far gone to feel mortified now. Their was no going back for them. They had crossed that line *heck* they had removed its existence over and over again, with every second that passed.

Her back met the soft surface, and it was then she realised he had carried her to the small bed. She hadn't even noticed them moving, that's how much she was absorbed in their activity. *Oh shit.*

*This is really happening.*

His hands braced on either side of her head, as he leaned in, and she closed her eyes.

*Shame on you.*

Yes indeed. But she couldn't bring herself to walk away now. Not when his hands were everywhere again, not when his lips marked her skin, embellishing himself all over her. Not when her hands dragged down his spine, leaving red litters over his smooth skin. Unlike her, the marks on his body would heal itself. And Mikasa deemed him lucky for that. Because she was going to wake up with the reminiscent of tonight. *But not him.* He could even classify her as a dream, and

forget all about it. But for her it wouldn't be that easy.

*Will he do that?*

His lips pressed up against her nose in a gentle manner, which had her shaking more than all the raunchy things they partook in. And the way he looked at her *so softly*, she was a goner.

His hand pulled at her skirt, before throwing it away, as she undid his buckle. Her body would be painted with the consequences of her actions tomorrow, when they bury her friend. Her brain reminded her.

*Shameless. That's what you are. Your friend is dead. Innocent people are dead, and you are over here engaging in such perverse act.*

His length was engorged, his head a swollen red, begging to be touched and tasted. And she did just that.

*Run while you still can...*

Repeating the motion again and again, even when she knew her cheeks were flaming red, her moves inexperienced, and messy but he didn't seem to mind it, if his low groans were anything to go by. He was enjoying it. Atleast that's what it looked like from the way he threw back his head, and fisted her hairs.

*What an honorable act you are performing, Mikasa.*

Eren pulled her up as her mouth left his cock, his eyes flaming with desire as she was pushed on the mattress once again, and his head grazed her center. He was her kryptonite. She was merely a puppet to *this*. This was the last thing she should be doing and yet...here she was. He looked ethereal looming over her—his long hairs framing either side of her head, and his swollen lips and dilated pupils and heaving chest right above her. Hers to touch. Hers to own. *If just for this once*. She was left a putty in his hand, as his lips moved over her again and again and *again*. She was a starved wanderer in the desert, and he was her oasis, as she ached for him. Needed him. So bad.

“Please...” She whimpered against his lips. And then her breath hitched in her throat, *years of built up and yearning*, all led to this! It was like a bolt of lightning, when she felt him enter with a really slow motion. With a tenderness which left her emotion all clogged up, as tears gathered in her eyes, he kissed her parted lips *tenderly*. And then he was stretching her, and it felt weird and uncomfortable, but she couldn't tell him to stop. She wouldn't. This was it. He was like a lava melting her being from the inside as he took his time, pulling back before gently sliding back in. Her arms wrapped around his neck, her eyes meeting his and she was lost in the spell. She couldn't look away from him, as her hand traced the ridge, the curve and outline of his face. Desire was eminent in his eyes—but there was something more, something else which had her heart beating like a jackhammer inside her rib cage. This wasn't just sex.

No.

They were making love.

And the first tear slid down her cheek, which he brushed away before leaning into her. His eyes closed, as if he was taking it all in. *This is Eren*. Her Eren. Him and her.

They were really entangled in such an intimate way. It was real, huh.

He pulled halfway, and then he was pushing back in again and again, and every time he did that,

Mikasa couldn't help but moan. It hurt in a good way. This was all wrong. The door was locked from the outside, and there was a chance that someone could walk in. If they were caught in such scandalous act, she would be thrown in the jail too. People would label her with horrible names. But...she was drowning. Reaching the depth of the ocean, and there was no coming back from it now. His thrust started increasing its pace, as she threw her head back, feeling the discomfort *finally* turn into pleasure. Her fingertips were feather light as they glided across the muscles of his back, down his spine, spreading apart to splay open on his ass, where she pushed down, encouraging his movement. *Deeper. More....* They fit perfectly together, as if she was made just for him. And of course she was. Ever since he saved her when she was nine, she became his.

His shallow breath was loud, as he roamed his hands- on her stomach, her breasts, her jawline, and he started going harder. Reaching as deep as he could. *Yes! So good....*

In the few rare moments, she thought of it, Mikasa had always imagined that she would lose her virginity to Eren. But never in a situation like this. It was supposed to be after they were married. *It was supposed to be in a beautifully decorated chamber.* His grip tightened on her waist, as his hips rose and fell over her in a rhythmic moment. *It was supposed to be filled with laughter and love.* He lifted her leg to gain leverage, as she bit down on the spot beneath that vein running down the edge of his neck.

She had lost all of her senses, unable to make sense of her thoughts anymore now, as she felt her muscles clench around him, when he hit that particular spot. They rolled on the bed, and she was on top now, as she looked down. *Oh fuckk...* She was sure her face resembled cherry red now, at the vile position they landed in. He moved her down over his length, and she did. Taking him deeper this way, straddling him as best as she could. Back and forth, she rode him. He was hitting that spots again as she planted one hand over the hard plane of his chest. She watched him watch her, his heavy eyes stayed rooted to her, as she felt bewitched. Her lids flickered before closing while she swayed and panted out her little groans. Mikasa knew that shame would come soon. It didn't matter if it was their last attempt at connecting. It didn't matter that she knew somehow *deep inside* that this was his way of saying goodbye, she knew that they weren't allowed to dream of a future together, and they would never be able to build up a life together. And that this was also a way for them to cope with everything—The countless deaths, at their hand, their comrades death and Sas —

She felt him pull out of her, and he was lifting her off before she was flipped on her stomach, and she looked back and found him groping her ass, as he gave himself few strokes. And the sight was so filthy, yet undeniably a turn on for her, as she couldn't look away and grabbed the headboard, preparing for the impact. The lewd position made her more wet if that was even possible and she felt him crooning her. And then he was inside her! And she heard a low growl emitting from his cupid bow. Eren grabbed the middle of her torso, pulling her towards him, as her back pressed against his front. And then they were a tangle of limbs, as she didn't know where she ended and he began. They were wrapped up completely against each other, as she felt him driving inside her. His powerful hips slapping against her behind, as he slammed into her over and over.

His fingers dug into her stomach, as she leaned sideways to nip at his earlobe.

“Mikasa....”

*Fuck.* Mikasa wasn't the type to curse, but the way he drawled out her name should be illegal. She had never thought that her name could sound this good, until now. She backed her hips up, trying to take him in deeper, as he buried his face in the crook of her neck.

“You fe-feel so good!” He was panting unable to form words properly, as she bit on her lower lip,

trying to remain as quit as possible.

“Fuc-ck! What are we doing...”

*You tell me.*

She couldn't form coherent words to answer him, as she pulled at his hairs, bouncing back on his cock, taking him in deeper every time she repeated that motion. *We are doomed*. He had told her and he was right. His time was limited, and Mikasa didn't know what to do with it.

*We just have now.*

Yes. Yes they did, and that was what she was going to focus on. She could hear the bed creak with their motion, the wet sound of their body slapping against each other, and it pushed her closer to her release. Eren's hands groped her breast, his lips leaving yet another mark on her pale skin as his teeth broke through, and she wrapped her own hand around his right one, taking him in again and again. He grabbed her chin then, coaxing her mouth open and engaging in yet another sloppy kiss as his thrusts grew exquisitely demanding. She had never felt hunger like this *ever* before! She was nearing and neari—

She chanted his name *Eren Eren Eren* repeatedly as her legs thrashed with shudder, and she felt something approaching, *almost here*. Mikasa pulled back from his mouth, hanging onto the thin rod of the headboard for support, as her knees grew a little weaker, a white light surrounding her, as her eyes rolled back in her head, and she was about to collapse on her stomach, but Eren held her up, and she was turned around once again.

His lips met hers in a bruising kiss—one which she was too tired to return, as she was riding her high and she felt him give *one two three* luxurious thrusts, before he pulled out, and released himself over her stomach.

And then he collapsed beside her, catching his breath.

Mikasa could barely feel anything, or hear or speak as she panted, with exhaustion. And stayed like that for *two three four ten twenty twenty five seconds*, before she was finally able to come down from her high.

And she hated that.

Because suddenly she felt too cold, frosted even, but her soul was on flame. And everything started tumbling down upon her.

*Shame shame shame shame*

Because reality of what she *no* they had done came down onto her all at once. Her shoulders started shaking, and before she knew it she was crying silently, shutting her eyes, as she was too ashamed to look at him. At anyone for that matter!

She had taken many lives, her hands were washed with the blood of many, a burden she would have to endure for the rest of her life. And maybe this was another one to add to her list as well. She had slept with Eren. Of her own free will. And as much shame she would feel for the timing of this act, she couldn't bring herself to regret this. Not even for a second! Because what they had done was not just a physical release. Those looks, those touch, those soft whispers, those languid movements were more than just sex.

*And yet...*

Mikasa felt the bed dip over, notifying her that Eren had gotten up, but didn't dare to look at him. Her palm covered her face, as she felt tears fall down her cheek and to the dusty old bedding where she laid on. *What will Armin say if he ever finds out?* There would be dire consequences if anyone found out. It was bad enough that they accused her of being enraptured by Eren, and if they knew they got *familiar* in such way as well then, they would hold her in cell as well. And she couldn't afford that.

She had to stay out to find out a way to save Eren. If not the—

Her inner musing paused as she felt a touch of fabric over her stomach, and realised that Eren was wiping off his release from her stomach. And when that wasn't enough, he wiped off between her legs too, and she clenched her eyes shut.

She didn't want him to be all gentle with her like this. *No...*

Slowly but tentatively she opened her eyes when she felt he was no longer cleaning her and got up. He was pulling over his own clothes, and she noticed he had left hers over the bed in a neat pile.

*How kind of him.*

She hurriedly pulled them over, wrapping the shawl around her, as she got up on shaky feet. *Damn it.*

He still had his back turned to her, but he was done changing now, and she knew whatever moment they had was over. *That no matter what pull, the moon and the planet stayed in their own orbit, never to meet.* And just like that the magical spell broke. He was back in his impenetrable shell, and this time she wasn't going to force him out of it. She couldn't force him to give up any information—it had backfired against her marvelously, but she would make sure to protect him if things got ugly. She knew she could fend off hundreds of those soldiers. There was no way they could harm Eren. She would talk to Hanji tomorrow and ask her to try and talk with Eren. The older woman was far more intelligent than her, and she might even have a breakthrough with him. One could hope right?

And so Mikasa left without a word to him, and she wouldn't know until days later, that he didn't need her protection anymore— when Zackley would die, and Yeagerist would control the Island with Eren as their leader, and she wouldn't realise that he would break her heart in the worst imaginable way possible, and tread down a path so horrible, which had no coming back.

But Mikasa would realise that he was right about one thing.

They had no future.

## Chapter End Notes

This was kind of new style of writing for me, so I don't know how it turned out. Let me know what you guys think.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!



