

Together

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Together

by [Sharinganblossoms](#)

Summary

My take on how 123 could have possibly gone after Eremika late night conversation.

Notes

Ages: 19

Spoilers for chapter 123.

“What am I...to you?”

Mikasa felt her throat closing up. A wave of heat rushed through her entire body as she looked in the eyes of the man she has loved for nearly ten years. He has never asked this question before. Why was he asking it now? What could he possibly mean? Did he want her to choose from the options he gave before this or perhaps some another answer? She has rarely ever seen his eyes this soft, this full of something she couldn't place her finger on. He was silently begging her to give the right answer. But Mikasa wasn't sure what the right answer exactly was. So just like she always did, she decided to choose the safest answer.

“You are famil...”

She couldn't even complete her sentence. She was too choked up with emotions to say anything. She saw something pass in Eren's eyes then. It was just for a spur of moment but it was there. Disappointment? No. it couldn't possibly be. The implications of that feeling would be far too good to be true. There is no way he held same feelings for her as she did. They were interrupted by a short stout guy then as he spoke in some foreign language.

“Looks like he is trying to make us feel welcome.”

“Huh.”

Mikasa noticed a tray in his hand then as the old man smiled and offered the drink in it to them.

“What the hell are you doing Eren!!”

They both snapped their head to see their friends making their way over. They looked visibly distraught and wary of the man standing beside them.

“Perfect timing...”

Eren murmured and Mikasa could sense an underlying tone of sarcasm in his words. Was he irritated that they got interrupted?

Eren motioned everyone to follow him in the tent as they exchanged curious glances before cautiously walking in the makeshift home. It was an awkward scenario. They didn't know these people nor do they speak same language. What were they doing here?

Mikasa looked at Eren sideways who seemed to be eying the glass in front of him. She could still feel the tell-tale sign of blush on her cheeks. She averted her gaze when he looked up at her and noticed her friends giving her and Eren peculiar look. Connie raised an eyebrow at her and Jean seemed visibly annoyed as she sighed. Was the heavy atmosphere between them that obvious? She wondered what would have happened if they didn't get interrupted. Eren did seem like he had more to say back then.

Eren chose that moment to lift the glass and gulp down the liquid in it casually. Everyone gasped as he finished the drink and raised his glass to ask for more. He encouraged them all to do the same. They have never indulged in alcoholic drinks before so they were all hesitant. Mikasa felt her throat burn as she took the first sip and gritted her teeth. It was definitely a strong drink. In normal circumstances she wouldn't have entertained the idea of drinking but seeing Eren smiling in a long time and trying to get them all to loosen up encouraged her. They all followed suit as they took slow sips from their glasses.

This was his sixth glass. Eren sighed as he realised that he could handle his alcohol well. He wanted to get wasted just like his friends were and forget about the future, the war, all the problems for a day. He couldn't help but smile as he saw Jean and Connie stumbling back in the tent with couple of bottles of vodka. He wondered where did they get that. He saw some people following them in too as the place now filled up with crowd. Everyone seemed to be having a good time as they danced or talked and laughed. He refilled his glass when he saw someone sit by his side. Eren raised his head to find Mikasa leaning on his shoulder. Her cheeks seemed flushed as she looked at him. She was definitely drunk. Her hand moved to graze his thigh as he almost choked on his drink and removed it.

“I need more.”

She tried to reach for his glass as he lifted it over his head before placing it gently in other corner.

“I think you had enough.”

He tried to reason with her as she groaned with annoyance. She was sitting too close for comfort and he needed space between them. A lot of it. She looked beautiful even in that dazed state. Her eyes seemed to be filled with life and she looked so relaxed. Her skirt slid upwards as she moved her leg and he looked away. Since when did he get so lovestruck. Oh yeah since Mikasa Ackerman

gave him the courage to fight and confessed his importance in her life four years ago. Day by day he slowly fell for his childhood friend. And before he realised it, he has fallen in love with the beauty that was Mikasa. He always thought that she felt the same way. Was he misreading the signs all along? Did she just consider him her family? Her brother? He cringed at that word. He won't lie and say that he wasn't heartbroken by her answer. He wanted her. He wanted her to love him the way he did. He wanted her to understand him, to show this world was worth saving. To show the beauty in its ugliness. He wanted to kiss her and make-

"Eren."

He found Mikasa looking at him with hesitant eyes. She bit her lips and slowly moved her hand over his.

"Can we ta...talk alone?"

She was still fumbling over her words as he sighed. It wasn't a good idea. He might end up doing or saying something he shouldn't be doing.

"You are drunk Mikasa."

"I am not that...that drunk. I only had three glass. I promise."

He chuckled when she raised her four fingers and tried to coax him to get up. He let out a heavy breath as he took her hand and followed her out of the tent. She wasn't stumbling on her feet which was a good sign but she still held onto his shoulder for support. He furrowed his brows as she took him behind the tents in the secluded place. She let go off his hand then as she looked up at him. He could hear the thrumming of her heart as his own pulse quickened. What did she want to say?

"I...what I said before its...its not true."

His lips parted in surprise as she fiddled with her fingers. She raised a hesitant hand and placed it over his chest, right above his wildly beating heart.

"You are everything...to me."

Mikasa moved closer to him as he stood rooted on the spot. She moved her hand upwards and slowly cupped his jaw as her lips trembled.

"I don't know if I will remember it...it tomorrow. I wanted to be honest.."

Eren gave her a bittersweet smile as he realised it was the liquid courage that prompted her to say that. Her eyes were still hazy as she stood an inch apart from him. He felt relieved and happy after a long while.

"Thank you Mikasa."

He said honestly as her eyes darted towards his lips. She leaned forward to touch his lips with her own as he flinched and backed away. As much as he wanted it, she was clearly drunk and not in her control.

"We can't."

He felt her eyes starting to well up as she looked ashamed somewhat and turned on her legs. Mikasa stumbled as she took the first step and Eren barely managed to catch her.

“Be careful.”

She tried to push his hand away as he tightened his hold on her.

“I can walk on my own.”

“No you clearly can’t.”

“I am sorry.”

She mumbled in a small voice as he shook his head. No he was the one who was sorry. For everything he did and was about to do.

“It’s not. Its not what you think. You are drunk. I can’t take advantage of you.”

She stopped struggling in his arms then as he wiped a lone tear from her eye. He slowly turned her around and grazed her cheek with his palm. After wiping off her tears he engulfed her in his arms as she nestled her head in the crook of his neck. They stayed like that for a while before he gently moved her away.

Mikasa gave him a soft smile as she looked into his teal green eyes which were filled with so much emotion.

“Dance with me.”

“Huh...”

She blinked as he placed one hand on her waist and took hers to place it over his shoulder. Mikasa laughed as he rocked their bodies together in an awkward manner. Clearly he was just as inexperienced as she was. She moved her hands around his neck and stared right in his eyes as he smiled. After a while he slowly got the hang of it as he stopped bumping their legs together. Mikasa was still not sober as she had difficulty keeping up with him.

“I am ruining it.”

Her lips pursed up with defeat as he stopped and lifted her up.

“Wha...”

He spun her around in his arms as her face broke out into a big smile.

“Now you won’t fall.”

She hugged him tightly as he slowly spun her in his arms. Eren couldn’t remember the last time he has seen her this happy. He wanted to stay like this by her side forever. But forever wasn’t the word in their dictionary. Not with his short lifespan. Mikasa moved the bangs from his eyes as she placed a sloppy kiss over his forehead. He could feel his face burning up at her action as he looked up at her in his arms. Her eyes were full of love as they gazed into his own. He wanted to wake up to this face every morning. He wanted to spend his life with her.

“Mikasa I-“

“Oye there they are!”

Eren heard the familiar voice of their captain as he saw him and Hanji moving in their direction. Levi looked annoyed as Hanji gave a sheepish smile. Great. He placed Mikasa back on his feet as she refused to let go of him and clung tightly to his form. Drunk Mikasa was definitely more

affectionate.

“Do you think its safe to just wander around on your own idiots? You are the enemy’s prime target.”

He could feel the happiness slid from his body as he was brought back to reality.

“Leave us alone shorty.”

Mikasa mumbled with pure irritation as Levi twitched his eye at her drunken state.

“Tch. Look at your state Ackerman. You can’t defend yourself let alone Yaeger if you got attacked.”

“Don’t mind Levi. He is just glad you weren’t hooking up somewhere.”

He could feel Mikasa blush at Hanji’s words and Levi reprimanding her to watch her tone but the voices grew distant as the memories of the future danced in front of his eyes. The wall breaking, people dying and chaos everywhere. There was no happy ending for him. Not in this lifetime. He can’t be selfish, definitely not with Mikasa. She deserved happiness. A monster like him could only give her sorrow. She deserved better.

He slowly separated himself from her and motioned Hanji to take her back to bed. He toned out Mikasa’s sleepy voice calling out from him and ignored the confused glances of his superiors as he walked away from there.

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