**Perfidy**

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**Perfidy**

by AACripwell

**Summary**

It is the year 2158. Mikasa Ackerman is the most decorated Overwatcher of all time. She is ruthless and unforgiving and her suspects fear her among all others. But when a familiar face turns up after five years Mikasa is rocked to the core. How will she face the man who betrayed her and tried to kill her? How will she face him given the circumstances of his disappearance? And how will she deal with everything that happened between them all those years ago?

In the context of war, perfidy is a form of deception in which one side promises to act in good faith (such as by raising a flag of truce) with the intention of breaking that promise once the enemy is exposed.
Mikasa pulled her scarf higher around her neck, warding off the bitter wind that drove its icy flurries down her spine. The city below her was a tumult of activity; she could barely discern a single stationary point amidst the cruisers, AGVs and ships that blurred through the skies. The city skyline stretched before her like a mountain range, huge skyscrapers and tower upon tower stretched into the heavens, blocking almost all of the light from the sky. The old skyscrapers and tower blocks on the ground, way below, were a relic, ruined and run down; they housed the lowliest of Tokyo’s citizens, those who were unable to afford higher prices for higher living. From her vantage point above the city Mikasa could barely make out the lower city, hidden in the void hundreds of meters below the seemingly endless channels of sky traffic, freeways and mega structures that had been erected more recently.

She shivered as she continued to watch the traffic blur, pulling the sleeves of her jacket down to encase her frozen fingers. It was dusk and the temperature was dropping rapidly. That was one of the problems with the megacities – the temperatures soared to extremes, from increased heat during the summer months due to overcrowding and vehicle emissions, to plummeting temperatures in winter due to the lack of Sun that could make it through the structures. There weren’t many citizens brave enough to feel the wind on their skin during winter in Tokyo.

And then something strange caught her eye. A vehicle in the skylane two below was driving erratically. Mikasa had always had an excellent eye for detail; it was part of why she had shone so well in her training as an Overwatcher. Quickly she swiped down the visor of her holo-comm, bringing it down over her grey eyes. The digital screen enhanced and magnified the scene in front of her as she watched.

Finally.

She smirked to herself as she took in the sight she’d been waiting for. Far below a citizen climbed across the top of a vehicle in the skylane. Another idiot trying to get himself killed, apparently. It would be bad enough to try something like that on a freeway up this high, but the skylanes were just channels in the void: nothing to catch you if you fell.

Kicking her bike into gear, she angled the handlebars of her bike down and disengaged the gravity sphere, relishing the familiar jerk behind her navel as she fell through the air, propelled groundwards towards the quickly moving traffic. As she approached the first skylane she engaged the engines, twisting the handlebars and turning the bike perfectly to squeeze through the gap between two fast moving AGVs as though she had practiced it, before resuming her balletic fall through the void.
The wind whipped through her dark hair and Mikasa dismissed the errant thought about how badly she needed a haircut as she engaged the grav sphere on her bike. At precisely the right moment she came to a standstill, hovering above the lane of fast moving traffic. The suspect vehicle could be seen a few cars ahead of her, the offender holding onto the roof in a low crouch and Mikasa spun the engines into high gear, throwing the blues on for good measure. From her closer vantage she could make out the dark robes of the hooded figure.

*These extremists never learned.*

Even without taking into consideration the guy’s probable ties to Hanzuko, something like that could buy you six months in the slammer. Tokyo Correctional facility was nowhere you wanted to visit, located on the sublevel of the city in a dank and degraded cesspit where human beings were thrown in and locked away to rot.

As she pulled behind the vehicle she saw the figure turn glance in her direction. A silver mask covered his face and she grinned as she recognized the outfit: definitely a member of the Hanzuko Faction.

*Just as expected.*

She felt her blood begin to simmer and she growled to herself. Letting go of the handles, she drew her weapon and clicked the loudspeaker on her holo-comm.

“Citizen,” her voice boomed across the expanse of vehicles as she aimed her weapon at the Hanzuko terrorist. “Stand perfectly still and prepare to be retrieved.”

To her satisfaction she heard sirens in the distance and did not have to look to know that cruisers were descending from above to her assistance. Thankfully the suspect appeared to understand that the jig was up and he lowered himself to his knees, his hands raised.

“You got this one, Ackerman?” Jean’s asked, his voice tinny in her ear.

“Affirmative, stand by.”
She brought her bike closer, her pistol trained on the suspect. Pulling alongside the car, she peered through the cracked window at the terrified-looking driver, a middle-aged woman with three kids screaming in the back.

“Keep the vehicle steady, ma’am,” Mikasa called. And then with a few touches on her bike’s keypad she locked the two vehicles together, stepping with practiced ease from the saddle of her bike to the top of the cruiser. The suspect didn’t move, just stared at her, his eyes dark behind the shining mask. She approached cautiously. When she neared him she drew the magnetic cuffs from her belt and stepped cautiously towards him.

Instantly the suspect attacked. Using her change of weight to his advantage, he kicked at the hand holding the gun, and although she was quick to discharge the weapon, the thrumming pulse of energy missed him and shot off into the void.

She heard Jean swear loudly in her ear, but she wasn’t worried; this was so much more interesting. The terrorist went for her gun hand, twisting her wrist and drawing a grunt of pain from her as her fingers spasmed and the gun fell from her limp fingers. She punched him and dived for it as he staggered backwards, but it dropped over the edge of the cruiser and disappeared into the hazy void. Rolling to her back, she drew her other pistol, but the suspect stepped on her hand and kicked her in the jaw, splitting her lip in a spray of blood.

Pain lanced through her, but she didn’t have time to waste feeling it. Bringing her legs up, Mikasa kicked him in the backside, destabilizing him and knocking him forwards, allowing her to roll from underneath him and reach for her weapon. Without hesitation she aimed her pistol and pulled the trigger, watching with detached amusement as the green pulse of energy hit him square in the chest, knocking him backwards from the cruiser, and then he was falling, a tangled mess of limbs swirling downwards through the void.

There was nothing but the sound of the wind for a while.

“Damn,” Jean muttered in her ear. She caught sight of him as he brought his cruiser level with her. “Thought he got the drop on you for a minute there.”

“You forget…I’ve trained with better.”

There was a tense silence and she silently cursed herself.
“Thanks for the assist,” she said. “Can you follow up? I’m already overdue.”

“Roger that,” Jean said, long-suffering, as she swung herself back onto her bike.

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Stepping into the shower, she groaned in satisfaction as hot water cascaded over her back. Most places you’d have to pay a pretty penny for a hot shower, but the Overwatchers HQ on the South Side of the city was home to very enviable amenities.

Tipping her head back, she let the water wash over her face and hair. Twelve hours on the job and she was ready for her rest shift. Life as an Overwatcher was tough: long shifts, dealing with scum and vermin on a regular basis, and very little remuneration for the efforts. It was seven years now that she’d been working as an Overwatcher.

*Seven years, Jesus.*

At the start she’d thought that she’d be able to rid the world of villains single-handedly. In a way that wasn’t entirely untrue. Mikasa barely had to work with her temporary partner Jean, preferring to handle things alone. Jean was only a temporary partner; none of the others that Mikasa was assigned to could stomach working with her for too long. Too aggressive, too ruthless; Mikasa might be the best that the Overwatchers of Tokyo had to offer, but that didn’t make her particularly easy to get along with.

*It hadn’t always been that way.*

She dropped her head, leaning her hands against the dirty grey tiles with a sigh. She didn’t know why but she just couldn’t put the memories out of her mind today. It was over five years but she could still picture the image of his face as he stood in front of her. His emerald eyes burning intensely, his weapon raised. She shuddered, a wave of gooseflesh rising over her skin.

She’d had a permanent partner for her first two years after training. She’d passed the training with flying colours. Along with… her two best friends. She took a deep breath, closing her eyes against the onslaught of emotion.

The bathroom door banged open and she straightened, slipping the familiar mask of neutrality back
into place and continuing to wash her hair, using the shampoo dispenser in the wall as another Overwatcher entered the stalls.

“Oh… hey, Mikasa,” Gorman hazarded. Like so many of her peers, the young agent was afraid of Mikasa.

“Gorman,” Mikasa replied evenly as she rinsed the soapy lather from her scalp.

Washing quickly, she exited the stalls as fast as she could, preferring her own company, as usual.

“Catch you later then,” Gorman stuttered as Mikasa, already dressed in her long jacket and combat boots, grabbed her bag and left.

*M.*

Mikasa’s apartment was small, but it was located mid-city above level 50 so she really couldn’t complain. On her meagre wages it was surprising that she could even afford to rent this high up. But if it kept her out of the lower levels, she was happy. She stepped through the door and slung her bag on the table in the hallway as the automatic lighting clicked on with a steady hum.

Toeing her shoes off, she stalked into the kitchen, opening the fridge and grabbing a beer from the door. For a moment she stared at the bottle as the moisture condensed against the cold glass. It had become a habit to grab a beer after work. When had that happened?

*You know when.*

She sighed, unscrewing the cap belligerently before chugging down the cold liquid. God, she couldn’t get this stopped today.

She was hungry as well, but that could wait. Sleep was more pressing right now. She stripped off her clothing as she went, leaving a messy trail in her wake.
She crawled, naked, into the soft, comforting warmth of her bed and bit back a moan, twelve hours on the job catching up with her. Speaking of which, she reached down to her right forearm, pulling off the sticky yellow caffeine patch that she used to stay awake on long shifts. Throwing it somewhere in the vicinity of the bin, she let her eyelids drift shut.

At the sound of the door chime, Mikasa pulled the pillow over her eyes in frustration.

_Go away!_

The annoying chime played again and she sat up with a growl, pulling the duvet around herself like a toga. She shuffled through the apartment towards the door. Checking the peephole, Mikasa swore softly before throwing the door open.

“What do you want?” She asked, knowing what his answer would be.

“Oh, come on, Ackerman,” said Jean, smirking. “Long time no see.”

“Jean, I’m fucking tired.”

“Me too.” He pushed past her into the apartment and she scowled at the back of his head. “So let’s sleep.” He turned to face her and waggled his eyebrows suggestively. “Or we could do something else.”

She and Jean… they had an arrangement. A mutually beneficial agreement, you might say. Well… to put it more bluntly, they fucked each other on the regular. It was meaningless, but it was a great stress reliever.

Shutting the door, Mikasa glared at Jean. He really picked his moments, but she couldn’t deny that her body was thrumming with need. It had been nearly two weeks.

She dropped the duvet until she stood stark naked in front of him and his eyes roved over her naked body, hungrily.

He stepped towards her slowly and trailed a finger lazily up her torso, drawing an involuntary
shudder from her. Flicking her nipple he stepped closer to her until she could feel his breath on her face. Curling a strong hand into the hair at the back of her neck he drew Mikasa towards him. Tipping her head back, he took her mouth harshly. There was no finesse to his kisses and she felt nothing, no tingle in her belly and no curl in her toes. But he pried her mouth open, deepening the kiss and she let him anyway. The sooner he fucked her the sooner she could sleep.

*It never used to be like this.*

Emerald green eyes appeared in her mind and she gasped. Mistaking the sound for one of pleasure, Jean pulled back, dipping his hand between her legs with a grin, stroking her sensitive flesh. She frowned. God, she’d taught him how to do this properly, why was he just so... crap?

Pushing him away, she led him to the bedroom. Better get this over with.

But all the while intense green eyes plagued her thoughts and she repressed a shiver as the ghosts of her past swarmed behind her eyes.

“*Mikasa...*”

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"Ackerman." Connie's voice cut through her thoughts as she watched the waning sun cast deep shadows across the ever-moving city.

"Yep?" Mikasa responded, tearing her eyes away from the skyline.

This day had failed to produce anything interesting and she'd resorted to listening to the police scanner to pick up jobs. The Overwatchers existed primarily to fight and prevent terrorism in an ever-growing city. There were over 60 known terrorist organizations, the most dangerous and well known of which was Hanzuko, who, almost singlehandedly, ensured their on-going employment. The penalty for conspiring with Hanzuko was death and Mikasa made it her personal mission to annihilate every last one of them. The jurisdiction of the Overwatchers was absolute and Mikasa herself had a feasome reputation, so picking up the odd police job was not outside her remit, despite what the Captain would say.
It was scut work, really. A shootout in a liquor store earlier that day had had her down on level 47 and seen her blast the suspect into two pieces while the police looked on in horror and fascination. They'd all heard of her, obviously: the scarf-wearing Overwatcher with a nasty temper. She'd holstered her weapons and left the police to it pretty quickly, not wanting to hang around and answer questions about her work from an intrigued and admiring police force. She'd felt sorry for the cleanup crew who'd had to scrape up the bits of suspect that she'd coated the walls with. She'd then tried her hand with a robbery in the upper city around level 93. She'd spent an hour trailing around the rich and famous, but had failed to reveal a suspect and Mikasa suspected an insurance scam, given the value of the items supposedly stolen. She'd lost interest in that one pretty quickly without anyone to shoot and the locals weren't particularly fussed, especially when she'd found herself so surrounded by pompous scum that she'd felt her hands start to shake and she'd contemplated putting her fist through someone's throat.

"Captain's been in touch. There's a situation and he needs all senior agents streetside ASAP."

Mikasa felt a jolt of surprise run through her.

"Streetside?! All of us?"

"That's what he said."

"Shit."

What the hell did Levi want them all to go traipsing down into the depths of the city - to level 0 no less - for? There were police for that crap.

"Transferring you co-ordinates now," Connie said, levelly before clicking off the comm.

Mikasa ran a frustrated hand through her hair. This was bullshit and she was determined to tell Levi so next time she saw him. He might be the Captain of the Tokyo Overwatchers, but he was still her big brother and she could still kick his ass.

Angling her bike Mikasa prepared for the drop to Sub level. She should have taken the time to use the grav lift like everyone else. But what did she care? She was a fucking Overwatcher and nobody told her what to do.
Except Levi.

She smirked to herself. Levi tried his best.

It was over 2km downward and although she couldn't think of anything worse than visiting that fetid wasteland that was the city surface, the drop was the best thing about it. Kicking off the grav sphere she felt her body dropping and she almost yeeahawed at the sensation, instead gritting her teeth into a feral grin as she angled the bike's nose downwards. She skimmed and swished through sky lanes, hearing the familiar jarring beep of a horn as she dropped past someone's windshield and the sound of an angry voice was lost to the wind as she plummeted down with a cackle.

60 seconds was all it took. She engaged her grav sphere slowly as the buildings around her became closer and more confined. The light down here barely penetrated and her headlights engaged 500m from the surface. Neon lights and signs appeared on the sides of the dirty and ancient looking buildings and she slowly took her bike down to the pavement. Rickety old cars chugged past depositing smoke and dust into the already smog ridden air. She turned her nose up in disgust; it stank of decay and mould down here.

Mikasa took a moment to check the address and the navigation pane in her visor lit up, the bright yellow arrows informing her that she needed to make a U-turn. It was only a couple of minutes away though.

Tyres squealing as she engaged the manual engine, Mikasa turned the bike around and sped off, weaving through the traffic. Everything down here was covered in a layer of thick grime and dirt and she unconsciously pulled her scarf up to cover her nose and mouth against the dense pollution.

As she arrived at the warehouse she noticed the huge number of Overwatcher vehicles present. She recognised Jean's cruiser and Connie's. There were a number of others and Mikasa was fairly certain that everyone was here. The sound of gunfire caught her attention and Mikasa reached for her weapon quickly, switching the locator on her holo-comm on and bringing up the positions of the nearby agents, their small yellow dots on her screen informing her that they were inside the building, below ground level. She set off into the building, her heart thudding in anticipation. She may have resented the need to come all the way down to the ground level for it, but she loved the thrill of the chase. There had to be some pretty decent action going on down here for the Captain to bring so many of their best agents down. Mikasa frowned pensively, wondering what was going on as she stepped into the gloomy, ramshackle old warehouse.

The building smelt of dust and cement and she wrapped the scarf tighter across her face, her body itching to get back above the mid city where the air was fresher. She turned a corner, her weapon
trained and quickly dove back into cover as orange beams of light scattered the edge of the wall beside her into dust. She turned her head against the fragments of rock and dust that reined across her.

"Shit." She muttered, changing up the setting on her own pistol. These bastards were locked and loaded and she'd have to do better than 50% energy on her gun. She turned it up to 150%, ignoring the warning light and knowing that a single shot would destroy the opponent entirely and she grinned to herself as she felt a pause in the shooting ahead of her. Quick as a flash she rolled into the dingy hallway, her holo-comm locating the masked Hanzuko agent quickly and she brought her weapon up swiftly and opened fire, once …twice for good measure.

She watched with detached pleasure as the body exploded in an array of pink mist and she turned her face, feeling the splatter of blood on her cheeks.

"One down…" she murmured and stepped off quickly, her feet light on the tiled floor.

She came to a staircase; the wooden treads timeworn and rotting in places. With her pistol levelled she descended the ancient stairs. The sound of gunfire was louder down here and she cautiously checked her holo-comm for the location of the others. They seemed to be split into three groups. The first, in a large, open room below that looked like some kind of basement garage with regular pillars spaced throughout; the other two groups were pinned down either side and Mikasa chose the team that were closest, increasing the speed of her steps as she moved through the dimly lit corridors.

A rush of air surprised her as she turned a corner and she felt the cool sting of metal graze her cheek. Without questioning it her fingers closed over the trigger of her pistol and the masked agent before her vanished, leaving no more than a spray of blood and viscera on the walls.

Her cheek stung and she felt blood trickle down her face, dripping from her jaw lightly in time with the blood that fell from the walls in a steady rhythm.

Making off, she found the first team easily, without further engagement and she saw Jean's familiar head, hunkered down behind a stack of blue plastic crates and she dived to join him, laying down some suppressing fire as she ran.

"Status?" She barked at him, checking the energy supplies on her pistol and trading it out for her spare when she noticed it was running low. Using above 100% energy really drained these things.
"Pinned down. 7 on our 12."

She glanced across the corridor, she could make out Sasha' face twisted in a mask of pain as she hunkered down behind the stack of crates she was leaning against; her hand gripped her upper forearm and blood was gushing forth.

Behind Sasha, Reiner and Hitch were taking turns aiming shots at their attackers from around the crates.

"Take Sasha and the others and head back around and regroup with the other team on the west side of the building," Mikasa said quietly to Jean.

"What?! Are you outta your God-damned mind?"

"Just do it will, you? I've cleared the way back there so get your asses moving. I can handle myself and you know it."

His face flushed but his eyes wandered over to Sasha who leaned around the crates, her breathing laboured and her face flushed with sweat, as she opened fire.

"Fine. But don't get you fucking head blown off, ok? Captain would have my ass if anything happened to you!"

Mikasa just rolled her eyes and leapt out of cover, unleashing a torrent of fire as Jean's voice boomed across the hallway.

"RETREAT!"

She caught one Hanzuko agent in the side of the head as he ducked to take cover from her frenzied attack, sending fragments of skull and brain matter flying across the room. Behind her Jean and the others disappeared around the corner and she smiled to herself. Now she could really get some work done.

She crouched down into cover for a moment and listened as the six remaining Hanzuko agents stood,
the red lasers of their weapons trailing cautiously across the floor next to her. They were unsure if she had retreated with the others or not and Mikasa wanted to keep it that way. She tightened her hand on her pistol and slowly as possible she drew the other gun from her thigh holster trying not to make a sound as their quiet footsteps drew closer.

When they were right upon her Mikasa spun, shooting two through the face and rolling to stand as a laser blast grazed the floor where she had been moments before. She twisted, bringing her pistols up and taking another agent in the stomach. His disintegration seemed to distract the other two, knocking them momentarily off balance with the force of the blast and she took that to her advantage, dropping to a crouch and laying multiple blasts into them.

There was a ringing silence broken only by the gentle drip of blood as it trickled lazily from the ceiling above. Mikasa was coated in it, and she vaguely noted that she must look like she'd stepped out of some kind of twisted horror movie.

There was one more agent left, going on Jean's intel and she ducked back behind the crates on her left, listening intently for some indication of the terrorist's position. There was no sound and Mikasa held her breath.

Could Jean have been wrong?

She mentally rewound, working through the kills.

Definitely six...

The soft skid of a boot on tile behind her sent her lunging from her position just as an orange blast shattered the tiles that had housed her figure moments before and she scrambled across the corridor, her heart pounding. Gaining her feet ungracefully Mikasa turned to take aim at her attacker, but he was quicker, his shot hitting her pistol and it fell from her hands as a surprised cry dropped from her lips.

Mikasa lunged before he could shoot her, no option but to fight for her life and she grabbed the nearest crate, flicking it and flinging it into the face of her attacker. He instinctively raised his arms to shield his face and she charged, hitting his body immediately after the plastic crate and sending them both spiralling to the floor in a tangle of limbs. The Hanzuko agent's rifle clattered across the floor and she rolled bodily onto him. He was slight in build, no more than 50lbs and her weight was easily enough to pin him as her hands tightened around his throat.
His feet kicked and swivelled across the floor, his hips struggling desperately to buck her off. From beneath the mask a sickening gurgling noise spewed from his lips and she could imagine his eyes bulging beneath the mesh gauze that shielded them from her view. His hands clutched at her own, her arms, her face, his finger nails scratching and scrabbling to get purchase…desperately trying to pries her off.

*Just die already.*

Mikasa squeezed her fingers as tightly as she could, feeling the terrorist's movements weaken and she knew she had him. His struggling stuttered and his hand pushed listlessly against her chin finally before his body relaxed and with one…two violent twitches he lay still.

There was no sound but the noise of her own violent panting as Mikasa sat back on her heels, wiping the sweat from her brow. After a moment she eased herself to her feet and leaned down to collect her pistol, grabbing a pulse rifle for good measure and slinging the strap over her head before heading onwards down the corridor, leaving the blood-stained walls dripping behind in her wake.

Checking her holo-comm she noted that all of her teammates seemed to now be in the large basement-come-garage directly ahead and she was pleased that Jean and the others had managed to double back around without incident.

As the corridor opened up ahead into the large basement Mikasa noticed that it was filled with Overwatchers who stood around staring at something that was hidden behind one of the large pillar-like columns in the centre of the room. She couldn't see what they were looking at from her current position, but she spotted Levi talking quietly to someone and she made her way towards him. As she walked it became clear that what was focusing the other agents' attention was the figure of a man. He must have been pretty important to warrant all this attention-

She froze as she took in the outline of the individual. The man was kneeling and shackled, his arms wide, held by thick chains anchored to the nearby pillars, like a sacrificial virgin being offered to the gods. His head was lowered and his breathing laboured, his chest rising and falling heavily.

Mikasa suddenly had a desperate urge to look into his face. Her heart was beating a thunderous rhythm against the inside of her ribs and her breathing was shallow. She felt a cold sweat break out across her spine and she shuddered.

A hand gripped her shoulder and she tore her eyes away from the figure in the centre.
"Ackerman-"

"Who is that?" She asked her brother, shaking off the hand that tried to hold her in place.

Levi sighed and she felt her heart rate increase to a frenzied pace.

"Let's step outside a moment," he murmured. His eyes took in her blood-stained appearance with what could almost pass for concern. But she brushed past him, turning and striding towards the centre of the room.

There was a rushing in her ears and she was vaguely aware of a little voice repeating in her head ohshitohshitohshitohshit.

She was aware of hands trying to catch her and voices calling her name but she ducked and shrugged them off until she was standing before the kneeling man, staring down at him and feeling like she was standing on the edge of a great precipice. The air felt stale and bitter and she was suddenly very aware of the smell of blood and death that coursed off of her and invaded her nostrils, threatening to choke her. Mikasa clenched her shaking hands as she looked down at the top of the dark brown head. His hair was long, tied back in a short ponytail at the nape of his neck.

He must have noticed her combat boots standing in his eye line as his head began to rise agonisingly slowly and Mikasa held her breath, feeling like the world was suddenly moving in slow motion, each second lasting a lifetime. She wasn't sure what she wanted to see when his eyes met hers. But then she was looking into his face and steel grey eyes met emerald green and she felt like the wind had been punched right out of her in a shuddering wheeze.

He was drenched in sweat and there was a cut on his lip that was bleeding lightly, running a slight trail of blood down his ragged chin. He was lightly unshaven and he looked tired, dark circles ringing his bright green eyes… but it was unmistakably him.

She might have staggered, but she was barely aware. His eyes widened in a way that at any other time might have been comical and his mouth burst open in shock. She felt herself felt frozen to the spot in horror and disbelief. This couldn't be happening. She couldn't believe that he was here, that they had captured him, after all these years. She felt as though she was in a dream, her body unresponsive and her mind hazy as she gazed into the face of the Overwatchers' Number 1 Most Wanted.
"M-Mik-"

His voice broke the spell and before he could utter a single word her boot connected with his jaw and his head snapped back, his eyes rolling back into his head, before he pitched forward, his weight suspended on his shackles and was still.

She stared down at him for a moment, her lip curling in disgust and contempt before turning her back on him. Ahead of her, her colleagues watched on in a mixture of surprise, sympathy and understanding.

"Nice to see you again, Jaeger." She said coldly over her shoulder before she walked away, the crowd of Overwatchers parting silently as she passed.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Mikasa struggles with a familiar face being thrown back into her life.

Chapter Notes

I'm still looking for a beta for this story so if you know of someone or you would like to offer your services then please get in touch. As always, please leave a review.

CHAPTER 2

“Hey Mikasa, this is Armin.”

“Hi Armin.”

“Hello.”

“He’s shy but don’t worry about him. Hey, what are you up to?”

“I’m was playing with my phone, but it’s not working.”

“Armin can fix that, can’t you?”

“Ummm…maybe… Do you mind if I have a look.”

“Sure.”

“Armin’s amazing with technology. He’s going to be a programmer or something one day.”
“Haha, that sounds amazing. Anything to get above mid level.”

“Yeah. Tell me about it.”

“Oh! I’m sorry.”

“No it’s ok. I just … I want to get out of here…”

“Hey, Mikasa, I think I’ve got it working now…”

“You have?! Oh Armin, you’re a genius!”

“Haha, I told you he was good, didn’t I?”

“Armin, you must be like, the most popular kid around if you can do stuff like that.”

“… not exactly.”

“Hey, Armin don’t worry about those jackasses. They’re just jealous of your talents!”

“You get picked on?”

“Uh, yeah…”

“How come?”

“Well, my dad died a couple of years ago and I have to live with my Grandfather. He doesn’t really have a lot of money so we never really have the latest stuff. That’s how I learnt to fix a lot of that junk, because what we do have is so old that it usually breaks.”
“Armin, I’m so sorry!”

“Woah, Mikasa don’t strangle him!”

“It’s called a hug, douchebag. You’d know that if you weren’t emotionally stunted.”

“I AM NOT EMOTIONALLY STUNTED!”

“Haha! Calm down, I was joking. Hey Armin, why do you even hang around with this hot head? I mean I don’t have much choice because he lives in my house, but you could do so much better!”

“Mikasa!”

“Alright, alright, I was only teasing. Hehe.”

She paced across the office. She’d never been very good at being contained. After the incident on street level Levi had ordered her back to HQ. No-one would tell her what the fuck was going on though and she felt like she was going crazy. She kicked a waste paper basket and watched it clatter across the tiled floor towards the great window that overlooked the cityscape beyond. What she could see of the sky was grey and overcast.

The only other people in the office were a couple of cadets, filing paperwork and trying their best to avoid her. That suited her fine. She didn’t want to speak to anyone. She just wanted to know what was going on.

The door from the elevator slid open like a whisper and Jean stepped inside; he looked tired and drawn but she strode over to him. He held up his hands before she reached him.

“Let me sit down first, Ackerman.”

She was fairly vibrating with energy but she let him stagger past her to his desk and he practically
collapsed into his chair. With a sigh the tall man rubbed the bridge of his nose.

She felt a growl bubble up in her chest and he glanced at her sharply.

“Fucks sake Ackerman, we’re all freaked out about this, just calm the fuck down would ya?”

She folded her arms across her chest and sat down on his desk with a huff.

“It’s been five years.” She murmured. “Why did he just suddenly show up?”

Jean sighed again, his eyes searching her face.

“I don’t know…the Captain’s playing this pretty close to his chest, but there’s something big going on.”

Mikasa frowned.

Hanzuko had begun their rise to power when she was just a child. It was really the main reason that the Overwatchers existed. Back when she was a cadet Hanzuko had been small fry, blowing up public transport and local services on a regular basis. They claimed that they were rebels against the tyranny of the government, but Mikasa thought they were just anarchists, looking to cause chaos. Over the last few years their attacks had been more substantial and whilst the Overwatchers had managed to block a large number of planned attacks, three years previously there had been a detonation of one of the largest buildings in the city. It had cost the lives of over 7000 people, including Mikasa’s own parents.

She stood up quickly.

“Well, let’s get down there!”

“Easy Tiger,” Jean stood too. “You’re benched for this one, Captain’s orders. He said you should go home.”
She scoffed.

“Levi can get fucked, there is no way that I’m sitting this one out.”

“That’s what I said - minus the cussing, cos well, I like my balls intact - but he told me that I had to make sure that you didn’t get involved. He gave me permission to shoot you!”

Mikasa glared at Jean, he was smirking at her with that stupid expression and whilst his eyes shone with mirth, she knew that if Levi had really given him a direct order he would try to restrain her.

*He can try....*

Mikasa sighed. There was no point getting into a fight with Jean about this.

“So what am I supposed o do? Twiddle my thumbs? This is … Jaeger!” Her voice stumbled over his name and Jean’s face did something strange. “You know what he did!” She growled.

*You know what he did to me.*

“I know.” Jean’s face was sad and he looked away. “I know how you feel.”

She turned away from him so that he didn’t see the contempt on her face. He *didn’t* know how she felt. Nobody could understand how she felt. How could anyone understand how it felt to have the man, who you trusted above all others; the man who knew you better than anyone else in the world and who you thought you knew just as deeply; the man who shared your job, your life and your bed; the man who betrayed you, who tried to kill you, who succeeded in killing your friends, who joined the organization that murdered your parents, waltz back into your life after a five year sabbatical? How could anyone possibly understand how that felt? Mikasa didn’t even think she understood how it felt. Her emotions were all over the place and she screwed her eyes shut tight, bracing her arms on Jean’s desk.

*Emereld eyes blinked back at her, widening in surprise.*

“There’s no way.”

“M-Mika-“
Jean’s hand on her shoulder startled her and she jumped lightly before she shrugged him off with a barely suppressed grimace. He knew she didn’t like him touching her in the office. He exhaled through his nose.

“Listen…why don’t you go home? I can swing by as soon as I know what’s going on.”

She shook her head vehemently.

“No. I have… work to do. I can write up some reports….” She trailed off.

“Like you’re actually going to be able to get anything done…” He mumbled but he waved her off towards her own desk, turning and staring at his screen with blank eyes.

She wandered back to her desk and sat down heavily. Whilst others in the office had pictures of friends and family members pinned on their desk dividers, or personal effect littered across the polished steel desktops, Mikasa’s desk was a neatly organized workspace, devoid of any trace of personality.

_When did it get like that?_

She knew when, but she closed down that thought, instead drawing up her mission log and preparing herself to write up what had happened from the moment she entered that building on street level.

At some point over the next few hours, all of the senior agents arrived back in the office. Apparently they’d all be excluded from what was going on in the interrogation rooms below and though Mikasa grilled all of them, vigorously, none of them had any further information about what was taking place. Mikasa began to feel like a caged tiger. She ignored the pitying stares that were being thrown her way and buried herself in the mountain of reports from past operations that were awaiting completion, sitting in the inbox of her desktop tablet.

It was nearly midnight when Levi stepped into the office and most of the other agents had gone home, or were out in the field, having returned to their current operations. Mikasa's eyes snapped up and met his. He looked tired and worn and his hands were shoved deep into his pockets as he always did when he was pensive. The collar of his shirt was undone and his jacket was slung loosely across his shoulders. As their eyes met he inverted his head, almost imperceptibly in the direction of his office and she was out of her chair and across the room before he could blink.
“What the fuck is going on?” She hissed as soon as she crossed the threshold. Levi did not reply, instead quietly closing the door and removing his jacket, hanging it on the stand by the door. He slowly and deliberately pressed the switch by the door and watched as the glass walls of the pristine office frosted, obscuring it from view from the rest of the office. With a sigh he moved past Mikasa and sat down in his leather chair and, removing a tube of anti-septic hand gel from his desk drawer, he coated his hands thoroughly and rubbed them together.

“I understand that this situation is sensitive. I also understand that our close personal relationship complicates things.” He glanced up at her sharply. “But I am still your commanding office and you will address me as such, do you understand.”

Mikaa felt herself seethe and clenched her teeth.

“Yes…Sir!”

“Good. Now shut the fuck up and sit down.”

She complied, sitting on her hands to stop them from fidgeting.

Levi leaned forwards, resting his elbows on the glass desk and steepled his fingers in front of his face. He seemed unsure how to start.

“You are aware that we apprehended the former Overwatchers agent known as Eren Jaeger.”

She ignored the dull ache in her chest at the mention of his name and simply nodded.

“You are aware that a little over five years ago Jaeger revealed himself to be in league with the Terrorist organization Hanzuko.”

Again she nodded.

“There was some… unfortunate loss of life and many agents, including yourself were seriously
injured during the unveiling of Jaeger’s... defection. He himself escaped capture, despite your best efforts and fled to the lower city.”

“I know all this!” She growled.

“Yes, but what you do not know, Mikasa, is that Eren was never a Hanzuko operative. In fact he was working undercover. A double agent if you will.”

Mikasa felt as though she had been slapped. A double agent…

She opened and closed her mouth, unsure of what to say.

“I know this will no doubt come as a shock to you. After all, you have spent the last five years believing that this man betrayed you.” Levi’s cold eyes bore into hers. “But now is the time for you to know the truth. Eren was working under my orders. He was to infiltrate Hanzuko, working his way up the command in order to identify the lead opera-“

He didn’t complete his sentence as at that moment Mikasa leapt across the desk and slapped him hard across the face with a crack.

“You son of a bitch!” She snarled at him.

He turned to look at her scornfully as she shook from head to toe.

“You son of a bitch.” She whispered. “This was your doing! Your orders!” She felt herself spiralling out of control as her voice raised an octave. “Did you tell him to try to kill me as well? Did you tell him to kill A-Armin? And Christa? Did you?” She was screaming now.

Levi just stared at her impassively and Mikasa whirled away from him, afraid of what she would do if she continued to look at him. Behind her he sighed.

“No. Causalities were … not part of the plan.”
She half turned to face him. Unable to meet his gaze, she stared, gloweringly at the floor. She could not believe that her brother… *Half-brother*… could have ordered what had happened and had sat back to watch her fall apart at the seams.

“He was advised that he needed to incapacitate the team. You understand that to pull this off he needed to make it look believable?”

Mikasa swallowed back the bile that rose in her throat at the thought of just what believable had looked like at the time.

“But…” Levi ran a hand through his hair, the only outward sign of his consternation. “Mistakes were made. Those in attendance were supposed to be wearing Kevlar… somehow that message did not get through and… well we know the rest.”

Mikasa frowned.

“So then… he- Jaeger, wasn’t intending to kill anyone?”

“God, no!” Levi grimaced. “The whole thing has become one big mess if you ask me, but I guess we got what we needed in the end.”

Mikasa whirled in fury and lashed out but he caught her wrist, his eyes narrowed.

“Be careful.” He warned.

“You make me sick.” She whispered, wrenching her hand from his grasp. “I want to see him.”

Levi gazed back at her impassively.

“Impossible.”

“Levi.”
“Ackerman.”

“Captain.” She relented, not meeting his eyes. “Please…”

She stared at him, her eyes fixed over his left shoulder. He had always had the upper hand over her, ever since they were kids, but she refused to back down. He owed her.

He sighed and looked away.

“Fine.”

She breathed in a deep, shaky breath and turned to flee the room.

“But you have to take Kirstein with you.”

She paused her hand on the door. Her voice when she spoke was small and cold, devoid of emotion.

“Levi… I… I can’t forgive you for this.”

He was quiet for a moment behind her and all she could hear was the ticking of his old wooden clock on the wall.

“I didn’t expect that you would.” He murmured and she turned the handle and fled the room.

_.*_.*_.*_.*_.*_.*_.*_.*_.*_.*_.*_.*_.*_

She stood in front of the door with its cracked and peeling paint, her heart in her throat.
He stood a little way away from her. The two of them were set away from the rest of the team, stood against the gradient of the mid layer freeway. Mikasa was peering down to the city below. Watching… she was always watching.

“Hey Mikasa…”

“Yeah, what?”

“You know I love you?”

She turned to face him. He’d never said those words before. Not out loud. She frowned.

“What’s wrong?”

“Why would anything be wrong?”

He looked worried now.

“You’re being weird.”

He smiled and it was a smile full of sadness and bitterness.

“It’s not going to open itself,” Jean murmured startling her from her reverie.

“Yeah, don’t rush me,” she mumbled.

“Ackerman, we’ve got reports of a shoot out on the mid level freeway bridge. Reports of officers down.”

Mikasa kicked into high gear, angling her cruiser in the direction of the bridge. Eren was off on some important mission for Levi so she was flying solo. She hated it when she had to work without
him. They watched each other’s backs and knew how to work off each other and it always felt like she was incomplete when he wasn’t there.

She approached the bridge and could make out what looked like a hell of a battle raging. There were three masked citizens – Hanzuko! - fighting it out with roughly nine Overwatchers, two of whom were downed. She tried not to get distracted worrying about them and instead jumped from her cruiser landing in the centre of the bridge.

Drawing her pistol she lay down a suppressing fire and dived for cover behind a blast shield that had already been deployed.

“Ackerman!” She caught sight of Armin and nodded at him, using hand gestures she explained to him what she wanted to do and he gave her the thumbs up to acknowledge.

Around them she was aware that another five Overwatcher’s were downed and she cursed. Waiting for her moment she dove out of cover, laying down fire as Armin advanced, taking out one of the gunmen. He dove into cover and reloaded as Mikasa took shelter behind his blast shield. Nodding at Armin again, they repeated their manoeuvre, but in reverse; this time she took the lead, ducking and rolling she avoided their fire and she easily took out a second gunman. The last was more adept and he missed her attack, diving and rolling out of harms reach. She cursed again. He was good.

She lunged behind the final blast shield. There was no-one left except her and Armin, the others lying motionless around her and she cursed silently.

Armin’s frantic hand signals caught her eye and she realized what he wanted to do and she shook her head vehemently; this final gunman was too good. But the determined glint in his eye belayed her denial and in seemingly slow motion Armin rose from his cover, his weapon trained and leapt across the expanse of bridge towards the lone gunman. The wind whipped at his hair and Mikasa screamed for him to get back in cover, her voice lost to the wind at this height. She could only watch in horror as the last gunman dove from his position as Armin emerged, taking two quick shots in succession and landing them in Armin’s chest.

The blonde boy stumbled towards the railing at the edge of the bridge and Mikasa rose with a defiant cry, firing shots at the Hanzuko gunman aimlessly. A stray bullet caught him in the mask and he was flung backwards onto his back. He lay still and didn’t move.

Mikasa ran to her friend. The boy she’d entered the academy with; her best friend. She felt like she was running through syrup, her legs wouldn’t move fast enough and to her growing horror Armin’s prone form began to lean heavily over the railing and before she could reach him his body pitched
forwards and fell down into the void.

She felt her throat constrict and she grasped the railing staring as his small body fell, fell, fell through the misty void, disappearing from sight.

She closed her eyes.

Armin…

She felt rage swell in her chest and she whirled on the gunman who lay still on the concrete bridge.

Stalking over to him she grabbed him by the back of the neck and in one smooth movement she ripped off his mask.

Her mouth opened in horror and her heart froze.

The man before her blinked bleary eyes at her and she let go of him as though burned. He propped himself up on his elbows and looked at her blankly, his face a cold mask of indifference.

“This… this is some kind of sick joke…”

He just looked at her. His face betrayed nothing and she suddenly wanted to shake him, to shove him and to demand that he give up this stupid game and assure her that it was all just some stupid prank.

“You – you can’t be….” She whispered, searching his face for something – anything that would prove his innocence. “I know you…”

His expression hardened and she bit her lip.

“Why?” She whispered.
“Hanzuko lives.”

She felt the ice that had gripped her heart harden and shatter into a million pieces, each disintegrating and scattering on the wind at the depth of his betrayal.

“Ackerman,” he said. He never called her that and it served to reinforce just how much she might have misread him. “I’m sorry.” For a minute she though she saw something in his eyes as he looked at her, some hint of emotion. But then she felt nothing but pain and she staggered off him, glancing down at her chest where a red stain was gradually expanding across her torso like a blooming flower. He lowered the weapon in his hand and she moaned piteously; not at the pain from her injury but from the pain in her heart. Her vision swam and suddenly she was on the ground.

How did that happen?

She focused on breathing. Steady breaths, in and out, over and over. Raising her weary head she caught sight of him, standing a few meters away. There was another Hanzuko agent with him and they after a second they turned to leave. She felt herself pitch forwards, catching herself in the dirt. It was getting hard to breathe, her lungs felt like fire and ice all at once. Around her the bodies of her fallen comrades lay. Christa, a few feet away, lay with her neck twisted at an unnatural angle, blood dripping from pale lips and her eyes wide.

Raising tired eyes she caught sight of him one more time. He was looking at her and his face was a blank mask, but his eyes... his eyes burned with intensity.

“Eren...” she said before the sweet release of darkness took her.

“It’s not going to open itself,” Jean murmured startling her from her reverie.

“Yeah, don’t rush me,” she mumbled.

Taking a deep breath against the flood of memories she turned the door handle, swinging the door open into the small holding room and found herself face to face with him.

Her heart thudded loudly and there was a high-pitched ringing in her ears. He was taller than she
remembered, his face looking down at her in shock as she stood, rooted to the spot. She refused to meet his eyes, but she could see they were wide and round in panic and at his sides his hands clenched tightly. His tired face was bruised from where she had kicked him and she winced, not meeting his eyes.

“Sorry about your face…” she muttered, before moving away from him, dancing out of his personal space.

*Soap and spice.*

The smell of him invaded her nostrils and taunted her with memories. For the longest time after his betrayal she had washed and rewashed her bed sheets, desperate to rid her life of that smell. Her hands were shaking and to hide that fact she stuffed them into her pockets, hunching her shoulders and turning away from the man who….

*Who what?*

Jean followed her into the room, glancing nervously and accusingly at the man before him.

“Jaeger…” he eventually muttered, evenly.

Mikasa was studying the floor studiously, but from her periphery she saw Jaeger drag his gaze from her to glance at Jean.

“Hey Kirstein,” he held out a hand to the other man but Jean simply glanced at it sceptically.

Taking the hint, Jaeger dropped his hand after a moment, instead stuffing it into the pocket of his dark pants with a sigh. Mikasa felt a new level of respect for Jean as he stood his ground, folding his arms and surveying Jaeger from beneath his hair.

“Look, Jaeger…” he started. “I know that there’s some weird shit gone down. And you were apparently following orders.” Jean glanced nervously at Mikasa who held his gaze as his face did something strange. “But you’ve got to realize that you’ve been pretty much undesirable number 1 around here for the last five years. Jesus!” Jean threw his hands up. “You nearly killed Ackerman here…. You did kill Armin… and Christa. And there were 7 other causalities.”
Jaeger’s face paled and Mikasa thought for a moment that he was going to be sick.

“I mean, just how the hell did you even agree to an order like that? Wasn’t Armin your best friend-“

“Jean-“

Mikasa’s voice cut him off from where he had been advancing angrily on Jaeger. The dark haired man seemed to be shrinking in on himself with every word. The silence in the room was deafening.

“Jean… please wait for me outside.” Mikasa said, looking at Jaeger evenly.

The tall man began to protest and Jaeger’s eyes shot up, meeting her own with what almost looked like terror.

“Please…” she whispered, not taking her eyes from Jaeger’s.

Jean huffed. “Fine. But I’ll be right outside.”

The sound of the door closing broke the spell and Mikasa dropped her eyes. Turning her back on him she braced her hands on the windowsill gazing into the darkness beyond; the lights of the sky lanes blurring together into a hazy glow.

“You – you grew your hair out…” she heard him murmur and she had to close her eyes at the sound of his voice. A shiver moved down her spine at the memories of that voice.

Resignedly she turned to face him.

“So did you.” She said, keeping her face impasse.

*She was a fortress.*
For the first time since his reappearance she really took in the sight of him. He was slim; she didn’t remember him being that slim before. His face had aged, but that was likely due to the line of stubble along his jaw and the dark shadows that pressed under his eyes.

“You look tired…” She said, surprising herself.

“So do you.”

Her eyes widened and she felt a flush rise up her cheeks.

His eyes were intense as they gazed at her and she bit her lip, watching as he tracked the movement.

“So….”

He held her gaze and neither of them seemed to know what to say, what to do to make this better.

“Tell me why you did it.” She whispered suddenly, the pressure becoming too great.

He sighed and turned away from her, staring at the wall with unseeing eyes.

“You know why.” Levi.

“But you could have refused.”

“Refused?!?” He whirled to face her. “I was promised the chance to take down Hanzuko. I was promised the chance of a lifetime, every Overwatcher’s dream case! Would you have turned it down?”

She considered this.
“Not when you put it like that, but it wasn’t that simple was it?” She spat. “Not when they told you what you’d have to do.”

She watched his shoulders tense and felt the bitterness well up inside her.

“You looked me in the eye and you pulled that trigger.”

Suddenly he was whirling to face her.

“You were supposed to be wearing your God-damned Kevlar!” He snarled.

“Oh, so this is all my fault!”

“Don’t be ridiculous.” Jaeger snapped. “I’m just saying - none of that was supposed to happen.” His eyes turned pained. “When I saw the blood... I just froze. I thought for sure I’d killed you.” He swallowed convulsively and she was shocked to see tears in his eyes. “I’ve spent the last five years thinking that you died at my hand as well as the others and you have no idea how that has haunted me.”

He reached for her and she couldn’t help it, she flinched back from his touch. His mouth curled downwards and he dropped his arms silently.

“Well, I’m not dead…” She muttered. “Despite your best efforts.” He balked at her words and she felt a rush of sadistic pleasure.

“But Armin…?”

His words chilled her and she wrapped her arms around herself, tightly. Looking away from him she heard him draw in a shuddering breath.

The silence descended over them like a thick, smothering blanket and Mikasa imagined all of the air
in the room being absorbed by it.

“So why now?” She asked after a moment, turning cold grey eyes to him. “Why did you come back now?”

He opened him mouth for a moment then closed it, looking away from her.

“It was a five year mission, I completed my time…”

She was pretty sure that he was lying to her, by the way his jaw clenched. He’d never been able to lie directly to her face.

_He was pretty good at keeping this from you though._

“So what now.”

He just stared at her for a moment and she thought he was trying to read her question.

_What now for him? What now for her? What now for them?_

There was no them! Not anymore.

“I’m on RnR for 4 weeks, pending formal investigation and review of the case. And then I’m back to work.”

“Back to work,” she repeated hollowly. “As though nothing has happened.”

“Mikas-“

“My name is Ackerman.” She growled at him, her eyes flashing and the hand that he had reached towards her dropped emptily into the abyss between them.
“So that’s it?” He asked hollowly.

“What did you really expect?”

She was cold. With numb fingers she wrapped the scarf round her neck tighter against the chill of the air feeling it’s soft wool caress her skin.

His eyes popped wide and she frowned at him, wondering what he was staring at.

“You – you changed your scarf?” He muttered and she glanced down at the blue scarf around her neck, her mind automatically thinking of the soft red scarf that he had wrapped around her neck the day they completed their training. The scarf she hadn’t removed for two years on the job. The scarf that had become so much part of her identity that Connie had taken to calling her scarf girl.

“I burned it when I got out of the hospital.”

His eyes widened for a moment and then it was like a door closed on them. All emotion shut off and he stared at her blankly.

She turned to leave, feeling like half of a woman as she walked out of the door without a backwards glance.
Chapter Summary

Mikasa tries to work, but finds it increasingly difficult to do her job with a certain green-eyed monster lurking around. She investigates the Hanzuko case, with some surprising results.

CHAPTER 3

Over the next four weeks Mikasa threw herself into her work with a passion and vigor that she had not employed since she had first gotten out of the hospital over five years ago.

She made it her mission to hunt down her wanted list. She paid little heed to the petty criminals that she had been bogged down with in recent months, instead going after the bigger fish. She was well-known among the authorities and in the criminal world for her ruthless approach to law-enforcement. But over the past couple of weeks she had taken that to a whole new level, caring nothing for loss of life or damage to property.

“Ackerman!” Levi yelled across the office as she traipsed in through the door, warily. She had been on shift for two hours and had already caught and detained an entire terrorist cell, the head of which was on his way sub level at that moment.

Rolling her eyes, she threw her jacket off in the direction of her desk and turned, bumping into one of the cadets as she walked.

“Oh, hey Ackerman!” The shorter girl squeaked in panic.

When Mikasa grunted and made to move around her, the girl – Gorman - held out a tablet. “I got those surveillance pictures you wanted to see..”

Mikasa took the tablet and pushed past the girl, who stepped out of her way, warily.

Entering Levi’s office, Mikasa glanced up from the screen in front of her and took in the scene before her. Levi was sat behind his desk, with Jean in one of the chairs in front of him. She frowned
“What’s up?” She muttered with a frown as she sat down. Jean refused to meet her eyes. Strange considering he’d had no problem fucking her into the mattress last night.

*He’s probably mad that you spent the whole night thinking of someone else.*

She shut down those thoughts immediately and turned to face the Captain, one eyebrow raised in question.

“I’ve been getting reports that you’re being a little reckless.”

Mikasa’s eyes snapped to Jean and she scowled.

“I’m fine.” She growled, turning back to Levi with a scowl.

“I’m sure.” He said in that maddening way that made her want to slap him. She still had not forgiven him for his role in what had happened and in truth she blamed him for the death of Armin nearly as much as she blamed Jaeger.

She grit her teeth, feeling them gnash together painfully and waited for what he had to say with her hands clenched on her thighs.

“Given what I have seen today—“

“What are you talking about?” She spat and Levi narrowed his eyes at her.

“I’m talking about you blasting into an apartment block in mid city without any backup. I’m talking about you dispatching four members of a suspected drugs ring without authorization. I’m talking about the three citizens injured in the cross-fire and the destruction of three apartments.” His voice grew menacingly soft and Mikasa winced internally. He was really pissed.

“But I got them…” she muttered petulantly, twisting her scarf around her fingers and not looking at
Levi sighed, dramatically and looked like he wanted to throttle her.

“You’ve had too much freedom.” He barked at her and she narrowed his eyes at her. “Too long I have let you mope about, without answering to anyone. It’s time I assigned you a permanent partner.”

“No-”

“Yes-”

She and Jean spoke at the same time and she glared at him, noticing the hopeful expression on his face. He undoubtedly wanted to be made her full-time partner and Mikasa shuddered at the thought of being tied to him in such a way. He was a good agent and he was even all right in bed, but she didn’t want to have to work with him constantly, day in day out 24/7.

“No.” She repeated again.

“Ackerman, this is not a request.” Levi glowered at her, before his expression became carefully neutral. “Besides, I’ve got the perfect solution.” He turned to Jean. “Kirstein, you are aware that Collingridge’s resignation leaves an opening with Springer.”

Both Jean and Mikasa looked at the Captain in confusion.

“Sir? You’re putting Ackerman with Connie?”

They all knew that Mikasa was the best agent they had and while Connie was perfectly capable, he would undoubtedly just slow her down.

“No. I’m putting you with Springer.”

“Sir?”
“I’m putting Ackerman back with Jaeger.”

Mikasa felt blood roar in her ears and rush from her head, leaving a cold sweat in its wake. Levi was saying something to Jean; she could see his lips forming words but she heard nothing but the thudding of her heartbeat.

“I’m putting Ackerman with Jaeger.”

Jaeger.

“No.” She grunted, silencing the somewhat terse conversation, which had been held in her silence.

They both turned to look at her. She could only imagine what she looked like, pale and sweating, with wide eyes.

“Ackerman, as I have already said, this is not optional.” Levi said with a sigh.

“Then I resign.” She said quickly. Beside her Jean’s mouth popped open, audibly.

“Captain—” he spluttered.

Levi held up a hand to silence him, his eyes trained on Mikasa’s, unwavering.

“No you wont.” He said after a moment and she cursed him, pulling her gaze from his.

“Kirstein you are dismissed, go tell Springer the good news.”

Jean looked like he wanted to say something, but after a moment he stood up and stalked to the door.

“Oh and send Jaeger in, would you?” Levi called and Mikasa felt her eyes widen in horror.
Behind her she heard the door click shut and the sounds of boots falling softly on the wooden floor. She tensed, refusing to turn, keeping her eyes trained on her hands.


“Captain,” the other man said softly, lowering himself into the seat that Jean had vacated.

She raised her eyes to meet his, swallowing her surprise at his transformation. He looked better nourished than he had four weeks previously, the stubble that had lined his jaw was gone and his hair had been cut shorter, back to the style that she remembered. There were still dark hollows under his eyes, but his eyes themselves were brighter and when they met her own he smiled; just a gentle quirk on one side of his lips, but Mikasa felt her stomach tighten.

She turned away quickly, a frown on her face.

“So…” the Captain began his mandate. “Jaeger you’re returned to active duty as of today.”

Jaeger nodded, obviously expecting as much.

“I’m partnering you back with Ackerman, considering how well you worked together previously.”

She was resolutely watching the clock above Levi’s desk, but even still she did not miss the sudden flick of Jaeger’s eyes to her, before flitting back to the Captain’s face.

“Sir, I’m not sure that’s such a good idea.” Jaeger muttered and Mikasa frowned.

“Oh really?” Levi sat back in his chair and stroked his chin, in deliberation. “And why is that?”

“Well… Sir. There is…history. You know what I- what I did-“
Mikasa bit her tongue. Hard.

“Jaeger, we all know that you were working under my orders. The blame for the causalities of that day does not lie with you. There has been an official investigation. You have been cleared of any wrongdoing. Any residual malice or blame that Ackerman feels can be directed at me. And believe me, it is.”

Mikasa felt a growl bubble up in her throat, but Levi narrowed his eyes at her and she quelled it with a huff.

“Ackerman will catch you up to speed on her current cases.” Levi turned to face her. “Given Jaeger’s recent excitement I think a gentle easing in would be good.” The Captain considered this for a moment. “Yes. Nothing more than a class 2 for a couple of weeks I think.”

“You have got to be kidding me!” Mikasa threw herself to her feet. “It’s bad enough you’re pairing me with him, but you’re benching me too?”

Beside her she felt Jaeger tense, but she was beyond caring.

Levi scowled at her.

“Watch your tone.” He muttered. “I can still dock your pay if you’re going to insist upon acting like a petulant child.”

Mikasa seethed, her body trembling softly.

“I think that concludes our meeting.” Levi stood up. “Jaeger I expect a full report at the end of the week.”

“Yes Sir.” The other man stood.

They both looked at her expectantly and Mikasa fumed silently. Closing her eyes she took a deep
breath, masking her frustration with a deep mask of calm. She opened her deadened eyes and turned to Jaeger.

“Let’s go.”

Without waiting for a reply she turned on her heel and left the office.

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Tap, tap, tap

Mikasa grit her teeth as Jaeger proceed to drum his fingers against the polished steel of the desk in front of her. As partner’s they were assigned adjoining desks. Frustratingly, the dividers between cubicles were not tall enough to block the view of one’s partner completely and Mikasa found herself faced with Jaeger’s bright eyes every day.

Even more frustratingly she seemed to be the only one who was bothered by his presence here. The rest of the office had been dubious and even a little standoffish when Jaeger had walked back in through the doors. No-one had really approached him, preferring to gossip about him behind his back. That suited Mikasa just fine, as although they gossiped about her too, she was secretly pleased that they weren’t ready to just accept Jaeger back into the fold after everything.

But then at the end of the first day Levi had made this grand, bold speech about how Jaeger was not to blame for what had happened. Instead Levi had blamed it on an administrative error. A fucking error! She had seethed at that, but the others in the office had actually seemed to feel sorry for Jaeger from that point. There had been talk about how it must have been so difficult for him, killing his friends and maintaining his cover. After that first day they warmed up to him considerably, and while he wasn’t exactly everyone’s best friend people were not going out of their way to give him the cold shoulder.

Tap, tap, tap

Mikasa rubbed her temple. She could feel a headache forming and she closed her eyes. This week was just dragging beyond all recognition and she could not wait to get to Friday for a much needed rest shift.
She had been benched. Having Jaeger back with her had meant she’d had to walk him back through all the procedures and protocols, many of which had changed over the last five years. It was maddening. To his credit Jaeger picked it up fairly quickly and didn’t ask too many annoying questions. What was worse was having to be in such close proximity to him on a regular basis. Wherever possible she avoided talking to him; she never made eye contact and she avoided having to be in his personal space completely. But that made for a rather stiff working environment and after only three days Mikasa was ready to punch someone.

“Hey, can I grab those aerial shots?” Jaeger asked, making her jump and she flushed, grabbing the tablet and handing it across the divide in their desk towards him, not making eye contact.

His fingers brushed hers and she nearly dropped the thing. Letting it go quickly as though burned, she retracted her hand and focused her attention on the screen in her desk, the words of her report blurring before her eyes.

Her fingertips tingled where he’d touched her and she couldn’t help but remember how his touch used to make her entire body tingle.

*Words whispered softly in her ear and teeth grazing her earlobe.*

Gritting her teeth she tried to concentrate on her report, forcing herself to focus on the details of the robbery.

*Calloused hands running feather-light up and down her bare back, tracing the vertebrae of her spine.*

She sighed, loudly and clenched her fists, God how did Levi expect her to work like this.

“Mikasa…”

The loud ping of her Holo-Comm alerted her to a situation in the field and she swiped her fingers over the screen in front of her, pulling up the details out of curiosity. She’d set up alerts to forward anything from the police scanner to her holo-comm over the last few weeks and opening the details of the report she found herself face to face with the most mundane of jobs.
A burglary. A couple had come home to find their home vandalized and property missing. It was class 1 work. Something that usually she wouldn’t have gotten out of bed for. But it beat sitting there with Jaeger only a meter away from her.

“Let’s go.” She stood up, grabbing her holo-comm.

“What is it?”

Jaeger was by her side in an instant, his own holo-comm in hand and his eyes bright. Mikasa smirked as she slipped the holo-comm around her neck, attaching the microphone to the skin of her neck and hearing the device whirr into action as it booted up and the holographic display screen appeared across her eyes. She flicked the display screen up atop her head, while they exited the office.

“Level 1 burglary.”

He scowled as he stalked along next to her and she felt a jolt of satisfaction knowing that he was itching to get back to proper fieldwork, just as she was.

They took a cruiser and Mikasa even relented enough to let him drive. Truth be told she missed her bike. The cruisers were clunky and difficult to manoeuvre, especially in a tight space.

She strapped in quickly, crossing the harness over her chest and locking it in place as he started the engine. They were silent and Mikasa felt it was an uncomfortable silence. What was she thinking, everything about the two of them working together was uncomfortable. She sighed and gazed out of the window as Jaeger manoeuvred out of the HQ docking bay. The city appeared before them in a grey haze of smog and traffic; the buildings, sky lanes and freeways crossing each other in a jumbled mess of humanity.

Jaeger brought the cruiser to the descent point and they rode down slowly. His fingers drummed the controls and she wondered if he was finding this situation as awkward as she was.

“So…” She jumped a little as he spoke. “I found myself an apartment.”

She frowned. Why was he telling her this?
“It’s not as big as my old place, but it’s in a decent location, mid city…level 51 and it’s got windows so I can’t really complain.”

Mikasa sat silent staring out of the window.

Jaeger sighed.

“Are you ever going to talk to me?”

“I talk to you every day.” She replied curtly.

“You know what I mean.” He muttered.

Mikasa fought the urge to groan.

“I don’t think we really have anything to talk about.”

“That’s bullshit and you know it.”

The vehemence of his voice surprised her and she couldn’t help but glance his way. He was scowling; his eyes locked on the sky as he turned the ship and joined the sky lane travelling east. They were only 5 minutes from their destination. He turned to look at her and his eyes were dark and angry.

“Concentrate on driving.” She muttered, turning away from him.

He didn’t respond and they spent the rest of the ride in uncomfortable silence.

When they arrived at the crime scene Mikasa let Jaeger do most of the work, instead sitting on the railings outside the apartment that overlooked the cityline, not that you could see much from here. The majority of mid city was lighter than the lower, but it still sat in the shadow of the upper city considerably and from her perch on the railings she had a great view of some super structure buildings, some freeways and a couple of sky lanes. The nicest thing she could see was a small park,
suspended between two buildings a little way below. The artificial grass was the only natural colour to be seen in an otherwise grey landscape.

“So the owners say it happened between 10 and 2,” Jaeger said coming alongside her and resting his forearms on the railing beside her. He’d pushed up the sleeves of his jacket, despite the chill in the air and she suspected the apartment owners had their heating on full blast as many chose to do at this time of year.

“Any leads on suspects?” She asked staring off towards the park where a small child was rocking vigorously on a swing set.

“Actually, they’ve had some work done recently.” He scrolled through the notes on his tablet. “A company called Lima Contractors.”

Mikasa stiffened.

“Lima?”

Jaeger glanced up at her, his brow furrowed.

“Yeah, that mean something to you?”

“Lima contractors have been investigated previously for ties to Hanzuko…” She trailed off and felt him stiffen beside her. “We could never get the charges to stick though,” she muttered, swinging her legs back over the railing and hopping to the ground.

Jaeger looked concerned.

“We need to call this in.”

“Don’t be such a pussy, Jaeger.” Mikasa smirked as she watched his eyes flash in anger. “Let’s go pay Lima a visit. After all, it’s just some routine questioning…”
She walked away, headed towards the cruiser park at the edge of the level as Jaeger trailed behind her, a scowl on his face.

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The workshop was small and dirty. Not surprising considering it was located so far down. Mikasa wondered aloud why a couple living in such a nice location would use a company from such a place. Money, Jaeger had replied, stoically and although she’d never tell him that, Mikasa had agreed.

Jaeger pressed the door chime as Mikasa wrapped her scarf more tightly around herself, stamping her feet against the cold.

“Jesus, hurry the fuck up already.” She muttered when Jaeger pressed the chime again.

He smirked at her and she scowled at him. “What’s so funny?”

“Nothing, just I don’t remember you ever swearing so much.” He murmured with a fond expression in his eye and Mikasa wanted to punch him.

“Well, shit happens and things change.” She growled out.

He was saved from answering when a child opened the door. He was dirty and skinny, wearing just shorts without a t-shirt and Mikasa wondered if he was a victim of trafficking, being worked as a child slave. It happened fairly often below level 30 and she made a mental note to follow this up.

They flashed their holographic badges.

“Is the owner home?” Mikasa said levelly when the child looked at them in confusion.

“Me no, English.” The kid spluttered.

“What the fuck?” Jaeger muttered in exasperation, turning to Mikasa.
It was very rare that they came across anyone in this day and age that did not speak English. Not since the global language order had been introduced that made English the national language of all nations. Each country held onto their own secondary languages, but English was taught as the primary language in all schools. If this kid didn’t speak any English then it confirmed Mikasa’s theory that he wasn’t being schooled.

“Come on,” she shoed the kid out of the way and stepped past him into the workshop, motioning for Jaeger to follow her. The hallway was cramped and dingy. A single, flickering strip light illuminated the room in a sterile white glow.

They caught no sight of anyone as they moved into the large room at the back of the workshop. Tools and machinery sat discarded around the workshop and Mikasa noticed two mugs of steaming fluid sat on the workbench at the rear.

Nudging Jaeger with her elbow she nodded at the mugs and he jerked his chin, intending to go around to the right.

They both drew their weapons as they stepped carefully around the discarded machinery, which provided a perfect hiding place for a suspect. The boy who had opened the door seemed to have disappeared and Mikasa wondered, suddenly where he had vanished to.

And then there was movement to her right as a scrawny and dishevelled man jumped out from behind a circular saw with a yell. He flew at Jaeger, a wrench in hand and actually managed to land a solid blow to Jaeger’s forearm causing the brunette to drop his weapon with a frustrated yell of pain.

The two grappled and Mikasa raised her weapon. The struggling pair twisted and Jaeger came into her line of fire.

*Take the shot.*

She cursed under her breath. She couldn’t risk shooting him. For a minute she panicked. If she was alone this would so much easier. What did she need to do?

The decision was taken from her when she felt a blow to the side of her head and she fell, down and down and down into darkness.
“Hold still.”

“I am!”

“You’re not, just give me your fucking chin and hold the hell still.”

She was sat in the passenger seat of the cruiser and Jaeger was kneeling on the ground in front of her, a furious expression on his face.

“Fine!” She let him cup her chin and turn her head towards the light from his holo-comm. Although his eyes and words were angry his hands were surprisingly gentle and he wiped at the cut above her eyebrow with an anti-septic round.

She hissed.

The round came away bloodied and she scowled, knowing that her scarf was ruined.

She’d come to in the passenger seat of the cruiser with both of the suspects handcuffed in the back. All credit to Jaeger he’d handled himself pretty well to be able to apprehend both suspects on his own. Although, the second suspect had only turned out to be the kid that they’d met at the door. She felt herself flush at the thought. Taken out by a fucking child; Jean would never let her live it down.

“It looks pretty deep. I think I should take you to the hospital.” Jaeger muttered softly, his brow furrowed.
“I’ve had worse,” Mikasa murmured, without thinking. When Jaeger’s face fell she rolled her eyes, she hadn’t intended that to be an insult to him. After all, he did save her bacon back there. “I mean… I get hurt all the time this is no big deal.”

Somehow that didn’t seem to pacify him and he only seemed to look more upset.

“There’s some glue in the med kit, just wash it off and seal it up would you?”

He looked up at her. Obviously surprised that she was asking for his help, but it was the closest she could come to a thank you.

He dug out the glue and held it up to her with a frown.

“This will sting.”

“U-huh.” She didn’t meet his eyes, preferring to stare at a point over his right shoulder. He was so close and he smelt like soap with a hint of cinnamon. She tried not to breathe through her nose.

“Does it hurt?” He pauses his movement, mistaking her discomfort for pain.

“What? No.”

He frowned in confusion but continues what he was doing, sealing her wound slowly and carefully.

The sound of sirens distracted her and she looked at Jaeger in horror.

“You called a med team?!”

He had the decency to flush.

“You were out for a while…”
“Jesus, Jaeger I’m not some delicate flower. I got whacked on the head.”

“Shut up.” He growled as he covered her now sealed cut with a bandage spray, sealing it over.

When Mikasa gathered up her things from her desk a few hours later, her head throbbed like a son-of-a-bitch and she felt tired to the bone. The two suspects, had, as predicted, given nothing away, both insisting that they didn’t speak English. Given the current climate they would have trouble getting a Japanese translator for a while, so she’d had to accept locking the suspects in the detention cells here at HQ for the foreseeable future until they could be questioned further.

“Are you ok?” Jaeger asked her as she ran a hand across her temple with a wince.

“I’m fine. Stop fussing over me.” She muttered at him.

He snorted derisively.

“Something funny?”

“No, it’s just this is quite a role reversal here.” He folded his arms and looked at her as he leaned against his desk. “I mean… if I remember rightly it was always you hovering over me protectively and I was the one who used to snap at you and moan at you to stop being so overprotective.” He shook his head with a sad smile. “Never thought it would be the other way around.”

Mikasa didn’t know how to respond to that so she just fiddled with her scarf, picking the dried blood flakes from the dark blue material. It might have seemed strange to some that she continued to wear a scarf after Jaeger’s departure 5 years ago, but wearing something around her neck had become such an ingrained part of herself that when she’d thrown off that old red scarf she had felt naked and exposed. And so she’d stocked up on scarves, blue ones, green ones, black ones. Never red.

“Hey, Ackerman!” She was saved from responding by Jean’s voice calling across the nearly deserted
office and he wandered over to where they were stood, his jacket slung casually over his shoulder.

He glanced at Jaeger but did not acknowledge him. Of everyone in the office, Jean seemed to be having the hardest time accepting Jaeger back into their midst.

“So there’s a bunch of us headed to Mayonaka tonight and I was hoping I could persuade you to join us- hey what happened to your face?” He frowned when he took in the bandage spray at her temple.

“She got smacked in the face by a twelve year old.” Jaeger piped up with a smirk and Mikasa growled at him.

“What the fuck?” Jean looked perplexed. “Anyway, so what do you say? Come with me.”

Mikasa didn’t miss the way Jaeger’s eyes flicked between them before dropping away to his desk as he gathered his things.

“I don’t know…” Mikasa mumbled.

“You should probably go home and rest that head,” Jaeger said, his voice carefully blank as he slung his jacket on and Mikasa narrowed her eyes.

“Yeah, that sounds good Jean. I’ll meet you there at 9.” She smirked at Jaeger, petulantly, but he just gazed back at her with that blank expression.

“Catch you guys later.” He said good naturedly as he turned to leave, flicking his desk lights off as he went.

“Great, so you’re sure you want to me meet us there? I could swing by and pick you up?” Jean was talking but Mikasa’s eyes were on Jaeger’s departing form. Why did he rile her up so much?

*You know why.*

“Huh?” She mumbled at Jean. “No that’s fine, I’ll catch you there.” She ignored the disappointed
look on Jean’s face as she turned to leave, her mind still on the blank expression of Jaeger’s face and the endless depths of his eyes that gave nothing away.

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The club was hot and sweaty and Mikasa was slightly drunk.

“Ackerman!” Sasha crowed as they downed the shots together. “I never knew you could be so much fun!!”

It was true, Mikasa did not tend to socialize much with the others from the office, but that didn’t mean that she didn’t know how to have a good time. In fact she was a bit of a regular here at Mayonaka and she had certainly learnt to handle her drink.

After getting out of the hospital five years ago Mikasa had thrown herself into work to the point that she had dreaded going home to an empty apartment. She’d started clubbing as a way to avoid her empty apartment and after a while the drinking and the dancing actually became enjoyable to her. Not to mention the men she’d picked up along the way as well.

There were a few more of them here than she had expected. Sasha, Connie, Jean, Annie, Hitch and Reiner were all sat around a small table by the dance floor and between them they’d managed to consume a healthy amount of booze. The lights whirled around them, and Mikasa watched as the others chatted loudly and animatedly between themselves.

“Oooh, check out the body on that one!” Sasha murmured in Mikasa’s ear and the dark haired woman turned to catch a glimpse of a broad blonde haired God smiling at her. She smirked back at Sasha.

“Let’s give him something to stare at, shall we?” Mikasa said with a grin.

She jumped up, smoothing the short skirt down and grabbed Sasha’s hand, pulling her to the crowded dance floor. The music was loud and the bass line heavy and for a little while Mikasa lost herself in the music, feeling the pulse rippling through her very being, she let it wash over her, swaying her hips and throwing her arms in the air.

“I need to get some water!” Sasha called after a little while. A fine beading of sweat had settled
across her forehead and Mikasa just nodded, not ready to head back to the table. She turned back to
the crowd, losing herself once more in the crush of bodies around her. Throwing her hands into the
air, she closed her eyes, swaying her hips frenetically in time with the music.

After a moment she felt hands slide onto her hips and she smiled to herself. Blondie must have
decided to make his move. She pressed back against his firm chest. He was more lithely muscled
than she’d first guessed but she felt him grip her hips hard enough to bruise. She felt fingers drift
across her bare stomach between the skin of her skirt and her barely there shirt and she smiled,
tipping her head back against his shoulder and closing her eyes.

She could feel his breath in her ear and it sent a delicious shiver down her spine. Their bodies
continued to sway to the music in a delicious rhythm, pressed together tightly. It felt so good…so
right.

“Mikasa…” he breathed in her ear and her eyes snapped open.

She whirled around to find herself face to face with Jaeger and her heart froze. His eyes were dark
and his face impassive as he gazed at her. Her own face must have done something drastic as he
reached out a hand to her but she stepped back, dancing out of his grasp as though burned.

“No…” she said, turning on her heel and fleeing off the dance floor, pushing her way through the
crowd. She headed for the bar, feeling in desperate need of a drink. She found Sasha chatting
animatedly to a bald headed guy.

“Did you invite Jaeger?” She asked, spinning the smaller woman around.

“Hey! What?” Sasha yelped.

“Jaeger! Did you invite him here, tonight?”

Sasha frowned.

“Yeah, I was trying to be nice. Why?”
Mikasa sighed. “Don’t worry about it.” She shouted over the music. Elbowing her way through the crowd that was gathered around the bar she snuck her way to the front of the line.

“Double Vodka. Straight up. And a bottle of water!” She ordered from the barman, not waiting for him to come to her.

“I’ve got this.” Called a voice next to here and she looked up to see the blonde guy from earlier.

“Thanks,” she tried for a smile, but found it lacking.

“No problem. Hey, what’s your name?” He asked.

“Ackerman.”

“That’s a strange name!”

“I’m a strange kind of girl.” She yelled humourlessly as her drinks were deposited in front of her.

“I’m Michael,” the guy called, his face close to her ear.

“Thanks for the drink,” she tossed him a small smile that didn’t quite meet her eyes and grabbing her vodka, she headed back to her group, freezing when she saw Jaeger chatting with Annie quietly. She hated to admit it but he looked good. Soft brown chinos fit his muscular thighs, loosely, and his torso was covered with a fitted dark shirt, accentuating his slim torso. She swallowed at the sight of him, but he didn’t glance up as she approached. Mikasa suddenly felt incredibly uncomfortable and considered leaving. She glanced around behind her, trying to work out the best way to sneak off, unnoticed.

“Hey, Ackerman!” A hand grasped her shoulder and she whirled to find the blonde…Michael standing in front of her, holding her water. “You forgot this!” He handed her the water with a bemused grin.

“Oh…thank you!” She looked up at him. He really was very attractive.
“If you really wanted to thank me you could give me your number.”

Mikasa grinned. She could do one better than that. In her drunken state she paid little heed to the voice in the back of her mind telling her that what she was about to do was probably a stupid idea.

Reaching up she cupped Michael’s face a leaned in bringing their lips together. He wasted no time in deepening the kiss, but he was a skilled kisser and she found herself humming into his mouth appreciatively. His hands wandered down her back and cupped her ass and suddenly he was spinning her round and around. She broke the kiss, laughing freely with giddy delight. He landed her back on her feet gently and took her lips again with renewed vigour. Her eyes settled over his right shoulder as his tongue parted her lips and across the room she could make out a pair of intense green eyes staring straight at her own, impassively. She felt a jolt in the pit of her stomach as she met those eyes. Jaeger watched her, his face blank. He stood next to Annie who was now chattering quietly to Reiner, a beer held loosely in his hand. His face was carefully blank as Jaeger watched the blonde Michael run his hands all over Mikasa, but his eyes were on fire and she shuddered at the depth of emotion that she saw there. Instinctively she deepened the kiss, tipping her head back, without losing eyes contact with Jaeger, letting Michael trail kisses down her throat and running her own hands down his back to clench his firm backside.

Her pulse was racing and she found she couldn’t look away from Jaeger, his emerald eyes holding her pinned to the spot.

And then suddenly she was being bodily hauled off Michael sharply and a voice was yelling in her ear.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?!”

Jean looked ready to kill someone.

“Hey buddy!” Michael glowered at Jean, squaring up to him. “Can’t you see we’re busy here?”

“She’s fucking taken you asshole!”

The others around the table seemed to have noticed the commotion and had wandered closer to see what the fuss was about.
“Jean calm down!” Mikasa called to him, feeling the headache from earlier that day return with a vengeance.

“Hey man, I didn’t know she was taken!” Michael said holding his hands up before pushing past Jean and disappearing into the crowd.

“What the hell were you doing sticking your tongue down his throat?!”

Mikasa saw Jaeger step up into view. His face carefully blank, as it had been all evening.

“What I do in my spare time isn’t any of your business, Jean!” She shouted at him, feeling her anger flare to life.

“Oh I’m sorry I thought I was the guy you’re currently fucking!”

Mikasa rubbed her forehead in frustration. God this had been a bad idea.

“Yes! You’re just some guy I’m fucking! And you’re not the only one!” She yelled at him and watched his eyes go wide. “We never said this was an exclusive thing! For fuck sake! If you’re going to get so uptight over a bit of kissing then I think it’s probably good idea that we don’t continue with whatever the fuck this was!” She gestured between them. Jean was opening and closing his mouth, his face red.

Mikasa could feel Jaeger’s eyes on her but she couldn’t bring herself to meet his gaze. Couldn’t take the disappointment that she felt sure she would see there.

“This was a bad idea.” Grabbing her purse from the table she turned to leave. “I’ll see you all tomorrow.”

She headed out of the club, grabbing her scarf and jacket from the cloakroom on her way out. It was just after midnight and the air was bitterly cold outside. She made her way to the nearest sky train station. It was only a short walk and she wrapped her arms around herself.
She felt someone fall into step with her and she tensed, her head feeling more fuzzy from the rush of cold air.

“What are you doing?” She growled.

“Walking you home.” Jaeger responded, his hands stuffed into the pockets of his wool coat and Mikasa wandered when the boy she’d known since they were eleven had grown any kind of fashion sense.

“I don’t think that’s necessary.” She murmured, her words puffing into the air in little bursts of steam.

“Humour me.” He muttered and she frowned, whirling to face him.

“What do you want from me?” She was still drunk. The cold night air was making her feel light headed and brave; otherwise she wouldn’t confront him this way.

“I don’t want anything—”

“Bullshit!”

He crossed his arms and looked away from her angrily with a huff.

“Fine. I want things to go back to the way they were. And yes before you say it I know that they can’t. I know what I did. I know you can’t forgive me for that. But it doesn’t stop me from missing you. Missing my best friend.” He stepped closer to her and she could see the flush rising up his cheeks. He had always been embarrassed to express himself.

“Jaeger…” She warned.

“Eren.”

“W-what?” She stuttered.
“My name is Eren. Say it.” He was so close to her that she could feel the heat of his body. She closed her eyes.

“No.” It came out almost a sob.

“Say it.” He whispered, his hands on her elbows. She shook her head, vehemently.

The horn of a nearby cruiser sent her stumbling away from him and she threw her hands up towards him, her eyes wide.

“Stay the fuck away from me Jaeger!” And with that she turned on her heel and ran.
Mikasa struggles to cope working so closely with her new partner and things aren't helped when new information comes to light that requires her and Jaeger to be virtually joined at the hip.

**WARNING:** The start of this chapter contains sexual explicit material.

Chapter Summary

CHAPTER 4

Sleep did not come easily for her that night. She tossed and turned for hours, too riled up from the events of the evening to switch off. Emerald irises haunted her every time she closed her eyes and she could not stop replaying the sound of his voice.

“Say it...”

She breathed softly, letting her fingers roam across her stomach, tracing the path that his strong fingers had taken on the dance floor. Memories flooded her senses of a time long past.

*Fingers grazing flesh and lips pressing unhurried, lingering kisses along skin.*

She moaned gently as her fingers dipped into the elastic of her underwear.

*Memories of intense green eyes locked with hers and a body slicked with sweat rising above her.*

She found her entrance wet and waiting and inserted two fingers, using the heel of her hand to grind against her swollen clit. She let out a soft mewing sound.
Memories of him entering her slowly, his breath hot in her ear and her legs slung loosely around his hips, grinding into him as he rocked against her.

She felt her pleasure increase, her fingers coated in her slippery juices and she accelerated her ministrations, her chest heaving.

Memories of his body flush with hers, his lips on her neck and her pleasure spiralling up and up and he thrust into her harder and harder.

She was on the edge now, her hips moving involuntarily against her fingers, which flew across her flesh in a frenzied dance.

Memories of emerald eyes holding her own and a forehead pressed against her own.

“My name is Eren. Say it.”

“Eren…” his name fell from her lips like a prayer.

And then she was coming, her body jerking and spasming around her fingers as she reached her climax, a long drawn out moan falling from her lips as she reached completion.

Mikasa sat atop her bike, surveying the cityscape before her in the morning sun, which streamed between buildings at this height, like bright shards of glass. Her scarf was pulled high across her face to ward off the frigid winds that whipped her hair about her face in soft tendrils.

She’d not set foot in the office for 48 hours after the events at Mayonaka, instead messaging Jaeger’s holo-comm directly with her intentions for her shifts.

Coward...
She sighed.

To be fair to Jaeger he’d left her to it, not bothering to come out and accompany her and she was strangely grateful for the distance he was giving her. He’d checked in on her, video messaging her throughout the day with details of the case he was writing up. He had apparently managed to find a Japanese translator who would be able to come out later that day. She’d let the messages go to voicemail, rather than pick them up live, still not keen to face him directly.

Her holo-comm pinged and swiping the visor down she noted an incoming call from Levi. With a grunt she answered and is face appeared before her.

“What?” She asked, frustrated.

He scowled at her.

“Watch your tone, Ackerman.”

She resisted the urge to stick her tongue out at him, instead raising her eyebrows and waiting for him to get the hell on with it.

“I need you back here. We’re holding an unscheduled briefing at 12:15.”

She felt her spine tingle. It was rare that the Captain ordered an unscheduled briefing and pulled people in.

“I’ll be there.” She muttered and he nodded before clicking off.

She wondered what had happened. She knew that this Hanzuko case was really stressing Levi out, but she wondered what new information they must have encountered for him to pull everyone in. Twisting her bike, she hit it into gear, joining the nearest sky lane and zipping through traffic back to HQ.

Jaeger was sat at their desk, a mountain of files scattered in front of him. His sleeves were rolled up and his hands had obviously been running backwards and forwards through his hair, which was
standing up in every direction. She avoided him however, instead sidling over to Sasha’s desk, which she shared with Reiner.

The girl was eating, as usual, and Mikasa smirked.

“It’s only 10am and you’re already eating your lunch?”

“Mnneungry!” came the muffled response as Sasha talked around the bread roll that she was currently stuffing into her face. Mikasa rolled her eyes.

“Do you know anything about this briefing?” Her eyes flickered to Levi’s office. The glass was frosted indicating that he didn’t want to be disturbed.

Sasha swallowed and shrugged.

“Not a clue… But I heard it’s something to do with Jaeger and the Hanzuko case…”

Mikasa felt her eyes slide back to Jaeger who was poring over some video footage, his hand fisted in his hair.

“Mmhmmm…”

“Hey, so just what happened Friday night?” Sasha asked quietly and Mikasa saw Reiner look up curiously.

_Nope, not going there._

“I’m going to train in the gym…” Mikasa muttered and slunk off quickly, Sasha’s voice calling after her.

“You can’t avoid us forever!”

_I can try._
In the gym she stripped down to her gym shorts and T-shirt. I had been too long. She strapped the pads to her hand and wandered across the large deserted room to the punch bag at one side.

Using the controls at the side of the room she cued up her music. Something with a heavy bassline and aggressive lyrics. She smiled to herself and cracked her neck raising her hands into a fighting stance.

She started easily enough, a few jabs, some dodging, moving light on her feet.

She needed this release. This last month had proved…challenging.

“My name is Eren… Say it…”

She growled, increasing the intensity of her punches, this time adding some kicks, twisting her body and revelling the heavy thud of the punch bag as he weight pummelled into it.

For a while she lost herself to the feel of it. Punch, kick, punch, punch. She felt her breath coming in rapid pants and sweat trickling down her spine.

“Mikasa…”

With a groan she battered the punch bag with a barrage of assaults. Her movements became wilder and wilder until finally her arms gave out and she wrapped them around the bag, hanging off it loosely, her breath heaving. She squeezed her eyes shut. What the fuck was wrong with her?

“Feeling frustrated?”

She tensed, her eyes popping open at the sound of the voice behind her. She hadn’t even heard anyone come into the room. Without looking at him she straightened, cutting the music. The silence was deafening.
“What do you want?” She asked, still with her back to him.

“I just came down to let off some steam…I didn’t mean to interrupt you.” He sounded genuinely contrite and she sighed. Turning to face him she kept her eyes locked to his face. He was dressed, as she’d expected, only in a pair of loose gym shorts and her eyes itched to wander across the bronze expanse of torso and muscled stomach that was on show. She felt her face flush and she wished she had her scarf.

“Go ahead…” she muttered. “I’m done here.”

She made to push past him.

“Do you maybe want to spar a little?” He asked catching her by surprise and she paused.

Sparring? They’d spent a lot of time in here sparring during their first years together as partners. What had started as a way to tighten their skills and let off some steam, had become a kind of ritual at the end of a week. Mikasa hated to admit it to herself but she’d missed it.

“I… don’t know…” she murmured, biting her lip.

“What? You afraid I’ll beat you?”

She scowled at him, her eyes narrowed.

“How many times did that ever happen?”

It was his turn to scowl at her, but there was a gentle warmth in his eyes.

“I might surprise you.”

She considered for a moment.
“Fine.”

His answering grin brought a blush to her cheeks and she mentally slapped herself, moving to tighten her gloves as he strapped on his own.

The gym was equipped with a large matted floor, perfect for sparring and she wandered over to the centre of the room, as he trailed along behind her. Turning to face him she held her gloves over, watching as his eyes widened at the familiar routine. With a quirk to his lips he touched his gloves to hers before they raised their hands into a fighting stance.

She struck first; a swing towards his face. He blocked with his forearm and anticipated the knee that she brought up towards his ribs, knocking it back and striking her lightly in the stomach, knocking her back. She frowned at him.

“Don’t hold back on me Jaeger.”

His eyes narrowed as he circled her.

This time he struck first with a jab to the face, which she dodged lightly, feeling the wind whip past her at the force. She got an elbow to his stomach hearing a satisfying grunt, but he grabbed her, catching her by surprise with an arm around her middle as he landed a solid punch in her side. She retaliated by taking out his leg, dropping him down to one knee and she twisted a leg over him and got her arm around his throat from behind.

With a grunt he levered his body and threw her over his shoulder, she landed flat on her back but she scrambled to her feet before he could pin her and again they circled each other.

His eyes were dark and hooded, betraying nothing.

“You have… improved….” She told him grudgingly, her voice made heavy by her rapid breathing.

He was panting, his strong chest, moving quickly with each breath.
“Don’t patronize me.” He growled and dived for her. They continued in this vain for some time, each landing a number of blows on the other. As promised Jaeger did not hold back, landing a bruising punch across her face, splitting her lip. For a moment his eyes widened, as he took in the blood trickling from her mouth before she spat and punched him square in the face, splitting his eyebrow.

He quirked a savage smirk at her and they were back into it, circling and raining blows down upon each other.

Finally Mikasa went in for the offensive taking out Jaeger’s knees and dropping him to the ground. She felt for sure she had him, but a buck of his hips and he rolled, reversing their positions until she felt her back him the mat with a thump and he sat atop her, her wrists captured in his vice-like grip.

His breathing was laboured and sweat dripped down his well-defined chest.

“Got you!” He crowed.

Mikasa didn’t have the energy to argue, her chest heaving. She met his eyes, saying nothing and saw his pupils dilate and his expression darken as he took in the sight of her, dripping with sweat, her torso heaving.

She was suddenly and painfully aware of his slim legs astride her hips and his weight pressing down on her pelvis and she felt a coil of desire run through her. He was so close, his body hovering but a few inches above hers. Her lips parted and she saw his darkened eyes tracking the movement of her tongue as it swept over her lips, nervously.

Her body thrummed with energy and if she wasn’t mistaken his hands were shaking lightly where they held her wrists. Agonizingly slowly he lowered his face towards hers and Mikasa forgot how to breathe.

“Hey, Ackerman!”

Sasha’s voice had Mikasa shoving Jaeger off her and rolling to her feet instantly. She heard Jaeger groan next to her, his head hitting the floor with a thump.

“What’s up?”
“Captain sent me down to remind you about the briefing.” Sasha said, leaning her head around the door to take in the sight of the two of them, flushed and sweating. “You two look like you’ve had a good workout.” She waggled her eyebrows suggestively and Mikasa glared at her.

“Let me shower and I’ll be right there.”

“30 minutes in the conference room.”

She nodded as Sasha departed and suddenly they were alone.

“I’m going to shower. I’ll see you up there.” She turned and stalked away without looking at Jaeger.

“Mikas-“

“Don’t!” She said loudly, her voice echoing off the walls of the gym.

Levi surveyed the Overwatcher’s in front of him with narrowed eyes.

Mikasa noticed that it was only the senior agents that had been invited to the briefing and she glanced around at the faces she could see. Sasha, Reiner, Jean, Connie, Hitch, Annie, Hanji and Jaeger.

“I’ve called this meeting because I have some troubling news to give you.” Levi glanced at them all in turn.

“Five weeks ago when Jaeger returned to us he provided us with some detailed information about Hanzuko’s movements.” Mikasa couldn’t help but flick her gaze to where Jaeger was sat. He was looking directly at her and she felt a thrum of … something run through her. She slid her eyes away quickly.
“Jaeger…”

The Captain inclined his head towards Jaeger who sat back in his chair and surveyed the other agents around the table with a grim expression.

“As many of you know, I was infiltrated deeply within Hanzuko. It took me a long time to build up their trust, but even after years of working amongst them I still was not trusted enough to meet the man at the top of the organisation. A man they call Lero. We think that is Japanese language reference to the Golden Mask that he wears that sets him apart from the rest of the organisation.” Eren paused and looks at them all. His eyes linger on Mikasa’s and she drops her gaze, instead focusing on the smooth metal of the desk in front of her.

“But what I did discover, whether they meant for me to or not, was that Hanzuko had detailed information about what goes on in this office.”

Mikasa felt a ripple of surprise run around the table.

“Jaeger has probable cause to suspect that someone was - and possibly still is - providing assistance to Hanzuko agents, from within the Overwatchers organisation.”

Beside her Sasha gasped, with confusion. Jean’s fists were clenched against the steel table and a muscle worked furiously in his temple. Annie simply stared impassively at Levi, her jaw clenched. No-one spoke for a moment.

Could it really be true?

“Jaeger’s suspicions have now been confirmed.” Levis said wearily, nd Mikasa briefly felt a sense of concern for her brother. “As of 0800 today we found two suspected Hanzuko conspirators murdered in their cells as they awaited a translator.”

Fuck!

“My suspects?!” Mikasa yelled, her fists clenching against the table.
Levi just nodded.

“Fuck!” Said Jaeger, sitting back in his chair, deflated.


“But…how the fuck did someone manage to off two suspects in the middle of HQ without anyone noticing?” Sasha muttered, her eyes wide and frightened.

“It was must have been someone who was familiar with the security system.” Jean said quietly.

“How were they killed?” Mikasa asked.

“Both of their throats were slit and they bled out.” Levi said dispassionately. Someone whistled. Mikasa just felt numb. How could this happen? She looked up and caught Jaeger’s eyes, they were angry and cold.

“So what are we going to do about this?”

“Well, starting right now we need to interview everyone about their whereabouts during today. That includes senior, junior and associate staff.” Levi’s expression hardened.

They all nodded, expecting as much.

“And I am locking all partnerships up tightly. Wherever you go, your partner goes. There is not going to be so much as a sneeze without your partner’s say so.”

Mikasa sighed.

“If anyone has any suspicions then they are to report those to me immediately so that I can investigate more fully.”
“Well…” Jean piped up, quietly after a moment. “Let’s be honest here. There’s someone sat here at this table who should be treated as a suspect before anyone else.”

“Jean!” Sasha gasped.

“What?!” The taller man spat. “I’m just saying what everyone else is thinking. Jaeger betrayed us once before. Who’s to say that he ever really came back and joined our side? How do we know that he’s not playing us?!”

Jaeger sat impassively, his face betraying nothing as he gazed at the brushed steel of the desk in front of him. Everyone was looking at him and Mikasa could see a few of the faces around the desk considering Jean’s words.

“He’s not.” Mikasa surprised herself by saying. Jaeger’s head shot up, his eyes searching her face in surprise, but she turned her eyes to Jean, coolly.

“Jaeger has been through this all already. He followed orders. If you have problems with the orders that he was given then you need to take them up with the Captain. But stop throwing accusations around. Jaeger has done nothing to suggest that he is still working for Hanzuko. Anyone that wants to suggest otherwise can answer to me.”

There was a deathly silence and Jean blinked back at Mikasa, his face pale and a twisted expression marring his sharp features.

“Are we done here Captain?” Mikasa asked, coldly.

Levi looked at her for a moment, his eyes narrowed, before nodding.

“Anything that you are planning from this point forward needs to go though me.” He said, waringly, looking at them all and Mikasa pushed away from the desk, motioning to Jaeger with her eyes. He stood fluidly and followed her from the room, his hands in his pockets.

“Thanks.” He muttered, pulling alongside her as they wandered back to their desk.
“Whatever.” She replied. “I didn’t do it for you, Jean’s just pissed but he shouldn’t be shooting his mouth off.”

Jaeger leant against her desk, his arms folded across his chest, as Mikasa sat down.

“You two were together?” He asked. She glanced up at him in surprise; his face was a carefully arranged mask of neutrality.

“No. Yes.” She exhaled. “No. I- It’s complicated.”

He snorted humourlessly and looked away. “Give me something about you, Ackerman that isn’t complicated.”

She didn’t know what to say to that so she busied herself with opening the case report from the original burglary and drawing up all of the information that they’d gathered on the two suspects that had until that morning been kept in custody a few floors below.

*Twelve years old. Throats slit.*

Mikasa felt her hands begin to shake and her face paled.

*Who could do that to a kid?*

“You ok?”

She looked up to find Jaeger staring at her in concern.

“He was just a kid.” She blurted out, her face betraying her confusion and dismay.

Jaeger’s face softened and he smiled sadly at her.
“The world’s a cruel place.” He breathed and she recognized the same words that she had said to him after his mother’s death all those years ago. Her eyes snapped to his. She felt herself torn. On one hand this was the boy that she’d grown up with, who’d been so desperate to enter the academy that she’d followed him, determined to keep him safe. This was the boy that she’d grown to care for above all others. But he’d betrayed her trust. He’d lied to her and left her bleeding and broken for five years and as much as she had accepted that he’d followed his orders, she couldn’t get past what he’d done.

“Come on. I need to get out of here and I think we could go back over the workshop.”

They swung past Levi’s office and she poked her head around his door.

“Jaeger and I are going to check out the workshop again.”

“Take Springer and Kirstein with you.” He called in a bored tone, not looking up from the tablet in his lap and Mikasa scowled. She opened her mouth to retort, but he cut her off. “Not negotiable.”

With a snarl she turned on her heel and with Jaeger in tow she stalked to Connie’s desk. Annie was stood talking to Jean quietly.

“Hey,” Mikasa interrupted and Annie glared at her. “Boss man says you need to come with us to check out the workshop in lower city.”

Connie groaned and she felt Jean stiffen beside her. They hadn’t spoken directly since that night in Mayonaka.

“Seriously?”

“Yes.” She growled. “Do you really think I need you lot holding my hand, now get your shit, we’re leaving.” She turned away from them and wandered over to where Jaeger was leaning against the wall by the elevator, his face expressionless.

_*.*_*.*_*.*_*.*_*.*_*.*_
The ride out was uncomfortable. Connie desperately tried to engage someone in conversation but their hearts weren’t in it and after a while he gave up. Mikasa sat in the passenger seat, her eyes fixed on the city around them as they descended through the levels, into the dark city of the lower levels. Jaeger was tense in the driver’s seat; his posture taught and rigid and Mikasa wondered what had got him so riled up.

*Probably the fact that Jean is sat directly behind him, glaring at the back of his head?*

Mikasa repressed a sigh and rubbed a hand across her temple, wincing as she brushed the still healing wound that she’d obtained on her last visit to this workshop.

“You ok?” Jaeger muttered, looking at her in concern.

“I’m fine.”

Jean was tense in the backseat and Mikasa just wished that Jaeger would hurry the fuck up and get them there so she could get out of this stifling cruiser.

When they finally pulled up at the cruiser park, Jean had barely waited for Jaeger to turn off the engine before he was out of the car and Mikasa exhaled. Jaeger glanced at her again, but wisely held his tongue as they exited the vehicle, wandering along the dark walkway towards the workshop entrance. Around them run down apartments and businesses lined the walkway, rising high above them, gloomy and foreboding and Mikasa felt her shoulder blades itch. She turned, glancing up at the towering buildings around them, a nagging sensation pulling at her consciousness.

“What is it?” Jaeger breathed coming to stand beside her, following her gaze. His body heat radiated to her own and she shivered.

She wasn’t sure what it is but she had the strangest feeling that something really was not right.

“Something-”

A blast of gunfire sent them diving in opposite directions in search of the nearest cover as the sidewalk exploded into pieces beneath them. Mikasa heard voices shouting and her weapons were
already in her hands as she ducked behind a dumpster. Orange blasts were littering the walkway and Mikasa swore under her breath.

_A pulse rifle._

Whoever this was well equipped.

She glanced around, noting that Jaeger was crouched in a doorway across the walkway, his weapons in hand. She couldn’t see Jean or Connie and she swore again. Jaeger’s eyes met hers and he lifted his right hand, indicating to her with short sharp gestures what he wanted to say.

_One gunman._

_Pulse rifle._

_3 stories above._

_On your six._

_500m._

She nodded before signing back.

_The others?_

He looked away from her, further down the walkway, beyond what she could see from her vantage point before turning back to her.

_In cover._

She nodded in relief. She needed to move across to his position; she had no sight line from this side
of the walkway.

*Coming to you.*

*Cover me?*

He nodded, swinging out from behind the archway, his gun raised and firing a round of heavy fire down the walkway as she darted out from behind the dumpster, keeping her body low to the ground.

She dove into the archway and Jaeger swung back into cover, reloading his weapon as she sat across from him, her breathing heavy. The archway was small and cramped and their feet touched in the space between them.

“Shit.” She said.

He shrugged.

“We’ve had worse Ackerman.”

She grinned at that. He was right.

“We need to get to the others.”

“Right. Can you see where the bastard is hiding?”

Carefully, Mikasa leaned out of the archway slowly, her eyes scouring the buildings opposite. A round of orange fire striking the wall next to her head had her scrambling back into cover.

“No.”

“Fuck.”
“I think that about sums it up.” Mikasa blew her hair out of her eyes. Her holo-comm vibrated indicating an incoming message.

“Jean.” She swiped to access the transmission, opening it up and forwarding it to Jaeger’s holo-comm as well.

“We’re about 400m ahead of you. Left hand side. Connie’s been hit. It’s pretty bad. I don’t think I can move him.”

“Shit!” She cursed again feeling dread knot in her stomach. Opposite, Jaeger looked pale.

“Here’s what we’re going to do.” She said.

“You’re going to call for a medi-vac. You are then going to lay down a suppressing fire. Jaeger will come to you and await evac. You will both provide cover and attempt to isolate the position of the suspect. I will then advance in an attempt to get him to show himself.”

“I don’t like that plan.” Jaeger said firmly, his jaw set.

“I don’t really care what you like, Jaeger. I’m in command here and you do what I say.”

He growled low in his throat.

“Roger that.” Jean’s voice was tense. “Jaeger, you better hurry.”

She cut the transmission and Mikasa could tell that Jaeger wanted to say more, but she silenced him with a look, checking her weapons and pushing her holo-comm visor into tracking mode. If the bastard so much as moved she’d pinpoint him.

She could hear sirens in the background and she knew that Jean had called for evac.
“Time to go,” she said to him but he grabbed her wrist in his vice-like grip.

“Don’t you dare fucking die!” He whispered harshly, his face close to hers, and there was more that he wanted to say. She could see it in the curve of his mouth and in the look in his eyes. But then Jean was laying down a suppressing fire and Jaeger rolled and disappeared from sight.

*Show time.*

Mikasa dived out from the archway, keeping her body low and made off up stealthily up the walkway, her weapons trained and her eyes fixed above. There was no movement and no gunfire and she felt her heart sink. Had the bastard already left?

And then the fluttering of a curtain through an open window drew the attention of her holo-comm and she knew where she was headed. In a burst of speed Mikasa dived up a fire escape. The suppressing fire behind her stopped momentarily and Mikasa wondered what the fuck was going on back there. And then a weapon appeared out of the open window and Mikasa climbed for all she was worth, kicking the weapon and slinging herself in through the window as the suspect fell backwards in surprise. She took aim at the suspect.

“Freeze you fucker.”

The Hanzuko agent was dressed just like the others in all black with a silver mask covering his face. His figure looked male and he was relatively tall with a large, muscular build.

She took a cautious step closer to him, drawing the cuffs from her belt.

At that moment the attacker withdrew a knife from his clothing and with reflexes quicker than Mikasa could see he threw the weapon and it embedded itself in the centre of Mikasa’s chest. The force of it sent her stumbling backwards towards the half-open window and the glass shattered as she hit it at pace and then she was falling towards the ground.
“Mikasa!” She was aware of a voice nearly sobbing her name and she blinked open a bleary eye.

“Ow.”

“Fuck! Can you hear me? Mikasa?”

“Stop yelling, I can hear you fine.” She mumbled. Everything hurt.

She closed her eyes as a wave of nausea washed over her.

“Don’t move. Medi-vac is en-route.”

She could feel his hands on her shoulders and she grumbled.

“I don’t need a medi-vac. I’m fine Jaeger.”

“You’re not fine, you idiot!” He yelled at her and she winced. “Sorry.”

She opened her eyes to look at him. His face was pale and his hands were shaking.

“Did you get him?” Jaeger just shook his head with a scowl.

“Fuck.” She sighed. “What happened?”

“I don’t know. You went in through the window just as Conny took a turn for the worse. We were
administering first aid…” He looked vaguely guilty at that, before he continued. “And then next thing I know you’re tumbling out of the window.” His eyes looked haunted. “I thought you were dead!”

“Well… it wouldn’t be the first time would it?” The joke fell flat and if anything Jaeger looked worse.

“Please don’t joke.”

“Alright, for fucks sake, help me up.”

“I don’t think-”

“Jaeger do what you’re told.”

He relented and with shaking hands he took her under the arm, pulling her up as though she weighed nothing.

Mikasa couldn’t help the groan that escaped her lips as her body moved into a sitting position.

*That it going to hurt tomorrow.*

“Are you ok?”

She looked down at the knife still sticking out of her chest and grabbed it bemusedly, twisting and pulling it free from her Kevlar body armour.

“Good thing I wore the Kevlar today huh?”

Jaeger only looked at her, his eyes wide and she sighed.
“Where’s Jean and Conny?”

“Waiting for the medi-vac.”

She focused on breathing for a little while, feeling the aches and pain in her back begin to come to fruition. She could feel his trembling hands on her shoulders still and she turned to look at him. He looked like shit, his head was hanging down and his shoulder wobbled dangerously.

*He was really worried about me.*

“Eren.” Her use of his first name brought his head up and he stared at her wide-eyed. “I’m ok.”

For one horrendous moment Mikasa thought that he was about to cry, but then he grabbed her shoulders and pulled her forwards into a rough hug, startling her.

“Don’t you ever do that tome again!” He whispered, his voice rough.

For the longest moment she held her body taught and stiff against him. But after a moment she let herself relax and rested her forehead on his shoulder, lightly.

“Sorry for worrying you.” She said quietly and reached up to grip his elbow.

They stayed like that for a moment until the sirens drew closer.

To her surprise Levi appeared alongside the medical crews, who dashed between Conny and herself. She could vaguely make out Conny being stretchered in the distance, the long white stretcher floating along beside the paramedics.

“Ackerman, Jaeger, what the fuck happened?” Levi growled as the medic checked Mikasa’s pupils.

“Someone was waiting for us.” Eren said, his arms folded.
Levi scowled. “This is worse than I thought.” He rubbed a hand across tired eyes. “Mik are you ok?” The use of that name startled her and she looked up, not into the face of her Captain, but at the worried face of her brother.

“I’m fine Levi,” she murmured.

“She is, Sir.” Said the medic checking her over. “I’d say she’s had the wind knocked out of her, but she’s lucky that she’s caused no permanent damage.”

Levi nodded in relief.

“Get your ass home. I don’t want to see you for the rest of the week, is that clear?”

She made to protest, but Eren silenced her.

“Yes Sir. I’ll make sure she gets home.”

She glowered at both of them.

“Oh don’t worry, Ackerman. You can keep yourself busy writing me a full report of what the hell happened.”

She resisted the urge to flip him off as Eren helped her to her feet. She winced in pain as the muscles in her back protested and her head throbbed achingly.

“You need me to carry you?”

She shoved Eren with a scowl, but he just smirked as he led her back towards to cruiser.
After three days sitting on her butt Mikasa couldn’t take it any more. Her bruised back had healed up pretty quickly and she’d spent the entire first day writing up her report and submitting it to Levi with detailed notes.

She had no idea how the Hanzuko agent had gotten their position and it looked like the mole was more deeply embedded within the Overwatchers than they had first assumed.

Mikasa stepped into the office and made her way towards her desk. Eren was nowhere to be seen and she frowned. Without her around he had been confined to the office so there was no way he could be out doing fieldwork. She saw Jean appear from the elevator and she made a beeline towards him.

“Hey Jean, how’s Conny doing?” Eren had kept her updated on Conny’s condition as best as he could while she was at home. He had in fact got a little sick of her constant messaging and had eventually turned his holo-comm to record only, in an effort to stop her calling him five times a day to request an update.

“He’s ok.” Jean said calmly. “How are you?” His face was concerned and Mikasa felt hopeful that perhaps they could recover from whatever had happened between them.

“Yeah I’m fine. I could have come back to work days ago, but you know what the Captain’s like.”

He nodded, good-naturedly. “Well… I’m glad you’re ok.” With a small smile he turned back to his desk.

“Ackerman!” Levi’s voice rang out across the busy office and she groaned.

“What?” She snapped, poking her head through his door.

“What are you doing here? I thought I said I didn’t want to see you for the rest of the week.”

“Levi,” she used his first name and her narrowed his eyes at her. “I was going stir crazy at home. You can’t keep me locked up forever.”
He glared at her blankly for a moment.

“Fine. But you’re benched.”

She made a sound of protest and he stared at her sharply.

“What am I supposed to do? There’s a mole amongst us, someone tried to kill Conny and me! What am I supposed to do if I’m stuck in the office?”

Levi sighed dramatically and threw himself into his chair.

“The mole will show themselves eventually. We just need to wait for them to slip up. So in the meantime, get your ass down to the gym and do some training! Jaeger’s already down there. Go punch each other’s lights out instead of coming in here and pissing me off.” He turned back to the screen in front of him, dismissing her.

She stalked down to the gym in annoyance. Levi could be a real prick sometimes.

She found Eren at the punch bag, his ear buds in. He didn’t hear her approaching and she took the opportunity to watch his form. He was strong; perhaps stronger than he had been when they were younger. Sweat soaked his skin and she wondered how long he had been down here.

She stepped up to him, and he turned to face her, surprise and something else flitting across his face as he removed his ear buds.

“Hey.” She said with a small smile.

“Hey yourself,” he panted. “What are you doing here?”

She rolled her eyes.

“Not you as well. Why does the entire world think I need to be sat at home on my ass?”
He shrugged with a grin. “Nah, I knew you’d show up here eventually.”

“You wanna spar?” She asked him and he frowned.

“You sure you’re ok to?” He eyed her torso as though she were carrying some kind of deadly wound.

She rolled her eyes and turned towards the locker room.

“Gimme a minute to change.”

She returned to the gym a few minutes later in her gym shorts and the old T-shirt that had become her regular workout gear.

“You ready?” Eren asked after she’d tied back her hair and strapped on her gloves.

“Bring it on.” She smirked at him.

They fought hard and aggressively, just as they always had done. Landing punches and kicks respectively. Whilst Mikasa had always held the edge over him previously, it was increasingly clear that he had improved in hand-to-hand combat over the last five years. After 45 minutes they were both drenched in sweat and they took a time out, Mikasa lying flat on the floor on her back, the blood pounding in her ears and her face flushed.

“How did you improve so much?” She asked him.

He was quiet for a minute.

“I had to…prove myself. Quite a lot.”

_During his time amongst Hanzuko._
“Oh.”

They were quiet for a minute.

“Eren?”

“Mmmm.”

“What was it like? When you were there, I mean?”

She felt him tense and she rolled over onto her side to look at him. His eyes were cold and flat and she suddenly regretted opening her mouth.

“I’m sorry.” She said quickly. “It doesn’t matter.”

“No…” he looked at her with a depreciative smile. “It’s just. God, I wish I could go back and tell myself just to steer clear of the whole fucking mission.”

She gaped at him, unsure what to say, but he continued.

“I mean. I took the mission because I was ordered to, but really what did it accomplish? As far as I can tell, it just fucked everything up.”

She looked down at her hands. She hadn’t meant to upset him.

He glanced at her.

“Sorry.” He muttered. “Just thinking back on it makes me feel sorry for myself.” He heaved himself to his feet. “Come on, spar with me some more.” He held out a gloved hand and she took it, letting him pull her to her feet.
Her clothes felt ridiculously damp and she wrinkled her nose at the cold sensation of her wet shirt on her skin.

“Hang on,” she muttered and stripped off the offending garment, tossing it on the gym floor with a wet thwack. She shook her arms out, readying her for another attack as she turned to face Eren but his eyes had gone terribly wide and he had a stricken look on his face as he stared at her torso.

Mikasa frowned and glanced down.

*Oh shit. My scar.*

After *that day* she’d needed surgery to repair the internal damage caused by his gunshot and although modern technology could repair a lot of things, scaring was still inevitable. In the months following her recovery, Levi had offered to pay for her to have the scars reduced using laser technology, but she’d refused, ever the masochist. She’d wanted to keep the reminder of what trust could do to her.

Eren was staring the huge scar below her sports bra, as though he was going to be sick. It wasn’t a pretty sight, the long thin line of where they had cut into her, merging with the charred flesh of the blast mark where his shot had hit her, just below her ribs.

“I did that?” He choked out in a desperate whisper. His eyes locked on the scar.

“Eren.” She called softly, walking towards him. “It’s old news.”

His eyes dragged upwards to her face, hesitantly and she could read the anguish there.

“I…” He swallowed and reached out a hand towards her. She allowed his fingers to wrap around her wrist tightly, the digits biting into her flesh as he drew her closer. “I never got to tell you… just how sorry I was. How sorry I am.” His voice was small and broken and she couldn’t help herself. She reached for him, wrapping her arms around him and he stiffened against her. It was the first time she had voluntarily reached for him since his reappearance and she wrapped him in her embrace, her mind warring with itself.
He tried to kill you. He DID kill Armin. But she ignored the little voice that was every day growing smaller.

They were both sweaty and his skin was cooling rapidly, but she tucked her chin on his shoulder and whispered in his ear.

“I know.”

His arms came around her then, hesitantly at first and then with shuddering force as he gripped onto her with all his strength. She felt like all of the air was being crushed from her, but she let him cling to her, lets him ride out whatever emotional rollercoaster he was on as he trembled against her, his face buried in the crook of her neck. She whispered to him… Nonsense words mostly, trying to soothe away his pain, just like she did when they were children. Just like she did when his mother died.

Gradually his shaking subsided and she let him pull back a little and he gazed into her eyes. His face was somber and his eyes darkened as he looked at her. She felt a shiver run up her spine as the realization dawns on her that she was pressed against him from head to toe. She tried to draw back but his arms tightened against her waist.

“Eren…” she warned, looking away from him.

“What?” He murmured and his eyes flicked to her lips. She felt desire coil in her gut.

“Don’t…” she whispered, pleadingly. His face was so close now.

“Why not?” His breath washed across her face and a wave of gooseflesh rose across her skin and she closes her eyes.

“Because I might not be strong enough to say no.”

He stilled and she opened her eyes. He was gazing at her searchingly.

“Don’t you want this?”
She sighed and pushed him back and this time he let her. She nearly sobbed and she didn’t know if it was in relief or disappointment.

“I just don’t think this is a good idea. I mean…” She put her hands on her hips. “You and I have only just started getting along again. I mean, we’re friends right?”

He smiles a small, but genuine smile. “Right.”

“So why complicate our friendship with all …” She waved her fingers between them. “This.”

He sighed and ran his hands through his hair making it stick up in every direction. Her fingers itched to smooth it out, to feel the silken strands run through her fingers.

_To pull his hair as his lips trace her neck…_

“Just friends.” He said thoughtfully, as though testing the words.

She nodded and he smiled.

“Ok then, Ackerman. Friends it is.”

She felt a wave of dismay run through her. Was this really what she wanted? To go back to a last name basis?

“Oh and Miks,” She turned in surprise as he headed towards the locker room. “I think that qualifies as me kicking your ass, so you owe me a beer.”

A surprised laugh bubbled out of her throat as he turned and walked away. She watched him go with an ache in her chest. She felt as though she had gained something very precious back again after all these years.
But then why do you feel so sad?

A couple of weeks later and little progress had been made on the Hanzuko case. Mikasa was becoming increasingly frustrated and she and Eren were spending more and more of their time in the gym sparring. Since that day Eren had respected her wishes and as promised they’d worked together and he’d made no advances towards her. In fact he’d barely even looked at her in any way that wasn’t perfectly friendly. She didn’t know why but it bothered her.

And then there was Hitch. Not long after that sparring session, Mikasa had noticed Hitch hanging around Eren whenever he was in the office. The woman seemed to find a multitude of excuses to come over and speak with him and for some reason Mikasa found her hands clenched tightly every time she did.

Sliding off her holo-comm Mikasa stepped into the office with a sigh. She’d been out with Sasha on a reported rape case that had ties to a small terrorist cell in mid city. The delicacy of the mission had required two female agents and Mikasa shuddered as she tried to brush off the horrific scenes that she’d been witness to. She paused on the threshold of the office, her eyes narrowing as she watched Hitch sat on the edge of Eren’s desk, her legs swinging. Eren was sat back in his chair, chatting to her a soft smile of his face and Mikasa felt her pulse increase and a swirl of jealousy pool in her gut.

She strode over to her desk, dropping her holo-comm with a crash, making the blonde woman jump.

“Sorry!” Mikasa said cheerfully as she slid into her chair, kicking her feet up on her desk and stretching.

Hitch turned back to Eren and hopped off his desk, wringing her hands together.

“So you’ll pick me up on Saturday?” She asked, hope evident in her voice.

Mikasa’s eyes flicked to Eren and she found him staring at her. She kept her face impassive, desperately trying not to betray the thumping of her heart.

His eyes slid away from hers and he looked up at Hitch with a smile.
“Sure thing.”

“Great!” Hitch was fairly vibrating with energy. “I’ll see you later. Bye Ackerman!”

“Yeah, whatever.” Mikasa muttered, kicking her feet down and opening her case log, scrolling through to find the rape case from that afternoon. There was silence from the man opposite her and she snuck a glance at him from beneath her bangs. He was concentrating on the tablet in front of him and she groaned inwardly.

Clearing her throat she said quietly. “So you and Hitch, huh?”

Eren looked up at her and there was the stupidest smug smirk on his face that made Mikasa want to slap the hell out of him. She felt a blush heat her cheeks and she looked down, concentrating on her log, or at least willing her eyes to focus on that.

She heard him stand up as he came around towards her and then he was leaning against her desk, close enough to touch.

“Yes… I mean she’s nice, right?”

Mikasa snorted.

“Yeah, lovely….”

*If you like that sort of thing.*

“And after all, you and I are just friends right?”

Her fingers stumbled over her typing as she paused.

*Right?*
She looked up at him. There was a genuine question behind the mirthful teasing in his eyes. She swallowed and forced a smile.

“Right.”

For a moment he almost looked disappointed but then he grinned and clapped her on the shoulder.

“Great! I’m gonna take her to this great little place-“ Mikasa was about to smash her brains out against her desk when Levi’s voice called across the office.

“Ackerman, Jaeger, with me. Now.”

They glanced at each other in confusion before heading up to Levi’s office, the questioning stares of more than one of their colleagues following them.

Levi shut the door behind them and frosted the glass, ensuring their conversation was kept private and Mikasa wondered what he was about to tell them. Did he finally have a lead on the mole?

“I have an assignment for you.”

Mikasa felt a thrill run through her.

*Finally.*

“Great. What is it?” She asked and he slid a tablet across the desk to them. She picked it up showing it to Eren who leaned over her shoulder to read.

“We have reason to believe that there are a group of Hanzuko agents working out of an apartment in the upper city. We need someone to work recon on the apartment and potentially make an arrest if warranted.”
“Ok, great.”

“You’ll be staying in the apartment across the hall and you’ll pose as a recently married couple.”

Mikasa felt her mouth pop open as Eren stiffened beside her and she looked up into his face as he stared at Levi with a strange expression on his face. There was an odd moment and some unspoken communication seemed to pass between the two men.

“We need a credible cover for this one as they will undoubtedly be watching the other apartments carefully. Anything that screams authorities will draw suspicion and we’ll lose them.” Levi tossed something to Eren. It was a wallet. He opened it and pulled out a number of cards.


“Indeed. As far as anyone else is concerned, you are Ethan Phillips and you work at the Insurance Brokers which is conveniently located across the void from the apartment.” He threw something else at Mikasa. And she opened the purse, checking the name on her own ID card.

“Mina Phillips.” She raised an eyebrow and Levi nodded.

“You’re a housewife.” He said and Eren snorted, causing Mikasa to elbow him in the ribs hard. “It provides the perfect excuse for you to stay in the apartment and carry out surveillance on the apartment.”

He looked at the two of them. “I am authorizing you to do it all. CCTV, drop-ins, wire taps, you name it. Anything suspect gets reported to me directly and you do not move on them without my prior authorization, is that understood?” they nodded in agreement. “That being said you have complete access to the armory and can take whatever provisions you think are appropriate.”

Mikasa grinned. That made the thought of spending the next who knew how long with Eren a little more bearable.
They had 24 hours to prepare. Mikasa went back to her desk to study her cover. She needed to know it inside and out if they wanted to pull this off. It was late that evening when she finally looked up from the details to find the office practically deserted and the fading light indicated that it was later than she had intended to stay. There were one or two people left in the office and Mikasa grabbed her jacket, wandering over towards the elevator.

“Hey, have you see Jaeger?” She asked Annie as she passed the blonde woman who was working studiously on her own.

The blonde peered up at Mikasa with a bored expression for a moment, her eyes searching Mikasa’s face.

“No.”

Mikasa sighed, wondering where the hell he’d disappeared to. She really wanted to go over some of the cover details with him before tomorrow. “He’s probably with Levi.” Annie muttered, looking back at her report and Mikasa frowned. Levi’s office was empty.

“What do you mean?” She asked Annie, turning to face the girl more fully. Annie glanced up at her disdainfully.

“You know… one of their secret little meetings.” Annie gestured vaguely and when Mikasa just stared at her blankly she sighed. “They’ve been meeting up in private for the last two months.” She studied Mikasa’s face. “You really didn’t know?”

Mikasa could only shake her head in confusion. Why would Eren keep that a secret? And why would Levi?

“If it wasn’t the Captain I’d say it was a little suspicious.” Annie muttered, turning back to her report. “But then what the fuck do I know?”

“Yeah, thanks Annie.” Mikasa muttered before turning to leave.

_Eren and Levi, meeting up in secret._
It must be something to do with Eren’s previous case, she thought to herself with a shrug.

“Jesus!” Eren whistled as they took in the sight of the grand apartment block that was to be their home for the foreseeable future. It was definitely true that those with money in this city lorded it above the others. The apartment block was grander than any building she’d seen in mid town. It appeared to be made from some kind of marble or stone; so unlike the concrete monstrosities that lined the voids below.

“How the other half live, eh?” Mikasa mumbled to him as they stepped out of the cruiser. It was a compact, yet luxurious thing, designed to make them look like a newly married couple that could afford to live in the upper city, yet small enough to show that they were still young and starting out.

“Come on then, Mina” Eren grabbed her hand and virtually dragged her towards the building, the flappy skirt she was wearing as part of her cover as a housewife swirling around her knees in the breeze. She shivered. It was cold at this altitude and Eren glanced at her in mock concern. “Are you cold, babe?” He slipped his arm around her shoulders and Mikasa resisted the urge to punch him, instead smiling at him in mock sweetness. She could see the mirth in his eyes and she felt her rage quell, sighing and letting herself lean into his embrace as they entered the building.

They found their apartment. 210B, avoiding looking directly at 210A across the hall that was the target of their mission. She typed the entrance code into the pin pad and the door fell open, smoothly. She made to step across the threshold, but he stopped her with a hand on her arm.

“Don’t I get to carry you across the threshold?” He asked with a huge grin, the urge to smack him returned and she forced a smile, simpering lightly.

“But I’m so heavy!” She mock pouted as his arms hooked under her knees as he scooped her off her feet and for a fraction of a second Mikasa relished the feel of being carried in his arms. She wrapped her hands around his neck. The sparkling engagement and wedding ring on the left hand, visible for the entire world to see.

“My hero!” She giggled as he walked into the apartment, setting her down lightly inside the door, and kicking it shut behind him. She made to step away from him but he held her close, his eyes intense as he stooped towards her. Her eyes widened in surprise, what was he doing?
His lips grazed her ear as he whispered softly to her.

“I need to check for bugs so stay in character and act like you’re excited for a little bit will you?”

She nodded, not having to feign the little shiver in response to his hot breath in her ear. He kissed the skin below her ear and Mikasa felt the skin tingle where his lips had been. A blush heated her cheeks and she forced herself to think of the mission.

“Oh it’s just so perfect!” She exclaimed, wringing her hands in girlish delight. “I can’t believe we finally have our own place!” She walked further into the apartment that was light and airy with huge windows. It was so different to her own dingy apartment in mid city. She hated to think how it would compare to an apartment in the lower.

The kitchen diner was roughly the size of her whole apartment and she whistled!

“I just love this kitchen! Look at these worktops!” She ran a hand across the shiny marble surface.

“We’re clean.” Eren said, putting his phone away with a sigh and Mikasa exhaled.

“Thank fuck for that!”

“You were scarily convincing as the little housewife there, babe.” He winked at her and she flipped him off.

“Don’t fucking start Jaeger.” She grumbled and he guffawed behind her.

Their things had been delivered as planned and the boxes lined the wall in the lounge already piled, neatly. The apartment came furnished and so they had only needed their kit and some clothing items, the rest of the boxes contained various packing equipment and things like picture frames that added to their cover. Mikasa figured that if they had any unexpected visitors then the boxes would add to the belief that they were setting up home and had not yet gotten around to unpacking. It would also provide them with an excuse for not having any furnishings.

“I’m gonna go unpack my bag.” Mikasa said, grabbing her kit and heading off down the gleaming
hallway in search of a closet. She opened the first door she came to, taking in the polished and pristine bathroom completed with roll-top bathtub—an absolute luxury in this day and age. Shutting the door with a rueful shake of her head she meandered down the hallway and opened the next door. A huge bedroom opened before her, large windows illuminating the huge claw footed bed in the centre. She’d never seen a bed so large. The bedroom had an ensuite bathroom, with a large walk in shower. Mikasa felt like she was on vacation.

She stepped back out into the hallway looking for the second bedroom, but the only other door housed a linen cupboard and she frowned in confusion.

“Eren?” She called, stepping back into the bedroom.

“What’s up?” He appeared after a moment.

“Weren’t we supposed to be in a two bed apartment?”

“Yeah, why – oh!” His eyes widened as he realized their predicament but then he chuckled to himself. “Well I suppose it’s more authentic this way!”

She elbowed him in the ribs.

“I am not sleeping in a bed with you for the next god knows how long!”

“Why not?” He pouted.

“You snore!” She grumbled, her face flushed, but trying to keep the mood light.

“Never bothered you before.” Eren winked at her and turned from the room, leaving her flushed to her roots in the doorway.

—

Despite his teasing Eren offered to take the couch and they spent the rest of their first day, planning
out their schedules and working out how they were going to get into that apartment.

When it started to get dark Eren suggested they order take out and Mikasa heartily agreed, her stomach growling in anticipation. They ate in companionable silence and after a while Mikasa felt her eyelids growing heavy.

Eren threw a cushion at her and she blinked at him owlishly.

“Go to bed, idiot.” He muttered with a soft smile and she stood, stretching, pleasantly.

“K…Good night.” She murmured, turning to leave and feeling his eyes on her as she made her way down the long hallway to the bedroom.

The huge bed was big enough for four and supremely comfortable and she snuggled down into the soft comforter, feeling her body relax. She’d left the door open, wanting to be able to hear if Eren needed her for some reason and she could hear him settling himself down in the lounge. A smile curled her lips and she rolled onto her side letting sleep claim her.

It was some point after 1am when Mikasa heard a sound that had her eyes shooting wide open and her heart rate pounding.

*Was someone in the apartment?*

A quiet moan could be heard and Mikasa immediately recognized it, letting her feet fall to the polished floor, with ease. She went to him, her footsteps soft as she tiptoed down the hallway.

“No!” his voice was anguished and she turned the corner she could see him writhing in pain, his sheets clutched tightly in his hands as he twisted and turned.

Without hesitation she went to him, shaking him lightly. It was such a natural instinct and something that she had done for him countless times as a child that she’d thought nothing of it. It was only when his eyes snapped open, wild and unseeing that she realized that times had changed and she probably should have considered her actions.
His fist connected with her jaw with force and she fell back onto her ass with a thump, staring at him, her eyes wide. His eyes were seeing something that was not there and Mikasa recognized the symptoms of his night terror.

“Eren.” She murmured keeping her voice soft and he frowned, shaking his head slightly. She persisted, but did not approach him. “Eren. It’s Mikasa. Look at me.”

And then he did, owlishly, his eyes blinking and taking in the bruise blooming across her jaw and her state of undress and his eyes widened in horror.

“Oh my god!” He groaned, reaching for her and pulling her from the ground and wrapping his arms around her. His heart was pounding rapidly and she carded her fingers through his soft hair as he drew a shaky breath. He pulled back to look at her and his fingers tipped her jaw to the side. She couldn’t help the wince that escaped her and his eyes grew solemn.

“Miks… I’m sorry! God, I thought I had this under control.” He shuddered.

“Eren. It’s ok, I understand.” And she did; when he was fourteen his mother had died of cancer. His father had been killed in a robbery when he was just a child and his mother’s death had left him an orphan with no living relatives. Mikasa’s family had taken him in, her parents raising him as their second child. For months after his mother’s death she had comforted him through the nightmares that plagued him every time he closed his eyes. Many a night he had simply crawled into her bed and let her hold onto him tightly throughout the night.

Mikasa held out a hand to him. She wasn’t sure if this form of comfort was still appropriate given their age, but after a moment he took her hand and let himself be pulled to his feet. She wrapped his warm hand in her own and led him down the hallway to the bedroom, and pushing him down into the soft warmth of the bed. Tucking him in like a child she moved around to the other of the bed aware of his wide, bright eyes following her every movement. She flicked off the light and slid into the bed.

Beside her Eren was tense and she sighed, rolling onto her side.

“Do you want to talk about it?” She breathed into the dark.

He was so quiet that for a moment she thought he had fallen asleep.
“I see him fall….” Eren whispered and Mikasa didn’t have to be told whom. “Armin. I see his eyes and I watch myself kill him over and over. And then…” his breath shudders. “And then I see you. You stand there in front of me with a smile and I’m suddenly just so fucking happy.” His breathing is more like sobbing now and she itches to reach out to him, but she doesn’t want to break the spell. “But then this blood just appears on your stomach and you cry out and this figure appears over your shoulder stabbing you over and over and I can’t get to you and you’re dying and then when I look at the figure behind you… the one that’s killing you… it’s me!”

Mikasa did reach for him then and she curled her arms around him protectively.

“It was a mistake. It was all just a fucking stupid mistake.” She murmured. Because it wasn’t all right; it would never be all right, but they had to move past it. And he nodded harshly against her shoulder. They lay like that for the longest time, clutching each other and Mikasa thought he had fallen asleep when he startled her.

“Do you remember the day you met him? Armin?”

Her heart clenched painfully. Talking about him…remembering him hurt. She swallowed.

“He was playing with that tablet…” She murmured her eyes seeing the blonde boy in the darkness before her, like a spectre.

Eren chuckled gently. “He carried that thing with him everywhere…”

“You … brought him over to say hi….”

She felt him shift as he turned towards her.

“You’d not long moved in and I’d wanted you to get to know more people.”

His voice was small and she rolled to face him, both of them curled on their sides towards each other in the darkness. She could just see his eyes as he gazed at her. They lay still, both recounting memories lost to the darkness, in comfortable silence.
“He was my best friend.” Eren’s voice was so quiet she nearly missed it and she reached out, laying a gentle hand on his shoulder.

“Mine too.”

“Do you remember the look on your parents faces that time we all came home covered in oil after one of Armin’s inventions went wrong?”

Mikasa sucked a breath in through her teeth, sharply.

_He didn’t know._

“What is it?” But he was sitting up now and gazing down at her in concern and she couldn’t not tell him. But she cursed herself for having to make this harder for him.

“Eren… there’s something you should know…” She swallowed, looking away from him to stare up at the ceiling. He was silent beside her, letting her speak but she could sense his inquiry. She exhaled, sharply. “About 3 years ago… there was a break in at my parents place…” She felt him stiffen at her words and she knew that he knew, but she continued, needing to say the words. Needing the cathartic release that this admission would bring. “One of the suspects had a knife and well… they didn’t survive.” Her voice was cold and matter-of-fact. It had been three years ago. She had dealt with her grief by finding the son-of-a-bitch responsible and blowing his God-damned head off.

Eren moaned next to her and she was suddenly pulled into his embrace once more.

“God Miks.. I can’t believe that.” His breathing was heavy, his grief evident and she held him, letting him ride out his pain with a detached empty feeling in her gut.

He pulled back a little to look into her eyes.

“So… you buried Armin and then you buried your parents.” His eyes were sad. “Miks I’m so sorry I wasn’t there for you.”
“Shhhh.” She soothed him. “It’s done. No point hashing out the past.”

They were quiet for the longest time, him clutching her tightly and her, running her fingers through his hair, gently.

“Sometimes it feels like a dream…” she murmured to him.

“How much?” His voice was sleepy and she smiled, softly.

“That time. The three of us. Back then.”

He didn’t reply and feeling bold she pressed a gentle kiss the side of his head, rolling away to her own side of the bed.

“G’night.” He sighed.

“Goodnight Eren.”
Chapter 6

Mikasa woke feeling confined and tried to stretch, finding her body encased by muscular arms. A strong torso was pressed against her back and her eyes, popped open, body tense and rigid as she realised that at some point in the night Eren had wrapped himself around her like a viper.

His soft, even breaths tickled the hair at the nape of her neck and she flushed, feeling the skin of his chest pressed so tightly against her and she deliberated on how to extricate herself from his arms without waking him. Eren had never been a particularly deep sleeper.

“Stop thinking so hard.” A sleepy voice murmured next to her ear and Mikasa jumped in embarrassment, a flush heating her face.

“I didn’t think you were awake.” She muttered. To her surprise he tightened his arms around her, pressing his face into the hollow between her neck and shoulder and she fought to repress the tremor that the sensation produced. “Eren wha-”

“Shhh” he murmured, contentedly. “Stop overthinking.”

Slowly she let her body relax, it took a few minutes but eventually she let herself fall back into his embrace with a soft sigh. She felt his mouth curve into a smile against her skin and her eyes fluttered shut. She couldn’t remember being so comfortable in a long time.

The sound of the shower awoke her some time later and she stretched out on the bed, languidly relishing in the feel of muscles popping and pulling. She opened her eyes and gazed at the unfamiliar ceiling. Last night had been… She blinked. Well, she certainly felt closer to Eren. But she didn’t know where this closeness was leading. Eren certainly made no secrets of what he wanted. But was she ready to open herself up again to him in that way. She’d finally forgiven him for his role in that day. She’d finally accepted that she probably would have done the same thing. She’d accepted and seen first hand the impact it had had on him…the damage it had done to everyone involved. But
still… the thought of making herself that vulnerable to him once more was terrifying. The possibility that he could hurt her again was too great. She bit her lip.

She hadn’t heard the shower fade off, too wrapped up in her own thoughts and Eren’s voice from the bathroom door made her jump, dramatically.

“You’re thinking so hard today that I can practically hear the cogs turning in your brain.”

She turned to face him a retort on her lips, but the sight of his sculpted body dripping with water, a towel slung loosely on his hips dried up the words on her tongue.

He smirked at her, running a hand through his wet hair and she watched the dark strands standing up in all directions and not for the first time her hands itched to smooth them flat.

“Are you gonna lay in bed all day?” He asked her.

“Well… now that I’m a lady of leisure I can afford to.” She turned away from him and burrowed down into the warmth of the bed with a grin.

“Lazy.” He chuckled. “Sadly, one of us has to go to work.” She snorted but stayed where she was. He sighed theatrically. “You can stay in bed if you want but I was going to get dressed…”

Her eyes popped open.

“I’m going, I’m going.” She muttered as she scrambled from the bed with a blush, his chuckles followed her down the hall.

Why run? Why not stay and enjoy the show?

She mentally slapped herself and set about making some coffee. The apartment came with a drinks dispenser built in and she browsed the menu of available beverages. It took nearly a minute to scroll through the whole thing and she rolled her eyes. Digging out two mugs from one of their boxes she set the machine to pouring two steaming cups of coffee, hers with a little cream, his black with sugar.
She sat down at the island in the kitchen with her coffee and brought up the surveillance feeds from the front door for the past 24 hours.

Eren entered the kitchen a few minutes later, dressed smartly. The pinstriped suit and tie looked expensive and she raised her eyebrows at him.

“I look like a dick.” He muttered, struggling with the cufflinks of his shirt. Mikasa very strongly disagreed, checking out the way the material clung to him from beneath her lashes, but she just smirked at him. She gestured him over and took his wrist in hers, her hands making deft work of the little silver cufflinks. “Thanks.” He muttered. “What are you looking at?” He asked with an appreciative grunt as she handed him the coffee.

“CCTV was installed on the door when the boxes were dropped off. I’m just running it back to check the movement in and out of next door.”

She played the video double speed, the door of 201A staying firmly closed. A few people wandered past in varying directions. And they watched as the video showed themselves approaching their own apartment. She chuckled softly as she watched Eren scooping her up and carrying her across the threshold.

The video continued to zip forwards but there was no sign of anyone entering or exiting 210A and she frowned in annoyance as the video skipped to the live feed.

“I’m going to be late.” Eren muttered after a moment with a sigh. “I’ve got something for you.” He handed her a small envelope and she opened it, curiously dropping a small ear bud into her palm. “If you need to contact me… covertly.” He said by way of explanation and she nodded in understanding.

_In case something happens._

He grabbed his briefcase and Mikasa walked him to the front door. She knew that it might look like an ordinary briefcase, but she also knew that the false panel below held a sniper rifle with a scope and that Eren was going to spend all day camped out a rented office across the void watching the target.

She opened the door.
“Have a good day, honey.” She couldn’t help the smirk that burst across her face. She wanted to get back at him for all of the pet names that he’d taken to using, but he smiled back at her mischievously and leaned down towards her. She felt her body tense, but tried not to show her surprise as his lips lowered towards hers. He stopped a millimeter from her.

“Have a good day, gorgeous.” His eyes held no trace of humour and she felt herself blush. His lips pressed closer, though he turned his head grazing the edge of her mouth in a chaste kiss and then he was gone.

Mikasa resisted the urge to sag back against the door, instead turning on shaking limbs and wandering back into the apartment.

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Her day passed slowly and Mikasa wondered how the hell she was going to survive cooped up in the apartment for the next couple of weeks. She kept the CCTV feeds open, although after watching nothing happen for an hour she was bored as sin.

She finished the unpacking quickly, leaving a few boxes here and there as part of their cover. Then after checking the CCTV again – still nothing – she got online using her tablet, determined to order some food into the apartment. Frowning, her hands hovered over the keypad.

She wondered what Eren would like for dinner.

Before she could consider she had her phone in hand and was dialing his number. He answered on the first ring.

“Hey.”

“Hey.” She murmured.

“What’s up?”
“I was just calling to ask if you still like Mexican food.”

He was quiet for a minute.

“Uh, yeah. I guess. Why?” His voice sounded amused and she cursed.

“I’m just ordering some food in and I was thinking about what to make for dinner.”

“You’re cooking?” He scoffed and she scowled.

“I can cook.”

He spluttered.

“I can!” She protested.

“Sounds like you’re having a productive day.” He said. They wouldn’t openly talk about the case on an open line like this.

“Yep. Did some unpacking. But man, things are boring around here.” She hoped he understood her meaning.

“Things are pretty dull around here too.”

She sighed.

“Ok. So I’ll see you tonight. What time will you be in?”

“Probably around 6?”
“Ok great. I’ll see you then.”

“Ok, I love you.”

His words threw her for a moment and she gaped into the phone before remembering that they were on an open line, very easily tapped.

“I-I love you too.” She said, trying not to notice the wobble in her voice. He clicked the phone off.


They settled into a routine; he would go to work, she would stay at home. They would monitor the frequency and number of people entering the building. They would watch the apartment opposite. But frustratingly they seemed to be getting nowhere. The apartment stood empty with no visitors and after the third day Mikasa was ready to pack up and go home.

They ate together in the evening and Mikasa was surprised by how comfortable around Eren she had become after such a short amount of time. They didn’t talk about the fact that he had crawled into her bed that second night and wrapped himself around her, whispering quietly “Is this ok?” She had nodded, minutely. And from that point their unplanned sleeping arrangements became the norm; they would climb into bed together and settle against each other, but that was as far as it went.

On the fourth day Mikasa felt like she was ready to explode. Not only was the case going nowhere but she’d also woken that morning to the feel of Eren’s erection straining against her back and she’d been awash with desire. These sleeping arrangements were slowly killing her and she wasn’t sure if she’d rather have Eren go back to sleeping on the couch or not. She craved the feel of him touching her, but it wasn’t enough and she knew what she really wanted.

Eren had begun to come home each evening in a worse and worse mood. The lack of progress in the case obviously frustrating him and Mikasa was beginning to feel like a caged animal. She’d taken to having a cold shower every morning after he stepped out of the apartment and on that fourth day it was a particularly long one.

She dried herself quickly and threw on a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt, padding down the hall into the kitchen. As per usual she took the tablet out of its hiding place and opened up the CCTV footage. To her surprise the door to apartment 210A was wide open.
She scrambled for the ear bud that Eren had given her and pressed it into her ear, sliding the microphone choker onto her neck.

“Where the fuck have you been?” his voice growled in her ear and she scowled.

“Are you seeing this?” She muttered, ignoring his question.

“I counted three on entry, but they’ve put the shades down so I can’t see fuck all.”

She bit her lip.

“I’m going over there.”

“No.” His voice was commanding and she felt her own anger trill to life.

“I’m still in charge here Jaeger.” She reminded him.

“You are not going in there without backup!” He protested.

“I’ll be fine. I’m just going to try and get a look at what they’ve got going on over there.”

“Mika-“

“I’ll keep you live.” She muttered and she heard his curse, but he had the good sense not to protest… after all he wanted to hear this as much as she did.

She grabbed her scarf, winding it around her neck and covering the microphone choker around her neck. She looked herself over in the mirror, pulling her hair up into a messy bun. There… she looked unthreatening.

As she left the Kitchen she had the sense to pick up the pie that she had baked yesterday, and left the
apartment wandering across the hall.

The door to 210A was still open and Mikasa schooled her expression into polite curiosity before rapping her knuckles on the polished wooden door.

“Helloooo?” She called into the apartment.

The hallway that she could see in front of her was empty and that piqued her curiosity endlessly.

When nobody answered she knocked again. “Hello?”

“Don’t you dare step foot inside that apartment.” Eren’s voice was tense.

She took a step into the apartment anyway.

“Hello? My name’s Mina, I’m from across the hall… Is anyone home?” She stepped further into the apartment.

“Mik-sa…not…goo- …-dea.”

Eren’s voice was cut off by static and suddenly she’d lost him.

*Shit.*

Behind her the door closed and she jumped, turning to face the man who stood partly in the shadows. Her fingers itched for a weapon she did not have and she forced herself to relax. She could always throw the pie at him and go hand to hand if she needed to.

“What do you want?” He asked her, coldly. He was Asian, maybe 25-30 with a shaved head and piercing blue eyes.
She forced a nervous smile and held the pie out in front of her.

“I’m Mina, I’m from across the hall…”

He just stared at her blankly and she gulped, noticeably, trying to play the nervous housewife. “My husband and I just moved in and … well I made a pie for all of our neighbours. But I hadn’t had a chance to meet you yet, so when I saw your door open I thought I’d take the chance to come and say hello…” She let her voice trail off as he narrowed his eyes at her.

She tried to get a handle on the man. He was definitely suspicious and the way that he’d shut her in was more than a little creepy. But then he smiled, a wide toothy smile that was more than a little wolfish and held out his hands to take the pie from her.

“That is very generous of you, Mina…” She didn’t like the way he stressed her name and she felt a prickle run up her spine. “My name is Orick.” He called, loudly into the apartment, “Hey, Riko, Tomas … come and meet our new neighbor.” Mikasa turned to see two men of a similar age to Orick wander into the room, their movements casual but their eyes alert and watching.

“Nice to meet you.” She said, adding a nervous edge to her voice. She watched the way they stood, their bodies casual, but braced. It was easy to spot the combat training in the way they spread evenly around her.

They stared at her casually and Mikasa ran through a list of possible scenarios. She could reveal her true intentions and no doubt come under attack. She didn’t think that three on one would be too much of a problem, but she wasn’t sure that it was worth blowing her cover at this early stage. She could try to find out a little more about them, but that might raise suspicion and lead to a similar scenario as the first. OR she could play it safe and step out at this point…live to fight another day. With a final – exaggeratedly fearful – glance at the three men, she turned back to Orick, her shoulder blades itching as she turned her back on the other two men.

“Well…” She said after a moment. “I’d better be getting back. I’m expecting a call from my husband.” She lied as she made for the door.

Orick stepped in front of her, his hand on the door handle and she felt a thrill of adrenaline surge through her veins. *Three against one.* She tensed, preparing for a fight.

“Mina you will have to introduce us to your husband next time we meet.” There was strange glint in
his eyes as he spoke, but then he stepped back and allowed her to exit the apartment. She forced a smile and stepped out, crossing the hall quickly and striding into her own apartment quickly, shutting the door behind her with a shaky breath.

“Shit.”

She tapped the ear bud in her ear. It was dead. They must have had some kind of electromagnetic device around the door.

*So much for surveillance inside then!* 

She shakily lowered herself into a chair. That had been close.

Eren was going to kill her.

As if on cue Eren burst into the apartment, shutting the door behind him with a bang.

His eyes honed in on her and narrowed viciously.

She gaped at him.

“What the fuck are you doing here?!” She hissed. “You’re breaking your cover!”

“What the fuck did you think you were doing?” He seethed, stepping closer to her. She could see his hands were shaking and he’d undone his top button giving him a frustrated edge. His hair was a mess, suggesting that he’d been running his hands back and forwards through it, nervously.

“I’m fine. We needed to see what the hell was going on in there.” She snapped back at him, rising to her feet in exasperation.

“Why do you always have to be so God-damned reckless?” He spat and she growled at him.
“Fuck you Jaeger, who the hell are you to dictate what I can and can’t do on my mission.” Mikasa felt her face flush in anger.

“It’s not your fucking mission! It’s ours.” He threw his hands up in exasperation. “I’m your fucking partner and we’re supposed to make decisions together.”

She got in his face then, resentment coursing through her veins. “What the fuck did you expect me to do? Sit on my hands? Watch some more CCTV? Fuck that!”

“You’re acting like a fucking child.”

“Well, you’d know. I don’t know what your fucking problem is but you need to lighten the fuck up.”

His eyes were angry, his mouth twisted into a snarl as he captured her wrist in his vice-like grip.

“My problem is you…” He ground out before his mouth descended over hers and suddenly she was being pushed back through the apartment.

Her back hit the wall with a thud, but she barely noticed, too engrossed in the feel of his tongue sliding against hers and she moaned into his mouth wantonly. There was nothing tender or compassionate about the kiss. It was hard and angry and she felt his teeth slide against her lips, nipping at her flesh as she panted for breath. His hands on her wrists were painfully tight and she fought against his grip, desperate to curl her fingers into his thick hair, to tip his head to just the right angle. But he fought her, slamming the back of her wrists into the wall with a thud and pinning them there. Mikasa gasped into his mouth, his tongue hot on her own and she felt as though she couldn’t get close enough to him, opening her mouth wider below his, trying to consume him. His hips pressed her into the wall and she could feel his hardness against her hip and it sent a fresh wave of desire coursing through her veins and she felt wetness pool between her thighs.

Hooking an ankle behind his knee she drew him closer, parting her legs and feeling his thigh rub harshly against her aching centre. She moaned loudly, breaking the kiss and his lips dropped to her jaw. Their panting breaths mingled in the air, heavy and breathless as he released her wrists, his hands cupping the back of her head as he tipped her jaw, claiming her neck with hot wet kisses that left her throbbing with need. She tangled her fingers in his untidy hair and yanked, forcing his mouth back to hers and drawing a surprised grunt from him.
His hands slid down her sides, skimming the edges of her breasts and drawing an involuntary shudder from her. Tracing her hips his strong hands curled downwards to cup her backside, pulling her tightly against him.

“Bedroom…” She murmured between kisses and he pulled back, his eyes dark, to look at her face. She reached up and kissed him hungrily in response to his questioning glance and felt his hands grasp the back of her thighs lifting her as though she weighed nothing.

Without breaking contact from her lips, Eren carried her down the hallway, her legs wrapped tightly around his waist. Kicking the door open to the bedroom they shared, he strode towards the bed, pitching forwards and landing on top of her with a gentle grunt. His lips trailed down her neck and he pulled back, quickly unwinding the long blue scarf from around her neck as he kneeled above her. Mikasa’s chest was heaving, her blood pounding in her veins and her cheeks flushed. He removed the scarf and tugged at the zip on her sweatshirt, pulling it open urgently, before falling back to claim his lips.

Her hands traced up his chest, sliding over his strong shoulders and pushing the jacket from his arms. He shook it off, hastily, his teeth grazing a path down her chest and then his fingers were sliding beneath her shirt and her stomach clenched in anticipation as his questioning fingers lifted the material higher exposing the smooth flesh beneath.

Sitting up she raised her arms and without missing a beat he pulled the material upwards and off over her head. With expert hands he unhooked her bra quickly, removing the material and leaving her exposed before him.

Eren gazed down at Mikasa’s semi-naked form, his eyes intense. She didn’t give him much chance to admire what he saw, instead reaching up and drawing his lips back to hers. She wanted to drown in his kisses.


“You’ve got no idea how long I’ve waited to hear you say my name like that…” He whispered and she blinked at him.
His movements slowed. Became less frenzied and he gently lowered her back down onto the bed, trailing his tongue down her neck and chest and taking a nipple into his mouth, swirling that talented tongue around the sensitive bud. She felt her back arch of the bed with a gasp, but his hand covered her other breast, squeezing and massaging the delicate flesh, holding her firmly in place as he continued his ministrations.

“Eren…” She whimpered and felt his mouth curl into a smile against her skin. He pressed soft, delicate kisses across her ribs, worshipping her skin and travelling down her body. But then his movements stilled as he took in the sight of her scars and his fingertips ghosted over it, the hint of a tremble in his hands.

“Old news.” She breathed and he looked up at her, his eyes sad. “I want you.” She whispered watching the sadness fade from his eyes to be replaced by desire and he turned his face to her skin ghosting light, dainty kisses across her scars. She moaned and opened her legs, grinding her hips up towards him, making no secrets of what she wanted.

When he reached the waistband of her jeans he hesitated but she bit her lip, arching her back and he unbuttoned them quickly, pulling them and her underwear down her slim legs leaving her naked before him. For a moment he just looked at her, his face dark with longing and his eyes fever bright. And then with aching slowness he lowered his face towards her and Mikasa parted her knees knowing what he was going to do and wanting it so much it hurt.

The first swipe of his tongue across her clit had her groaning loudly and she fisted her hands in the bed sheets. He blew a gentle breath across her sex and Mikasa drew a shuddering breath, her legs straining open, wanting more. And then his tongue was on her, lapping at her flesh and swirling around her sensitive nub. Long deep strokes of his tongue had her grinding upwards against his face, seeking more contact. Mikasa stiffened as Eren slipped a finger into her slick entrance and she cried out, her cheeks flushed. Below her he groaned and it was a primal sound that went straight to Mikasa’s loins and she felt a fresh wave of desire course through her. Eren’s tongue continued to lap at her as he fucked her with a finger and Mikasa could feel her pleasure spiralling up and up.

‘Eren…’” She groaned. “Stop!”

He lifted his head to look at her and the sight of him, his eyes heavy lidded and the evidence of her arousal all over his face was nearly enough to make her reach completion there and then.

“I need you…” She whispered. “Inside me.”
His eyes darkened further and he reached down to unbutton his straining fly.

“No…” She whispered. “Let me…”

Pushing him back to rest against the pillows she hovered over him, reaching up to kiss him chastely, tasting herself on his tongue as she hummed in appreciation.

Mikasa broke away from his mouth, reluctantly and slowly unbuttoned his shirt revealing his chiseled and bronzed chest. Her mouth watered at the sight of it and she lowered her face to take his nipple into her mouth. His breath hissed between his teeth and he whimpered, throwing his head back. Moving down his body, Mikasa pressed gentle kisses to his ridged stomach, running her tongue across the steely muscles that rippled beneath his taught skin.

Unbuttoning his pants Mikasa deftly removed the material sliding them down his long legs. His erection strained against his boxers and Mikasa was so fucking wet she felt like she could finish right there. Pulling down his boxers she released his manhood, watching it spring free as she stripped Eren naked in front of her. The sight of him naked and ready was familiar and new and god she didn’t know that she could miss someone so much.

Running a gentle finger up the underside of his cock Mikasa watched as Eren’s hips bucked involuntarily and he keened, his head tipped back against the pillow. Emboldened by his response she lowered her head and took him deeply into her mouth.

“Jesus!” He hissed. And then he just shut up because she was sucking him deeply into her mouth; her tongue swirled around the head and her hand gripping the base of his cock. He began to thrust up into her mouth and she let her teeth graze across the head of his cock, light as a feather, but he moaned so loudly that for a minute she worried about the neighbors.

And then he was pulling her upwards and claiming her mouth hungrily. It was a wet kiss, his tongue tangling with her own and she really needed him inside her at this point before she exploded. Crawling up his body she positioned his cock at her wet entrance rubbing her juices over him before sinking down onto his swollen length. They groaned together and Eren’s fingers bit into the skin on her hip.

She let her head fall forwards onto the crook of his shoulder and his breath panted in her ear, hot and loud. For a moment they stayed locked together, frozen in time, him filling her up and her holding him steady.
And then she began to move. It was slow at first and she felt his hips rise to meet her. But she was so aroused she knew that she wouldn’t last long. Sitting up she placed her hands on his chest as she ground down on him, over and over. Her pleasure was beginning to soar upwards again and her movements became faster and wilder as his thrust up to meet her. He sat up, lips claiming her nipple and she could feel her sweat slicked skin sliding against his as she ground into his lap. She tipped her head back feeling wave of pleasure beginning to crest.

“Eren… I’m gonna…Eren!”

And then she was coming so hard that for a minute she lost track of where she was. There was nothing but the feel of him thrusting into her, his speed increasing as her body spasmed around him erratically. And then with a final thrust he stiffened, a groan falling from his lips as his own orgasm took him.

Mikasa collapsed off of him with a grunt, landing on her front on the bed next to him. She was so completely and utterly sated that she didn’t think she could move a muscle.

A lazy hand trailed up her spine and Mikasa turned, lazily to gaze over her shoulder sleepily with a soft smile. Eren was propped up on one elbow gazing down at her with the softest, most tender expression on his face.

“Hey.” She murmured, suddenly shy.

“Hey yourself.” He replied softly.

They lay in companionable silence for a while.

“Did you just abandon your position to come back and do that?” She asked him with a small smile.

He flushed, running a hand through his hair as he rolled onto his back.

“No. I wasn’t intending to do ... that.” He turned to face her. “Not that I didn’t want to. God Miks you have no fucking idea how hard it has been to keep my hands off you the last couple of months.”
She flushed in pleasure at his words. Knowing that he felt the same gave her a satisfied feeling in her belly.

“I … thought it was just me…” She admitted with a rueful grin.

“God no. I wanted you the moment I saw you. But then you put your boot in my face…”

She winced. “Sorry about that.”

“I thought you hated me.” He sounded so despondent that she crawled over to curl up against him. Fitting herself snugly into the crook of his arm as his embrace curled against her securely. She rested a hand delicately on his chest with a sigh.

“I did…” He tensed at her words but she continued. “Or at least, I thought I did. I was just so mad, Eren. I thought you’d betrayed me. After everything that we’d gone through together. You were the person that I trusted most in the entire world. And then…suddenly it was like I didn’t really know you at all. It nearly fucking broke me…” Her voice cracked on the last word and he clutched at her tightly.

“I know… I’m sorry.”

“And Armin. God, I never thought I’d be able to forgive you for that, but here you are again, worming your way into my life.”

He was quiet against her cheek.

“You know how sorry I-“

She hushed him.

“I don’t blame you Eren. I was bad planning, nothing more.”
He opened his mouth as though he wanted to say something, but thought better of it, closing it with a soft click.

“I don’t suppose there’s much point in me going back to the office now is there?” He mused out loud and swooped down, claiming her lips in a kiss that began chastely and soon turned fervent with desire.

Needless to say they spent the rest of the day in bed.

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“Eren!” She gasped as her muscles contracted around his rigid cock, her lean legs wrapped around his hips and her back pressed tightly against the wall of the shower as the hot, steamy water cascaded down on them.

He hummed against her throat desperately as he pumped into her with long, languid strokes before finally finding his own completion with a grunt of pleasure. Pressing a kiss to the base of her throat he lowered her legs to the ground, holding her tightly as she found her balance, resting her forehead against his shoulder as her heart rate slowed.

They had spent the entire day previous in bed. Between bouts of lazy sex, they’d talked through what Mikasa had seen in the apartment opposite, sending a short report to Levi using the encrypted channel on the tablet they’d brought with them. Unsurprisingly they had not heard back from Levi.

“I’m gonna be late…” Eren whispered, his voice breathy.

“So go already.” She shoved him gently, a smile tugging her lips. She couldn’t remember feeling this light hearted in a long time.

Something washed over his face and she frowned at him. “What’s wrong?” He shook his head, stepping more fully under the shower and rinsing himself off as she watched the muscles in his back working. God, she didn’t think she would ever get her fill of him.

“If you don’t hurry up and go to work I’m not going to let you go…” She murmured softly and he chuckled, but his heart didn’t seem to be in it.
Turning the shower off he stepped out of the enclosure grabbing a towel and slinging it across his hips as he reached for his toothbrush. She stepped out behind him and grabbed her own towel, drying herself quickly before wandering into the bedroom in search of her clothes.

When she was dressed and decent Mikasa wandered into the kitchen, grabbing the lunch that she’d make for Eren yesterday when she’d been fixing them both some lunch. He’d fucked her on the kitchen island not long after; she reminisced with a smile as Eren strolled into the kitchen and grabbed his briefcase from the island. The way his eyes lingered over the large flat surface told her he was picturing the same thing and her eyes met his with unveiled desire.

“I made you some lunch.” She held out the small box to him and he took it with a bittersweet smile. “What is with you today?” She muttered, perplexed.

“Nothing.” He shook his head and turned to go. She followed him to the door, a clenching feeling in her chest. She didn’t want to be away from him.

He opened the door and she leaned against it as he turned to face her. His eyes roved her face like he was trying to memorise its shape.

“I’ll see you tonight.” She said and a worried expression crossed his face so quickly she thought she’d imagined it.

“Uh-huh…” He stepped closer to her, brushing her lips softly with his own. “Don’t do anything reckless.” He said without stepping back and for some reason Mikasa was convinced that his words held a deeper meaning. But then she closed the distance between them capturing his mouth in a searing kiss, prying his mouth open and swiping her tongue against his. He moaned softly in the back of his throat before pulling back to press his forehead to hers.

“I’ll see you…” He said with a final look into her eyes and then he was gone. Mikasa didn’t know why, but she felt a deep sense of unease as she watched him disappear down the corridor.

After a couple of hours Mikasa had done a load of laundry, tidied the apartment and checked her messages for an incoming transmission or record from Levi. She wasn’t surprised that her brother hadn’t gotten back to her, but she was pissed.
She set the tablet running on a search of known criminals with the names Riko, Tomas and Orick. Obviously with just first names to go on, the list of possibilities was virtually endless and she left the programme running at 52,000 hits.

She stood up from the couch, stretching her arms above her head and turned to head towards the kitchen in need of a coffee. Eren’s exploration of her body had extended well into the night and she was tired, and not to mention sore.

As she stepped into the kitchen the sound of the door crashing open had her whirling around in confusion.

*Fuck! Where’s my weapon!*

Two figures dived into the apartment and before Mikasa could even register that they were Hanzuko agents, their masks glittering threateningly, she felt the cold sting of a tranquilizer dart hit her and she was vaguely aware of her own voice saying softly in disbelief.

“Son of a bitch.”

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