### We Found Us At Last

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**Summary**

All of a sudden, he had a terrible urge of wanting to tell Levi that he loved him. Levi was alive and next to him, strong as ever. Instead he just let his hand wandered on Levi’s sleeping form. Erwin wanted it to stay this way, forever. He was alive. Levi was alive. But, God, he knew it was impossible.

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How Erwin falls in love with Levi over the time. And the other way around.  
Canon. (Probably more than) a filler between the major events of the story. Post-ACWNR. Spoilers up to chapter 90.

**Notes**

Hi, this is my second Shingeki no Kyojin/Attack on Titan fic. This thing took me a very long time to write, and it's probably the longest chapter I've ever written since I started writing fan fiction. This story contains three parts (with Erwin's and Levi's POV, respectively), and I now present you the first and the major part of it. I hope you enjoy!
Erwin couldn't remember when, or how it started. As far as he was concerned, he had always felt this way ever since Levi joined the Survey Corps.

No...it was probably even before that.

Yes, definitely that.

Before their first encounter in the underground, Erwin had spent some time spying on the dark hair man. Even from the first sight, Erwin had realized that this man's one of a kind. Levi had a demeanor of lethality, lithe like feline. He didn't order his companions around, but they followed him like he was the boss. (And he was.) The first time Erwin saw him use the maneuver gear, he was stunned by those graceful movements; it was like the man was blessed with wings.

And it all came down on that day, when Erwin brought his squad down to the underground. The first time he had a taste of what would later be called 'humanity's strongest'. Levi's strength was unbelievable. The fierceness in those eyes looked sharper than blades. Erwin had never seen someone who could cast a glance so powerful, and it hit him so heavily. When Levi blocked Erwin’s strike with a single, small knife, Erwin felt a chill went down his spine.

Thus a new feeling, an emotion never before felt by Erwin Smith, was born.

At first he didn't call it love, for love seemed so shallow and ephemeral. He had had love before, but it never lasted or stayed undefeated by his own will power and reasons. It wasn't obsession either. He had never wanted to possess Levi, or control Levi—even though he was already a high-rank officer by the time. Levi's obedience only made Erwin feel trusted, and that delighted him.

However, he couldn't deny that there was the element of desire in his feelings toward Levi. Yes, he wanted to touch him. He wanted Levi to stay by his side, late at night. He wondered what it'd be like to hold Levi in his arms, or watch as Levi fall asleep beside him. He wanted so see Levi coming undone, under his body—so small, yet so strong. He wanted to hear those lips moan his name as they parted and gasped for air.

At first, all Levi sent him were glares. Erwin had thought that maybe he had ruined it, after all. The first expedition left Levi a broken man. But putting the pieces back together was the only option; so Erwin remained at a distance and let him adjust to the weight of those mental wounds.

Sometime later, he discovered that Levi didn't quite have a second expression. Well, maybe glare with hatred, glare with annoyance, and simply glare. Everyday, that insanely pretty face stayed sullen. After a while, Erwin got used to it, and began to interpret the subtle changes on it.

Then came the second expedition. This time, Erwin had Levi in his squad. As the first day faded in
the sunset, Erwin turned around to discover Levi, who was riding next to him and gazing at the sky in silent amazement. Erwin quietly regarded the dark-haired man next to him with reverence. Levi looked so much younger when he lost his perpetual scowl.

“This is…” Levi muttered, his short haired fluttered against his cheekbones in the evening breeze. “I’ve never seen anything quite like this.”

The setting sun adorned the broad, open field in deep red, purple, and orange. The air was fresh and clear. The space was unlimited. The skyline marked infinity.

*I've never seen anything quite like this,* thought Erwin, watching Levi’s face loosening, comprehending the scenery. It occurred to him that, for the first time, Levi was beautiful. The last bit of sun showered Levi in rich golden light. His usually pale face gleamed, appearing even smoother and more childlike.

At that moment, Levi seemed to notice Erwin’s eyes on him. He glanced at his Squad Leader, the frown settling back into his features.

“Pay attention to your surrounding,” Erwin scolded calmly. “Anything could happen.”

“Yeah,” Levi replied, emotionless.

Erwin almost felt caught. He focused on the route ahead, but no matter how hard he tried, the image of Levi’s face, lit with fascination, stuck in his head like a stubborn smudge that refused to go. *Except that it was a beautiful smudge.*

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After that, Erwin started his observation. In the cafeteria, he watched Levi dine alone. Sometimes, Hange would join Levi, and blabbered nonstop next to him. Erwin beheld in amusement as Levi nodded at Hange's passionate monologue with Hange exclaiming once in a while, "Are you even listening? Levi?!!"

No matter how loud Hange was (*and annoying, as sometimes Hange could be*), Levi never shoved her away. He just sat through her speech. Sometimes, new soldiers would swoon all over him during the training, but Levi never showed any form of conceit. Unlike how he flinched away from them when he first joined the Corps, he would sometimes patiently demonstrate his maneuver gears movements, and how to plan the landing as he chop off the back of titan's neck.

It began to dawn on Erwin that, though curt and sullen (and sometimes violent), Levi was a gentle person in nature. He didn't know what exactly Levi had been through, spending all his earlier years in the underground, but it sure molded the high-strung personality he now had. However, even with that, and with all his inhuman combat skills, Levi was a gentle soul. The more Erwin saw of Levi, the more he was drawn to him.

He started to call Levi into his office and ask about his opinion on encounter with titans. Levi always gave him insightful answers. Sometimes they had lengthy discussion. And then he started to call Levi into his office *not* merely due to official business.
There was this one time, just before an expedition, Erwin called Levi in.

"What is it?" Levi asked, standing few meters away from Erwin's desk.

"Nothing really," Erwin replied with honesty. "The expedition is tomorrow."

Levi slanted his head to the side. "I know that. Is there anything else I don't know?"

"I got this high-quality black tea from an aristocrat last time I went to the capitol," Erwin raised a small can. "Let me make you some tea."

Levi never said no to tea before, at least not when Erwin was offering. "Okay."

So he walked a few steps closer, dragged a chair toward Erwin’s desk, and sank down in it.

Erwin noticed the way Levi relaxed his limbs. "Tired day?"

"Training," Levi said.

"Do you enjoy training?" Erwin asked.

Levi glanced at him as if he asked something weird. "If it saves lives." He kept his eyes on Erwin.

They fell into a comfortable silence. When the tea was ready, Erwin poured two cups, one for Levi, one for himself.

He watched Levi sip his tea and savor it on his tongue. "Good?"

"Fine," Levi said.

"Glad you like it," Erwin said.

Levi eyed him dubiously. "You're weird today."

"Am I?" Erwin muttered.

"Yes."

"Like how?"

"Like what you're asking now," Levi said. "You should stop."

"Why?"

Levi shrugged, as if he decided to give in, accepting the unusualness.

"There're chances I could die tomorrow," Erwin said suddenly.

"What?" Levi squinted.

"...Nothing."

"No, you just said," Levi snorted. "That you could die tomorrow. What's going on? Are you planning on something I don't know about?"

"No," Erwin said. "No, No. Nothing. I don't know what I'm talking about. Never mind that."
Levi snorted again, then arched his wrist gracefully to nip at the tea. Erwin’s gaze followed his movement. He never understood how Levi could do that—making drinking tea look sinfully elegant to an extent that it looked erotic.

"Damn the aristocrat," Levi said contentedly. "He got some good stuff."

"We should do this more often," Erwin said in a low voice.

Levi cast a glance at him. "You mean the tea thing, or you talking weird shit?"

It sprang to Erwin's mind that Levi was joking with him, and he couldn't help but chuckle.

"Both," he said.

Levi simply snorted again.


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During that expedition, Levi got injured, for the first time since he joined the Corps.

There was rain. A deviant broke through their formation, cutting Erwin's squad dangerously in half. Erwin lost sight of Levi and Mike, but he had to keep riding behind Commander Shadis. He felt his heart clenching so tight that he didn't realize that he was actually panicking. He hadn't panicked in a while now. And it wasn't because the formation had been broken.

It was because he couldn't see Levi.

The deviant was still stomping around, chasing loosely behind their tails. Erwin was riding at top speed. Deep down inside he could hear a small voice screeching, Go back. Find Levi. But he couldn't do that. He couldn't allow himself to do that.

And suddenly the deviant was down. Erwin stopped his horse, and glanced back. A shadow emerged from the rain and dust. It was Mike's horse.

Erwin was about to shout out, Where's Levi? And then he saw him, a small figure behind Mike.

"Levi and I got it down," Mike yelled.

Erwin nodded when they got closer. "Lost my fucking horse," he heard Levi grumbled.

Erwin looked around. Mike noticed him and said in a hoarse voice, a little out of breath, "It's clear. For now."

"Okay," Erwin took out the map, risking getting it soaked. "We have to check the formation. I suppose it's still intact. The deviant came from...the west, and it didn't encounter other squads on its way here. They probably missed it."

"Or probably they're already all dead before they had a chance to warn us about it," Levi grunted gravely as he climbed down from Mike's horse with a hiss. Erwin's eyes darted toward him. A trail of blood littered behind him.

"Levi, you're hurt," he said. "Check yourself."
"I'm fine," the man replied.

"Mike, check him—"

"There's no time," Levi interrupted. "Let's go. It's raining. There was a deviant. We got to go."

And then Erwin remembered. The last time it rained like this. The last time a deviant cut through the formation...

"Calm down," Erwin commanded. "I'm checking the route. We'll be moving in a second."

Levi seemed on edge, but he quieted down, starting pacing around instead.

Finally, they began to march again. Erwin had Levi riding with him. He could feel the warmth from another body pressing into his back. The rest of the expedition was rather uneventful.

By the time they reached the wall, Erwin let out a breath he had been holding. He felt his shoulder relaxing. It was successful. It was over.

When they were riding slowly toward the headquarters, Erwin remembered that Levi was still behind him. He had been focusing so hard that he had forgotten all about the other man. And Levi had been strangely quiet.

"Levi," he called.

There was no response.

He called his name again, there was no reply still. Erwin nudged back gently; he could feel the other body slumping against him. He cursed inwardly.

"He's out," Nanaba, who was currently riding next to him, said.

Why didn't he say anything? Erwin thought, and cursed again.

When Erwin got down from his horse, Levi almost fell off. But Erwin quickly pulled the smaller man down and caught him in his arms.

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After the medics tended the injury and left Levi alone in a corner of the infirmary, Erwin approached the bed, hesitant.

He drew the drapes around the bed closed so that they could have some privacy. He sat down on a stool beside the bed. Levi's injury wasn't serious; it was just a deep gash on his left shoulder that had bled too much.

Erwin gazed at the man lying before him. Levi looked even smaller now, even with all the toned muscle. Erwin had never seen him shirtless before. The soldiers had to share public bathrooms, but as a squad leader, Erwin had his own private bathroom.
He knew that he shouldn't be thinking about this right now... but Levi's skin was so pale that it seemed translucent. He wondered what it'd be like if he slid his fingers across that clavicle... and lower, lower to the muscular chest, and those ribs. The porcelain skin looked so inviting. He also noticed that Levi’s body was littered with small blemishes here and there. Erwin bit his lower lip.

"Are you gonna keep staring at me or what?"

Erwin startled. Levi's voice was low and weak, but it was indeed him speaking, in that slightly sarcastic tone that Erwin fondly recognized.

"You're awake," he said, almost sheepishly.

"Yeah," Levi mumbled. "Told me not to waste painkillers on me." It sounded like something Levi would do.

"That must hurt," Erwin said.

"You bet," the dark haired man muttered, his eyes barely two slits.

"Why didn't you say anything before you passed out?" Erwin asked.

Levi didn't answer. For a moment, Erwin thought that he had fallen asleep.

But, "I'm sorry."

Erwin frowned. "Why?"

"...It was the rain," Levi said, hardly a whisper. "I shouldn't have let it get to me. I could have killed the deviant sooner."

Erwin shook his head even though he wasn't sure if Levi could see it. "Don't say that."

"But I saw their faces. In the rain."

For a moment, Erwin didn't know what to say. Levi had never mentioned his friends after his first expedition. Erwin felt like he was watching something he shouldn't, like he was invading Levi's privacy.

He glanced at the drapes around them, trying to say something. "You don't have to apologize."

"Yeah," Levi sighed. "It won't happen again."

Erwin wanted to say, That's good, like what he'd say to any other soldier. But now Levi wasn't just any other soldier to him. He was angry at Levi because when he told him to check his wound, he didn't. He didn't like the sight before him—Levi looking weak, apologizing. No, he hated it because he didn't want to be reminded that Levi had once been broken. He hated that Levi had flashbacks in the rain. He hated that Levi didn't tell him anything about the injury, putting his own safety at risk.

“Next time, tell me when you're about to faint,” Erwin said instead.

“Got it,” Levi murmured.

Erwin stood up, about to leave. But he hesitated briefly at the bedside before covering Levi’s hand with his own. Levi's hand was so small under his, and cold from being soaking wet for too long in the rain. Erwin quickly retracted his hand, sneaking one last glance at the wounded soldier. Levi’s eyes appeared closed, and his breathing was even.
Erwin pulled the blanket up to Levi’s chin, then left.

It wasn’t long after the fall of Wall Maria, Erwin was formally announced the next commander. He started to re-organize the Corps for the future, and it was then that he decided to promote Levi to the position of captain—a position he created solely for Levi; it would be the best place for the strongest soldier to make the most of his talent.

So many things changed after they lost a war to the titans. Plans were destroyed. Purposes were diverged. Anxiety flooded high in the Corps. People were shaken by fear.

A few days after the announcement, Erwin ran into Levi on his way to the dining hall. They hadn’t seen each other in a while, mostly due to Erwin’s heavy work.

“How’s everything?” Erwin asked.

“Good.”

Nothing was good these days, but there was nothing else they could say.

Erwin noted that Levi wasn’t wearing the uniform today. He wore a plain white shirt without the cravat.

It fell back to silence again. *Awkward.*

“I guess I’ll see you around, then,” Erwin said.

“Sure,” Levi replied, and resumed walking.

“Wait,” Erwin stopped him. “Actually…there’s something I want to tell you. Come to my office after dinner.”

“Can’t you tell me now?” Levi frowned.

“No,” Erwin said quite quickly.


Later that evening, Levi did show up in Erwin’s office, still wearing casual clothes.

“Please sit down,” Erwin said.

“Is this gonna take long?” Levi asked, looking around like he was anxious.

“You’re busy?”

“Not actually,” Levi grumbled.

Erwin picked up a bottle from the shelf.
“Whoa, what’s the occasion?” Levi asked, appearing surprised.

“This is a bottle of vintage red wine, for your promotion.” Erwin smiled and took out two glasses, pouring a glass for each of them.

“My promotion? I thought you're the one getting promoted, Commander Smith,” Levi said with a slight mocking tone that had Erwin smirking with amusement.

“You too, Captain Levi,” Erwin said.

“Yeah, really.”

They toasted and drank up. Erwin poured them more.

“Aren't you…delighted by the news?”

“What?” Levi said, as if it was fairly obvious. “It means I got more lives counting on me, isn't it?”

“I don't think it's such a bad thing,” Erwin said meaningfully. “A lot of soldiers look up to you. Your presence makes them hopeful, and that’s a big boost to our morale.”

“I could fail them,” Levi said matter-of-factly. “I'm not invincible, you know.”

“No one is,” Erwin said.

“I know. I won't be whining about it, just so you know.” Levi took a sip at his wine. “I'll do what I can.”

“Thank you, Captain,” Erwin said jokingly. “That's very gracious of you.”

“So what? I can't call you by your name now?” Levi asked wryly.

“Yes,” Erwin chuckled. “Of course you can, Levi. I'm just kidding.”

“Good.”

“What? You don't want to call me Commander?” Erwin teased him.

“It's weird,” Levi said. “You're just Erwin Smith to me, or sometimes that blond guy.”

“That blond guy?” Erwin laughed. “It's not the worst name by far, so I'll let it slide.”

“What's the worst by far?” Levi asked.

“Well, some people think of me as a cold-blooded murderer, or perhaps a demon.”

Levi snorted as a reply.

“They must not have seen how those MP got fat on the taxes, I recon,” Levi said.

“But they don't kill.”

“No they don't. What those fat bastard do is worse than murder. Letting the whole system corrupt is slowly destroying all that we have,” Levi said. “Most people just sit back and do nothing.”

“You made it sound like a horrendous crime.”
“It is, in a way,” Levi said.

“You're beginning to talk a lot. Is it alcohol?” To think about it, Erwin had never seen Levi drink before, not even some raw beer with other soldiers. But, of course, drinking was kind of a luxury, and Levi didn't frequent local bars, with the little social connection he had.

“Possibly,” Levi answered with honesty. “Never like the way it makes your brain groggy, though.”

“I think it's a nice thing to lose control, once in a while. Don't you think so?”

“Perhaps.”

“Come on, drink up,” Erwin raised the bottle.

Levi didn't protest. He emptied the glass in one gulp.

"We're just starting, you know," Erwin smirked. "I got another bottle of whiskey."

"How the hell did you manage you stock these things?" Levi asked, his cheeks turning slightly pink.

"Boring meetings and endless bargains for expedition funding. It's a courtesy to exchange gifts, when you meet important people."

"By gifts, you mean posh, classy stuff, like tea, fruits, and alcohol, huh."

"Exactly."

"You're not secretly an alcoholic, right?"

"By god, no. What gave you the idea?" Erwin snickered.

"You have a stressful job."

"That's a good point. But I enjoy my job. I don't need distraction from it."

"Seriously," Levi snorted. "Yeah. I know you enjoy your job. And that's why I think you're a weird shithead."

*I'm a weird shithead*, Erwin thought. And, somehow, Levi made it sound very endearing.

"Wipe that stupid smile off your face," Levi said. "It's creepy. Stop it."

"What?" Erwin covered his mouth. "I'm not smiling. And you just called me a weird shithead."

"That's exactly what you are," Levi said. "I've never seen anyone so self-absorbed like you. By the way, your speech is the most hypocritical shit I've ever heard."

Erwin couldn't help but laugh out loud.

"Well," he said, still chuckling. "That's the most sincere thing I've ever heard."

"Good for you," Levi curled his lips into a wry smile. "You looked like you could use more ego boost."

Erwin regarded Levi. "Can I ask you something?"

"Spit it out."
"If you think I'm a fraud, why are you still here?" Erwin asked not without curiosity.

"I don't think you're a fraud," Levi said. "You're just a very clever player. I'm not like that. I know you see things that I don't see. People need someone like you."

Really, Erwin thought. You have no idea what I see, Levi. You have no idea.

They kept drinking, making small talk that was comfortable to both of them. Erwin was fascinated by how relax and funny Levi could be when he was a little drunk. It was like talking to an old friend. He couldn't believe the person in front of him was actually the same guy that had joined the Corps to kill him.

So many had died around them. And that was probably why they were now drawn together. But Erwin knew better. If it wasn't for his intuitive affection towards Levi...

It was the third round of whiskey. They were sitting on the couch. Levi remained a foot away from him, still holding up his composure—well, just barely.

"It's late," Levi said.

"Yeah," Erwin said.

"After a hundred years, they finally broke in," Levi said.

"I'm not surprised," Erwin said.

"Me too." Levi stared at his glass. "I've always thought this day would come. Just…not this soon."

"…Levi," Erwin said. "Would you act any different if this were your last day?"

Levi cocked an eyebrow. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

"Because if this day were my last," Erwin said slowly. "There is one thing I'll regret."

Levi looked ahead. "What is it?"

Erwin breathed. "You don't want to know."

"Try me."

"Trust me, you don't."

Levi finally glanced at him. "Okay."

Erwin felt his chest tightened. He liked how Levi didn't push him.

"You know what, I feel so fucking tired," Levi said. "I should go."

Erwin nodded slowly. "…Alright."

Levi stood up from the couch, swaying a little.

"Levi," Erwin called when Levi put his hand on the doorknob.

Levi looked back, his eyes questioning. Erwin gazed back, mesmerized. He loved the way Levi
stared at him, a little confused. He could see Levi’s pale neck from his open collars.

Before he could stop himself, Erwin was walking toward the door, toward Levi. Levi didn't move. Erwin halted a step away from Levi, hovering over the shorter man. Levi lifted his chin to look at him; something gleamed in his gray eyes, something Erwin couldn't decipher.

They stayed like that for a moment. And then, “What do you want?” Levi asked in a small voice, devoid of emotions.

“What do you want?” Erwin asked back.

Levi swallowed. He turned his eyes away.

Erwin leaned closer to him. He could smell alcohol, soap, and aftershave, everything clean. He could feel the heat from another body. He could feel time slowing down. And the world was far, far away, the world where titans roamed, people got eaten, and there was a government that didn't care. But it felt so unreal. What was real was Levi, now staring at him, lost. Erwin’s heartbeat drummed inside his chest.

“I should go,” Levi muttered again.

“You should,” Erwin said. But he leaned even closer, until all he could see were Levi’s eyes, cold gray with slight tinge of blue. He felt Levi’s breath on his chin. And then his lips brushed Levi’s cheek.

Levi gave a slight jolt when Erwin’s lips touched him. When Erwin took another step forward, trapping Levi between his body and the door, Levi inhaled long.

"Don't say anything," Erwin whispered. He put his hands on Levi's shoulders. Levi kept perfectly still, accepting the contact. Slowly, Erwin let his hands slide down from Levi’s shoulders to waist. His hands looked large on Levi's small frame. He kept his touch feather light as if he was afraid Levi would break under him—he knew that Levi wouldn't, but he had always wanted to touch him this way, as gentle as possible.

His hands roamed on Levi. He felt the heated skin under the shirt, and he longed for it. He wanted to have his mouth on that warmth. He stayed gazing into Levi's eyes. He couldn't tell how long they remained like that—looking into each other's eyes, his hands on Levi's body—until Levi grabbed one of Erwin's hands, and put it on his collars. Erwin took the hint, and didn't hesitate before starting to unbutton the shirt. He felt lightheaded with desire. Levi was quiet when Erwin clawed at his flesh. His breaths only hitched once when Erwin kissed his nipple, taking it in and ravaging it with tongue. Levi's face scrunched up as if he was having a hard time controlling himself.

"Don't," Erwin said, barely audible. He lifted Levi's chin so that the other man was looking at him again. "Let it go."

Levi looked like he was about to say something, maybe protest. Erwin kissed him again, this time on the mouth. Levi's words were smothered. Their tongues met. Erwin's grip on Levi's body tightened. Now he could feel Levi pressing back against him. He could feel the hardness pressing into his thighs. He slid his hand into the front of Levi's trousers.

Their mouth parted; Levi hissed, grasping Erwin's shoulders.

"Erwin..."
Erwin dived down to kiss him again, stifling the sounds coming from the depth of Levi's throat.

Erwin's fingers closed around Levi, and Levi started to tremble.

A surge of passion ran through Erwin's body. He glanced down at Levi, flushed like never before. And all he wanted to see was Levi falling apart.

He unbuckled Levi's pants, so that unbearable tightness was gone. He sped up his movement.

"...Erwin," he heard Levi gasp. Slipping his finger into his own mouth before digging the hand into Levi's backside, Erwin was determined to see Levi crumble under his touch. "What...the hell...are you doing, Erwin?"

He nudged at the narrow crevice of Levi's rear, the other hand still busy at the front. For the first time, Levi began to struggle, his grip iron hard on Erwin's shoulders. He tried to push Erwin away.

"I'm not going to hurt you," Erwin said. "It's fine. Do you need me to stop?"

Levi’s hands on Erwin’s shoulders loosened; he clenched his teeth and closed his eyes. Erwin wondered if Levi never had any experience before.

Levi didn't say no.

Gently, Erwin worked his finger tip into Levi, watching at Levi's reaction closely. Erwin knew it'd burn like hell if he wasn't careful enough. Levi still had his eyes closed, his breath ragged.

"You want to be filled," Erwin slurred, pushing deeper into the soft heat.

Levi shuddered.

"Relax." Erwin coaxed him. "You'll feel divine."

He pulled out a little, drawing out a raw groan from Levi. He pushed in again; Levi squirmed. He reached in deep enough to dip into the spot that made Levi cried out with surprised pleasure.

He barely moved his other hand now, and Levi thrust forward.

"Erwin...please, Erwin..."

Erwin's heart was beating so fiercely that he was also gasping hard. The expression on Levi's face, contorted with unmistakable longing and satisfaction, struck Erwin so readily.

"Say my name again," he murmured softly into Levi's hair. His wrist was hurting from strain, but he moved them with even more vigor.

"Erwin..." Levi's voice was low and hoarse and close to a sob. "I..."

And then he buckled against Erwin, almost falling down. His hands stayed clasping around Erwin's upper arm, preventing the fall. Erwin removed his hands, and held Levi adjacent to the door.

Levi finally opened his eyes; as soon as he met Erwin's eyes, he looked away.

"I have to go," he said, still panting. He pushed at Erwin's chest.

Snapped back to reality, Erwin dropped his chin into a nod.
"...Okay," he said quietly.

"Have to go clean up," Levi said while buttoned up his shirt and pants.

"Of course." Erwin took a step back.

Levi didn't take another look at him. He opened the door and quickly stepped out into the darkness of the hallway, and was gone.

Erwin breathed out heavily. He would remember this night for a long time.

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The next day their life resumed. It was as if nothing had never happened between them. Sometimes Erwin wondered if Levi had been too drunk to remember anything, but he decided against it. Levi wasn't that kind of a person.

The mission of the Corps changed to the reclaim of Wall Maria, the establishment of new route and military bases. Erwin was busy like never before, but now he saw Levi more often since the other had become Captain. They sat together and had small conversations during meals. Even with the huge change around them, their relationship stayed quite the same, still without any physical element. Sometimes Hange complained that Erwin 'stole' Levi away, while Levi thanked Erwin for it.

But late at night, when Erwin was alone and didn't have to stay up to work, his mind wandered back to that night. What stunned him the most was that it was all real. Even though both of them were tipsy, Erwin's memory was clear. He recalled all the details, like how Levi's whole body trembled when Erwin put his hand around his cock. And how Levi moaned his name and pleaded when he was about to come. It was all real. It amazed Erwin how the other man could remain the same after what had taken place. Levi still gave him valuable advice, dissed him when he was in a good enough mood, and looked extremely unapproachable. (And curse that last one.)

For about two or three months, nothing happened between the two men. They had another expedition, lost some soldiers (mainly the trainees), and had to deal with the stress from public again.

About a week or two after the expedition, Erwin was summoned to the capital several times.

While he was away, Hange, Mike, Levi, and Nanaba took over his duties. Everybody was busy and densely occupied with heavy training and work. Naturally, Erwin saw less of his captain and squad leaders.

One late afternoon, back against the setting sun, Erwin got out of the carriage that sent him back from the King’s city only to find the captain stood before the gate to the courtyard of their base, obviously waiting for him.

“Levi,” he acknowledged the man not without surprise.

Levi only nodded, face unreadable. “Come with me.”
Erwin frowned. He had a lot of work to do. In fact, he had to journey to the capital the day after
tomorrow again. And he needed to prepare for it. Right now, he just wanted to be back in his office.
“Levi, I—”

“Just come,” the captain said brusquely.

Erwin had to follow him. Despite his urgent need to continue the paperwork, he also had this
burning want to know what Levi had in mind, because…well, Levi was always among his
priorities.

As it turned out, Levi led him to the back of the kitchen. Standing beside a long, wooden table, Levi
pointed at a stool.

“Sit,” he said in a commanding tone.

Erwin looked down at him. “What for?”

Levi snorted impatiently. “Just sit down as I told you.”

“...All right.”

As soon as he sat himself down, Levi went into the adjoining room and, when he came out,
presented Erwin a tray with the luxury of a steak, a bowl of potato salad with various sorts of
vegetables, a bowl of tomato soup, and slices of bread with rich layers of butter.

“What's this about?” Erwin couldn't help but ask.

Levi watched him with a deep scowl, the one he saved for naïve trainees, titan-talking Hange, and
his cheeky commander from time to time.

“You're starving, Erwin Smith,” he hissed Erwin’s name like it’s crude language. “You’ve got thin
and weak. If you don't feed yourself, you'd soon find yourself feeding a titan.”

Erwin chuckled. “Levi, if I don't go back to work, I'm not sure we'd have another expedition.”

Levi raised a thin eyebrow. “Oh yeah? Guess what? I don't fucking care. You better eat all these shit,
or I'll feed you to the titans myself.”

Erwin looked down at the tray Levi set on the table moments ago. “Where did you get these...uh,
shit, exactly, Levi?”

Levi glared. “I bribed the cook, of course.”

“God,” Erwin palmed his face. “Levi, you didn't have to do this.”

“Then tell me, what did you intend to do once you got back to the base?” Levi asked.

“I...” Erwin sighed. “Yeah, you're right. I intended to go back to my office. Because I really, really
need to prepare for the meeting two days later. It's important...it is our last chance. Our funds depend
solely on it, Levi.”

“Okay,” Levi glanced at the clock on the wall. “If your work’s so important and you so desperate, I'll
give you half an hour to finish your meal, and then you can get back to your shitty stinky hole of an
office to write your fucking love letters to those officers and aristocrats.” He paused, and added, “By
the way, you have to let me clean your office.”

“Levi—”

“Don't you protest—”


Levi's brows loosened. “What?”

Erwin regarded him. “I just want to thank you for what you did. I'll finish the meal.”


And before Erwin could call him back, Levi quickly went for the door and disappeared.


However, later that night, Levi did come to Erwin’s office carrying a bucket with his cleaning gears.

“Just continue working,” Levi said. “Don't mind me.”

So Erwin did as he said. Once in a while, he would glance up to find Levi dusting the shelves, or sweeping the floor. And even though he was pretty much stressed-out and his temples were hurting, he found Levi’s silent company appeasing.

About three hours later, Erwin’s vision became nearly a blur from straining his eyes too much. (He secretly hoped that it wasn't the sign of aging—for god's sake he wasn't even 40 yet.) He set down his pen temporarily, and searched for Levi in the room. Strangely, Levi wasn't in sight.

He probably left while I concentrated too much to notice, thought Erwin. But the next moment, he heard a faint sound coming from his adjoining bedroom. He frowned.

“Levi?” He called and rose up from the chair, stretching his stiff limbs.

There was no response. So he went into the bedroom, finding Levi sitting on his bed.

“What are you doing in my bedroom?” Erwin asked. He didn't feel invaded, just curious. “You don't have to clean my bedroom.”

“What's the point of cleaning if you still wake up from a dirty bed, contaminating everything I’ve cleaned?” Levi said, making a point. “By the way, I'm just changing your sheets.” But he sounded distracted; that was when Erwin noticed that Levi was holding a sheet of paper in his hand.

He was about to ask what it was, when Levi casted a distant, strange look at him. “What is this, Erwin?” Levi held out the paper.

As soon as Erwin took a better look at it, he felt his ears grow hot. He hoped that he wasn't flushing. It was a sketch of Levi’s profile.
"Did you draw this?" Levi asked, his face still devoid of sentiments. "I found it on the top of the shelf."

"Um, yes." Erwin didn't know what else to say, or whether he should lie. He drew the picture a few months ago when he gazed down at the training ground from his office, spotting Levi torturing some soldiers with his ‘pep talk’ (more like threats than pep talk, that is). And out of the blue, Erwin decided to capture the moment. (Because Levi really looked hot when he was scaring people shitless.) After the sketch was made, Erwin got swept away with work again and almost forgot about it—he must have tried to hide it, leaving it accumulating dust on the shelf.

Levi looked lost in thoughts, as if he was contemplating how he should respond, or ask more questions. In the end, he looked away and pressed the sketch into Erwin’s chest. “Here, have it back.”

Erwin would be lying if he said that he wasn't disappointed by Levi’s reaction. He almost wished that Levi would confront him, asking why Erwin drew a picture of him without him being aware of it. If Levi asked, he would be able to reveal—even if it was just a little—his affections toward the man. But...what if Levi was disgusted or simply uninterested? Erwin was torn.

And he shouldn't even be thinking about this…not while the next expedition was at stake…

He rubbed his eyes tiredly with a sigh.

“You should rest,” Levi said, almost mildly. Erwin glanced at him, surprised.

“Yeah, you're right. I don't think I can read even for another minute.”

“Do you want some snacks before bed? I can bring you something from the kitchen,” Levi asked. Erwin smiled. “You're bribing the cook again for me?”

Levi scoffed. “No. I'll just bring you some breadcrumbs.”

“Wow, that's nice.”

Levi got up and started to walk toward the door.

“Wait,” Erwin stopped him, grabbing Levi’s wrist. “I was just kidding. It's too late for snacks. I just...can you stay here for a second?”

Levi replied without turning back. “What is it?”

Erwin fumbled with words. “Nothing really...just, sit with me for a moment, will you?”

Levi seemed to be thinking, too. “...I guess I can do that,” he muttered.

Erwin placed the sketch on his nightstand. “I'll make some tea,” he said.

“Perhaps you should first let go of my hand,” was Levi’s response.

Erwin instantly withdrew his hand. “Oh, right.” And he exited the room in big strides to escape the awkwardness.

“Erwin, I need to ask you something.” When Levi’s voice sounded behind him, Erwin almost
jumped. It wasn't because he was startled, but because he didn't know what to expect.

“…Sure,” he turned around, presenting a cup of black tea he just poured.

Levi took the cup with a muttered *thanks*, and looked Erwin in the eyes.

“…Take me with you,” he said.

“…Pardon?” Erwin said, baffled.

“Take me to the capital with you,” Levi repeated, this time specific.

Well, that sure wasn't what Erwin had been expecting.

“You have to persuade those fancy pants to give us money, isn't it?” Levi asked.

Erwin smiled. “Yeah…if you want to put it that way…”

“I can help you,” Levi said, staring straight into Erwin’s eyes. “You don't have to take this burden all on your shoulders, Erwin. And you know I'm right.”

The thing is, Levi was. And while Erwin was an excellent speaker with his natural charm, Levi was less sophisticated but just as persuasive with his own kind of charisma. Their duo would probably do the trick.

Erwin quietly gazed back at Levi, taking in the sight. Levi’s eyes were a clear silver, filled with nothing but honesty and loyalty. All of a sudden the only thing Erwin could feel was a rush of warm affection. And it was perhaps love. Even though he had been denying the sentiment, it was love all along. He had been wrong about love being short-lived and shallow, because how could this be shallow? This man had tried to take his life, and walked out on him after they made out. But he was still standing here, offering help, taking care of Erwin. Right now it took every fiber of his body to contain himself from pulling Levi into an embrace.

So all he said was, “Thank you, Levi. That would be a big help.”

Levi smirked. “I know.”

And *damn that smirk*. The sullenness that constantly dwelled in Levi’s features was chased away by that wicked smile.

Before he could stop himself, Erwin’s hands were on Levi’s shoulders. He pulled the man forward, hugging him to his chest.

Erwin held his breath. He cursed inwardly. Now he was screwed—

But then a hand was on the small of his back. Levi was *patting* him.

“Don't get so sentimental,” Levi muttered.

Erwin didn't know what it meant, whether it was a sign of acceptance or denial. But the next moment, Levi shoved him away playfully with another smirk, all the while Erwin stared at him, dumbfounded.

Erwin wanted to say something, but Levi set down the teacup, turned away in a swift, graceful movement, and was gone again.
Erwin glanced down at the teacup on the desk; it was empty.

It was two days later, on the pebbled streets inside Wall Sina, after they securely ensured their next expedition outside Wall Rose, that Erwin finally mustered a little courage to give an attempt to test their relationship status.

Their conversation had been light-hearted, since the big issue of money was resolved. So when Erwin spotted a small but elegant restaurant on their left, he tried to sound as casual as possible, as if it was just an extension of their small talk.

“I wouldn’t mind having dinner before we head back, what do you think?”

Levi followed Erwin’s gaze, squinting.

“What is it?” Erwin asked.

“…Nothing, just never been to any fancy place like this,” Levi snorted.

“Well, if you feel uncomfortable—”

“Sure, why not,” Levi cut him off. “I’m with none other than the commander of Survey Corps, right? Guess that means I get to act like one classy bastard.”

Erwin chuckled. “And you are the famous Captain Levi. Do you know people are calling you humanity’s strongest now?”

Levi rolled his eyes. “I’m so flattered.”

“Personally I like that nickname. It’s actually nice, isn’t it?” Erwin teased.

“Some people got nothing better to do than coming up with these boring shit.”

“Oh, don’t be so defensive.” Erwin said as he headed toward the diner, Levi following him wordlessly.

Once they sat down beside the window looking out at the well-paved streets of the capital, Erwin was a little worried, because Levi kept shifting in his seat and tapping the table, looking uneasy.

As if answering Erwin’s worried gaze, Levi returned him a weary look.

“Used to wonder what it’d be like living up in these streets,” Levi said lowly. “But that was when I was a kid. Have never thought about it ever since.”

Erwin pondered. “How do you feel about this now?”

Levi quirked his lips slightly, looking down at his hands. “Nothing. Not anymore. I don’t dream of
living on the ground anymore. I got my place now.”

Erwin looked at him curiously.

Levi abruptly glanced up, meeting Erwin in the eyes.

“Outside the Walls, fighting for…” Levi trailed off.

*For the human right to be free.*

*For the Corps.*

*For you.*

But Levi didn't finish. So Erwin didn't know the rest of the answer.

Their food arrived soon after. As they started to eat, Levi seemed to shift into a better mood.


Later that night, after they got back to the Corps, Erwin called all the squad leaders in to announce the good news.

“Hey, you guys want to grab a drink in town?” Mike suggested after Erwin said that they were dismissed.

“Sounds great,” Nanaba said instantly. “All the other soldiers are out there having their time off. It’s their monthly break after all. We should do the same.”

“I'm in,” Hange said happily.

The other squad leaders all nodded.

“Erwin, you should come,” Mike said. “You've been working yourself so hard ever since the last expedition. You really need to rewind.”

Erwin glanced briefly at Levi. “Yeah. You're right. I'll come with you guys.”

“Levi!” Hange called. “Come with us!”

Levi remained next to Erwin’s desk, standing rooted to the ground and looking unsure.

“It's about damn time you join us,” Hange continued. “I've asked you a thousandth time—”

“All right,” Levi suddenly said, but he was looking at Erwin. “I'll go.”

Of course, Erwin noticed Levi’s lingered gaze.


\[\text{\ldots} \]
It wasn't even ten yet when several squad leaders became quite wasted. Levi sat next to Erwin, who was chatting with Mike for a while now, both were still clear in the head.

Erwin didn't say anything when two of their company left for a brothel from what it looked like. They weren't wearing uniforms. As long as they kept their profile low, he could tolerate that. Nanaba was drunk, and everyone else was amused to see it. But after another hour, Mike got up with a sigh.

“I'll take her back to the headquarters,” he said to Erwin. Erwin gave a quick nod. When he turned back to Levi, he discovered a tipsy Hange, an arm around Levi’s shoulder, harassing the man with her endless enthusiasm. Erwin couldn't help but smile at the sight.

“Erwin, help me out,” Levi rolled his eyes.

“Erwin! Why is he still sober? It's not fair!” Hange yelled.

Erwin decided to play along. He was in an especially good mood, after all.

“Yeah, Levi, that's not fair,” he teased.

Levi glared.

“You're fucking losing it, Shit Glasses,” he muttered, without venom.

“You're no fun,” Hange pouted. “He's too serious, isn't he, Erwin?”

Erwin propped his chin and gazed at the man. “He is,” he smirked.

Levi scowled. “I can't believe you two are teaming up against me. Erwin, you bastard.”

“We're not taking a sober Levi home,” Hange grinned.

“Someone's gotta stay sober,” Levi protested.

“And that someone would be me. I'm the commander,” Erwin said jokingly.

“Yeah! That's right!” Hange agreed, taking another gulp at her beer.

“It's just beer, for god's sake. How can you get drunk on it…” Levi mumble.

“By drinking enough, of course,” Hange replied. “And I see you haven't done that yet.”

In the end, Erwin and Levi had to escort Hange back to her quarters. They stood shoulder to shoulder (with Levi barely reaching Erwin’s shoulder, in that case) on the hallway, watching Hange closed her door, still murmuring something about titans and how they coughed out cute giant balls containing tangling human flesh.

When they were alone in the faintly lit corridor, walking side by side, Levi opened his mouth.

“This is not cool, Smith.”

Erwin laughed quietly. “C’mon Levi, lighten up. You're too serious tonight, just like what Hange
said.”

What Levi said next caught him off guard.

“It's not cool that you cornered me last time in your office.”

Erwin stopped. He thought that Levi was talking about he and Hange getting him drunk, but apparently Levi wasn't talking about that.

“Levi? Are you alright?” He frowned, looking down at the other man.

“No,” Levi muttered. He was staring ahead. “Are you playing with me? Is that what you think you're doing? Is it fun to you?”

Erwin was rendered speechless. He wanted to say that he didn't know what Levi was talking about, but that wasn't true. He wasn't clueless. And Levi, too, wasn't clueless.

“No,” Erwin said slowly. “We...can we talk about this in my office?”

Levi let out an abrasive laugh. “…Sure.”

“What do you mean?” Erwin asked carefully, closing the door of his office behind them.

“Oh, don't play dumb,” Levi said, who turned his back against Erwin.

“Levi, are you talking about the last time we…”

“We made out in this fucking room, yes,” Levi interrupted him roughly.

Erwin’s heart sank. He had been contemplating whether they should talk about it. But he never thought that it would be like this.

“I thought…” He tried to find the right words.

“Is it just a one-time thing?” Levi asked. “Did you just act on your impulse when you feel like it? Because that was lame, Commander.”


“And I thought you're eloquent,” Levi snorted.

“Levi.” Erwin almost begged, “Would you look at me?”

Levi stood still. Erwin took a step forward and put his hands on Levi’s shoulder, turning him around.

Erwin was afraid that Levi still wouldn't face him, but when Levi turned around, his cold eyes were on Erwin's, intense.

"...Were you looking for a good fuck, Erwin?” Levi asked, voice raw and low.

Erwin swallowed hard. Even though Levi stood barely fight-foot-something before him, he felt small under Levi’s gaze.

Because Levi shouldn’t drawl with that hazy look, without losing the deep fierceness in his eyes.
He wanted to say, *No, it wasn't a one-time thing, Levi. I've wanted you for a long time.*

But what if that was not what Levi wanted? What if Levi deemed Erwin a pleasure seeker? True, the regiment wasn't a place for romance. Erwin felt his heart sink deeper still, but the dark drumming of his heartbeat continued on. If Levi asked him, he would say *yes,* because he couldn't resist it. And, maybe, someday there would be a time for his confession.

So Erwin smiled.

Levi pressed his forehead to Erwin's chest, and heaved out a long breath.

"I don't know why I was fucking pissed," he mumbled. "I feel like shit."

"Hange got you drinking too much," Erwin said. And then he told Levi that it was alright, and ran his hands down Levi's sides. Levi leaned into him further, humming in satisfaction.

"You don't need to be so tense," Erwin whispered. "Relax now."

Levi glanced up. "Make me."

The moon showered them in dim, holy light. All Erwin knew was Levi, in his arms, asking him to prey on his vulnerability.

He cupped Levi's chin and gently lifted it upward. Then he combed Levi's bangs back, baring his face. Just like on the second expedition after he joined the Corps, Levi looked stunned and amazed. Erwin wanted to worship him.

"You're so beautiful," he couldn't help but utter.

The other man laughed, with a light scowl. "Quit the bullshit and get on with it."

"...With what?"

When Levi spoke again, it sounded half an octave lower than his usual voice, as if he knew exactly that it would drive Erwin over the edge. "I thought you wanted to fuck me, Commander."

Erwin chuckled. "...Yeah, yeah. I want to do that."

He leaned down to kiss Levi. Despite having drunk excessively, Levi still managed to taste amazing, clean and kept together. Kissing Levi was like invading a private, secluded, and self-sufficient world, which made Erwin feel privileged.

It was different than the first time they kissed. Levi kissed back with the same enthusiasm, fists in Erwin's hair.

"I hate your hair," Levi muttered against his mouth.

They resumed kissing, Erwin enjoyed Levi running his fingers in his hair. And before registering what he was doing, Erwin picked the other man up.

"Erwin, put me down...fuck, I can walk myself—"

"Shhh."

Erwin stumbled—*shit,* Levi was heavier now, must be the life and food of the Survey Corps—into the bedroom, and half-tossed Levi down on the bed, he himself falling carelessly atop Levi.
And he was busy getting Levi out of the clothes. First went the jacket, then the cravat, the shirt, the belt, and the trousers. All the while, his mouth never left Levi.

"...Erwin," Levi pulled back.

"What?" He looked up, noted how glassy Levi's eyes had become.


"Sorry," Erwin said, but he wasn't sorry. "I can put my mouth elsewhere."

And then he swallowed Levi's cock.

Levi stiffened. He was already half-hard when they were kissing, but now he was even harder. At this rate, he wouldn't last long.

Erwin took his time, and when he sensed Levi's body tensing up, he drew back and Levi slid out of his mouth, slick and leaking.


Erwin held him down, watching Levi catch his breath.

Finally, Levi propped himself up on his elbows.

"My turn," he slurred.

He sat up, reaching for Erwin's shirt and starting to unbutton it. After he stripped Erwin he threw the clothes off the bed inattentively. That was when Erwin realized how drunk Levi must have been.

Of course, it wasn't as easy as Erwin took him in. But when Levi wrapped his lips around him, it was like going to heaven.

"...Ah, you're so good," Erwin mumbled; he pushed Levi back a moment later, because there were still so many things he wanted to do to him. Levi stared at him. "You too. That's a big cock you got. Think it can fit in my ass?" He smirked and spoke in a hushed tone, blinking at Erwin with a queer glow in his eyes.

Erwin couldn't resist. He thrusted three fingers into Levi's mouth, breaking that devilish smirk. Levi closed his eyes and sucked. Erwin used his advantage to crawl between Levi's knees, knocking them apart as he settled there. One hand still fucking Levi's mouth, Erwin spat on his other hand, and then, as gentle as he could, dipped one fingertip into Levi's rear entrance.

"...Ah," Levi frowned, his mouth falling open and gasping.

Erwin pushed the finger into him, slowly. Levi was tight, really tight, just as he was the last time they made out. It made Erwin's body burn because he knew now that Levi probably hadn't slept with anyone in a long, long time.

But he just had to ask. He couldn't help being curious.

"When's the last time you…?" He asked as he drove the finger into Levi further. Now half of his index finger was gone.

"Mmm-mm," Levi mumbled. Erwin withdrew his three digits from Levi's mouth, but push into Levi's rear even more. "Some years ago? Why?"
"Because, look how tight you are," Erwin said, drawing his index finger out of Levi and pushing it back in again. "We’ll need lube."

Levi looked at him. "...Do you?"

Erwin shook his head. And then he bent down, pulling Levi’s cheeks apart, his anus exposed. Erwin watched the ring of muscle flex around his finger for a moment before he used the other thumb to hold Levi open. Levi let out a hiss.

"Shhh," Erwin cooed. He tilted his head and positioned himself, and licked at Levi's hole, once, as if he was testing. Levi clenched.

"Erwin..." He cried. “I can’t—”

Erwin kissed Levi on the hole again, almost methodically, and slid his tongue back in. Levi gasped, writhing.

“Oh sure you can,” Erwin said. Now that Levi was wet, he scooted back a little and easily slid his whole index finger in. Satisfied with the result, another finger joined.

With little effort, he was now fucking Levi with two fingers. When he pulled them out, Levi moaned with loss. Watching Levi’s loosened entrance with unfulfilled hunger, Erwin bent down and, again, added his tongue into play.

All the time, Levi’s cock stood erect and swollen, begging for attention. But Erwin ignored it, staying focused on stretching Levi with his fingers and tongue.

“Erwin…please…”

“What?” Erwin asked, words muffled against Levi’s hole.

Levi was flushing hard, trembling. “Do you have to make me say it?”

Suddenly Erwin wanted Levi to beg him, to beg more. He wanted to humiliate Levi and make Levi obey, because the other man didn't understand how Erwin bottled up his desire for him. And Erwin wanted him to pay for it. It was twisted, but Erwin couldn't help it. Seeing Levi like this, utterly powerless and submitting, made Erwin feel oddly content.

“Yes, what do you want?” He asked coldly.

“...I want to come."

“It's still too early to come.”

Levi groaned, voice ragged. “You’re driving me mad…”

“Perhaps you should ask for something else.”

“Touch me…please.”

Erwin straightened himself a bit, leaving three fingers inside Levi. He pinched Levi’s nipple with his other hand.

Levi opened his mouth, but didn't cry out.
“Not like that…I mean, touch me…”

“Specify,” Erwin commanded.

“My dick, please…” Levi’s face was flushed scarlet.

Erwin granted his wish, gently stroking Levi’s shaft with two fingertips. Levi almost sobbed.

“I need to come;” he pleaded, breathless.

“Not yet.”

And then he removed his fingers; Levi clenched around emptiness. When Erwin entered him again, it was with four fingers.

Levi gasped, his head rolled back, hitting the bed post.

“Ah, you must be careful,” Erwin said mildly as he probed for Levi’s prostate ruthlessly.

Levi was biting the back of his hand in order not to yelp. Erwin smacked that hand away, fingers crawling in even deeper. A series of small screams escaped Levi’s throat.

“Erwin you fucking son of a bitch—”

Erwin wrapped two fingers around Levi’s cock, and moving the circle slowly.

“Want to come?”

“Yes, yes, yes, I want to come…”

“You really need to come?”

“Let me come,” Levi cried, exasperated. “Erwin, I need to come, pleeeese.”

“Come, then,” Erwin whispered against Levi’s lips, beginning to pump Levi with vigor.

And come Levi did. He let out a loud cry as he exploded in Erwin’s hand, spasming as he did so.

Erwin picked up Levi’s shirt from the floor, and cleaned him up.

While Levi lay on his back, catching his breath, Erwin positioned himself against Levi’s entrance, using some of Levi’s come as lubricant. When his cock brushed against Levi’s ass, Levi jumped a little.

“Are you clean?” He asked.

Erwin smiled.

“Yeah, I am.”

“Good,” Levi mumbled.

Unlike his previous vocal response, Levi stayed relatively quiet when Erwin entered him. But as Erwin started to pick up a steady rhythm, sliding in and out, he noticed the tears in Levi’s eyes.
“Are you alright?” He almost stopped.


So Erwin continued to fuck him. Tears rolled down Levi’s cheek. Erwin couldn't tell whether it was pleasure or agony, or probably both.

“I'm close,” he warned Levi.

“Come inside me,” the other man only said.

Erwin released himself. He pulled out; Levi inhaled sharp.

“Does it hurt?” Erwin frowned.

Levi shook his head.

Erwin got up, wiping the tears and sweat off Levi’s face with bed sheets.

“Feeling better?”

Levi whispered, “I feel wonderful.”

.:.

Erwin woke up to an unfamiliar warmth. The room was still quite dark, but he could tell that it was around five in the morning. He always woke up at five, due to years of military life.

What was unusual was that his right arm was numb, because someone was curling up next to him, using his arm as a pillow.

Erwin smiled as his memories of last night rushed back to him. But that bliss was soon replaced by a slow dread as the person next to him groaned and shifted.

“Shit,” Levi grunted. And Erwin could tell right away that he wasn't much of a morning person.

From his angle, Erwin could see that Levi was frowning. Then he remembered how much Levi had drunk. He gently pushed Levi’s hair back from his face.

He was still pondering how to face a hungover Levi, who would probably regret what they had done last night, when Levi groaned again and blinked, eyes darting toward Erwin.

"Why are you—" he began; the words died on his tongue.

And an awkward silence swallowed them both.

It was Erwin who broke the silence.

"How are you feeling?"

"Filthy," was Levi’s terse response.

Erwin slowly retracted his arm that was currently under Levi's neck. "You can use my bathroom if
you want,” he said.

Levi rolled to his side and then lowered his feet to the floor in lethargic motions. Erwin only stared and thought about what he should do next. Levi didn't bother to cover himself as he dragged himself toward the bathroom stiffly, and Erwin let his eyes linger on the pale body under the faint light of early morning stars. The door opened and closed. And a moment later, Erwin heard the sound of water splashing.

He lay on the bed for about ten minutes, thinking hard. If Levi wanted to put this little incident behind, Erwin could do that. If Levi ever needed a good fuck in the future, Erwin could be it. If Levi wanted to be more than friends, Erwin would be more than thrilled. He could do all that.

It all depended on Levi.

Another ten minutes passed, and still Levi didn't come out. Erwin got up and went to the bathroom door.

“How?” He called with a series of knocks on the door. “Are you okay in there?”

Four seconds later. “No,” came Levi’s reply. “I'm cleaning up your mess.”

Erwin frowned. “May I come in?”

“The door’s not locked.”

Erwin opened the door and walked in. Levi was using the water Erwin stored from yesterday to wash himself.

“Is it—” Erwin didn't finish.

Levi’s eyes were downcast. “Yeah.”

Erwin grabbed the towel from Levi’s hand. “Let me.”

Levi didn't protest, so Erwin walked over to him, standing behind him and running a hand down his spine. Levi gasped a little. When Erwin’s fingertip touched his bottom, he shivered.

“Still okay?”

“I'm fine,” Levi said.

Erwin wetted his finger on the towel, and then started to push it into Levi. There were still a bit of him left in Levi.

“Bend over,” he set Levi’s hands on the wall. And then he poured some water over Levi’s buttocks; as the water ran down along Levi’s ass, he smeared some into Levi’s hole, cleaning the inside of it.

It took a while to clean it up. Levi was shaking, enduring the whole time, but didn't say anything, nor show much expression. After it was done, Erwin stepped out and left Levi some privacy to finish his bathing.

Erwin got dressed. When he was adjusting his emerald bolo tie facing the mirror, he heard the
bedroom door open.

"I need to borrow a shirt," he turned around and heard Levi said. Levi was stark naked, hair dripping water. He looked refreshed and alert. And Erwin couldn't get over how good Levi looked with his hair sleeked back, wet.

He gaped, until Levi snorted impatiently.

"Hello? I need a shirt, Erwin. 'Cause you obviously ruined my old one."

"How much do you remember?" Erwin asked, carefully.

Levi arched an eyebrow. “Enough for me to want to throw that shirt away.”

“I'll have it washed and return it to you.”

“That's not the point.”

Erwin tried to keep his gaze above Levi’s waist, but it was difficult. So he looked away, walking towards his closet. He found Levi a clean shirt.

Levi put the oversized shirt on. It hung almost down to his knees. Erwin laughed quietly.

“Shut it,” Levi spat.

“You're very charming in the morning, Levi.”

“I shoulda slept in my own bed.”

“I mean it. You look adorable.” Erwin regretted a little as the words left his mouth and weighed heavily in the air. Levi looked gloomy. Erwin worried that he might have crossed some sort of a line.

But Levi didn't say anything; he resumed buttoning up the shirt and rolling up the sleeves. And he pulled on his pants.

“I can't walk back to my room naked,” he explained almost grumpily. “What if I bumped into someone else?”

“I guess most of our squad leaders didn't spend the night in their rooms. If they do, their likely hungover just like you,” Erwin said.

Levi didn't say anything smart back. “I have to head back and get ready for the day,” was his only words before he left.

And it started.

Ever since that night, it had become a custom of them seeking warmth from each other in the little spare time they had. Sometimes—most of the time—it was a quick fuck. Rarely, they would spend the night in one of their rooms, and it’d be more than just a quick release; if Levi was in a good enough mood, he would even allow Erwin to cuddle him in sleep. Once in a while, he let Levi top
They were both reclining on Levi’s bed, in the comfortable darkness. It was well past bedtime, but the soldiers had their next day off; they could use a couple of extra sleep tomorrow.

Since Levi’s bed was narrower than Erwin’s, they had to lie shoulder to shoulder, squishing into each other. But Erwin didn't mind. He actually enjoyed being this close to Levi.

“I hate it when you're taking up so much space; you're a fucking giant,” Levi said.

“Don't you think it's warm?” Erwin asked, intending to sound cheeky.

“I got my freshly laundered comforter for that job; I don't need a dirty smelly big guy for it.”

“Oh really,” Erwin said. “Do you want me to leave?”

“I'd rather you go take a bath. It's beneficial to all the people around you, you know.”

“You make it sound like I never bathe. You gotta understand that not everybody’s like you, obsessed with hygiene.”

Levi scoffed. “If you keep saying that, I'll have no choice but asking you to leave, kindly.”

“Oh, so you don't want me to leave? Make up your mind,” said Erwin, with a slight smirk.

“Whatever,” Levi said offhandedly. “Just don’t crash me after you fall asleep. You're over 200 pounds, for god’s sake.”

“I'll try not to squash you,” Erwin said, making it sound sincere and endearing, and wrapped an arm around Levi’s middle.

Levi went still for a moment, and then heaved out a breath, accepting the touch.

Erwin always felt incredibly happy when Levi let him hold him. He would tell himself that it was because Levi liked him. He wouldn't go as far as to trying to figure out whether Levi reciprocate his feelings, but at least he could have this: sharing moments of closeness and intimacy together.

Lying still, he felt Levi slowly drifted into sleep. He turned to gaze at the man, who was breathing evenly, chest rising and falling quietly. Erwin wished he could spend every night like this.

All of a sudden, he had a terrible urge of wanting to tell Levi that he loved him.

Instead he just let his hand wandered on Levi’s sleeping form, caressing the smooth chest and stomach. When he traced his fingers over Levi’s sternum, he paused to feel the steady heartbeat.

Levi was alive and next to him, strong as ever. He just slain seven titans on the last expedition, solo.

Erwin wanted it to stay this way, forever. He was alive. Levi was alive.

But, God, he knew it was impossible.

He tried to smile for the small happiness they had right now, and closed his eyes.
Chapter End Notes

Well, I hope you like it! If you want to leave a comment to tell me what struck a chord with you or anything, you're welcomed! Have a good day (or night :)P) and see you guys soon!

The next chapter will be Levi's POV so stay tuned!
Levi pondered as he stepped into the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

*He spent the last night with Erwin.*

It was both wonderful and dreadful. Somehow they stepped over the boundary of sexual frustration. Levi didn't even know how that happened; it just did. He should be ashamed, but he couldn't even bring himself to care. All he cared right now was a bath.

Levi dipped the towel in the basin.

He was trying to think, but his temple was hurting and he still felt dizzy. Thoughts wouldn't come to him in clear patterns. The only things that lingered in his head were Erwin, *Erwin touching him, Erwin speaking to him in ways he'd never done before.*

It was driving him crazy.

And it didn't help that Erwin's touch was tender, almost *too* gentle on him. Levi didn't know *what* to do, nor *how* to react.

He might as well do nothing.

But his decision wavered as he recognized the expression on Erwin’s face, *expectant.*

He thought about lying to Erwin when the latter asked him about his experience last night. No, he hadn’t really slept with anyone before—it was more like fooling around, before Levi realized what he was doing and panicked and bailed out. And that was when he was twenty-three.

It was lame, and also trivial. Erwin didn't need to know.

Well, Erwin didn't need to know a lot of things. He didn't need to know that, when Levi first joined the Survey Corps, he was really determined to kill Erwin. For a while, that hatred was real.

Erwin didn’t need to know how heavy his words had struck Levi, that rainy day when Levi lost his two most beloved persons. Erwin didn’t need to know how much he had changed Levi’s life, the way he thought, and the things he valued.

It had always been about meager living, but now he learned that there were so much freedom outside the wall.

For them to claim.
It had always been about his friends and himself, but now his power could also save other people’s lives. It hadn't even occurred to him that he had power, or talent before. His fighting skills wasn't a gift, it was something he needed for survival.

Serious things aside, Erwin also didn't need to know that Levi found him attractive. Even though he was annoyingly self-assured and cunningly intelligent to a degree that most men envied but couldn't rival, Levi had to admit that he admired those qualities, which he himself probably lacked.

“Levi?” There were a few knocks on the door. “Are you okay in there?”

Levi sighed. “No, I'm cleaning up your mess.”

He could hear the concern and slight guilt in Erwin’s voice. “May I come in?”

“The door’s not locked,” Levi replied.

He didn't know why he let Erwin in, especially when he knew exactly what it was leading to.

When Erwin walked in, clad in the loose pants he had slept in, Levi didn't know where to look. Erwin looked perfect even though he just woke up.

“Is it—” Erwin asked, trailing off.

“Yeah,” Levi mumbled, avoiding Erwin’s eyes. He guessed he fell asleep right away after they literally fucked their brains out last night. Before he even got a chance to protest that they go glean up.

Erwin’s put his hand atop Levi’s, pulling the towel out of Levi’s clenching fist.

“Let me,” he muttered.

Levi knew he was going to say it, but he still felt weird. A day ago, they would never be like this—talk like this, touch like this… They would never step into each other’s intimacy like this. It was all too soon that they dived into this. He didn't have any time to adjust to it.

Erwin’s other hand landing on the small of his back, trailing down, down…and it was on his ass.

Levi shuddered.

“Still okay?” Erwin asked him, voice soft.

“I'm fine,” Levi answered. What else could he say?

When Erwin’s finger started to enter him, he suddenly felt so naked.

“Bend over,” Erwin was saying. Levi did as he told, and feeling small under Erwin’s touch and gaze.

“Should’ve cleaned it yesterday,” Levi said, weakly. “Now it's just fucking gross.”
“You'll be alright,” Erwin assured him. “I'll be thorough.”

“You better be,” Levi muttered. He couldn't help but wince; he felt sore inside—Erwin had been too wide for him, he should have expected this.

“…Relax.”

“I can't,” Levi said, frowning. “I'm not in the fucking mood.”

“You don't have to be in the mood. You just gotta relax and let me do it.”

“…Alright, I'll try.”

It was too intimate. It struck him that this was probably the feeling of being with someone in a relationship—there would be intimacy, but without element of desire. Because the element of desire wouldn't forever be present. And if it was gone, they would still be stuck with each other.

Would this be their future if he was with Erwin? Would this change everything they used to have? But what was it exactly that they used to have? Friendship?

Levi didn't know. Honestly, he didn't want to think about it right now. He had so many things to worried about. Soldiers got eaten on every expedition. The relationship between Erwin and him? What was it to the world? To humanity? It wasn't important. It didn't matter.

He focused on a stain on the bathroom wall to distract himself from Erwin's probing fingers. It helped, because all he could think now was how to get rid of that hideous blotch. But he was still trembling under the contact.

Erwin rinsed him one last time and drew out his fingers.

“You're clean now,” he said.

Levi didn't turn to face him.

“Thanks,” Levi said in a small voice.

:::

He got back to his room, taking off Erwin’s huge shirt. He glanced at the mirror and saw that there were some pink scratches and bruises from yesterday.

And now his face grew hot as he recalled the sensation of Erwin standing behind him, gently reaching deep into him, merely a few minutes ago.

:::

Life went on.
But life changed along the way. A week later, it happened again. Levi was in his own quarters, having a cup of late night tea, and Erwin invited himself in. They started to discuss whether they should include the trainees in on the next expedition, and then the topic changed. The next minute they found themselves kissing, Levi’s cup abandoned on the table, cold and alone.

It was easier than the first time. They knew perfectly well that this was what they wanted: having sex and forgetting about shit—at least that was what Levi need. Just for tonight. Nothing more.

Erwin was an attentive lover. Levi didn't hold back his pleasure; he let Erwin see it. It worked fine. They both took what they needed. And when it was over, Levi let Erwin encircled him in his arms.

They stayed in Levi's bed for a while longer, leaning against each other, Erwin's arms secure and heavy. It was rather cold in the room, but Levi didn't feel the chill.

Levi didn't know what this meant, or implied. It felt good to have someone hold him, even though he would not admit it. When was the last time he let someone hold him like this? Was it his mother?

Levi hadn't had a lover before.

He felt utterly powerless and exposed.

::

Slowly but steadily, he let Erwin Smith into his life, under his skin. Erwin got to know his habits, his quirks, as he got to know Erwin’s.

Erwin never said anything when Levi got up to clean himself every time after they had sex, nor complained when Levi slipped into his room quietly sometimes late at night when he couldn't sleep.

Levi found out that Erwin like to lose control once in a while. It wasn't hard to see that a man so kept together had a lot of stress constrained. So Levi let him do whatever he liked when Erwin locked himself deep in his mind. He let Erwin flip him around and do him hard the way he wanted. He'd do anything to make Erwin feel better—he didn't know why, maybe it was because he knew that Erwin would do the same for him.

And Erwin would. Erwin took care of him, even though he was very busy. There was this time when Levi got sick (“I never get sick,” was Levi’s original words when he sneezed the first time in front of Erwin. And then he got struck down by a fever and couldn't get up for almost three days), Erwin stayed with him every night, checking his temperature, making him hot tea, and talking to him to distract him from all the discomfort.

Maybe it was the way it was with them. They took care of each other. It wasn't even that romantic—Levi never like the word, nor the concept. He thought that was what it was...he took care of Erwin, and Erwin watched out for him.

Anyway, they never spoke of what it truly was, what their status was. Most of times it worked all right.

But it didn't always end well. Both of them were stubborn. And Levi didn't like to talk about his feelings—it became a constant problem; there were times when Erwin wanted to get closer to him, but Levi refused to open up further. Sometimes Levi hated how confident and smart Erwin was; he
felt like he was left in the darkness when Erwin made plans and decisions. However, he also learned to trust Erwin more. And, most of the times, Erwin didn't fail him.

Another thing was, Levi took casualties more personally and keenly than Erwin did. Even though he knew that Erwin had done his best, and there was no other that could have done any better than their commander, sometimes Levi still got livid. In the end, he blamed it all on titans—it was probably the best, and only thing to do.

Something totally unimaginable happened.

"Human turned into titan, and said he’s on our side. What now?" Levi closed the door of Erwin's office and leaned against it.

Erwin sighed, and it was as if he couldn't shake off the burden on his shoulders even if he shrugged hard enough. Levi squinted. Now that they were alone and no one was here to disturb them, he could tell that Erwin was deeply troubled by the news.

"Things are getting interesting," Erwin said, but his tone was low.

"No shit. Are you alright?" Levi asked.

"...I don't know."

Levi walked up to him, putting a hand on his back. "I heard that taking a hot bath always helps."

"Did you hear it from Levi?" Erwin turned around, showing a small smile that was quickly dismissed.

"Yeah, maybe," Levi played along. He knew that Erwin was trying hard not to let his emotion take its toll.

Erwin took a deep breath. "Levi, I need some time alone."

Levi stared. He didn't like where this was going. Erwin wanted to send him away, and would probably start to contemplate on new moves. But right now was not a good time. They need to take their mind off this matter. Wait until tomorrow morning, at least.

"I don't think that's a good idea," Levi said, slowly. "I think you need to rest, Erwin."

"But I..." Erwin sighed. He clenched his fists, and then unclenched them. "It's just too much," he continued. "I need to think."

"You can think tomorrow."

Erwin frowned and closed his eyes. "I can't."

"Sure you can." Levi persisted.

"I can't, Levi."
"Since when there's something you can't do?"

"Levi, I'm serious. Everything's different now, don't you see?"

"Not everything's different. We're still here; we'll figure this out. We always do."

"Levi—"

"Here," Levi cut off his words, pulling Erwin's hands—two clenching fists by his side—and placing them around his waist. "Look at me."

Erwin looked down, his blue eyes full of doubt.

Since Erwin didn't lean down, Levi had to tiptoe. He hated it, but now he had no choice. He locked eyes with Erwin, and, slowly, inched in to kiss him.

Erwin didn't pull away; he accepted the kiss, but didn't return it. Levi slid his tongue in, and Erwin was like a stone, unmoving. Levi frowned, his hands moving to the back of Erwin's head. He messed up Erwin's perfect hair a little, and bit him on the lower lip.

Something in Erwin's eyes changed. Right on cue, Erwin seized Levi's shoulders, hard, and pushed him towards the desk, until Levi's hips bumped into it. Levi hissed.

Erwin pushed him down, not caring if he was hurting Levi. But Levi just wanted Erwin to think about anything but this human could turn into titan thing. He could take a lot of pain, so he let Erwin hold him down, kissing him fiercely—it was more like biting, actually. He didn't stop it when Erwin started to claw at his cravat, tearing it off him.

"I want to have you," Erwin said, guttural.

"That's more like it," Levi licked his lips.

"Right here. On the desk." Erwin's eyes were dark.

"Do what you want," Levi said lowly. "I'm all yours."

He felt Erwin grinding into him, hard already. Warm and vicious kisses trailed down from his throat to navel as his shirt was unbuttoned but stayed on. His pants were soon pulled off. Erwin lifted Levi's legs up and placed them on his shoulders.

"You look so fuckable like this," Erwin said, looking down at him.

Levi flushed, feeling defenseless. However, he trusted Erwin. And this was about Erwin. Erwin's expression was still grim, but now he was also aroused; Levi could tell.

"Erwin," he said, urging.

"Wait a moment," Erwin's voice was a bit softer now. "I want to see you."

They stayed like that for a minute or two. And then Erwin drew something out of his pocket.

"...How do you have oil with you, when we were just going to a meeting in the capital?" Levi asked.

Erwin shrugged. "I always have it with me."
"Perv."

"Thought you like me being a perv," Erwin said and took a step forward, parting Levi's legs even further.

"Where did you get that impression from—" Levi's sentence was cut off abruptly. Erwin was tracing his rim with an oiled finger.

"I want to hear you, Levi," Erwin said, eyes heavily lidded as if he was having a dream.

"Someone would hear us."

"Let them," Erwin purred. "Let them hear how you love taking my fingers and cock."

Levi swallowed. They didn't really do a lot of dirty talking when they had sex. But Erwin was different tonight. Something spurred him on.

Levi wasn't about to stop him, though.

Erwin pressed a finger into him, crawling deep. Levi's breaths came out ragged.

"That's it," Erwin nodded. "Let it out." And he continued to stretch and open Levi up.

Levi made a sharp noise as Erwin's cock entered him not long after. Too soon. He opened his eyes and glanced up at Erwin, who was staring down at him, emotionless.

"Levi," he said. "Have I ever told you how beautiful you are?"

Levi gazed back, breaths shaky. Yes. Countless times.

"You're perfect," Erwin whispered; he bent forward, pressing even deeper into Levi. Levi gasped, because it was so tight that he was afraid if he moved he would be torn apart.

He wanted to say that he wasn't perfect. But Erwin's expression was so severe. And he was still in his formal jacket, looking immaculate and faultless in it. Levi couldn't help but stare. When Erwin drew back and pushed in again, he cried out.

"Perfect," Erwin said again, his eyes fixed on Levi, somber but hungry.

"I'm not," Levi muttered, this time.

"You are," Erwin uttered through clenching teeth. He picked up a rhythm, and was starting to rock into him steadily. Even while he was fucking Levi, he still managed to keep his face set and stoic.

"Erwin..." Levi grasped the commander's collar. "I feel so fucking tight—"

"It'll get better in a moment," Erwin assured him. He caressed Levi's cheek, fingers lingering there for a few seconds. And then he put his fingertips on Levi's lips. Levi could taste himself. He wanted to protest, to say that it was dirty. But he couldn't say a thing; Erwin was so fucking wide and Levi wasn't properly prepared.

Just as he thought it wasn't getting any better, Erwin hit the spot deep in him. Levi moaned. His groans turned into sobs as Erwin ground relentlessly into him.

"See? You take it so well," Erwin panted. "So well...Levi..."
"Ah, Erwin..." Levi cried out. Erwin took his wrists and pinned him down on the desk surface. "Erwin, Erwin... you'll make me come like this..."

He couldn't touch Erwin, couldn't touch himself. He wanted to touch Erwin, or to jerk himself to release but he couldn't. He felt trapped and helpless. "Erwin, please."

"Come, Levi," Erwin cooed. "Come like this for me."

He felt the pressure building up, and then it overflowed him. He made a loud, embarrassing sound as he came, untouched.

"I'm close," Erwin said.

Levi tried to sit up, but was pushed down.

"Stay...Levi."

He could feel Erwin getting close. And, suddenly, Erwin withdrew himself. He tugged Levi's open collars roughly, pulling him almost off the edge of the desk, and then positioned himself right above Levi's face.

Levi realized what was about to happen.

Erwin came. Levi felt it, hot on his forehead, his eyelids, his cheeks, burning. He swiped his tongue over his lips and tasted Erwin. And then Erwin was kissing him.

"You're so fucking beautiful, Levi," he said. "What have I done to deserve you in my life?"

Levi was speechless. Erwin was kissing him everywhere on his face.

When Erwin took a half step back, he used his handkerchief to clean up Levi.

After it was done, he gazed down at Levi, for a long moment. And as Levi was about to get up and go for a bath, he took Levi into an embrace.

Levi couldn't see Erwin's face from his position, but he could tell that Erwin's faultless mask had dropped.

_Crumbled._

"Thank you," Erwin was saying, voice faltering. "Levi... I don't know what I'd do without you."

"You'll be just fine," Levi said. "Just like before you met me."

"No," Erwin said, his arms tightened around Levi. "I won't be fine. I love you."

And it was the first time he ever said that.

.

Later that night, as Levi lay next to Erwin, listening to the other man's quiet snoring, he thought
about what Erwin had said.

What exactly were they? Comrades? Friends? A couple?

He thought about Farlan and Isabel. When he was with them, he felt like he had to take care of them, to protect them. But it was vastly different when he was with Erwin. Sure, Erwin was older, but it wasn't like he was not worried about Erwin.

The biggest difference would be their physical relationship. Levi had always thought that it was only for the convenience (or so he told himself). He told himself that they were both lonely men with needs, so it happened. But it wasn't true—well, he could only go as far as to realize this. When Erwin held him firmly and said that he loved him, Levi was overwhelmed. Now he was still overwhelmed. He felt shaken inside. Erwin's words touched something in him. And he couldn't tell what it was.

.:.

The next day, they set out to the capital again for the trial of Eren Jaeger. The plan of recruiting Eren went quite well. Now Levi got an extra member on his team. They journeyed to the old castle on the hill—the old Survey Corps headquarters, which had been left forgotten for years.

Levi didn't have a chance to talk to Erwin about last night. It wasn't like he wanted to talk about it, though. He knew he would be seeing Erwin less these days, since he got a brat to care for and Erwin got a big mess to organize. Their trail to Wall Maria was ruined after the gate of Trost was sealed for good. All the blood, everything they had sacrificed for the past five years…now were just gone.

.:.

When they met later during the following week, it was always to discuss the next expedition. It was obvious, now, that there were spies within the security of the walls. And even though it was extremely dangerous and tricky, Erwin wanted to lure them out.

"We need an expedition," he said. "As soon as possible."

"This is risky," Levi said. "We've only just got Eren."

"Yeah," Erwin agreed. "But there was no other way to do it."

"Whatever you say," Levi said, raising an eyebrow.

They sat together in Erwin’s office after the discussion, silent and brooding. Suddenly, Levi felt Erwin’s warm palm on his thigh.

"How long have they been here, among us?" Levi asked. He felt like he needed to say something. There had been days since he last touched Erwin, and he had to admit that he missed it.

"Probably since the wall was first broken through," Erwin said. "I suspected it before. And, well, now it came true. We gotta fix this, if we don’t—"
“We will,” Levi said. Erwin’s hand crept up to his crotch and he was sweating a little.

“Yeah, we will,” Erwin smiled a little. And Levi was glad to see that Erwin was almost back to normal—quick to think, to devise plans, and to overcome all the difficulties. This was the Erwin he loved and adored—

He paused. He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but the words wouldn't come out.

Erwin saw it.

“Levi,” he said. “It’s alright. You were right. Just like you said, we always pull through.”

“No.” Levi shook his head. “No, that's not what I wanna say. It's about the other night.”

Erwin looked perplexed.

“The other night, after we got back from the capital, from that stupid meeting with those Military Police goons,” Levi said, feeling his face grow hot. “You said you loved me.”

“…I said it, yes,” Erwin muttered, without taking his eyes off Levi.

“Have you thought about what it meant?” Levi asked.

Erwin chuckled as if it what Levi said was silly, and Levi almost got angry.

“Oh,” Erwin said. “Sometimes I feel like I don't deserve you being around me. You're loyal, and strong; you're everything I could ask for.”

Levi looked down, because he couldn't bear looking at Erwin’s face any longer.

Erwin pulled him close, pressing Levi's cheek to his chest. “Are you going to head back to the castle?”

“Yeah, I should probably go, before Hange comes and kidnaps that kid.”

“Just a minute. I forgot to say that you're beautiful and you got the finest ass in the world. Humanity’s finest ass, that is.”

Levi jabbed him with his elbow.

“I might as well say it now,” the playful look on Erwin changed into a serious one as he said. “Who knows how long we've got left?”

“Don't say that.”

“Recently that feeling’s getting stronger and stronger. Things happen fast and we don't have much time to think about how to act. And it makes me fear what's gonna pop up along the way.”

“Shut up, Erwin,” Levi hissed. “You just said we’re gonna pull through alright.”

“But I want to tell you how I feel. If I didn't make it—”

“I love you too,” Levi blurted out.

Erwin gazed at him, eyes wide with surprise. And Levi hated him for being surprised, as if he had
never seen that coming.

But then Erwin smiled, pressing his lips to Levi’s.

“Yeah, we’ll be alright.”

:::

Levi lost his team.

The night was long and hard. And he was alone in the big, empty old headquarters. Well, Eren was somewhere in the basement, but Levi couldn't quite bear the guilt that grew like cancer between the silence.

It had been a while since he last felt so out of control. He had thought that, maybe, he had grown out of the guilt and resentment trip, but he was wrong. The feeling was just as strong. He had changed over the five years, mellowed out, sure. But it didn't make the pain any easier to bear. No.

He lay on the bed, wishing Erwin was here with him. He knew that Erwin felt just as defeated. Yes, defeated, that was the word. He had seen the expression on Erwin’s face when the female titan was torn apart and devoured. He had never seen Erwin like that.

So many things happened at once; he felt like they were spinning out of control.

He tossed and turned in the dark. And the night passed without sleep.

The next day around noon, he finally got out of his room. Not even bothering to change into a decent shirt and uniform, Levi walked into the dining hall and made himself some tea. Erwin would come later today to announce their next move—right now he probably didn't have anything on his mind yet. And if Levi said that he wasn't worried he would be lying. He felt his body sluggish with fatigue and grief, the sensation drowning him, dragging him down, and his injured leg was throbbing constantly, reminding him their failed mission and deceased comrades.

He didn't know how long he had sat there in the silence of the dimly lit hall, when Eren slid in through the half-open door. Seeing Eren, face pale with dark shades under his eyes, Levi reminded himself that he should probably stay strong for the kid, who had never been through anything like this.

When Levi tried to make a conversation, he knew he was failing. He was never a people person. And he didn't need the rumors in the Corps to tell him that he got a shitty permanent expression that basically told people to fuck off. But, damn, he tried.

However, Levi saw the gloom on Eren's face clearing off a bit after he told him that nobody could have known the outcome when they made a choice. The same words he had told Eren in the forest. And for a slight moment, Levi felt better.
After Erwin arrived, they went through the procedure of tomorrow’s work—how to capture the suspect of Female Titan. When everyone was finally dismissed, the room fell into dead silence once more.

The rest of the days were a blur. Things fell apart quickly and they struggled to regain their loss. They lost a lot. Mike, Nanaba...and many others. And they kept losing. The gaining part seemed little, even though there were. Asking something for himself seemed too selfish when the entire future of humanity was at stake.

Whenever he parted with Erwin, they had a silent, unspoken agreement that it was their last time they saw each other. As they turned their backs against one another and walked away, Levi always felt as if he was leaving his life and memories behind, forever. What happened to his squad could just as easily happen to Erwin, Hange, or the kids on his new team. Or, himself.

But they were still moving forward, seemingly regardless of the fallen comrades.

Chapter End Notes

Hi, I hope you enjoyed the chapter above. If you'd like to leave a comment that’d be much appreciated! Thank you guys for the kudos and comments for the previous chapter! The last part will be a short one, an epilogue to wrap this thing up. See ya soon<3
Epilogue

Hi guys! This is the final chapter, a little epilogue to end this story. I hope you enjoy <3
Also, a small warning: SPOILERS up to CHAPTER 90. If some of you haven't read the comic books, I suggest you don't read this! Repeat, SPOILER ALERT!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

He told Erwin not to go. The bastard wouldn’t listen.

And now he stands alone in Erwin’s office, knowing that he will never hear that deep, assuring voice, nor that amused chuckle. He will never see those blue eyes, will never feel those strong arms hold him close again.

He never cries. He finds that he can’t.

He remembers that, months ago, Erwin was sent back from Wall Rose, severely injured—his arm bitten off by a titan. Levi was there by Erwin’s bedside when he woke up.

They sat quietly for a long while. Levi was trying to hold back his anger because Erwin had been fucking reckless. Erwin looked weak, but had a weird satisfied expression on his face.

“I'm glad,” he suddenly said, voice a rasp.

Levi sighed. “Shut up. You're not supposed to be talking.”

“I thought I was dead,” Erwin continued to say, ignoring Levi’s glare. “And for a moment, I felt so light and I was happy.”

“You think you're better off dead?” Levi snorted.

Erwin looked ahead.

“…Yeah,” he muttered softly. “Maybe it’s just a fleeting thought, but…think about it.”

“'Bout what?” Levi frowned; his voice was so sharp and high that he barely recognized it.

“To be rid of this burden,” Erwin said. “You and I…think about what it'd be like…no wars, no walls, no titans, no politicians…no Survey Corps…”

Levi felt something prickling the back of his throat, making his voice dry and ragged. “But everything we've been through together led us to this.”

“Yeah, you're right,” Erwin smiled. And how could he smile? Levi stared at him, feeling even angrier.
“Just imagine it…” Erwin closed his eyes. “Would we still be together?”

Levi had avoided looking at where Erwin’s right arm used to be, but now he found himself staring. A life, peaceful and quiet.

“You know what?” Erwin chuckled darkly. “I can't. I can't imagine a life without all this.”

Levi stared at Erwin’s stump. “…Me too.”

“I don't think we’d still be together if none of this ever happened,” Erwin muttered.

Those words stung. But they were true.

“Yeah,” Levi said. “You're right.”

And he couldn't bear it any longer. He got up and left the room because he didn't want to snap at Erwin. And he didn't even know why he got so upset by Erwin's words.

Maybe he had never thought about what a peaceful life with Erwin would be like. And now as he thought about it, he suddenly wanted it. He wanted to know what it'd be like. Would he be able to wake up next to Erwin every morning and know that this man would be all right, would not be in danger? And how would it feel like?

He stood just outside Erwin's bedroom, leaning against the closed door. His throat ached, his eyes burned. He felt sick. Whatever awaited them at the border of Wall Maria was sinister. It would cost lives.

He took a deep breath.

:::

Several hours later, he returned to Erwin's bedside. Surprisingly, Erwin looked a lot better than earlier.

"Hey," he said.

"Levi," Erwin muttered.

"I don't know what's gotten into you," Levi began. "But I will not hear that 'I'll die happy' shit again, okay?"

Erwin did give him a slight nod, but what he said after still made Levi furious. "Levi, I want you to trust me."

"I trust you, don't I?" Levi spat.

"I've always trusted you, and you have to trust me on this."

Levi clenched his fists. "I don't want to argue with an invalid soldier."

Erwin seemed a little hurt. "Then let's not argue."
"Whatever you say, Commander," Levi said dryly.

"Please, Levi."

Levi stared.

"Please, come here," Erwin demanded.

Levi took a step closer, and Erwin's left hand reached out to catch his wrist.

"I missed you," Erwin mumbled.

"I've always been here," Levi said. "We didn't even get separated that long."

"It felt like we did, to me at least."

Levi didn't say anything after that.

Erwin grasped the edge of his jacket. "Come closer."

Levi complied, sitting down next to Erwin on the bed.

"Stay for a little longer."

"...Whatever," Levi closed his eyes, feeling Erwin's hand slid up under his shirt.

It was when he leaned down carefully to kiss Erwin on the lips that he realized that Erwin was trying to get him out of his jacket and shirt but couldn't, with one arm.

"Fuck," Levi uttered. He stepped back and shrugged off his jacket, quickly unbuttoning his shirt and sliding it off his shoulders.

When he climbed up the bed again Erwin's hand was on his belt.

"God, slow down will ya?" Levi grumbled. "You shouldn't even be doing this shit."

"I thought you'd be taking pity on this invalid soldier and indulge him," Erwin murmured softly.

Levi's belt and trousers were soon discarded on the floor. He was kissing Erwin's chin, while the latter's fingers were teasing the underside of his cock.

Levi pushed the covers aside so he could slipped a hand down the front of Erwin's pants.

"...Oh, Levi."

"Yeah, shit, you impatient old fuck."

Erwin chuckled. "Am I forgiven?"

"Forgiven for what?"

"I don't know, for making my captain upset?"

"You deserved it."

Erwin's fingers wrapped around his balls.
"Gotta try harder than that," Levi said, looking down at him.

"Well...then..." Erwin's hand crept up his inner thigh, and gently rubbed at his backside. "You're gonna have to stretch yourself for me."

Levi hopped off the bed, went around the room, and fetched a bottle of oil out of the drawers. He rejoined Erwin on the bed, sat himself on Erwin's lap, and slicked up his fingers.

"I've always loved watching you do this yourself," Erwin said.

"Shut up," Levi hissed. He pressed two fingers into himself, and Erwin's expression turned into pure want.

"God, Levi..." Erwin used his only hand to pull Levi down so he could kiss him.

"Careful," Levi warned. "Don't fuck up your wound."

"I won't, I won't," Erwin said. "Please just let me kiss you."

Levi let him.

"How many are you using now?" Erwin asked, clutching Levi's left shoulder and licked a path up between his collarbones.

"...Three."

"You're gonna need one more."

"No, I don't," he lied.

"Please?" Erwin just knew how to push him.

"...Shit," he added another finger, and gasped because of it. And then his moans were muffled because Erwin's pressing his lips against him.

"One more?" Erwin was whispering into his ear.

"Fuck you, Erwin..." Levi tensed up, feeling an intruding force besides his own fingers. But he was okay; Erwin's finger slid in smoothly.

"God, that's five. Next time I want you to take my hand," Erwin mumbled. Before Levi could protest, Erwin removed his finger and Levi's own, steadying his hand on Levi's hip. Levi took the hint. He applied oil on Erwin's cock and began to push down slowly.

A gruff moan escaped the depth of Erwin's throat and sent a chill down Levi's spine. He dropped himself abruptly and Erwin's groan turned into a shout.

"Fuck, fuck, oh..."

"Did I hurt you?" Levi asked.

"Not really," Erwin panted. "Are you alright?"

"I did that on purpose," Levi said.

"God, you're bad."
"Yeah, I know."

Levi placed his hands on either side of Erwin's head and started to move.

"Levi..."

"What?"

"I'm so glad that I met you."

"Shut up now."

:::

Later that night, Levi sat by the bed and watched Erwin sleep. Erwin looked like a child when he was asleep; none of his worries could harm now. And Levi couldn't help but feel like maybe Erwin was right. The only way he could find peace was when he was asleep.

Asleep...

There is ocean at the end of the world. And it turns out that the world is so much bigger than they've ever imagined.

Levi thinks about how Erwin would feel about this, if he lived to see it. Erwin would be thrilled. And in the five years they'd known each other, Levi never saw Erwin being thrilled by anything.

It occurs to him that he still knows Erwin too little.

But he thinks about Erwin saying thank you, when he gazed into Erwin’s earnest eyes one last time, and Erwin was smiling, his eyes were smiling.

He wishes that time could froze at that moment, so he gets to memorize the smile on Erwin's face, keeps it and possesses it, forever.

He thinks about Erwin’s smile constantly.

Erwin wouldn't want him to grieve and regret. And Levi doesn't intend to do that.

He just keeps staring at the blue of the sea. He doesn't believe that people goes to heaven or hell after death. He doesn't know where Erwin is now. Maybe Erwin will never know what it's like beyond the shores.

And maybe he just gotta live with this fact and maybe one day he will feel like it's okay.
Even though for a long time he will probably feel like it's not.

*It's not.*

Suddenly everything’s blurred. The blue of the sea is blended with that of the sky.

He runs the back of his hand over his eyes, feeling wetness there.

He repeats the name on his tongue, whispering it so that nobody can hear him.

Erwin.

*Erwin.*

And when he wants to say something the feeling is gone; he feels all empty.

But there are still tears on his chin. He can't remember what he was trying to say. Erwin's not here to hear him.

He stares into the distance, the sea wind blowing at him. He can't see a thing—it's blue, blue everywhere. *Blue like Erwin's eyes.* And it swallows him whole.

-The end

Chapter End Notes

There's just no way to end this with a happy ending, isn't it? *sighs*
Well...Erwin will always live in my heart. As long as we don't stop writing him, I guess the character never really dies.
Anyway, I hope you enjoyed my story. I have several ideas on my mind and some of them are already half-written, so I guess I'll see you soon!
Thank you guys for all the kudos <3
I'll be replying to your comments now!!!
p.s. Also I have Twitter now it's @somersetexists <3

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