Attack on Krista.

by Trenchcoatman

Summary

Following the misadventures of shingeki's favourite couples. Narrated from Ymir and Krista's perspectives. May choose to write about other characters. See if I get drunk enough.

Notes

Don't eat a potato sandwich. I tried to eat one to get more information of Sasha's dietary habits. Vomited violently.

Will be posting one new chapt every Sunday.
Oh God. She was going to be furious.

I woke up covered in bruises and cuts, aching like hell. I winced as I tried to sit up on the bed, my aching body battered and bruised.

“Hey Krist. Don't sit up yet.” a tall brunette mumbled through bites of her food, chewing with her mouth open. She was pretty in a plain way, if that made sense. Her hair was tied in a loose ponytail. It helped her eat faster. How she ate so much and still maintained such a perfect hourglass shape was beyond my understanding.

“Oh God. Ymir is going to kill me.” I immediately voiced out my thought.

“She's a bit controlling, isn't she?” Sasha giggled, as she finished wolfing down her sandwich, before taking out another slice of bread, buttering both sides.

“Yeah. You have no idea, Sash.” I sighed, trying to sit up, my body aching. “She's gonna be furious when she hears about this.” I pushed myself up, leaning against the bed frame. “Best I can do is to sit up, pretend it's not a big deal, and look presentable so she won't go completely crazy.”

“Gonna be hard with all those bruises on your body.” Sasha casually points out, putting another slice of bread on top of the triple decker sandwich she was making.

“She cares about you, you know.” She added, as an afterthought.

“A little too much sometimes.”

“True.” Sasha smiled, taking a bite of her sandwich, which consisted of four slices of bread around a potato. “But that's the way Ymir is. How did you get injured anyway?” She asked, through mouthfuls of her carbohydrate rich meal.

“We were doing this exercise.” I sat up, taking a sip of water from the glass on the bed table. “We were suppose to perform some 3D maneuver using the gear. Except I wasn't paying attention. I was kinda daydreaming about Ymir, and I hit a tree.”

“A fucking tree?”

“It was a small one.”

“And that's how you ended up with all these bruises. How are you not dead yet?” Sasha laughed, finishing off the potato sandwich. “I, on the other hand, decided to skip training and stay here with my buddy Krista. A safer choice, in my opinion.”

“Also to eat potato sandwiches.”

“With my buddy Krista. That's what's important. It's the thought that counts.”

“You just skipped training to eat, didn't you?”

“Yep.”

“Well, Dr. Sasha.” I sighed, leaning upwards, wincing in pain as I did so. “How long do you think it'll take to heal up?” I sighed, as she took out another slice of bread from the packet.
“Fast enough.” she smirked, “But not fast enough that your slightly overly concerned girlfriend won't notice. Also, she's coming in a minute or two.” Sasha chuckled, munching on another sandwich.

“What?!” I almost screamed, as I quickly threw the blanket over my body, covering my bare arms and legs, which were covered in purple and brown bruises.

“Yes.” Sasha responded happily. “Why else do you think I'm here? I'm not even a trained first aider.” She munched on the sandwich.

“She bribed the medic to let you in?” I squeaked. I had expected the medical administrator to only let Ymir in when I was presentable enough. If she saw me in this state, she would kill me.

“She also bribed me to keep everyone else out, so she could deal with you.” Sasha replied nonchalantly, still eating her sandwich. That traitor!!

“And here she comes~” The door blew off, swinging wildly at its hinges, as Ymir walked in, looking pissed as hell. Oh oh.

Ymir’s cold black eyes scanned the room, finally coming to rest on me. “Potato-girl.” Ymir growled, her eyes narrowed. “Here's the mayonnaise. Get out.”

“You betrayed me for mayonnaise?!” I squeaked, as Sasha giggled and grabbed the glass jar from Ymir’s hands. “Yep yep yep. Well, love to stay, got to go.” The hungry brunette jogged out of the room, shutting the door behind her. The door clicked shut. I gulped as Ymir approached me, looking pissed as hell. I knew what was going to come next.

“Ymir~” I began.

Ymir grabbed my hair, making me cry out in shock. The pain was dull, but somewhere deep inside me, it sent a bolt of arousal through my thighs.

“You know how much I worry about you?” Ymir hissed, her eyes narrowed and angry. “I don't know how you can be so careless.” Her free hand had begun to casually trail down the side of my face, down my neck, down my collarbone. Her bare fingers, warm and smooth sent shivers down my spine.

“Ymir~” I began. I barely had time to say out her name before she pressed her lips against mine, shutting me up. I felt her tongue invade my mouth, pressing against my cheek, tasting my mouth. Tugging my hair, Ymir pulled me down onto the bed, controlling the pace and choreography of this sensual dance our mouths were doing. Her hand pulled my hair, angling my head upwards so that her tongue could have easier access into my warm mouth. I whimpered as I felt her long, dextrous tongue drill into my soft mouth. Her free hand had long since finished stroking my neck, and now traversed down my sides, down my back, caressing my body.

After what seemed like an eternity, Ymir broke the kiss, a thin trail of saliva trailing between our mouths. I panted, my body yearning for more of her tongue inside me. A hot buzz was flooding my body, pooling around my thighs. I wanted to slip my fingers into my panties and stroke my dripping slit. The burning feeling I felt in my body was unbearable. Every touch Ymir administered to me made me tremble and moan, as I whimpered weakly, sandwiched between her and the mattress.

“Still going to argue, Krista?” Ymir’s face was victorious, as she looked over me, enjoying the control she had over me. I shook my head weakly. Her hands produced a pair of iron handcuffs.

“Ymir, I'm fine!!” I quickly said, trying to diffuse the situation. “I just hit a tree~”
“That's not for you to decide, I'm afraid. You aren't a medic.” She leaned over me, as forced my head upwards, kissing me full on. As her tongue danced in my mouth, I felt my face burn. When we were done, I was panting, short of breath, but she was breathing normally.

Ymir leaned over me and smirked, cuffing my wrists together behind my head, “The doctor will see you shortly.”

She pulled off her uniform top, leaving it strewn on the floor. Her breasts, obvious through her crimson bra, were perky and excited, standing erect like icebreakers. I wanted to touch her, to feel her, and for her to touch me. I wanted her to caress me all over and make me scream.

Her pants came off next, leaving the tight khaki cargo trousers in a pile on the floor. Her crimson panties was barely able to hold the giant bulge that seemed to be about to rip the satin around her crotch.

Walking over to the door of the medical room, she picked up a medical coat, wrapping the white fabric around herself. As she reached the door, her sleek hands found the knob and pressed down, locking the door, ensuring that nobody could come in and interrupt us.

I gulped.

“Ms. Lenz.” Ymir smirked, putting on a pair of glasses and looking at me over them. “Thank you for waiting so patiently.” She looked so unbelievably hot. I felt fluids gently pool around my thighs, leaving stains at the place where the medical dress met my groin.

“Ymir- Dr. Ymir.” I quickly corrected myself, blushing. I squirmed uncomfortably as she approached, a smirk plastered on her face. “Thanks for seeing me on such short notice.” I looked away, my face burning, but playing along with the roleplay. Ymir was usually hostile and indifferent, but in bed she could be uncharacteristically frisky.

“Welcome, love.” Ymir smiled.

“Do I have to be handcuffed, though?” I asked, my wrists pulling against the metal binding them together. I unconsciously began to shrink back as Ymir approached. Although she was role-playing, that didn't stop Ymir from being unpredictable. She had that look in her eyes now. The look of a hunting hound that had cornered a helpless waterfowl.

“Of course, Historia.” Ymir whispered into my ear, as she leaned across me, breaching into my personal space and trapping me under her body. “You've been a bad girl, haven't you? And bad girls need to be punished.” Her hands slowly trailed up my legs, up my thighs, making me moan quietly. Her hands slipped under the medical gown and I gasped.

I lay back on the mattress, biting my lips, trying to stifle my moans of ecstasy. My hands, bound behind my back, were scrambling at each other, scratching at the mattress, clutching at whatever of the sheets they could clutch, as if doing so would help deal with the excruciating pleasure flowing through my legs. Ymir’s slender fingers were slowly pushing deeper and deeper into me, drilling into my insides. Keeping two fingers pumping in and out of me, she began to flick her thumb along my clit, making me scream out, my toes curling up.

“Is something wrong, Ms. Lenz?” Ymir asked me with a look of unconvincing innocence on her face, as if she wasn't using her fingers to vigorously stir me up. I blushed, looking up at her with watering eyes. “A.. A small.. Small -ah!!- ache, Doctor.” I tried to keep my voice even as Ymir continued to torture my senses, slowly submerging me in a pool of lewd pleasure.
Ymir smirked. It was a game at this point in time. She was going to mess me up until I couldn't take any more. She leaned in and began to kiss my neck, her lips slowly grazing down my jugular vein, while her fingers casually continued to go deeper inside me, making me moan.

“Dr...” I whispered, as her free hand began to undress me, ripping off the medical gown to shreds. I almost forgot that she trained herself to be ambidextrous. Well, until we got in bed. Then, I would enjoy the full benefits it brought. Her fingers were now slowly spreading me apart, in a scissoring motion. I groaned, my eyes tight shut, as I felt my pussy being slowly spread apart by her fingers, millimeter by millimeter. Something stirred in the middle of my stomach, making me twitch and groan.

“Dr. Ymir..” I managed, almost crying from the feeling shooting through my body. My back was arched, my torso trembling and twitching with each kiss Ymir placed on me. Her soft lips had already passed down my neck, down my collarbone, and were now tracing about my chest. “What.. What are you..Mmm!!..doing?” I panted, short of breath.

“Just some physical examinations.” She whispered planting a kiss on my breasts, her free hand casually stroking and caressing my sensitive nipples. My neck involuntarily threw my head back, and I let out an undignified shriek of pleasure as Ymir put her lips around my sensitive nipples and began to suck. Combined with the feeling of her fingers, which had continued to thrust in between my legs, it felt like my head was going to burst. Her fingers were speeding up now, pounding my pussy, getting it ready for her dick. “Just making sure everything is nice and tight.”

“You are so adorable, Historia.” Ymir leaned forward and kissed me on my lips. “You act so innocent in front of everyone else, but you are just a pervert who enjoys getting fucked, aren't you?” I blushed, not very used to crass language. Ymir loved to talk dirty in bed, and often encouraged me to do so as well. Although I didn't really use swear words in daily life, it didn't mean I didn't enjoy dirty talk.

Her fingers had began to speed up, and were now smashing into my delicate pussy, making it nice and soft. My body began to thrash and twitch uncontrollably, as the overwhelming pleasure flooded my system. I screamed something incomprehensible, as Ymir continued to move her fingers, drilling deeper and deeper into me, turning my pussy into a soft mush.

“Ymir!!” I screamed, as the feeling overtook me, making me thrash and clutch the bed sheet below me. “It feels so good!! Your fingers feel so amazing!!” I choked out, unable to control myself anymore. My head was turning into a blank, white space. My hands, bound behind my back, began to scramble and twitch, clutching desperately against the bed sheets, trying to shut out the crippling orgasm that threatened to overtake me. “I'm going to cum!!” I panted, as Ymir pinned me down, her fingers working furiously inside me.

“No.” Ymir hissed into my ear. “Hold it in.” I whimpered in protest. Her fingers had slowed down, allowing the pleasure to plateau out, but not completely end. The teasing was almost unbearable. My body was thrashing and twitching, wanting her to speed up her fingers and grant me the release I needed.

“Please..” I whimpered, as Ymir smirked, enjoying my submission. She was in complete control of how this would pan out. “Don.. Don't stop. Faster..”

“You want to come, don't you, you little whore?” Ymir sneered, casually pumping two digits in and out if my dipping slit. “Beg me.”

I blushed, searching for the words against the unbearable warmth that now flooded my insides as Ymir began to mash me up.
I whimpered softly.

“I’ll count to ten.” Ymir smiled, her fingers starting to pump harder into my womb. “If you can last, I'll put my dick inside you.” She whispered, leaning in and kissing my ears. I closed my eyes, gasping helplessly as she put another tender kiss on my neck, making me moan. I exhaled a long breath as she slid another slender finger into me. The feeling of pleasure and pain and degradation was exquisite, making me gasp.

“Ten.”

Another well placed kiss on my jawline made me gasp, making me lean deeper back into the mattress. I was on the brink of tears. The pleasure was back again, coursing through my body, making me whimper and shiver.

“Ymir…. Ymir!!” I screamed, thrashing against her body, as her fingers continued to pump inside me, speeding up. They rubbed along the length of my insides, hitting against several soft spots. I jerked and screamed, not caring whether anyone heard me or not. “Please!! I'm going crazy!! Don't.. don't stir me up!!”

“Seven.”

My screams hit a higher octave as she ruthlessly pushed against that pleasure spot I didn't even know existed. At least, until her fingers coursed along it, pressing into it, forcing me to arch my back and let out a scream.

My vocal chords were going to be hoarse by the time this venture was over, but all I could think about was how good Ymir was making me feel. Her fingers were clenching and pushing against a different spot deep inside me, sending indescribable amounts of orgasmic tremors through my body. I bit my lower lips, my eyes clenched shut and tearing, trying my best not to give in to the pleasure. I really wanted Ymir to use her dick.

“Three.”

I was panting now, my tongue sticking out of my mouth, trying to maintain my composure against the pleasure that was making my toes curl. It spread through my body like ripples, making me tense up, making me scream, my eyes clenched tight, trying to resist the orgasm that was on the edge of ripping me apart.

“Two and a half.”

Ymir was smirking now, enjoying the desperate look on my face as she continued pumping her fingers deeper in and out of me, making me groan. She kissed me on the lips, looking me in the eye as her fingers continued to stir and mess my insides up. My insides were contracting and squeezing irregularly around her fingers. I was trying my best to resist the pleasure, but if she continued this teasing, I wouldn't be able to hang on much longer-

“Two and a quarter.”

“Please!! Please!!” I cried, almost incoherent, pressing my forehead into her chest, trying to cope with the immense pleasure that was building in my crotch. I was panting, my entire body shaking from the tension. “No.. No more teasing!! I need!! Need!! Cum!!” I shut up, as Ymir stroked my clit with her thumb, making a fresh bolt of white hot pleasure shoot through my body, making my muffled screams hit a high note.

“Zero.” Ymir looked me in the eyes, her black orbs looking deep into my electric blue ones. “I love
you, Krista.” She whispered in my ears, her fingers speeding up quicker and quicker, stirring me up.

“Oh my God!! Ohmygod!! OH MY GOD!!” I screamed, as the feeling shot through me, overtaking my body.

The orgasm wracked my body, making me scream and thrash against the mattress, against Ymir. The tension in my body was released in that single second, coursing through my crotch, down my thighs. My mind turned blank as the feeling ripped through my body, tearing me apart. I bit into her shoulder instinctively, my eyes watering. My hips were trembling and gyrating against her fingers, which were still deep inside me, pressing against my delicately sensitive insides. My pussy was clenching and flexing, the feeling sending shivers down my bare body. I gave out an incoherent scream.

When it was all over, I lay on the bed, a shivering, panting mess. I barely felt Ymir pull out of me. Flipping me over, she unlocked my handcuffs, freeing my arms, before grabbing my hips and angling me just right.

“Time for your reward.” She smirked, and smashed herself into me in one swift motion.

I let out a squeal of delight as she skewered her cock inside me from behind. I loved the feeling as she forcefully buried every inch inside me, forcing me apart. My pussy, still sensitive from the orgasm, throbbed rhythmically. My body was starting to spasm again, unable to cope with the pleasure. I vaguely felt my eyes crossing, my brows furrowed in pleasure. Every inch that rubbed against my hypersensitive insides threatened to make me cum again. In my fogged up mind, I heard someone screaming. It took me a second to realise that it was me. Ymir began to trail her hands down my body, stroking and traversing across my skin, smiling as she stuffed more and more of her dick into my tight womb. I felt my vagina stretch, trying to handle the girth of my girlfriends cock. My body jerked uncontrollably, and I screamed again as I came for the second time in a few seconds, my mind wiping itself clean.

“Such a fucking slut.” Ymir smirked, watching me scream in ecstasy as she buried her shaft deeper and deeper inside me. I whimpered as the final inch slid inside me. “You just love my dick, don't you?” I whimpered as I felt her large balls hit the back of my mound. I was so full, it felt amazing.

I shivered as Ymir bent over and kissed me on my shoulders, sucking a bruise. The feeling of such erotic pain made me give out a moan of pent up release. “Oh my god, your insides are so fucking tight.” Ymir whispered in my ears, as she casually began to pump herself in and out of me. “It's so slutty and warm. You really have a body made to fuck.”

“Ymir!! Please!! I just came!! I'm too sensitive-” I let out a lewd shriek as her hands slowly began to play with my breasts, toying and pulling my nipples, abusing them. The feeling of her dick going in and out of my body made me bury my face into the mattress, screaming as her thick shaft rubbed against every centimeter of my sensitive pussy, torturing it. Every time she pushed her dick back inside me, I felt her loose balls gently smack against the back of my thighs.

“Ymir!!” I screamed, as she began to speed up, crushing my womb with her head. Every thrust seemed to stretch me out, smashing her thick rod against my cervix. My insides were clenching, flexing against the foreign intrusion,squeezing tightly around her immense member. “It feels so good!!” I cried, on the edge of going crazy from the pleasure. “Your dick feels so good!! Don't stop!! Please!!”

Ymir growled into my ears, as she leaned over me, pressing her body into my arched back. I felt her hands grab hold of my waist, finding a better grip as she violently thrust inside me, impaling my
insides with her huge slab of meat. With each thrust, my screams became higher, more desperate.

“I’m gonna cum!!” I screamed. “I’m gonna cum again!!” Her hands slowly snaked down my body, carefully pinching my clit. My eyes widened, as an intense wave of pleasure shot through me. “Ah!! AHH!! Oh my God!!” I shrieked, out of breath as her fingers began to move, pinning my clit against the hood. I bit into the mattress, my hands grabbing the sheets, as she crushed my clit. The feeling was indescribable. My sensitive nub was being forced up against her meat that was smashing deeper and deeper inside me. I felt my entire stomach contract and flex, as I was hit by another orgasm. The world turned white again, and hot thick fluids leak shamefully down my inner thighs.

“That felt good, right, slut?” Ymir laughed, as her hands grabbed my hair, tugging it. I cried out, as a bolt of lewd pleasure filled my body. “Only a girl knows what it takes to pleasure another girl. You think men with their Fucking clumsy fingers and dicks can do what I'm doing for you?” She snarled, victorious, as she thrust and slammed herself in and out of me more and more furiously.

“Ymir!!” I gasped, as she began to pound her length furiously inside me, hitting a deep spot inside my womb. The feeling of being dominated by my lover sent chills down my arched back, my insides squeezing tightly around her thick shaft.”Oh my god. Ohmygod!!” I cried, as another wave of lewd ecstasy hit me again, making me bite the mattress. “Your.. Cock!!-”

“What do you say?” Ymir snarled as she thrusted in and out of me, smashing her length against my womb. “What do you say when you are begging, slut?”

“Please!!” I moaned as her grunts got more and more audible. From the sound of it, she was going to cum soon. “Please!! Don't stop!! Please please please!!” my voice became incoherent as her meat stick began to mash up my Insides, squashing my cervix against my womb.

Ymir grabbed my hair and tugged it, making me cry out, as a fresh wave of arousal flooded my body. “Your insides are so fucking warm, Historia.” She growled, as she pushed my head down, forcing me into the mattress.

“And you are tightening up so much!! Fuck!! You really love being abused don't you?” Ymir sneered as she pushed my head harder against the pillows. “You like it when I pull your hair like a little whore don't you? Your little pussy is tightening from the thought of that, isn't it?”

“Yes!! Please!!” I squealed, crying in pleasure as she degraded me. Her cock was pumping deeper and deeper into me, mashing my insides into a sloppy mess. “Please!! Fuck me!! Ram it in me!!” I moaned, as I felt the orgasm overtake me again-

Her cock was hot. Burning hot. It filled up my womb as I jerked helplessly, skewered on it like a pig on a spit. In this position, Ymir could use her length to her full advantage, rubbing against every sensitive spot in my body with ease. I screamed again, my eyes rolling upwards. Tears of pleasure and pain rolled down my face as Ymir continued to ram her cock down my pussy, battering my cervix harder and harder with each thrust.

“Fuck!! Fuck!! Fuck fuck fuck!! Fuck!!” I screamed, no longer trying to maintain control of myself, as Ymir continued to do stuff herself deeper inside me. “Fuuuck!!” Each pump of her oversized slab of meat into my pussy churned it up, turning my insides out. Each thrust was a forceful assertion of Ymir’s ownership over me. She could use me however she wanted, mess me up however she wanted, and I would enjoy it.

Ymir took the chance, leaning in and biting down on my exposed neck, leaving a hickey. “Ymir!!” I screamed, as the pain shot through my body, making my insides tighten in sick pleasure. Ymir
took my screams as a green light, and began to bite harder, down my neck, leaving a trail of red and purple. “Oh God!! Ymir!! YMIR!!” I cried, my voice breaking. “People will know!!” I managed, panting as I cried out.

“You are so adorable.” Ymir growled, pressing her warm mouth against the back of my neck. “Don’t worry about the hicckeys, nobody tell them apart from all the bruises on your body.”

Ymir’s hands slid up my body, grabbing my breasts, playing with my hard nipples. “Please!! PLEASE!!” I screamed. “Stop- st-stop teasing!! Fuck!!” My screams became incoherent, warped by pleasure as Ymir put her mouth to the crook of my neck and my shoulder and sucked it. Hard.

“You like this, don’t you, Historia?” Ymir grinned, her breaths becoming more erratic as she began to fuck me harder and harder, enjoying how tight and wet my insides were. “Your insides feel so fucking good, you fucking human fleshlight.” I squeaked at the insult, feeling my cervix wrap around her dick, squeezing it out of reflex.

“You are such a freak, Krista.” Ymir smirked, as she kissed my shoulder blades. “You tighten up so much when you get insulted!! You really are such a shame-slut aren’t you?”

“N-no!! No!!” I screamed, denying the feelings coursing through my body, as my womb tighten around her cock, squeezing it out if pure reflex. “I- I.. I’m not..”

“You little fucking liar. Your cunt is being so honest.” Ymir growled in my ear. As if to prove my point, I felt my womb tighten, squeezing down on Ymir cock, pressing every pleasure spot hard against her trunk. I gasped, my eyes slowly rolling backwards.

“I’m gonna cum.” Ymir growled, grabbing my hips from behind as she began to smash herself furiously inside me, losing all form of control, like an animal in the heat. I was no better, my entire body jerking and twitching with each thrust that Ymir put into me, pummelling my tight little pussy with her cock. My tongue was hanging out, swinging in motion with my body as Ymir thrusted in and out of me, tearing my slick entrance apart.

“Plea- please!!” I managed, my eyes watering. “Cum inside!!” I murmured, blushing, as I felt my insides tighten up again, a reflex that warned me of the approaching orgasm. “Blow.. Blow your load inside my.. little cunt.” my face burned, embarrassed, as Ymir laughed.

“Not bad, dirty talk.” Ymir growled, her voice hoarse, and deepened. She readjusted her hands around my waist, and began to push herself deep inside me, making me scream something incoherent. Her tip felt like it was poking my stomach, stabbing at it rapidly, in synchrony to the way her hips thrusted into me.

“I’m gonna cum inside you.” Ymir hissed, her eyes narrowed menacingly as she began to thrust harder and harder, tearing me apart to my core. “I’m gonna cum inside you, and it’s your fucking fault for being so adorable.”

“Ymir!!” I cried, as I felt Ymîr’s cock swell inside my womb, expanding slightly, as it shot its load inside me. She was still thrusting inside me, filling me to the brim with her thick, ropey semen. “Ymir!! Ymir–” I continued to scream my lover’s name as she pounder herself deeper into me, spraying her seed into me, claiming me for herself. “Ymir!!”

Ymir gave one last roar as she pushed herself as deep as she could go inside me, forcing me to orgasm again, before pumping her last sticky load inside of me. I gasped a bit. Her semen was burning hot, like molten metal. It soaked deep into my core, warming my body up, filling up my insides.
When it was all over, Ymir quietly held me for a few seconds, lying on top of me, tired out. I lay below her, gasping for air, my mind unable to function after that mind blowing orgasm. Slowly, Ymir got up and pulled me on top of herself, letting me rest my head on her soft chest. I gave a moan of satisfaction. Her dick was still buried deep inside me, giving me a nice feeling of being full.

“Oh..oh God.” I gasped, feeling Ymir’s sex fluids slowly leak out of my body, soaking the mattress. Ymir gently leaned over me and kissed me on the lips. I blushed. The post orgasm peace was amazing. It felt like we were encased in a bubble, where all our problems were blocked off. It was just the two of us.

“You make me so worried at times, Historia.” Ymir murmured as she held me tight. I blushed and snuggled deeper into her chest. “When I heard you ran into a tree, I almost lost my shit. It took all my self control to pretend that I wasn't bothered.” She sighed, patting my head. I murmured something incoherent. “How are you so careless, is beyond my understanding.” Ymir murmured, hugging me tighter against her. My mind was blank and comforted, fucked by Ymir into a post coital bliss.

“I.. I know. I know I don't say this a lot.” Ymir murmured, blushing for the first time since she walked into the room and fucked my brains out. “But.. I- i”

“You what, love?” I smirked, grinning at her hesitancy at saying something so cliché.

“I.. I love you.” She muttered, looking away, her face red. I laughed a bit.

“The fuck you laughing at?” She snarled, embarrassed, her face red. I giggled and snuggled deeper against her body. “You are a real sweetheart, you know.” I smirked, looking at the red and flustered face of my lover.

“And I love you too, Ymir.” I grinned, pecking her on the lips. She blushed a deeper shade of red and looked away.

“Goddamnit Krista. The things you make me say and do.” Ymir muttered, patting my head as I fell asleep on her chest.
Chapter Summary

Meanwhile, instead of training..

Chapter Notes

Kinda a modernish AU, but not completely different from the SNK's normal world.

“I wanna see you do it.”

I looked away from my girlfriend, who instantly looked at me. I immediately regretted making the statement. Ymir and I had been wasting our Sunday morning snuggling in each other's arms, instead of training like we promised Eren.

We both also wanted to eat breakfast, but were both too lazy to get out of bed. Our dorm mate, Sasha, had long since left the room, immediately alert and ready for breakfast. Since it was our free day, Ymir and I cuddled together the moment we woke up, reluctant to move.

So we ended up stuck on the bed, with Ymir sitting up against the wall, and me curled around her lap, my head resting on her thighs. We spent the next half hour or so snuggling together and watching some dramas in a foreign language. Ymir was amazingly sweet when we were alone. But when we were in other's company, her cold side would emerge, where she would pretend to be hostile towards anything or anyone.

“I wanna see you do it.” My voice had suddenly broke the silence, as I sat up, my blond hair messy and strewn all over the place. The spot I was lying in with Ymir felt warm and toasty, so I stretched myself out.

“Sorry, what?” Ymir asked, confused. She smiled, gently tousling my hair. I shrunk back, wriggling like a cat, throwing my head back and forth, messing my hair back up again. Stroking of my hair was only acceptable when I was about to sleep or when we were doing it. Anytime except those times resulted in me wriggling and messing up my hair. And sometimes hissing.

“You know.. Do it.” I muttered, still not looking at her, my face red. Ymir was always the one taking the lead in our sexual escapades, so I decided to shuffle things this time and take the wheel. On the screen, two raven haired men were using their telekinetic powers to spin knives at each other, while a girl watched them in annoyed disbelief, rolling her eyes.

“Um..” Ymir started, a bit unsure. I curled up into a ball, gently running my head along Ymir’s arm, snuggling against her. “Not really sure what you are getting at.”

“I.. I want you. I want you to touch yourself.” I slowly said, blushing red. Her black eyes left the screen, looking into my blue ones. I fell back a little, feeling the intensity of her gaze. I was unused to saying such coarse things. Or making such crude requests. “.. And.. And I want to watch.” I
muttered. I quickly looked away, flushing. Ymir was quite understanding and tolerant, but even she may have been disgusted by my request. I felt my heart beat uncontrollably, as Ymir looked at me, while the deafening silence flooded the room. I looked down at the white bed sheets.

“Sure.”

I looked up, my face still red, as Ymir leaned over and kissed me on the nose. I quickly covered my face, embarrassed. My heart was beating faster than before at the thought of Ymir doing something like that to herself. She just seemed so.

Well. Prim and proper didn't really describe Ymir’s crass attitude. But she just seemed like the sort of person who wouldn't do that sort of thing. Still, I was a bit excited. I mean, we had done it before, but watching her rub herself when she was most vulnerable was a different thing altogether. It felt perverse, like I was watching something I shouldn't be.

But hell, it made me excited.

“But only on one condition.” Ymir smirked, pushing herself over me, intruding into my personal space. “Ymir-” I gasped, as she laid her hand on my shoulder, pushing me down on the bed, pinning me under her strong arms.

“What- What- is that?” I whispered. Ymir was leaning close to me, and I could smell the vanilla fragrance in her hair. She was playing with me now, her hands slowly sliding over my collarbone, to my chest. I whimpered a little.

“Anal, next week.” She smirked. I gulped. Ymir’s package was pretty huge. The thought of it inside me, stirring me up from behind was-

“D-deal.” I replied.


“What?—” I exclaimed, blushing red, as Ymir looked at me with a hungry look in her eye. Her grey eyes were slowly trailing on my body, making me instinctively cover myself with my hands, despite being already clothed. “Stop mentally undressing me!!” I squealed, as Ymir grinned.

“Well, how else can I get ‘Ymir Jr.’ to stand?” My girlfriend smirked, brushing her fringe to the side. I blushed. “You gotta show me something to work with, Krist.” Ymir grinned at my indecision. “Show me some skin.”

“It’s.. It’s..” I mumbled, stuttering, as Ymir grinned, knowing she had me in a corner. Goddamnit. Looks like I was too smart for my own good. I relented, peeling off my thin nightshirt. The cool air on my skin made me gasp a bit. I wasn't wearing a bra under the shirt, and my small breasts perked up a bit, the coldness biting at me. I quickly folded my arms around my chest. It was embarrassing to expose myself so openly. “Is that all?” I asked warily, covering my exposed chest with my hands, hiding my breasts.

Ymir looked at me, her black eyes predatory. “Hands away.” I complied slowly, removing my hands, and letting her see my small chest. She gently ran her finger down it, teasing me, before circling my nipples, drawing concentric circles with the tip of her finger. “Stop.. Stop stalling-” I gasped, and she slowly pulled away.

“Nice.” Ymir smirked, smiling at my discomfort. “Shorts off, too.” I blushed. “But that wasn’t-” I protested, but Ymir’s eyes told me that she was very insistent on the whole procedure. But if I took off my shorts, she would see-
“Now now, shorts off.”

I slowly peeled off my shorts, wriggling my hips past the waistband, looking away from Ymir. Ymir wolf whistled. “Jesus, Krista, you are one dirty girl.” She grinned.

I was wearing a tight fitting thong, black in colour. It barely covered my business. “It’s.. It’s not what you think.” I stuttered, crossing my legs together. “I wear it because.. It’s.. It’s comfortable.” I ended lamely. Sasha had given it to me as a birthday gift, and while I had screamed a bit in shock, I kinda really hoped that Ymir would ruffle me up one day and.. Kinda do me while I wore that. I blushed a bit. I completely forgot that I was wearing this today, though.

“This is good enough.” Ymir smirked. “Unless you want to take that off..” She began to undo the string around her fluffy night shorts, pulling the pants down, and revealing the slab of meat causing the bulge in her shorts. Her cock was red and swollen, thick and engorged. While we did it on a usual basis, the sight was still a sight to behold. I resisted my instinctive urge to wrap my mouth around it and taste her. I knew that would come later.

“Like what you see, princess?” Ymir taunted me, pushing me over, so my back was against the wall. Leaning over me, she planted a kiss on my lips. Her hard cock seemed to grow a bit, as if in preparation for what came next. I blushed, my hand twitching involuntary. Goddamn muscle memory. Ymir saw my hand move and giggled, pinning them against the wall.

“You aren’t allowed to touch.” Ymir smiled, completely in control even if it was my request. “Just watch.” I gulped.

She lay on her back, exposing her navel to me, and I felt something squirm in my stomach. Something that made my thighs tingle, and the place between them twitch desperately. Ymir had already pulled out her considerable length, and let it poke out on the air, as if tempting me.

“Stop.. Stop teasing.” I chided her, staring at her shaft, transfixed by the sight of it. She smirked, and put her hand on the middle of it. She smiled at me, looking at me in the eyes as her hand began to move, stroking her cock in a firm grip. I gasped a little as she tilted her neck back, and moaned, showing an uncharacteristic display of vulnerability and submission. I was kneeling now, my neck looking over her dick and the way she stroked it, transfixed by the sight of her hands playing with her cock.

Her hand had begun gentle, but it was soon picking up the pace, stroking her thick shaft faster and faster with every pump. Her eyes were half lidded, as she smiled at me, knowing that it would turn me on. And it was. I could feel my inside clenching up, desperate for something thick to be stuffed in me, to plug up the arousal I could feel running down my thighs. The smell alone from her dick made me want to put it in my mouth, but I knew I couldn’t. It was a game right now. And I was losing.

Ymir began to moan lewdly, as she brought her hand up and down the shaft, stroking it. “Ohh.. Mmmm..” I blushed a little as she closed her eyes, one hand still stroking her cock, the other rubbing her breasts, stroking her hard nipples. “Ahh.. Krista.” Ymir smirked, eyes half open as she continued to pump. “Your insides feel so fucking tight.” I squeaked, feeling my insides go wet with arousal, soaking my panties. My heart was going crazy, beating wildly against my chest.

“Mmm?” Ymir hummed, as she began to add a thrust as she stroked, her dick pushing through her hands as she moved her hips. “You want my dick inside you?” Ymir smiled. “You like it when I fuck your insides out?” I blushed, as she looked at me with her salacious eyes, tempting me to come closer.
“Ymir, that's distasteful!!” I squeaked, but she smirked, and ignored me, continuing to pump her cock, knowing how hot and flustered it was making me. She was making a deeper purring noise, which sounded like a groan of pleasure.

“All you have to do is beg.” She whispered, her tongue lewdly tracing along her lips. “Beg me to pin you down and fuck your brains out like you know I can. Beg me, and I'll make you feel good like you know I can.” Ymir whispered sensually, her black eyes looking into my blue ones, her hands now slowly stroking her thick length. I gulped, trying not to imagine how orgasmic Ymir would feel in between my legs, smashing inside me with each strong thrust. Ymir would pin me down just how I liked it, and make me scream. Her dick looked so enticing, red and thick, with veins running down the side.

And suddenly I was already losing ground.

“Please..” I muttered, looking at the bedsheets. Ymir smirked, getting off her back and crawling towards me on all fours like a predator. Her two hands found my shoulders, pushing me over onto the bed, as she looked into my eyes, her black hair splayed on the bed next to me. I gasped, as she looked me in the eyes, a smirk on her face, the intensity of her gaze exponentially increased by how close we were.

“Please?..” Ymir grinned, leaning over me, her hands no longer playing with her long dick. The chunk of meat was resting precariously on my crotch, playfully positioned to increase my arousal.

“Please. I need.. I need you..inside me.” I blushed, as Ymir bullied me, licking my collarbones, as her fingers caressed my nipples, moving down to my stomach. Her fingers raked over my stomach, working down to the hem of the soaked black thong, and I squeaked.

“What was that?” Ymir whispered, as her fingers gently ran over the wet fabric, teasing my wet slit. She hadn't even touched my skin yet, smiling smugly as she ran her hard knuckles over my entrance, earning her a scream of pleasure from me. “I couldn't hear you.” I gasped, my vision dulling, as I threw my head back. The raw feeling of Ymir’s fingers on my pussy felt too good. I was losing my mind.

“Please..” I screamed, my hips thrusting uncontrollably against her hand, trying to get her to stimulate me more, to push me over the edge. “Oh my God.. Please Ymir.. Please!! Please-”

“Say after me.” Ymir smirked, knowing I was in her hand. Her teeth grazed along my neck, and I gasped, feeling my soft, sensitive flesh nibbled. Her free hand was tracing down my back. I was lost in her, lost in my lust. I wanted her to quit the foreplay, and put herself inside me. Her vanilla scent seemed to cover every inch of my body, permeating into my skin.

“I'm a dirty little slut, who loves cock.” Ymir smirked, now rubbing her fingers along my wet slit, giving my clit a little rub that made me moan. “Please ram your dick inside me and impregnate me.” she leaned down and pecked me on the cheek. “If you can say that, I'll make sure you'll be unable to sit down properly for tomorrow's combat tutorial.”

I blushed, gasping, as Ymir began to tease me, licking and biting my jawline. I groaned, my eyes rolling back. “Ymir.. Please!! That's.. That's too.. Too rude!!” I squealed, my voice high and breathless. Her fingers had peeled away the black thong, exposing my dripping pussy to the world.

“You are so fucking straight-laced it's adorable.” Ymir grinned, her fingers slowly tracing towards my hips, drawing small concentric circles about my hip, driving me crazy. “But if you want your daily dose of dick, I think you should say the magic words.” her hands began to tease my burning crotch, her palm rubbing against my sensitive nub, making me close my eyes tight and moan.
“Ymir!!” I barely manage to utter as waves of pleasure smashed into me, ravaging my mind. “Ymir!! Ymir..ymir..ymir..” I panted out my lover's name desperately as she began to palm and stroke my craving body. I felt my stomach tighten as she traced her lips up to my mouth, kissing me full on the lips, her tongue gently exploring the inside of my mouth, tasting the flavours of my tongue.

“Oh my God, Krista.” Ymir panted, as she broke the kiss, a string of saliva hanging from our lips. “You are so adorable it's not even funny anymore.” Her hand tightened behind my head, holding my body in place as she kissed me all over, her lips tracing over every square inch of my body. My hips began to gyrate against her leg, trying to rub my wet groin over her muscular thighs. Ymir knew this instinctively, however, and pushed me down at arms length, ensuring there was no way for me to get rid of all the pleasure coursing through my body, making me tense up. “But before I fuck your brains out, I want you to say it.” She grinned, and I tried to remain defiant, despite my crotch leaking like a faulty sink.

“I.. I won't say it!!” I managed to gasp out, as Ymir smirked at my defiance. She knew I was just playing the role. In a few minutes, she would bend me around her finger and make me scream. But I was going to make her work for it. “As if.. I would ever.. Ever.. Say that!!” I screamed, the feelings of her tongue on the back of my neck making me moan out my lewd pleasure.

“Oh, is that so?..” Ymir sneered down at my defiant face, red and barely containing the pleasure she was inflicting on my body. “What if I sweeten the pot?” She grabbed me by my hip, making me scream out, dragging me to the edge of the bed.

“Ymir!! What are you doing?!” I squeaked in panic, as she pulled my body over the edge of the bed, resulting in my hips hanging off the bed precariously, but my upper half of the body lying on the bed. It took me a second to put two and two together.

“Ymir stop-” I barely had time to gasp before Ymir pulled my legs apart and kissed my dripping lips. I gasped, my upper body already becoming weak. It felt like my arms and back muscles had become jelly, forcing me back onto the bed, as Ymir’s tongue went to work on my body, extracting sweet cries of pleasurable agony from me.

I never liked to admit it, but I knew Ymir loved to give me oral. Every time we were doing it, she would pry my legs open and ask for a mouthful. I was a bit squeamish about it because.. Well, her mouth would be wrapped around my dirty area.

Ymir loved doing it. And she was good at it too. Her expert tongue began to slowly trace around me, licking me in loops, each lick bringing me closer to an orgasm that was never going to come. I shrieked, feeling her long, dextrous tongue slip into me, stirring me up, tasting my insides. My mind was broken by the pleasure, unable to cope as her tongue pulled out of me, tracing once again along my lips. First up, then down, then up again. She bent over and sucked on my clit, and the feeling was electric. It caused me to arch my back, my neck throwing my head back, as the pleasure coursed through me, making me release the highest incoherent scream of pleasure that I had released tonight. It felt amazing. If oral was an Olympic sport, Ymir would probably get a gold medal every time.

“Ymir!!” I screamed, as she continued mercilessly, licking my little slit all over, burying her tongue deeper inside me. I groaned.

“Ready to say it?” Ymir grinned from between my legs, smirking at the dazed look on my face. “Or should I play with you a little more?” she gave my clit a courtesy lick, making me cry out a little bit.
“Ymir, for God's sake!!” I screamed, arched against the bed. “Please!! No more foreplay!!” Ymir smirked, and slowly slid her finger inside me, making me whine and buck against the mattress. Another finger slid inside me and I moaned, shuddering against her toned, strong body. I could feel the hard muscles of her abs, pressing hard against my soft body, making me moan softly. Ymir was overwhelming me with her strength, pinning me against the bed, sandwiching me between her body and the sheets.

Ymir smirked, rubbing her crotch against my thigh, the head of her length gently trailing down my legs. I whimpered a bit, the smooth silk of the sheets rubbing on my back as Ymir planted a kiss on my neck, making me squirm.

“I.. I’m a dirty slut.. “ I gasped out, as Ymir nuzzled her face into my neck. “Mmmm.. Good girl.” Her fingers began to slowly move faster and faster. I let out a whine of pleasure, my hips jerking against her hand, begging her to stop using her fingers and stuff something thicker into me. “You gotta say it faster.” Ymir smirked, enjoying my hesitation. “Or you might just cum from my fingers. I bet you want to cum from my dick instead, right?”

“Please.. Please..” I squeaked. “Stuff..your..cock inside me.. And bang.. Me up!!” Ymir put her face into my neck, sniffing in my scent.

“You smell so good.” Ymir teased, cradling my face with her hand. She leaned in and planted a kiss in my mouth, tasting me with her slippery tongue. “Like strawberries.” I whimpered.

“Stop..please..stop teasing!!” I gasped, as Ymir pulled out her fingers, her hands readjusting around my hips, her thumbs digging into the grooves of my hips, getting a better grip. She carefully positioned her cock’s thick head at the entrance of my pussy. In a few moments, she was going to tear me apart.

“With pleasure, princess.” Ymir sneered, as she grabbed my hips, and slowly pushed herself into me. My eyes were shut tight, as Ymir’s unreasonably huge dick slid deep inside me. I threw my head back, my body pressed against the mattress as I felt Ymir’s cock gently fill me up.

“Oh my god, you are so tight.” Ymir smirked, as I panted, the feeling of her thick cock deep inside me making me shudder and cry out. “It's as if your little pussy is trying to tell me how much you want dick.” My two hands wrapped around Ymir’s neck, pulling us close together as she kissed me, in complete control over my body.

I grinded up against her as she began to slowly violate my mouth with her tongue, all the while inserting her giant cock inside me, making me give out lewd moans of satisfaction. The pain I felt as her flesh tore me apart only served to excite me further, making me buck and scream against her.

“You are going.. Going too rough!!” I cried in her ears, my head pressed against her collarbones, feeling Ymir smash deeper and deeper inside me. “Please!! I'm gonna.. Gonna cum!!” I squeaked, tightening helplessly around her member. Strangely enough, the more foreplay I received, the tighter I became. And right now, after all that teasing, I was so tight, it felt like Ymir was tearing a new hole inside me.

Ymir quickly realised how unnaturally tight I was and began to slow down her thrust, so as to not hurt me. She slowly but firmly pressed her dick into me, running every inch through my tight insides. The sudden change of pace made me groan, my mind’s coping mechanism thrown off tangent. I instinctively coped by biting into her shoulder, making her hiss as my nails raked down her back. In response she slowly pumped herself deep inside me, running against every sensitive spot on my walls. Her thick cock pummeled my insides delicately, slowly stretching me out, filling every nook and cranny of my pussy. I shut my eyes tight as I screamed, the pleasure filling my
core. I was helpless, at Ymir’s mercy. I could only fasten my hands around her neck and hold on to
her, riding the waves of pleasure as she tenderly stuffed my insides with her dick.

“Is this too rough, Krista?” Ymir quickly asked me, the moment I let out a scream. It was amazing
how quickly she could switch from vindictive and harsh to caring and gentle. “You are too tight
today. It’s dangerous.” she muttered, stopping her thrusts so I could catch my breath, my world
spinning. Her cock was still stuffed deep inside me, filling my womb up.

“It’s.. It’s fine, love.” I panted, my chest heaving uncontrollably. The tightness was so
uncomfortable, making each of Ymir’s thrusts more painful than it ought to be. But I liked the pain,
the raw feeling sending tremors through my crotch. “I.. I can manage.”

“Are you sure?–”

“Please.. Continue.” I whimpered, as Ymir looked down at me, her eyes wide with concern. Her
hands were resting lightly on my hips, as if unsure on what to do next. “Just be a little gentler.” I
whispered in her ear, as she began to move her hips again, her hands wrapped around my waist.
Her thrusts were no longer rough and fast and hard. She was going in slow and purposefully,
skewering my insides gently. Although I did enjoy the kind of pain when Ymir was brutally
plowing my insides with her dick, this felt pretty good too.

Ymir’s lips met my neck in a hickey, and I felt my body melt into her’s. My muscles felt like jelly,
as an overwhelming pleasure began to flood my system, with Ymir periodically thrusting her length
deeper and deeper into my tight opening, making me whine in pleasure, my hips working in time
with hers, oscillating against each other. With each thrust Ymir pushed inside me, the pleasure
began to build, making me wince and scramble against my lover, panting desperately.

“Ymir!! Ymir- NGHHH!!” I screamed as Ymir slowly plowed my insides, slowly turning my mind
to a white paste. Each thrust from her seemed to fill my insides, her cock engraving its shape and
gradient into me, rubbing up against my sensitive spots. “Ymir!!” I begged, as she pushed my
harder into the mattress, her body wrapped over mine. Her mouth was on my collarbones, sucking
and licking and teasing my body with her lips.

“Right there!!” I screamed, as her dick hit a particularly sensitive spot deep inside me, rummaging
around my Insides, throwing my head back. Ymir obliged my request, grabbing my hips and
plunging deep inside me, smacking the spot over and over again with pinpoint precision. My eyes
widened in pleasure, as my body tensed up, the feeling of being dominated by my lover sending
chills down my body. “Oh my god, oh my god, ohmygod...Ymir.. Ymir please..please.. I.. I.” I
murmured, my mind unable to function properly under all the stimulation.

Ymir stroked my hips, pulling me closer to her, her one hand on my back, making it easier to
control my body's positioning. In that slightest movement, I felt her length finally penetrate me all
the way, her head hitting my cervix.

“Don't stop, don't stop, just.. AHHNGGH!!” I gasped, my screams and moans incomprehensible.
The orgy of feeling was incredible. Although Ymir was going slow and gentle, the feeling as her
cock smashed against my delicate cervix, making me whimper against Ymir’s firm breasts. The
feeling of her thick length plugging me up, plunging deep into my sensitive insides made me moan
in unbearable pleasure. I could feel my consciousness unravelling with each thrust, as Ymir fucked
me senseless.

“Like that!! Just like that..” a good thrust from Ymir went straight against my cervix, hitting every
soft spot inside me on its way up. My eyes crossed, the feeling of pleasure ripping through my
lower groin indescribable.
Ymir giggled uncharacteristically, and stroked my hair to the side, gently caressing my face as she kissed me. I kissed her back, my tongue and hers doing a careful, sensual dance. With each thrust, Ymir brought both of us closer to our climax.

Ymir’s face looked radiant as she smiled down at me, her cock deep inside me, stirring me up. From the way her dick had grown inside me, I guessed that she was about to hit her climax. I slowed down instinctively, not wanting our pleasure to end at all. Ymir immediately noticed the decrease in speed of my hips, and slowed down in tandem. Her thick cock was now sluggishly pushing and pumping in and out of me, slowly rubbing against all my tender spots, making me groan and sigh into her shoulder. Every sigh from me got higher and higher pitched, as her giant slab of meat brought me closer and closer to the light. “Fuck.. Fuck!! Fuck!! Ymiir!! Fuckfuckfuckfuck!!” I uttered, barely in control of my body and feelings, as Ymir buried herself inside me, moaning as the feeling of my insides wrapped around her length. Our moans were getting louder now, a lewd duet.

Ymir grunted into my ears, her cock harder than ever in my pussy, lazily ramming against my cervix with each of her gentle thrusts. “Krista..” she gasped, stuffing her dick inside me. “Oh my God Krista, you are so amazing.” Ymir moaned, her thrusts slowly speeding up, in recognition of the incoming orgasm. “I love you, Krista.” She murmured into my ears, gently licking along the shell of my ear.

“Say my name!!” I moaned, the pleasure distorting my voice, making it higher than normal. “Say my name!!”

“Krista!!” Ymir growled, as she sped up, quick enough that it made me see white whenever she pushed it in, but slow enough that it didn't make my tightness hurt. “Krista!! Krista-” She gasped, her length stabbing into me, drilling into my twitching womb. She was trying to reign her orgasm in, but failing. I was no better, my head rolling weakly around my neck, every feverous thrust from Ymir shaking my entire body as she fucked me. I could feel her dick twitching deep inside me, desperate to blow its load into its owner's girlfriend. Each thrust from her was slow, but the feeling of her head violating my cervix with every thrust threatened to make me orgasm, blurring my world as it ran me through.

“Ymir!! Oh my god, Ymir!! I love.. you so much!!” I wailed, as my legs instinctively wrapped around her waist, pushing her as deep as she could go into me, holding her tight, so as to allow her to pump her semen as deep as she could inside me. “Ymir!! Don't stop!! Please!!” I cried, moaning my lovers name in my moment of climax.

“Historia!!”

Ymir screamed my name out, as her orgasm burst through her, her swelled up member ripening inside me, spilling her seed into my womb. The feeling of her semen pulsing deep inside me made me dizzy with pleasure, triggering my orgasm. As I thrashed feebly on the bed, my vision reduced to white, I felt my womb instinctively squeeze down harder on Ymir, milking her dry, in an attempt to get as much semen of my lover inside me as possible. The tightened walls only made Ymir groan deeper, prolonging her orgasm as it did mine. She held me tightly in her arms as we both thrashed in unison, the feeling flowing through both of us. I was glad that I was on the pill. This much cum pumped so deep inside me would probably have gotten me pregnant several times over.

As the flood of pleasure overwhelmed us, we held each other tight, moaning. After what seemed like an eternity of sunlight and white silence in a utopia, both of us surfaced, returning to the real world. Ymir looked at me and grinned, patting my head gently. I blushed, nuzzling against her shoulder, trying not to look into her eyes. We were both covered in a sheen of sweat, and were
panting, like we had been sparring. The bed sheets beneath my back were soaked. I would have to change them later. Right now, we were too tired to even talk, both of us keeping silent and communicating through physical touch alone.

We lay like that for a long time, listening to the sound of our hearts beat, the only sound resonating through the room being the dialogue of the drama from the TV, which had been long forgotten, and the sound of our soft pants. After what seemed like forever, but was only a few minutes, Ymir smiled, as she pecked me on the lips and broke the silence.

“I love you, Krista.”
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

First part of a two parter. Been held back recently, so will only continue on December after my finals.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” I murmured to my lover as we slowly walked down the streets. The night was dark, and at this time, who knew which kind of shits walked the dark streets. As if the Titans outside the wall weren't bad enough, there were a bunch of jackasses in the walls called humans who made our lives difficult.

“It's fine.” Krista smiled at me, gently holding my hand. “I want to do it. It'll be safe, I promise.”

I pulled out a cigarette and put it in my mouth, patting my pockets for the lighter. It was a bad habit, and a dangerous one at that. But it was probably less dangerous than what we had planned tonight. I was nervous about our plans with Annie.

I knew what Krista wanted. And I knew Annie. She was a good associate, or friend, for a lack of a better word, of mine. She was also a complete psycho. We were friends, but I still remembered the way she broke an idiot's arm over a small argument, and continued to pummel the screaming moron while he was down, her face wearing her usual emotionless mask. Our platoon drew lots once, and we all agreed that she was most likely to kill her teammates in a desperate situation. Or for fun. She was a complete and utter sadist, and probably got off to mass homicide.

And, against my better judgement, I was going to let Krista get fucked by her. Nice. To make matters worse, I forgot to bring even a match to light the stick. I settled on chewing the cigarette to curb my anxiety. I didn't know what Annie had in store for Krista, but I was going to pull her out if I felt she was going to be threatened in anyway. Friendship be damned, I wasn't letting Krista’s safety be compromised.

I slipped the chewed up cigarette in my pocket, turning and looking at my innocent, blond haired lover. Small and pure, with messy golden locks, she looked like a sheltered princess, or an angel that accidentally fell to earth. She had no idea what she was going to get. In many ways, she was mature. But in any other ways, she was equally naive. She was wearing a smooth, black sundress that ended at her mid thighs, where her long socks began. In my mind, I felt a pang of jealousy that she was dressing up for the occasion, but quickly pushed it away. Krista wanted this, so what the hell.

We walked for less than a minute, before coming to the gates of the military police. The impressive building seemed to tower over all the other buildings nearby, broader and made of smooth cobblestone. We walked up to the security point, where a slender girl with blond hair was chatting with a plump man with a unkempt beard.

Annie looked amazing as usual. Her hair was tied in a sharp ponytail, blond and soft. Her eyes were in sharp contrast to Krista’s blue orbs, featuring a deep grey, like gathering storm clouds.

“Hey, catch up with you later, Leroy.” She smiled, showing off her teeth. I winced a bit. She was still learning how to use facial expressions. She was really overdoing it, doing this to let us in. By
right, we were not meant to be here. I suggested another secure location, but Annie insisted on the Military police headquarters, on accounts that she had all her “good-stuff” here. “My friends I was telling you about are here.”

The security guard smiled dumbly, and opened the gate, letting both of us in. Krista said a word of thanks, smiling at the guard. I kept my sneer of contempt hidden. He was a fucking fool to think that Annie even cared for him. She was a complete and utter sociopath.

“Ymir.” She greeted me politely, smiling a bit, her lips twitching at the edges. Her blonde hair whispered in the wind, as if trying to gauge the situation. We weren't exactly friends. It was complicated.

“Leonheart.” I responded. “You are using facial expressions now. That's an improvement.” I smirked inwardly as her eye twitched. I knew she hated people calling her by her surname. Then she smiled.

“And this must be Krista!!” She smiled smoothly, a small smile, looking at Historia. I twinged a bit inwardly. Dear God, I was not used to seeing her smile. It looked too mechanical, too fake. She was using her smiles to further her own ends, sure, but still. Luckily, Krista was naive enough not to be able to tell. “I'm so glad you wanted me to participate.”

“Uh.. Yes.” Krista quickly tripped over herself, unable to cope with Annie's sudden enthusiasm. “Uh. Thanks, thanks for agreeing as well-”

“Nonsense.” Annie smirked, which looked more natural on her, her eyes cold. Her smirk was really discomforting. To people who weren't used to it, it seemed like a genuine smile. To me, it seemed like a smile that a shark would give before it tore into its prey. “Anything for a friend.”

We began to head into the building, and Annie lead us through the open doors. “Thanks for coming on time, by the way. If I heard one more story from Leroy about his mother, I was going to fucking beat his brains out with a chair.” Annie growled to me, her face back to the normal, emotionless mask, letting out an inkling of the sociopath I knew was hidden behind her facade. Krista looked uncomfortable at Annie's sudden change in tone, siding closer to me.

“So, Krista.” Annie smiled, and I knew that she was aware at how uncomfortable she was making Krista. In fact, she loved using this ploy. It was the easiest trick in a sociopath’s book. Act nice. Then suddenly mean. Then nice again. Extreme acts of brutality and kindness threw a person's judgement and intuition off tangent. Her sudden education on the application of facial emotions only made this technique more effective. “I heard a lot about you.”

“Good stories or bad stories?”

“All stories are good stories. Even the bad ones, if you get my drift.” We walked through a pair of wooden double doors, which gently closed behind us.

“I guess I'll give you a guided tour of the office.” Annie smiled, as we walked down a long hallway, paved with marble. Tall pillars to the side held up the high roof. It looked like that old video game Sasha played. The one with the zombies and a police station and an alphabetical virus. “As you know, this is the military police corporation. The working hours are from 9 to 5.”

“The level two is area for senior management. Basically, where they keep the cool shit. Like knuckle dusters and knives and weapons found at crime scenes.” Annie giggled, smiling at Krista. “Those fat assess also sit in there to play bridge from time to time.”
“We are gonna go to the basement.” Annie smiled once again, at Krista, who blushed, unsure of how to deal with all the attention. I seen it all before. Annie was going to butter her up real good, and then eat her up. “I have a whole room filled with my stuff. We usually use this place as a holding cell. Very soundproof, very secure.” Krista seemed comfortable enough to be walking side by side with Annie, who was now looking at her with a carnivorous look in her eye. And Krista was too naive to notice it. Goddamnit all to hell.

She took out a key, labeled with a number ‘3’ in gold. “In here.” She grinned.

Holy shit.

The whole room was pure white, sterile and clean. Also, it was filled with BDSM equipment, organised in symmetrical columns. The side walls held a rack full of whips and scourges. Some were thin wires, metallic, and other just bore several thick strips of flat leather. In a corner of a room, the St. Peter's cross was propped up against a wall. On the side of a metallic table, several knives were up on display. Next to the knives were blobs of solid metal, pear shaped, each one bigger than the last one.

And in the center was a flat concentric circle, drawn out on the floor. Annie's smirked as she nudged the blushing Krista forward. “See anything you like?”

“Why are there knives?” I asked, walking over to the shelf and picking up the metal pear bob in my hand, weighing it. It was pretty heavy. My guess was solid steel.

“Oh, those are ornaments. Also, for knife play.” Annie smirked, taking off her jacket and tossing it onto a coat hook. She was wearing a grey military shirt, that clung on to her, showing off her toned arms. She walked over and took Krista’s jacket too, exposing Krista’s bare arms. “We can use those if you want.”

“Nope.” I growled, firmly looking at Annie in the eye. She smirked back, her steely gaze never falling away from my own. “Anything too dangerous is a no go.” Annie's eyes grew cold for a few seconds, then on noticing Krista was staring, quickly warmed up, smirking once again.

“Does your boyfriend know about this threesome?” I asked, casually turning away from Annie and looking at a metal, ‘U’ shaped device linked to a power cell. The U was asymmetrical, with one side being more slanted and longer than the other shorter side. She stiffened up slightly. So slightly, that only I noticed.

“Nope.” Annie finally said, as she pulled her shirt off her head. She was wearing a simple white bra. Below her bra, several packs of muscles were obvious. Her abdominals were pretty sick, popping out even from where I was standing. “Armin is hanging with Eren and Mik tonight. And let’s just say, what he doesn't know, can’t hurt him.”

“You don't think that's cheating?” Krista asked from behind Annie, who redirected her attention from me, to the small blond girl.

“Well,” Annie smirked, as she walked over to Krista, gently pulling her dress straps to the side so the dress fell to her feet-

“It's kind of like having fun to me.” Annie whispered into her ear, looking at the now suddenly underdressed Krista. “To me, it's just sex. Plain and simple. I don't have any feelings for you like I do for Armin, so it's not a betrayal, in a sense.” Krista blushed and quickly took a step back, as Annie’s eyes began to slowly trail down her, drinking in the beautiful, pale flesh of Krista’s body. “But believe me,” Annie whispered, no longer smiling, her hands began to stroke up Krista’s navel,
to her stomach. Krista whimpered. “I'm going to fuck you as hard as I fuck him.”

I felt my trousers tent a bit, as little Ymir twitched and grew. In a few moments, it might not be so little. Krista was wearing a raunchy kind of lingerie today, which was black and overdone. Short in the long areas and long in the short areas. And lacy. At this point, she was just asking for it already.

“I can't believe you let your girl do this, Ymir.” Annie called, as she began to stroke down Krista’s red face, sucking at the crook where her shoulder and neck met. Krista’s shrieked a bit, surprised. Annie pressed the assault, pushing Krista against the wall, sandwiching her in between her toned body and the hard concrete.

“Well, she wanted to do a threesome. And also some BDSM stuff.” I responded nonchalantly, trying to calm myself down. I was pretty sure Annie wouldn't try anything too dangerous. I was fine with sharing Krista’s with another idiot. I just didn't trust most idiots. Especially a dangerous one with a past history of violent tendencies “So I called you up about this.”

Annie smirked, nuzzling Krista’s neck, causing Krista to give out a lewd mewl. “Don't just stand there stiff and whatnot. You joining our fun?” Annie's hands slowly peeled off Krista’s bra, showing off her small boobs. She was an A, at best. And Annie was a C. Even constrained in a bra, her bigger breasts seemed to overwhelm the competition, swallowing up Krista’s tiny bee stings. My dick swelled up at the sight of it.

“You know, what the fuck.” I sighed, casually taking off my shirt, throwing it on a nearby rack. “I'm done.” I peeled off my khaki cargo pants, throwing them to the side. My dick popped out, free of the canvas confines. I casually gave it a few strokes, walking over to the wall at the side of the room. “You two play with each other for a while. I'll get some toys I think are safe. And play nice.” I glared at Annie, who smirked.

“Open your mouth.” Annie's whispered to Krista out of the corner of my eye. I pretended to turn away, looking at a section of the walls that held chains and restraints. Krista willingly opened her mouth, her blue eyes wide and innocent. Annie pinned her down, and began to put her tongue in the smaller girl's mouth, playing with her tongue. Annie's hands slowly trailed down Krista’s body, slowly stroking her back, molding her ass. Krista was desperately gasping for air as Annie broke the kiss, tracing her lips along the submissive girl’s soft neck.

My dick twitched uncontrollably, beads of precum already leaking from the tip. I wanted to fuck Krista so bad. And Annie knew it. She was teasing her now, making Krista release little sweet gasps as she trailed her fingers down Krista’s stomach, and into her-

Krista gave a low moan, her body curling, as Annie's slender fingers began to stroke her crotch. I felt my dick twitch, becoming hard all the way to the tip, engorged with blood. The concept of Krista being spread out by another person and violated was turning me on more than it should. I quickly turned away from them, looking at another part of the wall, trying to hide my burning erection. I kept them in sight, out of the corner of my eye though. Partially to keep Krista safe. And partially because it was turning me on.

The desperate sounds Krista was making was making my dick tremble, already rock hard and wanting to smash its shape into its owner's lover. As Annie sucked her collarbone, Krista literally screamed. Annie and I were tops. I enjoyed servicing Krista and making her scream uncontrollably. Annie was into something else altogether. Still, she was very good at what she did. I didn't know what Armin was into, but judging from the way Krista was panting and squealing, I could tell that he was probably enjoying his sex-life.
“Annie!!” Krista squeaked, as Annie smirked at her, her grey eyes cold and predatory. “Your fingers!! They- they are amazing!!” Annie rewarded Krista by planting a long kiss on her mouth, pushing her against the wall, pinning her arms above her head with her free hand. Oh my god, Krista looked so unbelievably hot right now. She was such an amazing bottom. My dick twitched impatiently, and I resisted the urge to stroke it, knowing that Annie was watching me. I couldn't let her know that the whole procedure was turning me on more than it should.

Annie slowly began to pry of Krista’s lacy panties, leaving her fully naked, aside for the high socks that ended at her mid thighs. The black satin was stained with her fluids, a lewd puddle of liquids trailing gently from her crotch to the silk. Krista tensed up. I pretended to take a sudden interest in a plain whip.

Annie's fingers were now in plain sight for all to see, deep inside Krista, up to the knuckles, slowly and sensually stirring Krista up. Annie was purposefully angling Krista’s body to me to give me a better view of how she was playing with my girl. Her two fingers were running in and out of Krista, making her cry out as they periodically impaled her. I trained myself to be ambidextrous, but Annie's fingerwork was something else altogether. Her thumb traced across Krista’s swollen clit, making her jerk and scream in ecstasy. Annie casually looked at me from the corner of her eyes, and smirked.

“I'm fucking your girl. What are you gonna do about it?’ her eyes said.

That was it. I growled inwardly, disgruntled and horny, as I walked towards the two of them. “You done standing around, Ymir?” Annie pulled her fingers out of Krista’s pussy, making the blonde bottom whine in protest. “Tired of watching?” Annie taunted, looking at my swollen member.

“I have no idea what you are talking about.” I decided, keeping a cool face as my dick poked up into the air. I took out the U shaped metal branch I saw just now and passed it to Annie. “I want to see how this works.” I admitted.

Annie looked at me, her eyebrow raised. “Right. If you don't have any more special requests, I think we can begin.” She walked over to a small box and carried it over to the circle, gesturing for Krista to come over. Inside the box was full off paraphernalia I didn't recognize. I could make out the handcuffs, and... a candle? There was a small cage that looked like it was joined to a belt.

“I want both of you to put this on.” Annie grinned, taking out two pairs of blindfolds. She passed one to Krista, who immediately obeyed, putting the black cloth around her eyes. I looked at the cloth, uncertain.

“I think I'll go without it.” I murmured, not trusting Annie completely.

“Suit yourself.” Annie smirked, turning her attention back to the blindfolded Krista. “Get on your knees.” Annie ordered the submissive, who obediently, putting the black cloth around her eyes. I looked at the cloth, uncertain.

“I think I'll go without it.” I mumbled, not trusting Annie completely.

“Suit yourself.” Annie smirked, turning her attention back to the blindfolded Krista. “Get on your knees.” Annie ordered the submissive, who obediently, kneeling on the concrete floor.

“You have her well trained.” Annie looked at me. With Krista blindfolded, her face immediately became the emotionless mask I knew. There was no need for any more pretense in present company. “I'm impressed.” I winced. “You were always the more softer of the two of us.” Annie continued, slowly taking out a brown, leather riding crop from the table nearby. We were conducting this whole game without a safe word, so I had to check and make sure Annie wasn't going to force anything dangerous.

“Don't worry about this. The edge is blunted. It will sting a bit, at most.” She took off her panties, letting it fall to her ankles. Her dick poked out. It was shorter than mine, but thicker. A lot thicker. I winced again.
Annie looked down at Krista. “Listen up, you little slut.” She whispered, gently trailing the brown crop down Krista’s shoulder, down her chest, giving her small breasts a little smack with the flap. Krista gasped, thick liquid already dripping down her legs and pooling on the floor underneath her. “We are gonna play a game. It’s called, complete silence.” Her riding crop began to slowly stroke across Krista’s face, tenderly. The crop was blunted, but I was pretty sure that it could leave a nasty gash if Annie really went full out.

“Ymir and I are going to have our way with you.” Annie continued, twirling the riding crop casually in her hand, the meter long tool spinning smoothly through the air. She walked past the blindfolded, kneeling Krista, who gasped a bit and tensed up at the feeling of the crop tracing along her back.

“And you are going to take it in complete silence like the little pain whore you are.” Annie began to move the flap along Krista’s smooth navel, stroking her belly button. “Make a sound, fail to obey an order fast enough, and I'll give you three strokes.” Annie walked in front of Krista, slowly tilting her head upwards with the crop. “Is that clear?”

“Yes.” Krista murmured.

Annie’s riding crop immediately came down twice on Krista’s breasts, one smack on each nipple, making her cry out in pain. “Next time you address me, you will say ‘mistrress’, is that clear?” Krista’s small breasts were turning a gentle shade of red. “I'm going lenient on you. Every time Armin forgets, five strokes.” Annie continued, trailing the riding crop down Krista’s back. Krista’s breasts were still red, but she was panting, her crotch wet and leaking with excitement, pooling around her thighs.

“Yes, Mistress.” She panted, and I could tell from the way her voice broke, that she was extremely turned on by the whole procedure. I, on the other hand, was still low key disturbed about what Annie implied about Armin. I knew that guy was effeminate, but still.

“Good.” Annie growled, her eyes colder and wider than ever. Her crop began to trail across the smaller girl’s crotch, caressing her inner thighs. Krista bit her lips, trying to keep silent. Annie took out the rectangular cage attached to the leather straps from the box.

“Open your mouth.”

Carefully adjusting the belt and tightening it around Krista’s head, she fit the small metal restraints around Krista’s lips, forcing her mouth open. When Annie was done, Krista couldn’t say a word, her mouth held wide open by the metal rectangle. A little trail of spit dribbled down her chin, making her mouth look so wet and open and inviting.

“You are going to service the both of us with your mouth. Ymir, get over here.” I quickly obeyed, walking over to Annie.

Annie guided Krista hands to each of our dicks. “Good girl. Now service us.” Annie growled, one hand idly twirling the crop, the other hand slowly running through the blonde hair of the kneeling girl. Krista bit her lips, trying to keep silent. Annie took out the rectangular cage attached to the leather straps from the box.

“Open your mouth.”

Carefully adjusting the belt and tightening it around Krista’s head, she fit the small metal restraints around Krista’s lips, forcing her mouth open. When Annie was done, Krista couldn’t say a word, her mouth held wide open by the metal rectangle. A little trail of spit dribbled down her chin, making her mouth look so wet and open and inviting.

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Annie guided Krista hands to each of our dicks. “Good girl. Now service us.” Annie growled, one hand idly twirling the crop, the other hand slowly running through the blonde hair of the kneeling girl. Krista began to work our shafts, slowly pumping her hand up and down, stroking the engorged phallus.

She was blindfolded, so she had no idea whose dick was in which hand. Instinctively, though, she began to lick the longer, thinner dick, her tongue twirling around my head, licking below the glans. I groaned softly as she took my engorged head in her mouth, sucking it as she pumped. My tip was enveloped in her warm, moist throat, the insides of her cheeks soft and welcoming. I shuddered, not use to the pleasure. She slid her mouth over the length, taking in as much as she could down her
throat, slobbering over my shaft. As her soft mouth wrapped around me, I felt my tip hit the back of her mouth, making her gag. I let out a low moan, stroking Krista’s blond, silky hair. “Oh God, Krista..” I murmured, the soft warm mouth of my girlfriend wrapped tight around my dick.

“That's all it takes to make you moan?” Annie trailed her riding crop over Krista’s shoulders, enjoying the sensations of Krista’s firm grasp around her thick dick, pumping away at the veiny shaft. “Pathetic.” Annie whispered, a tone of mockery behind it. “Shut up.” I retorted. “It's not my fault that Krista is better than Armin at sucking cock.”

In a way, she was right. I was not used to getting serviced and holding my pleasure. Usually, I was the one on top of Krista, playing with her and making her moan.

Annie hissed, her lips curling into a smile for the first time in a while. “Let's find out.” She peeled Krista’s head of my dick, tugging at the blonde girl's hair, leaving a trail of saliva lewdly hanging from the tip. Almost immediately, Krista’s hand wrapped around my lubricated cock and began to pump once again. “And by the way, this is how you should face-fuck your bottom.”

Annie didn't wait for Krista to get accommodated with the girth of her cock, instead forcing it straight into Krista’s mouth with the size of it, pushing it down her throat. Krista made a whimpering sound, and Annie grabbed her head, forcing Krista to continue bobbing up and down on her thick shaft. I could tell that Krista was enjoying it, as she let Annie manhandle her head, not even struggling as Annie's forced more of her cock down Krista’s throat. Krista happily slurped and sucked Annie's dick messily, taking the slab of flesh that was violently pummelling the back of her throat.

“That was a sound, by the way.” Annie hissed, controlling Krista’s head to go up and down on her shaft at periodic intervals. “Three strokes. Ymir, do the honors.” She extended to me the riding crop.

While I had slapped Krista on the ass during sex as a stimulant, and knew she liked it, I was a bit wary about how to use the riding crop. It seemed long and unwieldy, and on top of that, I didn't want to accidentally hurt Krista by using too much force.

Annie saw my uncertainty, and sighed. “Fine, you wimp. Let me.”

She curved her hand and smacked Krista on the ass with the crop, all the while making Krista bob her head along her long cock. A loud crack filled the room and Krista gave a moan that was drowned out as Annie stuck her dick down Krista’s throat, enjoying the vibration playing with her head. The crop came down twice more on Krista’s pale tushy, leaving two more marks that were a shade of pink. Krista shuddered, and made a soft, low noise at the back of her throat. Looking at the floor below her, which was drenched with a puddle of translucent liquid, it looked like she managed to have a small orgasm from getting smacked by the crop. Annie noticed it and frowned, eyes narrowed as she grabbed Krista’s hair and began to really go at it, forcing her thick cock down Krista’s throat.

“Wow. You just came from getting smacked, didn't you?” She taunted, smashing her length deeper and deeper into Krista’s mouth, enjoying the soft smooth insides, wet and runny with thick saliva. “You are such a pain slut.” Krista seemed to be thriving on such insults, now vigorously pumping her head up and down, slobbering over Annie's meat. I gasped as my dick twitched in Krista hand. I couldn't believe I was getting turned on by Annie abusing my girlfriend. My dick twitched again, as Krista began to speed up her hands, increasing the tempo of her motion, squeezing my trunk.

“Krista!!” I gasped, as her hand began to furiously milk my cock. Annie was taking her sweet time, fucking Krista’s face in, shoving her thick cock into Krista’s mouth, overwhelming the girl by
sheer size. “I think.. I think.. I'm gonna cum!!” I hissed. I grabbed her hair, and tugged her head off Annie's dick, making Annie give out a hiss of surprise. “Hey!! I was still-”

“Keep it in your mouth. Don't swallow or spit.” I ordered, barely in control of my urges. After all, Krista was here to get dominated and fucked. I grabbed her head and forced my dick as deep as it could down her throat, making her gag. I grimaced in pleasure as the warm feeling of her little mouth enveloped my cock once more. More liquids began to pool on the floor below Krista’s legs, leaking from her wet cunt. “Lewd girls like you should love the taste of semen.” I completely ignored Annie, who had stopped scowling and was observing us with curiosity.

I held her head still as I felt my orgasm wash over me. At its peak, I grabbed her head and pushed it down, pumping my essence deep into her mouth. Her mouth overflowed with liquid, as a mixture of our body fluids dribbled down her mouth, her small mouth unable to hold the volume of it.

When it was all over, I pulled out of her mouth, making Krista gag as a fresh wave of air entered her body. I looked over my handiwork. Krista was panting, trails of semen and saliva trailing down her red face. However, she did as she was ordered, keeping the semen in her mouth. Annie was watching us with an interested look on her face, wondering where this was going, casually rubbing her dick, which was swollen and red.

“Good girl.” I smirked. “Now, swirl it in your mouth. I want your to enjoy the taste of your mistress’s semen, slut.” Krista obeyed the decadent request immediately, moving her tongue through the mush in her mouth, swirling the mixture in her mouth, tasting the full flavour of my seed. “Don't you dare spill any.”

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Annie begin to stroke her shaft faster, aroused at such a lewd sight. She had a maniacal grin on her face, her eyes narrowed in diabolical thoughts. I decided to tease Annie a little more, give her a better show.

Pushing Krista over onto her back, I began to tongue kiss her, pushing my tongue into her mouth, letting the thick fluids run down our faces. I could taste myself in her mouth, the bitter-sweet tang, like a herbal tea. Krista moaned, gurgling as I plugged her mouth up with my lips, licking and probing her soft insides. “Drink my spit, Krista.” I growled, and pinned her down as she opened her mouth wide, letting me trail my saliva into her mouth, mixing with the fluids. I heard Annie gasp from behind me, and I guessed that she was gonna cum soon.

“Hey, whore.” I grunted in Krista’s ears, lowering my voice, knowing the deep pitch turned her on. “You forgot one more dick. Suck Annie off, then I'll allow you to swallow.” Krista hastened to obey, and Annie helped by grabbing Krista’s head and skewering her open mouth with her dick. The reinsertion of such a large object into her mouth caused Krista to fumble, the lewd mixture pouring down her mouth, down her chin, splattering on her breasts.

“I said,” I snarled, walking over to the side of the room and picking up the small pear blob I was looking at just now. “Don't spill anything, you filthy girl.” I was giving Krista an impossible task to do, but at this stage, I had already shed off my self restraint, enjoying the punishment that I was going to inflict on the small girl. I put the blob in my mouth, pooling my saliva around it, feeling the cold metal on my tongue, lubricating the plug. Walking over to Krista, I unceremoniously spreaded her ass cheeks with one hand, and in one fluid motion, shoved the plug up her asshole.

Krista gave a loud scream of pleasure, muted by Annie's huge dick in her throat, as the foreign object slid into her ass, stimulating the nerve endings in the ring of muscles. The pain she must have felt was excruciating, and only served to turn her on even more.

“Didn't we tell you to shut up?!” I growled, bringing my hand up and cupping her twitching, wet
pussy. “You can't even follow the simplest of instructions, can you?” I slid two fingers inside her, her pussy already soft and wet, arousal spilling on the floor. “Maybe you want to be punished, is that it?” I immediately brought my hand down on Krista pale ass, smacking it hard. Krista gave another lewd scream of pleasure, positively jerking and thrashing now. Annie worked in synergy with me, thrusting deep into Krista’s mouth as I spanked her cute little ass, turning in a shade of pink. As I smacked, I began to pump my fingers deeper and deeper into her, making her scream out incoherently. A quick dash of my thumb in her clt made her give out a lewd squeal, her body shaking from the pleasure running through her.

Krista and I had different moments. Sometimes, we liked to have slow, drawn out love making. I would take my time and slowly stimulate her to the point where she would break down and cum. And sometimes we liked to fuck. I would pull her hair, talk dirty, and spank her. We'd just take it hard and fast and wild.

Now was a time to fuck.

“MMMMM!!” Her walls were really squeezing down in my fingers now, indicating that she was gonna cum soon. I obliged, speeding up my fingers, stirring up her tight insides. My thumb began to trace circles around her clt, casually making her scream out. “Really love to scream, don't you, you whore?” My hand mercilessly came down on her ass again, smacking it harder. Krista gave a high pitched moan, her insides flexing uncontrollably. Above me, Annie was face-fucking Krista at a rapid pace, sending dribbles of saliva and semen running down her face as Krista tried in vain to contain her thick length.

“HNNGH!!-” Annie released a loud grunt of pleasure as she released her load into Krista’s tiny mouth, a look of malicious ecstasy on her face as she flooded the girl's mouth. Krista gagged on the sheer volume pumped into her mouth, which was causing what looked like a small water fountain to dribble down her chin. Annie tilted her head back, removing the cage holding her mouth open.

“Drink.” She ordered.

Krista obeyed immediately, drinking the cocktail of our semen and saliva, her face red and embarrassed. Somewhere deep inside her, I knew she was getting off from being abused. Her insides were now twitching around my fingers, flexing as I pumped deeper and deeper into her, rubbing against a bump on the side of her wall that caused her to scream out.

“Ymir!!” She screamed, no longer able to follow the rule of being silent anymore. The stimulation was too strong, and it pushed her over the edge. Krista moaned, her voice low and desperate as I spanked her, all the while using my two fingers to stir her up. Her hands, no longer around Annie's dick, had begun to scramble on the floor, clutching whatever she could to stay completely sane.

“Ymir!! I-it feels.. So good!!” She wailed, as I began to insert a third finger into her.

Krista made a gasping sound as she scrambled wildly, twitching against my body. I brushed her clt, abusing it with my thumb. This small motion caused Krista to go crazy, screaming as I began to lay tender kisses down her neck and shoulders, just how she liked it. The blindfold seemed to have increased the sensations on her skin, making her moan and scream louder than usual. All the better for me.

Annie joined in, kneeling in front of Krista and kissing her full on, probing her interior with her tongue. I could feel her walls violently flexing, as she moaned and squealed. In a few moments, the stimulation was gonna make her come. Her breathing was becoming ragged already. Another kiss to Krista’s neck, which ended off with me sucking hard on the tender flesh made her lose her mind. Krista writhed and screamed into Annie's mouth, as ripples of pleasure ran over her body. Annie happily began to kiss Krista harder, sucking her tongue, their mouths locked in a passionate
“Ymir!!” Krista screamed my name, as I began to nibble her ears, knowing how sensitive they were. “Ymir!! Pl-please!!” Krista moaned desperately, as Annie changed her target, taking Krista’s small breasts into her mouth, licking her small, lewd nubs. “AHH!! Right there!!” Krista panted. “Yes. Yes.. Yes!! YES!!! MNGHHH!! AH-” I began to pump my fingers harder and harder, enjoying the way Krista’s beautiful, petite body tensed up, signalling an approaching orgasm. Her hips were gyrating wildly on my fingers, as her walls clenched around my fingers.

I quickly grabbed the butt plug and sensually yanked it out, ensuring the metal bob rubbed against every sensitive inch of muscle in Krista’s ass. The stimulation was too much for Krista, who screamed, her voice hitting a high note as she orgasmed violently, spraying her fluids all over the floor. I knew Krista could ejaculate, but I never really saw how much really flowed out of her, since the bed sheets tend to soak it up. On a concrete floor, however, I could see every drip of my girlfriend’s arousal spray out. Krista thrashed as she came, jerking and whimpering. Annie laughed, amazed and aroused at the sight of such an uncontrolled and excruciating orgasm.

After it was all over, Krista’s body relaxed, as her breathing became heavy but stabilised. She was panting from her mouth, and I could tell that we had overstimulated her. Quickly removing the blindfold, I saw that she had passed out from the intense pleasure, her eyes half open, dazed and unseeing.

“Well, she's unconscious.” Annie noted, her face back to the usual emotionless state. “Will she be ok?”

“She'll be fine.” I smirked. “Not the first time this happened.” I casually stroked the unconscious blond girl's hair to the side. “You want to get her ready for round two?” I looked at the box at our side, filled with toys.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Well, that took longer than expected. Exams and stuff. Cheers.

/_\ . 0.) */

“Ah.. Ah. AHH!!...Ymir!!”

I gave out a lewd moan of pleasure as Ymir smirked. In response, Ymir slowly began to plant soft kisses down my neck. My body was tensed up, pleasure coursing through every square inch of me. Ymir moved down my body, kissing my collarbones. Her tongue began to slowly trace the edge of my collarbones, along the flat horizontal part of the bone.

I just woke up five minutes back, lying on this bed. From what I remembered, Ymir and Annie had played with me and overstimulated me to the point where I had blacked out. When I woke up, I was on my back, still naked, with Ymir looking over me. I had blacked out for only a minute or so, just enough time for them to bring me to the joint room.

Ymir had hardly wasted any time afterwards, offering me a drink of water, which I took, before tying my hands to a cable connected to a ring on the side of a wall. All I could do was wriggle my toes and fingers, as she began to torment me again, slowly submerging my body into a pool of sensual pleasure.

“Ymir.. Oh my God. Mmmh..yes.” I moaned. Fuck, this felt amazing. She had buried her two fingers up to their knuckles inside of me, casually pumping away at my entrance.

I let out a low gasp as Ymir grazed my soft neck with her teeth, nibbling it. The feeling of her hard bones slowly grazing my most vulnerable spot turned me on, making my insides fill up with lewd liquids. My walls were tightening, desperate to get over the foreplay. Ymir was teasing me, knowing I was desperate for her. I writhed and moaned under her lips, as they traced down my chest, licking around my soft, sensitive navel. I felt my hips jerk and rub against Ymir's thigh, trying to find friction, some form of release from all the blissful torture.

“Where- where's An-annie?” I gasped, as Ymir began to tease my stomach, kissing my soft abs. Her soft tongue began to swish and trace along the line that connected my belly button and my sternum, making me release a soft moan of desperate need. I needed Ymir so bad. I wanted her to stop the teasing, and eat me up. “Oh.. Oh my God. Ohh.. Ymir-”

“She went out to get some preparations ready.” Ymir hummed happily, her lips locked around my stomach, slowly tracing lower. I gasped as her lips slowly met my hips, sucking the bone gently. I let out another lewd mewl, as Ymir kissed my inner thighs, licking me, tempting me. “But that leaves enough time for us to play.” She smirked, and I knew that whatever she was about to do would be pleasurable and excruciating. She slowly pulled out her fingers from my warmth, making me mewl in protest.

Ymir put the two fingers in her mouth, slowly running her tongue over each of them. “You've been a naughty little girl, haven't you Krista?” She smirked, pulling her fingers out her lips. A lewd strand of saliva dripped, linked to her fingers. I looked at her, unsure and wary about where this
whole event was going.

“Answer me.” The dark haired girl whispered, blowing her warm breath into my gentle grid of an ear. Her slender fingers slowly edged towards my thighs, running up and down the pale skin, leaving small trails of liquid in its wake.

“I don't know what you-” I gasped, and Ymir leaned over me, her eyes bearing a predatory look. Forcing her tongue into my mouth, I felt her dextrous muscle push its way past my lips, tasting me. I gasped as I felt Ymir’s thick saliva trickle into my throat, the bitterish sweet taste filling my mouth.

“You just seemed to enjoy fucking Annie.” Ymir grinned, as she leaned back, breaking the kiss. I gasped, air flooding my lungs. I was panting, my head spinning as the faint aftertaste of Ymir’s saliva ran in my mouth. Her two fingers were still deep inside me, giving me a feeling of being unbelievably full. It was as if I was drunk, my world blurring and becoming unsteady. “I felt so hurt.” She pulled her digits out, making me gasp, as her hands slowly laid to rest on my thighs, gently spreading them apart. She didn't mean a word she said though. She was just setting the scene.

“I'm.. I'm so sorry.” I giggled, playing along with her, as her hands began prying me open. I blushed a little, as she inspected my wet pink slit. I purposely shaved for occasions like these. I knew she liked it when it was clean. “Whatever can I do to make up for it?” I added a little too much sarcasm in there, earning me a smirk from my lover.

“Moan as loud as you can.”

I didn't have to try very hard to, as I felt Ymir’s medal-winning tongue slowly slide into me. The feeling of her pink muscle, soft yet hard spreading my sensitive entrance was too much for me to contain. I gasped, my hips thrusting wantonly in the air, Ymir’s hands wrapped tightly over them, preventing them from moving in her vice like grip. My hands when on her head, my fingers running through her hair, tugging it gently as she ate me out.

“Mmm. You taste amazing.” Ymir smirked, her tongue slowly probing my insides, just how I liked it. A few deft licks and wipes, and I felt my entire body burn, melting into her mouth. Her tongue slowly began to tease my clit, tracing up and down along it.

“Ymir!! Please!! Please!!” I whimpered, as she lifted my hips, allowing a better angle to eat me out. Her tongue slipped deeper and deeper into me. Her lips began to softly stroke my lower lips, planting soft kisses on the folds of my opening. The feeling almost made me cry, the crippling pleasure reducing me to a broken doll on the bed. I was incapable of anything more than whimpering and twitching, my eyes tightly shut, as my dom put her tongue deeper and deeper inside me, intent on hearing my undignified cries of pleasure. In a few seconds, I was nothing but a flesh puppet, quivering and moaning as the jolts of pleasure broke me.

“AHH-AH!!”

Ymir was overwhelming, her straightforward licks on the most sensitive part of my body a forceful assertion of her ownership. I was writhing under her, gasping and crying as pleasure flooded my system, and I knew she was enjoying it as well. She got a psychological kick from doing this, knowing that only she could make me feel this good. The way her tongue traced along my clit was a reminder that nobody else could fuck me like she did.

“There we go.” Ymir murmured, pulling out her tongue and looking down at my shivering form, admiring her handiwork. My vision cleared up after a few seconds. “I hope you haven't came yet
though. I still have this.”

“What’s.. What’s that.” Ymir held up a small metal band. It was a U shape, with one end longer, thicker and steeper than the other side.

“I have no idea.” Ymir admitted, looking at it. “But Annie explained how it works, so I have an inkling on how it operates.” She put the long end to her mouth, and dribbled all over it, leaving a thick sheen of saliva. I unconsciously gulped. The way she did it made my body hot and bothered.

“Tell me if this hurts, okay?” Ymir ordered me, and I nodded in response. She slowly slid the lubricated shaft inside me. The feeling of cold metal on my hot insides made me gasp and whimper involuntarily, and Ymir smirked at my response. She enjoyed watching me as I indulged in lewd experiences, watching every expression of orgasmic pleasure I responded with.

Ymir grinned. “Now, squat position.” she ordered me. I hastened to obey, quickly rearranging my position from lying down to an awkward squat, the ring on the wall making me bend my arms in order to maintain the position. My legs were trembling, uncomfortable regarding the foreign position. Not being the a most athletic of people, I was unused to holding this position. “Every time your ass touches the floor, I'll increase the power.”

Everyone in camp thought I was a quiet, well behaved, pretty blonde angel. Only Ymir and possibly Sasha knew that I enjoyed getting fucked in the nastiest of ways every alternate night.

“Yes.. Yes mistress.” I whispered, as Ymir leaned in and kissed me gently.

“It went all the way in.” Ymir noted, as she slid the long shaft inside me, pressing the slippery metal deep against my womb. I shut my eyes, gasping for breath. My whole body was going hot, pulsing uncomfortably as my cervix tried to comprehend the foreign object that Ymir was pressing against it. My legs felt like jelly, unable to hold my body in the position.

“Ymir..” I released a moan, as my lover patted my head. “I. It's.. It's so deep.” I whispered, my body twitching and dripping arousal. Ymir grinned and playfully moved the U, jamming it sharply upwards, making it suddenly hit against my cervix. I gasped, an uncontrollable bolt of pleasure shooting through my insides.

“MMM!!” I screamed, my eyes tearing up, my body convulsing and tense. The feeling of something that hard prodding against my deep spot made me have a mini-orgasm. The painful pleasure caused me to lose my mind for a few seconds. Looking up at Ymir’s smirking face, I blushed, aware that she had seen everything.

“You are so adorable, Krista.” Ymir slowly began to caress my back with her free hand, making me groan helplessly. Her other hand adjusted the device, so that the shorter end of the U was on my clit, it's two prongs pressing my clit in between them.

“You are so mean!!” I panted, my breath ragged, looking away from my smirking girlfriend. Ymir continued smiling, as she took out a small rectangular box. A remote controller.

“I'm about to get much more mean.” Ymir grinned, as she flipped the switch. The device buzzed to live, vibrating gently against me. I let out a scream of pleasure, as the sudden stimulation of my clit made me go insane, causing me to throw my body helplessly against the ground. The feeling of the hard, controlling shaft inside me, vibrating in synchrony with the two prongs pinning my clit was pure ecstasy. I bit my lips, controlling myself. I enjoyed getting humiliated during intercourse, but that didn't mean I liked showing how much I enjoyed it. At least, not until Ymir was deep inside me. It took all my self control to not beg and scream in pleasure, with the metal band vibrating
mercilessly against my clit.

Ymir giggled. “Let it out, Krista.” Her hand began to trace along my navel, along my thighs, as she leaned over me and began to kiss me. I let out a low moan, my brows furrowed, on the verge of crying. “Your face is so red. But it's good to see you've been doing the pleasure exercises I've told you about.” I tried to ignore her soft, seductive voice, arching my back and tightening my walls—trying to reduce the pleasure coursing through my crotch. My world pulsed shades of white, as my peripheral vision blurred. My whole body felt disconnected from my mind, the sheer pleasure I felt making my hips tremble, my limbs supporting my body shaking helplessly.

“You are doing well—” Ymir smirked, leaning in and kissing me with her tongue, her lips slowly tracing down my neck when she was done. I let out a high pitched cry of pleasure, as I felt her lips nibble on my collarbones. “Ymir, fuck!!” I screamed. “Fuuuck!! Fuck!!” my eyes watered, as my neck involuntarily threw my head back, pressing it against the concrete wall in an attempt to cope.

Ymir continued on mercilessly, humming happily to herself, her lips pressed into the crook of my neck, her fingers slowly tracing along my chest, stroking my nipples. My entire body was trembling, resonating violently as Ymir began to trail her tongue down my chest, licking my navel, her lips softly moving on my pale stomach. I felt the strength leave me legs—

I gasped as I fell on my bum, my legs giving way under me. “Well, I guess that warrants an increase in power.” Ymir giggled, gently sliding behind me, untying my hands and pushing me over on the floor. I gasped as I felt the cold concrete on my bare skin.

“Wait!!” I squeaked, desperate. The metal U was already causing me to jerked and whimper at its lowest setting. Any higher and I would probably black out again. “Please give me another chance!! I don't wanna—”

Ymir flicked the switch, smirking. “Rules are rules, Krista.” The effect was immediate. The entire metal shaft began to vibrate vigorously against my groin, making me scream. My eyes began to cross, as I felt the vibrator buzz through my insides, ripping my mind to shreds. The feeling off my clit being pinned against two hard vibrating prongs, combined with the shaft wedged deep inside my pussy overwhelmed me, sending streaks of white hot pleasure coursing through me.

“Oh my god!!” I gasped helplessly, like a fish out of water, desperately trying to cap the pleasure flowing through my loins. I felt my entire entrance become wet and lubricated, my arousal pouring down my thighs. “Ymiir!! Fuck!! Please!! I... I can't handle it anymore!! Gonna cum!!”

Almost immediately, in response, Ymir flipped the switch, cutting my orgasm short as the shaft stopped vibrating inside me. “Ymir, you tease!!” I protested, as my lover smirked down at me. “You have no idea how frustrating that was!!” I pouted, my breath still a bit heavy from the exertion.

“While it would be fun,” Ymir leaned in and gently kissed me, pulling me into a hug. “Annie is impatient, and can't wait a mother fifteen minutes for you to wake up again.”

“I was unconscious for fifteen minutes?” I squeaked, as Ymir hugged me tighter, smiling. “What the hell, Ymir.” I pouted, more for show that anything else. It was hard to get angry after mind-blowing orgasms.

“Ah, it was only about ten minutes.” Ymir grinned, and we snuggled against each other. “Annie hates waiting, that's all. Standard sociopathic behaviour.”

“Did you do anything funny to me when I was asleep?” I asked, the thought suddenly hitting me.
Not that I minded or anything. Actually, the idea seemed quite hot to me, in my opinion. “Like, you know. Anything nasty.” I tried to come off as cool, pretending that I wasn't completely supportive of this idea.

“Noope, but you were snoring. And drooling.”

“Goddamnit, Ymir!!” I blushed, playfully hitting my taller girlfriend, who laughed happily, blocking my fists, before pulling me on top of her, both of us lying on the floor, spreadeagled. The sensations of my groin on her thigh in this position suddenly reminded me of my twitching pussy, which was still dripping and begging for some release.

“Hey, Ymir.” I whispered, rubbing my twitching slit against her muscular thigh. I loved the feeling as my soft groin ran against the contrasting firmness of her thighs. It always served to drag out a whimper or a moan of bliss from me. “We.. We.. Ngh.. Are gonna do something about.. My.. Down there right, daddy?” I whispered into her ears softly, knowing full well that it would turn her on. I could already feel her meat harden against my stomach, at the utterance of ‘daddy’. We both knew how to turn each other on, and enjoyed pressing each other's buttons. Sometimes, sex was a competition between who could resist the other's temptation the longest.

“Oh Krista.” Ymir grinned, flipping me over. I gave a shriek of shock, but quickly covered my mouth, blushing at my undignified reaction. “You know that we can't continue without Annie. It's a group effort.”

“You are such a tease, you know that?” I frowned at Ymir, who smirked.

“Now now, Krista.” A smooth voice said from behind Ymir, and I had to crane my neck, to look at the beautiful blonde girl. She had taken off every shred of clothing, save for a tight fitting, lacy black vest. I blushed a little. The vest barely covered her cleavage, and showed off her rock hard stomach muscles. Ymir may have had the bigger rack, and was pretty muscular, but she had nothing on Annie in terms of muscle mass. As the blonde devil walked over, I stared in orgasmic disbelief at all the muscles rippling under her skin from every small movement she made. “Rules are rules.”

I groaned. I knew where Ymir got her catchphrases from now.

Annie laid down next to me, her face wearing the small smile that she had greeted me with when I first met her. “Good to see you are awake, Lenz.” Annie grinned, her eyes wide and filled with sadistic intent. “We are gonna have some more fun.” Ymir smirked and patted me on the head, stroking my platinum blond hair.

“Do you want the blindfold this round?” Annie asked innocently, and I blushed furiously, shaking my head. The blindfold had been fun, but I wanted to go this round able to see my lover's face.

“Jesus.” Annie smirked, as she gave her thick cock a few lazy pumps. I gulped, as it swelled up, bigger than Ymir’s. Ymir was long and thick, but Annie’s was shorter and thicker. I didn't think I could wrap my thumb and forefingers around the thickest part of the shaft. “Are you always this quiet and innocent looking?” She grinned, pressing her lips to my ear and kissing the outer shell of it, nibbling it gently. “You are so different in bed, though, what with the cursing and screaming.” She continued, her hands slowly trailing down my thighs, making me perk up and blush, embarrassed.

“She's mostly like this.” Ymir pulled me on top of her, her lean arms firm and gentle. I gave a squeal of surprise. Annie stroked my back, running her large hands down it, tracing my spine with her slender fingers. I felt her golden hair brush across my shoulders, as she gave my neck a quick
bite. I winced, blushing, as she trailed her tongue along the pale flesh, tasting me.

“Alright.” Ymir grinned, hugging me tight against her, as Annie leaned on top of me, squeezing me against their muscular bodies. I could feel every inch of Ymir’s strong stomach against my body, as Annie began to grind her hard abs against me. I unconsciously let out a small moan, before I covered my mouth, stifling the sound. Ymir and Annie grinned in unison, rubbing their bodies firmly against mine, turning me into a Krista-sandwich.

Suddenly, I felt Annie's weight shift off me, leaving my back cold against the air. “I'll go first, if that's fine with you, Ymir?” Ymir grunted, but didn't say no, not especially happy about sharing me. Annie casually lifted my hips, angling me just right. Ymir pulled my head down and began to kiss me, her tongue diving into my mouth. I closed my eyes, submitting myself to their teasing, allowing myself get submerged and pulled along by the maelstrom of pleasure.

Annie ran her finger gently down my slit. “Mm..” I moaned in Ymir’s mouth, my voice trailing off and become higher as her finger began to slowly slide inside me. Another finger was added, and I whimpered in appreciation, my little pussy twitching instinctively. “Annie..oh god!!.” I gasped, as Annie's digits began to move, playing with my cunt.

“We aren't done yet, Krista.” Ymir hissed into my ear, jealous of the attention I was giving Annie's fingers. Which was difficult to do, as I felt the slender digits slowly pry me apart in a scissoring motion, opening me up patiently, millimetre by millimetre. Ymir grabbed me by my chin, tilting my face upwards, getting better angle to put her tongue into my mouth. I lustfully moaned into her mouth. Oh fuck, this feeling felt amazing. As much as Ymir and Annie had a questionable relationship, their teamwork was perfect. The sensation of Ymir’s dexterous tongue slipping and sliding in between my lips, accompanied with the carnal pleasure of Annie's fingers digging around inside me made me tense up, ready to burst.

I put my head against Ymir’s shoulder as I felt something hard and warm prod my entrance. “Hey kiddo.” Annie spoke from behind me, about to push her pulsing length into my wet pussy. “Gonna be fucking you now. Scream for me.”

I gave a whimper of pleasure that turned into a scream as I felt Annie's thick length force me open, wider than Ymir. “Fuck!!” I gasped in pain, my eyes watering, as Annie held my hips still, forcing me apart. I could feel every inch of her veiny cock fill me up, rubbing along my sensitive walls. I bit into Ymir’s shoulder, trying to cope with the painful pleasure of being torn open. Ymir beared the pain, as if doing so would help me cope with the sensual agony I felt running through my lower loins.

“Oh fuck..” I murmured, as Annie pushed all the way inside me. She wasn't long enough to hit some deep spots like Ymir, but her thick length was pressing harder against my walls, crushing my insides against themselves. “It's.. It's so thick.” I whispered, my eyes tearing up, as I buried my head into Ymir’s shoulder. Ymir smiled, and began to slowly stroke my hair. I whimpered in response.

“Oh fuck, Krista.” Annie hissed, as her entire length throbbed, buried deep inside me. “You are so fucking tight, it's wonderful.” I groaned, unable to form a comprehensible sentence, my body trembling weakly against her.

Ymir tugged my hair, pulling me down again so she could kiss me again, more vigorously than before, her slim hands traversing down my back, making me arch. My body was pressed on top of hers, and I could feel every inch of muscle rubbing against me. I shuddered, my eyes shut tightly as Annie began to pump herself inside me, grunting as she did so. She was barely caring about my pleasure, thrusting in and out, rough and hard like a wild dog in the heat. To be fair, with a dick her
size, she didn't need to care much. The girth as it rubbed against my walls made me crawl up against Ymir, whimpering softly. Ymir responded by growling and holding me tighter in her arms, less than happy about sharing me with another person.

“Ngh!!” I cried, my face buried deep into Ymir shoulder, as Annie began to spread out my insides. “Fuck!! Oh fuck!! Fuck!!” I gasped, barely in control, as Annie grabbed my hips, pushing deeper and deeper inside me. I felt her head graze against my walls with each frantic thrust, and I screamed incoherently, my face red and flushed. My stomach tightened up suddenly, flexing and twitching in response to the huge cock stirring up my insides.

The sensation was entirely different from Ymir. While Ymir did enjoy fucking rough every now and then, I was always sure she was in control, and would never push me too far beyond my limits. Annie, on the other hand, was a well known psychopath, and was even more unpredictable than Ymir. Her thrusts were rough and hard, aggressive and uncontrolled, in contrast to Ymir’s hard but firm and contained energy.

“Oi, hurry it up!!” Ymir scowled, looking jealous as Annie chuckled from behind me, a dark sound that made the hair on my back stand up. I could feel her dick hardening against my thigh, growing longer once again, increasing in size with each lewd purr of pleasure I let out. I squeaked, my eyes narrowed shut with pleasure, and I heard her small, almost inaudible gasp. When I opened my eyes, she had covered her mouth, masking it with a cough.

Ymir was getting more aroused by this than she would like to have admitted. She saw me glancing at her, my face ridden with ecstasy, and blushed harder than me, looking away. She looked ready to blow any second. I was no better, my face contorted lewdly, barely holding back my orgasm. Annie's dick just felt too amazing as it pounded deeper and deeper inside me. I tensed up instinctively, but the motion only made me feel her hard thrusts with an amplified intensity. I shuddered, my whole body twitching as I approached my climax.

“Fuck!! Fuck!!” I screamed, hugging against my lover tighter as I came from her friend's dick. “Ymir!! Fuck, it feels amazing!!” I gasped, my eyes watering and shut tightly. My mind was blown into a white oblivion, as Annie rammed in and out of me harder and harder, fucking my brains out. I gasped, my insides throbbing, as I felt Annie finish inside me, pumping her sticky load inside me, filling my insides with her warm cream. The sensation of it almost made me come again, mini orgasms running down the back of my thighs. Annie grunted, as she slowly pulled out of me, gasping.

“That was..”

“Amazing.” she finished for me, as she lifted my hips and adjusted it, angling it over Ymir’s longer cock. “But it's time to switch over. I think your girlfriend has something to say.”

“Damn right-” I barely heard Ymir’s voice, saturated with envy, before I felt her hands around my hips, pulling me down onto her shafts. I shrieked. Annie shrugged, walking over to the side of the room.

“You made me real jealous, Krista.” Ymir hissed, as she began to thrust inside me, impaling me on her length. I gasped, whimpering as I felt her thick length batter my insides mercilessly. I began to scream incoherently, as Ymir began to drive her cock inside me, harder and harder, her actions wild and rough, like a beasts. I was still hypersensitive from the pounding I received from Annie, so the feeling of Ymir smashing inside me made me go insane. Her length ran up against my stretched walls, each graze making me cum again.

“Ngh!! Fuck!! Fuck!!” I gasped, my head spinning and jerking, as I felt her long cock hit a deep spot inside my womb, battering against my cervix. Her dick was longer than Annie's, although not
as thick, and was able to reach deep places inside me to gouge out my insides like a spade. I bit into Ymir’s tan shoulder flesh, eyes watering, as she began to mercilessly pound the sensitive spot over and over, with pinpoint accuracy. “I’m sorry!! I’m sorry!! Please!!” I pleaded, as Ymir smirked, grabbing my hips and ramming her shaft against my battered pussy. “You..YOU ARE GONNA BREAK ME!!” I cried, as Ymir hit one of my deeper spots, making my whole body tighten and twitch.

“You little slut.” Ymir grinned, smacking her hands against my ass, sending a stinging sensation through me cheeks as she plowed me mercilessly, her warm breath on my cheek. “Cumming all over again, despite just getting off a few seconds ago?”

“FUCK!! FUCK..!!” I cried, my vision blurred from tears of pain and pleasure. “YES!! PLEASE!! I.. NGH!! AHH!!”

Annie had a decent girth advantage over Ymir, but Ymir knew exactly where my soft spots were, and how to hit them. She began to trail her hands down my neck, making me arch, before tugging my hair roughly. The feeling of abuse sent a shot of pleasure through me, and I screamed into Ymir’s mouth, as we pressed against each other. As she did so, she began to slow down, lazily pumping her cock slowly inside of me. I cried, breaking down on top of her, my mind a white haze. Ymir gently stroked my hair to the side while I caught my breath.

“You two really fuck like rabbits, don’t you?” Annie called from behind me. She had returned, and she brought with her a fragrance of fruits. Ymir grabbed my waists and pulled me on top of her, holding me down. “You are gonna like this part.” Annie grinned, as Ymir smashed herself harder and harder into me, preventing me from making any coherent sounds besides a high pitched whimper.

From the corner of my eyes, I saw annie lift up a small cylinder, tilting it.

A scalding pain burst through my back, making me squeal. The sensation send a current of arousal inside me, making me tighten hard against Ymir’s thick cock. Ymir gave a growl of approval, as she began to pump furiously over again into my pussy, battering into my womb over and over. The combined sensation as Annie slowly dripped hot wax over my naked body, combined with the feeling of Ymir’s cock deep inside me, ravaging me and filling up my womb was mind blowing.

“NGH!!” I gasped, whimpering and crying for mercy from the two merciless goddesses I was trapped between. “PLEASE!! PL.. PLEASE!!-” I screamed, my voice high pitched and pleading. “I’m gonna break!! Too.. Too much!!” My pleas ended off in a scream as Ymir forced herself as deep as she could inside me, smacking a sensitive spot at the end of my pussy. I bit into her shoulder again, raking my nails down her sides, trying to do anything I could to maintain my sanity.

Annie lowered the wax scented candle, and the heat on my back increased. “ AHH!! FUCK!! FUCK!!” I cried, desperate, as she began to trail the candle lower down my body, dripping hot wax all over my back, from in between my shoulder blades, all the way to my ass, which made me shudder and whimper. Ymir immediately slowed down, trying to compensate for my safety, and the pleasure running through my womb suddenly decreased. My stomach twitched in dissatisfaction. This wouldn't do.

“Please!!” I whimpered, looking at Ymir, whose face was completely red and flushed as well. “Please daddy!!” I whimpered, knowing that it would make her lose control. “Please ram it inside me, I can't take much more!!”

“You little slut.”
Ymir obliged, her hands tight around my hips as she began to lay into me, harder than before, her thick meat plunging deep inside my body, crushing every inch of my delicate pussy. It didn't matter that I was on top of her. Despite the position disadvantage, she was still buried so deep inside me it was causing me to lose my mind. I was gibbering madly as Ymir pushed herself in and out of me, sheathing her thick meat blade inside me. The feeling of each centimeter of her cock pushing and tearing me apart made me drool, my vision unfocused and blurry.

“You have to see the look on your face, Lenz.” Annie smiled from behind me, as I gazed, my jaw slack and dumb, into Ymir’s intense gaze. The pleasure had completely broken me, and Annie was just adding fuel to the flames as she raised her hand up high, bringing it down on my ass with a thunderous crack.

“NGH!!” I shuddered, as Ymir grunted, her cock going in and out of me at full force, making me oscillate in sync with her. I felt my walls tighten, as Annie's abuse made my insides clench uncomfortably, squeezing every pleasure spot against Ymir’s cock. “Fuck!! Daddy, harder!! Fuck my little pussy senseless-”

“You have a rude little mouth, don't you, Krista?” Ymir laughed into my crying face, as she pulled me over, tilting my chin and looking into my eyes with her piercing brown irises. “I love it, though.” Ymir pulled me in for a kiss, deepening it as her tongue danced in my mouth. Behind us, Annie made a retching motion, obviously less accepting of Ymir’s on-liners than I was.

I shivered, an electric current flowing through me as Ymir hit the deepest spot inside me. “AHH.. AH!! AH!! AHGH!! DADDY!!” the spot was just around my cervix, and sent a maelstrom of pleasure flooding through me, tearing my peripheral consciousness apart with each rapid thrust. I could feel my orgasm approaching, my body twitching erratically with each of Ymir’s deep thrusts. She was no longer going shallow and fast, instead opting for deep, long thrusts that really went deep inside me, seemingly hitting against my stomach as she destroyed my womb.

“Fuck!! Ymir.. If.. If you keep doing that!!” I stuffed my face into her crook of her neck, as the pleasure began to take me, pulling me under and tearing me to pieces. “I'm.. I'm gonna cum!! It feels too good!!” I screwed up my fists, hitting the floor below us as she fucked me hard and fast, giving me my daily dose of her cock.

“Fuck!! Fuckfuckfuck!! FUCK!!”

Her length pumped inside me, rubbing along my walls and making me scream and thrash, vibrating violently against my stronger lover. It was a reminder to me that she owned me. She owned every inch of me, and could use me however she wanted, fuck me however she wanted.

I gave one last cry, a howl of an orgasm as my eyes rolled upwards, enjoying the peak of the steep pleasure. My entire insides clenched, and Ymir hissed, as her dick was caught deep inside me, it's head pushed up tight against my cervix, begging for it to release its hot cream all over my womb.

“Fuck, Krista!!” My orgasm triggered hers, and I felt her shudder intensely, as her meat, deep inside me pulsed, pumping her hot milk straight into my womb, filling me up. “Fuck!!” Ymir roared, losing all control as she let herself out inside me, pumping her thick milk inside me. The pleasure from that was like a second orgasm. I could feel mini-orgasms flowing through me with each spurt of her cream.

I broke down and cried in pleasure, unable to do anything else, my entire body shivering. I felt like a fuck meat for her to use and play with, my exhausted body unable to even support my own weight. Ymir was panting as well, her chest heaving against mine, lifting me up and down as she caught her breath. Annie had left the room a while back, leaving us both alone.
“You're a mess, Krista.” Ymir smirked, holding me tight against her, and I felt my body melt against her, her hot body warming me up. I nodded quietly, unable to speak or move as Ymir stroked my hair, making me purr like a satisfied cat. Her warm milk was deep inside my body, giving me a comfortable sensation.

We lay like that for a while, Ymir patting my head and back, stroking me just how I liked it. The bed looked so soft and enticing, it's black sheets soft and stained with our sweat, products of our lovemaking session. After a long time, or maybe it was a few minutes, I slowly made my way to get up, my body soft and weak from the climax. Ymir shook her head, pulling me down against her.

“Don't we have to go?”

“I arranged with Annie while you took your nap. We can stay overnight if we want to. We'll go back to the barracks tomorrow.”

“Won't we get detention for that?” I asked, slurring a bit. The fatigue was like a quicksand, pulling me under, making it harder and harder for me to resist. All I could think about was how soft the sheets were, and how warm Ymir felt.

“I don't want to move.” Ymir smiled, showing her caramel sweet side. I nuzzled against her, losing to her. “Do you?”

“Nope.” I admitted, and kissed her gently.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

A short pilot of the series. Kinda wrote short pilots to gauge how the dynamics of the story works and stuff.

.0.

- Trench

Oh. Hell.

I hit the side of the tree, instantly bending my knees to compensate for the awkward landing. Immediately, I kicked off again, swinging my hips to the right, then to the left, triggering the hook from my gear. A silver spike shot through the air, embedding itself in the wood of the tree. Behind me, thunderous footsteps threatened to swallow me up, into the raging beast causing them. I swallowed, my throat dry as sandpaper. My eyes were watering, tears of terror and desperation flowing down the sides of my face. I couldn't die like this.

But I was probably going to.

“Please, please, just work!!” My 3D-maneuvering gear was almost out of gas, rattling like a crazy locomotive. I was cut in several places where some low hanging branches had whipped past me, cutting into my flesh. The blood lazily trickled down my cuts, staining my military jacket. I wanted to curl into a ball and cry. I felt so helpless. I glanced behind, and saw the behemoth chasing after me.

The titan behind me was at least ten meters tall, it's hair long and unkempt. It's teeth, razor sharp and straight and yellow, stuck out of its blood red gums. I choked down a sob, and willed myself to fly faster. My whole body was aching. The gear caused a lot of strain on the human body after a few hours of flying, and I was starting to feel it. It was only a matter of time before it caught up to me and snatched me out of the air, or I gave up from fatigue.

In the forest, the trees were gigantic, looking over us like green skyscrapers. How long has humanity been trapped in our own undoing? How long had we trapped ourselves in our safe little cage, unaware of what happened in the world outside? It seemed that in penance, I was now trapped inside the outside world, unable to find my way back to safety. The trees seemed ageless and thick, the forests covering the land-

And holy hell, was it just me, or is that tree coming up to me very fast-

I flew straight towards the tree as the rope of my 3D gear finally gave way and snapped. Something which was bad because 1) I was a few hundred feet in the air. 2) There was a gigantic humanoid carnivore hot on my heels. And 3) I would probably die on impact with a giant tree.

“No. No. NO!!” I quickly screamed in desperation, as my body helplessly continued its parabolic motion toward the very hard surface. I had less than a few seconds before I made impact-

I grabbed the shaft of my blades, two long rectangular swords designed for cutting through the
I could try to use the blade to stick to the tree or something—

Probably not. The impact would kill me. I was grasping at straws. And even if I managed to hang on to the tree, and didn't die, the titan would either reach up and pluck me off my perch, or wait for me to starve to death. Nobody knew where I was. I should never have broke away from the group when they attacked. Ymir had told me to stick near her. I hadn't.

The wind in my face whistled through my ears, dreadfully slow, as I sailed slowly towards my incoming demise. The world was excruciating, moving slowly. A sudden urge to vomit, scream and cry welled up in me as I flew at full speed towards the massive trunk.

In the last few moments before I hit the tree and would most probably die, Ymir flashed through my mind. Her tied up hair, except for that stupid messy fringe that lazily slid across her face. The splatter of freckles that dotted her face, that she always tried to hide. The way she would snarl and speak harshly to me, only to relent and show some soft tenderness beyond all that coldness.

Before I died, I tried to remember the woman I loved. The girl who was always there for me, to protect me—

I felt the air being forced out of my lungs, as something smashed into my side, pulling me away from the impact against the tree at the last second. I barely had enough breath left in me to exhale a scream as I swerved to the side, missing the tree by a split second. The titan wasn't that lucky. It ran straight into the tree, unable to react fast enough to my sudden change in direction. The sound of its soft skull cracking against the wood of the tree was sickening. But still, better it, than me.

“Fucking idiot.”

I tried to swivel my head to see who saved me, only for Ymir to rebuke me. “Don't move. It's shaky enough as it is, and you've fucked up enough, as it is.”

I blushed, embarrassment. “Sorry.”

“Whatever.” she growled, pulling me closer so that she could maneuver better. “Hold onto my back.” she stopped onto a tree branch, allowing me to get off and catch my breath. “Take off that useless junk.” she growled, pointing to the broken device around my waist. I hastily stripped it off, and put it down.

“The fuck are you doing?” she growled. “Don't throw that away. Keep it, pass it to Armin. You'll get court martialed if you lose any equipment.” I blushed, my face burning. “Sorry.”

“Don't keep apologising for fucks sake.” ymir sighed, her eyes cold. “Hurry up.” she bent over, allowing me to climb on top of her, in a piggy back position.

“I told you not to break away from me.” she hissed, as we took off again, sailing through the trees smoothly. Ymir was very much more adept than me at flying. I could feel her entire body, consisting of pure muscles working in synergy, twisting and pushing at the correct angles, in perfect precision, propelling us through the air.

“And what do you do?” we flew past a low hanging branch, and Ymir dodged under it. “You fucking split from the group like the rest of those other idiots when the titans attack. You are a goddamn idiot, Krista.”

I kept silent, embarrassed.

“I fucking tell you one thing, and you do the exact fucking opposite. What the fuck is wrong with
“Are you alright, Kritsa?”

Ymir’s voice, soft and gentle now, broke the silence. I nuzzled against her, pulling her tighter against me. “Mmm hmm.” I hummed, tired and warm. My eyelids felt heavy. Resting my neck against her shoulder, we continued skimming through the forest, the afternoon sunlight cutting through the trees in slivers of light. “I'm sorry.” She whispered as we flew. “I'm sorry that I shouted.”

“It’s fine.” I whispered, resting my head on her shoulder, inhaling the sweet scent of her hair.

“It's just that. That.. That you make me worry so much.” She whispered, as we continued moving through the large forest, the trees drowning out our quiet conversation. “Everything we are outfield. I.. I. I can't stop worrying. I want to keep you safe.”

“Don't worry, love.” I smiled, blushing at her words, as we sailed through the forest. I pulled her closer to me, hugging her tighter. “Thanks for saving me.”

“What else can I do?” She responded. The forest was large and dim, the thick canopy of leaves blocking out the afternoon sun. But when I was with Ymir, it felt serene and peaceful. It was as if this was a small utopia away from all the hassle and troubles of our world. It was only the two of us, who existed alone, together, for all eternity.

“Go and get some sleep.” Ymir smiled, craning her arm around so she could pat my head. I murmured something incomprehensible, completely worn out.

“What was that?” Ymir smiled as we continued, the gentle breeze clinging and caressing us.

“You'll wake me up when we are at camp, right?”

“Of course. It will be a quarter of an hour of flying. Rest. You deserve it.” Ymir looked away, blushing.
“I love you.” she whispered quietly, mortified.

“I love you too.” I whispered, smiling. I leaned over and pecked her on the cheek. She scowled, which was her own way of affection. “My hero.” I smirked.

“Shut up and go to sleep.” she growled, and I did.
“Just relax, Krista.”

I shuddered as I felt a pervasive cold cut through my flesh. It didn't help that it was at my asshole. The entrance instinctively squeezed up, and I could imagine Ymir smirking as she dipped her fingers back into the container.

“It’s really cold.” I complained, pressing my face against the bed sheets. I bit into the sheets, moaning a little as Ymir gently traced her slender finger along the ring of sensitive muscles, spreading the freezing lube all over the entrance. Another gentle circular stroke from Ymir on my posterior made my hands grab the sheets, crinkling them.

I was glad Sasha was agreeable enough to leave the room. On occasions when she was too tired or lazy to do so, we had sex literally behind her back. She would just turn around, her back facing us, and proceed to go and sleep, while we tried our best to fuck each other as quietly as possible. However, with the way Ymir’s fingers in my ass were making me squirm and curl up, I would probably be unable to hold my voice back when she used her cock.

“Now, now.” Ymir put another generous dap of lube, and I tensed up as the cold feeling it brought spread through me. “A deal is a deal.” I pouted and she began to smear the viscous fluids around my tight entrance, gently massaging it into the ring of tight muscles, trying to work it looser.

One week back, I ended up making a deal with Ymir, which ended in groundbreaking sex, but also resulted in Ymir doing anal with me at a later time. Which was a frightening, but also arousing thought. I held off asking Ymir for anal many times before, because I was sort of scared she would reject the idea and think badly of me. I was slightly more than relieved when she threw the idea out. As a general rule regarding my dignity, I tried to pretend to be less than enthusiastic about our exploits.

I had asked Annie about the necessary preparations as soon as Ymir was out of earshot. I didn't want her to know how into it I was. The whole process was tedious and long, requiring a daily enema, which I sort of enjoyed, but would never admit it to Ymir. That, and eating certain types of food before the day. And also, lube. Lots of lube. How Annie and Armin did it on a near daily basis was something that made my head boggle.

Ymir smiled, applying one last dollop of lubrication to my slick asshole, rubbing it in via a circular manner. I put my hand over my mouth trying to stifle my lewd gasps. The feeling of her fingers on my ass was electric, making me shiver wherever and whenever she brushed me.

“Oh, you really like this, don't you.” Ymir spoke from behind me. She leaned over and planted small kisses on my neck and shoulders, making me squeak. Her fingers, slender and manicured slowly began to push inside me, making me press my head against the sheets in complete submission. Every little tremor, every little tremble and twitch of her fingers in my ass sent a
shockwave of white hot pleasure crawling through my posterior.

“You look so fucking hot right now, Krista.” She grinned, dipping her fingers deep inside me, making me curl up, desperate for her touch. I bit into my hands, shutting off the cry that my throat threatened to release. Her fingers slowly forced their way to the point where they couldn't go any deeper. As I felt the pressure from her finger slowly ease off, I heaved a gasp of released and pent up pleasure. Ymir patiently waited for me to catch my breath, my lewd pants circulating around the quiet room.

“Krista, I'm going to start moving my fingers... Is that alright?” Ymir asked kindly from behind me, one hand pressed against my side, supporting me, the other on my ass, with two fingers deep inside me. Her fingers twitched, and I whimpered, gasping helplessly. Somehow, against my better judgement, I manage to nod my head.

“Ahh..” I moaned as Ymir’s slender digits worked their way around my rear entrance, slowly pushing against me in a scissors like manner. A trail of saliva slowly dripped down the side of my mouth, pooling on the sheets. I ignore it, the feeling of my girlfriend putting two fingers in my ass more than enough to override my instincts to keep the bed clean. “Ymir..” I whispered, clutching the sheets in my hands. I heard a soft sound as my lover’s breath hitched a bit.

Ymir leaned over me quietly, planting small kisses along my back, her soft lips trailing down the thin line between my shoulder blades to my tailbone. Meanwhile, her two fingers began to run deeper and deeper inside me, making me gasp and squirm. When she pushed it in to the point I didn't think I could take it anymore, she stopped, patiently feeling around me, leaving me moaning softly against the sheets. Satisfied, she slowly pulled her fingers out of my ass, making me groan as the sudden pressure on my insides were elevated. I slumped on the bed, a quivering mess, as Ymir smirked and moved behind me, her two hands spreading my ass cheeks as far as they could go, admiring my small, puckered little asshole. Her face was positioned just more than a centimeter away from my hole, I could feel her warm breath on my skin. I shuddered a bit, not knowing what she was trying to do.

Was she gonna sniff it? Sasha showed me some weird fetishes on the deep web, some of which involving jars. Some videos involved men putting their entire heads inside a woman's body. Although I was pretty sure that Ymir wasn't going to put anything she didn't think I could handle inside me, she was known to be as unpredictable as she was a well known delinquent, so I was more than a bit paranoid about how close she was to my opening.

“I've always wanted to taste this.”

“Wait Ymir!!”

My protests died on my tongue as Ymir stuck hers into my insides. My hands grabbed against the sheets, as Ymir’s tongue forced its way into me, running around the inside part of my asshole. The sensation was foreign yet familiar at the same time. It was like when Ymir was eating me out, just in a different spot than before. The feeling sent chills down my spine, and I felt my stomach tie itself into a knot. My ass clenched instinctively, and Ymir chuckled, a deep sound that set small vibrations through me. Her tongue was really probing deep inside me now, each motion sending a strange pleasure flowing through my body. It didn't pool in my groin and thighs as it usually did when she was eating me out. Instead, it pooled in my stomach, slowly filling me to the brim. I pressed my head into my hands, my whimpers of pleasure getting louder and louder as Ymir continued to lick and taste me.

“Oh god..” I whispered, my voice high and cracking. “Ymir.. NGH!!” Ymir’s tongue seemed to find a sensitive spot on the inside of my walls, making me cry out. My body was shaking now,
begging her to stop teasing me with her tongue and use something more thick to deal with the heat I felt in my body. “Please Ymir.. Stop.. Ngh.. Ahh-.. Stop teasing.” I begged, trying to keep my voice as quiet as possible. We were still in the dorms, and it was a only an evening break. It wasn't as if nobody could hear me through the thin walls if I was screaming.

“Sorry Krist.” Ymir smirked, as she stopped licking and sat up, leaving me with the feeling of her cold saliva drying in the room’s air. “You just taste too good.” She pulled me on her lap and kissed me. I kissed her back, our tongues wrapping around each other. As we kissed, I could feel how hard her length was against my thigh. I was barely wearing anything, covered only in the survey corps outfield jacket. Ymir, on the other hand, had her usual cargo pants and tanktop. Despite how loose the cargo pants were, I could still see a more than faint outline of her head pressed up, hard against the fabric.

Ymir pushed her weight forward, pushing me back down on the bed. Her hand, strong and lean, grabbed my pale wrists, pinning them above my head. Her other hand was gently trailing along my chest, toying with my hard nipples, tracing little circles. I moaned softly, biting my lips.

“How badly do you want it, love? How badly do you want a cock in your little ass-pussy?” Ymir whispered, looking at me dead in the eyes, her intense gaze burning straight into my soul. I blushed, looking away, my face red and warm. Her black obsidian eyes were stern and alluring, like a black-hole. It looked to be so black that no light escaped it. Nothing escaped it. I was no exception, her gaze freezing me still like a statue.

“Look at me, slut.” Ymir ordered, her hand tightening around my chin, tilting my head back into position so she could glare straight into my blue eyes. “I said, how badly do you want it? I want an answer.” I gulped, my heart throwing itself against the side of my ribs.

“I.. I want you. I need you…” My thighs unconsciously began to spread, allowing her a more open position to inspect me and fuck me however she wanted. “I.. I want you to fuck.. To fuck me.” I squirmed, shutting my eyes tight.

“Not good enough. I'm not convinced.” Ymir hissed into my ears. I let out a high pitched gasp as I felt her warm breath on the shell of my ears. She nibbled my ears with her lips, licking it softly, eroding whatever self respect I had left. My body burned in yearning for her thick length, my insides twitching uncontrollably at how empty it felt currently, demanding to be filled up by its owner's lover.

“Please!!” I cried, almost screaming, as Ymir’s mouth found the crook of my neck, licking along my jugular vein. “I.. I want.. I want you to stir my insides up!! Please, fuck me in my ass!!” I tried my best to maintain eye contact with Ymir’s cold, leery gaze. My face flushed scarlet, as I tried to process and rationalise what I had just said.

“Good girl. Don't move your hands.” Ymir smirked, letting go of my wrists, as she got off me. I lay still, not wanting to disobey my dominant. In a few brief strides, she crosses to the end of the room and came back, a thin, black leather belt in her hands. I gulped, as she tied the piece of slender hide around my wrists. The belt was tight, but not uncomfortably so. Ymir looked down at her masterwork, and when she was sure I couldn't get free, she grinned and kissed me on the lips, breaking away as soon as she started.

She took out her cock, a meat shaft that poked out of her cargo pants, thick and obscene. She smiled at me, playing with it in her hand. I flushed, looking away, as she spat into her hands, lubricating the shaft, making it slick and messy. Her hands stroked the inside of my thighs, making me spread my legs wide, to give her a better position.
“Oh... Oh god Ymir.. Yes.. Yes..” I whispered as she put her head of her monster meat at my rear entrance, slipping her tip inside me. The tip was huge and thick, but it was the easiest part. Her shaft was much much wider, it's girth large enough to the point I almost couldn't put my fingers in a ring shape around it. And the feeling I felt my asshole stretch to try and accommodate it was nothing short of orgasmic. My body was burning, as I panted, my lewd moans filling the room.

“Ymir.. FUCK!!” I cried, as I felt her length penetrate deeper and deeper inside me, sending shivers into my stomach. I threw my head back, biting my lips as Ymir went as deep into me as she could. I gasped. I could feel her cock pressing against my stomach, causing an uncomfortable stirring in my lower abdomen. She pressed in deeper and suddenly I was screaming, unable to cope with the sudden pleasure in my ass. My guess was that Ymir’s cock was pressing directly into my prostate. Fuck, this felt amazing. All I could do was to lie helplessly, whimpering weakly, as Ymir had her way with me, overpowering me with her cock.

“Mmm..” Ymir murmured as she held me tight, not moving until she knew I was ready. “Your ass-pussy is so tight, Krista.” her hands began to trail down my jacket, prying it apart as she inspected my pale body beneath it. My world became a blank, as she took one of my nipples on her mouth, sucking it. Her free hand began to pinch and toy with the other, sending a different mix of feelings through me, messing my brain up. “Ymir.. Don’t!! I'm.. I'm go.. Gonna..you.. -” my mind was a jumbled, disorganised mess, as Ymir took her time to leisurely drive me crazy, her lips and fingers playing teasingly with my erect nipples. “-stop.. No more teasing.. Please!!” My voice cracked, and that signalled Ymir to stop being a jerk and start moving the fat cock buried inside her girlfriend.

“If you insist.”

Ymir’s thrusts were slow at the start, getting me accommodated to the size and the depth of which my ass was working with. The feeling was addictive. Each pump of her thick cock made me see stars, the engorged phallus hitting my stomach with each thrust. My brain turned into a mush, unable to move my body, and I was glad Ymir was fucking me with my back against the bed. My body could hardly hold up its weight, my limbs feeling like jelly. I doubt I could even stand up, even if I wanted to. Ymir was dominating me, her hard and firm thrusts turning my rear into a sloppy mess.

“Fuck!! Fuck fuck fuck!!” I cried, as Ymir began to thrust harder and harder, her dick smacking against my prostate over and over, faster and faster. “Ymir!! Ymir!! Please!!” I begged, my hands thrashing and twisting against the restraints binding my wrists together. “Harder!! Har-!! NGGH!! Please daddy!!” I screamed, uncaring of how undignified I sounded. All I cared about was how good, how amazing it felt as Ymir fucked me senseless. Anal sex was amazing. I could feel every inch of Ymir’s cock rubbing against my slick, sensitive insides, amplified by how tight I was.

Ymir obliged to my pleas, grabbing my hips and holding me still in her vice like grip. Almost immediately, she slammed her meat rod into me, burying the whole shaft inside me, the length of it smashing against my prostate harder and harder, making me shudder in orgasmic pleasure, my eyes rolling back into my skull. “Fuck Ymir!! Right.. RIGHT THERE!!” I screamed, my eyes shut tight, my face buried into Ymir’s shoulders. “Yes!! Ymir!!” I cried, ecstatic as she held me tight. The feeling of my lover overwhelming me, ravaging me and fucking me in the most decadent of ways was just wonderful.

“Krista!!” Ymir gasped, as she felt her orgasm peak. “Krista!! I'm.. I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna cum!!” She growled, her voice deep and dominating. I felt her dick swell up, getting engorged with blood. Annie had warned me that I shouldn't let Ymir finish in my ass, as her semen would leak out of me the next time I went to the toilet. But all that was going through my mind was how good Ymir’s dick felt, and how it furiously smacked into my prostate, sending the orgasmic feeling through my body.
“Please!! Please!!” my legs circles around Ymir’s waist, pulling her deep into me, ensuring she couldn't pull out even if she wanted to. “Finish inside me!!” I brought my tied up wrists up, looping them around Ymir’s neck, pulling her down and kissing her. Ymir’s eyes widened, but she didn't pull away, instead kissing back harder, her hands cupping my face and stroking my hair just how I liked it.

“Krista, FUCK!!”

With a shudder, I felt Ymir cum, her cock spilling her seed inside my womb. Her cream was hot and it burnt my insides as it filled me up, making me groan softly, triggering mini orgasms through me. I bit into her shoulder, and Ymir grunted, still thrusting her cock inside me, just how I liked it. The feeling of my sensitive semen filled insides around her cock was amazing but not enough. Ymir lay against me, panting, but I noticed I was barely out of breath. My pussy was still twitching, unsatisfied with being ignored, demanding a cock inside it. I whimpered slightly, as Ymir pulled her length out of me, sending a shiver down my spine.

Her cock was already red and flaccid, probably unable to go another round. I smiled, nuzzling into her shoulder, pretending nothing was wrong. I didn't want to force her to do it again, just to satisfy me. As long as she was happy, and we enjoyed it, which I did, it was fine, I supposed. My pussy seemed to disagree with my philosophy, twitching and dripping. I ignored it and hugged her tight, feeling her warmth on my chest, her semen slowly leaking out of my ass.

“Krista, what's wrong?” Ymir asked, as she pulled away from me, looking at me curiously. Her eyes were narrowed and careful, observing me. I gulped. “Nothing. Nothing’s wrong.” I answered, a bit too fast. My slit was disagreeing, dripping arousal all over the sheets.

“You didn't cum, did you?” Ymir quickly deduced the situation, looking at me. “You are still leaking, and your face is still red.” Ymir asserted.

“I did-”

“Don't lie to me.”

I quickly looked away and blushed, embarrassed. I didn't know what Ymir was thinking, her black eyes opaque. Maybe she was disappointed or something. I bit my lips, unsure what to say. We both kept quiet, looking at each other. This had never happened before.

“Sorry.” Ymir sighed, breaking the tense silence. She took a seat next to me, stroking my head with her slender fingers. I squirmed, guilty. “I'm sorry I couldn't satisfy you today.”

“It's not you!!” I protested, blushing at Ymir’s willingness to take the blame. “It's me. It's my fault. I... I just can't come from anal.” I murmured, blushing. I tried to look at her when I said it, to show how honest I really was when I said that, but couldn't bring myself to look into her black eyes, which I was sure were full of disappointment. “It still felt really good, though-”

“Why did you lie to me?” Ymir asked, and although she tried to keep her voice monotone and steady, I heard it crack abit. She was hurt, even if she didn't show it. Her hands tensed up in my hair, but didn't stop stroking my hair. I blushed, embarrassed and guilty at being exposed.

“I... I didn't want to... want to hurt you. I mean, I didn't want you to force yourself to try and satisfy me, you know what I mean?” I whispered finally, breaking. “I just want you to enjoy yourself. I mean, I had fun too, just that I couldn't climax... Uh-” I stuttered, rolling over my words, embarrassed.
“Idiot.”

Ymir leaned over me, hugging me tighter than she had during sex. I squeaked, unable to move my body. “Ymir!!” I exclaimed.

“I don't care about feeling good.” She sighed, squeezing the breath out of me. I squirmed, embarrassed. “It wouldn't matter to me if you didn't feel good, dummy. I.. I just want you to feel good. I love you, you selfless idiot.” she ended off by kissing me softly on my lips. It wasn't an erotic kiss, but a more innocent one without her tongue. “You really are the worst kind of person.” She continued her rant, making me look down at the sheets, blushing harder than ever. “Who the hell pretends that nothing is wrong, even when.. Even when.. Goddamnit, Krista, you adorable cretin!! You have no idea how much I love you.” I grinned, relieved that she wasn't angry. Well, angry being relative.

“Do you still want me to eat you out?” She asked, as she finally let me go, undoing my wrists. “I can still make you cum with fingers and my mouth.” She offered. I blushed and shook my head. “Its fine. I kinda lost the mood anyways.” There was a gentle feeling expanding inside me now, a feeling that filled me to the brim like warm tea in a cup. I nuzzled into Ymir, happy despite not being able to climax.

“Oh, did it feel good for you as well?” I asked, guilty about lying to her. “You can use my ass whenever you feel like it.” I whispered, blushing a bit, but smiling slightly. Ymir smiled as well, her hands stroking the back of my head as she laid down on the bed next to me.

“It was terrific. Your insides were amazingly tight.” She giggled and pulled me on top of her, playfully nuzzling me. “But we won't do it again in the future. Unless you want to. I still want you to come.” She grinned, holding me tight. I smiled, craning my head back to kiss her.

“I love you, Ymir.”

“Love you too, idiot.”
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Will be uploading less punctually than before. Been working on a WEBTOON, a side project of mine.

“Ich hund de sehen. Hund heiße ist Miller.”

“Wrong again. The second word in the sentence must be a verb, for it to be grammatically sound. Again.”

I looked across the table, at the two lovebirds. They honestly needed to get themselves a room. I checked the time. Ten minutes to two. About time for me to leave.

“Katze ist traurig weil er hunger hat. Gebe ihm das Essen, bitte.”

“Bitte gebe ihm das Essen.”

The two were as mismatched as anyone could imagine, yet they somehow clicked together, like two different pieces of a puzzle. The taller girl, who was getting reprimanded by her smaller tutor, had two mean black eyes combined with a short, tomboyish haircut. Her shoulders were broad for a girl, and she had a splatter of freckles across the bridge of her slightly long nose, which was bent a bit, having been broken in a fistfight in the past. Ymir was a well known delinquent, but as long as she continued to help me out from time to time, I didn't care who I hanged out with.

On the opposite ends of the table, was a small girl, with smooth blonde hair. Her hair gently framed her face, outlining her beautiful blue eyes, like two spherical sapphires, engraved perfectly into her face. In stark contrast to Ymir’s tomboyish look, Krista looked like a prim and proper princess, albeit with messier hair. Her nose was sleek and small, her skin pale and flawless, unlike Ymir’s freckled, tan skin. Unlike the delinquent across the table, Krista was pretty much a model student. She excelled in almost every class, with the exception of physical training, and almost never got in trouble with any of the instructors.

My phone rang one fifty-five. I probably had to run to make it.

“I'm going off. Don't cook dinner for me.” I called to the couple, who were going through German verbs and complex tenses.

“We weren't going to.” Ymir called from the table, grinning so I knew she was kidding. Or was she? It was hard to tell with her sometimes.

“Where are you going Sash?” Krista looked curiously at me. “You usually don't go out until the evening. Your job has an afternoon shift?”

Oh, hell. “Uh, yeah. I'm covering for somebody.” I quickly answered, feeling bad that I lied to her. Krista was so innocent and naive, it was easy to lie to her, but so hard as well. Ymir was sharper. She shot me a questioning look from across the table, but didn't say anything.

I pulled on my coat, which was hanging on the clothes rack. No need for anyone to recognize me.
where I was going. I took a few seconds to decide on wearing a pair of sleek shoes, and speed walked out of the dormitory. I walked towards the administrative office, pretending that I was heading for the side gate, before backtracking in a circle. It was now that my hunter’s training really kicked in. I could sense and see every small movement, from the small birds in the trees, to the slight shadow at the windows of my dormitory, implying that Krista or Ymir was watching my movements. Other than them, I couldn't sense any other people spying on me.

I walked to the administration office, knowing that the side gate was shielded from the prying windows of the dormitory. I hid behind a wall, counting thirty seconds. When I got to zero, I added another ten seconds for good measure, before peeking my head out by less than a centimetre. When I was sure I couldn't feel any presences, I began walking back to the dorms. But instead of going back up to my dorm, I made a beeline towards Yeager’s dorm.

I checked the time. Just after two. As expected, Eren probably left to do his regular afternoon training, just after his morning training, so that he could make it in time for his evening training. That guy was one motivated, or fanatical person. And Mikasa was an amazing person to have on your side, with regards to obtaining Eren's whereabouts. As I climbed the staircase, I walked by her. Speak of the devil. Wordlessly, I put my hand in my pocket and passed her a small bottle, which she took, wordlessly as well.

“Pleasure doing business with you.” I grinned, and she ignored me, walking down the corridor. I liked Mikasa. She didn't ask questions. It didn't slow me down. She just said her price, and I paid her, she did what I wanted. In this case, what I wanted was for her to keep everyone away from the dorms, giving me some alone time with a very special blonde boy. I walked down the hallway, stopping outside a certain door.

I looked down two ends of the hallway. Nothing seemed strange, but I could feel someone watching me. I did another check, but I couldn't see anybody, but I could still feel the presence. My hunter's intuitions were rarely wrong. This time, however, I ignored the constricting feeling I had, turning back to the door. I quickly knocked twice.

“Come in.” A steely female voice called out, and I entered.

“Annie.” I greeted the blonde girl politely. Annie had pretty blonde hair, complimented by her grey irises, like gathering storm clouds. She was dressed in a skimpy black lingerie that seemed too small in some areas and too elaborate on other areas. Annie was in the military police, so she technically wasn't supposed to be here, but I arranged a deal with Mikasa to let her in. “And Armin. Good to see you.”

Armin murmured something, which was difficult, considering he had a ball gag in his mouth. His mistress, who was resting her legs on him looked down and pressed her foot against his crotch lightly. “Leg rests don't talk.”

Armin whimpered.

The blindfolded boy was dressed in a swimming outfit, a two piece bikini that was barely there, showing off his pale, smooth flesh. His hair was combed back, and tied in a little ponytail at the back of his head. He kinda looked like Krista, but I didn't make any further comments.

Annie's suggestion of a three way didn't really surprise me much. People always had urges to satisfy, I knew that much. I slept with quite a lot of people on campus, like Marco, Springer and even Ymir once or twice, but that was before she got hitched with Krista. In my defence, we were very, very drunk. Ymir dispassionately refers to it as the ‘Unspeakable occurrence which doesn't exist and must never be spoken about’. But that still didn't stop me from using it as a way to get her
to buy me free food every now and then.

“Sasha. Thanks for coming.” Annie whispered, her face emotionless as usual. She pressed her foot down on Armin’s stomach, pushing him down on the ground. He moaned. Annie began to trail her feet down his stomach, pressing closer towards his groin. Armin’s whimpers became louder. “That feel good, slave?” She whispered, and Armin nodded, unable to make a noise as Annie put her foot on his crotch, pressing down and kneading it with the ball of her foot. Annie casually planted her foot on Armin’s face, stepping on him. “You are a first class degenerate that gets off on being stepped on. Disgusting.”

“Uhm, is he going to be alright?” I looked at Armin’s scarlet face, as his body twitched and arched, Annie’s foot pressing against his cock.

“He's fine. We do this every alternate day.” Annie replied with a straight face, not breaking character. She took out a pair of keys and threw it to me. “Strip. Then undo his chastity belt.”

“Armin wears a chastity belt?” I pulled off my coat, then my shirt, leaving it on the floor. My almost spherical breasts popped out, and I grinned. I never admitted it, but I liked to look at myself in the mirror naked from time to time. I had a pretty bombshell body, even if I was as dumb as nails. I pulled off my shorts, leaving them in a pile next to my shirt. I took the small key and squatted down next to Armin, pulling off the bottom of the bikini to reveal a small plastic cage, around the size of two or three fists, wrapped around his hips like a thong. Curious to see it, I opened the lock with a bit more gusto than I would have liked to show.

Armin’s dick popped out of it restraints, red and throbbing and begging for attention. I instinctively jerked back, which was to prevent the impressive shaft from poking my eye. I looked at the swollen cock, sticking out of his pale hips like a deformed flagpole.

“Holy fucking shit!!” I put my fingers along the swollen head, a red knob like muscle that resembled a candy apple. Gently stroking down the shaft, I noticed how veiny and pulsating the muscle was. “Who would have guessed Armin would be packing such a package?”

“Yes, I was quite surprised myself.” Annie smiled, putting her feet onto the boy's trembling cock, kneading it. Armin groaned and Annie stepped harder. “You couldn't tell from his girly little face he has a slab of monster meat in his pants. Or skirt.” Annie stepped off Armin, gesturing with her fingers. “On your feet, slave.”

Armin quickly obeyed, getting up, his movements a bit uncoordinated and shaky. I was pretty sure under the blindfold, his eyes were hazy and unfocused.

“Holy shit, is he drugged?” I looked at Annie, who looked back with a look of unconvincing innocence. “Did you drug your boyfriend?”

“Yes, I was quite surprised myself.” Annie smiled, putting her feet onto the boy's trembling cock, kneading it. Armin groaned and Annie stepped harder. “You couldn't tell from his girly little face he has a slab of monster meat in his pants. Or skirt.” Annie stepped off Armin, gesturing with her fingers. “On your feet, slave.”

Armin quickly obeyed, getting up, his movements a bit uncoordinated and shaky. I was pretty sure under the blindfold, his eyes were hazy and unfocused.

“Holy shit, is he drugged?” I looked at Annie, who looked back with a look of unconvincing innocence. “Did you drug your boyfriend?”

“Not going to deny or approve any claims.” Annie walked over to the duffel bag at the corner of the room and took out a box, a pair of iron handcuffs and a long piece of metal that had two straps at the far end. She looked in the bag, and took out a shirt but thick silver stick. She quickly extended it, and it became about half a meter long.

“Sasha, tie Armin up with the spreader bar.” Annie gestured to the weird bar looking thing on the bed. “The straps go to each of his legs.” She explained to me. I actually had never seen this much paraphernalia before. Armin was quite demure and unresistant, complying with me as I tied his legs to the ends of the bar, spreading them by a meter.

“Hands up, slut.” Annie walked behind Armin, who obliged, raising his lean arms above his head.
Annie slapped the cuffs on his wrists, before tying the cuffs to top edge of the wardrobe, forcing him to stand upright with his legs spreaded. When it was done, Annie undid the ball gag, letting the boy pant. His saliva, no longer held back by the ball gag, ran down his chin uncontrollably. Annie kissed him, planting his lips against hers, her tongue dancing and twirling around in his mouth.

“Thank.. Thank you, mistress.” Armin gasped, his cock trembling even more than before. I took a quick glance at it. The slab of meat was roughly eleven inches long, which was slightly longer than Ymir’s.

“Hey, Annie.” I looked at Armin’s cock, putting my hand around the shaft and stroking it, admiring the size. I could hear Armin’s breath hitched as I leaned in, breathing on his length. His dick was throbbing in my hands, desperate for stimulation to let it shoot out its pent up release. “Can I have a taste?” I put my face near the length, taking a whiff off the cock. It smelt a bit meaty, like smegma. Which honestly wasn’t a surprise, considering Armin hadn’t been able to masturbate with the belt around his cock for who knows how long. I felt my mouth drooling slightly. It wasn’t a potato, but I already had the urge to put my mouth around it and lick it.

“Later.” Annie curtly responded, opening the box. I looked over her shoulder to see its contents, my curiosity taking over my urge to put things in my mouth. Inside were several flexible silver rods, about twenty centimetres. Each one was of varying thickness, the thickest one slightly thinner than the tip of my pinkie.

“You know what sounding is, Sasha?” Annie questioned, seeing my curious look. I shook my head. “Does it go into his ass or something? If so, they are too thin.” I pointed out, taking one and examining it.

“Close, but not correct.” Annie took out the thickest one, and cleaned it with an alcohol swab from the duffle bag. She took out another bottle and coated the stick with a thick, viscous liquid. “It goes into his dick hole.” I looked at the blindfolded boy, who was tensed up, but not protesting.

“Slave.” Annie commanded Armin, who became rigid. “Do you want to be fucked in your ass pussy or your dick pussy?” Armin blushed, obviously unused to such crude language. He kept silent, not sure what to say.

“Answer her.” I commanded in my most steely voice, grabbing Armin by the balls, and lightly squeezing it. Armin squealed incomprehensibly, but didn't use any safe words. I grabbed his length and began to stroke it, fast enough for it to feel good, but slow enough for him not to be able to cum. “I said, answer her, slut.”

“Please!! Please mistress!!-” He began to thrash against his restraints, his cock hard and trembling from all the abuse he was receiving. “I… I want you.. You to fuck me.. In both my pussies!! Please.. Please!! I can’t.. Take this anymore-”

“That's enough, Sasha.” Annie grinned, taking off her panties. Her dick popped out, swollen and stiff. It was decently long, although shorter than Armin’s and Ymir’s. But it was the thickness that made me do a second look. It was positively gigantic, it's thickest part so thick that I want sure it could fit in my mouth. I wasn't surprised though. Ymir had a dick, so it was a bit presumptuous to assume Annie didn't have one. “I'm quite impressed by that show of sadism.” She handed me the rod. “Now fuck that little whore in his dick pussy.”

“With pleasure.” I turned my gaze back to Armin, who shuddered as I aligned the Urethra sound at the edge of the hole.

“Ngh.. Haa.. ” I slowly began to slide the flexible tip into the edge of his cockhole, and his cock
trembled, leaking precum, desperate for release. I hadn't used a urethra sound before, but I could only assume that it prevented the person from climaxing, while giving the sensation of ejaculating as it moved in and out.

Behind Armin, Annie got to her knees, and pressed her mouth to Armin’s asshole, probing it and using her tongue to smear saliva all over it, getting it ready for her cock. Armin bit into his lips, releasing a low gasp as Annie ate him out. I worked in tandem with the blonde girl, slowly easing the metal rod into Armin’s cock, watching him twitch and pant as I did so. When I felt it was halfway in his cock, I eased up on the pressure, deciding to tease him.

“Hey Armin.” I called from below him, in a sugary sweet voice. I began to stroke his slender, smooth thighs, making him tense his legs up. He was completely unable to move, and I couldn't resist the urge to play with him a little. I traced my tongue along his balls, which were the size of small tangerines at this point. The sensation made him whimper. Not satisfied by his reaction, I took his entire testicles in my mouth, flicking my tongue against the sides of his round, thick balls. I let his balls go, blowing gently on them. “How do our mouths feel? Answer me.”

“It.. NGH.. it feels.. So good-” The submissive cried, as I took his balls back into my mouth, enjoying the warm, soft feeling of his skin on my tongue. Armin’s was completely hairless, and I wasn't complaining.

“And what do you say?” I smirked, grabbing him by the base of his dick and pushing the rod deeper into his cock. Armin screamed, jerking as I began to slide the rod swiftly in and out of his dick. Annie caught wind of the situation, and began adding fingers to Armin’s loosened up asshole, turning it into a sloppy mess.

“Now now, Slave.” Annie growled, two fingers already buried inside Armin up the knuckles, and was pumping the two digits in and out of the shy boy, making him whimper and pant, his face a lewd expression that I had never seen before. “What do you say to the nice handler who is making your dick feel good?”

“Tha.. Thank you.” Armin whispered, his face blushing scarlet. I grinned, and sped up, pushing and pulling the rod in and out of his length, making him curl his toes.

“I can't hear you.” Annie growled from behind him, pressing against his back, her fingers drilling deeper and deeper inside him, pressing against his prostate rhythmically. Her lips found his ears, nibbling them as she plunged her fingers inside his soft insides. “Louder!!”

“Thank you!!” Armin shouted, his face red and wet with drool. “Oh my god!! Thank you!!-” His cock was lively, twitching and swelling up, aroused at its owner's humiliation. It seemed that the running trend was that the more innocent they looked, the more fucked up they were in bed. First Krista, and now, Armin.

“Do you want me to let you come?” I looked at Armin, slowly teasing his cock with the metal rod. He nodded, and I twisted the toy in his urethra, making him scream and arch his back.

“I can't hear you.”

“Yes!!” The submissive screamed, and I smiled, immediately pulled out the rod. Armin’s massive cock twitched in my hands, and released all the grey seed inside it, pumping the hot semen all over my hands. I gave a surprised shriek, as the thick cum poured onto my chest and face, coating me. I heard Annie giggle at my reaction from behind Armin.

“That's the look on my face when I saw Armin nut the first time.” Annie called from behind
Armin. She was no longer using her fingers, instead ramming her thick, veiny cock inside Armin’s ass. Judging from the way her face was a light scarlet, I could tell that she was enjoying it. Her cock made erotic squelching noises as it churned up Armin, turning his insides into a mash. Armin enjoying every second of the humiliation, his face curled up in an embarrassing expression of lewd ecstasy. Surprisingly, his dick was still hard, which was quite pleasant. I knew guys like Marco who could only cum once before tiring out, but Armin’s dick seemed tireless, rock hard even after ejaculating a few seconds back.

I took it in my mouth, and began to suck it, enveloping the robust length in my mouth. Armin threw his head back, groaning. His legs were trembling, as the lewd pleasure once again submerged him. It didn't help that Annie was ramming her cock into him from behind, making his petite body shake and jerk erratically with each powerful thrust. Annie bit her lips, grunting as she felt her lover's warm insides wrap around her member, begging her to shoot her load inside him.

“Please.. Please!!” Armin gasped, unable to make us stop. “I.. I just came- but..” his voice toned back out, his words becoming incomprehensible and inaudible. He lay there, a broken mess, as I sucked his dick harder and harder, enjoying the salty bitter tang of his precum mixing with my drool. The taste of it was the trigger, and I suddenly felt my body go hot, my cunt leaking fluids down my thighs. I was more aroused than I was aware of. My whole body was burning now, desperate for some release. I tried to satiate my sudden lust by sucking on the shafts harder, running as much if the length as I could into my throat, making Armin’s screams become higher and higher pitched.

Unable to control myself any longer, I plunged my hand into my panties, stirring up my insides with my sleek fingers. Two fingers inside my drenched lips, plunging deep into me and rubbing along my sensitive walls, while my thumb played along my clit, stroking and flicking the sensitive nub, just how I liked it. The combined feeling made me shudder, my eyes rolling back as I felt my climax overtake me in a matter of seconds. My mind turned to white, and my insides contracted, squeezing tightly around my fingers. As I came, I screamed my orgasm into Armin’s cock. Holy fuck, that was amazing. Somehow, I managed to cum in a few seconds, and that was just from sucking his dick.

Annie tensed up, as she neared her climax, and she grabbed Armin, one hand weaving around his neck, the other around his hips, and began to furiously pound herself into him. I could feel the force of her thrusts, which indirectly pushed Armin’s monster cock deeper and deeper into my throat, threatening to make me choke. Despite already cumming, I willingly took the shaft in my mouth, my body aching for more of his terrific cock. My fingers were still thrusting inside me, the fire in my body still not yet satisfied.

“Armin-” Annie gasped, her pants and gasps no longer soft. Her face was red, beads of perspiration dripping down her neck, her grey eyes hard and steely. “Armin, please- I'm gonna… Go-Gonna cum!!” She cried, her whole body trembling. For the first time since the three way had started, Annie, who was usually cool and composed, was begging for her lover. Armin swiftly craned his neck back, kissing Annie out of nowhere. To my surprise, Annie kissed back, pressing her lips against Armin’s.

“Sasha. The key is on the table-” Annie gasped, as soon as they broke the kiss. “Undo.. Undo his restraints-” Armin pressed their lips back together again, their tongues pressing against each other. I quickly ignored the strange feeling in the back of my chest and pulled Armin’s dick out of my mouth reluctantly. I quickly undid the two belts at the end of the spreader bar, freeing his legs, before unlocking the handcuffs, freeing his wrists.

Immediately, Armin pounced on Annie, pulling out her thick cock from his ass and pushing her
onto the bed. Annie squealed, as Armin ripped off the blindfold, taking charge of the situation. “I love you, Annie-” He stuffed his dick deep into Annie's pussy in one fast thrust. Annie screamed incomprehensibly, her eyes wide as her boyfriend’s sizeable cock filled her insides up.

And like that, suddenly there was no room for me. Armin was hanging over Annie, making her scream in organic ecstasy as he rammed his cock inside Annie, turning her pussy into a sloppy mess. And Annie was crying out in sheer pleasure, her nails clawing down Armin’s back, leaving ten red lines. Armin leaned in and Annie cried out when his mouth found the nape of her neck, biting into it.

It just wasn't fair.

I picked up my clothes, pulling each one on as quickly and quietly as possible. The coat came last, and I opened the door and left the room, closing the door gently behind me. I left the two of them to fuck each other senseless like rabbits.

It just wasn't fair.

I closed my eyes and reached into the coat pocket, taking out a cigarette. It was a bad habit, that I picked up from Ymir. Neither of us smoked a lot, but we sometimes needed it when we were stressed or down. I walked down the dormitory, and passed by Mikasa, who was sitting in a chair, reading a copy of The catcher in the rye. She wordlessly looked up at me, and looked back down at her book, silently evaluating and deducing what had happened.

I walked out the door of the dorm, and took a five minute walk to try and erode the heavy feeling hanging over my heart. The woods was a calm and peaceful place, just how I liked it when I was trying to relax.

Not today though. No matter what I tried to look at, I couldn't get Armin’s words out of my mind.

“I love you Annie.”

I took a breath of air, and began to sprint. I didn't know where I was going. I didn't care. I just ran through the forest, going deeper into it than I should have. I turned off my thoughts and my brain, putting my body in autopilot mode. Instinctively, I jumped and weaved around stumps and deadfall, my agile body accelerating into the unknown. Only when I felt my lungs and legs burn, did I stop running, leaning against a tree to catch my breath.

“I love you Annie-”

It just wasn't fair.

I took out my lighter and ignited the cigarette, sitting down on a nearby stump to catch my breath. This whole event made my insides tremor a bit, making me feel hollow. I hadn't realised it before, or maybe chose purposefully to ignore it, but holy hell, I was lonely. I just filled it in by having fun. All around me, my friends found someone and moved on, leaving me behind.

It just wasn't fair.

I looked at tree next to me. Then I punched it. Again. And again. And again. My knuckles got redder and redder, as the bruises began to set in. I could feel my hand swell, and I knew by tomorrow, I would have a set of purple knuckles. I put down my hand. It seemed everyone else was in love. First Eren and Mikasa. Then Ymir and Krista. Even Annie, a first rate psychopath, managed to find someone who loved for her.
I inhaled the cigarette flavour deeply, feeling the Vanilla taste fill my lungs. I kept it in until I felt like choking and coughing, before exhaling. I hadn't had a guy, or been in a relationship before, despite my age. I was unbelievably lonely, despite always being popular and having friends around me. Sure, I had sex with people from time to time. But in the end, after the fun, the desolation would set in. And I would realise how empty I was. I had never once in my life, heard a person say “I love you.” to me. What was I doing wrong? Or what wasn't I doing right?

I saw drops of water land on the stump I was sitting on, leaving small little grey watermarks on the wood. It took me a while to realise that I was crying. Goddamnit. The cloud of jealousy that shrouded my mind just couldn't seem to go away, bogging me and dragging me down into the cesspool of toxic emotions.

Suddenly, I realised my cigarette was burnt to a stump. I tossed it in the woods, stepping on the butt so that it wouldn't cause a forest fire. Silently, I made my way back to the dorms. It was a ten minute walk.

When I got back, I knocked on the door, only to find that Ymir and Krista had left. They were probably eating dinner outside. I couldn't blame them, after all. I told them not to cook for me. I felt like crawling up and crying, despite not having anything to cry about. Maybe that was the problem. I felt so lonely. I was like an empty bowl. Perfect, yet unsatisfied, hollow.

I took a hot shower, which I barely felt, just to get the taste and scent of Armin’s semen off me. Any reminder of them sent a bolt of jealousy through me. Dropping my soiled clothes into the laundry hamper, I walked out the living room, naked. Didn't matter anyways, since nobody else was here. I walked over to the fridge and open it, taking out a beer. I didn't usually drink, but I would make an exception for today.

Cracking open the cold bottle, I tipped it to my lips and chugged as much of the bitter alcohol as I could, as of the metallic taste would help assuage my feelings of loneliness. In a few seconds the bottle was empty, and I threw it in the trash. Walking over to the next room, I quietly slumped on the bed. I was alone. As usual.

I closed my eyes, lying naked on my bed. Slowly, I pulled the blanket over myself, trying to fall asleep. In that black oblivion of a world, at least I wouldn't be able to be plagued by these emotions.

I didn't sleep well.
Chapter 8

I don't endorse or encourage using school equipment for sexual pleasure. If you are going to use microphones / lost water bottles in that way, remember to clean it first, using alcohol swabs or something. Rubbing it with your shirt to clean it is just begging for an infection.

For more fun: https://etayoo.tumblr.com

It's a new Tumblr, so be nc . 0.

“Go low, then go up.” Levi growled, his small beady eyes sharp and piercing. “Grab the person’s head and smash your knee into it.”

He took out a chalk piece and scrawled on the blackboard, which was a crudely drawn figure of two stick-men kicking each other. He looked at the blackboard. “The most important thing is to avoid as much damage as possible.”

“Anyways.” he continued, his voice low and harsh. He was somewhat terrifying. At least, he scared me. A lot. He just seemed so cold and dispassionate, even more so than Ymir, borderlining on Mikasa level. “In the case of titans, it’s best to avoid them completely. Humans on the other hand, are weak, so kicking them very hard-”

I was no longer paying attention, as I began to daydream about her. I probably should not have been, but the thoughts of Ymir and what we were going to do after today's training seemed to seep through my usual concentration, distracting me from Levi’s lecture.

All I could think of was her lightly tanned skin and her freckles. The way her cool and calm composure never broke. Ymir’s eyes were beady and shady, and her nose had been broken once or twice in a fistfight, but I liked the way she looked. A great majority of the people I met always asked me why I was spending time with her. I supposed in some senses, she was ugly, with the thug like appearance and her sleek but bent nose. Maybe people just didn't like the way she was taller than some guys, or the way her shoulders were broad, or the way she spoke, as if she didn’t really give a fuck about anything. She wasn't exactly what a person would consider an ideal maiden to be. Far from it, actually.

I didn't really care though. She was my goddess. She wasn't amazingly good looking, with her black eyes and freckles and her slightly crooked nose. I loved her aura. She had some commanding tones, mixed with a cool and mellow demeanour that seemed to make me unable to pull myself away from her. I took a glance at her. She was sitting at the farthest edge of the class, away from me.

I sighed, trying to get back into the class, but still needy for her presence. Her absence made me feel empty. It was just reassuring, having her near me, I supposed. Her calm, sometimes downright mean attitude comforted me, knowing that there was someone strong and confident I could rely on. Or just hug.
She was doing this for my own good, so I couldn't really complain. We both knew that my combat skills were the weakest in the entire class. With that, she had decided to keep away from me during combat practice to allow me to be undistracted. Still, I felt a bit hurt and lonely as I sat there, separated from her. I kept stealing glances at her though, when I was sure she wasn’t looking.

“Well, something like that.” He gestured to the blue mat, his face as black and cold as his voice. “I'm not especially good at drawing. I need a volunteer. I'm going to kick the shit out of him or her, so they better had been listening to whatever I was saying.”

Whoops.

“Okay.” Levi looked over the anxious class. Everyone seemed to shrink a bit smaller, not wanting to get brutally beaten up by the short instructor before we actually left the campus. This was the last lesson of the day, after all. “There seems to be a lack of volunteers.”

“How to select?” Levi looked around at us, his dispassionate eyes small and cold. “It has to be random and unbiased.”

“Eeny, meeny, miny-” His eyes flickered left and right, hovering all over the class, darting from one student to the next. They came to rest on me, and I felt my heart plummet and stop at the same time.

“-Eren.”

“Wait what-” Yeager managed to say, before Levi leapt across to him, and planted a kick into his face, sending him sprawling onto the floor.

“See, if he had been listening to my class, he would have known how to dodge that.” Levi growled dispassionately, as Eren sat up, rubbing the blue bruise forming on his jaw. “What’s rule two of combat, Yeager?”

“Being ready at all times, sir-” Levi kicked Yeager in the stomach, making him bent over and roll up in a ball on the ground.

“And were you ready for that?” Levi asked the curled up ball on the floor. Eren moaned.

“Apparently not. You will see me for detention after today’s lesson and for the next three days.”

“Isn't that on Saturday?” Armin asked, concerned at the wellbeing of his friend. “That would eat into his weekend.”

“It's fine. Eren can take it. He is the person who is going to kill all the titans, I suppose.” Levi sighed dispassionately. If he was being sarcastic, I couldn't tell. “But if you want to join him so much, I suppose you can. See me today and the next three days. Report in with Yeager.”

To my right, I saw Ymir stifle a chuckle, smirking behind her hand. I frowned. I loved her, but I really hated it when she picked on people she didn't like. She was caring and loving, but only to people she bothered to be nice to, like me and Sasha. She treated the rest of the people we mixed with as if they were sheep.

“Was that a laugh I heard?” Levi’s eyes casually trained onto Ymir, his sharp ears able to hear the softest of sounds.

“No, Sir.” Ymir replied coolly with a straight face to match the scowling instructor. “Sasha just farted.”

“You know, I would usually drag you in for detention with Eren and Armin, but at this point, I
couldn’t really care less.” Levi’s lips twitched, and what looked like an almost smile appeared on his face. “You need to be aware of your surroundings, Potato girl.”

Sasha’s face blushed red like a beacon, and she squealed her protests, and Levi ignore her, turning to face the class. “The rest of you. Split into pairs. Repeat the moves I lectured you. If I don’t think you are applying enough, I’ll sign you in for extra classes with me and Yeager.”

I took a chance at the blackboard, which comprised of several badly drawn stickman kicking each other awkwardly. Levi may have been a strong soldier, but his understanding of body proportions were sorely lacking. In addition, the fact that there was a short stickman kicking what looked like a taller stickman with one arm confirmed who made the decision to put him as our teacher.

I walked over to the blue mats, pairing up with Armin. We were both the most physically weak students in class, so that sort of pulled us close during practice. Usually, we just tried a less than adequate repetition of what Levi told us, and chatted for a while. Levi would proceed to ignore us, and scold Yeager.

“Hey, Armin.” I whispered guiltily when I was sure Levi wasn’t looking. The short man was sparring with Eren, who was actually managing to hold his ground against the shorter but more experienced combatant. “Sorry.. Sorry about getting stuck in detention.” I blushed, my face become red as I looked away from his blue eyes, so much like mine but different.

“Its cool.” Armin smiled, as we pretended to grapple at each other, giving Levi reason to ignore us and pick on Eren. “Levi’s quite a prick at times.” He grinned and bumped me on the shoulder with his fist. I grinned back, glad that he wasn’t taking anything too personally. Armin was a great guy.

“Sorry if.. If.. Ymir.. You know.” I blushed, looking at the ground, unsure how Armin would react to the reminder of my girlfriend’s mocking laughter.

“It’s alright.” Armin’s face pinched up, and I guessed that he wasn’t alright. “I don't know why you hang with her though.” he added, making me blush. He quickly retracted his statement, once he saw my blush.

“I mean, it's not like that.. What I meant to say was.. Was…” I quickly looked away, a bit indignant. Ymir wasn't that bad. She had her moments of being a jerk, but she had her fair share of tender moments, like when we were cuddling after training, or when she would patiently listen to me and help out when I had problems.

“Ymir's.. Alright.” I smiled, standing up to try and pretend that I was less tilted by what he said than I actually was. “She's just a bit of a jerk at times.” I cringed back when I heard myself say it. It was true, but it was quite unfair, given what she had done for me. Why did feelings have to be so complicated?

Armin kept silent.

“Let’s try the moves a few more times?” he finally suggested, breaking the silence. I nodded, glad to be finished with that tense conversation.

“By the way, do you wanna hang with me and Annie on Sunday?” Armin offered, as we grappled one another. I spun my hip into him, and threw him around on the ground.

“I'm fine with that.” I replied, a bit distracted. At the far end of the class, Ymir was wrestling Marco, throwing the much bigger boy around like he was a sack of rice. The way her actions were so smooth were in stark contrast by how intense they were. Marco hadn’t won a single round since
they started, despite having broader shoulders, and bearing rippling muscles that were supposed to be on bulls.

In that distracted time frame, Armin easily pinned me down three or four times in a row. I just repeated the motions, sneaking looks at Ymir, who was doing her best to ignore me. It seemed that stealing glances at my lover across the room was crippling my already weak fighting skills.

“Krist, are you alright?”

“Hm?”

“Krista.” Armin waved a hand in front of me, snapping me out of my daydreams. One of the said daydreams involved the hazy memory of Ymir holding my hands down on the mattress as she trailed her sleek tongue over every square centimetre of my body, making me moan in desperation. I quickly woke out of it, my face blushing red. Why was I thinking about that?! And in training, no less.

“Uh-” I managed, as Armin looked me up and down, concerned.

“You aren't sick, are you?” Armin sighed, smiling patiently as he put his hand to my cheek, making me squirm uncomfortably. Only Ymir was allowed to do that. But since it was Armin, who was more like a brother than anything else, I didn't complain, letting him feel my temperature.

“You are probably dehydrated.” he suggested, and I played along, not wanting anyone to know what lewd fantasies were playing out in my head during combat practice. “You wanna get some water?”

“Sure.” I smiled, and we walked over to the side. Eren and Levi were still going at it, kicking and punching each other. Levi, despite a few marks on his face and arms, was still in the lead, barely out of breath compared to Eren, who was panting like a tired horse.

Beads of sweat stained his face, dripping down onto the blue mats. Everyone in the class, even Ymir and Marco, had put down whatever they were doing, and were all watching the two combatants as they spared.

“Give up, Yeager.” Levi called, as he kicked Eren down again, his face black and emotionless, although I could see a faint smile of pride at how far Eren had come. Eren hit the ground hard, rolling into a crumpled mess. “You are out of your league. You need to learn when to give up and retreat. Like now.”

Eren grunted, and I gasped. I thought for a second that he was going to throw up blood or something. All eyes were locked at the spectacle of a fight, as Eren got to his feet, pushing himself up to his stance.

“I won't give up.” he whispered, his voice a faint, raspy croak.

“What was that?”

“I said, I won't give up!!” Yeager roared, and his voice echoed across the training field. “I'll be the one to kill all the titans!! And I'll kill you to, if it gets me there!! I swear, I'll purge the world of their filth.”

Levi interrupted his slightly less than epic speech by kicking him in the liver. Hard. Eren gagged, and fell back on the floor, a crumpled ball of pain.
“I admire your determination, Yeager. But do try to refrain from giving long speeches during a fight.” Levi pulled his boots higher around his knee, his dead fish eyes scouting over the boy on the ground.

“Does Eren always get like that?” I asked Armin as we continued our walk to the water point, the rest of the class resuming with whatever they were just doing before that outburst.

“Sadly, yes.” Armin conceded. “You got your water?”
“I’m out, though.” I noted, looking into my almost empty bottle. I looked around for Ymir’s. I’m pretty sure she wouldn't mind if I drank some. I glanced at all the similar bottles. Hm. This was gonna be difficult.
“I could lend you some, but I’m empty.” Armin capped his bottle. He looked around and picked up a bottle from the floor. Unlike the other bottles, this one had a crudely drawn stickman doodled on the front of it, killing what looked like titans. I cringed a bit inwardly. There seemed to be an inverse correlation between people’s fighting skills and their drawing capabilities.

“Just take some from Eren’s? He hasn’t drank any yet.”
“He isn’t saliva conscious, right?” I asked, opening the bottle and looking into it. The clear liquid greeted me, and I took a few sips. The water taste like water. Then when it hit my throat, a faint minty sweet sensation greeted me, like toothpaste. I gagged a bit.
“What is in this?” I asked, looking into the bottle. I looked up and from the corner of my eye, I saw Mikasa staring at me, her face paler than ever, her hand raised, as if trying to stop me. I blinked and suddenly she was doing something else again. I put the thought out of my head. It was probably some protein drink or something. Eren was pretty fond of those.

“Maybe a sports drink?” Armin took a whiff of the fluid. “It doesn’t smell bad, for one. Unlike the time he tried to grind up raw eggs and celery to make a personalised energy shake.”

I wasn't listening. My world was spinning slightly, my head somehow too heavy for my shoulders. Was it alcohol? It didn't seem probable, though. Eren valued his body too much to touch a single drop. Maybe I was suffering from dehydration, and needed a little more. I took the bottle again and drank a few more sips. I didn't gag as the minty flavour greeted me again, and I felt slightly better as the liquid slipped down my throat.

“Cool. I think I’m better, Armin, thanks-”

The spins got worse. My body suddenly pulsed, hot, and my legs trembled, unable to keep the weight of my body. I gasped as I felt how cold the air was against my skin, making me whimper slightly. The whimper was a lewd sound, echoing from the back of my throat, primal and lustful.

“Krist-”

Armin looked at me, tense. He was smart enough to put two and two together. Although, from the way my face was burning red and my thighs were pressed together uncomfortably, trembling, it didn't take a genius to figure out how unbearably horny I was right now. I bit into my lips, shaking. It was as if my childhood nightmare had come true. Instead of being naked in front of the entire class however, it was more of me trembling and being torn apart by pure arousal in front of the entire class. On the ladder of embarrassment, this was several rungs above.

“Krista!!” Armin hissed, before lowering his voice to a hushed whisper, looking around at the rest of the class. I could barely lift my head, my whole body melting. All I could do was put my weight onto my knees, barely able to move. He looked at me, blushing red as he tried to decide what to do. “Armin..” I got to my feet unsteadily. “Help me.”

“What should I do?” Armin panicked, looking around. He still had enough sense not to completely
break down, or god forbid, tell Levi. But any moment now, somebody would notice how weird I was acting, and raise suspicions. And if anybody knew that I was getting turned on in combat class, no amount of threatening from Ymir or reasoning from Sasha could save the situation.

“Should I get Ymir?” Armin asked, quickly supporting me as I shook, my legs twitching. I felt a small trickle of liquid slowly slide down my inner thigh, making me gasp softly.

“No!!” I cried, a little too forcefully. The last thing I wanted was for her to think I was skipping out on training because I was sexually frustrated. “Please.” I lowered my voice. “Don't. Don't tell her.”

“What do I do, though?” Armin hissed, and I grunted softly, feeling the way my soft, moist slit rubbed sensually against the inner netting of my running shorts. A few more moments and I was going to fall apart. My insides were throbbing, begging for something large to push into it and tear them apart. I put my hand into my mouth and bit into my knuckles, silencing a scream that threatened to leak out.

“Cover for me until I get bac-” my sentence ended in a whimper, as I felt a sudden tremor course low through my body, rubbing against my stomach, flowing to my crotch. Armin caught me before I fell, and pulled me to the exit of the training hall.

“I can stall for you. But if they ask where you are, what do I tell them?” Armin whispered once we were out of sight. “I mean, it's not getting any better is it?”

“Say I'm on my period or something.” I hissed impatiently, trembling weakly against a nearby wall which was propping me up. “Just make an excuse-” I shuddered, falling on my side, panting. I couldn't even walk now. All the feeling had left my legs. All I felt now was the steady rhythm pumping through my groin, the pulse burning away at my body, demanding that someone needed to bend me over and fuck me as hard as I could take it. I bit into my hands, whimpering softly as I bucked my hips in the air, trying to get more friction on my slit. The rough feeling of the net on my thighs, on my groin made me moan softly. More trails of arousal had already began to trickle down my legs, and I lay helplessly, a panting mess on the ground.

“Krista.” I heard a voice, coming from far away. My world was a blur, spinning over and over, faster and faster. I purred softly, trying to get to on all fours, my insides twitching and squeezing. “Krista?! Are you-”

“Wait, Ymir!!”

“Stay out of this, faggot-boy.”

I whimpered as I felt her strong hands pick me up, unable to lift my head. I recognised Ymir’s lean but strong arms as they wrapped around me. I couldn't see the people speaking, and I didn't care. I just needed Ymir inside me. Something big to stir me up and make me scream my lungs out.

“Mmm…” I nuzzled against the strong, lean arms that lifted me up, carrying me further onwards. I found myself unconsciously licking and running my soft lips against the toned muscles. “Ymir..” I whispered, wanting her to push me down and ram her length inside me. I needed it now. Now, not later.

“Ymir.. Please..” I whispered, and I heard her breath hitch.

“Krista, just wait.” Ymir hissed, trying her best to resist my advances. “I'll get you to the medical bay. Just bear it for now. We are already at the C block-”

“I..i don't want to wait..” I whispered, and I heard Ymir’s breath stop sharply again. “I.. I want you.. Ymir.. Please-”
“You need to pump some water into you to get the chemicals out of your body.” Ymir growled, but despite her words, she looked almost ready to throw me on the nearest soft surface and fuck me until I was a sloppy mess. “You aren't thinking straight.”

Slowly, I began to rut against her body, whimpering as I did so, knowing that I was making her as aroused as I was. I leaned up to where I assumed her ear was. “I need you to pump some semen inside me, and fuck me until I’m not thinking straight.” I corrected her, leaning on her harder, making it harder for her to carry me. “Please, daddy?” I murmured, and that made her growl, deeper than before.

“That's it.”

I barely had time to react, before Ymir manhandled me, lifting me around her shoulders, and walking briskly to a nearby classroom. In a few seconds, she found an unlocked one, and pulled us both in. She flipped me over, putting me on a long lecturer's table. I released a slow moan, as I felt my body grow hot. On a very primal level, I loved it when Ymir was rough and violent. It aroused me, whenever I realised how strong my girlfriend was.

Ymir took several fast strides to the door and locked it, before turning her attention to me. “Hands up, behind your head.” She ordered, and I quickly obliged, raising my hands so she could tie them together using a nearby microphone cable.

“Ymir.. Please!! Quickly-” I moaned as she looked over me, slowly admiring her handiwork. The thick cable wrapped around my forearms and wrists, tying them together.

“Patience, slave.” Ymir smirked, folding her arms. “We have to discuss some issues before we continue.” She pulled off my gym shorts, sticky with arousal. The pair of stained pants landed on the floor nearby, and Ymir laughed, as she admired the wet mess of a panties I had in between my legs. The soaked piece of underwear joined the pair of pants on the floor.

“Just what were you doing, when you got this wet?” Two fingers playfully trailed up my stomach, making my back arch. My throat shuddered, releasing small moans, as Ymir began to tease me again, her nails scratching down my stomach. Ymir stood over me, pulling my shirt over my head, showing my pale torso. My nipples, small and painfully hard, stood up in the air, begging Ymir to put her lips around them and show them some love.

“Ymir-” In response, she immediately flicked my clit with her finger, sending a bolt of painful pleasure through my body. My whole body twitched and jerked, as I tried to work the feeling out of my system. I laid against the hard table, moaning loudly.

“You will call me mistress, are we clear?”

“Yes mistress-” I mewled, and Ymir grinned, unplugging the microphone from the cable. She roughly wiped the microphone with her shirt, getting rid of whatever debri and dirt there was on the surface.

“Good girl.” Ymir smirked, pulling herself up onto the table. “But we still need to deal with the fact that you are a horny slut that gets aroused during class.” She held the microphone in her hands suggestively, and I suddenly guessed what she was up to.

The microphone’s black surface was hard and grooved and cold, and as it trailed along my entrance, I whimpered, pulling against the wire around my wrist. The sensation was electric, making my whole body go numb with pleasure, and I groaned, as Ymir trailed the piece of electrical equipment against my crotch.
“Stop.. Stop teasin- Ah.. AH!!” The black metal grid pushed up, hard against my clit, squeezing the sensitive piece of flesh against its hood.

“That's not what a slave should be saying to her mistress.” Ymir whispered, her voice low and alluring. I loved the way she could change her voice on a whim, even if it was only slightly. Especially in bed. Her deepened voice highlighted the power differences between the both of us, making me feel weak and helpless. The sensation sent a strong tingling through my gut, making me curl up and moan. The burning in my gut intensified, making me rub my hips against the microphone.

“Pleaseee..” I moaned, as Ymir mercilessly began to push the microphone against my slick entrance, rubbing against every soft fold. She ensured that the black head of it was pressed gently against me, so much so that I could still feel it, but it wouldn't risk going inside me and hurting me.

“Mistress-” I gasped, as Ymir began to compliment the microphone with her mouth, her tongue trailing along my clit. I let out a stifled scream.

I loved it when she gave me oral. Her sleek tongue was very turrell, picking and coating every square inch of me with her saliva as she ate me out. I felt my whole body shudder helplessly against her hands as she stuck her tongue as far as it could go inside me. Soon, her fingers slid into me, and I gave out a high pitched whine of submission, my toes curling up.

“That's right, Krista.” Ymir whispered, as her fingers began to push deep into me. I bit into my lips, feeling her fingers probe my most intimate of areas. Her tongue playfully traced along my clit and I gasped. The fact that her fingers were buried to the knuckles in my pussy didn't help. All I could do was lean against the hard wooden table, and feel the sensations pulling my body apart as Ymir dug around my insides. “Scream for me. Scream for your mistress.”

“Pl...plea-please!!” I gasped, my hips gyrating helplessly against her hands. “Too.. Too sensitive-sens..” I felt my eyes roll back, as my girlfriend’s fingers pushed against a particularly soft spot in my canal, making me groan and thrust my hips out involuntarily. Sensing my climax, Ymir began to speed her fingers up, the two slick digits pushing inside me in synchrony, setting up a rhythm that made my head spin. My mind was turning to a mulch, my consciousness dissipating into a white mist. The feeling of being held down by the woman I loved and being fucked mercilessly by her fingers brought me over the edge, and I screamed my orgasm out, my insides clenching hard against her fingers, squeezing them.

When I emerged from my high, I realised I was panting. I laid back on the table, my body exhausted. Jesus, that felt good. The fire I felt before was quenched. Ymir looked over me, grinning. I pouted and pressed my head against her, my insides still twitching softly against her fingers.

“Feeling better, kiddo?” Ymir pulled out of my hug, making me whine. Her hands began to untie the microphone cable from around my wrists, freeing my arms. I nodded weakly, still a bit tired from the climax. It wasn't as intense as it was usually when she had her cock buried deep inside me, but it was good enough to satisfy me for now. When she had finished untying me, she pulled me onto her, and we sat together on a nearby lecture seat, and hugged me tightly.

“I love you so much, you idiot.” Ymir whispered, holding me tightly against her body. Her boobs weren't amazingly big like Sasha's, although they were bigger than mine. I smiled, comfortably nuzzled against her chest. Ymir quietly began to stroke my hair softly, nuzzling into me. “We should get back to class though. People will be wondering where we are.”

“You are still hard, though..” I whispered as I felt her erection through the cloth of her sports pants. Gently, I rubbed my still sensitive entrance against the tent of her pants. “People are gonna notice
that.

“I can always tuck it onto the waistband of my pants.” Ymir suggested, getting up. I pushed her down, using a single finger, trying my best to be seductive. “Or.. I could help you deal with that.” I trailed the finger down her muscular chest, and her eyebrows raised, amused. “You just got off, though.” Ymir smirked, and I blushed, looking away, my face burning.

“I.. I!!” I covered my face, which was a beet red. “Just take of your pants so I can ride your dick.” I blushed, putting my hands around her waistband and pulling off her shorts off in an offhand manner, freeing her erection.

“Wow. That was so seductive.” Ymir grinned, as I took her cock in my hands, feeling how hot the ten inch length was.

“Shut up!!” I blushed, embarrassed. Ymir grinned, patting my hair. I blushed deeper. I kneeled over on the ground, bending over and wrapping my lips around the meat stick. The warmth of it burnt the inside of my mouth, and I bobbed my head down and up Ymir’s cock, barely able to keep more than half the cock in my mouth at once.

Ymir’s hand found my head, stroking my blonde hair to the side as she pushed my head down, making me gag on her shaft. Ignoring the reflex I felt at the back of my throat, I pushed her dick deeper into my mouth. “Fuck Krista..” Ymir moaned, her hand on the side of my head, controlling the rhythm of which I bobbed up and down on her dick. “Your throat is so warm and soft…It feels so good..”

I nodded my head, sucking in my cheeks, knowing she like it when I did it that way. The inner walls of my mouth were pressed up against the shaft of her cock, enveloping it in its warmth. Ymir’s free hand began to scout around, feeling my groin, pressing two fingers against my opening as she oscillated my head on her tremendous cock. I whimpered, causing my throat to vibrate against the head of her dick. I bobbed my head up and down harder and harder, making ymir shudder in my mouth. I tasted the salty slightly bitter taste of her pre-semen on my tongue.

“Ooh.. Fuck!!” I heard my girlfriend hiss from above me, her voice a deep growl. Her two slim digits began to trail around my slit, playing with my clit, pushing the fingers deep into my slick insides. “Your insides are so damn wet. You just got off, but you are still hungry for my cock, aren’t you?” Her two fingers began to play around with my insides, and I moaned softly. The feeling of her skilled hands against my crotch combined with her dick in my mouth made me shudder. When she hit my g-spot with her fingers, I practically screamed into her cock, causing me to splutter and spit all over it. I unsheathed my mouth from Ymir’s dick, choking slightly.

“Krista!!” Ymir hissed, quickly steadying me once I fell to my knees. I gasped, a bit of drool mixed with her precum leaking to my chin. “Are you alright?” I nodded weakly, and Ymir bent over and kissed me. It wasn’t a sexual kiss, it was a gentle one, her soft lips pressing against mine. “Ymir..” I moaned against her lips, and she lifted me up, one hand below my knees, the other below my back. She laid me down against the table, pushing my body against the hard wooden surface. Her lips had been broken and cut up in a street brawl at one point in time or another, but I loved it. “I’m… Ha- ah.. Sorry I messed up..”

“Shut up, dummy.” Ymir pressed her lips against mine again, forcing my body against the table, silencing my apologies. Her fingers trailed along my body, lovingly traversing every inch of my body, stroking and cupping my breasts, before running down the sides of my love handles. I panted, and she pressed the attack, putting her lips harder against mine, pinning me down against the table. Ymir pulled my shirt off, and it was left on a pile on the floor. I laid on the table, completely naked. Ymir began to kiss me again, joining our lips together. After what seemed like
an eternity, we broke the kiss, panting slightly.

“Ymir..” I moaned, leaning back and spreading my legs as far as I could go. “Please.. Please fuck me..” my hands went to my crotch and I spread my lips wide, begging Ymir to push her cock deep into me. A thin trail of lewd juices rolled down, pooling on the table surface. “F- fuck me l- like.. Like you paid for me.”

“What-” Ymir blushed, her face red, but she was still smiling. “Language, Krista!!” she grinned. “Who taught you to say that?” She leaned in, looking at me in the eye, smirking seductively as she trailed her fingers down my body.

“Sa.. Sasha..” I blushed, whimpering as Ymir brought her lips to my nipples, sucking them. Hard. Marks of red and purple soon covered my chest and collarbones, marking me as hers. “I.. She said you would like it when...when I said that..”

“Relax, love. It's not like I don't like it.” she whispered, pressing more kisses up to my neck, nibbling and biting my soft flesh, making me squeal. “I love it, in fact..” her teeth traced to my ears, and I whimpered as she began to lick and nibble the shell of my ear. She held me tight, and I knew what was going to happen, relaxing my body instinctively.

I shuddered, panting softly as I felt Ymir’s cock slowly push into me, pressing its way into my cervix. “Nghh… Fu-Fuck.. Fuck!! Ymir..” I pushed my head against her shoulder, moaning helplessly as she began to crush my womb with her cock, burying more and more of her inches deeper and deeper into me. “Fuck.. Fuck!! Fuckfucfuck!!”

Ymir pulled me on top of her, and I barely had time to admire the vast landscape of muscles of her body, before she grabbed my hips, pulling me all the way down. I twitched, shuddering as I felt all her inches slowly bury themselves inside me. I threw my head back as I felt her cock hit my cervix, slowly probing it. In this position, I could feel her every move, her shaft throbbing deep inside me. Every small twitch she made sent a sensation through my body, making me whimper and gasp. She pulled me down, letting me rest my head on her chest, giving me time to get accommodated to her thick cock buried deep inside me.

“You alright, Krista?” She whispered tenderly into my ears, and I nodded. “How do you feel, love?”

“I.. I.. Feel..so.. So.. Full..” I gasped, as she adjusted her hips, accidentally pushing her cock deeper into me. “NGH!!” I screamed, as the small movement caused a sharp bolt of pleasure to shoot through me. “Holy shit-” I whimpered.

“You are so cute, Historia.” Ymir smirked, and without warning, her vice like grips found their way around my hips, and she began to thrust. In this position, the smallest of movements had sent indescribable pleasure through me. An onslaught of violent thrusts like that made me scream hysterically as I lost my mind.

“With your little lost girl look and your innocent little blue eyes.” Ymir continued, pumping in and out of me, ignoring my gasps and screams.

“Ymir.. Please!!” An erotic sound filled the room as her cock ran up into my slick insides, making a squelching sound with every forceful thrust. “I.. I ca- can't take any.. Anymore!!” I bit into her shoulders, my hands scrambling against her muscular body, trying to cope with how good her cock was making me feel.

“But I love it better when you are screaming like the little slut you are.” Ymir whispered into my ear, thrusting harder and harder into me, making me shudder. Ymir knew I liked to be fucked rough, and took advantage, slamming me onto her length. All I could do was to lie on Ymir, in a near comatose state, trapped in an ecstatic trance her cock had put on me. “Ymir!! Fuck!! Fuck!!
Right there!!” Her thick cock hit a soft spot in my pussy, rubbing every sensitive inch of my walls. Ymir grinned, as she put her fingers in her mouth, coating them in a thick layer of spit, before pulling me onto her, setting up a rhythm.

“You should see your face right now.” Ymir’s hands stroked down my back, and I groaned. The strange combination of a sexual pleasure with such an innocent gesture made my head spin. “It’s so hot, Krista.”

“I.. Shu-shut up!!-” I whimpered and covered my face in embarrassment. “You are so adorable. I love it.” Ymir grabbed my hands and pulled them apart, pulling me closer to her. Her other hand began to slowly trail down the line between my shoulder blades, leading from my neck to my tailbone. I realized what her intentions were when her fingers reached my-

“That place is dirty!!” I managed to scream out before Ymir slowly slid her two fingers into my ass, curving her digits into my back entrance. “Ah-

“You still love it, though.” Ymir responded, her length slamming in and out of me, her two fingers digging into me from behind. “And let’s not lie about it being dirty. I know you’ve enjoyed the sensation of daily enemas ever since we did anal, you little liar.”

“Stop.. Please.. Churning.. You’re churning.. Churning my insides-” my world became blank as Ymir’s cock eroded my mind, turning my insides into a sloppy mess. Her two fingers drilled deep against my ass, pressing against my prostate. I shuddered, unable to form a comprehensible sentence as she fucked me from both ends. The feeling of her twin digits playing and spreading the sensitive ring of muscles at my sphincter wider and wider apart with each movement caused me to shut my eyes tighter, screaming desperately as Ymir fucked me. Hard. It didn’t help when she put her lips on my neck, sucking on my pale flesh, turning it red and blue.

“Fuck… Fu-Fuck Ymir!!” I cried. I loved the sensation as she sucked on my collarbones and neck, making a line of marks.

“Krista..” She grinned, grunting slightly as she tried her best to last as long as possible, not wanting the pleasure to end. “I..im gonna cum.” She snarled, and she began to speed up her thrusts, sending my brain to a whole new level of pleasure. “Let me see your face-” She sneered, her eyes wild, and I shook my head, covering my face with my hands.

“I.. I-” Ymir silenced my protests, her free hand wrapped around my neck, pulling me down and kissing me hard. I felt her tongue explore and probe my mouth, tasting the soft inner walls of my cheek. I shut my eyes tight, panting as Ymir pulled my hands away from my face, her fingers and cock still working inside me. “Gonna cum!! I’m...NGH!! CUM!! FUCK!! FUCKFUCK-” I cried, unable to do anything other than scream in ecstasy. My mind was flushed into a white void-I screamed, the highest pitch cry of orgasmic ecstasy I had released today, as I came, my walls squeezing harder against her insertions, which set of her climax.

“Krista!!” Ymir grunted, as she hit her climax, pouring her white seed all over my insides. Her cock burst like an overripe fruit, spilling more and more of her juices into my womb as she trusted faster and faster, her head ramming against my cervix, pouring her hot semen straight into my womb. “I love you!!”

“Say it again!!” I screamed, still not done riding my climax out. Ymir was still thrusting, and each of her thrusts sent bolts of white hit pleasure burning through me.

“I love you!! I love you!! I LOVE YOU-”

“Ymir!! NGH- AH- YMIR!!” I shuddered as Ymir gave one last push into me, forcing my cervix apart as she put her cock deeper than I ever imagined it could go inside me, filling me up with her
semen. I moaned, and she held me still, my legs wrapped around her hips. That felt amazing. We held each other like that for a while, the only movement in the room being Ymir when she slowly kissed me, trailing a line of kissed along the red and purple hickeys she made. I moaned meekly, and Ymir kissed me gently on my lips softly.

“Feeling better, Krista?” Ymir whispered, concerned as she leaned off me, patting my head. I moaned and hugged her tighter, not wanting her to leave me. Ymir smiled kindly, patting my head and stroking my soft hair. Ymir had satiated the strange, intense arousal I felt earlier.

“Mmm.” Ymir smiled, nuzzling me. Eventually, she broke away from me, making me whine. Picking up my panties and shorts, she tossed them over to me, while I pulled on my shirt. “Should we get back to the training hall?” I asked, pulling her into a hug, and she grinned, snuggling against me.

“I guess so. All we have to do is watch out for shorty when we return.” Ymir opened the door, smirking.

“Yeah, watch out for shorty.” A raspy, indifferent voice greeted us, and I felt my body freeze. Ymir’s poker face came on, and she became as stiff as a board.

Levi looked at us, his eyes dark and cold as we walked out of the abandoned lecture classroom. The dead fish eyes never seemed to leave us, making my blood go cold.

“You two kids are in so much trouble.”
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Based on a true story on when I tried to bake a cake in cooking class. I didn't know a cake could be a fire hazard, up until I baked it wrongly. Needless to say, the class had to evacuate the room, and I failed the test.

Chapter Notes

If u want more reads, and are a rwby fan, check my other work, Red light Co., a detective noir story featuring everyone's favourite sociopath, Roman Torchwick.

“Damn it.” I swore, as I grabbed the egg beater. The wooden handle was slimy and covered with a thick layer of paste. “Fucking piece of shit, fuck!!”

According to the book, the paste should have thickened right now, forming a pale beige mixture. Mine was still peach, and was thin. Either I was stirring too much, or I wasn't stirring enough. I grunted, annoyed, as I took the whisk, and began to frantically stir. The clock read twelve twenty-two. Krista would be out of extra combat class by one, and I had to have a cake ready for her, to celebrate her birthday. I even skipped Erwin’s german class for this, which was a definite detention. I growled as I put the whisk back to the batter and began to stir harder.

Eren, Marco and Mikasa had got something for Krista. I wasn't sure what it was, but it was a soft toy or something, knowing them. I knew for a fact that Armin got her a set of earphones, which he had improved to be able to pick up radio signals from phones, effectively making it a low class spying equipment. Annie even chipped in to get her present. Which was saying a lot, considering Annie was a sociopath’s sociopath.

Which kind of boiled down to me making a cake for her. It would seem shitty if I didn't come up with anything, considering what everyone else was contributing to celebrate Krista’s birthday. I cracked yet another egg into the paste, stirring it.

To be fair, the whole event looked better in my head. I had imagined baking a wonderfully decorated cake, white with strawberry syrup glazing on the top, just as I knew she liked it. And when I opened up the cookbook thirty minutes ago, I realised I didn't know what the fuck I was
doing. At one point in time, I had considered calling Sasha in to help me, but I thought again. She would probably end up eating the ingredients, knowing her.

“Fucking cock!!” I snarled, annoyed at myself for being presumptuous. I looked at the steaming pile of horse shit that I managed to make. Well, fuck me. I quickly poured the batter, which was a thick sludge, into the cake pan. I looked at the time. Twelve thirty-five. I hissed in annoyed panic. I promised her a cake, and by golly, I was going to give her one. The cookbook said 150 degrees for a hour and a half, but since I was in a rush, I took the pan and knocked in 350, putting the mess I made into the oven.

I considered calling the whole thing off and just running off campus to buy her a proper cake or something, and getting her something else while I was at it, but I kinda wanted to be as authentic as possible. And apparently, authenticity is represented in the cake baking world by thick, possibly toxic purple fumes coming out from the oven. It was a good thing I disabled the fire alarm when I entered. Holy fuck, how could this situation get any worse?-

“Ymir?” a soft, gentle voice and a knock rang from behind the door, and I froze up.

“Hey, Krista.” I smiled, turning around to face the blonde angel, trying to act like everything was under control. Which was difficult, considering the fact that I was wearing an apron that had batter stains covering every square inch of it, and there was a thick, purple smog pouring out from the oven behind me. “You are out of class early.” I changed a glance at the clock, which read twelve forty.

“Yep,” She smiled sweetly, and I flinched a little. I had to try and pretend everything was under control. She was so sweet, I didn't have the heart to tell her that I fucked up. I positioned myself between the oven and her, hoping to cover most of the fumes. “Levi let us off early, except for Eren and Mikasa.” she took a sniff of the air. “Ymir, do you smell burning tires?”

I took a backwards glance at the thick smog coming from the oven, which was now an unhealthy shade of violet.

“Yep. Don't smell anything.” I smiled.

“Is it coming from behind you?”

“Probably.” I admitted. “How did you guess?”
“The oven is on fire.”

I turned around and screamed a bit when I saw the inferno behind me. Red and orange licks of flames blazed in the supposedly fireproof oven, which would be funny, if it was happening to anybody else. I quickly wrenched off a fire extinguisher from the nearby wall and sprayed it all over the flames, quenching the fire. Krista quickly joined in, grabbing another extinguisher outside the kitchen, and spraying the foam into the flames. In a minute, the whole oven was covered in a thick white foam, the only hint of a fire being the burnt smell in the air.

I sighed, looking at the abomination I made. All to try and impress Krista. It seemed like a fool’s errand in retrospect, but I wasn't the type of person to admit when I was wrong. Krista smiled gently, as she walked over to me, looking like a parent who was about to patiently lecture her two year old child.

“Ymir. What did you try to do?” She smiled gently, putting her arms around my waist, ignoring my soiled apron.

“I tried to bake you a birthday cake.”

“What did you put in the cake?” she grinned, hugging me tighter. I pouted a bit, which was uncharacteristic of me, but then again, Krista was poking fun at me, which was uncharacteristic of her. “Cyanide?”

“My blood, tears and sweat.”

“Also, too many eggs and not enough cream, from the smell of it.” Krista smirked, and I scowled. She was an amazing chef, and she often cooked for our dorm. To be fair, I didn't know why she was still hitched with me. I wasn't amazing at anything other than combat. Krista on the other hand, was one of the most attractive girls in the campus. She had all the traits of a perfect wife, from her amazing culinary abilities, to her gentle and witty demeanor. “You know, Ymir, you could have gotten me a stuffed toy or something.” She smiled, as she wrapped her arms around my waist, ignoring the sticky batter stains on my ruined apron.

“I.. I just wanted to impress you.” I murmured shamefully, surprising even myself. Krista flushed, her pale face turning scarlet as she looked up at me. I looked away, blushing as well, not wanting to meet her eyes. “You know.. Give you something meaningful.. I don't know..” I blurted out, my blush getting worse. “It's.. It's so dumb, just don't mind me!!” I shouted, flushing as I pouted,
looking away from the smaller girl wrapped around my waist.

“You are a different kind of idiot, you know that, love?” Krista smiled from below me, pulling me tighter into her death hug. “You are like one of those tsun characters from anime.”

“Shut up!!”

“Just proving my point, aren't you.” She smiled, and I had to grin. I couldn't be cool in front of her, even if I tried. I could only be myself. She had a way of making me flustered beyond belief, it wasn't even fair. I pulled her into a hug, and she blushed, but wrapped her arms around me, ignoring the dirty apron that left a stain on her white blouse. She leaned in and kissed me, and I kissed her back. I pressed myself against her, feeling her warm body against mine.

“Love you, idiot.” I smirked.

“Sure, says the girl who can't bake a cake properly.” Krista smiled, looking at the rest of the ingredients on the table. I pouted. “You realise that most cakes don't use whip cream, right?” She pointed to the brown spray can. “You are thinking of pies.”

“Are you really going to do this?” I hugged her tightly, kissing her softly on her golden hair. “You are pulling over eleven years of cooking on a novice chef.” the oven behind me sparked and coughed out another pant of smoke. “A novice chef that just burnt her girlfriend’s cake.”

“You bought too many ingredients.” Krista grinned, and she pulled out of my grasp, her face blushing a bit. I recognised that look anywhere. It was a mixture of embarrassment and lust, mixed with a bit of mischief. I usually took the lead during our bedroom escapades, but Krista was more than willing to incite and start off the whole event if she felt like it. “I wonder what you are gonna do with them.”

“I wonder that too.” I smirked, playing along, as I walked over to the door, locking it behind me. I walked over to the windows and drew the blinds, cutting out all the light in the room, only the faintest trace of sunlight making its way in. The kitchen was ours now. “Well, you are the chef, so you tell me.” I whispered, as I approached the blonde girl, slowly tracing my hands against her wrists, pinning her hands against the wall, next to her head. Krista let out a small whimper, as I leaned in, nibbling her soft neck with my teeth.

“Y...y...mir..” she mewed weakly as she bucked against my body. I pressed her against the wall,
grinding my hips against the front of her crotch, knowing full well that she liked it when I did that. She tried to lean forward to kiss me, but I denied her, leaning back and smirking teasingly. She whimpered, her body melting against my arms, as she weakly struggled against my strong grip. She was too adorable. “Pl..please..”

“No.” I replied her, smirking as her face melted into a one of erotic desperation. I smirked smugly, and continued grinding against her, making her twist and squirm, as she panted. Her legs were shaking now, trembling as they tried to hold her weight. Adapting to the issue, I quickly shifted her, pushing her against the wooden table, kissing Krista as she put her hands on the table, helping me lift her onto it.

“Blouse off.” I growled into her ear, and Krista whimpered softly, gasping as I nibbled the inner shell of her ear, making her shiver. I brought my mouth to her neck, biting and sucking, leaving a complimentary trail of red and purple marks, running down to her collarbones. She didn't respond in time, so I helped her, unbuttoning the white top. When I finished the last button, I saw what I came for- every square inch of pale skin of Krista's soft, toned upper body. I pulled off her top, leaving it strewn on the table next to her.

Krista lay on the table, wearing only a small white bra and her skirt, an unconvincing look of innocence on her face. I took the brown spray can and shook it, before spraying it all over the blonde girl’s torso. She gave a small squeak, but grinned, when she saw my intention. I leaned over and began to lick her all over, my sleek tongue tracing all over her, mixing with the white cream. She no longer looked innocent, her face a bit strained as she tried her best to stifle the lewd moans resounding from her throat.

“You taste amazing, Krista.” I whispered, as I trailed my tongue over her stomach, over her firm but soft abs, making her whimper wordlessly, curling her body up out of reflex. I held her still, forcing her to remain open up to me. I sucked at her belly button, and she gave a soft moan, shuddering at my touch. “Like strawberries and cream.” I whispered into her ears, holding her tight. My hands found her skirt, peeling it off. It fell off the table, landing in a pile on the floor.

“That.. That feels weird..” She whispered, and I continued my ministrations, spraying the whipped cream down her front, to her inner thighs. Krista whimpered something incomprehensibly, her hands wrapped around my hair as I began to tease her, licking small circles into her inner thighs, licking off the cream from every square inch of her skin. Her legs shook, threatening to close up from the stimulation, and I helped her, spreading her legs with my arms. After cleaning up her slim, pale thighs, I turned to her white panties, which were soaked through by now.

“You are such a slut, Krista.” I whispered, knowing dirty talk would turn her on, and she whimpered as I traced a finger down the front of her drenched panties, stroking her cunt through the cloth. I put my mouth over the soaked undergarment, licking her cunt like a piece of candy through the wet fabric. “I would lend you mine, but I made a mess of them, too.” I pulled off my
apron seductively, before losing my trousers. They both landed in a pile. I took off my panties, showing how wet they were, damp from my precum.

“Open wide.”

Krista opened her mouth eagerly, and I stuffed my panties into her mouth, making it into a makeshift mouth gag. Pulling her blouse from one side of the table, I rolled it up and tied it around her eyes, blindfolding her. My trousers went around her hands, binding them by the wrists tightly. I began to lay small kisses on her shoulder blades, sucking on the pale, tender flesh, leaving purple marks all over her, marking her as mine. I flipped her onto the table, her stomach pressing against the wooden surface and I grabbed the spray can, an idea forming in my mind.

“If you feel uncomfortable, tap the table twice.” I whispered to her, and she nodded. I shook the spray can, and she tensed up, unsure what I was planning. I pulled her legs up, leaving her on all fours, giving me a better view of her asshole.

“Do you know what a cream enema is?” I asked, shaking the can. Krista whimpered incomprehensibly, but didn't tap the table. So I assumed that was a green light. Me and Annie had been texting somewhat more frequently after the threesome, and she had suggested the idea.

I put my tongue to Krista's sphincter, licking the small puckered hole a few times, getting it a bit looser for the nozzle. She murmured something, shivering from the sensation, but didn't complain. Carefully, I fed the nozzle into Krista's asshole, and pressed the button.

The effect was electric. Krista jerked, moaning immediately as the cold, thick fluid began to pour into her asshole, filling her rectum up. Her whole body tensed up, and I held her still, pumping more and more of the whipped cream into her asshole. After a few seconds, when I felt she needed rest, I released the grip on the nozzle, leaving Krista moaning, trembling as she felt the white gunk pour directly into her. I let her rest for a while, and when she nodded her head, I quickly pressed the button again, pouring more white cream into her. She shuddered, whimpering softly behind her gag. After a few rounds of this treatment, Krista tapped the table twice.

“Keep it inside you. Don't spill a single drop.” I pulled out the nozzle. I began to kiss her again, my hands running through her blonde hair, stroking the silky smooth locks, my lips running down her neck and the back of her shoulders. With each soft brush of my lips against her body, Krista whined in a high pitch tone, jerking and tensing up, but unable to get rid of the pressure of all the cream in her stomach. I teased her, pressing a single finger against her asshole, teasing the twitching, trembling exit. Krista shook her head furiously, and whimpered something illegible. I smirked, but complied, pulling my fingers reluctantly away from her back hole.
I opened her legs, and when I was sure she could take it, I pushed my cock into her, hissing at how tight she was. As my length began to spread her open, inch by inch, Krista began to moan, louder and louder. I knew what she wanted, and grabbed her hips. Instead of going in slow, I immediately rammed my length into her pussy suddenly, skewering whatever I could into her without warning. Krista released the highest pitched scream she had yet, and her cunt squeezed my dick, wrapping around the half buried length. Her asshole twitched, and a but of the cream squirted out, dribbling over my cock.

I gave her what she wanted.

“I thought I said to hold it in?” I whispered into her ears, nibbling them with my lips, making her moan. I pulled out the gag from her mouth, freeing her lips. Krista panted, her saliva dripping down her face. “Or maybe you like being punished.” I smirked. “How many do you think you deserve?” I grunted, feeling Krista's rubbery insides squeeze hard against my cock, more than aroused at the abuse its owner was receiving. I bit into my lips, trying my best not to cum. Her insides were so tight and soft, it took all my willpower not to finish inside her right then.

“I'll give you ten strokes.” I whispered into her ears. “And I want you to count.” Krista nodded.

Slap.

“One!!” Krista screamed, her voice hoarse. “I'm sorry, daddy!!” I felt her cunt tighten around my cock, her warm pussy wet and messy and alluring.

Slap.

“Two!!”

Slap.

“Three!! I'm sorry!! Spank me harder!!”

“You fucking slut.” I grabbed her by her hips and pushed the rest of my length into her without warning, grunting as she squeezed tighter around me, threatening to make me cum. “You really want this, don't you?” I growled into her ears, my voice guttural and primal. I rammed my length into her, harder and harder, and she screamed, her hands scrambling across the table.
“Ymir!! Fuck!! Fuuuck!!” she shrieked, her voice cracking. I never hear krista swear in daily life, so knowing that I was making her feel so good to the point that I was hearing her scream profanities she wouldn't usually say was more than rewarding. I leaned in and began to kiss her neck, sucking harder and harder, as I slid a finger deep into her ass, making her gasp as I felt her body shudder below mine. She was mine, and she knew it. I could hold her down any way I wanted, fuck her any way I wanted, and she would love it.

“Fuck!! Fuckfuckfuck!!” the helpless blonde girl screamed, her asshole twitching now, as I began to move my finger and my hips, digging deeper against her sensitive walls rubbing against her prostate, while my cock rubbed every inch of her vagina, shaping her insides to fit the shape of my cock. I grunted, as I felt her insides squeeze, tighter and tighter around my cock, my lover’s voice a siren song in my ears, tempting me to finish inside her, to put my semen into her, and knock her up. “Ymir!! FUCK!!” she cried, her entire body shaking as I continued to play with her two holes, threatening to make her spray her insides out.

“Don't let it out!!” I snarled into her ears, knowing she loved it, making her gasp, whimpering. “I'll let you come when you finish counting.” I hissed into her ears, my hips speeding up, pumping more enabled smote of my shaft deeper into Krista. Judging from the change of texture of the flesh wrapped around my cock, I must have reached her cervix. I didn't stop, pounding her harder and harder, my finger still pushed deep into her ass, digging into her prostate. I brought my hand down on her ass, turning the pale flesh pink under the impact.

Slap!!

“F..FO..FOUR!!” Krista gasped, her whole body shaking. “Fu..FUCK!!”

Slap!!

“Fiv- FIVE!!”

Slap!! Her ass cheeks were now bright pink, her pussy crushing me as I thrusted into her, turning her into a sloppy mess. Arousal was dribbling out of her cunt, and judging from the way her cervix was flexing, she was gonna cum soon.

“S...si.. FUCK!! Ymir!! PLEASE!!”
“I can't hear you!!” I growled, and stuffed another finger into her asshole, spreading the tight brown hole in a scissoring motion. Krista screamed incomprehensibly, trying her best to keep the whip cream in her asshole, all the while getting pounded by my cock.

“Six!!”

Slap!!

“Se.. See..SEVEN!!”

Slap!! I smacked her harder, with renewed vigour, my two fingers playing deeper into her asshole, churning it up, making trails of white drip down my wrist.

“EIGH..EIGHT!!” Krista tensed up, whining as I continued mercilessly. Her body was trembling, unable to cope, her entire insides twitching, begging for the excruciating pleasure to end, and I felt that she had enough.

I grabbed her hip and began to ram my self deep into her, running my free hand down her sides, while working my fingers and my cock harder and harder into her body, bullying her insides, turning them into a sloppy mess.

“FUCKI- FUCK!!” Krista gasped her body tensed up as I fucked her thoroughly, my fingers and cock inside both her holes violently stirring her up, making her scream. “YMIR!! DON'T STOP!! PLE-PLEASEE!!” Her soft cunt tightened around me, squeezing me, as she came, violently shuddering against my body. I held her tight, as she came, trying to reign in my orgasm, even as my mind became white, wiping itself off any rational thought. All there was, all there is, was Krista, the blonde girl I fell in love with.

I sprayed my seed inside her, my cock pulsating deep into her cunt, pouring my thick semen into her. The feeling seemed to have overwhelmed the already dazed Krista, who screamed one last time, involuntarily releasing the cream stored in her ass. It was a sight that only I was allowed to see. Krista lay, blindfolded and panting in the most undignified of positions, her asshole dribbling white as the cream sprayed and flowed out of her asshole freely, staining my blouse in a mess of white. Her cunt, still twitching around my cock, was squirting as well, pouring out a river of arousal that mixed with my semen, pouring on the floor below the table. We stayed like that for a while, our pants filling the room.
After a minute or two, when my legs stopped trembling and I was sure Krista could handle it, I pulled my cock out of her cunt, and another cocktail of semen and arousal dripped out, making a bigger puddle on the floor. Krista squeaked as she felt my semi erected cock brush past her still sensitive walls.

I pulled off her blindfold, before untying her hands. I walked over to the sink and filled two cups of water for the both of us. Krista took it, nodding her head in thanks, too tired to say a word. I smiled and pulled myself onto the table, taking a sip of the water. Slowly, I pulled her onto my chest, and she lay there, panting, nuzzling against me, smiling, exhausted.

“You were so brave today. Thank you.” I continued with the aftercare, stroking her hair, running my hands down her back, making her feel as comfortable as possible. Krista purred softly, mewing as I traced my hands down her head, stroking her hair. “I love you more than anything, you brave, brave girl.” I pulled her into a hug, holding her tightly, as we snuggled against each other, giving each other the occasional kiss, and sipping our water.

The clock read one fifteen, and finally I pulled her off me, separating us. Krista reluctantly let go off me, and put on her ruined blouse, ignoring the stains on it. I quickly put on my clothes, and I realised what a sight we must look. We were covered in sweat and whipped cream, most of which had been in Krista's asshole.

“Should we check on the cake?” Krista grinned from the other side of the table. I smirked, and opened the oven.

The most pungent, foul smelling odour I smelt in my entire life poured out, and I wrinkled my nose. Krista smiled gently, walking over and pulling a piece out of the burnt monster. I didn't know much about baking cakes, but I was pretty sure that they were meant to be brown and black, considering I was baking a vanilla cake. Still, Krista plopped it in her mouth, before either could stop her.

“The cake may be poisonous.” I murmured, as Krista chewed the piece in her mouth. Form how hard her jaw was working, it must have had a rubber like consistency.

“You made it, Ymir.” Krista smiled. “You put your best effort for me into it. It would be rude for me not to eat some.”

I smiled, my heart feeling warm. I leaned in suddenly, and kissed her on the lips, tasting my cake on her. It tasted like ashes, and burning car tires with tomato ketchup. Krista looked at me, surprised, her eyes wide, blushing slightly. But I didn't care, as I held the girl I loved is much in my
arms. She was Krista. She was my Krista.

“Happy birthday, Krista.”
I woke up next to her.

“Fuck me.” I whispered, stretching my tense body. My neck and shoulders always hurt after most nights. Mostly because after we were done fucking each other senseless like rabbits, Krista would curl up into me and hog the pillows. This resulted in me being put in a somewhat uncomfortable position, where my head would curl up around the bedframe and my shoulders would push against the wall near my bed.

Slowly and gently, I unraveled myself from the tangled limbs of the blonde angel next to me, who was snoring softly, her head shaking slightly. I looked at the window at the far end of the dorm. The sky was still dark, it's indigo fingers covering the expanse of the horizon. It was probably five or six-ish. I squinted my eyes, looking at the empty bed near the window.

Sasha wasn't back yet. I pulled myself up, to a sitting position. She had said something about spending time at Marco’s place. As far as I knew, they weren't dating, so this was a one night stand thing. I sat quietly, looking into the dark corners of the room, enjoying the black silence. I would never say it, but I was worried for Sasha. She was a bright, happy girl, but seemed to have her own fair share of loneliness. A week back, I found her sleeping in the late afternoon, smelling like alcohol, both signs worrying in many ways.

I stared quietly into the dark, as Krista tossed and turned next to me. I didn't like to be like this, and I didn't admit it to anyone, but I cared for a lot of people. Marco, Bertholt, Sasha, Annie. I just couldn't find a way to express it. They all had helped me in many ways, and I was grateful, even if I didn't know how to show it. The person I owed most to was the small girl sleeping next to me.

I smiled as I continued to look into the darkness, hearing the chirping sounds of the cicadas. I hated her at the start. When I first met, I thought Krista was a burden, a waste of resources and space. It was a job to me. To find her, spy on her. It had been a curious interest that had led me to her. But somehow, she managed to grow on me. We started sending more an demote time with each other, and I realised, much to my embarrassment, that I started to enjoy her company more and more. Next thing I knew, I was hopelessly head over heels for her.

I tried to get out of the warm bed, but realised I couldn't. While I had been glancing into the darkness, Krista had taken the chance, and her hands wrapped around my waist. I tried to gently pry myself loose, not wanting to wake the sleeping girl in my cramped, cozy bed. Every attempt to try and escape was met with tightening resistance, as Krista unconsciously wrapped her arms tighter around my body, preventing me from pulling myself out of her grip.

This silent battle lasted for around a minute or so, where I tried to gently pry myself away from her, and she just grabbed me tighter and tighter, squeezing me. Finally, I gave up, and just rested back, sitting up against the bed frame in a leaning position.
I glanced at Krista, who I just noticed, was sweating, the fading moonlight shining of her forehead as she squirmed and struggled, wrapped in my blanket.

“Pl..please..”

I put my hand on her head and gently began to stroke her hair, patting her. She didn't like it when I patted her head, unless we were having sex, or we were about to sleep. She stirred, murmuring under her breath. I knew she often had nightmares. But I never knew what they were. All I could do was just hold her tight, trying in vain to comfort her until they went away and she calmed down.

“Please.. Ymir… Don’t.. Don't leave me..” She whispered, her soft voice filling the quiet room. I felt my blood run cold, as I continued stroking her hair, trying to calm her down.

“I'm.. I'm.. So sorry..” She continued, her voice dropping an octave. “I.. It's all my fault.. Please kill me..” My body tensed up, the hand on her hair stiff like ironwood. I knew she had suicidal tendencies, but I thought that was in the past. When I first met her, she was a broken doll, but over time, I had tried to slowly fix her and mend her cracks, just as she had help fix me.

“I.. I'm so sorry.. Sorry..” She whispered, and began crying, twin trails of tears falling from her face, gently pooling onto bed, leaving two grey puddles. Her head was twitching now, pressing hard against my side, her hands clutching against my nightshirt, almost tearing it. I didn't pull away from her. I pulled myself closer to her, wrapping my own arms around her, entwining us closer together. That seemed to relax her slightly, as she stopped twitching and shuddering, relaxing against the warmth of my body. She didn't stop murmuring, her tears falling and pouring down onto my shirt, soaking my clothes. The cold air of the dawn mixed with her tears, sending cold chills through me. “Don't leave me..”

“I won't. I never will.” I murmured, as I held her tight, comforting the sobbing girl next to me. Each breath made her shudder, as she tossed and turned against me, her arms relinquishing their grip on me. It didn't matter though. My arms were wrapped tightly around her, holding her against me. That was what mattered.

“Chairs so close.. Room so small..”

Krista whispered something softly, snuggling up against me. She was still crying. I patted her head, but didn't stop. Marco had told me that where he was from, his mother had used to sing to him and his siblings when they were scared or having nightmares, and it would calm them down. Annie and I laughed at him playfully then. But i was more than willing to try anything to alleviate Krista’s pain. At least it seemed to work. I cringed inwardly, not used to singing. I was more than a bit tone deaf.

“.. Meagre this place, but it serves us so well.” I continued, patting Krista. Her pale face, illuminated in the moonlight, looked less painful than before. Marco was right. I continued, stroking her head, holding her tighter. Krista had stopped struggling, and stopped murmuring. She snuggled against my body, rubbing her head against my chest like a cat.

“We comrades.. Have stories to tell..” I sang, patting her. She smiled in her sleep, and I stopped stroking her, hugging her tight. As hard as I found it to believe singing actually helped her-

“You are seriously tone deaf, Ymir.”

Goddamnit.

Krista uncoiled from next to me, smirking a bit. I stuttered, trying to find the words to make up and
hide whatever I had been trying to do for the last minute or so.

“Did you really think singing was going to help me sleep better?” Krista teased, running her head against my side. I pouted and looked away, ashamed.

“Well.. You seemed.. You seemed to be in pain.. And I wanted to help..” I finally said, sounding and feeling more stupid than ever. “Just… Fuck it.”

“You did help me though.” Krista smiled, squeezing me tighter, a bit drowsy from having been woken up by her girlfriend’s bad singing. “I can't have nightmares when I’m awake, right?”

“Shut… Sh..Shut up!!” I pouted, looking away.

Krista smirked, crawling up to me, and resting next to me in a sitting position. Her head instinctively rested on my shoulder, and I put my arm around her shoulder, pulling her tight.

“Did you mean what you said?” Krista whispered, looking away. Her free hand gently lay on my thigh, her voice sleepy and low. “When you said you never leave me.”

“Yeah.” I whispered softer, my hands on her shoulder. “I love you, kiddo.”

We held each other like that for a while in silence. It took me a while to realise that Krista had already fallen asleep. I smiled and held her tight, not moving. We were like two pairs of broken dolls. I would try and help her, and she would try to help me. Sometimes I couldn't tell who was really helping who.

At the end of the day, as long as we were together, it really didn't matter either way.
I missed her.

I looked at the clock at the side of the training hall. It read eleven fifty-three. If it was any comfort, tomorrow was a free day. I stretched my back, feeling my tired muscles pull and relax. Levi had started the training with the remedial class since eight o'clock. Beside me, Armin hissed, as his beaten and bruised legs pulsed tenderly under his hands. I looked around. The remedial combat class was small, consisting of me, Springer, Jean, Armin and Eren.

Eren and I weren't exactly part of the training class, as it was mainly for exceptionally weak combatants, and Eren easily topped the class most of the time. Levi didn't complain about Eren joining though, and I was pretty sure Eren wanted to join. I was here because of extra credit. Also, because I kinda wanted to impress Ymir.

Levi had been merciless, demanding we run laps until our legs were sore from the lactic acid building in our thighs. Once all of us, except Eren, fell over and couldn't take anymore, Levi ordered us onto the blue mats, where he lectured about fighting styles, before proceeding to beat the hell out of us. Each fight lasted less than fifteen seconds, where Levi parried and dodged our thrusts, causally kicking and punching us. I was pretty quick on my feet when I needed to be, but I still managed to get a pretty big bruise on my back when Levi threw me over his shoulder. For a man of his stature, he was astoundingly strong.

The only combatants who managed to last more than a minute or so was Eren, who was getting kicked around like an empty bottle in a schoolyard. He just didn't know when to give up. Jean on the other hand, lasted considerably longer than us by using a controversial method of running away from Levi instead of actually fighting him. Levi eventually grabbed him and threw him to the other side of the room like a rugby ball.

I sighed. I was glad that ordeal was over. The only thing was that it was happening again, next week. So if the bruises didn't cause internal bleeding and kill me, the next session of running probably would. I pouted. The things I did to impress Ymir...

“You all are pathetic. I expect to see you here again, next week.” Levi snapped in his coldest, raspy sounding voice, his small dead fish eyes glaring at each of us. This was his version of ‘Good work team, keep it up.’. He looked around, and casually pointed at Eren.

“I don't like the look on your face.” Levi lazily said. “Stay back after class.”

Jean and Connie exchanged looks. I was smart enough to stay out of it. Springer, on the other hand, was dumb enough to mouth his thoughts to Jean, forgetting that Levi had eyes that not only sent damned souls to the blackest pits of hell, but also good at lip reading.

“They are totally fucking-"
Although in this case, Springer didn't mouth out the words, he just said them in a whisper. A whisper which was not a whisper, but more of a shout.

Everyone looked at him.

“Springer, sixteen laps around the court.” Levi ordered, and Connie shrunk back, sighing. He didn't disobey though, and he got up and started running, his heavy footsteps echoing through the wooded floor.

“When you are done with the sixteen laps, do another sixteen laps. And when you are done with those, do another set of sixteen. And after those set, another set. Don't stop until you vomit.” Levi looked at the rest of us, daring us to try him. We all inched backward. Somewhat satisfied, Levi gave us another glare that he reserved for garbage, before dismissing us with a wave of his wrist. All of us, except Eren left the hall, not wanting to be the next idiot to get punished.

“Ms. Reiss, I would rather you not interact with the cockroaches being punished by running laps.” Levi called as I nodded to the panting Connie on the way out. “That is, unless, you enjoy vomiting violently after your instructor orders you to run laps.”

The three lone survivors grabbed their stuff and made our way out of the hall and to the showers, our clothes soaked in sweat. Jean and Armin were chatting on their usual guy stuff, like football or music or whatever. I wasn't really that interested. I missed Ymir. The training took place every weekday, and usually took place at night, so I didn't have the free time to spend with Ymir that I usually had. Ymir had tried to convince me to not go for the training, but I had insisted on it. I was starting to wonder whether or not the extra credit was worth it, although I also wanted to see Ymir’s face when I took off my shirt and showed off Iron hard abs. But of course, that moment would only come provided Levi didn't kick me to death.

Today was Friday, so for the last four days, we had barely talked, except for maybe lunch break, where we rushed through the essays for German and History class. After dinner, we parted ways, Ymir going back to the dorms with Sasha and Reiner, while I walked with Armin to the training hall.

“..Which is a thing, right?” Jean laughed excitedly, as Armin nodded. “I mean, Annie totally glanced my way when we were training, so she's sort of interested in me, right?”

“Yep, I guess so. I think you have a… a possibility.” Armin looked uncomfortable. I shot him a grin behind my hand. I didn't think Jean knew, but he wasn't the type of guy Annie was interested in, and Annie and Armin were smashing. I didn't have the heart to fill him in. Armin winced.

The painful conversation ended when we reached the bathroom. I waved goodbye to Armin, who mouthed ‘Don't leave me alone’ when Jean’s back was turned. I smiled sadly, and turned away, walking into the girl's bathhouse. Armin would just have to handle Jean by himself.

The girl's bathroom on the campus was probably the only place you could find hot water and a clean surface. I didn't know how the boys (with the exception of Levi) managed to dirty literally everything they used, but they somehow managed to do it. I didn't have to peer into the bathroom to get a grasp of how gross it was, as the stench of it was more than overpowering.

Thank god I was a girl.

The whole shower room was a circle, separated into twelve different stalls. In the center of the circle, a large bath was buried into the ground. The water in that bath was always hot. Armin tried to explain to me that it was a geothermal water vent, a hot spring of sorts. Sasha said that Levi was
Satan and traveled to hell every night, using the pool as a portal, which poorly explained the constant heat. However, after training days like today, I was more inclined to believe Sasha's assertion.

My bag landed on top of a nearby bench, my boots already off, letting my feet feel the cool air. My top came off, and I shuddered, feeling the cold air on my body. I was bruised, sweaty, cold and exhausted. My skirt fell to the floor, followed by my undergarments. They joined my shirt on a nearby bench, messily strewn over each other.

Just like how Ymir was strewn over me last week-

I blushed, feeling my body shudder and jerk in anticipation. My insides clenched uncomfortably, desperate for a certain brunette’s dick to fill it up. I bit my lips. I didn't recognize it before, but I was already yearning for Ymir. The training had taken time away from her, and now I was yearning for her. For her touch. For her warmth. For her lips against mine, pushing me up against a wall, her hand tight around my wrists, her other hand running their fingers gers skillfully against my clit, rubbing circles, making me scream and beg-

I looked over my shoulder, making sure I was absolutely alone. Quickly, I walked into the nearest stall. Locking it tight, I quickly turned the switch, blasting my body in a shower of blissfully hot water. I let out a moan of pent up frustration, my eyes closed, relaxed. My thighs shivered, and I had to lean against a wall to steady myself.

Slowly, I pushed two fingers into my entrance, whimpering softly as the digits pressed against a few soft spots on the way up. I shuddered, feeling the water spray on me, soaking me.

I closed my eyes, imaging Ymir putting her arms around me like she always did, her lean, muscular arms gently wrapping around my body. I leaned back against the wall, feeling the hot water berate me. I could imagine the warmth of Ymir’s body, gently warming me up as she held me against her. I breathed out, remembering a particularly dirty fantasy.

I always loved it when Ymir dominated me, as she held me down, her thick length running into me from behind as she licked every square inch of me, making me whimper and shudder. But lately, my fantasies had been getting out of hand. I was no longer satisfied with her just dominating me. I wanted her to really rough me up. Being frank, it was borderline rape at this point. I doubt that Ymir would approve of my new fetish, but the thought of it made my insides go warm, fluids pooling in between my legs.

‘Krista..’ she growled into my ears, her lips gently nibbling the gentle curve of my ears. I murmured softly, letting my moans fill the air. Ymir’s hands rolled down my body, her mouth tracing down my nape, her lips and teeth hard against my shoulders, the crook of my neck where the soft flesh met.

“Please..” I gasped, my fingers trembling inside my pussy, my insides throbbing and sticky. “I.. I don't want.. Stop..” I moaned, imagining her forcing me up hard against a wall. I imaged her hard abs, rubbing against my back as she took me from behind, impaling me mercilessly, making me scream incomprehensibly. The feelings of my fingers, combined with the dirty thoughts, made my body jerk and shake in trepidation. It took all my willpower not to scream.

My other hand began to circle around my chest, playing with my small nipples. I bit my inner cheek, as two fingers squeezed sharply against the sensitive nub, making me fall apart. My insides were positively dripping now, trails of sleek arousal mixing with the water that was flowing down my body, down my thighs.
She pushed me down, her grip like iron, pinning my hands above my head. “No.” I imagined her saying, as my two fingers began to work furiously inside me, stirring me up. It was nowhere near as how good Ymir could make me feel, but for now, it would have to do. Lewd squelching sounds filled the cubicle, thankfully muted out by the stream of hot water.

“I'm going to hold you down, and fuck you like the dick sleeve you are.” I moaned, my body shaking, vibrating against her muscular torso. Her voice low and gruff, her warm breath mixing with her lavender scent-

I frowned. That wasn't right. Ymir didn't smell like lavender. She smelled like vanilla. I opened my eyes, and the image was lost. I growled. Now I was horny and frustrated. My body instinctively tightened up, so my fingers just hurt, instead of feeling good like it did a few seconds before.

I heard a shower start outside, the familiar sound of water being blasted out of a nozzle recognizable, even from inside my cubicle.

Somebody had entered the toilet and ruined my private time. I peered out, high strung and on the edge. If it was Jean, I was going to get Mikasa to castrate him.

I rinsed my body under another barrage of hot water, before quickly pulling a towel around myself. Whoever just interrupted my fantasising had better be ready for a thrashing. Despite how tight I was, I was still aroused, leaking shamefully, small trails of liquid that wasn't water slowly rolling down my inner thighs. Unable to walk properly without feeling my pussy run against my thighs, I had to walk squat-legged out of the shower. I was really not in a good mood, to say the least.

I walked out of the stall, and recognised Armin’s towel and boots just outside the cubicle opposite mine.

“Armin.” I growled, from outside the stall, resisting the urge to smash in the pink door and evict the effeminate boy out of the toilet. “Could you please explain what you are doing in a girl’s bathroom.”

An awkward silence followed, when the blonde boy tried to turn off the tap, praying that I didn't notice he wasn't in. “Senor Armin not in.” he said, his voice a high falsetto. “Is just me, the cleaning lady.. Go away now, or I call police...”

“I'm not angry.” I sighed, my hands akimbo, waiting for his explanation. Which was not a lie, because I was furious. “Just tell me why you are here.”

“Jean..” A soft voice whimpered, after a few more seconds of hesitation. I rolled my eyes. “He.. Was annoying me with questions, so I told him I left something in the hall, and double-backed to bathe in the girls toilet.”

“That is pretty low, even for you.”

“I know.”

“Goddamnit.” I sighed, picking up my stuff. My boots went into my shoe bag, along with my shampoo and conditioner. Armin was like a brother to me, and I couldn't get mad at him even if I tried. “I'm changing into clean clothes, so don't come out now.” I pulled off my towel, folding it, as I pulled on a singlet and a pair of shorts. My sweat stained clothes went into the shoe bag, scrunched up with the boots. I winced. Washing up was going to be painful.

I left Armin to do his stuff alone, leaving the toilet. I was pretty lucky that Armin didn't notice how impatient I was to leave, and he didn't see my flushed face, or any of the other telltale signs of
arousal. I bit my lips, feeling the cool around against the length of my smooth thighs, reminding me of Ymir’s hands, calloused and strong, running down my inner legs. My insides, nervous and impatient, twitched, screaming for me to plunge something inside.

Damn it. I was still aroused. I walked out of the bathroom, ignoring my instincts to just openly touch myself on the bench while Armin showered in the cubicle.

Before I reached the exit, I had started running.
I guess this chapter goes out to @muddkippz. Mikey (that's his name, right?) has been here since chapt 1, and there's not much else I can say, if I was a person who said much.

. O.

-Trench.

I missed her.

Beside me, Reiner laughed, his burly shoulders shaking as he pounded the table with his fists. “Claims he could win us. So the three of us all colluded, and we burned him out. He had a losing streak and was fifty down, and couldn't pay us already, despite going triple or nothing. As payment, we stripped him off his clothes and left him outside the teacher's dorm.”

“Was he alright, though?” Bertholdt laughed, “I mean, all jokes aside, you did leave him outside in the middle of the night.”

“Ah, it's probably fine.” Annie laughed. “Bullying Jean is like bullying Eren. Nobody really cares.” That comment earned a few sniggers from the rest of the clique, and I put the stick in my mouth, taking a long puff of my cigarette, not saying a word. Usually I would have joined in, laughing at the expense of morons, but my mind was quite far away right now. I released a puff of smoke, and my lips got busy, chugging down a mouthful of beer. Just a normal Friday night, with five friends enjoying a beer.

“I still feel kinda bad.” Marco chuckled from beside me, his booming voice resonating from his thick, burly body. He was a big guy, with bulging muscles rippling through every inch of his body. In comparison to the thin and tall Bertholdt, he looked like a truck. The only person bigger in the room was Reiner, and that was due to five years of controversial experimental steroids that left him short and stout, like a kettle. A muscular, giant kettle that could rip of your head if it didn't like the way you looked at it.

The bottle left my mouth, and the joint took its opportunity to get back into it. I sucked in, before I breathed out a lungful of the vanilla scented smoke, twirling my hair around my hands. I missed her.

“But honestly, Marco.” Reiner laughed, putting his arm around Bertholdt, who winced uncomfortably, and hissed, ‘Not in front of them-’ Reiner ignored him and took a slug of beer from his bottle. “Don't tell me you haven't bullied Eren or Jean or one of those other idiots?”

“I dislike the concept of bullying in general.” Marco admitted, “But as one of Jean's friends, I can say he can be a dick sometimes.”

“Oooh look out, it's everyone's favourite leader, telling us what we should do-” Annie grinned, her
face red and a bit tipsy. Marco smiled good naturedly and took a sip of his beer.

“Okay, who the fuck gave Annie beer? We all. Know she can't handle her alcohol.”

“Like.. Like how Marco.. Can't handle a 3D gear.” Annie chuckled, a shit eating grin on her face. She was usually black faced and grim, but when she had a bit of alcohol in her bloodstream, she suddenly became more enjoyable to be around.

“We all know that Reiner ordered you to fuck with my gear.” Marco smirked, taking a swig of his beer, putting his third bottle down. “In my defence, being seventh place overall says a lot.”

I ignored the idiots, taking a look out the window near the room, glancing at the way the clouds covered the cold moon. I missed her. The night was gonna be long. I took another swig of beer. I looked back at the table. Annie and Marco were laughing, and the gay couple across me were swaying around their seats, chuckling and sneaking kisses to each other, as if we couldn't see them. I growled, putting the bottle to my mouth. I emptied whatever was left, and stood up. I wasn't in the mood to be with people. I was in the mood to be with her. I took a quick glance at the clock on the side. Eleven thirty-eight.

“Are you alright, kiddo?” Reiner asked me, and the other three heads turned around to look at me. “You seem a bit zoned today.”

“I'm fine. I'm just going to turn in early.” I replied listlessly, putting the joint back into my mouth, releasing a puff of smoke. “Call me a kid again, and I'll rip your balls out of their armoured scrotum.”

“Ooh snap, Reiner-” Annie laughed, chugging another sip of beer, before magnificently punching the table with her face. She lay there for a while, chuckling, as Marco leaned over to make sure she was still breathing. When he was satisfied, he turned her over so she wouldn't have a table imprint on her head when she woke up in five minutes.

“Bye Ymir.” Marco smiled at me across the table, as I left the room. I glared at him. I hated that smile he gave. It was like he knew everything. Which he probably did. Out of all the five people, he probably knew how everyone was feeling, at all times. I allowed him a faint smirk as I left the room.

I pulled my coat tighter around me, making a beeline for the dormitory. The cold air whipped against my skin, pulling the coat in a manic dance. I shuddered, the wind feeling like a blade against my cheeks. I wondered how Krista was doing, working so late at night. She was honestly one of the most impressive people I met. Small, cute, caring, and a kinky stick of dynamite under the sheets. I closed my eyes, taking a last breath of the vanilla scented smoke, flicking it into the ground, where the wind extinguished it.

I reached the dorm and glanced at the shoe rack. Sure enough, there were only two pairs of combat boots. Meaning, Krista probably wasn't home yet. I stripped off my slippers, walking over to the kitchen, and finishing a cup of water. The dorm was more like an apartment of sorts, with four or five separate rooms, including a kitchen and a living room. I took another cup of water, washing most of the smoke smell from my mouth. When I was done, I took another cup of milk to really wash it out.

Closing the door, I walked down the oblong living room, barely furnished with a simple beige couch, a bookshelf, a TV, and a table. The hallway at the side led me to the shared bedroom. Tentatively, I peered in, hoping for any sign of the blonde angel.
“Sup.”

“Yo Sash.” The tall brunette on the bed farthest from the door grinned, as she munched on some potato chips. Lying on her tummy, she didn't seem to mind that she was leaving a fair bit of crumbs on the mattress. With her white earphones plugged in, she was staring intently at her phone, like an ignorant bunny.

“Watcha doing?”

“Watching some interesting documentaries.”

I walked over to her bed in two swift steps and pulled off her earpiece stud.

“-sure you can be grillmeister. When you peel the spatula from my cold, dead hands!! HAHAHAHAHAHA!!” Her phone bawled. I looked at her, and she looked back at me innocently.

“Interesting documentaries?”

“I said interesting, not intellectual.”

“No Sasha, intellectual is not something I would use to describe you.” I grinned, so that she knew I was kidding. I sat down on the floor next to her bed, craning my hand so I could gently pat her head. She made a soft purring noise, nuzzling against my hand. I smiled. I was with Krista, but it wasn't as if Sasha and me didn't have a fling before. If I had to pick a guilty pleasure, it would be that I enjoyed treating Sasha well when no one was looking.

We sat like that for a while, with me softly patting her, and Sasha watching her cartoons. Finally I peeled my hand off her head and made my way to the living room. Before I reached the door, Sasha looked at me.

“You miss her, don't you? You hate being alone.”

“What's it to you?” I grunted, with a little more edge than she deserved.

“Just thinking.”

I chose to not respond, leaving the room. I slumped on the couch, grabbing a book from the shelf along the way, as well as my reading glasses. I hadn't had much time to read lately, and a thin layer of dust had formed over the lenses. I gently wiped them clean, before delving into the book, simply to kill time. I didn't know what I was doing, or why I was doing it. All I knew was that I needed to see her. My body behaved mechanically, skimming through each page methodically.

The book was one of Krista’s (heart pang) favourites. It followed the adventure of a twelve year old girl as she explored a world of magic and wonder, set off in motion after her uncle died. Along the way she met a few friends, a tailor with a scarred face and a talking skeleton in a suit. I barely made it through the first hundred pages before my eyes ached. I looked up at the clock. Eleven fifty-five. Krista still wasn't back.

Slowly, I put the book down, along with my glasses. I shot a glance up at the lights, feeling the wind from the night blow into the apartment, caressing me as I lay on the beige couch. I closed my heavy eyes for what seemed like a few seconds, surrendering to the cold darkness.

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“Fuuuuuck, Ymir.” A voice panted, high pitched and begging. In the background, soft squelching
noises were audible. I growled, trying to fall back to sleep.

I woke up from my dreamless sleep and I felt a warm weight on my chest. Not just on my chest though. On my entire body. The weight was shaking, and these small, annoying shakes roused me. I growled in annoyance, closing my eyes tighter. A whiff of strawberries crept past my defences, stimulating my nose.

The shaking persisted. Fuck. As I got more and more awake, I started to really feel how warm the weight was. The warmth on my chest was the hottest. It felt like somebody had poured a cup of hot water on my boobs. As I got more awake, I became more aware that there was a very pleasant feeling resonating from between my legs, a feeling that made me arch my back and purr uncharacteristically.

“.. Ymir..” A soft voice cooed, drowned out by the squelching noises.

I opened my eyes, squinting and blinking as the light burned white against my retinas. It took me a second to get used to it, blinking tears out of them. I glanced at the clock, which read twelve o’five. Then I lowered my gaze to the small girl who was giving me the amazing blowjob.

“Krista.” I tried to contain my voice, keeping it steady. Which was difficult, because her ass was parked in front of my face, which explained the strawberries. “What exactly are you doing?”

“Sucking your dick.” Krista managed to say, as she came up for air, before she went back to bobbing her head up and down, gasping for breath whenever she surfaced. I winced, gasping desperately as she continued with her ministrations, my hips raised slightly. Her hand was working in tandem with her mouth, flowing down the shaft, stroking the length of it, making me jerk. “What does it look like I'm doing?”

“Don't get smart assed with me.” I grinned, jolted awake by this pleasant surprise. I put my hands around her shorts and pulled them off. Or I tried to, at least. That would have happened if my hands weren't tied behind my head. I had to give it to Krista. She was sneaky when she had to be. She somehow managed to get my pants off and tied my wrists together while I was sleeping, using her tank-top, no less. “And my hands are tied. Nice.”

Krista didn't answer, her mouth full. I groaned helplessly as she ran her lips down my cock, enveloping what she could with her soft, warm mouth. I shuddered, my hips shaking uncontrollably. “Krista.. Please fuck, I'm gonna cum-” I could feel every inch of her tongue as she dribbled over me. Finally, she let me go, making me exhale, my body shaking. A lewd strand of saliva linked her mouth to my shaft as she broke away.

“Aww.. Little Ymir feeling too good from my mouth?” Krista teased, smirking as she rubbed her wet mound all over my shirt, leaving a trail of wet fluids down my torso. Her bare back was enticing, clad in nothing but a small white bra that looked too small, even for her flat chest. I grunted, straining against the singlet, feeling it stretch, ripping at the seams. Krista's mouth enveloped me again, and the pleasure was too much, overriding my instincts to not tear Krista's clothes apart.

A loud ripping sound filled the room, my hands tearing apart the singlet, freeing themselves, and Krista looked around, surprised. Or tried to at least. One of my hands found her head and pressed it
down, making her choke on little Ymir, which wasn't very little in retrospect.

“Nggh!!-” She trembled, screaming. It was probably either due to having a cock in her throat, or because I pressed my face into her crotch, eating that sweet strawberry ass. My free hand ripped off her shorts, leaving them on the floor, and almost immediately, my impatient tongue ran down her exposed cunt, licking and plunging into her core, earning a chorus of moans from the blonde angel. I grunted, as I felt her throat vibrate around my length, and I had to use every shred of willpower not to blow my load into her mouth.

“You ready to be a good girl now?” I asked, licking her clit mercilessly, making her moan and scream, her hips shuddering against my face as white hot tendrils of ecstasy curled around her body. My hand around her head pulled her lips off my cock, and she gasped, her eyes watering, her blonde hair a mess. I made a mental note to apologise to her after this escapade.

“I said, are you going to be a good girl?”

Krista whimpered incomprehensibly, her body shaking weakly above me. She might have been on top a few minutes ago, but right now, I had full control of her.

“Answer me!!” I roared, deepening my voice to a primal snarl. My mouth went to her little cunt before she could respond, my tongue tracing her clit, running all over the small sensitive piece of flesh. The effect was electric. Krista let out a high pitched squeal, her back arching. Her whole body shook, oscillating violently as my tongue slowly pried its way deeper into her pussy, rubbing every soft spot in its short reach.

“Yes!!” Krista screamed, finally managing to draw breath in so she could scream her submission. I rewarded her by sliding in a finger, making her hold her breath. The short girl trembled, gasping and panting as my tongue, coupled with my finger began to play around with her most intimate of spots. “Fucking fuck, yes!! I'll be a good girl-”

Each slow, teasing lick on her clit, followed by a finger pressing against a soft spot made her scream. I played with the intensity and the pressure of my ministrations, admiring and savouring the variety of sounds I could make her release. Krista couldn't do anything other than scream as I played her like an instrument, making her give out a diversity of lewd sounds.

“Ngahhh…!!” Krista gave a low whine, her cunt squeezing against my finger when I pressed against a particularly sensitive spot. “Please..”

“You need to cum already?” I teased, rubbing a particularly sensitive spot in her inner walls by clenching my fingers, making her eyes widen as she prostrated herself on my chest.

Krista couldn't respond, her body shaking and squirming uncontrollably on top of me. From the gasps and cries she was making, I guessed that her brain had been fried by now. “Yes!!” She finally managed to moan out, nodding her head fervently, her screams reaching a new octave.

I felt her walls squeeze tight around my fingers, as she came, squirting all over my face and chest. I ignored the spurts of bitter sweet liquid, instead putting my mouth over her cunt, making sure to keep licking, inciting more lewd screams from the smaller girl. Finally, she calmed down from her climax, still shivering slightly against me.

“Krista..” I panted. My mouth was a bit dry as she turned around, maneuvering her body so that she was now facing me. Her pussy, aroused and dripping, had left a moist imprint on my shirt, marking it in her strawberry scent. I leaned forward, craning my neck so I could kiss her. A light breeze caressed our bodies as my lips brushed her softer ones. I gently pressed my tongue against her
mouth, and after a light prompt, she let me in. Our tongues slowly danced with each other, daring each other to go in deeper into the sensual choreography. Her hands found the back of my head, completely in control as she held my head still.

“So, care to tell me why this is happening?” I smirked once we both surfaced, panting for air. Her ripped singlet lay next to my head, like a poorly constructed pillow. We lay on the couch, my hands gently patting her head, stroking her. The small girl lay on top of me, drenching my clothes in her arousal. She pouted, blushing slightly.

“I.. I missed you.” She murmured, her voice small. “I was.. Thinking of you throughout training…” She gasped, shuddering. Her thighs slowly closed together, and I could tell that despite her recent orgasm, she was still unsatisfied.

“You still want some more, don't you?” I whispered into her ears, my hands slowly travelling down her body, making her exhale softly. The cool nights air resonated around our bodies, making us curl around each other, appreciating the warmth we both emitted.

Krista looked away, her face red hot, and nodded, embarrassed. I smirked. “You gotta do what I taught you. If not, I wouldn't know how to begin.” I teased her lightly, my slim fingers traversing across her shoulders, making her body burn under their touch. She blushed harder. Reluctantly, she laid back on the couch, spreading her legs. Her hands slowly went down to her crotch, and spread her pussy, revealing her warm core, dripping and begging to be skewered.

“Good girl..” I breathed into her ears, leaning over her, and she whimpered submissively in response. “How would you like to be fucked today, Princess?” My hand went to her bra, carefully undoing her straps, letting the small white garment fall to the floor, joining her ruined shorts.

Krista gasped, and twitched against me, her face trying to hide her arousal, but failing. “Fr.. From the front. Slowly.”

“As you wish.” A soft kiss on the side of her neck made her squirm and release out a heavy breath. I began to put a thin line of kisses and bites down her neck and shoulders, lavishing her pale skin in a flurry of red and purple marks. When I was sucking at her collarbone, I gently lifted her hips, and slid into her.

Krista let out a low moan, struggling slightly, but I quickly held her tightly, whispering sweet nothings in her ear. Her pussy was tight. It squeezed around my length, it's warm yet wet core coiling around me. I hugged her, listening to her soft panting. When she sounded calmer, I held her hips higher, and slid my length deeper into her. She shuddered and screamed softly, her nails digging into my shirt. My length gently poked against what seemed like a soft wall as I buried the entire shaft inside her. The sensation it made as I bumped into her cervix made Krista whimper desperately, her eyes watering as white hot pleasure, like electricity filled every edge of her nerve endings. Her hands scrambled on the sofa, trying to clutch and dig helplessly into whatever they could.

“Krista. I'm going to move.” I whispered, looking straight into her sapphire blue eyes. The smaller girl nodded. My lips gently traced against hers, and I held her head tight, as I kissed her, taking her mind off the initial pain. My tongue prodded against her lips, and when I was sure she was ready, I slid it into her mouth, my hips grinding against Krista’s. She tried her best to control her gasps and moans, but with each rhythmic, gentle thrust, more and more sounds escaped her throat, her body heating up and betraying her.

“Oh my god…” She whimpered softly, her eyes rolling back slightly when I forced my length all the way back into her, hitting her cervix over and over again. Her insides began to tighten around
me, and it took all my willpower to resist the urge to cum into her. To distract myself, I tried imagined Eren below me, screaming my name. It worked, and I felt my orgasm retract. I quickly refocused my efforts into gently pounding the small blonde girl in my arms. As every inch slid further into her, pressing up and hard against a variety of erogenous zones, Krista let out a soft ramble of words, a soft chant that was lost in the night’s breeze.

“That feel good, princess?” I bent over, lavishing her tiny breasts with kisses and small nibbles, making her arch and shriek. My length hit a soft spot, and she screamed a little. “It.. It feels.. Feels.. Feels good.. Don’t stop!!” Her head shuddered against my chest as I continued to pump my cock inside her, setting up a smooth, gentle rhythm, slowly building up the white hot orgasm that was pooling in her lower torso. My teeth found her neck again, leaving a red and purple mark on the pale white flesh. She was going to wake up tomorrow aching all over, with hickeys and bite marks all over her body, uncontestable signs that she had been mine all of last night. I didn't think she would mind though, not from all the ecstatic mewls she was making.

“Y.. Ymir..” She whispered into my ear, her hand tight around my neck, as if holding on for her life. I didn't pull away, supporting her waist, lifting her up slightly so I could really hit a soft spot that was hidden higher up. Krista shut up, whimpering as another white hot bolt of pleasure filled her senses, blurring her world in a series of gentle, blinding pulses. “I'm.. I'm close. I'm go.. Gonna.. Gonna..lose.. It.. fuck!!”

“Krista!!” I moaned, finally, unable to contain the decadent pleasure that flowed through my crotch. Spurts of seed pumped straight into her welcoming cunt, making her throw her head back, her back coiling up. Her climax set off mine, as I felt her squeeze me tight, tighter than before. “Fuck!! Fuck fuck fuck!! Fuck!!” Krista screamed, her face red and wanting. She was hot, burning hot, and her pussy threatened to melt my cock into a mush, melding our bodies together. Her breath hitched as she shuddered, and I had to bite down on my lips to stifle the groan of pleasure. Her body tensed up, becoming stiff as she was wracked by a series of violent spasms, each more intense than the last. It was all too much for me, and I continued to rut into her, like a dog in the heat, pumping more and more of my love into her womb, painting her insides white with sperm.

“Holy shit..” I whispered, and Krista gasped, rutting against me, calming down from her orgasm. I leaned over and planted a soft kiss on her lips, my hands gently tracing down her body, stroking her head, her shoulders, comforting her. We laid like that for a while.

“We should get to our bed.” Krista finally whispered, her voice sore from screaming my name. I grinned, and gently got off her, stretching my back. Krista tried to get up, but stumbled, and I had to catch her, letting her rest her weight on my body.

“You alright, Historia?”

“I can't move my legs.” She blushed, looking away, her thighs trembling. She grinned shyly, and I smirked, pressing another kiss on her lips. “I think you fucked the feeling out of my lower body.”

“Good thing tomorrow isn't a training day. I can't imagine you doing maneuvers when you can't stand up properly.”

“I think I need some rehab. Do we have any wheelchairs or crutches I can borrow?”

“I think you need rest more than anything right now.” I sighed, smiling gently as I crouched, picking her up in a bridal carry position, kissing her softly on her nose. She smirked and blushed at the same time, which was pretty cute, I had to admit. I walked straight over to our bedroom. By the time I reached the door, she was snoring softly in my arms, a smile on her sleeping face.
Here's an early chapter. I quite liked playing with the interpretation of Hanji's character. It's quite fun, giving her a mix of Torchwick's and Razor's personalities.

Some parts may be factually inaccurate, since I'm not a psychologist, but a lot of it is used from my research of psychological dysfunctions and trauma that I researched about while writing The Fall.

But that's enough from me. I shut up now.

. O.

The couch was black, and cold. It was comfortable, and hard and leathery, all in a very uncomfortable way, if that made any sense at all. It was as if my uniform shorts were too short to completely shield my pale thighs from the cold material that cut sharply into my thighs.

The black couch was part of a ‘U’ shape formation, at which it was the head. That put me in the center of attention. If I had a choice, or the strength to move the leather ornament, it would be at a corner, or somewhere in my room, where I could be alone. Preferably the former.

I shivered, and it wasn't just the cold air of the room on my bare skin, or the uncomfortable sofa. My issue was more of the company of humans in the room. Or to be exact, the people in the room.

At the far end of my black couch a short woman stood, her pale face framed by her glasses, a bustle of a ponytail tied up in a tight bun behind her head. I wondered if her hairstyle would explode if it got caught in random stray branches.

To my side, a couple sat, quietly. They consisted of two blonds. I recognised one of them since the moment they came into the room, but that didn't diffuse the situation. The girl sitting on the right side of the sofa had a golden fringe that covered half her face, which seemed to frame it perfectly. Her face, on the other hand, seemed to frame her constant deadpan expression perfectly.

Annie Leonheart. We met before, but we didn't really say hello. I was doing my best impression of a guy trying to avoid attention so a scary blonde lady wouldn't decide to kick a new hole in him, and she was doing her impression of.. Whatever she was doing at that time. From her emotionless face, it was hard to say.

Probably a blank wall. Yeah, we'll go with that.

The blonde boy with the bowl cut sitting next to her was someone I didn't recognise. He looked a bit girly, but then again, I wasn't in a state to say much, judging from my frame. He was exactly the same height as me, which was a thing. I didn't need a ruler. I could more or less estimate it from sight.

I was what most people called a “Magic Idiot”. A person who had the ability to memorise numbers, facts, count and approximate displaced objects accurately in a short brink of time. Sadly, this ability did, on the other hand, eat a good chunk of whatever shriveled up shell my social skills
crawled into. Being unable to look at people in the eye for more than a second or two, (or two seconds and a third, if I approximated a blink into the calculations.)

I wondered what people saw in me as I walked past them in my daily life. From appearances alone, they would probably see a small, brown headed boy. Rarely smiling, always sitting alone, reading a book or something. A bit scrawny for his age. Cocoa coloured eyes. Smooth mousy hair done in a simple ponytail or a bun. Nothing too eye catching, or memorable. Which was good.

I spent most of my time alone in my room, listening to random blurs of music, counting the beats per second. Sometimes I wrote poetry. The Rooster’s diary, I would name the first collection. It was not amazing, but I was pretty sure I was getting somewhere. It wasn't as amazing as my numerical skills, but it was definitely leagues above my social skills. Other times, I fulfilled my time with other less orthodox activities.

I quickly took out my phone, scanning my screen. My notifications were hitting up again. Random strangers messaging on social media sites, notifying me of their activity. I chanced a peek at the top few messages, scrolling down when I was sure nobody was looking at me. Apparently, the only way I could even be near people was through a screen.

It comforted me that people didn't know how I was in real life, and couldn't judge me from behind a screen. It was cowardly, I know, but that was how I lived. I pushed back my soft brown hair, tousling a strand of it as I scrolled down, purely killing time. The whole page was a series of photographs, showing a brunette. A pretty cute brunette, at that. Slim, short. Hourglass figure, albeit with a small chest, her soft chocolate, almost golden eyes seemed stopped tease viewers as they scrolled down. Her hair was sleek and smooth running down her shoulders and to the small of her back. In the most recent post, she wore a small singlet top, a sleeveless outfit accompanied with a pair of frilled shorts that seemed to be the cause of the buzz currently. I felt a small pang in my heart, and it definitely wasn't jealousy. She could be everything I was not. She could have everything I couldn't.

Red_foxres@1 : You look so adorable!! OMG!! (^o^)

Reply : Starburst : Thanks!!

Darkcloud H@t : Take off your p*****s

Reply : Starburst : /spam

Reply : Administrator bot : 1 message removed, 5 minute ban allocate to user : Dark cloud H@t.

Torchred_wick : Please marry me

Reply : Starburst : Maybe later, love.

Torchred_wick : Aww. :-(

Reply : Starburst : <3

I anxiously looked at the two people sitting to my left, making sure they weren't peeking. They were sitting really close, their shoulders roughly nine centimetres apart, Annie gently tousling the taller boy's hair. I gulped, looking back to the scary woman in glasses, trying not to make any eye contact that wasn't unnecessary, meaning to say, none at all. I could already feel a flush crawling
up my face. I managed to push it away by looking harder at my phone.

“Hey, doc.” Annie spoke from beside me, and I felt the blush worsen, despite not being spoken to. I hurried to keep my device. “Are we going to start soon?” Her voice was clipped and accented, heavily implying that English wasn't her main language.

“In a little while, Leonheart.” The doctor at the end of the table smiled, and Annie's scowl became noticeably visible. Her companion gently patted her hand, calming her down. “We will start the briefing in two minutes,” the doctor’s voice was calm and measured, but I could tell that she was smug about smiting Annie. She wasn't allowing Annie to control the situation, no matter how small the takeover. I kept my thoughts to myself, looking at her glasses, which were brown and slightly tinted.

“I'm not asking for my sake, Zoe.” Annie spat out the last word like it was a bitter syrup, and the brunette doctor, Zoe, looked back at Annie, her eyes cool and steely. “I'm asking for blushing boy over there. If his face gets any redder, he might die from haemorrhage.”

My blush got worse.

“Annie..” her taller companion started, but Annie quietly tightened her grip around his hair. He fell quiet immediately. I tried to catch his eye, and he shot me an apologetic look, which I managed to see in the split second our eyes met. I nodded, looking at the table leg.

“Well, Leonheart, if you must know.” Zoe smirked, sitting back against a wall. “We are waiting for two people-”

“I told you we shouldn't have done it there!!” A hushed whisper of a shout urgently hissed from behind the door.

“Hey, you wanted it, not me.”

“We could have found a less awkward place to do it-” the door opened, and a small blonde girl whose name I didn't know walked in, followed by a tall brunette, whose face was covered in a thin bridge of freckles.

“And here they are-” Hanji proudly announced.

“Oh. Fuck.” Ymir immediately said when she saw me. I gave up on facing her altogether, opting to completely turn away from the tall brunette, and face the bookshelf at the wall.

“Now now, Ymir.” The blonde girl chided, smirking a bit. “Is that how we say hi to our friends?”

“She isn't a friend.” I murmured, my voice a bit rough from being unused since half an hour ago.

“There, he said it, not me.” Ymir growled, subtly zipping up her khaki trousers. Everybody saw it though. Everybody also saw the slight trace of a pink underwear stuffed inside her trouser pocket. We just chose not to say anything about either issue.

“Oh, Kresnik.” Zoe finally spoke up from her corner of the room, waking over to close the door. “You are friends-” She sniggered and corrected herself, “-Know Ymir?”

“Sort of.” I muttered, uncomfortable. I was the local storeman, and the last time I saw Ymir, she was threatening me over a jar of mayonnaise. I never really saw what happened to it afterwards. She didn't return it. When I asked her about it a few days later, she casually broke another jar of Mayonnaise, and told me to clock down the breakages as two jars to cover up the missing jar.
"Great, this makes things so much easier to explain." Zoe quickly moved over to me, and I arched back, putting space between us.

"Don't worry, this isn't about the Mayonnaise Jar incident, although Captain Levi is pretty annoyed at the issue. He loves his potatoes with mayo. Never eats that stuff without them." The brunette rambled. Beside me, I saw Ymir stiffen up slightly, and her partner’s face redden. “But I talk too much. I'm Hanji Zoe, although that's Captain or Doctor Zoe to you.”

"Technically, Vet would be more accurate.” Ymir snorted from next to her, earning a small chuckle from Annie.

"I'm a trained medic, how dare you.”

"At helping horses with broken legs. Most of which you help to put down afterwards.” Annie pointed out. “What's the success rate? Around ten percent?”

"Krista, Armin, control your pets.” Zoe grinned, looking less angry than an actual doctor should be, and more deranged than an actual captain should be. “If not, I'm bringing out my cattle-prod.” She took out a brown stick with a large sphere at the end, buzzing with power. “It pretty much leaves a red mark and the smell of ozone on the titans I keep in my lab. Wanna see what it does to two insolent teenagers?”

Annie and Ymir kept quiet, looking warily at the cudgel, with a look that implied they experienced it before. I made a mental note to not walk anywhere near Hanji’s lab if I could afford it.

"Where is captain Levi and the rest of the corps?” Annie's blonde boyfriend asked, looking around. “And why are you the only one here? Are you even allowed to be left alone here?”

"What were you saying, Armin?” Zoe lifted her stick, pressing a switch at the end. The sphere lighted up, strands of static electricity striking randomly at the air, crackling madly. “Speak up.”

“No, Doctor, I didn't say anything.” The blonde boy hastily corrected himself. “I think Sasha farted.”

“You know, usually I would prod you with the Zap-Stick, but right now, I couldn't really care less.” Zoe looked around. “You need to be aware of your surroundings, Potato g- oh right. She's not here.” Zoe looked at the four other people who had gathered. “We need to send Sasha a compulsory memo to every meeting, so we can use her as a cover up whenever we need to.”

"Uh, Doctor Zoe?” I asked, gently brushing my fringe back. I always played with my hair when I was scared. It calmed me down when I was uncomfortable.

“Yes, dear?”

“Uh, why am I here again?”

“Oh yeah, right. How we get sidetracked.” Hanji looked at the file in her hand. “The thing is, we need you.”

“Need me?” I asked, my face heating up once again. Everyone was looking at me at the head of the table. Now I regretted speaking up. I had nowhere to look, so I opted to look at a particularly shiny spot on my shoe. “I.. I don't.. What for?”

“Don't look so scared kid.” Ymir smirked from beside me, which didn't assure me in the slightest. “If we wanted to beat you up for your lunch money, we would have done it way before we got
“That is of course, if you weren't too busy plowing-” Annie whispered snidely.

“A reminder that interruptions will be met with some ‘shocking’ consequences.” Hanji smiled innocently, brandishing her taser-cudgel. It worked though, as both of them immediately shut up.

“Anyways, we need your help, Kresnik.” Hanji continued. “This is a very covert, very secret mission we are currently doing, and we trust you to be a crucial part in its success.”

“Uh..” I began.

“Of course you are wondering about the mission and what it entails.” Hanji ignored me, sliding the file across the table. “I will gladly fill you in.”

“The project is called Operation Mikasa.” Hanji smirked, and suddenly, everyone in the room looked uncomfortable. Even Armin looked away slightly, picking at lint at his jacket sleeve. I instinctively inched back into my seat,

“As we all know, Mikasa is pretty creepy. Even compared to Leonheart.” Hanji continued, as she flipped open the file, pointing at a sterile picture of the girl. I met her once or twice before. We didn't speak much, but that didn't come of as a surprise to me. “But she has a secret that nobody should know about. And that we, as the survey corps wouldn't tell a single soul outside our most trusted circle. Not even the officers or the commanders-in-chief know.”

“And you are just going to tell me?”

“Yes.”

“Dr. Hanji, I just met you, like, two hours ago. And in that time, you asked me to buy you a canned drink, and forcefully whisked me off to this office.”

“Sorry, Kresnik?” Hanji leaned in, smiling, her eyes wide and scary, her electric-rod ready behind her back. “You were saying?”


“Good to see you are learning fast.” Zoe turned her back to me, allowing me to breath again. “As I was saying, big secret, Mikasa has a dick. And that's a big secret by the way. A roughly ten and a half inch secret.”

I looked around the table, waiting for someone to crack a smile. I was disappointed.

“Oh god. You are serious.”

“Why wouldn't we be, Kresnik?”

“Why could.. How..” I was flabbergasted, and my shock helped to cover my crippling social skills. “But..”

“Breathe, Kresnik.” Armin murmured gently form beside me, patting my hand kindly. I nodded. “Whenever you are ready, say whatever you feel.”

I had to take a few deep breaths.

“Alright, first question. How can a girl have a dick? Is that like.. The opposite of a girl?” I don't
really care what people said. As far as I was concerned, there were two genders. I blushed a bit though. The thought of it was strangely arousing, although I was too embarrassed to admit it.

“Which is a good point, Kresnik.” Hanji pointed out. “But then again, the possibility of a titan gene often gives the possibility of a different chromosome mutation.” She walked over and pulled out a stool. Sitting down, she continued. “The idea is that unlike cases of mongoloid babies or down syndrome, the titan gene, instead of adding extra chromosomes, makes the current one's adaptable to both genders. It changes the form of the XY or XX pairing. This results in girls growing dicks, as the layman put it. Or guys with tits, as some washed up comedians put it.”

“Mi.. Mikasa is a titan?” I stuttered. “But why isn't she going super crazy and killing all of us-”

“That's kinda low key racist, considering the fact that one-third of the people here are titans.” Ymir growled from beside me.

“Wait, two of you are titans?” I asked, my mind blown.

“Well, me and Annie, yes.” Ymir sighed. She looked annoyed, as if she couldn't understand how I couldn't grasp the concept of girls having dicks and titan living among us. “And before you ask, yes, we have some other business open down there.”

“Point is,” Hanji interrupted, before I could blush any harder. “Mikasa is a dormant titan, or has the titan gene to a certain extent. It's not enough to turn her into a gigantic killing machine, but I want it. I need you to help me extract it.”

“What do you need the extraction though?” I asked, barely managing to look at her glasses. I tried a hint at her eyes, but stopped short, hesitating. I chose to look at her nose.

“There are a lack of specimens.” Krista spoke up from next to Ymir for the first time in a while. Her voice was soft and smooth, like a princess. “Ymir and Annie are both female titans, but that's about it. If we have a few more to work with, that would make results more accurate.”

“If you are asking why I need it in the first place, I would say research. That's the most I can tell you.” Hanji sighed, adjusting her spectacles. “I'm trying to isolate the gene that causes titanism and trying to reverse engineer a recessive one that could potentially cure the titan gene.” I gulped. That was a pretty big claim. If she really could find a way to cure the plague of titanism, that would be groundbreaking. It would mean a new age where we could get out of the walls. “I need your commitment. Are you in?”

“That's ethically ambiguous. But.. Uh.. Yes.” I hesitated.

“Good.” Hanji smiled. “Here's the plan. A hour ago, I had Ymir and Annie subdue Mikasa and sedate her. She should be in my laboratory’s basement right now.”

“You beat a student up?!”

“Technically, Ymir and Annie did. I just sedated her afterwards.”

“I cannot believe you are a doctor.”

“Hey, neither can I.” Hanji smiled with too much discomforting ease. “Anyways, we need you to go down there and get a sample of her genes.”

“Oh. Ok. Right.” I nodded, quickly brushing my soft brown hair off my face and to the side of my head. “Yeah, uh, so do I get a syringe or something? I'm not a scientist.”
“Why would you need a syringe?”

“To take a blood sample?”

“I already took one. And I'm thinking of a different kind of sample.”

“What?” I asked, starting to feel uncomfortable. Hanji’s smile was widening, and everyone was looking at me. I felt the flush creep up to my face. “What kind of samples are there?”

“Have you watched Game of thrones?” Krista innocently asked from beside her taller girlfriend. I looked around, waiting for one of them to crack a smile. I was, once again, disappointed.

“No way.”

“Yes way.”

“You want me to.. fuck Mikasa, and get you a semen sample?!” I asked, my face heating up at the thought. I quickly brushed all thoughts out of my head. “That's messed up!!”

“No.” Hanji smiled, reassuring me. “The opposite actually.”

“Thank god.” I managed to breathe out a sigh, relieved. “You shouldn't kid around like that.”

“We want Mikasa to fuck you, and we'll get a semen sample.”

“What?!”

“What?” Hanji asked, as if explain two plus two to an idiot. “How would we get her sample if you fucked her? That wouldn't make sense, if you think about it.” The mad doctor chuckled, much to my embarrassment.

“Even if I overlooked all the ethical boundaries that your plan violates-” I pointed out, and Hanji grinned, leaning back on her stool. “Why did you choose me, of all people?” I looked at the two couples sitting next to me, then back to Zoe. “Doesn't Mikasa always hang around with some other guy, called Erin or something? Just ask him.”

Immediately, everyone fell silent, even Zoe.

“Well, about Eren..” Krista started.

“Eren is really squeamish about butt stuff.” Annie finished for the other blonde girl. Ymir sat, uncomfortable, quietly cuddling with Krista. “And it is imperative that Mikasa fucks somebody, so we can get a good amount. If not we would just jerk her off when she's asleep.”

“And so we chose you.” Hanji ended from across the table with a smile. “Surprise.”

“You say that..as..as if it's a good thing.” I muttered. “I.. I don't think what you are doing is right. I don't want to do it.” I looked up at the five faces looking back at me, for the first time I stepped into the room. Come to think of it, this was the first time in my life I actually managed to look so many people in the eye. Immediately, everyone fell silent, no longer smiling. I shrank back, but tried my best to assert my stand, looking at the gap between their eyes, refusing to back down.

Hanji looked at me, then at Ymir and Annie. They exchanged looks for a while, before looking back at me. The whole process occurred in complete silence, and I found myself edging back warily into my seat. I wasn't sure what they had planned for me, but they looked intent enough to break my feet and hands if I didn't cooperate.
“All of you. Leave the room. Annie and Armin, stay outside the corridor.” Hanji finally said. She said it in her usual cheerful demeanour, but something of a coldness slipped out. It sent shivers down my spine. It had the edge of a threat to it, like a dagger hidden behind a silk veil. The two couples immediately took their leave hastily, vacating the room, leaving both of us alone. Without the other humans in the room, it suddenly became colder, desolate. I felt a chill up my back, a proverb of someone dancing on my grave.

“Josh. Do you mind if I call you Josh?”

I shook my head quietly, looking at a spot behind her head.

“Do you know why we chose you?” Zoe asked. Her tone had changed drastically, from a whacky doctor who was always smiling into something else. Something cold and heartless. I gulped. She wasn't a doctor. Not right now. She was a scientist. And I could have very well been a dead specimen she was about to dissect with clinical accuracy.

“We could have chosen any other moronic cadet in the 104th batch of idiots, but instead we settled on a magic idiot who would rather spend his free time writing poetry.” Hanji continued. “We had a list of candidates, and we felt you would work the best.”

“How did you know that?-” I squealed weakly. If she knew about my secret poetry, which was, well, a secret, then she must have know more-

“I know everything. I'm the fucking four eyes, the fucking queen bitch. I'm like the Doctor Who of this place. As much as I let Levi kick me around, we both know I'm pretty much untouchable. I can abduct whoever I want, and keep them in my lab for years, spending days slowly carving out their fingernails, singing along to their screams, and nobody can question me, as long as I say it's in the name of science.” She took a step towards me, and the world seemed to shrink significantly.

I gulped, my face burning as something malevolent flickered behind the bespectacled eyes. “ And listen closely, Krisnek. I'm going to show you the reason you are going to go into my lab and let Mikasa fuck you with her dick. And I would be careful with whatever choice you make from now on. It wouldn't be wise to make me.. Annoyed.”

Hanji took out her phone, and typed something into it. Her eyes didn't leave her screen, but I could tell she was looking at me, enjoying my discomfort, watching the trickle of sweat that ran down my neck. She was finding the best way to cut me up.

“Tell me, Kresnik.” Zoe finally said, her darker eyes cutting into my own light brown pupils. “What do you see here?”

I kept silent, unsure what to say. Slowly, I took the phone from the table, looking at the photos she had on the device.

“Uh.. It's.. It's a.. A girl.” I lied, and Hanji’s smirk widen.

Wrong, Kresnik. It's you.”

“I..i don't know what you are.. Talking about.”

“Oh please, don't make this undignified, Starburst.” Zoe laughed, and it wasn't a pleasant sound. It sounded like a hollow echo, a call into the night. Her hand slowly reached behind my head, undoing my bun. Immediately, my hazel hair fell to its full length, flowing down my shoulders, to the small of my back. She leaned in, whispering into my ears. “I know who you are. In fact, most of the academy knows who you are. At least, who you are online. Few have had the chance to meet
the real Josh Krisnek.”

I felt a thin trail of sweat form down my back. My throat was dry, as if a moth had crawled down my stomach.

“I wonder what your friends, or at least, whoever you work with, would think of you.” Hanji continued. “Crossdressing as a girl online, pretending to flirt with guys, all under the pretense of what? Trying to build a social life for yourself?”

I tried to respond but I couldn't.

“Maybe you did this for fun. Maybe you did this for a hobby. But my guess that you did this because you secretly want to be messed up and dominated, despite being a male.” Zoe walked closer, and I shrank back into my chair, my back hitting the frame. “And my guesses are rarely wrong.”

“Wh..what do you want from me?” I managed to croak, somehow.

“You already know.” Hanji whispered, her voice echoing around the empty, cold room. The black couch seemed more uncomfortable than ever, it's hard leather cutting against my thighs. “I want you to go down to my lab, and let yourself get fucked by Mikasa.”

“There..there has to be another way—”

Hanji darted forward. I barely saw her when she grabbed my shirt and pulled me off the black couch. I didn't have enough time to even shout or resist when she lifted me over her head and slammed me against a wall, knocking the breath out of me. She was only almost as tall as me, but her strength was immense. I gasped in pain.

“Listen, you fucking maggot.” She growled, her voice edgy and smooth at the same time, which contrasted with the smile perched on her lips. I winced, gasping for breath. My mind somehow managed to supply a thought of Hanji pinning me up against a wall, choking me as she slowly bit into my neck. My face flushed as she leaned in, snarling. “I don't really care about what psychological hangups you have. I don't have time for this nonsense. Any second now, the drug I fed her will wear off, and the whole plan will hit the shit.”

I whimpered, as she pushed me harder against a wall, my legs unable to reach the ground. However, it was the more embarrassing fact that there was another third leg sprouting from my pants that made me struggle harder. I felt a blush run to my face, as I felt my dick get hard, pushing up against my tight pants needilly.

“Oh shit, you are hard already?!” Zoe laughed, as she adjusted her grip, choking me. I gasped, as I suddenly felt my oxygen being cut off. My vision started to burn into a monochromatic sepia, my lungs desperately clinging on to whatever last dredges of air I had left in them. I struggled harder, depleting my oxygen supply faster. My panicked brain was throwing my body’s rational thought processes into the wind, my hands grabbing at her wrists, trying to get her to let me go. “You are a pathetic little slut, aren't you, Josh?”

“Creating a fake account, posing as a girl, all in a hope that someone, anyone, will accept the fact you want to be dominated without judging you..” Zoe hissed in my ears, her breath warm and uncomfortable against its shell. I managed to mewl weakly, as I felt my sight fade from in front of me. Hanji, using her free hand, unzipped my pants, letting the meat stick poke out. I tried to struggle, but without oxygen running to my brain, my legs felt like a slab of dead meat. “How disgusting.” The cruel doctor smiled in interest, watching the life drain out of my eyes, a small
smile on her face. With her free hand, she began to stroke my turgid erection, grinning madly as I died.

“Or maybe that's what you wanted, right? For someone one day to expose you and ravage you.” I gasped, unable to reply. My chest felt like an inferno had ignited within it, pouring liquid magma into my system. My vision was fading, and Zoe was laughing.

“Hm.” She laughed, stroking it, playing with the various textures my dick provided. “It's not very huge, but it's not laughably small either.” Her hand squeezed it, making it bulge out, choking it full of blood like she was choking my neck with her other hand. I saw black spots fill my vision, as I heard my pulse thundering in my ears. My hands were struggling futilely against her iron grip, trying in vain to undo her hands. I was going to die. I was going to die, and the last thing I would feel was her laughter in my ears, and her warm hand around my cock-

- she let me go, allowing air to flow back into my ruined lungs. I hit the ground, hard, on my ass, making me moan in pain. I felt colour refill into my world, sending slow sparks of feeling into my body. My dick was still rock hard, and actually, harder than ever, aroused from the abuse I just received. Hanji stood over me, smiling gently, as if she had just finished a relaxing stretch, or had been petting kittens.

“You see what I mean, Josh?” She smiled patiently, leaning down to stroke my head. I whimpered, tearing slightly. I tried to pull away, but Hanji forced me up to a wall. She slowly began to pat my smooth, hazel hair, whispering softly as she did so. “I needed you to do this, because I needed a masochist who was willing to be dominated, and low key enough not to draw any attention.” I barely heard her, my pulse still pounding in my head, tears of panic, disgrace, pain and stress flowing freely down my face.

I shook my head, and Hanji continued to pat it, still smiling softly, like a mother that had to reprimand her child. I stayed like that for a while, unable to move, too traumatised to even try and pull away from her, a sobbing wreck.

“Get out in the next two minutes and meet Armin and Annie outside. They will prepare you.” She finally said, getting up.

“Also.” Hanji shot me a final look, light glinting off her spectacles. “If you even think of backing out at the last minute, do try to think of everyone's disgusted faces when they find out you are the famous internet girl Starburst.”

“I...hate you.” I managed to gasp out, choking painfully, my voice coated in more venom than I could ever muster in my entire life. I glared at the back of her head a she made her way out of the room. I tried to get up, but my legs couldn't find the strength to lift my body up. I sat in the room, leaning on the wall, crying helplessly.

“You...you are a monster.”

“I know.” Hanji said as she left. This time, she wasn't smiling.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Wow this chapter was late. Sorry for the late update, was too busy watching praying mantis documentaries on national geographic.

Fun fact, mantis only kill and eat their mates twenty-five percent of the time during sex.

Humans only kill and destroy each other’s lives one hundred percent of the time during marriage.

-Trench

“Operation has begun. It will be over in an hour, so try your best, Krisnek.” Armin’s soft voice whispered in my ear. I closed my eyes, trying to get the image of a rabid Mikasa standing over me. There was no way I was going to enjoy this, no matter what Hanji had said. I looked into the room opposite the control booth, past the one-sided mirror glass. A slim girl lay against a wall, breathing heavily. Raven hair, dark eyes, closed, unfocused. She was dressed in her scouting uniform, with the exception of a scarf wrapped around her face, shielding half of it from sight. It gave her a detached quality, a strange, disconnected feel.

“I wouldn’t do this if I could.” I managed to whisper back to him. I was reluctant to do this. “Are you sure there aren’t any more people that could do this?”

“We already explained to you.” Annie murmured, quietly, not wanting to alert Mikasa to our presence. “We couldn’t find anyone who looked enough like Eren, but fit the bill of liking butt stuff.” She looked around. “Except maybe for Armin, but with Mikasa, it’s kinda like doing it with his own sister. So that’s a no.”

“I don’t like butt stuff..” I murmured in protest, although it wasn't very convincing when I was looking at the ground instead of her eyes.

“I believe you.” Annie sighed. “From what came out, it was as if you never had an enema in your life.” I shuddered uncomfortably, remembering the past thirty minutes. They started by putting a small nozzle up my ass, before filling me up with water. The process repeated three times, for four minutes each time. I had never seen that much crap flow out of me before, not even after I ate expired milk which had became a solid.

Afterward, they put me on a chair, and Armin began to cut my hair, snipping off my long locks of hazel. I was extremely reluctant about that. I liked my hair. But Eren had short hair, and we had to try and keep it that length, as far as possible.

Armin promised that he would try to leave it as long as possible, but from the air on my scalp, I was pretty sure it was too short for my liking. With additional hair care and some medicines, it would take two or three months to get it back to my original length. While he was cutting my hair, he quickly scrubbed a shampoo wash into my hair. I gagged and shivered at the smell of body-wash. Apparently, Eren couldn't tell the difference between soaps and shampoos and their various
uses, but to fool Mikasa, we had to try and copy his scent. Any little detail off, and the whole plan would fail.

I had to give it to Armin though, he was a good barber. When I looked in the mirror, I almost couldn't believe the person I was looking at was me.

Annie hadn't wasted any time, operating on her tight schedule. She immediately popped a lozenge in my mouth, and it burned as I choked it down, coagulating around my throat. I almost coughed it out because of the scorching sensation. It was a voice changing drug, she explained to me, that military police used when they were undercover. She stole an entire packet from her officer’s room for fun, but was loaning them for Hanji's plan. When I opened my mouth, my voice was deeper, and louder, but not husky like I would have expected it to be.

“All right, remember, Eren acts exactly the opposite of you. He's a bit of a dickwad. The good thing is, you look somewhat like him. That and we fed Mikasa some sense nullifying drugs. She probably can't see anything past a blur, so you could probably pass of as Eren.” Annie finished her briefing, and Armin passed me several condoms. “You know what to do with these, right?”

“Probably.” I admitted. “I never actually used one before.”

“Doesn't take a genius to figure out how they work.” Annie walked over to the control panel, getting ready to open the door. “Just remember, they go on her, not you.” Curious, I checked the condom wrapper, looking for its size, before slipping it into my pocket.

Extra large.

Holy shit.

“Oh yeah, if you could scream and try to resist her, that would be great.” Armin decided, as he waved goodbye to me. “Eren would do that.”

“I'm pretty sure if anybody was going to get analed by a girl with a cock, they would do that.” I snapped back, my face flushed. In my final moments, I was going to be as much of a bitch as possible. I may have been quiet and shy on a daily basis, but I was not going down without a fight.

“Not some people around here.” A snarky voice spoke from behind me, and I turned around to see Ymir standing in her ripped jeans, her arms folded across her chest. Next to her, Krista stood, a head and a half shorter than her girlfriend, coated in her white blouse. Behind them, Hanji stood, her glasses on her face, framing her slightly red eyes. “Don't worry about anything going wrong though. If Mikasa gets too rough, we'll come in and pull you out.”

“Or pull her out.” I pointed out, glaring at all of them.

“That's the spirit, Sissy Boy.” Ymir’s lips twitched, something close to a smile grazing across it. “Go get fucked in the ass. We'll kiss your boo boos afterwards.”

“Fuck off, you freckled cunt.” I muttered, looking at the space behind her head. There was a low round of ‘Oooohs’ being dealt by the bystanders, even the usually stoic Annie. “Damn son, you just got dissed by Sissy Boy-” Hanji chanted, waving gang signs in the air. She took out what looked like a crudely rolled up joint, and put it in her mouth, lighting it up. “-This calls for some weeeeed-” Annie pressed a button, and the doors in front of me opened.

I shuddered as I walked. My legs were brushing together uncomfortably, and my ass felt too full for comfort. The feeling was sending strange feelings running through my lower body, making my stomach squirm slowly. Annie and Armin put what felt like a whole gallon of lube in my asshole,
and now I couldn't walk right. I shuddered, my legs trembling as I stumbled forward.

“You are our mission commander.” Krista protested, as I stepped into the room. “You really think it's a good idea to do pot? Especially during a mission?”

“Not just marijuana, I'm afraid. I did like, four shots of gin. Now I'm really buzzed..” Hanji chuckled, and I closed my eyes, praying to god that Ymir and Annie would jump in without the need for her orders. “Relax..” She slurried, and that made me more tense than ever. “I make better choices when I'm chilled. Like my alcohol.”

I opened them when I was ready, accessing my surroundings. I was in a completely white room, with a tiled marble floor. Above, a series of lights shone their harsh white light on me, and on the girl in the corner. The air smelt like hand sanitiser. The moment I stepped in, Mikasa had perked her head up slightly, as if sensing a small change in air pressure. Slowly, she began to sniff the air, as if she smelt something. A chill ran up my back, when I realised she was smelling me. Or more accurately, Eren’s scent on me. To make the situation more convincing, Armin had nicked Eren’s uniform, and I was wearing it now. The shirt was too long and too wide. My boots were slightly longer at the soles, to make up for my short height. I felt a trail of sweat flow between my shoulder blades. She couldn’t see me clearly, because of the drug they fed her. I just hope she didn't feel how loosely the clothes were hanging off me.

“Eren?” Mikasa whispered, her voice soft and silky. She looked up, and she saw me, her eyes widening. I stood awkwardly, unsure what to do. Her eyes looked at me, up and down, as if trying to see through my disguise.

I felt my heart pound violently in my chest. A trick of sweat ran down my face, and suddenly, my throat scrunched up. Her gaze was paralysing, like a venom. The cold feeling ran straight through my body, to my heart, holding my body still, rooting me to the ground. Her eyes didn't shine. They looked dead and blank, as they slowly accessed me, looking for a weakness. I felt my legs tremble, and I hoped they didn't give out from under me. Could she actually see me?

I felt a tendon in my neck twitch, a cold chill running up my spine, and the urge to run and save my skin suddenly flowed over me, submerging me in a maelstrom. Mikasa was going realise I wasn't Eren in a split second. And she would kill me before the others could come in and pull me out.

I had to use every thread of willpower in my body not to turn and run, or to curl up in a ball and cry. I had to put up a front, pretend to be somebody I was not. Trouble was, it was harder to do it in real life than from behind a screen. The cold gaze I felt from her eyes almost made me wet myself.

She looked at me, her obsidian eyes piercing my cocoa ones. In two steps, she crossed the room, all the way to where I was. I didn't even have time to react, as her hands pulled tight around my body, crushing me.

“Are you alright?” She murmured, her eyes alive and shining with tears of worry. I let out a silent sigh of relief. For a moment, I thought she was going to snap my ribs like a popsicle stick.

It was only when I felt the soft warmth of her chest on my own that I realised how morally wrong I was for going through with the plan. After my thoughts of preserving my safety had been satisfied and left, all I was filled with were thoughts of reluctance and guilt.

I was pretending to be her boyfriend, and I was going to trick her into fucking me. I was deliberately lying to somebody and taking away their first time. Even if it wasn't my own choice, I felt a pang of guilt as I put my hand around her waist, hugging her back. Was this wrong? Probably. I was deliberately taking someone's choice from them, so that I could save myself. I was such a
Did they take you, too?” Mikasa asked, her eyes glinting in the white light. With the scarf in the way of her mouth, I couldn't see her expression. It was a disturbing feeling. I felt her tears slowly stain my shirt, leaving a wet spot, as fresh tears stained my shirt. “Did they hurt you?”

“Uh-” I stammered. “No.” I quickly responded, deciding to go with the least damaging answer. “I'm fine, Mik.” I shuddered when I called her by her nickname. Armin told me that was how Eren addressed Mikasa in private. This was so embarrassing, I had to bite my inner cheek to prevent myself from cringing. “They took me here, but I'm not hurt.”

“What do they want?”

“I don't know.” I admitted, hugging her tighter. From the brief contact, I could feel her entire body, rippling with muscles, bursting up against me. Although she was shorter than me, she probably had more than enough strength to lift me up and throw me over her head. It was a good thing Armin’s disguise worked. I struggled to control my thoughts, as the beautiful, albeit, creepy girl hugged me, pressing her muscular body against my slim one. I shuddered, trying to lean back, as I felt my dick heat up, excited.

Maybe it was because of her subtle scent of herbs from her hair wash, which wafted from her hair directly below my nose. Maybe it was her warm, muscular, but voluptuous chest pressed up against me. Regardless, the piece of meat in my shorts perked up, burning against my thigh in the most inconvenient time. I was supposed to be seducing her, but all I managed to do was to make a few awkward sentences, and get a boner. Not my proudest attempt.

I was technically an atheist, but right now, I was praying to whatever higher power there was in the universe that Mikasa didn't notice the gentle slope in my pants that was pressing up against her groin. I should have prayed harder, or wore looser shorts, because Mikasa jerked back, letting go of me. Immediately, her eyes ran to the bulge in my shorts.

“I'm sorry!!” I screamed, blushing profusely. My hands went to my crotch, covering my bulge. Unable to hold the facade any longer, I quickly fell over, landing on my butt, covering my front with my shirt. “I mean.. I.. You are so beautiful, I didn't know what I was thinking, it was all so sudden and stuff, I'm so sorry-” Mikasa quietly leaned over me. I closed my eyes tight, tensing up, ready to feel her hands around my head, snapping my neck like a twig. Or at least feel the sting of her hand across my face.

What I didn't expect was to feel her soft lips against mine.

I yelped back, breaking the kiss. That was my first kiss. I didn't talk to people, much less have the social ability to maintain or even initiate a relationship. When her lips brushed mine, a strange spark of electricity ran straight into my stomach, igniting my world. I gave out a whimper, feeling the strange energy buzz intensely into me. Mikasa immediately pressed her assault, pushing me over onto the floor and hastening the link, pressing our lips together. Her larger hands wrapped around my wrists, pinning my arms to the ground above my head. Her mouth immediately changed targets, from my lips to my neck, her warm breath rubbing along my jugular vein. I moaned, my eyes watering. When her mouth encircled my neck, her teeth biting hard into the soft flesh beneath it, I let out an undignified cry of pleasure. My entire body was burning, shivering under her touch.

“You are so adorable, Eren.” Mikasa whispered in my ears, and I couldn't struggle as she held me down, her eyes tracing hungrily across my body. Her free hand slowly went to my pants, undoing Eren’s stolen shorts. The zipper fell apart, and my dick poked out, standing at full mast. “I'm so glad you decided to take my first time-” I gulped. Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit. This was so fucked
I didn't sign up for this.

“Mikasa, wait.”

“You are usually so stoic and rigid. And I love that Eren. I love you even more like this, Eren.” She whispered, ignoring my protests. She shut me up my kissing me again. This time, her tongue really dove deep into my mouth, tasting my inner cheek. I gagged a bit, as a trail of her saliva, as sweet as nectar, poured into my mouth. I shivered, my blush worsening, as I pushed back whatever morals I had and instinctively began to kiss her back in earnest. I was going to regret this later, but all I could think about as her lips wrapped around mine, was how warm her mouth was, and how good she smelt, and how amazing her tongue felt as it ravaged my mouth. My brain melted into a white mush, as we rolled on the floor, our hands running down each other. My hands found her voluminous boobs, and I squeezed them hungrily, curiously feeling them for the first time in my life.

Mikasa gasped, her face almost red as mine, as my hands began to mold into her breasts, playing with them. Her hands began to move lower, eventually finding my dick. As we kissed, she began to stroke, sending trails of pleasure into my gut. I gasped helplessly. Her hand was wide and rough at the edges, all from lifting weights. The sensation it left after each stroke made me arch my back, moaning weakly as she straddled me, taking control of the situation. I could already feel her cock, hard and thick, poking against me from behind her shorts. The feeling of the warm length against my inner thigh made me whine.

As we tossed and turned, I noticed the silvery mirror next to the door. It took me a second to figure out it was a one way mirror, like in cop movies. And that behind the one-way mirror, Hanji and Co. were probably watching me and Mikasa go at each other like rabbits. And they would also be judging us. Which also made me realise that I had no fucking clue what I was doing. I could have easily been playing with her boobs like playdoh. I cringed a bit, and began to try to peel off her shirt. Was this how it was done? Or was I going to fast?

Thankfully, Mikasa immediately picked up on my hesitation, and took the lead, peeling off her shirt. She quickly undid the buttons, letting the material fall to the floor. When the last button came off, my jaw hit the floor.

The raven haired girl was wearing a black bra that was definitely too small for her bust size. Her breasts threatened to rip the small piece of fabric apart, rolling over the edges. But more enticing than that, was the complex network of muscles that aligned her body in an asymmetric fashion. Her abs, rock hard and defined, spanned out along her torso, bulging and rippling. I could feel my mouth watering, my dick shuddering in the cold air, tense and trembling from just the sight of the muscular goddess. I stuck my hand out, tracing the muscular curves and rock hard edges, enthralled by how defined her body was. She gasped as my finger tenderly traced along her stomach, and pulled away, snapping me out of my mesmer.

“D.. Don't stare..” She whispered, and I realised she was blushing as red as I was. I mean, it made sense, since it was her first time. “Its...embarrassing.”

“Sorry.” I murmured, looking at the corner of the room. In response, she looked away. We sat like that for a second or two, each of us wondering what to do. This was awkward. Was this how everyone's first time was like? Or was it just like this because I was socially inept?

I decided to take the lead before the situation got more awkward. Slowly, and less seductively than most people were capable off, I got her pants off, unzipping the fly and letting the tight garment fall to the floor. In response, her length poked out obscenely, like a deformed flagpole. I stared. The shaft was thick and veiny, and there was just a smell to it that enticed me to put my mouth around
her and taste her for myself. The thought of it pulsating deep in my body sent a raw shiver down
my spine. I knew I shouldn't have been thrilled to be doing this, but I couldn't deny the way my
body was reacting. I wanted her.

“Er.. Eren..” The raven haired girl whispered as I observed the shaft, slowly running my hand
down the length in amazement. I mean, I was pretty sure I was straight, but the idea of her
overwhelming length of meat forcing my stomach open sent a tremble into my insides, an unrefined
need that made my legs buckle. Instinctively, I took her shaft and gently ran my hand down the
length. She let out a slow moan, as I continued my movement, pumping her shaft, entranced by
how hot her flesh was under my hand. “Please..”

“Fuck!!” She gasped, her eyes shut tightly, as I continued to stroke, harder and harder, making her
jerked and twist. “Keep doing that-” I swiftly started to pump her dick harder, my free hand gently
cressing her low hanging balls. As her low moans filled the air, I knew I had hit the right spot.
Every pump from my hand drew out a whisper from her, and that whisper grew into a whine, as she
moaned happily.

With each flustered moan she gave, I felt my cock harden, aroused from the lewd thoughts running
amok in my head. Tenderly, I opened my mouth, and took her in. The feeling of my warm lips
around her shaft set her off, and Mikasa jerked, crying out in ecstasy as I began to bob my head
along her cock. Her taste was alluring, a mix of salt and beef and something bitter at the same time.
I gulped her juices down happily, forgetting about how much I was not supposed to be enjoying
this. Her scent flooded my nose, a meaty odour that seemed to make my body quiver in
anticipation. With my soft mouth enveloped around her burning cock, Mikasa gave a low moan,
her body shaking. Her hands found my head, and she gripped my hair tightly, keeping her dick in
my mouth, not wanting me to let her out. Unable to resist the sensation anymore, Mikasa grabbed
my head, and forced herself all the way into my throat, choking me with her cock. A low bolt of
sensation ran through my body, through my stomach, in response.

It was my first time doing this, and when her head hit the back of my throat, my gag reflex kicked
in, and I spat her out, coughing in an undignified mess. My eyes were tearing up, my throat raw.

“Oh my god!! Are you alright?” Mikasa immediately fell to her knees, her arms wrapped around
me, as I coughed a bit, lying down on the floor, wheezing uncontrollably. “I'm so sorry- I didn't
mean to hurt you-”

“..Thank..you..”

“What?” Mikasa looked puzzled for a second, than realisation dawned on her face when I flipped
over, prostrating in front of her, leaving my ass hanging high in the air in front of her. The burning,
squirming sensation in my stomach was getting worse with every second, demanding that I satiate
it. I needed her cock deep inside me, stirring me up. She immediately caught my drift, positioning
herself behind me. With one fluid motion, she put her hands at the edge of the shorts and tore. The
fabric gave way, splitting the pants in the middle, exposing my ass for her inspection. I would have
died of embarrassment on any normal occasion, but my arousal wrapped around my brain, its subtle
tendrils shutting down all my pride and rationally thoughts. All I cared now was that Mikasa plow
me like her personal dick sleeve.

“I.. I didn't know you liked it like this, Eren..” The dark eyed girl whispered into my ears, her hot
breath against my cheek. Her free hand was gently stroking my nipples from under my shirt,
rubbing and slowly pulling my sensitive bumps of flesh, making me whimper incomprehensibly.
Without giving me any warning, she slid a slim finger inside me. The sensation was electric, and
my back arched, as I gasped and twitched. Her slim finger pressed deep up inside me, as if trying to
find something. As the digit slid in further, it rubbed against every square inch of my lubed up ass-pussy, making me cry out into my hands, my insides squeezing down on the inserted finger.

“But it's alright. Bigger sister will take care of you. I always will.” Her deadpan voice stayed the same as she whispered those words in my ears. For some reason, that turned me on more than anything else, and I felt my body shudder, begging to be finished off with her dick.

“Mikasa!! Fuck!! Pleeease-” I screamed in ecstasy, my voice deeper than I was familiar with. When I was crying out like this, I barely recognized myself screaming. “Please!! Please- please!! Harder!!” She obliged, adding another finger into my asshole, and I shut up, whining as she began to stir me up, moving her fingers in a clockwise motion. With each circle she drew, my insides tightened up, making her put in some extra work to force it in. Eventually, she got fed up of the increasing tightness, and began to spread her fingers, opening my asshole in a scissoring motion. The sensation of having my soft walls split apart mercilessly made me whimper, my whole body shivering and tensed, ready to burst.

Her dexterous fingers finally found what they were looking for. As the asymmetrical digits pressed upwards against a soft spot, I let out the highest squeal that I had in the last few moments. “That's your prostate, Eren.” Her voice went an octave lower, as my screams went an octave higher. The feeling of it was amazing, as her skilled fingers dived deep inside me, hitting the same spot over and over, with increasing force and strength each time. My cock was standing straight, begging to be touched, so I could find some release from the burning ecstasy. Mikasa ignored its pleas, instead choosing to ram her fingers against the small spot in my asshole, making me scream louder and louder. The feeling of her fingers hitting my prostate left ripples of pleasure inside me, a feeling that washed over me, drowning my senses. My mind was blank, melted to a white paste, and I barely felt her pull the fingers out.

“I love you so much, Eren.”

I heard Mikasa’s whisper as I felt her dick. The length of it forced its way into me, splitting and pulling apart my insides. I screamed incoherently, my insides squeezing tight around her cock as it slowly impaled inside me. Mikasa hissed, and readjusted her hands to my hip, allowing her to really push every inch deep into me.

“Mikasa, harder!!” I gasped, and she obliged, running her cock into me over and over again. As her thick shaft pushed deeper inside me, I could feel every inch of it brush my sensitive flesh, making me cry out weakly. In the back of my fogged up brain, something was trying to tell me to use the condoms Armin gave me. My body, was not obeying me. Everything felt too good, I didn't have the willpower to stop and ask her to put on a rubber.

Mikasa began to really thrust deep inside me, and I began to really appreciate how good her cock felt, the thick girth of it spreading my insides apart with each violent thrust. Mikasa let out a low, primal growl, before she adjusted her hands around my waist, and held me tight. Before I could brace myself, she ran me through with her cock, pushing every pulsating inch of it deep into my ass-pussy, all the way to the base.

“FUCK!!” I moaned out, her cock shoved against my prostate, pressing up into my stomach. With each rough thrust from her, I could feel her balls hit my ass, making slapping noises to accompany the lewd squelching noises as her length drilled into me. “Don't.. Too- too rough!!-” I gasped out, as Mikasa went all out, thrusting harder and harder inside me. “I'm.. I'm gonna die!!” I cried into my hands. Her head was pressing against my stomach now, smacking and prodding it uncomfortably with each pump.

“Eren-” Mikasa managed to scream, her obsidian hair dancing and fluttering with each thrust.
“Your ass is so soft. I'm-” She shuddered, as she felt her orgasm take over. Her cock was pulsing harder and harder, and it swelled up slightly, knotting at the end.

Her climax triggered mine, and I screamed, as I felt her heat against my back, her cock buried all the way inside my stomach. Every small tremble she gave intensified the shivers I felt in my lower spine, making me squirm and shudder and jerked under her stronger arms. My peripheral vision dimmed as I felt a hit liquid shoot straight into my insides, filling me up. As that happened, I felt my own cock give a shudder, releasing its contents all over my stomach. I gave a last incomprehensible cry as she squeezed me tightly in her warm, pillow soft breasts. We laid like that for a few seconds, Mikasa panting slightly as we held each other.

I cried silently in her arms. After the orgasm, my lust, which had fogged over my mind and blurred my judgement had cleared. I didn't deserve this. I shouldn't have been the one she was holding like this. It should have been Eren. Silently cursing Hanji, I did what I had to do, putting my hands around Mikasa’s head and slowly stroking her sleek raven hair.

“Eren…” She whispered, and flipped me around, so my back was to the ground. Her cock was still rock hard and when she thrust deep inside me again, I shut my eyes tight in pleasure, her thick girth rubbing up against my hypersensitive insides.

“Mikasa!! Fuck-” I was ignored as she held me down, her lips pressed against mine. I just noticed that her breath tasted slightly sweet, like medicinal herbs. “If you do that so fast-” She lifted my hips, and her cock slipped deeper inside me, pressing up against my prostate at a different angle, sending a different type of white hot rapture flowing through me. My hands dug into her strong shoulders, fingernails cutting into her skin, drawing small amounts of blood.

“Please- stop!!” I managed to gasp unconvincingly, as Mikasa rammed her length deeper into me. Her strength was immense, and I couldn't pry her off if I tried. It didn't help that my cock was rock hard again, pressing against her body in an attempt to debunk my lies. “Please!!-” I screamed, but she pinned me down, her hand against my wrist, her free hand stroking my cock as she drilled deeper inside me, making me rut and jerked helplessly. Tears rolled down my face, as the decadent pleasure slowly filled my gut. Mikasa readjusted her angle, and had begun to hit my prostate with her length, her shaft running mercilessly against my soft spots. As each of her intense thrusts hit my pleasurable spots over and over again with meticulous precision, I could only scream unintelligibly, my brain melted into a mash.

“AH-” Her thrusts sped up, and I cried out, as her cock swelled up again, hitting my insides over and over, crushing my sensitive spots relentlessly. “You- I'm gonna die-” I moaned, as Mikasa’s thrust became harder, more reckless. It wasn't as smooth or as well aimed as before, but with her size, she didn't need to be. Her cock ran up against my prostate, the fat slab of muscle colliding against my sensitive insides over and over. I bit into her shoulders, as her mouth found my nipple, sucking the erect nun, her tongue slowly and tenderly playing with it, tasting the piece of flesh. My mind became blank again, drowning out everything I could see, everything I could rationalise about how horrible the situation was, and how much of a coward I was. I let myself fall into the orgasmic bliss again, temporarily assuaging the part of my brain that screamed at me for being the weakling I was.

As my sentience was pulled under by the maelstrom, I was berated into a white void, which pulled me under, drowning me like a helpless sailor caught in a riptide. For a few moments, I was dead to the world, and the world was dead to me. I couldn't feel much body, and it couldn't feel me. I couldn't feel any of my torn up feelings, any of my secret shames, any of my regrets. All I could feel was a calm, white void. If this was death, it wasn't so bad-
“Nree.” Mikasa garbled, and it snapped me out of my world, dislocating and twisting and pulling me back to reality. My cock was no longer hard, my semen all over Mikasa’s abs. After the heavenly void, my brain resumed screaming at me again. I covered my face, crying softly. What had I done?

Mikasa’s cock was warm in my body, and it took me a second to realise she had came again. Her semen was thick and mushy, and it filled me up, giving me the feeling of fullness. From where I was lying, I could tell that my stomach had swelled up a tad bit, filled to the brim with her semen. Her dick was still fully erect, giving no sign of relenting. Without warning, she ran it again into my insides, making me scream in agonising pleasure. My eyes were watering, tears flowing down my face. I didn't want this. I didn't want-

“Yrou nisieds.. Is..os ramw..” Mikasa panted, sweat coating her body. She was burning up, feverishly as she thrusted into me fervently, stirring up my asshole, churning me into a sticky mess. I couldn't even hear her. Every thrust from her cock sent ripples through my stomach, stirring up her semen in my body, ripping my mind to shreds.

“I ananw ikll oyu os bad-”

I shuddered again, as my dick twitched, spurting drops of grey seed over my stomach. Mikasa had lifted my legs over her shoulder, and was smacking her dick straight against my prostate, sending unadulterated orgasmic sensations into my brain. I screamed in excruciating euphoria, covering my face as I was pulled under yet again by the pleasure I was receiving from her cock. I unraveled again, but she continued without stopping, pushing her cock rougher and harder into me. I could see a faint outline of her cock from my stomach as she slammed inside me, pushing up and down with synchronicity of her thrusts.

“Rnee-” Mikasa whispered, her lips not moving, and through the fog of ecstasy that veiled my peripheral vision, I saw her eyes were completely black. Her pupils had dilated, expanding to the point I could barely see any of her whites. In my fogged up mind, I couldn't think or push her away. All I could do was lie there, gripping to her helplessly as she rutted into me, ruining my body with each vicious thrust, crying softly at how helpless and weak I was. Someone was screaming in the background, and it took me a moment to realise that it was me. I could feel the overwhelming pleasure as it lapped at me like hungry waves, sucking me under. I layed, ashamed as I selfishly took Mikasa for myself, stealing her first time.

“Tle me evha a estta-”

Mikasa’s hands ran around my neck, choking me, cutting off my air supply. My body was instinctively reacting on its own, trying desperately to cling on to life even though it was meaningless. I couldn't push her off. All I could do was struggle, pushing weakly at her arms, as her hands wrapped around my neck, crushing my windpipe, suffocating me. Somehow, the feeling of her killing me had sparked something in me, something that made the pleasure resonating in my ass amplify, making my brain melt. Even though my chest was burning, as if an inferno was blazing inside me, all I could think about was how good it all felt. I barely even felt the burning agony of Mikasa’s teeth against my shoulder, biting and ripping into the flesh, chewing to the bone. Even then, the pain only sent signals to my fogged up brain, which made me come again, and I came again, my asshole squeezing tightly around the base of my killers cock, as my own squirted what it had left over me.

Before I blacked out, I heard screaming. A door opened, and I heard the clatter of boots. Mikasa looked up, her pale face coated in crimson, dripping with my blood. The smell of iron filled the air, and her grip didn't release from around my throat. Someone was shouting, there was a loud crash of
The last thing I remembered before I died was a loud crackling sound, like a sound of god’s own revolver, and the stench of ozone filling the air, overwhelming the smell of my blood.


glass shattering and someone grunted, swearing loudly.

“Is it beautiful, isn’t it?”

Hanji sat next to me. We were on the roof of the Scouting Unit’s headquarters. The view was extensive, showing every square meter of the training grounds, from the field where we practiced 3D gear maneuvers, to the storehouses where I worked, to the hall where we were thought German and History.

The sun was setting, its tendrils of orange and magenta crawling and twisting into a darkening sky. I sat quietly, feeling the evening breeze ruffle through my clothes. It was strange feeling the wind on my scalp. It was also a strange feeling having teeth marks between my left shoulder and my neck. It ached and hurt like hell whenever I stretched, but Zoe assured me that it would heal up in a few days, leaving minor scarring.

Mikasa’s titan genes activated during the intercourse. The sudden burst of adrenaline and hormones had changed her, turning her feral and making her lose control of her actions. She almost killed me. I didn't blame her. It was penance for what I did to her. Fitting, in a way.

Zoe had saved me. In the midst of things, she had managed to knock Mikasa out by zapping her with the cattle prod. I wasn't thanking her. After all, she had pulled me into the whole situation in the first place. Ymir and Annie were in the medical bay. Mikasa threw Ymir through the one-way mirror during their scuffle, and she had a hairline fracture on her forearm and three cracked ribs, and a sprained ankle, along with an assortment of gashes and cuts. Annie managed to get out with only a large bruise on the side her hips, and minor internal bleeding. Based on their titan physiology, they would heal up in a few days. A week for Ymir’s arm.

Mikasa had been subdued and was undergoing a series of rhythmic light flashes that eased her memories, implanting her with false ones. By tomorrow morning, she would wake up with the memory of falling over from heat-stroke, and being brought to Hanji by two concerned female students for first aid. Whatever happened here would be less than a dream.

“Why am I here?” I murmured, ignoring her question. It was meaningless. It all was. My voice sounded drain, dead inside. I didn't want anything to do with Hanji. I needed to get away as soon as possible. I just wanted to be alone.

“To be debriefed.” Zoe smiled, and this time, it looked genuine. She stood up, pushing her glasses up her face. Taking out a cigarette, she lit up the stick, taking a deep breath, and breathing out the grey, translucent smoke, turning her lungs as black as her heart.

“You did a marvellous job.” Zoe continued, when I didn't say anything. “We got a decent sample of Mikasa’s semen, even if we did have to extract it from you via a turkey baster. To sum up, you did your part of the bargain. I have enough samples to carry out most of my research. I'll uphold my promise.” Zoe turned away, and I glanced at her. She didn't seemed fazed that she had just forced a trainee to have sex with another trainee. “How are you feeling, Josh?”

“Like shit.” I replied, looking at the grey tarmac, turned orange in the light of the dying sun. The
The moon was already out beyond the horizon, a white, silvery eye that peeked out at us, enigmatic and beautiful. “I just had sex with somebody else’s girlfriend. She proceeded to bite me and choke me to death after almost giving me an anal prolapse. How do you think I'm feeling?”

“You looked like you were enjoying it part way, to be honest.”

“I.” I blushed for the first time in a few hours, which was a new record. I shivered, remembering the way I screamed and cried in unbelievable ecstasy from Mikasa’s dick. My asshole didn't hurt from that, strangely. All that was left was the strange empty feeling, squirming in my stomach.

“And to be honest, I wasn’t.” I lied dishonestly. “It's a job I took because I was blackmailed to do so. I'm not a monster that blackmails other students into having sex just because she is choosy about having another girl’s dick in her cunt.”

“You are so feisty when you are angry, you know that?” Zoe laughed, which would have made me frustrated, but I was too tired for any more emotions. Today was a roller-coaster of events. I was drained, emotionally and physically. All I cared about now was going to sleep in my solitary dorm. Maybe eating something first. “It’s a nice change from the meek and quiet side we usually see of you.”

I stood up and walked away. I didn't need to hear any more of what she was saying.

“Before you go-” For some reason, Hanji’s words stopped me as my hand wrapped around the door’s handle. Maybe it was fate, telling me not to open the door and run away, as fast as I could. Maybe it was that I wanted proper closure. I wanted to hear what she had to say, so that I could leave her and never look at her or see her ever again. Or maybe, just maybe, it was a small nagging ache in my stomach, a strange thrill that had just been discovered, but was begging and excited for more to come in the future. Whatever it was, it stopped me in my tracks. I tend my head slightly, waiting to hear what she had to say.

“I need help in my lab. With all the research I have, it’s hard to keep track of all the specimen numbers and experimental results I’m conducting. It would be nice to have a magic idiot to help me out in my work.”

“You can't be fucking serious.” I growled, anger seeping into my voice for the first time since the start of the conversation. “You blackmail me, then you offer me a job? Do you hear yourself right now?”

“I'm giving you a choice.” Hanji replied, leaning against the safety fence at the edge of the building. She was still smoking the cigarette, which was almost a burnt stump. The sun had set, and the moon was in the sky, turning the once orange and golden sky into a cold, deep blue one.

“You can choose to run away. Open the door, run as fast as you can, and you won't ever see me again.” Zoe flicked the cigarette to the floor, and stepped on the stump, extinguishing it. She turned away from me, looking at the view of the entire training facility. “You can spend your life running, working in the storehouse, crossdressing and writing poetry in your free time.”

“Or you can join me and the clique. Be my lab partner. Meet and make a few new friends.” Zoe turned back to me, looking me dead in the eye, our chocolate coloured eyes meeting each other. “You might find you have more in common than you think. Krista has a keen eye for fashion and design, and Ymir for all her brutish antics, secretly loves poetry and literature. She has a pair of reading glasses. Can you believe it? What a nerd.”

Hanji walked towards me, and I felt a new breeze whip past me, caressing our bodies. The nights
air had set in, its cold air like a knife on my cheek.

“This is your choice. I'm not going to force you to do anything.” Zoe walked past me, opening the door and beginning to walk down the staircase to the labs. “if you don't want the job, life continues as per normal for you. If you want the job, I can assign someone else to take over the storehouses, and you can start tomorrow at 10. Otherwise."

“Otherwise?..”

“You can join me now, and you can get started today. I'm going to visit Ymir and Annie at the medical bay and laugh at them with Krista and Armin. You want in?”

Against my better judgment, I nodded my head. There was a strange squirming in my stomach, which beckoned me to say yes, a strange squirming that up until a few hours ago, I didn't know about. The squirming that reminded me how it felt like to be dominated and fucked like a bitch. And how much more dick I could possibly get in the future if I stuck around.

“Sure.” I grinned, for what seemed like the first time in my life.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is slightly less dark than Sasha's chapter.

The story focuses around delusion.

In the end, if you really think about it, Josh doesn't actually feel any remorse or shame from having sex with Mikasa. His apparent shame and regret that he had during the intercourse was nothing more than another way for him to try and rationalise and push away the fact that he enjoyed being dominated by a girl with a dick.

Throughout the two chapters, Krisnek has constantly deluded himself, trying to pent in his inner desires that were not 'masculine' in a sense, and not in tandem with what society portrays in 'male' stereotypes. As a result, when they don't pan out he ends up crossdressing to try and delude himself into believing that his urges are normal.

In the end of this chapter, it further proves that he hasn't truly regretted hurting Mikasa as he claims he does. (He got bit. And he says that that's repayment enough, once again deluding his guilty feelings that everything has once again become 'normal', just because he got injured by Mikasa.)

On a brighter note, he seems to be improving, realising and admitting to his urges to himself. Not sure if admitting to wanting hardcore anal sex with girls with dicks is an improvement.

But what do I know, right? I'm just a guy who likes writing stories.
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

Sorry for taking so long. I had to do a stint in the army for the last few months. Should have a little more time to write nowadays.

Motherfucking hell.”

I looked across the room, spying the small girl who was swearing under her breath. It was already ten forty-three at night, and she had a makeup exam tomorrow. Right now, she was trying to cram as much as she could in a few hours she had.

I blinked my tired eyes, stretching. I was napping on the couch, my glasses strewn precariously on the copy of The Ocean At The End Of The Lane. Historia didn't swear a lot. Or at all. But when she was gaming or frustrated with her schoolwork, that could change.

I walked up behind her. “Hist. What's the matter?”

“Nothing.” She replied in an uncharacteristically curt manner. Her messy golden hair looked almost dishevelled, strewn across her face, tangled up in clusters. “I need to finish this question.”

I walked over and looked over her shoulder.

Explain the uses of the double mechanic behind the disposable blade’s unsheathing motion. ____ (18 marks)

Describe how to correctly disarm and disassemble a double sided disposable blade. Explain why it works with reference to its mechanism. ____ (15 marks)

Explain the partial set of drills needed when a blade jams. State the different types of reason a blade would jam, and state the solution for each of the three feeding situations. ____ (12 marks)

She was only halfway done, a thick stack of papers next to her worksheet, which was filled seventy-five lines in. Next to the stack, in front of her, her personal disposable blade was in front of her, dismantled from the charging bolt to the handle.

I sighed. Despite being a first class student, and being able to attain top ten placing in the academy via academics alone, Krista was hopeless when it came to field craft, even if it was a theoretical exam. Two months back, she had managed to fly herself straight into a tree, much to my displeasure. The small girl's brows were furrowed in concentration, as she quickly cancelled out half of the sentence she had been writing. Josh had been here earlier, and had tried his best to explain the mechanism of the disposable blade. I had to admit, I was impressed by the mousy haired boy. I hadn't thought we would be friends, but as it turned out, he had an eye for literature, and wrote a fair bit.

He had left two hours back, to receive hair treatment from Hanji, who had developed a drug a few years back that stimulated extreme hair growth. By the end of the week, his hair would be as long as it had been after we had cut it. I was supposed to be helping Krista, but somehow, I managed to
doze off. Ever since Mikasa broke my arm by throwing me through a glass window, I felt constantly drowsy, often taking small naps in between classes and during lunch breaks. Hanji told me it was something to do with my titan healing. I had no reason to disbelieve her.

I stalked my way to Krista, who was engrossed with her worksheets. When I was behind her, I gently wrapped my hands around her body. She looked back, her head tilting by a slight angle. Almost immediately, she turned back, refocusing her efforts on the paper in front of her. I scowled, annoyed for a second that she was paying more attention to the work than to me.

“Hey Krist..” I breathed in her ear, and she shuddered a bit, and released a breath that could have been a sign of relaxation or a sign of annoyance. “How's it going?”

“Ymir, please. I'm trying to work here.” Alright. Annoyance it was. The small girl blew a strand of golden hair out of her eyes, and redoubled her efforts on her work, quickly redrawing a model of the disposable blade's internal mechanism. I continued to hug her though, refusing to release her. She continued to ignore me, her hands working furiously, sketching out the model.

The seconds bled into minutes, and I stood quietly, watching the small blonde girl scribble on the worksheets, her writing becoming more and more unreadable with every sentence. Finally, Krista stretched abit, pushing me off her.

“In case you haven't realised, I have a test tommorow, Ymir.” She finally said in her most rude manner, which I had to admit, was pretty curt, even if it hadn't been her saying it.

“Yeah, and you already spent the whole day studying.” I pointed out. “You shouldn't overwork yourself, get some rest.” I tightened my hug from behind, snuggling my warm face into her cold neck, gently inhaling her soft strawberry scented hair. I didn't usually act as the responsible one, but when Krista was overworking herself or was scared by nightmares, I was more than willing to fill that role.

“Yeah, I'll sleep after this question.”

“No you won't. You keep saying that, but I know you'll work until you pass out.” I replied, remembering the many times I woke up in the early morning, just to find the small blonde girl asleep on the desk, papers strewn all over her sleeping form.

“Yeah, but I need to cram this much in to pass the test tomorrow.” Krista snapped, wrenching her torso out of my grip. “I don't want to retest next week.”

“And you won't.” I sighed, resting on the table. “You already studied the entire day. You need sleep more than anything else right now.” I gently brushed a strand of hair off my face, tucking it behind my ear. “C’mon Krist. Rest.”

Krista slammed the pen down on the table, almost making me jump back. She had a unusual snarl in her voice.

“I'm not a goddamn child, Ymir.” She looked at me, her tired eyes piercing and sharp. Electric blue irises met with their hazel brown counterparts, each one daring the other to back down. “I can study for a test, and I can take care of myself well enough to know when to sleep. I don't annoy you about your studying habits, so don't annoy me about my sleeping ones.”

Owch. Those words stung. I was actually trying to study better and improve my overall grades, but to little avail. Krista had been patiently mentoring me for the last three months, so I had been trying my best.
My jaw tensed up, resisting the urge to do or say something I would regret later. If it had been Eren or Jean who had said any of those things, I would have used sandpaper to smooth out every minute lump of their body. But this was my adorable Krista. She was just tired and grumpy. She wasn't thinking maturely right now, and as much as it pained me to, I would have to play parent once again.

I broke the stare, preventing the situation from escalating further. “Alright, Krist.” I sighed, acting like I was willing to let the whole incident slide. “At least let me make you a cup of tea.” I decided, walking over to the kitchen, not waiting for her reply. She probably would accept and drink it just to get rid of me for the night. Jokes on her though, I just met Annie last week.

I plugged in the electric kettle, and took out a spoonful of purple flowers from the mini silo at the side, scooping the grounded lavender into the cup. In a few minutes, the kitchen smelled like lavender tea, filling the dorm with its fragrance.

When I met Annie last friday, I had asked her for some medicine to help solve insomnia. Krista had been suffering from nightmares, and I wanted to get her some drowsy medicine to ease the problem. I planned a meeting with Annie earlier that week, but she must have forgotten about it. She was in the middle of something, and was more than happy to oblige to my request, quickly running off to the kitchen and tossing me a small orange cylinder of pills, her face burning red. She had taken special care to wear a long hoodie, and I did my best to ignore the rope bindings that ran around her body and waist, hogtying her. When she turned back and went back to what I supposed was her bedroom, she tried her best to walk with what looked like some form of dignity, but I could see the pink plastic battery cap of a vibrator that had been stuck up her pussy. I left as soon as possible. I was pretty sure I saw Armin holding a riding crop and wearing a three piece suit with a top hat in the brief moment the bedroom door had opened. No amount of sleeping drugs, alcohol, cigarettes or therapy could help get rid of the mental image of what the blonde couple were doing in there.

I took out the bottle from the pantry. I was saving it for the next time Krista had a night terror, or the next time Sasha drank sixteen cups of coffee, but this time was as good as any. I took out a small pill, and popped it into the tea, which simmered abit, but didn't make any observable changes. The pill should be able to knock her out for four hours, which left enough time for her to wake up tomorrow and get ready for her test.

I knew how much the test meant to Krista. She wanted to be an officer, and if she passed the test, she would definitely hit the necessary amount of credits to be able to be promoted. I was going to make sure she succeeded, even if it meant going against her wishes. Spiking my girlfriend’s drink wasn't something I did often, or at all, but when I did, I had good reason for doing so.

I stirred the tea a few times, making sure it was properly dissolved so the short girl wouldn't suspect anything. A few more stirs for good measure ensured that the tea was cool enough for immediate consumption. If I left it out without making her drink it, she could just ignore it completely and continue with her work.

I walked out of the kitchen, wearing my best poker face. Putting the small porcelain cup in front of her, I smiled as innocently as I could. “Drink up.”

Krista gave out a curt grunt and a sharp nod, putting the cup to her mouth and downing it in one go, wanting to get my mollycoddling over and done with as soon as possible. She gulped down the clear green liquid, and I watched her carefully, ready to catch her if she KO-ed.

Seconds passed. The seconds bled into minutes, and I looked at her, hoping she didn't notice how
intently I was observing her movements. Annie had told me the pills were super strong, but it seemed to have no effect on Krista. I considered pouring her another cup of spiked tea. I got up, and took her cup, walking off to the kitchen.

I stopped midway when I heard a soft moan from the side of my ear.

I whipped my head around, almost dropping the cup. Krista was still sitting as straight as before, her tired eyes focused on her worksheet. I would be convinced that the sound was a figment of my imagination, had it not been for the ragged pants that Krista gave out, getting louder and louder with each second. She was trying to resist, her hand sliding down, from the table to the seat of her chair. Annie had fucked up. But I decided to go along with it. Slowly and quietly, I stalked up behind Krista, wrapping my hands around her body, my cheek against her ear. She let out a sharp grunt of disapproval as I took her small, slim hands into my larger, rugged ones. She was too distracted by the sudden heat she felt in between her legs to focus her annoyance on me.

“You need to rest...” I whispered down her neck, my hands pressing her slim arms against the table. Her sapphire eyes, tired and bloodshot, now became dilated and scared, showing off her hidden arousal for the first time since the conversation began.

“Ymir, I.. I have.. Have to do my.. My work.” Krista breathed out, her legs trembling. Her eyes were being absorbed into my cocoa coloured ones, drowning her senses. Her legs were shaking weakly, and her thighs rubbed against each other, a thin sheen of liquid that wasn't sweat trailing down her inner legs.

“No you don't.” my voice was deep in her ears, my body pressing up against her, grinding against her hips gently, teasing her. She let out a hasty squeak, the first sign of defeat, her body shaking and melting into mine. My lips traced up to her ears, my teeth tracing and grazing the shell of it, making her shudder, her eyes closing helplessly. “But I do. I'm going to fuck a girl into a sloppy wet mess.”

“Ge- get off me-” Krista gasped, a final, last ditch attempt to resist. Her body was shivering and shaking against the wall, my hand pinning her against the rock hard surface. Her azure eyes were flitting, scared and desperate. “I.. I don't.. I.. I.. need to study-” she breathed out, hesitant.

I shut her up by sliding the fingers of my left hand down her back, making her gasp and quiver helplessly. She bit into her lips, stifling her sounds of pleasure, cooking her slowly from the inside out. My hand climbed back up her back, below her shirt, tracing the slender gorge of her backbone.

“St...stop, Ymir.. Please-” Historia’s blue eyes were pleading, as she struggled weakly against my grip. Her hands were so pale and tiny, her wrists so small and slender. They couldn't pry my grip from her body apart even if she had tried.

She let out a hasty, small breath, as my fingers slipped down into the waistband of her night shorts, playing with her ass through her thin panties. I heard the golden locked goddess’s breath hitch sharply as my hand cupped around her ass, gently molding her soft cheeks.

“Fuck..” She managed, her head pressing against my shoulder, her hands pounding weakly against my breasts. I smirked down at her, and she glared up at me. Her anger was unconvincing, though, considering the aroused look in her azure eyes. Her hips were already instinctively grinding up against my thighs, begging for some lovely attention. “Fuuuuuuck…”

I leaned in and kissed her, harder than before, my lips pushing passionately against her’s. She moaned softly, her body weak and limp, leaning desperately against mine.
“No.. -” She managed to whisper, trying her best to push me off. Even as I traced my teeth down her lips, taking her mouth for my own usage, I could spot the signs of her arousal. Arched back, trembling thighs, combined with her dilated irises, two growing black dots of ink in a pair of blue saucers. Her crotch, which was rutting against my leg, was leaving a slick trail of fluids along the length of my bare thigh. Her arousal had soaked through her thin night shorts, turning the light turquoise shorts into a darker shade of blue. Krista shuddered, and I pressed her harder against the wall, forcing her pale body against the smooth white surface. Her face flushed desperately, as I forced the kiss harder, cutting off her air supply. “Mmmm.. Nhmgh..” She moaned softly into my mouth, the drug taking effect even as I pressed my assault.

When I felt she couldn't take it any longer, I broke the kiss, letting the small blonde angel gasp for air. A lewd strand of saliva linked us, from her soft, pink lips to my thinner, scarlet ones. Krista slumped back on the wall, her chest heaving, forcing air into her lungs. Her legs were coated, her nectar lazily slid down her thighs, all the way to her calf. I leaned in, nuzzling her neck, my hands slowly and teasingly running up her thighs.

“Look at yourself, you little slut.” I growled into her ears. The small girl whimpered, grounding her body harder against me, grinding like a rabbit in the heat. My hand slid up her body, no longer caressing her ass and back. It slid up to her neck, stroking her jawline to her face, she shivered, letting out a small moan, a hybrid mixture of both submissiveness and lewd anticipation. She didn't struggle as I leaned over again, kissing her for the second time in the last minute.

We pressed our lips together, allowing each other softer kisses, our mouths pushing, wanting. I pressed my advances, and the kiss became harder and harder, my tongue gently tasting her inner cheek, gently tracing along the contours of her lips. My hands repositioned themselves farther up her legs. One hand slid to the small of her back, the other somewhere lower and wetter. Even with her nightshorts on, I could feel how drenched she was, her entrance hot and desperate. I undid the string on the side of her ruined fluffy night shorts, and they came off, sliding down her slim, pale thighs, and pooling on the floor. She covered her mouth, almost silencing a small mewl that came from her throat. She wore nothing underneath, showing off her pale, toned legs, below her shaved and dripping pussy.

“Krista…” My warm breath on her ear made her jerk and gasp, her face flushed scarlet. She looked away, murmuring softly, as I lovingly began to trace my fingers down her entrance, grazing the wetness. “..You really think you can study with this in between your legs?” I brought my hand up, showing her the thin trails of wet juices that was left all over my fingers. My hand went to my lips, licking the liquid off my digits, tasting her. She tasted sweet. As I licked, I looked into her eyes, making a show of it. The effect was exactly what I wanted, as the blonde girl looked away, ashamed, her face burning.

“It's.. It's not what you think..” She whimpered, and I bit into her neck, making her cry a bit, interrupting her. “It's.. Its not like.. like.. I..I... fuck..” She bit into her lips, her body shaking as one of my slim fingers slid into her. Krista gasped, shuddering helplessly against me. The slender digit pressed up, pushing against a soft spot, making her shut her eyes, a low moan escaping her mouth. My thumb pressed against her clit, sliding past her wet lips. My lover screamed, her hands no longer pushing against me. Instead, her slim arms were wrapped tightly around my neck, as if hanging on for her life. Gently, my thumb began to draw circles, tracing in an anticlockwise direction, then in a clockwise one, the different sensations of friction on her body scrambling her brain functions. After all that, Krista probably couldn't form comprehensible sentences. All she could do was close her eyes and shudder, screaming and crying into my shoulder in ecstasy.

“It's not like you what, Krista?”
I sped up the circling, my finger digging deeper and deeper inside her. My finger traced along her wall, finding the soft part of her pussy. Feeling the texture of her walls soften and tighten, I guessed that I was just below her cervix. I twisted my fingers, before pressing them into the sensitive spot. Hard. The feeling was electric, and she screamed again, a high pitched squeal that sent shivers of satisfaction down my spine.

“AH!! Fuck-”

I didn't stop, still pressing away at the soft spot on her insides, rubbing and crushing away. Her hands ran down my back, her short, manicured nails cutting and scratching into my skin, leaving ten faint red trails. The pain sent a bolt of strange masochistic pleasure through my system, which was not unwelcome. I continued to press into her, pushing up and down against her walls, curling my fingers and squashing that sensitive spot on her sticky, wet insides.

“I would be quite irresponsible if I didn't take responsibility for your little mess, wouldn't I?” I leaned in and bit her ears, tracing the soft shell with my teeth, grazing her. The sensation made the small girl shudder, whimpering submissively as my fingers continued to dig away at her insides, making her give out those rewarding gasps and squeals. “Don't worry. I'll solve this problem one way or another tonight.” My digits found another particularly sensitive spot, and pressed hard into it, making the smaller girl jerk and spasm in my arms, her eyes wide and tearing up.

“Ymir!!-” Historia bit down into my shoulders, moaning in delight as her hips grinded against my hands, no longer trying to hide her arousal. Her sticky cunt was squeezing down hard on my fingers, and I obliged her, pushing her up against the wall so I could really get my fingers deep inside her, thrusting the slender digits more and more forcefully inside her, mashing against her most intimate spots.

“Nghh!” Her nails dug into my back. “Holy fuck, th.. That feels incredible!!” I rewarded her honesty by kissing her neck, sucking hard on her pale, tender flesh. She was so unbelievably hot. Every small kiss, every small sound she made, sent a tug, a current of arousal through my stomach, a feeling that made my cock grow hard, stiffening against her soft body.

“Wait-” Krista managed to gasp, more than feeling the outline of my dick. Even as she tried to pull her neck away from my mouth, her insides were spreading their love all over my front. I grinned wolfishly, which made her blush a bit, before pulling her into a desperate kiss. It wasn't enough, and my hands found her hair, holding her head in place. Krista let out another submissive moan, as my mouth went down on the crook of her shoulder, making her shudder in reluctant ecstasy. When I pulled back from my oral assault, her neck was covered with purple and red marks, that were definitely not going to fade away by tomorrow. Krista would either have to borrow a scarf, or she would have to go into the exam hall with her neck coated with hickeys, a unquestionable sign that she had been fucked senseless by me the night before.

My fingers sped up, and she threw her head back, her hips rolling frantically against my hand, trying her best to stifle every little movement that showed off how badly she wanted a dick inside her. Even as she failed to stop her groin from betraying her, small whimpers and cries of pleasure were rolling out from her throat, mixing together with all of her short, desperate breaths.

I didn't want her to climax so quickly. This was intended to be punishment after all. When I heard her breath hitch, I immediately slowed down my fingers, denying her the orgasm she so badly needed. She whined and fell to the floor on her knees, a panting, sloppy mess of arousal and need.

“Fuck, Krista, I love it when you are like this..” My free hand slowly traced back up her body, traversing across every square inch of her pale, beautifully shaped back. She bit her lower lips, looking back at me with her pleading blue eyes. I quickly peeled off her shirt, throwing it behind
me, onto the pile of unfinished worksheets, leaving the small girl naked.

“Everyone thinks you are some sort of goddess. But I love the look in your face when you know I'm about to fuck you.” My lips found her chest, sucking lovingly on her gentle sloping mounds of flesh. The feeling made her fingers interlace with my brown hair, her grip tightening against my head.

“Don't.. Don't stare..” Krista's pale face flushed a deeper shade of crimson, her hands immediately going to her chest, covering herself the moment I surfaced.

“Then don't hide yourself.” I ordered her in my most steely voice, and she hesitantly put her hands down, her embarrassment of her nakedness overwritten by the aberrant satisfaction she felt when obeying a direct order. “I want to see every inch of you.”

She shut her eyes tight, her breath light and breathless, her face burning. I walked around her, circling her like a shark that smelt blood in the water. When I was behind her, I slid my hands down her back, the sensation of my rougher, calloused hands against her smooth, flawless skin sending a shiver of arousal through me.

“I'm going to eat you up.” I murmured into her ears, and she shook in appreciation, her hands digging deeper into my neck. She was a natural bottom, her body shaking uncontrollably as I began to bite into her neck once again, leaving red bruises whenever my lips came off.

“Ymir, Please!!” Krista begged, her voice high pitched and distorted from the pleasure. “Stop.. Stop teasing..” She whispered shamefully, leaning forward, half lying on the table. Slim fingers slowly went down to her hips, prying her lovely ass apart, giving me a good view of her business, from her small, puckered asshole, to her dripping entrance, begging to be plugged up. “Just.. Just fuck me already!!”

“Where, Princess?” I smirked into her ears, gently tracing my tongue around the shell of her ears, nibbling playfully, making her squirm and pant. Her naked ass were grinding against my hips, smearing her arousal over my pajama bottoms. My dick, already hard from hearing her helpless gasps perked up, harder than ever. “Should I fuck you in your sloppy little pussy?” my hands slid up her thighs, to her entrance, my fingers slowly peeling apart her slick lips, giving her clit a little flick. Krista gasped abit, her body squirming, more liquid pooling along her thighs. “Or maybe your tight asshole?..” I undid my pajamas, taking out my cock. I gently drummed the thick shaft on her butt, teasing the small girl, who flushed.

“My.. Pussy.. Please..” The small girl finally said, her face redder than I've ever seen it. Krista's breath hitched, and a shuddering pant came out. It was taking all her willpower to ask for a dick inside her with whatever dignity she had left. “Please.. Shove it inside.. Inside my little cunt!!” She managed to cry, and I gave it to her.

“As you wish, Princess.” I grinned, and without warning, unceremoniously pushed my throbbing boner inside her.

“Fuck!!” Krista buried her head into her arms, her hips trembling uncontrollably from the sensation of something thick filling her to her brim. I grunted. I could feel the way her insides were desperately squeezing and grabbing at the sides of my dick. It felt soft and slippery, and I guessed from the resistance I felt at the head of my cock that I was rubbing up somewhere against her cervix. Every small adjustment I made sent signals of pleasure shooting up into her core, making her shudder and shake, whimpering and squeezing tighter down on me. I bit into my lips, trying my best not to blow my load into her oh-so-inviting pussy.
“Krista...” I murmured into her ear, when I finally felt we were both ready to continue. My arms were wrapped tight around her torso. “I’m going to start moving. Are you alright with that?” Krista nodded after a second, and I took that as a green light, kissing her neck and shoulders as I readjusted my hands on her hips, my thumbs digging into those perfectly cute back dimples she had just above her ass.

With that, I began to thrust into her, spreading her body open. The room was filled with a mixture of lewd gasps and wet slapping sounds as my cock pushed deeper into her womb. With each well placed thrust, Krista let out an incomprehensible cry, her face hidden in her arms. I began to set up a gentle rhythm, patiently pushing my cock from behind into her, smooth and firm. Each thrust forced my dick as deep as it could into her, rubbing into her favourite erogenous spots, turning her pussy into a sloppy mess. The blonde girl gasped in appreciation when I hit a particularly sensitive spot deep inside her. Her small, pale hands were grabbing at the chair in front of her, pulling at and squeezing the wooden board as if it would relieve the ecstasy she felt coursing through her groin.

“Please...” Krista murmured softly, her hips trembling and flexing, already at her limit. “Ymir...” Her begging voice sent a seductive pull through my stomach, and I grunted, trying my best to continue the steady rhythm, pounding continuously and smoothly away at her insides, stirring her into a disoriented puddle of ecstasy. “I’m gon...I’m gonna- Fuck -NGH!!” Whatever she was about to say drowned off into an illegible string of moans. I took this as a sign that I was doing at least a semi-decent job of plowing her, and began to move my hands, allowing me to pound into her more roughly, just as she liked it.

“How does it feel, Krista?” I growled into her ears, my hands gripping tight into her hips, an iron vice-like grip. “You can't live without your daily dose of dick, am I right?” She gave a small whimper in response, and I took the liberty of breaking the smooth rhythm I had set up a few minutes back, speeding up my thrusts, making them harder and frenzied. Reigning in my orgasm, I landed a slap on her ass, turning her white skin pink with each stinging impact. “Still wanna stay up late and disobey me, Krist?” I hit a particularly hard smack, making her bum jiggle. She let out a scream, which became much higher when I thrusted harder into her, banging against her cervix.

“Ymir!! Fuck!! FUCK!!” The blonde submissive cried when she finally managed to draw breath, no longer just moaning in orgasmic bliss, unable to control herself as her girlfriend’s cock rammed into her from behind. “Please!! Harder-”

My hands found her hair, giving her a firm tug, not enough to be very painful, but enough to pull her head back, giving me better access to her mouth, and letting her know who she belonged to. I unceremoniously pushed my tongue into her mouth, my tongue tearing into her inner cheek, ravaging and tasting her faint strawberry scent like it was the last taste in the world I could taste, the only taste in the world I could taste. I held her like this for a while, kissing her furiously as I smashed harder and harder into her, drawing out lewd, desperate stifled screams of pleasure from her throat. I took this break as a momentary distraction, focusing on her sweet taste, doing whatever I could to stall my climax.

“Are you gonna be a good girl now?” I snarled into her neck, my mouth tracing down her lips and to the small, tender flesh of her jawline. I nipped into it, sucking and nibbling her, leaving a new set of purple marks, and making Krista release a new set of moans, her core twisting and tightening desperately around my cock. “You ready to cum now?”

“Yes!!” The blonde angel squealed desperately, her beautiful sapphire eyes begging and unfocused. “I’m sorry, daddy!!-” her mouth bit into her hands, as a fresh wave of spasms wrecked her body, leaving her bitten hands pink. I continued mercilessly, driving my shaft harder and harder into her slimy core, making her back arch. As if adding fuel to the flames, my hand slipped from
behind her hips to her clit, pressing it. Krista's eyes rolled into her head as the feeling of her small sensitive bud was forced between my thick cock that was pushing deeper into her and the merciless finger that rubbed violently against it, drawing quick circles that made her lose her mind-

“Fuckfuckfuck- FUCK!! Ymir!!!” The feeling was too much for her, and she came, her insides crushing around my cock, milking the meat stick for all it could.

“Historia!!” Her slick cunt tightened around me suddenly, and I shouted her name out uncontrollably, my cock finally reaching its limit of hypersensitivitiy. I bit into her neck, leaving one, last deep mark of ownership on her pale skin. The sudden sexual pain sent another jolt through her body, and the blonde masochist cried out again, as she came for the second time in a few seconds. I didn't stop there though, continuing to ram and stuff my dick into her hypersensitive insides, cumming all the while. I felt my molten semen spray into her, colouring her insides shades of grey and white. What could only be described as ripples of mini orgasms, like a stone thrown into a middle of the still lake, washed over us. I gripped the small girl tighter, squeezing her as she bucked against me, her body gyrating against mine, each jerk weaker than the last. When it was finally over, we lay on each other, panting softly, our hearts slowly beating in pace with one another.

“Krist?” I looked at the small girl, who had passed out. Her breathing was smooth and pleasant, a calming sutra that made me smile, even as I slowly pulled my dick out of her. I shuddered in pleasure, unused to the hypersensitivity. I laid her on the table, on top of all the scattered notes and the still disassembled blade. I picked her up, making a beeline to our bedroom. Sasha was asleep, so I took extra care as I entered.

Usually I would bring her to bed and cuddle with her, hearing her soft breathing, enjoying the warmth of her body against mine, as the night's breeze caressed us. But tonight, I had cleanup to do.

Quickly and carefully, I gently tucked the small girl into bed, kissing her on the head softly.

“Goodnight Krista.”

“...nhhhm..I've got to study Ymir.. I don't want tea..” She mumbled in her dreams. I smiled endearingly.

I walked over to the living room, which was a mess. There were pieces of foolscap and exercise notes strewn around like dead leaves in the autumn. I began to regret my hasty decision to dump everything of the table like a cliche prom video. Seemed sexy, but in retrospect, it was a bad idea. I managed to ignore my body's pre-orgasmic urges to curl up and sleep, instead choosing to drink a cup of tea before proceeding to reassemble Krista's disposable blade, and filing all the scattered worksheets in ascending order. When I was done, it was easily twelve forty-five the next day.

I aligned the files neatly, before turning off the lights and going to bed. Krista was where I left her, her face buried deep into my pillow, sniffing my vanilla scent. I set up the alarm clock so she wouldn't wake up late, before curling up in my usual position, nestling her head against my chest.

When I woke up the next day in the afternoon, I found out two things. Firstly, Krista had managed to pass the test, albeit barely. And second, Annie and Armin had been sleeping for the last two days after ingesting a large amount of sleeping pills.
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Long post after hiatus. Had to deal with army nonsense and stuff.
Also, everybody in the scouting legion is low key psychotic, except for Erwin. He just has one arm, and more common sense than he needs.

“She's in so much fucking trouble when I get my hands on her.” The man in front of me growled, looking through the brown file in his hands. I almost laughed, but quickly stifled it. He looked pissed today.

Standing at barely more than five feet, Levi looked positively like a short teenage boy, had it not been for his pale face that was always carrying a sour look. His lips were always turned into a scowl, his eyes dead and dark. I grinned. I almost forgot how he looked, as if he was annoyed at idiots all the time. Which was, of course, accurate.

I just came back yesterday, after seven months away. A week back, Hanji, the squadron's local mad scientist, dug a hole which was around five and a half feet deep, before luring the short corporal in with a jar of mayonnaise and a spoon that had yet to be cleaned. Despite being the strongest soldier in the entire army, Levi still couldn't best a hole that was more than half a foot taller than him.

Within the time period where it took Erwin and Nanaba to come and rescue the scowling officer, Hanji had apparently gotten two students to beat another student up and used another one, with said beaten up student, for some sexual experiments. Hanji didn't give much details, but then again, she didn't need to. Nobody could question her. Nobody wanted to.

The reason I left all those months back was because we needed a representative of the scouting legion in the capital, to talk during the Summer Ball about the budget and push around some policies and deals that would help us secure equipment and resources in the future. Being the goddaughter of a certain Mr. Reiss, I was the best choice to push forth our agenda. I spent half the time in the capitol, eating good food and laughing with undoubtedly snobbier company than I usually hanged around with. The other half of the time I spent at the ball, in a scantily clad scarlet dress that seemed too short for my own good, flirting with the rich nobles there. Apparently, showing off my cleavage did help negotiations, which resulted in the scouting legion's budget increasing by four percent as of the next half year.

“So.. I take it that you aren't in a very good mood?..”

For all the fun playing around and flirting with the nobles were, at the end of the day, I missed Levi. I always came back to him, just like how the sparrow always came south in winter. I walked behind the small man and wrapped my arms around him, which made him stiffen up and make a clicking sound with his tongue in annoyance. The glare in his cold, dead eyes sent a shiver through my body, through my inner thighs. I bit into my lips, knowing what he could give me that no other person could. Despite how much I twirled and cooed at the nobles for the last seven months, I wouldn't sleep with any other man except him. Levi was the only man who could get my blood jumping.
“Petra. Don't you have anything better to do today?” Levi whispered, his hoarse voice curling around the room, scraping along every dark corner.

“I'm supposed to go see Historia later. But that's about it.” I pouted, hugging him from behind. He twitched uncomfortably, but didn't pull away.

“Anything you could do that would leave me alone for the next ten minutes?” Levi asked, casually looking at his document. I could tell that he was trying to put it as a throwaway question, as if he didn't want to be bothered. But really, he was more or less asking for consent before continuing.

“Nope.”

“Alright. I guess I have no choice. Go to the room on the second floor. You know what to do. I'll join you in a while.” Levi threw me a pair of keys, with a lapel that read: ‘02-03’. He looked back at the paperwork. “Now, get out of my sight.”

I beamed as I skipped out of his office.

I briskly walked down the flight of stairs, to the second floor. On the way down, I saw Erwin. I waved to the giant of a man, and he smiled and waved back.

“Came back from the ball already?” He looked at the key in my small hands. “And straight to it.”

“Yes.” I grinned to my commanding officer. “You know it.”

“See you.” Erwin smiled, walking off. He didn't say much. He didn't need to. He walked upstairs, documents clasped in his hands.

“Bye.” I walked down. The second floor of the building was a place mainly for recreation. At one point in time, Levi and Erwin made the call of knocking down the entire level of rooms, making a large living room of sorts. There was a spare door to a back room. We had a snooker table in the middle of the room, and a few vending machines on the side. I walked over to the side, unable to control my excitement. Opening the door, I purposely left the key in the key hole, knowing that it would annoy Levi more when he got here. He prefered the key to be place on the floor, perpendicular to the frame of the door.

The room I stepped into was gigantic. On the ceiling, dim lights drowned the room in a reddish, yellowish glow. Riggings and hooks were drilled into the ceiling, making it look like a backstage of a theatre. In the center, was a large concentric mat, made of a velvety material. Behind was a bed, with bed sheets and mattress straightened and ironed out, each one coloured black as sin. The bed was enormous, easily fitting five people or more on it. Around the circular mat, five leather couches sat, each one different and personal. Although they all looked similar to anybody from the outside, the heads of the scouting group could recognise each other's chairs. Erwin’s one was one with only one arm that seemed worn out, for example.

I swiftly peeled off my clothes. My shirt and vest went first, and I folded them neatly, placing them on the side of my personal chair. My trousers came off next, and were placed on the other side of the chair. Finally, my underwear was last, which I placed on the middle of the chair, neatly. When I was naked, I moved to the side of the circle, in front of master’s chair. Kneeling down, I bowed my head and waited patiently, my heart beating excitedly in my ribcage.

Master took around ten minutes to arrive. When he did, I heard his sharp intake of breath when he saw the key inside the door’s lock. He was ready to punish a little slut. I smirked, shaking a little with excitement. Finally, after a ten second period where I heard him breathe into a plastic bag to
control himself, my master entered the room. He ignore me, walking past my prostrated form as if I wasn't there, which turned me on even more. He put down what sounded like a suitcase at the side, before turning to me.

“Slave.” Master whispered, in his hoarse voice. “What did I ever tell you about leaving the key in the door?”

I kept quiet. Which only served to infuriate him more.

“I want an answer.” I could feel his cold eyes on my back, making me shiver, a fresh wave of arousal running through me. “Or did you forget your manners after seven months?”

“No master.” I quickly replied, a low feeling running through my gut as I submitted myself to him.

“What about the key?” He walked over to the chair, setting himself in front of me. I didn't look up. I didn't dare to look him in the face, without his permission. “Any explanation for that?”

“No master.”

“Tch.” The man above me growled, annoyed. He crossed his feet in annoyance. I could see his black boots, polished to a perfect shine. In it, I saw my own reflection, a beautiful girl with blonde hair, two different coloured eyes, one a gentle brown, like melting chocolate, the other a startling electric blue. He sat there for nearly thirty seconds, deciding what to do with me. Finally, he got up, and I continued to look down.

“It's as if you want me to punish you, Petra.” his voice made me shudder and release a low breath, as he mouthed my name. I bit into my lip, trying to control the raging ecstacy in my chest, threatening to burst out like floodwaters behind a dam.

“You are now a footstool.” Levi ordered from behind me. I obeyed immediately, prostrating myself in my hands and knees, leaving my ass higher in the air, my back arched, pressing my face into the ground, like the pig I was.

“After all, a footstool is the best I can make of a slave who can't even take the key out of the lock.” Master murmured wryly from behind me. I heard him open up the nearby cupboard, and although I couldn't see anything, I knew what was inside.

The cupboard in the side of our conference room was an armory, containing dildos, vibrators, restraining binds, and various whips and flogs. My breath hitched gently as I heard his return, the soft footsteps getting closer.

“Keep still.” He murmured, noticing my neck craning a bit, trying to see what he was carrying in his hands. “Footstools don't move.” I felt something prod against my pussy, and I bit it no my lips, letting out a small sigh of pleasure when the vibrator slid into me. Levi clicked his tongue in annoyance, but didn't voice any complain about how I seemed to be enjoying myself despite this being punishment.

A cold feeling spread across my asshole, and I squirmed and shuddered, only stopping myself from shaking and moaning through sheer willpower. It was mostly Levi’s fault. He wasn't an anal fiend, but he used my ass a lot during punishments. My asshole was probably more sensitive than my pussy after the numerous sessions of training I received under him. Then came the stretching feeling that I loved.

“Ah-” I murmured, my rear end twitching happily as Levi slid the lubed up plug into ass. “-fuck!!” I moaned happily, satisfied as the feeling of the plug stretching and filling my tight cavity up,
sending indescribable pleasure ripping into me.

“Footstools don't talk.” Levi sharply rebuked me, his voice barely raising an octave. He didn't shout, even when I disobeyed orders in bed. He didn't need to. “Or maybe you need a tool to help you remember that.” He had already prepared it on advance, and I tasted the ball gag as it was forced into my mouth. I moaned happily into the ball, feeling the cold rubber on my burning hot flesh. The buckle clicked behind my head, shutting me up.

“And now, time for some marking.” He plopped himself on his chair, taking out sheets of exam papers from a briefcase. He put his shiny clean boots on my rear, before uncapping his red pen and beginning to mark in earnest.

“Oh yes, before I forget.” Levi struggled with something in his pockets. After a second or two, I heard a click sound, and the two toys lodged inside me began to come to life, vibrating softly and slowly against my trembling walls. I bit into the ball gag, resisting the urge to moan. If I didn't keep quiet, he would simply opt to leave me unsatisfied, after an hour or two of edging. He already did it once or twice when I was misbehaving or refusing to follow orders. Master had already shown from past events that he was mercurial at best, and pleasure from him was a priced privilege, not an entitlement.

“Now let's see.” He casually rested his foot on the base of the toy in my ass, letting gravity press the toy deeper inside me, making me shiver and twitch, my eyes shut tight. Liquid was already dripping down my thighs, pooling onto the floor. My thighs were already becoming jelly, from maintaining the uncomfortable position while having my body teased.

That was fifteen minutes ago.

() I was going to scream.

My whole body was burning from the inside out, from the two dildos slowly vibrating in my pussy and asshole respectively, and from master's gloriously shined boots that was resting on my one of the toys. I pushed my face harder into the soft carpet, my eyes shut tight. Drool rolled down my chin, dirtying half my face.

Levi had gone through roughly Thirty-two essays in that short time, all the while ignoring me and muttering out his comments that he scrawled on the essays in his red ink at high speeds. Once in a while, his free foot that wasn't on the hilt of the dildo would gently press into the base of the other toy, carefully pressing it deeper into my pussy, making sure it was shallow enough not to make me cum. Each time, I bit into my forearms, trembling helplessly as he toyed with me. It would be only a matter of time before I gave up and screamed. Then he would swoop in and fuck me like the bitch I was.

“. Very good analysis on.. the second vertebra of the titan...” Levi scrawled with his red pen, scanning through the essay. His foot involuntarily moved, making the dildo stick and dig into a particularly soft and sensitive part of my asshole, making white hot pleasure flash through my mind. I gripped the carpeted floor, trying my best not to cry and scream out. “Although I think you could have gotten extra credit by writing about the elbow joints and weak ligaments on the inner arm, Ms. Ackerman. But an excellent attempt, nonetheless.”

My whole body was shaking now. The repositioning of the dildo was in such a way that it pressed the sensitive bit of flesh in between the one in my pussy. My walls were being mercilessly pressed into each other by the two toys. Beads of sweat and sex fluids were trailing down my legs and
body, covering me in a sheen of liquid. I couldn't take much more of this. My mind was already turning into a mush, my vision blurring. I wanted him to just bend me over and fuck me as hard as he could, to satiate the twitching in my guts.

“And who do we have here?.. This cadet handed in a very badly drawn stick man titan as a model diagram..” Levi muttered, looking at the next script. His other foot rested on his ankle, which caused the toy to push deeper into me, pressing into the sensitive spot harder than before-

“.. And fuck me, its Yeager. It has to be fucking Yeager-”

“Mmm!!- Fgh!!” I cried out into the gag, unable to take anymore of the torture, my whole body falling over onto my side, shaking and spasming wildly. Master's feet went out of position, which caused his papers to slide to the side, unbalanced. Which would be okay, except he was holding a pen.

Levi took a sharp intake of breath, as his red pen slid down his student's essay, running straight across the page in a manner that was neither tidy nor fixable. It would have been salvageable, had the pen not pierced the paper, tearing the lower half of the essay into two. The two toys, buried inside me, were slowly buzzing away, unable to bring me to climax. I needed Levi to fuck me. I glanced up from my kneeling position.

And from the murderous look in his eyes, he was going to fuck me hard. Really, really hard.

“Slave.” He croaked in his hoarse voice. “I thought you were a footstool. Are you disobeying my orders now?”

The cold, venomous glare sent a shiver of arousal into my groin, which had a toy buzzing gently inside. I squeaked, unable to react appropriately as he stood above me, his face blank and impassive.

“And you dare to look me in the eye without permission. You seemed to have forgotten your place, pig.”

I shook my head, whimpering, but my pussy was quivering, twitching and dripping vigorously, begging for his cock. “Pghease mshte-”

“Shut up.” He backhanded me, and I fell from a kneeling position onto the floor on all fours. I moaned happily from the stinging feeling across my cheek. Levi was taking extremely special care not to cause any bruising. He could easily break people's jawbones if he used a fraction of his strength. This was just a gentle love tap. “I don't need pigs chewing at my boots.”

I heard his pants unzip, and I knew he was going to give me what I deserved.

“Still, you did a good job at being a footstool. You lasted four minutes longer than usual. So I guess I should reward you.” He grabbed the buckle at the back of my head, controlling my head by the ball gag in my mouth. I felt his free hand pull out the two toys, making me shudder and gasp at the sudden empty feeling. Which was when he rammed his cock into my asshole without warning.

“NGHHH!!” I screamed, my voice muffled by the rubber ball. Oh fuck, that felt amazing. With one hand in my blonde hair, his other hand was planted around my hips, grabbing into it with a iron vice. My hips were already moving in sync, grinding against his cock enthusiastically like a dog in the heat.

“Fuck, Petra.” Levi hissed, after a moment, as his dick reached the back of my cunt, pressing against my deep spot, making me shudder slightly. “You are squeezing me so tightly. You really
I nodded my head fervently. I hadn't fucked anybody since I left the headquarters for the capital. I hadn't masturbated either. Even at night, when I lay in my bed, thinking of Levi, my body would grow hot and burn helplessly. And I would just bite into my pillows and grind my hips uselessly against the bolster, panting at the small, inadequate release it granted me. This caused many sleepless nights. It was agony. But it was all worth it, because today master was going to reward me. And the fresh feeling was amazing, coursing through my system, making me realise how much I missed him.

"Ah.. Fuck.." Levi began to thrust inside me, and I shivered, screaming helplessly into the gag. Levi wasn't thick by any means, but he was long, which was ironic considering his short frame. It was long enough to press into a deep spot in my asshole, making me cry out in a higher octave. Fuck, this felt wonderful. I could spend all day with Levi, just feeling his length pound deeper and deeper into my ass-pussy. Smelling my sex fluids, mixed with my saliva and sweat, all the while moaning helplessly as Levi fucked me, his grunts mixing with my small moans.

His hand came down on my ass, a loud smack echoing through the room. I squealed, my body shuddering, my limbs unable to support my weight. My insides were twitching and squeezing down on Levi's cock, not wanting to let him go. All these lonely months only reminded me how much I loved him, how much I missed him. My brain and body were disconnected, fucked into a mess. There was only pleasure, as Levi skilfully thrusted into my asshole, hitting all my favourite parts, and there was a warm feeling in my heart, as I remembered how much I loved him. I didn't even notice the pleasure building up inside me, like a raging torrent behind the floodgates.

"MMMMMMMM-"

Without warning, I came, when the pleasure pent up inside me became too much. My whole body shook, twitching and jerking as I came, my mind blinded by a startling white. Levi laughed, a dark chuckle that I barely heard. My ass was squeezing down in him, even as he pulled out of me, not wanting for him to separate from me ever again.

"Who said you could cum, you fucking pi-" He pulled out of me, and flipped me around, so that I was facing him -

"Petra?" His hand on my hands stiffened up, hesitating.

I looked into his cold, dark obsidian eyes. Except they weren't cold. Or dark. They were filled with a uncommon light, a light that only he looked at me with. Not even Erwin saw this side of Levi.

"Oh god."

"Oh no.. Please.." He murmured. He hugged me tightly, his hand going around my back, squeezing me. "I'm so sorry... Did.. Did I hurt you?" His free hand went up to my face, wiping away the tears from my eyes. He quickly undid the gag from my mouth, and I smiled when it hit the floor, pressing my crying face into his shoulder, hugging him back in earnest. "Petra!!" He blushed, surprised. "Are you hurt?!"

"I'm fine, darling."

"Then.. Then why are you crying?" A look of puzzled relief flooded across his face, painting his pale, sour features mellow.

"Because I miss you, Levi." I leaned up and planted a kiss on his nose, my hand cradling his face. I
felt him shudder, uncomfortable at the feeling of something, anything, touching his face. But he cared enough for me to tolerate it went I touched him.

“Goddamnit, Petra.”

Levi pushed me over, his hands pinning my wrists over my head. His eyes were soft and gentle now, the way they usually were when we were alone. “I miss you so much.”

His lips found mine, and I kissed back happily, tasting the cherry flavoured chapstick on his lips. His tongue gently slipped past my lips, licking, tasting and prodding in all the correct places. Fuck, this felt amazing. It wasn't the wild sex that we had, this was something different, something more sensual. Something different, yet not unpleasant. I kept on kissing him, not wanting to pull away from him, wanting our bodies to melt and fuse and become one.

Finally, when the burning in my lungs became unbearable, I let go, panting for air, and he smiled down at me, stroking my golden locks, his gaze kind and gentle.

“Are you sure you are alright, though?” he asked, carefully pulling me onto his chest. He wasn’t extremely broad or thick, but his muscles were incredibly well defined, like a powerlifter. I always marveled at the array of muscles that were engraved into his body whenever we lay in bed after we were done fucking. He gently kissed me, and I kissed back.

We lay on the red carpet for a good while, just exchanging body heat and nuzzling each other softly.

“You're still hard.” I finally noted, breaking the silence. Levi’s cock was still pressing insistently on my thigh, demanding for some attention.

“Yea. Sorry about that.” The short man murmured. I smiled, before creeping down and facing the thick shaft poking out of his combat trousers. He was circumcised, which was something I could appreciate.

“Well, you got me off once, so it's rude if I didn't return the favour.” I smirked, before wrapping my lips around his cock. The corporal let out a soft moan, his hips shivering slightly. I bobbed my head down on his cock, taking his shaft into me slowly, enjoying its slightly sweet bitter taste. My lover grunted roughly, shivering as I took him in.

“Fuck, Petra.” His hands gently played with my hair, and I continued to bob my head up the side of his dick. I smirked smugly, enjoying the small grunts he made, and the way his breathing deepened. “If you keep doing that-” His voice drowned off when I took his whole length into my mouth, pushing the top half into my throat. I kept it there for a while, resisting the urge to gag and retch. Slowly I released him, sucking as I pulled off, my cheeks pressing against the sides of his member.

I pulled my lips off him, before applying a firm grip to the length of him, working the shaft. Levi murmured something in german under his breath.

“Petra-” He muttered, as I licked the sensitive underside of his cock, all the way from his head to his high hanging balls. “I'm gonna cum.” His hands tightened into my hair, and I shuddered, running my lips down against his balls. Taking one into my mouth, I gently nibbled them with my lips, massaging each one tenderly.

Levi growled as he came, blowing his load all over my face. Streaks of white and grey splattered onto my blonde hair, coating my light gold locks with his seed. He managed to get a whole puddle
in my mouth, and I smirked seductively, making a show of it as I mixed in my mouth, before swallowing it down in an exaggerated manner. I knew how much he loved the show.

“Thanks for the meal.. Darling.” Levi winced at the term of affection. He wasn't used to people calling him anything that.. Informal. Not even when we were dating. He usually called me Petra, and demanded that I called him Levi, or Corporal. Any term of affection was met with winces, pointed silences, and the look of disdain reserved for corporate policy makers.

“I love you too… H..ho..honey..” By some miracle, the short man managed to cough out the last word, with the difficulty of dislodging a fish bone from the back of his throat. I smiled at him, beaming, and he looked away, flushing.

“An.. Anyways.” Levi continued, disguising his momentary awkwardness behind a awkward cough. “If you are going to meet Historia, I want you to council her about her relationship management.”

“Sorry, what?” I asked, befuddled.

“Did she not tell you?” Levi asked, standing up and getting a towel. He rinsed the towel, wringing it dry, before running it under hot water again.

“I haven't talked to Historia in seven months.” I replied, gratefully accepting the warm tower he brought me, wiping his sperm of my face and hair. “What has she been doing?”

“More like who.” Levi sighed, picking up his red pen and the scattered stack of papers. “She's been dating a.. Delinquent.. For the last six months or so, and I feel it's affecting her grades.” He shuffled through them, until her found the script he was looking for. Taking it out, he showed me a script with a detailed sketch of titan anatomy, topped off with cursive writing in pink ink. At the top of the script, an A- was written in red ink, courtesy of Levi.

“Isn't A- a distinction grade?” I asked, looking into the script, which seemed flawless.

“She has been getting SS++ until a few months ago.” Levi continued, flipping through the rest of the scripts. “Sure she isn't as fucking asinine as some idiots in the class, but she isn't acting up to her true potential, and her grades have slipped. And I suspect it's because of this.. This new development.” He finished tenderly.

“I see.” I replied, feeling something rise in my stomach, like a snake, coiling and hissing restlessly. It had been a long while since I last fed my dark passenger. Now seemed like a better time than any. “What do you want me to do? Break them apart? Kill her boyfriend?”

“Girlfriend. And please don't. Ymir is important to Hanji’s research, and I don't want to write extra reports about dead students. I could always fake the cause and blame it on the titans, but still.” Levi smirked, taking a small sip of tea from his thermos.

“You mean like Steve?”

“Steve was an asshole, the scouting legion agrees I did us all a favour.” Levi replied pointedly. “Anyways, please just go and check up on them. I'll leave it up to your discretion on how to deal with those two.”

“Sure, Levi.” I coiled up around his lap, rubbing my head against his thighs. His free hand went to my head, brushing my golden locks and tenderly scratching my scalp. I purred happily.

“Speaking of which, when do you have to go for the lunch date?” The raven haired man asked, as
he patted me, jolting me out of my warm comfort bubble.

“Like two o'clock?” I ran my head against his knee. “I still have two more hours.”

“Actually, you have forty-five minutes.”

“What?” I looked up, panic.

“You forgot to reset your watch when you came back. It’s now one fifteen-ish” Levi shot me one of his looks, which reminded me of a teacher playfully reprimanding his favourite student. “You might want to leave soon.”

“I still have your semen in my hair, Levi, in case you haven't noticed?!” I ran my hands through my hair, trying to comb out what I could, but only succeed in gelling my hair up with his slick. Goddamnit.

Levi looked at me panicking for a few moments, before deciding to be merciful.

“I have a spare toilet in the back of the room.” He threw me a small key, which I somehow managed to catch in my haste. “Me and Erwin use it to clean up after play. Don't mess up anything in there, Petra.” I grinned happily, quickly rushing over to the toilet after gathering my uniform.

“Yes, darling.” I smirked, dipping the last word in sugary sweet tones, knowing it would drag a reaction from him.

“Jesus fucking christ.” Levi made a dismissive flicking motion with his wrists. “Go and bathe.” I left the room, not wanting to push my luck. If I stayed to taunt him, he might just bend me over his knee and spank the fuck out of me.

And I didn't want that to happen to me. At least, not right now.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

This was pretty long. But then again, I had too many night duties to not spend some time writing.

The art I drew is too big for the phone though, so that's a pity. You can see the whole photo properly at my Tumblr

I
I
V

Tumblr : DJ_Sheep
I put a stick in my mouth, lighting it up. Putting the box into my jacket pocket, I inhaled deep into the scent, feeling the scent of the smoke fill my lungs to the brim. Stress-smoking was a bad habit, but one that I picked up from Ymir. Although in her case, it was more of a serious issue. I only took breaks when people around me were being fucking morons.

The work day started easily enough. Some court issues, a few hours of training. Then some idiot decided to steal from the evidence room. I didn't know who did it, but if I did, he or she was going to be in for a very bad time.

I had a few policies about breaking rules, and that was, 1) don't get caught, and 2) if you did, own up so nobody else got fucked. Sadly, this anonymous asshole didn't do either of said policies.

For that, we all got turned out for an inspection. By the time we lugged the beds, our belongings, the white boards, the cabinets, and the chairs down from our dorms and into the parade square, it was mid afternoon. Following which was three change parades in quick succession, followed by tons of push ups. And I mean, tons. The specialists were getting fucked by their warrant officers, who were getting fucked by their commanding officers who were handling the paperwork.

Needless to say, the sergeants were not in an amazingly good mood. And they promptly decided to take it out on their privates.

By the time we recovered, my shirt was stained with my sweat, and my arms and chest were aching, which said a lot. People around me were crying freely, while the specialists walked around and yelled at every bloody idiot who didn't go low enough to count as a push up. If there was anything that salvaged the situation, it was the fact that everyone was dying with me. I actually almost laughed, when Leroy, the permanent security-sentry got his face pushed into the dirt by the boot of a red faced specialist.

Grill was a generally great guy, until he got pissed off. Which was about every waking second of the day. He had a pot belly, used vulgarities frequently, and was always smoking when he wasn't shouting at recruits. To be honest, his short temper was the only thing that stood between him and lung cancer- he smoked like a chimney.

“You fat, lazy goat fucker!!” Grill yelled at Leroy as he lay on the ground, crying like a little bitch. I almost smiled, but chose to keep a straight face. Unlike this undignified, sobbing bastards, I had standards to maintain. “Are you fucking tired already? Get up!!”

“I.. I can't!!” Leroy whined, his voice cracking. I bit my lips to prevent myself from laughing. “It's..its.. Too much!!”

“Do you fucking think you are military police material? Can't even fucking work together, can't
even be fucking civilised or honest enough to fucking own up!!” Grill yelled straight into Leroy’s ear, and it was pretty much like an air-horn had set off right into his ear canal. “You think you deserve to be in my fucking unit, you useless fucking cow?!”

I almost giggled, but stop myself by biting my lips. Somehow, Grill managed to hear me from three meters away.

“Alright, bitches and bastards!! Since fucking Leonheart thinks this situation is so fucking funny, you all can fucking crawl to me, like the fucking pigs you are. CRAWL!!”

So all in all, it was an alright day, I guess. By the time he was done, my body was aching and tired and bruised. We somehow managed to bring up everything to our dorms in record time, despite being chain punished for the last two hours straight. When we booked out for the night, it was already six in the evening.

Grill wanted to confine everyone until somebody owned up or ratted the thief out, but after seeing how shitty the overall morale of the unit was after the punishments, he decided to let us book out for the night, promising us that when we returned, he would find the thief and fuck him over real good.

I walked up the stairs to the door. Honestly, Grill was a good specialist. Despite his portly appearance and his ‘Bulldog that had been poked in the nuts’ demeanour, he got the job done. After the whole ordeal, I doubted anybody would steal from the evidence room again. And I wouldn't be surprised if the thief turned himself in by tonight.

Still though, it rankled that I was stuck with all these fucking idiots in my course. Like seriously, what the fuck. I had no friends in my workplace, and honestly, this punishments and bonding fuck shit meant nothing to me. I mean, if I was getting punished with Ymir or Reiner or Marco, I wouldn't have mind so much. Somehow, having friends, or at least, people you sort of liked helped to make shitty situations better. I spat out my cigarette as an afterthought, extinguishing it by stepping on it.

Sometimes I regretted joining the Military police corps. I mean, my job was pretty good and slack, but I missed having people I liked around me. Or at least, people who weren't fucking idiots.

I took out the key from my wallet, opening the door to my boyfriend’s dormitory apartment. He wasn't home. I sighed, patting my blonde hair to the side, chewing my inner mouth in frustration. I wanted to see him so bad. Especially after a day like this, I needed to cuddle up with him for a few hours before I even considered smiling.

“My? I'm home.” I called into the house, taking off my boots. Putting them up onto the plastic rack, I walked in. From the lack of response to my call, nobody was home, it seemed. I sighed, throwing my bag down on the floor. I wanted to see him, especially after such a shitty day. I guess I could wait a while, he was probably out with Eren or Krista.

My phone and wallet came out of my jeans, placed side by side on the cabinet. I threw my cigarette box into my bag, not wanting Armin to see it. Walking over to the fridge, I took out the jug of milk, downing a mouthful of it and rinsing the smoke smell out of my mouth. I walked to our bedroom, before I got my shirt off, which was slightly stained by my sweat, and threw it into the laundry hamper. I walked into the joint bathroom, at the side of the bedroom.

I looked into the mirror, wondering about myself. I looked physically strong, muscles rippling across every inch of my body. Eyes were greyish, pretty. Nose that was a bit too long and hooked for my liking. Smooth dirty-gold hair. White sunlight from the windows came in, filtering my hair,
casting shadows on my physique.

I turned the taps for the bath, a rectangular shape cut into the floor, lined with brown planks of wood that matched the blue tiles of the bath’s walls. I closed my eyes, letting the water fill the tub up. My eyes glanced over the soap bottles Armin laid out at the side. He was changing his shampoo from lavender to strawberry scented, I noticed. The sounds of water as the tub filled up soothed me. It was always better to have sound in my life, I reckoned. When things got quiet, the voice in my head became louder. I peeled off my pants, and my underwear, throwing them into the hamper. When I was done, I turned off the tap.

Silence filled the room.

My ideal day involved having a quiet day in the office, handling random tasks to take up my time. Going back to Armin after hours, cuddling up with him, watching a movie, or cooking dinner for him. Afterwards, fall asleep wrapped around him. Even if I got scolded or fucked by authority throughout the day, it didn't really matter. As long as I wasn't sitting alone in silence. When I sat alone and listened to the alluring call of nothing, something would whisper to me from the back of my head. I would try to drown it out with menial tasks throughout the day, but it would always find a way to creep into my brain, piercing my mind with its sneaky tendrils.

It told me to change, to kill everything. It was so simple, just like flexing a muscle. All I had to do was bite my lips, and imagine. Imagine growing taller, bigger, stronger. I would feel that thrill again. The thrill of being strong and tall, able to kill and murder and destroy in a myriad of ways which I could only dream of in my human form. The voices would gently coax and pet my mind, praising me as I murdered to my heart’s content. All thoughts about how ugly I was, about how horrible I was as a person would just vanish and fade away. All that would be left was me, tall and beautiful, the decider of life and death over the weak flesh ants called humans.

I didn't know if Ymir or Reiner or any of the others had these thoughts. I mostly kept to myself, preferring not to give out information of I could help it. People wouldn't take it the right way if they knew that the girl sitting next to them in the public bus had urges to shift into a fourteen meter monster and murder them.

When I was raised by my father, before Reiner and Marco found me, he taught me how to hunt deer. How to kill them, how to gut them, how to cut their horns off while they were still alive for extra money. Life was easier then. I could just kill whatever I felt like, indulging myself in the feeling as I watched life leave the dilated, panicking irises of whatever unfortunate woodland creature crossed my path. My father would encourage me, patting my head everytime I killed something brutally, calling me his little Annie. I would smile, because since the first time mother died, father was happy.

I wasn't though. I was lonely. But it didn't matter at that point in time. As long as my father was overjoyed by how cruel I had become, I was more than happy to be his little killer.

Of course, I was happier now, though, with people I could hang out with and laugh with. But I was so alone. I was never truly myself with them. I couldn't tell them how I really felt. How I wanted to tear things apart just to hear them scream.

The only person who knew who I really was as a person was Armin. I didn't tell him anything, but he knew everything. He could read my smallest gestures, and knew exactly how to calm me down or cheer me up. I didn't know how he did it, and neither did he. He just told me that it was just like how a person understood their mother tongue. They just knew it.

Maybe that was my worry. If he knew how I felt, even if I didn't say it aloud, what else did he
I stepped into the bath, feeling the hot water warm up my body. I didn't know why he still stuck with me and lived with me. He must have thought I was a monster, with my lack of facial expressions and my unfeelingness for humanity.

Maybe he just wanted to hang with me because nobody else did. I was nothing but a pity case to him, just a person who looked lonely, so Armin, out of the good of his heart, just decided to settle with me.

‘Which is highly possible, think about how pathetic and sad you are, idiot. Armin’s a saint. He helps people. You, on the other hand, are just a selfish, cruel, little—’

As if the floodgates of a dam had broke, my mind was swept away and drowned by a maelstrom of chaotic thoughts. I was pulled under and torn apart, overwhelm by the speed of the onslaught of thoughts that beat me asunder.

Maybe he secretly hated me, but was scared of what I said and did.

‘Who wouldn't be—’

‘A girl raised as a killer is pretty terrifying. But you aren't a girl, you are a goddamn monster—’

Or maybe he was just hanging around with me to laugh at me behind my back.

‘Doesn't everybody? It's not like anyone likes you. You aren't even close to Marco and the rest, much less anybody else—’

‘They probably think you are a pathetic lonely basket case—’

Maybe he just liked you for your body. He just needed someone to suck his dick and jack him off, and he settled for you. Once you turn ugly and old, he'll leave—

‘As if he wants your body. Who would want you, you hooked nose freak—’

My brain gave more and more twisted suggestions to me and my thoughts muddled up, submerging whatever sentience I had into a whirlpool of self doubt, pulling me under and taking me apart.

I hated the silence.

It was when my thoughts grew loud and uncontrolled, filling the empty void in my head, in my mind. I sat still, my body paralysed as more and more words filled my brain, stifling my mental activity with cruelty. The water didn't feel hot to me, and nothing felt right. My whole body felt numb, and I responded to the wave of self doubt the only way I could.

“Shut up!!” I yelled suddenly, smashing my fist into the wall of the tub, and I heard a crack as my knuckle popped. The jarring pain sent a shock to my brain, silencing and dimming the voices. “I'll fucking kill you all!!” I slammed my fist into the brown wood sides of the tub, feeling fresh pain run through my hands again.

Silence, pure and deafening, filled the room. I was alone. Finally. The heat of the water ran across every square inch of my skin, and I shivered. Quietly, I sat into a ball, my legs tucked into my chest, and began to cry.

I hated this thoughts I had so frequently. I didn't want this. I didn't want any of this. I hated myself
so much, but I couldn't do anything about it, besides act cold and aloof, hoping nobody saw the true me and turned away in disgust. Yet, my indifferent facade was what pushed everyone I knew and love away from me. It felt like I was trying to escape a pit of quicksand. Every effort I gave to try and escape only made me sink lower into the ground, burying me under.

I never cried before. Never in front of other people. I wasn't supposed to, since my father always beat me when I did. It was a sign of weakness, he always said. Even when my Ma died, he only shed a single tear before walking away from the funeral ceremony. He never came back to see her. He said she was gone, and we had to move on.

I wasn't him though. I was weaker, worthless. I tasted the salt of my tears as I sniffled and shivered, feeling my nose block up. Tears slowly trickled down my face, landing into the water, creating small ripples on the surface.

“So.. Is this a bad time?”

I almost jumped out of my skin at the soft, effeminate voice that spoke from behind me. I tried to pretend I wasn't surprised, but I was pretty sure he knew I was faking.

“G..ge..get out.” I stuttered, sniffling, not bothering to turn around.

“I heard you screaming again.” Armin continued. There was a hesitant pause, as he tried to gauge the situation. “This is the second time this week. I'm worried the therapy isn't helping.”

“I s..said, get out.” I hiccuped, my voice becoming even and harsh. Tears still rolled down my face, but I continued to face away from him. I didn't want him to see me like this. Not now. I wanted to touch him, to hold him, to feel his comforting warmth against my skin, but I didn't want him to see me for who I was. He would think I was repulsive, and would be disgusted with me. He would run away. I didn't want that.

“I want to help you, Ann.”

“You can start by getting out.” I turned around, rising out of the tub, water dripping off my skin as I glared as angrily as I could at my boyfriend. I almost softened my look when I saw how hurt he looked. But I maintained my gaze, my face stony. I didn't want him to see me now. He probably thought I was crazy, or psychotic, after my outburst. With my luck, he probably just thought I was an attention seeking whore. I felt a feeling of anger and worry squirm in my stomach. I just wanted this to end. The more time he spent around me meant the more time he had to hate me, and I didn't want him to hate me.

He had to leave. Now.

“Ann, please.” Armin took a step forward, and I instinctively cringed backwards, not wanting him to get close to me. He hated me. I knew it. He just wanted to hunt me, to kill me, to eat me alive.

“Stop- don't come any closer!!” He took another step, and the peripheral vision I had on my narrow world shrunk by half. I took another step back, tripping over the wooden wall of the tub. I fell, and my back hit the glass with a resonating thud.

“Annie!! Are you alright-?”

“I said, get back!!” My fight or flight instinct activated. My back was to a wall, so I couldn't flight. Instead, I chose to fight.

My two hands grabbed the nearest things to me. My left hand didn't get anything in its panicked
haste, but my right hand got hold of a bottle of shampoo by the tips of my fingers. Whipping it forward, I did the only thing I could think of and threw it as hard as I could.

Armin managed to duck his head down, avoiding the projectile that flew at his head at breakneck speeds. The wall behind him wasn’t so lucky. The plastic bottle hit the wood, and ruptured, spilling sticky strawberry shampoo all over his pure white uniform top.

Armin stood, looking at me, his face unreadable. I looked back at him, not knowing what to say. I had never seen him angry before. Most of the time, he was extremely patient with me. I didn’t know if I had overstepped the boundary today.

He turned around and left the toilet, closing the door behind him. Leaving me alone. All alone. Again.

‘Well done, you idiotic girl-’

‘You just chased him away. How useless can you be?-’

‘Stupid, stupid, little bitch-’

“Shut up, shut up, shut up..” I muttered under my breath, gritting my teeth, fresh tears running down my face. I felt hollow, as soon as the adrenaline had left my body, the weight of what I had done settled on me, and the voices chimed up again, eager to torment and jeer at me. “Please just.. Just stop..”

‘You pathetic little sack of garbage-’

‘What, did you think Armin will ever love you? You just chucked a bottle of shampoo at him. All he wanted to do was to help-’

‘I’m pretty sure shampoo stains-’

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry-” I sobbed quietly, weeping into my hands as I slid into the bath, the water enveloping my frame. I covered my ears, as if it would cut out the sound.

‘Dumb slut. You think saying sorry is gonna make things fine? He hates you now. Just like everyone else.’

“Hey. It's alright. Stop crying now.”

‘How are you so pathetic? Even fucking Yeager has friends. You should just die alone, you horrible-’

“Annie. Look at me.”

‘Don’t even bother-’

“Annie.” A soft voice called out. It was mellow and gentle, and it drowned out the high pitched shrieks of the jeering choir. Somehow, all my negative emotions faded, and I could only hear the sound of the gentle voice, beckoning me to open up. I felt a warm weight on my head.

I looked up.

Armin sat next to me in the bath, his legs dipped into the hot water. His school trousers were rolled up, all the way to his thighs, preventing them from getting soaked. His smooth, pale legs slid playfully in the water, like albino fishes in the shallows. His hand gently rested on my head,
toussling my blonde hair gently in between his fingers.

“A.. Armin-”

“You forgot your towels, silly.” My boyfriend smiled, as he patted my head, stroking my long locks of gold hair. “I went out to get them for you.”

I didn't deserve him. All I could do was pull him into a hug, squeezing him as tightly as I could, pressing my face deep into his ruined uniform shirt, inhaling the scent of lavender and strawberries. I began to cry, as he hugged me back, holding me close and not letting me go.

We stayed like that for a while.

“I...I'm sorry.” I muttered, after what seemed like an eternity. My voice was soft and cracked, and I hiccupped abit, crying slightly. “I.. I. Dirtied your shirt.”

“Hey..hey.” Armin muttered, patting my head. “It's a small thing. It'll wash off. The shampoo doesn't stain.” He sat down into the bathtub, as if to prove a point. “See?”

“Armin!!” I squeaked, shocked at how he would just openly ruin his uniform and get it wet. But then again, I had just thrown shampoo all over him, so it was more like washing it then anything else. “I.. Your.. Your uniform!!”

“It'll dry.” Armin smiled gently.

“Ye- But why are you in the bath?!”

“To comfort my girlfriend.”

“Wha- what?!” I blushed. Armin wasn't usually this bold or straightforward. It was refreshing, and undoubtedly sexy in a strange way. It was like I was seeing a different side of him. Before I could protest, Armin had wrapped his arms around me, gently pressing me against his body.

I gulped. The water suddenly seemed hotter now, positively boiling. I could feel the heat rising to my face, my heart beat speeding up. I could hear it in my ears. It didn't help that every small move I made caused me to press up against Armin’s torso. While he wasn't as muscular or as well defined as Ymir or Reiner, he still had some undeniable muscles under his shirt. I didn't dare to say a word, as it may have came out as a needy moan.

“It's alright now. I'm here.” He reassured me, whispering as he straddled me in between his legs. My flush became worse. It didn't help that every small move I made caused me to press up against Armin’s torso. While he wasn't as muscular or as well defined as Ymir or Reiner, he still had some undeniable muscles under his shirt. I didn't dare to say a word, as it may have came out as a needy moan.

Armin’s fingers were like magic, and within a few cycles of rubs, my head lolled over onto his shoulders, the pressure in my head somehow gone just from the feeling of his fingers on my hair.

“There, there. Good girl. Just relax...” Armin murmured into my neck, washing out the shampoo from my hair. He gently kissed me below my jaw, making me sigh happily. His skilled hands, nimble and smooth, able to take apart and put back machines with ease, began to slide down my back, hugging me at my chest. I murmured something incomprehensible, nuzzling gently into him, purring softly.

His hands went lower, past my ribs, to my waist, and I shivered, a little afraid, but I didn't protest. I didn't want him to get too close, or he would see how imperfect I was. But here he was, next to me,
gently caressing and hugging me like I was his world.

“A.. Armin.” I murmured softly, my voice sounding hoarse. I always pretended that I was emotionless and tough in front of everybody. But when it finally boiled down to it, I wasn't an island, I was just a human being. I was scared and I needed people to love.

“Yea?”

“D.. Do you l.. Love me?”

“Is that even a question you need to ask?” His hands paused at my lower back, his voice hot and mellow against the shell of my ears. “I wouldn't be here, in this bathtub, if I didn't.”

“I.. Uh.. Mm.” I couldn't find the correct response to that. We sat gently together, and he began to softly kiss me, peppering my neck and jaws with his lips. I shuddered again, my face burning.

“Nm...”

I nuzzled back into him, melting slowly into him, breathing his lavender scent as he patted me, stroking my head just how I liked it. I whimpered softly, shifting position in the cramped bath, wriggling against him. The feeling of his hands, holding me by the waist and pampering my hair was starting to make me feel uncomfortable, in a good way. I could already feel my dick hardening, blood flowing into it, as my brain constructed fantasies of what Armin could do to me in the bathtub, or once we were out of it.

He would probably kiss me sensually, forcing me against the side of the wall, before we made our way to the bed. Clothes came off, kicked to the side of the room. Then he would pin me down and fuck me from behind like a bitch. People always seemed to assume that I was a dominant in the bedroom, and to keep my facade up, I didn't do anything to disencourage it. But behind closed doors and drawn curtains, I wanted nothing more than for him to grab me and plow me senseless.

I whimpered softly, as his hands slowly slipped to the front, stroking my stomach, making me whimper. My dick erected fully, and I didn't know if he knew how aroused I was right now. My insides were already clenching and flexing, begging for him to be inside me. I was so caught up, I didn't realise I was panting, my breath ragged and heavy. I leaned back, shifting my butt again. When I rubbed against his crotch, I felt something that felt like a thick metal rod pressing against me. Armin let out a stifled gasp.

Armin didn't carry bratwurst sausages in his pants, as far as I knew, and judging from his reaction, I was pretty sure I knew what the mystery object was. I slowly stood up, brushing his hands off me, and I reached for a towel thrown at the side of the bath, drying my body. My dick stood out in the cool air, erect for him to see. He flushed a little bit.

“I'm done bathing. I'll be in bed if you...want anything.” I whispered the last words seductively, before turning around and walking off naked, with a little more strut in my steps than usual, showing him my firm ass shaking gently as I walked. I heard Armin hastily stripping off and toweling dry the moment I turned my back.

I didn't even gasp when I was whisked off my feet, halfway to the bed. Armin’s hands found my wrists, grabbing them firmly enough for me to whine, but not enough for me to really feel uncomfortable. His hips pressed into my bum, hard. I shivered, letting out a low moan. Fuck, I could feel how hard he was, his thick length pressed into my butt cheeks. I whimpered, and Armin turned me around, so he could kiss me comfortably, his tongue pushing needfully and confidently into my mouth. I flushed, my eyes shut tightly, and Armin kissed me harder, pushing me towards the bed.
The back of my knees hit the bed, and I fell over, with Armin landing on top of me. I gasp, as his hands found my face, cradling it. He tilted my face, and I found myself looking into his lidded eyes. I whimpered as his hands went lower, stroking my cock in a firm, smooth motion.

“Armin-”

“Shh. Just let daddy make you feel good.” He whispered, and I quickly shut up. His lips began to trail all over me, his hands moving at that agonisingly slow pace, making me shiver and twitch. Fuck, this felt so good. The blonde boy kissed below my jaw, then my collarbones. He leisurely sucked my neck, making me squeal. When he was done, my neck and collars were decorated red and purple with bruises. All the while, Armin teased my cock mercilessly, stroking the head in a circular manner, just how he knew I liked it.

“How does it feel, love?” He smiled up from my chest, his face buried in my cleavage. I blushed, keeping quiet, and in response, he took a nipple in between his lips, sucking on my boob. A bolt of pleasure shot through me, and I cried out, my dick twitching against his hands.

“Arm.. Armin.. Pl.. Please..”

“I bet it feels good, doesn't it?” He sucked on my other nipple, licking it, sucking it, rolling it between his teeth. I bit my lips, shaking. His hand went from my head to the shaft of the cock, squeezing the thick length, pumping it at an agonisingly slow pace. I let out a moan, my hands clutching and tearing at the sheets.

“It.. It feels so good- fuck!!” I cried, my voice cracking on the last word, as I let out a shrill cry of orgasmic bliss. Armin’s free hand had slid to my pussy, sliding in a finger. Almost immediately, the finger went to a sweet spot, pressing hard into it, making me scream helplessly. The feeling of having him work my shaft and finger-fuck me slowly was nothing short of amazing. Armin looked down from above me, like a blonde apollo, playing my body like an instrument.

“Ar- Armin..nn..mhh..AH!!” I yelped, and Armin smiled, as he mercilessly pressed into me, massaging and rubbing my body in ways that words couldn't even begin to describe. “Fuck, don't st-.. Don't..stop!!”

“You are so wet for me, aren't you, Annie?” My lover’s voice was silky and low, making me whimper and shake in arousal. He began to pump my cock more furiously now, making me jerk against his lap. “Your insides are so tight, but I'm gonna loosen them up a whole bunch for you.” Armin slowed down the pace of his hands, making me whine, the change making my orgasm withdraw. I bit my lips, thrusting my hips helplessly against his palm, desperate for some form of release.

“Patience, Annie.” Armin chided me, smiling abit. He began to slowly kiss a trail down to my stomach, his lips and tongue traversing across my neck, to my sternum, to my belly-button. I pawed the bedsheets in impatience, desperate for him to stop teasing. I wanted him so bad. I needed him so bad. “You aren't nearly wet enough yet. It'll hurt.”

I whimpered, rubbing and gyrating against his mouth, demanding for him to stop being a tease and fuck me. He purposefully stopped when he reached my lower stomach, tracing along my abs with his perfect tongue.

“Fuck.. Oh my god.. Fuck..me..” I hissed, my brain turned to a mush. Armin avoided my crotch purposefully, showering affection on my inner thighs. I almost screamed in frustration, gasping desperately as he began to trail a line of kisses and licks to my pussy. When he reached, he stopped
short, and began to lick around the edges. The burning feeling I felt in between my legs began to overheat, and I needed him more than ever right then. I wanted him to stop playing with me and fuck me senseless.

“Fuck, Armin, please, don't tease- Mnh!!” Armin purposely chose this time to begin licking my cunt, making me squeal in an undignified manner mid sentence. His tongue lapped at my pussy, long broad strokes from the bottom to the top, making me cry out for more. Wither every stroke, I felt my dick harden, the burning in my crotch intensifying. It felt like I was going to spontaneously combust. My whole body was like jelly, and I couldn't do much besides grab into Armin’s silky golden hair, my voice getting higher and higher with every second Armin ate me out.

Armin’s hands began to work with my shaft, playing with the head and my balls as he licked sending a bouquet of pleasure running through my brain. I screamed incomprehensibly, a jumble of words that didn't make sense, mixed with sounds that didn't sound like any verbal language.

“Do you like it when I suck your thick, juicy cock?” Armin asked, smiling at me from in between licks of my folds. I scowled, trying to show my displeasure of being teased, but that expression quickly changed when he began to lick along my shaft, all the while inserting his middle finger inside me.

“Ngmmm!! Yes!! Oh- fuck, jesus, fuck!!” I screamed, as his middle finger slid in gently, making squelching noises as it prodded my wet cunt. His fingers twisted up, and hit an area which I could only describe as magical. I cried out, my eyes rolling back into my head, as he began to stimulate my G-spot, caressing and stroking the rougher tissues with his slender finger. “God, fuck yes- Please!! Use.. Use your mouth-”

“When, love?”

“Now!! Now!! NOW!!” I screamed, shivering from the ministrations, my vision going blurry as Armin continued to turn my pussy into a sloppy mess with only a finger. “O..oh my god-St.. Stop teasing, Please!!- Fuck!!”

Armin didn't hesitate. Hearing me beg, he quickly wrapped his lips around my cock, bobbing up and down. His mouth managed fit around my head, and he took as much as he could into his throat, all the while not breaking the rhythm set up by his finger.

I tried to hold it back, but when Armin began to flick his tongue against my sensitive glans, his hands rolling my balls between the fingers, it was too much. The feeling slowly filled me up, pooling in between my thighs, making me cry, burning me from the inside out.

“Ar.. Ar.. Ahh.. Nmm.. Pp.. Please!!” I whimpered, my words coming out in short pants. My cock twitched helplessly in his mouth, swelling up. His fingers sped up, pressing and smashing and rubbing against that sweet, sweet spot. My vision began to blur, and black dots filled my vision. “I'm.. I'm gon.. Gonna cum!!”

“What's stopping you?” Armin smirked, popping off my cock with a loud sound. A second later, he was back at it again, lapping and bobbing his head on my shaft, licking my head in a circular motion. His chin was coated with spit and precum, but he still continued to suck my cock, taking every inch of it he could deep into his throat.

“Fuck!! Armin!! OH, FUCK!!”

I came, hard. Armin choked and coughed, as streams of cum flooded his mouth, coating his lips and chin. I shivered and jerked, my legs shaking, semen still spurting from my dick as I ran out my
orgasm. Armin coughed, but didn't stop his hands. He continued to stroke my shaft, squeezing my cock dry with each firm pump.

Armin kissed me, as I lay, beads of sweat pooling on my forehead and skin. I didn't want to move after that mind blowing orgasm. My brain was a mess, a jumbled mush, but my cunt was still leaking and squeezing itself, demanding for Armin to stuff himself inside me.

“Was that good, Ann?”

“T.. Th..the best.” I blushed, and Armin leaned over me kissing me on the nose. I smiled, and so did he. We hugged for a few moments, enjoying each other's warm skin. I felt his cock though, still hard and swollen and demanding, resting against my thigh. Somehow, against the haze that filled my brain, I managed to get off my back, propping myself up on my hands.

“Pl.. Please let me suck your dick. I want to return the favour-”

“Uh-uh.” Armin shook his head, pushing me back down on the bed with a finger. I lay there, defeated. “This session is only for you. I'm gonna make you cum until you understand how much I love you.” The taller boy pressed his lips to my ear, kissing against the soft shell of it. I shut my eyes tight and whimpered. Armin slowly slid two fingers in me, all the while kissing me, licking the inner sides of my ears. My dick was soft and flaccid from that amazing orgasm I just had, but my cunt was still wet and demanding more from him.

Armin brushed my blonde hair aside, and my screams filled the room again. His fingers pressed up against my still sensitive G-spot, a feeling that made me arch my back. Armin didn't tease me this time, instead going straight for the killing blow. Hooking his fingers together, he began to jerk his wrist up and down, directly pressing and rubbing into my magic area. The intense feeling blew my mind, and all I could do was gasp and wriggle like a fish on the end of a line. My hands grabbed the sheets, tearing at them, trying anything to vent the pleasure out of my system.

“Fuck!! Shit!! Fuck fuck fuck- Nghm!!” I bit into my lips hard enough to taste a bit of blood. “Fuck!! Oh fuck, fuck-” Armin continued the motion, making me see stars with every thrust. I felt my pussy flexing against his fingers, despite my recent orgasm. I couldn't find any strength to move my body. All I could do was lie there, and take the finger fucking I deserved from my lover. Tears of ecstasy were pouring out of my eyes as I screamed, my head thrown back. I felt my cunt squeeze down, hard.

My brain exploded into fireworks. Unlike the earlier orgasm, this one was an entirely different sensation. It was a surge, a huge edge of rough pleasure that tore through me, making my body jerk and spasm and shiver. I screamed something out, my hands clutching the sheets tightly. Armin didn't stop, and he continued to ram his two digits into me at that perfect angle, hitting my soft spot with every ounce of force he had in his wrist. He continued thrusting until my orgasm gave out, leaving me breathless on the bed.

My orgasm was quiet this time. I shook wildly, groaning and shivering as he made me climaxed with surgical precision. I didn't know how he did it, but Armin was a sex god. With just two fingers and his mouth, he made me orgasm twice in just a few minutes. I always wondered how he was so good at this. Then again, he spent most of his time fixing and stripping / re- assembling machines in the workshop, so it shouldn't have been a surprise that he had magic fingers.

“You've been patient for so long, Ann.” Armin stroked down my sides, his fingers scratching softly against my pale skin, leaving ten pink lines. I shivered, letting out a small moan of gratification, my body struggling meekly against him. “You've been a good girl, and now I'm gonna make you cum all night long.”
With that, he took out his gigantic dick and pushed it into me.

“Fuck!! Fuck fucking fuck!!” I screamed out in bliss, my hands weaved into his hair, pulling at the smooth blonde locks. Ymir’s cock was long and it had a nice girth. Mine was shorter but way thicker. Armin’s cock was longer than Ymir’s, and gave my thickness a run for its money. So when it slid inside me, I could feel every inch of it as it pushed through my pussy, spreading and stretching every inch of it. It filled me up, and bumped and hit every soft spot as it made its way to my cervix. Armin was going in slow, making sure it didn't hurt as his cock tore me apart, and the slow feeling of him rubbing against every inch of my sensitive insides felt so fucking good.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity of pleasure, Armin’s length finally met resistance, and my pleasure ended on a spike, leaving me trembling quietly in his arms, my head buried into his chest. If I had to make an educated guess, his cock was pressing firmly against my cervix. To top it off, his cock wasn't fully in yet, he still had some length to spare. Armin held me still for a while, making sure I was getting used to the size of him. We had sex frequently enough, but I always needed a bit of time to get used to him, if not I would wake up sore afterwards.

When he felt I was relaxed enough, he began to move. His mouth went to my neck, sucking on my throat, leaving a red mark. His hips began to shift, slowly pulling his cock in and out of me. The pleasure i felt as he began to fuck me for real was breathtaking. My whole body felt like I was submerged in a paste. I couldn't have pushed him off if I had wanted to. All I could do was lie there, gasping his name wantonly, feeling his dick hit deep inside me.

“Mnhh!! Fuck--Ahminn!! Fuckfuckfuck!! Nghhaa!!”

The pleasure of being dominated and fucked by the man I loved so much began to fry my brain, scrambling it into a mess of jumbled up nonsense. The only thing that was going through my mind was how good it felt when he fucked me, and how amazing his cock was. The only sounds I could make were incomprehensible cries and soft moans of his name and a few choice swear words, as Armin began to break me with his cock.

“You like that, don't you, Ann?” Armin whispered into my ear, kissing me all over, his hands in a vice like grip around my hips. “You like being pinned down and fucked like there's no tomorow, don't you?”

I didn't know how long he fucked me for. Seconds bled into minutes, and minutes seemed to stretch to hours. I could have been fucked for days, and I wouldn't have complained. The best part was, I knew that he was going easy on me, somewhere in the back of my fogged up brain. He was capable of fucking me much harder than this. And when he did, my whole mind would go blank, and all that was and would be was the pleasure as he filled me up.

In my blurred, spinning world, all I could feel was his cock, burning hot, pressed deep inside me with each thrust. I barely felt his hands on my hips, but then I was lifted up, and Armin pushed his cock deeper into me, deeper than he had in the last few minutes. I though his cock was as deep as it could go, but I was wrong. Completely wrong.

His cock stretched my insides, pressing hard against my cervix, pushing deeper and deeper. Bolts of white hot pleasure flooded my brain, and my whole body shook, spasming wildly, my hands clutching Armin’s hair, hanging on desperately. It felt like I was going to get swept into a maclstrom of pleasure, and the only point I could hold on to was Armin. With every thrust, every kiss on my collarbones, every small lick against the side of my neck, my grip on the point slipped away. I was going to be pulled under the riptide and torn apart, but somehow, that didn't seem so bad.
Armin had slipped a pillow under my butt and lower back, propping my body in a U shape, allowing him to hit my cervix and my G-spot in synchronicity. The feeling of the combined pleasures made my eyes roll back into my head. My head lulled back, my neck nothing but a slab of flesh connecting my jaw to my shoulders. For all my muscles and my strength, it all went down the drain when Armin began to fuck me. I couldn't shift now, even if wanted to.

Armin began to speed up, feeling that I could handle more of him now. Pressing my body down against his, he tilted my chin, making me look him in his eyes. Grey pupils met blue ones, and a low feeling of tension began to build up in my stomach, signs of the incoming orgasm.

“You look so fucking cute like that.” He kissed me on my lips, making me groan and whimper. His tongue slipped deep into my mouth, tasting my inner cheek, tasting how sweet my mouth was. “When you look at me with those pleading eyes, your little snatch squeezing me like it doesn't want to let me go.”

“Ah.. Ngma.. Mmhmm!!...Mhh!! Armeeen!!” I managed to pant, my mind at its limit. I was going to break. I was going to break, and I was going to enjoy every second of it as I unraveled against him. “Please!! Please!! Cummin-”

I couldn't have said a comprehensible sentence if I had tried, but Armin knew what I was trying to ask for, and like the good boyfriend he was, he obliged by fucking my brains out. One of his hands found my hair, pulling it roughly, a small tug that made me feel pain, but not enough to damage my scalp. I screamed, my cries getting more and more high pitched by the second. My walls squeezed down on his thick cock, pumping in and out of me, turning me into a sloppy mush. All the while, Armin began to thrust harder and harder, speeding up his cock as it rammed into my cunt, smacking my cervix with each forceful thrust. Everytime it hit, I would shriek as a huge wave of pleasure ran through my body, pooling in my loins, winding up the building tension. The pressure was growing, and I didn't think I could hold it much longer-

Armin gave me his all, thrusting in and out of me with all his might, grunting softly as he did so. I want sure. I couldn't see anything, or hear anything. All I knew was how amazing his cock felt, and how I loved the way he was mercilessly destroying my pussy, grafting it in the shape of his cock. After this fucking session, I doubt I would be able to walk properly the whole of tomorow. I might have to take medical leave.

“Annie, I think I'm gonna cum-”

“Ins- inside!! Please!! Bang me up!! INSIDE, FUCK!! YES, ARMIN-”

“I love you so much-” He growled, his voice deep and controlling, and he kissed me, hard. It wasn't a sexual kiss, but an innocent one, without any tongue. That set me off.

The largest orgasm I had today hit me. The feeling was like a million fireworks, exploding in my brain, in my body, igniting me. I twisted and screamed and cried, jerking wildly, thrashing against the bed. The tension in between my thighs came loose, and I squirted all over the bed sheets, letting out streams of liquid all over Armin. Even my flaccid cock, tired frok earlier, contributed, squirting shots of precum weakly.

Armin want fairing too well, either. He growled as he finished inside me, spurting his hot semen directly into my womb, and the feeling sent another climax shuddering through my bones. I cried into his arms, and he patted my head as we both panted, short of breath.

“I love you so much, Ann.” He whispered to me, as we lay on each other, hugging our naked bodies close. I blushed and looked away, a warm feeling spreading inside me. Was this how love
felt like? I wouldn't know. It could have been the copious amounts of semen he just pumped inside my cunt, for all I knew. All I did know, was that I never wanted this feeling to end.

The room was quiet for a while, as I lay on Armin’s chest, breathing in his scent, murmuring sweet nothings. Armin hugged me, patting my head. We lay there for a minute or two. Then Armin pulled me off him, and arranged me such that I was back facing him, my ass hanging off the edge of the bed.

“Armin!!” I managed to moan, as he began to pepper my shoulder blades with kisses, sucking of the back of my neck, turning new parts of my skin red and purple with hickeys. “Wha- what are you doing?!”

“I did promise you I was going to make you cum all night long.” He grinned, his breath hot on my skin. I flushed, as he began to drum his cock on my bum, smearing leftover semen on my cheeks, marking me with his scent. His dick was still hard as steel, and ready to go another round. I screamed as it slid into my cunt again, my voice hoarse, my hypersensitive insides barely able to cope with the reinsertion of Armin’s gigantic cock. He took the opportunity to slide his finger into my ass, using his thick semen as lubrication and my scream hit a high note, my voice cracking. “..And I intend to keep that promise.”

With his dick inside me, Armin pulled out the finger and somehow reached to the night table and took out a blindfold and a silk rope. I gulped, squirming slightly as he got the blindfold around my eyes, covering my vision, and tied my wrists together. He was in full control now, which was not to say he hadn't been in control for the last thirty minutes.

He began to thrust, and I began to scream.

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When I woke up, early the next day, Armin was sound asleep, snoring gently below me. My neck hurt from sleeping against his chest all night long. There were rope burns around my hands, where he tied them tightly. My neck and chest and almost every three inches of my body was covered purple and red with love bites and small bruises. My throat was hoarse from screaming Armin’s name through the session. And on top of that, I was famished. I hadn't eaten dinner last night.

Yeah. Yesterday night was perfect.

Quietly, I curled up against Armin, stroking his golden hair lovingly. We had fucked so many times last night, and he had made me cum so many times last night, I had lost most of the feelings from below my waist. We switched from position to position, Armin making love to me, making me orgasm and scream in so many different ways. My favourite moment was the foggy memory of him bending me over in a doggy-style position, slamming into me from behind as I cried and begged. He pulled my hair and spanked me as he thrust, turning my pale ass a shade of pink. I didn't know how long he banged me for, but before I passed out after a particularly intense orgasm, I faintly heard beeping, indicating the next day had started.

I looked at the alarm clock at the side of the room, which said it was six o clock. If I wanted to get to work on time, I had to leave in thirty minutes. I probably wouldn't have time to eat breakfast, so I would pick up something along the way.

I walked down the hallway that led to the bedroom, leaving Armin alone in bed. I needed to find my spare uniform I kept around. It was probably in the back of the storeroom, near the kitchen. I turned the corner, and that was when I saw a small oblong box wrapped in aluminium foil, with a note at the side, next to a pair of my uniform, which was folded neatly.
‘You didn't eat dinner, so I was worried that you would wake up hungry. When you were asleep, I cooked some bacon and toast and wrapped them up so it would still be warm. If it isn't, please reheat it. Don't go to work hungry.” - Armin.

I had no words left.

I just started to cry, my tears wetting the aluminium foil around the box, ruining the paper with my boyfriend’s neat handwriting. I didn't go to work today, choosing to surprise Armin by staying at home. I called Grill, and told him I was taking leave. He pretended that he wasn't too happy about it, but I knew both of us didn't actually care too much. When your best cadet asked you for leave, you had to be a complete asshole not to give her a day off.

I ate my breakfast, brushed my teeth, took a shower, and went back to bed to cuddle with the man who I knew loved me.
Chapter 18

“P.. Please take a seat at the side of the table. Dr. Hanji will release you shortly.” The brown haired person that was not a girl winced as she said the word ‘doctor’. I had to agree with her. The words ‘hanji’ and ‘doctor’ didn't suit each other.

I behaved politely enough, seating on the chair instead of the table. The last time Annie and I set on the laboratory table, we accidentally broke a series of test tubes while horsing around. Hanji was not happy about that, and promptly zapped us both with her titan purposed - cattle prod, which she lovingly refers to as her ‘zap stick’. We woke up four hours later with the taste of ash in our mouths.

I wasn't enthusiastic to sit on the table again.

Still, the laboratory never seemed to not amaze me, even though I had visited multiple times. It was the stuff of science fiction, with random beakers and test tubes and specimens all lying around messily, each one labeled crudely with numbers. Hanji said she was a lateral thinker, so it was in her nature to keep a messy workplace. I had seen stables which were neater than her lab.

“Josh!!” Hanji called from somewhere deep inside the lab, blocked from view by numerous tables and shelves, and a few gigantic capsules of titan parts, preserved in a green brine. “Where the hell is my toothbrush, woman?”

“Find it yourself, you fuck!!” The brunette unceremoniously shouted back at her boss, who snorted in response.

“I can't find it, that's why I'm asking you!! You know I don't like analysing compounds without a clean mouth!!” The mad genius shouted back at her secretary. I didn't know how deep the lab was, despite being here frequently enough. For all I know, it could have been several stories deep, since it was situated at the HQ’s basement. It would make sense that it would be underground, to protect the various works and atrocities to humanity that Hanji dabbled with on a daily basis.

I was pretty sure I once heard someone screaming in one of the lower levels. It didn't help when I found a piece of paper stuck under a wooden table that said : “Help me, please, she took the others and she's coming for me soon-” with the word ‘soon’ scribbled and dragged off, as if the writer had been taken at the last second. When I asked Hanji for an explanation, she just smiled creepily, and replied with : “Steve.”

I shivered. I didn't know who Steve was, but I was pretty sure I wasn't the first, or last Ymir the mad scientist experimented on. I was probably the only one that left the lab in any recognisable form, though.

“I swear, if you've been using it to scrub out the preserved titan's rectal cavity, I will clean your urethra with it-”

“Row 12, aisle 4, third shelf-”

“Thanks, you crossdressing bastard!!”

“Fuck yourself, you four-eyed cunt!!” Her secretary shouted, earning a chuckle from Hanji. It was the most creepy, skin crawling sound I ever heard. Josh didn't even seem fazed. I didn't know what horrors he saw in the lab on a hourly basis, but I was pretty sure that being almost completely emotionless helped him alot with the moral ambiguity of his work.
Silence flooded the lab, after that quick conversation between the brunette and his psychotic boss.

I took the chance to peek at the feminine boy seated next to me, typing into a sleek computer, analysing data and graphs. The last time I had saw him, his hair was cut short and he was getting fucked in the ass by Mikasa.

That was about three weeks ago. His hair had grown back to its usual long length, thanks to Hanji’s hair growth medicine. He now kept it a pair of twin tails, instead of the usual ponytail. He also looked healthier. Less pale, and a bit more fleshy. He still looked like a girl, an extremely cute girl, mind you. However, the biggest change was to his confidence.

When I first met Kresnik, he was really unsure about everything. From social interaction, to the way he looked, to his hobbies, to his own sexual wants and needs. Somehow, Hanji had managed to get him out of his shell, which was pretty amazing. He still blushed and couldn't maintain extended eye contact with me or the rest when we talked, but at least we were talking, which was a huge improvement. He even dropped by to help Krista with her practical exam for her officer’s promotion earlier last week.

The only person he didn't seem to hold back with was Hanji. I think he saw her as an older sister kind of figure, and she saw him as close to a younger brother as a mad scientist who was probably a war criminal could.

I zoned out as I thought, looking at a jar of remains, which contained a skinned face. I was troubled about the fact that the face looked like it was screaming before it was cut out. That and the fact that the label on the jar read: caramelised onions. Welp, I guess I knew what happened to Steve.

I almost didn't hear a soft voice near me, trying to catch my attention.

I looked around, to see Josh looking at me shyly with his Hazel eyes, a small blush on his face. He was biting his lips nervously, a sign he did when he was about to make a request. I found that out when he came to see Krista to help her revise. He was biting his lips for thirty whole minutes before he managed to steer up the courage to ask for a cup of water.

“Mm?” I asked politely, looking at the petite boy, who looked down at a table leg. I decided to humour him before he chewed off his lower face. “You want something?”

The boy's blush deepened, but he managed to nod his head.

It was common courtesy to look at a person in the face when asking for a favour, but I didn't really care about that stuff. I leaned back against the chair, looking at Josh, calmly waiting for him to say what he wanted. Unlike Armin, I kinda took a shine to Josh. Despite the mayonnaise incident, we kinda became friends, or something close to that, I guess.

“I.. I was asking how.. Whether you wouldn't mind..mind..being on my stream this Friday.” Josh finally managed to say to the table leg. “I.. I already asked Krista, and she's fine if you are.” He added the last sentence hastily, unsure of himself.

“Sure.” I smiled, reaching over and patting his head. He was too adorable at times. He was kinda like my little brother, just like how Krista was like my little sister at times. I guess that made Sasha the co-parent of sorts. Hanji was the weird, possibly serial killer-ish uncle. Or maybe a cousin, twice removed or something. “But only if you lend me a good book to read, alright?”

Josh nodded meekly, which was his version of jumping with joy and skipping around like an excited six year old.
“So you'll be crossdressing as Starburst, right?” I asked, remembering his crossdressing persona, a raunchy, playful Internet celebrity called Starburst. I could name fifteen people I knew of the top of my head who had probably rubbed one out to his photos. They didn't know he was a guy, but sometimes, ignorance was bliss.

“I'll.. I'll be dressing up, yes.” Josh replied, managing to glance at my neck. He always referred to his activity as dressing up, rather than crossdressing. “But I won't be Starburst. The people on my stream know me as Lilith.”

“What's up with the dual names? Don't you only have one Internet personality?”

“I.. I actually have a few. But all my m.. main followers know me by several.” He blushed a bit, before continuing. “My followers in this Stream call me Lilith. They.. They also know I'm a guy.”

“Wait, what?” I almost shouted in shock. “And you are still crossdressing?”

“Really gross!!” Hanji called from somewhere deep inside the lab, reminding us that we weren't alone. “Just tryna brush my teeth here.”

“Uh.. Um.. It's not a conventional chat stream.” Josh muttered, his voice quiet, looking at the table. “It's like.. It's a.. A place where people.. Where people go to in their private time.”

The pieces clicked together.

“It's a sex stream isn't it?” I asked, and the boy's growing blush confirmed my suspicion. “You masturbate and they pay to see you fuck yourself.”

“Y.. Yes.”

I didn't know what to say. I just sat there, stunned. I mean, Josh was like my little brother. And when your little brother asks you to come and perform with him on his sex cam, what response would be adequate to diffuse the situation?

“Uh, let's say I say yes. Am I supposed to spank my monkey or something?” I asked, trying to break the silence. I mean, I was going to try and shoot down the idea anyways, so it didn't hurt to pretend to understand what was going on.

“Uh, no. I want you to make a guest appearance with Krista. And I want.. I want..” Josh looked away, and I waited patiently for the shy boy to find the words he wanted to say.

“It's alright, I'm not judging you, and I won't think of you any differently.” I replied, petting his hair to calm him down. He nodded, before taking time to catch his breath.

“I.. I want you to fuck me. In my ass. Krista and you will use me in any way you guys want during the stream.” He managed to look me in the eye, although his face became redder, heating up. Any more and he might spontaneously combust. “I.. I mean, we will go over limits and safety later if you.. If you agree..”

“Mm. That sounds lovely.” I lied through my teeth, quickly taking out my phone. I intended to let Josh down slowly, and the best way was to let Krista know the exact details. “I'm going to talk to Krista about this, I wanna make sure she is fully agreeable with the idea.” Josh nodded, looking so hopeful, it pained me to lie to him like this.

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Freckles : Hey Krist.

Strawberries : Hey daddy. ( ° 3° )♥

Freckles : Please only call me that in the bedroom. I don't like people knowing what we do in our private time.

Strawberries : From how loud I scream, I think they all kinda know.

Freckles : Goddamnit Krista.

Strawberries : I'm in class rn. Sorry if I don't reply on time.

Freckles : Yea, uh did you and Josh discuss anything that i should know about?

Strawberries : Nope.

Freckles : Like, you know, anything about sex in front of an online webcam?

Strawberries : Maybe.

Strawberries : Yes.

Freckles : Goddamnit Krista.

Strawberries : So I take it that you know about his stream and his plans for us?

Freckles : Yep. I'm not too happy about it, tbh. Why do you wanna do it, though?

Strawberries : V( ° _ ° ) V

Strawberries : I mean, Petra gave me and Sasha a pair of twin strapons as a gift from the capital when I met her two days ago.

Strawberries : And I'm looking for a way to break it in by practicing some pegging.

Strawberries : And Josh is a willing volunteer. And if I don't break it in with him, I guess I would just need to find another person to use the gift on.

Strawberries : (°° V °°)

Freckles : Mm.

Freckles : I have taken your feedback on the matter, and have decided to participate in the stream. For the good of humanity.

Strawberries : Yay!! Thanks Ymir ( ^ v ^ )

Freckles : Just saving my ass.

14 Meter Monster : Lmao, whipped.

14 Inch Monster : Lmao, whipped.

I'm so hard right now : Lmao, whipped.

Tall boi : Lmao, whipped.
Team Leader : Lmao, whipped.

Potato girl : Lmao, whipped.

Freckles : Who the fuck added all of you?!

Strawberry : Me. I thought it would be funny if they lurked around for a few weeks or so.

Strawberry : ^ \ ( • ω • ) / ^

Freckles : Goddamnit Krista.

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And that explained how I ended up here.

That was two days ago. Tonight I sat in Josh's dorm, on his bed. I had to admit, his dorm was cozy. There was a whole bunch of bookshelves hanging at the side of the room, which gave the room a very nice and warm and small feeling. Josh didn't have any roommates, so it was his own little burrow. His table was packed neatly, with his notes in well labeled piles. Beside the stacks were his files, which were labelled as his store items and inventory. In front of his bed, three cameras were put in a triangle formation, so it could capture the whole scene from all angles.

We went over the arrangement. When the camera started rolling, Krista and I would be his partners / Doms until the stream finished in forty minutes or so. Light impact play, like spanking, was encouraged. No knives, which was a given. Josh also didn't want urethra sounds to be used, as he was not too confident with the equipment. Clamps, candles, vibrators, and silk ropes could be used, if we saw fit. Sexual degradation was a must, but not complete humiliation.

Josh was getting ready in the bathroom, leaving me and Krista on the bed, seated in front of the camera which had yet to start filming. Josh's macbook was linked onto his NSFW streaming site though, and had a little countdown which showed the time left before the stream started. There were already three hundred over people waiting for the stream to begin.

I looked down at my dressing, a little bit self conscious. I was dressed in plain khaki trousers that showed off my toned legs. I wore a sleeveless maroon blouse, which was a button up, which clung tightly to my C cups. I had a beret on my head, to top off the whole look.

Krista was dressed in something less casual and more revealing. We had decided on a casual top, that was more like a singlet that showed off her midriff, clinging to one end of her shoulder, and short shorts. Like really short shorts. They ended at her almost groin region, making it look like she was almost not wearing anything. Her ass was by far, not the roundest, biggest ass on the campus, far from it, but even the butt of the shorts managed to slide in between her cheeks, too small to contain the small ass. Her legs were wrapped in a thin layer of dark blue stockings, matching the rest of her outfit, frilly and revealing. Krista caught me looking at her.

“What? You like what you see, daddy?” She smirked seductively at me, tracing a finger down my chest. I felt my face heat up a little, but maintained my gaze.

“I was just wondering what people would think if they saw the model student of the campus, and a soon to be officer, no less, having kinky sex on a webcam video.”

“They would probably think I'm a girl that can kick and fuck ass. In precisely that order.”
“Cute. And yes, Krist, I do think you look nice in that outfit.”

“Would you rather see me without it?” The blonde grinned as she snuggled closer to me, her palm gently tracing along my inner thigh, making my cock semi erect in anticipation.

“You read my mind.” I leaned in on her, and began to pepper her lips with small kisses. She smiled, blushing a little bit, and kissing me back whenever she could. My fingers traced on her chest, running a small line on the narrow road in between her boobs. Krista bucked a bit, begging for more friction. My finger followed through, running along towards her navel, making her mutter under her breath.

“Sorry, what did you say? I didn't quite catch that.”

“You are such a fucking tease, Ymir.” Krista whined, as she pouted from somewhere below me. Her blue eyes glinted playfully, their shades of azure like a sapphire basking in the sunlight.

“Have you wondered how josh is gonna be like in front of a live audience?” Krista's breath was warm against my skin, giving hints of strawberry. “I mean, he can't really look people in the eye just over a cup of water, how's he gonna be like in front of an audience?”

“I think that's his gimmick?” I sneaked a quick peck on her lips, and she grinned appreciatively, her eyes salacious.

“Mmhmm.” She breathed saucilly. “Now I'm just your little cum dump that can't live without my daddys cock juice-”

“Language!!” I laughed. She grinned, and nuzzled her head in my chest. We hugged for a few moments.

“Well, as much as I would like to fuck you already, we have to wait for Josh. It is his stream, after all.” I smirked, pulling myself off the smaller girl, who pouted playfully, nuzzling slightly against me.

“He did tell us to start it first if he wasn't ready by that time.” My lover looked over at the small number at the side of the website windows, which showed the number having increased to just over seven hundred and fifty. The timer on the screen read less than a minute to go.

“Isn't it weird?” She turned to me, gently nuzzling my chest with her cheek. I smiled and patted her golden, smooth hair. “All these people have been watching Josh masturbate for who knows how long. And now they are gonna watch us. To them it's just a weekly routine. All of them have different hobbies, different thoughts and ideals, it's so mind boggling to actually realise that they aren't so different from us, even if we’ve never met any of them.”

“It's called sonder.”

“What?”

“It's a complex emotion that many poets have been haunted by.” I explained, looking at the screen, distracted. “It's the realisation that everybody is different, and a unique being, with all these
philosophies and emotions and experiences that none of us can completely or truly understand.”

“To put it simply, we are someone else to someone else, but only we can realise it when we experience sonder.” I heard a faint zipping sound. “Aanndd.. You just distracted me to unzip my pants.”

“I know what sonder is, dummy.” Krista smirked, gently drumming my semi erect dick on the side of her face. “I just wanted to keep you talking so I could get your trousers off.”

“Truly poetic.”

“Josh is the poetry fan, not me. I prefer to leave wordplay in Nanaba’s literature class.” Krista laughed, gently putting small kisses on the bottom of my dick, making it harden slightly. “I'm just here for the cock.”

“Absolutely barbaric.” I managed to utter, before the blonde haired girl took my head into her mouth, running her soft lips all over the tip. I shivered, smiling abit, as I continued to pat her head. My cock began to erect fully, extending itself slowly but surely in her warm mouth.

Krista had gotten way better at this, I realised. When we first started dating, she had zero experience, used her teeth a lot, and could barely take in a quarter of my dick, maximum. Now she was happily sucking in almost half my length like it wasn't too much to handle. She still had ways to go, but I was still pretty surprised how much of a natural flare she had for this sort of thing.

I clutched the bedsheets, as Krista licked along the edge of my glans, working to the tip, where she lavished a flurry of licks on my sensitive flesh. I shuddered, smiling abit, as I continued to pat her head. My cock began to erect fully, extending itself slowly but surely in her warm mouth.

She began to bob her head on my shaft, and I let out a small groan of satisfaction. I grunted, smirking abit, as i wrapped my hand in her tangled, messy hair, pulling her down gently, egging her to take more of my dick into her mouth. Being the amazing girl that she was, Krista obliged, sucking earnestly on my cock like it was a lollipop. It actually took my a minute or so before I realised the camera was running, and a stream of over eight hundred viewers and counting just watched my girlfriend deepthroat me.

“Hey Krist.”

“Mmghk-?”

“The stream just started. People are watching you suck my cock.”

“Dhon Jush sit thare, shay hai-” Krista gargled, her face buried into my dick. She ran her lips up again, and then back down, making me gasp a little.

I sat there, looking at the camera awkwardly. The small aperture stared at me, telling my story to the other viewers who were watching, who no doubt had stories of their own, connecting all of us together like an invisible thread.

“Uh, Hello?”

Immediately, the chat bloomed with comments and replies, so fast to the point I almost couldn't keep up.

Banananana : “Herro!! ;)”
Flickr: “Oh my god, you look so hot!!”

Ken Ken the Mc. butcher man: “Is that dick real?”

Moony: “Where's Lilith?”

H8tred: “What's your name?”

Arms ½: “When can I expect my German Grammar report?”

I pointedly ignored the last one.

There were a few more people spamming memes and gifs and stickers of what looked like the pro gamer captain pitbull, but I managed to filter out what I could.

“Lilith is currently getting ready, so he will be out in a minute or so. We are guest stars that he intended to bring on the show tonight.” I smiled, looking into the camera confidently, all traces of awkwardness gone. Sure, the initial shock had gotten me, but I was over it.

“I'm Y, and the adorable blonde sucking on my dick is Sapphire.” From somewhere between my legs, Krista giggled and raised her hand in greeting, before continuing to blow me. “We are both friends of Lilith.”

Flickr: “Tell us more about yourself!!”

“Well, we go to the same school, we are both first years, but Sapphire is nineteen, and I'm twenty.” I winced abit, when Krista pulled off my cock with a loud pop, and began to gently lick my balls. My voice cracked a bit. I glared down at Krista, who gave me an innocent eyed look. A bit out of playfulness, I pushed her head down on my cock, and she gurgled happily on my shaft. “We are a couple, and we will be fucking Lilith together when he returns.”

Ken Ken the Mc. Butcher man: “Do you intend to stay on the stream, or is this a one off thing?”

“I think that's up to Lilith.” I replied, casually pulling Krista off my cock, and planting a long kiss on her mouth, probing her inner cheek with my tongue. Krista blushed and shivered, and I pulled my lips of her mouth, and pushed her back into my dick, which was twitching in the cold air. “But if he asked me to, I wouldn't mind, I suppose. And neither would Sapphire, wouldn't you, you little slut?”

Somewhere below me, Krista moaned her agreement, her voice muffled by the dick in her throat. I patted her head, stroking her hair to the side, away from her face.

Ro@du Roll@ D@!!: “How's your sex life like?”

“Uh, Sapph, you wanna take this one?” Krista took her mouth of my dick, and read the question.

“All day, every day.” She nudged me with her hand, pushing me towards her crotch, and I got the message. She smirked as I knelt over in between her legs, and peeled of the tight pair of short shorts, leaving them around her knees. “Friday’s are dynamite though, cause we have no school the next day, so we usually stay up late watching Netflix movies and fucking.”

Her panties came off next, the familiar black thong meeting its companion once again at its owner's knees. I put my face into her smooth, hairless mound, breathing in the fragrance of her strawberry body soap.
“Next question fr- from danci-dan.. Dancing cat.” Krista's voice broke halfway when I put my tongue to her cunt, gently licking it in an upward motion, my entire tongue pressed against her lips. She looked down at me, blushing, and I smirked insolently up at her, giving her clit a little flick to let it know what was to come.

“H.. HOW did y.. You meet each other?” Krista managed to moan out, her thighs trembling around my face. I grabbed them with my hands, keeping them in place and pinning them down, before continuing to lick. I varied the speed and tempo of my licks, ensuring that she would take longer to reach her orgasm so she wouldn't pass out in the meantime like she did with Annie.

“W.. We met in sch. Mm.. Schholl..” Krista breathed out, her face scarlet, her eyes foggy. She looked slightly intoxicated, as she panted for breath. “Fuck, Ymir..” She whined softly, breaking character for a split second. I was pretty sure nobody heard her though, so it was fine. I began to pick up the pace, and she gasped, unable to answer the question. She fell on the bed, whimpering. Her walls tightened around my tongue, and from the way she was moaning, she was at her limit. At her peak, I pulled away from her, denying her orgasm.

Krista whined, frustrated. She began to grind her thighs together, and I chuckled a little. “No. If you cum, you'll pass out. And we have so much fun to have with Lilith, once he stops watching and comes to join us.” I turned my head to the boy at the doorway of the toilet, who looked away sheepishly. His dick was hard and twitching, begging to have some form of attention given to it.

If Krista's outfit was sexy, Josh's could only be described as salacious. He wore a loose fitting lingerie that showed off his chest, frilly and fluttering, and a pair of skimpy panties to match it. He was barely wearing anything. On his head, he had pegged his twin tails up with light blue rectangular hair clips with Chinese words inscribed in gold written on them. I wasn't amazing at Chinese, but I was pretty sure it read something to the effect of “Daddy's little slut”.

I smirked.

I patted my lap, gesturing for Josh to come and sit on it. With my free hand, I began to slowly trace Krista's lips, making her shudder and murmur, the sensation not stimulating enough to make her come.

Josh looked at me nervously, then the camera, and I knew he was hesitating, unsure of how the new dynamic was going to work. Usually, I would give him some space and let him have time to gather himself, but the dominating switch had been flicked inside me, and suddenly, I didn't quite see him as a younger brother anymore.

“Lilith. It's rude to disobey your mistress.” I whispered in my hardest voice. “Now come here, and sit, Slut.” Josh immediately reacted, brisk walking to me. He quickly positioned himself in between my legs, and I stopped stroking Krista's cunt, making the other submissive whimper in protest. Krista was supposed to be another dom, but since it panned out this way, I didn't see why I had to break the scene and correct her. “Sapphire, go get the fun box.” Krista obeyed immediately, more than familiar with what I would do to her if she didn't obey. Josh, on the other hand, wasn't too familiar, and needed to be disciplined.

“Don't ever disobey my order again, are we clear?” I pinned Josh down in my arms, and he gasped at the sudden movement. I grabbed his face, holding him in a firm but hard vice grip. He made a small whimpering noise, but I felt his cock hard against my thigh. “That includes not responding fast enough, or answering comprehensively. Are we clear?”

Josh nodded.
“I want you to answer me, slut.” My other hand slipped into his panties, and quickly tightened around his cock, and he cried out, his voice high pitched, like a girl’s. “Or you rather me squeeze your little girl cock until it comes off?”

“Yes!!” Josh screamed, his voice high and pleading. I tightened my grip on the base of his cock, my other fingers squeezing down gently but tightly on his balls. The effect was immediate. His voice shot up an octave, and he thrashed, but I held him still, squeezing firmly on his little sacs.

“Yes, what?”

“YES, MISTRESS!!” Josh panted, tears forming at his eyes. I let go of his balls, and he gasped, his whole body shuddering. I released him, and he whimpered. I planted a soft kiss on his mouth, taking control of the pace. Slowly, I began to massage his balls, giving him a bit of pleasure to soothe the punishment. “Good boy.” I cooed, reassuring him. He looked a little startled, like a deer caught in headlights. “See what happens when you obey orders?”

I turned to the camera on my left, and smirked saucily. “That goes for the rest of you, too.” I took a glance at the comments on the stream, which was bustling with comments. People seemed to like the show, so that was great. They liked seeing Josh in a submissive position, from all the comments asking me to penetrate him with my dick.

Arms ½: “I wish you would demonstrate this kind of leadership during curriculum. Maybe you would have gotten a higher grade.”

I pointedly ignored the comment again. “Kneel.” I ordered Josh, who immediately obeyed, planting himself on the ground. I smirked, gently playing with his erect cock with my foot. I didn't know why people in porn seemed to like doing this sort of thing until now. It did bring a little sadistic glee out of me, as I squeezed and abused his dick by stepping on it. He let out a soft whimper.

“I'm.. I'm.. ready, daddy.” I turned around, and lo and behold, Krista was there, harnessed into her strap on. It was thin and long, seven inches, but a lot thinner than my dick. The end was curved at a ball, built with the intent to hit the prostate. She had her shirt on though, but if anything, it made her look cuter.

“You look adorable.” I smirked, and Krista blushed a little. I wasn't the most vocal or expressive person in a relationship, or in day to day life, and Krista rarely got compliments. I made a mental note to do it more often. “Come here, baby. Let's fuck this whore together.” From the floor, Josh shifted, trying to hide the wet spot on the top of his panties, obvious signs of precum.

As Krista came over, her head bowed, I reached over to the box, rummaging through it for what I wanted. I selected a mask blindfold, and a silk rope. The candles looked tempting, but I wasn't as skilled as Annie, and I wasn't sure how to use them properly. Quickly, I decided on a pair of nipple clamps, a bottle of grape flavoured lube, and a cock ring with a lock at the side.

“Strip, Slut.” I ordered Josh. Josh looked up, his face red, and eyes wide. He was used to stripping in front of his audience, but apparently, not in front of me and Krista. He hesitated, again.

“Which part of my orders did you not understand?” I asked in a steely voice, my eyes boring into Josh. Josh whimpered, and I heard a soft gasp from Krista at my side. I threw a glance at her from the corner of my eye, and saw that she was grinding against the strap on, trying to get a bit of pleasure. For some reason, she really like it when I was being harsh and commanding. I had no idea why it aroused her, but it did. “I said, strip.”

Josh quickly obeyed, biting his lips as he did so. He looked so damn fucking delicious like this, and
it took all my self control not to grab his head and force it on my dick. When his panties hit the
ground, all he was left in were his knee length socks. “Keep those.” I told him, when he made a
motion to remove them. “Now, come here.” I pointed to the bed frame. Josh gulped audibly, and
got on the bed.

“Sapph.” I turned to Krista, who was swaying unsteadily, trembling in anticipation. “You have my
permission to touch yourself, but not to cum. I'll decide when that happens.” Krista gave a whine of
happiness, and quickly undid the strap on harness, almost ripping it off in the process, allowing her
more access to her crotch. She began to run her finger gently against her clit, her other hand playing
with her tits, panting as she did so. I turned my attention back to Josh, who looked at me, scared of
what I had in store for him.

“Wrist together.” Josh complied, and I tied them tightly against the bed frame. Josh whined, and I
smirked, grabbing his dick and giving it a few firm strokes, calming him down. He was now on his
knees, how hands bound above his head, in a doggy style position. His perky ass was bared and
open for me and Krista to fuck at out leisure.

“What did I tell you earlier?”

“You.. You..” The brunette stuttered, trying to find the words to say, tongue tied. I stroked his ass,
enjoying the smooth, supple mounds of flesh. Molding it gently, I patted it. Then suddenly I
squeezed it, making Josh squeal, his back arched.

“I asked you a question, bitch.” I whispered into his ear, my hand releasing the pink flesh from
beneath my fingers. He let out a quick moan. “What did I tell you earlier?”

“T.. To immediately obey your orders.” Josh whispered, biting his lips. I smiled, and gently traced
a line up his back, to his shoulder blades. “Mi..mistress..” He added.

“And yet you hesitated.” I murmured against his ears, nipping the soft shell near the lobe. My
fingers began to creep down to his butt, and he closed his legs, embarrassed, when I began to rub
his balls from behind. I began to slowly squeeze them, giving josh a bizarre mix of pleasure and
discomfort. “What do you want as a punishment? Should I squash your balls until they burst?” I
gave his testicles a little squeeze to emphasise my point, and Josh cried out, pulling against the
restraints. His dick was erect, happy to receive the punishment.

“I'm going to spank you.” I whispered, when Josh finished moaning. The room was quiet, except
for the soft, slick sound of Krista’s fingers playing with her vagina. “I'm going to give you ten.
And you are going to count. Are we clear?”

“Y..y..yes mistress.” Josh whimpered, his dick hard against his body, begging for me to begin. I
smiled, and kissed his jawline. “Krista can take this, but that's cause she's used to it. If it's too much
for you, use your safe word.” he nodded weakly.

With that, I raised my hand, and brought it down, hard, on Josh’s supple cheeks. “One!!” Josh
screamed, his eyes wide. A cracking sound rang out as my hand made contact with his ass. The
spot I hit was already turning pink. I gently molded it, playing with the cheeks, preparing him for
the next blow. His cock was painfully erect, standing at full mast against his stomach, a bead of
precum pooling at the tip.

Smack. “Two!!”

I pulled back after massaging his rump a few times, making sure his flesh wasn't going to bruise.
Then I brought my hand down again.
“AAH!! Th.. Three!!” Josh cried, his cocoa eyes pleading. His cock was trembling now, aside from being as hard as a rock. He looked like he was going to blow his load just from getting spanked.

I curled my back, and let loose with two strikes in alternate cheeks in quick succession. Smack. “Four!!!” Smack. “F.. Fi five!! FUCK!!”

“Who’s daddy’s little slut?” I growled, giving Josh another quick strike to his ass, evening out the pink hue on each cheek.

“SIX!!”

“I said, who’s daddy’s little slut?” I landed a heavy smack on his butt, watching the beautiful mound of fat jiggle slightly. “Se.. SEVEN!!” Josh gasped, pressing his face into his arms. “I am!! I'm your little sperm toilet, daddy!!” Josh whined, his voice high pitched and begging.

I landed off another two more slaps, hearing the way his breath hitched and became ragged. He was panting, drool from his mouth dripping down the side of his chin and soiling the sheets below him.

“Count.” I ordered him curtly, smacking him on the back of his legs, ensuring that not too much blood went to his ass.

Josh whimpered, his ass high in the air, waving to and fro slightly, defiantly refusing to count as per my orders. He wanted more than ten. I obliged.

“I said, count, bitch!!” I snapped, and rained out a flurry of blows on his butt, letting go of most of my restraint. Josh screamed and cried as I rained blow after blow on his ass, coaxing him to say the two numbers he missed.

Smack. Smack. Smack! Smack!!

“FUCK FUCK, OH MY GODD!!” Josh cried, his eyes tearing up, and he shivered and moaned and panted, more drool running down the side of his mouth, his tongue sticking out of his lips.

Smack!! Smack!! Smack-

I wasn't sure how many times, or how fast I was hitting him. I was keeping in mind not to use my full strength as I hit, because I definitely didn't want to give him any broken bones, but holy shit, that wasn't saying I was going easy on him. He was really taking a good whooping, and I wouldn't be surprised if he had a leopard print of bruises on both sides of his ass tomorrow.

“EIGHTTT!!” Smack!! Smack!! SMACK!!

My hands were already getting pink and warm, and that was pretty impressive. I didn't know if people had ever punched things so fast that their fists caught fire, but I think i may have been on the right track.

“NINE!! NGHHGGAH!!” Josh moaned, his voice hoarse from screaming. His eyes were rolling into his head, his body trembling and stiff. His cock was desperate, swelled up to the extent that it could have burst from the gentlest pokes.

“Krista has a limit for the amount of times I would spank her, but not you. You are such a glutton for pain, aren't you?” I wound up my hand, and gave him one last, heavy smack, and the loudest sound tonight that rang through the room.
“FUCK!! THHENK QYUU!!!” Josh screamed at the top of his lungs, his body shuddering and shaking. His cock twitched, and as if it couldn't hold back any longer, he spurted on his bedsheets, soiling it with his semen on top of all the sweat and drool. He sagged into the mess he made.

“Did I say you could come?” I growled, and Josh whimpered. I began to gently mold his ass, massaging it so that it wouldn't sting for what came next. “Answer me, you cum slut.”

“N.. No mistress..” Josh gasped, his voice cracking, and I dug my nails gently into his butt, making him cry out. “I've been a naughty girl.” He muttered, and I gently pumped his cock, still slightly hard even though it relieved itself.

“Damn right.” I took out the small bullet vibrator that I found in the box earlier. Putting a generous amount of lube on it, I rubbed it, coating every inch of it generously. Gently, I pushed it in. Josh let out a small, stifled cry, and I gently kissed a line down his back. His asshole was so inviting and loose, I didn't even need to stretch him using my fingers, like I did with Krista. The toy slid in without any difficulties, and lodged comfortably in his ass. Josh let out another small moan, and I smirked, gently feeling around for his prostate.

“You are so ready for me.” I chuckled, my warm breath on his ears. He shuddered, his back arching, every inch of muscle tensing up on his lower back, showing the gentle chiselling of his body. It was a delicate work of art, I realised. The way his muscles weren't obviously chiseled like Annie's or mine, and there was a small amount of back fats to gently cover it, but not make it not toned. If Krista was petite like a kitten, Josh would have to be sleek like a daschund, if that made sense. “How often do you play with your ass?”

Josh hesitated, and I gently tightened my grip on his dick, reminding what would happen if he didn't answer. “Th.. Three.. Three or four times a week.”

“Such a slut.” I smirked, twisting my fingers and hooking them, steering the bullet to a gouge in the top of his asshole, where Krista’s G spot usually was. When I found it, I gave it a tentative stroke, digging harshly. “NGHHAH.” When I heard josh moan, I knew I'd found it. His prostate was well defined from all his time toying with it, and now it stuck out, like a nut shaped growth. I pulled out my fingers, leaving him empty. Josh whined in protest, and I chuckled. “From now on, your name isn't lilith. It's slut, whore or cumdump. Are we clear?”

“Y.. Yes daddy-”

“Good little anal slut.” I activated the vibrator, setting it on the lowest setting, so he couldn't derive enough pleasure to cum. Josh cried something inaudible and jerked against his restraints, trying to get free.

When he stopped bucking, I took the cock ring and secured it around his boner, ensuring he couldn't ejaculate until I let him. I put the key on the side of his bed table, and the two nipple clamps went to his nipples, the weight of them pulling them down slightly. I flicked one playfully, and he whimpered, the weight oscillating in the air.

“Pl.. Please.. Daddyy....”

“Shut up, you cumdump.” I replied coldly, pulling on the weights slightly. Josh’s cries hit a new octave. His nipes were as hard as his dick now, every inch of his muscles flexing, trying to get over the feeling of pleasure and complete helplessness. “Listen up. I'm going to fuck Sapphire. Then when I'm done making her scream, we are both going to fuck you. You are going to watch patiently, like the wants whore you are, and when it's time, I'll let you cum from your ass.”
Josh nodded.

“Come here, darling.” I sat on the bed next to the bound boy, and pointed at Krista, gestured for her to come. She blushed and quickly ran over, and I caught her, kissed her. It started off innocently enough at first, then her hands scratched against my back, and I lost control.

My beret hit the floor, whipped off my head, and in response, I stripped her off her blouse, leaving her naked except for her bra. That would come off soon enough.

Krista’s lips parted for my tongue, and I pushed my way into her warm mouth, tasting her like she was the sweetest thing in the world. Her tongue responded, and I twisted my head slightly, allowing me a better angle for me to tongue-fuck her mouth. My hands found her hair, and my fingers weaved into the hair near her scalp, controlling her entire head. My free hand went to her face, slowly caressing her perfect, pale skin. She looked perfect, like a delicate, glass figurine.

Her innocence was just at the surface though. She often started our exploits, and from past experiences, I knew she could take a heavy pounding. She wasn't as delicate as she looked. I grinned, and pressed her down against the bed, next to Josh. It must have been so painful for him, to watch us, but be unable to join, or even relieve his own arousal. His dick was swollen and red, constricted slightly by the ring.

“What do you want, pet?” I whispered into the small girl’s ear, and Krist shuddered, tensing up as my breath wafted along the shell of it. My fingers crept along her exposed body, trailing down her stomach, to her groin. “You are so ready..” I slid a finger inside, and she let out a small moan. She was tight, and I had to loosen her up slowly, or it would hurt. The second finger joined in, and Krista jerked against me.

“St.. Stop teasing..” She muttered, pressing her head against my shoulder. Her body was burning up with arousal, and I was kerosene. Digging my fingers in, I found her soft spot. Krista cried out a little. I leaned in, kissed her again. Her lips gently parted for me, and I pressed her against the bed, ignoring Josh, who whimpered, needy and begging for some attention.

When I felt Krista needed to take a breath, I let her go, my lungs aching slightly. Walking over to the strap on left on the floor, I passed it over to her. “Put it on.” Krista did as she was told. I patted her head, kissing her on the neck, as a reward. “Good girl.”

I put lube on my hand, and beckoned Krista to come closer. “Listen up closely. I’m going to teach you how to loosen a slutty asshole.” I rubbed the cream all over my fingers, coating them in a thick sheen. “It's really important, because if you don't get an asshole loose and prepared, it may lead to an anal abrasion.” Krista nodded.

It was the first time I told Krista about this sort of thing. But then again, she had mentioned that she was interested in anal play, but wasn't too sure how to perform it.

“Two fingers in, one at a time.” I pulled out the toy that was in his asshole. Josh cried out softly, and I unceremoniously stuffed two digits into him, making his cry turn into a scream. “Although since little piggy over here uses his ass so much, I can start straight away with two.”

Josh’s ass was making lewd sounds as I began to move my fingers, sliding them knuckle by knuckle into his body. It was a rhythm that came to me naturally, after lots of practice. Each motion of my fingers was rewarded by Josh’s screams. “Watch closely.” I began shift my weight, pressing my hand that wasn't in his asshole against his stomach, in a distorted version of the heimlich. “This is going to squeeze his insides closer together. His prostate is going to be easier to reach.”
I dipped my fingers downward, toward his stomach area, feeling around for his P spot. After ten seconds of wriggling about in that cramp space, I found a bump, and I began to dig my fingers into it, pushing into it like a hook. Josh screamed incomprehensibly, his cock hard and trembling, despite cumming recently.

“Your turn.” I nudged the smaller girl, gesturing her toward the bound boy. Krista hesitated, before lubing up her fingers and sliding her slender digits into the tight, puckered hole. Josh whimpered, as each knuckle forced its way into his rear. Krista breathed out audibly when her finger went as deep as they could into josh.

“Good girl.” I murmured into her ear, and she tensed up, but kept her digits in Josh. “Now, just remember how I fuck you in this position, and imitate it.” Krista bit into her lips, her face heating up, and began to move her hand awkwardly. Josh’s breath remained steady, unlike how it usually hitched and changed in tempo when I was finger fucking him.

I let Krista continue for a few more seconds, and when I was sure that she wasn't doing it correctly, I decided to help her a bit. The whole reason I agreed to do this with Josh was to allow Krista to learn how to dom properly. Well, that and not getting a silicone toy rammed into my ass. The most important thing for her right now was to have the space to make mistakes and learn from them.

I gingerly held her hand in my own, and began to slowly move them in the right direction, guiding it in the correct movement, making her ministrations smoother and more confident. Josh’s insides were squirming and squeezing now, Krista’s fingers correctly pressing against his sweet spot. “Ask him how he feels.” I told Krista, my voice dangerously low and sensual, gently nibbling on her lobe, my fingers gently stroking down her chest, traversing across her skin.

Four eyes: “I wonder how he felt when you hustled him out of the jar of mayonnaise.”

I did a double take, and almost rolled my eyes. How many of our staff members were on this stream?! It started to make me wonder what our professors actually did after work, although I had a pretty good idea.

From what Marco told me when he went to drop off some forms for student development, it was like a university frat party. Nanaba, my literature teacher, was sitting on Levi’s lap, and devouring his face. Hanji was in revealing lingerie, and was sucking purple inhalant through a heated bong with a dick shaped mouthpiece. Her clothes and lab coat, which she probably had been wearing before the event, was on the floor. Coach Shadis was rolling on the floor, his eyes bloodshot and unfocused, screaming about how he couldn't feel his face. Finally, Erwin, the only decently sober teacher, who wasn't completely baked, shitfaced, or dry humping a female colleague giving him a lap dance, got up and looked through Marco’s paperwork, before offering him a joint.

Marco didn’t remember much of what happened that night, except he woke up outside his dorm, with a pair of somebody’s underwear tied around his head, and the words: “blowjob princess” drawn on his forehead with glittery permanent marker. He tried to pull his bangs down, but the teachers had apparently thought of that, and cut a sizable chunk of his hair so his shortened fringe only covered the word “blowjob” partially.

He had to endure snickers and grins from both teachers and students alike for the rest of the following days. Levi actually guffawed when he saw Marco’s face and bro-fisted him, which was the first time anybody in class saw him smile. Taking that weed cig was a bad idea. Drinking Jack Daniels with Levi was worse.

“D.. Do you.. Do you like that..butt.. whore?” Krista stuttered, tripping over herself verbally. I stifled a giggle, almost laughing as Krista’s face turned beet red. She was bad at this. Like, really
really bad at this.

Thankfully, Josh was in his subspace, and probably didn't hear it too well. Krista quickly caught herself, trying to overcome her initial stumble. She gave his ass a smack, which didn't sound as painful or as well placed as mine, but it got the job done. Josh shuddered. “Yes!! Yes mistress!!” Which was a red flag, at least, to me. If Josh was so deep in a trance that he couldn't tell Krista didn't know what she was doing, he was probably going to make a bad call. Come to think of it, did Josh even have any experience subbing before? We had decided on a safe word beforehand, but we hadn't exactly discussed hard or soft limits.

Suddenly, this seemed like a horrible idea.

Before I could stop her, Krista hastily mounted Josh and rammed the silicone toy in the submissive. And I mean, rammed. Even I didn't dare to use as much force as she did. Ever. The head of the silicone toy shot straight into Josh, tearing into his asshole. Josh’s entire back arched, curving like a strained ruler, and he shrieked, delighted by the sudden surge of endorphins and pain coursing through him. Krista didn't seem to realise anything was wrong, since Josh hadn't used his safe word, and Josh didn't realise anything was wrong, since the sudden surge of adrenaline and pleasure had numbed the pain. Krista began to rapidly push and pump the toy into him, without asking him how he was accommodating the sudden penetration.

My heightened senses smelled the scent of iron in the air, and knew something was wrong. Krista had barely managed to thrust into Josh a few more times, before I pulled them apart.

() Ymir had been awfully quiet ever since we left. She walked next to me, her hand holding mine, but she wasn't looking my way, and she wasn't talking to me. Her eyes were fixed on the ground in front of her. She probably was fuming. I didn't blame her.

I wasn't careful enough, and I almost severely injured Josh. Ymir had warned me before we met him that I would have to go gentle, but I got a bit caught up in the whole event, and I panicked after initially tripping up in front of the cameras. I rushed the whole process, and Josh got injured because of me.

Josh had to end the stream early, thanks to two medium sized anal fissures. Ymir immediately pulled us off when she sensed something was wrong, but the damage was already done. A thin coating of blood covered the emerald strapon, colouring it scarlet. I screamed a bit on horror and shock. Josh had almost passed out, still in his subspace.

Thankfully, Ymir kept her head on her shoulders, and immediately called Hanji, making sure she was still awake, and insisted that we bring Josh to her for treatment. She pull the befuddled boy into a dress and a shirt, before letting him ride on her back, so he wouldn't aggravate the injury while walking. This caused thin splatters of blood on the back of her sleeveless top, but she didn't care about that, insisting that Josh needed medical treatment as soon as possible.

For some reason, Hanji already had her lab lighted up before we came, as if she had been expecting us since half an hour ago. She didn't ask us the reason Josh why was hurt, and had already taken out a disinfectant ointment and a suppository painkiller, without so much as cracking a joke. She didn't even looked surprised that three of her students came in the middle of the night to her clinic, one of which had an anal injury. She swiftly escorted me and Ymir out, before attending to Josh, an unusually worried look on her usually carefree face.

“He.. Hey..” I muttered, breaking the silence. I felt hollow, scared that if I started speaking, all the
emotions would pour out and I would break down. My voice was so soft, I could barely hear myself speak. “I.. I’m sorry about.. About tonight.” She was mad at me. I could tell. My words snapped her out of her trance, and she looked at me, her eyes dark. It took me a few seconds to realise they were bloodshot, and her cheeks were damp.

Ymir shook her head. And didn't say anything. We continued walking, and I knew that she was in one of her moods again. She wouldn't talk until she felt composed enough. I squeezed her hand softly, and she squeezed mine back, both of us communicating and trying to feel each other without using words.

Finally, as we turned into the avenue to our dorms, Ymir responded. “It..it wasn't your fault.” Her voice cracked a little, but she caught herself. “It's mine. I shouldn't have let you dom, until I was sure you could really handle it. Josh’s injury is on me.”

Her voice broke towards the end, and she didn't say anything else. We walked to our dorm, and began to climb the stairs.

“I.. I didn't want to hurt him.” I looked at her, blinking away tears of worry for our friend, and guilt for what I did to him. Her face was shrouded by the shadows from a monochrome street lamp overhead. “And.. And I don't think you should blame yourself. We both made mistakes.” I felt like a complete bitch for saying that. In my opinion, Ymir hadn't made any slip ups. I screwed up, and that was why josh would spend the night in the infirmary. But Ymir was headstrong, and when she made up her mind, even if it was that she was in the wrong, I had little chance of convincing her otherwise.

“At least Josh isn't in any life threatening condition.” Hanji’s diagnosis was that he almost ruptured a blood vessel. If Ymir had separated us when she did, he may have had bled out.

Ymir didn't say anything, and we rounded to our apartment. Sasha was in, her boots dumped on the shoerack at the entrance.

“I'm sorry that I wasn't a good dom.” I muttered, breaking the silence once again. Ymir grunted in response. I took off my boots as she released my hand, taking out a cigarette. I didn't approve of her smoking, but after what happened tonight, she needed her own way to cope. I turned away, about to head in.

“He's going to have trouble sitting for the next few days.” My smile was fragile.

“Hanji has standing desks, it should be fine.” Ymir sighed, taking in another mouthful of smoke. She squatted at the stairway, and tried to smile naturally. She couldn't.

I hated the smell of cigarette smoke, or stepping barefoot outside our shared apartment, but I quickly stepped over to my taller lover, not bothering to put on my footwear. I hugged her, squeezing her tight, smelling the smoky, vanilla scent of her tobacco. It was going to stay in my
hair for the next few hours, even after I bathed, but I didn't care. All I wanted was for Ymir to stop blaming herself for what happened.

Ymir hugged me back tightly with both hands, the cigarette resting on the floor, forgotten. When she thought I couldn't see, she started crying, tears gently trickling down onto the back my blouse, soaking the fabric. I held her, watching the orange embers of the cigarette wax and wane, becoming dimmer and dimmer in the darkness. Neither of us let go when the cigarette finally died.

We held each other forever.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

It's been too long, but I really wanted to get it right.

:) 

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Christmas was a surprisingly big thing in the campus.

All around the camp, decorations began to appear in the week before the day, popping up like fresh grass in spring. Plastic reindeer, Mistletoe, Christmas trees and multi coloured baubles adorned the hallways and facilities. Hanji took the liberty of using her patented ‘Christmas blower’, a haphazard device that was basically a cross between a flamethrower and a glitter gun, and managed to spray paint Father Christmas on the side of the scouting legion HQ. It would have looked nice, if Hanji hadn't used Che Guevara’s propaganda poster as a reference. Our HQ now looked like, as Levi distastefully puts it, ‘Commie-land’. Or Venezuela.

It hadn't snowed yet this Christmas, like it had last. The weather forecast said that snow was to be expected before the year ended, but so far, there were no signs, other than the weather, which started getting colder. The sky grew a perpetual grey hue, which didn't let up throughout the day, but that made it look beautiful.

Thankfully, there was always central heating and fluorescent lights to help. I smiled, looking at the decorations that filled the student council room. Marco had managed to push for it, and we borrowed it for a Christmas party. Ymir invited her clique plus Sasha over, and I had invited Petra and Armin over, who in turn, dragged half the faculty staff, and Eren and Mikasa into this respectively. Not that I was complaining. Petra told me that while she didn't usually share alcohol and other narcotics with cadets, a statement that made a few of the staff look suspiciously guilty, she could bring some stronger stuff on Christmas. On top of that, having the staff over meant that the function room could be used without any rules being broken.

At the side of the room, was a small Christmas tree, that had multicolored lights wrapped around it's frame, blinking in a rhythmical pattern. Each flash of the light reflected across the shiny spheres that hung from the thin branches. That left a decent amount of room for our merry group. Was it too cramped? Maybe it was. But today was all about the spirit of the holiday, after all. I sat quietly in the room, looking out of the window, alone, in silent solitude. It was peaceful.

Too peaceful.

Something smashed outside, and I jumped out of my chair. I didn't even have a second to wonder what it was.

“Don't touch that. I don't know what it does to a human body, but it stings the skin, according to what I observed with Steve!!” A voice of a certain mad scientist exclaimed happily from down the hallway. I poked my head out of the door, and an extremely pungent yet alluring order greeted me. It smelt like if every tropical fruit in the world made a baby, and that baby puked on a rotting roasted steak.

“You've got to be more careful, four eyes.” I heard a deadpan drone of my combat teacher, Levi, as he walked down the hallway, carrying several bongs in his arms. “Don't spill the good shit before we get to the party.” They both walked up to me, and I stared, rooted to the ground, as I watched a large orange puddle melt the carpet behind them.

“Uhm, Hanji, what was that you spilled on the floor?” I asked, looking at the insane genius, who was carrying what looked like a bagful of liquid in various containers. It looked like somebody enslaved a rainbow and stuffed it into a set of test-tubes. “Also, it's bubbling. Is that safe?”

Hanji looked back at the puddle of whatever she spilled on the floor, which was now taking the consistency of molten tar.

“Probably. Just don't rub your genitals on it. And don't eat it. Or get any in your eyes. Or let your pet eat it. Otherwise, completely safe.” She decided. I gave the puddle a double take, before deciding safety was a relative concept, just like the moral ambiguity of a teacher bringing experimental drugs to a faculty party with high schoolers. I quickly turned my eyes to the shorter man, who was still a good forehead taller than me. He looked positively like an undertaker carting off bodies to the funeral home, with his silk black suit and his red tie done in a double winsaw. I couldn't tell if he was here for a party or a funeral.

I was low key dreading this part. A month and a half ago, Ymir and I skipped out of his physical training lesson, to have a ‘secret’ rendezvous at an empty lecture hall. Which was basically me getting dicked. It became significantly less secretive when Levi appeared when we were about to leave. He never looked at us the same again, and he never used that lecture room again.

“Ms. Reiss.” He replied, his nose wrinkling a bit, no doubt thinking of what he saw in the lecture theatre.

“Mr. Ackerman.” I greeted, a cold chill running down my spine. He had that effect on people. His dead fish eyes glanced me once over. He looked over my shoulder and into the room, looking for Ymir. He looked back at me, his soulless eyes boring deep into my eyes like the stark darkness of an abyss. “Congratulations on being promoted to a Junior Cabinet Officer.”

“Uh.. Th.. Thank you sir.” I replied stiffly, unsure if I ever heard a compliment from him before. He usually had a habit of kicking the shit out of everybody in classes, with a no mercy attitude towards cadets. I once got a bruise the size of a small plate when he flipped me and kicked me, at the same time, onto a hard part of a training mat. One of the few times our class had heard him laugh was when we were watching an educational video on safety when using a disposable blade. Which was not a very laughable topic, especially since he chuckled at the part where a cadet cut off his fingers by accident.

“No need to thank me, Krista.” His lips curled a little at the edges, into an almost-smile, and he stalked off into the room. “You did it on your own hard work and effort. Something I appreciate in both you and Yeager.” That was as close to a compliment that I could ask for. I heard more footsteps, and I saw a small group make their way to me down the corridor. I broke into a smile.

“Hey Kiddo.” My cousin smirked, as I jogged up to her, hugging her. Today, she wore a skimpy red dress, that had a slit at the mid thigh, allowing her to walk comfortably. It had been about two weeks since she last came back from the capital. She hugged me back tightly, and spun me around like a helter skelter, taking me off my feet. She was way stronger than she looked. We always had been quite close. I breathed in her scent of strawberry shampoo, same as mine. “How have you been?”

“Same old, same old.” I smiled, nuzzling into her voluptuous bust. She was a splitting image of
me, except for her boobs. And personality. I was pretty quiet until you got to know me, but Petra was straight out flirtatious and outspoken. She looked back at me with her bicoloured eyes, and I giggled. I took the chance to glance behind her, and saw Erwin walking up, his single hand carrying several large plastic bags that were filled to the point of bursting with food. The smell of fried meat and Christmas goodies overpowered the pungent odour of whatever Hanji kept in her test tubes. He wore a simple white t-shirt and khaki trousers today, instead of his usual uniform, and it showed off how well developed his muscles were. His arms literally rippled with power, as he carried over thirty kilograms of meat, potatoes, candy and alcohol with a single arm. I stared.

“Like what you see, Ms. Reiss?” He smirked, and I blushed, unused to seeing this side of my German teacher. He was usually so cool and stoic in class, it was difficult differentiating him from a marble statue of a Greek god. Petra, unamused, smacked his stomach with the back of her hand, wincing in pain as she did so. It sounded like someone smacked a brick wall. Erwin was a good sport and yelped in mock pain, but it was pretty obvious that Petra’s hand was stinging like hell.

“Aw, don't mind him, Pet-” a blonde woman smirked from beside me, her hair fluffy and spiky on equal measure. “He's just teasing her.” Nanaba chuckled, her emerald green tunic subtly outlining the shape of her body. I had to admit, she knew how to dress herself. The dress wasn't revealing like Petra’s red spaghetti straps, but it enunciated her curves well, and matched with her blonde hair. I suddenly became conscious about what I was wearing. Sweatpants with slippers, and a faded slipknot shirt with a hooded cardigan. I honestly thought that since this was a casual dinner, we were all gonna be slightly more dressed down.

“Where's Josh and Shadis?” I asked, looking at the staff that had assembled. Petra snorted, smiling slightly as she pulled a bottle of cherry vodka out of Erwin’s many plastic bags, and popped it open by twisting the cap sharply. She took a quick sip, before offering me some. I declined politely.

“Josh is on his way with Ymir.” Petra's smirk suddenly turned into a little scowl, and my heart plummeted. I hadn't told Petra about us dating, but somehow she had caught on almost immediately after coming back. Probably because Levi told her, if I had to make a guess. I purposely didn't tell her, because she had a habit of... reviewing my love interests, or anyone who happens to show interest in me. She was in that sense, an old fashioned person. “I have yet to meet her, but she sounds like an... interesting character.” I winced.

“She's a great person, Pet.”

“I didn't say she isn't.” She replied coldly, her different coloured eyes flashing softly. I felt an undercurrent of dangerous emotion flow between us. She obviously didn't approve of us, but didn't say anything about it. I was grateful, in a sense. I knew I was being cowardly and just delaying the inevitable, but one day in the near future, I would have to choose between Ymir or Petra. For now, I would have to try to enjoy whatever time with both of them I had.

"Anyways, I'm thinking of proposing to Levi." Petra smiled, as she bottled up the cherry vodka, passing it to Nanaba, who took a sip. I was glad I wasn't drinking from the said bottle, I might have spat out the liquid or dropped it in shock. I mean, it was just weird when your cousin was about to marry your combat instructor. The first things you thought about when you saw Petra was sunlight, warmth and happiness. The first things you thought about when you saw Levi was none of those things. More like broken fingers and suffering.

"Uh, don't you think it's.. A little.. What's the word?..." I managed to choke out, and from across the room, Levi shot a look at me, using his satanic powers to sense someone talking shit about him. Petra had her back turned to him, so she didn't feel his icy stare as the surrounding temperature dropped to negative, the glass of the alcohol freezing over with cold condensation. "I, uh, mean,
yeah, that's great, that's great."

"Yes, I know, we seem like an odd couple, and I occasionally share him with Nanaba and Erwin." Petra smiled, and she sat down on the many sofas laid out across the room, gesturing me to sit in the one opposite her. I sat, a bit to stiffly, into the comfortable cushion, feeling it mould around my weight. "But I think it's about time I thought about the long term, y'know?"

"That's great. Wait, what was that thing about Nanaba and Erwin-"

"Oh, we share."

"Wait, what?"

"Wait, so Erwin.."

"Yeah, and believe me, you know what they say about people with big feet.."

"Ew!! Gross gross gross-" I covered my ears, flushing red. Erwin was hot, but the thought of him together with my cousin was a solid no-go. I took a look at his shoe size from across the room, and my jaw practically hit the floor. They were humongous.

"Did he-?"

"Yeah, he had to have them custom made. Don't step on them, they weren't cheap." Petra laid back, stretching her pale forearm across the back of the sofa, owning it. "How are the dorms here like? I heard that the living conditions have barely improved since I left last year."

"If you mean that the vomit stain from the faculty party hasn't been cleaned off the wall, then yeah, this place is pretty dirty." I remarked, checking my phone. Ymir hadn't texted me, so I had no idea when she would arrive. Which was usually a bad thing. I wanted her to make as good a first impression as she could with Petra. But knowing Ymir...

"Ah, that brings me back. Shadis did that by the way." A cheeky smirk forming in her beautiful face. Petra shifted the dress, making sure that it didn't ride too far up her thighs. "We gave him a ton of alcohol, and Erwin spun him like a helter-skelter ride."

"Has there ever been a party that Shadis has been to that he isn't tripping on soft drugs?"

"Well, no. Not that I can recall. The worst was when he OD-ed four times in one night. Hanji took the longest needle you would have ever seen, and just unceremoniously shoved it into his chest." Petra shrugged, and slid her perfect hair back behind her shoulders. I gaped.

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"Wait, but he overdosed four times-"

"Yeah, she kinda ran out of space halfway through. She shot one into his thigh, then one into his ass. Didn't even bother to put an alcohol swab first." Petra took out her phone, which had a light pink unicorn cover. It would have been adorable, if the unicorn didn't have a speech bubble stating: I'm riding ass.

"So when's your girlfriend coming?"

"Petra-" I whined, trying to get her to drop it. She wasn't having it.

"Hey, it's important. I can't have some half assed loser dating my younger cousin."

"Ymir is not a loser!" I replied, a little too heatedly for my liking. Petra remained silent, pursing her
"I... I'm sorry." I apologised quickly, covering for the outburst directed at my older cousin. "I didn't... I didn't mean to shout. Ymir's a great person, is all. She's done so much for me."

"It fine, Krista. It's on me. I may have been a bit too harsh on her, maybe from the stories I've heard of her. Since you vouched for her, I'm glad to give her a chance and see how this goes-"

Just then, the door swung open and Ymir strolled in, with Josh and her clique. I froze. If I thought I was underdressed, Ymir was worse. Way worse. I was used to her, so we both dressed like bums, but it obviously wasn't impressing my older cousin, who sniffed disapprovingly.

From the way Petra had talked to me regarding her previous boyfriends, they were all gentlemen, posh and polite, able to woo a lady and charm them with their suaveness. Worse comes to worst, they at least wore a suit. Ymir was dressed in an oversized, loose fitting t shirt that was obviously not her size, which was frayed at the collar. The cherry on the cake was that, it had words in a dialect scrawled on the front, which if I read correctly, was along the gist of: 'daddy has arrived.' Petra’s eyebrow lifted by a fraction, and I knew she could read whatever was written on Ymir’s shirt. It didn't help that Ymir was dressed in depression slacks, which had several rips in it, which were more of wear and tear than actual design. To top it off, she wore granny / hobo crocs, which were really comfy and well padded, but did nothing to move Petra’s impression of her. In fact, I'm pretty sure she pushed the progress I made back by a few months with her dress code alone.

"Hey Krist." She smirked, and I felt my face flush. She may have dressed like a hobo who got catapulted through a detroit clothing store, but the gaze in her eyes were dark and ridiculously sexy. I felt shivers run up my spine. Petra noticed this, and cleared her throat, and I quickly straightened up, a bit too fast for me to pretend I wasn't staring at Ymir.

"And you must be Petra, right?" My girlfriend smiled, showing off a glint of her pearly whites. If it was any other girl, that would have pretty much made them squirt enough arousal to power wash a small car. As it was, Petra was not impressed, although she wasn't looking at Ymir like she was something you’d find at the bottom of a bus seat.

"Yes. I'm Krista's older cousin." She stood up, and extended her hand, which Ymir took, shaking it. I winced a little when she emphasised the word 'older'. Her hand looked positively tiny when wrapped in Ymir’s. "I hope you are treating her well." Her eyes glazed over, and the temperature of the room dropped by a few hundred degrees. "I'll be your assistant teacher for Literature." She smiled, and it was as comforting as a shark before it chewed into a seal.

"You'll be replacing Ms. Nanaba?" Ymir smiled, and it seemed forced for some reason. Mostly because Nanaba let her skip out on class. Ymir actually does literature homework and hands it up on time, so Nanaba allowed her to get away with these small concessions. To top it off, she's actually good at the subject, being the honours student of the class every now and then. A new teacher would probably be a cultural shock for her.

"For half the term or so." Petra smiled sweetly, like a crisp cyanide apple. "I'm afraid I don't let any of my students skip class, no matter how good their grades are."

"I see." And this time, it was Ymir’s turn to smile sweetly, but I could tell it was definitely forced, like when she held herself back from punching or verbally abusing Eren or Jean. "I'll keep that in mind."

Ymir’s face twitched a bit, and I realised that both of them were straining the whole time, their hands clenched tightly, each one giving the other a knuckle grinding handshake, trying to see who
would give up first. And for the first time in my life, I saw Ymir actually struggle to beat her opponent. I was impressed and a little perturbed. I knew my older cousin was strong, but this was ridiculous. A small bead of sweat rolled down Ymir’s face, and Petra winced slightly, both of them whispering curses under their breath. I stood there, unsure whether to laugh or to cry. Two people who I absolutely loved were already fighting to the death on their first meeting. This was not going to end well.

"Why… don’t.. you.. eat.. a.. dick.. you.. freckled..degenerate..." Petra growled softly, her hand straining against the force of Ymir’s crushing grip.

"You..first...fake..tits.." Ymir grunted, her voice soft and strained, as Petra’s hand squeezed her knuckles white and raw.

I should have said something. I should have told them to stop being children, and start acting their age, but I was too much of a coward. I just stood there, not knowing what to do, hoping that they didn’t kill each other by accident.

Thankfully, an over energetic brunette wandered over, before either of them could break each other’s hands. Sasha had helped Reiner and Bertholdt set up the snacks stand with Shadis, and had shifted her attention to Petra.

"Oh my god, Krista!!" Sasha wagged her hips like an excited puppy. "You didn't tell me you had such a beautiful twin sister!!" I thanked whatever higher power above for the blessing that was Sasha. The two alpha females immediately released each other with a look of condescension, their dick measuring contest interrupted by the flamboyant girl.

"Sasha!!." Petra immediately caught herself, and you wouldn't have thought she and Ymir had any disagreements prior. "How you, gurl?"

"Great." The brunette air head laughed carelessly, and Ymir took her chance to quickly disappear, choosing to chill at the corner with Reiner and Josh. The party had just begun, but alcohol was already being served, courtesy of Hanji, who was ensuring everybody was good and buzzed before the night began. "Shadis caught me eating potatoes from the cookhouse again though, but it was worth all the laps I had to run. That's how I keep my figure." She smiled in her airhead way, and even Petra couldn't resist petting her head.

"You're such a blast, my dude."

From the corner of my eye, I saw Josh and Ymir’s gang playing bluff, with Erwin and Nanaba spectating the match. I was pretty sure betting on students was something that violated the school rules. Still, there was a lot of small change and notes on the ground.

"Three Threes." A blank faced Annie called, from next to Marco, and everybody just shut up, unable to read her poker face. Although I was pretty sure that was her normal face. Erwin looked at her face, and exchanged looks with Nanaba, before quickly adding more money to his pile.

"Pet, imma hang with Ymir. See you." I hugged my older cousin and she laughed and waved me off, continuing her chat with Sasha, who was going on about the raccoon issue near our dorm.

I started moving towards Ymir, but as I did, a nagging feeling stopped me. It felt like my legs were failing me, their strength and direction leaving them.

I should have said something.

Instead of walking to Ymir like I said I was going to, I turned away and walked towards Hanji,
who was handing out cups of alcohol and dispensing suspicious packets of green herbs. As I walked towards her, I felt a pang in my stomach. It echoed inside me, making me feel hollow and empty. I should have backed her up when Petra was bullying her. Petra was behaving in such an unreasonable fashion towards her, and I just stood there and watched it happen. The guilt pricked at me, but I quickly pushed it away, looking at the mad scientist who was having a lively chat with my emotionless combat teacher.

"It's actually a mix of ice cream and vodka, with some martel. The vanilla ice cream really gives the kick more oomph, if you get what I'm saying-" Hanji animatedly gestured to Levi, who had one hand on a glass of clear red liquid with a blossoming flower of caramel and vanilla ice cream in the center. "It's my personal creation, which I affectionately call the Bombshell."

I glanced away at the scene, trying to sneak a peek at Ymir. Was she angry at me? I wouldn't blame her. I was such a coward. I should have just stopped Petra, but I didn't. I didn't want to argue with my older cousin, no matter how overbearing and stubborn she was at times. I mean, she meant well, but sometimes she could be overbearing and I didn't know how to handle her.

Levi took one look at it, and threw it into his mouth, grimacing as the alcohol scorched his throat. He took a long drag from the bong next to the bar, before letting out a stream of vapour in a ring. "Yeah, that's pretty fucking good. It's as strong as I like it, but the ice cream makes the shitty taste bearable. I would get wasted on this."

Ymir was laughing next to Josh, and raking in their earnings, as a dejected looking Erwin took a long gulp from his cup of cherry vodka. Annie was looking at a patient Reiner, who was explaining why calling an opponent, even Josh, who said one five, was a bad call. Petra and Nanaba had already set up the music stand, and were playing oldies through the school public announcement system, which was probably a violation.

I sat down at the bar, and Hanji immediately kept the packets of weed. "Sorry Krist, but the green and red herbs aren't free for students." She winked at me, as if it was a normal thing to offer students soft drugs. "It's ten bucks a pack. The alcohol, however, is free."

"Uhm." I said. I looked at Hanji, who looked back at me innocently. I didn't go out much, and Ymir never brought me drinking before, so I didn't really know what to do. "I don't drink, Ms. Hanji."

"Seriously? Doesn't Ymir bring you on beer runs?" Zoe smirked, looking at me, resting her chin in the palm of her hand, her Cheshire cat smile never fading. "Speaking of your overprotective girlfriend, where is she?" I quickly chanced a look behind me. Ymir was having fun with Reiner and the rest, playing a round of old maid. Nanaba was the worst, her face lighting up and darkening whenever Josh's hand skimmed past her joker.

I felt my face warm up, my heart constricted on my chest. The guilt bubbled lazily in my stomach, like a pool of acid. I must have been as bad as Nanaba was at hiding my emotions, because Levi and Hanji caught on pretty fast.

"Why don't you get the little lady a margarita, Zoe?" Levi sighed from beside me, which saved me the need to answer that painful question. "You can never go wrong with a good lime margarita, and Hanji makes the best ones on campus." The mad scientist nodded, and began to mix the tequila, leaving me and Levi in a comfortable silence.

"So what's the deal?" Levi asked next to me, speaking into his second Bombshell of the night. The vanilla twirl of the ice cream clashed with the condensation forming at the edge of the cup where his breath touched it, blooming like a winter flower against the cold glass. "Girl issues?"
"Sort of, Mr. Ackerman." I admitted, after a moment of hesitation. Levi looked at me from the corner of his eye, before turning to his bombshell. Like the first, it went down his throat in one shot. I wasn't used to talking with him about anything, much less my own feelings, and I didn't feel like ruining the party mood. I kept quiet. He remained where he was, keeping quiet as well.

"I may not be a good homeroom teacher, Ms Lenz, but I still try to help the pupils." Levi sighed, putting the empty cup down. The hollow clink of the cup was audible in my peripheral senses. His cold dead eyes bored into me. "If you have any issues, you can just tell me about it."

"Mr. Ackerman?"

"It's Levi. It's always been."

"Levi, I just.." I sighed, closing my eyes and rubbing my temples. "I just don't know."

"Don't know what?"

"What to do about Ymir and Petra." I blurted out, just as Hanji put my cocktail on the table. Levi didn't respond, tapping the table for another shot. I took it gratefully, and sipped it, the bittersweet taste filling my mouth. I grimaced.

"Drink it with the salt on the rim." Hanji advised, smiling patiently. I winced as I swallowed the burning fluid. "It tastes better." I nodded, and took another sip. It didn't taste much better, but I felt a bit lightheaded, and the tension in the back of my head lessened.

"You feel like they are making you choose between either of them." It was a statement, not a question. Hanji gave him another shot, this time a blue, sharp coloured sparkling liquid, with a single peeled cherry at the bottom. He put it to his lips, and sipped it, enjoying the taste. He rolled the liquid in his mouth, before swallowing. "But you want to be with both of them."

"Yeah.." I admitted. When Levi put it like that, my issue seemed less convoluted. "But I love both of them so much. Differently, of course, but I don't want to hurt either of them."

Levi remained silent, before finishing his shot, and took a long drag from his bong. Finally, he blew a cloud of smoke, and looked at me. He looked a bit tipsy, but I could tell his eyes were focused and shiny.

"At the end of the day, I can’t say I disagree with Petra." My home room teacher rolled his neck, loosening his tense shoulders. "If I had it my way, I would have rather you not date Ymir. Your studies have taken a slight dip, but it’s not as if it’s serious enough for me to need to take action.” He quickly explained when I shot him a questioning look. “And no, I’m not just agreeing with Petra because I’m dating her.”

"Ewww. I didn’t need to know that."

"Yeah, yeah." Levi snorted into his cup, grinning slightly. He took another hit of weed. "Laugh it up, you eighteen year old white girl. All I can say is that I have a better taste in girlfriends than Ymir does."

"Which is not something you should tell a person when dating her cousin." I giggled, taking a sip from the margarita, trying to get used to the burn of the alcohol. I winced, the uncomfortable sensation of the drink hitting me softer. I took a quick lick from the rim of the cup, the salt distracting me from the bitterness of the tequila. "Damn, this is pretty strong."

"It sure isn’t pumpkin spice, huh?" Hanji chuckled from next to me. "Don’t drink too fast. The
night’s just begun.”

"I’m just the boy inside the man
Not exactly who you think I am.”

The speaker blasted from overhead, as Nanaba and Petra took sips from their matching glasses, chatting with Erwin and a dark haired woman at the edge of the table I didn't recognise.

“Would you believe me if I told you that I know how you feel right now?” Levi asked suddenly, turning to face me. His eyes were black, but unlike the usual darkness they held, they were warm and a little bit nostalgic. I shook my head, taking another sip of the drink.

“When I was younger, I was a troubled youth. No surprises there.” He added when I rolled my eyes a little, feeling sassier as I drank. “I got myself into a lot of trouble, and eventually, it came back to bite me whenever it could.” He took another shot from a small cup that Hanji passed to him. For his size, he could really drink. As Marco would know.

"I feel a million miles away,
Still you connect me in your way.”

“I got mixed up with a lot of illegal shit. Vandalism, petty theft, assault. Name it, I did it for the kick. Living in a shithole slump does that to you.” Levi chuckled. He took a quick look at his boss, who was currently playing a round of poker with Nanaba and Petra, although it was obvious they weren't serious, they were all laughing and chatting.

Ymir was chilling to the side with Josh, laughing as the effeminate boy tried to calm down a panicking drill sergeant shadis, who was screaming about how there were bugs on him. After seeing his reaction, I was pretty sure I knew what Hanji’s red herbs did to you. “I wouldn’t have made it without a good friend of mine. I consider him family, actually. He helped me get into the rackets, into an organized gang, not like the ragtag groups of delinquents you see on the streets.” Levi punctuated his speech with a quick drink.

“He made sure I had a future. Because before I met him, I sure as hell didn’t. Me and my crew got busted trying to stiff a liquor store. Can you imagine that? How pathetic we were?”

"After all, the lights go out.
I'm just the words. You are the sound.”

“Anyways, when they called the cops, we ran for it, but we reached a dead end. The first three had already managed to jump it, so I was left with Timmy ‘Clubfoot’ Jackson. Tim was the smallest of us, and he was called that because his dad beat him up so bad one time, he never walked properly again.” I bit my lip, feeling my eyes water a little. I loved my parents, and was fortunate enough to grow up in an extremely well to do household. I couldn’t imagine what it was like living in the ghetto like that, with no food or shelter. I wondered whether Ymir lived like that. She never really talked about her parents or her background, even to me. All I had gathered was that at one point in time, she left her home and didn’t look back. It always made me cry a little when I imagined it.

“So it’s just me and Tim left behind the wall. I have no choice but to help that little bastard scale it. It was a street rule that we always helped our buddies. So I support the weight of his weak foot, until he manages to reach the top of the wall. Time is running out. I can already hear the boots behind me. All I can feel is the sweat on my face and the burn in my shoulders as I lift him up. He barely pulls himself over the edge. He tries to help me, but I tell him to scram before he bites it. Before I can get myself across to join him, the cops drag me down, and the next thing I know, I’m in handcuffs, at the back of the alley.”
"And we are all see through, just like glass.
And we could shatter, just as fast."

“That’s when I met him. The cop who arrested me, Kendrick Ackerman, he saw this kid, a
dickwad like me with no educational levels, no friends, and no parental support, and he knew I
could never be in an office with a suit and tie.” He gestured to himself. “How things change, eh?”
Hanji smiled a little next to me, listening to Levi tell his life story. I was hooked. Levi was an
enigma to us, an emotionless god that rained down expletives and punishments. But after hearing
what he had said about his past, he somehow became more relatable. Levi finished the shot, and
sighed into his empty cup.

“So he used some connections. Pulled some strings. Kenny asked if I wanted a better life, if I was
willing enough to work hard for it. He saw something in me when I helped my buddy escape.
Something that most people didn’t. I wasn’t just some dumbass with no future. Not to him.” Levi
sat in silence, looking at the ceiling. I couldn’t tell if he was lost in his memories, or he was high
from the weed. Either way, Hanji and I were still listening. It gave me a distraction from the
nagging in the back of my mind about my predicament regarding Petra and Ymir.

"It was lost in the corners of my mind,
behind a box of reasons why."

“I told him yes, and he paid my bail for me. He got me out of the sentence, and I started working
for a local small time mob boss who owed him a favor. See, he was no squeaky clean cop. He was
dirty.”

"Dirty?"

"He was sort of a policeman, but he had ties all around the.. Less morally upright parts of town. He
knew his way with gangsters and whole assortments of bad people. He happened to be on patrol
duty that night as punishment, because he took an interrogation too far a week back."

"When you say too far.."

"Yeah, the person he was interrogating was accused of child molestation and Kenny kinda… he..
Well, he seared the convicts hands in a heated waffle iron."

"What the actual fuck?"

"He was alright with most crimes, he said. Everyone needed a way to make money, and morality
was all relative, according to him. Even selling drugs or pimping. But when people hurt others just
for pleasure, he would put his foot down. He hated bullies, wife beaters, rapists and child molestors
more than anything in the world."

"He still doesn't sound like a very nice man though."

"He wasn't. He was a misogynist, short tempered, a perpetual drunk, and his brashness often
resulted in things getting messier than usual.” Levi took another shot, putting the empty glass back
on the podium. Hanji poured him another.

"We all wanna be somebody!! We just need a taste of who we are.""
proper home.” Levi grinned, and wiped his eyes. “I took his last name. Kenny checked on me from
time to time, about three or four times a week or so. Made sure I was doing okay. Made sure I was
still attending school, made sure I didn’t get caught by the cops when I made my usual drug runs.
Even when I fell for Petra and told him I wanted out, to live a quiet life, he pulled a few more
strings, and managed to convince his buddy to let me out of the syndicate.”

I took a long sip from my margarita, unsure how to respond. My eyes were wet, but I managed to
hold my tears back. Hanji listened intently, no longer mixing any drinks. Levi finally continued.
“Of course, you’d have to imagine how Petra and Erwin reacted when they first met Kenny. Erwin
was a proper policeman before he became a captain. And Petra, despite how wild she can get, was
always a stickler for doing the right thing. They had a lot of arguments, and I mean a lot. On one
hand, I was indebted to Kenny for whatever I had, and on the other, I loved Petra and the new
family I found. I knew where they were coming from. Kenny was a scumbag from their
perspective. But he was a scumbag who saved me. I was confused and didn’t know what to do. On
one hand, I had a woman I fell for, and on the other hand, I had the only person I regarded to
something even close to a family.” He took a long hit. Finally, he emptied the smoke from his
lungs, and heaved a chuckle. “Sound familiar?”

""We're willing to go, but not that far.""

I blinked away my tears, and nodded. “H..how did you convince them to get along?” I finally
asked, when I was sure my voice wasn’t going to crack. I took another sip from my glass, and
that’s when I realized that Levi was blinking back his own tears, composing himself. I didn’t know
why he would tell me such a personal thing. Maybe he saw me as family, since he was dating
Petra, or maybe he was too drunk for his own good.

“I didn’t.” He looked at the back of the glass, as if he was reminiscing about the ghosts that
changed and chased him. “They eventually realised that I loved and cared for all of them, and
learned that the only way to not hurt me was to tolerate each other. Of course, the road is still
bumpy. And it was only after a huge fight that they began to understand that.” He looked at me and
tapped the table. Hanji turned back to him, pouring him a larger cup of beer. She turned back to a
flushing Armin, who was chugging a giant jug of mead. Around him, Petra and Nanaba, Sasha and
Eren cheered him on, screaming wildly as he choked a little on the golden liquid.

"" I'm just the boy inside the man.
Not exactly who you think I am."

“You need to learn to accept that there are some things you can’t change, no matter how hard you
try. That and it’s alright to be a bit selfish at times. You don’t always have to apologize and be
afraid to trouble people for something you want.” Levi replied, his eyes cold and pained. “Don’t
blame yourself. Eventually, an opportunity will come.” He took another gulp of beer.

I nodded. I didn’t know what to say.

“I guess what I’m saying is that, don’t wear yourself thin over this. While I don’t approve of you
dating her, it’s your life to live, and your choice who you love. Although if I feel that she’s
affecting your academic results, I have a duty to take action against you two.” He sighed, resting
his head into his arms. He nodded at Ymir’s direction. “I think you should go back to her now. It’s
been a while, and she’s probably worried about you.”

"" So when they say they don't believe, I hope they see you and me."

“Th...thanks..Levi.” I managed, surprised but feeling slightly better. Levi didn’t seem like a person
you could spill your worries with, but after talking to him, I felt like a weight had been rolled off
my chest. “You know, I’ve never seen you this open before. I mean, it’s a first for me.”

“To be honest,” He shrugs, before finishing the rest of the beer. “Neither have I. I think your
cousin is changing me for the better.”

“Or it’s all the alcohol you drink.”

“Don’t get smart with me, junior cabinet officer. Don’t you have a girlfriend to go bother?” Hanji
passed me my margarita, in case I forgot about it. My combat instructor smirked into his cup, and
one of his best friends poured him another generous amount. As I walked towards Ymir, I
overheard their conversation.

“You really are getting soft, huh?”

“Shut up and drink.” Levi smirked, pushing the rest of the huge mug of beer onto Hanji. I smiled
inwardly. I guess Christmas was really a season for family.

I reached her just as Ymir and Josh managed to hoist Shadis onto a table, letting him work out his
trip.

"I'm melting man!! The floor is lava, you are a puddle, and I can't feel my skin!!" The tan skinned
drill sergeant screamed, flailing around like the last time Jean spilled coffee on his crotch. (Ymir
poured it on him.)

"Uh, how long has he been, you know?" I gestured at Shadis, who was rolling around and drooling
at the mouth. His eyes were dilated, and his bald head was shiny with sweat.

"About ten minutes." Josh quickly rolled him over, trying to get him comfortable, while Shadis
tossed around, and knocked magazines off the side of the coffee table he was lying on."Fifteen
minutes ago he was screaming about bugs only he could see."

Our Drill Sergeant was now doing what looked like a perfect butterfly, which would have been
impressive if this were an Olympic sized pool and not a concrete floor. He bumped into a nearby
bookshelf, and a few books joined their relatives on the floor. The reading materials laid on the
floor in a dissatisfied, rumpled pile, as if unhappy that a grown up man who was tripping on soft
drugs had evicted them from their homes. "He's actually doing much better-

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB!!!!!!"

"You jinxed it, shortstop." My freckled girlfriend chuckled from behind him, as Shadis began to
twist around like a contortionist, his eyes rolling up into his skull. Her phone was out, and I was
sure she had been recording the whole event. Josh immediately went to his side, and tried to calm
him down, to which Shadis shrieked and made a grab at him.

"LIZARD PEOPLE!!! I'M BEING SURROUNDED BY LIZARD PEOPLE!!-

Josh cried out, surprised at the sudden movement from the potentially dangerous man, and pushed
him away. Which would have been alright, if he didn't push Shadis's face. With a perfect palm
strike. As he fell, a loud crack filled the room, and everybody glanced over at the mess that was
our drill instructor and the broken table below him. The magazines looked vindicated, at least, so
that was a small victory. Meanwhile the speakers continued playing music as if nothing too
impressive had happened.

"" This, is, my Rooollllllllllllllllllllrrrrrrrrring, roaring twenties-""
Erwin sighed, and walked over, his broad shoulders looming over Kresnik's tiny frame. Josh frantically scooted to the side, allowing the gigantic blond man to roll the unconscious man over and check his pulse. Despite the possibility of Shadis being dead, Ymir continued filming, documenting the whole event for the probable funeral service. And possibly Josh's courtroom trial. I mean, I would vote him innocent if I was asked to be on jury duty. I'm pretty sure everyone in the room would. Shadis was a dick.

"Is he going.. To.. You know?" Josh timidly pointed at the barely moving man.

"Die?" Erwin finished his sentence calmly, and I was pretty sure this had happened before. Everybody had looked on the sight for a second, before continuing with whatever they were doing. "Probably not. He isn't even frothing at the mouth yet."

"How often does this happen?" I asked, nudging my fallen commander with my foot. He murmured something incomprehensible, before rolling onto the magazines and squashing them under his paunch.

"More often than you would know, but still less often than you would expect." Erwin sighed, in a tone that said he was not amused but not surprised. "Please don't step on your commander, Ms. Lenz. He's a disgrace to the scouting legion, but he is still your higher up."

"That's pretty depressing." Ymir noted from the sidelines.

"Yes, it is." Erwin agreed, dragging Shadis's sleeping form like how one would drag a sack of potatoes to the side. At least nobody could step on him by accident. Or on purpose. There would be a good sized floor imprint on his face when he woke up.

"Come on," Ymir smirked, quickly guiding josh and me away from the scene before we had to write an evidence report about a OD case. She took both out hands and led us towards our friend. "Let's go hang with Armin."

We stepped over one of the long legs of our unconscious commander, making our way to the petite blond boy, who was swaying, his legs shaking. On the table next to him, three large jugs lay, empty. I quickly looked at the back of Ymir's head, feeling the way her warm, larger hands held and cushioned mine. I gulped. A tinge of guilt swept through my conscious mind, berating me for my cowardice. Ymir was always there for me, but I was never there for her when she needed me the most. She deserved better than me.

Ymir must have felt something was wrong, because she turned around, and smiled at me, with that secret caramel sweet smile of hers that reassured me and told me everything was alright. I grinned back, feeling much better. Maybe it was weird that we could have conversations without any words. I wouldn't want to change it for anything, though.

Armin was a bit shaky, resting on the plush couch that his girlfriend had pulled out for him. His face was a bit red, and I was actually worried that he was about to hurl. He was chuckling and grinning though, a little tipsy, so I guess he was alright. Annie was sitting in his lap, and they were awfully close, like faces inches apart close. Annie's face was red, too, and I was pretty sure she was drunk.

To their left, Eren and Mikasa sat, Eren's hand resting around her shoulder. The two girls would occasionally glare at each other, as if reminding each other that the fact that they were in the same room was just a temporary treaty. Eren and Armin were laughing and chatting, ignoring the sharp glares that their two girlfriends gave each other.
"Jsh!! Krishta!! Youmier!!" Armin hiccuped when he saw us. His voice was slurred, and it was a miracle how his liver hadn't shut down altogether from all the alcohol in his bloodstream. "How.. How.. Ar are you guys?"

"Uh, Armin? Are you alright?" Josh tried to straighten out Armin's crumpled shirt so it at least covered his stomach, only for Annie to smack his hand away, hissing like a possessive cat. Armin quickly gave a kiss to Annie, who flushed harder. Although with their current tipsy state, they resembled two hamsters eating each other's faces. I giggled a little.

"Y...yeap.. Heal.. Healthy as a.." Armin chuckled, a stupid smile on his face, one hand raised as if reiterating a point. "as.. As a cow."

"I think you mean a horse?"

"Wh.. Whatever farm animal is the healthiest-" Armin replied, before gracefully smacking the table. With his face. It was so sudden, I jumped back, a bit shocked. Eren stared, soaking in this unusual sight. Mikasa kept her deadpan expression. Armin began snoring softly. Annie checked his pulse, before getting off his lap.

I thought for a moment she was going to help her boyfriend get comfortable or pull him to the side to make sure he didn't disturb the rest of the party. Then she followed suit, beautifully smacking the floor with her face, lying next to her fallen companion. Mikasa gave a short, snarky laugh.

"Uh.." I pointed to my two unconscious friends. Ymir looked supremely unconcerned.

"Yeah, that's why we don't give Ice Queen over here any alcohol." Ymir was helping Annie on the floor roll over, so she wouldn't have a floor imprint on her face when she woke up. I had a strange feeling that much like Shadis tripping on illicit substances, this event had happened before. Eren was leaning over the table, and helping Armin into a sitting position, while Mikasa took the chance to take a lingering look at his ass. I shivered. Typical Mikasa stuff.

"I'm gonna get food. Take care of Josh while I'm gone." Ymir made her way to the buffet table, gesturing to the brunette behind me like he was our pet. Which he kinda was. The food section was loaded with meat diverse selection of meat, potatoes and various types of cheese. Everything a party should have and needed. The fragrance of roasted tender beef and well fermented dairy made my stomach growl. Ymir greeted Nanaba, who had pulled on an apron and was flipping pancakes over an electric stove.

".. Uhm…" Josh was cowering behind me, and I put my hand on his head, patting him to calm him down like a spooked puppy. He was probably thinking about the bite marks between his neck and shoulder, left by Mikasa's teeth. I didn't know if it still hurt, but Josh didn't like talking about it, so we left it as it was.

"Do you think she remembers?" Josh asked quietly from behind me, his wide hazel eyes shaking a little in fear. I gently stroked his hair, trying to reassure him.

Mikasa didn't even look at him though, her sheer focus on Eren, and I guess that was some kind of relief. If she found out that Josh had took her first time, there was no telling what she would do. Probably kill everyone in the school. If she ever walked into the canteen with a black trenchcoat and a bulky looking bag, I hoped I had my running shoes on. With any luck, I would have heard "Pumped up kicks" playing from the hallway outside, and got ready before she burst in.

"Probably not. If she did, we'd all be dead or dying." Josh whimpered, and I shrugged. Getting murdered in your sleep by an enraged Mikasa was always a risk that anybody who worked in the
corps took. We all had a little betting pool on who was going to get murdered by her first, as a form of entertainment.

Ymir bet that it was gonna be Eren while she was choking him during sex. I didn't say it, but I wanted her to choke me when we were doing it. Every now and then in my private moments I imagined her with her strong hands around my slim neck, squeezing me but not choking me, knowing she could easily break me if she wanted to...

Anyways back to earth.

I had money that it would be Annie. They seemed to have a very abrasive relationship. It wasn't even questionable, like her and Ymir's. They straight out glared at each other, threw their disposable blades at each other while they were in the Basic Military Course and would generally screw with each other whenever they could. This included switching the other's shampoo with platinum bleach (The sticky note at the back read `Keep your hands off my Eren, you grey eyed slut') and replacing every photo the other had of Eren's face (which was a lot) with a photo-shopped screaming Adolf Hitler.

When Armin and Nanaba came around collecting bets, they were rather amused by Sasha's answer. The conversation went something like this:

S : "So we are all collecting bets on who's gonna kick it first?"

N : "Who Mikasa kills first. Which, yeah, who's gonna kick it first. I mean, the corps are actually pretty safe if you follow the standard rules of engagement. (Not true. Flying boulders.)"

A : "And we are gonna do a betting pool of sorts. Reiner is betting Jean, and that she kills him with a disposable blade. Ymir and Levi are both betting Eren. I'm thinking of betting on Jean, personally. And I think it's gonna be something drawn out and painful, like a saw trap or some shit. It's gonna be a american psycho episode."

S : "Hmmm. So I earn money for predicting who dies?"

N : "Yep."

A : "Well, I'm worried that our literature teacher said that so casually, but essentially, yes."

S : "Are death notes allowed?"

A : "I'm sorry what?-"  

N : "Nope. That would be cheating. And like, you can't use it to kill someone in a way that wouldn't have happened in the first place. That breaks a rule."

A : "How do you know that, and why are you entertaining this fictitious conversation?"

S : "Anyways, I think I know who I'm gonna bet on."

A : "Is it Jean?"

N : "I'm thinking Levi, that's a pretty good second option."

S : "I'm gonna choose myself."

*Silence*
A : "I'm sorry, what?"

N : "What he said."

S : "Well, it's pretty simple. It's like life insurance. If Mikasa doesn't kill me, I stay alive. If Mikasa murders me, at least I'll get my payout deposit."

N : "Uh..you realise that the current pool is only 24.50, three bus tickets and a few paper balls made from Eren's essay that Levi threw at me, right?"

A : "More importantly, Miss Nanaba, can you please tell your student that a dead person can't collect insurance money!!?"

"What you guys talking about?" Ymir grinned, walking over, a fragrance of well cooked food following her over. In her hands, she carried two large platters with some choice selections. Roast beef, rolled up brussel sprouts, carved turkey, and some sliced cheeses adorned on top of a piece of pancake. Behind her, Sasha had appeared, carrying two entire trays of food, adorned with multiple plates, with enough food for nine people. Usually she only ate eight people's worth of food, so some of it was for us.

Ymir set one of the plastic plates in front of me, and I felt my mouth water. I looked around for my margherita glass, and realised I left it somewhere at the side while Shadis was tripping. Ymir put the other in front of Mikasa and Eren.

"Eat up, you damn lovebirds." She growled at them, and Eren looked at her, a little confused. Mikasa just looked at us suspiciously from below her scarf, as if she couldn't decide if Ymir had poisoned the food, or she was hitting on Eren. After a split second of hesitation, Eren, the more sensible of the duo, mumbled a quick thanks to Ymir, before patting a glaring Mikasa on her head. Mind you, if Eren, the guy who had a screaming monologue halfway through almost every combat class, was the more sensible of the two, it spoke volumes about the lack of social tact that the other party had.

On the other hand, I was really proud at how far Ymir had come. The Ymir I knew from a few months back wouldn't have even thought about talking to the couple, much less take food for them. I'm pretty sure that "Eat up, you damn lovebirds." is Ymir-nese for "I hope you two enjoy your meal."

I smiled at Ymir, letting her know that I noticed, and I was happy when I saw her considerate actions.

"Come on, shorty." Ymir plopped herself down next to Josh, squeezing him between us. Josh flushed, but much like many small woodland creatures, the scent of treats always overrides their shy nature and instincts to run away. He timidly poked his fork into a small piece of beef. I recently read that the best way to get a new kitten or puppies trust was to hand feed it. There was some good age old ideas that could be carried from that scenario to this one. He finished the small piece, and quickly began nibbling on a slice of ham.

"You've been giving me that look all night," Ymir suddenly said. I looked at her, my face a little red. I was still a little guilty about abandoning her when she needed my support, and also for whatever lewd fantasies I had of her in the back of my mind. "Wanna tell me what that's about?"

"Maybe later, babe." I decided it would be better for that discussion to be held at another time,
behind closed doors. I reached around Josh, and kissed her on the nose, and she blushed a little, a shade of red running up her face. I made a mental note about that nickname. "I just wanna enjoy the food in peace with you."

"You are not usually this assertive." Ymir smiled, her lips forming into a suggestive smirk.

"You're not usually this well behaved." I replied, pulling a piece of roast beef and popping it into my mouth. The perfectly marbled fat on its tendons melted in my mouth, feeling it with a sweet and meaty taste. I shivered. "Let's call it even."

As we ate, I could feel Ymir throwing me a long, curious look out from the corner of her eye, a subtle, surprised smile on her face. I ran my palm down the side of my slacks, purposely tugging it slightly lower, accidentally giving her a good view of the hip flesh between my waist and my thighs. As well as the black thong I was wearing. I inconspicuously threw a glance at Ymir as I slowly pulled them up, my inner thighs feeling warmer with each passing second. Her eyes were steely, and there was an emotion that ran behind them, like a transparent sheen, something almost impossible to recognize until you knew her well enough. It was a burning hunger. I gulped, and but my lips, my legs trembling as I imagined her pushing me down and ripping my clothes off.

We were listening to one of Sasha's stories about her walking in on how Reiner got drunk, and thought he could move a wall, when I threw a long, salacious look at Ymir, glancing from her eyes, to her crotch, where a semi large tent was already forming. Ymir shot another look at me, warning me that I was threading on a fine, dangerous line. I didn't mind. I wanted this to happen. I wanted to poke and enrage the beast, just to see the different ways it could tear me apart.

"Can you nerds stop eye fucking?" A voice came from next to us, from somewhere below Armin. A blond head of hair poked out, and Annie made her comeback of the night, a red imprint on her forehead evidence of the intimate connection her face had with the floor."You're making Kresnik embarrassed." I sheepishly glanced at Josh, whose face was beet red. If it had gotten any redder, he would be suffering from an internal haemorrhage. He'd been so quiet through this, we had thought he was too intently listening to Sasha's story to have noticed our palpable sexual tension. It broke Ymir and me out of the trance, and we quickly looked away from each other, pretending that we hadn't spent the last half an hour thinking of hardcore sex with each other while we ate dinner with our friends.

Armin had already woken up halfway through Sasha's stories, and had already eaten his fill of food. Annie, ever the hypocritical one, slid into the chair, leaning on his lap, and began to eat his face instead of the food saved for her. Armin reciprocated, much to Ymir's chagrin. Josh just faced away, while Mikasa made a disapproving sound like she had something stuck in her throat. Next to them, Sasha and Eren continued their story, as if two of our friends weren't stuffing their tongues as deep as they could into each other mouths.

"I liked how you two kiss, by the way. It resembles two sea cucumbers trying to digest each other with their external stomachs in a bid for dominance." Ymir noted, which made me give her a disapproving glower. We had been making so much progress on maintaining harmonious friendships tonight.

"Speaking of things that are thin and slimy, I recommend getting some chapstick for those lips of yours. It must feel like smooching some frozen crusty fish fingers." Annie cut back, once she had disengaged her mouth from Armin's lower face. Well, this was going to be an even fight.

"You would know how that feels like, wouldn't you, Ms. Nugget Rapist?"

"Just like how I know how giving my partner an anal orgasm feels like."
I looked at Josh, who was looking a little left out. He looked back at me, and I nodded, as if to tell him that yes, this was a perfectly normal occurrence. Not a very healthy one, but a perfectly normal one. At least for Ymir and Annie.

"I... Is the mark of a good friendship insulting each other at any given opportunity?" Josh murmured, and I patted his head, letting him rest his head on my shoulder. He was slightly broader than me, but you couldn't tell he was a guy. And today he had a skirt and stockings on, so it was even harder to tell. Even his hair was soft and nice smelling, with a hint of chocolate fragrance.

"Well, not always. But for their case.." I smiled, munching on a piece of garlic toast. Josh sighed, exhaling a long breath that sounded tired. We watched in silence at the two friends who were engaging in a very vehement verbal war with each other. Armin was smart and decided to stay out of it, which was hard if you girlfriend was part of it, and even harder if she was sitting on your lap and gesturing wildly.

"How's Hanji treating you?"

"N... Not bad, surprisingly. I've.. I've witnessed a lot of.. Well..."

"Hanji stuff?"

"Violations of human rights. So yeah, Hanji stuff." Josh moaned, as he took a sip of his vodka punch. "It's not too bad, I just keep stocks of the less than neat lab, help her with various.. Various experiments, and other.. Stuff." He said the last part like it was a casual throwaway thing, but I was pretty sure that he had seen enough ethically ambiguous things in the last week to last a lifetime.

"You just seemed more tired than usual. She's not overworking you, is she?"

"N- No!! No. Not at all." The small boy stuttered, verbally tripping over himself. "I mean, the workload isn't too bad. It's just..."

I looked at him suspiciously, giving him my patented Krista detective eyes. The only way to pass the charisma check was a solid 20 roll. He cracked.

"It's just...?" I prompted.

"Have y..you ever smelled the inside of a person's face?"

"Excuse me?"

"Yeahhh." Josh looked kind of guiltily to the side, which made me even more suspicious of whatever Hanji was doing in her labs. "They.. They made.. Me sign some printup, so I can't give exact details, but if this is between you and me..."

"Whatever you are about to say sounds incredibly illegal."

"Th..that's because it probably is." Josh took another slice of ham from Sasha's platter sized plate, munching into it in a squirrel like manner. "I won't tell you too much, but Hanji ha.. Has this room, and I'm pretty sure I heard panting noises coming from it."

"Like...like Titan noises? Or maybe it's a hybrid or genetically modified animal?" I suggested, feeling a chill crawl up my spine. I was trying to make the situation better, but something in the bottom of my gut told me I was being too hopeful. It was Hanji, after all.

"Like, I thought it was a dog or a horse at first, which would explain the leather leashes hanging on
the coat hangers in front of the vault." Josh slowly replied, looking around as he said it to make sure nobody was eavesdropping. Hanji was still hanging at the bar, chatting with Erwin and Levi, so I guess we were safe for now. "But you.. You don't need a normal door to keep dogs and horses in a room. And if you press your ears up to the door, you can hear the sound of fingernails scraping against the stone floor or the other side of the door. Maybe sometimes coughing and groaning, like a person having an asthma attack."

"That doesn't sound like a horse."

"The only clue I have found is that the dog tag has the word 'Steve' written on it, but in a different alphabet."

I was about to say something, but I was cut short when the door of the student council room broke open with an almighty crash. The two pieces landed on the ground, and splintered, breaking into smithereens. The pure white leather boot that had kicked it in was linked to a single long leg, like a gigantic albino spider. We all spun around, and the conversation stopped. Even Ymir and Annie stopped tearing into each other and turned to see who was the cause of the ruckus.

"What did we say about kicking doors open?" The first thing I noticed about the man saying that was that he was short and stout. He wore suspenders, over a pair of button ups that did nothing to flatter his pot belly. He didn't talk, rather bark, his voice deep and fast. With muscles that seemed to bulge out from beneath the clothes he wore, gave him the look of a semi aggressive bulldog that had been poked with a stick in some delicate areas. On his right hand, he wore a golden ring in the shape of a 'G' on his middle finger.

"Sorry bout that. I assumed this one was locked, just like the one downstairs. Nice way to welcome guests, that was, eh?" The person next to the bulldog of a man was the polar opposite. He was tall and thin, and resembled a doberman. He didn't look thick, and he had a slouching posture, but you could tell from there was a lean, explosive strength behind his frame. Like Levi, he gave the air that he could easily reach over to you and rip you apart without even trying.

He was dressed in complete white, even the hat he wore. The stark white was blinding, and it should have been calming, but it was anything but. Just by looking at it, I felt an inkling of nervous energy coil in my stomach. The white was a fearsome tint, the subtle sharpness of it like the fine edge of a razor blade. Beneath the fedora perched on his head, his shiny eyes were alert and cynical, like a hunting dog's. I felt a shiver run up my back, and Josh actually whimpered. The book had said that puppies often whined when they felt intimidated by other larger, more dangerous dogs. So far, I was getting my 7.99 dollars worth.

"Look at that, Na'. A piece of shit just walked in." I whipped my head around, and there stood my cousin, in her skimpy red dress, a martini in one hand, a confident, withering light in her eyes. She was glaring at the man, who had just walked in, and I felt the gears click in my head, and I sort of knew who this terrifying man was. The two contenders walked towards each other, like two duellers that were about to murder each other. I wanted to stop her, but I couldn't.

I didn't know how to. I didn't know if I could.

Around them, everybody else had gone back to their regular conversations, albeit with a sense of hushed tension. Even Ymir now leaned in to talk to Sasha, not interested in getting into whatever that was about. Nobody seemed to want to get in between the beef that these two had. I leaned in, pretending I was listening to Sasha, but keeping my eye on the two of them.

"That's a scary look in your eyes, kid." The man's voice was raspy and husky, as if its owner had just been thawed out from the side of an iceberg and hadn't used it in decades. His beady eyes met
Petra's, and they both glared at each other, daring the other to blink or look away. "You've gotten bigger, haven't cha? Ready to join the grown up's table?" I didn't like the way he was looking at my cousin. It was like she was a piece of meat on a chopping board, ready to be carved up. I wondered if he looked at all humans the same way, whether humanity or life itself mattered to him in the slightest.

"As long as I can beat your face with it, I don't care what table I join." Petra's glare was hot and burning, like a raging fire. It burned a contrast against the dead, cold gaze Kendrick Ackerman gave her, like a black, empty void.

"Try it kid. Whenever you're ready to stop hugging Erwin's leg and have a go like a big girl, I'll be waiting."

"Better hugging Erwin's leg than sucking a judge's cock to get off a jail sentence."

"Ya would know about sucking rich people's cocks more than anyone here, wouldn't cha?" When he got angry, Kendrick's voice changed. The accent became colder, his words become more and more waspish, like a shroud you would put on a corpse. In contrast, Petra's face was turning slightly scarlet, her voice raised and her tone snide.

"Petra."

"Kenny."

Two voices rang from opposite sides of the room, breaking apart the verbal argument before it became a brawl. Both of them looked ready to throw down, and while I supported Petra, I wasn't overly confident she could win. Petra turned to Levi, who was walking steadily towards her, despite the copious amounts of alcohol in his bloodstream. Likewise, Kenny looked down to see his bulldog of a companion giving him a glare that obviously told him to behave himself.

"I would prefer it if you didn't make me take sides like this." I heard Levi say quietly to Petra, who had a look of indignation, like a smacked puppy. "Don't aggravate Kenny."

"Yeah, cause criminal scum like him should be running around scot free on the streets."

"That's not related, and you know it." Levi gave Petra a steely look, firm and disciplinary in equal measures. She immediately shut up, knowing that the conversation was over. Levi gave her another look that told her to stop misbehaving, before walking over to Kendrick, who towered over our much shorter combat instructor.

"Levi, it's been a while." Kenny smiled, showing off his teeth, sharp and white and many. It was like looking at a shark. I wondered how many people had seen those pearly whites as the last thing before they died. "How you've been kiddo?"

"Kenny." Levi smiled back, and he looked comfortable for once, as if he didn't have to force himself to be civil around this man. "It's been a wild ride. The teaching service is similar to my last job. Long working hours, no staff welfare, and my students are people who can't seem to learn shit."

"I completely get where ya coming from." Kenny strolled over to the bar, where Hanji was situated. Hanji beamed at him, and he tipped his fedora at her in greeting. The fact that the two of them got along so well only cemented my assumption that both of them were high functioning psychopaths, or at least, war criminals. He was handed a drink that was a pitch black, and I could smell the repugnant odour of alcohol from where I was sitting. "Speaking of idiots, you know, one-
eye Johnny? He kicked it the other day. Ever since his ring got taken down, he's started playing Russian roulette for kicks at The Churn. Someone should have told that moron cha can't play with six bullets."

Levi laughed, and it didn't sound pretty.

"Oi, Earth to Krista. Do you copy?" I jerked back a little, startled, and turned to Ymir, a rakish grin on her handsome face. Next to her, Sasha was looking at me, a piece of bread hanging out of her mouth.

"Totally. I agree with Sasha on whatever we were talking about." I smirked, not taking my eye of the two newcomers. Annie must have caught me peering at them, because she grunted in disapproval, her emotionless frown becoming a little more annoyed. "I was just wondering who they were."

"Which one? King Kong or The Snowman?" Eren asked, a little trail of sauce dripping from the side of his face. Mikasa looked at the drop hungrily, as if she couldn't decide whether to lick it in front of everyone or not.

"I can answer that." Annie pointed at the stout, red faced man, who was currently talking to Erwin in hushed whispers, holding a glass of liquor that looked too dainty for his hands. Erwin looked at him, occasionally throwing looks at Levi and Kenny. The bulldog of a man's G ring shone slightly, reflecting the light of the room. "That's my commanding sergeant, Grill. He's military police."

"Wow. That's Grill?" Ymir took a good hard, double look at the pudgy man. "He's almost an exact copy of what you've described him. Except you know, he's..."

"Red."

"Yeah, red. Is that a... like a skin thing?"

"I've never seen him not red before. I would assume so." Annie took a slice of pumpkin pie and munched on it, her bum pressed snugly against Armin's lap. "To be fair, this is the quietest I've heard him been. He's always either smoking or barking at people."

"Well that's one. Who's the skinny guy?" Sasha piped up from next to us, crumbs covering her lips. Her two hands had a burger in each, and I had a feeling she wasn't done with the buffet table yet.

"My uncle."

We all turned to the silent Mikasa, who hadn't said a single word throughout the entire conversation. I mean, I should have put two and two together, since Levi said he took Kenny's name, but it was still a shock.

"He looks nothing like you." I blurted out, surprised. Mikasa turned to me, and I regretted saying it. I guess she thought I was implying either she was ugly, or he was.

"Yeah!!" Sasha added, through bites of her food. "For one, he has a badass hobo beard, and you don't!!"

Oh, you sweet, sweet child.

"And he's a man, but you're a girl!!" Eren added in earnest, making Ymir and Annie do a synchronised face-palm. Even Josh snorted a little. I mean, we expected this from Sasha, but Eren was just being downright disappointing right now.
"Wow, Eren, we couldn't have guessed." Ymir sighed, her voice dripping with sarcasm. I glared at her. We were making such good progress at being nice. "You're soooooo perceptive."

"Well yes, that's why I'm at the top of the class." Eren declared proudly, despite having been known to doodle stickman killing titans on his exam scripts. According to Nanaba, he had once turned in a crayon drawing of himself flying around on a 3D gear when asked about the various mechanisms and how it functioned. Why he thought he could pass an exam paper that Levi was marking with that was beyond our understanding. How he got crayons into an examination hall with only pens was another conundrum. It wasn't just in one colour, he probably had to have a whole set of sixteen.

And the crayon doodle hadn't been very good, either.

"Well, we aren't exactly close." Mikasa sighed, wrapping her scarf around her face as she snuggled closer to Eren on the couple's couch, who blushed, probably because he was feeling her cleavage on the side of his arm. Mikasa didn't meet our gaze, and was staring at the floor, doing what seemed like a really good Josh impression. "We get along fine, but it's not as if we are super besties, better than the resties-"

"It's funny how you used that phrase specifically-" Sasha nodded sagely, while she munched on spoonfuls of fried rice.

"AND THERE'S MY FAVOURITE NIECE!!"

"Oh fucking goddamnit." Mikasa murmured, hiding her face deeper into her scarf, blushing slightly. Eren looked up, and saw Kenny Ackerman towering over him from behind. Which was honestly a terrifying sight. The fact he didn't scream or ruined his pants was nothing short of commendable. His long face was twisted into a grin, and it was frightening. I've seen pictures of sharks and wolves with less menacing smiles.

"How have you been doing, super bestie?"

"G.. Great, uncle Kenny…"

"Aww, don't call me that, Mikasa!! That's so formal." The possible serial killer in front of us laughed, and plopped in between Eren and Mikasa, separating both of them, turning the two sitter couch into a three sitter. He turned to Eren, looking him up and down. Ymir was looking at them with fascination, her fingers crossed, and I knew she was hoping that Kenny was contemplating on murdering Eren. "This your boyfriend? Do kids your age get boyfriends?"

"Uncle Kenny-!!"

"Hey, hey. It's a fairly standard thing to ask. I want my godchild." Behind his adoptive guardian, Levi was rubbing the bridge between his eyes, as if he couldn't decide whether he had been adopted, or if he had adopted this energetic man. "What do I call you, kiddo? I can't have a nameless schmuck dating my super bestie."

"I'm Eren Yeager, sir, and it's been a pleasure to date your niece." Levi rolled his eyes, and Armin smiled a bit. At least Eren hadn't done anything that was socially unacceptable yet. Which was always a good goal to keep in mind while introducing yourself.

"Don't need to call me sir, kiddo, we aren't married." Kenny laughed, and his breath reeked of alcohol. Then he suddenly stopped, and looked at Levi, then back to the boy dating his niece. "Wait, you're Eren?"
"Yes sir."

"Wait, was this the autistic kid who turned in a crayon drawing for an exam script you were telling me about, Lev?" Kenny pointed at a sheepish looking Eren with a thumb. We all looked at Levi, who rubbed his eyes, and took a long slurp from his mug of beer. "I'm going to go, Kenny. I'm going to walk over to hang with Petra, because I can't believe my father figure sold me out to a bunch of teenagers."

"I'm my defence, it was a very well drawn crayon diagram."

"It wasn't." Levi added, as he stalked off. Our combat teacher left us, a group of helpless teenagers, with a very enthusiastic man who was possibly a serial killer. I mean, if he was Mikasa's uncle, the apple probably didn't fall far from the tree, and if we extrapolated it, that meant that there was a significantly higher chance of getting murdered just by sitting at this table. We might need to set up another separate betting ring regarding who was going to get murdered by Kenny.

"Uncle Kenny?"

"Yep?"

"It's great to see you, but what are you doing here?" Mikasa asked, as Eren looked at the man separating him and his girlfriend apart nervously. Ymir just looked at him with a bored interest, patting a frightened josh on the head while the petite boy hid his face in Ymir's side.

"Oh you know, Hanji and I murdered a few people, and now we are here to lay low and take hostages before the police storm the building."

"I'm sorry, what?!" I blurted in disbelief, and Kenny just laughed.

"Jesus, I was just kidding, don't get your panties in a twist." He stretched his arms across the couch, and Mikasa sighed, rubbing her eyes, while Eren looked anxiously over his shoulder, unsure if Kenny was about to wring his neck. "Just a little joke from harmless old uncle Kenny." I didn't like the way he said the word harmless. It was a word that, if anything, was the opposite of what he was. With all that white on him, he could have been the angel of death. Annie and Ymir were already talking between each other, used to Kenny's presence. Armin, who was acting as Annie's cushion was chatting with Sasha, patting his girlfriend's hair as he did.

"So uh, what are you exactly doing here, Mr. Ackerman?" I asked, trying to make conversation.

"Well, I'll be a teacher here for next year." He smiled good naturedly, and I almost wondered for a split second why Petra hated him. He may have seemed a bit eccentric and sported a bizarre sense of humor, but he seemed like an alright person. Then I remembered what Levi had said about him. "I'll be teaching a class in soft and interpersonal combat."

"Wh.. What does that mean?" I looked to my side, and surprisingly, it was Josh that started the interaction.

"Well, in the survey corps, you learn a lot of conventional warfare." Kenny explained, gesturing at Eren. He took a drink from the cup of alcohol he brought, and emptied the black liquid. "You learn how to fight titans, perform self defence, and orthodox forms of combat. Soft combat is something you learn in military police. You'll learn dirty fighting, interrogation, deductive skills and its much more specialised in taking down humans, not titans."

"That sounds pretty interesting." Eren commented, munching on a piece of salami from his plate. He offered some to Kenny, who grinned and took a small slice of pizza.
"I'll be honest, and take no offence, but your training is very impractical. It's extremely unlikely that you'll ever have a fight in ideal conditions, or at least, fair ones. There will be a module that I will cover about street fighting, and how to defend yourself against an armed attacker." Kenny cleaned his lips with a napkin.

"You mentioned something about detective work and interrogation." I noted, and Kenny nodded, putting his empty glass on the table. It made a small clinking sound, and he leaned back lazily. "Isn't that pretty impractical in itself?"

"Absolutely right. You are quite an astute lady, Reiss." The man across me folded his arms, and I almost didn't notice that he knew my name. Eren gave me a look, and I quickly hid my face in my hands. I didn't like it when people found out I was rich. I found from experience they would treat you differently, pooling up venom and pouring poisoned honey for you to drink. It was one of the reasons I fell for Ymir. She wouldn't treat me any differently if she had known my family name.

"Yes, it's unlikely that the same method of interrogation will work on a constant basis, or that you'll run across criminals with similar evidence or Modus operandi. Criminology is very theoretical, but if all crimes were theory based, we wouldn't need policemen, we could let machines handle them. Good question." He nodded, and looked around. "You'll be learning skills like pattern recognition, motive deduction and cold reading, which will be supplemented by the theory in the field. Any more questions?"

"H.. How did you know my name?" I asked, stammering for a second. Next to me, Josh was looking at me, and Eren's face looked confused. Which was a little like his constipated face. I didn't use my real name. Only Ymir and Sasha knew my name was Historia Reiss, and I always preferred that they called me Krista, out of habit.

"Profiling." Kenny nodded, tapping the brim of his fedora. "More than eighty percent is not what you say, but how you say it, and silent cues." He leaned back. "The first three things I noticed; your hair, eyes and hands."

"My hands?"

"Golden hair and Blue eyes. They are the general traits of a purely European bloodline. There are a few bloodlines that pure. Reiss is one of them. These bloodlines tend to suffer from asthma and low blood pressure. When I saw your hands and forearms, they were pale and soft, which is a sign of hypotension. The lack of calluses also tells me you don't exercise often out of class. Only twice or thrice a week, I'm guessing, and cardio, not weights, which is a myth that rich people believe in. Weight training is as important as cardio."

I almost choked a little on my drink. He was spot on.

"I can tell from the way you sit and articulate words that you come from a posh family with two parents, and the household is nuclear and functional. You look innocent, but that's just by looks alone, although if I have to say, a more correct word is sheltered. Sheltered, but not naive. That pointed me to my conclusion." He continued. "And that's not an insult, by the way. All of us are sheltered in one way or another. You'll just learn more and more as you grow. That's what matters."

"Th.. That's actually.. Right. All of it." I admitted, impressed. Kenny laughed and took a bow, tipping his hat. Mikasa looked at her uncle with a bit of wonder and Josh looked stunned.

"Wait, Krista?!" Eren broke the silence, and leaned towards me. "You're a Reiss? That means you're loaded. Why are you even here?"
"I... Well-" I stammered, a little uncomfortable at all the attention that was coming my way. I felt my heart beat a little faster, my breath shortening. "I... I just don't like to flaunt my parent's names around, you know?"

"Still though!! If I was loaded, I wouldn't hide it, I would-"

"I... I don't wanna tal-"

"Yeah, but I mean, why do you live on campus-"

"Eren, she really doesn't like to talk about this." Ymir cut him off, so he didn't get into one of his monologues. Her arm wrapped around Josh, resting her hand on my shoulder, comforting me. Eren looked a little aggrieved, but didn't say anything, scowling at her. I had assumed she was talking to Annie, but she must have been keeping a close eye on me, because she quickly slid in to help me. I nodded at Eren, just to show it wasn't a personal thing. Eren accepted it begrudgingly, but didn't make a scene, which was good enough for me.

"Yeesh, you're her girlfriend, I assume? Always got your eyes on your little princess." Kenny turned his attention to Ymir, breaking the awkward silence that was there for a second. "Judging from the way you dress and body posture, you've got a fierce, maybe even aggressive attitude, Ms. Black knight."

"I'm offended that you would tastelessly compare me to such a stock character." Ymir took a sip of her punch, glancing at the bearded man across the table. "But then again, I would say Arthurnian literature is for people who enjoy flavourless books."

"Not a big fan of Knights and Dragons?"

"I'm more of a modern girl."

"Murakami?"

"Murakami is so contrived, it feels like I'm on acid. " Ymir paused for a while. "Kafka was the worst."

"And Norwegian wood was the best?"

"Pinball." Ymir replied. "And even then, I felt like shooting myself in the head. I have no idea what the twins represented, or why they had any bearing on the story."

"Isn't the whole point of his books to see past the strange and bizarre ideas and find the meaning behind them? Some would say he's like Picasso, a master whose works hide a meaning we are all tasked to uncover."

"I would say they both are on a variety of hard drugs, and should be euthanized for the sake of society."

"Cynical, aren't you? Does anybody ever tell you that you come off as an abrasive person?"

"You're the criminology expert, you tell me." Ymir smirked in reply, leaning back in her chair and sizing him up. He just chuckled, which was a pretty menacing sound for a normally not-menacing sound. "Brown eyes, height gene, freckles-"

Kenny cut himself short, and for a moment he seemed to have lost his enthusiasm.
What's up? Not gonna read my fortune, magic man?" Ymir sneered, challenging him. I internally facepalmed, she was just increasing her chances of being murdered. I really didn't want to bet against her, but she was asking for it.

Kenny's eyes locked onto her for a split second, both of them staring at each other. It felt like that moment stretched for eternity, dragging itself out across my peripheral comprehension. The tension was palpable in the air, and it felt like something was about to break in that instant. Then Kenny smiled.

"Aw, aren't you being harsh to this old man?" He laughed, but I could tell it was a little forced. His eyes lacked the sincerity or that sparkle it had for a few seconds. "It isn't magic, it's science. But you can't expect an old dog to show all his tricks off."

"Tch." Ymir clicked her tongue, resting back into her backrest. I realised she had been tensed up the whole time, her hand gripping the edge of the sofa until her knuckles had become white. "Old dogs should be put down like old yeller."

"When I get to the pound, I'll tell Murakami and Picasso you said hi." Kenny reached to his waist and somehow pulled out a hip flask of whiskey, downing it like a baby sucking his milk bottle. For the first time since I met him, I noticed he was short a finger. The ring finger of his left hand was missing from the second knuckle. "I look forward to teaching you, Ymir."

"You were a cop before, right?" Annie suddenly asked from the edge of the table, and Kenny turned his attention to her.

"I ended that stint five years ago." Kenny nodded. He looked at the soft spoken girl, glancing and scanning her quickly and quietly, analysing her. I could literally hear how fast his brain was working behind his smiling exterior.

"So you know about.." Annie looked at him, and I saw what was a glimmer of what seemed like hopefulness flush past her face.

"And no, if you're asking about some private family matters, I can't divulge information, at least not in front of your friends. I think you'd prefer if I didn't, too."

"You have to tell me something." Annie growled, emotion falling behind her grey, steely eyes. Armin pulled her down, easing her back to his lap. She reluctantly allowed herself to be pulled down.

"Look, Leonheart-"

"Don't. Call. Me. That!!" Annie almost snarled, leaping off her seat. If I had thought that Ymir and Kenny were close to throwing down, it was nothing compared to the usually placid blonde's sudden outburst.

"Don't you dare yell at uncle Kenny, you crow!!" Mikasa stood up, and under her form fitting cardigan, I could see sinewy muscle bulge and strain. The raven haired girl's face was red, and her eyes were narrowed. She looked ready to tear into her nemesis, spirit of the holidays be damned.

"The hell did you just say, Snake eyes-" Annie snapped her head back to glare daggers at Mikasa, both of them ready to kill each other. I felt Josh instinctively squirm behind Ymir, terrified by the spectacle, and the brewing storm that was about to hit.

"Girls!! Enough." I jerked back, a little shocked. Kenny only raised his voice by a bit, but somehow, the commotion ended. Both the girls looked at him, then each other, before smoothing
out their clothes and sitting back on their respective seats (The couch and Armin's lap). "It was my fault, I shouldn't have called you by your surname, especially given your situation and my career. I'm sorry, Annie."

Annie just glared at both the Ackermans.

"Listen, kiddo. If you need anything, if you need help, or just someone to talk to, drop by my office, while I'm working here, okay?"

"You know what I need."

"And you know I can't give it to you. I can try and work something out, but it'll probably take time, alright?" The two of them looked at each other, Annie's gaze furious, while Kenny kept his placid composure.

Annie nodded, which was a victory. At least Eren had enough common sense not to pry and ask what that sore matter was about. Annie was extremely secretive and elusive, preferring to keep to herself. I doubt anybody besides Armin or maybe Marco knew her closely. Speaking of him, the blond boy was now gently stroking her silky short hair, letting the smaller girl curl up against him like a cat.

I looked at Ymir, and she looked back at me, before shrugging. I guess she didn't know what this was about, either. I just couldn't put my finger on the bearded man across me. Kenny was having a chat with Sasha, who was munching on some pumpkin pie as they talked. He seemed nice enough, but there was an enigmatic air around him that seemed to resonate like an abyss. If you tried to stare too deeply into him, he would stare back into you. It scared me a little.

"Oi Kendrick." I didn't even hear him approach, but suddenly the bulldog of a man was behind me. His face was a solid red, his eyes small and unpleasant. He reeked of meat and alcohol, and not in the good way. "Stop dicking around with the kids. We gotta talk to your new boss."

"Do I have to Grill? I just got comfortable."

"If you wanna have a go at Erwin, go ahead. But I wouldn't bet on you, buddy. He would tear you a new asshole." The red faced sergeant looked around, scanning us. He saw Annie and curtly nodded his greeting, ignoring the fact she was halfway through a lapdance. Annie gave a non committal shrug, which was friendlier than you would have expected.

"Ughhh, fine." Kenny Ackerman rolled off the back of the couch like a petulant nine year old, slouching as he dragged his feet, following Grill off to see our German/History teacher.

An awkward silence fell on the table.

"That was.. He.. was an interesting character." I tried to make conversation, and Mikasa sighed, putting her face into her palms.

"He always does this. He really is too.. energetic, and it's embarrassing. I'm so sorry you had to see that-" She blurted out, blushing.

"I actually didn't know you had such a kick ass uncle. I think that's pretty cool." Eren spoke up from beside her, petting her shoulder. Mikasa immediately perked up, looking from in between her palms and scarf like a hopeful puppy, happy that Eren had paid her any attention. "I think it's pretty cool that he's teaching us soon."

"He's pretty chill, I guess." Ymir suggested, after I nudged her, hinting that she should say
something nice to encourage the distressed Mikasa. "He's an alright guy."

Mikasa visibly relaxed, deflating into Eren's side, looking tired. Come to think of it, this was the most I've ever seemed her talk in one sitting. I relaxed against the couch, sighing a little. Dinner was over, and I was feeling quite full, my sweatpants felt a little tight around my waist after all the roast beef and stuffed bread. After Kenny left, the table began to slowly roll into a comfortable pace of conversation. A still eating Sasha was happily telling Armin and Ymir the real story of how Jean and Connie stole Levi's phone and with the help of Marco and Reiner, hacked into it.

The hard part was putting it back into Levi's apartment without setting off the two sets of tripwire he kept outside the hallway and the glitter-bomb that he rigged to the doorknob whenever he wasn't in. We were all laughing when she explained how Levi had almost walked in and saw the both of them, and they had to escape by hanging outside a second floor window by their belt loops.

The issue began when a mynah landed on Connie's bald head, and began cooing loudly. Jean had tried to shoo it away as quietly as they could with fucking Satan / my cousin in law standing less than three metres from the window. Connie stood absolutely still, terrified by the bird, but more terrified of what Levi would have done if he found the two of them.

".. And apparently birds can sense fear, or Jean had done something to offend the fowl, because their actions only incensed the winged devil to chirp louder. And apparently mynahs must have loved shiny surfaces, because I swear, two more mynahs landed on his fucking head."

"No way."

"Yes way."

"And Connie just took it? Isn't he like.. Absolutely pissed scared of birds?"

"Yeah, Baldy was trembling in fear, and he was covering his mouth and trying not to scream. Jean was doing his thing, but he was too far away to actually properly shoo them off the Chrome dome."

Sasha giggled, and Ymir guffawed. "So there they are, with what could be an avian choir doing an acapella on the one guy with a mynah phobia, while the both of them trying to keep completely silent."

"So they were hanging outside the teacher's block, and nobody saw them?" Annie asked, a little shocked.

"Nobody, honest to God." Sasha giggled, finally putting down her last plate of food. "Now if you think that's the last of it, it gets worse. Apparently, Jean has a PHD in bird charming, cuz guess what? A whole murder of crows appear, and start trying to hustle a spot on Connie's body to perch."

Sasha gestured enthusiastically, laughing as she energetically flapped her arms like a manic chicken.

"Holy shit."

"Yep." I took a nibble of a cracker, mostly done with my food. Sasha leaned back, and Eren and Annie leaned in, waiting to hear what happened next. "And here's the best part. This is the straw that breaks the camel's back. Connie screams like a little girl, and he tears against his belt and drops into the bushes below. But his pants are looped with his belt. There's an almighty rip that seemed to split reality, and Connie is without his pants, which are hanging off Levi's window sill. Jean has his cover blown, and he has no choice but to do the same thing before Levi investigates, in like, ten seconds. Now they are both pantsless. Somehow, the two of them land perfectly, without breaking their ankles, and they make a run for it. Hanji showed me the footage, they literally ran down the
courtyard in their underwear. And it was really cold up there, so it was not flattering on their packages, if you get me."

Ymir and Eren just lost it, laughing hard enough to pass a kidney through their urethras. Apparently the only thing they could bond over was laughing at Jean. Which from experience, was a little like sarcasm - an easy and simple form of comedy. I still remembered when Ymir and I had begun dating, and Jean didn't get the message, constantly flirting and hitting on me. Ymir did some incredibly mean things to him, which if I was going to be honest, was quite hilarious. Yeah, I actually ran out of pity for that guy.

I sat up and yawned, my body feeling strangely loose as I stretched it, my shoulders popping. It was pretty late already. Next to me, Josh had already fallen asleep, after his fifth cup of vodka punch, nuzzling into Ymir's side drowsily. Ymir patted his silky cocoa hair, letting him rest against her chiseled torso. I stroked the sensitive skin of his back beneath his blouse, watching him purr in his sleep. He was too cute.

"Hey, Ymir, I'm gonna head to the toilet." I told her, and she smiled good naturedly, getting off her seat, and carefully putting the still sleeping Josh on her seat. Josh curled into the warmth like a cat, mewling. "Sash, take care of Josh. I think he drank too much." Ymir smiled, pointing to the snoozing boy with her thumb. The brunette gave a quick salute, before continuing to chat with Eren about their sitcom.

I smoothed out my cardigan, which was crumpled and ruffled as I stood up, finding my slippers from under the mess of the table. Waiting expectantly, I stuck my hand out to Ymir, who was squeezing out of the space between the table and the chair. She grinned and took my hand, and we strolled out of the room.

We walked quietly down the abandoned hallway for a while. It was usually eerie at night, but tonight, with Ymir next to me, her warm hand cushioning mine, it felt peaceful, even serene. I glanced out the window, and saw that it was softly snowing, gentle white flakes falling down on the glass and the courtyards below the building.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Ymir smiled, as she glanced at all the lights from the city, department stores and the student dorms illuminating the night faintly. From the fifth story, they looked like little Christmas lights in the distance. I suddenly realised it was the first Christmas I had spent with Ymir. Or anyone. The lighting casted short shadows across her handsome features, giving her freckles a soft glow, the sparkle in her eyes reminding me of why I fell in love with this rugged delinquent of a girl.

"Yeah, it is." I replied truthfully, but I wasn't looking outside the window. We walked, my hand held snugly in her large palm. Across the public announcement system, a new song blared out from Petra and Nanaba's playlist.

"Oh, Florida, be still tonight.
Don't disturb this love of mine."

I loved her. I didn't know why, and I didn't know how I was so lucky. But I wanted this moment to last forever. A snowflake landed gently on the glass window, a delicate mark of nature. Fleeting like anything else that was so intricately made. Maybe whatever we had wouldn't last. But we lived in the moment and treasured it, just like snowflakes, I guess.

"I'm outdated, overrated.
Morning seems so far away. "
"Hey Krist." Ymir suddenly spoke up from next to me, and I jumped a little, caught in my own thoughts. I looked at the taller girl, and she leaned over and gently pecked me on the lips. "Boop."

"What?-

"We're under the Mistletoe, silly." Ymir smiled, and pulled me closer. I looked up, and sure enough, there was a seasonal wreath hanging over us at the juncture to the toilets, held in place by a mini Che Guevara. "Is there anything you wanna say to me?"

"Is there anything to say?" I smiled back, kissing her back in the lips, needing to tiptoe a bit, despite Ymir slouching quite a bit. "Merry Christmas, Ymir."

"Merry Christmas to you too." Ymir ran her hand down the side of my face, and I flushed, as she lifted my chin. "I got you something."

"'So I'll sing a melody. And hope to God she's listening.'"

"You didn't have to!!" I exclaimed, a little sheepish and flustered. But Ymir smiled and waved my protests away. She put her hand into her pocket and took out a small box with a ribbon on the top.

"Open it." She looked into my eyes, and I felt her dark, enigmatic charcoal shaded eyes peer into my soft, innocent sapphire ones. I tore the gaze away, and looked at the small box in my hand, which felt like a hundred tons, despite being so light. I lifted the velvet rimmed lid off the box, and inside were two beautiful earrings, the twin midnight blue jewels seemingly catching the light and shining them back subtly.

"I mean, I know it's not very expensive, but I wanted to get you something that I thought you would like." Ymir scratched the back of her neck sheepishly, her cheeks dusted with scarlet. ". And well, I... I think it goes well with your hair and it compliments your eyes."

I felt something warm trickle down my cheeks. I realised I was crying, happiness blooming in my chest like unbridled glass flowers. I hugged her, feeling her hard, washboard abs press against my chest, feeling her heartbeat against my forehead.

"Thank you. I love it so much." I replied, pouring all my sincerity into the two sentences. I didn't think I could say how much this meant to me. Maybe gifts were like friends. You were given so much as a kid, but when we were forced to grow up, we had less and less. Maybe that's why we valued both those things the older we got.

"'And I'll be your memories. Your lullaby for all the times. Hoping that my voice could get it right.'"

Ymir hugged me tight under the mistletoe, and I felt her lean, strong arms wrap around me lovingly. The earrings were not expensive, but they were not cheap either. I wondered how much she saved up for me to buy them, and how she got them without me noticing. They meant something, even if there were more expensive or beautiful pairs of jewelry out there.

"'Cause baby, I'm a dreamer for sure. And I won't let you down I swear this time I mean it.'"
So many things happened that night. When we returned, we found that Reiner had challenged Kenny to an arm wrestling contest, and it had ended with a broken table and the blonde giant with a set of sprained wrists. Sasha and Nanaba both got high on vodka punch and started rolling on the floor, annoying Erwin who was with Grill, discussing matters. Levi and Petra snuck out halfway through, and Hanji would be showing tapes of what they did in the abandoned classroom to us over the next week. But I guess it was really all about family at the end of the day. That was what the spirit of the holidays was all about. And when I hugged Ymir like this, it was all that seemed to matter.

"And I'll sing a melody,
And hope to God she's listening.
Sleeping softly while I sing.

And I'll be your memories,
Your lullaby for all the times,
Hoping that my voice could get it right."

Chapter End Notes

"Letters are just pieces of paper," I said. "Burn them, and what stays in your heart will stay; keep them, and what vanishes will vanish."
"Feeling any better?"

"It feels like somebody has whisked my legs with a baseball bat. Other than the agony whenever I move, it's fine." I responded, wincing a little as I pulled myself closer to her. Resting my head on her shoulder, I breathed in her soft vanilla scent.

Holy shit, my legs hurt. There was no denying that. Every little movement, even the soft fabric of the bed brushing against the sore part of my thighs was just plain painful. I squatted down in the shower while washing myself yesterday, and immediately regretted it. My squeal of pain was not only causing me a huge amount of future teasing from the girl sitting next to me, but also (possibly) several cracked windows on level three.

Ymir almost lost her shit, she thought I had fallen down and hurt myself. It took Sasha and me (who was still stuck in the crouching position) to assure her that breaking the door down with her fists was not necessary. Eventually, we called Reiner, our go-to handyman, who tried to pick the lock to the toilet. He then remembered he didn't know how to pick locks, and promptly tried to kick / beat the door open. The whole event took a good ten minutes, of which I could not move or stand up, forced to maintain my duck walking position, while Reiner and Ymir fought against the nefarious 80" by 36" wooden door. My heroes.

My legs were already getting numb when my rescue party burst in.

Ymir was one of the most accommodating people I knew, but she wasn't above laughing her ass off at me. Which she and Sasha did. I needed a new girlfriend and a new best friend, ASAP. At least Reiner tried to hold back his giggles.

It took her (all of them), a solid minute to stop laughing at me. When they were done, both of them were wheezing, gasping for breath, and I was left in a very awkward position, unamused at this current turn of events.

"So.."

"Ymir. Don't you dare."

"You seem to be in a very thigh-t situation."

"As soon as I can move, I'm going to get a divorce."

That had been yesterday, and the pain wasn't getting any better. Ymir had warned me, the second day was going to be the most painful day. And she wasn't wrong. I was now curled up next to her in bed, unable to move anything below my waist. Even my ass hurt, which was ridiculous.
Ymir was at least taking my divorce threats very seriously, because she had been helping me pull out my chairs before I sat down, carrying me up stairs and helping me with most leg related activities.

This whole event started when I tagged along with Sasha and Marco to the gym. Which was the first mistake I made. The second mistake I made was thinking I could handle Sasha's and Ymir's workout routine. On hindsight, doing squats to get a bigger ass like Sasha's wasn't actually a very good idea. After the hour of squats, lunges, presses and lifts, I was feeling pretty good about myself. Then I woke up the next morning and screamed internally when the pain hit. Fifteen agonising minutes later, when I assumed the pain was a morning ache and it was gone for good, the shower cubicle incident occurred.

Ymir wasn't exactly pleased with Sasha, but before she could let her displeasure be known, Sasha quickly escaped with Reiner. Ymir took it out on me, giving me a ten minute talk about safety and not over exerting myself. (Yes, not the first time an honours student was getting lectured by a delinquent in this household.) After asking Sasha yesterday, I found out that Ymir easily did two and a half times more weights than what I had managed yesterday. Which was pretty hot, I'm not going to lie. I didn't know how she did this every week, but she seemed to be perfectly fine. Ugh.

Ymir stroked my head and I quickly whipped it back and forth, messing it back up. She chuckled, and pulled me closer against her warmth. I let my head rest on her chest, sandwiched between a soft pillow and her firm body. I loved this. The feeling of a peaceful late sunday morning, binge watching shows after eating breakfast.

"You will never reach the truth. You shall never reach the reality that will occur. None who stands before us will ever do so, no matter the powers they wield!!" I rubbed up against Ymir, feeling how hard her muscles were under her thin night clothes. I tried to shift my weight discreetly, still looking at the screen, trying not to be so obviously feeling her up below the covers.

"King cri-"

"Mud-"

"I don't get it. Did he reverse time?" I asked, purposely sidling closer to Ymir, running my hands down her stomach while pressing my body against her, feeling my head against her well sized bust. I felt my legs move involuntarily, rubbing my thighs against each other, sending small aches of pain through my tender muscles.

"Mm? Nah, he just reverted everything back to zero." Ymir replied, watching the pink haired man get pummeled by a barrage of punches on screen. "Like if you just reversed time against a person who could skip it, it would just be a stop gap solution. Neither of you would actually win." I casually felt down her stomach, running my hand from her smooth, chiseled abs to her rock hard muscles between her stomach and her hips. I was just at a loss for words at how toned and well defined her body was. Then a thought struck me, - how muscular would her thighs have to be?

"He isn't dead. Neither is he alive." The golden haired youth whispered. "Wherever he is, all that I know for sure is that he will never reach true rest. He will never reach any constants or the reality he once sought for."

She spent the whole day lifting me up and down the stairs, (despite my protests), and I've always thrown passing glances at how muscular yet sleek her legs were. If I had to make a list, it would definitely be a top ten turn on, along with Annie's abs and Erwin's biceps. I began to gently trace across her hip, feeling the smooth definition between her two muscles that made up her thigh. I imagined the strength behind her thrusts, as she violently smashed into me with reckless abandon,
making me scream helplessly. I wanted her to make me beg, to degrade me, even as I screamed for her to stop.

But she would never do that. Rough sex was one thing, humiliation and rape was a completely different topic.

"I promised I'd take you back home." The youth whispered, carrying the small body of his fallen comrade. The scene had shifted, and now instead of the dark, brooding city of cement and stone, he stood over a green valley, blooming with soft magenta flowers. Behind him, the other three survivors stood. "Now nobody will ever hurt you." He laid the body down, and touched it softly, caressing the boy. Immediately, white flowers blossomed over him, a stark but beautiful blend with the orange petals of the meadow. "Thank you."

From the corner of my eyes, I saw Ymir watching the scene intently, blinking away some of her tough guy tears. Feeling safe enough, I quickly took the chance to skim my hand down her thigh, feeling the taut and firm flesh beneath my palm. It was different from the way my thighs felt. Mine were slim and toned, although there was a little marbling of fat that covered an inch of it, making it slightly soft and plushy. Unlike hers. The sensation of raw strength that flowed through the powerful muscles of her legs made my heart flutter. I gulped, hoping it wasn't too audible. I could already feel the blood rushing to my face, and my mouth just seemed too full of drool.

"So, are you done touching me beneath the sheets?" I froze, a half smile still on my face. Oh boy. I slowly turned my head to look at my smirking girlfriend, who had long since stopped watching the show, and was now looking at me with a different intensity than before. Her half lidded eyes were dark and seductive, and it took all the composure I had in my tiny body not to melt down under her gaze.

"H.. How did you know?"

"You aren't exactly doing light, inconspicuous petting." She uncooked from her position, leaning towards me, her smile playful and coy. She was so close, I could count each individual freckle that dusted her face lightly.

"Besides, you've never showed much interest in the show." Her voice had lowered into a sultry, low whisper, and I felt my body shiver. I bit my lower lip, my face flushing. "I could show you something you might be more interested in.." She ran a finger along my inner thigh, and I squeaked, a sheepish grin on my face.

"Ymir!! Wait-" I scrambled away from the seductive brunette, which was proving very difficult, since my legs were stiff and basically dead weight. Ymir smirked as she cornered me, her toned, powerful forearms caging me between her and the mattress. I could feel her warm breath on my cheeks, her vanilla scent engulfing and overloading my nostrils.

"Touching me like that under the covers… ogling me without any consent.. You've been such a naughty girl, Krista." Her dark, almost obsidian black eyes were steely and somehow smouldering with passion. They dug into me, and I felt my heart snap harder against my chest. Ymir edges even closer to me, crawling on all fours, a tiger that had pinned down a helpless deer. "Naughty girls need to be punished, don't you agree?"

"P.. Punished?" I whimpered, backing away. Ymir was already positioned over me, her eyes directly above my own, boring deep into me with their confident, beautiful light.

"No backing away, now. You can't move your legs too much, so escape isn't an option is it?" She ran her hands down my face, the back of her hand tracing along my neck. I swallowed. "I think I'll
"H..how?" I shivered a little too eagerly, a nervous grin on my face as Ymir leaned in, her lips against my ear, her shallow voice on the shell. I could see her cool smirk, mischievous and dark, letting slivers of her intent slip past her expression. Her hands ran down my body, running against my chest, down the sides of my hips.

"Coochie Coochie coo-

"Ymir STOP!!!" I squeaked, immediately realising that this punishment wasn't going as planned. For me, at least. Ymir immediately whipped off my shirt and began to tickle me all over, making me squeal. Unlike Ymir, I was super ticklish, and she knew that.

I yelped, struggling and out of breath, laughing. Ymir began to tickle under my armpits and my neck, jabbing my ribs occasionally with her fingers. I squeaked, rolling around, and she giggled, not relenting. I couldn't raise my legs up in defense to protect my tickle zones, my thighs stinging every time I tried to raise them. Tears flooded my eyes, and I gasped for breath, my hands pushing against her. "Y.. YMiriIr!! Sht- ShToPpP!!" I protested, which would have been convincing, had a stupid grin not be on my face when I said it. I would have kicked her, but then again, I couldn't move my legs.

"Aww, what you gonna do, Krist?" Ymir taunted, laughing as she pinned me down under her heavier body, poking vulnerable spots that I couldn't guard in time. Her warm torso was pressed up against my small chest, and her pleasant vanilla aroma filled my nose. "Tickle tickle tickle-

"SoMeONe heEeEEelp!!" I struggled under her weight, giggling and short of breath all the way, before shifting my body towards the edge of the bed. "SaaSSHaA!! YMiR's kiLiNG me!!" I screamed uncontrollably, drool flowing down the side of my face, my blush worsening. Ymir giggled, not letting up with the onslaught of tummy tickles. I gasped for air, my eyes watering. Somehow, something I learnt in combat class must have kicked in, because in one sudden move, I flipped her over. Now it was her turn to yelp in surprise, as I tossed her over in a clumsy reversal that would have made Levi proud if he saw me, considering I couldn't use my legs.

"My turn." Ymir landed on her back, and now I was the one on top. Both of us were out of breath, but grinning madly. A thin line of drool was flowing from my lip to my chin, but I was too drained to comprehend it. I panted, my blue sapphire eyes locked into her dark irises. "How's it feel to be on the bottom?"

"You would know, wouldn't you?" Ymir grinned, leaning on the mattress, not even bothering to fight back against me. I was sitting on her stomach, and I could feel each of her hard, flat abs pressing against my bum. The feeling made me shiver with arousal. My hands were pinning her arms to the back of her head, but I knew she wasn't even trying to break free.

"What's.. What's that supposed to mean?!!" I squeaked, blushing. Ymir just laughed, and that made me blush harder. "Shut.. Shut up!!" I slapped her chest, which made her boobs jiggle a little. She laughed harder.

"Oh, nothing." She finally calmed down from her laughter, after seeing me pout at her. "You just look so cute when you are flustered." I felt my face heat up, and Ymir threw a smirk at me, a seductive, coy one this time, not a mischievous laugh. "Oh yeah, Krista?"

"Y- yes?"

"You missed a spot." Ymir leaned up, pushing against my hands, and kissed the side of my chin,
effectively cleaning the little trail of drool running down the side of my lips. "Ymir!!-" I relaxed my grip on her hands, surprised, but aroused. I could feel the spot in between my legs squirming, as if already begging for Ymir.

Ymir took the chance and pushed me over, and we landed in a tangled heap, her arms wrapped around my chest, her head buried into my neck. Her vanilla aroma was overpowering, mixing with my light strawberry scent.

"OOOOOoooOOOwww!! That was a dirty move!!" I pouted, unamused, and tried to roll her over, which was difficult, since I couldn't move my legs, at least not without them aching. We struggled against each other, pushing, pulling, rolling and tossing, our warm bodies pressed against each other. We burned.

The bedsheets were ravaged and ruffled up in our wake. Pillows fell to the floor, strewn carelessly, as we pressed up against each other, desperately trying to best the other. Ymir wasn't going seriously about this, though. She was able to pin me down anytime, and I wouldn't be able to do anything about it. Instead, just like a wolf that had cornered an injured fox, she was going to play with her food. It was a game of ups and downs, of contrasting tensions. She was letting it think it had a chance of beating her, before sealing the game around the poor fox's neck with her big, shiny teeth.

I wanted her like this. I needed her like this. She was in her natural element, and beauty radiated from her like a greek goddess. Her lithe but undoubtedly muscular arms, her darker than olive hair, her ripped, toned body. She was the hunter, and I was her prey. I wanted her to ravage me, even as I begged her not to. To feel her strength crush me, to feel helpless against her as she fucked me in whatever crude fashion she wanted to. She would force me down, and even as I struggled against her, and slam her thick length inside me without any consideration. I would beg and scream, and she would just rail me into the mattress, fucking me like a piece of meat.

The sound of the bed creaking filled the room, as we grappled with each other, setting the corners of the bedsheet free. Our pants filled the room, as we lay, out of breath, gazing into each other's eyes. Ymir laid on top of me, and I could feel the strength in her arms as she pinned my hands behind my head, rendering me helpless.

There were so many times when I lay awake at night, or in class, or when I was eating lunch, that I imagined how it would be like if Ymir just took me by force. Even when she made a joke with Sasha and Reiner, and we were all laughing, I would chance a glance at her perfect teeth, wondering how they would feel like, biting into my neck as she fucked me mercilessly.

That was not to say that she didn't fuck me as hard as I needed. She would bite me and spank me and rough me up until I came screaming her name. But I.. I.. I wanted something more. It was shameful, but I wanted her to just absolutely ruin me. Ymir and I did it rough, but she was always holding back. She wouldn't slap me on my face, or face fuck me, or spit on me. She was rough in a considerate way, if that made sense. She wouldn't lose control and push me beyond what she knew I could handle. It was selfish of me, but I wanted her to.. well, basically rape me. The thrill of being completely helpless, unable to fight back or use safe words to save me.

Whenever I had these thoughts, my body would just heat up, like a furnace was working overtime in my panties. Almost immediately, or after I had masturbated enough times to assuage the need, I would feel guilty about what I've done. If Ymir knew what I was doing behind her back...

Sweat flowed freely on my body, cold against my warm skin from the physical exercise that I just had. Ymir was breathing heavily, her generous bust swinging like a pendulum over my drenched torso. Our gazes were locked onto each other, eyefucking each other, the tension in the room was
palpable, saturating the air around us, drowning us. The question was, who was going to break first?

Ymir kissed me, her lips pushing and pressing against mine. The sensation of her slim lips against my slightly plump ones made me shudder. I moaned into her mouth, and her slender tongue took the opportunity to taste my inner cheek. Her hands secured my head, one hand tenderly cupping my face, the other in my hair, pulling it, holding it still so she could kiss me at her own pace. The soft pain at my scalp as she tugged at my gold locks, the lack of control as she claimed me without any hesitation made my core squeeze and squirm. I wanted her. I needed her.

"You taste so sweet, baby girl..." Ymir growled into my neck, and I whimpered, not doing anything to discourage her. I could feel her stiff meat shaft pressing up against my inner thigh. I bit my inner cheeks, my face burning warm. "Tell me what you want."

"I… ymir-" I tried to break free, pushing myself up, but Ymir's hand immediately went to my wrists, pinning them behind my head. The sensation of helplessness, coupled with the pain as she pulled my hair made me uncomfortably aroused. My night shorts were ruined, a dark stain spreading across the fabric in between my legs. "I.. I don't know.. Know what you mean-"

"You are such a bad liar, Krist." Her smouldering dark eyes found my soft blue ones, burning their essence into mine. It was like the intensity of her gaze was dissecting into my soul, reading my deepest, most decadent desires. "You've been staring at me weirdly for a while now. Whether we are in class, or outside, or even when we are alone."

I shivered, trying to push against her, but she held me down firmly, pressing her knee hard against my crotch, feeling how wet I was. I squeaked, feeling the slow friction of her muscular thigh against my tingling groin. My breath was coming out in ragged pants, my hair messy and strewn all over my face.

"You know, there's a saying in the book we covered for lit class, 'Closed mouths don't get fed'." She murmured into my ears, still holding me down, and her overpowering vanilla fragrance just washed over me. How could I resist her? I looked away, my face burning, my groin leaking shamefully. The sleeping shame that I felt whenever I touched myself while imagining Ymir overpowering me raised its eager head up again. Her tongue traced a long stroke, slowly and sensually along my neck. She ended it at my jawline, sucking the tender flesh at the edge, leaving a hickey.

I shook my head, and Ymir pressed her leg harder against my groin, the sensation of the sweet friction from the contact making me arch my back. Her grip was like steel, binding my wrists together, preventing me from getting free. My face was flushed, as I shamefully bit my lips, embarrassed at how wet I was. My body betrayed me, as usual, and as Ymir ran her thigh harder against me, I whimpered desperately. I didn't want her to see me like this.

"Requiiiiiiiiiiiemu WOO WOOO OHHHHHHHHH!!"
"Mm?"

"I.. Want.. Want you to be rougher with me." I murmured, my voice so soft, I wasn't sure I had said it. My face immediately flushed red, embarrassed at my shameless request. I was trying to frame it as tame as possible, to skirt around how bad it sounded if the word 'rape' was thrown into it.

"Like rough how?" Ymir whispered calmly into my neck, kissing me softly. Her words were soft and mellow, but her grip on my wrists tightened, making my fingers go numb. I shivered, feeling more and more aroused, despite myself. Her warm breath on my neck, her muscular leg pressing against my sex, reminding me how much stronger than me she was. I whimpered, and tried to grind against her leg, trying to get more of that delicious friction.

"Ah ah ah.." Ymir pulled away, putting her legs further away from my dripping slit. I was so desperate for that sensation, but at the same time, I didn't want to tell her my sick desires. "Closed mouths don't get fed." I glared at her in protest, which only made her smug smirk wider.

For a person who was so perceptive most of the time, she was a bit slow on the uptake.

"Like rough rough."

"That hardly sounds-"

"I.. I want you to rape me!!" I shouted, the tension in the room coupled with Ymir's cluelessness making me release a frustrated outburst. The room was filled with a deafening silence after my embarrassing exclamation. Ymir looked at me, with wide, surprised eyes, and I looked at the wall at the side, my face burning and crimson. I immediately regretted saying that. I wanted to take back what I had said in the heat of the moment. I couldn't bring myself to look at my girlfriend, who had released my wrists.

"Uhm.." Ymir finally broke the silence, after a minute or so. I shamefully glanced at her, and while she looked a bit confused, a slight blush on her caramel tinted skin, her eyes were as soft as always, albeit a bit more wide and surprised. "How.. How does that work?"

"Like.."

"I mean, if you want it, its not rape, right?"

"Ymir, you dummy!!" I pouted, almost screaming, as I covered my face. I was mortified. In fact, mortified might have been an understatement. I wanted to dig a hole in the bed and hide my burning face like an ostrich. I settled on looking away deliberately from my dorky girlfriend. I guess it was official. Sasha wasn't the dumbest person that lived with me.

"Hey, hey, I'm just playing." Ymir gave a small laugh at how exasperated and flustered I looked. I looked at her from the side of my eye, giving her my best stink eye, while pouting. It just made her chuckle. I felt a weight lift off my chest. She wasn't taking it as badly as I feared she would have. "I know what it means, I am friends with Annie, after all. I'm just a little surprised that you would want this sort of stuff, it is a rather.. unorthodox request."

"Oh.." I murmured, feeling my heart sinking. Things were going too well to be true, I figured. She didn't want to do this with me. But at least I knew she didn't hate me now. There was some silver lining.

"I mean, yes, if that's what you really want, I guess we could try." Ymir smiled, pecking me on the lips gently. I felt my heart flutter, a sudden feeling of happiness filling me with excitement. All feelings of doubt I had about this suddenly vanished. "To be honest, I'm actually relieved."
"What did you think it was about?"

"I thought you were going to cheat on me with Jean."

"Excuse me?!" I exclaimed, laughing but a little outraged. Ymir was smirking too, so I knew she was joking as well. "I'm offended. I know I'm dating you, but I don't usually have bad taste."

"Oh, please." Ymir leaned in, and kissed me. I smiled and kissed back. "You love me."

"Until I can get a dildo that's the correct size, you'll have to work."

"Scintillating comeback."

The room fell into silence, a type of quietness that neither of us wanted to acknowledge. We didn't know how we were actually going to do it, or how it would affect our current dynamic. From how close we were sitting, I could count each freckle on her face. I unintentionally glanced at her, and she was looking at me, as if I was a math puzzle that she couldn't solve. I blushed, and looked away. I wondered if Armin and Annie had this conversation before. Probably, who knew what they did in their free time.

"Why don't you touch yourself, and tell me your fantasies?"

"E.. E- excuse me?!!" I yelped, my face burning. I would have jumped up in shock, but my legs were sore and aching, smarting after the tumble we had on the now-disheveled looking mattress. I looked at Ymir, who was smirking at me in a wolfish way. A glint of white teeth peeked out from under those perfect lips, and I tried my best not to destroy the mattress with a deluge of arousal.

"Well," Ymir continued, slowly crawling on her hands and knees, positioning herself right in front of me, "It's not like we can do this kind of play right now, especially since you can't move your legs." She threw a long, lascivious look to my shorts, which was almost soaked through. "I'd rather you be able to move them. Then I could hold them and make them twitch and struggle, while I pry them apart..."

I gulped, biting my lips, my heart hammering in my chest. My core was soaked and squirming, begging her for some of her delicious cock. "Eep-" I managed a slightly less than coherent comeback as she began to trail her hands along my body, leaning over me, invading my personal space.

"I would like to know what kind of scene you have in mind..." Her hands were smooth, her long fingers slowly and sensually stroking up my inner thighs. I shrunk back, a little embarrassed. Her smooth palms continued rolling up my tender legs, ending at my hips, drawing small circles on the slight jut of my bone. "Why don't you be a good girl for daddy, and show me what you want me to do to you?"

I gulped. I mean, I had seen Ymir touch herself before, and we've done much more embarrassing things to each other. Still, this felt like an entirely different situation. I was a little uncomfortable as I shimmied out of my night shorts, leaving them at mid thigh. My black thong was ruined, and it left a small stain on the side of the bedspread. Hesitantly, I brought my fingers to my panties, and slowly began to stroke my outer lips. Ymir was watching me intently, her gaze dark and alluring.

It felt so, so good, better than it felt usually when I touched myself before. Ymir's piercing gaze was locked down onto my warm, dripping groin. I was wetter than usual, my entire being yearning for her. Small sensations of pleasure were coiling around in between my legs, making me shiver. My fingers sped up, rubbing myself faster, my head resting against the headboard.
"Fuck Krist..." Ymir murmured into my ears, her words sweet and beguiling. I mewed, my insides warm and squirming and soaked. I hastened my movements, frantically rubbing my shameful wetness with my three slick fingers. Oh god, this was so wrong. So wrong, but so, so good. "You're such a fucking naughty girl..."

"Y... Ye-Yes, Daddy!!" My fingers desperately stirring against my lips. For some reason, being watched was such a turn on. She was so close, I could feel her warm breath on my fevered skin. She felt alive, warm like a burning summer day, her breath filling my lungs with her life. I didn't usually touch myself, because often, I couldn't get into the mood. But if this was how it felt whenever I did, I should probably do it more. "I'm your.. Your dirty little slut!!"

"Damn right.. Don't you dare cum." Ymir added as she ungraciously unbuttoned the fly of her shorts, and let her dick flop out, and I marveled at how thick and monstrous it looked, pulsating and twitching as it grew bigger and bigger. I felt the tingling sensation of arousal, shooting from my spinal column into the tips of my feet. Ymir pressed her mouth to me, and I pressed back, kissing her, letting my tongue feel her inner cheek. All the while, my fingers dragged along my slit, making me shake and whimper for more. Our dance had become a slow waltz, a gentle but intimate coil, as we pressed our bodies against each other, feeling each other. "You only get to cum when I say so, got it?"

I nodded my head obediently, if not a bit too frantically. I wanted to show her how much of a good girl I was for her. My insides were twitching and squeezing, coiling up against themselves as if mimicking a scenario where Ymir was balls deep inside me. My body was instinctively telling me to squeeze down on her cock, to tighten up around my dominant and milk her dry. Hanji had informed me that Ymir was sterile, as her genes were incompatible with mine, the mathematical probability was astronomical that I would be pregnant. On one hand, I kind of wanted a family, maybe a kid or two later in our lives, but on the other hand, getting creampied felt so fucking satisfying. As she kissed me deeper and deeper, I felt my body curl and beg, suddenly coming loose and malleable under her touch.

I never noticed it, but a sudden epiphany came onto me, about how we could behave like two different people in such a short span of time. Five minutes ago, we were rolling around on the bed, desperate and feverish, our minds overridden by carnal pleasure. But right now, it was as if that burning hunger, that feeling had subsided, and we were like two inexperienced people enjoying each others body for the first time again. It's true that I cherished this feeling. I loved it when we took it slow, as much as I loved it when we were fucking like animals, but the feelings were different.

I was rubbing against myself now, my groin involuntarily grinding against my palm, desperate for more friction. I needed her so badly. I wanted her balls deep inside me, filling me to the core with her shaft. A cool breeze from the window ran through the room, but it didn't do much to satiate the heat I felt cooking me from the inside out.

"Now, what do you want me to do, babe?" Ymir whispered, and my body started to tense up, my core wrapping around itself like a mobius loop. My voice was shaking, as I spread my legs apart for her, feeling a strange electric current run through to my toes. Hesitantly, I put my fingers to my dripping entrance, and pried the lips apart, showing her my insides. Ymir gave that saucy smirk.

"Sir?" Ymir raised an eyebrow. I blushed, biting my inner cheek, pouting. Ymir just laughed and gently kissed my nose in apology. Then she began to run her slim fingers along my entrance, and suddenly, all my retorts died in my throat, replaced by horny, thirsty moans.
"Oh shit fuck... Ymir..." I slowly felt Ymir's fingers rub against my begging entrance. My fluids coated her fingers, lubricating them as she rubbed me, stroking my intimate parts lovingly. Her finger skillfully traced along the contours of each lip, light like down feather. Her hands were like an oil painter's, slow but purposeful, each brush and stroke an art piece in itself. I felt my eyes roll back unconsciously, as her fingers dipped into me, making me whine. I shivered with need. "Please please please please..

"There there.." Her voice was smooth and low, giving the image of ripples spilling over a deep, grey lake. Her words were like liquid metal, slipping into my brain, teasing me like an impossible puzzle I couldn't solve. She kissed me softly, before pulling away from me. I whined at the sudden disappearance of her warmth, my core aching and begging for her to start rubbing me again. Ymir was reaching for something that was out of my sight. I tried to look around to see what it was, but before I could, her hands came back, holding a belt. She pressed me back into the mattress as I tried to get up, and her lips met mine as I fell. Her tongue lovingly traced along my inner cheek, and I tried to respond meekly with a few licks of my own, tasting the scent of vanilla along her lips. She giggled and began to align my body in the way she wanted, pulling me onto her lap, her strong arms easily lifting me up, getting me in position. I felt a low coil of arousal pump through my insides, turned on by how easy she was manhandling me.

Ymir cut off my vision as she wrapped the belt across my face, around my eyes. I didn't struggle, as I felt the cold leather cut into my skin gently, slowly fixing itself above my eyes. Blindfolded, and resting against Ymir's body, I never felt more vulnerable yet safe.

"Tell me what you imagined me doing to you." Ymir whispered, and a low feeling ran through me. The belt was tight around my eyes, preventing me from seeing anything. The only thing that I could do was feel. Feel Ymir's hands on my groin and nipples, cupping it, pulling it, playing with my body, as her fingers slowly stirred me up. Her warm breath on my neck made me shake, contrasting with the cold air on the rest of my naked skin.

"My...my favourite.. Fantasy is when.. When I'm.. We are out together. And I keep flirting with the boys in our class, playing them on, all in front of you.." Her fingers slid deep into me at one go, rubbing against a soft spot. I cried out softly, moaning breathlessly.

"I bet I don't take it too well, do I?" Ymir murmured into my ears, and I nodded, gasping for air. When I found my breath, I managed to choke out a reply.

"N.. No, you don't."

"Then tell me baby. Tell me how I punish you. Tell me how I hold you down, and make you cry. Tell me the way I fuck you like a piece of meat." My walls tightened around Ymir's digits as I heard that. My panties were off the side of the bed, ruined and drenched long before Ymir had started fingering me. Her fingers were pressing against that beautiful spot, rubbing it so well, it felt like I could come already.

"Aft.. After we come back or get out of sight, Yo.. You.. Immediately push me down, and remind me who I belong to." Her fingers didn't stop, slowly stroking me at the same agonisingly teasing pace. "Please, Ymir!!" I bucked against her hand, trying to get more friction.

"Nope. Continue. I'm not going to let you come until you are done." Ymir growled so roughly, so dominantly, I felt myself squeeze around her slim digits. Oh god, I her voice, the way it was deep and seductive, yet smooth, like a satin rope tightening around my neck. We weren't having very energetic sex, but the sheer intimacy of it made my body heat up. Rivets of sweat dripped along my back, down my inner thighs, and with my eye blindfolded, I could feel everything with crystal clear precision.
"I… I Beg you to stop, but.. But - AH!! You pull me down to my knees, a.. And force my mouth open."

"Mm.." Ymir took this opportunity to slide a finger into my mouth, the slim digit being coated in spit. Her finger dragged along the walls on my inner cheek, playing with the sensitive flesh. I obediently licked her fingers as she finger fucked my mouth. "And such a warm, soft, mouth too. I would ruin your tiny little mouth with this big, dirty cock I have for you..." She slid her fingers out from my lips, making me groan, her spit coated digits now playing with my nipples, while her other hand continued to mould my pussy.

"Yes, yes you do-" Dormant pressure was building inside me, below my stomach, slowly being stirred into a violent eruption by Ymir. My stomach began to curl and tingle, twisting and turning uncomfortably. I gripped the bedsheets, almost tearing them. I wanted her so bad. I needed her to touch me faster, to make me cum, to make me scream and beg. My hands were free, and it took all my willpower to not shove them down between my legs and touch myself. "I try to push away from you, but you.. You are too strong, and you pin me down and spank me. It stings, and I'm crying, screaming for you to stop, but you keep slapping my ass, growling into my ears.. that I'm yours. Finally, after I give in, you force my reluctant mouth open with that.. That huge piece.. Of.. girl meat-" I heard Ymir's breath hitch at that phrase, "And you fuck my face without any care or mercy..."

"Mmm…" Ymir murmured, placing soft kisses on my tender neck. Her fingers dipped deeper into me, pressing up against my walls, while her palm rubbed against my clit, giving that beautiful friction that just wasn't enough. "I bet I do.. After I'm done with it, I would make you swallow every last drop."

"Mnhmm-" I felt my back arch, as Ymir began to lovingly insert an additional finger inside me. "You grab my mouth, and my nose, and I can't breathe, or spit it out. You force me to drink your.. Your sperm, and when I'm done, I'm a panting mess. There's.. There's semen dripping from my lips, there's.. cum on my face and hair, my eyes are watering, and I'm coughing and wheezing and begging you for mercy. But.. You spit on my body and..and .."

"And…?" Ymir teased, stopping the stimulation of her two fingers momentarily. I bucked my hips, whimpering, desperate for more, but it was obvious she wasn't gonna start again, until I told her the full truth.

"..s- slap me."

Ymir stood still for a second, and I heard her breath hitch. I shivered. Had I gone too far? I couldn't even look at her face to gauge her reaction. I bit my lip, scared and embarrassed. Anxiety clawed in my gut, and with every fraction of a second that passed, the urge to rip off the blindfold grew larger and larger.

Before I could though, her fingers began again, this time a quick rhythm, that made me gasp and moan. Her digit dug into a spot that felt so good, and my throat let out a high pitched, undignified whine. My insides were pulsing and tingling, and I was shaking my head, feeling the warmth from her contact. After a few rapid thrusts, this violent style of fingering suddenly stopped, making me gasp and cry for more. I felt the raw need in my stomach, begging for more of her. Before I could protest, she began again, silencing my complaints.

It felt so good, so wild and rough and dirty. I shivered, my mouth hanging wide open. So good. It felt soo fucking good. The friction as she rubbed past all those sensitive points, the pain I felt as she loosened me up, the way her voice deepened and growled into my neck. Wet, squelching noises filled the room, as my arousal dripped freely down into the bedsheets, leaving a soft, grey stain. I
didn't care enough though, my only priority now being that Ymir fingered me into an orgasmic oblivion. If the bedsheets had to be sacrificed, so be it.

Her fingers stopped again, and I whined, my legs trembling. "I didn't say stop, you dirty little whore."

"I'm sorry!!" I squeaked, as her fingers restarted, pinching my clit harshly. A shot of pleasure ran through my lower guy, and I felt prickles of electricity run across my skin. "I'm sorry, sir!!"

"Damn right." Ymir hummed against my neck, and I moaned happily. Her fingers dove deeper into me this time, and I saw fireworks ignite white and black dots behind my tightly shut eyelids. Fuck fuck fuck-

I felt my walls tighten harder around her fingers, begging for something thicker, for something more to be plunged inside me. I needed to feel myself stretched out on her cock as it buried itself inside me. I felt her warm breath on my neck, and a coy lick ran down from my ear to my nape, making me moan. Ymir began to nibble my sensitive skin, as if tasting a ripe peach. I shivered, the raw intimacy of it making my core clench and pulsate around her digits. I leaned back, kissing her, feeling her tongue slip into my mouth, tracing along my lips, my inner cheek.

Her free hand slowly began to slide up my body, feeling around my chest, fondling the small nubs, pinching the tip of them. A coil of arousal ran through me from the tip of my chest, like I had touched a live wire. It felt so good when the person you loved played with you. More and more kisses littered my shoulders, my neck, and I groaned. The warmth inside me was slowly building up, filling me until all I could feel and hear and think about was Ymir. Her vanilla fragrance was overpowering, and as I breathed in her intoxicating scent, I felt my body go weak.

"You know Krist.. It might sound dirty to you, but wanna hear my take of how I fuck you?" Ymir murmured into my ears, and even though I couldn't see her face, I could picture a light scarlet blush creeping across her cheeks, barely visible. Her hand slowed down, and I ground my hips against her, whimpering like a rutting animal.

"Mmhmm.. Please please, daddy, I'm begging you, don't stop your hands pleaaaase...." I gasped, feeling my body twist around her magic fingers. I nodded frantically, desperate to hear her decadent fantasies of how she would abuse and torment me. She giggled, and began to move again, and I let out a low moan, as soft squelching noises filled the room.

"I'd like to tie you down, wrapping your hands and feet across the bed frame so you're nice and spread out for me.." Her voice trickled into my ears, and I felt my insides quiver. The sound of her smooth, velvet tone was so unbelievably sexy. Her fingers were slowly stirring me up now, no longer fast paced and rough. "I bet you'd like that.. Being unable to fight back or move. Then I'd slowly tease you. I'd begin by massaging every inch of your body with warm oil until you're a dripping mess, and you're begging for my touch, for more of me. I'd spend hours teasing you in all sorts of fashions, taking my time to watch you scream and beg and moan."

I felt my body tense up. Oh god, that sounded pretty hot. It wasn't the idea I had where she fucked me and ravaged me without care, but it sounded like something for the future.

"I'm so glad you're enjoying the thought of that, you're practically squeezing me. Would you like me to tell you what I have in store for you?" She began to nibble along my collar, leaving a line of hickeys. I blubbered out something that she ignored, the feeling of being dominated so explicitly making me unbelievably horny.
"So I was thinking that after playing with your body, I would begin by eating you out. I would lick every square inch of your body, and watch you scream and twitch and shake. But I won't ever let you finish. I'll keep you on the edge so you're begging and crying and oh, so sensitive for me. Would you like that?"

"Yes.. Sir.. I would!!" I whimpered softly, as the tingling began to build up in my stomach, making me shiver and shake and twitch. Her fingers strike against a bump, and I felt my world shake and tear, becoming undone slowly.

"Afterwards, I would get some ice and candles. I would lovingly trace the ice along your most sensitive areas, along your perky nipples, along your inner thighs, along your clit. By now, you're screaming and begging, your voice cracking. You thrash against the ropes and restraints, as you go insane, crying and moaning and imploring me to let you cum." Her voice soaked through my head, and all I could feel was the way I was shivering against her body, and how good her fingers were as they ghosted along my burning skin.

"With every time I press the ice against you, I would cycle to the candles, letting the warm wax drip all over other parts of your body." As if agreeing with her, my pussy coiled tighter around her fingers, painfully so. I could imagine it now, screeching and twisting on the bed, helpless as she cruelly teased me into a sobbing mess.

"Afterwards, I'd set a bullet vibrator on that little clit of yours. Rapid enough for you to feel every stimulating oscillation, but never enough for you to get off. Maybe I'll tenderly tap you all over with a riding crop while you scream and squirt. And I know you.. When I'm done with you, you'll be squirting all over the place. I want you to spray fountains for me, do you think you can manage that?"

The tingling feeling in my groin had built up, and was overwhelming me. I moaned lustfully as her fingers began to speed up, thankfully realising how much I needed her. If she had chosen to edge me out right now, I would have lost my mind. Maybe even followed through on that divorce.

"Yes daddy!! I'll cum fountains for you, so please.." I screamed, the crippling pleasure running through my legs and body removing the filter I usually had over my words. "Please.. Fuck me with that.. Fat, dirty cock of yours…" I blushed, my face as hot as a boiling kettle. Her fingers started to violently gouge into me, making me squeal and shiver. My whole body was tense and trembling against her, and she began to bite me, running her teeth along my slender, fragile neck. I lost it.

"Ymir!! Oh fuck fuck fuckfuck fuck!! Pleaseee don't stop, don't stop I'm gonna cum- I'm gonna cum- I'm.. Fuck--OOoaoaao-"

I came undone in my lover's arms, my body falling apart with every thrust of her fingers, the lewd, inexpressible thoughts of the way she would fuck me making my toes curl as the wave of my climax hit me. The tingling sensation ran through my entire body, along my skin, like I was being electrocuted. It wasn't the same feeling of pleasure violently rippling across my body from my core when Ymir fucked me on her cock. But it was a welcome feeling, and as I thrashed and twitched, my mouth drooling, I realised it was a pretty good distraction from the pain in my thighs.

When it was all over, we were both panting, my naked body pressed onto Ymir's toned torso. My sweat was soaking her clothes, soiling her and the sheets. I would need to clean it later, but right now, I didn't really care. "Ohhh fuck, Ymir." I whispered, as the post orgasmic sensations echoed through me like dying feedback from an empty battery. I managed to roll over, and even though I was blindfolded, I managed to find her face, and we began to kiss, our lips tasting each other. Usually, I was quite reserved about kissing, but right now, I hungrily devoured her lips, tasting her tongue as it coiled around mine, not caring whether or not I was good at it. Ymir unbound the belt
from around my eyes, letting me see her smug, smirking handsome face.

"It's so nice to see you like this." Ymir smirked saucily as we broke away, a strand of saliva connecting our lips. "You're usually so meek.. It's nice to see you be honest with yourself."

"Meek, huh?" I grinned, as I began to kiss her, trying to prove her wrong. As we took in our fervent breaths, I inhaled the fragrance of the air as her vanilla scent melted with my strawberry one. Our tongues pressed against each other, and I shivered as she began to lovingly fuck my mouth with her tongue.

"Mmhmm." She smiled, as she pulled me off her, tossing me on the side of the bed. I pouted, but then she rolled over, squashing me. "But I think you're pretty cute when you're shy and coy too."

"You're heavy!!" I squeaked, half laughing, half squealing, and she giggled, laying more kisses on me while she pinned me down under her weight. She nuzzled into my neck, and I shuddered, my heart beating happily against her. I could feel how hard she was, pressing against my thighs, and how achingly desperate she must have been while pleasuring me.

"You're still hard." I noted, gently reaching down and stroking her cock through the fabric. Ymir hissed, as I tightened my grip on her shaft. "You want me to.."

"Please." Ymir smirked, and she rolled over me, sitting across the bed frame and spreading her thighs. Her shorts had a button fly, and I took the opportunity to undo it, letting her shaft spring out majestically. Maybe it was from the angle I was set under it, but it looked more majestic than usual. Ymir grinned at my stunned expression.

"C'mon now, babe. This cock isn't gonna suck itself." She took her shaft in one hand, and lazily booped me on the nose with her swollen tip. I blushed. I could smell her meaty smell from where I lay, and the scent coiled around my nostrils, playing with a primal instinct I repressed at the back of my brain. She was my breeding bull, my alpha, and I wanted to take her into me as far as she could go. I might not be able to move my legs, but my head could do the job perfectly fine.

I began to kiss under her glans, making her draw a sharp intake of breath. Stroking her huge, low hanging balls in the palm of one hand, I began to teasingly lick along her cock, massaging the shaft as I did. She let out a small sound as I did, and I took pride in seeing her face tense up, having her cool facade crack under my assault. Peppering her balls with kisses, I gently made my way to the top of her cock, giving the tip of her leaking dick a slow, loving lick along the slit. Her meat was twitching in my hands, and Ymir's head was lulling backwards, her body shaking slightly as I massaged her balls.

"Fuck, Krist...thats pretty good." She panted, as I put a little kiss on her head. Her face still wore that confident, sexy smirk though. I wanted to wipe that look of her lips. "Who taught you that?"

"Jean." Ymir's face paled.

"HAHAH!!" I laughed at her reaction, unable to hold my poker face. "Sorry, sorry. I'm just kidding."

"Jesus, Hist. Don't ever joke with me like that, you gave me a heart attack."

"Ok, I'm sorry." I giggled. "I just wanted to knock that smug look off your face." I began to kiss down her cock, before putting the head in her mouth, sucking on the leaking juices. I felt her bittersweet taste pool around my lips, and I savoured it, rolling it around on my tongue.

I began to bob my head on her girl meat, and Ymir growled, her primal instincts kicking in. She
took my head in her hands, gently fixing my hair behind my ears, out of my face so I could suck her dick better. What a good girlfriend I had. I thanked her by sinking deeper down on her shaft, enjoying the gamey taste that filled my mouth. As I did, I tenderly slipped my fingers in between my legs, gently rubbing myself off. I wasn't intending to actually finish, it just felt nice to warm myself down. Ymir noticed this and cooed.

"What a lewd little girl, touching yourself while sucking dick.." Her voice sent shivers down my spine, and I felt the urge to obey her, to submit myself to her wants. A bolt of arousal shot through me, running from my gut up my back, and I moaned on her cock. Ymir growled. "You feel so good, my little girl. You feel so good wrapped around my dick." I bobbed my head in agreement, and Ymir's eyes rolled back, her cock hitting the back of my throat in tandem.

"After this, I'll have to reward you. I'll wash you down in the shower with hot water, then I'll reheat some pancakes for you. Would you like that?" I blushed, my stomach doing a few loop-the-loops. That sounded amazing. I released her cock from my mouth, and began to stroke the lubed up shaft with my palm, licking her low hanging balls.

If there was one thing I could appreciate about Ymir's genitalia, she was close to hairless down there. After seeing how hairy most guys were up there, (With the exception of Armin, Levi and Josh etc.) I didn't want to imagine what they looked like down there. Marco had pulled back his trackpants one day, and it was like a forest down there.

Her cock was twitching in my fist, and I knew she was about to finish soon. I took her back into my mouth, and began to work my way down her shaft, enjoying the way each vein rubbed along my lips. Spit pooled on my lower lips, dripping down onto her crotch as I slobbered my way up and down her dick. Sasha had actually given me some tips when I had balled up the courage to ask her a few days ago.

"Fuck, jesus Krista..." Ymir moaned, stroking my hair as I tried to swallow her dick. Feeling my gag reflex kick in, I safely decided today was not the day I died by choking on my girlfriend's cock, pulling back. I felt her balls twitch in my hands, her hips shaking slightly. "I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna cum in your mouth."

I nodded frantically, which probably felt good for her since she had her dick buried in my mouth. Ymir gasped, her hair a mess, chocolate malt locks streaked across her wet forehead. Her cock began to swell up in my mouth, and I knew she was gonna blow. Like the good girlfriend I was, I began to bob my head faster, and Ymir almost screamed as she came.

"Krista!! Fuck!!" Her voice hit a high note for a second, an undignified pitch that I had never heard her use. Her teeth were ground together, her jaw tight as she shot her warm sperm into my mouth. I continued sucking her off as she came, hot fluids spraying in creamy spurts all over my lips, my tongue, my inner cheeks. After what felt like four or five shots, there was too much to hold in my mouth, and it began to dribble out, leaking out and down my chin and onto the duvet.

I pulled off her still hard cock, gently showing Ymir what was in my mouth, all the sperm and warm semen she had pumped into me. Ymir groaned, her dick twitching. I swirled it in my mouth, the sex pheromones clouding my inhibitions.

"Jesus Krist, who taught such a nice little meek girl like you how to do stuff like that." Ymir chuckled, and I pouted. Then I realised how I could get her back. I grabbed her waist, and quickly dived back down on her cock.

"Krista, wait!! What are you-" Ymir only got that far before I began to suck on her still sensitive flesh, shutting her up. She squealed, and I felt a little tinge of pride. This was probably how Ymir...
felt when she had me pushed down on all fours and crying out my orgasm for her. It was not a bad feeling.

"Kri- Krista FUCK STOP, STOP sTOooOPPlease!!" Ymir was jerking, her body shaking uncontrollably as though she was being electrocuted. Her penis was shaking in my mouth, and I began to swirl my tongue on the glans of her red hot manhood. Her cries became whimpers.

"SoMeONe heEeEEelp!!" Ymir cried as she struggled against my death grip on her body, gasping and short of breath all the way, before shifting her body towards the wall. "SaaSSHaA!! KRISTA-iS kilLiNG me!!"

Damn right, not so funny now, huh?

Ymir's punished cock couldn't take anymore of my forced blowjob, and it gave up, squeezing off another pump or two of semen, shooting weakly as it squirted like a hot pocket into my mouth. Ymir's back was arched, and she was breathless, lying back weakly against the frame, her eyes glassy and dazed.

"Krista.." She moaned weakly, her mouth hanging open, her voice soft and croaky. "Please.. Whatever that… Was for.. I'm sorry.. Please don't do that again-

I gently traced my finger down her shaft, scratching a nail along her head, and she caterwauled like a feral cat. My sweet feral cat. I smirked.

"Not so meek now, am I?"
Chapter 21

I tapped on the sleek keyboard, trying to ignore the handsome man in front of me. I remembered seeing him last week at the Christmas dinner, but I didn't think we'd actually meet again, considering I didn't take combat classes with Ymir and the rest.

Kenny Ackerman sat on a desk like a lazy cat, his back always facing a wall. He had a perpetual slouch, but it wasn't from bad posture. It was as if he was trying to guard his neck from would-be assailants. Tall, high cheekbones and rugged, he sat on the lab table like he owned the place. I continued typing into the macbook, as he inspected the random trinkets littered around him. I had tried my best to tidy up Hanji’s place, but it still looked like a tornado had swept through the area.

Kenny slipped off the desk gracefully, taking out his signature hip flask and downing a mouthful. He wiped his mouth on his sleeve, belching gracelessly, before looking around the meeting room, pacing and inspecting the shelves. His gaze swiveled to me, and I quickly looked back at the screen, pretending I hadn't been looking at him for the last moments. I could already feel a blush spreading across my cheeks. When I shot a glance up at him, he had his back facing against the desk, despite there being several chairs next to him.

I quickly shook my thoughts off him, and looked back at the spreadsheet, typing in some content and merging a few cells. I hadn't gotten much work done since he arrived twenty minutes ago. It was already ten forty. Usually, I would have been done by now, and would be reading some novel or handling other administrative matters. I growled, a little annoyed at myself. Why was I getting distracted by that rakishly handsome man? He probably had women hanging off him. I refocused on my work.

I managed to get a bit of work in, then I looked up from the dim light of the computer, to rest my eyes, and I saw him pacing the room again. I groaned inwardly, and when I looked back at my computer, all I managed to type was gibberish. Why did I do this to myself?

"Uhm.. Mr.. Mr Ackerman, sir? Can I help you with anything?" I managed to squeak out, my voice soft and unsteady, even I wasn't sure I said it. I kicked myself inwardly. Fuck me. I looked down, hoping not to attract attention to myself. When I looked up, he was looking at me dead in the eyes, with that killer gaze of his. I yelped, biting my lips, regretting that I said anything. Why was I like this?

"Excuse me, did yer say something?" His voice was smooth and silky, wrapping around my body, around my throat, suffocating me like a noose. I looked back at him, then back down at the screen, then back at him again. He wasn't budging.

"I.. I uh.. Asked.. If you need anything.. You've been pacing around the room.. Perhaps I could.. Get you.. Something to drink?" I quickly looked at his waist, and saw his hip flask hanging there.

"Mm?" Kenny decided to walk over to me, and he pulled out a chair along the way, deciding to take a seat in front of my work bench. "Thanks for asking, but don't worry too much. I'm just not used to being underground. It ain't for me."

"Claustrophobic?"

"More like Cleithrophobia." Kenny replied, leaning back in his chair. The room fell into a quick silence, and I continued tapping on the keyboard, although I could feel my face heating up. I mean,
what could we talk about? Kenny Ackerman sat from across me, and from where he was seated, I could smell the alcohol on his breath, and now that he was closer to me, I could smell another unfamiliar scent. It smelt like a mix of flowers, a mix of floral scents that melted together in an intoxicatingly sweet fragrance. It took me a second to realise it was like a morgue. He smelt like a morgue.

"We've met before, yea? During the Christmas party. You were that boy dressed like a chick."

"Y..yes sir."

"Jesus fucking christ kid, don't call me sir." Kenny laughed. He took a swig from his flask, his foot bouncing about slightly. I blushed, and shot a quick glance at the table's leg. I thought about ignoring him and began my work on the spreadsheet, but judging from past anecdotal experience, that wasn't gonna turn out too well.

"How's it like working here?" He asked, breaking the silence. I took a chance to mechanically glance up and make eye contact, like Ymir taught me to. It didn't work too well either. I caught the way his shiny eyes peered curiously into mine, and I quickly looked back at my laptop screen, my cheeks burning. "I know Hans may be…uh… Eccentric. She treating you alright?"

"Yes!!" I stammered, my voice cracking a little, unused to responding to social prompts. If Ymir was here, she would be shaking her head right about now. What would Ymir do in this situation?? She would probably say something cool and lean back in her chair, glaring at whoever was talking to her.

I was pretty sure that I couldn't do the whole cool-hostile thing that she had going for her, so my next best option was something funny.

"She.. She's treating me well. Better than you would expect psychopathic war criminals to, at least." Wait, shit. That wasn't funny. Kenny looked at me for a solid thirty seconds, his face stunned. I felt a bead of sweat run down my back, wondering if I overstepped my bounds.

He struck me as the serial killer type, and somewhere in the part of my brain that wasn't panicking, I wondered if he was the type to skin you before or after the murder. My precognition was already picturing him putting me up on the side of his study as a prized taxidermy specimen; Socialus Awkwardius. Not much was not known about the species as a whole, but extinction probably occurred after it made a bad joke.

Then Kenny smirked, chuckling a bit, and I actually felt the air leave my body as it released itself from the tension, deflating.

"Well, yea, I'm just surprised Hanji told you about her criminal charges. She's usually quite protective of her privacy. I guess she's gotta trust yer quite a bit. I would be, if I was being constantly monitored by the government." Kenny noted, his face looking thoughtful.

Wait, what??!

What??

What the hell?!

I was just kidding. Should I have.. Should I have told Kenny that I was making a joke? But then again, he would probably have to murder me to keep the secret. And he would realise I was terrible at telling jokes. Panic began to rise again in my mind. Then I saw Kenny break out into a grin.
"Naw, I'm just playing, kiddo. Don't give me the look like someone just died." The taller man laughed. Ugh, Ymir would probably have seen through that ruse in an instant. I quickly glanced at my laptop, which was now a black screen from the lack of activity.

"Kenny, how often have I told you to stop harassing the staff?" A smirking voice called from the corner of the room, and I craned my neck to see Hanji step out from the double doors.

"Too often, toots." Kenny leered, casually running his eyes up her legs, long and slim. Hanji actually had pretty nice legs, or at least I could appreciate them. I would be lying if I said I hadn't stared, even a little bit, at them the last time she came to work wearing short shorts and stockings. I had to remind myself that she was a possible war criminal who would probably carve your balls out with a scalpel if you looked at her wrong.

Had to hand it to her, her legs looked fantastic, slim in all the right areas, but well marbled where they should have been. Especially with those tight black yoga shorts she was sporting today. My eyes, peering out the edge of my vision, climbed up her sleek, creamy thighs. Jesus, was that her cameltoe? Was she not wearing any underwear?? She caught me glancing at her and blew a kiss at me, and I flushed. Oh fuck me, this was mortifying. Today really wasn't going my way.

"And you say I harass the staff." Kenny laughed, taking a swig of his hip flask, showing off a flash of the silver casing and his pearly white teeth. "'Hello Pot? This is Kettle. You're black.'"

"The difference is, I actually pay him.*

"Which is more than the Chinese child slaves you have in the basement making fake Nike shoes." I added, looking at my spreadsheets, surprising myself a little with the cheek of my response. Kenny laughed.

"First off, they are paid, just poorly, so it's not slavery. Secondly, how did you know?" Did one of them get out again?" Hanji walked over to a wardrobe and as we watched her, she took out a long pole with a rope noose at the end, something you'd find at a cattle ranch. I stared. What the actual fuck was going on today??

"Josh, do you know how to use this? I need you to do a job for me in the afternoon after your classes." Hanji handed me the pole, and I weighed it in my hands. It was awfully unbalanced, and I knew using it would be cumbersome.

"I'm sorry, what?" I gaped.

"It's a catch pole." Kenny nodded at Hanji, before explaining it to me like a six year old. "You use it to catch things."

"Chinese children??"

"Well, Chings, yeah. If you wanna catch some Bootlips, they are taller, so you gotta extend the shaft." He took the catcher from my hands and fiddled with it for a little, letting the interior pole slide out, lengthening it. The second part slid out and the mechanism secured itself with a click. "Of course, I wouldn't recommend catching one alone, those Gatorbaits can grow up to be taller than you."

"I'm sorry, what??" I stared at the two 'adults' in the room. I mean, it's not like I would stand up against racism if it happened in front of me, but the abrasive words being thrown around still shook me a little. I glanced at the two of them with a little but of shock and repulsion. Then I saw that they were both grinning.
"HA!! Got you again!!" Kenny laughed, smacking his knee in obvious appreciation of his impractical joke. Hanji was giggling too, her face a little red. Kenny smirked, and I flushed, a little embarrassed. Once again, Ymir would probably have called their bluff on the spot, playing along with the joke. "Jesus, kid, your face."

I bit the inside of my cheek, quickly looking back at the black screen of my laptop, my face burning. Looks like today was turning out to be an unproductive day. I felt my hand playing along the hem of my skirt, which was probably a sign in anxiety.

"Aw, sweetcheeks, cheer up." Kenny smirked, and I felt the tip of my ears go warm again, although it wasn't from embarrassment like before. "Hanji and I just like playing around like that."

"Well, Josh, first off, no, I don't have Chinese children in my basement. Or any children. Secondly, Kenny was a policeman who primarily headed investigations regarding human trafficking. I think he would have a thing or two to say about it if I was abducting children for no good reason." Hanji walked over to the side of the room, uncapping her thermos flask and filling it up with hot water. The smell of calming tea leaves filled the room.

"About.. About the language though?" I tried weakly, looking at Kenny.

"The world was a different place thirty years ago. Also, you'll pick up lots of swears and derogatory slurs in certain workplaces. Doesn't mean I treat people any less than they are. Unless they are rapists or some shit." Kenny shrugged. "Don't let Erwin catch you using any of the phrases I say. Or at least, don't tell him you heard me say it."

"Have you ever wondered why Erwin and Kenny hate each other?" Hanji asked, sipping her warm tea, and I shook my head.

"Not really, from the last ten minutes, I think it's pretty obvious."

"Jesus, you're harsh." Kenny guffawed, and he opened his hip flask and threw a mouthful of alcohol into his throat. "In my defence, I think it was more of a bad first impression."

"Do you ever make good first impressions?"

"I can be professional when I attempt to be."

"So, no."

"Hey hey, I was pretty professional at that time." Kenny grinned, and Hanji just sighed. "It was concerning a case about some teenager who shot a dealer over a bottle of pills. Of course, I was running in the rackets, so I knew it happened, but I had to act all shocked and shit about it."

"So anyways, we all were there, and this was a pretty sensationalised case at that time, because everyone was shocked that a teenager would be using." Kenny snorted. "Hard truths nobody likes to see, until it bites them in the ass. Society isn't as green as everybody believes it is. It's all about where you look."

"Erwin was starting out his career, as a rookie cop. I was part of the detective squad. So when we were all gathered at the scene, surrounding this one corpse that had long since bled out. And I chuckled and said, 'Poor Beaner, eh? But I pity the bastard who shot him, he's gonna be swallowing Grandma's greasy prescription pills.'" Kenny chortled, and paused. "Erwin went ballistic."

"I can only imagine."
"I didn't feel too bad about him kicking it, and it ain't cause of the colour of his skin. I knew that he was selling to kids, and trust me, those people are one of the biggest scumbags you can find in the world."

"If you're wondering about our conversation, it went something like this." Kenny made two hand mouths.

"Howw darr yu tolk dauwn to blah blah I'm a tall handsome blonde man. Do yu know racism und prejudice is the third biggest contributing factor to autistic babies and shit?" I giggled at how Kenny mimicked and exaggerated Erwin's German accent. Hanji straight out laughed, snorting a little. She recovered by taking a quick sip of her tea.

"To which, I said," Kenny paused. Then continued in an overly cockney accent-ed voice. "'My god, your aryan ancestors must be turning in their graves when they hear you talk, you neo nazi dickhead.' Imagine a German, tall, blonde hair, blue eyes, the whole package, down to his stupid Hitler accent, talking about solving racism."

I had to laugh. Hanji spat out her tea, choking a little as she coughed and guffawed.

"As you could guess, things went downhill from there."

"Funnily enough, I could guess it did. What happened after that?"

"I didn't know how it ended up the way it did, but suddenly he was shouting in my face, and I was, well, I was being me." Kenny continued, putting his legs on the desk. "So, things went to shit. Next thing I knew, one of us had swung at the other, I forgot who, and we were basically scrapping it out. Mind you, Erwin had two arms back then."

"We were pretty much pulled apart by our respective teams, with Erwin getting two fractured ribs, and me with a cauliflower ear and a bruised side." Kenny grinned, and I saw a dangerous glint of white as his sharp teeth peeked out from beneath those lips. "Of course, we both got chewed out by our commanding directors after that. Grill and I had already predetermined it was better if I were to take the blame for it. After all, Erwin was a new cop, and I didn't want him to throw out his career over something so trivial. I got fourteen extra rounds of duty for that, short of getting sent to the detention barracks. Erwin left scot free."

"We avoided each other from then on out. Deep down, he hates me because I'm a crude, misogynistic asshole. But more than that, he hates that I saved his career with underhanded tactics. I think he would have been happier to have just accepted the punishment and told the story as it was, instead of allowing me to take the full blame for it."

"Do you regret it?" I asked out of curiosity.

"I've done worse things to regret." Kenny smiled. "Although, I'm not going to lie, it was satisfying to drag the golden boy through the mud, to show him that as much as he tried, he's still a human like us."

I nodded.

"And to answer your question Josh, I'm not in support of racism. My favourite niece is a sushi-bender, and I'm pretty sure Levi has gypsie blood in him somewhere." Kenny took off his fedora, and began pulling the sides. He wore a size eight and a half. "I believe that stereotypes are made for a reason, and that to a certain extent, profiling, whether racial or not, is accurate and should be used if needed. But I wouldn't hate anybody more than anyone else because of their skin."
"Wise words." Hanji smiled, breathing in her tea.

"I have my moments." Kenny put his hat back on.

We sat there for a bit, and I started up the computer and worked on the spreadsheet. Kenny and Hanji were laughing and chatting a little about old times, the mad scientist showing the crooked man some papers she had with her, which consisted of gibberish about birds.

"Wait, so pigeons never get lost because.."

"They have a natural magnet in their brains. It always points them north and south. It's the equivalent of a compass in their skull. So when they fly over an area of great magnetic flux, some of them may collide with each other, or they just suddenly lose sense of direction."

"That's gotta suck."

"It's pretty funny, in my opinion."

After what felt like fifteen minutes, Hanji looked at her wrist, before addressing me. "Josh, it's 1140. If you are going to have lunch with Ymir and Krista, you'll have to go soon."

I looked at the screen's right hand corner. Sure enough, the time had flown past my head, and it was almost noon. "Yeah, and I have to get Erwin's essay back from Sasha before our class at 3."

"Hmm. No wonder Sasha has been doing so well recently." Hanji mused, her legs crossed. She was looking through the stack of papers she was showing Kenny. Kenny sat, one hand holding a tax invoice, the other hand holding a small calculator, punching in numbers. "Do you get anything from her out of this arrangement?"

*N.. No.* I managed, my face burning for the first time in a while. I kicked myself inwardly.

"Jesus kid, this isn't game of thrones. It's good to have a chick suck your cock over an essay, but it hardly ever happens." Kenny snorted, as he punched in some numbers into his calculator, scribbling numbers onto a sheet of paper. "Get her to pay you for the essay or something. Make sure you're at least getting something out of it. Compensation money, savvy?"

"I can't believe you're a teacher, Mr. Ackerman." I smiled, putting my laptop into its case. I packed up, quickly cramming my computer into my drawstring bag, making the small figurines keychain jangle a little.

"My job is mostly administrative." Kenny laughed. "See you around, kiddo."

"But if you are hanging around, I need you to go to the roof and help me get a Frisbee down using this catching pole. And no, I'm not kidding this time." Hanji added, thrusting the pole to me.

"Uh, sure, I guess? I'll do it after my history class." I replied, about to head out. Which was when I saw Kenny fix me with a questioning look.

"Now, kid, what did I teach you about compensation money? You gotta stand up for yourself, sweetcheeks." I flushed again, which probably just proved his point. "Now, repeat after me : 'I ain't doing shit for free, you damn harpy. What are you gonna give me if I do it?'"

"What, really??" I stared at Kenny.

"Yep, always works. Women love it when you stand your ground." He nodded sagely. "Now you
"I...i ain't doing shit for free, you.. Harpy. What are.. Are you gonna give me.. If.. if I do it?" Hanji just stared at me.

"Well.." Hanji finally cooed, as she smiled sweetly. Her voice was laced with the tiniest bit of venom, like a cobra coiling up to strike. "How about in return, I don't tie you up while you sleep and prod your prostate with my zap stick until you actually become a girl?"

"F.. Fair enough, I'll accept that offer."

"Smart boy." She smiled condescendingly.

"That's tough, kid. But you learnt something today. Sometimes, you can't win everything. You gotta choose the battles. Like now, for instance."

"Is that why you are here, helping Hanji with her tax invoices?"

"Yep."

"So everything about standing my ground?."

"It goes to shit once you get married and have kids." Kenny nodded. "This is why I only raise gypsy kids I handcuff on the streets. It's like a shortlisting process."

"Aw." I said, walking out the door, my head drooping.

"Aw indeed."

Kenny was lying to Josh, by the way. He was getting something out of it.

"Fuck!!" I moaned into his strong shoulder, as he railed me mercilessly. I felt his thick, muscular cock stir my warmth up with the finesse of a farm idiot churning butter. It felt so savage, so dirty, so brutally good. I bit into the muscles between his neck and trapezoids, and he snarled, pulling away from me for a moment, only to grab my head and press it against the table. His hips began their violent harmony again, smashing against my entrance, the slick sound of skin smacking on skin running through the reception area.

My clothes were strewn all over the floor, my tight fitting yoga pants torn off and left below the table, next to my crumpled shirt and slippers. The only thing I was wearing was my lab coat, and when Kenny ripped it off me to get better access to my breasts, I was left naked and horny.

"Hey, no biting." he half snarled, half laughed, as he pressed my face against the smooth wooden table. Unlike me, he was fully dressed, albeit without his hat, which was on the floor somewhere, and his belt and fly were undone, letting his cock poke out majestically. With each powerful thrust, I could feel my breasts shaking and jumping madly about like a building in an earthquake. His grip against my skull was hard and constricting, just like how I liked it. I could feel a slow pulse building from all the pressure he was pressing down on me with, but it only made me clench down harder on his meat stick, feeling every inch of him grinding against my quivering walls. "You wanna play dirty, tuts? Let's play dirty."

His fingers found my erect clit, and I screamed, my legs shooting up like I was being electrocuted. His fingers squeezed down on my sensitive nun of flesh, pinching and rolling it about as his cock
ruined my insides.

"StTtOP!!" I screamed, my breath short and choppy, struggling against his muscular grip, his hands like iron. He responded by pinching my clit, stretching it as far as it could go, sending an exquisite cocktail of excruciating pain and pleasure straight into my brain. My screams became breathless, garbled noises, disgraceful caterwauling that you wouldn't expect a human, especially one of my standing, to make. But I wasn't a human, right now. I was lower than that, I was livestock, an animal. I was nothing but a slab of meat for Kenny The Ripper to use.

We were two humans making love on a desk. This was a butcher's chopping block, and Kenny was the one holding the cleaver.

He released my clit, and I barely had time to exhale a breath of air before he smacked my sore nub, making me holler again. My eyes were rolled up into my skull, and I could feel a migraine building, my pathetic cries echoing around the room, resonating in my skull. He smacked it again, in that brutal, savage manner that I loved. All the while, his hips never gave out, slamming and pounding into me. I knew I was going to be sore by the time he was done, but fuck, this felt amazing. No matter how much I protested, no matter how much I screamed and struggled, I could feel my walls literally squeeze around him, as orgasm after orgasm rolled over me. This rough, ferocious, dirty sex was the only way that I could get off.

"What are you?" He snarled, a horrible, wide grin cut across his face in a leer. Every tooth after the first four incisors were sharp and pointed. Pure white and dangerous, like shining serrated diamonds in a shark's mouth. He grabbed my face and pressed it harder into the table, sending taxes and scientific documents spilling all over the floor. I groaned, my saliva freely flowing down into the table, making a small pool. "I said, what are you?!"

"I'm a pig!!" I screeched, feeling the unbearable burning in my cunt, as his iron grip bruised the flesh of my waist, pinning me down in place to fuck me harder, pummeling my poor insides with his thick, crimson shaft. He bottomed out inside me, and I felt his loose hanging balls smack against my ass, over and over again. "I'm your little piggy!!"

"You'd better shut the fuck up, you garbage sow." Kenny growled in such a low, dangerous voice, I felt my insides quiver in trepidation, squeezing down on his substantial girth, rubbing my soft spots into his veinly length. He had stopped moving for now, but even stationary, he was so thick, I felt my body twitch and clench around him, aroused at such an alpha specimen, my instincts telling me to breed with him. I felt something spray out of my urethra, loose droplets of water falling out as I felt my insides contract uncontrollably. I was squirting. And it felt so good. He grabbed my breasts, his large hands rough and calloused. The rough skin bit into my soft tits, pale and spoilt from spending too much time in the lab, away from the sun. The fingers cut into them like a vice, and Kenny pulled at my breasts, ruining them in his crushing grip. "Pigs don't talk in any human languages. They only oink!!!"

He released my boobs, and I gasped as I felt a sudden rush of blood flow out of them, leaving them scarlet and flushed. His hands went to them again, giving them a slap, and I wailed, my voice cracking, my throat sore and inflamed.

"What do you say to your owner when he smacks your pale slutty pig tits?" A hard slap bounced across the walls of the room, the tense snap leaving a deafening silence in its wake.

"Thank you!!" I screamed, my breaths coming out in choppy bursts. Tears were rolling down my eyes, as I sniffled, the pain almost overwhelming me. But somewhere deep down, the satisfying feeling of being fucked so hard, so thoroughly, without any care for my personal wellbeing made me so hot and drenched. The humiliation was nothing short of excruciatingly delightful. I enjoyed
walking about being able to do whatever the hell I wanted. But being held down and fucked like this, like a debauched cattle, was so undignified, but my body was craving it. "Thank you!! Thank you, Sir!!"

Another slap. Harder than the last, making me tear a scream out of my hoarse throat.

"Who gave you the permission to speak English, you piece of shit!!" Kenny roared, and he grabbed my hair, pressing my face into the puddle of drool I had made, ruining my toner and caking my cheeks in my spit. I could taste my lipstick running, and I knew I looked a mess. I probably looked like a dirty side hooker, getting fucked into the dirt. And it turned me on so much. "Are you so fucking stupid that you can't obey simple instructions??"

"Oink!!! OIIiiNK!! OINK!!" I frantically squealed, thrusting my hips back and forth, which was not a good idea, considering I was impaled balls deep onto his cock. I could feel his thickness rub against a few soft spots from the lightest struggles, and the sensation of being so helpless made me shiver.

That was his cue, and he began to move again, his hand finding a new spot to grab. One of his rough, hard hands found its new grip on my face, a few fingers deep into my mouth, pulling my tongue painfully, while he began pressing me against the drool puddle, which was getting bigger by the moment. The second hand went to my breasts, pinching and slapping my bruised tits about like a punching sandbag. He didn't even bother with starting off slow and building a rhythm from there, he knew what I preferred and gave it to me.

He ruthlessly slammed his entire length into me, pulling it out until it was just the head inside me, then forcing it in all the way, all at once. My throat was scratchy and ruined, and even breathing hurt, but it managed to give a high pitched whine, unable to do anything more comprehensible. Kenny didn't even flinch. Most people would have stopped after hearing that broken, pitiful sound. But Kenny knew my limits, and what I liked. He continued, a relentlessly harsh pace, smacking and wrecking my pussy into a sloppy mess. My brain was slowly zoning out, my tongue hanging loosely, trailing across the saliva on the table, tasting the wood on the tip of my lips.

"Oi, you stupid pig!!" Kenny glared at me. "You'd better fucking tighten that pussy of yours, it's the only damn thing you're good for." He smacked my face, hard, and I moaned, my cheeks turning scarlet from the blunt impact. I could feel how stifled and artificial his movements were. He could have easily cracked my jaw off with a misplaced slap, or maybe even fractured my cheekbone if he had applied a bit more force. My face was spinning, my cheeks stinging. I felt my body shake, as another small orgasm overtook me, running like an electrical current across my skin, traversing down my back from my guts, making my toes curl up.

"Oink!!-"

"Don't worry, I know how to make a masochistic pain slut like you tighten up." Kenny smirked, and his hand wrapped around my neck, cutting into my windpipe. I felt the raw strength of his grip, as my lungs burned. My head was spinning, but at the same time, my body was trying to void my bowels of any foreign materials, which included Kenny's thrusting monster cock. It began to squeeze down on him, and I choked out a wail. Kenny tensed up, his eyes narrowed, but he continued pounding away, his hips and legs helping to destroy my pussy.

Sweat covered every inch of my body as I suffocated. My mind was going blank, as pleasure and agonising, unbearable pain began to mix together, melting and burning and twisting over one another. My vision started getting dark, and with every hard, terrifically excruciating rut, I could feel another embarrassing climax coming.
I choked out a raspy, painful gasp. More beads of precum and water sprayed out of my cunt, dirtying the table. I had made sure to drink as much tea and liquid as I could beforehand, just to give him a show. And he made use of it.

"Why you fucking useless sack of-" Kenny blew up his face morphing into one of unadulterated anger, his grip got tighter around my throat, and I could feel my body literally twisting in his hands, my intestines playing Jenga with one another. My lungs were on fire, and I saw black spots as he squeezed harder and harder. He could have easily snapped my neck like a toothpick, or torn my windpipe out with a few fingers. He was slowly adding pressure on my throat, ensuring I didn't accidentally die. "How dare you piss out your vagina so freely like this is your sty?"

His cock was sawing in and out of me right now, and I shivered and shuddered, each powerful blow making my tits swing like pendulums. His free hand was grabbing on my nipples, pulling them, twisting them, flicking the sensitive, erect tips. My makeup and appearance was ruined. My hair was a mess. My glasses were thrown somewhere on the floor right now, and I was stained in drool, sweat and tears. I uttered something illegible as he adjusted his angle, then began slamming again. My battered womanhood was now taking a barrage of thrusts from his entire lower body. His cock smacked against my cervix, over and over, and waves of pleasure crashed into me, making me croak and jerk. It felt like I was going to die. I already came more than once in the last minute, and as Kenny pressed down even harder in my neck, his cock pushing and punishing my poor, stretched cervix, I felt a bigger orgasm hit.

Kenny grunted. The question was, would my climax bring him to his or not.

The answer was yes. Kenny was a man of hardship and discipline, the epitome of physical perfection, but he was still a man, and he had his limits. I could feel his cock swell up inside me, going hotter and hotter with each passing second.

"Fuck, at least your cunt is good for one thing, you stupid bitch." Kenny smirked, as he slammed in and out of me mercilessly, making my ragdoll body flop on the desk. "It's nice and velvety, perfect for sticking my dirty ol' cock into. That's the only thing you got going for you, Ms piggy."

I gurgled.

His thrusts became frantic and hasty, as his monster meat began running in and out of me, faster and faster, his hips bouncing off my ass, the snacking noise running across the empty reception area. The callous, filthy thrusting, violent and uncaring, made my body shiver again, and I felt the same contractions occur again, my body squirting out a small amount of my juices again.

"I'm gonna cum. Open your mouth." Kenny wasn't asking. He reached over to my face, and uncomfortably wrenched my jaw towards him, forcing my mouth open with his thumb. In one fluid motion, he pulled himself out of my battered, punished pussy, and stuffed himself into my mouth, his hands wrapped deep into my hair. I gave out a stifled yelp of surprise, which was more of a choking, painful gurgle as his cock reached to the back of my mouth on his first thrust, before penetrating into my hoarse, ruined throat on the second try. I retched on his cock, and he grabbed my nose, preventing me from spitting any of his cum out as he ejaculated into my mouth.

"C'mon you useless pig. Drink your lunch." Scalding warm semen filled my mouth, my throat, searing my lips, as ropes and ropes of thick, slimy jizz poured into me. I shook my head in mock protest, but Kenny just grabbed my head and held it still, forcing me to bend over and take his cock in my mouth, contorting me in a bizzare, painful parody of a yoga pose. Kenny groaned, as he came and came again, shooting his load into my mouth. I could taste the sweat of his skin, mixed with the bitterness of his semen and the bland sweetness from my own vagina.
"Does the little piggy like her sperm soup?" Kenny had just came, but his cock was still rock hard, as if he hadn't. He pulled out his cock from my mouth, and I vomited slightly, coughing out whatever I didn't manage to swallow. The residual semen crawled down my lips, pouring over my chin in viscous, slimy strands.

"O...oink-" I groaned, my body too ruined and exhausted to say anything else. My voice sounded weak and croaky, even to me, and I was still coughing slightly, as semen dripped deeper into my throat.

"C'mon, it's time for your makeup." Kenny grabbed the semen of the floor, and off my chin, before rubbing it into my face, making me jerk back, my cunt twitching happily again, ecstatic to be humiliated. The semen was cold and reeked a gamey odour, like skinned rabbits or wild boar. Just the slightest scent of it made me shiver with unbridled want. After my face and hair was coated in thick, smelly fluid, Kenny looked down at me, admiring his masterpiece. He took his still turgid cock and rubbed it all over my lips, making me whimper. "Don't forget the lipstick." He laughed, smacking me playfully across the face with his shaft.

He released my head, and my body was thankful that he was no longer forcing me into that awkward, bent over pose. As soon as I reclined back however, he grabbed my hips and flipped me over on the floor, throwing me down like a piece of meat. I landed awkwardly, surprised, and I felt the air leave my lungs, my stomach hitting the cold marble surface. I craned my head, as Kenny mounted me. His intention was pretty clear.

I screeched again, my throat burning as he pushed his cock into my asshole. He didn't even bother loosening me up or getting lube. He knew that I liked painful. Also, I had already lubed up before the start of this, so I wasn't too worried about getting any tears or fissures. Even if I did, I had some antibiotics and medicine in the lab somewhere to fix that. Still, unstretched anal is an awful, painful feeling, which made it all the more gratifying as he fucked me senseless.

My asshole felt it was in fire, as the agony wrecked through my hips, making my cunt shake and squirm, quivering around his fat cock. He kept raling me, his bruising grip on my waist making me squeal. Tears, fresh tears flowed down my cheeks, mixing with the cum and smeared lipstick. Kenny wasn't holding back, thrusting and slamming himself into me with reckless abandon. The feeling of the ice cold floor on my breasts made my nipples harden, my asshole clutching down on his cock, tightening around it. I came and came again, as Kenny abused my trained asshole like it was a meat toilet.

"Fuck, you worthless whore, I'm gonna cum again. You're good for two things, counting your slutty fuckmeat of an asshole." His thrusts were speeding up, and I could feel my eyes rolling up to my head, as the rolling sensation of the biggest orgasm I had in the last forty minutes hit me.

With one long thrust, Kenny rammed his manhood all the way to the base, his head ravaging deep into my anus, and I screamed as I felt something give way, but didn't care. Kenny, with more access to my cavity, began to ride out his orgasm, each frantic thrust spilling more and more semen into my body. I could feel his warm, sticky cum spray all over my walls, and I groaned, my fingers clawing into the marble as the climax hit me. I felt my ass give way, and my body gave its last dredges of fluid it had, spurting small beads of its juices all over the floor. My toes curled up as the pleasure ran through me, my mouth hanging loosely.

We stayed like that for a while, both of us exhausted and spent. Fuck, I hadn't had this good a fuck in a long, long while.

Slowly, Kenny gently pulled himself out of me, and slowly got to his feet, tenderly kneeling down and cradling me, picking me up in a princess carry. I nodded my thanks, my throat too tired and
hoarse from the screaming to form words.

"Is the toilet still the same place as before?" Kenny asked, and I nodded weakly. He walked over to the entrance to my lab, and I huddled in his strong arms like a bizarre marsupial. As we walked, he patted my head, and I basked in the affection. The entrance from the reception centre led to a hallway that led to different rooms of my underground base. Air ventilation down here alone cost a small fortune, but it was all worth it for the sake of privacy. Kenny walked over to a seemingly blank wall, and pulled on the light switch. The wall rotated, and a lift was there. He walked in, carrying me along, and pressed the button indicating B3.

I hadn't actually intended it, but there was a geothermal vent somewhere on the campus. After finding that out, I renovated a room to be a bathhouse style toilet. The scouting legion used the place from time to time, but it was mostly used by me when I needed a place of solitude, to muse or to destress. The bathroom was pretty well hidden, and if anybody who didn't know their way tried to find it, they could easily get lost in the underground labyrinth of my lab.

Kenny propped the wooden doors open with his shoulders, strolling into the bathroom like he owned the place. He made a beeline to the edge of the gigantic hot pool that made up its center. He kicked off his shoes, and stepped into the thigh deep water. I moaned happily as he laid me down carefully, making sure I didn't drown as he propped me against the wall.

He stood up, and stripped off his shirt, making sure he didn't get all of it too wet. His pants and hipflask came off next, then his drenched socks. He wasn't wearing underwear. In the nude, Kenny looked impressive, his lanky, slender frame misleading when he wore his clothes. Under all the fabric, he was a walking coil of muscles and strength. His entire torso was decorated with bulging muscles even I couldn't name, thin and sinewy and strong. It wasn't the first time I had seen him naked, but it was still an amazing sight. His body was covered in scars, round marks of red and purple, or white bleached lines that didn't heal properly, marks of his former battles and violent life. It didn't make him uglier, in fact, it gave him a rakishly beaten, weathered look.

We sat there in silence, as I rested my battered body against the stone walls of the pool. A few minutes later of resting, Kenny left momentarily, returning with two cups of water, which I gratefully accepted.

"That.." I managed to rasp, after I took enough water into me to make sure my voice didn't fail, "Was amazing."

"Babe, you know it." Kenny laughed. He ran his hands through my brown hair, cleaning my locks of the dried sperm and saliva. "You are amazing, tuts."

I sighed happily, contended. I was glad we had that one last fuck. It was the last one we would be having in a long while. Kenny didn't come over for my good health or for a booty call after all, he came to tie up loose ends.

"So.. Uri, huh?"

"Yeah." Kenny replied, emotionless.

"I'm not jealous, don't worry." I added truthfully. "The arrangement we had was great, but I respect your decision to keep things, y'know, between each other."

Kenny seemed to relax a bit after that. "I don't know how to feel about it." he finally admitted. "She likes me, and I like her. But it feels like we are worlds apart, y'know? She's easily the nicest person I know, and I'm me."
"Nicest person you know?" I smirked. "How about me?"

"You're a psychotic war criminal who gets off from sexual abuse. So, no."

"Fair enough." I paused. "And I wouldn't worry about it too much. If she likes you, she likes you. How long have you two been together again?"

"Five months."

"Five months?" I laughed. "And you didn't have sex with her, did you?"

"Nope. I'm trying to keep this relationship as vanilla and as traditional as possible." Kenny admitted.

"So you're actually behaving normally to impress her, huh? That's pretty good." I giggled, coughing a bit towards the end. Goddamn my throat. I made a mental note to get me some vitamins before going back to work. "The Kenny I knew would once have flashed his police badge at a strip club to get free, cheap sex."

"I'm trying to put that behind me." Kenny laughed, taking a sip of his water. "I didn't believe I could fall for her, if you could believe it. But she changed me, I guess. It's weird."

"That's love, buddy."

"I think I'm allergic."

"Anyways, thanks for that last fuck." I rolled over, stretching my strained back and neck. I sighed, feeling my muscles unwind and relax. "It's a pity you're getting serious about this. I guess I'll have to find my dose of cock somewhere else." I stood up, feeling my legs tremble and shake under my weight. "You're a good person. Remember my first time with you?"

"Yeah." Kenny chuckled. "We were different people back then. I was more cruel, and you were more demure. You kinda remind me of the boy you have as a secretary."

"That night was not the most pleasurable night of my life, but it was certainly my most romantic, happiest one." I leaned in and kissed him on the lips gently, something I had never done with anyone before. His lips were thin but soft and warm. "Sure, you may be cruel and brutal at times, but you aren't evil. You were never evil."

Kenny smiled back. We talked for a bit after that, reminiscing about old times. Ten minutes later, he left, gathering his clothes and walking out of the bathhouse. I sat alone for the next twenty minutes, my mind calm, my body aching delightfully, carresed by the hot water.

I thought about pigeons.
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Contrary to popular belief, Oreos can and will expire.

Please check the expiry dates before consuming them, especially in this current climate. The hospitals and their staff have their hands full with Covid cases, they don't need people in the A and E due to expired food.

"Ms Lenz, Please move away from the patient." Hanji said again, for what was probably the thirtieth time this minute. Or it could have been the fortieth. The edges of my vision were tinged with a dark hue, as if someone had covered my eyes with a contact lens of translucent black paper. Oh god, this hurt so much. Why did everything hurt so much?

"Is she gonna make it?" I heard a lower voice to my right, and I turned my head slowly, ignoring the aching pain in my neck as I looked over at Sasha. "Is my child going to get better?" In between each word of her question, the sounds of beeping machinery resonated, filling my spinning vision.

My whole body felt like it was burning, and each small movement felt like agony. It took all my effort to keep my eyes open. I could feel beads of sweat slowly slide down my warm skin, soaking my thin shirt and soiling the mattress beneath me. I felt someone move something cold off my head, before reapplying something damp and cool. I moaned and struggled a little at the uncomfortable sensation, before deciding that it felt slightly better than usual.

"I don't know." Hanji admitted. She sounded like she was talking from the end of a long tunnel, her words echoing about. "She lost consciousness for a while two hours ago, and I don't think she'll be recovering anytime soon. I'll try to whip up an antibiotic cocktail using her blood sample in the meantime. I don't know how effective it will be, but for now, her brain is overheating from the high fever."

Wait, my brain? But I actually use that sometimes!!

"Ymir's overheating?? But what if she-"

"Just keep changing her towels, Krista. It's our best solution until I formulate something to combat the sickness. I need you to stay here and babysit Ymir. Change her towel every fifteen minutes, or whenever it becomes too warm to use. Make sure her IV drip doesn't get tangled up or anything, and keep your mask on. We don't need another person catching what she has." Hanji was actually being serious, I managed to notice, from my slowly blackening world. Which was actually pretty funny. No, wait, it wasn't. It really wasn't.

"Sasha, you're with me. I need a report of what happened. How did Ymir get it, and how long she has been in this state. We need to do contact tracing as soon as possible." The brunette nodded, too distressed to say anything stupid as she would usually do. I shivered. Wow, my body just got really cold, really fast. I blinked, and when I opened my eyes again, Sasha and Hanji were no longer in the room.

"Ymir.." I heard a pleading whimper from next to me, and when I looked about, I saw Krista, her
hands desperately clasped around my own. Even though she was wearing rubber gloves, I could feel how soft and perfect her palms were around my calloused phalanges. Her eyes were beautiful and azure, the kind that spoke of royalty like valuable jewels and sapphires. Even in my delirious state, I managed to trail my eyes on her electric coloured irises, softly glimmering with tears. "You're gonna make it, okay, you have to... I.. I don't know how I can live...without you."

'I know. I don't know how I could live without you either-' is what I wanted to tell her, but my lips felt like they were glued shut. It took all the effort in my body to slowly and deliberately squeeze her hand, grasping her fingers tightly, as if my small gesture could tell her everything I couldn't say. Then I felt my hold weaken, my whole grip slackening against her.

I blinked, and didn't open my eyes.

() When I woke up, the window blinds were drawn, showing me the third floor view of the entire school complex. The sun was up, and judging from how bright it was, it was about ten in the morning. I groaned. My whole body ached, but it ached less. My throat felt too dry, as if a moth had crawled down it while I was unconscious.

I looked around the sparsely decorated room. To my left, a small bedside table, with two cups of canary coloured herbal tea, the kind that Hanji drank. Man, I could use a drink right now. I instinctively reached over with my right hand, only to realise it was stuck. Looking about, I saw it strapped down tightly to the edge of a handlebar, with an IV drip stuck into it. I groaned, and slowly reached for the glass, finally managing to bring them to my lips. My nose was blocked, so I couldn't smell it, much less taste it, but it was oddly warm. Goddamn, an ice cube would be great right now. But still, the feeling of the refreshing beverage pouring down my parched throat was nothing short of heavenly. I didn't even care that I spilled a little bit on myself because I couldn't sit up on the bed.

I put the cup back down on the table, and considered taking the other one to drink, but decided against it. It might have been Hanji's or something, and my thirst was quenched for now. I took in my bearings. My head still felt a little feverish, but it was at least bearable. My legs had pins and needles in them, and felt a little disconnected to my body, but it wasn't horrible. My boobs were strangely engorged. It felt like I had just eaten a full course thanksgiving dinner, but instead of the food going to my stomach, it had transferred to my breasts. Even the thin hospital gown felt strangely sensitive on my nipples, and I felt a strange shiver run up my back. It felt oddly good, like when Krista was rubbing the tip of my dick.

I rolled over on my back, and let out a pent up groan. I wondered where Krista and Sasha were. They were both probably worried sick about me, but from my memory, it seemed that at least Hanji had managed to fix me up. Great.

Speaking of the mad scientist..

"Welcome back to the land of the living, Ms. Fritz." Hanji nodded, as she walked into the room. She was carrying a file with a dashboard in one hand, and a neon coloured bong in the other. She took a hit, breathing out the translucent smoke. "You want a hit?"

"N.. No its-" I actually rasped, my throat aching. "It's fine."

"Man, you sound scratchy." Hanji laughed, as she pulled up a chair, sitting down next to me.

"Should you really be smoking weed at 10 am on a weekday?" I sighed, after clearing my throat.
My voice sounded more hoarse than usual, and when I spoke, it hurt a little.

"Well, nobody comes into the medical infirmary on Saturday, so it's mostly fine." Hanji took a pen from the bedside table, and gestured to me. "Oh yeah, uh, in case you weren't aware, today's Saturday, you've been in between the status of unconscious and delirious for the last three days."

"What?" I stared. Well, that explained the ache in.. In my.. Well, everywhere.

"Yeah, and Krista came in everyday to see you. She was basically crying all over your dead body, it looked like something out of a Disney movie." Hanji added, as she began to write down on her dashboard. "We had to pry her away so she didn't, y'know, catch anything."

I felt a guilty pang in my chest. I could actually picture Krista, lying over my good for nothing deadass, crying and sobbing in abject despair. I quickly shook the thought from my head. Hanji was probably joking. Probably.

"Don't worry too much. The worst is mostly over. I was actually worried you were gonna die, but it was a forty sixty kinda thing. It was serious, but probably not overly dangerous." Hanji scribbled something on the board.

"Am.. Am I cured now?" I asked, my throat stinging as I spoke.

"Yes, Batman, you are. The sore throat will go away tomorrow, I'm prescribing you a spray for that." I groaned, as Hanji reached over me, and gently plucked out my IV drip's needle. A small pinprick of blood formed, and Hanji took out a cotton swab from the bedside cabinet and pressed it, clotting the small dot.

"I'm not gonna infect anyone, am I?" I unstrapped my hand from the bar, freeing my right hand. The lack of movement had caused a pins and needles feeling in my palm.

"No, you weren't contagious to begin with, you seemed to have a very bad case of food poisoning. But I need to ask you a few questions about how you got it, even if I have a very good picture of what happened."

"Ok, shoot."

"First, care to tell me how you think you contracted the bacteria?"

"I'm as lost as you are." I croaked.

"You sure it wasn't because you and Annie were having a laugh about the flu season, and you both consumed expired milk and Oreos?"

"Well.."

"I saw the milk. It wasn't even a liquid, it was a semi solid at that point. And the Oreos… They weren't black and white, they were a strange tinge of brown and blue, you could have mistaken them for mashed up skittles. What were you thinking?"

"I was thinking, isn't that how cheese is made? It's expired milk or something, right?"

"It's.. It's churned, fermented milk." Hanji rubbed the bridge of her nose, in between her eyes. She was probably done with my bullshit. As if to prove my assumptions right, she took a long drag of her bong. "Moving on, how long did it take for you to realise you weren't well?"
"I was actually mostly fine on that day, but I felt a bit weird before I went to sleep. When I woke up the next day, I had a mild fever, and by lunch time, I realised I was sick, so I reported to the infirmary."

"Alright." Hanji scribbled it down on her notes. "Although I think you're putting it lightly. According to Sasha and some eyewitness's reports, you were so delirious, you walked into a small tree, and spilled your lunch all over it. You promptly shouted, "Watch where the fuck you're going, Yeager.", before challenging it to a fight."

"Yeah.. That.. That may have occurred. I don't remember that happening, but I believed it might have happened."

"I know it happened, I watched it on the CCTV."

"So...why are you asking me this?"

"Mostly to humiliate you. I hope you learnt your lesson to not do anything else stupid like this in the future." Hanji folded the dashboard, and took out a small bill. "These are the prescriptions I have written for you, you can collect them and your belongings from me whenever you're ready."

"So Antibiotics?*

"And some throat spray. Make sure you finish the antibiotics, I can't stress this enough." Hanji looked through her notes again, her eyes narrowing, which was not a good sign. "Also, you.. You might need a breast pump."

"Sure. Wait, what?"

"Yeah. So apparently, the antibiotic I prescribed you has a large amount of prolactin. It's a type of hormone that nursing mothers have. In the long run, it probably won't be much of an issue, but in the short run, you may lactate."

"Wait, I'm going to.."

"You might. If your boobs feel very heavy and sensitive, it's probably the first sign of lactation. I recommend pumping whenever you need to. Your breast size may also increase, so please get a proper bra for that."

"Wait, if my boobs are leaking, how do I…"

"Go to lessons?" Hanji suggested. "You don't have to milk it too often, just once every few hours, or whenever you feel too engorged."

"Why do I feel my social life is over?" I groaned, rubbing my temple.

"Oh don't worry about it, you dairy cow, Annie's also in the same boat as you." So much had happened, I actually forgot about Annie, my partner in stupidity.

"How's she?"

"She's doing great. Discharged yesterday. She healed up pretty fast, except for the fact her boobs grew like one and a half sizes. Like seriously, she looks kinda stacked right now."

"And she's…"

"Yeah, her boobs are leaking. Knowing how freaky she is, she is probably low key enjoying it."
Hanji put the Neon bong into her labcoat's pocket and looked around, before picking up the remaining plastic cup of herbal tea. "Well, I got to go now, I can't spend the rest of my day jacking off."

"Yes, you can."

"Correction, I don't want to spend the rest of the day jerking off." Hanji laughed, before looking around, confused. "Hey, have you seen another cup like this? I could have sworn there were two."

"Yeah, I was thirsty, so I drank some of your herbal tea. Sorry about that." I admitted, not feeling too sorry. I mean, Hanji was probably a war criminal, so my amount of pity that her drink was taken without her permission was limited.

"Ymir, that's.." Hanji guffawed. "That's.. Your sense of smell and taste hasn't returned has it?"

"N.. No.." I replied suspiciously. "Why would you ask that?"

"It's not tea, it's.. A.. Sample."

Wait. What?

What the fuck?

"A sample?" I asked slowly, as if that would stop my brain from reaching the final conclusion of the horrific truth.

"A sample of.."

"No, no no-"

"Yes. Well, let's say you and German pornstars have more in common than you would think."

"Did I just.. Drink my own piss?" I retched.

"Did you drink herbal tea in a plastic cup from your bedside?"

"I.. I hope so."

"No, you drank piss." I felt my stomach do loop the loops, trying to vomit out the liquid, as if getting it out of my system could provide some way of salvaging my already sullied dignity. Unfortunately, my body betrayed my commands, my stomach too empty and devoid of nutrition to bother puking up what had already been in there. "If you need to wash your potty mouth before kissing Ms. Lenz, there's a toilet down the hall."

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"Hey, guess who's back!!" I opened the door leading to my shared dorm. I had spent the last forty minutes doing a compilation of washing / rinsing my mouth and gagging and croaking over the edge of a basin. Drinking one's own own piss was not the worst thing anyone had probably experienced under Hanji's hands, but it was by far, the worst thing that had happened to me this week, besides almost dying.

"Oh my god, Ymir!!" My brain processed a brown blur of motion, and I was almost knocked over by Sasha, who jumped on me like an overexcited puppy. A giant titted, oversized, overexcited puppy. Like she could have probably killed me if I hadn't managed to steady myself. I felt her tits press up against me, and my god, how were they so large? "I thought you died!! We were so
worried."

"Well, I almost died five seconds ago when you jumped on me. You aren't exactly light."

"Hey, it's not my fault all my food goes into my tits. And my ass." She was wearing a plain white shirt, which blended too well with the apron she had on.

"Which is your secret for maintaining your perfect hourglass, huh?" I smiled, putting her down gently. I patted her head, and she smiled, nuzzling my hand like a happy corgi. "It's a little counterintuitive."

"Most facets of my life usually are."

"How's Krista?" I asked her, walking into the dorm, dropping my box of meds, and the bigger, more discreet bag for my pumps. I made a note to learn how they worked.

"She's.. She's.. Great. She's fine."

"You don't have to sugarcoat it, Sasha."

"She was extremely distressed about you getting sent to the infirmary. She spent all day next to you, kneeling over your body, crying. She even skipped out on Erwin's class for that. She got much better once Hanji administered the antibiotics and you stabilised."

I gulped, feeling a low weight hit my stomach. I thought Hanji was joking, and assumed that whatever I saw in the ward was my own delirious hallucinations. Now that I was sitting right where we lived, right where we laughed and played and loved, I felt the strange impact of the fact I could have died. Well fuck, guilt was not a pleasant sensation. I sat down, and almost lit a cigarette to calm my jitters. My leg was shaking, and my hands were halfway to my box, before I remembered that Krista didn't like the smell of cigarettes in the house. I quickly opted for biting my thumb, chewing it harshly enough for me to feel the pain, but not enough to draw blood. "H.. How is she now?"

"She's fine, mostly. She's been really, really quiet and spacey. Even Josh and Armin couldn't get a word out of her.. And..."

"And?.." I didn't like where this was going.

"She may be mad at you." Sasha slowly related the information. "For one, she pulled the beds apart."

Ah.

"She went to run laps an hour ago, so, y'know, she'll be back soon. I've cooked some lunch in the meantime, want spaghetti?"

"I don't feel like eating." I admitted.

"You sound really hoarse." Sasha came out of the kitchen, carrying a large bowl full of gravy, and an even bigger bowl of spaghetti. "Are you alright?"

"No, I have an evil demon named Risotto living in my throat, and he makes me spit out razor blades whenever I talk." I replied sarcastically.

"Mm, sass is unbecoming of you, Ms. Fritz." Sasha was stuffing her face with noodles, and I
looked away in mock revulsion. Her mouth was like a black hole, sucking in all matter around it. The noodles didn't have a fighting chance, they all were slurped into her mouth in one go. It was pretty impressive.

I sighed, walking over to our shared bedroom. Sure enough, our twin beds were separated, and now there were three separated beds instead of the usual two-one.

I didn't know how I was going to assuage her when she came back, but I had better start assembling my rousing speech. The breast pumps went to the corner of the room, next to the TV. I took out my antibiotics, and decided to take one of the pills.

'Better to have it than not', I thought, as I stuffed the ribbon into my pocket. A quick spray to my throat, the foam tasting like bitter onions, and I was feeling much better. And hungry, too. I hadn't eaten breakfast yet, I realised, and most of my nutrition had come from a tube for the last few days.

"Hey Sash, do you have any more spags?" I asked, as I walked out. "Feeling kinda peckish."

"Yep. Make sure you leave some for Krista."

"Mm." I walked over to the pot, and picked out a hearty amount of noodles for myself with the plastic thongs. My boobs felt strangely sore whenever I moved my arms. I left a good portion for Krista. Making sure she had food reserved for her wasn't a surefire way to get back into her good books, but not saving good for her was definitely not going to make her any happier. "Speaking of Krista, I really don't know how I'm going to appease her when she gets back."

"I think the time for that is long past." Sasha managed to say, as she continued slurping her noodles. "I guess just don't say anything stupid? She was extremely distraught, and she's still… Well, she's still a little fragile at the moment."

"Yeah I'll keep that in mind." I placed my brunch onto the tabletop, and began to tuck into it. Sasha's cooking was good. Like really good, and not just because I hadn't eaten anything that wasn't through a tube since Wednesday. Her sauce was nice and well rounded, sprinkled with bits of shaved onions and sundried tomatoes. This was one of the dishes that Sasha could definitely say she cooked better than Krista. "I.. I just don't know what to say."

"Apologise to her? I mean, that's a good start." Sasha suggested, putting her plates into the sink, washing her utensils. "I mean, remember the time she flew straight into a tree, and you lost your shit?"

"Yes, and I remember someone getting bribed with a jar of mayo. There's no innocent party here."

"My point being," Sasha had washed her mouth up and slumped onto the couch, taking out her phone. I finished up my spaghetti. "She's gonna be furious at you, just like how you were furious at her. She's worried for you."

I walked quietly to the kitchen, putting my used plates into the sink, and giving it a quick rub down with a soapy sponge. Rinsing the suds off, I put the plates onto the rack.

"Yeah, I get that, but I'm tough. I can take hard hits. But Krista isn't exactly strong, y'know?" I said, a little too defensively as I walked out of the kitchen. "I mean, I don't see a need for her to really worry about me-"

"Oh, really now?" A higher pitched voice cut from across the doorway as I walked out of the kitchen. Aw, fuck. I turned around, my back shaking slightly, feeling like an ice cube was being dragged along my spine. Lo and behold, Krista stood at the doorway, 4' 7 of seething anger. The
blonde angel was dressed in a well fitting black singlet, and running shorts, adorned with knee high socks with cat prints. That didn't make her look any less terrifying.

"You were saying?" I gulped as she casually took off her running shoes, putting them onto the rack with a slightly exaggerated motion. "I'm not strong?"

"Krist, it's great to see you, and no, it's not the way you may assume-" I gestured back and forth, a little desperate. Krista just glared at me with that look of burning intensity, like a mother who was about to give her child the biggest ass whooping of their life. "Sasha, help me out here."

"Yeah, would love to, but I have to...go somewhere." Sasha replied, pushing herself off the couch and making a beeline to the room, straight up leaving me to dry. I heard the bedroom door lock, which signified that indeed, I was on my own. Aw, shit.

A moment of silence fell onto me and Krista, where she glared at me, her face turning a slight tinge of red, while I tried my best to keep my calm facade, waiting for the storm to hit.

"What were you thinking?" Krista asked waspishly, and I could hear a soft tinge of fury hidden in the quiet tones of her voice. "Can you tell me what the hell you were thinking, when you drank that expired milk?"

"I was thinking, you can't eat Oreos without milk-" I started, grinning, trying to push it into a joke to lighten the mood.

"That's not my goddamn point, and you fucking know it, Ymir!!" Krista yelled, pointing at me. And while she looked amazingly hot when she was doing that, she was also equal parts terrifying. Her beautiful lips were downturned into a savage snarl as she berated me. "Don't you dare!! Don't you dare pass this off as a joke!! You could have died!!"

"Yes, but I didn't, did I?" I tried, my voice wavering a bit. Oh boy. Apparently my shit eating grin only made things worse, because Krista's face turned a deeper hue of pink, and I was pretty sure it wasn't from the exercise.

"Can you use your fucking brain for once? I know you aren't the smartest at academics, but I always assumed you had more common sense than to eat-" She ran up to me and smacked me across my face, and I yelped, falling over in shock. A loud cracking sound echoed across the room, and I fell on my ass, a burning pain spreading across my cheeks. I tried my best to cover my face as Krista stood over me, hitting whatever part of my face she could reach. "Fucking!! Multicoloured!! Oreos!!" Each word was enunciated with a stinging slap as I covered my head. Ow, fuck!! That actually hurt, like even for my standards. She continued to smack me, straddling my stomach to get a better vantage point to beat my face.

"And then the milk!!! The fucking milk!! It was a goddamn solid!! It looked like a bowl of fucking porridge, and you still drank it!! Are you a fucking child?! Are you trying to get a rise out of me? Are you?!!" She screamed as she sat on top of my stomach, hitting me furiously as I hid my face under my arms, trying to avoid getting struck as much as possible. I mean, I could have easily pushed her off me, or retaliated, but somewhere deep inside, I knew her anger was in a way, justified. I mean, I had done quite a lot of stupid shit, but this probably topped it.

"I can't believe I was actually worried about you!!" She sobbed, her eyes wide and filled with angry tears. "I can't believe I was worried about you, I thought someone was trying to kill you, or you had actually caught something serious, but all that happened was you being fucking senseless!! Do you know how I felt when I heard, a few hours later, that this happened because you were dumb enough to eat that shit?!!"
"I'm going to guess, a little distraught?" I suggested, instinctively responding to her question. Big mistake.

"And you have the gall?" Krista almost shrieked, her eyes widening, outraged. "You have the gall to make fun of the situation?? After everything that happened, after everything I've suffered?"

"It was just a joke, Krist!!" I pleaded, hoping her pet name would calm her down. It didn't. "And to be fair, you weren't the one who ate any of the Oreos, it was harder going down then coming up-"

"It was just a joke?" Krista said softly, and I knew I fucked up. Her face was steadily getting redder, her cheeks a soft, burning shade of rose. "It was just a joke?!" She roared. "How fucking dense are you!? I can't believe I was stupid enough to fall in love with the biggest fucking moron on the whole campus!!"

"Hey, hey, I don't see why you're so worried, I mean, I'm tough, these sort of small things can't hurt me-" I began. Krista froze up, and I was worried for a split second that she would start hitting me again. But instead, something worse happened. She started sobbing softly, shaking as tears pooled around the base of her azure eyes, running down her reddening cheeks. "Krist-"

"Shut up, Ymir. Just shut the fuck up, I'm done with you." Krista glared at me with a gaze filled with dripping venom and tears, contempt in every syllable of her words. "I don't want to hear any more from you."

"Krista, I'm sorry-"

"Get out. Just get out of my sight, I don't want to even look at you!!!!" Krista screamed at me.

"Krist-"

"I said, get out!!" Krista yelled, grabbing me by my ears and twisting. I yelped in pain, and scrambled to my hands and feet as she pulled me along like a disobedient child. With that, she unceremoniously dragged me out the door, before slamming it shut in my face, leaving me lying on the corridor leading to our apartment / dorm.

"Krista!!" I called, as I knocked on the door. Trying the lever, I felt a tension behind the mechanism. She had locked me outside. The pain from the aching in my ears and stinging on my cheeks mixed with my humiliation as I pounded on the door. "Krista!!"

She didn't respond. I stopped knocking. It could have been my imagination, but I was sure I heard soft sobbing behind the wooden frame that separated me from her.

Once again, the mocking laughter of the lock clicking into place signified that I was on my own.

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"So.. That's what happened?"

"Yeah." I sighed, about to take out a cigarette. The brunette across me looked at me as I did, and I quickly put the stick back into the box, a little sheepishly. I mean, I was sure he wouldn't complain if I smoked in his room, but I didn't want to push the boundaries. "Thanks for letting me hold up here for a while."

"Dont.. Don't worry about it." Josh replied, as he sat across from me, a book open on his lap. He managed to say all that without looking away from me. I would be impressed, if this was any other situation, but seeing as how my dumbass was locked out from my own home, I was more worried
about myself.

After I had been thrown out, I spent the first hour walking about, trying to clear my head, my body numb. It was cold outside, at this time of the year. Cold, but not unbearable, since it had not snowed. The icy hint in the fresh air of early spring filled my lungs with each breath, making Then it started drizzling. I thought nothing of it, until it started raining heavily. I ran.

I went over to Armin's place to look for Annie. Annie was military police, so she didn't technically live with us, she had her own crib off campus. However, she would usually spend most of her time in Armin's place. This led to a lot of abrasive interactions. Mostly between Mikasa and her. Which was weird, because they didn't live under the same roof. But whenever they were anywhere near each other they would find any reason to bicker and fight. I didn't know how Eren and Armin were best friends, with two of their girls always at each other's throats.

To be honest, I never really liked Armin, and to be honest, he never really liked me. We just didn't see eye to eye on a lot of things, and I used to bully him a little before he got hitched to Annie. While we did have a questionable relationship at the best of times, neither of them were the type of people to leave their friends out in the rain. I hurried over to the gate, shivering slightly from the cold air, and rang the doorbell. When nobody answered the door, I figured that they were out.

I groaned, Reiner and Bert's dorm was literally across the other side of the campus, and I really didn't want to hear the two of them having buttsex as much as I could help it. I didn't want to trouble Josh if I could help it, but the other option was staying out in the freezing rain, getting hypothermia and actually dying, so I had no choice.

Josh answered the door hesitantly when I first knocked, but upon seeing me drenched and looking like hell, he quickly ushered me into his home. A quick shower and some oatmeal biscuits later, I was sitting on the cushy sofa he had at the side of the room, warm and dry.

We didn't say a word for the next few hours or so. Josh hadn't even asked me about why I was here. He just accepted it, and went about doing his own thing. Just like how I didn't ask him why he was wearing a women's low skirt, paired with a tight fitting sweater. I just accepted it.

I liked the quiet. My head was ringing from the tongue lashing I got from Krista, and I really didn't want to indulge in any conversation right now. I asked Josh for permission, before borrowing a book from his collection. I sat down and read for as long as I could, immersing myself in it, desperate to find some way to escape my current predicament. Finally, after my eyes started hurting, I looked up at the clock, blinking slightly harder. It was already six in the evening.

Josh offered me a simple dinner, which I thanked him for, and between bites of the scrambled eggs, baked potato slices, and some shepherd's pie, I told him what happened. Josh didn't make any comments, which I was grateful for, listening intently to my story. I offered to wash up the plates, the least I could do to repay his hospitality. As I scrubbed the crumbs off the edges of the dishes, Josh next to me, I realised how much I missed Krista. This was something we'd usually do together, after dinner. Even with Josh next to me, it didn't feel right. There was a Krista shaped hole in my life right now that nobody could fill.

Finally, when we were done, Josh and I sat back down on his couch, and he began our current conversation.

"If I may give some feedback?"

"Which is?" I grunted.
"You handled that so poorly." Josh replied, and I groaned, rolling over and slumping on the couch like a tired cat. I just wanted to dig a hole and die in it. That would be preferable compared to my current status.

"I mean, I feel guilty that I made her unhappy-"

"It wasn't just unhappy. It was inconsolable. She was miserable. She didn't speak a single word to anybody for like, two days. To call her unhappy would be to make a molehill out of a mountain." Josh sighed dispassionately, giving me what appeared to be the stink eye. I gulped. If Josh thought I fucked up, well, I guess it was official, I was a dumbass.

"Well, yes, miserable. I.. I mean, I know how I made her feel, and I'm sorry for that. I.. Just don't know how to tell her that." I stood up, feeling the need to walk. I wasn't used to being this helpless, or talking so in depth about my feelings. The sensation felt like I had a ball of static electricity building in my gut, and the longer I stayed still, the more it built up, making me fidget.

"You.. You just told me that though. So, y'know, you could have just told her exactly that." Josh replied firmly, his assertion making my arguments feel more and more fragile and pathetic. "And that's not the point. I think she was more worried than anything else."

"Worried?" I snorted in disbelief. "My dude, I punch the shit out of people on a daily basis. I'm tough as shit, there's literally zero need to worry about me."

"Do you really think that, Ymir?" Josh asked, looking at me in the eye. I managed to keep myself upright for a few moments, but under his piercing gaze, I deflated. Ugh. Josh was just too good at needling me.

"Well, yeah. I'm.. I'm plenty strong, aren't I? I mean-"

"Ymir, come here for a second." Josh interrupted me. I looked at him from the corner view of the window. The night view from the dark glass showed our campus, dotted with little lights, giving the vibe of an old fashioned, victorian era city shrouded in mist. It took me a second to realise that I had been backing away from Josh, putting distance between him and me, until I had backed myself into a corner. I looked at him from my corner, and he looked at me, fixing another gaze at me. I relented, and walked over to where he was seated, after a brief moment of hesitation.

"Sit." I sat next to him. I could feel how soft his legs were, how warm he was. He smelled like chocolate and cinnamon. "Put your head here," he patted his thighs.

"Excuse me?!" I yelped, while glaring at the normally shy brunette. "I know Krista may have locked my ass outside our apartment, but this is hardly the time or the place-"

"Ymir. It's not sexual. And you're embarrassing yourself." Josh silenced me, holding my scowl with a firm look. We stared at each other, staring into our own dark brown pools of cocoa, neither of us backing down. Finally, I relented, putting my head on his smooth flesh, glowering sullenly as I did. Fuck, his thighs were so soft and squishy. Like was this even legal? And now that my head was next to his crotch, I could smell the aroma of chocolates, even stronger than before.

"Close your crotch."

"I ain't doing jack-"

"Close your eyes, please." I looked up, louring at him, before rolling over and reluctantly closing my eyes.
"Don't do anything weird."

"Ymir, you know me." Josh's voice sounded more smooth and reassuring in my now dark but somewhat comfortable world. Still feminine and soft, but I couldn't deny that there was a silky element to it, making it velvety and smooth, that I hadn't noticed before. "I won't do anything you hate."

"Sounds ominously rapey." I snorted snarkily.

"Ymir, please." I heard a rustle and felt something smooth run down my head. I stiffened up slightly, like a startled animal. Josh sighed softly as he patted my head, running his slim fingers along the roots of my hair. Despite my initial reaction, the therapeutic sensation of him stroking my short brown locks made me deflate into his thighs, my head lulling heavily onto those soft, snuggly pillows. My whole body felt like it was suspended in water, like a state or a limbo in between when I was awake, but just before I fell asleep. Half a minute later, I felt my body go limp, unable to move, satisfied to just let Josh pet me like a golden retriever. I couldn't do much besides mumble a response when he began talking.

"Ymir, remember when we first met?" he asked, his voice traveling and echoing like he was talking from one end of a tunnel to reach me. I nodded slightly. It felt so good to just rest my head after such a hectic week. I forgot how sore and tired I actually was until I closed my eyes. I had been functioning on adrenaline and whatever cocktail of hormones and guilty emotions that were running through my head until now.

"Yes." I replied, slurring slightly. Josh's fingers massaged along my scalp, the sensation making me relax against him. "It was in the storerooms, right?"

"I was in charge of the stores at that time, yes. You came in to extort a jar of mayonnaise from me correct?"

"Is this.. A.. Guilt session?" I murmured, but I was too tired and drained to do anything more than lie on Josh's marshmallow soft thighs.

"No it isn't, but we will get to that soon. The point being, you got the mayo from me to bribe Sasha, after hearing about how Krista was injured in an accident."

"H.. How did you figure that out?" I managed, my brain too loose and calm to try and make a comeback retort. Not my most scintillating response.

"I'm not dumb, Ymir. It's not hard to put two and two together." Josh whispered, his hands flowing through my vanilla scented locks, splitting them like butter. "I want you to focus on how you felt when you heard Krista was injured. How did you feel?"

"I.. I paused for a second. "I was worried. I was scared shitless. I didn't. I didn't know what I would do if she was seriously hurt. I was so relieved when she turned out to be alright, but I was a little furious at her for... well, for endangering herself."

"You see?.." Josh's voice was so soothing. It felt like someone had tossed a small pebble into the calm lake that was my psyche. "Remember how you felt? That's how Krista feels. And then you unintentionally aggravated it by making light and joking around about her worries."

"Well, I mean, of course I was worried about her. But I mean, I'm sturdy. I don't need people to worry about me." I muttered, my body molding into the sofa. I felt more liquid than solid right now, and my face took the shape and consistency of Josh's slim, squishy legs.
"Ymir, in a relationship, it's not just about you. Even if you say that, Krista is still gonna worry. And it's true that you are tough, but it's not wimpy to admit and talk about your feelings." Josh continued. "Throughout this entire conversation, as well as the one you had with Krista this morning, you forcefully steered clear of emotions. And when I pressed you, you began to physically back away from me."

Ow, he got me there.

"Is this why you got me to do this whole psychosexual thigh pillow thing?"

"I did it because you are incredibly fatigued, both emotionally and physically. Also, you need to relax so you can talk about your feelings better." I felt my consciousness fading in and out, as if agreeing with the petite boy. "You and Krista both had a tense, trying week. And while you might not like to embrace your own emotions for whatever reason, Krista is an emotional person, who needs this sort of emotional reassurances."

"It..its not-"

"Mm?"

"It's not that I hate embracing my emotions." I murmured into his lap, my face firmly wedged into his thigh gap. "I.. I just… nothing."

"It's a safe place here." Josh began patting my back in long strokes, making me purr softly. "Nobody is judging you."

"Well.." I started, hesitating for a second. My brain was screaming at me not to do it, to keep my guard up, but I was too tired to care. Maybe it was the hormones in the antibiotics that I was taking, flooding my system and screwing with my emotions. Or maybe, I just wanted someone I could tell all this to, someone I could trust. "I.. I don't.. I don't know if I'm strong. I.. Just want to cry sometimes, but I.. I didn't dare to."

"You grew up on the streets didn't you?" Josh's hands scratched along a particularly nice spot on my scalp, and I mewled, contend. "You mentioned it once before. I can't imagine it was easy for you. But if it makes you feel any better, Ymir, I think you're tough. You're stronger than most people, stronger than you think you are."

I felt my heart flutter happily at that statement, I forgot how good it felt to be praised and petted like this.

"But being tough doesn't mean you don't accept your emotions and weaknesses. If I may ask, what were you thinking when you ate those Oreos and milk?"

"I… I….Was.."

"Answer it truthfully, please." Josh added, his smooth voice filling me up like a cup full of warm water.

"It was something dumb. Me and Annie were having a good chat, which somehow.. Became.. Well, it became a challenge, and we both decided we would see who could eat the most expired Milk and Oreos without throwing up." I admitted. I was slightly stretching the story, covering up some minor details, but Josh wasn't buying it.

"Is that all, Ymir? What did you and Annie talk about?"
"Does it matter?" I murmured, trying to sound waspish. I managed to resemble a puppy yawning.

"Do you think it does?" Josh replied evenly.

"I... I Used to sub for Annie. But you can't tell anyone that, Josh." I whispered shamefully, my face pressed into his cool, welcoming thighs. I felt my eyes sting slightly. "When I was on my own, on the run, I did lots of things. Lots of stuff I didn't want to do, and everytime I did it, I felt dirtier and dirtier. But when Annie and the rest rescued me, I was so happy, but I.. I couldn't tell any of them what I.." my voice broke down, and I could no longer talk.

"Shhh... it's alright Ymir.. It's alright." Josh patted me, calming me down as my body shivered and heaved. I didn't know why I felt the way I did, or why my eyes stung as tears welled up in them. He passed me his hands, and I clasped them in my bigger ones, my palm enveloping his little fingers. "I'm assuming whenever you subbed for Annie, you felt safe. Squeeze my hand if I'm right."

I squeezed his palm softly.

"I'm guessing that you learned not to show any emotions where you grew up. It's not a place for teenagers to be. It's not a place that anyone should be." Josh murmured, and I felt my grip tighten on his hand. I tried in vain to control my breathing as it spiralled out of control. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry you had to go through it. But you're here with us. You're here with people who care. Me, Krista, Annie and the rest. We care for you. So please. Don't stifle your emotions." Josh's voice broke at the last word, and he began to sniffle.

"Are.. Are you crying?" I sniffed, feeling my eyes burn as tears rolled down my cheeks, pooling into Josh's inner thighs.

"Yes." Josh managed to choke out. "I'm.. I feel so terrible that you had to go through all that by yourself. I can't imagine it was anything less than difficult for you."

"It.. It was.." I tried to lie. "It was.. It wasn't too bad."

"It's.. It's alright, Ymir. Be honest." Josh murmured, and I could tell from his voice that he was crying too. Maybe it was because of how earnest he was. It felt so therapeutic to open up to another person you trusted.

"It was horrible." I admitted "I.. I did such terrible things. Sometimes there wasn't enough food to go around in the soup kitchen I frequented. And I. I would.. Bully the other kids for their lunch." I managed to say. "I remember that one girl. She was smaller than me, and weaker. Her arms didn't work properly, and one day, just because I was feeling peckish, I kicked her over and stomped on her foot until it broke, before taking her rations. She was starving. I knew that. I didn't even like what I ate. I did it just.. Just because."

Josh kept silent for a long while. With each passing second, my heart began to beat louder and louder, until it was impossibly deafening, and I wanted to scream and shout, but couldn't. I was stuck in my dreamlike state, my body loose and uncoordinated.

"I don't blame you." Josh finally whispered. "I can't say I condone what you did. But in your position, it was something anyone could and would have done."

"Th..thank you." I whimpered.

"Is there anything else you want to tell me?" Josh patted my back, and I began to cry. For the first time in along while, I cried into his legs.
"You... you don't see me... As weak do you?" I asked him. Which was admittedly, something I never imagine I would ask the small, petite, crossdressing boy. I didn't even know we were ever going to be friends, seeing as how I had been a complete jackass to him the first time we met.

"No...no I don't. It takes strength to admit that. I don't know how hard it has been for you, or how hard it is for you to tell me all about it right now. But you aren't weak. You were never weak." Josh planted a soft kiss on my cheek. I barely felt it. It was like a petal of a delicate flower gently landing on the side of my tear stained face.

"Thank you." I murmured, as I felt the strength leave my body. "Thank you, Josh."

"No worries." Josh cooed, as he ran long lines down my back. "Sleep. You need it."

"Before..before I do." I murmured. "H.. How did you.. Your voice changed..."

"Do you like it?" Josh asked hesitantly. I could hear the blush in his voice for the first time in a while. "I.. I picked it up from you. I wanted to sound stronger and more confident. Kenny and Hanji have been helping me work on it. Did it work?"

"Yeah." I smiled, feeling better. Josh thought I was strong. At least strong enough to be emulated, no matter my shortcomings. "I like it."

"That's great. Now sleep." I could detect the smile in his voice, and I didn't need any more prompting. I fell into a dreamless sleep on his lap.

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