The Elephant In The Room [Where is it that I know you from?]

by thekindyousave

Summary

Erwin is the kind of person who can’t live alone. When his friend, Petra, tells him she might know someone who needs a place to stay, he jumps at the chance.

He just never thought it would be him.

The pornstar he jacked off to four nights a week.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1 [because originality is my forte]

“I am telling you, this is impossible.”

Erwin sat back on the table, hands wrapped around his beer bottle. Petra, the pocket-sized bowl of sunshine that was crazy enough to be his friend sat across from him, a puzzled look on her face.

“What is?”

“Finding a roommate.” Erwin sighed and leaned back, closing his eyes. He didn't have to look to know that Mike, next to him, was rolling his eyes.

“You do know that's the only thing you've been able to talk about for the past two weeks, right?”

“Well, I'm telling you! I'll be 40 before I find a decent roommate.”

“Well, it's hard to top me, that's true.” Mike dodged the punch and took a swig of his own beer as Erwin collapsed dramatically on the table.

It had been two weeks since Mike had officially moved out. Him and his girlfriend, Nanaba, had been an item for over a year, and Erwin would be lying if he said he hadn't seen it coming. Still, he would have never thought finding a new roommate would be that hard. He didn't need one, technically; his job at the ad agency payed well enough that he could afford the place on his own. It was just that after living with Mike for 10 years, including college, he was used to sharing. His job took a lot out of him and coming home to an empty apartment was not his idea of what a home should be like.

So he'd put up an ad on craigslist, the idea of welcoming someone new in his life exciting, keeping him on his toes.

That is, until the first three applicants had shown up.

The first, Mark, had been a really creepy florist who had parrots. Three, to be exact.

The second, Sandra, was a curvy blonde who had eaten him up with her eyes the moment she'd walked in and, had he not avoided it, would've ended up with her hands down his pants during the interview and that was really not what he was looking for.

With the third one, he hadn't even bothered with a goodbye after he asked if Erwin was okay with him selling coke.

So, yes, he was being dramatic, but it was still annoying to be having what seemed like a pointless search.

“Why are you so intent on having a roommate?” Always the most practical of the three, Petra was the voice of reason in their little group. Even in college, she'd mother hen the other two, making them eat and sleep, helping them with both their degrees and working on hers as well. She was the actual definition of a saint.

“Because I like having someone to come home to.”

“You could always get a girlfriend. Or a boyfriend. Or a cat.” He kicked Mike under the table and finished his beer with a long gulp.
“So what you're saying is I should hook up with someone, ask them to move in with me after a week so I don't feel lonely, or get a pet that would give me allergies? Gee, Mike, you're quite the problem solver.” He stood up, running his hand through his hair. “I should get going, anyways.”

“You know, I have a friend who might know of someone needing a place to stay” Petra said, craning her neck to look up at him. “I could ask?”

“That's why you're my favorite.” He leaned down to peck her cheek. “See you guys later.”

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The sun was barely coming out when Levi, fast asleep and drooling, was woken up by something dropping on his legs.

“What the actual fuck.”

“It's morning, sunshine! Up, up, up!”

“Hanji, the sun isn't even out yet, this doesn't count as morning. Get off.” He tried to move his legs to make Hanji fall, but they were too heavy for him. He peeked out from under the duvet, scowling at Hanji's stoic expression.

“I don't care how old you are, as long as you're living under my roof, you're gonna live by my rules. Even if you're sleeping on the couch.”

Levi gave up trying to kick them and pressed his face against the cushions.

“Fine, okay, alright. At least let me get up.”

Hanji stood up with a jump and glided to the kitchen, far too chipper for a normal human being.

After being kicked out of his apartment complex for “indecent behavior” (Levi swore he had explained multiple times what his profession entailed) he'd had no other choice but to move in with his, slightly too cheerful for his taste, best friend, Hanji. Unfortunately, Hanji could only offer him their couch, but seeing as how they would be the only sane person able to deal with him when he was tired from the job or sour for not having an apartment or all in all having a crappy day, he'd sucked it up and said yes.

It wasn't all that terrible: Hanji was a scatterbrain and the loudest person he knew (and, taking into account the sounds he pulled out of guys, that was saying something) but they were neat, and responsible, and pretty much bearable.

“You know,” Hanji started, sitting down next to him and pressing a cup of coffee against his hands. “I may have found you a place to live.” Levi's eyebrows shot up at that.

“What do you think he'll be like when he learns what I do?”

“He'd probably be cool. I think he's into dudes.”
“Great, another weirdo who’s gonna want me to suck his dick.” He sighed, and drank half his cup in one go. “A’ight, I couldn't hurt to look.”

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Erwin had no idea what he was expecting when he opened the door, but it sure wasn't this.

This Levi guy looked more like a boy; he was short, with black hair and steel grey eyes, his face oddly familiar. He looked up and locked eyes with Erwin, seemingly already bored.

“You Erwin?”

“Wh-yes. You must be Levi. Please, come on in.”

Levi gave a curtly nod and slipped past Erwin, hands on his pockets. He stopped in the middle of the living room, turning backwards with his eyebrows up.

“You gon' give me the tour?”

Erwin didn't know what was it about Levi that had him so dumbfounded. He snapped out of his haze when Levi talked and rushed to him, trying to remember how to walk.

“Sure. Uhm, well, this is the living room.” The look on Levi's face said everything. “Yeah, you can see that. Well, the kitchen is over there, it's not too big but it's comfortable. We have a counter and bar stools, it's nice.”

He cleared his throat awkwardly and moved down the hall, not hearing Levi behind him but not doubting he was there.

“Bathroom.” He opened the door and turned the light on, letting Levi walk in and inspect it. After looking behind the shower curtain, he once again nodded and turned to Erwin, obviously expecting him to continue. He opened the door across the hall and let Levi wonder in. “This would be your bedroom. Mike, my last roommate, well, he's not... the cleanest of guys, but it's decent, I think.”

Something about Levi's analyzing gaze kept Erwin on edge. He seemed to move like he was floating, walking like a thug but with some sort of hidden grace. He hardly made any sounds: he inspected every corner of the room, took out a lollipop and popped it in his mouth before turning to Erwin.

“Okay.”

“Okay?”

“Yeah, okay.” He brushed past him on the way to the living room and Erwin faintly wondered why he seemed so at ease in an apartment that he'd known for five minutes. He rushed to meet him.

“So, what do you think, you interested?”

Levi hummed in thought for a few seconds, playing with the lollipop in his mouth. Erwin found himself wondering why he looked so familiar.

“Yeah, seems good enough. You don't seem like a creep. Rent's decent. Alright, yeah.” Erwin couldn't help the grin that exploded in his face.
“Great! So, I'll, uhm, text you? When can you move in?”

Levi was already on his way to the door.

“Is next Thursday okay? It's my day off.” After Erwin's soft nod, Levi blindly opened the door.

“Great. See you.”

And with that he was gone.

Erwin collapsed on the couch after the door was closed, deep in thought. He was always good at remembering names and faces, and the fact that Levi's seemed so familiar yet he couldn't pick out where from was driving him crazy. After a quick message to Mike and Petra to tell him it seemed he finally had a roommate, Erwin went about his day, picking out groceries, wondering what kind of food Levi would like, or what kind of toilet paper, and would he mind vanilla scented candles?

It wasn't until late at night that he finally remembered.

He was softening his pillow when a sudden image popped in front of his eyes.

Of Levi.

With a bow tie and a plaid miniskirt.

Sucking cock.

Fuck.
Erwin had practiced a thousand different speeches. He'd found himself dreading Thursday as much as he was waiting for it.

After realizing where he knew Levi from, he'd made the mistake of telling Mike. Once he'd finished laughing and had wiped the tears of his face, Mike had clasped his shoulder.

“What are you gonna do? Not let him stay just because you saw him sucking a dick? You're not that guy.”

Mike was right. Even if Levi had seemed moody and rough around the edges, he didn't seem like a bad guy, and Erwin wasn't one to judge someone because of their career choice.

The thing that bothered him is that he knew. He knew how Levi looked in a schoolgirl outfit, he knew how he looked jumping up and down on a cock, he knew what he looked like gagging around it. He was afraid that when he saw Levi again, he wouldn't be able to stop the mental images. He wasn't sure if he wanted to be friends with the guy, but if they were going to be living together, he wanted to at least be able to be civil.

Wednesday night found him still deep in his thoughts, and when he looked at the time, he knew it was too late to back out. Instead, he decided to clean the apartment thoroughly, remembering Petra's words about Levi: “He's short-fused, quiet and a clean freak. Keep that in mind and you won't have too much trouble.”

When he'd finished scrubbing the tub so hard he could see his reflection, it was already 1 am. He chose to collapse on the bed instead of showering, thinking freshly dried hair and the smell of soap would make a much better impression.

He was over thinking everything.

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Levi knocked sharply on the door and took hold of his luggage again. He felt restless and anxious, something he hadn't felt in years. When Hanji had opened the door for him and had wished him good luck with a bright smile on their face, he'd answered with an emotionless “yeah, whatever,” and had walked away.

He knew he had no reason to be nervous. The rent was easily affordable, so he wouldn't have to worry about cutting back on luxuries to not get behind on it, and Erwin seemed like a nice enough guy, so he wouldn't have to worry about waking up to Erwin watching him sleep from a corner of his room with his hand down his pants.
Yet here he was, waiting for Erwin to open the door, ready to take a next step, and he felt awfully self-conscious.

Ever since he was little, he'd trained himself not to care what others thought about him. Somehow along the way that had developed into not listening to a lot of people and closing down. He liked it, though: He'd much rather have two or three friends and enjoy his peace and quiet, not be obligated to go out or to celebrate birthdays and promotions and holidays and so on. He'd never needed anyone, and that was okay.

Hanji had basically forced their way into his life and he didn't complain. Even if they were loud and slightly messy, and could basically read his mind, he didn't care. Somehow he had found a way to even like them. Petra was different: He'd met her through Hanji and had liked her instantly. He normally didn't like people so easily, but there was this certain tenderness and uniqueness to her that made Levi lower his walls around her immediately.

He hadn't talked to his family in years and he didn't particularly like his coworkers; his experience on the job meant that he got to choose more freely who to work with and normally went for calm, clean and attractive, but at the end of the day he always said goodbye and went home, never exchanging phone numbers, never going out for pizza and beer like he knew everyone else in the company liked to do.

He had gotten so used to his routine over the years that when he thought back on it, he was surprised to find how terribly uneventful his life had been. Besides getting into the industry, nothing else had changed. He still had the same two friends, ate the same food, went to the same dry cleaners, still took his coffee black, and hadn't dated or let anyone new in his life in a long, long time.

He tried to shrug it off as he heard the knob turning, trying to convince himself his uneasiness came from not having had anything for breakfast and for leaving Hanji alone, and not from not having basic contact with another human besides Hanji, his coworkers and the grocery store cashier for nearly two months.

Erwin opened the door with the most awkward smile Levi had ever seen, and that was counting the ones he'd practiced in the mirror when he was told he had to play nice. He tried to plaster a smile, too, but it felt weird and stiff so he decided against it. He walked in and left his luggage by the door, standing awkwardly.

"Do you have more stuff that you need to bring up?"

"Nah, this is it."

Erwin's look made Levi feel even more uncomfortable. He'd never had many things growing up and wasn't one for sentimentality; in his last place he'd had the basics and not much else. His two suitcases and his backpack contained everything he'd deemed necessary or important for his life, and he was content. He didn't quite understand the attachment people felt to things, he was quick to let things go and move on.

"Oh, okay, good. You can go, uhm, settle in. I brought groceries and I was about to make something for lunch, if that's okay?"

"Cool." He took his stuff with no other words and moved to his room, placing the suitcases on top of the bed and turning around, hands on his hips. The room wasn't overly terrible. There was a faint smell of dude still present, but he figured with a good scented candle and keeping the window open it would go away. The room wasn't even painted in a real macho way and there were no marks on the walls that indicated posters had been ripped off. It was better than he expected.
He took his toiletries to the bathroom, careful of not disarranging Erwin's things. He knew that they were now officially roommates, but they barely knew each other and he didn't want to get all up in the guy's face. The easier they could make the transition the better. The apartment was nice and it was in a good neighborhood: he didn't want to go off pissing *mister frat bro* and ending up homeless, again.

While he was in the middle of organizing his clothes, he heard Erwin's voice travel to him from the kitchen.

“Uhm, Levi? Food's ready, if you'd like some?”

He dropped the jacket he was holding on the bed, deeming food much more important at the moment. In the kitchen, Erwin was already sitting on one of the bar stools, wearing a ridiculous flowery apron. He gestured to the second plate on the counter with a stiff smile on his face.

“I hope you like chicken? Wait- you're not a vegetarian, are you?”

“Nah, it's cool.” Levi dropped himself on one of the bar stools and immediately dug in, his manners kicking in 10 seconds too late. “Uhm, thanks.”

“It's okay, I like cooking.” Erwin shrugged in what could have passed as nonchalance if his eyes weren't so damn wide. He looked like a deer blinded by headlights. Either way, they fell into a comfortable silence, the only sounds present the clicking of the forks against the plates. After quite a few minutes, though, Levi's internal musings were halted when he noticed Erwin hadn't stopped staring at him since he’d sat down.

“What?” He asked, his eyes narrowing.

“Oh! N-nothing, sorry.” Erwin shifted on his seat, lamely trying to focus his eyes on anything but the man in front of him, a slight blush even coloring his cheeks.

And then Levi knew.

“Oh, God, you've watched me.”

“What?” That was the most half-assed attempt at innocence Levi had ever seen.

“You're acting all weird because you know me from porn.”

“I-I'm-”

“Stop, God, don't embarrass yourself more. Whatever, yeah, I suck cock, you got a problem with it?”

He knew he had no reason to snap at Erwin just because he'd seen his movies, but his response to anything related to work was to get extremely defensive. He stood up, taking the plates and placing them in the dishwasher, turning to Erwin and pressing a finger against his chest. “Don't think even for a second that the fact that I suck cock for a living means that I'm gonna suck yours.”

“I- I never-”

“Don't get any ideas, pretty boy.” He spat the last two words like an insult and stormed to his room, immediately picking up the jacket he'd left on the bed and busying himself with organizing so he wouldn't have to listen to the thoughts in his head. So much for a smooth transition.

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Erwin stood in the same position for about 10 minutes after Levi walked off.

He hadn't been living there for more than three hours and Erwin had already screwed up. Had he been so obvious? He'd tried his best to act normal but Levi had obviously seen right through him. He was still shocked about Levi's reaction but he couldn't really blame him. He wasn't in the easiest of industries, and he'd obviously had to put up with a lot of shit when people found out what he did. He only wished he could have handled it better.

He decided to give Levi his space, and when he decided to come out of his room, he'd tell him what he thought about the whole situation and wish for the best. Petra had warned him about his temper. He just didn't know the description was so spot on.

In an attempt to find something to do besides waiting for Levi to come out, he cooked dinner. After two hours of Levi not coming out, he ate alone, playing with his food, sulking like a child, trying to figure out ways to get things back to normal. It was only the first day and things were already fucked up beyond belief.

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When Levi came out of his room at around 2 am, the apartment was silent. He tiptoed to the kitchen, just planning on getting some tea and getting in bed, but when he reached the counter, he found a note.

Hey,
I left some mac and cheese for you in the fridge
You just have to reheat
Enjoy,
Erwin

While he ate his dinner in silence, Levi decided that okay, maybe Erwin wasn't that bad of a guy.

Chapter End Notes

So I've decided I'm gonna try to update weekly-ish. I'll try my best to keep up with the schedule and write something with consistency and all that things that real writers do.

Also, just in case you were wondering (I'm sure you weren't but I'm gonna tell you anyways sue me) While I was writing about Mike cracking up, all I had in my mind was that scene in 22 Jump Street where Jenko finds out Schmidt's been sleeping with their captain's daughter. This one.

Come join me in Tumblr where I normally just cry over Marvel, Disney and SNK. And pretty much everything else.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

In which Erwin and Levi get used to each other, until Erwin does something stupid.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Erwin woke up Friday morning feeling like he had not rested at all. Levi's outburst kept playing in his head and no matter what he did, he couldn't think of anything else.

He was already late for work so after a quick shower and shave, he ran past the kitchen to get an apple to eat on the way to the office.

If he smiled when he noticed his note was gone, well, that was only for him to know.

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He tried to focus on his assignments, but his thoughts kept wondering back to his apartment. It had only occurred to him then that he had no idea what hours Levi kept; the only thing he knew was that Thursday was his day off. Was that his only day off? Did he work long hours? Did he work at night, in the morning? He had no idea.

While getting some coffee from the break room he decided he wasn't going to just sweep the issue under the rug and pretend it never happened. For his own piece of mind, he needed to talk to Levi about it. At least, tell him what he thought of it and hell, if Levi told him to go fuck himself, at least he'd have an answer.

So when the hour hand hit 6 and he was finally on his way home, he couldn't stop jittering. He had thought of three or four ways to say what he felt; he even had tried to call Petra for advice, completely forgetting that she kept her phone off while working. Finally, two blocks away from the apartment and halfway through his third power bar, he decided to just let it flow. He knew what he thought didn't come from a bad place and he hoped Levi would understand him.

When he opened the door, though, the place was silent. He even tried knocking on Levi's door, calling out to him in a soft voice, but he was obviously not there. Probably still working.

“Get your mind out of the gutter, Smith,” he muttered, and quickly busied himself with making dinner to avoid thoughts of his tiny roommate and his... work-related endeavors.

It was half-past nine when he finally heard Levi's key turning in the lock. He sat up, trying to control his nerves, when he was met with a deadpan expression.
“Hey.”

“Hi, Levi. How was your day?” *Ugh, small talk, Erwin? Really? Smart.*

“Uh, okay I guess.” Levi shrugged his coat off his shoulders, hanging it by the door, and obviously thinking of disappearing into his room.

“Uhm, wait, Levi? Can we- can we talk?” Levi turned to him and stared for a few seconds, his face completely devoid of emotion.

“A’ight. What's up?” He collapsed on the armchair in front of Erwin, still staring. Erwin tried to remember how to make his tongue move.

“Look, about last night—”

“Forget about it.” Levi was already moving to get up when Erwin stood over the coffee table to place a hand on his forearm.

“No, please, hear me out.” Levi looked up at him, his façade cracking to show disbelief for a split second before it was schooled back to nonchalance. He sat back, obviously waiting. “I'm sorry.”

“What?”

“Look, I figure you've had to take a lot of shit, doing what you do. And you shouldn't have to take any shit from the guy you're living with. I'm sorry if you were under the impression I was judging you, because I was not. I actually admire you for being in a business that takes so much crap and still be able to walk with your head held high and talk about what you do with no shame. So, I'm sorry. I would really like to create an environment for you where you don't feel scrutinized. I want this apartment to be that place for you.”

Levi cracked a sardonic smirk, sitting up on the armchair.

“Had that written down, didja? How many times didja practice that on your way home?”

“No, I-”

“I appreciate it.” Levi cut him off, standing back up. “Really.”

When he was already at his door, he turned his head.

“Oh, and thanks for dinner last night. It was good.”

When Erwin managed to mutter a “you're welcome” Levi's door was already closed shut. He ran a hand through his hair, letting out a breath he didn't know he was holding.

That conversation had gone far better than he'd expected. It hadn't involved Levi storming out or moving out or things flying to his face so he mentally counted it as a win.

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Thankfully, after their talk, everything went back to normal. They quickly worked out a routine, where Erwin would get up first, get the coffee machine going and use the bathroom. When Levi
emerged from his room, with bed hair that was not at all adorable, *not at all*, Erwin would have a fresh cup of coffee for him. They would eat in silence and Erwin would go to work, while Levi did maybe some grocery shopping, or had a run before going off to his own job. Erwin would come home at around 6:30 in the evening and would get dinner ready and wait for Levi, who came home about 2 hours later, to eat. They'd maybe talk about their day but they both found comfort in silence. After dinner they would watch a movie, or maybe a comedy show, have a few beers, and then go to bed. It was good.

Little by little Levi's presence became more noticeable. He'd moved his toothbrush next to Erwin's, and as they used the same shaving cream, they decided to only keep one bottle. He liked to read and on his day off, he could be found snuggled on the couch, a book in his lap, with two or three more waiting for him on the coffee table. Erwin found it endearing.

Step by step they'd learnt more of their lives, their likes and dislikes, and Erwin would like to think they could be considered friends.

That's why Erwin was getting more and more disgusted with himself because he couldn't keep Levi out of his mind.

He tried very hard to keep his imagination at bay; every time he would think of Levi he'd try to distract himself with work, or with food, or maybe videos of puppies, but nothing was working. He hadn't touched himself once since Levi moved in as a sign of protest, but it was getting more and more difficult to ignore.

So one night, after staring at Levi's legs hanging off the side of the armchair for about 2 hours, he gave in. There was no cold shower or thought of old Sister Catherine from back home that could help him.

After making sure his door was locked, he quickly discarded of his clothes, sliding into his bed. He didn't even need to get his laptop; Levi's videos were ingrained in his memory. His particular favorite one, the one with Levi dressed as a schoolgirl, was the first thing that came to mind. He ran his hand down his chest, slow and soft, down to his already hardening dick.

He remembered how good Levi looked with that short skirt that barely covered his ass, and those knee-high black stockings that contrasted so heavily with his pale skin. The way he'd walked into that pretense classroom, filled with poise and faked innocence, to beg his teacher for what he wanted.

Erwin tightened his hold on his cock, slowly starting to move his hand, letting out a soft groan. He ran his free hand through his hair and down his chest, relaxing even more.

"*Sir, please, give it to me. I can take it, I promise. I want to please you.*" Levi's words rang in his head as if he were actually saying them next to his ear. Levi had knelt down in front of his teacher, taking off his own shirt before reaching out for the man's belt, undoing it swiftly and allowing himself a smile, tugging the zipper down and taking his cock out, immediately tracing the skin with the tip of his tongue.

Erwin bit hard on his lower lip and turned his head to press his bicep against his face, trying to stifle his moans. He teased the tip, smearing pre cum down and stroking himself at a leisurely pace, twisting his hand just like he liked it, trying to pretend it wasn't his hand on him but a much smaller one, with deft slender fingers.

He imagined how the other man must have felt, with the tip of his cock between Levi's lips, with his
innocent gaze fixed on his. He pictured what that would be like, to have Levi have his way with his cock, play with it, tease him until he was a shivering mess before letting him slide down his throat, sucking skillfully until Erwin tugged on his hair to let him know he was close, and letting the shaft slide out of his mouth, giving the tip a soft kiss with bruised lips before asking Erwin to please come on his face.

Erwin bit his bicep and came hard all over his hand and chest, thinking of Levi's face painted with come.

He didn't have to imagine. He knew exactly how it looked.

Only after cleaning himself and collapsing face down on his mattress did the reality of what he'd just done hit Erwin.

How sick would Levi think he was if he knew what he'd just done? Fair, Levi was obviously aware that many, many men jacked off to him, but his own roommate?

Erwin kicked the mattress and let out a groan. He wasn't sure how he would be able to face Levi in the morning.

Chapter End Notes

I've decided to post chapters on Wednesdays
ish
Also I don't know how I feel about this chapter and how it turned out???? lemme know what you think!
Levi looked up from his book, a groan leaving his lips when he noticed it was already 11 pm. He'd been sitting with Erwin in companionable silence until the other man had left with a soft “goodnight” about ten minutes ago.

Levi had decided a few days ago that Erwin was alright. After so long of living by himself, he had been worried he wouldn't be able to work through it, that their habits would inevitably crash and he'd end up homeless again.

Erwin had been a pleasant surprise. He had gone out of his way to make Levi feel at home, to make him comfortable enough to be able to change things around, to find his space. Levi had been awkward at first, not used to having his place so respected, but they easily fell into companionship.

Levi stretched and popped his neck. He made a mental note to find a more logic position to read while sitting on the armchair.

He was moving to his room when he heard a whimper coming from Erwin's room.

He knew he shouldn't pry but that didn't stop him. He inched closer to the door, pressing his ear against it. He didn't hear much but he was sure the other man was jacking off. He told himself he should move away from the door but a twisted curiosity made him stay where he was.

He pressed himself to the door, taking in every sound the other man made, until he heard it.

Loud and clear.

“Levi.”

He jumped away, scared, knowing Erwin couldn't possibly have caught him but still feeling his heart lodged in his throat.

That's when it really hit him.

Erwin had just moaned his name.

Levi backed away and slid into his room, deep in thought. Was Erwin aware he'd just said Levi's name while jacking off? What did that mean? Was Erwin thinking himself while doing it?

Levi climbed into bed, nibbling on his lower lip. Was it a deal big enough for him to leave? No, it wasn't. He wasn't going to go homeless again because he heard the big oaf touching himself. Should he confront him about it? He was sure that even if Erwin was fit, he could take him, but that wouldn't
do any good.

The third option was his favorite. So, Erwin had a crush on him, huh? He could work with that. Erwin wasn't that bad to look at. Actually, he fit right into the I-want-that-guy-to-pound-my-ass-into-next-week category Levi had. A stare too long, a small gesture, a soft touch on his neck, and Erwin would pull a full-body blush.

He could always pretend nothing happened, it was true, but where was the fun in that?

Yes, Levi decided, he'd have his fun pulling Erwin apart.

The next morning, Levi put his plan into action. He woke up earlier than usual to surprise Erwin in the kitchen, a coy smile playing on his lips.

“Jeez, Levi, you almost scared the life out of me.”

“Sorry, didn't mean to.”

Erwin shook his head and moved past him to pour himself coffee. “What're you doing up so early?”

“Couldn't sleep.” He waited until Erwin turned to turn and notice he was staring before speaking up. “You okay, Erwin?”

“W-what do you mean?” Ah, he was blushing already. Adorable.

“You look... flustered. You not getting sick, are you?”

“No, I-I'm okay. Must be your imagination.”

Levi arched his eyebrows but nodded, making sure to look at Erwin through his eyelashes. Taking his own mug into his hands, he made his way to his room.“I guess you're right.”

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After that night, Erwin had a hard time looking Levi in the eye. He knew he hadn't been particularly quiet, what with weeks of built up frustration, and he'd prepared a comeback if Levi for some reason had heard him.

What he wasn't expecting, thought, was to find Levi sitting in their kitchen when he got up. He had a particular look in his eye that made Erwin shiver and turn red.

When he came back home after work, he was hoping to see everything back to normal, to see that look gone, but it lasted several days. Sometimes accompanied by a soft run of his fingers through Erwin's hair, or a quick comment like "Y'know, with that ass you'd make good money in porn".

Finally, one Wednesday, a week and a half after the incident, Levi seemed back to normal. That is, until he came home in the evening.

“Hey, welcome home.” Erwin said when he heard the door open, not looking up from the report he was working on for the next day.
“Hey.” Levi collapsed on the couch next to him with a sigh. Lately, he’d been comfortable enough to sit closer to Erwin. The blond was not particularly excited about that. Especially when he didn’t have to imagine Levi’s scent anymore.

“How was your day?”

“A’ight. Tiring. Look-” He fished his phone out of his pockets and fiddled around with it for a few seconds before finding what he wanted and handing the phone to Erwin.

“W-what-” There was a picture on the screen, of a pair of slim legs wearing black, thigh-high stockings, laced on the back with a bow.

“Had to wear that, today. Pretty, huh? Kind of uncomfortable on the skin.” Erwin tried to act as dumb about it as he possibly could, while his brain offered him fully detailed images of Levi wearing those stockings just for him. Those stockings and nothing else.

“Oh.” Smart.

“Yeah. Scratchy, but I looked fucking good in them. Had a corset, too. Black, leather, really fitting. Lace panties, too, but those disappeared soon enough.” Levi snatched the phone from his hands and stood up. “What's for dinner?”

Erwin was so shocked it took him a few minutes to react. And some to be able to get some blood down to his legs.

That night in bed, Erwin picked up his report and focused on it to take his mind off of Levi and his hand out of his pants.

Erwin knew he was thoroughly fucked. Now every time him and Levi were in the same room, there was a weird sort of energy crackling between them. For a few days, he kept catching Levi's haze, but thought it was a passing thing. After two weeks, though, with Levi's incessant staring and soft touches, with his inappropriate comments about his job (The one day Levi had come home with a sore throat and how he, nursing a cup of tea, had explained it was because he'd had to choked on the biggest dick, was still pretty clear on his mind). He had grown accustomed to sporting a full body blush whenever the brunet happened to stay close to him, which now happened almost regularly.

He didn't know what to think about the situation: He'd grown to like Levi very much and more often than not he found himself unable to wait to go home and just spend a few hours in comfortable silence. He'd long since accepted the fact that his crush had grown out of control, like a tough weed, and Levi made it extremely difficult to keep it in check. He was sure Levi meant nothing with his new behavior: the way he'd reacted the first night he'd spent in the apartment had made it very clear that he didn't find Erwin desirable. Hell, for all he knew, this was Levi's response to being more used to having Erwin in his life.

Erwin was fine with it: it was easier to be Levi's friend, his roommate, the person he came home to, in an extremely platonic way. The problem was that with every soft graze of his arm, every second that small, warm hand lingered on his back, the way those steel-grey eyes bore holes into his skull and how he could always feel them on him when they were together, Erwin was more and more sure that no, he wasn't fine with it.

His patience was wearing thin, and he was dreading the moment he'd snap and press Levi into the wall, mouths smashing together.
After a particularly tiring Friday, full of figures and long conversations, Erwin was longing for a hot bath and 10+ hours in bed.

What he wasn't expecting when he opened the door was to find Levi already home.

Chuckling.

“Hey! You're home.” Erwin gave him a particularly confused look as he shut the door, just as Hanji emerged from the kitchen.

“If it isn't Mr. Big shot with the busy job. How are ya, Erwin?”

“I'm fine, Hanji. Long time no see.” He shot them a smile and turned to Levi, “Hey, what's-”

Levi cut him off with another chuckle. “‘Sup.” He leaned back on the couch, seemingly boneless, his legs widening. Erwin took in the sight, and finally noticed the joint in his hand. Ah, of course.

“I- What're you doing home already?”

“Finished early. It's always fast with this kid, Jean, you know-” His face contorted comically, as he tried to hold back a snort.

“Is he the one whose moans are super weird?” Hanji asked, picking up the pack of chips on the coffee table and tilting it over them, trying to catch any crumbs left.

“Yeah, that's him. He's hot, but, you know-” Hanji finished the sentence for him with an off-pitched moan, dissolving into laughter.

Erwin was still standing there, with an awkward smile on his face. He took off his coat, hung it on the rack, and turned to the pair on the couch.

“I'll leave you two alone.”

“No, please! Don't go, join us.” Hanji patted the space next to them. “You don't have to take a hit.”

“Or maybe you should,” Levi said, sitting up, resting his forearms on his legs, interest sparked. “You could do a little relaxin’.”

Erwin should go to his bedroom and work on the presentation he had next Wednesday, but he had worked on it non-stop all week long. He figured he deserved a breather. He shrugged, leaving his briefcase leaning on the coffee table, and sat next to Hanji.

“Yay! Okay, welcome aboard. Have you ever done pot?” Hanji’s eyes twinkled dangerously.

“It's been a while.”

“Oh.” Hanji clearly wasn't expecting that answer.

“Have you met my best friend, Hanji? Of course I've done pot.”

“Oh, goodie!” They turned to Levi and took the joint, handing it what was left of it to Erwin. As he brought it to his lips, he became highly aware that while Hanji was rolling a new one, Levi's eyes hadn't moved from him.
He closed his eyes and took a long drag. He held the smoke for a few beats, letting it fill him. He then parted his lips slightly, allowing the smoke to draw out on its own accord, slowly opening his eyes, fixing them on Levi. Was it his imagination, or were Levi's pupils blown out beyond belief? He was about to do something stupid, like asking Levi about it, when Hanji leaned back, fresh joint lit in their hand.

“Right, Erwin.” They turned to him, that mad expression back on their eyes. Erwin would be lying if he said that look didn't make him slightly scared. “Have you ever shotgunned?”

Erwin frowned, turning to bend a leg on the couch, making himself comfortable. “No. What is that?”

Hanji's smile turned positively devilish. “I think a demonstration might work better.”

They took a hit, holding the smoke in their mouth. They moved their arm and grabbed Levi's to pull him over them, Levi's hand shooting to Hanji's thigh as to not lose his balance. They shared a smile and pressed their lips together. When they parted, Levi opened his eyes and held Hanji's stare as he let the smoke they'd just shared float out of his mouth, and fuck him if that wasn't the hottest thing Erwin had had the pleasure of seeing.

Erwin was at a loss for words. No wonder he'd never tried that, when he only got high with Mike, the most straight person in his life.

Thankfully, Hanji didn't ask for a response.

“C'mere.”

They took another hit and pressed their lips to Erwin's this time. Even if two drags were hardly enough to set his mind to a comfortable haze, the intimacy and sensuality of it made him feel light headed.

He slouched back on the couch and let out the smoke with a smile, letting the numbness overwhelm him.

Suddenly, Levi shot up. “My turn,” he said, taking the joint from Hanji's hands and straddling Erwin's lap, all in one go. Erwin's hands instinctively moved to his thighs, and he stared astonished as Levi closed the distance between them. He couldn't help the groan that left him when Levi worked his lips open. He hadn't really stopped to imagine what Levi's mouth would taste like, but now, while the smoke infiltrated him, he tried to commit the taste to memory. His lips were soft and plump, sweeter than he thought any human's lips could possibly be, and it wasn't without regret that he moved away from them.

Hanji and Levi's turn was next. His hands moved on their own, his right one running up Levi's back, the left one holding Hanji by the nape as he pressed them together. This time they didn't part instantly, and instead let their lips linger on each other. Erwin watched them, enthralled, and it wasn't until he breathed out a soft fuck that they broke the kiss.

A few other drags passed between them like that, teeth grazing lips and soft chuckles after a particularly long kiss. If Erwin wasn't participating, he'd just stared at them, the way they moved together, years of trust and love showing off on their skin.

“God, I wish I didn't have to go,” Hanji said, pressing a soft kiss to Levi's lips and then to Erwin's. He acted on instinct and held them in place, taking his chance, parting their lips with his tongue and kissing them thoroughly. He felt Levi shift on his lap, his gaze trained on them.

“Wow, nice lips, Mr. Big shot.” Hanji cleared their throat, standing up, Levi following suit. “But I
really have to go. I'll see you later.” They ran a hand through Erwin's hair and moved to the door, Levi already holding it open. While they talked in hushed tones, Erwin rearranged his pants. It was embarrassing how hard he'd gotten so fast. Mind still hazy, he leaned forward to take the joint, the fourth they'd rolled since Erwin had gotten home, and looked up at Levi when he heard the door shut. The brunet sat back next to him, keeping his distance. Yeah, Erwin thought. He'd been very much enjoying Levi's lips on him and his weight on his lap but the spell had broken when Hanji had gotten up. The moment had passed.

The joint was still lit and in his hand, though. Automatically, Erwin lifted it up to his lips and took a hit, noticing Levi had turned to look at him.

“How selfish.”

“Huh?” Erwin froze when he saw the heat in Levi's eyes. Once again, the brunet straddled his lap with effortless grace.

“I thought we were sharing.” He smashed his lips against Erwin's, insistent. The blond had his lips pressed tightly out of shock, but all it took was a short pull of his hair and his mouth fell open with a groan, the kiss turning into a mess of tongue and teeth.

“There was barely any smoke left.” Erwin said, dumbly.

“I know.” Came Levi's response. His lips were hard and skilled against his, and there was a soft voice in the back of Erwin's head that was telling him this was a bad idea, but he was so numb and he wanted Levi so bad that he couldn't care less.

He moved his hands to Levi's ass and pulled him closer, making Levi start to rock his hips against his.

Erwin broke the kiss to let out a moan and while Levi chuckled, rotating his hips, Erwin moved a hand up to his chest and started undoing his buttons, latching his mouth to the milky expanse of Levi's skin.

“No marks... g-gotta work.” Erwin's chest swelled at the knowledge that Levi was already so wrecked and it was his doing, but still listened and left no marks even he wanted so, running his tongue over Levi's collarbones and up his neck to suck on his earlobe. Levi let out a throaty moan and snuck a hand between their bodies to press it against Erwin's groin. The blond's breath faltered, every sensation heightened. Levi cracked a smirk when he felt Erwin grow even harder against his hand and he slipped off his lap, kneeling between his legs. His hands moved immediately to Erwin's fly, undoing it with deft fingers and wasting no time, pulling Erwin's cock out, his mouth watering at the sight.

“Fuck, you're massive.” It wasn't a lie like the ones he'd tell the camera. Erwin's dick was beautiful: he was uncut, longer than average and thicker, with a natural curve. Levi wrapped a hand around the shaft (he could barely touch his thumb with the rest of his fingers) and gave an experimental tug. Erwin moaned out, shifting to rest his head against the back of the couch, one of his hands finding Levi's hair and petting. When Levi instinctively turned his head to nuzzle his hand and then his cock, he nearly lost it. To keep from blowing his load on Levi's pretty face, he took various deep breaths, while Levi started licking, kitten-like, until growing tired and slipping the tip between his lips, tonguing the frenulum and collecting every drop of pre came he could find. He was pulling Erwin apart, he could tell, and he was beaming with pride.

He sunk down on his cock as far as his jaw would allow him without any warm up. Erwin ran his fingers through Levi's hair and brought the blunt to his lips with his free hand. He then lowered his
hand and gave Levi's locks a tug to get his attention and offered him the joint. Levi let Erwin's erection out of his mouth with a pop and without moving the cigarette from Erwin's fingers he took a drag, holding in the smoke and blowing it over Erwin's cock, locking eyes with the blond. When he was done, he sunk back down on the shaft without a word.

After a few back and forths with the blunt, with a particularly memorable one where Levi let the smoke out as he moved his lips down Erwin's dick and Erwin was pretty sure he was going to die like that and the cops were gonna have to explain to his momma how they'd found him, Levi started to bob his head faster and Erwin got more anxious. He could feel it, the start of his orgasm coiling in his stomach, but it was barely there, far-away. He got desperate, looking for his release, and held Levi down, making him choke. After a few seconds, his mind caught up with his hands and he let go, apologizing profusely.

“Don't. I like it. Do it again and this time don't stop until you come.” Levi licked his lips, glossy and swollen, and moved back down, sucking one of Erwin's balls into his mouth with a sultry moan before swallowing Erwin's shaft whole. The blond was torn between doing what they both wanted and this small part of his brain that refused to hurt Levi. While he was lost in his thoughts, the brunet took his hand in one of his own and moved it to his head. Startled, Erwin looked down, only to find Levi staring up at him, eyes red and puffy but focused nonetheless.

“Fuck, okay...” Erwin pressed him down again, letting out a broken moan, feeling Levi's throat spasm and constrict around him. He felt like he was in paradise: the only anchor to the real world was his hand pressed against the couch. Levi felt heavenly. If his mouth was this perfect he wondered how his ass would feel, all tight and warm for him...

He unconsciously started thrusting up with small movements, but if Levi's moans where anything to go by, he was enjoying himself. Erwin tilted his head forward, trying to see Levi’s whole body, and caught him with his cock out, touching himself while he finished Erwin off. That did it.

“Fuck, Levi, I'm gonna, I'm g-gonna-” Levi stared up at him and pressed down even further, nose burying into Erwin's pubes, breathing in his scent. Erwin collapsed as his climax broke through, faintly hearing Levi slowly milking him, sputtering but managing to swallow everything.

When Levi finally let his dick slid out of his mouth and leaned back on his heels, Erwin moved forward and caught him, one arm wrapped around his waist, and pulled him up to him, making him kneel with his knees at either side of Erwin's legs. It surprised him how light Levi actually was and how easy it would be to manhandle him and fuck, wasn't that an interesting idea?

Levi moved to sit on his lap but Erwin stopped him, a hand pressed at his lower back to help him with his balance.

“What're you-”

“I'm sure I'm not half as good as you, but-” He licked a stripe up Levi's dick and waited for his reaction. Levi's dick was considerably smaller than Erwin's but thick and gorgeous. It was cut and was this beautiful shade of pink that made Erwin's mouth water.

Of course, Erwin already knew that.

“Fuck, okay, okay, okay...” Levi kept muttering while Erwin licked up and down his shaft, taking his time, running the tip of his tongue against the slit was at much finesse as his fogged up brain allowed him.

Levi was far more vocal than he'd expected. He cursed, moaned, and honest-to-God mewed when
Erwin finally took him full. The position they were in didn't allow the blond much range of movement so he rested both hands over Levi's hipbones and pressed softly, silently asking him to move. Levi held himself up with his hands on the back of the couch above Erwin's head and thrust, never falling silent, a long string of *fuck, yeah, and shit, just like that* falling out of his mouth.

After a while, Levi's controlled movements turned frantic, sloppy, and his moans got louder. Erwin urged him on, letting him abuse his throat. He raised his fingers to Levi's mouth and the brunet immediately sucked, coating them in spit. The blond tried to take them away but Levi wouldn't let him, still sucking desperately, and he would've smiled if he didn't have a mouthful of cock.

When he was able to release them, he snuck them down, his dry hand moving to fondle his balls and the wet one spreading his cheeks, softly probing his hole with his middle finger. Levi stilled for a second, surprised, and then snapped. He held Erwin's head by his hair and fucked his mouth relentlessly.

Erwin's jaw hurt and he had spit and pre cum dribbling down his chin but he didn't care, not when he had Levi buried deep inside his mouth, his taste on his tongue as he came.

As he rode out his orgasm, though, Levi kept moving his hips but petted Erwin's hair, knowing just how much his jaw would be aching. He moved off his lap when he was done and collapsed on the couch, spent.

“Fuck.”

“Yeah.”

That's the last thing Erwin remembers before passing out.

Chapter End Notes

Hello, hello!

I completely forgot to let you know beforehand I was going to be away all week and would be unable to upload a chapter on Wednesday. SO, I'm uploading it today, because fuck schedules, and I'll be adding another chapter too (not part of the story per se, more of a background story for both Levi and Erwin), as an apology for being a dumbass.

I got to write a lot during this week so you'll notice this chapter was particularly longer, but it's basically just pot and porn. I already have an outline of what the end will be like so this will probably be over in one or two more chapters.

Also, in case you were wondering, [this](#) is what I pictured Levi’s stockings looking like.

As always, please let me know what you think!

If you want, you can always follow me on [tumblr](#), where I whine about mostly Marvel, Friends and SnK.
Life Stories

Chapter Summary

This is a brief description of both Levi and Erwin's lives before they met.

Warning for violence, abuse, homophobia, and death.

(Those warnings make it sound terribly angsty and dark but I promise you, it's not. It's just a heads up just in case)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Levi was six when his mother died. His dad had ran out on them before he was born, and he was left with his uncle to raise him. He didn't remember much of his mother, only bright eyes and a beautiful, toothy smile, none of which he had inherited.

His uncle was all he actually remembered. Kenny was silent, stern, and ugly. He wasn't a very good paternal figure, but it was all he had. Levi always thought he was better off with him, than jumping from foster home to foster home. It wasn't like he was the prettiest or most cheerful of kids, and those kids never lasted long anywhere.

Kenny didn't talk much to him, maybe a grunt, or a shout, but never a full-length conversation. Levi had naively thought maybe that was just who Kenny was, and maybe all uncles and dads were like that, until he met Kenny's business partners. “The kid, Levi”, had been his introduction all throughout childhood, when Levi wondered down the stairs after his uncle had told him to stay in his fucking room while he talked to his grownup friends.

Hushed words and nondescript packages seemed to be the currency in those situations. Levi, even as a kid, was smart enough to know he wasn't supposed to ask.

When he was old enough to manage to keep his anxiety from showing on his face, Levi was sent on errands by his uncle. Usually simple stuff, packages he could stuff inside his jacket. Once or twice he was caught by a cop but looking younger than he was, all he had to do was pretend he was lost and whine a bit and he was back on his uncle's porch without a scratch and the package still hidden.

At one point during his teenage years, things started to change. Levi was still send out but he used that time to sneak around. And then to mess around. And finally, to screw around.

He knew his uncle would not react nicely if he knew his nephew liked it in the ass, so he started out careful. “He wasn't home, I had to wait for him,” he'd say, when he'd actually left under five minutes and had ran to his “lab partner's” house two blocks away. “Sorry, Kenny, the cops were around, I had to be slower”, when he'd actually sneaked into a dark alley for a messy suck.

After some time, he got cocky, and careless. He even started fucking his uncle's partners, noticing how they tended to be a little more loose with their wallets after a good pounding. It wasn't until he started doing it in the house that everything went to hell.

He was in the middle of a blowjob, his pants halfway down his legs, when Kenny walked in.
“You sad fag,” were the first words that left his uncle's mouth. As he staggered, trying to get his pants back on, his “friend” ran through the door, slamming it so hard the glass cracked.

If Levi had thought Kenny wouldn't react nicely, it was nothing compared to the actual look on his uncle's face. Levi found himself with his head smashed against the nearest wall, a trickle of blood running down his face and his feet in the air.

“This is what I get for taking you under my wing and raising you on my own? I get a faggot? You know, when they told me my nephew was screwing around with my partners, I didn't believe them.” He pressed harder on his head, and Levi winced.

“You should've. Maybe you could try it, pick up a few tricks. I got very nice discounts for you.”

He should have seen the fist coming to his face.

“Get out. Get your shit and get the fuck out. I won't have a pansy cock slut living under my roof.”

In retrospect, Levi could have handled the whole situation much better, but he was seventeen, extremely hot-headed, and had a mouth too big for his own good.

“Fine.”

When he was out, his backpack overstuffed and with a dirty handkerchief pressed against the wound on his head, he realized how fucked he actually was.

Somewhere between petty crimes and avoiding the slammer, he started thinking about what he could do to earn a living abiding by law. He knew to do virtually nothing besides stealing and sucking cock. He figured the latter talent could come in handy, and turned to porn. He'd spent half a year in the streets and he was lucky to find a company that was nice enough to overlook the fact that even if he had just turned eighteen, his petite size and bad eating habits made him look around four years younger. He was able to get a decent shower, and after the camera was on, he turned into a pro.

Hanji had found him right after he'd gotten the job. They'd been social in high school, as friendly they could be with Levi's interacting skills. Even after people found out he liked dick, Hanji didn't stop talking to him. In fact, Levi was pretty sure they were the only person who still did.

“Come on, you're coming with me.”

“You don't need me in you life, Zoë. Leave me alone.”

“I'm not gonna leave you to die in the streets. My folks won't mind.”

“They’ll mind when they find out I suck dick, and that I do it for a living.”

“We'll say you work at a grocery store, or something as boring as that. Come on.”

After ten times of saying no, he finally agreed. Hanji let him crash in their room, and after a few months of hard work, he finally had enough money to rent a place on his own.

Even after he moved out, Hanji never left him alone. He acted as if it was a bother, but in all honesty, he was glad there was at least one person who cared.
Erwin had always been a smart, quiet kid. He'd been told multiple times he was the spitting image of his father, but instead of forest green eyes, he had the clear cerulean ones of his mother.

Helen Smith had raised her baby by herself after his father, Roderick, had gone off for a protest and never came back home.

Erwin had been seven and didn't understand what had happened. His father had been to hundreds of protests and always came back at the end of the day. Tired, yes, a little battered, maybe. There was the one time a bulled had grazed his side but as his wife patched him up in the kitchen, he still had a smile for his son, and a “don't you worry, kiddo, it's just a scratch. Remember, we're fighting the good fight.”

So why was this time any different? Why did his mother collapse at the door when she saw it wasn't her Rod at the door, but his friend, with a terrible look on his face?

A few years later, his mother explained him everything. It had been a peaceful protest, until masks and teargas came. In the chaos, they hadn't known exactly what happened, just that Roderick was struck down, and never got back up. “Sometimes these things happen, baby. We should think of your dad and move on.”

Erwin, being nine years young, didn't understand why his “okay, mama, I will help you” brought tears to Helen's eyes.

He knew his mother struggled to make ends meet so he did the best to help her around the house while keeping his grades up. He made it his life's purpose to make his mother laugh, with silly jokes or easy magic tricks. He even hoped for his mother to find another man and he told her so several times but she always answered the same way: She'd shake her head with a smile, and run her fingers through his hair. “I don't need a husband if he's not your dad, baby”, she'd say. “You're now the only man in my life and I'm okay with that.”

As he grew up, strong and smart yet gentle, his mom grew old, and tired. He almost didn't go to college so he could help her getting a job at their small town's hardware store. She'd pushed him out the door with a broom, telling him that she was just old, not sick or dying, and she could very damn well take care of herself.

So he went off to college, and he left a lot of things behind: namely, his mother, and his heterosexuality.

He'd never given much thought to his sexuality and which “box” he fell into: he'd had many girlfriends, some that lasted, some that didn't, some that reached the bedroom, some that didn't.

None of that mattered when he opened the door to what was going to be his room for the next four years and set eyed on the most beautiful person he'd ever seen.

He was tall, taller than Erwin himself, with a mop of dirty blonde hair, and a hint of a beard.

He was a he.

“Hey! I'm Mike. I'm guessing we're roommates?”

Erwin crossed the threshold and gave Mike's hand a shake. “Uh, yeah. Erwin Smith.”
Mike took a long breath and his smile widened. “Cool. Nice to meet you. You smell nice.”

“I'm- What?”

“Sorry, I do that.”

Mike and him quickly became close. As they did, though, his crush grew more and more, yet he saw him with plenty of girls to get the picture. Erwin started to date guys, as well, and Mike was super supportive, but even with big smiles and sharing the bed that cold winter night the heater broke, Erwin knew it would never happen.

Still, every date he had never developed into anything serious. Mike was a constant in the back of his mind.

Petra knew, of course. They'd met in Psych 101 and Erwin had easily realized she was everything missing in his life. Petra was as much sweet, caring, and funny as she was sharp, and she could instantly see through him. She always tried to set him up with both boys and girls here and there and even if he almost never said yes, he knew she only wanted something good for him.

He knew by far the stupidest thing he'd ever done in his life had been falling in love with his straight best friend.

Mike didn't know and would never know: Erwin was sane enough to know that if he ever confessed, their friendship would be ruined. Mike, being the nice guy that he was, would hug him tight an with a sad smile would tell him that he loved him, too, but just not in that way.

Mike would act as if everything was the same, because he was that guy, a stand up guy, but Erwin wouldn't be able to. The shame would eat him up until he wasn't able to look at him in the eye and everything would get messed up.

So he sulked in silence. He tried to be happy for Mike every time he had a new girl, but his heart would always break a little. With Nanaba it was no different, but once he saw them together, he felt like the biggest piece of shit. Just because his friend couldn't give him what he wanted, he didn't want him to be happy?

So he swallowed his feelings and put on a smile. Nanaba grew on him so much so fast to the point where he didn't have to fake his smile anymore.

When Mike told him they were moving in together, he really was happy for them, but as the night found him, alone, he collapsed between bottles of vodka. The next morning, he'd be eternally grateful he'd given Petra an extra key.

She held his hair gently as he spilled his guts into the toilet, tears running down his cheeks.

“I'm pathetic, aren't I?”

“No, you're not. You're in love. And you're selfless.” Petra moved him to the sink to wash his mouth and face. “You're a romantic, self-sacrificing dumbass.”

“I am a dumbass.”

“No, only I get to call you that,” Petra said, sternly, but with a soft smile on her lips. “You need to love yourself. Stop putting yourself last.”

He knew Petra was right. He knew he had to find his own happiness. After being in love with the
same person for years, though, it was easier said than done.

Chapter End Notes

I originally meant for these stories to fit into an actual chapter of the story but found no way to do so and decided to just upload them like this.

Please let me know what you think!
Erwin stirred, the haze lifting as he opened his eyes. It took a few seconds for him to see clearly and realize where he was.

The living room. *Right.*

He checked his watch and grimaced at the short hand pointing at 11, but he figured as it was Saturday, he was allowed to sleep late and relax.

That is, until the memories of last night came and hit him like a truck.

He stood up quickly, shedding the blanket aside before moving to the kitchen, calling out.

“Levi? Levi?”

He knocked his head against Levi's bedroom door when he heard no answer.

Levi had left.

Fuck.

How could he have been so stupid? So careless and reckless? After admitting to himself his huge and annoying crush was festering, he'd sworn by himself that he'd take it slow, that is, if he actually ever got the courage to tell Levi how he felt.

*Well, that's out the window.*

He sat back on the couch, his face on his hands. He should've stopped. He should've said no to both of them, and gone straight to his room.

Or maybe just taken a hit or two. He had told himself he'd be able to keep it in check and that was the most ridiculous lie he'd told himself in a while. All it took was one lust-filled look from Levi and he was done for.

With a groan, he tilted his head back and finally noticed he was sitting on the blanket.

Had he gotten it in the middle of the night?

No, it must've been Levi.

Erwin lifted his hips to free the blanket from under him and held it in his hands. What did this mean? Obviously, Levi had cared enough to cover him before he left.

The fact that this knowledge warmed his heart went to show him how fucked up he was.

Even so, Levi had ran off. He had woken up, seen the both of them sprawled like that, felt the taste of Erwin's come on his tongue and fled.

He hadn't even left a note. He always did, even if they were usually single words, like “groceries” or “Hanji's”, he always did.
Not this time.

Erwin busied himself with tidying up but when he couldn't handle it anymore, he picked up his phone.

“Yo.”

He'd never admit how his legs sagged with relied at hearing Mike's calming tone when he was a nervous wreck.

“Hey. Can you talk?” No need to beat around the bush when it came to Mike. He may not be able to answer to his affections romantically, but he always lent an ear, and a shoulder.

“Course. Actually I was about to walk Salami. Meet up?”

“I'll see you at the park. Bring Nana, if you can, too.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, I miss her.”

Mike, Nanaba and Salami, their tiny dachshund pup, found Erwin sitting on a bench, head down. After a quick hug to Nanaba, they started walking, Mike knowingly staying silent, letting Erwin brood over his thoughts until he was ready to spill.

“So, you know Levi?”

The look Mike shot him told him his friend had already realized this was about his roommate. Curse him.

“This is your roommate, right? I haven't met him” Nanaba said, looking off to the distance, watching Salami playing with a bulldog. “What's he like?”

“He's short, and ill-tempered. He talks like a thug and curses every three words. After a while, though, he gets softer. He's like a kitten that has had rocks thrown at him, you know? He gets softer and more talkative and he has a really twisted sense of humor but he's really funny if he wants to and he's-” He cut himself off with a sigh.

“Wow.”

Both Erwin and Mike turned to her. “What?”

“I didn't know you were in so deep.”

Mike let out a chuckle while Erwin groaned, letting his head drop. “Is it that obvious?”

“Man, I can't even tell you.”

“Fuck me.”

“He might.” Both Nanaba and Erwin pushed him at the same time.
“He never thought of me that way, I'm sure. It's just that- he's been giving me these weird looks lately and last night.”

“Yeah?” Mike prompted.

“Well I came home and- well, there was pot involved and I-”

“Kissed him?”

“He sucked me off. And me, him.”

“Wow, alright.”

“And when I woke up today he was gone!” Erwin kicked a stone in his path, very much aware he was sulking like a teenager.

“Do you plan on telling him how you feel?” Nanaba asked, a soft frown on her face.

“You know you should,” Mike added, calling after the dog. “Especially after last night. At least, you should talk about it. You see each other every day, you live together. You can't let it hang over your head. Salami! Stop! That's a fucking rottweiler, have you seen you?!?” He ran off after the dog, leaving Nanaba to link her arm with Erwin's.

“He's right, you know.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“You have to tell him how you feel. It's not gonna be like with Mike.”

Erwin stopped in his tracks, feeling like someone had poured iced water down his back. He stared at her, horror clear in his face.

“Oh, Nana, how-”

“Petra is not the only one who notices things.”

Erwin was a loss of words. Nanaba knew? Had he been so obvious, with his heart on his sleeve?

“Does-”

“No, he doesn't know.” Nanaba urged him to keep walking, arms still linked.

“I'm sorry.”

Nana looked at him with her characteristic smile on her lips. “For what? Oh, Erwin, you can't control what you feel. If anything, I'm sorry Mike couldn't feel like you did. I only hope that you find someone that does.”

***

It was 7:15 when he rang Hanji's doorbell. He knew it was a Saturday and they were probably sleeping, but he couldn't care less. He needed to get away from the apartment and Hanji's was the only place he could go.

After a few minutes, just as he was about to press the doorbell again, the intercom buzzed, and Hanji's distorted voice reached his ears. “Yeah?”
“Hanji. It's me. Open up.”

“Holy ketchup spread on a cracker, Levi, it's practically midnight” they grumbled, but still buzzed him in.

When he opened the door, he found a very messy-looking Hanji still in their Pjs, next to a pristine Petra, taking bagels out of a bag.

“Fancy meeting you here, Ackerman.” Petra smiled and shook her hand to get rid of crumbs before lifting it to softly hold Levi's cheek. He melted instantly.

“I've missed you,” He said, almost a whisper, and moved to sit next to her. “Please tell me you've got coffee.”

“Working on it. First, you gotta tell me what the hell you were going on my doorstep on a freaking Saturday.”

“Petra's here and she obviously came first.” And the award for World's thinnest argument goes to Levi Ackerman.

“Well, Petra always come for breakfast on Saturdays, whereas you, are never up before noon. What's up.” That wasn't a question. It was a tell-me-what-the-fuck-is-going-on-or-i'll-kick-you-out order.

“I fucked up, guys.” Levi rested his head on the table but did not miss the look that passed between the other two.

“What do you mean?”

“After you left, Hanji, we just- well, everything escalated. I only meant to tease Erwin some more-”

“Why would you tease him?” Petra wasn't judging, only curious, but she always had a way to make Levi question his decisions without actually saying it out loud.

“Because I've been?” He left the end of the sentence curl into a question. “Okay, I heard him fapping and saying my name.” He didn't look up to see their reactions, choosing to wrap his hands around the empty mug Hanji had just given him and keep going. “So, I figured, I'd just have some fun, right? He's a good looking dude, and he blushes a lot, and it was jus' teasin’. Anyway, last night everything just got out of control. I ended up blowing him, and then he blew me, and it was so fucking good, but so fucked up, I had everything under control and I fucking blew him? I woke up on the couch and came here. Couldn't face 'im.”

“Okay.” Hanji said, pouring him freshly brewed coffee. He attached his lips to the mug immediately, not caring if he burnt his tongue.

“The first night I spent there I literally told him I wasn't gonna suck his cock, fuck.”

Petra took a short sip of her own mug and tilted her head. “What're you gonna do, then?”

“About what?”

“Your crush, I mean.”

“What?” Levi looked up, dumbfounded. Crush? This wasn't a crush. Sure, Erwin was hot, and fun, and Levi finally liked another human enough to hang out with them, sure, but that didn't mean he had a crush.
He didn't get crushes. It had been so long since he'd been in a relationship he wouldn't even know how to act if he were in one. Romance was ridiculous and unnecessary. Why go through all that trouble, if people would eventually leave? A good, quick fuck was easier, and he got plenty of that doing what he did. Even after work, sometimes he'd go to a bar alone, looking for a hook up. If he liked it enough, he'd maybe call for a second time, but that was as far as he'd go. When people started to make an imprint on his life, he'd disappear. Easier to do it himself than have it done to him. A matter of time. He still wasn't sure why Petra and Hanji had stayed for so long.

So why would he have a crush on Erwin? That big, ridiculous blond tree with that permanent smile and his boring job. With that annoying way he had of asking about Levi's day, as if he actually cared. Why would he? He earned a living sucking cock, what was so interesting about his life that Erwin wanted to know? Yet he asked every single day. And cooked dinner and actually waited for Levi to get home so they could eat together. Once, Levi had made a point of getting home obnoxiously late, and there was, on the couch, with his stupid smile and his “welcome home”.

So, alright, maybe Levi wanted to fuck him. Could anyone blame him? He was only human, after all, and Erwin was a delicious chunk of man meat. Levi had had a taste the night before and had to admit, Erwin was intoxicating. Could work for a good lay, but that was it. Living together made it easier to screw around from time to time. It would give him a nice chance to get that beautiful dick in his mouth again, and those big hands that were calloused but gentle on his body, and the look of bliss on Erwin's face as he came.

Fuck.

“I don't have a crush.” He'd lingered so much, lost in his thoughts, that his answer came out all rushed but far too late.

Petra's expression said that.

“I don't! Why the fuck would I?” He was digging his own grave. “And, either way, he just wants a fuck. He wants to drill the porn star and see what that feels like, and move on.”

“Is that really what you think?” Hanji asked, fixing their glasses in that I'm-a-professional way that made Levi want to punch them off their face.

“It's obvious.” He finished his coffee and stood up, shrugging.

“Levi,” Petra called out, when he was already at the door. “You can tell yourself whatever you want, but Erwin is not that kind of guy. It's about time you realize that.” He chose not to answer and turned the doorknob. “You don't have to be that guy, either.” He closed the door behind him, Petra's words heavy on his shoulders.

***

Erwin was known for his reasoning and cool-headed thinking. He was strong, smart, centered, and was not afraid of taking risks if they were the way to achieve the best possible outcome.

He was also known for being a stubborn piece of shit when it came to his personal life, and he knew it.

So, even if he knew Mike and Nanaba were right, and had agreed with them, he couldn't bring himself to talk to Levi about the problem. His instincts kicked in and every time he tried to bring it up, he ended up talking about the job, or asking Levi about a particular kind of cereal, or something as trivial as that. He could tell that Levi was back to normal and had no intention of talking about
what had happened between them and if he didn't want to, why should Erwin? Things were alright.

Days passed and they were back to their routine, Erwin still felt the tension, though, were it with how little they seemed to talk, or how sometimes they'd caught each other staring, but decided to turn a blind eye, deciding that this situation was better than what would develop if they had an awkward discussion about feelings.

He emerged from his room after a shower and changing on a Friday evening and found Levi perched on the kitchen counter, his head tilted in amusement. “That's what you're wearing?”

“What?”

“The bar. Aren't you coming? Petra told me she’d texted you.”

Oh, right. He'd been a sucky friend for days, not answering texts or being cold and distant in phone calls. It was his own way of avoiding being asked about Levi. Even if he'd only talked with Mike and Nanaba, it was fair to assume Petra knew what had happened, so that morning, when his phone chimed with a message from her, he didn't even bother opening it. He owed her a lot of chocolate for being such a baby.

“Ah, right. I'd forgotten. I'll go change and meet you there?”

“Sure.” Levi jumped from the counter with feline grace, giving Erwin a beautiful shot of his ass while he walked to the door. *Leather pants? Really?*

Erwin went back to his room and chose the tightest pair of jeans he owned. It took a few minutes more than usual to get them on but if Levi wanted to go around swinging his hips and wearing tight pants, then so would he. He wasn't above doing something as childish as that. He picked a grey henley to go with his jeans and brushed his hair back with his fingers, picking up his jacket and wallet on his way out the door.

When he reached the bar, his eyes instantly zoomed in on his friends, sitting on a booth at the back. He walked to them, smiling despite himself at their already loud banter. Mike had a beer bottle in his hand and his other around Nanaba, and was gesturing exaggeratedly while talking to Hanji, whose hair was more messy than Erwin had ever seen it. Nanaba, on the other hand, was talking to Petra, much more quiet than her boyfriend, but still they were both laughing, Petra leaning to her. Levi, on the other hand, was quiet, listening to both conversations, nursing a glass of what Erwin guessed to be scotch, with a soft smile playing on his lips.

He slid into the booth next to Levi, chuckling when Hanji reached over the brunet to give him a hug. “Erwiniiiiiiin.”

“Hi, Hanji. Hey, everyone, what's up?” He bro fisted Mike over the table and smiled at the two girls. “What are we having?”

“Well, we've had like two thousand beers each waiting for you, but.” Mike shrugged, with a smile, while Nanaba knocked into him, rolling her eyes.

“Go get yourself whatever you want, Erwin.”

He stood up and after making sure nobody needed a refill, he went over to the counter and ordered two beer bottles, just so he wouldn't have to stand up again. He knew he'd been a jerk to all of them these past few weeks, and he hadn't noticed how much he actually missed them until he walked in
the bar. He didn't plan on getting up from that table.

When he came back, he took a long sip before trying to get in one of the conversations. He couldn't make sense of either of them so he decided to just lean back and listen to his friends talk between each other, just happy to be with them.

“You okay?” A voice in his ear asked. Levi was sitting way too close, but Erwin didn't register that.

“Yeah, why?” He turned his head to look at his friend, offering him his bottle. Levi nodded and drank before giving it back.

“You're quiet.”

“Ah.” Erwin shrugged, with a smile, bringing the bottle back to his lips. “I just felt like listening tonight.”

Levi nodded, looking down, but even if he leaned back, he didn't scoot away from Erwin, downing what was left of his own drink in one go.

After an hour or so, everyone was drunk, or at least tipsy. Hanji very loudly asked Petra to dance, and she answered with an off-pitched giggle and a nod, and off they went. After a while, Mike and Nanaba joined them, Mike far too hammered to even walk properly, but Nanaba held him up with a laugh, trying to help him dance while Mike only wanted to steal kisses from her.

Erwin turned to Levi, leaning in to be heard over the thrumming of the music. “You're not joining them?”

“And miss the show? Are you kidding me?” He gestured to Hanji, who was very obviously trying to teach a dance move to Petra, but laughed out loud every few seconds and couldn't get their arms to work properly.

Erwin nodded with a snort and tilted his head back, finishing his second bottle. “Want anything?” He gestured with his head to the bartender.

“Uh, another scotch would be nice. Neat.” Erwin stood up and walked to the bartender, ordering the scotch and another beer for him. As much as he enjoyed getting wasted, he wasn't in the mood. He'd much rather be tipsy and laugh at their friends attempts to act normal.

He handed his drink to Levi as he sat back and watched him with wide eyes as he knocked it down in one go. Levi licked his lips and shrugged with a smirk when he noticed Erwin watching him.

The blond turned his head and instead focused on his friends, choking on his beer when he felt Levi's hand on his thigh, softly squeezing.

“What're you-”

“Nothing.” Levi let out a soft chuckle and stared into his eyes. “Don't get jumpy, Smith, I'm not doing anything.”

Erwin stared down in disbelief as Levi's hand smoothly moved up and pressed down on his crotch. That definitely was not nothing.

He tried to speak but when he opened his mouth only a groan came out. Levi's smirk widened, and he scooted closer, leaning up to press his lips to Erwin's ear.
“Come on, Erwin.” His voice was warm and low, his hand still pressing against Erwin's groin. “You can't say you don't want this because we both know you do. I miss the taste of you in my mouth.”

Erwin's brain was short-circuiting. He wanted to move away, but Levi's lips tracing the shell of his ear kept him in place.

“If you felt that good on my tongue I want to know how good it'll feel to have you buried deep in my ass. I know you want to fuck me. That's what I'm here for.”

That was finally was shook Erwin of his stupor.

“Levi, stop.”

Levi was so shocked he instinctively did what Erwin said and leaned back. “What?”

“I don't want this.”

“Yes, you do.”

“No, I don't. You're fucking drunk.”

“And? The other day we were high off our minds and that didn't fucking stop you. Don't act like you give a fuck whether I'm sober or not.” He moved his hand back to Erwin's lap but the blond slapped it away, standing up. The brunet followed suit, and for someone who was a foot shorter than him, he could be pretty goddamned intimidating while standing so straight and with that fire in his eyes.

“Yes, I fucking do. I'm not gonna fuck you, so stop. This is ridiculous.”

“What? Now you're mister sensibility? You know you want my ass.”

“Stop, Levi, I just said I don't. I'm leaving.” Erwin turned away and walked through the door without giving Levi a chance to reply.

***

Levi stayed like that, astonished, while Erwin left. He was too drunk and too pissed, and wasn't reasoning. He took out his phone to text Hanji to let them know they'd gone home and stormed out, the cold wind that hit his face while he walked back to their apartment sobering him but doing nothing to calm his anger.

When he reached the apartment, he closed the door behind him with a slam. Erwin was in the kitchen and startled with the sound, his face not showing his emotions like Levi was sure his own did.

“What the fuck?” Levi stalked up to him, anger clouding his judgement.

“Levi, you're drunk, back off.”

“No, stop using that argument. I'm not fucking drunk anymore, and I want to know why the fuck would you treat me like a child.”

“I'm not-”

“Yes you are! Do you think I don't catch you staring? Do you think I don't hear you fapping? Do you think I don't know how much you want me? You turned me down like I'm a teen who got drunk for the first time. Are you fucking kidding me?”
Erwin was too shocked because of Levi's honesty to react properly. “I-I don't want it.”

“Stop fucking lying! I'm here, offering you everything you want, and you're acting like you're Mr. Proper, who won't fuck a porn star.”

“You think that's what this is?”

“I fucking know so. Wasn't this your dream? To nail me into the mattress? I'm fucking giving you your shot.”

“What the fuck makes you think you know what I want?” Levi's anger made way to surprise in his face, leaning back when Erwin pressed forward. “I don't want to fuck you, Levi. Not everyone is after your body. I don't want to fuck you and be done, or do it whenever you're drunk enough to bare with me. You deserve so much more than that. You deserve to be treated like a person, not a body. You deserve to be coddled, to be loved, to have someone treat you right, and I'm not gonna be one more asshole that uses you and forgets about you. I'm not that kind of guy. What we did that night was a mistake, if it made you think that I'd be up for this. You need to love yourself enough to realize that maybe some of us do care about you enough.”

Levi couldn't answer. He stared at Erwin, the frustration clear in his face, his eyes tired. He opened his mouth to talk, but nothing would come out.

“So don't walk around coming on to me if all you want is a good fuck because you won't get it from me. Stop thinking you know so much better than anyone else.” Erwin's hand twitched, as if he wanted to reach to touch Levi, but instead he turned around and moved to his room. “Goodnight.”

***

Erwin closed the door to his room and crouched on the floor. Levi had pushed all of his buttons and he'd finally snapped. He could walk back out and tell Levi he was sorry, but he really wasn't. The words were out, and Erwin hadn't lied.

He crawled into his bed and spent hours trying to get comfortable enough. Before falling asleep, though, he decided what he would do the following morning.

When he opened his eyes, he jumped out of bed. He picked out his duffle bag and pulled a few clothes from his closet, moving to the bathroom and doing the same thing with his toiletries. He didn't bother with a shower. He walked to the kitchen and while holding an apple with his mouth, he left a note for Levi. Before 9 am, he was gone.

Chapter End Notes

We're closing in on the end! It'll probably be finished by the next chapter. I may add an epilogue of sorts, but I'm still deciding on that.
Just to let you know before hand, I'm going on a trip next week so I'll probably upload the chapter on Thursday instead of Wednesday.

This is completely unbeta'd so I'm sorry for any mistakes.
As always, please let me know what you thought!
Erwin finally allowed himself to take a deep breath and close his eyes when he leaned back on his seat. He'd done this trip so many times looking out the window didn't exactly clear his mind.

He was glad the train was practically empty. When he'd ran out of the house, he half expected himself to blow out in some way, to cry, or scream, or maybe even hit something, but he was surprisingly calm. There was the hint of a headache threatening to be a bother but that also was under control.

It kind of scared him.

He had expected his reaction to be so visceral that the analytical way in which he was trying to figure everything out seemed extremely out of place. He knew he was using what he liked to call his “work brain”, and thought that maybe for once he'd be able to find a clean, cold-minded solution.

After an hour and a half, he realized it was pointless. He wasn't going to be able to make any kind of decision on his own.

Everything had started out with him just wanting a roommate. When had he become so emotionally invested? Why was it that he couldn't stop thinking about him? What exactly was it about Levi that Erwin groaned internally every time the “leave him alone, stop seeing him, move out” option of this whole mess popped into his head?

Maybe it was his dark sense of humour that not everyone seemed to understand. Maybe it was the way that he acted all thuggish, all detached and unemotional, but had this grace to his moves, this way of showing he actually did care, even if he didn't express it out loud. Maybe, it was the way he'd slowly crept into Erwin's life, and managed to show him how much he'd been missing. Maybe, it was the way they were so different, but seemed to collide in key points to make them fit.

Erwin climbed out of the train, bag in hand, and smiled despite himself, noticing a pair of eyes that matched his.

“I told you not to come.”

“It's been so long since you've come down here you might get lost in your way home.”

Erwin dropped his bag on the floor and wrapped his arms around his mother's frail figure, even picking her up until her squeak and punch to the side of his face made him let her place her feet on the ground again, laughing.

“Now, come on.” She picked up his bag with ease, and fell into a leisurely pace, side-eyeing him. “There's gotta be a good enough reason for you to show up so unexpected, and momma wants to hear all about it.”

His mom's house seemed unaffected by time. The blanket over the couch was different from last time, and the TV was new, but other than that, it was still the same. The pictures on the wall still showed a skinny, brackets-wearing Erwin, wrapped in his mother's arms, or dressed as a cop for
Halloween, or all dressed-up for prom. There was a bigger one, over the fireplace, of the three of them. His dad, with him on his shoulders, and with an arm wrapped around his mom. He lingered, with his fingers tracing it, as his mom made the regular there-is-something-bothering-you-so-we-will-talk tea.

“So,” She said, as to prompt him into a talk. He turned and joined her on the table, mumbling a thank you as she handed him his cup. “How’s life, baby?”

“Alright. We had a big presentation a few weeks back and it went better than expected. Mrs. Lucci, you know, my boss? She told me she was very impressed with my work and if I kept it up I'd be getting a raise next month, so that's good.”

“That is good, baby, I'm glad they're acknowledging your potential. Although,” She shot him a look that always made him shiver. It was the look that told him he would never be able to successfully feed her a lie, because she could read him like an open book. “You're not here to talk about work, are you?”

He let a smile tug at his lips and looked down into his cup, bashful. “I'm not.” He sighed and drank from his cup, picking his words carefully. “I told you about my roommate, Levi, right?”

“Yes, you did. Not much, though. All I know is he's short and sarcastic?”

Erwin couldn't help the dopey smile. “Yeah, well, that's a good way to describe him. I think I'm falling for him.”

His mother waited for him to elaborate, and when he didn't, she just raised her eyebrows in confusion. “And that's bad, because?”

“It's not bad, it's complicated. He doesn't do relationships. He's... He thinks he's worth much less than he actually is. He thinks everybody is just after his body because he's used to it and he thinks that's right.”

His mother mused over his words, slowly drinking tea. With a tilt of her head, she opened her mouth. “You can always show him. I mean, let him learn how much he's worth as a person.”

“I know, that's what I intend to do. He's so stubborn, though. So, so stubborn. And I feel like I'd be hitting a dead end. I live with him, I can't just bypass the awkwardness that would ensue if he didn't want me that way.” He sighed, rubbing his hands on his face. “We had a fight last night. He was drunk, and very clearly trying to, you know, get into my pants. But I don't want to do that. I mean, I do, but not like that. I don't want to treat him like a piece of meat. I told him that.”

“What did he say?”

“I didn't give him time to answer, I just walked into my room. I left first thing in the morning.”

“You know, he could've surprised you with his answer.”

Erwin looked up at her mother's wise eyes and shrugged. “Maybe. Who knows. I may have fucked up beyond belief.”

“Erwin.”

“Sorry, screwed up.” He let a smile linger on his lips when he caught his mother's unimpressed look. “I just don't know what to do. What if he doesn't want me like that? Did I make a fool out of myself last night? God, I probably did.”
“You probably did.” His mother agreed, with a chuckle. “But that's good. You don't have to be stoic and right all the time. I think it's good that you tell him what you want. Let him see that you want to treat him right, that he deserves that. He may not be interested you in that way, but at least you could show him there's more to life than being used and maybe he can use that in his relationship with someone else. The least you can do is help.”

“How come you always know what to say?”

“Years of experience, baby.” She moved to his side, and ran her fingers through his hair. “Do you see you and him together?”

“I do. Most of the time I feel it's just wishful thinking.”

“Even if it is, maybe it's worth a chance.”

***

After a restless night of tossing and turning, Levi got out of bed with a massive headache, but with determination. He knew he'd gotten out of line last night, maybe the alcohol had blurred his boundaries, and he was prepared to say he was sorry.

What he was not prepared for was the note on the counter.

He crumpled it between his fingers, sitting down to process everything. Erwin hadn't said when he was going, just that he'd be gone for the day, maybe more.

Levi threw the note into the trashcan with surprising rage. Erwin had left because of him, there was no denying it. He'd hoped to be able to get the conversation done quickly, painless, like ripping off a band aid. Now, he didn't know when the other man would come back. Where had he even gone? It was not even 10 am. He probably got out of bed first thing in the morning, trying to avoid Levi.

The brunet tugged at his hair with a hiss, turned around, and headed to his bedroom. He fished his cigarettes out of his coat pocket and perched himself on the window. The pack was not even opened; he'd promised himself he'd quit and he'd been true to his word.

Well, one wouldn't hurt.

Somewhere along the way, one turned into five. Levi climbed off when the cold got to him and the nicotine smell of his fingers started to make him nauseous. He considered a shower, or two, or a cleaning spree. He couldn't keep his thoughts in check.

Everything would have been much easier if he wasn't such a reckless idiot. But, he thought with a sad smile, that'd been his modus operandi his whole life, and he wasn't about to change now.

Levi opened his closet and found the bottle of gin Hanji had gotten him for his birthday last year that he hadn't bothered opening yet. He figured that now was as good a moment as any, and maybe it would numb him enough to make his brain shut up.

While he took the first couple of gulps, collapsing on the couch, he couldn't help but laugh at how self-destructive his behavior was. I thought I was done with my sad teen phase, he said to himself. Apparently not.

Petra had been right, as always. He should've known the blond oaf would say no. Of course he cared. He was that kind of dude. He cared about people, he fell in love. He had long, substantial relationships, and Levi didn't. He didn't want the mess. He didn't need the futility of everything to be always present on the back of his mind. If he played his cards close to his chest and never moved in
too deep, so he didn't have to be reminded that everything ended, and everyone left.

Erwin had him thinking that maybe he was worth a shot, and he hated him for it.

Levi went to rub at his eyes and was shocked to find tears. That only made him drink faster.

When he lifted the bottle to his lips and found it empty, he stood up, and stumbled to find something else. His mind was still running. He'd wasted good Gin in an attempt to stop thinking and it hadn't worked. He found a half-empty bottle of scotch and shrugged, chugging immediately. It tasted cheap, but strong, and it would probably do the trick.

After finishing that one, too, he let it drop to the floor between his feet. He stared at the wall, feeling the tears roll down but feeling too numb to try and rub them off. At least while being intoxicated he could come to terms with what he felt. It was sort of pathetic, he thought, that only after two bottles could he lower his walls enough to be honest with himself.

Erwin was so good. Erwin was nice, and pure, and honest. And had gotten stuck with Levi by fate. Erwin was the kind of people puppies get super excited to jump onto on the street. The kind of person who would actually help an old lady cross the fucking street. The kind of person that was so selfless, so committed to the people they love.

And Levi was a pathetic excuse for a human. He'd had a rocky life, had a job people looked down on him for, had been addicted to many, many things, and couldn't only be honest about what he felt when he was completely wasted.

He didn't deserve him.

He wouldn't work. They wouldn't work. They were so different. Levi had gotten used to being alone, and Erwin had clawed his way inside his heart, sat down, crossed his arms and stubbornly refused to leave.

But he didn't know. He didn't know how Levi got. What his job entailed. What would happen if Levi was out one night and stumbled across the darkest parts of his life again.

Erwin deserved clean-cut, stable. An angel to match his soul. Someone with a heart as big as his.

Not Levi, of course.

So why on Earth could he not let it go? Because, for as much as Erwin was selfless, Levi was shamefully selfish. He wanted to know what it was like. He wanted to know what in the hell had possessed Erwin to think that maybe he was worth a shot at this whole nonsense. And maybe, just maybe, he could find a way to make himself worth Erwin's time.

When he deemed himself able to get up without crashing into everything in his way, Levi got into the shower. He didn't bother with hot water, trusting the ice-cold sensation to snap him awake. If he rubbed a little too hard at his own skin, trying to get rid of dirt that wasn't really there, who could blame him? If Erwin was coming back, he'd have everything be spotless, starting with himself.

He started by cleaning the bathroom after being clean himself. He scrubbed down everything twice, before moving to the kitchen, and cleaning the cutlery that was already put away. He threw the bottles away, without looking, and busied himself with the coffee table, until it was spotless, and then waxing it until he could see himself reflected on it. He did his laundry, even if it was only a few shirts, and vacuumed every single room, except Erwin's. He couldn't bring himself to open the door.
Everything took him longer than usual, because there was still alcohol running through his veins, but he couldn't bring himself to stop, even if he felt like he had to do everything twice to make sure it was perfect. He couldn't stop.

When his arms collapsed while scrubbing the counter, he forced himself to sit still and try and relax, taking one of the books he'd already read for the familiarity, trying to focus on the text and on how much he had done, not on how much he had left to do. It worked for a few minutes.

***

After an afternoon of helping his mother do grocery shopping (*Erwin, I can damn well carry the bags myself*), mowing the lawn (*What am I? 80?*) and doing the dishes (*Enough, Erwin, you don't have to earn my love by doing stuff around the house I can very damn well do myself*), he decided that staying the night would mean stretching out the inevitable. After a few kisses to his mother's cheek and a strong promise of coming over soon to stay for the week (*and maybe bring that Levi boy over so I can see if he's worthy*) he got back on the train, his mind set. He couldn't stop his leg from bouncing, and had to physically wrench his right hand with his left one away from his face because he was going to bite his nails into non-existence.

Finally, the train reached the station and he hopped out, but after he crossed the street, he started feeling self-conscious. *Everything will be alright*, he kept telling himself. *It's just for the better. You wouldn't be a coward and go away. You wouldn't.*

***

Levi was consumed by his own thoughts, staring at the coffee table, trying to convince himself that no, for the hundredth time, it's not dirty, you cleaned it a half an hour ago, when he heard Erwin's key in the lock.

Every muscle in his body tensed as he waited the door to open.

“Hey.”

He looked up from his position, and unconsciously bit his lower lip. “Hey.”

He watched in silence as Erwin closed the door, and opened his mouth.

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaand we're done!
First, I know I said I'd upload it yesterday, I'm trash
To be honest, I feel like a piece of shit for making it an open ending, but I felt that if didn't make it that way it'd be too corny and clichéd so, yeah.
But I DO feel like crap because I fucking hate open endings so I will be adding an epilogue next week.

As always, please let me know what you think!
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It had been two weeks, and Erwin wasn't used to it. He wished he could say they were past the awkward part, but they sure weren't. They still slept in different bedrooms, they still had the same routine. They had only had one simple date, dinner and a movie, but after a long, slow kiss, they clumsily parted and had each retracted back to their respective rooms.

All of that didn't mean that Erwin was in cloud nine, because he sure as fuck was. He paid extreme attention to what kind of physical affection Levi liked more and strove to please him because he could do it now. He ran his hand down his spine while they were having dinner together, because he could do it now. He stretched his arm and scratched the back of Levi's head while he read and watched as a soft smile blossomed on his lips because he could do it now. He stood by the door when he heard Levi's key in the lock so he could take his face between his hands and plant a kiss on his lips even before he crossed the threshold, and then laugh at Levi's grumpy “God dammit, Erwin, I'm not even inside the house yet” while he grabbed Erwin's shirt in a fist and lowered him to meet his lips again, because they could do this now.

So, yes, maybe they were extremely awkward. They didn't know how to act in front of their friends about it, even though, of course, they all knew. They wolf-whistled every time Levi and Erwin so much as looked at each other, and even hugged each other dramatically when Erwin laced his fingers with Levi's one night at the bar.

They were still getting used to each other. Starting to date someone was weird on its own, but when you started dating someone you lived with, everything was much more uncomfortable. They already knew a lot about each other, but they were learning so much more.

Levi learned that Erwin liked to cuddle in his sleep. He'd fallen asleep one night in the middle of a very uneventful movie and had his body twisted and his neck craned uncomfortably just so he could snuggle against Levi and rest his head on his shoulder.

“Erwin.”

“Hmmmmff.”

“Erwin, hey, you fell asleep and you're going to hurt yourself sleeping like this.”

“But I don't want to go to bed.”

Levi rolled his eyes. The big idiot didn't even have his eyes open.

“Erwin.”

“You're comfy. I don't want to go to bed.”

“If I go to bed with you, will you move?”

Erwin's eyes shot open. “What?”

Levi rolled his eyes again for good measure, standing up and letting Erwin collapse on the couch. He stretched his hand at him. “Come on. Bed.”
Erwin was so gleeful about it that Levi couldn't help but get affected by it. The blond was big, and obtrusive, and really liked to cuddle, but as Levi's eyes got heavier with sleep, Erwin's arms wrapped around him and his chin on his head, he realised that maybe he was a cuddly sleeper, too.

Erwin, in turn, found out that Levi was touch starved. He was expecting, to some extent, that Levi wouldn't be the touchy kind, but he was delightfully surprised. It took him a while, but as Levi started to let his guard down more and more, he started to gravitate towards Erwin.

When they sat together after dinner, he didn't choose the armchair anymore. Instead, he sat on the couch, his back against Erwin, reading in silence. Once, Erwin ventured and ran his fingers through Levi's hair, and the other man virtually melted against him.

Levi would steal kisses whenever he could. The scowl was permanent, on his face, but a smirk would find its way if he somehow managed to take Erwin's breath away (which he normally did). When they were out, he was much more reticent, but always had a way to be touching Erwin, even if most of the times it was just their arms or their legs.

He liked to play with Erwin, too. See how much he could handle while being out. They would be having dinner, and Levi would easily press his foot against Erwin's crotch, watching with delight as the other man grew red and uncomfortable. Other times, when they were sitting closer, he'd sneak a hand down and run his hand up and down his thigh, teasing, holding back his smirk as he talked to other people and noticed Erwin squirm in his seat out of the corner of his eye. More times than not, Erwin was able to pull through without someone else noticing, but he would slam Levi against the wall the moment they were in the apartment, and they wouldn't leave the bed for several hours.

Erwin took Levi to meet his mom and she instantly loved him. Levi was nervous and couldn't stop sweating and Helen picked up on it instantly. They bonded over tea and trash-talking Erwin, but he couldn't care less. The sparkle in his mother's eye, and the awkward blush on Levi's face when she hugged him goodbye and told her boys to take care was worth everything.

They handled their friend's teasing because they know it came from a good place. They knew they fit. Levi had learned that he didn't have to have his walls put up when around Erwin, and Erwin learned what it was to finally have someone feel the same way he did.

All in all, it had been a great year.

***

Levi came home one day with a shit eating grin on his face.

Erwin's first reaction is to be worried. "What's up?"

"I did it. I finally did it." Levi collapsed on the couch next to Erwin, still smiling, and produced a DVD out of his backpack.

"What's that?"

"My first ever topping film." Levi kept dangling it in front of his eyes, clearly proud of himself.
“Really? They finally let you do it?”

“Yes! Finally!” Levi dropped the case on the coffee table and leaned back on the couch, head angled to look at Erwin. “It was with this kid, Eren. Told you about him, right? He was so awkward, it was cute. I even got to tie him up. He's a full body blusher, that's always nice, for the cameras, I mean. And for me, too. Anyway, the kid is loud as fuck and he got so riled up with the idea of being dominated, I didn't think he had it in him. It was a good day.”

Erwin nodded, trying to seem cheerful, but everything Levi was describing was setting a fire in his insides. He had never found himself a jealous person, but with his stomach twisting and his hands fisting, he guessed he might have been wrong. He tried to play it cool, but obviously, Levi saw right through him.

“You okay?”

“Yeah, tough day at the office.”

“Hmmm. That's not it, though.” Levi sat up, turning to him, pressing a hand on Erwin's thigh. Physical reassurance. He somehow always did that. “What's up.”

“Nothing, really.” Erwin looked away, ashamed, trying to avoid the look on Levi's face, completely sure his feelings were written on his forehead.

And they were. Levi's lips contorted into a smirk. “Oh. Are you jealous?”

“What?” Erwin replied, a little too loud. “No, of course I'm not.”

“Oh, but I think you are.” Levi expertly climbed onto his lap, both hands running through his hair and resting on his cheeks, trying to find his gaze. “You are jealous I dominated someone. You're jealous I liked it.”

Erwin, for all he was trying to avoid showing, couldn't help the groan that escaped his lips at Levi's last words. He closed his eyes, and chose not to answer.

“Baby.” Levi whispered, softly. That made Erwin look. “You know that's my job, right?”

“I do.”

“Then why be jealous?”

“I'm sorry, I know it's stupid.”

Erwin let Levi press his lips to his cheeks and jaw. “I did like it, though. Dominating someone. Feeling him squirming beneath me, helpless, begging me to fuck him.” Levi's grin grew when he felt the set of Erwin's jaw, stubborn. “But I couldn't help but think about how much I love being so helpless underneath you, crying with want, pleading for you to stop teasing me... If anything, it reminded me I'm yours.” Levi tilted his head back and held back a chuckle when he noticed how blown out Erwin's pupils were.

“Yes, you fucking are.”

Levi yelped when Erwin suddenly stood, turning to drop Levi on the couch and press himself against him, lips attaching themselves to his neck immediately.

“Erwin, what are you-”
“I'm reminding you who you belong to.”

Levi couldn't help but let a groan slip past his lips when Erwin started biting. He ran his hands up and down the blond's back as he moved down with his lips, undoing his shirt buttons as he went, letting his tongue slide along the milky expanses of skin. Erwin shuffled back on the couch, twisting to fit over Levi, his hands moving Levi's shirt away as he pressed his lips against his skin, with soft kisses and playful bites that even if they were gentle, still left marks on the brunet's body.

“If I could, I'd mark your body all the time so when you got undressed for work everybody knew about me.”

Levi arched his back and licked his lips, trying to hold back a moan. There was something about Erwin being possessive that made him stir. “Fuck, yes.”

Erwin looked up at that, a smirk curling on his lips. “Yeah? You'd want me to mark you up and show everyone you're mine?”

“If I could do that, too. Specially in front of that asshole who works with you who doesn't seem to grasp the meaning of personal space.”

Erwin chuckled and moved up with his lips, softly sucking on Levi's earlobe. “Nile? You never mentioned this.”

“I thought it was stupid.”

“It's not. Bite my neck so I can show it around in the office.” Levi didn't waste any time, wrapping his legs around Erwin's waist to hold him in place and latching his lips on the side of his neck, sucking harshly. Erwin let out a raspy moan and his arms almost gave out with the feeling.

After a few minutes, Levi tilted his head back to admire his doing. “That'll stay for a few days.”

“Good. Then Nile will understand that I'm yours.” Erwin pressed his lips hard against Levi's, his hands roaming his body, never stopping. Levi pressed him closer with his legs, lifting his hips to rut against him, slipping his tongue past Erwin's lips when they fell open with a groan.

Erwin's hand found its way to Levi's groin and pressed, smirking when he felt the outline of Levi's cock already straining against his jeans. “I have no issue with you doing what you do. As long as you remember who fucks you better.”

Levi fought off a moan to smirk at him, pressing a foot on the couch to change his balance and sit on Erwin's lap again, hips undulating. He shrugged his shoulders to drop his shirt and ran his fingers down Erwin's nape.“You're awfully talkative today.”

“I know, but I'm not the one who's gonna be screaming by the time I'm done.” Levi arched his eyebrows as a challenge and fastened his legs around the blond.

“Try me.”

Erwin let out a laugh and stood up, carrying Levi with him to the bedroom. He dropped the brunet on the bed and knelt on the floor, pulling the other man closer, undoing his belt on the way. Levi seemed to be about to make a smart remark, but Erwin's gaze made him fall silent. He settled for looking down, breaths getting heavier as he watched the blond press his face against his crotch. Levi stretched an arm to play with Erwin's hair as he mouthed his erection through his jeans.

“Erwin, come on.” The words came out on their own before Levi could even think about stopping
himself. Erwin just arched an eyebrow, looking up at him.

“In a hurry?” He let the tip of his tongue slip past his lips and ran it against the zipper. “Too bad.”

Levi bit his lip to hold back his moan and his urge to punch Erwin in the face. He let him continue at that painfully slow pace, though, because even if it annoyed him, it also turned him on spectacularly, knowing that in minutes he’d be writhing, tugging at Erwin's hair, spitting curses at him, asking him to fucking do something already, and Erwin would just smile his stupid smile and say “just a little bit longer, baby, patience”, and Levi would lose his shit.

He loved it.

So, after minutes and minutes of Erwin mouthing his erection through his jeans and teasing the sensitive skin below his navel; after so much biting on his lip he was sure he tasted blood, Levi caved. “Erwin... Erwin, please.” He tugged at his locks to make him look up. “Please.”

Erwin may have been heartless when teasing, but he couldn't resist Levi pleading. He smiled against Levi's thigh and nodded, cupping Levi's groin before undoing the zipper, quite slowly. Levi let out a soft sigh in relief and lay back down, while Erwin fished his erection out of his boxers and slowly started to pump it. He leaned forward to press his mouth against it, smiling as he left soft kisses across the shaft. He ran his tongue up and down, Levi's erection shining with spit, before taking him full in.

He gave a couple of sucks before moving away and manhandling Levi to sit closer to the edge. With a smile, he tugged Levi's pants and underwear out of the way, and busied himself running his hands up and down the brunet's thighs, leaving soft kisses on the skin. He hoisted both legs on his shoulders and shot Levi a smirk as he moved down again, sucking a ball into his mouth as he teasingly pressed his index finger against Levi's hole. The brunet tensed immediately, and Erwin let out a soft chuckle before letting a trail of spit fall down onto his finger, pressing it against Levi again.

Erwin teased the rim for a few seconds before moving his lips down, flicking the tip of his tongue against the hole, trying to stifle a laugh when Levi squirmed and let out a soft curse. He held Levi down, smiling against his skin before pressing his tongue against the opening, teasing it with soft licks, waiting for Levi to relax. When he did, he buried his face between Levi's legs, licking him open with as much strength as he could muster, drinking in every single sound that came out of Levi's lips. He hardened his tongue to fuck into him with it, slow but steady, his nails digging into Levi's pale thighs, leaving dark marks.

Levi arched his back, trying to get Erwin impossibly closer, thrashing to get a hold of his head to get him deeper, knowing he was probably already babbling incoherently, but Erwin knew exactly what to do to wreck him. He linked his ankles on Erwin's back and pressed him closer, smiling with Erwin's appreciative groan.

After a few long, long minutes for Levi where he squirmed and thrashed and cursed, Erwin resurfaced, a smirk on his face and his chin covered in spit. He pressed kisses and bites into Levi's stomach (which Levi pretended to hate), as he slid a sole finger into Levi, curling it softly.

He moved up with his lips and he whispered into Levi's ear when he reached it. “We're gonna move up the bed and you're gonna hand me the lube because I want to get you nice and ready. You're not allowed to complain.”

He pressed up with his hand, his finger still inside Levi, until he got the picture and awkwardly slid up, fishing the lube out of the drawer and throwing it at Erwin's chest with a groan. The blond smiled and leaned down to run his teeth over Levi's throat, biting harder at the base, as he opened the bottle
single handedly and squirted a generous amount on his fingers. He moved his finger out of Levi to coat it with lube as well and rammed it in, biting his lip with a smirk with Levi's surprised yelp. He slowed down to press another finger in, scissoring Levi with soft movements, his lips still attached to Levi's throat, either sucking marks or running his tongue up to his jaw, making Levi breathe heavier.

After not so long, he had four fingers inside of him, curling them to brush his prostate with every slide, chuckling against Levi's ear at his moans and stumbled words. “You look so beautiful like this.”

“I look better when you- when you fuck me, asshole.”

Erwin laughed again and sucked on Levi's earlobe until he moaned and he leaned back, getting his fingers out of Levi to take his shirt off, slowly. It only then occurred to the brunet that he was completely naked while Erwin was still dressed and instead of complaining about suddenly feeling extremely empty, he sat up and quickly undid Erwin's fly, tugging his jeans and underwear down as far as he could, and wrapped his hand around his cock. He pressed his lips to Erwin's neck and moaned wantonly as Erwin threw his own shirt off the bed and slid his arms around Levi's waist, letting out a soft sigh. “Come on, baby, down you go.”

Levi actually whined when Erwin moved his hand away from his erection and made him lean back, but wrapped both arms and legs around the blond after he was done kicking the last of his clothes away. Erwin brushed Levi's hair back and kissed him softly, nibbling on his lower lip, as he took hold of his own erection and guided it to Levi's hole, pressing the tip softly just to move back. After a swift kick on the back, Erwin licked Levi's lower lip and pressed in, slowly, and only stopped when he was buried to the hilt inside him.

Levi ran his nails up Erwin's back, tilting his head to the side to talk into Erwin's ear and ask him please, move, Erwin, please, we've waited enough.

And Erwin complied, moving slowly out only to ram himself back in, picking up a hard pace. When he couldn't reach what he needed he uncurled Levi's legs from around himself and bent him over with a groan, driving himself deeper, scrambling to find purchase with a hand next to Levi's head.

Levi let him do as he pleased, mewling when Erwin hit his prostate dead on. He longed to kiss Erwin's lips but he settled for staring at him, his unfocused stare, the hard set of his jaw as he thrusted every time harder and harder, until Levi couldn't keep his eyes open anymore.

“Who fucks you better, Levi?” Erwin growled, with a particularly sharp thrust.

“You, Erwin, you.”

“And who do you fucking belong to?”

“You, only you, fuck, please, Erwin, please-” Levi moved a hand up to squeeze Erwin's throat and one to his own erection, his hand fumbling, trying to find release. Erwin gasped with the pressure and smirked down at Levi, angling his hips in a different way and keeping up with his relenting pace, hitting Levi's prostate time and time again.

“Are you close, baby?” Erwin asked when Levi dropped his hand, moving slower but harder.

“Fuck, yeah, I'm-”

“I wanna hear you come screaming my name, Levi.” He picked Levi's legs and threw them both to the side, leaning over Levi to find balance with his forearm and using his other hand to bring Levi over the edge. “Come on, baby, come for me.”
All it took was a few strokes from his strong, calloused hand, and Levi was coming, all over his chest and the sheets. Erwin pumped him until Levi batted his hand away, over sensitive after his orgasm, and linked his arms around his neck to pull him close and kiss him hard.

“I want you to come on my face.”

He didn't have to say it twice. Erwin pulled out and waited patiently as Levi dropped down to the floor, gesturing him to come closer. The blond knelt on the bed in front of him, holding his erection in hand. Levi wasted no time, running his tongue over the vein and sliding Erwin's cock into his mouth, his eyes fixed on Erwin's. He sucked expertly, his hands squeezing Erwin's ass, waiting for all the signs. When Erwin's breath faltered and his hips jerked out of their own accord, Levi let his cock slip out of his mouth, holding it over his face and not blinking when Erwin covered his face in come. He slowly moved his hand, pumping Erwin, milking his release out of him.

When he was done, he licked his cock clean and tugged Erwin's hand down for him to meet him on the floor. Erwin knelt next to him and cradled him in his arms, kissing him hard on the lips. “You're covered in it, I'm sorry.”

“I did ask for it, didn't I?” Levi let a smirk play on his lips as he met Erwin's again.

After they were properly cleaned, Levi climbed into bed, fighting off sleep, waiting for Erwin to come back. When he did, he immediately snuggled close to him, pressing soft kisses on his jaw.

“So…”

“What?”

“Those are pretty dark hickeys you have on your neck to show tomorrow at work.” Erwin said, not bothering to hide his smug tone and smile.

“Whatever. They can hide them with make up. Or not. I don't give a shit.” Levi ran his hand up and down Erwin's chest. “It's been a long time since I've showed who owns me.”

Erwin nodded, his hand moving up to his own neck. “I think this will show Nile I belong to someone else, as well.”

“I can always chop his dick off. That'll make him get the picture.”

Erwin's voice was heavy with sleep but he still managed a loud chuckle at Levi's comment. “I fucking love you, do you know that?”

“I know.” Levi kissed him softly and turned his back to him, moving Erwin's arm over his waist. It was a few minutes later, with Erwin half asleep, when he whispered, “I love you, too.”

Chapter End Notes

I AM TERRIBLE. I'm sorry this took soooooooooooooo long but I wanted to give you some good porn and it just wasn't coming to me. I still feel it's not good enough but I tried /sobs/
I know I left you all hanging with that fuckin' open ending so I hope this helps

It also may have a shitton of spelling mistakes because I really JUST finished it.

As always please let me know what you thought! <3

End Notes

As you can all see, I'm on a writing spree.
(hey, that rhymed!)

I'm in between wanting to make this the slowest of all the slow builds, and actually finishing it fast. I have no idea.
I'll try my best to stay inspired until the end.

Also this may have a LOT of typos so if you see anything please let me know.

Let me know what you think!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!