Then Came You

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Then Came You

by paperdancer, Spazz

Summary

In which Eren is a nerd with thick-rimmed glasses that has a huge, stupid crush on the most popular boy in school that has about three tumblr accounts dedicated to stanning him. And then he stumbles upon one of their posts, ‘LEVI'S PORN-STAR LOOKALIKES #yolo #hot #sexy #ICAME’ (re-posted about a holy fucking 3000++ times!!!) Everything goes downhill from there.

In which Levi is the everyday sassy and popular jock you see. Rock-bottom at his schoolwork but high in the sky with his athletics. Nothing special really. Just maybe the fact that he is third in line from the throne is why girls flip their panties around him. He swears he's straighter than a rainbow… and then some nerd gets contacts. And everything goes uphill from there.

Because a Levi porn star is hot. And with Eren Jerking off to him, well, it just gets hotter.
Hey guys! SECOND FIC, be nice to me please!
Modern AU in AOT settings in the AOT world! Think of the outer regions in poverty and the inner in riches. Bloody capital. oh btw titans still roam
Every thing’s boring at first as always, so please bear and read for about seven minutes because everything is trying to snap in place so it doesn’t get confusing, and if it doesn’t interest you then its fine, I am not offended. But a comment on why would be greatly appreciated. Thanks.

Warning indications of smut and smut in almost every chapter. Cause you know that’s what you are here for.

~~~Tell me the story about how the Sun died every Night just to let the Moon Breathe~~~

See the end of the work for more notes
Let’s get something straight.

Inhale. And exhale. Alright.

//the mic is currently pressed near my lips and I am sweating as the Queen eyes me down//

Everyone is common to strive for normal or seemingly above normal and therefore popular. Everyone wants to get there. Everyone wants to sit at that large, shiny table by the large window over viewing the Sina Lake and get a small little glimpse of the tips of the marble castle.

But not for me.

I, Eren Jeager has decided, that someday I will live under those marble cone-shaped roofs, haul my family out of the muddy farmlands and into nobility of the castle.

That sounded terrible in my head. Cliché. Ugly and far-fetched. It sounded like a far off echo of a fucked up dream that leaves you puzzled in the morning. Head-scratching, wondering what the hell went on last night. Or what the fuck you drank at the club and almost got off with last night.

But I have to achieve it. That is why I am here! In the best school within all the walls. Inkerman High School.

Let me give you a little insider’s note.

Welcome to Inkerman High School. Saimon Inkerman was the scholar that invented 3D maneuver gear, windmills, ink and paper...probably all the useful things in the world.

Everyone thinks that soldiers save our lives, but without him and this school, all humanity would have been dead by now.

It is one of the biggest and most advanced school in town. It has high white, marble walls with shiny black; dark wooden floors. It teaches everything you can imagine, from manga art to functional math and to math you actually use to editorial video gaming. It was a student life dream, it had great facilities, a huge gym (I never found where it was located), four soccer fields; ample shaded basketball, swimming, tennis and badminton courts. Basically everything you can imagine, and the best part was their four storied library!

Heaven in a nutshell.

The only, and best school in this town. The king’s son went here followed by the king himself the duke the duchess and every other pure and royal blood there is. All the nobles children too and the smart people from outside the walls.

Well, I was just one of the very few that managed to get in.

It was tough, studying forever and lacking sleep. Hell I had terrible dark circles; I only wanted to be here, and succeed here. Thankfully my large glasses covered those ugly dark circles. I was so happy
that I was here. Grateful and happy; giddy with the hope of success.

But not at this moment.

I was kneeling on the floor, just outside of the worst building in the whole entire school; the gymnasium.

Jean Kristein; a.k.a one of those idiot jocks that exist in this world, he is like a cancer cell. Well this Jean is my nemesis. Not only did he have a crush on my best bud, he also likes to push me around for no absolute fucking apparent reason. And now, he had just made everything look like one hell of an accident. Well he sure is good at feigning everything.

Just because he is the son of a coal mine owner, doesn’t mean that he can push everyone around. But it does mean that people worship and respect him.

Fuck.

How unlucky for a peasant farmer like me.

Jean’s shadow loomed over me as I searched the pavement. My vision was blurry—as blurr-i-ly bad as a power of 450 could be. I could barely trace the outline of my tan hands. I fumbled on the ground, trying hand to feel for my glasses.

I felt like goddamn Velma. Pathetically the brainy one from Scooby Doo. And then she would find them and then face an ugly monster, this pleasantly fit the description of Jean. I still can’t believe he crushes on my innocent friend!

I could fucking taste Jean smirking as I bent down and continued searching. He was standing above me with his arms crossed and his shit-faced friends leering behind him like leashed dogs waiting to pounce on me.

It wasn’t anywhere I searched. I panicked. Glasses were expensive, especially inside Sina Wall.

“Looking for this?” I glanced up, the sunlight blinded my sensitive eyes, and something glinted; sparkly in the air, held by Jean’s ugly disgusting hands.

“GIVE IT BACK!” I screeched, springing up and chasing Jean around.

Unfortunately for me, I was half-blind.

Let me explain this to the people who have 20/20 eyesight. It’s like trying to run after you have been spinning for a minute around a baseball bat. It’s similar to how you are pulled from the icy water, half-drowned; expected to breathe.

And Jean was in the fucking track team, and the god-forsaken soccer team. Compared to me—the book club and spelling bee kid.

Shall I mention that he is Inkerman’s best sprinter. He's the only one that has been listed down in history, in a decade.

Before long, I was far behind, catching my breath with just a few minutes from Physical torture class to start. Not only was that my worst grade, the teacher seemed to have a specific dislike for me.

Maybe because I tire easily—like now...or because I was late all the time. And now I will definitely be late. I couldn’t even locate my black duffel bag in this state.
When you are blind, you need to rely on your other senses. I remember being blindfolded once, I relied on my ears. So I cocked my them and listened. From the far left I could hear laughter.

“Did little Jeager tire out so soon?”

I clenched my fists and swung in that direction. Surprisingly I caught something, or hopefully someone. Thankfully it seemed to be Jean.

It wasn’t impressive, he didn’t go ‘flying’ like I had hoped. Instead, he stumbled backwards and that was when I advanced.

I remembered watching a farm cat pounce on a mouse, so I did exactly that, tucking my legs and extending my arms at the right moment. And WHAM.

*That* sure surprised him. Thank god I still had some decent eyesight I could see the surprise licking off from Jean’s pussy-sucking face, (no, dick eating because there’s a rumor that he likes some guy.) That face fed right into my ego and down to my fist. I swung right at his face.

“This is for Mikasa!” I screamed bringing my fist down. I surprised both myself and Jean for my inner strength. I had no idea that I possessed such power.

He wasn’t bleeding but he sure was screaming.

“And this,” I seethed, my words spitting on his pretty face. “Is for me!”

I swung, but before my bleeding fist would make beautiful satisfactory contact with his face again, I felt it stop.

No, it was caught.

I looked up at my executor.

I could only make out an outline of his figure, a dark figure, slim. His leg was cocked up to one side fashionably. I heard a light scoff.

“Oi, are you done here brat?”

I froze at the voice.

Not only did I know it so well, I could recognize the apathetic, nonchalant voice anywhere. It had a sweet, amused tinge to it, sending shivers down my spine; shudders down my legs and a pleasant twitch to my d-

He didn’t look one bit amused. In seconds my glasses were passed back to me, and I pushed n the thick black frame up my nose again.

Levi had his arms folded and his eyes closed. His mouth was screwed up in annoyance; he sure did look annoyed. The raven-haired boy’s uniform was rumpled in all the right places, and his black suit had small creases to fit his sleek figure. His tie was done up in a fashionable way, collar unbuttoned, and I could feel my cheeks tinting as I gazed at his pale skin below. In the light breeze, his hair was dancing and waving around beautifully, complimenting the lighter undercut that shone almost red in the sun. Levi was the perfect guy version of Serena Van Der Woodsen, (only because he was beautiful without really ever trying,) but had a bitchy attitude like Blair Waldorf.

Oh, I must’ve forgotten to mention that he’s the king or top-dog around here. Though, he was stupid
and senseless enough to be friends with a fuckass like Jean.

Meet Levi; Levi Ackerman, third year. The son of a rich noble, the cousin of the King. He was basically royalty. The girls love him, and some boys do too. However, most just worshiped him and kept out of his way. (Maybe it was that cold demeanor in his asinine-cynical eyes.)

Let’s say that he had his own sense of style, and unique way of executing his everyday tasks. During the first day of school, I noticed him. Immediately. He stood out of the crowd. How he walked for instance, with his eyes trained down and his arms folded loosely, complimenting his stylish trot that made people look twice, or stop and stare. His unusual grey eyes that sparked when he was against another school in a soccer match, or turned slightly brown in dark shadows or corners. Did I mention he was the soccer captain? He also held his fork and knife with different hands, and ate in an idiosyncratic way. And do not get me started on how he drinks tea. He sits with his arms widely spread, and his legs crossed.

He says he smoked, but with my careful observations and my clear and concise calculations; he doesn’t. By the way, Levi looks hot like super fucking hot in his soccer uniform. If soccer could turn you into a genius, Levi would be one... but he sucks at every subject in school. He's on par with me on business subjects, surprisingly. His physical torture grades are skyrocketing though; top notch. Him, and his jock friends.

...And also I could go on about him for weeks on end.

And… I was also hopelessly and endlessly in love with Levi Ackerman.

It was a terrible little crush that turned to obsession and knocked the wind out of me when I realized that I love him.

I mean, he's breathtaking, cool, -no- lovably cold, and completely out of my reach.

Let’s get something straight; no matter how smart I was, that was my only selling point. My only selling point. I’m not cute, handsome or anything else.

Oh and I have these awkward, bug-eyed green orbs for eyes. Armin would tease me relentlessly about how big and green they were. This is why I am glad to have thick, large glasses to reduce it's huge, gaping size.

I could barely stand a chance in a looks competition, and I'd probably lose to a jerk like Jean. But don’t get me wrong, I’m not ugly. I was voted second in a looks competition in my village, right after Armin. But that was a puny place, and all the guys are crystal perfect here. With money, status, looks and brains.

So much unlike me and my lightly tanned skin, lean farm-boy build, and awkward demeanor.

Me? I was poor, smart, average in looks. Completely out of that league; Levi’s league.

And I am sure he is already betrothed to some lucky—

“Oi, did you not hear me?”

I snapped back from my relentless thoughts. He was looking at me, straight into my eyes.

His pretty, -no- beautiful grey eyes. So mysterious.... Vexing.

Those damned. Fox-like eyes.
“Oi brat!”

“S-sorry!” My voice came out in a stuttering squeak, behind me I could hear Jean suppress his laughter.

I wanted to kill myself, I willed the pavement to swallow me up.

Levi cocked his head in amusement and gave me one of his rare smiles. I almost beamed and squealed, he rarely or never smiled... And he was smiling at me.

His smiled lasted for only a second. At first, I thought I had imagined the entire thing. My heart hammered like a bird-pecker, loud, and defiant. Heart beats.

Levi scoffed again and turned his head away, eyes squeezed shut.

“We’re all going to be late,” he mumbled in scorn.

Jean sighed. “Yeah, that damned teacher.”

Levi gave me one last look. He had turned his head slightly up to the left as he looked down at me, as if judging how many hits would bring me down. I felt insecure and I shivered under his gaze.

My eyes widened as he scoffed and turned away, nodding at Jean to follow.

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I stretched my back again carefully. I was aching all over, my poor under-worked body all worn out (I had lost shape after leaving the farm).

I had just endured the ‘beep’ test. Being as late as I was—20 minutes, I had to do the dreaded ‘beep’ test. This was basically running to each line of the gym within the required ‘beep’ sound. Failing to do so would include the machine to start back to the beginning.

It was some kind of satanic, medieval torture.

Anyone with a (mostly) non-athletic body like mine, lack of muscles or had an extra lag of fat, would fail on the fifth round and there was ten in total. If you were athletic like Levi, Jean, Sasha, Erwin or Ymir; you could defeat the machine in twenty minutes, no less. But with an unskilled blubbery idiot like me, I had to do it for an entire hour, AND have to complete the fitness lesson.

I nearly died.

I dragged myself back to the changing room where everyone looked at me as if I was half-dead rabbit; lying helplessly on the ground, and ready to get over. I nearly lost it when Jean laughed and pointed like a grade-schooler picking on some kid that peed his pants. I was soaked, so maybe I did look like it.

But I came under complete control and resilience when Levi side-eyed me with his shirt off, and a towel soaked with his sweat around his neck. Like, damn! I was always the first to get into the changing rooms and the first to get out, I had no idea what I had been missing!

Nearby I head a soft camera click, a boy with dark blonde hair had just snapped a sexy picture of
Levi. He seemed to be drooling at his camera screen. If I had been his friend, I would have asked for it too.

I stared a bit too long, groaning as that thought came to mind.

My entire body hurt when I had rushed to Biology, and it still hurt now sitting in Math class. It really sucked having Physical shit for my first period in the morning.

My ass, my hips, my thighs, my knees, my head and even my brain hurt.

You see, when you run for a long _long_ time and you do not stretch, you end up like me. First your calves and shins start to tingle and spasm with pain, and then your inner thighs, and then your entire fucking thigh. Both thighs pulse painfully with each step, and then your knees start panging with each reconciliation of your joints, and then your hips from the constant support, and then finally your ass.

It was as if I had been fucked nice and hard.

Fucking hell.

Worse, was that Marco was staring at me as if I had been just fucked.

“Hey,” he whispered. “You alright?”

I sighed placing my pencil down on my math problems, rubbing my temples.

Marco Bodt. He was my best and only friend in this entire world besides Armin. I had Armin, but he was miles away at the Military Police Strategic Military Program. He sure had a brain for tactics. And even if I was alone, I was happy for Armin.

Marco was a completely different story, however. He was a godsent angel. Marco had the heart to be friends with a loner (loser) like me. I was a complete nerd. Glasses. Yep, I had those damn big, black-rimmed glasses, topped with a logical and calculative brain, and I spent my entire life with my face in a book. God I love books.

And so did Marco. He was amazing, great at everything he did. He was the captain of the baseball team. He was big and buff with a traditional square freckled face to match. He would usually joke about himself, drawing a laugh out of me even when I had my head filled with notes and an upcoming test. He loved to joke about his freckles. And I liked Marco as a friend the way he is.

What I didn’t like was how Jean fucking stared at him all day as if Marco was the whiteboard and not the whiteboard or the math itself. No wonder Jean had a terrible math grade. His eyes feasted upon Marco as if all the answers were written on his handsome freckled face.

Now that, _that_ really _really_ bothered me.

Not like I had any hots for Marco, the angel just really deserved _so far much_ better.

“Never been better,” I muttered, my head still in my hands.

I glanced up at the board, the entire class was struggling to keep up with writing the notes. Ms. Rothine Data, had a tendency to speed write and speed talk. So was so energetic and happy all the time. Her red pigtails would bounce when she jumped from one place to another. She was a great women, with a great head for numbers. Ms. Data was short and cute, the bubbly type. Many students liked her and often asked for extra help with her because she got too excited and talked and
explained too quickly for any students to capture the knowledge.

Unlike me, I had already read the textbook for this unit, and every other unit. Marco as well. Marco was the type that barely had to read or study, one look and he had it just like that. Many people envy people like Marco, I sure do.

But I enjoy working hard, surprisingly. I really do. It gives me the feeling of confirmation that I can get to live in this wall for the rest of my life with my family.

As of now, Ms. Data was explaining a messy diagram on the board. I crossed my arms and leaned back, only to spring back down when a sudden pain etched the tail of my spine.

Marco gave me a side-long glance of pity, furrowing his eyebrows as he frowned slightly. I shrugged, and bared with the pain in my ass.

I looked around the class, I already knew the answer on the board—not like I was boasting or anything. It came naturally, like breathing.

Math, all three sciences, Literature English, Applied French, Advanced German, Art and all three businesses came like breathing. Even Law would, if I took it.

As long as there was a book about it, I could master it.

Marco placed a pencil behind his right ear, his dark hair swaying slightly. From a distance I could visually see Jean’s jaw drop. How did the angel not notice the devil creeping on him?

Ms. Data finally calmed her jumps and erased the board, eliciting hushed groans from the slow-writers. Thankfully for me, I had already completed the homework that was presented at the end of class, the night before. In fact I had done more pages. I clearly had nothing to do. But if I had known that I would have to run the ‘beep’ test, I would have saved my work for this period and kept my energy.

Marco sighed, as I flinched once again.

“Turn around,” he commanded, his voice suddenly caring.

I sighed, cursing my perverted brain from thinking something extremely sick about the angel. “No, can’t. Hurts.”

Marco platted a sigh, it fell from his lips and onto my neck. Marco turned around instead and began pounding my back with his fists.

I was a little surprised at first. I mean he’s my friend, and if he had asked I would have complied and have done the same. But I barely even asked, okay, maybe my state begged for it. But he didn’t have to be so nice. And worse, Jean was watching us like a hawk staring down his prey, and by prey it probably was me.

Jean had his eyes narrowed down into tiny slits. Staring right at me and Marco’s hands. And damn, did he have great hands. Not that I was implying anything, I was just enjoying the moment.

I decided to be a true bastard and close my eyes slightly, as if to implicit the idea that I was having a great time. And I was. I was considering if I should start moaning, or showing exaggerated facial expressions to prove my point.

And that’s when I saw him. The boy that sat beside Jean. He was also looking at us. More like
staring intensively like Jean was doing. Except the fact that he always looked, and stared at objects as well as people like that all the time.

Levi’s expressionless face observed mine and Marco’s. I felt pink creep up my neck, and I began to feel uncomfortable, and insecure again under Levi’s gaze. Jean’s was fine; familiar and furious. I was used to his death glaring. But not Levi’s, oh definitely not!

“That’s enough for me, thanks Marco!” I gently pushed his hands away and smiled. “I will buy you lunch!”

Marco immediately waved me off, it was the usual, no fucking way. And I shrank back in shame. He never let me pay for anything. Being the nice roommate and friend he was. He always drew a thick black line, between me—peasant and him—noble’s son whose father owned a jewellery factory.

Marco had given me a diamond necklace for my birthday, okay sounds weirdly homo, but it was a friendship charm. He wears one too. And I still couldn’t believe that this piece of rock cost more than anything I had ever owned, combined. That was twenty pairs of my expensive glasses.

The hourly main-hall bell rang, signalling my retreat from my thoughts.

We scrambled to the square. I threw my things into my kitbag and followed Marco out the door. My back and legs still burning with flames, as I tried my best to run.

Let me introduce to you the square. It was the food hub. A place with cobbled stones all laid out in a tight square where the entire student body could eat without any table snatching or waiting. It was huge and the square was outlined with costly but great food.

As usual, I walked over to the fast food stall to get some fish and chips. I honestly think that I deserved it. Marco paid as usual before I had the chance to, he was very good at that and all the food stalls knew and just had to wait for Marco. I wouldn’t be surprised if Marco had paid them to wait for him to pay and accept his money.

I swear I would pay him back someday.

When I make it.

We sat and ate, me with my fish and chips and Marco with his mouth full of salted mackerel.

The square was in its usual buzz, we knew exactly when the jocks would fly in. the girls would fawn and go suddenly quiet and then flush and giggle and get all shy. And that was happening as of now.

The table next to me had Hope Umbrey, a pretty brunet with great blue eyes, who had her face flushed red when Erwin walked past her flanked by Jean, Levi, Reiner and Lasky.

She was a great girl, kind and pretty, but Erwin would never look twice at her. It was a sad story, these jocks were too high up in their fucked up world to notice her or any of the other girls that had their eyes on them. Well even Levi acted oblivious.

Well the jocks were jocks.

Levi, their leader. The second cousin to the King was a mixed between German and Japanese. He had classic Asian-mixed features. He was beyond cool, acting and carrying out his everyday tasks in his own unique fashion. He was also the soccer captain. I had seen all of their games and he is the best midfielder I had ever seen. He is just too fast! He is so awesome that everyone calls him Captain. He also is very clean, quick to spot details and always looks good. He has a cold look all
the time, and is a bit stuck-up but I guess that is what draws people to try to conquer him. I could go on about him all day. But everyone else needed to know about the other useless jocks.

Erwin, Erwin Smith. Tall, blond, classy, prideful, expressionless package guy. You get the picture, there is always a guy like this around. With the bluest of eyes I had ever seen and the weirdest and attractive eyebrows. He was their goalkeeper. And without him our team would be close to creamed toast. He was big and strong, many girls liked him for his muscular upper half and broad chest. He was also rumored to be dating the sixth princess, but those are just rumours. His father is the Commander of the Scouting Legion I mean how cool is that!? Meaning he would be the next commander. And I guess that is what makes everyone like him, he’s dangerous and cool. But he is emotionless and expressionless, keeping his thoughts bottled up. I often wondered what was going on his mind. I wondered if he loved someone underneath that mask he always wore. Oh the wondering-s.

Jean? Ew. But since all them girls reading this would be interested. He’s a terrible, haughty, undefined, loser who feasts his frustrations from Marco’s ignorance to me. He is handsome okay, fine, with that undercut, yes. He was born into a lucky family, one who was a mayor of Trost. He is the striker of the soccer team, not a greatly effective one but he sure does score when needed. He has dreams of becoming an artist. Like that would ever happen. But I don’t want to jinx my own success so I wish him fucking luck. He’s witty with his words, if I had a say, he should be a lawyer. For I have never seen his work, and I can only assume and pray that they suck. And they probably do. I never started hating him, his hate only came when I started hanging with Marco. Or to say, when Marco approached me. Oh, how could I forget? He has a terrible, long-lasting, hopeless crush for my friend Marco. Let’s end it here.

Reiner, body builder and hardcore atheist. It is hard to describe him, all I can say is that he is (cho lor or someone described as non raffiné) meaning he is very un-fancy or unrefined, honestly I don’t really know how to describe it. He’s gruff, blunt, and emotionless. Well he does smile around Bert. That’s the only time when I had ever seen him crack a smile. All the time, he is chewing on a cigarette or a grass piece. He is ruthlessly cool, and gruff. Super, uber gruff. He has a pet dog that he snuck into the dorm. Rules do not apply for him, you could call him 'chafed' and he usually hangs with his roommate Bert. He is the defender and a great one. No one can go one-on-one with him, mostly if they do, they shat their pants. I do not know much about him because he never speaks much. He’s one of them hell of a quiet introvert and his mouth his always overstuffed stuffed with a cigarette to talk. Though many girls fantasize about him because they imagine him taking them rough. I over hear girls talk a lot. So much that I fear that I will sprout a vagina.

And lastly, Lasky Haru Palmer. Probably the best of the bunch. He is the first in the group to be nice. In fact, he gave me a tour on my first day. With his jet black hair and crystal deep blue eyes (Think of a manly Haru from Free!). He’s literally got it all, money, looks and he is an amazing striker, definitely outshining Jean in so many ways. He doesn’t call the shots he makes the shots. He only swims freestyle and has broken the record before. He’s also a hot dancer too, I could imagine him earning millions at a strip club. He isn’t cold or reserved in their far off wonder-fuck-lands, like the others. He is actually decent. He’s helpful, energetic and friendly. For a start, he is a bit like Marco, good at everything he tries at. And the girls adore him the most. Mostly because he is an ideal guy, well that’s what they say but honestly I think it is of his buff, swim-form he has literally carved into his skin. The ideal guy that every girl dreams of.

Though one girl doesn't stare off at them in fascination and bug-eyes and that is the prettiest girl in school. The one and only Luella Del Fey. She is the daughter and only daughter of the famous singer and model, Methalica Del Fey Tachibana. Father is some noble in the castle. Do I also have to add that she is the younger sister of the indomitable Makoto Fey Tachibana? She has had it rough though, her family has divorced and remarried so many times, that she had dropped her legal last
name because of it; well rumor has it. She is the Queen of the school and the jocks are always trying
to get her attention, well just Reiner and Jean like to tease her. Only because they cannot believe that
she doesn’t look up and admire them and their hot chunks of ass. But to be very honest I think that
she is the only sane one here.

I was staring at how Luella’s beautiful blue-black hair could stay so straight and so glossy—when I
was interrupted by a sudden flying object.

I wasn’t fast enough.

“Eren!”

Marco’s warning came a split-second too late.

I was thrown backwards. My feet in the air my back and left-leg thudding absorbingly painfully on
the uneven cobbled stones that I had admired until this moment.

The pain came from the point where I slammed onto the ground. It ran like a speeding train up my
body and back to the tips of my fingers. It fucking stung and I cried out.

Marco was at my side at an instant. His face was blurry, he held up something, his eyes looked grave
and his expression was solemn.

“Your glasses…” he started.

And then I heard it, the glass falling off of the object in his hands and clinking harmoniously on the
floor.

“Fuck! My glasses!! Nooooo!” I screamed.

NO, five months of harvesting earned me that pair.

Fucking hell. No.

Why, why me?

Marco held up his hands and placed the glasses carefully on the table. Glass clinked off of the frame
and fell onto the hefty table.

“Never mind that, are you hurt anywhere?” he asked his voice was edged with care.

My breaths came out in small huffs and puffs. People were crowding the girls were asking if I was
alright but to me, their voices were far off.

My face was grave when I spoke, my head in my hands. “It took me so long to get those glasses,” I
started.

Marco gently removed my hands and looked me in the eyes.

“I will take care of that,” he confirmed. “Don’t you worry.”

Tears filled my eyes, I wasn’t a crier, but Marco was certainly an angel. I was so grateful. Those
countless lunches and dinners and now this.

Before I could think twice, my arms were around him and I was hugging him. “Thank you, I will
repay you.”
“Never mind that,” Marco growled. “Just tell me your power and I will send a servant to collect something for you.”

I nuzzled in deeper, tightening my grip around his sides. “Thank you.”

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“Contacts?!”

I didn’t care, in seconds the rough of my palm contracted into the fleshy, freckly cheek of my so-called-‘angelic’ roommate with a loud slap.

Marco rubbed his arm and pouted.

“You have one dense hand,” Marco grumbled. “I thought it was soft.”

I just couldn’t get over the fact about the prices of contacts. They were so fucking and outrageously expensive. And fucking rich-ass kid Marco goes and buys three pairs for me! Three fucking pairs! My calculative mind spells out two years of harvesting!

“I already bought you glasses but they will take two weeks to come,” Marco desperately tried to explain as he cowered under my tense akimbo warrior stance. “So I-I had to make do with these.”

I plopped down on my bed, circled the blanket around me and cried out. “Why contacts?”

Marco plopped onto his wooden desk with a sigh. “Well you do look good without your glasses.”

“Shut up!” A pillow flew out at Marco as heat rose into my cheeks. Talk about embarrassing!

Memories raced past my head, starting with Armin laughing at my huge green eyes.

“It’s true. I saw everything. Levi finally noticed you without your thick bug-eyed shits on your face,” Marco pointed out, smirk apparent on his shit-eating face.

I bolted upright, I caught my breath. “What did you say?”

I forgot that Marco just swore.

Marco turned around in his desk chair and smirked. “Well, I was there when you were impressively beating the crap outta Jean. I was analysing when I would be any help of jumping in to help. And Levi watched you for a while from a distance. Just you,” he emphasized causing my sinful heart to beat faster and my eyes to dilate and stare off and my brain to start imagining hopelessly impossible scenarios. “No. One. Else.”

Fuck…

Levi, Sina Highlands, Inkerman High School, Sylvester Walk

Let’s get something straight.

And speaking about straight, see that rainbow up there. Well, I swear upon my wealth that I am nothing like that rainbow. It is curved, multi-coloured and ugly. And I swear upon my blood that I am as straight as a metal ruler.
Got that?

//I scoffed, well I was, my mother shot me daggers//

I do not understand why every guy assumes that I am gay. It’s outrageous! And deprecating! I had seen gay porn once! Only once, and that was Jean’s fucking fault. Since he can’t have that Marcus or whatever dude, he jerks off to that shit. Maybe it’s because I am the soccer captain, and maybe because I dress nice, but the only dick I want to see is my own!

Great, now that that’s out of the way…

Dealing with Reiner out of cigarettes is like trying to squeeze the last drop of water from a washcloth that has been out in the sun for a day. Think of the drop as his last bit of patience.

When you see Reiner chewing on his grass-piece, you know he’s out and you know that you a threading shark waters, skating thin ice, or masturbating when your mom calls you for supper or whatever.

I fell into step with Reiner as I walked towards my next class. Art actually. One of those bullshit courses that I am forced to take. Only Jean enjoys it, piece of shit.

He makes a huge deal out of it actually. Doesn’t he know that he should be paying more attention in Civics?

Reiner spat his grass-piece out and coughed. It was a dark, throaty cough that undoubtedly signaled that he was a heavy smoker. I bit back a sigh, Jean was probably out there in class, waiting outside, early as usual (the only class he would ever try to make on time, actually). I was always bothered by art and Jean’s love for it.

But I was never going to admit that I was secretly jealous.

Jealous that he actually knows what he wants to do.

Well, I guess that’s what you get to compensate when you fall in love with a blind, freckled individual like Marcus.

We are both silent as usual. Reiner has one hand behind his neck and the other shoved in his uniformed pocket. I have a similar stance only that my eyes are always down, thinking.

I chuckled to myself. Reiner and I are on the same boat. He can barely hold an HB pencil without snapping it into pieces. And then Jean would yell at him, and I would be pathetically sat in the corner, sulking as I tried to draw a basket of apples.

The shading was the hard part. My lines overlapped all the time. Just getting darker at where two coloring attempts met and continued to meet. As if they didn’t want to meet or see each other and create a bigger problem, a darker outcome. Causing me to recolor, again and again. Until the entire thing is one dark apple. I had forgotten the shine again, as usual. It surprised me, even over the bickering of my two friends. I had stopped then, eyes wide, pencil close to falling out of my hand. Just staring at something so dark, something so innocently dark out of my own creation.

Honestly it scared me.

If you looked a little closer, you would see what resembled a heart. I ran out of the class that day.

Thank god our Art teacher is a saint.
I stuffed my hands deeper into my sweater pockets, with my eyes cast down, I eyed the golden crest of two Inkerman lions in 3D Gear roaring at the triangle of my green tie. The wind rippled around us, sending the fall leaves rustling about. My tie flipped up and smacked my face.

“Reiner!”

I stopped short, gasping as I turned towards the voice behind us.

Are they blind? Do they not know how pissed Reiner can be without a smoke?

“Reiner!”

Oh it was Bert. I grunted nonchalantly, turning to continue walking on.

“Don’t leave him disappointed,” I chuckled as I passed Reiner. He replied with his usual dismantled grunt.

I turned my green heels and sprinted away, not wanting to hear any gross homo sounds behind me.

I swear, why do I even hang out with these freaks?

I smiled, freaks that I clearly love so much.

Seriously though, thank god only Reiner and Bert have an actual thing. Gosh, with the amount of gay porn Jean watches, reads, listens to; he would be fucking Marcus into the mattress whenever he would have the chance. Thank god that Marcus guy is so god damn innocent and ignorant! Or maybe just as asinine as possible. Because I swear, those looks Jean gives him, precisely when he would hunger for your ass Marcus!

It would send chills up my spine. Gross.

But unfortunately, Bert and Reiner were still loud at night.

Reiner's rough presence is elegantly exposed during his messes on the bed with that Bert of his. And Bert responds melodically.

And people ask why I get dark circles under my eyes. Complete idiots, do they not know of my pain?

I grunted, I could do well with a smoke too.

The walk was lonely but entertaining, especially after I encountered a fight with Jean and his arch nemesis. Well, it was rather unimpressive mostly because you would expect that Jean craved for a tall, broad and powerful enemy. But no, he had selected a scrawny, skinny nerd with the roundest and biggest glasses I had ever seen. Hell a kid with money should just get them surgically fixed like everyone else around here. Yet again he might be a smart one, or one of those that comes from a family of successful botanists. That not only despised their fast-pace in growing surgical science, and also practiced the riots against it.

I was planning to walk away as if I hadn’t seen anything. But then I made a fatal mistake that probably ruined the rest of my fucking entire life in a whole.

I looked twice to analyse the nerd’s fighting style and to check if he had a chance of sending Jean to the nurse or the other was around. High chances, say eighty percent was that the skinny nerd wouldn’t have a bloody chance. Considering the fact that Jean was a soccer forward and loved
contact. He was a rugby player outside of school. And a good one.

Surprisingly, I wasn’t drawn to how high he raised his fists or how he balanced the stretch in his upper arm or lower arm equally or if he evened and propelled his strength properly in a manner when the force would expel from his shoulder through his entire arm of strength even through his legs and to that threatening fist of his.

Unfortunately my eyes caught sight of his.

And if I had a choice of continuing my merry way through the large park and to the art building, I would have been glad too. But then I wouldn’t have met the boy that would save my life in the future. And a boy that lacked a gag reflex, that sent my dick twitching in his mouth. And a boy that I had never imaged to open up to.

It all started with my lonesome, dark and cold grey eyes meeting energetic, bright, utterly furious, seething with venomous spasms of hate; those unique, strikingly green eyes.
preying on you tonight

Chapter by paperdancer

Chapter Summary

Levi swears he's not a stalker.

There is a rape warning for a reason.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys!
Here's the link for the drawing I promised! Did it by hand because something went wrong with my PT Sia. Actually I drew this three times because I forgot to save it and my laptop restarted, so I got fed up and did it by hand. This is how I picture Levi as a teenager. Oh and he has a football tan. You can tell from my drawing that I am incapable in drawing straight lines even with a ruler...

http://i1301.photobucket.com/albums/ag120/notedancer/IMG_20150131_125037_edit_zpsan0ziyt9.jj

Don't comment on my art, but the story instead kay?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Eren, Inkerman High, 4th floor, Room 43, Dragon Green House

Let’s get something straight.

Believe me when I say that I was innocently researching notes for my economics paper. Focusing on how the events led to the stock market crash and how it could have been prevented. I was all alone because Marco had Golf club and he would be gone for three hours at the least. So, I was lonely and silent for about four hours, just you know, researching...

The usual sound of sex and screaming from the rooms and above around everywhere, actually. It didn’t bother or faze me anyone then it had used to, just some of the orgasm screams that’s all. They were funny. Systematic, timed. No one had lasted longer than twelve minutes after the first cummings. No matter how bad at it their partner was.

If I had bothered, I would have even had made a case study and flow charts. Sneak into the teacher’s boarding lounge, record theirs and compare. Might win a Titan Bell Prize.

It was no different from any other boarding school. There was bound to be sex, cravings and fights. Especially in this highly competitive high-strung academy.

As much as I hated to admit it, it had made me feel incredibly lonely. Not only was I a single nerd with huge glasses that weighed on my face and brought my eyes down and made them as small as peanuts; but I was alone. No one looked at me, not that I cared.
i only cared when others had partners and there would PDA everywhere.

But maybe Marco was right.

He was always right.

With two days of frustration and grouchily fumbling over the fact that squinting was probably going to affect my grades—I finally complied with wearing the contacts. Now I could see regularly, without singling my eyes into tiny slits; had people started to notice me. Even Jean seemed fazed by my appearance. I grew slightly uncomfortable when girls I never thought would look at me. And I would never forget the occasional double glance guys would take at my ass.

Talk about uncomfortable.

I heaved a sigh of slight annoyance. But then again, I couldn't help but feel some happiness from finally being looked at. I swatted the thought as I continued researching.

And now I had ten arguments, meaning ten done and checked references; I was ready to start my report.

But ten minutes later I had my uniformed, perfectly-ironed pants undone. My red boxers at my knees. Rock-hard boner out and between my teasing, slow hands, fingering my well known dark purplish veins (just the way I liked it) and thumbing the leaking slit. Each touch sending heavenly spasms of pleasure up and down my body as if it were a high speed racetrack, loving the friction of the coal black tires on asphalt. It was almost a sexy, messy and an embarrassingly shameless sight. The mirror proved it and maybe Marco was more than right.

I had worn glasses for so long that I had no idea how I looked without them.

My eyes were almost watering as I tried to focus on the sinful screen. Half-closed and wavering. I was panting, lewdly, and a tiny and attractive line of drool trickled its way to my chin. My mouth slipping out a moan every now there and then.

I dared to say that I looked sexy.

But what really brought me to shame was what I was watching.

Okay, I should be doing my report. I have all the points, all I have to do is get them down into sentences and get it done before the weekend so I can focus and give it my all on my part-time job at the arcade.

But seriously I had to just had to stumble upon something totally foreign and forbidden and totally not great.

Since this morning, one tumblr post that has been reblogged and reposted more than three thousand fucking times and still counting.

It was one of Levi’s fan sites.

In fact there was at least one blog about each one of the jocks. Erwin having the most because of his father’s military status and Levi the second.

Levi had three.

There were three dedicated to everything he does. Pictures of him, updating where and what he was
doing. His ab workout and his progress, the works. And these three anon, accounts were all trying to out shine one another. His basic information (loves back tea, blood type A, OCD for cleanliness the works that I had made a bible of)

But I swore that HeichouLevi had finally won between the other two.

Posting an amazing post that went almost viral, actually going viral.

Five, just five deadly links.

The post was crafted wittily and blissfully done with careful and concise research on a level that I was capable of achieving.

Five links.

Just five that ruined my life. That I had quickly downloaded the videos just in case they were removed, I thought with a shameful smirk as my hand clutched my dick harder.

~HeichouLevi reblogged form SHAMELESSxBUTTSEX~

Hey there Levi-stans!

Check this out! A list of LEVI PORN STAR LOOKALIKES!

FEEL FREE TO ROAM AROUND THE SITES.

YOU ARE BLOODY WELCOME LOVELIES!! Muah!

(Permission to repost… haha not really)

1. JGV 5/6/13 #2221- Akai x Ryou
2. Men’s rush- not-so lonely precognition- Sora x Rei
3. GheiChou.com-hot encounter #9
4. OhhJGV- submission 451
5. OMFG DOESN’T THIS LOOK LIKE LEVI ACKERMAN?! HOLY MOTHER OF GOD

#you are welcome #omfg am I gay #hot #yolo #bl #JGV #gay porn #anal sex #blowjobs #everything you could want #LEVI #ACKERMAN #I CAME #MensRush #Cosplay #Akai Berri #ryou #Sora #Rei Hirisa #buttssex #cum #king’s cousin #porn #youreadyforthe time of yourlife

I was a shameless asshole for downloading all. But seriously the first and third wasn’t that all similar. The first had a rounder face and darker skin and the third had a moustache. Like what the fuck?

But the last one was what I was jerking off to right now.

I would be surprised if Levi hadn’t had told me that he did star in a porn flick like this before. The camera wasn’t all that high quality like most. Which is surprising because Levi is damn rich. But they looked so damn fucking alike! And that was what got me hard. No I was hard when I saw the fucking post.

And Levi was the top and there was this masked kid as his bottom.
This one was _hot_ gay porn.

I couldn’t help but cum twice and I had already. My face, chest, torso was already soiled with cum. Sticky almost dried and I was in a mess, using my wasted cum for lube. Terrible I say.

Terribly hot.

//The Queen was all flustered, well I am talking about my sexual experiences right? She did say that she wants to know all about who her son is marrying right? Might as well go all the fucking way//

I had no idea what turned me on so damn fast. These sinful intentions in my fucked up prevy brain fuck.

“Hngg,” I moaned sexily as Levi dove down to lick the hard and raging dick that was thrust in front of his face.

I imagined him licked _me_ like that. Imagined his satanic lips in my mind as he finally stopped sucking and nipping at the foreskin as I pulled on mine. He engulfed him. Bobbing like a pro apple-bobber. I came when the bottom came. Shooting more like a tap. With fast spurts of magnificent white cum. I was still raging hard and red with what came next.

Soon the look-alike Levi was all sweaty because he had entered him dry, unprepared and started fucking the round bottom against the headboard, hard, deep and fast I came so many times after that forty minute video.

I laid there panting and in my own little mess. I accidentally fell asleep.

I woke to a laughing Marco who still had his golf clothes on. He eyed and pointed out the dried cum and my now _again_ hard cock. It was raging again. And I swore I called Levi’s name before my eyes shot pen to Marco’s laughter.

It was so hard, pressed up, curving against the dip of my soft and pale belly. I reddened covering myself from Marco’s amusement as he clutch ed his stomach and rolled over on _my_ bed.

I slammed my laptop down and ran to the shared bathroom.

I stayed there until Marco pounded on the door and told me that he needed to take a shower before they went to grab supper.

I reevaluated my thoughts in my mind.

_I just had came so many fucking times to a Levi-star lookalike._

What in the bloody fucking carnations is wrong with me?!

Next thing I know I am screaming at the top of my lungs, pulling at my hair until Marco breaks in to check on me.

What have I _done_?
Levi, Inkerman High School, The Archiment Hall Library

Let's get something straight.

I loathed libraries. This distinctive hate I had for them is coordinated with a traumatic childhood experience and with my raging desire to burn all the books in the fucking world. And hell, I am not exaggerating.

Well, all this was running about in my beautiful mind, as I stood outside the library's glass doors, as I still wondered, why the fuck am I here?

The high school library was huge, prided for their resources and listed as one of the biggest libraries a high school could have. Books from the time when Titans didn’t dominate the world, old, cracking and yellow with heavy leather bounds. Some in languages lost and foreign. Some were brand new, following the current curriculum, from military strategies and down to the limited anatomy about Titans we knew. Well Erwin knew all about that. Hell, he could talk all day about it.

And then again, this was a private school.

I stood motionless outside, staring warily at the towering book shelves that mocked my height. I narrowed my eyes at the comfy red chairs and countless students sprawled on them and reading-ugh, reading. I scowled as I narrowed my eyes into tiny slits.

I scanned the front of the library, I hated keeping quiet and I hated the library and don't get me started on books... and the list goes on.

So I left, walking briskly away from the putrid sight. It had almost made me retch. I kept walking, the spring sun was hot on my back and the breeze wafted around with the swirling smell of promising rain.

No wonder they are called deprecating nerds. You can only find them in a hell-hole like this one.

And then I made a fatal mistake, by looking into one of their long-ass, glass-stained windows.

I saw him. The hard working, mystery boy. His glassy green eyes scanning a biology book and his hand was shaking as if it was eager to flip to the next page. I retched at the thought.

His dark hair was loftily messy as I had seen in our last encounter and his uniform was unbuttoned and his tie was knotted carelessly. I chuckled, I couldn't help it, the top student dressed down in the library! Well that wasn't a sight to miss.

I was captivated. Not by the fact that the boy could just read and read and read without a look of fatal disgust scouring his face, but he seemed to enjoy it. Even with the terrible environment, the liters upon liters of dust and the taste of mildew in the air.

But no, it was his eyes, face and hell, everything.

I couldn't help but wonder why I had not noticed him before, or was he a new student?

But I swear, I am not gay.

I swear.

Totally.
/My mother is now gripping the hard table and I grasp Eren’s outstretched hand. She narrows her eyes, her crown shifting down on her small head/

Well, this thought didn't stop me from staring at him at the distance outside the reflecting window. And I also swear, that I am not a creeper.

Well that didn't cross my mind for the next ten minutes.

Good thing he was too engrossed in that Biology 12 book to pay any notice to my small grey eyes preying on him.

Seconds later and without a blasted second thought, I was pushing through the glass doors. It was the smell in that hit me first, that terribly strong, ‘you have now entered a slither of fucking hell called the library’ smell, a hateful aura that squelched my nose shut. It smelled of musky old books and dust. Dust, oh how I hated dust. Just the thought of dust drove me crazy. Do not get me started on mildew. I should have worn gloves. Fucking hell.

Not that I was a neat freak or anything, I wasn't some girl.

And my assumptions were correct, as soon as my toes met the cheap wooden floor, eyes turned to me. Ahem, all eyes turned on me, they were wide-disbelieving eyes that scorched into me.

I ignored them, for they were no other then some freak in the library... I cringed when I realized that I was also some freak, being here and all that shit.

My fucking heart, just began beating like crazy when I headed to the science section. I could see the back of his dark brown hair and fuck. I knew I was so fucked.

Not gay... my ass.

I sighed to myself. Why was I even here again?

Oh right, some invisible force had knocked me out and suddenly I found myself in this hell-hole staring at this green-eyed nerd who is kind of h—

The eyes followed me. I could feel their prying gazes scorching my uniform. Then I remembered, it was four thirty, I would be late for practice, shit. I was about and glad to turn back. But then the green eyed freak closed his book and picked up an even thicker one that was beside him. In fact, he still had a huge pile to go through.

I hurried over, my small feet making quick and precise clicks on the laminated floor. He was the only one in this area, besides a red-headed girl who was gaming in the corner.

I suddenly realized that I would be a complete idiot if I just went over and sat down empty-handed, so I rounded a left and was face-smacked with a man carrying a stack of books.

Surprisingly it was Erwin.

"Levi?!" his deep voice rang out in surprise.

Yup, I couldn't believe it myself.

"Yes Erwin, it's me, I'm here," I replied without a second glance. I scanned his pile of books, pulling out the thinnest book I could find, 'Physics in a Nutshell'. I groaned throwing the book back in a huff
into Erwin's arms. I would be an idiot to read something that I wasn't even taking classes for.

Why was I even working hard anyways? I aced my business courses, that's all I needed to take over.

"Don't you have practice Captain?" Erwin continued, following me as I came to the biology section to find yet the thinnest book I could get my clean hands on. I scowled when the thinnest was the most, *dustiest*. I almost shrieked. I huffed as I collected myself and I pulled out some Biochemistry shit and began walking back to the reading tables.

"Don't you have practice too?" I interjected, closing my eyes as I leaned against a shelf and crossed my legs and arms. I closed my eyes and sighed.

Erwin scratched the back of his head and gave a nervous smile.

"This is my detention."

I raised my eyebrow. "Shelving books? Must be hell."

"Yeah, it is fucking terrible," he frowned, "well the faster I finished the faster I am outta here, so erm Captain Levi, why are you here?"

I turned my head to the table, taking a second to reason with my brain, I had almost blurted out the true reason to my friend. *Because of him.*

"I have trouble with biology," I mumbled, closing my eyes as I exhaled.

"I though you didn't care for anything but business?"

I hated lying, especially to Erwin and I was exceptionally bad at it.

"Well, interest change and I don't want to let my teacher down. She was already done so much for me," I eyed him warily.

His expression was priceless.

"S-since when did you give a shit?"

I took that golden moment to leave, retreating back the way I came and plopping down across the boy with that thick book still glued to his face.

My arrival didn't faze his book-trance, his magnificent green eyes were still scanning the lines. I could see the reflection of the words in his glassy eyes, that was how big and clear they were.

I stretched, blankly opening my book to a random page, my hand on the book as I swung my leg to the next chair and swung my arm around it too. I sat as how I normally did. I unruffled my tie and loosed my collar. I cleared my throat. Just to get some attention.

And I succeeded.

He choked, spitting unattractively all over his book as he hacked. But his eyes were wider than ever.

He was cute. I still wondered how I never noticed him. Was he a transfer student?

After he had calmed down – I chuckled and continued to look down at my book. I could feel his gaze on me for a couple awkward seconds and I forced my eyes to stay put on the open page about isotopes. I had no idea what it was but the word was interesting.
I was surprised when he spoke, but I made no action to show it.

"Why are you here? You of all people," he asked, his voice started off in a cute squeak and it trailed on, wavering as if he was afraid to make a mistake or offend me.

I smiled at the thought. He seemed to be the submissive kind. The ‘easy to manipulate’ kind. Not that I would think any further or apply anything.

"Well... I need help was biology," I stated nonchalantly, my eyes still glued to a black and red diagram that made no sense no matter how long I stared. And I was glad that it was true, I did, honestly need help for biology.

"But don't you have soccer practice?" and with that he clamped a slender hand over his pretty pink mouth.

I cocked an eyebrow, finally looking in to his panicked, green eyes; and how the hell did he know that?

Hmm, so I guess I am not the only creeper here?

"I-I-I s-saw your picture a-and my friend Jean is on the team, he often is late and talks about you al- lot," he stammered, he became so hesitant and squeamish under my gaze, and his cheeks reddened.

How fucking cute, I had to hide my desire and control my hands from grabbing his tie right there and ripping his-- what?

What am I thinking?

Then hell?!

Wait since when was Jean his friend?

"I see," I replied calmly, pouring myself a cup of earl grey tea and drinking it in my unique fashion. I tried to calm my mind.

*Just because you hadn't had some in a while, doesn't mean that you can go preying on whatever nice ass you suddenly see!*

His eyes trailed my form, I gave him the pleasure of staring at me for a few more seconds before I met his gaze. He blushed and looked away.

I suddenly had an amazing idea.

"You are the top student aren't you?" I asked.

He gave me lopsided smile, he sat on his hands and he wouldn't meet my gaze. "Well not at everything but yeah almost..."

I nodded. "Great, let's make a little deal... erm."

"It's Jeager. Eren Jeager," he said smoothly.


Pretty name, kinda girlish, suits him. Very well actually.
I matched his name with his pretty eyes in my head.

"Alright Eren, you tutor me and make my mark at least a seventy in Biology and I will keep your little secret," I plotted, keeping my eyes transfixed in a threatening manner. My hand still held the teacup as I elegantly crossed my legs and swung my arm to rest on the other chair.

Eren was tensed now. "W-what secret?" he whispered. His eyes were darting at everywhere but his face, a slow but obvious creep of pink apparent on his pale cheeks.

I smiled darkly. As much as I hated the idea, this will bring me closer to this Eren.

"That you have a fancy for Jean," I replied smoothly as I took another sip.

At first the cute boy blinked slowly. And then his pretty green eyes budged. It had taken him a full four seconds for the words to register, or make sense to his brilliant mind of his.

Four seconds, Levi had counted.

"WHAT?! JEAN?!!" he cried out, he stood and his hands slammed on the mahogany table. "No way in hell!"

I gave him my rare smile. "Doesn't matter sweetie," He grimaced at the given pet name, I liked it, it suited him. "As long as it is from me, it will spread faster than a fire on cocaine. I wonder what they will think," I trailed off, tilting my head in amusement as horror spread on his pale face. "I wonder what they will think about you liking a boy..."

"Stop," he whispered, his face dark. "I'll do it."

I glowed in satisfaction.

"Good."

Eren's gaze wavered, gleaming green eyes skimming into my boring grey ones that girls screamed for, and down to his book or one of the dusty shelves.

I never understood the girls and some boy's interest in me. Sure, I was one cold bastard that has taste and style and a unique behavior. I have money, too much in fact, though it was nothing to boast about, oh and I was the only child. Not that I like that to get around. But people just like to dig up my life. I had an actress and model of a devious mother who is currently in the fashion city within the Sina wall, Paris. A father who is always outstation and if he was home, he would be out at expensive dinners or golfing with his company or clients. And an empty house full of attractive maids from Hiroshima. A place rumored to have the most beautiful Japanese girls. My father being German, has an eyeful of Asian women. So I am therefore beautifully mixed. My father being German, has an eyeful of Asian women. So I am therefore beautifully mixed. I guess that is where I got my looks from. I had narrow eyes and pale skin that was usually blemished from sport wounds. My hair was dark, almost jet black. I was the only person who had such dark hair; maybe this made me look badass or mysterious. And not to mention the eyes I inherited from my father, grey eyes.

Soulless, Eren later described me as.

Fancy that.

I am a fusion of Japanese and German and I display both cultures fluently with my unique style, from loving green-rice tea and pork knuckles, to beer to sake. How I held my chopsticks or my teacup. I guess my uniqueness drew them in.
And then there was my badass, almost uncaring attitude when it came to studies. Economics, marketing and accounting came like breathing to me. I barely had to pay attention. And furthermore, I had my input in sports. As a captain for the soccer team, both boys under 17 and boys under 15; everyone around here has been calling me Captain.

But as I gazed into his beautiful green eyes, I was struck by the realization that none of all that mattered. No matter how popular, how handsome or awesome I was; with Eren in the way, I would always be stupid.

It disgusted me.

It hurt, from where I was sitting, I could feel the burn of his eyes as he analyzed me, as if he was calculating how long or how much effort he would have to fork out of his own blood and into my veins.

For the first time in a while, I felt like a cornered mouse. With Eren, a leering cat with bright green eyes, immobilizing me from cowering away. Time seemed to slow down, the library seemed so distanced, as if the shelves were kilometers away and the roof was gone, a warm spring breeze heated my body as I felt the cats gaze stare into my eyes.

Insecure was a good word and emotion that I wasn't familiar with. Eren made the familiarity possible.

"So, when do we start? And what time, Ackerman," Eren started, I almost sighed in relief as his gaze flickered elsewhere.

"Tuesdays, tomorrow at this time. For an hour," I immediately instructed, I was used to it.

Eren shook his head. "Sorry I'm not free."

What could a nerd have possibly anything to do?

"I have a life and clubs too," Eren explained. “Book club.”

My jaw held open in an unfashionable state-- before I could stop myself.

What the hell, this Eren is not only the hottest top student. No, he had good hands too! Not that I was implying anything.

Unconsciously, my gaze went straight to his hands. I was astonished by how beautiful they were, prettier than a girl’s. Long, slim, pale beautiful fingers with each bone jutting out like the Swiss Alps. Now I am fucking poetic.

But his fingers, no he himself deserves a poem.

Being the horny teenager I was, my thoughts took a dark turn.

Those pretty pale hands stroking my dick slowly, his big green eyes staring into mine as he smeared my pre-cum over the tip of my-

*What the actual fuck?!*
Let’s get something straight.

I had no idea that this was going to happen to me. If I had, then I would have hid myself under my covers, turned off all the lights, locked and double checked if I locked my door and grasp a kitchen knife.

Probably read the bible too.

But only if I had known…

I was late to get back tonight from the golf course.

I had been busy cleaning the gear and refueling the golf cart, since coach had to rush back to aid his husband with his pregnancy breakdown. My coach was sure active, cough. And his husband was the sweetest guy ever that liked to bring cake every practice. Not this practice apparently.

I breathed a sigh as I continued walking. The fall breeze stifled and wafted in the air around him. Calming my nerves and chilling my sweat on my golf clothes causing it to stick onto my skin. Unfortunately I had worn tight shorts because I had forgotten to wash my golf pants. I made a mental note to order more when my butler came at the end of the week. I was damn chilled to the bone with those shorts on.

However, when you are cold as fuck and drenched in sweat and tired from the concentration of how I should angle his swings with the correct precision and how fast I should snap my ankles forward or vice versa and how strong the wind was, I was really freaking worn out tonight. And with the additional cleaning I was exhausted. I could barely wrap my arms around to keep himself properly insulated and my eyes open.

So I stumbled around in the cold, yawning every five seconds. It was so late, the sun was already behind and on the other side of the world basking titans and everyone was either sound asleep, buried deep in someone’s ass or pussy or out at the clubs nearby.

Disgusting, I thought. The thought of sex was disgusting. I had never tried it and never think I will. I disliked girls. No I didn’t hate them but they seemed to hate me. Said I was too good to be true. I even hate my mom. She freaking left my father and I alone.

That basically rocketed my hate for women.

Guys were overly hot though. I kept this in my mind as fuel to keep me going back to the dorm.

I chuckled, last time I had been late, I had found Eren sprawled all out on his desk chair, sticky, wet, naked.

It was a real sight that went against me. To either cover my eyes or laugh. I did both, my laughter succeeding.

I loved Eren. But not in that way. He had more important things like his dreams and that Levi kid.

In fact I had my eyes on a certain someone. But it was impossible. And I tended to not rely or look
I was someone that you called, a ‘developing economy’. You see? I had no idea where I stand in the
social status in school. I do not know if I want to be ‘the nice-kid’ or the ‘nerd’. I have no idea, I like
being both. I enjoyed being both.

I sighed, casting my tired eyes down as I yawned again. I wrapped my arms tighter around myself.
From this distance, after a few more steps I would pass the hill and then I would see the roofs of the
Dragon dorms. I brought the strap of my bag higher, and continued on. The creator of this place
clearly loved making windy, uselessly long pathways with expensive stones. Being a jeweler’s son, I
would know this.

Suddenly, the arms that wrapped around me were not my own. I yelped out my eyes widening as
another hand silenced my yelp. I looked straight ahead, the tops of the Dorm tile tops were the last
thing I saw until something black covered my eyes. I struggled and then I felt a sharp blow on the top
of my head. I saw true black this time.

~~~~~~~~~

I woke to a gentle hand caressing my cheek and a pang in my head. I groaned internally, a dull
waver of pain sprang up my spine.

Regret came instantly. What had happened? What the freaking carnations did I drink?

The last time my head felt this bad was when I had wondered how getting drunk would be like and
inhaled all my drinks. Until I woke up the next morning with a terrible experience and frantic
servants.

Though the hand was gentle. Soft, calming against my hot skin.

I was panting and my body felt so hot. It has never been this hot before. That’s impossible! Was I
sick? Then I felt something, something obviously sticky and hard, it dug into my stomach.

My eyes shot open, only to see blinding red. Something was on my face!

Oh no freaking way.

I was tied. My hands were clasped by something cold, hard and clinky. Oh god oh god.

I tried speaking, that worked.

“W-what?”

“You’re awake,” a rough, and obviously disguised voice responded. “How beautiful.” He dared to
mutter.

The hand wouldn’t stop stroking and then it traveled lower and lover. To my neck.

His lips too.

It seemed to be just one person.

And my body, to my own amazement and horror, responded beautifully like I would have never
expected it to have.

But then again why was I so needy and hot?
Hot, warm and mushy lips met his nape and I cried out. To my embarrassment. I couldn’t believe how well my body responded to each touch. And then his fingers were tracing my nipples. Seconds later I surprised myself again when my body responded beautifully at the delicate touch. My back arched as he dragged his fingernails across the tiny slits of my nipples.

//It is so terrible to state all of this in front of his parents. They look angry and uncomfortable. Mostly at me and how I can sensually recall all of this as if it just had happened yesterday//

It was scary.

I was tied, naked, hot no burning freaking hot as if it were in a prolonged heat wave. Spasms of heat entranced my body with each prod of his hands, his lips.

Oh his lips were sinful. On my neck, sucking, probing, tracing around every inch of my burning skin. His saliva sending a soft, gentle cooling sensation left behind in a heavenly trail that lasted only about a second before I was writhing in heat again.

Why was my body so hot?

Why am I moaning? He isn’t touching me there yet. Oh god please no.

His hands were coated with something abnormally warm and sticky.

Oh god heated lube.


I had only heard embarrassingly erotic stories about heated lube.

Ever got waxed before? From a waxing parlor?

Think about it. Think about that hot wax, maybe a few degrees lower, entering your most sensitive regions of your body. Close your eyes and imagine it.

His hands were coated with warm lube, had traced and tugged at each one of my balls. Nipping and pulling at the foreskin around my head. Swirling the warm substance. My dick was in a trance of twitches. It was embarrassing. My cheeks were on fire.

One stroke on my panging dick and my asshole was twitching.

I moaned, withered and rubbed my ass on the cool wall behind me, trying to get some friction. I wanted it, needed something to touch me more. I needed friction. I felt like a controlled puppet. My brain didn’t want it, but I know my body did. I was fighting and my body was winning.

Above me, I heard a dark chuckle.

“Guess the meds finally kicked in huh?” His breathe was warm and almost soothing on my cheek. Even in this great heat the words finally registered in my brain.

“What the heck?! I hate you!” I screamed before I felt a harsh tug on my hair. “I will hate you forever! You will pay.”

I heard another laugh and the hands left my body. I felt my skin heat with more want. The need to be touched. With my hands numb and high in suspension in the air, there was little I could do with my own satisfaction. I rutted like a dog on the wall, whining.
I despised how I was acting. Shameful. What if my father could see me now? What would he think? What would Marvin think? What will Eren think?

But yes, there was comfort that it was the meds and not me, surely not me.

“Oh you will be thanking me soon,” a soft hand brushed my puckered hole and I screamed. “You will be begging for my penis soon.”

“D-don’t be so-ah…” I moaned as my frustration was slapped away from the warm, lubing pleasure from his fingers. “C-cocky…”

They were stilled and slow, too slow for my taste. They invaded in and out and soon there were two, moving in slowly and fast.

He was recklessly thrusting three in now. Spreading them all apart every now and so often. I could barely hear myself think because all I heard were the sounds, terrible sounds that I have never known I could ever vocalize; run in a chant out of my lips.

“Beautiful,” the man remarked honestly. Yanking his fingers out with a harsh and loud pop. Making me scream and whine from the absence, but bask in the warm of the warm lube leaking out.

And then he pushed something, rather egg-shaped up my entrance. I gasped as he pushed it in deeper and deeper and then, I screamed the loudest I could ever possibly voice. He had nudged the most sensitive spot!

The man hushed me was a slap over my mouth.

“Do not make me gag you,” he growled in my ear, sending a pleasant trickle of more pre-cum to leak out of the head of my cock.

He flicked a thumb over my leaking slit and tugged at my ear. “Such a slut.”

And then there was another bigger egg pushed in, and another.

“Three love eggs deep in your ass,” the voice murmured in my ear. “This will show you.”

“AHH!” They were vibrating on my prostate!

I could hear the man chuckle as he increased the sped to the max, they were clacking together from the high speed of vibrations and I was in heaven. I was about to come, I was so so close and and then.

I felt something terribly cold.

Horrifically metal, being shoved rather easily into the wet slick of my dick.

“N-no!” I whimpered sadly, throwing my head back as another metal band wrapped around the base, preventing me from cumming.

“This will show you,” the voice growled again in my ear, finally sending me out dry.

It hurt so badly, cumming dry, I had never done it before but others had and they explained it to me in the worse ways possible, like being kicked a hundred times in the balls was no match for this. It felt like you were being suffocated. My dick actually.

The love eggs had no intention of stopping or slowing down. They were driving me crazily hard
again. My dick had barely gone limp. The meds were terrific for what was happening to me.

And then it finally occurred to me. That I was being raped.

I gasped. My brain suddenly wandering off and abandoning me. I was so afraid and scared before and now I was clearly upset. Sadness crashed over me and I stopped withering and moaning and rutting against the other for more lewd friction.

*I am being raped.*

I thought. Sadly. Tear, the wet, heavy, bitter tears trickled out and soaked the black cloth. I sniffed and my entire body shook, I cried out, but not from pleasure, but from my misfortune.

“Fuck, fuck! I’m sorry!” the voice regained its regular tone for a split second before it changed back. “I will take it off I’m sorry! Please stop crying.”

But I couldn’t because it hurt. My heart hurt. My first fuck was actually coming from a rapist.

How terrible.

I despised sex! It was so low, thinking that it would 'connect' two people?! What a bullshit excuse for pleasure. In the end, one ends up alone, no matter what. But I knew, I knew that somewhere inside I wanted that. I longed for someone too hold me and love me and ask me to make love with him. I truly loved to have that in my life. But this wasn’t it. This was horrible. Being taken, connected in the lowest way possible.

But all of this didn't matter, because my head was already far gone, my desires, well, my dick more important. I was thinking with my other head by now.

“I will be gentler, I promise,” the voice was gentle and comforting as I stopped and went into a trance of sniffles.

In seconds, the cold metal was off of my dick and my ass empty. I was heating up again. I could feel the effects on my body spread to send my penis crying again and my hole twitching with need.

The man behind me was sinfully a playful tease. He rubbed the head of his warm, thick and hard cock around my twitching rim. I could taste his smirks when he heard my whimpers and whines of protests. But I was too afraid to demand him to fuck me. Scared that he would place restrictions again, and I was too tired and worn out in my heated pleasure to cry once again.

“Beg for it,” the demand was strong, heavy, his voice blending with the curious sounds of sex.

*Take me.*

*Take my virginity away.*

*Please. Please. Please NOW.*

I was too high for this. And he knew it, so he thrust his head in, eliciting a soundless moan from me. Only to pull out like the sadist he was.

I whined.

“Please,” I whispered, my neck arching painfully.

“What was that?” the evil man asked, smirk apparent in his voice, rubbing lazy circles with his slick
and warm head around the inner walls of my rim.

“Oh god please fuck me. I need you to take your fat dick and take my virginity away! Please”

Oh god no one could have been more mortified. I could taste the surprise in the air. Excitement.

“Virgin, just my luck,” excitement in his voice indeed.

I took back every word I had said. I never had imagined that my own innocent and naïve mouth could be so-

“This will hurt,” the voice pressed a hand on his back and carefully turned me around. Well if I was going to be raped then I might as well enjoy it and it was my own fault for walking slowly, being always physically weak and mental sometimes. And my rapist was oddly caring. As if I was something precious. He was treating me like a baby, well no. Almost.

The intrusion was quick, painful and just wonderfully warm. The muscles in my rim were screaming in pain but the rest was bathing in pleasure. Soon my rapist was fully inside me, did I rutted my hips backwards on him.

He groaned and sounded a tiny bit breathless and I rocked back harder. I made a sitting motion on his cock and it was a great idea because he finally touched my spot again. I cried out once more, loudly.

I felt warm arms entangled and secure my body in that position once more, the head of his penis pushing gradually pressing deep and spot on my prostate. It sent me shivering and basically giving my knees out. He had held me firmly until my hips had hand imprints.

“Why don’t you notice me hm?” He asked but it barely went to my head because he had begun to put his dick into good use. It thrust in with a snap and came out to the tip of his slippery head and back in.

It was wonderful. Hitting and feeling all the right bumps and corners. And after five quick snaps he would slow down and thrust in twice so slowly that I was screaming in frustration. But also glad for the cooling burn where he and I got to feel every single notch of one another.

It was so erotic.

Skin slapping again skin and soft rubbery sounds as it went in and out in an inhumane pace. Our voices mingled in the air, crying out with one another. Being caught by one another.

I scraped my nails frivolously on his back, not caring or thinking about how painful it might be; I was far gone.

And then he finished me off. Grabbing my dick in his hands and pumping just the way I liked it three fingers grasping my shaft and the other two fingering my head. I came as he roughly snatched my face and kissed me.

It was so hot my dick came in delayed spurts. Like a fountain.

He came with a moan and when I finally realized what he had said. His cum was deep within me, hotter and more satisfying than the lube. I gave out with him, exhausted form today.

I had remembered that he had moaned my name.
Marco.

He said… my name!

But I could barely remember as my eyes drifted closed. Tired from golfing, school, this. Him.

Who was he? Was he someone I knew? It had to be a pervert on campus.

One out of five-hundred boys here.

Great, just great.

And then. Just as my eyes were closing. I felt something, lips against my cheek. The rustling of metal as my hands were free, but I was too weak to lift and help myself up. And then I was entrapped my softness. Was I on a bed?

Couldn't we have had done it on the bed? I thought. My final thought.

Lips were on my forehead again.

A hand caressing my cheek.

A sigh, long and drawn out.

It was a defeated sigh. I wanted to speak to ask what was wrong.

“I love you Marco.”

Am I dreaming?

Chapter End Notes

Hey everyone! Well, I always hope you like it, and the drawing too!

I had fun with this chapter, a lot of fun. Being an author is fun, you get to torture Levi and Eren. Mostly Levi and with his OCD.

This story is turning out to be more cliche than I had ever thought it could be, first jock meets nerd and then nerd tutors jock. Pretty original, totally not creative at all.

And then BAM Plot twist haha.

But I swear, I will not leave you disappointed.

I added in Marco and soon there will be Armin, Erwin, Jean and for the Free fans, Haru and Makoto (because you just cannot get enough of their hotness).

PS: Eren's drawing will be up with the next chapter! And I didn't know that I should have raised the stakes higher... so smut will be when there is actual smut in the story so that you can visualize ... yeah.

See ya.
in your eyes

Chapter Summary

in your eyes
the light the heat
in your eyes
I am complete
in your eyes
I see the doorway to a thousand churches
in your eyes
the resolution of all the fruitless searches
in your eyes
I see the light and the heat
in your eyes
oh, I want to be that complete
I want to touch the light
the heat I see in your eyes

~~In Your Eyes - Peter Gabriel (1986)

Chapter Notes

Armin is a sassy prick

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Armin, Sina Wall, Inkerman High School Reception Countress

Let’s get something straight.

I was so fucking excited.

As soon as the car pulled past the twenty meter high gates of my new destiny, I could barely breathe from my excitement. The drive to the main entrance was magnificent. Never before had I lain my eyes on such beauty in nature. There were hanging willow trees that leaned onto the long drive up to the main entrance, the road was made of smooth white slate and the fountain was bigger than my house back home.

Five minutes later, I was in a school lobby that was much grander than any hotel I have ever seen (on-line).

Well, of course I would pass in the top ten and get an immediate scholarship to the best school ever! Not like I was boasting or anything but you kind of want to when you spend hours studying with your best friend rather than gaming all day.
That was basically my entire childhood. Wake up, eat, study, study, eat, exercise, read books, study, bath, eat, shit, study, sleep. My life.

It all seemed like a long time ago, my life back at the village was slow, dull and far away. My life back then had been boring, mostly because my blond head was stuck in books all day. It was a wonder I didn’t have a terrible eyesight, agnate to Eren.

Military school was close to hell. But it was the formations, those I had a knack of. Unfortunately, military school consisted of fifty percent, training and the other half is reserved to my cake; tactical formations. Training was a drain, especially for a premature, skinny guy like me. Not like that ever stopped me, but it sure did affect me. Especially when everyone else in my graduating year was a foot taller, stronger and more soldier-like.

I sure have shown them. I sure kicked every tall, arrogant kid’s ass by getting tis scholarship.

The administrator called me over and I snapped of my admiration for this massive lobby.

All I could think of was.

Oh gosh I had to contact Eren!

I choked as I locked eyes with my administrator.

I shoved my phone back into my pocket. I couldn’t text him right now because this scary, cat-like administration lady was examining me from head to toe. As if I was some imposer that goes by the name of the one and only (amazing) Armin Arlet.

One by one, she riled questions at me. I kept my back straight and answered each factual question of the Armin Arlet I know best. Then it went to the more personal questions.

In fact, she asked me my most personal question.

Who was the person’s name of my protagonist’s lover?

“Edward Blight,” I answered smoothly, the last love chapter I had wrote still branded into my mind. Where it had went from a late pizza dinner to a steamy shower wall sex.

“Alright,” she finally smiled. “I am Hanji!” She trust a slim and bony wrist out at him and smiled again. “The Pre-Med teacher and also a part-time administrator because I just love meeting and greeting new faces!” she gave the very empty lobby a glance over before she leaned in and whispered, no more like shouted in a whisper or what she perceived to be a whisper. “There’s free and very good cookies and coffee here. Work here for five years and you just get sick of tea.”

She leaned ask and smiled. “Welcome to Inkerman High School, Armin!”

I was taken aback by the sudden bi-polar mood change. I eyed her down, from her small framed glasses and to her tight pencil skirt. Didn’t look that suspicious, but my calculative mind spells ‘absentminded’?

I kept my distance, just praying, waiting for her to suddenly turn bitter and isolating cold once again. Just to prove my damn point.

I loved nothing other than being correct.

Nothing satisfied me more than proving myself correct. Well that’s what happens when you get too
smart and prideful because hard work really does pay off in the long run. I am now, hopefully past the long run.

“So,” she had a deep American accent. “Since you are a Military graduate on scholarship, you can only take two other courses along with your Advanced Military training and your Military Tactics class. But you can sort that all out later. Good thing that you came right before the Club signups, wouldn’t want to miss that eh? And you would have to do volunteer work. Since you are the first to arrive, you can choose—”

“Librarian-helper,” I answered simply.

Being in the library meant that I would see Eren more, since all the courses I was taking didn’t match with his.

She nodded professionally and smiled with her eyes closed. Her gold earrings sparkled in the multi-colored waterfall that sparkled behind her. I sighed, as I glanced around at the Admin office; it looked more like a hotel lobby than an office. I was still in my Military corps uniform and I felt completely out of place, surrounded by richly clad workers and fashionable students in their chic uniforms.

“Alright! Well… unfortunately, Military classes are on the farthest and on the east wings in the Cielois Wing, which is a ten to fifteen minute walk, since you have short legs maybe seventeen.”

I was speechless for a moment; completely shocked. My face was burning and I shot her my trained glare.

She blinked, unfazed.

“And those classes and the rest do not start until next week, might as well go straight to the library. After that is your lunch,” she handed him a thick folder and smiled.

“May I have instructions on how and where I should proceed to,” I literally seethed through my teeth.

“Oh right, how careless of me,” she smacked her head particularly hard, I wished it sparked some sense into her. “Right it is in the north, the biggest and oldest building that looks like a huge church. The Archiment Hall Library. You will see the pretty roof tower tips before you even arrive there. Five minutes should do, but with your legs—”

“Thanks,” I cut her off with a dismissal wave. My face, skin and tips of my hair were on fire.

Oh if only I had my gear…

~~~~~~~~~~

Settling into the library had been easier than settling into my classes.

Eren had been ecstatic. He nearly squeezed the life out of me. He thought he was fucking dreaming! That idiot never changes. He needs to get laid. Once an idiot, always an idiot.

“Wow! You have changed Eren,” and he really did. Over the past two years he had gotten taller, a lot less tan and his biceps that he had earned from all that hard work on the farm had gone shallower. He looked, healthier, from the way his skin glowed and how his green eyes shone. “Not your huge green orbs though,” I had said back then and he almost killed me. But my military training sent him flying backwards. I had always known how to throw a punch and pin someone two times larger than
me on the ground, but I had never figured that Eren could be this fragile.

And I finally got to meet him, Marco Bodt. The mystery boy in Eren’s emails. An angel at first sight and almost too pure to be true. But my analyses cannot see through him completely yet. He is an angel, however, he is quite jumpy.

He was the first and the only person who enjoyed military formations. In my entire military school, only I had loved the Military Tactic’s class. Every other student had only joined to wither get a scholarship into Inkerman or for the strength training. Well he wasn’t crazy like me but it was enough and exciting to find a single soul out there that enjoyed it. Though he had no and nothing close to any talent for it. He would lead his squad to death.

Back then I had parted and left to the library because I did not want to leave a bad first impression of being late on my first shift. It was very far away from the dorms where I had met Eren and Marco. Inkerman sure had a lot of money; to make curvy sidewalks when the field had no hills.

The library was huge, like basically on a scale of my calculations 2300 times bigger than my grandfather’s bookstore. And this was just in the number of volumes, not considering page numbers, series or anything else, just books. It was amazing.

Literally, love at first sight.

I was so happy, being in the best school in this entire human world. Surrounded by smart, rich individuals, with Eren, and studying something that I loved.

The library job wasn’t that bad. It was just recording transactions and sealing and imputing new books into the system. It was easy, the first few days passed by easy, with ease. It was practically the easiest task in my first week. I was used at all of these jobs, solely from my background experience at my grandfather’s bookshop. And I loved the library, since these rich-ass snobs barely even walked past this beautiful cathedral of books, I could spend most of my shift reading.

I loved the library. I really enjoyed this voluntary shift.

But not at this moment.

I was rammed up against the bookshelves, everything towered over me. My breath coming out in the heavy air in panicked clumps.

I furiously scribbled the new and missing titles into the thick, old, huge, bible-like log-book. The magnificence was far from my mind. My back was pressed into the sharp new book edges and I couldn’t help but cringe.

Eren was in math now so all I could do was work and I could only meet up with him at lunch, I thought with a sigh.

And I had a slight problem that had caused all of my hindrances when it came to my happiness.

A careless helper who was clearly here because of detention; had shelved the books wrongly and may I state, nothing, nothing, pissed me more off than shelving books incorrectly. It was either you didn’t know you abc’s or you couldn’t count. It truly, fucking pissed literally my cum out of me.

I breathed heavier as my heart beat thudded with anger. I closed my eyes as I tried to regain a normal pulse, but that was close to impossible. Considering the fact that this library is a vast and grandiose and maybe even the fact that it would be fucking hard to find a certain important book if some poxy hobknocker was going to fuck up at his abc’s.
I was so pissed off. I had worked my ass off and I do not get anything out of it. And here is some dim-witted fuckwit that is screwing up this perfect library. Like be considerate to the people who actually want to find this book okay!

I stormed out of my desk, before I lose my mind, let me tell you more about the desk that I loved to smoothen my hands over. It was in the middle of the circular dome roof. It was circular and anciently smoothed and carved with beautiful symbols of animals I had never had the luck to lay my eyes on. Well, that all slipped my mind because I was practically livid.

My eyes scanned the library, looking for the helper that worked at this hour. I glanced at the massive clock above the main entrance, the ancient hands pointed close to eleven. I gritted my teeth, if I didn’t find that idiot I would not be ever able to—

“You!” I ran up to the back of a tall, broad teen. I remembered seeing him walk in an hour earlier. As tall as the bookshelf and incredibly intimidating. Taller than me by like—oh fuck that!

But then again he had shelved books wrongly and that seriously sent my kettle into overdrive boiling mode and—

And holy fucking shit he was hot.

Wait no. O M G.

I pointed, I fucking and embarrassingly pointed, covering my wide and gaping mouth lewdly.

It was him!

The guy I shamelessly dreamed of kissing, fucking, hand-holding my protagonist!

No it can’t be… but it was really him. A splitting image, may I add. Well it was what my head had summed up of Mr. Perfect.

Dark blond hair, slicked back. Upper large broad chest, thick and attractively intimidating eyebrows and a muscular build and do not get me started on that face of his but wow.

Was this all even real?

It wasn’t. I was unreal, seeing a well-crafted-well-loved character before you own eyes. I loved it, it was my creation.

Let me explain how it feels to see your creation face-to-face. No it’s not the swell of pride when you see your baby son or daughter for the first time. Because the feeling you get are endless possibilities, a glint of ambiguities and a whole truckload of excitement. No this is different. It is only because you planned concisely what exactly this person does in almost every other minute of your life. Now let me explain.

Imagine you create another person as yourself. Let’s say I myself am an introvert that wears heavy under-eye liner and dark clothes and ignores everyone. And the person I create in my head is a super awesome twin that can fly and has ninja skills and dates the Commander of the Survey Corps, has a lama for a horse, no scratch that a unicorn with wings which makes it a pegicorn and sneaks out at night just to kill titans; was standing right in front of you. How would you feel?

And that person… was staring at me like I was a juicy piece of meat.

My author instincts screamed ‘wrong match’ because my protagonist’s wasn’t a pervert. I draw a fine
line between sex and making love.

Not like that was ever possible in the real world with ‘love at first sight’. But how this idiot looked
me up and down, pausing maybe a tad bit too long at my crotch, leaning over to check my ass.

//I literally heard his dad laugh his throaty heart out. He really had a similar laugh, while his wife
sushed him. He is a great dad, with battle scars and bitter and painful eyes. But he had a huge and
beautiful heart. So I continue to tease, while my lover loosen his collar in spite of nerves. It makes me
want to kiss his worries away, and maybe suck his enormous cock//

I cleared my throat and plaintively crossed my arms in distaste, I made sure my scowl was on full
display. “You, did not do your job properly.”

The blond whisked the thought off, scratching the back of his neck (as if it wasn’t important), he kept
his wild gaze on me.

“Names Smith, Erwin Smith,” he raised his eyebrows almost pleadingly— as he tried to act cute; at
me as he gazed deeply into my eyes, one hand outstretched. In a dominating matter, meaning that he

No way in hell.

Did I look like a girl? Not being sexist or anything. But I can surely rip his dick off with an uncooked
noodle.

I was never going to let a player get to me. Hell I could cut his tendon with my own blunt nails.

//Now his mom was laughing. I felt accepted and I gave his hand a light squeeze//

I crossed my arms and snarled. “Like I care,” I spat, he was so surprised, the look on his face was
nothing else but close to priceless, but he quickly recovered by feigning it with a pained smile.

“Do your job again! Now!”

I considered spitting at him but I considered it rude as a new student. So I turned and stormed off,
well aware of his eyes burning holes into my plump ass cheeks.

I had no fucking idea why, with all the hardcore training; why did I not lose the fat on my ass?

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I hid a yawn behind my palm.

I was exhausted.

Inkerman High School was no joke. The coursework was hard. The teachers here have been
working here ever since they were employed without complaint because the pay is really good. That
means that they know their subject very well, almost too well—meaning that they carried out their
lectures in brief intervals of heavy bombs that are catapulted in all directions at us. They easily can
sport a poser out of a hay bale and they just know what we students do to try to pick the locks.

But this was just for Chemistry and History.

I had no idea what the Military Programs would be like.

Military programs started after the other Military schools across the Walls had graduated. This would
be starting next week and I was expected to meet my two other fellow recruits that were on scholarship too.

The thought nearly killed my brain. With already Chemistry and History pulling me down, I had no idea how I could suffer another workload on my back.

*This school sure did have weird traditions and dates*, I thought as I scrolled through the updated calendar for this year.

I recalled that bloody administrator—Hanji, who not only humoured herself by joking on my height—had mentioned something about club signups. I grunted as I closed the page and snapped my phone off. I couldn’t be bothered. I would join whatever club that derived their afterschool study time on something like hardcore solider development or hell even fitness. That, or I would just join whatever Eren is in; it better not be something cheesy like he had always joined. Like Math club or the Reading club or something. I snorted as I leafed through the pages of the book I found; usually Eren would be the only member that would actually show up, there was once where the teacher in charge didn’t even bother to show up.

I smoothened the new binding of the book carefully, my hands oozed with experience, cradling the brand new book like how a trained nanny would hold an infant. I sighed, loving how the new pages breezed over my face with a fresh, crisp smell. I loved that smell.

I had my hand on the next page of the newest edition of this cool ‘survey corps military tactics 101’. It had recently dawned to me that History and Chemistry didn’t really matter. If I wanted to work in the Survey Corp’s office and field, I would have to be the first and the best out of everyone else in my new class.

**Do you know what the best part about this library is?**

At the end of every table, wait for it, there’s a shiny, silver kettle. And in the drawer underneath the table, there are all different assortments of tea and I die whenever I see them because I see these brands being imported from Sina Wall and they cost a fortune! They are the teas that you reserve for our deathbed in my village. I couldn’t help but feel specially privileged and a smidge bit guilty as I took a small sip of my peppermint tea as I bathed the comforting heat of the afternoon sun on my left cheek.

It was almost a few minutes to lunchtime and my *first* military class in Inkerman, would be starting soon. My heart lurched, both with excitement and with solicitude.

And then came a large *thing* that blocked the wonderful sun. Or more like a person, someone I didn’t, nope, totally did not want to see right now. Not when I am studying.

There is a place where you do not want to cross the line or even step on my line.

The first crossing would be shelving books incorrectly. Second was to mention my parents. But right now I think my third is definitely moving up to my second because I hated, despised, loathed, when people interrupted my studies.

It was like when you are deep into fifty pages of your new novel and your mom comes in and tells you all about her life story and how it relates to the man in the orange car that flipped her off when she drove slowly; and you just fucking lose it because, ‘I am reading mom!’ Or the time when you are in the theatres and it comes to that crucial moment where the good guy—who is wounded in three places and has nothing else but his fists to protect himself with, is in the same dark and uncanny building as the bad guy. You know the good guy is fucked, but in movies, they just never seem to
die, no matter how bad their situation might be. And then your friend texts you right at the moment, that moment that you practically paid your entire ticket to watch; just slips by and the bad guy is dead. You leave the cinema with your head-scratching, vowing that you would just download the full movie two months in the future.

This person really likes to piss me off and get on my nerves. He just loves to enlighten himself by crossing the lines. He just had to do it twice today, ha.

“Military huh?” the blond purred smoothly, eyeing my relaxed reading position, one hand on the book and the other on his chin. “Into the same interests I see.” He displayed another book. Probably a more difficult and elaborated book.

I scowled, I wanted to read that.

“Care to tell me your name?” He looked at me hopefully, with those stupid puppy eyes of his. Just like I had described last night when the protagonist finally allowed him to fuck him.

I shook my head, clearing those thoughts. Ew, Erwin Smith? Ew.

Why does he have to have the same first name as that perfect guy in my story?

I ignored him, casually flipping the next page, as if I did not recognize or notice his presence. This seemed to be new for him. Since he was attractive and well big, people noticed. I was glad to be giving him a hard time. My ass just doesn’t bounce on any idiot’s large cock for nothing okay? And I am busy and you like to piss me off!

And why does his cock have to be large like the one I have created? He could have a peanut for god knows why? Wait, I sneaked a peek at his large, manly fingers. Never mind…

I gritted my teeth as my thoughts took a dark turn. I snapped my eyes shut. Let’s not go there Armin.

“You drink peppermint?” he chuckled, it was low and earthy, almost close to scratchy, a gasp escaped my lips. Just like I had imagined him to be. Interesting.

“Yeah love it,” I finally said, breathlessly, senselessly. It took me another couple of seconds to regain my vexing composure, but now that seemed like a task. Thankfully he was too dense to catch it.

“Same me too,” We both reached out to grab the beautiful teapot, our hands brushed one another, small against big. And I panicked. A jolt shot up and down, sending me into a cluster of happiness. Causing the teapot to clutter on the table helplessly. Tea. Wonderfully expensive leaves spilled everywhere. I threw the book on the floor, shoving Erwin’s one away too with such force that I surprised both myself and Erwin.

I clasped a hand over my heart, it was thudding rapidly and deep down I knew, that it wasn’t the cause from my excellent ninja skills back there. It had something to do with this Erwin Smith. And I didn’t like it, not one bit.

I contemplated between scolding him for messing the table (even when I know that it was clearly my fault) or slinking off silently with my book.

I sighed as I turned to face him. “I-I’m sorry…”

With one glance, both options went down the drainpipe.

My eyes met his, only for a split-second, and then I bolted.
I do not know why, my legs just followed my rapid heart and not my brain. My heart clearly didn’t think of taking my book.

“Don’t worry about it!” He cried out after, me I desired to hit and shush him because he was being embarrassing loud in the fucking library but I was already out the door.

If I wasn’t so fucking flustered I would have rammed back and killed him for sure.

I couldn’t believe myself! Why had I been so flustered over my protagonist’s love interest?

Sure he’s hot but why? And why did I have to fuck up? I groaned ripping on my hair as the hot fall sun warmed me through the uniformed sweater. I was standing outside. Deciding that it was time for lunch, I sighed and continued trudging on.

Time to see Eren and tell him all about some Erwin hottie drooling over my hot piece of ass. I sighed as I came to a stop outside the library. The breeze is cool across my skin and it ripples the grassy hills. The sun is high above me in its afternoon radiance and I cannot help but trace my eyes back to the beautiful colours the sun had illuminated in its wake.

And then that’s when I saw him, through the long, stained glass window. Looking handsome and laughing. Smiling, that stupid, pearly grin as he wiped the mess I created.

Laughing. I cracked a smile.

But it quickly disappeared when I realized that he was laughing at no other but me.

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**Eren, Mess Hall, Centre Square**

Let’s get something straight.

No one, caught Erwin’s attention like Armin Arlet.

His eyes followed my best friend like a bee following the last flower in an endless desert.

“W-w-wait! You said that Erwin Smith, the Erwin Smith was smiling and laughing?! At you?” I cried out, dumbstruck, as I used my hands to elaborate my point to a cold-shouldered, nonchalant Armin. “Are you sure your mind wasn’t-”

“It never is!” Armin bellowed, throwing his arms up and almost flinging his lunch away. He sighed, his face was twisted into his famous sassy scowl. “I can’t believe that son of a fucking bastard bitch.”

It was impossible.

Erwin Smith was the definition of emotionless, manly; hell if you knew his background and the little sick game he played… you would have never had imagined him actually acting out how Armin had perceived everything — and he was laughing at Armin? Let me repeat, Armin?

Not that I was degrading my friend. No, no one could do that to Erwin, surely no one. But Armin?!
“He likes you,” I concluded, and then I shook my head defiantly. “No it’s surely love.”

Armin almost died from choking on beef.

Marco and I had to pummel his back.

“T-t-that,” Armin was seething in rage that repelled out of his body as if he were repelling magnets. “Erwin Jerk!?”

I covered a gasp with my mouth.

Surely he had no idea who he was talking about and how many terrible glares he had gotten from the girls around him. Even a nice one like Hope.

“Shhhh!” I quieted the raging Armin, by shoving my opened banana down his throat, muffling all the sounds he made. Only to make Marco burst out laughing from how lewd he looked.

I quickly glanced around.

I was a bastard to smirk when I caught a blond future Commander eyeing this way. His eyes plastered all over Armin. His eyes wide, his lips parted oh so, innocently. And how far that banana was shoved down his throat. And how a wet trail of saliva string out in twos from his bottom lip when he hastily threw it onto the ground. Erwin drank it all up with his eyes.

I was a true asshole.

“I betcha he’s getting hard for you Ar-”

Armin was fuming now, he had stood and pushed his metal chair back, it screeched loudly like a lonely owl cry. He was bristling like a cat.

He voiced out his thoughts in a dangerous whisper, which rose like a beautiful crescendo with furious pauses within every word. “Did it have to be a banana Eren?!”

I took a banana cake thrown at my shoulder and I carefully reminded him that the cake was also made from a banana. He threw a hissy, pissy fit and left Marco and I laughing out heads off.

Though I couldn’t help but feel a sense of pride for Armin. Sure, Erwin played around, in fact he lied to keep clear, lists and timetables of how and exactly how many boys will he steal the big ‘V’ from and leave them crying behind. He was cold and cruel like that. Always fucking, playing around. And as a good friend I had ought to be frantic and fretful over my poor friend bring the next target.

But how Erwin has acted, from Armin’s perspective has all brought but one idea to the light.

When I was not observing Levi, Erwin kept to himself, to his neat and perfect lists and notebooks to keep himself sane. They were filled with his goals of rutting into every new member on his list to keep him further sane from probably becoming Commander of the risqué Survey Corps. Have I ever seen him even glance up from his food before, just to take an eyeful on a certain individual?

Armin was the first.

My friend is surely doing it right.

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I was miraculously on time.
Considering the fact that Marco and I teased Armin behind his back for about a good half-hour. Well that is what best friends do. It was just the routine bullshit that would sprout about whenever nerds like us had the decency to plant some seeds. Somewhere along the lines of how Erwin would probably break someone as small and delicate as my blond friend during their first time.

Furthermore, the lunch mass hall was miles away from the library, but love makes you do stupid things that are against your will. I fucking ran here.

And he was twenty minutes late.

I was getting frustrated.

Was this a stupid little set-up?

Because if it is then all it screams is immature and a waste of my time!

Well not exactly, because I always spend the rest of my study periods in the library. But today I had actually taken the effort of writing and bringing neater notes just for the person I jerked off to two days ago.

Sounds incredibly fucked up but I swear it isn’t.

Yes, I guess it kind of is.

//I currently grimaced as the Queen nodded her head with agreement. Levi clutched my hand encouragingly//

Meeting Levi at the library a few days ago had felt like a dream. But not one of those pleasant dreams that leaves you in a morning glory or a boner. It was one of those dreams that you look back to and you get that eerie feeling; that feeling that you cannot help but think that something was off.

The memory of meeting Levi and have Levi in the science section of the library roused my suspicions. And how had a dumbass like him figure out I was scoring well in class.

I was not one to boast because I knew that I was long on grades but short on money compared to the majority around this place.

Had he been observing me all this time?

The thought spread a furious blush on my cheeks. I squeaked, pulling my book up to shield my face from… the empty tables around me.

No Eren, let’s not go there.

I scoffed, throwing the book down as I grasped onto reality. No one would notice me. That was pretty simple. There was always competition around. Armin had always been prettier, not that I held any grudges or jealousy over my friend. But there were always these ‘what ifs’.

What if I was born prettier?

With nice blue eyes, crystal clear like Armin’s and not oddly green.

What if I had a distinctive feature that set me apart from others, like freckles maybe?

And why did I have to be so disgustingly pale? What if I was a bit tanner? What if my pale skin wasn’t so sensitive? Even a light scratch had shone red for a good hour. A slap from Marco was left
for almost half a day, appearing like an ugly sunburn.

I sighed, pulling my sleeves down to cover my pale arms. I fiddled with my tie, trying to distract myself from the searing thought.

Then what made him notice me?

Or maybe Levi had asked the teacher to recommend a suitable tutor? And it just happened to be me?

Disappointment weighed my heart. But it perked right up when the unrealistic side of my brain fished out more gossamer proof that kept me hoping.

*He is too prideful to ask the teacher for help.*

I couldn’t help but smile. Out of habit, I glanced down at my watch. I gasped, furiously rifling through my notebook to the next chapter.

I had been off-track thinking about Levi for ten minutes!

*Okay enough of that. You have to study Eren!*

I pulled a very old Chemistry book and turned it to the corresponding chapter. It had been published ten years ago. I was just seeing how great I was at spotting what was new and missing. So far I had gotten nine out of ten new laws that had been recently discovered. Not bad for the first five minutes.

This is how I studied back then, works every time.

Time consuming, but effective.

I shimmied up to pull the crease of my pants down so that my knees were not clumping with the fabric and sighed.

But Levi was distracting me, far more than I intended him to.

I was distracted by how he had just sat at the seat across from me and had taken interest in seeking me for help in his studies.

I hated feeling this hopeful when my case was definitely… lost.

Levi was the Levi everyone knew for God’s sake!

And I was the Eren that nobody knows.

But then again, my stupid excuse of a brain kept replaying the memory of how I looked up from my genetics chapter and King Levi was sitting across from me.

At first I was so afraid, my heart had been pattering like a woodpecker but the tree just wouldn’t budge. The right words wouldn’t come out. And when he had mentioned knowing my ‘secret’, I had almost fainted. I had thought he knew I, so, shamelessly, masturbated to porn that had undoubtingly looked exactly like Levi.

I thought about my nervousness with an embarrassed sigh. I thought I was going to fuck up and scream ‘I love you’ like that kid, Ondera Ritsu in the anime, Sekai-ichi Hatsukoi (The kid with the pretty big green eyes that works for editing manga). Gosh, everything just starts from the library doesn’t it? Too bad not many people visit.
They have no idea what they are missing. Minus the sex that occurs regularly near the far end of the history shelves.

So many vast bookshelves and so little monitoring. Restrictions for a quiet fuck are so erotic. And just have Armin supervise the library and Eren and Levi could tutor, ahem, a.k.a fuck all study period. They would never get caught and—

“Oi brat, get your feet off my chair,” a crass and annoyed voice called out behind me.

My feet scrambled off the chair in a frenzy of heartbeats.

A sigh struck me into attention as the other, Levi, right here in person, shoved his bag down. He took a white handkerchief from his uniformed pocket and wiped the chair before he plopped down as elegantly as a person could ever sit.

He coughed as he slapped his notes—which was an empty notebook with some loose-sleeves pooling out—in front of me.

Oh look, the person that I am in love with is an incoherent bum who cannot take his own notes. Levi looked as perfect as ever, undercut, check, eyes grey as ever, check, tight and crumpled uniform, check, looking sexy, double, triple, quadruple check.

“I want to see all of your notes this past semester in Biology,” I accomplished without my voice wavering! Nice.

“This is it,” he said plainly, in a bored tone.

“What?!” I nearly screamed, the girl in front sending me a glare. Instead of me sending one back, Levi gave her the finger and she froze, suddenly recognizing the Kingka.

*Levi just gave a girl the finger for me!!*

Tch, how romantic.

Funny Levi scoffed too.

I had a thing for guys that scoff, and act cool, stylish, drinks black and green tea and well, I like Levi. A lot. Maybe too much for my own good.

“That’s all?” I managed to say, whispering all of a sudden.

“Do not whisper,” Levi scoffed again, rolling his eyes and he pulled on his ear. He faced me and his eyes locked with mine. “Tch, I want to hear everything you have to say.”

I simply nodded, keeping my head down as my cheeks reddened into a deep shade of scarlet that even the Devil wouldn’t wear something so sinfully red.

“Let’s get started,” I began, pushing the biology textbook opened the chapter three. “We are starting here because it is the far most basic and takes up about fifty percent of our course grade—”

“How do you know?” Levi questioned, disbelief written all over his face.

I flipped my bangs back. “Through careful and concise calculations, do you want me to explain it to you? Okay.” I whipped out my calculator form my back pocket, because you know, all nerds just carried around calculators just to prove their existence in this world, right?
Do not judge, judging is bad. I repeat, bad.

“Well see, last test was unit four and that only affected my grade up by two percent making my grade a measly ninety-seven, meaning that it only counts for a mere thirty percent out of the hundred, which is a shame because I worked hard for it. Also the first and second only counted for about twenty because our notes are so short. Also let me map out the equation of the past four tests and you can clearly see that—”

Next thing I knew was that Levi’s left hand was clamped over my mouth and before I could stop myself, I let a moan, just a small, tiny, one slip out as I imagined him silencing me as he drove, no drilled onto my prostate and sent me into such a high that I would be cumming onto the books as he took me from behind in the deserted titan history section the W67-Z01 section.

Oh fuck my sinful mind.

His eyes widened and I instantly regretted everything.

“W-what was that?” he asked, I dare say almost breathlessly.

“I-I…” I glanced away, looking more like the definition of red, a cooked lobster more like.

“J-just s-stop calculating okay?” Levi growled his eyes darting everywhere, he suddenly brought his leg down and shoved his seat far under the desk. “It hurts my head.”

“Sorry, Captain,” I nodded.

“Begin,” his voice was painfully soft. “Please.”

“So unit three is all about genetics. Sex-linked traits and all these other terms like co-dominance you have to learn and live to remember…”

And so our lessons began.

It was weird saying words like, ‘oh this sex trait’, ‘dominant gene’, how sex cells were formed and many, many more hot stuff that made me uncomfortable to utter in front of Levi of all people. But then again, this was the unit that was credited the most. He needed a boost here for finals.

What I did realize was how he had a hand forcefully blocking my view of his lower half, I was too caught up in my clear explanations and the repetition of ‘sex-linked traits’ that I didn’t notice him whimpering. And him rutting up to the table every so often.

Erwin, Sina Wall, Inkerman High School, Cielois Building Main Wing

Let’s get something straight.

I found the thought of his eyes profoundly distracting.

N-not that it meant anything to me though.

A few hours ago I had recalled the events that I had neatly folded and plotted in a precise timeline.
First encounter (around 10 am) - angry pretty pale blue eyes

Second encounter (around 10 am) - ice-cutting surprised, pale ice-blue eyes

Third encounter (around 11 am) - nonchalant, definitely ignoring and cold, ice-blue pale eyes

Fourth encounter (12:20 pm) - hot, smoky, sexy, tearful eyes, that are slow to realise that my hard and large dick is shoved up his mouth—no I apologise, correction, a banana. With his prefect, beautiful pale blue eyes tearing up in a lewd and absolutely fuckable matter.

It was rather distracting.

I was kind of irked out by how I had made a timeline about his eyes, when I had no clue what his name was.

But I kept the timeline neatly folded and tucked in my white shirt pocket with a sense of pride. I took organization and etiquette very seriously. I had lists and timelines made for everything I could muster, in a neat fashion.

I guess living alone is a dorm for a year has wired my brain short.

Even with the list tucked out from my sight, my thought still flew back to those crystal blue eyes like a desperate student who kept picturing his notes in his mind during an exam.

I had blue eyes too. They were darker and smaller than his but all rounded and handsome too, they were traits from my father. The girl sitting a row in front of me also has great blue eyes too. Hers were deeper, with such great blue depth that could suck you down into her whirlpool of spiralling abyss. Haruka had paler blue eyes, it was a bit darker than baby blue and was all the more beautiful.

But that boy had crystal clear baby blue eyes. I placed a hand under my chin, not even all the pretty adjectives could describe how clear and blue they were. When I first saw him, I was surprised by how they glimmered in the radiance of the sunlight. It was certainly hard to forget eyes like those.

Or maybe it was just me?

No, I just had a little, just a smidge-like obsession for blue eyes. All types of blue eyes, this pair just seems to draw me in more.

That reminded me.

I drew a list from my pocket. It was the oldest from the rest that I carried on me today. It was an important one, a list that I kept close to my heart; right in my inner breast pocket. I smiled lopsidedly as my eyes ran down the list.

Hans Baltimore. The cute, grey-eyed son of the Count; had to wait. I erased the numbers and left number one blank.

Until I know your name.

The Military formation class had just filed in. I had been early, as usual. The teacher was stiffly writing notes on the board. He was an old folk that my dad loved and used to drink with, well until Mr. Pixis became a teacher of course. Little secret, he still goes out with my dad, just not so often anymore.

Not that everyone has to possibly know that he’s an awesome drunk. But I know that you can keep it
a secret.

He loves me, as a kid and now, he doesn’t do anything to hide it though. Always clapping me on the back, as if I am not taller than him, complimenting about how I am growing closer and closer to looking like my old man; the works.

Since it was the first class, Mr Pixis had written his name on the board in its full glory and what chapters we would be focusing on.

I was bored, my hand resting on my chin as I nonchalantly watched the girls naturally flock over to me. I hated and clearly despised how some would just simply joined this class, just to flank around me. It was an apparent waste of their time, even my dad knows I root for small dicks and tight, virgin assholes. Rather than large, distracting boobs and wet pussies. Not that I hated girls. I just get so turned off when some girl who thinks she is popular and cares nothing about how good her nails and hair looks—shows up to military class.

I yawned, thinking of how I would corner the current boy on my V-list. He seemed like a tough and big catch, but the effort will be worth it, I am affirmative. I was considering and making yet another, neat list on how I would take him under my duvet.

Well that preoccupied my mind well enough.

And sometime, thank god, something brought some light and life back into me. Strolling in were to new scholarship Military kids. Usually they were train-bitten by my father and his captains. They usually strolled in serious, hard-headed and asinine. But this batch was young and fresh and consisted of that blond puppy with those eyes.

Two were buff, regular soldier-like looking, one was a serious dark-haired and drawn-out looking fellow. The other had messy dirty-blond hair with dark brown eyes. Chocolate brown and then there was puppy eyes.

“Say hello to, Faarlan Church, Charles Verten—”

“It’s Chuck, just Chuck,” a boy with dark hair and folded arms answered gruffly. The girls bustled around with gossip, well he was attractive, as large as I was, but not my type. I liked them cute with those eyes that were on that boy that was staring at anywhere but me!

How frustrating.

“Sorry Chuck, and Armin Arlet.” The old bald man smiled.

*Armin Arlet.*

Beautiful, simply vexingly beautiful.

My next target, will be a tough one considering he has already blew me off more than a few times.

The three saluted and bowed at the teacher and the seated students. My eyebrows shot up when Armin flicked his gaze up to meet mine. When he noticed that I was looking at him, he scowled.

Tough one indeed.

“Well I have to say Armin,” the bald teacher turned onto Armin before he had a chance to sit his delicious ass down with the rest of the military-scholars. “You have the same eyes as the late Commander’s wife.”
Armin paled at that. The entire class was pin-droop silent.

Wait… does he?

I could barely remember my mother.

I was the only son and I had inherited most of my father’s looks.

The saddest part was that I knew very little of her.

All I knew that she was humanity’s strongest and most beautiful and could only push my dad around. He loved her so much. And he went on and on about how beautiful her eyes were, even after she was dead.

Mr. Pixis chuckled and the class relaxed, knowing that he was going to jet off full speed into some old story.

I clenched my fists and tuned out to the sound of the old box. I regularly tuned out whenever my father, friends, neighbours or old soldiers would chat away about my mother as if she wasn’t dead.

But people loved eating up and devouring stories about my mother. She had been humanity’s strongest and was certainly beautiful and famous. They used to describe her as inscrutable and sphinx-like. Young girls used to idolize her, and the women at that time felt infinite.

However, this was all I had heard. I had never seen any of it with my own eyes. In fact she would have rather died killing titans than feeding me.

“Sit Armin, let me tell you all about her, Millicent. Her name was Millicent Hunter. Beautiful name for a beautiful girl. Long golden hair with eyes that are exactly like yours. No doubt. I will never forget those eyes. Never,” he paused, letting out a long-drawn sigh and I noted that he loved to repeat certain word to emphasize his statement. “We were all resting at a nearby small town village. And we were all battle-ridden and cold. Our eyes were dead. Half of us were gone, eaten, devoured. You have all never seen that happen, but all I can tell you is that it is hell. Hell, really.

“The Commander, was a Captain back then and he had lost so many from his squad, we had lost those of his best, Eyira and Carlzon. There was little comfort. Little food, no light in our eyes. The villagers gave us all they could afford.”

He suddenly closed his eyes and smiled.

“And then she came. And all of us not having seen a girl so beautiful, so clean for a while. She had those eyes that, that with just one look, could bring you into a smile. Even hard-faced Erd. We all fell at her feet,” he snorted and laughed, we did too.

My dad will never get enough of telling this story.

“We were dumbstruck. But it was only Commander Theodore Smith. Your father Erwin, that took her back to the Corps with him. He was a lucky bastard. Being all the man he was, he deserved her and she was swept off,” Pixis chuckled again. “And she surprised us all when she became the most strongest soldier in the Corps. Well that’s it for me today.”

The old teacher closed his eyes and sighed, before his eyes snapped open to reveal their true colours; glinting and focused on me. I gulped.

“Well Erwin, your father was one hell of a charmer,” he teased, his eyes glinting like a grade-school
bully. “Who knows when you are going to sweep your girl?”

I gritted my teeth and turned away. I couldn’t bear to look at his laughter, well he was clearly pleased. Being my father’s best friend had its perks, meaning that he just had to know everything about me too. I am sure my father went crying to his friend when he had realized that the family of Smith Commanders would stop after me. Mr. Pixis took it up to his job to constantly remind me about that.

I frowned as every girl swooned, crooned before and around me. Muttering that eye colour doesn’t matter. But from this way back, I could see Armin staring at me with wide, disbelieving, beautiful eyes.

And maybe he did, maybe he did have the eyes of my mother.

Because they were beautiful.

I closed my books and grabbed my bag as Pixis suddenly decided to write some more on the curved black boards.

I plopped my butt down beside Armin’s and stared intensively into his eyes. He started back, unblinking.

They. Are. So Beautiful.

“Y-you are the C-commander Theodore’s s-son?” Armin asked, his cheeks was scarlet, blushing and looking at me through careful eyes.

“Yes I am,” I replied smoothly, loving how easily he already had submitted. He must have met my father and seen how great of a man he was. I took the task to rummage through my bag, Armin had left in a rush to the lunch square. He had no time to take the book he was reading.

“I thought you might want this. You should see formation thirty three. It is the best for forest combat.”

“I-I’m sorry for my earlier behaviour,” he visibly straightened, his eyes boring holes into the book. “And t-thank you.”

“All’s forgiven Arlet,” his eyes widened at the informative and orderly tone I used as what my father showed me when ordering soldiers around.

He nodded firmly.

“Yes, sir.”

Oh, I was going to have so much fun with you Armin.

The games we are going to play.
Changing Rooms

Let’s get something straight.

Nothing is more satisfying than the touch of water.

No women’s touch or a man’s touch could make me feel the sudden jolt of pleasure and acceptance; than the water surrounding my body.

The way it drifts, loops and just bathes in me. The thought, just the mere thought is pure satisfaction.

If I could breathe water, I would. If I could live in water, I would unquestionably accept and embrace all the consequences. But to me, they wouldn’t be known as consequences. Water meant everything to me, it is to us, all of us too. Without it we would die of thirst. Be smelly forever and there would simply be no such thing as life. Even in the water I smiled. I entwined my limbs with the water, it’s touch was soft and cooling to the skin as it embraced me.

I sighed as I hauled myself out of the pool.

I was deliciously drenched in water.

My towel did nothing to dry off the water. Not that I didn’t mind at all, I enjoyed the wet feel of the droplets trickling down my skin. I closed my eyes as they trickled down.

Though it was just utterly humiliating and frustrating when I felt those piercing eyes from girls, they had lined themselves up at the fence, during the time swim practise was over, just to ogle our bodies as we got out of the water.

Now, that bothered me.

I wouldn’t mind if they had come to check out our skills and ‘ooh’ and ‘ahh’ in amazement at our speed and form, but no.

I avoided those gazes, no matter how nice I tried to be. This one aspect about girls pissed me off. I had a little sister who was two year younger than I am. Her name was Honoka, everyone called her Larali. At the age of eight, father had separated us. I lived in the main house, while she lived in another on the outskirts of Sina. She was a musician. She was an amazing violinist, she usually played for the king and when she did, father had finally welcomed her back into the main house. But by the time then, ten years had passed, we barely knew one another.

It was awkward. A lot like Frozen, except the door between us was wedged between unfree will, our voices passing, unheard and silent as the other suffered. We were never close, but I can still remember the times we would run around the house and cause havoc. And then came a month where she eloped. Now she is no longer family. “Honoka?” father would say. “Who’s that?”

I never had any experience with girls. To me they were fragile creatures that I never understood. I thought she would have been happy to live with us in the main house, but I guess she had felt more like a stranger than an honourable family member. She didn’t even introduce me to her lover. Honoka was like most girls, complicated, exiled—if there were a son in the house and unloved. She did not have any proper education, father was simply too afraid to let her out and into the real world. She was always home-schooled. And I was always alone. I had no women or girl exposure, the maid didn’t count.

This was why I stayed away from girls in this High School. For their fathers to send them here, they
were either the only child or looking for a suitor. It disgusted me. They were so lucky. If I wasn’t born, would Honoka be sent here too? Would she have not run away?

The girls were persistent, calling my name. I ignored them, shaking water out of my ear as if to indicate that I was water-logged and couldn’t hear a single thing.

“Haruka!”

“Lasky, look here!”

How dare they?

Use my real name like that?

Haru, was only meant for my mother, sister and lover to say. Well Captain, Erwin and my closest buds were an exception. But these no-named girls had no right. I was tempted to spin around and give them a piece of my mind.

So I did.

Before the Swim captain’s hand was on my shoulder to still me, my eyes widened when I spotted dark glossy hair. Utterly beautiful and forbidden. Luella Fey Palmer.

I had remembered her so well from the very first week at school. The first assembly actually. She was running for president and she was glamorous and brave, totally risqué to run for president in her first year, but as soon as she got on that stage, every other contestant knew that they had lost. She had swept the audience away, not with her promises, but her sarcasm to shot her opponents down, witty, cunning and clever. I felt bad for the other contestants, especially for the one after her.

In that moment, I had seen the fire light in her eyes.

It was those eyes that captivated me, I guess. Those pale green eyes that curved a wee bit downwards to soften her entire expression. It made her look like a warm type. Like those warm grannies that loved baking pie for her grandkids, or Santa Claus. Completely opposite from her actual personality in which she loved displaying. She had a knack for being unbelievably distanced, closed-off and prissy. Do I have to add that she is the sister of the famous Makoto Tachibana, the backstroke swimmer in which I admired so much?

Not only did I find backstroke hard, because I only swam free, no I had a fear for it. Seeing the endless blue sky was bloodcurdling, I would rather have my face in the water, thank you very much. I loved the water submerging my face, body, mind and soul. Not the other way around. Your body feel cold and weary. And I did not want to hit my head.

The Swim Captain muttered a few ‘don’t do it, not worth it’ phrases in my ear before he spun me around in the direction of the changing rooms. I ignored everyone and waited outside until everyone else was finished. I only changed after they were empty, mostly because I didn’t want anyone to snap a sneaky picture of my dick and show the fucking world on my dedicated tumblr site.

But I just couldn’t get those pale green, face-down eyes out of my head.

All about them eyes.

After about seven thirty and the last Macho guy had left the changing rooms with a towel over his wet orange hair. He waved at me and I smiled back. But I changed my mind. I glanced back at the pool, my current lover. It looked so damn lonely. I placed a hand over my stomach, I would miss
supper for another round in the water. So I headed back out to the pool. Even though I knew well enough that supper was about to start without me.

The setting sun’s rays basked in my ambience. Streaking the pale, transparent water with crystal steams of yellow, pink, red and the faintest purple.

It was beautiful.

And I swarm. Lifting arm after arm effortlessly.

My breath came in small gasps or fresh air into my lungs before I plunged back into the water.

I swam until it was dark.

Stars shone and crickets chirped. The moon was bright and in a crescent above my bobbing head.

I sighed as I hauled myself out of the pool and smiled as I stretched my worn and abused arms.

How long had it been since I had been swimming until late in the night?

My stomach growled, thankfully Reiner must have been compassionate enough to get me something, like every time.

He didn’t seem like the nicest person ever, but he did have a bigger heart than the others. Well, bigger than the others I hung out with.

I headed to the changing rooms.

I was sure that I was alone. It was dark and the only light on was the Phoenix changing rooms, the red houses’. I yawned as I grabbed my things and pattered softly to the changing room. I wondered who had been so irresponsible to waste energy for they had left all the lights on, I gritted my teeth as the fan grazed over me, chilling me to the core of my bones.

I sighed, closing my eyes and went on, I rounded the corner. I rubbed my sleepy eyes and saw another person, someone pretty familiar to be exact. My eyes widened in realization.

The person who I had admired, Luella Del Fey, had just taken off her hair?

Wait What?

I was so disoriented, and then it all made sense.

Luella never existed, I hid behind the lockers and stared, no drooled.

I hid a squeal behind my hand. It was him!

Makoto Fey Tachibana.

I had no idea that he lied about having a sister. No wonder she was so flat-chested and had the same eyes and was absent when Makoto was swimming competitively.

It really did make sense. Being a famous competitive swimmer while your father was a scholar was a tough life. It meant that you had to compete and study at the same time. And you would have to juggle your girl fans. And disguising yourself as a girl was probably the smartest solution.

And he was right in front of my eyes. Hot, half-naked and bare. Talk about perfection.
I had always teased Jean about his claims for loving Marco at first sight. It seemed far-fetched, as if it was on some faraway land.

Now I will never, ever tease him about believing in love at first sight.

He was gorgeous. His eyes were casted down as he shredded his pants off to reveal a green and black swimsuit. I was entranced. He was going to swim! Oh so he practised at night!

Makoto snatched his goggles and he was walking out, and over to me.

I gasped, stumbling backwards.

His eyes widened when he met my surprised blue ones.

We stared at each other for a while longer until I was sure he was going to lean in and kiss me.

But no. His eyes suddenly narrowed into dangerous and horrific little slits.

It didn’t take me long to realize that he was about to murder me.

I opted running but I had no time to react because he was grabbing me and slamming me up against the tiled walls of the changing room. My drippy, warm back met the chilling tiles. And I found myself staring up into his menacing green eyes, they were sparkling.

I didn’t know how or what, but a chaste moan slipped past me before I had even noticed.

I was mortified.

I covered my lips with one hands and looked everywhere but him, I looked down, but that was a mistake, because I had an eyeful of his cock. Talk about awkward. Cock outline in thin, streamlined black and green swim shorts.

He is quite big.

Do you have any idea how I had felt?

Imagine, having an idol that was littered in poor cut-outs across your wall, pictures in your locker and knew everything from his blood type and to his house address; now imagine him or her pushing you against the wall. Sounds like some fucked up wet dream right?

He was glaring at me, as scary as those kind, gentle eyes could ever stare. His mouth twisted in disgust and I swore I was looking at him with my puppy-eyes because I was so scared, nervous and shaking in anticipation.

My cheeks coloured as he leaned so close, was he going to kiss me?

Oh yes… I do not mind riding your big c—

“Don’t you dare Haru,” I froze, did he know what I was thinking?? I gasped when he said my real name, it rolled off his tongue with such delicacy precision, even when he was seething it, and the sound of my real name seized and wracked my entire body with adrenaline. “Tell or even ever mention this to anyone.”

He closed his eyes in annoyance and growled.

“Or I swear. I will fuck you up,” I stopped breathing as he gazed deep into my eyes as he leered
closer. “Your body, your life and your little baby sister, I swear Haru.”

Then he drew away and left me alone, panting, heart racing, hand over my mouth. My heart beats do not seem to want to slow the hell down. It is as if my heart decided to get its own mind, it didn’t seem to be thinking rationally now.

My knees weakened and I dropped to the floor. If anyone had walked in on us, they would have thought that I was giving a blowjob.

How did he know about my sister?

He traipsed out into the room, sending me a warning glare over his shoulder. And then I was left alone.

With my raging problem.

Chapter End Notes

I woke up today realizing that I would be posting on Valentines Day and I thought, oh shit I didn't put in any sappy, love-dovey crap. Sorry if you were here for that.

I was quite frustrated in the quality and content of this chapter, is it alright? Well I have a co-author to straighten up my grammar these days. When I write I get into this zone where I just keep writing and if I stop, I lose it. So She takes care of all that for me, makes a big deal about pointing out all my crappy grammar and typos too...

This chapter is one of the longest and it will just keep getting longer from now on, I had to cut this one into a quarter, or else you wouldn't be able to see the scroll-bar.

That aside... many important information was mentioned in this chapter, regarding Erwin's and Haruka's life. Especially Erwin, I must add. I wonder what that list of names is all about?

Oh and my editor keeps asking me about how titans can still exist if this story takes place in the modern times and there are nuclear bombs? Well... to be very honest, I was stumped. I have no idea why I haven't thought about that. But let's just say that nuclear bombs are the only thing that hasn't been created yet...

Please drop a comment! If you have the time. I love hearing back from you guys, and on what I have to work on. Critical is also fine, if you really hate it then go ahead (customers/readers are always right) along with other stuff. I look forward from hearing from you!

Happy Valentine's day!

If you are lonely, here's some advice, just stroll through tumblr fan-art cites, it will make your day. Or you can continue reading fics, well that is how I spend my holidays.
Hey everyone!! THANKS FOR READING AND I HOPED YOU ALL LIKED IT!

Honestly spent a long time on this chapter, editing, story-planning, the works. And I would really appreciate it if I could get feedback on how it was. And maybe how you feel about the plot so far. Likes and complaints are welcomed!
I have many fics but this is the second time I am confident in posting.

Oh and if this gets more than 21 kudos I will automatically draw Levi in the changing rooms shirtless, ya know the works, sweaty, probably hot as fuck, maybe panting from the after-fitness and most-likely with a towel flung around his neck. There’s a lot of shirtless pics of him but, no one can ever get enough right? Now go!
And if that doesn't catch your attention, double that (42) and there might be a shirtless, naïve and innocent Eren too! Panting because we all love them panting eh?

One hundred and there will be a smut drawing hahah not like that will ever happen...
(friend: do not risk it!)
[Me: yeah so?]

PS: I shamelessly draw smut for a living, no regrets, yolo.
Do not check out my tumblr. Nor will I ever give it to you.

Ciao.

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