6 Days (Plus)

by Rommel

Summary

What happens when a redheaded nymph and a brown-haired doormat get thrown together and forced to train or everyone will die? They have sex, of course. Mostly vanilla, with a hint of chocolate.

Lemon Warning: This is a lemon. I don’t own anything. No money is made.

Notes: special thanks go to all the people who helped in the making of this, specially Tabasco for pre-reading on such short notice (not to mention such short time). Then there’s Nemo, SW, and the other guys who actually bother to give their feedback at Lemontastica. Which reminds me, you might as well go to lemontastica.org for the biggest Eva lemon archive on the web. I kid you not. It’s bigger than Lilith, except that’s no LCL all over the floor. Also, don't be douche and sign up for the forums. We can always use more perv—users!

PS: If you find this to be too vanilla (pervert!) go read Power Plays. Yes, that is self-promotion. No, I have no shame.

PPS: I’ve been sitting on this version forever. Might as well post it.

PPPS: Fixed some issues.

Edited: April 2015
Shinji Ikari sighed as he climbed the stairs to the apartment he shared with Misato Katsuragi, his commanding officer and buxom guardian.

His friends had teased him about that again, as if he didn't have enough to worry about already. The last sortie in his Eva had been a disaster; after failing to destroy the Angel and embarrassing NERV, the UN had to be called in to bomb the hell out of it—both halves. It was now regenerating just outside the city, and there wasn't much of anything anyone could do to stop it.

Reaching the apartment door, Shinji rummaged around his book bag for his magnetic key card. He swiped the card in the lock and the door slid open with a soft hiss. He took off his shoes on the tiled landing and walked down short, narrow the hallway leading into the kitchen.

But when he turned to go into the living room …

There were boxes everywhere—literally, everywhere! Big boxes, little boxes, oddly-shaped boxes, boxes shaped like boxes. And they were all marked with letters he couldn’t understand. Some kind of corporate logo in red and yellow.

He trod carefully, making his way around this veritable obstacle course laid out in the living room. When he got to the hallway leading down to his bedroom he found it was almost entirely packed with even more boxes.

Boxes where all his things should have been.

Shinji looked around, stunned, not knowing what to think. Had Misato won the lottery and bought all this stuff? Was she moving out? Was she moving him out? Was anyone moving?

He noticed that one of the boxes was partially opened and several clothing articles had been left hanging over the edge. The drawers of the dresser had also been opened and were now haphazardly stuffed with even more clothes. Someone had clearly been through here in a hurry. Shinji stepped closer, peering inside the top drawer as carefully as if he expected something to spring out at him.

It was full of girl’s underwear—not the fancier lingerie-type underwear Misato wore but the sort belonging to a much younger girl: bras with rather small cups and pairs of flimsy cotton panties. Most were plain white schoolgirl panties, but some were patterned with printed flowers and cartoon animals. Others had stripes of different colors and seemed less demure overall, with more prominent leg holes, skinnier waistbands and narrower gussets.

He reached down absently, overcome by a sudden urge to touch.

“Step away from my drawer!”

That voice—that high-pitched shriek of a voice.

Shinji spun around, his heart leaping to his throat. Standing there at the doorway to what he thought was his room, in all her arrogant and self-absorbed beauty, was Asuka Langley Sohryu, the Second Child, fellow Eva Pilot and classmate.

The stunning redhead shifted her weight slightly, radiating haughtiness like heat from the sun. Her
posture was straight and confident, legs were wide apart and pretty bare feet planted flatly on the carpeted floor. One of her hands was clamped around her narrow waist while the other held a canned drink to her lips. Her flowing golden-red hair was slightly damp and her skin shimmered with moisture. The towel she had draped around her shoulders suggested she’d just stepped out of the shower.

“Are you stupid?” Asuka repeated shrilly, her unflinching sapphire gaze fixed on him. “I told you to step away from my panty drawer.”

Shinji was compelled to obey. The harsh tone of her voice was such that he had no doubt she would assault him if he failed to do so, and drag him away. “S-sorry,” he stuttered.

“What the hell are you doing in my room?” Asuka demanded.

She stalked towards him, and as she came closer Shinji couldn’t help noticing just how revealing her clothes were. Her loose sleeveless top drooped in all the right places, making it obvious to anyone that she had no bra underneath. It was tucked into a pair of skimpy, high-cut blue shorts that showed off every inch of her long, shapely legs.

“Y-your room?” Shinji replied, his mind having some trouble focusing.

“Yes, mine,” Asuka pressed a palm against her young, barely covered chest. “It’s my room. I’ll be living with Misato now. It’s only natural since I’m the better pilot.”

“But…”

“By the way, I had the moving crew throw all your stuff into the closet across the hall.” She stepped aside, allowing him to look across at the aforementioned closet. Indeed, he could see all his meager belonging had been thrown in there in a pile.

Shinji stepped towards the door in alarm. “Why would you—”

“I needed the space,” Asuka said pointedly. “Japanese rooms are so small. I couldn’t even fit half my things into my new room.”

Shinji peered out urgently at the crowed hallway, then back at the German redhead in disbelief. “All this stuff is yours?”

“Of course it’s mine, idiot.” She reached out and pressed her index finger against his forehead, pushing his head back and forcing him into what she had said was now her room. “And show some manners. Boys have stuff, girls— especially pretty girls like me—have necessities.”

Shinji stared at her.

“Don’t get too comfy. I’ll probably need the closet space soon. But I don’t think you’ll mind, since you won’t be here that long.”

Her tone was almost triumphant as she said this last sentence, as if displacing him from the only home he’d known in a long time was somehow a validation of her superior skills as an Eva pilot.

“And what’s with these doors? What are they made out of, cardboard?” Asuka slid the door closed in front of her to make her point, then slid it open again. “Paper? And no locks. What’s with that?”

She closed the door again, but this time when she opened it Misato was standing behind her.
“It’s because the Japanese believe in putting others’ needs in front of your own.”

Asuka yelped. The smirk that had been scrawled on her pretty western features disappeared. She twisted around on the balls of her feet. Even though it was a gesture of unguarded anger, Shinji marveled at the natural elegance of her movements. Her long hair flared around her, a storm of red fury.

“Oh, yeah, I forgot,” Asuka spat sarcastically. “This is Japan. Your culture is so backwards.”

Misato did not seem offended. “When in Rome, do as the Romans do.” She then turned her attention to Shinji. “Oh, you’ve been hanging out. How nice.”

Shinji opened his mouth, but Asuka gave him a warning look—a look that said, say something stupid and I’ll hurt you. “Yeah,” he muttered. “Nice.”

His guardian turned back to Asuka, thankfully ignoring his unenthusiastic tone. “Well, Asuka, I see you are settled in.” For the first time he noticed she had a backpack slung over her shoulder. “Although I didn’t expect you’d bring all this stuff with you.”

“It's not STUFF!”

“I guess you should take the second bedroom after all. Shinji can move across the hall.”

“What?” Asuka squealed. “He isn’t moving out?”

“No, of course not.” Misato shook her head, filling Shinji with relief. “This is his home too. You’ll be roommates. Actually, we need to talk. Lets go have a seat in the kitchen.”

Asuka seemed confused. She had obviously expected to have free reign of the apartment, not to have to share it with him. She wasn’t happy about this turn of events, and when she wasn’t happy Shinji didn’t think he’d want to be around her.

But at least she wouldn't be kicking him out.

The two teens followed close behind the Captain as she dodged the obstacles through the hallway and the living room. Asuka glared sideways at Shinji and sipped from her drink while the brown-haired boy focused on the floor and, occasionally, on her pretty feet as they glided over the carpet.

Asuka shoved him when she noticed, causing him to stumble over one of her boxes and fall behind. Misato missed the whole thing and just said, “Watch your step.”

Once in the kitchen, Shinji took a seat beside Asuka on the far side of the heavy wooden table, as directed by Misato. She stood opposite them, having laid the backpack on the table with Asuka's empty can.

“Right, now,” Misato began, “as you know your last outing together wasn’t all that great—”

“What did you expect when you send me out there with this idiot?” Asuka pointed a finger at Shinji. “I would’ve done fine by myself if I didn’t have to worry about him.”

Shinji did not even try to defend himself.

“Well, you are not out there by yourself, are you?” Misato replied sharply. “Individual skills are a good thing to have, but the fact is that you need to work as a team. You need to learn to work and act together. Particularly now that we know this Angel can split in two.”
“I can take both halves,” Asuka declared boastfully, despite the failed battle offering proof to the contrary.

Misato shook her head. “No, you can’t. And you’ll only get killed trying. The UN has bought us some time and I think we’ve found a good way to put that to use. The first phase is already complete, you moving in together. The second is about to begin.” She opened the backpack and withdrew two sets of identical disk players, followed by two strange outfits that looked like surplus from a dance class.

“We need to have the two of you work on coordination. You need to move alike, to strike as one. For all intents and purposes you need to think alike. There’s really no other way, since you need to be able to engage and defeat two targets that, in essence, share one mind. And you will do that by learning to do everything together.”

Asuka was on her feet instantly, slamming her hands down on the table, her eyes wide. “WHAT?!”

“Furthermore, your bio-rhythms need to be synchronized to achieve maximum coordination,” Misato continued, ignoring her outbursts. “You will live together, you will work out together, you will eat together, you will even sleep together.”

Now it was Shinji’s turn to be surprised. Asuka, however, was positively fuming.

“No way!” she screeched so loudly it was nearly ultrasonic. She pointed at Shinji, growing increasingly red-faced. “There’s no way I’m sleeping anywhere near this pervert! I don’t care what you say, I don’t care what anybody says! Your plan is stupid! Children of different sexes are not even supposed to sleep on the same room at our age! I know stupid pervert Shinji will molest me at night the first chance he gets!”

“Kaji’s plan, actually,” Misato said with surprising aplomb. “And Shinji’s too afraid of you to try anything.”

Hearing the name of her crush seemed to put the brakes on Asuka’s runaway rant. “But … why would Kaji suggest such a thing?”

“Because he understands what is necessary. I think he would hope you’d understand that too, Asuka. It’s not like there’s a choice—this plan has been approved by Commander Ikari.”

Asuka stared her down—two electric blue orbs meeting cool black ones. Then she sighed deeply, and slumped down on her chair, hiding her face in her hands and shaking her head, muttering, “Why me… it’s not fair.”

Shinji didn’t know why, but felt compelled to console her. He made to put a hand on her bare shoulder. “It’s okay, Asuka, I don’t—”

“Shut up!” Asuka rounded on him, her face a snarl that made his take his hand back lest he should lose some fingers. “This is all your fault! If you weren’t such an idiot I could have taken care of the Angel and we wouldn’t have to do this! I might have even been able to move in with Kaji instead!”

“Um, s-sorry…”

“And stop apologizing!” she yelled. “Stop—just stop being an idiot!” She returned her face to her hands. “Oh, God, I can’t do this. This is a nightmare, right? I got hit on the head and this is just the concussion. It can’t be for real.”

“Afraid it is,” Misato said. “We have six days until the Angel resumes its attack. During that time
you guys will be together at all times. You will train non-stop. You will eat the same food at the same time. You will even look alike.” She picked up the ballet outfits and set each in front of one of the teens.

Asuka didn’t even look at her. Such was her anger and frustration that she had all the disposition of someone on the verge of tears. Shinji thought she might actually start crying to get herself out of this.

He looked down at the outfit in front of him, examining it. The material was stretchy, probably some kind of spandex. It was thin, too. The outfits themselves were basically leotards done in matching shades of purple, coupled with loose, short-sleeved T-shirts that did not make it to the wearer's midriff, and on which small musical notes were printed.

The only differences were that the bottom of Asuka’s leotard had a V-shaped gusset and a high cut that rode the seam of her legs while Shinji’s had short leggings down to about mid-thigh, and that the colors of the shirts—pink of hers, blue on his.

It was, he realized, such a ridiculous looking thing that he entirely agreed with the redhead’s outrage. He didn’t know why that struck him as being so odd, but in the short time they’d known each other Asuka and him hadn’t agreed on anything.

Asuka was looking put upon, her body language downcast. She was always so upbeat and energetic, and loud. He felt like he should say something to her.

“Come on, Asu—”

“Don’t talk to me!” she barked, turning her head and baring her teeth at him. “How can I be expected to synchronize with the likes of you? It’s like I’m being asked to lower myself!”

Shinji said nothing, sulking silently rather than come to his own defense.

“You’re gonna have to try really hard, then,” Misato said. “And putting him down isn’t going to help matters any.”

Asuka snorted, a gesture of distinct contempt for both of them. Shinji kept his eyes away from her, fearful that she might lash out at him again—that she might even blame Misato’s rebuttal on him. He had known her longer, after all. It was to be expected that she would side with him.

The redhead looked him over, her sapphire blue eyes piercing him, analyzing. He couldn’t quite see her expression but he knew it had to be a sour one.

Finally, she pushed her chair away from the table and got to her feet, like she was deciding this wasn’t worth arguing about anymore. Shinji caught a glimpse of her as she stood and his gaze was drawn magnetically to her; her hair seemed to bounce off her shoulders, long golden-red tresses falling down to the middle of her back. Her posture had straightened again.

Misato was puzzled. “Where are you going?”

“To finish unpacking.”

“I don’t think so,” Misato said, leaning back lazily on her chair. “You two are going to change. And you are going to start training.”

“Right now?” Asuka whined. “But …”

“Right now. We’re going to set everything up. And I’m going to show you the steps—they’re
simple, really. You shouldn’t have too much trouble with them.” Misato turned to Shinji. “You
should go change too, Shinji.”

Asuka turned to him as well, her gaze accusatory and annoyed. Shinji slunk back in his chair, trying
to hide.

“This is so stupid!” Asuka declared, snatching the dancing outfit from the table with an angry swipe
of her hand. She whirled about on her pink heels, and strode huffily around Shinji’s chair towards
the bathroom, her steps thundering all the way.

Shinji avoided looking at her as she went, keeping his eyes on the table and his own outfit in front of
him. But he felt her presence, a powerful aura of supreme confidence, smelled her lavender
shampoo, the sweet aroma of her self. With a loud racket Asuka drew the stiff accordion-like curtain
that separated the bathroom from the kitchen and disappeared from view.

Asuka Langey Soryu was a shock to the senses—that much was obvious upon meeting her. Shinji,
the human doormat, knew there was little to make her interested him, but she sure was interesting
herself. She was utterly different, infuriatingly haughty and intensely alluring at the same time. A
barefoot, sweet-smelling, redheaded paradox.

And she was so pretty … how could anyone so pretty act the way she did? If she were a guy, she’d
be the quintessential hot-blooded ace pilot, wooing girls and kicking butt left and right. And if Shinji
were a girl—

“Boy did she do a number on you.”

Shinji shook his head, frowning in puzzlement. Misato was looking at him with that look, that
mischievous smirk that said she was about to tease him. He decided it was best to play dumb. “Uh?”

“Well, I guess it’s my fault for not warning you,” Misato said. “Asuka can be quite … overpowering,
don’t you think?”

“I … guess.”

Misato looked at him closely, her eyebrows upturned to indicate curiosity.

He blushed. “What?”

“I was just wondering what you thought of this, her moving in and all. It’s not like I mean to throw
you two in together, but it seems like a good plan. I didn’t think you’d mind having another
roommate. Granted, I didn’t expect she’d throw you out of your room…”

“It’s okay,” Shinji said with embarrassing sheepishness. “She needs the space more than me.”

“Shinji, you shouldn’t let her push you around,” Misato said pointedly. “Women don’t respect men
they can push around so easily. And Asuka is definitely not going to respect you if you do.”

He didn’t need her to respect him, Shinji thought. He just needed to get out of this alive.

Asuka threw the clown-leotard-looking-thing into the bathroom sink in a fit of rage, then proceeded
to stalk around the tiny space like a lion trapped in a cage that was too small, fuming, baring her
teeth, and wanting to pull her hair out in frustration.
She hadn’t come to Japan to dress in ridiculous outfits, learn dance routines, or room with a stupid half-witted teenage boy. As if her defeat at the hands of the Angel in her debut battle, her humiliation in front the Commander, Wonder Girl, Katsuragi and, worse of all, Kaji weren’t bad enough, now she had to dance with Shinji.

Dancing to defeat an Angel that can split in two? How ridiculous. Misato was lying—Kaji would never come up with something like this. If this was the sort of operation she could expect from the brilliant people at NERV, she might as well go back to Germany.

But it wasn’t the dancing that worried her. Asuka was very well coordinated, trained as she was to be a lethal weapon of unrivaled skill. She could dance. She could dance better than anyone in this J-pop addicted country. But the fact that she had to dance with Shinji Ikari—that, as Misato said, they would do everything together for six days made her feel … uncomfortable.

Asuka stopped her pacing and stood there on the cold tiled floor perfectly still.

Uncomfortable? How in hell could Shinji Ikari make her uncomfortable? The boy was a doormat, a twerp, and from what she’d heard of Japanese teenagers, probably a class 1A pervert.

Okay, so he was cute. That didn’t mean that—

No sooner had that thought occurred to her, that Asuka slapped herself across the face. It was a bad idea.

“Ouch,” she whimpered in unexpected pain, rubbing the sore spot on her cheek where her blow had landed. Not finding a place to sit, she entered the next alcove on the right, which held the bathtub. The bathroom was really made up of three rooms, all separated by flimsy doors—the washroom, the actual bath room with the tub, and the water closet, what the Japanese apparently called their toilets.

She sat on the edge of the tub, her eyes watering. Stupid Third Child, making her hurt herself. She couldn't believe she was stuck with him.

When Misato called her and offered a place to stay, Asuka had fully expected to take over, not to have to share it. Why should she share? She was Asuka Langley Soryu. She was an elite Eva pilot. She deserved her own accommodations. She deserved her own bodyguards. As far as she was concerned, she deserved her own private line to Commander Ikari in case they had to discuss strategies.

Hold on—Shinji was the Commander's son. Maybe this was all his idea to make fun of her.

Asuka shook her head, dismissing the thought. No. Shinji had a stupid outfit too. If he wanted to make her look ridiculous he wouldn’t also make himself look ridiculous. Besides, he didn’t seem that clever.”

No, he certainly didn't. And that was part of what Asuka found him so hard to tolerate. Eva pilots shouldn't be allowed to be so dull and dumb. It reflected poorly on her.

Waiting for the sting on her cheek to go away, the young redhead looked around. At least the bathroom was bigger than the tiny little thing in her hotel. That was even smaller than the stateroom she’d had on the Over the Rainbow. It was as though NERV had decided to skimp on her only after bringing her all the way from Germany.

She, however, was appalled to see a plastic ring hanging on a line over the tub on which several pairs of panties and bras had been hung to dry; Misato’s laundry, probably. She’d be damned if she was going to hang her panties anywhere stupid pervert Shinji could get at them.
She also noticed that stupid-looking plastic ‘thing’ in the tub. She’d seen something similar in her hotel bathroom—it was like a chair or a footstool or something that was flat like a normal chair would be but had this gap in the middle, like it was someone’s idea of a joke. She had tried using it to sit on in the shower, but it was so uncomfortable she couldn’t imagine that was what it was for.

Asuka reached into the tub and picked up the plastic thing, examining it as she had done the one in her hotel. She placed it in front of her and propped up her feet, crossing her ankles. A footstool it wasn’t, as she found it when her heel slipped into the gap and became stuck.

“Stupid thing.” She simply kicked it off her feet, sending it bouncing into the wall, and not caring if it broke.

After another lazy moment, rolling her head to loosen the unwanted tension in her shoulders and inspecting her fingernails, Asuka finally rose and returned to confront the problem waiting for her in the sink.

Holding the dancing outfit at arms length, she began sizing it up. Awful color, scandalous cut, cheap looking, and it even felt weird to the touch. It would probably irritate her sensitive skin and ride up endlessly.

She sighed, dropping her arms, slouching her shoulders forward in dejection.

“I don’t have a choice, do I?” Asuka asked herself. She looked at her reflection in the mirror, waiting for an answer. None was forthcoming.

The mirror stared back, those astonishing blue eyes peering at her from a furrowed brow. They were round, open, and like rest of her features singled her out as non-Japanese.

She wasn’t exactly a gaijin, but she sure felt like one. This wasn’t her home, or her country, or her people. She was a foreign specimen, a young and beautiful foreign specimen, but foreign nonetheless. She’d become a celebrity at school in no time flat—her idol-singer looks and loud, outgoing personality no doubt played a part in that.

But at the end of the day, she was alone.

Being popular wasn’t all it was cracked up to be, either. She had to clean out her locker every day from the love letters she received. She’d even been declared to more than once, and she’d been especially keen to turn them down as cruelly as possible. She was the Second Child, pilot of Eva Unit-02, how dare these stupid Japanese males think they were good enough for her?

“And now you are living with one.” The little voice inside her head was decidedly mocking. “You are dressing like him. You are dancing with him. You are practically a couple.”

She turned around and tossed the outfit into the sink again, then rubbed the balls of her hands against her temples. “He’s just a boy, Asuka. What are you so afraid of?”

Asuka jerked her head, surprised that she could ask such a meaningful and embarrassing question of herself. Afraid? Her job was to risk her life fighting giant skyscraper sized monsters, possibly aliens. She wasn’t afraid of anything.
It was more embarrassing than he imagined.

Ever since joining NERV a few months back Shinji had gotten used to wearing form-fitting garments. But at least his plugsuit had the added benefit of making him look good when he climbed in and out of his Eva—nobody could have looked good in something like this.

Well, he quickly amended, except maybe her.

The Third Child lifted his eyes from the bundle of wires in his lap that he was supposed to be working on and sneak ed a cautious glance at the redheaded girl standing nearby.

Asuka towered over him, hands on her hips and an angry frown on her pretty face. Her hair was pinned up by her neural connectors, making her seem as if she had little red horns sticking out of her head. The matching leotard she wore was not purposefully revealing, but Shinji had to admit it suited her. The thin stretchy material fit her slender curves nicely, contouring over her hips into a sharp V between her legs and offering a tiny hint of the mound underneath. It clung tightly to her narrow waist and up her flanks and chest, though this last part was mostly hidden by the short T-shirt.

Shinji was aware that she would likely kick the crap out of him at the slightest indiscretion, so he had to try his best not to stare at her. And he had to try not to think about her either, because just as her outfit was tight on Asuka’s body his was also tight on him—particularly over his crotch.

He might as well be naked.

“Done,” Misato declared, moving back to admire her work. “I think that’s how it goes.”

The device looked like a clock set on a tall metal pole, and it matched a similar device that was still lying in pieces nearby. From what Shinji understood, the two clocks were supposed to be attached via cables—probably the ones in his lap—to the funny looking exercise mats also nearby. The mats were made out of thin plastic, and had plate-sized circles set in rows of five. They reminded Shinji of what was normally used to play Twister.

“It looks like crap,” Asuka said harshly. She had taken a mostly supervising position as Misato and Shinji set up the two devices that would aid with their training. The haughty redhead still seemed very unhappy, looking down at her new roommates with something like deep resentment.

“You’ll have to be more specific than that if you want to help,” Misato said, unfazed by Asuka’s rudeness. She reached around for the assembly instructions. “It doesn’t look like it’s upside down.”

“I didn’t say it was upside down,” Asuka barked, “I said it looked like crap.”

Misato gave her a sideways glance, but showing tremendous patience did not bicker with her. Asuka was not intending to help, which Shinji was perfectly willing to accept, but he didn’t think she had to be so rude either.

Reaching out, Misato picked up a small stack of papers and handing them out to Asuka. “Here. You can get started memorizing these while we finish.”

Asuka took the papers with a swipe of her hand and a huff. Misato then turned to Shinji. “You still got those instructions?”

He looked down at his lap, where the wiring he was supposed to be working on was still a tangled knot, then to his side. Spotting the instruction pamphlet that came with the device, he passed it along.

Misato had said she’d dug up the contraption from a store that specialized in dancing and music
supplies. Shinji wondered if she’d found the outfits in the same place, and, more importantly since they had already spent the better part of an hour working on this, why she didn’t ask Ritsuko to help with the assembly. Granted, a lot of that time was spent just clearing Asuka’s boxes from the living room—there were boxes now stacked high in all three bedrooms, the washroom, the hallways, and even the balcony.

“You have got to be kidding me!”

Both Shinji and Misato turned to Asuka just as she threw the papers onto the floor. “I’m not doing this! This isn’t even a dance, it’s … it’s a fucking embarrassment!”

“Watch your language, Asuka,” Misato said, frowning. “Besides, you’ll be doing it in the living room. No one will see you.”

“YOU will see me!” Asuka retorted, pointing a finger at her, then at Shinji. “And the idiot will see me!”

“Well, if you don’t think you can—”

“Of course I can—that’s not the point!” If there was anything that could get Asuka more riled up than she already was, doubting her skills was it. But even Shinji, who was not good at reading people, picked up what he thought was a flash of insecurity hidden in her anger.

“This is a combat operation,” Misato said. “And learning this synchronization routine is an operational requirement. It’s no different than learning to work a new weapon as far as I’m concerned.”

“That’s because you don’t have to do it!” There was something else in Asuka’s voice now. Something aside from the annoyed haughtiness she had displayed so far. “You won’t be the one being made fun of!”

Misato sighed. “No one is going to make fun of you,” she said, turning her head to Shinji. “Right, Shinji?”

He was halfway through a nod, when Asuka piped up. “Shut up!”

“B-but I haven’t even—”

“Shut up!” Asuka bellowed, stomping her right foot on the carpet. “This is all your fault! Shut up, shut up, shut up!”

Misato gave him an apologetic glance, but at the same time warned him not to take offense. He dropped his head, not saying another word, and returned to the bundle of wires in his lap.

It took another half an hour to have everything set up. By then Asuka had given up her protests and was sitting with her legs folded beneath her. She looked angry. Shinji was sitting beside her, not too close. Misato had finished the assembly mostly on her own, somehow getting the circles on the mat to light up, and gave him a chance to look at the steps for the routine they’d be training on.

Asuka was right; it wasn’t really a dance. More like individual gymnastics where they had to put the correct arm or foot on the correct circle almost instantaneously as they lit up. Shinji didn’t know why Asuka was so upset; it certainly wasn’t anything worse than the stuff they did in PE at school.

Misato tapped both clocks and their faces lit up with the word READY. She turned to her wards. “These will tell you what your delay is, unless you miss completely. Then you’ll just get an error.
“Pretty please?” Misato opened a hand towards the nearest mat. “I don’t want to make you do this any more than you want to do it. Some times we have to do things we don’t like to complete the mission. You understand that, Asuka, don’t you?”

Asuka uncrossed her arms and stood up with a huff of annoyance, turning and giving Misato a cold shoulder as she stepped onto the mat. Shinji caught something in his guardian’s eyes that told him she was not at all pleased with the redhead’s attitude. Hurt, maybe.

He stepped onto the mat to Asuka’s right and stood on the two black circles in the middle of the back row that marked the starting position. Asuka reluctantly did the same. Their bare feet made almost no noise as they padded on the thick plastic. Behind them, the clocks beeped sharply and flashed string of zeros.

“Okay,” Misato said seriously, “I’ll read the steps out so it’ll be easier for you to memorize them.”

“For the idiot maybe,” Asuka snorted, running a hand back through her hair.

Misato ignored her. “Remember, you need to be within half-a-second of each other. Eventually you should have that down to a few tenths.” She took the sheet with the diagram and sat in front of the mats. “First up, right foot forward.”

Shinji looked down at his feet, waiting he didn’t really know for what. Then one of the dark circles in front of him turned red. And … before he could take a step heard a buzzer behind him. He turned his head.

The clock was flashing red—ERROR.

“How am I supposed to be quicker when I haven’t even…” Shinji trailed off, noticing Asuka had her right foot firmly planted on her mat’s red circle. His eyes grew slowly wider. In the time it had taken him to process the command Asuka had already carried it out. “Wow.”

Asuka grinned. “You shouldn’t be impressed,” she said, but it was clear she enjoyed the fact that he was. Her eyes were beaming like two blue, haughty sapphires. “This is such basic stuff anyone with a little training could do it.”

Shinji restrained the urge to compliment her further, noting to himself that the last thing she needed was someone else stroking her ego.

“Reset,” Misato called out. Both children stepped back onto the black circles. The clocks beeped and showed zeroes once more.

Shinji looked at Asuka again, marveling at the graceful way in which she made even the smallest movements, her features taut with concentration. He was so clumsy compared to her that he felt as though he would trip just standing there.

The same circle flashed red again, and he immediately took a step without thinking. Asuka was already there, but he was close enough. He breathed a sign of relief.
“Next should be behind you,” Misato called out. “Left hand.”

Shinji looked behind and saw another circle turn red as the one he was on went dark again, and had no idea how he was supposed to—Asuka bent over almost sideways, thrusting her barely-clad bottom backwards towards him and making the material of the leotard stretch slightly to contain her, and tapped the red circle with her left hand.

He just stared, frozen solid by the incredible view.

ERROR!

Asuka straightened and turned, placing her hands on her hips. Now she was angry. “Dammit, Third Child, would you at least TRY to keep up?”

Shinji found his throat felt like sandpaper as he tried to make words. “S-sorry.”

“Don’t apologize!” Asuka stomped her foot and took a threatening step forward. Shinji cowered, convinced that she would strike him out of frustration.

But just when it seemed things would get out of control, Misato jumped in. “Reset. And Asuka, try to wait for him. This isn’t about doing it the fastest, it’s about coordination.”

Shinji did as he was told, returning to his starting position, but Asuka rounded on Misato, teeth bared. “It isn’t my fault the idiot can’t keep up!”

“Yes, yes, I know, but you should try to work together.”

They kept going like this for a while, starting and stopping. But it didn’t matter how far they got into the choreography or how long they tried, they couldn’t get it. Despite Misato’s advice, Asuka didn’t slow down and Shinji couldn’t keep up. Slowly, the whole thing devolved into an exercise in frustration.

Shinji was soon sweating profusely, his skin shimmering under the living room lights. The outfit began to feel clammy, sticking to him and making his movements seem even clumsier. Asuka, too, was shimmering, but her heated skin, being paler than his, also acquired a subtle red flush. Covered in sweat, her outfit fitted her even tighter, which Shinji didn’t think was possible.

What was more, the seams along her creamy upper thighs had begun to ride up from her movements, revealing more of the skin bellow. Every time she bent over to tap one circle or another, the underside of her pubis pushed against the material. She was sweating there too, as evidence by the dark stain running between the two tiny parallel bumps.

After noticing that, Shinji could not concentrate. He was too hot, the outfit too tight and heavy. Every time he turned to look at her his eyes would seek the spot between her legs, so he stopped trying to look for fear of being caught. Not being able to tell what she was doing completely screwed him up. He had to guess what her pace was, estimate the quickness of her movements. He didn’t do a good job.

By the time Misato called a break and they plopped down panting on their mats, Asuka had grown so angry and frustrated Shinji thought she would cry. She clutched her hair with her hands, looking ready to start pulling it out.

“This is stupid!” She shot him a venomous glare, the trembling blue orbs of her eyes wavy with tears. “You idiot, why can’t you do anything right? Stop being such a klutz! Do it right! It can’t be that hard! Just do it right!”
Shinji could not stand it anymore and got up. “Excuse me.”

The pressure on the front of his suit grew unbearable in the time it took to rush from the living room to the bathroom. After he locked the door behind him, he looked down and noticed the flexible material held a lump visibly pushing upwards along his groin, as if someone had stuffed a moderately-sized salami in there. It was so embarrassing. He had no idea how the loud redhead had managed to miss the bright flush on his cheeks.

Shinji sighed, leaning heavily against the door, and hung his head. The bathroom was hot, it always was even when the rest of the apartment was cool. His sweat-soaked skin only augmented the feeling.

Try as he might, he could not get the image of Asuka’s enticing crotch out of his head. Although the outfit provided a rather flimsy barrier to that most secret part of her, it was also solid enough to make him wonder what lay beyond. He had never seen a girl’s thing before—his experience being mostly limited to catching a brief glimpse of Asuka’s panties when a whiff of breeze had lifted her yellow skirt on the Over the Rainbow—and that just seemed to add to the general allure around the German girl.

And, sure, he had seen Rei naked once, but he hadn’t really seen anything so that didn’t count.

He couldn’t explain it; Asuka wasn’t nice, and she was definitely not the sort of girl he always thought he would be attracted to. She was rude and loud and utterly obnoxious, and he could never, ever get along with someone like her. But he couldn’t help the thoughts.

Regardless of her attitude, Shinji noticed that she wasn’t just pretty; she was beautiful. Absolutely stunning in a way he could hardly comprehend. Her hair, a shimmering golden-red; her face, sharp featured and yet delicate; her body—

A shiver ran up his spine. The stiffness between his legs pushed more firmly against his outfit, making him decidedly uncomfortable.

Shinji knew he couldn’t go back out there like this. Forget about not being able to concentrate on what he was doing, if Asuka saw him he would never hear the end of it. Hardly anything could be worse than having his new roommate constantly teasing him about sex because she knew it could get to him. And he was sure Asuka would be more than glad to tease him. She would jump at the chance to humiliate him.

No, he had to do something. Misato had said they would be sleeping together, so better now that he had some privacy.

Shinji made his way towards the toilet, but as he opened the door to the water closet he noticed a small white patch hanging from the edge of the laundry basket. He didn’t know what made him turn his head, let alone walk up for a closer inspection—maybe his aroused sense felt something the rest of him didn’t, or maybe it was just natural curiosity.

He had seen these before, in Asuka’s drawer, but that didn’t take anything away from his surprise. Gingerly, he reached down, and as he straightened held the panties open in front of him.

They were made of flimsy white cotton, still faintly warm and conservatively cut with wrinkled elastic bands at the leg holes and waist. The gusset was double-layered, creating a slightly thicker area where it would actually press against the genitals. A tiny pink ribbon adorned the front, and there were cute cartoon animals printed on the fabric—lions and zebras.
Shinji smiled in amusement, wondering if Asuka had panties with animals from all five continents.

He returned to the water closet, panties in hand, and shut the door behind him. The space was tight, most of it occupied by the white porcelain toilet. Getting rid of the T-shirt was, well, like taking off a T-shirt. But the singlet he wore was a single piece, which meant it was impossible to remove a part of it without taking off the whole thing. Whereas Asuka might be able to push the gusset of her outfit aside with a finger, the leggings on Shinji’s prevented him from doing so. He would have to take it off completely.

There was nothing for it. Trying not to give it too much thought, he began to undress. It took him a moment; the singlet was a tight fit and the sweat made it stick even closer, like a wet swimsuit.

By the time he managed to push the material down his thighs, his fully erect penis had sprung out in front of him like a flagpole. He felt ashamed to be standing there in the middle of the bathroom like that, but even that was not enough to deter him. The urge for release was too great.

Sitting down on the toilet seat, Shinji once again looked at Asuka's panties, now a wrinkled ball in his left hand. They felt hot but he knew it was probably only his own body heat. His heart raced in anticipation. Though he had thought about it, and he often did Misato's laundry, he had never done something like this before.

He closed his eyes and thought of Asuka. It was incredibly easy to recall her face, those stunning blue eyes, that luscious red hair, those lightly-pink lips. Then, slowly, the rest of her body began to appear; young, athletic, possessing every bump and curve in just the right place. As far as Shinji was concerned, she was perfect.

Slowly, a soft noise filled the tiny alcove, generated by the movement of flesh over flesh as Shinji started to jerk his penis with his right hand.


In his mind, Asuka was no longer standing. Naked as the day she was born, she was now bending over a school desk, her trim legs spread wide, feet firmly planted. The thin pink petals that made up her womanhood were parted open, showing the glistening tunnel within and dripping clear, clean nectar down onto the floor. She was completely hairless and smooth. Her skin glowed with a gentle red flush.

Unlike the real Asuka, this one was not angry or threatening. She exuded contentment; her eyes were half-closed and foggy with arousal, her lips parted and inviting. Shinji had never seen a woman look like that, only the models in some of Toji's magazines.

But this was not just any cheap hentai model, this was Asuka—who would kill him if she knew what he was doing.

Shinji picked up the pace of his masturbation, his hand moving more swiftly across the length of his hardened member, building up his orgasm. Within moments a trickle of clear pre-cum started to ooze from the dark tip, leaking over his hand, between his fingers and providing improvised lubrication.

Ever since growing old enough to know what it was, Shinji had masturbated. At times it helped him relieve tension, but at others it just felt good, at least for the fleeting moments before he shot his load. Before meeting Asuka, the main subject had been Rei Ayanami and occasionally Misato, but now, ever since their sortie together on the way to Japan, it was the firebrand redhead who dominated his thoughts.
It was a strange thing—Rei he had seen naked, and even Misato was quite the hedonist. Yet Asuka was the unreachable standard. The one he could never have. And that seemed to make him think of her all the more, to fuel his fantasies with images such as the ones now flooding his mind.

His breathing came in short, ragged gasps. His heart thundered in his chest with every stroke of his hand, closer to the edge of that deep precipice of pleasure. The skin of his cock shone with sweat, smeared with an oily coat of pre-cum. His hand did too. He had to squeeze tighter to grip, all the while creating a massaging sensation that only increased his stimulation.

But even then, swimming in pleasure, he could not escape the hint of shame that dwelt at the corners of his mind. He knew it was there, waiting to consume him when the heat of lust was spent. It would not be long now.

It was not long.

Clenching his teeth against the onrush, Shinji shot his load like a stream of white cream across the water closet floor. He gasped for breath. The first jet was the strongest and thickest, leaving a trail on the white tile in front of the toilet between his feet. Then came secondary, weaker spurts, splashing down, making a mess.

By sheer happenstance he managed not to get any on Asuka's still-clutched panties.

His hand continued to stroke long past he had ejaculated most of his seed, as if unconsciously trying to extract the last bit of cum before finally giving it up.

Exhausted, panting heavily, Shinji laid back on the toilet and just sat there, staring at the ceiling, his leotard down around his ankles, panties in one hand and his cock in the other. And in the wake of his orgasm he felt practically empty.

Disgusted.

Asuka would hate him if she knew, and that made the truth all the harder to bear. They would never be close to each other. All he would ever get from her was masturbation material, like now, but no more. No matter how desperately he wanted to bridge this gap between them.

So he sat there, feeling moisture gathering in his eyes, his skin flushed with sweat. He did not wipe the gathering tears away, and let them roll down his cheeks.

Eventually, Shinji calmed down and he was able to think about what to do next. Wiping his tears, he took a wad of toilet paper and proceeded to clean himself, his hand and his penis, and then the floor. He fixed up his outfit, flushed the toilet paper and, after exiting the water closet, tossed used Asuka's panties back in the laundry where they belonged—a tiny part of her he had defiled.

But as he stood there, he realized he couldn't go back just yet. The shame was too great; they would know what he did. Asuka would yell, and call him a pervert. She would be right, of course.

Shinji cast a glance at the shower behind him, never having felt so dirty.

Day 2
Resigned to her fate but refusing to use shoddy, poorly put together equipment, Asuka disassembled one of the clock mechanisms—the one corresponding to her mat—retrieved the instructions and set about making sure the thing worked the way it was supposed to.

She had spent a restless night, and an even worse morning. It was good to give her mind something else to focus on.

In a matter of minutes she had the headphones sorted out, which Misato had simply ignored and left discarded. She also found out the clocks were not wired properly. This could create unnecessary lag between when the pads on the circles were pressed and when the pressure registered on the clock’s primitive computer.

Such technical skill came easily for her. She already had a university degree, and she was smart and attentive. And the instructions had a section in English. The weird Japanese characters, completely non-phonetic, made little sense to her. It wouldn't have taken much for her to learn the local language, but she wasn't interested.

If Japanese was important they would have taught it in college, like physics or engineering, which she was very good at. Languages were for suckers anyway. No linguist had ever done anything for mankind. Physicists and engineers, on the other hand, built the nuclear bomb, not to mention the Evangelion. Her pride and joy.

Feeling rather pleased with herself, Asuka began reassembling the clock. She decided to have a look at the idiot's clock because, unless they were perfectly calibrated, they would keep spewing out errors no matter who screwed up.

She could hear Misato talking in the kitchen. For some reason the older woman used a stupid house phone with an antique-looking answering machine instead of just using her cell phone, a more convenient solution.

Behind her, Shinji was watching television with Pen-pen. Who kept a penguin in the house? They were mostly extinct. Shouldn't he be in a museum or something?

As far as she was concerned, Shinji belonged in a museum too. His Eva-01 Test Unit was already outdated by the likes of her Eva-02 production model. It, and its pilot, were obsolete. But there he was, watching TV like an idiot, and making her life miserable. It was his fault that she couldn't move in with Kaji, his fault that she was wearing this ridiculous outfit and being forced to learn some stupid choreography before going into battle. All his fault.

Asuka would much rather be on her own. But there were other reasons not to want to be close to the Third Child, reasons that she knew had nothing to do with his skill as an Eva pilot and everything to do with that knot in her stomach.

Whatever. Asuka turned her head with a huff, her attention back on the clock.

“Oh,” Misato said from behind her. As usual she had a can of Yebisu beer in her hand. Asuka found the habit disgusting. “Is there something wrong with them?”

Asuka got up and set the clock back on its pedestal. “The cables weren’t properly set in the sockets. Without a good connection, electrical equipment might not work right. I figured we had too many errors to fall within statistical probability. I got the headphones working too. Now we can hear the tones instead of having to guess.”
Misato was impressed, just as Asuka intended. “Well, thanks,” the older woman said. “But don't you think you should have said something last night?”

“No,” Asuka said flatly, picking up the other clock and turning it over.

Misato smiled at her. “You know, I still have the roster from your graduation. Third in your class. I was really proud.”

“I didn't send it to you.” Asuka returned to the spot on the mat where she had left the screwdriver and began opening the back of the clock.

“Well, somebody did.”

“Kaji is the only other person who knows we've met,” Asuka said, slipping her fingers inside the clock and feeling for the connector leading to the circuit board, the same one she had found loose on the clock’s brother. “He must have sent it.”

“He was there, wasn't he?” Misato said. “And your foster-parents.”

“Kaji was—if my foster-parents were there too, I didn't see them.” Asuka closed the clock. This one's connector was properly set, meaning it was her clock which had malfunctioned. That explained the errors on her part. Asuka knew she couldn't just make stupid mistakes like that.

“I'm sure they were. Graduating college at thirteen is quite a feat.”

Asuka did not want to talk about this, and the best strategy to get people to stop talking to her was to stop talking herself. So she said nothing. But as she got to her feet to return the clock she noticed Shinji was looking in her direction.

For a moment she thought about throwing the plastic box at his head. “What the hell are you looking at?”

“Nothing!” He turned hastily away.

Misato looked at her reproachfully. “Asuka, you should really try to get along with him. He's a very nice boy, and you two have lots in common.”

Ignoring her, Asuka set the clock back on the pedestal. Then she made a beeline for Shinji. He looked hesitantly up as she stood over him, her hands on her hips, eyes bristling with contempt. “Break's over, stupid.” She kicked him to make her point, smacking his flank with her right foot.

Shinji rose carefully, as if expecting another physical assault from her, and stepped towards the mats. What a doormat, she thought. He doesn't even stand up for himself.

“Wait,” Misato called as the they were about to resume their starting positions. “Maybe you guys should warm up first.”

“Warm up?” Shinji looked puzzled.

“God.” Asuka rolled her eyes, then pinned him with an angry stare. “Don't you ever exercise? You are supposed to do warm-ups so you don't get a cramp or pull a muscle. And you are supposed to stay fit because a high fitness level will increase the performance of your Evangelion.” She turned to Misato. “Don't tell me you haven't assigned him a personal trainer?”

“Um...” Misato scratched the back of her head. “We don't really do that here.”
Asuka held a hand to her chest. “In Germany, I had a personal trainer and a combat instructor, and Kaji, who is kinda both.”

“Well, most of our budget goes to repairing battle damage. We just don't have the money for those sorts of things. Besides,” Misato smiled fondly at Shinji, “Shinji's a natural.”

Asuka did not want to agree, but she had seeing the battle recordings. For all her hauteur, Shinji had much more real combat experience than she did. During his very first sortie he had achieved a 40% synch-ratio, with no training whatsoever. That was a remarkable thing coming from a helplessly unremarkable pilot.

The first time she was told she would meet the Third Child, Asuka had such high expectations. Surely, he would be someone tall and heroic, like a young Kaji. Asuka could see herself being paired up with such a partner. Instead she got Shinji Ikari, the lamest boy the universe had ever seen, who was not only un-heroic but also an inch shorter than her.

Shinji might as well not have been in the room, he was so quiet and inconspicuous. His attitude infuriated her. “Fine,” Asuka declared in her shrill tone. “Let's do some push-ups. Misato, I bet I can beat you.”

“You are on, little red.” Asuka's face did, in fact, turn red at the nickname. Misato beamed. “Come on, Shinji, you can do push-ups, right?”


Asuka pumped her fist. “Bring it on, then. I'll show you how we do things in Germany.”

They cleared out some of Asuka's boxes to make the necessary room, and took positions with Asuka and Misato next to each other and Shinji in front. But while the redhead was determined, the brown-haired boy seemed hesitant and unwilling.

No surprise there, Asuka thought. He probably can't do more than a few.

Asuka firmly planted her hands on the carpet, crossed her ankles and lifted her feet so her weight when she lifted would be on her knees. With a smirk, Misato planted her hands and her toes—ready to do boy push-ups. Asuka fumed and changed her stance to match. Girl push-ups were easy anyway. They looked at Shinji.

“Ready?” Asuka said. “Go!”

Asuka lifted easily, flexing the lean muscles of her arms and bringing her whole body off the carpet except for her hands and the balls of her feet. Misato did the same, holding herself up for a few seconds before going back down.

Shinji struggled, his arms shaking until he finally managed it. His face was painfully clenched.

Asuka enjoyed it immensely. “Two.” She lifted again, the muscles in her arms warming comfortably. “Three.” She did it again, calling out her reps with glee. “Four.”

For a drunkard, Misato had no problem keeping up, but Asuka's lighter frame and fitter body meant she was faster and could do more. Eventually, she was confident, her bad habits would catch up with the Captain. However, by the time Asuka counted “Ten” Shinji was already lying face down, panting into the carpet. He was finished.

“Shinji,” Misato said, her arms tight as she held her body up. “Do them like a girl. Don't hurt
Asuka laughed at the suggestion; any self-respecting man would have found the very idea beyond humiliating, but Shinji crossed his ankles, just as Asuka had done before and lifted again from the knees, much more easily this time.

“That’s not fair!” Asuka piped up, sitting. “He’s not a girl. He can’t do girl push-ups. You are just letting him cheat because he can’t do it.”

Misato sat as well. She was not even winded. “Well, then, what do you suggest?”

Asuka got up huffing, and in two strides was beside Shinji. He was panting still, his eyes closed. She looked down at him, then turned on her heels and dropped herself onto the small of his back.

Shinji squealed like a cat whose tail had been caught under a rocking chair, the weight of her butt pinning him to the ground even as he flailed his arms trying to get away. Asuka stayed put, riding side-saddle on her new horsey, the heat of his body clearly discernible through the thin material of his outfit. The gusset of hers was not much protection either, but she ignored that fact.

“Try now, idiot.”

Slightly panicky, Shinji looked at her over his shoulder. “What?”

“Girl push-ups are for girls,” she said coolly. “You are not a girl, are you? So if you want to do girl push-ups you need a handicap. It’s only fair.”

Misato plainly did not approve. “Asuka.”

But Shinji nodded. “Oh-okay.”

Asuka drew her brow. Really? Please, she might be lithe even for her age but she was still nearly eighty pounds of dead weight on his back. There was no way he’d be able to lift both of them. And that, of course, was exactly what she was counting on.

People who got preferential treatment never learned because they got spoiled. Shinji was obviously spoiled, and she was going to teach him a lesson.

Shinji planted his hands more firmly, crossed his ankles more tightly and set his knees under him. His face showed something Asuka had rarely seen in him; resolve.

Give it up, Third Child, she thought. There’s no way you can do this.

Shinji grunted from the effort. Asuka felt the muscles on his back stiffen under her, and, strangely, her own thighs responded accordingly, tightly clenching. Her heat escaped to meet his. It felt... weird. She quickly shook her head and forced a smirk, convincing herself it was just the anticipation of seeing the Third Child humiliate himself.

But then, she began to rise as Shinji pushed up from underneath her, his lean muscles bulging and shaking, his face a deep red.

The voice in Asuka's head, which had so far done a great job of putting the Third Child down, finally shut up. Her eyes widened as stunned surprised set in. He was really doing it. What the hell?

Shinji did not so much lower himself as collapse onto the carpet. Asuka sat on top of him, not moving, staring, just breathing in stunned silence. After a moment to catch his breath, Shinji planted
his hands again.

Something caught in Asuka's chest.

Shinji grunted as he lifted her a second time. It sounded painful even to someone as unsympathetic as Asuka. His back felt like a board under her, so tight it was. Her heart was racing; her eyes were even wider.

When he collapsed this time Asuka was almost unseated, and gave a short yelp. But after another moment, Shinji, who by now seemed utterly exhausted, had his hands on the carpet again.

Stop, Asuka yelled in her head. You've made your point. Now stop. He's just going to hurt himself like this.

Shinji began to lift again, his eyes squeezed painfully shut, his teeth clenched. Every muscle in his body tensed. He didn't grunt this time—it was a scream.

Before he could complete his third rep, Asuka climbed down and rolled to the floor besides him. Shinji came down in a heap. She stared at him in absolute, almost terrified, silence.

Misato was besides him in an instant, helping him to sit. His face was so red it looked like someone had put makeup on him. His breathing was heavy and labored. He was in bad shape.

And Asuka felt responsible. But she also felt something else, a sensation that wasn't there before.

Ever since meeting him Asuka had been content to think of him as a failure. Someone who, while naturally gifted, simply lacked the strength and determination to be an Eva pilot. She saw herself as a warrior, an elite child chosen because she was special and talented and she worked hard all her life to ensure she remained all those things. But Shinji represented everything she wasn't.

If anyone had tried to step on her the same way she stepped on Shinji, she would have bitten their legs off. But Shinji was a doormat, weak and sheepish. That was how she had seen him all along. Now it seemed she might have been wrong.

Very wrong, in fact.

“I'm ... okay,” Shinji said, in answer to a question Asuka didn't hear. His voice was so ragged he sounded completely unlike himself.

Misato brushed a hand through his hair, ruffling it, then turned to Asuka. “What do you say we have a little break?”

In her shock, Asuka vaguely became aware she was being talked to. “I ... I ... yeah.”

Misato helped Shinji to his feet and took him to the kitchen. Asuka stayed behind in the living room, still stunned and not sure what to think about Shinji Ikari anymore. Feeling suddenly overwhelmed, she brought her knees up to her chest and buried her face behind them.

When Misato came back that was how she found her, but the older woman said nothing.

Another hour passed before they were ready to resume the synchronization training. There was no suggestion of warming up this time around as Asuka and Shinji took their places on the mats. Grabbing the headphones Asuka had set up earlier, they slipped them over their ears and stood on the back circles in sullen silence.
Asuka looked over at Shinji. He seemed to have mostly recovered from his ordeal. The ordeal, she reminded herself, that she put him through for no other reason than to prove how weak he was.

And, as she let her eyes wander over him, she noticed something that she had somehow missed up until now. Even wearing the stupid dancing outfit, he was rather handsome.

The tone sounded in her ears. Shinji moved quickly. Suddenly, Asuka couldn't remember what she was supposed to do.

ERROR!

Shinji blinked his eyes at her. The pale-blue orbs, innocent yet questioning, made her uncomfortable. She turned hastily away, unable to face him. Her hand twitched at her side, reaching towards her stomach as if to brush off the weird sensation she had there.

What's wrong with you? Asuka asked herself angrily. The idiot couldn't be making her feel like this. Not him!

“Asuka?” Misato's voice made her lift her head. “Are you okay? You've been really quiet.”

“I ...” She shook her head to clear it, sending her red hair flying in a cloud. “I'm fine. Why wouldn't I be?”

Misato shrank back. “Okay, reset.”

Asuka ground her teeth, flushing out the weird feelings with angry determination, reminding herself that as the only part of this partnership with actual training it was up to her to set the standard. Shinji couldn't see her fail. What would he think of her then?

The tone rang again. She moved immediately, as did Shinji. They made it three steps before the next error. Asuka groaned and reset without being told. They tried again.

Four hours later they were still at it, still trying and failing. Not once had they gone through the whole choreography, and it seemed more and more like they never would. Incredibly, however, they were almost halfway through the latest progression.

The room was hot, but it was nothing compared to the heat emanating from Asuka's sore muscles and inside her belly as she brought her right foot back, the movement barely matched by Shinji. She was panting heavily, her skin coated in sweat. There were dark spots on the outfit where the material had soaked her musky perspiration. Her head had started to throb; her cheeks were flustered, hair stuck to her everywhere. The plastic mat was covered in sweat as well, her bare feet slipped if she wasn't careful.

Given the physical exertions of the last few hours, Asuka thought the heat of her muscles was excusable. The heat between her legs was not. What had started as a strange sensation in her stomach was now an very well defined urge that no girl her age would be ignorant about.

Asuka didn't understand, like she didn't understand why she kept looking over at Shinji.

After every step she would chance a glimpse of him, less because she wanted to know what he was doing and more because she just wanted to look at him.

It bothered and frustrated her, not to mention it made her screw up, but it was something she couldn't stop herself from doing. Eventually, the heat of her body seemed to concentrate at this one spot beneath the gusset of her leotard, a searing point of flame consuming her from the inside out.
Shinji had nothing to do with it, Asuka told herself. It was the exercise: the continuous working of her muscles over hours, the sweat, the smell and feel of her own body going into physical overdrive. As she carried on her mind had gradually stopped trying to rationalize what she felt, and the more she let it go the more enjoyable the sensations became.

The warmth, in itself very pleasant, compounded the soreness. The two sensations mixed into one, making her feel relaxed, strangely soothed.

Not until the next time she bent over to put her left hand on a circle in front of her, when her pubic mound thrust firmly against the gusset of her leotard, did Asuka realize that she was wet.

The flustered crimson color of her cheeks deepened into a bright red, and her round eyes widened in distress. As she hastily straightened and certain muscles tightened, she felt a squishy sensation between her legs and a trickle of something running down the inside of her left thigh.

She was leaking!

Fighting the beginning of panic, Asuka looked over at Shinji, hoping she wouldn't see but ready to run if he did.

The Third Child was too busy trying to keep standing up. Bent over, panting, his hands pressed over his knees and his head hanging so low it was practically tucked into his chest, he looked ready to faint.

Asuka turned to Misato. The Captain had long stopped paying attention to them. She lay on the carpet with her hands over her face, Pen-pen dozing on her stomach.

The next tone rang. Neither child bothered.

ERROR.

Shinji threw himself onto the mat, eyes closed. “I can't … I can't ...”

Asuka took this opportunity to quickly wipe the thread of juice off her thigh. She looked down at herself, seeing the bump of her gusset framed by her bare legs and feet. The material was darker than anywhere else on the outfit, completely soaked.

Desperate to avoid drawing Shinji's attention, Asuka turned away from him when she sat. She stared at the wall, confused, aroused and aching.

It was the exercise, she wanted to scream. It had nothing to do with Shinji—the exercise was making her hot and her body responded accordingly. It had to be.

A sniffle came from behind her. “What time is it?”

With her emotions already in turmoil, Asuka couldn't keep from yelling at Shinji. “How the hell should I know?” She cast a glare over one shoulder, just in time to catch him wiping a hand over his nose. “You aren't crying, are you?”

Shinji shook his head, embarrassed. “My nose is running.”

Asuka bit her lip grudgingly.

His nose? She was the one who had a real problem.
The hot jet of water from the shower felt incredibly good on Shinji's sore back and shoulders, soaking his hair and flowing down his body and finally draining between his feet. He was beat. The push-ups had taken most of the fight out of him, and the hours of training that followed completely finished him off.

Now he could not even lift his arms to run shampoo through his hair. They hurt too much. Bending over hurt. His legs hurt. Despite having already taken a dose of painkillers, he could hardly move.

Sure, nobody had forced him to do push-ups with Asuka sitting on him, but how was he supposed to earn her regard if she only ever saw him as a weakling and a doormat? And how was he supposed to respect himself if he didn't try?

He hadn't thought she would be so heavy. She looked so lithe and agile, but on his back she had seemed to weigh a ton. It didn't help that her … bottom parts were pressing onto him.

Normally, that thought would have caused a reaction from his body. Not tonight. He was too sore.

Shinji sighed, closing his eyes, lifting his head to let the spray of hot water hit him on the face.

He could not blame her, could he? Asuka was the most hurtful and obnoxious girl he'd ever met. And it wasn't just him—she behaved even worse at school. Her whole life at times seemed to revolve around making other people miserable. But could Shinji really hold that against her?

Not any more than other people would hold his own sheepish nature against him, he supposed. But at least he was willing to let other people be.

On the other hand, Asuka seemed to have an overpowering needed to crush anything, or anyone, she didn't like. Obviously, including him. That, he knew, was probably another reason she sat on his back. It had nothing to do with fitness or fairness. She had just wanted to break him.

Maybe he should have let her. Maybe that was the key for getting along with her. Don't think for yourself, don't do anything without being told. Do what she says, follow her lead, get on your knees and kiss her shoes when she walks by. Asuka would certainly like that.

But what about his dignity? He didn't really have any to begin with. Standing up to her would just make things worse at this point. He had no choice. He had to live with her for the foreseeable future.

He wasn't even really mad at her, he didn't think. On the contrary, his inability to make a connection with her only made him mad at his own social incompetence, his own inadequacy. The fact that Asuka was so Asuka simply highlighted his shortcomings. He had a similar problem with Ayanami, the quiet blue-haired girl was as harmless as they came. Asuka could learn a thing or two from her.

Suddenly, as if called up by his thoughts, there was a knock on the bathroom door, followed by a shrill voice. “Idiot, hurry up! I want to take a shower too! I'm filthy!”

Shinji sighed, and even that hurt. He turned off the shower. The pleasurable sensation of the hot water cascading down his body stopped, leaving him only with the soreness.

Taking a towel from the overhead rack, he started drying himself, being gingerly and careful, and stepped out of the shower. The dancing outfit was tossed on the floor; he would have to wash it anyway since it was covered in the day's sweat. He pulled a shirt from the pile of clean clothes he'd brought along and put it on, followed by underwear and shorts.

Drying his hair, he opened the door. There, her arms folded across her chest and a sour expression
on her face, was Asuka.

“About time!” she yelled. “You weren’t doing anything perverted in there, were you?”

“No,” he said morosely.

Her frown told him she didn’t believe him.

They changed places quickly, with Asuka striding into the bathroom alcove and Shinji shuffling out. “Don’t go anywhere,” the redhead told him suddenly, before he could do just that. “I’ve got something for you.”

The angry frown lingered on Asuka’s face as she slammed the bathroom door shut. Shinji heard her fumbling around inside and soon the door opened again, just enough for Asuka to stick out a hand holding her sweaty outfit.

“Here. Get it washed.”

Shinji took the garment without protest. It was warm from contact with her body, and very damp. “Mine’s in there, too. Please.”

Asuka’s hand vanished, then reappeared a few seconds later. This time she held out his outfit. “Don’t leave your things behind when you know I’m next,” she bickered. “That’s just rude.”

Shinji muttered an apology under his breath, biting back the response he really wanted to make. Saying what he felt would not be a wise move, and specially not to Asuka. Honesty seldom proved the best policy when it came to girls like her.

Day 3

“This is stupid!” Asuka ripped the small headset off her head and it tossed across the room. Behind her, the rectangular display read ‘Error’ for what surely must have been the sixth or seventh time in the past six or seven minutes. “Stupid, stupid, stupid!”

Shinji sighed, leaning forward to rest his hands on his knees and give himself a moment to catch his breath. He was panting heavily, sweat covering every inch of exposed skin and soaking into his outfit.

Asuka looked at him with a snarl of frustration; she hadn’t thought this would be easy, but neither had she expected it would be so physically demanding on him. Maybe he was just out of shape. She felt her muscles warm as the training moved along, but at no point did she feel tired. The sweat bothered her more than anything as it made the leotard feel sticky and clammy, particularly between her legs.

“Maybe … maybe we should take a break,” Shinji panted.

Asuka was not about to let him go that easily. “You idiot, why can’t you stop messing it up?”

“Me?” Shinji straightened tiredly. “You are the one who keeps jumping ahead.”

“Don’t blame me if you can’t keep up!” Asuka chirped. “We are supposed to be elite pilots. Elite pilots don’t do slow.”
“No, you are an elite pilot,” Shinji corrected, still wheezing slightly as he spoke. “I’m not.”

Asuka, as vain and self-conceited as she knew she was, could nonetheless recognize a compliment when she heard it. But that didn’t mean she had to accept it gracefully, and she sure as hell wasn’t about to let him think she was even if a part of her did consider it rather cute. “This is ridiculous. You are ridiculous.”

“I’m doing my best!” he replied angrily.

Asuka smirked. So the Third Child does have a spine, she thought. Of course, she suspected he did. If only he showed it more often she wouldn’t feel so contemptuous towards him. That, as far as she was concerned, was the main problem with their relationship—Asuka couldn’t give him any respect if he was unable to earn it. As long as he let her walk all over him she would be keen to do just that.

Yeah, he had impressed her yesterday but she had gotten over that with a good night’s rest.

How the hell did someone like him get selected to be an Eva pilot anyway? More importantly, how could any system that selected her as a pilot could also select him?

“Well, your best isn’t good enough!” Asuka shouted. “You have to keep up with my best.”

Shinji mumbled something, and she was about to call him on it when the bell rang. Asuka turned her head in the direction of the sound, then towards Shinji. “Go get it.” It was neither a request nor a question; it was an order.

Shinji hesitated. “Uh, Misato said we’re supposed to do everything together today.”

“Are you stupid? I don’t think she meant opening the door.”

“She said everything,” Shinji replied sheepishly, reminding Asuka of a little boy who’d been told to do something and was now stubbornly refusing to disobey. As she tried to determine whether he really was serious, the bell rang again.

God, he can’t even think for himself, Asuka thought bitterly. He really is just an obedient little boy. Really. What the hell could anyone ever see in him?

Considering the way she had felt yesterday, that thought confused her as much as it angered her. She did NOT have a thing for Shinji Ikari. Kaji was her man, the only one for her. Had she had her way he would have taken her virginity while on board the Over the Rainbow. He would have made her a woman. But what could Idiot-Shinji do for her? Nothing, that’s what. He was a doormat. A cute, brown-haired doormat with pale blue eyes that—

The bell rang again, snapping Asuka out of her reverie.

“Fuck!” Asuka wheeled about on her heels and marched herself to the door, Shinji in tow, not caring anymore that whoever it was would seen her in the ridiculous dancing outfit. In fact, she was about to vent her frustration on the poor looser who just happened to ring their door.

When she reached for the open button Shinji did the same in turn. Asuka gave him a furious look. “You better move that finger before you loose it, Third Child.”

Shinji did, his instinct of self-preservation winning out over Misato’s orders. Asuka hit the button with an angry jab of her finger. The door opened with a hiss.

“Good afternoon Ika—” Toji and Kensuke started in unison, and then stopped in unison, staring
wide-eyed at the unbelievable sight before them. Besides them, Hikari looked stunned.

Both Asuka and Shinji blushed—her out of rage, and him out of embarrassment. Neither said anything.

There were hardly any two individuals in the whole world more different and with more polarized personalities than the two of them. And seeing them wearing the same thing was shocking. Asuka felt stupid standing there beside the idiot as though they were some kind of variety show act, their purple leotards and pastel shirts matching each other absurdly.

Her heart beat so loudly in her chest that she wondered if Shinji could hear it. Or maybe she was hearing his. She grit her teeth.

“You are dressing like her again!” Toji and Kensuke said at once, their voices scandalous.

Asuka and Shinji exchanged a glance.

“It’s not like that!” Shinji said hastily, his embarrassment getting the better of him.

“We just have to live together!” Asuka added.

Only belatedly did she realize it was the wrong thing to say. Hikari positively bristled, her sharp eyebrows drawing down into a reproaching frown. “You are living in sin!”

“No, it’s not like that!” Asuka and Shinji protested in unison.

Asuka was getting frustrated—well, she was frustrated already, this was just more frustration piling on. She could imagine the scene they were making, and what Hikari and the Stooges would think of them, but she couldn’t come up with a way to explain what they were really doing. They wouldn’t believe it if she did, anyway.

Suddenly aware that the leotard left little room for propriety, Asuka felt her cheeks growing warmer. Her anger began to fade and embarrassment began to take over. Hikari was one of those people whose opinion mattered to her, and letting her see her like this was beyond humiliating.

But before she could think of slamming the door shut or running to her room, Misato’s voice rang from the hallway outside.

“Hi, you guys.” The NERV Captain appeared on the already crowded threshold, her red jacket sleeves rolled up and holding a bag of groceries over her shoulder. And she wasn’t alone.

Asuka felt her teeth and hand clench reflexively at the sight of Rei Ayanami. The albino girl had the most utterly blank expression she had ever seen, even more so than when she had told her they should be good friends only to have her offer rebuffed.

Despite the fact that they had just recently met, the so-called First Child had found a way to grate on Asuka in a way few people did.

And now she was standing there, looking at Asuka looking ridiculous. It made her want to scream.

“Would you care to explain this?” Kensuke asked Misato, oblivious to Asuka glaring daggers at the whole lot of them.

Then Misato said the last thing Asuka wanted to hear. “Sure. Why don’t you come inside? I’ll explain everything. It’s quite simple really.”
By the time she was done, Misato, along with Toji, Kensuke, Hikari, and Rei were sitting in the
living room and Asuka and Shinji had already tried—and failed—to synchronize in front of them
several times. Having an audience destroyed whatever concentration Asuka could manage.

Finally, after the latest error, the redhead could not restrain her temper any longer. She tossed her
headphones, shoved Shinji to ground in view of the others and turned to Misato, pointing a finger at
the Third Child. “I can't do this anymore!”

Asuka expected her to argue, as she had so many times already. She didn't. Instead Misato turned her
head towards the albino sitting besides her, her face slightly miffed. “Rei?”

“Yes, ma'am.” Rei got up and silently walked over to the training mats. Aside from the quiet rustle of
her black socks on the carpets she was completely silent as she stood in front of Asuka expectantly,
crimson eyes meeting blue ones in a moment.

Asuka understood. She turned up her nose and said in her most snooty voice, “Be my guest, First.”

As Rei took her place next to Shinji, Asuka stepped back. Just far enough to see them both fail. The
two of them together had been trying to get this right for days, and if Misato thought she could plug
Rei in and hope it would work she had another thing coming. She couldn't know how hard it was to
be asked to synchronize with a complete dolt. And Rei didn't even know the steps.

Asuka could hardly resist the smirk that appeared on her face.

Shinji looked resolute. Rei was her usual blank self. The Third Child stepped back into the starting
position. The First Child mimicked him almost instantly.

Monkey see, monkey do, Asuka thought to herself.

But the error alarm that had remained so constant during their training didn't sound. Not after the first
step, nor the second, nor the third. Hands and feet hit the circles as soon as they lit up. Neither one
screwed up; neither one jumped ahead or lagged behind.

Asuka felt something plunge inside her chest, a sudden realization falling through her like a mouthful
of rocks and settling in her stomach. Because as she saw Shinji going over the routine and Rei move
and adjust to his timing, she knew what the problem was.

It was so obvious that it was painful. Shinji could do it, he just needed a different partner. Someone
who would work with him, who wouldn't leave him behind. Asuka knew ...

The problem was her.

“Looks like we should just put Rei in Unit-02,” Misato said somewhere beyond the bubble of
uncertainty created by Asuka's thoughts. The words bit into her skin, burrowing deep and worming
their way to her heart.

“Well, why don't you?!” Asuka screamed at her, but she could not keep her voice from quivering.
“'You obviously don't need me!”

No, they didn't. They didn't need her. Nobody needed her. Not Shinji, not Misato, not anyone.

Asuka spun angrily around and stormed out of the living room. She stopped only to put her shoes on,
not caring about wearing the ridiculous outfit outside the apartment where others might see her. She
ignored Misato calling out to her. She just had to leave.
Suddenly, overwhelmed by so many old fears, it was all she could do to keep from throwing a fit in front of everyone.

Shinji watched Asuka go, puzzled and not understanding. But it wasn't her anger that surprised him. He had seen enough of it that it was practically how he always thought of her. But what did surprise him was that momentary look that had crossed her eyes as Misato had suggested she be replaced.

It was a look Shinji had never seen on her, yet all too often on himself. A look that, at least for a moment, convinced him that he had figured her all wrong.

Was it abandonment? The fear of being replaced? If it were him such questions would have been easily answered, but in Asuka, who did not seem concerned with any of these issues, they were perplexing.

Misato fumed in frustration, her head in her hands. “We don't have time for this!”

Hikari rose to her feet. “Shinji, what are you waiting for?” she shouted, visibly agitated. “Go after her and apologize!”

Shinji stammered, not sure that was a good idea. “B-but...”

“Shinji!” Hikari pointed to the door.

So, as it often was, Shinji's mind was made up for him. Dragging his feet, he followed Asuka’s path from a moment before, put on his shoes and walked outside. He was far too upset to worry about what other people might think of the outfit. But where could Asuka have gone? Certainly not far, not wearing what she was wearing.

Once he made it down to the street, Shinji looked around and briefly spotted a mane of red hair before it disappeared through the doors of a convenience store located on the corner. He followed.

In the time it took Shinji to open the doors and feel the cool draft of the air conditioning, Asuka had made it all the way to the back, where the large glass-fronted refrigerators held rows of soft drinks and beers in a wall of bottles and colorful packages.

As he watched her from the end of the aisle, Shinji noticed she was not looking for anything but rather just staring fixedly at the contents of the nearest refrigerator, her face set, eyes bristling.

He swallowed awkwardly. Since he couldn't think of anything to say, he said first thing that came to mind. “A-Asuka...”

Her eyes shifted, looking at him standing there. No other part of her moved. “What do you want?”

He was in trouble. What could he say? He didn't even know why he'd come. Not really. But that look earlier told him that he could not now walk away from her. Even if she would never admit it to him, for the first time he was sure they shared something Shinji had only previously seen in himself.

A fundamental desire to be needed.

“M-Misato shouldn't have said that to you,” Shinji murmured, and waited for her reaction.

Asuka sighed. “If we can't do it, she won't have a choice. It's what's best for the mission.”

“That's ... not what I'm talking about, Asuka.”
She turned her head to him, making him quickly drop his gaze to the floor, his right hand clenching and releasing rapidly. “What the hell are you talking about then?”

Shinji tried to gather his thoughts, but it was not as hard as he expected. It was a simple issue, one that did not require a lot of thought or overtly complicated explanations. “Nobody likes to be replaced.”

Asuka's face turned sour. “What would you know about being replaced? You are the Commander’s son! If there's anyone who doesn't have to worry about that it's you. But me—everything I've ever done I've done by myself. For myself. My own talent. My own hard work.”

“It's not like that,” Shinji muttered uneasily. “Father and I … we aren't …”

Asuka cringed visibly. “I don't care! I am the best because I push myself to be the best. So excuse me if I have a problem with having to slow down so a loser like you can keep up. You should be the one working harder instead of just being mediocre.”

“I am working hard,” Shinji retorted, and he meant it. “The hardest I can. It's not like I don't want to make this work. I do.”

Apparently having nothing left to say to him, Asuka turned her attention back to the drinks inside the refrigerator. This time she actually seemed to be looking at what was available.

Slowly, Shinji brought his gaze off the floor and back to her slender figure. “Um, Asuka?”

“What?”

His fist clenched tightly as he mustered his courage. “I won't let Misato replace you.”

“Are you stupid?” Her eyes bore a hint of surprise as she turned to him again. “There's nothing you can do. We suck!”

“I won't train with Ayanami,” Shinji said, trying to sound as firm as he possibly could. “I won't pilot either. Because Misato can't just push you aside like that. She got us into this together, so we … we need to see it through together. Even if we lose.”

Asuka drew her eyebrows into a frown. “You know losing means everyone dies, right?”

Shinji gulped. “Ye-yeah.”

She looked at him intently, her eyes attempting to read him as if reading a book. Shinji had never been good at hiding anything and so, surely, she would find whatever it was she was looking for. But he could not tell if she was trying to determine the truth or wanting to find an excuse.

They had only known each other a short while, but in that time they had already gone into battle and shared the mortal danger that came from being an Eva pilot. For better or worse, that meant there was a bond between them, like there was a bond between Shinji and Ayanami. He was willing to accept that even if Asuka wasn't.

And he was telling her the truth. Nobody liked to be replaced, and despite everything Shinji didn't think she deserved to be. As obnoxious and reluctant as she was during their training, he had a feeling that they were doing it for a reason that went beyond defeating this Angel.

There was something between them; a chemistry he couldn't explain. They had to do this together. It was the only way they would succeed.
“I have to do it,” Asuka said after a moment. “I have no choice. I'm not going to let Misato beat me, and I'm sure as hell not going to let Wondergirl take my place.”

Shinji was glad to hear some confidence return to her voice, though he was sure he would soon regret it. “Um...”

“Shut up!” Asuka barked. “Listen, I'll make you a deal. You do better, better than your best even, and I won't leave you behind. I will let you pace me, and if you can't I'll slow down a bit. But I won't accept any excuses anymore. Understand?”

Shinji did not like the implication that he had been making excuses all along when he really hadn't, but he nodded. He would just have to do better somehow, and had to trust Asuka would keep to her word. Otherwise it would be useless.

“And don't go around thinking you can give me advice,” Asuka added for good measure. “I'm doing this only for myself.”

“I know.”

Asuka looked at him for another moment, then opened the refrigerator and took a can of soda from a rack. She popped it open and drank the unpaid-for refreshment. “Your treat,” she said, and tossed the empty can in his direction.

For the third night in a row Asuka had been forced to sleep on a futon in the living room, next to Misato and Shinji. The two dummkopfs were already sound asleep, no doubt because they were so used to sleeping on the floor that it didn’t matter where they lay down. But Asuka wanted a bed. She didn’t belong on the floor, even if that’s how it was done in Japan. It was beneath her.

That was not what was keeping her awake, though. Neither was Misato's insistent snoring from somewhere near her right ear. What bothered her was the tension she still felt building up steadily within her, particularly between her legs.

Asuka was not a stranger to masturbation, despite what her usually prudish attitude might indicate. At first it was just a way to relieve stress, to let go and enjoy a moment of pleasure. It wasn’t that she wanted to have sex, and in fact had not even thought of this as such, it was just something she did with her fingers that made her feel good. Only after meeting Kaji did she begin to relate masturbation with sex, and specifically with a particular person. Up on until then, most males in her life were loud and immature, and even prompting from her much older roommates could not get her to show any interest.

But Kaji was mature, and handsome, and everything Asuka thought she wanted from a man. Where before masturbation had been a slow, simmering process that mounted into a climax as her fingers teased her sensitive girlhood, now it became a mad rush to orgasm, fingers furiously rubbing until she threw back her head and came with a scream while thinking of Kaji.

And with that change came a loss of innocence—she was no longer a child doing something for the sake of self-gratification; she was a grown up woman taking the first steps in the road of sexuality. And at the end of that road was Kaji, waiting for when she was ready.

But when she was, on that fateful night on board the Over the Rainbow, after she had boldly declared herself to him, rolled on top of him, and opened the collar of her shirt to show her budding breasts …
He rejected her.

And though she pretended it was another of her games and hadn’t said anything, it was simply because it hurt beyond her ability to put into words. Her crush on him remained, but it wasn’t the same. He made it clear by his refusal that he didn’t see her as being much better than a child, striking a deeply wounding blow to both her ego and her pride.

She had not felt the urge to touch herself since, until yesterday. She did her best to ignore it, and for the most part was successful even though she had gotten wet for some reason.

Today it got worse.

Somewhere during training after their little talk at the convenience store, Asuka could not recall exactly when, amidst the sweat and flailing arms and legs and bare skin, she had begun to feel the stirrings of desire once again.

Shinji was looking at her, as he had been since this so-called training started, and though she knew she should have yelled at him to mind his own business, she had carried on. It felt different now. His words in the store, and the fact that he was there at all when other people would not have bothered, had sparked a strange glow within that she could not quite understand.

It had to take a lot of guts to come after her. She had not made things easy for the Third Child, and she wouldn't have expected such a thing from a doormat like him. And she certainly never expected that he would tell her just what she needed to hear. It just didn't fit with the image she had created in her head of Shinji Ikari. Comforted and troubled at the same time, Asuka had to admit he made her feel better.

Shinji had earned a little tease, she thought. And so she let herself dance in front of his eyes, with a growing sense that his attention was something worth keeping. An extra sway of her hips there, a longer than needed bending over there - step by step she started playing her own little game with the idiot's mind.

He continued to screw up, a lot. She wasn’t about to go easy on him in that respect. But slowly a new sensation added to that of warming muscles and running sweat.

Suddenly she wasn’t so sure that her increased heart-rate was all due to the exercise. An itch began to nag at her, pleading to be scratched, bellow the gusset of her leotard. A heat spread up her belly, touching just the right nerves, enticing her further every time she moved, every step on the mat, every flexing of her knees or swaying of her hips. Very much aware of her own needs, she knew she was becoming aroused.

The feeling of her warm muscles drove her on; her bare feet on the plastic mat made her aware of her movements; the insistent tugging of the leotard at her pubis, rubbing, pressing, teasing. It wasn’t long before it started to moisten, a mixture of sweat and a trickle of her own leaking essence.

She was ashamed. She was angry. But she was still hot. And unlike the day before, today she knew the precise source. That it was all because Shinji Ikari was watching her.

Eventually, she started to be the one who was screwing up.

Asuka sighed, taking her gaze from the blank, unfamiliar ceiling. She could only hear Misato’s snoring in the dark. She sat up, her blanket slipping off, and looked at the two sleeping figures to her right. The Captain was sleeping immediately beside her, sprawled out on her futon, with Shinji bundled up on the other side, only his head and feet visible.
The redhead tried to inhale the rather chilly night air to calm herself down, but all she could sense
was the fragrance of Shinji Ikari. She closed her eyes, only to have a vision of his dark blue eyes
blazing at her.

How could this pathetic boy trigger these feelings in her? It didn’t make sense to her. He was so
beneath her as to be insignificant, little more than a footstool for her to step on. And yet …

“You are such an idiot,” she whispered out loud, not sure if she meant the Third Child or herself.

Dinner had marked the end of the training session. At that point Misato had deemed that they had
gone as far as they could for the night. It was already late, and they were supposed to wake up early
the next morning to pick up where they left off. They changed into more comfortable sleeping wear
—days ago Asuka had been so relieved Misato didn’t insist they sleep in the leotards—dragged out
their futons to the middle of the living room and went to bed.

Asuka wasn’t sure she wanted Misato there. Her secret itch lingered, and so did the urge to scratch it.
Shinji wouldn’t notice, and even if he did he was too cowardly to ask what she was doing below her
sheets. Misato was not. She would ask.

She thought about making a run for the bathroom, making it look like she had to take a pee. But then
she would have to face another, more worrying fact: that she would be rubbing off to the thought of
Shinji Ikari. And even if she managed to avoid him, he was the one who’d gotten her all hot and
bothered in the first place. Nobody had to see her for her to be unable to live that one down.

She would know what she’d done. And she would know that it had to mean something, just like
what she did to Kaji.

In her very limited post-Kaji experience, masturbation and wanting someone were inescapably
linked.

It was an unclean, disgusting thought—that she might have developed feelings for Shinji was
anathema to everything she believed she was, who she was growing into, and what she hoped for
her future. It just wasn’t her.

 Suppressing a silent huff, Asuka dropped back down on her futon, kicking her legs up as she did,
only to be reminded that her sheets did not make it past her knees. Stupid Japanese, she mumbled
again. Why couldn’t they have normal things like full-length sheets? Why did it all have to be weird?

Asuka rolled on her side, curling up, keeping her legs together. She clutched the sheets tightly, as if
they were some kind of safety blanket. Armor to protect her from all the wandering dangers in the
darkened living room. From the two people sleeping so close to her. And, specially, thoughts of
Shinji.

It didn’t work. Before she realized it she started rubbing her thighs against each other, creating heat
through friction and causing her shorts to ride up slightly. She squeezed her eyes shut and bit down
on her pillow.

“What the hell are you doing?” the haughty voice inside her head asked her. “What the hell, Asuka?
You are better than this. It’s Shinji Ikari, for God’s sake. The idiot. The human doormat. The--”

“Oh, shut up already,” Asuka told herself angrily. “You know you want it too.”

Slowly, her right hand found its way between her legs, down her front and under her shorts and
panties. Her pussy was warm, and the touch of her fingers quickly caused a trickle from between her
lips as her hand moved gently but firmly over her mound. She pushed a digit inside, gently, moving
it in tiny thrusts while circling her thumb over the nub of her clit.

It felt strange, daring, forbidden and yet exciting. The memories of today dancing in her head were good enough to once again bring forth a moisture from her body. Her hand moved of its own volition, seeking out those places that had yielded such explosive responses before.

Tossing modesty to the wind, she slid her sleeping shirt up all the way to her chin and brazenly stroked her breasts, finding the nipples hardening beneath her fingers.

It was lust. Plain and simple lust. It had to be. Nothing more. She had been re-awakened to her body’s needs. But why had it happened now? Why hadn’t any of the other boys she met before made her want to bare herself and plaster her body against them? What did this idiot, sleeping so dumbly next to her, have?

The nearly-unconscious thought about him made her even wetter, and she found herself silently panting as her hand slid faster and faster over her swollen flesh and her fingers tugged and pinched at her own nipples. A tingle tightened her buttocks, her muscles trembled and a mute gasp hovered on her lips as she came closer to climax…

Her conscious mind, however, refused to cooperate any longer. All thoughts of Shinji were suddenly flushed out, too shameful and confusing to consider while she was approaching her peak. She wanted to think of Kaji, not Shinji.

It might have well been a bucket of cold water–her body went suddenly numb and all the heat of her body seemed to evaporate into the chill of the night. She almost sobbed in disappointment, her body writhing and legs clenching on her own hand as she tried to ride out the waves of her already-lost orgasm.

But even after rubbing herself like this for a while nothing happened. Her body, so hot and bothered a second ago, refused to respond to her. Frustrated, Asuka withdrew her hand, coated in her juices and wiped it on the futon. She pulled the shirt back down and rolled onto her stomach, burying her head under her pillow, disgusted with herself.

Shinji had gotten to her, that much was certain, but she couldn't just accept it—she wouldn't. She had to dig deeper and find out why she felt this way. And, somehow, try to fix it.

Day 4

Shinji knew Asuka meant what she said the day before, but despite the new sense of mutual commitment to their training they continued to fail. Even Misato seemed to have realized the hopelessness of it and found something to do at NERV HQ, admonishing them to do better.

Left on their own, Asuka and Shinji spent the morning working away at the choreography. It didn't help. The screeching of the error alarm grew so tiresome that at one point Asuka started to look for a way to turn it off. Inevitably, frustration began to mount.

But Shinji began to notice something else, too. Asuka seemed to be putting more effort into it; her movements were a little more exaggerated than before, not as fluid or as subtle, and far more eye-catching. When she bent over, she did so without flexing her knees, which trust her shapely rump high into the air, stretching her outfit to its limits. She was also not as quick to pick herself up, lingering in the more exposed positions as his eyes washed over her.
He was confused. Why would she be doing that? She had to know he was watching her, and she obviously didn't like him watching. And it made him uncomfortable in the extreme.

Already it was not easy to concentrate on the steps, but with her showing off like that it was nearly impossible. Before long, the bulge in his leotard began to tell. It was quickly followed by a flush that had nothing to do with the physical exertions they were engaged in.

All Asuka had to do was look and she would see he was hard, the front of his leotard bulging visibly. Shinji wanted to stop, but at no point did he find an opening. Bringing up the idea that they should take a break would cause Asuka to look in his direction. And then what would he do?

Explaining that he found her attractive was out of the question. She wouldn't take it well. More than likely, it would put an end to their training for good after she beat him to a pulp. He wished Misato were still around. At least she might be able to keep Asuka from coming after him.

As the errors mounted, they reset and started again. Shinji went over the steps in his head, trying to anticipate which ones came next, looking intently at Asuka's hands and feet to keep up with her rhythm.

About halfway through the latest set, Asuka's eyes flickered in his direction. Shinji, who had been staring at her again, quickly turned his head away, and missed a step.

ERROR!

"Dammit!" Asuka bellowed, straightening up. She reached for her headphones and took them off.

Shinji cowered, afraid she might thrown the headphones at him in frustration. Instinctively, he dropped a hand down his front to hide the fact that he was very much aroused. He couldn't help it. It was hard enough to keep hormones in check at his age, but with her around …

Asuka blew her breath in a sigh, then, unexpectedly, sat on the mat. "This isn't going to work," she said, sounding resigned. "We just can't do it."

Shinji wanted to say otherwise, if only to cheer her up, but knew that it would be a lie. No, this wouldn't work. Even though they were each trying their best, there simply was no way. He took off his own headphones and let them fall by his side.

"Why do you keep staring at me?" Asuka asked suddenly.

Shinji stuttered, immediately on the defensive. "I-I'm not!"

Asuka narrowed her eyes, her gaze shifting down his body slightly. "Yes, you are. You keep staring and messing up."

Shinji felt his cheeks warming intolerably. They were a bright red now. He turned around, hoping to hide the indiscretion between his legs, which he was surprised she had failed to spot so far. "I don't want to stare at you, I just …"

"Just what?" She sounded curious, as if she didn't already know why a dull boy like him would keep looking at a pretty girl like her.

Shinji said nothing. Feeling put-upon, the sat on the mat, still facing away from her, and wished she would stop teasing him and leave him alone for a change. The bulge in his groin felt large and heavy but not unpleasant. In fact, it felt very pleasant. He thought about running away, making a dash for the bathroom.
“Shinji,” Asuka called out, filling the silence.

“I’m sorry, alright,” he rushed to say, his head sinking between his shoulders. “I don't mean to stare, I just--”

“Do you think I'm pretty?”

As if someone had suddenly thrown the emergency brake on his brain, all thoughts just stopped. He turned his head towards her, eyes wide, catching the serious look on her face. “W-what?”

She held his gaze steadily, providing a cool contrast to his heady apprehension. It was not a difficult question, and the answer was rather obvious, but coming so directly from her it seemed downright incomprehensible.

“I'm not blind,” Asuka said. “I know you keep looking at me, and you keep screwing up. Those two things are related. So why don't you just stop looking?”

“I ...”

“I can only assume it's because you like me.” Her body stiffened a little. “Well, do you?”

Shinji swallowed, or tried to because his throat didn't work. His mouth went dry. A million questions cluttered his brain. Why was she asking? What was she asking? She just wanted to embarrass him some more for messing up, didn't she? Had to be. Asuka would never ask such a personal question and be serious about it. She was just trying to humiliate him.

But what if she was being serious? Could he even consider the possibility that ... no, she would never ask it like that. Asuka could be so cruel and this was just was another of her games.

After a moment to gather his thoughts, Shinji gave the only answer that seemed sensible to him. “No.”

Asuka just looked at him, a long stern look that was impossible to read. Then she turned away and got up. “Fine.”

There was something in her voice, something that told Shinji his answer was not what she expected. Perhaps not even what she had hoped for. It made little sense to him, but that was the feeling he got.

She was already almost to the hallway that led to her bedroom when he called her name. “Asuka?”

“What?” She stopped. “Every time you open your mouth, Third Child, you just stick your foot in it. You should just keep it closed.”

“I don't understand,” Shinji said. He really did not. Her manner changed so quickly. Before she had seemed curious and now she was ... bitter? Angry?

“Neither do I,” she said. She walked off, her bare feet pounding surprisingly loud on the carpet, and slammed her bedroom door loudly behind her.

Shinji was left alone in the living room, far more confused than he had ever felt in his life. Girls were weird, but Asuka was just unbelievable. How could she get upset over the answer he thought she wanted to hear. Clearly, she didn't want him to like her—nothing she did indicated otherwise—so why was she acting like he had just insulted her somehow?

Unless she did want him to like her, in which case he had just made a huge mistake. An epic
mistake. The sort of mistakes people wrote relationship books about.

Shinji laid back on the mat, bringing his hands up to his temples, rubbing the soreness out of them. Why did she have to be so complicated?

He heard the sound of her door opening again, followed by footsteps. Lowering his hands, Shinji caught the sight of Asuka standing there again, holding something in her hand that looked like two scarves.

She tossed one of the scarves to him. “Use it like a blindfold.”

Shinji picked it up, then raised his eyebrows at her in puzzlement. “Uh?”

“I can't do this with you staring at me,” she said matter-of-factly. “And since you don't like me then there's no reason for you to be able to look anyway.”

Shinji could tell there was hurt in her voice. “Asuka... I didn't mean—”

“Idiot, shut up,” she barked, her eyes bristling. “I'm sick of you. I'm sick of having to look at you. But most of all, I'm sick of these stupid outfits. They get in the way and they make me feel uncomfortable. So we are going to get out of them.”

“But Misato said—”

“I don't care. Now take it off.”

“But...”

“I'll take it off too.” She raised the other scarf in her hand. “We'll be blindfolded so we can't see each other, but with the headphones we can tell what they tempo is. And this way at least we'll have nothing to distract us. It can't possibly be as bad as this shit we are wearing now.”

Shinji hesitated, not sure he was getting where she was going with this. “You mean we have to be naked?”

Asuka's pretty face tightened. “What's the matter? You said you don't like me. Unless you lied. And I don't like you, obviously. So we are just roommates, aren't we? Nothing more. It's not like there's anything sexual about it.”

“B—but why do we have to be naked?”

“Because I say so!” Asuka barked, sticking her face in front of his, teeth bared dangerously. “Now do what I say!”

Shinji could not meet her intense blue-eyed glare and turned his head away in a submissive manner. He was still not sure about this. Using a blindfold did seem like a logical idea to try, but he wasn't sure about the getting naked part.

Even if he were eager to strip naked in front of a girl his own age, the commanding tone in her voice made disobedience unthinkable for Shinji. Wanting to get out of the outfits sounded like a flimsy excuse, since they could always change into something else like shirts and shorts. But a part of him recognized that saying he didn't like her when he very much did meant he brought this on himself.

What girl could possibly want to hear she wasn't liked? Even Asuka had to sting from something like that.
Shinji considered himself lucky she was still talking to him. He should have just admitted it and dealt with the consequences. She couldn't really want him to get naked, could she? She was just doing this to punish him.

Asuka sighed, and, to show she was serious, held the scarf over her eyes, ran it over her ears and knotted it around the back of her head. Her bangs fell over it, hiding a large part of the red material from view. If anything, the improvised blindfold accented the rest of her features, her sharp nose, her lips, her cheeks.

Without the fire of her eyes boring into him, she looked like a completely different person. Almost passive. Harmless.

And if she, of all people, was willing to do this, maybe so could he. His heart stuck somewhere in his throat, Shinji brought the scarf over his eyes and tied it up. Although the material had seemed sheer and flimsy at first, it was actually quite effective as a blindfold. “Okay,” he murmured. “You first.”

“You can't see anything, can you?” he heard Asuka's voice.

Shinji moved his head left and right. All he could see was the red of the scarf. “No.”

“Well close your eyes anyway.”

He did. “Okay.”

Then came the soft rustling of clothes on flesh. His hearing seemed to magnify tenfold, and he saw the image of Asuka shimmying out of the outfit in his head. First the purple material would go down to her waist, then her hips, before finally being pushed all the way down to her feet as she stepped out of it.

His heart was thudding loudly. Asuka was naked. She was in the living room and she was naked. This wasn't a fantasy. This was real.

God, if only he could see her. Just for a moment. He had a very specific image of her nakedness, but this was a chance to confirm it once and for all.

“Oh-okay,” he murmured shyly. He had no excuse. She'd done it, she'd actually done it, and that filled with the kind of courage he seldom experienced. This was how far Asuka was willing to go to make their training work. And after spending the last few days with her, Shinji knew he had to keep up. “Close your eyes too.”

“Done. Now hurry.”

Unfortunately, it had not occurred to him until now that thinking about Asuka being naked had triggered the natural and predictable reaction from his body. Or rather, had prevented that reaction from going away. The result was the same either way—his penis was very hard.

But, Shinji hastily reminded himself, Asuka was blindfolded, like him, and couldn't see. And she was probably as insecure about this as he was, maybe more since he was clothed and she was not.

Not for long. For the first time since the training began, Shinji was not afraid of her.

Blushing red, mouth feeling like it was stuffed with cotton, Shinji removed the ridiculously short T-shirt and began tugging the straps of his leotard off his shoulders, then pushed the whole thing down
his body. His mind raced, unable to believe he was really doing this, his heart was going crazy, pumping blood and making him warm; his cheeks burned.

As soon as the tight material made it past his groin, his erect penis sprung out from its prison, swaying slightly from side to side with each movement like a windsock. Shinji knew he wasn't that large, but large enough to notice.

When the leotard finally hit the floor, he instinctively brought his legs together, reaching down with his hands to cover his exposed manhood.

Utterly embarrassed, Shinji gave thanks Asuka couldn't see him like this.

That was easy, Asuka thought with a triumphant smirk.

Anyone walking into the Katsuragi living room would have immediately been stunned by the sight of a teen boy standing completely nude, blushing furiously almost from head to toes, in front of an equally young girl … who was most definitely not naked.

Acting like she was removing the stupid outfit was simple enough for someone as gifted as her. Asuka thought she deserved an award. A few tugs here and there, mimicking some movements. Piece of cake. So now, with her so-called blindfold hitched up to reveal her bright blue eyes, she looked at him with a keen, appraising eye.

Even with her intolerable standards, the Second Child would never stop being surprised by the fact that Shinji Ikari was not a chore to look at. His Eva training seemed to have done wonders to trim his young body. He was not muscly by any means, but at least he was slender and fit. The way he stood there, trying to hide his obviously hard little soldier amused her. Asuka had never seen a naked man before—she still hadn't, she reminded herself. Shinji was a boy. Boys didn't count.

But as much as Asuka would just love to drink in his humiliation, that was not the reason for getting him naked.

Her impromptu masturbation session from last night still bothered her, both because Shinji had been the subject and because she failed. So long as he remained in her head she wouldn't be able to enjoy herself again, and she had to prove to herself, once and for all, that she was not attracted to him. That what happened last night was a fluke and would never happen again.

So what if he did look rather cute? Puppies were cute too. That's all Shinji was to her, a nice, tame puppy she would like to have licking her fingers or lapping at her toes while she giggled.

A twinge of pleasure shot out of the heated folds between her legs. The grin vanished from her face.

No! She didn't like him! She couldn't like him. It was one thing to masturbate to him and another to … to … what? Like him? Have feelings for him? Want him to like her too?

Asking him if he thought she was pretty was a rhetorical question. She had already made up her mind to try to prove she wasn't attracted to him before that, and getting him naked was the only way she could think of doing that. Seeing him exposed for the shy, hopelessly dull boy little he was would dispel whatever senseless urge she had developed for him. She didn't like him—she knew she didn't like him—she just had to convince herself of the fact.

But then he said he didn't like her, and it really hurt.
Why did it hurt? She didn't like him—why did it have to hurt when he said he didn't like her?

She didn't know. And because she didn't know, she decided that she had to punish him for hurting her. She had to get him back and humiliate him. At that moment, her plans had gone from an attempt to prove something to a viciously calculated act of revenge.

Asuka had always been aware that much of the way she saw herself was based on the way she thought others looked at her, and that was fine with her. Shinji, for one, could only see her as the prettiest girl he'd ever met. Ayanami was dull, Katsuragi was too old. No one else came close. On some level, he had to like her. And yet he said …

The bitter surge of emotions, anger and hurt chief among them, rose higher inside of her until she could almost taste them in her mouth.

Goddamn you, Shinji Ikari.

“Um... A-Asuka?” Shinji stuttered, still cowering shyly. “What now?”

Asuka willed herself to give it some thought—it helped push other, more painful things out of her mind—and began moving towards her mat. Teeth and fists clenched, she was determined to enjoy this. “Well, lets get started. Can't you find your place?”

Shinji shuffled forward, trying to keep his penis hidden with his hands, what she could see of his face beneath the blindfold was a deep scarlet.

“What's taking so long?” she called, pretending she couldn't see him. “We are not going to get anything done like this.”

Eventually, he made it to the set position, placing his feet on the back circles and finally, although very hesitantly, moving his hands to the side.

Asuka had to fight not to snigger as she caught the first glance of a penis in her admittedly young life. She was not impressed, though she had no idea what was impressive was when it came to this part of a male's anatomy.

Shinji’s stiff pole was standing at attention, moving slightly from side to side. There was hardly any pubic hair, which amused her since her own had only just started to sprout. She had thought she would have more by now, but apparently it was normal at their age. Even his testicles where practically hairless.

In fact, there was almost no hair at all on his body below his head, much like herself. It made her wonder if there was perhaps something in their plugsuits that retarded hair growth. She would have to ask Ritsuko about that.

“Oh, um, okay,” Shinji said sheepishly and shrank back. “But how do I know which circle you mean?”

Asuka almost lost it. “Screw the headphones! All you have to do is listen to me, idiot. I'll tell you what to do.”

“Oh, um, okay,” Shinji said sheepishly and shrank back. “But how do I know which circle you mean?”
Asuka frowned. “What?”

“Well, if you say 'left hand forward' I need to see which circle it is. Otherwise, I know I'm supposed to go forwards but not which circle.”

Asuka placed her hands on her hips. He had a good point. She hadn't thought about it that far. “Well, don't you know the steps? If I say 'left hand forward' and it's the next step, you should know which circle.”

“Uh, well...” If it was possible for a nude teenage boy to look more embarrassed than Shinji now, Asuka was sure she never wanted to meet him. Not that she was in a habit of meeting nude teen boys, embarrased or otherwise.

“This may actually be harder than I thought,” she conceded. “But you should at least know what to do by now.”

What was the point? She already got all she was going to get out of this stupid exercise. Shinji had humiliated himself in front of her, but she was no closer to figuring out what she felt about him. If anything, she was even more confused and uncertain—feelings augmented by the hurt and anger now coursing through her like an insistent body ache. She should call it off, say it was a bad idea, which it kinda sorta was. Why shouldn't she?

Because a part of her she wanted to keep seeing Shinji naked.

Startled by the suddenness of that thought, Asuka's right foot slipped off the right circle. The alarm screeched, that awful blaring noise she had come to despise with all her soul.

“It wasn't me,” Shinji said hastily.

“Of course it wasn't you, you idiot, I can see that—”

It wasn't until the words left her mouth that Asuka realized what they meant. By then it was too late. Shinji was already reaching up a hand to his blindfold and pulling it down. Wide-open blue eyes emerged from beneath the red cloth, staring at her in disbelief.

And he saw that she was neither blindfolded nor naked. That he was the only one. That she had tricked him. As those things dawned on him, his eyes became cloudy. Gathering tears that were ready to be shed.

When she had first thought of this plan, Asuka imagined that at this moment she would want to make fun of him, to call him out for being such a pervert that he would be naked in the living room and laugh as he ran to his room. That was how it should go. But the moment of realization was not at all what she had expected. Shinji wasn't just embarrassed.

Something else was in his eyes.

And thought Asuka didn't know what, it made her feel awful.

“You ... you ...” he started, but his voice caught on something and the words stopped. There were tears rolling down his crimson cheeks, of shame, fury, loathing.

“I can explain!” Asuka said hurriedly. “I just ... I just wanted to see if you would do it. I didn't mean anything by it. Just a little prank. It's kinda funny when you think about it.”

But Shinji was not laughing. Indeed, Asuka doubted from the look on his face if he would ever
laugh again.
“You said you didn't like me!” she blurted out, realizing she couldn’t and shouldn't hide her intentions from him given the magnitude of her mistake. Her chest tightened up around her heart.

Without trying to say another word, Shinji turned and ran, wiping his eyes with his hands as he went.

“Shinji, wait!” Asuka ran after him, only to have his bedroom door slide shut in her face. She knocked, desperately. “Shinji, I'm sorry. I just … when you said you didn't like me I ...”

She didn't know why, but her eyes became suddenly watery and heavy. Not wanting to let herself cry, Asuka wiped the oncoming tears away. She kept knocking. Her voice sounded weird the next time she spoke. “Come on, we can't waste time like this. We can't give up. Please. Shinji?”

The tightness in her chest increased—as arrogant and haughty as she could be, Asuka knew very well the difference between right and wrong. And she knew—every part of her knew—that what she had just done was wrong. Maybe even downright unforgivable.

Asuka felt her legs give, her hand still pressed against his door. Before she realized it she was on her knees. “Please, I can't do this alone,” she murmured in a mixture of anger and sorrow. “I just wanted to get you back. I didn't mean to hurt you.”

Hadn't she? What had she expected would happen, then? Was Shinji just supposed to be let in on her joke and laugh too? For someone so smart she could sure be stupid. She certainly felt stupid.

After what he'd done for her yesterday, after telling her he would refuse to do this with anyone else, that he wouldn't stand to have her replaced. When she had been at her lowest, his words had made it all better and let her know that she had value. That he, at least, valued her.

And how had she repaid that? By humiliating him just to prove a point to herself. Just to prove that she didn't like him and instead find that she actually did.

That thought hit her like a hammer.

She really was attracted to Shinji, wasn't she? Despite how awful it made her feel, Asuka realized that was the truth. The truth that she had hidden from herself in her arrogance and haughtiness. The same truth that she had known since she met him on that carrier deck—for some incomprehensible reason, Asuka Langley Soryu liked Shinji Ikari.

Asuka sat back on her bare heels, her arms going limp by her sides, staring ruefully at Shinji's door. She didn't know what to do, and that in itself was a big admission for a girl as decisive as herself, but somehow, some way she had to fix this. Nothing had ever seemed as important.

The first thing Shinji did in the privacy of his bedroom, formerly Misato's closet, was get dressed—underwear, shorts and a t-shirt—and throw himself onto his bed. And then he cried.

It was just like Asuka to pull something like this. Worse, that he had so stupidly fallen for it. He was ashamed and angry, but those feelings did not compare to the hurt of knowing he meant so little to her that she was capable of such manipulation.

Once the tears started to flow they would not stop, soaking into his pillow as he buried his face in it to hide the noise of his sobbing.

“Come on, we can't waste time like this,” Asuka's voice was saying from the other side of the door.
“We can't give up. Please. Shinji?”

After yesterday he had thought they had managed to find a little peace between them. The way he spoke to her, from the heart, and the way she spoke back to him, smarmy but sincere, had made him believe that perhaps his first impressions of her were mistaken. That perhaps she wasn't just a self-centered, arrogant brat. That perhaps she was okay.

“Please, I can't do this alone. I just wanted to get you back. I didn't mean to hurt you.”

But Asuka was worse than he could have imagined. Far worse. For someone to do what she did, to play with someone like she had … she truly was heartless. He had been so desperate to believe they could get along that he would do anything, but that was no excuse for her to actually try to make him.

She hadn't just tricked him, Shinji thought painfully. If that were all, he might be able to deal with it as he had before, like with those damned push-ups. But Asuka had left no doubt that what she really wanted was to humiliate him. She couldn't break him with her insults and the physical abuse, so she had to shame him into submission. Somehow in her head it made sense; somehow it made up for him saying that he didn't like her.

Shinji stifled a sob.

It wasn't even true! He liked her very much, perhaps more than she deserved. But he liked her nonetheless. And now … now he knew what kind of girl she really was.

He had known she was not an easy person to get along with since he met her, which was like seeing water while looking out at the ocean, but never did he think she was mean-spirited. Another dumb mistake.

Shinji clutched his pillow under his head, letting more of his tears soak into it, not wanting to think about it anymore yet unable to make himself stop. The tears continued to roll unabated. He managed to keep his anguished whimpering to a minimum by stuffing part of the pillow in his mouth.

Hours went by. Shinji didn't know how many—long enough that felt the beginning of hunger set in. Slowly, the nature of the pain began to morph, receding into the back of his mind but never going away for good. Shame he could deal with, as he was easily embarrassed, and anger was a strong yet fleeting emotion. But hurt was different. Hurt endured.

Shinji didn't know what he should do now. Misato would know. Unlike Asuka, she was actually trying to help. The only thing he could think off was to call her and tell he didn't want to train with Asuka anymore. After what happened, he was sure she would understand.

Not letting go of his pillow, Shinji sat up on his bed and looked around the room, wiping the back of his hands over his eyes. He also felt a little lightheaded from all the crying. He didn't see his cell phone or his book bag, and didn't remember where he had left them last. Swallowing a whimper of self-pity, he realized he would have to use the phone in the kitchen.

But the last thing he wanted was to run into Asuka. He hoped she had shut herself in her room by now, which, he remembered with a pang of dejection, had been his room up until a few days ago. His things were still in the box by his bed where she'd dumped them. In fact, since showing up Asuka had done nothing but make him feel unwanted and cause him pain—and at least once physically tried to hurt him. Synchronization training or not, he wanted her to leave.

The only way to do that was to call Misato.
Getting up slowly, Shinji opened his door and cautiously looked down the hall. Across on the narrow space Asuka's own door was shut, a note reading “Enter without permission and I'll kill you!” was pinned on it. Her kanji was clumsy but readable. He stepped out, careful not to make any noise.

As he passed the mats on his way through he living room he paused and gave them a rueful look. The outfit he had foolishly stripped out of was still laying discarded. He picked it up.

But when he entered the kitchen …

Shinji froze, eyes growing wide, mouth going instantly dry. For a second he thought he was seeing things, then he heard her voice.

“Shinji, is that you?” Asuka tilted her head to the side, then to the other, trying to see.

She was sitting on one of the wooden chairs that were normally placed around the heavy kitchen table, except that she had arranged it so it would be facing the living room entrance. The red scarf was draped tightly over her eyes as a blindfold, and her hands were secured around one of the wooden supports that held up the backrest with what looked shiny metal handcuffs.

And there was not a stitch of clothing on her. Not even her neural connectors.

“Shinji?” Asuka called out again.

Shinji stared at her, hypnotized as he took her in. Her pale breasts were much smaller than he had imagined, but round and firm and just perfect for her willowy young frame, capped by light pink nipples. Her long legs were closed, knees held together in a strangely demure posture with only the balls of her feet touching the floor. A tiny hint of sparse pubic hair crept up from between her creamy thighs.

“Shinji?” This time there was a touch of apprehension in Asuka's voice. She squirmed uncomfortably on the seat. “Are you there?”

Hesitantly, Shinji asked the most obvious question.

“What are you doing?”

Asuka twisted her lips, turning her head towards the direction of his voice. “What does it look like?” she said sharply. “I’m trying to make it up to you. I saw you naked, now you can see me naked. I can't even see you. Or—” she made the handcuffs jingle by tugging on them, “do anything.”

Shinji didn't understand. He averted his eyes from her nudity. “Is this another kind of game?”

“No!” Asuka tried to stand, but the cuffs held fast, bringing her back down onto the rough wooden seat with a tug even as she managed to jolt the chair after her a good foot or so. “Ouch.”

He watched as she awkwardly rubbed her wrists, noticing they were an angry shade of red. Her muscles were flustered and a light sheen of perspiration covered her skin. There was no telling how long she'd been like this.

“I swear I'm not messing around this time,” Asuka said after another moment, returning her attention to him. “I’m serious. And I don't care what it looks like. I know what I did was wrong. I know I hurt you. So here I am.”

“W-why?” Shinji asked, still not sure what to make of this.
Though her eyes were hidden by the blindfold, a decidedly mournful look came over the rest of Asuka's features. “Because I'm sorry.”

Shinji knew he couldn't trust her, but he didn't see any way she could turn this to her advantage. And if she really was sorry could he just turn her away? Despite everything, he had to admit the lengths to which she seemed willing to go surprised him. His anger, which had not been as strong as his hurt to begin with, eased a little upon hearing her say that. And even a little of the hurt ebbed away.

To Shinji, it seemed that Asuka truly knew that what she had done was wrong, and she was actually sorry—he didn't think she would have handcuffed herself naked and blindfolded to a kitchen chair only to then lie to him. And she certainly sounded sincere. But then, she had sounded sincere before too. It still didn't mean he could trust her. Or forgive her.

The sudden silence must have worried her, for she said apprehensively, “Shinji?”

“I'm here,” Shinji said, reassuring her of his presence without knowing why he felt like he needed to do so.

“Don't leave.”

The idea did cross Shinji's mind. It was an odd power to have over her. Should he choose to leave her there she would have to wait for Misato to release her, after a long and embarrassing explanation no doubt. Then she would be the one naked and humiliated. Maybe he should leave her.

If nothing else, it would teach her a lesson—not to hurt people for her amusement.

“Look,” Asuka said seriously, “this isn't just me saying I'm sorry. I don't just tell people I'm sorry and expect them to forgive me. But I'm showing you that I am sorry. Whether you forgive me is up to you. I thought it was only fair. I humiliated you now you can do the same to me.” She craned her neck, extending her head towards the table and pointing with her chin. “See?”

Shinji glanced where she was pointing and noticed there was a digital camera on the table. His heart sank. Did she really think she would take pictures of her like this?

He had his answer when Asuka leaned forward and raised her head, as if daring him to act. “Well?”

Shinji clenched his fists. “Asuka, I'm not about to do anything like that.”

“But...”

“I don't know what kind of person you think I am, but I won't do it.”

Asuka sighed, her nude body deflating visibly on the chair. When she spoke she sounded downright sad. “I really just fail at everything, don't I?”

That was enough. She might have hurt him, but Shinji wasn't about to let her wallow in self-pity or abandon her. Despite everything, and even though she probably deserved it, he didn't want to see her like this.

Keeping his eyes on the floor as much as possible, tossing the outfit he still held in his hand onto the table, Shinji approached her. He walked around behind the chair, Asuka's head following the sound of his footsteps. He took the knot of the blindfold and carefully undid it, letting it fall to the floor.

Asuka blinked and then looked up at him, bright blue eyes full of puzzlement. “Why not?” she asked. “Why won't you? A few hours ago you looked like you hated me. And now...”
“I ... never hated you,” Shinji said, as sheepishly as anyone finding a naked redheaded nymph at his mercy could, dropping down to look at the handcuffs. “Where are the keys?”

“I dropped them,” she said. “I know it's not an excuse, but it really did bother me when you said you didn't like me. People don't say things like that to my face.”

“I thought it was what you wanted me to say.” Shinji was now on his knees, looking around the floor for the key. At least the chair's seat prevented him from being able to see too much of her aside from her the back of her legs and her buttocks. He noticed the fleshy muscles were slightly flattened by her weight on the chair. There were two tiny dimples where her spine met her hips.

“So you do like me?” Asuka tilted her head down to him. Without her neural connectors, her hair fell to almost mid-back. It shone a bright golden under the harsh yellow light.

Shinji gulped. “Y-yeah.”

Finally he found the key; it had bounced close to the toes of her right foot. He picked it up and opened the handcuffs, eliciting a metallic click as the metal bands separated from the lock.

“Don't do anything like this again, please,” he told her as she brought her free hands to her front and rubbed her wrists. “If I hadn't come who knows how long you would have been like this.”

Asuka's expression was sour. “You say that like I didn't deserve it.”

“And you just assumed I would want to take advantage of you?” Shinji stood, realizing that empty feeling in his chest was a pang of sadness. Without thinking he removed his shirt and offered it to the naked redhead. “Why, Asuka? What have I ever done to make you think that?”

“Nothing,” she answered, lowering her head and looking miserable. Then she glanced toward the table and saw the outfit. “Um...”

Belatedly Shinji realized he didn't have to take his shirt off; the one with the outfit was very short, but it would at least cover her still-bared breasts. “I guess maybe...”

Asuka took the offered shirt anyway and draped it over herself. Grim honesty flickered in her eyes. “I made a mistake, okay. Before. But this was not a mistake. I told you, I don't apologize unless I mean it.”

Those words hit Shinji where it counted, and his already-weakened resolve to be angry at her eroded.

“I would never forgive myself if something happened to you because you thought its what I wanted,” Shinji said, daring to bring his gaze up now that she was partially covered. Just barely; there was still a lot of bare skin showing. Her thighs were exposed almost to the seam of her crotch. “We haven't known each other very long but ...”

“You were mad. I thought ...” she trailed off, lowering her head again, eyes falling.

He said nothing.

Asuka shuffled forward on the chair. “Listen, this should be pretty obvious by now, but I ... I like something about you, too. I don't know what it is, I just ... something.”

Shinji gulped awkwardly. “I ...”
“I’m not saying we are more than friends, okay?” Asuka drew his shirt more closely about her, one of her hands holding it above her bust line, the other around her waist. “But friends can be special too.”

Shinji nodded, feeling he could compromise on that, even if he wasn’t very clear on what it meant. “So...”

“We should probably go back to training,” Asuka suggested. “In case you haven’t noticed, we really suck at it.”

“Um, well, it's getting late—” Shinji's stomach growled. “Maybe we could have some lunch first.”

“Even better. Turn Around.”

Shinji did, though it was a rather pointless gesture since he had already seen everything there was to see. Asuka slipped into his shirt behind him, and when she signaled that it was okay for him to turn back he noticed it was barely adequate; if she had been standing it would have probably not made it past her hips.

Being the one who was topless now, Shinji felt a tad self-conscious, and it showed in the form of a blush. Asuka bit her lip. To keep from teasing him, he thought.

Shinji fixed them a couple of sandwiches and they ate at the table, an odd couple made up of a boy wearing no shirt and a girl wearing nothing but. They said nothing to each other while they ate, but the mood had lifted noticeably.

“Shinji,” Asuka said after she was finished, the bright spark having slowly returned to her eyes. “I’ve got an idea.”

For a moment Shinji considered not listening to her, feeling that familiar knot of uncertainty in his chest. His eyes dragged on the table.

Asuka noticed. She tried to give him as much time as her patience would allow, then said sharply, “Just hear me out, okay.”

Given the demonstration he had just witnessed, and her seriousness regarding this situation, it was the sort of drastic measure he should have expected. But he was not prepared for the suggestion, let alone actually carrying it out. Asuka was determined that they stay on terms as equals, and that the reason they couldn’t be synchronized was because they were too busy worrying about each other.

Shinji, she said, spent too much time looking at her while trying to make it seem like he was not looking, afraid that he would be caught, and this screwed up his concentration. She admitted that she too looked at him, and it also kept her from doing her best.

They needed to be rid of that fear, otherwise this would never work. They liked each other, even if neither seemed to fully understand what that meant, and so it was fine to look. In fact, they had to look, to be comfortable with the other and to be able to synchronize their movements. And, just in case it made them too uncomfortable, they ought not to have a choice about it.

Shinji stuttered, sputtered, and generally acted like he lacked a spine, but in the end was unable to produce and excuse more substantial than because it was embarrassing. When Asuka asked sharply if he had any ideas the only answer he managed was a deep silence. He knew, as she did, that they had reached the end of their rope. That unless they did something drastic their training would fail. Asuka had been adamant, claiming that desperate times called for desperate measures and that if she was willing so should he.
After much cajoling and some corralling, Shinji finally relented, but not before making Asuka promise she wouldn't laugh at him. And so it was that they ended up back in the living room, standing in front of their respective mats.

This time they were both naked.

“Wark?” Pen-pen watched them confusion, and probably a little disbelieve, his beak going back and forth between them, confronted with a pair of youthful bare bottoms.

“Uh...” Shinji murmured, blushing furiously, his hands cupped together between his legs to cover his member, eyes down on the floor. He couldn't help wondering how he had let her talk him into this. Again.

Next to him, Asuka stood confidently, her feet planted apart on the mat, her hands on her hips as she looked at him. Despite the resolute expression on her face, her cheeks where a vivid red. She gave him an annoyed look. “Oh, just get it over with!”

Shinji swallowed, moving his hands away with extreme shyness and showing his mostly-stiff penis. “S-sorry. It's just ... so embarrassing.”

Asuka huffed, shifting to face him fully.

It was the first time Shinji got a real good look at her naked—at least of the part that really mattered. As he had expected, her body was flawless, radiating a kind of beauty that seemed impossible.

All of fourteen—or was that thirteen?—she was simply stunning, made more so by the confidence and even pride that was no rare to see in someone completely naked. Her budding breasts, as he noted before, were small but perky and perfect. And there was only a trace of pubic hair between her legs, a little darker than the hair atop her head. Her nether-lips were thin and tightly pressed together, creating a shallow pink fold that marked the entrance to her young womanhood.

But despite her undeniable physical beauty, her eyes were what attracted Shinji the most. The blue orbs, peering at him from behind scattered locks of her golden-red hair, shone like sapphires, though there was no hiding the hint of embarrassment.

“You done staring?” Asuka said sharply.

Shinji gave a tiny yelp and stuttered, “I-I thought you said it was okay to look.”

“I'm not an exhibitionist—this is embarrassing for me, too!”

He'd forgotten; she seemed so natural in the nude compared to him.

“Sorry.”

The naked redhead heaved a growl of suppressed annoyance and stepped back onto the reset circles on the back of the mat, the weight of her body making the clock behind her light up. “Well, come on. Unless you want to back out. You don't want to back out, do you?”

Shinji shook his head but said nothing. What was the point anyway? He already felt too much like an idiot. He followed in Asuka's lead. Moving without clothes was decidedly weird, but as he looked at her again he was reassured. Never in his wildest dreams could he have imagined this was possible, and even now it seemed like another one of his jerk-off fantasies. Asuka gave him a frown in return.

He was really doing this with her, wasn't he?
Standing side-by-side, naked together, the two teens took their positions and donned the headphones. Shinji watched her attentively, for once not afraid that she might yell at him for doing so. It was nice.

Asuka felt the same way, he could tell. Her face, so often twisted in anger, was open, her eyes bright. She looked even prettier like that, and it had nothing to do with her nudity. Shinji found himself smiling at her. She caught him and smiled back.

It was an unguarded gesture on her part, but it send a shudder of excitement through him.

For a moment, Shinji thought that he might be falling in love with Asuka. The tears, the anger and hurt he had experienced at her hands before had vanished, pushed back down by the fullness of his heart.

“Ready?” Asuka said.

“Ready.” Shinji nodded.

The first tone rang in Shinji's ears, and so they began. Right foot forward, left hand behind, straightened, right foot forward, left foot behind, and so on. There were no alarms. No blaring errors to break their shared concentration.

Watching her move freely, without fear, Shinji found that he was able to match her movements with his own surprisingly easy. Though she was still leading him, he didn't lag behind. And she was looking at him now as well, making sure he was still there with her in a way she had not done before.

They were dancing. And slowly Shinji's gaze began to move up from her hands and feet, up her legs, to where her thighs joined the fleshy, round muscles of her buttocks. When she bent over at the waist to hit a circle to he left he was riveted. He could clearly see the crease of her girlhood, colored a flustered pink and shiny with sweat, as was most of her contorting, flexing body.

He did not have to think of the steps anymore; they came naturally, as if he had know them all his life.

Such a revelation. It seemed all he wanted to do was follow Asuka, wherever she went, and all she had to do was not leave him behind.

No alarms sounded. They were perfect.

Even as Shinji experienced for the first time the thrill of success, however, Asuka rounded on him.

“Again!”

By the time they took a break an hour later both teenagers were panting heavily, their bodies covered head to toes in sweat, their hair sticking to their faces, and in Asuka's case to her shoulders and back.

Beaming at each other in triumph, Asuka and Shinji sat on the mats to catch their breath.

“I knew it'd work!” Asuka said animatedly. She seemed happy in a way Shinji had seldom seen her, even when she was surrounded by all her admirers at school. “Of course. It was my idea!”

The last few days had been frustrating and tiresome, but Shinji felt happy, too. “Yeah.”

Then a shadow crossed Asuka's face and her brows flattened into deadpan as she glared intently at his crotch. Shinji's erected penis stuck out in front of him at its full length. More than once he had
Caught her looking at it out of the corner of her eyes, but the expected rebuke never came. Now, it seemed, was time to pay the piper.

“Why is it hard?” Asuka asked, pointing a finger towards his member. “It's not always like that, is it?”

Shinji didn't think he could answer that, so instead he mumbled something unintelligibly and hoped that was enough. It wasn't. Asuka's mouth twisted, and, lacking provocation, resorted to what she did best besides piloting Eva: calling him names.

“Pervert.”

Shinji tried not to look down at himself because he knew she was right.

Asuka made a face that bordered on anger. “Well, it looks disgusting,” she declared loudly. “Do something about it.”

Shinji was completely lost. “L-like what?”

“Are you stupid?” Asuka got up and padded with intend across to his mat. She came to tower over him in all her naked glory, glaring down on him, blue eyes bristling, hands on her bare hips.

Her closeness, her posture, her authority suddenly made Shinji uncomfortable. He cowered away from her, struggling with the renewed urge to cover himself, lowering his gaze meekly to the carpet between her feet.

“Well?” she demanded.

“I can't,” Shinji muttered, thinking he understood what she wanted him to do.

“Pathetic!” Asuka shrilled. She was getting angry, always a bad sign. “You've had that thing up since we started and it's really pissing me off. I'm telling you to take care of it. It's not like I don't know what boys like to do with their things. I bet you do it a lot.”

“Yeah, but ...”

Asuka snickered, curling the corners of her lips upwards into that sharp grin of hers, apparently enjoying the fact that she had just gotten him to admit to masturbation. Now she knew for sure she was right and he was a pervert. Still, he couldn't just do something like that in front of her.

Shinji turned his head the other way, feeling a new rush of embarrassment. If Asuka was going to tease him about sex, he wished she would at least wait until they were clothed again. And why did she have to tease him when getting naked had been her idea in the first place? He had just done what she wanted, nothing more, and the results should have been predictable enough. A more confident boy might have pointed that out.

“You are utterly useless,” the haughty German redhead groaned, getting down on her knees in front of him, between his legs. “Fine. I'm used to doing everything for myself.”

Shinji drew back instinctively, rubbing his bare bottom on the mat, every muscle in his body clenched so tightly he was almost trembling. He stared at Asuka again, his eyes brimming with surprise and fear. He could think of nothing to say.

Carefully, Asuka reached out a hand towards his groin.
Shinji half expected to find himself lying back in his bed at the first touch, awakening from yet another wet dream.

But such dreams were never filled with the same sense of uncertainty as he felt now. He didn't have to wonder about intentions—wonder what could make a girl like Asuka, the most popular girl in school, want to do something like this to him, the boring, spineless doormat. Perhaps she was just playing with him, another of her mind games to get back at him for an offense he had not intended, or perhaps she really did like him as she'd said. Only Asuka could know.

Shinji gasped sharply as warm and firm pressure spread around the head of his erect penis the moment Asuka took it in her hand. His eyes squeezed shut. This was no dream.

“Does it hurt?” Asuka's grip loosened.

Shinji shook his head, overwhelmed by the pleasant sensation generated by her touch on such a sensitive, private part of his body. He managed to open his right eye just a bit, enough to see the pretty girl kneeling in front of him draw her brow in concentration.

“Then stop being such a wimp,” Asuka said. Gently, she moved her hand over his hard length all the way to the base and then up again.

Shinji was beyond the ability to respond. He made a noise like the mewing of a cat, his mind wrapped around the sensation from his penis as she squeezed lightly. His heart was beating like mad inside his chest, pumping blood furiously to every cell in his body.

Her hand moved rather clumsily up and down, obviously having never done anything like this, gripping and releasing at odd intervals, as if she weren't sure just how much pressure was needed. The rubbing soon had and effect and a trickled of clear pre-cum started to leak out of the tip of his penis.

“What is that?” Asuka squeaked in surprise. “Eww! Are you peeing?”

“N-no. It's normal.”

Asuka frowned. “Oh, I get it. Girls do that too. We get all wet when we really want somebody, or when something feels really good. Is it the same for boys?”

Shinji still couldn't look at her. His voice was barely audible. “Just …with pretty girls.”

A pleased grin came to Asuka's face, as if she knew the lure she was dangling was simply too enticing to resist—being called a pretty girl didn't hurt either. The grin wasn't there for long, however, because as her hand kept pumping up and down, her lips parted and her head descended towards his slick and glistening head.

“Ah-Asuka...”

“Shut up. This is hard enough without you talking.”

He swallowed. She was really going to...

A whimper escaped his throat as Asuka's soft, pink lips sealed lightly around the head of his penis. It was only a momentary touch, as she quickly pulled back, coughed and looked up at him.

“Tastes like sweat,” she said. “And something funny. You showered this morning, didn't you?”
Shinji nodded, though he didn't know how that would help since they had been training ever since.

“Yeah, but—”

“Good.” Brushing back locks of her hair, Asuka returned her attention to his member, letting it poke her on the chin. “You know, I wouldn’t just do this for everyone. I expect you to be grateful.”

Opening her mouth wide, she again inserted the bulbous tip of his cock into the warm and wet recesses within, issuing a tiny noise that sounded like someone tasting a morsel of food they didn’t quite like. Shinji managed to hold back another whimper, clenching his teeth against the onrush of pleasure, his eyes welded firmly shut.

Asuka’s mouth was like nothing he had ever felt as it slid almost effortlessly up and down the length of his shaft, coating it in her warm saliva. She still had her hand there too, wrapped around his circumference, and whenever her lips moved back it would move up, creating a sort of double piston action over the slick, pale skin.

Her rhythm was off, though; she didn’t seem able to control just how much effort she was putting into things and would squeeze too hard. Sometimes her lips and her hand would meet and move together, making it feel as though Shinji had his penis caught in a giant fleshy tube.

But, regardless of her inexperience and clumsiness, it was wonderful. Just the fact that she was the one doing this was pleasurable, let alone the sensations themselves. Asuka Langley Sohryu was on her knees and sucking him off—it was a pervert’s dream come true.

Shinji was soon moaning, leaning back and supporting himself with his arms as Asuka’s head bobbed up and down between his legs with increasing speed, slurping noises escaping her at regular intervals as she attempted to deal with his leaking secretions and her own saliva. When she started to suck he almost fainted.

God...

Shinji threw back his head. Instinctively, he placed a hand on her head, not to guide her but to just feel her movements. The feeling of confusion and uncertainty he had before quickly disappeared as he let himself go, deeper and deeper into Asuka’s thrall.

Then, it happened without warning. His whole body clenched, his fingers knotting themselves among Asuka’s hair and not letting go. His hips thrust forwards and up, into her face.

And he began to come.

Normally he would have been able to tell when he was getting close. In this case, his nervous system was simply overwhelmed to the point where it just happened as if by accident.

Unfortunately for Asuka, it happened on the down stroke. The first jet of semen shot down her throat. The redhead gagged immediately and choked, her eyes wide as the new sour taste and gamey, sticky texture poured into her unsuspecting mouth. She pulled out, giving a cry of alarm, but she was held fast by her hair.

She welded her lips shut, squeezed her eyes, and turned her face away as he continued to ejaculate out of control, all she could do not to let any more of his seed on any of her most sensitive tissues.

After a moment, Shinji collapsed spent onto his back, panting loudly in the aftermath of orgasm, eyes glazed over. His fingers finally let go of Asuka’s hair. The redhead sat up between his legs, propping herself on her arms, which were shaking, cautiously opening one of her eyes.

Her face was a mess; globs of white semen hung down her features like silly string, from her nose,
her lips and chin. It ran down her cheeks, particularly the right one where she had taken most of his load. There was even some in her hair; by some miracle none got in her eyes.

Asuka raised a hand, not sure what else to do, and wiped the semen off. But the substance was not what she expected. It didn't wipe off, and she only succeeded in smearing it everywhere. The skin that remained untouched was now covered in a stinky layer of the stuff, like perverted makeup, and even her hands, which she looked down at in disgust.

She tried wiping the stuff off again, this time using both hands, palms up. It didn't help. Her head sank. She stopped wiping and just covered her cum-smeared face in embarrassment.

When Shinji returned to reality, this was the sight he found. He sat up groggily, rubbing his eyes. “Asuka?”

He moved closer, fearing something was wrong.

She shoved him away. “Get off!”

“Hold on.” Not knowing what else he should do, Shinji got up and raced into the kitchen. Quickly grabbing a roll of paper towels, then he thought better of it, rushed into the bathroom to grab a hand towel and a bar of soap. He filled a plastic cereal bowl with water and tossed in the soap.

Asuka was still sitting right where he left her, her head in her hands. He set the bowl with the soapy water beside her and sat with her. He wrapped the towel around his fingers and dipped the tip into the water. “Let me see,” he said, bringing up the towel.

“Idiot!” Asuka shoved him again. “Couldn't you at least tell me you were going to do that!”

“Sorry.”

Asuka snatched the towel from his hand, soaked it heavily with water and began furiously trying to get the scum of her face. Shinji wanted to help her, but thought better of it.

When she was done, Asuka tossed the towel aside. Then she turned to Shinji. “Don't think this gives you the right to look down on me,” she grumbled. “I only did it because I know I hurt you before. If you tell anyone I did it, I will kill you.”

The look on her face left no doubt she was being perfectly serious.

Shinji nodded, his feelings far too conflicted to allow him to voice either an objection or agreement. Finally, when it became clear he wasn't going to say anything else, Asuka heaved a sigh and got up. She marched into the kitchen, cursing in German under her breath, and a moment later Shinji heard the bathroom door slamming shut. She was there for quite a while.

He couldn't blame her for being angry, and yet he also couldn't avoid the sense that something special had just taken place. That a barrier had been broken between them.

The Third Child doubted Asuka would agree just then, but he still found it hard to keep the smile from his face.

Night had fallen by the time Misato returned home. She popped open a beer and for the next few hours sat in the living room and watched as Asuka and Shinji continued their synchronization training.
Judging by the looks on their faces and their body language, it was evident they had been at it most of the day. She had to admit she was surprised they had kept up with it in her absence, specially Asuka. It didn't really seem to have made much difference. The pilots continued to fail: missteps, jumping ahead, falling behind, the whole thing. At least they were getting further into the choreography, but that could hardly be considered a success after so long.

And if the NERV Captain was concerned about the lack of progress, Ritsuko and the Commander were positively displeased. In their minds this whole idea had turned out to be a disaster and, of course, they held her responsible. But what could she do?

From the alternating frustration and determination on their young faces, Misato could tell the leotard-clad teenagers were trying their best. She couldn't really ask them for more than that. And if she did, she wouldn't blame them if they failed to deliver. They were just too incompatible.

Misato took another sip of her beer, ignoring the latest error alarm from Shinji's clock and Asuka kicking him across the room. She wished now that she could carry out her threat to put Rei in Unit 02, but Ritsuko had assured her it was not an option. Even if they could connect Rei to Asuka's Eva, which would take weeks of preparations, her synch-ratio would have to be high enough to allow for sufficient coordination. And that just wasn't going to happen.

Though Ritsuko had advised her to be realistic, doing so meant facing the fact that they had a little over two days to go. The only good thing in all of this was that by the end of the week she wouldn't have to worry about her job anymore. Because they would all be dead.

As Asuka and Shinji reset for another attempt, Misato finished her latest beer, adding the can to the sizable pile she had already accumulated. Pen-pen rustled his feather nearby, completely oblivious to their impending doom.

Two more days.

They were so screwed.

Asuka raised the glass of water to her lips, absently sending a hand behind her to tug the back of her panties out from between her buttocks. She had always liked wearing skimpy clothes to bed, not just because they showed off her striking figure but also because they were usually very comfortable. Somehow, despite being clad only in a loose sleeveless nightshirt barely long enough to reach her thighs and a pair of striped panties, she didn't feel very comfortable tonight.

When the water was gone she wiped a hand over her mouth, set the empty glass down on the counter and headed back to the darkened living room, bare feet padding softly as she went. Her new roommates were still asleep in their futons, oblivious to her absence; Misato lay sprawled out in a rather lewd manner and snoring loudly. Shinji was curled up on his side, wrapped in his blanket. He didn't snore.

Asuka envied them as she looked over at her own futon. It wasn't often that she had trouble sleeping, but when she did it was usually over something serious, like her synch scores. Not something stupid like a boy.

“Idiot.” Even as she whispered the word, Asuka moved quietly towards the Third Child. On a strange impulse, she got down on her hands and knees next to him, looking at his face the whole time. His features were relaxed, eyes closed, scattered locks of brown hair brushing across his
forehead. He was breathing deeply and slowly.

If someone was going to throw her feelings into confusion, Asuka would have expected them to least look like it. Shinji had nothing of the heroic aura she thought an Eva pilot should have. He was plain, gentle, and just there. He wasn't at all what she wanted in someone that she could share herself with. And yet she almost had, in more ways than one.

Realizing she was really attracted to Shinji Ikari, physically if nothing else, had shattered her expectations of herself both as an Eva pilot and a young woman. She never thought she could feel anything like that for someone like him. Getting him to strip naked in front of her had been a cold, manipulative act, and done for no other reason than to satisfy her own ego. She had to admit it was more than a little cruel. But what happened after that …

His reaction had shocked her, both because it was unexpected and utterly heartbreaking. By the time she decided to handcuff herself to that chair she had been desperate—somehow, letting Shinji see her like that and pay her back for the humiliation became forgiveness in her mind. Not only had he refused to humiliate her, he had decided to forgive her.

Asuka still couldn't believe he said he didn't hate her. But he had. He even said he liked her … and she had a feeling he hadn't just meant her body.

He liked her.

As they successfully complete the choreography in the nude, her guilt and regret eased into something like contentment, maybe even joy. For the first time it seemed like they had struck a cord with one another, a connection that neither of them could deny.

Asuka was not used to feeling that way about other people, and before she knew it those same feelings, confused as they were, had gotten the better of her. Putting her lips around Shinji's dick was less an act of desire and more one of teenage curiosity. His response had only encouraged her. She liked that she could make him feel good after what she had done, and she certainly enjoyed having such control over him.

And then he blew his disgusting load all over her face and she came back to her senses. She couldn't really face him after that. They had gone back to wearing their outfits, back to trying to complete the choreography, and, weighted down with the deeply personal and disturbing events of the day, back to failing.

If anything, it was worse than before.

“This is stupid,” Asuka whispered. “What could I possibly see in someone like you?”

Shinji moaned as if in response. His head rolled on his pillow, his eyelids fluttered.

Asuka felt her heart jump, a noise of surprise escaping her lips. A second later she was confronted a pair of groggy dark blue eyes. Shinji started immediately upon seeing her staring down at him, but as he opened his mouth Asuka hastily clapped her hand over it.

“Don’t misunderstand, idiot,” Asuka hissed into his ear. “I-I'm hungry. Get up and fix me something to eat.” It was the best she could come up with. She really didn’t want to sound so angry or bossy, but the hours of sleeplessness were catching up with her. “Alright?”

Shinji nodded silently. In the darkness, Asuka could not tell if he was angry, curious or annoyed. Probably a combination of all the above.
Relieved that she didn’t have to explain herself beyond a simple command, Asuka moved her hand away. Shinji didn’t try to press the issue. He got up and headed obediently to the kitchen, casting one quick glance back at her. She followed him and slumped into a chair at the table as he flicked on the light.

“What do you want?” Shinji asked from the other side of the table, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

“Huh?”

He blushed for some reason. “To eat.”

“Oh that,” Asuka said, leaning forward and resting her head on the crook of her elbow. “Whatever.”

Now it was Shinji who seemed confused. For a moment he looked as if he wanted to say something then just shook his head and got to work, turning his back to her as he began opening a few cupboards.

He settled on making onigiri: simple rice balls held together with salt water. Asuka didn’t mind them. Of course, she was not hungry to begin with. Her blue eyes watched as Shinji rubbed some salt on his wet hands and with the help of his nimble fingers started to make a triangle form of the rice balls. It was like she was mesmerized by them.

“Shinji …”

“Hmm?” he hummed, keeping his back to her as though he were trying to avoid more direct contact. She didn't blame him.

How many times had she had someone cook for her like this? How many people had ever shown her this kind of attention?

Far too few. Her step-parents had always preferred ordering out, and her Mama … her Mama was always busy, and then she died. But one time, after finishing another big project, she had spent an evening in the kitchen while Asuka, then a little girl of six, sat swaying her legs on a chair and watched her. That was one of those moments she treasured; one of those moments that got stuck in her head and repeated over and over through the years, one of the few memories of her mother that didn't bring with it unbearable pain.

Shinji finally turned to her again, two triangle shaped onigiri in the plate. He brought them to her smiling sheepishly and placed them on the table. “Sorry, we do not have enough rice to make more.”

“At least we don’t have to worry about ever running out of beer.” Asuka sneered, sitting up and pointing with her chin at the fridge where Misato kept her Yebisu beer.

Shinji politely ignored the insult to their guardian as he returned to wipe down the counter.

“Won’t you eat anything?” Asuka suddenly asked.

Shinji quickly cocked his head, obvious disbelief in his voice. “Me?’

“Do you see anyone else around here, dummkopf? Of course you.”

For a few long seconds he just stood there and hesitated. Then, probably deciding that this wasn't a trap and that she was actually being nice to him, he took a seat across the table.

“Thank you,” Shinji said taking one of the onigiris.
Asuka rolled her eyes. “Are you stupid? You made those yourself. There's no need to thank me.”

There was an uncomfortable silence when they started eating. Neither looked very hungry so they ate slowly, listening to the clock ticking and avoiding eye contact. Finally, chewing on a mouthful of rice, Asuka asked, “You cook a lot?”

Shinji stole a glance at her and nodded. “Y-yeah,” he murmured. “It's one of those things I seem to be good at. I must have gotten it from my mom, I guess. I can't imagine Father cooking. And Misato … well, it's better this way.”

Asuka opened her mouth to ask him about his father but then remembered that the two of them were not on the best terms. In the silence that followed, another more personal and troubling question occurred to her: if most of her attraction to him was physical, why did she care about his past? Why did she feel like she ought to talk to him?

That wasn't something she could answer yet. She took it out by biting down hard on the onigiri.

“Um, Asuka …” Shinji was still trying hard not to meet her eyes. “About today. I didn't mean to upset you. I just never had someone do that to me before. And, well, I really enjoyed it.”

Asuka snickered. Of course he would say that, she thought angrily, he's a world-class pervert.

Shinji's tone grew warmer, his face more relaxed in very pleasant way. “And after … I know we are supposed to focus on our training, and doing it with no clothes on was really embarrassing, but I'm glad I could share something like that with you. I'm glad to have you by my side.”

That sent alarm bells ringing in Asuka's head. He really did think that what they'd done—what she started—meant they were together now, didn't he? He really thought she had wanted to be his girlfriend. She had led him on without even understanding her own feelings, and now he'd gone and gotten the wrong impression of her.

But was it really wrong? She hadn't been able to stop thinking about him all night. She might not know what she wanted from him, but knew there was a longing she felt towards him. Even if it was just lust, it still had to mean something she didn't want to accept.

An uncomfortable knot formed in her throat.

“I'm finished,” Asuka said, putting down what was left of her onigiri.

Shinji furrowed his brow, and Asuka belatedly became aware of her sullen tone. “Is something wrong?” he asked her.

Asuka got up slowly, feeling his puzzled gaze follow her every movement. She didn't dare look at him as she turned on her heels and pounded back to the living room. Dropping onto her futon in a huff, she lay down on her side and yanked the short sheets over her head, leaving her long, bare legs exposed. A moment later she heard Shinji's footsteps as he walked to his futon.

“Good night, Asuka.”

Asuka fought the sudden urge to bark back at him.

Why couldn't he get it? Couldn't he see what he was doing to her? A few days ago she had been so cocky and self-assured. Everything had been so clear cut—she come to Japan to fight the angels, to prove how good she was, to gain glory and fame for herself. Now here she was, a complete wreck. And there was only one thing that could really explain it.
She was falling in love.

It felt nothing like she thought it would in Germany, when she honestly believed she would one day fall in love with Kaji. This was different, hurtful and yet more deeply-rooted, more sincere and heartfelt.

As Shinji lay down on his futon a few feet away, Asuka drew the sheets more tightly around herself. She wouldn't know, but maybe love was supposed to make you feel like you wanted to cry.

Day 5

Misato departed early the next morning after delivering an annoying speech on how important this training was, and how they wouldn't stand a chance against the angel if they couldn't work together. Already in a foul mood, it took most of Asuka's considerable will power to keep from telling her to shut up.

Out of excessive politeness, Shinji saw their guardian off at the door, waving her goodbye like the idiot he was. Asuka stayed in the living room, biding her time. Once Misato was gone she made her move.

She caught Shinji just as he was entering the living room, standing in his way, hands on her hips. They were both still in their sleep clothes, the only normal clothing they'd worn for days aside from the hated leotards.

“Listen to me, Third Child,” she started, trying to keep her voice stern. “I don't care what you think happened yesterday. We are still just friends. Got it?”

He looked at her in silence for a long moment, then he slunk away sheepishly, dropping his head. Seeing the open, almost crushing disappointment on his face, Asuka quickly added, “That doesn't mean we can't be special friends.” She took a step towards him, her hands now dangling loosely at her sides. “And it doesn't mean we can't like each other, because we obviously do. But there's a difference between being special friends and … being that.”

A hint of confusion twisted Shinji's brow. His gaze stayed down, lost somewhere in the carpet between their feet. “Being what?”

“That!” Asuka yelled. “You know, sweethearts. Boyfriend and girlfriend. That! We are not that. We are friends.”

Shinji's manner turned decidedly downcast. He didn't even try to hide it from her. “Okay …”

“Is that all you are going to say?” Asuka felt her chest tighten. It wasn't like she was doing this to hurt him. She just couldn't take the risk of letting him inside any further. Keeping from crying last night took all she had, and if she actually cried because of him she would never forgive herself—or him. She could like him, mostly because it was mutual and physical. She had to stop it there.

But only now did she realize, with a great deal of shock, that he had not expected this conversation. Not after yesterday. That perhaps he had thought they were that, only to have her shatter that illusion in the most brutal way possible.
“What do you want me to say?”

“I don’t know!” Asuka barked, her fists clenching. She wasn’t sure why she was suddenly so angry. “Something else!”

“I’m glad we are friends, Asuka.” Shinji sounded almost heartbroken as he said that. He stepped around her, heading towards the TV, where Pen-pen was watching some show about polar bears, leaving Asuka standing there with no one to yell or be angry at.

She followed him with her eyes as he sat next to the penguin, struggling to repress more feelings than she thought was possible for any human being to have. She had spent so much of her life alone that it had become a confirmation of her elite status—she was unique and special and that meant she was supposed to be alone. But very rarely had she actually felt alone in Germany.

She felt alone now. Very alone. And it was made worse because she had shared his companionship the day before, knew in her heart how good it could feel, and now that it had gone the hole left behind was deeper and emptier.

Asuka’s face twisted in disgust. Just when the hell did she become such a needy child anyway?

“We should train,” she said.

Shinji just sat there, not answering.

“Fine. Whatever.” Asuka stormed into her bedroom, picked up a German fashion magazine from one of her many boxes and returned to the living room, bare feet stomping furiously. She plopped down at the low table which had been pushed into a corner to make room for their training equipment and folded her legs beneath her. Propping herself up on an elbow, she began flipping through the pages.

She wasn't interested. The articles on the latest fashions for the Summer seemed dull and pointless. The models looked boring, like they were made of plastic despite the brightly-colored clothes and airbrushed makeup. Even the scratch-and-sniff perfume sample had a bitter tang to it. She hated it.

Defeated, Asuka dropped her face onto the magazine and folded her arms over her head. She looked furtively at Shinji clicking the remote. Suddenly, she wanted to watch TV as well.

Out of spite, she hoped.

Then she spotted the spare remote on the table. After a moment, she made up her mind. Her pride would not allow to ask anything from him, but she just couldn't stand this anymore. She took the remote, and, without saying a word, changed the channel.

Pen-pen gave her an annoyed wark.

“Hey, we're watching that!” Shinji said irritably, glaring at her. He grabbed the remote by his side and changed it back.

“Not anymore. I hate nature shows.” She changed it again. “Besides, he's a bird,” she gestured to Pen-pen. “He doesn't have an opinion.”

Shinji leaned forward, sticking out the remote as far as his arm would allowed and changing the channel. “We can still watch what we want!”

“What the hell is your problem, Third Child?” Mimicking him, she leaned forward and pointed the remote.
His glare intensified. “What the hell is your problem, Asuka?”

“You!” she blurted out. “You are my problem! You and this whole goddamned situation!”

He did not bother to reply. Instead he turned his head back to the TV and put the remote down, giving it up. Pen-pen glared at her for a moment before he also accepted defeat.

A strained silence fell over the living room, interrupted only by the audio from the television.

Having had her way but still unhappy, Asuka dropped the remote and lowered her head. “Shinji …”

Yesterday, during those brief moments when they had successfully completed the choreography, she had been so glad to be with him … for a little while, when she didn't have to think about what the emotions meant, she was happy. Happy for the first time in ages. Before the doubts and second-guessing ate away at her through the night and brought to the verge of tears.

And now Shinji was … ignoring her.

Asuka ground her teeth. She hated being ignored. How dare this idiot ignore her? After what they'd done yesterday—after she had sucked him off, for God's sake! She'd show him. Nobody ignored her and got away with it.

Too outraged to think anything through, Asuka got up and stalked over to Shinji. But as she did, she realized that it wasn't just her anger making her move—that she wanted desperately for him to acknowledge her again and recapture the feelings of the previous day which had allowed her, just for a moment, to escape the crushing loneliness she felt.

By then it was too late to stop, even if she had wanted to.

Shinji didn't react as she came to stand in front of him with her hands on her hips, blocking the television. Pen-pen squawked at her. Asuka kicked him, not too hard but hard enough to send him scurrying towards the kitchen.

“Hey!” Shinji went to get up. “You can't just—”

Asuka turned on him, planting her foot squarely on his chest and pushing him back down to the floor. “Don't you ever dare tell me what I can't do.”

There was shock plainly written all over Shinji's face, and some anger. But mostly shock.

Not wanting to give him a chance to mount any effective resistance, Asuka scrambled on top of him, straddling his waist and lowering her head to whisper in his ear while pinning him with her arms and her weight.

“I really liked what we did yesterday,” Asuka admitted. It was all she could think of saying besides yelling. “I'm surprised. You are not such a failure after all.”

Asuka closed her eyes, and prayed she hadn't just made a huge stupid mistake. As things between them went, she probably had. This was going to end badly, but what else could she do?

“I-I don't—”

“Shut up and listen.” she cut him off, trying to show a certainty she didn't feel. “You should know by now that I'm not one to accept things easily. They go my way or they don't go at all. And if you can't live with that then there's no point. I always get what I want. But you should also know that
yesterday was the first time I haven't felt alone in a long time. We worked together, and we managed to finish the routine. I was happy about that.”

He looked up at her with those sad blue eyes of his. His voice was unsure. “But I thought—you just said …”

“You shouldn’t think.” Asuka moved her mouth closer. “Can’t you understand? I don't want you to get hurt by getting the wrong impression. And I don't want you to hurt me, either. I really don't want you to hurt me. It pisses me off that you would want to shut me out because of that.”

Shinji shook his head. “I’m sorry. I didn't mean to—”

Asuka clutched his collar as he spoke, shutting him up. “I don't care what you meant. I'm telling you what you did. I'm telling you how you made me feel. I hate being ignored, especially by the likes of you.” Her other hand drifted downwards, towards the waistband of his shorts. “I won't let you ignore me.”

Shinji gulped nervously, his shoulders tensing. “What are you doing?”

What ARE you doing? the voice inside Asuka's head demanded. Was she admitting that she needed him in more than a physical way? After last night, she wasn't even sure what these feelings were. But she knew the feelings were there, beating in her chest, just under the surface. It was a shameful thing to realize about herself, but loneliness could not be overcome by doing nothing.

This was the best she could do. The only thing she thought she could offer Shinji that he might actually want, the same thing she had offered Kaji on the trip from Germany—her body. Shinji had gone out of his way to accommodate her, surrendered his home to her, catered to her every whim. And all she had managed to do to return his kindness was to hurt him.

But even that thought, that he deserved better, was subsumed to her need. And right now she needed him to pay attention to her. Was it lust? Or was it a deeper emotional craving? She didn't know. Maybe it was both.

Asuka had never done this before—she had never claimed someone for herself. Where was she supposed to start?

“Don't ask stupid questions, okay?”

Predictably, Shinji's response was to try to get up.

Asuka held him down. “I am going to be the only thing you think about, even if it makes you go insane.” She lowered her head, taking his earlobe into her mouth and holding it between her teeth. “Even if I have to hurt you.”

“I…” he hissed in pain as she bit down. “I don't understand. You said we were just friends.”

“Special friends.” Asuka chewed, making him stiffen though it should have been obvious she wasn't trying to injure him. “It’s okay. You are an idiot anyway. I’ve decided you don’t have to understand.”

“Uh…” Shinji gasped as Asuka pressed her advantage. She moved downward with hungry and possessive intent, nuzzling her face against the side of his neck. Her right hand grabbed the bottom on his shirt and lifted it, exposing first his stomach and then his hairless chest, touching him gently with her palm. His warmth comforted her and quieted the alarmed voice in her head.

He grabbed her hand, stopping her from taking his shirt off completely. “What are you going to do?”
“Why the hell are you still asking questions?” Asuka took a bit of skin from his neck between her teeth. “If you want to stop me, just push me away. Be a man for once.”

Shinji raised his hands, but he did not try to push her off.

Asuka smiled; even this idiot could recognize it was better to surrender to her. She sat back and straddled him, pinching his waist between her knees while keeping her mouth at his neck, biting lightly like a sultry redhead vampire, making him squirm.

“I hate being ignored,” she repeated. “I’m going to make you bleed if I have to. So you don’t forget.”

Shinji shook his head. “No, please. I won’t forget.”

“We’ll see about that.” She let go, then moved both hands along his chest, feeling his smooth skin there and making lazy circles. “Put your hands on me.”

Oddly, it did not sound like a command. Shinji still hesitated.

“I want you to,” Asuka assured him.

Very cautiously, Shinji brought up his hand and placed them on her flanks, holding her through the loose material of her shirt just above her hips. Asuka shuffled forwards on pure instinct, grinding her pelvis gently against him. Already she was well aware of the growing wetness between her legs, rubbing into the gusset of her panties, staining and soaking them with her juices.

Shinji’s hands somehow found their way under her shirt, and she felt them directly on her skin. They were soft, warm, and hesitant, as befitted any shy boy. Although his touch was feathery and very pleasant, there was no denying it was awkward, that of someone who had never done this done.

Asuka’s was no different, but her movements carried the certainty of someone who knew what she wanted. But did that mean she finally knew what that was? Did she really?

The doubts beckoned by those thoughts were locked away as soon as Shinji’s groping hands reached the bottom of her breasts. There would be time for her to hate herself later. Now she closed her eyes and focused on his fingers slowly working their way over her small, sensitive mounds, sending shivers of pleasure down her spine where her nerves became alive.

“Um … Shinji?” Asuka purred. “Talk to me.”

“W-what do want me to say?” His voice trembled as his fingers found her nipples, spreading around the rock-hard and pointy nubs. His hands cupped her breasts, lifting them slightly under her shirt. They were also trembling.

Asuka had always thought her breasts were much too underdeveloped for a girl her age. Sure, they were firm and nicely shaped, but they were still budding and even childish in a way. She knew it was just a matter of time before they filled in. Cupped by Shinji’s inexperienced hands, however, they felt just the right size. They fit him perfectly, as if they were meant to be held only by him. Ever.

“What do you like best about me?” Asuka knew she had to take the lead, and that was as good a question as any. It was followed by a moment of thoughtful uncertainty from Shinji.

“But your eyes,” the brown-haired boy finally said.

Asuka smacked him on the chest. “Liar!”
“Ow!” Shinji flinched, his hands closing reflexively around her breasts. “No, it’s true!”

“Whatever.”

Asuka shuffled further back, though not enough to release her breasts from Shinji’s grip, and rose on her knees. Placing a hand against his chest, she sent the other one down to grab the waistband of his shorts. As she did, she noticed the front was sticking up like a tent. Asuka looked down, amused at how hard Shinji had become already but rather pleased with herself. No matter how angry he had been at her, or how aggressive she was, he simply could not help it.

But then Asuka felt Shinji pulling her towards him. She raised her head just as her face came within inches of his. His eyes closed, his lips parted.

In an moment of clarity, Asuka understood. The voice in her head which she had so far managed to ignore pipped up again. A kiss? She wasn’t ready for that. A kiss meant … it meant … God, it meant …

Asuka panicked, and she resisted. “What the hell are you doing?”

Shinji let go of her breasts. His eyes opened, confusion clearly visible in the dark blue orbs. “I thought—”

“No kissing,” Asuka said, frowning and pushing herself away. “Nothing against you, Third Child, but … I’m not ready for that.”

The look on Shinji’s face was one of utter disappointment. “But…”

Asuka pressed her fingers against his lips to quiet him. She tried to sound as sincere as she could. “It doesn’t mean it will never happen. Just … I need to sort some things out first. And when we do kiss it will be even better because we waited. Can you deal with that?”

That was as good an explanation as she could give him right now. He would have to accept it.

A tiny smile curled on his lips. “Whatever makes you happy, Asuka.”

Whatever makes me happy, Asuka repeated to herself. If he can believe that, then why can’t I? Why do I have to suffer to be happy?

Her gaze drifted towards their training mats, waiting silently to be used on the other side of the living room. Maybe there was another way to show her affection, more physical and less emotional. Asuka could do physical. She had proven that yesterday.

Satisfied that he was not hurt by her refusal to kiss him, and that he didn’t think her reasons were completely selfish, Asuka got to her feet. As she did, she reached for the hem of her shirt and lifted it over her head to reveal her upper body then tossed it aside.

“It’s time to train, stupid,” she explained, seeing the puzzled look return to Shinji’s face. She slipped her thumbs into the waistbands of her panties and dropped them to the floor with her shirt. “I don’t think we should bother with those clown outfits. Besides, you know we are better off without them.”

Now completely naked except for the pointy red neural connectors nestled in her hair, Asuka knew she was a breathtaking sight. Shinji hesitated, staring at her as bright red blush came over his cheeks.

Asuka liked that color very much, but not if it kept her from getting her way.
“Well, if you don't want to, I guess we can go back to flailing around like idiots.” She bent over and reached for her shirt. “But you know this isn't going to work any other way.”

Shinji nodded. “Yeah, I know.”

“So.” Asuka set a hand on a bare hip. “I don't like wasting my time, Third Child. What's it gonna be?”

The question veiled a far more personal issue, of course—one that had nothing to do with what they should wear or why. Here she was, utterly bare in front of him, as she had been when she handcuffed herself to that chair. Except that now she was offering him more than just her body.

What she was offering was a chance to be with her. He had to cast aside his inhibitions and join her and be willing to follow her because she could not let him lead. He had to understand that being with her did not mean that they could just hang out together and make out just for fun. Being with Asuka Langley Soryu meant belonging to her. There was no room to compromise on that—she could not tolerate it any other way. Either he did or he didn't. He had to chose which.

Clothes on meant they would fail, in their training and their budding relationship, and probably die a few days from now. Clothes off meant …

Shinji got up slowly. His shirt soon added to the collection of discarded clothing on the carpet, followed by his shorts and underwear.

Asuka found herself growing so fond of him that she briefly wondered if it was a mistake not kissing him when she had the chance.

They stood naked in front of each other another, their faces blushing, eyes averted. It was entirely weird. She had not blushed when he was touching her breasts, but there was a sort of innocence in doing this together that brought a red hue to her cheeks.

For Shinji there was no hiding his hardness, not anymore than Asuka could hide the strands of clear juices running down her thighs. There was no need, either, because they knew they liked each other, and the knowledge made such displays visible—if lewd—representations of what they both felt. Asuka was stunned that the loneliness and fears of abandonment she'd had earlier had already started to leave her, replaced by a new revelation.

She was not alone. And she was not abandoned.

She was with Shinji.

They padded onto their respective mats and took the places that had become very familiar to each over the last five days. Feeling more confident and less embarrassed than before, Asuka raised her arms and made a show of stretching, exposing every square inch of her willowy, nude teenage body. Despite his obvious embarrassment, Shinji watched her closely, trying to take all of her in. Asuka smiled—it was always nice to feel appreciated.

Right as the clock behind her reset, Asuka stepped off. “Wait,” she said, turning to Shinji. “Let's do it together.”

The brown-haired boy was visibly confused. “I thought that's what we've been doing.”

“No, that's not what I mean.” Asuka came to stand on the mat right in front of him and turned her back. “Put your hands around me. Stay close.”
He could have objected, saying perhaps that there was no way he could hit his marks like this, but even he must have recognized that when someone like her offered you the chance to press your naked body against hers, you accepted.

“Um, okay,” Shinji said, and, very cautiously, slipped his hands around her narrow waist.

Sensing his uncertainty, Asuka again took the initiative. She pulled him close, until her back was pressed against his front and his hard member poked in between her legs, ticking and teasing her heated, already-dripping pussy.

This was, Asuka realized, exactly where it belonged.

The idea did not seem all that strange to her, even though she had just refused kissing him on grounds that she wasn’t ready. Sex was the last frontier of the body, that final transition from childhood into maturity. But her body was biologically made for sex—reproduction was the natural function of her womanly parts. And while Asuka loathed, and feared, the idea of becoming pregnant at her young age, it was easy to accept sex as something that would one day happen.

Kissing was a much more thorny issue. Yes, it was a physical act, that of bringing their lips together, but it entailed an emotional element that sex seemed to lack. Kissing was the opening of her heart, the irrefutable admission that she wanted to share it with someone else. That she was in love.

Real love, not something to cry at night about or hate yourself over.

It would have seemed impossible just a few days ago, but Asuka truly believed it was possible. Little by little, she was giving herself to him. And while she could not let him have her heart yet, he could have other things. Her mind was already his—she could hardly stop thinking about him. Next was her body. She hoped he appreciated it.

Asuka could feel Shinji’s breath on the back of her neck, his warmth sticking to her as she shuffled backwards, her bare feet almost on top of his. She could feel his heart thudding through his chest, matching her own.

There was no question of sticking to the choreography. Asuka improvised; Shinji firmly secured around her waist, she moved forward. He followed awkwardly, trying not to step on her.

It was a weird, clumsy dance. Two bodies held together, stumbling on one another, getting in each others’ way. There was no hint of the steps they had been practicing non-stop every waking moment of the last four days. This time they did it for the sheer pleasure.

Every movement reminded Asuka that she had his penis between her legs, that her pussy was wet, that his presence felt impossibly comforting, that she was not alone.

As they tripped and fell down on the mat after an attempt to turn around, Asuka found herself doing something she never did. She was laughing—real, enjoyable, happy laughter. Shinji was laughing too, rubbing his head.

They could not have ended up in a more perverted situation. Asuka was now sitting on top of Shinji, facing his legs, while he lay on his back. His erection was firmly squeezed beneath her, pressing insistently against her precious bottom. She could feel him throbbing.

Yet despite the nakedness and the intimate contact, when Asuka cared to notice, the screaming voice in her head that marked her pride and constantly haunted her was silent. At that moment she wasn’t anything more than what she appeared—not an elite Eva pilot, or a haughty school idol, or a foreign half-German half-Japanese beauty.
She was just a girl who liked a boy.

Again she wondered if it was love. But what could someone like her, never having been in love before, know about such a thing? Maybe it was, or maybe it was just the kind of happiness she had not felt in a long time. It didn't really matter.

As she shifted a little on her seat, the redhead felt Shinji's hot fleshly flagpole rub on her left buttock, before comfortably snuggling into the crease in between. It was so hard it seemed as though she had a piece of wood stuck there.

Yesterday, sucking him off had happened mostly on impulse and teen curiosity, and she hadn't liked it all that much. And she had specially not liked having Shinji spray his goo all over her face. It was sticky and smelled, and it tasted kinda foul. Oddly, however, she wouldn't mind doing it again today.

But there was something else now. Something different. An emptiness she needed to fill, a deep longing for companionship beyond the physical barrier of her body.

Asuka looked at Shinji over her shoulder. “I see we need to fix your little problem again,” she said, a teasing grin on her rosy lips. “Don't you have any shame?”

Shinji gulped down, growing increasingly embarrassed. “Um, I … ”

“It’s alright. I don’t mind right now.” Asuka reached under herself with a hand and gave his hard rod a gentle squeeze. “But… you are not the only one with a problem today.”

She got on her knees before Shinji even a chance to ask what she meant, straddling him in reverse. The brown-haired boy thus trapped between her legs, she backed up on him until her shapely bottom and, more importantly, the enticing, lip-lined slot of her young pussy hovered only inches from his face. Asuka knew she was glistening with wetness. She could all but feel him staring at her offered delicatessen, speechless.

Asuka arched her back slightly, dangling the tempting fruit of her sex where he could reach it. “You help me, I help you. Then we can go back to training. Sound fair?”

Shinji still said nothing. He seemed to be completely mesmerized.

Asuka groaned, becoming impatient. Then she decided that Shinji just didn't get it, and unceremoniously plopped her bottom down onto his face with a huff.

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As the brown-haired boy opened his mouth to protest, he found it being mashed against Asuka's tight-lipped, almost entirely hairless pussy. His eyes shot wide, his face suddenly buried beneath the annoyed redhead.

“Stupid Shinji!” Asuka whined shrilly from somewhere above him. “Quit being such a slacker and get started!”

But Shinji didn't know where to start. Struggling feebly, feeling the bumps of her pubic mound against him, all he could see were the round globes of her rump. His nose wedged in her parted, slightly damp crack, pressed close to the pink wrinkled rosebud of her anus. The scent of her sweat
filled his nostrils, intimate and distinct. Mercifully, Asuka didn't sit on him with her full weight, just enough for his lips to be pressed onto her lower ones, like an odd kiss.

“Fine. A little guidance never hurt anyone.” Asuka's voice turned serious. She sat a little straighter. “This is called a pussy. Boys have all kinds of disgusting names for it, and I guess the scientific name is the vulva. Not sure who came up with that—a man, no doubt. I don't care what you call it, the fact is it's what makes girls … girls. That means it's special. And, of course, the fact that it's mine makes it extra special. You have no idea how privileged you are.”

Shinji did, actually. That didn't keep him from scowling—all he needed was a little direction, but leave it to Asuka to give a lecture on her genitals and explain why they were special after shoving them into his face.

He didn't know what had gotten into her, or what could have possibly made her want to do this, but his own feelings were so confused towards her that the only thing he knew for sure was that he wanted to please her and see her smile. He still wished she would have settled for kissing. If anything, it had to be more hygienic.

Watching his face over her shoulder, Asuka noticed his scowl and matched it with one of her own. “You don't know anything about a girl's anatomy, do you, Third Child?”

Hopelessly silenced by her pressing sex and held in place by her thighs, Shinji could only shake his head.

“Okay then, listen up because if you do it wrong you will never get another chance. Boys can just jerk their little things until they are done, but girls actually need to work for their pleasure. Now, depending on what part of a girl's body you touch, things feel different. For a start, stick out your tongue.”

Shinji hesitated, but in the end he wiggled his tongue inside his mouth and moved it up. He feathered it over a flap of skin, then another, and finally felt the vertical slit in the middle.


He did, worming his tongue between her lips, and detecting a faint trace of something he had never tasted before. Asuka's essence, he realized with a jolt. It wasn't so bad. Certainly nothing to be scared of.

His heartbeat, which up until now had been like a runaway freight train, began to slow. The little slot his tongue was nestled in felt warm, and it was very wet, but not from his saliva. He detected more of her taste.

She didn't taste like strawberries, or peaches or anything else like the magazines said girls tasted like. And it wasn't entirely pleasant for that matter, specially not when he considered where the taste was coming from. This was girlhood at its most raw, purest.

Asuka tasted real.

“A little deeper,” she said. “Move it up and down.”

Shinji pushed his tongue further in her depths, relishing the warmth and the wetness, scooping up her essence as he brought his tiny muscle up along the slot and then back down again. He kept this up without being told, actually eating her out on his own, eliciting a gush of juices out of her folds.

Having never done this before, Shinji found himself improvising, working his mouth over her mons
even as his tongue did its thing inside her. Flexing his jaw he managed to get a better hold on her, which also allowed him to push deeper.

Asuka moaned huskily. “Wait, move down a little. Feel that bump?”

Shinji did as she asked, running his tongue down the length of her slit. At the very bottom—or, technically, the very top—the thin outlines of her lips came together and made a seam. Here was another little flap of skin, this one folded over a tiny hard nub like a hood. Tentatively, he flicked his tongue over it.

Asuka hissed as if in pain, shutting her eyes, her thighs clenching against his head more forcefully. He felt her pussy tighten as well, closing like a soft clam. Afraid he had hurt her, Shinji stopped.

“God,” she breathed heavily, “I didn't tell you to touch it.”

“Thowv,” he managed.

“That's my clit,” she explained. “Or clitoris, if you want to get smart. Basically it's like a love button. You know how to push it and you can get a girl to do anything you want. There's a little bit of skin there. Don't worry about peeling it back for now. Put your tongue against it and push a little.”

It really was like a button, a tiny protuberance rising up between her pussy lips. He pushed his tongue against the button, feeling how the skin was smooth and so warm. And he felt something else too, a tiny throbbing not very dissimilar to a pulse.

Shinji realized that was just what it was. He was feeling Asuka's heart through her pussy. He started lapping gently at the button.

Asuka closed her eyes in response, suppressing a gasp, her expression one of foggy concentration. Her face and her body were covered in sweat. Her hips rocked gently in a slow intimate rhythm as she rode him like a lusty cowgirl, matching his tongue.

“Yeah, Third Child,” the redhead moaned, reaching behind her and knotting her slender fingers in his tousled hair. “More. Just like that.”

He didn't really have a choice in the matter as Asuka tugged repeatedly on his hair, forcing him to lift his head up from the carpet and plant his face more firmly against her heated loins, between the soft, sweaty globes of her buttocks. His head held in place by the hair, any movement resulted in a painful jolt to the scalp. But Shinji was too determined to let that stop him.

Drawing his brow, he again lashed his tongue over Asuka's love button, causing her to hiss in what he now recognized as pleasure. He began to think of the hard nub as a piece of candy. And you never just ate candy—you rolled it around, licked and chewed, and enjoyed. So that's what he did.

It definitely hit the spot.

As he swirled his tongue around her clit, Shinji heard Asuka moaning loudly overhead and tasted a fresh stream of secretions from within her. He kept this going for a little while, stimulating her as dexterously as this muscle would allow. Then, almost automatically, he brought up his hands and grabbed her butt cheeks, spreading them apart for better access to her soaking pussy. His tongue darted into the tight, wet slot, penetrating her as he lapped at her pussy with primal hunger.

For her part, Asuka continued moving her hips and rubbing herself on his face, although with an increased urgency that was impossible to miss. Her slow moans filled Shinji's ears. Her small, perky breasts heaved as her breathing grew labored.
Having long stopped trying to swallow his saliva or her essence, Shinji was drooling copiously like a dog. And he didn't care. He would be her little doggie if that's what it took to please her.

His heart pounded loudly in his chest. His face was covered in a shiny mask of drool, sweat and love juices. Asuka's pussy was completely flooded and gushing like a slobbering mouth. Shinji felt the tight muscles there clenching and releasing, as if inviting him. Closing his eyes to guard against the spray, he shoved his tongue even deeper inside her.

“Ja, Shinji!” Asuka gasped, grinding her pussy energetically into his mouth and pulling on his hair, trapping his face almost completely between her buttocks. “Good boy. That’s the way.”

But all his hard work did not go unrewarded. To his surprise, the young Ikari felt Asuka's other hand travel down his sweaty stomach, stroking his abdomen, gently brushing against his barely noticeable pubic hair before coming to rest on his throbbing member.

Asuka grasped his hard penis and started to squeeze him, as if testing the softness and hardness in her hands. She was still inexperienced, but her touch was much more confident than the first time and it showed. Overwhelmed, Shinji moaned into the redhead’s pussy, making the sweaty labia around his mouth shudder in response. He stopped eating her out as he tried to catch his breath.

Shifting her weight slightly, Asuka leaned in and let a glob of saliva drop from her mouth to Shinji’s engorged hard-on. He felt a warm, wet sensation spreading over his skin, like some kind of heated lotion. Then Asuka moved back, pressing her blood-filled pussy lips against his mouth once again and holding up his head.

With his slick erection into her hand, Asuka began pumping up and down, squeezing him and making him twitch in response. Her fingers, wet from his trickling pre-cum, sweat and saliva, were wrapped very tightly around the veiny shaft of his cock, causing intense pressure.

While Asuka was working on him, Shinji gathered his resolve and tried to push his tongue back inside the wet hole in front of him. It was a short-lived moment of bravery, as he was forced to stop and groan when he felt one of Asuka's nails scratch the tiny pee slit at the tip of his penis.

"Hör nicht auf!” the redhead demanded, rocking her hips more insistently.

Shinji could not understand her foreign language but he got an idea of what she was asking from him. Bringing his focus back to her dripping pink, fleshy entrance he started to tongue her again, his nimble muscle poking around, trying to find the spots that Asuka enjoyed the most.

It was a hard thing to do with Asuka’s fingers and palm pumping up and down his young manhood, distracting him. But judging from the heavy breathing coming from above, muffled by the soft, youthful thighs pressed around his ears, he was managing a pretty decent job.

As if to show her confidence on him, Asuka let go of his hair and placed her hand on top of his moving head rather than continue pulling him in. Her hips gyrated, riding him with her pussy, never losing the rhythm.

Shinji was still not sure if he was doing it right, but he gave himself to their mutual heat, acting on his instinct. Like a starving man devouring some tasty food, he stretched her labia as he held her slick flesh tightly between his lips. Asuka responded by jerking him even harder, her hand moving up and down in a blur, making that tell-tale 'fap-fap' noise Shinji had heard so many times produced by himself.

His tongue seemed to find a life of its own, working up and down, lapping and drinking her in for all
he was worth. Then he returned to her clit, eating messily and making lots of slurping noises along the way. There was no time or place for shame in his heart, though perhaps that would come later.

They were locked deeply together now. Their moans and the wet sounds created by the relentless tongue exploring the soaked vagina and the soft hand pumping the slick phallus were deafening.

As his actions grew in tempo and intensity, Asuka began to pant more heavily. Her breath came in ragged gasps, the muscles of her stomach clenched, her pussy rippling with excitement. Her mouth was hanging open, eyes closed tightly. There were tears of pleasure at the corners. She seemed about ready to orgasm any minute now.

But she didn't. She kept going and going, building up to an orgasm that Shinji seemed unable to deliver to her. It didn't take long for Shinji’s tongue to become tired at such a furious pace. Already his jaw hurt, and the more he moved the worse it got.

Since her clit seemed to be at he center of her pleasure, Shinji decided to focus on it. He brought down his mouth and fixed it over the tiny bud. Asuka was too far gone to even notice. But then he sucked...

“KYYYA!” Asuka's eyes shot wide. Her mouth flew open, sending spittle in all direction. Her hand clamped very tightly on his penis, making it contract.

Shinji winced in pain, but knowing he was so close to getting Asuka off helped him keep his focus. He could feel his testicles tensing up, preparing to shoot his cum any second now as he continued teasing her, flicking his tongue back and forth across her clit. Then he welded his lips right over the hard nub and took it between his teeth, stretching it like a teat and nibbling on it while sucking.

Sucking hard.

“Oh, Gott! Shinji! I—I’m c-coming!”

True to her word, with a final tug on her clit and a glass-shattering wail, Asuka came. Her pussy convulsed repeatedly over his mouth, closing and opening, forcing out a cascade of pungent girl juice into his face. Shinji closed his eyes, but his mouth flooded with the stream. He pulled back. This wasn't like before; the concentrated substance tasted badly and it smelled.

When the orgasm finally subsided Asuka released her grip on his penis and slumped down on top of him, her contracting pussy still squirting weakly over his bare chest. Her red hair was everywhere, sticking to her face, her shoulder, back, chest—everywhere. The glossy red of her neural connectors brightly contrasted the flushed crimson of her buttocks. She was panting loudly.

Shinji lifted his head and was confronted with the sight of Asuka's trembling, naked bottom. Her weight and the warmth of her body pinned him to the floor. He wasn’t sure what to do now. It didn’t seem like she was in pain, but it didn’t seem like she was able to continue, either.

“Asu--” he started, only to feel a pungent taste on his lips. He wiped a hand over his mouth, but the taste lingered in his palate. It was Asuka's, so he tried not to mind too much. “Asuka, are you alright?”

His blue eyes carefully explored the sweaty, round globes in front of them, rising and falling in rhythm with her ragged breathing. He could not see her face; most of his sight was taken up by her marvelous behind and the abundant red mane.

“Asuka?” He tried to gently lift her limp body. She wasn't all that heavy, not like when she had sat on him while doing push-ups, but he had little leverage. “Are you——”
“I…I’m fine,” Asuka panted. “Just … a little worn out.”

Taking a few more minutes to recover, the redhead lazily rolled off him, obviously in no particular rush to do so. She lay next to him on her back, her slender nude form stretched out, murmuring something under her breath that Shinji didn’t understand. Most likely German.

Shinji stared up at the ceiling with fogged eyes, breathing slowly. His heart had begun to settle down, but his raging hard-on remained as stiff as it had ever been.

Finally, after resting for a long moment, Asuka sat up and brushed scattered bangs of her hair from her face. She looked him over. “That was good.” Her eyes fixed on his prominent erection. “But I think you could use more than your tongue.”

Shinji lifted himself onto his elbows, his face puzzled. “Uh?”

“Idiot. I’m saying I want to have sex with you.”

Even by the standards of someone who once shot a huge diamond-shaped creature with an equally huge sniper rifle using all the available power in Japan, it was turning out to be a morning for Shinji Ikari.

Asuka was impossible to figure out—she just was. So far she had done everything from refuse and irritate him to tease him and dance naked with him, sending him into a spiral of emotions. But asking him, point-blank, to have sex with her topped the cake.

They had played with each other twice now, the evidence of their most recent effort still slick on the floor, and they knew they liked the other as more than friends. Just a few days ago Shinji would have been utterly terrified of her. He would have run away and hid in his room, fearing whatever trap she wanted to get him into. Now he was convinced that she was serious. That she wanted him; that her happiness depended on him. He could see it in her eyes.

But while having sex was the next step, and certainly what 'special' friends did, it was also what boyfriend and girlfriend did. Shinji knew it would change everything, for better or worse.

“Asuka.” Shinji murmured sheepishly. “I've never, you know, done it before.”

“I know that!” Asuka shouted, apparently becoming angered at his hesitation. “Neither have I.” She got up on her hands and knees and turned around, offering her bare bottom to him once again. Her flustered pussy dripped noticeably. She turned her head back to look at Shinji. Her red mane stuck her face like that on a wet lion, her eyes wide and bright, flooded with desire. “Come on. I want it.”

Her butt wiggled from side to side as she spoke, with all the effect of a flute charming a snake.

Despite himself, Shinji followed the fleshy globes with his eyes, then looked down at himself. “But … what if I'm bad?”

“I wouldn't know, would I?” Asuka said, opening her legs a little more, her knees now wide apart on the mat, revealing more of herself. “It's not like I have a reference. You could be the worst ever and I still wouldn't know.”

“But…”

Asuka groaned. “God, are you gonna put it in or am I gonna have to do it myself?”

“What if I hurt you?”
Asuka started to shuffle backwards on her hands and knees, moving closer to him. Shinji thought he could actually smell the musk of her arousal, just as strong as it had been when he had been easting her out. From this angle she looked completely hairless, decidedly pink, and extremely wet.

“You won't hurt me,” she said. “I'll talk you through it.”

He thought about it, unable to find any more objections. It wasn't like he didn't want to do it, but it was just such a big deal to him that he couldn't just do it. Even if she was the one asking, and even if he truly believed she wanted it, which she plainly did.

Have sex with Asuka—the very idea defied belief. Some guys at school would have given an arm and a leg for the opportunity, and probably a lung and a kidney, too. He knew that he was lucky in that sense, but also that her invitation carried with it a huge deal of responsibility.

Shinji would always remember his first time and, he had no doubt, so would Asuka. But he did want to make her happy. He had told her as much. He meant it.

Gathering his determination, Shinji got up on his knees. “Promise me you won't hate me after.”

“He's not going to do it!”

He was serious. “Asuka.”

“Fine,” Asuka conceded with a scowl. “I promise not to hold your lack of experience or talent against you. That good enough for you, Third?”

It was. Very tentatively, Shinji placed a hand on her left butt cheek. The flesh was soft and warm, a pretty shade of rosy-pink, and very smooth, and covered in a light sheen of sweat. Asuka squirmed under his touch, letting out a tiny gasp. “Don't tease,” she said.

He had already become familiar with her pussy, from having her practically feed it to him, and so he knew what to expect. But that didn't stop him from being amazed. Her lips were flushed and swollen. The narrow slot that went lengthwise over the lightly-raised mound of her pussy was completely flooded in her girly secretions, strands of which dribbled down and hung from her lips.

“Asuka...”

“Shinji, it's now or never!” she whined. “I'm not going to beg!”

Although he had no more doubts, Shinji moved carefully, rising onto his knees to that his hard penis was pointed at the wet slot of her entrance, his hips lined up with hers. He put his other hand on her waist, drawing himself forwards and tugging her back towards him at the same time.

Asuka obliged, shuffling back on her knees and adjusting her body to where he wanted her without protest.

Shinji, to his amazement, found that he didn't really need to know what to do. It was all rather obvious, as if the knowledge had been hardwired in some keep part of his subconscious all along.

As he placed the bulbous head of his penis against her honeyed slot, Asuka gave out a little cry, sounding like a girl about to get her wish for her birthday. Her breathing quickened, her body tensed in anticipation. But then, just as he was about to enter her, she pulled away.

“Hold on!”
Shinji drew back so quickly he nearly fell on his backside. Before he could even imagine what he might have done wrong, Asuka rolled gracefully onto her back, propping herself up on her elbows, and spread open her legs. The position offered an unobstructed view of her gorgeous pussy, pink and already slightly wet.

“It’s the first time,” she said firmly. “We should see each other.”

His first thought was that such a position would just make it harder to avoid seeing the disappointment on her face. But looking at her like this, her long shapely legs spread high and open, sent his already simmering arousal sky-high. Of course, that was precisely the intended effect. The mound of her pussy seemed to rise up into the air like a small mountain waiting to be climbed, the thin lips quivering, drooling the juice that was Asuka’s most private essence.

Overcome, Shinji began to reach out a hand towards her. Asuka slapped it away with her foot. “No, dammit! We’ll have time for more later. Put it in.”

So much for messing around. She certainly knew what she wanted and how to get it, and she knew when she wanted to get it.

For the second time in as many minutes, Shinji lined up the bulb-shaped head of his penis with Asuka’s waiting entrance, gently pushing her lips to the side as he held up in readiness. Her pussy was flustered, flushed with blood and made extra-sensitive. Her clit stuck out at full arousal, a tiny hard pebble of pure pleasure.

The look on her face was relaxed but eager. She shuffled her shoulders on the mat, adjusting herself for what was to come, and spread her legs even wider, a more effective invitation than anything she could say. Then she planted her feet flat and pushed up, lifting her pelvis slightly for easier and better access. Her breasts rose and fell gently as she took calm breaths, dark, already-hardened nipples pointed skyward.

Above her, Shinji’s face was determined with his brow down and lips pressed together tightly. His heart raced, thundering away like piston engine in his chest. He grit his teeth and eased forward, sliding his thighs under her legs. His dick preceded him. He used a hand to steady it and wrapped the other one around her narrow waist.

One inch. Meaty lips parted aside and the well-lubricated opening of her pussy gave way before him, enveloping him in its hot, moist fold. Barely inside, it was already incredibly tight.

“Kyaa!” Asuka whimpered, her back arching as if a current of electricity had shot through her.

He stopped, not wanting to hurt her. “Are you okay?”

“Please,” she cried, “don’t stop!”

Shinji nodded, realizing her voice was heavy with pleasure instead of pain. And he was determined to make her feel good. Slowly, he pushed in another inch, then another, then another. The pressure increased steadily the more he entered her, like a warm, ribbed, muscular sleeve clamping down on him from all sides. But it was soft and very pleasant.

Asuka was panting loudly, her teeth clenched, eyes shut, her breasts heaving as her chest moved frantically with her labored breathing. The tone of her whimpers rose with every inch of her that was opened. Connected through their sexes, Shinji could feel the rapid, thundering beating of her pulse as it made the hot tunnel contract and ripple around him.

Shinji stopped, allowing them a moment to catch their breath. When he moved again Asuka
screamed. “Stop!”

Shinji panicked. He began to pull out.

“Stop moving!” Asuka bellowed at the top of her lungs. Her legs clamped around him like a vise, holding him in place. He saw tears gathering on the corners of her eyes. “Just stay put. It feels like you are opening me up.”

Her elbows gave out, and she plopped down fully onto her back. Shinji remained frozen, waiting for her to say it was okay—if it was okay. For a long moment all that could be heard was the labored sound of their breathing. Then, finally, Asuka reached down a hand and began rubbing a finger over her clit. The inside of her pussy pulsated, stimulating Shinji, but he also noticed the walls were getting slicker and more lubricated as the enhanced pleasure she was delivering to herself increased the secretions.

He remembered all the juice she had expelled before and realized this was its true purpose.

“A little more,” Asuka said huskily.

He did as she bid, sliding in with small measured movements, feeling as the natural lubrication did its work. The pressure felt wet and sloppy now, but he could go in without much of a problem. Then he hit something that felt like a closed rubbery ring against his head.

“Cervix,” Asuka told him, eyes closed, breathing deeply. “You can … try pushing past it, but … it feels so full.”

Shinji looked down at the spot where their genitals were connected; most of his penis had disappeared inside of her, but there was still a little to go. “Are you in pain?” he asked, his concern matched only by his arousal.

Asuka’s head moved up and down, nodding. Her red neural connectors, always sticking out the sides of her head like little horns, glinted glossily. “A little.” She didn’t really have to say it, her pained tone sufficed.

Shinji hesitated. “Do you want me to?”

“I want all of you. Is that it?”

He looked down again. “There’s a little more.”

Her hands clawed at the plastic mat at her sides. “All of you or nothing. Just once … just so I know.”

This was important to her, that much was clear even to someone as dense as Shinji. He braced himself on her waist and thrust with his hips. Asuka screamed as her cervix gave way to his head. His body smacked against hers with the wet sound of flesh on flesh.

“Mein Gott!” Asuka squeaked, her voice the shrill, high-pitched whine of a much younger girl. “Oh, Gott! I don’t believe it! It feels like it’s in my stomach!”

Shinji didn’t understand—it couldn’t really be in her stomach, could it?—but it didn’t sound good. He pulled back a little, bracing on his arms and shifting his weight so that he was hovering above her. Asuka squirmed, her face a grimace of both pleasure and pain all at once. When she didn’t say anything he worried.

“Asuka?”
“Give me a second, dummkopf!” she yelled back.

Shinji waited, not moving a muscle for fear of causing her any more pain than she was already in. Then, while he had time to think, he remembered something that had come up in school.

From a young age, Japanese students were taught about sex education. For the most part it was a useless class except for those who wanted to see girls parts but where too embarrassed to look at a hentai magazine. One of the weirder things he'd learned was that girls were supposed to have to some skin that sealed up this particular passage, and it was supposed to be a symbol of their virginity.

He had felt no such thing as he entered her, which he was sure he would have given her tightness. Was Asuka not what she said she was? “Um, Asuka …”

“What?” she sounded peeved.

“Aren't you … this is your first time, right?”

“Oh!” She blinked out of her stupor. “Yeah, I lost my hymen a while back. It can happen when you are very active, and obviously, you don't do combat training without being active. It's no big deal to you, right?” She sounded insecure as she said the last part. “I mean, you are my first after all.”

Shinji felt stupid that he even asked. “No, I just thought …”

Asuka raised herself on her arms again, and once again was on all fours, looking back at him. “How would you even know about that?”

The color on his cheeks, already a bright red, deepened. “Well, sensei said--”

She made a face. “Eww! That old man? Last time he had sex it was the Spanish Inquisition. Now, can you move?”

Shinji shifted his hips carefully, noting his penis was firmly embedded in her because of her tightness but there was still enough lubrication that he thought it could slip out if he really tried. “Yeah, I think.”

But Asuka had no intention of him slipping out. “Okay. I want you to fuck me. You know what fucking is, right? None of that slow and lovey-dovey crap. I want you to do it like you mean it. I don't care what I say, or what kind of noises I make, fuck me until one of us comes. Understand?”

Shinji grit his teeth and took a firmer hold of her waist, more for his own reassurance than hers. “Okay.”

Asuka adjusted herself on the mat, like a sprinter ready to go at the sound of the gun. Surely enough, she yelled, “Go!”

Caught in the thrill of the moment, Shinji moved back, his cock sliding outwards, only to give himself enough room to thrust in again. Hard. He groaned from her effort, Asuka's pussy tunnel spreading in front of him as he went, slippery and hot, clutching, rippling, forcing him to feel every inch.

Asuka moaned loudly, gutturally, the noise building up in her throat before being released with animal passion. Her whole body clenched, wanting to expel the intruder, fingers and toes and everything in between tensing and releasing. “Don't stop!”

Shinji did not stop. Again he moved back and thrust in, his penis making a loud squishy noise as it
split her open. He grunted; she moaned, her pelvis rising up off the mat to receive the blow, opening her for him as he thrust with his hips.

The next time they moved together, back and forth, flesh hitting flesh, grunts meeting moans. They were soon like two little humping rabbits, mindlessly interested only in the most basic desire of all.

Shinji closed his eyes as he fucked her, overwhelmed by the sensations. His whole nervous system was alive with pleasure, all the more because it was Asuka, the proud and haughty Second Child, whose tight wet hole this was. She squirmed and shook and grabbed underneath him, desperately, a prisoner to their combined lust.

Within minutes Asuka was screaming again, loudly, uncontrollably. She had switched back to her native German, her mind apparently not knowing or caring where she was anymore.

“Ja, hör nicht auf! Hör nicht auf! Fick mich, Shinji!”

Shinji heard his name but understood nothing else. Asuka’s pussy rippled compulsively around him with a life of its own. She was gushing juices now, dripping down their joined, rapidly pistoning sexes onto the mat below, creating a large puddle that was quickly smeared by the movements of their bodies and making squeaky noises on the plastic. Her legs bound them together, crossed at the ankles behind him and tight as steel bands. He could feel her heels digging into the small of his back, urging him on like spurs on a horse.

“Fick mich!” Reduced to her most primitive and most basic animal impulses, Asuka moaned over and over, eyes wide and rolling white, her back arched, mouth open, drool and tears streaming in unthinking bliss.

Shinji was no better, his face contorted from the effort, teeth clenched so tightly it hurt, tears running down her red cheeks, matching a deeply reddened face. His hands had found their way to her waist, clutching her with such force that his fingers dug into her flesh until he could feel her hipbones on either side.

Displaying a single-mindedness that defied his character, he could only think of fucking as hard and fast as he could, convinced that every thrust drove her one step closer to happiness. Indeed, it did drive her somewhere—the mat was so slippery by now that the force of his pounding forced Asuka to inch forward, like her sweat-stained body was on slippery skids, which in turn forced Shinji to follow her around or bring her back.

No longer were they making intelligible noises; no more words in German, Japanese or any other language, just loud grunts, whimpers, sobs, gasp and lots of ragged panting.

There was no telling who came first, or whether Asuka came at all. All Shinji knew was that, with a grunt and a jerk, he began ejaculating in thick streams deep inside her pussy, spraying her insides as if with a hose as he shot his seed into her womb.

Already too late, he yelled. “Asuka, I'm … coming!”

The girl beneath him tensed suddenly. Despite everything, she was still lucid enough to realize what that meant and the danger it entailed for her.

“Wait! Not inside me!” Asuka cried out, but it was no use. She could feel the load shooting inside her as if it were a solid thing and there was nothing either of them could do. Gooey, sticky cum filled her to the brim. “Scheisse!”

Then she moaned loudly, shaking her head—shaking her entire body. Shinji felt her buckle under
him, her legs and back giving up on her as she cried out loudly. Unable to hold himself up any longer, he collapsed on top of her, trapping her between the plastic mat and his sweaty, spent form. He felt her breasts and little hard teats flatten against his chest as his head rolled into the crook of her neck.

Feisty to the end, Asuka tried to squirm out from under him even while his penis started to get soft inside her, gobs of thick white semen leaking from her flustered and well-fucked slit.

Not thinking, yet unwilling to let her go, Shinji wrapped his arms around her possessively. But it was a needless gesture—the German redhead was too exhausted to go anywhere and he was too heavy. Asuka finally surrendered and just lay on the mat beneath him, utterly conquered.

“Gott,” she whispered, her voice a ragged pant. “Mein Gott, Stupid Shinji.”

Shinji wanted to ask her if it was good, but he only had enough strength to open his eyes halfway, and only for a moment. The world was blurry and sideways. He heard Asuka's labored breathing. His heart pounded away, and he could also feel hers as clearly as he felt her sweaty naked breasts flatten against his bare chest.

The warmth of her body was like a presence that surrounded him. The smell of her sweat mixed with his; her musk with his. Her thick, luscious golden-red mane brushed on his face, sticking to it from sweat and saliva.

With the redhead filling his senses, Shinji closed his eyes in exhaustion and drifted off. There were no dreams, only a feeling of deep contentment.

Then, in the darkness of his mind, the next thing he felt was very different—the sensation of fingers being brushed through his hair. Shinji groaned tiredly, rolling his head; the fingers kept moving, stroking gently, almost lovingly.

When he felt them go across his forehead, removing bangs that had become stuck from sweat, he opened his eyes.

The girl that loomed over him was upside-down. Familiar sapphire blue eyes peered down at him; a golden-red mane framed a stunningly pretty face that seemed the stuff of fantasies. She was nude, her skin covered in a thin coat of perspiration, the underside of her breasts pinkish in hue. Her cheeks were flushed.

Only after he tried to sit up did Shinji realize he had been lying with his head in her lap. “What...” he mumbled tiredly, rubbing a hand over his eyes and looking at her, blinking repeatedly.

Asuka shrugged, bare shoulders rising and falling quickly making her breasts hitch up a little. “I guess you fell asleep.”

Then he remembered. He bowed his head deeply in apology. “I'm sorry!”

“What for?”

“For ...” he was too embarrassed to explain it properly. “You know ... inside you.”

“Oh.” Asuka blinked. “That.” Her hand drifted absently down her flat stomach, to her lower belly, where, some unknown time before, Shinji had spilled his seed. There was a note of resignation in her voice. “There's nothing you can do about it now. Besides, NERV would never let me have a baby anyway.”
Shinji was sorry to hear her say that, and felt even more responsible. Somehow he would have to make it up to her for putting her in this position. But he also thought it was weird that she was taking the prospect of being pregnant so well. Indeed, she seemed to be in a completely different state of mind in contrast to her usual domineering attitude. She was content and non-threatening. Tamed.

For now at least.

If this was the effect sex could have on her, maybe it would be a good idea to do it more often. Shinji definitely liked her best when she wasn't yelling at him.

“Well,” Asuka uncrossed her legs, letting him catch a glimpse of her messy, still-visibly flustered and swollen pussy, “we should probably get cleaned up.”

Getting up, her young, slender body again on full display, she offered Shinji a hand. He took it without hesitation.

It took almost an entire box of tissues, but over the next half hour the two teens wiped down the mats and each other, the latter much more carefully than the former. Then they went back to their synch training, united in their efforts by the choreography and their nakedness. And they did not hear the error alarm again.

***

That night Asuka awoke with a flutter of her eyes. She had been sleeping peacefully, which seemed such a rare thing that it actually surprised her. As she rose into a sitting position, she was reminded of the soreness between her legs.

She looked besides her; Misato was sleeping sprawled out on her futon, arms and legs everywhere, her sheets thrown about; beyond her, Shinji was laying on his side, his sheets tightly wrapped around him. His face was relaxed, peaceful, very much like Asuka herself felt.

What was she thinking? Well, that was, in fact, the problem. She wasn’t thinking. There was nothing cerebral about his effect on her; he sent her heart racing; with one touch, he managed to heat up some of her body parts that she thought she had under her full control.

Who would have thought he could have such a power over her?

Certainly not Asuka. Never in a million years. He wasn't the strong, muscular, roguish lover that all those silly love novels liked to present. He wasn't half the man Kaji was. A few days ago she could hardly stand the sight of him being next to her. Now she was glad he was there, even if he was still a doormat and an idiot. He was her first, and, perhaps, her last.

It scared her—that she could have let someone like him do something like that to her—but at the same time it attracted her. A lot. It filled her with a sense of warmth and comfort she hadn't felt in a long time.

What would be the point of fighting against such a feeling?

No one else would be able to complete her so utterly, to make her feel wanted and needed and loved. After all she had done to him …
She didn't deserve it, and she hated thinking this was what she wanted, but those things didn't really matter anymore. Stupid Shinji had accepted her for who she was, and she knew that. Maybe one day she would accept herself as well. She didn't need to be alone to be proud. She didn't need to be alone to be strong. All she needed was to allow herself to believe she could be happy.

Thanks to Shinji, she could.

Asuka smiled faintly, laying down and turning on her side, unconsciously mirroring Shinji's position with her own body. Without too much trouble, she went back to sleep.

Day 6.

As he had done for the last few days, Shinji went to see Misato off at the door in the morning. The older woman placed a hand on his shoulder and told him that she knew this hasn't been easy on Asuka and him and that as long as he did his best she would be proud of him.

Shinji understood her concern, and he regretted that he could not tell her what they were doing, or that they had managed to finish the choreography. It would set Misato's mind at ease, but Asuka had insisted on absolute secrecy and he certainly wouldn't want to do anything to upset the young redhead.

“I, um ... I think we'll be alright,” he said.

Misato squeezed his shoulder, but she seemed doubtful.

Shinji waved at her as she walked away and closed the door. He stepped back into the kitchen, where he immediately caught Asuka's eye. The German redhead was sitting on the table, nursing a glass of orange juice and a few slices of toast.

“Is she gone?”

Shinji nodded, though it was an unnecessary gesture. Asuka was already rising to her feet and reaching for the hem of her nightshirt. It quickly came up over her head, revealing her small, young breasts and slender upper body. She tossed the shirt aside and whipped her loose hair around attractively.

The brown-haired boy was not as determined as his roommate. He hesitated, feeling a blush rise to his cheeks as he took off his shirt. After freeing himself from the grip of the cotton material, he looked over at Asuka just as she finished stepping out of her panties.

Seeing her totally naked would never become routine and Shinji stared, his mouth growing dry. This suddenly seemed to make Asuka self-conscious.

“Stop that!” she whined, tossing her flimsy, wrinkled panties on the table next to her breakfast and reaching a hand between her legs to cover her nearly-bald pussy. “Hurry up. I don't want to be only one naked!”

Right. Shinji pushed his shorts and underwear down and stepped out of them Now he, too, was naked.

“I will never get used to this,” Shinji blurted out, his cheeks aflame. “It's so weird.”

“Today's the last day,” Asuka said, as imperiously as a naked girl her age could. “We'll see where
this goes later.”

She picked up her neural connectors from the table and began fixing up her hair, first one side then the other. The pointy red accessories were such a permanent part of the redhead's image that it seemed to Shinji like she wore them at all times.

Shinji watched her, enthralled. “Um … Asuka?”

“What?” She sounded annoyed.

“I … am really glad we could do this together.”

Asuka's lips curled into a smile. “Yeah, me too.”

And she looked like she meant it, which for some weird reason surprised Shinji quite a lot.

He followed her to the living room, trailed in turn by Pen-pen. The penguin had not seemed to mind being a witness to their training, clothed or otherwise. Misato had once declared he was not a peeping-tom, but Shinji was starting to have his doubts. As long as all he did was watch, the Third Child didn't think he should mind.

They took their familiar places on their mats, stepping onto the back circles. The clocks flashed to life. Neither Children was too bothered about their nudity as they put on their headphones and looked at each other, dark blue eyes meeting bright blue ones, their blushes having settled to more subtle shades.

The mechanical tone sounded in Shinji's ears. He started the routine, looking over at Asuka, enthralled by the graceful nudity, the efficiency, the sheer beauty of her, and yet fully aware of what he was doing. The steps came naturally, as if they had been programmed into his brain. Even Pen-pen watching him didn't throw him off.

Their hands and feet hit their marks; they moved and stepped and stretched in unison, their bodies following the music almost effortlessly.

When he was done, Shinji was feeling pretty good about himself. He couldn't believe this had given them so much trouble before.

“Not bad,” Asuka said. “For an idiot, I mean.”

The second routine was as flawless as the first. So was the third. It was like they didn't even have to try. They looked at each other with all the zest of a pair of naked teens looking at the opposite sex, but even this was not necessary. They could sense what the other was doing before they did it. Feel it, as if transmitted through the air. It just worked.

By the time noon came around Asuka and Shinji were covered head to toes in sweat, panting heavily, and absolutely elated. The smile on Shinji's face as he rested his hands on his knees and tried to catch his breath was so big it almost hurt.

Asuka had her hands on her hips, standing confident as always, her long orange-red hair stuck to her forehead, bare shoulders and back. Her smile was more of a hugely pleased smirk. “I think that was a pretty good workout.”

“Yeah,” Shinji panted.

“So, wanna have some lunch?” she said happily.
He nodded, straightening up. “Okay.”

But Asuka, as involved as she was with their training, could not be expected to participate in something as mundane as making lunch, which she probably considered to be Shinji’s job anyway.

As the brown-haired boy went into the kitchen, the haughty redhead slipped into the bathroom to have a pee then laid out in front of the television with Pen-Pen for a break. Neither one bothered to put on any clothes, though Shinji, more as a precaution, donned his apron. It was a funny sensation to be covered on his front and exposed in the back. Kinda drafty. He found some frozen fishsticks in the refrigerator and put them in a pan to fry.

Just as soon as it started to smell, Asuka appeared at the door carrying Pen-pen in her arms. His feathery head was nestled between her small breasts, a non-puzzled look on his face.

“Fish?” Asuka asked, her brow twisting into a frown.

“Y-yeah,” Shinji stammered. “You don’t like fish?”

Asuka shrugged. “It’s alright. But it stinks.” A scowl came to her face. She set Pen-pen down on the floor and padded over to him.

Shinji flinched as she reached for the straps of his apron. “What are you doing?”

“I’m not going to be naked by myself.” Asuka grumbled, pulling the apron up and over his head and tossed it aside. The first thing her eyes landed on as they worked their way down his body was his still penis sticking out in front of him. She licked her lips. “You know, when I said ‘lunch’ it didn’t necessarily had to be food.”

“What else could we have for lunch?”

The mischievous look on her face said it better than words.

Before Shinji could get a chance to reply that they could do both, eat food and each other, Asuka pushed him back against the counter, holding down his shoulders with her hands, her mouth descending on his body. “Are you always so dense?”

“No, I just—ouch! Asuka!”

“Waa?” she said innocently, looking up at him with his right nipple between her teeth.

“That hurts.” He moved his hands over her body, under her armpits and feeling the sides of her firm breasts, which he was just realizing were exactly the right size for his palms. “Why do you have to be so aggressive?”

She let go of his nipple, but not before tugging on it a little and biting playfully. “I’m German. We invented aggression, then we invented the psychoanalysis to prove it.” She looked at the fishsticks. “And what did the Japanese invent? The art of eating raw fish?”

With surprising dexterity for someone who was having her breasts groped, she reached out a hand around him, picked up a pair of chopsticks that were conveniently close—funny how that sort of thing just happens, Shinji thought—and then plucked one of the fishsticks from the pan.

Asuka held the piece of fish dangling over his lips, wanting to feed it to him. “Open up, Fischjunge.”

“It’s hot,” he said behind clenched teeth.
“You wimp.” Asuka blew on the fish a few times to cool it then took a bite. She made a face. “It’s not that bad. A little bland.”

She wiggled out of his grasp and stepped back just far enough to prop up one of her feet on the counter next to Shinji while keeping the other firmly planted on the floor. Her shapely legs opened beyond 90-degrees totally, exposing her young pussy in an extraordinarily lewd pose. Even standing awkwardly like that, on one foot, Asuka’s balance was flawless.

“Um…” Like a train caught on rails, Shinji’s gaze followed the line of her leg next to him all the way to its origin. The split posture had caused the meatier folds of her outer pussy to part, showing more of the inner lips and a little of the glistening pink sheath inside.

Asuka grinned. “You know, you do look kinda stupid when you stare, but as long as you are staring at me I guess I can let it go.” She wriggled a hand down to her pussy, parting her labia with her index and middle fingers so it looked like a ribbed pink triangle, wet to the point of dripping with her girly juice.

Then the true purpose for this posture was revealed, as she dipped the fishstick inside of her soaping little sleeve, turning it to make sure she smeared her juices all over the crispy golden surface.

Had this been one of those hentai movies, Shinji would have thought—and even expected—that Asuka would start fucking herself with the fishstick. But since it was not, she simply took the well-dipped bit of fish out of her pussy, lowered her leg, and again held it over his lips, so close he could smell the pungent muskiness of her privates, and pressing her body against his to pin him on the counter.

Shinji moved his head back, turned slightly away.

“It’s cool now, too,” she teased, wiggling the fish and depositing a trace of her juice on his lower lip.

Having already tasted this part of her and not really able to come up with any good objections, Shinji bit.

“Oh, by the way,” Asuka smiled, “I didn’t wipe after I peed.”

There might have been little difference between tasting her love honey and her piss, but there WAS a difference. Shinji choked and made to spit out the tainted fish. Asuka lunged forwards, clamping her hand over his mouth and pinching his nose. Eyes wide with distress, he had no choice but to swallow or run out of air.

He swallowed.

“Oh, don’t give me that hurt look,” Asuka grumbled, pressing her slender naked body against his, trapping him between her and the counter. “You think your penis tastes any better? Fair’s fair.”

Shinji couldn’t argue with that—literally, he couldn’t. Her hand was still clamped firmly over his mouth.

Lunch was a quiet affair, though this time mostly because they were too busy eating. They were both content with that, and even a few awkward glances at each other failed to spoil the mood. Shinji was just glad she didn’t make him eat her leftovers from a dog bowl at her feet or something.

The afternoon training session followed in the same fashion as the morning one. After three more hours and countless routines they were yet to make a mistake. They had even removed the headsets, no longer needing them. The timing and the choreography were wired into their brains.
Just after the latest successful routine ended, Shinji found himself lying flat on his back courtesy of Asuka, who was now straddling his chest like a cowgirl riding a pony. The feisty redhead, not surprisingly, seemed to like being on top. Looking down at him, thick locks of red hair framing that incredibly pretty face, her serious expression contrasted Shinji’s much more content one.

“It's weird,” Asuka murmured softly.

“What?” Shinji blinked himself out of the stupor he'd been falling into. He knew immediately it was a stupid question but Asuka didn't seem to mind.

“Six days ago I couldn't stand you. I couldn't stand the thought of having to live with you. I only thought of you as an outdated model I was meant to replace. That's how I wanted to treat you. I wanted you gone. And this training, I thought it was like some punishment. That second day when I sat on your back … I wanted to prove you couldn't do it. Now look at me.” She shifted her weight, letting more of it rest on her improvised saddle. “Sitting on top of you again.

“It's different.”

“Of course it's different,” Asuka said. “You hated me for that, didn't you? And you hated me for tricking you.”

Shinji had not realized but he was moving his right hand up and down her thigh, gently tracing a lazy pattern on her skin. “I didn't hate you. I just …”

Asuka frowned. “Liar.”

He met her eyes briefly, then looked away. “It's not that I'm a doormat. I would have done anything you wanted just because you wanted it. I just wished … that you could have been a little nicer about it. You don't always have to be so …” He couldn't say it. No matter how he put it, the words he wanted to use sounded like insults.

“I do,” Asuka said, and the look on her face told him that she got it. “That's not going to change.”

“I didn't think so.”

Asuka ran her hands over his chest, leaving a trail with her fingernails and making him flinch. “You are a doormat. My doormat. I'll wipe my feet on you all I want. But if I ever see anyone else doing the same to you I'll kick their ass.”

That seemed as much of a commitment to be nicer to him as Shinji was going to get so he stuck with it. He nodded.

Asuka spoke again after a few minutes of silence. “So what do we do now?”

“Well, you are getting kinda heavy.”

Asuka jumped in her seat, landing back on him with all her weight and forcing the air out of him while at the same time her pussy squished on his stomach, like a hot, meaty sponge.

“Ugh!” Shinji grunted loudly, but when he went to move his hands Asuka quickly pinned them down.

“I mean about us,” the haughty redhead grumbled, growing visibly annoyed. “Training wise. We still haven't done this with our clothes on. We can only do it naked. So what do we do now?”
As he tried to catch his breath, which wasn't easy to do with a naked teen girl sitting on top of him, Shinji came up with the most obvious solution. He didn't really believe it was a serious answer. “We, ugh, do the battle naked?”

Her face lit up like a German-made light bulb. It worried Shinji a little. “You are a genius!”

Please don't say you have an idea, Shinji thought.

“I have an idea!” Asuka chirped. “The entry-plugs are basically huge isolation chambers. We can shut communications from the inside, or leave it for audio only. We could do just about anything in there and they would never know. We could even have a private channel to each other. We go in with our plugsuits, lock everything down, strip, finish the giant monster, and get dressed again.”

“I don't know,” Shinji murmured, the very idea making him blush. He had to admit, though, it had a decidedly interesting element—he couldn't tell if it was the being naked part or the fighting the giant monster part. “Wouldn't it be too weird? We haven't been naked anywhere outside the apartment.”

And he knew, from the mischievous smirk on her face, that she had a solution worked out for that already.

“See?” Asuka said smugly, stretching her naked body out on the soft, warm blanket like a lazy cat. “This isn't so bad.”

Shinji murmured something that sounded like he might agree, but it could just as easily have been a noise of embarrassment. The blanket had been his idea, as were the few pillows they had brought along. Having overcome the initial discomfiture that came with wearing no clothes in a new place—or any place—they were now basically just lounging around. Out on the balcony.

Staring up at the sky, Asuka propped her head on Shinji's thigh. The warm breeze and the late afternoon sun stroked her bare skin pleasantly, making it impossible to ignore the feeling of total exposure. She was used to wearing revealing clothes, including, of course, her skin-tight plugsuit, and she was beginning to get used to being naked alongside Shinji. But this was entirely different. After six days of being cooped up like chickens, the openness was simply exhilarating.

Six days … six days ago she had been a ball of misery and loneliness. Her mood had two settings—annoyed and pissed off. The thought of being happy was not a thought at all, and not even a possibility she could consider.

But there she was now, free and open and happy, and oh so very naked. She had not felt so good in a long time.

Asuka rolled onto her stomach, her small breasts flattening on the blanket. Now Shinji's slender thigh was up against her throat, his half-erect penis a few inches from her face; being naked was not enough to get him hard anymore. Asuka licked her lips, feeling the simmering warmth she had been nursing between her legs become an insistent itch. She had done her best not to touch herself in front of Shinji, but the constant nudity and physical contact only added fuel to the fire. It was time she did something about it.

Asuka looked up at Shinji and smiled. His eyes were closed, his cheeks flushed a light crimson either from the sun or embarrassment, or both. She liked him like that—it helped her remember how much of an idiot he was. She playfully held up her hand in front of his penis head, coiled back her index
finger and snapped it against the underside.

His eyes jerked open. He looked down at her, puzzled. “Uh?”

Asuka ran her finger down the base of his shaft, which was not much in its present unexcited state, then she wrapped her hand around it and squeezed, making the head bulge out.

“Stop that,” Shinji squeaked.

“Make me.” Asuka crawled closer, dragging her breasts over his thigh as she moved between his legs, noticing he was starting to harden in her grip. Her nose and lips were now only a few inches away.

Unable and unwilling to stop her advance, Shinji brought his hand down and placed it on her head. Asuka shook it off. “Don't pat me like I'm your pet,” she barked.

He moved his hand away. “Sorry.”

Satisfied that, despite the fact that she was on the same level as his cock, she was still in some control, Asuka opened her mouth, stuck out her tiny pink tongue and flicked it over the purple tip. “I'm going to make you hard,” she said haughtily. “So you can fuck me. If you come in my mouth again fish sticks won't be the only thing I'll be feeding you. Understand?”

“Yes,” Shinji nodded hesitantly, holding back a moan. “But … what if I can't pull out again? You could get pregnant.”

Asuka moved her head back, letting him out of her mouth, and considered with a pout. He had already done it inside of her and every time it carried a great deal of risk for her. Short of losing her ability to pilot Eva, getting pregnant was the worse fate Asuka could imagine. She knew there were ways to tell if it was safe just by knowing what part of her menstrual cycle she was on, but this was such a new and mysterious thing to her that she hadn't bothered.

And there were other options, some more immediate than others.

“I guess you'll have to buy some condoms,” Asuka said finally. “Until then … ” her words trailed off as she went back to work on his penis.

Shinji propped himself up on his elbows, looking down at her in a way she hated but was willing to forgive for now. Certainly, Asuka didn't belong near anyone's crotch. She was proud and haughty, and yet both those things seemed to have made peace with the fact that this was Shinji and it was okay.

“I thought you didn't like blowjobs,” he said, likely not realizing it was probably one of the most idiotic things he could say.

“I don't,” Asuka muttered, scraping her teeth over his tender cock-skin, then taking it and sucking on it with her lips so lightly that it was like a tiny kiss. “They're disgusting and humiliating. But just look at you.” She kept scraping and sucking, moving over his head up and down, making wet noises and speaking in between. “Can't even get it up on your own. Need to get you ready.”

“Yeah, but—”

Asuka stopped, an angry frown on her pretty face. “Would you just shut the hell up already?”

This seemed to be a bad habit of his. Most people would just lay back an enjoy. Shinji just kept talking, as if constantly needing her reassurance that it was alright. Although Asuka still had doubts,
specially concerning their possible future together and the consequences of what they had done, she kept them to herself because expressing them might drive him away. Why couldn't he do the same?

Humiliating or not, Asuka opened her mouth into a big O. She slipped his head into her moist cavity, then closed her lips tightly around his shaft, sucking on him gently. Shinji hissed, her wet and warm hole proving too much for him. She flicked her tongue, feeling it trace the contours of his bulb-shaped little hat.

There was that taste again, which Asuka had already come to recognize as a mix of his sweat, skin, and the clear liquid men seemed to leak when they became aroused. Since Asuka had never tasted her own essence she didn't know if it was the same taste. Shinji might.

She had not even realized it in her excitement, but the Third Child was fully erect now, all six inches of him. The wet seal of her lips slid down his pole, lathering it with her saliva, leaving behind a glistening coat. Shinji's moaning was matched by the sucking noises coming from his groin, that distinctive nuance of suction on wet flesh, sounding a little like “smack, smack, smack.”

Feeling daring, Asuka moved one of her hand to grasp the base of his cock, encircling it and squeezing, then used her other hand to play with his testicles, holding the soft marbles in her palm, as if weighing them, then shuffling them around as she continued to bob her head up and down.

The rest of Shinji's body had now gone completely limp, his head tilted back, a hand on either side of her head, following her movement but doing nothing more. She let him, too busy to shake him off.

Asuka pressed her tongue on his underside, applying more pressure than her lips alone could muster. In her mind she was sucking the cum right out of him, milking him as it where, and already feeling her own folds drip in anticipation. And she hadn't even started touching herself.

In a brief moment of lucidity she wondered how something so dirty and humiliating could make her so wet. Then answer was who cared. It felt good. She had been so dejected before that she should be happy just for that.

Shinji was moaning softly, keeping up a continuous string of “Ah-Asuka …”

Hearing her own name never made her feel so good. Asuka was almost proud. Of course he was enjoying it—it was her giving him a blowjob and she was the best at everything. It was only her second one but she was already an expert. The taste in her mouth was getting fouler by the second, though.

Finally, Asuka pulled back, her lips and tongue connected to his dick by thick strands of saliva and pre-cum until she wiped them away with the back of her hand.

“Don't … don't stop,” Shinji muttered absentely.

“I have something else in mind,” Asuka said. The meaty pole sticking up in front of her eyes was slick and heavily coated, a glistening dark purple shaft covered in a few veins. Asuka spat on it, the thick glob of saliva dangling out of her mouth and landing on his tip, which she then rubbed in with her hand.

She would need all the lubrication for what she wanted to do.

Shinji had been right in that he couldn't hold back when he was inside her, and she really shouldn't expect him to, but becoming pregnant was not an option. But Asuka wanted to get fucked—it was the only way to feel full and complete, not to mention satisfy her lust. And that meant there was really only one other choice.
Pushing off on Shinji, Asuka got up, carefully looking around as her head and upper body stuck up beyond the balcony railing that until now had concealed their nudity. Anyone looking from the nearby buildings would be able to see her naked breasts and get quite a show. Although she had a faint blush, she was not that embarrassed.

The breeze felt good on her skin, ticking her sensitive mounds like skilled fingers. Asuka hardly needed the added stimulation; the nubs of her tits were already rock hard, the folds of her pussy already oozing. She set her hands on her hips and looked down arrogantly. “Well?”

Shinji’s face was blank as he looked up at her. “Um … you still haven't told me—”

“Isn't it obvious? You are going to put it in my ass.”

“Oh, okay.” The words took a second to register. Shinji did a double take. “Wait—I'm doing what?”

“You are going to put it in my ass,” Asuka repeated, much more slowly, like someone talking to a small child.

“I … don't know,” Shinji stammered, his face very uncertain. “I mean, I don't think it's … designed for that.”

“So? You are an engineer now?”

“No, but it's …” He was making helpless gestures with his hands, having no real argument against her logic other than the predictable. “It's dirty.”

“Idiot!” Asuka felt a familiar spark of annoyance rise within her—more often than not, a spark that seemed to always be associated with Shinji. “This way you won't have to worry about pulling out.”

Shinji didn't seem convinced, hesitating at the prospect of putting his penis in such a dirty place even if it did belong to Asuka.

Realizing that she would have to make the decision for him, Asuka grabbed his hand and pulled him up. Then, well aware that they were in plain sight, she turned around, presenting him with her rear, and leaned over the rail, dangling her breasts in the open air. It was too high for her to properly bent over, but she was sure he got the idea.

Asuka was neither a nudist or a hedonist; she valued her privacy and could be a little prudish at times. But she could not deny the thrilling element of being exposed like this. That people could see her, naked as the day she was born seemed to stir a basic desire in her to be admired. Her body, after all, was made for it.

Which was exactly what Shinji seemed to be doing. Asuka reached behind her with both hands, looking teasingly at him over one shoulder, and spread her soft ass cheeks to reveal the little brown dimple of her asshole.

“Well?” she urged. “I'm not going to stay like this forever.”

Shinji gulped, tempted but not sold.

“You said you'd do anything to make me happy!” Even as she said that, Asuka knew it was a low blow. But she thought it was justified. Shinji hadn't refused her so far and she'd be damned if she was about to let him.

“O-okay.” Shinji nodded halfheartedly. His stiff meat stick showed he wanted it to. Until they had
the pregnancy issue resolved—Asuka intended have him buy some condoms as soon as possible—this was to be his target.

Shifting her gaze, Asuka looked into the distance. The building directly in front of her, a large gray box with ten floors, was a few hundred yards away so even if someone did see them it would be hard to make out any details. They would just be any two teenagers fucking on a random balcony.

Except, however, for the fact that her vivid golden-red mane was not easy to miss. It was as good as a signal flare. And the building did have rather large glass doors leading to balconies. There were at least six apartments with their curtains drawn open. And Asuka could see people inside. Should any one of them look back they would see her. Her young, immature breasts exposed, the look of shock on her face.

“I'm going in,” Shinji said hesitantly. “Tell me if hurts.”

Asuka squeaked as the tip of his penis touched the closed bud of her rear entrance. So eager was she to have him inside that she instantly forgot all about any possible voyeurs. Her pussy was positively drooling, her clear musky juice dripping onto the floor between her widely-spread feet.

Spreading her cheeks with her hands as far they would go—which was not far at all—Asuka felt her tiny asshole opening slightly. Pressed on this particular spot, just the tip of Shinji's cock felt absolutely massive.

Shinji pushed forward, pressing against the seal of her anus, making her grunt under the pressure. “Uggggh!”

It wouldn't give. She tossed back her head and tried to open up some more.

Then her fleshy seal gave, rolling inwards. Shinji sank into her. Asuka groaned at the sensation of something being stuck up there and filling her.

Slowly, inch by inch, Shinji's cock pushed pass the ring of wrinkled flesh, her anus clenching reflexively to repel the intrusion, completely out of her control. Like all the other muscles on her slender body, these were tight and fit and strong. Even though the pole forcing its way into her was as well lubricated as Asuka's mouth could make it, it was tough going.

Finally, with Shinji less than a third of the way inside her ass, Asuka cried out. “Stop! Stop!”

Shinji froze. Unlike previous occasions, he did not try to pull out. Asuka was glad he didn't because that sudden move would have likely to cause her to loosen her bowels. Holding him in place made her ass feel like it was stuffed beyond belief. It felt like she had to take the biggest dump of her life, and her anus reacted accordingly, attempting to push Shinji out with rippling motions.

But the thing stuck in her was no bowel movement—it had Shinji's body mass and weight behind, for one thing. It wouldn't budge. That didn't keep her sphincter from trying. Moving and pushing until …

Asuka squeezed her eyes, sending tears that had been gathering rolling down her red face, and said words she never in her life thought she would say to anyone. “Shinji, I have to poop!”

“What should I do?” Shinji's voice was panicky. “Should … should I pull out?”

He didn't get a chance to. Asuka swiveled her hips, turning herself around despite the pain and all but ejecting him. She shoved him aside and made a dash for the bathroom, letting out a few small farts along the way.
It took Asuka a little over ten minutes to rid herself of that bothersome urge. The smell as she plopped one into the toilet all but killed her buzz. She was beyond embarrassed and hid her face in her hands. One thing was to have sex with Shinji, but it was another to have him involved with her more physical needs, even if it was, technically, her fault.

That made Asuka feel a little angry at herself. She wiped carefully, washed her hands and emerged from the bathroom.

Her face turned red when she saw Shinji was standing in the kitchen, looking apologetic. “Are you alright?” he said.

“Yeah,” Asuka assured him, gingerly shifting her weight from one foot to another, the overstuffed sensation of her dirty waste chute still bothering her despite the fact that it was now empty.

“Did it hurt?”

“No,” Asuka lied, knowing him well enough by now that she thought he was unlikely to touch her again if she told him the truth. “It was just weird. But I feel so dirty now.”

“Do you, um, want to take a shower?” Shinji asked, looking over her shoulder.


“Well, I was thinking ...”

Asuka's smile matched his. “Yeah, sure.”

Whether that's what he really meant, Asuka didn't know. And, frankly, she didn't care. She wanted to feel his hands on her body still, and to be clean again. Taking a shower together seemed the best way to achieve both ends.

As Shinji got the shower started, Asuka took off her neural connectors and let her hair down. Then she snatched his hand and pulled him under the hot spray. Thousands of watery fingers instantly washed over her skin, but the ten real fingers around her waist felt even better. Their feet splashed and stepped on one another as the cascade of water enveloped them both like a warm hug, soaking them from head to toes.

For Asuka, who had spent so much time alone and lonely, this was heaven. Shinji's hands gently pressed on the small of her back, making her take a tiny step towards him, trapping his hard, upturned penis between their wet bodies. She held him a little more closely, her arms around him, though if he asked she would deny it had anything to do with him. Her little breasts flattened against him, and she could feel her hard nipples poke his skin. She was sure he could, too.

“This is nice,” Asuka whispered, her voice soft in a way it very rarely was. She actually had to resist the urge to lay her head on his shoulder.

“Yeah,” Shinji said.

Asuka could not stop focusing on his lips; stop thinking that she wanted to kiss him. That anyone who could make her feel like this deserved that from her. “Shinji, I would do anything for you right now. And you can do anything you wanted to me. I haven't told you this, but the last few days I've been really happy. Happier than I've been since my Mama died.”

He smiled at her and seemed to regain some confidence.
Somehow she expected he would try to kiss her again, or hug her, or just start making love to her right there. But then she felt his hands on her shoulders and before she knew it she was being turned around.

“What are you—”

Pushing her shoulders forward and down, Shinji quickly bent her over. Asuka braced her hands against the shower wall, the water hitting her back and creating a drizzle all around her.

Shinji wedged his right leg between hers, parting her thighs and rubbing her at the same time.

Asuka’s feet moved as far apart as the tub would allow. Bent over and exposed, her pinkish pussy and round ass at his mercy, all the proud and arrogant Second Child could was look back in helpless puzzlement. Her hair stuck to her face, shoulders and back like a wet sheet, hampering her view.

What was he waiting for? He had already decided to fuck her, and she was fine with that. She wouldn’t even mind him coming inside her again right now. She was ready and open and his for the taking.

But instead of shoving his meat in her taco, Shinji grabbed a bottle of body wash, popped the cap and upturned it over the spot at the top of her ass where her cheeks came together into a tight cleft.

A large glob of the sparkly blue liquid dribbled on her wet skin and worked its way down her crack and between her cheeks in a slow, sweet-smelling tide. Shinji took each pinkish globe in a hand and opened them further, widening the path. The wash continued to flow downward, pooling at the bud of her asshole and tickling down to the bottom of her shapely vulva.

“Mnnn...” Asuka moaned as she brought a hand to her right breast and squeezed. The little nub of her nipple was hard like a pebble and super-sensitive, made even more so by the hot water that seemed to get everywhere, opening pores and nerves to the sensations.

Then she felt Shinji’s finger probe her soapy cunt, pushing her slick, thin lips aside and entering her, allowing water and soap to flood in. The opening of her vagina was so slippery that it was barely a touch, yet exiting in an incredible way. She could hardly feel it, but she knew it was there, invading her, cleaning her tenderly.

Breast in hand, finger in pussy, Asuka was trapped—like her heart was trapped.

Even as the repercussions of that thought hit her, the German girl realized it was pointless to resist them. Her heart wanted what it wanted, and no amount of shame or pride or anything else would be enough to dissuade it. Besides, what was there to be ashamed of? Shinji worshiped her.

If anything, she should be proud of herself for that.

Shinji continued to wash her, rubbing his hand over her soapy wet mound, holding her open with his fingers, splitting her lips down the middle, allowing more water to enter and flushing her out. In the process, he reignited the desire her earlier anger had doused.

Satisfied that her pussy was sparkingly clean, Shinji took his fingers out and moved them up further along the furrow of her buttocks, tracing that narrow strip of flesh between one hole and another and settled at the tiny opening to her sphincter. He used his other hand to pour more of the body wash directly over her asshole before pressing a finger tip firmly against the puckered seal.

Asuka’s eyes widened as she finally understood—Shinji wasn’t washing her, he was lubricating her.
“Shinji, you are not thinking of—” the rest was lost as his finger pushed into her tight asshole, entering her with ease thanks to the thick glob of soap. “Oh, God ...”

Her next moan turned into a whimper halfway. There was no real pain, only a pleasant sensation of fullness. Asuka had never so much as put a finger inside this dirty little passage and she was surprised by the intensity of the sensation. Her hand worked her breasts absently, squeezing and kneading, as her attention turned to that tiny digit up her ass.

“This is what you wanted, right?” Shinji said, still sounding a little concerned. “If you tell me to stop—”

“No.” How could she ask him to stop? They had come such a long way in so short a time that it would feel like she was letting both of them down. “I’m okay. It feels good.”

Reassured, Shinji wiggled his finger inside her anus and sending shivers of pleasure up her spine, making her pussy clench and unclench reflexively. “And ... I kinda want it too,” he said. “It’s not so dirty in here.”

“Pervert.”

Look who’s talking, Asuka chided herself, her inside voice derisive. She turned out to be the bigger pervert. If Kaji could see her now …

If Kaji could see her now she would drag him into that shower with them and make him put his finger in her remaining hole. A young, energetic girl like her could certainly handle both a lover and a crush. But unfortunately Kaji had missed out.

It was his own fault, of course.

Shinji’s finger was now twisting back and forth, pulling out and sliding back in, pumping more of the soap into her bowels for the more forceful assault Asuka expected would come soon. The hot water and the thicker blue liquid felt weird going into her. She focused on trying to keep herself from expelling them, which had the added effect of making her little anus grip more tightly against the finger.

The hot water on her skin was like the burning drive of her passion, running down her body and draining away. Her skin was a flustered red, and most flustered of all was her pussy, colored a bright red, young and tight yet craving the pleasure of being used like an adult. She could feel the juices building up and leaking out in streams, to be washed out by the water.

Asuka’s mind drifted in the water, in this sea of pleasure that only six days before had been utter loneliness. Shinji had her, literally, wrapped around his finger. And she was fine with that.

Even with plenty of lubrication, her tight entrance offered plenty of resistance as Shinji pushed this whole finger inside of her for the first time. Thankfully, having already used the toilet, her bowels were empty so the reflex to push out was gone. Her little anus opened and closed around his knuckle like a tiny mouth. This was soon joined by a second finger, and he proceeded to pump in and out, opening her up. Asuka could only moan, eyes half closed.

When his fingers finally left her, she felt her asshole gape for a moment, a bit more loose than before. Then she felt the familiar sensation of the tip of his penis against her.

Shinji took hold of her slender waist. “Ready? If you tell me to stop, I will stop, okay? I don’t want to hurt you. And if you did get hurt and it was my fault ...”
God, she wanted to yell at him to just shut up and get on with it.

“Come on, Third Child! Make me squeal!”

Tightening his hold on her, Shinji thrust his hips forward.

“KYYAAA!” Despite all the slick blue soap filling her bowels, the water, and his preliminary opening of her anus with his finger, Asuka did squeal as he entered her.

She took a step as her body instinctively tried to escape the shock of impalement, pretty feet shuffling in the water, wet toes clawing at the tub floor. Bent over in the small space, there was really nowhere for her to go. She clenched her teeth and squeezed her eyes tightly shut.

It was like going to the toilet in reverse. Shinji's penis slowly forced itself into her tight flesh channel, stuffing her until she could feel the sensation of fulness all the way to her stomach. And yet it was not painful—not that kind of pain, anyway.

“Are you alright?” Shinji asked, easing his grip on her waist.

“JA!” Asuka gasped, her breath all but ripped from her lungs. Her whole body felt stiff and full, her arms bracing her against the wall. She could barely move. For a moment, her mind simply forgot where she was. “Fühlt sich an, als steckte ich auf einem Pfal oder sowas. Es dehnt mich!”

Under different circumstances, she might have tried to compare how it felt to the other time she had sex with him, but she was not in her normal, more analytical mindset. Such things were better left for later.

“Um, Asuka,” Shinji said, a little worried. “I don't speak German.”

Asuka felt annoyance building along with her desire. “Yes, idiot, it's alright,” she snapped in Japanese. “Are you all the way in?”

Rather than answer the question, Shinji regained his grip on her waist, his fingers digging into her flesh just as, inch by slow inch, his cock dug into her ass, deeper and deeper burying itself in her.

Asuka's mouth flew open, water running into it. “Yaaa!” she screamed. “Oh, Gott, my ass! You are opening my ass!”

“Asuka?” Fully inserted, his balls slapping into the underside of her pussy, Shinji stayed perfectly still. “It sounds like it hurts.”

“I've got your dick up my ass, of course it hurts!” Asuka wailed, more angry at his stopping than anything else. She could feel every inch of his penis throb inside her pulsating, stretched out rectum. Every vein, every shape, particularly the bulb of his head. Everything.

Using the body wash as lubrication had been a very good idea, Asuka thought rather lucidly for someone in her position. Without it there was no way he could have entered pass her asshole, let alone moved once inside of her. So why wasn't he moving?

Asuka turned her head, looking at him over her right shoulder. “Idiot, what are you waiting for? Fuck me!”

His wet brow wrinkled. “I just thought you were ...”

“Fuck me!” Asuka was almost crying in frustration. “Fuck me! Fuck me!”
As she spoke, her other hand—the one not wildly grasping and fondling her small breasts—shot down between her legs and two fingers slid deliciously inside the soaking-wet entrance of her cunt, pumping and sending bolts of pleasure through her. The added stimulation made her give a little excited whimper, which quickly stretched out into a moan as her fingers began working up a storm.

Finally, gathering his courage, Shinji got on with it. He pulled back slightly then thrust his hips, slapping them against Asuka's bottom with a loud, wet smack and splashing water everywhere. Her mind blanked for a second, unable to cope with the sensation of Shinji's hard mass inside her rectum. She grunted—a loud guttural noise from somewhere deep in her throat. “UGH!”

Asuka felt his hard pole sliding out from her tight sleeve, only to reverse direction and ram into her again with even more force. She cried out as the impact sent vibrations through her entire body, rippling and hitting the pubic nerve which in turn carried them straight to her head. Her pussy, now with three of her frantically-working fingers stuffed inside it, quivered, closing on itself and opening again in an uncontrollable rhythm.

Another thrust, another grunt. Asuka sounded much more like an animal—maybe a little monkey, cute and loud—than a young girl.

“Uggghh! Ghhhawwtt!”

With no small amount of noise of his own, Shinji picked up the pace, driving his hips into her rear like a jackhammer. Amidst a rising chorus of grunts and moans, he started to walk her up the length of the tub. Her feet moved on their own, trying to escape, but with his hands around her waist there was never any hope of getting very far. He followed along until her head was practically banging against the wall with each thrust, teeth clenched against the onslaught.

Having to choose between rubbing her pussy, fondling her breasts, and not getting a concussion, Asuka reluctantly used a hand to brace herself. It was mostly a useless gesture, as she was soon being plastered face and chest first into the wall, her upper body sliding up so that her breasts slapped and bounced against it with fleshy wet noises.

The fact that she had nowhere to go didn't change the fact that her body wanted to get away from the pounding it was receiving. Asuka's back arched as her heels rose, forcing her to stick out her battered bottom more prominently. Down her back and up again over her rump, she looked like a horizontal S.

She turned her head sideways and wedged a hand between her temple and the wall to keep from hitting it, then sent her other hand back down between her legs. Three fingers went inside right from the start, and she once more began pumping them in earnest, moaning as water and cunt juices sloshed all around her digits.

Behind her Shinji was grunting louder and louder from the effort, completely soaked, his hair sticking to his forehead, face red. Asuka felt him plunge through her rear opening and fill her bowels over and over, in and out, the walls of her rectum clenching around him almost like a mouth. Her whole pubic region was like a resonating chamber, carrying the force of his thrusts all over, and ever to close to the base of her most sensitive area. Her spine compressed, arching her even further, turning her feet inwards as she struggled to keep her footing.

As the brown-haired boy fucked her ass, Asuka continued rubbing her pussy furiously, overcome by the desperate impulse to get off. She could feel the hard nub of her clit poking out excitedly out of its hood. She had always known it was ultra-sensitive, some times painfully so. It would take all her will power to keep from touching it during masturbation lest she finish too quickly.
The little button was but the tip of the iceberg. Her clit root went fairly deep, and now with Shinji driving in and out of her ass, hitting so deep he was practically in her large intestine, it felt as though it was being stimulated from behind as well as from the front.

Whether that was even physically possible didn't matter. Asuka knew that the fact that she could still think was a testament to the hardiness of her mind, to all the barriers she had set up for herself in those awful years following the death of her mother.

But Shinji had broken through all that. Somehow.

He was so hard … so strong … so determined. How could she have been so wrong about him?

“OH GOTT, SHINJI!” Suddenly, it was like a wave breaking on the shore. Massive pent-up energy being released at once.

Asuka screamed and screamed as she came, saying she didn't know what in a language that she didn't understand. In the wake of release, that huge unstoppable tsunami, complete and even brutal, her mind was unraveling. She couldn't think of anything else.

Her cunt, dripping already with water and soap and juice, convulsed violently and repeatedly, squirting out a torrent of girl-cum that exploded out of her like a pressurized hose over her thighs and down her legs as well as Shinji's, virtually showering him in her essence, to be washed in a swirl into the drain.

Being the first time she came before him, Shinji did not stop, grunting and panting and thrusting for his own release. The next time he hit bottom, Asuka felt something clench inside of her womb, deep inside, Without realizing, she started to come all over again.

Asuka's screams turned into whimpers—broken little noises that indicated she had nothing left. Her breathing was hard and labored, and she was swallowing so much water it felt like she would drown. “Oh, Shinji, bitte … bitte …”

Without warning, Shinji came to a stop and ejaculated into her bowels, his warmth spreading all inside her like a pressurized flood as he spurted. Asuka's knees buckled, but with his hands still around her waist they ended up falling together, almost gracefully, until she was lying in a heap on the tub, her face on the plastic, splashing in the water around the drain. She was in no condition to even try to hold herself up with her arms.

Shinji pulled out slowly, deflating even while still inside her. Despite this, to Asuka it felt like passing the world's biggest turd. She grunted weakly, a long feeble noise that was all she could manage until he had exited her with a wet plop. Her anus gaped, stretched to its limits, showing the space within to be flooded with his thick white seed mixed with water and soap.

“Asuka?” Shinji placed his hands gently on the small of her back, a gesture of comfort. “Are you alright? Did I hurt you? I'm sorry.”

Asuka's legs gave out completely and her buttocks fell against her heels. Anus distending repeatedly in reflex, she squeezed most of the mess sloshing about in her bowels onto the tub and even the soles of her feet in large globs. Good thing there was no waste presently inside her or Asuka had no doubt it would have come out too.

“Nein, nein … you were …” Asuka was beat, having cum herself to exhaustion. Her pussy was still convulsing involuntarily from the dual orgasm, each as hard and violent as the other. Her asshole was swollen and gaped for a while before closing again, though not before passing some gas from
her intestines and blowing some soap bubbles.

Even that felt good—in fact, everything felt good. Maybe she had come so hard something had really fried in her head. Asuka didn't think she cared.

Then she felt Shinji's hands pulling her up and leaning her limp, breathless form against his body. His arms wrapped around her as they lay back together on the tub. He was so warm.

Asuka sank into his embrace and it all go, dazed and exhausted and happy.

“Oh, Gott … Shinji … that was … was ah—amazing,” she panted almost incoherently, trying to catch her breath. “Gott, I can't even … I can't even … you just … blew … mind.”

Shinji's arms tightened around her. For once he didn't ruin the moment by talking.

“Stupid Shinji,” Asuka murmured, closing her eyes. “I … I think I'm in love.”

Lying on his futon that night, his headphones fitted snugly in his ear and music pouring from his SDAT, Shinji realized that he had not felt this good in a long time. Asuka was in the bathroom again, brushing her teeth and doing whatever else girls did before bedtime.

Normally she would have showered as well, but they had taken care of that after what was possibly the dirtiest act Shinji had ever done in his life. He was a dirty boy now, so Asuka had said. Dirty good. They had taken care with each other, scrubbing the others' body in turns, touching and tampering with as much skin as they could get their hands on.

Shinji had practically used the entire bottle of body wash on Asuka. She would smell of Winter Fresh for another week.

They had not broached the issue of being in love. Asuka had been in such a state that Shinji didn't think he could hold her to what she said, but he knew there would be time later. After the Angel was defeated tomorrow, they would still be roommates and everything else the last six days had turned into to one another. They would have a lot of time to figure it all out.

Having never loved anyone in this way before, Shinji wasn't quite sure what it was supposed to feel like. But he was very fond of Asuka. She filled his thoughts and his heart constantly. That had to be love.

“Hey, Shinji?” Asuka thrilled happily as she came into the living room. She was wearing an oversized yellow T-shirt, which he was sure she must have taken from Misato's room, and a pair skimpy shorts that barely showed below the hem. “Was that Misato on the phone earlier?”

“Yes.” Shinji sat up, pulling his earbuds and looking her over. Asuka seemed … lighter. Before she had always been full of energy, but there was also a moodiness that made her appear heavy and put-upon. Now her pretty bare feet seemed to be floating on the carpet, her every movement airy. “She's doing an all-nighter.”

Asuka smiled broadly, eyes lit up bright and blue. “Really?”

He nodded, realizing what that meant for them.

Whistling, Asuka walked around to her futon. She picked it up, carrying it in her arms, and dumped it inside Misato's room. She reached back with a foot and slid the door shut behind her.
Shinji watched, puzzled. A moment later, the thin paper door opened again, showing Asuka on her hands and knees, the huge, loose collar of her shirt hanging down, revealing her cleavage and her dangling breasts. Her face was serious, brows draw into an angry frown.

“This is the impenetrable Wall of Jericho!” she declared loudly. “Cross it and you are a goner, Third Child!” Then she slammed the door shut.

Shinji didn't understand. The wall of who? Was that some German music he'd never heard off? And why was she in Misato's room? Could it be that she was telling him to let her be?

Why not? For six days neither one of them had any privacy, and they had spent a lot of that sharing more than training. Now that Misato was to be away for the night it was not really such a stretch that Asuka would want a little time for herself. But still, something about what she said …

No. It was natural she'd want to be left alone for a bit. It didn't bother him, why should it bother her.

Shinji replaced his earbuds and laid his back on his pillow, rolling onto his side. Within a few minutes he had gone to sleep—the dreamless sleep of her tired and content. Nothing was worrying him now. Not the battle tomorrow. Not Asuka.

He had no idea how long he slept before the faint sound of Misato's door opening awakened him—hours or minutes. He recognized the last track on his SDAT, number 26, but the device looped so there was no telling. Pretending to be asleep, he closed his eyes and felt rather than heard Asuka step through the living room, her feet dragging.

Once she was pass, Shinji opened his eyes. There was light from somewhere in the kitchen. Then he heard the flush of the toilet—Asuka was taking a pee. As she came back, he closed his eyes again.

And then there was a plop on the futon next to him. His eyes jerked open, and Asuka was filling his vision. She was lying on her side, her arms tucking in against her, squeezing her breasts together and making them seem larger then they really were. But it was her face that really got Shinji's attention.

Though she was strikingly pretty in the light of day, the dark feathered her features, softening them. With her eyes closed, she had never seemed to beautiful, so at peace. Her lips parted inviting, showing a little bit of her pink tongue.

Hypnotized, Shinji leaned in, his own lips trembling in anticipation. He had wanted to do this for so long, and now, finally, lying next to him was his chance. Asuka quivered, seeming to know even in her dreams that he was there. A kiss—after all they had done it was just a simple thing, and yet she had refused for a reason.

And it was a good reason. Exerting all his limited willpower, Shinji stopped, his lips barely inches from hers. He couldn't do this to her while she slept. It would be against her wishes and completely meaningless. She was meant to be kissed, to be held, and he would be the one to do it. But not now, and not like this.

Then, to his surprise, the lips he wanted to kiss moved and made words. “Well, are you going to kiss me or what?”

Shinji moved back, realizing she was awake. “I-I'm sorry ...” he stammered. “I didn't mean to ...”

“Idiot.” Asuka smiled. “I guess I really have to take everything in my own hands after all—you can't even pick up the most obvious cues.”

"Eh?"
She sighed with a grin, rising on her elbows and nudging her face closer so that their noses touched. He could smell the lingering scent of peppermint toothpaste still on her breath. "You have no idea what the Wall of Jericho is famous for, do you?" she said.

Shinji shook his head dumbly. "No, but--"

"Never mind then..." she hushed, her lips already so close to his.

“But ...” Shinji stammered. “But you said ...”

“That I wasn't ready. That it would be better if we waited. Well, I'm through waiting. I know what I want now, and I'm fine with that it means. You brushed your teeth, right?"

He had, as he did every night before going to bed. “Yeah. But I've never—”

“Me neither.”

Shinji blinked, almost afraid. Her first kiss? She wanted to give him her first kiss? How could a girl like her have never—

And then he was kissing her.

Her hand had wrapped around the back of his head and drew him forwards, bringing his lips against hers. He didn't have to think about it. He just opened his mouth on contact and let the taste overwhelmed him. Mostly she tasted like peppermint toothpaste. It wasn't really her taste, unlike when he had placed other parts of her body in his mouth, but it was just as good.

Her breathing tickled his nose. He could feel his heart beating fast in his chest and all but hear hers, and he knew she could feel his. That seemed fitting. They were joined now, by their heartbeats, their their lips and that first kiss.

Shinji slept spooning with her in his futon the rest of the night without any sheets. Their body heat provided more than enough warmth as they pressed firmly against each other. Not surprisingly, they were too tired to take advantage of being left alone by their guardian and he merely wrapped his arms closely around Asuka, his legs tangled with hers, nuzzling the back of her neck.

Only six days before such intimacy would have seemed impossible, but for Asuka and Shinji those six days had changed everything.

The End.

Stay tuned for ...

Omake: Day of Battle.

Asuka sat in her entry-plug, feeling a little antsy. It had nothing to do with the fact that she was about to go into combat for only the third time. It had, however, everything to do with the fact that as soon as the hatch sealed and she had locked out her communications to audio only she had thrown off her tight, form-fitting plugsuit.
The sensation of the impact cushion beneath her felt weird against her bare bottom, and it was rubbing every time she moved, not just on her bottom but also on the underside of her pussy—which after days of rough treatment had become rather sensitive and puffy. She was still sore from the day before, though even this was pleasurable in its own way.

She thought about sitting on her plugsuit, now floating somewhere behind behind her, but somehow that felt like sacrilege.

A window opened in the LCL next to her, making Asuka jump, suddenly very conscious of her nudity. It took a second for her to realize it was just static, displaying the message 'No Video.' Likewise, the person on the other side could not see her.

“Asuka?” Misato's voice. “Can you hear me? We seem to be having problems with the video feed.”

“Yeah.” Asuka smirked to herself. “Problems.”

“We are ready when you are. The target is moving in from the east. You'll have less than a full minute of battery power. The countdown will begin as soon as you guys give the signal.” She paused. “Um, we seem to be having similar video problems with Shinji. Weird.”

Asuka could imagine. No, actually, she didn't have to imagine.

With a flick of her finger, the nude redhead opened at second window below Misato's, this one showing a brown-haired boy, looking decidedly embarrassed. The fierce blush on his face and bare shoulders indicated he was, like her, completely naked. This was a secure encrypted channel, as they had agreed between themselves. Nobody but them could access it.

Shinji had chosen the password in honor of the time they spent together—six days. Asuka thought it was lame and predictable but very fitting.

“Ready?” she said. Her Eva was already being moved to the launch catapult, the world outside her canopy appearing to be on rails. Unit-01 was placed next to her and they were locked down into place. “Sixty seconds. Full effort. Perfect synchronization.”

“Yeah.” Shinji nodded. Although he didn't look it, she had every confidence in him. He had proven himself to her.

Asuka tightened her hands on her control sticks, leaning forward. “Launch on my mark and start the clock.”

Misato's voice again. “Roger.”

“Three. Two. One. Mark!”

The surge pushed Asuka into her seat. The world outside rushed pass as the catapult launched her Eva off the ground, a clock appearing on the LCL counting down from 00:59.

It did not take that long.

Moving as one, Unit-01 and Unit-02 did it all with perfect timing—attack, defense, back flips, taking cover, jumping into the air. Two minds and two bodies working as one proved superior than one mind in two bodies. With simultaneous spinning kicks, they smashed both halves of the Angels back together, and almost immediately landed twin kicks on its exposed core. There was a huge explosion.

By the time it was all said and done, Asuka's head was spinning, her body chock-full of adrenaline.
The power spent, the entry-plug plunged into darkness except for the faint backup lights, just enough for her to see the outline of her console. Thrilled, grinning, and more than a little dizzy, the redhead engaged the emergency release.

The plug ejected upright on its socket. Asuka popped the hatch, causing a heavy flood of LCL to pour from within, and stepped outside on unsteady feet, barely able to keep herself standing.

She climbed down Unit-02's armor, though it was unusually slippery, and finally landed on the cratered grown below. She looked up at her Eva, raising her hand to shield her eyes against the hot sun beating down her. The explosion had thrown it about like a toy, but the AT Field prevented any significant damage, aside from a few dents and scratches.

“You did good,” Asuka beamed. “I'm proud of you.”

The sound of engines and movement could be heard behind her a few seconds later. Asuka turned, showing off her haughty smile, and found the members of her recovery team—some women but mostly young men—standing there with two trucks, their mouths open, eyes wide and staring.

Of course they would be impressed; she had just defeated an Angel in less than sixty second. It was quite a feat.

Determined to make the best of this, Asuka set a hands on her hips in her usual—

Her bare hips.

Even as she looked down on herself, a furious blush began to rise on her cheeks. Her eyes shot wide, but it took almost a full second for her total nudity to register.

“EEEK!” Asuka screeched, hurriedly throwing her arms over herself, trying to become as small as possible. “No! Don't look at me!”

They just kept staring at her.

“Don't look!” Asuka squealed sharply. Her pretty face thoroughly red, she spun around and rushed back to the relative privacy of her entry-plug, climbing up the side of her Eva while desperately reaching behind her to cover her flashing bottom with her hands.

She almost made it.

Just as she was about to reach the entry-plug's open hatch her feet slipped on the slick armor below. She screams as she tumbled clumsily through the hatch until her waist caught the bottom edge, leaving her bent her over like a wet towel … with her upper body safely inside and her legs and rosy round buttocks hanging out for the world to see.

“Don't look!” Asuka cried, arms and legs flailing wildly to no avail. “Don't look, don't look, don't look!”

But they did.

She was naked and stuck and they were all looking.

***
End of Omake.

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