Twisted Desire

by orphan_account

Summary

"You'll do what we tell you. Anything we fucking want. The alternative is that we let everyone know your dirty little secret."

Notes

Originally posted under my other deleted account, I'm moving everything over here now, taking my works with me.

Please note - these are 100% mine from my other account, if you have read this work before, it would have been on my other username. I have not stolen this.

Apologies for any weird symbols in the text, my phone is not the kindest for converting from one format to another...

It's a thought I had where I wanted to experiment with how a mind could be broken down and made open to being used, what it would take to do that to someone and this came out.
As the sun beat down you cursed the lack of fresh air and the feeling of clothes clinging to your skin with uncomfortable stickiness. It was still only morning too, it would just get worse later on and you dreamt of snow as you made your way slowly down the street to your destination. That pissed you off even more, the drudgery of university sending bolts of hatred through your overheated body. The only good thing about today was how you would be able to rekindle your usual pastimes with your dark minded companion. Friends with benefits didn't quite fit the bill, you had no friends, neither did he. There wasn't a word that adequately described your relationship, all you knew was that it was as satisfying as it was strange and left it at that.

The black jeans and t-shirt you wore were probably not the best choice given the weather, but you were certainly not about to start wearing light colours or, god forbid, skirts. Not that you were trying to impress anyone or keep up appearances, you only wanted to be as true to yourself as possible, not being interested in following fashion or trends. That kind of thing nauseated you, the flocks of girls that hung on the words they read in trashy teen magazines driving you insane with distaste.

Scuffing along the dry, dusty pavement, boots trailing with motions that embodied your reticence at returning, you looked up to see the building you were bound for having dropped your stuff off at temporary accommodation earlier. Hoards of people milled about on the grass outside, their excited chatter piercing into your brain like hot pokers, one large sentient mass of annoying pricks. A figure stood to the side alone, own dark clothing in place and a cigarette on the go. He had no bag, no use for books as he was ridiculously intelligent.

Similarly, you could have passed your exams half way through the first year, but you went through the motions, doing it the right way if only to put off the inevitability of having to get a proper job. You were both 21, in your last year and something of an odd pair. But that was fine, it kept the idiots at bay.

As you approached he threw his smoke to the kerb, eyes flashing at your presence. It had been a long summer break, one that you had spoken frequently throughout, but as you lived in different areas, your physical forms had not met for some time. Reaching him, he spun on his heel, matching your pace and you strode side by side towards the glass entrance. The assembled people around you were a mixture of those hugging and catching up, as well as the scurrying forms of new starters, rushing around with paper maps trying to decipher where they were supposed to be going. A silky voice spoke closely in your ear. "You know what this means, (F/N)." It wasn't a question and you nodded in agreement with a small, evil smirk. It meant fresh meat, new and fragile minds to fuck with and that thought made it bearable to be surrounded by others.

Marching down the busy corridor, the sea of bodies parted around the two of you, avoiding any kind of contact at all costs. Some of them knew what you were capable of, however most of them just saw the danger in the way you carried yourselves. A small, brown haired girl hurried past, instantly averting scared eyes as yours locked onto hers, trying to block out the memories. A tiny snort sounded from your side and he elaborated. "I think you broke her." With a purr, you delivered a dark response.

"Nah, she was already broken." That earned you another short laugh.

"Why do you always go for damaged goods, (F/N)?" Shrugging, you kept your gaze ahead and saw an approaching crowd of first year students. They huddled together, timid faces shining out, staying close as if there was safety in numbers. The one at the front, however, bounded along without a care, looking determined and trying too hard to seem like he wasn't intimidated by the monumental day. He needed to have the cocky smile wiped off his fucking face and you turned, meeting your companion's grey stare. A nod was shared and in that instant, you had chosen your next play thing. The boy with dark hair was in full flow, speaking to his mouse-like blonde friend
and you thought how the smaller one would be so deliciously easy to terrorise, how beautiful it
would be to send him screaming back to where he came from.

Saving that for later, you carried on towards them which ultimately ended in the brunette walking
straight into you and falling flat on his ass. Teal eyes glared upwards at the two older students and
he couldn't move for a moment as they pinned him in place with their gazes. Steely orbs that
radiated disgust burrowed into his brain on the left, (e/c) ones that were accentuated with dramatic
black liner probed his thoughts from the right. Both sets were equally fascinating and frightening
all at the same time and his mouth hung open, unsure what to do next. "Come on, Eren. We'll be
late." The tiny blonde helped his friend up and they scurried away.

Glancing round, you watched as your next victim was led down the hall, still looking back at the
two of you. "Well fuck me, Levi. At least he seems interested?" A pale hand settled on your arm
and steered you back in the right direction as it's owner growled a response.
"Even if he isn't, (F/N), he has no fucking choice."

The morning's lecture was painfully dull, lifted only by the impending first phase of your torment.
Your leg bounced impatiently as you sat in the small auditorium, making no notes whatsoever and
you tried to contain your devilish glee. Levi was in another part of the building, no doubt in a
similar state even though he knew this was your part in the scheme. The bleeping sound that
signalled lunchtime blared out and you swept from the room, unhindered by anyone in your way
as classmates gave you a wide berth.

Not intending on eating, you nevertheless grabbed some items and paid, eyes scanning the
bustling cafeteria. Your partner was absent as usual, but you weren't looking for him. Scouring the
area, you settled your gaze on the boy from earlier, finding him sitting with that small,
impressionable looking munchkin. Pushing down the urge to destroy them both, you swayed
through the tables and chairs, a few eyes watching your hunt and you slid down to sit beside the
brunette, tray of food crashing to the table. You leant over on your elbow, chin in hand and
smiled, a humourless expression that matched your words that were dripping with alluring venom.

"So, Eren is it? What brings you here?" Trailing a digit in circles on the surface, you stared into
his bright gaze, maintaining contact at all times. It was only broken when he involuntarily looked
down. The way you sat forward against your arm made your breasts clearly visible above the
scooped neck of your top, pressed together slightly for maximum effect. Walking your index and
middle fingers across the table, you reached his arm and touched him ever so slightly, causing the
man's body to jump.

"Erm, I'm, umm..." He struggled to speak, entranced by the older woman by his side, her flawless
chest, captivating eyes and demure voice. Eren wondered what you were doing here as you
looked like the typical weirdo, one of those people he had encountered before at school. They
tended to keep amongst their own, yet here you were, outrageously flirting with him.

Not wanting to seem like a fool, he began to speak again but made himself sound eternally idiotic.
"I'm getting lunch?" It certainly answered your question, but not in the way you had intended.
Laughing lightly, you patted his arm, making out that he was either the cutest or funniest person
alive. All the time his fearful friend watched the exchange, trying to figure out what was going on.
He couldn't see the man you had been with earlier, so it wasn't some kind of first day prank to be
shared around friends. Judging by the way everyone looked at and avoided the woman, the pale
guy was your only companion and if he wasn't here, then what was the point? Unable to come to
a conclusion, he decided to keep a close eye on you.

"Oh Eren, too adorable." The sultry tones sent shivers through his being and he smiled back,
feeling a bit braver.
"Well, I have been accused of that in the past." He was aware of the guy next to him rolling his eyes but ignored it, making a note to tell Armin to stay out of his business later. The female noticed it too and shifted her gaze, resting fiery eyes on his childhood pal. It was a strange look and the smaller one felt distinctly like he was being sized up, almost as if this person was trying to decide what kind of side dish to serve his cooked flesh with.

Eyes back to the main target, you made sure to run your stare up his body and gave your bottom lip a light bite, making the young man gulp visibly. "Uh, w-what's your name?" Cursing himself for stuttering, Eren winced and saw the small smile curl up on your alluring lips.

"I'm (F/N). Pleased to meet you." Holding out a hand, you took his and squeezed gently but forcefully, sending shocks up the skin of your toy at the warmth and softness of your touch.

"Urr, likewise. Oh, and I'm studying sports science." It made sense, head strong brats like this wouldn't have the brains to take any kind of mentally challenging subject and it made it all the easier to twist him round your little finger.

"Ah, that's amazing Eren. So you must be quite toned under that shirt?" Puffing up with pride, he seemed to grow taller as your words stupidly made him think he now had the upper hand but you were perfectly in control and had your claws in, just as planned. With an exaggerated sigh, you once more gazed over his physique with misty eyes and sat back. "I'm afraid I have to go now, but I'll see you around, right Eren?" His name rolled off your tongue and he loved the way it sounded, wanting to hear it again and again. With a dainty wave, you walked off, hips swinging intentionally as it was obvious his eyes were all over you.

"Why did she buy lunch if she wasn't going to eat it?" wondered Armin out loud and he was elbowed by his horny friend.

"Who cares? Anyway, quit rolling your eyes when I'm trying to get to know a lady, ok?" Shaking his head, the blonde gave Eren some words of warning.
"Watch out for her. She's not quite right, probably best to steer clear." With a huff, the larger of the two stood, grumbling as he left.

"You're just jealous."

Outside in the abhorrent heat, you made your way to the street and Levi. Pulling out your cigarettes, you lit up and he turned, silver eyes glowing from beneath his raven hair. Smiling as you joined him, a small throng of students stared over from where they lay around on the grass enjoying the sun. "That was too fucking easy, Levi." Your orbs twinkled with wicked joy and a strong arm grabbed you round the waist, pulling your body close as you kissed ferociously, tongues fighting it out with powerful lust. Even if anyone out here had seen your liaison in the cafeteria, no one was about to warn Eren. The strange relationship between you two had been witnessed on numerous occasions, as had the blatant flirting that both of you were so good at and it had become something of a tolerated occurrence that people generally didn't want to get caught up in. Newer students would learn soon, too.

Embrace over, you stood with a smirk as you were let in on what he had been doing while you drew the prey in. "His surname's Yeager. No siblings. Dead parents. And," drawled Levi, pausing for effect. "He has a record." Your eyes lit up and hands almost clawed at him to explain. "Selling and using drugs. Illegal steroids, to be precise. Hardly the kind of thing an aspiring personal trainer or athlete wants to become public knowledge." Somehow, you almost always managed to pick someone who had a hidden past and if not, you certainly gave them something to hide. Clapping with childish joy, you grinned, grey glare drinking in your excitement.
"So, next steps? Same as usual?" You nodded in response and flicked your smoke into the road, turning to make your way back inside.

You had free time for the rest of the day, supposed to be used for studying yet that was worthless. It would be better for everyone's education if you led the lectures instead of the teachers, they'd certainly learn a lot more in a shorter space of time. That is if their tiny minds could take that much information. Having checked the schedules, you now hung around outside the male changing rooms in the gym block, the faint smell of feet and old socks offending your senses. Earlier, you had slipped in and taken Eren's underwear and shoes, knowing they were concentrating on survival techniques in the swimming pool this afternoon and had hidden the items well. It meant that he was likely one of the only ones left in there, still searching and as the penultimate person exited, you walked in.

Sure enough, there he was, towel around his waist as he rummaged through lockers and bags, hating whoever played this cruel joke on him. He supposed it was to be expected in the first year at uni, but it was annoying that he had been singled out. Aware of a presence he turned quickly, the movement causing his white wrap to fall, exposing his dignity. With wide eyes he stood still for a moment, unable to take his gaze off the woman in here with him and he watched as your (e/c) orbs trailed down his chest, over his abs and coming to rest on his cock. Painfully aware that he was about to show you what it looked like when excited, he quickly gathered the towel up to hide his modesty, cheeks flushed.

"W-what are you doing here?" Pacing towards him, you closed the space between two bodies, near enough to feel his quick breath on your face and you looked up into green flashes.

"Just came to say hi. Got a lot more than I bargained for, though." You gave him your best lust-filled expression, lids half closed and lips slightly parted with a small pout and you tested the water. Reaching out, you brushed your palm lightly against the obvious bulge under his only garment and he twitched, but didn't stop you. So, he was keen after all.

Offering him a small smile, you spoke with words laced in sexual intent. "You enjoying university life so far? Anyone shown you where the best places are to go let off steam?" He shook his head quickly, not sure what was going to happen next, and his stomach flipped when you opened your mouth again. "My place is always good for relaxation. But then, so is anywhere. It all depends on who you're with." You gave him a slow wink and walked out with the same seductive sway, leaving Eren confused, turned on and frustrated. And slightly annoyed at being left standing with a raging hard on.

Levi found you sitting on a wall outside the halls of residence where both of you lived together. Most students had moved out into shared accommodation in their second year, but this place was fine. Noisy although cheap and it was close by. He joined you, passing a small hip flask across, letting you take a long swig of liquor. "Well?" Turning, you raised an eyebrow and smirked at his impatience.

"More than adequate. And totally hooked. Your turn." His own mischievous smile spread across his lips and you stood, making your way inside to alleviate the feeling that ran through you both, the weeks apart over the summer combined with the thrill of a new victim making you both alive with animal desire.

The week had moved quickly and you maintained your filthy innuendo with Eren, driving him crazy using just a look now. It was going to be so simple, his resolve was too weak. But his friend's wasn't, you'd both noticed that so by Friday afternoon, you realised something had to be done about it. There was a welcome party this evening at the student bar and anyone could attend.
from any year to help settle in the newcomers, show them friendly faces, that kind of shit. It was the perfect place for phase two as alcohol would certainly assist, however the blonde male would need to be occupied. Sitting on the bed, you discussed the plan. The younger man wouldn't be easily swayed despite your initial impressions of him and you agreed that something other than the usual flow of beer and shots would be needed.

As you got ready, you paid little attention to your appearance as you would be on the side lines. Levi, however, took his time showering, applying just the right amount of cologne and fixing his hair perfectly. His clothes were flawless, tight black shirt hugging his toned chest, dark jeans pressed with care and shoes gleaming. When he came into the room you almost couldn't keep your hands off, but you didn't want to risk creasing the fabric as that would mean another hour waiting for him to sort himself out. "Shit, Levi. If I was the jealous type, I'd be keeping you in here all fucking night." Smugness met your words along with a wink and you grabbed the small package from your table, ready to go.

It was the usual mix of insufferable people getting wasted too quickly and the amount of bodies in here meant that no one would be paying much heed. When you entered, a few glances were shot your way, mainly towards the man by your side and instantly you spotted Armin. He had a beer in his hand, not much of it gone yet and you quickly made your way over while he was alone. Levi went in the other direction, seeking out the brunette at the bar with ease.

Sure that the small blonde was looking elsewhere, you deftly slipped the pill into his drink and saw it dissolve instantly. He spun when he was aware that you stood beside him, looking up into your gleaming eyes. "Hey, Armin. Buy a girl a drink?" He complied, if only to be polite and saw that his friend had gone. Passing you the red wine, he gulped at his own liquid, nervously trying to see where Eren went. Before he could argue, he was led away to a quiet corner and sat down on the soft seat and he drank deeply, the disquiet within making him concerned. In no time at all, he was chatting away with the strange woman, not knowing what he was saying or doing, only that he was very happy. He looked up at the smiling female, not realising he would remember none of this night.

Across the other side of the bar in a similarly untravelled area, Eren sat with the haze of alcohol already settling over him and stared into steely eyes, wondering what the man who leant over wanted. He didn't speak for a while, just gazed at the younger guy, locking onto his emerald orbs. Eren watched as a pale hand lifted a glass and as he sipped, eye contact was retained. Despite himself, the new student thought how good this guy smelt and the anticipation that had been built up in him over the last week was prominent in his mind. When the man's other hand rested gently on his knee, he found that he couldn't move, light touch sending electricity up his leg.

"You have amazing eyes, Eren. I could get fucking lost in them." Smiling weakly, the brunette felt his heart rate increase, wondering how this guy had such an effect. Maybe it was the sultry voice, the incredible spark in his gaze or perhaps just the wonderful contrast between his milky skin and jet black hair. Whatever it was, the feeling was a new one that he nonetheless began to surrender to as he was addressed once more. "So what do you like to do for fun? I bet you know how to have a good time." When the man spoke, the touch on his knee moved upwards, almost tickling and he gasped before he could stop it.

Levi smirked, knowing how far a fleeting stroke could go and tilted his head slightly, delivering his next part of the conversation in an almost bored tone. "I hear you're majoring in sports? I can tell. Strong thighs. Seen anything you'd like to wrap them around?" Choking on his beer, Eren sat up a bit, not realising that it now meant his face was inches from the other man's. His skin was perfect, body exuding confidence and superiority and without knowing why, he began to imagine what it would be like to be dominated by this curious person.
Sensing the change in mindset, Levi moved in closer, almost touching lips and whispered lowly. "Don't be a stranger." And he was gone, sweeping out of the room to leave the brown haired man confused as well as frustrated. Almost instantly, the woman who had teased him all week appeared, leaning over to speak in his ear.

"I think your little friend is slaughtered. You'd better take him fucking home." The feeling of your breath on his skin sent him spiralling, no longer sure what was happening inside of him and your parting words left him reeling. "Once you've sorted him out, get down to the basement. There's old disused offices there. Door number three. Don't fucking disappoint me."

Eren took Armin back to the halls, making sure he was safely in bed and then took a deep breath. He didn't know what to do. The woman was incredibly sexy and mysterious and that man had done something to him earlier also. He wasn't well versed in all of this, having only slept with two girls in the past. But all he knew right now was that he was wound up so tightly and had to let go. Alcohol making him brave, he made his way to the designated meeting point, chest bursting with both lust and worry and as he pushed the door open, he took in a quick gasp of shock.

Both of them were here, leaning on an old desk nonchalantly, smiling with evil intent. A small noise escaped his lips and he was beckoned over with a seductive gesture by (F/N). His legs moved of their own volition and he found himself before the couple, their eyes gleaming. You placed small kisses on his neck, making him whimper and gaze at the intimidating man by your side, afraid that he might punch him for allowing the girl to do this. But he didn't. He just stood unmoving, stare half-lidded. Coming to his senses slightly, Eren spoke. "What, here? In front of him?" You straightened and laughed, a terrifying sound.

"Oh no, Eren. Levi's not just going to stand there." With growing fear, a small squeaky voice escaped his lips.

"W-what's going on?" He was answered by the same laugh and as you started to unbutton his shirt, you purred the reality of the situation.

"You'll do what we tell you. Anything we fucking want. The alternative is that we let everyone know your dirty little secret." Running your hand across his body, you continued with maniacal joy as Levi appeared behind him, gripping at the arms of his garment. "All about those naughty, naughty steroids, Eren. Wouldn't that put a stop on your hopes, dreams, aspirations? So you see," you growled as the other man pulled the fabric away totally. "You have no choice, really. And anyway, you might just enjoy yourself."

Eren had no clue how you knew, but you did and he was scared as hell. All it took was one rumour and he'd be finished. He felt hands on his chest and then another pair on his back, rubbing and grabbing as the man behind pressed against him and joined in the movements across his front. As kisses were placed on the nape of his neck, you ran your touch across his abdomen, brushing against Levi's fingers that groped along with your motions. You took the young man's lips with yours gently at first, but it soon became heated. He pulled away and stared.

"But...what...both?" Smiling, you leant over his shoulder to offer the same attention to the dark haired figure and Eren felt strangely jealous as your kiss sounded hungrily in his ear. Gaining some sanity, he tried to struggle out of the embrace of the two people, but all it resulted in was him being squeezed even tighter between bodies, so he shouted. "Wait! Stop!" Breaking your embrace, you gazed into teal eyes, the fear apparent and you pouted.

"Really? Oh ok. You can watch this time, then." The pressure was released and the now timid male stepped back as the two other occupants of the room devoured each other, hands and lips everywhere. Still reversing, he bumped up against the door and scrabbled to open it, yet it wouldn't budge, stuck fast and imprisoning him in here. The strangely terrifying couple turned
their heads from where they stood, still undressing quickly and smiling. Levi held up a key from where it lay on a leather band around his wrist. The horrified younger man hadn't even seen him lock it.

Rooted to the spot, Eren watched, taking in every move, every touch and couldn't help but be aroused by the situation. The way you held his gaze was hypnotic and he stared into your (e/c) eyes with heavy breaths as you were bent over the desk, hands splayed out on the old wood, breasts being sent into rhythmic sways every time you were thrust into roughly from behind. Levi's own silver orbs were locked in place and the man never broke the pace, gripping your hips and strongly pounding relentlessly into the seemingly submissive woman, his muscular body proudly on display. Groans started to sound out and Eren became slightly embarrassed, though mainly excited thanks in part to alcohol and he saw you bite on your bottom lip to hold in a shout. The tightness in his jeans was unbelievable and he had a twinge of regret at having told you to stop. Almost panting now, he lapped up the scene as both people reached their peak simultaneously, loud declarations of satisfaction spilling from your mouths.

As the sex came to an end, the brunette looked down, bizarre moment finally catching up with him and he heard shuffles and kisses as he presumed you were getting dressed. Something blocked out the light and he realised his shirt had been thrown at him. Quickly, he pulled it on and glanced up to see two figures slinking towards him, euphoria on both faces. Levi leant close, cologne still strong and unlocked the door. Before Eren could run, a hand grabbed his collar and your face was up against his. "Until next time, Eren." Pushing him away, you watched as he sped through the dimly lit halls, trying to put as much distance between himself and the couple.

"Could have gone better, (F/N). He'll be back though, I'm fucking positive." You shrugged, and walked slowly home, hand in hand.

You weren't sure why you did it, why you gained so much pleasure from toying with others, but the two of you had always been odd. Or, as your mother had put it, fucked in the head. It had been in primary school that you first met a sullen boy and an instant bond was formed, neither of you having any other people to talk to. As you both grew, you experimented regularly with alcohol and sex, even when it was still illegal for you to do either thing, but it wasn't a problem. It was only natural. By the age of 15, your parents made the decision to move you away, an attempt at separating the two companions. Poor, sweet, naive adults. Hadn't they heard of the internet? Web cams? Mobile phones?

Often you would skip school, always undetected and had no issue with spending three hours travelling just to meet up. Despite your truancy, both you and Levi passed your exams with flying colours, having dangerously astute minds. Your distraught father had sent you to a psychiatrist at age seventeen when he discovered something on your laptop, a private chat room transcript that you had carelessly left saved in an unlocked folder which detailed his daughter and seemingly not estranged friend conversing with another. It was graphic and lewd but over all, it was disturbing how the two adolescents had ganged up on their prey, torturing them with psychological blackmail, threatening to expose some secret if they didn't meet up and satisfy the pair in any way desired. You'd only kept it as you liked to relive it every now and again. The therapy had been short lived and you were sure that your name was now on some kind of list somewhere.

When it came to university, your guardians had no control and of course you had both applied to the same place, being accepted instantly on the basis of your academic records and for the last two years you had terrorised a number of fellow students, even one teacher. Needless to say, the employee quit not long after, unable to take the prospect of being discovered both for having sex with students and the embezzlement of school funds. It was uncanny how you were able to find out every seedy secret in people's lives and used it against them to fulfil your needs. And now, you were at it again, the first week of term and already a new task was set in motion.
Eren felt trapped. Every time he saw either one of you, he blushed and looked away, still feeling the pull of longing along with a fear of being outed as a steroid user. He didn't dare tell anyone about the sordid affair in the basement, it was too shameful, but Armin knew something was up, he always did. The brunette sloped down the corridor trying to blend in to the crowd until he noticed the bodies parting like Moses and the Red Sea, people instinctively giving the couple space. He wondered how many others there had been, how far reaching your sick grip on the student population was.

As they got closer, he saw a few hushed words exchanged and the woman grinned, a twisted expression that could only mean trouble. Eren wasn't allowed to pass and a few sympathetic looks were shot his way, one from a timid boy with black hair. Your hand curled around his chin and made him look up from the floor and with burning cheeks he met your gaze. "Hey Eren. Fancy hanging out some time? Make it worth your while?" Unable to respond, he just squeaked and mumbled incoherent words. Your touch trailed down his chest, almost ghost-like and Levi watched intently as the younger man's eyes rolled back slightly. He was still conflicted, still thinking about last week. Good.

With a voice that would send anyone into a quivering mess, the raven haired male spoke quietly. "I know you enjoyed yourself. I could see your fucking jeans about to burst. How about we put it to good use tonight?" Mouth working soundlessly, Eren could only listen as orders were given. "Halls. Ten o'clock. Room 71. There's a party on the same floor, no one will hear a sound." And they swept off, radiating sex and dominance, leaving the man a wreck in the middle of the hall.

The prospect of losing his scholarship hung over him like a rain cloud and he currently stood outside the accommodation unit, evening sun a long distant memory, leaving behind only some residual heat. He could hear the celebrations from here, the loud music and shouts coming out of open windows. With a sigh, Eren pushed through the door, hoping it would be over soon so he could get on with his life. At number 71, he steadied himself and knocked once. A smiling woman answered, asking him in, all very polite like it was a simple, juvenile dinner date.

Faint light from a lamp illuminated the space; a bed, sofa, small kitchen and separate bathroom. It was compact, like his in the other block but had no personality. No pictures, no items to show the kind of thing the occupant was into. Nothing. He didn't know if it was (F/N)'s place or Levi's, it could have been either one or both, suiting your dark personas. A bottle of liquor was placed in his hand and he drank gratefully, noticing you each had one too. He was offered a seat on the couch, two pairs of eyes staring over from where the couple sat on the end of the bed, scrutinizing him carefully.

Ten minutes of quiet drinking passed. Well, it was silent in here in the sense that no one spoke, however the raucous party down the hall was in full flow. You leant over and whispered in Levi's ear. "Let me." With a gesture of the hand he agreed, ladies first. Placing your drink down, you lifted the one from Eren's hand and saw how he trembled slightly. It made you alive with power as you joined him, leaning close. "You made the right choice. Now you can have the career you always dreamed of. And the night of your life." The kisses you placed on his neck once more made the body next to you twitch, increasing as you ran a hand up and down his inner thigh. All the while Levi's silver eyes kept a close watch, smirk in place throughout. He loved how you could make the young man wriggle around with a simple move and felt his excitement growing.

With a fluid movement you straddled the brunette, now taking his lips in a rough kiss, forcing your way into his mouth and searching inside with an insistent tongue. He moaned into you, hands raising slowly to place them at your waist in an instinctive reaction. "No touching yet." The
figure on the bed instructed him sternly and he dropped his arms, feeling weird at just sitting there as you hungrily attacked his lips, your own hands running up and down his chest. A pressure from below told you that he was surrendering to the passion and you broke away, smiling down.

"Get undressed." Eren faltered and you reminded him of the deal. "Do anything we say. No exceptions." Climbing off, you joined Levi and placed your hand on his own bulging crotch, rubbing gently with absent minded strokes. The first year student stood and slowly pulled his t-shirt over his head, messing up his spiked hair. Green pools stared with a look of uncertainty, but he proceeded to drop his jeans regardless, bending to remove the shoes and socks that prevented him from stepping out of the trousers. Straightening, he took a deep breath and paused. A finger pointed at him. "Everything." He complied, and shoved his boxers down, now completely naked before you, his member standing to attention already. Levi let out a tiny laugh, and spoke.

"You weren't fucking joking, (F/N)." With a smile, you turned and raised an eyebrow, your lips taken into an aggressive kiss. Eren stood bare, watching the others fondling each other with fervent touches. They stopped soon after, eyes locked for a moment, unspoken words passing between them. In an instant, Levi was on his feet, his own clothes swiftly removed as his muscular chest was exposed once more, the light of the lamp accentuating every chiselled lump and bump. Eren wasn't sure why, but he felt the need to touch it, feel the strength that lay on that abdomen. He saw you walk around out of the corner of his eye and grab a bottle, gaze never leaving the two naked men, attention mainly on their erections. The youngest in the room remained still and was given another order as Levi sat back down. "Suck it."

The words that came from the woman made him jump, startled at how close you were and also by the command. Strangely he wanted to, needed to almost but also he wondered if it was worth all of this humiliation. Having an internal struggle, Eren realised that one night of degradation was infinitely better than no future at all and he took the bottle that was offered, swigging it back deeply. Kneeling, he thought about how he had no idea what he was doing. He knew he wasn't exactly lacking down below, neither was Levi yet he had little experience with that kind of thing, only glimpsing a few other guys' packages in the locker room. Taking a deep breath, he prepared to do something that both scared and enthralled him and placed a shaking hand at the base of the man's cock, thinking about how he liked it and whether it could be replicated.

"That's it, nice and slow." Again, your words were close and he shut his eyes as he took what he could into his mouth. It wasn't easy, the grip was also required due to the impressive length of the man and without any clear idea, he began to move his head up and down along with his hold, sucking strongly with hollowed cheeks. It seemed to be the right thing to do as he heard a gasp from above. Eren began to throw his self respect away and realised he was slightly enjoying himself, so let his tongue come into play. That caused hands to grasp on his locks and hips to push upwards as Levi's member was forced into his throat, making him gag.

"Just relax." You seemed to be the one who was in control right now and struggling to breathe, the youth tried to calm down and opened his eyes, fixing onto flashing grey ones. The snarl on those pale lips was intoxicating, the power exercised over him divine and he started to quicken the pace. "Now now, not yet." A hand pulled his head back by the hair and he moaned at losing the item that had been in his mouth, fully caught in the madness.

You took your clothes off slowly and while he was still catching his breath, you watched as Eren stared over, taking in your form from where he knelt on the floor. Walking over, you placed yourself on the bed, legs either side of Levi's and lowered yourself down, taking him in with a calculated pace. "Touch yourself." It was still your turn and as you began to grind your hips, the look in the man's eyes beneath you that glared over your shoulder told you that the kid was doing as he was told. That, along with the faint groan from behind. Holding tight, you increased your thrusts and the silver stare was on you once more, tilting up at your face.
"Damn (F/N), I've missed you."

It wasn't that you hadn't had sex every day with him since returning to university, and it wasn't that it bored you. But this was the pinnacle, the height of enjoyment and it had been a long time since this kind of high had surfaced. With everyone you brought into your web of crazy lust, it was always with full consent. Sure, you blackmailed or seduced them, however like last week, if they said no, you stopped, making them aware of the consequences though. It wasn't your style to force anyone to do anything they didn't want to of their own accord, that was a boundary neither of you would ever cross. When alone, you played out scenes and took on personas, the weak submissive. Excessive force. Demeaning words. Physical abuse. But that was only between the two of you. "What shall I do next, hmm? I wonder." With a playful smirk, you voiced your musings and stepped off the bed, leaving Levi full of yearning.

Eren stopped his own pumps and you glanced down as he still gripped his length in a tight fist. A voice sounded out, signalling the shift. "You ever made a woman come?" Instantly, you were relieved of your control. Gulping more drink down, you felt excited by the man who was taking over, ready to enjoy whatever would follow. The guy kneeling shook his head, unsure what to say.

"Maybe?" In all honesty, he didn't know. Girls could fake it.

"Fine. Give it a go." A condom was thrown his way, with a warning. "We don't know where you've fucking been." Pulling it on, the brunette stood as he watched you lie back on the bed, legs dangling over the edge, eyes bright. With slight misgivings about his abilities, he moved forward and pushed himself in between your thighs slowly, loving how warm and tight you felt. Eren went to grab your hips like he had seen Levi doing in the office, but glanced round to get permission from the man, unsure if the no touching rule still applied. It didn't and he was graced with a nod, so he held on and started to move rhythmically, almost ready to lose control at the small sounds of pleasure that came from your mouth.

You thought how it was nice if slightly boring; he was a bit haphazard, but enthusiastic. He'd learn. Watching Levi closely, you saw him curl his arms round from behind the young man, feeling his chest, kissing at his neck. It made the friction below intensify and you groaned, moving up with your hips to try and show the boy how it was done. Eren felt something pressing against him and all at once became afraid and eager, arching into Levi without realising what he was doing. A low growl sounded in his ear. "Don't get fucking carried away. I only ever fuck her."

It was one of the few rules. He refused to penetrate anyone but you, always had. It didn't mean he didn't allow other things, being more than happy to let people bring him to orgasm with hands, mouths, breasts, whatever they fucking wanted and he sometimes enjoyed being entered himself. But not that. Bizarrely, he found it was too unclean for him. And similarly, your rule was that no one was to make you come but him. Or at least he had to be involved. With that in mind, you stared up and shot him a look that he knew well, resulting in Levi grabbing the panting Eren away to take up position. Strongly filling you, he made sure to hit your sweet spot and angled himself expertly to cause maximum pleasure.

The other man could only watch with hunger as the two once more became a mess of sounds and shouts, the female calling out in unfinished words. "Y...ye...ye..." It was all you could manage as ecstasy raked through your body, coming hard and intense as Levi exploded inside of you with a yell. A moment later and you were on your feet as if nothing had happened and Eren could see the fluid dripping down your inner thigh as he was pushed down to the sofa. In seconds, you had pulled the protection away and dropped to your knees, ready to take him to his own peak. Levi wiped himself clean and bent to also mop up the liquid on your leg, a gesture that was wholly caring in nature.
Eren sat back as you took him fully in to your mouth, no gagging or choking, just expert movements that started as fast as they intended to continue. With fast breaths, he moaned and felt unbelievable, the sensation of your wet tongue all around him and he tentatively placed a hand on your head. He didn't need to pull you in like Levi had done to him as you hungrily sucked at his erection, so he tangled his fingers in your hair, stroking and caressing, sighing softly. The other man joined him on the couch, hands trailing over his chest, down his stomach. Eren felt on the edge as your (e/c) eyes met his, but something was missing. Levi sensed it too and leant in. "What do you want?"

The brunette turned, nose touching a delicate pale one and he whispered his request. "Kiss me." A smirk greeted his request and he closed his eyes as the man complied, mouths connected in a violent battle and he started to buck his hips up into your face. As the ecstasy overtook him, Eren groaned into Levi, the feeling of warm lips around his cock combined with the intense pace of the embrace became too much to handle. Throwing his head back, he broke away and felt an urgent desire, sent totally insane as he felt Levi bite at his nipple and he shouted out in degraded pleasure, both of your names called in quick succession as he released in your mouth, strong and incredibly vivid.

You greedily swallowed it all down, lapping fervently to capture all of his orgasm. Slowing, you gently let him fall from your tongue, looking up at the flushed face and wide teal eyes that seemed to gaze into the distance as he dragged in air. Levi threw another cloth to the boy and stood, offering his hand to help you from the floor. Eren stared as he saw a small trail of his own cum on your chin, shivering with delight as the dark haired man licked it up with one, languid stroke, ending in a deep kiss between the two. It almost finished him completely as Levi hummed into the embrace and pulled back, whispering to the woman. "Tastes fucking delicious."

After that night, Eren wasn't able to think of anything other than the couple, mind invaded by thoughts of depraved sex, humiliation and the urgent need to be with you again. A month passed and regular liaisons were held, being made the older pair's toy over and over again. He had become withdrawn, barely spoke, was behind on coursework, all because of the cravings he felt. You and Levi were everywhere, too. Suggestive glances in the hall way, touches as you would sweep past, lewd comments whispered in his ear. He felt like he was losing his mind, only capable of one coherent thought. It was like the others were magnetic, somehow having embedded themselves in his brain so he was hooked, caught up in a net that he couldn't escape.

Once more he found himself walking in a trance to Room 71. Knocking, he was allowed to enter by a muffled call. As seemed to be the norm, he walked in on the pair already in full flow, like you knew when he would give in to his urges. Eren began to undress automatically, watching as the female rode Levi roughly on the bed, curves glistening and the man sat up, holding himself upright with his arms back on the mattress, such a casual pose. Flashing silver eyes met the ever huge green ones and his first order of the evening was given. "It's (F/N)'s birthday. Doesn't seem fair that she does all the fucking work." He beckoned with one finger and the brunette slid across the room, obeying without protest. A small packet was tossed over and he placed the item on, waiting for further instructions.

You and Levi shared a glance, one that both of you knew. This was over. Your latest play thing had been eaten up and spat to the side, used completely and now would be left out to dry after tonight. The look in his eyes told you everything that was needed. He was totally enthralled, purposefully filled with nothing but thoughts of you both, the most delectable time to cut him loose, destroy his fragile, tiny mind. But not yet. "Eren?" Levi's voice roused him from his haze and he noticed that you had stopped your thrusts but still held the man's length inside. "Let's show her a good time, hmm? Don't be shy, plenty of space for you behind. She feels just as fucking
amazing that way, believe me."

Eren climbed onto the mattress and as he pushed in slowly, he groaned and Levi sat up further, holding you tightly as he placed forceful kisses on the other man's lips. You sighed with the pleasure of being filled completely and as the two began to move with identical paces, you felt mouths at your neck, all attention now on your body alone. Moaning loudly, you smiled, enjoying your last night with your current victim.

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You paced the hallway, Levi by your side as always, eyes straight ahead. The usual flow of bodies avoided your deathly aura, which today included a nervous looking student with brown hair. As you approached, he glanced up and instantly regretted it. Eren saw no recognition in the couple's orbs, nothing. He'd been forbidden to make contact for two weeks now and felt empty. His only friend here had disowned him, being that they no longer spent any time together, his work was shoddy and he couldn't sleep, couldn't eat, couldn't think of anything but the people that now swept past like they didn't know he even existed.

Despair clutched at his heart along with regret - he had nothing left. Eren didn't understand why he'd been cut out, but knew he couldn't tell anyone the reason for his spiralling grip on reality, wouldn't dare breathe a word. The things he'd done and the exquisitely filthy things he'd had inflicted on him picked at his conscience and the fear of being exposed as a drug user kept him meek. Memories came through as he shuffled down the halls, bumping into others that he didn't even notice. Strong recollections invaded his mind, the sweet taste of Levi's release in his mouth, the amazing feeling of (F/N)'s wetness on his lips, fucking both of them over and over, watching the man who always knew how to make her come. The night that Levi greedily sucked him dry before turning his experienced tongue on the woman too. And he missed it, needed it, but now it was gone, along with his sanity. He was a broken shell of a man.

Unknown to Eren, a conversation was being held between the devilish couple as they prowled the corridors, hand in hand.

"What about that one?"

"No. Too scared. We'd end up giving her a fucking heart attack, (F/N)."

"Alright, fair point. Who, then? I want to play, Levi."

"Patience. The right one will appear when you least expect it. In fact..." He nodded over to a tiny blonde girl with bright blue eyes; timid, but there was also something strong about her. Imagining how delicious it would be to see his companion's face between the new pet's legs, he growled. "I love a fucking challenge. My turn."

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