#### This is how you get the girl

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Fandom: Shingeki no Kyojin | Attack on Titan

Relationships: Mikasa Ackerman/Eren Yeager, Armin Arlert/Annie Leonhart, Levi

Ackerman/Hange Zoë

Characters: Mikasa Ackerman, Eren Yeager, Armin Arlert, Annie Leonhart, Levi

Ackerman, Hange Zoë, Reiner Braun, Connie Springer, Sasha Blouse, Jean Kirstein, Carla Yeager, Grisha Yeager, Zeke Yeager, Azumabito

Kiyomi, Hitch Dreyse

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School Dances, Beach Volleyball, Ice Cream, Tea Parties, Soup, hange runs a library, Flustered Eren Yeager, Crushes, First Kiss, Slow Burn, Enemies to Friends to Lovers, except they barely are enemies, Mutual Pining, Fluff, this fandom needs a lot of that, they all get to be happy here, levihan proposal, school committee, Captains, Sunsets, Female Hange Zoë, Libraries, oranges!, ill add more tags as we go along,

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### This is how you get the girl

by Acthna

Summary

BEING REWRITTEN!! >> You, my love, like orange, linger

Mikasa Ackerman, academic prodigy, is obsessed with being perfect. After all, School captains are both representatives and role models of the school. So when she gets paired with Eren Jaeger, a sports nerd notorious for his lack of care for the school's ethos she is understandably confused.

But where his reputation fails, his kindness exceeds and so the two make a pact. Mikasa tutors his tardiness and Eren teaches her how to publicly speak... through a volleyball tournament? As they work alongside Armin, Historia and the dance committee to plan a fundraising event, Mikasa learns how to enjoy being imperfect, make good friends and maybe, just maybe, fall in love with the green eye boy along the way.

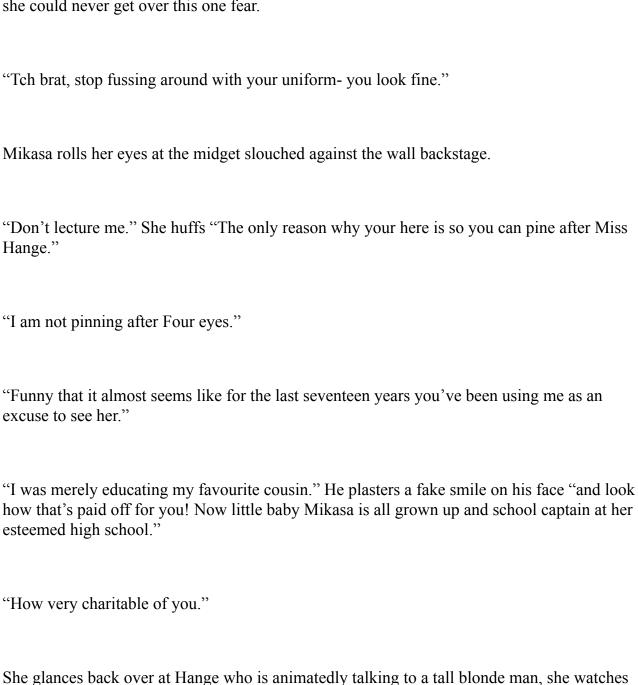
Notes

Ahhhhhh this will be my first attempt at a multi chapter fic in a longgggg time lololol, we'll see how this goes

See the end of the work for more notes

### Swear on it

Mikasa fiddles with her tie and adjusts her blazer again. She was nervous- which was inherently fine for the situation, public speaking wasn't the number of fear in the world for no reason, it was just...aggravating that this was her job. She was going to be inaugurated as school captain in a matter of minutes. She exceeded the academic expectations ten fold... but she could never get over this one fear.



in delight as Levi's face twists into one of disgust as he fidgets with his hands in his pockets.

"Please just ask her out already." She sighs

Levi turns pink "I am not dating that messy untidy grotesque freak."

"That's a lot of synonyms for messy for someone who looks pretty sharp."

Hange was wearing a colourful sundress, ears looped with geometric shapes and hair embroided with daisies.

They were gifts from Levi, and though she did wish to punch him in the face, and Shed never wish to plague anyone with the midget- Mikasa did believe they were cute together.

Idiots, but cute.

She smiles at the thought- in his futile attempt to court her Levi would take her to Hange book shop every week, he'd spoil her with gifts- that were presented by herself. Hange would always hug and thank her, and Levi would smile from his cup of tea- that was until Mikasa had spoiled that her secret admirer was in fact her older cousin the tea addict, and not an endearing young girl. Embarrassed that she knew of his affections, Levi began to spend less time at the bookshop. Mikasa, however, retained a friendship with her avidly reading and studying there every afternoon she could spare.

Levi was still, whether he was aware of it or not, hopelessly in love with her, and despite his measly attempts at wooing her before, she seemed to have a pique of interest in himdetermined to bring him into conversation every time they talked.

They were truly utterly, embarrassingly, made for each other and it was days like these, where her near thirty year old cousin wistfully started from the stage curtains that she wished she could smack their heads together like a couple of barbie dolls and make them kiss.

Just as she's considering the repercussions of her pushing him off of stage a man with a headset taps them on the shoulder with a pen.

"We'll be starting in a few minutes- do you know where the other boy is?" She shakes her head. "No sir, I believe Eren makes it his personal mission to be late to every single possible thing." The man sighs, shaking his head and clicks his pen on a clipboard. "Let's hope by some miracle he makes it." And as if they've manifested him by mere conversation he appears breathless and slightly sweaty, tie mangled around his unbuttoned collar and jacket sleeves rolled up to his elbows. He was supposed to be representing the school- and yet she'd never seen him show up on time once or give two hoots about his appearance. "Eren jaeger at your *service*." He gives a shaky bow and she rolls her eyes. "Finally Mr Jaeger!" The man rakes back sweaty hair "please fix your appearance we are on in two minutes?" Eren laughs and tightens his tie and extends a hand towards her. "So you must be the Mikasa Ackerman, I've heard all about you from my friends." "Your reputation precedes you too, I am not one to judge by appearances but do you really think you're equipped for leading this school?" "Ouch, they weren't wrong when they said you were blunt." He pushes down his collar and sleeves. "I learnt from a very young age to not question authority."

A lady smacks him with a purse from behind.

"Thanks." They are sitting in a boardroom, eren spinning around in his chair as she types away at her laptop.







"Armin arlert, student council treasurer and unfortunately Erens best friend ." He tucks the sanitiser into his jacket and opens up a binder "Now where should we begin?"

## ~ Friendship is magical ~

Chapter	Summary
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$\boldsymbol{A}$	1()()K	1111()	TVITKASA	and ner	SCHOOL	$\cdots$

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"So." Sasha bumps shoulders with Mikasa as she walks through the corridor "how does it feel to be right up close and personal with *eren jaeger*."

"I'm gonna pretend to ignore how you said that, and for your information he's a moron."

"That was not what you were saying a couple of years ago,"

"We were in middle school Sasha, I was young and naive," she brings her voice down low "and I told you not to talk about that

"Talk about what?" Hitch slouches from the corner and links arms with her "Is Mika keeping secrets from me now? I thought we were friends."

"No, I was just talking about eren-" Mikasa slaps a hand over her face realising the impact of her words as hitch's face lights up like Christmas. Devil.

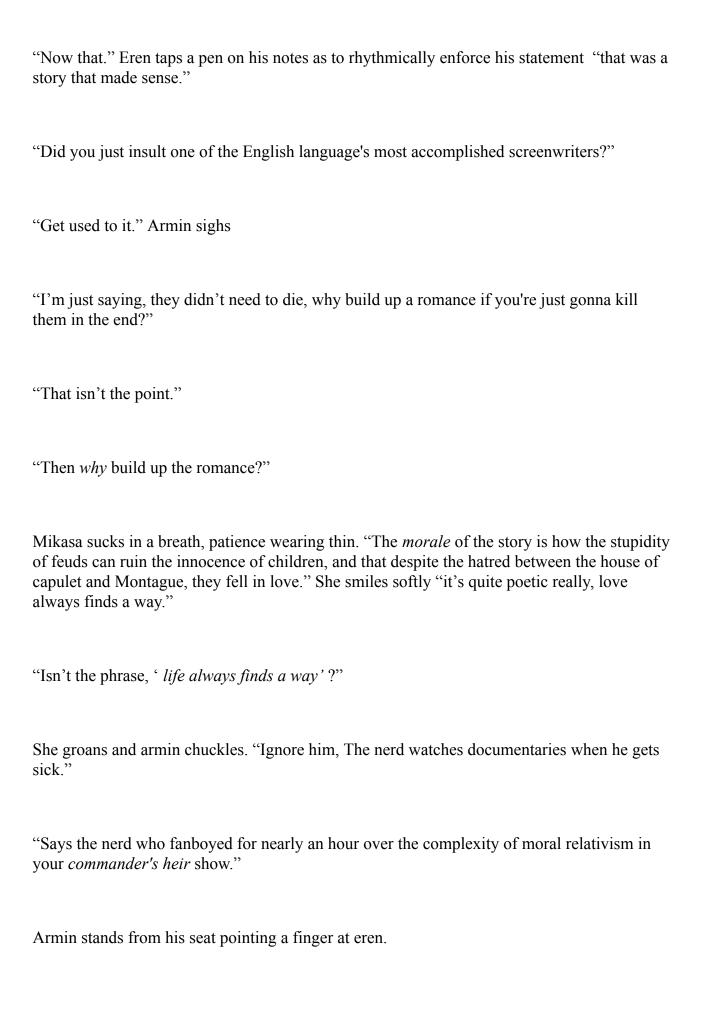
She glares at her "Don't you-"

"I wouldn't dare darling," she pulls out her phone "so are we still going out shopping this afternoon."



"You know armins apparently courting Annie Leonhardt or at least trying to." She muffles
"You make it sound like where in the nineteen hundreds Sasha."
The girl with bread gestures towards armin who is stirring beside her as they share earphones.
"Speak of the devil." Hitch gasps "he really is trying to woo her."
"Well they are good friends," Mikasa winces, trying to save Armin from the doom that came with hitch chaotic shipping shenanigans.
"Full offence but why would anyone like armin seek out Annie as a friend if they weren't interested in her."
"Armins a sweet boy he'd talk to anyone," Mikasa rebutted
"Armins a sweet boy he'd talk to anyone," Mikasa rebutted  "Good point." She crosses her arms and huffs, staring at the two of them desperately.
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"Good point." She crosses her arms and huffs, staring at the two of them desperately.  Armin averts his gaze to Annie, eyes softening, he reaches a hand to brush her hair out of her eyes, even Mikasa can feel her heart strings tug a little. It was really endearing.

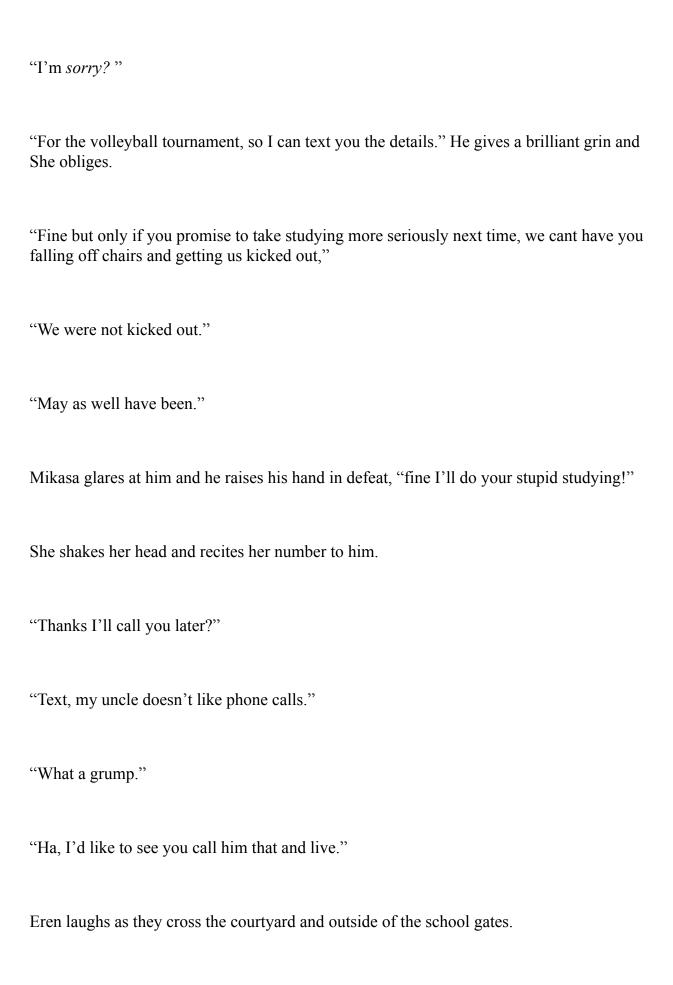




"I'll have you know Erwins character is a genius move on the writer's efforts to portray the voices of many people throughout his many relationships."
His raised voice raises the attention of the librarian and he slacks back into his seat sheepishly.
"both of you shut up." She hisses "We got a bunch of annotations due next Wednesday," she raises an eyebrow at the both of them "and I'm not letting either of you copy."
"Yes ma'am." Eren grumbles and Mikasa fights the urge to slap him over the head with a textbook.
The three of them quietly work, the only sound between them the flickering of pages and the scratching of pens on paper. It's pleasant really, being in the quiet of the library on a Friday afternoon.
Eren is the first to speak, or rather yawn as he stretches his hands up.
"You mind checking my notes to see if they're ok?"
Mikasa nods and takes the piece of paper, flicking through the notations.
"It's a commendable effort for you."
"What's that supposed to mean."
"Just teasing jaeger," she laughs, before making eye contact with the librarian, she hushes herself. "It's great eren. Maybe just fix up some grammatical errors."

Armin passes a piece of paper to her. "Do you think this makes sense?"
She frowns in thought analysing the paper, the corners of her lips tingle into a smile, his explanation of character was simply, genius.
"Yeah, I like your thoughts on mercutio's characterisation."
Armin opens his mouth to reply when his screen lights up with a text message.
It doesn't take a genius to figure out who is on his screen.
Annie Leonhardt.
He stands up quickly, flusteredly shoving his papers into the binder. "Uh thanks Mikasa, I got to go."
He collects his belongings and speeds out of the room.
"Ha, I wonder if he's got a date,"
"They are really sweet together."
"Oh so <i>now</i> you join me in my teasing?"
She crosses her arms "I'm only stating the facts, they were listening to music together at lunch, and he was staring at her like she was his entire world."





	"I'll see you on Sunday." He waves to her as he walks off "and make sure to bring your frilliest togs."
	Mikasa follows behind him "uh we're going in the same direction."
	He smiles sheepishly and picks up his pace "not if I walk fast enough!"
	"Eren-"
	Her words are cut by the sky crying out, bursting into rain, and they run, bags lifted over their heads down the blocks to their houses, barely offering a goodbye as they split down their separate streets.
	Mikasa is greeted by her mother and cocoa before she runs up stairs stripping off her school uniform and slacking into sweat pants and a hoodie.
	Her window is knocked with the light patter of rain as she stares out, the heat of the mug warms her knuckles as it's chocolate aroma drifts around her room.
	A moment later her phone rings.
	Eren Yeager: heya
Cl	hapter End Notes
	Ah so I triedddd to set up the dynamic for the two trios (hitch Sasha Mikasa) (EMA) I hope I've been able to converge it well enough. Tbh this chapter was not what I wanted

it to be since I was kinda winging it, but I kept on getting writers block so I've just decided to go ahead and post it lolol.

Next chapter shall be the beach, and whoo boy am I gonna have fun with that.

As always thank you for the kudos And the comments I really do appreciate the encouragement!!

# Sand, sun and strawberry ice cream

Chapter	Summary
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Mikasa learns how to play volleyball
Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for <u>notes</u>
Levi glares from his green tea as Mikasa finishes her breakfast.
To be honest it was strange that such an angry bitter man drank such a calming thing, perhaps she ought to be grateful for it though, it was the one thing that restrained his grumpy midget frame from strangling every living organism in a twelve kilometre radius.
He clears his throat as if to address the elephant in the room- that is her being up so early so willingly this early on a Sunday.
"Date?" He asks
Mikasa laughs "what concerned your cousin has a better love life than you?" He rolls his eyes "and no, just an outing with a couple of friends."
Levi pushes down his papers. "Look it's ok if you are, I have no problems with it's just uh stay safe."
Mikasa deadpans him
"I'm not."



She chews the inside of her cheek as her consciousness gnaws at her.

Was this a prank after all? Did eren really mean to just waste her time, to bully her? She wouldn't put it past the jerks at her school to do the same, but eren, eren had always seemed different. She had higher <i>expectations</i> for him.
She taps on her phone begging it to load messages that weren't there, racking her brain for excuses of wifi and poor data.
Her phone pings a few minutes later, and her features flood with relief as she taps into the notification.
Eren Yeager: hey, sorry I'm a little late, I'll be there in like five, are we still on to meet at the umbrellas?
She sighs, of <i>course</i> , trusting a Yeager to be early- on time- was a terrible idea. Mikasa taps a reply with a slight smile tugging at her mouth.
Mikasa. A: sure, meet you at the umbrellas
He sends a silly cat gif in response and she giggles before hoisting you her totem bag over her shoulder and heading to the toilets.
She ought to get changed.

Five minutes later she stands in front of the bathroom mirror, uselessly smoothing out the frilly trim decorating her one piece swimsuit.

It really was quite pretty, pastel pink in colour, suiting her ivory complexion that blushed peach in the sunlight. It's sleeves extend modestly down her arms to her delight, and she smooths out the last wrinkles in them turning around in the mirror again, shifting her weight from side to side as she flexes legs from her hips.

If it wasn't for the fact that it was insanely frilly and bedazzled- almost childishly with glitter and rhinestones, she would have felt self conscious. It was form fitting and though it covered her torso, she felt like she was exposing her legs far too much than she was comfortable with.

She takes a final glance in the mirror and elects to put red beach shorts on.

She shoves the rest of her clothes into her bag, shoves a straw hat over her head and walks out of the stall.

Eren Yeager: where r u?

"You're late much." He glances down at her "raid a kindy gymnastic costume room."

"Steal your uncle's togs?"

He smiles and shrugs his shoulders at his ridiculous Hawaiian shirt and shorts combo "it's my brothers actually."

"I like his style."

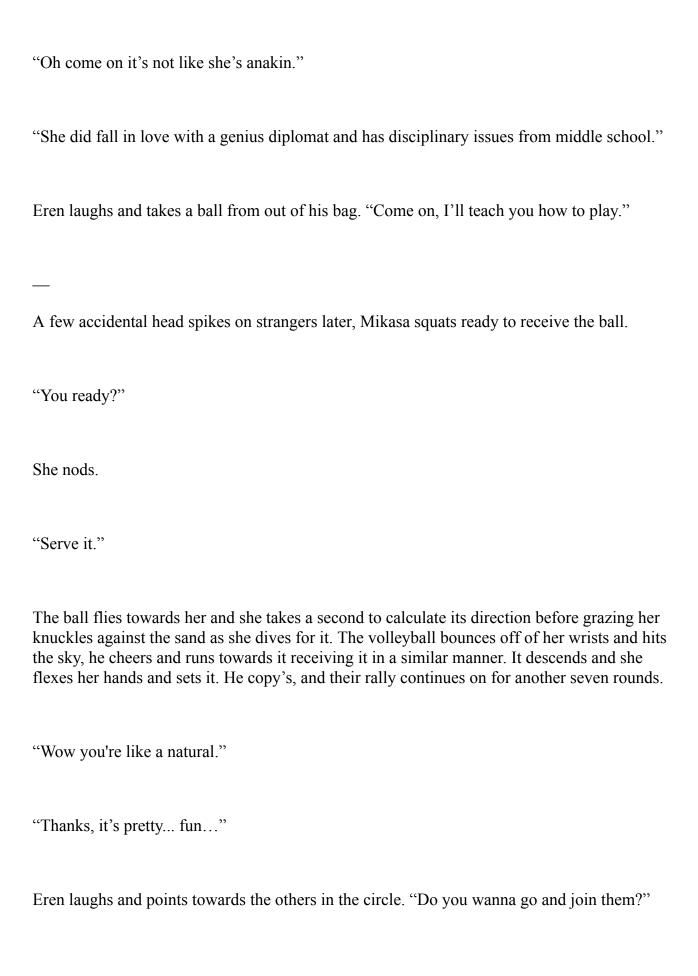
"Did I hear you complimenting me?"

"I complimented your brother's taste and clothing." She snorts pacing down the sandy stairs to the beach "and I never said it looked good on you,"



"More like the third grade." The girl who she assumes to be historia laughs
"Wait didn't have a crush on-" a frighteningly buff teenager replied with a stoic tone, leaving a lanky one to slap his hand over his mouth.
"My name is Bertholdt I'm a middle blocker, and that's Reiner- ignore everything he says." The other boy lets out a hey but is silenced by his voice again "you must be the new player eren was talking about,"
Bertholdt extends a slender hand in greeting and she shakes it firmly.
She takes a step back next to eren. A beat passes and he elbows her in the stomach. "We'll, introduce yourself."
"Oh uh- my names Mikasa, Mikasa Ackerman- erens dragging me to play here on a dare, I don't actually know a lot about volleyball."
The buzzcut guy grins "my name Connie, and don't worry it's just like an intense game of keep the balloon in the air."
She nods.
"Dude, keeping the balloon in the air is way more intense." The boy name Reiner adds, launching the two into an intense debate.
All that is left is another lanky freckled girl, and the blonde named historia.





"Lead the way."

The practice circle is a fun way, she finds, to take whatever vengeance she has and use it to her advantage. The game itself is called '1,2,3 spike' and it's challenge means any mistake ends up with you in the circle, and at the mercy of a spike after the three tallied rally.

Eren ends up inside the circle after throwing a lame serve, and she spikes him directly a couple of times, before he catches on and ends up in the circle herself, falling mercy to his wrath. The game continues on like this for quite some time, until a few familiar faces emerge from the crowd

Armin smiles cheerily and Annie has her head sunk down as usual, licking an ice cream intensely, another boy joins him, of which she assumed to be Marco and he waves at them with the same level of enthusiasm as the other boy.

"Yo where did you guys go?"

"We got lost when we went looking for ice cream." Marco beams as armin rubs the back of his neck awkwardly.

"There's like twelve diffrent parlours now could you-" Bertholdt slaps his hand over reiners mouth again and sighs. "We should all get to practice then," His eyes gleam hopefully at Annie "will you be joining us today?"

Her gaze throws daggers as she rolls her eyes tossing her bag into the sand and curling up, throwing on a floppy white hat to cover her already burning shoulders.

"Alright everyone, since the rest of our team is here, let's do some spiking and blocking practice, Mikasa, you can just watch for now, this week we'll have you rotating as a Libero in place of Annie."



digs it.

"NICE RECEIVE!" Eren compliments from the sidelines, followed by a chorus from the rest of her teammates, she forces herself not to be distracted with a smile. Jean chases after it, setting the ball to Connie, who jumps amazingly high for his stature. Sand sprays with a thud and Reiner and him cheer again dancing along the court as they rotate along to their original line up, Jean gives her a thumbs up as he leaves and eren slaps him on the back as he walks to his starting position beside her.

The other teams line up was exceptionally...average. Even Mikasa had no trouble receiving their balls as a beginner, their blocks were half done, they almost had no energy.

Except for one player, their 'Ace' as eren had called him stood as tall as bertholdt and seemed as strong as Reiner, he had insane speed like Connie, calculated strategy like armin and served just as well as eren.

She is reminded of her conversation with him last night.

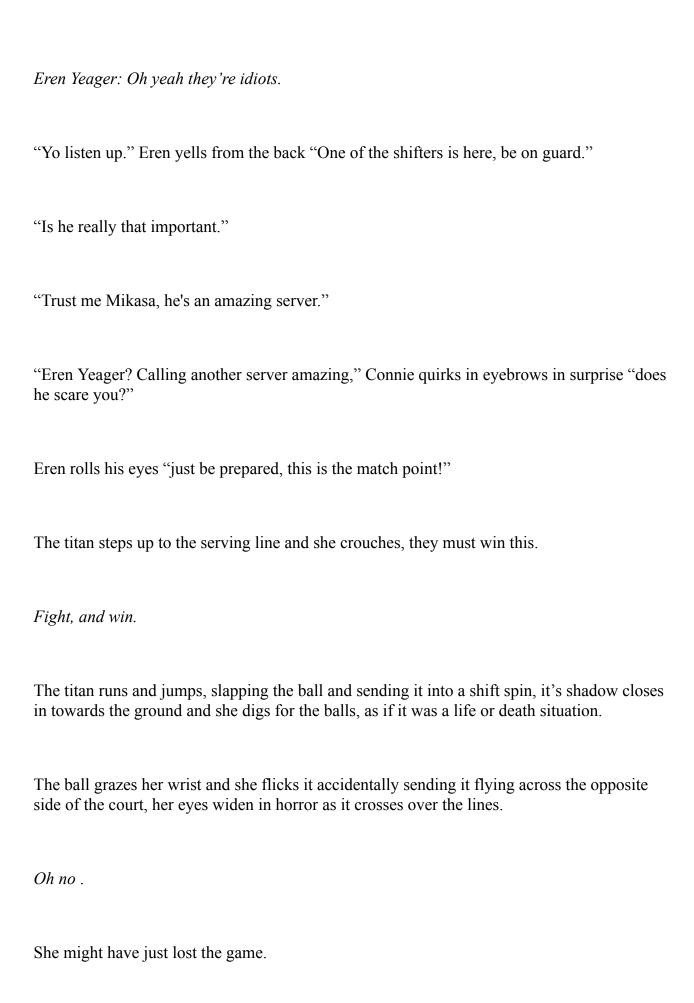
Eren Yeager: They call him a titan. A top player in the open prefecture.

He wasn't able to lead, or use his rather useless teammates to cooperate, however his talent was undeniably strong.

Mikasa. A: Do you wanna be a titan?

Eren Yeager: Eh I wouldn't mind, some say there's a curse on it though, you end up breaking some sort of bone or important ligament within thirteen months

Eren Yeager: it's superstitious but I'd rather just okay for fun with my team of idiots.



Connie sprints towards the ball just barely sending it back to the court and Reiner spikes it quickly.

The ball is blocked and rebounds into their court- as she is lost in distraction eren dives for it, Armin sets it to Bertoldt who again tries to spike it.

Just as historia is about to let out a cheer, The titan receives it and somehow his slacking teammates cooperate, sending the ball back over the net. Her limbs begin to ache at another rally, the ball falls in the favour of Reiner who passes it to bertholdt, the setter, arms shaking misses it and Connie (who at this point should be labeled as the team's sprinter) bounds after it and hits it to armin, who has a devilish sparkle in his eyes as he setter dumps it avoiding the surprised blockers as the ball finally touches the ground.

Historia squeals and races towards them wrapping them in a group hug, Ymir slowly clapping behind her, Marco and Jean blow and whistle and even Annie stands up with a lesser scowl tugging at her features.

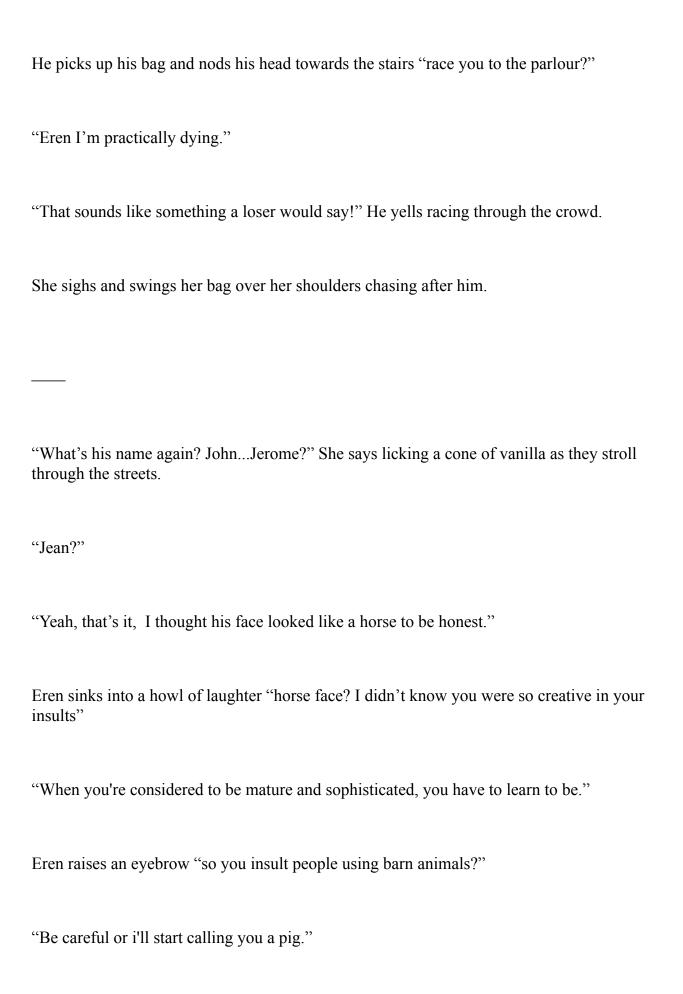
"That was amazing, especially you Mikasa!" Historia beams, "with enough training I think you'd be able to match Annie in skill."

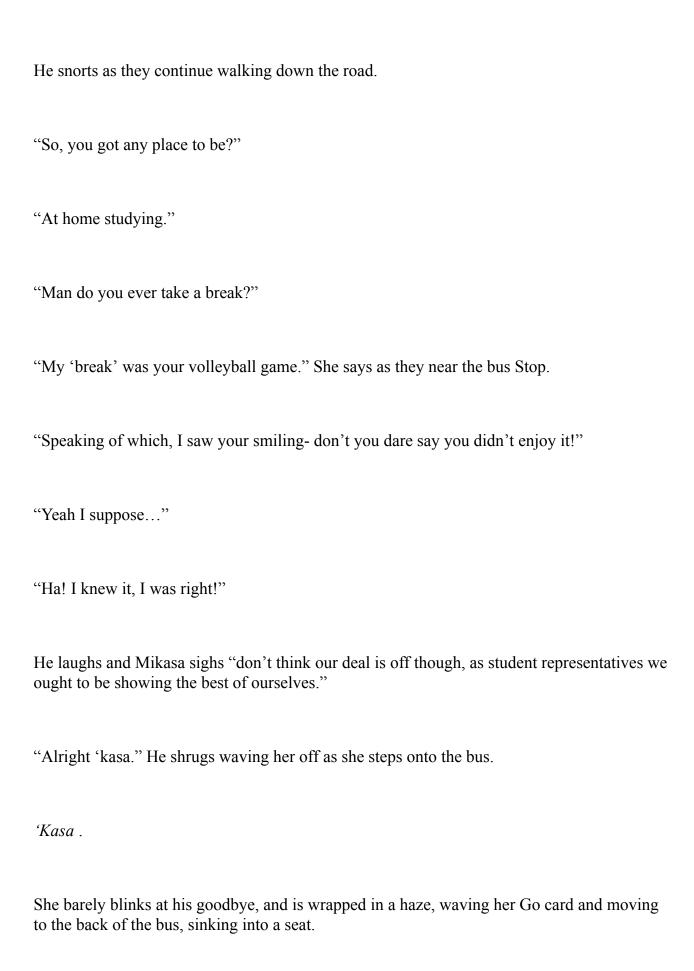
Annie frowns at her and opens up her mouth but is interrupted by armin crashing into her. They both turn red and Armin utters an apology flailing around as he tries to explain that Reiner pushed him into her.

Eren laughs and slaps Connie on the back and moves towards her.

"That was literally insane, I can't believe how talented you are!" He beams, swinging an arm around her "let me treat you, do you like ice cream?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Vanillas nice."





She'd been called plenty of things by her friends and relatives.

*Mimi* by her maternal grandmother, *Mika* by her friends. *Brat* by Levi. She'd been called a prodigy by her teachers, and had received many other pet names from her mom dad and hange over the years. Nicknames were commonplace to her. But this one. 'Kasa.

It was brilliant and she found herself repeating it over and over...

'Kasa'

It rolls off her tongue and she lets the name marinate in her mind as she glances out the window counting the passing cars on the motorway.

## Chapter End Notes

THIS ONE. This one oH MY. For some reason it was so hard to just start writing,,,,apologies for taking so long to update ^^

Thank you for all your sweet comments though, it's so encouraging to hear that people are enjoying it as much as I am, because really these two deserve the world after what they've been through!

I hope you enjoy!

# **Oranges**



Eren gets teased by his family, Mikasa cashes in on her side of the deal.

### Chapter Notes

Thank you to all of the lovely readers who have kudos and commented and bookmarked on this work, you guys are my life force, and thus (slightly off schedule) I present to you this chapter \*rips off cover to reveal a crimpled present.\* HERE!

See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>

Seven am. What a horrible time to be up and alive. His alarm taunts him with his evil rings and he slaps a sleepy arm onto his bed side table, feeling for his phone button to turn it off.

He groans and unplugs it pulling it towards him to face the bright screen. It was way too early for this. What on earth had made him subject to such horrors. He swipes to view the notifications and is greeted with Mikasa's name printed across the screen with a smiley face.

Mikasa:) - Our study session is still on for this morning?

He snorts. How ridiculous, did she really think he was that lazy? At that very moment his room seems to mock him with its untidiness, and he sighs tapping a reply.

Eren- ofc kasa, i'll be there in forty five.

To be honest it was simply atrocious to wake up this early and then apply school concepts to paper for homework, but he supposed he ought to keep his end of the deal. Mikasa had been amazing- no absolutely slaughtered their game yesterday. She had picked everything up so

naturally with insane skill, technique and speed, it was aweing to him in a sense. Thus he had taken her out to ice cream in celebration, and then bestowed the great gift of all. A nickname. Ah, he ought to change that, he fumbles through his contacts again, editing her name to kasa. He hears the muted bickering of his families lively banter in the kitchen and he trudges down stairs to them, greeting them with a game and sloping down into a seat mulling in his own self pity of being awake at such an hour. His father ruffles his papers and raises an eyebrow. "Morning son?" "Grisha dear, are you losing your memory already," Carla turns from the kitchen pacing to her husband and kissing him on the cheek "you said that to Zeke already-" her eyes snap to him slouching over the table. "I think our son is up Carla." "Eren up so early? It's a miracle!" She runs over to him and squeezes him against his chair. Zeke chuckles chewing on a bowl of oats and tossing an old baseball in one hand. "It's because of that girl isn't it."

"Eren you have a girlfriend and you didn't tell me? What's her name? Who's her family? Does she have any allergies? I'll bake her a pie- oh eren you have to invite her over."

as Carla's eyes widen in glee. And she begins to bombard him with questions.

Eren rolls his eyes "I'm just studying with her, that's all-" he begins to regret saying anything,

She pinches his cheeks and rubs her nose against him affectionately, a sentiment he enjoyed as a kid being tucked in bed, but now thoroughly despised.
"Ma <i>no</i> ." He pushes her off of him and grabs an mandarin from a fruit bowl, peeling off the skin he stuffs a slice in his mouth. "She's just a friend."
"Ah but you said that about historia too." Carla retreats back to the kitchen swinging her spatula to punctuate her words
"Ma that was in the <i>third</i> grade."
His mother shrugs her shoulders and turns back to stirring oats.
"Didn't you win the game yesterday? I heard your friend is an excellent player."
" Oh?" Carla says, prompting for more information.
Eren chokes on his mandarin "How did you know-"
"All your little friends follow me online for some reason." Zeke shuffles back in his seat "that girls an asset, if Annie got better and she stays I'd say you might have a fighting chance at actually going somewhere this year-maybe even at being a titan."
"It's just for fun Zeke."
"Just saying." He stands up from his seat and pulls a satchel over his shoulders. "Good luck."





otherwise

Luckily the said patient had been a family friend, so as his father performed a diagnosis of the flu he explained, with agonising detail and scientific terms he barely understood, how exactly a baby is born. Eren was scared for life.

Eren finishes his breakfast quickly and makes his way upstairs to change into his uniform. After slinging the tie around his neck and not tying it, he smiles with a sense of satisfaction. As a representative of the student body it was his job to 'represent' the other extreme of their school, counterbalancing Mikasa's neatness. And armin as their treasurer was rather in the middle, his lightly tousled, often loose chin length hair was rather not compliant to the schools avid policies of tying back, his uniform was sometimes a little crimped as compared to mikasa's neatly pressed and ironed wardrobe. He also hanged out with people that by the schools board standards weren't the best, and yet somehow Somehow armin still managed to look presentably dapper, sharp and armed with a smile on his face. He slides on a blazer electing to leave his vest at home.

He races back down stairs just in time to make lunch, faster than the speed of light (a skill of which one must learn to achieve when not waking early). Spinning the condiment platter in the pantry around he blindly slaps one of them, taking out a vegemite jar to his delight. He spreads it over buttered bread and stuffs it into a snap lock bag. Eren digs through the fruit bowl and takes a pair and two oranges, with Dad's ungodly hours at the clinic it was hard to tell how long he would be waiting after school, or if he would elect to walk home instead.

Turning to his mother, who is currently folding washing while watching the morning news, he kisses her on the forehead, wishing her a good day.

As he files out the front door she calls out to him.

"You must bring that girl home eren!"

He flushes red, which he regrets to admit was not from the cooler morning air frosting his features, courtesy of the cold flush the radio had been drilling to them for the last few days. He regrets not bringing that vest underneath.

Minutes later of speed walking through the chilly morning, annoyed that the schools uniform neglected to garner his knees with its shorts and long socks, Eren arrives at the school gates, entering into the courtyard. It's pristine cobble stone interior (which to the cleaners grief will be littered with rubbish in no less than half an hour) is scattered with stray students, some sitting in groups or walking with friends with not chocolate. Others sit alone studying in a storm of textbooks and worksheets piled on top of creaky lunch tables as they stencil pencil lead in an attempt to finish homework.

He crosses it quickly, glancing at the cloudy grey sky and then the cobblestone ground- not wanting his morning to be disturbed by awkward overdue congratulations of his inauguration, or the teachers lurking in the shadows waiting to strike him down with a lecture on uniform policies. Thankfully this time he escapes their hands. He trudges to the lockers, kicking his bag in and grabbing text books and his laptop bag which he slings over his shoulder. Just as he is about to kick the adjustments on his bags straps back into his locker his eye catches her, pacing down the hallways with what he assumes to be hitch dreyse. School gossip if he ever knew one.

Eren waves to her and hitch waves back, nudging Mikasa to say hi. She frowns at her and her head sinks and she gives him a tiny wave, hitch whispers something to her and Mikasa squeaks turning pink. She slaps her on the shoulder and he laughs as he walks over to greet them.

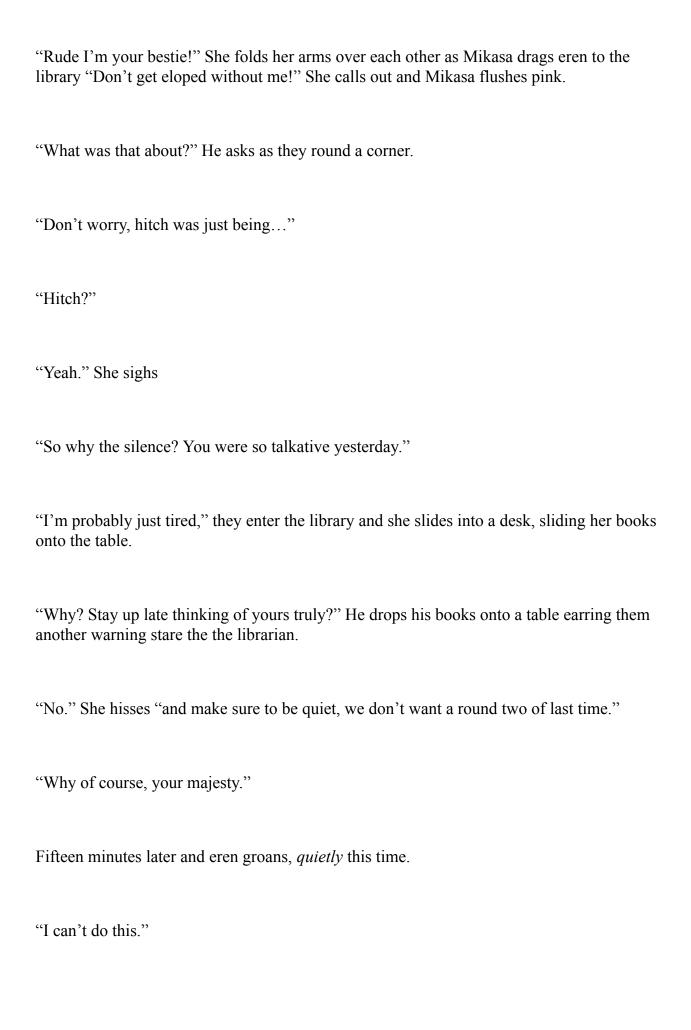
"So she can be violent,"

"Oh man she's beat me up plenty of times."

"Really Miss Ackerman? I might have to write you up about that."

She stays silent and eren frowns. They were fine with trash talking each other yesterday, what changed now?

She lets out a sigh and grabs his wrist. "I'm leaving you hitch, go find someone else to bother, come on eren."



"Can't do what?"

"This." He gestures to the textbooks sprawled open "look I get your whole prim and proper routine but I can *not* wake up this early every day just to study, surely there's something else we can do."

"You should try it wonderboy." She smirks

Eren tosses his head back in an exaggerated tantrum. "Please 'kasa"

He doesnt miss the way her eyes widen and soften, for the slightest moment. She bites her lip and sighs "fine, this afternoon, meet me outside the gates- don't be late" she adds with a threatening aura.

He throws his hands in the air and lets our a half cheer that is silenced by glares from both Mikasa and the librarian.

After a whirlwind of classes, of which similatbeousky seemed like an eternal in hell and less than a heartbeat eren finds himself standing next to the front gates, waging for Mikasa to arrive.

He didn't want to seem too eager to be spending the rest of the afternoon with her, and he can only begin to imagine the merciless teasing that would befall him when his family found out what he was doing this afternoon. He decided it was best to take the pride fall and be on time, and get it all over and done with.

No less than two minutes later, Mikasa arrives waving goodbye to a group of friends, she joins him and gestures to walk with her. Eren follows after her, a light spring in her step following her every move.

"You seem happier?"

She hums "yeah, Annie mentioned armin today, this has GOT to be a sign that she likes him."
Eren chuckles "so saying someone's name is Annie's way of expressing love? Intriguing."
"Well you can't say she's the most expressive type."
"She is no crushing teenage girl, that's for sure."
"Hmmm, I think she could be, she just hides it really well, underneath that cold exterior I think she really does have feelings,"
"Maybe?" He shrugs "so what about you?"
"What about me?"
"You got someone? A crush, a boyfriend."
"Why, are you interested?" She teases bumping his shoulder and eren rolls his eyes.  "No I'm just convincely against the purious does our academic and disculsors assessed that mulls have been
"No I'm just genuinely curious, does our academic prodigy have someone that pulls her heart strings?"
"Does it look like I have the time?"
"Nah."



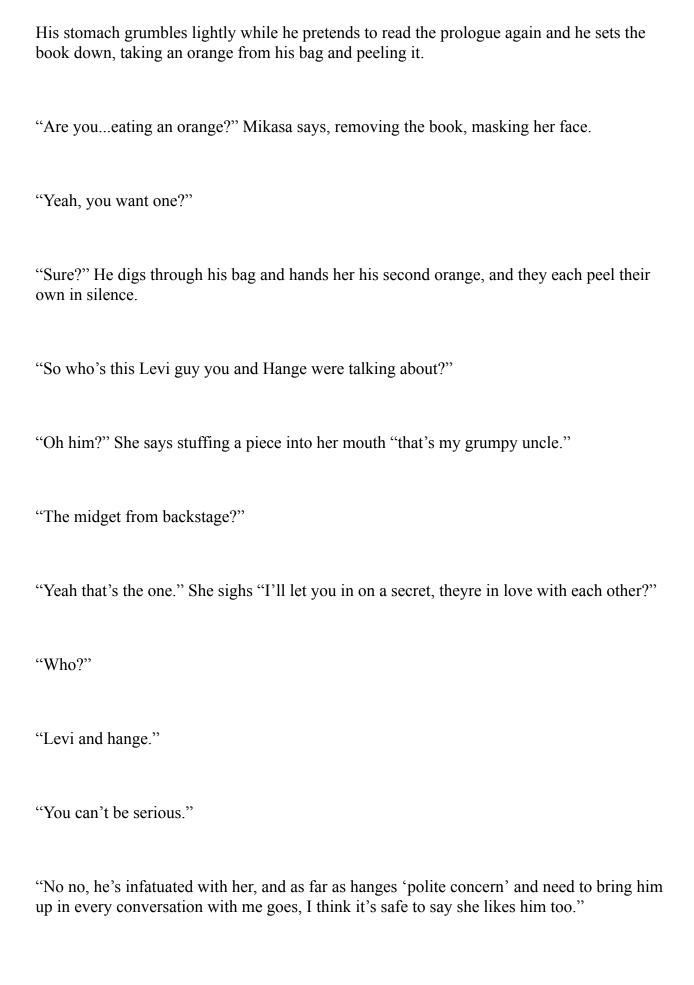
"Why, your quite the gentleman aren't you." He walks in after her and becomes struck with the sight of...books. Hundreds and thousands of them, stacked ontop of each other in the most strangely, unorganised way, Mikasa traces the spines across the mismatched shelves, with hand painted murals decorating the edges. He is careful of where he treads his feats as a small stacks of books line the wooden floors, which are splotched in a strangely artistic way, with paint coffee and glitter. Mikasa leads them through the sea of books to the back of the shop, where they spot a spectacled lady with brown shaggy hair and tired eyes, typing away at some sort of old cashier register. She peaks up from under her glasses. "Mikasa dear it's so good to see you!" She stands up abruptly, shaking the desk, and the jars of water and books that lined it, and pulls Mikasa into a hug "Hange, good to see you too!" She pays her on the back slightly. "How's Levi doing?" "As always, a grump." Hange snorts and pulls her cardigan over her shoulders. "And who is this lovely gentlemen?" "I'm Eren Yeager, miss-"

"Zoe, Dr hange Zoe, but you can just call me hange." She holds out a hand and he shakes it.

"You have a fine grip Eren, a lovely boy you have here Mikasa, good choice."

Her cheeks dust a light pink.

"Ah he's not my boyfriend Miss hange,"
"Oh, I see rhen, sorry if I made it awkward." She chuckles "Well both of you are welcome to grab a book and go read in the corner over there."
She gestures to a small bunch of chairs and tables near a big window overlooking the street below. And Mikasa's eyes seem to sparkle as she drags him down the book aisle again.
"So you brought me here to read books?" He asks as Mikasa runs her fingers down the spines.
"Do you have a problem with that? Would you prefer to do studying?"
"No, no not at all." He panics, "I just, it's interesting, but somehow entirely you."
Mikasa smiles as she tugs a book out of a shelf, pressing it to her chest as she inhaled its scent.
"Levi's been taking me here ever since I was little, I always thought it'd be fun to go with a friend."
He smiles and picks a random book.
"Righteo little nerd lets go read,"
They walk back to the window and slide into a booth looking over the city. Mikasa opens the book studying the first few pages, eren glances at his own, unable to untangle the phrases, he'd never been good at being able to concentrate for long periods of time. He needed to fidget, to move around.



"So like have either of them done anything?"
"Here's the funny thing." Mikasa says chewing "so like when I was like a kidLevi would give me secret gifts to give to hange every time we came here, they were supposed to be anonymous but for some reason I decided to tell her it was Levi once and he got really awkward about it."
"Oh so Mikasa was a tattle tale from the very beginning, good to know."
Mikasa rolls her eyes dramatically. "But that's not even the best part, he's still in love with her, more than a decade later, and so is she."
"So why haven't they?"
"Because she's engaged to some cooperate heir."
"Are you sure you aren't living in a drama."
She snickers "sometimes I think I do with the amount of dumb things I've gone through. Did you know he refuses to come to this store now I'm fear of embarrassment? And hange thinks she did something wrong. Dumbasses." She mutters.
"My my, Mikasa you are living in a drama."
She smiles politely and turns back to her book.
"Well I have to find out what happens in the murder mystery, "

"Oh of course, and I have to find out what this riveting tale about..." he glances on the cover containing an illustration of an ethereal woman holding fruit "apples is about."

In the silence eren does find himself turning pages, divulging into the book in the comfort of a safe environment. The book itself wasn't entirely interesting, but the intimacy of the environment, with only the quiet flicker of pages and the distant tap of a type writer accompanying it allows him to read again.

\_\_\_\_

A farewell to the bookkeeper hange later, Eren and Mikasa twist their way down the streets back home.

A group of kids ride down the street on bikes splashing them with water as they ride past.

"OI YOu IDIoTS!" He curses, hurling a fist at them and Mikasa giggles, pulling his arm down.

"Eren." She squeaks "don't do that, you're supposed to be a leader not bully children."

"That's very textbook of you," he raises an eyebrow "Do you happen to have written a guide of 'how to be a leader: and not bully children'."

Her lips curl into a smile "Perhaps."

He laughs, amused at her finally playing along to his banter.

Chapter End Notes

Once again, You guys rock, and make writing this so much more interesting with your lovely reactions. For this chapter I feel it went a little slower than usual, but it's really

starting to set up the story so that pretty cool. Next chapter I promise some more action. (And when I say actions I MEAN action. Like buckle your seatbelts, things are about to accelerate at ten times the speed). Get ready for fluffy eremika and aruani kiddos ( and a little bit of detective work)

Once again thank all of you for reading and investing your time in this writing! ^\_^

# **Change of tune**

Chapter Summary
Look, Mikasa there's something I should have told you a long time ago."
He ghost strums his guitar and leans closer to her- eyes panicked and face flushed.
"The truth is I like-"
Chapter Notes
Today's title is sponsored by my primary schools musical name, Mrs Olsen if ur out there-
See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>
Look, Mikasa there's something I should have told you a long time ago."
He ghost strums his guitar and leans closer to her- eyes panicked and face flushed.
"The truth is I like-"

Mikasa awakens to the sound of chirping outside her window, as the cool dead room begins to heat up with the newly awakened sun, creating a silhouette of her neighbours house.

It hasn't always been like this, when she was a child maybe, but she hadn't woken up with a fresh sense of spring blooming in her heart in years. The sun tickles her nose from her window.

She didn't usually like waking up-especially on weekends, it was somewhat natural, a by-product of the precise training of her parents and cousins schedules.

But lately, for some reason she found every reason to have a spring in her step- and today she and her new group of friends at volleyball would have another fierce match with a titan opponent, she was pumped to say the least. She wouldn't ever tell eren that though.

Unlike her, the grouch Levi, she could hear from across the hallway snoring rather loudly. A horrific defect of decade long heartbreak and late snotty teared nights of pity. With the date of certain doom looming closer- or rather Hanges engagement party that he had been invited to, the byproduct of his misery (the terribly loud snoring) grew more difficult to bear.

She slips out of her bed grabbing her comforter behind her and creeps down the hallways to the kitchen where she spots her dad humming a tune to an old song with his signature care bear pis, making a pot of coffee.

Mikasa blinks in surprise. After a tediously long week her parents are usually knocked out the entire weekend, but here he is, still standing grinding coffee beans and boiling water all spritely like herself.

Was there something being added into the water? Perhaps she really should have chosen to analyse the chemicals in 'the purification process for reduced water' for her chemistry assignment claim.

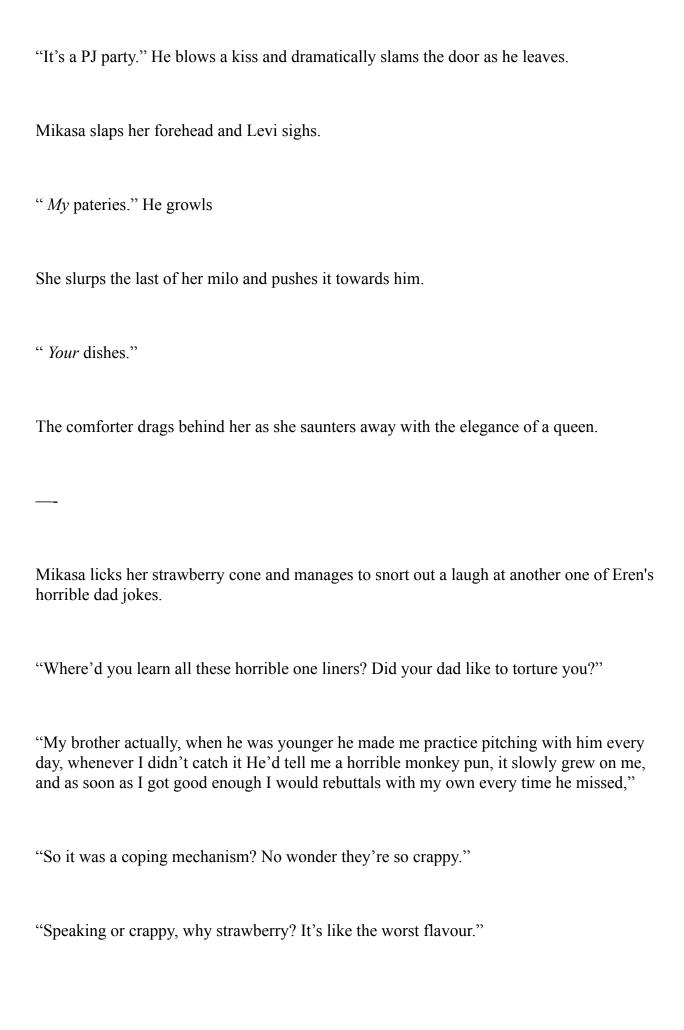
"Hey sweetie, want coffee?"

"No thanks dad." She rubs her eyes "why are you up so early?"

"Co-workers birthday party. Your Ma's still asleep though." He rubs his hands together to warm them over his brewing coffee "why are you up dear?"
"Volleyball practice." She sighs, tugging the blanket over her more "remember the guy who was inaugurated as captain with me."
"The one you had a crush on in middle school?"
"DAD!" She squeaks
"Oh do you still have a crush on him? My bad." He takes a sip of his drink
"I did NOT have a crush on him."
"Honey you were doodling his last name with ours, at dinners he was all you'd talk about- at one point I'd say you were just as infatuated as Levi."
"I heard that." Came a grumble from the hallway
Mikasa lowers her voice "crush or not, that is severely off topic- what i was saying is Eren and I have a contract where I'm dont volleyball and he comes to the library with me."
"Hanges?"
Mikasa nods and drops ties the comforter around her neck.
"Maybe you should organise a double not date then, drag Levi down, he needs to stop moping in his room."













Eren swears and Mikasa panics, gaging the surrounds of his Room for a hiding spot. But unlike her room tidied with a desk and bookshelf and other such furniture to hide from, erens room seems to only contains a creaky bed, with a trundle underneath, and a closet she bets is filled with stinky laundry. The steps creak louder as his mother approaches and she shares a panicked glance at him, who is frozen to the spot. "Eren I told you to not-" the lady pauses and glances at her "hello dear." "Uh hi?" She waves awakedly and his mother smiles "Eren you didn't tell me you were having guests!" "That's because she's-" "Oh- you must be Mikasa Ackerman! We met at the inauguration!" She extends a hand "Ah yes...Carla was it?" Mikasa shakes hers and the lady nods in affirment. "Well I'll leave you to your captain stuff, don't mind me- oh and my regard to whatever grief he's caused you." Eren snaps out of his traumatised daze "Ma!"

"Eren is that you?" His mother calls from downstairs.

"Good luck!" Carla waves and walks out of the room

"Well she's lovely." Mikasa smiles and eren groans "At least I don't have to sneak out the window to leave."

"Ugh the amount of ruthless teasing- I won't hear the end of it, this will be the end of me." He slips onto the bed groaning into a pillow.

"Stop being dramatic." She pokes him in the sides and he squeals "Now show me what 'dance' preparations we can do, though I can't imagine what creativity you'd even have in such a Plain room."

"Oh this isn't my room."

Eren springs up and begins walking down the corridor of the upstairs, Mikasa glances down the banister that leads down into an open plan living kitchen and dining room. She sees Carla chopping up vegetables for a delicious smelling soup while she comments on an old soapie in the background.

Eren taps a bright green room door, decorated with dinosaur stickers and leans into it, walking backwards and presenting his room with a kiddish pride.

"Voila!" He exclaims "Mikasa, su casa."

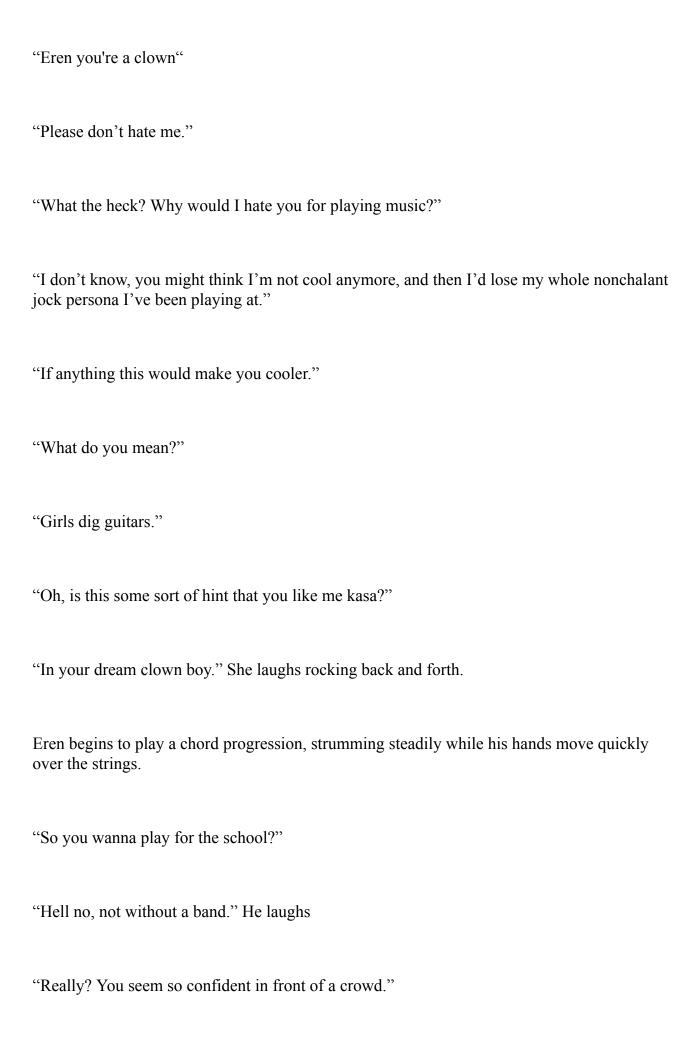
She rolls her eyes and examines his room, surprisingly she finds he does have a desk to the right of the doorway stacked with papers.

Even more surprisingly a small bookshelf is tucked beneath a loft bed. Several guitars sit on stands in the left corner, and a music sheet is sprawled across the floor.

So he's a band kid.



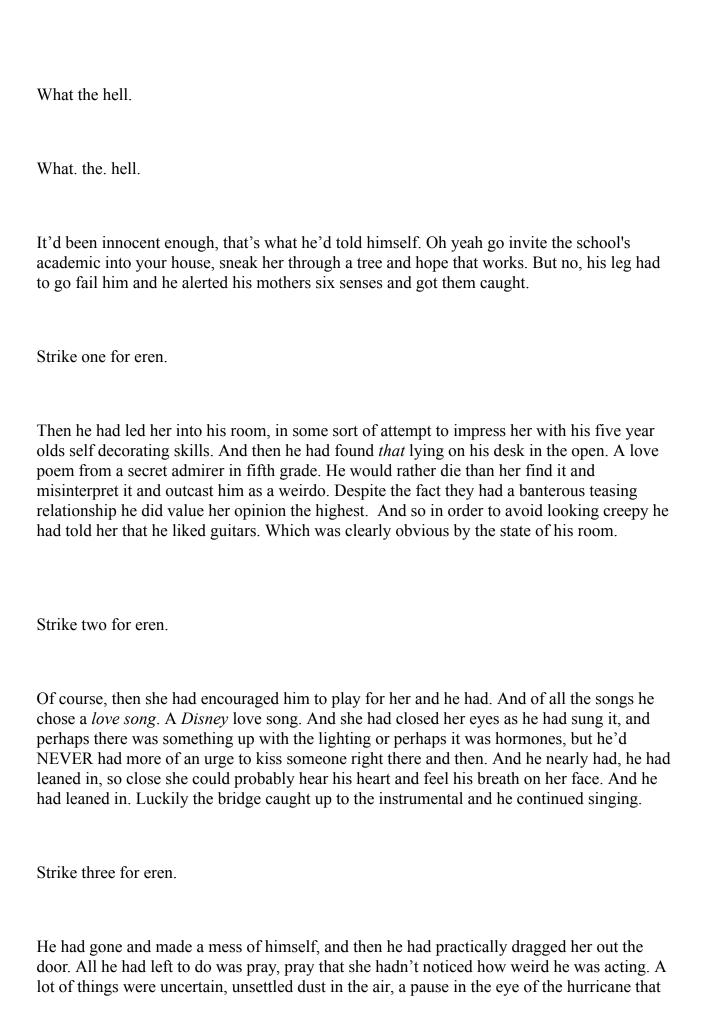






/Now that I see you/
"Wow I didn't know you could sing so well. And Disney of all things."
"Impressed?"
"More than that, you have a really good voice, you should sing more often."
"I'll make sure to greet you in song form every morning."
"I'm sure Hitch's mind would blow if that happened."
He chuckles "Well it is kinda Kate you should probably-"
"Hey we didn't do anything."
"Wrong. We had fun."
She lets out a half smile "I suppose we did,"
Eren splashes his face with cold water.

What the hell.



was about to sweep him off his feet and into an endless emotional roller coaster that ended in flames.

One thing was certain though. All hell was about to be set loose.

## Chapter End Notes

Ok Mwah mwah MWAH I love you all so much, thank you for reading and keeping up with this series it's literally so amazing that we're up to like 100 kudos??Y'all are too kind.

Sisjsjejejjss though I'm literally so sorry, I was hitting a huge artist/writers block moment and I was stuck With ideas for everything, despite having planned most of this series out lolol.

This chapter also ended up being completely different to its original design so those events shall be happening next chapter hopefully (which fingers crossed I can get that out soon, depends how desperate I am to procrastinate on my four assignments due this week sjsjsjskekekks).

And I know I promised a huge eremika Moment but I just felt like the build up wasn't there so that shall also be happening next time lolol, and hopefully erens POV at the end will explain his actions more further on from here.

(And as for the aurani and levihan it's coming! I promise!)

Anyways thank you all for reading if you've mad sir this far your a champion, thank you for taking time out of your day to read my EM trash.

Once again I appreciate all the comments kudos And they're really motivating to write for (I swear the only reason why I persisted writing like an entire chapter tonight is because of how lovely y'all are)

Thank you, and see you next time ^\_^

## Spy



Eremika spy's on Aruani. That's it. That's the plot.

Chapter Notes

\*evil laughter\*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Eren takes a deep breath and raises a hand to knock on the door across the hallway. He was the last, the absolute LAST person he would ever ask for romantic advice, and yet here he was. Ok maybe not *the* last, but if he had learnt anything from his family it was the fact that they were the WORST at romance.

Dad was stuck in the eighties, Ma' would tease him tremendously and Zeke? He would sigh quote love poetry while strumming a guitar to a song about soulmates something or other.

He wasn't even exactly sure how he felt about Mikasa, he wasn't even sure why, but for some reason his brain had short circuited and led him to the doorpost of his brothers bedroom, pasted with said poetry and a monkey sticker, as music flows from neith it's frame.

He knocks

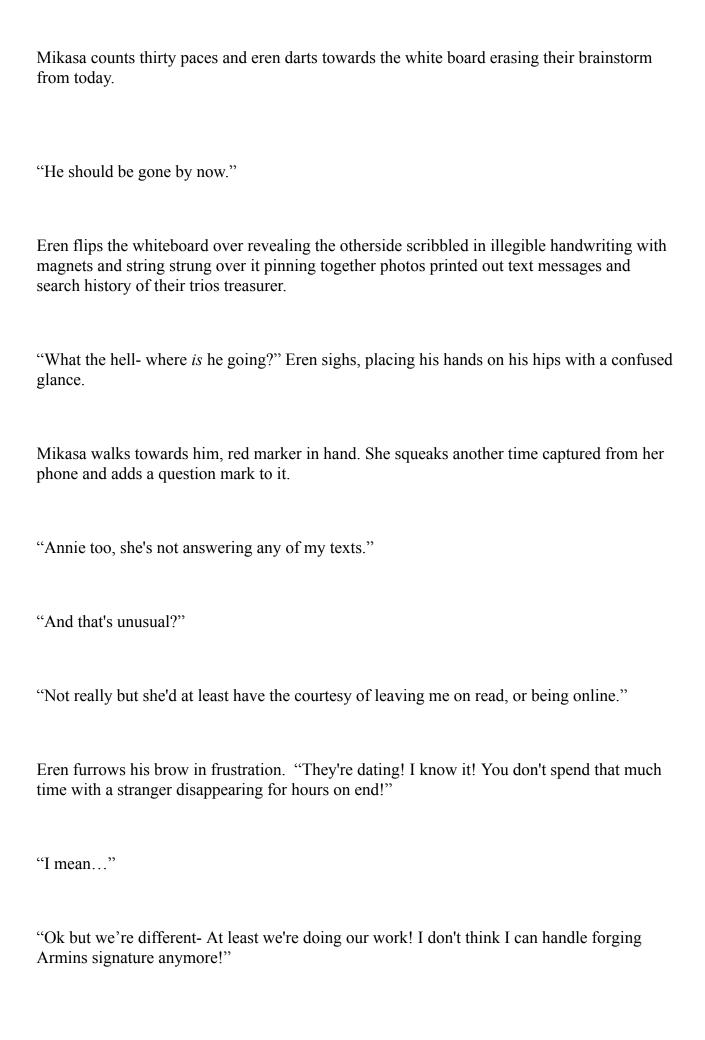
There is a pause in music followed by a 'come in' and eren contemplates running away from everything right in that moment. But because he is completely stupid he swings open the door and into the realm of his brother, which is forever tinged with the musty aroma of a barn animal- yet somehow in a good way.



"But-"
"Here's some advice, you like her, yes?" Zeke interrupts and Eren nods quietly "well then don't mess it up because you wanna make out with her, she's a lovely girl eren, don't go breaking her heart."
Zeke shakes his head "anyways I have a song to write, go finish your homework lazy butt."
" Monkey face ."
He walks out of the room and resolves to take some of his brother's more sensible advice and just not kiss her.
Great, easy, simple. Done.
No kissing.
Memories of last night resurface in his brain and he throws a punch midair in frustration leaving his messily knotted tie to loose and fall to the floor.
Perhaps this was going to be harder than he thought.
"So" Armin taps a marker against the white board. "Any ideas for this dance?"

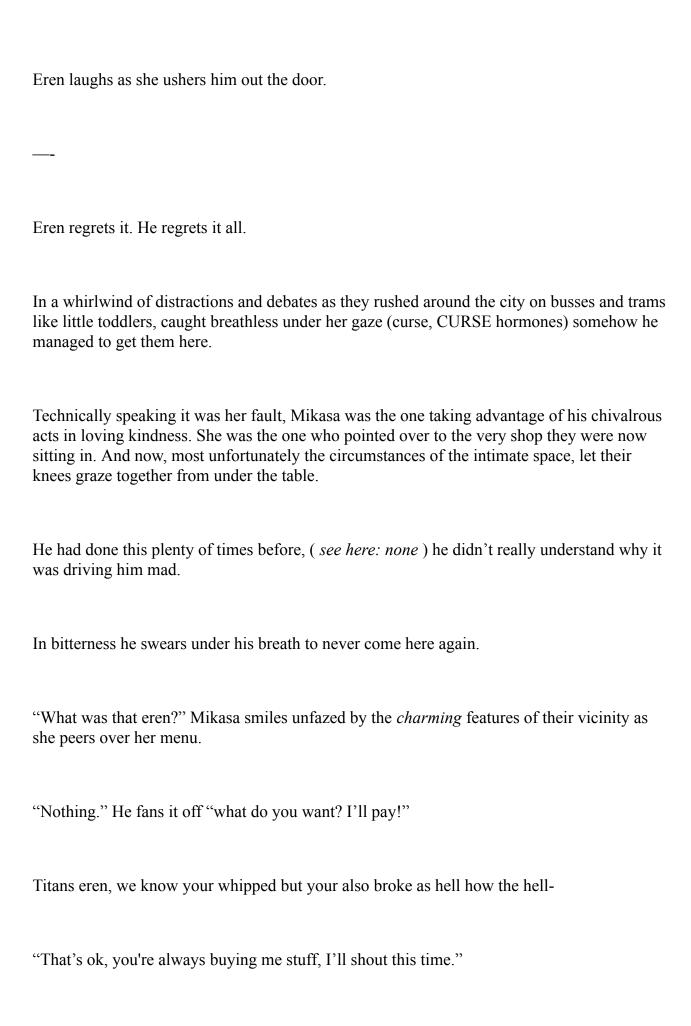


"Oh well, that was the idea." He steals the marker out of armins hand and scrawls 'eighties' across it. "Well I think that just about covers all of today's work."
Mikasa gestured to the pile of papers across from them "We are <i>not</i> done- and we'll be here tomorrow too, so don't you even think about trying to skip, this is your part of the deal."
Armin smiles sheepishly "about that- I actually have plans for tomorrow do you mind if I skip? I can do some extra paperwork today-"
"Oh no you're fine, Armin, you are my favourite after all." She whacks Eren on the head when he tries to stand up. "Eren however needs to learn to participate in captain duties."
"Kasa" he whines
"We have a deal, remember, Mr. Fun."
Eren groans and Armin collects his papers.
"Well don't stay too late."
"Wouldn't dream of it." eren says with a wink
"I think at this rate you'll be sleeping in here." Mikasa says, rolling her eyes as she pushes papers towards him. "Sign all of these- Bye armin!"
He gives her a slight nod and leaves the boardroom walking down the corridor.











His eyes sparkle with greed, and he immediately takes the opportunity to make a fool of himself- to make her laugh of course, eren may have been an idiot but he certainly wasn't going to look stupid on purpose.

"Oh yeah, he's all over that stuff, he's got it all, the leather, the ugly pants, the bright coloursall of it waiting to be preyed upon by the wardrobe avatar!"

Mikasa giggles and he feels his centre of gravity shift, his heart takes flight in its spastic fluttering and with no restraint of the laws of physics, has bargained to occupy his skull, of which's brain has disappeared, long gone with all of his sound logic and common sense of reason.

It's ironic how mere days ago he would have scowled at his mothers teasing, and yet now, here he is, getting lost in her grey eyes.

A waitress clears her throat taking out a notepad.

"Excuse me, would you like to order anything?"

Eren glances up at the server, chin length silver hair framed by circular glasses, making her look strangely owlish like, but awfully familiar...

"Rico...?"

"Rico!" Mikasa exclaims interrupting him.

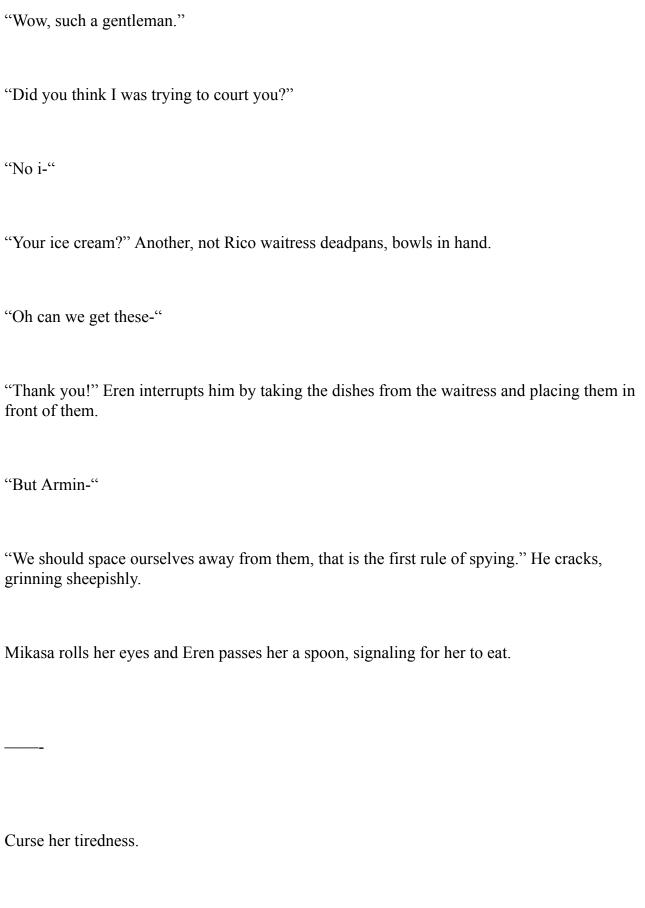
The waitress blinks twice and seems to snap out of her customer service daze.

"Oh, hello Mikasa," she turns to him with a glaring look "And Eren."

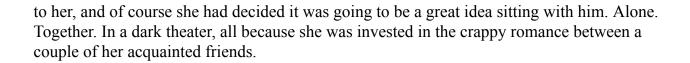
He gulps and Mikasa raises an eyebrow, "You know Rico?"
"Oh, don't I know this brat." She sighs "Little bastard would pretend he was bird watching every time I came to Dr Yeagers clinic."
"I was like five!"
"Last time I recall you were fifteen with that blonde jock 'pretending' to shoot me with nerf guns."
"Ah." Eren smiles sheepishly "Yeah that was an accident."
Mikasa coughs awkwardly. "Well how's the law degree going? I haven't seen you at Hanges as of late."
"And this would be the cause," She gestures at the cafe "They raised dorm fees on us, and its not like my parents are awfully rich enough to subsidise me."
"That doesn't seem fair!" Eren says
"Life's two teenage boys with a nerf gun, and I'm an owl-like girl." Rico deadpans
"Sorry ."
"I'm sure you are." she turns to Mikasa "What would you like to order?"
"I'll have a strawberry sundae and he can have peppermint."







As an academic prodigy, light of the school and general genius, Mikasa ought to have intelligence, or at least give herself the courtesy to think before acting. She supposed it's Erens fault. The mental damage she was receiving having to babysit him everyday was getting



Speaking of which.

Mikasa scans the room, searching for the pair. It was a terrible idea really, it had been easy to sneak in without being noticed by them, but she hadn't taken into account they'd have to find them- to spy of course.

The movie screen lights up, beginning to play a series of ads. She continues arching her neck around to spot them, but her eyes fail her, and she turns to Eren beside her. Mikasa elbows him in the side, and he drops an array of packaged snacks earning him death glares from surrounding moviegoers. As he bends over to pick them up Mikasa lowers her voice to a whisper.

"Sorry, it's too dark in here" She apologises "can you see them?"

"Nah, I have horrible eyesight, sorry."

She bites her lip in concern.

Spying seemed like a good idea at the time, but now, as the dark theatre closed around her, Mikasa begins to feel an itch of anxiety. She searches again and again, eyes panning across the theatre, begging for Armin to show himself. To make some jokes, some references. Trailers begin to play and she withholds her eyes from the blazing screens filled with action and romance. Her mind begins to swirl as sweat trickles down her forehead. Her skin grows ice cold.

She had always been afraid of the dark, it was cool, and empty and seemed to hold no love. And where no love, monsters reigned, protruding from the depths of her closet and neith her bed, grabbing her by the ankles and dragging her to hell or some other domain that burned with wrath for her. Perhaps she was the only high schooler in the world to be afraid of such a

thing, but nevertheless, the thought of the dark twisted her stomach to the point of which she still kept a small starlight in her room to glow at night.

Mikasa's stomach lurches as it encompasses the theatre, and her skin seems to crawl with the whispers of the monsters echoing through her ears. She clenches her mouth to bite back any screech. Her breaths become short and laboured as she tries to search for a light to grasp onto, that isn't the abyss of the darkened screen.

The room seems to sway around her and there is a growing queasiness in her stomach, she-

A warm hand grasps hers, dragging her out of the whirlpool of emotions. Mikasa turns to face Eren, he gives her a half smile, and squeezes her hand before gesturing to turn to the screen.

Her eyes widen and she nods in compliance. Resting her head upon his shoulder in return.

Eren exhales with relief as he feels her pulse steady, no longer beating through her throat.

Panic attacks were something he was familiar with, at the clinic he would see them all the time, people were afraid of lots of things, needles and jabs, swallowing medicine, swabs and even sometimes doctors. And he had seen his Dad consol each of his patients with patience, carefully breaking down their anxieties with weightless effort. His dad would always lecture him about how to stop a panic attack, how to help people. How he should help people. And yet it never actually occurred to him that he might need to use it. And even more so on Mikasa, who nearly always seemed to keep her cool.

He squeezes her hand a little tighter reassuring her that he was there she nods, squeezing back and turning to the screen.

Erens has seen the movie before, (his mother insists on movie nights on a Tuesday), he has a basic understanding of the plot, and so, hoping to easy her anxiety a little more, considering the theatre staff guarding the door like ravenous wolves, decides to find Armin.

His eyes, of course, aren't perfect, and he hasn't eaten enough carrots in his life to channel his inner rabbit, so he squints leaning forward, and scans each row with scrutiny, searching for the silhouette of two teenagers, hopefully with their tongues down each other's throat (blackmail material).

Three rows from the front he spots them, sunk into their seats, they lean at an awkward distance away from each other. He curses Armin, heck if he can hold a girl's hand in a theatre, why can't he?

He nudged Mikasa lightly, guiding her eyes to them and she let out a smile, whispering something along the lines of "they're cute".

Her lips pout in a cute way and Eren feels the dangerous lure of kissing her, he pulls back his hand, attempting to offhand it as getting snacks, she weakly smiles back and turns to the screen, himself following.

They make brisk talk of the movie.

It's fine, it's good even, but somehow, stupidly Mikasa misses feeling the warmth of his hand cradling her own, as they walk out the theatre. Eren makes a horrific pun referencing one of the scenes, and she rolls her eyes at him.

Somehow despite him knowing a stupid amount of dad jokes, he still was kind enough to comfort her, putting aside his merciless teasing at the knowledge of her discomfort, it was sweet really. Mikasa skips down the theatre steps admiring the space themed eights carpet



1 to coon. The enclaims I just	"NoOooh."	Не	exclaims	"I	just-"
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"How about that burger?" She laughs and Eren begrudgingly agrees, wallet crying as Mikasa drags him out of the theatre.

A girl, steps out of the booth, a redhead boy beside her. She shuffles their prints and the boy tugs on her purse lightly.

"Ugh what is it-"

The girl turns, to face a rather interesting couple smoothing round the back of the cinemas arcades, she smirks, snapping a photo on her camera and walking away.

### Chapter End Notes

Ajajsjxjwkwokkskskiwiwkwejn

#### THIS CHAPTER.

Honestly it was a trip to write, some parts took days while others took less than minutes, and some of it I didn't even know I was writing until I did, Mikasas panic attack for example- or even the Jeager brothers talking out romance, it gives to show how weird writing is!

So, first of all, THANK You, You and YOu For your support of this series.

Nowwwww, I know it's says out of 10 but to be honest, I've looked at my plan, and it's definitely not ten chapters, at least how I'm writing it.

In fact, technically speaking this is only act 1 of this entire fabulously stupid performance, and I look forward to writing more and more of their stupid interactions as they fumble about, especially now with all the chaos I've created \*evil laughter\*

So yeah, I hope you enjoyed this chapter, and continue to enjoy reading the rest of my beloved EM trash with a side of aruani and Levihan, and a bunch of other minor ships lolol.

I have exams next week so idk how my writing schedules is gonna be, but I'll try my best to get a full chapter and kick start the next act of our beloved dramatic teens making a mess!

Mwah, love you all, thanks for reading.

# Questions

Chapter Summary
Kiss talk, Levi thinks, Hanges printer is exploited and Mikasa and Eren make another dumb deal
Chapter Notes
Act TWA has arrived *yay*
See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>
Eren bites his tongue, flickering his gaze between his fidgeting hands, the table and Mikasa's dropped head.
Up.
Down.
Counter.
Hands.
Her eyes.

Back down again.

It was all particularly awkward, and by the looks of the busy line at the burger joint they had run to, they weren't gonna be interrupted in their thrilling saga of looking up at each other briefly and then glancing down.

Perhaps in a feat of bravery (or rather stupidity) Eren tempts the waters and clears his throat.

"So Uhm," he begins swallowing his anxiety unsuccessfully "are you hungry?"

"No." She squeaks and their conversation burns out

He drums on the tables, chewing his mouth. He glances up. Mikasa bites her lip.

Eren winces at the reminder.

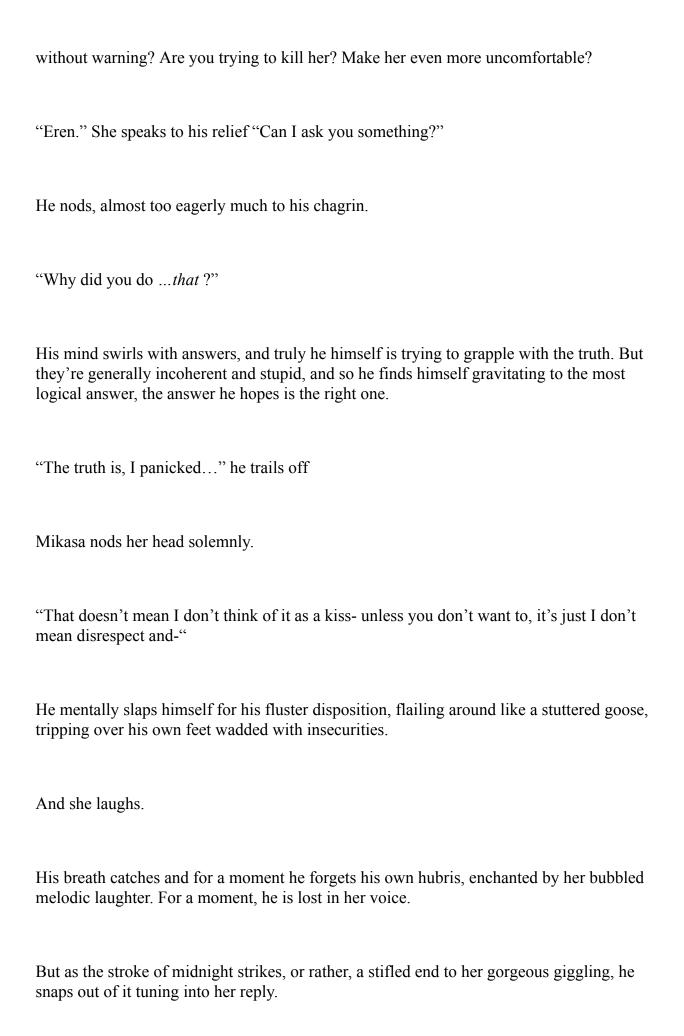
Of course. Of course the only explicit advice Zeke had given him he threw out the window the second he was in a panicked daze. Of course he kissed her without asking. Wait was that considered sexual assault? Was he going to jail? Should he apologise?

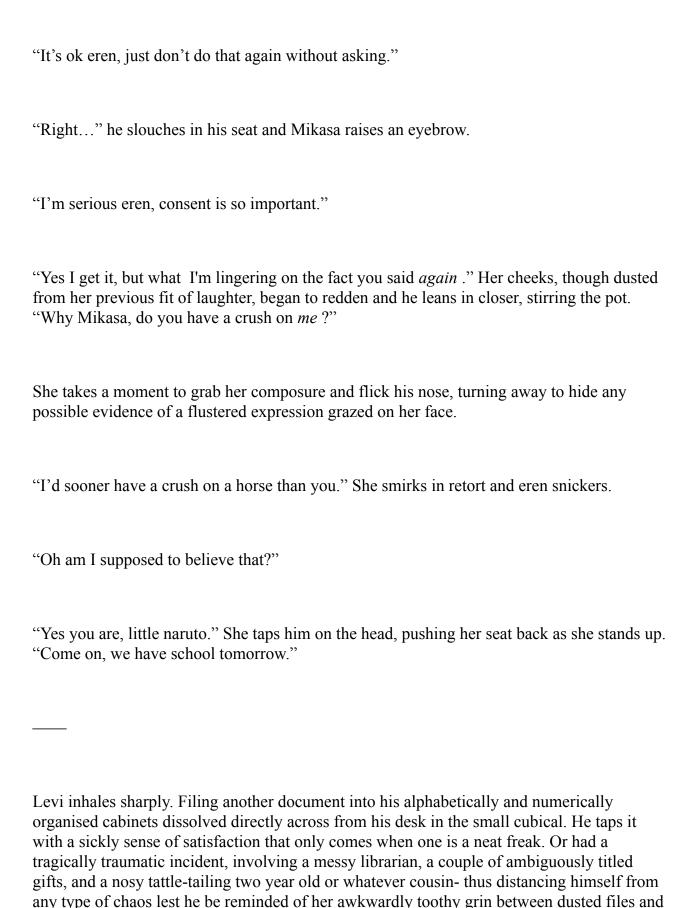
He casts a glance towards her again. She looked nervous, and he? Well he'd messed up. Big time. He'd ruined every aspect of their relationship, violated her trust and generally became the very image he'd sworn to destroy. A toxic no for good douchebag that plays with a girl's feelings.

Not that she had to have feelings, in fact his goofy attempts to amuse her have probably counteracted any thoughts of the like. It wasn't like *he* cared though. Mikasa can have her own feelings. She can not like him.

Still there is the slightest part of him that almost wishes she had a crush on him.

He glances up at her and begins to realise she hasn't talked in a while? For Titans eren she was having an anxiety attack in the movie theatre? And you went and kissed her afterwards





half stamped files that were, due at his bosses office in an hour.

Shoot. He was going to be killed if he forgot them again.

Contrary to the popular belief (nasty rumour) going around the Ackerman house, The only thing criminal about this job, was the ridiculous deadlines demanded of them, and perhaps alongside that, the pool of blood his body would be sunk in if they were not met.

But other than that, his job was more of a stamp, sign and file type thing. Menial tasks that within six months would have sent any sane person off the edge, but with Levi, and his intense and strict routine of avoiding that unfortunate Hange Zoe and her bookstore. A nine to five was the exact thing he required in order to keep himself from somehow ending up embarrassing himself around her again.

He swivels back in his chair towards the growing pile of paperwork that somehow seems to multiply every time he turns away from it. It normally does not phase him though, the company's paperwork is a never ending wormhole. And as long as that allows him to be paid a fair amount, and keep his mind off of her, he's fine with it.

Except this time...his eye catches, a yellow flier dances on top of the pile, taunting him to take a peak.

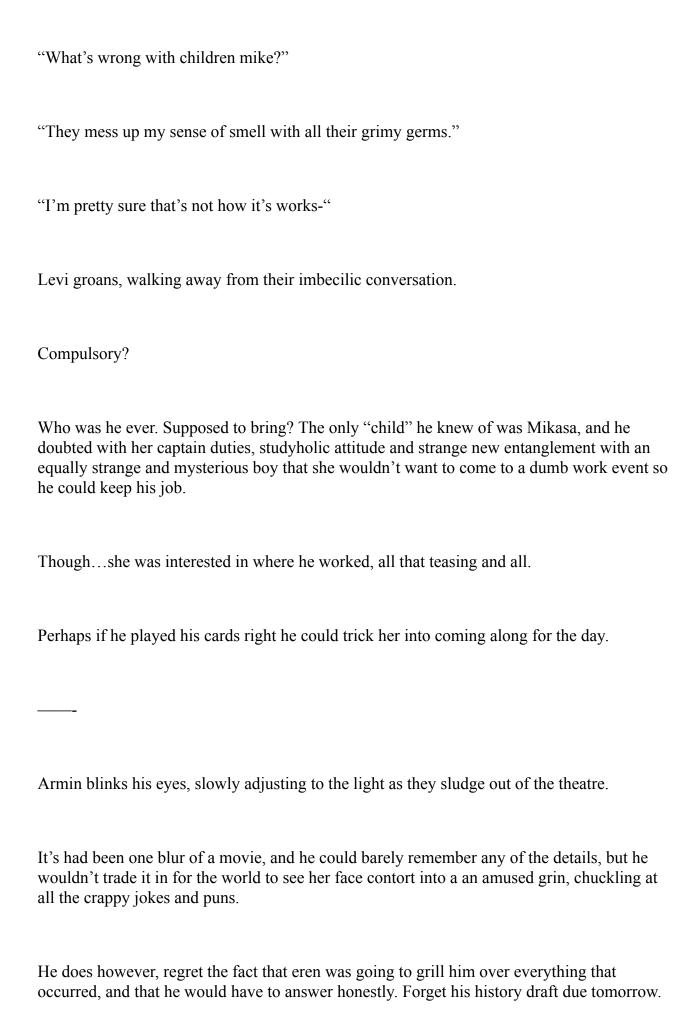
He snatches it off and reads it briskly, frowning he pushes back his seat and storms to the clerk desk, a musty old man with bangs too long for his own good with a ridiculously cartoonish sense of smell that can scout out the slightest hint of tuna casserole in the break room.

"What the hell is this Mike?" Levi spits, slamming the flier on his table.

"I thought the requirements of working here were knowing how to read? Wait, of course it was your masterful rendition of the effective use of the ABCs in corporate filing design."

"Perhaps if you filtered out all that smack talk you could actually talk with elegance."





He was going to be toast for not trying any of the moves on her.

It wasn't that he was nervous or anything (ok maybe he was a *little*). It was just the fact that Annie was a genuine person, she didn't put a dumb facade on for anyone, and she wouldn't tolerate anyone who did. And although he admired the confidence and suavity of each of the tricks eren taught him, he didn't feel his genuine self pull through any of them. And if there's one thing he owed her if he dared romance her, it was being his true self.

Annie was stoic, a little prideful and even cold at times, but she held a soft spot for sweet things, and not just confectionary, but dumb one liners and sappy poetry. Heck the first thing they bonded over was Shakespearean love poetry in English class.

To be honest If he had even tried to repeat some of the things eren has taught him he probably would have gotten a knee to his stomach, and a greeting from the candy he had probably been a little too greedy with this afternoon.

Annie swings her arm beside his, both of their hands briefly grazing each other as they squeeze through the crowds down the cinema staircase. He doesn't dare look down though. To acknowledge such would be a death sentence. Rather, one looks straight ahead like a dead person stuck in headlights, a faint blush rising to his cheeks in an agonising painstakingly obvious way. Suddenly he almost wishes he hadn't encouraged Annie to not read in the dark lest she be blind sighted to his face's predicament with teenage hormones and the slighted crush he's had on her since primary school.

"You enjoy the movie." She grumbles politely.

He nods, thrilled by the fact that against her better wishes she's making small talk. It's progress into politehood- Armins native tongue.

"Yeah. It was really cool- what did you think of it?"

"It was pretty cool. I especially liked the part where the two love interests are on a boat confessing their feelings since they've been separated for the past five years and then they kiss and save the world."



backwards as he yelps, cursing Erensdumb advice.

She begins to quicken her pace, alarmed by the fact that her wifi wasn't working, and Google maps was being an ass and not showing her the stores opening and closing times.

"Louise, would you slow down? My legs hurt!"

"We have to get this done now flotch, or else there's no point to it!"

"Do we have to walk this fast?"

"Either widen your strides or quicken your pace, it's not hard- I'm in heels."

Flotch curses and she rolls her eyes, typing away at her screen, desperately trying to reload the page to the Library. The only place in town that offered free printing for students, courtesy of the librarian's naivety that teenagers would use it responsibly rather than exploit its colour inking setting.

Though she had heard rumours that she knew someone who worked in a printing company and offered her ink carriages free of charge. Though rumours being rumours were often blatant lies, and she can't imagine anyone associated with Hange working under such boring conditions, considering how "special" she was.

The bell to Hanges bookstore rings sweetly as two students wander in, shoes shuffling across the carpet as they climb up the stairs to the top levels.

Hange peers down from square frames, dusting off her hands from book stacking over a cream cardigan and smiles.

"Ah, Louise, Flotch! How lovely to see you, how can I help?"
"Uh we just were wondering if it were ok to print something?" The boy with red hair asks
"Well of course, you just have to email it to the printer's address and it should do it in full colour." She says gesturing to the corner across from the window seated cafe.
The girl nods, twisting a lollipop around in her fingers, tapping down at her phone. "Thanks mrs hange."
"Any time kiddos, and be sure to look at the new collection of books I have over there, they are some good classics!" She says drowning in a stack of books.
Louise smiles, pressing print on her screen, printer mechanics spiriting into life as they begin illustrating it.
A few seconds later, the first print comes to life, she grins with satisfaction, folding it over and placing it behind her phone case. In a matter of seconds a second one follows and flotch does the same, an evil smirk sliding across his features. With a diabolical plan of chaos up their sleeves, they saunter out of the shop, ushered with a goodbye from the foolish bookkeeper.
The bus makes its last blocks around the corner to Mikasa's place. The bus sings a low hum, accompanied by the chug of the engine and the ticking percussion of the indicator, Navman poetically announcing to turn left.
It was moments like these where Mikasa usually found herself in an indescribable amount of melancholy, but today, knees pressed together tightly and shoulders subject to the swaying of

the road, brushing against him that she felt a rather sense of panicked calm.

While she was completely flustered by every movement that pushed her against him, she also had an amazing sense of serenity next to him, that sent a rush of calm towards every stricken nerve in her body.

Stuck in the paralysis of a cycle between anxiety and peace, Mikasa doesn't budge, nor speak, only flickering her eyes between the misshapen colourful patterns on the floor, and tracing the metal bars along the ceiling.

The current trajectory of their bus ride had been complete silence, and home was set to be a course only bothered by a brief goodbye as she collected her belongings and left her seat.

But eren, being eren was never one to let time pass without conversation, and suddenly like a light switch, his head snaps into conversation, illuminating her awkward mood.

"So about consent I-"

"It's always important yes,"

"I was just going to say that we should make a deal to never kiss."

Mikasa frowns, blush spreading against her will across her cheeks.

"What's wrong Mikasa? Do you want to kiss me now?"

"No I do not." She huffs in stubborn pride. "I accept your deal. No kissing."

	Eren blinks in surprise and for a moment even she is surprised at how easily she's managed to confuse him and herself.
	It's not like she even wanted to kiss him anymore.
	That's ridiculous, they were classmates, captains and teammates. Romantic relationships would just be a complete bother and hindrance towards all aspects of both of their social life.
	The bus pulls towards her stop and Mikasa clambers out of her seat, clawing her eyes out at how easily her entire reputation would plunge if even Armin found out they had kissed.
	Thankfully, they were <i>spy's</i> .
C	Chapter End Notes

#### AHHHhHhHhHhH

Mwah mwah, I love yous all so much, thank you for your patience. Exam block literally killed me, and then I was working at snail pace from the lag of writing wayyyy too many essays and killing my will to write. So thanks for waiting! I'm still very determined to finish this story, and if y'all still with me I hope you can enjoy it too!

This chapter almost feels like a filler to me lolol I rewrote it so many times it's such a blur, just tryna figure out where to put scenes, which scenes to even put? Like plot emphasis, consistent character development ect. Writing is hard.

But like i think the build up will pay off (hopefully) be honestly they're dorks and too fun to write. Especially Levi, he's fun to bully hehehe.

Anyways if your reading this big thank you for your support and continued dealing with my dumbasses horrible updating schedule. I hope if your still invested in this narrative that you'll confuse with me and these idiots! And once again thank you for the

comments the kudos and the bookmarks! Even just reading really motivates me to keep on writing this story out!

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Thank you for reading ^\_^

Please <u>drop by the Archive and comment</u> to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!