

Maternity Shoot

Before Reading: This is based on an AU where upon meeting Ymir, Eren is informed that to break the 13 year curse and put an end to pure titan creation, he must sacrifice his humanity. Upon agreeing, he learns that he must give up his human form, leaving him in the body of the Attack Titan forever. The others in possession of the titan powers are no longer bound by the 13 year curse but retain the ability to shift from human to titan. Marley's military is decimated and the walls no longer stand. Everyone mostly lives in peace. Eren must adjust to his new life as a permanent titan. However, a titan's animalistic traits and biology put him into an interesting position after an 'unfortunate' accident while sparring with Reiner. Humanity learns that there is more to discover about titans when they are in the presence of an expecting pair.

Warnings: Language and some adult content because Eren is grumpy

DO NOT REPOST OR USE THIS FIC ANYWHERE!

Eren grunted in dissatisfaction as he stared long and hard at the makeshift mirror afore him. The titan growled to himself in distaste. Damn it. Damn it all.

After sacrificing his Humanity to rid the curse of Ymir, and merging with his Attack Titan form; he had many new things to adjust to besides the ridicule of being a monster and getting used to being fifteen meters twenty-four seven. One was the fact that he could no longer fit in any building to have a private room and a warm place to sleep. Thus, one of the first things he did was build a large barn like structure in the deeper part of the forest that resided on the Scout's property. It was bigger than the Scout's storage facility that he used to stay in. His new home was simple but sizable certainly. It was just a large room that had ceilings tall enough that he could stand upright and plenty of legroom to stretch out on the hay covered floor. It was bare, but it was dry and cozy for a titan. It was all that he would need.

However, due to his current predicament that he was in, the Scouts – or rather Hange, had placed a mirror into his home. It was a dreaded full body mirror that was composed of at least a hundred mirrors put together to make one big enough for a titan. It was a vile and dreaded thing. If it wasn't for the higher up's orders he would have ripped it right off the wall and smashed it before all of them in an act of defiance. The reason for his resentment toward the thing was the fact that he had to wake up and see himself every day in it. Sure, he had grown accustomed to

seeing his titan reflection in the glass and water – he just could not get over seeing his growing pregnant belly in it.

Alone, the titan slowly lifted his hands and cradled his enlarged belly. His breath hitched in his chest as he felt the warmth radiate into his palms. For a moment, he could feel his instincts guiding him to nurture the growing pup inside – his other hand gliding up the curve of his abdomen to rest at the top, rubbing in small tentative circles until reality pulled at him again. In the passing months since his diagnosis, his belly grew to the essence of an expecting mother. Very full and gravid. His muscular stomach was replaced with an impossible to miss pregnant belly. After he had grown ill, the suspicious little bulge in his gut began to balloon in to what he was sporting now.

Eren swallowed, running his hands over the large bump, watching as his taut skin shifted over his enlarged womb. He looked like some of his father's expecting patients at full term. His belly now took up his entire midsection and stuck out obviously from his torso. He was also noticing that his arms had to extend to their fullest to wrap around it. Eren shuttered. He was only nine months along – out of the fifteen of a titan's gestation period.

Suddenly, the baby began to shift, quickening. Inherently, Eren began to rub his belly – the pup obviously picking up on his nerves. The titan's green eyes drifted from his reflection to the crest of his belly. He was still not used to the movement either. A blunt kick to his ribs provoked a low growl to emerge from his maw before it died down to a quiet rumble. It was growing stronger day by day. Eren shuttered, looking to the mirror to view his girth again. Nine months – and the pup had grown strong and his belly was this big already? How much bigger was he to become? Would the baby stop growing and just take the time to mature before being born? Or was it to keep growing and in turn give him a belly big enough to rival the boulder in Trost? Eren growled to himself. *'I better not look like the Jaw Titan decided to crawl up my ass and get comfortable.'* He thought.

It was unfortunate that he could remember the day that his diagnosis was made so clearly. He was furious and disgusted. Not only was he angry at the fact that he was pregnant, but pissed that titans apparently had a much longer gestation period than he thought. With how titans quickly regenerated and how they used to materialize out of thin air, he assumed that he would have the pup by the end of the month. His jaw went slack as the titan scientist from Marley informed that titans were like the mega fauna and had a long gestation period of fifteen months. At the time, he even huffed at the joke, but realized the horrible truth as none of his medical personnel were laughing.

His hands continued to cradle his belly, thumbs rubbing into it. The worst part of it all was that everyone now knew how he got pregnant in the first place. The day of his first true checkup to take measurements of his belly and hear the heartbeat, he was given another bombshell. Originally, it was thought that consuming the Warhammer may have changed him biologically, but in fact old accounts left over by Marley scientists, the Attack Titan itself was hermaphroditic. If one stayed long enough in titan form, the titan would go into a heat. It was theorized that the Attack titan moved forward in battle and needed an army to support it which was why it had the ability of reproduction. Whatever it was, now that he was no longer human, he could potentially bare more offspring in the future.

How he hated the fact.

He knew how the pregnancy happened as well. And it left him feeling like he was to vomit at times. One day, he felt strange, but despite that he sparred with Reiner at the titan's request. It happened quickly. Reiner had succumbed to a seeded instinct. It was hazy, but he

remembered being fucked into oblivion with Reiner having absolute no control over the Armored Titan at all. At the time, no one had seen the sinful act. When it was over all they could do was look at one another in horror and promise to say nothing – especially to Hange that would have dissected them on the spot. Even pregnant, they said nothing. That is until one day, the guilt that was eating Reiner up over the past eight months at the time had consumed him and the moron confessed that he was very likely the one who sired the pup. The following day was the most embarrassed Eren ever felt since the higher ups announced his pregnancy – that the Armored Titan, Reiner fucking Braun, was the father.

Both Mikasa and himself nearly slaughtered Reiner on the spot. He still wished that he had.

His current standing with Reiner was strange to say the least. He wasn't sure if Reiner felt awful or if it was a paternal instinct – but the titan was trying to live up to the role of a father. Despite his protest, Reiner was trying to care for him. And at times, Eren could see that the Armored Titan was smitten much to his dislike. It was no instinctual thing either. Reiner was in control and he was in love with his unwilling mate. His current situation destroyed his chances with Mikasa and he had just accepted that love was off the table as a titan. But apparently Reiner was open to more than just having a crush on Historia. Regardless, he was giving hell to the pup's father all the same.

He would shamelessly admit, he made Reiner his bitch and do everything he said and wanted. Deep down however, he did appreciate the help as stupid as the situation was.

A loud knock followed by a commotion at the door broke the titan from his stupor.
“ERRREEEN!”

The titan growled again and pulled himself away from his reflection. Of course it was Hange. What on earth did she want from him now? He was in no mood for a checkup where some doctor or vet was going to reach up where the sun didn't shine. Reluctantly, he opened the door to his barn to see an over stimulated Hange Zoe jumping up and down like an excited child. Knowing what he needed to do, the pregnant titan began the challenging process of lowering himself to sit down. Eren grunted in discomfort as he gradually placed himself to his knees. This was something that was getting harder and harder to do as of late and he dreaded as to how much harder it would be in the later months of gestation. He exhaled heavily in exhaustion before offering a halfhearted wave in greeting. Hange of course squealed excitedly to the point where his ears throbbed.

“Good morning Big Momma! How are you today Eren? How is this little dumpling!”
Hange exclaimed as she suddenly embraced his belly as best as she could, his swollen girth serving as a pillow.

Eren grumbled a greeting in return before gesturing a series of animalistic noises and rubbing his hands across the bump. There was nothing little at all about this baby. The pregnant titan then signed his next query, provoking another laugh from Hange.

“What am I doing here you ask? I need your help with something! And don't you worry momma! You won't be doing any heavy lifting!”

He already didn't like where this was going.

Oh how he wished that he could stay in his barn. How he wished that he had never left. For the past few minutes he had been walking among the forest trail in the general direction of where the maneuver gear training grounds had been. These days, it was only used for leisurely maneuver gear use. At this hour, if he was correct about where they were heading, the clearing would have no one there for most were usually at breakfast. Hange rode on his shoulder and for the entirety of their trek she had been yapping like an excited puppy but spoke no word as to where they were going exactly or what on earth it was that they were doing. Eren folded over his ears and gritted his teeth, eyes narrowed – face reflecting his irritation. The former section commander was going on and nonstop about all the so called beautiful things about his pregnancy. She said that he was glowing, he had lovely baby bump, and his hair looked so much thicker – and many more statements that he elected to ignore.

“Of! Eren easy! You are starting to walk with a bit of a waddle aren’t you?”

The titan practically grinded his teeth, a growl threatening to rise. He didn’t want to be reminded. She was right though. He had noticed the quirk in the last few weeks and had been trying to hide it as much as he could when he was up and out. Right before he had hit the milestone of being nine months pregnant, his belly seemed to have become tighter and heavier on his pelvis as it expanded. His balance was incredibly off and the bulge didn’t move well with his body. It was like a big ass watermelon, as Levi described it, that was just growing and growing with his skin only to hold it back. Thus, it swayed when he walked and forced him to move in more of a waddle. As far along as he was, his pregnant belly was the root to all of his discomfort – and anger. His back hurt more. His feet and ankles were more swollen. He was having trouble sitting up and sitting down. Bending over was an absolute disaster. He was tired. His abdomen was also an attraction much to his displeasure. Everyone constantly wanted to touch and pat his tummy. Some would go as far as putting their ear to the bulge to listen for the little one. All of it just made him miserable.

Finally, he responded to Hange with an unpleased snort, but the woman only cackled.

“Aw! But it’s cute Eren! You are adorable pregnant!” She went on with the titan rolling his eyes. “You are just blossoming! And you know – I think your chest is a little bigger! Your pecks are looking perkier, Eren! Oh! I wonder if you will be producing milk for the baby! Maybe you would even form some little nipples!” Hange exclaimed, receiving an instant and threatening snarl from the expecting titan.

If he didn’t have to be worried about being charged for murder, he would have certainly swatted Hange as hard as he could from his shoulder. Or ate her. One of the two.

“Oh come on! I can be excited for this Eren! I’m just wondering how you and the pup are going to develop! I can’t wait for your next checkup and we can look at your –

Eren instantly shut out Hange’s words, knowing she was going into an explicit subject that he didn’t wish to hear about. He was looking forward to just getting whatever it was over with and going back home. If Reiner came by later, he would kick his ass even as wobbly as he was.

After what seemed like an eternity, Eren with his boisterous cargo entered the clearing. The pregnant titan paused, looking on in confusion as Hange launched from his shoulder to join a small group of people upon the forest floor. One of the people present was a Marlian with what he recognized as a camera – an invention by Marley that could capture life in still images. The woman he had seen before at a few of his exams and the photos she took were used to document his progression etc. He tolerated them for the most part since they were used for research purposes. But what were they doing here and not setting up in the barn? What was this?

As Heavy footsteps met his ears, Eren looked up to see the Armored Titan emerging from the foliage into the clearing. Reiner chirruped in greeting to Hange and then turned and offered him a wide smile and friendly wave. The Attack Titan folded his arms and let them rest upon the crest of his belly, staring pointedly at Reiner before looking heatedly at Hange and grunting roughly – projecting his query that he wanted to know what the hell was going on.

“Well Eren, now that Reiner is here, I wanted you to take part in something that I heard that couples usually do when expecting a child. It is something called a Maternity shoot! Typically, the mother has photographs taken of them in peaceful and beautiful poses. But sometimes they include the father posing with the mother in loving embraces –

Upon hearing Hange’s last statement, Eren snorted loudly in disgust and turned on his heel to walk back the way he came, ignoring the pleas by Hange to come back. No way in fucking hell was he going to pose romantically with Reiner. He was going home. End of story. Fuck them.

The pounding of footsteps met his ears again. Before he could even glance behind him, the Armored Titan appeared, blocking his path of escape. Almost gently, Reiner sat his hands onto Eren’s shoulders. The Attack Titan glared dangerously at his mate before brushing the other titan’s hands away and trying to go around Reiner. However, due to his misfortune, The Armored cut him off with each attempt. With his temper festering, Eren growled. **“Move the fuck out of my way, Reiner.”** Eren spoke completely in a titan’s native tongue, a language that sounded like a series of noises to humans but was intelligible speech for their species. **“I am not doing this shit today. I’m not in the fucking mood.”** He spoke sternly. Reiner was quiet for a moment before trying to offer him a kind smile, the expression looking so bizarre on the Armored Titan’s face.

“Come on Eren! It’s not going to take long. A few poses and we are done!”

“No.” Eren snarled.

“Eren! You are going to make me carry you bridal style back over there.”

“Pretty sure I am heavier than you right now Reiner.”

Reiner let out an exasperated sigh. **“Please Eren? The quicker we do this the faster we get Hange off our asses. I – would actually like to do this. You never know Eren, we might have a bit of fun with it.”** He continued hopefully.

Eren forced a jet of steam from the side of his mouth, folding his arms in impatience again. He could just comply so he could hurry and get it over with. However, he didn’t want to have an entire photo session. Green eyes glanced back at Reiner who looked like a pathetic and hopeful puppy. He hated that face, it made him actually feel sorry for the titan. The Attack Titan tilted his head back in thought. Reiner did have a point. It would get rid of the problem that was Hange. The pregnant titan heaved a sigh. **“Fine. I am only doing this once. Just so I can have some peace away from Hange. Afterwards, I want you to massage my feet. I damn sure can’t see them anymore, but I can feel them swelling and they will ache soon after. I take this picture for you and that is how you will pay me, deal?”**

The overgrown and ugly puppy smiled. **“Deal!”**

Eren then turned and signed back to Hange that he was allowing them to take a single photo. Instantly, the human piglet squealed in enthusiasm. “Yes! We get to take one at least! And who knows? Maybe you will change your mind Eren and we can take a few more!”

The titan only rolled his eyes and reluctantly approached Hange again with Reiner excitedly following close behind. Eren quickly signed the question of ‘where do you want me’

and folded his arms again. Reiner was right on one thing. The quicker he did this the quicker he could leave. Like a child excited over a buffet of candy, Hange pointed to the clearing's center.

"If you and Reiner could stand in the middle there that would be perfect. Eren I want you on the left and Reiner I want on the right! Give us a few minutes to set up in the watchtower and I'll tell you how to pose! We're just going to go with the most popular and the one that I think suits you both!" The scientist concluded as she practically hopped over to the photographer and began to help her carry the equipment.

Eren only grumbled in response. The Attack Titan then exhaled tiredly, putting his hands upon the small of his back in an impatient manner. Unknowingly this only made his pregnant belly stick out more profoundly. Undenounced to Eren, the Armored Titan began to stare and study the curvature of its surface. He could feel his finger twitching, for some reason it was just screaming at him to poke at it – but if he did, with Eren's current mood, he was likely going to be in for a world of hurt. Eren continued to watch Hange and the other woman set up the tripod in the watchtower, a structure that the Scouts originally built for the higher ups to examine the new recruits as they ran maneuver gear drills. Now it was being used so they could take a photo at the proper angle to capture a titan in film. Feeling the baby suddenly come to life in his abdomen, Eren turned his attention to his stomach. It was rolling, stretching a bit – the movement gentle thankfully. Forgetting that he was in the presence of others, The Attack Titan dawned a softer look upon his façade and lifted a hand to rub over the bulge. *'What are you doing in there little one? Please settle down. Reiner is already giddy enough.'* Eren thought, surprised by the tone and words he used. Damn the motherly instinct of a titan.

He simply stood in silence, the world becoming dull around him as he continued to coax the unborn pup to settle. The skin at the corners of his mouth twitched, wanting to pull upward. Suddenly, a reaching skinless hand nearing his belly pulled him away and back into the real world. Reflexively, Eren quickly reached and grasped the Armored Titan's wrist, nearly making Reiner jump and The Attack Titan's firm grip made the tendons pop in Reiner's wrist.

"Hange didn't tell us to pose yet, Reiner. I'm positive she's going to make you be all over my stomach anyway." Eren spoke exasperated. **"So some fucking patience would be nice."**

The Armored Titan sighed, retrieving his hand. The titan then made an attempt at an easy smile. **"Okay, okay. I know right now I'm just talking to some raging hormones and not to the Eren that I do know. So fuck you hormones, I want to talk to Eren."**

The Attack Titan gave the other a very pointed look, pupils turning to slits for a split second. **"Reiner, the Eren you know is now fifteen meters tall and pregnant – with your kid on accident. You are not talking to my hormones. You are talking to someone who is completely pissed off that they are having to endure this."**

Eren watched as Reiner's eyes widened, clearly understanding what he meant. The Armored Titan hesitated before unexpectedly smiling again and playfully bumping the other titan in the arm. **"Oh come on Eren! I know that deep down you are excited. Just now, rubbing your belly, you almost smiled!"** Reiner chuffed.

The Attack Titan's eyes narrowed angrily. **"What the hell? I am not!"**

Reiner hummed, amused. **"You are. Every once in a while, I catch a few glimpses of that motherly instinct come to play! When you are by yourself or when you are distancing yourself from conversation, you're rubbing your belly and the look you have in your eyes is warm. I have seen that look before, Eren – it's the look mothers give their children. It's a look of love!"** The Armored Titan went on, his words sounding like several excited grunts and

other animal like vocals to the women in the watchtower who were starting to giggle and wonder what on earth the two titans were talking about.

The gravid titan snarled. Shaking his head. **“You should not be believing what your eyes think they are seeing, Reiner. My mouth has no lips and is in a permanent grin that makes people piss themselves so I have no clue why you would think I was suddenly smiling!”**

“Eren, whether you are aware or not, the skin right at the corners of your mouth moves in accordance to your emotions. When it sinks you are frowning and when it pulls upwards you are indeed grinning. You do that when you are really excited, pleased, with Armin and Mikasa, and happy. Your eyebrows and everything move up and down Eren so you are more expressive than you know. And of course, those pointed ears give away a lot too.”

Eren continued to growl low in his throat. Reiner was far too observant for his own good. Had he really been looking at him that much to figure all of his facial movements and their meanings? The Attack Titan lifted a hand to pinch the bridge of his nose in frustration. The stupid titan was indeed in love with him. Fucking great. **“Please shut the hole in your face Reiner before I slam my fist into it and make another one.”**

“Come on Eren –

“Alright my lovelies!” Hange interrupted, for once making Eren happy that she had. **“As much as I enjoy trying to figure out your titan talk, we are ready to start my dearies! Alright! Since Big Momma here is a bit grumpy today we are just going to a single pose as I said! I think this pose is the best one too! Okay Eren, I want you to turn towards Reiner and Reiner I want you to get right against Eren and on your knees! Remember to face him!”**

Eren snorted, unenthusiastically turning to face the Armored Titan. This was bound to be a shitshow. He watched as Reiner all too eagerly turned to him and motioned to kneel just before him. It was too close for comfort. Hange giggled.

“Great! Now Reiner, I want you to lean in and sort of ‘frame’ Eren’s beautiful baby belly! I want you to put your right hand upon his tummy and I want your chin resting on the top of Eren’s stomach. With your left hand I want it to wrap around Eren’s back and come to rest on his side! Eren, I need you to lean in with your left leg forward as he does this!”

The Attack Titan could immediately feel his anger fester even further as he complied. He watched as Reiner got into the position that Hange had asked for. With Eren’s belly practically resting against the other titan’s shoulder, Reiner sat his chin on the crest of The Attack Titan’s torso just beneath his breast. One hand rested just at the bottom of his ribs and the other reached up to gently lay upon the titan’s pregnant belly. Eren watched as the other behemoth’s eyes widened in awe.

“Wow – it feels so warm and alive! It’s amazing as always.”

Eren rolled his eyes for the umpteenth time. Could Hange just hurry and take the damn picture?

“That’s perfect Reiner! Now Eren, I want you to take your right hand and rest it just on top of Reiner’s nape. The other hand I want you to very lightly place it below Reiner’s other hand to touch his wrist! Lastly, I want to two of you to look lovingly at each other! Remember! You’re first time parents expecting a little er – big bundle of joy and we need to show that off!”

A hard jet of steam released from between The Attack Titan’s clenched teeth, he could feel his blood boiling as he moved his hands where Hange had wanted them. Eren’s glare became deadly as his eyes bore into the Armored Titan’s. Beneath Reiner’s loving father façade,

he was terrified. Eren's claws lengthened intimidatingly, grazing the titan's nape and poking into Reiner's wrist. The Attack Titan, then put on a false expression that Hange requested, but green eyes still remained feral, just as wild and full of rage as his current thoughts were.

'Reiner, when this is done, I am smacking that stupid fucking smile from your face. I am going to rip your face plating off and either shove it down your windpipe or I'm going to throw it and make you catch it like a Frisbee. I'm going to rip your damn throat out so it can be worn as a necktie and pound your skull in. I'm going to eat your organs and drink your blood like an all you can eat feast and your fucking dick I'm going to rip it the hell off and shove it up your ass so you can officially go fuck yourself!'

The Attack Titan was so hell bent on staring down Reiner and thinking of maiming and slaughtering his mate that he was unaware of the multiple camera flashes and Hange squealing and cheering. Suddenly, the baby shifted and kicked – hard. Eren winced, his breath catching in his throat and his dark thoughts were put on pause. The forceful impact of course hit right where Reiner's hand was resting on his torso. The Armored Titan's eyes widened, instantly leaving his assigned pose and looking at the pregnant titan's belly in excitement. Eren froze as he felt the unworldly movement. The pup continued to kick and push roughly, nailing his womb and right in the ribs. He swallowed, had his emotions provoked it to throw a tantrum?

"Wow! Oh my! It's kicking so much!" Reiner exclaimed as he pressed another hand to the bulge. **"Are you angry because mommy is angry little one?"**

From the watchtower, Hange nearly screamed. **"IS IT KICKING! I NEED TO FEEL IT!"** The woman scrambled to climb back down the stairs with the goal of retrieving her maneuver gear in time.

Then, before Eren could react, Reiner suddenly lowered his head and pressed his ear and cheek into his belly to listen in, hands now cupping the sides of his abdomen. The Attack Titan nearly became off balance, a hand shooting to the small of his back. He was too stunned by Reiner's gesture to act further, instead he simply stared wide eyed at the overjoyed father afore him. The pup continued to kick, hitting the walls of his uterus and feeling as if it was flipping over. His entire belly was alive as could be, vibrating softly on Reiner's palm. Eren swallowed fretfully as he continued to feel the fetal movement. This was the most the baby had moved since he had conceived.

"Okay! Let me feel! Let me feel!" Hange zipped up to his shoulder before dropping down to the crest of Eren's stomach. Hange placed both of her hands onto the pert bulge, the titan unable to see her nearly manic grin. **"Oh my! Goodness gracious! The little puppy is definitely stretching their legs!"**

The Armored Titan huffed, rubbing his pointer finger into the Attack Titan's pregnant tummy. **"What are you doing in there? You have a strong kick! It's like you want to break mommy's walls and take after me a bit huh?"**

Amazingly, Eren continued to stand in silence and at the mercy of two overjoyed idiots. He was consumed by the moment and unknowingly in the firm grip of his maternal instincts. The kicking and fury of movements felt so weird – yet a deep part of him thought they felt wonderful. They were a sign that the pup was healthy and strong. It was a sign that he was going to be a mother. It was a sign that a dream of having a family was still entirely possible despite being a titan.

But just as quickly as paternal instincts had captured him, his stubbornness allowed him to escape one again.

Eren shook his head and lifted his free hand, an ugly sneer painting itself across his face as he lowered his claws to Reiner's scalp – the nails extending to lethal talons. However, the titan stopped, simply laying his hand upon the platinum blond locks of the Armored Titan. He looked on as Reiner continued to cuddle against him as the pup started to calm. Reiner himself had been through a lot. His mother and father were no doubt pieces of shit and he was made to join Marley's warrior program at a tender age. He had to endure Ymir's curse as the Armored Titan and was ordered to kill thousands by breaking the walls of Paradis. He then lied and went through mental torture hiding his secret from the trainees and Scouts. Reiner had been through hell. He had probably not planned on siring a titan pup either, but things were changing. Looking at the Armored Titan now, he wasn't a monster that gave him nightmares as a child. For the first time, Reiner looked truly happy. Reiner was genuinely excited about being a dad.

The Attack Titan sighed, looking off into the forest and letting his nails shorten. He supposed he could let Reiner have a few more minutes.

Slowly, the pup's kicking devolved into gentle pushes and shifts before the baby settled once again. The Armored Titan smiled, lifting his head away and rubbing the other titan's belly fondly. **"Good. You settle down and get some sleep little one. I think your mommy needs some rest too. Have a great nap!"** Reiner spoke softly to the bulge before standing upright once again. He offered the Attack titan another smile, reaching up to scratch at his scalp that he nearly risked losing a second ago. **"Thanks for allowing me to feel the pup. I thought for sure you were going to rip my head off Eren!"**

The Attack Titan folded his arms, forcing Hange to retreat as he rested them upon the crest of his stomach yet again. Eren looked away, a slight shade of crimson dusting his cheeks. **"Well, I was going to until I realized that you still owe me for this. I can't have you headless as you massage my feet."**

The Armored Titan relaxed, smile still spread upon his face. **"I see. I would be pretty useless then."**

Eren's brows lifted in slight cunning as he motioned forward with the other titan walking at his side, ignoring Hange's calls as the two started for his barn. **"Also Reiner, my pregnancy cravings are acting up."**

Reiner huffed. **"Well then. You want the usual? A dairy cow and goat smothered in pickle juice?"**

The Attack Titan sighed. **"Yup. And keep them coming."**

"Can do."

End.