# Spades

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# Spades

by flightless_pigeon

Summary


Hange's lucky they're bedridden right now, or Levi would have throttled them already, he thinks, diving onto the floor for the umpteenth time.

It's Levi's first official volleyball match since he was a child, and instead of his usual position, he has to fill in for the libero after they injure themselves during their recovery from surgery. Can he pull it off, or will he fumble around on the court with teammates he's not used to navigating around and lose the tournament for everyone - for Hange - before it's even started?


Notes

Crossposted from AO3 - will be updated with correct tags, summaries and A/Ns when the site's back up.

Hi! This is the first instalment in my series *Aces*, in which two out of four segments are published on AO3. I hope you like it!

See the end of the work for more notes

Hange's lucky they're bedridden right now, or Levi would have throttled them already, he thinks, diving onto the floor for the umpteenth time.

He hates being the libero. He hates getting his clothes covered in dust and other people's sweat and whatever other shit is on the floor, hates diving so close to people that could trample him with one misstep, fears that if he slides too fast, he'll get a ball to the face instead of a nice receive. He fares far better than an attacker.

Levi's not one of those mindless spikers that thinks his position is the only fun one because he's the most likely to score points. He isn't obsessed with being the ace, though he probably is, despite Miche trying to contest that - it's never mattered to him. Sure, it's satisfactory to pull off a good jump and spike and watch the opposing blockers look at him with awe, annoyance and then mild fury throughout the course of a match, when a puny runt like him can make contact with Erwin's stupid-quick set and blast through two-metre players who think their height substitutes skill. It's not his favourite part of volleyball, though.

The sport is his social outlet. While during study hours, Levi comes across as cold, snarky and generally unpleasant to be around, volleyball has always been his opportunity to bond with others. If he didn't have something in common with people like Miche or Onyankopon, he probably wouldn't give them the time of day, and might even get in a fight or two with the former if they hadn't met through the club. Not that they haven't been close to throwing hands before, but there's the distraction of volleyball to focus their pent-up energy into whenever it gets too tense.

He's lucky Erwin asked him to join. Even Levi can admit how much effort it was for the psychology student - he protested and sneered and mocked the idea of participating in a team sport for tall people for weeks. He wondered if he'd accidentally encroached on the senior's usual corner in the library as a new undergraduate - there was no other reason for Smith to talk to him.

However, Erwin persevered with his request and seemed unbothered by Levi's social ineptness in the way that only another neurodivergent person could, and that's what tempted Levi, in the end. He accepted, intending to attend a single practice session to outwardly express his hatred for the sport and potential teammates upon arrival, and that would be the end of it.

As it turned out, they weren't looking for a libero, but a new spiker that could be swift, unpredictable, and mostly importantly, able to keep up with Erwin's insane sets. Levi didn't like his cockiness - blondie thought he was too good to keep up with - so he accepted the challenge and was making contact within the second week, delivering spikes as effective as Miche's just a month into practice. He did it intending just to wipe the smirk off Smith's face, but before he knew it, Levi was going to the gymnasium on his own accord instead of forcibly escorted, and just like that, he was part of the team.

Their volleyball team is full of abnormals. Erwin himself is relatively normal, Levi decided once he got a taste of the other players - just a man with a large ego who's a bit too obsessed with the sport. Miche is weirder, and sticks his big nose into everything that moves as if it's a

biological instinct of his. He's near-silent, though, which Levi appreciates. It makes their usual front rotation an eerie trio of mute players, even more intimidating to opponents when they pull off high-level plays without a word.

Even people who seem rather normal by - well, by normal people standards, he supposes - are a little odd. Nanaba surely would've made the more successful women's team with ease, but claims she gets along better with men, and that's that.

But even on the team itself, it can't be argued that Levi is the most difficult to work with, the most out of place. His integration was slow and painful, with Erwin's stoic composure faltering into genuine anger sometimes when the shorter man got too stubborn and argumentative. The only person who comes close to causing the level of issues Levi does is Hange.

Hange is the libero. Not particularly short, but the shortest in the regular lineup before Levi joined. It was immediately clear why they held the position - they were far too energetic and invasive when they practised blocking, and their spikes looked like they could kill a man if they were in a bad mood. Most significantly, though, they have incredible reflexes, and don't mind getting dirty at all, spending half of practice rolling around on the floor even when it's unnecessary.

It disgusted Levi. Still does, to an extent, but it is now more of a fond exasperation than genuine horror.

Like Levi, they also don't take shit from Erwin, happy to contest his decisions and cause a fuss whenever he doesn't let them do something, and they terrify half the reserve players with their energy alone. Unlike Levi, they are friendly, chatty, and do not understand the concepts of personal space, self-care, nor hygiene.

As much as their personalities clash, he's never really had an issue working with Hange. Their unconventional movements aren't unlike his own, and if there's anyone that can keep up with their last-second receives and tosses into ridiculous areas of the court, it's Levi. It's at the point where he doesn't even need to look behind him to know where to go - the air rushing past his legs from Hange's movement is enough.

(He does look behind him during practice sometimes, though, and has been reprimanded more than once by Erwin for getting distracted. It's none of his business.)

Similarly, if Levi can't fully block or misses, Hange is familiar with the area he's capable of covering and his body language, and able to position themself in the appropriate place to keep the ball up.

It's fun *because* their team takes the sport so seriously. They're genuinely good, and performed well in last year's university league, he's heard. With this year's additions, Erwin seems confident that they'll do well enough to get a cash prize. It's not outlandish; half the team practices beyond club hours, and Erwin's an excellent setter and strategist. They must be one of the only teams where the captain acts as the coach - Shadis is only there out of necessity, happy to let Erwin lead.

Levi feels good in practice matches, with their near-impenetrable back line and incredibly accurate front row. Half the time, they can win a rally without a single word being spoken on their side of the net. The other half is when Hange is in play.

In fairness, they can be heard blabbering even off-court, praising players regardless of their team, hypothesising out loud the reasoning for a particular lineup or movement, and wondering how greatly a single point can affect the morale and psyche of a team. It's off-putting to anyone who listens, and most of their team have learnt to tune it out, accepting it as distraction for their opponents. Except Levi, of course, who finds their voice so grating he can't help but hear every word they're saying.

It's very quiet without Hange. The first few weeks that they were recovering from top surgery, Levi was acutely aware of the silence, the lack of hands pushing on his shoulders and ringing in his ears as Hange yelled their excitement about a new move someone was practising or particularly quick set from Erwin that Levi nailed.

He doesn't need their praise. But he loathes to admit that he's gotten used to their nattering, and disguises the feeling by telling himself that they're the heart of the team. Though it's not a mandatory position at their level, he's never doubted the importance of a libero to a team. But Hange is truly essential and more. They... enrich the team. He misses them - and that's the thought that unsettles him, embarrasses him. He's only known Hange for a few months, yet it feels unnatural to go a day or two without them.

However, that's not to say he wanted them back on the court as soon as humanely possible. Had he attended practice the day Hange decided to return, he would've carried them straight back through the gymnasium doors, public image be damned. He wouldn't have even let them watch. But instead, he was caught up in a work placement, and by the time he finished up and checked his phone, there'd already been a ping in the group chat that four-eyes overexerted themself and messed up their recovery, and were forcibly put on leave by Coach Shadis for the next two months.

Instead of going home, Levi marched straight to Hange's accommodation, pushed past Moblit when he opened the front door, and berated them for being so reckless. When their smile looked too strained for his liking, he let them be, then had a go at Moblit for letting them come to training until he looked like he was about to tear up, and Levi gave up, then. Both of them were hopeless. If Levi was there-

He wasn't there. It didn't matter anymore. He shouldn't care so much, but he does. He's never met someone like Hange before, and...

The volleyball tournament season started without Hange, and they had no reserve. Nobody ever accounted for the possibility that they wouldn't be here, and it was an extremely difficult position to adapt to for someone unfamiliar with it in such little time. Erwin gave him a single glance, and Levi sighed, swallowed his pride, and offered to step up to do the job. Everyone else was too lanky or bulky, and he didn't mind a few bruises.

"You're filling in for me?" Hange glanced up from their biology book owlishly when Levi visited them to inform them about the team's current state (not that they didn't know - they live with Moblit, after all).

"Someone has to," he grumbled, sitting with his knees to his chest on one of many beanbags strewn across their bedroom.

He wondered if it was insensitive to sit like that when they could barely move without being in discomfort. Hange probably didn't care, but he stretched his legs out in front of him regardless.

"You'll be diving on the floor a lot. It'll be dirty," they whispered, smirking as if it were scandalous.

Their glasses glinted with the light from the window. Levi wasn't used to seeing them without goggles on, or with their hair down. It was shorter than before. Maybe they got it cut before surgery so it'd be easier to manage afterwards.

"I know that," dumbass," he replied. "I've seen the state of your clothes after practice."

He often looked at them while they cleaned up, and tried to stop by the time they made it to the changing rooms. He likely wasn't subtle. Hange probably knew that, too, but said nothing, instead taking a sip from their flask, filled with soup that Levi made for them.

"Who's taking over for you, then?" They asked.

He was sure they already knew, but answered anyway. "Onyankopon. Gelgar will sub into the regular rotation for him."

"Huh. More work for attack *and* defence, then," they mused. "Well, did you come here for a lesson? I've got a book on-"

"No, uh-" he held up a hand to cut off their rambling before it started, shifting in his seat. "I- I've seen you do it." *I've been watching you*, he sneered internally. *Like a creep.* "I know what the position entails. Just gotta practice."

Hange raised a slender eyebrow; it arched above the lens of their glasses. Levi hadn't had this much trouble with eye contact for a while. "Oh. So you came here to give me homemade soup?"

"I... Yes?" He frowned.

Was that weird? To see how they were doing, and give them something to make them feel better? Make sure they were getting their nutrients, given they were godawful at taking care of themself? Shit, maybe he was encroaching. He never liked others seeing him whilst *he* was injured, and this was pretty personal to Hange - they couldn't be feeling good about botching their recovery. He just thought... Well, maybe they weren't friends. He was never good at defining the line between amicable acquaintances and something more. Teammates. Whatever.

It didn't matter, he tried to convince himself as he stood up. "I'll go practice, then."

"Aw, c'mon, I was just asking! You don't want my libero theory book?"

"Nah, I learn by watching and doing." *You know this*.

Or maybe they didn't. Maybe they had a life, and didn't spend their time observing him like that, listening to his every word the way he clung onto theirs. It made his heart ache, and he hated himself for it.

*Trust you to get attached to the first person who's been friendly to you in years, runt.*

Hange had plenty of more interesting and cordial people to converse with. He couldn't blame them at all.

"Go to sleep already," he muttered as he closed the door softly behind him.

Levi still feels a little guilty about that day, as well as initially storming into their apartment when he learnt they'd injured themself. Hange clearly thinks nothing of it, given they've been texting him as usual the past few weeks, bugging him about libero strategy, and wearing elbow pads, and how to receive a ball near the ground so it goes as straight up as possible.

Since they can't use the stairs to go and observe him at practice and their accommodation block's lift is too temperamental to risk, he went to their place a couple more times just to double-check his form, and never lingered longer than necessary. He did try to sneak stuff he'd cooked and brewed into their fridge, but was met with such a disorganised mess he couldn't bear to contribute to it, and gave it to Moblit to deal with instead. The plants that needed frequent hydration looked a little dry to, so he watered them as needed.

Moblit's probably too focused on keeping Hange's stupid frogs alive to care about some flowers. Their entire apartment smells like a rainforest, and Levi's sure Hange got into university on a scholarship, because the electricity bill for all those terrariums must be humongous. They're smart enough to have one.

He doesn't like to stay long and allow himself to watch the frogs, lest Moblit catches him looking interested. Whatever species Hange compared Levi to in the past sounded like a fungus, and he's happy to learn nothing further.

Today, he grits his teeth and hopes it's worth all this effort. This is his first of what he hopes will only be two official matches playing libero. Apparently they've practised against this team before. They know he's usually at the front, and have been taking full advantage of his vulnerability in a foreign position. There's a blonde bearded prick on the opposing side that smirks at Levi whenever he misses the powerful jump serves directed at him.

His wrists hurt. His knees ache. At least as libero he gets quick breathers off-court.

It would be a shame to lose the tournament in the first bracket. He knows Hange's been looking forward to participating, and if the team - if *he* falters here - they won't get to. He's trying his damned hardest, but he's already knocked Moblit to the floor twice by diving, and sent the ball straight at Nanaba's face, who luckily stepped back in time to avoid being skinned alive.

It's not like he's unfamiliar with being at the back of the court, but these aren't his usual rotation mates, and there's an anxiety in knowing Hange isn't able to cover his back nor direct the ball in an area he can cover. Levi's lucky he can predict Miche's actions well enough to receive a few balls that get through the older man's blocks, but that pales in comparison to his many failures.

They lose the first set. Levi sits in the timeout area glaring at his water bottle. Seven points were lost due to serves directed at him, three from his poor receives mid-play, and five spikes on his cover area that he missed entirely. He doesn't think he was on-court for the other ten.

His shorts are dirty, and he hates the ugly tan shirt he's wearing. Too long; not for him. Not that he particularly likes the white kit, but Hange wears tan better. *Stop thinking about Hange.*

They'll never get to wear the match kit if the team loses. Not this year, anyway. And who's to say Erwin and Miche will be up for a recreational sports season in their final year? Levi wouldn't, if he was in their shoes.

"You're doing pretty good," Moblit murmurs to him.

"Shut up," he snaps.

Moblit stiffens. "Wh- I'm being serious!"

"I've nearly snapped your calves multiple times today."

"My calves aren't that weak, or Hange would've broken them long ago. For your first match, your dives are really similar. I should be more aware, really." Levi looks at him; he's rubbing the back of his neck. "Just been forgetting you're diving and not jumping up to hit a spike," he titters.

"My digs are still shit."

"Nah, Zeke's just skilled at spiking oddly precise balls," Onyankopon huffs. "I played with him in sixth form, and barely anyone could touch his serves. Bet he's fuming that you can make contact with them so quickly."

*It don't matter if the ball goes out of court anyway,* Levi thinks.

"Did you play blocker with him?" Erwin asks.

"Yeah. He knows my weaknesses, he's the type to remember that stuff. A lot of balls are going through me, sorry."

"Makes sense. Nanaba, you switch positions with Onyankopon, then. We won't allow them that advantage."

"Fine by me," Nanaba responds nonchalantly, seemingly uncaring that Levi nearly knocked her brains out of her skull earlier.

He bites his cheek. He hasn't trained with Onyankopon as a libero, as both have been separately focused on their substitute positions. He feels pity for the engineering student getting juggled around like this, but he's back in his original position now. And-

"Levi and I are usually next to each other in rotation anyway, so I'm used to him darting about," Onyankopon clamps a hand down on his shoulder, smiling.

Levi relaxes a little. "Yeah."

"Did you play libero in sixth form?" Erwin asks him as they prepare for the second set.

"No."

"Secondary?"

"I've never played libero," he responds, irritated.

"Your reception is incredible for someone with no little practice."

Levi has nothing to say to that. He's not gonna tell a middle-class educated twat that his preteen years were spent practising rallies and digs in an alleyway with a stray dog. Or that before... he used to have to do all of it, before.

"It's a team sport," the blonde murmurs lowly. "You might be the present defensive captain, but you're not responsible for all defensive holes. The libero is the last resort, in some respects."

Levi doesn't respond, but understands the point.

*Erwin's ruthless,* he thinks during the second set. Though Levi's the obvious weak link and only there to replace Gelgar when he's rotated into the back and not serving, Erwin's clearly told Shadis to sub him in for as long as technically feasible.

It's damn exhausting. He makes a couple of mistakes with fingertip passes over the front line, and misses half the bearded fucker's serves again, but he at least manages to bump a few up within court boundaries, and avoids tackling Moblit to the ground again (though he almost runs into Onyankopon once).

The set is long, and they go to set point a couple of times, but eventually pull through to a tied match. Levi is tired, and glad that the new strategy seems to be working, because he doesn't know if he can last much longer.

"You stink of sweat," Miche leers over him during their final timeout.

"Piss off. You try writhing around like a pig in heat. Though," he sneers, "I'm sure you're used to doing that when you go over t-"

"Enough," Erwin cuts his brilliant rebuttal off, and Levi scowls at him. "This is working, they're getting frustrated. They're one of the better teams, so if we're victorious, the next couple of brackets will be easier to win. We have the advantage now."

*Hange isn't here, which makes it a disadvantage.*

"Gelgar, you'll be switching positions with Moblit.

"Huh?" Gelgar responds as Moblit exclaims, "What?"

"You and Nanaba work well in rotation together, but you're better suited behind Miche."

"Uh, sure, yeah," Gelgar shrugs.

"It's mostly to throw the opposition off. All of you are perfectly capable of playing any regular position, provided you have people you mesh well with around you. That's how the sport works."

Levi doesn't understand either, until Erwin clarifies it for him when the third set is about to start.

"You don't work that well with Moblit."

He frowns. "We get along fine."

"You make him anxious sometimes. You can be intimidating to others. I'd rather have you both on court, but it's not working at the moment, so I'll be subbing you two with each other. Try to make the most of it," he declares.

"Bastard," Levi mutters under his breath.

Erwin ignores him, instead turning his head to the side to nod at someone in the crowd. Levi makes the mistake of following his gaze.

Oh, *fuck.*

"What the fuck are *they* doing here?" He asks a little too loudly.

Erwin glances at him. "Why wouldn't they be? It's not like Hange to miss an opportunity to dissect the opposition."

*Shit.* Shit, shit, *shit!*

He will die from embarrassment. Amongst the flurry of questions he has as to how shitty-glasses actually travelled to the tournament, the reality of what is happening right now is far worse. Hange's here to scrutinise his piss-poor performance in their position, has *been* here to witness him tackling their roommate and faltering at serves and - fuckin' *shit.*

Though shame creeps up his neck, it's not enough to stop him from stealing another glance at them. This time, Hange looks directly at him and smiles brightly. They wave with vigour, the movement making their entire body sway, and Levi motions them to sit down, frowning, to which they comply. Moron, forgetting they aren't healed from having their body cut open yet.

He's exhausted, but seeing them bursting with energy fills him with determination. He will not try his best to make them proud - *hell* no - but it'll be pathetic if they lose the tournament by the first match, if Hange can't play at all, if their first taste of university volleyball is to sit in pain as Levi sweats through the kit they've never worn, fumbling around like a newborn deer.

Levi focuses, and counts the touches. *One, two, three*. Every time.

He's not on court as much for the final set, and watches the points on the scoreboard creep up steadily on either side.

Once in play, Levi looks the bearded monkey in the eyes as he receives the bastard's serve perfectly, leading to Miche belting out an incredible spike that sends the opposition into disarray at the fluidity of the play.

It's enough to make them anxious, and of course, eyebrows knows exactly how to take advantage of that. Levi witnesses everything from the sidelines as the final few spikes from Nanaba and Miche - along with a surprisingly bold dump from Erwin - secure them the match.

He sighs with heavy relief, pointedly clapping Moblit on the back as he joins the lineup, almost forgetting that he's number 2 today, and so needs to stand next to Erwin. He watches the two captains shake hands, amused by the visible satisfaction in Erwin's eyes.

"Ackerman." The captain - ah, the bearded monkey - says. Levi doesn't know how he knows his name, but whatever.

"Bearded monkey," he acknowledges, and makes a show out of shaking his hand firmly before wiping his own clean on his shorts.

The captain looks furious, and Erwin's shoulders hunch the way they always do when he's trying to conceal a laugh.

"That was Jaeger," he informs Levi when they've gone through everyone and start making their way to the changing rooms.

"Who?"

"Zeke. The captain. We played them during practice, remember?"

"I ain't like you," Levi scoffs. "Why bother remembering opponents' names and appearances? It's not the national league. We're not revising their damn play footage or nothing, are we?"

Erwin lets out a proper chuckle. "Of course. It makes sense now. Very well."

He does not elaborate, and Levi doesn't care enough to ask him to.

He barely collapses onto the changing room's bench before Hange Zoë bursts through the door.

"Incredible, everyone! That was such a good match, the other team had so many interesting players and I noticed that yo-"

"Don't run after surgery, shitty-glasses," he murmurs more to himself than Hange, but they must hear him, because their speech cuts off and they rush over to grip his shoulders.

"Levi, that was amazing! How did you adapt to libero so fast? It took me so long to learn to dive like that - I know I said you'd be a rain frog but you're more of a shape-shifting type - *pristimantis mutabilis* - or adaptable like a spadefoot-"

"First a fungus, now a mutation," Levi grumbles under his breath.

"-ve never played officially against Zeke before but you managed to nail his serves by the end of it! That monkey man was so fuckin' mad, did you see his face, Onyankopon?"

Levi takes the opportunity of Hange pivoting towards their teammate to duck out of their reach and begin changing, using the second his shirt conceals his head to let out the wide grin that's been threatening to pull itself across his face for the last minute. He stares at the shirt a little too long once it's off.

"Man, that kit looked so good, too," Hange sighs dramatically. "Wish I could've played. But hey, that's my own fault, right?" They smile wanly at Levi.

"You need to take better care of yourself," he mumbles uselessly. "Charging around like a damn mutt off their leash even now. Sit down."

Hange snickers, sinking down beside him as he struggles to worm his aching arms through a t-shirt. "You didn't do a half-bad job though, huh?"

"Libero's fucking hard."

Hange blinks. "Oh. Sure."

They wait until Levi's fully change and the others are shuffling around before speaking again more quietly.

"Thanks for the soup. And the brownies, and the pasta bake, and te-"

"A-alright, yeah, I get it. Fine," he stutters, and the shame - *is it shame?* - begins creeping up his neck again. It sounds like a lot when they put it that way. "It was just leftover shit from class."

"Wow, I didn't know they started from scratch for the culinary courses."

Hange's sarcasm is indistinguishable from their regular tones, and he wouldn't able to tell if he didn't have the context that he did, in fact, lie about where he prepared the food.

"And thank you for watering the flowers," they say even gentler. "I know Moblit forgot. They're delicate, some of them, and must have taken a while to identify."

"No, I..." he falters, suddenly feeling a lot more vulnerable. "I already knew them."

"Are you in the botany module as well?" Hange asks with wide eyes. It occurs to Levi that he hasn't told them he likes their new hairstyle, but he shoves down the thought. "I've never seen you there."

"No. I wanted to, but... it didn't... fit," he settles on.

It's simple in theory. Hange knows he likes tea, which can involve many natural ingredients, and botany would help with that knowledge. A fine excuse for wanting to learn about flowers.

But it's not the truth. He's never been good at talking about his interests, not since... well, he just can't, now. Didn't even want to join a damn volleyball team in university, where he's supposed to do as he pleases freely, because he was afraid of what people would think. Like they had a one-up over him, knowing the slightest morsel of information. Blackmail.

Hange hums, scrutinising him. They're too observant and he hates that, yet very much doesn't. But they spare him, and leave it be.

"And thank you for filling in my position."

"I'm not done yet."

There's still the next match at minimum before Hange's cleared for practice again, and he'll probably still be put down as the secondary libero for the following few, as he can't see them doing a full match any time soon. He can only hope Erwin and Shadis are responsible this time in monitoring Hange's exercises.

"Ah, that's true!" They exclaim. "Maybe in practice I can do blocking and spiking instead, so I can get in the matches quicker."

"Nonsense," Erwin interrupts, to Levi's relief. "You will not be jumping."

"It's settled, then! I'll practice my float serves against you, Levi," they grin, and his eyes widen. "I can dig at the very least, but you're a natural at it. You might as well stay libero for good, shorty!"

"Piss off, four-eyes," he hisses."

"Not for now," Erwin decides as everyone prepares to head to the nearest bar for a celebratory meal. "It wouldn't work with you in the front row," he nods at Hange. "He'd get more distracted than you."

Hange flushes at that, laughing. "You're rude, captain!" They chirp, making their way out the door first.

Levi frowns. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Nobody answers him: Erwin passes through the doorway like he didn't hear, Miche smirks and tilts his head high as he follows suit, and Moblit gives him a look of exasperation that Levi's only seen him direct at Hange before.

"Oi, what's that damn eyebrows mean?" *Why'd Hange get embarrassed?*

"Don't worry about it," Nanaba smiles, guiding him out the changing room with a hand on his shoulder. "You get distracted enough in practice as it is."

Levi thinks it's cruel of her to get her own back on a dig he couldn't even finish during the match, but it's part of why he enjoys her sense of humour, so he lets it slide.

He lags behind the group on the way to the bar, his bones aching much more than usual. It's his first official volleyball match since he was ten, so it's not surprising, but it's still hard to put one foot in front of the other.

Hange slows down for him, and he almost considers it pathetic that he's being outpaced by someone that literally had their tits ripped out recently, then figures that they probably downed a bunch of pills before coming to the tournament and are running on pure adrenaline. They're walking faster than they ought to be, he thinks, and he slows down even more.

"Did you have fun, slowpoke?" They ask, gripping his hand to drag him back into the pace he was going at before.

He stares down at their hands, then tuts. "Not as much as you did watching it, by the sound of it."

Hange's vibrant eyes shine at the invitation to discuss everything they saw during the match from the sidelines.

Levi thinks he'd listen to that grating voice forever, if only he was given the chance.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! This fic is incredibly niche to what I'm working on so I understand if it didn't do it for a lot of people, but I'm glad you made it all the way through.

If you enjoyed, please leave kudos or comments below (or both!) :)

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