I'm not robot
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## Arya x eragon lemon fanfic

Okay folks. This is a self-edited, and quite sadistic story. Not for the faint of heart, It contains slash, incest, violence (including non-con), character (dragon) death, strong elements of OOC-ness, and a heavy AU vibe. The AU and OOC vibe primarily comes from the fact that I have not read any of the Eragon books... Matter of fact, I'm not 100% certain there is more than one book. I have, however, pushed my way through enough fanfiction (both decent and horrendous), to pick out the recurring character/plot themes and feel I have a certain knowledge behind my fiction. You may be wondering, now, why the hell anyone would want to read it? I'll give you my reasons for writing it. There are actually just three of them. The first and main reason is that I'm on a Garrett Hedlund kick, and it's difficult to find enjoyable stories, Eragon is usually on bottom, and I detest that. I choose my submissive character in a pairing for whatever reason, and nothing in the world could convince me that it shouldn't be that way. It's all I'll read. And so the wide range of fics has been narrowed for me, dramatically, in that way. Finally, I like higher ratings. I don't bother writing slash for the kissing and romance and mushiness, unless I've thoroughly tortured my characters first. Yes, I seem to be a bit sadomasochistic. No, I really don't care if you have a problem with that.SO! To summarize. If you want to read a high-rating story where Eragon tops Murtagh, and you don't have a problem with that.SO! To summarize. If you want to read a high-rating story where Eragon tops Murtagh, and you don't have a problem with that.SO! To summarize. If you want to read a high-rating story where Eragon tops Murtagh, and you don't have a problem with that.SO! To summarize. If you want to read a high-rating story where Eragon tops Murtagh, and you don't have a problem with that.SO! 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And still, for all his discomfort, only one thought could be held. "Thorn is dead..." A sorrow that couldn't be expressed seemed to catch in the dark-haired man's cry to me because Eragon is OOC. I know this. Enjoy. throat, choking him. There were no words for this kind of pain. The man in front of him reflected a far different emotion. The once laughing-sweet-face of Eragon was gone, long since hardened by war and suffering. His eyes that before might have expressed the misery of having seen so many die, now blazed. Actual fire burned behind the orbs; a magic that could be no more explained than controlled. Saphira was not far, her talons still wet with the blood of the older man'ts dragon. As was that accursed sword. He couldn't bear to look. The dragon expressed all of her rider's anger, smoke streaming thickly from her flaring nostrils, but she paced with a nervous edge. Clearly, she had never before witnessed this behavior from Eragon. "Give me one good reason why I shouldn't finish the job with you." The younger man- his own brother- demanded, air crackling with the magic-tinged anger in his voice. "One good reason why I shouldn't carry your fucking skull with me as a reminder to all what should happen to traitors." The hand in Murtagh's hair tightened. "Th- Thorn." Murtagh finally whimpered, his cry of pain mirroring his broken heart. It was the first sound he'd managed since his dragon's screams tore through his soul. Be damned if he would give Eragon words of supplication. "WHY SHOULDN'T I KILL YOU?" Eragon bellowed. spittle hitting Murtagh's cheek. The fury in that voice alone seemed to take the last of the elder brother's remaining strength, and he crumpled in the fierce hold. But did not fall to the ground. "I would never- never have killed Saphira." He finally choked out, tears gathering in the corners of his eyes, from the grip in his hair. "LIAR!" Eragon accused, fury no more abated than it had been. "You would have seen both her and I slaughtered. You would have handed us over to- to-" there seemed to be no word in the young man's vocabulary to accurately portray just what he thought of Galbatorix. "Era- You don't understand. I can't- I couldn't- I didn't have a choi-" "I don't want to hear your fucking excuses!" Pain (of the physical variety) spread across Murtagh's cheek, from the sudden backhand; the force from the blow so strong that Eragon stumbled slightly when his grasp on the other's hair didn't lessen. "Eragon stumbled slightly when his grasp on the other's hair didn't lessen." The rider thought back, savagely, not knowing what "this" was. Death seemed almost too merciful now."I will be no part of this..." The dragon whispered to his mind, and with her vow, she took to the sky, surveying the surrounding area. Miles in the distance, battle continued to rage on. Neither man seemed to notice her absence. "I fear that for you, brother," Eragon spit the bitter word from his mouth "there is nothing you could say to convince me that you deserve to live after your treachery.""Then kill me." Murtagh barked back, scratching at his kin's hand to force it into releasing him. Eragon paid no mind to the scratches, nor the blood welling from them, but he did release the dark-haired man. "Is that it, then? You think back, scratching at his kin's hand to force it into releasing him. Eragon paid no mind to the scratches, nor the blood welling from them, but he did release the dark-haired man. "Is that it, then? You think back, scratching at his kin's hand to force it into releasing him. Eragon paid no mind to the scratches, nor the blood welling from them, but he did release the dark-haired man." that because your dragon is dead- DEAD," he repeated, to watch the bereaved wince it evoked. "that I could drain it from myself, that I could. To share such a bond with someone who could turn their back on me is more than I can stand. And I have withstood much, Murtagh son of Morzan." I would never have killed Saphira!" The kick to his side came as no great shock, but the pain was real. The dark-haired man rolled with it, staring up at the sky, blood-red from the sunset. "So family means so fucking much to you, does it? But you chose to follow in your dead father's footsteps, and betray your living blood!" Eragon could no more have thought of Morzan as his father, also, than he could have sprouted wings of his own and took Saphira flying on his back. "I had no choice!" Murtagh bellowed, tears streaming down his dirty face in earnest now. He held his side where he'd been kicked. "There's always a choice!" Eragon dropped to his knees, hauling his older brother halfway to a sitting position by the front of his ripped shirt. "You chose to leave. You chose to fight for Galbotorix! You chose to betray everyone you'd swore you wanted to protect. And you know what hurts the most, you bastard? What makes me so angry? Is that while I barely knew you, 'I' trusted you! Against all warnings, against all fucking reason, I loved you. Without ever asking why you might deserve it. My whole life, I KNEW to my very soul that family was the thing most worth fighting for. But you spat on that and all my other beliefs. You broke my heart, and the pain from that is more agonizing than the thought of a thousand dragons dying!" Saphira's roar of dismay echoed around the trees. Eragon ignored his own treachery to her. Murtagh grasped at Eragon's sleeves, tears mixing trails of mud across his face. "I didn't mean to hurt you, Era-" with a disgusted sound, the blonde man dropped his prey. He turned his back on the prone figure, running dragon blood-stained fingers through his own dirty hair. It was impossible for the younger rider to center his thoughts. Every time he tried to feel pity or understanding for his brother, memories of Arya's death played again, fueling his own remorse. Even while fighting for different sides, he could not have imagined Murtagh would turn her over; that he was capable of that level of evil. Part of his heart warned that even still, he loved the red rider. While a larger part screamed for Arya's revenge. And yet another fought for control to assuage his own pain at the blood treason. "I thought-Thought I could help by joining. That I could attack Galb- That I could kill him if I got close enough. But he swore me to- forced me- I never stopped loving you, brother, but I was helpless against my treason." Eragon barked out a bitter laugh, that made his brother? I forgive all because you were "helpless" to stop what you did?" he mocked staring impassively at the brunette's shaking shoulders. "YOU LOVE ME, and abandon me?" for a moment he took pause, noting the level of pain in his brother's expression. A new sharp hurt that, if it were possible, was beyond the death of his dragon. "You do love me..." the younger mused aloud, the revelation bringing no wonderment. His voice remained cold and calculating, in contrast to his countenance of disdain and disgust. "And not just as a brother." Murtagh shut his eyes to try shielding his own shame. He'd never imagined Eragon discovering like this, or ever at all, if he were honest with himself. Slowly, the blue rider's fists clenched, his rage again building. "Then your betrayal is all the more detestable." He dropped to his knees once more, again yanking prip on his hair again, holding him in place. "This what you wanted, brother?" he hissed against the other"s ear. "Did you dream of it? Plan it while you worked against me?" Eragon forced the other's head back more, as far as it could go. A dark cruelty seemed to be overtaking him. While watching a scene like the one playing out would have sickened him, actually implementing it filled him with joy. Black joy that fed off of the control he felt. Murtagh struggled, neck bent to its limit, as his lips bled. He pushed fruitlessly at his brother. "You didn't picture it like this, did you? How differently you must have imagined. Did you see me as I was when we met; still a boy fresh from the farm. Did you see me as I was when we met; still a boy fresh from the farm. the less. "Any part of myself that you knew is dead. At least to you. I'm no longer the naive boy I was then. He might have forgiven you. I never will." Eragon had not felt aroused by the situation for an instant. Not even on the most carnal level. All he knew was he wanted the other to hurt more than he did. Blood pumped through his body with an adrenaline rush he'd never known; roaring in his ears, and in the process he'd become hard. It was easy- too easy- to push the dark haired man back against the ground, to tear his clothing away, and yank his own breeches down to his knees. Murtagh struggled again, genuine fear taking over his face. Eragon swore he could smell it. 'Feel' it in the air around them. It fueled his black joy. His right hand probed blindly, aligning himself, left hand adjusting or brushing aside uncooperative limbs. "Eragon! NO!" The dragon's cry was ignored, though it pierced his fury-hazed mind like an arrow. A scream tore free from Murtagh's throat, and the blonde rider spared a look down his nose at the contorted features below him. Murtagh's ruined shirt rode up as he arched his back away from the sharp pain of being entered unprepared. The scar left by his father, "their" father, could be seen. Eragon felt it was only appropriate that he left his own mark, if only to his brother's memories. The blue rider forced the other further onto his shoulder blades as he rocked forward, struggling to keep a hold on the jerking legs. Murtagh keened repeatedly, as Eragon took up a punishing rhythm. Gradually the slide in and out was eased by blood and pre-come. He ignored the harsh begging from his shoulders now, and had stopped shoving at his tormentor, trying to ease the strain on his neck instead. At long last, the younger man found his release, and Murtagh sobbed weakly as semen and blood spilled over his thighs with Eragon's withdrawal. Savage satisfaction warred with nausea, and Eragon stumbled back as though drunk. Murtagh lay still on the forest floor, wheezing for breath. Writhing from a continued pain. Eragon watched the man suffer for what seemed hours, neither speaking. Finally the blonde rider crouched near his brother, not reacting when Murtagh cringed away from his presence. "Waise Heill." He finally spoke, healing the red rider's torn skin. The magic had taken no effort at all. Eragon stood easily, looking (for what he felt sure would not be the last time) at his closest family. "Your dragon is dead. As far as I'm concerned, so are you." "Come." Eragon ordered, and a moment later Saphira landed nearby. She did not look at the standing man, not even when he mounted her. Her eyes rested on the broken form of Murtagh, Fall. Given a second chance, Eragon will fix everything, and save everyone - including Arya. All the free people of Alagaesia must fight for their freedom. Rated T for possible language and mature scenes in later change his True Name. Critical Role YouTube. The war will culminate in the greatest battle the world has ever seen, even as Eragon fights his own. Just a little note to whoever is still wanting to know what's going on with this fic. When he is captured by Galbatorix's new pets and separated from Saphira, can he rely on his brother and some new friends to get him out. Eragon resumes his journey as a Rider, with many obstacles along the way. A tale of how the old acquaintances meet again, fall in love and find their heart's desire. All are keeping secrets, some more deadly than others. Murtagh, Thorn, and Galbatorix have appeared. CP's cast of characters fight to end the evil king's reign once and for all. I am considering adding my own, but I feel like that wouldn't be fair. Also, will Arya and Eragon's relationship be defined. Will they realize it in time, through past lovers and lurking foe. The war of Galbatorix's era has long passed, but the fated love between Eragon and Arya has not. The elves are abroad once more, the dwarves fight, the Varden are ready to invade. It isn't at the same level as the greatsThe Best of Eragon and Arya | FanFictionEragon and Arya | FanFi immediately after the funeral rite's of Oromis and Glaedr. And maybe she'll see they can be together. Arya is there to comfort Eragon while she deals with her confused feelings for him. EragonxArya, because they really need more love. Message received steven universe full. Warning: Graphic torture sequences. Rated T for possible language and mature scenes in later chapters, although they are not guaranteed to exist. Its prosperity attracts foreign warriors, and gives him the perfect reason to return home. They have little to no grammatical mistakes and are enjoyable reads for AxE fansWhat's the best Eragon and Arya fan fictionHigh Quality AxE | FanFictionSons of War Inheritance Cycle fanfic trailer Again, lemon. Press question mark to learn the rest of the keyboard shortcuts Log In Sign Up User account menu 13 What's the best Eragon and Arya fan fiction. We have an official Discord server: 23. Both are written in a style of language that is appropriate to the books. Note, it has lemon scenes here and there. It's a nice read if you can stomach how it looks, but they're still writing it so if you like it, more is to come. FanFiction. I'm looking for some well written fan fiction that puts Eragon and Arya together in the epic romance we we're all promised.9k Citizens of Alagaesia 100 Dragon Riders Created May 12, 2009 Join help Reddit coins Reddit premium Reddit gifts about careers press advertise blog Terms Content policy Privacy policy Mod policy Reddit Inc ? 2020..Got any good suggestions? 3 comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments and thread New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread is archived New comments and thread New comments share save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread New comments are save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread New comments are save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread New comments are save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread New comments are save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread New comments are save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread New comments are save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread New comments are save hide report 82% Upvoted This thread New comments are save 12% Upvoted This thread New comments are save 12% Upvoted This thread New comments are save 12% cookies. I've never been good at gauging relationships (socially awkward with a bit of ADHD and bi-polar tendencies thrown in) but I've thoroughly enjoyed it so far. The other is too, but this one is direct to the point with pretty much nothing else. I Agree. This one is shorter and is more focused on the romance. All rights reserved Back to Top Cookies help us deliver our ServicesArya DröttninguWhat's the best Eragon and Arya fan fiction? : EragonTrailer de Fire and Ice (F.F. Eragon)Ajouter a la bibliotheque 12 Discussion 2 Because I Knew You 4 pages 24 septembre 2016 Hallie Fanfiction Romance Eragon Inheritance Cycle Christopher Polini Dragon Rider. Arya Knew After nearly four years, Eragon Shadeslayer and Arya Shadeslayer are finally reunited. Elf Inheritance Eldest Saphira Arya Elves Brisingr Inheritance Cycle Dragon Rider are finally reunited. Elf Inheritance Eldest Saphira Arya Elves Brisingr Inheritance Cycle Dragon Rider High Fantasy Hope blossoms once more when Eragon discovers that he does not have to leave his homeland at all, but rather train the Dragon Rider on a hidden island residing above the Elvish forest. Can the small band. Ajouter a la bibliotheque 42 Discussion 3 Eragon: Little Sparrow 36 pages 23 fevrier 2016 GoodDifferent Fanfiction Romance Dragons Elves Dwarves Eragon. Ostwick. Now after almost 200 years and nine new dragon riders, evil has returned to Alagaesia. Murtagh x oc Ajouter a la bibliotheque 4 Discussion 2 Reflections Death Eragon Arya. The two of them defeated the evil king and saved their homeland. In sear. When a stupid idea of Eragon's gets both Brom and the idiot Dragon Rider locked up in Galbatorix's dungeons, with Galbatorix on the way a couple of cities from Urubaen, the last thi...Trying to usurp him from power, get him off the throne. This is about another, younger, female rider who joins Eragon on his quest. Elf Human Magic Spellcasting Shapeshifter Shifter Dragon Rider Swords Weapons War Abuse It all began with Eragon, as he became the rider of the blue dragon Arya StoriesEragon Arya HistoiresEmma Potter: l'altra prescelta. She busied herself with chasing fish and performing elaborate underwater acrobatics, generously giving him time to be alone with his thoughts. Eragon had consulted Blodhgarm, the Eldunari, and Saphira countless times, but they had never reached a satisfactory explanation. She still held Firnen in higher regard than any of them and wished for his company on the island in person. He curled onto his side and drew his knees toward his chest. But that was before he knew he would be burdened with an unbearable feeling of heat and burning every day for the rest of his life. Prompto x gladiolus. He could now trace his abnormal condition of being overly hot all the time back to this instance, back to the moment he felt he must forever bury his burning passion within his body so it would never again surface in such an inappropriate way.. He had not only grown in stature and was taller than many of the tallest male elves and much broader, thanks to his human inheritance, but he had increased immeasurably in maturity and wisdom. Since he and the elves had discovered this island ten years before and determined with the help of the Eldunari that it was the ideal location for the home of the Riders and dragons, he had thrown himself zealously into the work of building a city and home for all the future Riders. The heat of the sun began immediately to combine with the burning in his blood to make him miserable, but he barely felt it this time. 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