

Purple

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Kapitel 1: My sun

Chapter 1 - My sun

The sun was shining. What am I writing? It was *burning*!

„So... *warm...*“, a boy with dark brown hair and stormy blue eyes mumbled while stumbling to his room. He was training with his brother and best friend, Murtagh.

He had finally been able to bring Murtagh back, though it was against said boy's will. He's still mumbling his curses against him if he's remembered of his coming back, but besides of that he didn't complain. After all, he *didn't* want the vows he gave Galbatorix nor did he want to capture Eragon, his brother. Which he found out later, but whatever. The only person who never seemed to become tired of trusting him. Never. For which he's thankful. So, he won't complain.

Besides of that, he *still* need to earn the trust of everyone else than Eragon. Arya and Nasuada were accepting his presence, but that's all. It seemed that the reason was mostly because of him, since he used to be all down... Well, that's what *they* told him but who is he to ever admit that?!

That's something that still bothered Eragon. The Varden won't trust Murtagh, even after this six months Murtagh is back now. They remembered just too well the very first time they had seen Murtagh again after months of searching, though they searched only in the beginning, and finally thinking he is dead. Eragon was shocked, too. He felt betrayed by his friend, too. But that's not the matter anymore. Murtagh was back and it was good like that. The past didn't matter anymore. At least, not for him.

The Varden won't forget. The dwarves won't forget. The elves won't forget. Galbatorix won't forget as well, now being betrayed by Murtagh as well. Only Eragon was able to forget, it seemed. And he didn't like that thought. If it was for him, Murtagh wouldn't even had gone to Galbatorix. But he did. And Eragon forgave him.

But the others didn't, won't ever. Not even Murtagh *himself* would forgive himself. He may not show it and Eragon won't say a word. He knows how his new-found brother thinks about talking about feelings. His *own* feelings, especially. He just hoped that Murtagh will tell him one day.

While thinking so much about Murtagh and that whole (pretty stupid, if I may say) situation, he had arrived at his room and was now facing the door, standing before it. For twenty minutes by now, if anyone cared to know. He snapped out of his thoughts as he felt a hand on his shoulder. Startled, he turned around just to face the subject of his previous thoughts: Murtagh.

„Hey. You kinda spaced out, you know? Is something wrong?“, said boy asked

concerned. Well, for Eragon it was. For everyone else, Murtagh's just looking like the emotionless ass they were thinking he was since he'd betrayed them. But Eragon knew it better. He was really concerned, he *always was* about him. Even while he was on Galbatorix's side.

„No, nothing's wrong at all“, Eragon answered quickly and turned to open the door. But Murtagh didn't let him.

Still with his hand on Eragon's shoulder, he inched forward, coming closer to Eragon. Whose breathing stopped nearly immediately.

„You sure?“, Murtagh asked, nearly whispering into the ear of the younger one. He was slightly smirking. What should he think about the reaction he just got from his brother just by coming a bit closer than normal?

~A *bit*? Oh, please, don't make me laugh.~

Murtagh furrowed his eyebrows. What was that stupid voice insulting him? After a moment, he decided to drop that for later and to focus on his little brother now, which still wasn't breathing at all.

„Um... Eragon? Don't forget to breath, okay?“, he said after another moment, now slightly worried about his brother. He was turning *grey*, damn it!

Right after Murtagh had said that, Eragon gasped for air. He'd really forgotten the thing that is normally more than habit and pretty important for living at all: breathing. He could've just ran into his room, lock the door and never come out again. He really felt like doing that. But he didn't move one millimeter.

Murtagh was smirking even wider. „Good“, he whispered, again into his ear, just to finally let go of the younger Rider and turn away for his leave.

„Make sure you won't forget it again, little brother“, he said teasingly over his shoulder and left, leaving a stunned Eragon behind.

Hey. Stop standing there like a frightened rabbit, little one, Eragon heard suddenly and nearly jumped before recognizing the voice.

Saphira, he said relieved over the link the two of them were sharing since said dragon hatched.

*Who else? Now, would you mind going in your room or something? It's *disturbing* to know you standing there*, Saphira said, scolding him a little.

But Eragon knew that she just wanted him to stop that thoughts for a while. Well, the thoughts about Murtagh that is. She really knows what's going on with him even if he himself didn't. She always had to help him getting it.

Sighing, he finally entered his room and threw himself onto his bed. He was confused.

To say the least. Remembering what just happened only a few moments ago, he wished for it to never end. That feeling when Murtagh, his *brother*, was so close to him. Too close to think properly. Too close to think at all. He blushed.

He wondered if it was just him, reacting like that to his brother or... How were the women reacting to him, the red Rider?

Searching for some moments where Murtagh was with women, kinda, he noticed that he only once said something about how beautiful Nasuada was (and she seems to like him to some point, which made him annoyed by her) and that was it. The older boy was always respectful to others. Maybe *especially* to women, but that was it. He didn't seem to have any interest in one of them in particular.

Maybe, he already likes someone, but that someone just doesn't get it, Saphira remarked out of the blue.

~Uuuuuuuuuuh. A *blue* dragon remarking something out of the *blue*.~

Shut up, author.

~Hmpf. /am writing this story, am I not?~

Yeah, so?

~... Whatever...~

You sure, Saphira? I can't imagine Murtagh being in love with someone at all..., Eragon mused.

Saphira mentally slapped him for that. Really, that boy's so *dense*!

~Is it just me or didn't he hear me...?~

Well, Saphira started, ignoring the stupid author, and through gritted teeth, though it won't be heard through the link, *what speaks against it? You are in love as well, aren't you?*

Eragon froze. What was she talking about? Him? In love? With whom? And shouldn't *he* be the one knowing it before the other does? What was that all about anyway? True, he was always thinking about only one person, but that didn't mean that he is in love with him, did it?

°Saphira's confusing today°, he thought to himself. °Then again, she's always kinda confusing anyway...°

Don't forget that I can hear your thoughts, little one, Saphira remembered him.

Y-yeah, I'm sorry..., he apologized to her and started his musings again.

He really had no idea who Murtagh's someone may be. Not even one. He could only

think of Nasuada 'cause of his (annoying) remark, but besides of that... And that didn't really count for Eragon, since Murtagh's treatening her like the others, not even a little bit special. (Besides of the fact that she is now the leader of the Varden...)

°So, who is it, Murtagh, the red Rider, Morzan's son? Who is it...?°, he thought, drifting off into sleep. Saphira looking over him through the link.

Dream happy, little one, she whispered, though she knew he couldn't hear her. But who cared at that moment?

OOOOO

At the same time, Murtagh had a little *conversation* with his dragon.

**Thorn!* Stop making fun of me already!*, Murtagh growled while turning his now narrowed eyes in the direction where he thought Thorn must be right now, since they weren't in the same room..

Oh, I'm not making fun of you, not at all!, the red dragon answered the non-existent question of his rider, snickering. No, he wasn't making fun of his Rider. Who was he to do so? Oh, yeah, right. Thorn, the red dragon. Who's laughing his ass off (if that's possible) at the moment. Nearly forgot, sorry. And, yeah, it's because of Murtagh. Poor boy, haha.

Oh, of course not. What made me think that you would laugh at me? You, the mighty red dragon won't do that!, Murtagh growled sarcastically.

Right, Thorn simply said, triumphantly smirking.

Sighing, Murtagh laid down on his bed, kind of hugging his pillow and closing his eyes, thinking. He was thinking of a particular young... boy with dark brown hair... A boy of which he was always thinking of for some time now. The young boy was so... so... *appealing*.

Is it my fault for falling... Yeah, falling in love with him?, he asked himself, though it was through the link.

The only reply was silence.

For a while, there was just silence.

One minute...

Two minutes...

It felt like an eternity for Murtagh when he finally got an answer from his red dragon.

No, it's not, was the simple answer, but it was enough for Murtagh. Thorn wasn't nauseated by him. He sighed, relieved.

Thank you, Thorn, he said, smiling. It was really a relief to know that his dragon

hadn't anything against him, being in love... with another man. Murtagh himself didn't care. For him, it didn't matter which gender the person-in question had. But he knew, some did. Some won't accept it. Never would they.

No, he won't tell anyone. Not a single word. As long as Thorn knew... He didn't care if the others does or not. But... he won't tell *him* as well. Murtagh was just too worried of *his* reaction. Too afraid of being rejected.

°Not from him°, he thought, slightly hopeless. He was sure that he would die in some way or another as soon as he was rejected by him. Not really physically but mentally. Even now, since he wasn't that alone anymore as he used to be. Now, he had Thorn. But even the red dragon won't be able to help him out of the darkness that would be there.

He would only be a light, shining on the path Murtagh still had to go.

While his sun would never rise for him again.

~oO°0°Oo~

Author Note: Well... Yumi hopes that you all liked it and enjoyed!

If you want to read more, please just say it! If not, Yumi may not upload any more... She's not sure...

Well, in the next chapter, there'll be some new character...

Yumi hopes that her English isn't too bad!

Till next time!

Kapitel 2: Charoid

Well... Yumi wrote another chapter :D *hopping around like mad*

She just hopes that you all will enjoy this chapter and that she'll have an idea for the chapter she's writing on at the moment, soon...

Oh, and no character from Eragon/Eldest is Yumi's, though she kinda wished some would. Only Yuuki is her's.

On with the story now!

The next morning, the two brothers were sitting together, like always. And while Murtagh was looking like always, Eragon was looking... nervous?

When Murtagh's around, I can't think anymore, Eragon thought agitated. After all, he still didn't get it, did he?

Stop that, Eragon. Calm down, Saphira tried to... Yeah, to calm him down.

I can't do anything against it, Saphira! It's like he got a spell on me or something..., Eragon contered, not really convincingly.

Well, he did. Kinda...

Eragon. Stop that or someone will notice, Saphira tried again. And, yeah, she ignored the author again. Thank you.

Taking a deep breath, Eragon finally calmed down. After trying to forget who's sitting next to him. Well, he didn't forget the dark haired man with that dark eyes who smelled pretty good, Eragon had to notice, wondering about the smelling-pretty-good part. He managed to ignore him. Which was even worsen, if anyone would ask him. Nobody did, of course.

„What's the matter, Eragon?“, he was asked suddenly. Turning his attention from his question of what Murtagh's smell reminded him of, the Rider looked at Arya. In the first time he was travelling with Murtagh, he really had to admit it, he had a little crush on her. But that's gone by now. Now, they're good friends.

„It's nothing, really. Don't worry“, was his answer. Forcing a smile for her, he continued eating. Though he knew that she would ask him later again, when nobody's there anymore. It's fascinating that she knew him as well as Saphira does. Well, as she could without a link between them, like it was with Saphira. 1:0 for Saphira.

Really, what is that smell? I know it, but can't really say what it is..., Eragon wondered again, returning to the thoughts of Murtagh.

The boy who was thought of (Murtagh, which he didn't know of) was wondering something else.

Something's bothering him, he can't play dumb. But what? And what was that stupid smile about? I thought they are only friends now and that it had stopped..., were a few thoughts of him. And Thorn knew them all, of course. Would be odd if not, right? The red Rider was...

Jealous! I can't believe you're jealous, Murtagh! Of that elf! I could've imagined pretty much, but not that, Thorn laughed through the link. He really seemed to love pissing his rider off.

Oh, really? What would that be?, Murtagh asked his dragon, already a bit pissed off.

Ooooooh, I don't think you want to know!

... I do.

Thon sighed. That was a joke, damn it!

...

Okay, well, it was not. He thought of some really nasty things, his rider might do to little Eragon, but... He wasn't *that* suicidal, was he? Besides, he knew too much dreams Murtagh had about Eragon (all dreams Murtagh had were) and was even thinking of not speaking to his rider anymore because of them. Really, man or not...

Just make sure you'll tell him quickly! I don't want seeing any more dreams of you doing... some things with him, Thorn said after a while.

Murtagh blushed. You want to hear that he looked like a tomato or something? Well, you won't.

He wondered. Thorn knew of his dreams? Which? How many? And what was he supposed to do now? He would've liked to kill his dragon right away at that very moment, but hey, he also knew he would regret it.

Stop blushing, kid! Just tell him as soon as possible... And make sure to tell me before it happens..., Thorn told him, mentally rolling his eyes. God, what did he do to get such a rider?

„Okay“, Murtagh said sternly. And, of course, out loud.

„What?“, Murtagh heard Eragon's voice after a little pause.

Uh-oh, did I just said that out loud?

„Nothing, Eragon. I was just speaking with Thorn, nothing more“, he explained.

„Hm...“, was the only answer.

some other place

It's so boring here, a seventeen-year old, blackhaired girl thought. She was sitting in her class. Math. Ew.

„Yuuki, you want to tell us something?“, her teacher snapped at her from behind. When did he go there? Wasn't he supposed to still be standing at the blackboard?

Yuu, say something, one of her two friends thought. But she could hear her. No idea, how, but she could. Her mother was able to hear other's thoughts as well. She had to promise her once not to tell anyone. And she didn't.

„Umm... No, I... I feel a little sick, that's all“, she said promptly. Her teacher furrowed his eyebrows.

„Really? Then you should better go home if it's too bad. Or“, he continued, getting his glasses into the right position again, „you listen, as boring as my lessons might be for you, Yuuki-san.“ His eyes shot sparkles.

„I may go home, I really don't feel that good“, Yuuki said cautiously. She hated it when he's using that "-san". Yeah, she was from Japan, but that didn't mean that he can use it. When her family used it, she didn't mind, that's okay. After all, it's her family and it's still a habit for them. Kinda, though. She didn't mind her friends using it as well, after all, they're her friends. And they were a bit interested in the culture from *her* land, as they are calling it. But she did mind the teacher.

„Do as you wish, Yuuki. And get well soon.“

She nodded, packed and bid good bye to her two friends, without the teacher noticing. No one knew why, but he didn't like that. Well, when it was in his lesson, like now. God knows why. They all didn't care, though...

OOOOO

At home, she immediately went into her room. Her parents were both at work, so she had the house for herself for now.

After packing her things out, she threw herself onto her bed with her beloved one. A stone she got from her best friend on her last birthday, when she turned seventeen. That friend is now studying in America, so they weren't seeing each other that much. Only from time to time, when he had holidays. She was really missing him. After all, he was her best friend and will always be!

Turning on her side, she looked at the stone like she'd never seen it before. It had a really beautiful colour. A deep purple. Maybe some blue, but mostly purple. After getting it, she searched for information about the stone. It was a chaorid, that she

knew from her friend. But he didn't mention that it was said that the stone supports the concentration and that it's the "stone of transformation" in this world and from this one into other worlds. Interesting. Well, for her. Her friends weren't looking at that piece of information.

Sighing, she laid the stone aside, taking a book from her bedside table. She'd read that book a few times now, but never got tired of it. The title read *Eldest*. She just loved stories like that. With dragons, magic and all that. Or vampires.

She were reading the second book at the moment. Well... Yuuki began the second book again.

Opening it, she skipped the first few pages with the map and the dedication and stopped on the first page of the first chapter.

As she was at the end of the first side, she was confused. What had happened? The book wasn't beginning like that the last few times she were reading it. There was no way! And thinking of the way the first one ended... No, it just wasn't possible! She doubted that the author would write slash in that book. And then *EragonxMurtagh*. Really. No way.

She read it again and then just continued reading it. But no, it wasn't just that side being different. Even more confused, she looked at the title. Just to be sure. You couldn't be careful enough. But no, it still read the second book.

What the...?, was her last thought before she was eaten by a flash of light, taking her (and the stone) away.

Author note: Finished :D

Woah, it was kinda fun, writing that chapter, hehehe... hoping that there isn't any mistake anymore

Yumi hopes that you all enjoyed and want to read more of it! (You should pray for her creativity, then... Dx)

I'll work on it!

Till next time! (Hopefully)

@Ricadu: Haha, danke für deinen Kommentar XD

Wie du siehst ist Englisch auch nicht meine Sprache. Ich lese und schreibe nur gerne englisch XD

Deswegen freut es mich vor allem, einen Kommentar von dir bekommen zu haben ;)

Und, allgemein, einen bekommen zu haben... Danke! *dir einen Keks geb*

Kapitel 3: The desert

Chapter 3 – The desert

As Yuuki slightly got her consciousness back, she noticed in her nearly-sleep that it was... warm. Not to say *hot*. And... wait! Was that sand where she was lying on? That was wrong, so wrong! She was supposed to lie on her bed. And it was supposed to be *winter*. And what happened to the ticking of her clock? There was no ticking anymore. Not one noise was heard.

Wind let her hair dance. Wait. Wind? She hadn't opened the window. She opened her eyes and saw...

...yellow.

„Huh?“, was the only thing she was able to manage, too confused. She sat up and looked around. All she saw was *yellow*. Yellow *sand*. And a deep blue sky above her. She could only see a few mountains, but they were pretty far away, even she could tell. But besides of that, there was really nothing.

Something caught her attention, then. She crawled over to it and saw her stone lying there. So, she had her stone here, after all. What coincidence.

Taking it, she stood up, only to notice something more. Her clothes! What happened to them? As much as she could tell, they looked kinda ancient. It was a dress, though. Still, not bad. She had always liked ancient stuff. One reason could be because of her friend. After all, he's studying archaeology. It started with him in their childhood. Maybe, she got that from him. It had rubbed off on her. Who knows.

After all, she couldn't do anything against wearing that ancient dress now. The only thing she knew from her room and life was her stone, it seemed.

She thought about it. What should she do now? After all, she was in a *desert*. She didn't have water at all. Maybe she should just try getting to those mountains?

Okay, calm down, Yuuki. Think. You're in the middle of a desert, alone, and the only things you can see except from that sand are these mountains... She sighed. *I don't think that I can make it, but it's better than dying without even trying.*

Thinking that, she started heading towards the mountains. She had never done something like that before, she never was someone for hiking. After some time, it was hard for her to not remember that fact.

After a few hours walking, it went dark around the black-haired girl and she decided to rest. She wasn't able to get too far, she knew. But better than nothing. Lying the stone beside her she went to sleep. But she didn't notice anymore that the stone was shining. She just nearly heard a little lullaby.

OO°OO°OO°OO°OO°OO°OO°OO with Eragon and Murtagh again
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„Eragon!“

Turning around, Eragon looked into Murtagh's dark eyes. He laughed, a little bit nervous. Murtagh sighed.

„Really. What's the matter, Eragon? That's the fifth time I'm *winning*. If that would be a real fight, you would be pretty dead!“

Uh-oh. Murtagh was *really* pissed off now.

„I'm sorry. It was just... I had that odd feeling...“, he trailed off, not knowing how to say it. It was like someone was calling for him. A silent melody, leading him.

Murtagh seemed to doubt it. „What... What feeling?“, he asked then. He had some feeling, too, but...

„I... Promise me that you won't laugh or something!“, Eragon said. He knew that Murtagh wouldn't do that. Well, as long as he had promised it.

„Okay. Promise.“ He said it in the old language as well.

„Good“, Eragon nodded. „Well, about that feeling... I don't really know what it is, but it seems that someone want me to go somewhere... More precisely: the Hadarac-desert“, he explained, uncertain.

„Eragon“, Murtagh started after a pause. „I... had the same feeling. At first, I thought it might be an elf, seeing that it used the old language. Of the last part I'm sure...“ He spoke serious. No matter what he'd said, he meant it. He could've probably told Eragon to dress up as a clown (which they didn't have nor know of, but whatever) and go to Galbatorix and strip and Eragon would have been sure that he meant it. Though he didn't want to dress up as a clown and strip before Galbatorix... Or to strip at all...

„Maybe“, the blue Rider started, „ we should go there. Just to be sure.“

After that, they looked at each other for a while.

„Let's go“, they said in unison, grinning.

OO°OO°OO°OO°OO°OO°OO°OO with Yuuki again OO°OO°OO°OO°OO°OO°OO°OO

The next morning Yuuki woke up, she was upset. She had hoped that that desert-thing had only been a dream. But it wasn't, the girl now knew.

Why me?, she asked herself, reaching out for the stone and froze. Her stone wasn't lying there anymore. Where her stone should have been lying were now lying a big...

Was that a stone as well? Except from the size, it looked like *her* stone. But only except from the size. That thing was much bigger. But she was too curious and looked at it closer.

What is that? It seems to be a stone, but... Isn't it a bit too hard to be one?, she wondered, knocking carefully against it. Looking around, she took it. Why not taking it with her? It didn't seem to be very dangerous, or even dangerous at all.

A little excited, thanks to that 'incident' with the stone, she looked forward to the next day. It wasn't that boring anymore. She had something to think about while walking now, after all. Except from the question if she would even do it, that is.

OO°OO°OO°OO°OO°OO°OO°OO with Eragon and Murtagh again
OO°OO°OO°OO°OO°OO°OO°OO

First, they had to talk to Nasuada. Well, after all, they had already packed and were both ready to go. And the dragons were as well.

„Why?“, was the question they knew would come and the one that they didn't want to answer. Not yet.

„We want to see if something's going on there“, Eragon had answered. They had discussed it before, so it would went well. „Just to be sure.“

„Hm...“, had been Nasuada's answer. But, after all, she had allowed them to go, much to their relief.

OOOOO

They headed towards the desert now. It would take some days to their destination.

Who do you think is there, Murtagh?, Eragon asked the red Rider.

Who or... what. I don't really know. I can only guess.

And that would be?

Murtagh smirked a little. There were times were Eragon was *really* curious. Like now.

Cute, Murtagh thought. Wait... Did he just thought of Eragon as... *cute*? He meant to hear the laughter of his dragon. How annoying.

I guess that... it don't want to cause us any harm. A sign is that it used the old language, saying that it needs help, Murtagh explained, lost in thought.

Eragon just nodded, looking ahead.

It's too late to worry about the consequences now, Eragon, Saphira told him. There was a little pause.

I know, Saphira.

00°000°000°000°000°000°00 with Yuuki again 00°000°000°000°000°000°00

Okay. She was now walking for days, so much she knew. But she didn't know how many days.

Only two days know...

Two days? Shoot. And she had always thought that that with losing the sense of time couldn't be that bad! And now, she's walking for two days. Going after how she felt, it were already a few weeks.

„Woah, not one more metre!“

She let herself fall to the ground, exhausted. Really. Now, she was sure that this must be some other odd world and not hers. And now that she was sure of that... Why the hell did she get into this world in a freaking *desert* of all places?!

I have never mobbed someone in my classes, so why me?! Really. How unfair. Poor kid.

At that very moment, the stone in her arms began shining like it wanted to comfort her. But it didn't right? After all, it was just a random stone, right? Well... how naive.

Suddenly, Yuuki heard a quiet whimper. She looked around. No, there wasn't even one animal. Then, it whimpered again. She looked at the stone. Was that just her imagination or came that whimper from the *stone* itself?! Again a whimper. Shocked, she let the stone fall to the ground.

A pitiful whimper was heard as the stone hit the ground.

Yuuki just stared.

For a while, there was nothing.

As she was about to get closer again, it whimpered again. And something cracked. She froze. The stone cracked?

And another crack was heard.

After a last whimper, the surface of the stone broke and a piece of it fell into the sand. The purple piece on the yellow sand gave an odd picture. Then, something came out of the hole where the piece had been only a moment ago. She recognized the thing, which whimpered again.

It was a little, purple head.

Woah, finally the third chapter online here. Whee.

Thank you very much, Ricadu, ich lade hier eigentlich nur noch für dich hoch xDD

Yumi