

# Titan's plains (Rivaille x Fem!Reader)

Von Yereza

## Chapter one: The savior's appearance

Green hills...trees....

You watch the scenery as the 15-Meter Titan starts crushing your ribs with its huge, burning hands. Trying to bear the torture, you keep looking at the landscape. "Don't think of the pain, don't..."

You've seen many people die, but you never thought it would be so prolonged and this terribly painful.

All you've always been wishing for was a fast death... fast and without this shattering pain in your body. The Titan hungrily looks at you while straining your organs even tighter. You even think of seeing a glimpse of satisfaction behind its beastlike mask.

"Why... Eren-"you murmur softly before coughing up a flood of blood. Your frail body feels like being torn apart as the beast makes a move. You end staring at the green surroundings like being hypnotized, so you can see Eren in his titan form, who starts approaching your head to his mouth.

"So you will... actually eat me huh...?" You are able to whisper dryly as you slowly start to fade away. Thankfully you welcome the approaching, anesthetic darkness as it takes away the harrowing pain of your sore body.

Just as you are about to lose your consciousness, the sharp pain of crumbling bones tears you out of the consoling grip of insensibility. Eren hast started to crush your body against the ground to keep you awake. "You're... so cruel." Was the only thing you could hiss with a cold smile before Eren starts to bite off your head.

You feel the teeth on your neck, slowly closing in as it takes away your ability to breathe. Your head starts to ache like being trampled on by a 3-Meter beast. Enough to make you feel like becoming insane, but not enough to kill you- or, better, to redeem you from the distress of being murdered.

"Why can't you finally kill me?!" you scream desperately inside of Eren's mouth. The humiliation of not being able to defend yourself sears in your heart.

As death starts to embrace you, you feel relieved like never before in your life. It gives you the feeling of Eren loosening his grip around your crushed body and his teeth around your neck. While inwardly thanking whomever would hear it, you realize that it is not death that serves you the relief of being free from the titans grip. All you can hear is a Titan's voice racked with pain as you try to force fresh air into your lungs.

The suffering of being carried with one hand while your broken bones keep crushing against each other is almost cozying compared to Eren's torturing, burning hot hands. You try to look up to see your savior's face, but it seems that Eren's bite has done serious harm to the muscles on your neck. Frustrated by not knowing who is actually carrying you, you try to let your body relax, not to accidentally let more ribs stab your

insides.

You try to speak, but all you can do is coughing up another surge of blood. "How much blood do I have left..?" You wonder shiftlessly, not really caring about it at all. Suddenly, a calm, but emotionless voice sounds in your ears, cold like ice. You can hardly understand anything, but you finally get the message.

"Don't talk."

It sends down a cold shiver back over your spine. Well, at least over the part of your spine which can still actually feel something insignificant like that. Whoever is the one talking to you, he doesn't seem to have a great sense of humor. Or any other kind of feeling.

Suddenly, your emotionless savior comes to a halt. You still cannot raise your head, but you numbly hear a woman's voice shrill in your ears.

"Hoooh Heichou! Why did you suddenly run off like this?! We were worried about-"

"There was still one alive." this so-called Heichou interrupted her before dropping you to the ground as if you were a sandbag. Due to the sudden concussion your broken ribs stab even deeper into your lung and take away your breath once again.

"Yay heichou, great job- but do you try to kill her now or what? Idiot." The woman blustered as she tries to push you into a comfortable position which allows you to breathe easier. "Looks like Eren did a good job." You can't decide whether she means it sarcastically or not.

At least you are now able to look around. The first person that comes into your line of sight is a woman with maroon hair, which is tied together at the back of her head. Her glasses reflect the sunlight as she leans over your body, trying to stop your bleeding.

"Wait- why is there blood on my abdomen...?" You strainedly thought before looking down your body. What you see there makes your head spin around, although you already lie on the ground. You wonder how many minutes you have left to live.

Blurredly, you can spot two other figures behind the woman with the glasses. They seem to be women too. One of them has beautiful, hazel hair, a slender stature and she, as far as you can see, seems to have a concerned look on her face as she tries to lend the maroon haired woman a hand.

The other girl doesn't seem to care at all. While polishing her blades with a radiant white piece of fabric, the wind breathes through her shining, bob-cut black hair, and you unwillingly have to admit that this makes her look quite adorable. All down to her right side her clothing is completely soaked with blood. Before you can worry if the slender girl is hurt as well, you realize that her uniform is –except for the blood – in a spotless state, and that she stands upright without any sign of a severe wound.

That makes you a little amazed. Because one reason why this girl has that much blood on her without being hurt herself is... that she must have carried someone who bleeds like mad. Regarding to your current state and the still fresh looking blood on the black-haired girl you reason that she must be the person who carried you here. But didn't your savior have a male voice? zuneigung

While you are still absolutely irritated, the maroon haired woman makes an abrupt move and a terribly sharp pain rushes through your body. You try not to scream, but you couldn't help a little whimper escape from your bloodstained lips.

"I didn't save her for you to kill her, you imbecile." The male voice rings out from the black-haired girl. As she comes closer, you can finally see her face clearly without the blurry veil of distance. This face is definitively a male's face. You gasp as you finally come to the realization that this damn girl was actually the guy who saved you.

"Wohoo... now I finally lose my mind." Is the last thing you can think before the black

wave of unconsciousness drowns you once again.