

# Your Touch

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*Just a short drabble about my Eragon OC, Valefor and Murtagh. Contains slash. If you're not into it, you're crazy...I mean, then don't read.*

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# 1 - Feelings

“Valefor...” Murtagh called his name out softly, the words flowing off his lips like a silent stream. Valefor lifted his weary head and gazed over at him, his striking blue-green eyes piecing into him. Murtagh felt his face grow hot and touched his hand to it, feeling the heat radiate throughout his body. He shivered and kept looking over at Valefor, a silent shadow across the room. He was so mysterious. The way his jet black hair shined in the sun, the way his loose braids fell in his face and over his shoulders. His smooth pale skin and euphoric eyes. Murtagh wanted to touch him, to feel him. He wanted nothing more than to carve everything he was into his fragile body. He closed his eyes and thought. Thought about how great it would be to hold him in his arms.

“M-Murtagh...?” Valefor’s quiet voice echoed through the walls of the stone cave. Murtagh’s deep gray eyes flew open and focused in on Valefor, curled up on his bed, his head on his knees. Immediately he knew what it was Valefor wanted, needed. Murtagh stood up and strode over to him, gathering him in his strong embrace and cradling him on his lap, stroking the strands of hair away from his child-like face. Valefor’s lips curved up in a weak smile as he whispered, barely audible, “Thank you...”

Murtagh felt his face grow warm again. He rested his head on Valefor’s and pulled him closer. Valefor could hear the soft beating in his chest, but it seemed faster than usual. He tipped his head up to gaze at Murtagh, who looked right back at him. The two looked at each other, their eyes soft. Just as Valefor was about to speak, Murtagh put his finger to his lips. A light blush crept across his face as he continued looking up at Murtagh. Murtagh looked right back, then started leaning forward, his finger sliding from his chin. Valefor kept still as Murtagh pressed his soft lips against his, and then slowly kissed him back, loving the feeling of warmth the older man gave him. Valefor’s eyes fell shut as he wrapped his weak arms around Murtagh’s neck. Murtagh kept his securely around the younger boy’s back as he held him close.

After a few moments, Murtagh pulled away, his eyes only halfway open. Valefor panted slightly, and then took a deep breath, opening his eyes. Murtagh kept looking down at him, his eyes glazed over with lust. Valefor’s face grew hotter and he wiggled out of his grasp, lying down on the bed behind him. Murtagh smirked and crawled on top of him, straddling his waist. Valefor kept his eyes locked on him, waiting patiently for his lover to continue. Murtagh slowly slid off Valefor’s woolen shirt and leant down to kiss and nip at his sensitive neck. Light moans escaped the boy’s lips as the dark brunette kissed down his chest to his stomach.

When Murtagh got down to his pant line, he glanced up at Valefor, who had his eyes shut tight. Murtagh smiled lightly and slid down the black haired boy’s pants. Valefor squirmed a bit under his grasp, and then relaxed. He felt his eyes close as warmth surged through his body.