We Will Dominate The Earth

by QueenTyZula

Summary

Drabbles hailing Azulaang. The Princess and The Avatar. Varying timelines, mostly non-canon, other pairings may or may not be included. Some LOK crossovers. *Credits to Rossweise for the artwork* Changed cause I just love it.

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Notes

Drabble based on old prompts from Azulaang week. Is this still a fandom because I think I am falling for it...Hey any Azulaang shippers out there? I could use some more prompts! Any who, enjoy! QueenTy
Breeze

Gliding around Republic City felt amazing as the wind tickled his beard and newly shaven head. Citizens pointed fingers in awe as the “formerly” last airbender soared effortlessly between newly constructed towers in the young city. Small hands held on tight as the avatar used a burst of wind to spiral towards Air Temple island, basking in the loud yelps of his seven year old son as they came to a dramatic landing at the entrance to his home.

"Let's go again, Papa!" Squealed the boy, clasping to his clothing in effort to mount his father's broad shoulders again.

Aang smiled softly at the boy before locking eyes with the most beautiful woman the world would ever know, wearing a red, bed-robe secured with a sash and holding a cup of tea with a splash of ale between always perfectly manicured fingers.

"I think Papa might be tired, Dear," said the woman, not taking her eyes off of the man she loved and their first born.

Zaheer gave a pout before spotting his uncle emerge from behind his mother. "Uncle Zu Zu!" Screamed the boy.

Fire Lord Zuko outstretched his arms to accept a hug from his nephew before hoisting him unto his shoulders. Azula could not stop the smile that spread on her face as her brother and son played dragons with Zuko running away at the speed of sound to Zaheer's delight.

Turning back to the avatar, she approached him as he closed his glider.

"My turn," she said, smoothly. "You haven't taken me gliding in ages. Am I too heavy, now?"

Aang gave her a confused look. "Heavy?" His eyes bulged when the Crown Princess placed a hand on her slightly protruding belly. "Another?" He mouthed.

Before Azula could speak, her husband had her in the air, twirling about in childish giddiness.

"Sweetie! I love you so much!" He cried, his eyes reddening as if he would burst into a fit of tears.

Azula accepted a kiss as the breeze of the crisp, air temple air flowed through her ebony tresses. Fire Lady Katara had just given her the news when she and her husband landed on the island an hour ago. She and the avatar were expecting again after weeks of careless trysts. Neither had planned the conception, yet as she felt the heat of her husband's breath across her cheeks, coupled with the island breeze, the princess could not be happier.
Wedding

Mai and Ty Lee entered their favorite teashop for their girl-talk Fridays. After ordering their respective, favorite beverages, they settled comfortably into a nearby booth.

"So, what's next for you and Zuko?" Asked Ty Lee, readily leaning forward for some juicy gossip.

Mai rolled her eyes. Just as she was about to burst the chi blocker's bubble with a vicious retort, her golden eyes narrowed at a blast from the past that she was not ready for stepping lightly into the teashop.

"Azula!" She gasped, making Ty Lee nearly piss herself, jerking her head in the direction of the door behind her.

"Agni, Mai, do you think she saw us?" Asked the acrobat, sinking down in her seat.

"If she did, so what?" Groaned Mai, though her stomach churned at the sight of the re-appointed princess after the years since her Kemurikage fiasco. "Maybe we should say 'hi.'" She suggested, unsure of what possessed her to do such an awful thing. Ty Lee shook her head.

"No way!" She exclaimed fearfully.

Mai watched as the princess glared in their direction from the dramatically loud acrobat, giving away their hiding place. There was an intense stare-down between the ex friends for several seconds before Azula surprisingly looked away first, taking a seat alone in a booth far away from them awaiting her order.

"She looks so lonely, Mai. Maybe we could cheer her up," said the acrobat suddenly. "I kinda miss her," she softly confessed.

Mai crossed her arms across her chest and smirked. "I forgot, the princess's silver tongue is hard to forget, hmm?" Ty Lee's jaw dropped. "Oh, stop, it was obvious. I think the whole beach heard you two that night on Ember Island," she added with a chuckle at the girl's reddening face.

With a huff, Ty Lee stood from the booth.

"Wait!" Called Mai when the avatar entered the teashop.

Mai half-expected to see her ex-boyfriend on his heels.

"What is he doing here?" Asked Ty Lee, taking her seat again.

Eyes widened when Aang, oblivious to anyone else in the shop, leaned down to capture the princess's lips in greeting. The same eyes nearly fell from two pairs of sockets when Azula actually accepted it, smiling like a schoolgirl afterwards before sliding over to allow the young man a space to sit beside her. The girls assumed they were being discussed when Aang looked directly at them and beckoned for them to join.

"Wow, so…guess that's the reason Katara left," grumbled Mai

Ty Lee nodded, speechless. "He is a cutie," she noted at which Mai agreed.

The avatar was absolutely gorgeous now with his tone body, 6 foot 6 frame and brown beard around his face.
"Should we join them?" Asked the acrobat.

Mai sighed, standing and leading the way. She greeted the couple upon arriving to the booth.

"Hi Mai, Ty Lee," greeted Aang in a very sexy baritone voice coupled with a dazzling display of his pearly white teeth.

The girls took a seat in front of the couple. Unable to resist, Ty Lee asked with slight bitterness in her tone that made Mai raise an eyebrow. "So, um, when did this happen?"

Azula waved her hand, carelessly at the girl's display. "Get with the times, Ty Lee". She said, smugly.

Aang chuckled lightly. "We've been together for a while. Funny we ran into you two. Azula needs more bridesmaids for our wedding next month".

Mai nearly fell from the booth while Ty Lee nearly choked on her teeth.
Forgiveness

"Heads up, Zaheer, you have a visitor!"

My son's eyes flew open from his place, sitting cross-legged in a meditative state.

They said he would never bend the elements. I thought in awe at his flowing, graying hair, floating with the gust of air from his bending. Neither his father nor the current avatar had achieved that level of mastery, making him a rare bender like his mother, the only firebender known to bend the purest form of fire in skin melting blue flames. He's done more than just bend the element. He has mastered it. Pride flooded my heart despite not seeing his face since he was a small child. My son, a master bender.

Though my heart swelled with pride, for one of the few times in my life, I felt like a complete, utter failure. His look was skeptical, distrusting, yet curious. His face, wrinkled with age and stress, was every bit his father, though his short stature was a royal family trait.

"Who are you?" Inquired the thirty-five-year-old, gazing over my youthful appearance with instant disdain. "I thought you were someone else," he grumbled quietly.

Of course he wouldn't recognize me. I thought. I chose to forget him first.

Zaheer was barely ten when I chose to walk from my life of complete luxury as the wife of a living god without looking back until now. I had sought a different path in what I will admit now was the fear of ruining my small family. The result of my leaving led to breaking my husband's heart and sending our son spiraling down his current, detrimental path. Luck has it that I had still unintentionally repeated my mother's mistake.

It's not your fault. It was my fear. I wanted to say. It's not your fault, I did not love you enough. The words were still biting, more so as I gazed at my son's green eyes that hid years of suffering.

"Are you going to speak, Woman!" He growled, rattling his chains with rage.

I wrung my hands and bit my lip, even after all the years of dealing with hostile men who towered over me, reducing them to speechless, squabbling rodents, I had no words for this man. This flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood is my son. Behind my false form, granted by the Mother of Faces's pity for my unfortunate soul, I was still Ursa's daughter.

"I am…" My voice broke, I could not speak to him! What right do I have now? Could I say that I was sorry? Am I really sorry?

"Get out! I do not know you!"

I nodded, solemnly, but before I could turn, I used the false form to my advantage. I could have been a prosperous Ember Island actor in another life. With an air of boldness, I looked him in his eyes and spoke to my son after so many long years. "I know you do not know me, but I wanted to let you know that your mother loved you and never meant to hurt you."

My son flinched openly shocked. "You—you…how do you know this?"

"Just trust me," I assured him, turning to leave.

"Trust is for fools!" He growled after me as the white lotus members closed the stone to his cage and
we vanished from one another's life once again.

"Feeling better?" Asked Zuko, offering a comforting arm.

I waved him away. "I said what I needed to. There is no changing the past".

"You can always start over, Azula".

I nodded. I intended to do just that before it was forever too late. If only I could have said the same to his father. It was always fear. There is no changing the past.
"No". Said Aang with finality to the raging flames of the lit throne where his friend's shadow loomed.

"It must be done," answered the fire lord without a hint of sympathy in his voice.

"No," repeated Aang, picking up his staff to leave. "That was only for your father. I won't hurt Azula that way. I can't even believe you're suggesting it, Zuko".

"It's not like Katara disagrees with me," pointed out the fire lord.

Sighing, the avatar thought on his girlfriend and her utter disdain for the fallen princess of the fire nation. The two had been at odds for some time over the issue of taking Azula's ability to bend away when since it was first mentioned by the fire lord.

She knows my feelings on this. Aang thought to himself. She knows where my heart is.

"Why are you so caring about this now? You don't owe her anything. She shot you down in cold blood".

In more ways than one. Dwelled Aang as his mind drifted to the island Azula was held on for her mental instability.

"I'm not doing it, Zuko".

"Well, I hope you don't expect these little visits to continue until you do".

Aang did not respond. Instead he left to board Appa and head in the direction of the island. If Zuko was going to stop his visits with Princess Azula, she needed to know from him first. She needed to know that he would not abandon her. Ever.

#

Azula shook in her straitjacket. It was so cold in the building lately.

"Eat your food, Princess!" Growled the mental health nurse who obviously held a piss poor grudge against a princess she had never met before Azula was thrown in the hell hole.

"No," she said, adamantly. "I don't want that," she announced shoving the bowl of infested porridge away.

"Expecting your boyfriend, huh?" Taunted the nurse, though keeping a safe distance from the fire-breathing prodigy, recently nicknamed, "The Azure Dragon" by her followers. "He's not coming".

Azula refused to listen to the woman. The avatar had been faithfully visiting her for the past six months at the end of each week. She had begun to look forward to seeing him and they had begun to share stories. It was nice to talk to someone real instead of the ghosts that appeared in her cell.

Choosing to ignore the voices telling her that the avatar could not be trusted, Azula gazed out of a single window for the smelly bison over the horizon.

It's spring, maybe he's cleaning Appa. She thought, chuckling to herself as she found herself remembering the avatar's stories and silly animal names.
More hours passed, yet Azula thought on his last visit instead of the dwindling visiting hours.

"I brought food".

"NO thanks".

"It's your favorite. Kimodo chicken, Zuko told me".

"Why are you discussing me with Zu Zu?"

"I guess I want to get to know you, better. You're always on my mind".

Time passed and visiting hours were over with no Aang. Azula was speechless as she was wheeled back to her cell and locked away. Kicking herself for allowing herself to trust him of all people, a flicker of light from a small flame appeared in the corner of her lonely cell.

"You came," she gasped, seeing Aang's taller stature and calm smile behind the flame.

"Of course," said the young man. "I wanted us to be alone for once".

"Why? Are you-

Lips pressed into hers before she could allow the words to slip. Azula moaned, instinctively, forgetting her anger and closing her eyes to absorb the man's taste. As if reading her mind, he spoke, softly. "I will never give up on you, Princess".

Cringing, Azula felt horribly vulnerable. "I'm a monster, Avatar. You can't change me".

"You're perfect, Azula. If you call yourself a monster then I love that monster".

The words brought mist to her eyes. He was honest. She could feel his honesty. In a low voice she said softly. "Then I pity you," with that she held her thoughts as their lips met again. He who fights monsters should take care, lest they become a monster, themselves".
Zirin took her best friend's wrist in hand. Their fellow Kemurikage members were already boarding the airship, stolen from the Boiling Rock's Mental Institution.

"What is it?" Asked Azula, snatching her wrist back.

Zirin rolled her eyes. "We're leaving. You're staying," she announced.

"No, that wasn't the plan," said Azula.

"I saw how you looked at him. It's ok to care for someone. You should tell him before it's too late," she responded, knowingly.

Azula scoffed though she knew exactly whom her friend spoke of. Seconds afterwards, the very man they were discussing came to a dramatic landing on the harbor, closing his glider when his feet hit the ground.

"You should leave," said the fire princess, hearing the fawning from her buddies in the airship.

Aang flexed a bicep unknowingly when he rubbed his freshly shaven head, save for his growing stubble, making the women's cackles increase in volume.

"Matter of fact, come here," commanded the princess, taking him by his muscular arm and half-dragging the 6'6 man into the ship, bypassing cooing women until they were in a secluded room onboard.

"Why are you here?" She asked, hand mistakenly caressing his arm before she jerked it away.

Aang shrugged. "I couldn't help it after what you did yesterday," he said.

"You're going to have to be a little more specific. After what?"

She yelped when Aang clasped his strong arms around her waist and took her lips in his own. Azula closed her eyes, murmuring as their tongues danced and hot breaths were exchanged. She could not break away if she wanted to, even before Aang’s left hand ventured below her black, ripped gown and inside the waist band of her trousers. They were against the wall in seconds, Azula's leg curled around the avatar's tight, muscular behind.

Her lips lifted.

Her thighs flooded.

His fingers deepened.

His pants tightened.

The mistake happened with his fingers against the wall, again with his tongue that started it all, a third time on a plush chair that he used for balance and the long stretch. Ending on the windowsill with her legs flexed.

"Why, why do this to me when you have your happy girlfriend?" Azula panted, grasping the window's ledge for balance.
Aang removed his shirt, lifted her and carried her to the bed. "Anything to see you smile, again," he said before spreading her legs.

#

"You're right," agreed Azula when she emerged from her room to find Zirin eating alone in the dining chamber.

"It's good that you changed your mind, though, I thought you would go after him".

"Oh, I will, we're changing courses for the Southern Water Tribe".

"All because of the avatar?"

"Yes. Because he makes me smile".
Stars

The red carpet was rolled out for Republic City's beloved founders, Fire Lord Zuko, Avatar Aang and King Kuei. Everyone who was anyone in the city was there to witness the moment the three men officially "opened" the city with a red ribbon cutting.

"It must be nice to be famous," mumbled a starving, young boy who happened to be in the area. He and his brother, Bolin, waited anxiously for another opportunity to pick the wealthy's pockets.

"Wait here, Bo," said Mako, before sauntering up to a dark haired woman with her back turned and arms crossed.

Luckily, she was hidden in the shadows, but her purse sparkled under the soft lighting. Mako's lips watered as he reached for it. Bolin watched for the police while Mako carefully eased his hand inside the bag. Lightning flashed on the clear night when his hand bumped the woman's elbow.

Before the child could move, his neck was squeezed by long fingernails as the thirty-something year old Fire Nation woman's eyes ripped him to shreds. "I'm…I'm-"

"A DEAD child if you were about to steal from ME. Don't you know who I am, Boy?"

"A really pretty lady," Mako said with a croak. "A really…nice pretty lady".

The woman dropped him with a thud, making others around them gasp. "Azula!" Called the famous avatar, leaving the giant scissors to cut the ribbon with the others and running to assist.

"She's CRAZY!" Cried Bolin, hurrying to help his brother up.

"She's the Fire Princess!" Gushed Mako.

He had read many articles about the gorgeous woman and may or may not have stolen a couple of provocative photos from various places instead of the food he should have been getting for the starving pair.

"These two rats were about to make a big mistake," insisted the princess to the avatar.

To their surprise, the famous man smiled at her softly. "But they didn't, Sweetie".

Sweetie?

Mako, Bolin and the thousands of onlookers were silent as the pair kissed in front of everyone. No one knew about this particular development. The avatar and the Fire Princess were…a couple?

"Aang," gasped Princess Azula her cheeks burning red.

"Aang!" Growled Fire Lord Zuko. "What the hell is going on?" The men stood facing each other, the fire lord was obviously kept in the dark about this as well.

"I guess I was getting payback for your beloved waterbender," said Azula flippantly, leaning her head on her lover's shoulder. "Run along, Kids. It's ok, I have stolen before myself".
It was summer in the Fire Nation. Or as its citizens called it, Hell on Agni's Earth. Aang and his good friends, Sokka, Katara and Suki were nervous and excited about visiting their friend Prince Zuko in his homeland.

"Whatever you do, don't mention being ANYTHING political," warned the young man through text when a black, stretch limousine appeared in front of the airport.

At least six, heavily armed soldiers came to assist them with their luggage.

"I'm fine, Gentlemen!" Insisted Aang, clutching his bag like his life depended on it.

A slender, pale leg emerged from the vehicle, black red bottom, Christian Louboutin, heels tapped the concrete as the friends' eyes moved from the woman's small kneecaps, before they disappeared under a black pencil skirt that covered part of a blood, red buttoned shirt, cuffed at the elbows and hiding the smallest torso anyone had ever seen, leaving just enough cleavage to make the mind wonder.

"Whoa…" Gasped Sokka, breathlessly. "Zuko, please tell me that's not your mother?"

The prince grit his teeth. Instead of speaking, he told the gang to wait at the door while he spoke with his sister.

"Sister!" Cried Sokka. "I'm in love…"

Suki rolled her eyes, using her beloved golden fan to bat away the heat from the intense sun. "She's cute, I guess".

"Yeah, for a Fire girl," agreed Katara, scoffing. "But she's a total bitch I heard".

Aang bit his lip at his ex-girlfriend's obscene language. "Come on, Guys. We haven't even met her, yet," he insisted. "Maybe she's friendly".

Throwing an arm around Aang's shoulder, Sokka exclaimed. "Yes! Always the optimist, Little Bro! Hopefully, very friendly. If you know what I mean".

Aang removed his arm carefully, choking a growl. "No, I don't," he hissed.

Sokka shrugged the comment away and kept his eyes glued on the beauty approaching with their friend.

"Everyone, this is my sister. Azula," said Prince Zuko, obvious disdain in his voice.

Azula raised an eyebrow at the group. "Geez, Zuzu, I know your grades weren't stellar, but at least you got into a division one school. What are you doing with these losers?"
"Excuse me!" growled Katara, her hands finding her hips. "And where do you go to school? I'm sure it doesn't top Ba Sing Se University".

Azula laughed haughtily. "Harvard". She said with a smirk.

Instead of waiting for a reply that would not have come anyway, Zuko's sister beckoned for them to follow her.

They all piled into the car along with the six uniformed soldiers. "Move it, Sugar Queen," said the Fire Nation's princess pointing to a seat next to her brother.

Katara pouted as she moved from her place next to her ex-boyfriend, whom she hoped to coax back into her life as he was the top Pro-Bending Collegiate player in the four countries and was destined to go into the history books one day. Scoffing, she settled next to the prince, who gave a shy smile.

Ugh! Thought Katara as the car was whisked away.

"Lights, Gentlemen!" Called the princess.

The car filled with gasps as the lights were dimmed and only their faces were illuminated by the way too few streetlights.

"Come on, Azula, it's not like seeing Dad isn't scary enough," said Zuko, though he did think that he felt a slight grasp on his knee from Suki. Shaking the thought from his mind, he glared at his sister who paid him no mind as she seemed to be chatting it up with Mr. Probender of the year.

"I just adore your tattoos. Did they hurt?" She asked, making him blush with a chuckle.

"A little," he said.

"Are they all over your body?" Asked the woman, sweetly.

Katara was fuming as she watched the two flirt endlessly.

"The meatheads always get the girls," mumbled Sokka with his arms crossed, pouting.

"Problem, water girl?" Cooed Princess Azula before leaning over to whisper sweet nothings into Aang's ear that made him blush beet red.

"Yeah," said Prince Zuko on her behalf. "Why don't you just fuck him already".

The group laughed loudly, waiting for a response. Aang's eyes bulged and a small hand that obviously wasn't his lifted from his lap.

"Oh, Dear Brother, you're always so late to the party. We have already and it seems my boyfriend is stiffening for more".
Meeting

Political Science had to be the worse, insignificant class in the history of insignificant classes offered at Ba Sing Se University. Aang glared at his Poli-Sci book with disdain. His first essay was due that night at 11:59 and the Air Nomad had not written a single sentence.

Maybe, I can convince Katara to write this one if I take her air gliding? He thought. No, she won’t even look at me since she started dating Mr. Rich Prince-Guy.

His face further soured at the thought of losing his girlfriend to a snobby, elite Fire Nation billionaire heir to the throne.

"You're too immature," he mimicked Katara's high-pitched voice.

"Huh?"

Aang jerked his head, instantly embarrassed that he was caught talking to himself in the school’s library. Thankfully, it was only Suki, Sokka's on again/off again girlfriend, currently on now that Yue had left for Moon College in some country thousands of miles away.

"H-Hi, Suki!" Aang piped, quickly. "I was just thinking about this dumb paper for political science due tonight".

"Oh! Really, I love Poli-Sci! It's my major!"

Aang gave pleading eyes instantly at the announcement. What sheer luck!

"Think, you could help me?" He asked, hopefully.

"Sure!" Answered Suki to Aang's relief. "Come by the Omega Pi house. We have a meeting at 7:08, so I am headed there now. The president's a true bitch, but she won't care after she takes her meds".

Chuckling, Aang packed his things quickly and agreed to meet the woman after the meeting.

"Monkey-Feathers! You are awesome, Suki!" He cried, giving the woman a friendly, thankful hug before she left for her meeting.

He decided to stop by the library's canteen shop for a veggie shake before heading to the sorority house. While in line, his cell phone buzzed in his pocket. An instant smile appeared at a message from, SingSe DatingOnline. His weekend was obviously looking up since breaking up with Katara. Her brother Sokka had suggested that he use the dating app to meet girls around campus.

Aang took his friend's advice and chatted with numerous girls on the site, but one particular girl with the name, 'Domina2You' had kept his attention for the past month.

"WYD?" The message asked.

"Meeting with a friend to do homework, you?" Text Aang back, paying for the drink he had ordered.

"Friend?"

"Yeah"
The messages stopped and Aang assumed Domina2You was busy. He lifted from the ground with a strong wind, coasting smoothly over cars and bicycles caught in the normal student traffic. Coming to a land at the steps of Omega Pi's sorority house, he closed his glider and rang the doorbell. A bright-eyed, short and erotically curvaceous woman opened the mahogany door of the three-story home. Aang blushed and tried not to peek at the woman's impressive bosom nearly spilling from her lowcut V-neck, pink blouse.

"Are you lost, Cutie?" Asked the woman with a flirty chuckle.

"Um, hi! I am Aang. Suki asked me to come by," he managed to say, noticing the girl looking over his 6'6 frame slowly.

He instantly felt self-conscious at the fact that he had forgotten to trim his bushy, brown beard earlier.

"Who?" Asked the beauty.

"Ty Lee," a mature, sultry voice called out from inside the home. "Who's interrupting our meeting?"

Ty Lee jerked her head back. "Someone for Suki," she announced, turning back to the young man in the doorway, she winked cutely. "Come in. You want a drink? We're almost done. Men aren't usually allowed unless for...you know," she added with a chuckle.

Aang took the hint, but refused the drink after he was led to the dining room. Taking a seat at a long, marble table in the lavish eating area, he watched Ty Lee cartwheel away, her body bending beautifully as she left through the open entryway giving a clear view to the living area where about 15 gorgeous women of varying nations were settled on different black, leather couches, giving their full attention to the very Fire Nation woman dressed in professional business attire, seated in a large throne-like chair with her legs crossed elegantly and fingers clasped together, resting on her knee.

To keep from staring at the beauty, Aang retrieved his Political Science book from his backpack and turned to a random page, pretending to study.

"That HAS to be the dumbest theme I have heard, yet," spoke a girl dressed in all black, seated right of the woman in the throne that Aang could not help sneaking looks towards.

To his surprise, her golden eyes met his each time he glanced her way. He could have sworn once that she bit her painted, bottom lip at least once when she caught him staring.

Monkey-Feathers! He thought, willing his mind to concentrate on the words in the chapter. He saw her black heels slide down her toned calf in a slow manner, nails tapping against the arm of the chair impatiently.

"What? Platypus bears would be grand! What do you think Princess Azula?" Squealed the Ty Lee girl at the woman's left.

"Hmm?" Asked the woman. "Yes, yes...meeting adjourned," rising from her seat, Princess Azula walked briskly from the room, not meeting Aang's eyes again as she ascended the steps towards the bedrooms.

The girls gasped in unison.

"Wow, I cancelled my hair appointment for nothing," groaned the other woman in black. "We're normally here all night".

Aang tuned out the rest of the chatter, though he could not get the woman out of his mind. Princess
Azula? He wondered. Why does she sound so…familiar?

He suddenly remembered his ex-girlfriend’s new boyfriend. That prince! Could they be related?

"Hey," called Suki.

Aang shook his head, not sure how long the young woman had been seated in front of him.

"Hey thanks for letting me come by. Sorry for messing up your meeting".

Suki shrugged. "Everything is always decided by Azula anyway. The meetings are just routine. That girl will never let go of power".

Aang chuckled, feeling his side vibrate. Retrieving his phone, his heart skipped a beat when he saw who the text was from.

"What are you doing here?" Asked Domina2You.

"Huh?" Aang texted back along with several confused emojis.

"Ok, so…" Began Suki.

"You said you were meeting a friend? Why are you here? Is Suki your friend?" Came a text with angry emojis following it.

"Wait. How did you know I was here? Are you?"

"Come find out. Up the stairs, down the hall. Tell her you have lost control of your bladder".

"But my homework".

"You dare to refuse me?"

"AANG!" Called Suki, stirring him to look into her irritated eyes.

"Um! Sorry, I, um, do you guys have a bathroom?"

"No," said Suki, smugly. "Of course we do…Up the stairs. Make sure you are ready to work when you get back. I am not doing your homework for you".

Nodding, Aang left his things, flying up the stairs. If Domina2You was whom he believed her to be…Monkey Feathers! I have to find out!

A door was slightly ajar when he made it all the way down the hall. Aang entered cautiously. The room was dark with blue candles illuminating the scene. Aang gulped, feeling his trousers tighten.

"Lock the door".

He did as commanded. Domina2You pressed a button on her phone which triggered the deafening surround sound system along her walls. Aang stood by the door and gaped at her black, leathered attire. A matching leather paddle sat between her legs on the bed. Beckoning to him with slender, manicured finger, he felt possessed as he floated to her, legs wobbly.

"So we finally meet," she commented, wasting no time pulling him the rest of the way onto her bed, snatching off his orange beanie. "Oh wow, so you were being honest about the tattoos. That's so…hot," she sneered with a smirk. "I am going to say this once. Nothing we do will leave this room."
You are mine from here on whether you are involved or not. When I call, you will come to me, hard and ready. I am a very busy woman and I can make it worth your while should you perform perfectly. Almost is never good enough”.

Aang nodded immediately, entranced.

"I was about to call the ER. Thought you were dead for a second," joked Suki when Aang returned, weak and barely able to grasp his staff for support.

He panted as he returned to his seat in front of his tutor. The words in the book all spelled Azula’s name. The princess worked him like a human machine. He had found it necessary to practice his breathing techniques to keep up with her. He rubbed his sore wrist before picking up his pencil. She had promised to be lighter on the chains next time.

"Next time". He whispered, breathless.

"Are you ok, Aang?" Asked Suki. "You still have a paper due tonight".

Aang nodded, barely listening. Azula's voice filled his head despite the woman in front of him.

"More! That's it! Don't you DARE stop!"

"Do you need a drink?" Offered his tutor.

"Beg for it. Use your tongue. I know you're thirsty".

Aang shook his head. He was quite quenched to say the least. "I think I need to go home. I'm pretty tired," he insisted.

"What about your paper? You'll fail," pointed Suki.

"Come see me tomorrow if you want more".

"I checked the website on my phone. It is due next weekend. Do you mind if I come by every day until then? I could really use the help".
This was not good. This could ruin his political career. Ozai threw his third full glass of whiskey at the raging fireplace, making it rise to the heights of his own inner rage. Zuko had done the unthinkable! He had to be punished brutally which the political leader made sure to do without hesitation despite the voice of reason from his vice-president former General Iroh.

Now, the aftermath had hit him. His enemies had yet another propaganda to use against him! If only Zuko was more like his sister! Azula was the perfect child and symbol of Fire Nation integrity and honor. She would never endorse a…a…a…DEMOCRAT!

As if in response, a stretch limo came into view in his driveway. His daughter was home from her private, Catholic university exclusively for strong, conservative, high-achieving students. Ozai rose to greet his better child, feeling relief wash over instantly. Luckily, he had a second child to replace the first. Surely, she would not disappoint her father.

#

"Your father, Princess," announced the nonchalant driver of the president's daughter.

"Oh, FUCK!" Yelled out Azula, seeing her father descending the steps of the Red House, hastily with a pleasant smile.

"Yeah…just like that, Baby," groaned her tattooed boyfriend, looking completely content with his eyes closed and hands cradling the back of his head, while he enjoyed being Azula's human motorcycle in the back seat of the limo.

"Give me my panties, Idiot!" She snarled, snatching the red, lacy underwear from around Aang's neck. "My father will kill us, both!"

Aang's eyes widened in time to see Azula throw the underwear beneath the seat, plastering a wide-eyed smile as she adjusted her black business skirt and stepped out of the vehicle.

"Father!" She squealed, uncharacteristically hurrying to hug him before he could spot her lover.

Ozai and Aang caught the other's eyes, however. "Welcome home, Prodigy," said the president. "I didn't know you were bringing a guest. Are those…tattoos?"

Azula gave a calm chuckle though her stomach twisted in more knots than Ty Lee's braid. "He's a homeless air nomad, Father. You know, a good look for your…our Zuko situation. Figured he would be a good catch to ease those disgusting, standard-less, democratic sluts".

Ozai smiled. His daughter was always perfect, though he briefly considered her normally perfect, red lipstick smudged on her chin that strangely matched the color of the tattooed lips on the air nomad's neck.
Games

Chapter Summary

The next three "Games" chapters were based off a prompt given to me by someone on FF. Had a lot of fun with this.

Still in the Modern AU world. Enjoy.

The moment she landed in the Fire Nation, Katara wanted to leave. It was infuriating how the nation was a sweltering haven of hateful bigots, who saw nothing wrong with overtaking the entire world, yet the son of the nation's leader was one of her best friends. Loyalty was high on the college student's hierarchy of necessary traits that warranted her friendship and Zuko had proven himself. So, she did what any good friend would and reluctantly agreed to take the summer trip with her brother, his on again/off again girlfriend and her own sexy, ex, a probending collegiate soon-to-be number one draft pick.

The trip had been fine until they all reached the airport and were introduced to Prince Zuko's perfect little sister, Princess Azula.

"I hate her," grumbled Katara to Suki after they were escorted to their shared room for the next two weeks by Azula and Zuko's young step-mother and their bags brought in by two servants, both obviously mulatto Southern Water Tribe/Fire Nationals.

Suki chuckled lightly, checking herself out in the mirror. Thankfully, the princess had gone after Katara's beau, shocking everyone with the revelations that the two have been dating for the past two years and were well acquainted in the bedroom.

"Of course he would want her," continued Katara. "She probably spread for him on the first date".

"Like you did?" Thought Suki, deciding it was best to leave the subject alone.

Apparantly, Katara was still pissed about the loss of her first, which Suki thought was just sad. Why worry about one guy when there were plenty fish in the sea? She and Sokka had a mutual agreement. They were college students. College brought opportunities. No need in wasting opportunities...

"Well, Prince Zuko has a thing for you, I hear," she said casually to the brooding Water Tribe girl on the crimson bed. "Everyone is pining for him and his riches," she pointed out, sitting at a vanity to check out the assortment of beauty products.

If you don't want him, send him my way. She thought before opening a drawer to a smorgasbord of cosmetics.

"Wow! This place has everything!" She squealed.

Rummaging through every color lipstick known to woman, Suki tried on the matte burnt orange, Chanel puckering her lips. "I wonder what kind of red Azula has on?" She asked aloud, making Katara suck her teeth.
"Oh come on, Kat, you have to admit the girl looks amazing. Bitch or not".

Though she was not a fan of the pompous princess either, given her condescending looks and frequent eyerolls accompanied with a silver, lashing tongue, Suki could respect Azula's well-kept appearance. The witch was an Ivy League student, of course, she would be arrogant. Suki did not expect to attend college anywhere with her poor background and lackluster grades, but due to her service in Kyoshi Island's Coast Guard, she had been rewarded for her service with a free education.

A knock at the door made both girls jump. Katara hurried to answer it, hoping that it was Aang running from his terrible mistake back into her arms. She was highly disappointed when it wasn't.

"Toph!" Cried Suki, hurrying to hug their mutual friend.

"Don't," said Toph, moving the ground beneath Suki's feet to make her trip over her own feet and fall headfirst into the plush, crimson carpet. "Stupid benders!" She hissed, standing and dusting herself off.

With a scoff, she returned to her place at the vanity and searched for a different lipstick.

"Hi, Toph," greeted Katara as warmly as she could, given her disappointment. "I thought you weren't going to make it. What about the police academy?"

Toph shrugged, entering the room and taking a seat on the bed. "Eh, they offered me the captain's job the second day," she announced with a bored wave of her hand. "Besides, I had to see your face when you learned about your hubby and his new bitch".

Katara pouted as Suki gave a haughty laugh.

"You knew?" Asked Katara, crossing her arms. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"And ruin the surprise? No way! And I found out when they came to Republic City for Spring Break. The entire academy was called to babysit that spoiled chick thanks to her father".

"Ugh!" Growled Katara, done with the conversation.

Fingers clenched, she marched out of the room. Not only did Aang dump her, but he completely stood up her invitation to visit her parents in the Southern Water Tribe for the break.

"Coach needs us to train for the week, but we can hang out when you come back".

Who did he think he was? She was determined to give him and his rich, Ivy League girlfriend a large chunk of what was on her mind.

#

Ozai stood overlooking the balcony of his home, smoking a cigarette casually. He thought briefly on sending Yuyan Assassins to Hira'a to greet his ex-wife and her new family for the summer arrangement that he did not remember agreeing to. Thanks to Ursa, he not only had to deal with his embarrassment for a son, but also his loser, obviously democratic friends.

"I did not sign up for this," grumbled his new wife with her arms crossed, leaning her back against the railing.

Blowing a thick puff of smoke, Ozai nodded. "No, you signed up for my abundant wealth. Therefore, you are entitled to the inconvenient company of my children also".
The lady of the house shrugged, passively. Placing a hand on her husband's chest, she grinned seductively. "Gives us a reason to stay in bed for the next two weeks, hmm?"

The political leader smirked, making his wife lick her dark red lips. Both knew her hand in marriage was bought, but she had to admit that Ozai was quite a catch in more ways than one. She attached her lips to his neck from behind, exploring his toned abdominals with her palms, pressing her breasts through her sheer bed-robe against his back.

"You know, I would want nothing more," commented Ozai, enjoying his wife's wondering hands and rough suckles. She was hardly gentle and neither was he. "But you should know my brother is expected this evening".

Her eyes widened and her lips stopped their groping instantly. "Fuck, not THAT creepy pervert," she hissed, making Ozai chuckle. "You should send him to war or something," she suggested.

"He's my senior advisor".

Her deep, irritated exhale tickled his neck. Iroh was the reason Ozai still held the throne steadfast, so they owed some respect to him for helping maintain their lavish lifestyle at the expense of the people's tax dollars.

"Fine, just keep him and Prince Pouty at bay".

"And Azula?"

"I like her. Girl's got good taste. If I hadn't met you first. I would have given her a run".

Ozai smirked, flickering his cigarette over the balcony. "She's loyal. Though I don't like that air nomad who keeps following her around".

"Her boyfriend?" Asked his wife, cocking an eyebrow.

"WHAT?" Growled Ozai turning to face her. "You had better be lying, Jun".

"Oh, I thought you knew. Oops," said the former bounty hunter with a careless shrug.

"How long have you known?"

"Can't remember, but I don't see what she sees in that bald kid. That's the real head scratcher. Maybe it's the tattoos".

Ozai brought a hand to his beard, stroking it in deep thought. Jun knew the look. He was silently furious.

"So, she thought she could hide this from me? I'm her father. I know everything. Perhaps I should discuss this with them".

He turned to leave when Jun tugged at his robe. "You probably want to knock before barging in her room".

"Why?" Asked Ozai. Jun whistled with another shrug and walked back into their bedroom, shedding her robe before lying on the bed.

In that moment, the ruler grasped her meaning and flared the candle settings on both nightstands. "He wouldn't DARE touch my daughter!" He howled stomping out of the room towards Azula's bedroom.
Zuko and Sokka were in the palace gardens, playing cornhole with flaming beanbags. Sokka was losing by a wide margin for the third time, making the game incredibly bleak.

"Come on, Sokka! Just pretend it's your boomerang," coached the prince.

Sokka glared at him. "Easy for you to say, Bender!" He snapped back.

Zuko shook his head, glancing to his right to see his father passing by, anger evident in his walk.

Hmph! Wonder who Your Majesty is off to terrorize? He thought. Where's his wife? He wondered with a grimace.

It still burned him that his father had snagged his former professor, whom he had the biggest crush on for most of his time in college. The woman had claimed that she would never take up with a man, but Ozai must have been quite convincing because she was singing a different tune after a mere six months of dating.

"Is your dad mad or something?" Asked Sokka.

Zuko shrugged. "He's always mad or something. Who cares?" He asked passively. "Just stay out of his way. He can be a big jerk". He warned.

"Like father, like son, huh?" Joked Sokka, slapping Zuko on the back, making the man grunt.

"Whatever," grumbled the prince, taking his position with a flaming beanbag.

"Hey guys!" Came a voice that shook the prince's concentration.

"Toph!" Squealed Sokka.

"Don't you dare, Sokka!" Snapped the earthbending master. "Besides, you should be stopping your sister from snapping Aang's neck".

"Where is she?" Asked the Water Tribesman.

Suki appeared next to Toph in the garden. "On her way to Azula's room. She's pissed about Aang and the princess".

Zuko's eyes widened as he remembered the scowl on Ozai's face. Oh, shit! He thought, alarmed. "I think my dad knows too!" He exclaimed, hurrying off to his sister's room with the others close on his heels.

Red painted toes were against the wall for a third time. Aang was amazed at how flexible his girlfriend was though she was a sweaty mess as he held her legs. Azula gave shallow breaths whimpering.

"That's it. Ooooh, that's the spot, right there".

Aang watched her perky breasts heave slowly, making him lick his lips.

"Does it hurt, Princess?" He asked, sweetly.
Before Azula could respond, the door flew open to reveal an audience of his friends and Azula's FATHER. The princess straightened herself immediately at his angry eyes.

"What's the matter, Father? Has anyone heard of knocking?" She hissed.

Ozai's face calmed instantly when he saw his daughter had her training garments on and the avatar was fully dressed also. The bed was perfectly made and the room smelled like fresh linens.

I should have known better. Thought Ozai, though he still wanted answers.

"So…is this the new boyfriend I have heard nothing about? If so, why is he in your bedroom?" He asked.

Katara and Zuko smirked behind him in unison.

Aang reddened, awaiting Azula's response. The princess wiped the perspiration from her forehead, calmly, easing a pair of lacy underwear from last night beneath her adjacent bed before rising slowly.

Luckily, she and the probender were early birds or they surely would have been caught in one of their favorite positions.

"Apologies Father, we were merely training. Please forgive my silence, I was going to introduce you at dinner".

"Hmph! Training…" grumbled Zuko. "For?"

"The games tonight after dinner, right Father. Remember the charity fundraiser?"

Ozai groaned. He had almost forgotten about the fundraiser for National Tea Day established by his bubbly brother. "Yes, yes…It is Twister night. Whoever wins may have $50,000 to benefit whichever charity they prefer. Aww, My Dear, you are really taking this to heart. I am sure you'll win".

Katara's eyes brightened. She loved giving to the needy and was sure she could upstand Azula in any physical prowess. The girl may be a firebending prodigy, according to Zuko, but that was probably all she knew how to do. "How do I sign up?" Asked the Water Tribe girl.

Zuko's jaw dropped. Ozai had completely forgiven Azula's deception outright. "I hate you!" He mouthed to her.

Azula smirked. "I know". She mouthed back before answering Katara. "No need to sign up just don't fuck up. I'll see you tonight, Sugar Cakes. I'm feeling limber".
Chapter Summary

Once again the world has proven anything you can do, I can do BETTER...

Azula's face was drenched, her limbs sore and completely stretched over the flexible woman under her while the weight of her nemesis pressed down from above.

"Give up, yet, Princess?" Asked the gifted contortionist beneath her form.

Azula bit her bottom lip as the woman underneath raised unto the tips of her fingers and toes. Her back arched unnaturally, chest pointing directly towards the firebender's mouth. Thankfully, she was clothed.

"It's ok to give in, ya' know".

Azula shook her head, sweat popping from her face. She was determined to win this dumb game or burn Caldera to the ground in her loss. That $50,000 was going to turn into a custom, baby Unagi-skinned Louis Vuitton handbag very soon.

Iroh's slow paced voice announced the next color. "Left foot, blue".

Azula looked about. Katara lifted a leg over her back with a grunt, aiming for the blue dot above her head while she stretched her own between the woman below her.

"Mmm...yes...Princess," moaned Ty Lee, erotically.

Concentrate! Azula coached herself, swallowing when the woman stretched a leg upward, softly touching her lower treasurer before completing the stretch over her own shoulder, toes hitting the middle of the blue dot perfectly. Only problem was now Azula stared at the slight indentions of her best friend's folds through her pink trousers.

Look away! Look away! Oh...Agni".

Ty Lee smiled slyly as if reading her thoughts. "Are you ok, Princess? You can win, ya' know".

Azula grit her teeth. How dare Ty Lee be allowed entrance into the competition? She wasn't even invited! Well...duh...it was all her fault.

#

The twister mat was set shortly after Ozai gave a lengthy speech from a handwritten paper. His daughter's well-written lies always incited the crowd. Iroh thanked the leader for his kind words, announcing the Twister Charity to commence after refreshments.

Music played while noble attendees ate and communed with one another. Azula checked her smartwatch, surprised to see a message from her old friend and brief fling that read: "Good luck, Princess. See you soon". The message was followed by thousands of kissy-face emojis.
Rolling her eyes, Azula entered the training room to change and stretch for the competition. Aang awaited her completely naked.

"Are you sure we're alone?" She hissed in a low tone.

She had narrowly escaped her father's rage twice earlier, after all.

"Of course," said Aang, pointing to the set of saunas lining the back of the room near the showers. "Figured you could use a good stretch for luck".

Azula smirked at the insinuation, following the probender immediately. The two stepped into the sauna completely bare. Aang kissed the princess against the wooden panel, pressing against her stomach with light moans before…

"Oh...um...wow".

The two stopped their passionate foreplay when the door flew open to reveal the shock of the night... Ty Lee.

The world's most feared ruler overlooked the crowd below him from his place in the box seating above the newly designed Fire Nation Temple's arena. With the rise of technology under his diligent supervision, his country now possessed the only completely malleable arena in the four nations. The place could transform instantly with the push of a little red button, from a ballroom, to an arena, a pool to even a courtroom.

What better way to flaunt the superiority of his nation?

The ruler regarded the crew preparing the place for a star-studded night of charitable propaganda to appease the people.

"Mr. President!"

Ozai turned an eye towards one of the most irritating men he knew. The Southern Water Tribe's billionaire, Varrick, gave a sugary sweet grin with an extended arm to greet him. Ozai regarded the gesture as if the man's hand was disease-ridden.

"Bowing is acceptable in the Fire Nation, Son," spoke Ozai, coldly.

Varrick gave a hearty laugh as if it was the funniest joke he had heard. "Of course!" With that, he gave a low bow. "Just wanted to say what a snazzy place you fiery people have here!"

Ozai huffed, walking past the man as if he were a rodent beneath his feet. As he walked towards his bedroom to retrieve his apathetic wife, his expensive cellular phone vibrated in his pocket. He retrieved it, continuing to walk as he opened the newest post from Gossip Bender, the website that single-handedly made and/or destroyed the lives of the rich and famous. The fire lord stopped in his tracks immediately at the words:

The Fire Nation Princess Caught in the Act with Top Pro-Bender Prospect!

Below the newest gossip column was a picture of his conservative daughter against a wall with the tattooed boy he had met less than 12 hours ago sucking her neck as if he wished to draw blood. To say the president was livid was an understatement. His little girl had some serious explaining to do, soon.
Meanwhile, Azula thought over Ty Lee's clever offering in brooding silence. Instead of preparing herself further for her grand performance tonight, she was thinking of a "better" way to tell her ex to get lost. Ty Lee was always a tease and she had simply grown out of their innocent love affair when she graduated from the academy and left for Harvard. The girl was content with being part of a matched set when Azula could guarantee her glory, glamour and all of the wealth a peasant would shit bricks to claim. The two were just not compatible and her father would never approve anyway, so Azula did what was best and moved on.

Obviously, the acrobat had not taken the hint and chose to use her flexible skills to boost herself a spot in the competition, after the deadline and completely UNINVITED. Her audacity was downright disrespectful, yet sexy at the same time. Azula had to admit she relished in it. The popular, Miss Four Nations had her sights set on the Crowned Princess no matter how many suitors pawed for her attention or the fact that Azula was in her first, completely monogamous relationship.

"Get out if you know what's good for you!" Azula had snapped at the woman's sudden intrusion into the sauna.

Aang licked his lips at the half-naked beauty before Azula grasped his neck with slender fingers that hid immense power.

"Oh, Princess, how could you host a flexibility contest without yours truly?" Asked Ty Lee boldly, shedding her towel.

Azula and Aang's mouths gaped in tandem. A thousand insults and curses could not wield her mind away from the heat that intensified in the already scalding room. Ty Lee stepped closer towards the two with a smirk that she obviously learned from her overly confident ex. "I can help you win, you know..." remarked Ty Lee, leaning in close to the college student's ear. "But my loyalty comes with a small...price".

Azula snatched a much needed cigarette from her best friend from Harvard, Ginger. The two young adults sat away from Azula's brother's peasant friends on the opposite side of the Olympic-sized swimming pool, large brimmed hats adorned to block the intense sunrays, despite being indoors, from "Agni's Hell on Earth". Dark, designer sunglasses sat on their noses as they mutually glared at the ridiculous antics Zuko and the others participated in while they ignored starved stares from various noblemen and jealous, pruning women admiring their revealing bikinis.

They had exactly three hours before they needed to be in the ballroom for the charity and Azula had needed less time to decide not to take Ty Lee's offer. The tease was obviously playing a game with her and she refused to cooperate. So what if Ty Lee's a so-called "trained contortionist"? Azula would win on her own merit and keep her lover all to herself, Ty Lee and her beautiful body, be damned.

Azula sipped her steaming chai tea with several splashes of her father's expensive bourbon at the bottom of the cup while Ginger lazily hogged the cigarette when it was passed and checked her cell phone. Two pedicurists had been called to tend the women's feet and hands for the festivities.

"I can't believe this idiot can't catch a fucking hint! Do I need to spell it out to him?" Hissed Ginger, her single thumb flying as she sent a text to her co-star in her successful mover series, Nuktuck. "Ok, how does this sound? 'I don't play, unless you pay'?"

Azula chuckled. "You couldn't be more vague. Try, 'I'm fucking my boss to get to the top'," she offered.
Ginger thought on it for a brief moment before shaking her head. "Hmm, nope, Varrick's married, remember? I don't want to be a regular on Gossip Bender like someone I know".

Azula raised an eyebrow. "What now?" She asked, knowing the comment was said with intent.

Ginger opened the latest tabloid post and showed it to her.

"Give me that cigarette!" Growled Azula, scanning the words and provocative photograph.

After several, nervous puffs, the princess hurriedly text her father. 'Zuzu photoshopped that,' she said, knowing he would believe her.

"I wish I knew who this Gossip Bender was. Probably my boyfriend's ex, Katara".

Ginger shrugged. "Or Zhu Li, I swear that woman's such a selfish bitch".

"You're sleeping with her husband," revealed Azula.

"Exactly!" Exclaimed Ginger, waving her hands frantically, pissing off her manicurist to no end. "You would think she would just get over it already!"

Azula shook her head before her golden eyes caught a glance of her boyfriend emerging from the clear water, his tattoos beautiful around his carved, half-naked, 6'6 frame.

"Now that's a man!" Commented Ginger, licking her lips. "Care to share?"

"Sure, after I kill him first," remarked Azula.

Ginger snickered. "A girl can dream. I'll take you both".

"I'll keep that mind," Lied Azula. She already had one airheaded former best friend turned ex-lover to keep at bay.

The fact that so many women wanted what was hers made the princess suddenly very hot and very bothered for her probending star. She kicked her pedicurist in the nose as she stood and strode over to greet her boyfriend. Taking a seat on the edge of the pool, she would not dare get in, having never learned how to properly swim. Of course, no one would have guessed such a thing and she especially did not want Aang's ex to figure it out and possibly use it against her somehow.

Aang caught the princess's frame immediately and licked his lips in lust. Katara wanted to smack her ex with the entire pool of water at that instant. Huffing with jealousy, she crossed her arms with a glare next to Suki. Aang had not even glanced her way, instead taking off immediately after rich chick and her dyed, red-headed, B-list mover star friend. Katara watched him float towards the woman she could never be, her emotions stirring in turmoil. She gripped the granite sides of the pool from where she sat on its edge.

The water began to ripple in response to her anger, prompting Suki to stop sucking off Sokka's face and comfort her best friend.

"Earth-Cannon ball!" Screamed Toph from the diving board, gripping her knees as she toppled into the crystal, blue water. "Top that, Zuko!" She challenged the nation's sought after prince, climbing the top of the ladder.

Suki climbed out of the pool, using a towel to dry herself. Sokka licked his lips, but after seeing the scowl on his sister's face, decided to leave the girls. Besides, the red-head next to Zuko's little sister
was giving him "The Eye" each time he glanced in her direction.

Opportunity would surely present itself if the Water Tribesman wanted it to, he was sure of it. Sokka threw caution to the wind and swam to the girls and Aang. The probender was seated on the granite poolside, his feet dangling in the water with the princess worshipping his chiseled frame from behind. Ginger sipped her blood, red sangria passively from a lounge chair, behind the couple.

Sokka stuck out his chest as he rose to his full height in the four feet of water. Just as he planned, Ginger's eye found his broad pectorals and a slight smirk crossed her bright, red lips.

"Mmm, who's your friend, Loverboy?" Asked the artificial red-head, checking out her fellow countryman over the rim of her beverage.

Aang shook from Azula's tongue running along his neck, finally answering, "That's Sokka, my ex's brother". He managed to say before moaning when the princess's hands moved from his back over his shoulders to gain back his precious attention.

"Hmm, not bad looking," commented Ginger, offhandedly.

Azula looked behind her, briefly. "He doesn't own a car," she announced before returning to her lover's neck.

"Ugh! Public transportation is so bad for the air!" Squealed Ginger, rolling her eyes.

Aang was about to correct her when Azula's red lips covered his, making him taste pomegranates and forgetting Ginger completely.

"Well, hello, lovely lady," Sokka approached the group dripping wet with a sly grin.

"770-555-6969, call me when you get a car, Sweetie," Ginger spoke waving him away dismissively.

With that, she stood and left the group, leaving Sokka mouth agape. The water tribesman looked to his athletic pal who was two minutes from scoring again with the Fire Nation princess.

Well, there's always Suki. He reminded himself with a shrug before diving back into the pool.

Katara watched her brother's failed flirting with a raised eyebrow.

"You're just going to let him do that?" She asked the former captain of the Coast Guard. "How disrespectful!"

Suki shrugged. "Not all of us are staunch monogamists," she answered. "Speaking of, it's really bothering you to see Aang with the princess, huh?"

Katara sighed. "It's just, I thought we were meant. I mean, when Aang and I met years ago, he would follow me around like a sad puppy, remember?"

Suki giggled, checking her phone for new texts. Her new recruits were bickering about something and needed her input.

"Yeah, but that was before he grew over night and became Probender of the Year. Besides, he was annoying. You would avoid him like the plague," she reminded the young woman.

Fanning herself from the heat, Katara sighed. "Yeah, I know, but it was…cute. I miss him".

"Maybe, you should try getting his attention again. Obviously, Azula's an attention seeker. Maybe
that's a turn on for him".

A thought suddenly came to mind at Suki's statement. "That's it!" She squealed, lifting herself to her feet. "The twister tournament is in a few. It's a flexibility contest anyway, maybe…"

Instead of finishing, the waterbender approached the couple in their own world. Azula noticed her presence first, of course. Raising an eyebrow, she looked her over as if she were small, glaring as she strategically lavished the man Katara was pining for with her tongue against his neck in a slow, very sexy manner. Katara's lip snarled at the display.

"Are you lost?" The princess finally asked. "I know my home is the size of that entire rathole you come from, but it is not difficult to navigate".

"No, just wondering if you were ready for tonight?" Katara hinted with a smirk.

"Hmm," began Azula. Kissing Aang's cheek she directed her answer to him. "Well, Boyfriend has surely stretched me to impossible limits. What do you think, Lover?" She asked with a smooth grin that made Katara roll her eyes.

"So," continued the woman, trying her best to be sincere. "Does the winner get anything?" She asked.

Azula sucked her teeth obviously increasingly annoyed by her presence. "I adore your enthusiasm… er…whatever your name is".

"Katara," coolly snapped the Water Tribe woman. "I'm sure Aang told you or maybe your brother," she added with a knowing smile at Aang's sudden attention.

Hmph, that's right, you're not the only fish in the sea. She hoped to communicated with her words.

Azula lifted a smooth, newly shaven leg over and across Aang's tattooed pair in a long, showy stretch that made him immediately dismiss the comment.

"I don't discuss peasants with my brother and sorry guess you forgot to mention her, hmm, Sweetie?" She asked him, legs wide across his lap. "Besides, there are preliminaries. Before you can compete, you need to win the splits contest. You'll have thirty seconds to spread those wolf legs of yours in order to qualify".

Katara reddened.

"Azula," said Aang with a pout. "Be nice".

A flash of disgust showed briefly before the ever-calculated woman shrugged.

"Goodness, Lover, must be the heat".

"I'll see you at the preliminaries!" Growled Katara, stomping away.
The evening was already taking a turn for the worse for Prince Zuko. His father's dreadfully, deceptive attempt at hosting a benefits fundraiser event was barely an hour away, yet the prince was ready to board the nearest plane to anywhere, but here. Uncle Iroh's National Tea Day had been a wonderfully kind gesture of good faith and hit in a nation that was beginning to question their royal allegiance daily according to the news. Naturally, Ozai had to make a show of the beloved new holiday with pitiful buffoonery.

To be honest, Zuko had not wanted to spend the summer with his father and sister at all. He had opted multiple times to skip the summer torture this year and spend it relaxing with his mother, step-father and half-sister in the small, quaint village of Hira'a.

"Your father and Azula would be heartbroken". Ursa had knowingly lied when he protested the arrangement for the hundredth time over the phone. "It is good for your image when you become the new head of state, Sweetheart".

Image… Zuko huffed, threading his calloused fingers through his shoulder length hair, leaning against the sink with his other hand, glaring at his reflection in the golden-framed mirror on the wall of the royal wash house.

Two female servants waited, patiently, for the Crowned Prince to take a seat for a hair washing with pleasant smiles as expected. Zuko contemplated melting their faces with his two fists, horrifying himself by the thought. Neither of the women deserved such treatment. They did not dare open their mouths to disrespect royalty as he so foolishly did. Even servants held more wits than him.

Zuko's eyes narrowed at what his mother called a 'glorious image'. Uncle Iroh had even agreed adding, 'A boy of true honor'.

Lies! Zuko reminded himself. All pathetic, worthless lies!

The porcelain sink cracked from his heated hand. Oh well, Ozai would not notice anyway. He was too busy pounding the flesh of his new wife in hopes of a new, worthy son to concern himself with his old, worthless son's slow self-destruction. Zuko briefly wondered if Azula was at all bothered by their father's blatant neglect.

"Of course not. He notices her, at least," he grumbled towards the scarred side of his face.

The scar marked him like a wayward woman's abdomen after a scandalous affair. His father's flamed fist to his face marked his failure from the moment Zuko rose with the sun until he drifted off with the moon. Even his short, well-received stint in his father's semi-voluntary military was quickly overshadowed by Azula's acceptance into Harvard and solidified by her now public relationship with the world's only known, living air nomad.

"Something's not right with Aang," he told his reflection. "How could he survive a complete
genocide ages ago? Frozen in time?"

Rumors were floating all over Gossip Bender and other sites about the fabled avatar who was destined to 'bring harmony' to the four nations. Was it mere coincidence that Aang was affectionately called such a thing? Zuko had befriended the man to find out, but so far, he had only noted his airbending. He wondered if Azula thought on this? Was that her reason for dating him? Surely, his sister held no real affection for anyone, right?

"If he is, Father will need to know. Maybe…” Zuko shook away from the mirror to prepare for the evening.

#

Katara adjusted her blue leotard, checking the mirror to access the way the skin-tight outfit hugged her soft, slightly flaring curves in a tasteful, but beautiful way. She was sure to capture the attention of every fire bigot in the room, especially the Fire Nation's Princess Azula in all of her bitchy glory. She smirked at barely noticeable, nude stockings. It was surely enough to catch her ex-lover's eyes and capture his attention for the majority of the competition.

"Are you ready?" Asked Suki's other friend, Ty Lee, sweetly, awaiting her at the vanity to apply her make-up.

She elicited the acrobat's services immediately as she was the only friendly person in the entire country it seemed. As a Fire National, she knew exactly how to apply make-up flawlessly and perfectly to give Katara the competitive edge.

"How about gold for your eyeshadow?" Suggested Ty Lee.

Katara shrugged her shoulders. "If you think it will work," she answered.

"Oooooh, pink, wait…well, no," Ty Lee blabbered, worrying her bottom lip with her teeth.

When she finished, Katara opened her eyes to analyze the acrobat's work. Wow! She thought, turning her head for various angles. It seems a bit excessive, but what do I know? I didn't grow up here. She decided to trust Ty Lee's expertise and left the room to ready herself for the night's performance. Surprisingly, she glimpsed at distraught Zuko emerging from the washroom.

"Good luck, Buddy!" She called to him.

Zuko whirled around before raising his eyebrow. "Oh, um, hi Katara…"

Katara batted her false eyelashes. "What's wrong, Zuko?" She asked, concern evident on her face.

"Um…nothing…really," without further words, he hurried away as if something had frightened him.

Katara shrugged, continuing towards the arena when she noticed Azula's whorish friend, Ginger, sneaking out of Varrick's room looking about for his wife before completely emerging into the hall, smoothing her dress. At the sight of Katara, she tensed before narrowing her eyes in realization. Seconds later, she burst aloud with laughter.

"Excuse you!" Growled Katara, ready to send a whip of water from the adjacent bathroom's toilet towards the cackling woman.

"Sorry…may I ask what idiot did your makeup? Did you die?"
Katara bit her lip. "I—Is it bad?"

Ginger's eyes widened. "Wow…um…well, between you and me, you are Water Tribe casket ready, Sweetheart," with that she chuckled down the hall as Katara's make-up ran from a flood of tears.

#

Ozai lit a cigar with his middle finger from his perch overlooking the night's events.

"It's illegal to smoke in buildings in the earth kingdom," announced his wife passively seated by his side on the balcony overlooking the event in the fancy arena.

"Hmph! And they call us commies," commented the political leader. When Elder Advisor to the throne, General Iroh arrived with Governor Ukano's only daughter, he smirked widely, adding, "A man has a right to his indulgences".

He did not miss Jun's lingering gaze on his son's dreadfully, boring ex-girlfriend. He decided to address the matter in the privacy of their bedroom later.

"Hello, Brother," greeted Iroh, helping Mai into a seat before taking his own next to Ozai. "Thank you for such a generous gesture though I'm sure you have your bets on the table tonight".

Ozai shrugged, carelessly, narrowing his eyes briefly at the tattooed Air Nation athlete, adjusting his daughter's black leotard.

"The princess of course," he answered smoothly, blowing smoke from his nostrils. He heard Ukano's daughter snicker lowly. "Let me guess, you're doubling tonight with my son and his uncle, Young lady?" He addressed, at which she blushed harshly, staring straight ahead.

The fact that he had roused that much emotion was enough for the leader. "Just supporting Princess Azula and Ty Lee," answered the girl. "Ty Lee invited me and was quite persistent'.

The comment made Ozai's jaw tighten. Azula's acrobatic ex had been sent on a one-way flight as far away as possible when the two graduated high school after blemishing his only good child's image when they were caught fucking on prom night.

It had taken severe action to "correct" his favored child. He was sure that she would never forget that night no matter how many Ambiens she took behind his back in efforts to do so. He did not have time to collect his surprise that the acrobat had dared step back into the palace. When his eyes caught sight of Azula and her new boyfriend, they narrowed in fury, locking with Azula's before she quickly snubbed the airbender's flame, pushing him towards the locker room. Ozai was careful not to alert the others surrounding him.

#

Aang stretched his legs, preparing for his name to be called. Azula sat on a nearby bench in the private locker room where their previous tryst had been halted by her old friend.

"Cheer up, Sweetie," he said, calmly bending over backwards to stretch his torso. "What's the worst that could happen? You guys are famous. Ozai wouldn't risk another political scandal".

"Hmph, fame is all well and good, but it was when fame killed a princess in England that people realized how bad it can be," spoke Azula, mostly to herself.

Aang raised an eyebrow. "Azula, calm down, your father wants a good show".
"You don't know him!" Hissed the princess, standing to pace to and fro around the room, two fingers tapping her chin in deep thought.

"Katara of the Water Tribe!" Came "Uncle Fuddy Duddy's" announcement of the next contestant.

Azula paused, so far, she had ignored the previous contestants. Sokka barely made it in, Suki was a shoe-in due to her looks and Toph purposefully flipped off everyone in the room with her middle finger when she was eliminated from the competition due to her "impairment". The announcement of her new nemesis made the princess hurry to the door of the locker room to watch the water peasant's preliminary round performance.

Azula huffed, noting the woman's makeup and blue, ballerina tutu to match her brown leotard.

"How is she doing?" Boldly asked Aang, though he dared not to see for himself.

"I am strangely reminded of a performing platypus-bear with make-up," Azula answered with a shrug though she noticed Katara's well-timed split performed with ease.

Little Bitch. She thought with a frown.

"Your introduction, Young Lady?" Ozai suddenly piped after the crowd's applause died down.

Azula smirked deviously as Aang stopped his lunging. "What?" Asked Aang in tandem with his ex in the spotlight.

"Well, seeing as you're uncultured. Every performer announces who they are and why they're in the competition. An introduction of sorts or they are automatically disqualified". Informed the man.

"Um…" Katara was obviously distraught. "Ok, well, I'm Katara of the Southern Water Tribe. I believe courage is above all the best virtue because without it, you can't practice the other virtues consistently. Therefore-"


Katara huffed, though thrilled that she had made it into the competition. Iroh gave a proud smile.

"And next, the Fire Nation's Crowned Prince Zuko!"

Aang joined Azula to watch this time. "Haha, sure failure. He's always such a disappointment".

"I worry for him. Poor guy has been super stressed lately. Hey, I meant to ask a while ago, how did he get that scar?"

Azula shrugged, "A training accident. Anyway, don't trust him. He is two face-faced literally AND figuratively".

The crowd roared before halting when Ozai stood. Zuko gave an additional, respectful bow.

"Your introduction?" Asked Ozai.

Zuko stammered for several moments. "I, um, the-"

"You're disqualified," said Ozai, making Azula snort loudly as the crowd gasped aloud.

"But-" Zuko began to protest.
"Will banishment suffice?"

Through clenched teeth Zuko hung his head, defeated. "No, sir," he answered, his face reddening almost to the color of his hideous scar.

"Then...GET. OFF. MY. STAGE," with that, the ruler took his seat again.

Iroh sighed, heavily, shaking his head, though he held his peace with a solemn look as his nephew stormed out of the arena. Looking to his list, he announced the next contestant, the unanimous crowd favorite.

"Crowned Princess Azula of the Fire Nation".

The retired general silently thanked Agni that Zuko did not hear the reception that his sister received as she took the stage with a pageant wave of her hand. No one suspected that Azula had been caught off guard when she heard her name. She tried to avoid her father's gaze and gave her most regal smile and waves to the country's privileged noble families in the crowd.

"Knock 'em dead, Princess," whispered Aang, making her stomach twist in a manner that surprised her more.

Azula turned her attention to the task at hand. After a brief display of tranquil bowing towards her father, she completed a complicated set of katas from her childhood called "Mother and Son" that she had performed for her grandfather years before his death. She had perfected the moves over time due to frequent fantasies of one day performing it during an Agni Khai with Zuko's beloved mother. Ending with an impressive split that she had practiced with Aang, Azula gave a dramatic kiss to the crowd before leaning back, her head nearly meeting her back leg as the people roared in admiration.

Standing upright, she gave another bow before speaking. "Crowned Princess Azula," she announced, removing her crown from her bosom. "The crown speaks volumes to my purpose here. It serves as a reminder to others whom they're dealing with".

Ozai seemed pleased with her performance which eased her anxiety. Luckily, her old, diamond-studded purse was full of Prozac that should last all summer.

"Congratulations, Princess. You will have first pick in the rounds," her father proudly stated.

Azula bowed low, feeling Katara's "pissivity" flare in her chi. She smirked in her direction. This is all mine along with Aang. She attempted to communicate to the water bender.

Hurrying off the stage, she froze, jaw nearly hitting the ground when none other than Ty Lee sauntered by legs wide on her hands with a skin tight, pink leotard that showed every curve on the short woman's figure along with an eyeful of bosom to accompany it.

"Ty Lee of the Noble Class," announced Iroh.

Azula's eyes stayed glued to the girl as she gave an erotic dance as graceful as a turtleduck on her hands before completing a full split upside down twice, toes touch the stage's floor lightly before tumbling into an upright position with a bright smile.

"Ty Lee of the Nobles. I fix inner issues of bad bitches. Some call me a...savage. What's flexibility without me?"

The crowd adored her, making Ozai stand.
"Excuse me, unfortunately, due to the audience, the princess will be second to you. Well done, Young lady".

If her jaw was not hinged, Azula was sure she would have lost it. Thankfully, Aang was there to kiss her before following the acrobat with a ball of air that made the crowd "ooh" and "ah" as he ascended into the air as though he were flying. Nearly touching the domed arena's roof, the athlete performed a perfect split as he floated back to the ground. Ozai acknowledged the performance with a nod to Azula's relief, though she had been almost certain her father had witnessed Aang's firebending earlier.

She dismissed the nagging in her mind watching with amusement as Aang completely avoided Katara's attempt to congratulate him with a hug by instead offering a pleasant handshake that she hesitantly took.

He's mine. Thought Azula, satisfyingly.

Her eyes remained fixated on her lover's form with each step closer towards her, making her forget about Ty Lee's display in seconds. Aang looked godly in his simple orange, Nike sweat pants and fitting tank tops. Sweat glistened over his tattooed arrows dripping as he walked, his brown eyes focused only on her. Azula's sharp index finger was glued to her bottom, loose lip entranced. The collegiate athlete grinned with a devious gleam in his eye that made her heart pound in her chest and her breathing increase.

It was when his lips met hers that she realized she was oogling him like a slutty fangirl. Though she deepened the kiss without hesitation, pulling him back into the locker room with her arms about his neck.

Aang moaned as the princess bit his bottom lip and pulled. Kicking the door closed behind them, using his airbending to lock it before hoisting Azula up, making her instinctively wrap toned calve muscles around his waist, panting loudly when his lips grasped her neck.

When they were against the wall of lockers, Aang's hand moved low towards the bottom her black leotard to make room for himself and finish their earlier, interrupted moment. He moved to her earlobe with a tender suckling before whispering, "Let's practice, Princess. Just how flexible are you?"
His ass is cute. Ginger thought offhandedly, reaching out to touch the young, pale royal's backside with her red, manicured fingernails.

Azula's hot, deformed, older brother growled low, shooting her a warning glare over his shoulder that made her retract her hand quickly. His anger frightened and intrigued the red-head. It fueled him like a machine, making him tense and relentless which she was not used to as it had been a while since she had a man her age. Part of her wanted to give up her bachelorette status and settle in nicely with her best friend's single brother, then again, Varrick and his wife came with much less baggage than the royal fire family.

Watching Prince Zuko pull up his trousers with a satisfied sigh, Ginger decided once was enough. Old, rich married men were more her style anyway.

"Feeling better?" She asked when he unlocked the door to his Hummer, signaling their impromptu session was over.

A grunt was her answer, making Ginger suck her teeth. Jerk! She thought, opening the door to let herself out. She adjusted her blue ballroom gown, reapplying her lipstick.

"Keep your mouth shut about this, Ginger," snapped Zuko. "If you tell Azula-"

"Oh, hush, Your Highness, I've forgotten about this mediocrity already," the red-head hissed back, flipping her short hair as she strutted away, proudly.

Though she was obviously lying about the best car tryst she had in a very long time, she found the prince incredibly rude and more entitled than his sister, which she thought impossible to achieve. Before the prince could lash out at her, she hurried away.

#

The twister mat seemed out of place with its pattern of overly bright, colorful dots against a white background against the dark, bloody crimson of the Fire Palace's walls and columns. Katara struggled not to shiver at the overhanging flags around the arena bearing an oppressive nation's proud emblem of gold against its crimson background. Instead, she chose to focus on the task at hand. With the monetary grand prize, she hoped to reclaim at least some of the wealth stolen from her home country many years ago, during the legendary war that spanned a hundred years, ending before she was born and sparking this current age of world dominance and modernism.

Waiting patiently for the event to begin, Katara was surprised by a gentle grasp on her shoulder by a warm hand. Her heart quickened, eyes turning to meet not the baby brown ones, she had hoped to see, but intense molten, gold orbs, one of which seemed smaller due to the scarred flesh surrounding it.

"Prince Zuko," Katara muttered, very disappointed that Aang and Azula had yet to emerge from the locker room from doing the spirits knew what! "Your country was quite generous to allow such a competition, given their history".
She felt Zuko's eyes scrutinizing her before he spoke. "You shouldn't speak so openly about politics around here," he whispered so that only she could hear. "Keep your eyes opened, things aren't always what they seem here".

Katara was surprised at her friend's tone. The prince was an awkward loner who rarely spoke about anything. Before she could respond, he asked, "Where's Aang?"

Katara's eyes narrowed voice constricting with pure jealousy and bitterness. "I'm not the one you should be asking. I'm sure your ivy league sister is keeping him warm".

Surprisingly, the prince huffed. "Good, my father's looking for her anyway. I'll just enjoy the show".

As if on cue, Azula emerged from the locker room, her eyes immediately finding Katara and Zuko. Her father awaited her with a terrifying glare that the waterbender noted. Surprisingly, Aang had yet to appear, making her heart burn with worry for several moments before he revealed himself.

The couple did not look at one another, instead of moving on opposite ends of the Twister mat in silence. When Aang stopped beside her, Katara smiled prettily at him.

"I thought you guys were quitting," she said, sweetly.

Aang spoke low, his eyes distant as if he were preparing for battle. "We did," he said, softly.

Huh? Thought Katara before Iroh drewled out, "Water Tribe, right hand red"

#

"This has gone far enough, Princess," Ozai said to his nervous daughter.

Of course, only her father could sense that Princess Azula wanted to secretly peel her flesh away, thanks to her daily dose of medications and years of repressed emotions. As a show of support to the crowd, her father had descended from his VIP seating to escort his daughter to the staged charity event. Luckily she and Aang had finished their tryst and were only caught exchanging loving kisses when the Imperial Firebenders entered the locker room.

"How so, Father?" She braved to ask.

Ozai brought a cigar to his lips, exhaling before handing it to his daughter. "Calm down, Child. You seem to care very much for a man whose people threatened your very existence".

Azula inhaled the cigar, watching Katara clumsily start the tournament. Her mind swirled with hazy thoughts of college parties and shopping sprees with Ginger on her father's dime. She would not have traded her father's favor for anything at that time, but that was then…that was before a gust of wind took her breath away in the form of her beloved nation's greatest threat…that was before she fell in love against her better judgement with the avatar.

To be completely honest, Harvard University's campus was no different from any other college. Granted, social class lines were drawn with a more permanent marker, but Azula was at the very top of the class hierarchy so she gave such things little thought. She never mingled with anyone outside of her class except for Ginger, who had fucked and sucked her way to the top, so Azula could respect her tenacity to take charge of her own social mobility, and welcomed the girl with open arms. Ginger, in exchange, introduced Azula to lower society's way of life.

It was not the excessive, free use of illegal drugs (Azula was content with her antidepressants), but the enjoyment of life. Peasants found enjoyment in everything from stargazing, birdwatching, house
parties and sports. Life was one big rollercoaster ride to them. They did not have an image to preserve or an overbearing father who ruled the world. They were content with just…existing.

Azula had been on the campus lawn with her sketchbook in hand. Thankfully, her father had not confiscated it or he would have seen her sketches of Ty Lee's naked body with his grandfather Sozin's old bedrobe hanging open the day before she left for the prestigious university. Despite their breakup, Ty Lee wanted her to always have something pretty to look at other than herself and Azula committed one of her many rebellious acts against her powerful father for the last time.

The princess was over her old flame, however, and instead found a fresh page to sketch a couple lost in one another as they ate on the lawn out of a basket. Azula could not fathom their open affection, finding it quite tasteless, though she likewise found beauty in the clear, blue sky and overhanging trees against perfectly manicured grass backdrop around them.

She had finished the outline of her sketch, erasing the stray marks of imperfection when a strange, annoying, gust of wind nearly ripped the book from her hand, forcing the red, large brimmed hat off her head to reveal her unkempt hair to the world.

"What in Agni's Hell?" She muttered, pursing her lips.

She threw her sketchbook and pencil aside to retrieve the hat before it could tumble out of sight.

"Sorry! Let me get that for you!" A male voice called from behind her.

From her embarrassing position on her hands and knees, Princess Azula had to crane her neck up more than normal to look at the staggering giant looming above her. Waving his hand, he blew the hat awkwardly back atop her head. Instead of thanking him, Azula spit fire, hurrying to scramble away. An airbender! The princess was shocked senseless before quickly recovering.

Hmph! Can't wait to tell Father about this. She thought.

The man smiled warmly, extending his arm to help her to her feet. Azula looked at it as though it was an alien. His tattoos seemed to radiate from his strong forearm.

"The avatar," she gasped in awe.

As did everyone else in the world, Azula believed the survival of the fabled air nomad avatar to be false.

Perhaps, he could be useful. She told herself, lifting unto her feet.

"You can call me Aang," he announced pleasantly.

"Are you the avatar?" Azula asked him, voice low.

Aang gave a grimace. "People call me that, but-"

"Then I'll call you, Avatar," she insisted a smirk appearing on her face. "You may call me, Princess".

Aang shrugged. "Ok, well, Princess, I think I'm lost. I am supposed to meet the president in one of these buildings".

Azula nodded. "For?"

Aang's brow rose. "Well, not to brag, but they want to talk to me about their probending team. I'm pretty good".
Of course. Azula could care less for peasant sports though she found the crowd's faithful love for them to be quite comical.

"It is your lucky day then. I know the president personally".

Azula led Aang to meet with Harvard's president, purposefully leaving her cell number for him in exchange for his. Of course, it was only to keep tabs on his whereabouts and hopefully track his GPS coordinates should she need to present him to her father for proof. Aang, however, was immediately enthralled and had other ideas in mind.

After rejecting the president's proposal, he asked the princess on a date at which she readily complied.

"Hmm, you're not interested?" Ginger asked, who had driven her to the teashop the two had planned to meet at.

"Just business, Ginger. I'll leave the fucking to you," Azula snapped coolly, waving her off.

Aang was there to greet her at the entrance to the teashop and Azula nearly stumbled as she became very aware of the air nomad's rare beauty. She found herself returning his warm smile as she approached.

"Hello, Princess," said the avatar, bowing to her. "Are you feeling adventurous?"

Azula's brow wrinkled. "What?" A slap was about to be the answer before Aang wrapped an arm around her waist, opening an ancient glider, she had not noticed, lifting them into the air.

"You're not afraid of heights, I hope," he commented smoothly when Azula's arms wrapped about his neck in a strong chokehold.

"I'm not afraid of anything!" She insisted, though she found her legs glued to his hip.

Aang chuckled. "We'll see".

"I care about my nation, Father. You know of my complete allegiance to you and our land," Azula answered, readying herself for her cue to enter the competition.

"Ah, then you remember our conversation from your last love affair, then?"

"it will come to you, this love of the land. There's no getting away from it if your blood burns fire".

Azula tried to restrain her tears. Ozai loved the fear in her eyes. She would always belong to him.

"Thank you for reminding me, though, I do not see why land is so important, Father," she admitted honestly.

"Do you mean, Azula, Crowned Princess Azula, that the Fire Nation…this land doesn't mean anything to you? Land is the only thing that keeps this nation in power. We send soldiers to fight for it, die for it because it's the only thing that lasts," responded Ozai.

"But Mother says love lasts," choked out Azula against her will.

"And you know your mother for the liar she is".

Azula breathed deeply at the memory. "Of course, Father, or I would not have taken the pains to get him here".
Bile rose in her throat as he gave a gentle chuckle, rubbing her back softly.

"Good," whispered Ozai in her ear. "I'd hate to see you as damaged as your brother. Oh and be sure to win this competition. I do not intend to have a dime of my money squandered on charities".

"Of course".

"Afterwards, buy something to replace the avatar".

Azula nodded in agreement. "I have my prize picked out, a baby Unagi-skinned bag with my name on it".

Ozai chuckled. "Good girl, you concentrate on that and I'll handle my own prize".

Azula swallowed hard.

#

A week of unsupervised entertainment with the avatar made Azula's heart light. Their dates were not traditional in any social setting, but very unique. She found herself enjoying air gliding and the effect of having her breath taken away when she finally kissed the avatar. Azula was taken by Aang's discussions on worldly affairs and was impressed at his knowledge of ancient Fire Nation culture.

They would talk well into the night about varying topics until one day, the passion was so intense that they found themselves kissing with less innocence than normal atop a mountain's peak. Azula had excused the sensation on the thin air, yet she wanted more from Aang that night. She desired him in ways that she knew better than to desire anyone.

"Show me your tattoos," she gasped when their lips unlocked.

She straddled him on the flat peak of the mountain, their picnic basket untouched. She had felt his reaction to their make-out session and she basked in it.

"Well..." Aang's face reddened.

"Are they all over your body?" Asked the princess.

Aang nodded slowly, peeling off his shirt under the woman's gaze. Azula marveled at his frame and brown beard. Leaning over to whisper in his ear, she spoke softly. "I want you".

Aang gasped, his body jerking as if he were electrocuted by this insatiable woman. Sparks flew that instant and Azula's eyes drained tears after Aang honorably received her virginity. She knew! She knew then she had to stop the madness quickly. She knew when they shared the words in solitary away from the public eye that she could not control it.

When they had finished, Azula cried like a child. She blamed it on skipping her meds, yes, that was definitely it. Aang panicked, hurrying to wrap the blanket that they had lied on about her shoulders.

"What is it?" He asked, carefully. "I-I thought you liked it. I thought you were ready," he bit his bottom lip in worry at her bloodshot eyes. "I'm sorry, Azula".

The princess sniffed, retrieving her sketchbook from her bag.

"I want to draw you," she said, softly. "I want to remember this because it won't last".

#
Azula took her cue. Ozai smirked at his loyal child, wishing her luck again as he spotted her old flame entering the tournament at the call.

Aang had entered the tournament as well. He watched Azula leave her father's side and tried to meet the princess's eyes from where he balanced on one hand atop a green dot. She refused to acknowledge him, of course, after breaking his heart into millions of miserable pieces.

What's going on? He wondered, searching the competition.

Katara and Sokka's element had been called and Sokka found himself entangled with Suki. Luckily the two maintained their balance.

"Sokka! If I fall from your weight, I'm going to break up with you, for good!" Hissed the Kyoshi Island native.

Sokka huffed from his position leaning over her with two outstretched hands. "At least it's not YOUR weight," he snapped back. "Besides, I'm a ladies' connoisseur".

"Uh, huh," came Katara, effortlessly stretching into an almost split with her hands several feet in front of her. "Sokka, the moon doesn't count as a lady".

Suki howled, her body jerking before she slammed into the twister mat, kicking Sokka's leg off balance along with her. Luckily, she rolled away into the elimination zone before Sokka's face met the floor with a hard THUD. Aang winced at the water tribesman pain. Sokka growled before standing, red faced and walking off. The crowd of staunch, Fire Nationals roared in applause at the excitement.

"Hmph! Idiots!" Grumbled Azula, making Aang's heart flutter from her sultry voice.

"Azula!" He hissed lowly to the woman bent over directly ahead. "Azula!" He repeated.

"Air, left hand, blue," came Iroh's voice.

Aang pursed his lips, though this meant he could get a little closer to his love. Azula refused to acknowledge him, however.

"Water, left foot, green".

Aang called to Azula again, making Katara glance between them. Bitch! She seethed angrily at the princess's piss poor attitude.

"Just like pampered royalty. They're done with you after you've wiped their ass," she stated, offhandedly.

Azula's head jerked up.

"Fire, left foot yellow," said Iroh, skipping earth, as Suki was the only earth representative in the competition.

Azula's foot stretched up towards Katara's direction. "You're right," she said though her broken tone was not missed by the avatar. "You can have him back to finish wiping yours, perhaps it will help with your catfish aroma".

Katara blinked twice at the insult, nearly faltering to Azula's pleasure. "I can't wait to choke you,"
she hissed back.

"Anytime, Peasant," retorted Azula.

"Sweetie..." Aang's voice called.

Both women looked to him.

"Air, right foot yellow".

Aang grunted with perspiration breaking his forehead, yet his lips found Azula's in her surprise and Katara's heartbreak. The risk was great as he toppled, his shoulder hitting the mat.

"I love you, Azula," he said watching her face crumble.

"You can go now, Sweetheart," called Ty Lee, whom everyone had forgotten was in the competition until that moment.

Aang rolled off the mat and into the elimination zone with Sokka and Suki. He looked about for Zuko immediately to find out what he had done wrong with Azula. Surely, Zuko could help him win the princess back. He finally caught a glimpse of the prince's back, heading out of the arena towards the throne room and pursued.

Azula gasped outwardly. Now that Aang was gone, she could focus. Her face was drenched, her limbs sore and completely stretched over the flexible woman under her while the weight of her nemesis pressed down from above.

"Give up, yet, Princess?" Asked the gifted contortionist beneath her form.

Azula bit her bottom lip as the woman underneath raised unto the tips of her fingers and toes. Her back arched unnaturally, chest pointing directly towards the firebender's mouth. Thankfully, she was clothed.

"It's ok to give in, ya' know".

Azula shook her head, sweat popping from her face. She was determined to win this dumb game or burn Caldera to the ground in her loss. That $50,000 was going to turn into a custom, baby Unagi-skinned Louis Vuitton handbag very soon. She had to be content with that. Love was unbecoming.

Iroh's slow paced voice announced the next color. "Left foot, blue". Now allowing the free for all between the three contestants. It was only a matter of time before one of them became victorious.

Azula looked about. Katara lifted a leg over her back with a grunt, aiming for the blue dot above her head while she stretched her own between the woman below her.

"Mmm...yes...Princess," moaned Ty Lee, erotically.

Concentrate! Azula coached herself, swallowing when the woman stretched a leg upward, softly touching her lower treasurer before completing the stretch over her own shoulder, toes hitting the middle of the blue dot perfectly. Only problem was now Azula stared at the slight indentions of her best friend's folds through her pink trousers.

Look away! Look away! Oh...Agni".

Ty Lee smiled slyly as if reading her thoughts. "Are you ok, Princess? You can win, ya' know".
"Concentrate!" She scolded herself quietly.

Ty Lee gave her a look of worry. Her ex was normally a bundle of well-kept stress, but the acrobat could see the intensity of her aura. This wasn't just a game anymore. The chinks in her armor that Azula attempted to keep invisible were beginning to show.

"Are you ok, Princess?" She asked.

Azula scoffed at the woman. Truth was, she was not. Breaking up with Aang hurt like nothing she had ever wanted to experience and she would never reveal that to the acrobat pining for her currently.

"You want him, don't you?" Ty Lee pressed.

Azula grunted, "I want YOU to piss off!" She spat out.

She could not risk Ozai hearing them. Though she did not feel nearly the same for Ty Lee as she did for Aang, she did not want to lose her ex either. Her father would think nothing of assassinating even a noblewoman.

"Let me help," urged Ty Lee.

Azula shook her head, feeling her arms stiffening. "This is about more than just fucking you".

Ty Lees face shattered as she let her arms fall. Her head fell against Katara's calf, making her wince as she fell atop Azula. The princess, however, managed to push low to the ground just barely long enough to avoid touching the mat as Katara rolled off of her. And just like that, it was over.

"And the winner is, your Princess Azula!" Announced Azula's ancient nannies, Lo and Li proudly to a screaming crowd of her people.

Standing on wobbly legs, Azula caught her breath. It was over. She looked about for her father, then Aang. Both were absent and Azula's heart bled. Music blared as the mat was removed by servants and the party began. Ginger ran to her bestie ready to swarm her with hugs and praise.

"So, shopping's in order, I assume," said the red-head, raising a glass of red wine.

Azula's brow furrowed. "Where's Aang?" She asked. "My father? Zuko?"

Ginger licked her lips at Zuko's name. "Well, I left your brother in his truck," she announced.

Azula shook her head, disgusted. "I don't care if you fucked him. I need to know if you've seen Aang".

Ginger shrugged. "He went that way I think," she said pointing.

"Azula!"

The princess's eyes rolled in irritation. She knew very well whom the voice belonged to. Turning, she glared at her mother, stopping in her tracks before hugging the woman. Ursa gave a meek smile. "I just wanted to congratulate you, Sweetheart".

Scoffing, Azula noted the waterbender heading for the throne room, hastily with none other than… Aang!

"Your sister."
Azula huffed. "Father told me strictly to not talk to strangers," she snapped, shoving past the woman. Katara was leading Aang out of the palace when Azula called to them. "You can run, but I'll catch you!"

The two halted, turning to face her. Katara frowned as Aang's face filled with pain that Azula tried not to notice.

"We need to leave, Aang," said Katara, grasping the athlete's forearm. "If what Zuko said was true, we don't have time".

Zuko! Azula's eyes narrowed, crossing her arms she glared at them.

Aang wrenched away from the waterbender, closing the gap between himself and the princess. Hesitantly, he reached for her with an open palm as he did when they first met. Azula blinked away the memory. She could not give in. Her father's warning was clear. No more fucking up.

"Please, tell me Zuko was lying. Y-You do feel something for me? We…meant…something, didn't we?"

Azula bit her lip. Before she could speak, Ozai's face appeared behind the waterbender along with Zuko's. Katara hurriedly attempted to bend liquid from the left over glasses on wine in the room when Zuko forced her hands behind her back. Grunting, Katara squirmed causing Aang to look between both of his exes. His eyes widened at the princess.

"Azula?"

"Excellent work, My Children," announced Ozai, approaching the couple. "Especially you, Princess. I knew you would put on your best performance".

Azula had no clue what her father meant, yet she could not force herself to speak.

"And Zuko, perfect, idea to disguise yourself as the enemy".

Katara gasped, looking up at the prince's scarred face. "I thought you had changed," she hissed.

Zuko's jaw clenched. "I have," he said, simply.

Imperial Firebenders emerged to take the avatar captive. Azula watched helplessly as he was restrained.

"This was all a game to you," Aang softly spoke, "You win as always".

Azula began to reach for him when a strong hand grasped her wrist. "Now, now, Princess, you don't want to keep our guests waiting," said Ozai. "Your brother and I will handle this. You'll forget him and this game by morning".

Chapter End Notes

This the Modern AU for now...
Ember Island is a magical place. It is the only place in the world, other than the dilapidated air temples where two of the world's most recognized individuals could truly get lost. And get lost they do. Inhibitions are non-existent under a setting, summer sun. Raven hair is splayed on the sandy terrain, free from the wondering, scrutinizing eyes of political friends and foes, who would undoubtedly express strong distaste in what is taking place on the private beach, owned by the royal family. Pale tattooed, calloused hands running through lengthy tresses, grasping forcefully, pulling backwards, until the strained face of the conqueror of the Impenetrable City was howling to the heavens.

The conqueror, thus, becoming conquered more times than she cared to count. Thought by numerous suitors, who flock the palace on an almost daily basis, to be impenetrable, herself, her mewls and gasps tell a different tale. This tale, she keeps to herself. No one need know of her deepest desires or her terrible habit of being conquered by the world's most powerful being.

As always, she takes her lover by hand when she can take no more of his hard yanking, nearly tearing the tresses from the scalp. They walk to the abandoned beach house and sit in the middle of the open parlor entrance, where her family portrait had been stripped from the wall and burned to both her own and Zuzu's pleasure. From there, she sits on the second from the top step, placing his head in her lap to await permission.

"This is the last summer," he says for the sixth summer since this began.

"Yes," she says for the sixth summer, knowing one day, it just may happen. "To remember you-"

Her voice trails and a pair of scissors are brandished next to his bearded chin.

Metal, sharp and cool touch his neck until he gulps in silent fear and she sees the goosebumps form along the vital, pulsing green vein that she had once stilled. One day, it just may happen. Breaths tickle the hair of his sideburns, quick, desperate, thrilling.

"Do it," he says.

She opens the scissors, closing them inches from his nose.

"Do it, I can't go back to Katara like this".
"Then you won't go at all".

That is a first in six summers. Neither she nor he is a risk taker. However, the thought had been on her mind since last summer. Whoever said habits were hard to break, had to be dumber and more optimistic than her old, flighty, traitor girlfriend. It was impossible. Here are two, completely indoctrinated master benders allowing their sins to become habits, unwilling or unable to let go.

Her habit, led to his, her obsession, his drive, no one would dare change this.

Her fingers tremble, the clippers tap his bushy beard. Permission, she needs before continuing. The privilege to command her heart and hand is his and his alone.

"No".

She gasps, releasing the scissors to fall to the stone floor with an earsplitting sound of stone against metal. A shatter she is sure is mocking her heart breaking. No words, he had spoken, she must concede. She looks to where his blue marking disappeared beneath the most beautiful mess of sage brown she had ever witnessed. Lip biting, another habit she has picked up after six summers of rejection and abandonment. Her bottom lip bloodies as she resists the urge to possess the tresses against his will.

It's not mine. She reminds herself again. What choice do I have?

With shaking hands, she retrieves the scissors to restart the process. Her wrist is seized, another first in six summers. She panics, freezing in place. Will he take this painful pleasure as well? Just leave her in the morning with nothing to hold close to her heart at night, shivering in hopes that next summer will be different? She is unsure of what she will do if he even thinks of doing such a thing. Burn him? Kiss him? Beg him?

"Don't". Bright eyes look into hers as if seeing through her. "Not this time".

The scissors meet the wooden column next to the couple, next longing fingers run through sable, short air nomad hair in euphoric satisfaction. A moan sneaks its way between her perfectly aligned teeth, as gray eyes close in bliss from the attention.

"Mine," groans the fire nation's princess, wrapping her naked calves around a rock hard torso, her red, six inch heels locking at the ankles.

His hair between her fingers seems to bend to her will. Caressing slowly, she hums, holding his head tightly to her breasts, nails gently scratching and massaging softly.

"Yours," she hears him groan back, making her squeeze a tussle of the avatar's outgrown hair and bury her face in it, absorbing the hypnotizing scent of power.

A mewling sound from the princess causes him to react. Panting and gasping from the woman he could not resist any longer finally coax him into turning to face her, his bad habit, diving beneath a black dress already rolled to the hips, slender nails guiding his lips and tongue. Magic was made. It is the highest cost. He will leave her again in the morning and they will know each other as former nemeses yet again in the faces of others, breaking the heart that her brother claims she does not have. He will wake on Air Temple Island with his wife and children, leaving her in the Fire Nation, broken and lost until he returns, his hair freshly regrown and signaling another summer's long "mental health session".

Forgive me. He thought, knowing she will by next summer as she always does. Each summer, Avatar Aang lives and breathes Princess Azula for as long as she will allow herself to be used.
He knows one day it will stop, but until then he will hide his true intentions as easily as he disguises his arrow. She will continue to love him for what he is not, his hair, her obsession, his escape.
Years had passed since Aang had visited the Fire Nation after assisting the fire lord with his "spirit" problems that turned out to be Azula playing pretend, inadvertently gaining her high praise from her brother. Of course, the fire lord and the avatar had spoken at various times, such as during the Water Tribes' scuffles and meetings with King Kuei regarding Yu Dao's transformation into Republic City. Not everyone agreed with their well-intended attempt to create a capital for the four nations, that was to be expected. The task was deemed idealistic, even by the fire lord, yet Aang was nothing, if not persistent.

He was met with admiring cheers from Caldera's citizens as he reigned Appa to land at the foot of the palace. Choosing to leave Katara home with their year-old new son, Tenzin, Aang ventured into the city the world had once hated, completely alone. The first royal face he encountered did not express the same open enthusiasm as her citizens, however.

Aang bowed low to the woman, looking up with a sly grin and wink in futile attempt to thaw the ice cold gaze she gave.

"Get up, Avatar," commanded High General, Princess Azula, lip curling in pure disgust. "The fire lord will see you in the throne room. Your glider," she added, outstretching her hand.

Aang looked her over, confused. Looking about, briefly before registering that she meant the words. Tightening his grip on his precious gift, she had once singed, he shook his head.

"Azula, come on, is this really necessary-"

"Your glider, Avatar!" Growled the woman. "It's General, now and yes, it is absolutely necessary as no one can be trusted these days".

She unleashed the words in the unintentional ways of a woman scorned. Aang realized this when she did, casting his gaze down in guilt while she quickly cleared her throat and corrected her tone with her citizens present.

"Keep it. Come along, I'll take you to Lord Zuzu".

Aang gave a soft chuckle, following. "Haha, you still call him that, huh?" The look Azula cast his way, made him swallow the laughter.

"How's your wife and new child?" She asked him in a lowered tone when they were away from the public.

Aang tried to smile, despite the bitterness in Azula's voice that she could not hide.

"Good, thanks for asking".

The walk to the throne room seemed much longer with Azula at his side, silent and scathing. Aang
briefly recalled her dangerous fingers striking lightning down his spine, caressing his hair when he tasted her, wrapping about him when she tasted him. The memories of summer vacations were not lost in his mind, yet the princess should not have been surprised. He was married when he began his trysts with her and was married still. Something had changed her, however. He had a difficult time understanding women as he had little experience before Katara, but he understood the heartbreak of chasing a lost cause.

"Zuzu told me after last summer," she admitted, suddenly, breaking the silence. "Congratulations".

Stopping at the door, she gestured for him to continue through the entrance where the fire lord was waiting.

Aang paused before entering, unsure of the right words to say. Nothing seemed to fit.

"Azula…I…" He stammered. His heart's strings pulling at the sight of Azula's head hung in sorrow. Her shoulders sagging tiredly.

Only he had been allowed to witness the foreboding princess in such emotional turmoil, each time he left her to return to his public life as the avatar with Katara by his side. He stretched out an arm, but was seized instead by the collar with sharp nails, a ball of blue flame aimed for his face when his back hit the wall. Looking down at the shorter woman, he awaited his fate, without struggle. A part of him knew he deserved her cold, broken glare and trembling bottom lip.

"Congratulations, Avatar!" She spat. "You've proven me for a fool to trust you, congratulations! Congratu-"

"Azula!" The fire lord bellowed, surrounding the couple on three sides with Imperial Firebenders, his mother with him.

Ursa's eyes darted from her daughter to the avatar.

"Release him!" Called Zuko, unsure what had gotten into his sister lately.

Ursa's eyes hardened towards the man, however. A mother's instinct had noted her daughter's cold, shell-like state in the last year that could only be attributed to the grief one pays for the price of love. Azula blinked her tears away, hoping Zuzu had not seen them. She took off in a dash towards the only man who ever cared enough to pretend to love her in Capital Prison Towers.
The summer was coming to an end. Aang had yet to cut his overgrown hair, despite it being his last
day with his mistress. Morning came quickly for both he and Azula, who took the unkempt hair as
an affirmation of her relationship with her powerful, secret lover. She yawned, limbs stretching,
feeling the glow of last night's tango with Aang in the aftermath of lethargy. Turning to her lover, she
noticed his eyes were open, staring absently towards the ocean through the open, glass wall of the
beach house's master bedroom.

Straddling him, the heels she slept in, folded under her naked thighs, Azula gave the avatar soft
strokes, bringing his attention back to her. In response, she rolled her hips under his gaze, leaning
down.

"You were my first, ya' know? A princess is not allowed to open for anyone, but her husband," she
cooed in his ear, before taking it between her teeth.

Instead of a verbal reply, Aang pressed his strong hands into her hips, easing them around to lift her
behind to sheath himself with soft groans and a rotating pelvis. Azula held his shoulders digging her
nails, lips parting to gasp in increasing volumes against his neck. She matched his pace, whispering
obscenities that she could not withhold.

She felt wonderful in his arms. He held her like she was made of porcelain. Lavishing her with
glorious, tongue kisses, muffling her erotic moans. She held his head with her palm, loving the
softness of his hair. Instantly, the position was switched to her on her back, legs wide, nearly meeting
her parents' headboard, knocking against the wall in echo of their passion.

Aang grunted in heavy concentration, eyes closed. Azula pulled his head towards her until their
foreheads met, her knees meeting her shoulders.

"Make me yours, Aang," she whispered, "I love you".

The reaction was unexpected, but wonderfully welcomed as Aang growled, pulling away to bring
her to a gibberish mush of limbs before liberating himself, falling unto her shoulder, panting heavily.
"I love you," repeated Azula.

Aang rolled away, sitting up with his long legs over the side of the bed back to her. "Stop it, Azula," he said, tone serious. "I'm married and I'm not leaving Katara".

Azula felt her world stop. She was immobile while Aang dressed, taking a razor he kept in his pocket to shave his head.

"I'm sorry you feel this way, but we need to stop this before it goes too far".

He pecked her parted, surprised lips softly. "Goodbye, Azula".

Azula was glad he left without looking back or he would have seen the smoke emitting from her nostrils. After all a dragon, whose wings were clipped still has its fangs.
Help Somebody

Chapter Notes

Ask it to tell you did I ever make a stand?

Ask if you made any mention

Did I learn from everything?

And even if it takes to see an eternity to know

I waited centuries a buried mess of bones.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The mission had been simple. Zuko had tasked him with his sister's full recovery upon her return to the Fire Nation in the guise of a spirit. Despite Katara's objections, he took on the challenge, feeling it was his personal duty. The princess, however, proved difficult and often made him look inward at his own principles, question the philosophies of the ancient air nomads, and rethink his decisions more often than he cared to.

It had been his decision to create this "relationship" with his best friend's sibling. A decision he had put off rectifying for over six years simply out of personal greed. It was only a matter of time before it slapped him in the face, hard. Due to his constant travels, he offered to take Azula with him to Air Temple Island one summer.

Developments in Republic City were slow at best. Aang saw a vision for the future when he gazed at the project that had spurred from the genius mind of his wife's brother. Idealistic and ridiculous seemed to be the daily claims from the headlines on every major news pamphlet distributed within the intact nations, along with whispers and murmurs about a "new world order". The condescending chatter and fruitless banter was becoming less and less as Aang, along with King Kuei and Fire Lord Zuko continued to stand united against the opposition.

A revolution was taking place in the former fire nation colonies and Aang was proud to be at the forefront, despite his hundred-years of absence. He would make it up to the world for as long as he held breath in his body. He had to.

"You've been out here all morning," a soft, feminine voice said from behind.

The avatar did not need to look behind him from his place beneath the lone pavilion overlooking Air Temple Island's harbor. He did anyway, turning from the view of a sparkling ocean that separated the avatar from his precious city by only a few miles. He had built air temple island in hopes of one day living there permanently with his wife and children, yet Katara had proven difficult to sway. The Southern Water Tribe needed her more, she assumed, and a staunch nationalist, she considered the small village her only home and the best place to raise their children, forgetting that the man she had committed her life to was without a home and culture. One woman had understood his feelings,
his dreams and drives, however.

Aang gave a sideways smile to the princess, holding two cups and a kettle. "Thought you were meditating without me," she said softly, taking a seat upon the knees in front of him.

She warmed the kettle and poured both cups. Aang noted how relaxed she seemed with her hair completely down and a blue, golden trimmed bed-robe of his that swallowed her frame and accentuated it at the same time. He swallowed the memory of a feverish dream he had the previous night. It had been his wedding night again, but instead of the prodigal waterbender he had once been so smitten over that he was too nervous to perform, it was Zuko's prodigal firebending sister coaxing him and worshipping his body before spreading to allow him access in the most vulnerable of ways.

"I couldn't sleep last night," he said softly. "I guess with Katara the kids gone, it was too quiet".

He held the cup of fire nation tea in his palms, enjoying the woody, ash scent coupled with a dash of pomegranate. Dangerous and sweet at the same time...like Azula. He shook away the thought and took a sip under the woman's watchful gaze.

"Is it the summit? Don't worry, I have a full list of items you should address and rebuttals for anything those simpletons throw at you," said Azula confidently as she leaned against the pillar of the pavilion, legs crossed, her feet absent from her favorite six inch heels that made Aang's stomach flutter whenever she walked past.

"Simpletons, huh?" Aang said with a chuckle.

Azula smirked. "One thing even you can't change about me," she admitted. "Though I must admit, I could get used to this place".

Aang stopped his cup, halfway to his lips with a raised eyebrow. "Katara will return soon, she's just dealing with a lot right now," he felt he should mention.

It had been one thing to spend an entire summer with Azula on Ember Island, but to have her in his home while his family was gone made the avatar nervous. He was starting to misplace his well-intended motives for helping the princess overcome her detrimental breakdown.

"Yes, your wife, I know. Though, you seemed quite comfortable with me in your bed last night".

Aang did not respond. The princess was not lying. They had helped one another in ways that were beyond physical. Azula had challenged him to be more proactive as a world leader and avatar, assuming the role of advisor and counselor, though he was supposed to be helping her. Due to her fitful nightmares, Aang found it better if he slept in the bed with her, to keep her from succumbing to the depression, she had fought hard to overcome last summer.

"I'll sleep in Kya and Bumi's room tonight if it makes you uncomfortable, Azula," He offered. "I don't want to ruin our friendship".

Azula shrugged. "I don't do friends, Avatar".

"You've been doing better with that, lately. Haven't you talked everything over with Ty Lee and Mai?"

The princess sighed, giving another shrug. "I promised Lord Zuzu that I would play nice and complete your assignments," pausing Azula stood suddenly to retrieve a Pai Sho board with tiles from the outdoor chest in the corner of the pavilion.
She spread the board and arranged the tiles in front of them. "We played Pai Sho for most of the time. Care for a quick game of strategy and patience, Avatar?" She asked.

Aang nodded. "I'm terrible at this. I think that's why you like to play so much".

"As the avatar, you need to hone your skills in every way. Besides, it is about the only thing to play with around here".

Aang licked his lips, trying his best not to think of how the statement seemed laced with sex.

"I want your opinion on something, Princess," he started before Azula cut him off. "Oooh, princess, hmm? I like that".

Aang smirked, moving a dragon piece on the board. Azula countered quickly as always, making him hesitate before making another move. Running his fingers through his hair, Aang made a risky move that the princess did not anticipate.

"I was lost for a hundred years while the war was devastating the world". Pausing, he waited for Azula to insist the war was not as it seemed, pleasantly surprised when she only nodded, beckoning for him to continue. "When I was freed and defeated Ozai, I expected a perfect balance. With the colonies and nations left alone, it would thrive, I thought. But...instead nothing changed. People did not want my help".

Azula slid a tile into a space, at which he countered in defense quickly. She smirked, despite being so close to losing. "You're getting better, I see," she commented before moving a tile that was against the rules, winning the game.

Aang gasped. "Wha-, Azula you can't do THAT!"

"Says who?"

"Says me!" He yelled pointing to his chest.

"And who are you, exactly?"

"Well, I'm the avatar!"

"And I'm a princess".

"You cheated".

"So, I still won. Plus, you can't tell a princess what to do. I'll do what I want".

Aang blew a gust of air, making Azula topple backwards, struggling to readjust when Aang pounced atop her, pinning her down by the wrists above her head with a sly smirk at his display of strength. The two shared a laugh before realizing the position. Azula gave a soft, strange sound with an arch of her back. Aang released her wrists, giving Azula the leverage to run her nails down his neck.

"Stop that!," chuckled Aang, squirming from the ticklish sensation.

"Make me," she challenged, clasping her legs around his hips.

Aang's eyes widened. "Do you really want to do this?" He challenged with a smirk.

Before Azula spoke, Aang squeezed her sides to no avail. The princess did not crack a single smile at his feeble prowess to turn her into a babble of ticklish fits. After several moments of failed attempts,
Aang pursed his lips at which she did smile, sinisterly.

"Giving up, Avatar?" Teased Azula.

Aang thought on the challenge. Taking a chance, ran a finger down her thigh, making Azula's eyebrow lift. When his hand found her foot, the bulge of her eyes made Aang go in for the kill before she could catch him with a bolt of lightning. He seized her ankle, raising the bottom of her foot to run the tips of his fingers over it. Azula howled in a way that was music to his ears, smoke flooding from her nostrils with several snorts. Aang gave a crooked smile.

"Please!" Cried the princess trying her best to wiggle away.

Aang continued, his smile wicked. "Promise to play fair from now on," he commanded.

"I...will...not...make such promises," Azula managed to answer through a fit of tears. Aang switched to the other foot at which she added, "Ok, ok...fine! PLEASE!"

The avatar stopped immediately, feeling proud as Azula wheezed, clutching her chest. His eyes, however, could not help taking in the new view of her toned body, nearly completely revealed through the bedrobe. Remembering his dream, he hurriedly moved away. Azula adjusted herself, sitting upright. He wondered briefly if she had noticed his stares. Thankfully, Azula did not seem to, instead choosing to finish their earlier conversation.

"Well, Avatar, you answered your own question, really".

"Yeah?" Asked Aang, averting his eyes while she retied her robe.

"You are the avatar, helping others is in your nature. It is who you are whether others hate it or love it".

"Aang, are you listening to me?"

Shaking his head, Aang looked to the fire lord, standing in the place, Azula had been. His back was still against the temple's wall, but it was just the two friends now, absent Azula, her mother and the Imperial Firebenders.

"What is going on with you and Azula, Aang? She had progressed so much," Zuko continued, waving his hands in the air. "Did something happen? Why would she attack you?"

"We were close," Aang said, barely above a whisper. "I...I tried, Zuko".

The fire lord seemed to sense something as his eyes narrowed, nostrils flaring with a deep intake of breath. Aang could not help seeing the former fire lord in his friend now that Zuko's beard had formed and lengthened. The fire lord held the appearance of his father with long hair, hanging past his shoulders complete with the crown of the fire lord adorning his head. It was difficult attempting to not see Ozai in his son, despite the scar on his face.

Aang flinched when the fire lord's hand touched his shoulder. "Come on, let's talk," he said, leading the way towards the newly, redesigned throne room.

Aang felt his palms dampen with his nerves as he stared ahead to the lit throne. He knew he had to be honest with the fire lord. Honesty was essential to any relationship.

Mirrors remained a constant reminder to the avatar of what others saw when they looked at him. Aang gazed over his shoulder at the scar, still marking the middle of his back. The scar had healed.
though was still visible thanks to the mirror. The woman responsible was in his master bedroom, preparing herself for the upcoming meeting. A woman capable of leaving such a permanent mark would make anyone wary about being alone with her again. Aang, however, saw conquest in his former nemesis. The desire to tame her and reciprocate the mark was there, no matter how much he wished to bury it in his ancient teachings of forgiveness.

He would never hurt someone in malice, of course. The urge was different in how his body responded to Azula's presence in his home. It felt...right.

He was unsure how to deal with such a mental struggle. Often times, he would call on Roku to assist him, but the former avatar proved less helpful with the change in times. Closing his eyes, Aang held the ancient medallion of the earth kingdom between clenched fingers.

"Kyoshi," he called out.

The earth kingdom's avatar appeared before him instantly, blinking several times as if she had been awakened from a deep sleep.

"You must be in quite a mess to summon me," the woman said, eyes low and suspicious. "I sense a struggle in your heart. An old love reignited".


Avatar Kyoshi gave one nod, her face unchanged from its serious presence. "You have lived a thousand times, Avatar," she continued. "A million breaths, a billion heart beats, yet your love remains for the same soul who has likewise lived a thousand times. There is, but one person for you in each life you've lived".

Before Aang could question her further, the woman transformed into Kuruk, the Northern Water Tribe's previous avatar.

"Hello, Aang," greeted Kuruk with a small smile.

Aang bowed, humbly. "It is good to see you again, Kuruk. I...I was talking with Kyoshi".

"Yes, I know. I also know that you have severed your ties with Roku".

The comment was not expected, making Aang blush shamefully, rubbing his neck. "I...I had to, Roku was too, um, well..."

"He was the avatar before you, generations after myself and Kyoshi. You may not like his advice, Aang, but he is you, just as we all are".

Aang huffed, wondering why he even bothered discussing anything with his previous incarnations. Kuruk sensed his irritation, naturally and offered a hand on his shoulder.

"Listen, Aang, I am not chastising you, but you must learn to accept the reality," closing his eyes as if trying to block out everything, he continued. "I found Koh in his lair".

Aang smiled, wide. "Really! That's great, Kuruk".

"Her spirit was gone. Far transcended and reincarnated more than once since I had lost her. Aang, the answer to your question lies with Roku. You must connect with him as soon as possible".

"No way, I-" Aang began, before looking his predecessor directly in his golden irises.
Avatar Roku smiled, his wrinkled eyes soft with understanding. Aang glared back him, distrusting.

"Aang," began the elder man, "I know that we have had our disagreements and I cannot blame you for looking elsewhere for counsel, but in this situation, I stand firm. You MUST BE DECISIVE. I will help you".

Of course, like Kyoshi and Kuruk, Roku did not allow Aang to object. The avatar felt the spirit world disperse and he was physically back in his children's room on Air Temple Island. Against his command, his feet took him to the master bedroom. With a wave of his hand, the door nearly came unhinged from his airbending, making Azula curse when the air blew away her robe from where she sat on the bed, applying makeup, her nakedness displayed before his gaze.

"Av..." She began before her lips were covered by his, making her gasp in his mouth.

Wrapping her arms about his shoulders, they fell backwards without breaking their locked lips. After moments of heated tongue waltzing, Aang straightened his arms above her. Instead of seeing the woman, who had struck him down with her fingertips, he marveled at the woman who struck down Avatar Roku's heart.

"Ta Min," he whispered, softly. "It's me," he said with a smile before his eyes glowed white with his flood of emotions and he kissed the woman again.

Azula accepted the kiss, her mind awhirl. She had felt a sense of passion for the avatar that truly scared her, though she would never in a million suns admit such a thing to him. With his wife, she knew better than to continue advancing, though she felt that the man belonged to her. It was maddening when she dwelled on it, so she chose not to. This was to be a simple meeting to please Lord Zuzu and convince him that after one summer session with his best friend that she was all better. Then she would storm back into the palace with her team of dangerous ladies and strike fear into the city's citizens, yet again.

The plan had been well thought out. Aang was her secret weapon to getting on Zuzu's good side and gaining his trust again. He had even discussed making her high general and everyone knows the commander of the nation's arms was truly the one in power. That was all she wanted, fear and power, coupled together in the palm of her hand. Ozai could rot in Agni's Hell, she did not need him when Zuko was so much easier to manipulate and tame.

Then the kiss happened. Avatar Aang groaned longingly, as he kissed her and Azula heard a name that did not sound like her own. She wanted to shove him away and strike him down again for mistaking her for some common whore when his tattoos began to glow. She kissed him harder, unsure why she felt the need to. She had never been with a man before. The feeling was...strange.

When he lifted, she saw HIM. Her mind replayed thousands of kisses over thousands of years. Regardless of gender the two found one another once again. Azula felt the passion of her life as Avatar Kyoshi's loyal, secret Dai Li agent lover before they were separated by poison due to the Earth King's hatred, her heart fluttered with the butterflies as Ummi meeting Kuruk for the first time in the Northern Water Tribe before dancing as Ta Min, once again with Roku, on their wedding night.

A man she remembered, but never had before seen, smiled down at her as she rubbed her red-painted, fingertips over his nose, spreading his cheekbones before taking his head in both palms. The feeling in her chest was terrifying. With trembling hands, she grasped his shoulders, attempting to push away.

Avatar Roku's brows furrowed with concern. "Do not fear me," he pleaded.
"Who? What is happening? I...I know you," said the princess. Azula's eyes watered, pulling the stranger to her neck, she clutched him desperately. "You...you found me," she whispered.

"Yes," said the man. "I have traveled the oceans of time to find you, Ta Min," with that, he forced their lips together again.

Roku felt when her limbs gave into the passionate kiss. She moaned, allowing the avatar more access to her mouth as she held his shoulders. A dome formed over the couple as they kissed harder, Their lives over thousands of years together replaying around them until they reached Avatar Wan and his lover, who's name was lost to time, but whose spirit carried on along with the first man to bring human and spiritual harmony to the world.

Their passion became physical by sheer need to become one again. Wan had finally found his love again, after nearly ten thousand years, he could correct the mistake he made by breaking the most beautiful heart known to man for the last time during Harmonic Convergence.

"I promised you, I would come back. I'd rather share one lifetime with you, than face all the ages of this world alone".

Kyoshi was stunned to see her lone Dai Li agent, whom she thought she had lost forever through poison, come back to her. The pain of leading her love to die had weighed for over 200 years during her physical life. Their lips met once again.

"I'm so sorry, I failed you," she finally said through her tears.

Kuruk shook his head, unable to believe that after all this time, Ummi was here. Taking her into his arms felt like a dream. "It wasn't your fault," he said passionately.

Finally Aang and Azula's faces appeared once again. Golden and gray eyes opened and met. There were no words needed. Their breaths synchronized between kiss swollen lips and profound pleasure that both knew should not be there...though it should. They mentally agreed to continue with Aang pushing farther in depth, rolling his hips above the princess. Azula winced, squeezing his shoulder for him to slow down.

The pain soon subsided and Azula found herself taking control. Flipping Aang unto his back, she drowned the voices in her head, telling her that she was an idiot for how happy she felt with another woman's husband, by eliciting loud, baritone moans and grunts from the avatar. The very man who had ended a century long war in less than a year was coming apart from a blue firebending prodigy. She was determined to conquer the avatar again as she had done many times before, in a wholly different way.

Aang was too overwhelmed by the emotions of his past lives along with the woman above him. He held her hips, his mind telling him to stop. It was madness at best. Azula was on full display, her face twisting with parted lips. Her head fell backwards, a vulnerable scream exploding from her lips as he brought her to absolute ecstasy.

After hearing his friend's adultery confession, Zuko retrieved a cigar from the throne and took a seat next to the avatar.

"I trusted you, Aang, and Katara..." Zuko's voice trailed, not sure how to approach that topic.

The men sat on the floor, in front of the flaming throne as they usually did when Aang visited. Zuko's lips wrapped around a thick cigar as he puffed. Aang figured it was best not to tell him about the harmful side effects of smoking at this time.
"You found a way to defeat my father without taking his life. You ended the war completely in a year's time. I knew it wasn't the best idea to put Azula on you, but you were the only person who was willing to give her chance when she was released".

Aang looked to the throne, his staff gripped tightly in his hands. He thought on Roku's words and "help" which only worsened things between him and Azula. He was now forced to face the truth in the face. He had married the wrong woman...

"What happened?" Asked Zuko, simply.

Sighing Aang wanted to freeze himself in a ball of ice. Zuko's calmness scared him more than his aggressive side ever did. "I think you know, Zuko. Your sister wanted something I couldn't give. I'm married and she wanted..."

Zuko shook his head. "Did you stop her? What did you do?" His voice remained as still as before, he added. "I know my sister, but I don't think I know you...anymore".

The words held great weight. Aang grit his teeth until they hurt. It was his fault. He could have prevented it...couldn't he?

Hanging his head, he said barely above a whisper, "I did not stop her. I...I took full advantage". Zuko's fist against the floor made him jump. His friend had done wonders to hold his inner rage until this point. "Zuko-"

The fire lord stood to his feet, mumbling under his breath as he paced in circles. "It was you," he said repeatedly. "Agni, it was you".

Still muttering, the fire lord left in a stomping silent rage, leaving Aang alone to truly access the effect he had on the princess. It had been fun, no strings attached. They understood one another on a different level, but he always remembered, though did not often voice the fact that he was taken and had no intentions of leaving Katara, despite the connection he shared with the prodigal woman.

_I tried to help her._ He reminded himself. Stupid Roku! _This was ALL your fault! I..._

A child's giggles erupted his brainwaves. Zuko and Mai's daughter, Princess Izumi, entered the room with a bright smile, looking very much like Azula.

"Aggi Khai, Unka Aang!" Squealed the princess, assuming a stance with two fingers extended.

Aang chuckled, standing to pick up the three year old. He made a ball of air, large enough to hold to the child, making her spin around in delightful bliss. Aang's heightened awareness caught Zuko's presence reappearing from the shadows, behind the child. He picked up Izumi and placed her back on her feet. Zuko's eyes narrowed at his old friend when his daughter ran to him, arms outstretched to reach the bundle of red cloth in the crook of his arm.

"It's been a while, Aang!" Called Kiyi, suddenly emerging from behind her brother. "Did you come to bless Azula's baby?"

The teenager smiled warmly, obviously unaware of the tension between the friends. Aang stiffened. _Azula's what?_ Aang felt light-headed as the fire lord closed the gap between them, revealing a baby boy sleeping soundly with a single crop of sage brown hair at the top of his head.

Zuko looked to "Unka Aang" worriedly. "Agni, help you. Katara will need to know about this, Aang".
Chapter End Notes

Several of my favorite quotes are sprinkled throughout this chapter. Credits to the movies, I am too lazy to list them all, but of course, any quote that sounds familiar probably came from Bryke or the movie you think it does. Hope you enjoyed! Qtz
Your royal eyes slit open in small flutters, shimmering from the soft rays of afternoon sunlight pushing through sheer, cream curtains. You recognize the nursery, but something seems off. Perhaps, you think, it is the rumble in your belly. Your mouth opens wide in a hard yawn that catches you by surprise. You extend your arms, stretching tiny fists through the silk, swaddled blanket that still smells like Mommy.

Oh, Mommy, how you miss Mommy already. She will be here soon because she always knows when your belly is rumbling. You give a smack of your toothless gums in anticipation.

Several moments pass, but no Mommy. You see only gray eyes staring at you, complete with a bald head and blue arrow stuck to it. It looks strange to you, but you think it is nice so you give a smile. Besides, you can't move on your own, yet. Perhaps it will take you to Mommy if you are cute enough.

You see the thing reach for you and you accept. Works everytime, you think, until the strange thing holds you against its neck. Its hands are squeezing you too tight. Too hard! It's not soft like Mommy and it smells funny so your face crumbles when the thing holds you up, looking at you with its gray eyes and smiling.

You wail for Mommy and squirm to get away. The thing shushes you softly, but its voice is different. Too deep, not soft like Mommy. You are deciding whether to stop wailing and like this thing when something makes a loud BAM!

Your eyes are wide and your head tilts back because you're still working on keeping it up and this thing isn't holding you right. Your lip trembles, ready to wail again when you hear her voice calling to you and shooping the stinky thing that held you captive away with a mean look.

Good riddance! You are happy now as Mommy holds you close, humming in your ear. You remember being in the watery place before all the lights, strange smells and this thing called breathing began. Mommy used to sing to you back in the good old days and rub you before you even saw her golden gaze.

Her face is the first and most beautiful thing you know. And you feel her love even when she yells at the stinky thing with gray eyes to leave. You think you know why. Mommy just wants you all to herself and you don't mind.
It is when everyone is gone that she sings to you while you eat all the yummy goodness she offers, snuggled deep in her warmth.

You close your eyes as Mommy sings your favorite song.

When you open them again, you are back in your bed, waddled up to your neck in soft silk. You hear Mommy and you flinch, looking about. There she is just above, with the stinky, gray thing again.

"This is Daddy," She tells you, though you aren't sure what a "Daddy" is yet.

Maybe it is like the thing Mommy yells at all the time with the two faces. Wait, but then you remember that Mommy called him, Uncle Zuzu. So you give up thinking about it and give a laugh because The Daddy Thing is squeezing all of those oh so funny places and making funny faces.

You decide to like it and your world stops when it kisses Mommy! Mommy smiles at The Daddy Thing then at you so you smile at Mommy and The Daddy Thing, while pooping a little because you couldn't help it.

You are surprised at the sound and blink hard before your lip trembles again. But Mommy laughs at The Daddy Thing, holding his nose in a funny way. You forget about the poo and laugh too. The Daddy Thing holds you in his arms and you are higher than Mommy!

The Daddy Thing takes you to the nurses to be changed, but Mommy wants to do it. She always does because you are special like that. The Daddy Thing picks you up afterwards and holds Mommy close.

You go to Mommy's room and are placed between Mommy and The Daddy Thing on the bed. You love the warmth and feel the love. There is nothing like it. And you never want to lose it, even if the world stops today. You won't think about that today, you can think about it tomorrow because tomorrow is another day!

Chapter End Notes

SURPRISE! I gave 2nd POV a chance with this update. It is short simply for that reason, but I wanted to try it since reading a birthing story online a while back told from the baby's perspective. Let me know what you think! QTZ
"He's...the most beautiful baby I've ever..." Aang's voice trailed as he remembered his other three children with his wife.

How in the spirits' names do I tell Katara? He asked himself, not breaking his gaze from the golden crib, holding the living proof of the famous Avatar Aang's affair with the infamous Princess Azula.

The baby was freshly born and not quite ready for royal presentation and coronation. Aang remembered Princess Izumi's royal presentation and coronation ceremony. His wife and children were with him, Kya barely walking at the time. Fire Lord Zuko had sent a request to his home for the avatar to bless his new heir.

The blessing of the avatar became "a thing" for the other intact nations, following Izumi's coronation with King Bumi's son, and King Kuei sending requests for the same. Aang wondered if Zuko was planning to ask for a blessing for the new prince...his own son...

"You have to make a choice, Aang," Zuko said, suddenly, at his right side. "My nephew's life would be in jeopardy, constantly. You understand these things, now".

Aang nodded, solemnly. A child born to the avatar and the Fire Nation's princess would be a hot commodity for both their enemies, who between the two, were endless. Aang was left alone in the nursery to mull over his options. His son's mother was skilled and could undoubtedly protect him along with Zuko.

The baby's eyes blinked open, a lovely brownish-green. Aang's fatherly instincts took over. He leaned down to pick up the baby, cradling it to his neck. It was not long before he let out an earsplitting cry.

"Shh," Aang cooed. "It's just your-"

The door slamming open drowned his words. Aang winced at the princess's mad gaze directed towards him. A surge of pain shook his lower back.

"Azula, why did you keep-"

The door nearly came unhinged when Azula slammed it back. "Give him to me!"

"He's mine isn't he?" Asked Aang.

Azula paused in her advancing, bottom lip trembling, uncontrollably. "How dare you ask me
THAT!" She croaked. "Just look at him," she said, pointing with a sharp nail. "You see it as clear as I!"

Aang gave the crying baby to his mother at which Azula shot him a look that could kill. She held the baby to her heart, stopping his cries. She was a natural, surprisingly, and Aang was awed by the wave of love surging through her chi. It was strong and unyielding like her bending.

"You know, I can't..." Aang stopped his words, hand rubbing his overgrown beard. "Don't you know what this could do?"

"He did not ask to be born, Aang," Azula muttered.

Aang felt apprehensive from her tone and the fact that she used his name, a rarity even with their history. "B-But you could have...stopped it," he said, without thinking, unsurprised when Azula's deadly gaze landed back on him.

"Get out of my house, right now, Avatar!" She hissed.

"Not until we fix this," said Aang, boldly.

"I can't believe you would even suggest that," Azula stepped away several paces when he advanced, arms stretched in effort to apologize. "You would not ask that of your wife. Sorry, we're not good enough for you".

Aang shook his head, sighing. He felt torn apart, fighting two sides of a losing war. Azula decided to leave the room instead. Shortly after her departure, the fire lord was back, a stoic look on his face. "Guards," he called to his Kyoshi Warrior bodyguards. "Escort the avatar out". Aang followed the two women. As he passed, Lord Zuko added with a sinister side-eye. "And Aang, consider this your last time seeing my sister. You're no longer welcomed in the lands of fire".

#

Azula sobbed loudly into her big brother's shoulder in the palace gardens, not caring who heard. The fire lord held his sister close, his heart burning from her tears. Azula had only cried twice since infancy, once at the conclusion of their duel for the throne, and another time he could not remember.

He stared ahead to an old statue of Fire Lord Sozin from when the siblings were seated.

"The burden of the crown weighs heavy," he spoke, idly, gently rubbing his sister's shoulder to soothe her. "Knowledge is power, Sis. With the power of the crown, a man has to make difficult choices. You understand these things".

Azula's cries died down into sniffles. She lifted her head from her brother's armored breastplate, eyes red and puffy. "You really think a crown grants you power, Brother?" She asked, making Zuko raise a curious eyebrow, before he could think, Azula helped him to his feet.

When they stood his sister looked him up and down as though he were small before calling out, "Seize him!"

Without hesitation, the guards approached, grasping the fire lord at which his eyes widened in shock of their actions. Ty Lee and Suki had been dismissed, leaving the armored guardsmen of Azula's command surrounding them on all sides.

"Burn his good side".
Zuko growled when a hesitant man stood before him, flame in hand, inches from his face. "You wouldn't do this to your lord!"

The man swallowed visibly, but his hand nearly met the fire lord's fearful eye when Azula spoke, passively. "Stop, I changed my mind. Release him and return to your posts".

The fire lord grunted, pretending to be unfazed by Azula's little spectacle, though his heart raced. The princess smirked, though her eyes were still puffy. She smoothed her brother's garments, saying. "See, Brother, power is power. A crown merely passes to another hand. The divine right to rule, however, is born in one's family. Family lives on, through the crown, not honor, not personal glory...but family so there is my answer to your proposal".

With that she left him. The fire lord watched her go, knowing what needed to be done in the near future.

#

Azula stood frozen when she walked into her bedroom. The sight nearly melted her heart as Aang held their child close, sprawled out in a loveseat in the corner of the room. His keen sense made him peer open an eyelid to see the princess. A finger to his lips told her that he was going against Zuko's wishes as well.

She suppressed a smile, gently shutting the door and locking it.

"I've already pissed off Zuzu for the night. You would do well to leave," she warned him, crossing her arms.

Aang shrugged. "I think you left your window open for a reason," he said with a wink.

Azula did smirk this time at the jest. With a sigh, she had to look away from the father and son. "My son should not be treated like a bastard for my actions. I refused Zuko's proposal to have him sent away".

"Our actions, Azula," Aang said, surprising her. With a shake of her head, the princess made her way to the loveseat, standing directly in front of the man.

"I could have prevented it. We've been doing this for years, remember? I just wanted...I wanted to love, ok?" Clearing her throat, she continued. "There, I said it. I wanted to love you all the time, so I kept a part of you, not just your hair this time".

"Azula..." gasped Aang, carefully standing with their son, towering over the woman, making her lick her lips. He placed the sleeping baby in the princess's bed between two pillows. His back to her, he spoke honestly.

"Azula, I care for you. Too much and perhaps more than my wife".

"But you don't love me," Azula finished for him. Aang knew it was not a question. "Why won't you just love me? I-I would do anything for you".

"Azula..." Groaned Aang, dropping his shoulders.

"You...you can't treat me like this! I'm the mother of your child, now. It is good news, yes?" He could hear her voice quivering. "No one could stand a chance against us! Just let me love you, Aang".
Aang did not move when the princess embraced him from behind, untying his sash before placing a kiss on his shoulder. "I'm married," he groaned, unconvincingly. He did not stop her hand from running down his abdominals before disappearing inside his trousers.

"I don't care. I never did," Azula confessed into his neck. "I take what I want".

Aang was shown her meaning when their bodies were pressed into the loveseat. Time slowed when Azula's wrist flickered, snubbing the flames of the candles, leaving just the brilliant light of the full moon through sheer curtains.

The couple was so engrossed in one another that the helpless, tiny whimpers from a muffled baby went unheard as it was carried out of the lives of the strongest parents in the entire world.

Chapter End Notes

Disclaimer: Game of Thrones inspired scenes and quotes. Cersei Lannister is Azula's REAL mother! Qtz
The world's best healers were summoned from around the world when a baby's hand along with a note were found in Princess Azula's bedroom.

With help from her brother, Sokka, Katara managed to answer the call of the fire lord. The siblings found themselves outside of the palace within two days of receiving the notice aboard Appa. The palace was sullen, as expected when they arrived. The royal family, absent the fire lord's sister, were assembled in the throne room dressed in the mourning colors of white. Spotting her husband's surprised face, Katara hurried to his side. After greeting him with a warm hug, Katara made an attempt to kiss his cheek, at which he jerked away.

"Not now, Katara," said the Avatar sternly, shooting her a disgusted look.

The mother of three made an embarrassed face. Guess it was a rotten time to show endearment with the memorial service only an hour away. She had to admit, it was difficult to not show how much she missed her heroic husband when he was gone for weeks or months at a time to serve the world. Though she understood his duties, she wished that they weren't so often and long.

"Daddy!" Screamed Kya and Bumi, hurrying to wrap their legs around their father, making Aang's face melt into a warm smile. The only one missing was Tenzin, whom Katara had left with Gran Gran until they returned.

Katara rubbed his face as a tear fell. She loved how sensitive her husband was with even his enemies. Azula had attempted to kill him and was actually the only person known to come so close to accomplishing the feat, yet here he was mourning the loss of the woman's child. He was a wonderful man. Katara was thankful she had realized it before any other woman did. Sighing, she apologized, leaving her husband and children to join Sokka in greeting the royal family.

The news of the princess's newborn's demise was devastating. Even with their history, she never would have wished such heartbreak on her nemesis.

Fire Lord Zuko greeted her with a strong hug and pitiful smile that Katara returned.

"How is Azula, Zuko?" Asked Katara, readily. "I wanted to help if-"

"She's had a lot of help," Aang interrupted her suddenly by her side with Bumi and Kya hanging from his shoulders.

The waterbender understood. She figured that she would be the last person Azula would want help from. War or not, the woman still expressed open disdain whenever they were forced to see one another. Zuko looked between the two before turning to Sokka.
"Hey, Buddy," he greeted extending his arm for a handshake, at which Sokka took. "I'll need your help in the investigation. Think you guys could stay awhile?"

"No problem," agreed Sokka with a nod. "I miss the meat around here anyway," he added with a chuckle.

Zuko smirked. "Well, guess it's time. You guys can sit with us at the pyre. You're considered family here".

Nothing else was said as the group followed the fire lord and his family. Ursa and Mai took respective seats at the fire lord's right behind the empty, tiny pyre. The baby had not been introduced to the nation, so the ceremony was a small, intimate affair. Katara looked about for Azula when she took her seat with Aang, her brother and the kids to Zuko's left.

It was half-way through the ceremony that Azula finally showed her face. She looked terrible for only the second time that Katara had known her. Eyes low and make-up almost non-existent, it seemed as though the princess had just risen from the grave herself to attend the ceremony. The waterbender's sensitive heart lurched for the young woman. She could not imagine losing any of her children. Just the thought made her shiver. She turned to Aang, who stared at the pyre with unreadable eyes. He must have been thinking the same as he seemed almost numb, not noticing when she grasped his hand.

He must be thinking the same. She concluded, rubbing his hand and laying her head on his shoulder. She sighed, glad that it was not them in such a position. Looking to Zuko as he spoke, she wondered what the fire lord was thinking. Whoever was bold enough to assassinate the baby had done it in the royal palace, thought to be the safest place in the world. Leaving only a tiny hand behind...the thought made her sick.

"The burden of the crown". Zuko had told them once. Katara praised the gods that she did not need to worry about such things. Her husband's position did put them in some danger, but not nearly as much as being a royal member of The Fire Nation, obviously.

Katara attempted to make eye-contact with Azula, who looked at the pyre with glazed eyes. The mother in her wanted to comfort the woman. Finally, she noticed Azula's golden eyes cut in her direction, low and dangerous. The waterbender recognized the look.

"Something's off about her...I can't explain it, but she's slipping". Katara sent a sympathetic look her direction, at which she looked away.

Luckily, the ceremony was quickly over. As tradition has it, the small group of close, elite friends and distant relatives of the royal family were led to a repast in the dining commons. Oddly, Aang took off for spirits-knew-where, saying that he needed to think. Katara did not question him about, though she planned to talk to him about his obvious pent-up feelings. He had been increasingly short with her lately and she was growing worried.

Her relationship issues were put on the backburner when she saw the princess looking as though she was attempting to disappear in a corner, away from the rest of the attendees.

Here goes nothing. Katara thought. She could not leave without expressing her condolences to the woman as a mother, herself.

The princess released a large puff of smoke from a cigar when the waterbender neared her. Katara batted it away. "I'm sorry," she said, softly. Azula's eyes narrowed. Taking a deep breath, she added, "My Gran-Gran once said-"
Azula scoffed, disgusted, waving for her to go away. "No one cares what your Gran-Gran says,"
Katara's teeth nearly broke from her effort to be sensitive to the...bitch. Azula picked up a golden
goblet. "Could you be a dear and fetch me more wine?" Snatching the goblet, Katara could not
believe this woman.

Clenching the goblet with both hands, Katara managed a look of pity. "You loved your child. That's
your one redeeming quality," she said, attempting to keep the contempt out of her voice. "You're
strong, Azula".

Azula arched an eyebrow. "He died without uttering a word". At this, the princess snickered,
"Listen, Peasant, the more people you love, the weaker you are. You'll do things for them that you
know you shouldn't do. You'll act the fool to make them happy, to keep them safe. Love no one but
your children." Katara nodded, retreating as Azula's eyes seemed to smolder. Her gaze was
unrelenting.

Chapter End Notes

ATLA belongs to Bryke. If you recognized the quotes, you have probably watched
Game of Thrones. Hope you enjoyed! QTZ
Guilt had aged the fire lord by at least ten years, though it had only been six months since his nephew's funeral. He, along with Sokka and Aang worked tirelessly to cover up the scandal so that his sister could not possibly sniff out the deceit. The grieving mother had no way of knowing her only child was alive and well with his father's air acolyte groupies on Air Temple Island. Katara was likewise kept in the dark about the matter and all was well as far as anyone outside of the trio knew.

Despite his efforts to help her cope, the fire lord could not stop his sister from resigning from her post as general, however. As expected, the moment his sister left the fire nation to travel the world, the uprisings began anew. Zuko found it difficult to stretch his command and protect his own heir with is sister out of the picture and Aang dealing with the establishment of Republic City.

"Let them have your head, My Lord," Ozai suggested from his lowly prison cell. "Or your sister's for her treachery".

Talking to Ozai was still no good and after counseling with his mother and uncle, Zuko decided it was best to seek out Azula. His sister could have learned the truth and very well could be the reason he had to banish most of his guards. Out of fear for his family, he was once again solely dependent on the Kyoshi Warriors for protection as his own men made it clear that their loyalty to Azula was very different than their loyalty to the fire lord.

Aang stretched his limbs, placing a kiss atop the dark head woman against his chest. Yawning, he eased from the silk sheets, personally ordered by Azula for their bedroom. The scent of Southern Water Tribe tea tickled his nostrils. He followed the smell after putting on his orange trousers, absent a shirt. His chest pounded with love at the sight of his son, giggling into chestnut brown hair. Blue and green eyes caught him the moment he walked into the kitchenette. He smiled warmly at them.

"Good morning," said the avatar. "Should I take him to his mother?"

Katara finished off her tea and kissed the baby's cheek. "No, I'll take him. A messenger hawk just flew in from the fire nation". With that she left with the growing baby in tow for the bedroom.

Aang retrieved the message only making it past the first sentence when an energetic Bumi and Kya with Tenzin on her hip burst into the room.

"Dad, a fire nation airship is here!" Squealed Bumi. "Is it Uncle Zuzu?"

That was the last person Aang wanted to see, though his children made it no secret they were happy
the fire lord had arrived. Aang donned a brown tunic from a nearby air acolyte servant.

"Go to the gardens behind the house, Kids. I'll greet your uncle," he said, grasping his staff and a hat.

The two men stopped when they spotted the other, Aang at the top of the steps, Zuko at the bottom. Their expressions were the same, mutual understanding in their gaze.

"Aang," began the fire lord, his eyes darting around the island that looked as though it was paradise with its lush greenery and pleasant air.

Despite not being a royal descendant, Aang groupies or "air acolytes" served the avatar out of free will and unwavering loyalty. The man was a king, though he never asked to be.

"Fire Lord," greeted Aang, descending the steps of his home. "What a surprise. We weren't expecting you".

Zuko waited until they were an arm's length apart, the avatar towering over him by nearly six more inches.

"So, that's how it is, now? We address one another as titles?" He asked before breaking into a smirk, outstretching his arms. "Hug me, Brother".

Aang was hesitant at first before finally leaning in to hug his old friend. When they parted, Zuko followed him up the steps, looking about in awe of Air Temple Island.

"It's great here. Next time, I should bring Mai and Izumi," he commented offhandedly.

Aang retrieved a cup from the cabinet, waving away an acolyte and poured the steaming liquid to give to Zuko. "Why are you here?" He asked, his tone flat and foreign. "We had an arrangement". He reminded the man.

Zuko sipped the tea from where he stood in the doorway of the kitchen. "We did, but that was until Azula decided to disappear," he informed the man. "The minute she left, we had at least twenty coups. Five attempts on my life and my family. It's like they're getting closer".

Aang raised an eyebrow, but said nothing as Zuko continued to vent.

"Before long, they'll succeed. That's why I need to go back on our agreement. If my sister is behind this, I can use my nephew--"

Aang's eyes twinkled, though not in a good way. From the top of his cup, he said low and dangerous. "My son".

Zuko's nostrils flared. "Yes, if she knew he's alive, she would stop this madness".

"I doubt your sister had anything to do with that, Zuko".

"How do you know? Have you seen her?"

His question was answered when two pairs of bare-feet could be heard, followed by two women dressed in red and blue bed-robies. The fact that the women were not destroying the other, but in fact, interlocked at the elbow made Zuko cough uncontrollably on his drink.

"Water, Fire Lord?" A squeaky-voiced air acolyte offered.

Zuko snatched the cup, gulping down the liquid as Aang stood and walked to the women, locking
lips with Azula first before turning to Katara. Turning back to Zuko, he waited for the fire lord to finally explode.

"My wife has been with me since we married months ago," he explained, his arms around both women.

"But the child? Katara?" The fire lord felt lightheaded.

Katara chuckled, looking to Azula around their husband.

"Honesty is the best policy, Brother," Azula answered with a smirk. "Luckily my new husband and wife convinced me not to burn your good side for that little prank you pulled with my son".

Husband? Wife? Zuko mouthed watching Aang kiss both women's foreheads.

"I think Zuko and I need to take a trip to the gardens," he suggested.

Chapter End Notes

Last post for the album mini-story. I decided to end on a happier note, and lead into another realm of mini-stories. Modern, polyamorous Kazulaang. Get it? Let me know what you think and I am also still accepting prompts. Hope you enjoyed! QTZ

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!