Tongues of Fire

by WenchicusThoticus

Summary

Azula and Ty Lee should be resting after a long day of chasing the Avatar. Instead, their fiery lust for each other draws them together into an explosive exploration of passion. Tyzula, pure smut, enjoy.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

The fire was flickering out in the center of the camp, giving a rosy, romantic aura to their simple tents. Mai had already retired to her tent, claiming that she was worn out from yet another futile day of hunting the elusive Avatar. Azula and Ty Lee were more energized than fatigued by their failure, although they, too, were becoming increasingly frustrated with each passing hour.

The two girls sat opposite each other around the fire, each gazing into the dying flames, considering their own troubling thoughts. For a long hour, they appeared as beautiful statues to any passerby. Behind them, the scenic mountaintops glowed with the last vestiges of the sunset melting into the soft, silver moonlight.

Finally, Azula tucked a wayward strand of hair behind her sculpted ear and spoke. Her voice was imbued with unusual warmth. It was the kind of vulnerable affection she only bestowed upon Ty Lee. "You should get some rest. We've had a long day."

"I'll take first watch," Ty Lee replied. She glowingly smiled at Azula, her lips pink as always. Her coy countenance was filled with all the pride and counterbalancing nervousness of a girl with a
blooming attraction. "You did all the work, after all. You always carry the most weight on your
shoulders."

"You don't know how much you help me," Azula murmured. Her golden eyes shimmered in the soft
smoky red firelight. When those great golden orbs met Ty Lee's own brown spheres, a deep and
visceral shiver ran through her pure, slender body.

"It's nothing!" Ty Lee giggled, caught between lust and hesitancy. One of her pale, deft hands flung
back her long, impossibly thick and shiny braid. "Really, it's an honor to serve you."

"Do you really think so?" An ambiguous smirk twisted the corner of Azula's blood-red mouth. Her
eyes caught and held Ty Lee in their fiery gaze. She gasped, powerless beneath that smoldering
glare-yet somehow she did not want to escape.

Her answer was forced from her full pink lips, involuntary and pungent with desire. "Yes," she
nearly moaned.

The armor-clad young vixen rose from her place beside the fire. Slowly, unbearably slowly, she
strode through the fire itself, like a goddess of the volcanic flame. The tongues of steaming light
parted for her, practically bowing, as if paying homage to their master. Ty Lee gazed up at her. Her
sensuous lips parted, whether in awe or in passion she did not know. Neither did she know whether
the heat on her skin was from the aching flames or her own aching blood.

Ty Lee trembled like a delicate butterfly caught in an ever-more delicate spiderweb as Azula's
outstretched hand approached her soft cheek. She lowered her eyelids in pent-up ecstasy when those
slender, shapely fingers lightly stroked her temple. Perhaps the princess wasn't bending, but it felt
like she left lines of fire on Ty Lee's fragile, pulsing skin. Ty Lee tried to maintain her composure,
but when Azula's long, lingering caress reached her jawline she couldn't hold back a strangled
inhale. Azula slowly, so slowly, moved her hand towards Ty Lee's betraying mouth. The fire
princess pressed her commanding thumb on Ty Lee's full lower lip. Ty Lee moaned uncontrollably,
offering her open mouth up to her master.

"More," Ty Lee mouthed against Azula's authoritative digit. Azula teased the crest of her lip with her
taunting thumb, prompting waves of pleasure to rise in Ty Lee's trim abdomen. Ty Lee groaned. Her
naughty mouth encroached upon that withholding thumb, miring it in her wetness. Azula allowed
this otherwise disrespectful behavior. She stroked Ty Lee's hair with her free hand, soothingly,
pressing her further down to suck strenuously on that thick, emotionally detached thumb.

Ty Lee tongued the thumb in her luscious mouth. She felt Azula's caresses on the back of her head.
After a few moments, those caresses morphed into a firm, sharp grip on Ty Lee's skull. Azula's
thumb receded from her mouth, leaving her panting. Her head was forced down, inexorably, into
Azula's leather-clad core of femininity. Her eager tongue savored the thick, woman-scented armor
that Azula wore by day; her eager mind savored the fantasy of what Azula may wear—or not wear—by
night.

Azula could not feel Ty Lee's frantic caresses to her protected groin, but she felt the juices of her
womanhood gather in her undergarments as she watched the girl press her face into her most sacred
region. She felt the fires in her loins just as surely as Ty Lee, but she always maintained control.
Even as she yearned to rip away Ty Lee's garments and sink into that tender flesh, she kept a steady
grip on her head, only permitting herself the indulgence of stroking the back of her soft supple neck.
She smiled at the way Ty Lee choked and gasped at each touch of her fingers.

At last, when Azula decided she'd had enough, she reached down with one dictating hand and tore
Ty Lee's shirt, rendering it from her figure. She slipped her dagger-like fingers beneath the waistband
of Ty Lee's pants and exposed the rest of her body. And what a body it was.

Her stomach was smooth and toned, a testament to her years of gymnastic training. Gleaming faintly in the firelight, her legs were shapely and flexible—a characteristic Azula was eager to explore. Two round, pale, small yet firm mounds of impossibly tantalizing flesh rose from her compact chest. Her enticing backside was just as invigorating. Azula's gaze swept those large supple domes, that soft skin stretched flirtatiously tight over her ample buttocks. Of course, the main attraction was the flower petal folds that adorned the space between her bronzed legs.

Azula deigned to lower one tapered digit to Ty Lee's tongueless lips. She stroked her sex slowly, enjoying the breathless whimpers and pleas emitting from somewhere near her crotch. Ty Lee's entrance was already satisfyingly drenched in symptoms of her arousal. Azula teased the folds of her flower with one sly finger. Ty Lee's breathing deepened, desperate and unrestrained. Azula's other hand rose and smacked down on Ty Lee's bare dual cheeks. The gymnast squealed beneath the onslaught, caught between pleasure and pain. She was beside herself as she bore down against that finger, seeking the delight that had been promised to her. Yet Azula was not yet ready to give it. Instead she dealt punishment upon Ty Lee's plump orbs once more, and again, until the valley rang with the ruthless cry of flesh on flesh.

Ty Lee continued to struggle, her gaping womanhood throbbing unbearably, begging through her high-pitched breaths, but Azula kept her face firmly pressed into the armor that divided her from the one thing she truly desired. That finger remained elusive, evasive, much like the Avatar they eternally sought. And those blows kept raining down on her jiggling posterior, clouding her mind and body alike. At last she ceased to wriggle, instead submitting herself to Azula's will, only releasing soft, wordless cries when the sinful beatings were especially rough.

When Azula was satisfied with both her exertion of dominance and the reddened state of Ty Lee's submissive spheres of flesh, she returned her hand to stroke Ty Lee's hair, pleased with her natural talent as a foil to Azula's aggression. Ty Lee tensed, then relaxed under her rhythmic touch. But she knew it was far from over.

Those capricious fingers twisted, grasped Ty Lee's braid in a hold of iron. Azula yanked at her hair once, calling forth a yelp of pain from the girl. The braid remained tight in her grip as she surged forwards, towards the beckoning mouth of her tent. Ty Lee tried to rise to follow, but another jerk of the braid sent her back to her scraped, raw knees. Azula wanted her on the ground. So she obeyed, crawling on her hands and knees, occasionally responding to a sharp tug by increasing her speed.

Inside the tent, Azula continued to toy with the braid. She crouched down over Ty Lee's acquiescent form. One long, sharp-tipped finger brushed the pulsing vein that defined her prey's sweet neck. That welcoming caress transformed into a hard, brutal hand clamped down on Ty Lee's exposed throat. Azula's razor-like fingernails penetrated her delicate skin with ease. The fire princess lifted Ty Lee by that corrosive clutch, high into the air. Her lean, tight muscles did not tremble under the strain of the girl's weight. In a smooth yet vengeful movement she flung her victim across the tent, and onto the hard packed dirt. Ty Lee gasped at the sudden, unexpected pain, yet her body still demanded, still pleaded for more.

Before her, silhouetted against the dying fire, Azula stripped away the armor that ensheathed her flesh. Ty Lee's hungry gaze lingered on each unveiled treat, devouring her lean and muscular body. First, her toned, built shoulders and arms. Powerful muscles flexed with every movement against the firelight. Her breasts were not large, but they were by no means small either. Her expansive pink nipples stood erect against the cold night air. Her stomach was composed of long, rippling sheets of muscle. Her legs were pale, untouched by the sun's rays that so inspired the fire within. When she turned to put aside a wayward piece of armor, Ty Lee admired her small yet perfectly shaped-
perfectly round-behind. And when she returned to face Ty Lee, the gymnast's jaw dropped as she gazed upon the holy grail of sexuality that dominated the front of Azula's trim figure.

"Kneel," Azula intoned, her voice carrying the gravity of a thousand generations of Fire Lords. Ty Lee was compelled to fall to her knees before this dramatic, commanding woman, and felt as if she offered her body up not to a human but to a god. Azula reached down, as if from the heavens, and placed one instructive finger on Ty Lee's sharp chin. Inexorably, she turned Ty Lee's face up towards the core of her essence. She openly twisted her head to get a better look at Ty Lee's shapely young body, particularly the soft protrusions that emerged from her chest like budding flowers.

"Now . . ." Azula paused. Ty Lee was shaking, trembling, shuddering with need. Azula's cold golden eyes glinted like a hawk intent on its prey. "Pleasure me."

Ty Lee responded to her command like a faithful polar-bear dog. She pressed soft, lingering kisses into her folds, enjoying every small shiver of Azula's exposed skin. She licked Azula's sex in long, powerful strokes, her mouth ecstatic in the warmth generated from the center of Azula's thighs. Azula kept her hand firmly upon Ty Lee's head, directing her speed and position. With her other hand she reached down to one of Ty Lee's sensitive, pointed nipples. She alternately stroked and pinched that provocative knob. She then lowered her hand around the entire breast and squeezed it tightly. She luxuriated in the sighs and moans that her deft fingers coaxed from Ty Lee's helpless lips. Ty Lee's mouth began to ache from the effort of pleasing Azula, yet she burrowed steadily on, determined to bring her master to the final fiery bolt of pleasure.

At last she felt the princess stiffen beneath her persistent mouth. She redoubled her energy, twisting her wet tongue around Azula's hard clitoris, stroking backwards to her dripping opening, plunging her tongue into the core of Azula's being. She caressed the interior of Azula's pulsing womanhood, eliciting harsh, involuntary sighs. Ty Lee's pace grew heated, fervent. She returned to pleasure the clitoris, licking it in bold, deft motions. Again, she forced her tongue into Azula's naturally lubricated entrance, this time taking in the smell and taste of her without abandon. Her fluid tasted of fire and aggression, and of the righteous battle to see the world in flames.

Ty Lee felt Azula's slit tighten and throb against her tired yet tireless tongue. She was suddenly overwhelmed with warmth. Even more white-tinged fluid leaked into Ty Lee's waiting mouth as the princess began to sigh and moan. Her hand on Ty Lee's head began to rip at her hair, yet the motions were the product of ecstasy, not vengeance. Ty Lee continued to press onward into the unmapped cave that was Azula's deepest secret. Azula continued to rock with the strength of her wild orgasm. She barely managed to continue standing, such was the intensity of the unbound electricity shooting through her body. Her legs shook, yet remained solid. Her bulging thighs clenched against Ty Lee's head so tightly she could hardly move, but she did not need to move, for she had located the place that produced such an uncontrollable reaction in her lover.

As minutes passed, Azula's breathing slowed, and her legs trembled at a more moderate frequency. Finally, she patted Ty Lee's head and drew her back from her crevice of desire. She gazed down at Ty Lee, coldly, but broke into a sharp smile.

"Very good," she remarked, with all the condescension of praising a well-behaved animal. For a moment it seemed that genuine warmth-love, even would soften the edges of her eyes. Then the moment passed and she was as indifferent as her father was to Zuko's banishment. She turned, away from Ty Lee's quivering eyes, and exited the tent, completely naked beneath the icy stars.

Ty Lee watched her go, her mouth open in surprise and ill-concealed pain. When it was clear that Azula was not coming back, she sank down into the dirt and curled into a small, helpless ball. She fought back tears for long hours, yet they inevitably trailed down her smooth cheeks as the fire
dimmed and finally died behind her.

End Notes

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