Dancing Flames

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Summary

He burned like the fire under his control- and she craved that. Lemon for the Nalu Love Fest on Tumblr. Prompt 3: Heat

His breath was hot against the cool air and she watched as white puffs escaped him with every breath he took. It was a mid-October day with the colored leaves dancing in the wind and he couldn’t have belonged anywhere else if he had tried. His muscles strained with every powerful movement made and Lucy couldn’t tear her eyes away.

He was beautiful in a way that could have been deadly if not for the fanged smile he gave the crowd and the mischievous gleam that glittered in his eyes. She had watched this routine before, countless times through the month, but each time she saw him was an entirely new experience. It drew Lucy in like a moth to a flame.

Because that was exactly what she was. A golden haired moth, enchanted by the circle of flames that danced along his body and twirled in the fiery torches he juggled. He danced to drums and tambourines and slammed the lit stave into the ground to cause sparks and embers to burst forth to the beat. The fires he created seemed to flow through him, leaving his tan skin untouched but taut in the heat he created. Sweat slid down his arms and stomach as he worked and the sunset only served to light the sky in tandem with his hip gyrations.

Lucy licked her lips when he rolled the burning torches along his abdomen and didn’t even try to quash the building desire to be the one sliding across his skin. She had spent more money than she cared to admit to come to this Renaissance Festival in order to watch his fire dances and the mere thought of ending her lewd thoughts felt like a waste of her hard earned cash. She’d even made her
own costume for the weekend’s she came, complete with a tight-squeezing bodice that left no imagination to her chest size and bustling skirts that flowed when she walked. If she was going to perv on a performing actor, dressed in loose vest and pants, then she was at least going to blend in with the crowd while she did it.

He’d never notice her anyway- his act was his alone and even when donations were sent his way and shy girls fluttered their lashes at him, he only smiled that smile of his and thanked them. He’d awkwardly kissed a woman’s hand once, as per the orders of his Troupe’s “leader” and played the act of rebellious fool well. It was a daily occurrence to watch him run through the crowd with his fellow gypsy dancers, causing mischief and laughter everywhere he went than it was to see him “wooing” the local guests.

But this.. this dance at the end of the night, when all eyes were on him and his troupe just played the music that circled around his creations of fire was the sole reason Lucy couldn’t take her eyes off him. His muscles strained with every move and his acrobats were enough to imagine the lethality he could posses when dealing with another being. It brought shivers down her spine at the contradictions he possessed and it made her wish she could just trail her tongue along the dips and curves of of his hips and taste the fire he controlled.

A brush of heat washed over her and the crowd gasped, bringing her from her lustful reverie. Blinking her eyes at the blinding heat, her own gasp spilled from her mouth when she finally realized the reason for the audience’s shock. The flames had burst forth in an arc, higher than any other as he spun himself through the air, landing gracefully in the dirt with a stomp of his feet. The dust rose along with the sparks of his fire and his dark eyes glared intensely through his wet bangs.

They stared right at her with such an intensity she felt her legs clench automatically as she bit her bottom lip. With heart hammering against her rib cage, Lucy watched him stand slowly, still dancing to the beat, but his torches were left embedded in the ground, glowing in the dwindling light. The beat of the drums followed each step he took and he swayed forward, jerking his hips with each step that deliciously showed the hip lines over the ridge of his pants. Lucy couldn’t look away, enthralled by his predatory movements even as she licked her dry lips.

His vest had slipped down his shoulders as he moved lazily like a snake about to strike. Tilting forward, he spun himself as the tempo increased before his steps finally-finally- stopped straight in front of Lucy and the grin he possessed was suddenly more dangerous. The crowd cheered and Lucy could barely hear many of the others in the audience crow for him to dance to them next, but she couldn’t hear them.

She was too busy staring into his intense eyes as he suddenly leaned forward, mouth barely grazing her ear before jumping back just as quickly as he had touched her. Skidding his sandals through the earth, he circled the crowd, crowing before his strong arms took up the burning torches once again and blowing fire off of them as if he were a dragon roaring in triumph.

The dance ended almost too suddenly as the drums stopped and his troupe cheered and rushed to greet the crowd. Cries for donations sounded off and many girls squealed while a few men excitedly spoke about the effects that had taken place. Lucy missed all of it, standing still in the wave of bodies as tingles shot down every nerve ending in her body.

His dance was perfect. Exotic. Beautiful, but no one heard the words that he whispered just before he spun away. No one witnessed the caress of his hot breath as he chuckled darkly against her ear. It had been a promise. One that left her both exhilarated and terrified all at the same time.

“My name’s Natsu- now you know whose name to scream while you come.”
It was a cheap pick-up line. Her mind kept screaming this, kept trying to bring logic to the forefront of her reactions, but her body would not obey. Already her breath was shallow at the images created in her head and the feel of his body heat near hers only made it worse. Lucy trembled as her limbs slowly turned to jelly.

Finally regaining her sanity enough to stop standing in the way of the crowd as they tried to chat up the actors, Lucy made her escape. She slid through with an ease she wasn’t feeling and she quickly brought her steps to a near jog to find a quiet place to clear her head. The sun had set far enough for darkness to surround most of the near emptied grounds and left an almost eerie feel to the air. Any other day she would have decided it best to go home—to be near people when the world grew quiet—but an alcove between two shops caught her eye and she quickly took purchase on the bench between the two buildings.

Her breath shuddered as Lucy failed to calm herself. It was a cool night and yet she couldn’t rid herself of the heat. Her ears still tingled and a groan of frustration escaped her. She was so preoccupied in her inner turmoil that she didn’t even notice when another figure joined her.

It wasn’t until the scent of smoke hit her that she realized she was no longer alone and with a jolt she scrambled from her seat only for strong hands to grab her shoulders. A shock of pink hair and dark eyes came into view. With a heart about to stop from beating too sporadically, Lucy realized her Fire Dancer had followed. A part of her screamed that she should be scared, but instead her body reacted even more and she bit back a low whine. His grin was back, revealing his fangs again and her eyes watched as he licked his lips in hunger.

“I’m glad I found you.” He whispered roughly, voice worn out from talking all day. Breathing deeply, he inhaled her and his sharp eyes found hers once more in the dark as he took her in. “I’ve been wanting to find you ever since you gave me that bag of Roasted Almonds three weeks ago.”

Her mind reeled, almost delirious at his proximity as his words surprised her. “But.. that was… you recognized me?” A low moan finally escaped her when he pressed her against the wall, hands now trailing down her arms before gripping her waist tightly. He gave her no room for personal space, allowing their breath to mingle in the cool air.

Looming over her, a pleased growl escaped him as she responded favorably to his touch by sliding her hands under his vest, running smooth fingers along his feverish skin. “You thought it was just you watching me? You’re oblivious aren’t you?”

Her response was cut off by his body pressing against her, the proof of his arousal already against her thighs through the skirts she wore. Dragging his teeth along her throat, her mind stopped working and gave way to the feeling of his tongue laving across her pulse as he kissed her neck with force enough to bruise. A strangled cry erupted from her as she finally divested him of his vest and dragged her nails along his scalp, pulling hair each time his teeth bit into her skin.

The only sound made between them then was the sound of sharp intakes of breath, heady moans and deep sighs. Natsu kissed her like a starving man, devouring her pliant body even as the heat of his earlier dance engulfed her. She rubbed a leg against his own, giving as much as she took and the braids in her hair soon fell loose as his fingers assaulted her. It was a flurry of rough movements as he lowered his head to bite the flesh being pressed out of the bodice and his hands roughly yanked her skirts to her waist, groaning when he met no resistance.

“God you smell delicious…” he hissed against her, smirking as a cry erupted from her throat caused by the sudden grinding of his hips against hers. “What’s your name?”

She could barely form the words as he pressed himself against her, fingers desperately working to
untie the pants that that separated them. When he found the curls between her legs and pressed even harder against her, she moaned out her name as he growled.

“Naughty girl,” he chided, humming his pleasure when her own fingers finally gripped him tightly beneath the waist band. “Not even wearing panties, what sort of girl does that, Lucy?”

Squeezing her fingers until his words died in his throat, she whispered back in a breathy moan, “the same as the boy not wearing boxers…” He chuckled despite the pleasure that dizzied his mind and conceded to the point.

“Boxer’s don’t match the costume…” He managed to groan out, almost losing himself when she bit his shoulder and wrapped her leg around his waist. His pants had slowly fell about his ankles and his entire body quivered in anticipation. When her teeth glided over his chest, his breath hitched as he forced out, “they’re not-. shit!- .. comfortable!”

It was her turn to laugh, but the laughter soon turned to wanton screams as he bucked his hips against her, brushing against her and sliding teasingly between her thighs. He pulled her other leg up around him, angling her as he pushed her further up the wall. The need to talk disappeared, followed by the grunts and moans of him entering her with a sharp jab of his hips. Nails dug into his skin as Lucy tilted her head back and he buried his face into the junction of her shoulders.

They rocked together to a beat not unlike the drums his fire had danced to and the inferno that curled under her skin was much the same. His body burned like a furnace until Lucy feared she’d fall against him, melted and wiped from the intense heat he brought forth from her body. They moved quickly, with hips circling and thrusting until the very wall shuddered from the impact and Lucy’s gasps turned to praise.

He was just so delicious underneath her fingertips. So thick as he slid into her and when the waves finally crashed over the bonfire created between them, Lucy saw stars. She clenched him tightly, legs pushing him further into her until his own legs quivered and gave.

They fell onto the bench with a crash, certain they’d be bruised later and yet he continued against her as she urged him on. The fire simmered in her stomach again as he moved and her pleasure turned to delirium, unused to being brought over so quickly in succession. When his pattern lost its control, pounding against her hips harshly, Lucy held Natsu close, grinding her hips further against him until both cried out as the heat of his orgasm consumed them.

Their voices echoed in the air to the sound of cannon fire and sparklers shooting off in the distance and they breathed deeply, spent against each other. His scent assaulted her nose and her fingers trailed along the contours of his hard back, curious to the welts she had caused.

It was an unconventional coupling and Lucy wondered when the awkwardness would set in. She was ready for it; for the careful reshuffling of their clothes and the embarrassed silence as they went their separate ways- Never to see each other again. She wasn’t one for a one-night stand, but she couldn’t bring herself to regret the rash decisions made today.

Instead of him pushing off her as she’d imagined, he graced her neck in soft kisses before he withdrew from her, groaning from the action. As Natsu held himself above her, adoration shown in his eyes as he smiled brightly at her.

“Want to continue this at your place?” He asked. Lucy smiled.
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