A Slight Miscalculation

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Summary

Crown Princess Azula must choose an omega to bear the next heir to the Fire Nation Throne. A certain circus performer catches her eye, and suddenly, her father's demands for a grandchild don't seem so unappealing.

Notes

This story is not a realistic depiction of rape. This story is NOT a realistic depiction of rape. Again, for the people in the back: THIS STORY IS NOT A REALISTIC DEPICTION OF RAPE! Rape in real life is awful. No one wants to be raped. This is fiction, so please take it as such.

Read the tags, but some brief warnings for:
- Magic cock
- Noncon
- Dubcon
- Forced penetration (of all types)
Azula will eventually become affectionate toward Ty Lee. For some reason, my twisted brain likes coming up with plots that redeem evil, selfish rapists even though that shit doesn't happen IRL. If the thought of a victim actually continuing a consensual relationship with the person who abused her upsets you, don't read this story.
Book One: Chapter 1

Azula frowned, struggling not to yawn as she surveyed the line of men and women kneeling at the foot of her throne. The duty weighing upon her had already put her in an unpleasant mood, but the disappointing selection only made it worse. Weak was far too kind a word for most of them, and not one seemed worthy of the honor she was prepared to bestow. *Honestly, this was all father could find? This is the best the Fire Nation has to offer? If I didn't know better, I'd almost think he didn't want me to pick from this pitiful group.*

She peeled her lips back in disgust, huffing through her nose. From the top of the steps, Fire Lord Ozai watched her every move, waiting for her to make her choice. The heaviness of his gaze made her bristle, but she tried not to show it. She and her father were caught in an uneasy balancing act, and any sign of weakness could tip the scales of power in his favor.

*This is all Zuko's fault. What was he thinking, running away with Mai? Only he would be stupid enough to pick an infertile beta as his mate and get himself banished.*

It had been an incredibly foolish decision on both their parts, although one she had relished at the time. Mai had been her best friend, but having her elder brother out of the way was worth the loss. She had always planned on securing the throne for herself anyway. Alpha though he was, Zuko had never been worthy of the power that came with it. His cowardice had left the way clear for her, and she hadn't even needed to challenge him to agni kai first.

Only after Zuko's abrupt departure had she realized power wasn't the only thing that came with being next in line to the throne. All the expectations that had once rested on Zuko's shoulders were now hers to bear. That was why, on what should have been the festive occasion of her twentieth birthday, she was stuck sifting through the inbred stock her father had scrounged together for her. At least she had the circus to look forward to later. The performers were usually good for a laugh—and if they weren't, she always found creative ways to liven up their shows.

With one last glare of annoyance, Azula turned away from the omegas and faced her father once again. He didn’t speak, but she could tell by his stony expression that he expected her to make a decision. And a decision she would make, but on her own schedule, not his. "An... interesting selection, father," she said, deliberately measuring the space of her pause so he would catch her meaning, but have no excuse to reprimand her for it. "However, I need more time to weigh my options."

"More time, Azula?"

Azula could tell Ozai was angry, but she didn’t care. She was more than his pawn, more than a way for her father to assure himself that some part of him had cheated death. "Yes." The single word carried all the weight she could put into it. "Choosing a proper omega to carry on our family's proud legacy will take careful thought. The choice is an important one."

Ozai looked as though he wanted to disagree, but to her immense satisfaction, he didn’t insist. Appearances were important to him. The Royal Family was supposed to be above petty squabbles, especially when it came to personal matters like producing an heir. Divinely appointed rulers of the world had no need to reprimand their daughters, after all. He nodded his head once, and Azula smiled. It was as close to a victory as she would get.

"You have until after the feast. The entertainment should be arriving any moment." He aimed a stare at the guards, and two of them hurried to open the massive double doors leading into the grand hall.
Completely ignoring the omegas she had just rejected, Azula took the stairs at a leisurely pace, returning to her throne. She didn’t even bother waiting for them to be led away. They would be kept somewhere nearby, but she already knew she wouldn’t be asking a single one of them to return. She was under a lot of pressure, but she was far from desperate. There would be plenty of omegas at the feast for her to choose from.

* * *

Unfortunately, the evening’s celebration proved almost as boring as the afternoon’s torture. The crowd’s energy was lackluster at best, perhaps because Prince Zuko’s abdication had left a shadow over the royal house. Azula hated to admit it, but part of her thought Ozai might have a point. News of an heir would be an excellent way to improve morale among the people, and from the looks of them, it was desperately needed.

The circus was little better. The performers seemed nervous, often missing their cues, and the animals were simply dull. Azula usually took at least some paltry amusement in their displays, but tonight, she had too much on her mind. She scanned the throne room with purpose, eyes lingering on anyone that might arouse her interest, but no one engaged her for more than a moment. All the omegas in attendance were perfectly good looking, perfectly suitable, and perfectly awful. She couldn’t have come up with a blander selection if she tried.

Eventually, she slumped down in frustration, unwilling to continue sizing up the crowd. Ozai shot her a look of disapproval, but he didn’t say a word. One look conveyed everything he was thinking. If she didn’t pick someone soon, he would pick for her, and she would be forced to live with the consequences. With a fair amount of reluctance, Azula straightened once again, forcing herself to watch the next in a series of disappointing acts.

Only, to her surprise, it was not disappointing at all. Instead of another sad old magician, depressing clown, or nervous animal trainer, a young girl sprang into the middle of the room. She had a willowy frame, lovely cream-colored skin, and a beaming smile that took up most of her face. Her outfit showed a good portion of flesh, exposing the toned muscles of her midriff, and a long braid whipped behind her as she moved. Still smiling, she dove into her routine, crossing the stage in a series of quick, neat handsprings.

Azula’s jaw dropped. She stared in amazement as the girl moved, leaping, twirling, and twisting into impossible positions. The slender acrobat’s long legs were up over her head more often than not, and her confident, cheerful smile didn’t leave her face for a single moment. She was beautiful. She was breathtaking. She was as smooth as running water, and Azula found herself entranced. This. This is exactly what I’ve been looking for. Someone new, different… someone far more interesting than the nobles I’m forced to deal with day after day.

The girl seemed to notice the extra attention she was receiving, but she didn't falter. Instead, she added even more energy to her performance. On her next series of stretches and spins, her face hardly ever turned away from the royal thrones. Azula took the opportunity to examine the acrobat’s taut body, eyeing it with approval. The girl was thin but shapely, with small, firm breasts and sweetly curved hips. Although she wasn’t tall, her legs were long and luxurious in proportion to her torso, and Azula almost groaned as they spread in a perfect split.

Who are you? she wondered, spreading her knees apart. Her cock, which had remained soft between her thighs even with a line of half-naked omegas waiting for her pleasure, was suddenly standing at attention. It swelled further each time the girl's dazzling smile turned on her, straining against the front of her pants. She smiled, stroking a hand down along her stomach to cup the growing bulge. The slender woman before her had managed to capture her full attention in seconds when all the
others had failed. She knew with fierce certainty that this was the one she wanted—and Crown Princess Azula always gets what she wants.

"Father," she said, pointing at the pretty acrobat as she arched into another backbend. "I've made my decision. I want that one."

Ozai wasn’t pleased with the request. His normally stoic face twitched into a frown, but Azula didn’t waver. She continued pointing at the omega she had chosen, unwilling to be denied. Swiftly, everyone else in the room focused their attention on her. The entire hall went silent. Even the music petered out. The circus performers stopped in mid-act, and the audience held their breath. Best of all, the omega straightened up, and her eyes went wide as she realized the careless gesture had been directed at her.

Azula finally lowered her arm, satisfied that her public display would earn her the prize she wanted. Her father wouldn't dare refuse her in front of so many people. He might not approve of her pick, one with no chance of a political alliance, but he couldn’t afford to scoff at it either. Not when he had so much to gain if she produced him a grandchild. That's right, she thought, narrowing her eyes at him as she waited for his answer. If you want me to sire pups and continue your legacy so badly, I get to choose the bitch.

"If that's the one you want," Ozai said at last. It was stiff, unwilling permission at best, but Azula didn't care.

"Oh, she is," Azula purred, returning her full attention to the shocked-looking omega in the middle of the throne room. Her shaft gave another needy pulse, pushing against the front of her pants. "She really, really is."

Several murmurs rippled through the crowd, but they went silent as Ozai spoke again. "Are you sure of her status?"

Azula was already certain. The girl's movements, her lovely hips, her slender build and soft brown eyes, everything about her screamed omega. Even though she knew it was impossible, part of her was convinced she could smell the girl already. She stood, abandoning her throne and prowling down the steps, taking wide strides to leave room for the heavy bulge between her legs. The other circus performers scattered, scraping into bows and groveling at her feet as she passed. Only her omega remained, lower lip trembling, throat bobbing with fear.

And such a lovely throat it is, Azula thought. Her mouth watered at the thought of taking it between her teeth. She stepped closer, invading the girl's space and inhaling deeply. The rich, thick scent that filled her nose only reaffirmed her choice. This lovely creature was all omega. Unable and unwilling to resist temptation, she reached out to caress the acrobat's shoulder, fingertips sliding along the vulnerable line of her collarbone.

The girl trembled at her touch, but remained rooted to the floor, spellbound or afraid or both. Her breath hitched, and her shaking grew worse as she averted her eyes. Azula took another step closer, almost near enough for their bodies to brush. "You already smell like you want me," she murmured, flicking the girl's long braid away and curling a hand around the back of her neck. "Maybe I did scent you from my throne after all. In fact..." She inhaled again, and a low growl rumbled in her throat as her suspicions were confirmed. The girl she had chosen wasn't just an omega. She was also in heat. There was no mistaking the call at such close range, and the ache in her cock confirmed it.

The omega seemed just as surprised by the revelation as she was. Azula caught the exact moment understanding dawned on her face, and a flash of fear followed. "Please, Your Highness," she whispered, so low that her voice was barely audible. "I'm not due for another month. I never would
Azula cut the girl off with a sharp look and a slight tightening of her grip. Once her wordless command earned silence, she skimmed her nails teasingly through the soft wisps of hair at the back of the omega's neck. The small patch of skin she could feel beneath her fingertips was already burning. There was no doubt in her mind that she had triggered the girl's heat herself. It wasn't the first time her dominant aura had inadvertently caused an omega to become fertile.

"Oh, you're going to come," she said, the corners of her mouth twitching into a selfish smile. "The omegas lucky enough to take my knot always do." She pulled the girl into her arms, sliding a hand down along her lean back to cup the firm swell of her ass. The muscles were just as tight as they had looked from a distance, and her length throbbed in approval. She pressed herself against the girl's stomach, making sure she could feel everything and enjoying the way she whimpered.

*This one really is too delicious. I almost want to take her right here in the throne room...* Her eyes flicked over to her father, and the idea lost its appeal. The last thing she needed was him criticizing her technique. Reluctantly, she let go of the girl and turned back to Ozai, chin tilted up at a proud, defiant angle. "With your generous permission, father, I beg to be excused for the rest of the evening. I'm eager to break in my new pet. You'll give her master a fair price, won't you?"

Even though it was framed in the form of a question, it was not a request. Ozai seemed even more displeased with her arrogance than with the woman she had chosen, but he dismissed her anyway, perhaps to save himself further grief. "Go," he rumbled, his searing eyes silently ordering her to prove herself useful. Azula could tell he was already thinking of ways to manipulate the situation to his benefit. "And don't come back until she's pregnant."

Azula both heard and felt the girl give a soft gasp beside her, but she ignored the slight sound even as it sent a shiver down her spine. The hot pulse ended between her legs, and the base of her shaft thickened even more. "As you wish," she said, finally giving him the deep bow that was expected of her. The gesture of respect was adequate enough. Ozai waved her away, allowing her to focus her attention on the guards. "Take my girl to my room," she barked, sending the omega toward them. "And hurry. I won't be kept waiting."
Ty Lee shivered as she stared around the large, luxurious room, huddling into the circle of her own arms. Being naked normally didn’t bother her, but all alone in the infamous Crown Princess Azula’s bedchamber, she felt incredibly vulnerable. This was all wrong. She had been performing at the Royal Palace for years—once every year, in fact, since she had run away from home to join the circus. Never once had Azula looked twice at her before. At first, the Princess's flattering attention had filled her with confidence. Now, she found herself wishing she hadn't put on quite such a good show.

Everything’s going to be okay, she told herself, breathing deeply. The door's locked, the guards took my clothes, and the Princess is probably going to show up any minute, but I'm sure I can find a way out of this. She glanced around the room again, trying to think, but she couldn't focus. Her thoughts were in splinters. Azula's brief, possessive touch had shaken her to the core, and the effects of her heat were already starting. Her skin burned hot, and she could feel an uncomfortable pressure growing between her thighs. Soon, it would turn to aching emptiness.

"Everything's going to be okay," she said again, needing to hear the words aloud. "I've been through this before plenty of times. It's just a heat, right? How bad can it be?"

But she already knew this was no ordinary heat. It hadn't come upon her naturally like the others she had endured. Instead, something about Azula had awakened it. The dominant alpha's voice, her smell, her possessive touch had drawn it out of her. Each time she thought about their brief encounter in the throne room, her heart rate increased and her breathing became labored. No one else's pheromones had ever been strong enough to take control of hers before. Despite the positive attitude she was struggling to maintain, it terrified her.

"Everything's going to be okay," she said for a third time, pacing to work out some of her restless energy. She couldn't bear to stand still, and there was plenty of room to move. Azula's chambers could fit an average bedroom ten times over. "If I can't escape, I'll talk my way out of this. She wouldn't be selfish enough to force me to mate with her, would she?" Her voice wavered at the end of the question, betraying her doubt. Part of her feared that Azula was that selfish, and an even larger part of her feared that the Princess wouldn't have to force her at all. She didn't want to mate with anyone, least of all the Crown Princess of the Fire Nation, but her body had other ideas.

The sound of footsteps outside the door made her freeze. She curled in on herself again, crossing her arms over her breasts. Unfortunately, there wasn't much she could do about the rest of her body except hunch forward. A little gasp slipped from between her lips as a familiar, tempting scent hit her nose. The Princess! Oh Spirits, she's right outside. Her scent is so strong I can smell her through the door. She tried not to breathe in, but she didn't have much choice. The mixture of jasmine perfume and raw sex seeped into her very pores.

After a moment, the door clicked open. Azula strode confidently into the room, clad in the same formal attire as before and still sporting an impressive swell at the front of her pants. There were no guards with her, and Ty Lee's heart leapt. Maybe there would be a chance for escape after all. Azula...
was a powerful firebender, a prodigy from what everyone said, but she wouldn't be expecting a surprise attack. If she waited for the perfect opportunity, the chi blocking strikes she had practiced could paralyze the Princess long enough for her to make a run for it...

"Why aren't you kneeling?"

The low scrape of Azula's voice made her forget all about running. A shudder raced through her entire body and the pressure between her legs turned to liquid heat. Slickness she didn't want spilled from somewhere deep inside of her, running along her inner thighs. It was a completely involuntary reaction, and her stomach churned as her softest parts pulsed. "I—I'm sorry, Your Highness," she stammered, deciding it would be safest to obey. At least, she pretended it was a decision instead of the overwhelming urge to submit as she dropped to her knees. In her current state, all her instincts were screaming at her to surrender to Azula's dominance.

"Better. Hands behind your back." After a moment of hesitation, Ty Lee uncrossed her arms and held them behind her. She kept her eyes lowered in deference, watching the Princess's shoes circle her in slow, measured steps. "I find you acceptable," Azula said at last, and Ty Lee flinched as a hand clasped the back of her neck. The edges of Azula's nails raked over her skin just like in the throne room, and she bit her lip to stifle a whimper. Whether it was of fear, desire, or both, she couldn't begin to figure out. "Well? I gave you a compliment. Aren't you going to thank me?"

Ty Lee swallowed around the lump in her throat. Each word Azula spoke sent the knife of desire deeper into her belly. She wasn't sure whether to run for the door or drop to her hands and knees. "T—thank you?"

"You're welcome." The hand at the back of her neck began toying with her braid, fingering the loops and twists. "Do you know what your purpose here is?"

Ty Lee hesitated. She knew all too well what her purpose here was. She had heard every word Fire Lord Ozai had spoken, but she wasn't sure she had the courage to repeat them. The hand petting her braid stopped, and she spoke in a rush of fear before Azula could use it for anything more unpleasant. "Fire Lord Ozai wishes for m... for an omega to bear your child." The thought was appalling, but her inner muscles gave an embarrassing flutter and the wetness running down her thighs threatened to become a river. *It's just my heat. I'm not thinking straight. I don't actually want her to...*

Something pulled sharply at the back of her head, and she cried out in surprise. Azula gripped her braid far too tight, holding it close to the root and tugging until tears welled in her eyes. "What my father wishes is none of your concern. Your only purpose here is to serve me. You will please me any way I ask, as many times as I ask, without hesitation. If you fulfill that purpose, I might even make it pleasurable for you." The pain eased on the word 'pleasurable', and Azula resumed petting her head. "If you don't, your stay here will be very unpleasant."

Ty Lee let out the breath she didn't know she'd been holding. It took her several moments to find her words. The mixture of pain and pleasure had her so confused she could barely think. Through it all, the red haze around the edges of her mind threatened to overwhelm her. "Yes," she said at last, before Azula moved to pull her braid again. "I mean, yes, Your Highness."

"Good." Azula let go and circled around to her front, fingers trailing along her shoulder on the way. The light touch sent sparks shooting down her spine, and each one seemed to land directly on her clit. She had been vaguely aware of it before, but as Azula's fingertips skimmed almost dismissively over her flesh, the bud began to swell and ache. She squeezed her legs tighter, trying to ignore it. "Inside these rooms, you will address me as Mistress. When you are permitted outside, you will continue to address me as Your Highness. Is that clear?"
The torturous fingertips left her shoulder and Ty Lee choked back a sob. She didn’t want Azula's touch, but losing it almost brought tears to her eyes, fleeting as it had been. She bit her lip in anger. Anger at Azula, and anger at herself. *I shouldn't be reacting like this. My heat is no excuse.* “Yes,” she said at last when she realized Azula was still waiting for an answer. “I understand… Mistress.” She stumbled over the word, and saying it sent another horrible jolt between her legs.

"Good girl."

Azula’s purr was almost mocking, but it made Ty Lee's stomach twist in a way that wasn’t entirely unpleasant. She continued worrying her bottom lip, sucking it between her teeth until the coppery taste of blood seeped into her mouth. Encouragement was a rare thing in her profession. Not starving and not being harassed by the circus master were usually the best rewards she could expect for a job well done. Demeaning as it was, Azula's false praise pleased her inner omega. *How can two silly words hurt so much in such a nice way?*

She didn't have long to wonder. "Time to see if you've been listening to the rules," Azula said, trailing a hand down her own stomach. She cupped the bulge between her legs to make her meaning clear. Ty Lee tried to avert her eyes, but her curiosity got the better of her. She remembered how the hard shaft of Azula's cock had felt rubbing against her stomach in the throne room, and some sick part of her wanted to see what it looked like even as her mind screamed in protest. In the end, she did nothing. She simply held still, watching warily as Azula unfastened her pants.

The movements of Azula's graceful fingers were hypnotic as she undid the laces. Pale flesh appeared as soon as they fell loose, and Ty Lee was grateful for the hold she had on her lip. It made it easy to stifle a gasp when Azula slid her cock out through the opening. Her heart lurched, slamming crazily in the cage of her chest. She hadn't seen many in person, and never up close, but she could tell this shaft was thicker than average. Its head was extremely broad, with a fat, flared shape, and the slit running through the middle was already drooling with wetness.

Ty Lee remained frozen, unsure if she was waiting for a chance to run or a command to touch.

"Well?" Azula asked. Her voice was low, throaty, and full of confidence, as if there was no doubt in her mind that she would get what she wanted. “Start with your mouth. I don’t have all night.” She formed a fist around her shaft and dragged it slowly up from the wide base to just beneath the dripping tip, holding herself out expectantly.

In the end, Ty Lee couldn’t bring herself to do it. No matter how strong the urges of her heat were, no matter how much she wanted to run her tongue through that tempting pool of wetness and learn what it tasted like, she couldn’t degrade herself that way. Princess or not, powerful alpha or not, Azula was a selfish, manipulative sadist. That wasn’t the kind of alpha she wanted to offer herself to. She turned ever so slightly to the side and stopped chewing on her lip, closing her mouth shut instead and lowering her eyes. It was a subtle refusal, but a refusal nonetheless.

She regretted it a moment later. Azula seized her chin, jerking it up with a painful snap despite her yelp of surprise and pain. Blazing eyes glared down into hers, dancing with a fierce, hungry light. “I was hoping you wouldn’t need direction, but no matter. If you want a little encouragement…” The hand that wasn’t leaving a bruise on her jaw formed a fist beside her face, flashing with blue tongues of fire. The flame’s heat seared her cheek, close enough to make her skin tighten and ache without actually burning her. “...I can provide it.”

Ty Lee’s eyes fixed back on the tip of Azula’s cock. It bobbed an inch away from her lips, still slick and swollen with need. Her nostrils quivered with Azula’s scent and the smell of singed air. She could overcome her misplaced lust, but not desire and fear together. She leaned forward, brushing a hesitant kiss over the head.
Azula drew her crackling fist back a few inches in approval. Her other hand snaked around the back of Ty Lee's neck, finding a firm grip so she couldn't pull away. The hold terrified her, but she didn't fight it. She already knew she didn't have a choice. There was no way out of this, and she was in far too risky a position to fight her way free. She would have to wait for a better chance—and that chance probably wouldn't come until Azula did.

Eyes swimming with tears, she surrendered to the steady pressure at the back of her head, allowing the tip of Azula's cock to pop into her mouth. She wasn't certain if she was disappointed or thrilled with the flavor. It was sweeter than she expected, with just the right amount of salt, and she hated herself for enjoying it. *It's just my heat,* she thought, but the words seemed weaker with every second that passed and every pulse of Azula’s wetness that washed over her tongue. *I can’t be blamed for my instincts. Just because I like how she tastes doesn’t mean I want this.* But the insistent throb in her clit and the slippery warmth that kept sliding down her thighs made a liar of her.

"You can do better than that.” Azula’s voice balanced somewhere on the thin line between approval and anger. "Put some effort into it. I can smell how much you want me. Make it easy on yourself and submit."

Something in Azula’s tone tugged at her. It was demanding, intoxicating, impossible to resist. It made her chest ache and her inner muscles shiver with need. She didn’t want to obey, but some dark part of her needed to. She sucked the head of Azula's cock a little further, swiping her tongue through the open slit. More sweet fluid spilled into her mouth, almost a steady stream. The Princess's shaft pounded in the seal of her lips, strained with need, growing impossibly harder. “Good girl,” Azula purred. “Now, give me your throat.”

At first, she had no idea what Azula meant. Her head was foggy with a lustful, fear-tinged haze, and she couldn’t think. But then Azula started pressing forward, forcing her to take several more inches of the shaft, and realization struck. Azula didn’t just want to be serviced. She wanted to push all the way inside. Ty Lee squirmed, choking as the fat head nudged the back of her mouth. She gagged in protest, but Azula didn’t let up. The hand on her head stayed firm, holding her in place and making it impossible to move.

It was a slow, painful process, but eventually, a good portion of Azula’s length was buried in her throat. Her muscles clenched around it, trying to force it out, but there wasn’t any give. Her eyesight blurred with tears and lack of air, and she let out a muffled whimper around the spit-slick shaft stretching her jaw wide. Azula was already deeper than she had imagined possible, and her lips were still an inch away from the thick swell of the Princess’s knot. It was already large, and still growing, half-hidden inside her pants.

“Hold still and try to relax,” Azula said, although the words weren’t particularly caring. “This is just a little warm-up.”

Ty Lee closed her eyes. Feeling Azula drive into her would be bad enough. She couldn’t bring herself to watch as well.

The first push of Azula’s hips sent more tears rolling over her cheeks. The burning intensified, and then suddenly, she could breathe again. Her mouth was still blocked, but she sucked in precious air through her nose, filling up until her lungs burned. She only got a few seconds of relief. Azula drove back in further than before, claiming her all over again.

Gradually, she got used to the rhythm. Whenever Azula pulled back, she breathed in, trying not to enjoy the brief break and the honey leaking across her tongue. Whenever Azula pushed forward, she winced and swallowed the warmth drizzling down the back of her throat. She began to lose track of time. The pleasant and unpleasant sensations blurred together until she couldn’t tell the difference,
and she fell into a strange, almost comforting trance as she surrendered to the rhythm. *In. Swallow. Out. Breathe.* Even when Azula’s thrusts came faster and the shaft prying her mouth open began to throb insistently between her lips, it didn’t break her focus. She cradled Azula’s length with her tongue, acting on instinct, relaxing to try and take the last stubborn inch.

“*Yes!*”

Azula’s cry of pleasure was the only warning she got. Suddenly, her lips were pressed tight to the top of the Princess’s knot, and the shaft stayed in place. A sharp twitch ran along its length, and Ty Lee let out a muffled moan as spurts of hot, thick fluid poured into her throat. It was too much for her to swallow all at once, and some of the flood washed back into her mouth. The flavor of Azula’s release was slightly saltier than the small pulses of wetness from before, but the extra bitterness somehow made it addictive. When Azula pulled back for another thrust, she drank it down deliberately, unable to stop herself.

She didn’t have time to question why she was doing it. Azula was already slamming past her sore lips again, making her jaw ache, pumping harsh streams into her. She could feel the sickening heat slide into her stomach, and she nearly retched. Her trance broke, and she suddenly realized what she had done. What Azula had made her do. *I can’t surrender again,* she thought as Azula finally pulled out of her mouth with a slick pop, leaving only her taste behind. *I have to escape before she actually mates with me. Once she starts, I don’t think I’ll be able to make her stop.*
Azula ran the pad of her thumb over the full, bruised lips that had just serviced her, admiring their shape. The girl's beautiful mouth had captivated her before, but somehow, puffy from overuse and shiny with spit and come, it was even prettier. She had the sudden urge to scoop the omega into her arms and kiss her, but she resisted the impulse. She had an image to maintain, after all. It would make her look foolish if she went around kissing perfect strangers, even if this one was required to do her bidding.

In the end, she settled for a somewhat less satisfying indulgence of her curiosity. It wouldn't be wise for her to find out what her release tasted like on the girl's mouth, but she could at least learn the name of the omega who had pleased her so well. "Tell me your name," she ordered, turning the slow swipes of her thumb over the girl's lips into a caress of her face. The omega's skin was still flushed, hot to the touch, and Azula's cock twitched with renewed arousal as she remembered how the outline of her shaft had looked pressing out against the girl's hollowed cheeks.

The girl hesitated, but stammered an answer with the encouragement of a sharp glare and the threatening edge of nails beneath her chin. "T—Ty Lee... Mistress."

Azula decided to forgive the hesitation. This omega—Ty Lee? A pretty enough name to suit her, I suppose—was at least trying to obey her orders. Perhaps it's her scent that's making me generous. I've never smelled an omega so ready to be mated. She pulled her hand away, smirking at the small whimper that followed. Oh yes, she's definitely ready. Azula allowed her eyes to flick down past Ty Lee's face to her breasts. They were fuller than on first inspection, and her mouth watered with the thought of marking them.

"You may stand and go over to the bed, Ty Lee," she said, waving with a careless hand. Ty Lee stood on shaking legs, but the sight of her lithe, graceful body made Azula reconsider. "Slowly," she added as her eyes lingered. "I'm enjoying the view."

Ty Lee did as she asked, walking slowly over to the bed and offering her ample time to look. Azula took her time savoring the omega's retreating form, studying the curve of her back, the flare of her hips, the play of lithe muscle that covered every inch of her narrow frame. She hadn't known it was possible for someone to look so athletic without being bulky. The girl was railing thin aside from her subtle curves, a curious mixture of strength and incredible softness. Azula gave into temptation and wrapped a fist around the shaft of her cock, giving it a slow pump in preparation. She wanted to know how that softness would feel writhing against her, even wrapped around her.

At last, Ty Lee came to a stop at the edge of the bed. She stood still, shivering with fear and desire.
Azula could smell both of them pouring off of her in waves. "Good girl," she said, making a mental note of the way Ty Lee trembled. Apparently, this was an omega who responded well to praise. It wasn't her preferred method of controlling someone else, but if it worked, she supposed there wasn't any harm. If the girl craved approval, she could certainly use that to her advantage.

Her impatience got the better of her, and she closed the distance between them again, pressing her front up against Ty Lee's back. The girl stiffened at her touch, but made no effort to pull away, either. Azula allowed herself the pleasure of settling her hands around Ty Lee's hips, testing how it felt to grip them. They were a perfect fit in her palms, and she let out a groan of approval as she leaned in, scenting the girl's throat. Her skin smelled even better up close, and Azula couldn't resist grinding the aching shaft of her cock into the omega's firm backside.

"I want you on the mattress. Hands and knees." She let go of Ty Lee's hips, preparing to encourage her with a push if she didn't move fast enough.

Relaxing her hold proved to be a mistake. The second her hands pulled away, Ty Lee leapt up onto the mattress and out of reach. Azula barely had time to gape in shock before the omega's slender form arched above hers, sailing over the top of her head in a perfect flip. She tried to whirl around, but it was too late. The girl's knuckles jabbed in a quick, precise pattern along the muscles of her back, and suddenly, she couldn't move. She snarled with rage, trying to clench her fist and summon a ball of fire, but for once, her bending abilities didn't respond. She was completely paralyzed, unable to summon even a spark.

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Her first instinct was to panic. She considered shouting for the guards, but dismissed that idea almost instantly. If they came running in, she would never live down the shame and humiliation. She knew she looked a ridiculous sight, frozen like a statue with her cock hanging out of her pants. Her father would find out that a mere non-bending omega had managed to paralyze her and escape without even a scratch. That was unacceptable, which meant she would have to handle the situation herself.

To her surprise, Ty Lee hadn't made a dash for the door. She could hear the omega's heavy breathing behind her and could practically feel her agonizing hesitation. At first, Azula thought Ty Lee was trying to decide on the best way to kill her. It was what she would have done in the same situation. But after a few moments, she realized the real reason Ty Lee hadn't left. The girl's body was still in conflict. The scent of her heat, her desire, her need had swelled to an almost unbearable level. Azula knew without even looking that she had to be dripping with arousal, quivering with unreleased tension.

I don't need bending to make her give herself to me. She's an omega in heat. She should be begging for the privilege of being mine.

"That was a clever trick," she said, relieved when her voice worked. With the rest of her locked up, it hadn't been a guarantee. "How did you do it?"

Ty Lee didn't answer for several seconds. The smell of sex intensified, and her panting became louder. When she did speak, it was in a wavering, uncertain voice, and each word was tight. "I blocked the path of your chi... Mistress." The word gave Azula even more hope that she had analyzed the situation correctly. The girl was still addressing her properly even though she had taken a position of power. "You won't be able to bend for a couple of minutes."

Azula's lips tugged into a smile. A couple of minutes was all she needed. "I knew I made a good choice when I picked you. You were so unique, so much more interesting than the others." She waited a beat, but Ty Lee didn't respond, or even move. "I had an entire line of omegas paraded through my throne room this afternoon, every one of them eager and willing. But you... you're different. You're worth more than all of them put together."
She knew she had hit her mark when Ty Lee inhaled. It was a quiet, ragged sort of gasp, but it was enough. *That's it,* she thought, listening intently. *You might be interesting, pet, but I can still read you like an open book. A little softness and a little force, and you'll be bent over on my bed, taking my knot without my even having to make you.*

"You could run, you know. The door's right there. With your abilities, you should be able to handle the guards even without clothes or a weapon." Part of her was still afraid that Ty Lee would choose to escape and leave her with a mountain of problems, but she didn't let it show. "So, why haven't you gone?" She paused again, giving Ty Lee time to digest her words. "Why are you still standing here, fighting the urge to press up against my back?"

Her hint had the desired effect. Ty Lee took the single step needed to close the distance between their bodies. Azula relaxed further as soft breasts brushed her shoulder blades and a warm body molded to hers. Ty Lee made no attempt to touch her, but Azula could tell she wanted to. The tremors that coursed through her were a dead giveaway.

"I know why," she purred, adding an extra layer of seduction to the timbre of her voice. "You haven't left because you don't want to run away. You might not like me, but your heat *needs* me. You're in the sweetest kind of pain, and you know I'm the only one who can ease the ache you feel. An omega like you should submit to the strongest alpha. You've had your little fun, paralyzing me and playing like you don't want me, but you know I'm right. You know I'm your best choice. Your *only* choice."

"I—I don't..."

It was a weak protest, one Azula easily dismissed. "Don't lie," she said, testing her muscles once more. They were finally starting to respond, although she could only make them stir a little. "I can smell you. I can feel your need in every inch of your body. You want my cock." She was rewarded with another shudder. "You want me to knot you, to fill that awful emptiness inside you." She could have imagined it, but she thought she felt Ty Lee's warm lips graze her ear. She lowered her voice to a whisper, already knowing she had won. "And you want me to breed you. Your heat won't accept anything less. So why don't you forget the foolish notion of running away and let me take what I want, so I can give you what you need?"

Ty Lee gave in at the exact moment Azula's muscles resumed working. She moved in time to enjoy the satisfying sight of the omega dropping to her knees. Instead of surging forward, she waited patiently, watching as Ty Lee worried her lower lip. The girl's eyes screamed guilt, but the glistening wetness that coated her inner thighs sent a contradictory message. In the end, Azula didn't need to give an order. Blinking away a few tears, Ty Lee turned to face the door, braced herself on her elbows, and lifted her hips.

Azula couldn't hold back a groan as she got her first proper look at the treasure between Ty Lee's legs. Her pussy was a beautiful shade of pink, and her full outer lips pouted open in a split heart. The tight ring of her entrance was slick and shimmering, and Azula had a feeling that the head of her cock would have popped right inside, broad as it was. Just beneath, the bright red bud of Ty Lee's clit was beautifully swollen, straining beneath its thin hood.

It was tempting, so very tempting, to give in and take what was being offered. She couldn't have asked for a clearer invitation. Ty Lee was presenting herself so well, and Azula's hips nearly jerked with the desire to mount her and fall into the rhythm of her rut. But she was no fool. If Ty Lee had paralyzed her once, she could do it again. Azula doubted the omega would change her mind again, but she wasn't about to take chances. *Besides,* she thought as her eyes darted to the metal rings on her headboard, *she still needs to be punished. I can't let her think her actions don't have consequences.*
"Get up," she snapped. "I told you I wanted you on the bed, and I meant it."

Ty Lee glanced back over her shoulder, and the look of disappointment on her flushed, tear-streaked face was almost enough to make Azula change her mind. But she had given an order, and she was determined to see it obeyed. When Ty Lee didn't move fast enough, she gripped the girl's braid again and forced her back to her feet, ignoring her pained yelp. It took an effort of will to keep from dragging the omega into her arms, but Azula managed to resist. She pushed Ty Lee onto the mattress, pinning her with both hands and a sharp glare. "Stay," she hissed, leaving no room for disobedience.

Ty Lee gave an unhappy whine, but didn't move. Soon, Azula felt confident enough to leave her. She pulled back a few feet and flung open the bedside drawer. The chains inside were short and rather slender, but more than strong enough for her purpose. She drew them out, running the links through her fingers.

The clinking sound had a dramatic effect. Ty Lee seemed to snap out of her haze. She started to leave the bed, but this time, Azula was ready for her. She whipped around, holding the chains in one hand and a ball of crackling blue lightning in the other. "I told you to stay," she said coldly, trapping the omega with the weight of her stare. Ty Lee froze, unwilling or unable to move. "I already know you need me, and you'll let me take you however I choose. If you didn't want to be chained up, you shouldn't have made the mistake of trying to run."

"But I... I don't want..."

Azula narrowed her eyes. Ty Lee's protests only made her hungrier, perhaps because she knew they were false. The girl was still shuddering, still blushing, and she still smelled of sex and longing. Making Ty Lee admit it once had been extremely satisfying. Making her prove it... That would be the greatest pleasure she had taken in a very long time. "You do want," she insisted, letting the lightning die out and seizing Ty Lee's slender wrists. The omega gave a brief struggle, but since she didn't end up paralyzed again, Azula knew it wasn't a wholehearted attempt. It only took a little effort to slap the manacles on Ty Lee's wrists and loop the chain through the fixtures on the headboard.

The girl’s ankles came next, in much the same manner. Azula caught one of Ty Lee's feet as she kicked out, yanking it to the side. She shortened the lower chains deliberately, making sure to spread the omega's slender legs as wide as possible. She couldn't quite get them into a split because of how long the mattress was, but it still made a satisfying sight. One day soon, she would have to devote some time to discovering just how flexible her new pet really was.

In the end, her efforts proved more than worth it. The sight of her prize sprawled spread-eagle on the bed, shaking with unwanted desire and already dripping onto the mattress, was nearly overwhelming. Every inch of Ty Lee's body was hers to touch, to claim, to fuck. And with the threat of being paralyzed gone, there was nothing to stop her from climbing on top of the shivering omega and taking what so clearly belonged to her.

Chapter End Notes

Please, if you have ideas or suggestions, or even if you just liked the story, leave a comment! <3 They make my day.
Yup. This is dubcon/noncon at its most graphic (for me, anyway). Please proceed with caution. It's also very messy and full of cumshots, so... uh. Yeah. For those of you who didn't read Omega's Gambit, Alphas can go into a rut during sex. Their hips find a groove, and once that happens, it's nearly impossible to stop 'em from finishing.

No...

Ty Lee trembled as Azula finished tying off her ankle, trying and failing to flinch away from the fingers crawling up her calf. As flexible as she was, the chains were far too short to allow any extra movement. She was completely trapped, unable to change her mind.

Please...

Her heart hammered as Azula's eyes claimed every inch of her. They burned wherever they traveled, and another humiliating surge of wetness spilled from deep inside her when the Princess's hungry gaze fixed between her legs.

Don't...

But it was already too late. Azula was climbing onto the mattress, onto her, stripping off pieces of clothing as she went. Ty Lee swallowed when she noticed Azula using small wisps of fire on the seams where she couldn't be bothered to tug. Before, being naked while Azula remained covered had highlighted her own vulnerability. Now, she wished the alpha had kept her clothes on. Azula was somehow even more intimidating without them.

"Don't get too distracted, pet," Azula purred, noticing her stare. Ty Lee tried to look away as the Princess prowled over top of her, but part of her stayed frozen with fear. Azula was all predator, sleek muscles rolling beneath her pale skin. For such a slender woman, she was built with an intoxicating amount of power. "I want you focused on me. Your purpose here is to serve me, remember?"

Ty Lee did remember. The words cut into her belly and made her clit throb every time Azula said them, every time she even thought them in her own head. She hated that she wanted to please such a selfish alpha so much. Her instincts had made her weak, and she would have to endure the punishment. "Please, no," she gasped, finally managing to get the words out. "I don't want to—not like this."

"Oh, really?" Sparks jolted through her skin the second Azula touched her, so hot and sudden that she almost thought the Princess had bent them into existence. She whimpered as a teasing hand trailed along her stomach, tracing almost tenderly over the strip of skin that connected her hipbones. "You aren't a very good liar. Let me check."

She tensed as Azula's fingers finally delved between her legs. The touch only remained gentle for a fleeting moment before finding a rougher purpose. Azula's thumb pressed down painfully hard on
the firm bud of her clit, trapping it until it gave a needy twitch. She cried out before she could stop herself, and her hips would have jerked forward if her legs hadn't been bound so tight.

"You're so swollen already. Dripping, too. I bet if I went further down..."

"No," she mumbled, but she doubted Azula even heard her. Her traitorous body released a flood as soon as Azula's fingertips toyed with her entrance, more than enough to cover the alpha's hand and stain the sheets beneath. She closed her eyes, biting her lip and waiting for the pain to come. Nothing had ever been inside her before except for her own fingers, and she doubted Azula would be considerate.

"Oh yes," Azula murmured. Her eyes were half-lidded, almost black with lust, and Ty Lee winced in shame as she sent another river spilling into the Princess's palm. "Mmm, I've never felt an omega so ready for me."

Two of Azula's fingers pushed inside of her, but instead of the sting she anticipated, there was only a delicious stretch. They slid forward without any difficulty, and her burning blush grew worse when she realized her inner muscles were actually trying to pull them deeper. She chewed the inside of her cheek to stifle a scream as Azula formed a wicked hook inside her, curling against a spot that had her seeing stars.

The choking, strangled sob she made instead was still enough to catch her tormentor's attention. Azula laughed, a low and throaty sound that somehow made Ty Lee's suffering worse. The curling continued, adding more pressure against the swollen place inside of her. "And so responsive, too. You know, not all alphas are kind enough to bring their omegas such pleasure. Many of us just take what we want..."

The hook hardened into several forceful thrusts, and Ty Lee's hips hovered off the bed. There was barely enough slack in the chains for her to move, but she stole what space she could, unsure whether she was trying to pull away from Azula or push toward her. But it wasn't enough. The fingers inside her continued pumping, causing her to shudder and clench down.

"Don't you dare come. Not until my cock is in you."

The hiss beside her ear snapped Ty Lee out of her trance. She suddenly became aware of the tightness in her belly, the heaviness pounding along her front wall, the helpless flutters she couldn't seem to stop. She had been about to come, to come for Azula and because of her, and she hated herself for it. She dropped the inch it took to lie back on the mattress, determined not to give in. I can't let her do this to me. I can't let her make me feel so...

A soft whine cracked in her throat as Azula withdrew, leaving her achingly empty. The loss was almost too much to bear. Some primal part of her needed to be filled, to be split apart by something more substantial than Azula's fingers. Her eyes darted down to the Princess's cock. Its broad, blushing head bobbed above her stomach, glistening with wetness. Her inner muscles pulsed in jealousy, searching for the fullness she so desperately needed.

As she watched in a mixture of terror and awe, Azula slid into the cradle of her thighs. The Princess wrapped one hand around her shaft, dragging it down to the top of her swollen knot. It was even bigger than it had been before, and Ty Lee felt a stab of fear as well as arousal. She had no idea how that thing was going to fit inside her, but some awful part of her craved it anyway. I—it's my heat clouding my mind, making me want terrible things...

The first brush of Azula's dripping head against her nearly threw Ty Lee over the edge. It lined up with her entrance almost immediately, and Azula's pleased hiss sent a shudder through her whole
body. For reasons she didn't understand, hearing and feeling the alpha's pleasure enhanced hers. She squeezed her eyes tight shut, trying to focus on anything but the deep stretch that was steadily overwhelming her. It proved to be a mistake. Without the distraction of sight, the sensations became more intense. Loose strands of hair tickled her cheek, warm breath teased the crook of her neck, and Azula's lean, tense form shifted on top of hers. And through it all, there was unrelenting pressure as Azula began working the widest part of the head inside.

Ty Lee's stomach gave a sickening lurch the moment it pushed in. Something in her loosened, there was a searing flash of pain, and then the tip of Azula's cock was buried within her. Her inner walls clenched down greedily, trying to pull it deeper even as she willed herself to push it out. It was useless. Her wetness allowed several more inches of Azula's shaft to glide forward, and she whimpered as the head caught against the puffy, ridged spot along her front wall.

"So tight," Azula said beside her ear, the texture of her voice layered thick with smugness and desire. "If you weren't soaking wet, I wouldn't be able to move at all. Tell me, has any other alpha stretched you this much?"

Ty Lee couldn't answer. She was beyond words. She couldn't even move as she struggled to process how horrible and wonderful the thickness inside her felt. The reminder that Azula had been the first to claim her left a crack in her heart, and she sniffed back a sob, struggling to breathe.

Unfortunately, Azula interpreted her non-response correctly. Ty Lee opened her eyes just in time to see Azula's light up with interest, and the smirk on the Princess's face spread wider. She gave a slow, deliberate pump of her hips, obviously savoring every bit of the tightness she had been the first to claim. Ty Lee shuddered. Azula didn't have to say anything humiliating to hurt her. The undeserved pride in the alpha's actions made her squirm as far as she could in her chains.

But then Azula fell into a steady rhythm, and Ty Lee stopped struggling. She forgot her futile efforts to escape as all the sensations that had been so distinct before began to blur. They rushed over her in a wave of pleasure until she couldn't tell disgust and desire apart. I don't want this to feel good. It doesn't feel good. She doesn't make me feel...

She didn't want this to feel good. She didn't make her feel... But her body made a liar of her. She cried out as something large and firm caught at her opening, threatening to stretch her even further. Somehow, she had taken Azula's cock all the way to the knot.

"You want this too, don't you?" Azula taunted, lips grazing the shell of her ear. Ty Lee shuddered, fighting to keep her hips from pushing down. "You don't just want me to be the first to fuck you properly. You want to take my knot inside, to keep every drop of my come while I breed you."

She opened her mouth to protest, but all that came out was a wailing noise of pure need. Ty Lee was horrified that such a sound had come from her lips, but it was too late to swallow it back. Azula was freshly encouraged. Her hips picked up speed, falling into a swift, selfish rut. Though she fought it with every fiber of her being, Ty Lee surrendered to the new pace after only a few seconds. The rhythm felt like the most natural thing in the world. Her inner omega howled, and her muscles pulsed around Azula's cock, the sore point of her clit twitching each time it slammed into her. It was almost... almost as if she might...

"Please, no," she begged, but it was too late. The climax she had been both fighting and striving toward broke over her unwilling body. Heavy pulses pounded deep inside her, radiating out and making her quake. She arched until the metal cuffs on her wrists and ankles bit into her flesh, but she hardly noticed the pain. Everything else was a warm rush of pleasure as she bucked beneath Azula's weight. An embarrassing burst of wetness gushed out around the shaft splitting her open, and though her face burned, she couldn't seem to stop it.

Somewhere in the middle of her release, she felt another flash of sweet pain. Azula's nails dug into
her throat, and to her horror, the gesture sent her spiraling into several harsh aftershocks. "I didn't give you permission to come, or to ruin my bed," the Princess snarled, her upper lip peeling back over her teeth. Her thrusts stopped, but they were soon replaced by a steady, relentless pressure. "Hold still and keep yourself under control until I've knotted you, or I'll make sure you regret it."

It took Ty Lee a few moments to understand the sharp words through her haze, but Azula's actions were more than clear. The heavy, swollen knot at her entrance was forcing its way inside her, and her muscles strained with the effort of trying to wrap around it. The fullness was unbearable. She fluttered, trying to adjust around the incredible thickness, but it was too big. She couldn't find any relief. Her inner walls quivered, stretched to their absolute limit. The line between anguish and bliss dissolved, blurring until she couldn't make sense of it. She wanted it out of her in the worst way, but at the same time, her muscles clenched greedily around it, refusing to let go.

"Oh Spirits, I'm tearing apart, she's going to split me in two, I can't..."

She sobbed as the unyielding pressure finally became too much. Something inside her snapped, and a burning scream ripped from her throat. Azula's knot popped inside, and another humiliating climax tore through her as her inner muscles sealed tight around the other side. She thrashed in the cage of Azula's arms, but there was no escaping. The shudders overwhelmed her, slicing into her belly and soothing her hurt with sweet waves of pleasure at the same time. Each contraction made her squeeze tighter, and she wept as the raw, exposed bundle of her clit throbbed against Azula's abdomen.

"No, no, nononopleasedon't—"

But it was too late. Azula's hips jerked hard against hers, and the shaft buried within her rippled, spilling out hot, thick fluid. She thought she had been full before, but the powerful gush of come proved her wrong. It pumped deep inside of her, filling her with sickening splashes. The flood tried to run out, but Azula's knot blocked the way, trapping it securely inside. It rushed back up, forcing her to hold every drop even though she was already overflowing.

"Good girl." Another roll of Azula's hips. "Keep emptying me, pet. Take everything I give you." Another searing burst of come. "You really want to be bred, don't you? So tight, I can feel you pulling more... Fuck. Mine." Sharp teeth seized the front of her throat, and tears streamed down Ty Lee’s face as Azula’s mating bite claimed her.

By the time Ty Lee’s third orgasm clawed through her, Azula still hadn't let go or stopped coming. Hard jets continued pouring into her, and her traitorous inner walls kept milking out more. There was hardly room for her muscles to move with Azula's knot and release filling her to the brim, but they shook and strained anyway, desperately trying to clamp down. She bucked her hips without even thinking, yelping as her clit dragged along Azula's hard stomach. She couldn't make herself stop, and she rocked through the next several spurts, seeking firmer purchase.

Finally, the harsh streams trailed off. Azula’s spent cock shivered every once in a while, but the weak spills came slower, accompanied by lazy thrusts of her hips and low growls. When the Princess finally eased her mating bite, she started sucking instead, deepening the tender bruise around the jagged imprint of her teeth. Ty Lee melted into the bed, too exhausted to fight any longer. She let Azula hold her throat and work out the last of their shared release, flinching as her own aftershocks helped the process along.

She whimpered as warm hands cupped over her belly, massaging the tight, trembling muscles there. To her shame, her normally-flat abdomen carried a subtle swell that curved beneath Azula's palms.
The Princess's knot and come had both filled her to bursting, but the pain had receded, and all that was left was a luxurious sort of fullness that only felt better with each lingering pulse. She remained limp and passive as Azula's hands travelled along her body, raking her sides and kneading her breasts for a moment before reaching up to unshackle her wrists. It didn't matter anymore. There was no point in trying to escape while they were tied, and she was in for another half hour of this at least.

As the minutes passed, she fell into a hazy sort of trance. Azula’s indisputable claim had sapped all her strength. She couldn’t move, and part of her didn’t want to. Her instincts kept her still just as much as the knot inside her. It swelled every once in a while, thickening until she could barely stand it and sending fresh bursts of come up along Azula’s shaft. She took them even though she didn’t have any room left, and her strained muscles almost always responded with a rippling climax of their own.

Azula seemed to take pride in the soft string of orgasms even though it was just instinctual, and she made low noises of approval whenever it happened. “I knew I picked the perfect omega to carry my pups,” she said, her voice dripping with smugness. “This isn’t going to be difficult at all if you keep coming around me and squeezing my knot like that.”

Ty Lee didn’t even have it in her to be frightened by Azula’s words. She was numb to everything except the ebb and flow of pleasure between them. Sometimes she managed soft whimpers, but otherwise, she remained silent as shadows flickered around the edges of her eyes. Her next climax was her last. When Azula’s knot began to pulse for what seemed like the hundredth time, the fullness triggered a flash of white. Her exhausted body gave up, and she fell into unconsciousness somewhere between contractions. The last thing she felt before she slipped away was Azula’s hips rocking into hers, sending another jet of hot fluid deep inside her.

Chapter End Notes

I appreciate the suggestions you left on the previous chapters. Some were things I was already planning, some gave me new ideas, and some were reeeeeeally fuckin’ creepy. But whatever. I feel creepy enough already writing this. xD You can continue to leave more suggestions if you want. I have a feeling this story is gonna be long. I'll need smut ideas between the character development bits.

Next chapter is from Azula’s POV and takes place the next morning. (And yes, it involves more smut).
The next morning, Azula woke with an uncomfortable ache between her legs and a warm body flush against hers. She shoved the sticky covers away from her tangled limbs, blinking in surprise as she acclimated to her surroundings. Morning sunlight filtered in through the window, revealing that she was in her own bed, but the omega—Ty Lee? I think that's what she said her name was—remained fast asleep in the circle of her arms. The girl’s lips had curved into a relaxed smile and the expression on her face was almost peaceful.

Azula wasn't sure whether to be pleased or annoyed as she gazed down at the sleeping girl. The previous night had been pleasurable, but that pleasure hadn’t come without a price. She wouldn't be able to pour a contraceptive draught down this one's throat and toss her out like the others. Her father was expecting results, and results he would get. The pliant little omega had already taken more than enough of her come to conceive. It was only a matter of time.

The thought was both appealing and repulsive. She hated the way Ozai had manipulated her, but at the same time, imagining how Ty Lee's slender body would look while it was swollen with her pups was a strangely pretty picture. She let her eyes wander along the girl's naked form, admiring the angry bruises she had left across its landscape. The vicious teeth-marks in the middle of Ty Lee’s neck might even be permanent if the omega approved of their coupling. And from the way she reacted, there’s no doubt she approved.

The smell of the sleeping omega’s heat hadn’t faded, and the already-hard shaft of Azula's cock gave a needy throb as she inhaled more of Ty Lee's scent. Typically, one night was enough to sate her hunger for anyone lucky enough to receive a summons to her chambers, but this girl… Something about her is intoxicating. Her mind flashed to the previous evening, when she had watched Ty Lee flip across the stage and twist herself into impossible shapes. This one had caught her attention at first sight and held it far longer than anyone else she had ever taken.

She allowed one of her hands to run along Ty Lee's side, feeling the sleek muscles there. Perhaps I should claim her again, she thought, her resolve already weakening. The flesh under her palm was warm, and she wanted to feel more. I have a duty to sire heirs for the Fire Nation, after all. Her heat hasn’t ended, so she's probably still fertile. More than one brat might mean an agni kai in another few decades, but that's a problem for father to deal with. Her lips curled into a wicked smile. He won’t know whether to be furious or thrilled with a whole litter.

In the end, it was looking at Ty Lee's face that convinced her to act. The omega's expression was soft and beautiful in sleep, but it would be even more entrancing twisted up in a mixture of pleasure and pain. She debated inwardly over whether to wake the girl, but in the end, she decided to be generous. The poor thing was already sore and bruised, so a little gentleness was in order.

Since Ty Lee was lying more on her stomach than her back, Azula tipped her the rest of the way
until she was flat on her belly. The girl moaned and buried her face into the pillow without moving, still unconscious. The sound sent another throb of want down the length of Azula's cock, and she hurried to mount the swell of Ty Lee's ass, hands running eagerly along the omega's smooth sides. She could just barely feel the outline of each rib and the neat seam of her waist narrowing in before arriving at the lovely flare of her hips. They felt wonderful in her grip, and she couldn't quite stifle a groan as she fitted her fingers on top of the striped purple handholds she had left behind and gave a testing rock of her hips.

Ty Lee's ass was just right to grind against—soft, warm, and firm all at once. Steady pulses of wetness dripped from the head of her cock, and she didn't bother brushing away the thin streams as they spilled across her pet's flesh. The extra gleam across Ty Lee's skin added to the appealing picture, and Azula began having ideas. Sometime soon, once she had done her duty, she would have to indulge herself and find out how pretty her omega would look covered in come. But first, she had a job to do. A somewhat enjoyable job, but a job nonetheless. She resisted the temptation to keep rocking and spread Ty Lee's thighs apart, gazing down at the prize she was about to claim.

The omega's pussy was a perfect split heart, already wet and slick in blushing shades of pink and red. Azula smirked as she folded a hand around her shaft and guided her head through Ty Lee's pouting folds, testing their slickness. "Even while you're asleep, you're so ready," she sighed, squeezing the base of her length. Her knot hadn't formed yet, but she could already feel pressure growing there, urging her to bury herself somewhere.

For a moment, her imagination got the better of her. She allowed her gaze to flick up to the girl's other opening, still mostly hidden, but peeking out a little since her legs were parted. That's an interesting idea. She removed her hands from Ty Lee's hips to knead the cheeks of her ass and pull them further apart. The tight pink ring there was slightly darker, but Azula had no doubt it would feel just as good. Father would hate me if he knew I was wasting my time and my come fucking her ass instead of breeding her, but it would serve him right.

In the end, responsibility won out. Promising herself she would explore the possibility after one more proper rut, she reluctantly lined up with Ty Lee's pussy instead and began pushing inside. The clinging, heated silk that clutched down around her soothed some of her disappointment. As much as she hated doing Ozai's bidding, she had to admit that Ty Lee was a dream to fuck. The omega's velvety inner walls were the best thing she had ever felt, and she hissed in pleasure as the head of her cock popped inside. Ty Lee's pussy was deliciously tight. It strained to make room for her thickness, but it was also slick and welcoming, fluttering around her and constantly trying to tug her deeper.

She managed to work about half of her length inside before Ty Lee woke up. The girl flinched and gasped beneath her, trying to pull away. Azula pinned her down, seizing her shoulder in a swift, brutal bite. As soon as her teeth closed around flesh, Ty Lee stopped struggling on instinct. She shuddered, whimpering in fear, but made no more efforts to escape. Once Azula was certain she wouldn't encounter any more resistance, she let go of the bruising hold and whispered next to Ty Lee's cheek, brushing away a few messy strands of hair that had escaped her ruined braid. "I can smell your heat," she murmured, nibbling at the tempting lobe of Ty Lee's ear. "I have to do my duty, and you need me to ease your pain. You're already wrapped around me, desperate for a nice hard rut. Let's call a truce, shall we? I'd hate to employ violence on such a relaxing morning."

Ty Lee remained silent for several moments, thinking about the offer. Azula waited, skin tingling, prepared to summon flames if the devious little acrobat decided to try and repeat last night's trick. But in the end, the body beneath hers melted. Ty Lee gave in, lifting her hips to offer herself at a better angle. "A smart choice," Azula purred, smearing hot kisses over the fresh bite she had left. She suddenly found herself regretting the fact that she couldn't see the mating mark on the front of Ty Lee's throat in this position. "I promise to make this knotting pleasurable for you if you remain
obedient."

At the word 'knotting', Ty Lee's inner walls rippled greedily around her cock. Azula was able to ease
the rest of the way inside without any difficulty at all, and Ty Lee whimpered in disappointment
when there was no thickness at the end. "Patience," she said, picking up a slow, selfish pace with her
hips. Every muscle in her body sang as she gave into the natural rhythm of her rut. After a couple
of blissful thrusts, she couldn't have stopped if she wanted to. "You'll get plenty of my come once
I'm ready."

Ty Lee's only response was a low moan of desperation. She began rocking to meet the thrusts, and a
smirk spread across Azula's face at the needy action. Although Ty Lee wasn't broken yet, her new
pet was obviously starting to learn her place. The thought send a pulse straight down to the base of
her shaft, and she let out a hoarse groan as the pressure there continued to build. She had hoped to
get in a few minutes of deep fucking before she knotted the whimpering girl beneath her, but Ty
Lee's warmth was too sweet to resist.

Azula kept going for as long as she could, popping her half-formed knot in and out of Ty Lee's
opening, tormenting her with the steadily increasing stretch. She liked the way Ty Lee's velvety
walls clung to her as she pulled out, and she loved the soft, almost pained whimpers she earned each
time she forced her way back inside. She made a game of it, curious how long she could keep
thrusting before Ty Lee refused to let her go.

Unfortunately, her fun didn't last long. Ty Lee stopped pushing to meet her thrusts and started
squirming with genuine discomfort, raising her ass as high as she could while pinned to the mattress.
Azula shifted onto her heels, abandoning Ty Lee's smooth back to brace herself on her knees. She
regretted the loss of full body contact, but the new position gave her an excellent view. Ty Lee was
dripping with wetness, and her entrance was stretched to its limit. The tight ring of muscle clasped at
the very middle of her knot, and Azula couldn't help herself. She shoved all the way in with a low
grunt, ignoring the sharp squeal her rough actions caused.

Ty Lee came almost instantly. She bucked and wriggled, trying to rub her clit against the mattress as
her inner walls went crazy. Azula could feel them fluttering, squeezing, molding to the shape of her
knot and working the full length of her cock. Under normal circumstances, she might have made the
omega wait, or at least beg for it first. But she had special plans for Ty Lee once her duty was done,
and she saw no reason to hold back. She let the girl's tight muscles draw out the straining load of
come throbbing along her shaft, gritting her teeth around a curse as the first shot flew from her
swollen head.

Even though the knotting didn't allow for much movement, she continued rutting against Ty
Lee's ass as she climaxed. Her cock had more than bottomed out, but the possessive rocking motion
still felt good. She held tight to Ty Lee's slender hips as her release pumped out in thick streams,
flooding the omega's pussy and forcing it to stretch even more. Soon, she felt more hot fluid than
flesh sliding around her shaft, although Ty Lee's muscles continued to clutch her knot.

The next fifteen minutes were a constant cycle of give and take. Her release tapered off, Ty Lee's
muscles rippled and clenched in search of more, and she would spill again. There was hardly
anywhere for the spurts to go, but her knot kept every drop inside. Ty Lee's abdomen began to swell
with the effort of holding her come, and Azula let go of one lovely hip to cup her palm over the
slight curve, rubbing in possessive circles. In rare moments of kindness, she abandoned her steady
stroking to let her fingers play with the hard, slippery button of Ty Lee's clit, helping her through the
string of orgasms.

Finally, after she filled Ty Lee with a few particularly powerful jets, her cock began to soften. It was
a slow process. For the first several minutes, her knot stayed firm enough to keep her come comfortably inside. But as it started to shrink, some of the mess slid out. Warmth ran over their thighs and seeped onto the bed, soaking through the sheets. Azula didn't care. She stretched herself lazily across Ty Lee's back and let it happen. *That's what servants are for. Besides, these were already ruined. The other side of the bed is probably still damp.*

Once she was small enough to pull out, she withdrew with a slick sucking sound, shivering a little at the tide of wetness that followed. "I hope you kept some of that inside you," she said, unable to resist raking her nails along the upturned swell of Ty Lee's backside. The girl gasped and flinched, and Azula found herself wondering if a quick smack would have earned an even better reaction. It was something to save for when she indulged herself and knotted the omega's gorgeous ass.

"Um... Mistress?" Azula was slightly surprised to see that Ty Lee had turned to look at her. The omega was peering over her shoulder, forehead creased with worry, tears glistening in her beautiful brown eyes.

"Next time, try not to hesitate before my title," she drawled. "I'll let it go this time, since you look like your mouth is barely working."

Ty Lee took a deep breath, thinking hard before she spoke. "Mistress, what... what happens to me now?"

Azula rolled onto her side and shrugged. "Nothing at the moment. If you mean in general, you're to remain available to me until the royal physicians confirm a pregnancy. Then, I don't much care what you do as long as you don't try to escape or get yourself injured." She narrowed her eyes. "I suspect you won't be that foolish while you're carrying the property of the Fire Nation. Oh, and I suppose I'll want to fuck you," she added, almost as an afterthought. "There's no reason I shouldn't get some more use out of you while you're serving your purpose."

Ty Lee remained silent for several moments, averting her gaze. Azula could see the exhaustion and submission in her new pet's limp body, and she was fairly confident that the omega wouldn't try anything stupid. "There's a washroom if you want to get cleaned up," she said, nodding her head at a door leading off to the side. "You can use anything you find in there. I suggest a nap once you're finished. You're going to need your strength."

She allowed herself to watch as Ty Lee rolled off the mattress and limped toward the door, enjoying the sight of her come running down the omega's weak, trembling thighs. Once Ty Lee disappeared from sight, she left the bed as well and bunched up the sheets, gathering them into her arms. They were well and truly ruined, soaked through in several places with their combined releases and streaked with a small, barely-noticeable trace of blood right in the middle. Azula felt a flicker of pride. Finding out about Ty Lee's innocence had been the highlight of a very enjoyable evening.

Without bothering to put on clothes, she headed toward the main doors, shifting the bundle to one arm as she unbolted them from the inside. As she suspected, two guards were waiting for her in the hall. She narrowed her eyes in annoyance. *More of father's meddling. Well, perhaps this will convince him to give me a few days of peace.*

"Here," she ordered, shoving the sheets into one of the guards' chests. "Take this to the Fire Lord and tell him his daughter has done her duty. Oh, and you." She looked at the other guard with a smug expression, unconcerned with her own nakedness or his look of surprise. "Get me some clean sheets and order the kitchen staff to send breakfast up. I'll be a while longer."
Ty Lee felt a surge of relief as the washroom door closed behind her. The thin screen didn't offer much privacy, and she was fairly certain the Princess could still see her silhouette from the other side, but at least she was alone.

Alone for how long? I'm trapped here with her unless I try to escape again. The thought of escape didn't seem very appealing. She had no idea what she would do if she left. Even if she managed to incapacitate the guards and sneak out of the palace, she couldn't return to the circus. The circusmaster and her fellow performers knew Azula had 'purchased' her for breeding stock and wouldn't accept her back. She couldn't go home either. Her family probably still hadn't forgiven her for running away in the first place, and they wouldn't hesitate to return her to the palace again once they found out what had happened.

She knew she needed a plan, but at the moment, all she could think of was how nice it would be to sink into a warm bath. She felt sticky all over, and her muscles screamed in agony. I guess it wouldn't hurt to clean up, she thought, dragging herself over to the giant, claw-footed tub in the middle of the room. There was a fireplace nearby, and although her body ached at the thought of lugging water around, the chance to soak in a warm bath was worth it. She opened the closest cabinet along the wall, looking for a kettle or bucket.

What she found instead surprised her. The cabinet was lined with bottles and jars of all shapes and colors. Several seemed to be filled with salt, others with liquids, and many more with herbs. A few were labeled, and she scanned the names curiously. "She must like scents and oils in her bath." Some of them appealed to her heightened sense of smell, and she inhaled. Jasmine tugged at her through the other scents, and she reached for one of the bottles and removed its top. The sweet smell relaxed her until she realized why she had chosen it. She put the bottle back in a hurry, disgusted with herself for choosing something that reminded her of the Princess's perfume.

In her hurry, she almost knocked over another small jar on the same shelf. As she steadied it, she caught sight of the scrawling label: kajihana. Her eyes widened and she drew her hand back as though she had been burned. If Azula caught her touching this bottle, or even looking at it, she had no doubt the Princess would be furious. It also explained why there hadn't been any heirs to the throne so far despite Azula's incredible sexual appetite. Ty Lee wondered if the Fire Lord knew his daughter was in the habit of drugging her bedpartners. As contraceptives went, fireflower was the most potent, and also the most dangerous. If someone took enough to overdose...

A shudder raced down her spine, and she blinked the thought away. What she had endured had been awful, but she didn't want to die. Not like this, alone on the Princess's bathroom floor after being... could she call it rape? Her heat had made her complicit in her own violation, but it had still left her feeling awful. All she wanted was to get clean and forget.

Carefully, she set the bottle aside, making sure to place it back where she had found it. She knew she
should sneak some of it away for later, but she was too terrified to touch it. What if Azula noticed some of it was missing? And what would her punishment be if she didn't conceive like she was supposed to? She didn't want to find out the answers to those questions.

It was a lucky thing she set the bottle down when she did, because a few moments later, the screen pulled open and Azula entered the washroom. “I’ve sent for breakfast,” the Princess said in a clipped voice, barely sparing a glance in her direction. Azula strode past her and stopped in front of the fire, setting it ablaze with a careless gesture of her hand. “You should have waited for the servants to do this, but I suppose there’s no point now. Turn on the pump and get in the tub, Ty Lee. I’ll get the hot water.”

The offer was so surprising that Ty Lee remained frozen, staring at Azula in absolute shock. Despite the Princess’s dismissive attitude, her treatment was almost… kind? No, that’s not the right word. But it isn’t cruel, either. And she remembered my name. I didn’t even know she was listening when I told her.

Numbly, Ty Lee obeyed Azula’s orders. She worked the pump beside the tub, filling it with a steady stream of cold water. By the time it was half-way full, Azula approached from the other side with a steaming kettle. She mixed it into the bath, and soon the water was comfortably warm.

“Well, what are you waiting for?” Azula asked, aiming a questioning look in her direction. “Get in.”

If I told anyone else that the Fire Princess helped draw my bath, they would never believe me. Nevertheless, Ty Lee was hardwired to obey her alpha’s commands. She dipped a toe into the water, testing its temperature before she climbed in. Soon, she was comfortably submerged, letting the warmth work some of the soreness from her muscles. The lids of her eyes felt heavy, but she still watched as Azula headed for the cabinet she had explored earlier. The Princess withdrew the same jasmine scent she had lingered over and uncapped the bottle, sprinkling a generous portion into the water.

Ty Lee’s stomach lurched at the smell. It brought back memories that were frightening and appealing all at once, and her inner muscles clenched. The slight motion reminded her of the sting there, and she whimpered, closing her legs a bit further. The warmth didn’t feel quite as good against her sore entrance as it did elsewhere. She was distracted from the pain when Azula slid a foot over the edge of the tub. “Scoot forward,” she commanded, staring down imperiously from her standing position.

It took a moment for Ty Lee to process what Azula wanted. Wait, she wants to join me? Why? But an order was an order, and even though she could scarcely believe that the Princess wanted to share her bath, she shifted forward and gave Azula room to climb in behind her. The tub was large, but not large enough to avoid skin contact. She felt Azula’s smooth body settle in behind hers, and she wasn’t entirely surprised when her Mistress folded an arm around her midsection, urging her to lie back.

She did so hesitantly, uncertain how she felt about the gentle treatment. It was an abrupt contrast to the brutal, entitled way Azula had claimed her the night before and this morning. As much as she hated to admit it, Azula was nice to lean against. The Princess’s breasts offered some extra padding, and even the shaft of her cock wasn’t too uncomfortable. It pressed into her lower back, not hard enough to demand attention, but not soft either.

“I’ve been thinking about your question,” Azula said at last, speaking a few inches away from her ear. “The one you asked earlier, about what is to become of you here.”

Ty Lee swallowed. “Was it a strange thing to ask? I think most people would want to know what’s going to happen to them.”
“Perhaps.” One of Azula’s palms cupped her abdomen, resting over the noticeable curve that remained there. Ty Lee allowed the contact, unsure whether it pleased her or disgusted her. She didn’t like the reminder that most of Azula’s come was still resting inside her, but the gentle touch made butterflies erupt in her stomach. “But not all of them would have asked. It was brave. Foolish, too. Most servants to the Crown simply accept that their lives are ours.”

Ty Lee wasn’t certain how to respond. She was aware that Fire Lord Ozai had purchased her for Princess Azula as breeding stock, but she wasn’t ready to accept that reality yet. She had only been Azula’s property for less than a day. Her fate could still change, and she wouldn’t give up. Fortunately, Azula continued speaking before there was an awkward silence. “I don’t care what you do as long as you fulfill your duties,” she said, petting in soothing circles. “If you serve your purpose and keep me satisfied, I can make your life here pleasant. You don’t even have to care for the brats unless you want to. I can hire servants for that.”

That offer made Ty Lee feel ill. She still hated the idea of carrying Azula’s child—or, worse, children—even though it also aroused some primal part of her. Young omegas who hadn’t carried pups before usually had only one or two in their first litter, but that wasn’t much comfort. Her mind flashed back to the kajihana in the cabinet. If she wasn’t given the chance to take it and she did bear the Princess an heir, she wasn’t certain she could stand handing the flesh of her flesh off to a stranger. If I do get pregnant and I can’t find a way to end it before it’s too late, I’m not letting anyone else claim them. Not some servant, not Azula, not even Fire Lord Ozai.

But hopefully it wouldn’t come to that. Perhaps she could still find a way out of this situation once her heat ended. The symptoms would only last another day or two at most. With a powerful alpha like Azula fulfilling her needs, there was no reason for it to extend any longer. The bite-mark at the front of her throat throbbed, and she reached a hand up to touch the bruised flesh, feeling the imprint Azula had left behind. She hoped it would fade over the next few days, but some part of her feared it wouldn’t. If Azula had marked her blood and claimed her body thoroughly enough, the scar would never fade. Sharing a physical bond with the Princess would make running away far more difficult.

“Does it hurt?” Azula asked, noticing where she was touching.

“What?” Ty Lee turned in surprise, staring into the Princess’s face. For once, the smug, self-satisfied smirk wasn’t there. Azula’s expression was eerily blank.

“My mating bite. Does it hurt?”

Ty Lee averted her gaze, unable to maintain eye contact. “Yes, but… no. Not in the way bad things hurt.”

“What about the rest of you?” Azula’s hand slid down further, cupping between her legs and stirring the water. “I know I was your first.”

Ty Lee winced, but her thighs parted against her will, pressing against the sides of the giant tub. She felt the same conflict that had torn her apart ever since she had arrived in Azula’s chambers. The battle between desire and disgust threatened to exhaust her. “Why do you care?” she asked before she could stop herself.

Azula didn’t react with anger, but the brief note of concern completely vanished from her voice. “I know I used you a little roughly, but that was just instinct. I can’t have you injured, and I won’t break what I can use,” she said in the same clipped, superior tone she had taken upon entering the washroom.

Ty Lee wasn’t sure why the answer disappointed her. She had already known Azula was selfish.
Surely some part of her hadn’t hoped for sympathy from the alpha who had mated and bred her under such manipulative circumstances. The Princess’s reaction shouldn’t have come as a surprise, but somehow, it hurt all the same. She hated being thought of as an object, even by someone like Azula, who seemed to view almost everyone that way. “I’m fine,” she said flatly.

“I’ll give you some time to recover after this,” Azula said. “The first knotting probably did the trick anyway. The second was just for extra security.”

Ty Lee’s relief outweighed her disappointment. Even though the omega within her was hungry for Azula’s possession, her body was screaming for a break. She was still swollen, carrying Azula’s last load of come, and her pussy felt raw and overused. Unwilling to remain cradled in Azula’s arms, she squirmed out of the Princess's embrace and scooted over to the other side of the tub. Their legs still touched, but the distance made her feel safer. Her eyes widened in surprise when Azula handed her a cloth and some soap, but she took them with a murmured thank-you.

She tried to ignore Azula's stare as she scrubbed off the evidence of sex, but the Princess's heavy-lidded gaze made her skin burn more than the hot water. The bruises she encountered as she cleaned herself only made things worse. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't wash away everything. Soon, there was only one place left to clean. Avoiding Azula's eyes, she brought the washcloth between her thighs and ran it gently between them.

"Careful," Azula said in a low voice. It wasn't a reprimand, but her tone held a clear warning. "I don't want any more of my seed leaking out of you."

Ty Lee flinched. The longer Azula’s come stayed inside her, the more likely she would be to conceive. Even as her mind protested the thought, her inner muscles gave a greedy ripple, trying to pull what was left even deeper. It’s too late anyway. After two knottings, I'm almost guaranteed to get pregnant. She wiped herself carefully, only cleaning her outer lips without dipping inside.

In the end, it still wasn't enough to convince the Princess. "Hold still," Azula commanded, and Ty Lee locked up. She hated how instinctively she followed Azula's orders, but she couldn't help herself. Some horrible part of her needed to obey. Azula's pheromones, her mere presence, were too strong to resist. She could only shiver as Azula shifted to her side of the tub. One hand cupped her belly, massaging the swell there while the other tugged the washcloth away. Ty Lee's breath hitched in a mixture of pleasure and pain as Azula's fingers toyed between her legs, feeling for her entrance.

Even under the water, they had no trouble sliding inside. Azula's fingers didn't provide the same thickness as her knot, or even her shaft, but they were a lot more dexterous. Ty Lee clutched the sides of the tub as they curled forward, searching and probing. Her hips almost bucked when Azula hooked against a sensitive spot, but she managed to stifle the movement. She didn't want her Mistress to know that some unwilling part of her was enjoying this.

Despite her lack of reaction, Azula seemed pleased with what she found. "Hmm, that should be more than enough," she said with a satisfied purr. "There's still a lot inside of you." The hand on her stomach pressed down, and Ty Lee shuddered. "It feels like some moved up during the knotting. Good." Pride flashed in Azula's eyes, and Ty Lee's inner walls gripped the fingers buried inside of her. She held perfectly still, afraid that if she moved, her instincts would get the better of her.

To her relief, Azula's hands withdrew a few moments later. She ached a bit at the loss, but she knew it was for the best. She simply couldn't handle being taken again so soon, and she wasn't looking forward to the emotional fallout, no matter how good mating made her body feel. While she struggled to remember the proper way to breathe, Azula seemed to lose interest in her, turning her attention to her own bath. Although she tried not to, Ty Lee couldn't resist sneaking a few glances. The Princess was stunning, a fact that only made her feel worse about her predicament. Perhaps if
Azula hadn't been quite so beautiful, seductive, or unwaveringly dominant, she would have been able to fight against her heat and escape the night before.

If Azula noticed her staring, she didn't let on. Perhaps she was used to being observed, or perhaps she simply didn't care. She finished washing at her own pace, then stood in the tub, snapping her fingers and pointing to a pair of towels draped over a nearby railing. Ty Lee understood what the Princess wanted immediately. She stood as well, finding it much easier to move her sore muscles after soaking in the warm water. However, her legs wobbled and threatened to give after only a few steps. She gasped in surprise and almost tumbled forward.

To her relief, she didn't hit the ground. Azula steadied her at the last second, catching her elbow and wrapping a secure arm around her waist. "Never mind. I'll do it." Ty Lee considered trying again, but her head was foggy with exhaustion, and her footing didn't feel secure. Reluctantly, she allowed Azula to help her over to the towels and wrap one around her shivering shoulders. She managed to stagger into the bedroom with the Princess's help, letting out a sigh of relief once she collapsed onto the bed. She didn't even care that the sheets had disappeared. It felt wonderful to lie down.

"You might as well nap until breakfast comes," Azula said.

Ty Lee blinked sleepily, secretly enjoying the blurry picture of the Princess drying her hair and brushing water droplets from her narrow, toned figure. She nodded and rolled her head back onto the pillow, too tired to argue. Soon, her eyes drifted shut. Even though she felt anything but safe in Azula's presence, she knew her new Mistress wouldn't let anything worse happen to her while she slept.
Azula paced her outer rooms like a caged animal, hands folded behind her back and muscles taut with tension. It had been over a day since she had last taken Ty Lee, three since her father had ordered her to stay out of his sight. She had known fulfilling her duty wouldn't be pleasurable all the time, but she hadn't realized it would leave her feeling so trapped. The guards changed every few hours, but they never left the hall. If she tried to slip away, Lord Ozai would know. The message was as clear as the one she had sent him with the come-stained sheets: she was as much a prisoner as the omega she had claimed for her own.

She slammed her hands into the nearest wall, ignoring the flickering spurts of fire that spat between her knuckles and the twining trails of smoke that curled up from her clenched fists. "I can't stay here," she snarled under her breath, heart beating too fast. "He can't keep me prisoner in my own room." But she knew that unless she was prepared to fight her way out and declare open rebellion against her father, he could keep her locked away as long as he wanted.

Worse still, Ty Lee's heat hadn't ended. The omega's intoxicating scent filled her nose and mouth with every breath she took, making her cock swell. She couldn't escape it. She was supposed to be breeding her chosen omega at every opportunity. If her father caught her doing anything other than her duty, she knew she would be severely punished. She slid away from the wall and sagged over, still fuming. She hated the control Ozai wielded over her, and she hated what he had cornered her into. It went against her every instinct as an alpha and the Princess of the Fire Nation.

For a moment, her thoughts veered into dangerous territory. An *agni kai* for control of the throne would free her of her obligations. But as furious as she felt, she didn't know if she was prepared to challenge her own father. She wasn't the same weak, simpering girl who begged for scraps of his approval, but to fight him and lose would be the ultimate humiliation. Since she was his only heir, he wouldn't even do the courtesy of killing her if she failed. More likely, he would force her to keep mating with Ty Lee until she had produced a proper heir, and then dispose of her once she was no longer needed.

She turned toward the bedroom door, biting back a snarl. The ache in her gut was growing worse by the second. Her every instinct was urging her to rut, to take the woman calling out to her. But even though she was almost certain Ty Lee was already pregnant, the thought of doing Ozai's bidding disgusted her. For every part of her that longed to thrust her cock deep in Ty Lee's pussy and flood it with come, an equal part rebelled against the idea. She refused to be her father's pawn again, no matter her body's needs.

Azula's mind wandered back to the previous morning, when she had admired the tight curve of Ty Lee's ass. She had promised herself she would experiment with it later, once her obligations were no longer hanging over her head. But perhaps she didn't have to wait that long. Judging by the scent swirling through her head, Ty Lee would be receptive. The eager little omega would whine and beg for her, no matter where she chose to bury her knot.
She made up her mind in a matter of seconds. The fullness in her shaft was already uncomfortable. She needed release, but that didn't mean she had to satisfy Ozai's demands. Not this time. She stormed toward the bedroom, throwing the door open and scanning the room for the source of the delicious scent that had ensnared her.

Ty Lee was curled up in the window seat, naked but clean, picking at a tray of food. The servants had provided more than enough for both of them, but it looked as though Ty Lee had hardly touched her portion. For a moment, Azula felt a twinge of empathy. Surely the omega didn't like being imprisoned any more than she did.

"I can smell you all the way from the other room," she growled, ignoring the flash of fear in Ty Lee's eyes. "You've been signaling all day. Why isn't your heat over yet?"

"I don't know, Mistress," Ty Lee murmured after a nervous pause. "It's never lasted this long before." Her eyes darted down to her lap, but Azula saw the way she quivered. The way she arched just a bit forward instead of hiding, as though in invitation. It was enough to make her strain against the front of her pants.

"I need you again," she snapped, not bothering to make it a request. She and Ty Lee were both slaves to their instincts and to Fire Lord Ozai, but at least she could retain some power here.

Ty Lee hesitated. She seemed torn, much as she had during their first mating. She trembled with indecision, eyes darting toward the bed, chewing at her lower lip as her soft brown eyes grew wide with fear and arousal. Azula didn't have time for her uncertainty. Ty Lee's purpose wasn't just to bear her an heir. It was to service her needs, totally and completely. Failure to do so was unacceptable.

"I'll give you one chance," she said, steam pouring from her hands as they throbbed on the verge of flame. "Get on the bed, unless you'd prefer for me to take you against the wall."

Ty Lee's light gasp was unnaturally loud in the room. She squirmed, obviously unwilling to obey, but she didn't have much of a choice. Azula watched with hungry eyes as she rose from the window seat and headed for the bed, shaking as she went.

"No," she growled when Ty Lee made to lie back. "I want you bent over the edge." When her slave didn't follow her orders fast enough, Azula took over. She crossed the room in a flash, seizing Ty Lee's hips in a bruising grip and pinning her to the mattress with the weight of her upper body. Still, she felt a kernel of pity for the wriggling girl beneath her. The poor thing couldn't decide whether she wanted to escape or rock back for more contact. "Do you want to come, or do you want this over quickly?" she asked, sinking her nails into the omega's flesh.

"I—I want to..." Ty Lee's voice dissolved into a series of heavy breaths, and she couldn't finish her sentence.

"I'm going to assume you want to come," Azula said. She didn't wait for confirmation. She kicked Ty Lee's legs further apart and pulled her cock out through the front of her pants, lining up the head with the omega's entrance. She almost regretted her decision as she pushed inside. The hot, clinging satin of Ty Lee's pussy was even better than she remembered. It would be difficult to resist the temptation to knot, let alone pull out and reposition herself. But knew she would need at least some lubrication to work herself into Ty Lee's ass, and this was the most ready supply. She didn't have the patience to rummage around in her bedroom drawers.

Ty Lee began clenching around her as soon as the widest part of her head popped in. The omega's muscles shivered wildly, milking thin spurts of pre-come from her twitching tip. They continued rippling around her as she shoved forward a few inches, searching for more thickness, but she held
back. She used only shallow, unsatisfying thrusts, letting Ty Lee's wetness drip over the lower part of her shaft and her half-formed knot.

Soon, she was coated in slippery fluid. She let go of Ty Lee's left hip, bringing a hand between their searing bodies to gather some of the running mess on her fingers. At first, Ty Lee spread her legs wider. She canted her hips up as best she could while pinned, offering her swollen clit on a pleading whimper. Azula ignored the stiff bud and brought her slick fingers to her real goal, spreading apart the cheeks of Ty Lee's ass to reveal her other opening.

She felt the exact moment Ty Lee realized what she was about to do. The girl bucked beneath her, clearly trying to escape instead of help. A growl broke in Azula's throat, and she lunged forward, seizing the back of Ty Lee's neck between her teeth. It was a bite that didn't allow for any disobedience. Ty Lee stopped fighting at once, unable or unwilling to resist her dominance. "Stay still, and this won't be painful," Azula said, loosening her hold just enough to growl out the words around the omega's flesh.

Ty Lee did hold still, but her inner walls continued pulsing. Azula felt them spasm around her cock as she began probing with her fingers, testing her slave's other entrance. It was hot and smooth and deliciously tight, but it welcomed her inside without too much difficulty. The wetness coating her knuckles made it easy to slide in with one digit, then two. Soon, she was scissoring them, stretching the firm ring in an effort to work it open. Despite her selfish urges, she didn't want to leave Ty Lee bleeding or injured.

Unfortunately, the movement of her fingers caused Ty Lee’s muscles to squeeze her shaft even harder. They fluttered and tugged, trying to coax out the orgasm pounding along her length and pull her knot inside. It was growing swiftly, and Azula realized she had to hurry. If she waited any longer, she might not even be able to get all of herself inside. She removed her fingers with a lecherous sucking sound and held Ty Lee's hips again, forcing herself to pull her cock out as well.

Even without a tie, it was torturous. Her entire body vibrated with the effort of restraining her rut, and she hissed between gritted teeth as she withdrew. A breathless string of moans burst from between Ty Lee's lips, a protest and a plea tangled together. "Mistress, please—don't... stop..." With the pacing of the words, it was difficult to tell what their meaning was. Azula wasn't even certain if Ty Lee knew. But this was inevitable, and so she didn't concern herself with it. Ty Lee would get over her reluctance and surrender to desire, just as she had every other time.

Azula wrapped a hand around the base of her shaft to hold back her knot a little longer, lining herself up with Ty Lee's other entrance. The omega's pussy was still gaping open, inviting her back inside, but she focused on her new goal. Ozai would be furious if he knew what I was doing, she thought as she rubbed the tip of her cock against Ty Lee's opening, covering the gleaming flesh with more wetness. It's his fault I can't even enjoy breeding her the way I'm supposed to. Well, I'm going to enjoy this, and he can't stop me.

She began pushing forward, keeping up steady, constant pressure until the very tip of her cock started to split Ty Lee open. It was an frustratingly slow process. As much as she wanted to slam inside, Ty Lee's muscles struggled to yield. They only parted for her reluctantly, when she forced them to loosen. But there wasn't any tearing, and though Ty Lee made several mixed noises of pleasure and discomfort, she didn't scream in agony. Azula took it as a good sign. She continued, letting out a deep sigh of relief as the fattest part of her head pushed in.

If Ty Lee's pussy was a dream to fuck, her ass was overwhelming. Azula wasn't even certain if she liked it. One moment it felt blissful, the next it was uncomfortable. Moving didn't feel as good, but it was tighter than she had imagined possible. It doesn't matter, she thought. Once I'm in, I won't have
to move. With the tip of her cock inside, she actually managed to bury the next several inches without much trouble. Her hips twitched, and she gave into her rut, finally finding a rhythm.

Ty Lee began to tremble beneath her. She let out a high-pitched wail, and Azula was taken aback as a hot burst of fluid splashed across her thighs, soaking the fabric of her pants. It took her a moment to realize the omega was coming, bucking in an attempt to grind along the edge of the bed. In a fit of mercy, she reached down with her clean hand and rubbed a few rough circles over Ty Lee's pulsing clit, helping her through the contractions. She was surprised by the amount of wetness gushing between their bodies, but she supposed she shouldn't have been. Without her knot, there was nothing to block Ty Lee's pussy or her orgasm.

Luckily, the contractions were strong enough for her to feel them in Ty Lee's ass as well. Hot muscle rippled around her, and she groaned as her knot gave an almost painful throb. While Ty Lee was distracted, she began shoving it in, afraid it would swell too large before she could bury herself all the way. It proved to be an even greater struggle than getting the head of her cock inside. Ty Lee's erratic movements didn't help, but her sobs of release at least prevented her from protesting. But eventually, after several tense moments where Azula worried she wouldn't fit, she slid forward with a slick pop.

The feel of Ty Lee's walls gripping her knot was too much. It grew to its full size in seconds, and she released a breath later, pumping stream after stream of come into the burning heat sealed around her. She could barely move, but she ground her hips against Ty Lee's backside, shivering and jerking as the omega's inner walls pulled heavy jets of fluid from her shaft. At the height of her pleasure, she couldn't resist taking Ty Lee's throat again. Her mouth screamed for salt, and she sucked at the bruises she had left on the omega's slender neck, deepening them as much as she could. Her only regret was that in this position, she couldn't reach the permanent one around front.

Emptying herself seemed to take forever. Ty Lee's muscles kept her knot firm through several orgasms, although none were quite as strong as the first. She rutted her hips to work them out whenever the pressure became too much, and between spurts, she entertained herself by toying with Ty Lee's clit. It was firm enough to milk between her fingers, and she pinched the root hard, making her captive wince and cry out. But Ty Lee always fell into another series of shudders afterward, so she didn't feel guilty about it. The omega's pleasure enhanced her own, and by the time her knot finally started to shrink, she didn't think she had a single drop left in her body.

Pulling out was somewhat easier than pushing in, probably because she had plenty of lubrication. Ty Lee remained limp as she withdrew, and Azula took a moment to admire the mess she had made. A rush of her come spilled out as she held Ty Lee's cheeks apart, and she cupped her safe hand protectively over Ty Lee's twitching pussy to shield it. She solved the problem permanently by summoning what remained of her strength and flipping the omega over onto her back, allowing the overflow to run onto the bed instead.

Ty Lee didn't protest at being posed. She seemed beyond words, completely non-responsive, staring up at the ceiling with a glazed look in her eyes. Azula was suddenly struck by the strange urge to kiss her slack lips, but she fought it down and climbed onto the mattress instead. Some part of her felt uneasy about what she had done, almost regretful, although she didn't understand why. She had released. Ty Lee had released. She had disobeyed her father, although he would have no way of knowing. This should have made her happy. "I told you I wouldn't hurt you," she said, as if to convince herself she hadn't.

Ty Lee still didn't answer. She remained silent and unmoving.

After a while, Azula realized she was going to have to do something. They couldn't stay here on the
bed, sticky and spent. A female omega's ass wasn't designed for holding a load of come permanently. She slid her arm beneath Ty Lee and hauled her into a sitting position, relieved that she wasn't too heavy. "Come on," she grunted. "Bathroom."

With a little effort, she managed to stumble to the washroom. Ty Lee could barely walk, and Azula had to do most of the work, but they made it to the tub without incident. She let Ty Lee collapse into the basin while it was empty and went to the pump, figuring the cold water would help. She wasn't wrong. Ty Lee seemed to jolt out of her stupor, although she didn't get up. "Try to clean yourself out," Azula said, turning toward the cabinet. "I'll get you something to help with the pain."

To her surprise, Ty Lee's soft voice answered. "It aches, but it doesn't hurt."

That should have made her feel better, but it didn't. She said nothing more as she opened the cabinet and removed a vial of salt to add to the bath. On the way, she noticed another bottle slightly out of place. She hadn't thought much about the kajihana she kept on hand for her bedpartners, but her stomach dropped as she realized that Ty Lee could have accessed it. Although they had been confined to the same suite of rooms, she hadn't observed the omega's every move.

Azula checked the amount left, relieved to see that it didn't look any lower than normal, but she remained uncertain. She palmed it before Ty Lee could notice, sliding it into the pocket of her ruined pants. Somehow, she knew she wouldn't be getting any sleep until the court physician confirmed a pregnancy. In the meantime, she had no choice but to keep doing her duty, just in case Ty Lee had been foolish or desperate enough to take a dose. She didn't want to find out what would happen to both of them if she failed.
Warning for more dubcon-ness and some very rough sex, gratuitous cumshots, and humiliation. And hey, lookee here, AcrobaticRabbit aka Asariasami did some art at the end of this chapter! LOOK AT ITS GLORIOUSNESS!!! And give her lots of love/kudos/compliments on tumblr, please.

Next chapter, Azula interrupts Ozai's important meeting to show him proof that she's been doing her duty... mostly to piss him off. ;D

Ty Lee climbed onto the low wooden platform for what felt like the hundredth time, head raised and arms hanging away from her sides. She made a half-hearted circle, displaying the latest in a long line of outfits to her audience of one. After five arduous days, during which she had lost count of the times Azula had mated with her out of instinct or boredom or both, her heat was finally over. She and Azula had been permitted to leave the royal chambers at last, but unfortunately, the Fire Lord's guards had rushed them from one prison to another.

She was now at the mercy of the Fire Nation's finest tailors, a fate that proved much less enjoyable than she had been led to believe. Perhaps it would have been fun to try on pretty clothes if it had been an option instead of an order, and if the Princess hadn't been impossible to please. Ty Lee was certain she had been modeling for hours, but Azula still wasn't satisfied with anything she wore.

Her hopes were dashed once again when Azula gave a frustrated shake of her head. "Still not good enough," she decreed, glaring at the cowering team of tailors in the corner. "Try something else."

Ty Lee's shoulders slumped. If Azula made her put on one more outfit, she thought she might scream. Before she could protest, however, one of the cringing tailors spoke up. "With all due respect, Princess, could you tell us what you find displeasing about the outfit? Perhaps your knowledgeable opinion will help us make a better selection."

Azula narrowed her eyes at the man who had dared to speak. "I don't know. Isn't fashion supposed to be your job?"

"My apologies, Your Highness. I only thought—"

"Oh, shut up," Azula snapped. "I don't care what you thought. Just find something that isn't so... formal. She looks like the rest of the boring clods Father paraded in front of me before I picked her."

While the tailors continued bowing and murmuring excuses, Ty Lee began stripping off her robes. There was no point in wearing them if Azula didn't like them, and they were stiff and uncomfortable on top of everything else. They reminded her of the clothes her parents had forced her and her sisters to wear as children. The sooner I put on something she likes, the sooner we can both get out of here, she thought, trying to boost her spirits. And maybe now that I'm not trapped in her bedroom anymore, I can figure out my next move.

She made to leave the platform and return to the rack of clothing waiting for her, but a sharp order stopped her in her tracks. "Wait." Azula left her seat in front of the mirrored wall, prowling toward
her with a predatory gait. "This is an improvement."

"But... Your Highness, she's in her underwear," one of the other tailors squeaked.

"I know that. I'm not blind, you idiot. I stand by what I said." A thoughtful look crossed the Princess's face, and Ty Lee's stomach churned. Whatever Azula was thinking about couldn't be good. "Leave," Azula ordered, pointing imperiously at the door. "I want to finish this myself. I'll call you if I need anything adjusted."

The tailors started to file out, although the first gave a weak, lackluster protest. "But Princess..."

"I said out."

He didn't argue further. Soon, Ty Lee found herself alone with a mirrored wall, a year's worth of outfits, and her hungry-looking Mistress. "Perhaps seeing you naked for almost a week spoiled me," Azula said. Her voice no longer held any annoyance or anger, but it was still almost a growl. "I should have known none of these clothes would do your body justice."

A flush heated Ty Lee's cheeks. She didn't know how to respond. Azula was trying to compliment her, but she couldn't tell whether the shiver that raced down her spine was one of disgust or desire. I shouldn't still want her, she thought, trying to avoid Azula's burning eyes. My heat is over. I don't have any excuse. But the low throb in her belly was sickeningly familiar. She hated to admit it, but perhaps her intense sexual responses to Azula weren't only due to her cycle.

"Well?" Ty Lee suddenly realized that Azula was standing less than a yard away, and that she seemed to expect a response. "I just gave you a compliment. Aren't you going to thank me?"

"Thank you, Mistress," she murmured, unable to swallow the slight break in her voice. Her eyes darted down to the front of Azula's pants. The bulge she had grown used to seeing was still there, and very prominent. The sight made her stomach twist and her inner walls give an uncomfortable throb.

Azula circled slowly around the platform, examining her from all angles. Somehow, Ty Lee felt even more exposed in her underwear than she had while naked. Something about the anticipation, anticipation she didn't want, made her want to squirm out of her skin. "Seeing you like this almost makes me want to outlaw clothes and banish those tailors for trying to put them on you," the Princess purred from behind her. Soft fingers trailed down her spine, stopping at the hem of her thin undershirt and slipping underneath. "Take your top off. You look better without it."

Ty Lee shuddered, but obeyed without protest. Disgust and desire waged a familiar war within her, and her heart sank as she realized which would win. Apparently, a single casual order and the faintest of touches still had the power to control her. The mark on her neck throbbed, and she chewed on her lower lip to stifle a whimper as she drew the shirt over her head.

Azula stepped onto the platform behind her, molding against her back and reaching around to cup her breasts. The hard shaft of her Mistress's cock was even more obvious while their bodies were pressed together, and Ty Lee swallowed nervously. For a moment, she considered repeating the risky move she had used on her first night of captivity. She might not get far if she chi-blocked Azula and made a break for the door, but she was terrified of what would happen if she stayed. This time, she couldn't use her heat as an excuse. If she submitted to Azula's touch, it would be because she had allowed it.

Before she could come to a decision, Azula's teeth grazed her throat. It was a light nip, not hard enough to leave a mark, but a clear gesture of dominance. A familiar haze filled her mind, and she
shuddered with a confused mix of lust and fear. *Why do I still feel this way? My heat's over. She's the last person I want to be around...* Her inner walls gave a jealous twitch as Azula's cock began grinding into her ass. She couldn't keep pretending that she didn't want it inside her. Her hormones had died down, but her instincts were still screaming for her to submit.

*Maybe it has to do with the mating bite?* she thought as one of Azula's hands left her breast and travelled up to caress her neck. It traced the still-healing scar there, and the puffy skin around it felt overly sensitized. *Once the scar fades, the feelings might fade too.* But the bite hadn't shown any signs of fading, and Ty Lee worried it might never leave. If her body had accepted Azula's claim, she would be stuck with it forever—and with her humiliating desire.

"These have to go too," Azula sighed into the shell of her ear. Her other hand travelled in the opposite direction, and Ty Lee trembled as the alpha's sharp nails skimmed down her stomach. They stopped at her underwear, and she gasped when Azula's fingers slithered beneath them. They found her clit after only a moment of searching, and she flinched. Wetness soaked through the fabric right away, forming a dark patch at the front.

Of course, Azula noticed. "Better, but not quite," she said, circling faster to make the stain grow. "I still want you naked. In fact, I think that's how I want to present you today. Any clothing at all does your beautiful body a disservice."

A spike of panic stabbed through Ty Lee's chest. She stiffened in Azula's embrace, going rigid with fear. "I couldn't," she blurted out, but Azula ignored the protest. She drew her fingers away only to rip her underwear along the sides, letting the ruined fabric flutter to the floor.

"You can, and you will if I order it." Azula turned her around, gripping her arms and staring into her eyes. "If you don't like the outfit I've chosen for you, why don't you run away? You won't get far, but I know you'd make a good attempt before I caught you. That chi-blocking trick of yours is very clever. You'd have a decent head start."

A hole tore open in Ty Lee's gut. Azula was right. She had been trapped at the palace for almost a week, and she hadn't made any more attempts to escape. She hadn't even had the courage to sneak some of the kajihana. When she had checked again, the bottle had vanished. Definitely Azula's doing. *Maybe she's right, a horrible voice whispered in her head. Maybe some part of me wants this, as awful and humiliating as it is.* Instead of fighting her way out of Azula's grip, she lowered her eyes, staring at her feet.

"That's what I thought," Azula said, oozing smugness. "Now, be a good, obedient omega and kneel for me. I've decided I want your mouth."

Ty Lee dropped to her knees in silence. She had been telling herself for days that she would find a way out once her heat ended, but here she was, preparing to service the Princess anyway. She wasn't sure who she hated more, Azula or herself.

She didn't have much time to doubt the decision. Azula unfastened her pants and eased her cock out through the front. Ty Lee couldn't help staring. The firm shaft hovering inches away from her lips had been the cause of so many awful and wonderful feelings that she couldn't keep track anymore. She couldn't even figure out if she was happy Azula had only requested her mouth, or disappointed that the alpha didn't want her pussy instead. Although she despised Azula's sense of entitlement, she had grown accustomed to being knotted over the past several days, and her body actually seemed to crave it.

"Well? Don't just stare at it. Suck me, unless you want me to fuck your throat again instead."
Ty Lee didn't want that. Her voice had been hoarse for a day the last time Azula had tried. It would be easier if she obeyed. She folded her hand around the base of Azula's shaft, squeezing a little when she felt throbbing pressure beneath hot skin. The knot hadn't formed yet, but Azula's length was fully erect, and the tip was already swollen and dripping with clear fluid. Before she could think better of it, she leaned in and took it between her lips, lashing the divot to gather up the sweetness there.

Azula groaned in approval and clutched the back of her head, tugging almost affectionately at her braid. "Good. More."

The praise pleased Ty Lee more than she wanted to admit. She knew she shouldn't be happy about satisfying the woman who had violated her, but it made her glow. Her enthusiasm grew just a little, and she took a few more inches of Azula's cock past her lips, running her tongue along the sensitive underside. More honey poured into her mouth, and once again, she felt conflicted about enjoying the flavor. It would have been easier to hate this if Azula hadn't tasted so nice.

"Use your hand," Azula told her, squeezing over top of the fist she had already formed. "I don't want to drag this out."

Ty Lee was surprised by her Mistress's eagerness, but she obeyed. If this ended quickly, it was probably for the better. She began pumping the bottom half of Azula's length, adjusting her speed as it swelled in her grip. The Princess's knot finally started to show, pushing out of her pants. It throbbed against Ty Lee's fist on every downstroke, and before she realized what she was doing, she stopped her up and down motion to cup it on instinct. She needed both hands to hold it, and she started massaging the tight firmness, feeling it throb as it grew.

Azula let out a grunt of approval and tugged harder on her braid, forcing her mouth down. "Yes, more of that. Keep going."

Ty Lee gagged a little as the tip of Azula's cock nudged further back, but it wasn't enough to cut off her breath. She managed to follow Azula's thrusts while keeping up the motion of her hands and lips, squeezing the princess's knot as she let the blunt head fuck into her throat. From the rhythmic pulses that traveled up the thick shaft, Ty Lee knew it wouldn't be long. She could feel Azula's orgasm building. All she had to do was release it.

"Enough."

To her surprise, Azula pulled back, withdrawing from her mouth with a slick pop and tearing away her hands. She whimpered in disappointment, but it swiftly became a sharp cry of discomfort as Azula used her braid to tug her head back, forcing her to bend and stare at the ceiling. "I don't want you to swallow my come this time. You're going to wear it instead."

Before Ty Lee could so much as scream at the rough treatment, harsh spurts of wetness splashed across her chest. Azula’s release covered her, sliding between the valley of her breasts and down her belly. A few drops clung to her tight nipples, but the rest wound in slippery trails all the way to her thighs.

Tears of humiliation stung in her eyes, but she couldn’t force out the ‘stop’ in her throat. Her body betrayed her, arching forward, bending to present herself at an even better angle. She wanted Azula’s come, and if the Princess wasn’t going to release it inside her, this was the next best option. It was like her heat all over again, only worse. This time, she was completely responsible for her own depravity.

At last, the hot spill stopped. Azula’s groans of pleasure quieted, and the only sound in the room was their heavy, uneven breathing. Ty Lee looked down as soon as Azula’s grip on her head loosened.
The entire front of her body was covered in come. Gleaming rivers ran along her torso, marking her just as thoroughly as the bruises Azula had left on her over the past several days. She shivered as cool air washed over her wet flesh, still torn between desire and disgust.

“This is what I wanted,” Azula said from above her. The rough note of need in the alpha’s voice convinced Ty Lee to raise her eyes, but she immediately wished she hadn’t. Azula’s cock was still hard, and her knot had barely lost any of its fullness. Her throat ached in protest at the thought of sucking it again, but the Princess had other ideas. Azula was on her in moments, pinning her back to the platform and forcing her thighs open. “I wasn’t going to do this, but I can’t help it. Even without your heat, you smell so good...”

Ty Lee didn’t try to fight. Her body had already surrendered to instinct, and there was no use resisting. She needed Azula now, no matter how awful it would make her feel later. She lifted her hips until the tip of Azula’s cock found her entrance, wordlessly urging her to sink inside. The fullness she craved came all at once. Azula slammed into her, burying herself in one brutal thrust. The top of her Mistress’s knot bumped against her clit, and the contact sent sparks of pleasure shooting down her spine. She howled, forgetting herself and raking her nails down Azula’s back. Fortunately, Azula didn’t seem to mind the pain, or perhaps she was too distracted to notice. Ty Lee gasped when sharp teeth took her throat, holding tight over top of her mating mark. A low growl vibrated against her flesh as Azula began working her knot inside with short, hard thrusts, sinking a bit further each time. The stretch was almost unbearable, but she didn’t care. Some primitive part of her wanted Azula to tear her open, to split her apart, to leave her ruined. She clawed more angry red lines between Azula’s shoulder blades, digging in whenever pain started to outweigh pleasure.

Finally, after what felt like forever but was probably only a minute into Azula’s rut, Ty Lee’s body accepted the intrusion. The knot slid most of the way in with the next rough push, and her throat burned with a scream. Azula made a sharp, strangled noise as well and released her hold. “Fuck,” she growled, “I have to—”

A thick burst of come flooded Ty Lee’s pussy as soon as her entrance clamped around the other side of Azula’s knot. She sobbed in ecstasy, muscles rippling in hopes of coaxing out more. This was what she had wanted all along—Azula’s release filling her up, shooting inside her in endless streams. The rush of heat and the hard, twitching thickness pushed her over the edge as well. She came in heavy pulses, squeezing tight around Azula’s cock and grinding her swollen clit against the Princess’s flexing stomach.

The familiar cycle carried her away for several minutes. She couldn’t stop pulling at Azula’s knot, and Azula couldn’t stop spilling inside her. Soon, she was stretched to her limit, full to bursting with the alpha’s come. Each time she thought she couldn’t possibly take any more, Azula emptied in her again, making her writhe and arch and scream as her inner walls tried to make room. Her lower belly swelled to hold it all, and she moaned with embarrassment and desire as Azula stroked its curve.

"Your stomach's so pretty," Azula purred, only abandoning it to toy with the slippery point of Ty Lee’s clit and wring another orgasm out of her. Both of them stiffened and shuddered as waves of warmth flowed between them. "I just want to..."

Ty Lee prepared herself for the inevitable, but instead of remaining inside her, Azula began to draw back. "Wait," she gasped as her entrance started stretching in an unpleasant way. "Don’t—don't leave..."

"Hold still and try to relax." Azula's fingers slowed down over her clit, trapping the bud between them and giving the tip feather-light strokes. "It won't hurt for long."
The words weren't convincing, but they proved to be true. There was a sharp, stinging snap and a flash of brilliant white before her eyes. By some miracle, Azula's knot popped out of her. A rush of hot fluid followed, and mix of them both, and Ty Lee fell over into a final, agonizing round of spasms. Her pussy gripped at nothing, pulsing painfully at the abrupt emptiness as she came one last time. The soft flicks over her clit barely kept her sane. Slick ribbons of Azula's come spilled out of her while her desperate, shivering muscles pulled the rest even deeper inside.

While she panted, reeling from the intense sensations that had come and gone so suddenly, Azula's hands went to work. One cupped protectively between her legs, adding comforting pressure and preventing any more of the mess from leaking out. The other wrapped around the shaft of her cock and started to stroke. Its length was still hard and gleaming, and although Azula's knot wasn't quite as large as it had been at first, it hadn't gone away. She had held something back, and Ty Lee stared in confusion, wondering what she would do with it.

With one last grunt, Azula finished off the tail end of her orgasm. Spurts flew from the swollen head, splashing across Ty Lee’s shivering stomach. The wetness ran everywhere, sliding down one of her sides and staining a new part of the platform, but she didn’t care. She didn’t even have the energy to move. Sticky, sore mess that she was, she could only watch and whimper as Azula’s release painted her skin. It was a gesture clearly intended to claim, and the mark on her throat throbbed in response.

“Much better,” Azula panted at last. Ty Lee blinked, suddenly realizing that it was over. Azula’s cock had softened, and she was admiring her work with dark, gleaming eyes. They still smoldered with left-over flickers of lust, but they didn’t burn anymore. “This is perfect.”

Ty Lee finally looked down to see what Azula was talking about. Her abdomen was slick, shining faintly, still carrying a noticeable swell. Azula had filled her with so much come that the puddle between her thighs and the wet streaks spattered across her stomach were hardly a loss. Her inner walls pulsed with occasional aftershocks as her body suddenly seemed to remember how sore it should have been. She went limp and let her head flop back, unable to keep staring at the mess Azula had made of her.

While she remained sprawled on the platform, Azula lifted off her and rose to her feet. It was a surprisingly graceful motion, although Ty Lee noticed her legs wobble for the first few steps. The Princess passed straight by the endless racks of clothing before pausing at the display of matching jewelry spread across a nearby table. She took a while to make her selection, but eventually, she returned with a beaded silk necklace clasped in her hand. “The finishing touch,” she said, falling back to her knees and holding it out. “Sit up. I want to see how it looks.”

Ty Lee’s muscles ached in protest, but eventually, she pushed up into a sitting position. Her body trembled with fatigue, and she didn’t try to pull away as Azula draped the necklace around her throat. It scooped just low enough to dip beneath the mating mark, framing the vivid bruise in pink instead of covering it. She turned toward the mirror on instinct, but immediately wished she hadn’t. Somehow, the beautiful necklace contrasted with her nakedness, making her look more like an ornament than a person. It was another sign of Azula’s ownership, just like the scar on her throat and the slick trails covering her body.

“There,” Azula purred. The cruel ruby cut of her lips curled into a satisfied smile at last. “You look perfect this way.”

Ty Lee blinked in confusion before remembering her Mistress’s earlier threat. Surely Azula wouldn’t actually present her in public naked and covered in come. \textit{She’s selfish and sadistic, but she’s not completely insane… is she?}
Azula glanced down at her ceremonial armor, making sure the deep red and gold trimmings were adjusted properly. Although her slave was naked and shivering beside her, she had chosen to wear one of her finest outfits. She didn't usually break out her armor for anything less than a military-related mission, but this was a special occasion. When she entered, she wanted every set of eyes in the room to be on her and her chosen omega.

Satisfied that she was presentable, Azula's eyes flicked over to the trembling girl. Ty Lee had drifted into something of a trance since they had left the fitting room. Her fearful expression had turned blank, and for a moment, Azula began to regret her decision. Her brow furrowed as she noticed the brilliant purple bruises that wound around Ty Lee's thighs, hips, and neck. She does look delicious in nothing but that necklace and my come, but perhaps I was too rough with her. She could barely walk after I pulled my knot out.

Completely ignoring the guards present, she turned and stroked her palms down her pet's lean sides. Ty Lee’s soft brown eyes met hers in desperation, almost as if searching for comfort. Despite her better judgment, Azula offered some reassurance. "You're shaking," she whispered, bringing one of her hands up to play with the loops of Ty Lee's long braid. "Why?"

Ty Lee tried to speak, but her lips moved soundlessly. While she struggled, Azula caressed the subtle swell of her stomach. It had started to fade sooner than usual, but it was just present enough to prove she had done her duty. "You don't need to be afraid of anyone bothering you. No one else will dare to touch you with my scent all over you and my mark on your throat."

"Th—that isn't what I'm..." Ty Lee faltered again, looking away, and Azula frowned. She stopped toying with Ty Lee's braid and cupped her jaw in a firm hand, forcing their eyes to meet again. She waited expectantly, staring until the omega continued. "I'm embarrassed," she said, in such a soft voice that Azula almost didn't hear it.

"You don't need to be," Azula said, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. "You're mine now, and my opinions and desires are the only ones you should concern yourself with." She stroked the point of Ty Lee's cheek with her thumb, admiring the blush there. "My opinion is that you look beautiful the way I left you, and my desire is to show you off."

With that, she turned to the guards, who were doing an admirable job of pretending they hadn't been eavesdropping. "Announce my arrival," she ordered, releasing Ty Lee and offering an arm to keep her from swaying. Technically, the girl should enter several steps behind her, but she had been unsteady on her feet ever since their last session. "I wish to speak with my father."

Warning for a terrified, weepy Ty Lee taking her humiliation without much protest.

Trust me, she will come to terms with her situation and rise to the occasion when some badassery is called for. I have a whole character arc planned, but right now, she's pretty broken down. Bear with me for a bit before I build her back up.
The two guards shared a nervous glance. "The Fire Lord is in the middle of a meeting with his generals, Princess," one of them said, wincing as he spoke. "He left us strict orders that he wasn't to be disturbed..."

Azula fixed him with a glare, and he withered beneath it almost instantly. "Did he use my name?" she snapped, fire flashing in her eyes. "Did he tell you specifically that Crown Princess Azula wasn't to be permitted in the throne room?"

"N—no, Princess," the guard stammered. "Not exactly, but—"

"Then if you wish to keep your post here, and most of your face, I suggest you open the curtains and stand aside." She wrapped her right arm around Ty Lee's waist, pulling her closer and groping the swell of her ass. "Since my father felt it necessary to lock me in my room for almost a week to make sure I produced an heir, I assume he wants to see proof of my efforts."

The guard had nothing more to say. He was obviously more terrified of her threats than any punishment Ozai or his superiors might dispense in the future. He scrambled to open the curtains, and his companion did the same, allowing them entrance.

The throne room was more dimly lit than the last time Azula had been there. No traces of her birthday celebration remained, but she couldn't resist looking at the space before her father's throne, where a long table now stood. *This was where I first saw her*, she realized, thinking back to the night of Ty Lee's captivating performance. *It feels like far more than five days have passed since then.*

Finally, after an amount of time that almost bordered on rudeness, she made her way through the center of the room. She barely spared a glance at her father's generals and advisors as they looked up from their places around the table, and she paid no attention to their whispers. Instead, she focused on the one face she actually cared about.

The Fire Lord wasn't surprised by her arrival. To the casual observer, he wouldn't have even appeared annoyed. But Azula knew him well enough to recognize the subtle tightening at the corners of his mouth and the flare of anger in his eyes. He wasn't pleased by her audacity in appearing before him without being summoned, and he was furious that she had brought her slave with her.

Beside her, Ty Lee remained frozen. Azula didn't turn her head, but she could tell the omega was in a state of shock. "Bow," she said without moving her lips. It would be improper of her to prostrate herself before her slave did, and waiting any longer would test Ozai's patience beyond what she was comfortable with. Fortunately, Ty Lee took the hint. She almost fell to the floor in her hurry, and Azula lowered herself after, resting her elbow on one knee and keeping her eyes downcast instead of touching her forehead to the floor.

At last, after a long stretch of silence, Ozai spoke. "This is... unexpected, Azula. I assume you have a good reason for interrupting my meeting?"

"I thought it was your wish to see me, father," Azula said without moving. "Imagine my surprise when I learned that you had confined me to my rooms for the duration of my new omega's heat? Since you seemed so invested in making sure I fulfilled my duties to the Fire Nation, I thought you would appreciate seeing proof of my efforts."

"Stand," Ozai said after a long, tense pause. Azula began to rise, but a look from her father stopped her before she could return to her feet. "Not you. Her."

Ty Lee's head jerked up. A look of utter fear took over her face, and a violent shiver coursed through her body. Azula felt a flare of anger as her terrified slave stood, although she wasn't sure why. She
had brought Ty Lee here with the intention of showing her off, but suddenly, she despised the fact that anyone else was staring at her.

Ozai made no move to rise, but he took his time examining Ty Lee from his seat. The longer he looked, the more Azula regretted her decision. She had meant to snub her father, not unintentionally make herself jealous. She gritted her teeth, fingers clenching into fists. *I shouldn't have brought her here. No one else's eyes deserve to fall on my property, especially not his.*

At last, Ozai spoke. "I hope you got at least some of that mess inside her. Or did you forget how mating is supposed to work?"

Ty Lee's eyes remained fixed on the floor, and Azula thought she could see tears swimming in them. The situation was swiftly spiraling out of control, and she needed to regain the upper hand. "Have a little faith in me, father," she said, refusing to let any traces of rage and possessiveness bleed through into her voice. "Five days of captivity was more than enough time to make sure she conceived. Don't be surprised if *my* omega bears *me* several pups to choose from."

"You weren't in captivity," Ozai argued, although Azula noticed with some satisfaction that several of his generals looked uncomfortable. Perhaps she had embarrassed him after all.

"Then I suppose the guards at the door were just there to prevent any interruptions," she murmured. "Like a summons to a war meeting, perhaps? One that the highest-ranking member of the Fire Nation's military—excluding yourself, of course—should have been asked to attend?"

"I assumed your omega would finish her heat much sooner than this. Perhaps she isn't as fertile as you thought, if it took so long to end."

"Or perhaps the presence of a virile alpha so close at hand simply extended her cycle. It wouldn't be the first time."

Ozai's face twitched, and Azula counted it a victory. "Do you wish to attend today's war meeting? Is that why you're here, aside from your desire to...confirm that you followed my orders?"

"I trust your judgment, father," she drawled. "If you didn't think it necessary for me to attend, I'm sure I'm not needed further."

Azula lifted her head at last, until she and the Fire Lord locked eyes. She remained silent, but she knew before he answered that she would get her way. After yet another painful pause, Ozai finally granted her a nod. "Then you are dismissed."

"At your pleasure," Azula said. She stood and prepared to leave, making sure to step in front of Ty Lee and shield her from everyone else's view. The sight of her mark on the omega's pale throat soothed her roiling emotions, and she couldn't resist reaching out to give it a brief caress. "Come," she whispered, low enough so no one else could hear. "We're going back to the fitting room to find you a proper outfit." But before she could shepherd her pet toward the door and into the safety of the hallway, Ozai spoke again.

"Azula?"

She turned back, shoulders stiffening. "Yes, My Lord?"

"Before you go, I have new orders for you."

Azula's eyes narrowed. Whatever her father had in mind, it couldn't be good. "As always, I am at your service."
"Your duty to the Fire Nation isn't finished until at least one heir is officially presented to me. I expect you to protect the girl until she bears your litter. It's an important job that I can entrust to no one but you."

Azula wanted to scream, but all that came out was a terse whisper. "Of course, father." She placed her clenched fist beneath her flattened palm and bowed one more time, accepting the order as she fought not to tremble with fury. Then, she snatched Ty Lee's wrist, storming out before she endured any further humiliation.

The two guards from before were gone when they burst back into the hall. When she saw that they were alone, Azula released the full force of her rage. Fire blossomed from her fists, and by the time she was finished, the castle walls were streaked with black and several tapestries had met an unfortunate end. "I can't believe he would dare," she hissed, pacing as steam began to pour from her skin. "If he expects me to be a glorified babysitter for the next nine months, he's deluding himself. The stupid, foolish old—"

She suddenly realized that her slave was staring at her with wide, fearful eyes. For some reason, the look on Ty Lee's face almost made her feel guilty for losing her temper. She took a deep breath, and the flames around her hands died out. "What's wrong now?" she snapped, more forcefully than she had intended. "Surely you don't think I'm going to hurt you?"

Ty Lee didn't answer. Instead, she started shaking. The strange, numb expression she had displayed before cracked open to reveal terror and grief, and ugly tears streamed down her face.

Azula's stomach gave a sickening lurch. She watched for several uncomfortable moments while Ty Lee bawled, completely unsure how to respond. Seeing her cry was strangely awful when they weren't fucking. It unsettled her far more than it should have, and she couldn't help feeling responsible.

"Spirits, I can't stand this." Before she could think better of it, she pulled Ty Lee roughly into her arms. She almost expected the girl to object, or at least stay limp, but to her surprise, Ty Lee clutched at her sleeves and began sobbing into her shoulder. Soon, tears had stained the front pads of her armor, and Ty Lee still showed no signs of stopping. Azula remained tense, but she did rub a few awkward circles over the omega's naked back. "I shouldn't have ordered you to do that," she said haltingly. Admitting a mistake was difficult, especially to her own omega, but she forced herself to continue. "It won't happen again."

Ty Lee looked up, sniffing as she blinked a few more tears from her eyes. "Are you... saying you're sorry?" she asked, obviously surprised.

Azula didn't confirm the apology, but she didn't deny it either. She ran her knuckles along the side of Ty Lee's face, wiping away the wet streaks. "You can stop making a mess of yourself and my armor now." The order was weaker than she had intended, so she quickly changed the subject. "I've been considering what you should wear since this morning. I still want you naked whenever you're in my chambers, but perhaps I can commission some more outfits like the one you wore at my birthday celebration? I think that would please me more than any of the stupid clothes the tailors brought for you earlier."

Ty Lee studied her for a long moment, almost mistrustful of the shift in her attitude. Finally, she nodded her head. "All right... Mistress."

"Good." Azula cleared her throat, straightening her armor in a failed attempt to look more presentable. Unfortunately, between Ty Lee's tears and the lines of come that still covered her, they were both something of a mess. "But first, I think we need another bath. I'll draw it for us."
started heading toward her chambers, knowing Ty Lee would follow.

Chapter End Notes

Some of you might not be comfortable with Ty Lee accepting comfort from Azula, the one who hurt her in the first place, but keep in mind that she doesn't really have anyone else to get comfort FROM. She's all alone right now. :( 
Book Two: Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Hello, and welcome to Book Two of A Slight Miscalculation. Lots of character development, plot, and, of course, lots of smut are incoming. Also, I edited Book 1 before posting it. There are a few subtle changes, but not many. Other notes:

- I did end up going with 'pups' to reference the TyZula bebbehs. It fits with other Omegaverse fics I've seen, and writing 'child' over and over again looked weird?? I dunno.

- I timeskipped a month between this chapter and the last one. People usually know they're pregnant a month in.

- YOU CAN STILL LEAVE REQUESTS. I have this story mapped out, but I loooove comments and ideas. @_@ The flashback in the beginning of this chapter wasn't originally going to be there, but I added it because someone asked nicely in the comments. <3

“Beg,” Azula ordered, breath washing hot against Ty Lee’s throat.

Ty Lee sucked her lower lip between her teeth, trying to ignore the thick shaft sawing in and out of her. Awful shudders rolled through her every time the Princess's knot bumped against her clit, and she hated how good it felt. “Please, Mistress,” she gasped, eager to end this game as quickly as possible. Her inner walls pulsed, searching for the stretch she needed.

But Azula wasn’t satisfied with a simple please. She sped up, and her voice became a growl. “Beg for me to breed you. For me to flood you with my come until you can’t hold anymore.”

Ty Lee didn’t want to break down, but everything about Azula was intoxicating. Each thrust of Azula’s hips threatened to undo her. Every time Azula's lips wrapped around a word, she felt it all the way to her core. Each twitch that raced along the length of Azula's shaft made her clench and flutter. She despised this, but her body craved it anyway.

‘I won’t,’ she told herself, squeezing her eyes shut. Looking at Azula's face would weaken the last of her resolve. ‘She can humiliate me all she wants, but I won't humiliate myself. As long as I stay quiet, everything will be fine…’

Her optimism wavered as Azula shifted the angle of her thrusts, ramming into her sensitive front wall. She let out a wail of agony and approval as her entrance began parting for the swell of Azula’s knot. No matter how many times Azula tied with her, adjusting to the size was a struggle.

"Say it.” Azula’s voice hissed like steam, and Ty Lee shivered, fighting not to whimper at the sound. "Tell me how much you want this. How much you want to carry my pups..." Even with her eyes closed, Ty Lee could feel the Princess's smirk. Her opening clutched at the widest part of the knot, and she knew it would only take one more push for Azula to bury it inside. "The way you're milking me, I'll give you more than enough for a whole litter."
The thought was horrifying, but she responded with eagerness instead of disgust. She was begging before she could think better of it, pleading for her alpha to take mercy on her. Anything to fill the void within her, to ease the aching emptiness. “Please, Mistress,” she gasped, not even sure what she was saying. "P—please... f—fill m—fill me..." The words got easier and easier to say, and soon, they came rushing out. "Please, Mistress, fill me, please fill me, please fill me please— Ahh!"

Her chant became a shout as Azula’s knot finally popped inside. Her inner walls clenched down immediately, and the spike of pain was swept away by waves of bliss. She shivered and sobbed, surrendering to a terrible, sinking sense of relief. For a moment, her heat had convinced her that she might actually die without Azula’s knot inside of her and Azula’s come filling her up. But the Princess didn’t come right away. Ty Lee’s muscles cramped in agony, screaming for the harsh spurts that usually followed the tie. She trembled, but remained frozen, too overstimulated to move.

"Say it," Azula whispered again, right beside her ear. Her voice was strained with the effort of holding back her orgasm, but not close to breaking. "You’re an omega, so this shouldn’t be too difficult. Admit that you want to be bred. That you want me to sire your children."

Ty Lee didn’t want to speak, but she was already coming, sucking in ragged breaths as contractions pulsed through her body. They weren’t pleasurable. Her muscles locked even tighter around the base of Azula’s cock, rippling along the shaft, struggling to make room for the knot. But release wasn’t enough. She needed Azula’s climax even more than she needed her own. The tremors refused to stop and tears leaked from her eyes.

"I..." She swallowed, trying to ignore the ache pounding in her exposed, abandoned clit.

"Her lips mouthed strangled, silent words as her fingers clawed at the bedcovers. ‘I don’t want this... I don’t want to want this... Oh Spirits, I want this. Want her. Need her.’"

"Please, I need you to..." She lost herself in another round of rolling shudders, and the last of her hesitation slipped away. "...fill me. I’ll carry your pups, let you use me however you want, just please —"

Azula’s knot gave a hard twitch inside her. Pressure travelled the length of the Princess's shaft, and Ty Lee screamed as the thick bursts of come she had been waiting for finally flooded her pussy. She didn’t care what Azula had made her say. She didn’t care that she had humiliated and degraded herself. She didn’t care that she was probably already pregnant, and in the unlikely event that she wasn’t, the hot streams splashing inside her and stretching her well past her limits would certainly do the trick. She wanted exactly what Azula had forced her to beg for with every fiber of her being.

"Mine," Azula growled, seizing the back of her throat in another possessive bite. Ty Lee squirmed as fresh teeth-marks sank into the layers of bruises that were already there. The ebb and flow of her own devastating orgasms had become too exhausting to keep track of, but Azula’s seemed endless. The jets were hard and fast and constant, and her abdomen began to swell with the effort of holding it all. Azula’s come filled her to bursting, until her muscles could barely contract. But then a possessive hand stroked over her taut stomach, and even more spurts forced her body to make room...

* * *

Ty Lee flinched, jolting out of her awful memories as one of the old women probed her abdomen. The two ancient-looking twins had only been examining her for a short time, but fear and discomfort made it feel like forever. Their pale, painted faces had countless crags beneath their makeup, and their silver hair had been styled into immaculate fans. Alone, either one would have been strange to
observe, but as a matched set, they were even more eerie.

It didn't help that Azula was only a few yards away, watching her with eyes that gleamed like daggers. The Princess looked as tense as she felt, shoulders held stiff, ruby lips pressed into a thin line. She was obviously impatient, judging by the tapping of her foot and the way she had folded her arms across her chest. "How much longer is this going to take?" she snapped.

As one, the twins turned to look at her. "Patience and the mulberry leaf become a silk gown," the first said.

"Three feet of ice is not formed in a day," the second said.

Azula was not amused by her advisors' platitudes. However, to Ty Lee's surprise, she didn't lash out. Whoever these women were, the Princess respected them to a certain extent. She huffed instead and returned to her brooding, although her scowl deepened.

Ty Lee found herself staring at Azula's face in an effort to ignore the gnarled hands on her. Since their embarrassing "audience" before Fire Lord Ozai, the Princess had kept her distance. Ty Lee knew her Mistress was furious at being delegated to the role of glorified babysitter, and she foisted her duties off on others whenever possible. Azula hadn't demanded to mate with her either, which was both a relief and a disappointment. Although her heart was broken and her heat had long since left, she was more skin-hungry than ever.

"Why are you staring at me like that?" Azula's upper lip peeled back in the start of a snarl, and Ty Lee hurried to avert her eyes. She hated how much she still wanted her Mistress, at least in the physical sense. Azula's cold rejection over the past several weeks had hurt, and she couldn't understand why it bothered her so much. The Princess had violated her, degraded her, and humiliated her too many times to count. She should have welcomed the lack of interest, but instead, it pierced her heart.

At last, the hands moving over her abdomen stopped. She let out a breath of relief. The women had checked her temperature, examined her skin and nails, and even peered into her eyes for reasons she couldn't begin to guess. Just about the only place they hadn't looked was between her legs, and Ty Lee suspected that was because Azula would have had their heads for it. The alpha had bristled and growled at even the most clinical touches to her breasts and stomach.

"Well?" Azula asked, not content to wait any longer. "How many pups did I sire?" Despite her false bravado, Ty Lee could hear the real question behind it: Is she pregnant? She already knew the answer without the help of Azula's advisors, although she still struggled to accept it. Her breasts had been tender for weeks, and she hadn't been able to stomach breakfast for nearly as long. At a more basic, primitive level, she simply felt different. Her body was a tool and a weapon, one she had a close relationship with. It wasn't difficult to tell when something was off.

Some weapon, she thought, curling in on herself in disgust. I've had three chances to escape in the past week, and I haven't done it. What's wrong with me? I'm at Azula's mercy and all I can think about is how much I miss her touch.

After a long pause, the two women answered, repeating what she had already known for weeks.

"She is pregnant..."

"...with more than one."

"But it's too early for us to say how many."
To Ty Lee's surprise, a soft smile spread across Azula's face. It almost made the Princess look beautiful instead of terrifying, and her heart skipped a beat. Wait. Is she... proud? Relieved? Knowing what she did of Azula, she went with the less-favorable interpretation. Of course she's relieved. Fire Lord Ozai would have been furious with her if she failed... and I don't want to think about what he would have done to me.

"Lo, Li? The two of you are dismissed. Please inform my father of the good news."

While the old women made their bows, Ty Lee did a double-take. Please? I don't think I've ever heard her use that word before. She must be in a good mood. Her own heart sank, and cold realization settled in. She had known the truth almost from the start, but knowing it and hearing it confirmed were two different things. She was pregnant. Pregnant with Azula's pups, and worse still, she wasn't even unhappy about it. She had sailed right past unhappiness and straight on to numbness without even stopping long enough to cry.

Azula didn't give her long to process her thoughts. The Princess approached her as soon as Lo and Li exited through the doors. Her walk was more of a prowl, and her glossy red smile could only be described as smug. "A whole litter on your first try. Well done." Azula began circling her, and she started to tremble. Despite everything that had happened, her body still reacted to Azula's presence, quivering with longing at the mere thought of her touch.

"Were you expecting something else, Mistress?"

Azula's footsteps stopped behind her, and warm hands slide down along her bare sides, settling on her hips. "Perhaps. You're no fool, Ty Lee. Even though I know your weaknesses..." Azula squeezed a little tighter, and Ty Lee swallowed a gasp at the familiar grip. "...I will never make the mistake of underestimating you again. I'm sure you noticed the kajihana on my bathroom shelf. Why didn't you take it?"

"I didn't get the chance," Ty Lee said, although it wasn't the whole truth. "You almost burst in on me while I was holding it. Then you took it away."

"I don't think so," Azula whispered beside her ear. "You could have created an opportunity. You also could have escaped. I've seen you watching the guards. You have their patterns memorized, don't you?" Ty Lee knew better than to answer. She still hadn't given up on escaping, even though she couldn't seem to force herself to take the necessary steps. "And you're keeping up with your exercises. Are you simply bored, or are you planning something?"

"If I left, I'd have you and the entire Fire Nation army chasing after me," Ty Lee murmured, trying to ignore the heat flooding into her through Azula's palms. It made her ache in familiar ways, and she was acutely aware of just how long it had been since Azula had last held her like this. Aside from sharing a bed and occasionally waking up in each other's arms on accident, Azula hadn't initiated contact like this in weeks.

"Or maybe there are other reasons you don't want to leave?"

After a moment of hesitation, Azula's hands slid around to her front, stroking the curve of her abdomen. Ty Lee froze, almost forgetting how to breathe. The gesture somehow managed to be both tender and possessive at the same time, and she had no idea how to deal with the flood of emotion it caused. Her mind whirled with sadness, grief, anger, resentment, and a ridiculous sort of joy before finally locking onto something familiar: desire. It was a physical sensation, clear-cut and easy to understand. If she was aroused, then maybe she wouldn't have to be anything else yet.

Without speaking a word, she relaxed in her Mistress's embrace. She shifted her hips a little, pressing
back into Azula's pelvis, and wasn't surprised to feel the outline of a hard shaft against her ass. Everything else about her situation was a confusing mess, but at least this was simple. Azula wanted her, and she wanted to be wanted. It was one of the only things that made sense anymore, and she didn't have any shame left to lose. She needed to belong to her alpha, at least for the next few hours. Then, maybe she could start untangling the rest.
Azula cupped her hands over Ty Lee's belly, letting them rest against the subtle swell. The shape wasn't dramatic, not much different than it felt after a round of vigorous knotting, but the knowledge that Ty Lee was carrying her children stirred up curious feelings. She had expected to be resentful. Ozai's manipulation had caused this, and she would never have agreed to sire pups with a near-stranger otherwise. But...

But they're mine, she thought with a rush of pride. I made them. Not him. She leaned in close to Ty Lee's neck, inhaling her scent. It was ever so slightly different, as if it had mingled with her own. A smirk tugged at her lips, and she placed a kiss at the base of Ty Lee's throat, enjoying the way the omega shuddered. And she's mine, too. I chose her, I marked her, and I bred her.

The first kiss soon became a trail. She explored Ty Lee's shoulder with her mouth, savoring the sweet little sounds she earned when she introduced her teeth. It had been a while since their last coupling, and the length of her cock gave an eager pulse against Ty Lee's backside. Even though her omega had already conceived, Azula's desire to claim and knot her was almost as strong as it had been during the heat.

"Why did I stay away from you for so long?" she purred beside Ty Lee's ear. Wisps of light brown hair tickled her cheek, and she found herself wondering what it would look like falling loose. She removed her hands from Ty Lee's stomach and began unwrapping the strands. The locks felt like silk running through her fingers and she sighed with pleasure. "It's not fair that every part of you is so soft. And your scent..." She inhaled again, eyes fluttering as she held the breath inside. "If I didn't know you were carrying my pups, I'd think you were in heat again."

Ty Lee responded with a hard shiver. Azula recognized it as a sign of desire at once. Her pet wasn't afraid of her this time, and judging by her smell and her body language, she was more than receptive. Eager to check, she finished undoing Ty Lee's braid, letting her hair spill free between her shoulder blades. It ran down her back in a shining river, but Azula didn't tease her fingers through it again. There were other things she wanted to touch more. She slid her palm back over Ty Lee's belly, caressing its curve before dipping down to the waistband of her flowing pants.

That sparked a more dramatic reaction. Ty Lee stiffened, whimpering with what could have been a protest or encouragement. Azula wasn't concerned. She was used to the outward signs of Ty Lee's inner conflict, and she knew exactly how to deal with it. "You don't want to fight this," she murmured, adding a bit of a growl to her voice. The rough edge made Ty Lee tremble, just as she had hoped. "I know how badly you want me to take you. Your body is practically screaming for me." She slid beneath the waistband that had been taunting her, searching for the wetness she knew she would find.

Slickness spilled onto her fingers at the first brush, and the last cords of tension in Ty Lee's body snapped. The omega's hips jerked forward, and she let out a moan of what sounded like relief. Azula
smiled. She had known she would win from the start, but Ty Lee's submission was still extremely satisfying. Certain she wouldn't encounter any more resistance, she circled the stiff point of Ty Lee's clit one last time before removing her hand. She sent the girl toward the bed with a firm pat to her backside, already running through positions in her head. Her cock ached at the possibilities as she hurried to strip off her own clothes. She was hungry for Ty Lee's naked skin against hers and nothing else would satisfy.

"On your back," she ordered when she noticed Ty Lee waiting hesitantly by the edge of the mattress. "Legs spread." Although she loved taking her omega from behind, she wanted full access to Ty Lee's abdomen. Her palms already itched to stroke it again.

As soon as Ty Lee obeyed, Azula climbed between her parted thighs, clasping a slender ankle in each hand. She started to guide them around her waist, then thought better of it. A whim struck and she glanced down, studying the plump, parted lips of Ty Lee's pussy. The soft pink folds glistened with wetness, and her tongue grew thick in her mouth. Performing oral sex was something she rarely did. She disliked the implications of submission, and it was a lot of effort to expend for an activity that didn't provide her with much pleasure. But the impulse wouldn't leave, and suddenly, she wanted nothing more than to discover how Ty Lee tasted.

She draped Ty Lee’s legs over her shoulders, enjoying the look of surprise she earned as she scattered kisses across the omega's stomach. At least, she enjoyed it until Ty Lee let out a muffled snort of laughter. “What?” she asked, narrowing her eyes.

Ty Lee’s mouth twitched, as if she wasn’t sure whether to be afraid or amused. “I didn’t mean… It’s just… first ‘please’, now this?”

Azula struggled not to pout.

This is why I don’t use my mouth on my lovers more often. They always act like I’m breaking some unspoken rule. “Stop looking at me like I’m doing you a favor,” she snapped, digging her fingers into the soft flesh of Ty Lee’s thighs. The soft gasp her gesture earned reassured her that she still had control. “I’m your alpha. If I want to taste you, I can taste you. You’re here to please me, remember?”

“Of course, Azula,” Ty Lee murmured, still smiling. “Anything you say.”

Azula decided it wasn’t worth her time to argue, or to demand that Ty Lee use 'Mistress' instead of her name. She was the Princess, and she would take what she wanted. She pinned Ty Lee's hips to the bed, holding the omega firmly in place as she leaned in for her first taste. To her delight, Ty Lee's flavor was as delicious as her scent. She groaned as she slid her tongue through the furrow of her slave's pussy, gathering as much wetness as she could. It was surprisingly sweet, with just enough presence to linger in her mouth.

Soon, she started thrusting past the ring of Ty Lee's entrance in search of more. The selfish gesture earned her a torrent of whimpers and sighs. Ty Lee tried to rock against her chin, but Azula kept her still, growling in warning. She swirled and slid through the clinging heat of Ty Lee's inner walls, savoring each hot pulse of honey that poured over her lips and onto her tongue. Why did I stay away from you? she wondered again. And why did I wait so long to try this? Perhaps it was because Ty Lee was carrying her bite mark and her pups, but the omega's taste seemed tailor-made for her.

The longer she spent with her face buried between Ty Lee's thighs, the more her cock ached. Her shaft had been hard before, but it throbbed painfully whenever Ty Lee released another slip of wetness. The head dripped with need, drizzling thin spurts of pre-come onto the sheets, and the base pounded with fullness as her knot began to form. She pulled back for a moment to regain some control, staring at the pretty sight before her. Ty Lee's shimmering folds had flushed a deeper shade of red, and her clit stood out proudly from beneath its hood. Azula was tempted to mount her prize
and push in, but she resisted. She wanted to finish what she had started first, just to prove she could.

"Don't move," she rasped hooking her nails a little into Ty Lee's flesh to emphasize her point. "You're coming in my mouth at least once before I knot you."

Ty Lee didn't answer with words. She wailed, and her entire body tensed as she fought to keep from squirming. Azula enjoyed how pretty she looked in such agony, admiring the slick, swollen lips of her pussy and the clenching sheets of muscle that shivered along her stomach. Her soft breasts bounced when she forgot the order to stay still, already a little fuller, their tips puckered to tight, straining points. After committing the image to memory, Azula ducked back down and resumed what she had been doing, pulling the stiff bud of Ty Lee's clit past her lips and sucking hard.

It only took a little attention to earn the flood she had been working for. Ty Lee froze, and a rush of warmth burst from deep inside her, running everywhere at once. Azula was almost taken aback. She did her best to catch the sweet bursts, but they came stronger and faster than she expected. Her knot usually prevented Ty Lee from pushing anything out while they were fucking, including her own release.

After the first few shuddering spills, she released Ty Lee's clit and returned to her opening, too selfish to miss her reward. Ty Lee sobbed at the loss, but Azula didn't let sympathy sway her. She had started doing this because she craved her omega's taste, and any pleasure Ty Lee felt was secondary to hers. However, she was generous enough to trap the twitching point beneath one of her thumbs. The harder Ty Lee came, the more she would enjoy herself.

By the time Ty Lee's orgasm faded, the lower half of Azula's face was drenched and her curiosity was more than satisfied. She wiped her mouth with the back of her wrist, smearing away lipstick and come until she could breathe properly again. Ty Lee continued trembling beneath her, flinching every couple of seconds and panting heavily. Azula was pleased to notice that her eyes were a little teary, although she didn't appear to be in any distress. She simply seemed overwhelmed, torn between melting back into the bed or bucking her hips against orders in search of more pleasure.

Azula made the decision for her. The length of her cock was strained and full, and her knot was heavy with come. She ducked out from underneath Ty Lee's knees, grasping her ankles and hauling them up. She was about to put them on her shoulders before another thought struck. Slowly, she began pushing them backward, curious how far they could go.

A few seconds later, Ty Lee's feet were behind her head, and Azula couldn't quite believe her eyes. She had known her little acrobat was flexible, but seeing it up close was a special treat. It made her wish she had intruded on Ty Lee's daily stretching regimen before now instead of sulking in the background, keeping an eye on her only because her father had ordered it. No more wasted opportunities, she promised, sliding her hands along Ty Lee's lean calves. She's worth following Ozai's stupid orders for.

Ty Lee started making more sweet little noises when Azula lined up the tip of her cock. They started low and throaty as she worked herself inside, but came faster and higher as soon as she started moving. She smirked and pumped her hips, pushing in all the way to the top of her knot. Ty Lee's twisted position offered extra tightness and resistance, but the omega was still more than wet enough to take her thrusts. She fell into a fast rut, enjoying the luxurious warmth of Ty Lee's smooth inner walls sliding along her shaft.

Azula's eyes rolled back into her head. She had forgotten how good Ty Lee's pussy felt. The occasional blowjobs from pretty servants she had made do with over the past several weeks just couldn't compare. She drove as deep as she could on every thrust, and the urge to bury her knot swiftly became unbearable. Ty Lee's muscles were already milking a constant stream of fluid from
her swollen cock, and she didn't want to release the rest before she knotted. With an effort of will, she interrupted her rhythm to ease inside.

Ty Lee howled at the slow stretch, and Azula flashed back to the hazy nights they had spent tied together during the heat, completely wrapped up in each other. This wasn't nearly as different as she had expected. Somehow, Ty Lee's scent and touch and taste still managed to intoxicate her. Her lashes fluttered, and she stared down at her omega's slack lips, overtaken with the intense desire to kiss them. For once, she didn't stop. She balanced on her elbows, leaning down to take what she had denied herself for too long.

The second their mouths met, her knot popped inside. Ty Lee yelped into the kiss, but Azula didn't retreat on either front. She pushed forward with her tongue and let Ty Lee take the full force of her weight, settling in while their bodies locked into place. Hot muscle clamped down, her shaft gave a hard ripple, and instinct took over. Her hips gave another jolt as thick jets of come shot from her twitching head, but she had already bottomed out. There was nowhere left to go.

Ty Lee fluttered around her as soon as she began emptying herself. Sharp little teeth dug into her lower lip, and harsh contractions began massaging her knot. Azula did her best to angle herself and keep pressure on Ty Lee's clit, letting her omega's orgasm draw out her own. It was a constant cycle of give and take, and soon, the curve of Ty Lee's abdomen carried an even more noticeable swell. She could feel it beneath her, and combined with the way Ty Lee had started sucking eagerly at her twitching head, it was enough to coax gush after gush of come from her shivering cock.

It took her a long time to finish spending, and even longer to pull out. She spent several minutes resting on top of Ty Lee's warm body, outlining the omega's lips with kisses as they both shuddered with aftershocks. Once in a while, Ty Lee clamped around her again and her cock released another weak pulse, but she wascontent to stay still. Nothing in the world could have pulled her from the warm honeytrap she was caught in.

At last, the puddle beneath them grew too large to ignore. She groaned and withdrew, taking a moment to bring Ty Lee's legs back down before rolling off to one side. She knew Ty Lee could have done it herself, but if her omega felt anything like she did, she was probably too exhausted to move.

"Azula?" a soft voice beside her asked.

Azula squinted over with watery eyes. She wasn't crying, not exactly, but with her head spinning and her puffy lips tingling, her eyes were definitely leaking enough to make her mascara run. It didn't matter. Her makeup was already a lost cause. So was insisting that Ty Lee keep calling her Mistress. It just didn't seem fitting anymore now that the omega was carrying her pups, although she couldn't articulate why. "What is it?"

"Why did you kiss me?"

Azula sighed, flinging her forearm over her face to shield her eyes. She didn't want to answer the question—she didn't even know how to answer the question—so she responded with one of her own. "Why haven't you run away yet?"

Ty Lee remained silent, but she did shift closer on the bed. When the weight of Ty Lee's head came to rest on top of her chest, Azula didn't push her away. She remained flat on her back, soaking in her omega's warmth through the places where their skin pressed flush. Why did I kiss her? she wondered as Ty Lee's breathing evened out. 'Because I'm the Princess' didn't sound very convincing, even in her own head.
This chapter kinda goes to a lot of places at once, but I hope it makes sense and comes together at the end (no pun intended).

It wasn't originally supposed to be a sex scene at all, but it kind of turned into one by accident. Sorry not sorry. c__c Warning for anal and messy cumshots.

"How long did you travel with the circus before I purchased you, Ty Lee?"

Ty Lee gazed curiously at Azula from between her splayed ankles. The Princess had been watching her stretch for the better part of an hour, but aside from an interruption part-way through when Azula had demanded the use of her mouth, they hadn't spoken much. It hadn't been an awkward silence, but a silence nonetheless. She removed her legs from over her head, lowering them until she was resting on her stomach once more. "Eight years," she said, forming a fist beneath her cheek. "Why?"

Azula didn't answer her question. Instead, her brow furrowed. "Eight years? But the circus has come to the Palace every year since I was a child. Why didn't I notice you?"

"I don't know... Mistress." Since the incident following Li and Lo's examination, Ty Lee hadn't been sure what to call Azula. Once in a while, she took a risk and used the Princess's first name—which got her a few brooding, unreadable looks, but none of the promised punishments. Most of the time, she lost her courage and fell back on formal titles. She didn't ask Azula what she preferred to be called, for fear that pointing it out might rouse her anger... or perhaps earn an answer she didn't want to hear.

When Azula kept staring at her, Ty Lee continued. "I remember seeing you at the performances. You always looked a little bored. Sometimes I wondered if you were sad."

"Irritated," Azula clarified. "Probably because I was being forced to sit next to my father and brother. But if you were with the circus for eight years, you must have been twelve, maybe thirteen when you joined. Why did you leave home so young?"

Ty Lee tried to conceal her surprise. She had expected Azula to drop the subject, or continue talking about herself. She had no idea why her Mistress was suddenly so interested in her personal history. I guess there's no reason to keep it secret. It's not like she's going to send me back to my parents now that I'm carrying her pups...

She moved into a sitting position, curling in on herself. The days continued to fly by, but thinking about her situation was still painful. She wasn't certain of anything, not even how she felt. When she wasn't in denial about her pregnancy, she was scared and hurt and resentful, with a few random fits of inappropriate joy thrown in just to confuse her further. "I ran away," she said, resting her chin on her knees. "I'm from a noble family..."

"I knew I had good taste," Azula drawled, fixing her with a lingering look. "Go on."

"I was part of a big litter. There were seven of us, all female omegas, all identical. It got
"Competitive?" Azula repeated in disbelief. "I thought you said all your littermates were omegas?"

"I did," Ty Lee said. "Forgive me, Mistress, but if you don't think omegas can be competitive, you
don't understand us as well as you say."

A look of annoyance flashed across Azula's face, but she didn't argue. Instead, she settled back against the pillows, as if to continue listening.

"Since there were so many of us, we fought for our parents' affection. My father encouraged it. My mother tried, but there was only so much attention to go around." She paused, lowering her knees away from her chest and sitting cross-legged on the floor. "When we grew older, it got worse. My sisters and I picked different hobbies so no one could see us as the same person. I chose acrobatics."

"A choice I'm very appreciative of," Azula said with a smirk.

Ty Lee gave a weak smile of her own. "Um, thank you?"

"But why did you leave? Plenty of people have awful parents. Not all of us run away to join the circus."

Ty Lee sighed. "My sisters and I came into our heats when we were thirteen. It made my father realize we could be... profitable... for him. There were lots of noble alphas who needed fertile mates. He had seven daughters to offer."

"At thirteen?" Azula pulled a disgusted face. "An omega that age couldn't survive a rut, let alone a pregnancy."

Ty Lee was surprised by her Mistress's tone. It was obvious Azula held the idea in contempt, but her opinion was incredibly hypocritical. This is the same woman who violated me, she reminded herself, studying Azula with sharp eyes. The same woman who sees nothing wrong with using my body to make the heirs she wants. She thinks of me as an object she can use, just like he did. I can't forget. "He was going to wait a few years to make the final arrangements, but it didn't matter. I ran."

"And now you're here," Azula said. She paused, and a crease formed in the middle of her brow, as if she was thinking deeply. "You still haven't told me why you've made no attempts to escape the Palace. If you're being honest with me, this is the exact situation you were desperate to run away from."

Ty Lee knew it was an awful idea, but she couldn't resist responding with a question of her own. "If the thought of an omega being mated to an alpha they didn't choose bothers you, why are you keeping me here?"

"Believe me, it wasn't my idea," Azula snapped. She bristled and sat up straight on the mattress, taking a defensive posture. "I'm as much a pawn in this as you. A real alpha doesn't need to hold her omega captive. I was perfectly satisfied seducing the kitchen staff until my idiot brother ran away and the illustrious Fire Lord suddenly decided he needed me to be more than a weapon in his army. He told me I had to produce an heir—immediately. If I hadn't chosen you to carry my first litter, it would have been someone else. Probably someone unbearable. At least you were pretty."

Against her better judgment, Ty Lee found herself growing frustrated. Usually, her first instinct when Azula showed any sign of aggression was to submit, as any omega would. But Azula's hypocritical, self-serving explanation had tapped into the molten pit of anger her usual optimism had been boiling in for months. "Is that really what you told yourself during my heat? Somehow, despite everything
else you've done to me, I thought lying was beneath you."

It was a grave mistake. Azula's smoldering eyes narrowed to slits, and her upper lip peeled back, showing the sharp edges of her teeth. "You believe I'm lying? About what? Think carefully before you answer." She left the bed and clenched her fists, flames spitting from between the gaps in her bulging knuckles. "I told my father I would keep you alive, but such a broad promise leaves plenty of room for... interpretation."

Ty Lee trembled. A wave of regret crashed over her, and her fearful instincts rushed back full force. She remained on the ground as Azula stalked toward her, casting her gaze down and exposing her throat. "I—I'm sorry, Mistress—"

A sharp hand seized her chin, forcing her to look up. The grip was unnaturally hot, not enough to burn, but enough to make her skin ache. Worse still were Azula’s eyes. They blazed with fury, all of it directed at her. "I'm tired of this game. No more trading questions without answers. What did you think I was lying about? Explain it to me. Now."

Frantically, she searched for an explanation that wouldn't offend. Any form of honesty would only make things worse, but Azula wasn’t giving her a choice. "Claiming me, Mistress. The Fire Lord didn't make you. You could have picked another omega, one who would have been honored to bear your children. But you chose me. You demanded me before I was even yours, as if you already owned me. The Fire Lord forced you to pick someone, but he didn’t force you to pick me."

The next moment, she was flat on her back, wrists pinned above her head. Azula's tense form stretched over hers, and she felt the length of the Princess's cock swell rapidly against her hip. "That's exactly why I picked you." The look on Azula's face held so many emotions that it wasn't possible for Ty Lee to sort through them all, but the possessive lust radiating from her was unmistakeable. It twisted her fear into desire, and she fought to hold still. "And I do own you, but not because I'm keeping you as my prisoner."

Somehow, Ty Lee found her voice. "After everything I just said, you can't believe I like staying here?" she whispered, but the question was small and uncertain. She wasn't sure of her answer.

"No. You hate it as much as I do. But you won't leave, either." Azula dipped down, scenting the crook of her shoulder, breathing over the mark on her throat. "If you don't want this, prove it. Paralyze me and throw me off. I know you can. I won't even use my bending to stop you."

Ty Lee's heart clenched, but the rest of her body didn't get the message. Her muscles rippled with want as a sickening slip of wetness pulsed from her entrance. It slid through the folds of her pussy, leaving her inner thighs sticky and hot. It was the same stupid game Azula had played with her on the first night of her captivity. Worst of all, she already knew she would lose. She always lost when Azula did this. Her Mistress knew exactly how to use sex as a weapon, and she had no defenses against it.

"No?" Azula taunted. Her grip still burned, but her voice crackled with cold. "I didn't think so. Here, I'll make it easier." The Princess released her, and Ty Lee mourned the loss in spite of herself. It was actually harder to breathe without Azula's weight on her chest. "Now's your chance. Go lock yourself in the washroom. Run for the hall. Incapacitate the guards and flee the Palace for all I care. But if you stay, you're admitting you want whatever I give you."

The decision was simple. It wasn't even a choice, despite Azula's insistence. Something twisted and hateful inside of her wouldn't let her leave, wouldn't even let her move. She remained flat on her back, staring up at the ceiling with swimming, blurry eyes as her heartbeat thundered in her head.
Azula took her silence for an answer. Moments later, Ty Lee was on all fours, flowing pants pooled around her knees. Sharp teeth sank into the back of her throat, finding a firm hold, and she shuddered as the broad tip of Azula's cock started sliding through her wetness. Part of her was grateful. At least in this position, she wouldn't have to see Azula's face. Her fingers curled and scratched against the floor, and she sucked in shallow breaths as the thick shaft began sinking inside. Azula was angling to hit her front wall, putting in the effort to make it pleasurable, and somehow that was worse than pain. She didn't want to be reminded of how much she enjoyed this.

Soon, she was swaying back and forth under the power of Azula's rut, gasping each time the Princess's length bottomed out. For once, Azula didn't verbally degrade her. She was unwilling to give up her bite, or perhaps she didn't even feel the need. She had already proven her point. Ty Lee tried to endure the silence, but somehow, it only made the other sounds worse—the hard slap of Azula's hips against her ass, their labored panting, the whimpers that slipped out when Azula rammed into the perfect spot.

It got worse when one of Azula's hands snaked around her waist to cup between her dripping thighs. The knowing way Azula's fingers pinched the swollen point of her clit was a torturous reminder of just how well her Mistress had learned her body. Her hips jerked helplessly, and tears welled in her eyes. Azula was selfish and sadistic, but she was manipulative above everything else.

Ty Lee didn't even bother fighting her first orgasm as it broke over her. It was sudden and shattering, and each clawing pulse left her feeling empty without Azula's knot and come inside her. Her upper half collapsed, and she rode out her release with her cheek and breasts trapped against the floor, eyes screwed shut and lungs burning. She hated every shiver that coursed through her, each desperate clutch of her muscles, every pulse of slippery heat she spilled onto Azula's circling fingers.

Even without the tie, her contractions were strong enough to trigger Azula's orgasm. Just when her climax started to fade, the Princess's cock gave a sluggish jolt inside of her. Thick streams of come burst from the pounding head, splashing hard against her inner walls and flooding her pussy with warmth. But with Azula's knot twitching just outside her entrance instead of blocking it, the powerful jets soon had her overflowing. Each spurt Azula pumped into her fed the rivers winding down her legs until a lake had formed between her knees, soaking through her discarded pants. She came all over again, milking Azula's length for more, her entire body locked up tight.

But Azula hadn't finished. She eased her hips back and withdrew, still spilling over. Ty Lee flinched as the next several spurts hit the upturned swell of her ass, running down the backs of her thighs. Her muscles clenched with jealousy, and she bit her lip in anger. If Azula's goal was to humiliate her, she had already succeeded. There wasn't any need for the extra mess. But then the fat head lined up with her other opening, and all of Azula's actions made sense.

Ty Lee used the split second of warning to try and relax. She knew from experience that resistance would only make it worse. Thankfully, Azula hadn't finished coming, and the slippery streams made her entrance nearly painless. She slid almost all the way in with just a few short thrusts, and Ty Lee clenched down instinctively to keep her there. She shuddered as Azula began rolling her hips, bracing herself for what was coming next.

The stretch that followed made it impossible to breathe. Holding Azula's knot in her pussy was overwhelming on its own, but taking it in her ass always made her feel like she was being torn in two. She whimpered and trembled, trying not to fight against the pressure and praying that it wouldn't take long. Just when she was about to plead for Azula to stop, it finally sank inside, locking into place. Sweet relief coursed through her body, and she groaned as Azula guided her the rest of the way onto her stomach, smearing kisses across her shoulder.
"Mine," Azula murmured against her skin, still sucking at the tender bruise she had left. Her hips fell into a lazy, luxurious rut as she emptied the second half of her orgasm, and even with her knot buried, she managed to make every thrust count. Ty Lee's clit throbbed, and more wetness ran down her thighs as the inner walls of her pussy fluttered. She didn't want to come again, but she wasn't sure she could stop herself.

As always, Azula seemed to pick up on her awful thoughts. "Do it yourself this time," she purred. "I'm enjoying this too much to worry about you."

After a moment's hesitation, Ty Lee swallowed her pride and squeezed one of her hands beneath her body to find her clit. She was coming into her own palm and around Azula's cock at the first touch. Her clit jumped between her fingers, and wetness gushed past her wrist, spreading further each time Azula sent another stream of come deep into her ass. The cycle of give and take was back, and she couldn't bring herself to stop it. She didn't want to stop it.

Eventually, it ended on its own. Azula shrank enough to pull out with a slick pop, and Ty Lee didn't protest. She remained limp and passive as Azula sat back on her heels, groping the swell of her ass and holding her open to the cold air. "Spirits, you look beautiful with my come dripping out of you in two places..." Ty Lee gasped, squirming and blushing as Azula's hot tongue swiped from the straining point of her clit to the slippery ring of her ass. Two fingers quickly took its place, and her abdomen clenched as Azula began thrusting in and out of the hole she had just fucked. "And you taste even better when you're covered in me."

Ty Lee spread her legs wider as Azula's tongue returned to her pussy, pushing hungrily past her entrance. Part of her was still amazed the Princess had only fucked her instead of actually punishing her. When she thought back on what she had said, and Azula's conflicted response to it, she wasn't certain whether she had won or lost the argument. Azula had more than proven that she wasn't exactly an unwilling participant when they mated, but...

She doesn't like keeping me as her prisoner. It's a blow to her pride, if nothing else. She only picked me to spite her father, and she feels just as conflicted about our arrangement as I do. A plan began forming in her mind, almost enough to distract her from the heat of Azula's mouth as it latched onto her sore, swollen clit and started to suck. If Ozai didn't need her, Azula wouldn't need her, either. And if Azula didn't need her... Maybe I don't have to escape. If Azula was the Fire Lord instead of Ozai, she'd let me walk right out of the Palace once she got tired of fucking me. Both of us would be free, and both of us would get exactly what we want.
This chapter expands more on Ty Lee's plan. >_> She's turning out to be quite the little Delilah here.

Can't decide if next chapter is going to be super smutty cock-worship, or if I'll skip to a training session. Feel free to leave your opinion.

"Forgive me, My Lord?" Azula's eyes narrowed to slits, but otherwise, her face remained smooth and motionless. She fixed Ozai with an intense stare, too angry to fear the consequences of her blatant show of disrespect. "I must have misunderstood you. I thought you just said I wouldn't be accompanying the Fire Nation's finest troops to the Northern Water Tribe?"

Ozai returned her look, his face even more of a blank slab than her own. "There was no misunderstanding." He turned, nodding toward a bulky, sour-looking man seated a few spaces away. "As I said, I have chosen General Zhao to take care of this... minor diplomatic incident."

Azula gritted her teeth. General Zhao was an idiot among idiots, thirsty to prove himself as an alpha and not nearly terrified enough of her for her liking. She had hated him before, but her father's announcement made her loathe him twice as much.

"With all due respect, father, I thought you said the Water Tribe rebels were a serious concern? And what about the reports of an Airbender with them? Fire Lord Sozin wiped them out a century ago." She aimed another look at Zhao, who hadn't quite managed to mask his annoyance either. "Don't you think this situation requires a more... adept touch?"

"You mean your touch?" Ozai asked. "Your arrogance is speaking for you, Azula. General Zhao is one of my most capable soldiers. He will lead our forces, and he will ferret out this "Airbender"—assuming he exists."

To her disgust, Zhao bowed his head, pressing a flattened palm over his fist. "I will do everything in my power to stabilize the situation, My Lord, and I will not return until I am successful."

Azula clenched her hands beneath the table. "You're just keeping me here because you want something to control," she snapped, ignoring Zhao in favor of her father. She hadn't always despised him, and as much as she hated to admit it, Ozai's lack of faith in her hurt. "If Zuko hadn't left, you wouldn't hesitate to send me. Then he could be your punching bag, and I could be your fist again."

It was a stupid thing to say. Anger flashed across Ozai's face, and he rose to his full height, growling at her from over the table. "Do not speak that name in my presence. He no longer exists. You are the last scion of our bloodline, and you must learn to accept what that entails."

Azula rose as well, baring her own teeth as fire flickered around her fists. "I have accepted it. I chose an omega, just like you asked. I made you the litter you wanted. Everything I've ever done has been on your orders. I am the head of your army. I conquered Ba Sing Se for you, something your own brother couldn't do. You don't need to keep me prisoner in my own home anymore!"
Ozai remained unmoved. While her fury blazed hot, his remained cool and controlled. "I have countless warriors to make our nation great. I only have one heir. Until those pups are born, nothing is guaranteed. You will stay here, as I have ordered."

Azula's stomach roiled. It would have been different if her father was actually concerned for her safety, but he had never hesitated to send her into dangerous situations before. Ozai might have treated her better than Zuko when they were pups, but she was under no delusions that he loved her. He had always seen her as something he could use: first as a weapon, and now as the only means of continuing his legacy. It was her misfortune that Zuko was no longer around to take the brunt of his bullying.

For a moment, she considered challenging him. She was destined to become the Fire Lord anyway. She had been a child prodigy, the most talented Firebender in the century since Lord Sozin's time. True alphas settled their differences with an agni kai, not petty snarling. But even though her instincts as an alpha urged her to fight, her instincts of self-preservation won out. Ozai was older, stronger, and far more experienced than she was. No matter how fiercely she fought, her victory would not be guaranteed. Not yet, at any rate.

After a long, painful silence, she let the flames dancing around her hands die out. She dropped to her knees, feeling sick all the while, and bent her head down, exposing the back of her throat. "I am your servant, My Lord," she whispered, almost choking on the bitter words. "I apologize for my outburst. It was unnecessary and ill-advised."

Ozai made her hold the position a long time while she seethed in humiliation. When he finally said, "Rise," she was trembling with barely-restrained rage. "Your apology is accepted. Go find your omega. Perhaps you can work some of that unnecessary aggression out on her instead of making a fool of yourself. But if she comes to any harm, believe me when I say that your punishment will not be lenient."

"At your will, father." She made one last bow, retreating from the room before he could change his mind. The last thing she wanted was for him to further abuse her by forcing her to apologize to General Zhao as well. Although she despised the thought of doing what Ozai had told her, she headed for her rooms, determined to be alone with her anger. Well, alone except for Ty Lee. Hopefully the omega would take the hint and give her a wide berth.

With her blistering pace, it didn't take her long to reach her chambers. As usual, there were guards posted outside, but she scared them off with a single look. None of them dared to challenge her, and they scurried to the other end of the hall before she could even open the door. Ty Lee's scent hit her nose as soon as she stepped into the front room, and she paused for a moment to breathe it in. She wasn't sure why, but something about the omega's smell had become a comfort to her.

By the time she reached the bedroom, she was slightly calmer, but still agitated. She pushed past the dividing screen to see Ty Lee waiting for her, a platter of food in her lap. The omega smiled upon seeing her and sat up straighter. "Hello, Mistress. They brought boiled crab dumplings for lunch today. Would you like some?"

Azula shook her head and scowled. She still felt ready to bite someone's head off, and eating was the last thing on her mind. "Later," she said, her voice tight with restraint. Ty Lee was in an unfortunately cheerful mood, and it grated on her nerves. She wasn't sure whether she wanted to bend the omega over the nearest flat surface and work out her anger, as Ozai had suggested, or isolate herself further.

Ty Lee set the platter aside, climbing to her feet. "Well then, would you like me to help you out of your armor? It doesn't look very comfortable."
After a moment's thought, Azula nodded. "Fine. I might as well get this off." She turned around, offering Ty Lee her back. "It's not as if I'll be needing it any time soon," she muttered under her breath.

Unfortunately, her voice wasn't soft enough. "Why won't you be needing it?" Ty Lee asked as her small, nimble fingers undid the hidden clasps.

"Because my father still wants me to waste my time babysitting you," Azula said. As soon as she said the words, she felt a curious hollowness in her chest. Something compelled her to add, "Your company is satisfactory, but there are important things I should be doing."

She waited for Ty Lee to ask the obvious follow-up question, but the omega simply continued removing layers of her armor, starting with the shoulderpads. "I don't understand why Fire Lord Ozai wants you to waste your time with me. You're the Princess. You should be doing, well... Princess things."

Azula turned back, regarding Ty Lee with surprise. "You sound more sensible than my father and all his generals combined." The look of happiness that appeared on Ty Lee's face at her pronouncement made her feel curiously warm. She unfastened her belt without Ty Lee's help, looping it over one arm and offering it to her. "Put this away for me. I'll take care of the boots myself."

Obediently, Ty Lee carried her belt and shoulderpads over to the closet where she kept her ceremonial armor. "I think it's a waste of your talents."

Azula watched her walk away, unable to ignore the sway in her hips. "Have they grown fuller since I first claimed her, or am I imagining things?"

"That would be an understatement. At least someone sees it. But with my brother gone, Ozai needs someone around to manipulate."

Ty Lee faced her again, head bowed in submission. "May I ask a question, Mistress?"

Azula nodded her head. The longer she talked with Ty Lee, the better she felt. "Why not? Ask your question, then."

"Why was Prince Zuko banished? I only heard rumors while I was at the circus."

A smile crept across Azula's lips. "Don't think I can't tell what you're up to, Ty Lee. If you're hoping to get out of performing your duty to the Royal Family, I'm afraid Zuko won't be able to help you. He was banished for mating with an infertile beta."

"Why haven't you done the same?" Ty Lee asked, turning in her arms. The omega began unfastening her shirt and trousers without being told, stripping her down to her underwear. "You hate it here almost as much as I do."

"Mistress..." Ty Lee shuddered in her embrace, and Azula almost found herself purring.

"You know, father wouldn't have cared if he'd simply taken Mai as a lover and found someone else to bear his pups. But he had to be stupid, as usual. He let her bite him back. After that, he was useless. They ran away together, and now father won't allow anyone to so much as speak his name."

"Why haven't you done the same?" Ty Lee asked, turning in her arms. The omega began unfastening her shirt and trousers without being told, stripping her down to her underwear. "You hate it here almost as much as I do."

Azula snorted in disgust, allowing Ty Lee to finish undressing her. "And give up my birthright? Never. Zuko would have made a terrible Fire Lord anyway. He was born with power, but he had no idea what to do with it."

She handed Ty Lee the rest of her clothes, then reached for the robe hanging hooked on the closet door, sliding her arms through its loose sleeves. Her cock stirred
slightly as she watched Ty Lee fold her clothes and set them aside, but she made no move to cover herself. There was no reason why she should.

"But you do," Ty Lee said once she had finished. When she looked up, her eyes were bright with what Azula could only assume was admiration. "You know everything about power. You use it effortlessly. You're the kind of alpha who should be Fire Lord."

Azula gave Ty Lee a doubtful look. "Why are you being so... pleasant to me all of a sudden? We have our moments, but most of those happen while we're rutting or tied. I thought you were resentful of me for keeping you here?" She headed to the other side of the room before Ty Lee could answer, choosing to sit in front of her vanity instead. "Come fix my hair," she ordered, gazing closely at her reflection in the mirror. "It needs combing."

"Of course, Azula."

The use of her first name instead of her title made her stiffen, but she didn't move when Ty Lee joined her by the mirror. She decided to let it be. Part of her almost liked the way Ty Lee's lips wrapped around her name.

"I'm not resentful of you for keeping me here," Ty Lee said, coming to stand behind her chair.

Azula allowed the omega to remove her headpiece, then her top-knot, sighing with pleasure as her hair spilled down her back. "What made you change your mind? I thought this was your worst fear, the reason you ran away from home to join the circus?"

Ty Lee picked up a jeweled comb and began running it through her freshly loosened hair without prompting. "You were right about me. I do enjoy mating with you. What I don't enjoy is carrying a litter against my will and being trapped in the palace. It's pretty, but it's just a cage. I can't stand cages."

Azula picked up on what she wasn't saying. "So, you've decided to place the blame for your situation on my father instead of me? I don't see why you shouldn't. I picked you because you happened to catch my eye, but all this was his idea." She gazed at Ty Lee's reflection in the mirror, watching the omega's face carefully. She saw nothing but sincerity there, although she remained wary.

"I guess we agree," Ty Lee said quietly, continuing to comb out her hair in soothing strokes.

Azula relaxed and leaned back in her chair, letting her eyes drift shut. "Agree on what, exactly?"

"That Fire Lord Ozai is causing both of us misery... and that you would be a better Fire Lord than he is."

Azula turned her head, giving Ty Lee a catlike blink. "You have a plan," she said, impressed despite herself. Once again, she reminded herself never to underestimate Ty Lee's intelligence. She had a feeling it would end badly for her if she did.

"More of a bargain." Ty Lee set the comb aside and rested both hands on her shoulders, lips skimming her ear. "You haven't challenged Ozai to agni kai because you aren't sure if you can beat him, right?"

Under normal circumstances, Azula would never have admitted it. This time, however, she gave a small nod of confirmation. "I'm more talented than he ever was, but he has several decades' more experience. I've considered it too risky to try."
"Then let me help you cheat. I can show you how to block his chi. He won't be able to bend, and you'll win."

Azula was already considering it before Ty Lee finished the sentence. It did seem like the solution to all her problems. The humiliation burning in her gut seared hot at the thought of vengeance, and a smile crept across her glossed lips. "What do you want in return?"

"Just my freedom," Ty Lee said. "That's all."

Some of Azula's eagerness faded. Her smile vanished, and her stomach twisted into a curious knot. Why don't I want to let her go? It isn't a large thing to ask for helping me take over the entire kingdom, and it doesn't inconvenience me at all. She's a fantastic fuck, but there will be plenty of other omegas to warm my bed once she's gone. After a brief pause, she gave her reluctant agreement. "Fine. If your plan succeeds, you can have your freedom. But you don't leave until after the pups are born. They're still Fire Nation property."

Ty Lee's gaze hardened. "They're also my flesh. You didn't even want them. They come with me."

Azula sensed that Ty Lee wouldn't waver. Despite her doubts, she decided to agree to her omega's stubborn demands, at least for the moment. She could always renegotiate the terms of their partnership later, when the balance of power was more in her favor. "Very well. You'll get what you want, provided you're a half-decent teacher. We can start training tomorrow."

"In that case, I have plans for this evening." Ty Lee knelt beside her in one fluid motion, urging her to turn her chair to the left. Azula did so, and wasn't entirely surprised when Ty Lee pulled her robe further open. The length of her cock twitched when Ty Lee's soft hand circled the base, and she gave a soft groan of approval.

"Are you sure you want to leave after our little coup?" she rumbled as Ty Lee pumped her to hardness. She had already been most of the way there thanks to their closeness. "You're going to miss my knot when you go."

Instead of claiming otherwise, Ty Lee let out a soft whimper, kissing her swollen head until it dripped with clear fluid. Azula allowed her to take her time, savoring the omega's soft pink tongue as it swirled over her sensitive slit. It felt too good for words, and she was in no rush. Besides, after the day I've had, this is exactly what I deserve—an obedient omega at my feet and a hot, eager mouth to suck me. And soon enough, I'll have everything else I deserve, too.
Ty Lee pressed a wet, open kiss to the tip of Azula's cock, whimpering as the taste of salt spread across her tongue. She had grown used to the flavor over the past few months, but it still made her stomach twist even as her mouth ached for more. *You don't need to like this,* the chastising voice in her mind said. *You just need to keep her happy. Get her to go along with your plan.* But she kept moving her fist, testing the shaft's firmness. She had long since learned that trying not to enjoy herself during sex with Azula was an exercise in frustration.

"I think I prefer you this way," Azula purred, gazing at her with hooded eyes.

Ty Lee drew back with a shaking gasp. When Azula looked at her like that, it made her heart lurch in ways she didn't understand. "Which way..." She hesitated, wavering between terms before eventually deciding on, "Mistress?"

"Hungry, and only a little conflicted." Azula spread her thighs further apart, somehow managing to seem graceful as she scooted to the edge of her chair. Her length jutted out from her body, and Ty Lee couldn't keep from staring. The sight of Azula's cock made her dizzy even though she had seen it countless times. Silky fluid drizzled from the broad head, coating the shaft until it shimmered. The large knot at the bottom gave her a nervous, queasy feeling that actually became pleasant after a few seconds. Her inner walls fluttered, and not for the first time, she wondered how it could possibly fit inside her.

The sound of a clearing throat snapped her out of her haze. Fortunately, Azula seemed amused instead of annoyed. "You may continue," she drawled, her expression and her voice both dripping with smugness. "I know the sight is impressive, but just staring is such a waste."

Ty Lee shuddered. She had no idea how she had gone from seducing Azula to being ensnared herself. *It doesn't matter. The more she values me, the easier this partnership will be.* "I'm sorry, Mistress," she murmured, layering the words with as much syrup as she could. "You're..." Her eyes roamed the expanse of Azula's body, taking in the perfect breasts peeking out from the Princess's open robe and the waterfall of dark hair tumbling down her pale shoulders. When the last word escaped, it was more genuine than she had intended. "Beautiful."

Sadly, it was the truth. Regardless of her selfishness, her sadistic streak, and her obsession with control, Azula was beautiful. It was in the way she looked, the way she moved, the effortless way she demanded obedience, and Ty Lee had long since stopped trying to deny it.

"I've already agreed to your plan," Azula said. "Flattery isn't necessary." But she looked pleased, and
her shaft pulsed a little.

Ty Lee gave it another stroke, coaxing clear warmth to run along her fingers. She had no idea if other alphas made as much wetness, but when they weren't joined, Azula always spilled rivers over her breasts, her belly, her thighs... Don't think about it, she told herself, even though her tongue throbbed for another taste. Just be grateful. It makes your job easier.

"You deserve flattery, Mistress." She scattered worshipful kisses along the underside of Azula's cock, partially for show, but also because she couldn't resist. Soon, she was licking as well, gathering up the glistening streams. The sticky-hot taste of honey swelled in her mouth, and she took Azula's tip between her lips, sucking greedily.

One of Azula's hands curled around her neck, not exactly pushing, but preventing her from pulling away. "Here," she ordered, using the other as a guide. "This should give you more."

Ty Lee allowed her fingers to be wrapped around Azula's knot. She could barely begin to form a fist, but she knew what Azula wanted. She squeezed what she could hold, and was rewarded with several spurts of sweetness. A soft moan slipped out before she could stifle it. Instead of swallowing, she let Azula's wetness slide back down her shaft, adding to the slickness that was already there.

Azula started petting her hair, urging her to lift off. "Saving your appetite?" she teased, her smirk spreading wider.

A burning flush crept across Ty Lee's face. She knew Azula expected some kind of response, and she wasn't sure she could form one. She had gone into this with the intention of stroking Azula's ego as well as her cock, but all the phrases she had practiced lodged in her throat. Since she couldn't speak, she pumped Azula's length in earnest. She took the puffy head past her lips, burrowing her tongue into the narrow slit at the top.

Azula obviously approved. Her shaft rippled, leaking heavily. "How did an inexperienced omega get such a talented mouth?" she wondered aloud. "And such clever hands..."

Ty Lee took the hint. She cupped Azula's knot, feeling it pulse in her palms. It had already reached its full size, and slippery warmth started spreading between her own legs. She squirmed on her heels, hoping it wouldn't drive her to do something stupid.

"Not that it matters. I'm already pregnant. Letting her take me again won't make any difference."

Instead of stifling her hope, the thought was strangely freeing. One of her worst fears had come to pass, but she had survived. She had a plan for escape, and Azula was literally resting in the palm of her hand. She could do whatever she wanted and ask for anything she wished. There was no point to feeling ashamed, no reason to deny herself. She took several more inches of Azula's length into the heat of her mouth, letting it nudge the back of her throat.

Azula gave a startled groan. Her abdominal muscles flexed, and she released her hold to grasp the arms of the chair. "You've become a tease," she breathed. "What changed?"

Ty Lee let Azula's cock rest in her mouth for another moment before pulling up. When she answered, it was between swirling licks to the pool of wetness at Azula's tip. "I..." Kiss. "Want you." Lick. "Is that..." A long, slow suck. "So hard to believe?" She leaned forward, letting Azula's heavy shaft rest in the valley of her breasts. It was still more than long enough for her to lavish the top with attention, and she kept kneading the strained knot underneath.

The words she had practiced came rushing back, and she suddenly knew what to say. "The night you claimed me?" Lick. Kiss. "You were right." The barest scrape of her teeth. "I need the strongest
alpha. An alpha powerful enough to make me submit." She paused, and pride swelled within her when she noticed that Azula's dark pupils had almost overtaken her hazy amber eyes. "An alpha worthy of becoming the next Fire Lord..."

"Fuck!" Azula's head tipped back and her hips jerked, levitating off the seat. Her mouth moved in soundless shapes, as if she wanted to say more, but her voice had deserted her. All that came out was a strangled sort of cry. It was the most vulnerable sound Ty Lee had ever heard Azula make. She pressed one last kiss to the end of Azula's cock, knowing it would be enough to break her.

She wasn't disappointed. Azula's knot gave several sharp twitches, and Ty Lee felt the shaft between her breasts swell in preparation. Thick spurts of come shot from the swollen head, spilling over her lips and splashing across her chest. It went everywhere, covering her chin, running past the throbbing white scar at the front of her neck, clinging to the tight points of her nipples.

Once there was enough of a mess for Azula to admire, she captured the tip again. Azula's taste burst on her tongue, bolder than before, and she did her best to savor it before the hot streams slid down her throat. Swallowing Azula's release wasn't difficult anymore, and she kept up with most of the flood. Only a trace escaped, trailing out from the corners of her mouth.

By the time the first round stopped, Azula was slumped over in her seat, limp and panting. The only part of her that hadn't softened was her cock. The gleaming shaft was still firm and full, and Ty Lee clenched with desire. She was almost tempted to straddle Azula's hips and sink down onto it, but even in her exhausted state, her Mistress might object to such a selfish action. Pushing the thought away for later, she stretched onto her back and spread her legs, hoping Azula would accept the invitation.

Less than a second later, Azula cast off her exhaustion and surged out of the chair, clambering to the floor. Ty Lee trembled with anticipation as the Princess prowled over her and shoved her knees apart. This was what she had been craving from the start. Azula's lithe body covering hers, Azula's blazing mouth on her neck. The only thing missing was the thickness of Azula's cock.

"You shouldn't have teased me," Azula growled beside her ear, tugging at the lobe with her teeth. Ty Lee hissed, but the slight pain only worsened the ache between her legs. "Training might have to wait, because I doubt you'll be able to walk tomorrow."

"If Azula can use sex as a weapon, a tool to manipulate, so can I."

Ty Lee reached down, gripping Azula's backside and urging her to push deeper. Azula's hips gave an unsteady jerk, and she grunted as her knot sank part-way inside. Ty Lee tilted her pelvis and tried to relax as the wide bulge stretched her entrance, latching onto Azula's collarbone to distract herself. To her surprise, Azula didn't object. She allowed the contact, and actually groaned in approval when Ty Lee introduced the very edges of her teeth.

"You eager little bitch," Azula hissed, hips snapping as she worked the widest part in. "You're making me want to go back on our bargain and keep you." But Ty Lee picked up on the threads of need and fear in her voice, and she counted it as a victory. Sometime over the past few months, she had become more like Azula's lover than her slave, and the realization was intoxicating. She might not like me, but she craves me. Needs me. And as long as she needs me more than I need her, I have
"Knot me," she muttered into Azula's shoulder, nuzzling the faint pink mark she had left. "Make me yours."

"Mine," Azula agreed. She drove forward one final time, and their bodies locked together with a slick sucking sound.

_Funny_, Ty Lee thought. _I was thinking the exact same thing about you._ She clamped down to form the tie, but instead of surrendering to her climax, she strove for it, relishing in the sensations. She squeezed down deliberately around the thickness inside her and rubbed her clit against Azula's tense abdomen, pushing herself over the edge. Her inner walls shivered, and she didn't even bother stifling her screams.

As soon as she started fluttering, Azula followed. Her cock pulsed, and Ty Lee dug her nails into Azula's ass, holding her in place even though they were already tied. Rhythmic bursts of warmth flooded her pussy, finally filling her deep enough to soothe the clawing emptiness. She kept bearing down, clutching Azula's length until her muscles were stretched to their limit, extending their shared release for as long as possible.

Azula's teeth latched onto her mating bite, but Ty Lee saw the gesture for what it was—a desperate bid for dominance from someone who felt theirs slipping. The slight pain made her clit twitch against Azula's stomach, and she decided to let the Princess keep her delusions. _She told me herself. She doesn't break what she can use. And while she's using me, I'm going to make sure I use her right back._

The ripples passing back and forth between them gradually faded to eddies. Azula collapsed somewhere in the middle of their third orgasm, and Ty Lee was more than happy to take the extra weight on top of her. She moved her hands up to Azula's back, kneading the tense strips of muscle there and whispering beside her ear. "You're the only alpha my body wants, Azula. Just like you're the only one who should rule the Fire Nation. Zuko wasn't strong enough. Ozai doesn't deserve it. But you are, and you do."

"I... thought I said... flattery wasn't necessary," Azula said haltingly, still trying to catch her breath. Her hips still bucked every once in awhile, and Ty Lee tightened around her, helping her through the aftershocks.

She brushed aside a strand of hair clinging to Azula's face, cupping her cheek and drawing her down for a long, deep kiss. She already knew Azula wouldn't object to the liberty she had taken, but she was still immensely satisfied when the Princess kissed her back. They parted slowly, and Ty Lee spent several moments staring at Azula's swollen, cherry-red lips. "It's not flattery if I'm telling the truth."

"I've let you get away with far too much," Azula said, but her voice lacked its usual hard edge. "You're just lucky I'm too comfortable to do anything about it."

"Don't stay too comfortable." Ty Lee traced the groove of Azula's spine where it ran between the wings of her shoulder blades. "We have training tomorrow, and I'm not sleeping underneath you on the floor."
"The idea is simple," Ty Lee said from across the training mat. "Chi runs through our bodies in set paths. Cut off the pathway, no more bending. Chi blocking can also cause pain, and even paralyze muscles. The goal is to disable your opponent before they know what's happening. If you do it right, you won't get a scratch."

Azula paid close attention, watching Ty Lee's face warily. She was always confident in her abilities, but she had already made the mistake of underestimating the omega once before. She was reluctant to do so again. "If chi-blocking techniques are so effective, why aren't they more widely practiced? I've never faced anything like it before in combat."

"Just because it's effective doesn't mean it's easy, or safe. When you fight another bender, how close do you usually get?" Ty Lee stepped forward onto the mat, shortening the space between them. "Close enough to touch?"

Never one to resist a challenge, Azula stepped forward as well. "Sometimes. When I decide to toy with someone."

Ty Lee seemed to stare straight through her. "To block someone's chi, you need to get close every time. You have to put yourself within arm's reach of the person trying to kill you, and you have to do it fast." She gave Azula a slow up and down. "If I told you I was going to paralyze you the same way I did before, do you think you could stop me?"

Azula thought about her answer. *Chi blocking is a clever trick, but it has a weakness. If you know it's coming, you can't be taken by surprise.* "Of course. I'm expecting it this time."

"All right." Ty Lee made a circle, coming to a stop behind her. Azula remained facing forward, but she trembled as Ty Lee's fingertips trailed down her spine. "I'm going to hit you right here." They pressed in near the middle of her back, indicating the spot. A moment later, warm lips grazed the base of her throat, right where it ran into her shoulder. "When I come at you, try to block me," Ty Lee whispered against her skin.

Azula shuddered. "You aren't going to start from behind me, are you? That wouldn't be fair."

"If you cared about a fair fight, you wouldn't be here." Ty Lee removed her hands and lips, returning to her previous position on the other side of the room. "Okay. Do whatever you can to protect yourself. That includes using your bending."

A wrinkle formed in the middle of Azula's brow. She gave her all when someone invited her to spar, and except for a few fights where Zuko had gotten lucky, she always won. Somehow, sparring with Ty Lee felt different. She didn't normally care about her opponents, but the prospect of injuring her pregnant lover was more unsettling than she had expected. "Fine," she snapped, annoyed by her own
hesitance. She could feel the ghost of Ty Lee's lips against her shoulder as she dropped into a
defensive stance, and she didn't like it. "I'm ready."

Ty Lee threw herself into a handspring, moving so fast that Azula could barely track her. She stared
in awe before remembering what she was supposed to be doing. She summoned her chi, feeling it
burn as it coursed through her arm and extended out from her fingertips. But though her form was
perfect, the effort behind it was half-hearted. A weak stream of fire shot in the right general direction,
but it only took a hard thrust of Ty Lee's legs for her to outpace it.

Azula narrowed her eyes. She didn't want to hurt Ty Lee, but she didn't want to make a fool of
herself either. The next blast was much stronger. She put more force behind it, but fear got the better
of her. Fire singed the floor where Ty Lee's feet had been, a split second too slow. Before she could
correct her timing, Ty Lee launched into the air. Her body twisted and arched, and Azula felt a stab
of fear. She realized with sickening certainty that she was about to be paralyzed, either because she
couldn't hit Ty Lee, or didn't want to. Both prospects were strangely terrifying, and her stance
faltered.

While she panicked, Ty Lee vaulted over her head in one fluid movement. She tried to whirl around,
kicking out with her foot and sending a blue ribbon of flame in an arc above her head, but it was too
late. Ty Lee's knuckles jabbed into her spine, and she locked up, unable to move. She almost lost her
balance, and only Ty Lee's quick hands prevented her from falling.

"If that's the best you can do, I see why you haven't challenged Ozai to agni kai," Ty Lee breathed
beside her ear. "I expected better from the Fire Nation's most famous prodigy."

Azula panted, trying and failing to regain the use of her muscles. The lack of control was just as
unsettling as it had been the first time, and her heart hammered crazily against her ribcage. "You're
carrying my pups," she said, a little too breathless. "Do you really want me to strike you with
lightning?"

Ty Lee wasn't impressed with her excuse. "You aren't going to hurt them or me, especially fighting
like that. Now, why did you fail?"

The word 'fail' made Azula bristle. Her teeth clenched, but she couldn't even form fists with her
frozen fingers. "I hesitated," she growled. "Ozai won't do the same for me."

"You might be surprised." Ty Lee's arms slid around her waist, and a soft chin tucked over her
shoulder. "He needs you to continue his legacy. He can't afford to lose you."

"Maybe before I got you pregnant. I'm not as valuable to him as I was."

Ty Lee placed another kiss at the corner of her jaw, and Azula's heart jolted with something other
than fear. "I'm going to let you go now, all right? We need to try again."

"Are you sure?" Azula drawled, trying to conceal her discomfort. Having Ty Lee's body pressed
against hers while she was paralyzed mixed arousal with fear, and she wasn't accustomed to the way
those two feelings interacted. "It seemed like you had something else in mind."

Ty Lee remained still, breathing hot beside her ear. For a second, Azula thought the omega might
actually take her up on the offer. Instead, Ty Lee stepped back, jabbing her knuckles into the same
sore spot. Warmth rushed into Azula's muscles, and she sighed with relief. Her full range of motion
had returned, although she was a little shaky.

"Are you ready?"
Azula turned around, and she wasn't surprised to see that Ty Lee was smiling. "You look awfully pleased with yourself."

Ty Lee shrugged. "I've spent the past few months as a prisoner. Sparring with you is fun. Do you know how long it's been since I actually had fun?"

Azula felt an uncomfortable lurch in her chest. It felt almost like guilt, although she was quick to dismiss the thought. My father is keeping her prisoner here, not me. He's the entire reason we're doing this. "That's your definition of fun, is it? Defeating me in a sparring match and teasing me while I can't move?"

Ty Lee nodded, still smiling.

"Well..." Azula dropped into a defensive stance and bent her arm at an angle, extending two fingers and curling in the others. "Let's keep going. I'll give you all the fun you can handle."

Her second attempt at fending off Ty Lee's attacks was better than the first. She learned to trust Ty Lee's speed and agility, and soon, she was throwing thin blades of fire without worrying that they would hit. They never did, but she managed to alter Ty Lee's course several times. Her feet hardly touched the floor, and she was sailing through the air more often than not.

Despite Azula's newfound confidence, it didn't take long for Ty Lee to close in. They fell into something like a dance, reading each other's rhythms, and Azula suddenly found herself on the defensive. She changed her approach, shielding herself with circular motions, but it was hard to keep up. Ty Lee's strikes were small and precise, and it took intense concentration to dodge them. She had to anticipate where they would end up, and it was only a matter of time before she guessed wrong.

Somewhere in the middle of turning, Ty Lee's knuckles hit one of her shoulders. It was only a light tap, but it left the right side of her body immobilized. Her balance wavered, and she crumpled to one knee, breathing heavily. "Better?" she panted, adjusting to the loss of control.

Ty Lee grinned down at her. "Much better."

"How many places can you hit someone to block their chi?" Azula asked. "If I'm going to do this, I should probably learn where to aim."

Ty Lee tapped her shoulder again, freeing her locked limbs. "That's a good idea. Take off your shirt."

Azula smirked at Ty Lee's demand. She wasn't opposed to following that particular order. She crossed her arms in front of her and found the hem of her shirt, peeling it up and over her head. The flash of arousal in Ty Lee's eyes was impossible to miss, and she couldn't help preening. "Are you sure this is a chi blocking lesson? Because I don't recall any of my firebending masters requiring me to strip..."

"Well, your chi blocking master does. It's all about interacting with the body. Lie down."

Assuming Ty Lee wanted her on her stomach, Azula dropped to the floor and folded her hands beneath her cheek. Interacting with the body? That explains a few things. I always found it strange that such an inexperienced omega could drive me crazy. Ty Lee straddled her waist, thighs pressing in against her sides, and Azula had to stifle a groan. Not that I'm going to remind her. The balance of power between us is already precarious enough.

"If you can get behind your opponent, this is one of the easiest targets to hit," Ty Lee said, dragging two fingers over the place she had tapped the first time. It was still a little tender, and Azula stiffened
as the touch skirted the wing of her shoulder blade. "You need this path to control your arms and most of your upper body."

"I could bend without my arms if I had to," Azula said. She tried to relax, but Ty Lee's soft hands were making it difficult. Desire coiled in her belly, and her cock stirred to life, forcing her to shift her hips.

If Ty Lee noticed, she didn't let on. "Don't go too low, though," she said, following the trail further. "Unless you want to add insult to injury by making Fire Lord Ozai throw up..."

"Amusing, but messy," Azula drawled. "I'll try to avoid it."

Ty Lee's hands moved toward the middle of her back. Her thumbs pressed in, and Azula tensed in preparation, but the paralysis never came. Instead, Ty Lee began kneading the strips of muscle there in small, tight circles. All the breath left her body, and the moan she had been holding back escaped. Ty Lee's touch could go from stimulating to soothing in an instant, and it threatened to melt her.

"This is one of the most powerful chi paths. You need to be careful, because it leads directly up to the heart and lungs."

"You mean you can literally stop someone's heart?" A shiver raced down Azula's spine, and once again, she had difficulty discerning the difference between arousal and fear.

"In theory," Ty Lee said. "I haven't tried. In fact, I've never had to kill anyone before."

"Then please don't start with me," Azula said. Ty Lee snorted, and it took her a moment to realize her slip. "Where does it go next?" she demanded, hoping to draw attention away from her 'please'.

Ty Lee's massage drifted further down, until the omega's thumbs were almost resting in the furrows above her hips. "This is the chi path I used to stop you when... on the first night." Azula heard the hesitation, but she didn't comment on it. Her stomach churned, and it wasn't entirely pleasant. "It can freeze your entire body, but you have to press a little harder than usual. I like to use a two-finger strike."

"Do you hit with your knuckles or your fingers?"

"Whichever I need."

Ty Lee resumed rubbing, and Azula felt more heat rush between her legs. Her shaft swelled, straining against the front of her pants. "What about the chi paths that run through the front of the body?" she asked, hoping for an excuse to turn over. Lying on her stomach was suddenly uncomfortable. "There's no guarantee I'll get a clear shot at Ozai's back."

The weight above her lifted, and Ty Lee dismounted. "All right. Turn over."

Azula did. Her cock still throbbed with fullness, but at least it wasn't trapped against the floor. Ty Lee noticed the bulge immediately, and her brown eyes widened. Azula smirked. "You aren't surprised, are you? I thought you were an expert on interacting with the body?"

"On interacting with the body's chi paths," Ty Lee corrected. "Not... this."

"My body clearly says otherwise," Azula said, despite her earlier decision not to offer praise. *Two can play at this game. If I stroke her ego, she might stroke mine. "Well? Aren't you going to continue?"*
Although she was deliberately vague about what she wanted to 'continue', she wasn't surprised when Ty Lee started above her waist. "This is the same path I showed you before to disable someone's arms," Ty Lee explained, touching the tops of her shoulders. "It goes straight through, so you can block it from the front, or from behind."

Azula resisted the obvious joke. Instead, she shifted her weight off her elbows and leaned back, offering Ty Lee full access to her torso. Despite the cool air on her bare skin, she felt incredibly warm. "Mm. What else?"

Ty Lee kept tracing faint lines over her body, but she found it almost impossible to concentrate. Every brush of Ty Lee's fingers went straight to her cock, and her fingers curled against the mat. She was torn between the desire to ease the uncomfortable ache and the strangely pleasant sensation of being teased. The base of her length throbbed with the start of a knot, and she could feel a small pool of wetness forming at the tip.

"Azula?"

She blinked, trying to make Ty Lee's pretty face come back into focus above her. "What?"

Ty Lee's palm slid down her stomach, over her tense abdominal muscles. "Do you need... help?"

The offer was too enticing to resist. Azula surged up, reversing their positions. She pinned Ty Lee flat against the mat, trapping the omega's wrists beneath one forearm while she fumbled with the fastenings on her pants. "Just a quick break," she muttered, sighing with relief as she freed her cock. "You make it very hard to focus."
Ty Lee ducked to one side, dodging the crackling whip of flame that lashed toward her. Sharp heat seared beside her cheek, but the blow didn't land. Azula's attacks almost never did, although it was becoming more and more difficult to avoid them. The near miss didn't shake her. She vaulted into a handspring, outpacing the brilliant plumes of fire Azula shot at her. Staying ahead wasn't too challenging, but getting close would be.

She hit the ground and sprinted, weaving to make herself a more difficult target. A tight twirl only just spared her from a streaking ribbon of blue fire. Azula fell into a defensive stance before she could get close, moving her flattened palms in circles. Burning wheels spun between them, and Ty Lee knew approaching from the front was useless. Firebending was offensive by nature, but Azula's defenses had shored up considerably over the past few weeks.

Instead of trying to break through, Ty Lee fought to find a way around. She took several jabs, knowing they would miss, but gaining valuable ground. Azula tensed with concentration, and Ty Lee saw beads of sweat break out around her temples. She smirked in satisfaction. Her best chance of winning was to wear Azula down.

"I'm getting better at this, aren't I?" Azula panted, letting her fists flicker out. Normally, Ty Lee would have chastised her for not using her bending, but she was curious to see how Azula would fare without it. If her student felt confident enough to try and take her down with chi blocking alone, that was a good sign.

"We'll see," Ty Lee said, wasting as little breath as possible. She blocked Azula's first blow with her forearm, sending it glancing to the side. Azula didn't let it faze her. She rolled her shoulder and crouched, dropping into position to try again.

Although she could have launched her own attack, Ty Lee decided to wait. She wanted to see what Azula had managed to pick up during their training. Azula's movements were quick and confident, if a bit obvious. Ty Lee didn't have any trouble, but she doubted Ozai would know how to defend against them with anything other than brute force. If Azula could get near enough and land a hit, she stood a decent chance.

"You're improving," Ty Lee said, leaning just in time to dodge a tap to her shoulder. Azula had been a second too slow, but her aim was almost perfect. "Maybe you'll be able to defeat the Fire Lord after all."

"I will be the Fire Lord." Azula's eyes narrowed, beginning to smolder. She struck again, missing by less than the length of a finger. "Let's make this interesting. If I paralyze you, I get to fuck you before I let you go. Right here on the training mat."

Azula's suggestion was so distracting that Ty Lee nearly forgot to dodge. The prospect of Azula's hard body over hers, driving into her while she couldn't move, sent a pulse of desire straight between
her legs. She had long since stopped pretending that the prospect of being overpowered was unappealing. But an even better idea began to take shape as she sidestepped another strike—Azula, frozen under her, unable to do anything but endure while she took her pleasure. It would be a complete reversal of their roles, proof that the dynamic between them had shifted.

She hadn't known she wanted it until Azula brought it up, but suddenly, it was all she could think about.

"Fine. But if I win, I want the same prize." Azula faltered, and Ty Lee took advantage of the moment, backing her toward the nearest corner. "The chance to do anything I want." She struck, and Azula barely managed to move in time. "By the way, it's been over a month, and you haven't beaten me yet."

Azula's hand snapped out, seizing her wrist and drawing her in. "There's a first time for everything."

Ty Lee allowed herself to be pulled, using the momentum and taking the next opening she saw. She twisted further than Azula expected, landing a soft tap right at the base of her spine. Azula froze, eyes widening as most of her muscles went limp. She dropped to her knees, and Ty Lee helped her the rest of the way so she wouldn't fall. "Maybe. But not today."

Azula stared up at her in shock, sucking in shallow breaths. "You..." she rasped, struggling to speak. "Just won our bet," Ty Lee finished for her. "You miscalculated."

So many emotions warred on Azula's face that there was scarcely room for them all. Ty Lee saw flashes of anger, disbelief, fear, and lust before Azula used what little agency she had to close her eyes. She stayed like that for several moments, unable to move and unwilling to speak, before she finally forced her stiff lips to move. "Fine," she said through gritted teeth, still fuming. "Do what you want. But don't expect me to enjoy it."

Ty Lee was surprised at how easily Azula had given in, but she decided not to question it. Maybe she thinks she can save face if she doesn't show any signs of pleasure? Or maybe she really wants this, and just doesn't know how to admit it? Whatever Azula's motivations, they didn't matter. She had her Mistress's explicit consent, grudging though it was. The idea of having Azula's raw power completely restrained beneath her was too enticing to resist.

Instead of lowering herself to the ground, Ty Lee removed her pink choli top. It fluttered to the floor, and Azula's eyes locked onto her breasts. She can sulk and pretend to hate this all she wants. Unless she tells me to stop, I'm not going to believe a word that comes out of her lying mouth. She allowed Azula to stare before moving on to her pants. It only took a short wiggle of her hips to send them to the ground, and she kicked them aside, toeing off her shoes. "Enjoying the show?"

"Just make sure you enjoy it," Azula snapped. "You'll be paying for every second of this later."

Ty Lee shuddered. She was sure she would love her punishment almost as much as claiming her reward. A few months ago, she would have found this whole scenario disgusting, but though she still despised her captivity, her conflict over mating with Azula had long since evaporated. Azula was selfish and sadistic, but there was no denying she was an excellent fuck. And this time, I can do whatever I want to her. No limits. All that power, helpless under my hands... She dropped to the ground, prowling over the princess on her hands and knees.

Azula's face stayed set in a determined scowl, but her stiff form shook. A considerable bulge had already formed at the front of her pants, and Ty Lee savored the sight. Despite Azula's protests, her body was betraying her. It was a sweet victory, especially when she thought back to their first night
Ty Lee felt a twinge of doubt. Though it had been physically pleasurable, their first mating had left deep emotional scars. Her mind had twisted into all sorts of tangled knots to excuse Azula's cruel behavior for the sake of their business arrangement, but it had been a violation. She wanted to take control, maybe even wound Azula's pride, but she didn't want to rape her. "You can give up if you want to," she said, sliding her hands beneath Azula's shirt and skimming up along the shivering muscles of her stomach. "Say no, and I'll stop."

To her surprise, Azula seemed to consider it. The conflict on her face was plain as day, but predictably, pride won out. "I lost, didn't I?" she growled, practically spitting. "Get my pants off and mount up so I can fuck you."

The corners of Ty Lee's lips twitched up. "I think you mean so I can fuck you." She lifted the hem of Azula's shirt, admiring the light coating of sweat shimmering over her abdomen. Her tongue was desperate for a taste, but she took her time, raising Azula's arms above her head to peel the shirt up and off. "And you're just going to have to be patient. I want you naked."

At first, Ty Lee thought she was imagining the slight flush at the points of Azula's cheeks. Azula never blushed, and the only variations in color on her smooth, pale face came from her cosmetics. But as the crimson color crawled down Azula's neck and chest in uneven patches, there was no denying it. She was embarrassed, maybe even a little afraid.

Ty Lee considered removing Azula's pants as well, but decided to draw it out. This was her opportunity to relish Azula's body at her own pace, to take pleasure from it instead of merely being a vessel for Azula's. She indulged herself, grazing the fingertips of one hand over Azula's hard stomach and lowering her lips to the princess's throat. The skin that met her mouth was delicious, tinged with just a hint of sweat, and she sought out the pounding place where Azula's pulse lived, sucking lightly.

Azula wasn't happy about it. The sheets of muscle that ran along her body tensed as best they could while paralyzed, but her heart rate spiked. Ty Lee felt it throb against her tongue. She grazed the spot with the edges of her teeth, threatening to bite down. She had taken Azula's shoulder in her teeth before, but only in the heat of the moment to stifle her screams, and never hard enough to break the skin...

The scar on the front of her throat ached, and some primal part of her almost wanted to.

A soft whimper brought her to her senses. The vulnerable sound was something of a surprise, and reluctantly, she let go of her hold. She knew from previous conversations that Azula had no desire to be bitten. The derision in her voice when she had discussed Prince Zuko's fate made that much clear. *Besides, once she defeats the Fire Lord, I'm leaving. I can go far away from all this and start over. I don't need to tie myself to the woman who raped me just because I'm pregnant and wearing her mark.* But at the very least, she wanted to treat Azula to a small taste of her own medicine first.

Ty Lee kissed her way down Azula's chest, enjoying the helpless, unwilling noises her lips coaxcd out. Azula's fingers twitched on the training mat, but she couldn't lift her arms to find a hold. She was fighting against her lack of control, with the barest visible results. Her conflict was obvious, and Ty Lee relished in it. It was the same conflict that had torn her apart over and over again, and it pleased some sadistic part of her to witness Azula experiencing it.

But she wanted more. She wanted to make Azula's insides squirm and reclaim some of the power that had been stolen from her. Her lips paused beside the shallow dip of Azula's navel, and she refocused her attention, pulling back to remove Azula's pants. She pulled them off instead of just
unfastening them, determined to have Azula naked.

Azula's trembling worsened as another layer of protection was stripped away. "Hurry up," she said, forcing her shaking voice until it cracked. "I know you want me inside you."

Azula said such things often, but this time, it sounded like an unwilling plea for mercy instead of a demand. Ty Lee decided that she liked it. She tossed the pants aside and finally allowed herself to focus on Azula's cock. The shaft was usually heavy enough to sink a little under its own weight, even while fully erect, but this time, it pointed straight up toward the ceiling without a downward curve. She could sense the strain along its length without even circling around it, and the head had taken on its usual angry blush as fluid wept from the open slit.

She considered taking it into her mouth, but decided against it. Sucking Azula's cock had become enjoyable since the first time she had done it, and she even found it arousing, but she didn't want to give Azula the wrong idea. This was about her pleasure, and only her pleasure. Anything Azula felt was merely a side effect. She straddled the princess's lap, taking her shaft in hand. Her fingers didn't quite meet around the shaft, and she shuddered with anticipation. She wanted that thickness stretching her open, hitting her deepest places.

Even though Azula was already pulsing in her grip, painfully hard and about ready to form a knot, Ty Lee gave her length a few testing pumps. Warm strands of precome drizzled over her fingers, and she squeezed tighter, curious how much she could pull out. Azula gave a strangled groan, and the glinting pool at the tip of her cock welled over. Soon, Ty Lee had a river pouring across her knuckles. Each stroke of her fist coaxed out louder moans, and the muscles of Azula's stomach rippled.

"Fuck," Azula spat, her pretty face screwed up with pleasure and disgust. Ty Lee expected a torrent of filthy words to follow, but Azula didn't seem to have any in her—at least, none to describe their current situation. Apparently, the alpha was completely at a loss when taken out of her usual role. Her hips stirred, but only the slightest bit, the instinctive movement almost too subtle to see.

"I'm getting to that."

Ty Lee let go of Azula's shaft, leaving it to throb against the open air. As much as she liked teasing, the ache within her had grown too strong to ignore. She brought her hand between her own legs, letting out a soft gasp. Slickness spilled everywhere at the first touch, and her clit was swollen and exposed, jutting out from beneath its thin hood. She could tell Azula's eyes were locked onto her hand, and so she opened her fingers, spreading her outer lips apart to offer a better view.

"What are you waiting for?" Azula asked. She tried to put on an impatient glare, but in Ty Lee's opinion, she only managed to look more pleading than before.

Ty Lee smirked. She already had an answer ready. "Just for you to say please."

Azula's horrified expression was worth it. The muscles around her jaw bunched, and her throat bobbed, as if the word was literally stuck there. Her lips pressed into a thin line, but Ty Lee knew she would win. It was inevitable. The only thing greater than Azula's pride was her stubbornness. She wouldn't end things now, while she was in a position of such weakness. She muttered something, her mouth moving only grudgingly.

"What was that?" Ty Lee batted her lashes, lowering her pelvis slightly. She didn't let her wetness graze the shaft of Azula's cock, but hovered close enough to share body heat and offer a promise. "I couldn't hear you."
"Please."

The word was angry, bitter, brimming with every bit of resentment Azula could muster. Still, she couldn't resist tormenting Azula just a little further. "Please, what?"

A look of utter disbelief crossed Azula's face. She had burnt through her fury, bordering on desperation instead. And that desperation wouldn't let her stay silent. "Please..." The word trembled in the still air between them, and Ty Lee waited. She was nothing if not patient. "... fuck me."

Ty Lee decided Azula deserved to be rewarded for her unusually pliant behavior. She dipped the rest of the way, dragging herself along the underside of Azula's shaft. Her eyes slipped shut, and she let out a low, breathy sigh as her clit caught against the plump head's ridge. This was exactly what she wanted, and she only hoped she could hold out long enough to drive Azula crazy.
Sorry about the delay on this one. Warning for a "reverse rape" scene (although Azula explicitly consents, so it's not really a rape).

Azula's heart slammed inside her ribcage, but the second Ty Lee slid against the underside of her shaft, her entire world dropped between her legs. She had thought she'd been hard before, but the slick heat coating her cock had her close to bursting. Only the tattered shreds of her pride held her back. She couldn't bear the thought of coming across her own shivering stomach. No self-respecting alpha would embarrass themselves that way with a willing omega hovering just inches above them.

She tried to lift her hips and bury her length in Ty Lee's warmth, but it was useless. Her body refused to obey even the simplest commands from her brain, and angry tears burned in her eyes each time her efforts failed. Her instincts screamed for her to fall into a rut, but she could barely flex her fingers against the mat, let alone thrust. All she could do was tremble, and even that wasn't a conscious choice.

Worse still, the words she had let slip echoed through her head over and over again. 'Fuck me.' Never before in her life had Crown Princess Azula begged someone to fuck her. It was always the other way around. She had made Ty Lee scream the same short sentence more times than she could possibly count, but somehow, the cunning little omega had put the awful words in her mouth and turned them all around. Azula knew she was being manipulated, but there was nothing she could do. She didn't want Ty Lee to stop. She wasn't sure she would survive if Ty Lee stopped.

"Mmm, Azula..."

Azula usually loved the way Ty Lee moaned her name, even more than she liked being addressed as Mistress, but this time, it only served to mock her. Her teeth clenched in anger, and so did most of her muscles—at least, the few she still had control over. Even though she was furious, her cock kept leaking with desire, coating Ty Lee's shimmering pink folds and the pretty red bud of her clit. Pressure pounded along its length, growing stronger with each pass.

"... want you inside me..."

That suggestion should have been a relief, but Azula found herself dreading it. She both wanted and didn't want Ty Lee to take her in. The base of her shaft was already swollen with the start of a knot, and she was afraid she might spill over. I can't. It's bad enough that I'm tolerating her little power trip. I refuse to let her make me come so easily.

"...and you're already so hard..."

Azula hissed as Ty Lee's entrance grazed the head of her cock. Pearls of fluid formed at the dripping slit, and their shared wetness rolled down her shaft, coating it until it gleamed. She watched in awe, unable to look away as Ty Lee's opening clasped her aching tip. Her hips tried to jerk again, but the paralysis held. She couldn't move, no matter how much she needed to. Ty Lee was the only one who could join them.
At first, Azula feared she might need to beg again. Her gut churned with disgust, but in her current state, another 'please' wasn't beneath her. With swiftly growing horror, she realized she would say whatever Ty Lee wanted as long as it shortened her suffering. But this time, Ty Lee made no attempts to draw the words from her. She already seemed satisfied in her victory as she began sinking down.

The sensations were nearly overwhelming, and a gasp skated across Azula's shaking lips. *Fuck. She's so hot. Tight. I'm going to...* But she couldn't come. Not yet. Not when Ty Lee had only taken two inches of her inside. With the small range of motion she still had, she dug her nails sharply into her palms and bit her lower lip, trying to distract herself. The pain helped, but not much. Her length still throbbed, and soft spurts pulsed from the tip.

"Don't," Ty Lee murmured. She lowered herself another inch, and Azula tasted the tang of blood in her mouth as her lip split between her teeth. "Don't you dare come yet. Not until I do."

Just the thought of Ty Lee's tight walls rippling around her shaft was almost enough to break her. Azula tried to growl, but all that came out was a soft whimper of desire. As much as she hated to admit it, she was *enjoying* this. The small hand in the center of her chest, Ty Lee's soft commands, the insistent way the omega's pussy clutched at the top half of her cock—all of it made the coil of desire within her wind tighter. Her cheeks flushed with shame, and she averted her gaze, glancing between their bodies instead of lingering on Ty Lee's face.

It was a mistake. She looked down just in time to watch Ty Lee take her all the way to the top of her knot with one stroke. The omega's silky muscles were suddenly twice as hot and smooth, and she couldn't stifle her cry of pleasure. Her knot swelled, straining with fullness and jealousy, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't thrust the rest of the way in. There would be no tie unless Ty Lee allowed it.

And Ty Lee seemed to have no interest in joining with her. Instead, she began rocking her hips back and forth, rising only a short distance before falling again. Azula could feel the hard point of Ty Lee's clit grinding against her, seeking purchase, and a ball of anger formed in her chest. *She* was supposed to be in control of Ty Lee's pleasure. This was all wrong, and she wouldn't stand for it, no matter what she had wagered.

"Stop playing around," she snapped, hoping she didn't sound as desperate as she felt. "I know you want to take my knot. I can feel you gripping me."

Ty Lee's hand tensed on her chest, sharp nails pricking her skin. "If you didn't want to play, you shouldn't have made a bet you couldn't win."

The torture continued, a slow grind that forced Azula to close her eyes. She tried to keep her face as stiff and motionless as her body, but it was a useless battle. She moaned every time Ty Lee took her in, and whimpered at the loss whenever the heat around her receded. The strokes were long and drawn-out, but somehow, the anticipation made it worse. She knew exactly when Ty Lee would sink back onto her shaft, and the *waiting*— the split second when she wasn't quite sure it would happen— almost killed her.

"You aren't really angry at me," Ty Lee said, breaking the relative silence of their heavy breathing.

Azula opened her eyes again, hoping the fire in them might make an impression, but Ty Lee held her gaze and conquered it until *she* was the one with the urge to glance away. She didn't, simply on principle, but that left her staring at the smug expression on Ty Lee's face. She hadn't known dimples could look so evil. "I'm *definitely* angry at you," she spat, unwilling to let Ty Lee have the last word. "And once I can move again, I'll have you bent over and screaming while I knot you."
"You're not angry at me," Ty Lee insisted, and the calm way she spoke made Azula boil with rage. "You're angry at yourself." Ty Lee brought her free hand between her legs, teasing her clit in the most visible way possible. "You're embarrassed because I took control from you. Me. An omega. A non-bender. The toy you asked your father to buy for you."

Azula wanted to deny the words, but each one struck like a blow. She remained silent, steaming, unable to think of a single way to contradict what Ty Lee had said. She was an alpha. The Princess of the Fire Nation. She was supposed to be undefeatable, or at least better than this—sprawled stiff on the floor, a slave to her own omega's pleasure.

Ty Lee slid down again, squeezing so tight Azula knew it had to be deliberate. "But most of all... you're angry at yourself for liking it."

"I don't!" The words echoed in her head, but she couldn't make her lips form them. Instead, her cock gave a needy twitch, confirming Ty Lee's statement in the worst possible way. Ty Lee gasped when she felt it, and Azula's heart sank. Her body was in open rebellion, defying all her protests before she could even make them. She's wrong. I don't like this, and I don't want to...

"I don't," she managed to say, but her voice was the weakest it had ever been. "I don't like it. Not like this."

"Oh, really?" Ty Lee stopped playing with her clit, and her hand traveled downward, over the place where they were joined. "You aren't a very good liar. Let me check." Azula groaned as Ty Lee's fingers traced over her knot, testing its firmness. "You're so swollen already. I don't think I've ever felt an alpha so ready for me..."

Her statements and actions were hauntingly familiar, and Azula felt a stab of panic as well as arousal. Ty Lee was mocking her, repeating her own words back at her to rub salt in her wounds. She snarled, but Ty Lee wasn't the least bit intimidated. "Don't get too distracted, Mistress. I want you focused on me. Your purpose here is to serve me, remember?"

Ty Lee's hand returned to her clit, and she resumed her rocking motion. The omega rode her with even more enthusiasm, and Azula couldn't help shuddering each time her cock bottomed out. Of course, Ty Lee noticed. "Mm. And so responsive, too. You know, not all omegas are kind enough to bring their alphas such pleasure..."

"Stop it," she pleaded, shocked by the statement as soon as it came out of her mouth. "Just... just let me come." It was one of the most pathetic things she had ever said, and her face burned with shame and humiliation. "Please... finish this."

"You mean finish you?" Ty Lee bore down, rubbing faster over her clit. "What happened to 'don't expect me to enjoy this?'"

Azula flinched as if she had been slapped. She could feel some freedom returning to her limbs, but somehow, she still couldn't will herself to move. The sheer force of Ty Lee's will kept her pinned as the paralysis faded. "I..."

Ty Lee cut her off. "I know this might be hard for you to understand, but your orgasm isn't the most important thing in the world. I don't care whether you come or not."

But as Ty Lee continued riding her, Azula realized it was inevitable. She was going to come, and it was going to be soon. But not before she does, she decided, clinging to the last scrap of dignity she had left. I'm going to make her fall apart first. Using her restored range of motion, she began thrusting upward, fucking into Ty Lee with everything she had. Unfortunately, it wasn't much. Her
hips hardly moved, and she shook with the effort before collapsing again, even more helpless than before.

Ty Lee's eyebrows rose. "That's really the best rut you've got?" She moved faster, pumping at a steady rhythm, becoming breathless as she worked toward her peak. "Hold still and keep yourself under control until I'm finished, or I'll... make sure... you regret it."

Azula obeyed. She held still as Ty Lee took her length one last time, almost letting her knot push inside. She held still as Ty Lee's hands groped her breasts, searching for something to hold. She held still as Ty Lee's inner walls fluttered wildly around her cock, and held still as a slippery flood of wetness gushed over her knot and onto her stomach. She held still through the seemingly endless waves of Ty Lee's release, until she was a mess of raw nerves and her own orgasm seemed both painfully close and impossibly far away at the same time.

Hatred welled inside her, and something in her broke as she realized that Ty Lee had been right. All of her ugly feelings were directed inward, toward herself. She remained frozen as Ty Lee finished coming on and around her, accepting the hot trails running across her abdomen as part of her punishment. She wasn't sure if she couldn't move or simply didn't want to, but it didn't matter. Although Ty Lee had come first, it hadn't been her doing, and it was the exact opposite of a victory. Worse still, some weak part of her still wanted to come as well. Her shaft throbbed in preparation, swelling inside of Ty Lee even without a tie.

Before Ty Lee's contractions could drag her over the edge, the warmth around her was taken away. Azula gasped, blinking back tears in time to watch Ty Lee dismount. The omega didn't say a word, but Azula could read her expression. You don't deserve to come inside me. Not this time. But even though it was a poor substitute, she still moaned with relief when Ty Lee's hand wrapped around her shaft.

It only took one soft squeeze of Ty Lee's fingers to send her over the edge. She tried to buck, but all she managed was a slight twitch of her hips as her climax finally hit, bursting from her with all the force she hadn't been able to harness in her movements. Thick streams of come flew from her cock, and she winced as they hit her stomach. She clawed at the mat, whimpering with each hard spurt that splashed against her skin. There was no denying that she had liked it now—not with the evidence painting the entire lower half of her body.

Her release lasted for an agonizingly long time. Even when Ty Lee stopped stroking her and simply watched, she kept coming, emptying everything she had. Her cock continued pulsing, and all she could do was wait for the awful shivers to stop. It was both one of the best and one of the worst orgasms she had ever experienced, and it did absolutely nothing to fill the emptiness growing inside her—emptiness that wasn't just physical.

She stared up at Ty Lee, unsure whether she was seeking answers, revenge, or comfort and reassurance. She got something far more humiliating. Ty Lee let go of her shaft, reaching up to stroke her cheek with a sticky hand. "Good girl." Then the omega stood and left, only pausing to bend down and scoop up her clothes on the way out.

Azula watched her go, not even bothering to get up from the floor. She knew her legs wouldn't hold her. She remained flat on her back, staring up at the ceiling as a creeping numbness overtook her swirling thoughts. Soon, they had all gone silent but one: and that one stuck in her head through the long minutes as she tried to summon the strength to leave her prone position.

Is this how she felt the first time I mated with her?

The question remained with her for the next several hours. It was a weight on her chest as she finally
pulled her clothes over her dripping skin and staggered out into the hallway. It stretched over her like a shadow when she finally reached her chambers and found the bathroom door already closed and locked. Its chill kept seeping into her as she went to one of the nearby guest rooms to clean herself up, and no amount of hot water could scour away its stain.

*Is this how she felt? Like wanting to peel out of her flesh? She pleaded for me, submitted to me, came for me over and over, and I thought…*

But now, she knew all too well how an orgasm could be ripped from someone against their will. How someone could beg for the mercy of release while despising it at the same time. Hundreds of other details rushed back to her, all the protests she had ignored, the bruises, the tears in Ty Lee's eyes. With a sick, dizzying moment of clarity, she realized that Ty Lee hadn't felt the way she did. Her omega's suffering had been far greater. She had claimed Ty Lee as hers, stolen her innocence, and left her carrying a litter of pups she didn't even want.

"Ozai," she said aloud to the empty washroom. "He made me..."

But she already knew what Ty Lee would say to that pitiful excuse. *You chose me. You demanded me before I was even yours, as if you already owned me. The Fire Lord forced you to pick someone, but he didn’t force you to pick me.*

Azula slumped to the ground, folding her arms around her legs and shuddering. Her actions were her own, and so was the guilt that came with them. This was why her mother had called her a monster before her death. She had always told herself that Ursa’s hatred for Ozai had been applied unfairly to her as well, but she began to doubt. Perhaps the cruel accusations were accurate. *Mother was right all along. I hurt people, use them just like my father does.* Ty Lee’s face floated into her mind, and she curled tighter. *Not just any people. My own omega. She has every reason to hate me just as much as Ursa hated Ozai.*

The admission did nothing to soothe her. Instead, it brought another question, one she couldn’t even begin to answer.

*Spirits, what am I supposed to do now?*
Welcome to Book 3 of A Slight Miscalculation! The drama's about to escalate even further. >_> (And don't worry. Azula's undergoing a pretty drastic transformation, but her delicious sarcasm and selfishness won't be gone forever. Although she's going to treat Ty Lee with a lot more respect from here on out.)

WARNING for mentions of abortion. It is relevant to the plot. Let's not start a flame war, k? This is fiction.

Ty Lee leaned back in the window seat, setting her watermelon juice aside. Even though the day was hot and humid enough to leave a fine layer of sweat on her skin, the treat wasn't bringing her much enjoyment. Two days. It had been two whole days since Azula had come anywhere near her, and she was becoming more and more certain that she had made a terrible mistake.

The conflicted feelings had started as soon as she walked out of the training room. She had been proud of herself for leaving on such a dramatic note, but the high had only lasted a few seconds, barely giving her any time at all to savor the sweetness of her revenge. The haunted look in Azula's eyes had lingered with her ever since, and guilt gnawed at the edges of her stomach, growing worse each night that Azula didn't return to the bed they had learned to share.

"I don't have anything to feel guilty about," she said aloud to the empty room, sounding more confident than she felt. "I didn't rape her. I didn't get her pregnant. I didn't bite her..." But she recognized the statements for what they were—excuses, almost as pathetic as Azula's. She had caused someone pain on purpose, and apparently, she didn't have the stomach for such cruelty, even when it was directed at a deserving target.

Ty Lee sighed and scrunched up into a ball, resting her forehead on top of her knees. She had no idea what to do next. She could go back to her original plan and run. Whatever strange pull Azula had over her was surely severed now. But Ozai wouldn't hesitate to send his soldiers after her, and Ty Lee doubted she could avoid them forever. When they caught her and brought her back to the palace—and it was surely a matter of when, not if—her life would be even more miserable than it already was. As Azula had said, the pups growing inside her were "Fire Nation Property".

I thought I had this figured out. Negotiate my freedom, train Azula, and leave to start a new life... But I can't keep teaching her now. Not after what I've done. Our deal is as good as broken.

Tears brimmed in her eyes, and she bit her lip, trying to ground herself in the pain. As tempted as she was to give up, she had more than herself to think of. She curled one arm around her stomach, trying to suppress the sudden ache in her chest. The litter she was carrying made her feel resentful, frightened, and fiercely protective all at once. Some part of her already loved them despite how they had come to exist.

Getting her hands on some more kajihana or giving the pups over to Azula and Ozai seemed terrible, but just the thought of giving birth and raising them on her own gave her fits of terror too. She didn't have the first idea how to take care of a child, let alone more than one. There were no good options, and just going through them in her head made her want to break down and sob.
She never got the chance to cry. The bedroom door opened, and the familiar scent of jasmine filled the room. Although she was terrified, Ty Lee couldn't help turning. *It doesn't matter anymore. Whatever she does to me can't be worse than the future I have to face.* But Azula's expression didn't hold any traces of anger. She wasn't smiling, but she wasn't scowling either, and the flames that lived in her dark eyes were gone. Instead, they seemed almost tired, with purple shadows underneath.

*I guess she hasn't been sleeping either,* Ty Lee thought. *I'm not even sure where she's been these past two nights.* She look closer, and was surprised to see that the Princess had forgone her cosmetics. Azula's lips were their natural color rather than blood red, and she had taken her hair out of its formal top-knot. It fell around her shoulders, making her face seem even paler than usual, and she seemed lost in her large red bathrobe.

Ty Lee waited, half expecting a reprimand for staring, but it never came. Azula entered the room and shut the door behind her, somehow managing to appear both alert and exhausted at once. She stretched out her arm, and Ty Lee noticed that she was clasping a cup. "I brought you some watermelon juice," she said, offering it almost hesitantly. "I thought you might want to cool off."

"I, um... already have some." Ty Lee nodded to the glass beside her, and Azula's face fell. "Oh."

They stared at each other in silence for several more moments, both uncertain what to say. Ty Lee bit her lip until she couldn't stand it anymore, unwrapping her arms from around her knees and sitting up straight. "I—"

"—I'm sorry," Azula said, finishing her thought before she could get it out.

"—Wait, what?" Ty Lee stammered. *I couldn't have heard that right. Azula's never told me 'sorry' before, not unless I count the time she paraded me in front of her father.*

Azula took a deep breath, still holding her gaze. Alphas usually had no trouble staring down anyone they interacted with, especially omegas, but Ty Lee could tell the eye contact was difficult. It was as if she wanted to look away, but wasn't allowing herself the escape. "I'm sorry. For keeping you here, and for mating you against your will. I've spent the past ten years hating my sire, but apparently, I take after him more than I want to admit."

Ty Lee's mouth moved, but she had no idea how to begin forming words. An apology was the last thing she had expected. In fact, she had been prepared to make one herself, for her own safety if nothing else. *Why is she doing this? What angle is she trying to work?* But no matter how closely she scrutinized Azula's expression, she couldn't find a trace of smugness or deception in it. There was a raw, naked edge to her eyes that Ty Lee took several moments to place. *Pain. Saying these things is hurting her.*

"Why are you sorry now?" she asked, standing up and leaving the window seat. She took a few steps forward, and Azula did too.

"Two days ago, when you... when we..." A shudder coursed through her, and her lips pressed into a line. "I didn't know it could be like that. I didn't know something that made my body feel so good could leave the rest of me feeling so... empty."

It was perhaps the most genuine thing Ty Lee had ever heard Azula say. There had been flashes of humanity in her before, but none like this. She kept waiting for their dynamic to change, for her Mistress's usual selfishness to break through, but the shift she was anticipating never happened. Azula wasn't just being honest. She actually seemed defeated.
"I'm sorry, too," Ty Lee said. Although this change in Azula was welcome, its cause was still something ugly. *I did something ugly. I became what I hated most, just like she did.*

Azula's weary expression was replaced with one of caution. "Sorry? What for?"

"For what I did to you. You agreed, but that didn't make it right. Just like it wasn't right when you raped me."

Azula flinched at the word 'rape', but she didn't deny it. Not a single argument came from her mouth. Ty Lee was astonished all over again. The old Azula would have lit her fist and punched a wall. She wasn't sure how to deal with this new, anticlimactic response.

"You aren't the one who needs to apologize, but thank you." She walked over to the vanity and set down the glass of watermelon juice, then headed back toward the door. "I should leave. I only came to say I was sorry. Now that I have, I'm sure you want to be alone."

"Wait." Azula paused, and Ty Lee stepped forward to stop her from leaving. She had almost no idea what she was doing, but she did know that she didn't want Azula to go yet. "Stay. I think we need to talk."

Azula turned to face her again. "What is there to talk about?"

"Everything," Ty Lee said. She pressed her palm over her abdomen again, an instinctive gesture that brought her little comfort. "Ozai still expects an heir. What are we going to do now?"

"I... don't know."

When Azula remained where she was, Ty Lee approached her instead, taking one of her hands after a long moment of hesitation. They returned to the window together, although Ty Lee let go of her fingers as soon as they sat. She wasn't entirely comfortable keeping their fingers woven together. "I think you should keep training with me. Ozai is still a threat to both of us. If you can trust me... if we can trust each other for a few more weeks, we can free ourselves."

Azula angled her knees, curling her legs tighter into her body. Her eyes dipped down into her lap. "I'm assuming I would win. After what happened between us two days ago, I'm beginning to have my doubts."

Ty Lee frowned. "Doubts? Why? You're fighting better than ever, and I can tell you hold back with me." When Azula still didn't look at her, she took the alpha's hand again, prompting her to raise her head. "One hit. That's all it's going to take. One hit, and all our suffering will be over."

"I don't know why you're so convinced," Azula said. Her lips trembled, a motion so slight Ty Lee wouldn't have noticed if she hadn't been staring. "Ozai wasn't the one who caused your pain. You said so yourself. I did that. You should leave while you have the chance."

Hearing Azula tell her to leave was almost as shocking as hearing the words 'I'm sorry' leave her lips. Azula had said it before, but never sincerely. It was always part of a sick game, a taunt to remind her how powerless she was. But this time, Ty Lee knew her Mistress meant it. If she left the window seat and headed for the door, Azula would make no effort to stop her. And yet... she couldn't leave. For logical reasons, and because a strange, primal urge buried far within her was telling her to stay.

"You know I can't," she said, refusing to delve too deeply into her feelings. "If you let me go, Ozai will chase me down. As long as I'm carrying your pups, I'm too valuable to let go." *And I don't want to think about how he would punish you.* The concern she felt for Azula was unexpected, and it made her feel even more conflicted than before.
"What would you do, if you could leave and start a new life?" Azula asked. "Where would you go?"

Ty Lee thought about it, staring down at their clasped hands. The Princess still held hers in a loose, gentle grip, one she could shake off if she chose. Instead, she remained where she was. "I don't know. Maybe Ember Island? I know it has a tourist problem, but I had fun playing there with my sisters when I was a pup. Maybe I could get an acting or dancing job at one of the theaters."

"Why doesn't it surprise me to imagine you as an actor?" Azula said, sounding a little closer to normal. Her voice wasn't a tense line of cruelty, but she didn't seem close to tears any longer. "You would be good at it."

Ty Lee smiled softly at the compliment. "Thanks. You know, I did like the circus. The manager was a cheapskate, and some of the other performers were difficult, but... I got a rush whenever I made someone smile. Too many people go from day to day feeling sad, or stressed, or tired. They forget to take a minute to laugh."

"So you're an optimist," Azula murmured. "Somehow, that doesn't surprise me either."

"After all the things I've been through? I need to be."

Azula's face fell. Her shoulders slumped, and her chin dropped toward her chest. But after a moment, she seemed to come to a decision. When she rose again, she wore a look of determination instead of defeat. "I want to challenge Ozai. I was the cause of your problems, but maybe I can be the solution too."

Ty Lee's brow furrowed. "Why do you suddenly want to help me instead of yourself?" she asked, unable to stifle the question. "I want my freedom, but this isn't what I'm used to."

Azula shrugged. "I don't know. I'm not used to any of this either. What I do know is that I don't want to become my sire, with a miserable mate who loathes me and pups fighting and begging for scraps of my approval. If he was in my position, he would keep you. So that means I can't keep you. Or them." She withdrew her hand, reaching into the pocket of her robe. "I... I want you to have this," she said, passing over a small bottle. "I took away all your choices before, but there is one I can give back."

Ty Lee took the bottle, but before she could glance down, Azula left the window seat and went to the door. "Wait, why are you leaving?"

Azula paused. "To give you some space." She turned, dark eyes glistening. "Please... be careful, Ty Lee. Whatever choice you make, don't hurt yourself. The world needs its optimists." And then she left, disappearing before Ty Lee could call her back.

For a moment, Ty Lee considered getting up and going after her, but Azula had made it clear she didn't expect to be followed. Instead, she looked at the small jar the Princess had given her. It was familiar, and she gasped when she saw the label. Kajihana. The same jar Azula had removed from the bathroom after their first mating.

Oh Spirits. She's giving me the chance to end this. Or... Azula's last words suddenly made more sense. Kajihana posed no danger in small doses, even when it was being used to end a pregnancy instead of prevent one, but eating an entire bottle... She thinks I might want to kill myself. Does... does that mean she thought about killing herself too after I..?"

Ty Lee shivered. She hoped Azula didn't have that much personal insight into what she had endured. But that still left the problem of the kajihana. She wasn't that heavily pregnant yet, although her body
was changing at a rapid pace. Only three months along. If she took a moderate dose, the most terrifying of her problems would vanish. What had been unthinkable minutes before was suddenly a viable option sitting right in her hand.

*But it isn't that simple. Why is Azula letting me do this? It goes against all her instincts as an alpha. And if Ozai found out... she's putting herself in danger. For me.*

Ty Lee set the bottle down. She curled her feet beneath her, gazing down at her abdomen. After a long moment of hesitation, she draped her arm around it as she had done before. She closed her eyes, and Azula's words drifted to the forefront of her mind. *'Whatever choice you make, don't hurt yourself. The world needs its optimists...'*
"Ember Island?"

Ozai's eyes narrowed in suspicion, but Azula kept her face carefully blank. She had perfected the art of lying to her father long ago. "Yes, My Lord. Since you claim you don't need me to help General Zhao track down this 'airbender' and stop the Water Tribe rebellions, I thought a little relaxation was in order. My mate requested Ember Island specifically."

"Your mate?" The expression on Ozai's face only grew more skeptical at that pronouncement. His gaze flicked to her shoulder, and Azula's flesh burned even though Ty Lee hadn't marked her. The word 'mate' had different levels of importance depending on context, but she had never used the term in front of him before. "Since when do you indulge your mate's whims? Isn't your omega supposed to serve you?"

Azula had to fight a little harder to preserve her neutral expression. "You would think that. It's a wonder mother didn't run from you sooner. "I am trying to serve you, father. You ordered me to care for the omega carrying my litter, and that's exactly what I've been doing. Ember Island is a safe, remote location—"

"You still have no reason to take her there. The palace is perfectly safe already."

"It's safe, but you have to admit it isn't a relaxing atmosphere. She's been feeling restless. The sea air and sunshine might do her some good."

Ozai scowled and folded his arms over his chest. He paused, as if searching for a plausible reason to deny her request. "But you won't think of one, father. Not for something this trivial. And you know if you tell me no, I'll find a hundred ways to make your life more difficult for the next several weeks."

Still, he seemed poised to reject her proposal until Azula delivered her final blow. "If my happiness isn't enough incentive, think of what it would signify. No one in the Fire Nation will believe the rumors of rebellion are serious if Princess Azula, the leader of your army, is seen sunning herself on the beach with her pregnant mate."

Ozai's frown became a smile, and Azula knew she had won. "Very well. You have my permission to take this vacation of yours. But I will be sending a complement of soldiers with you, as well as Lo and Li."

Azula ignored the slight churning in her gut. She still didn't know what Ty Lee had done with the kajihana she had provided. It was entirely likely that the omega had already chosen to end her pregnancy. The possibility left her feeling strangely empty, but she buried those thoughts deep. "It isn't my choice this time. It needs to be hers. Even so, she couldn't help hoping that Ty Lee would decide to keep their litter. Somewhere along the line, she had gone from resenting her unborn pups to feeling protective of them.

"Of course. I understand."

"Then you are dismissed," Ozai said.

"Thank you, My Lord." She rose from her knees, flattening her hand over her fist and bowing deeply. "As always, I am your servant."

That seemed to please him, and he allowed her to leave the room without any further grovelling. She
relaxed once she was in the hall, and a small portion of her stress melted from her shoulders. She knew she wouldn't be truly at peace until she had checked on Ty Lee and told her the good news, but at the very least, she had succeeded in her mission. Ember Island would be an ideal place for them to finish their training, and if Ty Lee had taken the kajihana, they would be safely out of Ozai's sight for a while.

Azula remained in a somber, almost nervous mood as she walked the palace halls, ignoring all the guards she passed. Thankfully, none of them caught her eye. Her reputation was enough to make them wary of her even when she wasn't visibly angry. They avoided her just as she was avoiding them, and she arrived back at her chambers without any further incidents.

After a moment of hesitation, she opened the door. She wasn't certain of what she would find, but she breathed a sigh of relief when a familiar, comforting scent greeted her. At the very least, Ty Lee hadn't chosen to run away. Although they had agreed to keep training together until Ozai was dealt with, Azula hadn't been certain of Ty Lee's resolve. The omega had little reason to stay, other than to prevent Ozai from sending troops after her later.

Since the living room was empty, Azula made her way to the bedchamber and opened the door. To her surprise, Ty Lee was standing right on the other side, as if she had been about to leave. Their bodies were almost close enough to touch, and Azula took a quick step back. "I'm sorry," she stammered, unsure what to do with her hands. Her first instinct had been to steady Ty Lee in case she felt unstable too, but she was all too aware that the omega might not welcome her touch anymore.

Ty Lee smiled. "'I'm sorry' again? This isn't becoming a habit, right?"

Azula shrugged. She was slightly embarrassed by her startled reaction, but there was no concealing it. Besides, she's already seen me at my worst. What's a little more awkwardness?

"My habits could use some adjustment," she admitted. Although she tried to focus her attention on Ty Lee's face, her eyes flicked down to the omega's stomach. There was still a swollen curve to her lower abdomen. Azula doubted that Ty Lee's body would show an immediate physical change even if she had used the kajihana, but hope stirred faintly in her chest. Or perhaps she hasn't made her decision. There's still time...

Ty Lee noticed where she was looking. "Before you ask, I haven't taken it. Not yet."

Azula felt a wave of relief, but tried not to let it show on her face. She wasn't even sure she had a right to feel that way. "Not yet? You mean you aren't certain what you're going to do?"

Ty Lee avoided her gaze. "I... I think I want to keep them. Maybe."

Azula stepped further back, allowing Ty Lee to join her in the living room. She still wasn't sure what she should say, or if she should say anything at all, but she couldn't let a statement like that hang unanswered. Surely Ty Lee was waiting for some kind of reaction. "If you did keep them, you wouldn't have to raise them unless you wanted to. I could..." She groped for words, struggling to make her offer coherent. "I can promise them a home here. With me. As my heirs."

Ty Lee looked at her in shock. Her dark eyes widened, and a soft breath skated over her lips. "You mean you actually want them? I thought you hated Ozai for pressuring you into this?"

"I do. I did." Azula's hands twitched at her sides. She felt the sudden impulse to rest one of her hands on Ty Lee's belly, even though she knew she shouldn't. "But I'm their sire. If you decide to carry them, but don't want to take them with you when you leave... Or if you stayed, a small, uncertain
voice whispered in the back of her mind. "I would try to do better than my father, at least. Not that it would be difficult."

Ty Lee didn't respond right away. She remained silent for a long time, as if considering something deeply. "I'm sorry, Azula. I can't give you any answers yet. But... I appreciate the offer. I do think you would be a better sire than Ozai. At least you admit your mistakes."

Azula swallowed down a familiar lump of shame before it could lodge in her throat. She had to clench her teeth together to keep more apologies from spilling out. At last, she spoke, deciding to change the subject to something more pleasant. "There is some good news. I managed to convince Ozai to let us leave the palace."

"You did?" Ty Lee asked. "How?"

"By reminding him how he stood to benefit," Azula sighed. "The two of us leave for Ember Island tomorrow morning. I thought you would appreciate a change of scenery."

At the words Ember Island, Ty Lee lit up. Her face broke into a broad, beaming grin, and she practically bounced on her toes. "Ember Island? You mean it? Azula, thank you!" She rushed forward, and Azula suddenly found herself wrapped in a tight hug.

Unfortunately, feeling Ty Lee's soft, warm body pressed against hers for the first time in days left her reeling more than expected. She shuddered as Ty Lee melted in her embrace, and desire stirred between her legs. "You're welcome," she mumbled, patting awkwardly at Ty Lee's back. "It wasn't that difficult..."

"But it was sweet," Ty Lee insisted, snuggling closer. "You were really listening to me the other day, and you went out of your way to do something you knew I would like, just to make me happy."

Azula held perfectly still. Despite her best efforts, the length of her cock began to swell before she could get a grip on her reactions. She tugged her lower lip between her teeth, hoping the slight pain would serve to distract her. "I... I'm glad I chose well. You should enjoy the royal beach house. It hasn't been used for several years, but the view is beautiful." She found her gaze lingering on Ty Lee for much longer than necessary as she said the word 'beautiful', and her face started to burn.

I should let her go. Just because she hugged me first doesn't mean I can touch her the way I used to...

But instead of pulling away, Ty Lee tucked into her shoulder with a happy sigh. "I can't wait to see it. I can't wait to see anywhere that isn't this stupid room."

Azula tried not to respond to the warmth of Ty Lee's breath on her neck, the soft hands pressing through the thin material of her shirt, and the delicious scent curling into her nose, but her body had other ideas. Her shaft swelled to its full size, pressing insistently against Ty Lee's belly. She went rigid in the omega's arms, unsure whether to jerk away or stay perfectly still.

Ty Lee noticed the problem a split second later. Azula could tell by the way her breath hitched. She pulled back, but not swiftly, as though she was disgusted. Instead, the look on her face seemed a little regretful, as well as conflicted. "Do you, um... I mean, should I..." Ty Lee's gaze tracked down to the bulge at the front of her pants, and Azula's eyes widened.

"No! I mean, I don't expect you to..." She groaned, pinching her forehead and covering part of her face to hide the worst of her embarrassment. "That doesn't have to be part of our deal anymore. I'm not going to force myself on you."
Instead of acting relieved, Ty Lee's brow furrowed. "When I think back, it's hard for me to tell the
difference between the times you raped me and the times I said yes. It's... not very clear. But I do
remember that it wasn't all terrible. There were times when I... not even just physically, but..."

Ty Lee's voice trailed off, but Azula got the gist. The length of her cock throbbed, and she resisted
the temptation to adjust herself in her pants. Her shaft was already straining against the material,
seeking a way free. But I'm better than Ozai. I'm better than I was just a few days ago. The last thing
Ty Lee needs is me confusing her further. "I'm glad it wasn't all terrible," she said at last. "It doesn't
bring me pleasure to think of the pain I caused you. The less you suffered, the better."

"I know." Ty Lee bit her lip, shifting a little, as though she was uncertain of what she wanted to say
next. "Azula, would you... would you hug me again? I really need one right now."

Azula blinked in surprise. That wasn't at all what she had expected Ty Lee to ask, especially
considering her problem. But when she looked into Ty Lee's soft brown eyes, she didn't see fear or
uncertainty. She saw something closer to loneliness, and her first instinct was to soothe it. She
opened her arms, allowing Ty Lee to step into them. The omega's slender arms wove around her,
and their bodies pressed close.

They remained that way for several moments, breathing in sync.

"I don't understand. Why do you want to hug me?" Azula asked. "After everything I've done?" The
answer to her own question occurred to her almost immediately. Because she doesn't have anyone
else. I'm her only 'friend' in the entire palace, if I can even consider myself one. Maybe her only
friend at all.

But that wasn't the answer Ty Lee gave. The omega tucked into her shoulder, inhaling gently against
the crook of her throat. "Because I want to. And because you did something nice for me. And
because it makes me feel... safe."

"Safe?" Azula repeated, unable to hide the doubt in her voice.

"Yes."

Safe. Azula thought, still reeling from the pronouncement. It was almost enough to make her forget
about her unwanted erection. She feels safe with me, after everything I've done to her... But instead
of guilt, she felt a warm glow in her chest. It was unfamiliar, and a little bit frightening, but
undeniably pleasant. Perhaps I feel safe with her too. At least I know she will always be honest with
me. That's more than I can say for everyone else in my life, including my own family.

"We'll both be safe on Ember Island," she said, running a soothing hand down Ty Lee's back. "We
can finish my training, and then you'll be free."

"We'll both be free," Ty Lee said. The omega's lips grazed her neck, and for a moment, Azula was
almost certain she had placed a kiss there. "You too."

"Yes," Azula said, trying to suppress a shudder. "Me too." She wasn't sure what she would do once
she became Fire Lord and freed herself from Ozai's control, but when she thought about the future,
she felt a curious sense of sadness. It took her a while to place it, and when she did, her heart
clenched. I... I don't want to let her go. She pulled Ty Lee closer, letting soft wisps of the omega's
brown hair tickle her cheek. I know it's selfish, but I'm not sure I can watch her walk away.
"Wow, you weren't kidding when you said this place needed a little love," Ty Lee murmured, craning her neck to peer around the abandoned entryway. The ceiling of the beach house stretched high above her, cast in shadow with cobwebs clinging to the corners. The hall itself was mostly empty aside from several old columns and a few pieces of antique furniture, and most of the sparse decorations that remained were covered in a thick layer of dust. However, she could still see its potential. Once upon a time, it had probably been beautiful.

"I didn't say anything about love," Azula grumbled from the doorway. Judging by the furrow in her forehead, she wasn't pleased with what she saw. "I said it hadn't been used in years. I should have agreed to let Lo and Li host us at their beach house instead of requesting a cleaning service. This place is disgusting."

Ty Lee didn't let Azula's attitude dampen her mood. She was actually happy that some of Azula's usual grumpiness had returned, as long as it wasn't directed at her. It was better than watching the princess mope and hesitate with every word she spoke. *I never thought I'd miss that sour look on her face, but it's actually kind of cute now that it's back.*

"Sure, the inside needs a little scrubbing down..."

Azula gave her a doubtful look. "Just a little?"

"Maybe more than a little, but the outside is beautiful. It has to be the best view on the whole island."

Azula came the rest of the way through the door to stand by her side. "It is," she said, turning her head and peering out one of the smudged windows. "My mother had to carry me up the path when I was a pup. I could only make it about half-way on my own."

Ty Lee couldn't help it. The mental image of a tiny Azula toddling up the steps after her mother made her laugh. She cupped a hand to hide her giggles, but it was too late. Azula gave her a withering look.

"What's so funny? I wasn't always the peak of physical perfection."

"There's that alpha confidence," Ty Lee said, feeling safe enough to tease. "Just when I was beginning to think your ego had gone away."

Azula gave a shrug of her lean shoulders. "I have my flaws. Only someone like Ozai refuses to admit theirs. But my physical appearance isn't one of them."

Privately, Ty Lee had to agree. Although it had been well over a week since they had last mated, she had no trouble conjuring a mental image of what Azula's body looked like without the deep red skirt and halter top she was currently wearing. She was all lithe, wiry muscle, and it took Ty Lee a fair amount of effort to prevent her eyes from lingering on the bare strip of skin at Azula's
stomach. Shaking herself, she walked further into the beach house instead, searching for a suitable distraction. It wouldn't do to stare, not while their relationship was still so awkward and undefined.

Once she passed through the decorative columns, something almost as interesting as Azula's figure caught her eye. Although most of the walls were bare, the one directly in front of her still had a portrait hanging on it. The colors were slightly faded from years of sunlight, but the image was still in fair condition. Four figures in royal red robes were posed together, two adults and two children, and she recognized one of them immediately. The tiny female pup sitting in her mother's lap couldn't have been more than a few years old, but something about her dark eyes and the shape of her face was a dead giveaway.

"Azula, is this you?" she gasped, clasping both hands beneath her chin and beaming with delight. "You're so tiny! Wow, this is better than picturing it in my head. And is that your mom holding you? She's pretty."

Azula came through the columns to stand beside her, gazing at the picture as well. "I suppose she was," she said in a slightly distant voice. "I never noticed. She rarely looked on me with much affection. I assume it was because I reminded her of Ozai."

Ty Lee looked at the portrait again. Although she had been in Ozai's presence before, she had never studied him closely. Other than the time Azula had paraded her through the throne room, she had always been busy performing. The face staring back at her was almost frighteningly normal, and it bothered her for reasons she couldn't quite place. *I guess I expected him to look evil. But why would he? He's just a person.*

"Why did your mother become his mate if she hated him so much?"

"I doubt she was given much of a choice. Once, she told Zuko and me that she'd been married before..." Azula looked away from the portrait, staring down at the floor instead. "But what the Fire Lord wants, he always gets. Mother never explained, but I think he broke her first bond and claimed her for himself by challenging her previous mate to an *agni kai*. Sometimes, I wonder if Zuko is really my half-brother. It would certainly explain why mother always hated me, and Ozai always hated him."

Without thinking, Ty Lee reached over to take Azula's hand in hers. Their eyes met, and she tugged her lip between her teeth. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have brought it up."

Azula drew in a slow breath. "It doesn't matter now. Mother is dead, Zuko is gone, and Ozai won't be a problem for much longer."

The mention of Prince Zuko brought to mind a question Ty Lee had entertained before. "What are you going to do about Zuko if you become Fire Lord? You could lift his banishment if you wanted."

"Why should I? He made it perfectly clear that he wanted to leave. Besides, he was my brother, not my friend."

Ty Lee gave Azula a hesitant smile, sensing an opportunity to turn the conversation in a more lighthearted direction. "Ah. So you *did* have friends once upon a time. What were they like?"

Azula's nose wrinkled, as if in distaste, but she sighed and answered. "One. Mai. She's the beta who ran off with Zuko."

Although she tried to hide it, Ty Lee picked up on the barely-noticeable thread of pain in Azula's voice. She followed her instincts, letting her hip press softly against Azula's and squeezing her hand
tighter. "You miss her, don't you? I bet the palace was pretty lonely once she and Zuko left."

"She was someone to pass the time with, and her sarcasm was passably entertaining," Azula admitted, somewhat grudgingly. "I do think of her occasionally and wonder where she is. I assume Zuko has dragged her somewhere horrible, but it was her choice. She didn't have to leave."

*You don't have to leave either,* a small voice whispered in the back of Ty Lee's mind. *You know Azula would keep you if you asked. She's even offered your pups a place.* She blinked to clear her head, shoving those thoughts down. There would be plenty of time to worry about the future after Ozai had been dealt with. For now, she couldn't afford distractions.

"What about you?" Azula asked, surprising her with the question. "Did you have any friends before you came here?"

Ty Lee started to speak, then paused to think about her answer. Her littermates had been her only friends growing up, and by the time she ran away to join the circus, she had built up a few walls. Most people responded to her cheerful attitude, and she made friendly acquaintances easily enough, but it wasn't the same as truly knowing someone. *Actually, Azula probably knows more about me now than most of the people I've worked with bothered to learn in eight years.*

"I guess that depends on what you mean. My sisters and I were close before things started getting competitive. We did everything together."

"Do you think it was because you were littermates?"

"I'm not sure. My mother didn't have any litters after us. My sire wanted at least one alpha to take over his estate, but I'm pretty sure she was taking kajihana behind his back to keep up with the seven of us." Ty Lee let go of Azula's hand, pulling away slightly. Even though she had decided to put off making a decision until much later, she couldn't help wondering what kind of parent Azula would be. "Azula, what would you do if our—if the pups ended up being omegas?"

"What, the whole litter?" Azula shook her head. "That wouldn't happen."

"It happened to my mother. Maybe it runs in the family? And you didn't answer the question. What would you do?"

"Well, I suppose the strongest of them would become Fire Lord," Azula said after a moment's thought. "It's tradition for an alpha to take the throne, but betas and omegas have inherited the title before. My great great great grandmother Izumi was the most recent, three hundred years ago."

"Really? That's..." Ty Lee hesitated, and her voice trailed off as a curious fluttering sensation started in her stomach. At first, she wondered if Azula's nearness was having an effect on her. She had sensed some stirrings there in recent weeks, especially when Azula was close by her side, but this time, the faint taps didn't go away. They grew stronger instead, and she gasped, placing a hand over her abdomen.

"What's wrong?" One of Azula's hands wrapped around her waist, an instinctive hold meant to steady her.

"I'm fine," Ty Lee said, still staring down at her belly. "They're fine. I—I think I just felt them move."

Azula's eyes widened. "Already? But it's only been..."

"Four months," Ty Lee murmured. Her first horrible week at the palace had felt more like a year, but
now, she could scarcely believe so much time had passed. “If Lo and Li are right and I’m carrying more than one, it’s about time.”

A slow smile spread across Azula’s face, not her usual superior smirk, but something much softer. Her face brightened, and her dark eyes seemed to shine. “May I?” she asked, one hand already hovering halfway through the air. She had reached unthinkingly, and Ty Lee didn’t have the heart to deny her.

“I don’t know if you’ll be able to feel them yet,” she warned, but she took Azula’s hand in hers and placed the alpha’s palm on the fullest part of her abdomen.

Then, they waited. And waited.

“Of course they’d stop moving now,” Azula said, sounding both excited and impatient.

Ty Lee didn’t say anything. Having Azula’s hand on top of her stomach made her feel surprisingly secure, as well as uncomfortably warm. She was growing accustomed to the fact that Azula had become her protector rather than her tormentor, and although her mind still reeled with the shift, her body had already adapted. It had always been more receptive to Azula’s closeness than the rest of her.

Finally, she felt it again—a flurry of soft taps right beneath Azula’s palm. A soft gasp came from beside her ear, and she knew from the look on Azula’s face that her mate had sensed them too. *My mate? Since when have I started thinking of her that way?*

Azula didn’t give her time to dwell on it. “This feels so strange,” she said, still staring down at her hand. “It isn’t uncomfortable for you, is it?”

Ty Lee took stock of her body. The physical part of her pregnancy hadn’t always been easy, but this recent development wasn’t an unwelcome one. “Ticklish more than anything.” The taps sped up, and she grinned. “It feels like they’re doing kata in there. Maybe I can turn them into a tiny army of firebending, chi-blocking acrobats.”

Azula snorted. “There’s no maybe about it. Any pups of mine are bound to be powerful benders.” But the slight twitch at the corners of her lips gave her away, and she added, “If there’s a nonbender in the litter, I’m sure they will have other talents.”

“Remembering the first time I kicked your butt, huh?” Ty Lee said. She had never referred to that night with any sort of playfulness before, but the shadow of pain and resentment she expected when she thought about it never came. Now that Azula had taken some ownership of her actions, remembering the way she had paralyzed the princess at the foot of the bed was almost funny.

“Perhaps.” Azula’s hand started to move in slow circles, calming some of the movement. “Let’s just say I won’t be so quick to underestimate nonbenders again.”

“You’d better not after all the training I’ve given you.”

Azula’s hand stopped. “We still need a place to train while we’re here. There’s a courtyard outside that might be acceptable, if you don’t mind practicing without mats.”

“That depends on you,” Ty Lee said. “How many times do you think you can hit the ground without hurting yourself?”

Instead of bristling with indignation, Azula laughed—a surprisingly beautiful sound that made Ty Lee’s heart flutter along with her stomach. "Don’t be so quick to underestimate me, either. You said
"Then we can start again tomorrow, *if* you think you can handle it," Ty Lee said. "*Your* week's vacation is over, and I'm really gonna put you through your paces."

"I'm sure you will," Azula said with an edge of excitement in her voice. "But that still leaves us the rest of the day while the cleaning crew makes this place livable. We're going back outside."

Ty Lee blinked in surprise as Azula brought their linked hands away and used the hold to lead her toward the door. There were many adjectives she could use to describe Azula, but 'excitable' was one she had never considered before. "Outside? Why? We just got here."

"Because today just became a good day, and I don’t want to spend it in this awful, disgusting place that reminds me of my parents. There’s a beach right down the hill where we can sun ourselves properly, and I want to enjoy it."

The prospect of getting a closer look at the ocean was appealing, especially with how warm she felt, but Ty Lee still had her doubts. "I'll need a swimsuit if we’re going in the water."

Azula’s eyebrows lifted in surprise. "You don’t have one?"

"No." Ty Lee gave her a sidelong look. "You barely let the tailor touch me while he was fitting me for those choli tops, remember?"

Azula had the decency to look a little guilty at the reminder of her possessive behavior, but it didn’t dampen her spirits for more than a moment. "I’m sure we can find something suitable. Maybe in red."

Ty Lee gave Azula’s hand a slight tug. "What about white?"

After a moment’s thought, Azula nodded. "Very well. White is an acceptable choice."
Book Three: Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the delay. There was a death in the family. Rest in peace, Lexa kom Trikru.

Anyway, when Ty Lee asks if Azula's family is "traditional" in their mating practices, she's referring to the position some alphas used to take in the past, where they were allowed to claim omegas, but omegas were not allowed to claim them back with a matching bite. It isn't the OLDEST tradition (which is for both members of a mated pair to bite each other), but it's a misguided, oldschool way of thinking. Kind of like misogyny.

Also, sorry for the smut tease. Next chapter has smut, I promise. Azula needed a little practice with consent and touching first.

"Azula, are you okay?"

Azula stopped scanning the crowded beach from beneath the shade of her umbrella, turning her attention to Ty Lee instead. The omega lay sprawled on her side, stretched out luxuriously across the plush red blanket they had purchased, but she didn't seem to be enjoying her soak in the sun. One of her fists was propped beneath her chin, and her brow was knitted with concern.

Concern for me.

She knew she shouldn't be so pleased that Ty Lee was paying attention to her instead of relaxing, but it soothed some jealous part of her nonetheless. Her mate had been the center of attention from the moment she strutted onto the beach in her brand new white bikini, and the small but growing crowd of alpha and beta admirers lingering next to the nearby volleyball net proved that the mating mark on her throat and the visible swell of her abdomen were insufficient deterrents.

"I'm fine," Azula said, deliberately choosing not to look at them. Perhaps it was the shadow of the umbrella hiding her face, or perhaps Ty Lee was simply too tempting to look away from, but her death-glares didn't seem to be having much of an effect from her current distance. "Your skin is starting to look a little red. I was worried you might be burning."

Please, ask me to help you. Give me an excuse to touch you.

It was an incredibly selfish thought, one she chastised herself for as soon as it popped into her head, but she couldn't quite dismiss it. Over the past two weeks, she and Ty Lee had transitioned into a comfortable state where light contact was welcome. Although she didn't want to abuse the privilege, every touch they shared left Azula hungry. The fact that one brave boy had separated from the throng of interested alphas and shifted a few steps closer to their blanket made her hands itch all the more.

"Oh, am I?" Ty Lee flipped onto her back, stretching into an even more pleasing pose, and Azula saw about half the group inhale out of the corner of her eye. "Do you have any more of that coconut oil? I guess the water washed most of it off."
Azula swallowed. She remembered all too well how Ty Lee had looked emerging from the surf, the material of her swimsuit half see-through and clinging to every curve. She was suddenly grateful that her own swimsuit had extra reinforcement at the front beneath its short, slitted skirt. Her cock was already twitching at the mere memory.

"I have a whole jar," she said, leaving her chair and climbing down onto the blanket to find it. To her delight, the shaggy-haired boy seemed to hesitate. He stopped sneaking forward, and his body language became noticeably nervous.

"Then lotion me up. I don't need a sunburn to go along with the stretch marks."

*Don't get carried away,* Azula told herself as she unscrewed the cap. The oil glistened as she drizzled it into one of her palms, and the ache pulsing between her legs swelled as she imagined the sheen it would give to Ty Lee's beautiful skin. *She trusts you now—trust you don't deserve. You have to be respectful of her boundaries...* But despite her inner monologue, it was incredibly difficult not to take pride in the soft cooing sound Ty Lee made at the first brush of her fingers. The omega relaxed, arms stretching above her head and thighs parting ever so slightly.

Ty Lee's receptive body language and the stares of the interested alphas finally convinced Azula that it was all right to continue. She started with Ty Lee's legs, taking one delicate foot in her hand and rubbing the sole briefly before running her hands up along her mate's smooth calf. Despite its slender appearance, it was firm and muscular, and Azula tried not to think too deeply about how it felt to have Ty Lee's heels digging into her lower back.

*You're enjoying this too much,* she thought, but it was a weak protest at best. Part of her felt as if she should enjoy this. Ty Lee had given her permission, and judging by the soft, murmuring moans the omega was making, she was completely at peace with being touched. Azula let her fingertips slide higher, to the hook of Ty Lee's knee. If she was going to indulge her selfish, possessive side, she would at least make sure that Ty Lee loved every moment of it.

She took her time covering the rest of Ty Lee's legs, dipping back into the oil several times as she worked all the tension out of them. The higher she went, the faster Ty Lee's breathing became, but she never got the objections she was waiting for. Instead, Ty Lee's cheeks dimpled with a pleased smile. "You'd better be careful," she sighed, wiggling the tips of her toes. "If you keep doing such a good job, I'll start asking you to do this for me all the time."

*And I would always tell you yes.* "We might be able to come to an arrangement," Azula said, trying to sound casual. She removed her hands from Ty Lee's leg, where her fingers had wandered just beneath the hem of the omega's skirt, and dipped back into the oil, eyes flicking over to check on the obnoxious onlookers. Unfortunately, the crowd had grown in size, and their staring had become much more obvious. Several omegas had wandered over as well, most of them gazing at her, and for once, Azula was annoyed instead of flattered by the attention.

Still, she had to admit that there was something... compelling... about being observed *with* Ty Lee. Even though Ty Lee hadn't bitten her, they looked like a mated pair, and being seen that way in public was more appealing than she had anticipated. It filled her head with several swirling thoughts —many inappropriate, and some extremely terrifying. She shook herself to clear her mind, scooting up to kneel over Ty Lee's lap. "Would you like me to keep going?" she asked, hesitating before she touched the swell of Ty Lee's abdomen.

"Mm. Please."

The 'please' was more than tempting enough to test her powers of restraint. She bit her lip to stifle a gasp as the shaft of her cock strained against the clinging fabric of her skirt, and it was an effort not
to push her hips forward in search of real contact. Instead, she brought her palms down to Ty Lee's belly, painting over it with what she hoped were soothing circles. When she cupped her hands over Ty Lee's abdomen, a little of her jealousy faded. Even though their relationship was still hazy and undefined, the feelings of pride were instinctive.

Soon, Ty Lee's stomach gleamed beneath the sun. A few lazy rivers dripped down her sides, and Azula gathered them up, making sure to work them in. She hadn't thought it was possible for Ty Lee's skin to feel any smoother, but covered in oil, it was like running her fingertips over silk. Before she was even aware of what she was doing, her hands had wandered into dangerous territory, skimming just beneath Ty Lee's breasts. The tight white top left little to the imagination, and Azula faltered, trying to decide the best way to approach the situation.

"Here." Ty Lee rose up, abdominal muscles tensing as she curled into a half-sitting position and reached around to the middle of her back. At first, Azula was impressed that Ty Lee had retained so much core strength despite being four months pregnant. Then, she sucked in a sharp gasp as the omega's top came loose, sliding down onto the blanket. While she stared, Ty Lee reclined again, stretching her arms above her head and arching luxuriously. "Go ahead. They've been sore anyway."

Once she got over her astonishment at being granted permission, Azula hurried to take advantage. Although she very much enjoyed the view, the last thing she wanted was to leave Ty Lee's breasts uncovered for the voyeuristic band of beachgoers to see. She cupped them in her hands, hesitantly at first, then with more confidence as she saw Ty Lee smile. Slowly, she massaged in the last of the oil, biting slightly at her bottom lip when she noticed the points of Ty Lee's nipples stiffening against her palms.

This is just another physical response. It tells me nothing about her feelings. I won't allow myself to make assumptions again...

"Mm. That feels really nice." Ty Lee's lashes fluttered, and she cracked one eye open. "Have they stopped staring at us yet?"

Azula managed to maintain what she hoped was a dignified expression. Ty Lee had always been observant, but she was a little embarrassed that her true, selfish motivations had been so transparent. "Not yet. I'm afraid our little display is only encouraging them. Don't people respect mating bonds anymore?" All of a sudden, she realized what she had said. Her face flushed hotter than the beating sun, and she swallowed thickly. "That is... from a distance, it probably appears as if we..."

Ty Lee laughed, and Azula wasn't certain whether the sound was embarrassing or delightful. "I know what you meant. Wow, I hardly ever get to see you flustered. Were you that smooth with all those servants you seduced, or did you just rely on being 'the peak of physical perfection'?"

Azula rolled her eyes, although she didn't remove her hands from Ty Lee's breasts. Instead, she let them glide out further, stroking her slippery fingers over the omega's shoulders and upper arms before circling back. "Don't tell me you're jealous." Please, tell me you're jealous. Perhaps then I won't feel so conflicted about being jealous over you.

"I don't know," Ty Lee purred. "You didn't bite any of them, did you?"

It could have been wishful thinking, but for a moment, Azula thought she heard a trace of hope in Ty Lee's voice along with the obvious teasing. "No." She let one of her hands run up to caress Ty Lee's throat, tracing the scar there. Aside from the usual healing, the imprint of her teeth hadn't faded.

"So, why me?"
Azula moved her fingers away, answering the question with another question. "Why hasn't yours gone away?"

There was a long pause where neither of them spoke. They simply stared at each other, unsure what to say.

"Ozai doesn't have a mating mark," Ty Lee said at last. "I noticed his throat was bare that day in the throne room. I was trying to look anywhere but at his eyes."

The mention of that day made Azula's stomach lurch. It was yet another of her many mistakes, one that had haunted her even more since the incident in the training room. Some part of her had liked showing Ty Lee off, claiming ownership, just as some part of her liked it now—but the thought of how terrified Ty Lee had been soured the pleasure the 'old' her would have taken in it. "Roll onto your side," she ordered, giving Ty Lee's hip a soft squeeze in an effort to change the subject. "I still need to do your back."

Ty Lee obeyed, but didn't allow herself to be distracted. "You said Zuko wasn't banished for mating with Mai, right? He was banished for biting her. Is your entire family traditional like that?"

Azula stalled by dipping her hands back into the oil. She took her time smearing it down in a line between Ty Lee's shoulders, making sure to cover every inch. The muscles there were tense beneath her soft skin, and she dug her thumbs into Ty Lee's lower back, trying to loosen some of the stiffness. "Zuko's mistake was in binding himself to someone who couldn't bear him pups. And I wouldn't say refusing the bite is traditional. Other alpha Fire Lords have allowed their mates to mark them back, but Ozai has... strong opinions."

"What about your opinion?" Ty Lee looked back at her, and for a moment, Azula lost herself in the omega's soft brown eyes. "Would you ever let someone bite you?"

Azula started to say no. It was the kind of ridiculous question Mai had asked her as a pup during the rare playful moments of their friendship. It was also a question she had never hesitated to answer: 'No. Why would I? Attachment leads to weakness.' But it was well past time for her to admit that she had already become attached to Ty Lee, despite the circumstances of their meeting. Stranger still, her feelings for the omega didn't make her feel weak. Before Ty Lee, she hadn't had the confidence or skill to seriously consider challenging Ozai. Before Ty Lee, she had never been able to admit her mistakes or apologize for anything. Before Ty Lee, she had overestimated her own strength instead of seeking self-improvement. In truth, she was already marked. No one else had ever challenged her in quite the same way, or so profoundly changed her.

Instead of her usual 'no', she shrugged and gave a different answer before returning to her task. "Perhaps, under the right circumstances. At the very least, it might do more to discourage unwanted attention."

To her relief, Ty Lee allowed the slight deflection. "They must have cleared off by now, right?"

Azula cast another glance over at the volleyball nets. Some of the crowd had turned away to focus back on the game going on behind them, but several sets of eyes were still turned toward their blanket. "It doesn't matter. None of them would dare to come closer."

"Because you'd fry them like a sea slug?" Ty Lee teased.

"Because you would paralyze the swarm of omegas before they overtook me."

Ty Lee grinned, sitting upright on the blanket again. "I would. Hand me my top? I think we've given
them enough of a show."

Reluctantly, Azula retrieved the abandoned scrap of fabric and held it up in offering. She managed to hide most of her disappointment as Ty Lee slid her arms back beneath the straps, but she couldn't quite stifle a sigh. Her sexual frustration hadn't faded in the slightest, and although Ty Lee had become more and more open to her touch since her apology, she didn't want to risk ruining their fragile bond with her impatience.

Ty Lee seemed to notice her restlessness and reached out to place a soft hand on her thigh. "Hey..."

Azula's shaft twitched in response, but thankfully, the skirt hid most of her embarrassment. "Yes?"

"What would you do if I asked you to put on a show for me?"

The request succeeded in grabbing Azula's attention. The corners of her lips twitched up in a smirk, and she leaned back, bracing her palms on the blanket behind her. "We have tickets to the Ember Island Players tonight. Isn't that enough to entertain you?"

"It's still afternoon. We've got some time." Ty Lee glanced over toward the volleyball net, and her expression was positively devious. "Actually, I was thinking you could go over there and show those other alphas a thing or two."

Azula's eyes widened in surprise. "You want me to challenge them? Why?"

"Not to a *fight*," Ty Lee sighed, shaking her head in what Azula hoped was amusement. "Volleyball. There's a game going on. I bet you could beat them all into the ground."

Azula let her own gaze drift over toward the nets. There was indeed a game going on, and her body hummed pleasingly at the thought of releasing some of her excess energy. Still, she wasn't entirely comfortable leaving Ty Lee alone. She knew the omega could fend for herself, but the attention her mate had received had left her unsettled.

"Only if you play on my team." She stood, offering Ty Lee her hand. "Together, the two of us will be an unstoppable force. Our enemies will fall to their knees, weeping with shame and humiliation as we claim our victory."

"You're joking, right?"

"About claiming victory? Never. Besides, you can be our secret weapon. They will underestimate you because of your status and your condition, and then you can take them all by surprise."

Ty Lee grinned. "You mean like you did when we first met?"

Azula nodded. "Exactly. Come on. There's a few hours before sundown, and I want to teach our 'admirers' a lesson in manners."
Book Three: Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Fuck. I poured all of my heart into this chapter. Goddamn. ;w;

I sincerely hope you enjoy it.

BTW, I'm planning on writing a one-shot (possibly with a friend's help) taking place after the events of this story, to kinda show how Ty Lee and Azula get back to rough but consensual sex from where they are in this chapter. ^^ So... if this scene was a bit too tame for you, you have something kinkier to look forward to in the near-ish future! *cough* And it may or may not involve a public mating, so...

"I can't believe you're still laughing," Ty Lee said, grinning as she and Azula made their way up the path toward the beach house. Her face was still warm from the half-cup of rice wine she had indulged in, and if she was being honest, holding Azula's hand probably had something to do with it as well. Their fingers had laced together during the walk home from the theater, and so far, neither of them had found any reason to pull apart.

"I can't believe you aren't," Azula chuckled. "Did you see the actor who played Ozai? His nose was as big as his face, and he was always talking through it. They couldn't have cast someone more ridiculous if they'd stolen an actor from the circus... no offense." She was smiling as well, but for once, her lips weren't tilted in smug satisfaction. It was a much rarer kind of smile, one Ty Lee had to take a second to place.

Happy, she realized all at once, eyes widening in surprise. Azula is actually happy right now. Happy here, with me. She could count on one hand the number of times Azula had ever seemed this light, this relaxed, this certain of herself. The discovery left Ty Lee feeling light too, and she practically skipped the rest of the way up the path, pulling Azula along with her and letting their clasped hands swing between them.

"What are you doing?" Azula demanded, widening her strides to keep up. "All that's up there is my father's dusty old beach house. You can't be in that much of a hurry to get there—"

"It's not that dusty," Ty Lee protested, even though she had seen the layer of grime for herself. "It's going to be really pretty once it's cleaned up and all the cobwebs are gone."

With a sigh, Azula followed her up the steps, allowing herself to be dragged to the front door. "Very well. I suppose we should see whether the cleaning crew I hired has done their job." Azula's grip on her hand loosened, but Ty Lee squeezed tighter, asking her not to let go. Their eyes met, a silent moment of communication, and Azula's face softened even further. As one, the two of them reached out with their free hands and pushed open the double doors, stepping through together.

Inside, the beach house smelled like fresh sea air and flowers. Starlight shone in through the open windows, casting a pale pool of white light across one section of the floor. A smile spread across Ty Lee's face, and she stared around the entryway in awe, shocked by just how much it had been transformed. "What did I tell you?" she said, tugging Azula further inside. "Beautiful, right?"
Azula's eyes didn't wander the room. Instead, they remained fixed squarely on her face. "Yes."

A shiver raced down Ty Lee's spine, one that had nothing to do with the nighttime breeze blowing in through the open window. Her heart fluttered, and her stomach erupted with butterflies. It was a very different physical reaction than the conflicted, sickening desire the old, selfish Azula had drawn from her so easily, and for the first time, she found herself truly welcoming her body's responses. The warmth growing in her chest and blossoming between her legs felt natural instead of forced, and she made no efforts to stifle it.

"So, did you want to squeeze in another round of training before bed?” she asked, grateful for the partial darkness. Hopefully, it would be enough to hide her blush for just a bit longer. "That is why we came all the way out here."

"One of the reasons," Azula conceded, "but that depends on you. You've had a long day..."

Ty Lee poked out her lower lip, and probably would have crossed her arms if it hadn't required loosening her hold on Azula's hand. "You don't think I can keep up with you? I'm just gonna remind you that I scored the winning point on the volleyball court."

Azula snorted. "Yes, you did, but we were already up by eight points on our second game. I hardly think you deserve all the credit."

Ty Lee opened her mouth, prepared to continue arguing, but her words caught in her throat. Azula was staring deeply into her eyes, and something in them made it impossible for her to speak. Over the past several months, the alpha had spent a great deal of time studying her. Azula had leered at her body as if she were nothing more than a prized possession, had glared at her in terrifying anger, and had even examined her with what Ty Lee believed to be genuine concern, but it was only recently that Azula had truly seen her. All of her—more of her than the cheering crowds or her own family had even bothered to look for.

"She brought me all the way here just to make me happy and keep me safe. She listens when I talk. Now that she knows how much she hurt me, she's trying to do better. Ever since she apologized, she always pauses before she touches me, even though I know she wants to..."

With a giddy, dizzying sort of happiness, Ty Lee realized that she wanted to touch Azula, too. She wanted to find out what it would be like to kiss Azula of her own free will, without being forced into it. She wanted to discover how Azula's body would feel against hers when it was an embrace she chose for herself. She took Azula's other hand in hers as well, squeezing tight and pulling gently. Slowly, Azula's body turned toward hers. The two of them stood face to face, gazing at each other as equals, and as one, they both leaned in.

Their mouths didn't meet straight on the first try. Ty Lee caught Azula's bottom lip with both of hers, and for a moment, she simply remained that way, waiting expectantly. When she realized Azula was also waiting for her to move first, she adjusted, letting her lips part a little so Azula would know it was alright to deepen the kiss. It seemed to be the signal Azula was waiting for. The alpha dropped her hands, but only to cup her hips instead, holding them lightly and stepping even closer.

Ty Lee shuddered the moment their bodies brushed. She sighed into Azula's mouth, putting her freed hands to good use and running them through the Princess's hair. For once, it was free of its severe top-knot, and she tangled her fingers through the loose strands, not quite tugging, but luxuriating in the feel. Azula kissed her a little harder, with a hint of a groan, but her lips weren't rough or demanding. Instead, they were hot, coaxing, urging her own to open. Ty Lee paused, waiting for the pleasant press of Azula's tongue, but it never came. Once again, she had to move first, swiping her own tongue across Azula's lower lip to tell her it was allowed.
Once she'd been given permission, Azula took up the offer almost immediately. She pushed forward, carefully at first, then with more enthusiasm, until Ty Lee couldn't help groaning at the warmth and smoothness. Azula's mouth tasted like lipstick and honey, but when it was dancing with hers instead of simply devouring it, the flavor was even sweeter. She couldn't get enough, and soon, her own tongue was pushing back, seeking out more. The scent of jasmine and sex swirled around her, but no matter how badly she wanted to breathe it in, she didn't want to stop.

It wasn't until Azula stiffened against her that she finally broke away. She searched Azula's face, whispering in a haze of confusion, until she realized the reason for the interruption. Her fingers had left Azula's hair and wandered down the middle of her back to pluck at the fastenings of her top. It had been a completely involuntary action, but it wasn't one she regretted. She stopped tugging at the thin strings and swallowed, trying to remember how to speak. "I—I'm sorry. I didn't think..."

"It's fine," Azula murmured against her mouth. "You have nothing to apologize for."

Even though it remained unspoken, Ty Lee picked up on the hint of doubt in Azula's voice. "Neither do you. I kissed you first."

Azula sighed, lashes fluttering as she closed her eyes. "What do we do now?"

Ty Lee abandoned the laces of Azula's top to cup her cheek instead, running her thumb across the flush there. "I don't know, but... I want to figure it out. With you. If you're okay with—"

"As long as you are..."

The two of them paused, then laughed at the same time. Ty Lee placed another kiss on Azula's lips, closed-mouthed but lingering. If she could have gone several months back in time and told herself of this decision, of the strange, inexplicable, wonderful connection she and Azula were discovering, she never would have believed it. She couldn't have imagined that the woman who had hurt her so much could change, could make her feel so safe, so cherished.

But Azula's hold on her hips was almost delicate. Azula was practically trembling in her arms. And every step of the way so far, Azula had paused to check for her consent.

"I am," Ty Lee said. "I trust you now. And I want you."

Those words, I want you, finally seemed to unleash the powerful alpha Azula had been working so hard to restrain. The hands on Ty Lee's hips moved down, sliding beneath the backs of her thighs and cupping her ass. She gasped as Azula lifted her up—she still had no idea how someone built so slender could be so strong—but she hurried to hook her knees around Azula's waist, moaning slightly as she rocked against something firm and familiar. Azula's cock was more than hard enough for her to feel, and despite the layers of fabric between them, sparks shot through her as it pressed between her legs.

"If I do something wrong," Azula whispered beside her ear, "tell me. I'll stop."

"I know," Ty Lee breathed back, "but I don't want you to stop."

Azula carried her further into the beach house, out of the entryway and through the decorative columns. At first, Ty Lee thought she was being taken to a bedroom—even one of the couches in the living room would do if Azula didn't feel like bothering with stairs—but instead, Azula brought her back outside, passing through a thin screen door and into the adjoining garden. Even more moonlight poured over them, and Ty Lee smiled as it fell onto Azula's face. She had never seen it softer, and she couldn't tear her eyes away.
"Is this all right?" Azula asked. "It's beautiful outside tonight, and I thought..."

Ty Lee smirked. "What's the point of having a private beach house all to yourself if you can't make love under the stars?"

Azula's eyebrows lifted in surprise at the words, but she didn't argue the point. Instead, she continued on, down the stone steps and toward the plushest section of grass in the garden. When Azula came to a stop at last, Ty Lee's feet touched the earth again, but only for a moment. Soon, she and Azula were kneeling, then lying down, falling onto the ground together and tugging at each other's clothes.

It was difficult to strike a balance between hurrying and taking her time. Ty Lee constantly found herself torn between impatience and wonder, cherishing each strip of skin she uncovered one moment, whining in frustration the next as she battled small laces and fastenings. She wanted to worship every inch of Azula's body with her hands and lips, and to receive the same attention, and their clothes were only in her way. Azula wasn't much help. Her hands kept slipping, shaking, and Ty Lee had to remove her own skirt herself in the end. When she undid the knot on the side, the fabric opened, falling beneath her like a blanket.

"That's going to get ruined if we leave it there," Azula said, stroking one of her cheeks.

Ty Lee turned into the caress, pressing her lips to the tender skin on the inside of Azula's wrist. "I don't care. Just kiss me." Azula did kiss her, deeply and urgently, and Ty Lee clutched at the shifting muscles of her back, heart pounding and head spinning.

The next several minutes passed by in a blur. She held onto a few flashes, committing them to memory—the moment Azula's lips sealed over the tip of her breast, sucking until she squirmed with need; the moment she flipped Azula onto her back and began blazing a hot trail down her body; the moment she finally managed to unwrap Azula's skirt and reveal the strained, swollen shaft underneath. She stared at it, unsure where to begin. Usually, this was the point when Azula directed her to do something—or simply started doing something herself—and the thought that she could choose this time left her a little breathless.

On impulse, she checked Azula's face. The only other time she had enjoyed this privilege, she had abused it—something she wouldn't do again, despite the fact that Azula had hurt her first. But there wasn't any doubt in Azula's eyes. They were dark and shining with desire, and when she spread her legs further apart, Ty Lee knew she was welcome to touch. Confidence renewed, she folded her fingers around Azula's length, giving it a testing stroke. The quiet moan that spilled from between Azula's lips and the slight jerk of her hips encouraged her further, so she did it again and again, until she had established a steady rhythm and Azula's wetness was flowing over her fingers.

"Ty Lee..." Azula pushed herself up on her hands, leaning forward, and Ty Lee took the invitation. She captured Azula's mouth in another hot kiss, sucking slowly at her lover's bottom lip as she continued pumping her fist. My lover. I guess we are lovers now, she realized, with rapidly growing excitement. For real this time, because we want to be. Her heart swelled, and so did the ache between her legs. She removed her hand, ignoring Azula's soft groan of disappointment, and lined up their hips instead, dragging herself deliberately along the underside of Azula's shaft.

The ragged gasp that rushed out of Azula's mouth was more than enough to convince Ty Lee to keep going. She repeated the motion, altering the angle a little, and shuddered when her clit bumped the swollen head of Azula's cock. It felt incredibly good to catch herself against its ridge, and she couldn't resist rocking into it a few more times. Fortunately, Azula didn't seem to mind. The alpha's arms came up to wrap around her, holding her steady so she could continue.

Soon, her thighs were a sticky, running mess and Azula's cock glistened with the proof of their
desire. Ty Lee had no trouble at all gliding against it, and although Azula's hips quivered, she didn't make any effort to thrust. Ty Lee wasn't sure whether she was pleased or disappointed by Azula's restraint. She had never felt so open, so ready, especially before she had even come, and she ached at the thought of being taken. "I want you inside me," she muttered, shifting in Azula's lap and attempting to align herself. "Now, please..."

Azula moved as well, pushing herself up the rest of the way and sitting back on her heels. "I want to be inside you. How should I—"

Ty Lee didn't wait. She couldn't any longer. She hooked her knees around Azula's waist, gripping her shoulders for support, and began sinking down. She shook a little as the wide head nudged at her entrance, but it slid past with absolutely no resistance, and she sighed with relief. The next several inches slipped forward without any effort at all, and her inner walls fluttered, adjusting to the pleasant stretch as Azula’s length finally bottomed out.

Once they were joined, both of them paused. "Are you all right?" Azula asked, rubbing circles over her back. The sentence unfurled in a hot stream of breath, and she whimpered when she realized that Azula's lips were hovering just over her mating mark—the mark that still hadn't faded with the passing months.

"Fine," she rasped, struggling to form even that single word. Somehow, it didn't seem sufficient, and she tried again. "Amazing. It feels... Right. Having Azula inside her felt right. Mating with Azula had made her feel many things—terror, desire, anger, sadness, and confusion—but it had never been like this. It had never left her heart so full. She sighed with happiness and started moving on instinct, using her knees for leverage and swiveling her hips, trying to share the pleasure building low in her belly.

Azula's hands moved down, cupping her backside and squeezing firmly. It was only the slightest request for more, but it made Ty Lee respond more powerfully than any sharp demand Azula had ever made of her. She drew up, just enough to let the base of Azula's cock slide out, and then sank down again, whimpering when it stretched her a little wider than before. Her inner walls shivered when she realized why. Azula's knot was growing inside her, throbbing as it swelled.

She was sorely tempted to lift up and let it finish forming outside of her, just so she could enjoy her freedom of movement a little longer and enjoy taking the whole thing at once later, but greed got the better of her. She wanted every inch of Azula inside her, knot and all, sealed as deep as possible. "Stay... just stay in me," she pleaded, tangling her fingers into Azula's glossy hair and muttering into her sweet, kiss-swollen lips. They tasted divine, but Azula's skin was also calling to her, and she couldn't linger in one place for long. With each soft, shared roll of their hips, Azula parted her inner walls a little further, until she was stretched to her limit.

Once they were properly tied, Ty Lee dragged her mouth a little lower, planting butterfly kisses along Azula's jawline and gliding down the graceful curve of her neck. When she reached Azula's throat, she felt a sharp spike. The heavy pulse of Azula's heartbeat pounded just beneath the soft skin there, and the comforting smell of jasmine curled into her nose. She swirled her tongue through the pool of salt in the hollow of Azula's collarbone, letting it fill her mouth just as the alpha's scent was filling her lungs. She couldn't get enough—of Azula's smell, her touch, her taste—and every fiber of her being sang with the want of more.

When she peeled her lips back over her teeth and set them against Azula's pulse point, barely pressing in, it wasn't a conscious thought. The desire was instinctive, every bit as instinctive as the slow, gentle movement of Azula's hips beneath hers and the pleasant fullness of Azula's knot shifting within her. But when she trapped the tense cord of Azula's shoulder and held it hard enough to make
her purpose clear, it was completely intentional. She knew what she was doing. She knew how she felt. She knew what she wanted. Azula, just Azula, in every possible way—for her assets, for her flaws, for all her hidden feelings.

Still, she waited. She didn’t move, barely even breathing. She closed her eyes and remained perfectly still, listening with hope for Azula’s words of permission.

In the end, she only received one word, but it was more than enough. “Yes.”

As soon as she bit down, Azula gave a full-body jerk. The alpha's muscles tensed, and she let out a hoarse groan, but once she grew accustomed to what was happening, every inch of her seemed to melt into a puddle. She completely lost her rhythm, plunging upward with shallow thrusts, going fast one moment, slow the next. The unpredictable pace had Ty Lee's inner walls clenching, but she scarcely noticed her swiftly building climax. She was too focused on how delicious Azula tasted in her mouth, the slight tinge of sweat and the sweet tang of iron, and she buried her teeth deeper, refusing to let go.

I don't want to. Don't ever want to... Azula...

When sudden sharpness latched on to the front of her throat, right over the old scar of her mating mark, even her thoughts dissolved into pure emotion. She came abruptly, whimpering and rippling and shuddering. Her entire body felt like it was floating, but Azula's arms were folded tight around her, holding her steady so she wouldn't spin out. Her muscles clutched desperately at Azula's knot, molding to its shape, trying to find the space to contract and at the same time trying to pull the thickness deeper. She wanted Azula to stay buried inside her forever, to hold her and be held, to keep falling to pieces and know that her mate would catch her.

My mate. Azula is my mate.

She dug her teeth in harder, and Azula's hips gave another short push. The tip of her cock nudged deeper, and a moment later, a shuddering throb raced up along its length. Ty Lee stopped rocking in the middle of her own release, waiting breathlessly, and a few watery tears leaked from her eyes as Azula's knot gave a hard twitch. Powerful spurts of come spilled inside her, splashing against her inner walls, urging her to open further, to hold even more.

Ty Lee tried to pull away, to scream her pleasure as pulse after pulse of heat flooded inside her, but she couldn't pry her jaws apart. They were locked firmly onto Azula's shoulder, and she couldn't have let go if she wanted to. Since she couldn't make her lips form the words she so badly wanted to say, she thought them instead, letting them circle through her mind over and over again. Azula. I love you. I love you, Azula, I love you...

Gradually, the need for air forced her to lift her head. She released Azula’s throat—reluctantly—and gulped in deep breaths, shuddering as the realization of what she had done settled over her. A deep purple mark rested at the crook of Azula’s shoulder, just where it joined her throat, a perfect imprint of her teeth. She waited for panic to surge inside her, the same panic she had felt after Azula had bitten her, but it never came. Instead, all she felt was a soothing sense of peace.

Eventually, Azula let go of her bite as well, eyes wide, lips trembling. After a moment, they stretched into a big smile, and although she didn’t speak, Ty Lee knew that her lover had no regrets. Her smile was full of love, and Ty Lee couldn’t help leaning forward for another kiss. When Azula’s hands ran up along her legs to circle her hips, gently tipping her onto her back, she didn’t protest. She welcomed Azula’s weight on top of her, and when her mate began moving again, thrusting with the full range of motion the tie allowed, she tightened the hook of her knees, encouraging her to keep going.
Book Three: Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Thanks to @n1ghtwr1ter for their edits on this chapter. I appreciate them so much.

Don't worry. Ty Lee's big damn hero moment is coming. She's too BAMF to sit on the sidelines forever.

"Azula, you don't have to carry me anymore," Ty Lee protested, pushing lightly against her sternum. "I can walk fine on my own."

Azula only smiled. If Ty Lee had truly seemed unhappy in her arms, she would have set the omega back down at once, but so far, her mate's complaints had been mild at best. In fact, one of Ty Lee's slender arms was still twined around her shoulders, and gentle fingers kept combing through the fine hairs at the back of her neck. "I know you can. This is a point of alpha pride. Please, indulge me."

Ty Lee giggled, burrowing further into her chest. "Mm. You've been saying 'please' a lot the past couple of weeks, and your aura's very pink. You aren't actually becoming nice and learning some manners, are you?"

"Pink?" Azula questioned, raising her eyebrows. "And my manners are perfectly acceptable. I just don't waste them on fools, and the palace seems to be full of those." Ty Lee snorted against her neck, and Azula dipped down, brushing a kiss across the top of her head. "You happen to be one of the few tolerable people in my life. Perhaps the only one."

"Tolerable?" Ty Lee repeated, with obvious mischief. "I think I'm more than that. You might want to work on your sweet talk. Remember, you're stuck with me now."

Azula's heart swelled at the reminder, and her face glowed with a happy blush. She did remember. The tender mark on the side of her throat and the beautiful woman curled up in her arms were constant reminders. Such a deep, intense attachment should have frightened her, but when she searched inside herself, she didn't find a scrap of doubt. Truthfully, some part of her had already belonged to Ty Lee before the bite. This was only outward proof.

"Does this mean you aren't going to leave after I defeat my father?" Azula asked, not bothering to conceal her hope. The thought of Ty Lee's departure had been upsetting before, but now, it seemed unthinkable.

"Of course not," Ty Lee said. "This is your litter I'm carrying. I'm not letting you off the hook for raising them."

"I'll gladly take those consequences, and you," Azula said. She set Ty Lee back down once they arrived at the top of the stairs, wrapping an affectionate arm around her waist. She gave her new mate a slow up and down, admiring her thoroughly. The few bruises on her body were old and mostly faded, but her inner thighs still glistened, and there was a noticeable lipstick smudge above the brown peak of her left nipple. "But first, the two of us should clean up."

One of Ty Lee's hands crept along her side, lighting up the sensitive skin there. "Why? We're just
gonna get messy again..."

The promise in her voice sent a rush of heat straight between Azula's legs. Her cock stirred, swelling to hardness as her mate's soft palm skimmed over her belly. "A good point," she murmured, pulling Ty Lee closer. "I suppose cleaning up can wait, if you had other ideas."

Ty Lee grinned. "Lots of other ideas."

Azula leaned past her to open the bedroom door, making sure their bodies brushed. "Oh? You'll have to tell me..."

Her voice trailed off, and she stiffened in surprise, stepping in front of Ty Lee instinctively. Their room, which should have been empty, was currently occupied by several tall, heavily armored warriors. They wore the royal colors, stinking of alpha aggression, and as Azula looked past them, her gaze fell on the very last person she wanted to see.

"Azula," Ozai said, regarding her with dark, flashing eyes. He was dressed in full royal regalia, decorative robes and all, and his headpiece was perched imperiously over his top knot. "I see you've been enjoying your vacation."

"Until very recently." Azula remained where she was without bowing, shielding Ty Lee from her father's gaze. Some part of her knew why he had followed them to Ember Island, could read it in his posture and the sneer pulling at his lips, but strangely, she was unafraid. If he thinks this is the best time to confront me, he's severely miscalculated. I'm not letting him anywhere near my mate. "Do you want to tell me what you're doing here, or should I guess?"

"I think you already know." Ozai stepped forward, and Azula wasn't entirely surprised to see that he was carrying a bundle of fabric. He tossed it to her, and she caught it, unwrapping a pair of flowing crimson pants and one of her capes, complete with pointed, decorative shoulder-pieces. "Get dressed, Azula. Your little game of treachery is over."

Azula didn't put the cape on. She was all too aware of her mate behind her, sipping short breaths and trembling, her sweet scent soured with fear. Azula ignored Ozai completely, placing the garment around Ty Lee's shoulders instead. Neither of them spoke, but they shared a silent look—one of mutual worry, and also unspoken agreement. It was possible that they could fight their way free of the guards together, but it would be an incredible risk with Ozai there as well... one that, in Ty Lee's condition, Azula was unwilling to take.

"You could have waited until I returned home for this," she said in a steaming hiss. Slowly, she turned back to face her father, putting on the pants he had thrown at her. She showed none of the terror she felt on her face, tapping into the simmering pit of resentment within her. "Ty Lee and I were actually having a good time."

"Don't continue to insult me, Azula. Did you think I wouldn't find out what was going on in my own palace? Lo and Li have told me all about your little training sessions. I have to admit, it was clever. Did you find the girl before your birthday celebration and arrange for her to perform so you could claim her, or was it a lucky accident?"

Azula didn't dignify the question with a response. Instead, she asked one of her own, fingers curling into fists. "So, what are you going to do now? Take the coward's way out and kill me? Zuzu's gone, father. I'm your last hope of continuing your proud legacy."

"No. You aren't." Ozai nodded, not at her, but past her, to the doorway where Ty Lee was standing. "As long as I have your omega, your services are no longer required."
"Just try and take her," Azula snarled, peeling her upper lip back to show her teeth. She squared her shoulders, extending two fingers and feeding power through them until thin threads of blue lightning crackled around her hand. She didn't care what Ozai did to her. The thought of anyone laying a hand on Ty Lee made her chi blaze hot as it pounded through its burning paths.

Ozai remained unimpressed with the display. "Put that away. I'm not going to murder my own daughter in the middle of the family beach house. What would that prove? You've dishonored me, Azula. Alphas of the Fire Nation have traditions for handling such matters."

After a long, tense moment, Azula lowered her arm, still a ball of furious tension. "Fine. I challenge you to **agni kai.**"

"Good." Ozai turned toward his guards. "Take the girl."

That was too much. Azula hardened her stance, preparing to strike out, but a soft hand on her arm stopped her from starting the form. "Azula, don't!"

"I won't let them hurt you," Azula said, without moving her head. **You've suffered enough for me already.**

"I know you won't," Ty Lee said, whispering urgently into her ear. "You're going to win for us. You can beat him. You've **never** been stronger."

Azula inclined her head. *I've also never had more to lose.* But she understood Ty Lee's reasoning. She would have a much better chance facing Ozai one on one, with Ty Lee safely on the sidelines, than in this small room, where either one of them could be cornered. She had to pick her battles wisely, and this wasn't where she wanted to fight. With great difficulty, struggling against every instinct she had, she stepped aside, letting Ty Lee's palm slip away from her arm. "You may escort us to a suitable place," she said, loathing every word.

Ozai nodded once, and two of the soldiers moved forward, each taking one of Ty Lee's arms. She did not protest, and Azula managed to restrain herself as well—though only just. She tugged the cape further around Ty Lee's naked body, making sure it covered at least a portion of her breasts and belly, daring Ozai's guards to try and stop her. "Hedge your bets," she growled, making sure they smelled her protective rage. "If I become Fire Lord and I see a single mark on her that I didn't leave myself, your heads are going on the prow of the boat when we sail home."

That seemed to get through to them. They kept as far away from her as possible as they escorted Ty Lee back out into the hallway, but Azula took little pride in their cowering. The guards might be terrified of her, but they were holding her heart. She watched them descend the stairs with Ty Lee between them, half-hoping her mate would paralyze the closest two and make a break for the front door, but it didn't happen. Ty Lee merely glanced back at her one last time before disappearing from sight.

"Where are you taking her?" Azula asked Ozai, the ice of dread within her melting to boiling anger.

"To the nearest stadium," Ozai told her, flatly and without emotion. "An **agni kai** needs witnesses from both parties."

Azula didn't believe his explanation, but she knew better than to question it. She started off down the stairs, her mind racing. *Ty Lee is right,* she told herself. *I can do this. I have to do this. Even if he knows about my training, the difference between winning and losing is only one hit.*

* * *
The air was cold when she and Ozai arrived at the stadium. The warm evening breeze had been replaced with a bitter night wind, and the stars, which had glowed so beautifully before in the garden, shone high and cold in the heavens above. She caught sight of faint firelight ahead, and her eyes narrowed. Torches? Maybe Ty Lee and the guards are already there... Although she despised the thought of not knowing where her mate was, she hated the thought of Ty Lee being forced to watch the duel even more. Perhaps Ozai thought Ty Lee’s presence would unbalance her, or perhaps he was simply feeling sadistic. Either way, she didn't trust his motives, and she wanted Ty Lee as far from him as possible.

When they arrived at the front entrance, however, Ty Lee wasn't the one waiting for them. Lo and Li had positioned themselves by the gate, dressed in fine robes, their hair put up in the usual fans. Azula growled, showing her teeth, but she was far too distracted to take her rage out on them. Perhaps before Ty Lee's influence, she would have dispatched of them in some horrible way for telling Ozai of her plans. Instead, she saw them for what they were—servants of the Fire Nation, loyal to its current Fire Lord. And after her agni kai with Ozai, she intended for the title to be hers.

At their approach, the two old women bowed.

"The arena has been cleared, Fire Lord Ozai," the first said, raising her head again.

"The omega and your guards are inside," the second said, doing the same.

Ozai did not dignify them with a verbal response. He only nodded, passing between them and through the gate. Azula hurried to match his stride, refusing to let him enter before her. She had spent the first two-thirds of her life admiring her father and striving to imitate him, desperate for any sparse praise he might choose to bestow and competing with Zuko for the privilege of his attention. During the last third, that fanatic love had twisted into hate. She had realized that Ozai saw her as little more than a weapon to unleash on his enemies, a vessel to carry on his bloodline, and she had resented him for it. His 'approval' was part of the reason her mother had so despised her, but even though she had been his favorite child, he hadn't ever seen her as a person. And now...

Now, she was surprisingly indifferent. She was beyond hate. When she looked at her father, all she saw was someone she was terrified of becoming. If the things she had learned and experienced over the past several months made her weak in his estimation, she cared nothing for his opinion. She was more than Ozai's puppet. Ty Lee was more than breeding stock. And she was going to fight to free them both.

The inside of the stadium was much smaller than the grandiose arenas in the capital, but the cramped quarters didn't bother her. If she was going to make use of the training Ty Lee had given her, that meant close combat. The seats were empty, but she caught sight of a huddled group standing near the far wall. Her first instinct was to run forward, but she suppressed it. Ozai had surely noticed that she and Ty Lee shared a connection, but she didn't want him to know just how deep it was.

When Ozai stopped, she did as well, facing him reluctantly. "Somehow, I always thought I would have to teach Zuko this lesson," he told her, his expression stony and impassive. "You've... surprised me, Azula. I thought you knew better." From his tone, it was clear that he didn't mean 'surprised', but 'disappointed'.

"I've surprised myself," Azula said, looking directly into his eyes. "And I'm through taking lessons and orders from you. The two of us are nothing alike anymore."

A flicker passed across Ozai's face, perhaps of anger, but it didn't last long. One of the guards approached, carrying the cape and shoulderpiece she had given to Ty Lee back in the bedroom. She accepted it grudgingly, draping it around her shoulders. It barely helped with the chill, but she was
already numb to it anyway.

She headed to the other side of the arena without being prompted, close to where Ty Lee and the rest of Ozai’s warriors were still standing. As she fell into a crouch, she searched for her mate, breathing a soft sigh of relief when their gazes met. The omega was naked and shivering, but seemed to be unharmed. If I lose, run, she tried to say with her eyes, letting them sweep across the nearest guards.

Ty Lee’s brow furrowed, and her soft, heart-shaped face hardened with stubborn determination. She gave the tiniest shake of her head, and somehow, Azula doubted Ty Lee would be running from anything. If she did come close to losing, she strongly suspected that her mate would join her on the field, pregnant or not.

The sound of a gong striking shattered the silence, and Azula felt her heart jolt. She rose to her feet, turning and letting her cape slide from her shoulders. Instead of allowing it to hit the dirt, she tossed it backwards, toward Ty Lee’s chest. The omega caught it, and Azula forced a smile. At the very least, she would be a little warmer.

"Stop stalling, Azula." Ozai stood across from her, feet planted apart, arms raised. "It's time for you to learn respect."

Azula planted her own feet wide, two fingers extended. "Of course. I wouldn't want to be rude."

She leapt, and Ozai rushed. A giant column of fire spun toward her, but she was already several feet in the air, propelled by a burst of blue flame. The heat rose with her, almost overwhelming, but she ignored the tight ache in her skin. Ozai's attacks were fast and powerful, so she had to be faster and stronger.

She lashed out with her foot as soon as she hit the ground, twisting to avoid another whirling wheel of flame. It barely missed her back, but barely was enough. She tapped into her chi, letting it flow through her arms and burst free in tight blasts. Ozai deflected them with swift jabs of his fists, sending them skidding off-target, but she didn't care. Burning him wasn't her goal. She needed to get close enough for a swift paralyzing strike.

Ozai didn't make it easy. When he saw that she was closing in, his hands moved in rapid circles, sending flames rushing out in every direction. The force of his attack shook the ground, and Azula took to the air again to keep from stumbling. Her second landing wasn't as graceful. She caught herself with both arms outstretched, jerking up just in time to see twin streams of fire twining together and streaking towards her.

Instead of retreating, she charged ahead, propelling herself forward at breakneck speed. Ozai wasn’t fighting the way he usually did—he was being defensive, cautious, and it frightened her more than the fire scorching the ground all around her. Ozai flashed past and she gave chase, pouring all her energy into the jets at her feet. If he didn't want her close, that meant he had misgivings. He wasn’t confident that he could beat her, and the possibility of winning fueled her strength.

The two of them skirted the arena’s edges, searching for an opening. When she shot forward, Ozai danced back, sailing over her head and sending more pinwheels racing toward her. Avoiding them from below was second nature. She had dodged and deflected countless downward blows from Ty Lee in much the same way—

Ty Lee.

Her protective instincts surged, and her chi flared, just in time. An enormous ball of fire was racing straight toward her, hissing and pulsing. Her arms shot out, raising a towering wall of blue flame in
front of her. Ozai's comet collided with her shield in a shower of sparks, and the arena quaked and shuddered with its force.

"No lightning, Azula?" Ozai asked as the smoke cleared. "I'm surprised. Are you getting tired, or do you think you don't need it?"

Azula lurched forward, loose hair flying about her face. Her limbs were shaking with rage and exhaustion, but desperation drove her on. "Lightning?" She gathered her chi, letting it swell and crackle between her hands. "I'll show you lightning."

Ozai summoned his own storm, his expression twisting into a sneer of hatred. "Nothing new. I taught you everything you know."

*Not everything. Come closer, you coward.*

Their energy clashed in a brilliant surge of blue and white. The twisting threads burned into Azula's eyes, but she ignored it, continuing to scorch a path forward. Bolts of lightning lashed out at her from every direction, but she didn't slow. She could see Ozai moving somewhere ahead of her, where the pulse of energy was strongest, and she wove from side to side, avoiding his strikes just as Ty Lee had taught her. *Ten steps... five... four...*

When she was close enough to see the shadow of doubt flickering on Ozai's face, she unleashed everything she had. Lightning split the sky, lighting up the entire arena, and she jabbed out with one of the strikes Ty Lee had taught her, hoping for a hit.

Her hand passed through empty air. When the brilliant flash faded, Azula saw Ozai's silhouette less than a foot away. He turned to look at her, and though her eyes struggled to refocus, her nose stung with the stink of his aggression more than the fire. She squared off against him, fresh lightning dancing at the tips of her fingers, but she never got a chance to unleash it. Ozai wasn't alone. Another body was pressed tight against his, and Azula found herself staring into Ty Lee's wide, terrified eyes.

"Let. Her. Go, " she roared. Plumes of blue fire poured from her mouth, and every inch of her body blazed and trembled. "She isn't part of this!"

Ozai didn't flinch. His hand remained clenched beneath Ty Lee's chin, a dagger-like jet of white flame extending from the flat of his fist. "Don't act so surprised. You aren't the only one who can cheat. Now, you have a decision to make. I can kill her and your pups, keep my title, and let you live long enough to mate with another omega of my choosing... or I can kill you."

It wasn't even a decision. "Don't." She dropped to her knees, closing her eyes and turning her head to the side. "Kill me."
So, the wonderful art here should technically be in the last chapter, BUT!!! I wanted you all to see it. So, you can take in the wonderful comic by @pinkrabbitparachute of the end of Azula and Ozai's agni kai. Go follow them on tumblr, please! They do fantastic art. =D

Also, this is a double update. You can enjoy the epilogue as well.
"If that's your choice."

The dagger of flame at Ty Lee's neck receded an inch, and Ozai stepped forward, forcing her to stumble in front of him as his shield. She tried to wriggle free and rush toward Azula, but the Fire Lord's arm was like a bar of iron across her chest, and with death inches away from her throat, she had very few options. Her eyes locked onto her mate’s kneeling form, and her chest constricted with fear. Azula, no... I can’t lose you. Not now. Not after...
"But first, we have to finish our duel." Ozai shifted his grip, seizing Ty Lee's arm instead and dragging her alongside him. "Look at me, Azula," he snarled as he came to a stop before her hunched figure. The white-hot jet of flame in his hand burned even brighter. "Before you die, you must learn respect. Pain and suffering will be your teacher."

Azula looked up, her expression steadfast and determined. "I have respect." Their gazes met, and Ty Lee gasped when she saw tears shining in Azula's eyes. "Just not for you."

Ozai's expression twisted, and his teeth flashed. "You will."

He brought his hand down. Azula screamed. The smell of charred skin and the hiss of burning flesh cut through the air, but although Ty Lee’s heart cracked, she didn’t look. At last, she had her chance, and she couldn’t afford to waste it. With fluidity earned through almost a decade of training, she slipped free of Ozai's grasp and twisted around him, jabbing her knuckles into the middle of his back in a swift double-strike.

The Fire Lord’s entire body went rigid. He dropped to his knees, letting out a hoarse gasp of what sounded like surprise. His throat throbbed and bulged, and the veins at his temples stood out starkly. Then, at last, he fell to the side, hitting the dirt with a low thud. He remained perfectly still, eyes open, blood leaking from one corner of his mouth.

Ty Lee stared at his corpse, but there wasn’t time to be shocked by what she had done. Azula was still on all fours, naked back heaving with heavy, uneven breaths that ended on a whimper. Her entire body trembled, and her hair hung in a tangled waterfall around her face.

"Azula!" Ty Lee snapped free of her trance and rushed toward her mate, dropping to her knees and brushing Azula’s hair back from her sweat-soaked forehead. "Are you al—"

But Azula wasn't all right. The left half of her face had been burned raw, a sticky, angry, weeping red. Her left eye was twisted into a permanent snarl, and the right one streamed with tears. When she spoke, her voice was tight and choked. "You’re… all right? Our pups?"

Ty Lee nodded, not trusting herself to speak.

“Ozai…” Azula looked beyond her to where the Fire Lord had fallen. “He's... dead?"

Ty Lee nodded, but she didn’t spare Ozai’s body even a glance. She cupped Azula's unblemished cheek in her hand, running her thumb along its curve. "But you're not. You’re not. Spirits, I'm so glad you're alive. I thought I'd lost you..."

Azula blinked—or tried to. Another shudder coursed through her, and Ty Lee held her until it passed. "I'm sorry," Azula said, with a weak, almost bitter laugh. "I suppose... I'm not... the peak of physical perfection... anymore..."

"I don't care," Ty Lee insisted, tears streaming down her own cheeks. "You did it, Azula. You survived. You saved me—"

"You did it," Azula insisted. "You killed Ozai." Her voice had evened out, but from the way she swayed, Ty Lee could tell that she was fading quickly. "I suppose the crown is yours now…"

“Stop joking,” Ty Lee said, her voice breaking on a sob. Although she knew Azula was trying to distract her from the horror they had just endured, the implications made her chest clench. She didn’t want to think about any possible future without Azula in it. “That crown belongs to you. You’re the new Fire Lord, and I’m going to be your consort.”
Azula snorted, then winced, turning her face away. “Why would you still want me? I failed. I couldn’t protect you. I’m—”

“Don’t you dare say ugly.” Ty Lee cupped the back of Azula’s neck, forcing the alpha to look at her. “And you didn’t fail. Not at all. You were about to win. You risked your life for me and our pups. Of course I still want to be your mate.”

Azula’s shoulders sagged with relief, and though her smile was pained, it was also genuine. “I lov—”

“I know. Let me help you stand.” She slipped her shoulder beneath one of Azula’s trembling arms, shifting into a crouch and lifting her mate up. The two of them staggered to their feet together, turning toward Ozai’s body. A crowd had gathered around it—all of the guards, as well as Lo and Li. None of them spoke, and Azula couldn’t manage much more than a ragged pant, so Ty Lee took it upon herself to break the silence.

“Ozai forfeited the agni kai when he cheated, and now he’s dead. Azula is the rightful Fire Lord.” She ended the statement with a glare, and though she had never used such an expression before, it sent a clear message—if anyone felt like disagreeing, they would have to deal with her.

One by one, the guards dropped to their knees, flattening their palms over their fists and offering the backs of their necks. Lo and Li dipped as well before rising again and chanting in one voice. “All hail, Fire Lord Azula! Leader of the Fire Nation, Conqueror of Ba Sing Se—”

Azula didn’t make it through the list of titles. She let out a low groan, and her knees began to give. “That’s enough,” Ty Lee said, putting more of her strength beneath Azula’s shoulder to keep her from falling. “She needs a healer. Someone go get help—now!”

The guards didn’t argue. Several rose to their feet, scurrying toward the arena door, while two others took Azula from the safety of her arms. Ty Lee hovered close, remaining well within arm’s reach.

Azula’s eyes were closed, and her slick, clammy skin had gone even paler than usual.

“Don’t worry, Ty Lee,” one of the twins said, speaking from beside her.

“She is strong,” the other said.

“Her injury will not kill her,” they said together.

Ty Lee didn’t even have it in her to be surprised that they had addressed her by name. Instead, she remained focused on Azula’s blistered face. They’d better be right, she thought, resting her palm over Azula’s bare chest. The slow thud of her mate’s heart pounded steadily beneath her palm. Because I love you, too.

* * *

One Month Later

“There.” Ty Lee set down the brush she had been holding, stroking her palm over Azula's dark hair. Thanks to her efforts, it was sleek and shiny, without a tangle in sight. "You look beautiful."

Azula’s eyes shifted away from hers, mouth set in an unhappy line. Her lips parted, perhaps to begin a series of denials and complaints, but in the end, she simply took a deep breath and sighed. "Thank you, Ty Lee." She reached for the small painted box of pins she kept on the corner of her vanity, passing it backwards. "Would you please put it up for me? And you may as well add the headpiece while you're doing it."
“Mmhmm.” She took the box, removing the top and slipping several of the pins between her lips. Although Azula had plenty of servants whose job it was to see to her appearance, especially on a day as important as her own coronation, Ty Lee wasn't surprised that her mate had asked for her help instead. Azula’s scar had healed since the night of her agni kai, but it still left a very noticeable red shadow across her face, even with a considerable amount of makeup caked on top of it.

"Newvos?" she asked, speaking around the pins as she scooped the silky locks of Azula’s hair on top of her head and began tying them off.

"No, not nervous." Through the mirror, Ty lee caught Azula casting her eyes down into her lap. "I suppose I have mixed feelings. I've been planning this day for my entire life, but nothing turned out the way I thought it would. I didn't defeat Ozai, I don't look like myself..."

Ty Lee removed two of the pins, sliding them into Azula's top knot at opposite ends to make sure it stayed. "You didn't have to beat Ozai to be a better Fire Lord than he was, you know," she said, tucking one of the loose strands of Azula's hair back behind her ear. She reached for the tall golden headpiece waiting on the vanity, placing it carefully atop Azula's head. "But if it makes you feel better, I think you could have taken him. He wouldn't have taken me hostage if he'd thought he could win on his own."

Azula nodded, but her face didn't brighten as much as Ty Lee had hoped. At last, she forced herself to look at her reflection, staring at it straight on and adjusting the headpiece. A scowl pulled at her lips, making Ty Lee frown as well. Underneath the mask of annoyance, she could tell that Azula was uncertain. "Do you want to talk about it?" she asked, leaning forward and resting her chin on Azula's shoulder. "Your aura seems kind of grey. I know the past few weeks have been hard, but this isn't like you. The two of us should be celebrating, don't you think?"

"Right as always," Azula said, reaching back with one hand to caress her cheek. "I'm letting vanity get the best of me again. I suppose it's foolish...

"I don't think it's foolish," Ty Lee murmured. She turned, placing a kiss in the middle of Azula's palm. "But I don't think you're seeing the whole picture." Hesitantly, she reached up and twined her fingers with Azula's bringing them up to the uneven ridge at the bottom of the scar. "Do you know what this scar tells me?"

Azula waited in silence, but from the intensity of her gaze in the mirror, Ty Lee could tell she was listening.

"It tells me you're strong. It tells me you were willing to sacrifice your life for someone else... for me and our pups. It means you're different from Ozai, and different from the selfish alpha you were when we first met. Don't you think that's the kind of Fire Lord the Fire Nation should have?"

After a long moment, Azula dipped her head in agreement. "Thank you, Ty Lee. I appreciate—"

"Wait a minute, I'm not done. And do you know what else?" She leaned in, whispering the rest of the words into Azula's sweet-smelling hair. "I think it makes you look hotter."

Azula snorted. "Ty Lee, you can't be serious..."

"What, you want me to show you?" Ty Lee pulled aside the neck of Azula's robe, revealing the mating mark she had left. The bruises around it had faded, but the imprint of her teeth was as clear as ever, and she let her lips graze over it in appreciation. "Because..." Kiss. "I think..." Lick. "I can arrange that..."
Azula tilted her head, offering better access. "I don't deserve you," she murmured affectionately, letting her eyes drift shut.

"You didn't when we first met. Now you do." Ty Lee let her teeth graze Azula's flesh ever so slightly, relishing in the shiver she earned. "Come on, where's that alpha pride? It's your coronation day. Don't you think the Fire Lord deserves someone to take care of her every need?"

At last, the corners of Azula's bright red lips tilted upward "Well, if you insist..." She turned her chair, and Ty Lee was reminded of another day not so long ago when Azula had done the exact same thing. Even as she dropped to the floor, the same way she had all those months ago, she couldn't help thinking about how much had changed. Azula was Fire Lord. The two of them were bonded. And instead of trying to manipulate Azula to gain her freedom, she wanted nothing more than to bring her lover comfort and reassurance.

She peeled open the front of Azula's robe, running her hands along the alpha's lean thighs instead of diving immediately between her legs. As her palms roamed over the smooth skin, she stared up into Azula's eyes, not too surprised to find them fixed on her. Azula's gaze darted sideways almost immediately, but Ty Lee made a quiet noise of disappointment. "You can watch me," she said, caressing the skin above Azula's knee and dipping to place a kiss there. "I like looking at your face."

Azula didn't reply, but she did unwrap one of her hands from around the arm of the chair to pet the top of her head. Her fingers curled, a wordless mix of request and command, and Ty Lee smiled as the soft shaft between her thighs begin to swell. She folded one of her fists around the base, and within a single stroke, Azula's length was hard and ready in her hand.

Ty Lee didn't waste time. She was impatient, not just to take the proud, swollen head of Azula's cock into her mouth, but to prove what she had said before: Azula's scar made no difference at all to her, and she couldn't stand the thought of Azula harboring any doubts about it. She placed a wet kiss on the tip, letting her tongue flick out to tease the divot there. All the while, she continued peering up at Azula, hoping the love she felt would shine through bright enough for her mate to see.

Azula gasped, but to her credit, she didn't look away. Continuing to maintain eye contact, she spread her thighs wider, letting her robe fall completely off to either side.

"Trust me," Ty Lee murmured, letting her lips skim over the dripping head of Azula's cock. "You have nothing to worry about..."

Once she was certain her mate had relaxed enough, she went to work in earnest. Her hand started pumping the bottom half of Azula's shaft, squeezing just enough to draw out deep, satisfied sounds. Her mouth bobbed up and down over the top half, pausing to suck at the tip each time she drew up. Azula's taste was already spreading across her tongue, and she gathered it up as best she could, humming happily.

"Mm, you do seem eager," Azula said, with a slight purr in her voice. "Maybe this coronation day won't be so terrible after all."

Ty Lee's heart swelled. It seemed that her mate was regaining some of her spirit, and warmth blossomed between her own legs at the thought. Sadism and selfishness were one thing, but confidence... she was more than ready for that part of Azula's personality to return in full force. She pulled away from Azula's cock, letting it slide from her mouth with a pop. "Tell me what you want, Fire Lord. It's yours. I'm yours."

She half-expected Azula to retreat back in her own head again at the use of her title, but to her relief, her alpha responded in a much more positive way. Azula's hand tightened in her hair, tugging her
mouth back down with a little more force. "Suck me," she said, in a level tone that offered little room for disobedience. "And keep looking up at me. I love your eyes."

The 'I love you' Azula wasn't quite saying inspired her even more than the grip on the back of her head. Ty Lee dipped forward again, removing her fist and taking as much of Azula as she could. The broad head nudged the back of her throat, but she only managed to let it slip a little further in before her lips hit something large and firm. Azula's knot was already taking shape, and she trailed her fingers over it to make up for the fact that she couldn't fit it in her mouth.

Azula seemed to approve. Her hips stirred, and the tight muscles of her abdomen began to clench. The steady throb of her cock became a pounding fullness that Ty Lee could feel against her tongue, and she did everything she could to encourage it, letting Azula's shaft slip a little deeper and swirling her tongue hungrily against the sensitive underside. She continued searching Azula's face, staring at her lovely parted lips, admiring the light flush on her unblemished cheek, and even lingering on the angry scar around her left eye. In all honesty, it wasn't as bad as Azula sometimes made it out to be. There was no hiding it, but rather than blemishing an otherwise pretty face, Ty Lee thought it added some extra character.

When Azula realized where she was looking, Ty Lee seized the opportunity. She cupped both hands around Azula's knot, squeezing it firmly and tightening the seal of her lips. It was time to start building some positive associations.

Her efforts paid off. The length of Azula's cock rippled, and she let out a low cry, her hips pushing up only once. At the peak of her thrust, all the pressure that had been pounding within her burst free, pouring out in hot, thick streams. Ty Lee whimpered at the flood, doing her best to swallow it down, but there was too much for her mouth to hold. Some of Azula's come leaked out to coat her chin, leaving wet trails behind.

It wasn't enough to make her give up. Even when she was so desperate for breath that she had to lift off Azula's twitching shaft, she kept pumping its length from base to tip, letting the rest of her alpha's release splash against her breasts in warm pulses. She resisted the temptation to look down and continued gazing deep into Azula's eyes, refusing to break the connection. A look of bliss had overtaken her mate's face, and it filled her with pride.

She didn't have long to bask in her accomplishment. Azula surged out of the chair, joining her on the floor and pinning her flat on her back. Although she was a little surprised, Ty Lee laughed at her eagerness, welcoming Azula into her arms. "You're giving me flashbacks," she said, running her hands up and down the flexing muscles of Azula's back.

"Hopefully good ones," Azula said. The alpha slid between her thighs, stretching out on top of her while remaining careful not to put too much weight on the curve of her belly.

Ty Lee's breath hitched as she felt the slick shaft of Azula's cock glide through her wetness, and she shivered at the contact. "Very good ones. That was probably the first time I didn't feel terrible about mating with you."

"I'm sorry for what I called you back then," Azula told her, starting a subtle grind. The motion put pressure directly against the swollen bud of Ty Lee's clit, and she tilted her pelvis higher, hoping Azula would take the invitation.

"But you did end up keeping me," she whispered against Azula's cheek. She placed a kiss beneath the edge of the scar, close enough for Azula to understand what she was doing, but not near enough to cause her any discomfort. She knew her mate's injury still gave her some pain, and she didn't want to aggravate it. "Make it up to me now," she said, hooking one of her knees around Azula's waist.
and shifting until the head of her alpha's cock lined up with her entrance. "I want to feel you..."

Azula sank inside of her with a soft groan, exhaling beside her ear. The stretch was intense at first, but Ty Lee savored the fullness. She was more than wet enough to take everything her mate had to offer. She relaxed, letting her inner muscles part, and most of Azula's shaft slipped into her on the first stroke. Only the knot remained outside, still swollen and heavy, rocking teasingly against her opening.

"Go ahead," she said, stroking aside a loose strand of hair that had escaped to cling to Azula's cheek. "Make me yours."

Azula's hips gave an instinctive jolt at the offer. It wasn't enough to join them—not quite—but it did make Ty Lee's inner walls twitch with anticipation. "You're already mine," Azula muttered, planting kisses along her jaw.

"Then do it. Knot me."

For a brief moment, the pleasant pressure against her entrance became a sharper, searing burn—but when Azula's lips traveled down to the front of her throat, touching the faded mark there, Ty Lee melted. Azula's knot pushed inside of her on the next thrust, and she closed around the other side, keeping it sealed deep within her. Being filled so completely was too much for her body to handle, and she tipped over the edge into a sudden, abrupt orgasm, crying out in surprised pleasure.

The wave of sensation surprised her at first, but she surrendered to it willingly. With Azula sheathed to the hilt inside her and Azula's teeth holding the front of her neck in the gentlest possible bite, she couldn't help herself. She let the fluttering contractions overtake her, rolling to try and rub her clit against Azula's abdomen. The swell of her belly made it difficult to find the right angle, but Azula took the hint, sliding a hand between their bodies to circle the stiff bud. Ty Lee moaned at the graze of her fingers, muscles molding even more tightly to the shape of the knot.

"Azula, please," she begged, staring up into her lover's amber eyes. "Come with me..."

All she'd needed to do was ask. Azula stiffened above her, shaft swelling just a little more, and then her entire body began to shudder. Ty Lee sighed into Azula's shoulder as the hot pulses she had been waiting for finally spilled free, flooding deep inside her and forcing her to open even further. The end of her first climax blended into a second as Azula's release filled her. She trembled with its force, seeking something to anchor herself, and eventually, her mouth found the mark on Azula's shoulder. She took it between her teeth, sucking firmly as their shared peak passed back and forth between them, grateful for the reminder: Azula was hers as much as she was Azula's.

Gradually, the two of them drifted back down from their high, covered in a light sheen of sweat and panting together. "This might not have been the smartest idea," Ty Lee admitted as she took stock of their predicament. They were still tied together, and although Azula's orgasm had tapered off for the moment, Ty Lee knew it would be a while before they could separate.

"It was a wonderful idea," Azula slurred into the crook of her neck. "Just what I needed..."

"You know there's a crowd waiting for us outside, right? And the two of us aren't even dressed?" She ran her fingers through Azula's tousled hair, slightly amazed that her headpiece hadn't fallen off. "And all that work I did on your hair is ruined..."

"You can fix it later," Azula said. "Besides, I'm the Fire Lord. The coronation isn't going to start without me."
The self-assurance in Azula's voice convinced Ty Lee that their selfish choice had, in fact, been a good idea. Azula seemed calmer than she had been in weeks. *If I'd known all it would take was a blowjob to get you back to your normal self, I would have sucked your cock sooner.* But it had been about more than that. Although Azula hadn't said so, Ty Lee could tell that her reassurances had finally started to sink in. She had a feeling that she would need to repeat them from time to time, but she was willing to take on the responsibility. Azula was her mate, after all.

"I love you," she said, ghosting her knuckles along the side of Azula's face.

"I know," Azula said, her eyes smiling. "I love you, too."
Book Three: Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for reading this story with me. ;w; It was a labor of love. I can't wait to hear your thoughts.

And yes, there is going to be a (very, very smutty) sequel.

Six Months Later

"Azula!"

With a sigh, Azula turned away from the mirror. Her headpiece wasn't in place, and she had barely begun putting on the makeup she used to smooth out the jagged edges of her scar, but it was clear from Ty Lee's voice that her beauty regimen would have to wait. She knew *that* tone, and if she didn't hurry, her mate would only grow more agitated. "Coming," she called back, heading for the bedroom door.

"Now?"

"Yes, now," she huffed, with a slightly irritated edge to her voice. It was true that she still spent a fair amount of time in front of her vanity, but perfecting her appearance wasn't as important to her as it had once been. With her left eye burned, she had been forced to re-evaluate some of her priorities—priorities that currently demanded her attention.

The sight that greeted her when she stepped into the next room was a familiar one. Even though she had grown accustomed to it over the past few months, it still made her smile. Ty Lee was curled up on the window seat, balancing a baby in each arm. Both of them were sleepy and content, finishing the tail-end of a feeding. A third infant rested beside Ty Lee's thigh, although she didn't look nearly so happy. The pup’s pudgy hands were clenched into fists, and her face was scrunched up, as if she was about to start bawling.

"Hold Izumi for a minute?" Ty Lee pleaded. "Zha Xi and Taizo aren't done yet. I was hoping she would sleep while they ate."

Azula approached the window seat, pausing to place a kiss in the middle of her forehead. "Of course. We'll stay with you until you're finished."

"You're sweet," Ty Lee said, caressing her left cheek just beneath the scar. It was a familiar gesture, meant to offer comfort and acceptance, and although there were still times when it made her stiffen, Azula had mostly grown to appreciate it. She took the open spot next to her mate, scooping up the squirming bundle between them. Izumi was the smallest of the three pups, and the only omega, but she had been the first one born, and she was also the loudest.

"And how is my little Fire Lord in training?" she asked, cradling Izumi against her chest.

Ty Lee's worried expression softened. She shook her head, trying not to laugh. "You ask all three of them that question."
Azula brushed aside a tuft of Izumi’s dark hair. All three of her children took after her, but only Izumi had inherited her eyes. "But you want to be Fire Lord, don't you, Izumi?" she murmured. "The first omega in three centuries to rule the Fire Nation."

The whispered words did little to comfort the unhappy pup. She hiccuped, and her small body trembled.

"What have I told you about putting expectations on them before they can even talk?" Ty Lee asked, with obvious disapproval.

"I'm not," Azula protested. According to tradition, she should have already named Zha Xi as her heir, but with Ty Lee's encouragement, she had decided to wait. She agreed that it was foolish to promote one pup over the others simply because of their status. All three of them would have a chance to determine their own path, a luxury she had never been granted.

The argument, mild though it was, pushed Izumi over into tears. She wailed, screaming much louder than a creature of her size should have been able. Ty Lee's brow furrowed, and she moved to put down Zha Xi and Taizo, but Azula hurried to reassure her. "Keep them. I can handle her." She cuddled Izumi closer and leaned back, tucking her chin over the top of her daughter's head.

Once she found a comfortable position, a low, rumbling purr started in her chest. The sound vibrated through her body, and Izumi quieted almost instantly. The pup gave a few confused whimpers, as if she couldn't quite remember what she was crying over, and then went still. Azula's eyes slid over to Ty Lee, and one corner of her mouth pulled up in a smile. She offered her mate a place to rest as well.

Azula wasn't sure how Ty Lee managed to snuggle up against her side without disturbing Zha Xi and Taizo, but soon, all five of them were lying together. Ty Lee's soft purr joined hers, and Azula was pleased to see that she had finally relaxed. They didn't move an inch until Taizo finished his feeding and yawned, blinking up at their faces. Without a word, Azula passed Izumi over for her turn and took her son instead. He fell asleep as soon as his head hit her chest.

"I never imagined you would be so good with them," Ty Lee sighed against her neck.

Azula snorted. "I'm not sure whether to take that as an insult or a compliment."

“A compliment. Definitely.”

They rested a while longer, the rhythm of their purrs blending together. Soon, all three pups were full and dozing. Azula helped position Zha Xi between them, running her thumb over the alpha’s tiny forehead. “You don’t really think I'll pit them against each other by waiting to name an heir, do you?” she asked after a while. “A little competition is all well and good, but I don’t want them killing each other over the throne. Or me, for that matter.”

“They won’t,” Ty Lee said, holding her eyes. “We both know better than to play favorites.”

Before Azula could respond, a loud commotion came from outside the room. The sound of shouting echoed through the hallway, and several crashes followed. Her head jerked up in surprise, and Ty Lee instinctively pulled Izumi closer. “It’s coming from outside,” Azula said, setting Zha Xi back in Ty Lee’s lap and moving to give her Taizo as well. “Take him—”

The door rattled, as if under the power of a great wind, and finally blasted open to reveal the most bizarre group of strangers Azula had ever seen. There were six in all, wild-eyed and clearly the worse for wear. They were dirty and bruised, mostly in rags, and the ones who hadn't fallen into
bending stances were brandishing weapons. Azula reacted on instinct. She leapt to her feet, placing herself between the ragtag rebels and her family. She didn't know how or why these scruffy vagabonds had made their way into the palace, but she wouldn't allow them anywhere near her mate and pups.

"Azula? Wait!"

The voice tugged at her, but she didn't listen. Her lips peeled back in a snarl, and she summoned her chi, twin jets of blue flame forming around her fists. "Give me one good reason why I shouldn't melt your faces off."

One of the tallest figures stepped forward, brushing his bangs to the side, and Azula gasped. She lowered her fists slightly, although her fire didn't go out. "Zuko? What are you doing here?"

Zuko's eyes shifted from her to Ty Lee and the three pups. "I could ask you the same thing. What happened to your face?"

"What happened to your face?" she snapped, eyes blazing in anger. "Or maybe you were always this ugly, and I just forgot."

To her satisfaction, Zuko took a slight step back. "Well… what are you doing in our father’s room?"

"This is my room, idiot," Azula growled. "Do you really think you can just barge in and question me after disappearing for almost two years?"

"It wasn't exactly our choice." Another person came forward, and although her braids were more of a bird's nest, Azula recognized her as well. Mai's face was even more angular than usual, but the knives were a dead giveaway. "We've been running from Ozai's forces."

One of the other rebels snorted. "This is stupid. Let's just beat her ass already and go after the Fire Lord. We're wasting valuable time here!"

Azula bristled instinctively. The girl was Earth Kingdom, and she smelled like an alpha, in addition to other unmentionable things. She had restrained herself for her brother and former best friend's sakes, but she owed this stranger no courtesy. "Get away from my pups, or I'll fry you like a sea slug."

The girl was not impressed. She rolled her eyes, and Azula noticed that they were a curious milky-white. "Hmph," she grunted, cracking her knuckles. "I'd like to see you try."

"Well-done it is..." She tensed, preparing to unleash the energy boiling inside her, but another figure rushed between them, holding out both hands.

"Wait, Toph! Mai's right. We don't need to fight here."

Azula's gaze locked onto the slender person in her way. He was an omega, and bald, with striking blue tattoos running along his head and arms. His scent was different, almost alien, and it made her extremely apprehensive. "If we don't need to fight, why did you break down my door?"

"I'm here to challenge Ozai to agni kai," Zuko said, "or take the kingdom by force, if necessary. We've been all over the world, and we've seen what the Fire Nation's armies do to innocent people. The Avatar here wants to stop it."

Azula gave him a look of disbelief. "Are you telling me that this..." She stared at the skinny, bald omega, unable to conceal her skepticism. "...person... is the Avatar? The cycle is broken. We haven't
had one in a hundred years."

The omega gave her a sheepish grin. "Trapped in an iceberg. Sorry I'm late."

"He is the Avatar, and he isn't afraid of you," said one of the other rebels, a dark-skinned girl with looping braids and a stream of water in front of her. She was an alpha too, and Azula started snarling again.

"You should be afraid, Water Tribe. Take another step, and..."

"Katara," another Water Tribe alpha next to her hissed. He clutched a boomerang in his hand, and his hair was pulled back in a rugged wolf-tail. "Knock it off. Making the Fire Princess angry is a really bad idea."

"Princess?" Azula snapped. "Just how long have you been in hiding with these crazy people, Zuko? I'm Fire Lord now. I challenged Ozai to agni kai months ago. When he tried to cheat and denied me my inevitable victory, my mate killed him."

As one, all the people in the room peered past her at Ty Lee. She was still huddled protectively in front of the pups, but she didn't look particularly afraid anymore. "Hello," she said, in an inexplicably cheerful voice. "I'm Ty Lee. I guess that makes me your sister-in-law, Zuko."

Zuko shook his head in disbelief. "So father's already dead? And you have a mate and pups?" He looked as though his entire world had just been upended.

"Seriously?" the Earth Kingdom alpha barked, stomping one bare foot impatiently against the ground. "Our target's been dead for months? We came all this way for nothing!"

"Not nothing," the Water Tribe alpha said. "We still have a job to do. The parameters of our mission just changed."

"Katara," the tattooed omega said, looking at her in disappointment. "We can't kill her. You promised I wouldn't have to kill Ozai unless he refused to surrender."

"Well, I'm not surrendering to anyone," Azula spat. "I won't let you touch my family or my kingdom. Leave, or die."

"Azula, wait," Ty Lee said. She rose to her feet, leaving Izumi and Taizo on the windowseat while she cradled Zha Xi against her chest. "I believe the Avatar when he says he doesn't want to fight. You don't want to handle this the way Ozai would, do you?"

Grudgingly, Azula let the flames around her hands die out. It was true that her father would have slain this so-called Avatar without a second thought, and she liked to think that she possessed more patience. "Fine," she said, fixing her gaze once more on Zuko and Mai. "Why did you two bring these... people... here, aside from killing Ozai? What were you trying to accomplish?"

"Freedom," the Water Tribe alpha said, her shoulders still squared and stiff. "Your army has been—"

"I didn't ask you, peasant," Azula spat, flashing her teeth in challenge. "I asked my brother. Zuko?"

"She's right," Zuko said. "Aside from burning down Earth Kingdom villages, Ozai's... your... forces have been blockading the Southern Water Tribe. You have no business keeping the Fire Nation navy there."

Azula prepared to argue, but Ty Lee's soft gasp made her think better of it. "Azula, you didn't," the
omega said, lower lip sticking out in an indignant pout.

She heaved a sigh. "Technically, Ozai sent the ships—"

"Azula ...

There was no defense against the adorable look of disapproval on Ty Lee's face. "But I suppose I should have brought them back before now. It seems the mysterious airbender we were looking for has come to us instead."

"You aren't going to hurt him, are you?" Ty Lee asked, brow furrowing with concern.

"No," she sighed, sparing the skinny, bald airbender a sulking glance. He gave her a grin that took up half his face, and her nose wrinkled with distaste. "If he isn't going to challenge me or attack the Fire Nation, I suppose I don't have any reason to fight him."

"What about the Earth Kingdom?" the angrier, smellier alpha demanded. "Half of it is on fire—literally! There're soldiers and gangs of rebels everywhere you go, tearing the fucking place apart."

"If there weren't any rebels, I wouldn't need to send soldiers, would I?" Azula pointed out, but when Ty Lee cleared her throat, she sighed in resignation. "I suppose I can at least consider withdrawing some of my forces from the outlying villages. But I'm keeping Ba Sing Se. I spent three months conquering that stupid place."

"See, Toph?" the Avatar said, giving the alpha a friendly nudge in the shoulder. "She's being reasonable. This is going better than we hoped."

"I can't see anything, Twinkle Toes," Toph grumbled. "What does she look like anyway, Zuko? Is her face really that messed up?"

"It's..." Zuko began, but he withered under the force of her glare. "...Beautiful?"

Azula rolled her eyes. "Your worthless opinion has been noted," she said in a clipped tone, allowing Ty Lee to stroke the side of her arm. "And you, peasant, unless you want me to shove your own knot down your throat and keep burning your country to ashes, I advise you to stop speculating about the nature of my appearance."

"Still vain, I see," Mai drawled. "Why am I not surprised?" Without the threat of violence hanging over her head, she had become more like the sullen, sarcastic girl Azula had known in her youth.

"And I see you still haven't learned how to add any inflection to your voice."

"Only when I'm in bed with your brother," Mai said, with the subtlest of smiles.

Azula made a disgusted noise. "Ugh. Keep talking like that, and I'll have to banish you both again."

"Are we being un-banished?" Zuko asked in surprise.

"As long as you aren't challenging me to agni kai," Azula said. "Well, Zuzu? Is this going to stay a friendly chat, or are you and the Avatar going to 'overthrow' me?"

Zuko shrugged. "If you're serious about listening to Aang, I guess I don't have to." His eyes fixed on Ty Lee and Zha Xi, and his expression softened. "Is that pup really my niece?"

"She sure is," Ty Lee said, chiming in before Azula could answer. "Her name's Zha Xi. Do you want to hold her?"
The two of them shared a look of surprise. "Me? Uh..."

"Ty Lee, I don't think Zuko wants to—"

"Here," Ty Lee said, ignoring both of them and passing the pup into Zuko's arms. "Just make sure to support her head."

While Zuko floundered, Mai snorted in amusement. "Where did you find her, Azula? She doesn't seem like your usual type."

"Would you believe the circus?" After a moment of inward debate, she turned to retrieve Taizo from the windowseat. He was still fast asleep, and his lashes didn't even flutter as she offered him to Mai. "Here. This is Taizo. So far, he's the least troublesome."

Mai hesitated for a moment, but eventually, she accepted the pup against her chest. "He's a beta, isn't he?" she said, sniffing slightly at the thick tuft of hair on top of his head.

Azula nodded. "Yes. We ended up with one of each."

"What about that one?" the Avatar asked, pointing at Izumi. "Aww, she's cute! Can I hold her?"

Izumi started to squirm at the sound of his voice, and Azula hurried to scoop her up.

"Absolutely not," she snapped. "Even if you weren't some grubby stranger who just broke into my palace, Izumi is... difficult to handle."

"Difficult to handle?" Izumi chose that moment to start squirming and wailing, and the Avatar held up his hands in surrender. "Okay, maybe she's better off with you."

"So... that's it?" the Water Tribe alpha said, her face a mask of conflict. "We're just going to pretend like we're all friends and hold the Fire Lord's pups?"

"Looks like it," the tall man with the boomerang said, raising his voice to be heard above Izumi's cries. "You don't have to look so grumpy about it, Katara. We got what we wanted, didn't we? She said she was going to pull back the blockade."

"I guess..."

"Then let Zuko meet his family. The less battles we have to fight, the better."

Azula decided to ignore the two arguing Water Tribe warriors. Instead, she turned toward Ty Lee, who was gazing at her with a look of approval and adoration. "I take it you're pleased with all of this," she said, hitching Izumi further up on her chest and beginning to bounce her. The slight motion had the desired effect, and the pup's shrieks became softer sniffles.

"I am," Ty Lee said. "I'm proud of you, Azula."

"I meant what I said about Ba Sing Se. It's mine, and I'm keeping it."

Ty Lee leaned into her shoulder. "We'll see."

"I'm being serious."

"I said we'll see."

Azula sighed. "I suppose you want me to invite them to dinner too," she grumbled, scowling in
annoyance.

“Well, it would be nice manners…”

“Fine.” She huffed through her nose, giving the ragged crew of misfits another scathing look before settling on the earthbender. “But after a bath, especially for that one.”

Toph’s brow furrowed in confusion. “Wait, is she looking at me?”

Azula dismissed the comment with a roll of her eyes, not even dignifying it with a response. Instead, she settled Izumi comfortably against her shoulder and folded an arm around Ty Lee’s waist. Although she wasn’t about to surrender her prize of war, she was absolutely certain her mate would manage squeeze several other concessions out of her, even if Zuko’s bizarre friends couldn’t.

“When did I stop ordering you around and start doing every ridiculous thing you ask,” she muttered, giving Ty Lee a long suffering look.

Ty Lee leaned in, placing a soft kiss against her lips. “When you fell in love with me, of course.”

Azula sighed. She wasn’t the type to loudly proclaim her feelings in front of strangers, but she gave her mate a small nod as she rocked their daughter back and forth. Love had found her through the most bizarre set of circumstances imaginable, and she was incredibly grateful.

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