**Commitments**

by He_Fell_For_Fiction

Summary

Korra pieced through her life after Kuvira's reign. She found herself in love, confused, and stuck in over her head. She had things to balance but finds her own interests conflicting with what the people want. Suddenly she finds herself in a silenced crowd she feels obligated to help. Her life seems to be on degrees of contentment or turmoil.

Her life is fighting, not just physical she learns. A political and emotional fight crosses her paths and she fears to keep those she loves most safe.
Thinking of You

Baatar Jr. stood behind Asami. He barely stood without a crutch behind the woman three years his junior but who still held rank over him. “The development of the non-metal bending cable transporters have been having some conflicts,” he sighed. The raven-haired CEO turned on the heels of her boots. Her emerald eyes refocused, pupils narrowing after being dilated at the sight of the avatar’s statue in the city park.

She had been back at work since last week. She was still struggling to catch up on work. “What’s the issue?” She placed a hand on her hip and looked at her former enemy. Bataar only got out because of his family’s influence, but he seemed like a good mind with his ability to harness spirit vines. Suyin had run a compelling argument that a good mind can still be molded and he needed a task that challenged him towards the greater good and got him away from his former fiancée’s conquest.

Asami still had herself tensed and ready to fight, though.

Bataar checked his clipboard and checked the reports. “The users were injured because it jammed when they tried to stop using the second cable,” he sighed. He pushed up his glasses. “It’s a delicate process for anyone who is a metal bender. It’ll take some time to make it so a non-metal bender could maneuver it.”

“I’m sure our two non-metal bender minds could figure it out. Basic weapons and devices could allow a greater force at Lin’s disposal,” Asami said. She looked at the designs again. She ran her fingers over the sketching of the inner part of it. With the coil of strong cable that couldn’t be cut with a knife was the only thing that hadn’t failed. That was something Lin put her two cents over. The conflict she knew was in the release. It was loosely based off a firearm’s strong and quick firing mechanism. Though the risk of jams proved to be the downfall of this project altogether…

“Right…”Bataar looked around the office decorated with mahogany furniture and framed blueprints from Future Industries’ successes. He looked out the window to see the destruction in the city. Rebuilding still wasn’t finished. Somewhere out there, be it in or outside of the city, she was there.

“If you think you’ll figure out where she is, you won’t. Not even Korra knows,” Asami told him. Bataar looked down.

“She was going to kill me to get to the avatar…but I still love her. I had known her most of my life.”

“Knowing someone all your life doesn’t mean you really know them. I never saw my father’s potential for hatred until it was directed towards me.” Asami looked at him. “It hurts like hell to think of how those you love hurt you.”

“Just get on with your ideas to fix this. I didn’t come here to bond with you. You left this project up in the air when you had left and it’s starting to come apart at the seams.” He rolled his eyes when the woman just looked back down and gave no comeback. Bataar adjusted his gloves and looked at a picture of Opal in her air bending glider suit.

“Your company invented those?” He softened slightly at seeing his sister. He could not hate his siblings, not matter what happened.

“I saw their gliders and thought about the flying squirrels and lemurs. Even nomads join the times.” Asami looked up at him. “It’s besides this.” She straightened up. “Change the trigger
release based on air pressure and not spring-triggers. The center of balance controls was operational, correct?"

“‘It was all well until one couldn’t fire their second cable and spike,’” Bataar explained.

“Then change it up. The spring release is too touch and go for something this delicate.” She sat back down as he wrote down the changes. “Any input?”

“Glad that idea is finally going to be used. I had the idea for that upon seeing the problem. I couldn’t really do much to get it used. Since you’re the head of it all and I…am just an assistant to your company and the rebuild.” He made a face at the title.

“You have valid input and I sense you’ve been sitting on that idea for a bit.” Asami watched the man’s expression change before he left. She looked back out the window, looking at the statue. She felt her cheeks heat up and she looked at her desk. She sipped her tea and focused her breathing to calm.

Her mind wandered to the nights she didn’t think would end in the spirit world. Her fortunes had sent her around the world as a child, but she never found a beauty like that world. The joy made the world there so bright. She remembered the tea with Iroh and the riding on the backs of dragon lion spirits. She recalled the hike to a mountain to overlook the colorful and exotic flowers. The two curled up every night at different places. One time in a hammock thirty feet off the ground and another night on a soft bed of moss. Every night the world buzzed around them. Korra said she preferred it over the island’s silence.

Those nights curled up…messed with Asami the most. She knew her attractions angled at women and men when she was younger. Her father kept out of the public eye. He kept her from seeing women. Mako had gotten better treatment as a boyfriend than any of her girlfriends had. Her father said that was a man to make a Sato; a partial lie she felt. She had barely known the man and her father treated him better than a girlfriend she had dated for over six months. She felt different sides of her shown off. She was a bit more demanding and direct towards men. Around girls, she felt warmer affections and a varied sense of herself.

Thinking she could love Mako, at first sight, seemed naïve. Could she have been so stupid not that long ago? It hurt to seem him with Korra. Then one day she just saw him as a friend, but it still hurt seeing how he held on a bit too long onto Korra. She didn’t understand why until time along with Korra made her start to examine the girl closer. The complexity in her was the best part. She could be cocky and confident, but still nervous and insecure like anyone else, and she could be serious past her years but then be able to sink to the level of a child in immaturity.

She did not hate Korra for loving Mako and she was glad that Korra did not resent her. Their steady relationship had been one of the closest relationships Asami had had. Korra had helped her during mourning. She could never hate Korra anyway. Something about those bright aquamarine eyes with thousands of years to them and a crooked grin threw her off the steely moral compass. Korra had taken her heart on a ride for years. She barely could take seeing the torture Korra faced and when the woman left Republic city, Asami felt like part of her heart had left with her. She buried herself in her work during those years to keep her mind from wandering and driving her to a lovesick depression.

But she didn’t want to call this love. Not like Korra had time for love. Conflicts with Mako proved that the stresses of her duties did not need the added burden of another person to pour oneself into. Still, she thought she could be different. She hoped for that.

“Not now,” she whispered to herself. She picked up her memos given to her when she came in and returned messages. She burned up a few hours with that. She sent a telegraph to Lin about the progress of the project.
By the time the day had ended she was all but ready to rush out of the stuffy office. Her mind felt absent from her work. It was usually one of the few things she could keep her whole head into. Her mind though wanted to think of the colorful world she saw with Korra. Her head wanted to make her think of the surprisingly warm touch of a Southern Tribe native. Her brain wanted to send the message to her cheek to turn to the color of rose petals as it put the image of the thin lips with a harsh dipped cupid’s bow and how much she was tempted to kiss them when she saw them partially parted as her best friend slept beside her just days before.

She got into her vehicle and gripped the wheel. She rested her head on the wheel and sighed. She drove around in hopes to clear her head. It usually worked if all else failed. Then her mind started to wander to when she tried to teach Korra how to drive and how in that close quarters she could smell the sandalwood incense and salt water on the girl’s skin. It was calming and made her picture Korra as the spiritual fighter she was. She usually smelled perfume or flowers on girls—something eliciting daintiness. The only other exceptions were Lin and Su, they smelled metallic. But Korra, the scent of her had intoxicated Asami. It made her floor when the scent was strongest when she laid next to Korra. She imagined kissing the skin, wanting to taste the saltiness and bury her face in the hair that had the incense smell ingrained into it.

Asami cursed to herself and sighed deeply at a light. She took a turn and headed for the docks. She paid a fisherman for a ride to Air Temple Island upon arriving. The older man had fingers like spider legs and tired gray eyes that sparkled at the small roll of yuans she placed in his palm.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Asami arrives at the Temple. She finds what Korra has had to deal with over the past week.

Korra fights with the frustration of not being able to contact her past lives yet again and the overhanging idea of her not being able to have life outside of her duties in the time of rebuilding.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The fisherman docked at the shore just as Asami noticed a bison landing. She thanked the man and paid him another ten for good measure. She jogged lightly to where she the bison land. She got there to see Bolin and Korra hop off with Jinora.

“Hey!” Asami called and ran up to them. She hugged Korra first, smelling the sandalwood first.

“Hey. I didn’t think you would want to see me after a week of being together. You already miss me, Sato?” Korra had the girl swept off her feet, her muscles tensing and gripping the girl to her.

“I miss no burdens and tea time with Iroh. And it’s been a week without seeing you. It balanced out.” Asami got herself grounded.

“Asami! How was the spirit world visit? Korra isn’t talking about it,” Bolin cut in. He sounded excited like usual.

“She isn’t? I don’t know why. It was lovely. Every day was something new. One day we would be hiking through a forest of fruits and plants no one would find in our world and the next it was just doing nothing and listening to stories of spirits. The harmless ones.” Asami looked at Korra. Why wouldn’t Korra tell Bolin about the trip? Did she not enjoy it as much as she did?

“I want to go there. Well, I have been there. But without an anti-avatar trying to kill me…and a kid’s soul being trapped in there as well. I want a vacation like you guys had,” Bolin said, getting lost in his point.

“It’s a beautiful place, and it seems Korra did enjoy it. Her emotions modify the spirit world and it was emitting strong positive aura at the portal,” Jinora commented and lightly nudging the avatar’s side.

Korra went quiet and unpacked the bags they had on the saddle of the bison. Asami looked at her and scrunched up her brow. Jinora looked up at her and she herself seemed a bit surprised by the woman’s behavior.

“Where did you three go?” Asami asked and looked down at the young master.

“A lava spitting cat hog spirit was creating some chaos in the outskirts. Korra and I got it under control and Bolin got the lava under control,” Jinora told her.
“Ah. I see it’s always bustling here. I realized once I got back to work how boring it could be to not be the one creating,” Asami sighed.
“You like being in the lab? Varrick stressed me out within an inch of my life when I was his assistant! Well…he almost blew me up, so I guess that’s different from what you do. Unless you’ve blown things up?” Bolin looked at the non-bender.

“No, but people are crashing into walls due to my new invention.”
Bolin snorted. “What?”

“I’ve been trying to create a cable system similar to the one’s metal benders use for non-metal benders to allow them the same mobility on a police force.”

“That sounds like a great idea. So why are people crashing into walls?” Jinora asked.

“It jams and prevents the release of the cables. It’s still in prototyping stages.” Asami saw the interest in the girl’s eyes. She knew it was Jinora’s natural love of knowledge and innovations. The girl, after all, was one of the subjects for the uniforms. Tenzin nearly had a cow over the trial and error period.
Asami watched Korra from the corner of her eye after the air and earth bender left to find their significant others. She silently looked at Korra. The dark-skinned woman was petting the bison. “Did I do something?” Asami asked. She shifted her weight from her left to right, the right foot facing the path from where she came.

“No.” Her voice was absent of expression. Asami had known the woman for always having something to her. She never just simply spoke. Even her silence held meaning. The word was curt.

“How was everything coming back to it? I know the second I got back there was something to do. What was your load like?” Asami recalled their parting being quick. She knew after everything that happened, even it being months ago, still called for Korra’s attention.

“Mainly just be courted around as propaganda and then the little spirit problem. Raiko needs the world to love me to sell people buying bonds to fund reconstruction and all that. Not much fighting.” Korra dug through her pocket, extracting a pai sho white lotus piece Iroh had given her in the spirit world. She flipped it around in her hand.

“What’s the status on that?”

“I feel like a glorified show dog. I want to actually help, but I’m still just one person. Even if I am the Avatar.”

Korra hit the face of the piece with her thumbnail, flipping it like a coin and catching it.

Asami looked aside. She felt a pang of guilt like she did whenever she thought of the duties Korra had to face. The woman was younger than Asami herself and had the world on her shoulders. Here Asami had life in order and her eating worry was her feelings of affection. In the moment she felt childish.

“Okay. I guess I should leave.” Asami turned on her right foot to the path.

“Wait,” Korra called. Her voice was soft. “You can stay the night. You came all the way here. Stay the night and I’ll drop you off in the city after breakfast. I’ll take little old Oogie here.” Korra pat the side of the mighty animal.

“I’d like that. Will Tenzin mind?”
“He doesn’t mind. He’s more focused on evaluating the Airbenders to see if any are worth their tattoos. We do only have two masters left in the world,” Korra told her. She tucked the piece away. “Also, I can tell you’re poised to run away. What’s the problem?” The woman softened and looked at her friend.

“You just seem bothered.” Asami fumbled with a buckle on the series of belts she had securing a leather hip satchel to her thigh and hips.

“Realizing our time in the spirit world is over feels surreal. Like is never happened. I came back to my duties and so did you,” Korra sighed.

“We can’t spend eternity there.” Asami shifted back to her left and approached Korra.

“Well…if you play your cards right.” Korra grinned slightly. That damn grin; the one that made those eyes sparkle just always got to Asami.

“C’mon, take me inside.” Asami took Korra’s hand. She felt the roughened hands and their warmth. They could bend metal and hold flames, yet felt like they could cradle a turtle duck egg without harming it.

They came upon Opal and Bolin kissing in quick pecks. It ended when Korra cleared her throat. Opal pulled away and blushed. “Oh…” She straightened her back and grinned sheepishly.

“Asami, Korra…hi.”

“How’s Bataar doing?” Opal asked her.

“He’s a good asset…but he’s still hung up on Kuvira. He misses her even if she hurt him,” she sighed. “I think you should visit him, Opal. He seems to just be calmed by your presence. A picture of you in my office got him to be the most pleasant he’s been since Raiko put him in my company for the purpose to assist me in my affairs and rebuilding the city.”

“I want to. I know mom wanted him to go back to Zaofu.” Opal looked aside.

“I think it’s best he shapes his own destiny for now. Plus he’s required to stay in the city’s limit during this parole period,” Asami sighed.

“I know.” Opal looked at her. “So what brings you here?”

“Just wanted to see all of you, any problem?”

“Not at all, for it’s one of the first times you’ll be here in calm times. It’s been serene lately. No major problems. Just some crime to help manage. I think my aunt Lin is a bit tied up with the crime jump.”

“I think she needs a few days off and some family time,” Bolin cut in.

“Yeah. Bring Suyin in and have them hug out Lin’s aggression. Sure that’ll help,” Korra said.

“We don’t want another fight on their side,” Opal chuckled. “Aunt Lin’s stoic like grandma Toph, so I think pulling her away from her duties is really all you can do. Usually, it’s the worst case.”

“Yeah…” Korra looked down. She looked up when she heard squealing. Little Rohan ran in with Tenzin following behind him.

“Sami!” He fell into Asami’s legs. The toddler was oddly attached to the woman. Asami easily managed him. She always was able to deal with the bender kids. Korra was surprised, saying they
were like a pack of wolves.

“There’s my Rohan- so-hon!” Asami picked him up and gave him a butterfly kiss. Korra smiled softly and looked over at Tenzin. He nodded at her. She didn’t understand why…

“Nice to see you again, Asami,” Tenzin said calmly, his usual tone of voice. “Did you enjoy your time in the spirit world?”

“It was a break for the first time in over four years…You won’t see me complaining.” Asami smiled at Korra.

Korra smiled back and felt her cheeks get a bit warm. Her dark skin tone hid it a bit, luckily.

“It is a beautiful place when it’s in balance.” Tenzin adjusted his robes and approached. “I have a sense you’re staying the night for the ferry is no longer taking trips.”

“I know. I paid a fisherman to get me here. Maybe I should just use my own boat or something to get around here.” She ignored the fact Rohan was messing with the shawl she had on over her shoulders.

“Kya’s old room should be suitable. Saying she left back for the South Pole. I don’t like having my mother down there much anymore. She’s eighty-five after all.”

“She’s in good shape still. Got another decade at least,” Bumi pointed out as he walked out.

“Benders do live above average. I mean Kyoshi was hundreds of years old.”

“Death feared her,” Bumi said darkly. He and Tenzin shuddered after making eye contact. “She would overtake our father when he got mad.”

Korra rolled her eyes. She remembered Katara telling her how Aang and she had told all the stories of that past life and used that warning to get the kids in line. Seems it still affected them.

“You know I’ve never met her,” Asami said. “We’ve met Toph and Zuko…why not her?”

“She’s reserved. She’s focused on training healers and she doesn’t travel like Zuko or Toph,” Tenzin sighed.

“I’d like to see Bolin’s face meeting her,” Asami chuckled.

“I have become numb to the awesomeness that is the old team avatar. I think I would be good.”

“Yeah. Why wouldn’t she love the hero of the South, Nuktuk?” Korra chuckled. “He could take a picture with her in his ‘southern tribe’ garb and have sea prune soup with her.”

“I would…prefer if he didn’t get near my mother if he wore that pelt loincloth.”

“I would not wear that in the south pole! There is some precious cargo I don’t want the frost to bite.” Bolin chuckled lightly. “We should take a trip down there. And maybe to the spirit world?” He looked at Korra with pleading eyes.

“I like that idea!” Bumi said.

“We all have duties,” Tenzin pointed out.

“You guys get on that visit; I’m going to go meditate.” Korra walked off, hearing the two brothers bicker. She went to her room and sat on the floor. She shut her eyes and tried to focus. She did this every day, trying to get a sense of any past life. She knew she saw all of them cut from her… but she sometimes felt lost without them. She had lost so much in the past years. Her bending, her lives, Raava…she had gained some back
but she still longed for that connection. She had lost it and found herself outside of being the avatar, but she needed them to do her job as well. She lied back after getting nothing. She touched her thumb and forefinger to her temple and rubbed softly. She heard people talking in the common room through the floor. She heard Asami’s voice cooing to Rohan. She thought of how great a mother Asami would be.

“I hope some guy can make her happy and give her the family she deserves,” she whispered to herself. She rested her other hand on her abdomen. “What could I give? I can’t even keep myself together…” She felt hot tears in her eyes. She rubbed them with the back of her hand. “That week…fuck why do I do this to myself?” She curled up with a pillow. She remembered soaking in the lake with Asami, seeing the woman’s body in that tight fitting one piece. Closing her eyes brought the scent of Asami’s watermelon scented shampoo. It would drift into her nose in the wee hours of the morning when she would hug the woman close. God that cuddling was torture. It messed up her focus. She hadn’t felt that thrown off. Not even by Mako.

She sat up and sniffled. “Dammit…” She stood up and stepped out. She was about to head downstairs when an acolyte stopped her.

“Korra, Raiko is on the phone and wants to talk to you,” the acolyte told her.

“Thank you, Zoi,” Korra sighed. She smiled softly at the woman and walked to the office. She grabbed the phone and sat down. She remembered again why she couldn’t just be in love in general. Her job was demanding. How did Aang have time to have three kids and create a new town?

Chapter End Notes

I have a feeling Asami would like little kids. She just lets off the soft behavior and I feel Rohan would be excited to have someone specifically at the temple.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Sexual tension and spiritual crisis for Korra.

Tragic news hits the temple that strikes a broken chord in Korra.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Asami woke up from her bed when she heard a kerfuffle outside of her window. She pushed the windows open and looked down in the courtyard. She watched Korra working with Bolin. She knew it was Korra training to counter and fight with lava.

Her day turned into a long weekend. It wasn’t that she was avoiding work. She still went into work, but Korra had been going with her to talk with Raiko and Lin. They were able to return together and Asami had just gone along with her the past few days. She didn’t mind it. It was nice to not be alone in her home. She had all the air benders, Korra, and Bolin here. Add Mako and it would’ve been perfect. Last she heard from Mako was a few days ago. He was just as busy as Lin.

Asami changed into jeans, a tank top, and a black denim jacket. She shoveled her feet into her boots and slipped on black gloves. It was more of her working on machinery clothes but it was what she had. She looked in the mirror and put on some powder and lipstick. With some smoothing of her hair, she looked well composed. She went down to the courtyard after grabbing tea and rice balls for breakfast. Though she was delayed by volunteering to help Pema with the dishes. She acted to show thanks for letting her stay. Pema was quiet besides the snippets of small talk and humming an old lullaby.

She got outside just as the lesson ended.

“Hey! Look who’s up!” Bolin teased.

“Why is your hair singed?” she asked.

“Ah…I used fire and not lava for one shot,” Korra said sheepishly, placing her hand on the back of her neck. She blushed slightly. “So you need a ride back to the city?”

“No, since everything is going well, Bataar will be watching over and I’m taking a little break. Varrick went on about me taking more breaks to get more creative? I just zoned out but it just ended up with him making me take a week off. I swear I need to stop zoning when he talks. If I mess up I might end up moving my company to the North Pole…”

“Pfft, he wouldn’t do that,” Korra mocked. She then grinned. “It’s the South Pole or no dice.”

“That so?” Asami mused. “You got a sale’s pitch for there, Avatar?”

“It’s awesome and there’s polar bear dogs and penguin seals,” Korra pointed out.

“Well that is a compelling argument. Let’s go there,” Asami grinned as she put an arm around
Korra’s shoulders. The two girls started to chuckle. Bolin stood back, noticing their energy. He looked around awkwardly, feeling like he might as well have been invisible. He whistled and focused on Pabu running around the courtyard before climbing onto Bolin’s shoulders.

The girls finally noticed him and they pulled away from each other. Korra cleared her throat. “I’m going to go…uh, meditate.”

“I’m going to go brainstorm.”

They parted quickly.

Bolin sighed and looked at Pabu. “You see it?” The fire ferret merely nuzzled into his owner. “Yeah, I do too.”

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Korra breathed deeply, sitting at the top of a mountain. Her fists were pressed together and her legs were folded lotus style. She felt the wind gently caress her face like a phantom hand wanting to embrace her. She wanted nothing more for her eyes to open and see it was Wan, Aang, Roku, even Kyoshi would be a sight for sore eyes.

She felt the idea of being the new cycle a terror.

Everyone had guidance. She just had herself. She opened her eyes and looked out over the ocean. Her eyes glazed over as she zoned out. Her mind wandered to her simple past. She remembered the training with Katara, playing with Naga, and spending every day with her family. Now she was here. Life hadn’t been the same since coming here.

A sexual crisis wasn’t much help to her existential one. Did nomads really go eighty plus years without a single partner? She remembered an awkward conversation with Kya when she was around thirteen, the aloof woman talking about how she shouldn’t limit herself in any sense when it came to her spirit and body. Though Kya probably meant with boys, and Korra just saw more platonic appeals in them. Mako was one of the only men she had been with. She never really knew the desires until coming to Republic city. She was surrounded by people much older than her most of her life. Only exception were people she sparred with and she hardly talked to them. The only instance of her showing any interest was a girl about her age when she was fourteen.

The girl was seventeen and a water bender. She fought to help Korra keep her skills in water down even if she became a master in it years ago. She caught a look into the girl’s gray eyes and the resolve in them and how they just burned into Korra left her unfocused. She lost that match and the girl helped her up. She remembered the girl pulling her so fast she fell against her, feeling her warmth for a moment and soft hands on her forearms.

She ignored it for her duties, not that she thought it was really wrong. It just wasn’t exposed to her. Her parents just cared about her safety and happiness they claimed. It’s not like they would just throw that aside because she liked girls and boys. But that wasn’t what stopped her. She knew that. It was just herself. It was always her. She ruined things with Mako. She broke Bolin’s heart. She was the one terrified of owning up to her own emotions.

Korra stood up and turned around. She turned around just to see Bolin running towards her. “What? Up to spar again?” she joked lightly.

He had a stoic face and she immediately wished she hadn’t. “Bolin…you’re scaring me. What’s wrong?”

“Oh, something happened in the Southern Tribe. The healers…they’re all gone. Katara, Kya…the other dozen healers that belonged to the tribe. Tenzin got a call from your dad. They just vanished.”
Korra felt something in her chest tighten. She heard the wind pass roughly through the trees. “Get Oogie ready. I’ll need a handful. Just Bumi, Tenzin, you and Asami should do.” Her voice was low, almost masculine and menacing.

“Me? I’m not much use in a tundra…”

“Now!” Korra brushed past him and formed an air scooter, traveling quickly back to the temple.

Chapter End Notes

This might have some errors I missed. I'm posting on my phone because my laptop is dead but I had the documents saved in google.

Things are going to happen in the next chapter. Not romance things, but things.
Korra starts to see visions of a dark scene she can't identify.

It took two days for them to arrive. Korra hardly slept a wink. When she did, her dreams gave visions of a dark skinned woman in shackles and then a field of bodies she didn’t know were dead, but something in her told them they breathed. Like a wall stopped a force that could end them. She just had the sense they were there because of her. In the dream, she felt drained and everything was bright despite the dreariness. Waking up from it, she felt like sheared threads in her chakras were being yanked at. It tortured her.

Tenzin tried to take over flying several times. She just brushed him off. The ride was tense. Bumi tried to tell stories, but everyone could see he was troubled at the idea of his sister and mother being in someone’s custody.

Korra landed Oogie and slid down. Her father approached. “Korra, I’m glad to see you, snowflake.” He smiled, despite it all.

“I know this isn’t the time. Don’t act like you want to go through pleasantries,” she said calmly. “We all want them back.”

Tenzin and Bumi got down later. Bolin followed and then helped Asami down. “Tonraq, what do you know about the incident?” Tenzin pressed.

“It happened at night. We tracked a struggle and big group a few clicks south. We tried to make chase, but a storm stopped us. The tracks got covered by the snowfall.” Tonraq looked at the two men. “I’m sorry…we don’t know the odds of Katara’s survival out there. She’s the oldest in the village…”

“She’ll make it! This is Katara you’re talking about,” Korra spat. “She’s a strong woman. Stronger than the most of us.”

“You doing okay? I know she was your teacher, Korra, but you’re acting a bit curt,” Asami pointed out. Korra shook her head and touched her forehead. “I’m fine. I just want to find her.”

“I got Naga ready for you,” Tonraq sighed. Korra had left the animal behind years ago. She approached her lifelong friend and stroked her ears. She kissed Naga’s head. The pet nuzzled and licked her owner.

“Let’s go girl.” She looked at Tonraq. “Got anything with Katara’s scent?”

Tonraq pulled out the woman’s betrothal necklace. He had folded it in a cloth and kept it in his pocket. He handed it to Korra.

Korra studied the carvings, knowing this was the one Aang gave Katara and not the one Katara
had that was her gran gran's. Korra felt her eyes flicker and her hands tremble. She steadied herself and held it to Naga. She knew quick the polar bear dog had the scent.

“Let’s go! Follow as my bird’s eye view.” Korra got on Naga’s back as everyone else got on Oogie. She pulled Naga’s reins and they raced off into the calmed tundra. She felt her body alight like hardly ever before. Her mind was foggy but the most focused it had been in years.

Above, everyone but Tenzin looked down. Tenzin had Oogie’s reins. “You think she’s doing okay?” Bolin asked.

“I don’t know…Katara’s like a grandmother to Korra,” Tonraq sighed. “And…Katara was the only one who had faith in Korra being ready to go into the world. All Senna and I did was fear, but Katara was sure of Korra being able.” He looked up at the sky. “I wish I had been so trusting.”

Silence hung over them for a few minutes.

“Do you think it’s Aang guiding her anger?” Bolin asked.

“She hasn’t been connected to him for years,” Tenzin pointed out.

“I know…but he did love Katara, didn’t he?” Bolin looked at the air bender.

“Our parents were best friends above all else…their bond transcended lifetimes and knew no limits to loyalty. She would give her bending and life to save him. He would’ve given everything,” Tenzin cut in, sounding depressed. “The idea of her being hurt would’ve driven dad mad.”

Asami looked down. Best friends before anything else. Would give everything for each other. If that was love…she was in love. She felt depressed at the realization she never would’ve given her life for Mako. But for Korra? She would throw away her fortune and start all over with the woman if that was what it took. She would bare torture and death if it meant the woman could live. Though she knew Korra would never allow a single soul give themselves for her. But Korra would’ve given everything to protect anyone innocent. She had a duty to do that. Asami frowned. It was stupid of her to think Korra would ever love her. Usually, it was easy for her to gain affections from people. With Korra, she was confused and lost. She was unsure at every turn. She feared to lose the girl forever. The girl never discussed interest in women with Asami. Though they never discussed men besides Mako, and it was the repetitive guilt they still held.

“It drove him just to the edge of that.” Everyone looked at Bumi. The old air bender grinned. “Seems it’s Bumi story time.”

“Go on…” Asami pushed, snapping out of her thoughts.

“No! It doesn’t matter!” Tenzin suddenly snapped. Everyone flinched, besides Tonraq. The Airbender gripped the reins tight. “Korra lost her connection to our father years ago. We lost him years before that. Everything of him is gone. It’s not in Korra.”

Bumi frowned and looked down, watching Korra and Naga running.

The Avatar gripped tight to her lifelong pet. “Huh?” The polar bear dog walked in circles and barked. “No!” She hopped off and paced around. She heard Tenzin land Oogie behind her.

She felt her head start to ache at her temples and her vision blurred. She sat down on the ice and covered her eyes. She saw flashes. Bodies surrounded by torn up earth with ash smeared across them and water in puddles. Were they dead? Did she kill them?
Why can’t she stop walking?

She felt a hand on her shoulder and she jumped and turned to punch the attacker as the image was pulled from her. The tightness in her head started to melt away. She stopped mid-movement when she saw Asami. “Korra? What’s wrong?”

“I…the trail is gone. And I keep seeing things. It hurts…” She held her head in her hands. “I don’t know what’s going on. It hasn’t been like this for months. And it isn’t what happened. I don’t know what happened…”

Asami looked up at the small group. Tonraq started to approach but stopped when Asami shook her head. “You’re worried about Katara. She was like your grandmother. I’m sure it’s just visions. You described getting them. It’ll be okay,” Asami soothed, her gloved hand pressed to Korra’s cheek. “Tell me what you saw?”

“Bodies…I don’t know if they’re dead or just knocked out. I think I caused it. It wasn’t like the chaos I’ve seen before. It started happening when we left,” Korra whispered, her voice low.

“It’ll be okay. We’re going to keep going. Go calm down on Oogie.”

“No. We have to—“

“You’re not much use to them if you’re not at a hundred percent because you’re on a short circuit,” Asami shot back.

“Fine…” Korra climbed onto Oogie.

Bumi looked at Asami. “So I guess you’re chief now.” He playfully saluted her. Bolin and Tenzin approached. “We’ve been led into the middle of nowhere and the sun won’t be up much longer,” Tenzin interrupted.

“Maybe Naga just needs a refresher.” Asami took the necklace from Tonraq and held it to Naga again. “You know Katara, don’t you? We need to find her and the other healers.” Naga growled and stomped the ice. She dug at it and scraped her nose against it.

“It’s useless,” Tenzin sighed.

“Wait…what if they didn’t travel on foot after this?” Asami looked around. “Underwater transportation has been done for years. Damn, why didn’t I consider this?”

“They took them on a submarine?”

“Tonraq, I need you to clear the ice. And Bumi, Tenzin, can you create a pocket of air for us to travel in?” Asami looked at the two older benders.

“We aren’t the air brothers for no reason!” Bumi beamed.

“No one calls us that,” Tenzin deadpanned.

“Air brothers, we’re counting on you.” Asami grinned.

“No one calls us that!”

“I am.” Asami grabbed her shock glove and a retractable staff she constructed for herself. Bolin grabbed his bag that contained disks much like the ones used in pro-bending matches.
I have officially posted three chapters in one day. I can't really help it. I really want to get this story off the ground.
The whole group was quiet to allow Bumi and Tenzin to focus. So far it was going swimmingly, for no one had ended up swimming.

With a flame from Korra giving light, Asami looked with binoculars.

“‘I see one,’” Asami called.

“Let me see.” Tonraq took them from her and looked. He stopped and scrunched up his brow. “… It’s a Kul Mano insignia…”

“Kul Mano? What the hell is that?” Korra whispered.

“It’s an independent water tribe who broke off from the two main tribes. Not swamp benders. They isolated themselves around the time I got banished. They had no healers when they left. I guess they’ve gotten desperate for them,” Tonraq explained, jaw tensed.

“Explains the old designs. It looks like it’s still being run by water benders and not engines,” Asami added.

“So Korra can just peel it open and we get the healers,” Bolin said.

“We do that and the thing fills with water. You expect them to all swim? Their sonar won’t detect us because we’re no ship. We can get close,” Asami pointed out. She looked at Korra. “If we can create a seal we can get in, close up where you bent and go in with stealth. They could have twenty people watching. The capacity is thirty-six and there are a dozen healers they took.”

“That girl sure knows her stuff!” Bumi chuckled.

“Why she’s part of my team.” Korra grinned lightly.

Tenzin and Bumi got the group on top of the ship and created a seal.

“Alright…” Korra cracked her knuckles and then took her stance. She grabbed the steel, fingers digging in and peeling it aside like paper, it only groaning in response. She hopped down, followed by her father, Bolin and then Asami. Tenzin took hold of control while Bumi jumped in. Bumi took control again, controlling the sphere until Korra had undone her damage.

“Great. Now we can just sneak around and—“Asami was cut off when Korra cried out.

The Avatar sank to her knees and gripped her head. Her brain thumped against the walls of her skull and her eyes shut. The voices of those who cared for her faded with nothing to mask them but a ringing and a phantom force pulled at the paths of energy on her back that had been blocked.

She saw pale hands with arrows on them doing the damage she had seen. They willed every element and the enemies didn’t stand a chance. She saw no fatal wounds on any from there. This wasn’t a killing spree but a full on attack to get through.

She saw those hands grip a man barely conscious. “Tell me where my wife is!” A voice with the will of a hundred warriors behind it bellowed.
She snapped back and her hands trembled. She looked up and saw a man behind her father. She never met him but she knew that face almost as well as she knew Tonraq’s. Aang stood behind her. His nostrils were flared. She teared up and tried to utter his name, but she was frozen. “Give me your body, for now, Korra,” he whispered voice calm even though he seemed tense and livid. He placed his hands on her shoulders and walked into her. She felt the tension release but what was slack was held at a tuned pull.
The group watched in horror as Korra’s eyes started to glow. “Stay behind me,” she ordered, voice carrying a masculine sound behind it.

Tenzin and Tonraq pushed back Bolin, Bumi, and Asami. They only watched as with a shove how all doors just flew off in the hall. Korra ran off and blasted fire and the steel doors into each one after a slam of her foot. With a clenching of her fists and a push they heard metal bending and cries of shock.

“She’s sensing presences with metal? She never learned that completely,” Tenzin muttered.

“Only Avatar that did know that was…dad,” Bumi gaped.

With a slow sweep of four followed. Bolin went the other way to check for others. Tonraq and Tenzin peered into each room. Guards had been picked off and locked away. They didn’t even get to open their sacks of water to fight back.

Korra moved without being so much as slowed down. Aang’s pure power flowed through her veins. She felt absent in her own self, only able to see. Aang had her limbs and her voice. Even in this state, she felt his hands on her shoulders, calming her to not break his control.

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Kya leaned against a metal wall. She fought her shivering in the cold steel box that kept all of them. She had given her jacket to her mother who couldn’t even talk for her chattering teeth were too present. She felt her mother’s energy weaken with each day. She prayed for help.

They weren’t given water until restrained. If they fought back and got injured, no one was allowed to heal. They wanted to beat them into submission. They had shackled her mother fearing she would try to blood bend.

She thought the Kul Mano was just a myth made up to tell kids about.

She right now looked down, seeing her mother trying to rest on the ground. She shifted and gently adjusted so her mother’s head rest in her lap. She stroked her fingers through the snow white hair. Her fingers were too numb to feel the strands. She remembered when her mother had let her practice braiding with those locks. Though when she was so young it was still all brown.

She heard her mother mumbling, soft like she always was. She hadn’t heard her mother raise her voice since her father died. It was like the legend that was Katara, the fourteen-year-old who helped the last air bender save the world, the matriarch of what used to be the only air benders. She listened, hearing her mother whisper. “Where are you…” , she whispered in her half-sleep state.

Kya frowned, knowing she was dreaming of her late husband. She looked around and then heard a crash. Not just a drop of an object, but a full out metal being ripped away and thrown around. “Mother, wake up. I think our rescue party’s here…”

Other healers started to look up, perking up and looking hopeful. She heard a slam in the other room that sounded like a skull against steel. Lin fighting her brothers had ingrained the noise into her knowledge.

The door to their cell was torn open. She saw Kor but didn’t feel Korra’s spirit. The woman had a
unique spirit after losing her past lives. It had a strong energy but it would fluctuate from normal to higher as if the broken bond was hanging on by threads.

But now she felt an energy she hadn’t felt for twenty years mixing with the woman’s energy.

The girl approached, brushing past the eight tribesmen who were closer to the door than Kya and Katara. She knelt before the two.
Kya trembled. “That’s impossible…” she uttered. She felt her father’s energy. But this rage came from him? No…impossible. Even if Korra possibly got her past lives back, Aang wouldn’t be what fueled what sounded like a rampage.

“You’re…safe,” muttered, two voices speaking. Katara reached up with shackled hands and cupped the young woman’s face in her hands.

“I am. Let her go,” Katara said softly.

Her eyes stopped glowing and she slumped before the two women. She looked to the side and saw Aang sitting next to her. He looked at Katara and not Korra. He was calmer than before and dissipated.

Kya felt the energy leave, it lingering when Korra had left the Avatar state.

Katara placed a shaky hand back to Korra’s cheek to feel tears running down it. “Korra?”

“Korata,” Korra mumbled. She took the aged hand into both of hers. She looked down. “They restrained you! Just…just like…” She shook in anger. She pulled them apart, careful enough to not harm the wrists restrained. “Your wrists are raw.” She pulled a bottle from a bag on her belt and pulled a glob of water from it. It covered her hands and the slender fingers wrapped around Katara’s left wrist.

The four who had been cautious and watching Korra entered the room. “Mother!” Tenzin called. “Kya!” Bumi cried.

The two air benders ran and slid over to them.

“What’s wrong? Did they hurt her?” Tenzin pressed when he saw Korra healing Katara.

“You were too merciful on ‘em, kid!” Bumi muttered at Korra.

“It wasn’t me…” Korra mumbled and worked on Katara’s other wrist. “It was Aang.”

Tenzin gasped softly and looked down at his student. “You got the connection back? How?”

“I just got visions the last few days. I saw destruction and injured. Then a woman shackled…I figured now it was you from the past.”

Tenzin and Bumi all looked at each other nervously. Kya suddenly looked like she understood, remembering that Aang did have that rage. She looked somber.

“Aang saved you…it looked like a whole army taken down,” Korra breathed. She sat back, dizzy. “I didn’t know my past lives could possess me. I had no control. He willed my limbs and bending, my voice…I just saw what happened.”

Katara hung her head. “It was a group of rebels still loyal to the old fire nation. The kids were young. They wanted to take the kids as leverage, coming in the night when Aang was away working with the council. I fought all I could, sending Bumi to take his siblings and hide. They
just took me. They contacted Aang, threatening to kill me if he didn’t give them what they desired—power.”

“And instead he went in guns blazing…and saved you.”

“He got home and dropped us with uncle Sokka, and then took Toph as backup. We didn’t know the story until Toph told us,” Tenzin said tensely. He changed the subject. “Never mind! Let’s get this thing above ground and the healers back to the tribe.” He helped his mother to her feet.

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Tonraq, a few healers, and Asami had left, the non-bender merely just going and directing how to surface the device.

The healers left the small room, anxious to get out and home.

Bolin ran into the room. He was wearing a captain’s cap that he had snatched off the ground. It just looked too cool for him to pass up. “All clear—whoa!” He walked over and looked at Katara. “Oh, my god! You’re Katara! The water bender on the first generation of team Avatar!”

Korra pressed her lips together as she watched her master just widen her eyes in surprise.

“Who’s this?”

“He’s one of my trusted…teammates,” Korra sighed. “I saw this coming.”

“It’s an honor! I’m Nuktuk! I mean, Bolin!” Bolin stepped back quickly and took off his hat, bowing. “I…”

“Nuktuk…oh!” Katara suddenly looked like she knew him. “You’re that mover actor that runs around in fur-lined underwear…”

Bolin blushed bright red. “This isn’t the impression I wanted to leave,” he squeaked.

“What do you mean team Avatar?” Katara looked at Korra.

“No Avatar is the Avatar without helpers. I know I didn’t mention my past often during my rehab…but Bolin and his brother Mako are two benders who are close friends of mine. Mako bends fire and Bolin bends earth and lava.”

“Who was the raven-haired girl? Is she dating you?” Katara looked at Bolin.

“I’m dating Suyin’s daughter,” Bolin said. “You know Su, right? You probably did…I mean she’s Toph’s daughter. And you know Lin. Tenzin’s ex. Oh, my god…this is terrible.”

Tenzin pinched his nose while his siblings laughed.

“Lin and Suyin? I remember healing them up a lot. And I don’t recognize Lin much as Tenzin’s ex-girlfriend much anymore. Something else…” Katara looked at Kya.

“Don’t look at me!” Kya looked aside. “I see Lin isn’t with you.”

“We didn’t see her being of much use and she’s overwhelmed at work,” Tenzin told her. “She tried to drop everything and then Raiko needed her.”

“What is going on?” Korra raised an eyebrow.

Katara grinned. “My daughter and her partner. It’s sad Lin couldn’t come along. I miss seeing her and Suyin.”
“Lin is dating Kya! Why didn’t I know? This is so juicy!” Bolin looked around. “This is so much to take in…"

“Go then!” Tenzin snapped finally, sending the bender on his way.

“So you saying to explore my options meant…girls?” Korra tipped her head to the side.

“I meant either. I may like only women but Lin likes both.”

“The girl’s name was?” Katara cut in.

Korra grinned wryly and leaned down to be level with her old master. “You really are talkative Katara…” She pat the old woman’s head. She chuckled when she was swatted on the shoulder by Katara. The woman was always calm, but teasing her was another story.

“It’s Asami Sato,” Kya told her mother. “She’s twenty-two, really rich, attractive, used to date the fire bender that’s related to the spaz who introduced himself as Nuktuk.”

“What does Korra think of her?” Katara looked at her old student.

“That’s not important. She’s loyal and I trust her…and she’s a good person! Kya summed it up.” Korra fidgeted. “I think we resurfaced so I’m going to go up and get Naga. I’ll ride you and Katara in, Kya!” Korra ran out.

Tenzin sighed while Bumi chuckled. “That girl needs to get over herself,” Bumi crowed. He sneezed and sent himself flying into a wall. He sunk down and continued to chuckle.

“Best rescue team ever…” Kya sighed. “We got two obvious lesbians, an earth bender, the chief, and whoever you call these two.”

“Air bending brothers!” Bumi called.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, before anyone says anything about the whole new generation of Avatars--Korra’s past lives would never just disappear. She lost bonds is what I believe. She could get Raava back, after all. I have a feeling her lives would try to reconnect. Especially Aang if there was a stressor, like, say...his wife and only daughter being taken.

Also, Kul Mano means Eel Shark.
State of Dreaming/Blessing

Chapter Summary

Korra finds herself having a dream that for once isn't a nightmare.

Asami bonds with Kya and Katara

Chapter Notes

I didn't plan on posting another chapter until the weekend, but I woke up and promptly hurled more than Asami did in the story 'if you love these people.' So I was stuck in bed and decided to post today instead of watching a Criminal Minds binge watch.

Korra laid out on the bed she slept on while healing in Katara’s home. She felt weak after the day. They had gotten everyone home. They planned on leaving after the trials of the Kul Mano members. She just hoped this wouldn’t leave to major conflict.

She decided to bunk with the rest of the group instead of going to sleep at her parents’. Bumi and Tenzin were forced to squish into a bed while Bolin took a thrown together cot. In the same room. Asami had a cot in the same room as Korra. Though everyone else was still awake.

She heard Asami’s laughter, bubbly and as perfect as her floating in the air. She pulled her blanket tighter. She felt the old phantom pull of her past lives. She used to be plagued by it. Now it was what comforted her.

She blushed and curled up under her covers. She thought of the pride that would well in her chest whenever she could make Asami laugh. Who did it this time?

Korra yawned and drifted off. Deep in sleep she found herself standing in the courtyard of the Air Temple. She wandered around. Am I in Aang’s past? She pondered.

“Korra? You okay?” She heard a woman speak. She turned on her heels and looked at the woman. She had brown hair, brown eyes, and looked to be in her twenties. She had air bending master tattoos. She had on the robes as well.

“I…yeah. Jinora?” She uttered out, that being the only female she knew who would have those.

“It’s Ikki! We don’t look that much alike!” The woman pouted.

“Ah…sorry.” She scratched the back of her neck. She noticed her hair was longer again. She also felt a ribbon around her neck. She moved her hand to her throat and felt the pendant made of stone with carvings in it. A Southern Tribe betrothal necklace. She was married!?

“Come on. You promised to help with the kids’ meditation.” She grabbed Korra’s hand and pulled her along.
The Air Nation had a new generation? She knew that there were some adults. If Ikki was in her twenties, it was ten years in the future. So the kids can’t be older than nine.

She arrived at the gazebo to see a boy in his late teens. He had his tattoos as well and was already meditating next to a man Korra knew was Tenzin. He was older, with more wrinkles around his mouth and at the corners of his eyes along with a graying beard. She saw three little kids sitting in front of them. They were from age eight to four it seemed. The oldest was a little girl with green eyes and chestnut hair. The youngest was next to her, the child shifting around and unable to focus. She had hair that had ornaments of the water tribe and skin the shade of milk tea. Then there was a six-year-old boy who already shaved his head. He was scratching at it indicating a fresh cut that was itchy as it grew back in.

“I don’t think you’re getting through to Pallo, Kena, and Len,” Ikki interrupted.

The kids turned around fully. The four-year-old got up and ran to Korra. “Mommy!” she cried and hugged to the woman’s legs.

Korra suddenly was hit by a wave of recognition and affection for the child. She held her close.

“Now, now, Korra. It’s time for her to be meditating,” Tenzin sighed.

“She’s too fidgety. Let one of her mother’s take care of her for today,” Meelo mumbled, not opening his eyes.

“You can get her to do it?” Tenzin asked Korra.

“Yeah! Leave it to me!” Korra said cheerfully. She looked at Ikki.

“Oh, and Asami is working on the generators. You think you can go get her some water?” Ikki asked.

“Yeah! Let’s get see momma, mommy,” the girl cheered.

“Take Kena and go. She’s disturbing the others,” Tenzin said impatiently.

Ikki mouthed a sorry to Korra before she wandered off.

“I don’t think I’m meant to train with the air benders,” Kena mumbled. She huffed. And she had a wife? Did Republic City even allow that?

“Well, you’re a water bender. It’s just to teach you spirit. Connection to the spirits surpasses just playing with dragonfly rabbits.” She went to the well and filled a canteen she had clipped to her hip.

The young water bender huffed and fiddled with the dolphin whale bone hair pin that kept her nearly black locks from falling over her face. She was water tribe through and through besides the bright green eyes. They reminded her of Asami’s, but that was impossible.

She got to the generator room. She heard the buzz of a drill and scattered cursing. “Momma!” Kena called out. There was a bang and another curse. A moment later Asami came out. She was older than she was but still younger than middle aged. She had hardly any signs of aging besides looking more matured and a few scars Korra had never seen before.

“Hey, you two…” Asami wiped her brow to clear away sweat and ended up smearing grease over it. She had on jeans and a white tank. She held a drill in her gloved hands. “I almost got this done. I thought you were meditating.”
“Got you water.” Korra pecked a clean spot on Asami’s cheek and handed her the canteen. Her body moved on an impulse and her chest felt fuzzy.

“You are a goddess,” Asami sighed. She gulped the water greedily. She pulled away after gulping half the water. “It’s hotter than a volcano down here. This thing is shot, too. But I swear I can get it fixed within the day.”

“You can do it,” Kena encouraged. Asami’s tired face flickered with light. Korra blushed at the pure joy. “You’ve got really cool talent! You can make things!”

“Does that mean I’m not cool?” Korra pouted.

“No! Mommy is really cool!” Kena squeaked.

Her mothers laughed at her. “Just messing with you sweetie.” She kissed the child’s cheek. She grinned at her wife’s small chuckles, still bubbly as it was.

Her wife…

“Asami?” Korra asked.

“Yes, Korra?” Asami wiped off a wrench with a bandana.

“You wearing…a…um…”

“My ring? No. I don’t wear it on my hand when I work on machines.” She pulled a leather cable from between her bosom and it had a gold ring on it. It had a ruby on it as well, not with arms erecting it from the band, but embedded in to be subtle.

Korra woke up with a jolt and sat up fast for no reason. She felt tears in her eyes and she looked around. The bed was empty beside her. She touched her neck. Bare. Her shoulders slumped and she lied back. She shut her eyes and went back to sleep, trying to get back to the dream.

Asami sat on a pelt. Bolin had turned in like Korra had and Tonraq left to check on the other healers. Tenzin and Bumi were right now trying to persuade Katara to live at the Temple.

“You’ll have us all there,” Tenzin reasoned. He looked at Kya. “And you could be closer to…” Tenzin faltered.

“My partner. Tenzin it’s been years. She’s my partner.”

“It’s not that I mind, Kya. It’s just that…that…” Tenzin couldn’t continue.

“Republic city and every part of the United Earth Nation besides Zaofu don’t recognize same-sex couples as husbands or wives,” Asami finished. She sipped her green tea.

“You know a lot.” Kya looked down at her.

“As a bisexual, I wanted to know my rights. But in the water tribes, that would make me two-spirited.”

“That’s right, but the culture has that has slipped away over the years,” Katara sighed. She reached to refill her cup with shaking hands. Asami quickly got up and grabbed the blue painted
ceramic teapot. She carefully poured the elder tea. “Thank you, Asami.”

“You’re welcome.” Asami placed the pot down and sat down again. “You know you would be able to see your grandchildren more. And the Air Nation. Korra told me about how it was Aang’s dream. It’s a wonderful thing. They’ve been helping the world. Tenzin is an amazing teacher and Bumi has become a leader and model to the younger generation. A friend to them as he learned next to them, too.”

Katara looked down at her glass. “One month, I’ll try.” She sipped her tea.

“Thank you,” Tenzin sighed. He stood and put down his cup. “I’m going to turn in. We have a ride home to prepare for in the morning.” He kissed his mother’s forehead and head to the room he was going to share with Bumi.

“Time for shut eye I guess. Night ladies.” He downed his tea in a gulp and made a face at the bitterness. He got up with a puff of air and a grunt. He followed his brother.

Asami looked at Kya and Katara. “You have fire and earth blood in you,” Katara said randomly.

“I…my parents didn’t bend. But my father was from the fire nation and my mother was from the earth kingdom,” Asami told her. She blew on her tea to cool it.

“They must be proud of you for being so noble. Promising to help the Avatar…it takes the agreement to put everything on hold for it.” Katara looked at the young woman.

“I…lost them. My mother was killed by a fire bender when I was young. My dad died saving my life during the Kuvira debacle.” Asami frowned. She pulled her legs to her chest with one arm and sipped her tea. The silence made her uncomfortable. It wasn’t the content silence she had had around Korra when there was nothing to say and she just enjoyed the moment.

“I did as well. My mother died when I was very young. My dad never let it go. It was his duty to find a way to find a way to find her or at least maybe avenge her. He never forgave himself,” Katara confessed, relaying it to empathize.

“He didn’t do what my father did. But that’s the first time someone hasn’t looked at me like I’m a pitiful child. Thank you, Katara.” Asami sipped her tea.

“So you’re dating Korra, right?” Katara asked suddenly.

Asami choked on her tea and went into a fit of coughing. “W-what?”

Kya was chuckling. “Oh man. Oh man!”

“Korra thinks she’s good at hiding her attractions, but I’ve known that girl since she was a child. I knew she was special like I knew Kya was. One incident was when she was fourteen. Brought in a pretty girl water bender and suddenly my water bending master is four years old again. Loses the match and nearly sets something on fire when the girl touches her arm,” Katara told her, smiling, her face folding like paper.

“I didn’t know that…we never talked about our interests. All I knew is that we fought over the same guy and both ended up with broken up with him.”

“Usually what happens in a love triangle,” Kya sighed. “My life was hell while Lin dated Tenzin.”

“Your love of her was that long?”
“We are both our mothers’ daughters…but we aren’t as rivaled as they were. We were friends like them…but it transcended that. I was an older sister to her until I wasn’t. Though I didn’t really get with her until my late thirties. I was a mess in my twenties like most people are. She got her life in order, got her ass kicked a few times, once by her sister, but in the end, we all did things that aren’t always…savory. It’s the time to do stupid shit to get you to mature.”

“Language,” Katara tutted.

“I’ll remember that. I haven’t done many things that are stupid since I had to take over the company. Though my actions are hardly calculated sometimes, especially when it comes to working with Korra.” Asami sipped her tea. “Aren’t you ladies tired?”

“I’m happy to be free, I don’t want to go to sleep just yet.” Kya said. “Plus you seem like you need someone to talk to, and Korra isn’t the person you can turn to.”

Asami rubbed over the brim of her cup. “It’s just scary. She’s my closest friend. I don’t want to mess it up if she doesn’t feel the same.”

“Been there,” Kya sighed.

“Worried about that,” Katara brushed off.

“Well, I guess I look so childish to you two,” Asami muttered.

“I traveled the world with Aang. We were friends before we were lovers and that’s the strongest bond. Love from the bat is caused by infatuation,” Katara told her. “Your relationship is strong if you’re willing to drop everything for her just to come and help a dozen people you’ve never met.”

“Infatuation, yeah that’s true. It’s what it felt like with Mako. Seeing him and just being hit with it and wanting him. And we’re close. Haven’t always been like that, but we’ve grown together and I didn’t know what to do with myself when she was gone. I tried to busy myself.”

“Yeah, you like her,” Kya snorted.

Asami slipped her hand into her pocket. She felt something hard and cold. “Oh! Katara.” She stood and pulled out the necklace. “Tonraq found this. We used it to help track you. Here.” She handed it to Katara. “Is that the one Aang made you?”

“Yeah…he spent months on it,” Katara told her. She rubbed her thumb over the face of it.

“Where’s that one?”

“It’s one Kya’s neck. I gave it to Lin to give to her.” Katara smiled. Kya took off the necklace and showed it to the young woman.

“Why didn’t you give yours to Tenzin to give to Pema?”

“Because Aang taught Tenzin on the morals of the Air Nomads. Their marriages were small affairs and had no material signs of it. Their mark of marriage was their love and their offspring if they had any.” Katara looked at the necklace. “The girls and boys will be taught those same
morals, Kya doesn’t want kids, and Bumi never saw himself as a husband or a father.” Katara stood slowly and walked over to Asami. She placed it in Asami’s hand. “You marry Korra, give this to her. You don’t, you can just return it to my children when I’ve passed.”

“I couldn’t…you hardly know me.” Asami stared at the necklace in shock.

“Korra is like a granddaughter to me. She’s my most cherished student and my husband’s her past life. I want her happy, and I feel you can do it.”

“Thank you, Katara.” Asami stood. “When you come to the city, I’d like to be a guide for you in the town. It’s not in the best shape, but I want to show you hospitality. Plus I know the temple is hectic. I’ve lived there a bit…”

“Would you believe it’s always been like that even when it was just the five of us?”

“Knowing your kids…yes. And if Aang was half as energetic as Korra, very much, yes.”

“Hey! It was the boys who were evil spirits,” Kya countered.

“You all had your moments,” Katara teased. She smiled fondly.

Asami looked down at the necklace. She slipped it into her pocket and felt the weight of it suddenly be a lot heavier. Though she had a blessing? A small support web that she hadn’t had before on this matter was a bit soothing. She had a respect for Katara. No wonder Korra cared so much about the woman.

“I think I’m going to bed. I suggest you two get some rest. I don’t think you could get proper sleep in such a place you were held,” Asami sighed. She stood and bowed in front of Katara to show respect and gratitude. She then walked to the room she shared with Korra.

She stepped in and saw Korra sleeping. She knew the woman was exhausted. It made sense. She was happy for her, though, she had gotten a part of her that she lost.

She approached and sat next to Korra’s bed. She looked at the woman’s sleeping face, the faint glow from the lantern in the room giving her a view of Korra’s face. She looked serene. She pushed her bangs from her face.

“Asami…” The girl whispered. She grabbed the woman’s hand with her strong grip. Asami bit back a yelp of surprise. Korra turned and the momentum pulled Asami onto the bed with her. A quick glance showed she wasn’t awake, though.

“What are you dreaming about?” Asami whispered. She pushed Korra's bangs from her face and waited until the woman loosened her grip. She reluctantly moved to her cot and curled up.
Chapter Summary

Finally some dual-sided Korrasami. Though Korra is a bit dense about it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Getting back home Korra was practicing with a new fervor. She trained with every bender she could go against. She went against Bolin, Mako, a majority of the air benders, and Kya. She felt connected to the world again and happy.

The winter had hardly shaved down the temperature in the city. Korra still found herself overheating as she worked away through the hours of training. But it was a comfortable breeze for those not in constant action.

She had gotten the chief while she had come to see Kya. They both were fighting at their best. Korra threw all she had into it. She kept a lazy grin on her face. She tried to replicate the light on her feet way she had seen Kuvira and Suyin bend. She also got the knowledge from the past. Aang kept light on his feet.

Lin thrust a boulder at her. “You got that from twinkle toes, didn’t you?” She watched the girl fire herself up with a gust of air and float down onto the boulder. She slammed her heel down and kicked a chunk at Lin. She fired a few in successions. The women ducked one and fired the others back. She thrust the rock from under Korra’s feet.

The young Avatar landed gracefully and flipped forward, and then she spun her legs in the air while firing off a circle of flame. Lin backed away and she kicked up the rock under Korra’s hands, sending the girl onto her back.

“Damn, almost had you,” Korra sighed, lying flat on her back. Lin pulled her up.

Lin adjusted her tank top, her not wearing armor when she was training with Korra. Kya ran over and hugged her partner, kissing her cheek. “My strong chief,” she crooned.

Lin made a face to fight a blush. She brushed off her partner and went to the stairs where Pema was with Katara and Rohan. She grabbed her water bottle that was there.

“You’ve gotten a lot better since I last saw you. Maybe even better than your mother,” Katara commented.

“Impossible.” Lin sat down next to the two women. She grabbed a towel she had and wiped her forehead.

“You don’t seem too thrilled to be around Kya,” Pema noted.

“I don’t need to sleep with her or be especially intimate to enjoy her. Just need to see her,” Lin mumbled. She felt someone slide up next to her. She smelled the essential oils on Kya’s skin.

“Aw, how sweet of you darling,” Kya hummed. She kissed Lin’s cheek. “You really do love
me!

Lin breathed in deeply and sipped her water. She heard the three women laughing and she growled.

Korra watched before going through forms.

“She’s been really invested in training,” Katara pointed out. “Was she like this before?”

“Before she was injured and after she faced Amon…she wasn’t too invested. Tenzin complained of her not wanting to practice much,” Lin told her mother-in-law. “Ever since she got back from the Spirit World, she’s been focused on meditation and now training. I think she’s trying to reinforce the fact her body is in her control. I was like that after I lost my bending and got it back. I had to have all the control I could over it.”

“Darling…” Kya touched Lin’s shoulder.

“Kya, it’s alright now. Obviously.” Lin looked at Korra, watching the girl trying to replicate the subtle movements that had been her downfall. “I’ve seen her trying to use what moves that have beaten her. She tries to be light on her feet like Kuvira was and now she’s trying to minimize her movements. She’s not attached to the world so all she can do is movement that is hard to catch.”

“You could teach her to see with her feet,” Pema suggested.

“I don’t think training the Avatar is what I’m qualified for,” Lin said, looking at her formal rival. “Plus from what I heard, she exhibited the ability to use it in the Avatar state.”

“She did a lot of things in that state. Aang had a strong grip on her,” Katara sighed. She watched her old student create a dummy from rock and attacked it from different angles.

They heard steps behind them. They turned and saw Asami wiping her hands with a rag. “Anyone know where Tenzin is? I got the ferry working again…” She trailed off seeing Korra. The girl was training only in the green pants she wore during her six-month hiatus and bindings. Her cheeks heated up.

She heard Kya laughing, saw Lin rolling her eyes and Katara smiling knowingly, while Pema just looked straight up dumbfounded. Rohan was more focused on his toy plane to notice his favorite person.

“He’s in the office talking to Raiko on the phone,” Pema merely told her.

“Um…thanks. I’m staying here for a bit.” She sat down and slipped her jacket back on over her tank top and took off her gloves.

Korra had switched to water, pulling from a tub of water in the court yard. She willed it as if she were a tamer of a dragon. It turned to a whip, blade, wave, and a bubble. She skated over a line of ice and slammed down a wave onto the dummy she made and froze it. She back flipped away and made herself an obstacle that was present before in her fight, pushing herself off and using the momentum of the attack to land on her feet. She kicked her leg, a sheet of water slicing like a blade at the ankles of the dummy. The top half of the rock dummy fell and cracked.

She stood, looking satisfied. She turned and saw the group of ladies watching. “Aye! Asami!” She smiled and waved. She jogged over. “You get it fixed?”

“Yep! Totally!” Asami fumbled with something in her pocket.
“Good,” Korra hummed and sat with the ladies. “I was thinking. We should take Katara to that water tribe bistro we both like.”

“You like it Korra,” Asami said.

“It sounds like a plan. But I don’t want to go to the city quite yet. How about you two just go ahead without me?” Katara suggested.

Asami whipped her head at the old water bender, eyes wide with panic. She thought this woman was just kind, but this seemed a bit devious to put her in this situation.

Korra blushed and looked aside.

“I could eat,” Lin said. “Kya and I can join you, girls.”

“No, no honey, let’s just stay for dinner here,” Kya said.

“I would rather not eat that bison food the nomads eat,” Lin grunted as she stood.

“Yeah, sure Lin,” Korra said. She grinned.

“You sure? You girls could have some time alone if we didn’t come,” Kya said. She subtly glared at her wife. Lin stared back, standoffish. Kya leaned in closer, not letting up.

“I guess we’ll stay in the temple. You girls should go,” Lin said eventually. She hated her conceding, but when accepted defeat when she felt Kya affectionately rubbing her thigh.


“A date,” Asami said quietly. She stood.

“You’re not wearing makeup today,” Korra noticed.

Asami looked down, feeling insecure. “I was working so I didn’t want to.”

“You look nice either way. I never got makeup. Never have used it.”

She’s this amazing without any help? Asami mentally deadpanned.

“Alright. A date,” Asami repeated. She stood and kissed Korra’s cheek. “Pick you up at seven.” She felt like herself in that moment and walked off, feeling confident again, leaving Korra there about to burst into flames.

Korra looked at her four elders and young Rohan who was still playing. “What just happened?”

“You got asked out on a date,” Lin shouted. “By a cute girl. Who you like. You said yes. Go take a shower!”

“Ah!” Korra ran inside.

“Korra likes women?” Pema asked the three others.

“She has all her life,” Katara told her daughter-in-law. She patted the woman’s knee.

“Tragic she could never marry in the city,” Kya sighed. “Tragic that I can’t marry in the city.”
“Yeah,” Lin muttered. She pulled her lover close. She lazily played with the woman’s silver hair. “A lot of things are tragic. Like how I can’t kiss you in public…”

Kya nodded, frowning.

Korra came down after her shower, toweling her hair. She walked through the halls. “So what are you going to wear?” Ikki popped in randomly from a room.

“Ah!” Korra jumped back. “What do you mean?”

“Gran-gran and Aunt Kya said you were going on a date!” The girl was jumping. “Who are they? Are they cute? Can I meet them? Do we know them?”

“Alright!” Korra cut her off. “You do. It’s Asami. It isn’t like that! I’m going to go slip on some street clothes.” She opened her door just to see Pema, Kya, and Katara. Lin sat on her bed reading a book. “What are you doing?”

“Korra, you’ve never been on a real date. We are here to help,” Kya said seriously.

“It’s…not…is it that sort of date!?” Korra blushed bright red.

Lin lowered her book. “Yes. Why Kya wouldn’t let us come along.”

“And we know one of your…few…uh, shortcomings, is femininity,” Pema said.

“I…this is a date. And I know nothing about those apparently. I, the person who has dated before —”

“What you did with Mako was hardly dating,” Lin said. “Look, just let them dress you up. Katara had me strapped down for two hours to get me looking ready for my first dates with Kya and Tenzin.”

Katara smiled pleasantly. “You’re in good hands, Korra.”

The next hour was the woman doing her hair, putting makeup on her, and searching through her wardrobe for suitable clothing.

By six thirty Korra got a look at herself. She had her hair clipped back with a gold pin from Katara’s old mementos and Kya’s makeup because they had the same shade. Her lips were a dusty red and her cheeks had blush lightly applied on the apples of her cheeks. Her eyelashes felt sticky from whatever Kya put on them with that spool sort of thing. She looked down at the red dress Pema put her in that was hers when she was twenty-three. In the mirror, she looked unlike herself. She knew she was supposed to be beautiful, sexy even with all of this. It made other girls look like that. She just felt…like a doll.

“You look good,” Kya reassured.

“How about you leave her be, you three? She deserves half an hour to herself now,” Lin pushed. She ushered her in-laws and partner from the room. Then she promptly shut it and locked the door. “You look like a damn prostitute.” She sighed and walked to the basin of water in Korra’s room. She grabbed a washcloth.

“Thanks,” Korra said sarcastically.
“Katara and Kya have done that for each other for years. Helped the other get ready. I think they’re excited there’s another woman to work on. I think Pema feels the same because she sees you as a daughter, and her daughters will never know things like that. She gave up luxuries when she joined the Air Nation. They mean well,” Lin told her. She started to wash off Korra’s face.

“They’ll be hurt seeing I took this stuff off,” Korra mumbled.

“I’ll take care of that. You focus on this.”

“This isn’t like you.”

“Just shut up and enjoy it while this lasts. Come tomorrow I’ll be on you like before.” Lin finished washing her face. She took the clip out. She brushed Korra’s hair and braided a lock across the crown of her head, clipping the tail back with the gold clip.

“How do you know how to do that?”

“One, Katara, and two, I’m a damn adult. I have to know how to dress myself outside of my uniform and street clothes.” Lin looked through Korra’s closet. “Ah! I think that’ll work.” She extracted a blue collared shirt and a pair of decent slacks that wouldn’t be too baggy.

Korra got dressed in them. They were clothes she wore to a dinner party. It was more masculine than most women would dress but she felt comfortable in it. Lin tracked down a pair of dress socks and half decent shoes that weren’t lined boots. Granted they were from her collection. “Don’t scuff those. And I want them polished before I get them back,” Lin told her.

“I got it.” Korra looked in the mirror. She grinned slightly. “I like it, besides the sleeves.”

“One last thing.” Lin put a neckerchief made of navy blue silk around the collar of the shirt. “There. Now you’re ready.” She shoved the girl out as the clock chimed seven.

Korra walked downstairs.

Asami had arrived ten minutes early. It had left her in the common room with a chuckling Kya and an ever smiling Katara. She played with an excited Rohan, pushing toy trains around the floor with him.

“Sami! Look!” He held his hand out and a gust of wind from his hand pushed his tank engine forward.

“That’s so great!” Asami smiled and hugged the boy. “You going to grow up to be a strong bender?”

“Yeah! Like Korra!” He giggled.

Asami smiled and tucked a lock of hair behind her ear. She had decided to look better than usual. She wore a pretty but not too formal red dress. She had a black shawl over her shoulders and a clutch in her hands. She had black heels on and the normal amount of makeup.

“She is certainly talented,” Asami hummed.

Lin walked down and sat down next to Kya. “You know that girl didn’t process your ulterior motive until we got it into her head,” Lin told Asami.
Asami blushed. “I figured. How did she react to it?”

“Shocked, but seems ready.” Lin picked at her nails. “Speaking of ready, how are those police cables?”

“Going fine; we worked out the kinks.” Asami looked down at Rohan. “Just need it signed off. You need money for them still even if it was for you.”

“I know.” Lin sat next to her wife.

Korra walked in. Asami gasped when she saw her. She looked…handsomely beautiful. It just fit her.

“What happened to all of our work!?” Kya squawked.

“Now, now Kya,” Lin said. She ignored the burning stare directed at her from her significant other. She realized in that moment the fun promised with that affectionate touch earlier was most likely revoked.

Korra tucked her hands into her pockets and smiled shyly. “Lin changed me up…Sorry guys. Thanks for the help.”

Asami stood slowly, Rohan whining and then running to Korra. He hugged her tight. “Korra! Up!” The Avatar picked up the boy and messed up his hair. She looked at her date for the night.

“You look…more beautiful than I imagined.”

Asami blushed. “You look amazing. You clean up great.” Asami pulled her by her neckerchief and pecked her cheek. “Let’s go. We got a ferry and a Satomobile ready for our departure.”

Korra gave Rohan to his mother. “So long!” She called to the women in the room with her.

“Bring her back safely!” Pema told Asami.

“I’ll have her back just about as good as she was when she left.” Asami pulled the girl out.

Chapter End Notes

I didn't want to rush into their relationship. I want it to be their relationship, but not all the lovey dovey stuff. Relationships in the show were hardly ever that. Korra and Asami are each other's support before they were lovers. A close friendship before hand. Quite honestly a pretty good way to start a relationship if I do say so myself.

It's the main couple, with Kyalin being the other one. I wanted there to be doubt and stumbling into it. Both girls are confident, but the point is that their insecurity due to their attractions taking that away from them.
Asami was relaxed as she drove her car. She leaned back and had on hand on the wheel. “I didn’t know you had some men’s dress clothes,” she said casually.

“Just one outfit. It was for this dinner and my dresses weren’t clean. So Bumi took me shopping. I guess he liked fashion before he retired?” Korra fumbled with her neckerchief.

“Careful, you don’t want to undo the knot. I don’t think either of us could imitate it.” Asami stopped at an intersection and looked at her date.

“I wonder if Lin wore a suit at her ceremony.”

“I don’t know. I don’t think they had one. I think they just exchanged the respective articles and that was enough until the actual thing,” Asami sighed.

“How do you know?”

Asami watched the road as she started driving again. “Some reason Kya has been flocking to me more when she found out I was bisexual.”

“What?”

“It means you like both genders. Didn’t you ever wonder about what your attractions were called? Normalize it?”

“I thought everyone was just attracted to both,” Korra mumbled.

“Your culture respects same-sex couples. You know that?”

“No…I didn’t grow up with much spiritual stuff. Not until I started living with the air benders,” Korra sighed. “Why do you know?”

“I read about it.” Asami shrugged. She parked her car at the curb.

Korra hopped out, ran around to the other door and opened it for Asami.

“Thank you.” Asami smiled kindly and stepped out.

They walked into the restaurant. Asami walked to the host. “Table for two, under Sato.”

The host led them to a table in the back. It was hardly touched by light and was a single booth instead of the majority ones where one sat across from the other person in separate booths.
Korra slid into the booth and Asami slid in from the other side. The host handed them menus and walked off. “What did you look like before Lin stepped in?”

“Red dress sorta like yours, makeup, and they made me shave my legs. I couldn’t wear bindings either in the dress! They wanted me to wear heels too!” Korra laughed and shook her head. “It’s not my thing. It looks good on a lot of girls…really good. Not on me. I think Mako and Bolin’s grandmother was right. I’m muscly…masculine.”

“You’re strong. But that’s expected. You’ve trained since age five.” Asami looked down at Korra. “The world doesn’t expect you to be beautiful. You just do that naturally.”

Korra blushed and put her hand on the back of her neck, scratching at it nervously. She looked aside. “Thanks…” Her voice was quiet.

“Something wrong?”

“No one really calls me beautiful. Not even Mako did. He was sweet but…just wasn’t the whole swooning type. Bolin called me beautiful and a lot of other positive things. My family says it too. Just…it actually matters right at this moment that someone sees that. It bothers me a bit to care so much about something like looks. I’m covered in scars anyways!”

“I don’t mind scars at all. They’re quite sexy,” Asami said casually. She smirked when the other woman blushed.

“But you look beautiful. You always do. Even in situations like today when you’re not even trying and in your grease-stained working clothes. You just emit this magnetism about you. It really fucks with me,” Korra confessed.

Asami sighed and took her hand under the table.

“Asami? Is this not normal?”

“Hm?” Asami looked at her date.

“This attraction? You mention normalizing it with a title. Is it not normal?” Korra looked at her, seeming a bit worried.

“Not…really. There are people who think it soils your soul. Causes your next life to be a bad person or a predator, or is just dishonorable to your family because you won’t produce an heir to continue the name. My dad wanted me to never be out because he worried it would ruin the Sato name. Irony. He messed it up more than I could ever.”

Korra bit her lip, silent until their server showed up. It was a perky young woman who looked like she was all water tribe. She took their order and came back with their drinks. Asami had ordered them a bottle of wine. The waitress placed the bottle down with two glasses.

She blinked and noticed Korra. “Aren’t you the Avatar?” she asked.

“Uh, yeah. Nice to meet you,” Korra said awkwardly, forcing a grin. She was suddenly nervous about this date for different reasons. This wasn’t normal? What would people think of her being with Asami?

“I…want to thank you. You saved my sister when you got those healers. She stayed back at the tribe and I moved here with my uncle. He’s the head chef here.” The woman smiled. Korra saw her tag said her name was Fih.
“Fih? Nice name.”


“Wow.” Asami looked down at her date.

“You know I’m used to getting nothing like that. It’s weird…” Korra poured them each a glass.

“You’re a good person. You deserve praise.” Asami took her glass.

“Tenzin said the job isn’t for glory.” Korra sipped her drink.

“Well still. You’ve given so much for the world already,” Asami told her. She squeezed the woman’s hand gently under the table.

“Yeah.” She finished her glass and placed it down. “So that’s why Kya and Lin aren’t married?”

Asami paused, her drink near her lips. “Yeah…in Southern and Northern Tribes you can be considered married and have ceremony, but anywhere else will not recognize them as married. Lin risks losing her job if she comes out. Possibly jail time, I think.”

Korra swallowed nervously. She pulled her hand from Asami’s.

“Don’t sweat it Korra.” Asami sipped her drink and put down the glass. “The world is changing. Maybe one day you can marry a woman.”

Korra thought of her dream and blushed. “Have kids maybe. Can you adopt as a…same-sex couple?”

“No…But science is advancing to the point where a woman needs nothing more than the male’s component and her eggs to have a baby. So they can have children that way without the need of sex.” Asami sipped from her glass again, stopping herself from thinking of the idea of a little girl with Korra’s eyes and simply to die for grin.

“I see.” Korra poured herself another glass.

“Slow down there. Don’t want to get wasted on the first date.” Asami pushed the bottle away from Korra.

“Sorry. I’m just jittery. I think it’s safe here. It’s run by water tribesmen…but I’m a bit nervous.” Korra looked at Asami. “But tonight’s our night.”

“Finally, I thought it would finally happen at the spirit world. I was starting to think you just hated me or something when you didn’t talk about it to Bolin or anyone else,” Asami confessed.

“No…I didn’t want it to come out that I liked you. I’m afraid.” Korra looked down at the table.

“But you didn’t know before—“

“Not that,” Korra said, cutting off Asami. “I was worried Mako or someone else would get the hint and tell him. I know it’s been years…but I fear me dating his ex might hurt our friendship.”

“He’s not interested in me anymore, and nor I in him. You aren’t interested in him anymore, right?”

“No. I just feel like it was more of a first crush because he was one of my first interactions outside of my training. He and Bolin were my only tangible bits of freedom for a bit. Thinking back on
my relationship with Mako…it seems childish.”

“Did you ever…sleep with him?” Asami asked a bit suddenly.

“No. I never really thought about that stuff much when I was with him. I’ve talked to Bolin about how he feels a warm love and lust towards Opal. Says they change and he knows it’s rounded attraction. I haven’t really had that desire in anyone but women. I had a good—I guess it was, sort of a mess—relationship with Mako. He was really attractive and I would’ve been with him…but it never felt right. Like he wasn’t the one. I thought he was, dumbly. I’m glad I didn't give my first time to someone who wasn't the one.”

Asami rubbed at the lipstick stain on her white glass. "I see. That's reasonable. Though sex doesn't have to be between soul mates. But it should be someone you care about the first time at least. It can be free as well.” Asami looked at her old friend.

“Yeah, I guess so,” Korra sighed. "It was on my radar. I had fantasies but never got that far. Mako was my only relationship."

“Have you ever had that sort of attraction? Where you were unable focus and desired? Someone you wanted to be with sexually?”

“Yes…”Korra looked down, blushing slightly. “There was this girl when I was about fifteen. She was beautiful. God, I was so distracted and my mind was fogged. I couldn’t even fight her.” She twiddled her thumbs. “And seeing…seeing you in your bathing suit was distracting. Made me want to pin you to the bank. Mako got me riled up a bit, but his arousal felt violent and painful for him. Scared me so I would...just end it. Felt bad sometimes.” Korra paused. “Did you sleep with Mako?”

Asami paused. She polished off the rest of her drink and nervously tapped her nails against the table.

“I wouldn’t be mad. I know that you would have some past relationships,” Korra soothed.

“Few times. He hated my want of control and I didn’t want to just submit myself to him. I guess it hinted it wasn’t meant to be. He was security, though,” Asami said quietly.

“But the weird thing was, is that I did love him. What about that?”

“Well, it’s for you to define. But there’s a lot of love. The line of platonic, kin and lovers are bonds that have different levels. Did you see him as a future husband?”

“What? No!” Korra shook her head. “I saw him there to support me. I got angry when I didn’t have him for that…When he took sides. I felt it wasn't going to last. I clung to it fearing I would lose him. I was happy I didn't lose him. Almost as happy as I was that you didn't hate me for kissing Mako. Then we were able to bond and well...end up here. I got really lucky to have such forgiving people. Especially since I'm such a mess up. I mean, I got real lucky with you! You're so beautiful and I'm here, with you. All because you were a bigger person than I am and didn't turn bitter after what I did.”

”. Part of her wanted to lean over and kiss the girl, but she didn’t want to risk it in public. Plus she feared making Korra uncomfortable. “Now let’s move on from all that about Mako. In the past.”

“How has work been lately? I know I’ve been training a lot and haven’t seen you much.”

Asami smiled at her. “It’s been good. The police cables are seamless now and Raiko has agreed to issue two dozen for a trial run with them. Bataar has been helpful as well. He’s a great mind, he
was just misusing it.”

“How’s your role on reconstruction?”

“Things are coming together slowly. How’s the whole propaganda visits and speeches about unity?”

“I have to read off a script,” Korra muttered. “It’s an act and I hate it. But I know I have to do my part. It’s calm times, a time to heal. Not much for me to do but this and train.”

“Speaking of which, how many hours have you trained in the last…three days?”

Korra looked up and pondered the question. “Let’s see…three days is seventy-two hours. I meditate four hours a day and then bending training for three…weights or running for one hour…hour of yoga every other day…that’s about thirty-two hours.” She looked back at Asami. The engineer’s eyes widened.

“You aren’t worried about burning yourself out?”

“I’ve felt more like myself than I have in years. I can’t help it. I feel in touch with Raava, my past lives, and my bending…I just want to learn more. After years of being helpless and being beaten down, I feel better. I’m more in touch with the spirits. I’m stronger in bending. I feel balanced.”

Korra looked at Asami.

“I’m happy. You’ve changed a lot from the girl I met. And from the girl that wrote me.” Asami smiled softly.

“Me too.” Korra grinned.

Their food arrived. Korra ate her seaweed noodles a bit slower than usual, trying not to slurp. She watched Asami’s mannerism. The woman had her napkin laid on her lap and she ate slowly. She didn’t even smudge her makeup while eating. She had picked the sea prunes.

“Who taught you?” Korra asked, mouth full of noodles.

Asami looked at her. “You shouldn’t talk with a full mouth, you know.” She ate another spoonful and placed her spoon back in her bowl without even a single clink.

“Sorry…”Korra wiped her mouth with her napkin, not wanting to stain her sleeves. She wasn’t used to them at all, really.

“If you mean table manners, it was my mom. She wanted me to be a well-mannered child.”

“Ah. My mom just warned me to not slop on myself and to not choke. Nothing about this whole napkin in lap and all that.”

“You didn’t really have to learn that. I was forced to be an image. An heiress,” Asami said calmly. She looked at Korra.

“Well, I’m the chief’s daughter. No one thought to teach me.” Korra shoveled more of her meal into her mouth and chewed slowly.

“I could teach you if it bothers you enough.” Asami lifted her napkin from her lap and dabbed at her chin.

“Nah,” Korra said after swallowing. “Unless it bothers you.” She sipped her drink, finishing her
second round without much thought. She poured another glass.

“I’ve seen how Bolin eats. I’m used to it.” Asami grinned lightly.

“Can I have some of your sea prunes?” Korra looked at her date.

“Yeah.”

A slight pause between them and the quiet music playing to set the mood is what overtook their silence.

“Aren’t you going to feed me, Miss Sato?” Korra asked, grinning.

Asami rolled her eyes and held up a spoonful. She rolled her eyes when the younger woman leaned in and took the spoon into her mouth, pulling away a second later.

“Mm, my mother makes it better,” Korra commented afterward.

“Can you cook?”

“…I made noodles once.” Korra sipped her wine. She put it down and flipped the glass upside down after polishing it off. Asami started to chuckle. “Well, it’s not like an heiress like you needed to cook either!”

“My mother still taught me. It’s a life skill. I try to help Pema cook and clean when I stay at the temple as well,” Asami defended. She finished her first glass and started to wonder how many Korra had had.

She got her answer within the next hour. Korra was giggling and threatened to fight a bus boy who made eyes at Asami.

“You wanna go you phony?” Korra slurred. Her cheeks were flushed. The boy ran off quick after grabbing their bowls.

Asami studied the bottle and noticed it was nearly empty and she had downsed a single glass. She cursed, remembering Korra’s terrible tolerance.

“I think we should go,” Asami sighed. She flagged down Fih and paid. She left a good tip knowing some of it would go the poor bus boy. She pulled Korra’s arm over her shoulder and placed her other hand on Korra’s waist.

Korra, the able woman she was, stumbled and muttered. She leaned into Asami. “You know what? I should’ve dated a girl like you for my first relationship. Not a guy like Mako…”She whispered. “I shoulda dated you. I wish you ran me over instead of him!”:

“Really,” Asami sighed. She got Korra into the passenger seat, buckling her up. “Why is that?”

“Because I really like you!”

“You’re drunk.”

“Drunk on you,” Korra flirted. She flicked her fingers, sparks flying off and smoke filling the air. “You’re smoking hot.”

Asami rolled her eyes and got into the driver’s seat. She started up the Satomobile. “Let’s get you home.”
“Home? Ya mean your place?” Korra chuckled. “Just kidding. I’m home as long as I’m with you.”

“If you were sober, I’d be flattered.” Asami brushed off her warming cheeks. She got to the docks and onto the ferry. In the time she got to the island, Korra had taken off her neckerchief and tried to climb into overboard. They were luckily the only passengers. The reporters would have a field day about the fact Korra was drunk. God, she hoped no one at the restaurant would say anything.

Asami sighed in relief when they got to the shore. She supported Korra and walked to the temple. The sun had set an hour ago. She hoped no one waited up for Korra. Tenzin would be furious to see the woman drunk.

Asami walked into the temple and slowly tried to lead Korra up to her bedroom. “Come on, almost there…” Asami huffed. She didn’t notice until now just how having a lot of muscle made Korra so heavy.

She got Korra into her room. “Here. Now, I—ah!” She tripped over a discarded shoe and they both fell onto the bed. Asami ended up on top of her date for the night.

Korra looked up at her, cheeks flushed. She reached up and stroked Asami’s cheek. “Asami…kiss me.” She leaned up.

“No, darling you’re drunk.” Asami got off of her, smoothing out her dress. She knelt in front of Korra and took off the woman’s dress shoes. “Sleep it off.”

“D-don’t leave,” Korra choked out, suddenly sounding vulnerable. She reached out for Asami.

“I’ll take the guest room…” Asami turned and started to exit. She stopped when Korra grabbed her wrist, tight enough to stop her but not enough that she could hurt Asami, and the woman could yank herself free if she wanted to.

“No! Stay with me…” Korra whimpered.

“Fine.” Asami took off her heels and her earrings, placing the jewelry on the nightstand. She lied down next to Korra.

Korra pulled her close, holding her in her strong arms. “Do you want to hide me?” She asked softly.

“You really go through it when you’re drunk…” Asami sighed and stroked her hair absently, taking the hairpin from Korra’s hair and placing it aside. Her fingers combed out the braid.

“Answer the question.”

“We both have jobs to do. People will go against us. I don’t want to be the reason you lose the public after everything that’s happened. Plus there can be very bad consequences,” Asami sighed.

“I don’t care. I learned not to. Will it hurt your company?”

Asami didn’t answer. She merely shifted. “Get some sleep.”

“Mm, fine.” Korra cuddled her like she was a big stuffed animal and fell asleep.

Asami stayed up and looked down at her for a bit. She listened to Korra’s steady breathing and played with the brown locks that framed her face. “I wish I didn’t have to hide you…but Raiko is negative towards our cause.” She sighed and pressed her lips to the crown of Korra’s head.
Okay, I used to have it in this chapter that Korra figures she is homosexual. Well, I changed it after it being pointed out it could come off as bi-phobic. I’ve gone in and fixed it. I did not want to come off towards the sexuality negatively. And I does benefit to stay as canon as possible.
Korra woke up with her head pounded like she had been knocked into the wall by a badgermole. The memories of the night before hit her like a train.

She got drunk and made an ass of herself.

She looked over, expecting her friend, vaguely remembering the woman curled up next to her. Oh god did she mess this up?

Asami stepped out of the small dressing room Korra had. She was drying her hair and wore some of Korra’s clothes. The pants were a bit short on her and the shirt was loose due to the fact Asami had a more lithe body than stocky.

“Morning,” Asami greeted. She merely got a grunt in reply. She sat next to Korra. The Avatar pulled the heiress close, burying her face in the woman’s hair. She breathed in her scent and ran her fingers through the raven locks.

“I didn’t expect you to stay…” Korra whispered.

“You asked me to. You just randomly got vulnerable,” Asami sighed. She gripped to Korra. “What do you remember?”

Korra sighed and lied back. She cuddled up to the woman, holding her intimately rather than possessively like last night. “All of it. Sorry, …they shouldn’t make alcohol tasty.” Korra sighed. “I felt weak last night getting home. Realizing the momentum of all of this after talking to you, and…how can I be myself and keep the people?”

“You don’t need their approval. You said that yourself last night,” Asami shot back. She traced her fingers over Korra’s abdomen, feeling the tightness of it.

“I need them to accept me as their Avatar.” Korra sighed and looked at Asami. “There’s nothing to come out about…unless I didn’t screw this whole thing up last night?”

“Not enough.” Asami sat up. “So you’re sober?”

“Yeah. Suffering as well,” Korra sighed.

“As I can kiss you now then?” Asami grinned as Korra’s cheeks flared red.

“Yeah…”

Asami touched the younger girl’s cheek and leaned down. She captured those chapped lips in a tender kiss. Neither was new to it so they easily found a dance. Korra felt her pain fleet in the moment. Her heart beat quick and every nerve felt alive. Real passion. Was this the lust combined with love? She had known them apart, but together she felt alive. She heart made her body move as her mind was clouded, pressing up against Asami and making the kiss hotter, her tongue
slipping in and moved to make her lover moan. She felt thin fingers tangle in her hair and pull. It sent shivers down her spine.

Korra flipped them and pressed their hips together. Her skin buzzed and she desired to hear those moans and have them melt into screams.

Asami yanked away from the kiss. “Hey, now,” she whispered.

“Sorry, I can’t help it!” Korra growled. “I…this feels so amazing.”

Asami was slightly flushed from the kiss. She cursed herself for being so easily taken by the kiss. She didn’t realize Korra could be that good. Hadn’t she only kissed one other person? She breathed a bit heavily and she knew her freshly applied lipstick had to be smudged. “Spirits…” She pulled her hands from Korra’s head.

“Go get dressed,” Asami told her.

“Yes, darling!” Korra grinned cheekily and ran to the changing room. She freshened up with the basin of water and noticed clothes had been laid out for her. She smiled, knowing Asami did it. She slipped on her usual attire and washed her face in the basin of water. She brushed her teeth and dug around for her aspirin. She popped a few tablets and walked out.

She saw Asami fumbling with her hair in the small mirror, braiding it over her shoulder. She saw Korra approaching.

“It’s weird seeing you out of your normal clothes,” Korra told her. “Especially in my clothes.”

“Well, I didn’t want to wear my dress this morning.”

“I like it on you.” Korra pulled the woman close by her waist, hugging her from behind. “Shows people you’re mine. Like that bus boy.”

“You would’ve done that sober?” Asami chuckled and fixed her lipstick.

“My drunk self is only flirtier,” Korra pointed out. She looked Asami in the eyes through the mirror. She admired the peridot eyes, but the woman didn’t seem there entirely. “What’s wrong?”

“Just thinking. I’m happy we’re together, but…”

“Sato, are you scared?” Korra rested her chin on Asami’s shoulder. They’re bare and her desires made her want to kiss those knobby, high-held shoulders that were the color of ivory.

“Hardly by anything…but this…is beyond our control. You can control people’s first impressions of you. What they know, but you can’t control what they think of what they know. Like how people look at me and see my father’s sins…and how my father looked at me, I know he saw the end of his bloodline.” Asami’s eyes darkened and her head hung.

“Asami, that’s not true. He loved you. He died to save you,” Korra whispered.

“You don’t know. He hated my girlfriends…made me leave them if they were benders. No matter how much I cared for them. But Mako it was magically okay. Oh spirits, why didn’t I see it?” Asami muttered.

“Ironic how your newest girlfriend is the master of four elements,” Korra mumbled into the woman’s shoulder.
“It hurt how he treated me. I tried to please him, but I couldn’t do everything he wanted of me. If I did, I would’ve joined him that day instead of joining you.” Asami’s voice cracked.

“Hey, shh…” She held Asami tighter. She sprinkled kisses over her shoulder blades, simple pecks meant to soothe.

“Equality he said he wanted. What equality did he see!? His daughter being forced to hide while he worked under a man who was a hypocrite and ruined the lives of hundreds…”

“A loss of love leads people to be idiotic. My past lives killed because of their loved ones…love is the most dangerous emotion because what it can do,” Korra mumbled. She let Asami go. “I guess that’s why you have to let it go to be fully in touch with yourself.” She heard her girlfriend sniffle and her chest clenched.

“No one can do that, though.” Asami sighed and sat on Korra’s bed. “I’m sorry.”

“You dealt with me when I lost everything in myself. I want to be there for you.” Korra sat next to her hand took her hand. “I know you can’t get over it…”

“It hurts is that we didn’t make peace. I didn’t hate him enough to be able to brush it off, and I didn’t forgive him enough to be able to mourn. I’m just stuck,” Asami muttered. She felt rough hands touch her cheek and turn her head. She looked into aquamarine eyes. She looked down a moment later. “I shouldn’t spring this on you.”

“No…It’s okay. If I want the good things in you by dating you, I agree to take on the bad parts.”

“Where’s this from?”

“Knowing what I feel towards you. I want to protect you. I always have,” Korra said calmly. “But it doesn’t matter where I got it from. Talk to me.”

“I don’t know what to say. I just…he wasn’t my father for years and in the en, it still hurt. He was the last of my family. I’m alone,” Asami mourned.

“That last part is a lie.” Korra looked at her. “You have family in this temple. Why else do you always run to here? You know we love you. We do.” Korra kissed her cheek. “The kids love you, Tenzin and Pema do, so does Kya, Bumi, and Katara. I know it’s not blood…but it’s something. You’ll never be alone.”

Asami smiled sadly. “You’re still optimistic after all the world has put you through. I really don’t deserve y-“

Korra cut her off with a kiss, chaste and gentle. She pulled away and saw the surprise in her lover’s eyes. “Sorry, I had to stop a really smart girl from saying something stupid,” she grinned. She got a small laugh from Asami and pride welled in her chest.

“Alright, let’s go downstairs,” Asami sighed and patted Korra’s knee first. She stood slowly. She offered her hand to Korra. The Avatar reached up, their fingers effortlessly lacing together. She stood and they walked downstairs.

Stepping outside of the room and into the naturally lit halls made Korra hiss and shield her eyes. “Ow!”

“Right, hangover,” Asami chuckled.

“Kill me, holy shit,” Korra muttered and basically let Asami lead her to the dining hall. By the
time she’s plunked down, she’s got her back to the sun and sitting at a table with her past life’s family, minus the kids and plus the in-laws.

“I was not aware she was staying the night,” Tenzin said a bit tensely. “She’s wearing your clothes.”

“Nothing happened,” Korra said quickly. She sipped black tea and grabbed her chopsticks.

“I was just staying the night because we caught the last ferry and Korra asked me to,” Asami told the air bending master.

“It’s nice to see you,” Katara told the non-bender.

“Nice to be here.” Asami reached for the center of the table and filled Korra’s plate for her. She then made the girl drink glass after glass of water.

“She got drunk, didn’t she?” Lin observed.

Tenzin choked on his tea. “What!?”

Korra covered her ears. “Not so loud…”

“She didn’t realize her limit,” Asami said calmly. She sipped her tea.

“You look like a water tribe housewife,” Lin said dryly. The two girls flared up blushing while a few of the adults chuckled.

Korra and Asami avoided looking at each other for their own reasons. Korra about her dream, Asami about the necklace.

“I think it’s time to meditate!” Korra shot up, ignoring her pain and zoomed out.

Asami sighed and tapped her nails against the table.

“Was that the only thing in the night?” Katara asked, curious.

“Korra asked me a lot of questions. How isolated was she as a child?” Asami looked at the elderly water bender.

“After the Red Lotus almost took her, she was put in containment similar to theirs. Walls too high to jump, made of platinum and where Korra slept made of wood. She didn’t know the outside world much at all. Tonraq and the White Lotus assumed it was for the best,” Katara explained.

“What was she taught about herself? About the human body and sexuality? How people would treat her about aspects about herself outside of the fact she’s the Avatar?” Asami quirked an eyebrow.

“She knows how the human body works. Sexuality…she would try to leave the conversation if it came up. She didn’t know anything about her culture and the worlds outside of her little bubble. There have been Avatars like her, but history isn’t exactly eager to write that into history,” Katara told her. “What did you tell her about?”

“Why Lin wouldn’t be out. What her past and feelings could mean.”

“Why did I come into the conversation?” Lin asked.

“She wondered if you wore a suit when you got married. Then I talked about how you probably
weren’t married and had the articles as it’s the closest you can get,” Asami sighed.

“We had a ceremony. I had to do this water tribe trial thing. Ice dodging is what it is I think. It was a right of passage, but it is also used as a way for parents to see if someone is worthy of their child. I passed with the mark of bravery. I took steering, and Bumi and Tenzin took the jib and mainsail. The one tried always steers. We had a small ceremony in the Southern Tribe. Got back home and it was all erased.” She held up her right hand. “I can’t even wear it on the left-hand ring finger.”

“Is that meteorite?”

“Yeah. The idea that I’ll always be connected to the earth. Sensing others…knowing where my Kya is,” Lin mumbled, sheepish for the first time Asami had ever seen.

“That’s sweet.” Asami smiled.

“Yeah, my Lin is secretly a real cutie.” Kya pulled the woman down and kissed her cheek, making loud noises to be obnoxious. She had quickly forgiven Lin for undoing their work, actually enjoying the almost motherly instinct she had.

“Shouldn’t you go run that company of yours?” Lin grumbled.

“Bataar knows where to reach me if I’m not working. Plus…” Asami pressed her lips into a thin line.

“You will just drag yourself back here because she’s here?” Lin quirked. “Been there.”

“I’m the luckiest woman for it,” Kya chuckled.

Korra pressed her hands together and tried to isolate herself from the world’s chatter. Her mind kept traveling away from being blank and to what she and Asami talked about. She opened her eyes and saw Kyoshi sitting across from her. “You’re conflicted, Korra,” the warrior said simply.

“Why did I get you?” Korra looked into the woman’s eyes, but couldn’t hold the contact. She looked at the black lines on the woman’s cheeks.

“I’m like you. You have conflicts I can sense.” Kyoshi kept her expression stoic.

“I thought you never married or anything…”

“I had several lovers in my long life. All women who were my warriors.” Kyoshi spoke as if it was nothing that mattered.

“No one ever told me that,” Korra mumbled.

“Because the world didn’t know outside of my past lives and those after me,” Kyoshi told her. “The world superstitions scare them about the idea of an Avatar like us because the belief of it corrupting your next life. But as we know, it did not harm Roku. The lives before me were not hurt. Wan has not hurt any of us; he made us.”

“So you’re the only one?”

“With exclusive female attractions, as far as I am aware. Not all the past lives readily come out.”
The warrior folded her hands in her lap. "Numerous male Avatars only bedded men and a lot more than you think had both. Both male and female avatars were the dual-spirited in times passed. Many figured it was the influence of their past lives--ignoring the spiritual side of what waterbending taught them. I am a transcendent spirit my waterbending teacher taught with purely same-sex attractions." Kyoshi leaned forward, closer to the living Avatar. She paused, watching the girl open and close her mouth a few times, not knowing what to say. "Though there are always who lived average family lives like Aang did. I sense you desire the same things with either sex as time passes," the Avatar who lived the longest and in a sense became the wisest by it. Kyoshi leaned back. "You don't need my guidance, now, do you? You just don't want to feel alone in this cycle." Kyoshi narrowed her eyes. "Get over yourself. I came here as the only one willing to tell you that, but others agree with me. I promise that. Take the actions I never took if you want to see that change in the world. Twiddling your thumbs helps no one. It never has. Aang knew that and so has every soul that has been intertwined with Raava and the past lives." The woman dissipated.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Mako finds out. And have others figured it out as well?

Chapter Notes

Per request, I must say there’s some light petting and kisses in this chapter. Nothing particularly racy.

Asami read through the day’s first pile of paperwork. She had hoped upon entering work it would all go smoothly and she could call Korra for a date.

But upon walking into her office, she was presented with the expense reports, contracts, and designs. She could’ve just put her signature on them and let it be, but she had been taught to be thorough.

She rubbed her eyes after placing another document in the "out" box on her desk. She sank down in her chair and heard a knock at the door. “I’m busy!” she shouted. Another knock. “For the love of Raava…”She muttered and got up. She yanked the mahogany doors open to see the bending brothers. “Oh…it’s you two.”

“Expecting someone?”

“More paperwork,” Asami muttered, backing up to her cluttered work surface. She leaned against her desk. She softened. “What brings you two here?”

“Well we were meant to get lunch with Korra, but duties called for her. We decided to stop by and have lunch with you. You usually eat your meals alone unless you go to the temple,” Bolin said.

“Thanks.” Asami cleared up her desk and pulled the chairs she had in the corner. “Sit down. What do you have?”

“Octopus Urchin and kul mano,” Mako said.

Bolin paused. “Wait! I just got it!” He looked at Asami.

“Eel shark,” Asami sighed. “Creative little name.” She sat down as the two men sat across from her.

“You seem exhausted,” Mako pointed out as his brother put all their food out on the desk.

Asami paused. She knew why she was tired. She found herself spending nights with Korra on days they were both very busy. She knew Bolin was accepting of the lifestyle she led. After all, he wanted to marry into a family where his lover’s aunt was in a long-term relationship. Mako was not only a question mark, but she had been dumped by him because of her current girlfriend.
“Yeah…I’ve been busy.” She grabbed a takeout package and a set of chopsticks.

“Yeah, the police force has been busy. Beifong hasn’t looked so annoyed.”

“She always looks pretty annoyed,” Bolin sighed.

Asami thought to when she saw Lin soften around Kya. It was rare and only happened on the island really. It was a complicated relationship, but she had come to want what they had. They were still in love after years. And Lin stayed friends with her ex despite the fact she dated someone so close to him.

In her thought, she had blocked out the men. She looked up to see them looking puzzled. “What?” she asked.

“I asked what you’ve been busy with,” Mako said, his jaw jutting out near his ear as he chewed.

“Oh…just planning and all that,” Asami sighed.

“You seeing anyone lately?” Mako asked. He dug around in his lunch with his utensils. “I mean we haven’t gotten to talk much. Bolin says you’ve been around Air Temple Island a lot.”

Asami tensed. She put down her chopsticks. “I have been seeing someone actually,” she told him, clearing her throat.

“Awesome. What’s his name?” Mako looked up.

Asami sat back and looked at them. “I have a feeling that I shouldn’t be doing this alone, but… I’ve been on a few dates with Korra,” Asami told them.

Bolin smiled. “That’s awesome! Now that I think of it, that’s such a good pairing. Oh man. Have you kissed her?”

Asami blushed and looked at her ex. Mako looked more focused on a piece of leek in his bowl. He looked up at her, worried.

“Has anyone harassed you?” he spoke quietly.

“Why would they? That’s a cute couple there!” Bolin said excitedly.

“Because it’s not accepted by law, Bo,” Mako spat. He looked at Asami. “I won’t tell anyone.” He spoke quickly.

“You aren’t…mad that I’m dating your ex?” Asami looked at him.

“It’s been years. I’ve come to be platonic with you two,” Mako told her. He looked at her, his amber eyes staring with a gentle gaze.

Asami relaxed. “I was worried you’d be mad.”

“I won’t tell anyone. Just…be safe out there, okay? There are some guys on the force way too eager to enforce that outdated law.”

“I’m sure Lin would stop that,” Bolin defended.

“She can’t,” Asami sighed. She put down her food, losing her appetite. She walked to the radio in her office and turned it on. “So Korra has an interview. I’ve never heard one of them…”
“She sounds so professional when she does,” Mako told her. They all quieted down as Korra’s voice came from the radio.

“…The city has slowly come back to the glory of it was. The way Avatar Aang had pictured it. With the help of Future Industries, we’ll be ushered into a new generation in this city where there’s always been diversity from all walks of life here. Where the isolated water tribesmen can immigrate and create a family with someone from the former Earth Kingdom or Fire Nation. This is the town that holds the only living Air Benders…it’s a place of the future of acceptance and growth we haven’t seen,” Korra spoke.

Asami listened closely. She looked over at the brothers. Bolin looked moved while Mako looked a bit bored.

“Yes, Avatar Korra,” the announcer said, clearing his throat. “What has your part besides being the image of this new era? Is there any concerns for the city lately?”

“I’ve been training. The problems are no greater than increased activity with gangs. Chief Beifong has been able to keep it under control, but I am always at the disposal of the city. I know my absence was at the wrong time and I am working to prevent such events from happening again,” Korra said, her voice filled with purpose.

“Sources say you’ve been seen around the city with an unknown Fire Nation beauty. Any comment?”

Asami tensed. They didn’t identify her. But Korra...

“What? No…I…” Korra faltered. The radio popped. Asami felt her blood run cold. “I have no comment. She’s just an acquaintance.”

“So you have no comment? Why say she’s an acquaintance then?”

“Because—“ Korra paused again “—it isn’t what matters right now. Our city is hardly out of shambles.”

Asami turned off the radio and sank down into her chair. She looked at the brothers nervously. “What if they figure it out?”

“You shouldn’t see each other out in public for a bit. Or make it seem like a professional meeting,” Mako coached.

“Be out with it. It’s not fair you have to hide!” Bolin countered.

“Bolin, they can’t,” Mako mumbled.

“Why do people hate it?”

“Because it isn’t right!” Mako spat bitterly. He avoided eye contact with anyone and glared at the distance. He sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. “Not everyone is like that. Not everyone is open to anyone like you are. I mean you tried to look for the good in Kuvira, and you loved a woman like Eska. You still loved me after I betrayed you. Not everyone is like you. No one is.”

“Is it because someone terrible was like that?” Bolin blinked.

“It’s a spiritual and religious thing,” Asami sighed. “Well, besides the water tribe. They see it as sacred. Other places see it as a way of tainting your next life and others hate it because it dishonors your family and ends your bloodline.”
Bolin frowned. “Well, Korra can change that. She’s changed the world a lot. We’re connected with spirits.”

“This is a social construct. It lies in the people and not the power of the Avatar.” Asami frowned.

“I think you should have more faith in your girlfriend.” Bolin smiled lightly.

Asami did. But in the world…that was another story.

Korra nervously sank down in the common room. She pressed her hands over her eyes. She knew that was her chance to be confident, but she felt her whole body seize up. For once she felt cold. She saw the interviewer’s face. He was amused and disgusted. He had dirt on the Avatar and he wanted to dig it up like any dumb journalist.

She uncovered her eyes when she heard footsteps. She looked to see Tenzin. “I heard your interview,” he said simply. He shifted his robes and sat next to her.

“I stuttered out after his question about the ‘mystery girl,’” Korra muttered. She fisted her messy hair. “He looked like he knew. What does that mean for me?”

“Korra, do you want to be out to the world?”

“Yes! No…I don’t know!” She pounded her fist on the ground and the wood nearly splintered under her fists. “I don’t see why I have to announce it. I know people say I can be a voice for the voiceless, but it’s no one’s business. It could hurt Asami as well…and she’s worked so hard to be where she is.”

“Who says you being out has to be tied to her?” Tenzin looked down at her.

“What? But I’m dating—“

“That you may have to hide until things wind down…but you can be the voice you seem to want to be if you so desire it,” Tenzin told her. He sighed. “The Air Nation’s philosophy was that you either go without romance or create a bond that would produce children. But that was years ago. This generation will be made to accept. I will support you no matter what you choose to do.”

“What did Aang think of this?”

“He had Kya,” Tenzin said. He looked down at her. “He just wanted his daughter happy. And he was a loving person who genuinely loved life.” He sighed. “The lack of acceptance is not what he visualized. Though it was hardly on the radar when he was your age. People were more focused on the world that it slipped by and it came into his creation with the immigrants. The council never ruled on it because it hardly came up or was tabled.”

“You would be up for me doing something that could be possibly stupid as hell?”

“I’ve hardly been able to stop you before. And I sense…I am bound to find numerous of my people to be like that and I would like to marry a few of them if they so desire it.” He stood.

With the cover of night, Korra slipped into Asami’s home. She took her glider and entered
through an open window. She peered down at the sleeping figure of her girlfriend in the bed. She got off the window sill. The thud of her shoes made her flinch.

Asami jolted up and a knife came flying from her hand. Korra stopped it mid throw. “It’s me!” she called. She placed the knife on the dresser. “I guess that was a bad idea…”

Asami sighed and relaxed. “Sorry…instinct.” She scooted in her bed.

Korra kicked off her shoes and changed into the night clothes she packed in an overnight bag. She crawled into bed and pulled Asami close. She ran her fingers through the woman’s hair, smiling at her content hums. “I wanted to see you earlier. I was disappointed to find you were working late.”

“Yeah, I didn’t expect it,” Asami sighed. “I’m glad you came.” She sleepily kissed Korra, their lips briefly meeting. She lied back across Korra’s chest. Korra sprinkled kisses over her forehead. “Mm, warm lips.”

Korra chuckled. “I’m just your personal heater, aren’t I?”

“It’s the perks of dating the Avatar. Cools my tea and warms me up when it’s cold at night.” Asami smiled at her.

“My pleasure,” Korra said, lightly saluting. They both chuckled.

“So…should we…” Asami traced her fingers over Korra’s abdomen. She felt the muscles tense under her touch.

Korra grabbed her wrist and placed her hand back to where it was around her waist, away from her pelvis. Asami felt her cheeks flare up in guilt. “I’m sorry—“ she started.

“Don’t be,” Korra mumbled. “I just, I want to enjoy the time before a sexual relationship. Just this. The warm kisses and nights of enjoying each other non-sexually.”

“Okay,” Asami said. She kissed her lover’s jaw. “I don’t mind.”

“Thank you,” Korra sighed, relaxing. “I felt bad to be afraid when I dated Mako. He never forced it but when I felt us doing what I knew could lead up to it, I just seized up. I want it to be right.”

“I understand. Rushing it can ruin it.” Asami touched the bender’s cheek, smiling gently when the woman leaned into her touch. “I just thought since our first kiss was so intense you had that on your mind.”

“I do. In that moment I was so happy. It was pent up. I had wanted to do that for years,” Korra confessed. “It’s not like I don’t feel desire. I just want there to be the time where it isn’t a lust driven relationship. I’m tempted, but I get through the day with thinking of this. Holding you close and some kissing is the best thing in my day. Being with my lover is the best damn thing.”

Asami blushed and felt a warmth spread through her chest. She held her lover tighter. “You’re the best,” she mumbled.

Korra blushed and grinned crookedly. “I live to serve. Especially such pretty inventors.”

“Flirt,” Asami mumbled.

“You can be just as bad.” Korra kissed her again, capturing the soft lips that tasted of roses. They parted and she pulled the covers up to Asami’s shoulders.
“Please. You’re the master all four pick-up lines. One liners, puns, compliments, and innuendos.”

Korra chuckled and kissed Asami’s temple. “It worked. I conquered and my reward was the most beautiful girl I’ve ever seen.”

“I’m sure you say that to every woman’s bed you’ve crawled into.”

“Oh yes, I am known as quite the womanizer.”

They looked at each other and busted out into a fit of giggles. It winded down and Korra looked off into the darkness where the moon didn’t touch in the room. She lazily stroked Asami’s hair.

“You hear my interview?”

“Yeah…I’m sorry,” Asami sighed. “Maybe we should wind back on going out in public without the guys.”

“I’m thinking of coming out. Not telling about us…but about me.”

“You’re sure?”

“I talked to Tenzin. And Kyoshi…and I thought about it while flying over here. I want to change the world. What can I do while I’m afraid? It’s prevented me from helping before. I never thought this would be one of those things.”

“Kyoshi?”

“I’ve been able to reach for a few of them, my past lives. Not just Aang. But I have to know what I want. Subconsciously at least.” Korra looked at Asami. The moon shone in her green eyes, making them hauntingly beautiful like the eyes of a creeping black cat within the shadows. “I want to help. I’ll be trying to find support and groups in the city to follow me. I’m not just running into it.”

“Okay, I support you. But why Kyoshi?”

“She was apparently the only female homosexual Avatar. A lot of homosexual guys and bisexuals of both sexes. She was the only person willing to talk to me about this, bringing the subject at hand. A lot agree with her though.” Korra looked down at her fingers that ghosted over curves. “She apparently had several female lovers in her life. Mainly her warriors.”

“So you’re not the only one who dated their team,” Asami teased.

Korra snorted slightly. “I think this one is different.”

“How so, Avatar Korra?”

“I want to make it last.” She leaned down and molded their lips together. It was involved than their first kiss. Asami hummed and straightened up. She placed her hand to Korra’s cheek. Their bodies pressed together, Korra holding her lover in her strong arms. Asami ran the roughened pads of her fingers along a scar on Korra’s jaw.

A nip on the lower lip of the heiress kept her from pulling away. She was pulled on top of the younger woman. She felt nimble hands move down from her waist to her hips, yanking her against her lover.

Moments later they parted, breathless. “I can’t get enough of that,” Korra sighed. Her hands
slowly slid back up to Asami’s waist. The motivated movements had given way to lazily feathery
touches that tickled pale skin exposed when Asami’s night shirt had been pushed up. She hummed
when her lover’s head fell onto her shoulder.

“Well one day you’ll get a lot more,” Asami promised. She smirked at the blush on Korra’s
cheeks. She felt the skin heat up against her own face.

“You promise?”

“I await it.” Asami pecked her lips, not letting the kiss get past that. She faintly saw the other
woman pout. “Let’s get some rest. It’s late.”

Korra huffed slightly and held her close. They both slipped into a peaceful sleep, the nightmares
staying away when the other was there to make their final conscious moments calm.
Activist Avatar Korra

Chapter Summary

Korra invests herself into the cause.

Chapter Notes

Two chapters in one day? I can't help myself. I have so much done. This story on my computer is 30k+ word so far.

Korra looked at the paper she had scrawled the address on. It had taken some information from Kya to get what she wanted. She adjusted her hat and the coat covering her and hiding her identity. She approached the back alley where a lithe but muscular man stood outside a door. In a faint light, she saw two men smoking and getting a bit handsy. She paid them hardly any mind and approached the man at the door.

“What’s your business here,” he muttered.

“I want time of myself where no one knows me,” she said, Kya telling her that was what got someone in.

“Good luck, girlie.” He opened the door for her. It looked like a normal bar that was packed. No music played so chatter filled the air. She saw posters she had seen packed up in Kya’s room. Different figures Lin told her were still rotting in jail.

She figured there were about two hundred people in there. She saw some were in groups or paired off with those of the same sex.

Not a gay bar, but a hideaway. Apparently, no alcohol was served and it was a place for poets and speakers. Kya and Lin had gone there a handful of times when they were just starting their relationship.

Korra walked to the counter. They still served refreshments. It was a woman about Lin’s age behind the counter. She was chatting with a group of women who looked around Korra’s age. The girls seemed to swoon. Korra turned her nose at the age gap. She sat down and looked at the woman.

“You need something, kid?” She asked. Her voice was deep and scratchy. She wore fire nation garbs along with a water tribe hair ornament in her charcoal colored hair.

“I heard today was an open mic sort of thing,” she mumbled. She kept her head hung.

“You an activist or some sorta poet?”

“First one, I’m not that good with words to be a poet.” Korra then asked for a seltzer. She let the bubbles fizz in her mouth and she tapped her fingers.
“What are you going by?”

“You mean my name?”

“You don’t have to give your name here, you see.” The woman chuckled lightly, but nothing was funny. “What should I call you?”

“I’ll introduce myself,” Kora said gruffly.

“How did you even find this place? You don’t seem to know how you treat old Yona here,” a young woman commented. Her gray eyes cut at Korra. Korra sensed the spot near her leg started to heat up.

“I wouldn’t do that,” Korra warned. “I was sent here by a wiser woman who used to go here. Yona might know her.”

“The old timers like me don’t come by on nights like this,” Yona told Korra.

“I’m not looking for her. She sent me here.”

“So you’re not looking for a friend? You looking for a little bit of fun instead, hm?” A girl with bright green eyes like Asami’s touched Korra’s thigh. Korra pushed her hand away.

“I’m taken actually. Just here to talk,” Korra said. She flashed a brief glare at the woman.

“Alright.” Yona walked out from behind the bar and stepped up to what looked like a milk crate stage and podium. She turned on a microphone. “Listen up you flower pots! We got a speaker for tonight. Ol’ nameless. Sorry ladies, she’s taken.” A few people chuckled in the crowd and Yona stepped off. She shuffled back. “All yours, kid.”

Korra sighed and stepped up. She held to the stand of the microphone. “I don’t think I’ll be as well-spoken as most of you when it comes to thinking. Hell, my public speaking is usually scripted.”

“Where are you?” A man called from the crowd.

Korra pulled off her hat and jacket. People recognized her in seconds. “I’m Korra. I’m bisexual and I’m your Avatar.” She got silence. “I know this is a place of being quiet, so I ask of you to keep things quiet for now. I already faced some fire about me being seen with a woman. I tried to hide this, but I do not want to.” She paused. “I’m to bring peace and balance. Fairness to this world as well. It isn’t balanced or fair for innocent people to be punished. I want to change that. Even as my status, I need support. I ask of you for help. To further this cause I feel terrible for ignoring. I ask your guidance and in exchange, I’ll give my public voice. This is a battle I will fight.”

She got silence for a few moments. She grabbed her jacket and moved to step off stage.

“What did you have in mind?” A female voice called. Korra stopped.

“I know you know other groups. A peaceful rally may work. Show we have numbers they can’t ignore.”

“They’ll arrest us,” a man muttered.

“True. But that will never change unless something happens,” Korra countered. “I will be coming out in an interview two weeks from today during a press conference. I ask for a peaceful group to
rally in the crowd. I’ll protect you to my best abilities.”

Korra walked down and sat at the bar. Yona looked at her, a bit stunned. She furrowed her brow. “Kya sent you, huh?”

“You know her?”

“I had a brief relationship with her. She left me for this earth bender,” Yona explained. She gave Korra a bottle of soda.

“Why no alcohol here?” Korra sipped the overly sweet concoction.

“It’s a place for all ages. Not a place for hookups. Understanding is what people need.” Yona wiped down the bar. “You got me there. And the ladies who think you’re cute. Your lovers gotta be lucky. You have muscles and hips for days. Pretty decent setup too.”

“Um…I’m taken.”

“I don’t swing anyone under thirty,” Yona told her. “But that girl of yours is damn lucky.” She winks and walks to the other end of the bar.

Korra rushed into Asami’s office. “Asami I—“ She stopped when she noticed Katara was there. “Um?”

“Darling,” Asami said lightly, smiling. “I showed Katara around town bit. We came here because it was closer than my house.”

“Since when were you two close?”

“Since the rescue mission,” Katara told her student.

“Well, it’s good to see you, master Katara.” Korra bowed slightly. She got back to her vigor she entered with. “Asami, I went to that little place Kya told me about. I got like a hundred people on board. And I got addresses for other places! There are a lot of people like us. There was also this woman named Yona who said I had hips for days, but it was great. There are people like us.”

“That’s lovely, Korra.” Asami smiled and walked over to her lover. She kissed her cheek. “Does Tenzin know?”

“He recommended I talk to Kya. And he agreed to give me some protection with the air benders.”

“Kya tell you about those little gay bars?” Katara deduced.

“Apparently it’s not a gay bar. I was told they’re called freedom watering dens. Most don’t serve alcohol and there were some people as young as Jinora just going for what they call safe spaces,” Korra told her.

“I’m glad you’re getting involved,” Katara said, smiling softly.

“Why are you so zealous about this stuff? I know it’s not just because of Kya.”

“I got to love freely. Why not everyone else?” Katara said. She looked at the younger women.

“You were always my favorite teacher,” Korra grinned.
Katara’s face brightened up. “Does this make me cooler than Toph?”

Korra chuckled. “Yes, Katara.” She walked over and hugged the woman she saw as a grandmother.

The elder visibly beamed. “I’ve waited seventy years for someone to finally say it.”

Korra let her go. “So anyway…” She paced about the room. “In the two weeks of my next conference, someone is bound to ask me about my flub. I will admit to being out and then promptly taken into custody I’m sure. Later that night there will be a peaceful rally. Yona will get those from the first place there. Then I will find help from the others.”

“You sure you want to do this?” Asami asked.

Korra stopped walking. “Yes. I want to help. My silence has never helped the world. You don’t have to have your fingerprints on this.”

“I want to…” Asami whispered.

“Join later. When this isn’t a flub. If we have support, you can be a pusher. A powerful woman who’s helping this town greatly being part of the community can be great in later terms,” Korra said, smiling.


Bataar looked at Korra and looked uncomfortable. He placed paperwork down on Asami’s desk. “Should I get Tai to make you three some tea?”

“Be nice. Thank you,” Asami said. She smiled slightly at him. He nodded at her and walked out after nodding politely at Katara to show respect to an elder and he avoided making eye contact with Korra, lest he just stare her down with the hatred of a fire bender.

“I see he still hasn’t gotten over my threat,” Korra mumbled.

“It’s not that. You made him realize his insignificance to Kuvira. I think he doubts the fact she ever loved him,” Asami said softly. “Betrayal of the people you love most can ruin you. Turn people cynical if they’re not guided. If it wasn’t for you and the boys, I feel like I could’ve slipped into a dark life.” Asami looked at Katara. She changed the subject. “Okay, so we saw the Avatar Korra park and the cultural district for the water tribes…do you want to pick up after tea time or should I get you back to the temple before dinner?”

“I promised Ikki and Jinora I would tell them some old stories. I think I should head back after tea. Thank you for being a good hostess, Asami.” Katara smiled at the woman.

Korra stood back awkwardly. She piped in after Katara spoke. “I could take one of the mobiles and take her to the ferry, Asami. So you don’t have to leave.”

“No offense babe, but I want to get her home in once piece. Sorta promised Kya and Tenzin I would,” Asami said.

“Fine, but if you go you’re staying the night. No negotiations. You help with nightmares and I feel weird after being gawked at by a lot of women. Like a shocking amount of women?”

Asami chuckled. “I can’t turn that down. Just let me finish some stuff up during tea while you talk more of your plans and we can go. That sound good for you two?”
“Not a problem with me,” Katara said. “Tenzin might start to mind you staying in the temple so much.”

“Not like we’re doing anything that would wake the girls up in the dorms,” Asami shrugged.

“Yeah…” Korra rubbed her arm over her left bicep, one of the few spots on her arm not covered. She sat down next to Katara.

Bataar Jr. returned with a tray. He placed it down a bit harshly on Asami’s desk, an empty cup toppling on its side. “Tell me why you have calls from my mother,” he said flatly.

Asami looked at him. “Suyin has been enlisting our help to rebuild the damage done in Zaofu. Not all of it can be fixed by metal benders,” Asami said calmly. “If you want, I can see to it you get transferred there to oversee it.”

He cut a glare at her. “Can’t my father just head it up?”

“Bataar Senior has taken a bit of hiatus requested by Suyin.” Asami looked at him. “Bataar, they want to change things. Suyin has been someone who wants change to happen where it’s hurt people.”

Bataar Jr. paused. He looked away from her stare. “What would I be doing if I went?”

“You’ll be heading the plans. It won’t leave many ideas besides problem-solving but you won’t be an assistant to me during that time. You’ll be under guard but I think I can have it be that you just have an air bender and a policeman escorting you.”

“Alright.” He exited without another word.

“Change where it’s hurt people…that’s it!” Korra jumped up. “Asami that’s an awesome idea.”

Asami looked questioningly at Katara. The elder shrugged.

Korra went on, “I can see if Suyin can rule in help. She’s a political leader. It can move it outside of the city. I know Zaofu has tried to move this but they can’t legally do it because they’re an Earth Empire province.”

“Maybe ask for Wu’s help. He may not be gay as far as I’m aware, but he is most likely accepting. And he is after all one of the province leaders,” Asami said.

“I could talk to Zuko and Izumi for you, Korra,” Katara said. “Izumi is looking for a good image in the fire nation last I heard. This is a new step I think she would think is a way to enforce that.”

“Great!” Korra smiled. She sat back down and poured the two other ladies tea. “Thanks for the help.”

“I can’t be out with it yet, but I want to show support for you,” Asami told her.

“I wouldn’t be doing this if you hadn’t helped open my eyes, Asami.” Korra sipped her own cup of tea.

Korra hung up the phone in the temple. She starred a name and address on the notebook Asami had given her to keep track of everything. It was made of hippo cow leather and tightly bound.
Strings were all that kept her plans enclosed. She kept it tied to her hip in a pouch and locked in by a complex knot Asami taught her that it took a master to untie. It took Korra moments of fumbling to get it open.

Korra smiled slightly as she wrote down a group. She got the contact of the leader from one of the little safe places Yona gave her.


“Oh…it’s that late?” Korra didn’t look up from her notebook as she wrote in it. Her writing was quick and sloppy. She had only tried to write neatly in her letter to Asami. All her school work was intelligible unless one got used to it.

Pema placed the tray down on the small table near the phone. “It’s your favorite here. Dumplings in peach sauce and sticky rice with citrus juice.”

“And berry tea?”

“Mm-hmm.”

“Pema, you are a woman after my heart.” Korra smiled and took the cover off her tea.

Pema smiled softly but seemed sad. “You okay, Korra?”

“Better than I have been in years. Why?”

“You just seem obsessed with this. And over a new relationship…”

“It’s beyond my relationship with Asami. It took me a short time to see that.” Korra wrapped the chord around her book. She sipped the tea and sighed.

“How many days until all of this goes down?”

“Less than six. I changed plans a bit.” Korra pulled the phone close to her again.

“Eat first.”

“I have a Suyin next. I’m awaiting it right now.”

“Korra, you missed the first two meals today. With your body type, you need to eat.”

“Fine.” Korra grabbed her bowl of rice and chopsticks. She sped through her meal. Halfway through her dumplings, the phone rang. She lunged but Pema snatched it up before her.

“Hello?” Pema called. She paused and looked down at Korra. “She’s eating right now, Suyin.”

“Now I am not.” Korra put down her food and held out her hands.

“Yes, everything is great here. Your sister spends a lot of time here.” Pema paused and chuckled. “It’s all because of Kya, at least. She and Katara are here for what Tenzin hopes is for good.”

“Pema,” Korra called. “I need to talk to her. I’ll finish later, I promise.”

Pema sighed and handed her the components.

“Suyin, it’s Korra,” Korra sighed. She sat back.
“Korra, what’s this about? Is there a problem back in the city?” Korra could hear the worry in the matriarch’s voice. She waited for Pema to leave.

“In about six days I’ll be arrested. Lin can’t protect me and neither can Mako. Asami promised to keep her control out for the time being.”

“I have a feeling this has to do with you going to those watering holes.”

“You know that?”

“The crooks I hung out with weren’t just thieves. A few have contact with me since they’re still harmless. Don’t tell Lin, though,” Suyin explained.

“She’s accepted she can’t stop me from this. But okay. Don’t see why. Her and Kya used to go to those places anyway.”

“I’m very aware,” Suyin said lightly. She got back to the matter of the call. “What do you need from me?”

“Talk to Raiko for me to release anyone he gets who aren’t me. I will be stuck inside but no one else who has joined me deserves it.”

“You’re no use stuck.”

“I got that. Don’t worry. I just can’t be the first out.”

“Why am I the one to do it?”

“You’re an ally that’s not a province. Raiko also listens to you. You got Bataar Junior to just be on clean up duty instead of stuck for life.”

Suyin sighed. “Fine…just don’t do anything to get yourself hurt. No weapons such as meteorites or water. Stay out of any air bender or fire bender fighting stances. You don’t want to give them a reason to hurt you. They hurt you, they will be the enemy.”

Korra swallowed. “Thank you. Now I have to go…I have to call Wu next. I have discussions about him getting some of the province leaders. All I need is a majority for things to change there. It’s odd to form a majority.” She pinched the bridge of her nose. She searched for opposition from her past lives, but they all approved. She didn’t want to stop this either. It was a childish fear knowing not everyone would like her.

“Good luck. I have faith in you, Korra. Spirits be with you.” The line cut.

Korra pulled out her book again and stared next to the word Zaofu.
Asami paced nervously in her office. She had come in the middle of the night because she couldn’t sleep. Korra was up through the night talking with different province leaders in the Earth Empire. Their time was different; anyone who traveled would know that.

She sat at her desk and switched the lamp on and off a few times. She rested her head on the desk and crossed her arms over her eyes.

_Flying through the air just to see her father squashed like a pesky bug. His last words were to say he loved her. She hadn’t fully forgiven a man who in his own twisted mind gave everything for her._

_Her mind had then pulled her back. She was small again._

_She was curled up in the big bed in her room. She heard footsteps outside her bedroom. She sat up. “Mommy?” she called out. She got out of bed, clutching the sky bison toy she had. Her dad won it at a fair for her._

_She opened the door slowly. With that, she nearly ran into a hard object. She looked up and made eye contact with a man with amber eyes like her dad._

_“Shit. You didn’t say there was a kid,” he growled. He looked over at another man. The other was shorter and stockier._

_“Whatever. Lock her in her room.”_

_“She saw us!”_

_“Then do what you want!” The shorter one walked off. The first man grabbed her._

_“Let me go!” she cried. She flailed. He tried to muffle her screams but she bit him and screamed her head off._
“Asami!” She heard the feminine cry and knew who it was.

“Mommy! Mommy help me!” She sobbed.

Yasuko Sato ran into view. She possessed a small knife and was in her sleeping garments.

“Let her go,” the woman said darkly. Hearing the sweet voice so low mad Asami want to wail even more.

“Or what? What’s a non-bender like you going to do?” The man smirked deviously and held a flame to Asami’s face. The heat made her whimper.

The knife cut the air with a hiss and landed in his eye. Asami cried out in shock as he fell back. Yasuko untangled her from the man’s grip. “My little pebble, I need you to run and hide. Papa’s office’s door locks. Go there. I’ll come get you.”

“Mommy, I’m scared…” Asami whimpered.

“Shh. It’ll be all okay. I won’t let them hurt you.” She kissed her child’s forehead. She said she loved the child for the last time.

Asami ran and hid. She shut her eyes tight and covered her ears. She still heard the screams through tiny hands.

She opened her eyes to see her father. But he wasn’t like he was that night. He wasn’t distraught or depressed. He was filled with hatred. He looked withered like he was years after losing his wife.

She felt older as well. Looking into his eyes she saw her reflection and looked at a mature face. Her body felt light. She looked around. It was the room she woke up from years ago and not the office she was in before. The window was open and it was in the middle of the night.

“What would your mother think if she knew you were like this?” He growled. Her heart felt heavy. It was the first time she knew he had been disappointed in her. “It’s sick! No one can know this.” He shut the window. “You’re to never see that water tribe girl again!”

“But dad—“

“You want the bloodline to die with you, Asami? Do you want to ruin this name?” He frowned. “This is a phase. I hope you can mature and let it pass.”

A strong hand grabbed Asami’s shoulder, yanking her from exhaustion-induced sleep. She jolted up and a cry ripped through her throat. Instinct told her to swing, but she just sobbed.

“Asami.” A sweet and feminine voice called to her. She was pulled close by warm, strong arms. “It’s okay…”

Asami looked up at her. “Korra,” she whispered, tears in her eyes.

“You weren’t home.” She looked down at her lover. “What’s wrong?”

“N-nightmare…my parents…”

Korra gripped her close. She kissed away the tears making paths on pale cheeks. “Asami they died to protect the best thing in their lives. You were their beauty. Your father’s best invention.”

“She knew how to fight! They still killed her. He could’ve escaped with me…but he instead kept
on that damned suicide mission.” Asami sobbed into Korra’s shoulder.

Korra frowned. She had hardly seen Asami in a weak state for months. She dealt with it once in the spirit world but not much after that besides her little down moment after their first date. It was usually just her father lately. Hardly her mother came into the mix as well.

“Everyone steps into situations that are so much easier to walk away from. Your father didn’t leave because he wanted to protect the city. Your mother kept fighting instead of submitting in fear of them hurting you.”

Asami gripped to her and cried. “They both saved their last words for me. But I’m not worth it! I was never worth it.”

“How could you say that?”

“He never was proud of me after that day.”

“If you mean when you didn’t go equalist, it was your own will as a human—“

“No. He found me in bed with my first girlfriend.” She looked down at her desk, eyes blurred with tears. “She was my friend from school. She snuck over to see me. We were kissing and we had taken off our shirts…He heard us and came in. Caught us. She jumped the window and I hid under my covers, humiliated. He looked humiliated in me. Angry. Asked what my mother would think of me…”She wiped her eyes. “I haven’t thought of it much since I wasn’t living with him. But now…”

“I shoved all this in your face.” Korra looked down, her heart heavy.

“Oh no, no, no. Korra…don’t blame yourself for this.” She stood and kissed her girlfriend.

Korra pulled away, hating the taste of bitter tears instead of roses from her lipstick. “I don’t want you hurt.”

“I’ve been hurt for years. We both have been.” Asami touched Korra’s cheek. She smiled weakly when the Avatar placed her own hand over it.

“Well, then I should ease it away with my support.”

“You can’t cure someone of their guilt and depression with your love.”

Korra looked down. “True. If it could, all the love I got from you guys would’ve gotten me happy in a week.” She looked back up. “So I didn’t trigger this?”

“No. It just occurs.” Asami stroked her cheekbone with her thumb. She leaned down slightly and pressed their foreheads together. She breathed in, expecting the smell of sandalwood, only to get the smell of soap and women’s perfume. “You smell different.”

“I bathed? I had a meeting today Izumi while she was in town. She came in for a photo op while giving that grant to help fund rebuilding. She came to the temple and I freshened up for the Fire Lord. The perfume is some stuff Wu bought me. When he was still trying to win me over.”

“You wore perfume for Izumi?”

“Nah. It was for you. I know you have a sensitive nose.” She booped the slender nose that curved up. It was simply adorable.
“I like your natural scent. You often smell like incense and the fresh, sweet scent of the ocean. I actually didn’t like it much when my old girlfriends wore perfume.”

Korra blushed. “Well…” She coughed. “I could wash it off.”

“No. I appreciate the gesture.” She kissed Korra’s cheek. “You talked to Izumi?”

“A little. Katara helped keep it natural. We sat back with jasmine tea and Izumi asked of how Katara was with the moving and Katara asked about Iroh. She asked about how I was after the debacle and I mentioned how I was working on a good image like she was. Then I mentioned what else I was working on. She said she has some interest in helping the cause and showing support. Apparently, there are more lax laws in the Fire Nation. She agreed to push more rights later on such as the acknowledgment of partners and seeing couples with children as family units,” Korra went on. She stopped when she saw her girlfriend scrunch up her brow. “What?”

“You sound like you’re going more political. You usually just have ideals. But lately, you’ve been fighting against other powers and issues. Talking maturely to leaders,” Asami pointed out. “It’s not like you. It’s quite new on you.”

“I want to help. It’s what I am to do. I’m not only here to save the world. Aang didn’t have many world-hanging-in-balance issues after ending the war. It was restructuring and laws. Roku fought the rise of power in the Fire Nation. Kyoshi prevented a dictator from taking over by isolating Kyoshi Island. It’s beyond spiritual balance. It’s improving life for others.” Korra smiled sheepishly.

“Is it bad that it’s sorta hot how you just came in and are embarking on fighting against a system I hate?”

“Not at all? Because I sense we’re about to make out.” Korra grinned. She knew Asami had started to bounce back. She wasn’t just fixed. She wouldn’t be for years or ever. But she was able to pick herself back up. Korra just had to comfort her and distract her. She was aware and lucky that she was a huge distraction towards Asami.

“Your Avatar senses are spot on like usual.” Asami felt her worries melt away with Korra. Their talks were hardly laid back lately. Though she knew that as she was an owner of a conglomerate and Korra was the protector of the people. But just her presence made Asami calmer.

Korra pulled her close and connected their lips in a passionate kiss. She picked up Asami and sat her on the edge of her desk. She still tasted the lingering tears but she pushed the kiss, tongues colliding and entangling like their red threads. Korra gripped Asami’s thighs while the older woman reached for brown locks and tugged them as if she feared their lips were to part.

A few knick knacks rolled off the desk and gave hollow thuds to be the background music to the constant shallow breaths against brushing cheeks and soft moans as the sensitive skin was brushed through nylons and hair was tugged.

Korra yanked Asami closer, craving contact and to remind the woman she was there for her. Asami had her constantly at her fingertips. Korra could’ve been a queen, but what was a queen to an empress that was the wondrous woman known as Asami Sato? The world looked to Korra but the one person she truly needed, the one affection she craved was only one woman. All she wanted was right there in front of her.

Korra broke the kiss and her lips clashed with more skin, pressing and pulling at the pale neck of her lover. Soft lips slipped out moans turned to panted breaths and gasps. Fingers that gripped into hair for comfort now gripped as a consenting beg to the continuity of the ministrations.
Asami tipped her head back, allowing access to more skin. She moaned when she felt teeth sink into the sensitive flesh. “Oh, Korra…” She shivered. She wrapped her legs around the other woman’s waist, trapping her there.

“That first kiss, that’s when I knew,” Korra muttered. She ghosted her fingers over the heiress’s thighs, pushing up her skirt. “That this was what I wanted. It was all instinct.” She sucked at where she bit. With a pop, she pulled away and examined the mark she left. She licked over it, soothing the skin. She looked at Asami, aquamarine eyes burrowing into peridot ones.

Asami hissed in a breath and yanked Korra into a heated kiss by her collar. She ran her nails down Korra’s neck and back, feeling the woman shudder slightly against her. She nipped the chapped lower lip of the younger woman before pulling away. “You know for someone wanting to wait, you’re making it really damn hard to respect that right now.”

“There’s some flexibility. There are some fun things that aren’t fully sex, but sexual, you see.” Korra reached up and fumbled open Asami’s blouse, nearly ripping the buttons right off. She ran three fingers down from her collar bones down to the dip of her cleavage. “If you allow it.”

“Yes, I do. You make it really hard to not give you all you want.” Asami leaned back.

“Mm, says you.” Korra kissed a trail down her neck again. “You realize what you can do? The power you hold? I don’t mean with your money or your influence. You have the Avatar wanting to do anything to make you happy. I’d move mountains for you. I can promise the earth, the oceans, the sky along with all the stars, sun, and moon. I’d give it all to you. You control the Avatar, Asami.” Korra kissed the mark she left.

“You seriously left a hickey?”

“Hmm? Oh, yeah?” Korra grinned cockily. “I licked it so it’s mine!”

“A love bite is not like that.”

“Fine. I bit it so I love it.”

“You realize that’s the first time you’ve directly said you loved me, right?” Asami looked at her. Korra blushed. “Oh wow.” She looked at Asami. “And I can’t change that being the first time?”

“Nope!” Asami kissed the tip of her nose.

“You love me?” Korra looked at her.

“Yes! Of course, I do.” Asami smiled softly. “So…” She undid the ties on Korra’s shirt, parting it so her torso was exposed. She pulled the girl close with her legs. She moved to her left breast and bit into what was the rare example of softness on Korra’s body. She sucked softly and sank her teeth in a few times. She felt the younger woman shiver and heard soft whimpers.

“It’s weird…Asami,” she gasped. She gripped Asami’s shoulders. She whined when the raven-haired beauty pulled away.

“I bit it so I love it,” Asami smirked.

Korra blushed bright red and cursed. “Dammit, you mess with me!”

“It’s my power, as the woman that controls the Avatar. I can make her summon a fire in her cheeks.” She kissed the flushed cheeks.
“Don’t abuse those powers,” Korra mumbled.

“Wouldn’t dream of it, my love,” Asami said softly.

Chapter End Notes

This is probably the longest I've gone with updating on this so far. I made myself wait until I got a new comment. I saw one after getting out of classes so here it is. Sorry if this isn't so fluffy and focused on them. I have been laying out Korra's conflicts and sprinkling in some stolen moments because that's sort of the basis of this--them loving each other past their commitments that would give them every reason to never be with anyone.
Her Own Pawn

Chapter Summary

Korra makes her calculated move to get rights. She knows she has a sacrifice to make and make it through whatever happens.

But can those on the outside soldier on like her?

Chapter Notes

A few negative names for a lesbian pop up. Oh, and if you cherish Korra's nose...you may not want to read this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The day came too fast. Korra woke up in the Air Temple next to Asami. She sat up and looked down at her. She smiled softly, seeing the beautiful serene face of her lover. She got up and took off her night clothes. She looked in the mirror at the fading mark Asami left a few days ago. She blushed slightly and grabbed her everyday clothes. She was putting on her bindings just as Asami woke up.

“Good morning,” Korra said quietly.

“It’s not a good one…” Asami sat up and looked down.

“It’ll be okay. I have this planned out.” Korra sat next to her on the bed.

“You know they’ll take you into custody. I want to bail you out.”

“No. I’m not getting out until everyone else who does this with me does. I can’t try to be above them.”

“I know. I hate that I can’t be up there with you.”

“In time.” Korra lightly kissed her. “Get ready. I’m sure Pema has breakfast ready.” She got up again and pulled her sleeves up her arm and secured the straps on her biceps. She stowed away her notebook in her dresser and not on her hip in fear of ratting out those who won’t be there yet. She took the small cylinder of meteorite from her pocket and put it on her nightstand.

“Why are you putting that away?”

“Suyin said to make it so they didn’t have a reason.”

Asami tensed and sighed. “Please don’t do this…I don’t want to lose you too.”

“You won’t lose me. It’ll be okay.” Korra kissed her forehead. “I promise.”

“I’m holding you to that.” Asami got out of bed. She grabbed her bag and pulled out her clothes.
“Good luck.” Korra watched her get ready. It should’ve been fumbling with the layers but the woman made it look more elegant than the metal clan’s dancing.

“Don’t need it. This was planned out. Hopefully, it doesn’t fall apart.”

“Makes the two of us. Worse comes to worst, I’m giving Tenzin money to post bail.”

“Asami—“

“No. Korra, I know you want to be good to this, but you also can’t just be sitting around in jail.” Asami pulled her close. “Be safe.” She let her go. “I need to head to work.”

“Not staying for breakfast?”

“I don’t want to arrive the time same you do. The first ferry will be coming in twenty minutes.”

Korra faltered. “Are you mad at me?”

“No, Korra.” Asami sighed. “I’m just worried.”

“I’m doing this for a lot of other reasons,” Korra said first. She paused. “But I’m also doing this for us. For a future, if things work out, where we can be a family if we want to be.”

Asami blushed. “We haven’t been together that long…”

“But I’ve known you for years. Grown with you, longed for you, and doubted myself about you. Our relationship didn’t just start. I just love you differently now. You said it yourself—there are different levels of love.” Korra grinned and stepped out.

“Hey!” Asami lunged at her. With the momentum of the collision, Korra was pressed against the wall of the hallway. Asami yanked the woman against her before locking their lips. Korra saw a future with them together. The thought of it made Asami’s heart swell with joy. The heiress joined her lips with the Avatar’s, kissing passionately. She gripped to those strong shoulders, cherishing the warmth they gave.

Asami dug her nails into dark skin and kept those lips prisoner. Korra shivered and moaned into the kiss. Even if she was physically stronger and seemed more dominant, she was certain Asami could easily control her.

“Um?”

The two quickly pulled away and Asami jumped back. They whipped their head to see Opal and Bolin. Bolin was embarrassed while Opal looked annoyed.

“Hey!” Korra said squeakily.

“This is a holy place. Please,” Opal sighed, but the corner of her mouth quirked to show her amusement.

“You gotta be careful. We got caught by Tenzin and got an earful a few weeks ago,” Bolin told them.

“You spend nights here?” Asami asked. “I never see you.”

“I come in the middle of the night and leave before anyone sees me,” Bolin told her in a matter of fact way.
“Yeah…anyways. Bolin, want to take the ferry with me? I’m leaving soon,” Asami sighed.

“But what about breakfast?”

“I want to be well at work before Korra speaks up publicly. I have to stay away from this…people will assume things.”

“Well they wouldn’t be wrong,” he mumbled.

“They would be wrong if they didn’t. You two would have a kid with that passion if one of you were a guy,” Opal teased.

“We haven’t done that!” Korra hissed at the air bender. “Not like you two.”

The earth bender and air bender blushed. Bolin pulled Opal to his hip. “I think I will. I should get to work.” He looked down at Opal. “Remember to drink your tea.” He pecked her cheek. “And I’ll be making dinner tonight. Your favorite! So remember to not be late. But it’s okay if you are. I know you’re busy being your awesome self and helping the people. Spirits, you’re so amazing…”

She smiled warmly, trying to fight against the rising temperature in her cheeks. “Thank you. I love you.” She kissed him briefly and walked away and to the dining hall.

“I guess you should be going then,” Korra sighed, looking at her girlfriend.

“I would say we should have a date tonight…but…” Asami frowned. “I should be there with you.”

“No, Sato.” Korra pulled her down and kissed her briefly on the lips, pulling away and longing for more. “You go to work. You change the world the way Future Industries does and I’ll change it the way the Avatar does.”

“Okay. I love you,” Asami sighed.

“I love you too,” Korra said softly.

Asami walked away with Bolin. The earth bender took her hand and squeezed it reassuringly after they left the temple.

“It’ll be okay Asami,” he reassured.

“I’ll be terrified until she’s back in my arms.”

“It’s what happens when you love someone who serves the world with their whole being,” he said lightly.

Korra landed into Republic City with her glider. Opal, Jinora, and Bumi landed behind her and they buttoned their wings. “You know where to go,” Korra told them. “Remember, it’s to keep them safe. Not me.”

“We know. Protect yourself, then,” Jinora said. They flew off.

Korra approached city hall and was bombarded by journalists. A few policemen stepped in and got her to the steps where everything was set up. Raiko was waiting with his normal guards.
Korra got up and she shook hands with Raiko as a few reporters took pictures of it. He squeezed her shoulder and leaned in, whispering. “No script. Don’t stutter and sell us well,” he mumbled.

She nodded, grinning. She headed for the podium. The crowd gathered behind the row of journalists held bystanders and groups of the supporters. They were stoic, anticipating.

“If the Avatar Korra! Is the rumor that Bataar Beifong is being released into Zaofu custody true?” A journalist from the Republic City Times called.

“Bataar Junior will be going there as a part of his amends. The damage down was not only Republic City. He will be accompanied by members of Chief Beifong’s force along with members of the Air Nation.”

“Will you also be escorting him?” Another reporter pressed.

“No. I'll be staying in the city unless conflict pulls me from here.” Korra tapped her fingers against the podium. She needed an opening. “Any other questions?”

“Are you ready to comment on the mystery girl? Does she have to do with the reconstruction stage of the city?” A female reporter asked.

Korra lied partially, for the full truth would throw Asami under the bus. “No, she had nothing to do with the reconstruction. My relationship with this woman is strictly…” She paused and breathed. “Romantic.”

Scattered faces wore expressions of amusement while others were shocked.

“As a homosexual, what do you feel on the Republic City’s stance on same-sex relationships?”

“I’m not homosexual. I’m bisexual. It’s different.” Korra sighed, moving on. “It’s beyond the right to marry. It’s the right to co-exist. As the Avatar, I plan to push the issue of equality. Avatar Aang built this city as a place for living in harmony and as equals. That doesn’t mean the matters of bending but all walks of life. Not just in this city. Only in water tribes are same-sex couples shown complete and utter respect. I plan to work with the Earth Empire and Fire Nation to bring this issue.”

Korra stood there. She saw the amused hold up their symbols of the movement. They had their flags with the characters for ‘male’ and ‘female.’ The characters mingled in various combinations over a field of red, blue, green, and white. The erupted in shouts Korra could hardly make out.

She smiled. She looked at Raiko. “Looks like you’ll have to arrest me. Pushing the agenda and being openly queer.”

He glared at her and waved over policemen begrudgingly. She was grinning like a demon until she felt a kick land into the square of her back. She fell and her nose crunched against the sandstone stairs and her hands were roughly yanked behind her back and cuffed. She cursed violently. “What was that for!?”

“A dangerous bender has to be apprehended with force,” an officer said. He yanked her up. “I’m sure a dyke like you can take it.”

Blood flowed freely and Korra thrashed. She saw the air benders swoop down. They made a circle around the people in the crowd as tensions grew. No one moved but the guards to escort Korra.

Korra passed the crowd. She felt a ball of spit collide with her cheek and she glared at the general
direction. She saw the flashes of cameras becoming more present. She made eye contact with Jinora who looked worried and angry. She hung her head and spit blood from her mouth.

“There was no need to do that!” A girl in the crowd cried.

“This is the problem! She doesn’t neglect a group of people so she’s locked away!” A man shouted.

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Asami got the afternoon paper delivered to her office. She hadn’t gotten any news from what happened. Bolin was with her, company for her dinner in the office after his date with Opal less than an hour ago. She stayed late to keep her mind off what was happening.

“What’s it say?” Bolin asked through his noodles, still hungry after the feast of tofu stir-fry and dumplings he made for himself and Opal. He had come to be a comfort. He honestly wanted to be with his girlfriend for the night for certain fun activities that people who are dating do, but Asami needed someone.

Asami unrolled the paper and looked at the front page. She sank down into her seat. “Oh god…”

Bolin looks at the paper. Upside down he was able to make out the headline, AVATAR CONVICTED FOR PERVERSION

“Oh no,” he mumbled. He moved to beside Asami. The picture was Korra. She had blood running down her face and staining her shirt. In the background, he saw the familiar flag Tu had in his room.

Asami got up and paced. She looked ready to kill someone. “They hurt her,” she hissed.

“I see…” He frowned. “No wonder Mako took the day off today. He didn’t want to have to arrest her.”

“I knew this would happen!” Asami kicked over a leather chair and braced against the wall. She panted in suppressed anger, seething and ready to attack.

“Asami,” Bolin said cautiously. He walked over to her and placed his hand on her shoulder. “It’ll be okay.”

“No, it won’t! You don’t know! You got lucky and don’t live this!” She snapped and immediately regretted it. He let her go and frowned. “Bolin…” She sighed and hugged the earth bender.

“I guess I am. But I want to help. Asami, how about we go to the temple? You shouldn’t be alone. Tenzin will welcome you.”

“It feels weird to go without Korra…”

“You’re part of the family there without her. Remember? They let us stay there out of kindness.” He let her go.

“Alright…”

Lin stormed into the 22nd Unit Officer’s office. “You arrested the Avatar with unnecessary force!”
She spat. “My officers did what you do when you take down a dangerous bender.”

“She wasn’t fighting! You broke her nose,” she growled. “That reflects badly on all of us.”

“Why does it matter so much of you? She got what was coming to her. The idea of her and that unknown girl is sickening. And the idea of what our next Avatar will be because of her…spirits! I’m sure your mother would agree it’s good she’ll be stuck in jail to rethink her choices and hopefully save her next life.”

Lin saw red and when her vision cleared the desk separating them was nothing but splinters. She glared at the man who looked horrified.

“You know nothing about my mother and you don’t know that girl!” She hissed and she left. She clocked out and went back to the island. She found herself basically living there now for Kya wanted to stay close to her family.

She got there and went to Kya’s room. Her wife was on the bed reading through an old scroll. She looked up and grinned. “There’s my…” She faltered when she saw the woman’s expression. “Lin?” She scrunched up her face in worry as the police chief crumbled into her arms. The woman trembled. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s abysmal. I have to act like this is okay,” she muttered. “They just treated her like she was a murderer.” Kya didn’t even have to ask. She knew.

“What’s law isn’t always right,” Kya told her.

“I know that. But I enforce the law. Not what I think is right.”

“You mother did what was right to protect her daughter and not what was lawful. And you have broken the law by being the best lover I’ve ever had.”

Lin frowned, despite it. “They hurt her. Knocked her out and threw her in a cell like Kuvira’s. Like their crimes even compared. Like they even compared,” she muttered darkly. “They broke her nose, Kya. They arrested a bunch of kids because they had that flag!” She pointed at the pride flag Kya possessed.

“Oh, darling…” Kya sighed and stroked her fingers through the dark gray hair.

“He said my mother would think this was a sound practice. She was gone on her travels before I started dating you and I never told the chief I was married. What would she think?”

“She wouldn’t give a damn!” Kya made the woman look her in the eye. “Lin, love, don’t let this happen. This isn’t you. Don’t let this affect you. Please. Toph loved you and Su and wanted you to be free to make your choices. You chose to love me. She would accept that.”

Lin looked down. “I didn’t protect the kid. I feel…I lack confidence in my choices about this. I hate this. I have never doubted my actions. Marrying you, I knew it was right. Saving Tenzin and his family at the risk of my bending, I knew what I was risking and wouldn’t give it up. I can ground myself in what I did is what was the best option. But this leaves me with no right option.”

“You promised her you wouldn’t risk your neck for her. You did what the Avatar wished. Even if the girl is insane.”

Kya pulled Lin into bed with her. “Spirits have mercy on her,” Lin sighed.
“I hate seeing you like this.”

“I haven’t been like this since I was in my twenties.”

“You keep so much bottled. It means this broke you.” Kya frowned and held her close. “Why do you care so much for that girl?”

“She fights for the world like I have desired to. And I never had kids, so…”

Kya bit her lower lip. She looked down. “You see Korra as a daughter to you.” She spoke with hardly any emotion. No shock. No joy. Just observing, and she liked to be involved. She felt like Lin herself must’ve felt when she was disassociating to stay sane. Detached to people.

Lin looked aside. “You don’t? You helped Katara train her.”

“I see her as the remains of my father. But…I do have some maternal connections. She’s a vulnerable kid and I was there to heal her with my mom,” Kya sighed. “I guess I see your point. It’s sad to think I actually saw her more than my actual family while she grew up. I saw her more than I saw you.” She frowned. “I just want her safe, above all else. She isn’t safe in custody.”

“No, she isn’t.” For the first time in her career, Lin felt ashamed in the badge she wore.

Chapter End Notes

Motherly Lin comes up. Honestly, I feel she would have vulnerabilities when it came to her mother—we know that. Especially since she held some big secrets from the Chief she held so high. Given that she hadn't talked to her mother for 30 years before Kuvira took Suyin and the twins. Toph wouldn't know about Kya, a woman Lin didn't date until her early late twenties, several years after her mother departing on her journey.

I worry this is a bit out of character, but as Kya said, this has started to break her. And characters are like geodes: to see their inside (their real self), you must break them.
Korra woke up in her cell to a pounding pain in her head from her nose. She cursed and noticed her tray at the door. She crawled over and grabbed an apple from the tray. She bit into it roughly and looked around. It was platinum and dry in there. It had enough oxygen for her to breathe but she felt like a simple flame would snuff out all the oxygen and die. Guess they knew how to contain an Avatar.

She stood and munched at her breakfast. She looked out the small window on the door. There were guards posted outside. “I bet you two never fought an air bender,” she said calmly. She took another bite of the apple. It was bruised just like her.

“She shut your mouth, fag,” the taller one muttered. He read the newspaper for the morning. She saw her face on it.

She swallowed and went to the back wall. “Damn, they didn’t get my good side!”

“Is this a game to you?”

“Yeah, I totally get myself arrested for the fun of it,” she said flatly. She finished her apple and dropped it on the tray. She drank the weak tea and ate the burnt rice.

“What in spirit’s name does that mean?”

She went silent and dropped down on the floor and started to do push-ups. Her mind wandered to Asami as she moved. She pictured those jade eyes and ivory skin. Red rose lips.

She grunted and shoved herself onto her feet. “I should’ve known a little better,” she whispered. She punched the air, moving quickly between direct hits and uppercuts. She noticed a hanging mosquito spider web. She aimed to kick there, sweeping her leg up high with each kick. She remembered the little game her and Asami would play when they trained together. One had to try to kick a bell, pushing the reach of their kick. Asami usually won.

Korra missed the web and ended up falling. She caught herself, whipping her body so she landed on her hands and feet. She heard the door groan as it opened. She whipped her head and saw Lin.

“Chief,” she uttered.
Lin turned her face up. She looked at the guards. “Why didn’t you take her to the healer over that injury? You really want her to get sick with an infection and have it be on our heads? Get me a healer! Now!” She barked out orders.

The two guards who seemed cocky ran off like frightened children.

Lin looked at Korra and pulled her to her feet. “You okay, kid?”

“My head hurts from my nose. Just ate. How’s Asami?”

“She’s staying in your room currently,” Lin told her. “And Su is coming into town in a few days. About sixteen supporters were arrested when you were. There’s a peaceful protest currently outside the city hall. They want you free.”

Korra felt her mouth twitch into a smile. “Great…”

“Raiko isn’t happy. Though I think if he gets enough negativity, he may bend just in hopes for re-election.”

“Here’s to hoping.”

“Also there’s one more thing…”

“What?”

“You’ll see when you get out.”

Korra sat down and crossed her legs. She tried not to worry about it. The guards returned with a water bender who knew how to heal.

Korra only winced once while the woman healed her nose. The woman seemed uncomfortable. Korra was able to figure out near the end was because with their stances Korra was near eye level with her bust. She cleared her throat and looked at Lin instead.

“The maximum sentence is four years. You didn’t break enough to get that. You openly advocated and flaunted homosexuality.”

Korra opened her mouth to counter.

“They don’t care about the difference. They’re against it, either way, Korra. But you haven’t committed physical acts we can prove or act violently on the agenda,” Lin sighed. “The most I see you getting is six months. Someone could post bail, but it would be a decent chunk. Unless Raiko lets you go, you’re in here until then, kid.” She left with the healer. The guards shut the door.

Korra touched her nose. It was still tender, but no longer broken. She shut her eyes and meditated. She sensed little energy in the cell, but it was enough.

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She opened her eyes and was in the colorful field she last remembered being in with Asami. They had drank tea with Iroh here. He made jokes about them having to come back here years later so he could send his love. She realized now he meant to come there on their honeymoon so he could celebrate with them.

She stood and wandered around. Then eventually she stumbled onto a familiar face.
“Jinora!” She called and ran to the teenager.

“Korra!” The young air bender ran and hugged her. “I was hoping you would come here.”

“Is everything okay out there?”

Jinora looked down. “People aren’t happy. We couldn’t stop them from taking people Korra, I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay.” Korra sank down a bit and touched Jinora’s cheek. “No one was hurt?”

“No one besides you,” Jinora sighed.

“Lin had a water bender heal me.”

“Lin…oh spirits Korra it wasn’t pretty,” Jinora sighed. “She had a breakdown at the temple after all that happened. A unit boss mouthed off about you and Toph. I didn’t think she would break…”

Korra felt her chest tighten. “Oh.” It was all she could say.

“Asami stayed at the temple. I don’t think she slept. This morning she was playing with Rohan before she left. I think it was a lie, her joy around him seemed forced.”

Korra hung her head. “Could you maybe get her here?”

“I offered. She doesn’t want to.”

“She doesn’t want to see me?” Korra frowned, voice raised as if she was forcing herself to stay steady.

“Not like this, Korra,” Jinora sighed. “We’re all okay. Just focus on keeping yourself out of harm’s way. Your safety is our concern currently.”

“Suyin is on her way?” Korra pressed.

“Yes. This morning she departed from Zaofu and we expect her before the end of the week. My father offered help, for Air Temple Island is also a private nation Raiko takes heed of, but she rejected it. I don’t know what she plans.”

“Thank you.” Korra moved close and hugged the young air bender. “I love you, Jinora. You’re like the sister I never had.”

“I’m technically your granddaughter.”

“Let’s not focus on that. I can’t even cook for myself. I can’t have grown children and grandchildren.”

Jinora chuckled lightly, just happy to see Korra being in a light mood as she knew that it was the woman acting naturally. She sensed Korra grew up faster than she should have. Though, hadn’t she done the same?

“Okay. I should get back to my body. I’ll come back tomorrow, I promise,” Jinora told her. She let go of Korra and disappeared.

Jinora opened her eyes, back in her body. She looked at Asami, for the woman sat next to her to
watch over her body. “Lin had her healed. She’s staying optimistic. She wants to see you.”

Asami hung her head. “I can’t…”

“She understands.” Jinora touched her shoulder.

“I’m so pitiful to need reassurance that my girlfriend, the Avatar, is okay.”

“I would want to know if Kai was okay. And he’s one of the better air benders in the Nation. It’s the love you hold for her.” Jinora stood.

“You’re wise. Wiser than I was at fifteen.”

“I was expected to be the next air bending master. I wanted to be that. I am that. Plus it’s who I am. Being a wise soul isn’t in your history. You’re brilliant and free and vulnerable. You have been for thousands of years.”

“Your connection to spirits is weird and reassuring.”

Jinora smiled. “I know.”

Korra came back from the spirit world. Jinora wasn’t there this time. She just wished to disappear. She had gone there numerous times over the past few days, going after shift change so the bitter guard wasn’t around while she was vulnerable.

But the guard was in her cell. She stood quickly.

“The hell was going on?” He asked.

“Just meditating. Why are you in here?” He wasn’t supposed to be on this shift. Did she mess up the time?

“Worried you had slipped into a coma or something because of a concussion. The chief would kill me if you got fucked up. I don’t see why you’re worth protecting.” He cocked his head to the side. “Just because you’re Avatar. Respect the title, not the person the guards keep tellin’ me and themselves. I have no need to respect you as a person.”

Korra glared at him. “What are you getting at?”

“You’re not much an Avatar in here. This containment doesn’t allow much bending. Hell, the tranquilizers in your tea block bending. You feel weak, don’t you?”

Korra’s eyes widened. She looked down at her hands and tried to summon a flame to her palm. She felt nothing. No heat came through her blood and no power in her rose. She choked and tried to summon air again. The flowing energy felt blocked. Her fingers trembled as memories flooded her.

The searing pain in her limbs, running through her veins. It pushed her to release power but it fought her from letting it all go. It pushed and pulled against it. She felt like she was being torn apart.

She felt her hands start to tremble.

“You trying to summon bending? That’s technically hostility to a guard.” He grinned evilly.
She snapped back and spoke, her voice barely steady. “No, I—“

Fire whizzed forward and she barely had time to jump out of the way. He fired again fast, aiming before she composed herself. She whirled around and narrowly avoided it. The heat kissed the back of her neck. She smelled burnt hair. He swung at her. She expected to need to avoid a flame, but instead, he came with a hit.

It got her square in the jaw. She slammed into the wall. She moved to return the strike. She got him in the gut. She regretted it as pain hit and her knuckles split. She couldn’t buckle the metal without bending.

The guard stumbled back from the force. Korra could pack a punch of course. She was able to lift an athletic man with one arm outside of the Avatar state. She probably would’ve broken his ribs if it weren’t for his armor.

With that, he pulled his baton. He slammed it into her side.

She screamed in pain and crumbled to the floor. She tasted blood and saw dots in her vision. She reached for his ankle and yanked as roughly as she could. It sent him tumbling down. He then kicked her, breaking the healing nose. He got up as she curled up. He kicked her side several times. She lost sight eventually from pain dotting her vision. All was dark when a kick was delivered to the back of her head.

She woke up in the cell but she wasn’t able to move her arms. She looked around quickly and saw Lin. The chief sat next to the bed. “I need to get your side of the story,” she said simply.

“He came in and started firing at me after insulting me. I had come out of the Spirit World.” She coughed, feeling weak. “How long have I been out?”

“A few days,” Lin sighed. She stood.

“I didn’t want to fight him. I wanted to be peaceful. I promised Su I wouldn’t fight. But he just came at me and I didn’t want to be obliterated. I had to fight, Lin.” Korra wheezed. They didn’t heal her nose fully. “Why is it still broken?”

“Focused on your ribs and concussion instead.”

“My ribs still ache,” Korra muttered. She wanted to touch her side but the restraints stopped her. “Can I get let out?”

“Not yet.” Lin frowned. “He attacked you randomly?”

“I didn’t swing first. He was going on about not respecting me and how my bending was blocked by something put in my tea.”

Lin paused. She looked down at the young woman. “Korra, we don’t drug the prisoners. Not even Kuvira had her bending taken away.”

“But I can’t bend, Lin!” She held her palm open. A flame flickered and she paled.

“Korra, it would make sense if you snapped…”
“No! Lin, I would’ve used it if I could, wouldn’t I? He was firing at me. He burnt my hair. You can see that. Why wouldn’t I have fought back with bending? I would still have air and fire at my disposal. He was also wearing armor I could bend. Why didn’t I if I could?”

Lin scrunched up her brow. She stood.

“Please, believe me, Lin,” Korra pleaded. “I am in no position to lie to you.”

Lin left her after uncuffing her. Korra cursed and sat up. She looked at the small mirror in her cell. She saw the black eye and the bruising around her nose.

Asami walked into the Air Temple after getting off the ferry. She had finished at a reasonable hour, getting off just before dinner. Granted she spent most of the previous night at work.

She walked the halls on her way to the girl’s dorm to where Korra’s room was and heard an argument in Tenzin’s private study. She had never entered there, but Korra had pointed it out. Just to advise: “don’t enter unless there’s an emergency.”

She stood near the door to listen.

“You should’ve told me,” she heard a man snap. She recognized the voice as none other than Tonraq.

Did the news really already reach somewhere as secluded as the Southern Tribe?

“Tonraq, it was a choice she made,” Tenzin said.

“We put her in your care,” a woman cried.

Asami touched her heart. Senna too?

“She’s also twenty now. I am more an ally and guide, no longer a legal guardian.” There was a pause.

“I want to see her. Let me see my baby,” Senna said.

“She can’t get visitors,” Tenzin told her. “If she did, I would’ve seen her the second I could.”

“You should’ve still stopped her, Tenzin. This is needless danger.”

“You don’t know the whole story, do you?” Tenzin asked them.

“She was put in jail because of some girl,” Tonraq said flatly. “That woman isn’t worth it.”

Asami felt her heart clench. He was right, but Korra made it clear this surpassed them.

“It isn’t because of that! I want her out,” Tenzin told them, losing his calm. “But she planned this. I knew, yes, but I couldn’t stop her. This is who Korra is. My job now is to guide her and help her act. I did. I want her back here, but I couldn’t stop her. I’m sorry.”

Another pause.

“Who’s the girl?” Senna asked.
“I have no right to tell you,” Tenzin sighed. “But Korra seems taken to her.”

“Korra’s swooned over a lot of girls…I just thought she would’ve told us first. She told us so easily about Mako,” Senna said weakly. Asami frowned, pitying that woman in that moment. To find out just because her daughter was jailed…she must’ve felt distrusted.

Tenzin sighed and cleared his throat. “I’m sorry you found out this way. I didn’t know until recently as well. Though, my sister and mother apparently have known since Korra was just taken under their training years ago.”

“What do we do? Wait until she’s free and ready to tell us?” Tonraq muttered.

“Yes. I know you made arrangements in the city. Stay until she’s out. I’ll notify you when she does.”

“Fine.” Asami hurt footsteps and she dashed to Korra’s room, where she had been sleeping.

Chapter End Notes

This is the longest I went without updating. I was just working on re-doing other chapters that will be published soon. I’m currently writing chapter 19 and the ending to 18. I had to re-write a few chapters, including this one. Originally, I had Korra is sexually assaulted by the guard and not physically, but I was unable to find a reason for it and feel like it would cause a shift in the character I couldn’t write. So I changed it to a physical attack.

I plan to do some shifting from each pov, to how Korra is to how others are fairing.

I will be putting up the next chapter today. It’s surrounded mainly around Suyin and Kuvira with Korra being part of it. I couldn’t resist adding Kuvira into this story and developing Suyin’s point of view on Lin and Kya’s relationship and how she feels towards Kuvira now. I mean, I wrote in Bataar affecting Asami’s work life. Why not have Kuvira affect Korra’s incarcerated life?
Suyin and Kuvira

Chapter Summary

Suyin arrives to talk to Raiko. She pushes him into a corner. Despite her advantage, she finds herself in a vulnerable position when she gets to speak with Kuvira.

Kuvira reveals a secret to Korra when encountering her in the prison yard.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is angsty. In my opinion at least. I used to have it be Suyin visited Raiko and then we cut to Asami struggling without Korra. Instead, I scrapped that and made this when someone commented how they wondered if Kuvira would play a part in this story at all, a guest going under Zodiac Brave wondered if Korra would share a cell.

I didn’t see them putting a dictator and the master of all four elements together in one cell, but I can't resist the appearance of Kuvira in stories post-series.

Suyin arrived a few days later by airship. She was greeted by Opal, Lin, and Jinora.

Suyin stepped off and immediately embraced her daughter. “My Opal,” she sighed.

“Good to see you, mom. Though I wish this wasn’t the circumstance,” Opal mumbled into the matriarch’s shoulder.

“Of course.” Suyin let her go and looked at her older sister. “How’s Korra doing?”

“She’s been beaten up. She’s causing ruckus outside, but she isn’t safe there. I can’t always protect her I’m coming to learn. There are protests every day and not just in the city. The province leaders are facing lash to act.”

“I’m aware. They contacted me to be a negotiator. Once I get those sixteen out, she’ll let us help her, right?” Suyin looked at her sister.

“Yep, that was her plan.”

“Then I guess I have to turn up the charm.”

“There’s also the fact one of them is a citizen of your clan,” Lin mumbled.

“Shen came here in support and landed herself in jail. Of course, my Captain of Guard is now a criminal like the last one.” Suyin messed with her headband.

“Korra has also gotten Wu and three other province leaders out of the seven. We’re waiting for
their written decrees of supporting Korra,” Jinora told her. “I’ve been talking to Korra in the spirit world and have been talking to them with my father. They’re on board for reform to prevent persecution, not much else. Not like the fire nation who wants to create total equality by this point, but it’s something.”

“It makes the most innovative area of the world fall behind socially,” Lin told her.

Suyin sighed. “I want to talk to her.”

“She isn’t allowed to get visitors,” Lin said.

“Lin, please.”

Lin thought for a moment and sighed. “I’ll see what I can do. But I will not make a single promise to you about it.”

“All I ask for.” Suyin smiled. “Thank you three for greeting me, but I have to go by myself.”

“See you back at the temple, mom.” Opal kissed her mother’s cheek and flew off with Jinora.

Lin shifted awkwardly when left alone with her sister.

“How’s your wife?” Suyin asked.

Lin muttered, “She’s fine. Back here for good.”

“That’s nice. I always liked you and Kya together.”

“Me too.” Lin looked forward, hands at her side and her shoulders back. “I need to get back to work.”

“Will I see you at the temple?”

“Probably.” Lin walked away.

Suyin merely grinned as she headed to the car waiting for her.

By the time she arrived at Raiko’s office, she had her mind wander. She felt a slight guilt for not acting sooner against all of this. She had gone to those safe places with her friends when she was younger, but that was to show resistance to society and piss off people. It was the only reason she came back to the city for years before she got it together to form Zaofu. It was just somewhere to go until she saw Kya there with Lin.

It was just somewhere to go until she saw Kya there with Lin.

She almost had laughed to see her obedient sister to go to such a place. She wanted to surprise the girl and make her know the jig was up. She wanted to show her that she was back in town. She was halfway across the room when the girls joined at the lips and she saw her sister happy for once after Tenzin left her.

She slipped out and never went to the places again. Lin never came out to her until years later, and it wasn’t until they patched everything up. She thought at first it was Lin not giving a damn about anything. She realized it was because the woman cared too much. She feared the loss of her job and her wife’s safety being compromised. Why she sacrificed years with her one true love.

Suyin brushed it off and walked into Raiko’s office.

The man looked up from his desk. “Suyin Beifong?” He stood and approached. He shook her
“It’s nice to see you, Raiko. I’m sorry to intrude, but I would like to speak with you.” She pulled away from the shake first.

He looked at her. “Is this about the Avatar?”

“No. Korra consciously acted and I have learned to respect her actions despite her lack of self-preservation. It’s about those you took in with her,” she said.

“What does it matter to you?” He looked at her, befuddled.

“Well, one of them is a citizen of Zaofu, my Captain of Guard, actually. I would like to take her back to the province, where it isn’t illegal to push this issue or identify—”

“It was calculated. She wanted to be arrested,” he muttered. “I can’t yield.”

“I’m not here to talk about Korra. And you played into what she wanted then,” she said again. “It was a peaceful protest, Raiko. And not all of them have any hard evidence saying they are homosexual or bisexual or anything else...you are hurting your image by letting them stay in custody.”

“They win if I let them go.” He glared.

“You don’t have a thing to gain by keeping innocent people locked up. You’re facing protests and I know you don’t want to take anyone else into custody. News spread that your men injured the Avatar for no reason as well. The Fire Nation regards her as a holy entity after what Aang did with Lord Zuko to completely modify their history. Province leaders contacted me as well to come as an impartial party.”

“I don’t support that walks of life, Suyin,” he said.

“Others do. You are to act on your people’s needs and not your beliefs. Why you were elected. You were to be a voice of the people. You don’t pick what people you voice when you go and claim to be impartial.”

“The water tribe decided to stay behind, so they aren’t relevant to your point.”

“I didn’t mean them, and I don’t mean Zaofu or the Air Nation either. You’ll see and if you listened to what I said, you know there’s support in the Earth Empire. It’s better to take this action than to find yourself falling behind on the times like such as the tribes you accuse. I mean, it is just their religion that normalizes it. I mean, not like people can believe things outside of what you do...right, Raiko? The people may find you obsolete if you do not change with the times. Your beliefs are your beliefs, but you are not a spiritual leader. You are a political one.”

He glared at her. He hated her for being right. He loathed her for knowing she was right. He didn’t want her to be.

She bowed. “I must go. I promised my daughter I would return to the temple. Consider it, please. Shen’s mother would love her back home. I’m sure the other families would as well. Some of those you arrested were, after all, children.” She walked out. Leaving she noticed a gathering crowd and a woman near her age was up and speaking. She looked of water tribe descent and led chants.

Suyin ran into Lin before leaving. Lin looked down at her. “You sure you want to see her?”
“Would I have asked?” Suyin replied stubbornly.

Lin sighed. “I see no gain in it besides hurt.” She led her sister through the crowd gathered and back to the mobile.

Suyin felt her breath come a bit harder as they got closer to the prison.

“No one expects you to see her,” Lin told her.

“I don’t want to abandon her.” Suyin fumbled with the scale-lake gauntlets on her forearms.

“No one expects you to forgive her. No one really has.” Lin sighed and pat her sister’s knee when the car stopped. They never showed much care for each other growing up once puberty struck, but Lin remembered the nights sharing a bed at the Air Temple and talking about cute boys from school. They trained together even if their gap gave it so Lin was an adult when Suyin was just barely older than a child.

“I haven’t. But if I can try with Bataar, she deserves it if I dare calling her my daughter.” Suyin got out and let her sister lead her. They arrived in the small block of platinum cells. These cells only existed because of what their mother invented. Toph idealized it as the ways of just the police force, but it branched out and crooks adopted it too. Su always wondered if that was why Toph left and never really taught a student again. Korra made it out that Toph just beat the hell out of her every day and talked sense into her, not really teaching her anything the girl didn’t know.

Su remembered asking Toph to help her teach Kuvira, that being Su’s first student. Toph just took a pause and told her daughter: “You take in a polar bear pup, you train it. Don’t expect your mother to clean up after it in your place.”

Lin approached and all the guards posted outside of each occupied cell stood at attention. Suyin noticed that there was two per cell. Six guards and she knew just why. Shen, her citizen stuck in here, Korra, and Kuvira. Two women did no wrong and she knew well and was fond of, and here she chose the tyrant that almost killed her whole family to see because of lingering love for her. Not lingering, more like strong maternal guilt. She gripped the bag she had with her since she landed as Lin let her into the small box.

Kuvira danced in the faint light the window allowed. Suyin watched in the seconds before the woman stopped. She felt taken back to the girl being ten and just learning to fight and dance. It was hours every day where Suyin promised her time to her. Eventually, Wing, Wei, and Huan joined her in bending training, but dancing was always theirs.

Though that time ended when Kuvira started to turn into a woman. Suyin focused on training Kuvira to be who took over Zaofu when she passed. She focused on giving the woman a sense of leadership and duty. She looked back at it, thinking she had neglected the side of Kuvira that was vulnerable. The side that made her take her in when she was that lost child too afraid to stand up with her shoulders back.

Now she saw the woman, gaunter, hair messy and bags under her eyes. She still held that trained grace. Though she stopped and those eyes Suyin had seen them sparkle, harden, tear up, hold resentment, and hold hope…were just empty. They stared into Suyin, looking past all of her and saw nothing but an old target; an old prisoner.

A few seconds the faint light let her see something else. Guilt? Sorrow?

Kuvira sat on her bed. Lin left Suyin with her old student.

Suyin bowed her head, despite herself. Why show respect to a woman, ignoring all her wrong
doings, who was her junior?

Kuvira pegged that. “No,” she said. She rested her head against the purified wall.

Suyin looked around. The whole place was bare besides a bed, sink, and toilet. She heard the faint cracks of the guard’s radio outside the room. She decided to just stand, approaching slowly.

“Kuvira,” she said softly.

“I didn’t think I would ever get a visitor. Would think you’d visit your Avatar.” Kuvira picked her nails.

“I wanted to see you,” Suyin said. She looked at the woman, forcing herself. She felt herself a failure to this woman. This child who idealized her years ago just to see the part of her she hid. The cowardice, the headstrong, stubborn woman who couldn’t accept she was still stuck in that immature way despite her progress and at peace persona.

Kuvira frowned and looked out the window. “You want to ask me why.” It wasn’t a question.

“You wanted to protect your people. It spiraled. I heard it.” Suyin stepped closer again. “I hold anger towards all of it…the actions and the causalities. The people hurt…” Suyin frowned. “But in the end, there is no longer shambles and there can be changes.”

“Like what Korra pushes?” Kuvira laughed, bitter. “People like Raiko won’t let things change.”

“Korra and I are trying to change it. Along with other leaders,” Suyin countered.

Kuvira shifted her jaw. “I sense there’s something else.”

“Why did you lie to Bataar?” Suyin came out with the ever gnawing question.

Kuvira pushed her hair behind her ear to get it from her face. “Could I have really just stopped without consequence? There was no leave the conquest and get married in a little Earth Empire town where I would become his wife and he’d be my husband.”

“No,” Suyin said. She set her jaw. “Why did you lie and say you loved him?”

Kuvira looked out the window. “How’s Shen?” She changed the subject, mentioning her old second in command when she was Captain of the Guard. “The season’s changed. It’s winter. I know it hardly snows in Zaofu. She made me promise we would go the Northern Tribe one day so she could see the snow.”

“Tell me!” Suyin snapped.


“You gave up nothing at trying to kill him!” Suyin gripped the handle of the bag. She struggled to stay calm. This was not her plan coming in.

“I gave up everything.” Kuvira looked away. “I gave up the one thing that mattered most.”

“He questions if you ever loved him.” Suyin dropped the bag. She looked down at the metal floors. She muttered, “I figured you must bore yourself to death here. They’re mainly mythology and tales. What you liked. Not just Earth Kingdom. Some Tribe folk tales in there, because I know you were curious about that culture.”
Kuvira didn’t look back her.

“Shen’s fine. She took your old place,” Suyin said, not telling the whole truth. “She’s a good leader. She’s working with Bataar in fixing Zaofu. I never saw them as close. I wonder what they have in common.” Suyin got silence. She sighed. “I’m sorry, Kuvira. I…you’re still my daughter. My oldest one. The only one I got to teach.” She paused and blinked away coming tears. “I miss dancing with you.”

Kuvira clenched the sheets on her bed in her fist.

“I love you, Kuvira. I could never stop loving you and Bataar. My eldest children…in the beginning, you made me beam with pride before it all went sour. You know you did, didn’t you?”


“This…is not living Kuvira. You lost your life when you betrayed him. You’re rotting.”

Suyin emptied the bag and left. Her joy in the day left her when she heard Kuvira mutter. “I guess I am,” was what the woman said. Had she ever held such a small voice? When was the last time she ever cried from Suyin’s recollection? Age twelve from a nightmare maybe? Half her life and the streak is broken over a man she was willing to kill?

She saw her sister. The police chief was indifferent, waiting outside.

“It wasn’t a good idea,” Lin said. She walked off even though her sister reached for her.

“What’s a good idea isn’t always the right action to take. Marrying a woman and becoming the Police Chief of Republic City is an example. Right choice, not per say a sound idea.”

Lin stayed quiet and left her.

Korra walked around in the prison yard. She got some time to stretch her legs. She jogged around the empty track, not really giving the effort to work up a sweat due to her sides hurting slightly. She noticed there was a lone person on the benches in the center of the round track. She stopped and ran over. She paused and recognized the person.

Kuvira turned her head, looking up from her book. “Avatar,” she said calmly.

“I-I…” Korra swallowed. She never expected to see Kuvira while in here.

“Come sit.” Kuvira waved her over. Korra sat across from her. “I heard on the radio about your little stance.”

Korra looked down. “What does it matter to you?”

“I pictured the Earth Empire to be a place of equality and peace. I didn’t expect it to be taken and made to adopt old morals.”

Korra didn’t respond.

“Terrible to be thrown into jail when you just wish to change the world, isn’t it?” Kuvira muttered.
“This is different,” Korra said calmly.

“Right and I suppose this is justified for you? To put the Avatar in jail for the woman she loved!” Kuvira scoffed.

“I’m aware of the risks I took.”

“You look like you’ve been in a tussle with bandits. And I know you’re in isolation like I am.” Kuvira bent the tip of her page over. “So a guard did this to you. I can tell you’ve been given injustices. I guess you’re stripped of yourself here. You’re not the Avatar in here, and I’m not the Great Uniter.”

Korra stood. “It’s different.”

“How different can I be to you for you to see yourself in me?”

Korra looked down at her. “I want to help the world. Not control it.”

Kuvira frowned. “I hardly have room to care about that much anymore. My concerns? What can I do to keep myself from going insane like that Fire Nation princess all our mothers told us stories about when trying to explain the evil in the world.” She glared. “And trying to deal with the fact Bataar gets to just be in the world while I’m here.”

“Sorry? He cooperated,” Korra told him.

“You threatened to take away what drove him. You knew his weaknesses. I can respect that part, even if it were petty.” Kuvira looked at her. “Be cautious. That “mystery girl” may end up as your weakness.”

Korra gulped and tightened her hands into fists. “You—“

“I know who she is. A female of Fire Nation descent? You’d have to know her. You need trust now after you have been mistreated and surprised for years. It’s that non-bender who runs Future Industries. Asami Sato.” Kuvira sighed when Korra’s face drained of color. “She isn’t out?”

“Don’t tell a soul…”

“I have nothing to gain from it,” Kuvira said calmly. “I have nothing to lose or gain by hurting you or anyone else. I’ve done enough, like killing your lover’s father.” She opened her book again. “Just leave me to rot, Avatar.”

“How often do you get to talk to people?”

“Suyin visited me a few days ago. I didn’t think I could get visitors.” Kuvira looked depressed. “She brought me books I liked when I was younger.”

“She came by to talk to Raiko…”

“I forgot you had her in your control.” Kuvira’s mouth quirked up at the corners.

“She wants to change Zaofu to being more accepting.”

“She mentioned it. I’m sure Shen will be happy if it all works out.”

“Who’s Shen?”

Kuvira looked at her. “I have nothing to lose in people knowing this about me, unlike you.” She
paused and then spoke directly. “Not a lot of people would accept a polyamorous bisexual as their leader. You got lucky that the world wants to follow you besides it all. Because of it, it seems.” She looked back at her book.

“You…”

“Shen and Bataar were both my lovers. I loved them both. Don’t doubt I did. I am no god because of this—gods don’t marry men who can talk for hours and never bore you or fall for girls with pretty eyes and who refuse to stand down. I left Shen and got engaged to Bataar upon leaving Zaofu. Shen begged me to choose her over him. She said she loved me and would follow to the end. She was just as smart as Bataar when it came to leading people. They were both brilliant and I loved them. I still chose him, thinking it was the best idea. But I…” Kuvira spaced out and Korra saw regret spark over her features.

“You wish you chose her.” Korra didn’t get a reply. She returned to moving, knowing she was almost out of time.

“Now I do,” Kuvira said under her breath.

Chapter End Notes

I was wondering where this story should end. Part of me wants to write it up to lining up with Korra’s fantasy or ending it earlier and creating a series where it goes this being their initial relationship together, then there being scattered one-shots that tie into incidents set up such as marriage and such, and maybe a shorter story about the pregnancy and birth of their daughter. I want to write Kena into a story, really. I would love some feedback from you as readers.
She Suffers, She Leaves.

Chapter Summary

Asami faces another moment of disaster outside.

Korra gets out and faces Raiko immediately. She faces her parents and learns a hard truth about Kya when she talks to the woman about her old dream.

Chapter Notes

So it's been almost a week since I updated. A crazy one at that. I had a theater group I'm in performing all this week along with dress rehearsals. I was lucky to get home before 10 and last night I got home from dinner with them about 11:30 and promptly collapsed before I could update this.

But here is a chapter nearly 4,000 words with a lot going on. Mainly zeroed in on Korra after some hard times outside. There's some information about Kya and Lin I felt would add to the fact of why a married couple would never even discuss kids. I mean, they never outwardly said they never wanted kids.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Katara walked through the temple, old things she recognized from the first day they called this place home still there. She knew where all the dents came from. The one on the ceiling outside of Korra’s room was from when Tenzin sneezed at age five and sent himself into it head first. She had to heal him of a concussion and a bleeding forehead as he wailed.

A deep cut in the wall near a window was from Lin’s rampage after Tenzin broke up with her. Kya calmed her down. Katara felt they could’ve been together years ago. She knew things had to be different first. Though it was unfortunate.

She saw the crack in a floorboard from where Kya slammed her fist into during a fit of crying at age thirty-four. She got bad medical news and she decided to take rage along with grief as a response. Lin calmed her down and took her back to the city that night. They came back engaged.

She walked out of the Temple and looked around the courtyard she remembered training Kya in and spending time with Bumi. She had her eldest enjoyed just sitting out there. If he could sit himself down, he made up stories and sometimes retold bedtime stories with a creative twist. She would talk to him when he felt insecure about not being a bender, feeling out of it. She was a bender but knew what it was to feel like an outcast. She was the only bender in her tribe for over twenty years of her life.

It was small but it gave the boy some comfort. He would smile slightly and nod, accepting the differences he held. Sokka helped more. Katara frowned, thinking of her late brother.

She walked through the courtyard and found Tenzin out there with Meelo, trying to show the boy a trick she loosely recalled seeing Tenzin learn years ago from Aang. That marble trick was so
immature but Meelo was enjoying it. It reminded her of seeing Tenzin learn it. The boy was taught to be wise, but there he was acting his young age.

She heard a childish giggle she knew belonged to her son’s youngest. She got closer and saw Asami with Rohan. She was playing with wooden blocks with the toddler. She smiled slightly but pitied the girl. She had come around often just to not be alone. The girl had no family. Korra was everything to her. She saw the bags forming under the woman’s eyes from lack of sleep. It was a week now and she would be surprised if the woman got anything more than ten hours within those days.

She approached Tenzin after she knew he saw her. “Mother,” he greeted.

Meelo looked at his grandmother. “Gran-gran, watch this trick.” He held up the marbles and made them start to spin. His gleeful smile reminded her of Aang’s when they were children. She smiled, though the joyous gesture held sadness behind it.

Asami looked up from the toddler. She got up and approached the three.

“Asami,” Katara said kindly. “How are you doing?” She touched the heiress’ shoulder.

“I’m worried about her. Lin isn’t telling me a thing. Neither is Jinora… I’m worried. I want her out.” Asami looked down.

“I’m sorry Asami,” Tenzin apologized.

Asami frowned. “I know they wouldn’t be past hurting her. And she can’t fight back. Makes me…” She bunched up her fists. “I want to kill the person who hurt her.”

“You want to protect your lover,” Katara said. “I felt the same with Aang. Even if they can protect themselves.”

“But she can’t right now. She refuses to.” Asami touched her forehead. “I should be in there with her. I feel like such a coward.”

“You have other things to attend to. Supporting a lover doesn’t always mean being in the action with them,” Tenzin said. “Pema supports me but is never in the field of the Air Nation with me.”

“I…” Asami sighed. “It makes me feel powerless and terrified. Korra didn’t know this was a problem, and when she did, her first reaction was, “oh, how can I help?” I just ignored it and I’ve known since I was a child.”

“That’s Korra. She doesn’t know self-preservation. You do. Why it works. You stop here when she needs it,” Katara reassured. She looked at Tenzin. He shrugged helplessly.

Asami sat down next to Rohan and went back to helping him build the crooked skyscraper.

“Where Korra?” he asked.

“She’s away doing Avatar things,” she told him. “She’ll be back and play with you soon, Rohan-so-hon.” She faked a smile and kissed the boy’s forehead.

“I want Korra!” he whined and threw a block. He stomped. “Now!”

“She isn’t here,” Asami said, struggling to stay calm.

“I want Korra,” he cried and kicked over their project. She stood and reached for him. “No! I
want Korra!” He pounded at her shoulder when she picked him up. “Down! Down! I want down!”

“She’s gone,” Asami said, barely above a whisper as tears welled in her eyes.

“Why?”

“She just is. She’ll be back soon.”

“No! No! I want Korra now!” He squirmed so much she nearly dropped him.

Tenzin came over and took his son. “Rohan, that’s enough.” He walked the boy inside as the child still wailed for the Avatar.

Asami clenched her fists and sat down. She covered her eyes. She felt arms wrap around her. She looked up and saw Katara’s aged face. The blue eyes stared at her, pity in them. “I want her too,” she mumbled, her voice cracking. “I want her safe in my arms.”

It took another week for Raiko to yield and release the protestors.

Korra heard the news from the water bender that healed her and replaced the abusive guard. The guard said it was real crazy. Mentioning they would’ve gotten three months minimum. It was days ago they got let out. Korra was still stuck.

Korra lied in bed. Her ribs ached from not being fully healed. Her nose was patched up and her eye was almost fully healed.

“It’s your time kid.” Lin walked over and pulled the young woman up. “Come with me. You need a shower and I brought you some clean clothes from the temple.”

“Thanks,” Korra said quietly. She stepped out of the cell. The light hurt her eyes as if she were hungover, but she still followed Lin.

Lin arrived at the bathroom with empty rows of showers. “No one’s in here at the moment, so you got it to yourself.”

Korra nodded. Lin waited outside.

Korra quickly used the bar of soap given to her and scrubbed away the days of sweat. It took several minutes for the oils in her hair to give way to saturation of her hair. She combed knots from the locks with her fingers and she pressed her hand to her nose. It still screamed pain in her nerves.

She stepped out and dried off with a white towel that was rough and would in no way cover everything it needed to if she wrapped it around her torso. She slipped on her usual clothing. Though she noticed a little ribbon on her shirt. There was a note from Kya tucked into the pocket of her pants.

The ribbon is a remembrance for those who ended themselves over sexuality. I’m proud of you, Korra. –Kya

The writing was neat and Korra was able to crack a smile.
Korra stepped out and looked at Lin. The chief nodded at her and walked out. She led Korra outside. Once they left the gates of the prison Korra saw a Satomobile parked outside. The windows were tinted and it had a roof, unlike Asami’s usual convertible. She stepped towards. Lin led her in. “No one knows you’re out yet. You can peacefully get back home and deal with this later.”

“Thanks…” Lin loaded her into the car and sat next to her. “Where are we going?”

“Raiko wants to speak with you,” Lin sighed.

Lin walked Korra into Raiko’s office. Before they entered the police chief stopped the Avatar. “Look, kid, he isn’t going to be respectful. Be the bigger man here, please. I know I haven’t been much of help…” Lin sighed. “But you’re in a sort of turf I’ve been in. Keep control.”

“I will.” Korra stepped back, uncomfortable with how the Chief was being so kind to her lately.

“Okay.” The two walked in.

Raiko was standing, already ready. “Korra,” he greeted.

“President Raiko.” Korra bowed in front of him. She noticed no guards in the room. No one else really.

“You can leave, Chief Beifong,” Raiko said.

“I want her here,” Korra cut in.

“You don’t control her.” Raiko looked at Lin. “Leave.”

Lin bowed her head and left, concealing a scowl.

Korra didn’t budge or look at her. She kept her eyes on Raiko. He shifted under her gaze and cleared his throat. “Suyin came to visit me recently. Have anything to do with that?”

“I don’t control her,” Raiko said simply. She approached. “So you let them out. I didn’t think you would. At least not me.”

“I wanted to see you. No one knows you’re out. I can always take it back.”

Korra crossed her arms over her chest and narrowed her eyes. “What do you have to say?”

“I don’t like people trying to control me. I let it slide with Suyin because I had no need to imprison a bunch of dumb advocates. That’s all you have—empty threats and a band of society’s deplorable members.”

Korra shrugged. “You never had to believe me if I had support. I may not. I maybe never called anyone but Suyin and talked to some groups.”

“I want the lists of where you found those people,” he said.

“For what? What could you do for me to do that?” She looked at him.

“That or I put you back in that box.”
She glared at him, with one partially shut-eye due to her black eye. “I will rot before I give away those who helped me.” He stared back. “Maybe Lin should just take me back.”

“No. You want to talk to me, don’t you? The whole reason you did all of this,” he muttered.

“You don’t want to talk.” She frowned. “I’ve dealt with people like you. You think you can push me to your side. You’re angry that you never could do that!” She cocked her head to the side. “You got nothing on me.” She turned to leave.

“Your lover, it’s Asami Sato.”

Korra stopped. Her blood ran cold. She didn’t justify it with an answer. But he got it.

“I got some word that you’ve been seen visiting her offices and estate often. We have guards posted around her due to her involvement and the suspicious actions of her colleagues.”

Korra turned and looked at him.

“I have some outing pictures.” Raiko held up one, not handing it over to a fire bender. It was a picture of the women through a window. Asami’s shirt was unbuttoned in it and her legs wrapped around Korra’s waist as the kissed each other.

Korra growled and reached for them. She was able to snatch it and burn it to ashes. The scent of chemicals and ash filled the air.

“No worries, I have more,” Raiko smirked.

Korra growled and glared at him. “She won’t be ashamed.”

“I can’t support a morally corrupt company. Her assets would be frozen if she’s jailed. Lose her millions without her careful eye. And I have several parties against yours.” He sat behind his desk. He folded his hands on his desk.

“I won’t let you take her,” Korra said darkly. “And she’s international, Raiko. Izumi just invested millions in army gear as she assists the ever delicate situation in Earth Empire provinces lacking strong armies ever since Kuvira fell.”

“I think Kuvira shows not everyone who pushes wins.”

“I was the person who took her down with my team. Not you! Not an army run by this city.” Korra glared at him. “You surrendered!”

“You left this city in shambles.”

“I stopped a dictator.” Korra glared at him. “My numbers at a high. You’ve made me a victim and you hurt those kids. You know it. Journalists on both sides won’t shut up about it.” She muttered. “People see my side. So did Suyin and everyone else. I can’t wait for next year. Province leaders meet for new issues to be pushed and I can see you booted out of office.” She turned and left.

She walked out and looked at Lin. “Let’s get you home kid.”

Korra nodded and walked off.

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Korra stepped off the ferry with Lin.
Korra breathed through her mouth, her nose still only allowing wheezed breaths. She stopped when she saw two figures running up.

She grinned and ran at them. “Mom! Dad!” She met them and was picked off the ground by Tonraq. “Hey. Ribs are sore.” She coughed as he put her down.

Her mother frowned at her. “Why didn’t you tell us!?” Senna yelled.

Korra recoiled. She was never yelled at by her mothers. Tenzin, that was common. Tonraq has his moments. But never her loving mother.

“I didn’t think to…”Korra knew that was the wrong answer.

“You weren’t thinking! That explains this. This isn’t the tribe. People hurt you and…”Senna looked ready to cry. “Why didn’t you tell us about your attractions? We found out because of a radio newscast that you are in a relationship! And Tenzin wouldn’t tell us a thing. Lin wouldn’t tell us what happened to you. I thought you were just tossed away in some hole where people wanted to hurt you.”

Korra felt her heart clench. She hugged her mother. “I’m sorry,” she mumbled. “I didn’t think this is how this would all go. I didn’t expect this to happen on the outside.”

Senna sniffled. “We were so worried.”

“It’s okay. Just a bit banged up. I’m okay.” Korra touched her shoulder. “I’ll introduce you to her soon. I promise.”

Korra got into the temple. She made her promises to see her parents the next day and they were willing to leave after some persuasion. She told them she needed rest.

She didn’t get it. The kids flocked to her once she got inside. She was saddened to find out Asami was at work. Katara offered to call the woman to come. Korra told her she would just surprise her later.

Right now, Korra was holding a babbling and overly excited Rohan. “He wanted you a while ago,” Pema told her. “Wouldn’t let it go.”

“Korra back!” Rohan hugged her tight.

“Yeah.” She kissed his head.

Korra paused, her mind wandering to a distant memory. An old dream. Her mind made her think of if this little boy was instead the child her mind whipped up. Her heart and cheeks warmed.

“Why nose?” Rohan asked Korra.

“Just got in a bit of fighting. You know Avatars gotta fight sometimes,” Korra said lightly. She put him down. “How about you go to your mom?” She pat his back and he scampered off to Pema. “I’m going to go get a drink.” She bolted off and hid in a hallway. She felt her cheeks heat up as she sank down.
She tipped her head back and chuckled to herself. “I’m insane to consider that,” she said to herself.

“What do you mean?”

Korra whipped her head and saw Kya standing there. The older woman held two drinks in her hands.

“Nothing,” Korra said quickly.

“You’re blushing. I’m guessing this has to do with your lover.” Kya sat next to her. She held one of the drinks to Korra. “This was for Lin, but you look like you could use something to drink. I raided the ceremonial alcohol Tenzin keeps. Good things nomads still drink.”

“Thanks.” Korra took it. She recognized the burn and taste as ginger beer. She sighed and looked at Kya.

“You want me to heal that nose up?”

“Maybe later.” Korra fumbled with the brim of her glass. “I have a question.”

“Shoot,” Kya told her. She sipped from her glass.

“You ever wanted kids?”

Kya choked on her drink and nearly spat it out. She swallowed and cleared her throat. “Korra, you’re twenty.”

“I don’t want kids now!” Korra shook her head. “I mean, in the future. But did you see yourself having kids with Lin?”

Kya sighed and looked down at her drink. “Yeah, a bit before she proposed to me. We both did.” Kya frowned. “We knew adoption wasn’t going to happen. Lin couldn’t be out of service. We figured we could find a male friend of our choosing; I run the short ride…insemination wasn’t a thing back then. Fairly new last I read. But anyways…So I get some fertility testing. Back then they would really only tell your hormone levels and see if you had any blocking in releasing an egg.” Kya looked at the younger woman before continuing. “And I found out I had a blockage in my tubes. I didn’t know. I was always normal…”

“You couldn’t have kids?”

“No.” Kya sipped her drink before speaking. “I felt terrible. You see, not only Tenzin felt like we needed to reproduce in hopes of making an air bender. Even if I wasn’t one, I still carried the heritage.” She tapped her nails on the side of her cup.

“Kya…”

“Anyways, I told Lin. I felt like I couldn’t give her something she wanted. She doesn’t seem like it, but Lin always wanted a family. I was afraid she would leave me because of it, but I couldn’t hide it.” Kya pushed a lock of hair from her face.

“What did she say?” Korra asked, invested in the story.

“She proposed to me.” Kya shook her head and smiled beside it all. “I was crying in our apartment after she had dragged me from the island because I broke down there, sobbing into her detective’s jacket and she just said she wanted to go and get married in the Southern Tribe.
Handed me the necklace I have on now that my mother apparently gave her when we just started dating.”

Korra chuckled. “That’s unlike the Lin Tenzin told me about.”

“You love people differently.” Kya sighed. “So I guess you probably didn’t expect that answer.”

“No. It helps, I guess. It’s common to want to nest?”

“You picture yourself having kids with Asami. I pictured myself having a family with Lin. Nothing would’ve made me happier than to give that to my lover back then. To answer your question, yes, it’s very normal. But don’t do it right now. You have a lot to do and like I said, you’re barely an adult.”

Korra blushed. ‘I had this dream. It was in the future, and there was this little girl that called me mommy. Had these green eyes and was a water bender, and she hated meditating. We called her Kena, but if I had a kid with Asami, I’d let her name them after one of her parents.” Korra pulled her knees to her chest.

Kya chuckled. “I had those dreams sometimes. It’s common. Every child you hold makes you think of your future family. But you don’t know. I hate to be a pessimist, but you’re twenty. You may not be done with your search. But Asami, a hell of a great girl, and I know she’s smitten with you. And my mother really likes the idea of you two together. Don’t mess it up, kid.” Kya stood. “Now I’m going to my wife. You go see your girlfriend. Let’s break, and we will meet tomorrow after getting some. I expect reports.”

Korra muttered and covered her face. “We haven’t slept together.”

“Surprising, but I must say don’t fear it. You may not succeed the first time, but practice makes perfect.” Kya grinned and left the young adult.

Korra got up and got water. She healed her nose and grabbed her glider from her room. She flew off, heading back to the city.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is the smut chapter. I think I might put it up today or Sunday morning.
Asami got home to the mansion. She decided to spend the night here instead, feeling weird to be around the Temple when Tonraq and Senna spent the day there often. It made things worse. When was the last time she had a full night’s sleep? Two weeks?

She pictured Korra just being stuck in there for years. Years without her again, after confessing everything to her…she would drive herself mad.

She dropped her keys on the foyer table and hung up her coat. She maneuvered the dark mansion from memory. She stopped outside her bedroom door, hand on the handle. She heard footsteps in the room.

She stepped back and she reached for the shock glove at her belt. She slipped it on and opened the door slowly. She was ready to prime it when she saw three candles be all that lit the room, placed on her nightstand.

Sitting on her bed was the Avatar. The woman wore her normal clothes. She had a fading black eye, but her nose was healed at least.

“Korra!” Asami dropped the glove and ran to the woman. She tackled the woman and hugged her tight.

“How?” She spluttered out.

“I feel like you are starting to forget I’m more than a pretty face.” Asami yanked Korra up by her collar and kissed her hard.

Korra groaned and tangled her fingers into dark locks. Their kiss was rough and filled with hunger. Korra felt herself falling to submission from the hot kisses. Asami took control quickly, able to turn her lover into a blushing mess with only her lips.
They parted for breath. Asami smirked at her. Korra just panted softly under her. Korra’s eyes flicked down. She felt her ears heat up and warmth crawl up the back of her neck. Asami was glorious. She moved silently and yanked off fabric, ignoring she was probably ripping apart custom tailored clothes. She was technically holding back, wanting to burn them to ash just to see her lover’s body.


“Don’t think complimenting me will change this. I was so scared…” She leaned down and laid kisses across Korra’s jaw and down her neck. “I was terrified someone was going to kill you in there.” Her fingers fumbled and unbuttoned Korra’s shirt. Korra shrugged it off. Korra unclipped her bindings, falling away as a pile of bandages now.

Asami gasped. She had seen Korra shirtless, sure, but this…was a sight she did not deserve to be blessed with.

“Oh spirits,” Asami breathed. She leaned down and nipped the woman’s ear. “You’re so sexy.”

She ran her hands over Korra’s bosom. She ran over the dark buds with her thumbs until they stood at attention.

Korra squirmed and whimpered. “Ah…”

Asami smiled softly. *All this beauty. This woman is mine.* She moved down and her mouth took over on one breast. A silver tongue known for its quick speech made no words but still created a noise in the room. Soft moans slipped from the Avatar’s lips.

Korra squirmed and gripped the headboard looking for something to ground her. She screwed her eyes shut, feeling like she would lose her mind if she dared try to look into the deviance those peridot eyes contained.

Asami pouted to herself, wanting to look into ocean eyes. She moved down with her mouth, leaving kisses down ribs and then sculpted muscles. There she lingered. She noticed a fading bruise on her side. “Korra? What happened?”

“Got roughed up,” Korra muttered. “Please don’t stop.” She tripped her head back. “I need someone to touch me in a way that’s loving. I need to remember why I did this.”

She traced the hills of the muscles with her tongue, basking in how Korra trembled at the warm muscle running over her sensitive skin.

Korra squirmed her legs and breathed roughly. “Asami,” she whispered. She felt a heat spread through her body, similar to the pure energy used to summon flame. But it was intimate, driven by a released tension. “I want to touch you first.”

“Shh,” Asami lifted her head and placed an index finger over Korra’s lips. She yanked off Korra’s pants and her underwear, tossing them aside. “Let me pleasure you. Let me deflower you. Worship you.”

Korra blushed and looked aside. “I’m not even that beautiful…”

“You’re glorious!” Asami hissed. She stroked her fingers up her lover’s curves. “I never knew someone could be this gorgeous and so handsome at the same time. You’re just so perfect. It’s been so damn hard to hold back. And being without you for weeks…I need this.”

“Well, I was pretty close to wanting to bed you that morning after our first date,” Korra sighed.
Asami placed a slender finger to chapped lips. “Don’t talk, unless it’s my name,” Asami grinned. She returned to drift down. A moment passed and she nudged firm thighs apart. She planted kisses from knee to near the pelvic bone.

“A-ah…” Korra could only whimper and her fingers tangled into raven locks. She yanked the soft strands. “More,” she rasped.

“Who am I to turn down the Avatar’s request?” Asami chuckled. Her hands rested on Korra’s lower back to keep her from squirming and lips connected to the pink bud swollen with need.

Korra jolted and cried out. Her hands moved and clawed at pale shoulders, leaving marks that weren’t cared of at the moment. All that mattered was that mouth working wonders with its warmth and skill. Korra felt her whole body racked by the gently stroking tongue, her nerves prickling at the pleasure and making her want to fight. She wanted to pin Asami down and take her. This was so tender. She wanted it to be rough to begin to release years of her tensions and doubts. Her heels dug into the mattress and her toes curled.

“Asami, oh spirits,” Korra groaned. She lifted her hips. She felt nails dig into her back and she growled.

Asami smirked to herself. Her mind clouded, intoxicated by her lover’s strong scent and taste. She knew her back would be scratched up, but she would wear those marks as a badge of honor, knowing she had made her lover overwhelmed. Her mind drowned out everything that wasn’t the thoughts of her lover and savoring every moan and cry. She ignored the imminent ache in her jaw as her tongue flicked over. She pressed it to the small bud and rolled her tongue, reverberating.

Korra gripped to the headboard with one hand, wood almost splintering in her hold. “Fuck! Don’t stop doing that,” she howled.

Korra hunched over. “I-I think I’m going to…”She whimpered. Asami pulled away briefly, causing Korra to growl in protest. “Why did you stop!!?” She was half tempted to yank that perfect hair and pull the woman back between her legs.

Asami pinned her down and straddled her, body stretched over her. She held Korra’s hands down with one hand, looking down with those damned green eyes that sent shivers through Korra, a woman who swore she could never be cold.

“I can’t see your face down here,” Asami whispered in her ear, leaning down. Korra felt their flesh pressed together. Skin to skin, bodies flushed with desire. “I want to see you fall apart.” She reached down and her fingers slid between folds before pushing in. Korra hissed and fought against Asami’s grip. She pulled her hands free and hugged to Asami.

Asami shifted her body so she was next to Korra. She let the woman hold to her and she moved her fingers. She whispered to her lover. “You’re so beautiful. I’m the luckiest woman in the world. I never thought I would get to be with you like this. In any way, actually.”

Korra only moaned in response. Her thighs strained and her abdomen tightened as she felt those nimble fingers start to thrust inside her, curling to add to the pleasure.

Spirits those fingers were a blessing! They could handle small and delicate parts but also grip around tools, working until fingertips are torn from labor. Korra knew the feeling of them intertwined with her own and fondly enjoyed them pressed to her cheek. But now, they were her newest obsession. Korra could only moan and squirm as they pleasured her. Slender and longer than hers allowed them to reach where her own experimentation couldn’t. The Avatar could only lay there curled into her lover as she felt new degrees of pleasure, the idea of getting to make
Asami say her name a dream at this point.

She felt her whole body tingle when they pressed into a throbbing spot of nerves. She was familiar with it, but not the way Asami could play it. She slid over and careful with pleasure, applied pressure to it as it expanded. “Fuck. There! Like that. Please don’t stop,” she gasped. She screwed her eyes up and color danced behind her lids at the sensations. She felt every nerve singing with enjoyment as every touch sent sensations through her.

“As you wish,” Asami mumbled. She looked down at the younger woman, basking in every detail. Her face looked adorable twisted up in pleasure. She noticed her abdomen tremble as the muscles clenched and unclenched and the line of sweat running over the bronze skin. The heiress sprinkled kisses over her lover’s stomach, gentle to soothe her.

Her fingers kept their pace, zoned in on where she got the strongest reaction from. She saw the struggle to not be overcome map out over Korra’s body with muscles taught and the gasps fallen from lips swollen by their rough kiss. Asami reconnected their mouths, smothering Korra’s cries as her hands found the right angle.

Korra pulled the kiss and practically roared. “Fffuck!” She bent her legs and spread them, pressing herself up into Asami’s fingers and allowing them more room to move.

Asami chuckled. She nipped red-touched ears.

“Please,” Korra begged. “I’m so close!”

“Let go then,” Asami whispered. She kissed the pulse point on Korra’s neck, it pounding roughly against the skin. She bit roughly and sucked to leave a deep mark to last.

Another moment and Korra’s body started to twitch and jolt. Her heels dug into the bed and her head tipped back, burying into the pillows. She screamed out her lover’s name and her hips thrust against Asami’s hand as the initial shocks hit her core.

Her body slumped and merely shivered as her body faced the aftershocks and the drop in her. They spent minutes in silence. Korra only gasped when Asami’s fingers left her, her core still throbbing as if searching for the cause of her pleasure.

The young woman gripped her lover in her strong arms. She felt vulnerable and almost wanted to flee. She felt like she could either sleep for twelve hours or run twenty miles without being winded. But there was another part of her who feared parting with Asami in this moment. The latter appeared when the woman got up.

“No!” Korra cried. She put her hand on the woman’s shoulder. “Don’t leave me…” She hugged Asami from behind, her body musky with sweat and sex. Her skin felt slick and flushed. Pressed into Asami’s cool skin made her want to curl into the woman for protection.

Asami turned and practically cradled Korra in her arms. “I’m not leaving.” She kissed Korra’s forehead. She breathed in the woman’s scent. No sandalwood clung to the skin. She smelled of sweat, sex, and another scent Asami couldn’t place. It was almost metallic but had an edge of expensive perfumes.

Me. She smells like me. Asami’s cheeks heated up at the realization. So much contact had left her new favorite cocktail. She felt dizzy as she breathed it in, taken aback and her muscles tense with the need to get fulfillment.

But she knew her needs were to be put on hold. Korra still trembled with shocks. She felt satisfied in herself but also feared for the worst on the woman’s health.
She laid them down and stroked her fingers through Korra’s hair. She undid the knots in the back formed by all her squirming.

Korra was silent. She ached but soared. She nuzzled into Asami’s chest. Her arms wrapped around the woman’s hips. “I love you,” she whispered against ivory skin that was stronger than steel.

“I love you too,” Asami mumbled into her hair. “Are you okay?”

“Drained and a bit nervous…” Korra sighed.

“Alright.” Asami kept stroking her hair and laying kisses on Korra’s simply adorable face. The Avatar merely made little humming noises in acknowledgment.

Korra looked at Asami’s shoulders. “Oh!” She winced at seeing that some of the scratches bled. There had to be at least twenty angry red marks.

“Guess I was pretty good,” Asami said lightly.

“I’m sorry. Let me heal your back!” Korra shot up, freaking out. “I gotta take care of you…”

“You don’t. I’m not the one who’s currently experiencing a major rise and drop in her happy and anxious chemicals. Plus it’s a badge of honor. No one will see it, but I know that I made the Avatar enjoy herself so much she was clawing at me to stay grounded to the real world and not float into the nirvana.”

Korra just about burst into flames. She gripped to her lover. “Fuck you,” she muttered. Asami only laughed that damned wonderful laugh.

“Is that an offer?”

“Come here!” Korra growled and pinned her down. She ran her rough hands quickly over Asami’s chest, finding purchase on her breasts. She was rougher, pinching the nipples to encourage them to be pert. She leaned down and captured one in her hot mouth. She sucked, a bit wary but still just following instinct. She knew it guided well as she got a moan from Asami.

The hands that were giving her pleasure only moments ago now yanked at her short hair and massaged her scalp. Korra hummed at the sensation and reached down with the hand not pulling at the breast not stimulated by her mouth. This was less bold than the hand tugging and kneading Asami’s left breast. Fingers ghosted between swollen labia and pushed into a throbbing core.

Asami yanked Korra’s hair and groaned. “Too good,” she moaned. Korra felt herself spark again, desiring more. She nipped the hardened bud she had her lips wrapped around to get a gasp.

Her fingers worked between Asami’s legs, testing where to go. Korra moved, giving attention to different places to find where she got the best response. Her mouthed pulled away from Asami’s chest and she gulped in full breaths instead of small huffs through her nose. She looked down at her lover.

The woman was gently basked by warm light from the dying candles. Her chest rose and her lips were slightly parted. Her lipstick was smudged and her hair a mess. Her eyes were wild with desire.

She had never looked more beautiful. Korra leaned down and pressed her lips to Asami’s collar bone. She left a line of marks from there up to Asami’s ear. She found there the spot under
Asami’s ear was oddly sensitive and drew a shudder from the woman.

“Asami,” Korra whispered. She felt her eager hands slow, caressing to pleasure instead of ravish and destroy. “Is this okay?”

Asami let out a deep breath and wrapped her arms around Korra’s neck. “You’re doing well, Korra.” Asami struggled to keep her voice from trembling with gasps. She felt herself tighten around the digits inside her. Her stomach felt tight and from her pelvis down tingled from the pleasure in her core. She was close, but she fought back. She wanted it to last.

Korra gently tweaked a nipple, getting a squeak from Asami. “That was so cute!” Korra chuckled. Asami’s cheeks flared red.

“Go to the fog of lost souls,” Asami muttered and looked away bashfully.

“I would walk through it just to come back to you,” Korra flirted.

“I’d never stray. I know who I am. Yours,” Asami shot back, her voice breathy.

Korra chuckled and returned to focusing on how she moved her right hand. She sped up, wrist moving in a constant. She pressed the pad of her thumb into the bud above where her fingers were buried. She stroked slowly. It was a struggle but she worked to keep it as she noticed how it made Asami squirm and moan.

You shouldn’t call yourself that. Mine…, Korra thought, not wanting to ruin this with speaking. You’ve soared by yourself. People drag you down. I’ve done it to you when we weren’t even officially together. We just longed and I still made you depressed and broken. I never want to do that again. Letting go of the idea of possession would help us both. But still, I think of you as mine. Especially when others look at you.

She kissed a mark she left. Her fingers moved into what was a finisher she knew from what Asami had done to her. Hardly a moment and she felt muscles clench around her. Asami was quieter than she was. She whimpered and gasped. The final moments were just silent cries that left scarlet-stained lips open. The flush ebbed from pale skin and the body collapsed.

Korra kept her hand still, not out yet. She felt the last few trembles of the muscles before moving, earning a small whine of protest. She lied down next to her. She pulled Asami close.

They were silent, basking in afterglow. Both wanted more but settled for just this moment.

Asami pressed a lazy kiss to Korra’s jaw. “I missed you,” she whispered.

“Missed you too.” Korra propped herself up on one elbow and looked down at her. “Hey, Asami?”

“Yes, Korra?” The moonlight was their only source of light at this point. It made her green eyes hauntingly beautiful and pale skin luminescent.

“We’re having dinner with my parents tomorrow.” Korra ran her hands through her hair. “I want them to meet you as my girlfriend.”

Asami smiled. “Okay.” She cuddled Korra, head resting on her chest. “How’d they react?”

“Weren’t happy, and kept asking about this mystery girl.”

“I’m coming out the next time you talk to your supporters,” Asami said.
“You…can’t do that.” Korra looked down. “Raiko wants to imprison you to hurt me.”

“I can get my assistant to pay my bail if he does. They put agenda on bond. Most can’t really pay it. I could,” Asami muttered. “I hate being the mystery girl. I want to be your ally. And that was the plan. I would come when things seemed stable. So many people are backing you.”

“Fine…”Korra sighed and lied back down. She hugged Asami close. “I just don’t want you to get hurt.”

“I’ll be okay. Just worry about yourself.”

“I’m the Avatar. I have to worry about everything.”

“Preserve yourself. Don’t disregard yourself,” Asami clarified. “I want us to see being old and gray together.”

“Mm, sounds nice…”Korra yawned and snuggled the woman. She felt tired due to her strong contentment and the comfy bed that was even better after weeks of a cot.

She was out like a flame and Asami followed suit, happy to have her lover back.

Chapter End Notes

Spirit it's been months since I wrote smut. I had to completely scrap this and re-write it twice because I hated it the first time I wrote it and it did not work until I revised.
Dinner With the Parents

Chapter Summary

More back story to why Yasuko threw knives and dinner with Tonraq and Senna.

Chapter Notes

It's been almost a week. I've been sick lately and spending most of it resting. I wrote a bit and kept meaning to publish, but I never went through. But here it is.

Waking up gave euphoria and relief. Part of Asami feared waking up and finding Korra was gone and the night before was just a dream.

Korra was lying next to her, in her naked glory and still asleep.

Asami ran her fingers over a mark from the night before on Korra’s neck. She touched her own and winced, feeling pain from collarbone to jaw. That would take a lot to cover. She sighed and got out of bed. She went to go shower, leaving the other woman to sleep in. She shaved her legs first, focusing her attention on not cutting up her skin. She washed her face while her mind made her think of the panic of the night’s dinner. She had met Tonraq and Senna before. She had written letters to them to check on Korra’s progress because she knew Korra only gave back silence. But she knew this was different. She knew that a man like Tonraq would hurt someone who hurt his child. He still called Korra his snowflake and she was almost twenty-one for spirit’s sake!

She shoved the worries from her brain and washed her hair. She grabbed her comb and got out all knots after conditioning. Stepping out she heard a quiet cry from the bedroom. She slipped on her robe and walked out.

She saw Korra clutching her hand and a thin line of crimson running down her wrist. “Why do you have a knife under your pillow?” She asked, almost shouting.

Asami sighed and walked over. She took Korra’s hand and examined it. It was obviously shallow, for her knife only had one inch of the six-inch blade sharpened.

“They’re throwing knives. You remember that I threw one at you, right?” Asami paused. “You know, you really need to stop just busting in.”

Korra ignored the subject. “They seem old. Are they antiques?” Korra looked at the knife that cut her when she tucked her arm under the pillows. It was black painted carbon steel. It had scratches on it and had green cloth wrappings around the handle that were stained with dried blood. The cloth was also faded and was in need to be replaced.

“They’re old, but not exactly collectibles.” Asami sat down. She grabbed bandages and rubbing alcohol. She cleaned the wound and wrapped it. “They’re my mother’s.” She paused. “They were my mother’s. She had them from when she was around my age.”
“Why are they bloody?”

“You get blood on things if you embed it in a Triad,” Asami said curtly. Korra recoiled.

“I sense backstory…Why would a rich person learn knife throwing? Tenzin told me that was a street trick non-bender gang bangers learn.”

“My parents started out really poor, Korra.” Asami pushed her wet hair back. “My mother not nearly as well off as my father. She was born to a single mother who couldn’t get well-paying work. She decided to learn to protect herself after she saw her uncle get robbed and nearly killed by a Triple Threat earth bender.”

Korra hung her head but listened still. She felt Asami’s grip tighten on her wrist.

“She learned from a friend of hers who joined as a gangbanger because it was either join or die in his eyes. He taught her because he wanted her to be safe. She surpassed him pretty quick, though. She walked around with these knives.” Asami held up the knives she kept under her bed. “And she would hook a gang member in the hand if they tried to harass her or anyone around her.”

“They had it coming,” Korra sighed. “Why did you learn?”

“It was part of my training. My father wanted me to learn what weapons I had at my disposal. He knew what my mother was able to do, so he thought I should learn too. But I don’t go to them first. I never used them against threats we’ve faced. They didn’t save my mother, after all.”

“Your mother protected you with those knives? Why not replace them?” Korra looked at her.

“Because they’re what I have of her. I could get platinum ones, but I just can’t let them go.” Asami looked at the knives. Her fingers lightly traced the blade.

“Oh.” Korra shifted. “You never arm yourself around me, unless we’re going to be in danger. Why?”

“Because I feel safe for once in my life when I’m alone with you and there’s no imminent danger.” Asami got up and got dressed. It was silence for a bit. The Avatar held one of the knives between her index finger and thumb. She felt her mind wandering the image of a young Asami watching her mother kill a gang member with the knife. She dropped it as if it cut her again. Korra stood and hugged her from behind while she was still without her shirt.

“I love you,” Korra sighed. She hugged the woman tightly, trying to reassure her she was there and would protect her.

Asami was silent and slipped the knives onto her belt. Korra flinched at seeing it. Her fingers trembled against the pale stomach of her lover.

“What’s on that mind of yours?” She uttered.

“Because I feel safe for once in my life when I’m alone with you and there’s no imminent danger,” Asami got up and got dressed. It was silence for a bit. The Avatar held one of the knives between her index finger and thumb. She felt her mind wandering the image of a young Asami watching her mother kill a gang member with the knife. She dropped it as if it cut her again. Korra stood and hugged her from behind while she was still without her shirt.

“I love you,” Korra sighed. She hugged the woman tightly, trying to reassure her she was there and would protect her.

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“What’s on that mind of yours?” She uttered.

Asami pulled a knife and felt the weight in her hand.

“You thinking of your mom?” Korra steadied her fingers and pulled Asami closer against her.

“Mm-hmm.” Asami weaved the blade between her fingers, hands familiar with the weight just as much as they were with a wrench.

“So she threw knives? Momma Sato was badass.” Korra smiled slightly, trying to lighten the
“Not really. I didn’t even know she knew how to fight until that night she was killed. My father told me the story while I was learning and when he gave me these knives. She had the potential to be lethal, and she chose to make people happy. She focused my dad’s fortune into charity instead of just being a spoiled wife. She focused her attention on me instead of just pushing me onto the help. Why I hated my father would think she hated benders. Sure she knew how to fight against them, but she just loved everyone, so long as they didn’t commit bodily harm to others.”

“That’s sweet.” Korra kissed the tip of Asami’s left ear. She stepped back, sighing. “I should head to the Temple.” She slipped on the clothes she discarded the night before while Asami slipped into clean clothes. The woman wore a skirt, a long sleeved double breasted jacket and a pair of boots that were shined and supple. The woman focused on how she looked. Whereas Korra had just made sure she didn’t wear torn clothes.

Korra felt a bit proud while the woman had to put on layers of makeup to cover up all her marks.

“Call me with details about dinner,” Asami told her.

“As you wish.” Korra grabbed her glider from the corner she placed it in. She got to the window and got up on the sill. Asami walked over and kissed her cheek, leaving a red mark from her lipstick on her cheek.

“And I love you too. Sorry for not saying it back immediately.”

Korra grinned. “Woo!” She fell back and opened her glider mid-fall. “You’re my forever girl, Asami Sato!” She screamed as she flew off.

Asami blushed and looked aside. “She’s insane…” A smile crept onto her lips.

Asami waited at the little corner restaurant Korra told her to meet them. She tapped her nails against the table and looked at her water glass. She looked up and saw Korra approaching with her parents close behind. She shot up and approached.

Korra looked at her, flashing an adorable grin. Asami forgot the situation and just pulled the girl close by the hips. She saw the mark still on her neck there and she silently panicked as she remembered the situation. She extracted herself when she saw Senna and Tonraq. “Hello!” She said quickly.

“Why is Asami here?” Tonraq asked Korra. “Where’s your girlfriend?”

“Honey, Asami is the girlfriend,” Senna said lightly.

“Then we don’t need to meet her.”

“Well…I still wanted to indulge you,” Korra told them. She sat down. Asami went to sit next to her but Tonraq slid in instead. Asami was left to sit next to Senna. She went back to awkwardly tapping her fingers on the wood of the table.

“You were here early,” Senna said to Asami.

“My mom taught me it was courteous to arrive first when invited. Though I don’t know about that right now.” Asami shifted.
“Why do you have knives on your belt?” Tonraq asked.

“She travels with a weapon. Dad, leave her be,” Korra said. She reached across the table and took Asami’s hand. The inventor let out a long breath. “I have a feeling you never went through this.”

“Most of my relationships were a “we don’t tell our parents.””

“You never told your parents about your relationships? Korra made a quick call about Mako.”

“My father wasn’t like you two. You just accept Korra and just want her happy,” Asami said lightly, forcing a light-hearted tone.

Senna touched the woman’s shoulder. “Well, we accept you too.”

“And you’re the better of that trio. I’m glad it’s you Korra picked,” Tonraq told her.

Asami smiled weakly. “Thank you, sir.”

“Could I maybe sit next to my girlfriend then?” Korra asked her parents. A minute of shifting and she got her way. “Thank you.” She took Asami’s hand. Both women relaxed at the simple contact.

Tonraq and Senna shared a look. Tonraq grinned while Senna sighed and smiled slightly. After years of their daughter being broken, it was good to see her happy and with someone who supports her.

“So how are things back home?” Korra asked her parents.

“It’s calm. But the Kul Mano have come out to plead their members be freed,” Tonraq explained.


“What I said!” Tonraq rolled his eyes.

“How long do you plan to hold them?” Asami looked at him.

“Some as little as a year. Some as most as six.”

“I was supposed to get four,” Korra said, a bit too casual. An awkward silence settled until their waiter came by.

He looked at Korra oddly, shifting uncomfortably. He saw took their drink orders and scurried off.

Asami noticed him whispering to other waiters and she sighed.

“What?” Korra looked at her.

“I think you just got pegged.”

Korra shifted. “Whatever.” She held Asami’s hand, her thumb stroking over the back of the pale hand intertwined with hers.

The waiter came back, giving Tonraq his ginger beer, Senna her water, but spilled hot tea right into Korra’s lap.

“Ow!” Korra jumped up it seeped into her clothes and burned her skin.

“Oh.” That’s all the waiter said. He grabbed the cup.
“Fuck off,” Korra muttered and rushed to the bathroom.

Asami cut the waiter a glare. He shrugged and grinned slightly and left to get Korra new cup. She hissed and she felt something cold in her hand. She realized she gripped a knife and was ready to pull it from its sheath. She flinched her hand away and looked at Tonraq and Senna. Senna stood.

“I’m going to help her clean up,” she sighed and left. Tonraq grumbled.

“Could’ve been worse,” he sighed.

“Could have just kicked us out.” Asami picked at the grain of the table.

“I meant she could have punched him out.” He frowned.

“I feel like you’re thinking of what’s the worst thing that could happen,” Asami said.

He looked down at her. “You would really protect her no matter what?”

“In my power, yes.” Asami nodded.

“Keep this from hurting her joy then. She may act bitter over matters, but my child is not cynical. I don’t want that to change.”

“That’s part of what I fell in love with. Seeing her so broken years ago…broke my heart.” Asami sighed.

“That long?” He looked down at her. Asami blushed and nodded slightly. He chuckled. “Explains all the letters you sent. You sent more than Mako and Senna said she was half convinced he was still in love with her.”

“He isn’t. At least he doesn’t show it. I’ve seen him date some other girls,” Asami said.

“You date any of his other exes?”

“Korra isn’t this to me…but I would rather not get the sloppy seconds from my ex.”

“But Korra’s different?”

“So different. From any relationship I’ve had.” She shook her head. “I actually never did this whole meet the parents. I either made her want to flake because I didn’t want to be out or because he didn’t have parents. Mako was my first and only male partner.”

“Huh.” Tonraq sipped his beer. “I see why he could be your last.”

Asami snorted and then covered her mouth. Tonraq grinned, proud to make someone laugh. He was a father after all. He thrived on getting positive responses from jokes. “It was a bit spoiling saying he cheated on me. But I see it. Korra is really—She paused. “I shouldn’t really talk about how gorgeous and amazing your daughter is.”

“It’s not something I don’t know. She takes after her mother. All Senna,” he sighed. “Every guy in the tribe wanted Senna. I was honestly surprised she accepted a date with a guy fresh off the boat from the Northern tribe.”

“I’m surprised the humble and non-materialistic woman that is Korra even gave a CEO like me a chance.”
“Were other people like that?”

“I don’t want to talk about it,” Asami said quickly. She guiltily thought back to the girl she sugared at sixteen just for some fulfillment.

Korra and Senna came back. Korra was now wearing her mother’s jacket that Asami was honestly surprised it fit. Korra sat back down next to her and hugged to her arm.

Asami scrunched up her brow and then tensed. Korra came in with a collared shirt to cover the marks she left. Now she was wearing her mother’s jacket that did not go up onto the neck. She eyed the mark within a second, seeing the dark spot with touches of purple within it on the brown skin. She felt she was getting too anxious over love bites.

Asami stroked her fingers through Korra’s hair and pecked her cheek. Korra mumbled something she couldn’t catch.

Their waiter came back with Korra’s new cup. Asami reached and took it from him. “Thank you,” she said tensely and placed it in her girlfriend’s hands.

The rest of the dinner went a bit smoother after the incident. Tonraq and Asami bonded over training and fighting styles. Tonraq mentioned how he studied fire bending to adopt parts of his abilities that were more offensive than most water benders. Asami talked of how she was taught bending moves to adopt a fluidity to counter bending movements. Senna talked to her daughter’s girlfriend over shared hobbies. That was oddly a love of navigating. Asami ended up getting an invitation to going sailing with the woman. She found Senna was a fisherman’s daughter and spent most of her childhood learning how to navigate and steer a boat.

She also got to see a picture of young Korra Senna kept. The Avatar tried to wrestle the picture from her girlfriend. Asami got to see it and teased Korra about how adorable she was and the belly she had when she was four.

It was weird to have someone pay for her meal for once. Asami willingly paid for anytime she went on business dates or out with Korra. But this time she was too afraid to challenge Tonraq on who picked up the tab. He did, saying it was because they came up with the idea.

Asami drove them back to their hotel. She was quiet as Korra continued on about how she was excited to go to the Fire Nation in three weeks and the Spirit Festival that was only a few months away.

“You’ll be coming with me, right ‘Sami?” Korra looked at her lover.

Asami tapped her thumbs against the steering wheel at the light. “To the Fire Nation, yeah. I have a meeting with Princess Mai.”

“I mean to the Southern Tribe! It’s going to be great.”

“I guess it’ll make me seem like a bad partner to not to, hm?” Asami mused as she started moving again.

“It’s a lot more spiritual now, but still has the attractions. We have night time offerings and mediation,” Tonraq said.

“I think I’ll go. I didn’t get to enjoy it last time due to being there to kiss up to Varrick. I’ll just have to move things around due to the fact Bataar will still be in Zaofu then. He and the Captain of the Guard just got to rendezvous again and are formulating a better structure to guard. Suyin has rethought the dome design after it being infiltrated by Kuvira and Red Lotus.”
“It was surrender and betrayal, though,” Korra said.

“I can’t disagree that planning can help her. Their domes made them secure, and those came crashing down.”

“Eh,” Korra shrugged. “I don’t understand it much. I don’t see why she could’ve just taught that whole sensory thing Suyin and Lin know. It would help danger be sensed a lot quicker.”

“Only three people truly know that.”

“Could be four, but Lin won’t teach me,” Korra muttered.

“Ask Kya to ask her. Seems that woman has her wrapped around her finger,” Asami said.

“Yeah, water tribe women have that way about them,” Tonraq said.

“Don’t I know,” Asami grinned.
Kya, Korra, Lin, and Asami make their way to the Fire Nation. Asami meets the princess while the others speak with the Fire Lord herself.

Happy St. Valentine's day. For that reason, I am updating. I just hit a rock in the plot right now at chapter 24. I just do not know what incident I want. Because I know the next incident to come.

Korra tapped her foot against the deck of the landing field. She was waiting to take off on an airship to visit the Fire Nation. What was stopping her? The crew having to load her girlfriend’s things into the ship.

Korra planned to just take Kya on Oogi and zoom off. But Asami had a business meeting and also wanted to see the parade. Then Kya convinced Lin to take the weekend off and join them. Korra was more than excited until Kya and Asami agreed maybe they should not take the sky bison.

“We’re going to be late! How much stuff do you need?” Korra groaned. She had everything she needed in one single pack on her shoulder. Clothes, wrappings for her hands when she trains at the palace, toiletries, her waterskin, and some pen and paper because Asami said she should work on writing some speeches while on their way. She really hated speech writing. Couldn’t she just wing it?

“I have to look good every day. We’ll be staying with the royal family!” Asami shot back. Korra huffed. The two shared a stubborn glare, breaking it off when they heard Kya chuckling. They whipped their heads and looked at the older water bender.

“What?” Korra asked.

“You sound like an old married couple. And I’d know what that sounds like.” Kya snorted and walked into the ship. Her wife had already gone in and was taking a nap. The day before she did one of the ungodly twenty-four-hour shifts she has to do three times a year.

Asami and Korra flared up red. “I’m going to…”Korra trailed off.

Asami sighed and yanked her into a kiss. She pulled away after a moment. “Go to the kitchen and make us some tea.”

“Y-yes ma’am,” Korra stuttered out. She walked into the ship and wandered the halls, getting lost. She eventually found the kitchen. Kya was already in there and working on the task assigned to Korra. “Hi.”
“Hey kid,” Kya said, smiling. “Take a seat.”

Korra sat down and mentioned something that had been on her mind for a bit. “I have a question. You dated a woman named Yona?”

Kya’s eyes widen. “You know her?”

“She works at the place you told me about.”

Kya looked aside. “She was the last woman I dated before Lin. It wasn’t a good break up. More like I didn’t really give the talk. She walked in on me and Lin having sex in my apartment. I moved back to the temple after that because I could either stay in the city with Lin or with my family, but that’s beside the point. She promptly tried to fight Lin. Me being with Lin just happened after years of lying to ourselves and sexual tension, so it just was suddenly happening.”

“Lin win?”

“Oh, no…” Kya laughed, nervous. “She got her ass handed to her because she wasn’t prepared. One punch in the right place got her down. If she had won, she would’ve been able to walk out and would’ve never talked to me again. Life is funny that way.”

“Wow. I would say that’s terrible, but I kissed Mako while he was dating Asami.”

“Then you fell for her.”

“Yeah, life really is funny. I didn’t really ask for it. I guess the universe just wanted me to be with her.”

Asami walked in.

“Ah! The mystery girl joins us,” Kya called. She had called Asami that for weeks now. The inventor made a face at it and sat down. She picked up her tea and blew on it to cool it.

“When will you stop calling me that?”

“When the world knows of the mystery girl. You said you’d come out when things settled. Things are amazing. We’re about to go to something we’ve never had. A march for rights that will face no political opposition, do you know how long it has been where I’ve gone somewhere that wasn’t the tribes and felt like I was going to be accepted and not afraid of saying “my partner” on accident?”

“I guess we’re lucky we may never have to worry about that,” Asami said, looking at her girlfriend.

“Well, we haven’t gotten the right yet,” Korra pointed out.

“You’ve gotten Raiko thinking about it. Willing to bend along with several other leaders. Korra, that’s amazing. Don’t sell this short,” Asami said.

“He still is doing this because he has to! He always says, “this goes against my personal morals, but not what my people see,’” Korra said. “I don’t have him. He just is bending. He will only go so far.”

“Izumi is willing to go all the way. So is Suyin,” Kya pointed out. She dunked honey into her tea. “How many province members agreed to push the topic, come to their reform meeting two years from now?”
“Four,” Korra breathed. “All I need, but just one has to change their mind for it to all fall apart.”

“Stay optimistic,” Asami told her. “Let’s focus on the victories so far. This march. You and the protesters no longer risking being arrested in our hometown.”

“Right.” Korra smiled lightly. “Focus on this weekend.”

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Korra and Asami stepped out first from the ship. A palace servant greeted them, bowing. “Avatar Korra, it is an honor,” the young man said.

“No need to bow,” Korra said, smiling sweetly. “What’s your name?”

“Zikko. I-It’s nice to meet you. You’re really amazing. I wish I had your fire bending skills; to be a master before the age of eighteen is something not seen since the late Princess Azula,” the man mumbled. He straightened his back and folded his hands in front of him. His auburn eyes sparkled while looking at Korra.

“Nice name,” Korra said. She grinned. “I’m glad Izumi didn’t make a big deal and send anyone but you. Nice to see someone so sweet.”

Zikko blushed and nodded eagerly. Asami yanked Korra to her hip and glared lightly. Zikko squeaked in surprise. “W-who is this?”

“Asami Sato of Future Industries,” Asami introduce herself. She didn’t try to use her title unless greeting a colleague. Or…asserting dominance. It was petty, but she knew Korra had an effect that just drew people to wanting her. Korra never meant for it to happen, but it just happened.

Zikko fumbled. “Right! You’re here to discuss matters with Princess Mai…” He mumbled meekly. “Come, the Fire Lord requests your presence.”

“We got one more,” Korra said lightly.

Kya emerged with Lin. She looked at Zikko. The man bowed at her lightly before turning and leading them. The water bender scoffed and looked at Asami. She leaned over and mumbled, “Tenzin’s the sibling that matters. Bumi even. I’m an afterthought to servants.”

Asami patted her senior’s shoulder. “If it’s any reassurance, you’re my favorite out of you and your siblings.”

Kya beamed, her ego easily stoked like her mother’s. Lin scoffed at her wife. Kya lightly slapped her shoulder.

Korra addressed Zikko, “so will I be meeting the hardly present princess?”

“She’s currently training,” Zikko told her. “She’ll be joining you and her mother for dinner. I’m sure your guests are invited.”

“The Fire Lord was alerted we were coming. She already did invite me,” Asami said dryly, feeling if they were seen as an unexpected burden.

“I was not.” Zikko shot her a glare but stood down when Earth Kingdom eyes shocked him with the edge of a Fire Nation descendant. “It’s rare to get those of mixed nations around here. Usually only happens in your city. Which part of your family is from this nation?”
“My father,” Asami said lightly.

“The former Fire Lord’s late wife was a non-bender,” Zikko said lightly.

Kya confirmed it with a nod. “Mai was…sorta like Eska, but less intense. Zuko gave over power after losing her,” she said to the girls. She hugged to Lin’s arm after speaking.

Zikko led them through the halls of the palace and to the throne room. It used to be an erected throne surrounded by flames with all who walked in feet below the Fire Lord. Now it was more an office. It was lavish in decorations with tapestry hung and paintings hung. Nothing created warmth and comfort but rather established the traditions and power. There was a desk in the center. It was made of wood from the tropical islands the nation occupied. Asami eyed it as rosewood.

The Fire Lord stood. She wore the luxury robes any Lord would wear. Though the charms in her hair were new and polished. They were not artifacts passed down.

She approached. Korra and Asami bowed, Asami fully bending at the waist while Korra put her right first into her left hand and bowed her head. “It’s an honor,” Korra greeted.

Kya stood back. Zikko eyed her nervously.

Izumi nodded kindly at the young woman. “You can stop bowing. It’s nice to meet you.” She looked at Asami. “Miss Sato, my daughter is currently at the training grounds sparring against a few guards. She’s expecting you.” She looked at Zikko. “Show Miss Sato to the training grounds.”

“Yes, your highness,” Zikko said calmly. He led Asami out. The inventor caressed Korra’s forearm lightly before leaving.

Korra blushed, hiding it by nervously coughing into her fist. “Fire Lord—“

“You can just call me Izumi,” the woman said calmly. She nodded at Korra and walked past her. She looked at Kya.

“Zumi. Look at you. Last time I saw you…your daughter was just a snotty kid,” Kya chuckled.

“Usually my visitors bow to greet me,” Izumi said. She softened. “I guess old friends can be an exception.” She bowed her head.

“I reject that little bow,” Kya said, splaying out her fingers and waving her wrist loosely. She wrapped her arms around the Fire Lord’s shoulders. Izumi slowly returned the hug, wrapping her arms around Kya’s and sliding up to touch the center of her back.

“How’s Suyin?” Izumi asked Lin

“I’m sure you know about Su and her whole clan,” Lin said casually. Kya let Izumi go. Lin and Izumi shook hands, more intimate than a bow but not so close because Izumi knew Lin to not be too fond of it.

“I’m well aware.” Izumi folded her hands in front of her. “How’s your mother, Kya? It’s been ages since I’ve seen Katara.”

“She’s good. My mother and I are currently staying with Tenzin and the Air Nation for good. Lin comes by a lot…”
“You don’t live with your wife?”

“My partner and I always had that agreement,” Lin said.

Izumi shook her head and looked at the two.  “No, she’s your wife. I know. I married you two in the Southern Tribe. Froze my nose near off while doing it.”

Lin nodded and concealed a smile. “I remember.” She crossed her arms. “You weren’t expecting us for catching up, so I guess we should leave you to speak with Korra.”

“You can stay. You seem like you’ll have input.” Izumi sat back behind her desk. The two water tribesmen sat in front of her desk in the two chairs there. Lin stood behind them.

“Izumi,” Korra started. “I’m glad to see you being one of the most willing nations so far.”

“My father promoted walks of life being able to co-exist as long as they do not harm the lives of others. I don’t see acting in ways that offend people because of personal reasons as harming lives.” Izumi pushed up her glasses. “You plan to speak at the march?”

“Yes, my lover and I both plan to be a part of this. Asami and I feel it’s best for us to show support together.”

“She is a strong figure. Her company arms every nation and ships luxuries to them as well. No one can boycott Future Industries without giving up most new inventions such as phonographs, mobiles, radios, movers. And what that Varrick man has made as an allied company.”

“Damn, and a twenty-three-year-old runs this…” Kya mumbled.

“All that and beauty. Not the phrase, but fits her well. Mai’s really excited to meet her,” Izumi said lightly.

Korra bit back a growl. She bounced her foot. “The princess is like that? You don’t mind that your only heir to the throne will have a wife?”

“Focus on the person and not who they bed is what I see. As long as she carries my own and my father’s legacy, she could have a wife for all I care. Hopefully no concubines either.”

“How is Zuko?” Kya cut in.

“He’ll be joining us for dinner today. He’ll be happy to see you I’m sure,” Izumi casually said. She twirled a pen. “What do you think about being an activist, Kya?”

“I promised Lin I wouldn’t get involved. She’s afraid of what could happen because she knows what happens,” Kya sighed. Lin pulled her close, protective of her.

Izumi looked at Korra. “The march as you know will be starting tomorrow. It will run three days. The first day you’ll speak, second me and some of the leaders of the different groups that have helped organized this and the third will be a closing. It runs throughout the royal city and various bigger cities hold their own. You’ll be in the main one.”

“Right.”

“I have to warn you, we’ll get protestors. There are groups who have threatened. We have all hands on deck for protection, but I ask you to be on guard as well,” Izumi explained.

“I will.” Korra nodded.
“Good.” Izumi stood. “Walk with me.” She walked out and the three followed.

**

Asami approached the training grounds. She saw a woman sparring against two others. She evaded, moving almost like an air bender. She would redirect powerful shots against her enemies like a water bender as well. Asami knew the techniques, but the execution was hardly seen by her to be applied by single element users in crossing over. Besides the ever aggressive Tonraq and the headstrong Korra.

She knew it as Mai. The princess got one off balanced, firing at the ground and getting them into a corner. There she fires near their head to mark her victory. The other gave no room to breathe. She ducked and ran at him. She grabbed his fists to snuff out the flame and shoved him away. She kept a calm demeanor as she fired quick fire flames to push the man back. It reminded Asami of pro-bending fighting, quick and relentless, but it was much more skilled.

Princess Mai kicked her leg, a wave of flame traveling as an extension and knocking the opponent back and stumbling. She approached and hooked her leg between his and knocked his right leg from him. Asami pegged it quickly as his dominant side as he leaned towards it and fired usually with his right hand.

The man fell back and Mai stood above him. She then helped him up and bowed.

She noticed Asami and approached. She looked strikingly like the late Azula, but calmer. She was more a woman in appearance, being in her early thirties.

Mai walked over after accepting a towel from a servant and then having a plain silk robe slipped over her shoulders. She was less dressed than her mother, but still looked well put together despite taking down two men Asami presumed were trusted with the Fire Lord’s life.

“You must be Miss Sato,” Mai said, she shook Asami’s hand. “It’s nice to meet you.” She smiled kindly.

Asami had to admit she was quite beautiful with fiery eyes and thin lips. Her jaw was sharp and nose a perfect curve that was admittedly a bit big for her face. Her hands were warm but not sweaty. They were also surprisingly soft.

“Feeling’s mutual, your highness,” Asami mirrored. She pulled from the grip and folded her hands in front of her.

Mai smiled and arched her brow. She walked off with Asami to the garden. “I’m to discuss a new contract with you. You said you have a new weapon that would interest the Fire Nation?”

“It’s something that’s been used only by my company. Varrick helped develop, but I was able to buy his share and remove his claim to patents. If that is concerning.”

“After his track record, a bit.” Mai tied her robe.

“Kuvira ushered new warfare that we will see. Bending is becoming able to be countered. There was innovation and now there’s the fear of what can one do to fight against it. I have that answer here.” Asami extracted the folded blueprints and handed them to Mai. “They’re hummingbird mecha suits.”

“What’s its appeal?” Mai looked over them.

“Despite being a peaceful nation, the Fire Nation is still one of the strongest nations army wise.
It’s a defensive weapon that prevents the dangerous upper hand Kuvira had gotten,” Asami explained. She crossed her arms over her chest. “There are weapons of mass destruction being ushered into this world. Instead of trying to top it and just create a spiral into destruction, why not find a way to defuse it?”

“What are some of its advantages?”

“The plasma cutters you see here—“Asami pointed out the new and improved designs that were now her father’s legacy with his quick wits. “—Are able to cut into platinum so one can penetrate the dangerous hull. The new weapons are being built of the unbendable platinum. The suits create a way to counter the unfair advantage the metal creates.”

“Hm, I heard it was used to take on that mecha, but I never expected it to go further. I’ll have to discuss it with my mother and the arms council, but I at least have some interest. If not as a defense, it seems much more substantial than the planes currently implemented. Is it too delicate to hold a mechanism to drop explosives?”

“No. If that’s a concern held, I could add to the design, but it could take away from the flying speed.”

Mai’s lips curled and her eyes sparked. “Heh, this is really something, Miss Sato.”

“Thank you.” Asami pushed a lock of hair behind her ear.

“You’re quite beautiful,” Mai complimented. She rolled the blueprints up and tucked them under her arm. “But I’m sure people tell you that all the time.”

Asami nodded. “However, I think it’s a bit bothersome that is either people see me as rich or pretty first.”

“I saw a brilliant mind. You’ve brought yourself from the red to turning some of the best profit in the world in three years.” Mai smiled. “I would love to buy you dinner while you’re in the Fire Nation.”

“I hate to sound assumptive, but I should inform you that I’m currently dating someone,” Asami told her, feeling uncomfortable.

Mai paused. “Ah. What’s their name?”

“Korra.” Asami pressed her lips into a thin line as Mai widened her eyes.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Mai mumbled as they entered the palace.

“Don’t be. It happens. I thought I would just say so. Korra is a jealous person. Our first date she tried to fight a dish cleaner because she swore she saw him look me over.”

Mai chuckled. “Hot headed, hm? I never expected that. Aang was a calm man.”

“You met him?”

“He died when I was thirteen. Course I did. He helped train me a bit and my grandfather was close to him. Aang wanted me to try to be close to his next life. I guess he sensed he would pass very young.” She frowned. “I didn’t do it. I couldn’t. Wouldn’t…hell, they wanted me to help train her. And I saw her first encounter the press. She was so childish. I thought, “that wasn’t the wisdom you view the Avatar as.” I guess she’s grown from what I’ve seen.”
“You really think we’re the product of our past lives?” Asami looked at her.

“Partially… I don’t know. I was born the day Azula died. My grandfather worried I would be her next life because of it.”

“You think you are?”

“I like women like her. I can handle blue flames like her.” Mai extended her hand and summoned the blue flame in her palm, small but powerful. She closed her palm and put it out. “I was a short-tempered child and snapped a lot. It took years of professional help to get me okay. My grandfather says he felt if Azula was institutionalized and not imprisoned, she would’ve been able to assimilate back into the world.” Mai shrugged. “I saw a spiritual guide. She said it was true. Said my past lives were all reckless. I’ve worked to not be that, but I was years ago. I almost got banished for some of my actions that went against what I should’ve been. I got into some undesirable behavior and almost got myself sent to prison. My mother near had a stroke.”

Asami looked at her. “I was told my past lives were all brilliant, and free…but vulnerable. I don’t know what to think about that.”

“You’re in love. That’s quite vulnerable, Miss Sato.”

“I suppose…” She tucked her hand into her pocket, feeling the betrothal necklace she carried for reassurance until the hopeful one day she could give it. “I guess she makes me vulnerable.”

Chapter End Notes

Also, I got the idea to make the princess because I was looking over the family tree for Izumi on her fandom.wikia page and noticed Izumi had a random daughter we never saw in the story? Thought it made sense because why would the Fire Lord, the head of a monarch rule, let her "only" child joined the United Republic's forces.
Chapter Summary

The Fire Nation goes into full swing.

Chapter Notes

This is just a generally happy chapter.

I'm a bit blocked because I'm wondering if I want to do fillers after the next few chapter's events or to skip a few months to the spirit festival. I've written some filler that I just threw away because I couldn't pass 1,000 words because I didn't feel it. I honestly wish I had a schedule for everyone. I wanted to go from every new comment because the story gets them consistently until they didn't show up for days or I got serval less than a day after publishing a new one. It wasn't fair or ideal, so I think I'll just publish 1-2 chapters a week.

Waking up together in their room in the palace was casual. They had spent more nights together than apart since Korra got out. Mainly at Asami’s mansion so they did not risk getting caught when they wanted to have some fun. One time at the temple was thrilling with the risk, but they realized that Korra sucked at being quiet.

Korra had left the silk sheets a tornado of cloth by the morning. It felt weird against her skin. It was too luxurious. Even worse than Asami’s high thread count ones. She grew up sleeping under pelts or wool blankets. To have silk against her bare skin was so weird. She felt like she would slip out and sweat to death.

She sat up and looked down at Asami who still slept. Asami’s wrists were a bit tender still from being tied by one of the silk pillowcases. Korra had to admit it was a strong fabric and not too abrasive, but still left the ever moving Asami Sato with a few trophies of their conquest.

Korra took the hand lying in the space between their pillows. She kissed the tender wrist all around from the pulse point to the protruding wrist bone that naturally did so. But she knew Asami’s was more pronounced due to her falling on it awkwardly during the blast from Kuvira’s spirit cannon exploding. She had just gotten the splint off a week before Varrick and Zhu Li’s wedding.

She sighed, struggling to not think of all of it. She kissed Asami’s cheek before getting out of the bed and leaving her lover to rest a bit more. She had had her fun with her quite a bit the night before. She knew it was cruel to be so rough on her a day they had to march several miles. She chuckled to herself and started to get dressed.

She wrapped her chest and slipped on clean underwear and slacks. Not much more until someone knocked at the door. She looked quickly at Asami. She lifted the covers to cover the woman’s
nude body before answering the door.

Kya stood there. She was fully dressed and had a box in her hands no bigger than her palms.

“Hey,” Korra said. Kya grinned and Korra sighed. She started to realize there were cons to having a more experienced couple as your friends. They just knew if something happened. Korra couldn’t play off she was just about to go get some training in. Kya knew just from small marks on her skin that most wouldn’t notice unless looking and could tell her hair was way too messy to just be from bedhead.

“I was hoping you both would be up, but I see Asami is probably exhausted,” Kya chuckled.

Korra blushed and looked aside. “What do you want?” She muttered a bit irritated over being pegged.

“I won’t be with you two in the march due to you being so much in the front. I’ll be more towards the middle where no one will really notice me and Lin.”

“Ah, right.” Korra nodded along. “I wasn’t expecting you to, Kya. I know you and the Chief like your privacy…unless you’re talking to me. Then you just tell me everything. Which is sometimes helpful for me, but not always appropriate.”

“But it helps.” Kya raised the box so Korra acknowledged it. “I got what you wanted.”

Korra opened it, not taking it from Kya’s hands. She saw the matching hair pins. Everyone in the nations would know what they were. These particular pieces were custom pieces carved carefully to look like lotuses at the end with the thin prongs. One was made of ivory and the other jade. Ivory was for the icy tribes, jade for the eyes of the Earth Kingdom natives that were pulled from the living thicket they had their bending. She knew there were gold ones for fire nation natives, what signified the flames held, if not at their fingertips, in their hearts. Air Nation had ones of glass for the clarity of winds.

They were symbols of a promise and bond, often associated with brides. Though there were gifts to show commitments before marriage as well. Tribeswomen who were together romantically, Korra learned recently, wore matching designs before their marriage to show they planned a long-term courtship.

She picked up the jade one to study it, knowing it for Asami. The delicate prongs were leafed with gold and the petals painted with it as well. It showed both sides of Asami’s heritage for it.

“You don’t make money as an Avatar, but I know you wanted to get her something,” Kya said.

“Right, I couldn’t get her one of these…”She mumbled as she put the jade one back. Korra smiled at the older woman. “Thank you, Kya. I don’t know how I can begin to repay you. You didn’t have to do this.”

“Not a problem. Don’t tell Asami we helped you out so much. They symbolize you two. That’s what matters.”

Korra took the box and wrapped her free arm around Kya, pulling her close.

“I’ll be going before she wakes up. I have a lover to get back to as well.” Kya pulled back and walked away. Korra shut the door.

She saw Asami was still dozing. She placed the box on her nightstand and returned to getting dressed.
Korra walked hand in hand with Asami through the streets. It was all blocked off with no mobiles in sight as the sight to be held was thousands of people. They took the lead of the march. In the moment Korra slightly wished she had Naga to ride on. Cheers were deafening and colored paper floated through the air. It got stuck in Asami’s hair, the bright colors suiting the shining gold on her hair pin that pulled locks of hair back. Korra thought it made her look absolutely adorable. Her heart was warmed to have the woman by her side. To have anyone else with her was unimaginable. It had been like that for years, even when the woman wasn’t her lover.

They got to a stop in the first day. It was the stairs of the palace. The last time a crowd so big gathered around the place was Izumi’s coronation. Korra created an air scooter to get them up to the where the podium was ready. She nodded at Izumi and Mai and smiled. She pulled her speech from her pocket and let go of Asami’s hand.

She looked at the crowd. She adjusted the microphone and started. “Today is a day I will never forget. To be here and openly speaking without worrying of persecution and seeing so many freely walking with pride in themselves despite cultures trying to push us down shows there’s hope. Brings me hope, something that is a savior when one has spent years hopeless…”Korra faltered slightly.

Korra looked aside slightly, smiling at Asami. She straightened up a bit when she got a kiss blown at her. She fought what Asami would call the fire blossoming under her skin. She looked back. “To be here with my lover makes all the difference. To lead this with her…is an honor. One we both do not take for granted. I don’t deserve it. My work has only begun, and this progress is not my work but Fire Lord Izumi’s. To see this I am grateful to her. She showed there are allies in powers, something many have feared this group would never have. It gives me courage to know there is someone there who will join us in the fight.” She shifted. “There are people who think it is a macabre cause for me to support, even if I myself am part of this group. But I’m not the first Avatar to be this way. I’m just the first to have such an ability to speak out and try to change this. This is a new age no Avatar has seen, and there are old morals that should not be carried over. There are people who fear for their safety over the ideals of what seems to be a dying minority just because they scream the loudest and have risen up. We can’t let them shove us down. It’s been too many years like that.”

“To think the city that was made by Avatar Aang as a place for all walks of life to live in balance, equality, and with hope is one of the most dangerous places to be part of this group…”Korra clenched her fist, gripping the edge of the podium. “It ends in this cycle. In this age…it will become the age of acceptance. I know there’s work outside of this, but this can no longer be tabled. Waiting for the world to be perfect before giving rights will never happen. Why the world still needs an Avatar. There will always be conflict, but there can still be good. This movement is a good. It is progress and acceptance. A beacon we need as we walk from a half decade of disaster and changes.”

Korra stepped off, deafened. She pulled Asami to her side, together at the hip, and they moved back down.

The march resumed. Korra was bright-eyed and beaming. She chuckled every few minutes when she would look behind them. “This is so amazing,” she whispered.

“It is…”Asami looked around, but not at the crowds. She was wary. Afraid as people snapped photos from the sidelines. She saw a crowd of protestors. She tightened her hold on Korra’s hand.
“Damned you to the fog of lost souls!” a protestor cried.

_Corrupted souls must repent and be cleansed. Or be reincarnated a toad slug!_ A sign read.

Korra shuffled a bit and tightened the grip in return. “Korra—“Asami started but was cut off.

Korra yanked Asami into a kiss, dipping the woman in the direction of protestors. She pulled the woman back up a moment later and pulled away. She had Asami’s lipstick on her lips and a sparkle in her eyes. They got hateful shouts but they were blocked out by supportive whoops. Asami gripped Korra’s strong shoulders while Korra held her lover’s flushed cheeks in her hands.

“I guess we’ll be toad slugs together,” she mumbled, a bit meek. She picked the girl up bridal style and ran off. “Cause I’m not giving this up!” She shouted, much more enthused. Asami could only laugh, feeling some tension work away. She wrapped her arm around her girlfriend’s neck to keep herself from falling and they went on.

“It’ll be an honor if it means this life is spent with you,” Asami said, kissing Korra’s cheek.

Korra was able to carry her most of the way. She put her down near the end. Korra had gotten and flag and adorned it similar to a cape and wore a lipstick mark on her cheek with pride. Korra used the bit of lipstick on her mouth to leave a similar mark more prominent on Asami’s pale cheek.

Asami beamed with pride. She for once felt proud of loving a woman. It was a feeling that came naturally to her why not treat it that way?

The first night started to wrap up. Asami and Korra got to enjoy festivities after the opening march. Korra fumbled a lot with her hair pin. She was happy Asami had accepted hers so readily. She admitted though she got help. She was bothered by the idea of lying to her lover.

The sun was long gone and lanterns in the streets gave off a warm light. The ruckus had thinned out a bit, for families that marched left as the sun did. Kya and Lin took their own path most of the day, but eventually joined up with the younger couple. By then Lin looked a bit exhausted but did not complain to her wife. Kya was clearly having a lot of fun.

“I could use a drink,” Asami sighed.

“Mai said there are some places like the one in Republic city that serve alcohol. One’s just up here,” Korra sighed.

“It’s called a gay bar,” Lin told the Avatar. “It isn’t focused on giving a voice for poets and all that crap like those little places back in the city. It’s for drinking, chatting, and hooking up with people in a safe space mainly.”

Asami raised her arms over her head to stretch her back. “I’ve been to a few in the city.”

“Huh?” Korra stopped.

“Korra, I’ve dated more people than you and Mako,” Asami looked down at her. “Just a handful. Few I am not proud of at all.”

“Oh.” Korra touched the back of her own neck, an embarrassed sweat erupting down her back.
“If you’re wondering, no, they weren’t as good as you.”

Korra blushed but still puffed her chest out in pride. Asami smiled and laced an arm around Korra’s waist. It was honest. Korra was rough when wanted and was able to be tender. She made the most delicious noises. She hated the stoic type where no matter how hard she worked, she was lucky to get a grunt. Mako was a prime example. She had mainly female lovers. She had more specific types for men so she was hardly pleased with who her father exposed to her—that meaning she did not desire pretentious heirs or men old enough to be her father eyeing her hungrily even when she was hardly the age of development. First woman she had, they fumbled nervously and lacked any lubrication that prevented pain. The second one hated receiving pleasure and the constant fulfillment becomes guilt and resentment after time. The third made her convinced she was in love, but it was heartless fucks from the other girl’s side and it became Asami’s first time giving benefits to them in the gifts and money sort of way at the age of sixteen. Then there was Mako. He was pleasing and she felt a connection when laying with him first. But it wasn’t love and they did not feel together after the first time.

Then Korra…fifth time’s the charm, apparently.

She held said woman close and kissed her forehead. The pin she knew was a promise, and she knew the necklace she had hidden safe was a commitment.

Their silent moment was a bit ruined by snorts and groans from the older couple. Korra blushed and glared at them. Kya chuckled and hugged to Lin’s arm. The chief wrapped her left arm around Kya’s waist.

They arrived at the bar. It was filled to near max capacity on this night. Korra was let in with a smile. Kya and Lin stayed in a darker corner after getting drinks. Kya’s laughter sometimes would float to the other girls, but Korra and Asami hardly tried to look their way. The bartender gave them free drinks and started to ask about what they thought of the day.

“This was great. I didn’t know there was something like this,” Korra said. She sipped her ginger beer, for that was her drink of choice.

“Neither did I. I feel less isolated knowing there’s something like this,” Asami added. She looked down at her glass of Soju. She was wary of having more than the single glass with not much food in her and knowing how she couldn’t take alcohol any better than Korra did.

“Well, that’s the beauty of this place.” The bartender smiled kindly and returned to working. Korra watched those people dancing and chatting around the bar. She felt a hand on her thigh. She touched the hand holding her and smiled.

“I wish I had visited this place sooner,” Korra grinned.

“Makes the two of us.” Asami kissed Korra’s forehead. The Avatar closed her eyes as a man brushed past them. He gave a passing glance Asami missed as she fixed Korra’s hairpin for her.

Their lips briefly met in a chaste kiss as they had no desire for too much PDA, unlike the two girls in the corner on the other side of the building from Kya and Lin. Korra hummed after they pulled away, grinning like a thief.

“Let’s go dance,” Asami whispered. Korra polished off her drink while Asami abandoned hers. The inventor pulled her girlfriend onto the dancefloor. The music had slowed from the upbeat and twangy noise to a peaceful tune. Asami took the lead, being taller. It was a formal dance with minimal movements with the tight fit of couples held together at hips and shoulders.
Korra rested her forehead on Asami’s shoulder. She felt Asami’s hair tickle her nose. The scent of spirits and smoke had been able to mark their bodies as it constantly floated in the atmosphere.

Everything was calm at the moment for them. It was a moment of perfection.

Asami looked over Korra’s head to locate the couple they came in with. Kya was dragging the chief over to dance. The chief looked annoyed but in the faint light, Asami swore she saw a small smile on her face. Lin pulled Kya to her and placed a hand on her waist. The other hand clasped Kya’s hand that was not on Lin’s shoulder. The two seemed happy, happier than Korra and Asami were to be free to just be out on the town as wives. Asami longed silently for a future like that.

A few songs passed that were for slow dancing. With a few switch of positions allowed Korra to see Kya exiting the building while Lin swiftly moved to the bar.

Then the blast came.

Chapter End Notes

Generally. Not entirely.
Chapter Summary

"Then the blast came."

And the world sped up for the four.

Chapter Notes

Will you still love me after this chapter?

Asami woke up with a jolt. Her ears rang and her head throbbed at the front. She reached up and pulled away. Crimson stained her pale digits. She blinked her eyes and realized she was encased in rock. They came apart a moment later. She sat up and looked around. She was in a place of rubble and flame. She covered her mouth with her sleeve to prevent herself from breathing in smoke.

She stood slowly and looked around. She saw small flames and people on the ground. The couple that was twenty feet from the bar now four feet from where she was on the floor and one wasn’t moving while the other tried to perform CPR.

Asami looked around for Korra, panicking. She figured what happened quickly. Someone blew up the bar. Someone attacked the gay bar.

She felt arms grab her shoulders and yank her to look behind. She saw Lin. Lin was shouting something and shoving her back, but Asami couldn’t hear over ringing as she stumbled and nearly tripped over twisted pieces of metal and chunks of earth. Eventually, her hearing clicked back. “Get out of here! Help people out!” Lin shouted.

The ceiling groaned and showed signs to crumble. Lin whisked away from Asami and thrust her arms up, creating a wall of rock that met the edge and kept it from collapsing. Asami noticed she had blood running down her back from a jagged wound between her shoulder blades. It stained her green shirt completely red. She knew metal had embedded in there, and Lin most likely ripped it out stubbornly. There were also more marks on her arms and burns on all her limbs. She noticed a hesitation in Lin’s right arm and the chief recoiled in pain after preventing further damage.

She shook her head and ran to the two women. She took over for the exhausted and injured woman. The movements of her arms made her head throb in pain, but she ignored it.

“Just help me get her up,” her lover cried, brown eyes filled with tears.

“If she has spinal damage I could make it worse by moving her,” Asami said calmly. She coughed and sank down to avoid smoke. She decided in that moment it was a better payoff than a risk to move the woman as flames flared up. She picked her up, fighting through the spots in her eyesight. “Come on.” She headed for the exit, weaving flames and making sure she did not lose
the other woman. She got out and laid the woman in her arms down. She found a pulse and a faint breath after more actions. With that, she looked around.

She saw Kya outside. She was healing the injured that's made it outside. There were people with burns and broken bones from being blasted back. One she saw Kya tending to at the moment had no leg past the knee.

She gulped in smokeless air and paused a moment to think. She knew where Kya and Lin were. But where was Korra?

The blast came and Korra acted on a protective impulse, shoving away the cons of her actions along with her girlfriend. She turned Asami swiftly and shoved her down and encased her in two leafs of rock. The brunt of the blast came with metal and brick and flames. Korra acted to be able to stop only part of it, what was barreling towards her. The metal and brick listened to her will and she could stop them and make them merely drop. The flames were able to come and lick up her held up arms. They burnt up the cloth on her arms and the skin underneath. She bit back cries of pain and curses. She pegged them as no worse than a second-degree burn. Manageable and unimportant in the moment.

Korra grounded herself and yanked what water she could locate in the bar. She bent quickly, putting out the worst of flames. The water dried out fast, evaporating.

She cursed and moved in. She moved to pull flames and snuff them out. She moved to a back room she saw engulfed with flames.

She moved to act but instead faced fire drawn to her. She ducked away, knowing this was the act of a human. She whirled and saw a man. His hair was black as coal and skin like chalk. He angrily fired, blindly shooting at her. His gold eyes flickered with rage as he let out two bursts of flames. “I won’t let you out of here!”

She stopped his flames and instead let them die in her control. They weren’t that strong. She couldn’t add to the carnage here. There were people still here.

She fired at him, kicking up earth and whirling it at his head with a kick of her foot. He ducked away and ran at her. She hissed and blew him back with a thrust of her arms, fingers splayed out. He flew back into a wall and started to move. She moved her hands in a rough motion of a circle and a strong gust blew him to the ceiling and he fell to the ground out cold. She trapped his hands and feet in stone and ran out. She knew the right thing was to drag him out of the fire, but her anger and fear drove her to just leave the man that caused all of this in his own destruction.

She noticed where she left Asami had been moved. She looked around and smoke burned her eyes and lungs. She coughed and ran to a figure she recognized.

Lin was moving rubble from people and dragging them out. She looked exhausted and Korra noticed she was injured to the point where her actions were going to turn into regret soon enough. Korra herself had burns on her arms and felt dizzy from inhaling smoke. Nothing much more on her.

They got out as many as they could. Many had fled at this point or Lin had gotten before Korra reacted to who remained in the bar, focused on keeping the spread of chaos to a minimum. Water rushed in through holes, confirming that help had arrived.
They got out for the last time. Lin collapsed, gasping for air and sounding ready to cough up a lung. Korra sucked in hot but clean air. She looked around. She saw the injured being helped and the dead covered by sheets. There was a group gathered and the forces came with water benders and fire benders to die down the flame.

Korra joined in beside her body’s protest. She pulled water from the pools they had and turned flames to mere ash. It got died down, leaving a partially caved-in building.

She looked around. She saw Kya was acting on Lin now.

The chief looked deathly pale and her white shirt had been near completely saturated with crimson. Kya looked ready to cry as her fingers encased with glowing water touched over her wife’s body. Korra gripped her hands into fists.

Her mind snapped back to her own personal ties. Her own concerns that took her first action, moving to be selfish instead of acting to save the majority. She thought to just save Asami.

Korra wandered through the injured and shouted. “Asami!” She cried out. She had no vines to connect herself and find her. She didn’t have a sense like Lin to find her.

She whipped her head around, ignoring those who just stood by to make a spectacle of this disaster. She stopped to cough and shut her eyes, them watering from the lingering smoke.

“Korra!” She heard the feminine cry and felt nearly thrown back. Asami had jumped into her and held her tight, desperate.

Korra hugged to her, burnt arms humming with pain but she ignored it. They sank to their knees, clinging desperately to their lover as both felt ready to cry in relief. They were surrounded by floating ash, cries, indistinct chatter, and the dead and injured.

Korra dug her fingers into Asami’s back and choked up when she looked around. “Is this what you meant? What was there to fear?” she whispered. She didn’t lift her head, not yet. Just a moment of escape in Asami’s clutches is what she needed before facing this again.

“No…I never pictured this.” Asami looked around. She saw Kya and Lin. Kya cradled the chief in her arms with one hand still working to heal her wounds. The old water bender looked exhausted from already working on others, and now just held on to keep her wife with her.

Korra stood, leaving Asami’s grip. “I have to help,” she whispered. She moved her hands aimlessly; able to summon water from the supply brought to put out the fire. She joined Kya’s efforts.

Asami sat in the middle of destruction, blood pouring down her face still and a faint memory that whispered she should’ve been dead. She moved over to where Kya and Lin were.

“Keep your eyes open,” Kya whispered to Lin. She sprinkled kisses over the ash-covered face of her wife and held her hand tight.

Lin gripped her side. Asami noticed something she missed—a piece of metal cut into the side. Blood coated the digits curled over the cut.

Kya cried in desperation as the water dropped from her hands. She had exhausted her bending. “No, I’m not done.” Asami thought fast, pulling her knives from her hip and cutting her sleeves. Quick knots she created a tourniquet around Lin’s mid-section. “Please, Lin. Don’t close your eyes.”
Lin’s lids were half down and her breath shallow. She heard Kya faintly and saw her in a blurry
vision. Her side felt like it was engulfed by an inferno. The tourniquet fought against her and the
metal stayed in to keep pressure as well.

She wanted to speak, tell Kya she was fine. She wanted to tell that damned inventor to get her
head checked out. She wanted to keep fighting on. She tightened her grip on Kya’s hand and tried
to take as deep breaths as she could. She focused on details to prevent visions to take over. She
feared her lung had ben punctured.

Kya wept, exhausted and terrified for her wife’s survival.

The next hours passed quickly. Korra remembered it vividly now in her bed in the hospital. She
heard the shouts, the cries of lovers for their lost. The death count currently was fifteen. Over two
dozen were injured. Someone was in a coma after being buried in rubble. Lin had bent them out,
but he was still critical. It didn’t look good.

Lin was currently in surgery. Kya was sitting in Korra’s room. The whole place smelt sterile and
the outside hall was a ruckus since the explosion. The man who caused all of this was in the same
hospital in a room. Korra found out she broke three of his ribs with her abrupt throwing of him
into a ceiling and back down like a damn ball.

“He deserved to crack that thick head of his open,” Kya muttered when they were told that.

Korra picked at a scab on her head, a small cut gained. “Why do it?”

“You really want to know?”

Korra looked up. Asami stood at the door. They got separated to get treated. Asami was pegged
with a concussion and needed stitches. Korra felt slight guilt for her impulse to shove and cover
her. She didn’t regret it when she saw those who got affected by fire and shrapnel.

Asami had her lip moved towards the left side of her face, scrunching it up. She walked in, two
cups clutched in hand. She sat next to Kya and handed her one. “The cafeteria hadn’t closed yet. I
thought you could use some tea. You tired yourself out today.” Asami touched her shoulder after
the woman took the cup from her.

Korra looked at the two. “Asami?” she called weakly. “Your head okay?”

“I’ll have to stay up for forty-eight hours, and will have a scar, but I’m better off than most.”

“She knew this was going to happen,” Kya said suddenly. The young women gazed at her.

“What do you mean?”

“I have a theory. Lin told me she wanted to leave and wanted me to find a cab outside. It was
sudden, but I listened because she had stretched her comfort and wants for me this weekend. I
stepped out and that disaster happened. It just knocked me down but didn’t hurt me. If she knew,
she’d have time to save only a few people.”

“You think she sensed it?” Asami asked.

“She did it once.” Kya lifted her head. “Her squad was going to enter a building when she was a
unit head. She stopped them. She was able to sense there were enough explosives to take down
the whole apartment building they were to rush to catch a speculated bomber.”

“Spirits,” Asami breathed.

“There wasn’t enough time to stop that guy, though, was there?” Korra frowned. “She shouted, she would’ve just caused panic. So she saved her wife…and in turn, saved a healer to be a first responder.”

“You saved a lot of people today,” Asami praised. Kya smiled weakly, eyes shining with sadness.

“Possibly not her…”She sipped her tea, making a face because she had lost her appetite after smelling burnt flesh and seen more blood, bones, and burns than she wished to see in her lifetime. She put it on the side table of Korra’s bed.

“Why hurt harmless people?” Korra took tea from her girlfriend when offered it. She sipped the weak tea. It was warm and welcomed in the chilly room. She was too exhausted to regulate her temperature.

“Korra, you faced violence in the prison. That’s just something people deal with.” Kya couldn’t meet the young woman’s eyes. “People have been killed, disowned, and killed themselves over this. Why people fight for it to be okay. This isn’t just about marriage and freedom. It’s about a right to live for people.”

“So this is an extreme of what hate people hold for others? Just because they love someone?” Korra’s voice started to raise.

“Yes. Korra, there are people who think their morals are right, even if they take away the autonomy of others. Why Amon could take away bending, why Kuvira was able to put people in camps, why Zaheer was willing to kill a child.” Kya stood. Her sadness made her look older. She wasn’t too aged beside smile lines and wrinkles near her eyes. Now she was just stoic, if not frowning, deepening and allowing lines. There hadn’t been sleeping since the morning and the sun was rising to indicate next day. She had bags forming from over a day of no rest and fear.

Korra placed her wrapped fingers to her mouth. The breath through gauze that touched burnt skin ached and bit at her nerves, but she kept them there to hide trembling lips. “Was it because I was there?” she mumbled.

The other two in the room were silent. Korra got out of the bed. She was stopped by a pale hand on her shoulder. She paused, jaw tight and arms slack at her sides. “Did he want to kill me?” Her voice cracked.

Asami bit her lip. She had talked to the cops watching the culprit’s room. He gave a confession with no guilt. He admitted to calculating this once hearing that the Avatar was to join the march. He planned to let it off during the day near where Korra passed, but that bomb was a dud. A squad went to look for it. He wouldn’t give its location. The second he followed with, entering the bar after them and able to plant it in the back room.

“It was a gay bar. He wanted to send a message,” Asami mumbled. She knew it wasn’t ideal to lie to her lover, but she wanted to keep Korra from having a panic over this. She pulled the woman back to the bed. “Stay here.”

“I can’t.”

“You’ve done plenty to help. You helped stop it and you help heal so first responders could arrive and save people. You didn’t know. You can’t control the actions of others.”
“I’m the Avatar. I should’ve been able to do more,” Korra shot back.

“You’re also one person.” Asami pinched her nose as the woman leaned into her. She still had a small headache and worry wasn’t helping it. “Get some rest. You get let out tomorrow. Then we wrap it up and go home.”

“We’re still going to celebrate?” Korra hissed.

“The movement goes on. And there’s a memorial the last night with a candle vigil. You should go,” Asami said. A nurse had brought a radio in her room while stitching her up. It tuned into a quite pro-activist newscast that gave all the information of the march.

“I don’t want to go back until Lin’s able to,” Korra mumbled.

“She’ll be laid up for a month before she can travel. A few months before she could get back to work. Korra she was almost killed!” Asami grabbed Korra’s left bicep, the only part of the Avatar’s arms that weren’t burnt. “You, however, you have to go…you know you can’t just wait around. Neither of us can. We want to, but it won’t work.” Asami frowned.

“Right…” Korra hung her head. “I just…she knew what to do more than I did in that situation. I felt terrified and she was just fighting on despite the fact it was most likely going to kill her.”

“She’s an idiot,” Kya cried weakly. “Korra, you had some sense of preservation.” She grit her teeth. “You knew when to run and the actions to take. Lin just immersed herself in the danger. It’s always been like that. But never this bad.”

Silence overtook the room. Korra knitted up her brow. Squeaking wheels and indistinct chatter floated in from the halls. Asami’s hand slipped away from Korra’s shoulder and she returned to sitting down.

A surgeon walked in, brow sheening with sweat and a mask hanging from one ear. Kya stood. “How is she?” Her voice was dripping in desperation.

The surgeon sighed, rubbing his recently washed hands together. The skin was dry and just about ready to crack. “The metal punctured her lung. She lost almost half the blood in her body, but luckily she’s AB positive and we were able to get her on a transfusion. She also had a simple fracture on her wrist, but we got it pinned and cast. It was touch and go with the surgery, but she should make a recovery. She’ll be scarred up, but nothing Miss Beifong isn’t used to.” He paused. “Sorry, I mean, Missus Beifong.” He looked at Kya. “Your wife is currently in recovery, ma’am. She’s still under, but you can go see her.”

Kya looked at him. “Thank you. Can you take me to her?”

“Yes.” He led her out.

Asami looked over at Korra. The Avatar picked at her nails, the first knuckles being all that peeked out from the wrappings on her fingers. “You hear? She’ll be okay.”

“Chief’s hard as nails.” Korra got out of the bed. She sat in Asami’s lap and hugged to her. It was a rare but not unseen action. Asami hugged her close. She ran her fingers through Korra’s hair to soothe her.

“What do you think we’ll come home to?” Korra mumbled into Asami’s shoulder.

“A lot of questions. I think Bolin won’t be letting us go for a good fifteen minutes each once he gets to hug us,” Asami said lightly, trying to will a smile from her lover or even to just lighten the
tense mood.

“Probably.” Korra shifted and rubbed the tip of her nose against Asami’s neck. She smelled of rubbing alcohol and ash. Korra scrunched up her nose at it.

Chapter End Notes

rip
Leaving the Fire Nation

Chapter Summary

The return of Asami and Korra to Republic City. Lin's discharge.

A few weeks passed after the whole debacle. Asami returned to work once she got back. She had finalized the contracts with the Fire Nation and Bataar Jr. returned a week of her being back. She hadn’t seen Korra much at all. It left her at time fidgety and longing, but she knew the woman needed space. It was taking a slight toll on her.

Bataar was less bitter and was pitching ideas. One was a leg prosthetic able to sustain the most recent record for a human’s speed, 22 miles per hour. It was elegant and used compression. “It’ll take a bit of time, but I think it can do some good,” Bataar said. He pointed to the plans. “You see it’ll compress with step, the runner moves the leg to the side to decompress and move back down.” He paused. “I know you don’t really focus on stuff like this…”

“No, I love a challenge. Good work.” Asami smiled at him. “Plus it’ll help people. That’s an inventor’s ultimate goal. Better the lives of others.”

“Right…” He hung his head low. He looked over at her. “So you ever going to tell me what happened to your head?”

She reached up at the stitches. She didn’t have to cover them. She tried to brush her bangs over them, but those always fell out of the way. “Oh, I’m sure you heard about the incident at that bar in the Fire Nation.”

“You were openly at stuff like that? That explains it.” He rolled up his blueprints and shut his notebook of sketches.

“Explains what?” She arched the brow with no cut above it. Bataar reached for the newspaper he put down when he entered. He flipped to the stock statistics. He pointed to the SFI, Sato Future Industries, stock.

“We went down twenty percent after your little coming out. Your face pressed into the Avatar’s was front page while you were gone. Tai saved all the papers you and I missed. And people are speculating why my aunt was at that bar. It could end her career. Did her wife realize that?” He stood and folded the paper shut, slipping it under his arm. “My mother is worried about her.” He pushed up his glasses.

“Last check in I did, Lin was just about to be released.” Asami crossed her arms over her chest and sat back in her chair.

“You know some people are saying it would’ve made the movement better off if Korra hadn’t walked out?” He looked down at her. “Making her a martyr.”

Asami frowned. “This is a fight that doesn’t need any more martyrs. Not when she’s the loudest voice they have.” She looked at him. “Please leave me be. We’ll get to work on the project at the end of the week. It’s a great idea, and will be our next priority.”
“Right, thank you.” He bowed his head before exiting. He no longer had his limp.

Asami fumbled with her hair and looked at the clock. Six hours before punching out. She hoped to be able to see Korra tonight. She needed to just have at least an hour of holding her and talking. She sighed and grabbed her pen from where it lay and returned to work, hoping to distract herself.

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Korra hung up the phone at the temple. She and Izumi were talking about the incident. The Fire Lord showed disgust over Lin’s injuries, hating to see an old friend so weak. She said they had their best doctors watching over her. It was mainly modern medicine being used and no healing. Kya was just about going insane because she wasn’t able to help. She talked about how the terrorist who did this was up for execution, but Korra felt a tug that wasn’t the answer, whereas her heart screamed he deserved it. The only reason he survived was he went out the back door and came back in after the blast. He wanted to ensure Korra didn’t leave and would expire.

With that information, Korra slammed her fists on the table after the call ended. She fisted her hair and hunched her body over. “This is my fault,” she muttered. She trembled and she bit back tears. She felt her fingers want to fall into an old panicked habit. She wanted to claw away the healing skin until she bled. She fought the urge and was glad to have the bandages to prevent it.

She flinched when a withered hand touched her shoulder. She turned around and saw Katara. She stood and hugged the old woman, hunching and crying into her shoulder. “They’re dead because of me,” she sobbed.

“You don’t control a man’s actions. It was a conscious endangerment. It was a safe place.” She knew what had happened. It was hard not to know. Katara touched Korra’s arms, remembering the child’s impulse vividly.

“What’s a safe place if it’s bombed?” Korra sniffled.

“A terrorist’s crime and a sign of why you’re fighting,” Katara countered.

“Right,” Korra spat out bitterly. She pulled from Katara’s arms. “But what progress has there been?”

“You’ve been at this only for a few months. It’ll take years for this, Korra. You think Aang made Republic City in a day? It took years of hard work and help from everyone on our team. You can’t do this alone and it’ll take years.”

Korra dried her eyes. “Right…it just hurts. I never had to deal with this. I guess that’s another downside of being isolated for so many years.”

“You would’ve known acceptance if we raised you in the village and not the compound. This would still break your heart.” Katara folded her hands in front of her. “Korra, you’re strong and kind. You can do this. Don’t let this turn you cynical. If what Zaheer did couldn’t break you for good, then this shouldn’t be what takes you.”

“Alright.” Korra shifted her weight. She sniffled. “Can we do some of those calming moves you taught me when I was twelve?”

Katara softened her face, smiling at the memories of the young Korra being taken aside to do the movements when she became enraged. The child would be often bandaged up and stubborn until the end of the set. “Yes, honey. Come.” She took her former student’s and led her to the courtyard. She opened her water skin and pulled the stream out. She passed half of it to Korra.
The silence was all they had. They moved in unison, the streams slowly weaving around the each of them, cleansing away negativity as one focused on keeping their movements fluid and slow. Speed would cause immersion and create stress. It was much like how one cleansed a dark spirit, Korra noticed. She wanted to ask if that’s where Katara learned it, but she noticed the elder looking serene, arms moving smoothly even though they seemed to always shake. She was at peace as she moved. Her eyes were closed, every movement engrained into her muscle memory.

Korra returned to moving. Her mind suddenly clouded. Flames and destruction struck her and made her temples pound. The cries were deafening and a pair of rage filled eyes stared her down as she fell into an abyss that licked over every inch of her with flames. She clenched her fists and felt her boots be soaked through. Her eyes swung open and her breath was ragged. She saw the puddle at her feet. Katara stared at her and lost her focus as well. The water was spilled and ruined by the dirt, moving between cobblestones as silence settled in.

Korra mumbled an apology. Her fingers trembled and she pressed them into her legs to calm them.

An acolyte came by. “Korra, Miss Sato is on the phone for you.”

Korra shifted her shoulders. “Tell her I’m busy.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, Tin! I just…tell her that, okay?”

“On it.” Tin shuffled off. Korra ran her hand over her mouth and walked away.

Lin grimaced as she tried to get dressed the day she was discharged. Kya helped her slip into her shirt and back into her sling. She then slung her coat over her shoulders. Her side ached when she lifted her arms and when she stumbled from being stuck mainly in bed, her wife held her up.

“I hate feeling like this,” she muttered. She had her uninjured arm wrapped around Kya’s waist. Kya’s fingers stroked over the woman’s shoulder.

“I know.” Kya pecked her cheek, above her scar. “But you’re a hero, Chief.”

“People will know. I could lose my job.”

“That won’t happen.” Kya kissed Lin’s forehead. “You’re one of the best. They won’t give you up just because of rumors.”

“You don’t know.”

“Let’s not focus on this right now. We have an airship to catch.” Kya grabbed her bag before they left the hospital room. A nurse offered Lin a wheelchair, but the chief stubbornly refused and walked the whole way out of the hospital.

“I never said sorry,” Lin mumbled after they got into a cab. Kya looked at her. “I know you’ve been holding back because I’m injured. You know I knew what was to happen. I couldn’t save everyone. I didn’t sense it in time. I wanted to at least save you. It was…selfish.”

Kya touched her knee. “I’m terrified of losing you,” she whispered. “It’s been more present since I’ve been around. Back in the Southern Tribe, I just knew that you were acting. The only incident
was Amon and your bending. I wanted to come…” Kya bit back tears. “It was just terrifying to have it actually be visualized that I was possibly going to lose you.”

Lin tipped her head back, eyes shut as the car went over bumps. “I think this shows…it’s real damn hard to kill me.” She took Kya’s hand.

“I’m convinced you’re immortal at this point.” Kya said lightly. She stroked her fingers over Lin’s left hand. The meteorite ring was on the left finger for the right was wrapped. It made her smile. That and spending so many days addressed as ‘Mrs. Beifong.’ It was small, and she felt she should mind being tied to such a name as a woman who never really settled down, but years of being seen as an old maid when she actually had everything she ever wanted…it was refreshing. She berated herself for being so soft, but it was hard to stop. Going to be so hard to stop…

“You still love me?” Lin asked it after any fights they had. She looked at her wife.

Kya rolled her eyes like she always did. “Yeah, I still love you.” She kissed Lin, a chaste and brief kiss that was warm. For such a rough fighter, Lin had surprisingly soft lips. Lin pulled away less than a moment later. Kya wanted to pull her back in, but she knew kisses would have to wait until they’re no longer in a space with other people.

After getting into the airship Kya made Lin green tea and sat them on their bed as the ship’s crew got everything ready for take-off. Lin leaned against the wall near their bed and sipped her tea, clutched in her left hand. “This is better than the crap tea they had at the hospital. Thank you,” Lin mumbled. She put it to her lips slowly.

Kya put an arm around her wife’s shoulders. “Anything for my chief,” she cooed.

Lin grimaced as her cheeks reddened. She looked at Kya. She leaned in and connected their lips, slow and tender. Kya placed down her cup and took Lin’s face in both her hands. Her fingers ran through dark gray strands and thumbs rested on pink cheeks. Their kisses were always practiced and tender. Recent events took away the longing in the kisses. It used to be every kiss was a grain of sand, counting down to the end of their rendezvous. Now it was just a touch of sweetness in their days, a gesture to express thanks or love, or to reaffirm the fact the other was still there.

Kya needed this reassurance, after all that happened. She wanted to lay down Lin, but she instead opted to pull away. Lin grumbled in protest. “Why stop?”

“You’re not at full charge, Lin. The doctor said nothing strenuous. That means fun activities that aren’t earth bending related.” Kya touched the woman’s lips to keep her from speaking. “I want it too. To be able to touch you and show you I love you, and to punish you for how much you scared me.” Lin shivered slightly. Kya acted like she didn’t notice, to save Lin’s injured pride. “When you’re recovered, we’ll have our fun.”

“Good.” Lin leaned back again and sipped her tea. ”I miss our fun.” She hid a smirk when Kya blushed.
Korra's starting to unravel and slip into a resentful rage. She had avoided Asami. Her lover can't accept that and knew the signs from years ago. This time, she made sure this was different.

This one has smut in it. I worry it takes away, but I just see Asami using it to calm Korra down.

Korra felt her blood run hot through her veins. It was like hot lead settling in. She growled at her opponent and thrust out her fists. Fire slipped from the knuckles. Mako dissipated them with sweeps of his hands and countered. He kept distance while Korra wanted to close the gap. Every blow he missed she advanced. She ducked his flames with no effort of defensive actions besides avoiding injury. Her hands had just recently been no longer bandaged constantly. The skin was slick with salve, but she trained regardless of what she was told to do by Kya and Katara.

Mako didn’t know so he moved to help her train. He never realized her motivations. Korra was always hot-headed. He didn’t see her anger driving behind blue eyes.

Korra had gotten within a ten-foot range of him. She thrust out a strong stream. He kicked up a leg to shield himself and pivoted out of the line as the lifted limb landed. They both paused and circled each other.

Korra fired again, angry and impatient. She jumped up and fired from the heels of both her feet. She slid back as she landed and watched Mako be pushed back by the force of the flames. He lowered his arms after the flames lost heat and power. He panted slightly and looked at Korra.

She scrunched up her brow and ran at him, small and concentrated flames in her grasps. If she lost control they would burn her. She got within a few feet and swung, taking advantage of him within her arm’s length. He had himself squared and would duck each swing or shove Korra’s arms back.

The flames died down and she landed a hit into his jaw. With the flames, she would’ve scarred him for life.

He fell onto his back. “What’s wrong with you?” He jumped up and rubbed over his split lip, smudging blood over his pale skin.

Korra sucked breath into her dry lungs. She noticed she had torn some of her new skin. The blood ran down her forearms. “Nothing’s wrong…” She grabbed gauze from the bag she brought down every time she trained. She wrapped her arms.
“Is this about that attack?” He approached her. She stopped him, her palm pressed into his sternum and keeping him from getting too close. Her hands were still warm from the flames. It was uncomfortable against his sticky skin. “Korra, I know it’s hard—“

“No, you don’t!” She snapped. “No one knows what I’m going through because no one has killed because of you. No one has held contempt for you without knowing you!” She shoved him back. He recoiled and glared at her. She returned his gaze, daring him to speak or act against her.

He grabbed his detective’s jacket and his bag. “Talk to me when you get it together. It’s obvious you don’t want to do anything but fight.”

“Fine! Go!” She waved him off, flame puffing out in a small little ball from the hand.

He stomped out, leaving through the temple. He was stopped by Tenzin. “How is Korra?” Tenzin asked.

“Not good. I don’t know what you expected of a sparring session with fire to do but just let her express the aggression.”

“I figured better it be against someone she couldn’t really hurt than any of those wanting to help by talking.”

“Right, that’s just a good…I’m going.” He slipped his jacket on. “She isn’t stable, Tenzin. It’s different than all that’s happened. I don’t see why it’s more detrimental. It’s not like there’s a villain with an agenda that would ruin the masses.”

“No. Only a minority.”

“Don’t tell me she’s got you on this! Tenzin, this is dangerous.” Mako frowned. “It’s needless danger. The chief was almost killed! None of them had to be there.”

“You never have to do a single thing. You never had to join Korra’s cause.” Tenzin looked at the young man. “But you did. Is this going to be an exception for you?”

Mako shifted his jaw. “Yes. Legally, I have duties that are against her agenda. I’m for it…but I can’t help her.” He frowned and left.

Tenzin returned to his office. The visitor that stood in there was peeking out the window. He cleared his throat. The woman turned slowly, silk tresses blowing in the wind. “She’s struggling I see,” Asami mumbled.

“It is so.” Tenzin sighed.

“She still doesn’t want to see me?”

“She hasn’t taken initiative to see you. She hasn’t talked of you,” he told her, tone apologetic.

“She found out why he did it?”

Tenzin nodded, frowning. “She isn’t calm like she was. She snaps and is irrational. Nightmares come and she gets visions whenever she tries to meditate. She lashes out on those she spars with. Jinora and Korra used to work on forms together. Now I won’t let Jinora do so. I know Korra could take down any of my benders. I don’t want her injuring my children. She wouldn’t forgive herself when her mind cleared.”

“I’m going down to her,” Asami told him. She adjusted her belt and moved towards the door. He
stopped her with a light grip on her shoulder.

“She isn’t in a good place.”

“She won’t hurt me.” Asami stepped from his grip and walked to the courtyard. Korra was pacing there and muttering. Her bandages had spots of blood on them. “Korra,” Asami called out. Korra stopped and turned slowly. She looked at her girlfriend for a moment, eyes briefly softening. They glossed over against before she turned and returned to pacing. Asami moved in. “It’s been over a week. You okay?”

“It’s my fault,” she muttered. She pressed the end of her fist into her forehead. She moved and lightly brought it back against it, making a small clap to indicate force. Asami reached and pulled the fist from Korra’s face. She undid it and kissed the knuckles. Korra tensed and slightly relaxed. “Asami…”

“Did you set off that bomb?”

“What? No! That lunatic did!” Korra cried, jaw setting.

“Exactly,” Asami whispered sharply. She hugged Korra close ran her fingers through Korra’s hair. It was knotted and oily. “Let’s get you into a shower. You’re all sweaty.”

“You’ll stay with me?”

“If it makes you happy.” Asami pulled Korra to her room. She got Korra to strip out of her clothes. The Avatar threw her stuff aside. Asami unwrapped Korra’s arms, the woman not even flinching. Asami slipped out of her own, folding them neatly and placing them on Korra’s bed. Asami started the shower for them and they stepped in.

Korra stood under the droplets. Her taut muscles loosened with the warm waters and Asami’s hands rubbing over her back. “I was his stressor to attack that bar.” Her arms stung a bit, but she had felt worse.

“He came there knowing he was going to take lives.” Asami lightly applied pressure against Korra’s lower back, getting a sigh. “And you helped save people that day. You caught him too.”

“How has your company been since people knowing?” Korra mumbled.

“It’ll be fine.” Asami kissed her shoulder. “I’ve missed you.”

Korra relaxed her shoulders and leaned into Asami. “Missed you too.”

Asami sprinkled kisses over Korra’s shoulders. “We don’t know what you’re going through. The guilt can’t be compared to what I’ve faced…but I’m here for you.”

“I feel like I failed people who look to me.”

“You didn’t. They still look to you. Searching for your next action after what went on. Korra, you don’t have to know now, but sometime soon you’ll have to return to the public eye with the next move.”

Korra turned and hugged to Asami, mumbling, “Don’t be right for once. Don’t say the thing I need to hear.”

“You’ll yell at me like the others if I don’t.”
Korra flinched. “I keep fucking up. Even when people want to help. Why is everyone so patient?”

“Because we care.”

“Don’t! I don’t deserve it. I don’t deserve anything…I don’t deserve you.”

Asami gripped her lover’s chin and forced her to look her in the eye. “You’re a hero. You deserve happiness and love. We love you. We want you happy. I love you and want you happy. I’m not going anywhere.” Asami leaned down and kissed Korra, gentle and reassuring. Her fingers ran over the slick skin of the curve of Korra’s waist. She pulled the woman against her, the traveling hand slipping to Korra’s lower back. Korra pulled away, breathless even though she could have gone on for hours. The air was thick with steam and left a feeling of heaviness in her chest, though it was already heavy.

“No. I don’t—“

Asami cut her off with another kiss. She didn’t like forcing herself on Korra that much, but she made an exception. She held Korra’s waist, not wanting to cup her face and hold her there. Korra pulled away after a moment. Her mind felt skewed like her view was by the steam.

“Korra, you do. You’re an amazing person. You’re digressing. I know it takes time. We all need some time. I’m here for you. I saw what you saw. I know it was scarring. I see it when I close my eyes too.”

Korra’s shoulders shook. Asami placed a kiss between the blades and stroked her fingers over Korra’s biceps, knowing the skin to be note harmed. “The cries…” Korra whispered.

“Deafening.”

“The smells…” Korra whimpered.

“Sickening.”

“I’m alive…” The Avatar’s voice steadied, but quiet.

“We both are. So are Kya and Lin. So are a lot of people because of you helping.”

“He’s in prison. He didn’t get away with this.”

“No, he did not. Can you accept that?”

“I’m trying to learn.” Korra grabbed her shampoo. Asami snatched it from her and squirted some into her hands. “Hey!”

“I got it.” Asami started to lather up Korra’s hair and work her fingers through the locks. Her fingers gently worked out knots and massaged her scalp. Korra hummed and sighed in relief.

“Feels nice,” Korra mumbles. She shut her eyes and rinsed out her hair. Asami grabbed the body wash and got her hands covered in suds. She massaged Korra’s back and moved in broad strokes from her back to her abdomen and over her hips. “Mm…” Korra leaned against Asami. She hummed at the ministrations. She felt calm for once. She reached up and back, fingers lacing into Asami’s hair.

Asami rested her head against Korra’s shoulder after water washed away the soap. She whispered against the dark skin. “I love you. Korra I love you so much. You are not malicious. You aren’t an enemy to the world. You’re an example of there’s still good in the world. You are angry at times
but overall you are a beacon of joy and you are what keeps me from being cynical in my worst moments.” Her fingers slid down Korra’s abdomen and then cupped her mound. Korra jolted and gasped.

“A-Asami…” she whispered. “We agreed not in the Temple.”

“You’re tense and you always relax after we do this. But if you want me to stop…” Asami moved her hand away. Korra reached down and grabbed her wrist. She didn’t pull it back or shove it away. She just held it there.

“Let’s…be quick maybe.” Korra let her hand go. Asami placed her hand back and stroked her middle finger between her lover’s folds. “A-ah…” Korra moaned softly. She yanked lightly at Asami’s hair, gaining a grunt.

Her thighs trembled as long fingers entered her. They moved as if selfish even if they gave pleasure instead of taking. Though Asami did steal, eliciting moans from the scarred throat of her lover that she lightly nipped and whispered taunts into her. She relished in every noise offered to her, thanking spirits for it. Truly Korra’s beauty was a gift from Raava herself. “You need to stop doing this,” Asami muttered. She pushed her fingers into the knuckle and curved them. “It’s a bad habit that just hurts you. Please don’t push me away again. I need you, too. I know that’s not what you want to hear, knowing someone relies on you. But you can lean on me! I’ll always be here.”

Korra merely whimpered in response and pressed against her.

The work she did to relax muscles became undone as Korra tensed, bracing and pushing into Asami. The inventor was pushed into the wall just to not slip in the small space. Her fingers spread to slip in another. She smirked at the Avatar’s back arched at the pleasure of just a few dedicated thrusts. She ran her other hand over the scarred body. She worried of the mind within this glorious body as she worked to bring a temporary joy enough to calm Korra to rationality. She kissed the strong shoulders that held the world. “It’s okay to need others. Don’t push them away or put all your rage into them. Talking it out can help. Keeping it bottled up is why you get nightmares and visions, my darling.” She rambled with no response. She felt she might as well been mumbling alone in the shower, but she felt a small nod that reassured the Avatar was listening to her. With that, she focused on giving pleasure to her love.

The tension quick plateaued itself in Korra. She was soon clenching around Asami’s fingers and weakly cried out. “Asami!” Her fingers tugged weakly at raven tresses. She nearly collapsed, but Asami guided them down to their knees.

A silence fell, absent of tension. Droplets felt colder and Korra felt empty again as Asami’s body left contact. She wanted to yank her back and kiss her hard. Her mind flashed many dirty ideas, but she saw that Asami wanted no gratification, but to give it all to her.

She really didn’t deserve this woman. “I don’t deserve to vent. I don’t deserve to let it go.”

“It’s not letting it go. We will never let that go. I couldn’t…” Asami looked aside. “It’s about being able to accept it and move forward. Not dwelling. It was deafening, chaotic, and nightmarish. I never pictured to be part of something like that. And neither did you. But we have to go on!”

Korra nodded. She leaned against Asami, feeling weaker than she should’ve. She turned and hugged to Asami. The water pounded against her back. Asami’s breath tickled her ear. “I just…you shouldn’t see me like that.”

“Well, did. And I’ve seen you in worse positions. I don’t love the warrior in you, Korra. I love the mess. The woman that’s you, not the Avatar. You are a person above your name. Jeez, it’s okay
to need help. It’s okay to feel sorry for yourself. Just don’t…please don’t push me away.” She gripped a bit too tight. “I understand if you need time…but don’t just shut me out. I know you’ve been ducking my calls and you haven’t visited me at work or at home.”

“I know. I’m sorry.” Korra crouched and helped Asami up. She pressed a kiss to the wet cheek of her girlfriend. She got a small smile and she felt relaxed for a moment.

They stepped out and Asami helped Korra dry off even if the woman could’ve simply just bent away the water. She knelt before her and placed a kiss on Korra’s right thigh as she ran the towel over her left calf. “My love,” she whispered. “I will always fight by you.”

“By me? You’re always two steps ahead,” Korra said lightly. She bent the water from Asami’s skin. Asami led to her to her bed and they curled up together. Fingers lazily stroked over skin or through hair in the time. Korra stole a few kisses and eventually passed out in Asami’s hold.

Asami laid there for hours just in the silence, basking in the view of the softened face, serene and safe. She missed these moments. She needed it just as much as Korra.

Chapter End Notes

Don't you just love when things work out so well for people in relationships? I mean Kyalin are just off healing and being a happy, happy couple. Heh. They're so mentally stable and happy right now...
Chapter Summary

Lin has gone back to work as a pencil pusher until further notice. She thought a meeting with Raiko was going to be standard, but she knew that was idealistic.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Lin got out of bed slowly. She was still groggy. She padded around, freshening up for the day. She stopped when she passed a mirror that showed more than just her from the shoulder up. She looked in the mirror and lifted her shirt. She examined the still healing wound in her side. It didn’t need to be wrapped up anymore for it stopped weeping a few days ago. It still ached if strained and Kya wouldn’t let her risk tearing the freshly healed tissue with training. She had a few healing sessions with Katara, but the woman could only do so much for such a major wound. She didn’t feel pain at least. She was just limited. She wanted to get back to work, she needed to get back. It at the moment had been almost two months since the incident. Asami had been able to locate a salve to keep herself from scarring. Korra’s arms were no longer tender but the new flesh wasn’t fully there, the flesh slightly discolored and with texture left by the burns. It wasn’t as bad as it could be, thanks again to the healers.

She had been back for a few weeks. It was the boring work she never really worried about much. Now it was all she did. She was thankful she had no fire abilities, or else she would’ve set every piece of paper on fire by now.

News outlets luckily hadn’t been able to peg her. She lied her way around the suspicion of her men. She just said she tagged along with Korra to see an old friend and then followed the Avatar in worries of exactly what happened. They didn’t question more. She knew what detectives that did were talked down by Mako. She owed that kid, but she would never admit it to anyone but herself.

Kya wouldn’t allow anything but her going in and working paperwork duty. It drove her mad, but she did it every day. Today being an exception with a meeting with Raiko, and that made her nervous. She bent her armor onto her, an exception being her right arm’s armor. She relaxed at the solidness of it. It was just as familiar as her wife’s fingertips to her. She ran her fingers over the badge on her breast.

“My chief,” Kya said fondly from the doorway. She leaned against it, a cup of tea in her clutches and a smile blossoming across her aged face. Her hair was down, framing her aged face. She looked younger with it down. Lin in that moment pictured the woman the day they married, clad in a beautiful traditional dress and hair adorned with ornaments with patterns of curling waves and beads of ivory.

Lin nodded at her. She was surprised Kya hadn’t yelled at her after the incident. All Kya did was curl up with her and cried. She talked about her fears. She realized this was the first time the woman had to deal with seeing Lin put herself in direct danger. It drew anxiety and fear into her. Enough to kill any anger she could have held for Lin throwing herself away blindly. By the end, she herself felt like crying. She couldn’t grip back. She just kissed away tears as it hurt to move her arms. Her eyes had stung like alcohol to the throat.
She didn’t deserve the woman to have not yelled. However, she didn’t dare say Kya forgave her. She sensed that she would never know when Kya did. The woman would just one day silently realize she would stop resenting Lin’s actions. But it was a wound that would scar. They would have the memory that Lin readily put herself at risk. It wasn’t the first time, but it was a different ground for the women. They had the most normal relationship they could muster now.

Lin would never say it out loud, but she rather it be that way than recovering without Kya. She knew it could go either way if she told Kya that. She didn’t want to test it.

Lin walked up to Kya and kissed her cheek, her hand sliding around Kya’s waist and pulling her close. “I love you,” she whispered, breath tickling Kya’s cheek. She never could say that in front of others. The words were like kisses, only shared in privacy and in endless supply for Kya.

“Love you too,” Kya mumbled. She moved and let Lin by. “Remember no fighting anyone.”

“I’ll play nice,” Lin gruffly promised. She snatched an apple from the kitchen, nodding and mumbling a good morning to Pema when they made eye contact. The acolyte would never be a close friend of hers, but she refused to be rude towards her when the woman showed her nothing but kindness. It was a pitiful action she took years to realize was so.

She nearly ran right into Asami as the CEO left Korra’s room. She looked well put together and ready for the day. Her outfit was immaculate and she smelled of perfume. Lin envied that feeling as she felt out of place still. Though she noticed the young woman looked troubled. She didn’t ask, talking briefly with her when they got on the ferry. Asami told her vaguely about how her outing had affected her. Negatively of course, but the girl would fight through. If she could save her business after her father’s treason, she could save it from anything.

Raiko didn’t jail her because she didn’t act in his jurisdiction, and Lin guessed it was to not make the only woman who could do financial damage to the city his enemy. Asami didn’t have Korra’s people power, but she had economic and political pull. More than she let off. Though, she knew that the young woman knew how to use her name to gain respect when people tried to write her off because she was a woman. Zikko was an amusing example Lin still grinned at.

Lin never used her name for anything. Hell, sometimes she didn’t know anymore if she should be honored or angry at being recognized as her mother’s daughter. No one really addressed the noble blood anymore after all Toph did.

Lin snapped out of her thoughts when the ferry stopped. Asami wished her luck and got to her mobile. Lin was honestly surprised how no one had stolen that tricked out of a ride. Though she also knew that no smart crook would steal such a unique and identifiable vehicle.

She sauntered to the city hall office. She was escorted to Raiko’s office, even if she knew the way. She kept her hands at her sides. She entered and didn’t bow.

Raiko kept himself sat at his desk when she entered. “Lin, it’s good to see you out and about,” he told her.

“It’s good to not be under the constant watch of Katara and Kya.” She approached, not sitting in the chair in front of his desk. “What did you want to talk to me about? Is this to do with my absence?”

“No. That was medical and approved. You’re in the clear for that. I was just curious of why you were in that location of that explosion.” He clicked his pen.

Lin breathed out through her nose and resisted smirking. “You want to assume things?” she
interrogated wryly. Her career had been a lot of ducking authority trying to persecute her. Sure Aang and Tenzin would have never allowed her to be jailed, but there were high ups until she became chief that could have acted accordingly.

“I would hate to assume such things about such an honorable chief. Especially things that would dishonor her family’s legacy.” He laced his fingers together, elbows on his desk and his scruffy chin resting on the wrinkly hands. He stared at her. She glared back.

She didn’t break his gaze and spoke. “Then don’t. I don’t see how my name or the single person that is my mother has to do with this,” She clenched her left fist behind her back, trying to stay calm.

“My apologies.” He fixed his glasses. Lin wanted to knock them off his face with a rough hit. “Well it was a theory, a worry, but it became a certainty.” He pulled a folder from his desk. “An old friend of mine works the archives in the Southern Tribe’s City Hall. He has access to records of marriage, death, and birth certificates. I had some concerns and it gave me cause to dig up a copy of this.” He slid the paper across his desk after extracting it from his folder.

Lin looked down at the document. It had the signature of the minister that married them, Izumi. It had the witnesses of Bumi and Katara. Then there was her signature and Kya’s. It declared them Mrs. and Mrs. Beifong. They had the original tucked away in a safe. Lin thought that was the only copy made. It was the dumbest thought to ever soothe her.

She reached for it and picked it up. She blinked and struggled to keep her hands steady. “I…”

dessert

Her throat started to burn and her lips stuck together at the edges. She felt like she had walked a desert without a canteen.

“You’re stepping down.” He looked down at his desk. He adjusted his lapels and reached for his placed down pen, ready to just casually banish her away from her duties and return to working as if it wasn’t an injustice. “Give me your badge.”

“I’ve spent my whole adult life working towards this,” she snapped, suddenly back into it. She placed her hand over her badge as if she feared he would reach across the table and angrily claw at her breast plate. Her mind reeled, but she knew what to say. She had prepared for this since she signed the document she grasped tightly in her hand. She had accepted it the day she was promoted.

“I can’t have my Chief of Police breaking a felony law!” he snapped back.

“Then repeal it!” She hissed. The paper crinkled in her fist. “You can’t do this. This isn’t right. I have committed no crime, sir! I have worked my hardest, sir!” She sensed pieces of metal she could bend at her will. She bit into her cheek. She had to control her rage.

“I can. There’s no clause protecting your job for people like you. I have every right and an obligation to get someone like you out of the position. I will spare you jail time, but only for your service.” He stood and reached for the document. “Please take this chance to leave with honor.”

She stepped away. “No. You aren’t defiling the only good thing I’ve done in my life!” she snapped. “I will not resign. You fire me and you will give the reasons to the world! I don’t care if it lands me in jail or any bullshit like that. You’re a coward! A filthy good for nothing coward who is only liked because he was the only non-bender they could find for the job that was qualified!” She stormed out. She went to the station and shut herself in her office.

She shut her office door and slipped the document into her desk. After that she sank her fist into the wall. She growled and yanked with her hand, ripping dry wall away from the studs. She bent
her file cabinet out of shape and cursed the spirits. Her body groaned in protest, but she kept moving, despite the digging in her side.

Mako was the only one not too scared to walk in. He found her tearing at the cabinet. He lunged and grabbed her wrists. He didn’t loosen even when her knee dug into his gut. He grunted in pain and muttered, “Chief! Stop!”

She glared at him and yanked from his hold. “He knows,” she growled. She fixed her splint. She avoided his eyes.

“Well knows what?” He looked at her.

“You know! What else would bother me!?”

Mako flinched but remained calm. “So Raiko found out. Because of the incident?” He had nearly put his fist through the wall himself after he heard what happened. He knew what Korra was doing, but it didn’t stop him from thinking about how utterly stupid all of her actions have been so far. She had only put herself in constant danger. He thought Lin was an exception. The incident showed otherwise. He was wary of this.

“He found my marriage certificate. I got married on a glacier! Spirits be damned!” She punched the wall again, knuckles splitting open. She recoiled and cursed. She couldn’t cradle it because the other hand had a splint.

He took the bleeding hand into his. “Chief, stop.”

“I won’t be the chief anymore.” She hissed and sank behind her desk. She pinched the bridge of her nose.

“This can’t happen. You’re a good chief. So what if you did this?”

“Mako, you know that’s not how it works.” She looked aside. “My mother resigned in honor, covering up her wrongdoings. I refused. I am a disappointment to this whole department.”

Mako frowned. He grabbed the first aid kit from Lin’s desk drawer. He knew she kept this for quick patches when she went out. He made her give him her hand and cleaned her knuckles and wrapped them. “We respect you. And a lot of people joined because of you. You’re a hero to this town.”

“I haven’t changed shit.”

“You’ve risked your life countlessly for this world. More than just this town.” He let her hand go. He got up, hating the tenseness in the air. “I’m calling Kya.”

“No, you’re not going to do that. I can still fire you,” she growled.

“Chief, you broke your rules. You could be bleeding internally now! It has nothing to do with what Raiko did. I don’t give a damn,” he retorted. He really hated facing people when they’re angry. It made him lose his demeanor. Anyone could push his buttons without really wanting to.

He left. He sat at his desk and rubbed his hand over his face. He picked up his phone, moving it to his ear and hand poised to enter in the Air Temple’s number. He faltered and paused to listen. The room of desks around him filed with shuffling papers, indistinct chatter, and ringing phones. He looked at the Chief’s closed door and sighed. He hung up, following her wishes.

He dreaded the new chief.
Lin sat in a bar, drowning her problems in beer. She groaned and rested her head on the sticky bar, fingers clasped to her nearly empty mug.

“Top me off,” she muttered as the bartender walked past her.

“You seem you’ve had enough,” he said lightly.

“I don’t care what you think. Top me off,” she hissed, looking up and glaring. Her step wasn’t too sure and her words became slightly slurred. He took the mug and put it under the tap. He filled it back up and slid it to her. “Thank you.” She slapped down the right amount of yuans.

The beer tasted like piss, but it was alcohol and she didn’t have much money on her. She wanted to get drunk with what she had.

“But that’s her last.” Lin whirled around and cursed when she saw the blue dress and a jutted out hip. Her eyes wandered to slender arms crossed over a still firm bosom. They jerked up and turned away when she saw disappointed blue eyes staring into her.

“Kya…” she muttered. The healer sat next to her crestfallen wife. For once Lin felt ashamed. She slumped her shoulders and ran her thumb through the condensation on her mug. “Mako tell you?”

“I figured out that your meeting didn’t go well when you didn’t come back to the Temple.” Kya took her hand. She saw some wary gazes but she glared them away. She didn’t give a damn in the moment.

“He’s a bastard. He’s going to fire me. What will I do?”

“Retire Lin.”

“I don’t want to. This job has been all I had besides you ever since my mother left…”

“Travel with me! We don’t have to stay. We can go and…we could see your mother in her swamp. We can spend time with Suyin and Izumi. We can spend time in the tribes, just knowing that right of freedom. We can see the new Earth Empire.”

Lin hiccupped. “No.”

“Lin, until things change, that job has been pulled from you.” Kya stroked her fingers over Lin’s forearm. She relaxed when the woman didn’t recoil like she used to.

“I can’t just leave this town in the hands of who will replace me. I can still help. Help with Korra and other things…”

“Yeah. You could do that.” Kya paused. “I’ll follow you or stay here.”

Lin frowned. “You shouldn’t. I don’t deserve it.”

“Lin, shut that mouth of yours.” Kya pulled her up and dragged her out. She supported the stumbling earth bender.

“Hey! I wasn’t done.”

“No, you were done. You got your keys to your apartment?”
“Back pocket,” Lin grumbled into Kya’s shoulder. Kya reached and fished them out. They stumbled through the nearly empty streets. Kya rubbed circles into Lin’s back. “I put twenty damn years into this job…and this is how I go.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t!” Lin snapped, she nearly fell as Kya recoiled and let her go. She looked at her wife. She moved her against a brick wall. She leaned in close, her bitter breath soft against Kya’s tea and milk colored cheek. “You will not go on and think you cause this. He did. I would leave the job if you wanted me to. But you wouldn’t do that, like how I would never force you to stay here with me.” Lin pulled her close by her collar. She locked their lips, rough and brief. The words poured out in a weak drunken confession. It was the rambling one would expect from a younger person. “This is his fault. His bigoted ass did this to me. Not you Kya. You have never wronged me.” Lin paused. She let Kya go and looked away as her wife smoothed her dress. “So don’t say sorry.” She stumbled off.

Kya sighed and followed her. She placed her hand on Lin’s lower back.

She got her back to the apartment. It was dusty and she knew there was no food rotting away because she cleared the place out of perishables when they got back. Kya got Lin out of her armor and into bed. She placed water by the nightstand and got into bed with her. Lin had knocked out. Kya stroked her hair, the silvery strands thin. They were like threads of silk, Kya pushing Lin to take better care of herself. She knew the job had pushed Lin to skip meals, give up sleep, and not bathe.

Kya frowned as a selfish thought flashed her mind.

*I’m glad she’s no longer risking her health and safety.*

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I'm really excited for the next few chapters because I've pictured them for a while. Sorry that I fell from the schedule, I got blocked and I was afraid of losing my buffer because I would fall even more behind on updating. Better over a week later than never, right?
Welcome to the Southern Water Tribe

Chapter Summary

Korra, Asami, and the whole Aang and Katara family arrive at the Southern Water Tribe of the Glacier Spirits Festival.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Korra leaned into Asami as she read her book. They were on a boat to the Southern Tribe for the festival. Asami noticed the title of The Life of Avatar Kyoshi.

“Can’t you just ask her?” Asami questioned, shutting the notebook she was sketching in.

“I wanted to see if what she said was true,” Korra mumbled. She grabbed a pastry from the tray on the side table. They were in a common room. They were sat on the couch meant for three people, but Korra stretched out to take the whole thing up.

It was a big group going along with the pair. Lin, Kya, Katara, Bumi, Tenzin, Pema, and the air bender kids. Katara was happy to be returning home. It was Lin’s first time leaving the city for reasons of vacation and not world-hanging-in-balance manners. Bumi came because he loved the festival. Tenzin and Pema took the kids like they had years ago.

Asami came to enjoy the festivities and to get to know Tonraq and Senna better. Korra and Asami were to stay with them in their small home while the family was going to be at the Chief’s palace along with Eska and Desna who were to join. Tonraq gave the place for guests and favored the small home with only two bedrooms.

Asami played with Korra’s hair. “What was true?”

“That no one wrote about her lovers.” Korra sighed. She hadn’t found one thing mentioning one female. Yet other biographies would mention the domestic lives of those she knew had married.

Asami curled a lock around her gloved index finger. “It happens a lot. The inventor of the lightbulb’s marriage was a farce. He had a male lover he had been with since he was seventeen. The man was posed as his partner in the company.”

“How do you know that?” Korra looked at her, ocean blue eyes blinking. Asami kissed the tip of her nose, letting out a huff of air as Korra scrunched up her face. She smiled slightly.

“It was in his journals. My father bought them at an auction because he envied the man. But he didn’t know his secrets. No one published that part of the man’s life. I read the journals myself and saw the writings about him. He was so in love with him. It made me feel…normal. I skimmed the first sentence that gave it away. ‘Gyashing’s gentle encouragement was what got me through my worst failures and made me beam in the light of best successes.’”

Korra smiled happily. “How did your dad take that news?”

“I don’t know. All I know is I can’t find those journals anymore and he never addressed it.”
Asami let the lock go, watching it uncoil. Korra squirmed when it tickled her cheek. She shut her book. She saw Asami wasn’t smiling anymore. “I won’t let them write that part from your history,” she muttered into Korra’s shoulder.

“They would cut out part of my history itself to do that.” Korra looked at the book. “I hardly think of the idea of not being alive. The stories people will tell about me. My legacy…that’s a terrifying thought.”

“It’ll be a mighty one. In the moment, it seemed everyone hated you. I know that…but looking back you were the hero. A courageous hero who didn’t care if she suffered as long as she protected those who were rendered defenseless.” Asami took Korra’s left hand and kissed the back of it. “And loving women shouldn’t change that for people.”

“Well, when we get to the Tribe, we can just be a couple. We’ll be two women in a relationship, but that won’t turn heads. Your beauty will be what does that all by itself now.” Korra adjusted her hair pin with her right hand. “They’ll know I’m taken, too. And about you too. The ladies and gentlemen will weep that they can’t have you.”

Asami blushed and hugged Korra tighter. “It’ll be amazing. I can’t wait to dock. Oh, and sailing with your mom tomorrow morning will be fun!”

“I can’t believe I can’t go with you guys,” Korra whined.

“You’re checking on the portals. And it’s just a few people going. It’ll just be your parents, me, and the lovely couple.”

“Kya and Lin are a lovely couple?” Korra arched her eyebrow.

“I think so. They’ve been through a lot and just go on day to day. Incident to incident. We’ll be like them if this lasts,” Asami shrugged.

Korra blushed. “If this lasts, eh?” She lied back, taking up the whole couch. “Should I whip you up a necklace, Miss Sato?”

“No, don’t worry your pretty little head about that.” Asami grinned and walked out, fingers brushing the necklace in her pocket.

Docking gave way to the small welcome party of Tonraq and Senna along with a few healers that knew Kya and Katara. The healers flocked to their old friends. Lin shuffled off the ship with Kya and Katara’s things. She had gotten out of her sling and was able to carry over twenty-five pounds again.

Tonraq picked up Asami and Korra in a bear hug. “There are my girls!”

“Your girls?” Korra laughed as he put them down. She pulled Asami to her hip as the inventor looked still taken aback.

“You’ve lasted this long. Not too early to assume things,” he joked, nudging his daughter’s ribs. She blushed and punched his arm. “Watch it, kid, I’m old.” He chuckled and rubbed over where she hit.

“What? Afraid your little snowflake can beat you now. Huh?” She pushed him lightly. “Huh?”
“Want to go, squirt?” He picked her up and she kicked about. Asami rolled her eyes and hugged Senna. “I can mess up that beautiful mug I gave you!”

“Nice to see you again,” Senna said kindly, ignoring the ruckus of her husband and daughter. “You ready to sail tomorrow?”

“Of course! Who’s the captain, though?”

“I thought you could take control,” Senna told her.

“That I can do because I was hoping it could be that…icing dodging,” Asami mumbled. She looked side, blushing slightly.

“Oh!” She paused for a moment, contemplating. “I’ll talk to Tonraq,” Senna whispered back. She kissed the girl’s cheek. Asami smiled at her. “Will you be going to the forest of lost love?”

“The what?”

“Ask Katara of it at dinner, okay? She knows more than I do, and I feel it could help you.” Senna patted her shoulder and moved to hug her daughter. Korra was brushing snow from her shoulder after being dropped back down by her father. She was chuckling and she hugged her mom tight.

Asami was snapped out of a daze when tiny arms gripped her leg. She saw Rohan all bundled up and teetering. “What this?” He asked.

“The white stuff? It’s snow. Like rain but cold and icy. Your aunt and gran-gran can make it!” she told him. She picked up a fist full. The boy squeezed it and laughed. “You can throw it too.”

That was a dumb thing to say to a child. It got her a small ball of snow to the face. She huffed it from her mouth and nose. She blinked quick and heard laughter. Korra was laughing. Tenzin was hiding his amusement. Pema chuckled lightly and took the toddler back.

“Sorry. You gave him the opening,” Pema told her.

“I realized.” Asami brushed the flakes from her face.

“’Sami!” Rohan giggled.

“Rohan-so-hon, we’ll have snowball fight later, okay?” Asami tickled him on the back of the neck and pecked his cheek.

“Yay!” He cheered.

“Can we join?” Ikki chimed.

“Of course!” Asami smiled at the young air bender. She looked over at Meelo and Jinora. “You two in?”

“Yeah!” Meelo cheered.

“If you’re ready to lose to a bunch of kids, sure,” Jinora grinned.

“You’re on, little-miss-master.” Asami poked Jinora’s nose. The master’s siblings laughed as she stuck her tongue out.

Asami led the three air bender kids off after they grabbed their things.
Korra crossed her arms over her chest as her parents look at her. “What?”

“I think she’s a keeper,” Tonraq grinned. “She’s good with kids.”

Korra blushed at the message. She rubbed the back of her neck and chuckled lightly. “Y-yeah… but that won’t happen for a while. Gotta get it for everyone before I can.”

“The world does not come before your sanity and joy,” Senna told her.

Korra grabbed her bag and Asami’s. She had somehow gotten the woman to travel a lot lighter than she usual did. “I am happy. Mom, I am so happy.” She blushed. “I just…that girl.” She swooned and looked down. “Oh, my spirits she’s so sweet and kind! I want to spoil her and make her laugh. Her laugh is so…it’s like bells. I want to see her smile all the time. I want to kiss her and have it broken off because she’s so happy that she giggles into my lips and has to pull away because she’s grinning like a fool like I do when I see her!” She groaned. “Is this what love is because…it’s smothering and amazing.”

“You’re so deep in the hole,” Tonraq chuckled as his wife looked like to cry. He helped Korra, Tenzin, and Lin with the bags. It turned into a competition with who could carry the most.

Senna blinked away tears. She fought a frown, wondering when his daughter had changed. She had matured, but to think of her own future outside of being the Avatar…was a joyous thing to her.

The dinner was a meal shared with the Chief’s guest. Tonraq and Senna as well the twins sat at the table heads. Korra and Asami sat next to each other near Tonraq and Senna. Across from them were Tenzin and Pema. Next to them was Rohan, Ikki and Bumi. Next to Asami was Katara, Meelo next to her, and then Jinora. Kya and Lin were unlucky to not only be sat with the twins, but not next to each other.

Korra was invested in talking with her parents about their itinerary over the next week. Asami looked at Katara. “Senna said I should ask you about the forest of lost love,” she said casually.

Katara paused, her wine glass halfway to her lips. She slowly set it down back on the table, slow enough to allow no click. “It’s a thicket five miles outside the village. It is near the portals but you do not have to pass through it to near the portal. It has ties to the afterlife. Allows you to see the souls of those departed, even if they have passed into their next life. You go in there, but you have to be ready to experience the loss of that loved one again, the emotions. If it’s a violent loss with longing, it’ll be the hardest but most needed. You don’t go there if you had finished business with that person.”

“You go there?”

“Every year. Around this time one face’s the most success. I contact my brother or my husband. I used to venture my mother’s spirit. You bring a memento of them and an offering to the spirits. You meditate and keep focus. It could take hours, you facing the emotional pain and the elements.”

Asami looked into her glass, wishing it were fuller. She relaxed when a servant filled her glass. With that, she touched scarlet lips and let scarlet liquid drip into her throat with a bittersweet touch to her tongue and faux warmth through her nerves. She placed it down abruptly, clinking enough to get a few brief looks. “Are you going this year?”
“In a few days, I shall go.” Katara smiled solemnly.

“May I join you?” Asami whispered.

“You may, child.” Katara patted her hand.

“What are you two talking about?” Korra chimed in.

“Nothing to concern you, Korra. Don’t worry,” Katara told her.

It sounded curt, but Asami realized it really didn’t concern Korra. Thinking back the woman hadn’t lost anyone in her family or life who was important to her. Unalaq was her uncle but the only person in his family who would look to the forest to speak to him would be the twins. Never Korra. Especially not her.

“Will we need a spotter?” Asami asked Katara. The woman pressed her lips together and shook her head.

“The offering promises the spirits’ protection. But you can ask someone if you want one.”

“I’ll have to think about it. Thank you for allowing me to come along.” Asami smiled at her.

“I sense you need peace with them. I sense Senna knew as well.” Katara looked down. She nodded slightly.

“You’re both right. Is that what maternal instinct does to you?”

Katara smiled. “Yeah, it does. Means Senna has a desire to protect you. Good job winning your in-law’s favor. Took Aang some time to get my father’s approval.”

Asami blushed. She felt a cold hand touch her neck and she yelped. She looked and saw Korra grinning like a deviant. She blushed as others looked at her. “What are you talking about?”

“Just teasing your girlfriend,” Katara told the young Avatar.

“Explains why her cheeks are pink.” Korra grinned.

Asami grumbled. “I’ll show you blushing cheeks.” She yanked Korra into a rough kiss and pulled away after a single moment. She pulled away to see red touched ears peeking out of hair and cheekbones painted roughly red. Asami pulled her compact out to check her lipstick as Korra’s head landed on the table.

“You’ll kill that girl one day,” Katara mumbled to Asami.

Asami clicked her tongue along with closing her compact. “I’m sure you killed Aang a lot.”

“At your age, I did.” Katara laughed quietly.

Korra listened from her spot on the cold table. A voice in her head whispered, “A woman that kills you with a kiss is the woman worth trying to wife.” It wasn’t one singular voice but scattered taunts. Her past life seemed to have inputs when she felt intense emotions. She had to be clear minded to hear them. She wanted to go in and fight her past lives. She mentally countered to Aang. Seems Katara had you dying since age twelve. You’re a weak man when it comes to your wife. Even seeing her now you find her the only woman in the room.

She heard his chuckle. “You see yourself with her when you’re that old and gray,” he countered.
Shut up you damn goof. She pouted.

“Love?” She jolted up and looked at Asami. The woman was smiling slightly and her eyes sparkled and dilated when she looked at her. Korra blushed again, for the warmth had started to fade as she internally bickered with her past life. “You okay?”

“I…you’re beautiful. And I want to go to the forest with you. I can guide you in meditating.” Korra looked down at her hands.

“You were listening in?” Asami touched her chin, making her tip her head up.

“My ears are the only part of my body that hasn’t been damaged in a fight. I like to use them more than the average person because of that.” Korra took her hand. She intertwined their fingers, her fingers naturally slipping between Asami’s.

“Okay. Do you…have anyone you want to speak with there?”

“No.” Korra shook her head. “My grandparents, I never knew them, so they would never lend their souls to speak to me. My uncle is not worth the pain I would have to face. I used to go there when I was recovering. Hoping maybe I could contact Aang at the very least. I would take a necklace of his and meditate until my body was numb from the cold. Well…my legs were pretty numb already. Anyways… it never worked.” Korra rolled her shoulders.

She turned back to her mother. Asami pushed her thumb into her glass, the other four fingers clasped on the other side to prevent tipping. She placed her other hand on Korra’s thigh. She felt a rough hand land on top of hers. She finished off her wine and stopped a servant from refilling it.

Chapter End Notes

I’m excited about the next few chapters because I had the idea of the forest of lost love ever since I started this. That and the club explosion were big plot points I first thought of.
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

Ice-dodging is more than just a right of way, but a way to prove yourself worthy to marry the child of a Water Tribe native. Though not engaged, Asami takes the test to prove herself worthy to Senna and Tonraq.

Chapter Notes

I honestly love this chapter. Sorry that it's late, but I have been blocked and I had a lot on plate recently.

The air bit Asami’s cheeks and nose harshly as they sailed. It was one of the coldest days of the week and they were all bundled from head to toe.

“I love this,” Asami hummed as she tightened a sail. She looked up at Senna as the woman looked at her over her shoulder. It wasn’t time for dodging. Senna steered and Kya manned the jib as they had kept to the calm waters.

“It’s a clear day. No storm from last I checked,” Senna told her, looking back at the course ahead. She smiled to herself, having missed the waters. “Clear waters…It’s amazing.”

“The waters remind me of her eyes. Stunning,” Asami breathed. She got chuckles in response.

“Young love. It’s so…sickening,” Lin grumbled. She then got a burst of snowflakes into her face from her wife. She shook it out of her hair and cut a glare at Kya. Kya flashed a shit-eating grin.

“Leave them alone, Lin. We were that sickening once!” She chuckled.

“It’s cute. And that’s perfectly fine way to describe a water tribe lady,” Tonraq told Asami from his spot. He sat down and not helped, not being a man of sailing. “She has her mother’s beauty through and through.” Senna blushed and her husband puffed his chest out in pride.

“I see she has his incorrigible flirt trait,” Asami chuckled, looking over at Senna.

“Her attitude is too much of his. Luckily Tenzin has brought her rationality.” Senna shook her head and maneuvered towards a spot of ice, setting up for dodging. The water was as blue as the night sky and the ice stuck starkly out with its pure snow white cover. Those warily one could not forget the almost invisible blue underside that made the majority.

Asami swallowed nervously and tugged at her collar. The cool and biting wind caressed the exposed skin. She shivered and shook out her nerves. “You know more than I did, Sato. You’ll get it without working up a sweat,” Lin told her. The woman sipped from a thermos of tea. Every single Southern native knew the cold and were hardly affected but the current temperature if properly dressed. Lin would justifiably. The thermos of tea kept her warm. So did the little bit of something she knew the woman’s wife snuck into it would help too. Asami just suffered and
trembled, silently longing to hug the fire bender she had come to share her bed with. Korra was quite literally a living heater.

“We’re approaching the field of ice. Asami come here and take over steering,” Senna called. Asami shuffled over quickly and took hold. “I’ll take the mainsail. Stay calm, I’m sure you’ll earn it.”

Asami breathed through her nose, her nostrils were raw and it traveled to burn her lungs. Her fingers tingled with sudden sensation after her swearing that were just about numb. She ran her gloved hands over the smooth and worn wood of the wheel. She saw the first cluster was right in front of them.

She felt the wind hit her cheek. Her eyes flitted quickly the mainsail. Her fingers drummed as her temple pulsed as her mind weighed outcomes.

“Pull in the sail. We’re traveling to too quick. Kya, you moved the jib, and Senna, move the mainsail so it still picks up minimal wind.” She moved the wheel, turning the rudder to steer them away. They cleared. “Return to first positions, Senna.”

Her pulse drummed hard in her neck. Asami pulled her goggles down from her forehead as cold air made her eyes water. She gripped the wheel hard and gritted her teeth to keep them from chattering. She maneuvered through the fields. There were not clusters but single pieces she had to be able to slightly lapse away from.

She felt the wind hit her cheek from a different direction. She called for Kya to position the sail to catch. Tonraq and Lin ducked to avoid being hit by the spun sail.

Asami gulped cool air into her lungs. The nerves made her sweat. She quickly wiped them away to avoid it freezing into her hair. Her eyes that were slits narrowed in on succeeding, widened. She saw a big cluster that was spread out. They were going too fast for her to maneuver. She breathed out to stay calm.

She gripped the wheel tight. “Draw in the sail!” she called. She heard the gears click. She roughly turned the wheel. The rudder turned and protested. She yanked and pulled, forcing the boat to drift to the side. It all tilted slightly, but then all was calm. Asami sank down. She panted and kept control.

“Asami?” Senna cried.

“I’m okay…” She gulped. “The outcomes weren’t good. I’m not risking it. You can fail me.”

She heard footsteps approach. She felt a light touch on her shoulder. “I’ll steer us back. Just go sit with Tonraq,” Asami stood after Senna took the wheel. She dragged herself next to Tonraq. Lin took the sail duty.

Asami kept quiet. She was so sure she had failed. Her shoulders sagged and her goggles were still over her eyes. The cool wind hit her face, the point to where the tip of her nose and ears had gone numb.

They got docked. Asami stood slowly. Tonraq smiled at her kindly and pat her shoulder. She faked a smile. She took off her goggles and shoved them into her pocket.

Senna pulled a small jar from her coat pocket as she got off the boat. She approached Asami. “You did well,” she told her.

“I didn’t finish.” Asami avoided eye contact.
“That’s not the goal.” Senna took off one of her gloves and dipped her finger into the inky mixture. “Asami, darling, the concept is to see the maturity exhibited by the individual. Some show it with the drive to succeed, the stability that the other two can rely on, or the knowledge of when to act. You knew when to stop. At times that’s the best fact to know. You were focused on the safety of those with you.” Senna smiled at her. “You’re a leader at the core. People follow. They can trust you as a leader and a friend. For that, I give you the mark of the trusted.” Her pinky, ring and middle finger brushed stray hairs from Asami’s forehead. She pressed her thumb to Asami’s head, sweeping the ink over in the curved line. She pulled her hand away.

“Congratulations.”

Asami looked down. “Thank you.” She bowed. “I’m glad to have passed.”

“With this, you can honorably partake in festivities during this holy week and you have Senna and I’s blessing to wed Korra when the time comes.”

“I’m honored.” She smiled and straightened up. She bowed, right hand over her left fist.

“You did better than Lin did,” Kya told her. Tonraq turned to his wife, pulling water from the ocean and cleaning her fingers for her.

“I didn’t crash. It was just a scrape. And it was all Bumi’s fault!” Lin countered. Kya dragged her off, silencing her grumbles.

Asami chuckled lightly and wiped at her eyes. “I was afraid I failed. I couldn’t imagine failing you…I want to be worth her in your eyes.”

Tonraq and Senna shared a knowing look. They burst out laughing and Senna placed her hands on Asami’s shoulder. “You are worth her. Any person, be it a man or a woman, a strong bender or non-bender, a rich socialite or a peasant…as long as she can trust her lover and is happy with them, we’re happy,” Senna told her.

“Also you being an amazing fighter is a bonus,” Tonraq added. “Let’s go home. She should be waiting for us.”

“Right.” Asami took off her goggles and smiled brightly. She followed the couple and silently mused about how she wouldn’t mind having them as in-laws.

They arrived back to the home. Korra was outside throwing a ball around for Naga. The polar bear dog sprinted happily along the snow, kicking up clouds of it and getting it matted into her underbelly’s fur. Korra was chuckling and threw herself at the big animal once she returned. The lied in the snow and Korra was still chuckling at they approached.

“Having fun there?” Senna called.

The Avatar jumped up and scrambled to fix her hair and jacket. Her hair was filled with snowflakes and her cheeks were touched with pink due to the cool winds. She smiled sheepishly. “Yeah, I am. I always miss this girl. I need to take her with me this time!” Korra hugged the dog around the neck.

“What cuties,” Asami cooed.

Korra blushed. She looked up and her eyes widened. “You have a mark on your forehead…” She
let go of Naga and walked closer to her lover. She took off her glove and reached up, touching the mark as if she doubted it being real. She was gentle to not smudge it. Pulling away she saw the black bits that came off on her fingers. “You went ice dodging!”

Asami blushed and smiled. “Yeah…I worked with Kya and Senna.”

“Did you do this for me?” Korra’s hand slid around Asami’s waist, her parents ignored in her shock.

“I’d do anything for you.”

Korra chuckled and moved up, capturing Asami’s lips in a kiss. Asami’s freezing fingers cupped her lover’s flustered cheeks. They parted when Tonraq cleared his throat, both girls going red.

“Sorry dad,” Korra coughed.

“You two just get carried away that easily, huh?” Senna said lightly.

“Yeah…” Asami cleared her throat. “Let’s get inside. It’s biting cold!”

“I’ll make us some tea,” Senna told her and walked in. They all entered and gathered in the kitchen.

“You really did it!” Korra chuckled. “And the mark of the trusted?”

“I guess Jinora is right. I was never really a wise soul.” Asami wrapped her chilled fingers around the ceramic cup placed in front of her by Senna. She melted away, shoulders relaxing.

“It wasn’t a traditional adventure,” Tonraq told his daughter. “She knew when to step away instead of running into it.”

“You mean like I did at fourteen?” Korra inquired.

“I sense a story here.” Asami rested on her left elbow, leaning in her lover’s direction.

“She hit a patch. We told her she had already passed and could just stop. It was a feat we got her out so long to do the right of way. But she insisted, going on. The boat got some scrapes, but it was a voyage that didn’t end in disaster,” Senna told Asami. “She got bravery as her mark.” She placed a bit of sugar into her tea. “I saw it as reckless.”

“She’s been like that for years,” Asami agreed.

“She gets it from her father.”

Tonraq and Korra shot each other nervous glances. “Now-now…this is about Asami’s success!” Tonraq cut in.

Korra nodded quickly. She looked at her girlfriend. “I wish I could’ve been there to see.”

“You had Avatar manners to attend to,” Asami waved off. She sipped her tea and put the cup down.

“Yeah…” Korra looked down. She was quiet for the conversation. She smiled and nodded along as Senna and Asami chatted about the day. Senna told the story of her own session years ago. Tonraq cut in with how he didn’t do it until he was in his twenties as Northerners didn’t do it and he had to for Senna’s father’s blessing. Korra had heard the stories several times over. She knew the turns of the boat and mouthed some parts in her father’s stories.
She looked at the sparkle of fascination in Asami’s eyes. Her eyes slid to the pale neck. She silently in the moment contemplated that she would have to find bone or stone to carve into to give the woman a necklace. She moved back up to her forehead, eyeing the arch mark. She smiled to herself.

The smile remained when they turned in. She was lying in bed, watching Asami change into her night clothes and use the basin in front of the mirror to wash the mark off. When the woman sat at the edge of the bed, Korra couldn’t help but trace the line of her spine, able to feel a few of the bumps. She sat up and kissed between Asami’s shoulder blades.

“Thank you,” she whispered. Her arms wrapped around the woman’s midsection and pulled her under the covers. “You’re the best woman anyone could ask for.”

Asami looked at her. “Your cheeks hurt at all? You’ve been smiling since tea.”

Korra blushed. “Heh…yeah.” She buried her face in Asami’s hair. She felt worn hands stroke over her back.

“I would do anything for you. I wanted to get your parents to approve of me and the future I desire to have with you. I know that won’t happen anytime soon, but I want to show you that’s what I want. What I am willing to fight for.” Asami’s voice was soft, each word not poured out like a quick confession, but if she was thinking of a poem, each pause, and word calculated to make her lover melt.

Korra pulled her against her. She exhaled and mumbled, “I have a pact…but you’re making it hard to follow through on.”

Asami kissed her forehead. “You want to wait until other people can marry in their homelands?” Korra merely nodded. “Then I will tragically have to wait for my forever girl.”

“Sorry Sato.”

“Avatar, you just be gentle with your possessions, okay? Because one of them is my heart.” Asami smiled. Without her makeup, every smile was gentle and kind, beautiful. With her makeup, Korra always found every smile too damn hot due to the dark lips.

“You got it, little-miss-sap.” Korra chuckled and kissed her cheek, planting a loud and wet kiss on the pale cheek of her lover. “Mwah!”

“Eww!” Asami wiped her cheek. “What was that for?”

“Because I love you and you look cute when you’re not all dolled up. You look like a human and not a lingerie model you see in the magazines.”

“Do you purchase those magazines?” Asami smirked and quirked an eyebrow.

“Of course not!” Korra squeaked.

“Riiight.” Asami cuddled under the furs and blankets on the bed, enjoying them and her human heater.

“Hey! Let me make my case to save myself.”

“It’s useless. You stink at lying.”
“You’re too cruel,” Korra whined.
Forest of Lost Love

Chapter Summary

Venturing the Forest of Lost Love Asami encounters the two people she missed most. Only on the rare day can she open her heart and have Korra meet the other most important woman in Asami's heart.

Chapter Notes

It's finally here. My favorite chapter so far. It's just...I pictured this idea the most vividly in this story. I went crazy, why this is over 4,000 words.

Korra adjusted her grip on Naga’s reins. To her right, she saw the snowmobile. It gave a smoother ride and was at a slower speed. Asami rode on it, Katara hugging her around her midsection. The old woman looked a bit silly in the helmet and goggles Asami had convinced her to wear to protect from injury and cool winds. Korra was unable to tell if her lips were curled in a grimace or small smile.

Naga slowed and started to howl as they neared trees. Asami slowed to a stop. “It seems my compass is no longer functioning,” she called to Korra, pushing up her own goggles and looking to her lover.

“We’re here, that’s why. Naga’s reacting and so is the pull of the needle,” Katara explained. “We can’t go any further with her and the mobile.” She took off the helmet and goggles. The goggles pressed marks into her wrinkled cheeks and her pinned up hair was a bit messed up by the helmet. Asami helped her fix them, getting a gracious smile in return. Korra helped the elder to her feet. "Girls, I'm old, not helpless." Asami smiled sheepishly while Korra just shook her head slightly and took off her gloves.

Katara had in her hands Aang’s necklace. The wood had parts of the varnish rubbed off as it had been seventy years since he wore it with his ceremonial robes after the hundred year war’s end. Asami had her father’s wedding ring and her mother’s knives. Katara said it unlikely she’ll get them both, especially Asami’s first time meditating, but she was hopeful. Korra carried a wooden box with the offering, spices, oils, and incense packed by Katara.

They disappeared in the trees. Korra looked around as they walked, fearing the idea of dark spirits. She breathed out, focusing her temperature warm. She was dressed lighter than her companions. Her fingers had no mittens but still were warm when they laced with Asami’s. The leather of Asami’s tight gloves was cold, and the inventor could feel her lover’s warmth bleeding into them and reaching her almost numb digits. When she got sensation back she squeezed nervously. Korra nodded and smiled weakly to offer her silent encouragements.

They got to a clearing. Korra took the jacket she had uselessly hanging from her forearm. With it unbuttoned and splayed, the other two didn’t have to sit in the snow. She herself was half tempted to kick up rock for herself, but she knew it was a bad move to mess with a sacred place.
She sat in the snow and put the box in front of Katara. The woman opened it, laying out the stones, burning the incense and sage, and whispering prayers to the spirits. Asami and Korra echoed a few lines and placed their gifts for protection. Asami had a piece of polished and tumbled malachite and Korra placed a bison carved into bone she made down. It was poorly made, but one of the few possessions she was willing to leave. What was hers besides clothes, books, and wrappings? The only thing of worth to her was the clip she wore in her hair.

Katara had slipped into the state before them. She was serene and a worn smile danced across her thin aged lips.

Korra looked at Asami to see her struggling. Her brow was knitted and her lips pressed into a thin line. “You’re too tense. Let go. Don’t think “I want to see them.” Think of memories that were good and let yourself disappear. You’ll be pulled into their current state in this place and wander with. I’ll be there with you if you invite me.”

“Right…” Asami relaxed her features and shoulders. She thought of her mother trying to teach her how to play the pipa. She would hold her in her lap, trying to guide her tiny fingers along the frets. Asami got frustrated to the point of tears. Yasuko held her in her lap until she calmed down.

She then moved to another memory. Her father had taken her to a factory, showing her the assembly line. He told her that this was all hers when she came of age. She saw the people first, knowing the amazing machines already. She told him she wanted to make the lives they influenced better. Future Industries employed thousands. He told her she can make the world better for them. That sentiment was untainted by the Equalist mindset Hiroshi came to later embrace. He was focused on keeping men and women from his and his wife’s life of struggle so many years before. Before he had had Asami. He said she was his greatest creation. Not the Satomobile and not any other invention that made the man a fortune. It was the daughter with his wife’s beauty and his eagerness to create.

She opened her eyes suddenly. She was standing. Her jacket was shed, leaving her in her long sleeved shirt with buttons and the company’s logo on her shoulder. Her boots crunched the snow but her skin felt no biting cold. She looked down, saw her bundled body. She stepped away, walking into the thicket. She heard a throaty voice mixing with a soft one. It made her think of how Korra smelled when she wore perfume after working out—musk and delicate meeting to stimulate a sense.

She approached it, her heart feeling heavy. She saw two figures and nearly cried at the familiar silhouettes. She started to run as they turned. The green eyes she inherited and the gold ones that looked upon her as she grew caught sight of her. “Mom! Dad!” She threw her arms around him. Their arms wrapped around her.

“Asami…you’ve grown to be so beautiful,” Yasuko choked. Hiroshi didn’t speak a word. Asami noticed he looked younger in the afterlife than he had when she lost him. His hair was still black and the wrinkles that had creased his face were either faint or non-existent.

They let her go. Asami wiped her eyes with her sleeve. “I…I’ve missed you so much,” she whispered. Yasuko touched her cheek. She was weeping, having gone so long without being able to see her daughter. The world she walked had been detached from the human world until recent. She had sensed Asami’s energy once in the spirit world, but couldn’t find her. Her thumb stroked her daughter’s cheek. Asami leaned into her mother’s touch, feeling no warmth but still cherishing the softness of it. “Momma…”

“Aren’t you a little old to call me that?”

“Never, and I promised you to not stop.” Asami looked at her parents. “I…what do you think of
me? Do you know who I’ve become?”

“I haven’t. Tell me.” She took her daughter’s hands in her own, trying to not dwell on how they were bigger than her own, even by a little bit. “No matter what, I’m sure you’re a child to be proud of,” Yasuko told her. She pulled her daughter off and led her further in the forest. Hiroshi walked on Asami’s other side.

“I took over the company.” Asami paused. She looked between the two, settling on Yasuko. “Do you know father’s story? I don’t want to be the bringer of bad news.”

“I’ve told her my shortcomings in my last years…” Hiroshi mumbled. He pushed up his glasses. “I talked about my sins…” He reached for her. "Asami…"

“The last years? Those your only sins you told her, dad?” Asami looked at him, and he didn’t meet her gaze. She looked at her mother, their gaze meeting quickly. “I threw myself into keeping our legacy. I had a lot of time at age twenty after losing someone dear to me again. Not by death. She left because she lost herself.”

“A dear friend? What’s her name?” Yasuko smiled fondly.

“Korra. That young Avatar. She was recently found when you had died, remember?” Asami paused to see her mother nodding along. “Well…She came to the city thirteen years later.”

“I know that. Your father told me that. But do go on.”

“I learned to be a fighter, father’s wishes,” Asami fumbled nervously with her collar. “I, uh, even learned to throw knives like you.” She smiled. “It was a positive gain. I was able to fight along with her, as part of her team. I never imagined it.”

“The Avatar’s ally? That’s so amazing, Asami!” Yasuko smiled and kissed her cheek. Asami looked at her father. He smiled falsely.

“Yeah, I’m more than just an ally to her…” Asami looked down. Her heart pounded hard in her chest as if wanting to burst out of her ribs and run so incident wouldn’t injure it any further than life had. “She’s my lover,” she breathed. “I met her because of my ex-boyfriend named Mako. He left me for her, she left him. And years later we got together after becoming close. I’m in this forest because…she took me to the Southern Water Tribe. I’m here with her. She came to this forest with me to meet you two. Should we just leave you be? Mom? Dad?”

Yasuko and Hiroshi were quiet, sharing looks. Asami held her breath, oddly feeling no need to breathe in the environment she had thrust herself into just to look onto her parents’ faces. Did she come here just to know what her mother really thought of her? Was that closer to her? Was she so pitiful…

Yasuko took her hand again, having dropped it. “She’s here? Where then? I want to meet my daughter’s significant other. Never thought I would get to until you joined the other world, and I admit I pictured them a man.” She smiled sheepishly. It felt like looking in the mirror as Asami looked at her, yet Asami would tell anyone who says that she looked like her mother that they were wrong. She saw Yasuko on a pedestal, prettier than her, transcendent of mortal looks.

Hiroshi was quiet. His brow knitted and he pushed his glasses up. He stepped ahead of the women and stood before them. “I did sin more. I didn’t have the courage to tell it. Yasuko, I…let a perverted idea of keeping the line. I told Asami to not address her female attractions.” She heard a crack in his voice and a small gasp from her mother.

“I feared people knowing until recently,” Asami confessed, knowing her mother would wonder
how the attitude had affected her. “Now Korra and I are working so life for us is…as normal as possible.”

“I don’t care who you love as long as they love you.” Yasuko glared at her husband as a short pause settled. “I refuse to soil this time with screaming.”

Hiroshi hung his head. He took off his glasses, pinching his nose. He looked up but didn’t look either of them in the eye. “Asami…” He pushed the glasses back on, fumbling at them uselessly even when they were set perfectly.

“I don’t know if I came here to tell you, to tell you off, or just see you. I…don’t feel like mourning ended.” She pinched the bridge of her nose. “I…you both died for me. And I don’t see why. A parent’s love just…it doesn’t sate me.” She avoided looking at them, staring at the trees. They stretched to what she knew was up to hundreds of feet. “I dream of your deaths and fear, pouring it over. I wonder if you would’ve helped the world more if you two lived. A philanthropist and an inventor. People try to lunge and say that I’m both, and hold your legacy well and that you smile upon it. But I know you haven’t seen a bit of my life since you died. I don’t know if that bothers me knowing you hold no protection over me anymore. Does that hurt you?” She frowned, brushing off her father’s worn hands and her mother’s soft ones.

She looked at the snow on the ground and not the sky above. “Korra tries to reassure me, not knowing you both saying all children know the feeling of being loved by their parents. But was that just love? Not more? Was it because you saw greatness worth dying for?” She smiled wryly, voice flat and mock humor. “Am I just insane to overthink this?” Hot tears poured down her cheeks, being the only temperature she felt.

“You want to know why you go on and two people you loved died for that. Why one left you before you were even a woman,” Hiroshi sighed. “I died to save you. I did it because I love you, Asami. My greatest creation. My only child.” He smiled sadly, taking her hand. “You’re young and I was not. It better the old die for a cause than the young. Too many young people have died for old men’s causes. I was willing to die for your cause.”

Asami squeezed his hand, not forgiving, but understanding and grateful. She felt a hand on her lower back, guiding almost. Yasuko pulled her daughter into her arms. “I died because you were just a child. I had a maternal duty to protect my child. I swore it the second you were born. Asami, I did not want your life to be one of danger.”

“I chose that later though,” Asami said lightly, voice lowered with a repressed cry,

“You were grown up then. No longer a little girl that was terrified,” Yasuko whispered. She held her daughter tight. “You weren’t at fault. It was out of your control but in ours. We took that to save you, our only child.” She sighed. “The only truth of the world is you have no control of anyone’s life but your own.” She let her daughter go.

Asami wiped her eyes, nodding. “I…I’m sorry.”

“You have nothing to apologize for. You have not failed us. The opposite…I couldn’t be more proud. You’ve worked to be your own person,” Hiroshi confessed. “Now I see how hard it was for you to fight, to accept yourself when the world wouldn’t.”

“Korra did it naturally. It took me years.” Asami placed a hand over her left eye, mouth opened with a cry that bubbled into a cry. They praised her, but she was just a coward.

“Where is she? If she came with you, and I might as well see her if you just keep circling back to her!” Yasuko smiled lightly.
Asami looked around. “I don’t know…she wasn’t there with me when I entered here.”

“Let’s walk and search.” Yasuko placed her hand to Asami’s lower back and they walked forward. “So you throw knives as well?”

“Your set…” She looked at Hiroshi. “The company is doing well. We suffered some losses due to me recently going public about being with the Avatar. But it’s come back up with some contracts I made with the Fire Nation. And we’re working on a new invention that allows those who’ve lost their legs to run at even super-human speeds. And a means for non-metal benders to transport themselves like metal benders do on the police force.”

“I don’t wish to talk business, but go on about your latest inventions.” He smiled. Yasuko gave a knowing look, her memories of young Asami’s obsession with tinkering around with scrap parts in Hiroshi’s workshop. She knew greatness lied in her child.

Asami went on almost like an excited child, relaxed. She talked of the prosthetics and cables. She also mentioned how she wanted to improve upon communications. She described her designs for new generations of her father’s first big idea. Ways of improvement on efficiency and safety.

Halfway through talking about possible different fuels for the mobiles, Asami fell silent. She turned at a snap of a twig. Yasuko looked back, seeing a shorter woman with dark skin and a bob cut approach. She grinned shyly. “Sami…”

Hiroshi and Yasuko watched as their daughter run to the woman and hug her. They briefly kissed and Asami led her over. Yasuko noted the woman’s muscular build. Though she knew it would be a given for an Avatar.

Korra smiled shyly at Asami’s parents. “I…it’s good to see you again, Mr. Sato.” She bowed. She didn’t close her eyes and her hands were at her side as her body bent. She straightened and smiled kindly at Yasuko. “It’s an honor, Mrs. Sato.” She softened. “Asami has depicted you as a kind and strong woman. Thank you for protecting her so many years ago when I was unable to. You as well, sir.” She turned her head to look at Hiroshi.

“It’s an honor, Avatar Korra.” Yasuko smiled. “You’re very muscular.” She squeezed Korra’s bicep.

Korra blushed. “Oh, thanks! I get that a lot.” She placed her hand on her neck and chuckled. She stopped when she felt Hiroshi’s eyes on her. “I…sir, is there a problem here? Should I go? I would hate to intrude. Asami let me come with her here, and I wanted to meet you, ma’am.” She looked at Yasuko.

“You may stay. I just sense you’re angry over something, and not because of what happened with Amon.”

Korra looked at Asami and back at him. “Do you disapprove of her because I love her?” she uttered.

“No…it’s different now.” Hiroshi frowned. “I wasn’t a good father after losing Yasuko. It’s not an excuse, but I recognize what drove me to act. I don’t expect either of you girls to forgive me.”

“I shouldn’t waste my life hating you or wondering if I was worth it.” Asami frowned. “I worried I had failed you…my childhood was trying to please you. The trophies I won, reading up on every concept applicable to the company, trying to be the top of my class. I worked so hard…but I didn’t feel I had pleased you until I dated a man.”
Hiroshi was quick to speak, surprisingly not stumbling over his own words. “You always amazed me, Asami. Everything you did was perfect. I never realized you didn’t see it like that,” he cried, eyes wide. He reached for her, but she stepped back, to Korra. He watched as the Avatar’s arms wrapped around his daughter’s waist. He knew before he was incarcerated, he would’ve snapped at the woman to let his child go. Now he just hung his head, guilty that Asami trusted a woman who was a stranger five years ago more than she did her own father. Where he lost her, he wondered. Age fourteen? Twenty? Or was it as young as six when he hid his pain, only for it to come out as anger a decade later when he joined Amon.

The words didn’t reach the moments passing. The sun that hadn’t risen yet when Asami first opened her eyes was now high up. Time passed normally. It showed those living that when this day had ended, they would not reach their loved ones for another year. That realization pushed Asami to speak. “You still believe that?”

Hiroshi didn’t hesitate. “Yes. No matter what you do—“ he ushered to Korra. “—Or who you love, I will be proud of you. I just wish for you to not feel worthless or a wasted cause.” He stepped slowly. He saw Korra’s grip become protective and not comforting. He didn’t know if he should feel hurt or happy that his daughter had someone to protect her now that he and Yasuko couldn’t. He took his daughter’s hand. His touch was cold to her while hers was warm as the sun to him. “I traded my life for your future. It wasn’t religious motivations behind what I did.” He let her hand go. “I don’t really understand it either,” he confessed, “I never did…I just knew that in the world I was pulling you into, they would tear you apart over it. I couldn’t stand the idea of that.” He sighed.

“But it’s my life.”

“I know, and you get to choose what to do with it. I should’ve taught that, and not that you have to preserve the name of our family. I built it…and almost sent it crashing. And you picked it up. You saved it. You get to define it now. I had no right to it. I have no value to it now here. So I say, a man gone and wised by death…love who you love, as long as they make you feel as amazing as you are.”

Asami felt Korra’s grip loosen. She stepped from her, slowly moving and hugging her father. She heard him suck in a breath, shaky with tears. Hot tears pooled in her ducts and she swallowed a sob.

Korra smiled fondly and crossed her arms over her chest. She looked at Yasuko. The woman watched her husband and daughter with a bright smile. Korra saw her eyes sparkle like Asami’s did. It made her a bit sad to see how Asami was almost identical to Yasuko, only ten years of aging differentiating them as Yasuko had no chance to age and show what the world would do to sharp features. Korra approached her. They spoke no words, both enjoying the moment of peace for their troubled partners.

Asami and Hiroshi let each other go. “Let’s keep walking,” Hiroshi said. They ventured into the forest, weaving the trees aimlessly.

The next conversation with Korra was mainly just her telling Yasuko about herself and talking about her adventures with Asami. She avoided the dark turns and focused on laying the charm on thick. She went on and on about how lucky she was to be with Asami, taking pleasure in the smiles and blushes she got from Asami. She complimented Yasuko, using the “I see where she gets her good looks,” line, afterward adding, “and her kindness. Refusal to let others be hurt, as well.” She knew that parents focused on their children’s personality and abilities. Beauty was just a bonus when it came to Asami. Well, the woman was just the total package but more.

When Asami looked around, not invested in the current conversation of Korra explaining ice
dodging after she told the story of her experience. She saw the sun starting to set. She stopped and looked at Korra, green eyes troubled.

“I should leave you for the last few hours,” Korra mumbled. She bowed in front of Hiroshi and Yasuko. Yasuko instead yanked her into a hug. Korra chuckled quietly, returned the hug for a moment, and walked away.

Asami looked at her parents after the crunching footsteps of her lover had faded. She tucked her hands into her pockets. “I like her,” Yasuko said once Korra was gone. She put her arm around Asami’s shoulder. “So, about grandchildren. Let her carry them, okay? She needs to pass on her genes…”

“Mother!” Asami screeched as her cheeks heated up.

“Darling, I cherish honestly. That’s my truth.” Yasuko looped her arm with her husband as he lightly chuckled.

“I would say that’s a premature joke, but you were Asami’s age when you had her.” The couple had an age gap of seven years. They married when Hiroshi was still a poor man, Yasuko at the age of twenty then, but he refused to have children in the lower district. Most had kids almost immediately after marriage. It made them the odd couple out in the neighborhood. They had Asami soon after Hiroshi had paid back all his investors.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa….hold the phone.” Asami crossed her arms over her chest. “Are you pushing me to have kids? From the beyond?”

The two shared a knowing look as if husband and wife had a silent language. They looked at her and nodded.

“Spirits of beyond,” Asami breathed and looked aside. “You’re joking, right?”

“We just see you happy, and we remember being young and happy. And how happy having you made us. We both were orphans, and having a little new family, be it small and broken…made all the difference,” Yasuko said. “And you’d make a lovely mother.” She adjusted her collar. She hugged Asami. “I never want to let you go, but you should go back to where you belong.”

Asami leaned into her and wrapped her arms around her. “I have a necklace for her. I…I dream of a child with her eyes, her laugh…her smile. I won’t wait to be happy. I promise.”

“Good.” Yasuko kissed her temple. “We love you so much, my pebble.”

Asami laughed, choking up and shoulders trembling. “I love you too…” Yasuko let her go for Hiroshi to hug her. She felt like a child again, hugging both her parents before school. Add a kiss on both her cheeks, one to have pink lipstick on it, and it would be like old times.

“I’m proud of you, Asami. I’m the luckiest father ever,” he mumbled. She gripped his coat tight. “I’m—“

“Don’t say sorry anymore. Just…say it again? I already had one more time. But do you mean it still? With me being me finally…”

“I love you. I always have and I always will.” He stepped back. “Now go. I worked hard to keep this world from being where you reside.”

“Okay…” She turned away, breathing and shutting her eyes.
She opened them and cold bit her nose and ears. She was sitting down. The sun was barely up. She looked around, blinking slowly.

Korra was sitting near her, awake and holding a flame up to keep the other women warm. She flashed Asami a grin when they made eye contact. “You’re back.”

Asami lunged at her. Korra’s flame went out and she yelped. They fell into the snow, a Korra shaped imprint being made. Asami kissed her. Korra kissed back but felt warm droplets hit her cheek. She pulled away after and whispered, “What’s wrong?”

“I’m happy, don’t worry. I just never thought I’d get to see them again. And they loved you! All I wanted was to know they loved me no matter what.” Asami sat back and laughed, tears pouring down her pale cheeks. “It’s so stupid of me to need that. But I had no one but them….” She placed her hand to her left eye and laughed. “He’s proud of me.”

“Of course he was,” Korra told her. She stood and helped Asami up. “It helped?”

“Yes. Thanks for being there with me,” Asami sighed. She leaned into her. “I’m exhausted though.”

“Once Katara is done, we’ll get you home and into bed. I’ll stay with you.” Korra pressed a kissed to her forehead.

“Korra?” Asami looked at her. “Move in with me when we get back, okay?”

Korra blushed. “Uh…well…okay.” She grinned. “Might as well. Half my clothes are at your place and I sneak in all the time. And I do believe I belong in your bed as your personal heater.”

“That’s true.” Asami rested against her. She played with Korra’s warm fingers, batting them around and gently pushing them so they bent naturally. The Southern lights became visible by the time Katara opened her eyes. She smiled at the girls.

It was wordless as they packed up and walked back, a positive aura settled around them. They rode away back to civilization. The others who had come to the forest were also leaving, a few people on mobiles passing them or behind them so Asami saw them in the mirror on her left handle. They got Katara back, staying briefly to talk with Tenzin, Bumi, and Kya about how their day was.

Returning to Tonraq and Senna’s place was quick. Asami put the mobile were Tonraq asked her to and Korra got Naga fed and dry.

It took an hour before the couple to be ready for bed. Korra stood up, watching Asami sleep. She saw her relaxed. She sometimes would be asleep and have her brow furrowed. Those nights Korra would wake her or kiss away the tension. She looked serene now. Korra traced along her jaw with her fingertips. “I love you,” she mumbled. She felt Asami snuggle into her and she grinned. “Snuggle bug.” She settled in, but couldn’t sleep yet. She was in a daze over Asami’s beauty. She wished it to be what healed her. She knew it was as no troubled mapped over the sharp features that made her fall apart in the best way.
Korra found herself at a function with the ever popular Sato heiress.

This is late as hell. I got blocked in this story and ended up publishing all my buffer chapters a bit ago to stay on schedule. I'm almost done with the next chapter and hope to have it up before the end of next week. I also have another story I want to publish that's hardly sweet but I don't know if it's worth more than a sad ending one shot.

Korra looked in the mirror as she fumbled to get ready. She had gotten her hair tied up. Over the near year since she had last cut it, it had grown enough for her to create different looks. She had it about her shoulders. She fumbled with her hair pin and a hair ribbon. She cursed around the ivory between her lips.

In the mirror, she saw behind her Asami at her makeup table. When Korra moved in she got her own dresser and mirror. Her “beauty stand” had just become a scattered mess of jars, wrappings, adhesive remover, and a few bottles of perfume and oils. Asami’s was organized and had all her products from powders, liners, lip stain, blush, and skin products.

Korra was confused by every single product and swore to never touch them. She was terrified of it. But now she wondered if she should have such products as she prepared to go to a dinner party with Asami and all the fat cats the woman worked with.

Korra got the ribbon and tied a small bun. She took the ivory pin and fastened the braids she fumbled with back to it. She shoved the tails in before pushing the pin in. She looked and sighed as she silently wondered why she even tried. She stood up with a huff and walked to where her dress hung. Asami had been making a fuss, getting a tailor in to make the dress.

Korra rubbed her fingers over the silky material and bit her lip. It was an A-line evening gown style dress with sleeves that had slits for the forearms and biceps. It was a simple dark blue color. No lace throughout it as Korra hated the feeling of it against her skin. It had beading in patterns near the bottom of the dress. They were varied colors of blue with numerous silver gems. They looked like waves and they looked to be crashing as the light caught them. It fit well, better than the ceremonial dresses Korra had worn at Varrick’s wedding and at Tarrlok’s party. Korra lightly joked how she was Asami’s trophy wife all dolled up with such an extravagant dress. With that Asami merely chuckled and promised that wasn’t true.

She felt eyes on her as she shrugged off her robe and slipped the dress on. “Asami? Can you zip me up?” She turned to her lover. The woman put down her blush brush and stood. The women did things in reverse order compared to her lover. Korra got her hair and face ready and then dressed. Asami was already in her favorite red dress before she had started her beauty routine. She moved and zipped up Korra’s dress. Her lips were not yet painted, allowing her to leave no
evidence besides Korra’s shivers as she kissed her lover’s shoulder.

“You look so beautiful,” she breathed. “I would take this dress right off of you, but we’ll be late if we get into that.”

“Can’t we be late just this once?” Korra pleaded. She turned and flashed her puppy dog eyes at her girlfriend. Asami bit her lip to resist. She put her hand to Korra’s cheek and leaned in. Korra shut her eyes, prepared for a kiss.

Asami stopped an inch away from her lips and whispered, “Don’t tempt me.” Asami went back to her table and finished up her makeup. Korra stood there pouting before slipping on her shoes. There were flats because they found out Korra did not have the coordination to walk in heels but could slide across the ice in koala sheep skinned boots with no tread what so ever. She was a wonder and exception of logic.

Korra pulled her notebook from her nightstand as she waited for her lover to finish getting ready. Asami could take as little as fifteen minutes to as much as two hours to get ready. There wasn’t much of an in between.

Korra read over the old notes she had scrawled. She had actions to take soon. It was months away now. She would be traveling to the Earth Empire, helping escort the province leader to their convention. She put the book in the little clutch she had. She had let herself be dressed up like a doll, but it was to make her girlfriend happy. She would suffer for a night to do that.

Asami fully put together ruined all women for Korra. She was dumbfounded and flustered. The flawless face with a delicate smile and piercing green eyes made her realize she wanted to wake up next to it every morning. The ebony hair that fell just right even when tangled up by rolling around the bed had her realizing she was there to stick around even when it turned gray.

“Hey, we need to go,” Asami called, snapping Korra out of her own head. She usually hated being there, but not much anymore with Asami around. She led Korra downstairs and to her car.

Korra listened to the radio in the car to calm her nerves. “How do I talk to rich people? Are they all like you? Will they hate me? This dress is suddenly really tight,” Korra rambled. Jazz did not help.

Asami switched off the radio at a light and looked at her. “Honey, just make light conversation and make them laugh. Avoid politics and you’ll see it easy flowing,” Asami reassured.

“Make them laugh and no politics. Okay, should be easy. I can make Bolin bust a gut, so I’ll have this down pat.” Korra relaxed her shoulders with a deep exhale. “So what is this for?”

“It’s a cocktail party and silent auction. Bolin works for the charity that this is being held for. It’ll be a bunch of philanthropists and politicians there.” Asami was casual, waving it off.

“And you’re bringing a female date?” Korra knew that in some aspects, Asami couldn’t always be open.

“I’m bringing someone,” Asami shrugged. “They won’t care much as long as we say it to the right people.” The rest of their ride was quiet. A valet took the car when they pulled up, the number tucked into Asami’s own clutch. That had actual useful things such as a makeup compact, checkbook and pen, and her identification. Korra just had a nub of a pencil and her book in the silk purse she borrowed from her girlfriend’s collection.

Entering the hotel where the benefit was being held was a shock to the senses. The aroma of body sprays, cigar smoke became macabre incense added to the dulled out scat the band played while
crowds bustled in cliques Korra wondered were natural friends or forced comradery. It took less than a moment for them to be absorbed. Korra placed her hand in the crook of Asami’s elbow, not wanting to lose the woman in the kerfuffle.

Soon they were hit with the first people who wanted to talk to Asami. It three old men that look like they could be the two women’s fathers, who promptly introduced themselves as the CEO, CFO, and President of Sho Railroad company. “Ah! Asami,” Sho said fondly, the CEO. He nodded kindly as Asami bowed. There Korra wondered was respect based on age or wealth. Either she felt she should’ve kowtowed. “Last time I saw you, you were just your father’s novice and barely past his hip. Just look at you! As beautiful as your mother.” Korra noticed he had thin hair pulled over a bald spot, made stiff by hair spray. She resisted making a face on how terrible it was done. She became more conscious of the things like that since she had met Asami. She missed the ignorance of just thinking that hair was hair and clothes were clothes. That some people smelled good and some didn’t. Now it was too much, too little, or too terrible of body sprays.

“Pleasure to see you again as well,” Asami said. “Where’s your wife?”

“Oh, off looking at the auction. I feel I’m bound to have to purchase a vacation to the Fire Nation islands.” He smiled lightly and laughed in the moment of silence. Asami smiled politely and nodded.

Korra reached and glass from a passing server, knowing that she would need some alcohol to get through the night. “Oh, and who’s this pretty girl on your arm?” the man who called himself the President and nothing else asked.

“Clean your glasses, sir!” Asami laughed. “You must’ve missed that this is Avatar Korra. She’s my lover.”

Small chuckles came as the President dramatically used his handkerchief to clean his glasses and blinked when they were back on. “Wow! The Avatar, here in the flesh.” He bowed legitimately before Korra. He was the shortest of the men. He had most of his hair but his nose and mouth reminded Korra of a mole rat.

She bowed back, “nice to meet you, President.”

“Pleasure is mine, Miss Avatar.” He looked at Asami, smiling brightly. “If you were a man, I’d call you a lucky bastard to have her,” the President told Asami.

“Oh, just say it. She is still a lucky bastard for such a beauty on her arm,” the CFO, Batun huffed, as if personally insulted by not having a twenty something with Korra’s beauty by his own side. It made Korra laugh lightly and smile to hide her discomfort. She didn’t like being gawked at. She was raised by women usually dressed to the neck and praised over their abilities or kindness.

The three men chatted casually with Asami about their wives and children before they eventually dismissed themselves. Korra breathed out a relaxing breath after that. She was even able to naturally smile when a quick peck touched her lips. The pressure and a bit of color lingered on her lips.

The crowd eventually parted them. Korra was left in front of the band. She watched the five men playing their shiny instruments while the singer hums through the rifts. She pressed her glass to her lips and tipped it back, realizing it empty then. She looked around and locked eyes with a woman with a sweet face and a delicate string of pearls around her swan-like neck. The woman’s face was worn and folded when she smiled, but she was beautiful. She had a gold ring on her slender fingers that clicked her glass filled with a pinkish concoction that had melting slush. She
made her way over, seeing it rude to not speak after having made eye contact. Korra cursed silently to herself, knowing she had made a rookie mistake.

“I know you—you’re the Avatar,” the woman said. Her voice was low and Korra wondered if it were caused by smoking or just a naturally raspy woman. She couldn’t tell as the woman merely smelled of perfume.

“Yeah,” Korra said sheepishly, pushing a strand of hair that went loose behind her ears. “You are?”

“I’m Sing. My husband is the Chairman of Toha Textiles.” Korra tried to pull the name into her head, and suddenly remembered that they clothed the majority of the population and employed maybe ten percent of it as well. Bolin went on about how he almost worked with them until Asami mentioned the nonprofit to him. He researched them to look good and went on about it until Korra had to dedicate part of her mind to them.

“Oh. It’s nice to meet you.” Korra kindly nodded.

“You have really nice arms,” Sing said, pointing to the contour of Korra’s bicep seen in the slit on her sleeve. “What’s your workout?”

“Benching about double your weight. Well, maybe more you pretty little thing,” Korra flirted. She got a chuckle from Sing. With that, she had a lightening in her chest and her lost child feeling slowly faded.

“You compliment like a young fellow,” Sing laughed. She got taken away by her husband, a short man with owl eyes but small glasses. His hair was all there at least. It was almost all gray, but there. Alone again Korra watched the band again. The front man had changed to a more somber song.

*Dancing in the night; she can’t see the tears in my eyes,*

*We both know that she runs come sunrise—*

*There’s no joy in the world for me*

*My baby has a real man up in the kingdom*

*He can treat her like the queen she is.*

*Here I stand as a boy set on freedom…*

*Not a yuan to my name….  
Most call me insane.*

“You seem lost.”

Korra turned on her heels and saw Asami. She held a glass of an amber liquid in her left hand and her right hand was on her hip.

“I’m just listening. Thinking.”

Asami placed her glass on one of the tables lining the perimeter of the dance floor. She offered a hand to her lover. “Let’s dance.” Korra slowly took her hand, letting herself be pulled in. She placed her hand on Asami’s shoulder. Asami’s free hand slid around her waist. “I’m sorry if this is boring you to tears.”

“It’s okay.” Korra looked around. They were surrounded mainly by older couples, the sprinkling of a few couples their age. Though she noticed all the girls, even their age, had rings on their fingers with gems no smaller than a pea. They danced with men with hands almost as soft as they
were when they were born, the young girls. The older men had some hard labor written into small scars and almost gone calluses on their hands.

Asami had worn hands, no matter how many hand creams she used. The torn up finger pads stroked between Korra’s shoulder blades, there being a small dip ending just under the blades and no lower. “You don’t know how much it means that you’re here,” Asami whispered. They gently swayed as another song came on. There were eyes on them, scattered whispers, but neither cared. Asami kissed the tip of Korra’s ear.

What broke them from bliss came in the form of a kind tap on Asami’s shoulder. She turned and saw Raiko. It was a charity event, a major one, so it made all sense he came here. He wore a tux, dressier than his usual outfits. “Mind if I cut in, Asami?” he asked with a false kindness in his voice. The etiquette is to allow it, so Asami stepped away, nodding at her girlfriend before walking to the edge of the floor.

Raiko placed his hands on Korra’s shoulders and she touched his. “I didn’t realize you’d be here,” she mumbled.

“It’s a charity event in my city, how could I not be,” Raiko defended. Indistinct chatter and music filled the awkward silence. “Is Lin living at Air Temple Island now?”

“I wouldn’t know. I moved out and am living with my good friend Asami,” Korra said mockingly, lips curling into a sneer. She felt his grip tightened and she returned the gesture, knowing she could end his life without bending a single element. The passing thought sent a bitter taste into her mouth.

“That so?” His voice cracked like a prepubescent boy’s.

“I don’t want to act like I like you, so tell me what you want,” Korra muttered.

He looked around and spoke in a mumble, hardly moving his lips. “My polls aren’t the best…and—”

“Are you looking for an endorsement?” Korra arched an eyebrow. “You have the nerve to—“

“Hear me out, and don’t cut me off,” he said sharply. He then softened, looking down again. “I will…revoke the laws in exchange for your endorsement.”

Korra let him go. “I want a drink. You want one? Let’s cut the dance because you suck at leading.” She saw the anger bubbling underneath, but honestly knew he deserved to squirm and hold his tongue. A moment of silence and they were at a table. She held a glass of sake and he a brown liquid she didn’t know the name of. “Now go on.”

“You openly endorse me, and I will promptly revoke the laws.” He leaned back and sipped his drink. Korra stayed where she was, not leaning in and simply raising her voice.

“I wouldn’t do that before you acted. No one would understand and those who look to me would be in outcry,” Korra retorted. She sipped her drink and looked around. No sight of Asami. She gripped the table and tried to relax. She finished the rest of her drink in one sip and looked at him again.

“Okay, so I will do it in this term,” he sighed. He sipped his drink. Korra saw the sweat running down his temple. “But you must give a press conference endorsing me following it.”

“It’s not enough. I want marriage rights in this city as well.” He choked on his drink.
“I refuse,” he wheezed as the alcohol burned his throat. He slammed the drink down and coughed it out into his handkerchief.

“Then so do I, and I can’t wait to talk it through with the person that replaces you.” She finished her drink off with a gulp and started to walk off.

“Hey now!” He grabbed her wrist, and a few looked at them. He let her go and straightened up. He cleared his throat and spoke slowly. “I will…recognize marriages in other provinces.”

“That’s still not a real marriage though. They wouldn’t be wives in Republic City. It’s not enough for me.”

“You’re asking me to go against what I believe.” He glared over his glasses. She stared back, her blue eyes making him stand down. She ticked her chin up and resisted sneering.

“I’m asking or human decency. You do that, and I will help you,” she told him. She hardly recognized her own words. “Or…I can go on fighting and trashing you.” She grinned and extended her arm out. “You can arrest me and my lover right here and right now.” She leaned into the table, her hip being dug into. She resisted fidgeting and scratching at her brow. He couldn’t resist rubbing the back of his neck.

“I need time to think,” Raiko mumbled. He pushed his glasses up with trembling fingers. She knew it to be nerves as he was too young to shiver due to age.

“Tick tock,” she hummed. She walked past him. He stood like a statue as his mind was in a marathon.

Korra found Asami chatting up men their age. Standing back, she watched the entity that was her over. He knew the boys saw what she saw. Her hair had not a single strand out of place and the dress hugged the best spots but still fit the conduct of the event. No woman could have their feathers ruffled by anything but the fact Asami put them all to shame. Even Korra herself knew she had been bested. She glided over like a leaf, joining her girlfriend as easily as the wind could caress one’s cheek. She pulled the woman to her hip, leaving the poor boys crestfallen as they saw the two most beautiful bachelorettes there were actually spoken for.
Chapter Summary

Korra arrives in the Earth Empire for the province leader conference.

Chapter Notes

I'm a bit late. I've been working on an idea for a possible second chapter on my one shot Wait For It. I moved onto it because I wanted to write something and not let my block take over.

Korra stared off absently into space as she rode the train from her hotel to the inner circle of the Earth Empire. She could count on her hand the number of victories. Her mind didn’t let her forget the losses. Her mind was wandering to the recent months in the city had been like.

The election was a few months away in the city. Raiko had been heavily campaigning. His opponent was a man named Varron. He was a Fire Nation native who used to work for the Fire Lord. He knew about politics and had more equality based approaches as he grew up in a more open society. That was attractive to Korra. Though Asami went on how he isn’t very coming on stances. She warned he may not act in the way Korra wanted in a leader. She suggested Korra endorse Raiko to get a deal out of him.

Korra hated the idea as she thought of it. She talked it over with Tenzin. He said she wanted to fight for rights in a noble way. Not dirty politics. That she shouldn’t play off a man’s desperation. She was left stuck and she had avoided calls and meetings with Raiko. She knew she looked childish, cowardice to an outside eye.

She talked to Kya and she said if he will change, she should do it. Lin said it was best for her to get Raiko out of office due to his bigotry.

She was stuck and decided to immerse herself in the Empire’s issues from then on. She had spent days leading up to leaving alone as Asami had been working late. She would join her during her lunch break and they would talk about their plans. They had fallen into a role.

The quietness had been something unknown to Korra ever since she arrived at the city. Now that she had it, it was lovely, but she still needed to adjust. It was domestic life. That’s what Lin told her it was like. She herself was adjusting to having a lot of free time due to being retired now. She had earned her pension five years previously and Kya still worked as house call healer.

Korra got off, shuffling with the crowds as they came to a stop. Korra stumbled about as she read through the last few pages of the bill sent to her by Zonris. The Earth Empire had no persecuting laws, but the law being signed would grant marriage to same-sex couples along with adoption rights. Though that was a province vote done by the people. One of the seven had already moved it in the last month. The three-month block implemented would be the time of voting. Korra had a loose grip on it but was slowly starting to hit the political stride all Avatars eventually had.
Korra bumped into a woman and mumbled an apology. The woman cursed her out and Korra shuffled off quickly, tucking the bill under her arm and gripping the strap of her pack. She spotted the driver sent for her. The small man held up a sign saying “Avatar Korra.” She jogged over and he smiled at her.

“Nice to meet you, you can call me Lee.” He bowed and pushed his glasses up afterward.

“Pleasure Lee, is Zonris in the car waiting for us?” Korra looked down at him, surprised to have a grown man be shorter than her.

“Yes, he and his guard,” Lee confirmed, tucking the sign under his arm. He led her to the car waiting outside.

The car sent for her was a small black Satomobile. She climbed into the back. “Pleasure seeing you for once,” Zonris said. He was a man about the age of Tenzin. His beard was graying along with the hair at his temples.

“Yeah, it has been all phone calls and letters,” she chuckled sheepishly.

“That the proposal in your hand?” He looked at the stack of paper.

“Uh, yeah.” She held it up to show it to him before placing it back down in her lap. “I was finishing up the last of it on the train. I don’t get some of it. Shouldn’t it be straightforward? It’s get rid of the outdated law and start using the new ones.”

“It’s not that simple. And those are two proposals tacked together. Top one repeals the laws. There’s a whole other one that’s the marriage law. We can revoke with just us seven, but the marriage law will be voted on by us. If it’s passed, it will be taken to the polls to be voted by the people within the next week. It’ll take a few days for all the voting to be done and them to be counted.” He paused to rub his beard that came to a point and waxed smooth. Korra silently mused if he stiffened it enough he could impale someone with it. “If it gets a majority, then we vote on it again. Then the marriage bill becomes the marriage law. Same thing with the adoption law.”

Korra started to slump. “I’ll be here longer than two days, won’t I?”

He smiled sympathetically. “A week if this is quick. We may end up having to discuss it worst case.”

“Worst case?” Korra arched an eyebrow.

He sighed and rubbed his beard again. “Sang seems on the ropes. She’s worried about a riot in her region.”

“If she says no, I will riot.” Korra scratched her scars and looked down at the papers. “This is your work, it has to come through. Don’t you want that?”

The car slowed and Zonris leaned forward. He smelled bitter like wet wood. “Korra, this is your work. I know this has existed for years—I’ve heard the stories written off and silenced because want to see this,” Zonris mumbled, stroking his beard. The strands looked like steel wires neatly lined together and twisted to a point. “You’re not the first, certainly not. Won’t be the last, this is an uphill battle. Laws don’t end society’s feelings.” He looked at her. “But so far, you are the loudest. They needed this. They needed you.”

Korra dropped her hands into her lap—no need to act. This was one of the things where actions were to speak and not thrown hits. “I’m not qualified for this.”
“The world would disagree.” He got out after the driver told them they had arrived. The back windows had been covered and the back of the cabin was soundproofed. She now saw they had driven through a crowd of picketers. Different issues, but she saw a lot of the flags she knew and the crowd was too dense for her to search for any people she had met during the past months.

Zonris pulled her into the building. She looked around at the policemen. They looked cold and had uniforms similar to Republic City’s force. The building was the old palace. It was toned down, partially due to the looting that took place after the monarchy was overthrown. Korra couldn’t resist running her fingers briefly over the smooth stones that made up the walls meant to symbolize solidity of the government. But she knew that it had been broken down multiple times in less than a hundred years. But the walls never moved. The beliefs in the Earth and its power never yielded.

Korra shut her eyes tight when she knew that unyielding hope is what drove Kuvira over the edge. She pinched the bridge of her nose, shoving the thought away.

The air in the palace tasted dry and stale. No incense was burned anymore and it was hardly decorated. Guards were spaced along the path they walked in equal increments. Not the Dai Lee, but simply guards. Korra adjusted her collar. It was too tight now in the hot palace. The cooling system was looted years ago as well for the scrap. She wished now she wore a lower cut top now just to get some relief.

There was some drapery, simple emerald colors. Those embroidered with gold thread gone as well. Zonris took Korra into his office. Some of the bedrooms became offices or chambers for the leaders to rest when they came to the main city. One of those rooms would be Korra’s. She silently knew she wouldn’t get much sleep in the unfamiliar bed.

Zonris’ office was one of the smaller rooms. He had a small desk pushed to the corner. The walls were a moss color and covered with papers and cases of books and scrolls. She saw a picture of his family. He had grown kids, a wife, and one grandkid it seems. A boy. “Handsome family,” Korra said casually.

“Thank you! My son Zalri just got married you know!” Zonris smiled at her. “You want some tea? I can call up for some.” He moved for the intercom.

“No, I’m fine,” she said quickly. She dropped her bag and sat on the small loveseat that stood alone in the middle of the floor. “When do we go?”

“The others have either arrived or should be coming within the next hour. We start our first session…” He pulled out a pocket watch and checked the time, winding his watch while at it. He turned the crown and looked at her. “In two hours.” He sat at his desk, not talking much at that time. He worked at his little desk. Korra grabbed a book off the shelf. She struggled to read the characters, not learning that much of an advanced reading skill while growing up. Jinora had helped her when she began her air bending training, but her pace was still slow.

The time came and Zonris led her to where the meetings were to be conducted. The room was circular with natural stone walls. It had two levels. The higher one had desks and other seating. The center was meant for single person discussion. There was also above the whole thing balconies accessed through stairs near the entrance door. A handful of reporters were up there as they entered. Korra sat near the desk that had Zonris’ name on it. Next to him was Sing’s desk. Sing was a woman the same age as Kya. She hadn’t aged as well, but she had no smile lines. She was curt and only spoke when she had to. But she had an open mind at least.

“Leader Sing,” Korra bowed. Sing looked at her, nodding politely. “Zonris informed me you are
on the ropes on his issue?”

“My province is very religious. Part of why some towns were stubborn to submit to Kuvira’s totalitarian rule,” Sing explained. She looked down at her desk.

“Well, you realize you would take away the majority if you went negative. You would benefit the whole empire with just one vote,” Korra defended, leaning in.

“It won’t replace bigotry.” Sing adjusted her robes.

“No, but ignoring it won’t either.” Korra sat back. “People have fought and died for this. And it was never a war. When do you stop ignoring the fact a group of your people, a group within the world, is being terrorized just because who they share their nights with.” She pushed her hair back. She cut back to a bob, realizing how much she really hated long hair. “But if you want to keep this from letting the people vote, go ahead.” Korra returned to her seat.

The hours ticked by dreadfully. Korra wished to escape with a bit of meditation to run around the spirit world, but she was stuck in reality. Bills were offered up, read in entirety and argued. At one point they spent nearly an hour about raising a tax overall a yuan on tobacco.

The session almost drew before the bill that revoked the old Spirit Clauses. Zonris stood up. “Now my bill, three two dash HB—named the Mortality Bill, shall be read in its entirety and an argumentative case in the leaning of aye shall be presented by Avatar Korra.” The transcriber began to read off the clauses and footnotes.

Korra shuffled around her bag, pulling out her trusty notebook with her speaking points. She unscrewed her pen. The transcriber finished and she stood at a lectern in the center of the spiral.

“Hello, I’ve talked to the majority of you. And…let’s hope this goes just as well or better. Huh?” She looked around at the worn faces and lost her confidence. “Okay…” She fumbled with her hairclip, accidentally knocking it out and the ivory clambering to the lectern. “Shit, sorry.” She realized this was all being written down and gripped the edge of the marble. “Let’s get started.”

She cleared her throat and looked down. “In the Earth Empire, the standard of living for those who are of queer standing has been the lowest. They are criminals, in constant danger—they live in fear and are often denied employment and boarding due to their identities.” She bit her lip.

“With my standing in the world, I could never truly know that. Neither could my lover. So don’t think this is driven by myself. This is thinking of those who have never been a part of history. That being leaders, businessmen…Avatars. Kyoshi, the strongest Earth Kingdom born Avatar, shared her bed with only women. She kept it secret, only telling me recently. Every history book written on her pities her for being monkish in behavior, as she kept closeted in anxiety over punishment.” Korra knew that was a lie, Kyoshi wouldn’t care for prison.

She went on, “If you are against marriage and adoption, I cannot stop you. But they deserve the right to at least exist. That’s nothing to ask. But this is more than the right to exist. It’s the right to be treated as an equal. Many couples desire their marriage to be kept. The Water Tribe has married thousands of couples in the past seventy years, and many all dry up once they leave the tribes.” She paused. “And if it’s found out that they’re married, after years of hiding, they are fired from jobs and jailed.” She rubbed over her crooked nose.

She sighed. “Please, if you’re negative, think not of the question is their attraction spiritually damning. But think of the fact—they’re people.” She looked down at the smooth lines of the closer. Asami had that last one down. The look of conflict on Sing’s face made Korra feel a bit better. She sat back down, listening to them debate.
“It’s a simple little thing to do, what’s the harm?” Wu whined. “Can’t we just vote on it and move onto my clean up act? My province is messy and underfunded! People are getting sick daily! It’s such a damper.” Korra cleaned under her nails with a small knife, not wanting to hear the barter the negatives had.

“It’s about morals here,” an old man that reminded Korra about Raiko. He had hung up on her months ago. She didn’t bother remembering his name if he didn’t give her the time of day.

“No, it’s about rights,” Zonris fired back. “Your four marriages and many relationships were acceptable, so you don’t really have right to argue morals.”

“Gentlemen!” Sing shot, standing up and pounding her gavel. She was the leader of the meeting. She cleared her throat after the two calmed down. “Now, let us vote. Zonris?”

“Aye.”

“Wu?”

Wu smiled. “Absolutely.” He winked at Korra. She shifted and couldn’t help but smile back.

Sing swallowed. “Shung?”

“Nay,” the old man arguing morals said quickly, spitting out bitterly. Actually spat as Korra saw specks go forward and land on his desk.

“Non?” Non was the oldest on the council. She was an immigrant that moved up in her life. She was a little girl around the time the 100-year war ended. She met Aang a handful of times, Korra knew. Non mentioned a few times Korra had a similar demeanor as him.

Non gripped her cane. “Aye!” Her voice was scratchy and her eyes sparkled with something Korra felt she recognized but couldn’t put a finger on when she first met Non.

Three votes for. One against.

The next two votes were two men that were older but not as old as Non. Chao and Chen. They were brothers that were an even farther cry from the queen than Wu was. They had experience and towns trusted them. They were well liked but held the queen’s ideals. She wasn’t religious. She just had a strong sense of bigotry. She was dead but they held her legacy.

“Chao?”

“Nay.” Chao adjusted his glasses.

“Chen?”

“Nay,” Chen said quickly. “Sing?”

Everyone looked at her. Korra gazed briefly and saw journalists above take a pause. Sing put down her gavel and rubbed the back of her neck. The dry air kept anyone from taking a calming breath.

“Aye. I say aye.” She grabbed her gavel. “The revoke passes four to three. No further debate.” She pounded down her gavel. “Today’s meeting is adjourned. We meet tomorrow started at seven.”
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

Korra's nights have become restless and surrounded on one concept: Asami's suffering. She has a sighting of enemies old and the defeat of one current.

Chapter Notes

Well fuck me gently with a chainsaw it's been a while since I posted on this story. I lost a bit of fire. I also forgot I didn't post the first part of this story. I thought it was up. This used to be two chapters, but I decided they fit fine as a split up events within one chapter with them both having the concept of Korra's dreams.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Korra woke up to the sound of her phone ringing. She groaned and sat up as if she just snapped out of a nightmare. She felt like she had most likely had. The memories of the whole thing were hazy and she had fragments that made her want to go home back to the big bed where only bliss awaited her. She fumbled around and grabbed the matte black phone with the paint chipping off. She answered, grumbling out, “who’s this?”

“The girl of your dreams?” Asami’s voice came out smooth as she was wide awake.

“Well…my dreams don’t contain good images without you,” Korra sighed.

“Want to talk about it?” Her voice took a turn and her tone rose as she snapped into empathy.

She rubbed at her eyes and realized she had only logged a bit of sleep since waking up in a cold sweat hours ago. She felt like she was going to throw up and she called down for water. Her eyes stung from the old tears and she still had a clogged nostril. She wanted a calming presence. She knew now her stupid actions of pushing people away wouldn’t work on Asami and that it helped her to have someone around. Especially her lover.

“I… pictured I lost you,” Korra mumbled. She positioned the phone so she could curl up in the covers. The wire strained a bit, making her scoot. “We were at a dinner sort of function. It was calm and you were just talking with some of the younger businessmen, and the ceiling was shattered.” Her voice became shaky. “I couldn’t bend…I-I don’t know why. I was helpless and you were brave. Braver than…”She trailed.

A pause settled and Korra could tell that Asami had even stopped working. Before she could tell paper shuffled in the background. Now there was no noise to be lost in. It was just their breaths as no words came for the moment.

“Well, we aren’t going to a dinner anytime soon. I like to avoid them as much as possible. Darling, I’m okay here and you’ll be okay. And when you come home we’ll not leave the house for a bit. Sure to be safe.” Asami spoke up, trying her best as she knew she couldn’t say that would never happen. Korra had lost her bending before. People have attacked public figures
before. And she herself had always been dead set on helping and protecting Korra.

“I like the idea of being cooped up with you. Might actually get some sleep.” Korra yawned, relaxing a bit.

“Do you ever have good dreams when you sleep alone?” Asami sighed, shuffling papers around again. Korra thought she heard a fountain pen gliding over a single sheet atop the mahogany desk.

“Since I came back from three years? Once. It was a good dream,” she said casually. She remembered it fondly, wondering silently how she could so vividly paint the picture of their daughter in her mind. She also wondered where the name Kena came. She guessed it was because it mixed Katara’s and Senna’s name together.

“Go on,” Asami said, stopping the noise on her side. Korra knew the woman well enough to know that she was most likely holding the whole phone and not just the receiver. She loved to hear about dreams.

Korra blushed. She knew that they talked about long-term. But kids? That was never mentioned. Frankly she knew that it was stupid of her to imagine taking a year off from her duties after so much she’s neglected. And she wouldn’t ever want to travel if it meant leaving her pregnant partner. Still, she was a dreamer.

“It was about me having a family,” she said vaguely. “It was years from now. It was a little girl that looked a lot like me who called me mommy.”

“I’m sure she was beautiful. Like her mommy.” She sighed. “I picture a family as well. But I usually see a little boy.”

“Named Hiroshi?” Korra’s voice cracked, she couldn’t tell if it was out of regret by the end of the question or her being exhausted.

“No. I like the idea of giving children names of their own. Not to remember those lost. He doesn’t have a name in my dreams. You just called him your little penguin.”

Korra went to speak but a knock at the door came. She sighed and moved away from the phone. She called, “who is it?”

“Get dressed dear Korra! I’m taking you to breakfast!” It was Wu. She knew she couldn’t be rude to him as he had been an immense help to her through all of her efforts and getting contact with the different leaders. She merely sighed.

“One sec!” She leaned back into the phone. “Asami, I gotta go. Love you.”

“I love you too. And I’m proud of you.” Asami hung up. Korra grunted and placed the whole set up back on the bedside table. She wrapped her chest and slipped on her clothes. She shoved her feet into her boots and grabbed the bit of money she had courtesy of working under the new chief. He insisted she get some pay roll. It made her uncomfortable. When she helped Lin she was repaying a debt as the woman gave bending and safety to help Korra. With that she secretly knew the man wouldn’t help her if she ever needed him. She could hardly stand Yazin and it was mutual.

Stepping out she saw Wu leaning against a wall. He wore red and black oddly. “What in Raava’s name are you wearing?” Korra sighed.

“I thought you liked dark colored threads. Given your history.” He lifted his lapel lazily. He flipped up his collar and flashed his signature grin he thought was cool, but it was goofy and
almost cartoonish.

“By that logic, I only like people from Fire Nation descent, wouldn’t I?” She arched a brow. He slumped and huffed. “Wu I’m in a relationship that’s been going on for a year. Let’s get breakfast as friends.”

“I have to change first. Red’s not my color!” He ran off. Korra sighed, muttering darkly and picking her nails. She told a passing servant to tell Wu to take a rain check as she had some work to do and she left herself. She knew from Mako that Wu took an hour each change he did and she wouldn’t wait around that long to eat.

She went out on the town herself. The rings weren’t as harshly used. Now it was more just names to define the lines of what they pumped out. The inner ring was mainly districts for shopping and services such as seamstresses and accountants. The middle was more residential based. The lower was where industry was most located. Outside that came farming. She walked around the inner district, tracking down an old tea shop and had an odd sense of recognition to it. Jasmine Dragon was its name. She ordered herself tea and rice cakes. She worked in her little journal, recording as much as she could about the first meeting. She wrote notes from her meeting with Zonris as well.

She wasn’t looking as someone slid into the booth. Looking up she saw a fresh face no older than her. It was a young man with medium toned skin and bright green eyes. He was taller and more built than Wu but not quite as broad as Bolin. He had a grown in shadow on his face and she noticed him eyeing her food enviously. “Avatar Korra?” He inquired.

“Yes? Who are you?” She sipped her tea and shut her book when she saw his eyes dart down to what she was writing.

“I’m Hun, a reporter for the Old Be Sing Sei Times. Do you have a minute for some questions?” He opened his own book. It was a cardboard cover worn smooth and had ripped strings hanging out the bottom to show it was quite literally hanging on by a thread.

She sighed. She had avoided press thanks to the well-guarded security at the conference. But what could hurt? He wasn’t like most she could tell. Most she encountered were pushy and well-established. They wore decent threads where this guy looked like he was wearing his father’s coat. “I do.”

“How do you feel about the passing of the revoke?”

“I’m happy? I spent hours talking it over with all seven province leaders and I just barely got the majority. I hope that it moves to Republic City. It’s now the only place in the world that has persecutes based on sexual attractions now. The Fire Nation has taken strides and the North and South Water Tribes have been centuries ahead of the game.”

“Did your water tribe upbringing lead you to do this?” He was writing down quickly, not making eye contact as he wrote. She didn’t mind. She would rather a note taker over a zealot with a tape recorder microphone shoved in her face.

“Not at all. I wasn’t really raised with my tribe. After Red Lotus tried to kidnap me when I was a child, the chief at the time and the White Lotus decided it was best for me to grow up in a camp. I learned about the traditions only because of my teachers. It was my lover and other people close to me that helped me be aware. The second I knew, I had to act. It has nothing to do with traditions that I think should be spread.” She leaned forward. “But they should be. It teaches love and acceptance. And the tribes are the most spiritual connected—and those against love the spiritual argument.”
“Your lover? Miss Asami Sato?” She nodded at the question. “I noticed her company has recovered from the drop off it took after she came out. Did she stay closeted due to that risk in drop?”

“I have no right to discuss why she stayed closeted. But could you blame someone who grew up in the highest part of society maybe fearing what that could do to her?” She stopped. “You want some tea?”

“I can’t really afford this place,” he said sheepishly. “Young reporters don’t make much until they make a front cover story.”

It was one of the best shops in the whole Empire. It was always busy. She quietly knew that she only got a seat because she was the Avatar. If she was just a passing through commoner, she would be left to wait forever or simply turned away due to her patched up slacks. Hun had most likely spotted her through the open doors. The loudness in a way helped Korra be able to speak. No one would hear her or desire to. She got a second cup as she had a pot. He reached to pour her a fresh up.

“No, I got it.” She smiled and took it. She held the top and poured them each a cup. He looked at her oddly as she poured into her own cup. She ignored him and sipped her tea. “Go on.” He shuffled through his notes and quietly cleared his throat.

“Have you conferred with Varron? Raiko has spoken against your cause on several occasions and is seeking re-election. Have you endorsed Varron as he is not outspoken against your cause?” He sipped his tea. He seemed to melt at the taste and warmth. Korra knew they hadn’t changed their ways for almost a century when Iroh founded the place. Every cup would be perfect as long as they stuck to it.

“I haven’t. Off the record: I’m torn.” He frowned at her.

“Why do you try so hard?” He leaned forward, not needing to write down two lonely words.

“Because I was put on this world to do just that.” She sipped her tea. He had a few more questions that were easier to deal with. She felt a knot forming in her gut with the answer she gave about the election. She wanted to say more, but she couldn’t blab unless she decided that Raiko wasn’t worth it.

“That’s all I got. Thank you.” He bowed before packing up his things.

She tensed. “Wait, your question about the election…”

“What about it?” He pulled his pad out again, pen poised against the page. He leaned forward as if ready to pounce on her.

“Raiko tried to make a deal with me to guarantee he’d be elected. The deal would give me what I wanted. But I’ve decided to find someone who acts off of what’s right and not what it takes to survive in the political world. I will only do what’s right with only people who see it as right. I’m here to change the world, not be a pawn.” She paid for their tea and her breakfast. “You have a good day Hun.” She ripped a page from her book and wrote the number to her and Asami’s home. “Call if you have any use of me for stories. Good luck.” She bowed quickly and left.

Korra looked around the landscape in front of her. It was all metal on all four sides. It felt like the compound she grew up in. Her feet felt a bit numb as they were pressed against the icy metal. She
didn’t have shoes. She slid her toughened feet over the metal. They were people near, the 
vibrations shaking her even if they were minuscule.

Her chest was tight. She had the urge to lean into the wall and tuck her head between her legs. 
Asami would always make her do that whenever she woke up in a cold sweat. She would rub 
soothing circles into her back whenever Korra did that.

But why?

She looked behind herself. She saw bodies in uniforms. Some were Equalists and others seemed 
to be of Red Lotus.

She started to jog forward to where the bodies were, a sense of duty set in her head. She neared 
the other end. There were burning lights coming from the ceiling, mostly bare bulbs. There was 
two hallways at the end. Korra shifted. She felt movement on both sides. Several bodies on both 
sides.

She lifted her hands. They had the scars on her forearms from the explosion…a few she had never 
seen before. Her palms and fingers were covered in blood. She had no new wounds, indicating 
they were from the carnage left behind. She wiped her hands on her pants and contemplated. She 
wanted to think rationally.

Rationality fell from her mind as she heard a scream. “Stop it! It hurts!” The voice was of a child. 
A shrill scream of pain from the left. Korra was about to break that way, but was frozen by 
another scream.

She knew that voice. “Get away! You’ll regret this!”

“Asami!” Korra yelped, moving towards the right. She kicked through the metal door at the end of 
the hall.

She looked around until she saw her love. The raven-haired fighter was several times at each 
extremity and a two-sided fork collared to her neck prevented her from moving her head. She bled 
from moving her jaw to scream. Whoever did this knew just who Asami Sato was.

“Korra,” Asami gasped. Her eyes wide. Korra went to run to her side and then pain suddenly 
prickled across the back of her head.

She collapsed and felt limp. She saw a masked man. “Amon…” she muttered. Her vision was 
blurring. She blinked away tears and tried to move her limbs, but pain struck and vessels in her 
muscles constricted.

“I knew you would come if we got them.” His mask made it seem as if he always had a slight 
smile.

“’We?’ ’Them?’” Korra coughed. Each word felt like lead coming from her vocal cords. He let 
her go finally. When she collapsed, she felt almost ready to relax, but a cry made her tense. She 
whirred to see Asami’s body contorting. “Please! No!”

“You’re still as weak as you were. You act like you’ve changed, but you still can’t be enough. 
You’ll never be enough.” Amon put her back under control. Asami slumped while Korra was 
lied off the ground as if possessed. “You should give up your efforts if you wish to have 
happiness. Don’t you want a life with her? Hm?”

“Not exactly a job you quit,” she muttered and tried to fight. He bent her arms back, straining the 
joints and prepared to break her extremities beyond repair.
“Not even to save your daughter’s life?” He stepped aside and the door swung open. A stalky man entered the room. He had no hair on his face or head. It was the version she saw years ago and not the one in chains.

“Zaheer!” she hissed. He held a tiny, bloodied body in his hands. Korra sobbed, the wave of familiarity hitting her again. Instead of warmth, it brought despair.

“Kena!” Korra gasped out. She wanted to reach for the girl, one barely older than a toddler. The child screaming was a fantasized future. Idealistic coping to not have nightmares.

“Don’t hurt her,” Asami begged. She winced in pain when the fork cut into her neck.

“If your wife here adheres,” Zaheer said. He dropped the child on the hard floor, a dull thud making both her mothers cringe.

“Is she breathing; is she going to survive this?” Korra whimpered. Asami writhed in her restraints. Her wrists were raw and she was risking a spike to the jugular.

“She will if you give up,” Amon chuckled. “My friend here decided you may live if you give up your bending. We want to be kind. Will you let us?”

“I can’t give up,” Korra muttered.

“Korra please. Please, you can come back. Please…” Asami reached for the unconscious child. “My baby…what did they do to you?” She sobbed. Blood ran from her neck in a small yet steady stream. “This is your fault!”

Korra was able to turn her head, enough to see the rage angled at her and not the two men.

“You stubborn bitch! Submit! Give up! Your ego will kill us!” It didn’t sound like her love. Not her patient and strong partner.

“Asami…” She felt hot tears well up. She wanted to save them both. She also knew that there were sacrifices she simply could not. Her family or her duties. Why was it always this choice?

“Choose, Avatar. Happiness or stay Avatar,” Amon said.

“Just kill them. She won’t submit,” Zaheer told him.

“No! She’s just a child,” Asami pleaded. She looked at her wife. “Korra…submit.”

“No! I can’t. Asami I can’t just bend.” Korra was dropped. She stayed on her knees, trembling in fear. She reached for her daughter, but her small body was whisked up by Zaheer. “No! Give her back!”

She tried to summon a flame, but her bending had seized. The little girl started to open her green eyes. They looked so vacant unlike her first dream. The sparkle they previously had seemed to distant. “Choose,” he growled.

“I…I can’t!” She dug her fists into the hard metal. Her tears flowed freely, dripping onto the back of her hands.

“We cannot convince her like this.” Amon held his hand over Kena’s face. The child could only whimper and turn her face away. She looked at her mothers, too far gone to conjure fear. She just looked exhausted. Her body was cut up and bruised.
“Mommy…” she whispered, voice hoarse from screaming. Still such a high voice. Korra knew she tore her throat from the blood bubbling in the girl’s spit.

“Baby it’s okay,” Korra cried. “Mommy’s here…” She reached for her little girl.

But then sharp cracks, like wood in a fire, echoed the small room. Amon’s fist clenched as the little girl’s spin contorted into sharp curve. They dropped her body, eyes vacant.

“KENA!” Asami screamed. She thrashed and sobbed.

Korra sat up in bed, gasping for air just to let out a sob. Her cheeks felt wet. Sweat ran over her forehead. She flicked on a light, fearful of what lay in the darkness. The room was empty. The figures was simply furniture and plants. The ominous sounds was the ceiling fan cutting the air and the motor going on and on.

She panted and realized with much embarrassment that not just her cheeks were wet. The scent of urine set in strong. She cursed loudly and got out of bed.

She wiped her eyes and a knock came at the door. The handle jimmied, not budging as she locked the door. “Hello?” she called.

“I heard screaming,” a guard spoke. “Are you alright?”

“Yes…can you please get a maid? Tell her to bring sheets and blankets, please.”

“Yes Avatar Korra.” She heard footsteps depart. She sighed and stripped down. She hopped into the shower, quickly rinsing and washing up. The warm water made her calm down. She gripped the bar of soap, it buckling under the pressure and slipping out twice.

She leaned against the wall, blinking slowly. Usually, her nightmares were things of the past or episodes pulled from her poison hallucinations. This one…was so different. To have her fantasies mixing with her nightmares had never happened. And she hadn’t wet the bed from a nightmare since shortly after the Zaheer incident. She was humiliated every night, no matter how many times Kya said fear and anxiety can cause bed-wetting, especially if a high-stress situation manifested during one’s mind.

Those dreams were at least giving a touch of her being aware of it being a dream. She felt like she had actually failed a child she brought in the world. It was the frightening reality that her efforts to be happy will give her enemies free ammunition.

She came out in new clothes to see one of the servants making up her bed. The woman looked at her oddly. “Is there something wrong?” She asked, appalled. Korra knew she wanted to ask if they was something wrong with her.

“I, uh…drank too much water before I went to bed I think.” She smiled sheepishly and looked at the clock. It was three thirty. She knew that Asami would be just waking up back at Republic City.

She tipped the servant with a couple of yuans she had on the nightstand before grabbing the phone.

She called and got picked up on the third ring. “Sato residence,” Rin, the oldest butler at the mansion answered.
She stayed quiet. “Hello?” Rin called. She swallowed and rolled her shoulders. “I’m hanging up.”

“No!” She cried. She sighed. “It’s Korra…is Asami gone yet?”

“I’m afraid to say yes. She left to go on an early errand. Can I take a message?”

Korra curled up in the bed. “No…I was just going to say good morning. You don’t have to tell her I called.”

“Is that an order?” He sounded disinterested.

“Yes. Please don’t tell her I called.” Korra hung up quickly. She pulled her knees to her chest.

Chapter End Notes

I think Korra’s nightmares will be shifting more to the future than the past. Right now she’s in the hellish middle. And I’m in the hellish position of waiting for the comic. Luckily for me, I have a copy pre-ordered thanks to my SO

Also, the reason Hun looked at Korra oddly is that in Asian etiquette, you pour each other's drink as a sign of respect in the case of tea (Some situations it would be odd. I don’t remember which ones, but some quick searching should find it. The traditions are interesting.) I feel Korra would be uncomfortable to be shown respect like that, even if it was normalcy. Avatar humbleness!
Korra looked at Zonris nervously. It was a vote where it was all debate. They just hate to discuss and vote on the marriage law. The legalization passed, the exception a few small sections of the twins’ province, but overall it was the law of the land.

The bill was being read in its entirety first by the transcriber. It was shorter, a simple proposal. Korra prepared herself for whatever arguments they’d shoot. She shuffled and marked up her book, writing what notes she thought useful. She had copied the bill. She planned to take it to the Fire Nation or Republic City. Though

The young woman finished reading the bill. “I wish for us all to stay civil, and not say things we’ll regret,” Sing told the others. She adjusted her robes.

“Marriage is marriage,” Wu said. “Again, I bring up, this shouldn’t be a question. Why waste our time?”

“Because your family established this?” Zonris shot in. Wu looked at him, offended that a man on his side attacking.

“Like your bloodline is worth a damn. You’re a bastard and your mother was an orphan,” Chao spat.

“Don’t insult our family,” Chen muttered.

“But he’s right,” Wu said, planting his hands on his desk. He sighed. “The monarchy had no sense of what was right for its people. Hardly anyone saw it as valuable. That is why Kuvira quickly gained power and kept it until she herself was taken down by our company.” He winked at Korra.

Non piped up, sounding angry. “Hundreds of years ago, they created a decree. We know the history book. The massacre they called spiritual cleansing? They killed many alleged anarchists, nonbelievers, and homosexuals. We have a chance to make this land have a clean slate.”

Chao and Chen stewed in anger as they contemplated a comeback. “They have a right to exist now. Haven’t you already unwritten that?” Shung mumbled.
“You can’t undo that. Lives were lost,” Zonris said solemnly. He stood up. “We can’t undo what
the monarchy did. We all just know that we are here for a reason. Not a desirable one. We can
usher change. Not be stuck in old ideas.” He looked at Shung. “Old ideas will get us old coots
booted out of office.”

“We were chosen for our willingness to work for the people’s point of views,” Sing cut in,
looking around.

“Who said this is what the people want?” Chen asked. “People didn’t want the revoke in our
province in fairly high numbers!”

“Yet it still was revoked in your province. Almost like people believe people have a right to…
exist. Weird, isn’t it?” Wu chuckled. The twins looked ready to slap their distant cousin.

“You’re ushering in the perverting of matrimony,” Shung crowed. He stood. “I do not stand for
this. Next thing you’ll see is children being married off or sicker men marrying their dogs!”

“There is a stark difference between two consenting adults marrying and child marriages,” Korra
interjected. She smiled bitterly. She looked at a point she wrote, having done drills with her lover.
Korra wasn’t an example of a level head. She couldn’t create an argument without explosion. She
just knew she was right and got angrier if no one saw it. She had to be helped to articulate her
point of view. No one ever taught her that until recently. “Child marriages are legal in most of
your provinces.”

A pause settled. The typewriters of journalists paused as they ran out of dialogue to record. The
transcriber was able to look up. Korra leaned forward and made her way close to Shung.

“And your province removed bestiality from your sexual indecency laws, but not consensual
sodomy. You’d already rather have children and animals violated than a consenting same-sex
relationship exist. It happened…but without two-spirited and transcendent-spirited allowing it.”
She brushed her hand over his before going back to sit down.

He turned red and his pen warped in his hand. He wasn’t especially strong, it was all thanks to
him learning metal bending like many earth benders did if they were within public service.

“We’ll have to reconsider that another time,” Sing sighed. “I wish this to be a debate and not a
screaming match. I see that won’t happen. Shall we just vote?”

“No, let’s keep going,” Chen said. “Sing, this isn’t about your point of view. It is about your
people. You worried about what they thought before. Think about it now. Aren’t we changing
this land too radically? What if we end up more opposed to moving so fast?”

“What pace should we go at then?” Non looked at the twins.

“Yes, Non doesn’t have much time. On this earth,” Shung muttered.

“Civil, Shung!” Sing scorned.

“No, let them patronize me. I’ve been in politics for longer than he has, but let him be on the high
horse as a man.” Non pushed up her glasses. “Working from the lower levels of a street cop to a
lawyer, to a politician, I saw injustices in front of me and in the books we read in school.” She
clicked her cane against the tile floor. “The rapid movement can be justified in the decades of
idleness.”

“If I vote yes will you shut up about this?” Chen groaned.
“This isn’t the end. It’s the beginning,” Zonris told them. “The population being addressed lay in some major concerns. Venereal disease, drug addiction, homelessness, the overcrowding in asylums—you’ll find majorities within the group due to influences of oppression and ignorance.”

He put his pen down. “That’s why I happily started this with the Avatar. It’s a major issue. In a new prosperity, we have a chance to address a minority.”

“Prosperity?” Chen scoffed.

“The standard of living is at its highest it has been ever. There’s still a lot to do, but it beats the eighty percent slums kept under the Queen four years ago. Tragically brought about…but has proven to benefit,” Zonris told him. “But that’s off topic. This is the matter of marriage. Are we going to argue over allowing a slip of paper for years or can we get this over with so we can continue to improve life for our citizens?”

“Sing can you please speak up what you think?” Chen piped up. He clicked his pen. “You’re the tie-breaker it seems. We all can see what we six think.”

“I…” aboutSing let out the one work, voice breaking. She fumbled with the papers on her desk. “I call a recess.” She left with a quick stride, her robes making it seem she was floating.

Korra was the only person to follow. The leaders simply sighed, wanting to discuss other matters but forever feeling tabled. “Sing!” she called. She jogged as the woman sped up and had a slight lead. She touched her shoulder, just to have her hand slapped away. The woman’s lacquered nails scratched the back of her hand. “Okay, so I’m bleeding now. What’s wrong?”

“I have to live with them you know. Once you got once these little laws are passed. And are you for what they’ll have to say about people like you adopting?” Sing muttered.

“People like me?” Korra snorted. She crossed her arms over her chest. “People like me shouldn’t take on a kid. I’m twenty one. But there are people who are older, happier, and loving. I know a couple who got screwed out a family because of laws like this! They would’ve made the best damn mothers…” She paused, frowning. “But what’s the problem. You have to live with those men? So does Non. And Wu. And Zonris. And they won’t matter if you work with those who deal with them.”

“I’m the moderate of the whole thing. If I desire to change on other matters, I’ll need three others. I will sacrifice my professional relationship with the twins and Shung if I do something as this. The revoke is one…but this…”

“So you’re going to deny people rights for some political leverage?” Korra accused, leaning down. For a rare occasion, an adult was shorter than her.

“I have to go on past this.”

“Or this can be your legacy.” Korra looked at her.

“No one can take you from your rank, what do you know?” Sing scoffed.

“They’ve tried. All you have to do is kill me,” Korra said stoically. “You want to remove me, take a dagger. Hope you get a quieter Avatar next reincarnation. Let you do your business.” She walked off, leaving Sing and making her way back to Zonris.

“What did you say?” he whispered to her.

“Oh, nothing really.” Korra grabbed her book and wrapped the chord around it as Sing entered again.
“Okay, I’m ready to vote,” Sing said. She got to the lectern. “Non?”

“Aye.”

“Chen?”

“Nay. Strongly opposed.”

“Wu?”

“Aye!” He snapped and sat back.

“Zonris?”

“Aye. Nothing will change my mind.”

“Chao?”

“Nay.”

“Shung?”

“Nay!”

Sing paused. She grabbed her gavel. “I vote nay. The nation is not ready.” She slammed down the wooden hammer and shuffled away.

Zonris looked down at Korra. She gripped her pencil, unresponsive. She got up. “I’m disappointed, but I can say with experience, you’re not the most opposed on these issues. I’ll leave you to finish the rest of your meeting.” She bowed and left.

The next week brought the vote on adoption. Korra was quiet as they spoke. There were arguments over the competence of parents. There was the defense of if there those willing to adopt, they should be allowed to if deemed qualified.

Korra had to stay calm as they tore away at the idea of that people like her could be parents. She knew none of the men would address her directly in fear of her attacking. They were smart in that sense. She wanted to fire that the laws were ridiculous, that it had prevented many people from living the life they desired with their partner.

She thought of Kya and Lin. She wondered silently how their lives would be like if they had the chance to be mothers all those years ago. Would Lin have been a gentler woman to see a child she raised walking the world? The Bei Fong legacy would be different if they had children. It would have been the first time the family adopted an heir.

But it wasn’t so. And one could argue they were too old. They would be even older before it came to reality at this pace.

Korra snapped back as Chen said, “We shouldn’t expose children to that lifestyle. It’s practically abuse. They’re better off orphaned.”

Korra stood, having had enough. “A family is a family! And lifestyle is different. You have someone you love, you come home to, you dine with them, sleep in a bed…Not marry them
apparently. Should kids have married parents?”

“Ideally.”

“Then why not rid the world of single parents? Or separated couples not getting to keep their kids.”

“That’s crazy.”

“What say, a single woman has a child. She moves in with another female…they’re romantic. The child calls and sees the other lady her parent? Do you take the child away then?”

“The child isn’t the other woman’s.”

“But it’s being raised, she spends time and yuan on the child like any parents. Shows love. Will you take the child away? I mean it’s being exposed to that abuse! Of being loved by two adults…”

“The woman birthed the child.”

“But you called it abuse! You remove children from abusive situations, don’t you!” She had moved, lunging and leaning over his desk. So close one in his place could see the whites of her eyes and smell her sweat.

“Y-yes…” He swallowed and shifted in his seat. “Can you please move away?”

“Does being belittled bother you?” Korra looked at him. “Feeling on edge and worrying what may happen next scare you? That’s every moment in public for queer couples. Don’t fucking call a family abusive by just being homosexual.”

She moved and sat back down. “Well…” Zonris breathed.

“Not sorry,” she mumbled.

“You won’t change his mind,” he whispered as Non went on about overcrowding in orphanages, and how it could make a dent.

“I didn’t want to. A lot of people I encounter won’t.”

“You changed me. From indifference to avidly supportive.” She looked at him. He smiled and nodded, knowing the next thing out of her mouth would be questioning the truth of that statement.

“Thanks.” Korra crossed her arms over her chest as Non raised her voice.

“We have strict regulations on those who want to adopt. It will open up the eligibility of more families. And what’s a traditional family? Single people adopt. It’s the idea of them getting a family in any shape or form because every child deserves that,” Non exclaimed.

“How many single parents really adopt? How valid is that argument?” Chao countered.

“Off topic, but I looked at a few records at the local boys and girls homes.” Non extracted a stack of papers from her desk. “Approximately one-third of adoptions in the past year were conducted by those with only one name listed on the registration. Largely those living within the middle ring.”

“So non-traditional families are existing within adoption—your main concern it seems,” Zonris added.
“Also a mom and dad don't equal a happy life! We have no proof that two male or two female parents will hurt a child either,” Korra said. “You’re going off your own perceptions and bigotry.”

“I call for the vote to come to the floor,” Wu motioned.

Sing grabbed her gavel. “Shung?” She looked up, having been staring down at the lectern.

“Nay.” He sat back as Non scoffed.

“Chao?”

“Nay.”

Sing sighed, “Zonris?”

“Aye.”

“Non?”

“Aye.”

“Wu?”

“Aye.”

“Chen?”

The man looked up from fiddling with his pocket watch. “I abstain.”

“What!” Chao looked at his brother, brows screwed and mouth agape.

“I don’t have to explain myself.”

“Very well,” Sing sighed. “I vote aye.” She brought down her gavel. “The adoption law passes four to two. For today, we are done. We will reconvene tomorrow at eight.”

Korra sank down in her chair as the leaders packed up. She heard the last dying clicks of typewriters. “I guess I’ll be leaving the Empire,” she mumbled. She looked at Zonris. “Remember if you need me, I’m just a phone call away.”

“Same for me,” he smiled. He packed his papers away into his bag. Non approached the young Avatar.

“Oh, hello,” Korra said when she noticed the elder. She stepped down. She was taller than the hunched over woman. “Thank you for being so outwardly positive. Can I ask why?”

“As a single mother, a grandmother, great-grandmother, and see all walks of life first person—I believe everyone has a right to a certain standard in life. Allowance to love, create a family or to not, safety—just overall existence.” She bowed her head and walked out.

“Well, I have to get my travel plans in order,” she told Zonris. She gathered her things and bowed at the province leader. She walked out, trying to look at the bright side. But her chest felt heavy in the dread of knowing she wasn’t where she wanted to be. Her vow was becoming harder as the idealistic world of waiting until it was the law of the land would keep her happiness even more of a distant dream.
Chapter End Notes

I don't know if I should post the next chapter tonight. I can't sleep and it's past midnight, but I also have nothing to do tomorrow and there's no reason to stop writing when I'm at a place where I have actual plot points. You know, like romantic stuff and a life-changing decision to be made by Kya and Lin.
Coming Home

Chapter Summary

Korra returns from the Empire.

Chapter Notes

This is one of the fluffiest things I've ever friggin' wrote.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Korra woke up with a jerk. She gulped in air fully and her chest ached as her heart sped and skipped before returning to a normal rhythm. She ran the back of her hand over her forehead, wiping away sweat.

She looked out the window next to the cot. She was returning home on a ship. She was below deck, able to hear the waves crashing against the metal hull. She looked out and saw the clear waters. She wanted to crack it open, usually soothed by the salty scent. It wasn’t the scent of home anymore. Home now was Asami’s arms. The nightmares over the past weeks made that hunch reality.

Korra got off the cot and got dressed. The sun had been high and the faint skyline indicated she was nearing the city. Though she would be promptly taking a ferry to Air Temple Island, for she had a warm welcome waiting for her.

She had presents, spending every yuan she had to spoil those she cared about most. She got Jinora a book about the history of arithmetic. Not Korra’s speed but she knew the young woman enjoyed such topics. For Ikki, a stack of prints. The girl would admire them at shops whenever she entered the town. Korra saw some rare ones sold by an old woman in the upper district. She didn’t belong there, her clothes faded but well mended. She knew how to upkeep her appearance with very little. Korra bought one of every print she had and let her keep the change. For Meelo, she got him a jar of onion banana candies and a bison whistle. The boy’s favorite candy was discontinued at the shops in the city due to it being so unpopular. She had found them and bought them on the spot. The whistle was another impulse as she tried to keep the prices of the kids’ gifts equal. Rohan got toys and the newest sensation—colored wax shaped and used for children to color versus the very messy ink or unsafe for children and dull lead.

The adults got a few odd things. She found it hard to shop for Pema and Tenzin as they often rejected gifts. The Air Nation valued the lack of possessions. Korra got Tenzin smooth and rounded stones meant for helping build one’s chi. She got Pema necklace with the characters for her name on a tiger's eye pendant. It was simple and the woman’s style. Wasn’t too valuable that she may feel guilty by keeping. She got Bolin an autograph of a few earth benders notorious for their underground fighting. A few Korra knew from her six months as a fighter herself. She got Mako a new scarf and a bottle of alcohol. For Asami, she got a face mask one could only purchase in the Empire’s province. She had to make a few calls to be able to cross borders with it. The woman loved things like that—odd beauty products.
Korra looked at the box that didn’t fit in her bag with all the gifts. It was a blank package tied with twine. It was for Kya and Lin. She looked at the corner of goodies as she wrapped her chest. She groped at her pocket, feeling the few stray coins. She felt guilty that she couldn’t tip the crew. She had rushed, not waiting for her airship and instead took a cargo boat. The same way she had arrived in town for the first time.

She had barely gotten her shirt on when the captain came down. He was scruffy and smoked a pipe. “We docked,” he told her. He didn’t talk much. She had only spoken to him about once about if she could. Everything else she communicated through his first mate, a woman who was curt but kind as she gave up her blanket and part of her portions to Korra. Korra had only heard the captain speak otherwise by yelling orders.

“Thank you.” She pulled the last bit of her coins. She moved and placed them in the palm of his hand. “It’s not much, but it’s all I have left.” She grabbed her bag and the wrapped package. She went above deck. The crew was unloading the shipments of spices and various other goods. Korra took a chance to book it down the ramp. She jogged to the ferry. She extracted a slip from her pocket that meant she didn’t have to pay.

She skimmed through her notebook, it almost empty of free space. She looked up when she heard a whoosh. She saw The three oldest air bending kids. She smiled when they noticed her. She heard them call her name faintly. They beat her to the island.

She got off as those she was closest to came out. She placed her things down and ran at a sprint when she saw Asami. The inventor jumped into Korra’s arms, wrapping her legs around her waist and molding their lips together. Korra fell back into the sand, cushioning her fall with a bit of air. She pulled away to laugh, “good to see you too.” She felt like crying in relief to be back in her girlfriend’s arms.

“I was following everything, and the transcripts…” Asami mumbled. “I saw you exposed Raiko. He’s not happy.”

“I know. I’ll deal with that another day.” Korra got up with Asami. They dusted themselves off. Korra was barely back on her feet before Bolin wrapped her in a tight hug.

“There’s the best Avatar ever! Back from fighting with her words and not her fists,” he cheered, picking her off her feet.

“Hey Bolin…” she wheezed. He put her down.

Next she got a group hug from the kids. She was bombarded with questions of how the Empire was, how her time there was, why did she look so tired, did she bring them anything.

“It was lovely, I had a good time outside of the debating. That was the most frustrating thing. More than talking to your father,” she chuckled. She looked at Ikki, the culprit of the questions mainly. “And I was traveling, should I be fully awake?”

“No, you look like you haven’t slept in days…” Jinora observed. She scrunched up her brow.

“Let’s not worry about that.” Korra waved out the kids. “You don’t want to be so pushy. Or else I’ll have to not give you your presents.”

“Presents?!” They all inquired, even the ‘mature’ Jinora. Korra grinned, nodding. She retrieved the abandoned bag. She passed off the gifts.

She got more hugs, many thanks, and then the three ran off. Ikki took Rohan’s gifts, promising to
give them to the boy when he woke up from his nap.

Korra turned to the adults around her. “I got some for you too,” she told Bolin.

“Mako too?” he inquired. The cop jogged over. Everyone had gone to the island, anticipating Korra’s return.

He nodded politely at Korra. “Good to see you,” he told Korra.

“Same. And I sense you know what I did.” She fiddled around in her bag.

“Yeah. Raiko and Yazin wanted me to talk to you. Their asses are on the line because of you,” he accused. She looked up. He was stoic before smirking. “Good job.”

“Thank you. I’m very proud.” She wrapped a new scarf around his neck and placed the bottle in his hand. “Two things to warm you up.”

“Greatly appreciated,” he grinned.

“What do I get?” Bolin asked. Korra pulled out the few photos that were signed. She held them up to him. “No way!” He snatched them. “Holy crap you got all the good ones. This is the best!” He looked at her. “Did you actually meet them?”

“Yeah. It was a reunion with a few.” She grinned as he hugged her again. “Oi…don’t squish me!”

“Sorry.” He let her go. Tenzin, Pema, Kya, and Lin approached.

“Where’s Katara?” Korra asked. She touched the small pocket of her bag. She almost forgot the scroll she got for her old teacher.

“She’s resting. She fell while playing with the kids,” Kya told her. “But she’ll be just fine.”

“Nice to see you in one piece,” Lin said casually, hiding the fact she was greatly relieved to see Korra hadn’t come into any harm.

Tenzin looked at Korra. “I see you took my advice,” he said.

“It was a snap thing. The reporter just came to me. I’m glad he printed it. I didn’t think it would come so far…” she smiled sheepishly. She grabbed the wooden box from her bag and held it up to Tenzin. “I want to give you some calm to make up for the panic I caused you years ago.”

“Thank you Korra.” He smiled and took the box. He touched her shoulder.

“You hungry? We’ve been cooking all morning!” Pema beamed. She looked tired, but she was like that often. Korra wondered if she should’ve maybe gotten her some nice coffee beans.

“I’m starved! And I have something for you.” Korra extracted the necklace. “You’re a woman of simplicity, but also of beauty. So here—hopefully it emulates both parts perfectly.”

“You’re so sweet Korra. I love it.” Pema hugged Korra and kissed the woman’s cheek. “You’ll have to tell me about your time at the Empire later. Right now, I have to check on our meal.”

“Okay.” Korra watched her go and looked at Tenzin. “What did I miss?”

“Well, one of my air benders is getting married,” he said casually.

“Who?” Korra got no reply, left to piece it together. She looked at those around her. “Come on.
Bolin smiled like an idiot. Mako rolled his eyes at his brother’s goofy expressions. Lin sighed deeply.

“Oh!” It clicked in Korra’s mind. She looked at Bolin. “You’re engaged? You proposed while I was gone?!?” She pouted. “I wanted to see.”

“Well you can see the ring. Opal’s been showing it off…but it’s nothing special. Working non-profit…doesn’t give much profit.” He looked down at the pictures.

“Hey, the Avatar doesn’t technically pay. Yazin put me on payroll.”

“He did what?” Lin hissed. “You don’t—that’s just—he’s stupid.” She was turning red. Kya took her hand.

“Hey now,” Kya whispered. She looked at Korra as Tenzin left after hearing a crash.

Korra felt Asami’s arms wrap around her waist. Korra looked at the brothers and the couple before him. “Kya? Lin? I have a gift for you two as well.” She held out the package.

Kya took it, stopping her wife from rejecting the gift. “Thank you.” She undid the knot, struggling as she had hardly any nail. “Lin, do you want to open it the rest of the way?”

“No, you like opening them more than I do.” Lin looked down, curious. Kya opened it. The women gasped, looking at an application for adoption, clothes for a young child, and a book about the adoption process. “Wait…”

“Look, I know you may no longer want kids. But I thought I could give you this, because you can. The adoption law allows children to be adopted in the Empire, but live with parents in any non-Empire province. That being Zaofu…and Republic City.”

Kya looked at the Avatar. “Korra…” she whispered.

“I know you’re both in your fifties, you probably don’t want to take on a baby or toddler—“She was cut off when the water bender hugged her.

“I love it. It’s perfect…”She let Korra go. She looked at Lin. “Honey I know—“

“We can talk about it,” the former chief told her. She touched Kya shoulder.


“Let’s go inside,” she mumbled to her wife.

Korra looked at her girlfriend. Asami was smiling. “What?”

“I’m proud of you,” Asami told her. She took Korra’s hand. “Let’s take a walk.”

“Okay.” Korra followed as she pulled her off. They didn’t talk as they sauntered further from the front of the temple entrance. “How was your weeks without me?”

“Busy. I didn’t want to go to an empty home.” Asami sighed. “But that doesn’t mean anything. Without you there, I can feel alone in a crowded room.”
Korra blushed and smiled softly. “That’s not true. You dazzle every room you’re in. You’re engaged within everything you do.”

“That’s what you see because you reinforce me. I don’t have to fake it. It’s natural when you’re around. Before it was a façade. No one noticed my sparkle was smoke and mirrors.” Asami sighed and looked off at the water. The sun was high up, making the waves almost sparkle.

“Okay.” Korra squeezed her hand. “I missed having you in my bed. And not sexually. Just… contact. Your warmth, the sound of your breath as you sleep, your face in the morning before you put your makeup on—all that soothes me.” Korra frowned. “I had so many nightmares. Some new ones. Mostly old ones.”

“New ones?” Asami looked down at her.

“You know that good dream I told you about?” Korra looked up. “Well it got warped and ruined by Zaheer and Amon. It made no sense! But it was so…”She shook her head. “I don’t want to talk about it.” She stopped. She trembled and her muscles tensed.

Asami quickly moved to embrace her. She held Korra tight, not letting go until the woman relaxed. She stepped back. “Okay, let’s keep walking.” They returned to moving, approaching the end of the beach. There would be a trail that led one up into the mountains on the island. They wouldn’t go so far. Asami tucked her hands into her pockets.

“I probably ruined the romantic aura you were setting up by flattering me,” Korra sighed. She frowned.

“We can’t really keep that up. We just have a relaxed air around us all the time. Guess that’s what happens when you’re best friends first.” Asami smiled. “Though you did call me your girlfriend.”

Korra blushed. “I meant just a friend that was female!”

“Well look at where we are.” Asami chuckled. She wanted to just wrap the shorter woman in her arms and kiss her flustered face. But she had a goal.

“The best possible place.” Korra looked off at the water. “I have so much I want to do in this life.”

“You have plenty of time.” Asami took her hand.

“No, I don’t. I realize that more and more. I can’t waste a minute, Asami.”

Asami pulled the necklace from her pocket. “I suppose you’re right. We shouldn’t waste a second.”

Korra looked back just to see her girlfriend on one knee, the necklace held out in her hands. “Asami,” she gasped.

“You don’t want to waste time? Neither do I. I’ve spent too much time not being with you.” Asami smiled at her girlfriend. “So marry me. Let’s not waste anymore time. We know we want to be together for the rest of this life.”

“Asami,” Korra breathed. She looked down at the betrothal necklace. “That’s Katara’s.”

“I’ll explain later. What do you say?” Asami looked up at her, not looking as confident in the newest moment.

“The fight’s not done,” Korra mumbled. She looked at her feet.
“I know you have a promise, but it could be years. I’m sorry to say, but it could be. Isn’t this enough?” Asami pleaded. “That dream? Do you really think the timeline will work out at that? Korra it’ll be a fight. I’m ready to fight it with you. As your wife.”

Korra put one hand over her eyes. She smiled wryly. “I know it won’t happen exactly. I won’t just snap into a day and realize everything I wanted was right there.”

Asami faltered. She stood slowly, her cheeks red. “I jumped the gun. Just forget I asked.”

“No.” Korra took her hand that contained the necklace. “I failed at the Empire. I failed in the Fire Nation when that bomber came. I...have so much ahead of me. If I wait until that’s all done before marrying you, I’ll be buried a bachelorette!” Korra placed her other hand on Asami’s cheek. “The war’s not won. Villains change faces, but you’re one of the few constants. Asami I will not give that up.” She smiled. “I’ll marry you.”

“Thank spirits,” Asami breathed. She sniffled, tears having welled up in fear of rejection. She leaned down and kissed Korra.

The Avatar melted into the kiss. She ran her thumb along the smooth cheek she cradled, swiping away a tear. Their lips parted and Asami reached up, clasping the necklace onto Korra’s neck and adjusting the pendant. “So, why do you have this?” Korra whispered.

“Katara learned I had feelings for you a long time ago. Before you and I even went on that first date. The first conversation I had with her, she gave me this. Said to give it to you when I proposed or to give it to her children when she had passed. She passed one down to Kya, and the other to you.” Asami smiled. “I wanted to make you one, but I knew you’d prefer something of your old master over anything I carved.”

“I’d love anything you used.” Korra took Asami’s hand. “Let’s head back.” They turned around before the rise in altitude.

“Be ready for even more celebration,” Asami breathed.

“When we get home, you’ll have to show me just how much you missed me,” Korra told her. “I need it.”

“Anything for my fiancée.” Asami smiled, loving how the words felt rolling off her tongue. A taste almost as sweet as the lips she vowed to kiss until her last breath.

Chapter End Notes

Is it out of character for Kya and Lin to become mothers? I plan to write in them finding their child. Maybe them taking him to Zaofu. Possibly to see Toph.
President Varron/Precious Lao

Chapter Summary

Korra meets the new president of Republic City. Lin and Kya change their lives forever.

Chapter Notes

The second part is my favorite thing I have ever done.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Korra fumbled with her necktie, looking in the mirror. She glared at the crooked knot within the length of silk. Her traditional dress was at the cleaners and she did not desire to wear a full on ball gown. It was a meeting with the president after his inauguration.

She rejected the invitation to his actual inauguration, as that day Asami had a business trip that sent her Zaofu. She decided she would rather go with a small group. After the meeting, the couple met up with the Bei Fong family to celebrate Bolin and Opal’s engagement. Lin went without Kya. Mako came as well.

Suyin nearly squealed when Lin offhandedly mentioned she and Kya planned on adopting a child. She had said she didn’t want to steal her niece’s spotlight. She, in fact, wished no one cared. But everyone did. Bolin tried to hug his future aunt, just to get trapped to his chair with a bit of metal.

Korra threw aside the tie in frustration. She undid the collar button so her necklace could be seen. She threw back her shoulders confidently and grinned into the mirror. She felt a bit lighter in the soul with the necklace. It was odd though to wear a necklace created by her past life. It looked so sloppy, Aang’s design. Yet it was perfect. Who was she to desire perfection when she was the epitome of imperfection?

Korra grabbed her hair pin, slipping it into the base of the small pony tail she had. She turned around and made her way to town on Naga. The dog had been brought to her. She was getting old—she was still going, and was healthy—so Korra wanted her with her.

She entered the presidential mansion. Several workers there wanted to lead her up to the president’s office. She merely told them she knew the way. She walked the sharply turning halls. She knocked on the tropical wood door first.

“Come in!” A masculine voice called. It was smooth, as he did not smoke or drink excessively. Varron opened the door slowly. She opened it all the way to saunter in over slipping in through a crack to keep her entrance as quiet as possible.

Varron was standing in front of his desk. The office wasn’t unpacked, so it was very empty. The only artwork was what belonged in the mansion, none personal. There were boxes and still covered furniture. “It’s nice to meet you, Avatar Korra,” he said, bowing.
“Honors mine,” she replied, returning the gesture. “You can sit down. I won’t just be yelling at you. Like I did to your predecessor.”

“Well, that’s reassuring to know.” He smiled and sat down. Whenever he smiled, the corners of his eyes crinkled. His eyes were a dark brown along with his thinning and graying hair. His temples sunk in and his cheekbones were a bit pronounced. His lips were thin. He has no glasses. Korra knew that would’ve softened his face, made his eyes appear larger. His skin was like Suyin’s, in between but closer to alabaster. Aging paper was what came to mind when you saw their wrinkling colored skin.

He was thin, but never malnourished in his life as he was able to be nearly six foot tall.

“Have you started your work?” she asked. She looked at his desk. It was neat. Unlike Asami’s. The inventor always had her workspace cluttered with papers and drawing utensils.

He straightened a stack of papers and a pen. “Oh, yes. No orders signed, or bills put to proposal. But I’ve been looking things over, meeting with various leaders. Like the chief—“

“He’s something isn’t he?” Korra sighed. She sank down into the seat across from Varron.

“If pompous is something.”

“What?” She crinkled her brow. “Sorry, the White Lotus isn’t the best at education.”

“He was very arrogant,” he clarified. “Your cousins seemed so eloquent when I met them. I figured you’d be just as well taught.”

“Nope. I mean chief kids usually are taught by the best, but me being within a compound changed my whole life.” She crossed her legs.

“I like your necklace. Did Miss Sato give that to you?” he asked. Korra touched the pendant.

“Yes.” She lowered her voice. “Problem with that?”

“Oh, no. I knew you would come to me about this matter. You didn’t while I was campaigning.”

“I was torn. Raiko offered me a deal…”

“You refused and exposed him. Thank you for that. People who are against your cause were still lost from him as he was trying to take advantage of you. Your approval is quite high nowadays.”

“It’s surprising. People usually hate me.” She smiled sheepishly.

“That’s usually what happens when you are under the public eye.” He sat back. “So what do you expect from me? What caused you to have so many issues with Raiko?”

“He wasn’t exactly the person who I worked well with. I would want to go right and he would swerve left…or just stand still and get hit by a freight train to the point where I had to shove him any which way just so things would work out.” She frowned. “My main issue was his personal views. He had me imprisoned and threatened the safety of my partner. He had me tracked and had photos of us in a compromising situation.” She gripped the rests of her chairs. “He fired a close friend of mine just because she was married. It was because she undermined him to help me.”

“I see.” He frowned.

“You probably know what I want.” She looked at him. “I know that you probably don’t want to
move drastically. That’s what the Empire’s like.”

“Well, this is my recent work.” He pulled a stack of papers from his desk. “It’s one of the first orders I plan to sign.” He handed it to her.

Korra placed it into her lap, opening and skimming over it. Her chewed up nails ran along the lines as she slowly read. “You want to revoke,” she gasped. She looked up at him.

“It should’ve never been in place. Calling it outdated would be an understatement.”

“What about marriage and adoption—“

“Not concerned with that.” He folded his hands on the desk. “You know, my history is more non-profit. I used to work at a homeless shelter. I noticed a lot of youths were gay. And many had some form of VD; some of the diseases proved fatal.” He pushed at under his right thumbnail with his left thumbnail. It seemed like it would hurt. “I plan to be putting funding into shelters and treatment research. I see that taking priority. Will you understand?”

She looked down, pausing. The corners of her mouth uplifted. “You’re the man of my dreams right now, President Varron.”

He chuckled. “I’m sorry to say, but I’m spoken for and have two lovely daughters.”

“Damn.” She grinned. “I fully support your actions. And if you need any volunteers at the shelters, I’m your girl.”

“Good.” He crossed his arms and sat back in his chair. “Now that friend you mentioned. Miss Lin Bei Fong?”

“Yes, that’s her,” she sighed.

“I may have to look at her termination. See it justified.” He smiled. “I may just be able to get her put back into position.”

“I’m sure she’d love that. I mean she plans to adopt soon.”

“Ah, yes. The adoption law of the Empire. That was some impressive work.” He stood. “I’m sad to see it didn’t fully pan out like you wanted.”

“Win some, lose some. I learned that the hard way.” She resisted frowning. “When would you consider marriage?”

“Talk to me when my hundred days are over. If you can draft it, I’ll see.”

“I’m not exactly a politician or lawyer. I haven’t been formally educated since I was fourteen.”

“Well your fiancée, the salutatorian of her class, could help you. She graduated three years early from university.” He smiled. “But I’m sure you knew.”

“No…I didn’t.” Korra scrunched up her brow. “How do you?”

“I knew her father. He was the proudest man at her achievements. She had just graduated around the time you arrived into the city.”

“How did you rise up in rank?” She arched a brow.

“Well, the short version is: my father took a chance with the recently founded stock market years
ago. It worked handsomely. He sold his assets and got me through school. Volunteered as I finished my education. I became a lawyer. I used to work under the council, as I was a very rare breed then; I was a fresh face with the qualifications. I returned and worked non-profit until recent."

“I see.” Korra adjusted her collar. “I should leave you be. You’re busy I’m sure.”

“Yes. I’m glad we got to meet in private. It’s good to avoid the press as much as I can. Though I know for years I’ll be under their watchful eye.”

“They’re certainly buzzard wasps.” Korra bowed before she parted.

She hopped onto Naga. The polar bear dog had been sat on the steps, gnawing at a slab of meat Korra bought her on their way. She had gotten down to just a few bits of meat left on the large in it. “Hey girl.” Korra stroked the spot between her ears. “Let’s go see ‘Sami at work.” She climbed onto her trusted pet’s back and grabbed the reins.

Lin felt the heat rise at the back of her neck. She shook the nerves out of her fingers. They had not even enter the room and she could feel the vibrations as the climbed the stairs of the Earth Empire’s House for Boys. They had gone through the process quickly thanks to their bloodlines. Korra wrote the letter to speak well of their character—it was all too easy.

Now they were to encounter the young men. Spirits Lin could sense their chaos before the door is even parted. She reached for her wife’s hand, squeezing it. Kya squeezed back to reassure her.

“What if they don’t like us?” she muttered. “I scare kids.”

“That’s not true! Meelo adored you when he was so little. Rohan is fond of his aunt Lin.” Kya smiled at her, giddy. They had moved back to the apartment Lin owned. Kya had spent the past weeks cleaning and preparing the spare room. It used to be a guest room never used. Now it was going to the place where they would let a small life bloom…

Lin placed her free hand over her chest, digging her nails into the chest over her heart. Why was it beating so fast?

Kya opened the door, holding it open for her wife. That opened the gates for screams. Varied ranges, from low voices belonging to boys verging on manhood to the screams of toddlers that one wouldn’t be able to tell the gender of if they forgot this home was all just boys.

A woman their age approaches. She had a four-year-old on her hip. The boy made Lin think of a little boy she saw when she was a rookie cop. He had been stealing food. His bright green eyes had brimmed with tears as the shopkeeper screamed at Lin to take him in. She didn’t have a seat in her car so she just said fuck it and carried him two miles to the police station. She wrote up the report with the boy sleeping in her lap. She sat in the back with him as he was taken to the orphanage.

She liked kids, wanted them. But until this chance it was impossible.

Now it was so close…why was she so scared?
“Miss Bei Fong?” the woman questioned, worried. Lin snapped back, her mind going to the incident. She blinked and looked up.

“So this is one of the toddlers?” she asked.

“No, this is my grandson. I let him play with the children here whenever I have him.” Lin searched in her mind for this woman’s name. They had talked over the phone. She struggled as Kya spoke with her.

It was like being underwater, her blurring their words. She just followed them as they walked towards the common room where all the boys were. Yet they walked through. Lin watched the young boys play.

It was like watching a pack of puppies. They ran and had short attention spans, save a few working on drawings and jigsaw puzzles. Mostly it was running and screaming. Lin’s whole body tensed, waiting for a scream to indicate injury.

They instead entered a little room. A little boy sat in a chair too high. He was likely placed on it as his little feet dangled. He was likely about three. He had a small curl going over his forehead and chubby cheeks. One had a bandage on it. He had a little pout to him, being bored. He was staring at a rock on the table. It scooted along an inch or two every time he waved his hand.

“That’s his favorite toy—benders are easy to entertain but hard to handle,” the woman sighed.

The boy looked up. “Hi,” he said quietly, voice high. He smiled shyly, showing he was missing a front bottom tooth. He put his tiny hands on the table. He hoisted himself onto it, grunting and flailing his little legs.

Lin moved and helped him up. “You must be Lao,” she observed. He grinned like a fool.

“Yeah!” He hugged her. He had one green eye and the other looked like a drop of white paint into a cup of milk.

“Can you close your left eye?” Lin mumbled. He obliged. She held a finger up. “Tell me, can you see how many fingers I have up?”

He shook his head, his fluffy hair bouncing.

“He’s one of three toddlers—“ the woman started.

“No, he’s fine.” Lin looked at Kya. The water bender looked concerned.

“It’ll take more assets for you to raise him,” the social worker explained.

“I know how to handle someone who’s blind. And I can handle a bender. We have four nieces and nephews who all bend,” Lin told her. She looked at Lao. He had opened his working eye and looked curious.

“Would you be okay with coming home with us?” Kya asked him. He snuggled into Lin, already taking a liking to her. “Do you like Lin here?” He nodded slowly. “Yeah, she’s really nice. She’ll seem angry sometimes, but know she’ll love you no matter how grumpy she acts.” She smiled. “I’m Kya. I’ll always be around to play with you.”

“Really?” His face lit up.

“Really.” She smiled and the boy let himself be handed over to Kya. “Have you always had a
white eye?"

"Yeah." He looked at the rock on the table. Lin held out her hand, moving it into her palm.  
"Whoa!" His green eye twinkled.

Lin felt her face start to hurt as a grin spread across. Her anxiety melted away. She moved close  
and put the rock in his tiny hands.

"I can help you get better," she promised him.

"Pwomise?" He held the rock to his chest like it was a precious stuffed animal. Most normal kids  
would prefer such a thing…but Lin knew this boy wasn’t a normal kid. Neither was she.

She extended a pinkie to him. "I promise." He reached out and they briefly locked pinkies. She  
smiled softly, pulling her wife close.

Lao started rambling on about the rock and how he had been able to send it across a field. He  
swore on it. The couple just crooned and nodded along.

"You know I may be able to fix your eye," Kya told the boy.

"Why?" he looked confused, as if not realizing it was a medical condition.

"Don’t you want to see out of it?"

He shrugged and looked at his rock, pouting a bit.

"Nothing wrong with having it, kid," Lin told him. She took him back. She stroked her fingers  
through his soft hair. "There’s a swamp woman who has eyes a lot like your one eye. Her best  
friends are badger moles."

His face lit up. He looked at her. "She nice?"

"Sometimes."

"She knows?" He pointed at his eye.

"Yes. She can see people through the trees. Would you want to meet her? "

"Yeah."

Lin watched him as he fiddled with his rock. She shut her eyes and kissed the top of his head. He  
smelled of soap the strong metallic smell of stones.

She opened her eyes to see her wife smiling sadly. She knew what went through her head. Guilty  
thoughts she had no business having any more.

"Don’t," Lin ordered. Kya moved and took her hand.

"What happened then—""

"Doesn’t matter one bit to me right now." Lin looked at the boy. "Would you want to come home  
with us"

He smiled and nodded. Lin looked at the social worker. "Whatever paperwork we have to do,  
we’re ready. I want to be able to take him back to Republic City ASAP."
The worker nodded. Kya merely smiled at her wife.

Lin blinked her eyes, drowsiness setting in. They were sat on a train that was on its track to take them out of the rings of the city. She wanted to move, to scratch her scarred cheek. But she was stuck as her wife leaned into her as a rest. She slept, looking younger as she did. No muscles were worked to deepen the wrinkles on her face. They looked almost nonexistent as she rested. It echoed the young woman Lin had first married years ago. She proposed to her only moments after she confessed and apologized, saying she couldn’t be the person Lin should settle down with. She lamented she wouldn’t be able to help Lin continue the Bei Fong legacy. Said she couldn’t do what her father needed—someone with his blood to create a family. Tenzin hadn’t yet, and Bumi never would.

Those years ago she felt so useless. Lin almost scoffed at it now. A woman like Kya could never be useless. Her existence alone would drive those she loved further to where they could go without her there. She had helped make Korra the woman she is now. She made Lin the person she is today. Her sense of justice was shaped by her mother, but her ability to care was molded carefully by the woman who put a ring on her finger and took her name years ago.

Now she seemed at peace and happy. In her lap was their newly adopted son. He was fighting sleep but losing badly. His body leaned to the side, head ready to fall into Lin’s lap. As the steady rhythm of the train went on, he succumbed. He slumped into both his mother’s laps.

Lin stroked her fingers through his hair. She looked at the small bag next to her. It was Lao’s few possessions. Clothes and a few rocks were all he had. He had no toys that were his own. No story books he had taken a liking to. Some observations with the pediatric counselor they kept on staff showed he was advanced in his senses of textures and oddly he saw colors the best out of others his age. He was behind in the concepts of recognizing a few basic characters, even if they didn’t expect him to be reading. He could count the first few numbers, but skipped in order. They couldn’t tell if he could assign the numeral value to objects—but he wasn’t supposed to. He wasn’t expected to know much more than his cousin Rohan.

Lao stirred and looked up at Lin. She looked down. “What?”

She also knew that his parents were nowhere to be found. He was safe dropped. It was speculated that the mother was single and couldn’t afford him, just didn’t want him, or was at worst too emotionally unstable to handle a child. The name was given to him by the social worker assigned to his case.

“Swamp lady story?” he asked. He was almost entirely asleep. She sighed and stroked his hair. A man around her age across from her made eye contact with her and shrugged, as if to say, “kids, right?”

She huffed slightly and focused only on her son. “Years ago, a young girl was born completely blind. You know what that means?”

“No.”

“Your left eye that can’t see, is blind.”

“Oh,” he whispered. He cuddled into her. His tiny fist took a bit of her shirt into it. She went on.

“People saw her as weak, pitying her condition. But she didn’t think she was weak. She had
found ways to be strong. She at times was seen as stronger than many people. Know why?"

“Why?” He yawned.

“She had found ways to side-step her condition through earth-bending. The world lets off little tremors like this train is.” She moved her hands up and down a bit to demonstrate. “People do too whenever they step on the earth.”

“Can I see?” he asked. She knew what he meant, for she asked that question around his age. She wanted Toph to teach her how to “see” the earth the way she did. Toph never forced that on her daughters. They decided they wanted to learn. The mother would have never pushed anything on her children like her own mother had pushed idleness and weakness on her.

“I can show you,” she promised. He smiled. She went on with her story. “She used this way to help people and fight evil in the world. For years she did this. But time went on, and she decided she didn’t like people much. She preferred the earth only at her feet.”

“I like her,” he said. He looked at the rock he kept. They found out he didn’t take to playing with others much. He was more interested in those rocks he kept. One she found was a molded little blob. A meteorite. She knew that meant he had potential to be a metal bender.

Lin chuckled at what he said. Many people questioned Toph’s sanity—including herself and Suyin. “I could show you her,” Lin told him. His face lit up like a lantern.

“Pwomise?”

“I do.” She stroked his hair and mumbled various little facts about Toph. About the mud soaks, the special method of bending she created, the time she was the blind bandit. She also told about how Lao would have many cousins now, aunts and uncles.

She tipped her head back and rested her eyes. She had a hand on Lao’s head and the other clasped her wife’s hand. A passerby wouldn’t tell, but she had a smile of contentment written across her thin lips.

Chapter End Notes

I’ll be publishing a one-shot where Lin takes little Lao to see Toph. It'll tie into this story just a touch.
The Great Dress Search

Chapter Summary

Asami and Korra search for their wedding dresses

Chapter Notes

I'm still working on Jungle Woman, the one shot with Toph and Lao. But it takes place during the first half of this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Korra blinked her eyes slowly, staring off at a neat line of various dresses contained within a shelving unit made of a deep brown colored wood. She felt the tailor measuring around her quads, mumbling about the muscle tone. Korra put a bit of pressure, the paper cup in her hand struggling to not give up and spray hot tea all over her and the poor woman. One thing filled her mind: mornings are evil.

This morning was a morning that brought great joy to the women she knew, but a hot ball of dread floating in the dark abyss of boredom/disinterest.

She had been convinced to go all the way back to the South Pole to get her wedding dress. By who one would ask. Certainly, she wouldn’t bend to anyone’s will unless they were someone who held her love with a tight grip and had to do complete evil by her to lose it. But the question of which lady was that?

Well, it wasn’t one, but multiple. They decided for her like it was before her first date. But Lin couldn’t help her this time. She had not enough power and her vigor had been drained by an overly active toddler than had stolen the hearts of everyone, especially his mothers.

She also was gone, taking the little boy on a trip to meet his extended family. The vague statement made Korra curious and Kya anxious. The woman had been muttering, “that woman is dead if my baby gets hurt.”

She was accompanied on this trip by friends and female figures in her life. That gave Senna, Katara, Kya, Opal, Jinora, and Ikki. Pema was unable to come but allowed her daughters to when they pleaded. Opal herself wanted to go to see if there were any pieces from the tribe that she could use as her something blue. It was a crowded bunch, but they would also be doing this to Asami. But Korra knew so obviously, Asami would be joyous and bubbly about that outing.

“All these dresses are beautiful,” Jinora said, looking through an armoire of them. Ikki had put on a headdress, made of carved ivory and a lace veil. “Can we wear stuff like this when we get married?” She looked at her aunt and grandmother.

“If you want to. But air nomads usually avoid extravagance,” Katara told her. “Your father would love if you followed that.”
“But it’s all so pretty. And Asami said a woman doesn’t have to follow what your dad wants!” Ikki pouted.

Korra choked on her tea, resisting a chuckle. “Fuck Tenzin isn’t going to like her if he knows she told you that,” she crowed. Every single woman in the room gave her like of disapproval. Even Katara, a woman who usually encouraged her plights. “I’m not going to apologize. You all dragged me out of bed way too early.” Senna took her tea from her.

The tailor finished taking her measurements. She stepped back. “So I sense a suit isn’t an option for this one.” She was a woman in her thirties. She was looking over Korra with a little too much interest.

“Her fiancée is the only one set on a dress. It’s up to Korra here what she wants,” Kya told her.

“Well is the ceremony going to be held in the South Pole, or will the certificate just be here?”

“Republic City,” Korra told her. She looked at her mother. “We want to be married at the Sato estate. The garden’s the most beautiful thing during the summer. Asami and I can spend hours there, just talking and looking at the flowers…”

Senna smiled. She saw the tired eyes twinkle as Korra spoke. “If it makes you happy, so be it.”

“If you care about my happiness, why did you wake me up?” Korra asked. The tailor grabbed a bunch of dresses, shoving them into Korra’s arms and shooing her off to the changing room.

She went through a few outfits, most getting negative responses. The second one looked like it should’ve been for someone from almost two hundred years ago. Granted the robe was beautiful, it was too bulky and Korra could barely walk in it. She told everyone in a monotone voice she would burn it before she spent a night in it.

Korra could hear the conversation outside. “She’s clearing hating this,” Katara said.

“This was one of the best experiences for me,” Senna told her. “She just needs to get more into it.”

“She’s not exactly most women,” Opal told them. “I’m sure my aunt Lin hated looking for her suit.”

“She better not behave like Lin did,” Kya said dramatically. “She punched out the tailor.”

Korra snorted from her dressing room as she struggled with the underdress.

“Focus!” Senna reprimanded.

Korra pulled on the first dress. She stepped out, a blue and gold accented the dress. The layers beneath moved with her to create the illusion of waves. The gold created a reflection as if it was the sunset against the ocean. They faded to white. It was sleeveless, the straps the same main navy color. She knew there would be so much more, a veil, jewelry, and awful shoes.

The group gasped when she stepped out. She looked at the mirror, wondering what was so odd. She looked…like a chief’s daughter should. Proper, beautiful, traditional. She touched the top, running over the silk. She ran to the shoulder and shut her eyes. “I don’t care what you think, this is the one.”

“Oh Korra, it’s perfect,” Senna crooned. She stood and hugged her daughter.

“You’re going to kill her,” Opal teased. Korra grinned at the other woman.
“That’s my goal.” Korra grinned. She crossed her arms over her chest.

“Have you picked out your maid of honor yet?” Senna asked her.

Korra’s face fell. “Oh, that’s a good question!” She smiled sheepishly. “I don’t know. My closest friends are both males.”

“I feel personally attacked,” Jinora huffed. She threw the scarf she grabbed over her shoulder as she huffed.

“Same,” Opal pouted. The two air benders giggled after a few seconds, not able to keep a straight face.

“You’re going to be a flower girl with your sister. You’re not too old for that Jinora,” Korra told her. She crossed her arms. “Opal I know you’re closer to Asami. You confide in her and she has you in for tea.”

“Who would you pick, if you could pick a male?” Opal asked.

“Mako. He’s the reason this is all happening.” Everyone winced. “What?”

“Yes, make the ex of both of you be in the party, just so he can see real close that he is, in fact, alone. While you two are a power couple,” Kya snorted. “If he were with someone, that’d change it. Like how I could guiltlessly have Tenzin give me away.”

“Why didn’t Aang give you away? I thought you got married before I was born,” Korra said.

“No…” Kya sighed. “I don’t want to talk about it, Korra.” Korra shut her eyes, mind filled with dread and regret. She couldn’t tell if that was Aang’s or her own. She went and changed out of the dress.

A few days later Asami is in Republic City, walking down the street with the same group, sans Katara. The old woman stayed back due to some joint pain. Korra promised to watch after her and tend to her pains. Otherwise, Kya would have stayed with her. But Korra was insistent.

“So how did she look?” Asami asked Ikki, wondering if she could get the chatty girl to speak.

Ikki went to, but her older sister nudged her. “You’ll see,” she said. Jinora nodded, showing her approval. She glared a bit at Asami.

“You stay away from that matter. You’ll be cursed with bad luck if you do,” Jinora warned.

“But I just…fine,” she sighed. She approached the small bridal store in the Fire Nation district. She chose to go for that side, as it was how her mother dressed years ago. She had her parents wedding photo in her hand, planning on looking for a dress that was similar. She knew that it would be different. Her mother had made her own dress, not able to afford to buy one. And Yasuko would’ve wanted her daughter to have an actual dress.

Asami didn’t plan to have Senna join them, but she returned with Korra. She almost said she didn’t have to. But Senna played the “I’m your mother too” card to guilt her.

She did not mind or fight.
They stepped in. Asami gasped when she saw one of the workers. The woman smiled at her.

“Asami!” she cried, hugging the woman.

“Oh, Meni.” Asami sidestepped her affection. She adjusted the purse on her shoulder.

“Who is this?” Opal asked. She put her hand on Asami’s shoulder.

“This your new piece? Damn…you always know how to pick them, don’t you,” Meni mocked.

“This is my ex. I told you about her.” Asami looked forward, right at the woman as they had not a single centimeter of height difference. “I see you work here. Would it be too awkward for you to help me pick out a wedding dress?”

“You shouldn’t shop with your fiancée.”

“My fiancée is the Avatar actually,” Asami said casually. She brushed past the woman, leaving her dumbfounded. She knew the woman was getting cocky as she thought that Asami had traded down. But a woman like Korra—she isn’t trading down, man or woman.

“Oh,” Meni said. She walked away. A few moments later a less than happy older woman came over. She was probably no older than Kya but hadn’t aged nearly as well.

It barely dampened her day. If anything Asami was a bit happy to fluster Meni. She looked at the dresses. She took heed of what the women had to say.

She knew her own measurements and rather get things altered by her personal tailor. She looked at beautiful pieces. She wanted something that honored traditional wear.

Her mother had worn a full-blown yukata. Asami looked for a variation. She looked through at dress. Senna turned her attention to a more traditional one. It was white with red patterns. It spoke purity. It was beautifully cut, flowing and a lacy overlay on the skirt gave it a reddish tint in certain light. Faint as if someone took watercolor to a cloth.

Asami shook her head. Opal held up a yukata. It was a deep red, like many of Asami’s dresses. It had patterns of calla lilies and lotuses. The lotuses were done in gold and the cup-shaped lilies white. They were so reoccurring the red wasn’t too intense.

“Too traditional for me. Pretty though,” Asami told her. She looked through the dresses. “So Opal, how’s the wedding planning going?”

“Well the more we look at things, the more I want to just elope in Zaofu,” Opal sighed. “What about you?”

“I’ve mostly had to do it myself. Korra has the worst attention span, and it focused on drafting an order for Varron. He’s asking a bit much from someone with a sub-par education.”

“Why not just use your pre-law experience to help her?” Opal inquired. She knew Asami’s whole academic history, even if the woman wanted to keep it quiet. She was an overachiever, finishing with a double major in engineering and business, and a pre-law minor. She worked to keep as little outsiders in her issues as she formulated her educational path.

“Because she won’t let me. She’s got a bit of a pride streak in her.” Asami squinted to look at the price tag.

“You seem like you need some glasses,” Senna observed.
“Nah, just way too small.” Asami rubbed her eye. “I don’t know if I’ll be able to find something here.”

“Why’s that?”

“It’s just…not what I pictured.”

“What did your mother’s look like?” Ikki asked. Asami handed the picture off. It was passed around. Senna looked up.

“How many bridal shops in this city? Excluding this one?”

“Twelve,” Asami sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose.

“Should we divide and conquer? Rendezvous later today and have Asami try them on in the next week?” Jinora suggested.

“It could work. Should it be two threes or three pairs” Kya asked.

“Three pairs will have us each take on four versus six,” Asami said. “Opal, you take Jinora. Kya, you and Ikki go. I’ll spend my time with Senna.” Asami pulled out the note she had with the names and addresses. She neatly tore them and passed them out. “Let’s go!”

“We’re off,” Ikki cheered, dashing out, followed by her sister.

“This’ll be fun,” Opal said.

“Yeah, you got the calm one,” Kya sighed and followed her nieces.

Asami sighed as they exited. She rubbed her temples and looked at her future mother-in-law.

“Was your wedding this stressful?”

“I cried twice if that makes you feel better,” she said lightly.

“In a way…yes. It shouldn’t. Why are weddings so stressful?”

“Because it tests your patience and relationship. Makes you question every choice you made with that person,” Senna explained. She took Asami’s hand.

“Was Korra nervous?”

“Korra isn’t the sort of person to second guess her choices. If she isn’t sure, she won’t really make the choice. Quite honestly—I’m surprised she said yes to marrying you before she achieved her set goals.” She smiled sadly. “That stubbornness is what has almost gotten her killed. I was proud of it until she left home.”

“Yeah, I sort of went out on a limb. She almost said no.”

“Well, she said yes. So let’s get you the perfect dress because hers is perfect.”

Asami returned to Air Temple island with all the women, heart heavy. They had failed on their two-day conquest. Asami had tried on a good twenty-four dresses, and not one was perfect. She had relayed the first-day failure to her fiancée. She showed Korra the photo and what she wanted.
She felt ridiculous for being so picky; Korra said it wasn’t ridiculous. They were going to have only one wedding. If she wanted it to be perfect, she was allowed to want to work towards that.

Asami sulked, not too interested as she watched Rohan and Lao teetering around the courtyard. Lin had returned home. She sat next to Lin and Pema.

Lin at the moment was talking with Pema about parenting. She confessed about apprehension, falling into indifference.

Asami blinked slowly and straightened up as Korra returned from meditation with Tenzin. The father continued inside while the Avatar sat down with the boys.

“Korra would make a good mother,” Pema said casually. Korra played to the boy’s bending, one hand air, and one other Lao’s precious rock. The small rock twirled around and flipped. It popped up and landed into Lao’s little hands. Korra blew up Rohan, lifting him off the ground. Both boys squeaked with delight and ended up tackling her.

“She wants kids,” Asami told them. She folded her hands in her lap.

“What’s got you so sad?” Lin looked at her.

“It’s petty. I don’t have a dress yet.” Asami frowned.

“That is petty,” Lin said. She leaned back. “Compared to all of it in the grand scheme. Korra will say otherwise, as she is the love of your life and you hers. She’ll do anything for you. That’s why she’ll have a solution in five, four, three, two, one…” Asami looked up. Korra was approaching, a notebook in her hand.

“Asami!” Korra sat next to her. “I have a solution to your problem.” Lin winked at the inventor and walked over to her son. She picked up the toddler, taking him inside to see his mommy. “That tailor you had to make me my evening gown, will be making your wedding dress.” She flipped to a page. There was a sketch of a white dress. The top was similar to the top of a kimono as it was the overlapping crossing of a robe. It was red and had no sleeves or straps. There was a smaller version of the obi, done in white. It had a belt tying it that was the same red as the small maemigoro. There were detached sleeves, white with the ribbon that would be tied to keep them on the bicep in gold.

“Korra…you drew this?” Asami gasped.

“I’ve always been good at drawing. It seems out of my character, and this is rather rough, you have to admit.” The drawing was more stylistic, not realistic and some details Asami had to lean in to figure. “I just wanted to help because I love you.”

“The design is…perfect. How did you come up with it?”

“I just took the bottom part of those new dresses becoming popular and took the top part of most kimonos, made it smaller. The sleeves can be removed or kept. I don’t look them much as I look at them.” Korra smiled.

“I’ll send it to her. Thank you.” Asami pulled her close and kissed her. They parted and Korra leaned into her fiancée. “Isn’t it bad luck that you know what the dress looks like?”

“My life has been a lot of bad luck. Finding you was good luck. I can take any bad luck that comes my way because I have you,” Korra told her. Asami kissed her forehead.

"You're perfect," Asami sighed.
Chapter End Notes

I don't think this story will be longer than like fifty chapters. The next chapter is going to be their wedding.
Wedding Day

Chapter Summary

The time has come for them to tie the knot.

Chapter Notes

I got blocked on this story for two reasons:
1. Supercorp
2. The almighty concept of depression.

But Turf Wars awoke a vigor in me and made this dumping of fluffiness. At some points, I cried because I have the emotional stability of a toddler because I'm on Prozac and the fact it is currently 2 am where I live.

Korra breathed out slowly as the last button was done by her mother. Senna rubbed her daughter’s shoulders and made eye contact with her through the mirror’s reflection. Korra stared at herself.

For once…she felt like a woman. Not some rowdy girl, someone who has refused to grow up personality-wise. But as the traditional dress fell upon her figure, she felt like a new person. She knew that she would come from this day a new person.

She would finish this day as Korra Sato. One of the first Avatars to have a family name. Many did not have a name until they were found. She had a name before, and her name had become even more.

She adjusted her betrothal necklace. “You look so beautiful,” Senna whispered, sounding near tears.

“Hey,” Korra whispered. She turned and hugged her mother. “Why are you crying?”

“Because after all that had happened, I worried you wouldn’t have something like this. I always wanted your life to be as normal as possible. I wanted you to be happy,” Senna told her, her grip tightening on Korra. “I love you, Korra. I’m so lucky to have you as my daughter. You’ve always pushed to go on. Even when the world told you to give up. I wish I could be so strong.” She kissed the crown of her daughter’s head. “She’s perfect for you. She understands you. I’m so happy you’ve found a soulmate in someone you befriended first. To know every part of someone before loving them…”

“I’m lucky,” Korra sighed. She smiled and at her mother. She wiped a tear away from her mother’s cheek. “You should be happy, not crying.”

“I’m crying because I’m happy!” Senna reassured.

“Right.”
“Plus you’re crying too.”

Korra reached up and felt her cheeks were wet. She hadn’t noticed. Why would she be crying? She was the one person who avoided the waterworks through this whole process.

“Great, another wedding with tears.” Korra looked up to see Lin, Katara, and Kya. In Lin’s arms was a dressed up Lao who looked uncomfortable with his slicked hair.

“Leave her be. You cried at your wedding,” Katara accused. Lin blushed and growled intelligibly.

“What do you need? Master Katara?” Korra looked down at the elderly woman. “Are you going to finally tell me about these two’s wedding?”

“If they want to, they’ll talk about it. I come bearing gifts.” She looked at her daughter. Kya held up a box Korra recognized. It was Katara’s memories box. She had shown parts of Korra’s past life that were kept within the worn wood. Katara opened it.

Korra walked over. She first saw an old picture. She picked it up. There she saw Aang and Katara in their late teens and early twenties. Not much younger than Korra and Asami themselves. There were smiling brightly.

“Wow. One beautiful couple. I don’t think any of my memories have Aang beaming so much…”

“We had loved each other since we were twelve and fifteen, it was finally time. It was perfect.” Korra chuckled.

“Today’s perfect too. I guess Roku is right. Avatars can get the girls easily.” Senna sighed deeply while her daughter grinned.

“Sweetie, this is the first girl you’ve gotten.” Korra wilted at the burn by her own mother. Lin chuckled and her young son joined in as well.

“And last,” Kya said. She looked intensely at Korra.

“No.” Korra held her hands up in surrender.

“You should get into place,” Senna said. She adjusted the armband Korra had on. It had been hers. It was strained by Korra’s bigger bicep.

“Yeah.” Korra let out a shaky breath. She looked at Lin.

“What? Want me to be sappy? Keep walking kid.” She stepped aside to further her point.

Korra pouted and walked to the door. She heard a small yelp and then Lin piped up. “Hey!” She stopped and turned around. The old chief was rubbing at her scarred cheek as she spoke. “If you’re not scared now, the next month will suddenly snag you. You will question it. The second you do, hug her and think about what made you do this. Your fear is dumb as…S-H-I-T. Only sure thing is that you love that girl.” She looked at her own wife. Kya smiled softly. “And that’s the best thing you can do. Even if you’re a hero.”

“Thanks.” Korra grinned and walked out.

Tonraq was waiting outside. He had been forced into formal attire and was fidgeting with his necktie until his daughter appeared. He stopped and had his mouth open. He eventually snapped back. “Sorry…you just look so much like your mother did. It was a blast from the past,” he said. He chuckled and offered his arm to her. She put her hand in the crook of his elbow. “You look
very beautiful, snowflake.”

She smiled softly. “I’m sure she’s going to look better than I do.”

“You’re hopeless.” Korra chuckled softly and they made their way downstairs.

Asami waited at the altar like a groom would. She had no one to talk her down the aisle, and she had no desire to walk alone, she opted to just stand up there. She found out that Lin had done the same at her wedding when they had planned this.

She looked at who was marrying them. Tenzin adjusted his hold on his scroll. He smiled at the young woman. “What is taking so long?” she mumbled.

“You don’t rush beauty. I learned that on my wedding day,” he told her. He looked down as the music began.

Asami looked up. The odd thing was that she had bridesmaids but Korra had groomsmen. Asami had Zhu Li and Opal. Korra had Bolin and Mako. Mako had agreed.

Asami had to hand it to him. How he got over himself and just accepted them. She would never date thank him for starting this. That would be too much.

He walked with Zhu Li. Asami had gotten closer with Varrick’s wife via their corporations. They almost had Jinora be part of the wedding, but they vied that she was too young.

After the two pairs took their places, Korra made her way towards the altar. Asami realized she was in no way emotionally prepared to see her be so stunning. Though was that the right word? If years down the road someone asked her to depict this image with words, she would just be sputtering out single-word compliments and blushing.

She felt tears in her eyes and a smile hurting her cheeks. She looked down and put her forearm to her eyes. She thanked the gods she had on waterproof mascara and no eyeliner in her lash line. She felt Tenzin pat her back and heard a few chuckles.

A small sob bubbled up in her chest when she looked up and Korra was right there. The Avatar was sporting that 100-watt grin. She knew not to worry. “Spirits you’re beautiful,” Asami choked. Korra moved and hugged her.

“You too.” Korra kissed her forehead before they both stepped back, hands joined. She looked at Tenzin. “Sorry! Have to calm down the missus before we could continue.” He rolled his eyes.

He began the sermon on a strong point. “The first time I met Korra, she was six and all that was on her mind was power.” A few chuckles and an eye roll from the Avatar. He paused and then rolled up the scroll with the small sigh. “I could go on for a few hundred lines. Spirits know I have before.” He looked at Korra. “You’ve sat through enough of my rants. All I might be able to say, that you girls—you two women, have done enough for this world that no one will forget you. Not because you’re the Avatar or a Sato, but from the kindness you release. As a man who has been the receiving end and seen you nurture and love those closest to me, thank you.”

The two women held each other’s hands a bit tighter, smiles blooming over their faces and tears threatening to fall.

He went on, “You both deserve happiness in your future. And I know with great confidence that
you will bring that for each other.” He sucked in a breath. “I just hope that my daughters will have a partner who makes them feel as important.” He looked down at Korra. He put his hand on her shoulder. “In your eyes, I see the adoration I grew up seeing my father possess towards my mother. I know this love is to last.”

“Thank you Tenzin,” she whispered, voice shaky. He clasped his hands together.

“Now, I have formal lines.” He straightened up. “Your vows, have you prepared?”

“Yes,” Asami said, able to speak, unlike Korra. The younger woman was currently wiping at her eyes and biting back a small sob.

Opal and Bolin gave the respective brides their vows. Korra nearly dropped hers and relaxed when Bolin gave her a tight hug. She let out a shaky breath and had to go first.

“Asami, I can’t say I loved you at first sight.” A few awkward laughs. Mako shrugged helplessly when Asami looked at him. Korra spoke quickly, a blush appearing on her tanned cheeks. “But when I first met you, I was in no way the person worth loving you.” She gripped to the cards in her hands. “I had too much fire. You were as wild as me, but that was dangerous.” She took one of Asami’s hands.

She went on, “I never wanted to leave you. But I’m glad I did. I grew and changed. It was the worst time of my life, but I needed to be away and put things in perspective. And when I came back and first held you in my arms, that was the moment I did. It was like seeing you all over again. Falling in love like that.” She shook her head and grinned. “I dreamt of a day like this. But only with you. My younger self, she had nothing outside of my identity of the Avatar. Now…oh spirits, you’ve made me feel like so much more. Made me so much more. A friend, a lover…a wife.” She looked into those jade eyes. “All I can say is, thank you for loving me and doing what you do well—fixing what’s broken. You never had to, but you did. And I’ll give every minute trying to be the best woman for you.”

Asami leaned down and kissed her forehead. She didn’t feel like crying oddly. She was warmed, chest lightened and a grin so wide it threatened to crack her makeup.

She looked at her cards. She cleared her throat and tightened her grip on Korra’s hand. “Korra, my love life has been a disaster.”

“Wow, and I thought my opener was bad,” Korra mumbled. She grinned when Asami glared.

“I was convinced that I would end up a spinster. That I would be lost and dried up at twenty. Then you came into my life. You say you weren’t the woman for me at seventeen, but you were. Korra, I had never met someone so impassioned, caring, and selfless. In my life, everyone’s actions had a price. Love itself had terms and conditions.” She frowned. “You always call yourself the one who rushes into things, but did you know that I was ready to ask you to marry me the first month we dated? That I wanted to kiss you that day you left three years ago?”

Korra arched a brow quizzically.

Asami handed off the cards, knowing the last part by heart. She took both of Korra’s hands. “Know this, that you today is more than I could ever ask for. And you years ago had my heart. Your actions make me fall again. I will stand by you and this life is only what it is because you’re in it. I wouldn’t be half the person I am here without you.” She sighed. “You taught me to look for the best in people. As terribly cliché that sounds, it’s true. Korra, I love you. I loved you then, and now is way too late for me to be doing this.”
Tenzin requested the rings from the best man and matron of honor. He gave the exchange of rings quickly.

“I now pronounce you…” He trailed off when Korra yanked Asami close, dipped her, and kissed her. “Oh—you may kiss the bride! They’re married, everyone.” He started the clapping.

Korra chuckled and pulled her blushing bride back up. “Sorry. I couldn’t wait either.”

Korra sat at her table, watching her wife dance. She had been asked by almost all the men at the wedding. Korra wanted to pout, but she had a ring on her finger that promised that this woman was hers. She kept saying that to keep her from bashing heads.

Though she didn’t mind right now. She was dancing with little Lao, the young boy gigging. Kya held him up and Asami held his tiny hands.

Korra practically melted at the scene. She didn’t feel the tapping at her shoulder until it had been going on for a while. She looked up to see Mako there. She smiled at him.

“Would you like to dance?” he mumbled, offering a hand to her. She nodded and took his hand. They walked to the dance floor. He awkwardly put a hand on her waist and kept his hold on her hand. She placed a hand on his shoulder.

They were quiet for the first few moments, taking the steps through. Korra found out that Bolin and Mako had taken dancing lessons from Katara. Korra had learned to dance from her too. They both were trying. Bolin was mouthing the count for the steps and Mako kept looking at his feet.

“You uncomfortable?” she asked. He was looking at them way too much as if he was afraid to look her in the eye.

“Oh, this is just weird,” he confessed. “I dated both of you, and now you’re married to each other. And I’m…single.” He sighed. “I tried hitting on a few girls here. Like the princess.” Mako and Izumi had come. Iroh sadly couldn’t make it.

“She’s a major lesbian,” Korra whispered.

“Ay! Damn!” He sighed. Korra laughed. “You think it’s funny?”

“Yeah. Very.” She looked at him. “I’m glad you’ve been so good with this. You’re one of my closest friends Mako. No matter what happened in the past. I know Asami feels the same.”

“Thanks. That means a lot. Honest.” He smiled slightly, showing no teeth and looking to his left and then his right. “I have to say sorry.”

“What about?” He avoided eye contact again.

“I stepped away and avoided you when you went activist…It was wrong of me. I always stood by you.”

“Always? Ha! I could argue that.”

“It’s your wedding day,” he said quickly, not wanting to get into a years-old argument.

knew why you were doing it. You risk losing your job. I mean, look at what they did to Lin.”

“I still miss her at work. Much better than Yazin.”

“Yeah, that’s for damn sure.” She smiled softly. “I forgive you. Things are changing, and I know that you are supportive. Even if it is an uneasy situation for you.”

He smiled legitimately. “Thank you, Korra.” He hugged her. She hugged back, so tight he grunted. He stepped back as the song ended.

Korra didn’t get the chance before Ikki stepped up to dance with her.

“You too?” Korra huffed, putting her hands on the shorter girl’s shoulders. Ikki put her hands on Korra’s waist.

“Your dresses are so pretty.” Ikki smiled.

“Thank you. You’re sweet.” Korra smiled, beaming. She resisted chuckling as the young girl blushed.

“So a wife. Is that any different? Is it good different? Do you like girls more?”

“Can’t say I like the genders equally, but I’m more focused on loving my wife right now.” She paused. “You okay Ikki?”

“I want a wife when I’m older. My dad said that the Air Nation will be very open, but I’m still scared. After seeing all you had to do the past year—“

Korra bent down and hugged her. “Shh, it’ll be great. By the time you’re my age, I hope life will be different. It is. I worked to make life good not for myself, but kids your age. You can have a wife if you want to Ikki. And it’ll be great. And since your dad won’t be able to marry you, since he’ll be walking you down the aisle…”

“You can do it.” Ikki smiled.

“And I’ll do it happily.” They danced another song and Ikki went off with the other kids.

Korra sat back down, sinking next to her wife. Asami put an arm around her. “You enjoying yourself?”

“Yeah. You?”

“Of course. I just danced with the cutest boy here and finally got to eat. And now Mrs. Sato is right here. I heard she’s really amazing.”

“You should see her wife,” Korra smirked and kissed her cheek. “When can we go? Maybe we can sneak up to our room.”

“Nope!” Asami stroked her fingers through Korra’s let down hair. Korra pouted. “I will bite you if you give me lip.”

“You’re so mean.” Korra huffed. She heard the clinking of glasses. With that Asami grabbed her by both cheeks and kissed her hard. When she let her go, Korra’s cheeks were almost pure red and she let out a small huff of flame. “Holy fuck…”She grinned like a fool. She rested her forehead against Asami’s. “It’s a good life, Mrs. Sato.”

“It really is, Mrs. Sato.” They chuckled to each other and Korra stole another quick kiss. “Now,
“It really is, Mrs. Sato.” They chuckled to each other and Korra stole another quick kiss. “Now, we have guests to attend to. I’m going to go dance with some of my colleagues. You can take a break. Drink and eat while you can.”

“You are my hero and I will reward you tonight.” Korra put her hands together as if she was about to pray and bowed her head.

Asami rolled her eyes as she stood. She kissed Korra’s forehead and walked off.

Korra drank a cup of sake and was carefully eating a bowl of rice when Lin sank down next to her, Lao half asleep in her arms.

“You seem happy and not totally exhausted,” she observed. Korra swallowed and wiped her hand with her forearm.


“Don’t act too enthused.” She sighed. “I know this isn’t a wedding subject, but did you try to get Varron to give me my old job?” Lin looked at the younger woman. Her steely eyes made Korra shiver and she felt cold for once during the amazingly hot spring day.

“I may have mentioned you were wrongfully discharged,” she said quickly. She tried to act a bit ignorant, casual. She was struggling, excited to hear about when Lin was starting again. “What did he say?”

“Oh, he offered me my old job and a pay raise.” Lin leaned back. She stopped Lao from face planting into an empty plate covered in sauce. He whined and used her chest as his pillow. She cupped the not hidden side of his face, keeping him from bending his head awkwardly.

“That’s great!” Korra smiled. Lin stared at her again and she dropped the expression. “So, you going to take it?” She straightened up and tried to seem uncaring.

“No. I actually said thanks but no thanks.”

“What!” Korra screeched. The mother glared at her and she shrank down. “Sorry,” she whispered. She spoke normally. “You said no? Why? That job was your life.”

Lin shrugged. “It was when my wife was across the world and I had no family in my in-laws. When I had no child.” She didn’t smile, but the way she looked, her chin up and features rested, she seemed content. “But Kya’s here, I’ve never been closer to Pema and the kids. I have Lao, and I decided to center my world around him. I don’t need it anymore.”

Korra crossed her arms over her chest. “I’m sad to hear it. I just never pictured Lin Bei Fong shying from duty.”

“Oh, I have a new one. It’s called a boy who loves rocks and hates timeout.” She cracked a small smile this time. “I hate to be that mom, but you won’t understand until you have your own little disaster.” She stood up with a grunt. “Kya’s sticking around, but I’m heading back to the apartment. He needs a bath to get the gel out.” Lin patted Korra’s shoulder and walked off.

Korra sat back, watching her go. *This year really did change a lot.*
Also, Turf Wars made my life so much better. Like, after what happened at Comic Con a while ago that shook the Supergirl fandom, I needed it. I probably am going to reread it and squee.
Chapter Summary

One Year into their marriage gives a sense of conflict as Kara desires to move closer to her desired future. But is Asami ready?

Chapter Notes

Holy hiatus batman! I'm sorry to have left this story in the dust. I really want to finish it and I'm so close! And this signifies days if not weeks accumulated in time I've spent writing. I remember being able to post three chapters a week here because this story was all I wanted to work on.

But this is a year later. The next chapters will jump more time as this is the wrapping up part.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The tweeting of birds came in softly throughout the Sato home. Mrs. Korra Sato stirred as they came from the garden just outside the bedroom window.

She sat up and rubbed at her eye. She looked around and noticed the spot next to her was empty. She touched the spot, it still warm.

Mrs. Asami Sato came out from the master bathroom, wrapped up in her robe. It was her everyday life, to go to work. She was already thinking of her schedule in that gear-like head of hers.

Korra was good for the day besides promising to watch Rohan for Pema. Lao joined the bunch there too as Kya had work and Lin had errands to run that a toddler would not have the patience to be quiet during.

Korra just was watching Asami get ready, seeing her go from the soft lover to the strong CEO. Korra put her elbow on her knee and rested her chin in her palm. A smile played across her chapped lips.

Asami finally realized she was being watched after putting on her pantyhose and a skirt. “What’s on your mind?” she asked, smirking at her wife.

Korra messed around with her necklace. “Just looking at my wife. Taking it in before she has to leave my side.” Korra had come home the night before, having to run to the South Pole due to a Kul Mano conflict. She had rushed home.

“After holding me hostage the second you got home yesterday.” Asami brushed out her hair, looking into her vanity mirror. She looked back over at her wife. Korra smirked slightly.

“Well excuse me for taking full advantage.” Korra stretched. She acted nonchalantly but knew Asami was looking at her mostly nude body. All she wore was a pair of boxers. Her torso was
covered in lipstick marks and hickeys that she would wash away or cover with articles of clothing. Asami knew where she could stop while Korra just went all out, forcing her lover to adorn layers of powder.

“You’re making it hard to leave.” Asami put on her bra and slip before coming over to her wife. She leaned over the bed and kissed her quickly a few times. She pulled away, secretly wishing she had waited to kiss Korra after the Avatar brushed her teeth.

“We both have things to do. I’m about to be the best damn grandpa I can be.” Korra climbed out of bed.

“Never say that again.” Asami shook her head and buttoned up her blouse. Korra took a few minutes to get ready after grabbing a quick shower. She had finished wrapping her chest and pulled a black sleeveless shirt over just as Asami was working on covering a hickey below her jawline. Needless to say, she was ready before Asami.

She went downstairs and prepared their tea. She knew Asami would just grab fruit and dash or order breakfast in at the office. She also knew that Pema had a plate aside for her when she came to the temple. She would talk to Korra while she ate before going off with Tenzin and the older kids, leaving Korra with Rohan.

Korra cooled the tea with a bit of air bending as Asami entered. She passed off the tea with just a touch of sugar to her wife. She got a kiss in return, as Asami put her lipstick on in a compact on her way out the door just so she could get kisses throughout the morning.

Asami sat at the table, the newspaper laid out before her as she sipped her tea. Korra was working quietly on reading through the mail she missed. She looked up a few times at her wife alone at the table that had four settings.

Korra looked at the headline: First Insemination Results in Healthy Twin Boys

“That’s interesting,” Korra said.

“The stocks?” Asami looked up, tea held by the brim and not around the center.

“No—this story.” Korra shut the paper and pointed to the column story.

Asami hesitated. She feigned disinterest. “Huh…It is.” Asami sipped her tea without much more to say, turning back to look at the business section.

Korra joined her at the table. “How old were your parents when they had you?”

Asami sighed and put down the paper. “My dad was in his thirties. My mom was my age.” She looked up at her wife, knowing what was on her mind the second she looked into those sparkling blue eyes. “We have time Korra. All the time in the world.”

Korra looked at her cup. She traced over the brim and pulled a bit of liquid. “The world is calm for now. It may change in five years—hell, next year. We’ll have an excuse to wait every year until the year we are unable to make that choice.”

“Lin and Kya proved it’s not too late to be moms.” Asami put her cup down and smoothed out her skirt.

“But I…have this concept of what life is. It’s us young enough to enjoy our kids. I mean, Katara and Aang were trying the night of their wedding.”
“I guess we’re trying, then. Just not so successful.” Asami grinned.

“Please take this seriously,” Korra pleaded. Asami’s face fell.

“I have to get to work.” She stood. “I love you.” She kissed Korra briefly on the lips before grabbing her bag and leaving.

Korra sighed and looked at the article. She snipped it out and folded it up, stuffing it in the pocket of her trousers.

She took her glider over to Air Temple Island. She wandered inside and to the personal dining room where Tenzin ate with his family. Lin and Kya came. Lao was squirming around in Kya’s lap as she ate. He had sauce all over his face and Rohan wasn’t in much better shape.

Korra cleared her throat as she approached.

“She’s back!” Ikki exclaimed. She and her siblings ran and hugged her. She grinned and held them tight.

“Good to know I was missed.” They all settled in.

“Did you enjoy dinner?” Kya asked her. She had given up reservations they had for the young couple to go when Korra got back.

“It was…nice.” Korra shrugged and smiled sheepishly.

“You didn’t leave the house did you?” Lin sighed. She had preferred the night in but hated the idea it was a lost effort.

“One year and still have the honeymoon phase. It’s a record,” Pema chuckled.

“What are you talking about?” Meelo asked his dad. Kya and Lin looked amused as they saw Pema and Tenzin pale in the realization of their error.

Ikki and Jinora snorted.

“You know what I’m talking about Ikki?” Tenzin looked at his youngest daughter.

“I’m fourteen. Meelo’s eleven. He should know at least a little!” Ikki defended.

“Hey hey,” Korra said lightly. She looked around the table.

“You kids go get ready,” Pema told the older three. The put down their bowls and shuffled out.

Korra looked at Pema. “How old were you two when you had Jinora?”

“Twenty-five,” Pema said, raising a brow as she thought about it.

“About then. I was a lot older. Around my forties.” Tenzin poured himself another cup of green tea. “Why?”

“My parents were about that age too. I’m just thinking. I’m twenty-two. Asami’s twenty-fifth birthday’s in a couple months.” She shrugged and scooped rice into her mouth. She felt all eyes on her.

“If you’re thinking about having kids, take today as practice. Your wife is gone so it’ll be realistic.” Kya lifted her son up and placed him into Korra’s lap. “We didn’t even think about kids
“until thirty by the way.”

“Very fucking aware.”

“Yeah, you don’t use that language around them.” Lin glared at her. “If he repeats it, then I will make you regret being born.”

Korra swallowed. “Sorry…” She hugged the little boy. He whined and squirmed.

“Want to go!” Korra tried to eat but he’d try to hang off her arms. She was just terrified of spilling hot food right onto him.

“Well, I have some work to do. Going to check on mom first.” Kya clapped her hands on her knees before getting up with a small grunt. She walked out. Lin checked her watch and then wiped her mouth.

“I’m going to get things ready for you Korra.” She jumped up, bit more limber than Kya and sauntered out.

Korra looked over at her former teacher. He had his arms crossed over his chest. “Sorry to ask, but how would that even work?”

“One sec…” She got a hand free from Lao’s grip and fished around in her pocket. She passed over the article. He squinted and read it over.

“I want to talk when I come back,” he said. He got up.

Korra looked at Pema. The mother was more focused on wiping the hands and face of her son. “What do you think?”

“Don’t do it yet. You have so much more to do and I know you probably won’t have it done before the time you want kids, but at least do more. You’ve done a lot, but you have so much more. The idea of rushing into motherhood is unnecessary and is person to person.”

“But I do.”

“Does your wife?”

“She wants kids…but now? I don’t know.” Korra shrugged.

“You’ve been married a year. Make sure this is the right choice. It’s a new dynamic. You both are very influential and no longer available.”

Korra just nodded and let her go.

Korra got the boys to the mansion, deciding that would be the better place to take them. They had been there a few times, but never had it been just Korra dealing with them. She would have at least one of their parents and Asami with her. It would really be a test to deal with a three and four-year-old.

She put them down, able to balance them each on one hip. Rohan bolted off and jumped onto a couch with his dirty shoes. Lao tried to touch a statue simply because it was made of stone.

“No, no. Rohan take your shoes off. Asami doesn’t like a dirty couch.” He just looked at her and
bolted off, a gust of wind knocking down a scroll on the wall. Korra ran over and caught it. But she was distracted as Lao lifted the statue but was too weak to hold it up, letting it start to fall.

She yelped and used her own bending to stop it, knowing she couldn’t run there in time. She walked over, got it in her grasps and placed it down. “Jeez…” She looked it over to make sure it wasn’t damaged, as she knew it was an expensive piece.

Asami has too many nice things to possibly allow a kid to running around twenty-four seven.

She looked up and both boys were gone. In that moment she uttered a simple “fuck” and went on her way to find them. She heard scattered giggles through a hall.

She kicked open a door and saw tiny feet scrambling under a bed. She hopped down and started to climb under.

She got stuck as Lao was able to dash.

She lifted the bed a bit to squirm out. She jogged out and ran through, calling out. “Boys?” She heard a distance slam. She ran up to Asami’s home office and noticed the locked door. “Rohan? Lao?” She jingled the doorknob.

She heard a crash. She turned the lock with her bending and busted the door open. The boys were sat on the floor with blueprints and pencils all over the floor.

She will kill me

Korra slumped onto the couch after struggling to get the two down for naps. They were both slumped onto her, one with a head in her lap and the other leaned into her.

She heard the front door open. She wanted to lean forward to see who it was, but she was pinned.

Tenzin strolled in. “Hello,” he whispered. He held a paper bag in his hand along with a leather-bound book.

He set down the bag and sat across from her. She smiled tiredly at him. “I see why you were always so snappy if you’ve been doing this four times over,” she mumbled.

He smiled slightly and opened the book. “I went searching when I got back home this evening. Kya and I both did. We found this.” He handed it to her.

She looked through it to see it was a journal. Pictures were posted in it as well. It was Aang’s writing, she could tell so easily as it were an old friend’s scribing.

She saw it was a journal he used to speak about the early years of his kids. Katara’s pregnancy was the first page.

“He mentions nothing about wanting air benders,” Korra mumbled.

“He got lucky. He didn’t pray for it or anything. Just knew it was possible and was hopeful.” He sighed. “I don’t know how this will help. Did this day do anything for you?”

“Made me realize I couldn’t do it by myself all the time. That I’d need my partner.”

“That’s a truth no one can deny, no matter their orientation.” He sighed. “I’m afraid, honestly,
“About?” She stroked her fingers through Rohan’s dark hair. Tenzin looked at his youngest.

“What can the world promise of a child with such a past? The pressure of just being the Avatar’s son…almost broke me.”

“That’s something for me to worry about,” she retorted, not looking at him.

“That’s not true.” He leaned forward. “I am not here to talk you out of this. You deserve the most normal life you can get.”

“It isn’t normal. My marriage isn’t “normal,” my spouse isn’t normal, my family isn’t normal, my friends aren’t normal…Tenzin I have accepted that everything wonderful will not be normal for me. You think you were Aang’s normalcy? You were chaos, wonderful, talented, uncontrollable chaos.” She felt a warmth spread along her chakras, the one on her forehead and in her chest settling near her shoulder as if a phantom touch came.

“You willing to leave your pregnant wife to save the world?”

“No.” She looked aside. He had gotten the answer he wanted and felt he got his desired outcome.

He picked up his sleeping son. “When’s Lin coming for Lao?” he whispered.

“Soon. Asami will be home before she and Kya show up. Goodnight Tenzin.”

He kissed her forehead before leaving. She blinked, a bit taken aback.

He stopped after a bit. “Ikki finally told me, just so you know. Is it bad to have taken so long?”

“My parents didn’t get a peep out of me until age nineteen. You did well raising them Tenzin. It’s about her being ready, not you.” He nodded and left her with his nephew.

Korra was reading through the journal when Asami arrived. The CEO dropped her bag down and took off her jacket before tucking herself against her wife. Korra kissed her forehead before she finally spoke.

“How long has he been out?”

“A while. They tuckered themselves out. I know I should probably wake him up so he won’t be up all night, but he’s just so cute when he’s not running around and almost breaking things.”

“So nothing is broken?”

“Nope.” Korra smiled, silently hoping the glue she used would hold and that Asami wouldn’t notice things out of order in her office.

“What’s the journal?”

“Tenzin dug it up. It’s Aang’s. It was focused on his kids and Katara’s pregnancy.” She looked at her wife to gauge her reaction. It was lacking, as she just stared at the pages.

“Korra, it’s going to take a lot. I do want kids, but it’ll take a while. There are tests, preparing, and we’re both so busy? Who would even carry it? And the donor would have to be someone we knew because they haven’t regulated donation.” Asami sighed. “There’s a lot up in the air…are we even ready for it?”
“I’m ready for it,” Korra said quietly.

Asami closed her eyes. “Can we wait and see if I am?”

“Of course. Takes two. We’re married.”

Asami hugged to her, relaxing only as Korra stroked her fingers through her hair and sprinkled kisses over her pale skin.

Lao woke up and sat up. “Korra?” He looked at her.

“Hey buddy,” Korra said quietly. She fixed his puffed up hair. “Your moms should be here soon.”

Asami got up. “How about we get you some juice?”

“Okay.” He rolled off the couch.

“Did you have fun with Korra?” Asami asked as they walked to the kitchen. She put him on the counter. He stayed put, kicking his legs.

“Yeah! We picked those.” He pointed at the vase at the center of the kitchen table. Asami smiled at the bright petals of the flowers.

“They’re beautiful. Thank you.” She kissed his forehead and he giggled.

“Korra says you like them.” He took the juice she handed off. He sipped from the glass, holding it with both hands. She wiped away a bit of dribble that slid down his chin.

“I love them.” She leaned against the counter. “Your momma teach you much yet?” She crossed her arms.

“Yeah.” He looked at her. He got himself off the counter and ran off. “Korra!”

“And he hates me,” she sighed. She ran her fingers through her hair.

She lingered in the kitchen, making herself a drink until Kya came to pick up Lao.

Korra came into the kitchen grinning like a fool. “Kids are so great.”

Asami shrugged and sipped from her glass. “What do you want for dinner? I’ll order in for us.”

Korra looked at her. She pulled the woman against her. “You okay?” Korra scrunched up her brow.

Asami looked down at her glass, moving it so that the ice went in circles within the cloudy alcoholic drink. “You grew up around kids all your life.”

Korra arched a brow and crossed her arms. She hummed as she contemplated. “Yeah. Tenzin always brought the air bender kids when he visited me. I was always the oldest one.” She shrugged.

“Well, I didn’t have that. I never had little kids I had to entertain. Just kids my age I grew up with. Or I had to deal with adults that didn’t know how to entertain kids. I would either be bored to tears or find ways to rise to their level in any way a child could.” She sighed. “I can’t act like a child.”

“You’re amazing with Rohan though!” Korra pulled her against her. “Rohan-so-hon? That’s part of what made me fall.”
“That’s one kid. Who can promise that our child would like me?” Asami avoided eye contact with her wife.

Korra sighed and pushed her hair back. She sucked in a breath. “You’re right. That’s the thing I like the least about you. That you’re right a lot.” Asami looked down at her. She was leaned against the marble counter; gripping the edges and looking off at the immaculate cream-colored walls that had not ever had a child take a crayon to them just for the fun of it.

“I’m a CEO. I can’t be a mother and that. My dad didn’t always do the best with being a parent and that. The first six years of my life has little of him in it. I loved him.” She sucked in a breath. “But I recall a lot of days where seeing him meant going to his office, doing my homework at the corner of his desk and falling asleep on the couch in his office. Or working with extra little pieces from his workshop.”

“Are you saying that’s not good?” Korra shook her head and upturned one corner of her mouth. “Asami, did those little moments not mean the world to you? Shape you into the woman that became the CEO?” She sighed. “Not every mother has to give everything to their child. Not every mother is a Pema or Lin. Some mothers are Toph. Some are Kya. Parents are our parents. My father was a chief who had a civilization to ensure survived through hard seasons. There was a year I maybe saw him twice due to my training. I still loved him more than anything. Didn’t resent it.” She sucked in a breath. “My mother wasn’t allowed to be there for a lot of my formative experiences and incidents. I got the talk from Kya. A white lotus guard taught me how to use a belt and pad.”

“But you’re you. Unless someone is telling you what to do or being flippant, you usually can love them the same. And you have to admit being raised by someone else created a divide! Our child would have a nanny. I did. You had people raising you that weren’t your parents. Tenzin was your caregiver in the last years of your development where you were at your most emotionally raw. Not your father. Not your mother. Isn’t that…sad?”

Korra sucked in a breath. “Let’s just drop it.” She walked out.

“Korra,” Asami sighed, following her. The Avatar went up to their bedroom. “Talk to me.”

“You’ve made your point of view clear.” Korra grabbed her staff. “I need to clear my head.” Her jaw was tense.

“Please, stay. Let’s talk.”

“I don’t want to hear you saying all of this bullshit!” Korra finally snapped. She turned and glared at her wife. Asami stepped away, taken aback. Korra sighed, shouldered slumping. “I…want a family with you. It’s my one dream. It was surprising to see life past battle to battle, past being the Avatar. Domestic…I liked it like that.”

“I like the idea too, Korra. And I know I can’t just go without having kids.”

“It’s not that you have to. No one needs a fucking heir. My dad doesn’t have one. He has a successor because his one kid has a million things to do and lives hundreds of kilometers away from him! And he hasn’t seen her since she was married!” She dropped the staff and was shaking. She pinched her brow.

“So we don’t have kids?” Asami hugged herself, nails dug into her sides.

“We don’t have this conversation now I guess.”
Korra sank onto their bed, her wife slumping next to her and against her. She felt the strong grip, centuries old and signature comfort.

Asami stared at the scarlet walls and acted like she didn’t see a tear slide down Korra’s tanned cheek.

Chapter End Notes

This is a bit of angst. But don’t worry. The next chapter is another longer skip.
One and Half Years, Not a Day Closer

Chapter Summary

One and a half years have passed ever since their fight. Korra returns from the Fire Nation in time for Asami’s birthday and finds a surprise from Bolin and Opal.

It only made things worse for her and Asami

Chapter Notes

Can I just say that I don't mean for this to sound like they are going to split up. They aren't. This is a bump in the road

Also a bit of smut. Brief scene.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A year and a half passed faster than Korra had favored. She found herself in a pattern, a revolving door or kicking ass and acting politically.

Right now, she was going on the twelfth week away from home. Ten of them were spent without connection to a phone. She hadn’t gotten the chance to contact her wife, but those back at Republic City knew they were alive thanks to Jinora’s projection.

She had gone off with Jinora and one of the more talented members, Aki. They were helping a province near the royal city that was being plagued by dark spirits seeming to come from the direction of an abandoned village. It was lost to flooding that nearly cleared the whole population. It was months being away from civilization.

She woke up in the lean-to Jinora had crafted for the trio. It was cramped and they moved it every other day. They had gone to one end of the forest and then circled back closer. They had a flare in the case they truly needed help so they were not completely on their own.

The Avatar crawled out, being the last one to rise. She saw the pair sat by a small fire and quietly eating berries Korra knew Jinora picked while consulting her guide of edible plants.

“Hey you two,” Korra mumbled. She smoothed out her hair and took the bowl of berries extended to her. She put a handful into her mouth, stomach clenching, and yearning as the sweet flavor erupted over her tongue once the skin of the berries was broken. She nearly groaned at it. They had finished the last of their rations a while ago and it had been mainly gathering. It was enough for the petite and not particularly muscular air benders, but for someone built like Korra, she found herself falling short on calorie intake.

“You sleep okay?” Aki asked. She adjusted her suit. “I heard you mumbling in your sleep.”

“Yeah. Sorry if I kept you two up.” Korra smiled sheepishly.
“It’s alright.” Jinora pulled out their map. She looked it over. “I don’t see any areas we really missed considering reports. We should be clear to return to civilization.”

“I can’t wait to bathe in a place of water that isn’t a creek,” Korra sighed. She took out her thermos from her pack and drank the water they had boiled the night before.

“I projected and checked in on my dad. Said he should expect our return within the next few days.”

Korra nodded and stood up. She looked around. “This place…feels like the forest of lost souls.” She looked around the terrain just covered in splintered wood. They were lucky to not have just been stuck in mud every minute of every day.

“The spiritual energy is significantly similar to it. But it isn’t per say welcoming—it’s really strong around here!” Aki straightened up, blue eyes sparkling. She knew the place about as well as any native would. Korra had found she was from the Southern Water Tribe but had moved to the Earth Kingdom just a year before Harmonic Convergence. So would know the holy place likely better than Korra herself did.

“It’s just…so powerful but yet so human.” She crossed her arms. “Spirits and the wrongly departed have such different energies.”

“There were a lot of people lost during the flooding,” Jinora told her.

Korra closed her eyes. Her mind went to the dream she just came out of. She saw a little doll floating away. Tiny arms reaching above the water.

“Children died,” she mumbled.

Jinora sighed. She stood up and stomped out their fire and put sand on to prevent it from possibly burning when they left. “Yeah…One-fifth of the fatalities were children under the age of thirteen.”

Korra looked down at her old friend. “I’m sorry for being so dramatic.”

“No, it’s okay. You’re spiritually charged. More than me. I’ve felt the energy…but never could separate the human from the spiritual.”

“Can departed spirits become dark ones?” Aki asked the two.

“No. I think the negative energy of the deaths must’ve been what took the toll—not the destruction. This destruction wasn’t man-made. That’s what it takes for them to change. Humans influence them above anything else,” Jinora explained.

Korra shivered. “I want to get out of here as soon as possible.” She went and kicked over the lean-to. She grabbed the cloth they used and left the branches.

Aki took out her bison whistle. With a blow, their bison came within a few minutes. He had been left at the palace and had likely been spoiled even more than he already was.

He sank down and the trio climbed up into his saddle. “Yip yip,” Aki spoke, grabbing the reins. He grunted as he flew away. Korra laid out, head on her pack and hand shielding her eyes from the sunlight. These shitty few weeks gave her an exhaustion that felt like a hangover. “Avatar Korra, will you be okay?”

“I told you, you don’t have to call me Avatar Korra.”
“Missus Sato?”

“Just Korra.” She sat up. “And yeah, once we get home I’ll be great.” She faked a smile.

“Do we go right home or report to the palace?” Jinora asked.

“Tenzin said we should talk to Fire Lord Mai,” Aki said.

“Let’s go then.” Korra fiddled with her ring and stared at the passing sky. They returned to the city, landing in the temple courtyard. Korra slid down the bison’s tail and jogged to training grounds.

The newly initiated Fire Lord was having a friendly spar with her mother. They paused as Korra strolled up, wearing the red garments they sent her off with.

“Ah, there’s our hero!” Mai chuckled. She grabbed her robe, slipping it on. Her mother straightened, acting like she hadn’t just been fully enjoying herself.

“Hey.” She smiled and they hugged. Korra slapped Mai on the back.

“I had no idea how to handle those spirits after such tragedy. Thank you for coming at such short notice. I know you have a lot on your plate working with Mister Mako on that gang issue.”

“Is what it is. And anything for a family that’s, well, my past life’s family.”

“She’ll move mountains for bloodlines,” Jinora spoke.

“Tell me, what’s the verdict?” Izumi questioned.

“You didn’t cause this,” Jinora started with. Mai arched a brow.

“We don’t want to sound crazy, but you’ll find man-made disaster or the failure of worship is what can cause this darkness to come out,” Aki explained. She looked to Jinora and Korra.

“And?” Mai asked.

“Well, this was a natural disaster and there seems no failure of spiritualism provincially. We looked into that first. Your grandfather, Mai, did well on removing the Fire Lord as a figure of divinity. And the rise of temples, dedication, and national practice is enough,” Jinora said.

“Then why? Why is this happening?” Izumi asked. She adjusted her glasses as her crinkled brow pushed them down.

“Those who died,” Korra sighed. “The spirits absorbed the negativity of the energy of those who died.” She bunched up her fists. “In time, as the departed move on, it will pass. Jinora and Aki cleansed the area several times over. And I recommend retrieving what bodies you can. They deserve a burial.” She felt a tension develop between her brows. “I’m sorry, but we need to go. I’ll return if you need me. Just call the Sato estate, I know you have the number.”

“You alright?” Mai put a hand on Korra’s shoulder.

“Yeah…just hard to get a full night’s sleep in a lean-to holding three people.”

“You could’ve taken a full-sized tent,” Izumi told her.

“Goal was to travel light,” Korra said. She got a small glare, but she crossed her arms.
“How’re your efforts?” Mai questioned, changing the topic.

“A few leaders died off so we’ll see come the next election. And Republic City isn’t too focused. It recognizes other marriages so that’s enough until we can look back. Cleaning up the streets takes precedent. But thanks for asking.” Korra smiled at her old friend.

“And Asami?”

“Killing it, like always.” Korra beamed, even in the back of her mind she kept dwelling on their family situation. Or the lack of it. “She’s about to celebrate her twenty-fifth birthday. I’m planning a nice night.”

“Top your wedding night that was like the world was about to end and alcohol was going to no longer be available?” Mai joked. “I almost drank enough for your Mako friend to seem attractive.”

Korra laughed nervously. “So how’s your fiancée? I feel like she’s in every case. Asami tried so hard to get her to move to the city.”

“She’ll be stuck here for the long run. ‘Sami won’t get her on payroll anytime soon.” Mai looked at her mother before looking back at the Avatar. “Jo’s right now in the Empire on a case. Ah, she’s going to make such a great princess.” Mai swooned and pull Korra close. “Obviously, Asami has to be up there with me. Gotta be of Fire Nation blood.”

“I know. That’s bullshit by the way.”

“It’s tradition. And… I want you to marry us.” Mai held Korra’s shoulders, smirking. Korra was amazed it took her so long to find a woman with that smirk and that jawline.

“Oh… I’d be honored.”

“Good!” She smiled full-on. “It’s going to outdo your wedding, sorry not sorry.”

“By all means.” Korra chuckled. The two shoved each other around until an adviser came and whispered to Mai.

“Ah—I have to go. And I know you three do as well.” Mai clapped her hands. “Let me send you off with this.” A servant came with a case. She took it and held it out. “Some clothing and yuan for your travel.”

“We couldn’t,” Jinora said. “We’re nomads and this is a duty—“

“You also have a few days. Take it, I insist.”

“Thank you,” Aki said. She stepped up after Jinora nodded, taking the box. The former Fire Lord and current one bowed before returning to the palace.

Korra and the girls got back on the bison and flew off.

**

Korra landed their bison. Jinora jumped off first and landed right into the sprinting over Kai. The Avatar grabbed their bags as the young girl kissed her boyfriend.

Korra slid down. Bolin and Opal came over to greet them. Korra looked up from her bag and gasped loudly. “Opal…y-your belly!” She pointed, seeing the small bump.

Bolin smiled sheepishly. “Haha… about that.” He touched his wife’s belly. “Three months is a
Bolin smiled sheepishly. “Haha…about that.” He touched his wife’s belly. “Three months is a long time.”

“How far along are you?” Korra asked. She took Opal’s hands, smiling like a fool. “This is so great!”

“Kya placed me at five,” Opal told her. She smiled back. “What’s got you so excited about it?”

“This is the next generation of the Air Nation! My best friends are starting a family. I love this!” Korra hugged them both. She looked out past the two as they hugged her. She saw her wife.

Asami smiled shyly and waved once. She knew this would bring up the avoided topic. Opal, a girl Korra’s age becoming a mother? It was a no-brainer trigger.

The couple let Korra go. “Asami!” She shouted and ran to her wife, sweeping her off her feet and kissing her hard. Three months without her made the kiss feel like their first one. A new spark, not enough, and oh spirits so needed.

Asami couldn’t help but melt even if she was anxious about how their conversation would go once they got home.

Korra put her down and chuckled. “I missed you so much,” she said, cupping Asami’s face in her hands. “I had dreams of just kissing you.”

“Try to avoid leaving for so long for a while,” Asami mumbled. She leaned down and kissed Korra again. She blocked out the chatter and her invasive thoughts. She gripped Korra’s shoulders, not wanting to dare go anywhere near the situation that was Korra’s greasy and knotted hair.

They parted again and Korra looked at Opal again. “So do you have names picked out?”

“Oh—Len for a girl,” Opal said without pausing.

“San, if we have a boy,” Bolin added. He smiled.

“They’re perfect.” Korra smiled at Opal. “I know how to do the whole sensing with healing water so I’m your gal. I know Kya has been so invested in the city lately and Katara’s not bending much. I’m here for you.”

“Thank you, Korra!”

“And the kid will be so spoiled. I promise we’ll make sure,” Asami said. She put an arm around her wife. The Avatar leaned into her partner, resting her head on her shoulder as she spoke with the other couple.

“Thanks. Bolin has already been looking at baby clothes though I’m not even going into the third trimester yet.” Opal nudged her husband and he smiled sheepishly.

“Ooh! Baby clothes!” Korra squeaked. “The tiny shoes and the soft cloths to swaddle them in. I remember when little Rohan would just coo all warm and cared for when he was wrapped up.”

“I never took you for liking this stuff, Korra,” Bolin said, crossing his arms over his chest.

Korra straightened up and hesitated. “Oh…it’s no big deal.” She acted casually, shrugging. “I mean kids are great. Just good. I mean…tiny people—we—we need them, right?”

“Well yeah. How else do we live on? Tiny people do become normal sized people eventually.”
He smiled at her.

She smiled back, tight and forced. “Well, I’m going to go bathe. I’ll see you guys at dinner.” She kissed her wife once more and jogged off.

Asami sighed and looked at Opal. “Sorry,” Opal whispered.

“Not your fault.” She looked between the two, watching Bolin put an arm around his wife’s midsection, fingers touching the side of her belly. “I’m happy for you two.”

“I know. You’ve said it every day for the past three months,” Opal said. Asami shrugged helplessly. “Are you going to address it again? It’s been almost two years.”

“I don’t know where I can even start. “Hey I’m sorry our friends are having a baby and we’re not.”” She forced a laugh. ““I’m still against it, saying you’re gone months at a time and now we fight gangs together when we have free time.”” She bunched up her fists. “Also I know you resent the hell out of that and please don’t divorce me because I’m so fucking in love with you but am so damn afraid to be a mother because I lost my mother and worry that now I don’t know how to be a mom because no one taught me!”” She took a deep breath and felt her eyes sting. “Fuck…”

“Are you okay?” Bolin asked.

“No…But don’t worry because another year of my life is about to pass. And Korra is going to go all out because she’s amazing. And every birthday we reflect on what we want the next coming year. And she’ll say, kids.”

“You need to tell her you’re not ready yet.”

“It’ll be another fight.”

“Couples sometimes fight. Surprising, I know. But we did about me going from non-profit to cop work. It works out if it’s really meant to be,” Bolin promised.

Asami took a deep breath. “Sorry for…whatever that was.”

“It’s good. Maybe it’s best you say that out loud to someone who isn’t your wife and then go from there knowing that’s the actual problem.”

Asami looked at the couple. “Yeah, you’re right.”

**

Time passed and Asami returned home from work on her birthday. She had woken up alone but had tea and pastries waiting for her downstairs. Korra had left a note wishing her a happy birthday. She also had a new dress hanging up that said it was for that night.

Asami just smiled and couldn’t help but keep it up during the whole work day. She returned and changed into the new dress. She was trying to zip up when she heard footsteps coming in. She turned and saw Korra. The Avatar wore a pressed suit and held flowers. She smiled softly.

“You look beautiful.”

“I’m not ready yet.”

“You always do, though.” Korra approached, putting the flowers on the bed. She slowly pulled
the zipper up for Asami and kissed her exposed shoulder. “Happy Birthday.”

“What’s the plan for tonight?”

“Come with me.” Korra took her hand and led her outside. She grabbed a basket from the kitchen on the way out. Along with a set of keys. They got to Asami’s mobile. Korra put the basket in the back, opened Asami’s door for her. She shut it after Asami was sat down and comfy.

Korra hopped into the other side and started up the mobile. “You good? Comfortable?”

Asami smiled. “Yeah. Where to?”

“You’ll see.” Korra booped her nose before driving off. Time allowed her to pick up the skill, saving Asami the added stress.

Asami just watched the world speed by as Korra took them out of the city and up the winding roads. She stopped at an overlook of the city. A spot Asami could only picture existing in a movier.

Korra smiled at her. “I thought to myself—what have we never done? I mean we’ve gone to the spirit world, traveled the world, hit up every expensive joint and every cheap noodle shop… hooked up in gay bars or flirted in other watering holes. But what have we never done? A little picnic watching the stars and being so overdressed.”

“I think it might be perfect.”

“Might be perfect describes this whole mess of our relationship.” Korra chuckled and grabbed her basket. They got out and set up next to the mobile. She took out sealed bowls and used a bit of fire to heat up food. Ten minutes to set up, but Asami just smiled and watch her wife mumble to herself as she fiddled around to make it just right.

Korra finally poured herself and her wife some wine. “Just one for us both,” Asami said.

“Just one for you? At your old age of twenty-five?”

“Shut up!” Asami huffed and slapped her wife on the shoulder.

Korra smirked. “Okay—okay.” She shook her head. “One glass because I’m driving. One glass for you so I can give you another gift when we get home.” She winked.

Asami rolled her eyes. “We’re kind of just dressed up versions of how we looked on our first date.”

“It’s almost like your awesome wife planned that.” Korra leaned in. Asami looked down at her, obsessed with the way the moonlight hit those baby blue eyes.

“She is pretty amazing.”

“Oh?”

“I mean, she’s sweet, creative—and I just melt for those muscles.”

Korra blushed and looked at her wine. “You think she could pass on that sweetness and creativity to someone else younger?”

“You seem to rub off on the Air Bender kids,” Asami swerved, sipping from her glass and considering taking back her vow for one glass.
“Well, they were amazing before me and will be amazing when I’m gone. I was thinking, because seeing how excited Bolin and Opal are…that we could revisit that debacle.”

Asami downed the rest of her drink and poured herself another glass. She could see from the corner of her eyes Korra was hunched into herself.

“Can we talk about this another night?” she whispered.


“To a lot more years of this life.” They clinked glasses. Asami took a small sip before placing it down.

“Here here,” Korra said and drank from her glass. She leaned back and started to eat. “How was work today?”

“I took apart a bunch phones.”

“Why?” Korra snorted a bit.

“Wondering if the current design is really the best we can do. Thinking of like the shells of differing mobiles. The insides remade but packaged differently to improve the function of the car. Can I do that to the phone? Get rid of the two handhelds? Find the best shape that could improve how the receiver, well, receives your voice.”

“Hm.” Korra knew to herself than any other human being (well, Ikki or Jinora being another exception) would bore her to tears if they spoke of this subject matter.

“I know it’s stupid and not at all interesting.”

“No! Chew my ear off. Talk about it. I like hearing about your ideas,” Korra told her. She leaned into her.

Asami smiled and kissed her forehead. “Thank you.”

“Hm?”

“You put up with a lot to love me.”

“Put up with?” Korra looked at her. “I love you, and I will not stop. Cross my heart.” Korra kissed her forehead.

*I wish I could give you everything you wanted.*

Asami listened to Korra talking about her three months. She was more focused on the last hour of her trip over the twelve weeks of spirits.

“I can’t believe Mai is getting married,” Asami sighed.

“I’m sure a lot of people said that about me.” Korra sipped her wine.

“I think it was “I can’t believe Korra is getting married to a woman.””

Korra rolled her eyes. “Jo’s a nice woman,” she said, changing the subject.

“I know. I tried so so hard to hire her. But I won’t mind at all to have her in a place of quote-
Korra smiled at her. “Mai wants me to marry them.”

“Yeah, she called me a few weeks about me being her matron of honor.”

Korra adjusted. “I’m really excited!”

“I know.” Asami kissed her cheek.

“And I’m excited for what the future will bring us.” Korra looked at her. Asami kissed her to shut her up. She made her drop her drink to grip her tight.

Asami pulled her close by her lapels, yanking Korra up and to against the mobile. She gently bit Korra’s lower lip, making her whimper. The Avatar lost her ability to think of anything else but Asami.

Korra opened the door to the back seat and they fell in, Korra on top. Asami barely had enough time to keep her head from hitting the other door.

“Korra,” Asami whispered when they parted. “Should we go home?” She shivered when Korra kissed along her jaw and then nipped her pulse point.

“No. Too long,” Korra muttered against her neck. “Taking this off.” She fumbled and pushed up Asami’s dress. She looked down at Asami, eyes sparked as she kissed down Asami’s thighs.

“A-ah…Korra….” She shivered and tangled her fingers in her hair. “Someone could see us.” Her mind, clouded, briefly let her feel fear over

“I don’t fucking care. Do you? You want me to stop?” I know what you’re doing. I’m angry that it works. She thought to herself as she ripped away expensive undergarments.

“No. Please,” Asami pleaded as Korra focused on placing kisses on her thighs and abdomen. She squirmed and wrapped her legs around Korra. She whimpered when she felt nails in her lower back.

Korra growled and latched her mouth to her, making her wife cry out. She pinned her hips to keep her from squirming as she swirled her tongue over her clit.

Asami clawed at Korra’s clothed back, panting and whimpering. “Kooorra!” She dug her heels into the seat of the mobile. “Mm…ah!” She shuddered.

Korra moved her hands up, pinning Asami’s hands. She shut her eyes, overwhelmed by the taste of her wife.

Korra pulled away when she knew Asami had melted. She sighed and sat back while Asami panted softly. She looked down, seeing the woman flushed and panting. Her dress was bunched up around her hips and her lipstick had been smudged.

“We should go,” Korra mumbled.

She didn’t get around to mentioning kids the rest of that year.
Okay, so that was terrible and I'm sorry if that was in any way triggering.

I know that this whole kids thing would be argued that couples don't need them and that Korra should respect Asami's choices.

But what I'm doing is coding Asami as she is afraid of motherhood because her parentage was a wreck. This "wreck" was inspired because my parents personally didn't have kids until their thirties, and were married for almost ten years before. My mom was a child of divorce and that made her want to no longer have kids. It took a decade of a loving relationship.

Some people just don't want kids. And spouses have no right to force that on them and they have a choice between compromise or separating.

This is the former. Korra is being a brat. They'll talk in the next chapter.
I'm Trying to Give You Everything

Chapter Summary

Years have passed and Korra lingers on what her future might be. A day to watch Len and Asami extends the elusive issue of kids.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry for the long wait. I buckled down because I finally got to winter break.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Korra wiped the sweat from her brow and focused on the poles below her. She ran her fingers along the smoothed grains as well, one hand on a peg and one foot another. Her arm started to shake as she waited. She fought away heavy breaths as she stared down Jinora. The eighteen-year-old smirked like a villain as she held up a ball in a small cyclone from her fingertips.

“You got this Jin!” Kai shouted from the sidelines.

Korra swore quietly as the ball came whirring over. She launched off the peg and let out a big puff of air to send it away from her goal. She almost slipped as her wrapped feet landed on the next peg. She rubbed over her splintered palm and wondered if there were other languages that could provide better calming curses.

The ball was sent back to her. It almost hit her in the gut before she trapped it in a sphere of air. She noticed Jinora was on one foot, showing off to her fiancé. With that Korra took the chance and suddenly lobbed the ball. Jinora gasped and jumped out of the way to not get nailed in the shoulder. It slipped through the goal.

“Boom baby!” Korra shouted. She whooped and jumped to the forward post. Jinora glared at her. “What?”

“That was aimed right at my head!”

“It was not.” Korra crossed her arms. “It was aimed at your right shoulder.” She smirked. “That was my winning point anyways.” She stretched and with a hop and a stream of air she landed safely. She grabbed her canteen that was abandoned on the side and gulped from it. From the corner of her eye, she saw Bolin approaching. He was wearing his armor and had Len in his arms.

The little girl was pulling at his goatee and had his hat on. It was almost covering her eyes. Korra almost cooed as she took the toddler.

“Thank you for watching her. Opal wasn’t expecting to be sent off this weekend.”

Anything for a friend.” She almost melted as the little girl hugged her. She didn’t notice her father taking back his hat. “Hey Lenny baby,” Korra whispered. She stroked the child’s soft cheek with her roughened knuckle. She was unaware of the pitying looks from Bolin and Jinora.
The young air bending master approached Korra. The Avatar was unaware until she felt slender fingers on her shoulder.

“I should get to work. I can’t wait to get to business!” Bolin hummed and marched inside to get his lunch and goodbye kiss.

“Let’s take a walk,” Jinora said. Her fiancé came over and put the robe she had taken off over her shoulders. She smiled softly at him and slipped it on. “I’ll be back soon. Tell my father I’m on the perimeter.”

“On it.” He grinned after stealing a kiss. He strolled off and rubbed at his recently shaved head that was now getting stubble.

“You two are really cute,” Korra teased. Jinora smiled softly as they left the courtyard and took the path to the trees. “When’s the wedding?”

“Soon. It’s going to be really small. I’m just waiting for a time where the whole Nation can be together.”

“It’s amazing that it’s growing. People are getting married, having more air benders.” Korra looked down at the younger girl. “I heard Eska got married too.”


“The best hunter—he isn’t too proud. Real quiet. But my father informed she seemed happy in her own way.”

“The opposite of you, you liked the loud sorts of a spouse.”

“Heh. Yeah. But that’s my cousin’s type. Desna took my place.”

“I can’t believe they actually parted.” Jinora tucked her hands into her pockets.

“I guess everyone’s growing up.” Korra smiled at Len as she loudly exclaimed at a spirit flying past them. “Even the youngest generation. I mean remember when this little peanut was just a baby that couldn’t lift her head? Now she’s walking and trying to talk.”

“Yeah. Weird to think I’ll be having one soon.” Jinora crossed her arms over her chest.

“What?” Korra looked at her.

“Well Kai and I agreed to try once we were married. We’ve saved ourselves until then.”

“Oh—uh, that’s…nice.” Korra made a face and looked at Len.

“Sorry. Guess I shouldn’t have—“

“No. You can talk to me. I’m just…that’s really young. I was with Mako at eighteen and at that time it was no way in hell I was having kids. Not with someone I always fought with. But you guys are really different. And five years together is decent. And considering your place it’s logical...”

Jinora just nodded along until Korra trailed off. “She hasn’t changed her mind?”

Korra slumped her shoulders a bit. “I have no idea. We haven’t talked in two years.” Korra shrugged. She put Len down, letting her walk a few steps ahead of them. She watched her make
sure she didn’t try to shove anything into her mouth. “We haven’t really talked about it.”

“Korra, there’s something that isn’t be addressed with her. She is far from hating kids. She would’ve fled a while saying you came with me and my siblings. Then Lao and now Len. And her with Rohan was better than I was with him.”

“I know. I guess… I should just give up. Almost no female Avatars had kids.”

“You’d be giving up your dream. How did that even come out by the way? You never mentioned it before Asami.” Jinora looked at her.

Korra blushed. “I just always did? I just figured I wouldn’t find someone I could be a mother with. I feared I couldn’t be a mom when I got hurt. Then Asami changed everything. It’s why it hurts so much.”

“How do you think she feels?” Jinora had her hands in the pockets of her robes.

“I don’t know.”

Jinora sighed. “See this is why you talk to her instead of shoving it away and acting like everything is okay. What happened to that couple that couldn’t lie to each other? She used to be the only one you could come to cope—and now what is this? You are helpless. For the love of all that is good, talk.”

Korra picked up Len. “Eighteen is too young though.”

“It has also taken my mom’s side of the family a while to conceive.”

Tenzin was waiting for them as they came to the dining hall for lunch. He sat with the two young women along with Ikki and Meelo. Ikki had a cap on her recently shaved head. Her arrow tattoos were still healing and she was self-conscious of having no hair. She had always prided herself on it, unlike Jinora who considered almost every morning going bald again.

Korra got Len to eat her mash soybeans. She had the chances to eat a bit of rice and some slices of pork. She was sipping her water when Ikki was the first to speak directly to her. “So are you and Asami trying yet?”

Korra paused. She downcast her eyes as she acted like she couldn’t hear Ikki wincing at Meelo jabbing her in the ribs with his elbow.

“No.” Korra looked at the teenaged girl. “Have you found anyone yet? Your parents mentioned you’re on a conquest and getting distracted.” She saw the girl’s cheeks flare up red.

“I wouldn’t call it a… conquest.” She looked at her bowl. “It just would be nice, you know, to have a partner. I mean Kai and Jinora are so cute together and they’re happy. Have been since they were younger than me!”

“No one falls in love the same,” Korra chuckled. She held Len close as the girl squirmed and tried to grab at cups and dumplings. “I didn’t date until I was seventeen. But then Asami had her first girlfriend when she was fourteen. Your father didn’t date until he was nineteen. Bolin—he struck out a lot. Opal was his first serious girlfriend. Mako’s still looking!”

“So this is saying I have half a chance to make a lonely fool of myself for at least another two years or the rest of my life,” Ikki sighed. She slumped. “The hair isn’t helping. Or lack of it.”

“You’re beautiful, no matter what.” He touched her head and smiled at her. “And you’ve been
more focused on your studies and master status,” Tenzin commented. He sipped his tea before saying. “That’s what I was waiting for. Wasn’t as if I couldn’t get girls.”

“Right, dad,” Meelo smirked. He clicked his chopsticks together. He had changed a bit. He was growing to look more like a man, jaw a bit stronger and now having to shave. He reminded her so much of Aang at that age. The age her past life would boast as that age being the time of girl’s lining up at parties to kiss him and would adorn him with flowers. It was utterly ridiculous but it was also the only time for him as a bachelor as he and Katara didn’t truly date until he was seventeen as they had to spend so much time apart. “I’m sure you were a lady killer by dating your sister’s future wife and now your current wife.”

Tenzin glared at his kids as they laughed. Korra watched the trio, having known them all since they were babies. To see them like this…

“When did you three grow up,” she sighed. She looked at her empty bowl, realizing there were a few drops of water in it and her eyes were just clearing up after being blurred.

“It’s terrible,” Tenzin said. He rubbed at his graying beard.

“I mean you promised not to!” Korra pouted, lightening the mood.

“You sound old when you talk like that, Korra,” Ikki grinned.

“I mean, I am twenty-four.” Korra stood and carried Len out. She dodged a seven-year-old Lao sprinting after his eight-year-old cousin.

“Not inside!” Lin boomed behind them, chasing the boys who were bending indoors.

Korra protected Len’s face and leaned against a wall. Lin stopped and nodded at her, saying “hello” silently before making chase again.

Korra smiled to herself and went down to the docks. She got on the ferry, holding Len real tight while letting her have her feet on the middle rung of the safety bar. Len held the top bar with her little hands, obviously unable to wrap around the whole thing. They saw the fish in the water as they lingered closer to land to lay their eggs within the plant beds in shallows.

“Fishies!” Len pointed.

“Yeah. Your papa loves those,” Korra said, leaving out eating.

She got back the manor. She noticed the phone cord in the kitchen was stretched so whoever was making the call was out of her sight.

She shuffled over and looked in.

“Yes, I’m aware.” Asami stepped out of her heels and leaned against the counter. She looked up and noticed Korra finally. She waved at her, smiling a bit before going back to her phone call. “I am trusting you with this. Don’t make me regret it. If you can’t handle it, spirits know I can just do it myself.” She paused. “You can? Great. I’ll see you tomorrow. Have the papers.”

She walked across the room and hung up. “Hate to be that person on the other line.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Asami smiled at her. “Babysitting again?”

“Well—it was unplanned. I left you a message.”
“I know, and it’s why I’m here.” Asami looked at Len.

“Come again?” Korra blinked. Len whined and squirmed. She tried to grab Korra’s hair. “Ow—ow!”

“Okay, okay….” Asami carefully got Len to let go and held her in her arms. “Good.”

Korra looked at her. “So you came home early. You never do that when there are kids here.”

Asami looked at Len, making sure she didn’t grab her hair or earrings. “I want to change that.”

“Asami, I’ve been the worst,” Korra blurted. Asami arched a brow. “I mean—I made you feel guilty. We were in our early twenties. It was so crazy especially since all that was going on.”

“Talk to me during her nap.” Asami kissed her cheek. “And I don’t see why this duty always falls on you. Lin or Jinora could’ve.”

“I volunteer. If I take it only when I’m the last possible option I’d never see this little peanut.” Korra tickled Len’s belly, making her squeal. “I’m going to grab the toys.” She ran up to one of their guest rooms that kept toys they accumulated for the kids of their friends whenever they came over. She grabbed the chest and brought it down.

She heard that Len had begun to cry. She rushed down, sliding into the living room and heard singing. Asami hardly did it. Hated her voice.

She heard the old Fire Nation lullaby in fragments, as Asami paused with little recollection.

She paused voice low and looked at Korra. The Avatar smiled softly. She put down the chest. Asami put down Len, letting the little girl walk over to Korra.

“Hey baby,” Korra said. She got out the girl’s favorite train set. “Let’s set this up.”

“Yeah!” The girl took her favorite train car. Korra made the little noises and dug around for the train whistle they had. “Here it comes!” She blew into the square whistle. The *toot toot* went, making the little girl giggle.

Asami got on the floor with them. “That’s the wrong whistle for that model by the way,” she told her wife.

Korra rolled her eyes. “Of course you’d know that.”

“Well, I did just get signed to work on a new infrastructure project involving trains,” Asami smirked. Korra pulled her close. Len messed around with the trains before moving on, pulling more from the chest.

She took a sash and put it on Korra’s head. Korra smirked and tied it around her forehead. “Flameo hotman!” She picked up the little girl.

“What’s that for?”

“Past life stuff,” Korra said simply. She grabbed the little girl a crown and put it on her head. “There, my little queen!” She tickled Len, making her squeal. She dug through and found another. “Now, my full grown queen.” She put it on Asami’s head.

Asami rolled her eyes. “Okay, I am a queen.” She straightened her posture and took Len. “And this little one will inherit my kingdom.” Korra smiled, eyes sparkling. Asami tried to keep herself
from thinking of just how long has it been since she last saw them sparkle. “Come here.” She kissed the woman, slow and tender, parting only when Len whined for attention. “Wanting Korra’s attention? Same here kiddo.”

Korra rolled her eyes and took Len back. She let the little one grab a boat. “To the pond!” She and Asami to the girl to the small pond in their garden. She the girl put the boat in. Though the lack of wind left it frozen in place.

“Korra, maybe give it a little boost,” Asami said lightly. Korra raised a hand, and the boat caught an instance of wind that did not brush their backs. Only upon the sail and away, it went. Len looked a bit smug.

“Um—I—I didn’t do that.” Korra looked at the little girl. “Did you?”

Len giggled. “Whoosh!” She leaned forward and a burst of air came from her hands.

“Oh, my spirits! An air bender!” Korra held the girl close. “You’re so amazing and your mother is going to kill me because I saw it first and she missed this. This is so amazing but oh my spirits why now? I’m so proud but ah!” Korra looked at her girlfriend.

“Imagine having to raise a bender.”

“It’s hell, actually. Literally hell,” Korra snorted. “Pema literally said she hoped Rohan was a non-bender just for some mercy.”

“Well, it’s an extension of you, especially emotion. You’ve set things on fire if you lose yourself.”

Korra looked at one of her palms. “Does it ever scare you?”

“No—you’ve never given me a reason to be afraid? I worry about you, not my safety around you.” Korra looked at the gentle waters. She pulled the boat back to them with small waves. Len ran off, disinterested. Korra grunted, standing up slowly to follow after her. “You go on with her. I’m staying here.”

“Alright.” Korra chased after the girl. She found the girl a few hundred feet away, watching a butterfly coast through the, ascending and descending through varied colorful flaps.

Len reached out, green eyes sparkling. Her chubby little hands scared off the insect. She snapped out of her small trance and looked at Korra. “Kowwa…” She held her arms out, wanting to be picked up. Korra scooped her up.

Korra smiled, lips quirked upwards but not enough to reveal any teeth. No crooked grin that would get the girl to smile back. The child could not understand when the woman looked at her with dulled blue eyes, pained.

Korra took the girl’s left hand, the fingers had wrapped around her index finger. She kissed the back of her hand. “You’re so wonderful. Never let anyone tell you otherwise. No man, no woman, or being…” She sighed.

“‘Kay,” was all the little girl could respond.

Korra worked on building a fire in the fireplace as Asami came downstairs from tucking in Len. “She’s down,” Asami told her wife. Korra looked up, finger to a piece of paper in the heart of the
logs. “Having fun there?”

“It’s a blast really,” Korra said. She put down her hand as the fire became roaring. She sat back and scooted away to a distance where Asami would sit with her.

The CEO slumped into her lap. Korra wrapped her arms around her and kissed her face, making her hum. “We need to talk,” Asami said, trying not to let the Avatar coax her into napping herself.

“Well don’t you want kids?” Korra asked outright.

Asami frowned. “I like kids…as loud and crazy as they can be. If I didn’t, I never could’ve loved you. You’re always this caregiver, this calming and also playful force around kids. Lao warmed up to you right quick even if he was the shiest at first. The air bending kids love you so much. You’re going to be the best mother and give all of yourself to your kids.”

Korra looked at the fire, the flames lashing out and retracting when they couldn’t find any new kindling, continuing to eat away at the logs. “So it’s not that you don’t like kids. Do you not see yourself as a mother?”

“I—I worry. Korra, you go on saying you were raised by the white lotus but were you? You and your mother are close. She was there for you when you needed her most, truly. You learned what a mother was by her. She’s a kind and patient woman and I know that will translate to the sort of mother you will be.”

Korra looked down at her. “Your mother?”

“I barely remember her some days. I don’t know what to do. I have no example to lead by. What was compassion? I was put in boarding schools or had to get used to being alone. I had the help but there was no warm force.”

“Bolin didn’t have a father and look at him now. You don’t need a parent of your gender to teach you to be a parent. There are good parents with bad parents or not parents.”

“I know that logically. It’s just, I have no confidence in it. And the case if I lose you, what if I become my father to the child?”

“Will you love that child for what they are? Will you put revenge on them?”

“I couldn’t keep anyone from being who they are. And I…am not vengeful. I would’ve killed a lot of men during your whole equality acts.”

“Then you can’t be that to them. And they will have more than us. The boys, the nation, and they’ll have plenty of kids around their age. It’ll be amazing.” Korra kissed her gently, quickly. Once, twice, thrice…melting her and making her cheeks a gentle shade of pink and a small smile left on those lips. “It’s different from what your parents went through.”

“I love you.” Asami smiled. “I guess we should look into who’ll inseminate me, huh?”

“Oh. About that…”Korra blushed. “I’ve always wanted to carry!”

Asami looked at her, surprised. “I just…what?”

“I want to. It’s a spiritual connection, to carry. To have that experience would be priceless. And how cruel would that be of me? Force you to have a child because I want to be a mother so badly?”
Asami looked down, smiling. “I thought I knew you.” She kissed Korra’s cheek. The younger woman hummed.

“I’m always going to surprise you, ‘Sami,” Korra smirked and picked her up bridal style. She moved the girl to the couch when their butler Rin approached.

“Your friend Bolin is here,” he said.

“Let him here. He’s come for Len.” Korra frowned and went to get up.

“I’ll get her,” Asami said softly. She climbed off the couch and walked upstairs.

Bolin strolled in. Korra got up and hugged him. “How was she?”

“Asami and I handled her well.”

“I thought Asami was working.” He smiled softly. “I have a feeling something got talked out.”

“I don’t have anything to say on the matter.” Korra tried to keep a straight face but failed as Asami walked in with the girl.

Bolin almost squealed. “You talked about it!” He took his sleepy daughter, lowering his voice. “Hey…”

Asami looked at her wife. “Korra! You told?”

“No. He figured me out.” Korra pouted.

“I’m a cop.” He smirked and adjusted his hat. “Pema wanted me to invite you two to dinner. It’s been a while.”

“Sounds perfect,” Asami said. “Let’s drive to the docks.” She grabbed her keys.

Len stirred and looked at her dad. “Papa…hungry.”

“We’re heading home for dinner right now.” He put his hat on her and she smiled softly. “You have fun with your aunties?”

“Yeah!” The girl was rambling on as they got to the car. Bolin sat in the back to listen to her, even if it was gibberish.

Asami took Len on the ferry, the two at the rail. Bolin sat back with Korra.

“Thanks again,” he said.

“Not a problem.” She smiled softly. “I like to think you’ll be doing the same for us someday.”

He squealed a bit. “I can’t wait for it. I bet Asami is going to wear designer maternity clothes.” Korra just nodded at him.

She knew that someone would try to talk her out of carrying. Well, not someone. Everyone in her life was going to try. Katara wouldn’t, but Tenzin and most with the mindset of Korra being an Avatar before anything would.

“Do you just plan on having one?” He asked.

“I haven’t thought about being a mother to more than one. We both were only kids.”
“Opal and I plan on having the one. Give all the attention we never had. Plus her siblings and Lao can have more. Bei Fong legacy carries.”

“It’s weird that Lao is technically our generation,” Korra said.

“I don’t really want to think of him like that. He’s my kid cousin.” He smiled. “I can’t believe what he’s done to change Lin. She’s just…patient.”

“She’s given every day to him for almost five years. I think she would have to be in order to not kill him. He and Rohan are hellions.”

Bolin snorted softly. Asami came over to them as they docked and they approached the temple. They entered and Asami and Korra were greeted with hugs.

“It’s been so long since we’ve seen you here, Asami,” Katara said. Asami leaned down to hug her tight.

“The new plant has kept me busy. I was able to get tonight thanks to my CFO.”

“I’m glad Bataar’s taken the reins,” Lin said. She put her hands on her hips. Lao and Rohan were already hanging off of Korra and talking about playing a game after dinner.

“It’s been almost a decade now. He’s earned every ounce of my trust.” Asami nearly fell over when Ikki jumped to hug her.

“Asami!” The girl’s grip was stronger. Asami knew that she had been trusted with more. Training, solo missions…it would make sense she developed a body more like Korra’s.

“Hey, Ikki. I’m sorry I missed your tattooing ceremony.” Asami took the girl’s hands, studying the arrows briefly.

“It’s alright. I’m just happy to see you around the temple. We see Korra almost every day but not much of you.” The teenager smiled as they made their way to the dining room. Korra and Asami got separated at the heads of the table. Those who Asami sat with was Ikki, Kya, Katara, and Bolin. On the other side, Korra was stuck with Lin, Tenzin, and Jinora. The younger kids went to sit with other members. Besides Lao. He sat between Kya and Lin, squirming around but ultimately more focused on eating.

“Guess that’s the downside of being a city rat.” Asami chuckled softly. “So Korra told me you’ve been on the prowl of some cuties.”

“Yeah…” Ikki blushed.

“The man who runs the fruit stand near the dock, Geo I believe, his daughter has gotten the best of her,” Katara teased. Her granddaughter just pouted at her.

“Yari,” Ikki said, sighing a bit. She looked at her bowl of rice. “I’m not the most attractive with a shaved head. So…no point.”

“A shaved head’s very desirable amongst nomads,” Katara told her.

“She’s not a nomad.” Ikki rubbed her head, frowning. Asami put down her bowl and took off her scarf. She wrapped the girl’s head. It made her look more elegant, though arguably she still looked beautiful without her long locks.

“There,” Asami said softly, smiling. “I think Yari would love it if you maybe struck up a
conversation. Trust me being stuck at your father’s job is painfully a bore. To have a cute girl chew your ear off can be a highlight.”

She got the girl to smile a bit. “Thanks…” She adjusted the scarf.

Kya adjusted her hold on her chopsticks. “So Asami…how’s paradise?” Bolin squeaked from his silence. She glared at him.

She softened after he looked back down at his bowl. “It was good to have today. Korra has this sparkle I’ve never seen when she gets to have time with the kids. And honestly, I see why. The pure joy…” She smiled at Len, in Bolin’s lap and overjoyed to be getting some water chestnuts. “It’s refreshing.”

“Yeah. Coming home to your spouse and your child can really put life in perspective,” Kya said, smiling. “So what does that mean for you two?”

Asami looked across the table. Her wife was waving her utensils around as she spoke. She smiled softly and then looked at her old friend. “We plan on having a family together.”

“Flameo hotman!” Katara cheered a bit. It was her way, voice just a bit raised but not quite loud. Asami chuckled.

“I can guess that you all are just waiting for another Korra?”

“That’s the last thing I want,” Katara explained, “but to have a problem be worked out and knowing that such a wonderful couple will go on fine, that’s something to cheer about.”

Asami smiled. “We aren’t wonderful…”

“Fight me, Sato, we’re adorable!” Korra shouted from the other side of the table. Asami snorted a bit.

Kya shushed them and topped off Asami’s sake.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, eighteen is young. It’s also taking place in a world where this is basically the 1920s. Around then was the era of marrying at like nineteen and becoming homemakers.
Chapter Summary

The process of picking a donor, insemination, and pregnancy tests

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next few months brought a series of testing and trying to keep the secret. Though it slipped to a few. Kya offered some tidbits to help with preparing for insemination. What to cut out and such (Korra hadn't had a drop of alcohol since they talked with the healer). Opal came over with some old baby stuff they no longer needed for Len. They found a doctor they trusted and liked a lot. He gave them a binder of potential donors and began to explain the ways to inseminate. Korra was getting more and more excited and was working to tie up loose ends before they began to try.

Right now, Asami was looking at the donors’ files. It was just a single sheet describing each man. Their known genetic history, their education level and basic appearance such as skin color, hair color, eye color, et cetera. They were searching for someone that looked like Asami. There were plenty that looked of her, but they had some high standards. Bending wasn’t considered as it could come from a non-bender line and Korra was the freaking Avatar. Asami hoped for a higher IQ for her heir.

She looked up as she somehow was able to hear those quiet footsteps belonging to her wife. She recalled the time before when Korra entering a room would send her for a knife, her instincts always on overdrive. Now, she just looked up and smiled warmly. Korra placed her staff in the corner of the bedroom. “Hey,” Asami said. “How was your day?”

“I was helping Mako and Bolin out. Some triad was hiding in the kitchen of a noodle shop. Fucked up the place royally by the end.”

“Tell me the place and I’ll write a check for repairs.” Asami didn’t hesitate. Korra smiled a bit. It was lazy, sleepy, but her eye still sparkled as Asami extended kindness. She groaned in relief as she undid her bindings from under her shirt before she flopped next to where her wife was sitting cross-legged. She used Asami’s thigh not covered by the binder of files as her pillow.

"You're so kind it amazes me."

"I have more money than I could ever spend. I want to do good with it.” Asami put the binder on the bed. "Now, I've been looking over this. You should too. I marked the candidates I liked most."

"Mm, after a nap..." Korra yawned, obviously exaggerating it for effect.

"You can sleep after you look." Asami nudged her with her knee, making her whine a bit. “Come on. Your ovulation is in three weeks. We need this done.”

Korra sat up and pouted. She took the binder and went to the marked pages. “Donor A349…24… philosophy major—no.”
"Why?" Asami pointed to the descriptions. "He has no history of major genetic disorders, no patterns of mental illness, his grandparents died old. He has my skin color, eye color, hair color..."

"A philosophy major? I don’t want a kid with a man who majors in philosophy."

"It suggests a high IQ."

"It suggests a high sense of ego." Asami wanted to fight that, but she knew men who just took over their fathers' companies recently. They usually studied philosophy and they were pretentious. Some of the worst.

"...Fine." Asami sighed. She wished she could argue, but Korra was right and she had met those young men. They truly had inflated egos. She flipped to the next one.

Korra looked at it again, to the next fold. "Thirty-year-old...good health..." She read on. "No."

"It’s because he’s a Tribe Native?"

"They cite him to have some political power. That means we’re related in some way. I’m not trying it." Korra looked up at her wife. "Can't we just ask, like, Bolin?"

"I don’t think he or his wife would be comfortable with it." Asami pulled her close as the woman sulked.

Korra flipped through, mumbling to herself until she stopped on a page Asami hadn't marked. "Him." She pointed at the page.

Asami looked at it. "Donor B288...Earth Empire native. Additional comment: Lineage of public servitude with no royal or imperial affiliation. He got a full education, a social worker. Health is average. Similar attributes." She saw his IQ wasn't listed, but she did the math on how old he was and how much education he had to get. He had probably finished University early.

"Him."

Asami shrugged. It felt like buying a mobile or hiring a secretary doing it like this. She was excited but this part was so...detached. She wanted the part where she held Korra's hand during the procedure. To the part where they were hoping. "I mean if you think..."

Asami looked at Korra. Her eyes sparkled and she almost gasped.

Korra flashed a shy smile. "I don’t want these smart men or powerful men. I know we can pull all the stops. I just want this. I don’t care about an intellectual. I don’t care if that child is like you in that aspect. Asami I love you for your caring nature, not your intellect." Korra straightened up. "Why I said no. They stressed their education. This man thought it needed to be known he was kind and those before him were kind—that’s appropriate for our family."

Asami kissed her forehead. "You’re right." She felt terrible not thinking like her. This wasn't about molding the child to what they wanted. It was about setting the first stone in the mosaic of what was the rest of their lives. Yes, this was just random files connected to vials, but it was also what would be half the matrix within their child. "If you want that to be it, it's that. I just want this life with you Korra. I don't care if that kid is the prettiest, the smartest, the strongest--but it will be the cutest with you as the mother--I just want the ups and downs of this opportunity to love like this. To give a new body or even a new soul to this realm."

She leaned in and briefly, kissed her wife. She could smell the ash on her clothes and the sweat
on her skin as they were so close. The Avatar parted first, sighing in contentment.

Korra put the binder down. “So what way do we do this?”

Asami blinked, realizing what she really meant. “Oh! We can do this at home—the insemination.” She cleared her throat. “I felt that could be best. Keep you comfortable and keep people from finding out.”

“Right. I liked how he described it, Doctor Azen. It was...intimate.” Korra smiled sheepishly. “So, three weeks from now.”

“Three weeks from now,” Asami breathed. They had been tracking Korra’s cycle for four months, visited a doctor for a fertility check. She was found in perfect health.

Korra had stayed calm and certain throughout all of it. Asami pondered her professional career. She knew that at times her hours were entirely bonkers. She would have to set boundaries, prepare herself. She wondered if maybe a smaller house could suit them. But then there was also this was a family home and the grounds would be perfect the child to play.

She and Korra had talked of what to do considering Korra being the Avatar. Korra went through as many past lives as she could. They found only one woman who carried a child. An Air Nomad who was the first female. She had a child with her fire bending teacher. They were close friends and they had a little boy who went on to become a court scribe for the first Fire Lord.

It made Korra even more hopeful that this would work out. They knew that there would be negative reactions. But they also existed in a time unlike any other Avatar cycle. A world that allowed this luxury of being an Avatar and a present parent thanks to modern world and the rekindling of an almost extinct element. In turn it made Asami happy. To see Korra speak so freely of this without fear, to just swoon over the beautiful future once they get past insemination and prenatal pandemonium, they would be mothers.

In a sudden sense of affection, triggered by the beautiful soul that was her sweet wife who desired only a sweet child, Asami tossed aside the binder and pulled Korra down onto the bed. She held her tight, for once the big spoon. She kissed the woman’s forehead, leaving a red kiss mark. Korra simply hummed and whispered, “I love you.”

“Love you too.” Asami kissed her briefly on the lips. She could feel the taut body relax. She ran her fingers through the short brown locks and took a bit of a tight fistful of them as she yanked Korra in for a fuller kiss. One that made her muscular back arch and her compact body press into Asami’s svelte one.

They parted after a moment and exchanged a few lazy kisses in the minute passing. “I love you a lot,” Korra mumbled. She got on top of Asami.

“Can’t believe I’ll have to share that whole lot of love with a little one,” Asami chuckled.

“No, I have a different reserve for them.” Korra put her hand to her chest. “Enough of me to go around for my darlings.”

“You’re not even pregnant yet you speak like it’s so near.”

“Compared to years before, it is to me.” Korra shrugged. “I know it’s idealistic, but I can’t help myself really.” She kissed Asami’s cheek as the woman tried to hide her frown. “Now, now. Don’t feel bad. You had every right to want to wait.”

Asami held her close and rolled Korra so she was next to her and that they were face to face.
"I'm ready. I want a family more than the one you introduced to me years ago when I had lost it all. Korra, I never expected this life. It's all because of you. Thank you."

"No. Thank you, Asami." Her blue eyes sparkled and she smiled softly, lips tugging up at the corners and no teeth flashing. "I was so weak at times in my life. Sometimes I was ready for death or was about to be demoralized enough to leave the path I was on...but you didn't allow that. You fought for me, helped me articulate and educate myself. Some of these laws I got passed? A lot of what I used to convince others came from you. My glory is only because you've fueled my flame and made it a small and constant torch rather a quickly burned and burnt out inferno."

Korra settled in after that, leaving her wife at loss of words. Asami let her sleep, lying there and looking at her resting face. She stroked her cheek and her hair. She listened to those steady and whistled breaths due to Korra breaking her nose during a fight with Mako a year back.

You really deserve all the good fortune you've received. I just hope I'm part of that luck to you.

Asami looked at the small syringe in her gloved hand. She wrapped her fingers around it to keep it in her palm, warming it. She cradled it carefully, afraid to drop it as if it was the child and not the potential for one. Korra shuffled around next to her, placing pillows and then taking off her slacks and undergarments.

“Okay. this is how Doctor Azen wanted me to be," Korra mumbled. She laid with her hips up. Asami looked down at her. Korra propped herself up on her elbows to meet her eyes. The setting sun bled in through the windows. Her aquamarine eyes looked almost like a simple cloudy gray. She offered a small and crooked toothy grin. "What"

“I have to, um…” Asami paused. "Well, you know what I need to do." Korra laughed nervously.

“You have to locate my cervix so you can be just shy of it.” Korra adjusted, knowing the step but hadn’t been able to picture it without cringing before this moment. She recalled being a sixteen-year-old and wanting to cry out when she was getting her first invasive exam.

“Right!” Asami got between her legs, fingers slipping in.

“Ouch!” Korra jolted and squirmed away from Asami. She fought glaring because she knew that pain wasn't Asami's fault.

“You’re nervous.” Asami leaned back. She was too. But it had to be different. Hers was about doing this right. Korra's had to be about the implications of if this went right.

“No! I just—shut up.” Korra moved back and looked at her. Asami leaned down and kissed her. Slow, tender and enough of a distraction for both of them. Her free hand dipped below Korra’s waist, circling her clit. Korra jolted a bit and whimpered against Asami's mouth. She moved to rest her forehead on Asami's shoulder. "A-ah...sami."

“Easy,” Asami mumbled and kissed her neck, dipping her head down and nudging Korra to lie her head back. “Just a bit to relax you.” Her middle finger slid over the bundle of nerves she could find on her lover without looking. She was egged on by Korra’s small whimpers and gasps. She even pushed her hips up as she almost forgot the actual goal here

“A-Asami…” She whispered softly.
“Easy darling.” Asami smiled down at her when she was able to smoothly slip in a finger. Another small gasp and she wanted to chuckle a bit.

“This is a little cruel,” Korra muttered, cheeks a simply adorable color or red. She looked at Asami's face. Her eyes usually had this devious glint during such times. Right now they were soft, sparkling with polished jade. She had a soft smile and looked so young without her makeup on. She knew there were parts of her she could never replicate even if they found the right donor. Not the divot in her shoulder, not the mole under her jaw, not the one slightly pointed ear that was different from the other. She hoped through childish imitation their child would inherit the cute way Asami's brow scrunched up, the left brow raising. She did it now as she focused on doing this whole process right. It made Korra want to pull her in for a kiss but she couldn't ruin this.

Asami replaced the digit with the syringe and pressed down the plunger. “Almost done.” She relaxed her features as she had finished. She leaned down and kissed Korra's forehead. "You did so well. Are you comfortable dear?" She took off her gloves and tossed them in the wastebasket. She kissed her wife’s nose, making her scrunch up her face.

“As much as I can be.” Korra shifted around. "That feels weird.”

“Let’s reposition you a bit.” Asami got off her wife and the younger woman shifted, putting her legs up against the headboard. “What are you doing?”

“I’m worried it might slip out.”

“It—it won’t slip out!”

“Shush! Why else did he say I should be elevated and that I need a towel?”

Asami groaned and just put an arm around her wife.

Korra stared at the ceiling, legs resting on the headboard and hips elevated by the small mountain of pillows. Asami stroked her hair and kissed her forehead as she cuddled her. Her hand slid to Korra’s abdomen.

“Do you think it worked?” the inventor questioned, trouble knitting her brow. The left brow didn't go up if focus didn't motivate the action.

Korra nodded, as she was optimistic. She was young, and the donor was volatile. She closed her eyes, listening to Asami’s breathing the ticking of the clock.

She tried to hide it as her mouth silently moved to the words of her prayers. She only could look towards Raava. Please allow this body that we share to bore a child. Oh, please let me give her a little one.

Asami kissed her nose and then her jaw. Korra smiled at her and whispered to her, “thank you.”

“You’re the one trying to get pregnant.”

“No. Thank you for making this life so amazing. To love me, to stay with me, to let us be parents. Thank you so much.”

Asami smiled softly. She was too exhausted to move much, but she wanted to pull her wife close and hug her tight. They were likely going to be up for the night. This positioning so uncomfortable and the nerves making Korra fitful. Asami in turn had to stay by her side as Azen said Korra had to be kept relaxed and that being held could do that.
Korra yawned. “How much longer should I stay like this?” She rested her head on Asami’s shoulder.

“Another hour,” Asami said after looking at the clock next to her bedside. The sun was barely peeking over the horizon before dipping away. It left the hues of purple and orange to skew across their bodies. Korra groaned and covered her eyes from the light.

Asami bit her thumbnail as she looked over the papers splayed over her desk. She had cut back days at work, but that meant that she had to buckle down whenever she walked into her office and pulled up a chair.

She had had her secretary hold her calls unless it was an explicit emergency. It had kept her morning quite quiet and her workload being surely being cut away at.

She wasn’t expected her door to be swung open rough enough to hit the wall and remain open after the fact. The only way it would do that, that heavy metal door, would be if that doorknob was in her plaster walls.

She had her hand underneath her desk to grab a knife until she saw it was Korra grinning like a fool.

“Asami!” Behind her was Asami’s new and panicked secretary Shea.

“I couldn’t stop her! I’m sorry Missus Sato—" Asami held up her hand and spoke up.

“Shea, it’s alright. Just call me a repairman to fix my wall.” Asami went to her door and yanked it from the wall. Sure, enough there was a circular hole. She pushed it shut and looked at her wife. “Is everything alright?”

“Of course! I just couldn’t wait to talk to you.” Korra sat on the corner of Asami’s desk. “Doctor Azen called.”

Asami perked up. “I’m hoping this is good news.”

“The tests came out positive.” Korra got up just to almost be tackled by her wife in a hug.

“See I knew it would work.” Asami kissed her and Korra fought sweeping her wife off her feet.

They parted. “I’m going to have to get used to not doing as much,” Korra mumbled. The first thing he warned her to do was to dial back physical strain. Absolutely no Avatar State.

“I’ll be here to help.” Asami kissed her cheek. She knelt down and kissed Korra’s abdomen.

Korra rolled her eyes. “No bump yet.”

“I don’t care. Still amazing. Been almost a month.” Asami stopped smiling when Korra silently pushed her away and then stumbled to the bathroom just off her office. Asami winced as she could hear retching.

She came in and rubbed her wife’s back and held her hair out of the way. Korra sat back afterwards and muttered.

“I’ll need to tell Tenzin soon. I can’t explain why I won’t be of help to him any other way. And…”
well, that’s going to happen a lot more over the next five weeks.”

“We could just tell everyone. How about a trip to see your parents as well?”

“Will you have enough time to do that?” Korra got up and washed out her mouth. Asami shut the lid and pulled the chain.

“In a month we can travel down.” She wondered to what they could make that wouldn’t trigger Korra’s sickness. She knew that cooking meat could bother a woman something fierce. Opal would get woozy on the streets with the carts all around while she was carrying Len.

“Alright.” Korra looked over herself to make sure she hadn’t gotten bile anywhere.

“Sure. We can tell everyone else soon.” Asami stood and kissed Korra's temple.

“Sounds good. I’ve been trying to call you all morning by the way.”

Asami winced. “Sorry. I told Shea to hold people unless it was an emergency. I’ll make her have the note that you are to just be transferred right to me.” Asami pulled her close. “Now get home. I’ll see you soon.”

Korra pouted.

“Go. I have so much work to do and you should be resting,” Asami said. She was going to kiss her but stopped. “And brush your teeth.”

“You’re fucking cruel.”

Asami nudged her out of the bathroom and towards the door. “Go now! I love you.”

“Love you too.” Korra left the office. Asami sat back and smiled to herself.

_We’re going to be parents…_

Chapter End Notes

It was quick for them to get pregnant, I know that'll be a comment. But they tracked her cycle, and both of the individuals are young and fertile and insemination has decent odds even if it is a frozen sample. I did a lot of research (too much) to know if insemination could've been done in this time (the first one was in the thirties so bear with me). Also to know Korra's odds; which is apparently at its best around age twenty-four (what I read and I don't plan on revising because it's a fanfiction, not a book).

How do you think the "family" will react?
The Sato Family Has News

Chapter Summary

Asami and Korra begin telling everyone about the pregnancy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Asami blinked slowly, regretting to have moved this meeting to the morning and at her hardly accommodating conference room. She had finished a whole pot of tea and still felt groggy. She considered having that horribly expensive coffee shipped to town just to help her get through listening to these god-awful men.

“His taxes are just absurd,” one added to the conversation. The new tax scale Varron established took away the trickle-down set forth. Though Asami knew her growth was cut by a tenth she also knew this spelled improvement in infrastructure that would be pumped back into the companies “robbed” anyways. They were industrialists. They crafted metal, weaponry, and certain devices that were now a necessity to the government such as mobiles and radios.

She tuned out, looking at the files in front of her. She ignored them as they got louder to be heard.

Things winded down when the majority got their smokes.

Asami stood up as Shea entered. The young woman handed her a file folder and winked. She sank back down and the men went on.

She opened it to see a small note and a drawing done in charcoal. She looked at the note first.

I’ll be on the island, my dear. I want you to know I took a bit of a liberty and did some bending. Don’t worry—it was just some healing sorts. Kya taught me this trick years ago where a healer could use healing to hear and visualize the fetus. I was able to make a little sketch of what I saw. They’re so tiny! I love you and wanted you to have something nice to look at during your meeting. I love you – Korra

Asami smiled at the drawing. The shading around a little baby-like blob of gray. She traced around the beginnings of arms and legs Korra drew. Not too detailed and Asami wondered if there was a technological way to do this.

“You seem chipper,” a CEO crowed. She jumped and looked up. It was Ming of Harris Co. They made the most pictographs and radios in the world.

“Oh—I just got a message from my wife.” Asami was very out in this circle. She would smile kindly at those who were rude, not doing business with them truly after that. If they were kind, she was a bit more open. “I have something to run by you Ming.” She grabbed a pen and used the blank folder. “You know a lot about radio waves of course. Your father’s invention is quite revolutionary.” She walked over to him. The other men just chuckled a bit. Not many of them there were inventors. They were just businessmen who inherited good ideas. But Ming had to be
different.

“What about it?”

“Well, I know how waves work. They travel and we perceive them. Well, we know sonar helps some animals see—”

“What are you getting at Sato?” Orim Kazama piped. She glared at him. He was useless to her. He ran a watch company.

“What if we could figure out a way to see inside the body with radio waves like how sonar works?”

Ming raised a brow. “What inspired this?”

Asami smiled sheepishly. “Healers can see into women’s wombs using spirit water. My wife did so to see our child growing in her.” She tensed up for a second. “Well—”

“A child!” A bunch roared. It was odd for their surprise. A majority of them had wives. And part of that lot had a baby already.

“That’s amazing!” Orim said. “Why didn’t you open with such news?”

“Well we all need heirs,” she muttered. She brushed them off. “Anyways, what if we could do that without a healer? Hell, how they see into bodies to see injury such as broken bone…if we can make it normal medical it would be amazing.”

He smiled and looked at the small sketch she made of an apparatus and screen and all the sorts. Sloppy but he was impressed it came to her in moments. He saw the sketch peeking out from the folder and he snatched it.

“The kid had your black blobs,” he joked. She blushed and snatched it. “I wish I had that. My Eya is currently expecting. If we could see our baby before they were born—I would be gone.”

She smiled and looked at the drawing. “I’m sorry this is so unprofessional of me.”

“I think our bitching isn’t too professional either. Go ahead if you must,” Ri-Hu told her. He was the oldest there; in his thirties and a father of two boys. He was usually quiet, communicated over telegraphs still rather phones.

“Now, you never left meetings for your boys.”

“Hello? Half the time I call in with a family emergency is they requested attention. They weren’t sick or anything, just kids.” He smirked. “It’ll change everything, Asami. I can’t even imagine how you’ll be as a mom.”

She sank into her seat again, smiling to herself. They finished up their discussion considering patents, charity, etc.

Ming sat next to Asami, showing a few scribbles on receipts he found in his pockets. “Okay, so your idea…if you study more on waves I think we can get started within the next month.”

She looked at the diagrams, characters scribbled in. “When did you start studying this?”

“Same time you were studying cars. I would take apart radios and spend hours reading over books…I’m a sucker for it.”
She looked up. “I like having a fellow inventor at the fat cat table.”

“Likewise.” He stood up, putting his pencil and scribbles back into his pocket. “Go see your pregnant wife. And expect a gift from me and Eya.”

“Expect one from me and Korra.” Asami nudged him and walked out. She hadn’t seen Ri-Hu lose his quiet façade ever before. But he had admitted that he took liberties when she saw him as the most professional there. Ming never usually talked about his family outside his father. But he had mentioned his wife by name and smiled as he spoke about his future child.

*I guess kids affect us even before they’re born.* She smiled to herself as she was approached by Shea. It had been another hour and a half since she came in with the paper.

“Did I get any calls?”

“Suyin did. She wants you to call her back about the contracts.”

“More about them? Fucking dear, can’t she get off my back and just trust Bataar and myself? She’s a good woman but an impossible partner.” She paused. “Sorry.”

“I worked in a restaurant for this. Used to being cursed at.” She smiled sheepishly. She extended the other memos. “The former foreman called. He’s pleading for another chance.”

“Not after the PR disaster he caused. His lack of following regulations almost killed a dozen men.” She returned to her office.

She was barely back behind her desk when someone knocked. She sighed. “Come in!” She got up and walked to the wet bar. She poured herself a cup of amber booze

She looked up and saw Bataar Jr. there. He held a briefcase and wore an immaculate suit. He smiled softly at her. He adjusted his glasses. “I didn’t realize seeing me would drive you to drink.”

“Oh! Bataar. I didn’t think you’d be back anytime soon.” She lit up and put her glass down. She jogged over and wrapped her arms around him. He had finished the infrastructure job and was now her VP, overseeing her international expansions. The newest one was about to be a small-scale production of her endeavors into pharmaceuticals. She found that Zaofu had some bright minds considering the medicinal outside bending and access to resources to capitalize on recent advancements in the medicinal field.

“Well, I have to prepare for the business side of returning home. The mobile plant in the Fire Nation is going well without me breathing down the managers’ necks.” She smirked at him. He was stoic but she could see in his eyes that he was proud.

“If you can get your mother to stop fretting over everything then I think that’s all this project needs of us.”

“You’d be surprised how hard keeping my mom from worrying is. For a calm presence, she is surprisingly unsure.” He put his briefcase down on a side table and adjusted his necktie.

She got him a drink as well and they sat on the couch in her office. He took a long sip before putting down the crystal glass and looking at her. “How have you been?” He rubbed his goatee. It had a few strands of silver now and they had brethren congregating at his temples.

“Well, I’m sure you’ve noticed I’ve been cutting my hours from crazy to just slightly absurd.”

“Yes. Less of my late-night calls get replies.” He smiled wryly and grabbed his drink again. He
took a swig as she prepared herself.

“Oh, it’s really because of one thing. My wife and I are expecting our first kid and adjusting how much I can work so I’m used to it before the kid comes.”

He choked and was coughing and wheezing as his throat burned due to the spirits. He hunched over and wiped at his eyes. “You…have kids?” He coughed one last time and was able to sit up straight.

“I didn’t realize it was so unbelievable,” she deadpanned before taking a sip of her drink.

“I just—Opal offhandedly mentioned your problem with the prospect. I figured you’d leave the company to a trusted bunch or individual.”

“No. Well, if my heir doesn’t want it I won’t make them.”

“I see.” He leaned back.

She saw his ring and decided to change the subject from her marriage. “How’s Shen?”

He shrugged and looked at his drink. “How good can a marriage be when you marry a lesbian?”

“You used to date her, didn’t you?” She arched a brow. The marriage was a recent thing. They had become close when he had traveled to Zaofu as part of his infrastructure project. She thought it was a true relationship until he told her it wasn’t a few months into the engagement. They were getting old and everyone they knew had paired off. Might as well, they figured.

“We both dated Kuvira. Poly relationships aren’t always a circle.” He frowned. “I mean she can marry a woman.”

“It’s not easy…” Asami frowned and looked into her glass.

“How so?”

“You remember how we were going to have that million-dollar merger? The CFO invited me to dinner with him and his wife. He noticed I had a ring so he said invite my spouse. I show up with Korra, he stays calm and we have dinner. Next day he sent flowers with an envelope of the ashes of the contract he had to sign.” She finished her drink and went to fill up her glass.

He winced a bit. She almost missed it from the corner of his eye. And he knew personally how the women had it easier. He had seen his little brother suffer the consequence of audaciously loving the same sex. “Are you worried about the kid’s life with two moms?”

She stopped. “I consider some days just living in Zaofu or South Pole. I can run my business from anywhere. This is just where my father founded it. Varrick ran a business in a submarine to a jail cell.” Asami leaned against the bar and looked into her glass.

Bataar stood, leaning into the leg he didn’t injure and walked over to her. “There’s still fear.”

“Korra gave them the laws, but they are ahead of some mindsets.” Asami took a slow swig, it burning as it went down this time. She found comfort in it, as she never wanted to voice this. How could she? Korra was so happy in this life and Lin and Kya did it. They gave everything for that kid and be damned to not let themselves be happy. And they lived in an era different from this one. Kya had friends that were murdered for who they loved. Lin agonized to the point she stayed closed off from everyone in fear of losing all she earned because she was wed to a woman.
“I guess high society will be easier. People are only passive aggressive at most. Or just simply verbal rather than physical.” Her mind flashed to the photo of her wife bloodied. It strayed to the memory of learning she had been beaten within an inch of her life. It made her want to down the rest of the bottle. But she realized she had to finish the thought on the subject of the present and the past. So, she swallowed back her memories and uttered out the rest.

“And by the time the kid can comprehend it the times will have changed.” He put his hand on her shoulder. She didn’t want pity here. Her life was happier than his and yet she had to dwell on societal shortcomings on who she was? No. She was bigger than that and that was moot to who she was. She was a businesswoman who so happened to have a wife. A businesswoman. He couldn’t pity her, he was under her! “Let’s talk business.”

“Business.” He nodded, smiling gently. They both needed to only think about work.

Asami sighed to herself, trudging to the courtyard. She was hoping Korra had gone home so she can turn around and curl up in her wife’s arms. She knew that wasn’t it. They would probably be spending the night or at least dinner.

The smell wafting from the open windows of the temple she knew dinner was about to be in full swing. She ran her fingers through her hair, knocking it from the last grip of her bun and letting it fall in loose tresses.

She barely got to the door of the kitchen, pushing it aside before her wife wrapped herself around her. Asami grabbed the doorway to not fall back. She chuckled softly and put an arm on Korra’s back. “Jeez.”

She put Korra down and the woman kissed her cheek. “I thought you’d be there for the night once I heard Bataar was back in town.”

“No, I told him to rest up. He’s getting lunch with Opal and Bolin tomorrow. Seeing his niece.” Asami looked at the three women preparing dinner. Pema, Jinora, and Kya. “Was Korra helping?”

“No. She was just returning from spending a few hours with my mom at the shrine,” Kya explained.

“I wish I had gone. It smells horrid here,” Jinora muttered. She was barely showing. The wedding was at the time where Asami and Korra were visiting doctors and sorts. They went off to the Southern Air Temple for their honeymoon. Within a few weeks of coming back, it was confirmed Jinora was pregnant.

“That’s pregnancy nose. I couldn’t even cook the first trimesters of my pregnancies,” Pema said. She smiled at Asami. “You’ll see soon.”

Asami put her hands into the pockets of her jacket and looked at Kya. “Who knows we’re trying?” Kya just grinned and went back to cutting herbs.

“Everyone but my dad and siblings,” Jinora told Asami. She smiled. Asami could tell what was on her mind: their kids would grow up together.

“Not to sound rude, but I could never imagine being a mother at eighteen.” Her father would have banished her.

“Oh, yeah I wasn’t ready either,” Korra chuckled softly. “But I guess Jinora’s always been ahead
of the game.”

“It’s common for our time. It’s always been common really. My mom was hardly any older when she had Bumi,” Kya piped. “And a lot of the babies I delivered back in the South were at the oldest twenty-three and youngest seventeen. Some outliers but that was the bracket.”

“Guess we’re late to the game,” Asami shrugged. She looked down at her wife. She thought of the bean-sized fetus growing, and how it was forming little legs and arms now. The little drawing in her pocket to give an image for her to see before she could see the child affect Korra’s belly.

“Have you two already tried?” Jinora asked, looking up from slicing the cauliflower.

“We…yes. Months ago,” Korra said. She crossed her arms over her chest and smiled sheepishly. “If you three can keep a secret—”

“You two!” Pema put her hands on the counter and grinned like a fool. “Really?”

Asami laughed softly while her wife blushed. “Ten weeks.”

“I knew it. I knew it. No wonder you two haven’t been around. In your own little world,” Kya teased. She nudged Korra in the side. “As if you weren’t protective enough. Now going to have a wife to tend to.”

“Actually—” Asami started.

“I’ve been laid back. I can’t stop this one from working, you know? But it’s just office stuff so it’s good,” Korra said quickly. She got a side glance that made her sweat a bit, but Asami stayed quiet.

“Right…” Asami stepped out of the kitchen, going to search for Opal. She found the woman coming out from her daughter’s room, carrying Len and the girl was still half-asleep from her nap.

“Hey.” Opal smiled at her.

“I’m going to tell you a secret. No one else can know and my wife is an idiot.”

Opal glared at her. She then arched a brow as she thought. She nodded in approval, “alright. Shoot.”

“Korra’s pregnant. But she told Kya, Jinora, and Pema that I am.”

“What—that…oh jeez.” Opal sighed. “I mean congrats! I’m so glad you’re having a baby but why does she have to lie?”

“I think we all know but let’s avoid that topic,” Asami muttered. She looked at Len. “Hey, baby girl.” She kissed the girl’s head.

“Sami…” The girl reached for her “aunt.” Asami took her from Opal and nuzzled the girl. She saw her bright green eyes and pictured her own child. She kissed the girl’s tiny hand when she reached it to Asami’s cheek.


“Yes, I’m aware. He defends that is out of friendship and Suyin jabs he should marry—”

“No. She didn’t want them to marry. You need to check your sources. She jabs he should marry someone he loves.” She frowned. “My family is amazing, mostly. I love Wei’s husband. I love
Mako. I love Wing’s wife and Huan is happy alone. But Bataar...okay, Shen is a good woman and I knew her a bit. But them being together bothers me and my mother very much.”

“I’m sorry.” They both sighed and went for dinner.

Asami sank next to her wife. Kya was pouring drinks out for everyone. Asami didn’t fail to notice as she poured Asami water and Korra sake. She saw the Avatar gulp.

“Two words and you don’t have to sweat,” she whispered to her. She passed Len to her father as he entered.

“The police are here!” Bolin cheered as he got his daughter. She kissed the girl’s head and put his cap on her like he did. Mako followed close behind. He looked a bit sick. But he moved, mumbling an apology and grabbed Korra’s drink.

“Sorry I need this.” He downed it with one sip and placed it back down. He didn’t sit down to explain and he looked like he saw no appeal in the meal before him.

Bolin slapped him on the shoulder. “Go lay down, man.” Mako nodded and went to the infirmary rather a guest room. Bolin sank next to his wife, getting his daughter to settle in his lap, and kissed her softly.

“He okay?” Asami asked him.

“Oh, not right now. But he will be after he sleeps it off.” He smiled, tight-lipped and forced.

Everyone chatted idly. It was aimed a lot at local issues and then to Asami.

“It’s good to have you back around,” Bolin said. He smiled naturally. “The boys tackle you down yet?”

“No, but I think it’s because they haven’t had the chance. I ought to take them to the race track soon if their moms approve.”

“It tires him out,” Lin shrugged as she reached to refill Korra’s drink for her.

“Oh, no. I’m not drinking tonight actually.”

Lin arched a brow and put the bottle down.

Asami looked down at her. She tipped her chin up, asking for her to say something.

“Tenzin, how are things?” Asami asked when her wife just hung her head.

“Oh—we’re moving some benders to the other temples.” He looked at his son. “Meelo is actually going to move to the Northern temple once he gets his arrows.”

Meelo grinned at Asami. “I’m becoming a man. What do you think about that?”

“It seems like just yesterday you were the little boy that wanted a lock of my hair!” She chuckled. He turned red and pouted at her.

“And oi lay off my wife. We’ve been over that,” Korra huffed. Asami kissed her forehead. The woman mumbled to her, quiet for only her to hear. “Go ahead.”

“How’s the company?” Tenzin asked Asami.
“Well, I’ve been cutting hours back despite the growth. Trusting others. I’m doing it for one reason really.”

“One reason?” Katara finally piped from her place next to Bumi. She had been silent, struggling to sip her soup with her shaky hands. She had that knowing smile. Her son wiped a dribble of broth from the chin below the smile.

“Well, I guess it’s two. My lovely wife and…the baby in her.”

“It’s you?” Pema gasped. She looked at Korra.

Korra turned red. “I panicked I’m so sorry.” She looked to Tenzin. He dropped his bowl and covered his mouth with his hands. “Tenzin?” Korra searched in his eyes. She stopped when she noticed tears brimming.

Suddenly he was hugging her tight, hand on the back of her head and chin on the top of her head. “Oh, this is wonderful,” he whispered. He let her go and smiled.

“You aren’t…mad?”

“Korra, you’re a grown woman. More importantly, you’ve wanted this so much. And I…I’m ready for the calm. I know there is fear of turmoil but as I near being a grandfather—” He paused and looked at Kai and Jinora. He smiled softly at them. “—I see life is too short to dwell on what could be. My father on that principal would’ve had every reason to not be a father, wouldn’t he? I think all of us around this table could’ve justified not having kids. But it’s a beautiful thing. I cannot wait to see how you two will be as mothers and I will be here to help in any way I can.”

Asami took her wife’s hand as the woman sat there, tears coming to her quickly and there were more violent. She laughed and sobbed in the same breath. It shook her body and she leaned into Asami to get a grip.

Everyone around the table was smiling and waiting for a chance to grant their congratulations.

“How far along are you?” Ikki asked.

“Ten weeks.”

“Can I ask how this worked?” Kai asked. “Like did someone just…I’m so sorry I’m asking this but it’s too late.” He chuckled and sipped his ginger beer to occupy his mouth as his wife slapped his arm.

“It was a syringe of semen warmed in my hand and then injected into my wife’s vagina,” Asami said wryly.

“And I’m done drinking my rice milk,” Meelo said. He put down his glass and cleared his dishes, taking them to the kitchen. Korra turned red again and hid her face in Asami’s neck.

“It was actually quite intimate. I was glad to have done it at home rather let our doctor do it. I got to hold her and we talked until she fell asleep.” Asami smiled softly, holding her wife. “This is why I love what I do. Advance life to make moments like that. If insemination wasn’t discovered and studied, this wouldn’t be our reality.”

“Is it expensive?” Ikki asked.

“I suppose. We have to go to the doctors to get tested and figure out the donor, and then, of course, get the means to have it frozen until we were ready and then the testing afterward. It was
worth it for us personally. Korra wanted it this way. And we had the resources—so why not?”

“I’m happy for you two,” Lin said. She held a glass. “To the lovely couple.”

“And the next generation you kids form,” Kya added.

Len squeaked from Bolin’s lap. He chuckled. “I’ll translate: hear, hear!”

“Hear, hear!” Everyone echoed, clinking alcoholic and non-alcoholic drinks together.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. I got back to this story because I finally got to read Turf Wars' second part and now I want to try to work and finish this story soon and incorporate in elements of Turf Wars just a tad

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!