

The Lord and Lady

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I love it so much

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1 - The Lady

The Lady

She looks out at the grounds, which sprawl out from the Palace she now lives in, and the city that spreads out before her, beyond the Palace walls. Once, she had been so terrified of the mere idea of being here, much less calling it her home. But, she was resigned to her fate.

The Fire Lord had come to take her. She was ripped away from the people she knew and loved and the place she had called home, spirited away to a place she had never seen but had heard so much about.

He had ignored her pleas to be reunited with her brother and the Avatar and all that she knew. He had taken her innocence with a passion that burned so intensely that she had been forever marked by it.

In the darkness and the flame, Katara of the Water Tribe died.

It had taken a while to get used to it all... the heat, the people, the customs, the differentness of it all. It was a world completely different from the one she had been taken from. She had feared for her safety, and sanity. But her captor showed her that she did not have to fear for either one.

She now belonged to one of the most powerful and feared men in the world. He commanded an entire nation, the most powerful nation in the world and there was no one that could ever defeat him, for his power ran much deeper than the eye could see, power divine.

It is a power that envelops her, and binds her to him. His love for her was and still is dark and possessive...but it is genuine love nonetheless.

She has changed...she has grown...she has fully blossomed. Maturity and wisdom shine from her eyes and her step is a lot surer than when she had been an innocent maiden. She stands tall and regal as she looks out at her home, a cool night breeze on her face, a reprieve from a warm day, a warm day that would have been impossible in the cold climes that she had been born from.

Katara – Lady of the Fire Nation, consort of the Fire Lord. That is what she is now. Not Katara of the Water Tribe...that other life seems like a dream now.

She feels a hand on her shoulder, a kiss on her cheek and looks up, seeing twin pools of fire in the darkness.

2 - The Lord

The Lord

When Zuko first lay eyes upon her, he knew he had to have her.

The passion inflamed his loins, and he lay in his empty bed night after night, desiring her. No other woman would do. Those of his kind were known for their appetites, bringing woman after woman to their beds to sate their heated lust. But for him there was no one but her. He felt a stirring inside of him that very few of his kind if any ever felt, and it was a stirring that would last for eternity.

Blue eyes as deep and reflective as the ocean, skin as dark and warm as the earth, a laugh as light and soothing as a gentle breeze, and a spark inside of her that burned as brightly as his own.

He desired her, so he took her.

He took her into his arms, showing her the passion that burned only for her, forever marking her and leaving her changed. He ignored her pleas to be returned to the things she had known and loved, and he kissed away her tears, surprised at how sweet they tasted.

She had been so afraid of him and what he had to offer, but he showed her that she didn't need to be. And she came to accept the fact that she belongs to him. He showered her with his love and affection, and still does. His need for her has not waned at all.

His fingers trail gently along her cheek and jaw as she sleeps. She looks stunning amidst the red silk of the royal bed. Her dark brown hair, looking almost black under the flicker of the lamplight, spread around loosely, like streams of water traveling along fire.

She is the light in his darkness. She is the one who soothes his pain, the one who makes his heart feel lighter, the one who listens to him and keeps his secrets. She is his mate, his queen, his goddess.

Even after all these years, he desires her, more than ever. His fire will always burn for her.

He is the ruler of the world. She is the ruler of his heart.