

And he burned

Von YunaOnTheRun

Lance had always loved the ocean. Waves taller than mountains crushing everything in their path and depths deeper than caves swallowing even light itself. The ocean was beautiful and dangerous, and Lance loved it from the first moment he had laid his eyes on it. Glittering calmly in the sun, vast and all-encompassing.

Meeting the Blue Lion felt similar. She was a calm presence with depths that took his breath. Playful and fluid, ready for anything that happened upon her. Piloting her was like diving deep, deep down into a darkness one had no hope of escaping. She was waves that crashed into you if you tried to control her, torrents that tore you apart if you worked against her.

He did not try to resurface, content in the depths he didn't need to breathe in. He did not try to control the waves when he felt them rush against him. And he did not struggle against the currents when it was so much simpler to follow them.

With Blue, he felt like one piece of a whole, calm and loved. She gave him a purpose and in return, he offered all of him unconditionally.

When her barrier came down in front of him, he drowned. Suddenly his lungs that had been so content with being empty, heaved and struggled for air. Waves turned to ice and filled his veins with a chill that settled deep into his bones like desperation. For the first time since he had knocked on her barrier those few months ago, he was all alone in his mind.

Those following moments were the loneliest in all his life. A part of him must have died.

But then he had heard a roar.

Lance never had a special relationship to fire, not as he had with water. Sometimes he felt it would have been poetic if his first love had been the ocean and his second one an inferno. But that wasn't the case.

He knew that fire had a destructive beauty to it much like his preferred element, but it lacked calm. It burned and burned, swallowed whatever was in its path and got hotter and brighter and more than before and then it died. He supposed its mortality

was what made it alluring for others, but he never had much of a fondness for it.

At least that held true until he realized what else a fire could be. Fire was warmth. It melted the ice from his mind and the shivers from his body. It was like finally coming home after running through the rain for hours. He hadn't noticed how much he had craved it until he was coddled inside of Red, comfortable and content for the first time in the coldness of space.

He settled with that, opened up and accepted the searing heat that Red oozed.

She wasn't like Blue; nothing would ever be like her. They weren't two parts of a whole, and Lance didn't submit to her the way Blue and he had to each other.

Her flames burned bright and tall and searing and she wanted him to do the same. To reach up into the sky and to grow and burn and be more than he had been before. When the inferno left only ash in its wake, Lance was to rise higher than the last time. When the heat seared deep clefts into his body, he was to fill them up and stand up steadier than before.

With Red, he felt like he could enflame the world, powerful and passionate. She gave him a fighting chance and in return, he burned for her.