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*The last few swallows had warmed the rest of her in kind.* Her breath felt a little heavier, especially when every shift of her thighs together gave her an involuntary jolt. Archie and Sasha must have felt the same, sitting spread on opposite ends of the fire, watching entranced as Lettie and Irina danced and laughed.

“If the mead’s run out, you could always offer *yourself* to the Serpent, princess.” Lettie grinned, taking Irina’s waist. “Stripped bare and laid out on his altar!”

“*Haha!* Oh yes, my lord, accept this extremely *humble* offering!”

“What say you, Archie?” Lettie turned Irina round to face him and groped sloppily at her breasts from behind. “You’re a man of the Spire — would his grace find our future queen an acceptable indulgence? Worthy perhaps of blessing us with his presence?”

“I’m certain of it.” He answered, his hand resting deliberately on his thigh. “I’m told that Lord Vicon adores beautiful things.”

“Perhaps he would prefer Lady Juliette.” Irina said conspiratorially. “A beautiful, *virginal* devotee offering her virtue!”

“Even better.”

“Would you do it, Juliette?” Sasha chuckled, chin resting in her hand. Juliette felt everyone’s eyes on her all at once. “Would you fuck the old man? For the good of your country?”

“I’d do it for nothing!” Juliette babbled, half-laughing, and covered her face when everyone screamed again with bewildered joy. She was grateful for the laughter — they clearly thought she was only making a crass joke.

“Good sport!”

“How gracious!”

Something in Lettie’s eye twinkled just as it had in the carriage.

“Up everyone, get up!” She shouted suddenly, throwing Irina into Sasha’s arms. “We’re going swimming!”

“Aw, it’s too cold for that, Lettie.” Archie groaned.

“I’m sure we can find *some* way to heat the springs up.” She answered, and began backing out of camp, her hands plucking carefully at the laces of her bodice.

“Oh, no, thank you.” Juliette swallowed, suddenly feeling sober.

“The water only comes to your waist.” Sasha said plainly.

“I’m not properly dressed.” Juliette countered.

“You don’t need a swimming suit.”

“You can wear your chemise!”

*Undergarments!* Juliette felt her emerging bravery rushing back into the safety of the known. But her head was spinning too with arousal and adrenaline alike, and she found herself nodding, agreeing shyly.

The thought flashed behind her eyes and was gone in an instant, too bold to truly consider. *These were Vicon’s chosen for a reason — and so was she.*

Juliette had never run full-tilt through the woods. She awed at how her companions ran beside her mirthfully, hooting and stumbling and jumping over the brush. No care for the snagging of twigs on their lace, or the mud in their hems. Only for the breath of night air, and their hands grasping tight to each other.

The wood sped by them, starlight twinkling through the gaps in the treetops. Juliette had always feared the image of a dark, desolate forest, but this one of all others was breathtaking. Glistening green flora and the gentle hush of the hibernating creatures all round them. The moon easily lit the well-trodden path, and as she saw quickly approaching the bank of the springs, she found herself laughing, too.

The springs were beautiful — so much so that Juliette felt robbed a moment that no one had spent any time describing them to her. She would have needed far less convincing otherwise. The waters were blue-green and completely crystal clear, even in the cool dark of night. A naturally tiered cliffside only a little ways above her head gave way to a gently rushing waterfall, met at the bottom by large, mossy rocks. Fish and frogs flitted about on the stones and lily pads and through the tall reeds, their lives no doubt unerringly simple and peaceful.

They stood at the edge of the bank, stripping eagerly. Still catching her breath, Juliette fumbled some with the laces of her bodice.

“Here.” Lettie giggled, and Juliette saw with shock that she had already stripped all down to her drawers — and nothing else at all. “Let me help.”

She watched in subdued awe as Lettie made quick but accurate work of opening the lace. Knot by knot, with a gentle hand, her eyes lowered in concentration. Juliette took in the sight of her, fully. Her pale, creamy skin all sun-kissed and warm, her breasts small and perfect.

“Thank you.” Juliette breathed when the bodice slipped from her waist. Lettie went wordlessly to her skirt, and then her petticoat, leaving them pooled uselessly at her feet. Juliette stepped out of her stockings and shoes, clutching her middle as the new chill shuddered over her skin. Despite Lettie’s chest being fully on display, something about the hardness of her own nipples being so visible felt like too much. There was absolutely nothing between her and the world but a thin, gossamer chemise that threatened to slip from her shoulders.

Behind them, the other three were already carefully wading into the water. They had decided apparently to eschew undergarments entirely, instead leaving *all* of their clothing folded neatly on the bank.

“Come quickly, the temperature is perfect!” Irina called, submerged only to her knees. She clutched Sasha’s hand, balancing unsteadily on the rocks as they walked together into the deeper center of the spring. Archie was a little ways ahead, smoothing handfuls of spring water on his gangly, freckled limbs, trying to grow accustomed to it.

“It’s not deep at all.” Lettie eased, apparently presuming Juliette’s wide-eyed expression to be one of fear. “You’ll stand the whole way.”

The tepid warmth of the water did surprise her, though she expected somewhere in the back of her mind for the surface to begin boiling when she entered. Heat was pooled in her face, her ears, her fingertips where Lettie held them. Her chemise clung to her, gone all see-through. As they floated together in a little circle, she instinctively tried to cover herself.

“Your tits really are *huge*, Juliette!” Irina gasped, pulling her hands away to openly ogle them. “May I?”

Juliette had never been asked such a question. She nodded, and bit back a gasp as Irina weighed them tenderly in each of her palms, the touch warm and welcome.

“They’re *beautiful* — if I were Lord Vicon, I’d ask for nothing of the whole realm but one of these in my mouth.”

She squeezed indelicately, and Juliette couldn’t help the sound that escaped her. Arousal spun low in her belly, that familiar ache gathering in her center. She wanted very badly for more — thinking of Irina grinding on her lover’s thigh and wanting nothing more desperately than a hand or a knee between her legs.

“If I were Lord Vicon, I’d ask you to press my cock between them.”

“*Ha!*” Juliette half-laughed, half-moaned. It was a joke — a funny, fantastical improbability that they thought she found equally, improbably funny — but it affected her nonetheless. She was quickly winding very tight.

She felt a rougher hand pinch her nipple and whimpered, openly leaning into the touch. Each sound that fell from her seemed to escalate the tension surrounding her, everyone’s eyes peering greedily over her body. Juliette felt like prey, coveted and endangered all at once. Idle fear and desire so strong she would have done anything asked of her, anything at all, if *someone* would only bridge the closing gap.

Sasha took her chin in hand, tilted her mouth up — and finally, *finally* kissed her. Gentle and chaste at first, letting her grow accustomed to the push and pull of an embrace. *Her first*. She had never been kissed, not in the waking world. Sasha tasted like the honey-sweetened mead, and she met her prying tongue eagerly. She understood why Irina had refused to wait a moment longer after a year or so without. Firm and strong, it made her feel beautiful and soft and delicate.

It took almost no time at all for Juliette’s inexperience to be overwhelmed by instinct and years upon years of desperate, hidden want for this exact thing. She slid her tongue between Sasha’s teeth with some trepidation, and was met only with bright eagerness in turn. There was nothing to learn, she quickly realized, but for what she wanted, and what everyone else was willing to give.

*Did Vicon know?* Had he somehow watched her all these years, gazing down through the eyes of the tapestry — chosen her for this very reason, as he'd chosen the others? Not for their chasteness, their piety, but the ferocity of their desire? Their appetite for carnality, the deepest means of connection with another person. His priestesses preached always of love and togetherness. Is this what he had wanted of her all along? Is this what the *Predannost* was truly for?

Irina pulled Juliette's mouth away from Sasha and into hers, teeth clashing as she did, her kiss harder and less restrained. Archie was holding Lettie's little waist from behind, his cock in his hand as she bent forward.

Lettie slid Juliette's chemise up to her chin and took one pert nipple in her mouth, sucking and nipping with wild abandon, gazing up to meet her strained, overwhelmed expression as she did. The sight made her pulse.

"Should I let him put it in, Juliette?" Lettie teased, and Archie's breath caught softly. "He's been so patient all day."

"Ah — " Juliette gasped, her mouth fallen open in a reverent, constant stream of sound as Irina continued to ravage it. "*ah —*"

She couldn't help but cry out, sharp and sudden, when Sasha's hand slipped between the folds of her center with shocking precision. It was almost embarrassing how easy it was to unwind her. Years of experimenting alone in her bed, and Sasha had her figured out in an instant. A quick rhythm, the firm and constant two-finger pressure — swirling round her clit whenever she tipped too close to the edge. Every teasing caress made her limbs shake.

"Go on." Sasha murmured in her ear. "Do you think Archie's earned it?"

"Yes!" Juliette said, not caring if he had or hadn't. Her voyeurism had never been so blatantly tempted. She wanted very badly to watch them.

Lettie made a great show of backing herself up against him, worrying her lip between her teeth as she did. From the low, satisfied groan that rumbled from Archie's chest, Juliette knew that he was inside of her. His hands twitched with effort at Lettie's waist, waiting for further permission.

His patience rewarded, Lettie rolled her hips carefully and then set a hard, deliberate pace. He whimpered every time she drove him back inside of her, and held fast as he tried desperately to maintain his composure.

Sasha dragged along the length of Juliette's cunt, dipping one digit and then a second into the slick, indecent evidence of her want. She pressed those fingers inside of her, where nothing — and no one — had ever been before. Juliette clenched, gripping her shoulders as she thrust gently in and out, the pressure foreign and strange and achingly wonderful. Already so full, she wanted for more, but dared not say so. She thought greedily of what Lettie must be feeling. Archie's cock was thicker than two fingers by far. Buried as deep as he was, did he fill her completely?

It was Lettie's turn then to kiss her, languid and reverent, drinking in each other's moans as they rode in tandem. The rhythm of Lettie bouncing back on Archie lent a frantic energy to their kissing, and Juliette found herself chasing Lettie's mouth with every backslide, pulling her back with growing desperation.

Every touch, every taste, every sound was intoxicating. Blasphemous and heavenly and so real and right, all at once. Juliette had never felt more precious.

Irina's hands still roamed her, pinching and pulling and squeezing indulgently. Her long fingers joined Sasha's at her cunt, teasing round her clit as Sasha continued to penetrate her.

"You should come together." Irina laughed breathlessly in her ear. Not a suggestion — an order.

"Here —" Lettie gasped and took Juliette's hand in hers, guiding it to her own center. She pressed her fingers just so, showing her how and where and how fast she needed. "Like this, here — yes —"

Juliette could have come from the thought alone, never mind the sight or sensation. Of all the things she had learned and experienced, in such a short period of time, *this* was the thing that set sparks off in the back of her skull. Another person coming apart in her hand, desperate and keening. *This was it*, she realized. *This was true worship*. She wanted to do it again and again.

A new boldness overtook her, and she held Lettie's jaw in her other hand, kissing and gnawing her lip, pulling more and more eager sounds from Lettie's mouth as she twisted her fingers against her. No longer matching Lettie's pace but overtaking it. Archie whined and groaned, any remaining shred of his composure gone entirely, his thrusts gone all sloppy and frantic.

"*I'm coming —*" He wailed, at the same time that Lettie said, "*Juliette —*"

Coming — they were *coming together!* With her and because of her and everything in between. Juliette had never heard the words aloud, though she knew well what they meant.

With a final, desperate push, Juliette came too — light exploding behind her screwed shut eyes, sobbing with relief as Sasha and Irina eased her through it, kissing her cheeks and ears. The shockwaves rolled over her like thunder, again and again, her cunt fluttering around Sasha's stilled fingers. When Sasha gently pulled them free a few moments later, Juliette groaned at the satisfying ache they left behind. Another feeling she had never had before, and one that she hoped she would no longer have to wait years to feel again.

Her legs finally gave way a moment, stumbling, and Lettie caught her clumsily by the shoulders. When their eyes met again in the afterglow, Lettie laughed with delight — and Juliette did too.