



The
Goddess
Returns

She's back... and looking for lesbian ladies to join her exclusive island club.

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THE GODDESS RETURNS

An Erotic Lesbian Fantasy Novelette

By Lily Lancaster

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Chapter 1: The Lonely Coast

The Lonely Coast was said to be the safest route from the northern coastal town of Akasar to the continent of Lafaire's capital city, Hourence. Little traffic, no pirate or raider activity, no monsters—sea, land, or air—and calm, balmy waters even a complete sailing novice could navigate with ease.

The thing about sayings is that they aren't *always* true. The Lonely Coast could still claim lives, or wreck ships, or lose whole loads of cargo if the gods happened to be in a capricious mood. The word '*safest*' didn't necessarily mean '*safe*', after all. It merely meant safer than the alternatives.

And on this particular day at the beginning of summer, a long-forgotten goddess stirred from her extended slumber...



Akasar was home to the largest branch of the Merchant's Guild outside of Hourence itself, a bustling palace of a building with several large courtyards for commerce and trade to take place. Sandy stone walls stood tall on all sides, with brilliant white roofs and intricately carved Arabesque panels.

Shaded hallways were alive with the footsteps of merchants and traders and privateers, and at every corner and doorway of import stood a guard in the traditional white and red garb of the Guild, each carrying a sleek repeating rifle for those occasions when negotiations got a little out of hand.

Towards the rear of the Guild premises, a private port bustled day and night, no matter the weather, with the salty sea breeze carrying hints of exotic spices and delicate textiles imported from faraway lands.

At the end of one of the many white marble-flagged piers stood two young ladies in high standing at the Guild, preparing to set off on a simple trade mission to the capital; the result of a breakdown of the regular overland train

line. Five days around the Lonely Coast, a day to drop cargo and kick back in one of the city's many bars, and another five days back. Easy money.

The shorter of the two, a cocoa-skinned young woman with a slight frame, had white hair the colour of purest silk with maybe just a hint of sandiness, wound up into two buns perched at the rear of her head. Her amber eyes scanned crate after crate as they were loaded onto their schooner's deck by a mechanical crane the Guild had recently invested in. She occasionally glanced down at a wooden clipboard cradled under her arm and nodded.

Her partner, a woman a good head taller than her with ivory skin, had what might be called a *voluptuous* figure, with long cocoa hair reaching to her posterior and deep ocean green eyes. Her younger partner was lithe and modest in every aspect compared to her rounded curves, making for an interesting little and large dynamic.

A well-dressed young man walked up the pier, his pointy shoes kicking up dust with each footfall and his hair styled with a new-fangled invention simply called Hair Glue. He came to a halt by the two girls and bowed, his fine, ivory-handled rapier pointing skyward for a moment, before returning upright and placing a hand on the weapon's hilt.

"I trust you are both well?" he said. "Guild Master tells me you're heading around to Hourence to drop the latest shipment of Alto Spices, Levana?"

Levana, the older of the two who looked a few years senior to her shorter partner, nodded at him. "Good day, Master Yenson. We leave as soon as the last crate is loaded. That storm over Cavot's Basin did a good job of felling several sections of the viaduct, I'm told."

"Alas, even the latest advancements in magical technology are feeble next to the power of the Mother Goddess," Yenson said. "In any case, I wish you a safe trip. And on that subject, Sui"—he turned to the younger girl—"you might wish to keep a good lookout on your voyage. Our Seers tell me we're due for a storm along the Lonely Coast."

The white-haired girl addressed as Sui raised an eyebrow. "You sure about that, boss? Lonely Coast hasn't had a proper storm in all my nineteen years."

“I’m sure he wouldn’t be telling us if he didn’t think it was serious,” Levana said, noting that the last few crates were now being loaded. “We’ll just have to be extra careful, Sui.”

“I’m always careful!” Sui snapped.

“I said *extra* careful, Sui, I wasn’t impugning your ability behind the wheel,” Levana said, holding both hands up in hopes of mollifying her partner.

“Well... all right,” Sui said. She waved at the young man. “See you in a couple of weeks, boss!”

With that, she walked up the gangplank and stepped onto the deck of her beloved *Carval*, the vessel left to them by Levana’s father when he retired.

“We shall see you on our return, Master Yenson,” Levana said, giving the young man a shallow bow of her own.

“Send a lightgram message on your arrival, if you would?” Yenson said. “We have no other ships scheduled to take the Lonely Coast route for the next week, most of our vessels are heading east to *Alfonaisia*, so it’ll be nice to know you reached *Hourence* safely.”

“We will,” Levana said, and headed up the gangplank, which she pulled up behind her and stored in its stow spot, clamped into place along the inner hull. She called up to Sui, who was already manning the helm. “I’m starting the generator, Sui!”

“Ready when you are,” Sui called back.

Heading below decks, Levana made for the rear of the vessel, where an eldritch device squatted like a toad on a lily pond. Several large flywheels with belts connecting to smaller wheels adorned the machine, plus cogs and pistons and other parts of a mechanical nature. And in the centre, a green crystal the size of her fist.

Levana pushed a red button on the machine and stepped back as it hissed and whirred to life, forcing air through a series of tubes running the length of the vessel, which in turn ran up the main mast and terminated at strategic points along the lengths of sturdy wood holding the sails.

The sails billowed and Sui carefully turned them about to head out of the port and into the gentle waters of the *Shadowy Bay*, named for the near-

perpetual shadows cast by high rock faces and trees surrounding the area. Soon they were on their way around the northern coastline in a crescent shape, turning back on themselves in order to head to Hourence on the continent's western coast.

Before them, the Lonely Coast beckoned.

Chapter 2: Crash Course

“Levana!” Sui yelled from her position behind the wheel.

Standing at the bow, Levana had a small telescope extended and held up to her eye. “What is it?” she called back, scanning the horizon.

“Isn’t it lunchtime soon?” Sui cried in a petulant tone.

“We’ve only been underway for half an hour,” Levana muttered. It was always the same. They left port, Sui got bored, and Levana’s life was turned into a living hell of constant variations of the question, ‘*When are we eating?*’ How her partner managed to stuff so much into her mouth and yet retain that lithe figure was both annoying and mystifying.

Fielding another half a dozen requests for food, Levana eventually gave in and disappeared below decks to retrieve one of their carefully packed meals from the cooler. Plates and two glasses were acquired from the galley, along with a lovely blanket knitted by her mother, tugged from its accustomed place on their bed in the captain’s quarters.

Sui locked the wheel in place and dashed down one of the twin staircases leading from the helm to the deck, dropping to her knees and sliding the last few feet, a trick that had resulted in splinters and burns on more than a few occasions. She sat cross-legged and drooled over the spread of meats and cheeses and breads. And most-especially the special chutney Levana made from the spicy and delicious tunga fruit native to the region of Akasar.

She grabbed a few things, dolloped some chutney on top, and proceeded to demolish half of the spread in less time than it took Levana to eat a single piece of cured meat on a butter-slathered side of bread.

“What shall we do when we arrive at Hourence?” Levana asked, spreading some chutney over another piece of meat. “We haven’t been to The Dusty Crown in quite some time.”

“Mm, goof pfan!” Sui said, forcing her current mouthful down and grinning. “Their pale ales are the best in the city.”

“Should we rent a room? I’d like to sleep in comfort for a night before returning,” Levana said. She took a dainty sip from a glass of wine and handed it to her partner.

“One of their big double rooms?” Sui suggested with a naughty wink, taking the glass and gulping several mouthfuls.

“This is a well-paying job due to the rail line’s breakdown, so we might as well enjoy the fruits of our labour, yes?”

“Let’s hope they have a room available, then!”

“Yes, let’s... hmm?” Levana said, stopping to stare at the horizon. She tugged her bronze telescope from her jacket pocket, extended it, and held it up to her eye. “Sui?”

“Mm?” Sui mumbled, mouth still full.

“I think we should get a move on. Those clouds look ominous to me,” Levana said, lowering the telescope and pointing.

“Huh. Not seen clouds like that at this time of year on the Lonely Coast before,” Sui muttered, noting that the clouds were indeed of the dirty variety that normally heralded extreme weather conditions. “Looks like the Seers were right.”

“Indeed. It feels like an ill omen.”

“I think you’re right,” Sui said. “Pack the things away, I’ll adjust course and see if we can avoid the worst of it.” Getting to her feet and downing the rest of the wine, she leaned down to place a delicate kiss on Levana’s forehead as thanks for the lovely meal, then rushed back to the helm and unlocked the wheel. She pushed the little lever that controlled the amount of wind generated by the machine below decks.

“Whoa...!” she muttered as the ship heaved to one side. Then to the other side, the suddenly aggressive waters smashing against the Carval’s hull.

The sails billowed and the ship lurched forward, resulting in Levana almost falling face-first onto the deck. “Be careful, Sui!” she shouted.

“That wasn’t me!” Sui yelled back, the wheel slipping back and forth in her hands, as though some unseen force controlled it. Above them, the sails still

blew back and forth, but in such a way that it seemed they were unsure of whether they wanted to push the vessel along or tug it backwards.

Staggering up to the helm, Levana helped her partner keep the wheel under control as the ship rocked under the weight of water and wind, buffeting back and forth to the point where the floor was close to becoming the wall.

Water crashed across the helm's decking, throwing Sui to the floor and sending her skidding along on her behind, thumping down the stairs to the lower deck. She was slammed into the side wall, knocking the metaphorical wind out of her sails as the very *real* wind above blew them further off course.

Levana did what she could to keep the vessel on something approaching a normal trajectory back to where she remembered the coast to be, but with a wind this strong she might as well have tried moving a mountain with her mind.

Sui had by now staggered back to her feet, holding on for dear life and doing her level best to see anything at all in the hurricane-level wind and rain. Was that an island out there? Either a new landmass had appeared overnight, or they were so far off-course that they might not find their way home before dying of thirst. Well, land was better than sea in weather like this, so she yelled up to Levana to steer that way.

"Are you mad!?" Levana cried back through the driving rain. "There's nothing but open sea in that direction!"

"No! There's an island!" Sui shouted. Squinting as the rain battered her face and stung her eyes, she was reasonably certain it wasn't just a mirage, something they were more accustomed to seeing in the desert than out at sea.

Levana was no longer able to see the shore and her navigational sense was all over the place, so at this point either direction was as good as the other, and her partner had only ever let her down on a few occasions in the years they had known each other. The trouble was that on those previous occasions they hadn't been about to drown if said partner got it wrong.

Well, nothing for it but to trust in her beloved. And in the event Levana died and Sui survived, she could always come back and haunt her for the rest of her days. She pulled the wheel hard to the right until they were on a course for either a wet and unpleasant death or possible salvation.

The storm built further until it battered the ship hard enough to smash timbers and rip rigging. One of the sails collapsed and smashed into the deck right by Sui, forcing her to roll to the side and cling for dear life to the side of the vessel. The bow tore and exploded into flames as a bolt of lightning struck, and below decks the water rose inside the ship, ruining the precious cargo they carried and filling the air with the sodden scent of damp spices.

Looming out of the darkness, the island Sui had vaguely glimpsed rushed towards them with all the inevitability of an iceberg. They hit it.

Chapter 3: Impenetrable Jungle

Levana came to first. She sat up and clutched at her aching head, then looked around the vicinity for both a clue as to where they were, and for her partner. The storm had abated, at least, so she counted that as a positive. And she still seemed to be alive, another helpful piece of knowledge. Now, where was Sui...?

She clambered to her feet and looked up the ribbon of dirty brown sand she had washed up on. Everything was wet and generally macky—a word she had heard Sui use occasionally which perfectly described the feeling of sodden sand beneath one's feet—including her clothes, which hung from her body like wet paper draped over a tree branch.

Looking to the left side of the island, their vessel had smashed up onto the rocky shore. The old girl wouldn't be sailing again any time soon, that was certain. At least they had insurance for the pricey cargo; one of the many perks of the Guild.

Directly ahead, a small mountain towered over the island, poking up through the dense jungle like a Volkan Monk's bald dome rising up above his ring of hair. And to the right, much further up the beach, her beloved Sui, collapsed on her side.

Levana rushed over and dropped to her knees. "Sui! Are you all right?"

Placing a hand to Sui's forehead, there was warmth there, though fortunately not the type of red hot heat that indicated a fever.

With a cough and a splutter, Sui sat up. She glared at Levana. "That was possibly the worst landing in the history of the world."

"Blame the storm, Sui," Levana said, giving her a tight hug.

"Yeah, I just might do that," Sui added, accepting the generous bounty of her partner's chest, something she was never averse to. Once she had enjoyed her fill of Levana's pillows, she got to her feet and saw the ship. Her expression dropped. "Better go see what state she's in."

They jogged over to the Carval and Sui clambered up the side of the vessel, using shattered planks as makeshift handholds. She now stood on the deck, peering down into the hold. “What a mess,” she muttered, scanning the trashed cargo. “Four years and not a single claim made. Until now.”

“There hasn’t been a really bad storm on the Lonely Coast in decades, I’m not sure there’s much more we could have done to prepare,” Levana called up from the beach.

“We’ll just have to hope the Guild decides to go easy on us,” Sui said, barely audible. As paid members of the Guild, they naturally enjoyed a number of perks, insurance being the biggest, with enforcement of contracts coming in a close second. But while these were great perks to have, actually *making* a claim would mean higher premiums next time, and Sui had always had a firm grasp of their purse strings.

Their food stores had fared little better. Navigating to the galley, Sui picked through what little still seemed to be edible—primarily the cured meats and some of Levana’s chutney—and packed it into a sack that had been spared the fate of its compatriots.

“Managed to salvage enough to last a day or two without too much trouble,” Sui called over the edge.

“That’s good!” Levana replied, cupping her hands around her mouth to project further. “I’ve found some dry wood for a fire as well!”

Dropping to the sand, Sui handed the sack over. “Let’s find somewhere to make camp, then.”

A circle of three tall stones near the beach, each around the size of a person, made an excellent windbreak, at least temporarily. Here, they constructed a fire out of small stones in a ring with Levana’s wood laid on top, combined with a number of leaves as a catalyst. Sui then snapped her fingers to produce a spark. And another. After five solid minutes of trying, one of the sparks finally took and the fire gently crackled to life.

“Perhaps you should have practised your fire magic a little more at school, Sui,” Levana giggled.

“Shut up! I’ve never needed it before,” Sui muttered. She nodded at the little campsite they had made. “It’ll do for now, but we weren’t due to arrive for five days. It’ll take a while before they notice we’re missing and send out search parties. Could be a while before they *find* us as well, even then. Hmm...”

“Yes, we need to find some food and shelter, and quickly. Standing around muttering all day won’t help us do that,” Levana said.

“Where’d this island even come from?” Sui asked the world at large. “I’ve never heard of an island off the Lonely Coast.”

“Yes, it’s quite the mystery,” Levana said with a nod.

“In any case, let’s have a look around, we need some proper cover over our heads before it gets dark!” Sui added, getting to her feet. “The smoke’ll be visible, at least.”

“Assuming anyone sails along the Lonely Coast,” Levana said. “It’s not called that for nothing.”

“Of all the times for the viaduct to break down,” Sui said, throwing her hands up. “*It’ll be a nice simple job!*”, they said. *‘Just transport this load of spices while the Landrail is being repaired’*, they said. Hah!”

“We can’t blame the Guild for that,” Levana said.

“Probably some stupid god or other toying with us,” Sui muttered.

Stuffing their faces with some of the cured meats and a little chutney, they spent a moment filling a pot with some water to boil while they were away, and made for the treeline. Fortunately, Sui’s brand new blast pistol, bought from the Guild for an exorbitant price—on one of the rare occasions she had been open to the idea of spending money—had been on her person when they wrecked and, unlike old flintlock and other powder weapons, was all but immune to the adverse effects of getting wet.

Clever, those fellas over at Arcus Company. Figuring out that it was possible to essentially distil raw magic into a pellet form that could be used for all manner of handy things had truly rocked the world, revolutionising both warfare and the lives of regular people.

Sui checked her pistol, nodding in satisfaction at the silver frame and barrel still being shiny and pretty even after a trip into the salty ocean waters. They

didn't call it stain proof for nothing. The pistol grip, while wooden, was also in perfect condition; a coating of magic-infused water essence ensured the material was utterly flawless and perfect no matter the weather conditions. Truly, it had been worth every single ingot she had paid. Sui rarely opened her purse, but when she *did*, she made damn sure to buy things that would last.

Heading into the jungle a little way, they were presented with a thicket of branches and creepers and bushes that had very much earned the name; it was so thick that they would need some heavy blades to get through it. Blades were, alas, one thing they were short of.

"So much for this way," Sui said, heaving a sigh. "Not sure I feel comfy heading into the jungle anyway."

"Yes," Levana said. "Perhaps we should try further along the beach? There are rocky formations over there, possibly a cave or similar we could use?"

This sounded reasonable, so they left the jungle and took a jog back to the sandy beach which had, by now, dried a little since the storm of the previous evening. It now looked rather more like a proper beach, shimmering and golden under the morning sun. A quick check in at base camp showed that their water was nicely boiled, so Levana left the pot to one side to cool, and they headed further along the beach.

Chapter 4: Cave, Possibly Fissure

They found some more flotsam from their ship—a few planks, a broken crate, some disintegrated food—which they skirted around. Eventually they reached a rocky wall reaching high above, which circled the island’s circumference and joined up with the mountain at the rear to create an almost perfect crescent. No obvious caves two girls could temporarily call home, however.

“Looks like we can get through here,” Levana said, pointing along the uneven wall of rock.

The jungle to their left was thinner than elsewhere, to the point where they could push through without too much fuss. With the temperatures soaring already and humidity at close to one-hundred percent, finding a nice cool cave seemed like an excellent idea.

Squeezing through the vines and branches, they fought their way through towards the island’s rear, noses filled with the tropical scents of sweet fruits and deadly diseases. Recent medical and magical advances meant the diseases were less of an issue these days, thanks to special medical-magical compounds which acted to prevent infection in the first instance, but starvation was a very real possibility.

Sui used her pistol as a makeshift axe in an attempt to hack through some of the worst of the overgrowth. This was less effective than she might have liked, and prompted her to consider whether a blade attachment might be a good idea when they got back to Akasar. *If* they got back.

Thorns and sharp creepers slashed and punctured her skin as she pushed through, doing her best to leave a clear way for her partner. She called back over her shoulder, “How are you doing?”

Levana was doing fine, primarily due to Sui’s selfless actions going ahead and dealing with the worst of it for her. “I’m fine, Sui, thanks to you!”

“Let me know if you need to rest,” Sui added, stepping over a large rock. “Mind the rock here!”

“Rock, rock... ah, yes, a rock,” Levana muttered, jumping over it. Her dress snagged on a thorn as she did so, ripping away to reveal more leg than she normally would. The dresses she preferred were perfectly serviceable and even practical, but jungles cared little for such things. Even the most hardened adventurer expected to leave a jungle this overgrown with rather less material than they started with.

The distance from the beach to the mountain’s base wasn’t all that far, no more than a mile. But the sheer effort required to even *reach* it meant they had been at it for over an hour already, and were maybe halfway there. Finding a small area with less growth, they collapsed together and took a breather.

“We should be a fifth of the way to Hourence by now,” Sui said, leaning back against the cool surface of the rock face. She looked down at her legs, which resembled a miniature battlefield streaked with blood and dirt.

Levana shuffled over and used the piece of her dress that had been torn off earlier to gently clean her beloved’s legs, using a few drops of water essence from a small pack she always carried on her person to disinfect and ensure no further problems.

Sui winced at the sharp stinging sensation. “Been a while since I last got sliced up like this.”

“Two years, I believe?” Levana muttered, focused on her work.

The soft lavender-like smell of pure water essence wafting up Sui’s nose cleared her mind of the pain, at least a little. Magical essences were almost miraculous in their effects, which was why they cost an arm and a leg and possibly one’s immortal soul to purchase, unless you happened to have the skills required to make your own.

“Yeah, that botched job over in Yavenza,” Sui said. A job that should have been simple, but ended up with her and several others having to walk through the Razor Marshes, a location named with precisely no hyperbole intended. It had taken weeks for them to heal fully, even with the use of the latest magical treatments.

“There, that looks a little better,” Levana said, tossing the blood-soaked piece of dress into the mess of green to her left. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen a jungle this dense before. I wonder what caused it?”

“It doesn’t seem normal, that much is clear,” Sui said, and leaned back against the rock face with her eyes closed. She nodded. “That feels much better, thanks, Lev.”

“You are most welcome,” Levana said with a happy smile. She tucked her chocolate hair back over her shoulders and joined her partner sitting against the rock. “I wonder what food there is here?”

“Other than us, you mean?”

Levana shuddered. “Yes, other than us.”

“Bananas. Probably some bananas, too. Oh, and if we’re really lucky, some bananas,” Sui said, leaning over to rest against Levana’s arm.

With a low laugh, Levana grasped her partner’s hand and squeezed. “I appreciate your disdain for bananas, Sui, but I’m fairly certain there are other fruits we could find.” Though it was also true that the one thing she could smell over the general *green* and moist scent of the jungle was, in fact, bananas, so perhaps Sui was right to be sceptical.

“Remember the job in Banral?” Sui said. “The one where we had to take a detour through the jungle? You know, the one where half our supplies were swallowed by a sink hole?”

“I remember, yes.” Levana wished she could forget. That was the incident that made Sui hate bananas in the first place; eating them day in and day out had been a less than pleasant experience, in more than the merely gastronomic aspects.

“Bloody Banral,” Sui muttered. To the best of her knowledge, the town wasn’t named after bananas, despite it sounding similar, but on their return Sui had certainly wondered, given the abundance of the damn things in that region.

“In any case, I have no intention of becoming any creature’s meal, so perhaps we should get moving?” Levana suggested. “I don’t think we’ll starve just yet, thanks to the supplies you salvaged.”

“Let’s go,” Sui said, getting to her feet. She jumped a few times to check that her legs felt okay for further walking, and pushed into the green. Another half hour of ineffectually hacking through the overgrowth brought her to what very much appeared to be exactly what they had been looking for. “A cave!”

“More a fissure,” Levana said, pushing through the greenery and standing beside her partner.

“Don’t be pedantic,” Sui said, and moved inside.

Whilst the cave—or fissure—was dark, it didn’t feel dank or oppressive at all. In fact, it almost felt... welcoming?

“Odd cave...” Sui muttered, glancing about. “Maybe it’s just because it’s daylight still, but it feels really warm in here.”

“Yes, it does,” Levana said, walking a little unsteadily. For reasons that escaped her, she had an *intimate* feeling going on downstairs. The sort of hot and sexy feel which normally preceded an enjoyably sweaty activity with a certain partner of hers. This was hardly the time or the place for that sort of thing, however, while they were searching for a place to camp for the night.

Walking ahead, Sui cast her gaze left and right and up and down, noting how there was a gentle blue glow coming from up ahead. She turned back to her partner to inform her, but stopped dead at the sight of Levana leaning against the wall for support. “Lev!? What’s wrong?” She rushed over, wrapping her arms around Levana’s waist.

“I’m... not sure,” Levana mumbled, eyes closed and her body burning with lust. Her lady parts ran with so much juice that it was lubricating the insides of her legs.

Sui noticed this thanks to the ripped dress revealing more than usual. “You don’t get this excited even after a night on the wine!”

“Y-Yes, haha...” Levana panted, her legs wobbling and threatening to give out entirely.

“Here, sit,” Sui said, and helped her slide down the wall of the cave. This was followed by planting a kiss on her lips and gently pushing her down to lie flat.

“Sui!?” Levana exclaimed.

“No complaints,” Sui said, using both hands to spread her partner’s legs. “It’s clear something’s up, so let’s sort it out.” She slid Levana’s ripped dress up to reveal her most intimate self, perfectly smooth and hairless.

Several years previously, some bright spark at Arcus Company had come up with a new type of blade, utilising new earth magic-based technologies to grind the edge of a tiny piece of metal so finely that it was sharper than the deadliest sword. He then went on to market it as the latest, greatest innovation in personal hygiene, and made an absolute killing from men *and* women, to his amazement. Sui had bought several for herself and Levana, and never looked back.

“By Sephila’s name, you’re gushing! I’ve never seen you so excited,” Sui continued, her own bits moistening at this sexy sight.

“Is this really the time to be doing this?” Levana asked, giggling. She made herself comfy, as much as possible on the cool cave floor, and relaxed. They had food and now had shelter, those were the important things, and it wasn’t like they had much else to be doing. But more than that, Sui was right in that *something* felt... not wrong, exactly, but certainly unusual.

“Can’t think of a better time!” Sui stated, and shuffled forward onto all-fours so she could bring her face down to Levana’s perfect pussy. A lick from bottom to top made her partner shudder, at which point she slid a finger inside and began a gentle rhythm; Levana had always liked it soft and slow, interspersed with bouts of intense vigour.

“Well, I suppose it has been a week or two since we were last intimate, yes,” Levana mumbled, emitting some soft ‘*aaah*’ sounds as the pleasure built. A few minutes ticked past like this, then something happened; a flash before her eyes of a beautiful woman, her skin a deep bronzed tone with a hint of ocean blue when she moved. “What...?”

“Should I stop?” Sui asked, halting her action. Her fingers were so covered in her partner’s juices that it was as if she had left her hand under a running tap.

“Mm-mm,” Levana said with a head shake. “C-Continue, please, Sui!”

Sui got her face right down in her lover’s bits a second time, flicking her tongue back and forth over the little thing she liked to call Levana’s *love button*.

She had heard tell of an ancient priestess sect who practised the gentle art of female stimulation exclusively and with gusto, and worshipped an ancient goddess. Sui cared little for such things, she simply enjoyed making her most special person feel as special as Sui considered her to be.

“Aaah, it feels so much better than usual...!” Levana gasped, digging her fingernails into the dusty stone surface as she built towards an explosive finisher, gushing like a fountain of pure pleasure. With a final gasp, she shuddered a few times and emitted a silent cry of euphoria.

“Haven’t made you finish that quickly in a while,” Sui said, grinning happily.

Getting her breath back, Levana waved an arm back and forth, attempting to formulate something coherent to say. “I... I honestly never imagined it might be possible to feel this good...”

“Better now?” Sui asked, sitting up and licking her fingers.

“Much, yes.” Levana hauled herself upright and kissed her lover. “I apologise, Sui, I’m not sure why I suddenly felt so... hot.”

“Hey, we all have our moments!” Sui said, unfazed. “Can you stand?”

“Yes...” Levana mumbled, doing so. Her legs still wobbled a little, but at least her intimate areas no longer felt like they were on fire... or like someone had left a tap running. “Perhaps we should find a proper place to set up base before anything else... odd happens?”

“Still need to grab our stuff as well,” Sui said, taking her lover’s hand and making her way further into the fissure until they were far enough in to officially reclassify it as a cave network, as she had initially surmised. “This is definitely a cave!”

“I stand corrected,” Levana said with a low laugh.

Chapter 5: An Intimate Meeting

Entering a cavernous section beyond the narrow entrance area, they were greeted by giant blue crystals to both sides of the uneven hall, as well as embedded in the ceiling like stalactites, each of them somewhere between a small dog and a tall person in size. They gave off the gentle blue glow that Sui had noticed earlier, before Levana's little accident had interrupted things. Beyond this hallway, a similar glow emanated, only magnified several times to be as bright as daylight.

"Looks like the end of the road," Sui said, tugging her lover along.

Levana still felt a little tender, but kept up to the best of her ability; that orgasm had knocked her flat. "Slow down a bit, please?"

"Oh, sorry," Sui said, doing as asked. As her girlfriend caught up, she turned back to the entranceway into the new area and almost swallowed her tongue.

"Whoo-ee, this is incredible..."

"My..." Levana whispered.

A colossal space stretched ahead of them, big enough to fit several hundred people and as tall as the mountain they had seen earlier. High above, bright white sunlight streamed through an opening, contrasting and complimenting the blue glow of the dozens of crystals around the smooth walls and sloped ceiling.

"It appears we are inside the mountain," Levana added. "I wouldn't have guessed there was something like this here!"

Sui nodded, saying nothing. This cavernous structure, with half a dozen sturdy pillars rising to the ceiling in a circular formation around a central altar, seemed familiar. She walked forward. The altar itself was a slab of near-perfect black slate, nearly a foot thick and big enough for—she gulped—at least one person to lie spread-eagled. At least, that's how it appeared to her suspicious eyes.

Beyond the altar stood a giant statue, several times the height of Levana, in the shape of a curvy and well-proportioned woman. She had both hands up before her chest, as though holding something which had been removed.

As if Sui hadn't already been suspicious, when she drew closer to the altar she noticed grooves leading to the front edge of the slab, where liquid could drain into a golden pot placed just below. Her stomach sank further. "I'm thinking we shouldn't be here any longer."

"Yes, it looks a touch sinister, doesn't it?" Levana said.

"Sacrificing people went out of fashion decades ago, but maybe whoever owns this place never got the message," Sui said, backing away. She got no further as a sudden feeling of sexual desire washed across her, resulting in her becoming *wet*. "What...!? Oh great, me as well?"

Levana rushed forward as Sui collapsed against the altar slab, panting with her eyes closed. "Allow me, Sui." She dropped to her knees and unbuckled Sui's belt, letting the sandy hotpants she wore drop, revealing her own secret area.

"Ah, it feels *hot*...!" Sui muttered. It was almost like a fever in her privates, the same sort of red hot feel, but without any of the negative effects of a fever. Quite the reverse, it felt *incredible*.

"Stand still," Levana said, and went to work with her tongue, something that was still frowned upon these days, despite much progress otherwise. Levana had never understood *why*, so she simply ignored this minor taboo; giving her beloved Sui the very best time she could come before any silly taboos.

While they were so engaged, a ghostly female voice boomed out, echoing back and forth in the cavern. "*Offer ye the liquids of love, and be rewarded. Come quickly! Come greatly! Come for me!*"

"What...?" Levana said, her voice a little muffled.

"Liquids...?" Sui gasped, shuddering time and again as Levana ate her out, for the time being too occupied to even care where the voice had emanated from.

Between mouthfuls of muff, Levana said, "Perhaps she means this?" and held her fingers up, glistening with Sui's juices.

Sui glanced behind her at the grooves on the stone slab, and realisation dawned. "Come up with me, Lev!"

They scrambled on top of the slab and laid flat, pussies touching and arms behind them for support.

“Oh... I see, the purpose of the grooves isn't blood,” said Levana, beginning a gentle grinding motion against Sui's gushing bits, her own secret area still tender, but not so much that she couldn't share the love one more time.

“It's for love liquids, yeah,” Sui breathed, panting harder and harder.

“*Yes, fill my vessel with love!*” came the ghostly voice.

Sui had the general feeling that it wasn't going to take much to fill the bowl; Levana had left a puddle and a half earlier, and Sui's own juices flowed just as freely. So when she *did* let go, she simply enjoyed it, mess be damned.

“Are you satisfied, Sui?” Levana asked, crawling around on the slab in order to gently finger her partner down from the heavens. Another orgasm for herself seemed like overkill, and she was sensitive anyway, but ensuring Sui had had enough was always her highest priority.

Panting like mad, Sui emitted an unusually cute giggle, waving her arms around in the air. “Satisfied? I'm ruined!”

Levana slowed her finger action and slipped off the slab, noting that the *vessel* the voice had mentioned was roughly half full. “My...”

“*Place the vessel in my hands!*” the ghostly voice commanded.

“Um, as you wish... my lady?” Levana hesitantly said, unsure of who or what was asking. Some gods were active in their followers' lives, and some preferred a hands-off approach. But none, to her knowledge, required female... pleasure liquids as a form of offering. Her cheeks burned at thinking such naughty thoughts.

Walking about as carefully as if the floor was covered in caltrops, Levana reached the statue and did her best to lift the bowl up to its arms. She was a tall girl, but even then it was all she could do to slide the bowl over and into the palms of the golden statue.

“*You have done me a great service, mortal!*” the voice said.

Sui had by now cleaned her bits and pieces and pulled her hotpants back up, so she trotted across to stand with her lover, wondering what this strange event might portend. “Doesn't this statue look familiar to you?”

Glancing sideways at Sui, Levana frowned. "Yes..."

"You okay?"

"When you helped me earlier, I had a sudden flash of a woman's face. I believe this statue is the same figure."

One of Sui's eyes twitched. "You, too, huh? I saw something just now as well." Perhaps there was something to those old stories of the priestess sect, after all.

Before them, the statue glowed golden yellow, flooding the cavern with additional light and causing a reaction in the blue crystals. A shimmering in the air at the statue's feet resulted in a brief vortex of blue-purple energy which coalesced into the form of a woman, her body a translucent ocean blue.

She ran a hand through her cobalt blue hair and beamed at the two girls standing before her. "Greetings, my beautiful mortals. My name is Sephila. How do you do?"

Sui's eye twitch intensified.

"Sephila?" Levana said before her girlfriend could react. She turned to Sui. "You mentioned that name earlier."

"I did?" Sui said, pointing at herself.

"You did, just before my little... accident."

"I don't remember doing that?"

"You said, '*by Sephila's name, you're... um, excited*,'" Levana said, mumbling as some minor embarrassment washed over her.

"Pretty sure I said you were gushing," Sui said with an amused laugh at her lover's bright red cheeks. "But I don't remember mentioning a name." She glared at the translucent woman. "Is this your doing?"

Sephila held her hands out to the sides, palms up as if to say she had no idea, despite her face clearly telling them it was one-hundred percent her doing.

"Well, I *am* a goddess, young Sui."

"How do you know my name?"

Sephila pointed to herself. "Goddess."

"Oh. Right. I've not had any interactions with your kind, sorry," Sui muttered.

“My kind? I’m hurt,” Sephila said, pouting. “Have the gods fallen out of favour in the last hundred years?”

“Shouldn’t you already know that?” Sui said, narrowing her eyes.

“Ah, funny story,” Sephila said. “I felt like a short nap after some *outrageously* fun threesome action, but it seems I slept a little too long. I’m a touch out of date on current events, yes.”

“How long?” Sui asked.

“By my estimations... about one-hundred years,” Sephila said, looking sheepish, as much as this could be determined on a translucent face that looked similar to an object viewed through thin ice.

“Several of the more... unpleasant gods have fallen out of favour, that’s true,” Levana hazarded, afraid she might upset an immortal being if she spoke out of turn.

Sephila nodded a few times. “Frightful, some of the old guard, you’re quite correct. Less of the old thunder and brimstone these days, then?”

The two girls confirmed that the world was certainly less noisy and filled with smoke than it had been in previous ages. Though it had been replaced with smoke and noise of the technological kind.

“Wonderful! Just the time for my return, in that case,” Sephila added. Her ghostly form shimmered as she enjoyed the stretch to end all stretches after her century-long slumber. “Aaah, it feels so good to be back!” She looked down at herself. “Oh, it appears I’m still semi-incorporeal. How inconvenient.” A glare at her guests made them both take a few steps back. “Which of you prematurely divested herself of the holy liquids? Speak up!”

Taking another step back, Levana raised a hand. “Um, that was me, my lady. I apologise, it was... desperate.”

Sui stepped in front of her lover. “Hands off, goddess. I’ll fight you if I have to.”

Sephila giggled, which echoed back and forth and made her sound less amused, more creepy. “There will be no need for that, young Sui. I merely wish to take corporeal form for a time, and to do that I require—shall we say?—*two* donations of the lovely liquids. Simultaneously, if you understand me?”

“You made us extra, um, wet for that purpose, my lady?” Levana asked.

“That’s right!” Sephila said, her transparent face splitting into a broad grin. “So much more civilised than all that nonsense with blood and gore, don’t you think?”

“More enjoyable for those involved as well,” Levana said, beaming.

“You’re getting the hang of it,” Sephila added, floating forward. “Now, since you’re here in my lovely temple, how about we talk business?”

“What sort of business?” Sui asked, glaring up at the goddess.

“Why, the business of helping me obtain new worshippers, of course! Can’t be a goddess without faithful priestesses to collect the holy juice and praise my beautiful form, can I?”

“You want us to become your priestesses, is that it?” Sui said.

“Spot on.”

“This might be a silly question, but what are you the goddess *of*, my lady?” Levana said, twirling her fingers in nervousness.

Sephila cocked her head. “You even need to ask?”

“I just wish to confirm before we agree to anything,” Levana continued, bowing her head. “I have heard tales of a patron goddess of, how to put this... lady love?” Though unlike Sui, she hadn’t heard stories about any of the more intimate aspects of this particular goddess’s worshippers and their activities.

“My favourite offering is lubricanous ladius. You work it out,” Sephila said with a grin so saucy it could be used as a table condiment. “So, how about it? Interested?”

“We have a pretty good thing going with the Guild, what are you offering as compensation?” Sui, ever the business girl, said.

“Let’s see... for starters, I can replace those spices you lost,” Sephila said. “I’m a wee bit underpowered due to lack of believers, but I have enough left for a few minor miracles. And you need not give up your regular lives, merely... rearrange them a little. In return, you have free reign over my mortal realm here, including some just *lovely* accommodation and all the delicious gifts of the jungle you can eat.”

“I’m listening,” Sui said, adjusting her pose to be less confrontational.

Levana stepped forward and bowed her head again. “Would we not also enjoy, how should I say... enhanced intimacy, my lady?”

Sephila pointed at her. “An excellent observation! You should listen to your girlfriend, Sui. Those wonderful orgasms? They’d be a regular thing, you know.”

“I wouldn’t want them all the time!” Sui muttered. She still felt worn out. “But... all right, I will admit that being able to enjoy something that amazing with Lev would make me happy. What would you expect of us here? I don’t much like the idea of evangelising, just so you know.”

“No need to worry, I quite enjoy a spot of personal engagement. I’m a very hands-on goddess, yes,” Sephila said, nodding sagely. “In order to take mortal form, I would of course need the two of you to make love for my pleasure. But beyond that, simply keeping the place tidy and welcoming any new children to my flock of sexy sapphies is more than enough.”

“What do you think, Lev?” Sui said, turning to her lover.

“It sounds like a wonderful opportunity to try something new,” Levana replied, and wrapped her arms around Sui’s slight frame. “We could fix the Carval up, maybe sail to some new lands, and have this lovely island as a home base. And we’d be helping a goddess into the bargain!”

Sui rested her head in Levana’s bountiful bosom. “You reckon you’d be happy here?”

“I believe I would, yes, as long as you’re by my side.”

With a light sigh, Sui lifted her head and rearranged her face into a smile. “How can I say no, then?” She faced the goddess. “All right, we’re on-board, m-my lady.”

Sephila fairly melted into a puddle of happy goo. “Oh my, I could get used to a fiery girl like you calling me that, yes.”

“Don’t get used to it!” Sui snapped.

Giggling again, Sephila floated forward and descended to be at eye level. “Then allow me to swear you into our exclusive little club.” She raised both arms and closed her eyes. “I bestow upon thee, Sui and Levana, the mark of Sephila, Lady of Love, and hereby give full and free access to my realm.”

A brief burning sensation around their bellybuttons heralded the appearance of a mark similar to a tattoo, in a deep purple crescent shape. The marks glowed white for a moment, then faded to the point where they were barely visible.

“All done!” Sephila said. “Consider Crescent Isle your new home, please make yourselves comfortable.”

“Is that the name of this island?” Levana said, tracing the shape of the Mark with a finger.

“That’s right. Ladies in days long past would sneak out for midnight dalliances with other ladies, afraid of being caught by husbands and lords. They would pray to the moon for guidance and good fortune, and eventually their prayers gave birth to the magnificence you see before you now. Out of respect for my followers, I crafted my island paradise in the shape of a crescent moon.”

“I had no idea,” Levana said. She clapped her hands together. “How romantic!”

“Not so much in the event any of them were caught, let me tell you,” Sephila said with a subdued head shake. “If you’ve ever spotted strange curved carvings near the back door of an inn or house of ill repute, those were establishments sympathetic to the relationships of people like us.”

Sui leaned back against the altar and raised a finger, making a shape like three crescents next to each other in the air, each one a little smaller than the last. “A symbol like this?”

Sephila nodded.

“Huh. I wondered about that, they seemed too regular to be random scratches,” Sui said.

“Now you know. Of course, these days they’ve probably been forgotten, and the way you speak of the world indicates they might not even be necessary any more. But at the time? Oh yes, those symbols saved many lives,” Sephila said. “And opened many legs, my word, yes!”

“In any case, you said something about accommodation?” Sui continued before they got any further off-track.

“This way, my young sapphies!” Sephila said, floating off towards another exit in the wall to the left of where they entered originally.

Chapter 6: New Lodgings

They found themselves in a cave system with smoothed walls—albeit covered in a layer of moss and dust—and numerous passages radiating off the main hallways like a network of veins. A few more twists and turns deposited the three of them before a heavy wooden door studded with iron bolts.

“This is the grand priestess’s residence,” Sephila said, moving to one side. “You will find everything you could need for a comfortable existence. Serve me well, and I will look after you better than the highest human lords of the land.”

“Hasn’t this been unused for the last century?” Sui said, and grasped the heavy iron handle.

“No need to fret!” Sephila said. She snapped her fingers. Nothing happened. “Hmm. It would appear that physical fingers are needed to make a sound. How interesting.” She shrugged her spectral shoulders. “It’s merely a showmanship thing, unnecessary to actually get the job done.”

A variety of sounds filled the air—thumps, bangs, scrapes—as something took place on the other side of the door. After a few minutes of this, the sounds ceased, leaving an eerie silence.

“Is it safe?” Sui asked, still grasping the handle.

“See for yourself,” Sephila said.

Opening the door, Sui stepped across the threshold with Levana and they took in the scene; a room approximately half the size of the Carval’s hold, big enough for a queen-sized bed, several polished oak wardrobes and dressers, and a table and two chairs in the centre. To the right, a smaller door led through to an en-suite bathroom with the latest in ablutionary science, meaning a flushing toilet and a hot water bath.

“Not even the Guild has en-suites!” Sui muttered, eyes sparkling with bathroom lust. The very *idea* of being able to soak in a hot bath with her beloved was enough to know they had made the right choice in sticking around.

At several points around the walls in both the bedroom and its en-suite were crystals similar to those in the main caverns, only a soft yellow-orange colour to provide more natural lighting.

“This is spectacular...!” Levana breathed.

“Only thing it’s missing is windows,” Sui said.

“You’re inside a mountain!” Sephila said, exasperated.

Sui waved her hands back and forth. “Ah, I don’t mean I don’t like it! It’s amazing, thank you, m-my lady.”

Again, Sephila melted at Sui’s use of the term ‘*my lady*’. “I’m beginning to think that having you use that term to refer to me is not in my best interests.”

“It’s not?” Sui said, an eyebrow raised.

“No, because you’re too adorable when you do!” Sephila wailed, floating forward to hug Sui, only to fly straight through her.

Spinning around, Sui jumped back and shuddered. “Eurgh! That was creepy!”

“I miss having a mortal body,” Sephila mumbled, and floated out of the room, her entire posture radiating an air of defeat with her arms and legs dangling down to show a complete lack of energy.

Pulling her girlfriend into a tight hug, Levana giggled. “She doesn’t give off much of a godly feel, does she?”

“No, but I think that’s why I like her,” Sui said. “Most gods are arrogant and self-important from what I’ve heard, but Sephila seems... almost like a regular person?”

“I suppose being the goddess for people who have historically not been treated very well gave her a humility most gods lack?” Levana suggested.

“Maybe. Though to be fair, having a fun personality is a great way to get someone into bed,” Sui said. “And she seems the type to want multiple partners, hah.”

“I recall a certain beautiful girl taking me for a wonderful ride involving dancing and singing and telling jokes, yes,” Levana whispered, tightening her embrace.

“You’d be in a miserable marriage now if not for that night,” Sui said. She tiptoed to place a delicate kiss on her partner’s cheek.

“Fortunately, my father was understanding of the whole situation,” Levana said with a sigh. “I could so easily have been one of the ladies Sephila mentioned.”

“Yeah, which is why I’m happy to help her out. We’re on the same side, right?” Sui added, running her hands up under Levana’s top and stroking her bare back.

“Yes,” Levana whispered. “What shall we occupy ourselves with first? We need to retrieve our supplies still.”

“Do we?”

“Well... yes?”

Sui pulled back and waved an arm at the room. “We have all we could ever need right here!”

“All except my delicious chutney, hmm?” Levana said, giggling.

“Oh. Yeah, okay, we should get that.” Sui glanced at the en-suite’s door. “Or we could take a bath together? We’re both still dirty from earlier.”

At mention of this, a certain goddess poked her head through the door. “Did someone mention being naked?”

“Okay, some ground rules,” Sui said, walking over and pressing her face right up to Sephila’s ghostly visage. “One: private time is *private time*. No goddesses poking their noses in!”

Sephila pouted.

“Two: this is a trial period. I’m... actually happy to help, but I’ve never been a fan of letting gods tell me what to do. We reserve the right to leave at any time.”

Sephila’s eyes wandered left and right as she thought, then she nodded and gave a thumbs-up.

Levana wandered across and said, “Three: we might perhaps entertain the possibility of enjoying your company, my lady. Together.”

Sephila’s face lit up.

“We might?” Sui said.

“Doesn’t the idea of making love to a goddess intrigue you, Sui?” Levana asked.

“I... suppose?” Sui muttered. She turned to the goddess. “No promises!” she said, holding her hands up. “But anything that makes Levana happy is something I’ll at least consider. And nothing regular, either!”

“I’m sure we can come to some arrangement, young Sui,” Sephila said. “Might I inquire as to when you’d be interested in presenting me with some offerings of the holy juices? I’m fairly *itching* for some action. It’s been a century, after all. Need to clean my pipes, if you get me.”

“If it’s been a century, you can wait another night,” Sui said, attempting to push their guest out of the room and giving up as her hands went right through.

Sephila pouted again.

“We would be more than happy to entertain you in the morning, my lady,” Levana said with another shallow bow. “For now, we’re both tired after a hard day and need some rest.”

“Ah yes, the frailties of physical form, I must confess to having forgotten that aspect. Very well! I shall leave you to enjoy your evening and take a trip to that nice little town, what was it called...?”

“Hourence?” Levana suggested.

“No, closer, around the northern coast, over the northeast of Lafire,” Sephila murmured, tapping a finger to her chin.

“Akasar?” Sui said.

“That’s the one. It was Akansabar in my day, though,” Sephila said with an amused chuckle.

“Also, did you just call it Lafire?” Sui added.

“Hmm? Is it no longer known as that? You humans, always changing things,” Sephila said, this time with a vague sigh.

“Lafaire,” Levana said, putting an emphasis on the *‘fair’*, rather than *‘fire’*.

“Interesting. The name was simply a result of the intense heat of this region’s climate, once people started banding together into properly civilised settlements rather than the old tribes.” Sephila’s face split into a happy smile.

“While your propensity to constantly rename things is a little vexing, it must be said that seeing you all grow and mature is quite satisfying.”

“Well... thank you? I think?” Sui said.

“Stay sexy, I’ll be back in the morning.” With that, Sephila was gone.

“Energetic, isn’t she?” Levana said, walking across and slipping her arms around Sui’s waist from behind. “Now... about that bath...”

Chapter 7: ... and Relax

Upon closer inspection, the bathroom was everything they had hoped for and more. Apparently Sephila hadn't been joking when she mentioned performing a few minor miracles. This style of bathroom had only been invented in the last decade or so, and even then most people made do with communal buildings rather than en-suites. Sephila must have constructed this from raw firmament, making Sui both impressed and mildly terrified.

Elegantly-crafted marble fixtures were inlaid with more of the magical crystals, this time red-tinted, heat-producing ones. Pipes treated with magical essences in the same fashion as Sui's weapon took waste water away to some arcane location deep within the bowls of the mountain. And the tub itself had already been filled with balmy, coconut-scented water.

"Well, this looks lovely, doesn't it?" Levana said, casting her gaze across every surface with approving eyes.

"It beats the public baths at the Guild's guest quarters," Sui muttered, and slid her arms around Levana's waist from behind, resting her face in the wonderfully sweet hair of her lover.

Levana jumped as a hand slid up the remains of her dress and gave her a rub somewhere intimate. "Sui! Shouldn't we bathe first?"

"Surely we should get dirty first, then bathe?" Sui whispered in what she thought was a sultry tone. "Even after that last one, I feel... kind of up for another."

"Or perhaps we could attempt both?" Levana said, and tugged her lover into the spacious bathroom proper, where she stripped her partner in the blink of an eye; her ability to remove Sui's clothes in seconds flat bordered on the outright supernatural. Her own clothes went next, tossed out into the bedroom to be dealt with later.

She pushed Sui down onto a wooden stool by the bath, and pulled the shower head off the wall, even more surprised than Sui had been that this island

apparently had equipment which had only recently been developed in the mortal realm.

“I’ve always thought you look much cuter with your hair down, Sui,” Levana said, gently washing her girlfriend’s back and arms as she spoke.

Sui’s expression morphed to a vaguely happy one. Having her girlfriend wash her was one of those events that only happened relatively rarely—what with them often being on-board ship during their regular cross-channel excursions, plus the baths being public—and resulted in her feeling drowsy and docile. “I’m not wearing it like this all the time, don’t even ask. It’s a pain when the wind whips it into my eyes.”

“I like it being something to enjoy in private, anyway,” Levana replied.

A few minutes slipped past with a surprising lack of naughtiness taking place as both girls managed to keep themselves in check, a rarity when they ended up naked together, no matter the circumstances. Though it also wasn’t that long since their previous intimacy had come to a head.

A quick switch around for Levana to sit on the seat so that Sui could return the favour and wash her back was followed by... naughtiness. Sui reached around under Levana’s arms and cupped her breasts without warning.

“Gya—!” Levana exclaimed. No matter how many times her girlfriend did this—and it happened frequently enough to be classified as foreplay—Levana could never manage to avoid being surprised.

“I’ve always thought you look much sexier without clothes,” Sui said, chuckling.

Levana turned and took her lover’s hands in her own, interlocking fingers and holding them up in front. Leaning forward a little, she touched her lips to Sui’s, as light as a breath but all the more powerful for its delicacy.

“I believe that to be true of both of us, hmm?” she whispered.

Sui looked down at her naked body. *Lithe* was a term Levana liked to use when referencing her girlfriend’s subtle curves and ironing board chest. Sui preferred the term *voluptuous* to describe Levana. Her partner’s incredible chest annoyed her occasionally, but it was also true that Sui got to use those

wondrous objects as impromptu pillows and could stare at them all day long if she wished. All in all, she considered herself to be blessed.

Pulling away, Levana tugged her girlfriend into a hug, then stood, took Sui's hand, and pulled her across to the bath. The water splashed unconcernedly over the side as she climbed in, then again as Sui hopped in after her, sitting between her lover's legs and leaning back against the impromptu pillows she loved so much. Relaxing in the hot water, the combined worries and annoyances of the last twenty-four hours melted away, to be replaced by something altogether more enjoyable: *lust*.

Levana took the initiative and ran a finger over Sui's most intimate area beneath the water, making her jump at the brief jolt of pleasure.

"I should've seen that coming, shouldn't I?" Sui said with a relaxed chuckle.

"Just making sure you're still awake, Sui," Levana said, trying to come across as innocent.

"Why would I be asleep in a *bath*?"

"With pillows like these, you wouldn't need much excuse," Levana said, jiggling her breasts against her partner's back.

Sui emitted an unusually cute giggle. "Maybe I'll use that excuse in bed later, then." A few moments of silence preceded a question. "Lev?"

"Mm?" Levana felt her girlfriend tense up a little, so she gently stroked up and down Sui's tummy in an effort to put her at ease.

"Are you certain you want to stay here?"

"I am. Why? Are you not?" Levana asked, leaning her head forward enough to look over her partner's shoulder.

"No... just making sure. We could probably fix the Carval up and go back to our old lives if you wanted. But if you're sure you want to make a new life here, that's fine by me," Sui said. "Though she did say we can continue doing that anyway."

"I'm happy you're thinking of me, Sui, but we both know running cargo probably wouldn't lead to much of an exciting life, yes?" Levana said, kissing her lover's cheek and lying back again. "Here, it feels like we have a chance to try something new and make a difference as well."

“Assuming we can trust a goddess. But... I feel basically the same, Lev, I won’t mention it again. As long as we’re together, we can weather any storm!”

“Quite so, yes!” Levana replied, happy that she had the best girlfriend in the world.

They eventually clambered out, at which point Levana pulled Sui into a tight hug, kissed her again, and dried them both with a couple of soft towels hanging on a rail above one of the heat-producing crystals along the wall.

Chapter 8: Another Round

Wrapped in a towel each, Levana led the way back out to the bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed. “The only thing I’m not entirely keen on is the lack of windows, as you mentioned.”

Sui concurred, dropping down next to her. “We can always take a walk outside, though. We have an island to ourselves!”

“Yes... but at this precise moment, I note we have a room all to ourselves,” Levana said in a soft tone, spreading her legs a little. “I wonder if this is the goddess’s doing as well?”

“Hmm, what is?”

“We both just enjoyed some powerful intimacy, yes? I wouldn’t normally feel like another attempt until the next day at the earliest. And yet... I find I want to enjoy you again.”

“Oh, so it’s not just me?” Sui commented, a little red-faced. “We’ll have to work out how all this stuff works, I don’t want us constantly being worn out.”

“I’m sure Lady Sephila will inform us as to the specifics on her return,” Levana said, opening her legs a little further still in hopes of prompting some action.

Rising to the occasion, Sui stood, faced Levana, and pushed her down flat on the bed’s firm mattress with her on top. Her brain shut down at this point and her body took over, running on sexy autopilot. Tugging Levana’s towel away to reveal her expansive chest, she went face-first in with her tongue, nibbling a nipple here, kissing her tummy there, and edging her way ever downward.

She dropped off the edge of the bed onto her haunches, gently spreading her lover’s shapely legs a little wider to reveal her most intimate self. The very *moment* she introduced her tongue, Levana shuddered and let out a quiet cry.

“I’ve barely touched you yet!” Sui said.

“I know,” Levana said, gasping for breath. “I believe our new patron goddess is still affecting me, Sui. Please, continue!”

“If you’re sure,” Sui said, and plunged her tongue deep into her lover’s wetness, lashing her clit and alternating between fingers and tongue. Mere seconds later, an orgasm of epic proportions swept across Levana.

Crying out at the top of her voice, Levana’s back arched as the pleasure flowed from head to toe and back again. Slowly, she descended back to earth, panting and giggling simultaneously. “My... that was even more intense than the one earlier.”

“Do me, Lev!” Sui said, jumping onto the bed and positioning herself over her partner’s face. Without saying another word, she dropped.

Levana found herself with a lovely lady garden in her face. “Sui, really, I’ve told you about doing this without warning me.” Emitting an amused giggle, she went to work tenderly licking and probing and enjoying the sounds of euphoria from above. Sui’s sometimes rash and impetuous nature often extended into the bedroom, though Levana had no problem with this.

As with Levana’s premature eruption, Sui took only a minute or two of tender and not so tender loving to reach a first orgasm, quickly followed by a second. She collapsed forward, pressing her wet bits further into Levana’s face. “This is crazy... we barely even have time to enjoy ourselves, haha.”

A quick rearrange saw them sitting opposite each other, their pulsating pussies pressed together similar to the time on the altar, and their arms wrapped around each other.

“Let’s see who finishes first!” Sui said, starting a rhythmic grinding motion, faster and faster and faster, Levana getting into the swing of things in perfect lockstep.

Levana’s eyes were screwed up, the pleasure so intense that it hit almost painful levels, making her muscles and nerve endings dance to a tune only they could hear, until finally, with a subdued gasp of release, she finished once, twice, three times, triggering another dual orgasm for Sui in the process.

Collapsing over sideways, they panted and wheezed their way back to something resembling sentient life, then crawled around to lie side by side, their chests rising and falling in a way that made it seem like an earthquake had struck a mountain range right next to a plain.

Levana stared vacantly at the ceiling. Three orgasms in a row wasn't unheard of, especially in the event Sui had been drinking and was being especially aggressive in bed. But *four* orgasms of the sort she had enjoyed in the cave, the sort which knocked her flat to the point of being incapable of moving? She was fairly certain she had a new working definition of '*pure insanity*', albeit in a good way.

Sui, lying next to her and breathing heavily, similarly couldn't believe what she had just experienced. She was broken—utterly *destroyed*, in fact. The extra intensity of their experience, no doubt thanks to Sephila's influence, had given her such a degree of pleasure that Sui wasn't sure her body would ever recover.

"I'm thinking we need to have a chat to our goddess before we enjoy each other again," she muttered, rolling over and draping an arm across Levana's midsection.

"It would certainly be nice if we could turn off the heightened pleasure, yes," Levana said, giggling.

"Eh, this is fine for now. But it would be nice, you're right." Sui closed her eyes and heaved a contented sigh. "Night, Lev..."

"Goodnight, Sui, sweet dreams," Levana mumbled.

With that, they were asleep, dreaming of a temple filled with people and voices, some of which were raised in orgasmic pleasure...



Sephila returned to the island around the same time as the sun reached its zenith the next day, bathing the crescent-shaped landmass in corn yellow rays hot enough to ignite grass. She floated up the beach, moved some of the jungle overgrowth with the lazy flick of a hand, and made her way down into the temple area, her posture again indicating abject failure.

She found her two newest acolytes in the temple, scrubbing the floors and chatting about inconsequentialities, which Sephila would define as '*anything*

that doesn't involve naked girls enjoying other naked girls'. “You two are getting along well as always.”

Levana looked up. “Ah, good morning, my lady.”

“Some problem with us having a good relationship?” Sui asked, hefting her mop with violence aforethought.

“Quite the reverse, young Sui!” Sephila said, floating forward with hugs aforethought, except she was still semi-corporeal and therefore did little more than float through her target a second time, making Sui shudder.

“Will you please stop that?” Sui snapped, jumping backwards.

Sephila pouted, an expression that seemed to come naturally to her. “Is my abundant love not to your liking?”

“It's just weird having you float straight through me like that,” Sui muttered. “I'll give you all the hugs you like when you take human form again, but not until!”

“In that case, it appears we need to do something about that, doesn't it, now?” Sephila purred, circling Sui like a ghostly shark around an incautious swimmer.

Laughing at her girlfriend's expression, Levana delicately leaned her own mop against one of the blue crystals beside the main paved areas of the cavern, then gave Sui a delicate kiss. “Cleaning can wait until a little later, yes?”

Sui emitted a theatrical sigh and placed her hands on her hips. “If we *really* must, I suppose we can work up an appetite for lunch.”

Their goddess beamed. “That's the spirit.”

All in all, the girls considered, there were worse ways to start a day.

Chapter 9: The Voyage Continues

Deep inside a hollow mountain on a crescent-shaped island, two female voices rose in pleasure. A cry here, a moan there, and interspersed with this symphony of delight, a third voice joined in, a little deeper and with an odd harmonic to it, as though speaking into a glass jar.

Through the tunnels and caves of this artificial network inside the mountain, a vast cavern awaited, large enough for a hundred or more people to stand with plentiful elbow room. Around the cavern, formations of blue crystal gave the space a cool azure glow while high above, an opening to the air let bright white sunlight in to create an aqua-green atmosphere similar to the ocean shallows seen from below.

In the centre of the cavern stood a golden statue, several times the height of an average lady, holding its hands up before it, as though grasping a large bowl which had been removed. Below the statue: an altar made from pure slate.

And on the altar, the source of the pleasant sounds of enjoyment; two girls grinding harder and harder, bringing themselves and each other closer to their messy endgame, juices flowing so fast that they ran in rivulets along little grooves in the altar top, draining into a large, golden bowl just below.

Loitering at the edge of the altar top, the ghostly Sephila floated just before the bowl, her eyes lingering on the liquids rapidly filling it to the brim. If it wasn't for her current deficit in the realm of physicality, she would have been making quite the puddle herself.

With a final cry that resulted in Sephila's face lighting up, Levana let go, shuddering as orgasm after orgasm washed over her. At seeing her lover explode with pleasure, Sui also came, managing to keep her vocal indications under some measure of control through simple embarrassment; having a goddess witness them making love wasn't *exactly* the optimal way to enjoy herself.

A last moan of abject euphoria escaped Sui's lips, at which point she collapsed back on her arms and stared at the ceiling, wondering, not for the first

time, if Sephila could perhaps allow them to turn the *super orgasms*—as she currently thought of them—off when they felt like it.

Her whole body was drained, literally and figuratively. Sephila's desire for girl juice meant the two of them could effectively wet themselves with their own lubricating liquids, a necessity for filling the Holy Vessel, but this also resulted in physical dehydration.

Flopping off the side of the altar, Sui did her best to keep her legs under control. They felt like jelly, as though she had just run a marathon from Akasar to Hourence and back. She leaned against the altar and glanced at the bowl. "Looks like you got the full amount this time, m-my lady," she panted.

Sephila beamed at her. "Quite so, young Sui! A most wonderful show, yes. Now... if one of you could perhaps lift the bowl up to my arms...?"

Levana, as the much taller girl there, slid off the altar and spent a moment steadying herself against it. The moment she felt her legs could carry her, she bowed to their goddess, grasped the bowl *carefully* in both hands, and walked to the statue.

"Steady, steady..." Sephila whispered as Levana lifted the bowl and slid it into the statue's waiting hands. "Aaah, here it coooooomes...!"

A flash of blue light filled the room and subsided as quickly as it had arrived, leaving the goddess wreathed in an azure glow. A few minutes slipped past, during which time Levana and Sui cleaned themselves and the altar, followed by watching with interest as the glow faded away to leave... a beautiful woman.

Sephila looked down at her newly reacquired corporeal form and nodded in satisfaction. "Perfect, thank you, both!" She twisted this way and that, stretching her arms out, or flexing her legs, or cupping her enormous breasts in both hands. "Ah, yes, this is more like it. Nothing beats having a physical body, with all the... pleasures associated with such."

Sui stared at Levana for a moment, then switched her gaze to their goddess, then back to Levana. Her girlfriend had what might be called an hourglass figure, and was pure perfection to Sui's eyes. But even Levana's bountiful assets couldn't match up to those of a goddess.

“Now,” Sephila continued, her gaze coming to rest on her disciples. “How would the two of you like to help your goddess out?”

“We’re too tired from the one we just had!” Sui snapped.

“No-no, I don’t mean *that* sort of help, Sui,” Sephila said, spreading her hands in what she hoped was a conciliatory way. “Now that I have physical form, travelling is a tad bit slower and more problematic, you see. And with my two lovely sapphies having their own vessel...”

“By vessel, you mean the ship, yes?” Levana said, giggling. Their goddess referred to her golden pot as a vessel for lady juice, so it was as well to be sure.

“That vessel, yes,” Sephila confirmed with a happy head bob, her ocean blue hair moving around in a way that looked a lot like a lover’s duvet if combined with the motion of the ocean. It appeared to be fairly normal hair, but the way it moved defied explanation.

“You want a lift with us, right?” Sui suggested. “We’re heading to Hourence and can’t afford any more detours, we’re already more than a day late... and our cargo was destroyed anyway, so I don’t suppose it actually matters any more.” She heaved a sigh and shook her head.

“Have you forgotten my promise, young Sui?” Sephila said, wagging a finger back and forth. Grasping their hands in her own, she bounded outside into the humid air of the island, leading them across to the wrecked Carval. “Ready for one of those miracles, my lovely sapphies?”

They nodded, a little uncertainly in Sui’s case.

With but the wave of a hand, Sephila repaired both the ship and their cargo.

Levana had once read an old story about a magical genie who helped a young prince reclaim his kingdom. Part of that story had involved the two of them setting up shop in an abandoned palace in the sands, and the genie had used some form of powerful magic to *rewind time* in order to repair it. Seeing Sephila doing essentially the exact same thing here made her wonder if maybe there was more truth to that story than she had originally believed.

After some ten minutes of sustained concentration, Sephila collapsed to the sand, panting harder than if she had just had an all-nighter with two beautiful girls. “There... all done...”

Helping her up, Levana provided a shoulder for their goddess to lean on while she got her breath back. She stared at the pristine hull of the Carval. “Thank you so much, my lady! She’s in better shape than before the wreck.”

Sui wandered around the shoreline, nodding a few times as she inspected her beloved vessel, which now floated happily in the water after its sojourn onto the sand. “There’s something to be said for magic, huh?” she muttered. Glancing at Sephila, she bowed her head. “Th-Thank you, my lady, we appreciate it!”

“You are both most welcome,” Sephila said, managing to stand upright without Levana’s help on the second attempt. She took a deep breath of wonderful oxygen. “Aaah, I’d forgotten how sweet the air tasted.”

“There are certainly advantages to having a physical body,” Levana said with a quiet laugh. In addition to the sweetness of the air—not least because the wind was blowing scents of bananas and coconuts towards them from the jungle—her nose was filled with the aroma of spices. With any luck, they could still reach Hourence in time to deliver them. She stared at Sephila.

“Shall we?” said the goddess, catching Levana’s eye. “You say you’re a day late, yes? I think we can do something about that.” She had a glint in her eye that was anything but reassuring.

Swimming out to the Carval, they climbed up the rope ladder and Levana took Sephila below decks to find her something suitable to wear; it wouldn’t do to go turning up to the capital city with a buxom and wholly naked goddess in tow. Sui, meanwhile, started the generator and headed for the helm.

Once Sephila was appropriately attired, albeit in a dress that was definitely a little tight around the chest, to Levana’s mild annoyance, they got underway. Their destination: the Capital of the Sands, Hourence, greatest and grandest of cities on the mighty continent of Lafaire.

With any luck, they wouldn’t be shipwrecked on *another* island. One goddess was more than enough for now.

-END-

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Lily Lancaster