

## **Prompt: Hyacinthe & Bathing**

**Notes:** We can assume that the PC and Hyacinthe's relationship is approved-of in this one; it's open to interpretation whether or not they're married, but they're in a long-term romance.

### **Male Hyacinthe**

Hyacinthe steps carefully across the polished parquet floor, wrapped in his fluffy robe, his feet bare. The wide, semi-circular window overlooks rolling fields bathed in summer sunshine; the gentle breeze coming through ripples the water of the huge claw-foot bath in front of the glass.

He glances at you over his shoulder, his expression a little uncertain and a little impish, all at once. "No one will be watching, will they?" he says.

You laugh. This beautifully appointed room sits at the very top of Vossau tower: only the bravest and most foolish of spies could get a glimpse. "No one can see anything this high up."

Hyacinthe dips his hand lightly into the bath, pursing his full lips thoughtfully. "This should work."

You make your way closer. The huge bath is filled almost to the brim with ice water, and when you reach toward it you can feel the cold radiating from it. "I can't say it would be my favourite thing to do," you say, "but if you like it, it's yours."

"It's not that I like it, exactly," Hyacinthe says, "but I should. My hamstring needs it, and so do my ankles."

He unbelts his robe. He still has a habit of tidying after himself, and so it's no surprise to see him bundle the robe neatly onto one of the armchairs rather than leaving it on the floor.

Meeting your gaze, he gives you a smile as you admire the lines of his athletic body. Then he steps gracefully into the ice bath.

A sharp intake of breath, but whenever you've seen him do this—or anything, really, requiring physical stamina—Hyacinthe's movement is determined, resilient. You kneel beside the bath, leaning against the side, and dip your fingers into the icy water. You cannot imagine submerging entirely into it, but that is what Hyacinthe does, groaning as he does so, until he's in it up to his neck.

"It's not really so bad," he says breathlessly, eyes closed. Only his grip on the side of the bath shows how intense it is. You lay your hand on his and he makes a grateful little noise as he opens his eyes again. He breathes slowly, with a particular rhythm that makes you think he's counting in his head.

If it feels long for you, it must be even longer for him. But there's something peaceful about watching him, admiring him, when he's so focused inward: not wondering what you or anyone else is thinking.

His fingers twitch, and then he surges up, spraying you with cold. He's shivering dreadfully, but his step is steady as he emerges. You grab the robe and wrap him in it, pulling him close to share your heat. He nestles against you, the skin of his cheek cold against yours, and then he laughs shakily.

"Let's get under some blankets," he whispers, and you entirely agree.

## Female Hyacinthe

Hyacinthe steps carefully across the polished parquet floor, wrapped in her fluffy robe, her feet bare. The wide, semi-circular window overlooks rolling fields bathed in summer sunshine; the gentle breeze coming through ripples the water of the huge claw-foot bath in front of the glass.

Hyacinthe glances at you over her shoulder, her expression a little uncertain and a little impish, all at once. "No one will be watching, will they?" she says.

You laugh. This beautifully appointed room sits at the very top of Vossau tower: only the bravest and most foolish of spies could get a glimpse. "No one can see anything this high up."

Hyacinthe dips her hand lightly into the bath, pursing her full lips thoughtfully. "This should work."

You make your way closer. The huge bath is filled almost to the brim with ice water, and when you reach toward it you can feel the cold radiating from it. "I can't say it would be my favourite thing to do," you say, "but if you like it, it's yours."

"It's not that I like it, exactly," Hyacinthe says, "but I should. My hamstring needs it, and so do my ankles."

She unbelts her robe. She still has a habit of tidying after herself, and so it's no surprise to see her bundle the robe neatly onto one of the armchairs rather than leaving it on the floor.

Meeting your gaze, she gives you a smile as you admire the lines of her athletic body. Then she steps gracefully into the ice bath.

A sharp intake of breath, but whenever you've seen her do this—or anything, really, requiring physical stamina—Hyacinthe's movement is determined, resilient. You kneel beside the bath, leaning against the side, and dip your fingers into the icy water. You cannot imagine submerging entirely into it, but that is what Hyacinthe does, groaning as she does so, until she's in it up to her neck.

"It's not really so bad," she says breathlessly, eyes closed. Only her grip on the side of the bath shows how intense it is. You lay your hand on hers and she makes a grateful little noise as she opens her eyes again. She breathes slowly, with a particular rhythm that makes you think she's counting in her head.

If it feels long for you, it must be even longer for her. But there's something peaceful about watching her, admiring her, when she's so focused inward: not wondering what you or anyone else is thinking.

Her fingers twitch, and then she surges up, spraying you with cold. She's shivering dreadfully, but her step is steady as she emerges. You grab the robe and wrap her in it, pulling him close to

share your heat. She nestles against you, the skin of her cheek cold against yours, and then she laughs shakily.

"Let's get under some blankets," she whispers, and you entirely agree.

## Nonbinary Hyacinthe

Hyacinthe steps carefully across the polished parquet floor, wrapped in their fluffy robe, their feet bare. The wide, semi-circular window overlooks rolling fields bathed in summer sunshine; the gentle breeze coming through ripples the water of the huge claw-foot bath in front of the glass.

They glance at you over their shoulder, their expression a little uncertain and a little impish, all at once. "No one will be watching, will they?" they say.

You laugh. This beautifully appointed room sits at the very top of Vossau tower: only the bravest and most foolish of spies could get a glimpse. "No one can see anything this high up."

Hyacinthe dips their hand lightly into the bath, pursing their full lips thoughtfully. "This should work."

You make your way closer. The huge bath is filled almost to the brim with ice water, and when you reach toward it you can feel the cold radiating from it. "I can't say it would be my favourite thing to do," you say, "but if you like it, it's yours."

"It's not that I like it, exactly," Hyacinthe says, "but I should. My hamstring needs it, and so do my ankles."

They unbelt their robe. They still have a habit of tidying after themselves, and so it's no surprise to see them bundle the robe neatly onto one of the armchairs rather than leaving it on the floor.

Meeting your gaze, they give you a smile as you admire the lines of their athletic body. Then they step gracefully into the ice bath.

A sharp intake of breath, but whenever you've seen them do this—or anything, really, requiring physical stamina—Hyacinthe's movement is determined, resilient. You kneel beside the bath, leaning against the side, and dip your fingers into the icy water. You cannot imagine submerging entirely into it, but that is what Hyacinthe does, groaning as they do so, until they're in it up to their neck.

"It's not really so bad," they say breathlessly, eyes closed. Only their grip on the side of the bath shows how intense it is. You lay your hand on theirs and they make a grateful little noise as they open their eyes again. They breathe slowly, with a particular rhythm that makes you think they're counting in their head.

If it feels long for you, it must be even longer for them. But there's something peaceful about watching them, admiring them, when they're so focused inward: not wondering what you or anyone else is thinking.

Their fingers twitch, and then they surge up, spraying you with cold. They're shivering dreadfully, but their step is steady as they emerge. You grab the robe and wrap them in it, pulling him close to share your heat. They nestle against you, the skin of their cheek cold against yours, and then they laugh shakily.

"Let's get under some blankets," they whisper, and you entirely agree.