

“I wonder if the model will be male or female,” Missandei murmured as she finished pulling her supplies out of her bag.

“Missy, remember who the professor is,” Margaery snorted. “He’s going to be male and a total beefcake.”

“Um, just because Professor Baratheon is gay doesn’t mean...” Satin went to argue, sounding offended.

“The man’s dating my brother, darling,” Margaery cut him off softly. “Trust me, I know him well.”

“Oh,” Satin chuckled. “I can see why you took it.”

“I needed an art credit, and this gets me halfway there,” Margaery replied. “Renly made it sound fun and easy, so Dany and I jumped at it. The easy part was a touch overstated.”

“Well, he specifically said it wasn’t easy, luv,” Daenerys chuckled. “It has been fun, though.”

“I figured he had to say that,” Margaery huffed. “No professor is going to admit that they teach an easy class, but this is Art 101. It hasn’t been too tough so far, though I’m surprised we’re moving onto nude sketches so soon.”

Daenerys smiled at her girlfriend and flipped through her sketchbook, pausing as she came across a drawing she’d done of her a few days earlier. She was lying on a hammock in her parents’ backyard, her hands behind her head, and her gorgeous dark hair splayed all around her. Wearing a button-up shirt and a pair of short shorts that displayed her long, gorgeous legs beautifully, she looked divine, and Daenerys hadn’t been able to resist immortalizing the image.

“Staring at me, Dany?” Margaery whispered in her ear, making her shiver.

“Just admiring my work,” Daenerys replied haughtily. “It turned out so well, but then, I did have a very beautiful model.”

Margaery smiled at that, and Daenerys wished they were alone so she could capture her lips. She’s been made fun of as a girl for her naturally asymmetrical mouth, which gave her a naturally crooked smile, and had wished more than once that she had her girlfriend’s full, “perfect” lips instead, but Daenerys wouldn’t change her face for anything. It gave the brunette a natural smirk that fit her mischievous character perfectly, and she’d always found it pretty even before she knew she liked girls.

“Maybe if today’s lesson goes well, I’ll let you do something that you won’t carry around in public,” Margaery purred, and Daenerys felt her face heat up.

“A tempting offer,” Daenerys grinned, speaking as quietly as she could. “However would I pose you, though?”

“Just like this would work,” Margaery suggested, ghosting a finger over Daenerys’ sketch of her. “You have always liked me on my back.”

Daenerys grinned and leaned in, whispering in her ear, “I actually prefer you on your knees.”

Margaery's eyes widened in surprise as she grinned, and she was just about to respond when Renly walked in, followed by what the two of them both instantly hoped was their model. He was tall, though shorter than the frankly enormous professor, and looked very well built. He was wearing a tight black button-up shirt that clung to his muscles, giving off a tantalizing view, and black slacks. Daenerys would have normally found the monotone scheme boring, but it seemed to work for him. As he drew closer, she noted that he was quite handsome, with a square jaw, covered by a closely cropped full beard, prominent cheekbones, a straight nose, and pouty lips. The most stunning feature, though, was his eyes, two purple orbs that showed a hint of nervousness he otherwise hid well.

"Gods be good," they both heard Satin mutter under his breath, and neither one of them disagreed with the sentiment.

"Given how much Loras looks like you, I knew Renly had good taste, but..." Daenerys trailed off.

"No argument here," Margaery replied, wondering how much time their model put into keeping his shoulder-length dark hair looking that good.

"Sorry for the delay," Renly called out, "traffic was a bloody nightmare today. This is Jon Snow, who has graciously offered to model for you today."

"Offered? Been volunteered by my sister? Either way," Jon chuckled, making them all laugh.

"Sister?" Missandei asked, looking to Margaery, who just shrugged.

She knew Renly pretty well because of Loras, enough to know that he had two significantly older brothers, one of whom had died of liver failure a couple years ago. She figured that he'd found his model online, but if he was connected in some way to this guy's sister, she wasn't someone that Loras had ever mentioned.

"The goal today is to capture the human form in all its glory," Renly continued. "Consider it a bit of a test as you demonstrate what you've learned of proper proportion, scaling, and shading. Mr. Snow will be with us for the next three sessions, so you will have enough time to get this done, but that doesn't mean that you can doddle. When you're ready, Jon."

"Right," Jon muttered, reaching for the buttons of his shirt.

Daenerys and Margaery both watched transfixed by the sight as he revealed more and more of his muscular chest and abdomen. His arms were thick, corded with muscle, his shoulders very broad, and his chest very well-defined, but what drew both of their attention most was his abs. He had one of the greatest six packs either of them had ever seen, and they both found themselves wondering just how much he worked out.

As he began to undo his belt, Renly called his attention, asking him a question that neither woman paid any attention to, and so as he lowered his pants, he was facing away from them. Taking one look at his round, muscular ass, Daenerys quickly flipped to a page in her book that she used for doodles and drew a quick image of someone taking a bite out of an apple before nudging Margaery and pointing at it. She coughed to hide her laugh and nodded, agreeing with the sentiment completely. He turned around the next moment, though, and neither woman said a single word.

"*Holy fuck*," they both thought, and though they couldn't read each other's minds, they both knew damn well that the other had thought the same thing.

Jon Snow was already one of the most attractive men either of them had ever seen, but they had no idea just how special he truly was. Hanging between his legs, long, thick, and uncut, was the largest cock that either of them had ever seen. Both Margaery and Daenerys heard the sounds of paper being drawn on all around them, but they didn't truly notice, being too distracted as they stared in muted awe. It hung halfway to his knees, reaching past his scrotum, which appeared to carry two very large balls.

"Marge," Missandei whispered, kicking her under the desk and startling her out of her reverie.

She flushed slightly and subtly nudged Daenerys, who did the same. The two of them got to work, sketching out the basic frame of the man they were going to spend several hours over the course of multiple classes drawing. He was fully nude by then, having ditched his pants, shoes, and socks, while they were blatantly gawking at his cock. They were both more mature and professional from there, but neither one could keep their eyes from drifting back between his legs. Even soft, it was larger than anything Margaery had ever seen.

The two of them had been a couple since their final year of high school, but neither one had realized that they were bisexual until shortly before that. They had both dated boys before and been disappointed in one way or another, and though they were happier with each other than they had ever been with their previous boyfriends, it didn't mean that they stopped finding men attractive at all. Their eyes grew dark with lust as they worked, something that it seemed wasn't lost on Jon.

"*Oh, shit,*" Daenerys thought to herself as she saw his cock start to twitch and grow of its own accord.

Jon froze, growing visibly tense, though he managed to ignore the impulse to cover himself as he grew hard. There was some tittering from the crowd, but Renly silenced them with a glare as Jon closed his eyes and tried to relax. His throbbing erection took a little while to lose, and Margaery and Daenerys both noticed that he pointedly didn't look their way again after he opened his eyes, which made them realize that they'd both been staring at him like he was juicy steak and they hadn't eaten in days.

Embarrassed, they focused on getting as much of their sketches done from there. When the session ended, Jon dressed faster than either of them had ever seen anyone dress before, further compounding their embarrassment, and slipped out while they were putting their things away. They both had other classes to get to right after it and eagerly took the distractions they offered.

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"Fuck off, Loras," Margaery groaned, and his brother laughed at her.

"We're aware that we looked like fools," Daenerys muttered.

The two of them had returned to the small apartment right near campus that they rented, wanting privacy together in lieu of sharing a dorm. It generally worked, allowing them to live together peacefully while still having a five-minute commute to get to their classes, save for when their friends and family decided to stop by. Daenerys had waited for Margaery's final class of the day to end, finishing up an essay in the nearest library, and they had walked back together, finding a giddy-looking Loras waiting for them.

“According to Renly, you looked so thirsty he was tempted to offer you water,” Loras chuckled. “I can’t exactly blame you, though. I happened to be visiting his office when Jon arrived to discuss the modeling gig, and by the gods...”

“Is he...” Margaery went to ask, unable to stop herself.

“Straight as an arrow, alas,” Loras sighed. “Trust me, we checked when we chatted with him. Apparently he’s a photographer of some sort.”

“How did Renly even learn of him?” Daenerys asked, curious.

“His go-to model broke his leg last week, leaving him in quite the bind,” Loras replied. “I’d have done it myself, but I couldn’t get the time off, and just when he thought he was going to have to post an ad somewhere, Gendry’s girlfriend piped up that her brother could do it.”

“Well, I am glad I didn’t have to spend hours staring at my own brother, naked,” Margaery snarked.

“Your loss, Marge,” Loras chuckled.

“Gendry?” Daenerys asked.

“Renly’s nephew,” Loras replied.

“Great, so I made an ass of myself in front of a man I might actually see again down the line,” Margaery muttered.

“I thought you swore off men for good after you dumped that little arsehole, Joffrey,” Loras commented.

“Emphasis on little,” Daenerys muttered under her breath, her eyes growing as stormy as they always did when she thought of her girlfriend’s ex.

“I started dating Daenerys,” Margaery replied. “I didn’t go blind.”

“Neither one of us is gay, per se,” Daenerys added, pressing herself back against Margaery and smiling when the taller woman wrapped her arms around her. “We just haven’t been particularly impressed by men up to now.”

“Well, on behalf of my sex, I do apologize,” Loras smirked. “Anyway, I just wanted to come take the piss out of you, so I’ll bid you both adieu.”

“Ass,” Margaery muttered, making him laugh as he left. “Ugh, I knew Renly was going to say something to him.”

“We’ll just have to be a little more subtle in our appreciation the next couple times and leave it at that,” Daenerys shrugged.

“I guess,” Margaery muttered. “So, Dany, how did it compare to...”

“He was bigger than Drogo,” Daenerys replied.

“Seriously?” Margaery asked. “You made it sound like the guy was part horse.”

“He certainly felt like it,” Daenerys shivered, “but trust me, this Jon Snow was bigger. I was sure he was a shower at first, but when he hardened...”

“Well, he’ll make for some lovely sketches,” Margaery commented, sitting down on their sofa.

“What are you thinking?” Daenerys asked, climbing into her lap and scratching her scalp as she noticed her girlfriend looking contemplative.

“Do you think the reason Jon stopped looking at us was because our staring made him uncomfortable or because he didn’t want to get hard again?” Margaery asked.

“I’d imagine it was the latter,” Daenerys replied. “His cock wasn’t the only part of him that went stiff when it did, and if us looking like we wanted to strip naked and take him right there was what made him hard...”

“I guess,” Margaery muttered. “I just don’t like the idea of making someone uncomfortable like that. I’ve been on the other end of creepy staring often enough.”

“I doubt guys think the same way we do about that kind of thing, but we could apologize anyway the next time we see him,” Daenerys shrugged. “I highly doubt he thought we were creepy at any rate.”

Margaery giggled at that and sighed happily as the blonde continued to massage her scalp.

“I’m surprised you’re not a little more worked up after learning that there actually is another guy out there as well hung as your ex, much less more so,” Margaery commented, tensing slightly as she voiced the thought she couldn’t help but express.

“Oh, if this had been before we started dating, I’d have barely waited a moment to give him my number,” Daenerys chuckled. “You know me too well.”

“The perks of dating a girl you’ve known since the first day of primary school,” Margaery smiled, kissing her softly.

“I love you,” Daenerys whispered, “and I love what we have together. I wouldn’t risk that for some man, even if he is straight out of my wildest fantasies.”

“I love you too,” Margaery replied happily. “Hmm, I wonder...”

“Oh?” Daenerys asked.

“Loras said he was a photographer,” Margaery replied, reaching for her laptop. “I wonder what kind of photos he takes.”

“Should I be the worried one?” Daenerys asked unseriously.

“Hardly,” Margaery replied flatly.

“I know you too well too, luv,” Daenerys replied as Margaery looked up his name and occupation. “You were curious about size even before we learned that you could take my entire fist.”

“That’s your fault,” Margaery chuckled. “You spent all of grade nine gushing about how much that dumb asshole made you, well, gush.”

“If only he’d had a single other redeeming quality,” Daenerys scowled.

“Oh, this is him,” Margaery said as she found his Instagram page. Taking her girlfriend’s hand, she squeezed it comfortingly and gestured with her head for her to snuggle in with her.

Resting her head on Margaery’s shoulder, Daenerys whistled as she saw the pictures on his page. “He’s good.”

“Nature pics for the most part,” Margaery murmured as she scrolled through his page. “Oh, what an adorable...is that a wolf?”

“Looks like it,” Daenerys blanched, wondering how it was possible for a creature as large and scary as the giant, red-eyed, white wolf in the picture to also look so adorable.

“Hmm, so he did photograph people at one point too,” Margaery commented as she continued on and came across a few gorgeous pictures of a statuesque blonde dressed all in white.

“Seems like that used to be his focus,” Daenerys said, “until about six months ago. Scroll up to the top.”

Margaery did so, and Daenerys pointed to the link in his profile, which turned out to lead to his webpage. It was a simple thing, advertising the kind of work he did, his rates, and how to contact him. It also had examples of his work that clearly hadn’t been updated in a while, as the focus on candid images of people was far greater.

“The guy is actually really good,” Margaery said. “I’ve wanted to do a proper painting of the two of us for a while, but I’d like something to work from.”

“Do you want to hit him up and see if he’d photograph us?” Daenerys asked, cocking an eyebrow at her girlfriend.

“It would give us a chance to see if we bothered him or not and apologize if so, and it would also give me what I’ve been looking for,” Margaery replied. “I think a full-sized painting of the two of us cuddling would look incredible above our bed, Dany.”

“That does sound nice,” Daenerys replied, gasping as she started kissing her neck, “and it’s not like we couldn’t afford him.”

“Then it’s settled,” Margaery grinned. “I’ll email him later and see when he can fit us in.”

“Not right now?” Daenerys asked teasingly, twirling a lock of her silver-gold hair around her finger.

“No, I have...other plans just now,” Margaery replied, capturing her lips with her own.

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“So it didn’t kill you then?” Arya laughed over the phone.

“My heart held out,” Jon replied dryly as he finished posting the best selection of photos from his last adventure on Instagram.

He’d been hired as the photographer for a massive wedding in Braavos and flew out there right after he finished the first session of his modeling gig. He’d taken the opportunity to get a few other pictures in and around the beautiful city, including one of its famous titan, and knew that they’d go over well with his fans. He usually turned off his phone when he was traveling for work and so hadn’t been bothered by the sister who all but commanded him to do her boyfriend’s uncle a favor by modeling for his class.

“Oh, come now, I’m sure it wasn’t that bad,” Arya muttered. “I’d have done it if he’d been looking for a woman.”

“Please don’t,” Jon muttered. “It’s weird enough knowing there’s anyone out there who’s seen you naked. I swear you were ten like a week ago.”

“Oh, fuck off,” Arya chuckled. “So, did you meet anyone in Braavos?”

“Arya…” Jon sighed.

“You’ve been moping for months now, Jon,” Arya argued. “I know you loved Ygritte and the breakup was really hard, but…”

“You don’t have to worry about me,” Jon muttered. “I’m doing fine.”

“This wedding was the first time you’ve worked with people since the breakup, Jon,” Arya said flatly. “I remember you being really introverted before you started seeing her, and I hate the idea of you crawling into a shell and hiding from the rest of the world.”

“I’m not hiding,” Jon groaned. “I just haven’t found anyone yet, is all.”

“You don’t come by nearly as often either,” Arya sighed. “I just hoped that something as outside your comfort zone as nude modeling might help break you out of this funk.”

“You couldn’t have suggested bungee jumping?” Jon muttered, and she snorted.

“It wasn’t as bad as you feared, right?” Arya asked.

*“I got a giant, throbbing erection in front of hundreds of people and blushed like a virgin under the heated stares of the two most beautiful women I’ve ever seen, but other than that, it was peachy,”* Jon thought to himself. “It wasn’t fun, but I’ll do as I promised and show up for the last couple sessions.”

Arya sighed audibly at that, and Jon winced, feeling guilty about how genuinely worried she was for him. In truth he had taken a step back from his personal life after he and Ygritte split up, wanting to lick his wounds in peace with no one but Ghost to bother him, but it wasn’t as bad as his sister seemed to think. He had gone on dates since, even taken a few women home, though those had ended poorly for reasons that he absolutely could not discuss with his little sister.

Wanting to give her something, though, he said, “As for your comment about my work, I’ll have you know that I have a couple coming in for some photos today.”

“Really?” Arya asked, perking up at the thought of him socializing at all.

“Yeah, a young lesbian couple who want pictures for some art project,” Jon explained. “I know you’re worried about me, but I really am okay, Arya. I’ll meet someone eventually and move on properly, but in the meantime, I could make an effort to show up for more family dinners.”

“I hope you do,” Arya replied, and he could hear the smile and relief in her voice.

“Anyway, that couple should be here soon, so I’ll have to let you go,” Jon replied.

“Okay,” Arya said. “I’ll talk to you later.”

“Talk to you then,” Jon smiled, though his face fell as he hung up and shook his head.

“Why couldn’t they be as understanding as you, boy?” Jon sighed as Ghost sat up next to him and panted quietly.

Scratching behind his ears, he smiled as the wolf-husky hybrid closed his eyes happily and let his mind wander. He had met Ygritte back in high school, and the two of them had clicked almost instantly. She was a wild thing, older than him by a couple years and significantly more experienced, but she’d taken a liking to him, and within a couple weeks of them meeting at a party, had learned just how special he was.

The first time she saw his cock, she reacted with hunger rather than fear, and the two of them had had a very intensely physical relationship for nearly a decade. Things had been rocky between them for years, though, and by the end, the mind-melting sex was really all that they had left. After one particularly brutal argument, they’d broken up, and for the first time since he was a young teenager, Jon had been single, and he’d swiftly learned something that years spent dating a woman who really liked a larger man had kept from him.

They didn’t all like big cocks.

The first woman he took home from a bar took one look at him and left with little more than a “no.” He’s been so baffled that he just stood there with his pants around his ankles, stunned beyond words. The next couple had actually given him an explanation for why they weren’t interested in having their cervixes pounded, as if he was inexperienced enough to do that, and the fourth one tried, but it turned out to have the shallowest vagina he’d ever heard of. Ygritte couldn’t take the whole thing, but she’d taken most of it, and he’d gotten used to that. After a while he just got tired of the disappointment and the fear in the eyes of every woman who looked at him naked.

*“That’s probably why I got so fucking hard when those gorgeous coeds stared at it like they’d just found the fountain of youth,”* he thought to himself, cringing when he recalled his mortification at getting hard while naked and in public.

Renly Baratheon had warned him that it happened to models at times and that he shouldn’t be too bothered if it did, but that didn’t help much, and neither did the looks of bafflement and fear he’d seen in most of the other women in the room. Stuck not wanting to look at the pair of beauties whose lusty gazes had made him hard in the first place or at anyone else, he closed his eyes and kept them firmly locked on the wall for the rest of the class.

“Oh well,” Jon muttered to himself. “Just two more times, and then I’ll politely let Renly know that I’m not doing it again.”

*Ding dong*

“Ah,” Jon smiled. “I’ll be back upstairs in a little while, boy.”

Ghost let out a little huff and grabbed one of his toys to play with as Jon opened the door to his apartment and went downstairs. The studio he used had been owned by a guy who needed to move in a hurry when Jon came across it, and he’d gotten quite the deal thanks to that. The first floor was the perfect place to do his less on-location shoots, while the second floor served as his home. It was nice, and he liked the neighborhood, but Ygritte had been less than impressed. That wasn’t something that he had to concern himself with anymore, though, and he tried to put her out of his mind as he opened the door, only to freeze at what he found.

“You two...” he blurted out as he saw just who this ‘couple’ were.

“Right,” the brunette winced. “Um, we’re sorry about the other day.”

“Quite,” the blonde added. “I’m Daenerys, and this is my girlfriend, Margaery.”

“Girlfriend,” Jon said as if trying to decipher the word. Shaking his head, he added, “Right, your email did say that you were a couple.”

“*Bisexuals, clearly,*” he thought to himself, recalling the obvious desire in their eyes while he modeled for them.

“We are,” Margaery nodded. “May we come in?”

“Oh, er, yes, of course,” Jon chuckled nervously. “Please.”

He stepped back and ushered them in, noting once again just how stunningly beautiful they were. Daenerys was clearly Valyrian, her silvery hair and purple eyes too distinct to let her be anything else. He’d photographed a few Valyrians before but never any quite as lovely as her, and as she passed by him, he couldn’t help but let his eyes be drawn to her arse, which her leggings clung to like a second skin. Round and plump, it was gorgeous, and he had to force himself to look away, his eyes finding her girlfriend, who was glancing down at it as well. She was no less pretty, with dark brown hair that contrasted sharply with her pale skin and light blue eyes.

“As I said in my email, I’m looking to paint the two of us together and wanted something to use as a guide,” Margaery replied.

“Makes sense,” Jon said as he closed the door. “You can’t exactly model for yourself.”

“And Loras is far too muscular to work in your place,” Daenerys quipped, “even if you two do look bizarrely alike.”

“Loras...Renly Baratheon’s boyfriend?” Jon replied, recalling the unique name.

“That’s him,” Margaery replied. “He’s my brother. He was the one who let us know what you do for a living. After seeing some of your work, I thought you would be perfect for what I had in mind.”

“What do you have in mind?” Jon asked. “Your email said that you wanted sort of intimate photos, but you didn’t give too many details.”

“The truth is that I have a few ideas I’d like to try out so I can choose the one I like best,” Margaery replied. “This studio seems really nice.”

“It works for me,” Jon replied neutrally. “There’s a prop bed you can use for these, though I have to warn you upfront, I don’t do pornographic shoots.”

“What about nudes?” Daenerys asked, grinning impishly, and Margaery squeaked. “It would be only fair.”

As Jon spluttered, Margaery hissed, “Behave.”

Daenerys just grinned and sat down on the bed, seemingly testing it out.

“I have done nude shoots in the past,” Jon replied, trying to will his cock to remain as it was.

“I was thinking just our underwear to begin with,” Margaery said, slightly pink.

“Alright,” Jon nodded. “I’ll give you two a moment to undress while I get my camera ready.”

He turned and went to his office, intending to grab his camera, only to stop as he heard a slap and a squeak. Shaking his head as he felt his cock throb at what that almost certainly was, he continued into his office and reached inside his desk.

*“Fuck me, they’re hot,” he thought to himself, “and they’re a couple too. They’re clearly attracted to me as well. It’s like I woke up in some porno.”*

He chuckled at that and returned to the main studio, gulping as he saw the two of them on the bed. They had stripped down to their underwear as they said they would, and he felt his blood rush south at the sight. They were skimpy silk bras and thongs that hid almost nothing, and he forced himself not to just stare at them. Daenerys was wearing black, and it contrasted beautifully with her pale skin. She wasn’t terribly buxom, but her breasts looked gorgeous, lifted up slightly by her bra. Her best feature had to be her wide hips and round arse, both of which he immediately wanted to sink his fingers into. Given what she was wearing, there wasn’t a single inch of her pale cheeks that wasn’t visible to him, and he couldn’t help but think that he couldn’t blame Margaery for smacking it earlier, if that was what he heard.

The brunette in question was taller and more willowy than her girlfriend, having a model’s figure, though not the height of one. He figured she was perhaps five foot six, still standing a good four inches taller than her girlfriend, and as she beckoned Daenerys over, clearly intending to spoon her from behind, he figured that they fell asleep like that pretty often. Her greatest feature had to be her long, shapely legs, which appeared even longer than they actually were.

“What I initially had in mind was something like this,” Margaery said as she hugged Daenerys to her chest. “It’s intimate but classy, and I thought it would make a lovely painting.”

“It works for me,” Daenerys shrugged, smiling happily.

“As if you’d ever say no to a little cuddling,” Margaery chuckled.

“Alright, just hold still,” Jon said, adjusting the lighting before taking his position. As he snapped a couple pictures, he asked, “Have you two been together long?”

“We’ve dated for just over a year, but we’ve known each other since we were four,” Daenerys replied.

“Really?” Jon asked.

“First day of school,” Margaery smiled. “We became fast friends, but it wasn’t until last year that we even considered being more.”

“You’re both a little tense,” Jon murmured. “Try to pretend I’m not here.”

He waited a moment for them to do so before taking more pictures.

“That’s a little better, but you still don’t truly scream ‘young and in love,’” Jon said. “Margaery, try rolling onto your back while Daenerys looks up at you. Staring into each other’s eyes will probably make this easier to start with, and we can revisit this position later.”

“Okay,” Margaery nodded, rolling over.

Daenerys rolled with her, and Jon forced himself not to look at her ass as he walked around. Sure enough, looking at each other instead of him helped them relax a little more, and he took a few pictures once they looked as adoring as he’d wanted them to.

“That’s it,” Jon smiled. “Try spooning again and keep those expressions.”

“Alright,” Daenerys replied as Margaery just nodded.

This time it looked like he imagined the brunette wanted, and he happily took the pictures before joining them by the bed to show them.

“Oh, yeah, that looks way better,” Margaery gushed as he showed her the first couple and the last few. “How’d you get into this, anyway? You don’t look much older than us.”

“I’ve always loved taking pictures,” Jon replied. “My father picked up an old polaroid camera at a garage sale when I was a kid, and I drove everyone nuts with it.”

“Sounds like it was your calling,” Daenerys chuckled.

“Like I say, I really liked it,” Jon replied. “My gi...ex-girlfriend was my first truly willing model, and after she showed an older neighbor of hers some of my pictures, she decided that she wanted some too. She had done some modeling already, and when she showed off my work, suddenly I was in demand.”

“Recent breakup?” Margaery asked.

“Six months now, but we were together for a long time,” Jon sighed. “Anyway, what other positions did you have in mind? I can make suggestions if needed.”

"I'm sorry," Margaery said softly. "I was thinking for the next one that Daenerys could sit up, with her head tilted back, while I moved like I kneel behind her and hover my face over her, looking like I'm about to kiss her."

"Okay," Jon nodded.

He photographed them in the position she'd mentioned, playing around with the lighting until he got what he considered the perfect shot, and they tried a few more positions, each one more intimate than the last. As they were cuddled up together, Daenerys' face resting on Margaery's chest while she held her, looking like they'd just had sex, the blonde piped up for the first time in several minutes.

"Are you seeing anyone new?" she asked.

"No," Jon replied, pausing for a moment before taking the shot. "Hold her a little more tightly...there."

He stepped back and reviewed the pictures, murmuring, "The truth is that I haven't been single since high school, and I don't really know how to date anyone other than Ygritte. It would be a challenge even if I didn't keep scaring them off."

That last part had been mumbled under his breath, but he clearly wasn't quiet enough, as the two of them sat up and looked at him curiously.

"Scared?" Margaery asked as they both sat up.

"Please forget I said that," Jon cringed.

"It's your massive cock, isn't it?" Daenerys asked, and Jon stiffened for a minute, staring out into space before he laughed humorlessly.

"You know, the sad thing is that you two might be the only people I can actually speak to about that," Jon groaned.

"Really?" Margaery asked.

"Guys don't talk to their friends about their penises, not that I'd find too much sympathy from any guy by complaining about being too big," Jon sighed, "and I can't exactly speak to my siblings or father about it either. The only one I really could talk to is my ex, and that's sure as shit not happening."

"If this is a new phenomenon for you, I guess she never had a problem with it?" Daenerys asked.

"Never," Jon sighed. "Kind of spoiled me, honestly."

"I can get that," Daenerys chuckled. When he cocked an eyebrow at her, she explained, saying, "My first boyfriend was a total tool and way too old for me, but he was also really, really big and kind of...totally ruined me for smaller guys. My next boyfriend was much sweeter, and I tried for so long to make that relationship work, but the sex was just never there for me."

"And then you started dating Margaery," Jon said, gesturing to the brunette.

“We happened to break up with our previous boyfriends around the same time, and as we were commiserating, one thing led to another,” Margaery replied, smiling at Daenerys.

“You’ll find someone else, Jon,” Daenerys soothed. “You’re gorgeous, passionate about what you love, and seem really sweet. There are other women out there who aren’t terrified of larger guys, I swear.”

“I just never realized how lucky I was early on,” Jon sighed. “Thank you, by the way.”

“So, I’m thinking for the next few pictures, we could try something a little more risqué,” Daenerys said. “Margaery could lie on her belly while I press myself against her and kiss her neck.”

“That...could work,” Jon replied, frowning as he stared down at his camera. “My battery’s running low, though.”

“Do we need to come back another time?” Margaery asked.

“Oh, gods no,” Jon chuckled. “I just need to switch out the batteries. I’ll be back in a second.”

As she watched him leave, Margaery kissed Daenerys’ shoulder, smiling when she reached behind to rake her nails across her scalp as she asked, “You know how we said that if we ever met someone we both liked, we could discuss threesomes?”

“You too?” Daenerys chuckled.

“He’s so bloody hot and sweet, and he’s this vulnerable side that’s...” Margaery trailed.

“He’s not a total psycho, like Joffrey,” Daenerys snarked, “or doesn’t seem it anyway.”

“No, the signs were there early with him, but I was too stupid to notice,” Margaery muttered.

“So, do you want to try to seduce him now?” Daenerys asked.

“I was going to suggest that we grab a bite after we saw how brilliant the pictures turned out and take things from there, but if you want to be more direct...” Margaery replied.

“It might have been a little while since I dated a man, but as I recall, directness is usually the best way to go,” Daenerys smirked, “and besides, he hasn’t had sex in months. With a cock like that, that should be a crime.”

“I am looking forward to seeing if bigger guys really are as much better as you say,” Margaery purred.

“Margaery, all of our toys are well above average,” Daenerys replied in kind. “Face it luv, you’re as much of a size queen as I am.”

“You know, if we’re going the direct route, I have one idea that could probably work,” Margaery grinned.

*“I can’t believe I discussed my dating woes with two total strangers,”* Jon thought to himself as he finished putting the new battery in his camera. *“I mean, they had seen my cock, but still...”*

*“...but he was also really, really big and kind of...totally ruined me for smaller guys.”*

“They’re going to bloody kill me,” he muttered to himself as he recalled Daenerys’ casual admission that she was into big cocks.

Just the thought of that little angel managing to take him and bouncing up and down on his shaft was enough to make him leak, and he took a moment to calm down, picturing his stepmother’s old septa until his erection subsided.

*“Gods, why couldn’t they just be friends?”* he thought to himself.

They were beautiful, fun, and seemed smart, and he’d happily date either one of them at this point, but it just wasn’t meant to be. Shaking his head, Jon forced all thoughts of dating the gorgeous younger women out of his head and went back into the studio, nearly dropping his camera when he saw what they were doing. They had stripped off the rest of their clothes and were lying entwined, staring into each other’s eyes and kissing softly. They were gentle, teasing kisses, as though they both feared that they’d not be able to stop themselves from going further if they indulged their passion at all.

“Wha...” he asked inarticulately.

“Oh, Jon,” Daenerys purred, her purple eyes nearly as dark with lust as they had been that day when he modeled for them. “We were thinking that the next few photos could be nudes.”

“Photos, right,” Jon muttered, shaking his head and trying not to groan in pain as his pants grew rapidly tight.

“Did we distract you?” Margaery giggled, her blue eyes just as dark.

“Not at all,” Jon replied through gritted teeth. “Do as you wish and I’ll capture it all.”

They grinned at that and started kissing again, immediately deepening it. He snapped photo after photo, capturing every detail of their passionate embrace as they rubbed their bodies together and their tongues dueled for dominance in their mouths. It was far beyond what he’d have normally allowed, as he stayed true to his no-porn rule without exception, but he was too turned on to say anything just then. When Margaery reached between her girlfriend’s legs and pushed two fingers inside her, though, her loud moan shocked him out of her reverie.

“Wait, wait, wait,” Jon muttered. “I told you before, I don’t do pornographic pictures.”

“Mmm, I guess we can call it day, on the pictures then,” Margaery smirked, pulling her fingers out of Daenerys. She held them before her face, sliding them against each other to show off just how wet they were, and added, “Sorry about that, but my Dany just gets **so** wet sometimes. She’s very juicy and bloody delicious; do you want a taste?”

She offered her hand as she spoke, sounding like it was the most normal question in the world, and Jon, more turned on than he’d ever been in his life, walked towards them in a trance, taking it and bringing her slick fingers to his lips. He sucked the tangy fluids from them, groaning in pleasure at the familiar yet slightly different taste, as Margaery pressed the pads of her fingers against his tongue.

“What the...” Jon went to ask as he pulled back.

“We want you, Jon,” Daenerys purred, rising up on the bed until she whispered in his ear. “We have since the moment we laid eyes on you.”

“Even before you took off your clothes, we thought you were the most beautiful man we’d ever seen,” Margaery replied. “We’re not like those stuffy little bitches you’ve tried to fuck over the past few months.”

“That’s true,” Daenerys grinned. “You might be bigger than our toys, even bigger than my ex, but that just means that the stretch is going to be even better. You’re going to feel so good inside me.”

“Both of my exes were tiny,” Margaery added. “It wasn’t until Daenerys and I started dating that I learned what pleasure truly could be. How’d you like to be the first man who ever made me cum?”

“Not here,” Jon grunted, having barely enough self-control left at that point to object to sullyng his studio. “We can go u...to my office.”

He didn’t want to have to deal with Ghost and find out how scared they were of dogs just then, and the office was slightly closer, anyway.

“Works for me,” Daenerys grinned, before pulling him down for a searing, hot kiss.

Jon moaned as she slipped her tongue into his mouth, being as aggressive as Ygritte ever was, and reached down to palm one of her plump ass cheeks with his large hand while he snaked the other around Margaery’s neck. He broke the kiss and captured her girlfriend’s slighter lips instead as he pulled them off of the bed. The three of them made out frenziedly as they rushed back towards his office. Thankful that his schedule was rather light that day, he led them inside and shut the door behind him.

“I’ve never been bent over a desk before,” Daenerys mused as she ran a finger over the mahogany wood.

“That is a damn shame,” Jon replied, and Margaery laughed.

“Her ass really is amazing, isn’t it?” the brunette asked. “It looks even better on your face, trust me.”

“I’ll happily take you over my desk, but I had something more comfortable in mind,” Jon said as he grabbed a rope attached to the top shelf on the far wall and pulled it down, revealing a hidden bed. At their surprised glances, he chuckled and said, “Nearly killed myself the first time I found that. Apparently the guy I bought the place from didn’t know about it either, or at least he didn’t tell me. I replaced the mattress I found here first, though I’ve never actually used it.”

“We’ll happily help you break it then,” Daenerys grinned as she sat down, “but first, take off your clothes.”

“*I owe Arya so frigging much,*” Jon thought to himself as he nearly tore a couple buttons removing his shirt.

“As gorgeous as your muscles are, and I’m going to lick every ab, I assure you, that’s not where we hoped you’d start,” Margaery commented.

“Patience, princess,” Jon grinned, and they both shivered at his heated gaze.

He tossed his shirt aside, quickly followed by his belt, and then pushed down his pants, groaning in relief as his cock was freed from its prison. They both whimpered, and for a moment he was struck with a fear that they might bugger off despite their bravado, but as he looked up, he saw nothing in their eyes but the same ravenous hunger that had made him harden in front of their entire class. Stepped out of his pants, removed his socks quickly, and then walked towards them, his heavy cock bobbing with each step. They stared, transfixed, by his rock-hard length, and the moment he drew close enough, Daenerys reached up and wrapped a hand around him.

“Fuck me, you’re so big,” she purred. “Feel him, Marge.”

“You’re thicker than our biggest dildo,” Margaery breathed as she added her hand. “You’re going to stretch me out so much.”

“Don’t worry about her,” Daenerys interjected as he went to speak. “She can take my whole fist when I’ve gotten her wet enough.”

“Dany!” Margaery exclaimed, sounding embarrassed, and the blonde giggled.

“He’s going to bury every inch of this massive thing inside you soon, baby,” Daenerys purred, “you don’t need to be embarrassed by him finding out that you cum so hard you squirt when I fist you.”

“You’re getting such a spanking later,” Margaery huffed, and Daenerys just grinned.

“Where have you two been all my life?” Jon asked.

“I suspect we’ll soon be asking the same of you,” Margaery grinned.

“If it’s been as long as you say, we should probably make sure that you cum before you fuck either of us,” Daenerys pointed out. Looking at Margaery, she purred, “Let’s see which of us can make him blow.”

The two of them slipped down onto their knees, and Jon groaned loudly when Daenerys wrapped her plump lips around his shaft. She bobbed her head up and down rapidly, taking more and more of him as she went, and his eyes nearly crossed when he felt her swallow his cock into her throat.

“She has no gag reflex,” Margaery smirked up at him. “She never has, really, and it took me a while to train away mine, but she likes the visual of my sucking her strap on so much that I just desperately wanted to.”

“Pair of bloody succubi, I swear,” Jon groaned, his mind awash with pleasure, and Daenerys laughed around his shaft, nearly making him cum then and there. She pulled back, letting him slip from her lips with an audible pop, and grinned up at him, saying, “If we were, would you care? I think you’d trade your soul for us.”

“I’d be damn tempted,” Jon chuckled as Margaery pulled him towards her and licked him from base to tip before taking him into her own hot little mouth.

She wasn’t as enthusiastic as Daenerys, who seemed to have that natural gift for making a guy believe that she thought his cock was the tastiest treat she’d ever had, and she moved more slowly, as she enveloped more and more of him, but she felt no less amazing. Her girlfriend grabbed her

head and held her as she bobbed up and down on him, pushing slightly as she started deepthroating him. He was about to say something, but though she gagged a little, Margaery didn't signal at all that she wanted her to stop, and so he just let himself enjoy it. She kept going lower and lower, pushed by Daenerys, until her nose was buried in his pubic hair, and then she pulled back.

"Fucking...hells," she choked.

"You did so well, baby," Daenerys purred, kissing her softly, not caring about the mess of saliva running down her chin and neck. "Whoever makes him cum goes first."

Without another word, the blonde took him back into her mouth and swallowed him whole before going all out. It was easily the greatest blowjob he'd ever had, her skill and sheer enthusiasm for the act outclassing his ex completely. She kept her eyes locked on his the entire time, the look in them so intense he wondered for a moment if she actually was a succubus looking to take his soul. So long as she sucked it out of his cock, in that moment he wouldn't have cared.

"We're switching every thirty seconds," Margaery muttered, and Daenerys tapped her once for yes.

When Margaery called time, he was just about to blow and let out a frustrated whine that he barely recognized as being in his voice before she took him into her mouth again. As close as he was, he didn't stand a chance against this added pleasure, and though Margaery wasn't quite as good as her girlfriend at sucking cock, it really didn't matter at that point. He spilled almost immediately after she took him deep again with a strangled cry.

"That was close, at least," Daenerys shrugged.

"That was the greatest...thing I've ever..." Jon panted, and the two of them grinned before Margaery pulled her girlfriend in for a kiss.

At first Jon thought they were just making out, but as a small trail of white fluid spilled across Daenerys' checks, he realized what they were actually doing, and the thought of them sharing his cum between them made his softening cock twitch.

"Lie back," he said, looking at Margaery. "I want to taste you."

"She's just as delectable as I am," Daenerys purred, watching as her beautiful girlfriend lay back and spread her legs.

Jon took in the sight of the willowy brunette and settled on the bed next to her. Her breasts, though small, were very perky, and he captured one of her dark pink nipples with his teeth, making her gasp. Licking, sucking, and nipping gently, he switched from nipple to nipple, grinning as Margaery mewled in pleasure. Daenerys watched the scene with rapt attention' her hand between her legs, she rubbed her clit gently, not trying to make herself cum, but just enjoying the pleasure as she watched Jon drive her girlfriend wild. Eventually, she grew impatient, though, and moved in to suck on the brunette's untouched nipple.

"I can smell her sweet cunt from here, Jon," she grinned. "If you don't eat her, I will."

"As much as I'd love to see that, she smells too good not to taste," Jon replied, kissing his way down along her flat belly.

"A man who likes eating pussy," Margaery snarked, "will wonders never cease...oh!"

Jon gave her dripping slit a long lick from her entrance to her clit, before digging his fingers into her hips and devouring her eagerly. Ygritte had taken one look at his cock and decided that he was going to need cunnilingus lessons, which he proved to be a most gifted student during. The only times in their entire relationship when they had sex without him going down on her first were quickies, which were rare, and instances when they were high. Weed made the redhead a living waterfall, and though he was always happy to enjoy that too, sometimes they were fucked up enough that she just mounted him.

“Oh gods!” Margaery cried as his tongue danced through her folds, exploring her fleshy lips.

“Mmm, you’re actually good at that,” Daenerys smiled as she watched him.

“You’ve seen my cock,” Jon chuckled. “It was very necessary to learn how to do this well.”

“Well, you...oh fuck...did!” Margaery cried, her thighs clamping around his head as he swirled his tongue around her clit. He sucked on it gently in regular pulses, and her nails began to prick his scalp as her back arched off the bed. “Don’t stop, don’t stop, do...FUCK!”

She came hard, writhing in pleasure, and Jon grinned, moving away from her clit while continuing to lick and kiss her folds, prolonging her pleasure. When she finally pushed him away, panting for breath as she stared up at the ceiling with glassy, unfocused eyes, Daenerys kissed him deeply, tasting her girlfriend’s cunt on his tongue. As the two of them made out passionately, Jon sat on the bed and pulled her towards him, groaning into her mouth as she started grinding her dripping wet cunt on him.

“I’m still...going first,” Margaery panted as she sat up. “Fuck me, that was good.”

“Hung like a horse, and you can eat pussy,” Daenerys purred. “We might have to make this a recurring thing.”

“Let’s see if he can actually use that horsecock first,” Margaery purred. “I’m on top at first, Jon. I want to be in control when I spear myself on you.”

“That’s fine with me,” Jon grinned. “I’m hoping your gorgeous girlfriend will sit on my face, anyway.”

“Once Margaery’s taken you, sure,” Daenerys purred. “I want us both to get to watch the look on her face as she feels a real cock inside her for the first time.”

Margaery rolled her eyes affectionately at that and kissed him softly before straddling him. She ground herself on his shaft for a moment, making him even slicker than he was, before reaching down to pick him up. Taking a moment to line herself up with him, she brushed his thick glans through her folds, whimpering as she felt just how thick he really was. After taking a moment to remind herself that Daenerys had fisted her many times, she took a deep breath and, as she released it, pushed down.

“Oh fuck,” Margaery moaned as she felt him spread her inner walls wide.

It had been so long since she had had a warm, throbbing cock inside her that she had almost forgotten how good that feeling could be, and no one she’d been with before had ever felt this good. He was so big, so thick, and stretched her out so well that she couldn’t help but moan at the sheer

intensity of it. She pushed down further, finding a little resistance inside her, and started wiggling and grinding on him, taking a little more of him each time that she pushed down further. The pleasure in his purple eyes, so much like Daenerys', was obvious and she grinned as she ran her hands over his muscular chest and shoulders.

"Fucking hell, you're actually taking me," Jon groaned as he felt her tight heat envelop him.

After his last few disappointments, he had begun to fear that he might have broken up with the one woman on Earth he could actually fuck. It was silly, he knew, but as heartbroken as he felt about the loss of the only relationship he'd ever had, the aborted hookups only added to his general unhappiness. As he felt Margaery sink down as low as Ygritte ever had, he wondered if perhaps his sister had been right to worry about him because he hadn't felt this good in longer than he could remember.

"That's as far as..." Jon went to say only for his eyes to go wide when, with a grunt, Margaery took the final inch of him. He looked up at her with wide, disbelieving eyes as the shaking, shivering woman's ass rested against his hips.

"How does he feel, baby?" Daenerys asked.

"So big," Margaery moaned. "I've never felt this full."

"Told you," Daenerys purred, pulling her down to kiss her deeply. "There's nothing on Earth like being stuffed full to your limits by a big, fat cock."

"His tongue's pretty amazing too," Margaery grinned. "You should test it out."

"Do it," Jon all but begged. "Sit on my face, Daenerys."

"You don't have to ask me twice," Daenerys grinned. "I've wanted to hear those words from you from the second I saw your handsome face."

She crawled over to him as Margaery started rolling her hips, riding him slowly as she got used to his size, and he happily took in the sight of the brunette, knowing that his vision was about to be blocked. Daenerys hooked a knee over his face and hovered above him for a moment, during which her soaking wet cunt dripped a drop of her fluids down onto his chin. Before he could lament the fact that she'd missed, she lowered herself down, and soon his entire world was her fat ass and overflowing pussy.

"Ahh!" the blonde cried as he started lapping at her folds, grabbing onto her wide hips to hold her steady.

"Bloody...marvelous isn't he?" Margaery moaned as she picked up her pace, riding him harder and faster. "Fuck me, you're going to love this cock."

"Oh gods, tell me we can do this again," Daenerys whispered, leaning as close to Margaery as she could.

"Definitely," Margaery moaned, kissing her deeply.

Jon was in heaven as the two of them rode him together. Margaery was hot, wet, and so fucking tight, and she could actually take his entire cock, something that even Ygritte had never managed.

He vaguely heard them talking as Daenerys started grinding her wet cunt on his face but couldn't make out what they were saying. He couldn't care in that moment, though, completely consumed by the pleasure of their bodies. The next time Daenerys' clit came back to his mouth, he made a point of sucking on it, making her shriek.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!" Margaery cried, each exclamation punctuated by a slap of her ass against his hips.

She was riding him hard now, chasing a peak that she was soaring towards at blistering speed. Each time she bottomed out on him, he brushed against something inside her that made her see stars, and she hoped that he had nothing else planned today. Spending the rest of the afternoon, evening, and night fucking like animals sounded great to her just then, taking a break to order pizza when they got hungry. Daenerys was in no better shape than she was, her chest flushed red as she rode his face. Reaching down, she cupped her girlfriend's breasts and kneaded the supple mounds, making her moan even louder.

"Oh gods, oh gods!" Daenerys cried. "Don't fucking stop!"

Their pleased moans and screams echoed through the air in the small, cramped office, and the pressure in Margaery's core grew more and more intense. She saw the first signs that Daenerys was going to cum as she began to quiver, and the flush on her pale skin grew even redder, and, with a smirk, she reached around her and slapped her ass hard, making her squeal.

"YES!" the Valyrian beauty shrieked as she came hard, falling forward into her arms.

Jon had been mostly lying there and letting her ride him, focused entirely on Daenerys, but as she came, he recalled that he could actually fuck Margaery too and started pounding up into her. The brunette clung to her girlfriend for support as he started brushing against that spot inside her even harder, and, as close as she'd already been, it didn't take long before she was joining her in bliss.

"FUCK!" Margaery squealed as her mind-melting orgasm hit hard.

Wave after wave of ecstasy coursed through her entire body from head to toe, making her vision go white as her eyes rolled back into her head. Daenerys held her tightly, panting for air as she came down from her own blistering peak, and started kissing her neck, making her shiver. Jon fucked her throughout it, not slowing down for a moment, and when her orgasm finally ended, she struggled to speak.

"Stop!" she finally cried, and he went still instantly, looking up at her in concern.

"Margaery?" he asked.

"Still have...to fuck...Dany," Margaery explained, and he just chuckled.

"I've only cum once and am nowhere near ready to do it again," Jon explained. "We can switch if you're getting sore, but my stamina is actually pretty great."

Making a mental note to ask Daenerys later if she wanted to actually date this absolute sex god with her, she tried to get off of his cock, finding, to her frustration, that her legs didn't work terribly well just then. Both he and her girlfriend noticed and helped her off of him quickly enough, with Daenerys easing her onto her back.

“So fucking good,” Margaery sighed, throwing an arm across her forehead as she stared at the ceiling and giggled.

“I think you broke her, not that I suspect she minds,” Daenerys moaned. “Fuck, her pussy looks so pink and gaping. It usually takes a long pounding with our strap-on to make her look like that, or my fist.”

“Maybe you should kiss it and make it better,” Jon suggested, and she giggled.

“Oh, I will,” Daenerys purred, “but first, I want you to take that massive fucking cock and shove every inch of it inside me.”

“Do you think you’ll...” Jon went to ask.

“I know I’m short, but I can fit a hell of a lot in here,” Daenerys replied, pointing at her lower belly. “Smaller guys were always going to be lost on me, but that’s not something I have to worry about just now.”

“How do you want me?” Jon asked.

“The same way you want me,” Daenerys purred, getting onto her hands and knees between Margaery’s legs.

Jon took in the sight of her thick, round ass and groaned. She was actually rather skinny, with a narrow waist and a flat belly, but her ass was disproportionately large, something that he didn’t mind in the slightest.

“Gods, what an arse,” he breathed as he palmed her cheeks, one of which was slightly pink from Margaery’s slap.

“You can spank me if you like,” Daenerys offered, “but not until you’re so deep inside me I can feel you in my stomach.”

“I’m so glad I agreed to model for your class,” Jon chuckled.

“So are we,” Margaery smiled. “Now give this little slut every inch of the cock she’s been dreaming about for days.”

“Marge,” Daenerys complained, blushing slightly, and Jon chuckled at the idea that that embarrassed her after everything else.

Fisting his cock, he lined himself up with her dripping opening and pushed forward, groaning in pleasure the moment he felt her tight heat surround him.

“Shit,” Daenerys gasped, gripping the sheets so hard that her knuckles turned white. “Oh, gods yes.”

“As good as you remember?” Margaery asked.

“Already better,” Daenerys replied, giggling at the thought that she’d once imagined that her ex-boyfriend had had to have the largest cock in the world.

She took him with startling ease, as though she'd been made for him, and Jon started fucking her quickly with short, slow thrusts, sinking more of his cock into her tight cunt each time he thrust forward. A cacophony of moans and cries spilled from her lips as he stretched her wide, filling her in a way that nothing but her girlfriend's hand ever had, and reaching further than she did. She whimpered and moaned, continuing to hold onto the sheets for dear life, and by the time she finally felt his hips resting against her ass, her whole body was shaking.

"That's...all of it," Jon groaned, leaning in to pepper the slender column of her neck with kisses.

"So full," Daenerys moaned, and Margaery giggled.

"That is far more impressive than me doing it, considering how tiny you are," she mused, cupping Daenerys' cheek.

"No kidding," Jon groaned, reaching under her. "Where the hell did I all g...holy fuck!"

"What?" Margaery asked.

Rather than answer her, he pulled Daenerys up until her back was against his abs and chest and pointed to her lower belly. The moment Margaery saw what he was pointing to, her jaw dropped, and she sat up to get a better look.

"What?" Daenerys asked, confused.

"You can actually see him inside you," Margaery replied. "Fucking hells. Do you mind if I take a picture of that?"

"My camera's a pain in the ass to use unless you're used to it," Jon replied. "Later, though, I'll do it."

"Can't wait...oh fuck!" Daenerys moaned as he pulled a few inches of his cock from her depths and thrust back inside hard.

Margaery, enraptured by the sight of them together, lay back after a moment, her eyes never leaving them as she spread her legs wide. Taking the hint, Daenerys lowered herself back down and buried her face between her girlfriend's thighs. Jon watched her eat the brunette out with muted as he picked up his pace, fucking her harder. Somehow, this drove home the fact that he was having a threesome with the two hottest girls he'd ever met more than having them ride him together had. Perhaps it was because he could actually see them both at once or because this position was what he thought of when he imagined a threesome more than any other, but it made it even hotter, and he groaned as he felt Daenerys squeeze around him.

"Harder!" the blonde cried before returning to flicking her tongue over Margaery's clit.

"She...oh gods, don't stop...really likes it rough, Jon," the brunette said, and Jon just grinned.

Jon grinned at that and worked his way up to a bruising pace that made the gorgeous little blonde scream. His hips were a blur and the sound of them slapping against her plump arse echoed through the room, drowned out only by her muffled shrieks and Margaery's moans. Jon watched, transfixed, as each rough impact made her fleshy cheeks jiggle and ripple, and he felt his cock throb at the sight as much as the feeling of her perfect cunt squeezing the life out of it. She was so tight, so hot, and so bloody wet, the squelching sound her tunnel was making was nearly loud enough to

be heard despite the symphony of sex overshadowing it. He saw her puckered asshole wink at him and grinned, bringing his thumb to his lips to wet it thoroughly before tickling her rosette.

“Oh, fuck!” Daenerys cried as she felt him play with her tightest hole.

“Does she like anal?” Jon asked, looking to Margaery, who grinned wickedly.

“Should I tell him, pet?” the brunette asked, smirking. “Should I tell him how much of a filthy little butt slut you are, or how the first time I bugged you with our largest strap-on, you squirted so hard I thought we’d have to replace our mattress?”

“YES!” Daenerys squealed as Jon pushed his thumb inside her, fucking her arse with it as he continued to spear her again and again with his massive cock. “More, more, more, FUCK!”

She came violently, wailing in pleasure as a geyser of fluid erupted around his cock. Jon, who had felt his pleasure growing for the past few minutes, groaned at the feeling of her vice-like pussy spasming around him and, not sure if she was on birth control, pulled out at the last second, shooting rope after thick rope of cum all over her back. Daenerys writhed in pleasure, completely consumed by her orgasm at that point, and barely flinched as she felt him cum on her.

“Didn’t know...” Jon panted before Margaery cut him off.

“You did the right thing,” the brunette muttered, wincing as she realized that neither of them had even thought about birth control at that point.

Shrugging off their stupidity, she smirked as she saw Daenerys fall forward, a twitching, glassy-eyed mess, and, eyeing the cum on her back, decided to clean her up. Crawling over, she started licking it up, looking at Jon, whose eyes widened.

“Fucking hells,” he chuckled as he watched her. “You didn’t cum, did you?”

“I was very close,” Margaery replied, wiggling her arse at him. “If you’d like to do something about that, I...oh.”

It wasn’t what she had in mind, but when he grabbed her hips and started eating her out from behind, she didn’t complain in the slightest. As she finished licking Daenerys’ back clean, her girlfriend rolled over and looked down at her, conveying with a glance the same thought that Margaery had been having since she first felt Jon inside her.

This wasn’t going to be a one-time thing.