

“I swear you didn’t shiver the entire time you were there,” Saera grumbled as she sat atop Vermithor with Jon’s strong arms around her as he held the Bronze Fury’s reins.

“You never adjusted to the cold?” Jon asked, and the tempestuous princess just barked a laugh.

“I’m a creature made for warmth,” Saera muttered. “We have dragon’s blood in our veins, we Targaryens, and we do better in warmer places. It’s why I was surprised that you didn’t seem bothered by it once while we were in White Harbor.”

“It’s not like it’s winter yet, and besides, I have Stark blood in my veins too,” Jon shrugged.

“Your maternal grandmother, right?” Saera asked, having forgotten.

“That’s right,” Jon replied.

“It could have been either grandmother,” Saera mumbled under her breath with a cruel smirk, and Jon stilled, having heard her.

“What?” he asked, and she winced.

“Never mind,” Saera muttered, wishing she’d kept that particular thought inside her head.

“No, what do you mean it could have been either grandmother?” Jon asked.

“It’s almost certainly not true, because my mother was practically a saint, but Alyssa’s unusual looks always made me wonder if perhaps she wasn’t Jaehaerys’,” Saera sighed.

“What?” Jon breathed, sounding shocked. “Who else do you imagine might have fathered her?”

“I can’t recall the name of the particular Lord Stark who reigned at the time, but my parents did apparently visit Winterfell just before she was conceived,” Saera replied. “With her long face and darker, though still blonde hair, not to mention the odd eyes, part of me took pleasure in the thought that my mother might have made a cuckold of the old fool. Again, it’s almost certainly not true, but...”

“If it was, it would mean that I had more Stark blood in me than I realized,” Jon replied. “Are you ever going to let go of your hate for him? The man’s been dead for years.”

“The one thing I’ll admit that I inherited from him was his ability to hold grudges,” Saera scowled. “I hate him as intensely as he hated Maegor and Visenya and will for at least as long.”

Jon sighed at that but kept it as quiet as he could. He’d grown to really care for the beautiful older woman in his arms over the past few moons, and he wished, for her sake, that she would find a way to let go of her animosity towards the late king, but it seemed impossible. His relationship with his own father wasn’t exactly warm or close, but he couldn’t imagine hating him as Saera hated her father. He doubted that Rhaenyra hated Alicent that intensely, and that was saying something.

“So long as you don’t mention your theory to Grandmother, I don’t mind it,” he said after a moment.

“Please,” Saera scoffed. “She’d feed me to Meleys. It’s not like she’s nearby, anyway, though. Is she still touring the Free Cities?”

“She has been for years,” Jon replied. “She took Grandfather’s death very hard.”

“Those two adored each other,” Saera sighed softly. “I always envied her for that and not just because Baelon was so handsome either. The connection those two had, they were everything that people thought Jaehaerys and Mother were.”

Jon smiled at hearing her speak so warmly about two of her siblings. She could be a bitter thing at times, but she could also be sweet when she wanted to be and wasn’t thinking about her father.

“It must be hard on Rhaenyra, having both of her grandmothers unwilling to come to the capital,” Saera added.

“She visited Great Aunt Daella about a year ago,” Jon commented. “Apparently she quite liked the Vale, and seeing her was fun. I think she blames my uncle for what happened to Queen Aemma.”

“I’m sure she does,” Saera muttered. “The same thing apparently nearly happened to her when she bore her daughter. I was still living in the capital at the time and only ever heard what Mother reported when she finally returned home, but apparently it was a very difficult birth, and she nearly died. She never got pregnant again, though her husband dying a couple years later was likely a factor there.”

“She grew to quite like the Eyrie, from what I’ve heard, and when Lord Rodrik’s son Edric developed the fever that claimed him, he named her his daughter’s regent,” Jon explained. “Lady Jeyne apparently remains fond of her and has allowed her to spend her days there as she wishes.”

“More or less what my spies said,” Saera sighed. “As I’ve said, I used them to keep an eye on my siblings through the years. Maegelle’s just as uptight and in need of a good fuck as always, Daella’s still a timid thing, though she clearly got over her fear of heights eventually, and Vaegon’s the same humorless cunt I knew and loathed back in the day. The only one I lost track of was Gael.”

“She’s still living on Dragonstone,” Jon said.

“Really?” Saera asked.

“When Great-Grandmother died, the king gave Gael a suite of apartments in Dragonstone for her to live in with her daughter,” Jon explained. “My grandfather had no objection, and when he died, my uncle confirmed that she could stay there as she liked.”

“I’m surprised the old wyrm did that much for her,” Saera scowled. “I know he was furious when she ended up carrying some Lysene singer’s bastard, and I know well how unforgiving he could be when one of his daughters displeased him.”

“Apparently the queen begged it of him on her deathbed,” Jon replied.

“Gael was her final child, and she clung to her as the rest of us either left or were pushed out,” Saera sighed. “That Lysene singer must have waited until she was completely asleep to take up with her, since I don’t think she let her out of her sight while she was awake. People thought she was simple, but the truth is she was exceptionally shy as a girl.”

“To be honest, I’ve always wondered why she wasn’t wed to my father, given how close they are in age,” Jon commented. “*And how clearly my parents never even attempted to care for each other.*”

“Like I said, Mother clung to Gael like nothing else,” Saera chuckled. “She never would have allowed someone as tempestuous as Daemon to wed her. Beyond that, though, I’ve always thought that your parents marriage was something she arranged in part to help Rhaenys.”

“How do you figure?” Jon asked.

“I know well how furious she was with Jaehaerys for elevating Baelon over her first granddaughter,” Saera replied. “Wedding Daemon to Rhea, a woman he clearly couldn’t stand, and vice versa, from the start, weakened both him and your uncle. It’s possible that it was entirely unrelated, and she really did just think it would work out. The gods know the woman couldn’t matchmake to save her life, but part of me always wondered if she’d hoped that weakening Daemon’s position might help Rhaenys down the line.”

Jon scowled at that, not wanting to imagine that a marriage that made both of his parents so miserable that they refused to be in the same kingdom at any given time was some machination on the part of the good queen. He hadn’t seen Rhaenys recently but knew that she was going to visit the capital soon, accompanying Laena, who had agreed to become Rhaenyra’s new lady-in-waiting. Dreamfyre’s rider was one member of their family that Jon had interacted with very little in his life, as she seldom came anywhere near the capital in the aftermath of the great council that had seen his uncle definitively named the heir to the throne.

“Would you like to see Gael?” he asked, changing the subject. “She and Elaena seem to stay as bound to Dragonstone as Daella is to the Eyrie, and they might appreciate the visit.”

Saera considered it for a moment. Gael was her youngest sister, the one that her mother held closest to her, and the two of them hadn’t been close. She hadn’t been as unpleasant to her as she was to Daella, so she doubted that her youngest sister would object, but that didn’t mean that she’d be too enthusiastic about it.

“I’ll consider it,” she said after a moment, leaning back against him and smiling as King’s Landing came into view, lit by the setting sun.

“I am ever so happy to have you here, Laena,” Rhaenyra gushed. “I should have asked you ages ago.”

“Mother might have needed some persuading a couple years ago,” Laena replied, brushing her hair. “Gods, I adore your hair, Rhaenyra.”

“Yours is just beautiful,” Rhaenyra beamed.

“Mine is all silver, while yours has these little flecks of gold throughout,” Laena murmured, ghosting her hand over the younger girl’s head. “It’s little wonder you’re called the realm’s delight.”

“It will be nice having such a genuine friend and ally in the city,” Rhaenyra said softly, turning around to look at her. “So many of the ladies here are Alicent’s creatures.”

“Not Great-Aunt Saera, though, surely,” Laena commented.

“No, not her, and Great-Aunt Viserra has been just as lovely since she began staying here,” Rhaenyra replied, “but one can never have too many friends.”

“Mother couldn’t believe it when she heard that your father invited her back to court,” Laena chuckled. “She thought for sure that her contact had been deceived.”

“It’s a shame they didn’t get a chance to meet,” Rhaenyra said. “Saera despises our great-grandfather even more than your mother does.”

“They’d have had something to bond over then,” Laena replied tepidly, not particularly wanting to get into the reasons why her mother despised her late grandfather. “She was visiting her son in White Harbor?”

“Yes,” Rhaenyra replied. “Jon took her on Vermithor.”

“He’s been spending a lot more time here lately, hasn’t he?” Laena asked, and Rhaenyra blushed, making her giggle. “You know my parents both hope to see you wed Laenor, right?”

“That wouldn’t work out,” Rhaenyra sighed.

“No, it wouldn’t,” Laena replied, shaking her head, “but betrothing you to Daemon’s son would be seen by them as yet another rejection.”

“I know, and I know that that’s part of the reason why my father has been so reluctant to give me what I want,” Rhaenyra sighed. “The rest of it is the lingering tension between him and my uncle.”

“Last I heard he had returned to the Stepstones,” Laena said. “I know that Father sent much of his fleet to reinforce their position after it appeared like the Triarchy was planning to move against them again.”

“Jon spoke of flying over to see for himself how things were going, knowing that his father would sooner chew on glass than ask for…” Rhaenyra went to reply only to go still when she heard the hidden door in her chambers open.

Both she and Laena were dressed, so that wasn’t a concern, but having a man she wasn’t wed to enter her private chambers was something that she definitely wasn’t supposed to let happen, and she grew irritated at Jon for not making sure she was alone. She trusted Laena to be discreet, but it was still foolish on his part, and she glared at him as he walked in.

“Nyr…oh, Laena,” Jon smiled, though they could both see that it didn’t reach his eyes. “I wasn’t aware that you had arrived yet.”

“You didn’t see Vhagar in the pit?” Laena asked, smirking at having caught the pair of them clearly doing something that they shouldn’t have been. She had no objection at all to her old friend’s desire to wed their gorgeous cousin, knowing full well that Laenor and she wouldn’t be happy together, but the look in his eyes was still funny.

“She must have been sleeping, and it was dark anyway,” Jon muttered. “How long have you been here?”

“Two days now,” Laena replied. “Mother and I flew over, though she left as quickly as she could. You look well, cousin, and I think you’ve somehow gotten even taller since I last saw you.”

“You look just the same and as lovely as ever,” Jon rumbled, kissing the back of her hand, and she had to force herself not to react to the spark she felt.

“Jon,” Rhaenyra fumed, “you’re generally more discreet than this.”

“I’m sorry, Nyra,” Jon replied, “but can you truly blame me for being desperate to see you again after nearly two weeks apart?”

“I…” Rhaenyra trailed off, blushing at his words, and he smirked.

“How was White Harbor?” Laena asked, amused by the interaction between them.

“It was great,” Jon replied. “It always amazes me when I visit a city that doesn’t smell like this one.”

“Most don’t,” Laena giggled, “or so Father says. I myself haven’t been to nearly as many as he has, though I recall Braavos being positively fresh by comparison.”

“Speaking of Braavos, how’s your betrothed?” Rhaenyra asked, and Laena’s eyes flashed with momentary annoyance.

“Unchanged,” she muttered. “Father continues to postpone our marriage, being as unwilling to let it happen as he is to just break the betrothal. Honestly, I don’t know what he expects to happen. I understand him not wanting to look like his word is meaningless, but if he doesn’t plan to ever actually let it happen…”

“I’m sure a solution will present itself eventually,” Jon murmured, sharing a look with Rhaenyra. “Most problems have solutions if you’re willing to look for them. Anyway, Rhaenyra, I brought you something.”

“A present?” the princess asked, perking up at that.

Her uncle had spoiled her for years with gifts every time he returned from some trip or another, and it was something that his son picked up. Reaching into the bag at his hip, he pulled out a beautiful, ornate gold brooch with an amethyst the size of his thumbnail in the center.

“Oh, it’s beautiful,” Rhaenyra beamed, taking it from him eagerly.

“I thought it would bring out your eyes,” Jon smiled, and Rhaenyra looked like she’d have jumped him if they were alone.

“I’ll wear the simple lavender gown tomorrow and pin this to the bodice,” Rhaenyra smiled, setting it down on the table next to her bed. “Thank you, Jon.”

“Anything for you, Princess,” Jon replied, kissing her cheek. “Anyway, I’ll bid you goodnight. It was nice seeing you, Laena, and I’m glad that you’ll be staying here, at least for a while. Rhaenyra has her share of friends and allies in the capital, but one can always have more.”

“Should I go, too, or did you need anything else?” Laena asked, turning to Rhaenyra.

“Actually, I was hoping you’d stay the night,” Rhaenyra replied. “We didn’t get to catch up much last night, and my bed is more than large enough for us both.”

“That sounds great,” Laena beamed, and Jon tried not to think about the two of them sharing a bed.

He knew that they’d just be talking and perhaps cuddling later on, but the thought of two of the most beautiful women he’d ever met in bed together was too enticing not to make his imagination conjure more titillating ideas.

“It is so lovely being able to speak with you in person,” Rhaenyra reiterated. “Our letters simply weren’t enough.”

“It will be nice not having to burn so many,” Laena quipped, and the princess laughed.

“Scandalous, were they?” Jon asked, cocking an eyebrow.

“A lady has to have some secrets, Jon,” Laena replied, grinning up at him. “Anyway, good night.”

“Good night, you two,” Jon smiled before taking his leave.

He had hoped to spend a great deal more time with Rhaenyra, both because he hadn’t seen her in nearly a fortnight and because he longed for her soft touch. The two of them hadn’t actually had sex yet, but she had started sucking his cock a while ago and had grown very, very skilled in the time since. Between his hopes for the evening and the lurid images his mind conjured at the thought of her and Laena sharing a bed, his cock strained against his breeches, and he’d have cursed at being denied release if he didn’t have another pair of Valyrian beauties he could turn to.

“Thea and Aemon have grown dramatically in the moons I saw them,” Saera sighed happily.

“They are half-Umber,” Viserra giggled.

“Serena’s recovered nicely, and Maegon has grown so much more confident since he took his father’s seat,” Saera smiled. “I feared that my prolonged absence would hinder him, and even the positive tone of his letters didn’t quiet that fear, but my son has really come into his own and stepped up to carry the mantle he was born for. I’m so proud.”

“It’s in moments like this, when you’re speaking about Maegon or his children, that I can almost forget what a conniving cunt you really are,” Viserra said without heat, a soft smile on her lips, and Saera just threw a pillow at her face.

“Oh, fuck off,” the older princess muttered. She quickly grinned at her sister, adding, “If it makes you feel better, I spent much of the trip struggling not to laugh at the state of the sept. The Faith continues to flounder in that city under the inept rule of the lecherous fool of a septon. In a century, I doubt the Snowy Sept will even stand.”

“There’s the sister I know,” Viserra sighed.

“You seemed more comfortable around Rhaenyra earlier,” Saera commented. “I take it you two spoke about Jon?”

“She was as...understanding as you said she’d be,” Viserra replied. “I don’t much understand it, but I’m not about to argue. With Tymond gone and my last ties to the Rock with him, I’m happy to have this place to return to and wasn’t about to risk ruining that if it turned out that she wasn’t as keen on my fucking the man she plans to wed as you’d said.”

Her husband had passed nearly two moons back, and Jason had taken his place. Jon had escorted her on Vermithor to oversee the collection of her possessions for transport back to King’s Landing, and she’d gleefully informed him of her failure to secure a betrothal between him and Rhaenyra. That time in her life was over, and though there had been happy moments during it, she was more than ready to move on.

“As soon as they’re wed, he’ll give you the babe you so deeply crave,” Saera purred. “We just don’t want that getting in the way of things with Viserys just yet.”

“I still can’t believe that she doesn’t mind,” Viserra muttered, recalling what the young princess had said about the matter.

“It’s not like they’ll be threats to my own children,” Rhaenyra had said simply as she shrugged. “The succession passes through me, so it’s not like any other children of his will be able to contest the claims of mine. Consider this my gift to you, Aunt, one I figure you’ll appreciate after so many years of being wed to a man incapable of doing so.”

That wording had been deliberate, she knew, as the princess had intimated the same to Saera. Jon could fuck other women if she agreed to them, and for as long as she agreed. She didn’t quite understand the relationship that those two had, but she had what she wanted and wasn’t about to question it at this point.

“He said that I’ll need to go to Dragonstone when I start to really show,” Viserra murmured, “as Gael did when she was carrying Elaena.”

“Speaking of Gael, I was thinking of visiting her with Jon,” Saera said. “I haven’t seen her since she was a girl, and I’ve never met her daughter.”

“How much did Mother tell you about them?” Viserra asked.

“Not much, really,” Saera replied. “Is there anything I should know?”

Viserra was about to reply when the hidden door to her chambers opened and Jon came through, his purple eyes dark with such obvious lust that she shuddered at the sight.

“I had hoped to find you two together,” he rumbled, grinning wickedly down at them.

“We often are these days,” Viserra purred. “Saera and I weren’t as close when we were girls as we’ve become since we returned here.”

“Whatever could have happened to make you two grow so much closer?” Jon asked, scratching his chin.

“It could have been the fact that we’re both older and wiser now than we were then,” Saera mused, “or it could be all the nights we’ve spent clinging to each other’s sweaty, limp forms as you fuck us within an inch of our sanity. One or the other.”

“Valyrian family bonding is so much more fun than most,” Viserra purred, reaching down to grasp his cock and gasping when she felt how hard he already was. “My, my, did Rhaenyra leave you completely unsatisfied?”

“Laena was with her,” Jon grunted.

“You should have fucked her too,” Saera purred, sinking to her knees before him and undoing his belt.

“Not yet,” Jon groaned in relief as his breeches fell and his cock sprang out. “I’ve not even fucked Rhaenyra yet.”

“In time,” Viserra grinned. “Saera and I have spent much time pointing out the failings of her many other suitors. Laenor’s the only one left who he hasn’t rejected outright, and even then only because that idiot maester doesn’t understand how men’s cocks work.”

“He actually compared Laenor’s preferences to his taste in food,” Saera scoffed.

Jon chuckled at that, only to gasp as she wrapped her lips around his shaft and started bobbing her head up and down on him. Viserra glared at her for taking the initiative before shrugging and sucking one of his large balls into her mouth.

“*Gods, I love being me,*” Jon thought to himself, holding their heads and gazing down at them.

As he did, he couldn’t help but imagine a similar scenario with the women he’d just left. There would be some work to do yet, but he was confident that soon, he’d manage to arrange for his dual betrothals to Rhaenyra and Laena. It wouldn’t be what the Queen Who Never Was wanted, but when they wed their future children together, it would unite the lines of Aemon and Baelon regardless. One step in the process would be eliminating Laena’s foolish betrothed, but he doubted that would be particularly difficult.

“Oh, fuck,” Jon groaned as Saera swallowed his cock deep into her throat, burying her nose in his pubic hair and gagging audibly before pulling back and letting Viserra take her place.

A very long, very intense night followed, one that ended with the three of them cuddled together, breathless and utterly sated. The next morning, Viserra saw them off as they climbed atop Vermithor, wondering just how their encounter with their youngest sister was going to go.

“Just as delightfully dreary as I remember,” Saera chuckled as they landed in the courtyard of Dragonstone.

It had been a very long time since she had seen the island castle. Her family had visited it often enough when she was younger, but she had always preferred the capital. There were more people there, which meant more attention for her, something she craved when she was young. Years spent in White Harbor had gotten her more used to a calmer setting, and she didn’t find the prospect of spending a few days in Dragonstone as irritating as she once would have, though part of that was undoubtedly the company.

“It has its charm,” Jon chuckled. “There aren’t structures like it anywhere else in Westeros.”

Sea Dragon Tower was one notable example of that, being shaped like a dragon looking out across the sea. It wasn't the only one like it, either, as the Windwurm and the Great Hall were also shaped like dragons in different poses. Of the major structures, only the Stone Drum was truly normal, looking like a typical round tower.

"Proof of what our people could do once," Saera sighed. "It's a pity that so much was lost."

"Princess Saera, Prince Jon," a servant nodded as they descended from Vermithor's saddle. "We've prepared rooms for you both."

"Give the Cannibal a good fright for me," Jon grinned, patting one of Vermithor's cheeks, and the bronze dragon gave a short roar before flying off.

"See us to them," Saera commanded. "I would like to freshen up after the flight."

"Of course, princess," the servant nodded.

"Where are my sister's chambers compared to mine?" Saera asked the servant who went still.

"Princess Gael?" the servants asked, tensing slightly.

"Unless another of them returned here without informing anyone," Saera scowled, and the man gulped.

"Princess Gael's chambers are in the Stone Drum, Princess," the servant replied, "while the chambers that you and Prince Jon have been given are in Sea Dragon Tower."

"Why in the world is Gael there?" Saera asked, confused.

The Stone Drum was named so because of the terrible noises that were made whenever a storm blew across the island. The tower echoed dreadfully, and the walls rumbled and boomed whenever thunder struck above them. The chambers for visiting nobles were in Sea Dragon Tower, and though there were several suites of apartments in the Stone Drum, they weren't popular. She couldn't picture Gael, a girl who was once afraid of almost everything, particularly enjoying herself there.

"Was that Jaehaerys' punishment for her?" she wondered.

"The princess has lived there for as long as I've served here, along with the...the other princess," the servant stammered, tensing again, and Saera furrowed her brow at him but said nothing.

Jon remained silent as well, and when the servant showed them that they had been moved to chambers right next to each other, he thanked the man as Saera demanded a bath be drawn for her. The two of them took a moment to get settled, and Jon let himself into her room the moment he heard the servants leave.

"Am I going mad, or was that...strange?" he asked, his eyes darkening as he saw Saera slip into her bath and took in the sight of her fantastic body.

"That servant's demeanor was odd each time he spoke of Gael, and the pair of them I just spoke to reacted the same way," Saera replied.

“Could they be scared of her for some reason?” Jon asked.

“Not unless they’re more timid than Gael and Daella were as girls combined,” Saera scoffed. “No, I’ve seen servants react like that before, and there are generally two reasons: either they’re terrified of their lords, or there’s something that happens in their keep that they’re all aware of but don’t want to discuss aloud. It can be both, now that I say that aloud.”

“So either they’re scared of Gael, or potentially her daughter, or there’s something odd about them,” Jon murmured.

“Whatever’s going on here, we’re going in blind,” Saera scowled. “I never bothered trying to get many eyes and ears in Dragonstone after Mother passed.

“Why not?” Jon asked.

“I didn’t really care to know what was happening in Gael’s life,” Saera replied. “Like I say, we weren’t that close before I sent north. I was amused when I learned that she’d had a bastard put in her because Jaehaerys was livid, but I didn’t give her much thought after that.”

“You know, I might just be able to fit in that tub behind you,” Jon rumbled as she sat up, giving him a good view of her breasts.

“No,” Saera giggled. “I’m eager to find out what’s going on with Gael, and if you undress, we’re going to be here for quite a while. Let me finish up, and we can go meet with her.”

Saera enjoyed soaking in warm water, scented by oil, and her baths were rarely short, but she was too intrigued by the numerous hints that she’d gotten by then that there was something strange regarding Gael, and she ended up bathing more quickly than she had in years and smiled when she saw Jon waiting just outside the room. The pair of them made their way downstairs and over to the Stone Drum, asking a couple servants along the way where to find Gael.

They both responded as oddly as the others, and by the time she finally reached her sister’s chambers, the princess was brimming with excitement. She had always enjoyed mysteries, or more specifically, learning things that others didn’t want her to know, and she sensed that there was something really bizarre afoot here that left her breathless with anticipation. When they found a guard standing outside the chambers they’d been directed to, she knew that she’d found her.

“Inform my sister that I wish to speak with her,” Saera commanded, and the guard’s eyes went wide.

“Sister?” he asked.

“This is Princess Saera,” Jon replied before she could snap at him. “Inform Princess Gael that she has guests.”

“The princess and her...daughter might be busy,” the guard replied.

“Then she can tell me so herself,” Saera replied, gesturing for him to get on with it, and the man sighed.

As he cracked the door open a little and announced them, Saera and Jon shared a confused look. The guard stepped back, and a moment later, a red-faced, Valyrian-looking woman poked her head out and her violet eyes widened at the sight of them.

“Saera?” she asked, sounding bewildered.

“Good guess,” Saera chuckled. “It’s been a while, Gael.”

“What are you doing here?” Gael asked, “and who’s this?”

“Prince Jon,” Jon replied, giving her a warm smile. “I’m Prince Daemon’s son.”

“Daemon, right,” Gael gulped. “Listen, Saera, not that I’m not happy to see you, but...”

“Who’s there, Mother?” a beautiful, ethereal voice asked, and Gael’s eyes widened.

Just as she was about to answer, a head poked under her arm, and Jon found himself looking down at easily one of the most beautiful women he’d ever seen. She looked much like her mother, who was a true Valyrian beauty herself, with the prominent cheekbones, full lips, and slender, straight noses that they generally had, but where Gael had light violet eyes, her daughter’s were quite different. Like his grandmother, one of her eyes was green, but where Princess Alyssa’s other eye was a more typical Valyrian purple, Elaena’s other eye was a deep blue.

“Oh, wow,” she breathed as she looked at him, and he swore she took the words right out of his mouth. She was lovely.

“Elaena...” Gael went to snap before Saera beat her to it.

“Oh, my, what a beauty you are!” she exclaimed, immediately realizing that she would be an easy way in. “Gael, why am I only just now learning what a beautiful daughter you have?”

“Because we never write and haven’t seen each other in nearly twenty years,” Gael replied through gritted teeth.

“Right, well, I think it’s time to fix that,” Saera replied, shamelessly. “I’m your aunt Saera.”

“Nice to meet you,” Elaena replied, her eyes snapping away from Jon for only a moment. “Is this your son?”

Jon snorted at that, and Saera glared at him before replying, “No, this is your cousin Daemon’s son, Jon.”

“A pleasure to meet you, my lady,” Jon smiled, reaching out for her hand, which she seemed to be ready to give him before Gael stepped in the way.

“Elaena, head back inside and wait for me,” the princess grumbled.

“But, Mother, they’re family,” Elaena argued, pressing herself against her mother and resting her head on her shoulder, “and they came all this way to see us. Surely it would be rude to send them away.”

"I've been trying to reconnect with my siblings over the past little while, and when I learned that you were here, I decided to come by and visit," Saera smiled. "If you don't have the time, I suppose we could return to the Red Keep, but it would be so nice to spend some time with you if you're willing."

"I...I suppose," Gael sighed. "Give me an hour, and we'll be able to host you in here. I'll have the servants bring by a spread of food for us. Excuse me."

She closed the door then, and Jon could hear her and Elaena arguing from the other side, though he couldn't quite make out what they were saying.

"Definitely strange," he whispered to Saera.

"Strange is one word for it," Saera replied. "That girl was staring at you like a wolf eyeing a deer."

"Is that so strange?" Jon chuckled.

"No, but Gael's reaction was," Saera replied. "*What about your daughter has you so skittish, sweet sister?*"

She had a couple theories about why Gael had reacted as she did to Elaena seeing Jon, both of which involved some impropriety on the bastard girl's part. Whether she was with child or had simply been caught with some groom, she didn't know, but when she showed up an hour later and found that Gael had made her wear the white robes of a septa, she nearly laughed out loud.

"I'm sorry about your husband, Saera," Gael said as she escorted them to their seats.

"One of us has to be, I suppose," Saera replied as she sat down. Eyeing the lemon water on the table, she asked, "No wine?"

"No, I don't drink wine, and I didn't even think of it, sorry," Gael replied.

"It's no bother," Jon said before she could say a word. "What about you, Elaena, do you drink wine?"

"Never," Elaena replied. "Mother says it leads to bad decisions."

"Yes, but sometimes those are the best ones," Jon grinned, and the bastard girl bit her lower lip, flushing slightly.

"Except when they aren't," Gael said flatly. "You may not have our coloring, but you do remind me quite a bit of your father."

"I never know if that's meant as a compliment or not," Jon chuckled, his expression falling when he didn't get a laugh from her. Elaena did laugh, and he looked at her, finding her staring at him again like he was the only man she'd ever seen.

"He stayed here for a while just after poor Aemma died with his...well..." Gael stammered, catching herself too late.

“His whore, I know,” Jon replied.

“Yes,” Gael muttered. “Anyway, we stayed out of each other’s way for the most part, but I did see him now and then, and, yes, you seem a great deal like him.”

“So, I’ve been living in the capital for moons now and barely heard a word about you,” Saera cut in as Jon helped himself to some of the fresh bread on the table. “You live closer than Viserra or I did. Why not visit? I’m sure that Viserys would...”

“Father made it clear that I was better off here than in the city,” Gael replied, her eyes dimming a little.

“He’s dead, though,” Saera replied.

“That city is no place for a young, impressionable girl,” Gael replied. “Dragonstone is beautiful, and we’re happy here.”

“What’s Runestone like?” Elaena asked. “Mother said that was where you’re from.”

“It is and it’s lovely,” Jon replied. “It’s a great stone keep, similar in size to this but more defensively sound. The Vale can be a dangerous place, after all.”

“I’d love to see it,” Elaena breathed, her eyes darkening as she stared into his eyes.

“How long were you planning to stay?” Gael asked, cutting her off and glaring at her.

“A few days,” Saera replied, giving the pair of them a confused look. “Jon claimed Vermithor; I’m not sure if you’re aware. It’s been ages since you’ve seen him, I’m sure, but if you’d like to, I’m sure Jon would be happy to reintroduce you.”

“Father’s...” Gael trailed off, pouring herself a glass of lemon water and taking a sip. “No, that’s...that’s alright. Thank you, though.”

The meal continued much like that from there, and by the time it was done, Jon was more confused than ever, but as Saera left Gael’s chambers afterward, she was giddy, completely positive that she had figured out what the secret was, something that she happily shared with Jon the moment they were back in her chambers.

“She’s with child!” the princess exclaimed.

“What makes you think that?” Jon asked.

“I suspected from the moment we saw them together that it was either that or the girl had just been caught abed with some man, but now I’m convinced that it’s the former,” Saera replied. “Gael made her wear septa’s robes when we met, and they’re loose-flowing enough to obscure a swollen belly, but that’s the least of it. The tension between those two was palpable, and every time Elaena spoke to you, Gael intervened.”

“She’s incredibly protective, I’ll grant you, but none of that necessarily suggests that she’s carrying a child,” Jon argued.

“No, but the tension in all the guards does,” Saera countered. “If Elaena’s with child and hasn’t said who the father is, Gael would suspect every man in the keep. I wouldn’t have thought her frightening enough to have everyone in the castle on edge, but if she’s been angry and suspicious of every man around her, that could explain it.”

“I don’t know,” Jon muttered. “That girl didn’t look like someone who had recently learned that a night of fun led to consequences. She looked like someone who feels like she’s going to burst into flames if someone doesn’t touch her soon. Whores have never looked at me with the kind of desperate desire I saw in her eyes, and I’m a prince.”

“Would you like to wager on it?” Saera asked, cocking an eyebrow at him.

“What would be the terms?” Jon asked, intrigued.

“If the girl has a babe in her belly, you’ll wake me each morning for a week with your tongue on my cunt,” Saera replied.

“Alright, but if she doesn’t, your tight little asshole is mine for a whole night,” Jon replied, grinning as her eyes widened and she squeaked.

“My...I...I’ve never...” Saera stammered.

“How confident are you in your theory?” Jon asked, stepping closer and palming her cunt through her gown and small clothes. “So bloody hot. If I poked my head under here, I’d find your small clothes getting damp, wouldn’t I?”

“It’s your fault for being so...this,” Saera muttered, and he laughed. “Fine, you have a bet, but you’d better make me cum each morning at least once when I win.”

“When have I ever failed at that?” Jon whispered in her ear, making her shiver. “So are we just going to keep an eye on them for the next few moons?”

“I’m not risking my asshole torn in two because she lost the babe,” Saera muttered.

“You know I’d be gentle,” Jon chuckled.

“What I know is I’ve never had more than a finger there, and you’re part horse,” Saera said flatly.

Grinning at the compliment, Jon asked, “How do you intend to find out the truth then? I doubt that Gael would just tell you if you asked, and nothing we’ve seen from them suggests that that woman ever lets her daughter out of her sight. Truth be told, I doubt anyone could have put a babe in her, given how her mother is.”

“Their dynamic might have changed since Elaena was seeded, and besides, the girl only exists because some singer managed to get past my mother’s hawkish eyes,” Saera chuckled.

“Your mother would have been older at that point than Vhagar was during the conquest,” Jon scoffed. “We’re getting off topic, though. How are you going to figure out what’s going on with them?”

“How else do people learn things that others don’t want them to?” Saera smirked. “We’re going to spy.”

It took two full days of subtly investigating around the castle, continuing to have equally awkward interactions with Gael and her daughter the rare times that they saw them, but Jon and Saera eventually figured out a plan to find out what they wanted to. To his credit, Jon had tried to steer the couple conversations he had with Gael to the topic of her daughter, but she refused to even hint at what made her so visibly concerned about her. He could have just let it be and left them to their secrets, but he knew that Saera wouldn't, and he had to admit that he was curious himself.

He was also really looking forward to bugging the princess until she screamed, remaining fully convinced that Elaena wasn't with child.

Finding a way into the chambers on either side of the rooms given to Gael and Elaena without the servants noticing was a challenge, but they managed, and though, after searching every square foot of the rooms east of theirs and finding nothing, Jon began to wonder if perhaps that wouldn't end up being an option for them, Saera remained convinced.

"Maegor based his hidden tunnels on the secret passages inside Dragonstone," Saera insisted quietly the next night as they searched the rooms west of her sister's. "There is every possibility that some hidden passage exists that could let us get closer to them."

"I don't know how we're going to spy on them otherwise," Jon muttered. "The two of them leave their chambers rarely, or at least they have since we arrived, and guards remain posted outside at all times."

"Mother never described her as being this paranoid," Saera muttered. "She might not have actually been simpleminded, but she was a relatively simple creature by all accounts. So much about this is odd, and she won't say a word about it."

"Rhaenyra's going to rule over this place soon enough," Jon pointed out, pulling on yet another scone, only to find that it didn't budge at all. "Once she does, she'll be able to figure out what Gael and Elaena are hiding easily enough."

"We could just order the servants to tell us too, but that would reach back to Gael eventually, and if it is as simple as her daughter being with child, I'd upset her over nothing," Saera replied as she tried to manipulate a loose-looking stone, only to find that it was entirely normal. "If I can learn what she's keeping from us without her knowing, and it's just that, then I can leave it there."

"So you do admit it could be something else," Jon said, and she just glared at him.

"Only fools let themselves be absolutely certain about things they don't actually know," Saera replied. "The average septon comes to mind."

Jon snorted at that and pulled on another scone. It jiggled a little but didn't pull as he'd hoped, and he was about to let it go and move on when a thought occurred to him, and he tried twisting it instead. It didn't budge in the slightest to the left, but as he tried to move it to the right, it did with some difficulty, causing a panel in the wall to pop out a little.

"What did...oh, that is the quietest hidden door I've ever come across," Saera grinned, reaching in and opening it.

"I suppose that makes sense given the acoustics in this place," Jon muttered, more than familiar by now with how noise traveled in the Stone Drum.

"Come," Saera replied quietly, grabbing a torch and heading inside.

Jon chuckled at how childlike she seemed. She'd been that way since they first decided that they were going to try to find out what secret Gael was keeping, and he got the sense that this was something she'd done a lot when she was a girl. The passage connecting the chambers they'd sneaked into to Gael's and Elaena's was short and straight, and after a moment of searching for the lever to open the fake door on the other side, they found it and carefully pushed the panel inward just a little.

"...why we have to stay in here!" Elaena hissed.

"It's only for a couple more days, Elaena," Gael sighed. "Jon and Saera already seem to be bored and..."

"What exactly is your plan when Princess Rhaenyra takes over here next year?" Elaena asked. "Will I be entombed for the rest of my life then? She'll be wed by then, so there will be a man around whom you can't just order not to look at me."

"The princess and I will discuss that at length when it comes," Gael replied.

"Why can't I just get to know Prince Jon at all?" Elaena asked. "He's so tall and handsome and..."

"Dangerous," Gael muttered. "Those things make him dangerous. I know he seems nice, but he is a man, and they..."

"Is it truly impossible for you to imagine that he might come to actually like me?" Elaena asked. "He's the heir to a great keep but not a paramount seat, and though a bastard, I am of royal blood. If I was enough to his liking that he came to want to wed me, it isn't impossible that..."

"Yes, it is!" Gael exclaimed. "Oh, don't look at me like that. You are a beautiful, wonderful girl, my daughter, but he would not wed you. He'd take what he liked, I assure you, but you would not get that in return. Most likely, he'll end up wedding Rhaenyra, given that she remains the king's heir despite the existence of her brothers. Gods, I can't imagine what Father would have to say about that."

"So he'll end up living here anyway then," Elaena pointed out. "Mayhaps I'll be his mistress."

"Don't speak such rot," Gael hissed. "You don't know what you're saying."

"I want a life, Mother!" Elaena shouted. "I want a life and a man, preferably a husband, and children. I don't want to remain locked up forever."

"You've hardly been locked up up to now," Gael growled. "Whoever my great-niece weds will be husband to a dragonrider, and that is not someone you want to anger. That will be greatly different from having an unwed Targaryen prince around. I know you've found the past few days frustrating, but I am just trying to keep you from making the same mistakes I made."

"Yes, because that's all I am, isn't it?" Elaena cried. "Princess Gael's great mistake."

“You know that’s not what I meant, my dove,” Gael said softly. “You are the light of my life and the most precious thing in the world to me, but what I did back in the day had consequences. I don’t want you to go through what I did, buying into the lies of some man as I was foolish enough to do.”

“What in the hells did Jaehaerys do to her?” Saera muttered under her breath.

“You do have a good life here, you know,” Gael continued softly. “We’re safe here, secure, and will never have to fear hunger or any other deprivation.”

“I can think of one,” Elaena muttered. “He’s just so handsome, Mother. He’s like a towering giant of muscle, and his eyes are so purple. Gods, just looking at him is enough to...”

“You have needs, I know...” Gael replied.

“So you’ve made her live like a septa all these years but refused to push her to become one because you wanted to keep her close,” Saera thought to herself, shaking her head.

“...but there are good ways to meet them and bad ones,” Gael finished. “Have I been neglectful?”

“*What?*” Jon thought, thinking that he must have misheard the princess, for both the words and the breathy tone had to be a trick of his mind.

“A little perhaps,” Elaena replied, and he could practically hear her grin. “Just having someone as gorgeous as Prince Jon around has made me feel so...hot. Just having dinner with him and Aunt Saera again last night was torture.”

“Well, love, I wouldn’t want you tortured so,” Gael replied softly.

Jon and Saera both felt their jaws go slack as they heard the distinct sound of two people kissing after that. The clearly heated, passionate embrace led to muffled moans and the distinct sound of someone bumping back against a piece of furniture. They looked at each other, their eyes both expressing the same thing, a question as to whether or not they were hearing the same thing.

“Ahh!” Elaena gasped, her voice breathy and strained. “Oh gods, more!”

“You’re so wet,” Gael purred. “You know you should come to me whenever you feel so.”

“More, Mother, please,” Elaena whimpered.

“Come,” Gael replied, and Jon and Saera heard them rush away to another room.

“Holy shit,” Saera muttered under her breath.

“I’m not imagining things, am I?” Jon asked.

“Not unless we both ate something laced with one bloody dangerous herb,” Saera muttered. “Jon!”

Her hissed word didn’t stop him, couldn’t have, as he pushed the false wall panel in a little more and carefully poked his head inside. The two of them had rushed to what he assumed was the only bed in their chambers, and he cursed internally at the fact that he couldn’t see inside the room.

“Yes!” Elaena cried.

His cock throbbed in his breeches at the exceedingly taboo encounter he was hearing. The Valyrians were more permissive than most about incestuous unions, often wedding brother to sister, but even they would have balked at what Gael and her daughter were doing. His feet moved almost of their own accord as he slipped inside, followed closely by an irritated Saera.

“This is a bad idea,” she whispered in his ear.

She wasn't wrong, but he had to see for himself what they were doing. He didn't know if it was the fact that they were both stunningly beautiful or if the sheer wrongness of it all was the greater factor, but he was harder than he'd ever been in his life.

“Oh gods, Mother,” Elaena whimpered. “Just like that!”

“You know I'm here for you, child,” Gael purred. “Anytime you need me, I'm more than happy to sate your lusts. Better me than some man.”

As Elaena whimpered again, Jon reached the bedroom and carefully peeked inside, his eyes going wide at what he found. Gael hadn't even bothered undressing her fully and had just pushed up the skirts of her gown and pulled down her small clothes. Her head was buried between her daughter's thighs, and she was eagerly lapping at her folds. She was quite skilled at it, if the look of pleasure on Elaena's beautiful face was any indication.

“I'm going to bloody worship you for this when...oh fuck, right there...you're done,” Elaena moaned, cradling her mother's head.

“That's not necessary, pet,” Gael whispered. “I do this for you.”

“I...” Elaena went to reply, only to go silent as her eyes locked onto Jon's.

The two of them stood there, still as statues, their racing hearts the only parts of them moving at all, and just as Jon feared that she was going to scream and give away his position, he was proven half right.

“YES!” Elaena squealed as she came hard, her whole body writhing on the bed as her thighs clamped around Gael's head.

“Come,” Saera hissed, grabbing his hand and practically dragging him away.

The two of them slipped back into the hidden passageway, closing the door behind them, and neither said a word until they were back inside the chambers next door.

“Gods be good,” Saera muttered as she sat down on the first chair she came across. “Did she see you?”

“I think so,” Jon replied flatly, too shocked to feel anything else.

“Then we'll find out soon enough if she chose to say anything,” Saera muttered.

“What the fuck was that?” Jon asked.

“You hardly need that particular act explained to you,” Saera replied dryly.

“You know what I mean,” Jon muttered.

“My guess would be Jaehaerys’ fathering skills at work,” Saera replied. “I knew he’d be furious when he learned that one of his daughters had been impregnated by some random man and laughed hysterically when I heard, but I gave little thought as to how it would end up affecting Gael then. I know Mother continued to cling to her for the rest of my life, but my guess would be that it ruined her relationship with him, and, being a frail thing to begin with, she didn’t cope well with that.”

“So now she fucked her own daughter to...what, keep her from making the same mistake?” Jon asked.

“She dressed her up as a fucking septa when you were around,” Saera pointed out. “You’ll notice she wasn’t wearing bulky robes just now.”

“No, she wasn’t,” Jon agreed, recalling how her breasts had looked in the comparatively low-cut bodice of her dress. “Well, we have our answer.”

“You’ll forgive me if I hold off on giving you your winnings until we’re back in King’s Landing,” Saera muttered. “No wonder the servants all behaved so oddly. The sounds of those two fucking must echo through the drum often, and it’s not like anyone else lives with them.”

“Fucking hells,” Jon groaned.

“YES!” Gael’s scream echoed out to them a moment later, almost in direct response to them.

“I don’t even know who I could turn to for help with this,” Saera replied. “It’s not particularly healthy for either of them.”

“Rhaenyra will rule here soon enough, and we might want to forewarn her about this,” Jon muttered. The two of them sat in silence for a moment, thinking, and then he snapped his fingers and said, “What if I leave?”

“Hmm?” Saera replied.

“My presence is what’s bothering Gael,” Jon replied. “Mother’s been bothering me to return to Runestone for a visit for a while now. I could fly off there for a week and leave you here to try to get closer to her. Without me around, she might actually be willing to let her daughter out of her sight for a moment, which could give you the chance to talk to her.”

“Perhaps,” Saera mused. “I would have expected you to be more eager to claim your prize.”

“If you were willing, I’d claim my prize right here and now,” Jon rumbled, “but I’m willing to wait. Those two are family and desperately need someone to help them.”

“Very well,” Saera nodded. “I’ll write to you if I make any significant progress with them. Now, let’s get out of here. I imagine the guards outside will be too distracted by their attempts to not hear anything just now to notice us unless we walk right past them.”

A week later, Jon grinned as he bade Vermithor land in the courtyard of Dragonstone. It was late in the evening, and no warning had been given of his return, so no one was there to greet him, which suited him just fine. He descended from his mount's saddle and told him to find somewhere to rest before heading inside.

"Prince Jon?" the guards asked as they spotted him. "Princess Gael did not tell us you were coming."

"Odd," Jon replied. "Perhaps my raven got lost. Regardless, I'm here."

"Of course, my prince," one of the men nodded before letting him in. "The chambers you were given last time..."

"Will do fine so long as they've not been given to another," Jon chuckled. "I've spent time in the Stepstones with my father. A slightly dusty room won't offend me."

"Quite right, my prince," the guard chuckled, and Jon smiled amiably before leaving them, recalling the letter Saera had written to him the night before.

Jon,

As you expected, the moment you left, Gael and Elaena started spending more time outside their chambers. It is amazing to what extent my sister has managed to scare the men around here into leaving her alone, but none of them even look at the girl unless they're certain that no one else is. In her more relaxed state, I've managed to have more in-depth conversations with her, and I think I'm making progress. She has yet to admit anything about her relationship, of course, but I wouldn't expect her to so soon.

I can tell that she continues to worship Jaehaerys, despite what an absolute cunt he must have been to her to cause all this. I've elected to let that go and actually deigned to call him father, so let no one say that I haven't made sacrifices for this family. I'll be dining with her tomorrow alone, as she's agreed to let Elaena spend a night on her own, and I'll be ordering wine, in the hopes that that will help loosen her lips a little. I want you to come by late in the evening and slip inside the keep. If I manage to get as much out of her as I'm hoping, perhaps I can then convince her to visit the capital with us. Either way, I'll be leaving tomorrow. I've had enough of the island for one sitting.

Yours, Saera.

By the way, show this to Vermithor when you're done with it.

That last part had been code for burn it, and he'd laughed at her feeling the need to hide that. Spending time back in the Vale had let him consider the odd secret he and his lover had come upon in peace, and he was still no closer to truly understanding it. Elaena was a bastard; her name was Waters, not Targaryen, and to his knowledge, Gael had never even attempted to get his uncle to legitimize her. If she did take up with some man, even if she had bastards of her own, it would be no great scandal, so why Gael felt the need to go to such lengths to prevent it, he couldn't fathom.

"Maybe Saera's right and her mind just cracked a touch in response to her scandal," he thought to himself. "Or perhaps she's simpler than her sister thought. She might not be a total lackwit, but so little about this makes any sense..."

That thought stopped abruptly as he entered his chambers and found that he wasn't alone in them.

"Good evening," Elaena purred, lying under the bedding, with her head resting on one of the pillows.

Her silver-gold hair fanned all around her head, making her look ethereal, and her mismatched eyes shone with desire as she beheld him.

"Elaena...what..." Jon went to ask.

"Mother left me alone tonight, and I planned to turn in early when I happened to spot a very large dragon flying through the sky," Elaena replied before he could finish. "I hoped dearly that it was Vermithor and slipped over here just in case."

"Elaena, if your mother found out you were here..." Jon went to protest.

"I know you're not scared of her," Elaena scoffed. "The servants all are, but you aren't. Why would you be? You're a seasoned warrior with the body of a god, who rides the second largest dragon living. You're the last one who would be frightened by a princess who doesn't even ride a dragon of her own, and besides...you saw us."

"I did," Jon admitted, leaning on the frame of the door and looking inquisitively down at his cousin. "You didn't tell her."

"No, I didn't," Elaena replied. "Instead I felt my pleasure faster and more powerfully than I ever had in my life, not because of her tongue, though she is very good with it, but because of what I saw in your eyes. You watched my mother touch me in a way that a mother shouldn't touch her daughter, and instead of reacting with disgust, you felt desire."

"Did I?" Jon smirked, and she returned the look. "How could you tell?"

"I saw the same thing in your eyes that I see in hers whenever she 'helps me,'" Elaena replied. "She pretends it's just for me, just to keep from running off and fucking the first man who looks twice at me like she did, but I know the truth. She wants me, has for years now."

"How did it start?" Jon asked, genuinely curious.

"We were in the market one day when I caught some sailor's eye," Elaena replied. "He approached me while she was looking through fabrics, and we started talking. He was the first man who had ever dared, and I was enthralled. He was quite handsome too, and as he started telling me about the practices of a place called the Summer Isles, she noticed. She practically dragged me back into the keep and to our chambers, looking angrier than I'd ever seen her. I thought she was going to strike me, but instead she kissed me."

"What did you do?" Jon asked.

"What would you do if a woman that beautiful kissed you?" Elaena asked, cocking an eyebrow. "I returned it, and soon we were in bed, indulging in a passion I only barely understood. I got my first taste of pleasure that night, and my second, and my third, and by the end of it, I knew I would crave more forever."

"That I can relate to," Jon chuckled.

“Are you going to wed the princess?” Elaena asked. “Rhaenyra?”

“I am,” Jon replied. “It isn’t confirmed yet, but I will if I have to burn half the world to have her.”

“Are you fucking my aunt?” Elaena asked. “I recognize the desire in her eyes when she looks at you too.”

“I am,” Jon replied. “Your Aunt Viserra too.”

“Does she know?” Elaena pressed him. “Does this princess you’d burn the world to wed know that you’re bedding them?”

“She does,” Jon replied, grinning at the way her eyes darkened with lust. “She doesn’t mind, so long as I stick to family members she approves of.”

“Would she mind if you fucked me?” Elaena asked, throwing the bedding off, and Jon’s eyes widened as he saw that she was completely naked. “Would your princess mind if you fucked me? I’ll happily lick her cunt in return. I’ve gotten very good at that with Mother.”

“Gods,” Jon breathed, his eyes taking in the sight of her.

She wasn’t tall, and her short stature only made her curves seem even more pronounced than they already were. Her breasts were large and full, sitting high on her chest as she sat up. The pale pink nipples that capped them were large and looked painfully hard, something that Jon could sympathize with just then. Her belly was flat, though soft, denoting what a sheltered, easy life she’d had, and her legs were shapely, seeming longer than they were. As she stood up, he saw that her hips were very wide, and he couldn’t wait to turn her around and see just how round her ass was.

“Take me, Jon,” Elaena breathed, “take me and show me all the pleasures Mother’s denied me through the years.”

This hadn’t been how he expected the night to go.

“So there’s Maegon in the kitchens, white as a ghost, having knocked an entire sack of flour over himself trying to reach for a strawberry tart,” Saera laughed. “The cooks looked simultaneously furious and terrified, unsure of how I was going to react, and he blushed so hard I could see the red through his coating of flour.”

Gael giggled uncontrollably, falling over, and Saera was glad that she’d already emptied her glass. She had protested when the wine her sister had commanded the servants to bring arrived, but Saera insisted, claiming she was tired of drinking the swill she preferred, and as the night wore on, she even managed to convince her to join in.

“It sounds like you actually enjoyed yourself up there,” Gael sighed as she sat back up. “Why do you always make it sound like you were miserable then?”

“I was miserable,” Saera sighed. “I was wed to a man I couldn’t stand, in a place that was ranged from cold to really fucking cold, and...Maegon was a bright point in it all, and I am so proud of the

man he's become, but my marriage was a punishment and one that I was stuck in for the rest of Theomore's life."

"At least you got one," Gael muttered, staring down at her empty cup.

"You could have wed," Saera scoffed. "Even if the king forbade it, he died, what...four years after Elaena was born? Viserys is far more amiable than he ever was and would have permitted you to wed as you chose."

"I couldn't do that to Elaena," Gael replied. "If I wed, I'd have had other children, and she'd have always been seen as less than them because of what she is, and gods, if I died on the birthing bed...she'd have had nothing."

"How did that happen anyway?" Saera asked. "Mother mentioned it in a few of her letters, but never in detail."

"I disappointed her so badly," Gael lamented. "His name was Myrmadoro, and he had the most beautiful voice I had ever heard. I swear he looked like Aemon, with lilac eyes and hair almost as pale as his. He was beautiful, and I was instantly taken with him. Mother liked him, I think because he looked like Aemon, and his singing was so lovely that she cried. I remember thinking that if I just wed him, we could all live together and enjoy his voice for all our days."

"Alas, you were never going to be allowed to wed a singer," Saera sighed.

"It was a silly fantasy, I knew, but wine has a way of making all fantasies seem less silly," Gael muttered. "One night, after everyone had gone to sleep, I slipped out of my chambers and found him lingering by the kitchens, having slipped back in through Maegor's tunnels. His words were like honey, and soon his lips were on mine. We coupled three times in a nearby storage room, and I thought I was going to burst from how good it all felt. Once we'd done it, though, he realized just how much trouble he'd end up in if we were caught and fled. I think he'd heard about Lucamore Strong's fate."

"Jaehaerys would have absolutely had him gelded," Saera winced. "What happened to him?"

"He fled, leaving me all alone, or so I thought," Gael muttered. Tears filled her eyes at the memory, and Saera hugged her, pulling her in and refilling her cup again. "Father hated me for it."

"I doubt he actually hated you," Saera argued, scowling at defending the man at all.

"Well, he never looked at me the same way again!" Gael growled, drinking from her cup again. "He barely spoke to me in those last years, despite Mother's attempts to get him to. After she died..."

She trailed off then and guzzled what was left in her cup.

"The worst part was that, on his deathbed, he seemed to be willing to speak to me again," Gael continued, "and even mentioned forgiveness. When he called me Saera, I think I felt my heart shatter."

"Gods," Saera muttered. "I'm sorry, Gael."

“It was my fault,” Gael scowled down at her empty cup. “I proved myself as simple as everyone thought in the end. That’s why I try so hard to keep Elaena from making the same mistakes. I don’t want her to suffer what I did.”

“She wouldn’t, though,” Saera insisted. “Your situations are very different, and Jaehaerys is gone. He wouldn’t be able to make her feel as he did you. Do you really plan to prevent her from living a life of her own forever? You’re going to die before she does, hopefully, and what then, when the only lover she’d ever had is gone...”

Saera went still, her eyes widening as she realized her mistake. Gael’s cup fell from her hand, and she turned white as a sheet.

“How do you know?” she breathed, sounding terrified. “How could you know?”

“More than storms echo through the Stone Drum, Gael,” Saera sighed. “Everyone who’s been in there while you two were...together knows. The servants are all just too scared of you to breathe a word of it.”

“Oh gods!” Gael exclaimed, looking like she was going to be sick.

“Oh, relax,” Saera muttered, annoyed with herself more than anything. “It’s odd even by our standards, but it’s not like our family isn’t peculiar in general in this regard. We’re both the product of a brother and sister; I’m fucking my great-nephew, as is Viserra, and the pair of us have spent many nights in each other’s arms now...”

“You...you’re not disgusted?” Gael asked.

“Look, Gael, it is weird, and I can’t imagine bedding Maegon, but I can’t exactly judge you either,” Saera replied. “My concerns aren’t over the fact that you and your daughter are lovers, but rather the fact that unless something changes with you two, you’re setting her up for a very lonely life when you die.”

“I know, and I’ve struggled to think of some solution, but...I know if I let her go off, she’d end up miserable,” Gael sighed, relaxing a little once she realized that her sister wasn’t going to scorn her. “No one respectable would wed the bastard daughter of a purportedly simple princess and a foreign singer. She’d grown up in a keep, surrounded by servants who call her princess and treat her like one at my insistence. What is she supposed to do, give up that life of comfort and luxury to be some farmer’s wife, or blacksmith’s?”

“I’m sure if you asked him, Viserys could find her a small keep and a lesser member of a minor house as a husband, but I do have another idea,” Saera replied. “Come to King’s Landing.”

“What?” Gael asked.

“Eleana could be a handmaid to Rhaenyra,” Saera replied. “She’d take her on if I asked, and once she was there, in the Red Keep, surrounded by our family, we could see what prospects we could find for her. You’re not going to find her anything keeping her locked away in Dragonstone, though. She’s more likely to end up like Aunt Rhaena than anything else like that.”

“Well, that would be the last thing I’d want,” Gael shuddered, recalling how miserable and alone the thrice wed queen had apparently been by the end. “Alright, we’ll go with you.”

“Perfect,” Saera smiled. “Jon should be back either tonight or tomorrow morning, and the four of us can fly on Vermithor. Jaehaerys is gone, Gael. What he did or didn’t want for us is irrelevant.”

“You haven’t called him Father all evening,” Gael pointed out.

“I struggled to do that at all this week, and the wine loosened my tongue a bit,” Saera shrugged. “The truth is that I haven’t thought of him as my father in quite some time.”

“Well, thanks for trying for my sake,” Gael smiled. “However things ended between us, I still love him. Oh!”

She stumbled as she stood up, and Saera rushed to steady her.

“You didn’t have that much,” the older princess chuckled.

“I haven’t drunk wine since I learned I was carrying Elaena,” Gael admitted. “Could you escort me back to my chambers?”

“You could come back to mine,” Saera offered. “They’re closer, and I wouldn’t mind you staying.”

The two of them had chosen their mother’s old solar in Sea Dragon Tower to dine in, and Saera’s chambers were only two floors under them.

“I guess I’d just bother Elaena in this state,” Gael shrugged. “Why not?”

The two princesses left and made their way downstairs. As they did so, they heard distinctly rhythmic moans and grunts coming from below them, and Saera almost laughed at how much Gael blushed.

“Someone’s having fun,” she chuckled, tightening her grip on her sister’s waist.

“Saera!” Gael whined.

“How you ever managed to couple at all if you’re this timid at the idea, I don’t know,” Saera chuckled.

Gael just scowled at that and looked down, noticing as they drew closer to Saera’s chambers that the sounds grew louder.

“Is Jon already here?” Gael asked. “There are no guards stationed outside his door.”

Saera was about to reply when a loud, triumphant cry of “YES” reached their ears, and Gael paled, recognizing the voice all too well. Without thinking, she opened the door and rushed inside, going still as a statue as she caught sight of the bed and the couple on it. Elaena was on her hands and knees, her face a picture of pleasure as Jon pounded her from behind, his long, thick cock spearing into her over and over again. They were both completely naked, and Gael just stared at them in shock, noticing from the sheen of sweat on their bodies and the puddle of spent seed leaking onto the bedding below them that they had clearly been at this for a while.

“More, more, more!” Elaena screamed, her eyes rolling back into her head as Jon’s hips continued to slap audibly against her ass.

Jon's grip on Elaena's hips was so tight that Saera knew at a glance she'd have bruises in the morning, but neither seemed to be in a state to care at all. They were both so distracted by each other that neither noticed their audience, and when Gael went to scream, Saera moved quickly, placing a hand over her mouth.

"Wait, sweet sister," she whispered in her ear. "What's done is done, and there's no sense in stopping it now. Look how happy she is; see the obvious pleasure on her face. I can tell you from experience that Jon's cock is incredible. Your daughter's in better hands than you can imagine."

"Saera? Gael?" Jon asked, noticing them finally.

He stilled, looking between them, and relaxed when he saw just what lay in Gael's eyes. Rather than the rage he'd have expected, there was a haze of hunger, and he knew at once how he was going to play this.

"Mother," Elaena panted, looking right at Gael as Jon pulled his cock from her cunt. Moaning mournfully at being made so empty, she slumped onto the bed and rolled onto her back, looking up at her still frozen mother.

"Elaena," Gael breathed as Saera let her go, her eyes flicking between her daughter's gorgeous body and what was easily the biggest cock she'd ever seen. Longer and thicker than Myrmadoro had been, it stood up straight, with a slight upward curve. The head was almost purple; he was so hard, and the entire length was covered in what had to be a mixture of his own seed and Elaena's slick. The winter princess felt her mouth water.

"He's so good, Mother," Elaena sighed, sounding utterly blissful. "His hands, his lips, even his tongue, they're all as good as yours, and look at that cock. I didn't think he'd fit it inside me, but he managed, and it felt so good."

"Elaena!" Gael squeaked at her casual mention of their darkest secret.

"I know already, Gael," Jon grinned, sitting up and staring right at her, "and I don't care in the slightest."

"You don't?" Gael asked, wondering for a moment if the wine hadn't given her the strangest dreams.

"I've had Saera and Viserra together," Jon explained, "and had them slurp my seed from each other's cunts. In time I will have Rhaenyra and Laena Velaryon as well. A pair of sisters, a pair of cousins, all of whom I share blood with. Why should a mother and daughter be different?"

"You have to feel him inside you, Mother," Elaena purred, wrapping her arms around him from behind and resting her head on his shoulder. Join us in here and then in the capital. Let us be one big, happy family."

"This would be a sin," Gael breathed, her eyes never leaving Jon's cock. "The gods would..."

"If the gods gave a shit about who we fuck, they'd have struck Jon and me down by now," Saera chuckled, embracing Gael from behind. Leaning in, she whispered in her ear, "Elaena isn't the only one you've denied by keeping the both of you locked away like this. You've denied yourself for even longer. Give in, embrace the pleasure Jon can give you. Mayhaps soon enough, he'll have three of us warming his bed together."

Gael shuddered, knowing that she was referring not to the three women in the room but the two of them and Viserra. Three of Jaehaerys and Alysanne's daughters. They'd both have been horrified by this, but they'd been gone for a very long time, and, with her inhibitions lowered by the wine that night, the youngest of their children found herself willing to let their ghosts in a way she never had before.

"I've decided that I quite like Elaena," Jon grinned, reaching over to cup the younger girl's cheek, "and have decided that I'm taking her with me. Rhaenyra will like her too, I'm sure, and she'll make fast friends with her and Laena. I'd not leave you behind, though. You've stayed in exile here for too long."

"He's right, Mother," Elaena sighed. "It's time to move on."

"I..." Gael went to say.

"Show her how good a kisser you are, Jon," Elaena smiled. Leaning in, she whispered, "Fuck her, my prince. Fuck my mother until she couldn't even fathom not following you away from here. Please."

Jon grinned at her and rose to his feet, peering down at Gael, who stared up at him with a mix of lust and nervousness. Saera winked at him, her arm still around her sister's waist, and pushed her forward. The younger princess cried out as she stumbled and stared up at him as he caught her.

"So beautiful," Jon murmured, cupping her cheek. "It's tragic that we only just met."

"Kiss me," Gael whimpered. "Kiss me before I get too scared again."

He captured her lips with his own, and she melted against him, shivering in his arms as she felt things she hadn't in years. She had taken to bedding her daughter for her sake, she'd always told herself, to ensure that she didn't let her desires lead her to ruin as she had. The truth was that, while that was part of it, she was also very lonely. Living in Dragonstone after her mother died, her only company had been Elaena and her servants.

When Daemon came for a time, living there with that Lysene whore of his, he'd attempted to seduce her, to bring her to bed with the pair of them, but she'd rejected him, too convinced that giving in there would only lead her to further heartache. As she felt his son push his tongue between her lips, those fears remained, but the further years spent alone had eroded her stubbornness a bit. Combined with a growing fear about Elaena's future that Saera had amplified not long ago, she found it a lot harder to deny herself than she had since that night so long ago.

"So, I know this wasn't his idea," Saera muttered as she sat down next to Elaena. "You'd be in your chambers if it was."

"I saw Vermithor flying in and seized the opportunity," Elaena sighed. "I'm so glad I did. So he's bedding you, Aunt Viserra, the princess and Lord Corlys' daughter?."

"He isn't actually bedding the last two yet," Saera replied. "So how did you find your first experience with cock?"

"Wonderful," Elaena smiled. "Mother accidentally broke my maidenhead ages ago, so I didn't have to worry about that."

“Oh, gods,” Gael moaned as Jon broke the kiss and started trailing his lips along her neck.

“Bring her here, Jon,” Saera grinned. “We’ll help undress her.”

He walked her towards the bed, and the others were on her at once, undoing the laces holding her simple blue gown together. As he kissed his way down to her breasts, Elaena captured her lips, and he felt his cock throb at the sight of her kissing her mother passionately. With Saera and him still working on her dress, it quickly pooled at her feet and was joined by her small clothes.

“Isn’t she beautiful?” Elaena asked, cupping Gael’s breasts from behind, making her gasp.

“Definitely,” Jon grinned, running his hands down along her sides.

She was slighter than her daughter, her figure more akin to that of her late mother, if the accounts of her were to be believed. Her breasts were smaller than those of her sisters, but perkier, with small nipples that were a deep, dark pink. He rolled one of them between his thumb and fingers as his eyes trailed lower. Her belly was softer than her daughter’s but not much, and her hips were relatively wide. As he gazed down at the forest of silver curls covering her sex, he noted the wet trails on her thighs and grinned.

“Did watching me fuck your daughter really make you this wet?” he asked, catching an errant drop of her wetness on his finger and bringing it to his lips. “Mmm, you taste like her.”

“Gods, please,” Gael whimpered. “I need...I need...”

“Tell me what you need,” Jon rumbled. “Say the words, and I’ll bury every inch of my cock inside you.”

“Do it, Mother,” Elaena breathed. “Tell him to fuck the hole I came out of.”

“By the hells, you’re a wicked little thing,” Saera giggled. “You and I are going to get along just fine.”

“I want you to fuck me,” Gael whispered.

“I didn’t quite hear that,” Jon grinned.

“I want you to fuck me!” Gael exclaimed.

“That’s it,” Jon chuckled. “First, though, I’m going to taste you.”

“What, but...ahh!” Gael cried out as he sank to his knees and immediately began devouring her.

“Isn’t he amazing?” Elaena asked. “I thought I was going to die the first time he made me cum like that.”

“Oh gods, yes!” Gael cried, grabbing his head and holding him to her.

“Undress your aunt, Elaena,” Jon ordered before returning to Gael’s cunt, swirling his tongue around her throbbing pearl.

He sank two fingers inside her and groaned at how tight and wet she was. She continued to moan and cry out as his tongue danced over her sensitive flesh. He always paid complete attention the first few times he went down on a woman, knowing from experience that each one was different and liked somewhat different things. He was so focused on Gael that he didn't even realize that Elaena had gotten Saera out of her gown until he heard her moaning. Looking over at them for a moment, he saw that Saera was straddling Elaena's face and had just lowered herself down onto her mouth.

"Please don't stop!" Gael cried. "I'm so close."

"You are, aren't you?" Jon grinned, pumping his fingers in and out of her tight tunnel frustratingly slowly. "Do you want to cum like this, or with my cock buried deep inside you?"

"In me," Gael gasped. "Please!"

Jon looked over and saw Saera smirk at him before she lowered her face down between her niece's legs. Reveling in the sheer depravity of it all, he fisted his cock and, after taking a moment to line himself up, pushed forward, feeling the bulbous head pop inside Gael. The princess let out a loud moan, throwing her head back against the bedding as she felt her inner walls spread further than she thought possible. He was so much bigger than the only other man she'd ever had, and she'd have feared that he wouldn't be able to fit if she hadn't given birth. The fact that her daughter also managed to take him helped as well.

"More!" she cried, reveling in the feeling of being stretched and filled. Elaena had become an incredible lover over the years, but one thing that she couldn't truly replicate was that, and the fullness, combined with how close she already was before he started sinking his cock inside her, made pleasure pulse through her core.

Jon fucked her slowly, burying a little more of his length inside her each time he bottomed out. She was wonderfully tight but also sopping wet, and though she clung to him like a glove, he was able to slip in easily enough. Inch by inch he conquered her sweltering depths, his eyes trained on hers. The purple orbs were nearly back with lust, her long-denied desires having completely consumed her. He felt her cunt yield for him bit by bit, and just before he moved to bury the last inch inside her, feeling her flutter around him, he reached down and stroked her clit, nearly laughing at the way that her eyes went wide as saucers.

"YES!" Gael squealed as she came, wrapping her arms around his neck and clinging to him desperately as her whole body writhed in pleasure.

"Fuck me, that was just from having you in her?" Saera asked. "I knew she was...oh gods, just like that...pent up, but damn."

"I take it her mother trained her well?" Jon asked, and Saera grinned.

"So well," she replied, grinding her dripping sex on the younger girl's face before returning down to start lapping at hers again.

"So...good," Gael panted. "Gods, I feel...so full."

"You're so tight," Jon groaned. "We're going to have so much fun together in the capital."

Gael shivered at the thought. She had denied herself the pleasures of being bedded by a man for so many years that she had nearly forgotten them. The idea of being able to enjoy him frequently as well as her sisters, her daughter, and whoever else he managed to ensnare was enough to make her quiver with anticipation. When he wrapped his large hands around her ankles, she looked at him in confusion, something that only increased when he moved her feet onto his shoulders.

“Why?” she asked simply, and he just chuckled.

“I think you’ll enjoy this position,” Jon replied, pulling most of his length from her cunt and plunging back inside her hard.

Gael cried out in pleasure as he hit something inside her that made her see stars, and she realized what he meant. Whatever that thing, which seemed to be so deep inside her it felt like it was in her stomach, was, she assumed that the changed position made it easier to hit. He worked his way up to a steady pace, and the wet sound of flesh slapping flesh, from his hips smacking her ass, filled the room. He felt so much better than she remembered Myrmadoro feeling, and she wasn’t sure if that was just because her memory of it was faded after so many years or if Jon’s much larger cock was just better.

“Right there, right there!” Gael cried, grabbing the bedding behind her head as the pressure in her core built rapidly. “Don’t stop!”

“Couldn’t if I wanted to,” Jon grunted, feeling his own orgasm approaching rapidly.

He and Elaena had spent quite a while going at it, and though he’d cum inside her, he’d felt another orgasm building when they were interrupted. The interruption helped cool his passions a bit, but the sheer eroticism of fucking a woman while his lover ate her daughter out next to him, plus how great Gael felt in general, made his pleasure soar. He picked up his pace, fucking her harder and faster, and when he saw her breasts begin jiggling on her chest with his every thrust, he reached out and cupped the perky mounds, kneading them.

“Gods, yes, yes, ahh!” Gael screamed.

“FUCK!” Saera cried, writhing atop Elaena’s face as she came first.

Jon looked over and could see the younger girl’s cunt spasming, as she was clearly right on the edge of orgasm, and pushed three fingers inside her. He could just barely hear her muffled squeal over her mother’s screams and groaned as he felt Gael start to quiver around him. His hips were a blur as he pounded her hard and fast, striking that sensitive spot deep inside her each time he bottomed out. Saera, seeing that he was taking care of Elaena, carefully moved off of her face and lay down.

“Don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t stop, GAHHH!” Elaena squealed as she came hard, convulsing next to her as pleasure coursed through her body in waves.

The sight of her daughter cumming at the hands of the man fucking her pushed Gael over the edge, and she let go with a keening wail. Their voices echoed through the room, not as much as they would have in their own chambers, but still quite a bit, and Jon would have wondered what the servants thought of what many of them could undoubtedly hear just then, but such complex thoughts were beyond him as he reached his limits. With a roar, he came hard, painting Gael’s inner walls white as the older woman continued to writhe in bliss the likes of which she’d never known.

Elaena's orgasm ended first, and she practically slapped his hand away, curling up into a ball and panting for air as it did. Jon continued to fuck Gael as well as he could, prolonging both of their pleasure, but he quickly grew too sensitive and stopped, letting her legs fall at his sides and leaning in to bury his face in the crook of her neck.

"So...good," she panted, laughing, as though she almost couldn't believe it.

"That's what you'll be in for often when you join us, sweet sister," Saera smirked. "That and more than you can imagine."

"Okay...I'll do it," Gael panted, her eyes closing as she tried to catch her breath, completely spent.

Jon pulled out of her and rolled onto his back, grinning as he caught the lusty gazes of the other two.

"Did you suck his cock before we got here, Elaena?" Saera asked.

"No, he was already hard, and I was so desperate to feel him inside me," Elaena replied. Looking up at him, she added, "I'd like to, though."

"I'll teach you," Saera grinned, "but first, why don't you clean him with your tongue. Your mother's fluids and his are all over him."

"Okay," Elaena breathed, her eagerness plain in her voice as she shifted down until her face was closer to him.

As the bastard girl started licking up the mix of her mother's cunt juice and his seed, Jon looked over at Saera and smiled. The lust in her eyes and the wicked grin on her face held a promise of further depravity, and while he couldn't imagine what exactly might top the foursome he was sure would go on for the next couple hours, featuring a mother and daughter, he was very eager to find out.