

“Oh, he’s beautiful!” Daenerys cooed as she stared down at the young babe in Ashara’s arms, her hand coming to rest instinctively on her slightly swollen belly.

A year after Daemon was crowned King of the Seven Kingdoms, both she and Rhaenys were swollen with child. They had drunk moon tea for the first six moons, wanting to enjoy the simple domesticity of married life and not particularly wanting the complication of carrying children while they were all adjusting to their new roles. After six moons, they stopped, and a couple moons later, Rhaenys was the first to notice that her blood had stopped, with Daenerys experiencing the same the next moon. All three of them were deliriously happy about their future princes or princesses, and the two queens had reached a point where every babe they laid eyes on made their hearts flutter with anticipation, but even if that wasn’t the case, this one would have delighted them utterly.

“He looks just like you did at this age, Daemon,” Lyanna smiled.

“Really?” Daemon asked.

“You’ve always looked like Ned,” Lyanna replied wistfully, and Ashara sniffled.

“I thought at first that it was just grief making my blood stop coming,” she explained. “I had heard of that happening before, and I never imagined that I might have been given such a gift.”

Daemon smiled sadly at that, saying, “My uncle always was a most generous man.”

Ashara snorted at that as her eyes filled with tears. “We’ll have to tell little Eddard all about his father.”

“We will,” Daemon assured her. “You, Eddard, and the twins are free to stay here for as long as you like.”

“Our castellan has the Moat well in hand for the time being,” Ashara replied. “Thank you, your grace.”

“Daemon, I insist,” Daemon replied. “We are family. Where are Arya and Allyria? I had heard that they came with you?”

“They were tired from the journey, and your servants had already set up their chambers,” Ashara replied, looking uncomfortable for a moment.

“I imagine you are as well,” Daemon nodded. “We’ll leave you to rest, but I insist that you and my cousins break your fast with us on the morrow.”

“Of course,” Ashara smiled, though it didn’t reach her eyes. “Thank you again.”

Daemon smiled and turned, giving his mother a pointed look. She nodded almost imperceptibly, having also noticed how oddly tense her good sister seemed. A certain degree of weariness could be explained by the sheer distance between Moat Cailin and King’s Landing, as even with the Kingsroad being safer than it had been in generations, such a long journey wasn’t exactly pleasant, but neither of them could shake the notion that there was more to it.

“The nursery has been recently renovated, and I assure you that little Eddard will be utterly comfortable, and our servants will take good care of him,” Rhaenys declared.

“Thank you,” Ashara smiled. “I will be sure to have a servant bring him there in a little while, but I’m not ready to be deprived of his smiling face just yet.”

“I can understand that,” Daenerys beamed down at the little newborn. “Sleep well.”

“You as well,” Ashara replied as she watched the king and his queens leave.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Lyanna asked as soon as they were gone.

“Hmm?” Ashara asked.

“Don’t take me for a fool, Ash,” Lyanna sighed. “You wouldn’t have come all this way, while little Ned was still so young, just to introduce him to us.”

“I...don’t know where to begin,” Ashara sighed, looking down, and Lyanna wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

“We’ll always be family, Ashara,” the dowager queen whispered. “You can talk to me.”

Ashara choked out a sob, and Lyanna pulled her into a tight hug.

“There’s just been so much all at once,” Ashara wept. “First Ned gets sick, and I swear before I could even begin to worry about him he was gone, then I find out that I’m having another child, something I’d written off entirely and now...”

“What is it?” Lyanna asked, concerned. “Were there more cases of Sweating Sickness?”

“No, it isn’t that, thank the gods,” Ashara replied. “It’s the twins.”

“They seemed rather...distracted earlier,” Lyanna commented. “Has something happened?”

“Arya’s always been very adamant about not being a proper lady,” Ashara replied. “She’s a few minutes older than Allyria and was the heir to the moat until a few moons ago, something I dreaded because I knew that finding her a husband she wouldn’t want to stab was going to be a nightmare.”

“That sounds like her,” Lyanna chuckled. “With little Ned here now, though...”

“I hoped that that would make things better,” Ashara sighed. “I always thought that the pressure of being the heir got to her more than she let on, and, without her having such expectations, she might ease up on the subject of marriage.”

“She is still young, Ash,” Lyanna pointed out.

“Ned used to say the same thing,” Ashara muttered. “He’d say that Arya reminded him more of you than anything else and that even you eventually found...”

“Eventually I found Rhaegar,” Lyanna sighed. “He was right, you know. I was not a terribly feminine thing when I was younger, wanting to fight and ride more than learn to sew or dance, but that didn’t mean that my passions couldn’t be roused or that I couldn’t come to desire love. Arya will meet someone who sets her heart aflame someday, I assure you.”

“Oh, I know,” Ashara scowled.

“Ash?” Lyanna replied.

“A few weeks ago I had planned to ride into the woods for a bit of exercise,” Ashara explained. “It was a few moons since Ned’s birth, but I was still not back to my old self. He was so much more difficult than the twins.”

“I imagine he was somewhat larger,” Lyanna winced.

“And I’m not exactly ten and seven anymore,” Ashara muttered. “I had forgotten something in my chambers, though, and, as the whole point was to get me moving about more, I elected to retrieve it myself rather than send a servant. As I did, I passed by Arya’s chambers, and I heard moaning coming from inside.”

“What?” Lyanna asked in shock.

“At first I thought she might have been alone; gods, how I hoped she was,” Ashara whimpered, “but I quickly realized that she sounded far too enthusiastic to be using her own hand, and when I threw open the door...”

“Was it a servant boy?” Lyanna asked, hoping dearly that her niece hadn’t had a child put in her by someone they couldn’t wed her off to.

“I almost wish it was,” Ashara laughed humorlessly. “At least that would have been proof that she didn’t find all of them unpleasant, and her lack of a maidenhead could be explained easily enough by how fond she is of horseback riding. Instead...”

“A woman,” Lyanna nodded, and Ashara’s eyes grew misty. “Ashara, I don’t mean to offend you, but I really wouldn’t have expected you of all people to react this way to...”

“It was Allyria,” Ashara whispered, and Lyanna’s eyes went wide as saucers.

“Oh,” she said, unsure of what else to say.

“Yes, oh,” Ashara muttered. “I walked in on one of my daughters in the throes of passion while the other one had her head buried between her thighs.”

“What did you do?” Lyanna asked.

“I closed the door behind me, not wanting anyone else to notice,” Ashara replied. “The sound of it closing alerted them to my presence, and I swear the three of us just stared at each other in shock for a solid couple minutes before the shouting started. Apparently it’s been going on for years.”

“I see why you came here,” Lyanna commented, and Ashara barked a bitter laugh at that.

Eddard stirred then and started crying, drawing her full attention instantly.

“Oh, my poor little boy, what’s wrong?” Ashara asked as she picked him up.

“I don’t smell anything,” Lyanna murmured, peering in close as Ashara started gently rocking him in her arms and singing softly. He calmed down and went back to sleep quickly enough, making her sigh in relief.

“Could you send for the servants?” Ashara asked tiredly. “I don’t want to wake him again.”

“Of course,” Lyanna nodded.

The two of them stood quietly as one of the nursery servants came and took little Eddard to sleep peacefully. The moment the door closed, though, Ashara seemed to deflate entirely, and she slumped down into the nearest chair.

“We Dornish are more accepting than most of the many, many ways that people can find love, but there are some lines even we don’t cross,” she muttered. “The worst part is the way they reacted. If this was just stress relief, that would be one thing, but...”

“They’re in love,” Lyanna guessed, and Ashara just shook her head.

“They shared a womb,” she lamented, “and they’ve been close ever since. Even with the pair of them being so different, Allyria actually liking dresses, for instance, they’ve always been the dearest of friends, and I knew that separating them would cause heartache down the line, but I never expected this. We all hope that our children will find happiness in the unions we settle on for them, and no parent wants to break their child’s heart, but neither one of them wishes to ever wed, and the connection between them...”

“Technically speaking, neither one really needs to,” Lyanna pointed out. “As you said, Eddard is the heir to Moat Cailin, and it isn’t like they’re Brandon’s. At the end of the day, the children of the Lord of Winterfell have different expectations on them than the children of his younger brother.”

“No one can ever learn about them,” Ashara said emphatically. “The scandal that it would cause would be terrible, and neither of them would ever be able to move past it. I’ve come to love the North, despite the weather, but at the end of the day, it isn’t Dorne, and the reaction to their nature would be bad enough, but given the incestuous connection...even with dragons, it took work for the Targaryens to make people accept their unique view on the subject, something that we all grudgingly accept still because it’s been tradition for so long.”

“It would be bad,” Lyanna agreed. “Now granted, with Moat Cailin being as small a keep as it is, and being so isolated, the risks aren’t great, but...”

“They’d both be so hurt if I wed them off,” Ashara croaked. “I don’t think either one would speak to me again, but...what alternative do I have? They don’t see the risk involved, or they do, and they just don’t care. I don’t know what to do.”

Lyanna placed a comforting hand on her good sister’s and peered into her beautiful purple eyes. The years had been very kind to Ashara, kinder even than they’d been to her. She’d always thought that Ned was exceptionally lucky being wed to such a beauty, though their union hadn’t been without its struggles. They were happy together but had a great deal of trouble conceiving children. The twins had come early enough in their marriage, but after that, it seemed like nothing could take. She knew that the Dornish woman wouldn’t have even thought of attending the coronation if she’d had any notion that she was with child again, even if it had been a welcome distraction for the grieving family then.

“I might have an idea,” she said tentatively, “though I don’t think you’ll like it.”

“We’re already well past the point of me liking my situation,” Ashara muttered.

“Arya and Allyria could become handmaidens to Daenerys and Rhaenys,” Lyanna suggested, and Ashara pulled her hands away, rearing back in shock.

“Are you mad?” she hissed before looking a little embarrassed at her reaction. “I’m sorry, Lya, but that would only worsen things. I’m terrified enough of someone learning about them in Moat Cailin, much less in this viper’s nest...”

“You forget who ruled this keep for the better part of two decades,” Lyanna smiled. “There isn’t a man or woman in the city who isn’t terrified of Tywin, and with me presenting the softer, gentler side of power, we can be rather sure of the loyalty of our servants, but beyond that, this place is filled with secret passageways, and it is easier than you might think to hide certain indiscretions here.”

“That sounds shockingly like experience talking,” Ashara teased, unable to help herself, and Lyanna just laughed easily.

“*It is,*” she thought to herself, though there was no way that she was letting her good sister know about just what indiscretions she’d hidden over the years. Aware that she was now keeping quite the secret for her, though, she didn’t mind letting her in on one quite similar to her own experiences. “This stays between us, understood?”

“Go on,” Ashara murmured, happy to focus on anything other than the fact that her daughters were lovers.

“Rhaenys and Daenerys are much like Arya and Allyria,” Lyanna replied quietly, and Ashara’s eyebrows shot towards her hairline.

“Really?” she asked. “That must make sharing a husband easier.”

“*It does,*” Lyanna replied, her mind flashing to the many, many times that she’d witnessed the threesome in action, more often than not joining in on the fun. “It seems to work for them.”

“How did you ever get used to the idea that someday your son was going to wed his own sister?” Ashara asked. “Even for my people, that would be something to balk at if it were anyone but the Targaryens.”

“*Spending years letting him fuck my brains out seriously helped,*” Lyanna thought to herself, biting her lower lip. “It was Rhaegar’s wish, and...after everything that happened, there was nothing in the world that could keep me from seeing his will done.”

“Does this ever get easier?” Ashara asked, and Lyanna rested a hand on her bare shoulder, feeling her remarkably smooth skin.

“You’ll never stop missing him, and the pain will flare at times, but its sting does fade into the background after a while,” she replied sadly, and Ashara ghosted her fingers over her hand.

“Gods, I wish it had just been some serving girl,” she muttered. “Learning that Arya had taken a woman to bed might have explained a few things, but...”

“If you try to force them apart, they’ll be resentful, and they might do something foolish, especially Arya, who takes after me quite a bit,” Lyanna replied, “but not all affections last a lifetime. Here in

the keep, once the queens have impressed upon them how best to be discreet around here, they might easily meet men that they find attractive and move on on their own.”

“I’ll mull it over,” Ashara replied tiredly. “Thank you for listening. I knew that you would understand given everything.”

“I do,” Lyanna nodded, stepping back, “and I love those girls. I won’t let anything happen to them, I assure you. Good night, Ash.”

“Goodnight, Lyanna,” Ashara replied, watching the other woman leave and sighing to herself. “*Would that be good for them? I’ll have to think it over in the morning.*”

“Mmm,” Rhaenys sighed to herself in contentment as she stretched her arms over her head, feeling the last vestiges of sleep leave her. Spotting Daenerys sitting by the window, nursing a cup of something warm and reading a book, she sat up and asked, “Where’s Daemon?”

“He had an early meeting with the Lord Hand,” Daenerys replied, her eyes falling to her niece’s bare breasts. “They’re already growing.”

“Don’t remind me,” Rhaenys grunted as she sat up. “My back’s been aching enough of late; I hardly need the extra weight.”

“Daemon and I will happily massage your tired muscles, luv,” Daenerys purred, setting her book down and walking over gingerly.

“I knew you’d be limping after last night, you mad little thing,” Rhaenys chuckled as she wrapped her arms around her aunt and pulled her in to kiss her softly. “Still favoring ginger?”

“I find it helps with the nausea, though I think the worst of that has passed,” Daenerys replied, sitting next to her. “Want some?”

“Thank you,” Rhaenys replied, taking the cup and sipping at the mildly spicy liquid. She’s been told to avoid the peppers of her mother’s homeland until after she’d given birth, something that she wasn’t sure was necessary, but she wasn’t willing to argue about anyway, and the heat of the ginger was very pleasant. “Do you want to join me in investigating our little mystery today?”

“I don’t have much to do, and it does sound intriguing,” Daenerys replied with a slight smile. “I do so hope that the two of them haven’t had a falling out. They’ve always been so very close, so much so they remind me of us.”

“I don’t think that they’re fighting,” Rhaenys replied. “I imagine that Arya would have been the one to insist on their arrangements if that was true. Since when has she ever been shy about speaking her mind?”

“A fair point,” Daenerys replied, recalling the interesting bit of information that they learned the night prior.

“...and the whole thing ended up being a big mess, but the kitchen staff got it cleaned up, and the feast went off without a hitch anyway,” Bea, one of their most trusted servants, concluded, making both queens smile at the misadventure.

“Well, I’m glad that they managed to fix everything so quickly,” Rhaenys replied. “Do you have anything else to report?”

Lyanna had impressed upon them early on how useful it was to know everything that went on around them, and they had made a point of getting to know some of their well-spoken servants well so that they could make informants of them. They occasionally learned things that were best passed on to Lord Tywin before the coronation or dealt with themselves now, but usually it was just gossip or funny stories, both of which they enjoyed a great deal.

“Nothing on the other servants, your grace, but...did you hear about the Stark ladies?” Bea asked.

“We know that they’re here, of course,” Rhaenys replied. “What about them?”

“We had put them in chambers next to each other, as we have every other time that they visited,” Bea explained, “but this time Lady Ashara insisted that one of them be moved to another part of the keep. They scrambled for nearly half an hour doing so.”

“Really?” Daenerys asked. “That’s...odd. Did she give any explanation as to why?”

“Nobles rarely explain anything to us, your grace,” Bea replied. “I can say that she did apparently look quite put, though, as did the younger ladies.”

“She seemed perfectly fine when we saw her,” Rhaenys mused, tapping her nails on the table in front of her. “Curious.”

“Newborns can make us all pull out our hair, my queen,” Bea replied, “not that I think you will, of course, but...I can’t imagine traveling with one that young.”

“Mayhaps they all ended in foul moods on the road,” Daenerys nodded, not quite believing that. “Did Arya or Allyria say a word?”

“Apparently not a one,” Bea replied. “Beth said that the two of them looked like their faces were made of stone as they just stared moodily about, looking at neither their mother nor each other.”

“Hmm, interesting,” Daenerys mused.

“Daemon will be in his solar once he finishes speaking to Lord Tywin. and he did ask that Lady Ashara and the girls join us to break our fast,” Rhaenys said. “We could try and get them to speak then.”

“If it’s simply that the three of them found the journey challenging, getting them to speak while they’re all there might be a challenge,” Daenerys replied. “I was thinking that we could go question one of them first and see what we find out.”

“I suppose I could get dressed,” Rhaenys sighed, spotting a red gown draped over a chair nearby. “I even have a dress ready.”

“You know how much Daemon and I both love the way your breasts look in that one,” Daenerys grinned.

“It barely still fits,” Rhaenys grumbled.

“That only makes it better,” Daenerys smirked, and Rhaenys rolled her eyes affectionately. “Come, I can help you into it. We needn’t bother the servants just yet.”

She had already put on a flowing lavender gown that was cut a touch more modestly than what she wanted Rhaenys to wear, and the older Targaryen wondered just who had helped her into it. With the blonde’s help she was quickly wrapped in crimson silk, which strained slightly against her rounded belly and large breasts, much to Daenerys’ obvious delight, and the two of them quickly set out to find either Arya or Allyria, reaching the latter’s quarters first.

“Do you know if she’s awake yet?” Daenerys asked the guard outside the moment she drew close.

“She is, my queen,” the guard replied, “though she’s said that she doesn’t wish to be disturbed.”

“She’ll make an exception for us,” Rhaenys replied imperiously, gesturing for him to let them in.

As he did so, Allyria called out, “Mother, I don’t want to h...oh, your graces, I’m so sorry.”

“Think nothing of it,” Daenerys smiled. “Did you sleep well?”

“No, but...it had nothing to do with the accommodations,” Allyria replied, wincing.

“I hope your journey here was not unduly difficult,” Daenerys smiled as she walked over to the younger woman, who stood up to greet them.

“It wasn’t the journey,” Allyria sighed.

Rhaenys watched the interaction with interest. Multiple people had, over the years, compared the twins to herself and Daemon. They weren’t true twins and were about as far from being identical as they could be without one of them being a man. Arya was very much a Stark, with a long face typical of their line and her father’s coloring, while Allyria was quintessentially Dornish, albeit with her mother’s eyes. Her light olive skin and lustrous black hair made her a miniature of her mother, though recent years had seen her grow just as tall, something else that set her apart from her much shorter sister.

“We heard that Lady Ashara insisted that you and your sister be kept in quite separate quarters,” she murmured.

“Yes, well, Mother has taken Father’s loss quite hard,” Allyria scowled, “and she seems to think that if she can’t be happy, no one should be.”

“That doesn’t sound like her,” Daenerys frowned as Allyria sat down on the bed and buried her face in her hands.

“Well, the past year has been difficult on all of us,” she muttered. “I’m sorry, but I fear I’m poor company at the moment.”

“Well, we should give you a moment to get dressed anyway,” Daenerys replied. “Will you come to Daemon’s solar to eat with us? He invited your mother and Arya as well.”

“I...yes,” Allyria replied, perking up slightly, and Rhaenys was puzzled at that.

“We’ll leave you to it then,” Daenerys smiled, taking Rhaenys’ hand and leading her out.

“That was odd,” the older woman muttered as they turned the first corner they found.

“Something’s going on with them,” Daenerys commented, “but at least I think we ruled out it being some quarrel between the sisters themselves. She was irritated with her mother but not Arya, so that narrows things down a little.”

“It could just be that Ashara’s been less than pleasant to be around lately,” Rhaenys whispered in her ear. “Carrying a child has been taxing enough, but I cannot imagine going through that, the birth, and caring for a newborn babe all while grieving the loss of your husband.”

“I’d expect her to be more sympathetic in that case,” Daenerys murmured.

“Oh, there you two are,” Lyanna sighed as she spotted them.

“Is something wrong?” Rhaenys asked, noting how bothered the older woman looked.

“Not as such, but there is something that we need to discuss,” Lyanna replied.

“The piracy problem is still getting worse,” Daemon muttered, glaring at a map of Westeros and Essos like he hoped it would catch fire.

“Tyrosh and Myr have been at each other’s throats again for some time now,” Tywin explained. “With both of them occupied, and Lys still suffering from the aftermath of the plague that hit it last year, there’s been no one to hold the scum in line. Robert and Stannis Baratheon have had some success in quelling them, but they continue to target traders, largely with impunity. We need a show of force.”

“There’s no point in invading them,” Daemon replied. “My namesake learned that the hard way. It would take years to bring them to heel, the Three Daughters would react poorly, and it would end up being a mess not nearly worth the investment.”

“Conquering the Stepstones would require conquering three cities as well,” Tywin reasoned, “though that would draw the ire of the other Free Cities, not to mention that holding them would be unreasonably complicated. No, I agree that there’s no point in trying to take the islands, worthless rocks that they are, but that doesn’t mean that we don’t have other options where the pirates are concerned.”

“A punitive expedition, then,” Daemon nodded. “Gather our forces and all the fleets at our command and drown the Stepstones in blood.”

“It would buy us peace for a generation at least if we went far enough,” Tywin replied, “and if we just moved in, slaughtered the pirate scum, took what treasure we found to pay for the whole thing and then left, none of the Free Cities would be able to justify doing anything other than grumbling at us.”

“It could work,” Daemon mused, “and unlike the Rogue Prince, we would have to worry about neither a united Triarchy nor a hostile Dorne.”

“Precisely,” Tywin nodded. “With your leave, I’ll reach out to the Baratheons, the Redwynes, and some of the other more necessary families and begin drawing up plans for the limited invasion.”

“I’ll consult the old accounts of my namesake’s invasion as well,” Daemon nodded. “We may not have a dragon on our side, but they could still prove useful.”

“Right,” Tywin nodded. “That’s all I needed to go over. Did you have anything else to discuss?”

“No,” Daemon replied. “Good day, Lord Tywin.”

“And to you, your Grace,” Tywin replied stiffly as the king left the Tower of the Hand.

“It could work,” Daemon thought to himself. *“What the Rogue Prince met was an organized force supported by the Triarchy. These should be little more than overly ambitious pirates, loosely held together by their common interests. Theoretically, it should be a simpler matter than the War of the Ninepenny Kings was, given that the Golden Company and Tyrosh supported them.”*

It would still take moons, though, he was sure, and he did not like the idea of being away at a time when his children were due, though it would likely take quite a while to finalize the battle plans. He was so caught up in his musings that he almost walked right into Arya, whose eyes went wide at the sight of him.

“Oh, I’m sorry about that,” he chuckled.

“It’s fine!” Arya exclaimed, her face going red. “I need to run. Bye.”

“What the fuck?” he thought to himself as his cousin ran down the hall to his left.

Shaking his head, he went straight along the hall in front of him, wanting to get back to his chambers soon. Rhaenys had sent word that his wives wished to see him later, a code that he knew included his mother. When it was just Rhaenys and Daenerys, they would have the servants say their graces instead. He smiled as he entered his chambers, only to freeze when he saw that, while his wives and mother were waiting for him, his cousin Allyria was with them.

“Allyria,” he smiled, covering his surprise. “Am I interrupting something?”

“No,” Allyria replied, her violet eyes going wide as she looked at him. Like Arya just had, she blushed, something that was not quite as noticeable on her, and before Daemon could ask her anything, she added, “I was just leaving.”

She slipped past him, her dark purple gown trailing after her as she rushed out, and Daemon was left even more confused than before.

“Would someone care to fill me in on what’s going on with those two?” he asked, looking at his wives and mother. “Truth be told, all three of them have been behaving oddly for days now.”

“There’s something that we need to tell you about them,” Lyanna replied.

“They’ve been having difficulties lately, and I think that we might just be able to help them,” Rhaenys replied.

“What sort of difficulties?” Daemon asked.

“It all started with something that Ashara told Lyanna the night that they arrived,” Daenerys replied, “though the conversation we just had with them is all you really need to hear about.”

“Oh, thank the gods,” Allyria sighed as she pulled Arya into a tight hug. “I missed you so, sweet sister.”

“Not nearly as much I missed...” Arya trailed off, finally remembering that they weren’t alone, and she jumped back like Allyria was on fire, staring wide-eyed at her aunt and the queens.

“Oh, it’s quite alright, Arya,” Lyanna smiled softly. “We know.”

“What?” Arya asked.

“It’s true,” Allyria replied before they could. “They figured it out.”

“Watching you two the morning after you arrived made me think of something that Daenerys had said earlier that day,” Rhaenys explained. “She said that you two reminded her of the two of us sometimes, and between your mother’s insistence that you be kept apart and the general tension between you three...I started to piece it together.”

“Remind you of...what?” Arya asked, looking between the two of them in shock.

“Let’s just say that Rhaenys and I understand well the appeal of turning to a close female relative for comfort and warmth on a cold night,” Daenerys smiled, leaning her head on Rhaenys’ shoulder.

“I...” Arya stammered, looking at Lyanna, who gave her a comforting smile.

“Your mother told me the truth,” she said softly. “Part of the reason that I suggested you two come to serve as handmaidens to the queens here was because I knew that it was easy enough to hide things in this keep, even with all the eyes and ears about, if you know how to be careful.”

“So you two are...” Arya went to ask.

“Like us, yes,” Allyria replied, cupping her cheek and smiling as the shorter girl leaned into her touch just like she always did. For such a prickly thing, she was exceedingly affectionate at times, and she’s joked more than once that she was more like a cat than a wolf, something that never failed to earn her a cursing reply.

“Lucky cunts,” Arya muttered. “You’re married to the most handsome man in the Seven Kingdoms and able to be free with each other too. I take it Daemon knows, yes?”

“Oh yes,” Daenerys replied with a grin.

“We’re not that free with our affections,” Rhaenys corrected her. “Some things have to be kept behind closed doors, but with all the hidden passages in this place, it isn’t difficult to do so here. You’ll find things somewhat simpler if you agree to stay.”

“Even Mother’s relented a little,” Allyria smiled down at her. “The servants are moving my possessions into the chambers next to yours, and Aunt Lyanna says that there’s a hidden door in each of our chambers leading to the other.”

“That...oh thank the gods,” Arya breathed, her grey eyes growing misty. “The past few weeks have been torture.”

Allyria leaned in and captured her lips with her own, making her squeak and tense for a moment before melting into her embrace. The two of them kissed gently, tentatively, as though they were trying to work out if they remembered how, and Lyanna smiled at the sight, though there was one part of what her niece had said that she couldn't stop herself from commenting on as Allyria pulled back.

“Daemon's the most handsome man in the Seven Kingdoms, is he?” she asked teasingly, and the short girl blushed.

“Well, he is, isn't he?” she muttered, staring down at her feet.

“We don't disagree,” Rhaenys chuckled.

“I imagine it does help being wed to the same man when you...enjoy yourself as we do,” Allyria commented. “Alas, that isn't something we'll be able to do.”

“No, but that doesn't mean that you have no options at all,” Lyanna replied. “It's not unheard of for ladies-in-waiting to occasionally remain unwed as they devote themselves to serving their queens, so no one would look too closely if that's what you two ended up doing. You might also find men who wouldn't mind the idea of you two...spending time together at all.”

“I'd rather go with the first option,” Arya muttered. “Thank the gods little Ned is the heir to Moat Cailin.”

“Aye,” Allyria chuckled. “While I'm perfectly capable of fancying men, Arya here's only ever found even mildly...”

She trailed off, realizing what she'd nearly said, and from the way that Arya looked at her in rage, she realized it too.

“Damn it,” Daenerys muttered, handing a gold dragon to a smug-looking Rhaenys.

“Called it,” Rhaenys chuckled, flipping the coin between her fingers and grinning down at it.

“Wait, what?” Allyria asked.

“The fact that you're both attracted to Daemon is pretty obvious,” Lyanna replied. “None of us can blame you either.”

“Wait, you don't...” Arya went to ask.

“Mind?” Daenerys asked. “Not at all. I thought Rhaenys was seeing things, but I hardly minded.”

“He's just so tall and strong and deadly in battle,” Arya smiled. “I generally find men smelly and gross, but there was one tourney we all attended where Daemon just demolished his every foe in the melee, and...I finally understood what this one says about men, at least regarding him.”

“Aye, Daemon’s...Daemon,” Lyanna sighed, her eyes hooded as she thought about his muscular body, only to freeze as she remembered that she was in mixed company. Allyria and Arya looked at her strangely but didn’t press it.

“You know, I should have expected the Targaryens to be less judgmental about our...proclivities, but why are you so accepting, Aunt Lyanna?” Allyria asked.

“I’m a Targaryen’s mother, and I’ve long considered these two like my own as well,” Lyanna replied. “They were always going to be wed to each other, and my view of incest changed a long time ago as I accepted that we’d end up having sex.”

“What?” Arya asked, blinking at her in confusion.

“Uh, Lyanna?” Rhaenys asked, giving her a pointed look.

“What?” Lyanna asked, furrowing her brow in confusion.

“You said ‘we’d’ up having sex.” Daenerys replied, looking at her fearfully.

“I...I meant they’d...” Lyanna went to reply, her eyes darting to her nieces, who looked at her in shock.

“You?” Arya asked, her heart hammering in her chest and her eyes darkening.

“I...” Lyanna went to reply, only to go still as she saw the look in Arya’s eyes. Allyria looked surprised more than anything, and she was glad to see neither disgust nor anger in her eyes, but while Arya didn’t look disgusted either, there was more than just shock in them. Grinning, she asked, “Does that excite you, darling?”

“What?” Arya squeaked, flushing scarlet. “No! Why would it...”

“Lyanna!” Rhaenys hissed.

“Because we look so much alike,” Lyanna replied, ignoring her good daughter. “You know, Daemon has always thought that the two of you were beautiful.”

Daenerys took Rhaenys’ hand and cocked an eyebrow at her. The Dornish beauty gave her a similarly questioning look, and the two of them just grinned before looking back at the twins, who were still staring at their aunt in shock.

“Generous as we usually are, we don’t typically share quite this much with our ladies-in-waiting,” Daenerys purred, “but we could make exceptions for family.”

“You...you’d allow...” Allyria spluttered.

“If you two liked, I’m sure we could find a way for you to experience the same kind of joys that we have,” Rhaenys replied, standing up and walking over to her. Cupping their cheeks, she leaned in and purred, “Daemon would simply adore you two.”

Arya, breathing heavily, staggered back and ran off, leaving Allyria in the older woman’s grasp.

“She’d love it,” she breathed. “I mean, we both would, but...”

“Something to consider then, sweet niece,” Lyanna grinned.

“You could have at least hinted to me that you would even consider something like this before,” Daemon groaned.

“I’m sorry, Daemon,” Lyanna sighed. “I misspoke, and our panicked reactions to that made it too clear to them that it hadn’t been an innocent slip of the tongue. With them knowing, once I saw the lust and desire in Arya’s eyes, I decided in that moment that trying to bring them into the fold was the safest way to keep them quiet.”

“You must admit, Daemon, they are really beautiful,” Daenerys added.

“And apparently they’ve been lovers for years,” Daemon muttered. “I can’t say that I saw any hint of that before.”

“They were more careful than we were, it would seem,” Lyanna sighed.

“What would this amount to, though?” Daemon asked. “I can hardly wed them.”

“No, you can’t,” Rhaenys replied. “It could be a one-time thing or a recurring one. If we all enjoy ourselves, then we would have to decide from there if they’d just take moon tea religiously going forward or if we’d have to find them fake husbands.”

“How would that work?” Daenerys asked, confused.

“I’m sure there are knights out there who prefer the company of men and who wouldn’t mind an opportunity to live in the Red Keep and make themselves appear less suspicious,” Rhaenys replied.

“You’d let me give them children?” Daemon asked.

“They’re our kin, and we can trust them,” Rhaenys shrugged. “It might not ever come to that, anyway. I could easily see Arya preferring never to have children, and they might well be content to warm our bed and help look after our own instead.”

“The point is that they know, and while we do trust them, as Rhaenys said, a secret shared is something that can be trusted far more,” Daenerys replied. “Plus, I’d happily fuck either of them.”

“Gods, you’re a lustful little thing, aren’t you?” Daemon rumbled, and she stared up at him as her pupils widened at his tone.

“Is that a complaint?” she asked challengingly, and he leaned in to kiss her passionately in response.

“I won’t push them in this,” Daemon said firmly. “Once they’ve had a chance to recover from their shock, I’ll speak to them and make it clear that while I’ll happily have them if they approach us again, I’m not going to pre...”

“Your grace?” Ser Arthur called out. “Your cousins have returned and would like a word.”

“Send them in, Ser Arthur,” Lyanna replied, unable to keep the grin off of her face at how surprised Daemon looked at their quick return. “Darling, they are related to the two of us.”

“Daemon?” Arya asked, stepping forward and sounding less sure of herself than he could ever recall hearing her.

“We...had something that we wanted to ask you,” Allyria added, rushing behind Arya and placing a hand on her shoulder.

Daemon looked down at them and smiled. The two were as much of a study in contrasts as ever; one was pale, the other tanned, one was short, the other was tall, one was dressed in a simple grey tunic and breeches, the other was wearing a purple gown that clung to her curvaceous form perfectly, yet both were beautiful, and he’d have been lying if he said that he didn’t want them. He just never imagined that he’d be able to have either one, much less both, and he certainly never thought that it would be with the approval of his wives.

“What do you think of me?” Arya asked, staring up at him boldly, yet looking more vulnerable than he’d ever seen her.

Daemon smiled softly and approached her, running his fingers through her long brown hair and feeling her tremble. “Little wolf, have I not said before that you were beautiful?”

“Yes, but...I thought you were being nice,” Arya mumbled under her breath, just barely loud enough for him to hear.

“I’ve always said you were gorgeous, Arya,” Allyria whispered in ear, making her shiver.

“There isn’t a person in this room who doesn’t think you’re beautiful, Arya,” Daemon said softly, brushing her hair behind her ear as he leaned in, “and if you just say the word, we’ll all happily show you just how much until you screa...”

Arya jumped him before he could finish the last word, kissing him aggressively and wrapping her arms and legs around him. Daemon chuckled into her mouth and stepped backward towards the bed as he returned the kiss hungrily. Allyria shuddered at the sight, knowing how long her twin had wanted their royal cousin. There had been a number of handsome, capable knights that she’d thought attractive over the years, but only one had ever caught her sister’s eye. There had been a time when she’d teased her mercilessly over it, until Arya figured out that she could reply back in kind. Allyria wasn’t blind, after all, and as she watched her longtime lover grind herself on the cousin they’d both desired for years, she felt heat pool rapidly in her core.

“Have I ever told you how much you remind me of Rhaenys?” Daenerys asked, having joined her.

“Sorry?” Allyria asked, looking down at the queen, who just smirked in response.

“The hair, the eyes, the mischievous smile,” Daenerys replied, snaking a hand around her neck as she peered up into her eyes. “If I’d thought this might be possible, I would have suggested it long ago. The six of us are going to have so much fun together.”

She raised herself up on her toes then, and Allyria gasped as she kissed her, reaching around and lowering her hands along her back.

“And to think, there was a time when I sought to keep him from debauchery like this,” Lyanna remarked as she sat next to Rhaenys.

“You sought to keep him from scandal,” Rhaenys corrected her, peering into her grey eyes. “You were never going to keep him from debauchery. He’s too gorgeous, and we’re dragons, Mother; we take what we want.”

Lyanna whimpered at the use of the title, something that Rhaenys only ever did in bed because she knew it turned her on. The queen leaned in and kissed her, plunging her tongue between her lips, and just as she was about to respond in kind, they heard an exclamation from next to them on the bed that drew their attention.

“What in the world?!” Arya exclaimed.

“What?” Daemon asked, staring up at her and wishing that she hadn’t stopped.

“What is this?” Arya asked, grinding her increasingly wet cunt on him through their breeches.

“I should hope that Aunt Ashara taught you about that,” Daemon grunted, and her eyes went wide as saucers.

“That...but it...” Arya stammered.

“What is it?” Allyria asked.

“Our Daemon is a little on the larger side,” Daenerys grinned.

“On the larger side?” Arya asked. “This feels massive!”

“Show them, valonqar,” Rhaenys grinned. “Show them what you’re going to bury inside them.”

“Come, Arya,” Lyanna grinned, crawling over and pulling her niece off of her son and into her arms. “You’ll want to see this.”

Daemon stood up and removed his belt, letting his breeches fall, and as his small clothes joined them, both of his cousins yelped in shock.

“That...there’s no way...that fits inside you?” Arya squawked.

“Even me,” Daenerys replied, pulling Allyria along by her hand and sitting next to Arya and Lyanna. “You’re no shorter than I am, Arya, so if it fits inside me...”

“My cunt will never be the same,” Arya replied, staring at him in wonder. “It’ll be utterly destroyed, a gaping ruin...”

“Utterly ruined for all lesser men,” Lyanna purred in her ear, choosing not to correct her, “but then, you’ve never wanted them, have you?”

“No,” Arya breathed, looking up at Daemon, who was staring at her in amusement. “Only ever you.”

“You can have him first,” Allyria replied, “but we’ll have to remove all this first.”

She kissed her as she removed her belt, feeding all of her passion into the embrace, and the two of them undressed each other frenziedly. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Daenerys, Rhaenys, and Lyanna undressing each other, sharing heated kisses as they went, and she shivered at the thought that this could be their new reality. The pleasure and passion she'd shared with Arya for the past few years had been incredible, and the idea that they could come to enjoy even more with these gorgeous women and her handsome cousin made her cunt weep. She might have balked at the incest once, but one could only go down on one's sister so many times before all such concerns melted away.

"Fucking hells, you two are gorgeous," Daemon groaned, wrapping his arms around them both and trailing hot kisses down along the slender column of her neck.

Allyria moaned and shook when Arya joined in, kissing the other side. Daemon had undressed entirely while she was focused on Arya, and she felt his muscular form press against her bare back, his long, frighteningly thick cock pressed against her plump arse. The idea of taking him, of being stretched that much, did frighten her somewhat, and she did hope to see someone else manage it first, even if Daenerys' and Rhaenys' pregnancies were proof enough.

"Gods, you're so big," Allyria whimpered. "I seriously can't believe they can take you."

"Would you like proof?" Rhaenys asked, and Allyria turned, her eyes going wide as she saw that all three of them were naked.

Daenerys said that she reminded her of Rhaenys, but as she beheld her then in all her glory, she wasn't sure how. She was willowy, her breasts perky handfuls, but not the large, heavy mounds that sat amazingly high on the queen's chest, and while her hips were wider, and her arse plump, even there she wasn't as curvaceous as the other Dornish woman. Rhaenys noticed her staring and smirked before leaning in to kiss her.

"Watch me if you need proof," she whispered before grinning at Daemon. "I think they want a performance, Valonqar."

"Is that so?" he asked, looking at Allyria and Arya. "Do you want to watch me fuck my older sister?"

"Yes," Arya breathed, her eyes nearly black with lust as she rose up onto her knees to look at him. "Gods, yes."

"Fucking hells, your ass is incredible, Arya," Rhaenys grinned as she cupped and kneaded the younger girl's very round cheeks.

"It really is," Allyria replied. "You have no idea how much fun it is to have her sit on your face."

"Alli!" Arya squawked, sounding embarrassed, and Daemon just grinned.

"I'll have to try that," he whispered in her ear, and Arya felt a burst of heat in her core that made her fluids run down along her thighs at the thought of grinding her cunt on his face.

"You...you actually..." Arya replied.

“I taught him everything he needed to know about how to please a woman, Arya,” Lyanna piped up. “You have no idea how good he is with his tongue.”

“Perhaps you’ll find out soon, but first, I’m going to ride him,” Rhaenys grinned. “Lie back, Daemon.”

“As my queen wishes,” Daemon chuckled, settling on his back and watching with lust-darkened eyes as she crawled towards him.

“Come, you two,” Daenerys purred, leaning in until her lips were right by Arya’s ear. “You’ve never had anything bigger than a few fingers in here, right?”

“Yes!” Arya cried as Daenerys brushed her fingers through her forest of dark curls, stroking her heated flesh.

“Then we’ll need to make sure that you’re very, very wet before you take him,” Daenerys grinned. “Let me taste you.”

“Shouldn’t that be the other way around, with us being your ladies-in-waiting?” Allyria quipped, and Daenerys laughed.

“Later,” she grinned as Arya lay down on her back and spread her legs wide, her eyes utterly focused on Daemon and Rhaenys, who were making out languidly further down the bed.

“Gods, you look like Ashara,” Lyanna sighed as she let her eyes roam over Allyria’s body.

“Just how close are you and my mother?” Allyria asked.

“We’re friends, and we enjoyed the hot springs of Winterfell together once,” Lyanna replied.

“Oh! Oh fuck!” Arya moaned as Daenerys buried her head between her parted thighs and started lapping at her folds.

“Gods, I can’t believe we’re doing this,” Allyria replied. “Aunt Lyanna, could we...”

“You want this old woman?” Lyanna asked.

“You’re hardly old and, well...” Allyria trailed off, looking between Lyanna and Arya meaningfully.

“Fuck!” Rhaenys gasped as she lowered herself down along Daemon’s cock, taking the entire thing in one long, smooth motion.

“Oh gods, it does fit,” Allyria moaned as Arya sat up and stared in awe.

“It’s going to feel so good inside you, darling,” Lyanna whispered in her ear. “I’m so glad that Daenerys and Rhaenys let us keep sleeping together because I don’t know how I could have given up that feeling forever.”

“Your own son,” Allyria breathed, feeling hotter than she ever had in her life as she pulled her aunt in for a searing, hot kiss.

“Yes, yes, yes!” Rhaenyra cried, her hips a blur as she rode Daemon hard and fast.

“Fucking hells, you’re soaked,” Daemon groaned, watching her heavy breasts bounce on her chest. “Does having a larger audience truly excite you this much?”

“Ahh!” Rhaenys screamed as he slapped her arse and cupped one of her mounds, gently pinching her hard nipple in a way that never failed to make her shiver.

“Oh fucking hells, you’re good at that,” Arya moaned as Daenerys swirled her tongue around her throbbing clit. “Suck on...oh fuck!”

Daenerys giggled and pushed two fingers inside her, curling them upward and quickly finding the rough patch of skin that always made Rhaenys and Lyanna cry out in pleasure, grinning as Arya did.

“Rhaenys and I have been lovers for probably at least as long as you and Allyria,” she grinned.

“Alli and I have been doing it for years,” Arya grinned, looking over at her sister and feeling her cunt clench as she saw that she and Lyanna were kissing passionately, their hands between each other’s legs as they moaned into each other’s mouths and quivered together. “I...oh fuck, just like that...saw two servants going at it once, the man stroking the woman’s cunt, and thought it looked like fun. When I tried it myself, I realized that it really was, and when I showed Allyria, well...”

“We’ve been fucking ever since,” Allyria replied. “It’s honestly a wonder no one caught us sooner; it’s not like Arya here can ever keep quiet.”

“Oh, like you’re any better,” Arya replied, sticking out her tongue. “You should hear her scream into a pillow.”

“Yes, yes, yes, FUCK!” Rhaenys squealed as she came, drawing all their attention.

“There’s no need for pillows here,” Daenerys grinned. “Now, who’s going first? Lyanna and I can keep the other one occupied.”

“Why...make them choose?” Rhaenys panted, raising herself off of Daemon’s cock with a whimper. “Once can ride your face while the other lets you reshape their insides.”

“That sounds like fun,” Daemon grinned, looking over at his cousins, who shivered.

“You’re the eldest,” Allyria grinned at Arya.

“You’re taller,” Arya replied, “and besides, I really want to feel him lick me.”

“Your dripping wet, Allyria,” Lyanna purred, licking her fingers clean. “Take it slow, and you shouldn’t have much trouble.”

“We’ll help,” Daenerys murmured, crawling over with Arya and sitting down next to Rhaenys, and wrapping an arm around her as she rested her head on her shoulder.

Allyria gulped and crawled over as well, moving into position to straddle Daemon, who kissed her. As Lyanna and Arya joined them, he started grinding his cock against her dripping slit, making her moan into his mouth, and quickly broke the kiss. Craning his head down, he captured one of her pebbled pink nipples with his teeth, making her gasp, and he chuckled at the strange sight around

him. His mother, his sister, and his aunt were all crowded around him, eager to watch him deflower his cousins.

“Even the Lysene would blush at this,” he thought to himself as he reached down to stroke her slip folds. “So wet.”

“I feel like I’m going to burst!” Allyria cried, desperate for release.

“She tastes divine, Daemon,” Arya grinned. “I could spend hours feasting on her cunt.”

“You two are really going to fit in around here,” Daemon chuckled as he brought his fingers to his lips and licked them clean of her tangy nectar. “Lift up my cock, Arya. I want you to put it inside your sister for me.”

“Fuck,” Arya whimpered, crawling behind Allyria and wrapping a hand around his cock. “My bloody fingers don’t even touch.”

“To be fair, your hands are tiny,” Allyria teased, squealing when she replied by slapping her arse.

“Okay, it’s lined up,” Arya breathed after taking a moment to ensure that it was. “Fucking hells, you’re going to feel like a damn fist.”

“When you’re ready, Allyria,” Daemon smiled up at her, and she nodded before pushing down.

It didn’t work the first time, and she grunted in frustration before trying again and crying out as he popped inside, spreading her inner walls wider than she’d ever imagined.

“Gods!” she moaned, tightening her grip on his shoulders and shaking at the sheer feeling of being stretched.

“Fucking hells, your cunt looks stretched out already,” Arya breathed, gaping down at the obscene way that her lover’s inner walls had been spread taut.

“Feels like a fucking horse,” Allyria said through gritted teeth. “It doesn’t hurt like I thought it would, but it burns.”

“That passes,” Lyanna assured her.

“Yeah, after the first several times, you’ll stop even noticing it unless you were to try to take him while dry and unprepared,” Rhaenys added. “I can’t imagine even trying that.”

“Take as much time as you need,” Daemon smiled up at her. “I’ll hold still until you’re ready.”

She was incredibly tight, and he could tell that she had tensed up around him as she took the first couple inches. As he’d suspected, she had no maidenhead, and he highly doubted that Arya would either, something that would make this easier. He kneaded her breasts and, after wetting his thumb in his mouth, started stroking her clit, making her gasp and whimper. Bit by bit she relaxed, feeling the burning sensation dissipate as it did, and the pleasure of being stretched as she had been came into focus. The most she’d ever had inside her before was one time that they tried to see if she could take four of Arya’s fingers, and this easily felt bigger than that. Taking a deep breath, once she’d felt most of the burning leave, she pushed down further, gasping as he conquered more of her depths.

“That’s it,” Lyanna smiled. “Slow, short movements to start with. Try and take a little more each time you descend, but don’t push it.”

“You don’t have to worry about me finishing anytime soon, so take what time you need,” Daemon nodded, and she leaned in to kiss him again.

“Arya, I really want to see him taste you,” Allyria moaned as the feeling of him stretching her out further and further, already reaching parts of her that had never been touched, started to feel really good. “Sit on his gorgeous face, sweet sister.”

“Do it,” Daemon grinned over at Arya, who shivered at the sheer desire in his eyes.

He knew that his cousin had never felt particular, beautiful next to her sister or their cousin Sansa, but he’d always thought she was. She was short and slim, with a taut, flat belly and small, perky breasts. Her long face had been awkward when she was a girl, but she had grown far prettier over time, and he found her lovely, particularly her grey eyes, which so reminded him of his mother’s. The real surprise, though, had been to learn just how wide her hips were. The clothing she preferred didn’t even hint at that, and a single look at her arse made him long to take her on her hands and knees, though he’d happily settle for having it planted on his face. She shifted over, hooking a knee over his head, and he licked his lips when he saw her cunt drip on his neck. Grasping her hips, he dug his fingers into her and urged her back a bit before pulling her down onto his eager mouth.

“Oh fuck!” Arya cried as he immediately started lapping at her folds. She stared up at her sister, her only lover before they agreed to this, and shivered as she saw just how little of Daemon’s long, thick cock remained outside her. “How does he feel?”

“So fucking big,” Allyria moaned. “He’s so deep, Arya, I feel like he’s in my stomach. How’s his tongue?”

“Amahh!” Arya screamed as he flicked his tongue over her clit. “Amazing. Fuck, he’s actually as good as you. You’re going to love this.”

“Gods, it’s like watching him fuck Ashara and me,” Lyanna moaned softly, rubbing her clit in tight little circles as, next to her, Rhaenys and Daenerys kissed.

“Getting any ideas?” Rhaenys purred, and Lyanna just chuckled.

“I somehow doubt it would work,” she replied. “*Not that I’d turn that down in a heartbeat.*”

Allyria had picked up her pace a little once she realized that there wasn’t much of him left to take, eager to either bury the rest inside her or reach her limit. He felt impossibly deep inside her, and her legs were shaking badly at this point from the sheer exertion, but it all felt too good to stop. When she finally felt his hips resting against her ass, she whimpered in delight, leaning forward to rest in Arya’s arms.

“That’s...all of it,” she panted, shaking like a leaf. “Gods, you have no idea how good this feels.”

“We can switch when you cum,” Arya suggested. “Oh gods, don’t stop!”

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Daemon replied, lifting her up just long enough to get the words out before pulling her back down onto his mouth.

She was grinding on his face, riding him frenetically, and he welcomed it happily. Her plump cheeks obscured his vision, and he swore that at some point he was going to bugger her. Her arse was too amazing not to. Allyria started riding him, and he felt someone else crawl behind her.

“Like this, Allyria,” Rhaenys instructed, and he chuckled as he felt her start riding him more confidently soon after, learning from his sister quite quickly.

“Fucking hells,” Allyria moaned. “So bloody good!”

“He does feel good, doesn’t he?” Rhaenys whispered in her ear, reaching around to knead her breasts, and she nibbled on her lobe. “Can you see why we’re all so obsessed? Even his own mother couldn’t give him up once she’d felt that big, thick cock inside her. Who knows? Maybe yours would like a taste too.”

“Oh gods, oh gods, oh FUCK!” Allyria shrieked as she came hard, and Rhaenys just laughed and moved back, happy to watch the show.

“Don’t stop, don’t stop!” Arya cried as her twin collapsed in her arms, her whole body shaking as she soared towards her peak. “I swear I’ll kick you if you fucking STOP!”

Daemon sucked her throbbing clit into his mouth as she made her threat, sending her hurtling over the edge of ecstasy, and she writhed in Allyria’s arms. Daemon tightened his grip on her hips as she came, holding her in place, and continued to pound up into her sister. He was used to having a pair of women ride him together by now, and this wasn’t so different than it was with Rhaenys and Daenerys or his mother and one of his wives, so he knew how to draw out both of their pleasure. He was surprised, though, when Allyria carefully lifted herself off of him and rolled onto her back.

“Fuck him...Arya,” she panted. “It’ll be everything...you imagine...and more.”

“Well...” Arya panted, laughing as she shifted herself forward, away from his face, “he does have about twice the cock I ever pictured.”

“Pictured me naked often, did you?” Daemon asked teasingly and she just looked back at him lasciviously.

“You have no idea,” Arya purred, rolling onto her back and spreading her legs wide. “Fuck me, Daemon.”

“Yes, Dae...oh gods...” Lyanna moaned as she ground her dripping cunt on Daenerys’ face. “Fuck your little cousin, Daemon. She wants you so desperately.”

“I can’t believe my life has turned into this,” Daemon chuckled as he moved between Arya’s parted thighs.

“It’s good to be king, Valonqar,” Rhaenys purred in his ear, wrapping her hand around his cock and brushing his bulbous head through the younger girl’s soaking wet folds. Licking his ear, she whispered, “Ruin her like you ruined all of us.”

“Gods,” Daemon groaned, pushing forward and smirking as Arya’s eyes went wide as saucers and she gasped.

“Oh, gods!” she cried, her grabbing at the bedding on either side of her so hard that her knuckles turned white.

“Fuck me, you’re so tight,” Daemon groaned.

“Of course I’m tight, you idiot,” Arya grunted. “You’re shoving a tree trunk in my cunt.”

Daemon snorted at that and cupped her cheek, asking, “Do you want me to stop?”

“Don’t you dare,” Arya replied, pulling him down and kissing him hard.

She didn’t mind the burning sensation that being stretched so intensely caused her at all and actually reveled in it a bit. Daemon was the only man she’d ever wanted, and the thought that he was stretching her out so badly that no one else could ever hope to feel her made her gush. It was something that she’d heard a pair of servant boys talk about once, saying that one particular man had so thoroughly ruined a whore that her cunt was loose. It had sounded disgusting to her then, and she just rolled her eyes at their crudeness, but now the thought lit a fire in her like nothing else.

“More, more!” she cried, raking her nails down along his back as Daemon pushed another couple inches of his thick shaft inside her.

“You’re taking it faster than I managed,” Allyria breathed, her eyes locked onto Arya’s. As she gazed down along her body, though, she noticed something that made her gasp. “Oh gods, you can actually see him inside you!”

“Hmm?” Rhaenys asked. “Oh, you can.”

She placed a hand on the bulge in Arya’s lower belly and giggled as Daemon pulled back a few inches and it disappeared.

“So big, so deep, fuck!” Arya babbled, looking down where they were joined with wide, disbelieving eyes.

“I think she could use a little help, you two,” Daemon said, and Allyria grinned.

“I agree,” she laughed, leaning in and capturing one of her twin’s hard peaks with her lips as she reached down to rub her clit.

“Such cute, perky breasts,” Rhaenys purred, tracing the curve of the other one with her finger before leaning in to suck on the nipple.

Arya squirmed as her brain was flooded with pleasure. Daemon had buried most of his length inside her by then, and she couldn’t believe just how deeply she felt him, but with nipples being sucked on and her clit rubbed too, it was all the more overwhelming. She gasped and mewled, quivering and shaking as her pleasure built rapidly, and when she finally felt Daemon’s hips come to rest against her plush ass, she cried out.

“Gods, I actually took it,” she marveled.

“You did,” Daemon replied. “Tight as a closed fist, but you took it all.”

“Pull out, Daemon,” she breathed, and all three of them pulled back to look at her in surprise. “I want you to take me like a wolf would take a bitch. I just wanted to be able to see it go in until I was sure it could.”

“Are you saying you want to be my bitch?” Daemon asked, and she shivered.

“Depends on how well you fuck me,” Arya replied challengingly, and Rhaenys just laughed.

“I’m going to fuck you until you can’t walk,” Daemon promised her as he pulled his cock from her depths, and she quivered in need, scrambling onto her hands and knees and wiggling her arse at him.

Daemon sank inside her in one long, smooth motion, and she cried out in pleasure, her grip on the bedding tightening. Rhaenys moved in front of her, lying down, spreading her legs, and cocking an eyebrow at the younger girl.

“It’s only fair,” Arya grinned, “and you smell amazing.”

“Allyria, let me taste you while she feasts on me,” Rhaenys commanded, and the other Stark girl grinned, not hesitating at all to do as her queen had ordered.

As Daemon watched her sit on his sister’s face, he started fucking Arya with long, hard strokes, groaning at the sight of her wonderfully round arse jiggling with each impact of his hips. He heard Lyanna cry out in pleasure and looked to see her writhing on Daenerys’ face, her own a picture of orgasmic bliss, and he shuddered. It had been incredible enough to have two wives and a mistress who all enjoyed each other as much as him, and he never imagined that any other women would join them, but as he looked around, already knowing that this wasn’t going to be a one-time thing, he wondered just how much hedonistic fun they’d all end up having.