

“Are...are you sure?” Daenerys stammered as she looked at herself in the mirror. “This seems a bit...revealing.”

The dress she'd tried on was by far the least appropriate thing she'd ever put on, and she was quite certain that her mother would have dropped dead on the spot if she'd seen her. It was also stunningly beautiful, a deep purple thing that brought out the color of her eyes perfectly and stood in contrast with her. As someone who had only ever worn comparatively dull clothing, it was a wonder, and she would have adored it instantly if not for just how much skin it showed off.

Her neck and shoulders were bare, save for the thin straps that held it up, and her entire back was exposed. The neckline plunged deep, showing off more of her creamy, perky breasts than anyone back home would have ever dared, and it reached only to her mid-thigh, exposing her legs completely. She felt naked and would have changed back into what she had been wearing immediately if Arianne hadn't been so insistent that she come out and show her what it looked like on her.

“You're stunning,” Arianne purred, resting her hands on her shoulders as she stood behind her, looking into the mirror as she was. “Such beauty shouldn't be covered up so.”

“Our bodies are sinful, though,” Daenerys replied, still not entirely used to not wearing her bonnet in public. “It isn't proper...”

“Propriety is relative, my dear,” Arianne smiled, resting her cheek on her left shoulder. “Do you think there's anything wrong with what I'm wearing?”

“No!” Daenerys gasped, whipping around, with an apology on her lips.

Arianne was wearing something she'd called a tube top, a piece of black fabric that clung to her like a second skin, showing off the full shape of her breasts while leaving her shoulders and the tops of them completely exposed, and a skirt so short, Daenerys had actually seen a hint of her round bottom poking under it. She knew exactly what her parents would have called the woman if they'd seen her, but she couldn't even think of saying anything so cruel to her after she had been so utterly kind.

It had been a week since she had met Arianne and Jon and been hired as their housekeeper, and the two of them had been her salvation. Still struggling to come to terms with the radical changes in her life, she hadn't realized at first just how dangerous the world was, but just seeing reports of the terrible things that happened all throughout it on the television they left on at times had made it clear just how lucky she was to be found by them, even if they had nearly killed her. They'd given her a place to stay, food and water, and purpose in life. She couldn't be more grateful to them, and when Arianne insisted on taking her clothes shopping, she agreed immediately, though she should have realized just what kind of clothes it would be.

“You have one outfit in your possession, and while I know you've been washing it daily, you can't keep that up forever,” Arianne pointed out.

“I also have that robe you gave me,” Daenerys replied, thinking of the long, white, fluffy garment she wore when she was washing her dress, apron, and bonnet.

“And you look good in it,” Arianne smiled, “but not this good.”

She took Daenerys' hand and traced a finger over the top of it in little circles, making her shiver.

“I’m not lying about how beautiful you are,” she added. “It’s a shame to keep such a gorgeous figure all covered up.”

“I was always told it was shameful to show it,” Daenerys breathed, feeling her heart rate spike as Arianne’s eyes bored into hers.

Being the same height, they stood at eye level with each other, but Arianne had worn heels that day, and she had to look up to gaze into her dark blue eyes, something that she found nearly as enthralling as looking down at her body. She was very lucky to have been taken in by such a sweet, kind couple, she knew, but part of her wished that they didn’t induce such confusing feelings in her, while another, more sinful part, absolutely did not.

“You were told wrong, Daenerys,” Arianne smiled, tracing her hand up along her arm. “Why would the gods have given you such beauty if they wanted you to cover it up?”

“Is everything alright?” a voice behind the olive-skinned beauty asked, and Daenerys nearly yelped in shock. “Do you and your girlfriend need any help?”

“We’re alright,” Arianne replied, “though I would have your opinion. How does this look on her?”

“Stunning,” the man replied, his gaze lingering on her for a moment.

“See?” Arianne asked. “Tell me you’ll let me buy you it.”

“I...suppose,” Daenerys replied. “What about the other ones you pointed out?”

“Oh, you’ll need to try those on as well,” Arianne replied as the man left. Leaning in, she whispered, “We’re looking to get you a whole new wardrobe, darling. Once we’re done here, we’ll stop at another place and go underwear shopping. You did say that my silk panties felt incredible in your hands, right?”

Daenerys squeaked at that, blushing brightly, and Arianne giggled.

“I’ll take a tall blonde,” Jon said, smiling at the cashier, who rang him up and went to get his coffee.

“And here I thought that remained illegal in these parts,” a voice behind him quipped, and Jon chuckled as he turned around. “Rhaenys. Am I late?”

“Right on time,” Rhaenys replied, twirling a lock of her long dark hair around her finger. “I got here a few minutes ago.”

“Here you are, sir,” the cashier said, sliding his coffee to him. “The milk and sugar are by the window there.”

“Thanks,” Jon nodded, taking the cup and following Rhaenys right to her table. As he sat down, he asked, “So, what made you reach out to me and not Arianne?”

“I got let go,” Rhaenys replied, scowling down at her latte.

“Oh, shit,” Jon sighed. “I’m sorry. What happened?”

“The last year’s been really rough for them, as it turns out,” Rhaenys sighed. “They had to restructure a bunch of things, and, as one of their newer hires, I ended up on the chopping block.”

“Shit,” Jon repeated. “The economy’s, well...”

“You don’t need to tell me,” Rhaenys hissed before sipping her latte. “As if that wasn’t enough...Gerold and I broke up.”

“Ah,” Jon sighed, finally understanding why she reached out to him and not his wife. Arianne had always hated Gerold Dayne, believing that he wasn’t nearly good enough for her cousin and fearing that he was going to hurt her at some point. Given the barely tempered rage in the other woman’s purple eyes, he figured that she’d been proven right. “I’m so sorry, Rhaenys.”

“Not as sorry as I am,” she hissed. At his curious gaze, she said, “I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Of course,” Jon replied. “What do you need? Help with rent, or...”

“I don’t want handouts,” Rhaenys muttered. “The whole reason I came out here with you two was because I wanted to stand on my own fucking feet and stop relying on my uncles, and...”

“Rhaenys, you’re like a daughter to Doran...” Jon went to say, regretting it immediately as her eyes grew stormy.

“I’m not, though,” Rhaenys hissed. “I’m not his daughter, or Uncle Oberyn’s; I’m that useless prick’s daughter. I refuse to be like him, just taking what I want and leaving everyone to rot.”

“Okay,” Jon relented, holding up his hands in surrender. “If all you want is a friendly face and someone to vent to, I can do that too.”

“There was...something else, Jon,” Rhaenys replied.

“Oh?” Jon asked, cocking an eyebrow as he sipped his coffee.

“I want to try my hand at...selling pictures,” Rhaenys replied, and he nearly choked.

“What?” Jon asked. “You’ve always been...”

“I can’t argue with the results, can I?” Rhaenys laughed bitterly. “Yeah, I thought it was stupid when you two started doing what you do, and I was sure that at least Ari would regret it down the line, but look at us. I worked my ass off all through uni, got a good job right after I graduated, did everything right while you two coasted and went at it like monkeys on meth, and now you’re millionaires and I’m a couple months away from being unable to afford my rent, even less if anything else bad happens.”

“What...were you considering?” Jon asked, knowing full well how his wife’s cousin had felt about their choice of employment for years.

“Just bikini and lingerie shoots,” Rhaenys replied. “I’m not looking to do...anything else.”

“Right,” Jon replied. “So were you looking for tips? Because there are a few things that I could suggest.”

“I was looking for a photographer, actually,” Rhaenys replied, and his eyebrows shot towards his hairline. “I know you take most of Ari’s photos, and the ones on her Instaview are spectacular.”

“Seriously?” Jon asked.

“I trust you, Jon,” Rhaenys whispered, looking and sounding more vulnerable than he could remember, “and right now, trust is something that I’m kind of struggling with.”

“So just how hard should I punch Gerold if I see him again?” Jon asked.

“Don’t bother,” Rhaenys replied, her eyes venomous and her slight smirk unsettling. “I kneed him right in his darkstars the last time we met. Let the half-dozen sluts he’s apparently got on rotation take him like that.”

Jon snorted at the reference to the prick’s band’s name only to glare in outrage. “Are you serious?”

“Apparently even garbage-tier garage bands have groupies,” Rhaenys muttered, looking down and sobbing.

Jon rushed over to her side of the table and pulled her into a hug, but she pushed him away quickly enough, wiping her eyes with the backs of her hands.

“I’ve wasted enough tears on the bastard,” she spat. Looking up at him, she asked, “Will you do it?”

“Okay, but if you were hoping that I wouldn’t tell Arianne…” Jon went to reply.

“Jon…” Rhaenys tried to interrupt him.

“We don’t keep secrets from each other, Rhaenys,” Jon said firmly. “You know that.”

“The perfect bloody couple, so in love it nauseates the rest of us, I know,” Rhaenys replied without heat, and Jon chuckled. She’d been making jokes about them being vomit-inducing levels of sweet since high school. “Look Jon, Arianne warned me about Gerold, and I know she’s not going to be a bitch about it or anything, but there’s going to be some degree of ‘I told you so’ in her voice when we talk, and I just can’t handle that this second.”

“I can give you a week, but I won’t keep this from her for longer than that,” Jon replied. “It’s going to be tough anyway, since we’re going to need to shoot at my place.”

“Why?” Rhaenys asked, furrowing her brow in confusion. “I figured we just do it my room.”

“We’re not talking about random selfies here, Rhaenys, and you wouldn’t have reached out to me if you didn’t want the kind of quality of work that I can do,” Jon replied. “One of the many things you’ll need to learn if you get into doing this on your own is lighting. I know how to shoot someone in my place to ensure the picture turns out perfectly, and having to set up your room for that kind of thing would be a pain and make everything take longer. The condo’s free anyway.”

“What’s Arianne up to?” Rhaenys asked.

“She’s taken Daenerys shopping for a whole new wardrobe,” Daemon replied. “If they’re back before dusk, I’ll be amazed.”

Rhaenys snorted at that and said, “Oh, yes, your Amish girl. How’s that working out?”

“She’s fit in well,” Jon replied, “and she’s actually proven herself to be a pretty good cook and cleaner, which we’ve really liked.”

“And Arianne’s actively trying to seduce her into our bed,” he added mentally, recalling the conversation that they had had the morning after they invited her in.

“She was watching us?” Jon asked in shock, *his soapy hands freezing on her arse as they stood under the water of the shower.*

“Mhmm,” Arianne replied, *grinning as she peered up at him. “I saw her in the mirror while I was riding you.”*

“Are you certain?” Jon asked. *Grinning, he added, “I know you can get pretty out of it after I’ve made you cum your gorgeous brains out.”*

“I’m certain, Jon,” Arianne purred, *reaching down and stroking his hardening cock. “Not even been here a day and she’s already peeping on us. At this rate, we’ll have her begging you to fuck her within the month.”*

“Gods,” Jon groaned. *“I can’t believe you’re actually happy that our guest watched us fuck.”*

“You do know what we do for a living, right?” Arianne snorted.

“This is different, and you know it,” Jon groaned. *“If it was a guy, you’d feel violated, and I’d be plotting murder.”*

“Oh, she has been very naughty for certain,” Arianne cooed. *“I saw her ass last night as she was changing, and it might be even bigger than mine. I can’t wait to watch you spank her for being such a bad girl.”*

“I’m the luckiest man in the world,” Jon groaned, *and she laughed before sinking to her knees and showing him just how right he was.*

“Jon?” Rhaenys asked.

“Huh?” Jon asked.

“I asked if you wanted to head right to my apartment to pick up my things,” Rhaenys replied. “Do I want to know where you went just now?”

“Probably not,” Jon replied, shaking his head. “Yeah, that works. Did you drive here?”

“No, I took the bus,” Rhaenys replied. “The week I’m having, I half expected the wheels to fall off if I tried.”

“It’ll get better, Rhaenys,” Jon said soothingly. “Within three months, you’ll be making more than you ever did working for Lannister Enterprises, and within a year you’ll be making more than you ever could have.”

“So long as I make rent, that’ll do for now,” Rhaenys muttered, looking out the window. “Where’s your car, anyway? I don’t see it parked.”

“See that gorgeous black Jaguar?” Jon asked, and she whipped around in shock.

“No!” Rhaenys breathed. “You finally found one?”

“Like I say, luv,” Jon chuckled. “You’ll make more doing this than you can even imagine.”

“I’m not doing porn, Jon,” Rhaenys replied quietly yet firmly. “I don’t even have a guy for it right now, and I’ve never been with anyone who would qualify.”

“Not everyone in the independent business is...gifted,” Jon replied, “and you would hardly need a man to make money, looking as you do, but if you don’t ever want to progress beyond selling a few hot pictures here and there, that’s fine too.”

“This is just a temporary thing to pad my pockets until I can get another job,” Rhaenys replied. “That’s all.”

Daemon knew better than to bring up that he and Arianne had thought the same way when they started out.

“Mmm, by the gods, that is good,” Daenerys sighed as she sipped the bright pink beer Arianne had ordered for her. “I had no idea alcohol was so sweet.”

“It isn’t all like that,” Arianne replied, setting down her glass of white wine. “Most of it is far less sweet and also stronger. You truly never tried a drop before? Is that just a common thing with your people?”

“Alcohol is not forbidden to us, but it is not encouraged either and is often a very personal choice,” Daenerys replied carefully. “My father always thought it terrible, and my mother agreed. Any time I asked Rhaegar, he reacted like it was all the work of demons.”

“Well, so long as you don’t overdo it, it can be quite nice,” Arianne commented. “That’s a fruit beer; it’s very light, only around four percent alcohol, but the extra sugar in it can make it hit harder than you’d expect, so drink it slowly.”

“That will be hard,” Daenerys smiled. “It’s delicious.”

Arianne smiled at the innocent young woman and took another sip of wine as her face fell slightly.

“You’re so nice to me,” Daenerys said softly. “You and Jon are both so wonderful, and I cannot help but feel like I don’t deserve it.”

“Hey, none of that now,” Arianne chided her. “You’ve been the perfect guest, and the condo has never been cleaner.”

“Learning how to use your vacuum, washing machine, and dryer was an adventure,” Daenerys laughed lightly, “but I think I’ve figured it out. I didn’t imagine when I left that I’d find such lovely people.”

“Are you ready to talk about it yet?” Arianne asked, and Daenerys froze. “If the answer’s no, that’s okay, but I would like to know what drove you to run away.”

“I sinned terribly,” Daenerys whispered, looking down at her glass and closing her eyes as she felt them tear up.

“I’m sure it couldn’t have been that bad,” Arianne replied, placing her hand on Daenerys’, and she furrowed her brow when she felt her trembling. “What happened?”

“I wasn’t supposed to be alone with a boy not of my blood,” Daenerys whispered, not trusting her voice. “If I had just...”

“Surely it wasn’t just that,” Arianne interrupted her.

“He told me he loved me,” Daenerys sobbed, and Arianne quickly stood up and sat next to her in her side of the booth they’d been seated at.

The restaurant she’d chosen was sparsely filled just then, as it wasn’t even noon when they finished shopping at their first stop of the day and decided to break for lunch, and she was glad for that as she pulled the crying woman in for a tight hug. She spotted their server looking at them and just smiled and gestured for her to let them be.

“It’s okay,” Arianne soothed, running her hand over Daenerys’ back.

She’d insisted that the blonde change into the purple dress she’d had bought for her as she paid for everything, hoping to fold the powder blue Amish one they’d found her in and stick it at the bottom of her dresser, never to be seen again, and she was happy for it as she comforted her. She’d always thought that skin-on-skin contact was better for this kind of thing than trying to express comfort and understanding over clothes, and after a moment of tracing her fingers over her silky-smooth skin, it seemed to help a little.

“I was such a fool,” Daenerys wept.

“You’re not the only woman in history to believe a man she shouldn’t have,” Arianne assured her. “That was what saw you shunned, then?”

“It was a great sin,” Daenerys croaked. “He was not my husband, and I was not his wife, but he was so handsome and charming, and...”

She cried again, and Arianne saw their server come over with a stack of napkins that she quietly slid towards them.

“*You two okay?*” the pretty blonde mouthed, and she just nodded and mouthed her thanks in return.

“We won’t kick you out just because some jerk took advantage of you, Daenerys,” Arianne whispered. “I promise you that.”

“You...you are so kind,” Daenerys whimpered, pulling back and staring at her with such earnest awe that it broke Arianne’s heart.

She hadn’t gotten her wearing makeup yet, and the woman was so flawless that she hardly needed it, so she didn’t have much of a mess to clean up, but tears streaked her face, and Arianne dabbed one of the napkins on her cheeks before handing it to her so she could blow her nose.

“There’s nothing to it, Daenerys,” Arianne chuckled. “We don’t cut people out of our lives here over things as minor as that.”

“Father was so furious,” Daenerys whispered, trying not to make herself cry again, “and I had never seen Mother so disappointed. When he said that I was to be shunned, Rhaegar protested a little, but it was for naught. His mind was made up, and I...I just couldn’t take it. I fled a few days later, and you know the rest.”

“I think they were terrible to you,” Arianne scowled, and Daenerys glared at her for a moment before softening.

“I broke so many rules and committed a great sin all on the words of some man I hardly knew in retrospect,” she argued. “They were right to be angry at me.”

“They should have been angry at the man,” Arianne muttered. “What was his name, anyway?”

“Daario,” Daenerys spat. She shook her head then and took a long gulp of her beer, letting the pleasant, calming effect, of the alcohol wash over her. “I’m glad that I met you two.”

“I’m glad that we met too,” Arianne smiled, brushing a few stray hairs out of her face. “I meant what I said before: we won’t kick you out just because some asshole lied his way into your pants.”

“I don’t wear pants,” Daenerys remarked, sounding confused, and Arianne smiled for a moment.

“It’s just a turn of phrase,” she replied.

“Here we are,” their server said as she brought them the sandwiches and fries they’d ordered. “All good?”

“They smell wonderful,” Arianne replied, giving her a pointed look and a nod.

“They do,” Daenerys replied, looking hungrily down at her meal as Arianne reached across the table and brought her glass over, wanting to stay close to her in case she started crying again.

She had figured it was something like that, and she swore if she ever met the blonde’s father, she was going to tell him off for being such an unfeeling cunt. Having met the love of her life at fourteen, she’d never experienced true heartbreak, but she’d had friends who either had relationships blow up or were deceived by assholes who just wanted to fuck them, and she couldn’t imagine going through something like that and then having everyone you know declare you persona non grata in the aftermath.

“Arianne,” Daenerys said suddenly, pulling her out of her stormy thoughts, and she looked over at her, catching her still bloodshot eyes.

“Hmm?” she asked.

“Rhaegar, Rhaenyra, and Shiera used to call me Dany,” Daenerys replied, “as a nickname, and I...you can too...if you like.”

“Dany, then,” Arianne smiled, and the blonde beamed at her.

“All set!” Rhaenys called out, and Jon entered the room, coming to an immediate stop.

When he and Arianne met, the two of them clicked almost immediately. She called it love at first sight, and he felt like he’d known her all his life. The connection was so immediate and so powerful that he barely looked at anyone else even as puberty turned him into the same sort of horny idiot that all teenage boys were. Part of that was undoubtedly the fact that she was easily the hottest girl in school, as the only other one who truly drew eyes much in those days was her best friend, a girl who looked a lot like her.

There were differences, of course; Rhaenys was half a foot taller than her cousin, her nose was slightly upturned, where Arianne’s wasn’t, and her eyes were purple instead of dark blue, but there were plenty of similarities as well. They were both olive-skinned Dornish beauties, with very generous curves, lustrous dark hair that they kept long, falling to their lower backs, and heart-shaped faces. They even had the same pouty lips, and while Jon had never dreamed of cheating on his wife back then, her cousin had starred in more than a few of his dreams, which is why he felt his heart skip a beat when he saw her standing in his bedroom wearing nothing but a white pair of silk panties and negligee.

“*Fuck me,*” he thought to himself, swallowing thickly. He hadn’t thought about her that way in years, and yet as he let his eyes roam over the see-through fabric covering her flat, toned belly, he suddenly felt like he was back in the ninth grade.

“Yeah, that’s the effect I’m hoping for,” Rhaenys grinned.

“I was expecting something a little less revealing,” Jon admitted.

“Just because I don’t want randos to watch me get fucked doesn’t mean I’m ashamed of my body,” Rhaenys laughed, “and besides, you can’t actually see my tits through this one, so this is technically less revealing than my bikinis.”

Sure enough, the fabric covering her breasts was just too thick to see through, and as Jon continued to look her over, only one thought came to mind: “Gerold is a fucking idiot.”

“I don’t want to talk about him anymore,” Rhaenys said, though she smiled regardless. “So, how do you want me?”

“It depends on what you’re going for,” Jon replied. “What you’re selling with pictures like these isn’t just sex appeal or wanking material; it’s a fantasy. Guys will subscribe to your page because they want to get off to you but also because they want to be entranced by you, drawn in, and made to feel like they could actually have a connection with you. They’ll all want to fuck you, and they can’t, but you can sell them the fantasy that they could, and, given the level of things that you want to keep yourself to here, you’ll do that selling with how you pose and look at the camera.”

“Meaning what, exactly?” Rhaenys replied.

“When I shoot Arianne like this, it’s always promo material,” Jon explained, “and she makes every picture look like she’s been waiting for the person looking at it to get home all day. Part of what makes that so easy for her is that her husband is the one taking the pictures, but you’ll have to pretend. Make every shot look like you’re posing not for random blokes on the internet, but for a lover you adore and who you want to come to undress you, and you’ll make mint.”

“I think I get it,” Rhaenys replied, lying down on the bed on her side and resting her head on her right hand while she spread her left over her hip.

“A good choice,” Jon murmured, adjusting the lighting slightly. Like Arianne, Rhaenys had very wide hips, and drawing attention to them was not a bad idea at all. “I want a slightly more sultry expression. Your husband just got home from a long day, and you’ve been raring to jump his bones for hours. You’ve put on your hottest lingerie, laid down, and you’re waiting, heart racing with anticipation, for him to open that door and go ‘fuuck.’”

“It’s been a little while since I’ve had anyone give me a two-syllable fuck, so give me a sec,” Rhaenys grumbled.

“Well then anyone is an idiot too,” Jon muttered, and she snorted.

“Don’t make me laugh, dumbass,” Rhaenys complained, and he smiled.

“There we are,” Jon declared as he snapped a few photos. “Alright, now roll onto your back and stretch your arms above your head.”

“I’m not spreading my legs,” Rhaenys said firmly.

“No, you’re not,” Jon agreed. “You’re not selling sex; you’re selling seduction and the fantasy that the guys who pay you money could have a girlfriend just like you. Your boyfriend just walked in, and the two of you haven’t had sex in days. You look at him both longingly and challengingly, daring him to do what you want so badly and just take you.”

“I love that days is a long time for you,” Rhaenys giggled before giving him the sort of look he wanted.

“You know my wife,” Jon chuckled.

“Which pose would you say gets the most attention?” Rhaenys asked.

“The pose,” Jon replied before she even finished the question. When she just cocked an eyebrow at him, he explained, saying, “You lie on her belly, raising your head up a little, and bend your legs.”

“Like this?” Rhaenys asked, doing so and looking up at him. “I mean, I get it’s pretty hot, but you answered that really quickly. What makes this so special?”

“Mostly because feet guys are so prominent online, but really, if you do it properly, you can get a little of everything in it,” Jon replied. “Your cleavage is on full display, as is your arse, and again, your feet.”

He stared at her for a moment, and she couldn’t help but ask, “Is there actually something about yours and Arianne’s sex life that I don’t know?”

“I highly doubt it,” Jon chuckled, well aware of how much his wife shared with her cousin. “I’m pretty neutral on them, but some guys are nuts about feet, and those guys have money. Quite honestly, you could probably make a lot off of yours.”

“I’ve always thought they were too big,” Rhaenys grumbled.

“Mm,” Jon hummed neutrally. “You have prominent arches, long toes, and no noticeable calluses. I’ve been doing this long enough to know what will and won’t sell, and your feet would sell, though just let me get this bit of fluff.”

He plucked the little bit of sock fluff from between her toes and felt a spark that she clearly did too, given how she twitched.

“Um, sure,” Rhaenys mumbled, looking down. “Take a few pictures like this and maybe grab a few close-ups of them. If some guys want to pay me for the privilege of jacking off to pictures of my feet, who am I to say no?”

“That’s the spirit,” Jon chuckled, moving back into position and trying to will his cock to remain limp.

That hadn’t been too difficult to start with, but the longer he spent photographing the gorgeous, scantily clad brunette, the more so it became. It wasn’t like he was in the habit of trying not to get erections when he did this normally, given that it was always with Arianne. No sooner had that thought popped into his head than he heard his phone ding and set the camera down to check it.

Still shopping with D.

Be back for dinner.

Something light would be best.

He chuckled at that, and Rhaenys said, “What did Ari say?”

“How’d you know it was Arianne?” Jon asked.

“You two both get the same look on your face when the other texts,” Rhaenys replied. “There’s a reason I used to mimic shoving my fingers down my throat when you two started getting all PDA-ie.”

Jon chuckled at that and asked, “How many outfits did you grab?”

“I brought this, a black lingerie set, and my favorite bikini,” Rhaenys replied.

“She’ll be back for dinner, which means we have a few hours to go,” Jon replied. “We’ll try out several more poses in this one, switch to the bikini, and then do the other lingerie set if there’s time.”

“Thanks again for this, Jon,” Rhaenys smiled.

“The work isn’t exactly torture,” Jon chuckled, making her smile.

“I don’t think I’ve ever owned this much clothing,” Daenerys breathed as she looked around her closet. “I’m starting to fear you were too generous.”

“Nonsense,” Arianne scoffed. “You’re living with us now, and we couldn’t leave you with just one dress to wear. If it fell apart, you’d have been stuck being naked. Besides, Jon said you looked great, didn’t he?”

Daenerys blushed at the thought of being naked in front of them and then squeaked at the reminder, making Arianne giggle. Her face had turned so hot when Jon said that over dinner that she’d feared it might catch fire.

“Wh...where did he go again?” she asked.

“To check our PO box,” Arianne replied. “Some of our fans send us gifts at times, and we maintain a sizable box for parcels that we check a couple times a week.”

They also made use of a virtual mailbox service that forwarded parcels to their PO box for security purposes.

“That’s nice of them,” Daenerys commented. “You know, I’ve never asked what type of shows you put on. We used to occasionally put on plays in the village.”

“Did you ever act in them?” Arianne asked.

“A few times, though they were always minor roles,” Daenerys replied. “What sort of roles do you play?”

Arianne smiled and considered how best to answer that question. She had made sure that the blonde only had the one beer during lunch, and, lightweight as she’d predictably proven to be, it still mostly seemed to be out of her system by then. That was good because she didn’t want her to blame any feelings that learning about what they did for a living inspired in her on alcohol.

“Wait here,” she said. “I think it might be best to show you.”

“Okay,” Daenerys replied, and Arianne grinned.

A couple months ago she’d replaced her laptop, as her old one had been starting to slow down, but they had yet to throw it out yet, and it did still work well enough for the purposes she had in mind then. Grabbing it from the container under her bed that she’d shoved it into, along with the cable, she returned to Daenerys’ room and set it up on the desk she was sure the woman hadn’t used once.

“Jon showed you the basics of operating a computer, right?” she asked.

“Yes,” Daenerys replied. “I still don’t understand why the keys are out of order.”

Arianne smiled at that and said, “This is similar, but the square pad here works as the mouse. You move the cursor around with your fingers and press the corners at the bottom to click on things. Most of the time you’ll be using the left one, as it’s the one that makes things work. See?”

“Oh, interesting,” Daenerys replied as she watched her use the laptop. “What does this have to do with your shows, though?”

“We record many videos,” Arianne replied, “and sell them to people so they can watch them at home.”

“Like the things you watch on the television!” Daenerys exclaimed.

“Not quite,” Arianne chuckled. When the blonde looked at her in confusion, she explained, saying, “The type of entertainment that we provide people would never be played on TV. What we provide is something that people all over the world prefer to enjoy when they’re alone.”

As she spoke, she scrolled through the list of saved videos on their main computer, having connected to the shared folder through their wifi router. They were all titled and dated, as Jon was meticulous about that kind of thing, and when she found one that she knew featured very little preamble, she double-clicked on it, and Daenerys squeaked in shock.

“Oh fuck,” Arianne moaned, her nails grazing Jon’s scalp as she held him between her legs. “Oh gods, you’re so good at that.”

“Wha...wha...wha?” Daenerys stammered, flushing scarlet in an instant.

“It would be shocking for you, I know, which is why I didn’t tell you sooner, but this sort of thing is quite popular in the wider world,” Arianne replied.

“He...you...you let other people see these?” Daenerys spluttered, staring at Arianne in shock.

“For a fee,” Arianne replied, smiling at her. “As my friend, you get to enjoy them for free.”

“This...I...” Daenerys stammered. Everything she’d ever been taught told her that this was unimaginably sinful material. Acts that were meant to be private between a husband and wife were being made public and sold for profit for anyone in the world to see. *“Like you did?”*

She blushed even harder at that, remembering how utterly entranced she’d been by the sight of Arianne and Jon having sex. The sight had been so shocking that she’d been unable to move a muscle, stuck as though struck by some terrible malady, or so she told herself. The truth was that she hadn’t wanted to look away, and it had taken every ounce of willpower she possessed to walk away. Now she was being invited to watch, and the temptation was worse than anything she’d ever known.

“Did Daario bother doing this to you?” Arianne asked as, on the screen, she continued to writhe in pleasure, mere moments from her peak.

“What?” Daenerys asked, barely able to even think about Daario in that moment. “No, it...”

“Yes, yes, YES!” Arianne squealed, cumming hard on Jon’s talented tongue.

“What’s happening to you here?” Daenerys asked, unable to hold in her curiosity.

“It’s called an orgasm, darling,” Arianne replied. “It’s what a man experiences when he spurts.”

“Women can do that too?” Daenerys asked.

“More often and more powerfully than a man can,” Arianne replied with a grin. “What Jon’s doing in this video is called cunnilingus, the act of licking a woman’s pussy. Most find it easier to orgasm

from that than from anything else, but a man's fingers and cock can do the same thing if he knows what he's doing. Your own fingers can do the same."

"What? How...touching your...down there is a terrible sin," Daenerys protested, and Arianne just grazed her cheek the back of her fingers.

"The gods made us as we are, Daenerys," Arianne purred. "Every pleasure we can feel, every sensation we can enjoy, we can because we were made that way. Why would they let us feel so if they didn't want us to?"

"To test us, to..." Daenerys went to protest.

"I like to think that they aren't so cruel as that," Arianne cut her off. "You feel that heat low in your belly, right? The heat and pressure in your core are arousal, your body's way of telling you what it wants."

She moved closer slowly as she spoke, her eyes, darkened with lust, locked onto Daenerys', whose pupils expanded rapidly as she felt her heart race in her chest. "And wha...what does it want?"

Arianne smirked at the breathy words and just nudged her head towards the screen, and Daenerys whimpered at it as she looked back. Jon had stood up in the video, bringing his long, thick cock into view, and Arianne, still breathing heavily and covered in a sheen of sweat from her orgasm, sat up and grinned down at it.

"So hard!" she marveled, her voice light and gleeful. "This looks almost painful."

"It always is around you," Jon rumbled, his voice gruff and tinged with lust.

"Well, if it's my fault, then I should do something about it," Arianne purred, leaning in and giving the bulbous head a wet kiss.

Daenerys watched, her mouth hanging open as Arianne took Jon's cock inside her mouth and started bobbing her head up and down on it. Daario had mentioned something about her sucking his cock, but when she reacted with confusion, he dropped the topic in favor of shoving it inside her instead. As she continued watching the video, she knew at once that this was what he had meant, and, completely unbidden, her mind started conjuring images of her in the Dornish woman's place, kneeling before Jon and taking him between her lips. Arianne took him deeper than she could have imagined possible, and she wondered how the other woman didn't choke.

Shaking her head, she looked back at her host in shock, finding her staring at her in obvious interest. "This is..."

"More fun than it looks, I assure you," Arianne replied. "It's the equivalent of what you saw Jon doing to me before."

"I never imagined that such things..." Daenerys went to say, referring to the videos, but Arianne's eyes lit up as she misinterpreted her words.

"There are countless pleasures just like this that I'm sure you haven't heard of," the brunette smiled. "You can watch any of these videos that you like by clicking on the icons here twice with the left button I showed you and pause them at any time by pressing this long button here. I think you might find this one particularly educational."

Before Daenerys could say a word, she had opened another video, this one featuring her alone, lying in her bed completely naked with her legs spread. Daenerys had been too shocked by seeing her and Jon having sex before to notice that there was no hair between her legs, but now she couldn't not see it, and she wondered why that was. As she watched, the olive-skinned beauty, who had been cupping and kneading her large breasts as the video started, slid one hand down along her flat belly.

"This...is wrong," Daenerys breathed, but just like her first night here, she found herself unable to tear her eyes away despite knowing that she should.

"According to who?" Arianne whispered. "I think if it feels good, then it is, and trust me when I say that this feels really, really good. Not as good as when Jon does it, but still."

"Why show me all this?" Daenerys asked, finally managing to look away from the screen, though what she turned to wasn't much better. Arianne was staring at her with hunger in her eyes, obvious that even she couldn't miss it.

"I think what happened to you was a terrible cruelty," Arianne replied softly, cupping her cheek, and despite herself, Daenerys leaned into her touch. "I think you've denied yourself pleasure for too long, and doing so has brought you only pain. These videos, they're yours to enjoy, to explore, to learn from. These headphones hook over your ears and plug into this little hole here. With them, you can watch and listen to whatever you like. Good night, Dany."

Arianne plugged the headphones that she'd pulled from the drawer of the desk into the laptop, cutting off the sound of the video, and handed them to Daenerys. They were small and black, with round pieces just large enough to fit over her ear and little plastic hooks that were clearly meant to slide around them, as she'd said. The brunette kissed her cheek before turning to leave, and Daenerys swore that her lips felt like pleasurable fire.

"Mother and Father would decry her as a whore," she thought to herself, "and Jon as a terrible sinner, yet what does it say that these two sinners took me in and showed me nothing but kindness while they cut me off from everyone I love?"

Her mind was a maelstrom of conflict, torn between everything she'd ever been taught and the feelings of abandonment and pain that she hadn't even begun to truly process, and through it all, an undeniable desire welled within her.

"Ah, ah, ah!" Arianne moaned.

Looking down at the headphones in her hands, Daenerys could hear the faint sounds of the breathy moans, similar to the pleased screams she'd heard coming from their room multiple times since she moved in, yet different, and before she even realized what she was doing, she'd brought them to her ears.

"Could that really feel that good?" she wondered, feeling a growing dampness in her cotton underwear.

Unlike the dress, which was new, her undergarments were her old ones, and just then the physical reminder of where she'd come from felt wrong somehow. Sitting down, she hiked up her short dress and pulled her underwear down along her legs, exposing herself to the room. As she kicked them away, her eyes fell on the forest of silver-gold curls between her legs.

“Mmm mmm ahh oh fuck,” Arianne whimpered, starting to shake as she rubbed herself with tight little circles.

“Only whores touch their most private areas for more than bathing, Daenerys,” her mother had once told her. “You must never do such a thing, for it is a sin.”

“Arianne’s no whore,” Daenerys whispered to herself, even as she continued to watch the video of her friend doing that very thing that her mother had warned her against. She was married to a man she adored, whom she’d been attached to since they were younger than Daenerys herself, and was, as far as she knew, faithful to him. There was no way that she could be considered such, and moreover, she had proven herself to be a good and giving woman.

“I told her of my great shame, and she barely reacted to it,” she thought to herself. “She didn’t scorn me or name me a disgrace; if anything, she was angrier at Daario for it. How could I judge her when she didn’t judge me?”

“Ahh, ahh, AHH!” Arianne cried, her hips lifting off of the bed as she began to shake and quiver, her face scrunched up in what looked almost like pain, yet it clearly wasn’t.

Daenerys watched her friend writhe in pleasure, the heat between her legs growing almost unbearable, and she began to wonder if it would be so bad to try it.

“Woo,” Arianne laughed, licking her fingers clean and brushing her hair out of her face. Looking at the camera, she winked and said, “One down, but you were kind enough to request a video of me playing with my sweet, wet little pussy until I cum three times. I could kiss you.”

She began to work one of her fingers in and out of her pussy slowly, grinning at the camera the whole time, and Daenerys rested a hand on her stomach. It looked like it felt so good, better than anything Daario had done to her, and she knew that she had two options. She could close the laptop, crawl into bed, and hope desperately that the heat and pressure low in her belly would go away enough for her to sleep, or she could do what she desperately wanted to and let her hand travel just a little bit lower.

Her mother’s face as she warned her against such an action popped into her head, but it swiftly morphed into how she’d looked at her when she refused to even speak up about her shunning. Daenerys clenched her eyes shut, feeling like her heart was being ground up in her chest as she always did when she remembered that terrible day, and then she pictured Jon and Arianne, who had taken her in even though she was a complete stranger, and given her so much. He was easily the most handsome man that she’d ever seen, making Daario look like a foolish boy, and Arianne was a goddess in human form. They were both so...

“Ahh!” Daenerys cried as her fingers brushed through her silvery curls and came in contact with the little nub Arianne had returned to rubbing on the screen again. It felt like she’d been struck by lightning, sensations the likes of which she’d never known arcing throughout her entire body, and she clapped a hand over her mouth to muffle the sounds she made. “It...oh gods!”

She couldn’t stop; the unfamiliar pleasure was greater than she ever could have imagined. No wonder Arianne did this if it felt this good. She paid close attention to the video, trying to mimic what the brunette was doing on the screen, and nearly wept at how amazing it was.

“How have I gone my entire life without this?” she wondered to herself, the hand on her mouth pushing more tightly against her face as an unending string of loud moans spilled forth from her lips.

She couldn't help it, couldn't keep herself quiet, not when the sensations were so overwhelming, but she didn't want to alert Jon or Arianne to what she was doing either, something she'd have realized was rather silly, all things considered, if she could still think at that point. The pressure inside her built progressively, continuing to grow more and more powerful as it went on, and just as something had gone wrong and she should stop, everything snapped and colors flashed behind her eyes.

A keening wail spilled from her lips as her left hand grabbed the armrest of the chair, her grip so tight that her knuckles turned white. She'd have continued to hold her mouth, but as she writhed in pleasure beyond anything she'd ever imagined, she wanted to hold onto something lest she fall to the floor. It hit her in waves, spreading from her core all throughout her body and making her shake uncontrollably. On and on it went, seeming like it might never end, until finally it did, and she was left breathless and dazed. As her eyes fluttered open, she realized that very little time had actually passed, and as she watched the video again, one part of it in particular occurred to her.

“...until I cum three times,” Arianne had said, and Daenerys brushed her fingers against her little nub again, crying out when she realized that it was too sensitive.

“If she can do that multiple times, surely I can,” she reasoned, determined to watch the rest of the video and see what else she could do to reach another peak like that. It wouldn't be the last one she watched that night either, as she decided to see just what else she could learn.

“I was only gone...for half an hour,” Jon chuckled between kisses as Arianne tried to devour his mouth with her own.

He'd barely had time to close the door before she'd jumped him, and he'd been grateful that he left the parcels he'd picked up in the trunk of her car. Having spent a decade with his beloved wife, he knew what a horny little minx she could be, but he was still a little taken aback by her passion. He kicked off his shoes and rushed her to their bedroom, thankful that Daenerys happened not to be in their way.

“Need you,” Arianne panted between kisses, trailing her lips along his strong jaw and nibbling on his earlobe. “Need you so badly!”

“I'll give you what you need and more, my horny little pet, but I must ask what brought this...” Jon went to ask, only to be cut off by a sudden scream from Daenerys' room. “Dae...”

Arianne pulled his face back to hers and captured his lips, again before he could call out to make sure that their guest was alright.

“She's watching our videos,” Arianne whispered against his lips and he felt his cock throb in his pants.

“What did you do?” he asked, grinning.

“I gave her a lesson in pleasure,” Arianne replied, and he wrapped his hand around her throat, making her quiver with need.

“I didn’t taste cunt on your lips just now,” Jon whispered, his eyes nearly black with lust. Grabbing her right hand, he brought it to his face and asked, “Would I taste her on your fingers?”

“No,” Arianne replied, his grip not tight enough to stop her. “I just showed her one of our commissioned videos, one of the masturbatory ones, and told her that she might find it educational. Of course, before that, I showed her one of you devouring my wet little pussy and letting me suck your big, hard cock. You should have seen the desire in her eyes.”

“You are such a bad girl,” Jon chuckled. “I honestly didn’t think she’d be so willing.”

“Oh, she’s terribly repressed, but there is a wellspring of lust buried within her that I long to tap into,” Arianne grinned.

“How did I get so lucky?” Jon asked, and she giggled.

“We’re both lucky, my love, but at the moment, we’re both terribly overdressed too,” Arianne replied, undoing the buttons of his shirt as she kissed him again. He reached down and unzipped her skirt, pulling it down with her panties, and stared at her visibly slick folds with lust-darkened eyes.

“Fuck me, you’re soaked,” Jon breathed. “You smell so good.”

“Please just fuck me, Jon,” Arianne begged, pulling off his belt and unzipping his pants. “If I don’t feel you inside me soon, I might go mad.”

“We wouldn’t want that,” Jon grinned, pulling her top off and freeing her large breasts. “So bloody beautiful.”

Arianne smiled widely at the sudden tender shift in his tone and pressed a hand against his bearded cheek. He smiled down at her, his eyes full of lust but also adoration, and he quickly shed his pants before settling between her parted thighs. She gasped as he pressed his bulbous head against her dripping opening and pushed inside. Even after the thousands of times they’d had sex, he still took her breath away when he buried himself inside her, his immense girth stretching her to her limit.

“Fuck!” Arianne whimpered, burying her face in the crook of his neck as she wrapped her arms around him.

He caressed her cheek softly, and she looked up to find uncertainty in his eyes.

“Jon?” she asked quietly.

“Promise me this won’t change us,” Jon implored. “I want to, obviously I do, but not at the cost of this.”

“I’m not going to be jealous, Jon,” Arianne promised. “I plan to have her as you do, and I’ve seen enough of how she looks at us both to know that she’ll not object to that at all. She’s become a friend, and if we seduce her, she’ll be our lover, shared between us.”

“Gods,” Jon groaned, and she giggled.

“It’ll be okay, my love,” Arianne smiled. “I promise.”

Jon smiled at that and pulled most of his length from her clinging depths before plunging back inside hard, making her moan. Her nails raked gently down along her back as he craned his neck down and captured one of her pebbled, dark nipples with his lips.

“Oh, fuck!” Arianne cried, wrapping her legs around his waist and rocking her body up against his in time with his thrusts.

The two of them had been together for so long that they knew each other so well that sex was easy, a well-choreographed dance that they knew by heart, no matter what they were doing in a given moment. They were often spontaneous, mixed things up regularly, and she couldn’t imagine ever finding it boring, but they had long since moved past the stage where they were just getting to know what the other liked and how to give them that.

With Daenerys, it would be different; she would be the second person either of them had ever slept with, and, given how utterly inexperienced she was, it would be like the early days of their relationship all over again. Those days had been fun but also a little embarrassing at times, as they slowly learned what they were doing.

“*We’ll be able to guide her,*” Arianne thought to herself as Jon hit a spot deep inside her that made her cry out in pleasure. “*There’s so much that we’ll be able to teach her.*”

“Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!” Daenerys cried from the other room, and Jon went still, looking over at the wall that separated them in surprise.

Arianne smirked and capitalized on his shock, rolling them over and cupping his handsome face with her hands, and she stared down at him.

“See what I’ve managed to do in one week?” she whispered. “That innocent girl is touching herself to videos of either me masturbating or you fucking my brains out. Give me a while longer, and I’ll have her right here, riding your big, thick cock and squealing her head off.”

“Gods,” Jon groaned. “Where will you be while she rides me?”

“Right here, either giving her tips on how to do it or just watching and fingering myself,” Arianne grinned, “or maybe I’ll be sitting on your face, screaming your name as you make me cum so fucking hard. Ahh!”

Jon grinned at her reaction to him as he began pistoning his hips up to meet each roll of her hips, and he pulled her down for a searing, hot kiss. Their tongues dueled for dominance in their mouths as she continued to whimper and moan in pleasure. Muffled by his mouth, her moans didn’t drown out Daenerys’, as the beautiful blonde kept playing with herself in the other room. Knowing that she was doing so would have been hot enough, but the fact that she was watching their videos as they did made it scorching.

When Arianne first broached the subject of seducing the younger woman, he’d thought it was an incredibly hot idea but an unlikely one. Daenerys seemed too sheltered and innocent, and he couldn’t imagine a girl from such a religious background being willing to join in on the kind of fun that he and his wife had.

“I shouldn’t have doubted her,” he thought to himself, bringing one of her bouncing breasts to his lips and grazing the peak with his teeth.

“Gods!” Arianne cried. “Fucking hells, I love your cock!”

Jon heard a distinct moan come from the other room and didn’t know if it was because Daenerys had heard her or not, but he hoped that it was. Sitting up, he brought his hand down hard on one of Arianne’s plump ass cheeks, making her shriek in pleasure before gathering her hair in his hand and tugging gently. Her head craned back, exposing her neck, and he licked the salty sweat from the slender column before peering right into her eyes.

“I should spank your perfect ass red for being such a wicked little thing,” he grinned, and her eyes nearly crossed.

“Yes!” Arianne shrieked. “You should...you should...JON!”

Jon groaned as he felt her tight tunnel spasm around his length and fucked her even harder, prolonging her pleasure even as she fell limp in his arms. Settling back, he hugged her writhing form to his chest, spanking the other cheek and chuckling when it made her whole body spasm. He rolled her over as her orgasm faded and pulled his entire length from her still quivering cunt.

“Jon...” Arianne panted, staring at him with glassy, unfocused eyes.

“I intended to taste your sweet cunt and I will,” Jon replied, pressing his lips against the valley between her breasts and continuing down along her belly.

Arianne yelped when she felt his tongue soothe her sensitive folds, still sensitive from her orgasm, though she knew that that would quickly pass. He avoided her clit at first and pushed two fingers inside her, curling them up towards her g-spot. She moaned in pleasure as he found it immediately, her hands finding his head and holding him in place. Her eyes clenched shut, and as she heard Daenerys moan again from the other room, visions swam through her mind’s eye of threesomes with her and Jon.

“I’ll have to teach her how to do this,” Jon grinned, his eyes locked into hers.

“And I’ll teach...oh fuck...her how to suck your cock,” Arianne moaned as he swirled his tongue around her clit. “I did promise her an education, after all.”

“Gods, you’re wicked,” Jon chuckled.

“You wouldn’t have me any other way,” Arianne sighed, whimpering as she felt his talented tongue on her again.

She didn’t know if she’d actually manage to talk Daenerys into doing porn with them, but she was increasingly sure that she and Jon would seduce her soon enough. Just the thought of the blonde’s seeing beautiful face contort in pleasure as she felt Jon eat her out for the first time or watching her eyes go wide as saucers as he stretched her out was enough to make her quiver.

“Gods!” they heard Daenerys scream from the next room, and they both grinned.

“On your hands and knees,” Jon rumbled. “Let’s really give her something to get off to.”

“Just think, Jon,” Arianne purred as she rolled over and pushed her ass up towards him. “Soon enough you’re going to get to watch me eat pussy for the first time.”

“You’re not going to walk straight tomorrow morning,” Jon promised, and she shivered before crying out as he buried himself to the hilt inside her again.

“I am so glad we met you, Dany,” she thought, staring at the wall separating their rooms and wondering what the other woman’s reaction would be to all she saw and heard tonight in the morning.