

I heard she's barren.

I heard his grace plans to set her aside for another.

From what I've heard, the late king should have named her Visenya because her Aegon rarely graces her bed.

Rhaenys Targaryen had heard it all over the past couple years. Not directly, of course, as, while the vicious harpies who gleefully gave her false smiles while snickering about her misfortune behind her back were cruel, they wanted to keep their tongues. Her multitude of spies had reported back to her the various jokes the countless cunts around her made at her expense, though their eyes inevitably filled with pity that only made her feel worse.

"It will get better, my dove," her mother had said to her more than once. *"Your brother is just adjusting to his new position like the rest of us."*

It had been two years since Rhaegar Targaryen died, since their seemingly healthy father had succumbed to a burst belly. It had been mere weeks after she and Aegon wed, and they'd all been devastated. She could barely remember what those weeks were like now, as so much had worsened in the time since. Her brother was handsome and had the Valyrian look, but the blood in his veins neither burned with the heat of Dorne nor the fire of dragons. He was fonder of books than women and had been for as long as she knew him.

"Most women, anyway," a traitorous voice in her head said, and she swallowed bitterly.

"No," she hissed to herself, rising from her tub.

"My queen?" Falia, a servant girl she'd acquired from a family in the Reach asked. "Is the water cool already?"

"I'm finished," Rhaenys replied, stepping out of the tub as her faithful servant rushed over with a towel.

"Careful, please," Falia begged. "The floor could be slippery."

"It's alright," Rhaenys replied, accepting the other woman's hand, though she felt steady enough.

"You look beautiful, my queen," Falia smiled as she carefully started drying her off.

"At least someone noticed," Rhaenys thought bitterly. "Has anyone spotted the red woman today?"

"She hasn't returned yet, last I checked," Falia replied, sinking to her knees and drying Rhaenys' legs. "Gods, that oil smells divine."

"Made with the finest roses from High Garden," Rhaenys smiled, more at the news that Melissandre was still gone on her journey than anything else.

"I set out the gown you requested," Falia smiled as she finished and laid out the towel for Rhaenys to step onto. "By your leave, I'll go get it."

"Yes, thank you," Rhaenys nodded, watching the other woman walk off.

She first met Falia when her father had taken her on a royal progress through the Reach. The Shield Islands had been struck by a terrible storm the year prior, and he decided to sail through them on his way to the Arbor to inspect the reconstruction that he'd helped pay for. The mousy-haired, permanently nervous girl dressed in rags had drawn Rhaenys' eye almost immediately. The servants at the Red Keep were well-treated, and most of those that she'd come across in other keeps had seemed to be as well, so finding a servant who looked so unhappy struck her as odd.

"Who's that girl?" she had asked. Upon learning from the irritated-looking Hewetts that she was Lord Humfrey's bastard daughter, she'd asked, *"Then why's she dressed like a servant?"*

By the end of the episode that followed, the angry, still very young Rhaenys, being an imperious and, she had to admit, spoiled princess, had all but demanded that the girl be given to her instead, badgering Lord Hewett and her father both over the course of the day until she got her way. She'd gotten a new servant and, in so doing, earned said servant's life-long loyalty.

"You're so beautiful," Falia said again as she finished tying the laces of her gown together, and Rhaenys smiled sadly at what she knew her old friend wasn't saying.

"So beautiful that his grace should be mad for you," she knew the servant girl would say if she didn't know better.

It was true, Rhaenys decided as she looked into her nearby mirror, examining herself. Save for her purple eyes, she looked decidedly Dornish, with olive skin nearly as dark as her cousin Arianne's and dark hair that fell to her lower back in waves. She was tall for a woman, standing half a foot taller than her cousin, with large, full breasts and wide hips that had drawn many eyes over the years.

The red gown she'd just put on was in the Dornish style, but even more revealing, with a deep, plunging neckline that showed off much of her breasts and a long slit in the skirt, revealing one of her long, shapely legs. It wasn't something that she'd wear normally, and even in the keep, she planned to wrap herself in a cloak as she made her way to Aegon's chambers, but these weren't normal times.

She had been wed to her husband for two years, and her womb had remained empty that entire time. More than a few noble harpies had begun to circle the royal couple, each wondering if perhaps they might draw the king's eye and convince him to set aside the wife who clearly either didn't arouse his interest, or couldn't give him what he needed. They wouldn't even need to worry about angering his wife's family, given that they were brother and sister. Her uncles would grumble and try to convince him to change his mind, but even if they failed, their blood would remain on the throne.

"I'm alone in this," she thought to herself, *"and even Mother hasn't gotten through to him."*

All she had was her wiles, and so she'd use them. She'd bathe in a tub of water so heavily scented with rose oil that she smelled like she'd grown out of the ground at High Garden, drape herself in a gown fit for a whore, and crawl into her husband's bed, whispering in his ear that she wanted him to fill her with his child.

What more could she do?

"Here you are, my queen," Falia murmured, handing her a thick black cloak that she quickly draped over herself. *"Good luck."*

The two words, barely whispered, were meant well but struck like icy daggers in her heart. Rhaenys' eyes narrowed, but she couldn't bring herself to be truly angry with her old friend, choosing instead to redirect her anger for a moment to her situation. Why should a woman need luck to get her husband to couple with her?

"If he preferred men, at least that I could understand," she grumbled mentally as she nodded to Falia and left her chambers. *"At this point I'd be willing to let him have another man inside him while he seeded me if that was the problem."*

It took everything in her power not to stomp through the halls of the Red Keep, followed by her ever dutiful sworn shield, Ser Jaime.

"Is everything alright, my queen?" the Kingsguard asked, and Rhaenys wished, just for a moment, that he still called her princess.

Everything had been simpler when she was just a princess, just the daughter of the king. The prospect of one day wedding Aegon and, down the line, being his queen had been far nicer before she had to live it.

"All is well," Rhaenys replied, though a glance at his green eyes was all it took to know that he didn't believe her.

Taking a deep breath, she let it go slowly and continued on her way to Aegon's chambers, finding Ser Arthur guarding outside.

"His grace is rather busy," the famous Dornish knight said as he spotted her.

"Did he say that he wasn't to be disturbed?" Rhaenys asked primly.

"No, your grace," Ser Arthur replied.

"Then he will see me," Rhaenys replied, and he nodded, opening the door.

"Why do we even have a library if we're just going to keep all the damn tomes in here?" she thought to herself irritably as she looked around.

Aegon had moved into their father's old chambers a few weeks after he died and had made himself at home since. When their father lived, it wasn't uncommon to find various books and scrolls about his chambers, as her brother had gotten his bookishness from him, but it was never this bad. She found him at his desk, poring over some ancient-looking text while scribbling notes on a piece of parchment. He didn't even notice her at first, being fully engrossed in whatever he was working on, but as she cleared her throat, he startled and looked up at her.

"Rhaenys?" he asked, clenching his eyes shut for a moment as though he'd been reading for so long that he needed to. "Is something wrong?"

"Yes, our marriage," Rhaenys thought to herself before giving him a warm smile. "No, my love, I just realized that it had been a long time since you and I spent much time together and decided...to fix that."

She let the cloak fall from her shoulders, pooling on the ground around her as she paused, and she smirked as his eyes widened, though her face fell when he just sighed.

“Rhaenys...” he muttered, rubbing his temples.

“Yes?” Rhaenys asked, walking towards him and trying not to let her disappointment at his tepid reaction show. “We haven’t spent the night together in weeks, and people are beginning to talk. You’ve sat on the throne for two years now and still have no children.”

“Rhaenys, I’m busy,” Aegon sighed, and Rhaenys clenched her fist so hard that her nails threatened to prick her skin.

“Busy?!” Rhaenys demanded, years of anger and embarrassment at how little he wanted her threatening to bubble to the surface. “Am I truly so hideous that you’d rather spend your nights comforted by books than me?”

“You are far from hideous,” Aegon replied, “but my work...”

“You are king, Aegon,” Rhaenys ground out through gritted teeth. “That is a demanding position, I know, and it comes with multiple responsibilities, but siring children is one of them. You need an heir and...”

“Maekar is my heir for now,” Aegon replied calmly, “and there is no rush to...”

“Maekar?” Rhaenys breathed as tears welled up in her eyes.

“Yes,” Aegon replied. “Daena is Arianne’s heir, and her brother is mine, for the time being, at least. My position isn’t as perilous as you’re imply...”

“What does she have that I don’t!?” Rhaenys screamed, too frustrated to care who might hear her just then.

“What?” Aegon asked, jumping to his feet as he finally realized just how angry she really was. “Who in the hells are you talking about?”

“You know damn well who,” Rhaenys hissed. “Everyone in the castle knows how much time you spend with that red-haired witch! What does that whore have that I don’t!?”

“Melissandre?” Aegon asked incredulously. “Gods, if you only knew what she...”

Rhaenys went to slap him, too enraged for words, and he caught her hand.

“I’m not fucking her,” Aegon groaned, seeming, for some strange reason, almost nauseated by the idea. “Melissandre and I are working on something of grave importance. I was just finishing up notes on something before I sailed out to Dragonstone. We have a few hours of light left, so we should be fine.”

“Is that where she went?” Rhaenys asked, feeling like her heart was going to cave in.

“I’m sorry about all of this, but Father informed me of something on his deathbed that I’ve been preoccupied with since,” Aegon explained. “I can’t say what just yet because I know you won’t believe me, but I swear to you that I’m not bedding Melissandre. Gods, no.”

“Do what you like,” Rhaenys spat, grabbing her cloak and draping it around herself as she stormed out, leaving a sighing, frustrated Aegon in her wake.

Ser Jaime’s eyes widened as he saw how upset she was, but a single glare silenced him as she rushed back to her chambers. The worst part was that she had no idea whether or not to believe him. Under normal circumstances no wife would take, at face value, her husband’s claims that he wasn’t fucking the woman he spent hours with almost daily, but Aegon had always been so frustratingly disinterested in women that even Rhaenys hadn’t believed it at first when he started spending so much time with the witch.

She almost wouldn’t care if he had at least given her a child but the handful of times that they’d slept together since he took the throne hadn’t managed it. She’d gone to slap him when, for a moment, she thought that he was actually talking about what Melissandre did for him under the sheets, but she’d wanted to since he brought up their nephew’s status as his heir.

“*He’s lucky that he didn’t wed Arianne,*” she hissed mentally, well aware of what creative solutions her cousin would have come up with by now for the problem of a sexless marriage.

Instead, Arianne had gotten the other Targaryen prince and had spent years bragging about how deliriously happy she was about that until she finally realized just how miserable Rhaenys was.

“Is there anything I could do for you?” Ser Jaime asked softly, and she looked over at him.

“*Gods, why couldn’t you have purple eyes?*” The thought made her blush lightly, and she looked away from her golden knight.

She had been very aware of how handsome her sworn shield was since before she even flowered, and there had been a time when she had, in her childish innocence, told everyone who would hear that she was going to wed him someday. Her parents had eventually pointed out that that was impossible for numerous reasons, and she’d let go of the desire, but knowing that she couldn’t wed him hadn’t made him any less attractive.

“*I could have clawed Ari’s eyes out when she joked about seducing him years ago,*” she thought to herself, sighing at the memory.

Spotting Ser Barristan at the door to the chambers next to hers, she smiled. The Stormlander had been assigned to guard her brother Daemon since he was a boy, and his presence could only mean that the pair of them had returned from their trip into the city earlier that day. They had come to King’s Landing a few days earlier to visit, bringing their children with them, and in that moment, Rhaenys welcomed having her dearest friend back because she needed to talk to someone.

Entering her chambers, she closed the door behind her and took a deep breath. She would normally have just knocked on their door, or asked Ser Barristan if they were available, but she would have sparked enough gossip just from fighting with Aegon earlier and didn’t need to add how she’d stormed off out of his chambers and sought out her cousin and brother to that. Interrupting Daemon and Arianne could be hazardous, as the amorous couple were everything that she and Aegon weren’t, but she’d spent enough time around her cousin to know that she was incapable of being quiet when in the throes of passion, and since the entire castle wasn’t shaking at the moment, rattled by the screams of a woman who consisted sounded like she was being murdered when her husband took her, she figured it was safe.

“Thank you, Maegor,” she muttered to herself as she unlocked the hidden door leading to the passage that linked their chambers and made her way inside. The cruel king might have been a cunt of the first order, but his paranoia had been useful to the Targaryens who followed him.

As she drew close, she felt more and more confident that Daemon and Arianne were very likely dressed just then, and, with that confidence in mind, she opened the hidden door leading into their chambers and poked her head inside.

“Ari, do you have a...” Rhaenys went to say, only to freeze at the sight that greeted her.

“Mmm mmm mmm!” Arianne exclaimed, her voice muffled by the cloth in her mouth.

Rhaenys’ couldn’t look away if she’d tried, frozen in place by the sheer shock of seeing what she was. Arianne was completely naked, and her arms were tied to the bedposts by what looked like silk ropes. Her flawless olive skin was covered in a sheen of sweat that made her shine under the light of the fireplace across from their bed, and she was shaking like a leaf, looking like she was being tortured.

“Fuck me, you taste good,” Daemon groaned, lifting his head up from between his wife’s parted thighs. “I could sup from your cunt all night. Perhaps I will.”

“MMMM!” Arianne exclaimed, her eyes full of tears as she struggled against the ropes.

“You know what to do if you want it to stop, darling,” Daemon grinned, standing up and tracing a finger up from the top of her foot along one of her short, yet shapely legs. “Clap your legs together three times, either against each other or me, and I’ll make it stop, but you don’t want it to, do you?”

“Mmm mmm,” Arianne replied, shaking her head back and forth, even as she looked desperate.

“You’re so wet,” Daemon grinned, tracing a finger between her overflowing folds and using it to draw slow circles around one of her large, dark nipples, making her struggle again against her bindings. “When I bury myself inside you, you’re probably going to cum before you take the whole thing.”

“*What the fuck?*” Rhaenys thought to herself, barely able to fathom what she was seeing.

Arianne hadn’t exactly been shy over the years about sharing stories of her adventures in bed with Daemon. The pair had famously not been betrothed to each other, as her uncles had both been displeased with the idea wedding them to each other, when they were caught together in bed. Daemon had been young when Arianne gave him her maidenhead, but apparently, though he was two years younger than her, she’d taken only one look at his cock before deciding that she simply had to feel it inside her. By the time they were caught, they’d apparently fucked dozens of times, and when her uncle Doran learned that her blood was exceedingly late, he knew that he had no choice.

Nothing that Arianne had ever mentioned had been like this, though.

“You’ve been so good, holding yourself back over and over again, despite how desperate I know you must be to cum, that I think you deserve a reward,” Daemon grinned, reaching for the buttons of his doublet.

Arianne nodded emphatically, visibly desperate for his touch, and Rhaenys felt her heart hammer in her chest. By all rights, she should have left the moment she realized what they were doing, but in her mind, this felt like a more serious intrusion than what she'd done so far. She and Arianne had seen each other naked before, not for quite some time and never intimately, but they still had. Even though watching them fuck, or whatever this was, was a violation, it still felt like actually watching her valonqar undress was somehow worse, and she knew that she should close the door and leave, but she couldn't, finding herself still frozen in awe.

"*Gods be good,*" she thought to herself as his doublet and tunic were removed, showing off his muscular physique.

Aegon wasn't in bad shape, per se, but he wasn't a warrior, preferring books to swords as much as he preferred them to her. Daemon was a true warrior, a man grown and one who had spent many years fighting in tourneys or killing bands of bandits for fun. His powerful arms were thick, corded with muscle, and his back looked so strong that she found herself wanting him to turn around and show off his undoubtedly flat, muscled stomach to her. His long brown hair fell to his shoulders, matching the full beard that he kept and giving him a look of Northern ruggedness that made her mouth water.

"*Why couldn't I have wed him?*" she couldn't help but think to herself, feeling guilty the moment she did. Her guilt wasn't so much about Aegon, whom she was still furious with, but Arianne, who she knew had been utterly in love with him for years.

"*I don't want to imagine what my life would have been like if I hadn't crawled into his bed,*" the Dornish princess had said once as Rhaenys sat with her in the Water Gardens, watching her niece and nephew play in the waters. "*I think I would have gone all my life never knowing true bliss, even if I bedded half the men in Westeros.*"

Those were the kind of comments that her cousin eventually stopped making in her presence when she realized just how much it irked her, due to the unhappy state of her own marriage. As she watched Daemon, not clad only in his breeches and belt, sit down next to Arianne, she couldn't help but wonder how happy he'd have made her.

"What, were you expecting something else?" Daemon asked, his amusement clear in his voice. "You're the one who's always going on about how you're going to forbid me to wear anything other than my small clothes when you're Princess of Dorne, so you can look at my body whenever you wish. I thought you'd appreciate your reward."

Arianne screamed against the gag in her mouth as he started peppering her belly with kisses, trailing his way down towards the forest of dark curls that crowned her sex. The sheer wild desperation in Arianne's eyes and the sheen of sweat on her skin suggested that they had been doing this for some time, and she had no idea why. Why willingly let yourself be subjected to such frustration, something that her cousin was clearly doing, given that Daemon had made it clear that she could signal to end her torment whenever she liked? He placed his large hands on her thighs, spreading them further, and lowered his face back down towards her sex.

"MMMM!" Arianne exclaimed, quivering and shaking with need as Daemon tortured her with a tongue that Rhaenys knew damn well was very, very good.

"*I swear Daemon enjoys licking my cunt as much as he enjoys me sucking his cock,*" Arianne had sighed once, lying in her bed the night before her wedding. "*I hope Aegon's just as eager as his*

brother is for your sake, because having a man bury his face between your thighs is a pleasure like few others."

"That's a laugh," Rhaenys thought to herself bitterly as she shook her head.

Thinking of her husband again seemed to break her out of the trance she'd been in since she first spotted Daemon and Arianne, and she sighed. Shifting slightly, her thighs happened to brush against each other, and she almost moaned at the feeling. She rubbed them together again and blushed scarlet when she realized just how wet she was. Her arousal had been running down her legs, something made easier by the fact that she had neglected to wear small clothes, and the sheer extent of her arousal made her even more embarrassed.

She stepped forward, meaning to pull the hidden door closed carefully, only to slip, as her fluids had made the stone under her slick. Eyes wide in abject horror, she could only gasp as she fell towards the slightly ajar hidden door and tumbled into the room, landing in a heap.

"Who go...Rhaenys?" Daemon asked, looking down at her with wide eyes, and that was the last thing she saw before consciousness left her.

"What in the...shit," Daemon hissed as he saw his sister fall down. Arianne let out a muffled scream and thrashed about, drawing his attention, and he undid the knot that he'd tied the silk scarf around her mouth in and pulled out her crumpled small clothes.

"No one can find her here!" Arianne hissed.

"I'm aware," Daemon drawled, "but she could be hurt and I need to check on her. Don't go anywhere."

"Ass," Arianne huffed, slightly amused by his words. "She could have simply fainted from the shock of getting caught watching us fuck. Pick her up and bring her here. We can look her over and see if she looks hurt. If she does, we might want to take her back to her chambers and claim that we heard her fall there and rushed through the passageway."

"That's an idea" Daemon went to ask as he knelt down by his sister and carefully lifted her up. "Do you think she came here to watch us?"

"It's possible" Arianne sighed. "Your sister is a very lonely woman, Daemon."

"Yes, I know, and I've tried talking to Aegon about that, but she'd have had no way to know what we were doing," Daemon pointed out as he laid Rhaenys down on the bed next to his wife. "Your screams weren't echoing out to Flea Bottom, my love."

Arianne just stuck her tongue out at him for that, and he laughed as he checked over Rhaenys' head.

"She fell forward, and I don't see any cuts or bruises here," Daemon murmured as he felt over her forehead.

Once he was reasonably sure that Rhaenys hadn't hit her head, or at least, that she hadn't done so badly enough to make herself bleed, he untied his wife, and she quickly joined him in checking her

over. As the two of them were examining her, her eyes fluttered open, and as she saw the two of them, she screamed.

“Will you not?” Arianne hissed, and Rhaenys clapped a hand over her mouth, blushing noticeably as she looked back and forth between them.

“You passed out,” Daemon explained. “How you did so here is something that we were hoping you’d tell us.”

Rhaenys looked like she was going to be sick, and just when Daemon feared that she was going to pass out again, she burst into tears.

“Daemon, could you give us a couple minutes?” Arianne asked, pulling her wailing cousin into her arms and holding her tightly as she cried on her bare shoulder.

“Yes, that’s...probably a good idea,” Daemon replied, looking down at Rhaenys, baffled by her behavior.

The chambers reserved for them on orders from his father and kept up by his brother were extensive, and he was able to slip into another of their rooms and sit down, pouring himself a cup of wine as he wondered just what had so deeply bothered his sister. If asked to guess, he’d have figured it was Aegon, whose neglect of her was something that he’d tried to speak to him about before, but he couldn’t be sure. He figured that Arianne would be better suited to getting her to talk about it than he would be.

“Hey, I’ve got you,” Arianne soothed as she ran her hand over the thick, dark cloak that Rhaenys was wearing. “Why in the world are you wearing something so heavy?”

“I’m not wearing much under it,” Rhaenys replied, pulling back and blushing again as she saw up close that Arianne was still completely naked. “Gods, I’m so sorry.”

“For interrupting us or watching? Because I’m only really annoyed by one of those things,” Arianne replied with a slight grin, though her face fell when Rhaenys didn’t even smile. “If you need to talk, I’m here.”

“No, no,” Rhaenys muttered, wiping her eyes and standing up. “I’ve wasted enough of your time tonight.”

“Daemon and I have all night to have fun,” Arianne insisted as she stood up and took her hand. “Something’s clearly bothering you enough that you tried to come speak to me. I figured that because you couldn’t hear me moaning or screaming...”

“Yes,” Rhaenys muttered. “I’m sorry again about that.”

“You already said so,” Arianne smiled. “Speak to me, cousin. What had you so upset?”

“The same thing as always,” Rhaenys muttered. “Aegon doesn’t want me, half the cuntish noblewomen in Westeros plot to replace me, and I just...I...”

She felt tears sting her eyes again and shut them forcefully, furious at herself for her own weakness as Arianne pulled on her cloak. It fell away before she realized what her cousin had been doing, and she whipped around in shock, seeing her still naked cousin look her up and down appraisingly.

“I love him, but my cousin is a fool,” Arianne purred. “Were I your husband, you’d hardly ever spend a night alone.”

“Alas, you lack the parts for that,” Rhaenys replied, cracking a smile for the first time that night.

“I don’t,” Daemon drawled, and Rhaenys breath hitched as she turned to see her brother standing there, still bare-chested.

“Daemon,” she breathed, her eyes roaming over his form.

His muscular chest and abdomen were everything she’d hoped for as she observed him before and then some. The evidence of the many, many fights he’d been in in his life was clear too, as scars littered his body, but just like the one that crossed his left cheek and eyebrow, courtesy of a man in Tyrosh who tried to kill him when he and Arianne visited the city. Each scar told the story of a fight he’d won, a foe he’d slain, and Rhaenys couldn’t help but think that they made him look like twice the man their brother was. His greater height did much for that as well.

“You were worried about just having her here a moment ago,” Arianne giggled, “and now you offer to fuck her?”

“I was worried about her being found here,” Daemon clarified, stepping forward.

“Daemon, what in the...” Rhaenys went to ask, only to turn to Arianne in shock. “Why are you not throwing something at him?”

“Daemon’s a very...special man,” Arianne smirked, looking up at her husband adoringly. “He’s very...difficult to satisfy, and over the years, I’ve found it necessary to bring in help.”

“Help?” Rhaenys squeaked, feeling her heart flutter as she watched her beautiful cousin walk up to her husband, her wide hips swaying with every step.

“First was Tyene,” Arianne explained, “who, after spending a day seeing me hobble about, my cunt sore and my legs shaking even hours after he’d had me, jokingly suggested that I let her help satisfy his lusts.”

“She’s so sweet,” Daemon grinned, turning Arianne around and pulling her flush against him, making her gasp, “and so tight.”

“Nymeria watched her sister limp around the next day, grinning from ear to ear, and asked her if she’d be willing to share whoever had put her in such a state,” Arianne continued. “He fucked all three of us until we were mindless, glassy-eyed wrecks, keeping poor Obara up all night. When she angrily complained about it the next day, I suggested that Daemon help tire her out so she could get some sleep.”

“All of them?” Rhaenys asked, her jaw dropped and her cunt fluttering around nothing hotter and wetter than it had been while she watched them.

“We even lured Sarella into our bed when we visited Oldtown for a tourney,” Daemon replied, “and little Elia badgered us until I finally promised to break her in for her next nameday.”

“The silly girl has no idea what she’d asked for, but I trust you not to hurt her, despite how gifted you are,” Arianne giggled.

“You’ve been fucking all of my cousins?” Rhaenys asked.

“Well, not Quentyn or Trystane,” Daemon chuckled. “They’re not my type, and the youngest three are still far too young, but I’ll likely end up bedding all of Oberyn’s daughters eventually, much to his lasting joy.”

“He’s softened his stance on you,” Arianne smiled, reaching behind to run her nails through his hair. “You could only make so many of his daughters happy before he decided you were worth tolerating at least.”

“Why?” Rhaenys asked, looking at Arianne, who just grinned.

“Should we tell her, my love?” Daemon asked, nuzzling his wife’s neck as she reached down behind her with both hands.

“No,” Arianne replied, “I think we should show her.”

Before either Targaryen could ask what she meant, she stepped forward, taking his undone belt with her, and his breeches fell to his ankles.

“I’m going to spank that perfect arse of yours red for that later,” Daemon chuckled.

“I’m going to hold you to that,” Arianne replied, turning around and gazing up at him with lust-darkened eyes as she threw his belt aside.

Rhaenys didn’t hear a word either of them said, the entire world around her disappearing as she stared, slack-jawed and wide-eyed at her brother’s cock. It was huge, long, and frighteningly thick, standing tall and proud. He was bigger than Aegon, bigger than she thought a man could be, and as she stared at him, there was only one question that she could think to ask.

“That fits in you?” she asked incredulously, looking at Arianne, who just smirked.

“You’re not the only one who’s been surprised by that,” she replied, squealing when Daemon’s hand came swinging out and slapped her ass.

“I’m frankly surprised,” he chuckled. Leaning in, he kissed her cheek and added, “You are so very small, after all.”

“Incredible, isn’t he?” Arianne asked, wrapping a hand around the base of his shaft and stroking him lightly, making him hiss in pleasure. “He was already impressive when I first stumbled across him bathing all those years ago. I had found a secret passageway during a visit to the Red Keep and had no idea where it led.”

“She had worn a gown at dinner that showed off the tops of her breasts, and I was so...entranced, that as I rushed off to bathe later that night, I ended up taking myself in hand,” Daemon replied.

“Watching him stroke a cock bigger than any I had seen on the handful of men I’d managed to watch with whores while groaning my name made me so hot and wet,” Arianne moaned, licking her

hand and stroking him faster. “I didn’t join him then, being too scared, but later that night, as I lay in my bed, rubbing my little clit raw, I just knew that I had to have him.”

“She snuck into my bed and offered to teach me all the pleasures there were, as if she’d experienced any of them,” Daemon chuckled.

“Tyene and I had fingered each other,” Arianne said defensively. “Anyway, by the end of the night, he had made me a woman, I had made him a man, and we had found a pleasure too intense to give up for anything.”

“A forgotten dose of moon tea and an annoyingly curious servant later, we were betrothed,” Daemon chuckled.

“I wouldn’t change it for anything,” Arianne smiled, and Rhaenys sighed, wishing for many reasons that she had what her cousin did.

“If Aegon’s too foolish to appreciate what he has, that’s his loss,” Daemon spat, “but it doesn’t have to be yours.”

“If we were caught..” Rhaenys breathed, tempted but cautious, for obvious reasons.

“No one outside is going to be shocked to hear screams of pleasure coming from this room, sweet sister,” Daemon replied, “and your voice isn’t too dissimilar from Arianne’s.”

“Plus, Ser Barristan knows by now not to bother us when we’re alone no matter how many voices he might hear in our rooms,” Arianne replied. “You’ve been neglected for so long, Rhaenys. Why not let Daemon give you what you’ve been denied?”

She had been neglected. Aegon was her husband and there were certain marital obligations that he’d been outright ignoring for too long. If he wanted to spend all his time with his nose in dusty books and conspiring with foreign witches, then she could find ways to entertain herself too. Her feet moved almost of their own accord at first as she approached the oversexed couple, and she felt the heat in her core flare at the smile Daemon gave her once she was next to Arianne.

“Aegon’s a fucking idiot,” her youngest brother breathed as he gazed down into her violet eyes.

“Aegon’s not the Valonqar I want to think about right now,” Rhaenys purred, and he grinned before pulling her in for a deep kiss.

Rhaenys moaned into his mouth, feeling like she was on fire as he embraced her. It had been so long since she’d felt the intimate touch of another that Daemon’s passion almost overwhelmed her from the start. She felt his tongue demand entrance into her mouth and gave it eagerly, moaning again as he dominated her. Arianne, grinning widely as she watched her husband kiss his sister, stood up and embraced her from behind, cupping her breasts through the thin gown she was wearing.

“Oh gods!” Rhaenys cried as the shorter woman kneaded the sensitive mounds.

“I’ve always thought your body was gorgeous, Rhaenys,” Arianne purred. “I can’t wait to bury my face between these beautiful breasts.”

“Wai...wha...oh fuck!” Rhaenys cried as Daemon nibbled on her earlobe before kissing a hot trail down along her neck.

“Are you saying that you’ve never enjoyed a woman’s touch before?” her brother whispered in her ear.

“I tried, but she was always too skittish,” Arianne pouted. Raising up onto her toes, she whispered in Rhaenys’ ear, “Say the word and together Daemon and I will show you every pleasure a woman can enjoy.”

Before Rhaenys could reply, Daemon reached between her legs, and she let out a keening wail at the feeling of his large fingers on her sopping cunt.

“Gods be good, you’re soaked,” he groaned.

“What do you say, Rhaenys?” Arianne purred. “Will you let my gorgeous husband and I show you how you should have been treated all along?”

“Yes!” Rhaenys replied, moaning loudly as Arianne pulled her down for a kiss.

Her cousin had tried to seduce her before, but she’d always been wary, not because she didn’t think that the other woman was beautiful; she clearly was, but out of fear of scandal. That fear still persisted, but years of frustration had chipped it down. She would have to be discreet, but if the only way for her to feel like a woman rather than a mere extension of the crown was in Daemon’s and Arianne’s arms, then so be it.

The Dornish beauty’s kiss was different, more yielding than demanding as Daemon’s had been, and Rhaenys enjoyed it, but she had to admit that the way her brother had made her melt into him had been more thrilling. He wasn’t idle while his wife and sister kissed, working quickly to undo the laces holding her dress together. She was so distracted by Arianne that she didn’t notice just how much he’d done until he started to actually undress her. Breaking the kiss, she moaned as Arianne immediately joined in, and soon the fabric lay pooled on the floor, leaving her as nude as they were.

“Absolutely beautiful,” Arianne purred, looking her up and down. Taking her hand, she said, “Come, join me on the bed, and the two of us can worship your gorgeous body like you deserve.”

“I couldn’t have put that better myself,” Daemon grinned, leaning in and bringing one of her almost painfully hard, pink nipples to his lips.”

“Oh gods!” Rhaenys cried, backing up as the two of them led her to their bed.

Her arse hit the bedding a moment later, and Arianne immediately captured her lips with her own. She returned the kiss eagerly, her passions burning hotter than she could ever remember. The first weeks of their marriage had been better than what followed, but even then she couldn’t recall Aegon after taking her with obvious desire. The feeling of truly being wanted was intoxicating, and she let her hands roam over both of her new lovers, pulling back as though burned when she felt the softness of Arianne’s breast fill her hand.

“You can touch them,” her cousin giggled, settling down next to her. “They’re similar to yours.”

“Gods, yes they are,” Daemon groaned, looking up from between her breasts, still busy worshipping them.

She cupped one of Arianne's breasts, feeling the weight of it as the soft, yet firm, flesh filled her hand, and as her cousin leaned in, she took the hint and craned her head up to wrap her lips around the dark, hard peak.

"Mmm, just like that," Arianne sighed as Rhaenys sucked on a nipple for the first time since she was weaned as a babe.

"I really couldn't imagine just what pleasures you'd bring into my life when you first slipped into my chambers that night," Daemon grinned as he began kissing his way down along his sister's flat belly.

"All the...oh...pleasures you've enjoyed have been because you're so extraordinary, my love," Arianne sighed.

"You smell fucking amazing, by the way," Daemon rumbled as he reached her forest of dark curls, "and I don't just mean your delectable cunt."

"Rose oiLLLL!" Rhaenys keened as she felt him part her pubic hair with his hands, his fingers ghosting over her dripping wet folds.

"So sensitive," Daemon grinned. "You have no idea what you're in for, Mandia."

"Then show me, Valonqar," Rhaenys replied, shaking with anticipation. "Show me what I've been missing."

Daemon grinned at her again and then leaned and slowly licked the entire length of her slit with the flat of his tongue. Rhaenys' eyes widened, and she threw her head back into Arianne's lap, crying out in bliss. Arianne smiled down at her, having shifted to sit on her feet behind her cousin while she and Daemon spoke. She caressed her cheeks softly, looking into her eyes, not wanting to miss a single moment of the older woman's first experiences of true pleasure. While certain that her hapless cousin hadn't completely failed to show the poor woman at least a hint of ecstasy, she was equally certain that she'd never had anything like what Daemon was about to do to her.

"Yes, fuck, agh!" Rhaenys cried out, her back arching already as Daemon's tongue danced through her sodden folds, tasting every bit of her as he paid attention to what worked best.

He had planned to avoid her clit entirely for a while, wanting to tease her slowly, but it became clear pretty quickly that his sister was a bowstring pulled taut and left there for what must have felt like years. Realizing that she was already close, he swirled his tongue around her taut little nub and almost laughed at the way her eyes rolled back.

"Ahh!" Rhaenys screamed. "Gods, don't stop!"

"Gods, and here I thought I'd be showing off what an incredible lover you are, but she's so pent up a stiff breeze could make her cum," Arianne pouted, and Rhaenys would have told her to fuck off if she could think straight.

Every single thing that Daemon did with his tongue felt amazing, and she swore she was going to go mad as the pressure inside her built and built. She thought nothing could possibly feel better than his tongue brushing over her clit again and again, but when he started sucking on it, she saw stars. Grabbing his head, she tried to beg him to keep that up, beg him to stop, and threaten to geld

him if he even thought about it at the same time, but all that came out was a gurgled moan. She was on fire in the best way and simultaneous, didn't want it to ever end and feared that it might kill her. Daemon didn't relent for a second, his deep purple eyes trained on hers, and just when she started to think that it was becoming too much, the dam burst, and she squealed at the top of her lungs.

Rhaenys writhed in pleasure, completely overwhelmed as Daemon continued to eat her out, avoiding her clit but prolonging her orgasm anyway. It was transcendent, ecstasy beyond anything she'd ever known. She had cum before, once or twice at Aegon's hands even, but never anywhere near as powerfully as she did there, and by the time it ended, all she could do was curl up and weep, emotionally overwhelmed.

"Shh," she heard Arianne coo in her ear. "It's okay, we've got you."

"You're safe," Daemon whispered from behind her, holding her tightly and running his fingers through her hair.

The pair of them cuddled with her together, and Rhaenys felt like she could have fallen asleep in their arms, until she felt something hard, hot, and unfathomably large poke into her arse.

"Fuck me, Daemon," she whimpered, rolling onto her belly before pushing herself up onto her hands and knees. "Let me see how much of your horse cock I can take."

"I could take you on your back if you like," Daemon offered, "or let you ride me and set the pace. I do have a very big cock."

"No," Rhaenys replied. "Maybe later, but the first time, I want you to take me like a wolf takes a bitch, my Northern brother."

She swayed her arse at him, and he groaned, sinking his fingers into her plump, round cheeks. She wasn't quite as gifted as Arianne in this regard, but her hips were wide and her arse still incredible. Not for the first time that night, Daemon thought to himself that his brother was a fucking idiot.

"I suppose in this position, you'll also be able to thank Arianne for letting me fuck you," he rumbled, and both women froze, looking to the other questioningly.

"I haven't done that before, but I'm sure I could pick it up easily enough," Rhaenys shrugged as Arianne looked down at her in excitement and settled on her back in front of her, spreading her legs wide.

"Wait until he's inside you, Rhaenys," she grinned. "I want to watch your face as you take him without any distractions."

"You heard her, Valonqar," Rhaenys purred, looking back at him. "You're going to have to bury your big, thick cock inside me if you want to watch me feast on your wife's cunt."

Daemon groaned at that and fisted his cock as he moved into position. He took a moment to nestle the head between her folds, brushing them with it and making her shiver in delight before lining himself up properly. He gripped her hip with his left hand and, keeping the other one around the base of his cock, he pushed toward, groaning as he felt the bulbous head pop inside.

"Oh, fuuuck," Rhaenys moaned, clenching her eyes shut and laughing as she felt him stretch her wider than anything else ever had.

“See why I’m so obsessed?” Arianne asked. “I swear that cock is a gift from the gods.”

“Which gods would those be?” Jon chuckled, holding still for a moment as he waited for Rhaenys to relax a little. “I somehow can’t see the Seven doing something like that.”

“Larra Rogare did worship a Lysene love god, if I recall correctly,” Arianne grinned. “Perhaps that one.”

“Holy shit, you feel like a fucking fist,” Rhaenys whimpered. “Try giving me more.”

“That burn you’re feeling will pass, by the way,” Arianne purred, sitting up and cupping her cousin’s cheek. “It will pass, and all that will remain is the divine pleasure of being stretched to your limits by his massive cock.”

“Fucking hells, I...ahh,” Rhaenys grunted as he pushed another couple inches of his shaft inside her. “More!”

Daemon’s grip on her hips tightened to the point he feared that he’d leave a bruise, but the sublime pleasure of her hot, tight, wet cunt was too good for him to care if she didn’t. He fucked her with short, slow strokes, sinking a little bit deeper inside her each time he thrust forward. A string of whimpers and breathy moans escaped her pouty lips as he took her, conquering her molten depths inch by inch. When he’d buried just over half of his cock inside her, she cried out and pounded the bedding with her fist.

“Are you okay?” Daemon asked.

“Never felt...oh gods,” Rhaenys whimpered.

“You’re doing so well, Rhaenys,” Arianne purred, grinning wickedly. “You’ve taken half of him already.”

“Half!?” Rhaenys exclaimed, and Arianne giggled.

“More than half,” Daemon clarified, leaning in and nuzzling her neck. “There are only a few more inches to go.”

“I need to watch you fuck her after,” Rhaenys groaned. “Where in the seven hells does it all go?”

“You’re talking like I’m the Lannister’s imp,” Arianne muttered, scowling. “I’m not that short.”

Rhaenys giggled at that only to cry out in pleasure as he sank yet more of his cock inside her. They continued on like that for the next couple minutes, with Daemon taking his time carefully stretching her enough to take him while she whimpered and moaned. When at last his hips came to rest against her plump arse, her legs were shaking badly, and he ghosted his hands over her thick thighs to relax her.

“That’s all of it,” Daemon smiled, pulling her back against him and craning his neck around to kiss her softly.

“What are those horse-worshippers from Essos called again, Daemon?” Rhaenys asked.

“Dothraki, why?” Daemon asked.

“Because I think they would believe you’re some kind of god with a cock like this,” Rhaenys replied, and he barked a laugh.

“I’m not quite equine, Mandia,” Daemon chuckled. “I’m going to hold still for a while, and you let me know when I can move.”

“Thank you,” Rhaenys whimpered, as he let her go and she settled back down on her hands.

Arianne had started rubbing her cunt as she watched them, and Rhaenys grinned. Part of her had always been curious about bedding women, especially when her cousin made it sound like so much fun. She had tasted herself before and knew that the flavor of cunt was unique but not unpleasant, but she’d never indulged the curiosity if not for the pair of them seducing her. Leaning in, she smirked as Arianne looked shocked for a moment and pressed her lips against her cousin’s inner thigh, making her gasp.

“I so look forward to tasting you once Daemon’s finished inside you,” Arianne purred. “Few things excite me more than drinking his seed from another of our lovers.”

Rhaenys shivered at the thought and planted a hot, wet kiss higher up on her thigh, making the shorter woman’s breath hitch. She continued along, inching closer and closer to her cousin’s cunt. The heady scent of her arousal was strong this close, and when Rhaenys finally reached her dark curls, which looked so much like her own, she nuzzled them and inhaled softly, breathing her in. She kissed her dewy nether lips through the hair and smirked when her cousin gasped again.

“Do what feels natural, and I’ll give you instructions as needed,” Arianne sighed happily, letting her nails graze Rhaenys’ scalp as she grabbed her head gently.

Daemon felt his cock throb as he watched the display. He had wanted to fuck his sister for as long as he could remember, and part of what had first attracted him to Arianne was how similar the two were. Their eyes were different colors, Rhaenys’ skin was a little lighter, and they were very different heights, but they had similar lips, noses, and figures, and they both wore their dark hair long, letting it fall to their lower backs. He had understood when their father announced that she’d be wedding Aegon, as such unions were normal in their family and he was already wed to Ari at that point, but then he’d watched, utterly baffled, as his brother showed little interest in her.

“If he doesn’t want her, I’ll happily bed her,” he thought to himself, finding Aegon as confusing as always did.

Just as he felt her start to relax noticeably around his cock, Rhaenys said, “Fuck me, Daemon. Fuck me, my Valonqar.”

“Gods,” Daemon groaned, pulling most of his shaft from her depths before plunging forward again, making her cry out.

He worked his way up to a slow, steady pace, having taken more than enough women unused to his size by now to know that she’d need that until she truly adjusted. She, meanwhile, leaned in towards Arianne’s weeping sex and began to lap at her folds, making the shorter woman sigh happily.

“Hmm, that’s it,” she grinned, caressing Rhaenys’ head as she held her close. “Avoid my clit for now. It’ll still be too sensitive for a little bit.”

Daemon smiled at her and, once again, thanked whatever god had seen fit to bless him as they had. All the joys he’d found in life since that first night of pleasure with her had come because of said blessings, and he was very, very grateful. He picked up his pace gradually, fucking Rhaenys harder and faster as he went, while still being careful not to take her quite as he’d take any of her other lovers just yet. Her moans, muffled by Arianne’s cunt, grew louder and louder, as did the wet, squelching sounds of her cunt.

“Ahh, just like that!” his wife moaned, throwing her head back into the pillows as Rhaenys continued to eat her out. “Move higher, but be very gentle.”

“Oka...ahhh!” Rhaenys cried as Daemon brushed against something inside her that made sparks of pleasure erupt in her core.

Arianne pulled her back down, and she tried to replicate what Daemon had done for her, carefully swirling the tip of her tongue around Arianne’s throbbing pearl. This proved harder than she’d expected, as she wasn’t used to doing it, but when she swiped her tongue in a way that made the other woman cry out loudly, she took the hint and started doing that repeatedly.

“Oh fuck, right there!” Arianne moaned, quivering with pleasure.

Emboldened by how well she was clearly doing, Rhaenys sunk her fingers into her cousin’s fleshy hips a little more and tried to lick that obviously sensitive spot faster, only for stars and colors to flash behind her eyes as Daemon hit something inside her that felt incredible. She moaned loudly and went to look behind at him when Arianne’s grip on her head tightened. Daemon didn’t need her to speak, though, recognizing from her moan and the way her tight inner walls fluttered around him that he’d found a spot that was going to make her scream. Changing his angle slightly, he started hitting it each time he bottomed out inside her, and soon the room was filled with a deafening cacophony of pleased screams.

“Don’t stop, don’t stop!” Arianne shrieked as she soared towards her peak, holding Rhaenys’ head to her cunt with one hand while kneading one of her breasts with the other.

Rhaenys didn’t know how she managed to keep up what she was doing while Daemon did his best to make her as mad as their grandfather, but she somehow managed. Every long, deep thrust of his massive cock made her see stars at this point, and she had no idea how she hadn’t cum yet. It just seemed to be building and building inside her without end, the pressure in her core so intense it hurt at this point. Still, she knew that Arianne was close too and had no desire to tease the woman who had let her experience such exquisite ecstasy when she was outright begging her not to.

“Oh gods, oh gods, oh gods, oh...FUCK!” Arianne squealed as she came hard, her back arching until her arse was hovering above the bed.

She screamed in pleasure, writhing and convulsing under Rhaenys’ ministrations, and actually pushed her face away from her when it grew too intense for her to handle. No longer muffled by her cousin’s cunt, Rhaenys’ own screams grew louder and louder, and when she felt her brother reach under her to rub her clit, that proved to be too much.

“DAEMON!” she shrieked so loudly she wondered if they might have heard her on Dragonstone.

A geyser of fluid erupted from her spasming sex as she came harder than she ever had in her life, and she sobbed in pleasure when she felt Daemon pull out of her. Thrashing about as her vision went white, she felt the ecstasy thunder through her entire body, and just as she started to wonder if it was ever going to end, her world went black.

“Yes, yes, yes, yes!” Arianne screamed as Rhaenys’ eyes fluttered open.

“What the...” the queen groaned in confusion as she blinked rapidly, trying to clear her eyes.

She looked over and felt her heart skip a beat when she saw Arianne riding Daemon, bouncing fiercely on his giant cock. For a brief moment she didn’t remember how exactly she’d gotten there and wondered just why in the seven hells her cousin and brother were fucking in front of her, but then everything came rushing back and she just stared, enthralled by the sight.

“Welcome back,” Daemon grinned.

“See, Rhaenys?” Arianne moaned. “He does fit.”

He did indeed, and Rhaenys’ eyes went wide as she sat up and saw her cousin’s perfect cunt enveloping every inch of her Valonqar’s magnificent cock over and over again. She was riding him so hard and fast that her breasts were bouncing on her chest, and that was what drew the queen’s eyes next.

“I think she’d like it if you played with them while she rides me,” Daemon suggested, and Rhaenys just grinned before crawling behind Arianne and cupping her heavy breasts from behind.

“Oh gods!” the Dornish beauty moaned, leaning her head back towards her.

Rhaenys caught Daemon’s eye, and as she beheld the raw desire and lust in his purple orbs, only one thought occurred to her.

“*We’re doing this again.*”

If Aegon wanted to ignore her, then he was free to do so. It wasn’t like she didn’t have another brother to turn to.