

“So, Mister Snow, is it everything you hoped it would be?” Illyrio Mopatis asked and Arianne did her best not to look at the grotesque man.

“Absolutely,” Jon replied, not taking his eyes off of the car in front of him for more than a moment. “Handles like a dream and seems to be in remarkable shape. How long did you say you had owned it?”

“Nearly thirty years now,” Illyrio replied, grinning widely as he ran his pudgy fingers through his blonde beard. “I made my initial fortune in the dot-com boom and managed to get out before everyone else lost their shirts. This car was a reward for myself and one I enjoyed a great deal, but it’s been many years since I last drove it.”

“*Because you couldn’t fit in it,*” Arianne thought to herself snidely.

“Well, I’d be happy to take it off your hands,” Jon smiled and Illyrio’s grin only widened.

“A classic jag like this deserves better than to stay cooped up in my garage,” the older man nodded. “Shall I fetch the paperwork?”

“Please do,” Jon replied. “I’ll wire you the money the moment it’s official.”

“I’ll be right back,” Illyrio smiled before heading back inside his mansion.

Jon rested a hand on the bonnet of the admittedly pretty car and let out a shuddering breath, sounding utterly giddy.

“Do you and the car need a moment?” Arianne asked teasingly and Jon snorted before looking back at her.

“A Jaguar XK140 roadster; my absolute dream car,” he chuckled and Arianne couldn’t help but smile widely at his infectious good mood. “It’s even already black. I can’t thank you enough for this.”

“Not that I won’t happily accept your *thanks* later, but I hardly deserve all the credit,” Arianne purred, reaching up to wrap her arms around his neck, resting them on his delightfully broad shoulders. “We’re a team, after all.”

“And what a team at that,” Jon rumbled, reaching down to cup her plump arsecheeks. Leaning in, he murmured, “Without you, this car would have remained a dream alone. I wouldn’t have the success I do if you hadn’t convinced me to start down the path we’re on.”

“Alright, you’ve convinced me I’m amazing,” Arianne sighed, making him grin. Leaning in, she grazed his earlobe with her teeth and whispered, “You can thank me later by letting me sit on that handsome face.”

Jon pulled her back by her hair, making her gasp and shudder as a surge of heat bloomed between her legs.

“We can film it from my point of view,” Jon grinned. “You know our fans love to imagine you smothering them with your gorgeous arse.”

“I think my point of view is better,” Arianne purred. “Watching your cock throb as you taste me is almost as enjoyable as feeling your tongue on me. Or I could turn around and let them see the adoration in your lovely purple eyes.”

Jon chuckled at that and let her go before brushing her hair behind her ear and cupping her cheek. He and Arianne had met the first day of high school and had been instantly taken with each other. Within a month he had worked up the nerve to ask her out and had learned on that first date just what a horny little sexpot he was truly dealing with. The two of them dated throughout school and went off to the same university together. After getting coincidentally laid off within a week of each other, Arianne made a suggestion that changed their lives forever.

“Porn?” Jon asked, his eyes widening in shock.

“Streaming,” Arianne replied. “I’m not suggesting that we get into the industry or anything; I don’t want anyone other than you, but I’ve heard of people making significant money from adult streams.”

“I’m sure they do, but...could you really see yourself doing...that for a living?” Jon asked.

“We don’t have to do it forever or anything,” Arianne replied. “As it stands, though, we’re unemployed, the job market is a fucking nightmare right now, and though we’re fortunate enough to have families willing to pay for our education here, we still need some kind of income. We have sex all the time anyway, and if we can actually make money off of that... Imagine getting paid to fuck my brains out.”

One stream turned into regular streams and videos that they actually edited and sold themselves, and four years on, when they graduated from university, they found themselves, not drowning in debt like most of their peers but swimming in more money than either of them ever imagined making when they started out. Their families weren’t pleased, but pointing out that they were making enough to retire in their thirties helped ease their distaste a little.

“I love you,” Jon whispered, and Arianne’s eyes grew misty as she stared up at him.

“I love you too,” Arianne replied, pulling him down to kiss him passionately.

“I couldn’t help but notice the ring,” Illyrio said as he returned, shocking them apart. “Are you two newlyweds?”

“No, we’ve just always been this affectionate,” Jon replied. “We got married just over a year ago.”

“We’ve been together for ten, though,” Arianne added, leaning back against his chest and forcing herself not to moan as she felt his muscles under his tight black shirt.

“Ten years?” Illyrio asked, his eyebrows racing towards his hairline. “Were you kids?”

“We started dating the first month of high school,” Jon explained. “I haven’t looked back since.”

“You’re both deeply lucky to have found each other so young,” Illyrio commented and Arianne felt a pang of guilt at having thought so poorly of him at first glance. “Anyway, I have everything we’ll need to sign.”

“Perfect,” Jon smiled, letting Arianne go. “We have a longish drive ahead of us and had a friend who was heading out east take us here, so the sooner we get this done the sooner we can get going.”

Illyrio just smiled and nodded.

“You disgraced yourself and this family,” Aerys snarled at her as Daenerys stood there trembling.

Her mother stood next to him, her eyes steely as she beheld her only daughter. Rhaegar was off to the side with Shaena and their daughters, her nieces, Rhaenyra and Shiera, who both watched their grandfather with wide, fearful eyes.

“I know I committed a grave sin and I am deeply sorry,” Daenerys replied, trying to keep her voice steady and almost managing. “Daario loves me, though, and surely if we were to wed...”

“Loves you?” Aerys spat. “The boy and his family are already gone. They’re outsiders who visited our village to gawk at us. He certainly didn’t intend to join you here or did he lure you in for your despoilment with promises to take you away?”

“G...gone?” Daenerys asked, staggering back as she felt for a moment like the very ground had fallen away from her. “No that’s...he wouldn’t...he...”

“Lied to you, you foolish girl,” Aerys growled. “You weren’t supposed to be even be alone with a boy not of our family and wouldn’t have been deceived by him if you had listened to our rules. That is bad enough, but to be discovered in your shame by little Aegon...”

Tears flowed freely down her face and she struggled to stay on her feet as she felt like her heart was about to cave in. Daario had said that he loved her, and seemed to be as instantly taken with her as she’d been with him. Was that truly a lie? Had she given her virtue to a liar?

“You committed a terrible sin, Daenerys, and though you say you are sorry, in your next breath you tried to find a way to justify it,” Aerys sighed. “I can think of no other option but for you to be shunned.”

“No,” Daenerys croaked.

“No!” Rhaenyra and Shiera cried in unison.

“Father...” Rhaegar went to say.

“No, son,” Aerys cut him off. “My word is final.”

“Mama,” Daenerys begged, looking pleadingly at her mother.

Rhaella, her eyes brimming with tears, just looked away, and Daenerys’ heart shattered into a million pieces.

She shook as she walked down along the road, the memory making her weep again. It had all gone so wrong so quickly, and she’d barely lasted a week of being ignored by everyone she knew and loved before she decided that staying in her village was too painful. She’d taken some bread and

water and set off a few hours prior before remembering that she really didn't know where anything was.

She knew that there was a town nearby called Rosby and that it was vaguely to the west of the village, and she was pretty sure that she was going west, but she didn't know how far away it was or what exactly she was going to do when she got there. Anything had to be better than living as she had, though. It being the middle of the night, everything was dark and, aside from the scurrying of small animals in the nearby woods, silent.

"I haven't seen a single person yet," she thought to herself. *"Maybe the town is farther than I tho..."*

No sooner had that thought entered her mind than a sudden roaring sound made her freeze where she was. A flash of lights soon followed, and she barely had time to scream before she realized just what was barreling towards her.

"Gods, I have wanted one of these since I was a boy!" Jon laughed as he raced down the empty rural road with one hand on the wheel and an arm around Arianne.

"How old were you again?" Arianne asked.

"I think I was eight," Jon replied, slowing slightly as he turned the corner. "The town I grew up in wasn't exactly full of old-school petrolheads, and every car I'd ever seen, especially the one my mum drove back then, was a boxy old thing I barely gave any thought to. One day, while she and I were out shopping, some old man was passing through and stopped at the red light next to us. I remember my jaw dropping as I just stared at this beautiful car, sleek and black, with painted white wheel wires and a spotless leather interior. It wasn't some boring box like everything else I'd ever seen, but it was rounded, lovely in a way I'd never imagined a car could be."

"Even then, you had a thing for curves," Arianne giggled, and he kissed her crown. She'd heard this story many times over the years and never tired of it. She might not have been terribly into cars herself, but hearing the sheer passion in Jon's voice as he recalled the memory never failed to make her smile.

"I asked Mum what it was, and thankfully she knew enough to say a Jag," Jon replied. "I wouldn't have had a clue what I was looking for when I tried searching for the damn thing later from memory."

Arianne smiled at that and snuggled into him further. She was there when he finally found a car that matched his vague childhood memory back in high school and remembered how happy he was to have done so. Knowing that he actually managed to buy something that he'd been dreaming about since he was a boy because of her, at least in part, and knowing how happy it made him was a true pleasure.

"I'm happy for you, my love," she sighed. "So when do I get to drive it?"

Jon chuckled at that and replied, saying, "As soon as get ho...oh shit!"

He spotted her just in time; the woman walking in the middle of the bloody road, for some reason, and swerved to avoid her. Both she and Arianne screamed and Jon instinctively tightened his grip

around his wife as he swerved around the woman and slammed on the brakes. The road they were on was wide and empty, and luckily he managed to avoid hitting anything.

“Are you okay?” he asked, breathing heavily as his heart raced in his chest. When Arianne nodded, still too shocked to speak, he undid his belt, turned around and yelled at the woman he’d nearly hit, “What in the hells is wrong with you?”

“I...” the woman went to reply before promptly fainting.

“Fuck,” Jon muttered.

“We didn’t hit her, did we?” Arianne asked, undoing her belt and moving to open the door.

“No, we didn’t,” Jon replied, grabbing the flashlight he kept in his pocket.

The two of them exited the car together and went to investigate the woman they’d nearly killed. She had slumped over and Jon rolled her onto her back before checking for a pulse on the off chance she’d had a heart attack or stroke. As he did so, he couldn’t help but notice that she was utterly beautiful.

“She’s breathing, Jon,” Arianne pointed out. “What in the world is she wearing?”

Jon looked down at the blonde woman and furrowed his brow in confusion. She was dressed like an actress in a period piece, wearing a powder-blue dress that covered everything from her neck to her ankles, black buckled shoes, and a black bonnet. It was a question worth asking, but not one they were going to get as long as the woman remained unconscious and it was hardly the most pressing concern there was at that moment.

“We need to get her out of the road,” Jon said, hooking an arm under the woman’s knees and upper back.

Just as he lifted her up, her eyes opened and she gasped, instinctively wrapping her arms around his neck.

“Who...” she went to ask.

“Hello, I’m Jon,” Jon replied. “You passed out in the middle of the road. Are you okay?”

“I...” the woman stammered.

“Jon, bring her over to the car,” Arianne instructed, “She can warm herself by the engine.”

It wasn’t that cool out, but he figured warmth wouldn’t be a bad thing, and so he walked towards the car as the woman in his arms stared up at him with wide eyes. Her eyes were purple, just a little lighter than his, and he couldn’t help but stare. He’d only met one other person with eyes that color before, Arianne’s cousin, Rhaenys Sand, and the novelty was nice. He carried her to the car and set her down by the still-warm engine, holding onto her until he was sure that she was steady on her feet.

“I’m Arianne,” his wife said warmly, grinning as the woman’s eyes fell on her substantial cleavage in her low-cut sweater. “What’s your name?”

“What?” the woman asked, looking up and flushing as she realized that she’d been staring. “I’m Daenerys. Sorry for staring, but I’ve just never...your father lets you wear...that?”

Arianne would have been offended by the question normally, if for no other reason than the suggestion that her father could forbid her to do anything at that point in her life, but the sheer innocence in the strange woman’s voice, combined with her odd dress, made her more intrigued than anything.

“What I wear is not up to my father, or my husband for that matter,” Arianne replied, amused, and Daenerys looked between the two of them in surprise with a hint of disappointment in her eyes.

“Daenerys, a unique name,” Jon commented. “What were you doing in the road like that?”

“Walking,” Daenerys replied. “I’m looking for the town of Rosby. Do you happen to know where it is?”

“Rosby is miles back that way,” Jon replied, pointing in the direction they’d been heading in.

“Oh gods,” Daenerys croaked, burying her face in her hands. “I’ve wasted a full night.”

“It will take you hours to reach there on foot,” Arianne replied. “Did something...are you running from someone? A boyfriend, maybe?”

“Boy friend?” Daenerys asked, confused, before shaking her head. “No, I...I needed to get away from my family, from my village, and...”

“You’re Amish, aren’t you?” Jon asked, snapping his fingers as he realized why she was dressed like that.

“I am,” Daenerys nodded. “I...I have been...shunned, and I need to get away.”

“So you sought to go to Rosby?” Jon asked. “Why?”

“It is the only other place I know of,” Daenerys replied.

“Do you have any plan at all?” Jon asked.

“I will find the first sept that I can and beg for aid,” Daenerys sighed.

“Um, you might find less...aid than you expect,” Arianne pointed out. “The situation with your family, is there no chance of it improving? We’re heading in that direction, and we could give you a lift.”

“I don’t think there’s any going back,” Daenerys replied, her eyes growing wet as she recalled the cold way that her mother had looked at her since that dreadful morning.

“Jon, I need a word,” Arianne said. As Jon nodded, she turned to Daenerys and added, “Just wait here for a minute.”

“What are you thinking?” Jon asked.

“We should take her in,” Arianne replied quietly.

“What?!” Jon exclaimed. Quieting down, he hissed, “We just met her!”

“At the very least, we should take her with us,” Arianne clarified. “It’s a long drive back to King’s Landing, and we’ll have plenty of time get to know her better. She’s completely screwed by the sound of it and if we leave her alone, she’ll end up either hit by someone else or victimized in one way or another. We passed through Rosby on the way here and it didn’t exactly strike me as a place overflowing with resources for those in need. At least in the city there will be women’s shelters we can take her to if she wants.”

“I suppose we could,” Jon accepted. “Provided she’s at all interested.”

The two of them returned to Daenerys, who was still hovering over the cooling engine of the car.

“Daenerys, I don’t think that you’re going to find what you’re looking for in Rosby,” Arianne explained and the younger woman’s face fell.

“Then I’m lost,” she muttered.

“Listen, we come from the city of King’s Landing,” Jon said. “It’s a much larger place with far more resources for helping people in need and we think that you might find more there.”

“We were thinking that, if you like, you could stay with us tonight,” Arianne offered and Daenerys’ eyes widened.

“You would do that?” she asked.

“We nearly hit you,” Arianne pointed out. “It’s only fair.”

“That was my fault for walking in the middle of it,” Daenerys replied. “I was just more used to being around horses. They’re also loud, but they’re slower, so you always have more time to move out of the way. I did know that people were so...charitable in the larger world.”

“You haven’t seen much of it, I take it,” Jon murmured, and she shook her head.

“This is the furthest I’ve ever been from my village,” Daenerys replied. “All I know of the outside world is what I’ve heard from my brother, Rhaegar. He traveled for a time before I was born.”

“*Rhaegar?*” Arianne wondered, furrowing her brow. “*Why does that name sound familiar?*”

“Anyway,” she said, shaking her head, “we should get going. It’s late already.”

“Um, where am I to sit?” Daenerys asked, looking down at the two-seater before her.

“In Ari’s lap,” Jon replied, fishing his keys out of his pocket.

“You seem very light, so I’m sure it will be fine,” Arianne replied. Seeing Daenerys look conflicted at that, she added, “We don’t have much space, you understand.”

“Your lap?” Daenerys asked, her face reddening slightly at the thought of being so close to someone she just met, even if she was a woman. “You would allow...”

“Of course,” Arianne replied, opening the passenger side door and slipping into the car.

Jon climbed into the driver’s seat and started the car as he continued to watch Daenerys through the corner of his eye. She was looking down at Arianne as she sat in her seat, seeming to try and parse out how it would work.

He couldn’t help but think she looked adorable, and just as Arianne was about to say something, Daenerys said, “If that’s...considered proper out here.”

“No one’s going to arrest us,” Jon chuckled, and she blushed at the sound of his voice.

Getting into the car, she held an arm out welcomingly, and Daenerys climbed into the seat. Her surprisingly plump, round arse came to rest on her thighs, and Arianne wrapped her arms around her middle reflexively, making her gasp.

“Are you okay?” she asked.

“Yes, I...yes,” Daenerys replied breathlessly as he closed the door.

“You asked about driving this later,” Jon murmured, looking at his wife. “You do recall how to drive stick, right?”

“As if I could forget after you insisted on teaching me in that mangled wreck you used to drive,” Arianne scoffed, giving him a mock glare.

“How long have you two been wed?” Daenerys asked.

“About a year now,” Jon replied.

“Really?” Daenerys asked. “You just seem so...comfortable with each other. I know a young couple back home who have been wed for the better part of two years and are still rather awkward.”

“Well, we’ve been together for ten years,” Arianne replied. “We started dating when we were fourteen.”

“So you are four and twenty now,” Daenerys nodded. “Do you have many children?”

“Gods no,” Jon snorted and she stiffened in Arianne’s lap.

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” Daenerys sighed.

“Hmm?” Arianne asked. “Oh, we’re not looking to have children yet. We will someday, but not for a while.”

“You are man and wife, though,” Daenerys said, confused. “Do...sorry, I shouldn’t pry.”

“We have ways of ensuring that couples who aren’t yet ready for children can avoid them,” Jon explained. “Ari and I are far too busy with our job to have them yet.”

“I...see,” Daenerys said, still clearly confused. “What is your job? You two work together?”

“I wouldn’t do it without her,” Jon replied automatically. After taking a moment to decide how he was going to do explain what they did to the clearly very innocent young woman, he added, “We’re entertainers.”

Arianne snorted at that.

“Like actors?” Daenerys asked.

“Of a sort, yet,” Arianne replied.

“Rhaegar spoke a few times about the actors he saw in his travels,” Daenerys commented, choosing not to mention any of the sort of things that her father used to say of them.

“Were you close, you and your brother?” Jon asked.

“Yes,” Daenerys replied sadly, looking down. “I’m going to miss him and my nieces and nephew too. He’s much older than me, so the twins are actually my age and Aegon is even younger.”

“You truly can’t go back?” Jon asked softly, and she blinked rapidly to try and keep tears from forming in her eyes.

“No, I don’t think I can,” Daenerys sighed.

The three of them kept their conversation to lighter, safer topics after that and, over the next couple hours, got to know their guest for at least the night a little better. She sat stiffly at first but seemed to relax as they went, and by the time they reached their condo building, she seemed completely at ease.

“Here we are,” Arianne whispered, and Daenerys gasped, looking up at the tower in awe.

“You two live...here?” she asked, her voice filled with wonder.

“We don’t own the whole thing,” Jon chuckled. “We live in a part of the top floor. I hope you don’t mind heights.”

“I wouldn’t know, but I doubt it,” Daenerys replied. “I used to dream all the time about flying.”

Arianne smiled at that and tightened her grip around Daenerys as they pulled into their underground. Jon’s old car had been going for a while, and when he found out about the Jaguar for sale, he jumped at the opportunity to replace it with something that he’d always wanted. Arianne’s car was sitting in its normal spot, and she snorted at how plain it looked next to their new one.

“Alright, so we have a spare bedroom that we use mostly for storage,” Arianne explained.

“We’ll need a few minutes to set up the fu...bed of sorts for you,” Jon added.

“Please don’t feel the need to rush,” Daenerys begged. “You’ve already done so much for me as it is. I don’t know what I would have done if you two hadn’t found me.”

“*It’s probably best not to think about it,*” Arianne thought to herself, knowing full well what might have become of a woman this beautiful and naive if she’d been found by someone worse than her and Jon.

“Um, how many flights of stairs are between us and your home?” Daenerys asked as it occurred to her just how high up the tower seemed to climb.

“You don’t have to worry about that,” Jon chuckled, only looking more amused when she looked at him in confusion.

They led her to the elevator and got to enjoy her looking like an excited child as she felt it rise. When it stopped at the seventh floor, she went to move, and Arianne took her hand, shaking her head.

“Oh, hello,” Margaery, one of their more outgoing neighbors, said as she spotted them.

“Hi, Margaery,” Jon replied as Arianne smiled.

The cheerful brunette walked in and immediately cocked an eyebrow at Daenerys, seeing that Arianne was still holding her hand.

“A new friend of ours,” Arianne explained.

“Ah,” Margaery replied, still looking oddly at Daenerys. Smiling at her, she said, “I’m Margaery Tyrell.”

“Daenerys Targaryen,” Daenerys replied, and Arianne froze, barely hearing the rest of their introductions.

“*Targaryen, Targaryen, why does that sound familiar?*” she wondered to herself.

She was so lost in thought that she didn’t even notice Margaery leave on the tenth floor, and Jon had to tap her shoulder when they reached the top floor.

“*You okay?*” Jon mouthed, and she just nodded, ushering Daenerys forward.

The two of them led her to their condo, and she screamed as they were immediately set upon by a giant wolf.

“Ghost, down boy,” Jon commanded, reaching down to pick up the spare key and note that had been put through their mail slot.

I took Ghost for a two hour walk and man, he is the perfect wingman

I should be be paying you,

Robb

Jon snorted at that and poked the note as Arianne scratched behind Ghost’s ears, earning very happy pants from the big lug.

“I know he’s huge, but he’s very friendly,” she assured Daenerys, who slowly extended a closed fist towards his face, letting him sniff her. When he licked her hand, she giggled and gently pet his head.

“I’ll set up the guest room,” Arianne said. “Show her around, my love?”

“Of course,” Jon nodded.

“Your home is beautiful,” Daenerys commented, looking around, “and so bright.”

“One of the wonders of electricity,” Jon chuckled. “Would you like something to drink?”

“Water would be nice,” Daenerys replied, rubbing her throat as she realized just how parched she actually was. As Jon reached into the refrigerator and brought out a pitcher of water, she asked, “So your last name is Snow? That’s rather unique.”

“Not as unique as Targaryen,” Jon replied, pouring her a glass and handing it to her. “Snow is actually a surname given to people born in the North to unwed parents.”

“Oh,” Daenerys replied, her eyes widening in surprise.

“It’s a rather archaic practice but one we keep up to this day,” Jon explained, not feeling any of the sting that he once had when he thought of his situation. “Each region actually has a different surname given to people like us. For instance, most of Ari’s cousins are Sands.”

“Is that common in the greater world?” Daenerys asked. “Children born out of wedlock, I mean?”

“More so than it is for your people, I’m sure, but it’s still not that common,” Jon replied. “In my case, my mother met my father on vacation here in King’s Landing and didn’t realize she was pregnant until she’d already returned to the North.”

“Does he visit often?” Daenerys asked.

“I don’t even know his name,” Jon admitted, scratching the back of his neck as her eyes widened again. “They knew each other very...briefly.”

Daenerys fought down the urge to express disapproval just then. She knew well what her parents would have said had they heard that story. Jon had been nothing but kind to her since they met, though, and she wasn’t about to judge him just because his parents did something she couldn’t fathom. Even in her case, she’d actually known Daario’s name.

“So you don’t have anything else to wear, do you?” Jon asked as the thought occurred to him.

“No, just what I’m wearing now,” Daenerys replied. “I hate to trouble you further, but I am rather hungry...”

“I’ll make you a sandwich,” Jon said at once, reaching back into his refrigerator. “Ham and Swiss sound good?”

She just nodded politely, more than happy to accept anything at that moment.

“*Targaryen*,” Arianne thought to herself as she finished setting up the futon in their spare room. “*I swear I’ve heard the name before.*”

“Hey, she doesn’t have any pajamas or...anything really,” Jon said as he entered the room.

“She can borrow one of your shirts,” Arianne shrugged. “I haven’t worn anything to bed in years, so I won’t be of much help to her on that front.”

“Yeah, that should work,” Jon nodded. “I made her a couple sandwiches. The poor thing snarfed the first one down so quickly I don’t think she breathed until it was done.”

“I cannot imagine banishing a loved one like this,” Arianne spat.

“We don’t know what exactly happened,” Jon pointed out. “All we know is that she felt like she couldn’t return home. It does seem telling that she’s really only spoken well so far of her brother Rhaegar and his daughters, though.”

“*Rhaegar Targaryen*,” Arianne thought to herself, her eyes widening slightly as she did so.

“Arianne?” Jon asked, noticing her change in mood.

“*That worthless reprobate Rhaegar Targaryen*,” she’d heard her father and uncle spit multiple times over the years. Shaking her head, she replied, “It’s nothing. Could you go find one of your roomier button-ups?”

“Sure,” Jon nodded, turning to leave.

Her phone was in her hand the moment he was out of the room, and she closed the door behind her softly as she called her uncle.

“Arianne?” Oberyn replied after the second ring.

“Uncle Oberyn, hi,” Arianne replied. “I hope I didn’t wake you.”

“Hardly,” Oberyn chuckled. “I’m as much of a nighthawk as ever. What are you doing up, though? Is something wrong?”

“I was telling a new friend some of the old family history and...I hate to bug you with this, but I completely blanked on the name of Rhaenys’...sperm donor,” Arianne replied, wincing as she realized how stupid that sounded. That wince turned to a grimace as she heard her uncle practically growl.

“Rhaegar Targaryen,” Oberyn hissed, “or so he told your aunt. Your father and I never did manage to track the deadbeat down, no matter how many private investigators we sent.”

“*Holy shit*,” she thought to herself, wondering if it might be a coincidence.

“*He’s so much older than I am that his daughters, Rhaenyra and Shiera, are actually my age*,” Daenerys had said during the drive.

“Thank you,” Arianne winced. “I’m sorry for bringing it up, but I drew a complete blank, and it was going to drive me mad until I remembered it.”

“It’s not like you bothered Rhaenys about it,” Oberyn replied and she could practically hear his shrug in his voice.

“I wouldn’t,” Arianne sighed. “I know she still wishes that she knew anything about him.”

“That would have required the son of a bitch to stick around,” Oberyng growled, still angry after all these years. “Elia was so frail to begin with and...I’ll always wonder if things would have gone differently if he hadn’t abandoned her like that.”

“It was a whirlwind romance,” Arianne remarked, recalling well the tale.

“And it cost her everything,” Oberyng choked, the pain still raw even more than two decades later. “It’s a wonder that that Rhaenys survived that awful day. We nearly lost them both.”

“I’m sorry for dredging all this up,” Arianne said and her uncle sighed.

“It’s alright,” Oberyng muttered. “Was there anything else?”

“No, that was all,” Arianne replied “Good night, Uncle.”

“Good night, Arianne,” Oberyng replied before hanging up and Arianne put her phone back in her pocket numbly.

That was why Rhaegar Targaryen’s name sounded so familiar, it was one that she’d heard growled and spat all her life. Rhaenys was born the same year as her and Jon and her aunt Elia had died in the hospital from complications of the birth. Her father had taken her in and the two of them had grown up as siblings, thinking they were until they were told the truth years later.

“And now his sister is probably staying with me for the night,” she thought to herself.

It could have been a coincidence, she knew, but the name was strange and rare as it was and Daenerys did have eyes just like Rhaenys’. Coupled with the fact that he was old enough to be cousin’s father, and he had apparently traveled outside of their village before, and she had to wonder if it wasn’t more likely than not that they were talking about the same man. The only other person she’d ever seen with purple eyes was Jon, though his were darker, and that more than anything convinced her that she just might be right.

“Arianne?” Jon asked, knocking on the door. When she opened it, he immediately asked, “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” Arianne replied. “That’s the shirt?”

“Er, yes,” Jon replied, looking down at what he was holding. “It’s on the longer side and black, so I figure it will do.”

“Thank you so much,” Daenerys smiled as she joined them. “The sandwiches were wonderful.”

“I’m glad you liked them,” Jon smiled as Arianne just stared at her.

She had the same plump, pouty lips as Rhaenys, and her cheekbones were similarly prominent. There were differences too, and Arianne just wondered if she was looking for things that weren’t there rather than seeing what was.

“Jon, could you excuse us?” Arianne asked.

“Of course,” Jon nodded. “Good night, Daenerys. Ari, I’ll be in our room.”

“Good night, Jon,” Daenerys smiled. Turning to Arianne, she said, “I truly cannot thank you two enough for the kindness you’ve shown me.”

Arianne just smiled, thinking to herself, *“Even if her brother is the one who broke my aunt’s heart, I can’t blame her for that.”*

“You needed help, and we were more than able to provide it,” she said.

“This world is not what I expected,” Daenerys admitted. “To hear my parents, Rhaegar, or the bishop tell it, outsiders were, more often than not, cruel and selfish in the extreme.”

“I won’t lie, you are lucky that we found you,” Arianne replied. “Plenty of others wouldn’t have been so kind.”

“Then I must thank the gods for my good fortune,” Daenerys smiled, though her face quickly fell. “At least I was allowed a little of it.”

“Do you want to talk about what...caused you to leave your village?” Arianne asked.

“No, sorry,” Daenerys replied, looking down.

“Hey, it’s okay,” Arianne replied. “We got you something to wear tonight. I cannot imagine that sleeping in that dress would be comfortable.”

“You didn’t need to...it’s so short,” Daenerys commented as Arianne held out Jon’s shirt.

“It’s one of Jon’s shirts,” Arianne replied. “I don’t tend to wear anything to bed, so I couldn’t help you, but this will cover everything above your thighs.”

“You sleep in the nude?” Daenerys asked.

“Jon and I both do, generally,” Arianne replied, smirking as the blonde’s face turned beet red at the thought.

“I...suppose I could wear this...in here,” Daenerys said, taking the shirt from her. “Oh, it’s so soft.”

“It’s silk,” Arianne replied.

“Um, there is one other thing,” Daenerys said sheepishly. When Arianne just nodded, she continued, saying, “I am currently having my monthly...um that is...”

“Say no more,” Arianne chuckled. “Just get changed, and I’ll be right back.”

She made her way to her restroom, grabbing a pad before Jon could ask what she was doing. He just nodded and turned back to his phone as she returned to the spare room, letting herself in just as Daenerys finished buttoning up Jon’s shirt. She wasn’t tall, but her legs looked longer than they were, being very shapely, and as she stretched, the shirt pulled upward, revealing a covered ass just as round and lovely as Arianne imagined as she felt her sit in her lap earlier.

“This is the softest thing I’ve ever worn,” the blonde smiled as she turned to look at her and removed her bonnet, letting her long, silver-gold hair fall down to her lower back.

As her eyes fell on the pad in Arianne’s hand, the dark-haired woman said, “You put this inside your underwear and it absorbs the blood. You can then just throw it out.”

“Oh, how convenient!” Daenerys remarked, thinking it a better idea than the rolled-up fabric she generally used and Arianne snorted.

“She seems amazed by the simplest things,” she thought to herself. “It almost makes me wonder how she’d react if I introduced her to more...fun things.”

That thought popped into her head almost unbidden and she bit her lower lip. She and Jon had talked before about bringing another woman into their bed, just to see what it was like. They’d been together since the ninth grade and neither one had ever slept with anyone else. That wasn’t something that they were desperately looking to change or anything, but she swung both ways and was just as curious about what it would be like to indulge her other desires as Jon was to see how another woman might differ from her.

“She’s the picture of innocence,” Arianne thought to herself as Daenerys took the pad from her. “She might actually be a virgin. What would it be like to give this beauty her first taste of pleasure?”

A deeply buried, dark part of her couldn’t help but wonder if it might be possible to convince her to join her and Jon in their business venture too. They could make an absolute fortune if they documented the innocent Amish girl’s descent into depravity. She’d get her cut as well, of course, and make more money than she likely would otherwise with what few applicable skills she likely had. Arianne rubbed her thighs together and didn’t notice that Daenerys had said anything until she looked at her in confusion.

“Arianne?” she asked.

“Hmm?” Arianne asked.

“I said I’d like to...use this thing,” Daenerys repeated and Arianne flushed.

“Of course,” the dark-haired woman laughed nervously. “I’ll leave you to it. If you need anything, don’t hesitate to come to us.”

“But you’ll both be...naked,” Daenerys spluttered.

“I wouldn’t mind you peeking,” Arianne purred, making the younger woman blush brightly. “Um, how old are you?”

“E...eighteen,” Daenerys stammered. “Just a couple months ago, actually.”

“Thank the gods,” Arianne thought to herself. “Well, good night, Daenerys.”

“Good night,” Daenerys replied, her face still hot as she watched the other woman leave.

“It’s something I’d only even bring up if I was sure that she’d be entirely willing,” Arianne thought to herself, unable to shake the idea that it would be oddly fitting after what Rhaegar did to her

family, provided that he was who she thought he was. *“They kicked her out, as far as I can tell. If I help her find a lucrative profession here, I’d be helping her, really.”*

With a wicked grin on her face, she entered her bedroom, finding Jon as naked as the day he was born, doing pull-ups, using the bar they had bolted into their ceiling. Her eyes fell on his rock-hard abs for a moment before fixating on his cock. Even soft, it was a massive thing, thicker than most were hard and falling halfway down between his muscular thighs. At the sight of her, it twitched, growing even larger, and Arianne licked her lips.

“How the hell did we ever question getting into porn?” she asked as she drew closer to him. “With a cock like that, you were made for it.”

“You say that like your body isn’t sin itself,” Jon chuckled, letting go of the bar and landing in front of her.

He’d clearly been doing calisthenics since she left and had worked up a slight sweat, which she found intoxicating.

“It should have been obvious from the start,” Arianne smirked.

“How’s our guest?” Jon asked. “Settled in?”

“She seems to be,” Arianne replied, her grin from earlier returning.

“That’s a diabolical grin, luv,” Jon chuckled. “What are you plotting?”

“I was thinking that we might want to get to know Daenerys a little better,” Arianne replied.

“Why?” Jon asked. “She seems like a lovely girl, but...”

“She’s sweet and beautiful,” Arianne replied, “and I rather like her, but I doubt she has many skills that would serve her well in the modern world. Getting anything in the way of work might be a challenge.”

“You’re not wrong,” Jon sighed. “What are you thinking though?”

“That we make her our new costar,” Arianne thought. “That we make her our housekeeper. I’m sure she knows how to cook and clean, and it’s not like we can’t afford it.”

“We have known the woman for a few hours,” Jon pointed out.

“Which is precisely why I think we should get to know her better,” Arianne replied.

“The only thing we know for sure about her at this point is that she fled from her village for reasons unknown,” Jon sighed. “She’s five foot nothing and maybe a hundred and twenty pounds soaking wet, so I doubt she’s an axe murderer or anything but...”

“Granted I don’t know much about the Amish, but I do know how religious fundamentalists can be,” Arianne scowled. “She’s a woman, so her ‘crime’ could have been as mild as seeing a man undressed. Maybe she dared to have sex.”

“You might be right,” Jon admitted. “I’m surprised you’re willing to let a strange woman as beautiful as her move in with us.”

“She’s beautiful, is she?” Arianne asked teasingly, only to squeak when he spanked her in response. She pressed herself against him, trapping his rapidly hardening cock between their bodies, and purred, “You should know by now that I’m no ordinary woman, my love. Having a woman that stunning around will do as much for me as it will for you. Who knows? Maybe if we find we like her enough, we might end up inviting her in here one day.”

“What?” Jon asked, his cock hard as steel as he processed her words.

“Like you say, we don’t know her well yet, but she does seem lovely and the gods know she’s gorgeous,” Arianne grinned, running her nails through his full beard. “Does that thought excite you? Would you like to fuck that beautiful little creature while she buried her face between my thighs?”

“Gods, Ari,” Jon hissed and she giggled, wrapping a hand around his wrist-thick length.

“It probably won’t happen, as she does seem rather innocent, but if she were willing, I think it could be lot of fun,” Arianne grinned and she squealed as he lifted her up by her arse, kissing her as he walked her to their bed.

Jon lowered her down and tugged the zipper on her tight jeans down. The two of them worked together to get her undressed, barely stopping their kissing for more than a moment as they did. As she pulled her sweater over her head, he dragged her jeans down along her legs, exposing the black thong she was wearing to the cool air of their bedroom. She spread her legs the second she could and moaned aloud as he pressed a kiss against the soft, thin silk covering her bare nether lips.

“You’re fucking perfect,” he rumbled and she laughed, sitting up and reaching around to unhook her bra.

“So you’ve said,” Arianne grinned, feeling her heart flutter as she watched his eyes darken at the sight of her large, full breasts. After all these years the sheer extent of his lust and desire for her still took her breath away at times. “Oh gods!”

Her pleased cry as Jon cupped her sensitive mounds and started peppering them with kisses made him pause and he looked up at her in amusement.

“Keep in mind we aren’t entirely alone,” he reminded her. “If needed, I can get you your gag.”

“Maybe she should hear us,” Arianne purred. “If the place she comes from is as religious and boring as I imagine, her entire concept of sex is probably about twenty seconds of missionary. Let her hear how good it can be when you actually try.”

“You’re such a naughty little thing,” Jon rumbled and she shivered, feeling her panties soak at his words. “If she complains, I’m gagging you.”

“With this, I hope,” Arianne smirked, reaching down to brush her fingers against his shaft.

Jon captured one of her pebbled nipples with his lips, grazing the brown nub with his teeth and making her gasp. She grasped his head lovingly, holding him to her chest as he soothed her with his tongue before sucking just how she liked. The two of them had had sex thousands of times by now

and knew each other's bodies better than they knew their own. He switched to the other nipple and she laid back, mewling in pleasure as he worshiped her.

"Fuck, I can smell you already," Jon rumbled as her arousal reached him. "Are you so wet already?"

"You can make me wet with just a look, baby," Arianne purred.

"So well trained," Jon chuckled, pressing his lips against her flat belly.

Arianne giggled and gasped as he started moving lower, kissing a trail down along her abdomen. She wasn't exaggerating about how much of an effect he had on her. She'd thought he was the cutest boy she'd ever laid eyes on when they first met all those years ago. With his dark, messy hair, purple eyes, and pouty lips, she'd felt her heart flutter when he first smiled nervously at her. In the years since, he'd grown first taller and then broader, eventually developing into the absolute hunk that he was. It rarely took more than a few words in that deep, rumbling voice of his to get her in the mood these days.

"Oh gods!" she gasped when he pressed his lips against her panty-covered cunt.

"Fuck, I could drink from you for hours," Jon groaned, feeling his cock throb as he inhaled her intoxicating scent.

"Let me suck your cock," Arianne begged. "I'll sit on your face, but I want to wrap my lips around your massive shaft, feel you on my tongue, and taste you as you drown yourself in me."

"I'll never stop thanking my mother for moving us here when I started high school," Jon chuckled, and she laughed as well.

He peeled the soaked silk of her thong off of her fleshy pink labia before pulling it down along her legs and tossing it aside. Fully nude, Arianne sat up, grinning as Jon's eyes were immediately drawn to her swaying breasts, and crooked a finger invitingly at him. He lay down next to her, and she quickly moved to straddle his face, crying out in pleasure when he slapped her ass. Jon watched the plump cheek jiggle and smacked the other one for good measure before pulling her down towards his hungry mouth. She was always so wet for him, so juicy, and he drank down her fluids like they were nectar from the gods.

"Fuck," Arianne laughed as his long, dexterous tongue slithered through her meaty folds with practiced ease.

From the moment he first tasted her cunt he'd been hooked. She had been a little self-conscious about letting him do that, having read before that some men didn't like the taste. When he asked to taste her, having already gotten her undressed as they made out, she'd slipped a finger inside her pussy and tasted it in front of him, making sure that she wasn't that unpleasant. He'd practically ordered her to that again and when she went to move her slick her finger back to her lips, he'd grabbed her hand wrapped his fingers around it, groaning in pleasure as he sucked her juices off of the digit. She swore she nearly came at the sound and he'd spent much of the next hour between her thighs afterward, making her scream his name again and again until her throat was hoarse.

He spanked her again, breaking her out of her reverie, and she lowered herself down against him, picking up his heavy cock and bringing it to her lips. The sounds of muffled moans and groans filled the air as the two of them did their best to drive the other insane. Arianne had long-since trained away her gag reflex completely and swallowed his entire massive length into her throat,

giggling when she felt his grip on his hips tighten reflexively. Pulling back, she started to bob her head up and down on half of his length, stroking the rest with her hand for a while when he swirled his tongue around her clit and she let out a muffled shriek.

“Mmm, I can already feel you tensing,” Jon smirked, knowing that she was close. “You’re such a good girl.”

Arianne whimpered and cupped his balls, softly caressing them as she hummed around his length, earning herself a strangled moan from him that made her shiver. He pulled her back down and wrapped his lips around her taut little clit, sucking gently and she nearly came right there. Knowing that she wasn’t going to outlast him, she caved in her cheeks more and sped up anyway, wanting to give him as much pleasure as she could before he made her cum. His grip in her tightened and she let his cock continued to keep her quiet as she soared towards her peak. When she felt him brush a finger over her winking arsehole as he sucked on her clit, she fell over the edge of ecstasy with a squeal and let his cock slip from her lips.

“Fuck!” Arianne cried, bucking and writhing on his face as he held her in place.

“On your back,” Jon ordered, slapping her arse and Arianne scrambled to obey him, as desperate to feel him inside her as he clearly was to fuck her.

Still panting for breath, she settled on her back and spread her legs wide, gasping as she felt him ghost a hand over her left calve. His eyes, nearly black with lust, bored into hers and Arianne felt like she was going to explode. She had already cum hard but desperately wanted more, craving him like air.

“You’ve been a bad girl, Ari,” Jon said teasingly and her breath hitched. “Did you invite that girl into our home because you wanted to fuck her?”

“No,” Arianne protested. “I was just being nice but...I mean, she’s gorgeous and the poor thing has so few options as she is. If we could seduce her, tell her what we do, and bring her in...”

“You want to film her?” Jon asked, his eyebrows racing towards his hairline. “I wasn’t going to ask unless you still wanted this in the morning, but...she is of age, yes?”

“She’s eighteen,” Arianne nodded. “I checked.”

“Eighteen,” Jon laughed, shaking his head.

“We’re not exactly old, Jon,” Arianne chuckled. Smirking, she added, “I’m pretty sure you could still keep up with a horny teenager. Ahh!”

He buried himself to the hilt inside her in one brutal thrust for that and groaned as he felt her vice-tight cunt clench around him. He’d have been lying if he said he didn’t find Daenerys beautiful, and he’d have happily fucked her if he was single, but while the two of them had discussed bringing another woman into their bed before, having an actual woman in mind made it seem more real. Neither of them had any idea if the young woman would actually be willing to go to bed with them either, much less have wild threesomes and make porn.

“*She probably doesn’t even know what porn is,*” he thought to himself, aware of just how painfully innocent their guest seemed.

“We’ll...oh gods, right there...just invite her to work for us on a trial basis,” Arianne moaned as he started fucking her. “If we like her and vice versa, then we can see where else things can take us.”

“What did I do to deserve you?” Jon laughed, even less able to believe his luck than normal.

“You were you,” Arianne replied, her voice thick with emotion, and he kissed her passionately as he picked up his pace. He broke the kiss for air after a couple minutes and buried his face in the crook of her neck, licking the salty sweat from her skin. “Eating pussy like a god didn’t hurt.”

Jon laughed at that, though his face fell for a moment as an unpleasant thought occurred to him that he couldn’t help but give voice to. “If we’re going to even consider opening up our relationship like this, I need to make it clear that other men are a hard no for me, so if...”

Arianne cut him off by bursting out laughing and he looked down at her confusion.

“Do you really think I’d waste my time with other men?” she asked, letting out a throaty laugh that made his cock throb inside her. “Silly man, you and this horsecock ruined me for them long ago.”

She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him again as he relaxed.

“And if I ruin her too?” Jon asked.

“Then I guess we’ll just have a live-in sex pet,” Arianne purred and Jon groaned as she flexed her inner muscles hard. “She’s probably never had an orgasm, you realize. Even if she’s had sex, that’s probably true. Likely never had her pussy eaten, certainly never had her asshole eaten. There are so many pleasures we could introduce her to if she’s willing. The demand for videos of a girl that beautiful and inexperienced getting her brains fucked out will be massive.”

“Gods, Ari,” Jon groaned and she grinned.

Leaning in, she licked his ear and whispered, “Her ass if possibly even better than mine, her legs just as shapely, and while her breasts are certainly smaller, I imagine they’re wonderfully supple and perky. Seduce her with me and we’ll have so much fun. Ahh!”

Jon grinned down at her as he reached around and pulled her head back by her hair, exposing her neck, which he licked a long trail up along before whispering, “One step at a time, my love. Let’s get to know the poor thing before we start plotting out a fifteen part series of videos on her corruption.”

“As though I’d stop at fifteen,” Arianne giggled and he leaned in, gently biting one of her nipples and making her scream in pleasure. “Harder!”

“As my princess demands,” Jon grinned, grabbing her ankles and folding her back until they by her ears.

“I’m completely at your mercy like this,” Arianne purred. “What are you going to do to me?”

“Whatever I want,” Jon replied, his voice low and rumbling, and he grinned as he felt her inner walls flutter around him.

He fucked her harder, pounding her into the bed and her screams grew louder. He’d worried at first about bothering Daenerys but in that moment, that was the last thing on his mind. All that mattered

to him was turning the horny succubus under him into a mindless pile of sated goo. The force of his thrusts made her breasts jiggle and roll across her chest, and he watched them as though hypnotized as her screams grew louder.

“Yes, yes!” Arianne shrieked as she felt her orgasm rapidly approaching. “Don’t stop! More, more, more...JON!”

“Fuck,” Jon groaned, letting her legs go as he felt her come undone around him.

She writhed and squealed in pleasure, clinging to him like driftwood on the open ocean. Her arms and legs wrapped around him as though she feared she would slip away if she let him go, and he held her tenderly, continuing to fuck her through her peak, prolonging her pleasure for as long as he could.

“I’ll never tire of seeing you cum,” Jon chuckled as she came down from her peak, panting for breath like she’d just ran a marathon.

“Want to...ride you,” Arianne panted, and Jon grinned.

“If you think you have the strength,” he said teasingly, and she narrowed her eyes before pushing him over, making him laugh.

“It takes more than two mind-melting orgasms to rob me of my strength, as you know well,” she purred, resting her hands on his shoulders as she started bouncing on his long, thick cock.

He sank his fingers into her fleshy hips and grinned up at her, knowing that they were very likely in for a long night.

“Oh gods, you feel so good,” Daario grunted, and Daenerys clenched her eyes shut.

She wished it did for her, but all she felt was that same sharp soreness that she had since he pushed himself inside her. Opening her eyes, she looked up at him and tried to focus on what had drawn her to him in the first place. His confidence and easy-going nature had been what kept her attention, but it had been his handsome face and unusual blue hair that first drew her eye.

Their village had visitors from time to time, people who came to see how they lived. They bought things from them, and that generated enough income for most to accept them, though her father always hated them. Daenerys had paid little attention to them over the years, but something about Daario’s unique appearance intrigued her too much to look away. The way he spoke to her made her heart race, calling her the most beautiful girl he’d ever seen and musing aloud about potentially staying around longer if she wanted him to.

“Slow down,” she begged, hugging him more tightly as she started to feel little sparks of something other than pain.

“Can’t...too good...ugh,” Daario grunted, the pumping of his hips growing erratic before he suddenly went still. “Love you.”

Daenerys felt her eyes well up with tears, and she held him tightly, smiling like she’d gone mad.

“Ahh!” Daenerys gasped, sitting up and feeling her chest spasm as she tried to stop herself from sobbing.

She'd been forced to grapple with the reality that Daario hadn't cared about her at all but had just told her that to try and bed her, and that hurt more than anything. The idea that she had ruined her life and her connections to everyone she held dear because of nothing but a lie made it all so much worse. Why had he lied? Why had he targeted her like that? Why had his kiss felt so good but everything just hurt? It all left her confused and pained even after the lingering soreness between her legs passed.

“Oh gods!” Arianne cried and Daenerys' eyes snapped to the wall separating their bedrooms.

She wondered if something was wrong and when she heard the kind older woman scream, she scrambled to her feet, shivering as she felt the cool air on her bare legs. She would never been allowed to walk around exposed like this back home and it was simultaneously frightening and thrilling as she padded across the hardwood floor, opening the door to her room and letting herself out.

“Ahh, ah, ah!” Arianne cried and Daenerys looked around frantically, trying to see where Jon was. His wife was screaming and he didn't even seem to be nearby.

“Arianne?” she asked, though a keening wail drowned out her voice.

Resolved to check on her host, Daenerys grabbed the doorknob and turned it slowly before pushing the door open, just enough to look in and her eyes went wide the moment she did. There was a single light in the corner turned on, illuminating the room just enough for her see inside but she hardly noticed that, being too busy staring at the bed. Arianne was resting her head on her hands as she pushed her behind up towards Jon, who gripped her wide hips hard. There was a sheen of sweat covering her entire body, making her smooth olive skin shine tantalizingly. He was as naked as she was and Daenerys felt her mouth water as her eye raked over his form.

She knew that this was wrong, that she should look away but she felt physically frozen in place, unable to even close her eyes. They were both so beautiful. She had thought that Daario was handsome but he was nothing compared to Jon, whose muscular body also shone with sweat. Her eyes couldn't decide where they wanted to focus on, moving between his broad shoulders, strong arms, corded with muscles, powerful legs, or round, firm behind. She licked her lips, feeling desires she'd never known. Kissing Daario had made her feel like her body was warming up, especially between her legs, but looking at Jon was making her a living inferno.

It took all of her willpower to look away, though her eyes moved to Arianne instead and that didn't help at all. The other woman's body was curvaceous and beautiful, and between that and her stunning face, she knew well what had drawn Jon's interest. Staring at the pair of them was like looking at the personification of sin itself and she felt like she was being tempted just then by powerful demons.

“Gods, I love your cock,” Arianne giggled as she pushed herself up with her hands.

“Not as much as it loves you,” Jon grinned, making her snort only to freeze slightly.

Daenerys felt like the spell broke as Jon started moving again and she quietly closed the door, unaware that Arianne had spotted her in the standing mirror as she fled. She returned to the bed

she'd been given and tried to calm her racing heart, wondering why it felt like a fire had been lit low in her belly.