

“Er, honestly, and I can’t believe I’m saying this, but I’d rather it just be Shiera and I tonight,” Jon replied, and he swore he could practically hear Daenerys sulk on the other side of the door.

“Come, darling, let’s give these two some privacy,” Rhaenyra said softly as she led the other vampire away.

“I’d be flattered, but I don’t think this is about me,” Shiera murmured, cupping his cheek and smiling up at him. “Talk to me.”

“My life was perfectly normal like a week ago, and now I can’t go out in sunlight, I have to drink blood, and apparently I’m going to learn how to breathe fire,” Jon replied. “If teenage me knew what I’d just turned down, he’d punch himself in the balls just to get to me but…”

“You’d like one thing in your life to still be semi-normal for the moment?” Shiera asked, and he nodded. “I get it, I do. Vampirism is a wonderful thing, and once you get used to it, you’ll find that the benefits all outweigh the downsides, but I remember all too well how insane the transition from human life to this was when it happened to me, and I was all but ready to leave my old life where you weren’t.”

“I hope Daenerys wasn’t offended,” Jon murmured, and she laughed.

“Oh, she’ll sulk, and Nyra’s going to have to wear her like a hand puppet to make her stop tonight, but she’ll get over it,” Shiera replied, and his jaw dropped.

“She…” he went to ask, and she grinned as she felt him throb inside her.

“Does that turn you on?” Shiera whispered, leaning in until her lips were right by his ear. “The image of my nymphomaniac little vampire sister being stretched open by Nyra’s fist?”

“Holy fuck,” Jon gasped, and she giggled, grasping his shoulders and sitting up on him.

“You can’t fathom the perverse delights we’ll introduce you to when you’re ready, Jon,” Shiera grinned. “For now, though, I think something more normal is order.”

She started riding him slowly, rolling her hips forward and back as she delighted in the feeling of his long, thick cock stretching her open. He was larger than any man she’d known in life, comparable to even their biggest toys, and the way he pushed her inner walls wide around his girth was incredible. There really was something to be said for the warmth of flesh over the alternatives.

“Gods, you’re fucking amazing,” Jon groaned, the way her hot, wet inner walls clung to him and massaged his length as she moved, driving him wild.

“You feel pretty amazing yourself,” Shiera sighed, and he grinned, flipping them over suddenly and staring down into her eyes as they widened.

“From the moment I laid eyes on you, I thought you were the most stunning creature I’d ever seen,” Jon murmured, pulling several inches of his cock from her clinging depths before thrusting back inside her.

“I should have known you were one of us,” Shiera breathed, snaking a hand around the nape of his neck while grazing his back with her nails. “You’re too bloody handsome not to be.”

“Targaryens are known for their looks, are they?” Jon asked, and she cocked an eyebrow.

“You tell me,” Shiera teased, and he grinned before kissing her deeply.

He worked his way up to a steady pace quickly, fucking her with long, hard strokes as he tried not to spurt like it his was first time all over again. No woman had ever felt this good before, and he honestly couldn't say if that was because she was just physically perfect or because of the enhanced sensations that she mentioned. Part of him wanted to ask more about that, but just then, as he fucked her into the bed, he found he couldn't really focus on much else.

“Harder!” Shiera cried, breaking the kiss. “Gods, you're so fucking deep!”

“Tight as a closed fist,” Jon grunted, picking up his pace until the bed was banging into the wall with his every rough thrust.

Her large, full breasts began to rock and jiggle and roll across her chest with his every thrust, and he felt his mouth water at the sight. Leaning in, he captured one of her pebbled pink nipples with his lips, grinning when she gasped and moaned.

“Bite me,” Shiera begged, and he cocked an eyebrow at her.

“Meaning, press down with my flat teeth or...” Jon asked and she chuckled.

“Sink your fangs into my breast,” Shiera replied. “Not the nipple preferably.”

“What if I lose control?” Jon asked, and she gave him a flat look.

“I am so much stronger than you; it wouldn't...oh, fuck, right there...matter,” Shiera moaned, her back arching as he hit a spot inside her that made her vision go white. “Do it!”

Jon felt his fangs extend before he even decided and gasped when she flashed her own at him, her sclera going blood-red. Cupping one of her heavy mounds, he leaned in and sank his nails into her flesh, groaning when she clenched around him almost painfully.

“Yes, yes!” Shiera screamed. “Drink from me! Drink.”

Her hot blood filled his mouth, and he moaned at the taste. The greatest meals he'd ever had all paled dramatically next to that single mouthful of blood, and he swallowed greedily, feeling his cock throb inside her. He fucked her harder and faster, the sound of the bed banging against the wall becoming almost as deafening as her screams. He'd have worried about breaking it if he could still think, but the combination of blood and sex was too utterly divine for his brain to focus on anything else.

“FUCK!” Shiera wailed as she came, writhing under him, and he let her breast go, licking the bite wounds as they closed quickly before sinking his fangs into her neck.

Her shrieks grew louder, and the rhythmic spasming of her perfect cunt around his pistoning cock became all the more intoxicating as he drank from her. How he hadn't cum yet, he didn't know, and he didn't care; all he cared about in that moment was the feeling of her body under him and the taste of her sweet, metallic blood as he drank more and more from her.

Without warning, he was on his back again, staring up at the bleeding goddess riding him. He stared up in shock, so lost in the bloodlust that he didn't even care to figure out how he'd ended up there. A single drop of blood fell along her neck, the crimson standing as a perfect contrast to her porcelain skin, and he tried desperately to get it and bite her again, but she held him down with ease, pinning his arms to the headboard of his bed.

"That was incredible," she sighed, giggling as he growled. "Such a greedy boy; you've had enough, and now it's my turn."

She grabbed one of his arms and bit him hard, sinking her fangs into the veins of his forearm, and he gasped at the pain. Pain turned to pleasure the moment she started sucking, drinking deeply of his blood. Being fed on was a pleasure in itself, as it turned out, and between that and the way she was still riding him, it all became too much. He came with a roar, filling her up with rope after rope of his seed as his eyes rolled back into his head. It was the greatest orgasm of his life bar none, and when she let his arms go and leaned in to sink her fangs into his neck, the pleasure grew even more intense.

"That's it, baby," Shiera whispered as she let him go and lapped at his neck while he clung to her like a life raft. "How was that?"

"So...holy...shit," Jon panted, barely able to remember his own name as he came down from that high and she giggled.

"Wrong on both counts, I'm afraid," Shiera quipped, lying down on top of him and running her nails through his scalp.

"You...weren't kidding," Jon panted, hugging her to him and burying his face in the crook of her neck, inhaling her scent. "I've never cum that hard in my life."

"That was pretty up there for me too," Shiera sighed happily, lifting herself off of his cock and rolling onto her back. "You found my favorite deep spot the first time, which is something no one else has ever managed."

"Your posterior fornix," Jon nodded. "Somehow, even in the midst of a blood haze, I managed that. Sorry about losing control, by the way."

"It's expected for a new vampire," Shiera shrugged. "What was that about my posterior?"

"Unrelated," Jon chuckled. "It's a sensitive area around your cervix that some women find stimulation of painful while others fucking love it. It exists all around the cervix, but the two main areas are above and below it, and we refer to them as the anterior and posterior fornix."

"Pays to study medicine, clearly," Shiera grinned, and he laughed.

"I learned that long before I started studying medicine," Jon replied. "I've always been on the bigger side and learned with my first girlfriend that I had to be very, very careful when going deep. I looked up what was back there just to get a better understanding of what I was dealing with and why sometimes she couldn't get enough deep penetration and other times she acted like I'd punched her in the stomach."

"The cervix?" Shiera asked.

“Yeah,” Jon nodded. “Best avoided in general. Hey, can I ask you something?”

“I’d say you’ve earned the privilege after an orgasm like that,” Shiera replied haughtily, and she chuckled.

“Sorry, it’s just...how am I related to you?” Jon replied. “You say I share your blood, but I don’t know how. No one in my family line has ever been called Targaryen, to my knowledge.”

“I assume it’s through your mother, though Rhaenyra had a different theory,” Shiera murmured, looking out the window.

“What theory?” Jon asked, tensing as he saw the conflicted look on her face.

“She met a Targaryen man around the time you and Daenerys were born,” Shiera replied.

“She met one of you and didn’t turn him?” Jon asked. “Why?”

“His blood smelled tainted,” Shiera replied. “He died of an aneurysm not long after they met. Poor thing wasn’t even thirty yet.”

“That’s incredibly rare but not unheard of,” Jon murmured. “Similar to how people can be born with heart defects that go undiagnosed and can lead to early heart failure, sometimes people are born with weaknesses in their brain that can also lead to early death. My guess would be he was unable to get medical attention in time after the aneurysm ruptured.”

“You’d know better than me,” Shiera said.

“How does this relate to me?” Jon asked.

“When they met, he was seeing a girl and they were expecting a child,” Shiera replied. “Her initial suspicion was that you might have been that child.”

“I...but my parents were Ned and Ashara Stark,” Jon said, confused.

“And there’s no chance you were adopted?” Shiera asked.

“No,” Jon scoffed, and she held up her hands in surrender.

“It was just Rhaenyra’s early theory before we actually knew much about you,” Shiera replied. “The fact that your parents died when you were so young might have fueled it.”

“My mum went when I was a kid, and I lost my dad way too early too, but I was an adult by then and had been for a little while,” Jon replied. “If I were adopted, I’d know.”

“Then it’s probably from somewhere in your matrilineal line,” Shiera shrugged. “I assume your grandparents are no longer with us.”

“No,” Jon replied. “My mum’s dad, I never met, and my grandmother went not long after she did. My paternal grandparents were rather old when they had my father, and they both died when I was in high school. Mum was an only child, but my father had a couple siblings.”

“Oh?” Shiera asked.

“My aunt Lyanna died before I was born, and I never actually learned what happened there,” Jon replied. “My uncle Benjen is a researcher of some sort who works in the far north, but I haven’t seen him in years.”

*“Finally, a living relative,”* Shiera thought to herself. *“A potential lead if we end up wanting to investigate this. Nyra’s always been one to keep clean records of the family lines.”*

“I’m sorry for dragging this up,” she murmured, rubbing his shoulder, and she smiled at her.

“I brought it up,” Jon shrugged, “though if you want to make it up to me, I have a few ideas about how.”

“I like the sound of that,” Shiera purred as she kissed him. “What do these *ideas* entail?”

“The first one involves you getting on your hands and knees,” Jon rumbled, making her grin.

“Correction, I *love* the sound of that,” Shiera grinned, rolling over and pushing her perfect, heart-shaped ass in the air.

Jon licked his lips at the sight of her, admiring how perfectly she arched her back, and for a moment, he was tempted to bury his face in her ass and eat her out again but decided against it. He highly doubted this was going to be a one-time thing for them, and he was sure he’d have plenty of time to bury his face between her thighs until she was sobbing from the ecstasy of it. For now, though, he wanted to bury himself back inside her tight wet heat and utterly lose himself in the pleasure of her.

Shiera cried out as he sank inside her in one thrust and grabbed the sheets in front of her, looking down and thinking about the stud as he started fucking her. *“If Rhaenyra decides to pursue this, we’re going to have to be gentle. He’s lost too much in life as it is, and I’d hate for him to feel like he was losing his parents a second time.”*

He was a grown man and not a teenager, so his reaction to that would likely be somewhat less hysterical, but it would still hurt, and she didn’t want to hurt him. Of course, she knew all too well that when one lived long enough, painful truths had a habit of making themselves known eventually. Deciding to speak to Rhaenyra about that tomorrow, she put it out of her mind and started rocking back against Jon in time with his thrusts, moaning and crying out in pleasure.

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Jon let go with a gasp, staggering back from Daenerys, who smiled softly and wiped the blood from her rapidly closing bite wounds.

“Very good,” she beamed, licking her fingers clean. “You stopped all by yourself.”

“Fuck, I still want to rip your throat out, though,” Jon grunted, sinking to his knees and panting for breath as he tried to control himself.

“That’s the bloodlust talking, and you have fared better against it today than you have yet,” Rhaenyra called out. “This was a big stop forward.”

It didn't feel like it, not really, not when he still craved another drop of Daenerys' blood more keenly than he'd ever craved a cigarette in his mortal life, but deep down, he knew it was true. He'd been working on this with them for a month by that point, and it was becoming gradually easier as time went on. Daenerys had had to throw him off, sometimes across the room, every other time that they'd done this, and being able to back away from her on her own was a significant sign that his willpower was improving, but given that they were talking about feeding on people and his ability to control himself was what would determine when he was able to go out into the world again, he wanted the progress to be faster.

*"This place is incredible, and I feel somewhat silly about being bothered about having to stay here all the time but, fuck, I miss going outside,"* Jon thought to himself as he stood up and licked his lips. "It left on its own this time too."

"The exercises are working," Rhaenyra smiled. "You've made remarkable progress for such a new vampire."

"I guess being a little older when you're turned helps," Jon murmured. "Where's Shiera?"

"Out procuring something for me," Rhaenyra replied. "She'll be back later."

"You've grown rather fond of her," Daenerys said neutrally, and he kept his face blank.

"She was my introduction to this world, and she's been quite...helpful," Jon replied.

He knew that she was envious of the other blonde, given that he hadn't touched her or Rhaenyra yet, but he'd been quite enjoying their time together. She was fun, witty, almost impossibly beautiful, and, more than all of that, patient. Rhaenyra hadn't rushed him with anything, and even Daenerys, for as immature as she could seem, had given him space, but there was something unique about Shiera's particular calm understanding that had been like a balm to his soul since he arrived. The fact that the sex was downright cosmic had a little to do with it too.

"I'm back!" he heard Shiera call out, and he couldn't help but smile.

"We're in the training room," Rhaenyra replied, and a moment later Shiera ran in, looking pleased with herself. "Jon pulled away from Daenerys without assistance."

"Really?" Shiera beamed. "That's great."

She hugged Jon tightly, and he sighed happily, burying his face in her long, silver-gold hair and inhaling deeply of her scent. Shiera was also never shy about expressing pride in him when he succeeded at something, and that was a thing he hadn't experienced since his father died and hadn't realized how much he missed.

"Did you find what I sent you for?" Rhaenyra asked, and he felt Shiera tense up in his arms immediately.

"The men we hired did," she replied, reaching into her bag and pulling out a manila envelope that was clearly quite full.

"What did you hire investigators for?" Jon asked, and as Shiera looked guilty, Rhaenyra decided to reply.

“Your background,” she said, and he furrowed his brow at her.

“What could you possibly need to hire someone to find out about me?” Jon asked, confused. “I’ve been perfectly open with you since I got here.”

“That, I do not doubt, but it’s not your personal history that concerned me,” Rhaenyra replied. “Come, there’s something you should see.”

“I swear I’d have told you, but I figured this conversation would be best had once I had something other than speculation to show,” Shiera murmured. “I swear it will all make sense in a moment.”

“They did the same thing for me,” Daenerys chimed in, and he followed them, hoping that this explanation would make some sense.

“Blood is essential to us,” Rhaenyra called out as she led them through the halls, passing various thralls who were busy cleaning. “That is true in the sense that we need to consume it to live, but it is true in another sense as well.”

“Your inability to turn others into vampires unless they share your blood,” Jon guessed, and she smiled at him as she opened the door to her study.

This was one room in the castle that he hadn’t been in before, and as he stepped inside, he noted that it was larger than he’d expected. Just as richly furnished as the rest of the place, the walls were a deep red, contrasting a little with the dark hardwood floors. To his left there was a large portrait of a man in very old-fashioned clothing. He was on the larger side and looked jovial, with the same silver-gold hair as Rhaenyra, Shiera, and Daenerys, deep purple eyes, and a thin mustache. Next to it was a portrait of a man who, despite having the same coloring, looked to be the first man’s polar opposite. Lean and clean-shaven, he stood in a blood-red doublet with a golden half-cloak over one shoulder and looked out with an expression that Jon could only describe as ‘thinking of how best to kill you.’

“Who are they?” he asked, and Rhaenyra smiled softly.

“My father and my uncle,” she replied. “They’re not what we’re here to look at, however.”

She pointed at the wall behind her heavy-looking blackwood desk and started drawing the heavy drapes that covered the whole thing. He looked alarmed at first, having thought that there was a window behind it and believing that the dawn was approaching, but his alarm quickly gave way to confusion as he saw what was really there. A massive cork board took up the entire wall, onto which was pinned what could only be a truly extensive genealogical chart.

“I still say this would be better digitized,” Daenerys sighed, and Rhaenyra scowled at her.

“You know I abhor the constant noise that computers make,” she muttered. “Everything today makes so much bloody noise.”

“Wait, this was about my parentage?” Jon asked. “I already explained that...”

“You don’t know how you’re related to us, and neither do we, and that is a problem,” Rhaenyra replied. “I’ve been keeping track of my father’s descendants for centuries; all vampires make a point of tracking their bloodlines for potential recruits.”

“It’s the only way that we can make more of us,” Shiera added.

“Your parents don’t fit in this chart at all, and I’ve been trying to figure out why that is,” Rhaenyra replied.

“Presumably one of them, or an ancestor of one of them, was the product of an affair with a relative of yours,” Jon murmured. “You can track the legitimate and recognized children that your relatives have, but you’re not omniscient.”

“That was one of my theories as well,” Rhaenyra nodded. “Shiera, what did our investigators find?”

Shiera swallowed thickly, her mismatched eyes giving him a pained look at that, and he looked at her in confusion.

“Shiera?” he asked.

“I had them look into your mother’s medical history,” Shiera replied. “I wanted to disprove Rhaenyra’s adoption theory...”

“And?” Jon asked, figuring he could chew her out about doing that without telling him once he knew what she’d found.

“I didn’t,” Shiera sighed, and he stepped back.

“No, that’s not possible,” Jon replied, looking back and forth between her and Rhaenyra. “They’d have told me.”

“Your mother suffered a miscarriage a few years before you were born,” Shiera replied, and his eyes widened.

“What?” Jon asked, stunned.

“There were...complications and she ended up suffering from something called Ash...”

“Asherman’s Syndrome?” Jon asked, his eyes growing misty when she nodded. “Oh, gods.”

“What’s that?” Daenerys asked.

“It’s a...I need to sit down,” Jon said, leaning against Rhaenyra’s desk. “Women who suffer from it have scar tissue in their uterus or cervix. It can cause pelvic pain, disrupt a woman’s cycle, and even lead to...infertility. Show me what you found.”

Rhaenyra nodded and handed him the envelope, which he quickly opened. Rooting through the papers took only a moment, and he clenched his eyes shut when he saw confirmation of what Shiera had said.

“This doesn’t necessarily mean that...she couldn’t have children,” Jon breathed, his heart clenching as he got to the part of the report about the difficulties his parents had had after that miscarriage.

“I’m so sorry,” Shiera whispered, resting a hand on his shoulder, and he practically jumped away from her.

“This doesn’t make any sense,” Jon muttered. “Why in the hells would Dad never tell me?”

“I’m sure he meant to,” Rhaenyra replied. “You were so young when your mother died, though, that he might have felt like telling you the truth would be like making you lose her all over again.”

“Whose son am I?” Jon asked.

“Your aunt, or so I believe,” Shiera replied, and his eyes went wide as saucers. “The year you were born, your aunt Lyanna became pregnant. The people I hired couldn’t confirm who the father was, but they did confirm that the month you were born, she was fatally shot.”

“What?” Jon asked.

“It was a case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time,” Shiera replied. “A bank robbery went terribly wrong, and she was shot. We couldn’t find anything to confirm what became of her child.”

“I can’t believe this,” Jon breathed, sitting down in Rhaenyra’s chair as his head spun.

“What happened to the robber?” Daenerys asked.

“The police shot both him and his accomplice dead when they stormed the place afterward,” Shiera replied. “It’s all in the report.”

“Except for actual confirmation,” Rhaenyra murmured. “The fate of the child was completely unknown?”

“They agreed to keep digging, but for some reason the records proved spotty there,” Shiera replied.

“So my dad might have been my uncle all along?” Jon asked, his eyes going wide as he finished the question. “My uncle!”

“Benjen Stark is likely the only man alive who could tell us anything for certain,” Rhaenyra said. “Do you think he’d help you out if you contacted him?”

“I don’t even know how to contact him,” Jon replied. “He and my fa...my father ended up estranged at some point in their lives. He came for the funeral, but we don’t know each other, and things were so awkward that neither of us really tried to get to know each other. If I had had any idea how bad things were going to get with Catelyn, I would have tried harder, but I didn’t. You think this Rhaegar was my father then?”

“Her sudden, tragic death might explain the aneurysm, actually,” Rhaenyra replied.

“That would make you my nephew,” Daenerys grinned, and he looked at her in surprise.

“That piece of the puzzle is something I managed to confirm recently,” Rhaenyra said. “Rhaegar was so much older than Viserys and Daenerys that I hadn’t been certain, but it turns out he was their older brother.”

“I can’t believe this,” Jon sighed, burying his head in his hands. “My life has been several shades of fucked up for a long time now, but I always thought I knew where I came from.”

“Your father almost certainly intended to tell you eventually,” Shiera murmured. “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you I was looking into you, but I really did expect to prove Nyra wrong.”

“I half expected to be wrong,” Rhaenyra replied.

“I...need some air,” Jon muttered, checking his watch and sighing in relief when he saw that the sun wouldn’t be up yet. “I’ll stick to the grounds, of course.”

“We all trust you,” Rhaenyra said warmly, and he nodded before leaving the room. Once he was out of earshot, she sighed, saying, “That went about as well as it could have.”

“It’s never easy learning that the people you love deceived you, especially when you can no longer confront them about it,” Daenerys muttered. “I really don’t get why Ned Stark didn’t tell when he came of age. I understand that it would have been a difficult conversation for numerous reasons but...”

“Mortals have an unfortunate habit of thinking they’ll have all the time in the world to say and do what they need to,” Rhaenyra chuckled. “Add to that the fact that Jon would have seen the fact that he wasn’t told earlier as a betrayal no matter when he did it and I can sort of understand wanting to wait until he was well and truly past the ‘moody adolescent’ phase.”

“And then he just didn’t get the chance,” Shiera sighed. “Do you want me to try to find Benjen Stark?”

“Yes,” Rhaenyra replied. “I’d like actual confirmation that Jon is Lyanna’s child and that there isn’t potentially another Targaryen out there that I don’t know about. This Benjen would presumably have the answer I seek.”

“It might be good for Jon to talk to him too,” Daenerys added. “He’s the closest thing he has left to his uncle.”

“I’ll call Jorah and let him know that we have a new job for him,” Shiera nodded.

“Very good,” Rhaenyra murmured. “While you speak with him, I’ll go check on Jon.”

Without another word, she ran outside, quickly finding him perched on the top of a nearby mountain, looking out at the land below.

“This place is beautiful,” he said, hearing her approach.

“Your senses are growing sharper,” Rhaenyra murmured, and he sighed, looking over at her.

“At least something in my life is improving,” Jon muttered. “I swear I’m not usually this pathetic.”

“You feel betrayed by a man you can’t get an explanation from,” Rhaenyra shrugged, jumping up to the mountain peak and sitting next to him. “Having a reaction to that doesn’t make you pathetic.”

“I just wish I’d learned it from him,” Jon muttered. “There’s a whole story there that I’ll never get. The miscarriage, how they went through that nightmare and then learned that they’d probably never have children. If you’re right about all of that, he lost his sister and gained the child he and his wife so desperately wanted in the process and I just...”

“Wish you’d been able to speak to him about all of that,” Rhaenyra murmured. “He probably went to tell you a hundred times only to find some excuse to put it off.”

“Neither of them ever so much as hinted that I wasn’t theirs,” Jon sighed. “I mean, Mum wouldn’t have, obviously, but...do you think you could track Uncle Benjen down?”

“I already have Shiera on it,” Rhaenyra replied.

“It won’t be the same, but at least I should be able to get some answers from him,” Jon said, “provided he’s willing to share.”

“We can convince people to talk, Jon,” Rhaenyra reminded him and shook his head slowly.

“Only as a last resort,” Jon muttered.

“I lost my mother at around the same age as you,” Rhaenyra said suddenly, and he looked at her in surprise. “I don’t know if she suffered from the same thing that your mother did, but after she had me, she could not have further children no matter how much she tried. I don’t know how many she lost.”

“Gods, I’m sorry,” Jon sighed, and she smiled grimly.

“She never showed it, not to me, anyway, but I know now just how terribly it weighed on her,” Rhaenyra sighed. “The last time she and my father tried to have a child, she carried my brother to term, but...it all went wrong.”

“She died,” Jon sighed, and she nodded.

“So did my brother a few days later,” Rhaenyra muttered. “As much as modern technology irks me, I cannot find fault in modern medicine. Father remarried, which is how I have living relatives, and while I appreciate that now, at the time I saw it as a betrayal.”

“That’s not quite the same thing as lying to me my entire life,” Jon murmured.

“No, but I can understand some of what you’re feeling right now,” Rhaenyra replied.

“That makes one of us,” Jon sighed. “I think I want to be angrier at him than I am. He would have lost so much in such a short period of time, and as much as I do resent that he didn’t tell me the truth, I also kind of understand him being reluctant to revisit that time in his life.”

“A mature response,” Rhaenyra commented and laughed humorlessly.

“It’s almost like I’m an adult,” Jon snarked, “as I was the last hundred times we spoke to each other.”

“We should get going,” Rhaenyra said softly. “The sun will rise soon.”

“Right, yeah,” Jon muttered, jumping down from the mountain and landing with practiced grace on the grounds of the castle. “I doubt I’ll ever get used to surviving falls like that without so much as breaking a bone.”

“We are quite durable,” Rhaenyra grinned as she landed next to him. “We’re all here for you if you need someone to lean on.”

“Thank you,” Jon murmured, “but I think I’d like to be on my own tonight...today. I swear I’ll get that right one of these days.”

“It took Dany a little while too,” Rhaenyra said softly as she followed him into the castle.

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“Agh!” the loud, roaring cry of pain echoed through the underground chamber, and not a single man there didn’t feel a chill go down his spine at the sound. They all knew what it meant, that their commander was having his stitches redone, and the foul mood that the procedure always left him in was enough to terrify anyone.

“Still think it would be a smart idea to make that report right now?” Garth asked, and Perros, the youngest and newest member of their inner circle, gulped.

“It’s good news, though,” the man replied. “Surely he...”

“Come in now!” their commander growled, and they both went still, having hoped that he wouldn’t hear them over his own cries.

They made their way in, and Perros did his best not to wince at the sight of the man sitting on the operating table as he did. His body was a mess of wounds, most of which looked genuinely fatal. They hadn’t been, as their commander could not die, but neither could they heal. The gaping stab wound in his chest, between his fourth and fifth ribs, would have absolutely killed any normal man, as quite possibly would the terrible burns across his scalp, and yet despite them, perhaps in spite of them, he lived.

“Those should hold for a while, Ser,” Dr. Ocley, one of their most prominent physicians, said.

“And yet they will need to be replaced in time,” their commander sighed, tracing his fingers over the newly stitched wound. “The bitch thought she got me with this one. She should have known better.”

“Commander Cole, I bring news,” Perros breathed, bowing his head. “We think we have a definite lead on Rhae...”

“Ack,” Cole spat, his furious green eyes boring into him. “I cannot stand to hear that whore’s name; you know that.”

“My apologies, commander. We think we have a definite lead on the vampire, Ser,” Perros corrected himself, his heart hammering in his chest. “There is a private investigation firm in Gulltown that we believe has done numerous jobs for her through her eldest subordinate.”

“I see,” Cole murmured, standing up and putting his shirt back on, grinding his teeth as his every unhealing wound pained him every time the soft silk brushed against them.

That was the only material he could wear these days, everything else being rougher and thus more agonizing. Pain was something he was most used to after so many centuries of it but it, still grated

on him to be unable to move at all without it, and working to lessen that pain was something he'd worked on since his encounter with his hated foe.

"I've sent men to infiltrate the firm and find out just who the vampires have been making contact with," Perros continued. "Once we know that, we'll bring him in and extract all useful intel from him."

"No," Cole said immediately. "Find out who it is but merely observe them."

"You think the investigator will lead us to her?" Perros asked, and Cole shook his head.

"No, she's too smart for that," he replied. "My guess would be that one of her childer uses compelled mortals to meet with the investigator on her behalf. This lead may be useful, but only insofar as we might learn what she's hiring them for. Make it clear to our agents that they are not under any circumstances to make any move against the unwitting humans being used in whatever game that wretched whore is playing now. If they do, I will be most...displeased."

"Understood, Ser," Perros replied.

"You're dismissed, all of you," Cole barked, and the men all scattered.

They knew that their cause was just, that they fought actual monsters who preyed on the innocent and that if they could succeed in killing them all, they would make the world a better, safer place in the process, but that didn't make working for a man as terrifying as Criston Cole any easier. From his ghastly appearance to his infamous temper to his inhuman strength, they all had plenty of reason to walk on eggshells around him, but he was their greatest weapon against the vampires, monsters he'd been fighting against since before any of them were born, and that made it worth the risk.

Cole growled to himself as he watched them leave, walking into the nearby bathroom and removing the sheet that he kept draped over the mirror at all times. As always, the near-unrecognizable face that stared back at him made him scowl. The wounds of a thousand battles littered his body, wounds that would neither kill him nor heal, and he wore the scars proudly, but that didn't make the fact that he couldn't walk in public without scaring small children any less infuriating.

He traced his fingers over the burned, ruined flesh of his scalp, where Daemon Targaryen burned him during their last fight, the blackened flesh and visible bone just as horrifying as ever. Looking down, he saw the stab wound Belthasar had delivered to his shoulder. He'd been aiming for his throat, specifically his larynx, in an effort to silence him forever and had nearly succeeded in that. There were other wounds, of course, some of which he insisted on having stitched up, despite the pain that caused him, lest they become weaknesses, and none of them angered him quite as much as the stab in the heart Rhaenyra had managed the last time they thought.

For one brief, fleeting moment, she'd thought she had him. So had he, and it still infuriated him that he'd acted so slowly in that moment that she was able to collapse the sept they fought in on him.

*"If it takes me a thousand years, I'll kill you, Rhaenyra,"* he thought to himself.

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*"Why did you not just tell me?"* Jon thought to himself later that day, staring up at the ceiling.

He'd found getting to sleep impossible so far, his racing mind driving him mad. Rhaenyra had sent along a copy of the entire report a little after they returned to the castle, presumably getting one of her thralls to copy the pages for her, and he'd read through the entire thing three times, trying to see if he'd missed anything that might make sense of that. Logically, he understood what had apparently happened: a young couple faced with infertility adopts the husband's nephew after tragedy strikes and raises him as their own. What he couldn't wrap his head around was his father refusing to tell him even after he came of age.

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"Jon, could I come in?" Daenerys asked softly, and he sighed, not really wanting the girl who still never failed to flirt with him every time she saw him to bother him, but he didn't really want to be rude either, and so he sighed and jumped to his feet before opening the door. "Hi. How are you doing?"

"Ask me again tomorrow; I might have figured it out by then," Jon grumbled, noticing the thin, white nightgown she was wearing as he stepped aside and gestured for her to enter.

"Only humans need to worry about inviting us in," Daenerys quipped as she padded in and sat down on the foot of his bed.

"Dany, I don't mean to be rude, but why are you here?" Jon asked tiredly, making her pout.

"I just...it occurred to me that if we are right about who...where you came from, we might have known each other," Daenerys stammered, staring at her feet, and Jon's expression softened at once.

"Had Rhaegar lived," he whispered and she nodded, clenching her eyes shut.

Sitting down next to her, rested a hand on her shoulder and she leaned her head over on it.

"I love what I've found with Rhaenyra and Shiera, but it would have been nice to grow up with someone other than Viserys after our parents died," Daenerys whispered.

"We would have known each other," Jon murmured. "We're nearly the same age, not that we look it."

"I've aged far better," Daenerys teased, and he chuckled.

"That's the first time I've laughed since Shiera dropped that bombshell on me," Jon sighed. "Growing up, I did often wish for siblings, and by the time I got one, there were too many years between us for us to really click in that way."

"Plus her mother was a total bitch," Daenerys added, making him smile.

"I would have liked growing up with you," Jon murmured, staring into her eyes, and she smiled.

"I would have liked growing up with you too," Daenerys whispered, her smile turning into an impish grin as she said it. "Of course, if we had, there are a few things I want to do to you that I probably wouldn't."

Jon gulped at that and said, "We are, if Rhaenyra's right, nephew and aunt."

“We already knew we were related, Jon,” Daenerys purred. “I’ve been openly referring to you as my brother since you got here and begging you to do very, very non-brotherly things to me.”

“Fuck,” Jon groaned as she leaned in, giving him a clear view of her large, creamy breasts through her nightgown.

“You’ve been unable to sleep all day because of what you learned,” Daenerys whispered. “Let me distract you, Jon. I’ll distract you until you pass out.”

It was wrong, for numerous reasons, but he couldn’t deny that she was one of the most beautiful women he’d ever seen in his life. She looked too young; her use of sex to cope with what had happened to her probably wasn’t healthy, and beyond that she might have been his aunt, but as he looked into her lust-darkened purple eyes, all those reasons seemed completely irrelevant. She wanted him; she’d made that as clear as she possibly could, and after the night he’d had, he found he just didn’t have the strength to tell her no.

He leaned in and captured her fully pouty lips with his own, kissing her slowly and softly...for one second before she jumped into his lap and pushed her tongue into his mouth. Chuckling at her reaction, he returned the kiss with equal passion, groaning when she started grinding on his rapidly hardening length as he ran his hands down along her back towards her round arse.

“Fuck, are you not wearing anything under here?” Jon asked, and she giggled.

“I wear far less than this to bed,” Daenerys purred, moving off of him and pulling her gown over her head, revealing every inch of her perfect body.

She was shorter than Shiera, but she was no less curvaceous, and on her smaller frame those curves looked even more pronounced. Her hips were wide and lush, her waist incredibly narrow, and her breasts were large and almost impossibly perky, capped by large pink nipples that were already hard. She didn’t have a single hair below her head, and as she soaked in his obvious desire, her arousal spiked.

He groaned as the scent of her filled the air, his sense of smell powerful enough to pick it up even feet away, and when he saw a single drop of fluid leak down onto one of her wonderfully thick thighs, it took all his willpower not to drop to his knees and lap it up. She twirled around to give him a view of her plump, round ass and giggled when his breath hitched.

“I was beginning to think you didn’t find me attractive,” she said, pouting at him as she walked forward, swaying her hips exaggeratedly.

“That was never the issue,” Jon said, gasping when she reached down and palmed his cock through his pants.

“You’re so big,” Daenerys cooed, grinning at him. “What was the issue?”

“You...oh, fuck...look so young,” Jon groaned as she started stroking him gently, “and you’ve been through so much.”

“You know we’re the same age, so my looks are irrelevant, and beyond that, I’m not the weak little girl whose brother plotted to sell her off anymore,” Daenerys replied. “I love sex; I won’t pretend otherwise, and the way Viserys had me trained had a lingering effect on me, I’m sure, but don’t see me as a poor little victim, please. That girl died a long time ago. Let me see it.”

“Okay,” Jon breathed, pulling off his shirt as he stood up.

She sank to her knees and pulled down his pants, giggling when his cock sprang out and slapped her in the face. Her jaw dropped and she licked her lips as she wrapped a hand around the base of his shaft.

“You’re hung like a horse, nephew,” she cooed. “You’re going to make your aunt feel so good.”

“Please don’t call me that,” Jon begged, already feeling weird enough about this.

“How about Daddy?” Daenerys asked, her eyes gleaming with mischief. “Ooh, I think he liked that.”

“This is so wrong,” Jon groaned, and she grinned devilishly.

“But it’s going to feel so right,” Daenerys replied, leaning in and giving the head of his cock a warm, wet kiss that made him gasp. “Fuck, I’ve wanted to try this with a man for so long.”

“You were never tempted at all to try one of the thralls or a human?” Jon asked, and she shook her head.

“Nope,” Daenerys replied, popping the p as she continued to pepper his shaft with kisses. “Thralls are too obedient, and humans just feel like food. Between that and the fact that we seldom ever see any of the Tarths or Estermonts, my options were a Bolton or nothing and, well...”

“Fair enough,” Jon muttered, groaning when she sucked one of his balls into her mouth.

“Even these are big,” Daenerys cooed as she fondled his sack.

“Be very careful with those,” Jon begged, not wanting to test out how much his heightened durability extended to his balls, and she giggled.

“I know,” Daenerys whispered. “The girls who trained me before I became a vampire were very, very thorough in their instruction.”

“Do you know what happened to them?” Jon asked, and her eyes dimmed.

“I doubt any of them are doing particularly well now,” Daenerys replied. “After Rhaenyra turned me, it took me half a year to complete my training, and by the time that was done, I really didn’t want to revisit my old life at all.”

“I understand,” Jon murmured, and she smiled slightly.

She wrapped her lips around the head of his cock and lowered herself down, feeling the weight on her tongue as she went. Jon moaned in pleasure, his hands reaching for her head instinctively, only to pause for a moment. Noticing this, she grabbed his hands and placed them on her head as she started bobbing it up and down.

“*Fuck me, she’s good at that,*” Jon thought to himself as she snaked his fingers into her silver-gold locks.

“I would...oh, fuck...not guess that you’d never been with a man before,” he groaned and she giggled before letting his cock slip from her lips with an audible pop.

“We have strap-ons that we use quite often, and I always love to get them nice and slick with my mouth first,” Daenerys explained before taking him back between her lips.

She sped up, going deeper and deeper, until finally she swallowed the whole thing into her throat, burying her nose in his pubic hair. His legs shook at the feeling of swallowing around him, massaging his glans with the muscles of her throat, and he gasped when she gently pressed a knuckle into his perineum.

“I’m gonna cum,” he warned her, and her eyes flashed with glee.

Moving up, she let all but the head of his cock escape her mouth and started teasing the underside of it with her tongue as she stroked him and fondled his balls. It was too much, far too much for him, and with a strangled cry, he let go, filling her mouth with cum. She swallowed it all, looking utterly ecstatic, and as she let his cock slip from her lips entirely, she actually moaned.

“Oh, gods, fuck me, Jon,” Daenerys begged, reaching down and cupping her drooling slit. “I need it so much.”

“Sucking my cock turned you on that much?” Jon asked, feeling his shaft twitch at the thought, and she grinned.

“Does that turn you on, Daddy?” Daenerys purred, rising to her feet and grinning down at him. “Do you like knowing that I’m such a dirty little slut that sucking your big, fat cock nearly made me cum?”

“Gods,” Jon groaned, making her giggle.

She gasped, and he pulled her onto the bed and rolled her onto her back.

“You’re unbelievable,” Jon rumbled, and she grinned, stretching her arms over her head as she spread her legs wide.

“Take me, Jon,” Daenerys breathed. “I need it so much I can barely breathe.”

“I’ll take you every way I can before the day’s done,” Jon promised, his cock so hard again that he was leaking precum as he stared into her eyes, “but first, I’m going to taste you.”

“Yes,” Daenerys breathed. “Shiera says you’re so good at this.”

“She’s talked about me?” Jon asked as he leaned in and pressed his lips to her neck.

“Not much,” Daenerys replied, snaking her arms around his neck and sighing happily as he started trailing kisses down along her chest. “I kept begging her for details, and she eventually gave in a little. You actually like eating pussy?”

“I do,” Jon murmured as he reached her full, perky breasts and palmed them gently.

Daenerys mewled, squirming at the feeling of his hands on her soft, sensitive mounds, and he realized that she really wasn’t exaggerating about how turned on she was. He could smell her

arousal, of course, but that didn't really tell him everything. Her reaction to him kneading her breasts, though, suggested that the slightest touch would make her cum, and he grinned wickedly at the thought.

"Suck them, please," Daenerys breathed, crying out when he captured one of her rosy peaks with his lips.

He bathed it with his tongue, tasting the salt of her skin, and grinned at how she quivered under him. Staying there for a few minutes, he switched back and forth between her pale mounds, worshiping them with his lips, tongue, and hands, until the blonde was practically weeping with need.

"I swear if you don't touch me, I'm going to tie you to the bed and ride you like a pony," Daenerys snarled in frustration after a while, and he chuckled.

"Tempting as that sounds, I would rather taste you first," Jon rumbled, kissing his way down along her soft, flat belly.

"Who said I'd be riding your cock?" Daenerys asked impishly, earning a grin from him as he reached her bare mound.

Her puffy labia were glistening, a veritable river of her arousal having leaked down onto the bed below as he teased her, and as he leaned in and inhaled her scent, he let out a deep groan.

"You smell so fucking good," Jon said, punctuating each word with a kiss to her inner thighs, and she whimpered.

"Please, Jon," Daenerys begged. "Please make me cum."

"What do you call me, Princess?" Jon asked, and her jaw dropped as a quiver went through her entire body.

"Make your princess cum, Daddy," Daenerys cooed, only to cry out sharply as he gave her entire slit a long, slow lick with the flat of his tongue. "Oh, fuck, I'm so close. Please, Daddy, please make me cum. I'll be a good girl for you."

*"It's a good thing I don't need to worry about dying of old age anymore because I'm fairly sure I'm going to the hells,"* Jon thought to himself as her sinful words made him throb with need.

It felt so wrong, and yet he didn't know if he'd ever been more turned on in his life. Burying his face between her plush thighs, he devoured her dripping cunt, his tongue dancing through her folds as he explored every little bit of her. She moaned and cried out, grabbing his head so tightly it hurt as she quivered and shook on the bed.

"Don't stop, don't stop, oh gods, don't stop," Daenerys begged. "You're such a good daddy, so good, so good. You're gonna make me...me...YES!"

She shrieked as her orgasm hit like a truck, her back arching off the bed and her eyes rolling back into her head. Jon, who'd been gently sucking on her clit, backed off as she came and pushed his middle two fingers inside her impossibly tight pussy, making her wail.

“Good girl,” he rumbled, curling them upward towards her g-spot and rubbing against the rough little patch hard and fast.

“Fuck, fuck!” Daenerys screamed, clawing at the sheets above her.

He drew out her pleasure for as long as he could, waiting until the very moment she seemed to start to come down from her high to sink his fangs into her right thigh.

“JON!” Daenerys wailed as another orgasm crashed over her.

Jon drank deeply from the writhing beauty, knowing from both what Shiera had told him and what he’d walked in on more than once that Daenerys really, really liked having her thighs bitten during sex. Her blood was just as intoxicating as ever, and as aroused as he was, it seemed to make his cock even harder. He wanted nothing more than bury himself to the hilt inside the beautiful blonde and rut her like a beast, but he stayed where he was, drinking deeply of her crimson nectar while watching her continue to convulse under him.

“Enough,” Daenerys hissed after a moment, pulling him up and throwing him onto the bed before jumping on top of him.

Jon looked up, still feeling hazy from the blood lust, and licked his lips when he saw her bloodshot eyes and extended fangs. She leaned in and kissed him hungrily while picking up his cock, taking not a second more than she had to to line herself up before sinking down to the hilt.

“Gods,” Jon groaned, and she let out a shuddering whimper, her eyes fluttering closed as she felt him stretch her inner walls wide.

“That’s so much better than a dildo,” Daenerys sighed, making him chuckle.

“Surely one of the greatest compliments I’ve ever received,” Jon quipped, and she slapped his shoulder.

“Oh, fuck off, you know what I mean,” Daenerys chuckled. “You’re so warm and soft...hard as bloody steel, of course, but...fuck, you feel good.”

Jon smiled up at her, and she sighed happily as she started to ride him slowly, not because she needed to adjust to him, but because she was just enjoying the feeling of having him inside her so much that she wanted to bask in it for a moment. He let her set the pace, knowing that this, at least, was new to her, and when she picked up her pace just enough for her large breasts to start to sway on her chest, he leaned in and captured one of her pebbled nipples with lips.

“Fuck, just like that,” Daenerys moaned. “You’re going to be such a good Daddy to me; I’ve got hundreds of things I’ve wanted to try with a man for years.”

Jon let her breast go and said, “I’m willing to try anything once, but I draw the line at bodily waste.”

“That’s...a good line,” Daenerys nodded before kissing him.

She started bouncing him hard and fast, gasping and moaning as they kissed passionately, and when she changed the angle of penetration slightly and felt him hit one of her favorite spots, she

screamed. Taking the hint, Jon started thrusting up into her in time with each roll of her hips, and soon enough, they were moving as one, moaning and sighing as his bed banged against the wall.

“I love your fucking cock!” Daenerys shrieked. “You simply have to share it with Mummy; she’s going to love you too.”

“I still can’t believe this is my life now,” Jon groaned, and she giggled, grasping his neck and brushing his jaw with her thumbs.

“I know it takes a while to get used to being a vampire, but trust me when I say, once you get the hang of it, you’ll never want to go back,” Daenerys beamed. “There are challenges and dangers, but most of our nights are spent living for naught but pleasure with nary a care in the world.”

She kissed him again, and he rolled them over, moving her legs up until her ankles were on his shoulders and pressing his lips against a faded white scar she had on the inside of her right foot.

“Rollerblading accident when I was twelve,” Daenerys explained. “To think, I was once so bothered by the sight of blood.”

Jon chuckled at that and leaned inward, discovering, to his joy, that she was flexible enough for him to fold her in half. He fucked her with long, hard strokes, his eyes never leaving hers even as they started to roll back, and as he felt her tight inner walls ripple along his pistoning length, the thought of living with nothing but pleasure and letting all mortal concerns leave him for good sounded fantastic. It had been a difficult day and merely one among many since he first met Shiera.

Until he spoke to Benjen, he wasn’t going to be able to definitively say whether or not his mother and father were his biological parents. That upcoming conversation had been top of mind for him for hours, yet as he lost himself in Daenerys’ wet warmth, he found he could finally let it go, at least for the moment. When she shrieked and came around him, he pulled out of her, flipped her onto her belly, and fucked her through her orgasm, more than happy with the distraction she’d so eagerly given him.