

“Yes, yes, yes, YES!” Arianne screamed as Daemon pounded her from behind, his hips slamming against her meaty arse so hard that the cheeks rippled and jiggled.

Rhaenys watched her cousin cum on her little brother’s cock, something she had done countless times since she first learned that the two of them did porn. She had even watched them in person during their many, many threesomes, but this particular show was different for numerous reasons. For one thing, she was fully clothed, wearing a lovely orange sundress that showed off her large breasts and long legs beautifully. The biggest difference, though, was that they weren’t alone.

“Don’t tire out on me now, luv,” Daemon grinned, grabbing her hair, and pulling her up so she could face the crowd. “Our adoring crowd wants more, don’t you?!”

Rhaenys didn’t know if the men and women seated around the room understood what he said or not, as it seemed not many Summer Islanders spoke Westerosi, but they seemed to understand the sentiment at least and began cheering and jeering. The Summer Islands were a beautiful place, filled with gorgeous landscapes, a rich, incredibly interesting history, and a people who were, from her experience so far, warm and welcoming to outsiders.

They were also very, very liberal when it came to sex, surpassing even Dorne in that respect.

*“I’m sure there are sex clubs back home, but I doubt they advertise as openly as this one did,”* she thought to herself with a grin, sipping the second fruity cocktail she’d ordered. It was clearly deceptive in its strength, as she was quite tipsy already, but she was on vacation and more than happy to enjoy herself.

The club they’d found, Golden Hearts, was a very large, sprawling place with two floors. From what the translator they’d found said, the lower level was more of what one might think of if you imagined a sex club, a place where one could indulge their fantasies with similarly open-minded people, but the upper level was more a bar and club than anything else. One was required to wear clothes here, and sex was forbidden, unless you were performing on stage. Managing to arrange for a time slot where her exhibitionist cousin could get her brains fucked out by Daemon in front of others had been irritating, but they’d done it, and the results were spectacular.

“Oh, fuck, don’t stop!” Arianne cried, throwing her arse back against Daemon in time with his long, hard strokes. “I’m gonna cum again! I’m...I’m...FUCK!”

*“Gods, and I thought she was bad on camera,”* Rhaenys thought to herself, smiling fondly at the couple. Arianne had always had a thing for having an audience, and nothing made her wetter than having Daemon fuck her in front of one, but it seemed that being able to actually see the crowd added to it immensely.

“I daresay she’s into him,” a beautiful, lyrical voice said, and Rhaenys looked beside her in surprise, only to gulp as she did so.

The woman sitting next to her was easily one of the most gorgeous creatures she’d ever laid eyes on in her life. Her skin was like mocha, suggesting that she had some Summer Islander blood in her, though she didn’t have their accent, and her eyes were like sapphires. Her long, dark hair fell to the middle of her back in waves, framing a stunningly beautiful, heart-shaped face with prominent cheekbones, a small, button nose, and full, eminently kissable lips that she’d painted red. The color matched her skin-tight dress, which covered everything and yet hid not a single inch of her sinfully curvaceous figure.

“*Gods*,” Rhaenys thought to herself. “Um, yes, I think that’s a safe bet.”

“They look slightly familiar,” the woman commented, bringing her glass of palm wine to her lips.

“You might have seen their streams before,” Rhaenys suggested, smiling as the other woman’s eyes widened.

“Bustycousin?” she asked. When Rhaenys nodded, she added, “I knew I’d seen them somewhere! Are you a fan too?”

It wasn’t something that the woman would have admitted normally, but something about the atmosphere of the sex club made it seem like what happened or was spoken there would stay there. It could also have been the cocktails.

“I know them, actually,” she replied. “Arianne’s my roommate; also my cousin.”

“I can see the resemblance,” the woman commented. Smirking, she added, “She’s just as gorgeous in person. I’m Bellegere, by the way.”

“Rhaenys,” Rhaenys replied, taking her offered hand and shivering when she felt a spark. “You’re not from around here either, I take it.”

“No,” Bellegere replied. “I’m from Braavos, but my great-grandmother was from here, so I decided to finally see where she came from. What about you?”

“I’m from King’s Landing in Westeros,” Rhaenys replied. “No great, personal backstory in my case, I’m afraid. The Summer Isles just sounded great.”

Bellegere giggled at that and said, “I’m surprised you admitted to watching porn so readily; most women wouldn’t, and I’m usually an anomaly.”

“I’m sitting in a sex club, watching my cousin get her brains fucked out by my brother; compared to that, what’s...” she trailed off, her blood going cold as she realized what she’d just said. “*What the fuck is in these things?*”

“Your brother?” Bellegere asked, her eyes darkening slightly.

“They’re not related,” Rhaenys clarified. “Daemon’s my half brother, and Arianne’s from the other half of the family.”

“Still, I thought it was kinky enough with you sitting here watching your cousin get turned into a drooling pile of goo, but at the hands and cock of your own brother?” Bellegere asked, looking and sounding intrigued, and Rhaenys sighed.

Figuring she had said enough already to admit all but her most closely held secret where those two were concerned, she said, “Honestly, after living with the two of them for the past little while, I had to either get used to hearing them go at it like rabbits on coke or move, and I like my little dorm room too much to give up.”

“Oh gods!” Arianne cried, and Rhaenys barely managed to stop herself from licking her lips at the sight of her cousin’s breasts shaking under the force of her brother’s pounding hips.

“Cum for me, Ari,” Daemon growled, “cum for me and our entire audience here. We promised them a show, and they’re watching so eagerly.”

“DAEMON!” she squealed at the top of her lungs, cumming so hard she squirted.

Daemon pulled his massive cock out of her and let go with a groan, cumming all over her back and ass. He normally would have filled her up, but he figured that it would make for a better show if he coated her voluptuous form with his seed instead, and indeed, they cheered loudly and threw handfuls of bills at them. Looking into the crowd, he caught sight of Rhaenys sitting at the bar, accompanied by a very beautiful dark-skinned woman, and furrowed his brow for a moment before he noticed that Arianne had slumped forward and knelt by her still quivering form.

“So...good,” she panted, sounding mindless as she stared out with unfocused eyes.

“You go behind curtain,” one of the bouncers instructed in heavily-accented Westerosi as Daemon finished collecting the money the crowd had tossed to them. “Shower there.”

“Right,” Daemon nodded, carefully picking Arianne up bridal-style and carrying her off.

This wasn’t the kind of performance that you took a bow after, and even if you did, he doubted that his girlfriend would be steady enough on her feet for that for a little bit.

“Fuck, I love when she does that,” Bellegere sighed, finishing her wine. “When he really gets her going, the woman’s like a fountain.”

“*Don’t I know it,*” Rhaenys thought to herself, recalling the time Arianne damn near waterboarded her, having been sitting on her face at the time. She’d apologized for a week for that, much to her cousin’s amusement.

“They’re good together,” she sighed happily. “So, you came here to get a sense of where your great-grandmother came from. What do you think so far?”

“The Summer Isles are magical,” Bellegere replied, smiling. “I visited Tall Trees Town first, and gods, the Talking Trees are beautiful. Have you been anywhere else?”

“No,” Rhaenys replied. “Koj is famous for its vacation resorts, so Daemon looked here, and we’ve been enjoying the island since. Have you seen the Pearl Palace?”

“The first place I visited after arriving here,” Bellegere replied. “It’s gorgeous. Is it...just the three of you?”

“It’s weird, I know,” Rhaenys laughed, automatically giving her the same lying spiel they’d given their family. “Daemon, dumb-ass that he is, accidentally booked for three people instead of two and couldn’t get his money back, so they offered to bring me along. I’m used to avoiding being their third wheel, and I got my own room, so I decided to graciously take him up on his offer of an expenses-paid vacation in a literal paradise.”

“You’re a giver like that, right?” Bellegere asked, and the two of them burst out laughing.

“Say, would you like to meet them?” Rhaenys asked. “Those two have never met a fan of their shows in person. Ari might cum.”

“That would be a treat,” Bellegere replied. “I..”

She trailed off suddenly and pulled her phone from her bag, frowning as she did so.

“Something wrong?” Rhaenys asked.

“Something slipped my mind,” Bellegere replied tightly. “Listen, there’s this beautiful temple of Khyalachaya, the goddess of love in their old pantheon, that I’m attending a tour of tomorrow. You could come with me if you like. You could even bring them if it’s something you think they’d enjoy.”

“I’d like that,” Rhaenys smiled. “Pass your phone? I’ll give you my number.”

She did so, more than willing to try to get to know this beautiful woman better. They had already done the one thing that Daemon and Arianne really wanted to do and had several days left before they’d need to return back to Westeros, so a slight diversion like this, especially if it came with such lovely company, was more than welcome.

“I’ll text you the details,” Bellegere murmured, looking at her with hooded eyes.

“I’m looking forward to it,” Rhaenys replied, wondering just what awaited her the next day.

\*\*\*\*\*

*“You’re so big!” Sherry cried, her doe eyes wide as saucers as her brother split her in half.*

*Derek couldn’t believe he was in this position, his hands on his sister’s wide hips as he pushed every inch of his cock inside her. When she’d first asked him to pose nude for her all those weeks ago so she could work on her sketching, neither one had thought that anything would come of it, much less this.*

*“Guess you can’t call me your little brother anymore, can you?” he asked, reveling in the pleasure of her tight, hot, wet cunt.*

*“Gods, you’re anything but!” Sherry cried. As she felt his hips press flush against her ass, she shivered and asked, “Is...is that all of it?”*

*“Every inch,” Derek nodded. “You took me so well.”*

*“It’s almost like I was made for you,” Sherry purred, looking back at him adoringly. “Now fuck your big sister’s brains out, Derek. Make me scream your name!”*

“Shit,” Rhaenys whimpered, rubbing her clit in tight little circles as she read the erotic story.

Arianne, Daemon, and she had thoroughly exhausted themselves over the course of the night following the couple’s big stage performance, and they had so soaked the bed that Rhaenys had elected to get dressed and hobble over to her own room next door to get some sleep. The downside of that was that she didn’t have two of the hottest people she’d ever met cuddled up with her and ready to help her relieve the ache in her core when she awoke.

*“I swear I’m horny all the time now,”* she thought to herself, whimpering as another spark of pleasure radiated from her throbbing nub through her body. *“Those two can make anyone a nymphomaniac.”*

All alone, she turned to one of her favorite masturbatory aids: erotica, particularly the stories she’d found by an author who went by the username BlackPearl69. She’d uploaded the latest chapter of Don’t Tell Mom last night, a scintillating, taboo tale of incestuous love and lust that she’d been reading for months now. Most of the author’s work centered on brothers and sisters doing things they didn’t want their parents to learn about and she hadn’t read one yet that didn’t drive her wild.

*“Such a good little brother,”* she thought to herself, salivating as memories of all the times Daemon had fucked her silly flitted through her mind. *“Now give your sister a big fat load in her…”*

That thought ended abruptly as her orgasm hit her hard, and she squeaked, dropping her tablet onto the soft bed and clasping a hand over her mouth to stifle her moan as the pleasure coursed through her. She settled back, smiling softly, and licked her fingers clean as a knock came to the door.

“Rhaenys, you up?” Daemon called out.

“I’m surprised you are!” Rhaenys replied in kind.

“We have that thing at the temple you told us about, remember?” Daemon asked, and she froze.

“Shit!” she hissed, throwing on her robe and opening the door.

Daemon was leaning on the frame, an easy smile on his handsome face, dressed in a simple white shirt that showed off his impressive physique, and black slacks and shoes. She knew it wouldn’t be enough of an excuse, but if her parents ever did find out that she’d been fucking her brother, she’d be tempted to blame them for making such a gorgeous specimen.

“I figured you’d forget,” he said teasingly. “Luckily, we still have a couple hours, so you might just have enough time to get ready.”

“Ass” Rhaenys grumbled, shivering as his purple eyes fell on the part in the robe and the soft, tanned skin of her chest that it showed off.

“Ari’s in our shower if you want to save water,” Daemon offered quietly, and Rhaenys snorted.

“I do that. and we’ll absolutely not make the tour,” she pointed out, “and I do want to see that woman again.”

“She did look beautiful from what I saw of her,” Daemon nodded.

“She is, and, as I said, she’s a fan of yours,” Rhaenys replied. “Now, let me get ready, and I’ll meet you downstairs.”

“Arianne and I will be having breakfast in a little while,” Daemon said. “Text me when you’re ready.”

“Will do,” Rhaenys nodded before closing the door.

\*\*\*\*\*

“I somehow don’t think that we needed the thorough directions your new friend gave us,” Arianne chuckled as they turned the corner and saw what could only be their destination.

The architecture of the Summer Isles was unique in some ways, but it was still quite modern and therefore not altogether different from that of Westeros. The sprawling complex in front of them, though, was anything but modern. Made of some kind of grey and pinkish stone, it was an intricately carved stepped tower that looked to be about five stories tall. Thick at its base, it grew narrower with each level and had a large, spherical dome at the top. As they drew closer, they realized that the two narrow towers behind it, made of the same stone, were part of the complex.

“It’s gorgeous,” Rhaenys breathed as she drew closer and noticed just how intricate and ornate the carvings all over the temple were.

“Rhaenys!” Bellegere called out, rushing over as she spotted them.

She was wearing a tight-fitting crop top and short skirt, and the way that her large breasts bounced with each step called into question whether or not she was wearing a bra. Rhaenys nearly let her jaw drop at the sight but caught herself and just smiled instead.

“Bellegere, hi,” she greeted the dark-skinned beauty. Reluctantly turning away from the enchanting creature before her, she added, “These are Daemon and Arianne. Guys, this is Bellegere, a fan of your work.”

“I am indeed,” Bellegere purred, looking them both up and down.

“Happy to meet you,” Daemon rumbled, taking her hand and pressing his lips against her knuckles, making her giggle.

“We’ve never met a fan of ours before,” Arianne smiled, her face flushing slightly.

“Have you two never been to one of the conventions?” Bellegere asked.

“No, we’re actually still in school,” Arianne replied.

“I sincerely hope you mean university,” Bellegere quipped, and they both laughed.

“She does,” Daemon chuckled.

“I’m in the final year of my undergrad, while Ari’s a year younger and Daemon here just started this year,” Rhaenys added, and Bellegere’s eyes widened.

“You’re eighteen?” she asked. “Impressive. Have a thing for older women, I take it?”

“There is a certain appeal,” Daemon grinned and she giggled.

“They wouldn’t have known how to handle you,” Arianne purred, turning around and cupping his cheek. Grinning at Bellegere, she added, “You know what I mean.”

“Oh, definitely,” Bellegere grinned. “Given that you can, I actually figured you were taller.”

“I’ve wondered about that myself,” Daemon chuckled, pulling Arianne against him until her back was flush against his abdomen. “Where does it all go?”

“It’s like I was made for you,” Arianne breathed, unwittingly nearly quoting the latest chapter of Don’t Tell Mom, and Rhaenys shivered as she realized that, not noticing that Bellegere did as well.

“Before you two get arrested for public indecency, we should probably head inside,” she chuckled, and Bellegere laughed.

“Their laws are looser than those of Westeros or Essos,” she explained. “You can’t actually fuck in the streets or anything, but anything short of that is accepted.”

“It really is my kind of place,” Arianne laughed.

“The tour should be starting in a moment,” Bellegere said, ushering them along. “This particular guide doesn’t seem to speak Westerosi, but I speak both languages so I can translate.”

“That sounds good to me,” Rhaenys smiled. “I didn’t get a chance to ask last, but what do you do for a living?”

“I’m an editor,” Bellegere replied. “Boring textbooks, mostly, but I’m good at it, and it pays the bills. What are you studying?”

Daemon and Arianne shared a look as Rhaenys and Bellegere spoke, neither having seen the brunette seem so instantly taken with anyone in a while. They both knew that she couldn’t just keep sleeping with them in perpetuity, as their affair was something that no one could ever find out about, and one of these days she was going to want to date someone else. It had been a while for her, and she hadn’t even bothered going on a date since they first seduced her. Relatively sure that neither would look back at them, Arianne took out her phone and shot Daemon a quick text.

*She seems to really like her.*

*Seems nice. Lives on another continent, though, so limited possibilities.*

*She’s going to move on eventually, baby.*

Daemon sighed at that and wrapped an arm around Arianne. That was something that he’d accepted, though he didn’t like it. He’d gotten very used to waking up in their arms and really didn’t want that to change, but he knew that when Rhaenys started dating someone else, that would be it for them, at least for the duration of the relationship, and probably for good.

“*One of the consequences of developing feelings for your own sister,*” he thought to himself sardonically. “*It’s not like she’s going to find someone okay with letting our incestuous affair continue.*”

“...and I had started making so much money off of it that I didn’t actually bother going to university,” they heard Bellegere say as they drew closer. “This would have been my final year if I had.”

“What did your parents think of that?” Rhaenys asked.

“Mom was not pleased,” Bellegere replied, “but her tune changed when I bought her boathouse.”

“I didn’t know editors made that kind of money,” Arianne commented, and Daemon noticed Bellegere stiffen almost imperceptibly.

“If we get enough work,” she shrugged as they entered the temple.

“Gods, this is beautiful!” Arianne exclaimed as she looked around.

Painted tiles covered the floor, walls, and ceilings, showing off all kinds of scenes that she assumed were related to myths about the goddess. Bellegere spoke to a colorfully dressed man at the entry booth, and was given four laminated badges that she brought over.

“Jyala, the tour guide, is up on the second floor with the rest of our group,” she explained as she handed them their badges. “She’ll be showing the second and third floors.

“Do you know what’s on the higher floors?” Arianne asked.

“I asked before, and the fourth floor was the ritual room where they used to give thanks to the goddess with highly ritualized orgies,” Bellegere replied, “while the fifth floor was reserved as the high priest’s or priestess’ quarters.”

“I’m sorry, you said ritual orgies?” Daemon asked.

“I’m sure Jyala will get into it later, but the Summer Islanders believed that sex was a sacred thing,” Bellegere replied. “They believed that their gods made them to love each other and that doing so was a way to honor them. They’re a more secular people now, but much of their liberal views on sex and sexuality come from those old traditions.”

“The septon missionaries who came here must have fainted,” Rhaenys chuckled.

“I wouldn’t know, but I do know that the Faith of the Seven never made any inroads in the islands,” Bellegere giggled.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Khyalachaya was considered the most powerful and important goddess in the entire pantheon,” Bellegere translated a while later as Jyala showed off a massive mural on the fourth floor, depicting the goddess lounging on a bed, observing the orgy all around her.

She was depicted as a beautiful woman, with very dark skin and an exceptionally curvaceous figure. Her hips were wider than her shoulders and her breasts were each larger than her head, capped by black nipples that looked almost painfully hard. Extreme attention had been paid to both her hair, which was intricately braided and pulled back behind her, and the forest of damp-looking dark curls between her legs. Daemon couldn’t help but grin at the sight, imagining how scandalized the average worshiper of the Seven would be if something like this were painted in a sept.

“Of all the polytheistic religions recorded throughout history, that of the isles is the only one where the chief god was a love god,” Bellegere continued. “Khyalachaya’s temples could be found on every island here, and many of them still exist to this day. None are as large or as beautiful as the grand temple in Ebonhead, but the great temple of Koj here is a close second.”

“It really is stunning,” Arianne breathed. “If septs were more like this, I might have kept going.”

Daemon chuckled at that and subtly palmed her arse through her skirt, though he soon got a knowing look from a couple next to them who had noticed anyway.

“The great temple of Koj was purportedly built with the direction of the goddess herself on top of a cavern in which she appeared to her followers decades earlier,” Bellegere translated. “No effort to find the cavern has ever been successful, but recent use of deep-penetrating radar technology has given us some very interesting results that we hope to explore more in the near future. This concludes the main tour of the temple, though one last thing remains. Refreshments are available down on the first floor, in the tapestry room. These tapestries are the oldest relics in the temple, and I will happily explain what each one represents.”

“You know, I wouldn’t have thought that I’d find a tour of an old religious site so interesting, but this was fun,” Daemon commented.

“I might have thought you were actually interested in the building or the old religion if you’d taken your eyes off of the goddess’ tits once while you said that,” Rhaenys teased, earning a dry look from her brother that made her giggle.

“Oh, I don’t know, Rhaenys,” Arianne purred, grinning wickedly, “who here wouldn’t love to spend a night between the thighs of such a buxom, beautiful Summer Islander?”

Rhaenys’ eyes flicked over to Bellegere against her will, and the dark-skinned beauty met her gaze and grinned, making her heart flutter. The four of them followed their tour guide with the rest of the group back downstairs, through a different staircase than the one they took up, and they quickly found themselves in the room Jyala had described.

“We should try that out on camera,” Arianne commented as she looked up at one of the tapestries a few minutes later.

“It wouldn’t be hard,” Daemon grinned. “You’re as light as a feather.”

“Gods, this place is too much,” Rhaenys giggled.

The tapestry in question depicted the goddess Khyalachaya, having come to earth to accept the earnest worship of a particularly impressive man, being held by him upside down so that he could bury his head between her thighs while she swallowed his cock.

“I’d be happy to watch it,” Bellegere grinned.

“It is so cool being able to speak with someone else who watches our streams,” Arianne gushed. “Which has been your favorite, by the way?”

“The one where Daemon tied you down and teased you for an hour before he let you cum,” Bellegere replied. “You squirted so hard I thought it was going to ruin your camera.”

“The one we use is particularly waterproof,” Daemon laughed. “I’ll leave you to figure out why we went with it.”

“It’s not my fault you’re such a god in the sack,” Arianne chuckled, wrapping her arms around him and burying her face in his chest.

“How did you two start dating?” Bellegere asked.

“Daemon had broken up with his first girlfriend and was having a hard time with it,” Rhaenys explained before they could. “I suggested to Arianne that she ‘cheer him up,’ and I’ve been stuck hearing them go at it ever since.”

“As if you mind,” Arianne blurted out, faltering slightly as she realized that she’d said that in mixed company.

“I know more than a few woman who wouldn’t like the thought of their best friend dating their brother,” Bellegere commented.

“I can’t think of anyone I’d trust either of them with more,” Rhaenys replied, smiling at the pair, who beamed at her in response.

“Jyala’s back,” Bellegere pointed out, moving swiftly over to their guide, who had needed to check on something for a moment. She led them over to a section of the tapestry room that was conspicuously covered up by a curtain, and Bellegere translated as she said, “Here, finally, we have what was the most important part of the temple back when it was in regular use. The mound of the goddess.”

“Um, are you sure she said...” Daemon went to ask, only to go silent as Jyala pulled the curtain aside and showed that Bellegere had been completely correct.

On the wall, carved into the stone itself, was easily the most anatomically correct depiction of a vagina that he had ever seen. The craftsmanship was exquisite, and each fleshy fold looked very realistic, something that the slight pinkish hue of the stone only added to.

“Each new initiate was invited before they took their holy orders to kiss the goddess,” Bellegere translated, unable to keep the smile off of her face.

Around them, a few people were cracking jokes, and though Daemon couldn’t understand the words they were saying, he could tell from the tone and the reactions.

“That concludes our tour,” Bellegere translated. “Please feel free to enjoy the refreshments and take a closer look at the tapestries, though we ask that you don’t touch them. The restrooms are down that hallway and to your right. I hope you enjoyed yourselves and would be happy to see you all here again.”

“That is one remarkable carving,” Daemon murmured, captivated by the sight before him.

“We finally found one that suits your cock,” Arianne joked, and he laughed.

“The carving’s the size of my head,” Daemon snorted. “I think even I’d be inadequate.”

“Gods, the carving on the labia is remarkably detailed,” Rhaenys murmured, getting a closer look.

“There’s even a clit just barely poking out from under its hood here,” Bellegere added, pointing it out.

“Really?” Daemon asked, getting a closer look. “Wow, you’re right.”

“I’m going to assume it was carved by a woman,” Rhaenys joked, and Bellegere snorted.

“I think most any guy would have a hard time missing this,” Daemon said dryly as he reached out and brushed a finger over the clitoris, only to freeze as he felt something move and a loud grinding sound started coming from the floor.

Four screams erupted from their lips as the floor under their feet opened up. Daemon, unable to get away in time, wrapped his arms around all four women and held them tight as they all started sliding down along a diagonal tunnel. It wasn’t very long, reaching perhaps twelve feet down, but the landing on the dirt floor at the bottom was less than pleasant.

“Ugh, what the fuck?” Rhaenys groaned as she rolled away from them.

“Where are we?” Arianne asked.

Bellegere called out in the language of the Summer Islanders, her eyes widening in horror as she watched the trapdoor upstairs close quickly. They could hear muffled exclamations coming from upstairs, and she, after communicating with them to the best of her abilities, sighed.

“The button you pressed doesn’t seem to be working now,” she explained.

“You mean we’re stuck here?!” Arianne exclaimed.

“No,” Bellegere replied. “If worst comes to worst, they can get through the trapdoor now that they know where it is, but they might have a less invasive way to reach us than that.”

“We’re in that cavern Jyala mentioned,” Daemon breathed, turning on the flashlight on his phone and looking around. The cave stretched for quite a distance before winding to the right.

“Jyala just said that they believed that they’d found an entrance down here from one of the towers connected to it,” Bellegere explained. “They’d been planning to try tunneling into it and will expedite that, given the emergency.”

“How long did she think we’d be here?” Rhaenys asked.

“A few hours at least,” Bellegere replied, wincing as Rhaenys and Arianne squawked in outrage. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s hardly your fault,” Rhaenys sighed. “You’re not the one who just had to touch the giant pussy.”

“How was I to know that her clit was literally a button?” Daemon asked, exasperated.

“No wonder this place has been lost for centuries,” Arianne giggled. “They couldn’t find it.”

Rhaenys and Bellegere burst out laughing at that, though all three of them quickly quieted down, looking around in horror.

“Turn off your phones,” Daemon suggested. “We’re going to need light, and our phone’s flashlights are the only ones we have.”

“Preserving our batteries, right,” Rhaenys muttered, grabbing her phone and doing as he said.

“If they’re going to try to come down here from another entrance, then we might meet them halfway if we explore further in,” Daemon said as the others turned their phones off.

“Or we could get terribly lost and starve to death,” Arianne shivered.

“If it seems particularly labyrinthine, then we’ll turn back and hunker down here, but it might be simpler than that,” Daemon replied.

“So long as you lead, sure,” Rhaenys shrugged.

“If I see one rat, we’re running back here and staying put,” Arianne insisted.

“I’ll second that,” Bellegere shivered.

The four of them made their way through the cavern, looking around as they did. It was a winding path, but it didn’t branch off at all and soon, they came across something that they hadn’t expected.

“Cave paintings?” Arianne asked, pointing at the wall, which Daemon turned his phone to illuminate.

“They’re clearly very old, but I recognize Khyalachaya,” Bellegere commented, tracing her fingers over the image of the very buxom woman.

“The legends about the temple being built on top of this place were true,” Rhaenys said. “The cave paintings suggest that the cavern used to be used as a place of worship as well.”

“This one’s less pornographic than the ones upstairs,” Daemon chuckled.

“I doubt they’ll stay that way,” Bellegere grinned. “Khyalachaya’s worshipers all seemed to think that fucking was the best way to honor her and seek her favor.”

“This is so cool!” Rhaenys exclaimed. “I mean, I’d rather that we didn’t end up down here the way we did but...we’re the first people to look at this place in, at least, centuries.”

“You’re not wrong,” Daemon replied, continuing down along the cave.

They made their way through the next couple twists in the path, coming across a few other depictions of the goddess, only to gasp audibly when the cave opened up to reveal a vast, round, open chamber. The rest of it so far looked, if not natural, then very roughly carved, with jagged walls, and a dirt floor that was, at times, uneven. The chamber they came across looked to have had far more care taken with it.

“It’s beautiful,” Rhaenys breathed, looking around.

The walls were smoothly carved, and, unlike the earlier sections, which had had only a few sparse paintings, they were completely covered. Bellegere turned her phone back on and looked over them closely, her eyes widening as she realized what she was seeing.

“It tells a story,” she explained. “Jyala mentioned that the goddess apparently came to greet her followers in person in this cave, and this is that tale. There were four of them, one man and three women who, seeking an audience, summoned her the only way they could think to.”

“I think the first part is actually here,” Daemon said, pointing his flashlight at another of the paintings. “The four of them look stuck somehow.”

“So they fucked and summoned the goddess, who appeared to them and blessed them?” Arianne asked, looking at the final painting.

“The man’s cock is bigger in this one,” Rhaenys laughed, realizing what she meant by the blessing that had been given.

“This is hilarious,” Bellegere chuckled. “It really does seem like these four ended up in the same position that we were in. We even have the right gender ratio.”

“This is like the plot to *A Party of Four*,” Rhaenys laughed, not noticing that Bellegere’s jaw dropped.

“What?” Arianne asked.

“It’s one of those erotic stories I was telling you about,” Rhaenys explained. “This guy and his three sisters find a hidden room in the mansion their grandfather left them, only to become trapped in it. It’s porn, so of course they end up fucking to pass the time and accidentally find the button that frees them in the process.”

“You read the Black Pearl’s stories?” Bellegere asked, sounding shocked.

“Yeah,” Rhaenys replied. “Are you a fan? I think they’re wicked hot.”

“I...am the Black Pearl,” Bellegere replied, and Rhaenys’ eyes widened.

“What?” she asked.

“I tell everyone that I’m an editor because it’s easier than explaining that I write incest stories for a living,” Bellegere replied. “Are you one of my patrons?”

“Yeah, I’m Dragon’s\_Daughter,” Rhaenys replied, and Bellegere squeed.

“Oh, you’re the sweetest!” she exclaimed. “Your review of *A Lifelong Obsession* actually made me cry.”

“Holy shit, I can’t believe you’re actually you,” Rhaenys breathed. “What are the odds?”

“She’s a fan of ours, you’re a fan of hers, and we all ended up in the same sex club on the same night,” Daemon replied. “Probably pretty long.”

“Why do you not just say that you write erotica?” Arianne asked, sounding amused.

“Because then they might want to read it,” Bellegere sighed.

“But your work is awesome,” Rhaenys said, confused.

“It’s more so about how I don’t want people knowing what I’m into,” Bellegere replied. “You’re a big fan, and I love your work too, so I’m pretty comfortable here, but the idea of admitting to my friends or anyone else, really, that incest turns me on is vomit-inducing. I don’t have any siblings of

my own, so it's entirely theoretical on my part, but stepbrother or stepsister porn has always done it for me like nothing else."

"Really?" Arianne asked with a mischievous gleam in her eye that made Rhaenys' heartbeat quicken.

"Yeah," Bellegere shuddered. "You asked before which of your streams was my favorite, and the actual answer is that one where someone suggested that you pretend to be brother and sister, and you did it. Gods, that was hot."

Rhaenys quivered, her pussy soaking wet as she recalled that stream. That was the one she was watching when she came so hard she passed out, screaming loudly enough that Daemon and Arianne came to investigate. It was that stream that led to her fucking them for the first time, and knowing that her favorite erotica author was watching at the same time, probably masturbating to it as well, made her pussy quiver.

"Have you ever watched any actual incest videos?" Arianne asked, and Rhaenys shot her look.

"I've seen some that claimed to be real, but you never know for sure," Bellegere replied. "I have seen some with identical twins, but they've never actually seemed to be into it. Truth be told, your close relation, even if you aren't blood relatives, is the closest thing I've ever come across, and it makes your streams even hotter."

"We aim to please," Arianne grinned, leaning back against Daemon and looking Bellegere up and down. "You said that it would take them hours, right?"

"Ari..." Daemon said warningly.

"Yes, why?" Bellegere asked curiously.

"I was just thinking that we could give you a private show to pass the time," Arianne replied innocently, and Bellegere's eyes went wide as saucers. "I mean, you did watch us yesterday."

"Arianne," Rhaenys breathed, feeling heat pool low in her belly.

"That...I mean, if you don't think this place is too dirty," Bellegere replied.

"I like it dirty sometimes," Arianne replied, "and it's not like Rhaenys will mind, will you, my darling cousin?"

"Fucking hells," Bellegere whimpered.

"Ari, could I have a word?" Rhaenys asked, dragging her horny cousin away.

"Has she always been like that?" Bellegere asked.

"I wish I'd known what she was like sooner," Daemon replied fondly.

"What the hell are you doing?" Rhaenys asked.

“You want to fuck her, and I’m bored,” Arianne replied quietly. “Daemon and I can get her nice and wet for you and then you can make your move. If things go well, you’ll get to bury your face between those gorgeous thighs in no time.”

“You’re ridiculous,” Rhaenys chuckled fondly.

“The woman is sex on legs and really turned on by the fact that Daemon and I are so closely connected,” Arianne pointed out. “If she ever found out about you two, she’d probably cum on the spot.”

“We just met her,” Rhaenys hissed. “What I’ve been doing with the two of you is something we’re all taking to our graves.”

“I know, I know,” Arianne replied defensively, holding up her hands. “The image is hot, though.”

“You think with your cunt too much,” Rhaenys muttered, shaking her head.

“Some of my best ideas have come from thinking with my cunt,” Arianne replied, “like fucking Daemon and seducing you with him.”

“Fine, give us a show,” Rhaenys sighed, “but you’re not to say a word about us to Belle, got it?”

“Giving her nicknames already?” Arianne asked teasingly, squeaking as Rhaenys spanked her without thinking.

“Did you just…” Bellegere asked as she approached her.

“She was being a brat,” Rhaenys muttered. “They’ll give us a show if you want. I just wanted to have a frank discussion about tact.”

“Do it,” Bellegere replied breathlessly. “I didn’t get nearly as good a view of you two yesterday.”

“We aim to please,” Daemon grinned, making her shiver as he pulled Arianne in for a searing, hot kiss.

Bellegere shuddered at the sight as his hands quickly snaked down to cup his girlfriend’s plump, round ass. Rhaenys felt her cunt drool at both the sight of her lovers making out and the sheer lust in Bellegere’s blue eyes. She couldn’t help but picture taking the beautiful woman back to her hotel room and the two of them spending a night devouring each other while Daemon fucked the shit out of Arianne next door.

“Like what you see?” the other woman asked, and Rhaenys was startled at having been caught staring, though she quickly recovered.

“How could I not?” she asked coolly, earning a grin from the dark-skinned beauty.

“You could be straight,” Bellegere replied, and Rhaenys laughed.

“Fair point,” she replied. “I’m bi, as is Ari, by the way. You?”

“Oh, yeah,” Bellegere replied. “The best part of their streams is not knowing who I want to fuck more as I watch them. I can’t believe Daemon’s only eighteen.”

“He got an...early start, let’s say,” Rhaenys replied. “His first girlfriend was a wild thing, and they started sleeping together earlier than I’d have advised. They were pretty much glued at the pelvis until they went off to different universities.”

“I can see why,” Bellegere sighed, growing hot as she watched Arianne pull his pants down and get slapped in the face by his massive cock. “This doesn’t bother you?”

“Like I said, if it did, I’d have needed to move out by now,” Rhaenys chuckled. “Ari doesn’t exaggerate how loud she is for the camera.”

“I assume they’re polite enough to quiet down when you have ‘company’ over,” Bellegere commented and Rhaenys smirked at the hidden question there.

“It’s been a while since I’ve had anyone I wanted over as ‘company,’” she replied, taking a step closer.

“That is simply tragic,” Bellegere replied, closing the distance between them, only to have her gaze drawn over to the Daemon and Arianne by the distinct sound of deepthroating.

She looked over and saw Arianne had her nose buried in Daemon’s pubic hair as she reached between her legs and rubbed her visibly slick pussy, bare to the world thanks to her lack of panties.. Daemon was holding her head, his face a picture of pleasure, and he started slowly fucking her face. It was very impressive, given his size, and she wondered if the younger woman had trained away her gag reflex over time or if she’d just never had one.

“*Holy shit,*” she thought to herself, looking back at Rhaenys, who was just as captivated by the sight as she was.

She was an inch taller than her and just about as buxom. Her hips weren’t quite as wide as her own, but her legs were long, and her arse looked only slightly smaller. Arianne was incredibly curvaceous as well, and she couldn’t help but notice how similar they were, with their dark hair, bright eyes, and bodies made for sin.

“*She’s openly watching her brother and cousin have sex,*” she thought to herself. “*I knew that she was into them; the lust in her eyes yesterday was too clear.*”

She doubted that they had actually crossed the kind of lines that she generally wrote about, but she could hope that was the case.

“You’re such a bad girl,” Daemon growled, pulling his cock from Arianne’s mouth and grabbing her throat. “Touching yourself without permission.”

“I can’t help it, Daddy,” Arianne whimpered. “Your big, thick cock just makes my poor little pussy so wet.”

“Like I said, she’s a brat,” Rhaenys whispered, and Bellegere’s breath hitched as Daemon kept his hand on his girlfriend’s throat, simply exuding the same dominance that he did in their streams.

“Assume the position,” he commanded, letting go of her, and Arianne shivered before getting on her hands and knees and sticking her arse up towards him.

SMACK

“Yes!” the Dornish beauty shrieked.

“What am I going to do with you?” Daemon chuckled affectionately.

“Whatever you want, Daddy,” Arianne purred, shaking her arse at him.

“Good answer,” Daemon grinned, unzipping her short skirt and pulling it down until it pooled by her knees.

He spread her thick, round arsecheeks wide and let out low, appreciative groan as he inhaled the scent of her arousal.

“The tour really turned you on, huh” he asked, spreading her slick labia apart with his thumbs.

“Yes,” Arianne whimpered. “The temple was so hot. I wish religion was that fun back home.”

“Picturing yourself as a high priestess?” Daemon asked.

“No, Daddy, but I think you’d make a great high priest,” Arianne replied teasingly, looking back at him. “Imagine all the worshipers you could attract, more than happy to ride your big, thick cock in the name of their goddess.”

“The only one I want riding my cock right now is you, but first, this gorgeous pussy of yours smells too good not to taste,” Daemon grinned, burying his face between her thighs and giving her dripping sex a long lick.

“Fucking hell, I don’t know how I could live with those two,” Bellegere whimpered, rubbing her thighs together to relieve the pressure. “I’d be wet as the ocean twenty-four/seven.”

“Think of all the material you could get for your stories, though,” Rhaenys chuckled. “I’ll admit that living with them can be a bit...overstimulating at times.”

*“It was before I started fucking them anyway,”* she added in her head.

“They grew up together?” Bellegere asked, biting her lower lip as Arianne cried out in pleasure.

“They’re practically brother and sister,” Rhaenys whispered, grinning as Bellegere’s eyes darted to her and widened. “Ari’s my best friend, and she used to sleep over all the time. She used to tease him, happy to flaunt that gorgeous figure of hers and watch his eyes darken with desire, sure that he was going to go jerk off to the image of her the moment he could. She saw him like a little brother, until she realized that there was nothing little about him.”

All of that was exaggerated at best, but she’d read enough of Bellegere’s work to know what it would do to her, and indeed, she watched those gorgeous blue eyes turn nearly black at her sinful words.

“Oh gods, don’t stop!” Arianne cried, digging her fingers into the dirt under her as her whole body quivered.

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Daemon groaned, swirling his tongue around her throbbing clit. “You taste so good.”

“She should have surprised him back then,” Bellegere breathed, feeling like she was about to start dripping through her panties. “Just snuck into his room and sat on his face as he slept. I don’t think he’d have minded at all.”

“You’ve seen enough of our streams to know that I wouldn’t have,” Daemon chuckled, having heard her. “In fact, I can’t think of a better wake-up call, other than maybe this.”

Without another word, he moved into position and pushed his cock inside her sweltering cunt, groaning as he felt the tight walls of her tunnel yield for his invading length. Arianne screamed in pleasure, already feeling like she was on the edge of orgasm, and looked over at Rhaenys and Bellegere with a grin.

“You two can...gods, you’re part horse, Daemon...play with yourselves,” she moaned. “It would be a compliment, really.”

“Have you done this before?” Bellegere asked, looking at Rhaenys. “Have you masturbated to the sight of her brother fucking your best friend in front of them?”

“What would you say if I had?” Rhaenys asked breathily, feeling like she was on fire; she was so hot. “What would you say if I said that those two have acted as my own personal pornstars in the past?”

“I’d say you’re the hottest fucking creature I’ve ever met,” Bellegere moaned, and Rhaenys’ snapped, cupping her cheeks with her hands and pulling her in for a kiss.

Her full lips were so soft, and she immediately melted into her embrace. Rhaenys had dated more men than women in her life, generally feeling that she’d miss cock too much to actually commit to a lesbian relationship. A relationship was the last thing on her mind just then, though, as Bellegere was just on vacation as she was and lived on another continent. She was as hot as the seven hells, and Rhaenys had wanted her since the moment they met, and if a single afternoon of what she was sure was going to be scorching hot sex was all that came of their brief meeting, then she’d take it.

“You’re bloody gorgeous,” Rhaenys gasped as she broke the kiss for air. “Those two were fucking on stage last night, and you were still all I could look at from the moment I noticed you.”

“You weren’t subtle about that,” Bellegere grinned, “but then, it’s not like I wasn’t staring too.”

“FUCK!” Arianne shrieked as she came hard, writhing in pleasure as Daemon continued to fuck her hard.

Bellegere kissed Rhaenys again, and the two of them quickly lost themselves in their passion. Their hands roamed all over their bodies as they hastily tried to undress each other, and Rhaenys moaned as she pulled the other woman’s tube top off and saw her large breasts spill out across her chest. They were the same shade of light brown at the rest of her, with not a tanline to be found, and were surprisingly firm and full for their size. Her brown nipples looked achingly hard, and as Rhaenys cupped them, feeling their weight, she brought one to her lips and soothed it with her tongue.

“Shit,” Bellegere hissed in pleasure, drawing Arianne’s and Daemon’s attention, and he groaned at the sight.

“Do you want to fuck her, Daemon?” Arianne whispered, pressed her back against his chest, and whimpering as he cupped her breasts.

“If you’re thinking of a foursome, that’s probably a bad idea,” Daemon replied just as quietly, though he couldn’t keep his cock from throbbing inside her at the thought.

“Why?” Arianne asked. “She has a bigger incest kink than any of us and clearly wants us both. She also doesn’t know a single person that we do, and if she blabbed, we could just deny it.”

“You seriously think it would be a good idea?” Daemon asked.

“You know what they say, love, what happens on the Summer Isles stays on the Summer Isles,” Arianne purred, grinning as she watched Rhaenys and Bellegere finish undressing each other, “now fuck me again until I scream your name.”

“You’re bloody mad,” Daemon chuckled, pulling out of her and flipping her onto her back.

“I don’t hear you complaining,” Arianne replied, grinning as he moved her legs back until her feet were near her head, folding her in half.

He sank inside her to the hilt in one long thrust, and she cried out.

“Fucking hells, you’re perfect,” Rhaenys groaned as she kissed her way down along Bellegere’s flat belly and admired her dark bush.

Both she and Arianne kept themselves completely hairless but Bellegere had opted for careful trimming instead, and sported a very neatly kept triangle of curls that crowned her sex. She shaved her actual pussy, though, and the visibly slick lips beckoned to her.

“Let me taste you too,” Bellegere begged.

“Shall we join them?” Rhaenys asked, smirking as the other woman’s breath hitched again. “I can’t think of anything better than tasting your sweet little cunt right next to them as Daemon fucks Arianne’s brains out.”

She knew that she was treading into dangerous territory at this point, but she was too horny to care. They were stuck in a cave belonging to an ancient sex cult, and she was about to go down on the author of her favorite erotic stories while her brother and cousin went at it like rabbits in the same room. It was too surreal for her caution to win out, and so long as she didn’t outright admit that she regularly rode Daemon like a horse, she figured it wouldn’t be too dangerous. Rising to her feet, she took the other woman’s hand and led her to the others.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!” Arianne cried, punctuating each brutal downward thrust from her boyfriend.

She was completely helpless folded as she was, unable to do anything other than take him and that made everything so much hotter. As she noticed Rhaenys approach with Bellegere, she grinned, wondering how far she might be able to take this.

“Gods, you can actually see his cock inside her,” Bellegere groaned.

“Of course you can,” Arianne grinned, moaning as Daemon struck something inside her that made her see stars. “I’m so small, and he’s so very, very big.”

“See what I have to put up with?” Rhaenys asked breathlessly, rubbing her thighs together and whimpering when she realized that they were both slick. “It’s a wonder I ever get anything done with these two around.”

“It’s a wonder we get anything else done,” Daemon laughed, looking over and admiring Bellegere.

She was slightly curvier than Rhaenys, with wider hips and a bigger, rounder arse, which looked incredible. His sister was rather tall for a woman, which made her generous curves, which were comparable to Arianne’s, look somewhat less pronounced than her cousin’s. Bellegere’s body actually looked like a combination of the two, being barely any shorter than Rhaenys and yet seemingly as curvy as his girlfriend.

“Sit on my face,” Rhaenys breathed, and she lay down next to them.

“Spread your beautiful legs wide, Rhaenys,” Bellegere grinned. “I want to see how wet you are.”

Rhaenys shivered and did as she said, grinning when the other woman bit her lower lip. Daemon picked up his pace, his hips slamming into Arianne’s arse hard enough that the sound of it slapping echoed through the cave. Her large breasts jiggled and rolled across her chest, and her whole body began to quiver as she drew closer to another mind-melting orgasm.

“More, more, more!” she screamed, feeling her pussy start to spasm around him as she watched Bellegere lower herself down onto Rhaenys’ eager mouth. “Don’t stop, don’t stop, d...DADDY!”

“That’s it,” Daemon groaned. “Cum on Daddy’s cock, baby.”

Rhaenys grabbed Bellegere’s arse, sinking her fingers into her pliant flesh, and pulled her towards her. Her pink inner lips were slick with her arousal, and Rhaenys eagerly started lapping up her fluids, moaning at the heady, tangy taste of her. Bellegere whimpered as she felt the other woman’s tongue on her sensitive, heated flesh and lowered her head down. Her tongue snaked through her folds, exploring her womanhood and making her gasp in pleasure.

“Don’t they look beautiful, Daddy?” Arianne asked, grinning impishly, and Daemon rolled his eyes.

The two of them were locked together, their thighs clamped around the other’s head as they devoured each other. Their muffled moans of pleasure made his cock throb almost painfully, and for just a moment, he wondered if they could just have a foursome as Arianne suggested. Bellegere was a stranger that they likely wouldn’t see again, and she was far from disgusted by the idea of him and Rhaenys being closer than siblings should be. Watching each other have sex was still different from actually fucking, though, and there was no telling how she’d really react to that, even if she did find it hot in theory.

“*They are absolutely sleeping together,*” Bellegere thought to herself as she wrapped her lips around Rhaenys’ clit and sucked gently. “*I’d bet every cent I have on it.*”

That thought alone did almost as much as to make her soar towards her peak Rhaenys’ talented mouth did, and soon enough, she was clinging to her legs for support as she cried out in pleasure. Wave after wave of it coursed through her body, and she quivered and writhed as it consumed her

completely. As it ended and she slowly came down from her high, she pushed two fingers inside Rhaenys and smirked as she felt her flutter around her, clearly close to her own climax.

“That was amazing,” she purred, rolling off of the other woman and crawling between her legs. “How close are you?”

“So close,” Rhaenys whimpered, spreading her legs wide and gasping as she felt Bellegere bathe her slick folds with the flat of her tongue.

“So beautiful, so passionate, and yet you’ve been single for a while?” Bellegere asked, her eyes gleaming with mischief and desire. “Why?”

“I...oh fuck!” Rhaenys cried as Bellegere sucked on her clit in a few short little pulses.

“It’s simply tragic to imagine you not having your every need satisfied, Rhaenys,” Bellegere purred, “and yet, you don’t seem like someone who’s been left wanting.”

“She doesn’t, does she?” Arianne asked, squeaking as Daemon slapped her arse and gave her a warning look that made Bellegere giggle.

“You’ve been fucking them, haven’t you?” she asked, her blue eyes locked onto Rhaenys’ violet orbs as she swirled her tongue around her clit again. “You’re so comfortable with each other, and you both look at the other with obvious desire. It’s true, isn’t it?”

She paused between each comment to suck on Rhaenys’ clit again, and the other woman’s back arched as she hovered right on the ecstasy, the burning need inside her core driving her mad.

“YES!” she screamed, the sound morphing into a squeal as Bellegere pushed two fingers inside her and curled them towards her g-spot as she sucked on her clit again. “YES IT IS!”

Bellegere shivered with desire, her cunt drooling with need, despite her earlier orgasm, at Rhaenys’ admission. It was so filthy, so wonderfully dirty. She convinced her cousin to fuck her brother, something perfectly okay, since they weren’t actually related, only to get so turned on by hearing them fuck night in and night out that she couldn’t help but join them. Bellegere wasn’t sure if that was how it went down or not, but it was like something straight out of one of her stories, and the very idea made her wetter than she’d ever been in her life.

“Bellegere...” Daemon went to say, his eyes narrowing.

“I won’t say a word to anyone,” she promised, licking her lips. “I know how desperately you’d want to keep something like this secret. Fuck, I’ve wanted to know a couple like you for years. How did it start?”

“She started watching our streams,” Arianne replied with a grin, knowing that there was no point in hiding anything now. “That one you mentioned, where we pretended to be brother and sister for a bit, she came so hard she screamed in the other room and rushed off to check on her, finding her laptop open to our channel.”

“Wait, I remember!” Bellegere exclaimed. “That stream ended really abruptly.”

“That was why,” Daemon sighed. “You promise that you won’t breathe a word of this to anyone, or write about us?”

“I would change your names if I took inspiration for one of my stories,” Bellegere assured him, “and as I said, I wouldn’t tell a soul, not that we have any contacts in common, that I know of, anyway. So you three live in a dorm room by yourself, and you spend your nights sandwiched between your sister and your girlfriend. Talk about living the dream.”

“If you want a greater taste of how we spend our nights, come here,” Arianne grinned, crooking a finger at her.

“Your sister’s sweet cunt juice is still all over my lips, Daemon,” Bellegere purred as she crawled towards him. “Do you want a tas...”

She didn’t get to finish that as Daemon wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her in. His tongue plunged between her lips and she moaned as he dominating the kiss. Arianne wiggled her way off of his throbbing shaft and crawled over on shaky legs, wrapping her arms around Bellegere from behind and cupping her heavy breasts.

“Rhaenys has exquisite taste,” she purred, “but then, I guess we both already knew that.”

“I can’t argue there,” Daemon grinned, kissing his way down along the slender column of her neck.

“Oh, gods!” Bellegere cried as Arianne joined him on the other side of her neck. Reaching down towards his cock, she wrapped her hand around him, and moaned as she realized that her fingers didn’t touch as they closed around his girth.

“I suppose I should have known it would happen,” Rhaenys chuckled as she sat up. “Do you think you can take him, Bellegere? He’s so fucking big.”

“Can I watch you with him?” Bellegere asked, quivering at the thought.

“If you manage to take every inch of his big, thick cock, then once he’s made you cum so hard you see stars, I’ll give you what you want most,” Rhaenys grinned. “You’ll get to watch my darling *Valonqar* fuck his *Mandia*.”

“You speak Valyrian?” Bellegere asked.

“*We all do*,” Arianne replied in the Essosi tongue.

“Our family’s always been really big on making sure we all learn it, and Rhaenys taught Arianne when they were younger,” Daemon explained. “Arianne, lie down on your back.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Arianne replied with a grin, quickly doing as he said.

“She’s every bit as delicious as she looks,” Daemon added, and Bellegere grinned.

“Her pussy looks so pink after the pounding you gave her,” she purred. “I suppose I could soothe her with my tongue.”

“Please do,” Arianne sighed. “Have you ever had anyone as big as Daemon?”

“Never,” Bellegere replied. “I did want to find someone really impressive to test my limits with before I returned home. I just figured it would be a local.”

“Disappointed?” Daemon asked with a knowing grin, and Bellegere smirked.

Taking his hand, she brought his fingers to her dripping quim and asked, “Does that feel like the cunt of a woman disappointed with what she sees?”

“Definitely not,” Daemon grinned, bringing his fingers to his lips and sucking her juices off while staring into her eyes.

Bellegere shivered and crawled between Arianne’s spread legs, lowering her head towards her gaping cunt and inhaling her scent. Sinking her fingers into the other woman’s plush thighs, she started lapping at her pussy, earning a breathy sigh of pleasure from her. Rhaenys, meanwhile, wrapped an arm around Daemon and watched the two of them with him.

“I really hope we don’t regret this,” Daemon whispered in her ear.

“There’s no turning back now,” Rhaenys replied in kind. “Gods, what an ass she has.”

“And people used to say we weren’t much alike,” Daemon chuckled, cupping Bellegere’s plump round cheeks and groaning as Rhaenys wrapped a hand around his shaft, guiding him manually towards the other woman’s pussy.

As she nestled the thick, bulbous head at her entrance, Bellegere gasped and looked back at them. “Fuck me, you feel even thicker than you look.”

“He’s going to feel so good inside you,” Arianne grinned. “Fuck her, Daddy. Please.”

“Gods, I...fuck!” Bellegere cried as he pushed forward and the head of his cock popped inside her.

“Intense, isn’t it?” Arianne sighed nostalgically. “The first time I took him, I thought he was going to ruin me forever, that my poor little pussy would never be the same again.”

“Holy shit!” Bellegere moaned as she felt him stretch her wider than anyone or anything else ever had.

“How does my little brother’s cock feel, Belle?” Rhaenys asked, raking her nails across her scalp lightly.

“So big!” Bellegere moaned, her legs shaking already. “It burns but fuck that feels good.”

“That burn goes away eventually, sadly,” Arianne grinned. “He hurt so good the first few times before I got really used to him.”

“You’re tight as a closed fist,” Daemon groaned.

“Has anyone ever...oh fuck...not been tight for you?” Bellegere moaned.

“I’ve only been with four women before,” Daemon replied, “but no.”

A few inches of his cock were inside her by then, and he started fucking her with slow, short thrusts, letting her get used to him as he conquered her depths inch by inch. Whimpers and breathy sighs spilled from her lips as she took more and more of him, and by the time his hips finally pressed

against her fleshy arse, her whole body was shaking. Her slippery furnace of a cunt squeezed every inch of him tightly, and he sighed in pleasure, letting his hands slip up along her sweat-slicked back, towards her head.

“That’s all of it,” he assured her. “You took me so well.”

“No wonder Arianne calls you Daddy,” Bellegere whimpered. “A cock like that could make anyone feel like a little girl.”

Arianne snorted at that and cupped her cheek, sitting up and pulling her towards her for a kiss. Bellegere returned it, happy for the distraction from the already-fading burning sensation in her overstretched core. Nothing had ever made her feel as full as Daemon’s cock, and she had to imagine that this was her absolute limit.

“Lie back, Arianne,” she whispered as she broke the kiss. “The least I can do while your boyfriend fucks me is eat your sweet little pussy.”

“How much longer are you staying in Koj?” Arianne asked as she did so.

“At least a few more days,” Bellegere replied with a grin. “It might become very boring, though, at least without some ‘company.’”

“We’ll keep you company,” Rhaenys purred. “Ari tastes so good, doesn’t she?”

“Delicious,” Bellegere gasped, the thought of the two cousins together making her clench involuntarily around Daemon’s cock.

Daemon watched her start eating Arianne out again and felt her slowly relax around him. When he was sure that she’d gotten used to him to an extent, he pulled back tentatively, seeing how she’d react, and Bellegere let out a muffled moan. Arianne had grasped her head and was holding her in place but eased up as she felt her pull back for a moment.

“Fuck me, Daemon,” Bellegere begged. “Show me what made your own sister too addicted to you to stop.”

Daemon grinned at that and, pulling most of his cock from her vice-like depths, thrust back inside hard, making her scream. Arianne pulled her back down, and her back arched as the other woman started flicking the tip of her tongue over her clit. Rhaenys settled down next to her and, cupping one of her breasts, brought her dark, pebbled nipple to her lips and grazed it with her teeth. The cave echoed with pleased moans and screams as they continued, Arianne’s as loud as ever, while Bellegere’s voice was muffled by her cunt.

“Harder!” Bellegere cried, and Daemon just barely made out what she said.

Picking up his pace, he fucked her hard enough that her arse began to jiggle and ripple hypnotically with each thrust, and he watched, enthralled by the sight. She was already beginning to flutter around his length, and he knew that she had to be close. Her arsehole drew his eyes, winking each time he bottomed out inside her, and he decided to try ghosting his thumb over it, curious how she’d react.

“Fuck!” Bellegere screamed, and Rhaenys grinned.

“I take it you liked that?” she whispered in the other woman’s ear. “Ari and I have both taken every inch of him there too, you know. He feels so much bigger in your ass.”

“We...we’d need lube,” Bellegere whimpered pitifully, and Rhaenys cackled.

“That’s putting it mildly,” Arianne replied, just as amused.

“For a cock as big as Daemon’s, there’s no such thing as too much lube, but for a finger...” Rhaenys trailed off, sticking her finger in her mouth and getting it well coated in spit before pushing it inside Bellegere’s tightest hole.

She shrieked and went to pull back, her whole body shaking as she soared towards her peak, but Arianne pulled her back down, quivering with need.

“Please don’t stop!” she begged. “I’m so close. Just like that, just like...YES!”

Arianne squealed in pleasure as she came, letting Bellegere go, and a moment later, the Braavosi woman shrieked at the top of her lungs, cumming hard. Wordless squeals spilled from her lips as her orgasm rocked through her entire body, and Daemon groaned, pulling his cock out of her, not wanting to spill inside a woman he’d just met. The sex club they met in had very strict disease testing requirements, so he could be sure that she was clean, but he had no way of knowing if she was on birth control, and they’d lived dangerously enough for his tastes that day. Pulling out and taking a deep breath let him calm down and stave off his orgasm, but his cock looked angrily hard, the head a deep purple; it was so engorged.

“That looks painful,” Rhaenys purred as she pulled her finger from Bellegere’s arse and fished a disinfectant wipe from her purse, opening the packaging with teeth before using it to clean her hands. “Once she’s come to, I’ll ride you until you cum. We did promise her a show, after all.”

“Can’t believe...you’re real...” Bellegere panted, rolling onto her back and draping an arm across her head as she recovered from her soul-searing orgasm.

“I question that...myself at times,” Arianne panted, grinning at her.

“You took every inch of him as I said, which means we’ll give you what you’ve always wanted,” Rhaenys purred, looking at Daemon and pointing towards the ground next to Bellegere. As he took the hint and sat down there, she crawled towards him and pushed him back, saying, “You’ve been writing about siblings fucking for so long; now watch the real thing.”

She picked up his cock and licked the underside, collecting some of the pussy cream smeared all over it on her tongue and moaning at the taste, before moving to straddle him. Lining him up with her wet pussy, she sank down in one fluid motion, taking his massive shaft with practiced ease. She let out a loud, low moan, knowing that neither she nor Daemon were likely to last very long at this point, and grinned at Bellegere as her arse came to rest on his thighs. The Braavosi beauty’s eyes went wide as saucers, as though she still didn’t quite believe them until that very moment, and Rhaenys basked in the lust and awe in those sapphire orbs.

“Gods, you really have the perfect cock, Daemon,” Rhaenys moaned. “I don’t know how I held out for as long as I did after finding out how well hung you were.”

“My big, size queen sister,” Daemon grinned, snaking his hands up along her sides as he started thrusting up into her dripping cunt. “Don’t worry, baby, your brother’s here to take good care of you.”

“Fuck,” Bellegere whimpered, her hand slipping down along her belly towards her pussy as she watched them.

“Oh gods, Daemon,” Rhaenys moaned. “Fuck me, Valonqar, fuck me until I squirt all over your big, incestuous cock.”

“They don’t generally lean into it that much,” Arianne purred, kissing Bellegere’s neck and kneading one of her breasts. “I think you might be a good influence on them.”

“Oh gods, oh fuck, oh, Daemon!” Rhaenys cried, her hips a blur as she rode him hard and fast, desperate to reach her peak.

“They’re so fucking hot,” Bellegere whimpered.

“The four of us could spend the rest of our vacation locked up in our hotel room, fucking until we’re completely, utterly spent,” Arianne offered. Leaning in, she whispered in her ear, “Think about how much material we could give you for those smutty tales my darling cousin is so fond of.”

“I’m not going to last much longer,” Daemon groaned, pinching one of Rhaenys’ nipples as he reached down to stroke her taut clit.

“Just a little more, Daemon,” Rhaenys begged. “Fuck, I’m so close.”

“Gods, I might just take you up on that,” Bellegere shivered, utterly enthralled by the show the siblings before her were putting on.

“Oh fuck, I’m gonna cum!” Rhaenys cried. “Cum when I do, Daemon. Cum inside your big sister! AHH!”

“Fuck!” Daemon groaned, letting go with a roar.

Bellegere shuddered, her fingers rubbing her clit raw as she watched Daemon and Rhaenys writhe together in ecstasy. It was so wrong, so utterly wrong, watching a man creampie his sister, and yet nothing else had ever been hotter. She whimpered and sighed, already having decided to take Arianne up on her offer. When their mutual orgasm passed, Rhaenys collapsed on Daemon’s muscular chest, but as his cock, impressive even soft, slipped out of her, she rolled onto her back and spread her legs wide. The Braavosi woman wondered for a moment if that was so she could see the cum seeping out of her pussy, but Arianne dove at her a moment later and started lapping at her cousin’s cunt, drinking down the thick load hungrily.

So distracted were they that they almost failed to hear the sound of stone scraping against stone.

“Hello! Are you down there?” Jyala called out in the language of the Summer Isles and all four of them froze.

“They’re here!” Bellegere hissed, not entirely necessarily, as the others all scrambled to put on their clothes.

The search party took another several minutes to open the long-hidden entrance to the cavern from the tower, during which the foursome managed to dress and make themselves somewhat presentable. The staff at the temple were deeply apologetic, though none of the four of them were at all unhappy with what had happened. They returned to the hotel Rhaenys and the others were staying at not long after that and, after showering, picked up where they'd left off. By the time the three Westerosi were set to return home, Bellegere had just one thought.

*“I wonder how soon I could visit King’s Landing.”*