

“So what’s the deal with you and Aegora?” Mya asked the next day as she, Gwenys, and Brynda were finishing getting ready for the wedding.

“Not that we don’t appreciate the pause in the constant bickering, but you’ve been downright nice to each other the past couple times we saw her, and we’re wondering what changed,” her twin added.

“You say that like we didn’t create the ‘we hate Aegora’ club together as kids,” Brynda said dryly, and Gwenys snorted. “You were the treasurer as I recall.”

“In our defense, we were kids,” she said, “though I have to admit I still snicker now and then when I remember the time we convinced all the younger kids that, because her feet are so big, she was wearing clown shoes.”

“They spent the rest of the day asking, asking her if she could make balloon animals,” Mya chuckled.

“Yeah, we were pretty cuntish to each other,” Brynda sighed, looking contemplative for a moment. “Look, you know how Shiera can usually talk us into just about anything?”

“Yeah?” Gwenys replied.

“Don’t tell me she tricked you two into going into a closet together and locked you in until you made up,” Mya said, and Brynda smiled.

“That does sound like something she’d do, but no,” the albino girl replied. “I slept with Jon.”
“Really?” Mya asked.

“What was he like?” Gwenys asked breathlessly before remembering what they were talking about. “Wait, what does this have to do with Aegora?”

“She was there,” Brynda replied, and both their jaws dropped. “So were Shiera and Daena, though they spent the whole time entertaining each other.”

“You had a threesome with our half-sister?” Mya asked incredulously. “Why?”

“I was watching them wrestle alongside Shiera, and midway through, his boxers came down and...let’s just say I know why Bellenora and Narha were so impressed by him,” Brynda replied with a slight smile. “I don’t know...watching him spar with her dressed only in his boxers was hot and then seeing how big he is...”

“How big are we talking?” Gwenys asked, and both their jaws dropped again when their sister held her hands out in front of her. “No!”

“Is he really thick?” Mya asked. When Brynda nodded, she asked, “How did you even take him? I could see Aegora do it because she’s huge, but...”

“Even Daenerys has taken him, and she’s tiny,” the albino girl pointed out. “I managed it, and there was no way that I was going to say no after Aegora managed it. As the two of us lay there together at the end, completely exhausted and cum-drunk, I guess I just saw for the first time how silly it was to go on hating her. I’m not saying that we’re friends now, and if she does anything to reignite the

feud, I'll go right back at her, but...I guess we just kind of found something we could finally agree on."

"So are we the only women in this family that Jon hasn't slept with at this point?" Gwenys asked.

"If he managed to take Daena and Shiera to bed last night as I expect, then yes," Brynda replied. "It's nothing personal, I'm sure. We have all kind of thrown ourselves at him."

"And Rhaenys, Visenya, and Daenerys are alright with this?" Mya asked.

"I honestly don't know what's going on with those three," Brynda replied. "You'd think it was a purely sexual thing between them, since they're so okay with him sleeping with us, but I've seen the way they look at him."

"It's not like they could date openly," Mya murmured. "Their parents are getting married in...less than an hour."

"There's still nearly an hour to go?" Gwenys asked, checking her own phone. "I figured this would take us far longer."

"At any other time with us all gathered together like this, Aegora would have stopped by to make some annoying remark that we'd have ended up arguing with her over, so that would have delayed us further," Mya pointed out. "So, how long do you think this little truce between you two will last?"

"I have no idea," Brynda replied. "We've been cordial to each other for the past day, which is probably a record for us, but time will tell if the encounter Shiera manipulated us into has a truly lasting effect."

"It's a shame we don't have drinks in our hands, or I'd raise a toast to the power of good dick," Gwenys grinned, and they both giggled. "Speaking of..."

"Jon will happily fuck you both, and those three wouldn't object," Brynda replied. "Trust me there."

"We have talked before about having a threesome," Mya purred, and Gwenys grinned.

"I can't imagine when he first met us that Jon expected to collect the whole set before he left Dragonstone," Brynda thought to herself in amusement.

"What has you so mopey?" Daena asked as she joined Aegora out on the balcony of the tallest tower in the castle.

"The castle's too loud right now," her sister murmured. "I swear all of their guests showed up while I was asleep."

"It's to be expected of a wedding," Daena shrugged. "Fortunately most of them won't be staying here for very long."

"Do you really think we could live in this place?" Aegora asked. "It's beautiful, don't get me wrong, and...I mean, it's a fucking castle, but...what would we even do?"

“I don’t think our father has thought that far ahead to be honest,” Daena replied. “Knowing what we do now, it makes so much more sense why he’s behaved the way he has for the last little while. He got the health scare of a lifetime, and it made him reassess things, including how he’d been with all of us.”

“What, so now he’s just overcompensating?” Aegora asked.

“He did buy us a freaking castle,” Daena said dryly, and Aegora snorted.

“I see your point,” she chuckled. “I can’t say I really like the idea of running this place as a resort, though. Just having all of Uncle Rhaegar and Lyanna’s guests here this morning has ground my gears.”

“It would be nicer as a home for all of us, but we’d need to do something with it,” Daena replied. “This cost our father a fortune; I don’t even want to think about what the taxes are going to be on it, and it’s likely to have significant upkeep costs as well. We can’t just let it sit and do nothing for us, not at this size and expense.”

“And I call Brynda a nerd,” Aegora quipped, making her sister roll her eyes.

“You were actually pleasant to her yesterday,” Daena said. “Think that’s going to last?”

“The way I see it, we’re having a bitch contest,” Aegora replied. “I’m going to see how long I can go without being a bitch to her; she’s going to see how long she can go without being a bitch to me, and we’ll see who wins.”

“I suppose I’ll have to take that,” Daena sighed. “I do appreciate the effort on both your parts, by the way.”

“Yeah, well...oh!” Aegora exclaimed as the ground started to shake under them. “Did someone slip me something, or is the room moving?”

Daena grabbed her on instinct, and the two sisters held each other as the earthquake continued, shaking the entire island. In the distance they heard something crash, and both of them nearly panicked, well aware that they were very high up just then, but before they could, as suddenly as it began, it stopped.

“Fuck, I haven’t been through an earthquake in...I don’t even know how long,” Aegora muttered. “Did you hear that crash too?”

“Let’s check on the others,” Daena said, and the two of them bolted down the stairs, trying to see if they could spot the damage they’d heard before.

Being so high up and away from the great hall, it took them a little while to reach it and by the time they did, everyone else, having had the same idea, was still there.

“Oh, thank goodness,” Aegon said as he spotted them. “I think that’s all of us accounted for.”

“Do we have any idea what that crashing sound came from?” Howland Reed, Lyanna’s, as they put it, ‘bloke of honor,’ asked.

“I’m not seeing any structural damage,” Rhaegar murmured, staring down at his phone.

“He’s flying a drone around the castle to check it all from the air,” Jon explained, and Daena nodded.

“Good idea,” Aegora said.

“Well, we know the great hall is fine,” Aegon sighed, “as are all the bedrooms, clearly.”

“Thank goodness, I hadn’t actually slipped into my dress yet,” Lyanna chuckled. “After the quake, I wouldn’t want to tempt fate further.”

Rhaegar laughed at that and kissed her cheek before turning back to his phone, continuing to watch through the camera in the drone as he flew it overhead. “Whatever that was, it wasn’t obvious.”

“Probably the basement then,” Aegon nodded. “We’ll search the place later and see if we can find out where that sound came from. In the meantime, we just need to pray there aren’t any significant aftershocks.”

“Is this island prone to earthquakes?” Catelyn asked.

“Not that I ever came across in my research,” Aegon replied.

“These things happen,” Ned said softly. “What matters is that no one got hurt and we can continue with our plans for the day.”

“Right,” Lyanna nodded, giving her brother a grateful smile. “I’ll go finish getting ready and then we can begin.”

“I can’t wait,” Rhaegar said, smiling down at her, and Lyanna beamed at him.

“Just a little pre-wedding excitement,” Jon sighed, and Rhaenys shook her head as Daenerys furrowed her brow.

“I just wish I knew what made that sound,” she murmured.

“Like Uncle Aegon said, it’s probably something in the basement,” Visenya replied. “We’ll all be best off staying out of there for the time being.”

“Well, it’s not like we’re going to have many chances for the time being,” Jon murmured, looking around the well-decorated room that the wedding was going to be held in.

“Congratulations again, Rhaegar,” Arthur, his oldest friend and best man, said.

“Thank you,” Rhaegar sighed, patting his shoulder, “and your speech was...”

“I meant every word,” Arthur said. “You deserved to find happiness after Elia passed away, and I’m beyond happy to see that you did.”

"I really did," Rhaegar sighed, looking over at Lyanna, who was currently surrounded by her friends, almost all of whom were in tears, like she was.

"I'm so happy things worked out for them," Jon thought to himself as he sat down, looking around the room as he finished his meal. *"She's been on her own for a long, long time."*

He had other reasons to be glad that his mother and Rhaegar were together, three of whom were seated with him just then, but mostly he was happy to see his mother so happy. All around him their guests beamed happily up at the couple, a mix of their friends and families, most of whom Jon had met before. Robb's ex-girlfriend, Wynafryd Manderly, was there with her sister, parents, and grandfather, and he was glad that they'd reached a point where they could be civil with each other, because that was one possible pitfall that he'd failed to remind his mother about when she and Rhaegar were putting together the guest list.

"I must say, that went smoother than I feared it would," Daenerys whispered to him, and he smiled.

"Well, our biggest concern was our cousins, and Jon here found a way to keep them nice and happy," Rhaenys whispered from his other side, and Visenya kicked her subtly. "Will you relax for five minutes? No one's paying attention to us."

"Jon," Ned said as he came over. "Have you seen Robb?"

"He was sitting over there just a..." Jon went to reply, only to trail off as he saw that his cousin's seat was empty. "Probably just in the restroom, I'm sure."

"Well, we haven't seen Bran in a few minutes either, and I'm wondering...hoping, really, that the two are connected," Ned replied.

"Well, Rickon's still with Aunt Catelyn, and Arya and Sansa are over there," Jon murmured.

"This place is really big and pretty easy to get lost in, I imagine," Ned replied. "Could you do me a favor and look for them? You've been here longer and know it better than I do."

"Of course," Jon nodded. "Just text me if they show up on their own."

"Thank you," Ned smiled.

"I'll come with you," Rhaenys declared. "I need to stop by my room and change my shoes anyway. These heels are killing me."

"I don't know why you bothered wearing heels," Daenerys huffed. "It's not like you need them."

"No, but they make my legs look great," Rhaenys replied, grinning down at her diminutive aunt as she stood up.

"Shut up," Daenerys muttered, making her giggle.

"I didn't say anything," Rhaenys grinned.

"No, but we could all practically hear you thinking it," Visenya chuckled. "We'll come too."

"Jon, is something wrong?" Lyanna asked, stopping them as she spotted the four leaving together.

“Uncle Ned thinks Robb and Bran got lost looking for a restroom, and he wants me to look for them,” Jon whispered, leaning in close. “Don’t worry about it and don’t tell Aunt Catelyn yet.”

“This place is pretty easy to get lost in,” Lyanna nodded. “You could take one of Aegon’s girls too. They’ve been here even longer than we have.”

“Good point,” Jon murmured, approaching Daena, who was standing on her own, drink in hand, looking utterly relaxed. “Hey, could you help me with something?”

“Anything,” Daena replied.

“Two of my cousins haven’t been seen in a little while, and my uncle fears they got lost,” Jon whispered, and she nodded.

“Yeah, I got turned around a couple times when I first got here too,” Daena replied. “I’ll help you look for them.”

“Thanks,” Jon smiled.

The group left the reception, thankful that everyone else was too engrossed in conversation with each other to notice, and quickly started exploring the castle, making a quick pit stop at Rhaenys’ room so she could change into flats.

“Thank the fucking gods,” she muttered as she felt her feet instantly grow more comfortable.

“I’ll rub them for you later if you like,” Jon offered, and she smiled up at him.

“You’re the best stepbrother a girl could ask for,” she sighed, and he swallowed thickly, feeling his pants grow tight at her words.

“Has someone developed an incest fetish?” Daena asked teasingly, and he just snorted.

“Hard not to, after everything I’ve done since I met these three,” Jon replied. “A guy can only have multiple sisters at the same time before coming to really like it.”

“As much fun as it might be to reminisce about all our many orgies, we do have a couple people to look for right now,” Visenya drawled, and they grew more serious at once.

“They probably are just lost,” Daena assured them. “My father did a cursory sweep after the wedding and said when we met us, for the reception that everything seemed to be in good shape.”

“We still know that something had to have been broken, though,” Daenerys said. “That sound we heard, it was like a wall fell over.”

“Well, we know it’s not any of the exterior walls thanks to Dad’s flyover, and if Uncle Aegon didn’t find anything when he went exploring here, who knows?” Visenya asked.

“Maybe the damage was to a house in the distance,” Rhaenys suggested. “It’s not like we’re that far removed from the village.”

“It’s possible, but I swore that was it, it was closer than that,” Daena replied. “Aegora and I were on the top floor of that dragon-shaped tower when it happened, and for a second there, I honestly thought it might collapse.”

“Fuck,” Jon muttered, wrapping an arm around her waist.

“I’m fine, but it was a scary moment,” Daena murmured. “I hope we find the source of that sound soon, because if we don’t, that will mean something we can’t see isn’t nearly as structurally sound as we’d like.”

“You all look amazing, by the way,” Jon said, and the four of them grinned up at him.

“We figured you thought so earlier,” Rhaenys teased. “The drooling was a bit of giveaway.”

“Ha ha,” Jon replied dryly.

They did look great, each wearing a dress that clung to their voluptuous figures without showing off too much. Most of the girls had, independent of each other, chosen to go with either pink or purple, though Bellenora and Narha had worn identical red gowns that looked great on them. Seeing him staring, Rhaenys stretched her arms above her head, making her large, tanned breasts shift upward to enhance her already generous cleavage, and he groaned as his cock strained against his pants.

“It’s a wonder your parents haven’t caught on yet,” Daena chuckled, and Daenerys laughed.

“We’re usually more subtle than this,” she said. “At the moment, everyone’s in the great hall, or almost everyone.”

“I still haven’t gotten a text from Uncle Ned, so Robb and Bran are still missing,” Jon muttered as they finished looking through the main floor. “If they were looking for a restroom, it wouldn’t make sense to go upstairs.”

“Maybe Bran wanted to get something from his room, and Robb agreed to take him there so he didn’t get lost,” Visenya suggested, and Jon came to a halt.

“Bran,” he breathed.

“What is it?” Daena asked.

“I know he generally seems sweet and well-behaved, but Bran’s probably done more than any of my other cousins to make my aunt and uncle gray early,” Jon replied. “He used to be obsessed with climbing trees and walls, anything that could let him see from high up and prove that he could reach the top. Aunt Catelyn was certain many times that he was going to fall and crack his head open.”

“You think he’s trying to climb one of the towers?” Rhaenys asked in concern.

“No,” Jon replied. “Robb wouldn’t take him out for something like that, and if he’d left to try and search for Bran, he’d have told my uncle first. Your uncle was very open, though, about where he assumed that crashing sound came from, though...”

“You think they’re in the basement,” Daena nodded.

“I could see Robb, after much pestering, agreeing to take him to try to find the source of the sound, provided he agreed to stay well away from it,” Jon replied.

“We have no idea how structurally sound the basement is,” Visenya fretted, and Jon sighed.

“Robb’s not stupid enough to let Bran venture into anything that looks too dangerous, no matter how much he was driving him nuts with his begging,” he said, “but I should probably get down there and make sure.”

“We should,” Rhaenys said firmly, and Jon scowled, knowing he wasn’t going to talk them out of that.

“Fine, but stay behind me,” he muttered, leading the way to the basement.

He hadn’t been down there yet, having little interest in it generally. He’d also been very, very well distracted the entire time he’d been there, so even if he had wanted to explore a probably dank underground level of the castle, he wouldn’t have found the time. The door to it was one that Aegon had pointed out the first day they were there, though, and he remembered where it was, so he rushed over, swearing under his breath when he noticed that it was open.

“Father could have forgotten to close that, wanting to get to the reception so he could eat, but...” Daena said, trailing off as Jon turned on the flashlight on his phone and went downstairs. “Mind your step; I don’t know how stable the stairs are.”

“Robb!” Jon called out. “Bran! Are you two down here?”

“Jon, you have to see...oh,” Robb said as he ran towards them and lit up the area they were all standing in with his flashlight. “Have we been gone that long?”

“Long enough for Uncle Ned to send me to look for you,” Jon replied. “What did you...did that wall collapse?”

“Shit!” Robb muttered as he took out his phone and saw the numerous texts he’d missed. “I turned the ringer off for the wedding.”

“We found gold!” Bran exclaimed, poking his head out from behind Robb.

“What do you mean you found gold?” Jon asked.

“This wall covered up an old tunnel that I think was a mineshaft at one point,” Robb replied.

“Robb won’t let me get a closer look, but there’s gold in the walls there,” Bran said, glaring at his brother.

“No one’s likely been in that damn tunnel for a hundred years at least, and you can see rubble in it from the earthquake,” Robb glared right back. “The deal was, we see if we can find the wall that fell, and you don’t go a step further than I say.”

“I know, I know,” Bran grumbled.

“It’s probably not gold,” Daena replied. “I know this place has massive dragonglass deposits, but I’ve never heard of gold.”

“Some dragonglass can have a gold sheen to it too,” Visenya added.

“Look for yourself,” Bran said smugly. “I know what a gold vein looks like.”

“Like I say, sometimes dragonglass can...” Visenya went to say as she shone her phone’s flashlight down through the hole in the wall, only to go silent as she saw what Bran had been talking about. At the end of the tunnel, the point where it seemed to split into two directions, there was a pile of rubble by the rock wall, mounds of rock and dragonglass having been either knocked loose by the quake or manually knocked down ages ago, and above it was the distinct vein of gold running through it.

“See?” Bran asked, and all she could do was laugh.

“Vis?” Daenerys asked.

“That does look like gold,” Visenya replied. “We really should get out of here, though. A whole wall got knocked down, and I don’t want to run the risk of more falling while we’re here.”

“I just texted Dad that we got a little lost and are on our way now,” Robb said. “Come on, Bran. I doubt there’s anything else to see here.”

Visenya snapped a picture of the wall, putting the flash of her camera phone to a greater test than she’d done before, and she nodded when she saw that you could make out the vein in the wall in it.

“We can show this to Uncle Aegon too,” she replied. “Tomorrow, though. I think we’ve had enough excitement for one day.”

“Agreed,” Jon nodded.

They returned to the great hall and enjoyed the rest of the reception and dance, universally relieved that the wedding had gone off almost without a hitch. Jon made a point of dancing with all of the Targaryen girls, including Mya and Gwenys, whom he had barely spoken with since he got there, mostly owing to how much they seemed to enjoy spending time on their own, and by the end of the night, he was so tired that he elected to do something he hadn’t since he got there: sleep alone. The rest of them were pretty tired as well and didn’t object, and while he saw the brunette twins speaking with Rhaenys, Visenya, and Daenerys as he wished them all goodnight, he didn’t give it any thought, too focused on his desire to get to bed.

“...shouldn’t have been down there in the first place,” Jon heard Aegon mutter as he made his way down to the great hall for breakfast the next morning. “After I ruled out everything else, I decided I was going to hire someone to go down there and assess the damage. Professionals would come with experience to know what they’re doing...and hard hats.”

“We kept our distance, I swear,” Daena said.

“We also found something that you might find interesting,” Rhaenys added. “It turns out that the crumbling sound we heard was a wall down there collapsing...”

“Gods,” Aegon muttered.

“...and it was hiding an old mineshaft,” Rhaenys finished. “The shaft itself seemed to have been damaged by the quake as well, and Vis here snapped a picture that you really want to see.”

“Oh?” Aegon asked as Visenya pulled out her phone and brought up the picture she’d taken the night before. She turned it around, and he cocked an eyebrow at her, saying, “What am I supposed to be looking at?”

“Let me zoom in a little,” Visenya replied, and as she zoomed in on the gold vein, more than a few of her cousins gasped.

“Is that what I think it is?” Aegora asked.

“Gold?” Narha asked.

“Oh, this place just got way more interesting,” Bellenora grinned.

“I knew that there was dragonglass found here at one point, but nothing I read about it suggested that gold had ever been found,” Mya murmured.

“Why in the world was it never mined?” Brynda muttered. “That tunnel had to have been carved for some reason.”

“Maybe they just never came across the deposits,” Shiera shrugged. “I don’t suppose you saw any silver veins down there?”

“We didn’t go exploring the tunnel,” Daenerys replied. “We’re not that mad.”

“This...could change things,” Aegon breathed.

“To be honest, Dad, the whole resort idea isn’t one that we’re too keen on, but if it turned out that this castle is sitting on a literal gold mine, and we could develop that without ruining it...” Aegora said, trailing off with a grin.

“That’s not what lit...nevermind,” Brynda sighed. “The mine could more than pay for the place, and then, if we wanted to make a home of it down the line, that would be more than doable. Of course, our mothers are never going to agree to spend more than a few minutes under the same roof.”

“You all think you could live here, though, at least for the odd stretch of time here or there?” Aegon asked hopefully.

“Of course,” Daena agreed. “We’ve been here for days now, and it’s actually been...nice to have the lot of us under one roof.”

“We got a chance to catch up and even get to know each other in ways that we never did before,” Mya said, blushing at the looks she got from the rest of her sisters at that.

“And Aegora and Brynda have managed to bury the hatchet,” Shiera added, earning a look of surprise from her father.

“Truly?” he asked.

“The edge of it, maybe,” Aegora quipped, looking at her albino sister. “The rest is a work in progress.”

“Even that is better than I expected,” Aegon smiled. “I definitely need to bring in a team of professionals now to find out just what I’m working with here, and that means that after the wedding, we might want to leave for a time. Construction noise is always deeply annoying.”

“It wouldn’t start immediately, though, right?” Gwenys asked. “I was hoping to stay here a little while longer.”

“That would depend on whether or not we’re in imminent danger,” Aegon replied. “The fact that that wall had been built to cover up a mining tunnel is a good indicator that it isn’t a supporting one, but I’ll still need to get an engineer in to make sure that the castle isn’t going to come down around our ears, unlikely as it seems. If it isn’t critical, then I’ll be able to take my time bringing in people to explore the tunnel that was uncovered and see what all is in there.”

“We should probably continue this another time,” Jon said as he spotted one of Rhaegar’s guests enter the room.

“Indeed,” Aegon nodded. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m going to go try to find out if there’s anyone in the village qualified to assess things.”

“Later, Dad,” Daena replied. “Your mum and Uncle Rhaegar are likely going to be late today.”

“It was their wedding night last night,” Bellenora added with a grin.

“Please don’t,” Jon muttered, making her and Narha both giggle.

“Considering that we’re likely about to be crowded again, how about Jon, you order what you want, and we take our food upstairs?” Aegora asked, and Jon furrowed his brow at her.

“Really not a crowd person, huh?” he asked.

“It’s not like I really know anyone here,” Aegora whispered, “and very few of the guests not named Targaryen or Stark are our age. Robb seems nice and all, but he’s clearly trying to avoid the one who wore the frilly dress yesterday.”

“His ex,” Jon nodded. “Her mum is an old friend of mine, so…”

“Awkwardness was guaranteed?” Shiera chuckled.

“It wasn’t too bad, and it’s not like they split up on a particularly bad note,” Jon replied. “If you want to hang out upstairs, my room is probably big enough for all of us.”

“Why not?” Daena asked, and he grinned.

Once he’d gotten his breakfast, a simple roast beef sandwich, he and the others went upstairs and piled into his room. Quite a few of the guests seemed to have either slept in late or ordered room service, because they saw very few of them on the way, but they still preferred the relative quiet and privacy of his bedroom, and as he sat down on the bed, finishing off the sandwich, he realized that for most of Aegon’s daughters, they’d come here really only knowing each other, and even then, only truly along with one or two of them.

“They’re not all that close to Rhaegar and their cousins, and of course, Mum and I were complete strangers, so it makes sense that all the guests would be too,” he thought to himself.

“I can’t believe how much you eat sometimes,” Rhaenys chuckled as Jon finished the last bite.

“Seriously, if I ate like you, I’d get fat in a week,” Daenerys shuddered.

“I sincerely doubt that,” Jon said dryly. “I must say, I did worry for a moment that the earthquake yesterday might be a sign of things to come for the day.”

“Thank the gods it wasn’t,” Rhaenys sighed. “I haven’t seen Dad this happy in a very long time.”

“They’re good for each other,” Visenya smiled. “Thank goodness nothing else came up yesterday.”

“So, about the goldmine…” Shiera murmured.

“Like I told you last night, we don’t know how much gold is actually down there, if that even is gold,” Daena replied. “We weren’t about to explore the damn tunnel, given what it looks like.”

“I didn’t see a ton of supports built in there,” Jon said. “Still, your dad will have it checked out, and we’ll see what happens from there.”

“I’m really glad that Dad and Lyanna picked this venue,” Visenya sighed. “The island’s been so quiet and tranquil, and yet we’ve had so much fun, and getting to actually spend time with all of you has been a real treat.”

“Is that what we’re calling it now?” Narha snickered and Visenya rolled her eyes.

“Seriously, though, we should hang out more,” Daenerys murmured. “We’re family, after all.”

“Well, our dad does want us all spending more time here, and I’m sure he’d be happy for that to include you four,” Aegora said.

“Especially if we asked,” Brynda smiled.

“Of course, we don’t know what exactly he’s going to do now,” Jon said. “That resort idea of his was clearly something he came up with for you all to work on together, but if it turns out there’s a lot of gold down there, I imagine he’ll want a mine instead.”

“We’re not doing that job, that’s for sure,” Mya shuddered.

“If it turns out that we have a fortune in gold here, he could use it to build some other business for us to work in,” Gwenys piped up. “He seemed rather desperate for us to work together on something, and I doubt he’s going to give up on that anytime soon.”

“We’ll just have to see and try to steer him towards something we’d actually enjoy,” Shiera murmured.

“It wouldn’t be until we were all done with school, anyway, so we have time,” Daena shrugged. “Now that we know he’s dying, and we can all relax, we really don’t need to think about the future too much, at least for the moment.”

“We really do owe you guys for helping us there,” Bellenora said. “I had assumed he just found the gods or something like that, and I would have freaked the fuck out when we found his pill box if you hadn’t been there.”

“How big was it?” Gwenys asked.

“He’s on a lot of drugs right now,” Narha replied, “and not the fun kind.”

“Luckily for him, they will help him manage his condition,” Visenya said.

“So he’s going to be relatively okay; my mum and Rhaegar got married without anything going too wrong, and you all discovered a goldmine,” Jon summarized. “All in all, not a bad week.”

“Of course, none of those things are why it was a good week for you,” Shiera grinned, and he returned the look.

“The wedding came with benefits I didn’t see coming,” Jon rumbled.

“I can’t believe that out of every girl in this room only two haven’t slept with you,” Aegora chuckled.

“Well, that could change,” Shiera purred, looking at Mya and Gwenys, who both gave Jon appreciative looks.

They were the Targaryen girls he’d seen the least of since he got there, but as he looked at them then, he realized that they were just as beautiful as the others. They were fraternal twins, unlike Bellenora and Narha, and yet both had the same chestnut brown hair that they clearly got from their mother. Their eyes were similar shades of purple, though Mya’s were dark, royal purple, while Gwenys’ were violet. One thing that they had in common, as he’d learned the night before when he danced with them, was their very curvaceous figures. Their faces were different, with Mya’s being more round than heart-shaped like most of her sisters, and Gwenys having surprisingly full lips. Their noses were similar, slightly upturned and slight, and Mya had a smattering of freckles over hers that he thought were lovely.

“Our sisters have been very...detailed in telling us about their experiences with you,” Gwenys purred.

“I don’t doubt that,” Jon grinned. “If there’s one thing I’ve learned since I started sleeping with Rhaenys, Visenya, and Daenerys, it’s that women talk about sex far more than men do.”

“You came here with three women all eager to spend their nights with you whenever possible, and you’ve picked up far more of them since,” Mya said, sitting next to him and resting a hand on his thigh.

“You can’t blame a girl for being curious after all that,” Gwenys added, sitting on the other side and resting her hand opposite her sisters.

“Gods, I love being me,” Jon sighed, making them all giggle.

“Well, as much as I’d probably enjoy staying and watching, I do want to see how Dad intends to search for someone local to look at the basement,” Daena murmured. “Have fun, all.”

“I’ll head with you,” Aegora said. “I want to see this tunnel for myself, and the only way our father’s going to unlock the door to the basement is if it’s for someone he trusts to check it. I could always tag along if he finds someone willing to come right out.”

“We have a little shopping to do in town, but we’ll be back later through the secret passage,” Bellenora grinned. “Wouldn’t want to give anyone in the hall a show, now.”

“What about you, Brynda?” Rhaenys grinned.

“Oh, I’m not going anywhere,” Brynda replied. “I want to see this in person. Mya and Gwenys here have always been so picky when it comes to guys.”

“Really?” Jon asked, his voice low and rumbling, and as he snaked his arms around their waists, both girls shivered.

“Neither one of us is a virgin or anything, but we’ve always had high standards,” Mya replied.

“Watching our mum with our father and fighting with Aegora’s mother over him kind of convinced us that relationships are unlikely to be worth it unless the guy is really special,” Gwenys added. “Of course, a relationship isn’t really what we’re looking for here.”

“I do wonder if our sisters were exaggerating, though,” Mya said, not sounding the least bit serious, and Jon grinned.

“Oh?” he asked. “Is that something they do often?”

“Not really,” Gwenys grinned, “but when they start saying things like ‘hung like a horse’ and ‘fucked me like a wild beast,’ we do have to wonder.”

“Well, I hate to break it to you both, but I don’t actually have a two-foot cock between my legs,” Jon quipped, making them both giggle.

“Actually, the average horse penis is only a foot and...nevermind,” Visenya said, making Rhaenys snicker. “Shut up.”

“Hey, I’m not the one who now has to delete her search history if she doesn’t want to be teased mercilessly,” her older sister teased, earning a huff from her.

“Well, exaggerated or not, what I’m feeling here is much, much bigger than my ex-boyfriend’s,” Gwenys grinned, palming his cock through his pants.

“Not that that’s hard,” Mya giggled, adding her hand to her sister’s. “Neither of our exes were much to write...holy shit!”

“I know, right?” Gwenys asked. “Show it to us, Jon.”

Jon grinned and stood up, removing his belt as he turned around. Seeing the twin girls sitting there with bated breath, waiting for him to lower his pants and reveal his cock, he almost laughed at how much his life had changed in the last year. Before he met Rhaenys, Visenya, and Daenerys, he’d only ever had one girlfriend, and he’d been moping around over that relationship ending for weeks, and now he was regularly sleeping with three girls, had slept with six others who seemed eager to

come back for more, and he was stripping down for two additional girls, who were staring at him like a piece of meat. He felt like a gigolo in the best possible way, and he really couldn't believe how drastic the difference was between how he was living then and how he had been before.

As he lowered his pants, letting his rock-hard cock spring out, both of the twins gasped, and he grinned down at them as he soaked up their delighted shock.

"Holy shit," Gwenys breathed.

"You're fucking huge," Mya said. "Brynda, you weren't exaggerating in the slightest."

"You have no idea how full you're going to feel with him inside you or how much more intense that fullness makes everything," Brynda sighed. "I struggled not to limp all yesterday, but fuck, it was worth it."

"No wonder you manage to get even Bellenora and Narha hooked," Gwenys said breathlessly as he drew closer and she reached out to touch him. "Fuck me, my fingers aren't even touching."

"I didn't think those sluts would ever find a guy they felt was worth praising like they have you," Mya sighed, wrapping her hand around the base. "I say that affectionately, really."

"How's it feel to know you're about to have fucked an entire family of sisters?" Gwenys purred.

"Like I'm stuck in a wet dream I never want to wake from," Jon replied, and every girl in the room giggled.

"You are living every man's dream, huh?" Mya asked. "It's funny to think, but our father bought a whole castle to bring us together and make us closer, and all he really needed to do was introduce us to you."

"You really are going to be the Targaryen family stud," Rhaenys smirked. "Thank goodness you aren't actually one of us, or that would be even stranger."

"You never know," Jon chuckled, and Mya, Gwenys, and Brynda all looked at him in confusion. "I don't know who my father is. Sperm bank fuck-up and an otherwise very long story."

"You do have purple eyes," Daenerys snickered, and Jon rolled them.

"I'm not a Targaryen," he laughed. "I mean, what would be the odds?"

"Astronomical, surely," Visenya murmured, furrowing her brow as she considered the possibility anyway.

"Anyway, I'm starting to feel really underdressed," Jon said, and Mya and Gwenys both grinned.

"Well, we wouldn't want you to feel uncomfortable," they said unison, and he snorted.

"How often do you do that?" he asked.

"Not often," Mya replied as she and her sister stood up.

“We look really similar, so people do occasionally wonder if we’re identical, but we’re not really, and that only really seems appropriately creepy when you’re dealing with twins like Bellenora and Narha,” Gwenys added.

As Jon removed his shirt and kicked off his pants, he watched the two brunettes strip, happily taking in the sight of their gorgeous bodies as they uncovered more and more of their creamy pale skin. They were of average height, similar to Visenya, and far more buxom than he’d realized at first. They dressed pretty conservatively normally, so it wasn’t until he saw them in their dresses yesterday that he realized they were easily as curvy as most of their sisters.

“Seeing that my sisters weren’t exaggerating about your cock makes me wonder if the rest of the things they said were just as true,” Mya grinned as she tossed her bra aside and stepped closer, dressed only in a black thong.

“Well, if you need a demonstration...” Jon rumbled, palming her lower back as he pulled her in close and captured her lips with his own.

She returned the kiss while Gwenys finished undressing, and as she slipped her panties down along her long, shapely legs, she walked behind him. As his tongue slipped between Mya’s lips, coaxing her own out to play, her sister pressed herself against him, her large, full breasts pressing against his back.

“How is he?” she purred, and Mya broke the kiss, looking over at her sister with a wide grin.

“He’s quite the kisser at least,” she replied. “Show her, Jon.”

“I can’t believe this isn’t even my first threesome with twins,” Jon thought to himself as he turned around and, snaking a hand around the nape of Gwenys’ neck, leaned down to kiss her.

While the two of them made out passionately, Mya pulled down her thong and started stroking his cock, still marveling at how long, thick, and heavy it was. She knew it would fit, given that the rest of her sisters, her cousins, and her aunt had all managed, but it was going to be a very tight fit, she was sure, and the thought of that, as she slowly stroked him, made her dripping wet. Jon kissed Gwenys for a minute or so and then switched back to her, and they kept at that for the next few minutes before he finally decided to walk them back to the bed.

“Is it always this hot?” Brynda asked.

“You slept with him and Aegora,” Daenerys snickered, and Brynda just snorted.

“Yeah, but I was participating there,” she said. “This, I’m just watching them, and I’m fucking soaked.”

“We’ll have to do something about that,” Rhaenys grinned, kissing her hungrily.

As their tongues duelled for dominance in their mouths, Visenya started kissing her neck, and Daenerys sank down to her knees, crawling over until she was between Brynda’s parted thighs.

“Holy fuck, we really should hang out more,” the albino girl breathed as her aunt started peppering her inner thighs with kisses.

“No argument here,” Mya moaned, and she looked over to see that Jon had her on her back and was worshiping her heavy breasts with his hands, lips, and tongue.

Gwenys had joined in, knowing that her turn would come soon, and when she grazed one of her sister’s large, pink nipples with her teeth and Mya cried out, she chuckled.

“Fuck, I think you’re even wetter than I am,” she purred.

“So how long have you two been intimate?” Jon asked, still amazed by how common that seemed to be in this family.

“We’ve shared a room all our lives, and as we were starting to explore ourselves and figure things out, we turned to each other for help,” Gwenys replied.

“Mutual masturbation sessions became pretty normal for a while, and after a time, it...oh, fuck, yes...just led to...offering a hand,” Mya moaned, her back arching as he started gently rubbing her clit in tight little circles.

“That’s why we’re both bare,” Gwenys added. “The first time Mya shaved and showed me, I thought it looked so much better; I did it myself, and neither of us has ever looked back.”

Jon spread Mya’s legs further, his fingers sinking into her thighs, and he licked his lips at the sight of her hairless mound. Her pink labia were slight and visibly wet, and her tiny clit was poking just barely out of its hood. He spread them with his thumbs, smirking when her breath hitched, and leaned in to inhale her scent.

“You smell so fucking good,” he rumbled, punctuating each word with a kiss against her inner thighs, and just as she was about to beg him to touch her more, he leaned in and gave her a long, slow lick from her dripping hole to her clit.

“See?” Brynda asked, crying out as Daenerys lapped at her throbbing little pearl. “He actually loves doing that.”

“It’s honestly half the reason our little one-time hookup ended up becoming so much more,” Rhaenys said, grinning as Mya let out a long, low moan.

“Oh, fuck,” she gasped, her fingers tangling into his hair as she held him against her dripping slit. “Oh, gods, don’t stop.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Jon grinned, swirling the tip of his tongue around her taut clit.

“How is he?” Gwenys asked coyly as she brushed her sister’s hair out of her face.

“So...gah...so fucking good,” Mya moaned. “I swear I’m gonna cum already.”

“Well, our sisters, cousins, and aunt did torture us with stories about Jon,” Gwenys smirked. “It’s a wonder we had dry panties left for the wedding.”

“If you hadn’t, no one would have complained,” Jon grinned. “Who knows? Maybe I could have snuck under the table and given you two a reason to come here last night.”

Gwenys shivered at that, rubbing her thighs together as the heat and pressure in her core flared at his words.

“Careful now,” Mya grinned. “Gwenys has always been a bit...fascinated by the idea of getting fucked in public.”

“Really?” Jon asked.

“I think it’s more the idea of having an audience,” Gwenys replied. “Just knowing that all of you are going to watch me get fucked soon is so bloody hot.”

“Oh, gods!” Mya cried as Jon pushed two of his long, thick fingers inside her and curled them up against her g-spot. “Don’t stop, don’t stop...I...I...YES!”

She squealed as she came, her back arching off the bed as she writhed and convulsed in pleasure, and Jon immediately shifted up onto his knees, continuing to pump his fingers in and out of her squelching, spasming tunnel hard. Mya clawed at the bedding above her, pleasure coursing through her entire body in waves that seemed to go on without end, and only when she finally slumped down on her back did he pull his fingers out and start licking them clean.

“Holy...shit...I needed that,” she panted.

“Fuck her, Jon,” Gwenys breathed. “I want to see you push every thick inch of your cock inside her. She’s so wet; you might just slip right in.”

“Are you sure you don’t want your turn first?” Jon asked and she grinned, snaking her arms around his neck and pulling him down so she could kiss him, not minding the taste of her sister’s pussy on his lips at all.

“I can be patient,” Gwenys replied, “and I really want to watch this.”

“Do it,” Mya sighed, spreading her legs even further. “I want you to destroy me like you did my sisters.”

“As you wish,” Jon smirked, stepping off the bed and then pulling her down until he was right between her parted thighs.

Fisting his cock, he slapped it on her clit, making her jolt and squeak, and then carefully lined himself up with her soaked flesh before pushing forward. His bulbous head popped inside her, and she exhaled sharply, staring down in shock as she felt just how much he was already stretching her out.

“Fuck, you’re so big,” Mya breathed, looking up at Gwenys, who had moved behind Jon and was staring in wide-eyed shock.

“Holy shit, I wish you could see this,” she chuckled. “I don’t think I could fit a bookmark between his cock and your pussy; he’s stretching you that much.”

“It...feels like it,” Mya grunted as he pushed forward again, sinking another couple inches inside her before pulling back a bit. “Keep going, Jon. I want to see how much of this monster I can take.”

“Once I’m inside you, we’re rolling over,” Jon murmured. “That way you can ride me once you’ve adjusted and Gwenys can sit on my face.”

“I’m really starting to get it,” Gwenys chuckled, looking over at the others just as Brynda let out an orgasmic squeal.

Daenerys was still between her legs, happily lapping up her fluids as she gushed all over her face, but Rhaenys and Visenya were lost in their own world, the former seated next to Brynda while her sister sat in her lap. They were making out passionately, grinding against each other as their hands explored the other’s body, and she honestly wondered why this seemed so utterly normal in their family. Neither her father nor her uncle knew about this, of course, but it really did seem like the Targaryen girls were all equally willing to commit incest with each other.

“Well, when we’re all this hot and this good at it,” she thought to herself as Mya let out a shuddering breath. “Holy shit.”

“Tell me...that’s all of it,” her sister panted, shaking like a leaf and covered in a sheen of sweat.

“You took it so well,” Jon murmured in her ear, running his fingers across her scalp. “You’re such a good girl.”

“Oh, fuck!” Mya gasped, feeling her insides flutter around him at that.

“Word of warning, she has a bit of a praise kink,” Gwenys snickered, laughing when Mya glared at her. “You took that a lot faster than I thought you would.”

“I don’t think...I’ve been this hot and wet...in my entire life,” her sister panted. “Gods, you’re so fucking deep.”

“Let me roll us over and then you can take as long as you need to get used to me,” Jon said softly, moving them over until he was on his back.

“No wonder Rhaenys, Visenya, and Daenerys haven’t dated any other guys since you started fucking them,” Mya whimpered. “Who could compare to this?”

Jon grinned at that, much pride filling him in a way he only felt when one of the girls praised him like that.

“I have wondered before if he’s truly ruined us,” Daenerys purred as she lay down next to her. “I know our pussies are meant to stretch and go back to normal, but when you’ve felt something that intense, how could any lesser man not feel disappointing?”

“Careful now,” Brynda teased as she joined her. “You’re going to give Jon an exceedingly big head if you keep that up and he doesn’t need two of those.”

Jon snorted at that, groaning in pleasure as Brynda pulled Daenerys in for a searing hot kiss. Noticing that they were alone, Rhaenys and Visenya quickly left their chair and joined them as well, settling down on his other side.

“Man, you really live like a king, huh?” Gwenys smirked, seeing the bed full of women around Jon.

“I really do,” Jon grinned. “Now, while your sister takes a moment to get used to me, why don’t you come sit on my face? I want to feast on you like I did her.”

“He’s really fucking good at it, sis,” Mya sighed and Gwenys immediately crawled over, straddling his face and holding onto the headboard as she carefully lowered her dripping slit onto his mouth.

She gasped as she felt his long, dexterous tongue start to explore her folds, slightly fleshier than her sister’s, and her grip on the headboard tightened. Jon stared up into her eyes, so much like his own, and dug his fingers into her hips, cocking an eyebrow in confusion when he felt much smaller hands join his.

“That’s just Mya...oh, fuck, right there...holding onto me for support,” Gwenys grinned.

Mya, having finally relaxed enough that the burning sensation she felt when Jon first sank his cock inside her had gone away, slowly rolled her hips forward, letting a few inches of his shaft escape her clinging depths. The feeling of him brushing against every single spot inside her was no less intense than the initial stretch had been and she instinctively reached forward for something to hold onto, grabbing her sister’s waist.

“Having fun?” Gwenys asked after explaining to Jon what he’d felt.

“You have no idea how fucking good this feels,” Mya sighed. “He’s just so...much.”

“That’s...gods, just like that...one way to put it,” Rhaenys moaned, lifting her head up from between her sister’s thighs just long enough to get the words out.

To her right, Brynda was busy eating out Daenerys, while to her left her cousins were locked in a passionate embrace, their heads buried between each other’s thighs, all while she and her twin rode their shared lover together. It was by far the most insane thing she’d ever done, and as she worked her way up to a consistent rhythm, bouncing on his cock hard and fast, she was sure that it wouldn’t stay that way for long.

“I’m so fucking full,” she moaned. “I swear I can feel you in my stomach.”

“Just like that, just like that!” Gwenys cried. “Holy shit, you can eat pussy.”

Mya picked up her pace, her hips a blur as she rolled them back and forth again and again, and her grip on her sister tightened as she felt herself soaring towards another blistering peak. He felt like he was everywhere inside her at the same time, filling her up so much that he was brushing against every oversensitive nerve ending at once, and she could barely fathom how intense it was.

“More, more!” Gwenys screamed. “Oh, shit, I’m so close...so close...FUCK!”

She shrieked as she came hard, and Mya wrapped her arms around her tightly, holding her steady as she convulsed. As she shook and quivered, her sister was able to see that she’d gushed all over Jon’s face, and she furrowed her brow in concern.

“You...fucking hells...okay, Jon?” she asked.

“Never better,” Jon replied with a grin, letting Gwenys go as she relaxed and reaching down to grasp Mya’s hips.

Before she could even wonder what he was going to do next, he started thrusting up into her and she gasped at the sudden change. She rocked herself against him, quickly meeting his rhythm, and after a few thrusts, he hit something inside her that made lights flash behind her eyes.

“Gods!” Mya cried, the pressure in her core growing even more intense, and when Gwenys moved off of his face, crawling over to lie down as she came down from her high, and he leaned forward to capture one of her pebbled nipples with his lips, all she could do was scream.

“You’ve taken me so well been such a good girl,” Jon grinned, staring up into her lust-darkened eyes. “Now I need you to cum for me. Be a good girl and cum for Daddy.”

It was a risk, he knew, but something about how she’d acted with him since they started made him think she’d appreciate that, and when her eyes rolled back into her head almost immediately, he grinned.

“DADDY!” Mya shrieked, too distracted by the ecstasy thundering through her to even think about asking how he’d known she’d find that so hot.

She came so hard her vision went white and she collapsed in his arms, writhing in ecstasy beyond anything she’d ever known. He held her tightly, continuing to thrust up into her throughout her climax, and all she could do as he drew out her pleasure was bask in the magnificence of it. Whether her orgasm went on for seconds, minutes, or hours, she couldn’t say, deliciously numb as her mind felt by the time it ended, and when he rolled her onto her back and pulled his still-hard cock from her depths, she just whimpered mournfully at its loss.

“Daddy has to take care of your sister, Mya,” he whispered in her ear, smirking when she shivered and gasped at that. “We’re in for a very long day, though, I promise.”

“That was the hottest fucking thing I’ve ever seen,” Gwenys purred, moving onto her hands and knees. “Fuck me, Jon. I’m so wet, I bet you could shove that whole fucking horse cock inside me at once.”

“I guess we’ll have to see,” Jon grinned, moving behind her and carefully lining himself up. He’d be careful, as he always was, but if she wanted to see if she could take him so easily, he was more than happy to try.

“Just do i...oh, fuck,” Gwenys moaned, laughing as she felt him push inside her. “I swear you feel even bigger than you look.”

“Wait until you take him up your ass,” Daenerys grinned, moaning as Brynda stared sucking on her clit, and both twins looked at her like she was nuts.

“Yeah, they’ve apparently done that,” the albino girl chuckled. “Rhaenys, you’ve studied Valyrian history; were we all this nuts?”

“Pretty much,” Rhaenys replied. “At least we’re pretty.”

“And we have each other,” Daenerys sighed.

Jon grinned at that, certain he was going to have each of them repeatedly before they finally all grew tired that day. As he pushed more and more of his long, thick cock inside Gwenys,

conquering the hot, wet depths of the final Targaryen girl, all he could wonder was how long they'd realistically be able to keep this up.