

In the end, choosing between Margaery, Myrcella, Sansa, and Arianne proved to be just as difficult as Rhaenys and Daemon had imagined, as all four of them had numerous positive points in their favor. Funny enough, the final decision came down not to their deliberations or even Aegon's contributions but rather a positively ingenious suggestion that Loras Tyrell made a couple weeks after they returned to the capital. With them and Aegon deciding that his lover's idea might actually work, the decision came down to the matter of not which one they preferred but which one would be the least likely to go along with it.

Arianne, they knew, would go along with just about anything they proposed so long as it didn't actively harm her position and let her continue, to enjoy the pleasures of Daemon's touch. Margaery, Loras assured them, could be persuaded easily enough, especially because of how impressed she'd been by the night they spent together, while Sansa, as his cousin, could be talked into it, they were sure.

"King Aegon of House Targaryen," the herald called out as his brother entered the throne room, "the sixth of his name, king of the Andals, and the Rhoynar, and the First Men; Lord of the Seven Kingdoms; and Protector of the Realm and his queen-consort, Myrcella of House Lannister."

The hall was packed with nobles, eager to watch the royal couple approach the Iron Throne, having just wed in the Great Sept of Baelor, and as Daemon watched with them, he thought that they made a lovely picture. Aegon stood tall in his rich red doublet while Myrcella wore a gown nearly the same shade, which clung to her voluptuous form tantalizingly. Red and black were the colors of House Targaryen, while red and gold were the colors of House Lannister, and the two of them both wearing red had been a deliberate choice, Daemon knew.

"They do look good together," Daenerys murmured, standing by them while Renly stood off to the side, trying not to stare too blatantly at Aegon.

Loras, newly relieved of his duties to the Kingsguard, stood by Arianne, his new bride, while Sansa and Margaery stood by Aelor and Raelor Celtigar, the twins they had wed weeks ago. That had ended up being the final piece of Loras' mad scheme, as he had learned, through Renly, that two of Lord Adrian Celtigar's grandsons were very...Valyrian in their affections for each other. Neither one was anywhere near the line of succession for their house, so wedding them off to Sansa and Margaery ended up being entirely risk-free. That didn't mean it wasn't without cost, as convincing their families had taken some effort, but with Margaery and Loras actively working on Mace and Daemon working on Ned, it had worked out in the end.

"I still can't believe that it was Loras' idea," he thought to himself, remembering the conversation that led to this particular outcome.

"That way," Loras grinned as he finished explaining, "every single one of us will have plausible deniability, as not one couple will lack Valyrian ancestry on at least one side."

"Arianne's Valyrian blood is negligible by now," Aegon reminded him, and he grinned.

"That, darling, is why I shall be the one to take her to wife, provided you agree to let me," Loras smirked. "My family knows of my nature and wouldn't expect my children to be mine; plus they'll have the Martell name anyway, the greater ties that will form between my family and your cousin's will more than satisfy my father. Convincing him to wed Margaery to one of the Celtigar twins will

take some effort, but I'm sure between the two of us we'll manage, especially once we tell Grandmother that it will help us develop closer ties to the royal family."

"So we're agreed on Myrcella, then?" Rhaenys asked.

"Her family is the only one that I could see becoming a problem in all of this, so making her queen would be best if we want to have them all," Daemon murmured.

"I do hope you'll manage to handle all of them," Loras chuckled, and Rhaenys grinned.

"Oh, you don't need to worry about that, Loras," she purred, running her hands over Daemon's chest through his black doublet while she rested her head on his shoulder. "My Daemon can handle quite a bit more than the average man."

"A pity that his tastes are so limited," Loras grinned, and Aegon smacked his shoulder.

"That's enough of that, you big flirt," he chuckled. "Are you sure that you want to do this? You've wanted to be a Kingsguard since you were a boy."

"So long as I can keep my...other position at court, I'm willing," Loras replied, and Aegon kissed his hand.

"Then it's decided, and you two can stop dithering about this," the king muttered, making his siblings wince.

"It's just that all four of them made really convincing arguments," Daemon quipped.

"Is that what we're calling it now?" Aegon asked dryly, making Rhaenys giggle.

"We received a letter from the Twins earlier," Rhaenys whispered in his ear as Aegon sat down on the throne.

"Oh?" Daemon asked as quietly as he could.

"Lord Walder has graciously agreed to let Walda, Roslin, Alyx, and Amerei be my handmaids," Rhaenys said, and he grinned.

She nudged her head over to where the four Frey girls were standing with Mya, Miranda, Asha, and the Sand Snakes, having become very, very familiar with them the previous night.

He looked from them to the others and gulped, wondering for the first time in his life if he might have exceeded his limits.

"I suddenly wonder if my eyes aren't a touch bigger than my stomach," Daemon whispered, making her grin.

"Your stomach, perhaps, but not..." she teased, and he snorted. Leaning in, she whispered, "They're still recovering, so you won't have to worry about tonight."

“My lords and ladies, I thank you for your well wishes,” Aegon called out. “It is a rare thing for a king to take the throne without having already wed, and one that is invariably necessitated by tragedy. I will admit that coming to terms with the untimely passing of my royal father and getting used to taking on his mantle took me a few moons, but that is done, and as I stand next to my lovely bride, I am filled with new hope for my house and for the realm. The stability and prosperity we enjoyed during my father’s reign, I will do all in my power to continue, and soon, the gods be good, we will once more have heirs aplenty to help secure it.”

“You’ll need to get to the bedding first,” a young lordling Daemon didn’t quite recognize, who had clearly already begun enjoying himself, called out, earning a few laughs from the crowd.

“I think we’d all prefer if we feasted first,” Aegon replied, sounding amused. “You should also know that there will be no bedding ceremony.”

As more than a few lords grumbled about that, Myrcella piped up, saying, “There will, however, be a truly lavish feast, the likes of which few of us have ever seen, courtesy in part of my generous grandfather, Lord Tywin. We will all revel tonight and in the nights to come, I assure you, and what we don’t manage to eat will be given out to the people of this city so that all might share in our joy.”

Cheers followed at that, and Daemon smiled at Myrcella, impressed by her already, and that only increased when she caught his eye without blushing, something she’d struggled with a fair bit since she got to the capital. The feast swiftly followed, and as at least one representative from every noble house ate and drank to their hearts’ content, the mood in the great hall was nothing short of jovial.

“It’s a pity that the term ‘golden wedding’ has already been taken,” Cersei muttered a while later, on her third cup of wine for the night. “This would have suited it far better.”

“The singers and scribes can call it what they like,” Tywin scoffed. “Myrcella, I couldn’t be more proud of you, and I know that you’re going to make a wonderful queen.”

“I concur, my lord,” Aegon smiled, and Myrcella beamed.

“Your dress is stunning, Myrcella,” Daenerys cooed.

“Thank you, Pri...Daenerys,” Myrcella replied, managing to catch herself at the last second.

“Dany, please,” Daenerys replied. “We’re family now, after all.”

“Not to mention that you’ll have eaten her cunt by the end of the night,” Rhaenys thought to herself with a grin, *“and tasted her in turn.”*

“Even more stunning than the gown is the woman in it,” Arianne purred, making the buxom blonde blush.

“Tis true,” Sansa sighed. “You look beautiful, my queen.”

“Myrcella, please,” Myrcella smiled, at the redhead. “Through my good brother you and I are kin now too, and my new lady besides.”

“I’m ever so pleased that you said yes,” Sansa gushed, making her smile wider.

As Cersei watched all this, she furrowed her brow in confusion. She knew that Sansa and Arianne had to have both been considered as potential wives for the king, being related to Prince Daemon and him, respectively, and couldn't fathom how genuine their affection for her daughter was. She'd wanted to claw Elia Martell's eyes out when she heard that she'd wed Rhaegar back in the day, and even looking at the woman now stirred up that old venom in her heart, and yet these two and even Margaery Tyrell, who wasn't related to the royal family at all and had also been considered by them, were all perfectly genuine in how pleased they seemed to be for her.

"The Martell slut wed Ser Loras, who is nice to look at, at least, yet the Stark girl and the Tyrell girl wed those insignificant men," she thought. "Something here isn't right and I intend to find out what."

Daemon observed Cersei with barely concealed amusement. One thing that he loved about the older noblewoman was how openly she wore her emotions on her face. Unlike Myrcella, who seemed to have quite a bit of talent for the politics of everyday life in the royal family, he knew that she would have made a terrible queen. She was a fantastic fuck, though, and he was looking forward to further mother daughter threesomes with her and the new queen down the line, though the two of them had agreed to keep the exact nature of their relationships with the others a secret until she was with child.

"Mother has a hard time understanding how people can have genuine relationships with anyone they don't outright control or who owes them something," Myrcella said a few weeks earlier. "She'll see the others as plotting rivals, at least at first, and I'd rather wait until I'm carrying your child and she's thrilled about that to let her know about...anything else going on around here."

"If that's what you think is best," Rhaenys shrugged, and Myrcella nodded.

"Thank you," Elia murmured, leaning in towards him and Rhaenys.

"There's no need..." Daemon went to say, and she silenced him with a smile.

"I know of how much tireless effort you two put in to make sure that this day went as smoothly as it did," Elia continued, knowing that it was thanks to them that it happened at all. "You're a credit to this family, the both of you, and I couldn't be more pleased."

"You know we'd do anything for the family, Mother," Rhaenys smiled, taking her hand. "I know this year has been terrible, but I hope now...I hope this helps."

"Nothing can put my mind at ease more than seeing my children all happy and prosperous," Elia replied, and Daemon looked at her in surprise. "I didn't misspeak, Daemon."

He swallowed thickly at that. His relationship with his father's wife had always been good, and he had seen her as a mother figure growing up, not having his own around, but that had always been an unspoken thing between them, and hearing her acknowledge that she saw him as one of her own was even more touching than he'd have expected.

"I love you," Rhaenys whispered, and he smiled at her.

"I love you too," Daemon murmured. Speaking quietly, he added, "Your mother isn't wrong, you know; we did put a great deal of work into this."

“Visiting beautiful keeps and feasting to our hearts’ content is hardly work,” Rhaenys chuckled. Leaning in, she whispered, “Though I suppose there were some rather hard moments.”

Daemon grinned at that, and Rhaenys smirked, leaning back and sipping her wine. The feast continued well into the night, and as the assembled nobles grew more and more drunk, it grew louder and more lively. There were a handful there who didn’t get very drunk, who barely touched wine at all, in fact. The queen was one, which might have surprised some, but not those who knew her well, though the others would have been surprised if the drunkards around them had noticed. Daemon, Rhaenys, Daenerys, Arianne, Sansa, and Margaery all stayed as sober as the queen, anticipation becoming more and more obviously written on their faces as the night went on.

“My lords and ladies,” Aegon called out as more than a few started openly saying that it was high time for the royal couple to enjoy their first night together. “I’ve heard you...and I agree!”

“Bed, bed, bed!” the drunkest of them chanted, thoroughly amused, and Aegon laughed as Myrcella blushed.

“I think they have a point, my dear,” the king said softly, offering her his hand. “Shall we?”

“Yes,” Myrcella replied, taking his hand. “We shall.”

He led her out, and the rest of them took that as their cue to go as well. Daemon and Rhaenys slipped out first, followed by their other lovers and the husbands they’d taken to give them cover for the very sort of thing they were going to be doing that night. The hand and his sister-wife slipped into the hidden corridors as soon as they could and managed to reach the royal bedchamber before even Aegon and Myrcella, who slipped inside not long after.

“Gods, I don’t think I ever realized how irritating weddings can be for the couple,” the king muttered. “I’m surprised none of them suggested I take you back there.”

“I don’t think any of them got quite that drunk,” Myrcella chuckled, reaching between her massive breasts and pulling out the smallest wineskin he’d ever seen.

“What’s tha...oh, the blood,” Aegon chuckled, and she blushed.

“Stag blood,” Myrcella replied. “I’d have tried to get lion’s blood, but a request like that would have required Grandfather’s help, and I could hardly tell him what I needed it for. It will just have to suffice.”

“You don’t seem rather stag-like, but I’m sure it will,” Daemon rumbled and Myrcella whipped around in surprise.

“You’re already here,” she breathed.

“The others will be here soon,” Rhaenys grinned. “Unless you’d like to see how all this works, Egg, you’ll want to get going to Loras.”

“I’ve seen how it all works,” Aegon muttered. “Uncle Oberyne took me to a brothel years ago to get me my ‘first taste of women,’ as he put it. That’s actually how I discovered how little they do for me.”

“How did he take that?” Myrcella asked, curious.

“He just suggested I sample the boy whores instead,” Aegon chuckled, and her jaw dropped.

“Few things faze our uncle, Myrcella,” Rhaenys smiled.

“Well, I’ll leave you all to it and get to the little gathering Loras has arranged for he and I,” Aegon grinned. “Good night all.”

With that, he left, opening up the hidden doorway only to find Arianne, Daenerys, Sansa, and Margaery standing there.

“Aegon,” the Dornish princess breathed.

“Goodnight, ladies,” Aegon smiled, slipping past them as they entered.

“Well, that was quite the wedding,” Arianne grinned. “Congratulations, Myrcella.”

“You all really don’t resent that they picked me?” the blonde couldn’t help but ask.

“I won’t pretend that I didn’t want to be queen,” Margaery replied, “but I’m more than happy to be one of your ladies, and given the influence that my family has here now, I can’t complain too much. I’m also quite looking forward to joining you for your women’s courts.”

“I’ve always loved the example of Queen Alysanne and wish to emulate her in as much as possible,” Myrcella replied.

“Of course, I doubt the ladies who joined Alysanne for her courts were all fucking her husband,” Daenerys grinned, “or goodbrother, in this case.”

“Of course not,” Sansa piped up as Myrcella blushed. “There was no Dornish influence in the court yet in those days.”

They all looked at her in shock, laughing, and Arianne slapped her ass, making the redhead shriek.

“You’ve grown rather bold, little bird,” the olive-skinned beauty grinned. “I like it.”

She pulled her down and kissed her hungrily, palming her large tits through her pale-blue gown and making her moan into her mouth.

“I guess we’re getting right to it then,” Margaery grinned.

“Like there was ever any doubt it would take us long,” Daenerys chuckled. “Need help with your gown?”

“If you’d be so kind,” Margaery grinned.

“So I take it you exhausted the others last night?” Myrcella asked, approaching Daemon and Rhaenys.

“We did,” he replied. “We figured, this being your wedding night, that you might want a more intimate night.”

“We’d have kept it to just the three of us if you wanted,” Rhaenys purred, working on the laces of Myrcella’s silk gown.

“And deprive them of the pleasure of your touch for another night?” Myrcella asked, watching as Arianne, Sansa, Daenerys, and Margaery all began undressing each other. “I’m not nearly that cruel.”

“You’ll make a fine queen,” Rhaenys chuckled, “being so generous.”

“You’re the generous one,” Myrcella breathed, gasping when, as her bodice slipped, Rhaenys reached down and cupped her large breasts. “You’re the one letting us all bed your husband.”

“It’s not like I don’t get anything out of that,” the princess purred, pulling her back and kissing her hungrily.

Daemon looked around and groaned as his cock strained against his breeches. Six of the most beautiful women in the realm were making out hungrily all around him, their gowns nearly all by their feet, and before the night was done, he’d have seeded every one of them.

“To think, there was a time when Egg feared I might have a problem with his particular nature,” he thought to himself as he removed his boots, doublet, and belt, having already pulled off his boots.

He groaned in relief when his breeches fell, letting his aching cock spring free into the air, and immediately removed his tunic. Not one of the women there failed to notice as he revealed his cock, and by the time he’d pulled his tunic over his head, six pairs of lust-darkened eyes were staring right at him.

“I’ll never stop being amazed that I can take that monster,” Sansa breathed.

“In every hole,” Arianne grinned, making her blush. “I couldn’t believe it when Daemon and Rhaenys told me that the flower of Winterfell liked getting fucked in the ass.”

She’d been mortified and furious when she first learned that the princess knew about that, though it had taken the older woman about ten minutes to prove that, far from thinking ill of her for it, she was quite impressed, and the two of them had been rather fond of each other since. Before she’d met Asha, Sansa would have been either horrified by what Arianne was like or looked down on her terribly, but the Ironborn woman had changed her in ways even she hadn’t noticed as it was happening, something that she was quite happy about.

“Oh, fuck,” Daenerys gasped, holding Margaery’s head to her chest as the brunette sucked on one of her sensitive nipples. “That feels so good.”

“I love your breasts, Dany,” Margaery purred. “They’re going to look so good swollen and filled with milk in a few moons.”

Daenerys let out a shuddering breath at that, and her knees buckled when the other woman started rubbing one of her thighs against her increasingly slick cunt. She was the only one among them who was already with child, something that she knew very well wasn’t going to be the case for long. Out of all the women they’d bedded during their long, lustful journey, she was the only one who was wed, and so she hadn’t bothered with moon tea, something that they were all thrilled about.

“By the gods,” Myrcella breathed, watching the display in awe.

“Is it everything you imagined?” Rhaenys asked.

“I can see why you enjoy these...gatherings so much,” Myrcella replied, and Daemon laughed.

“I know you know the actual word for it,” he rumbled. “I’ve seen the sort of things you read.”

“Orgies,” Myrcella corrected herself, and he grinned.

“Good girl,” Daemon whispered before capturing her lips with his own.

“We’d have brought you in sooner, but I think that a woman should experience at least one first on her wedding night, and by the time we left Casterly Rock, you had no other firsts left,” Rhaenys teased, pulling Myrcella’s long blonde hair to the side and peppering her neck with hot kisses as Daemon’s tongue dueled hers for dominance.

The new queen melted into their embrace, more than happy to lose herself in the passion of it all. She’d thought that the nights she spent sharing the royal couple with her mother had been depraved, but some of the things that the others had described had made her jaw drop, and she couldn’t express how much she was looking forward to experiencing all of them. Lady Coryanne Wilde had seemed to regret her life of lustful indulgence by the end, which was unsurprising, given how much it cost her, but Myrcella herself doubted that she would. So long as they all managed to keep their affairs with Daemon, Rhaenys, and each other secret, something that they each had plenty of reason to, she saw no reason to think that she’d regret any of it.

“My, my,” Arianne breathed as Daemon broke the kiss and stepped back. “I didn’t believe it when my cousin said that you had even bigger breasts than I do, yet I cannot deny that now.”

“Yours are lovely,” Myrcella replied, and the dark-haired beauty laughed.

“Oh, I know,” Arianne replied. “There isn’t a woman in this room who doesn’t have a fantastic pair of breasts, but I’ve seldom met anyone more buxom than I am who wasn’t also terribly fat, and I’m just amazed. Look at them.”

She lifted the heavy mounds up, making Myrcella gasp as Daemon took her hand and led her toward the bed.

“Girls, when we first spoke to Myrcella about what she wanted for her wedding night, we suggested that we keep it to just the three of us,” Rhaenys said.

“Not just the two of them?” Arianne asked teasingly, and Rhaenys narrowed her eyes at her.

“No,” she replied. “My Valonqar’s cock is mine, and though I am most generous, that is on the condition that I get to watch.”

“You’d think I was your whore,” Daemon teased, and she laughed.

“You know perfectly well that I’ve never charged a copper,” Rhaenys replied, making them all laugh. “Myrcella said no, wanting to share this night with the rest of you, and I think she deserves a reward for being so giving.”

“Oh?” Margaery asked, crawling onto the bed.

“As you all know very intimately, taking my Daemon’s cock is no small feat,” Rhaenys grinned. “I think our new queen could use a little...help getting ready.”

“Well, as her ladies, it would be only proper for us to help her however we can,” Daenerys grinned, and Sansa burst out laughing at the absurdity of that comment.

“Such good and loyal ladies I have,” Myrcella sighed happily. “In all seriousness, I haven’t had many friends in my life. My cousin Roselind was the only one I’ve ever truly been able to count as a friend and not just someone who wanted to get to know me for my connection to my grandfather. It’s been nice getting to know you all over the last few weeks.”

“The family these two degenerates have put together is certainly odd, but I think we’re all going to get along very well,” Arianne smiled, and Margaery snorted.

“I’m sorry, did you just call someone a degenerate?” she asked incredulously, and Arianne kissed her softly.

“I didn’t say it was a bad thing,” she grinned.

As those two began to kiss passionately, Daenerys and Sansa both leaned in and wrapped their lips around one of Myrcella’s large, pink nipples, making her gasp. She squirmed under their touch, already so aroused by everything she’d seen and heard that her slit was slick. Margaery and Arianne noticed what they were doing after a moment and grinned at each other before crawling over to the blonde.

“If it had been me who was chosen, would you have been willing to take this position instead?” Margaery asked, brushing her hair out of her face and peering down into her green eyes.

“After what I experienced at their hands back in Casterly Rock, I’d have been willing to take any position that let me keep bedding them,” Myrcella replied, shivering when she looked over and saw Rhaenys and Daemon kissing passionately. “Alas, my family would never have accepted it no matter how much I begged. Their pride can be...stifling.”

Margaery nodded, satisfied with her answer, and leaned in, capturing her lips with her own. Myrcella kissed her back with equal passion, quickly slipping her tongue between her lips and reaching up to grasp her small breasts. The brunette moaned into her mouth and a moment later, Myrcella moaned as well as Arianne leaned in between her thick, creamy thighs, parted her golden curls, and gave her fleshy pink lips a long, slow lick.

“How the fuck did we pull this off?” Daemon asked, his cheek pressed right against Rhaenys’ as they both turned to observe the scene next to them.

“We’re blessed by the gods, clearly,” his sister replied, and he chuckled.

“Or perhaps just one really perverted one,” Daemon replied, making her grin.

“You know, Myrcella’s not the only one who could use a little help getting slick enough for this,” Rhaenys purred, sinking to her knees, and he gasped when she took him between her lips.

“Fucking hells,” Daemon groaned.

“Oh, gods, Arianne, don’t stop!” Myrcella moaned as Margaery started kissing her neck. The princess’ ministrations were driving her wild, and her thighs tightened around her head as she swirled the tip of her tongue around her throbbing clit.

“I wouldn’t dream of it,” Arianne purred, pushing two fingers inside the blonde’s tight, wet tunnel. “Mmm, so tight. How long has it been since you last felt Daemon stretching you out.”

“Too long!” Myrcella cried.

“Well, that will change soon enough,” Daenerys grinned. “I can’t wait to see our babes together in the same nursery. They’ll look alike, I’m sure, and everyone will think it’s because Aegon and I are so closely related, but we’ll know the truth.”

“Fuck,” Myrcella gasped, the idea of having Daemon’s children making her insides clench with need.

She looked over and saw that Rhaenys had swallowed her entire cock deep into her throat, her nose buried in his pubic hair, and she moaned at the sight. She felt like a goddess being worshiped by all her followers and couldn’t help but laugh at the thought.

“What is it?” Sansa asked.

“Every so often, I’m just reminded that my mother and I aren’t entirely different,” Myrcella replied.

“She actually intends to join you and Daemon in bed down the line?” Margaery asked.

“She’s as fond of his cock as I am,” Myrcella replied.

“I can’t imagine how she’ll react to all of us,” Sansa murmured.

“Well, if she wants to stay here,” Myrcella muttered. “I’ll handle my mother; don’t worry about that, but there is a reason why we’re waiting a little while to let her know about the...greater complexities of our relatio...holy shit!”

She cried out in pleasure as Arianne curled her fingers upward, stroking one of her favorite spots inside her just as she sucked on her clit. She was so close, so overwhelmed by pleasure already, and the night was only just beginning.

“She’s ready for you, Daemon,” the princess grinned, and Rhaenys let his cock slip from her lips with an audible pop.

“Go make us a little niece or nephew,” his wife purred as she stood up and he kissed her hungrily.

“I adore you, you mad little thing,” Daemon whispered, and she chuckled.

“I love you too, Valonqar,” Rhaenys sighed before turning to Arianne, who sat down on the bed and beckoned her over with a curled finger.

“I can think of nowhere better to watch this,” Arianne grinned, gasping as Rhaenys climbed onto her lap.

"I can think of better things we could do than simply watch," she purred, kissing her cousin, who quickly pulled her back onto the bed.

"I will never tire of watching her kiss other women," Daemon thought to himself as he moved between Myrcella's parted thighs just as she sat up.

"We already knew that you'd fit," the blonde purred. "You stretched me out to fit your massive cock moons ago. No wonder we all agreed to this little scheme of yours; you ruined us with this."

"I had feared that might be the case," Margaery admitted. "Some of the best moments from our first night together, when you reached as deep inside me as you could, and, to put it delicately, that's a lot deeper than most men can reach, at least according to Loras."

"Well, you'll never need to worry about that," Daemon rumbled, cupping her cheek. "I'll happily bed you as often as you like for the rest of our lives."

"Why do you think I agreed to wed Aelor?" Margaery grinned. "Now come fuck our new queen until she screams like a whore."

"Why would I stop then?" Daemon grinned, making Myrcella shudder.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Sansa climb on top of Daenerys, burying her head between the Valyrian beauty's thighs as she lowered her own cunt onto her mouth and as he heard Arianne cry out and saw Rhaenys feasting on her sweet sex, he smiled and turned back to Myrcella. She was dripping wet, a small puddle having formed already under her arse and he licked his lips.

"You smell intoxicating, my queen," he rumbled. "Shall I taste you too, or is it my cock you desire most?"

"Your cock, please!" Myrcella begged, and he grinned.

"She must be truly desperate for it if she'd turn down your tongue, Daemon," Margaery grinned. "I thought I was going to die the first time I felt you feast on me."

"Only a little," Daemon quipped as he slapped Myrcella's clit with his cock, making her shriek. "I'm going to fuck you until I spill, no matter how many times you come undone around me, or even if you beg me to stop, Cella."

"I would never," Myrcella said breathlessly. "I want nothing more than your seed, Daemon. Put a babe in me, please."

"As my queen commands," Daemon replied as he lined himself up, thrusting forward the moment he felt her sweltering entrance kiss his cock and burying half his length inside her in one thrust.

"Yes!" Myrcella shrieked, grabbing the bedding on either side of her. "Gods, give me all of it!"

"Margaery," Arianne called out. "Why don't you...oh gods, yes...sit on my face while my cousin eats me out."

"Targaryens really do have more fun," Margaery murmured to herself as she crawled over and straddled the beautiful princess' face, lowering herself down and gasping the moment she felt her tongue on her sensitive flesh.

Daemon couldn't disagree as he started fucking Myrcella with long, slow strokes, burying himself inch by thick inch inside her. She was every bit as hot, wet, and tight as he remembered, and her beauty was no less intoxicating either. As he and Rhaenys debated who the best possible choice would be before Loras finally gave them his idea, Myrcella's numerous positive points came up again and again. She was sweet, kind and discreet, and came from the wealthiest family in Westeros, and those were all great points, but Daemon would be lying if he'd said that getting to fuck her again didn't outweigh them all in his mind.

"Gods, yes!" the blonde cried out, throwing her head back and letting out a guttural moan as he hit a spot inside her that made her see stars. "I love your fucking cock!"

"If only the...seven hells, Arianne...people could see you now," Margaery moaned, grinding her dripping slit on Arianne's talented mouth.

"They'd...lose all respect for...right there!" Myrcella screamed, clawing at the bedding above her head as Daemon picked up his pace, fucking her with long, hard strokes. "I don't fucking care what they'd think; just fuck me!"

Daemon had been peppering her neck with hot kisses, tasting the salty sweat and inhaling her intoxicating scent, but when he felt her incredible breasts begin to jiggle and roll against his chest, he shifted upward so he could watch. The pale, pillowy mounds moved with his every brutal thrust, and he felt his cock throb inside her at the sight. He watched for a moment, thoroughly enjoying them, before grasping and kneading them instead.

"Just like that," Myrcella moaned as he sucked on one of her nipples, her arms wrapping around his neck so she could hold him to her chest.

She began rocking up against him in time with his thrusts, making everything feel so much more intense than it already did, and looked to the side as she heard Margaery scream.

"Yes, yes, YES!" the brunette shrieked, spasming atop Arianne's face as the Dornish princess squirmed under her, clearly close to her own peak as Rhaenys's tongue continued to dance through her folds.

The sound of muffled cries and moans drew her attention next, and she smiled at the sight of Sansa and Daenerys still locked in their own embrace, their faces buried between the other's thighs. The scent of sex was already thick in the air, and she knew it would intensify as the night went on. She found that enhanced her pleasure for some reason, as did seeing the others so thoroughly enjoying themselves. So entranced was she by what she was watching that she didn't notice Daemon reaching down to stroke her clit until his thumb, slick with his saliva, brushed it lightly, making her squeak.

"Cum for me, my queen," he grinned. "I want to feel you cum around my cock."

"Oh gods, oh gods, oh GODS!" Myrcella squealed, cumming hard.

Daemon groaned at the feeling of her tight tunnel spasming around his pistoning shaft and continued to fuck her through it, drawing her pleasure out as much as he could. Arianne's muffled shriek reached his ears, and he looked over to see Rhaenys licking her lips, looking exceedingly pleased with herself as Margaery slumped off to the side, letting her writhing cousin smile at her.

“You’re so...fucking good at that,” Arianne panted, and Rhaenys kissed her softly as Daemon pulled out of Myrcella and flipped her onto her belly.

“Gods, yes!” the blonde screamed as he thrust back inside her to the hilt. “More, more!”

“I think our darling queen owes you for your generosity, princess,” Margaery grinned at Rhaenys, “and her golden tongue is free right now.”

“Please,” Myrella begged, her lust-darkened eyes finding Rhaenys’ immediately. “I long to...gah...taste you again.”

“He found one of those deep spots that made you scream so beautifully that first night in Casterly Rock, didn’t he?” Rhaenys grinned as she crawled over to her. “If you wish to sup from my cunt, who am I to deny you?”

“If you look inside the chest by Egg’s bed, you’ll find a couple things that you might find interesting,” Daemon said, and the others all looked at him curiously.

Arianne, being the closest one, opened it up and gasped when she saw what he was talking about, pulling out a pair of well-polished wooden cocks attached to leather harnesses.

“Oh, wow, those are perfect replicas of your cock,” Sansa breathed. “Arianne, would you be willing to...”

“Fuck you?” Arianne purred as she began putting on the harness. “Happily, my dear.”

“I’ll take the other one if you like, Dany,” Margaery offered, and the Valyrian beauty grinned, getting on her hands and knees and wiggling her arse at her.

“You and I are going to be great friends; I just know it,” she replied, making Margaery giggle.

“Fuck me,” Rhaenys moaned, feeling Myrcella’s tongue begin to explore her nether lips.

“I...ahh, right there...should be the one saying that,” the blonde moaned, giggling.

“You’re so wet,” Margaery purred, pushing three fingers inside Daenerys and collecting some of her wetness to smear the large wooden cock jutting out from her waist with. “You’re going to take this so well.”

“Give it to me,” Daenerys sighed, grinning as she saw Arianne crawl between Sansa’s parted thighs and lick her lips at the sight of her large, pale breasts.

“Fuck me, please,” the redhead begged. “I need it.”

“Your cousin made you such a delightful whore,” Arianne grinned, making her whimper.

She wanted to protest that, insisting that she wasn’t a whore, but she regularly bedded a man who wasn’t her husband, had given that man her maidenhead on her wedding night, and was taking part in an orgy involving him and a number of other women. If Septa Mordane, or worse, her mother, saw her like this, they’d both denounce her as a whore, and for reasons she figured it was best not to try to figure out, that made her even wetter than she’d already been. When Arianne pushed forward, burying the entire fake cock inside her in one thrust, she shrieked and wrapped her legs around her.

“Gods, yes!” Daenerys cried out a moment later, gripping the bedding under her so tightly that her knuckles turned white as Margaery filled her up with her own fake cock.

The sounds of pleased moans and cries echoed through the air as four of the six women raced toward their peaks. Having so many female voices crying out in ecstasy from the royal bedroom might have been unwise normally, but as drunk as everyone outside was, they knew that come the morrow, any who remembered that would think it a trick of their inebriated minds.

“This...is harder than it looks,” Margaery groaned after a few minutes.

“Why do you think my...oh gods, just like that...valonqar’s ass and abdomen are so well-muscled?” Rhaenys asked, and Daemon looked at her in mock offense.

“I hope you realize I do more for exercise than just fuck, Rhaenys,” he chuckled, and they all laughed.

“Harder, harder, don’t stop!” Myrcella screamed, feeling herself barreling towards another mind-melting orgasm.

Daemon picked up his pace, fucking her with long, hard strokes, to the point that her thick, round ass started to jiggle and ripple hypnotically with his every thrust. He could feel himself getting close, and while he knew that he could hold back if he wanted to, he knew that he wouldn’t. He’d be hard again in no time, if he even softened at all, which was far from likely, given everything going on around him.

“Oh gods, oh fuck, oh...YES!” Rhaenys screamed, writhing in pleasure as she came.

Myrcella stopped sucking on her clit immediately and began pumping the three fingers she had buried inside her even harder, trying to draw out her pleasure as much as she could before her own orgasm hit. A moment later it did, and she let out a wordless scream, falling down and pressing her cheek against Rhaenys’ thigh as her vision went white. Daemon let go with a grunt, painting her inner walls white with his seed, and she swore she could feel the warmth of it splashing against her womb.

“*Please take,*” she thought to herself as she continued to convulse on her belly.

“Just a little more, please,” Daenerys begged, and Margaery shook her head, panting for breath.

“I just need...a moment to catch my breath,” she replied, her entire body slick with sweat as she felt muscles she didn’t think she’d ever used before.

“It takes some getting used to,” Arianne said smugly, still fucking Sansa hard as she squirmed and cried out under her, and Margaery narrowed her eyes.

“I’m sure you’ll...oh fuck, right there...get better at it,” the redhead cried, clawing at the bedding above her head and feeling her eyes roll back as Arianne hit something inside her that felt incredibly good.

The Dornish princess grinned down at her new lover and leaned in to capture one of her pebbled nipples with her lips.

“You know, this fake cock is so wet right now, I could probably fit in your ass without too much issue,” Arianne grinned, and Sansa shuddered.

“Alright, but let’s roll over,” she replied, hooking her legs around the older woman and rolling her onto her back. As she shifted up, letting the fake cock slip from her cunt, she said, “This is best done with the woman on top, at least the first time you’re with someone.”

“You don’t need to teach me about getting fucked in the ass, darling,” Arianne grinned, giggling as Sansa blushed. “Go on.”

Sansa lined up the wooden cock with her arsehole, relaxed her inner muscles with practiced ease, and pushed down, gasping and moaning as she felt it stretch out the tight ring.

“Need help?” Daemon asked, turning from Myrcella, who Rhaenys pulled up to cuddle with her, to Margaery and Daenerys.

“I’m so close to cumming, and she’s too tired to finish me off,” his aunt replied, and Margaery scowled, annoyed with herself.

“I imagine you’re rather close too,” Daemon murmured, seeing how slick the brunette’s thighs were.

“The harness kept brushing against my clit as I fucked her,” Margaery explained. “I swear if I’d been able to keep it up, we might both have cum.”

“As Arianne said, that takes some practice,” Daemon grinned, undoing the straps of the harness and tossing it aside as Sansa screamed in pleasure, having taken Arianne’s entire fake cock.

“Such a little anal whore you are,” the princess purred, kneading his cousin’s heavy mounds. “My cousins and I are going to have so much fun with you, darling.”

“Oh gods!” Sansa moaned as she started bouncing up and down on her.

“Lie in each other’s arms,” Daemon instructed, “and I’ll fuck you both.”

“That sounds like fun,” Margaery purred, lying down and pulling Daenerys on top of her. “Sorry about that.”

“

“Don’t be,” Daenerys grinned, brushing her hair out of her face and kissing her softly. “We have all night, after all.”

“

Margaery kissed her, wrapping her arms around her back, and she cocked an eyebrow when she felt the princess’ breath hitch, only to grin when she realized that Daemon had already buried himself inside her. It was a decidedly odd feeling, holding a woman in her arms while another man fucked her, but she couldn’t say that she didn’t enjoy it.

“Oh gods, just like that!” Daenerys cried. “I’m so fucking close.”

“I can feel it,” Daemon grinned, leaning in and kissing her pulse point. “You’re already fluttering around me, sweet Aunt.”

He fucked her hard and fast, knowing exactly what she needed, and looked at Margaery, who shivered at the sheer intensity in his eyes. She'd never imagined finding herself in a position like this before she met the royal couple, but the girl she'd been then had no understanding of the sort of pleasures she could experience in life. She'd thought that she did, but a single night with Daemon and Rhaenys had been enough to show her how wrong she was.

"Margaery...bite my nipples, please," Daenerys begged, shifting upward so her breasts were in the brunette's face, and she grinned.

"As my princess commands," Margaery purred, taking one of the blonde's hard pink peaks between her lips and grazing it with her teeth.

Daenerys screamed, the pleasure rocking her body as the coil of tension in her core grew more and more intense, verging on pain, yet she wouldn't have dreamed of asking either of them to stop. Daemon shifted the angle of his thrusts slightly and brushed against a spot inside her that made eyes roll back.

"More, more, more, FUCK!" she shrieked, writhing in pleasure.

Sansa had cum while they were focused on each other and was lying in Arianne's arms, panting for breathing, and grinning widely as she came down from her high.

"Do you want to switch?" the redhead asked, and she shook her head.

"No, I want to see you cum again for me," the princess replied, grinning devilishly as a wicked idea occurred to her. "In fact, I want you to ride me again, but turn around."

"So I'm facing away from you?" Sansa asked, furrowing her brow in confusion.

"Trust me, my dear," Arianne grinned. "I think you'll enjoy what I have in mind quite a bit."

"Is it always like this?" Myrcella asked, her head between Rhaenys' breasts.

"It didn't used to be, but I expect that orgies like this are going to be the norm for us going forward," she replied honestly, and the queen sighed happily.

"Good," Myrcella smiled, kissing her softly.

Rhaenys deepened the kiss quickly, reaching down to cup the blonde's wonderfully round ass, and moved her left leg between both of hers so she could grind against it. Myrcella took the hint immediately and moaned into her mouth, eager for yet another round of pleasure.

"That was...fucking amazing," Daenerys panted, whimpering as Daemon pulled his length from her quim.

He pushed it inside Margaery then, making her gasp and mewl in pleasure, and Daenerys grinned down at her, cupping her breasts.

"I must say I love your tits, Margaery," she murmured, and the brunette snorted.

"Really?" she asked. "They're the smallest here."

“And the perkier, and you have the cutest nipples,” Daenerys purred, lathing one of the pebbled pink nubs with her tongue and blowing on it, making her gasp. “I imagine your back is less sore than some of ours are.”

“You have a point there,” Margaery murmured. “I...oh, fuck, right there, Daemon.”

Daemon grinned, picking up his pace as he realized that she needed no more time to adjust to him than Daenerys had, and reached down to palm one of her breasts.

“They are beautiful, Margaery,” he smiled, “but then, how could they not be?”

He kissed her, and she sighed happily, moaning as Daenerys started to pepper her neck with kisses. The feeling of having him inside her, filling her up completely while he and another woman worked together to drive her wild, was no less intoxicating here than it had been back in Highgarden. She'd become so aroused while she was fucking Daenerys that her fluids had begun running down her thighs, and watching Daemon fuck the beautiful princess in her arms had only added to that. His every long, hard thrust was making her see stars, his massive cock seeming to brush against every sensitive spot inside her at the same time, and he was drawing sharp, staccato cries from her lips every time he bottomed out inside her.

“Don't stop, don't stop, don't fucking stop!” she shrieked. “I...I...GODS”!

“Fuck,” Daemon grunted, feeling her spasm around his shaft as she came, and Daenerys giggled, looking up at him.

“Is it becoming too much for you?” she cooed. “If you need a break, I could take good care of you.”

“Entailing what, exactly?” Daemon asked, cocking an eyebrow at her.

“Well, do you remember that last night in Storm's End where Rhaenys and I tied you up and we spent the better part of an hour sucking your cock as slowly as we could, trying not to make you cum?” she asked, grinning impishly.

“I remember that neither of you sat very comfortably the next morning because of what I did when I got free,” Daemon rumbled, and she bit her lower lip, feeling her insides clench at the memory of how roughly he'd fucked her that night.

“I think we made this little one that night,” Daenerys sighed, pressing her hands to her still-flat belly.

“As tempting as that is, I'd rather you take care of Margaery,” Daemon replied, pulling his throbbing shaft from the brunette's depths and looking to Arianne and Sansa, who was bouncing up and down on the princess with her back to her.

“This is alright, I suppose, but I don't see why specifically you wanted me to do it,” the redhead said.

“That reason is approaching us now,” Arianne grinned, sitting up and cupped Sansa's breasts from behind. “Daemon, would you care to help me test out just how much cock your darling cousin can take?”

“Wait, you don't mean...I'd be torn in two!” Sansa exclaimed.

“Oh, it would be very intense, but it wouldn’t harm you,” Daemon grinned, eyeing her dripping cunt. “You’re far too wet for that.”

“I...I could actually take both?” Sansa breathed, and Arianne giggled.

“Come, Daemon,” she purred, “stretch out little Sansa’s cunt while I keep her ass stuffed full. I want to see her how loudly she screams with us both inside her.”

“You are a terrible influence on innocent girls,” Daemon said, almost managing to keep a straight face, and Arianne cackled.

“Feel free to punish me for that later,” she purred.

“So, Sansa, do you want to try it?” Daemon asked, and he grinned as the redhead’s eyes darkened with lust.

“Do it,” Sansa breathed, spreading her legs further and reaching down to palm her dripping slit. “Fuck me, Daemon.”

He grinned and reached down, pushing through her forest of red curls to feel the slick pink nether lips beneath. She was so hot and wet that he knew this was possible, though it was going to be an incredibly tight fit. He and Arianne worked together to move her into position, and then, fisting his cock, he began brushing it through her folds. Sansa squirmed and moaned, her inner muscles clenching around the fake cock in her ass, and by the time Daemon finally lined himself up, her heart was racing in her chest. She nodded, giving him one final confirmation, and he pushed forward, sinking a few inches of his cock inside the depths in one thrust.

“Fuck!” Sansa cried, desperately grasping at his broad shoulders as the sheer intensity of the stretch overwhelmed her.

“Holy shit,” Margaery breathed.

“I didn’t know she had it in her,” Daenerys said.

“Well, she doesn’t quite yet,” Rhaenys quipped, making her giggle.

“That’s...possible?” Myrcella asked breathlessly, her mind racing. “Sansa, how does it feel?”

“So...good,” Sansa panted, her entire body covered in sweat already. “Oh gods, I feel so full.”

“And you’ve barely taken half of it,” Daemon grinned.

He fucked her with short, slow strokes, stretching her out little by little as he buried more and more of his cock inside her, and all she could do was moan and squirm. Trapped between him and Arianne, who was remaining quite still, much to her relief, she just stayed in place and let him fill her up. It felt so intense, even more so than it had when he took her maidenhead weeks ago, and she couldn’t believe that it didn’t hurt more than it did. There was some soreness, the sort of burning that she’d come to associate with being stretched further than she had been before, but it felt so good too.

"I can actually feel that thing through her," Daemon groaned as he pushed the last couple inches of his cock inside her, and Arianne grinned.

"Of course you can," she purred. "The flesh that divides our holes is thin, and right now little Sansa is stretched out so much."

"Not so little now," Rhaenys grinned.

"Gods, I'm so full," the redhead moaned. "Fuck me, both of you; I want to feel...yes!"

That was all either Daemon or Arianne needed, and the two of them both started moving slowly, trying to find a rhythm together. It took them a couple minutes, during which Sansa gasped, whimpered, and moaned mindlessly, but eventually they worked it out. As Daemon thrust forward, Arianne pulled back, and vice versa, ensuring that the redhead was perpetually stuffed full of cock, and neither one of them was surprised when, only a few minutes later, she was already quivering and screaming like she was right on the edge of ecstasy.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes!" Sansa shrieked. "I'm close, I'm so...so...AHHHH!"

She shrieked in pleasure, cumming so hard she squirted as she began to convulse and writhe in their arms.

"Shit," Arianne gasped, trying to hold Sansa steady as she lost control of herself.

"Pull out of her," Daemon grunted, and she nodded, working to ease the fake cock from Sansa's ass.

The moment she managed it, the prince pulled his cousin into his arms, holding her to him and letting Arianne roll away so she could undo the straps of her harness.

"That...that was..." Sansa babbled, tears streaming down her face from how intensely she'd just cum.

"It's alright, Sansa," Daemon said softly. "You're alright."

"We can take care of her if you want to fuck Arianne or Rhaenys," Myrcella offered, and Daemon smiled, lifting Sansa off of his cock and gently settling her down next to him, where the blonde, along with Daenerys and Margaery, pulled her in close so they could cuddle with her as she came down from her titanic climax.

"You've only finished once tonight, right?" Rhaenys asked as he settled down on his back next to her.

"Aye, and I'm close again," Daemon replied, making her grin.

"My blood is a week late, and I might already be carrying your babe, but in case I'm not, we can try again here," Rhaenys purred, and he smiled, well aware of that possibility already. "Ari, while I take his cock, why don't you ride his face?"

"If he doesn't object," Arianne grinned, and Daemon snorted.

"Woman, if I ever refuse to eat your cunt, know that I'm gravely ill," he rumbled.

Arianne shivered at the sheer desire in his eyes and quickly moved into position as Rhaenys straddled his waist. Watching her cousin sink down onto his cock, she hooked a knee over his head and hovered her cunt right above his mouth. She was soaking wet, and as he saw a drop of her tangy fluids threatening to drop from her dark curls, he opened his mouth and caught it on his tongue before pulling her down to drink from the source.

"I'm so glad...those two decided to tour the realm," Sansa panted, having recovered somewhat from her orgasm.

"So am I," Margaery sighed.

"Definitely," Myrcella grinned.

"I was happy when it was just the three of us, but I am ever so pleased that they brought you all in too," Daenerys smiled, watching as Rhaenys and Arianne rode Daemon together.

"You're a fucking god at that!" Arianne cried, the pleasure of his tongue dancing through her folds already driving her wild.

"He...gods, you feel so good, Valonqar...always was," Rhaenys moaned.

Daemon smiled, enjoying the very familiar pleasure of having two women ride him at once, and hoped that it was a joy he'd get to know for a very long time to come.

The reign of Aegon VI ended up being a long one, lasting nearly forty years, during which Westeros knew a time of peace and prosperity unheard of since the halcyon days of Jaehaerys I. Helped in large part by his brother, Prince Daemon, who served as hand for the entirety of his reign, the king whose earliest days were marked by turmoil and chaos became renowned for his gallant and pious nature. Never one to let his eye wander to any woman but his dear wife, Queen Myrcella, he brooked no scandal, as his father, King Rhaegar, had in the years before his own reign began, and indeed, seemed to live for duty.

There were rumors, of course, that his brother was less honorable, but they were never proven, and while mad fools in the streets liked to suggest that half the children born in the Red Keep were fathered by him, their words were largely dismissed by people who, enjoying the lack of wars and the relatively secure food supply maintained during Good King Aegon's reign, honestly didn't care one way or another.

When the king passed at the age of fifty-five, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Jaehaerys, who happily kept his uncle on as hand, benefiting from his wisdom and experience and working with him as closely and as well as he his father had.