

“I love you, son,” Ned said as he hung up, the last words he’d ever say to Jon.

“Gah,” Jon gasped, sitting up as he woke.

“Bad dream?” Rhaenyra asked.

“Not on the face of it,” Jon replied. “I was remembering the last time I spoke to my father. It never would have occurred to me in a million years that it would be.”

“We never know when the last time we’ll get to speak to a loved one will be,” Rhaenyra sighed. “I remember the last time I ever spoke to my father...”

“Please don’t take this the wrong way, but does that mean we all have incredible memories?” Jon asked, and she giggled.

“In the coming months, you will gain perfect recall of everything you’ve experienced,” Rhaenyra replied. “This will be both a blessing and a curse; trust me there.”

“I can imagine,” Jon murmured, looking over at Shiera and Daenerys, who were cuddling together as they slept. “They look so peaceful like that; you’d never know how they bicker when they’re awake.”

“They care for each other, I assure you,” Rhaenyra smiled. “Shiera was an only child and never got to experience what it’s like to have younger siblings, so Daenerys’ immaturity has bothered her in a way she wasn’t prepared for.”

“I guess she doesn’t have anyone left then, huh?” Jon asked. “Other than you two, of course.”

“She has a cousin who is still alive, though he’s a decrepit ruin of a man whom I suspect she’ll offer the kindness of oblivion to should they meet again,” Rhaenyra replied. “You have only the one sibling, right?”

“A half-sister, yes,” Jon replied, his mood darkening, and Rhaenyra brushed her fingers against his hand.

“I know a little something about having half-siblings you find quarrelsome,” she whispered. “In my experience, those quarrels are never worth it.”

“She’s her mother in miniature, and my stepmother has never been the warmest or most welcoming creature in the world,” Jon muttered, and she chuckled humorlessly.

“I know a thing or two about having difficult stepmothers too,” Rhaenyra sighed, going still as the truck they were in began to slow. “Shiera, Daenerys, we’re here.”

“Mmm, I never sleep better than when I’m in your arms, Shiera,” Daenerys sighed, stretching her arms over her head as she rolled onto her back. “How long were we out?”

“A few hours,” Rhaenyra replied.

“Did you get any sleep, Jon?” Sheira asked.

“A little,” Jon murmured. “So now that we’re here...where is here exactly?”

“My castle in the Mountains of the Moon,” Rhaenyra replied.

“Wait, when you said in the mountains of the Vale, I thought you meant in a small valley they surrounded,” Jon murmured. “Are you saying this place is actually built on top of a mountain?”

“You’ll see,” Rhaenyra replied. “My mother grew up in a castle called the Eyrie...”

“The Eyrie, I remember reading about that place,” Jon murmured. “It was destroyed by an earthquake, right?”

“It was,” Rhaenyra sighed, looking down. “I saw it but once when I was a girl, centuries before that happened; it was lovely.”

“Rhaenyra, when she was seeking a sanctuary from our enemies, found a spot in the mountains that a sizable hidden retreat could be built into and decided that it was perfect,” Shiera replied. “Our thralls were still putting the finishing touches on it when I was turned.”

“The project went on for so damn long,” Rhaenyra muttered, pulling out her phone and smiling. “Ah, the sun set while we were driving. Everyone out.”

She threw open the door to the cargo truck they’d been transported in, and Jon got out first, stopping so suddenly that Daenerys bumped into him.

“Oh, wow,” he breathed as he looked up at the castle before them.

Built of dark stone, it was a tall, jutting thing, its central tower standing like another jagged peak of the mountains around it. The rest of the castle was much shorter, covering a surprisingly vast stretch of land he wouldn’t have expected to be flat enough to build such a thing on. Its heavy round walls looked ancient, like a relic of a time before modern weaponry, but as the heavy wrought iron gate in the center of it opened seemingly of its own accord, being remotely controlled, he realized that the castle was modernized.

“Where in the Vale are we?” he asked as Rhaenyra led him inside.

“A ways southwest of the Bloody Gate,” the ancient vampire replied. “The sole road leading here is one I had carved and paved myself; it is just barely wide enough for vehicles to move past and lined with cameras that my thralls monitor regularly. We are well hidden from view, and while the property is known of to the government and officially mine, it is obscured enough that no one has ever found it whom I didn’t wish to.”

“The Vale of Arryn is to the east of here,” Daenerys added. “Our food supply gets brought to us in bag form, but for when we wish to hunt, there are villages around here full of people we can feed on.”

“Our thralls can also work in a pinch,” Shiera murmured, “though you have to be even more careful with them than with normal humans.”

“I will learn how to feed without killing, right?” Jon asked, remembering how he’d slain that wounded man back in King’s Landing. He had been there to harm the others, and he was choosing to believe that that was why he’d had so muted a reaction to killing him. Part of what made that so

easy to buy was he still knew deep down that he didn't want to kill innocent people and felt no odd desires he'd not known before.

"Of course," Rhaenyra replied. "We'd have gone extinct long ago if we killed every time we fed, either by making our food supply dwindle dangerously or by getting killed by them. Your first time tasting blood is always an overwhelming experience, and yours was more difficult than most."

"Who were..." Jon went to ask when the front door was opened, revealing a middle-aged man in a suit. He was of average height, with thinning grey hair and a gentle demeanor, which grew even softer as he looked at Rhaenyra and smiled.

"Princess," he said, bowing his head.

"Gerardys," Rhaenyra smiled. "My family has grown."

"I can see that," Gerardys nodded, eyeing Jon curiously. "A man at last."

"Took me long enough," Rhaenyra muttered. "Cole's men attacked again."

"As you suspected," Gerardys sighed. "I took the liberty of testing our entire security system while you were away, and we can go over the results if you'd like."

"Yes, that would be a good idea," Rhaenyra nodded. "Sheira, show Jon around. We have a number of extra bedrooms free, so pick whichever one you like."

"Thank you," Jon replied, watching her go. Once she was out of sight, he turned to Shiera and asked, "Did he call her princess?"

"Only he gets to call her that," Daenerys replied. "The rest of them all call her mistress, and we get to call her Rhaenyra or Nyra, as she likes."

"Come, we can get started on your tour," Shiera smiled up at him. "The thralls will bring your things to whichever room you pick."

"I'm really not all that picky," Jon murmured, following her.

Daenerys slipped away almost immediately and he elected not to ask where the oversexed blonde went off to, still not being entirely comfortable around her.

"So this place is nearly a century old?" Jon asked.

"It's over a century old," Shiera corrected him. "Nyra had a previous home, a manor, up north, but it burned before we met. When she was looking for another place to build, deciding that it was time for a change, she thought of her mother's old home and looked here. It took a long time largely because getting supplies up here was rather difficult."

"I see," Jon murmured, following her along.

"The bedrooms are all in the tower, with Rhaenyra's quarters being the entire top floor," Shiera said after a moment. "We'll save that for last and start here in the main sitting room. The thralls will bring you anything you like no matter where you are, but Rhaenyra prefers that we spend at least a little time each day in here so we aren't just hiding out on our own. Vampirism comes with many

perks, but it has its downsides too, and one of them is a tendency to seek solitude. She spent centuries alone, save for her old thralls, and as you'll learn, they're so absolutely obedient that they honestly don't make for great companions."

"You make them sound like slaves," Jon whispered, eyeing a pair of thralls dusting the lamps inside the sitting room.

"They have wills of their own, but they cannot disobey our commands," Shiera replied quietly. "It's the price of immortality, and while some of the vampire clans treat theirs much worse, we're good to ours. As I was saying, Rhaenyra likes us to spend at least a little time around each other each night to ensure that we don't give into the temptation to pull away from the world."

"What are the other clans?" Jon asked. "I know the Boltons are one."

"The worst of us," Shiera scowled. "There were six originally, though only four remain now. The Targaryens, the Boltons, the Tarths, and the Estermonts are the four remaining ones."

"How did the other clans die off?" Jon asked.

"The Velaryons and the Celtigars were hunted to extinction," Shiera replied. "We cannot have children and only a select few..."

"Wait, we...gods, I didn't even think of that," Jon muttered, and she winced as she looked up at him.

"I'm sorry," Shiera sighed, and he shook his head.

"I need to get it through my thick skull that I did actually die," Jon muttered, walking on without her. "I'm shambling along still, but I am a bloody corpse."

"You're more than that," Shiera said firmly, taking his hand and holding her ground when he whipped around to glare at her.

"Why me?" he demanded. "Why did this have to happen to me?"

"Because you happened to find yourself at the wrong place at the wrong time," Shiera sighed. "I'll forever be grateful to you for saving me, but I wouldn't be at all surprised or insulted if you regretted it."

"I should," Jon sighed, leaning against the wall. "I swear if I ever get my hands on Ramsay..."

"If that time comes, I'll help you, I swear," Shiera scowled, leaning next to him.

"How do you all still exist?" Jon asked. "I've read a few vampire stories over the years but never anything that suggested you could only turn those you were related to."

"It's a rather glaring weakness, isn't it?" Shiera sighed. "It's actually even worse than that. We can only turn, among those who share our blood, the specific few whose blood doesn't revolt us."

"Huh?" Jon asked.

“Even Rhaenyra doesn’t know how it works,” Shiera replied. “I’ve come across other Targaryens before, and their blood has always smelled tainted, like rotting meat. Only those Targaryens whose blood smells and tastes pure to our senses can be turned by us.”

“And if you try to turn anyone else, you make thralls rather than full-fledged vampires,” Jon nodded. “I think I’m starting to get this. Who’s Cole?”

Shiera winced at that, and he sighed.

“If this guy’s an enemy of yours, one powerful enough to be feared, I deserve to know who and what he is,” Jon argued.

“You’re right, and it’s not like Rhaenyra enjoys telling the tale anyway,” Shiera replied. “Let’s continue the tour, and I’ll explain what I can.”

He followed her through the castle, letting her introduce him to the various rooms, of which the sparring room and great hall were his favorites until they reached the library.

“Wow, this place is…” he went to say.

“Huge?” Shiera asked. “When the northern manor burned, Rhaenyra managed to save her rather extensive book collection and moved it here. It’s only grown since then.”

“It looks like one of the ones at my old university,” Jon murmured, picking up a rather old-looking book at random and flipping it open to find that it was written in Valyrian.

“Most of the volumes are in Valyrian,” Shiera murmured as she saw him furrow his brow. “We’ll be sure to teach you the language.”

“It’s not like I’m not going to have the free time for it,” Jon sighed, putting it back and watching as Shiera pulled out a much larger, even older-looking leather-bound tome.

She set it down on the nearest table and opened it up to reveal one of the apparently numerous pictures included in it. It was a dark-haired man who looked to be in his early thirties, with a square jaw, thin lips, and furious green eyes.

“This is Cole,” Shiera explained. “This book is Rhaenyra’s personal text on the vampire clans, in which she’d inscribed entries on every vampire to ever live.”

“Is Cole a Targaryen?” Jon asked, and she shook her head. “A Bolton?”

“He doesn’t belong to any of the clans,” Shiera replied, “and yet he’s not a thrall either.”

“How is that possible?” Jon asked, confused.

“Because I made a mistake, as I said,” Rhaenyra replied as she walked in.

“Rhaenyra,” Sheira breathed. “I was just…”

“Explaining something quite important to the newest addition to our clan, I know,” Rhaenyra replied. “Criston Cole is a monster, Jon, a creature older than I am, who has made it his mission in life to hunt down our kind.”

“Did you turn him?” Jon asked, and she nodded, closing her eyes.

“I tried to,” Rhaenyra replied. “We were...close when I was mortal, and when I became what I am, I tried to make him mine. We didn’t know how it worked then, that he’d become a thrall rather than a true vampire, but he had been my knight since I was a girl; I had taken him as my lover, and I wanted to keep him. Things went...poorly, though; he grew instantly resentful at the sort of power that I had gained over him, and while his faith hadn’t stopped him from fucking his charge, it did conveniently let him think me a monster when I tried to gift him immortality. He took measures then that made him cease to be my thrall, and so he became...more. If you ever see him, run, for he is far stronger than you and will remain so.”

Jon swallowed thickly, the pain in her voice clear as day, and he wondered just how bad things got between them for her to still be so pained by the memory all these centuries later. Whatever it was, he doubted that pushing further would be a good idea just then, given that they just met, but there was one question he couldn’t help but ask.

“He doesn’t know we’re here, though, right?” he asked.

“No,” Rhaenyra replied. “The last time we fought, I failed to kill him, but I did wound him badly enough that he didn’t come after me again for decades. If his men managed to get word to him that they captured Shiera here, that might draw him closer, but it’s entirely possible that they held off on doing so until they’d gotten actual information out of her.”

“It seemed like that was the plan,” Shiera nodded. “We are well protected here, Jon, and even if he did come for us and we were forced to flee, we have measures in place to make that easier.”

“I also have a backup retreat in the Bone Mountains in Essos,” Rhaenyra added. “For now, your focus should be on settling in so we can begin showing you what it truly means to be a vampire.”

“I’ll show him to the tower,” Shiera nodded as Rhaenyra closed the book she’d taken out. “Come, and let’s get you settled in.”

Jon nodded and followed her out, wondering just what the bedrooms in this place looked like. Before his father had died, he’d lived comfortably, but while his family had been well off, they hadn’t been rich. The castle was unlike anything he’d ever known, every inch of it screaming wealth and luxury, and after spending years living in a shitty apartment, it was like stepping into another world.

“You were wise not to ask her anything further about Cole,” Shiera murmured as they reached the central staircase.

“We just met; I’m not going to insist you all tell me your deepest darkest secrets,” Jon murmured, “and I could tell that whatever happened, it hurt her.”

“It did,” Shiera replied. “I can say that much. The fourth floor here is probably your best bet. Daenerys and my chambers are upstairs, and trust me when I say she will totally be enough of a brat to loudly...enjoy herself if you pick the room next to hers.”

Jon shook his head at that and followed Shiera into the first room she decided to show off, saying, “I’m guessing subtlety has never been her for...”

“Rather nice, huh?” Shiera asked.

It was beautiful, large and spacious, with a sizable bed, a proper fireplace, and a gorgeous view of the mountains across from them. He stepped inside, opening one of the doors, and chuckled when he saw the massive closet inside.

“The walk-in closet is nearly half the size of my old bedroom,” he laughed.

“The bathroom’s here,” Shiera replied. “Yes, you will still need one.”

Jon smiled at that and tested out the bed, sighing as he sank into the comfortable mattress.

“I think I get what you meant about me being better off leaving my old bed behind,” he murmured, and she smiled, sitting next to him.

“It wasn’t worth taking at all,” Shiera murmured. “Shall I have the thralls bring your things here? The other bedrooms are identical.”

“The whole castle is,” Jon murmured, eyeing the dark hardwood floors. “She’s got a real thing for darker décor, huh?”

“She has for as long as I’ve known her,” Shiera chuckled. “The great hall I showed you, I wasn’t kidding when I said that the floor is black marble lined with gold.”

“Was she an actual princess in her old life?” Jon asked.

“Her family was quite powerful, but they weren’t actual royalty,” Shiera replied. “According to Gerardys, from the time she was a young girl, though, she had the bearing and imperiousness of a princess, and so several of the servants called her, some fondly and some not.”

“Where did Daenerys sneak off to?” Jon asked. “I half expected her to follow us and flirt with me through the whole tour.”

“She’s in the greenhouses,” Shiera replied. “From the moment we brought her here, she’d been fond of them, especially the pair of lemon trees we have.”

“Just how big is this greenhouse?” Jon asked, and she chuckled.

“Huge,” Shiera replied. “I’d have shown it to you, but I knew she’d be there, and I didn’t want her making you uncomfortable again.”

“I’ll get used to her eventually,” Jon sighed. “So which floor do the servants stay in?”

“They all stay in the basement chambers,” Sheira replied, earning a look of surprise from him.

“Rhaenyra is rather old-school in some respects, and the servant’s chambers being well removed from the noble suites is something she’d never even consider budging on.”

“I guess she is centuries old,” Jon chuckled. “I don’t, by the way...”

“Huh?” Shiera asked.

“I don’t regret saving you,” Jon said softly. “Despite everything that it cost me, everything that’s happened, it was the right thing to do.”

“You’re a good man,” Shiera whispered, reaching out and grasping his shoulder. As she traced her thumb over his neck, he shivered, and she murmured, “I wish we had met under better circumstances, but I am glad we did. You’ve been alone a while, haven’t you?”

“It seems like I’ve been alone since my father died,” Jon sighed. “I had a girlfriend who I was seeing then, and we stayed together for a few years afterward, but the relationship was...difficult and only became more so.”

“You’ll never be alone with us,” Shiera murmured, and he smiled, staring into her eyes.

“*She’s so fucking beautiful,*” Jon thought to himself. “You have the most stunning eyes.”

“Really?” Shiera smiled. “I’ve always preferred purple, to be honest.”

Eyeing her necklace, a silver chain studded with sapphire and emeralds, he reached out and hooked a finger under it, asking, “Was this a gift?”

“From my father, yes,” Shiera replied, lazily tracing a finger over it. “It’s my oldest possession.”

“Oh, I thought...” Jon went to say, and she laughed.

“That it was from a lover?” Shiera asked. “You’re not the first to guess that. He wasn’t the most attentive man in the world, and he was the sort to make up for the fact that he’d barely paid any attention to you in a while with an overly expensive gift or three. Needless to say, I became quite spoiled as a girl.”

“And you said Rhaenyra was the princess,” Jon teased, making her giggle.

“She and I had a lot in common in that regard,” she replied.

“Not Daenerys?” Jon asked, and her smile dimmed immediately.

“No, Daenerys didn’t enjoy the sort of upbringing we did,” Shiera replied. “Anyway, we should probably head back down before Rhaenyra sends someone after us.”

“What exactly will learning what it means to be a vampire entail?” Jon asked as she stood up, wondering what he’d said.

“You’ll see,” Shiera grinned, gesturing for him to follow.

She was wearing a black sundress, something he thought genuinely funny for a vampire at first, though as he watched her magnificent ass sway in it with her every step, humor was the last thing he thought of just then. He was on his feet in an instant, following after her, completely unaware of the little smirk on her beautiful, full lips.

They returned to the sparring room, a large, rectangular room completely bereft of furniture or decoration. When he first saw it, all he noticed was the black padded floors and paneled walls, though as he reentered it, Daenerys was putting away what looked like a medieval flail, and he realized that the lower half of at least the walls on either side of him were all well-hidden shelves.

“How did you find the tower?” Rhaenyra asked.

“This place is beautiful,” Jon replied. “I’ve never known its like.”

“I grew up in a place nearly this luxurious,” Rhaenyra smiled. “The world around me has changed in more ways than I could list in the centuries since, yet my tastes have remained largely the same.”

“Shiera managed to convince her to give electricity a chance, thank the gods,” Daenerys teased, and Rhaenyra gave her a flat look.

“It did take a little convincing, you’ll recall,” Shiera chuckled.

“I had only known it as an odd novelty up to that point,” Rhaenyra huffed. “I hadn’t even taken on a new thrall in over a century and had largely avoided large cities for quite some time, so I had no idea just how many useful things they’d found a way to do with it.”

“She must have actively resisted electricity for decades,” Jon thought to himself, utterly amused. “To think, I thought it bizarre when she called me boy, but to her, everyone must seem like children to one extent or another.”

“So what exactly did you have in mind for my training?” Jon asked.

“In the coming months, we’re going to teach you how to feed safely, hunt mortals, charm them, and fight as needed,” Rhaenyra replied. “We’re creatures of the night and predators, but for reasons that are as much practical as anything else, we’re not senseless butchers, and you will need to learn how to feed without causing significant damage.”

“That actually raises a good point,” Jon murmured. “Even if I manage to feed without killing someone, they’re still going to have teeth marks in them. Do I just charm them to wear scarves until they heal?”

“Our blood has healing properties,” Rhaenyra replied, flashing her teeth and stabbing her right index finger on one of them. “Rub this into the tooth holes, and you’ll heal them without putting enough of your blood into their systems to cause any...complications. You don’t want to feed someone your blood outright, unless they’ve suffered a mortal injury and you’re trying to stop them from bleeding out.”

“Our saliva also slows blood flow, so even though you’ll be biting arteries, just licking the wounds will stop them from dying,” Shiera added. “Rubbing a little blood in is just a great way to cover your tracks.”

“First, though, you need to learn how to control yourself while feeding,” Rhaenyra replied, “and that will take practice.”

“I suppose I’ll be practicing on a thrall,” Jon murmured, furrowing her brow when she shook her head.

“No,” Rhaenyra replied. “The thralls are immortal as long as they get regular tastes of our blood, and they gain lesser versions of some of our powers, but they are still greatly weaker than you are now, and when it comes to learning how to control yourself, you preferably want to practice on something stronger than you. The other way takes longer and is far messier; trust me there.”

“I...see,” Jon replied, looking around the room, “so who am I practicing on?”

“I’ll...” Shiera went to say.

“Dany,” Rhaenyra replied, gesturing for Shiera to join her as she stepped back.

“*What are you doing?*” Shiera mouthed to her sire, who merely smiled, and signaled for Daenerys to take her place.

Jon stilled as the impish blonde approached him. She’d changed into a simple pair of tight jeans and a dark red camisole that was clearly at least a size too small for her. Her large breasts strained against the fabric, and as she drew closer, her nipples began to poke through it, making it even clearer than it had already been that she wasn’t wearing a bra. He felt his cock surge in his pants as she stared into his eyes, and when she reached out and nipped her neck with her fingernail, his teeth grew, and he saw red.

“Shh,” she soothed, grabbing him by the neck when he tried to draw closer. “Breathe, Jon, breathe me in, my blood, my scent, the lavender in my hair, and the vanilla of my perfume. Breathe it all in and hold still.”

“Fucking hells,” Jon groaned, clenching his eyes shut as the urge to take her in every way he possibly could flooded him. Blood, it turned out, could turn him on as well, unless she was simply so stupid hot that the unique combination of her looking like she was and bleeding was what did it for her.

“Good,” Daenerys breathed, “just like that.”

“You helped me train her and now she’ll help me train him,” Rhaenyra whispered to Shiera. “I might not be around forever, and I need to know that all my childer know how to take care of fledglings.”

Shiera knew that that was true, but she’d also been looking forward to being in Daenerys’ place and was more than a little put out at having been benched in her stead.

“Keep breathing,” Daenerys murmured. “You’re doing better than I did the first time.”

“Did you bite Shiera?” Jon asked, trying desperately not to do just that to the young-looking blonde.

“I tried to tear her throat out,” Daenerys replied. “Impulse control hadn’t been my forte in life, and as a vampire, it was even more sorely tested than it had been before.”

“This feels like when I really, really needed a smoke and I was stuck somewhere where I couldn’t,” Jon muttered.

“Oh, so you do have some experience with addiction,” Daenerys murmured. “I thought I was the only one.”

“What in the world were you addicted to?” Jon asked, his surprise at the idea of someone so young having picked up any such habit yet momentarily distracting him from how badly he needed to taste the blood droplet falling so tantalizingly slowly down along her neck. The crimson contrasted so

deeply with the ivory of her skin that he swore it was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen in his life...

"Ecstasy and sex," Daenerys replied, shocking him out of the trance he'd felt himself slipping into as he focused on her blood.

"What?" he asked.

"My brother had big, big plans for his life, not one of which he could afford," Daenerys replied. "Our parents died when we were very young, and he was saddled with me. Why he never gave me up for adoption, I honestly don't know, but all I do know is that I really got in the way of things. He eventually decided that he wanted to sell me off to one of the rich oil magnates of Oiler's Bay."

"What?" Jon asked again.

"It's fucked up, I know, but he thought he could make a fortune off of me and started conditioning me to be the perfect little sex pet," Daenerys cooed, stepping closer. "He'd get me doped up on molly and pay prostitutes to play with me. He never let any boys touch me since he knew I'd be worth more if my hymen were still intact, but other than breaking it, they did everything to me, and I gained such an education. By the time Nyra and Shiera found me, I wanted nothing more than to be the perfect little sex slave. You could bite me, you know? It would be so easy, and then, as you sink your big, hard teeth into my soft neck, you could sink something else into my tight, little..."

Jon growled as he tried to bite her and roared as she grabbed his neck again, slamming him into the nearest wall.

"Dany," Shiera said warningly.

"She's doing alright," Rhaenyra said. "It took more to make his self-control slip than I would have expected."

"That...that was bullshit?" Jon asked as he snapped out of it.

"No, every word of it was true, actually, but I figured it would work as a test of your will," Daenerys replied.

"Fucking hells, I'm so sorry," Jon breathed, and she faltered slightly at the sheer sincerity in his voice.

"The very people he tried to sell me to ended up killing him," Daenerys said softly, her eyes dimming at the memory of her brother's murder. "Rhaenyra and Shiera happened upon the scene and feasted well on those men. I sat there, half-convinced that I'd been given something stronger than usual, and at some point I passed out."

She let him go then, and he forced himself to stand as still as a statue, finding that the sheer horror of her story had actually helped to quell some of his desire. Walking around him, she pressed herself against his back and leaned her head on his shoulder while running her hands over his chest.

"You've been surprisingly good, you know," she whispered. "I could barely restrain myself during my first lesson. I think you've earned a reward."

"Daenerys..." Jon went to say, gasping as she spun him around with ease.

She stared up into his eyes, her fangs fully displayed and her eyes utterly bloodshot.

“Bite me,” Daenerys purred, craning her neck to the side and brushing her long, silver-gold hair aside to reveal her pale neck.

“Is this a test?” Jon asked, swallowing thickly as he swore he could see her carotid artery pulsing in time with her heart.

“Not in the way you’re thinking,” Daenerys replied. “I do want you to bite me, to drink from me, and I want to see how long you can go before I’ll have to pull you off.”

“So feed, but try to control myself,” Jon murmured. “Got it.”

He could feel his heart hammering in his chest as he leaned in, his desire for the disturbing girl in front of him greater than anything he’d felt since he was a teenager. She was so painfully beautiful, like Shiera and Rhaenyra were, and as he leaned in and inhaled, he found her scent intoxicating in a way he’d never known. His blood thundered in his veins and his brain tingled as he began to salivate. A drop of saliva spilled down onto her camisole, and he froze, feeling a wave of embarrassment, but she only giggled.

“I find you pretty mouth-watering too, stud,” Daenerys purred, wrapping her arms around his neck and gently pulling him down. He wrapped his arms around her waist, pressing his cheek to her soft skin, and he gasped when he felt her pulse. “You’re being so good, baby. I can’t wait to see if this self-control of yours extends to...other things.”

“You healed,” Jon murmured, noticing that the little cut she’d given herself was gone.

“I’ll heal from this too,” Daenerys assured him. “Do it, Jon; I want to feel you inside me.”

“Fucking hells,” Shiera muttered under her breath.

His self-control, hanging on by a thread by that point, snapped, and he sank his fangs into her skin. The sudden rush of hot, metallic liquid on his tongue was a greater pleasure than he’d ever known in his life, and he swallowed that first mouthful greedily. Daenerys gasped and mewled, her grip on him tightening as he began to drink from her.

“Oh, gods, yes,” the blonde moaned. “Don’t stop!”

“Dany,” Rhaenyra said warningly, and she giggled, staring at her sire over his shoulder.

It was just like it had been in the graveyard when he finished off that wounded man. Every sip was ecstasy itself, the thick, warm liquid making his very soul sing with joy. Nothing had ever felt this good in his life; he didn’t know that anything could, and the desire to just drain Daenerys dry, to take every drop and then find another warm body to drain was all-consuming. What was the point of doing anything in life when this was so extraordinary? He could just lose himself in the feed forever, drown in vermilion joy for...

“That’s enough,” Daenerys grinned, pushing him away, and he growled at her, seeing red.

He struggled viciously, trying to get back to her neck, to taste more of her sweet blood, but she held him back with almost insulting ease. She was tiny next to him, yet she had a decade on him, and for vampires, that was a lot.

“Jon!” Shiera cried, jumping to her feet, and Rhaenyra grabbed her hand.

“Your sister has this well in hand,” she assured her, watching as Daenerys kicked his legs out from under him and grappled him to the ground.

She grabbed his arms, pinning them above his head, and grinned down at him, licking her lips.

“My turn,” Daenerys purred, still holding him in place as she bent down and sank her fangs into his neck.

Jon gasped and squirmed, feeling first the pain of her bite and then absolute pleasure. It wasn't on the level of what drinking blood felt like, but it was so much better than he could have ever imagined. She drank deeply, taking back everything that he'd taken from her while grinding herself on his cock, which throbbed painfully in his pants. Being fed on, he quickly realized, wasn't just pleasurable but terribly arousing, and he gasped as Daenerys started grinding more forcefully.

“There,” she sighed happily, licking her lips as she pulled back. “We'll be doing that over and over again until you can pull back without being pushed.”

“What the fuck was that?” Jon asked, feeling his self-control return.

“I don't get it either, but being fed feels nearly as good as feeding,” Daenerys grinned. Leaning in, she whispered, “Just wait until you experience mutual feeding, Jon; that's practically orgasmic.”

“Dany, that's enough,” Rhaenyra chided, and Daenerys sighed, jumping off of him and landing gracefully by the others. “For a first attempt, that wasn't bad, Jon. Mastering your urges will be the first step in your journey as a vampire, and you'll be practicing feeding on all three of us until I feel you're ready to attempt feeding on humans.”

“I'm going to go out on a limb and assume we can't just share blood between ourselves and call it a day,” Jon murmured, and she chuckled.

“No, we can't,” Rhaenyra replied. “Part of our curse, if you wish to call it that, is that the blood in our veins diminishes over time. By feeding, we replenish it and sustain ourselves. In a pinch, a vampire can feed on another vampire, taking just enough to heal themselves without causing too much harm to the other, but if you take too much, you risk desiccating them.”

“Got it,” Jon nodded. “So, could I try again?”

“Absolutely,” Rhaenyra replied. “Shiera, you go next.”

“Ahh,” Daenerys whined, slumping down next to her sire, who wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

“Fucking hells,” Jon muttered later that night as he forced himself by sheer willpower to put down the mug of blood he’d just sipped from. *“I never tried to quit smoking, but I have to assume this is not entirely unlike the experience.”*

The fact that he had no desire at all to smoke was still utterly baffling to him. That urge had been with him for so long that he’d come to see it as a part of him, as natural as his need to breathe, and to have it just shut off like that was jarring and bizarre. He couldn’t say that he missed it, of course, and while he was sure that he’d smoke again now and then, enjoying the feeling of nicotine in his system as he did, not feeling any compulsion to do so was nice. Of course, that urge had been replaced by one more difficult to manage than he’d ever found the desire to smoke.

“This is how you’ll get most of your blood,” Rhaenyra explained about half an hour ago as she pulled one of the many blood bags from the fridge and poured it into a saucepan which she quickly placed over another one with about an inch of boiling water in it.

“We have allies in various hospitals who get us what we need,” Shiera added. “Rhaenyra also owns a charity that takes blood donations.”

“So you take donations and, what, skim some off the top while sending only a portion of it to its stated destination?” Jon asked.

“I own a charity, yes,” Rhaenyra replied dryly, and he snorted, being unable to refute her unspoken point.

“Why heat it up, though?” Jon asked.

“Because it’s just so much worse when cold,” Daenerys replied. “Trust me there.”

“Last question, I swear, why not use a microwave?” Jon asked.

“For reasons I don’t care to learn, it seems to affect the taste,” Rhaenyra replied. “I also despite the sound microwaves make while they’re working, and we don’t own one.”

“Okay,” Jon nodded, recalling that he was speaking to someone who was born centuries before the first microwave was invented. He imagined there were quite a few things about the modern world that annoyed her.

“I only use very gentle heat here,” Rhaenyra murmured, stirring the blood constantly.

“Hence the double-boiler,” Shiera chimed in. “You don’t want to scorch it.”

“You also don’t want to heat it up all that much,” Rhaenyra replied. “I’ve done this enough to know how, it takes to get it to body temperature, which this very nearly is, but you’ll probably want to use one of our candy thermometers the first several times you do it. Here.”

She took it off the heat and filled one of the large mugs sitting next to her on the counter before handing it to him. The scent was intoxicating, and he immediately leaned in for a sip, only to be stopped by her.

“You are to drink no more of this than a sip at a time,” Rhaenyra said firmly. “It will serve as another test of your willpower and allow you to build up your self-control. Take it upstairs, put it down after every sip, and I’ll send Shiera along in a few minutes to check on you.”

If he'd been any younger, he might have grated at the fact that he was being treated like a child, but he was mature enough not to care as he would have when he was one. He was dangerous, terribly so, and until he could be around blood without being at risk of killing someone, he was going to need to be treated as such. It was the price of getting to continue living after Ramsay killed him, and he had no desire to die, so whatever it took, he was just going to have to adjust. Fuck, it was annoying, though.

"How are you doing?" Shiera asked, poking her head in, and he chuckled.

"I honestly expected you back sooner," Jon murmured, checking his watch.

"You have nearly a quarter of the mug left," Shiera smiled, sounding genuinely surprised and impressed.

"It wasn't easy, but I've managed to drink it slowly," Jon replied. "It's getting cold, though."

"Give me a second and I'll fix it," Shiera said, pulling a spoon from her pocket.

"How exactly are you...seven hells!" Jon exclaimed, jumping as he saw her breath fire on the spoon.

"Daenerys was still convinced that she was in the middle of some strange drug-fueled dream, so she barely reacted to that," Shiera chuckled, stirring his blood with the heated spoon. "I was quite disappointed."

"How in the hells did you do that?" Jon asked, and she smiled.

"We call it Dracarys," Shiera replied. "It's the special ability of the Targaryen clan."

"Like Unsettling," Jon breathed, remembering what Ramsay had said about the Boltons' unique power. "Does each clan have their own version of that?"

"They do," Shiera replied, handing him the mug. "You can finish it off."

"Thank the gods," Jon muttered, testing the blood's temperature with his lips and then knocking back the last of it the second he realized that she hadn't overheated it. "How do I do that?"

"Dracarys will be one of the last things that we teach you," Shiera replied. "First and foremost, you need to work on your self-control, which I'm pleased to say is already better than mine or Dany's was."

"I'm older than you two were when you were turned," Jon reasoned, setting his mug down on the side table and sitting down.

"That might be part of it," Shiera nodded.

"The story Daenerys told earlier was that really all true?" Jon asked, and she sighed.

"If I could have killed her brother myself, I would have," Shiera scowled. "The things that bastard put her through...of course, I likely wouldn't have made it quite as painful as his killers managed."

"What did they do to him?" Jon asked.

“Shoved his head in a deep fryer,” Shiera replied, making him wince. “By the time we pulled him out, he looked and smelled like crackling.”

“Fucking hells,” Jon muttered.

“Shockingly, the sort of people who would buy a teenage girl to make a sex slave of aren’t generally that nice,” Shiera said sarcastically, shaking her head. “She gets on my nerves at times, but I totally get why she is the way she is. Nyra and I had so much work to do when we brought her in.”

“I’m guessing her self-control was less than great,” Jon murmured.

“She stopped attending school at fourteen,” Shiera replied, “so on top of trying to teach impulse control to a hypersexual teenager who traded one addiction for another, we had to educate her as well. She’s improved by leaps and bounds in the years since, but the mark that her brother left on her is not insignificant.”

“Rhaenyra has a strange habit of finding people at their worst moments,” Jon said, and she narrowed her eyes at him.

“Not intentionally, if that’s what you’re thinking,” Shiera said defensively and he held up his hands in surrender.

“I wasn’t saying that,” Jon assured her. “It’s just her fate, I guess.”

“Yeah,” Shiera sighed, visibly relaxing, “fate.”

The two of them sat there in silence for a moment, just enjoying the quiet, and Jon took a moment to admire the heavy-duty shutters on his window.

“These things don’t let the slightest bit of light through, do they?” he asked.

“You could grow mushrooms in this entire castle if you wanted to,” Shiera replied with a smile. “A necessary thing, of course.”

“How quickly would the sun kill me?” Jon asked. “Just out of morbid curiosity.”

“It would take about thirty seconds to finish you off,” Shiera replied. “Of all the ways we can die, that is the worst and the slowest. A stake in the heart and decapitation are nearly instant.”

“I’m not looking to die,” Jon assured her. “How in the world did Daenerys’ brother get away with any of what he did?”

“He was in his mid-twenties when he died, so the government clearly thought that he could be trusted with her, and according to Dany, he told the authorities that she was being home-schooled,” Shiera replied. “She wasn’t allowed out, had no friends, and was doped up so often that she couldn’t even bring herself to want to escape. My experiences just before I was made what I am were bad but hers were much worse.”

“It’s a wonder she’s sane at all,” Jon muttered.

“She’s strong,” Shiera replied. “I’m sure learning about her will make her obvious desire for you make you feel even more awkward than it already did, but...just don’t treat her like she’s broken or made of glass; she hates that.”

“I won’t pretend that having her grind on me earlier just after she finished explaining that her brother abused her for years didn’t leave me with very, very mixed feelings, but...I’ll try not to treat her like she’s broken,” Jon nodded. “I’ve been around enough people over the years in the process of recovering from terrible ordeals to know that that can frustrate them terribly. Oh, gods, I just realized...nevermind.”

“Whatever it is, you can ask freely,” Shiera said softly.

“We heal from injuries very quickly,” Jon murmured, not meeting her eye, “even ones that normal humans would not recover from, and the medical student in me can’t help but want to ask...”

“We broke her hymen before Rhaenyra turned her,” Shiera replied before he could finish.

“Can we read minds too?” Jon asked, and she let out a throaty chuckle that made his cock twitch in his pants.

“No, but you were being so adorably awkward that it was hard to guess where your mind had gone,” Shiera replied, staring into his eyes. “Honestly, we don’t have any records of a virgin girl being turned into a vampire, so I don’t know what would happen to her hymen, but it stands to reason that it might heal every time.”

“That would be deeply unpleasant, I imagine,” Jon murmured.

“I’d honestly just stick to anal,” Shiera muttered, making him choke on his own spit. “My first time was less than pleasant, and the idea of experiencing anything like that every time is just...no.”

“How unpleasant are we talking?” Jon asked, concerned, and she smiled at him.

“It was consensual, but we were young, and he was a boor,” Shiera replied, shaking her head. “I learned quickly that handsome but stupid isn’t the best combination in the world.”

“I imagine not,” Jon chuckled.

“Since we’re on the subject, what was your first time like?” Shiera asked softly, leaning in towards him, and he smiled as his cock stirred in his pants.

“Quick, alas,” Jon replied. “I was a little...concerned and elected to go down on her first for fear that I might hurt her otherwise. She turned out to be multi-orgasmic, and I had learned enough by reading online and watching videos to figure out what I was doing pretty quickly. By the time she finally begged me to stop, my jaw was sore, and I was so utterly aroused that I came the second I felt her around me.”

“I doubt she complained too much,” Shiera chuckled.

“She wasn’t unhappy with me, but we had had rather limited time before her dad was set to get back, and I spent so much of it with my head between her legs that we didn’t have time to do anything else,” Jon muttered. “The worst part is that her family was moving away that summer, and we didn’t get another chance to hook up.”

“Was she your first girlfriend?” Shiera asked.

“Yeah, Alys,” Jon sighed. “As far as I know, she’s married now, living further up north than I figure I’d ever be comfortable with, so it worked out in the end, but back then I was mortified.”

“Daenerys and Rhaenyra are together right now,” Shiera murmured, and he cocked an eyebrow at her.

“Together as in…” he went to ask, and she grinned.

“You know what I mean, Jon,” Shiera purred. “I’d normally join them, but the two of them are going to be so lost in their passion that I doubt they’ll noticed, for the next couple hours at least, if I don’t show up.”

She traced a finger down his chest, smiling coyly, and he grinned, grasping her thigh. His life was all manner of fucked up and had taken a turn that he never would have thought possible, and while part of him wanted to blame the beautiful woman in front of him for that, he found that he couldn’t. More to the point, he’d desired her since he laid eyes on her, and if the way her lust-darkened mismatched eyes were boring into him right now was any indication, that desire was very, very mutual.

“And why would you do that?” he asked with an easy smile, making her grin ferally.

“I normally wouldn’t,” Shiera replied softly. “The two of them are extraordinary lovers and I adore joining them, but if I found something, or someone, to amuse myself with instead, I could be talked into spending the day elsewhere.”

She was whispering by the time she finished that, her lips so close to his that he could feel her breath on his skin and smell the blood on her breath. He leaned in without another word, capturing her lips with his, and she smiled, resting her hands on his shoulders and returning the kiss. It was soft and inviting, a taste of the passion he knew they could easily lose themselves in, and he continued kissing her like that, enjoying the simple pleasure of it.

Between the demands of his job and how hurt he’d been by his relationship with Ygritte falling apart, he’d not even bothered trying to date over the past few months and realized all too quickly how much he’d missed the warmth of a woman’s touch. Shiera deepened the kiss quickly, pushing her tongue past his lips and brushing it against his own. He wrapped his arms around her, reaching down to cup her ass, and grunted when she grabbed him and practically tossed him up along his bed and climbed onto him.

“I’ve wanted you since that night,” Shiera breathed, tearing open his shirt and grinning as she saw his well-muscled form.

“Why didn’t you take me?” Jon asked, running his hands up from her wide hips to her narrow waist. “I’d have been more than willing.”

“I realized you were a Targaryen and decided to speak to Rhaenyra first,” Shiera replied, reaching up and brushing the straps of her sundress off of her shoulders, revealing the matching bra she was wearing. “I didn’t think that anyone would track you down because of me.”

“That wasn’t your fault,” Jon assured her, reaching around and unhooking her bra as he cupped her cheek.

“I did bring all of this into your life, though,” Shiera murmured. “I guess I’ll just have to make it up to you.”

She pulled her bra down, freeing her large, full breasts, and Jon felt his mouth water at the sight of them. They were the most perfectly shaped tits he’d ever seen, round and firm despite their weight. The pale mounds sat high on her chest, and as he cupped them, her large pink nipples grew even harder than they already had been.

“Fuck,” Shiera gasped as he leaned in and captured one of her pebbled peaks with his lips.

She wrapped her arms around his head, holding him in place as he kneaded her breasts and explored them with his lips and tongue. When she felt his teeth graze one of them, she shivered and pulled him back.

“No biting,” Shiera said firmly. “Not until you can control it, anyway.”

“I wasn’t going to, but I see your point,” Jon murmured, watching as she stood up and let her dress pool by her feet.

Her silk panties joined them a moment later, revealing her perfectly smooth mound, and he licked his lips at the sight of her fleshy pink folds. His shirt joined her dress a moment later, and he stood up, removing his belt and lowering his fly as she sat down and stared longingly at him.

“Daenerys said you changed my clothes,” he murmured as he pulled his pants down, freeing his aching cock from its confines.

“I did,” Shiera replied breathily, her eyes widening when she saw his length. “Holy fuck, I thought you were a shower.”

“This is why I was so worried about hurting my first girlfriend,” Jon replied, wrapping his hand around his thick cock and stroking it slowly. “I was already well aware of the fact that I’m bigger than most.”

“That’s an understatement,” Shiera breathed, sitting up and reaching for him. “Your clothes were covered in blood, and I thought that might bother you when you awoke as a vampire, so I changed you into something clean. Fuck me, my fingers don’t even touch.”

She stroked him, feeling his veiny length and moaning when she realized she could actually fit both hands around him and still not cover his head.

“Gods, I haven’t been with a man the better part of a century, but I swear you’re twice the size I remember,” she purred.

“Wait, you haven’t been with anyone but Rhaenyra and Daenerys?” Jon asked. “Rhaenyra’s not going to be...”

“Jealous?” Shiera chuckled. “Hardly. One aspect of vampirism that I haven’t mentioned yet is that being what we are makes the prospect of sleeping with anyone else less fun than it would be otherwise, or at least that’s how I found it. Humans just feel like food, at the end of the day, and

thralls are so devoted and obedient; I've never been comfortable taking one to bed. Other vampires, on the other hand, are our equals."

"Not counting the fact that you're significantly stronger than me," Jon murmured, and she grinned, letting go of his cock and pulling him down onto the bed. She pinned his arms above his head, as Daenerys had earlier, and he groaned loudly when she started grinding her already damp slit on his cock.

"Does that bother you?" Shiera asked. When he shook his head, she smirked and said, "Good. So outside of your first time, how much of a taste for pussy did you develop?"

"You've seen my cock, Shiera," Jon chuckled. "I've been with six women in my life, and not one of them was ever willing to try taking me if I hadn't made them cum at least once with my mouth, at least the first few times. Luckily for me, I've always found the taste intoxicating."

"Whether you're unique, or men are just different now than they were in my day, I suppose I'll never know," Shiera murmured, shifting up along his body until her cunt was right above his mouth. "I'd be willing to try taking you as is, but I want to see how good you are...oh!"

Jon pulled her down onto his mouth and immediately began lapping at her pussy. She gasped and mewled, surprised by just how skilled his long, dexterous tongue was, and grabbed onto the headboard for support as she started grinding on his face.

"Just like that," she moaned. "Fuck, Nyra and Dany are going to adore you."

He groaned against her heated flesh, and she giggled, adding, "We're all going to want a taste of you, and not just your blood, darling, something that I don't think you're too opposed to if the way your cock looks purple is any indication."

"A foursome with the three hottest women I've ever met," Jon thought to himself. *"I still feel weird about Daenerys, but...fuck..."*

He put that image out of his mind and focused on the woman sitting on his face. She had gone from damp to soaked since he started devouring her, and her juices were running along his cheeks and down his chin by then. Her clit, he only licked occasionally, wanting to build her orgasm up slowly, but as her moans grew louder and more desperate, and her thighs began to clench around his head, he realized that she was closer than he'd thought and started swirling the tip around the taut little nub.

"Right there...right there...fuck!" Shiera moaned, her face a picture of ecstasy as she leaned on the headboard. "Oh gods, don't stop, don't fucking stop!"

He had been holding onto her hips the entire time, but as it became clear that she was getting close to her peak, he remembered one thing she'd said and, after taking a moment to wet his right middle finger with her juices, reached behind and started tickling her asshole.

"Oh, fuck, do it, fucking...gah!" Shiera cried as he pushed it in to the first knuckle. "I'm gonna cum, gonna...gonna...FUCK!"

She shrieked as she came hard, gushing all over his face as she writhed atop him. He drank down her fluids as best he could, feeling his cock throb painfully as he watched her incredible tits jiggle across her chest with her every erratic movement. Faster than he ever could have as a mortal, he

spun them over, sitting her down on his pillow, as he sat up and kissed her. She returned the kiss hungrily, her desire palpable, and after pushing him onto his back, she took just a moment to line herself up before impaling herself on his cock.

“Oh gods!” they moaned in unison, Shiera because the way he stretched her out was immediately overwhelming and Jon because he swore nothing had ever felt this good before.

“What the...fuck?” Jon grunted as she took the last few inches of his shaft and grinned down at him.

“As a vampire, you feel things more intensely than you ever did as a human,” Shiera explained. “We don’t need to eat, but we do because food is so good; we don’t need to drink, yet alcohol will thrill you in ways it never did, and while we cannot have children...”

“Fucking anyway is something I can understand,” Jon chuckled. “Gods, you feel incredible.”

“So do you,” Shiera breathed. Leaning in until her lips were just grazing his ear, she whispered, “To let you in on a little secret, Rhaenyra, Daenerys, and I all have very, very large toys that we love playing with. We’ve all got a thing for size, and when I tell them just what a big, fat cock you have...well, Dany might just start humping your leg.”

“I will not!” Daenerys shouted, and they both froze. “Shit.”

“That one’s on you, darling,” Rhaenyra chuckled from behind the door. “Sorry, Jon, but when we heard Shiera scream, we decided to make sure we were hearing what we thought we were. If you like, we can leave you two alone...”

“Or you can invite us in and we can fuck until dusk,” Daenerys purred.

Shiera grinned when she felt Jon’s cock throb inside her and ran her nails through his hair as she leaned in close.

“That decision is yours, love,” Shiera whispered and looked back at the door, weighing that particular decision.