

“So what’s it going to be, Rhaenyra?” Daemon asked, his cocky grin making his handsome face all the more alluring.

He was so close she could smell him, smell the sweat covering his deliciously muscular form, smell the sex emanating from him, the heady mix of his fluids and her daughter’s. She looked into his lust-darkened purple eyes, eyes that reminded her so much of her uncle’s, and knew that she should say no. She should have screamed at him and thrown him out, demanded that he never see her daughter again, yet as his gaze bored into hers, she knew she couldn’t do that. As bewitched by him as she’d been by the man she was certain was his father all those years ago, she just stared, her heart hammering in her chest.

“Tell him yes, Mum,” Daenerys purred, still resting her head on his shoulder as she leaned against his body. “Tell him yes, and we can share Daddy together.”

“Fuck,” Rhaenyra whimpered, her cunt flooding at her daughter’s sinful words.

The fluids leaked down along her thighs and dripped to the floor below, something that didn’t go unnoticed by Daemon, whose grin grew wider.

“You two even have the same kink, don’t you?” he asked. “If you want Daddy to tend to your poor, dripping wet pussy, all you have to do is ask nicely.”

“Please,” Rhaenyra breathed, quivering with need.

“Please what?” Daemon asked.

“Please, Daddy,” Rhaenyra begged, her voice high and light. She sounded like she had back then, too young and too innocent by half for what her uncle had done to her, and hearing herself sound like that for the first time since Daenerys was born made her insides clench.

“Good girl,” Daemon grinned, pulling her into his arms and cupping her cheek. “I’m going to fuck you until you’re a limp, sweat-drenched, mindless wreck, Rhaenyra, but I want something from you first.”

“Anything,” Rhaenyra breathed.

“Get on your knees,” Daemon rumbled.

“Gah!” Rhaenyra gasped, sitting up as she woke with a start.

The memory of the night she spent with Daemon and her daughter burned within her just as hot as it had the morning after. He’d been relentless, driving from orgasm to mind-melting orgasm until she barely remembered her own name. By the time the three of them collapsed in a heap on her bed, a pile of sweaty, overheated, very, very sated flesh, she honestly couldn’t say if she’d ever known more pleasure in her life, and the next morning, as she woke, feeling his massive cock poke into her plump ass, she was tempted

to have him take her all over again, heedless of the soreness in her core. It hadn't been until she realized that she was holding her naked daughter in her arms that she'd felt herself go cold.

"I had a threesome with my daughter and her boyfriend," she thought to herself, not for the first time since that night. *"What the fuck is wrong with me?"*

She ran a hand through her long, silver-gold hair and shivered when she felt her hard nipples brush against the silk of her nightgown. Rubbing her thighs together, she whimpered, realizing just how fucking wet she was, and she scowled at that. Two full months later, the memory of that unbelievably wrong night turned her on like nothing else. It had been the sort of sex she'd been craving her entire adult life and never managed to find, and she wished dearly that it hadn't come at the hands of her daughter's boyfriend. Even if he wasn't Daemon's son, that would have crossed lines she never should have even considered.

"I'm a fucking mess," she muttered to herself, shaking her head as she reached for her phone. She looked over the handful of emails that she'd gotten since she last checked, and her breath hitched when she saw a name she'd been waiting to see for months. "Bloody finally. I wish it hadn't taken them eight damn weeks to get me the results."

Tapping on it, she let out a shuddering breath and closed her eyes when she saw that it truly was the news she'd been waiting for. The morning after her threesome with Daemon and Daenerys, she'd panicked, feeling guilty and gross for both what she'd done and how much she'd enjoyed it. She'd slipped away and showered, and by the time she finished, the two of them had woken and clearly realized that she needed space. Her room had smelled like a whorehouse, and as if trying to erase what she'd done, she'd immediately gone to change the sheets when she spotted a few dark hairs on one of her pillows.

"These are all I need," she'd thought to herself, making sure that at least one of them had visible bits of the root. She'd carefully bagged them and then sent them to a company she knew of that handled DNA testing, alongside a sample from herself, using Daemon's rent relief to pay for it.

"The results are ready to be picked up," she murmured, feeling like her heart was twisting at the thought.

She knew that she needed to check if she was right or not and that letting her daughter continue to date a man she thought was her half-brother without ever checking would have been downright negligent, but she also knew that Daenerys was going to be utterly devastated if this came back with the results she was expecting. If that was the case, then she was going to have to sit down with Daenerys and Daemon and explain everything to them. It would be painful for all of them for various reasons, but it would be necessary, and it had been to make sure that the conversation, if they did need to have it, was had in as controlled an environment as possible and that she'd had the company hold the results for pickup rather than having them delivered.

"Their timing was good at least," she murmured, setting her phone aside and getting out of bed, stretching her arms over her head as she stood up.

She had the day off, and while she had had a couple plans for the day, neither was anything that she couldn't put off in favor of something so much more important. If Daemon wasn't her uncle's son, and the similarities between them were just coincidences, then there was no reason for him and Daenerys not to date and even marry and have kids down the line, and all her fears would have been for nothing. If he was, though...

She shook her head and draped her robe around herself before heading into the hall, noticing that Daenerys' door was already open. As she approached the kitchen, the smell of freshly brewed coffee filled her nose, and she sighed happily, though her face quickly fell when she saw Daenerys. Her daughter was seated at the kitchen table, staring off into nothing as she held her mug under her face. Her shoulders were tense, and her eyes looked tired, as though she hadn't slept well. It wasn't how she was used to seeing her look, especially since she'd started dating Daemon, and she instantly became concerned.

"Honey, is something wrong?" Rhaenyra asked, startling the younger blonde, who jerked in her seat so hard she nearly spilled her coffee.

"Hmm?" Daenerys asked. "Oh, no, nothing. Morning, Mum."

"You're plainly worried," Rhaenyra chided, and Daenerys sighed.

"I just have a test today that I know is going to be grueling," she replied. "I've studied, and I'm ready, but it's worth a significant percentage of my overall grade, and I'm just...tense."

"I'm fairly sure that's a lie," Rhaenyra thought to herself, pouring a cup of coffee from the mug and adding the same amounts of milk and sugar she always did.

"I have no idea how you can stomach sweet, milky coffee," Daenerys muttered, sipping hers.

"And I have no idea how you can drink it black," Rhaenyra chuckled, sitting down. "I thought for a moment that you and Daemon had had a fight or something."

Daenerys eyed her over her mug and shook her head.

"Things with Daemon are great, Mum," she replied. Smirking, she added, "I'm sure you heard that well enough yourself the other night."

"Dany," Rhaenyra groaned, and her daughter set her mug down and held her hands up in surrender.

"I get it, I get it, you don't want to talk about it," Daenerys replied. "I can't for the life of me understand having him only once and not wanting more, but so long as you're cool with us seeing each other, I'm good."

"There are some lines that shouldn't be crossed, Daenerys," Rhaenyra muttered. Looking off into nothing, she added under her breath, "Lines that can't be uncrossed."

Daenerys didn't say a word in response to that, focusing on her coffee, and Rhaenyra watched her subtly, noticing that she tensed back up once they stopped discussing

Daemon. Whatever was wrong with her, she clearly wasn't willing to discuss it, and while she knew that she could probably needle it out of her if she tried harder, she wasn't willing to piss her off like that on the day of a big test, provided she hadn't been outright lying about that. She had enough to focus on as it was with the DNA results being in, and whatever her daughter was dealing with could wait a day or so, she hoped.

"So what did you think about Daemon's mum, and Arthur?" Daenerys asked. "I meant to ask you yesterday but you were out the door before I got the chance."

"I had a dreadfully early shift," Rhaenyra groaned. "They both seemed quite nice. Daemon looks a lot like Lyanna."

"He does," Daenerys smiled. "Presumably he got his eyes from his father, whoever he is."

"He really doesn't know who he is or was?" Rhaenyra asked.

"She's never told him anything about him," Daenerys replied. "From what he's gleaned, the guy swept into his mother's life, had his fun, and vanished into the night. She was single for most of his childhood until she met and started dating Arthur seriously."

"She seems like Daemon's type," Rhaenyra thought to herself, sipping her coffee. "She's about five or six years older than me, so she'd have been legal but still quite young when he knocked her up if he was the one who did."

"Anyway, Mum, I should really get ready," Daenerys murmured, finishing off her coffee. "There are still a couple muffins in the fridge if you want one."

Rhaenyra watched her daughter leave the kitchen, still obviously tense, and wondered what it was about.

"Maybe it really is just a big test she's stressing over," she thought to herself, closing her eyes and putting it out of her head. "Whatever it is, I just hope I'm not going to have to add to it tonight."

"How late are we talking?" Missandei asked, feeling her heart sink as she watched her best friend pace back and forth frantically in the empty classroom she'd practically dragged her into the moment they got to school.

"Very," Daenerys whimpered, coming to a halt and leaning back against the blackboard. "As in, it just didn't happen at all last month, and now it should be time for it again, and there's still nothing."

"You're on birth control, though," Missandei said.

"I know!" Daenerys shouted, and the dark-haired girl hugged her, holding her trembling form tightly. "I'm sorry."

"You have every right to be freaked out right now, Dany," Missandei soothed. "Have you taken any tests yet?"

"No," Daenerys whispered, her eyes filling with tears. "I honestly didn't notice when I skipped my period last month, and over the last week, I've just been feeling dread every time I even think of it. I can't be pregnant, Missy."

"Hey, we'll figure everything out," Missandei said.

"Figure what out?" Daenerys muttered. "I swore I wouldn't follow in Mum's footsteps. That's why I was always so careful about birth control."

"At least you made it to adulthood?" Missandei grimaced, and Daenerys glared at her. "Even if you are pregnant, you do have a very rich boyfriend who's completely in love with you and..."

"For now," the blonde scowled, and Missandei rolled her eyes.

"Daemon's not going to leave you over this," she said confidently. "He's not Drogo or Daario, Dany, and wow, I just realized every guy you've ever dated has had the same first initial."

"We're good together, so good, and I don't want this to change that," Daenerys muttered. "What if we get in a fight over whether or not to keep it? What if I do, and I get horrendously fat, and he stops wanting me? What if..."

"What if the sun explodes?" Missandei asked, earning her a glare. Grabbing the blonde's shoulders, she looked her straight in the eye and said, "You're catastrophizing, Dany. You don't even know whether you're pregnant or not yet. I'll run down to that pharmacy not far from here at lunch, buy a couple pregnancy tests, and bring them back here. Then we can slip into the girl's room, you can...take the tests, and we'll go from there."

"I'm so scared," Daenerys whimpered, and Missandei hugged her again.

"You're not alone, Dany," she whispered. "Whatever the case, whatever happens, you'll have me, you'll have the rest of our friends, and yes, you'll have that absolute hunk of a boyfriend you love and adore because he is utterly crazy about you."

"Mum is going to be fucking furious if I'm pregnant," Daenerys muttered.

"She's not exactly one to talk," Missandei replied, and the blonde sighed.

"Yeah, but that's just it," Daenerys replied. "She drilled it into my head over and over again that she didn't want me following in her footsteps; that she didn't want me making the same careless choices she did. It got to the point where I swear it almost sounded forced, but the point was she didn't want me complicating my life by getting pregnant in high school like she did. I made it so close."

"If you keep the baby, you'll give birth after we graduate at least," Missandei pointed out, and despite herself, Daenerys felt her lips twitch upward at that. "Your mum will be angry,

but she'll be supportive too. Better than anyone, she'll understand what kind of position you'll be in."

"I guess," the blonde sighed. "I swear I've felt like I was going insane since Friday."

"I take it that was when you were supposed to..." Missandei went to ask.

"It was just about the last day in the cycle where it should have started," Daenerys replied. "At this point I've missed two in a row, and that means I'm either pregnant or there's something really wrong with me."

"We'll take things one step at a time," Missandei murmured, running her fingers through her long, silver-gold hair. "The first step will be checking to see if you're pregnant, and then you'll either be going to see a doctor or deciding what you're going to do next."

"What the hell would I even tell Daemon?" Daenerys asked. "Hey, you know how my birth control is ninety-nine percent effective...guess who's in the one percent?"

"Could you have taken them out of order?" Missandei asked.

"Not unless the manufacturer fucked something up," Daenerys muttered. "You know how careful I am with that."

"Well, whatever happened or didn't, we'll figure it out, I promise," Missandei murmured, and Daenerys smiled.

"What did I do to deserve you?" Daenerys asked.

"You let me borrow your pencil back when we were six," Missandei replied, and the blonde giggled.

"Thank you," Daenerys sighed. "For listening to me rant, for talking me off the ledge here, and generally for being you."

"Anytime," Missandei smiled. "Now, let's go touch up your makeup and I think we'll still make first period."

"If only I had," Daenerys mumbled under her breath, shaking her head as she followed Missandei out.

"Fuck," Rhaenyra muttered for at least the tenth time since she opened up the test results and took a look at them.

She'd forced herself not to open them until after she got home, tempted as she was to tear the envelope they were held in the moment she got ahold of it, not wanting to run the risk of the answer she was going to get upsetting her enough to interfere with her driving. As she stared down at the papers in her hand, she quickly determined that that had been a very good idea. There it was in black and white.

“Cousins,” Rhaenyra muttered, setting the papers down and rubbing her temples. “We’re fucking cousins.”

Daemon was, as she’d suspected from the very start, her uncle’s son and thus Daenerys’ half-brother. She’d hoped so desperately that she was wrong, that he wasn’t who she’d always thought he was. The purple eyes could have come from anywhere, the strong jawline that so reminded her of the older man could have been a coincidence, and the name didn’t necessarily mean anything. Added together, though, it had painted a picture so vivid and clear that she knew she should have just assumed it was true and told Daenerys about her suspicions months ago. She was a coward, she knew, too scared of telling Daenerys the truth about her parentage, too scared of hurting her daughter by telling her that her father was her great-uncle, and too scared to speak aloud the words she hadn’t said since her old therapy sessions back in her teens.

“And now I’m going to need to tell her all of it anyway,” Rhaenyra sighed, standing up and walking to the fridge.

She pulled out the right drawer of the crisper and pulled out a bottle of chardonnay, knowing that Daenerys would be home soonish and that there was no way she was having this conversation sober. Storing wine in the crisper was something she’d picked up from an old mentor at the hospital she worked at. She’d found it funny the first time she saw it, but the woman, Dr. Beony Beesbury, had just said that she got tired of vegetables dying in there because she’d forgotten them and decided to make better use of the space. Uncorking it, she pulled out a glass and poured herself a small measure of wine, adding more a second later.

“I can do this,” Rhaenyra said to herself, somehow sounding less confident than she felt. “I *can* do this; I have no choice.”

She stuck the cork of an old sherry bottle she’d held onto in the wine bottle and put it back in the fridge before sitting back down.

“It’s my fault for not telling her what I suspected that first night,” Rhaenyra muttered. “He looked so much like Daemon even with the dark hair and longer face. I was delusional to think I’d ever find a different answer.”

She’d dragged her feet through this whole thing, though, and even continued to do so that day. She could have gone to collect the results that morning but elected to take care of a little shopping and get lunch first. Groaning, she drank a little more wine, hoping the pleasant warmth she was feeling would translate to the courage she was going to need. She heard the front door open and stood up, going to see Daenerys, only to freeze when she saw that she was with Daemon. He looked confused and concerned, while her daughter looked pale and terrified.

“What’s wrong?” she asked immediately.

“Since when do you day drink?” Daenerys asked back, and she sighed.

"We can talk about that later," Rhaenyra replied. "Why do you look like you found out you have six months to live?"

"I'd like to know the answer to that too," Daemon murmured, resting a hand on her shoulder. "You've been oddly withdrawn since lunch."

"Did the test go poorly?" Rhaenyra asked.

"Will you both just give me a moment to breathe?!" Daenerys snapped, marching into the kitchen and tossing her bag in the corner. "I just...why do you have DNA results?"

"Shit," Rhaenyra muttered, grabbing the papers before Daenerys could read more.

"Mum, what's going on?" the younger blonde demanded.

"There's something we need to talk about," Rhaenyra replied, heading into the living room and sitting down in her usual chair.

"Um, if this is really personal, I can give you two a few minutes," Daemon offered, and she shook her head.

"No," Rhaenyra replied. "It concerns you too, and I don't want to have to say any of this twice. You should sit down."

"Mum, you're scaring me," Daenerys said as she sat down on the loveseat. "Those were DNA results and not the results of some other medical test, right?"

"They were," Rhaenyra replied. "I'm not sick or anything, not physically anyway. There are things I need to say, and I need you both to promise me that you won't interrupt until I'm done. Okay?"

"I promise," Daenerys replied as Daemon nodded, wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

"I never...gods, where do I even start?" Rhaenyra muttered. "I never talk about my uncle for numerous reasons. The first is that his disappearance hurt...a lot, but that isn't all of it. He was always sweet to me as a girl, always kind, patient, and there for me. When your grandmother died, I was devastated and needed someone to cling to. Dad was too heartbroken to really be there for me and soon turned to my old nanny for comfort. I, on the other hand, turned to Daemon."

Daemon and Daenerys looked at each other as Rhaenyra took a break, sipping more of her chardonnay, each wondering where she was going with this.

"He was always traveling when I was a girl, going all over the world, and he always brought me little gifts when he'd come back," Rhaenyra sighed, a slight smile forming on her lips. "When I was really young, it was often toys, dolls, or things like that, but as I got older, as I began to develop, the gifts changed. He'd bring me jewelry or dresses, and get me to try them on for him. I felt like a supermodel, and he made me feel beautiful. When I was thirteen, he bought me my first lingerie set."

“Mum,” Daenerys breathed, horror filling her as she realized where this was going.

“Dany, please,” Rhaenyra begged, her eyes filling with tears as she clenched them shut, and Daemon pressed his cheek against Daenerys’ head, soothing her with gentle caresses. “I was an early bloomer and even then, could fill out something meant for a rather petite woman. Just like with the other gifts, I modeled it for him, and then things changed. He’d always been affectionate and always been rather touchy, but in a way that my parents didn’t think was off. I don’t know if he was intentionally grooming me all along, or if he only started wanting me when I developed curves, but all I knew was that after that day, our relationship became charged. I’ll spare you the details, but we quickly developed a sexual relationship.”

“Mum, is he...” Daenerys went to ask, tears filling her eyes, and Rhaenyra just nodded.

“I’m sorry,” Rhaenyra breathed, and Daenerys was on her feet in an instant, hugging her mother and crying.

“It’s not your fault,” the young blonde insisted. “How old even was he?”

“He was five years younger than your grandfather,” Rhaenyra replied, tears spilling down her cheeks.

“*And uncle,*” Daemon thought to himself, feeling terrible for Rhaenyra and confused as to why he’d been included in this particular conversation.

After a couple minutes, she pushed her daughter back gently, and Daenerys went to sit down again, leaning on her boyfriend for support.

“When I became pregnant, that was when everything fell apart,” the older blonde sighed, wiping her eyes. “I had to tell Dad and Alicent, and I couldn’t keep the truth of how I’d become pregnant from him then. He was horrified and furious, and I just wanted the ground to swallow me whole, feeling like I’d just blown up my family. I felt guilt for that for years, particularly because Daemon disappeared right around that time.”

“I guess he ran away from your father,” Daemon murmured, and she sighed.

“To be honest, I’ve always wondered if Dad had him killed,” Rhaenyra replied. “My uncle was a stubborn, proud man, and I just can’t see him running away and not showing his face again through all these years, particularly after Dad died. Police reports were filed, of course, and I ended up in counseling. Numerous people tried to convince me to...move on without you, but I couldn’t. I told dad, that I’d have you if it meant he was going to kick me out, and he eventually agreed to help me raise you.”

“He wanted you to abort me,” Daenerys breathed, feeling her heart clench at the thought.

She’d known ever since she was old enough to do the math that the circumstances of her conception had to have been unpleasant to one extent or another, but between her mother’s refusal to speak about it and her refusal to think about it much, she’d been quite able to put it out of her mind entirely. Confronted with the reality of it, she couldn’t help but contemplate aspects of her mother’s pregnancy that she had deftly avoided for years.

“He wanted to go back in time and convince Grandmother to abort Daemon,” Rhaenyra muttered. “He loved you from the moment he laid eyes on you to the day he died, Dany. Don’t forget that.”

“I’m so sorry, Mum,” Daenerys sighed.

“You shoulder no blame in anything,” Rhaenyra insisted, cupping her cheek. “I love you too, and as much as what my uncle did to me was wrong in the extreme, I can’t bring myself to regret anything that brought you to me.”

“Oh, Mum,” Daenerys wept, hugging her tightly.

The two of them held each other, taking comfort in the other’s arms, all while Daemon watched.

“Is that why you were so weirded out when I introduced Daemon to you?” Daenerys asked, still not quite getting what was going on. “Did the name trigger something in you?”

“Yes, *lust*,” Rhaenyra thought to herself, still not confused by how long after her uncle’s disappearance and/or death, his spell on her had remained. “It’s more than that, Dany...”

“No,” Daemon breathed, paling as he looked at the papers in her hand. “No, that’s not possible.”

“I’m afraid it’s more than possible, Daemon,” Rhaenyra sighed, unable to meet his eyes. “I confirmed it.”

“That’s not true!” Daemon snarled, standing up. “It’s...it can’t...”

“What in the hells is going on?” Daenerys asked, “and why are you staring at the DNA test results like...”

She trailed off, horror overtaking her as she caught on.

“I’m so sorry, Dany,” Rhaenyra wept. “I...”

“What did the tests say exactly?” Daemon demanded.

“We’re cousins,” Rhaenyra replied. “We have around eleven percent of our DNA in common, which is well within the normal range for first cousins.”

“So then Dany is...” Daemon went to say, swallowing thickly.

“Your first cousin once removed and also your half-sister,” Rhaenyra breathed.

“That’s...” Daemon went to say, looking at Daenerys, who looked shell-shocked.

“I’m pregnant,” she said, her voice barely more than a whisper.

“What?” Rhaenyra and Daemon asked in unison.

“I’m pregnant,” Daenerys repeated. “I was over a month late today, so Missy bought a couple pregnancy tests, and I peed on them, and they both said...pregnant.”

Rhaenyra sat back in her chair, feeling like her heart was about to burst out of her chest, while Daemon sat down numbly.

“Oh gods, this is all my fault,” Rhaenyra whispered.

“Dany, I...” Daemon went to say as the girl backed away from them.

“Gods, this is just my luck!” she shouted. “I finally meet one guy I’m into who isn’t a total arsehole, and he turns out to be my brother! And now I...I...”

“Daenerys!” Rhaenyra shouted as her daughter ran upstairs, slamming her door behind her.

She and Daemon both tried to pursue her but she locked the door and refused to speak to either of them. Eventually, figuring that she needed time, they went back downstairs, and Daemon left, needing time and space as well. Rhaenyra, for her part, just sat back down where she was, wondering what in the hells they were going to do.

“Thank the gods,” Rhaenyra muttered a couple weeks later as she drove into her garage and turned off the car.

Things had been tense in her home ever since she and Daenerys both dropped bombshells on the other. The two hadn’t spoken much since then, despite Rhaenyra’s repeated efforts, and she was beginning to wonder if she shouldn’t take a page out of her father’s book and contact a therapist. One of the only things they’d talked about was the baby growing in her daughter’s womb, which she had determined that she was going to keep no matter what.

Rhaenyra had barely gotten half of a sentence out in response before she decided that she sounded too much like her father had back in the day, and she dropped it. She couldn’t exactly blame her daughter for making the same decision she had back in the day, and so she had decided to help her raise the boy or girl as she could. In this case, it would be easier to get child support at least, given that the Daemon in this case wasn’t likely to fall off the face of the earth like his father had, but that was a subject she hadn’t even tried to raise. Daenerys hadn’t seemed quite as upset as she’d expected her to over the end of her relationship, but she figured that she was still in shock.

“The gods know I am,” she thought to herself, scowling. “I doubt I’ll ever forgive myself for not coming clean sooner. If I had, things would have gotten so much less messy.”

She shook her head and got out of her car, hearing what sounded like a muffled exclamation of some kind. Her curiosity piqued, she headed into the house, and as she saw what awaited her in the living room, her jaw dropped. Daenerys was completely

naked, bent over their coffee table, and wearing nothing but a smile she was barely managing to conceal with the hand she had placed over her face as Daemon feasted on her from behind. His long, dexterous tongue danced through her dripping folds, exploring her thoroughly, and, as Rhaenyra continued to watch in muted shock, he moved upward and started swirling the tip around her daughter's puckered asshole, making her shriek into her hand.

"Fucking hells, if I had known from the start how much you liked having your ass played with, I'd have fucked you there far sooner," Daemon grinned.

"What in the seven hells are you doing?!" Rhaenyra exclaimed, marching into the living room.

Daemon turned to look at her and grinned, standing up to reveal his massive, rock-hard cock standing proudly in the air.

"Hello, Rhaenyra," he said.

"Hello, Mum," Daenerys purred, turning around and sitting on the coffee table as she stared up at her. "Long day?"

"What the...why are...what are..." Rhaenyra spluttered.

"Dany and I spoke quite a bit over the past couple weeks, and we've decided to stay together," Daemon replied.

"You what?" Rhaenyra demanded. "You can't be with her; you're her brother."

"Half-brother," Daemon corrected her, and she looked at him in shock. "I'm only her half-brother."

"You're not serious," Rhaenyra scowled.

"I love your daughter, Rhaenyra, and not as a sister," Daemon replied.

"And I love him," Daenerys replied. "We love each other, we're having a baby, and neither one of us is willing to let anything get in the way of us being together."

"If we had grown up together, we might not feel the same but thanks to my dickish namesake, we didn't," Daemon explained.

"You two seriously don't care that you're brother and sister?" Rhaenyra demanded.

"Deep down, you don't either," Daemon grinned, making her furrow her brow in confusion.

"You suspected that he was who he was from the beginning; we know that for sure, and yet you slept with him anyway," Daenerys explained, and Rhaenyra flushed scarlet.

"That...was a mistake," she muttered, "and this would be too. If anyone were to ever learn..."

“Who could?” Daemon asked. “The three of us are the only ones who know. Mum’s met you both and didn’t think for a moment that you looked familiar to her, and I highly doubt that you have any pictures of the other Daemon, given everything.”

“I don’t even know what he looks like,” Daenerys murmured. “In retrospect, I really should have pieced together that he disappeared around the time I was conceived and Grandfather always treated him like he’d never existed, save for that random epitaph that existed in the mall downtown.”

“You’re the only one who knows the truth other than us, and so I have to ask, are you going to tell anyone?” Daemon asked.

“I should,” Rhaenyra breathed. “This would be wrong.”

“The damage is already done, Mum,” Daenerys chuckled, resting a hand on her belly. “I looked it up, and limited inbreeding can be relatively safe, though it’s obviously not recommended.”

“It’s not like there’s going to be any risk of our children meeting children I had with anyone else down the line, since none exist,” Daemon added.

“Whether or not I agree to keep your secret, explain to me why you elected to fuck in the living room,” Rhaenyra growled.

“Because, as Daemon pointed out, you knew there was a chance that you and he were cousins when you slept with us,” Daenerys smirked. “You can call it a mistake all you like, but you did, and I think I know why.”

“I was swept up in the moment,” Rhaenyra said.

“I think you needed it,” Daenerys replied, walking towards her and only pausing when she saw her stiffen. “Mum, what your uncle did to you was wrong, monstrous even, and I know it left its mark on you. He’s why you’ve had such poor luck with men, isn’t he?”

“What do you mean I needed it?” Rhaenyra asked, not willing to answer her question.

“I think sleeping with Daemon here, who reminds you so much of his namesake, was a way for you to reclaim that part of yourself that he took,” Daenerys replied. “You’re not a little girl anymore, you weren’t being taken advantage of by an older man, but taking something you wanted on your terms and I think being able to do that with someone so much like him was why you were so willing that night. I think it was a way for you to sort of play out taking him as an equal rather than being taken advantage of in the process. Your feelings for him are...complex, aren’t they?”

“I should hate him, and so much of me does, but I...I loved him so much as a girl,” Rhaenyra shuddered. “I felt so guilty for so long because I knew that what happened between us was why he disappeared, one way or another, and I hated myself for having wanted it back then. What he did was wrong, I know that, and even if I wanted things I

didn't fully understand back then, that didn't excuse the way that he took advantage of me, but I..."

She trailed off, looking away, and Daenerys hugged her. She returned the hug, ignoring her daughter's nudity for the moment, and shivered when she saw Daemon still standing there. His cock had softened while they spoke, and she bit her lip when she realized that he was as big soft as most men were hard.

"Tell me honestly, Mum, that night, when you were just swept up in the passion with Daemon here, before you started feeling guilty in the morning, how did he make you feel?" Daenerys asked.

"He made me feel desired in a way few ever have," Rhaenyra admitted, staring up at him. His cock twitched at the look she gave him, and she barely suppressed a moan at the way his eyes darkened with lust. "After my uncle, I had a hard time dating other guys. I didn't even try to until after I graduated from high school, and then I found that a lot of guys are a little perturbed by the idea of dating a woman who had a kid so young. Those that weren't, I never really clicked with."

"What about that night?" Daenerys asked.

"Daenerys, what are you asking me?" Rhaenyra asked.

"She's asking if you'd be interested in more," Daemon rumbled, approaching her, and she quivered in her daughter's arms as she saw his cock standing tall.

"I think it would be good for you," Daenerys replied. "I think it might help you work through some things you never truly did."

"You could also consider it an incentive for not telling anyone else about what we are to each other," Daemon grinned, placing his hands on Daenerys' hips and pulling her back against him until she was pressed against his chest.

"You two are mad," Rhaenyra muttered.

"We're young and in love, and the product of that love is growing inside me," Daenerys sighed happily. "We're already family in just about every possible way, so what would be the harm in the three of us growing...closer?"

"We'd be breaking about half a dozen laws," Rhaenyra pointed out.

"It's not like we'd get caught," Daenerys smirked. "How about this? Daemon and I are going to continue this upstairs, and you can decide whether you want to join us or just listen in."

"And if I object to you continuing this relationship?" Rhaenyra asked.

"I hope it doesn't come to that," Daenerys replied, taking Daemon's hand. "Come, love. I haven't felt you inside me in far too long."

Rhaenyra watched them go upstairs and sat down shakily in her favorite chair. As she closed her eyes, all she could see was Daemon's powerful form, his broad shoulders, his strong arms, and his well-defined abs. She'd long thought that her uncle was the most handsome man she'd ever met, but his son was quite possibly even more good-looking than he had been. The sound of Daenerys' moans began to trickle downstairs and every lewd sound made her cunt clench wildly.

"I should stop them," she thought to herself. *"This is wrong in so many ways, and yet, what would I do? If what they're doing got out, they could be arrested, and I'm not about to do that to Daenerys, or either of them, really."*

She buried her face in her hands and took a long, slow breath.

"Gods, yes!" Daenerys cried. "Fuck, I love your cock, Daddy! I love it so much."

"They already made a kid together," she thought, her traitorous mind already thinking of ways to dismiss her worries. *"That's as bad as it can get, and it's already happened, so what would be the harm in letting them continue?"*

The sound of Daenerys' bed creaking and banging against the wall began to echo through the house, drowned out by her pleased cries, and Rhaenyra whimpered, rubbing her thighs together as she felt her panties getting rapidly soaked.

"Don't stop! Don't stop!" Daenerys shrieked. "Gods, you feel like you're splitting me in two!"

"She's doing that on purpose," she thought to herself, scowling. *"Maybe she isn't. I remember all too well how good he felt inside me."*

She cursed her traitorous mind and stood up, fully intending to go for a drive. If her daughter and Daemon wanted to just pretend that they weren't related and keep seeing each other, there wasn't much she could do that she actually was willing to do, but that didn't mean she needed to listen to it. She marched out of the living room, but as she reached the stairs, she paused.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes!" Daenerys shrieked, sounding like she was on the very edge of orgasm. "Fuck me, Daemon! Fucking break my pussy!"

"Gods," Rhaenyra thought to herself, feeling her insides quiver with need.

She heard Daenerys let out a sharp scream, and she added, "It's your pussy! It's your pussy, Daddy. Oh, gods!"

Rhaenyra was climbing the steps before she even realized what she was doing, drawn towards the pair of them and the scintillating sounds of their increasingly athletic lovemaking. Daenerys had left her door wide open, the siren having hoped to draw her in like this, and Rhaenyra clasped a hand over her mouth as she spotted them to muffle her gasp. Daemon had her daughter on her hands and knees, and he was rutting into her like a wild beast. His every rough thrust drew a staccato cry from Dany's lips, all as her

breasts bounced under her and her plump ass rippled and jiggled each time his hips smacked it.

"Fuck me, he reminds me of his father," she thought to herself.

He lacked the harshness of his namesake and seemingly the temper, but he was just as visibly powerful, and it made her wetter than she'd have cared to admit. It wasn't just that he was fit, though he absolutely was, but the way he carried himself and the absolute confidence he radiated, particularly in bed, that drove her wild.

Her uncle had been quite the womanizer in life, and it had never been difficult to see why. Between his looks, money, and charm, he had never had difficulty seducing women and had dated several while she was a girl. She'd been jealous of all of them, in her early years for taking his attention from her, and later on, for more carnal reasons. His son seemed to have all of that without the darkness that he'd had in him, and she could understand fully why even realizing that he was her half-brother hadn't been enough to make Daenerys be willing to give him up.

"GODS, YES!" her daughter squealed, cumming hard, and he groaned as she slipped onto her belly, continuing to fuck her into the bed.

"We'll need to start being careful about this soon," Daemon rumbled, grabbing her hair and pulling until her face was no longer buried in the sheets under her. "Soon enough, you're going to start showing, showing my child growing in your womb."

Daenerys' screams grew louder, the reminder of her condition only enhancing the pleasure in her spasming core, and he grinned.

"You're going to be such a good mother," he whispered in her ear just as he pulled out of her quivering cunt, and she shuddered.

"Fuck me," Rhaenyra thought to herself, going still as Daemon turned his head and grinned right at her.

"Enjoying the show?" he asked, standing up and walking towards her.

Rhaenyra tried to pry her eyes away from his long, thick cock, tried not to watch as it bobbed with his every step, and failed until he placed a finger under her chin and tilted her head up towards him.

"My eyes are up here," Daemon quipped, and despite herself, she giggled. "Tell me what you want. Is it for me to leave, to stop seeing Dany, or is it something else entirely?"

"I should," Rhaenyra breathed, feeling like her core was on fire she was so hot.

"You...don't though," Daenerys panted, smiling widely as she rolled onto her side and propped a hand under her head to hold it up. "Tell him what you want, Mum, what you've wanted since before that night, and he'll give you everything you can handle and more."

"I want you," Rhaenyra breathed. "I shouldn't for so many reasons, but I do."

Daemon smiled, looking less arrogant at hearing that than she would have expected, and cupped her cheek. His hand smelled of Daenerys' pussy, and she groaned as she realized that that actually made her wetter.

"The same deal as before applies," he rumbled. "In exchange for letting us be together and not interfering, Dany's more than willing to let me tend to your every need."

"Do you really think you can handle us both?" Rhaenyra asked challengingly. "Neither one of us possesses a mild libido."

"Funny enough, neither do I," Daemon grinned. "Maybe it's something in our blood."

Rhaenyra's jaw dropped at that, and a shiver went through her entire body at his nerve. Before she could reply, though, he kissed her deeply, and she returned it hungrily. The two of them made out frenziedly, the older woman pressing herself against him and moaning when his hand slid down along her back so he could cup her ass through her skirt. Daenerys watched her mother and her boyfriend kiss and felt heat pool new in her core. Grinning, she moved up onto her knees, willing her legs to stop shaking as she put weight down on them and crawled over until she could push her breasts against his back.

"Deep down, maybe I did know we were related, Daemon," she purred. "It would explain why I love calling you Daddy so much."

"That, you get from me," Rhaenyra admitted. "I just about died when I heard you call Daemon that the first time."

"I wouldn't have thought that kinks could be inherited," Daemon chuckled, his purple eyes gleaming as he looked at her. "If you really want to be a good girl for Daddy, though, you can start by sucking my cock."

Rhaenyra felt a full-body shudder go through her at hearing those sinful words come out in his deep, rumbling voice and patted the bed next to them. He grinned and sat down where she'd pointed out, eager to see if the older woman was as talented with her mouth as her daughter was. During the one night that they'd spent together, this was something that they hadn't done, as he'd been quite focused on pleasuring her instead, and his grin only grew wider as he saw his girlfriend's mother sink to her knees before him.

"Fucking hells, you're so big," Rhaenyra breathed. "I've never seen a cock quite like this."

"He is incredible, isn't he?" Daenerys asked, her heart hammering in her chest as she watched her mother wrap a hand around Daemon's cock. "That night we spent together was but a taste of what he can do to you, Mum."

"You're actually okay with this?" Rhaenyra asked, needing to make sure again, and Daenerys nodded.

"If it was anyone else, I wouldn't be, but...I'm not the only one who finds all this insanely hot, right?"

“Definitely not,” Daemon replied.

“It’s wrong in just about every way possible, but I’d be lying if I said that didn’t make it even hotter,” Rhaenyra muttered.

“It does, doesn’t it?” Daenerys asked, rubbing her thighs together and gasping softly. “My mother’s about to suck your cock, brother.”

“Fuck,” Daemon groaned as Rhaenyra whimpered.

“Dany,” she whined, and her daughter only grinned.

“Admit it, Mum,” Daenerys purred. “The incest of it only turns you on more, doesn’t it?”

“I know why I’m fucked up,” Rhaenyra muttered. “What’s your excuse?”

“Maybe it’s just genetic,” Daenerys shrugged. “We’ll be a decidedly odd family, but I can’t say that I want it any other way.”

“Neither do it,” Daemon groaned as Rhaenyra wrapped her lips around the head of his cock, needing to focus on something other than her daughter. “Fuck me.”

“Mmm, I guess you don’t have a gag reflex either,” Daenerys smiled, watching her mother swallow his entire cock in mere seconds.

“Fucking hells, just like that,” Daemon groaned, snaking his fingers into her silver-gold locks so he could hold her head as she bobbed it up and down on his cock.

She palmed his balls, massaging them lightly as she did her best to suck his soul out of his cock. She moved slow, and sensually, sometimes going deep and swallowing him into her tight little throat, and other times moving back so she could focus on his sensitive head with her tongue, and soon Daemon’s legs were shaking. Daenerys sucked his cock better than anyone he’d had before her, but Rhaenyra was in a whole other league, and within minutes he knew that he was going to cum if he didn’t stop her.

“Enough,” he gasped, and she let his cock slip from her lips with an audible pop, smirking at him. “Undress, now.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Rhaenyra replied, quivering with need as she pulled her sweater over her head, revealing her curvaceous form to him.

Her skirt quickly followed, and she paused then, standing before him in nothing but her underwear. Rhaenyra’s body was very similar to Daenerys’, her hips wide, her breasts large and full, her thighs thick, and her ass round and plump. The years and her early pregnancy had only added greater plushness to those curves, and he felt his mouth water at the sight of her. Holding out his hand, he smirked when she took it and pulled her in close.

“Fucking hells, you’re perfect,” he groaned, kissing her hungrily as he unhooked her bra.

He pulled it down, releasing her large, soft breasts, which he quickly palmed and kneaded. Reaching for her panties, he paused when he felt hands already there and looked in surprise to see Daenerys pulling the red silk garment down for him.

“Dany?” Rhaenyra gasped, breaking the kiss to look behind her in shock.

“You really are beautiful, Mum,” Daenerys sighed, standing up as her mother’s panties pooled at her feet.

“Da...ahh!” Rhaenyra cried, feeling Daemon cup one of her breasts as he ghosted a hand over her soft belly.

“You tasted her on my cock, you know,” he whispered in her ear, pulling the older woman until her back was against his strong chest. “We’ve crossed so many lines already; what would a couple more hurt?”

“I love you, Mum,” Daenerys whispered, brushing her hair out of her face and staring into her eyes. “Let us help you move past what he did to you.”

“Dany,” Rhaenyra gasped, feeling her heart hammer in her chest as Daemon peppered her neck with kisses, making her insides clench needily.

“We know the truth, all of it, and you know you can trust us,” Daenerys whispered, pressing her forehead against hers. “You know you can feel safe with us.”

“That’s true,” Daemon whispered, brushing his fingers against her overflowing nether lips. “There’s nothing you could tell us that would make us think less of you, no fantasy you could discuss with us that we’d make you feel shame for.”

“Oh gods!” Rhaenyra cried, feeling vulnerable in a way she hadn’t let herself in years.

“We’re going to share this beautiful man with each other,” Daenerys whispered. “We’ll watch the other get fucked into a puddle of orgasmic goo, taste the other on him as we clean his cock with our tongues, and cuddle together afterward, when we’re both too mindless and exhausted to move a muscle. Say the word, and I’ll be more than happy for us to enjoy each other more directly too...”

Rhaenyra felt more turned on than she could ever remember, her considerable libido awakened in a way she wasn’t sure she’d felt since Daenerys was born, and before she could think about what she was doing, she’d captured her daughter’s lips with her own. The girl moaned into her mouth, deepening the kiss at once, and she felt like she was going to burst. Daemon’s fingers danced over her clit, applying pressure so perfect it nearly made her weep, and he kneaded her breast, lightly pinching her large, pink nipple. The sheer taboo of it all was as arousing as it was terrible, and she felt herself flying towards a blistering peak.

“More!” she cried, breaking the kiss as she squirmed in Daemon’s arms. “I need more.”

“Fuck her, Daddy,” Daenerys cooed. “Fuck my mum until she’s as addicted to your big, fat cock as I am, and then we can both be your good girls.”

“Holy shit,” Rhaenyra gasped, falling back on the bed as Daemon deftly slipped out from under her.

“Gods, your body is perfect,” Daemon groaned, tracing his hands over her wide hips and up to her waist. “If this is what I can expect Dany to look like after she gives birth, I’ll have to put more children in her.”

“Yes,” Daenerys breathed, pressing her body against him as she kissed his back. “I’ll be making you a Daddy for real soon enough, and if you want more babies after that, I’ll happily give you them. Maybe we both could.”

She looked right into Rhaenyra’s eyes as she said that, her purple eyes gleaming and her lips pressed together in a wicked grin that made the older woman shiver. She didn’t want anymore children and was even more careful than her daughter about birth control, but she also knew that the fantasy of being knocked up by the same man who had impregnated her daughter was insanely hot.

“You’d have to really earn that, Daddy,” she purred. “I’d have to be fucked completely senseless to think it was a good idea.”

“Gods,” Daemon groaned, feeling his cock throb painfully at the thought.

It would be such an unnecessary risk that he knew it was a terrible idea, and yet the image of Rhaenyra and Daenerys, both swollen with his children, together was enough to make him hard as steel. He moved between the older woman’s thighs and spread them further with his hands, sinking his fingers into them as he did. Like her daughter, she kept her mound completely hairless, and he salivated at the sight of her full, fleshy pink lips, glistening with her wetness. He thought about tasting her again, but she seemed so pent up that he figured the slightest touch would set her off, and he wanted to feel her cum around him.

“You’re so wet,” he grinned, and she shivered.

“Can you really blame me?” Rhaenyra asked, and Daenerys giggled.

“Of course not, Mum,” she said. “We Targaryen girls are just needy little sluts who need a big, strong Daddy to take care of us, aren’t we?”

“Fuck, where did I go wrong?” Rhaenyra asked, sounding amused more than anything.

“You did your best, but like I say, this is in our blood,” Daenerys purred. “Luckily, the solution is too.”

“Someday I might figure out why the incestuous nature of all this makes me wetter than the rain forest,” she thought to herself.

Her first reaction to learning that Daemon was her half-brother had been horror, but as she looked at it later, she found that she was far more scared of losing him than anything else. Knowing the truth didn’t make her any less attracted to him; rather, it just made her

memories of their countless couplings all the more arousing, and within a couple days, she had gone to see him and find out if he was as fucked up as she was. Within ten minutes they were in bed together, each lost in their lust and love for the other. Chalking it up to another kink she was more than happy to indulge, Daenerys watched with bated breath as Daemon fisted his cock and lined himself up with her mother's cunt before plunging inside.

"Yes!" Rhaenyra cried, throwing her head back as she felt him stretch her out obscenely.

He was so big, so thick, that he filled her completely, and she knew that if she wasn't quite so wet, he'd have needed to move far more slowly to enter her, but she was soaked, and he slipped inside her with almost embarrassing ease. Moving her legs up onto his shoulders, he started fucking her with long, slow strokes, pushing a little more of his cock inside her each time he thrust forward, until his hips came to rest against her ass.

"Mmm, you can actually see him inside you, Mum," Daenerys purred, resting a hand on her lower belly. "See?"

"Holy fuck," Rhaenyra whimpered, more turned on than she could ever remember being.

Indeed, as Daemon buried his entire length inside her, there appeared a little bump in her skin, a testament to just how much he'd stretched her, and between the sight of it and feeling Daenerys' hand on her while her boyfriend's cock stretched her out, she felt her legs quiver, her ankles on either side of his neck. As he pulled a few inches of his cock from her, she felt him scrape against what felt like every sensitive nerve ending in her pussy, and she gasped, only to cry out when he thrust back in.

"Harder!" Rhaenyra begged. "Gods, I swear I can feel you in my stomach."

"He's just so overwhelming, isn't he?" Daenerys purred, watching as Daemon started to fuck her mother properly. "Do you see why I had to keep seeing him behind your back when you told me I couldn't? Even if I wasn't already falling in love with him then, I'd have already been too addicted to his Daddy dick to stop."

"Daddy dick?" Daemon asked, smiling in amusement at her, and Daenerys flushed.

"They can't all be winners," she muttered, though her eyes quickly took on a mischievous gleam. "Besides, we both know that it's actually my big brother's cock."

"Oh gods!" Rhaenyra cried, feeling herself soaring towards her peak already.

"Dany," Daemon growled, feeling his cock twitch at her words, and she grinned.

"Your birthday's before mine, and that makes you my very, very big brother, Daemon," Daenerys replied, grinning impishly. "It's a shame we didn't meet sooner. I could have crawled into your bed when we were younger and I started to feel my poor little pussy tingle with need. You'd have taken such good care of me back then that I'd have never even looked at another boy."

"Keep this up and you're going to get a spanking," Daemon rumbled, and she felt her cunt drool at his tone.

“Oh no, not that,” Daenerys gasped, moving onto her hands and knees and turning around until her arse was pointed right at him. “I swear I’ll be good for you, Daddy. There’s no reason for you to spank my aahh!”

She shrieked as he brought a hand down on one of her cheeks and burst into giggles, rolling onto her side and smiling at them both.

“You’re a naughty little thing,” Daemon grinned. “Why don’t you be a good girl and help me with your mother?”

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!” Rhaenyra cried. “You’re splitting me in two! Fuck me, Daemon, fuck me until I can’t walk!”

He was fucking her hard, pounding into her squelching pussy with long, rough strokes, and the force of it was making her wonderfully large breasts jiggle and roll across her chest hypnotically. Daenerys crawled over to them and grinned when she saw where he was staring.

“There’s no question about where I get these from,” she purred, cupping and squeezing her own breasts.

“Suck on her nipples,” Daemon commanded. “It’s been a little while, but I’m sure you remember how.”

Rhaenyra gasped at that, but before she could speak, Daenerys had already grasped one of her breasts and wrapped her lips around her pebbled peak. She squirmed and cried out, overwhelmed by the sensations thundering through her body, and just as she thought it was becoming too much to bear, she felt Daemon’s fingers stroke her throbbing clit softly.

“Cum for us, Rhaenyra,” he said. “Cum around your cousin’s cock while your daughter sucks on your tits.”

“FUCK!” Rhaenyra shrieked, her back arching off the bed as her orgasm hit her like a truck.

Daemon groaned at the feeling of her spasming tunnel massaging his length and let go with a grunt, painting her inner walls white with his cum. Her legs slipped from his shoulders as she writhed and convulsed under him, and she wrapped them around his waist instinctively, holding him tight as he came inside her. Lowering himself down onto her, he braced himself up on his elbows and buried his face in the crook of her neck, inhaling her scent.

“That was beautiful,” Daenerys breathed, whimpering as she felt her fluids drip down along her thighs.

It was also just about the hottest thing she’d ever seen, and she quivered in anticipation of Daemon fucking her again while her mother recovered. She knew that he’d be good to go in a minute, if he even softened at all, which wasn’t guaranteed, and she grinned as she

saw him pull his cock out of her mum's gaping quim and roll onto his back. His thick seed spilled forth, running down across her winking arsehole to the bed below, and Daenerys shivered as an idea even more taboo than anything else they'd done yet filled her mind.

"Dany...what are...oh gods!" Rhaenyra cried, her insides clenching as she felt her daughter lap at her sensitive flesh.

"Sorry, Mum, but he cums so much, and I hate the mess it makes, so I generally try to drink as much of it as I can," Daenerys grinned, and Rhaenyra groaned, clenching her thighs around her head.

"This is so fucked up," she moaned.

"At least we're fucked up together," Daemon said, kissing her softly, and she returned it, wanting to distract herself from what her daughter was doing, finding that she couldn't bring herself to tell the girl to stop.

"One big, fucked-up, happy family," Daenerys grinned, eyeing them both as she continued to lap up as much of Daemon's cum as she could. "Speaking of, Daddy, could you fuck me while I clean up Mum's pussy with my tongue? You made quite a mess here, and it's going to take me a while, and you know how much the taste of your cum turns me on."

"Neither one of you is going to be able to walk right in the morning," Daemon growled warningly, feeling his cock throb at the taboo sight before him.

"That's...oh gods, just like that...good with us," Rhaenyra moaned, kneading one of her breasts as she held Daenerys' head between her thighs.

As Daemon buried every inch of his thick cock inside Daenerys, making the girl moan loudly, Rhaenyra couldn't help but think that, while this was far from what she'd envisioned happening when she broke the news of their close relation to them, she couldn't truly bring herself to mind all that much. She didn't know if her daughter's notion that having an affair with them might somehow help her move past what her uncle did to her back in the day, but she did know that Daemon was the only man she'd ever slept with who she'd told about it and knowing that he knew and didn't judge her for it made her feel warm and safe in a way she hadn't in years.

"Wherever you are, Uncle, perhaps you did manage to give me a gift that might help me," she thought to herself. As she watched Daenerys roll Daemon onto his back and start riding him wildly, she realized that her uncle had actually given two such gifts.