

"Why, by the gods, would the Most Devout choose a man like that to become the High Septon?" Elia asked as the family settled around the table for a rather somber feast.

"I don't know, but I'm going to need to have a word with him," Rhaegar said. "Further rhetoric like that could cause riots."

"I would advise caution," Daemon said.

"You would advise caution?" Connington asked, sounding like that was the strangest thing he'd ever heard.

"There might be more to this than just one rogue septon reaching oddly high," Daemon said.

"I would suspect a plot just because the man was chosen at all," Aegon said. "The Faith hasn't tried to war with the crown in centuries, and they've never attempted to oppose the nobility outright before."

"We maintain order," Viserys said. "I'll admit that many of us aren't exactly pious, but in our absence, there wouldn't be a single place on the continent safe from bandits and the like."

Keeping his voice as low as he could while still being heard, Daemon said, "I think that Varys might be involved."

"What?!" Rhaegar exclaimed.

"We have no idea who might or might not be listening," Daemon hissed, and everyone present huddled in to hear him more easily. "While exploring his room, as I told you, Edric and I found a secret passageway."

"Leading to a room with a chest that turned out to be empty, I remember," Rhaegar said.

"Well, we found one other thing," Daemon said. "It was a wax seal with the image of a small bird on it."

"The sigil of the Arryns?" Connington asked, looking alarmed.

"No," Daemon replied. "It didn't look like any sigil that I knew of. I found out from a source in the city, that this septon and his followers call themselves sparrows."

"Is that all?" Rhaegar asked.

"The eunuch did always refer to his agents in Westeros as little birds, Rhaegar," Connington pointed out.

"That's all I know for now," Daemon said. "It might be entirely unrelated, and hopefully that's the case. Hopefully this is just one madman with a small following, because unfortunate things happen to men all the time. If this is part of a greater plot, however, then striking out at him might be exactly what Varys wants us to do."

"It wouldn't be difficult for the eunuch's remaining agents to compare you to Maegor if this one died as mysteriously as the one during his early reign," Aegon pointed out.

"Perhaps we should recall more of the Unsullied to the city," Arianne suggested.

"That could be done ostensibly for the purpose of increasing security around the city for the wedding," Rhaenys added.

"That could work," Rhaegar said, scratching at his chin as he thought.

"It might be better to let me talk to the High Septon instead," Aegon said. "It wouldn't be out of the question for a king to assume that his new High Septon was merely speaking dramatically during his first service at the greatest sept in the land. If this is related to Varys, making him think that you're not taking it that seriously might be a good idea."

"And you would be speaking to him primarily about the upcoming wedding," Daenerys said, "which wouldn't be suspicious at all."

"Gods, that man is going to be marrying you three," Elia groaned.

"Perhaps," Rhaegar said ominously.

"How he reacts to the wedding might actually be telling," Daemon mused. "If he's just a fanatic, then he should oppose it outright. That would put him at direct and immediate odds with us, however, and if he's looking to really cause trouble, it would be wiser to give way on that for now while he builds up whatever he's working on. I'll go with you."

"In the meantime, it would be wise to investigate things cautiously and not move immediately," Rhaegar sighed. "Jon, I'll expect you to devote significant resources to this."

"Of course," Connington said.

"We shouldn't mention our suspicions about Varys to anyone, even the rest of the small council," Daemon said. "I wouldn't even suggest speaking about it with each other past this point unless we have actual proof. If they are in league with each other, then one advantage that we have over them is that they don't yet have any reason to suspect that we would know it."

"A fair point," Rhaegar said. "I'm going to retire for the evening."

"I'll go with you," Elia said, getting out of her chair and padding after him.

"Let's go check on Maekar," Arianne said. "With all this talk of plots, I would like to see his innocent little face."

"That sounds like a great idea," Daemon said. "Good night, all."

A chorus of good nights sounded as the two of them left the room together. They walked in silence, both of them lost in thought as they made their way to the nursery.

"I wish your father would just end him," Arianne said quietly.

"Normally, I would agree, but I understand his reasoning," Daemon said. "The cunt's actions have affected virtually every living lord in one way or another. They all deserve to watch his end. Plus, should we manage to undo what we discussed, having him alive will mean that I get to see the look on his face when I tell him."

"I suppose that's true," Arianne said, rolling her eyes.

The two of them continued onward, noticing the scattered servants doing their evening duties. Anyone who noticed them bowed their heads respectfully as they passed; one in particular blushed prettily as they passed, and Arianne took note of her. She was the buxom servant girl who had looked so pleased when she had told off Lady Hewett earlier. Arianne smirked at the look of desire on her face as she looked at Daemon, and her pleased smile was still there when they reached the nursery.

"I know that look," Daemon rumbled, moving behind her and embracing her tightly. Leaning in until his beard tickled her ear, he whispered, "Is there something I should know?"

"Nothing just yet, my love," Arianne replied, cupping his cheek as she turned her gaze to her sleeping infant. "Gods, he's so precious."

"For now," Daemon chuckled. When she looked over at him, her face scrunched up in confusion, he said, "He's our son, Ari. He'll have had half the women in Dorne before our hair turns gray, I suspect."

She chuckled softly at that and leaned in against him as he kissed her scalp. The two of them watched Maekar sleep for some time.

The next day, just as he was finishing up in the training yard, Daemon received a note from his brother inviting him to come over to his rooms. After taking a few moments to clean up and change, he made his way over, trailed by Ser Barristan and a few Unsullied.

"Brother," Aegon said, a cup of wine in hand. "Is something wrong?"

"You called for me," Daemon said. "Are we not going into the city?"

"Oh!" Aegon said as he realized what Daemon had assumed was the reason for calling him over. "No. I was thinking of taking care of what we discussed last night tomorrow."

"Ah," Daemon said.

Turning to the Unsullied, he informed them that they were to return to their prior duties and bade Ser Barristan join Ser Oswell in guarding the door. Once it was closed, he made his way in and picked up the jug of wine. As he felt how empty it was, he grew concerned.

"Help yourself, please," Aegon said as he sat back down.

"I usually stick to water this early in the day," Daemon said, sitting down. "I am not thirsty, though, so please tell me what this is about."

Aegon took another sip of wine and tapped his fingers on the table, looking nervous. After a few moments of silence, he finally spoke, saying, "There's something that I've been meaning to talk to you about."

"I gathered as much," Daemon said. "Whatever it is, you can tell me."

"It's about the wedding," Aegon said, "and specifically what comes afterward."

"Ah," Daemon said. "If you're looking for advice, I'd have expected you to go to Oberyn, but I'm happy to..."

"It's not that," Aegon said, interrupting him. "Daemon, when Father told me that I was to wed both Rhaenys and Daenerys to fulfill part of that ludicrous prophecy, I..."

"Prophecy?" Daemon asked.

"Right, I suppose he wouldn't have mentioned it to you," Aegon said. "I am apparently the Prince Who Was Promised, a prophesized figure meant to lead our people through some coming calamity."

"Seriously?" Daemon asked.

"So he says," Aegon said dryly. "I think it's nonsense, but he believes it and insisted that I wed both of them over it. My first reaction when I learned that I was to take not one but two wives was..."

"Excitement?" Daemon asked.

"Horror," Aegon replied, finishing the rest of his cup of wine and pouring another.

"It's not as daunting as it seems," Daemon said. "Yes, you have only one cock, but it should be up to the task, pun intended. With those two being quite fond of each other, you shouldn't have to worry about needing to satisfy them alone either, and this way you'll end up with twice the children..."

"I'm not going to father any children, Daemon," Aegon said.

Daemon's eyes widened, and he was overcome by a sudden wave of sympathy. "Aegon, I know that there are a couple diseases that can render a man infertile, but surely there's no way to know for sure that you're unable until you've tried for a while."

"It's not a matter of disease, or at least, not one that the maesters can give name to," Aegon said.

"Oh," Daemon said, furrowing his brow in confusion. "Did you damage them somehow?"

"No, it's not that either," Aegon said, staring down at his cup as though he wished that it would speak the words he had to say for him. "Daemon, I'm not like you, or Father, or indeed most men. Whereas to you, women are a constant source of desire and enjoyment, to me, they simply aren't."

"Oh," Daemon said, finally realizing what his brother had been trying to say. "Not at all?"

"I've as little desire for them, I suspect, as you have for men," Aegon replied.

"Ah," Daemon said. "And you're to have two of them."

"A fate most men our age would kill for, and I cannot enjoy it," Aegon muttered, shaking his head. "I wish I could find humor in it, for surely there is some."

"Rhaenys and Daenerys are aware?" Daemon asked.

"They are," Aegon said. "Father isn't, but Mother is."

"What about Viserys?" Daemon asked.

"Viserys knows," Aegon replied quickly.

"Gods, that will make Maekar your heir," Daemon breathed as that little realization occurred to him. "Perhaps there really is something in a name."

"You're not bothered by this?" Aegon asked.

"Aegon, I spend my nights amidst a pile of women who all care as much for each other as they do for me," Daemon said. "I'm the last one who would judge someone for something like this. Arianne and I plan to have more children, of course, so having Maekar as your heir shouldn't be a problem."

"Technically, that would make you my heir," Aegon said.

"Gods forbid," Daemon scoffed. "I would happily abdicate in his stead if it came to that, but given how much more dangerously than you I live, chances are you'll outlive me anyway."

"Well, it might not come to that either way," Aegon said.

"Oh?" Daemon asked.

"Rhaenys and Daenerys both want to be mothers," Aegon said. "Part of why I was so horrified at the thought of having to wed them both was because I feared that I would deny the both of them that."

"Do you think it would work if there was another man in the room to, erm, get you started?" Daemon asked.

"No," Aegon said, "and I wouldn't subject the two of them to that anyway. No, what I was thinking was that, if another Targaryen were to take care of them for me, they could have what they want."

"What?" Daemon asked.

"It's not as though Arianne is the only woman you're currently planning to have children with," Aegon reasoned. "What would one or two more hurt?"

"That's hardly the problem," Daemon said, standing up. "Do you have any idea just how many ways this could go wrong?"

"Not as many as you think," Aegon said. "Rhaenys and Daenerys are both willing and..."

"Aegon, we barely look alike at all," Daemon hissed.

"Our coloring is different, but dark hair could be explained as coming from the Martel side, especially in Rhaenys' case," Aegon argued. "Your face is longer than mine, but our features aren't that different."

"What if the children inherited my mother's eyes?" Daemon asked.

"That would be odd, but it's not like there haven't been cases in our family of odd eye colors popping up," Aegon said. "Jaehaerys and Alysanne were more purely Valyrian than anyone in our family has been in generations, and they had a daughter with one green eye."

"I still think that the risks here are greater than you imagine," Daemon said. He paced back and forth for a moment, trying to think of any other way to get through to his brother that this was a terrible idea, when a thought occurred to him. "You said that Viserys knew, right?"

"Yes," Aegon replied.

"Why not get him to do it?" Daemon asked. "There would be a far greater chance of the children looking like you in his case."

"Um, about that..." Aegon said, looking distinctly uncomfortable.

"Oh gods, he's your lover," Daemon said, trying to push his entire face into his palm.

Aegon just nodded and looked down at the table. Daemon grabbed the cup that had been left out for him and poured what was left of the wine into it. He drank it down greedily, only relaxing a bit as the alcohol entered his body.

"I feel that I would be remiss not to point out that the last time an heir to the Iron Throne fucked their uncle and tried to pass off bastards as trueborn children, it ended poorly," he said dryly.

"Our situations are entirely different," Aegon argued. "Rhaenyra was surrounded by plotting cunts and was too shortsighted and foolish to realize that she was playing into their hands by having Harwin Strong's children. Why in the hells she didn't turn to Daemon, I will never know."

"It would have been a better solution, I must admit," Daemon said.

"The difference here is that there isn't a treasonous second family within our own," Aegon said. "Viserys will have no children and plans not to wed at all, so the only other Targaryens will be your children, and Arianne made it perfectly clear that..."

"Arianne?" Daemon asked.

"This might have been her idea," Aegon admitted.

"Gods, I need more wine," Daemon thought to himself.

Falia Flowers sighed as she got out of bed, grumbling to herself about how foul this place smelled, even in the keep itself. Having grown up in Oakenshield, one of the Shield Islands, she had never had to put up with much in the way of stench, owing both to the coastal setting of her home and how sparsely populated it was. King's Landing smelled like a festering corpse, or so she assumed, and she'd happily leave this moment if she could. Alas, she had no say in that matter, something that was true in pretty much all matters.

She quickly washed, using the basin in the servant's quarters to freshen up, and threw her tattered green dress on. It was a well-worn thing, having been torn and restitched many times when her lady or one of her half-sisters felt like taking out their general frustrations on her. Her Lady had been particularly horrid to her yesterday, but her foul mood was more than worth putting up with given that Falia had had the pleasure of watching the reason for it.

"What a dumb cow!" she thought to herself, grinning at the memory of Lady Hewett's embarrassment.

How anyone could have imagined that that absolute goddess of a woman was a servant, she had no idea. Princess Arianne might have given birth not long ago, but she was still easily one of the most beautiful women she'd ever seen, and she held herself with the dignity and grace of a woman of her station. She had taken the insult better than Falia would have expected to, for while the Hewetts were a noble family, they were minor nobility at best, and the princess would be considered among the upper echelon even if she wasn't married into the royal family. She couldn't imagine how her lady would have handled such an insult from someone so clearly below her. She rushed over to the quarters they had been given just in time to hear the woman call for her.

"Girl!" her father's wife, Lady Clarice Hewett, barked like the bitch she was.

"Coming, milady!" Falia exclaimed as she entered.

"There you are, Falia," her father said as he saw her.

Her father, Lord Humfrey Hewett, was never particularly cruel to her and had done her the kindness of acknowledging her after her mother died giving birth to her, but he never said a word to curb his lady wife's cruelty, and had done nothing to stop the bitch from turning her sisters against her.

"You are to make yourself useful here while we're staying," Clarice commanded. "His grace has been kind enough to allow us to stay in the keep while that wretched manse we had arranged to stay in is being repaired, and offering the use of our servants is the least we can do to repay his generosity."

"Of course, milady," Falia said, inwardly pleased to be able to get away from her for a while.

"You will comport yourself properly and do nothing to bring any further shame to this family than your mere existence does," Clarice said.

"I expect you to be on your best behavior," Humfrey added.

"Of course, milord," Falia said, wishing more than anything else that she could throw what happened yesterday in her lady's face. That had brought more shame and embarrassment to House Hewett than the fact that her father knocked up a serving girl ever had. "I'll talk to the servants and let them know of your generous offer."

"I'm warning you, girl," Clarice said darkly, "do nothing to draw undue attention to yourself."

"Yes, milady," Falia said. "Shall I be off?"

"Yes," Humfrey said.

Falia turned to leave and caught sight of her sisters. Melara and Elinor had been rather close to her once, when they were all girls, but as they'd grown older and learned what bastardy was, that had ended, and if they acknowledged her existence at all these days, it was with scorn. That hurt more than her bitch of a lady's rage ever had, and she wished more than anything that she had a way to pay her back for it. Alas, her lot in life had already been set, and there was nothing she could do about that.

As she left the guest quarters, it didn't take long for her to find a servant girl rushing off somewhere, and she quickly caught up with her.

"Pardon me," she said. "My lord and lady are staying here and ordered me to offer my services while they're here."

"Come with me," the servant said. "I'm going to the kitchens, and Brea, the woman in charge of us, will find work for you. I'm Cass, by the way."

"Falia," she replied.

"I was just bringing Prince Daemon something to drink," Cass said, "and I got distracted watching him spar."

"Which one is Prince Daemon?" Falia asked.

"The King's second son," Cass replied. "The one with the dark hair."

"Ah," Falia said. "Princess Arianne's husband."

"That's him," Cass said, looking away.

"I saw the two of them together yesterday," Falia commented. She had been so taken aback by the sight of him that she had nearly forgotten to bow her head. Those two were going to have beautiful children.

"Here we are," Cass said. "I'll introduce you to Brea and the others."

Falia smiled at the friendly woman and followed her inside. King's Landing might have had its downsides, but if being here meant spending less time away from Lady Hewett, that would make it more than worth it. She just wondered if there would be any other upsides.

Arianne stalked through the halls of the Red Keep, flanked by a pair of Unsullied, searching for her prey. That buxom servant girl she'd seen twice the day before intrigued her. She believed, just based on her looks, that she was Lord Hewett's daughter, something that both infuriated her and gave her a possible means of getting slight, petty revenge on the man's wife. Given who she was, she could have made a far greater deal of the slight from the day before, but that would have been unnecessary. She didn't seek punishment against them, but merely to pay the slight back in kind.

If the servant was her lord's daughter, she could make use of that and potentially free the poor thing from what she suspected was a rather unpleasant life. Arianne knew that, outside of Dorne, most people treated bastards with scorn, if they were even acknowledged. It wasn't uncommon for noblewomen, unable to take proper revenge against their husbands for their infidelity, to focus their rage on the products of it, as if the children themselves were responsible.

Making a bastard daughter serve her trueborn family and then treating her worse than the other servants would be just the kind of petty thing she'd expect a bitter noblewoman to do, and given the poor state of that girl's clothes, she expected that was the case there. Most Dornish women weren't quite like Arianne, who was actively working to get her husband to sire a small army of bastards, but they were generally less cuntish than their more northern counterparts.

"Found her," Arianne thought to herself as she spotted the girl she'd been looking for.

A couple of the servants had said that they saw a girl fitting the description she'd given them in this part of the castle. As she hadn't been spotted, Arianne followed her, wondering where exactly she was going, and when she saw her turn and go into the

kitchen, she grinned. There was a little alcove just outside there where she'd be able to listen in without being detected. Ordering her guards to wait a safe distance away, she crept over and waited once she reached a spot where she could see the servant talking with a few others.

"I don't know how any of you get used to the smell of this city," the girl said.

"There isn't a servant in this keep who wouldn't willingly give up a limb to stay," one of the older women said. "Part of that's the pay, of course, but a lot more is how much better this place smells than the rest of the city."

"You're paid well?" the girl asked.

"Better than most, I'd reckon," one of the others replied. "His grace is so kind."

"So handsome too," one of the others giggled.

"No wonder his son is," the girl said.

"Yes, Prince Aegon is so dashing and has such perfect manners," one of the other servants gushed. "He never leers at me like some of the other noblemen who visit do."

"Oh, I meant the other prince," the girl said.

"Prince Daemon," one of the others said, and they all grew oddly quiet.

"Why do you say his name like that?" the girl asked, and Arianne leaned in slightly, curious about that herself.

"There are rumors about Prince Daemon," one of the eldest servants replied.

"What sort of rumors?" the girl asked.

"Not the kind discussed in good company," the older woman said.

"Feel free to leave us if you must, Brea," one of the younger servants giggled. "I think our new friend here deserves to hear it all."

"Cass!" Brea hissed. "You don't want to get into trouble."

"I doubt the prince would be mad about these rumors, even if they aren't true," one of the other servants laughed.

"Lora's right," Cass said. "Anyway, Falia, rumor has it that Prince Daemon is, let's say, blessed."

"Blessed?" Falia asked.

"Let's just say that if a normal man's a pigeon, the prince is a goose," Cass said, earning a round of giggles from the younger girls.

"If a normal man's a pony, he's a charger," Lora added, and their laughter grew louder.

"And certainly all stallion," Cass added.

"Oh!" Falia exclaimed as Arianne fought not to laugh as well. "I mean, he is a very large man."

"If the rumors are to be believed, he's big even for his frame," Lora said. "I heard that the whores charge him double."

"I heard that his wife prayed to the gods for him to have affairs and then started getting those cousins of hers to help her out," Cass said.

"But the princess looks so happy," Falia said.

"And what woman would be happy to have her husband take her cousins to bed unless she desperately needed a break?" Lora asked.

"Alright, I think that's enough," Brea said. "We need to get back to work, anyway."

"But there's no feast planned tonight and nothing that we need to work on this second," Cass complained.

"Get to work," Brea commanded, and the grumbling servant girls did as she said. "Falia, either join in or excuse us."

"Actually, Falia, is it?" Arianne said, stepping into the kitchens. "I would like a word."

"Princess!" Falia gasped, turning pale, something that the other servants did as well.

"Relax, all of you," Arianne said. "I'm not upset. Come along, Falia."

"Ye...yes, Princess," Falia said.

Arianne turned and left the kitchens with Falia in tow, signaling to the Unsullied to follow as she returned to her rooms. Her cousins, Missandei, and Bellegere were all busy for the day, and Daemon was set to meet with Aegon soon enough, so she would have plenty of time to speak with this lovely servant girl and find out what she wanted to know.

"Princess, I'm so sorry about..." Falia said after about a minute of walking in silence, apparently unable to hold it in any longer.

"Not here," Arianne said, quieting the other woman.

As soon as they entered her chambers, she had the Unsullied close the door and sat down in a chair at the table by the door to her actual bedchamber, pointing to the other one. Falia took the silent order for what it was and sat down.

"As I said, I'm not upset," Arianne said. "I'd be surprised if the servants didn't gossip about Daemon and me. Our relationship isn't exactly normal."

"So it's all true, then?" Falia asked before looking embarrassed at having spoken out of turn.

"Daemon hasn't had a whore in years, but when he did, they didn't overcharge him for his size," Arianne said. "Most of the time, he had to insist on them taking his money at all."

"Why would they not want to be paid?" Falia asked, confused.

"Because they found, with him, that their work was payment enough," Arianne smirked. "He's such a talented man, that husband of mine, and for the record, I didn't pray to the gods for him to have affairs, nor did I accept other women into our bed to give myself a break from him. I enjoy watching him with the others."

"Why tell me this, though?" Falia asked.

"Because you were curious, and because I'm curious about you," Arianne said.

"About me?" Falia asked incredulously.

"You are Lord Hewett's natural daughter, yes?" Arianne asked.

"I am," Falia said, looking down as if she were ashamed. "I'm sorry about how they treated you the other day."

"That's not for you to apologize for," Arianne said.

"Right," Falia said. "Lord Hewett's not normally like that."

"But Lady Hewett is, I imagine," Arianne commented.

"It would not be appropriate for me to comment," Falia said, though there was an obvious anger in her eyes.

"No, it wouldn't be," Arianne agreed. "Servants generally shouldn't speak ill of their lords and ladies, if for no other reason than self-preservation. Of course, if you weren't their servant anymore..."

"What?" Falia asked.

"I'll be returning to Sunspear after the royal wedding," Arianne said. "I assume that's why your family is still here?"

"Er, yes, it is," Falia replied, shaking her head. "The manse that my father and his family were to stay in needed some work, and his grace was kind enough to put them up in the guest quarters for a couple days, knowing that the city is still full because of the High Septon."

"Right, I was wondering," Arianne said. "As I was saying, though, I'll be returning to Sunspear, and, as I suspect that my family is going to grow rather well in the coming years, it would be prudent to take on more servants."

"Are you offering..." Falia went to ask.

"You've served your family for years despite what I imagine was rather poor treatment," Arianne said.

"I had a roof over my head and food that I didn't have to be fucked for," Falia said. "Lady Hewett always made it very clear what the only kind of work I could expect to find on Oakenshield if I left was."

"You couldn't afford to sail somewhere else; I take it?" Arianne asked.

"No," Falia said, "and even if I stowed aboard some ship and didn't get caught, I had no idea where to go or what to do. We so rarely get highborn guests that I never got the chance to crawl into some lord's bed and try to convince him to take me away as a paramour either."

Oakenshield was pretty irrelevant, all things considered.

"Well, that wouldn't be required of you with Daemon and me," Arianne said.

"Could it be?" Falia thought to herself and then blushed as Arianne grinned, and she realized that she'd spoken aloud.

"Come, Falia, let me get a better look at you," Arianne said, and Falia quickly stood up and rushed over to her.

Arianne stood up and looked her over. The tattered green rags she was wearing weren't exactly flattering, but they seemed like she'd been given them before her figure finished developing, and they were rather right around her sizable bust and wide hips. She stood a few inches taller than the princess, being shorter than Obara but taller than Tyene.

"You have a lovely figure," she commented.

"Thank you, princess," Falia said.

"If you do come work for me, you'll need new clothes," Arianne commented. "Personally, I would be embarrassed to have servants dressed so."

"None of the others dress like this," Falia muttered, "but her ladyship enjoys seeing me in this state, and so I stay."

"One of my cousins might have something that will fit you," Arianne mused.

"Would my princess like to get a better look?" Falia asked with a look of feigned innocence.

Arianne grinned and poured a couple cups of wine as she said, "I think we're going to get along quite well. Take off your clothes. Once we get you a new wardrobe, we can have them burned."

Falia's eyes lit up with excitement, and she physically tore off her tattered dress as quickly as she could, earning a laugh from Arianne.

"Just once, could she think with something other than her cunt?" Daemon thought to himself as he walked briskly towards the quarters he shared with his wife and their lovers.

He hadn't quite turned Aegon down outright, saying instead that he'd need to think about it. He then excused himself so he could go talk to Arianne. Hearing the sounds of breathy female moans as soon as he entered the chambers, he furrowed his brow and turned to the two guards that he found waiting outside the door to the bedchamber.

"Wait outside," he commanded, and they silently obeyed, joining Ser Barristan as he closed the door.

He recognized Arianne's voice but not the other, and his first thought was that it might be Rhaenys, Daenerys, or both. He wouldn't put it past Arianne to entice them into their bed while he was off talking to his brother. The idea of bedding the two wasn't off-putting on its own, far from it, really, but the rest of what that would entail gave him pause. Throwing up the door, he was surprised to see Arianne in bed with a woman he'd never seen before.

She was stunning, whoever she was, pale with long, light brown hair. Her figure had none of the softness one expected of noblewomen, suggesting that she was a servant, but that lack of softness didn't mean that she lacked curves. Her hips were wide and her arse plush, but what truly drew the eye was the pair of large, perky breasts that Arianne had her face buried between.

"Prince Daemon!" the girl exclaimed as she spotted him, her dark green eyes going wide with shock and fear.

"My love," Arianne said, grinning at him. "I got you a gift."

"Arianne, I need to talk to you," Daemon said.

"Can it wait?" Arianne asked, tilting her head towards the new girl and giving him a pointed look.

"No, it can't," Daemon said. "Come."

"Um, should I go?" the girl asked, looking down at the pile of fabric that looked like it might have been a dress long ago on the floor.

"No," Arianne said. "Stay here."

Daemon might have objected to that, but Arianne rushed out of bed, walking quickly out of the bedchamber and into the small sitting room beyond it. Daemon closed the doors behind her and whipped around.

"Have you gone mad?!" he hissed, aware that he'd have to keep quiet about Aegon with the unknown servant in the next room.

"I have an explanation for Falia," Arianne said, "but I didn't think you'd much mind."

"Who...oh, the woman in there," Daemon said. "I'm talking about Aegon."

"Ah," Arianne said, leaning back against the wall before recalling that she was naked and flinching forward.

"Yes, ah," Daemon said. "We should send that admittedly beautiful woman away for now."

"Alas, she has nothing to wear," Arianne said. "I'll explain later. What about Aegon has you so concerned?"

"The part where I'm being asked to play the role of Harwin Strong," Daemon whispered furiously.

"He has Viserys for that," Arianne replied just as quietly, smirking.

"You know what I mean," Daemon said.

"The two situations aren't even slightly similar," Arianne said quietly. "Rhaenya had no explanation for why her children looked the way they did. Any features of yours in your future nieces and nephews will be far easier to explain away."

"That doesn't change the fact that we'd be asking for trouble," Daemon said. "The mere suggestion that Daeron II might not be legitimate was enough to justify a century of rebellions that I only just ended."

"Men looking for excuses to rebel will find them," Arianne argued. "The supporters of the first Blackfyre just hated the Dornish influence at court and wanted to get rid of Daeron over it. As for Rhaenyra, if Viserys had married her to Daemon and they had a dozen silver-haired, purple-eyed babes, the greens would still have rebelled because Aegon the Usurper had a cock and they had Vhagar."

Daemon tried to poke a hole in that argument but came up short.

"What happened to no trueborn women?" Daemon asked, recalling how she'd reacted to the mere joke about his cousin Sansa being attracted to him.

"I love Rhaenys," Arianne said, "and I've seen how hard this has been on both her and Daenerys. They both want to be mothers, and I want that for them in a way that will limit the dangers that come from their situation as much as possible, but more than that, I don't want this for Maekar."

"What?" Daemon asked.

"This city, the responsibilities of the crown, that hideous throne," Arianne shuddered. "Dorne is changing for the better. Between my father's reign and mine, it is going to transform into a major power in Westeros. With our newly arable land, the greater population we're going to end up with, and all the wealth we have to invest in improving it, not to mention the fleet, we could end up as the equal of the Vale. I want Maekar, our perfect little boy, to inherit what we build. Let his cousins deal with the rest of it."

"It's strange hearing someone not want their blood on the throne," Daemon commented.

"We'll be close kin of the future king anyway," Arianne shrugged. "Especially if you do what all three of them so desperately want you to."

Daemon sighed and sat down, staring into the fireplace. "I suppose that they wouldn't look that differently than one could expect."

"The biggest difference in all of this is the fact that there's no one to claim that they're illegitimate and try to take the throne from them," Arianne said. "Our children wouldn't, and no one else would have the slightest claim. There are no greens here or Blackfyres."

"There's barely any Targaryens," Daemon murmured.

"Yes," Arianne said. With a grin, she added, "You should change that."

Daemon chuckled and pulled her into his lap, kissing her deeply and cupping her around arse.

"Now what was this you said about a gift?" Daemon asked.

"She's the bastard daughter of a man whose wife mistook me for a servant and tried to order me about," Arianne said. "She was quite rude."

"So you want to bring her husband's bastard into your service to thumb your nose at her," Daemon guessed.

"Something like that," Arianne replied. "I made it clear that fucking us wasn't a requirement, but she jumped at the opportunity, and well, I know what you like."

Daemon just laughed at that and stood up, taking a squealing Arianne with him as she wrapped her arms and legs around him. Walking over to the door, he managed to throw it open while holding her with one arm, and he saw Falia waiting for them on the bed where they'd left her.

"You stayed there the whole time?" he asked, not really that concerned since he and Arianne had been very quiet.

"I know enough to know when I don't want to hear something," Falia replied. "Could I borrow a sheet to wrap around myself, my prince? I can stitch the dress back together once I get to my sewing kit."

"You could, but I'd rather you didn't," Daemon said, walking up to the bed and gently depositing Arianne on it. "I rather enjoyed the little performance you two were putting on."

"Daemon and I needed to discuss a few things, but they weren't about you," Arianne said. "Now, if I remember correctly, I was about to start getting you ready for my husband here."

"Getting me ready?" Falia asked, furrowing her brow in confusion.

"Have you had a man before?" Arianne asked.

"Yes, back on Oakenshield," Falia replied.

"What did he do before he stuck his cock in you?" Arianne asked.

"He..." she trailed off, looking embarrassed at the idea of discussing that. "He stroked my cunt a bit."

"Gods," Arianne muttered. "Trust me, Falia, you have much to learn about sex. You'll find this a much more enjoyable experience than that was."

"It wasn't so bad, at least just before he finished," Falia said.

Arianne pressed her lips against Falia's belly and kissed a trail downward towards the forest of brown curls that topped her sex. Daemon, meanwhile, removed his doublet, exposing his muscular body to Falia's feasting eyes, and sat down on the bed.

"She isn't lying, you know," he said. "We have so much to teach you."

"I was never allowed to learn from our maester, but something tells me that I'll enjoy these lessons a lot more than I would have enjoyed those," Falia said.

"Trust me," Daemon said, cupping her cheek and looking into her lust-darkened eyes. "You will."

He leaned in then and kissed her plump lips, and she froze. She had to be around his age, perhaps a year older, and yet he fully believed that she was as much of a sexual novice as she claimed. Her kiss was tentative and uncertain in a way that he hadn't experienced in a very long time. He had never cared to take virgins as much as he knew other men did, owing to the size of his cock and how much trouble that could be. Falia was something unique to him, and yet as she relaxed a bit and returned his kiss more eagerly, he saw a hunger there that made him grin.

Pulling away, he took in the sight of her more closely, noting the sprinkle of freckles on her soft cheeks and slightly upturned nose. None of his lovers had much in the way of freckles, and he found he liked the look of them on her. There were a few on her gorgeous body, and he decided that he was going to kiss them all. Capturing her lips again, he plunged his tongue into her mouth, and she moaned as she slid her own along it.

She melted into his embrace, and he cupped her heavy breasts as they continued to kiss. He kneaded the beautiful mounds, drawing little whimpers from her and delighting in her rising passions. As the bastard daughter of a lord whose wife targeted her to begin with, she had likely stayed on her best behavior out of fear, and even her one dalliance was likely done in a hurried, uncomfortable manner. He wondered just how passionate she would grow to become after living a few moons in Dorne.

"What the fuck!?" Falia exclaimed, breaking off the kiss and looking down at Arianne in shock.

"Your lover either didn't have time for this or didn't care to, but trust me when I say that having your cunt licked will quickly become one of your favorite things," Arianne said.

"Symon and I had to hurry," Falia said. "Doesn't it taste...bad?"

"Not if you bathe regularly," Daemon replied, kissing her neck and making her shiver. Reaching down, he parted her curls with his fingers and spread her folds, earning a sharp cry. Pushing two fingers inside her, he grinned at how tight she was and brought them to his lips, sucking the middle one clean of her tangy fluids. "Perfectly lovely. Care to taste?"

He offered her his finger, and she leaned forward, wrapping her lips around it and sucking gently. He leaned in to nibble on her earlobe, and she let his finger go, moaning loudly.

"See?" Arianne asked, pressing her lips against the other woman's thigh. "Cunt is delightful."

"Ye..gods!" Falia cried as the shorter woman began to devour her weeping sex.

Daemon groaned at the sight and climbed off of the bed to relieve the uncomfortable pressure on his turgid cock. Quickly removing his boots, he made equally quick work of his belt and let his breeches fall freely, permitting his cock to spring forth into the air. Falia let out a wordless squeak at the sight, her forest-green eyes going wide as she stared at his manhood in awe.

"It's true!" she exclaimed.

"Did my dear wife brag about my cock again?" Daemon asked, grinning.

"No," Arianne replied. "It turns out that rumors have begun to spread among the servants that you have Blackfyre itself between your legs."

"What?" Daemon laughed.

"Tis true, my prince," Falia said, her eyes not leaving his cock. "There are a few rumors about your cock, though it seems that only tale of it's size is true."

"Did they think that it granted wishes?" Daemon asked.

"They thought that...oh fuck right there!" Falia shrieked, her body curling up towards Arianne.

“That’s your clit, Falia,” Arianne said. “Very important, it is. They thought that whores charged you more because of it. Come to think of it, I wonder if advertising that they charge by the inch would get men to give a brothel more money.”

Daemon snorted at that and watched as Arianne swirled her tongue around Falia’s clit. The beautiful brunette grabbed the sheets on either side of her so hard that her knuckles turned white and she let out a warbled moan.

“That feels so fucking good,” she whimpered.

“There’s a whole world of pleasure for you to enjoy,” Daemon said as he rejoined them on the bed.

Falia looked over at him and reached out to his cock, wrapping her small hand around the shaft.

“Gods, my fingers don’t even touch,” Falia said in wonder. “This will really fit inside me?”

“It fit inside me, and I’m much smaller,” Arianne replied as she pushed two fingers inside the other woman.

Falia closed her eyes and whimpered as Arianne began curling her fingers upward, stroking something inside her that felt wonderful. She ran her hand up and down along Daemon’s shaft, feeling how hard it was and yet soft under her skin. Her limited experiences with one of her father’s guards had been brief and only partially pleasant. Symon had felt good inside her towards the end of the second time they had sex, but he was much smaller than the prince, and she didn’t know how she was going to take something so immense. The rigid, swollen lines that covered it added a texture that Symon’s had lacked, and she had no idea how it was going to feel if she did manage to take it.

“Fuck! Stop! Something’s happening,” Falia cried as the sensations grew too intense.

“Something...have you never cum?” Arianne asked.

“What?” Falia asked, confused.

“You know when a man finishes?” Daemon asked.

“Yes,” Falia replied.

“Women can experience something similar,” Daemon explained.

“But we don’t...” Falia went to say.

“The results are different, but the pleasure is pretty much the same,” Daemon said. “That’s what’s about to happen to you.”

“I’m going to...finish?” Falia asked.

“Daemon, if this is her first time, it should probably be in your hands,” Arianne said. “I’ll hold her while you make her cum.”

Daemon just grinned at that and traded places with his wife, lowering himself down until his head was between their new lover’s plush thighs. Arianne crawled up to Falia and wrapped an arm around her shoulders, running her fingers through the woman’s long brown hair as they both looked down at Daemon. Falia’s green eyes were wide, and disbelief was etched all over her beautiful face as a prince began to pleasure her.

“Oh gods!” she cried, clinging to Arianne as Daemon wrapped his lips around her throbbing clit and sucked on the nub.

His purple eyes bored into hers as he flicked his tongue over her clit and sucked again. Stretching her with two of his thick fingers, he pushed them up against the rough skin of one of her most sensitive spots and smirked at her instant reaction.

“Oh fuck, oh gods, oh what in the hells?” Falia babbled, leaning into Arianne’s embrace as she soared towards something she’d never known.

“You’re so close now, Falia,” Arianne cooed, pressing her lips against the other woman’s pulse point and reaching down to gently pinch one of her hard brown nipples.

“GODS!” Falia shrieked at the top of her lungs as she came, arching forward towards Daemon.

A burst of pleasure beyond her wildest dreams started in her core and moved outward through her body. Her vision went white, and she heard a series of screams that she took a moment to realize had come from her. Even with all the buildup, it still seemed to come without warning, and it passed in the same way, leaving her a panting, sweaty mess as she fell back into Arianne’s arms.

“That was an orgasm,” Arianne whispered in her ear, making shivers go down her spine. “You’re going to have many of them if you come with us, often far more intense than that.”

“More...intense than...that?” Falia panted, her eyes widening in shock.

“I’ve made Ari cum so hard she passed out before,” Daemon replied.

Falia shivered at that, her mind racing as she tried to imagine what pleasure greater than what she’d just experienced might be like. She had decided immediately to accept the princess’ offer because it was an easy way to escape the Hewetts, and she had jumped at the opportunity to bed the prince because he was the most handsome man she’d ever met. This was turning out to be leagues better than she expected, though, and as she stared up at Daemon’s grinning, bearded face, only two words occurred to her.

“Fuck me,” she whispered.

Daemon’s grin grew feral, and he crawled forward enough to place his heavy cock on her flat belly. Her eyes widened as she saw just how far it reached, how far it would reach

inside her, but rather than the fear she might have expected to feel, she felt only hunger. Her cunt dripped fluids that rolled down past her arsehole and onto the bed as she spread her legs.

“Would you like me on my hands and knees?” Falia asked, recalling the only position she’d ever been taken in.

“I’ll take you from behind and a dozen other ways before we leave this city, but this first time, I want to watch those incredible tits move as I fuck you,” Daemon said, his voice low and rumbling.

He placed his hands on her thighs, spreading them further, and then brushed the heated flesh of her slick folds with the head of his cock. Falia moaned and reached back towards Arianne, who leaned down and kissed her. Her first kiss had been from her sister, who wanted to practice for the cute nobleboys she was going to see at a tourney in Old Oak that their father was attending. This was back in a time when her sisters actually saw her as one of them and not just ‘the bastard,’ as their mother would eventually train them to. It had been years since she’d kissed a girl then, but with Arianne being so forward and so beautiful, she hadn’t even considered saying no and quite enjoyed all that she had shared with the other woman so far.

“Would you like me to...do what you did to me while he fucks me?” she asked.

“I’m still recovering from giving birth,” Arianne replied, shaking her head. “Once I have, though...”

Falia just grinned at that. Having her cunt licked had felt amazing, and her own taste didn’t bother her as much as she would have imagined. She was more than willing to give such pleasure as well, especially to someone who had already given her so much. She was so preoccupied with looking at Arianne that she didn’t notice Daemon taking his cock in hand and lining himself up with her opening until he started to push forward.

“Shit!” she hissed as she felt the bulbous head of his immense cock pop inside her.

The first time Symon had managed to thrust his cock inside her, he had torn through her maidenhead, and it had hurt. Luckily, things ended rather quickly after that, and the second time, it didn’t hurt nearly as much. What she felt then was a more intense stretch than she had experienced the first time, and yet pain was the last thing she would have said she felt in that moment.

“Gods, you’re fucking tight,” Daemon grunted, closing his eyes as he reveled in the feeling of her inner walls clinging to him.

“How does it feel?” Arianne asked her, brushing her cheek with the back of her fingers.

“Good,” Falia replied. “It hurts a little, but not like the first couple times. It kind of burns, but it also feels good.”

“I know that burn well,” Arianne grinned. “It will pass once you’ve adjusted to him. This time, you’re very wet, so even though he’s quite big, it won’t hurt that much.”

"Ah," Falia whimpered as he pushed forward again, burying another inch of his cock inside her.

Arianne never tired of watching women take him for the first time. The bewilderment on their faces was always a treat. Falia was no different, as she dug her fingers into the bedding below her and gasped. Daemon moved slowly, conquering her depths inch by inch and pausing when he felt that she needed him to. Falia scrunched her eyes shut, moaning and whimpering as she took him.

"Gods, you're so big!" she cried as he reached the deepest parts of her cunt.

"That's all of it," Arianne cooed, cupping her cheek and pulling her in for a kiss. "You did so well."

"Feels like you split me in two," Falia whimpered, her body shaking from the exertion of taking him inside her.

"I'll hold still until you're ready," Daemon said. "Once you've relaxed around me, just let me know."

"Thank you," Falia said, letting out a breath she didn't she was holding.

The initial burning sensation of being stretched wide by him was already starting to pass, but it was nice knowing that he wasn't just going to rut her like a wild beast, as fun as that sounded. She thought that she was starting to realize why the princess was as happy as she was. He reached down and cupped her sizable breasts, massaging the soft flesh gently with his large hands. She welcomed the distraction and ran her hands over his muscular back and arms, feeling the scars that littered his flesh.

"Fuck me, my prince," she whispered after a couple minutes.

"When I'm inside you, you can call me Daemon," he chuckled, pulling most of his cock from her tight depths and thrusting back inside hard.

"Yes!" Falia cried in pleasure. "More!"

Daemon grinned and began fucking her at a measured pace, paying close attention to her reactions to make sure that he wasn't hurting her. He didn't have to worry, however, as soon as she was wrapping her legs around him and rocking her body in time with thrusts, desperate for more of the pleasure he was giving her. He picked up his pace, fucking her harder, and grinned as he watched her heavy breasts begin to jiggle and roll across her chest.

"It's better when the man knows what he's doing, isn't it?" Arianne asked.

"So much better!" Falia cried, throwing her head back and moaning loudly as he brushed against something inside her that made her see stars.

“Just think, when you come back with us to Dorne, you’ll be able to get fucked like this whenever you like,” Arianne said, running her fingers through Falia’s hair.

“Then I’m yours!” Falia cried. “All...fuck...yours!”

“This seems familiar, my love,” Arianne commented.

“It’s hardly the first time we’ve taken a woman together,” Daemon said.

“True, but I meant this specifically,” Arianne said. “A buxom young woman on her back, getting her cunt stretched to its limit by your massive cock, and deciding that she’ll belong to you forever if you can just keep making her feel this way. Our first time was also in this keep.”

Daemon chuckled at that, recalling that night very well.

“Of course, I didn’t decide that I couldn’t live without your cock until after you’d found that spot inside me,” Arianne smirked.

Daemon grinned at her and took the hint, changing the angle of his thrusts as he sought out a spot deep within Falia that he knew for certain no one had ever touched.

“What spot is th...AHH!” Falia screamed as he found it. “Oh gods, hit that again, again, MORE!”

Daemon grinned wickedly and picked up his pace again, pounding her tight little cunt hard and reaching her greatest depths with each hard thrust. The head of his cock slipped inside what felt like a little pocket inside her cunt and her vision went white. Her mouth hung open in a silent scream that she gave voice to a moment later as the sound managed to escape her throat. Her body seized and spasmed hard, as pleasure consumed her consciousness.

Her entire body was wracked by the pleasure of her orgasm, which hit hard and then continued to hit in waves again and again. She heard a splash in the distance and would have wondered what that was, if she could think. It seemed like it would be without end, and she was perfectly okay with that, content to float on a sea of ecstasy for the rest of her days.

“See what I mean?” Arianne asked, sounding deeply amused.

Falia opened her eyes and blinked away the unshed tears as she panted for breath.

“What?” she gasped, sounding half-delirious.

“Water might be a good idea,” Daemon said, and Arianne got out of bed and walked over to a jug of water, filling a cup and bringing it over.

“Drink up,” Daemon said. “You’ll need it after this.”

He gestured down to a large wet spot in the bedding, and Falia was instantly alarmed.

"You didn't piss," Arianne reassured her quickly, handing her the cup of water. "You just came really hard."

"Thank the gods," Falia sighed, "and thank you."

She took the cup and drank down its contents quickly. Only as she finished did she realize something that had eluded her before.

"Did you not finish?" she asked, looking down at his rock-hard cock.

"Not yet," Daemon said.

Falia scrambled onto her hands and knees and stuck her ass up in the air. Resting her head on a pillow, she reached back to spread her plump cheeks wide and said, "Please, Daemon, fuck me until you've had your fill."

"Oh, I plan to," Daemon said, sounding amused. "I just figured that you could use a break."

"I just...I want to please you," Falia said. The last thing she wanted was for this to be the last time she felt his cock inside her.

Daemon and Arianne both laughed, and the princess, tracing her fingers over Falia's back, said, "You've already pleased us well, Falia. I can't wait to introduce you to the others. I'm sure they'll like you."

That was something that Falia hadn't even considered before. Most people in her father's keep kept their distance for fear of earning their lady's wrath. She had been pleased enough by the idea of finding someone that she actually liked serving and a fantastic lover, but the thought of getting actual friends out of this as well was even better. Insulting Princess Arianne was quickly turning out to be the nicest thing that Lady Hewett had ever done for her.

"Oh gods, yes!" she cried as Daemon buried his entire cock inside her in one long thrust.

As he began fucking her hard and fast again, only one thought went through Falia's mind.

"I can't wait to go to Dorne."