The sound of his father's deeply amused laughter as Jon approached his solar gave him pause for a moment. He knew that laugh well, and it usually meant that something very dire had happened to his enemies. While that wasn't by itself troubling, given the fact that almost all of their enemies were dead by then, it was odd. Still, he had been summoned, and so he went, nodding to the guards outside the door as they let him in.

"Prince Jon, your Grace," one of them said, and Daemon, grinning wickedly, looked up at him.

"Excellent; come in," he said. "We have much to discuss."

"Clearly," Jon replied dryly. "There are only two circumstances that ever make you this happy, and I've heard no news of the queen having another child, so please tell me, who died?"

"More than a few cunts over the past few weeks," Daemon replied, standing up and pouring a couple cups of wine for them. As he handed one to Jon, he said, "Sit, and I'll explain."

"The Hightowers have been brought to heel; the last of the usurper's allies are already either dead or rotting at the Wall, so this must be about the Triarchy," Jon surmised.

"It does indeed," Daemon replied. "Ever since their attempt to retake the Stepstones with the aid of the Dornish failed, they've been quiet, but I've warred with them long enough to know that they are only ever quiet when they're plotting, and I decided to deal with them once and for all."

"I wouldn't think a full-blown invasion would be practical, given that we're only a couple years removed from our last conflict," Jon replied.

"So Rhaenyra insisted," Daemon muttered. "I tried to convince her that bringing the kingdoms together to fight a common foe might actually improve our unity, but she disagreed, and I didn't feel like arguing the point further, so I turned to less...direct means."

"Meaning what exactly?" Jon asked, curious.

"The Triarchy came into being around the time you were born as a response to aggression from Volantis," Daemon explained. "That was some time ago, though, and the generation that ruled during those days has largely died off by now. Their successors, who have never known any reason to fear the first daughter, are, as a consequence, more likely to see the downsides of the union than their father was."

"So you're looking to undermine them," Jon guessed.

"Yes, and I've been rather successful," Daemon said proudly. "My Pentoshi contacts managed to find a number of young and ambitious wealthy men in all three cities whose greed was easy to play upon. The border divisions in the Disputed Lands they settled on to formalize their union don't please everyone, for one thing, and there are a number of merchants who chafe at the continued inability to do business with us and our allies. Between that and the wounded pride of certain other figures who feel that they should

have greater influence in their cities than the families who have held them together for the better part of four decades, there turned out to be a number of opportunities for my agents to sow division."

"So are they at each other's throats yet?" Jon asked. "Given the laughter I heard on my way here, I imagine you've made significant progress."

"There have been no fewer than two dozen high-profile assassinations throughout the three cities over the past fortnight, none of which were my direct doing," Daemon replied. "They are on the verge of war, a tinderbox awaiting a single ember, and you're going to deliver that ember."

"Are we talking metaphorical embers, or are Vermithor and I about to wreak havoc in person?" Jon asked.

"Metaphor only, I'm afraid," Daemon replied. "If we move directly against them, not only will that drag us into war, but it will be our fault. Instead, I just need you to extend hospitality to a few women."

"I'm sorry?" Jon asked, confused.

"House Rogare was very briefly the most powerful house in Lys," Daemon explained. "Their bank grew large enough to rival the Iron Bank, and I had managed to insert a few spies into their ranks. We had had a few dealings over the past couple years, enough to tie them to us and make it look like, as they accrued power, it was with our aid and direction, something that will infuriate more than a few people in Tyrosh, since they're about to uncover a plot by Myr and Lys to bring them to heel."

"Is there such a plot?" Jon asked.

"There are such plots brewing in all three cities at the moment, both with my help and otherwise," Daemon replied. "Tyrosh is currently led by a hot-headed fool named Alello and is the most militarily powerful of the three. If he uncovers that the other two cities were plotting against him and working with us to do so, he will strike first and think later, by which time it will be too late."

"So these are daughters of House Rogare, I take it," Jon guessed.

"Three of them," Daemon nodded. "Their father, uncle, and, last I heard, most of their brothers have been assassinated. I don't know if it was a rival in Lys, some wealthy family from the other cities, or the Iron Bank itself, but they are in full collapse, and my men had to scramble to help their guards get them out."

"So I give them shelter, and that all but confirms our involvement," Jon replied. "What's to stop them from reuniting and turning against us down the line?"

"I don't care if they do," Daemon replied bluntly. "If they strike first, we're defending ourselves, and no one can complain about that, but I really do think that this could be the end of their wretched little 'kingdom.' Volantis isn't a threat to them anymore; the men who

remember fearing them are dead, and cracks have been forming between them for some time. My efforts should really just speed up the inevitable."

"Alright," Jon murmured, not really minding how things went either way. "When should I expect our new guests, and just what will they be bringing with them?"

"The clothes on their back, what coin they could grab as they fled, and a handful of guards," Daemon replied. "One of their guards should actually be rather interesting."

"Oh?" Jon asked.

"A seven-foot-tall giant who apparently wields a Valyrian steel sword," Daemon replied. "I'm intrigued myself, given what I've heard of the man from my agents."

"He'll be difficult to miss, I imagine," Jon chuckled. "How long am I to host my new guests?"

"Not forever," Daemon replied. "Once the three daughters are at each other's throats again and unable to challenge our supremacy in the Stepstones, I don't care what you do with the Rogares."

"It will depend largely on how Rhaena and Baela feel about them, then," Jon replied. "I trust our guards to keep a close eye on Maekar and Alysanne, so I don't mind keeping a few foreigners in the guest wing for a time."

"Excellent," Daemon smiled. "I knew I could count on you."

"I've done worse things in the name of fucking over our enemies," Jon chuckled.

"Oh, Jon, just one thing," Daemon said as he went to stand up. "Do keep them away from Helaena. I don't want relatives of our enemies given a chance to conspire."

"Surely by now you've accepted that Helaena is no threat to us," Jon sighed.

"No matter how hard or often you try, you'll never fuck the Hightower out of her," Daemon scowled. "I hope you realize that."

Jon resisted the urge to roll his eyes at that. As he'd predicted when it first happened, his father did eventually learn that Helaena had become a fixture in his and his wives' bed, the twins acceptance of which baffled him utterly when he flew over to chew him out over it.

"I realize that as long as I keep her children safe, I have nothing to fear from Helaena," Jon muttered. "They remain in my custody, and she knows that."

In truth, there was no chance that he'd ever harm Jaehaerys, Jaehaera, or Maelor, but he knew that his father would have an easier time accepting that that was the reason for Helaena's loyalty than the reality. Jon himself could barely believe that most days.

"I suppose you have a point there," Daemon sighed. "Rhaenyra and I did so enjoy informing Alicent of how her precious daughter had become your whore."

“Just please don’t tell Helaena that,” Jon muttered, and Daemon chuckled.

“As you wish,” he replied. “Write to me when the Rogare girls get settled in, and Jon, if you end up fucking them, don’t put babes in them.”

“Believe it or not, I don’t actually go around sticking my cock in every wet hole I find,” Jon chuckled. “I have two wives and a mistress whom they accept openly; that’s more than enough for any man.”

“As you say,” Daemon replied, his tone tinged with disbelief that Jon chose to ignore.

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“So we’re hosting three rich Lysene whores because Father wants to make them tear themselves apart?” Baela asked a while later, scowling.

“I don’t...gods, that’s good...think that all Lysene women are whores,” Jon countered, and Baela scoffed.

“Father’s told us all our lives that they are,” Baela replied, and Jon laughed.

“Father’s not exactly the most unbiased source of information when it comes to the Triarchy,” Jon chuckled.

“Coryanne Wylde’s account of her Lysene pleasure house suggests that noble women of Lys made significant use of whores as well,” Rhaena piped up.

“I still can’t believe you actually acquired a copy of A Caution for Young Girls,” Baela chuckled.

“You say that like you didn’t read it too,” Rhaena replied, sticking out her tongue.

Letting Jon’s cock slip with her audible pop, Helaena chimed in, “It did have a number of really interesting ideas. Speaking of, could I put on my collar?”

“I don’t know, Helaena,” Jon grinned. “Do you think you’ve earned it yet?”

“I can do better,” Helaena breathed, her eyes dark with lust and hooded as she returned to worshiping his cock.

A hiss of pleasure escaped his lips as his fingers tangled into her long silvery hair, and she shivered at his touch, immediately enveloping him between her pouty lips and lowering herself down until she’s swallowed him into her tight throat. Jon’s groan turned to a yelp as she started stroking the spot between his balls and arse with one of her knuckles, well aware that doing so enhanced his pleasure, and both of his wives grinned and leaned close to him.

“I think our little pet is well on her way to earning her collar for the night, Lekia,” Rhaena purred as she ran a hand over Helaena’s plump ass. “She’s being such a good girl, is she not?”

“I think she could do more to earn it,” Baela grinned. “There’s about an inch of your cock still not lodged in her throat.”

Helaena whimpered and pushed herself further until her nose was buried in his dark curls, and Jon shuddered in pleasure. He hadn’t been lying to his father earlier when he said he had no interest in bedding the Rogare girls. Even if they turned out to be great beauties, what use could he have for them when he already lived a life of such hedonistic delight?

*****

“Ugh,” Lysara Rogare muttered as their ship drew close enough to Driftmark for them to make it out, “that castle is so ugly! I should be living in Father’s beautiful palace, draped in gold and jewels, and attended by dozens of slaves, not living in something that drab and grim.”

“Our other options weren’t exactly great,” Larra muttered. “The goddess knows what those cunts would have had in store for us. We might have been forced to work in a pleasure house.”

“At least most of the pleasure houses we’ve seen keep the water out,” Lysara scowled. “That castle looks like it’s one bad storm away from being washed away.”

“You can always go back,” Larra spat, tired of her eldest sister’s constant complaints.

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you!?” Lysara raged.

“Will you two settle down?” Marra muttered. “That’s not where we’re staying.”

“What?” Larra asked.

“That’s Castle Driftmark,” Marra replied. “The Velaryons now live in High Tide, a castle the Sea Snake designed and commissioned himself. I’m sure it’s rather nicer.”

“How do you even know that?” Lysara asked.

“I read,” Marra replied dryly. “Given all the resources Father put into having us taught how, you should really try it now and then.”

Lysara sneered at her and sat back down, watching as they continued to sail around the island. Sure enough, after a few minutes, another castle came into view, one far larger and brighter. It was built of pale stone and looked far more pleasant than the other one they had seen, with numerous slender towers piercing the sky, crowned with what looked like silver, which gleamed in the sun.

“Well, it’s nicer at least,” Lysara sniffed.

“Face it, sister, it’s gorgeous,” Larra chuckled as even Marra gawked at the beautiful castle. “It might be Daemon Targaryen whose men helped us escape, but it’s Corlys Velaryon whose heir is sheltering us, and he’s exceedingly wealthy.”

“Not as wealthy as we were,” Lysara moaned. “Gods, if I ever find out who siphoned away all the gold in our bank…”

“You’ll what?” Marra asked, rolling her eyes, “Tear them apart with your bare hands?”

“No,” Lysara smirked, “I’ll make Sandoq do it. You’d do that for me, wouldn’t you?”

The dark-skinned giant rumbled, his hands resting on the dragonbone hilt of his sword as he nodded in agreement.

“Why is the Westerosi king even helping us?” Larra replied. “I still don’t understand that.”

“King-consort,” Marra corrected her, “and presumably because he thinks we can help him somehow.”

“I’ll help him however he likes,” Lysara muttered. “I’ll give him the name of every noble cunt who betrayed us, tell him everything I ever overheard Father say about how the city’s defenses are set up, and suck his cock if that’s what it takes to get my revenge. I want them all dead.”

“I wouldn’t speak so openly about sucking his cock when we exit this ship,” Marra chuckled. “His wife does, after all, ride a dragon.”

“I’d eat her cunt too if I needed to,” Lysara shrugged, and both her sisters rolled their eyes. “Do you think we’ll see any of the dragons soo…”

No sooner had she tried to ask that question than they heard a deafening roar echo through the skies, which made all their hearts race in their chests. All three sisters and their servants stood, slack-jawed, as a massive dragon the color of bronze circled around their ship for a moment before landing just in front of the docks.

“It’s...it’s…” Larra stammered, suddenly realizing how people must generally feel seeing her or her siblings guarded by Sandoq.

“Our welcome party, I take it,” Marra said, her normally porcelain face looking so pale she appeared bloodless.

“Fucking hells, it’s massive,” Lysara marveled. “Is Daemon Targaryen’s dragon that large? I know that one’s red.”

“I don’t actually know everything,” Marra muttered. “If so, then I have far more respect for our men than I did before.”

They brought their ship to dock and lowered their anchor the moment they were close enough to depart. Sandoq and their other guards exited first, and they followed after,

something they regretted when, as the massive dragon raised his head and roared, the men all went still and they bumped into them.

“Now now, Vermithor,” a deep, rumbling voice chuckled in High Valyrian, something they understood well, even if they generally spoke the Lysene dialect of it, “that’s no way to greet guests.”

From around the dragon walked easily one of the most gorgeous men any of them had ever seen, and as their guards apologized profusely for stopping so abruptly, the three sisters barely heard them.

“Get out of our way,” Lysara hissed, rushing forward and smiling coquettishly at the dragon rider. “You must be Prince Jon.”

“I am,” Jon replied. “Welcome to Driftmark, ladies.”

He was tall, though not excessively so, and, from what they could see, very well-muscled. Standing before them in a rich black doublet and breeches, his shoulders looked very broad, his arms strong, and his stomach flat. His long dark hair fell to his shoulders in waves, framing a very handsome face.

“I’m Lysara, my prince,” the eldest of them purred before the other two could get a word out. “These are Marra and Larra, my twin sisters.”

“A pleasure to meet you,” Jon replied. “My wives and I have arranged a welcoming feast for you and had quarters set up for you in the guest wing of the castle.”

“Wives?” Larra asked, emphasizing the plurality of the word as she furrowed her brow.

“Yes, I have two,” Jon replied, choosing not to elaborate. “Follow me. Your guards have also been given quarters among the servants.”

“You’re most kind,” Marra smiled, still keeping an eye on the dragon. “Your dragon’s name is Vermithor?”

“That’s right,” Jon replied. “He was first ridden by King Jaehaerys, and I claimed him a couple years ago.”

They watched, transfixed, as he reached out and scratched the massive dragon’s chin, earning a rumble that sounded bizarrely affectionate, given how utterly dangerous a beast he was treating almost like a pet. After patting his cheek, Jon walked away from the dragon and led them all towards the castle, completely by himself. Under normal circumstances that would have been the height of foolishness for any lord or prince to attempt, but Marra quickly realized that it was actually sending a message. He didn’t need guards while meeting with them because if any of them tried anything, the massive, fire-breathing beast who watched them the entire way would have burned them all to ash.

The guards at the gate let them in, and soon they were greeted by a pair of Valyrian beauties so identical they had to be true twins.

“Ladies, these are my wives, Rhaena and Baela,” Jon called out.

“Good day,” the gentler-looking of the two smiled as she walked forward. “Welcome to High Tide; I’m Rhaena. Our servants will lead you to your quarters when you’re ready. I’m sure you’d like a chance to freshen up after your long journey.”

“I would know who’s who, though,” Baela demanded, and Lysara bristled but kept her mouth shut.

“I’m Larra,” Larra said, stepping forward and giving them as warm a smile as she could muster. “This is my twin sister, Marra, and the sulking one over there is our elder sister, Lysara.”

“I’m not sulking,” Lysara hissed. Batting her eyes at Jon, she added, “I’m just tired after the difficult journey.”

“You’re not true twins, though,” Rhaena commented, taking in the subtle differences between them.

One could tell at a glance that the three of them were related, given how similar they looked, but none of them were truly identical. Though they all shared the same full lips, high cheekbones, purple eyes, and silver-gold hair, there were subtle differences. Larra’s face was the most heart-shaped among them, with Marra’s being somewhat rounder, while Lysara’s looked like a mix of the two.

They all wore similar gowns too, cut in a style that most in Westeros would have considered scandalous, and the amount of skin on display made it clear that their bodies differed somewhat too. They were all quite buxom, but Lysara was the tallest of them, and her height and narrow waist made her look more willowy than her sisters. Larra, as the shortest of them, appeared to have the largest breasts, though whether that was true or they simply looked bigger on her tiny frame they couldn’t say, while Marra looked a little rounder in general, her belly having a slight softness to it and her hips being quite wide.

“I must admit that if I wasn’t wed twice over, I’d definitely have been tempted by them,” Jon thought to himself as he regarded them. *“They are very beautiful, after all. I doubt it will be difficult to find them husbands among the unwed lords of this land.”*

He’d considered his father’s cold words about what to do with them once they were no longer needed, and he disagreed with the idea of just kicking them out, holding no ill will for them, and had thought that finding a way to wed them off would be the simplest solution, something that their beauty would help a great deal with. That would be a matter for down the line, though, and as Helaena rushed over, he put it out of his mind.

“I helped the servants get Maekar settled again,” she reported. “The poor thing was just hungry.”

“Lead us to our quarters,” Lysara commanded, and Helaena looked at her in confusion.

“This is our cousin Helaena,” Rhaena corrected her gently, “not one of the servants.”

“Oh, my apologies,” Lysara said dismissively, looking between the plump Valyrian women and Jon with greater interest at learning that.

“Bethany,” Baela called out, summoning one of their actual servants over, “lead our noble guests to their quarters. Joseth, lead their guards to where they’ll be staying.”

“Yes, princess,” the two servants said in unison.

“The feast will begin in a couple hours,” Jon said. “We’ll see you there.”

“You have no idea how much we’re looking forward to it,” Larra smiled, “or how appreciative we are for your generosity.”

“Our father ordered us to host you,” Baela explained, “and we’re nothing if not generous hosts.”

“Will we be meeting the king-consort?” Marra asked.

“Probably not,” Rhaena replied. “He is, as you can imagine, rather busy.”

“Of course,” Marra replied.

The three of them were led away, and the moment they were out of view of the Targaryens, Larra slapped Lysara upside the head.

“Hey!” the older woman exclaimed.

“Insulting one of the people we’re relying on to avoid having to suck pox-ridden cock to be able to eat is probably not a great idea, you blithering idiot,” she hissed.

“How was I to know she wasn’t a servant?” Lysara hissed. “Her gown is grey, and she spoke with more subservience while addressing the prince than most of our slaves did while speaking to us.”

“Miladies,” Bethany piped up as they reached their destination, “This suite of rooms will be yours. There are three separate bedchambers with a greater chamber connecting them here. Do you want me to have baths drawn for you?”

“Yes,” Larra replied immediately as they went inside and looked around the room. It was well furnished enough, she had to admit, even if the décor choices were a little more subdued than she was used to.

“Bring whatever oils are available,” Lysara replied. “Something flowery, preferably.”

“Your will be done,” Bethany nodded as she went off to fulfill their orders.

“So, what do you think?” Marra asked.

“I think we’re nearly destitute and relying on the charity of people who have little reason to give it,” Larra muttered. “What coin we managed to take will serve us for a while, but it’s

practically nothing. We'll need to get new gowns made, though finding someone who won't want to cover us in silk sacks will be a challenge."

"The princesses gowns weren't terrible, but you're right that finding someone able to make clothing in the Lysene style might be a challenge," Lysara said, sounding oddly uninterested as she stared off at nothing.

"Something on your mind, sister?" Marra asked.

"I can't stop thinking about that cousin of theirs," Lysara replied.

"She's not your usual type," Larra giggled, and her sister rolled her eyes at her.

"Did you notice how she was looking at the prince?" Lysara asked.

"No, I was too busy fearing that you'd managed to fuck things up for us the moment we arrived," Larra replied.

"Do you remember that time we went to the fighting pit with the Haens and that really famous fighter with the hair like spun gold came out?" Lysara asked.

"You mean the one who we'd heard had a huge cock and Serena Haen practically drooled at the sight of?" Larra asked, smiling at the memory.

"The poor thing was so disappointed to learn that it wasn't true," Marra chuckled.

"That was the last time I saw a woman stare at a man with such open lust," Lysara replied, "and it was right in front of his wives too."

"You think they're fucking?" Larra asked. "She was pretty enough, I suppose, though plain compared to the twins."

"They either are, or she desperately wants to, but the reason I bring it up is that she was openly eye-fucking him in front of his wives, and neither of them reacted at all," Lysara explained. "We had always heard that the Westerosi were a prudish bunch, but maybe these ones aren't."

"Prince Jon having multiple wives is decidedly odd," Marra admitted. "I actually read their faith's holy text once out of sheer boredom and curiosity, and that sort of thing isn't generally allowed here. Why are you so fixated, though?"

"Well, if his wives aren't averse to him having other women…" Lysara grinned, and the other two rolled their eyes. "Oh, what? You can't tell me you don't think he's gorgeous. Those eyes alone…"

"He's handsome, but as I warned you before when you spoke of sucking his father's cock, his wives ride dragons," Marra muttered.

"I'm not suggesting that we strip naked and await him in his bed tonight, but…" Lysara went to reply.

“I’m sorry, we?” Larra asked.

“You saw that beast he rides,” Lysara grinned. “Imagine what a monster like that could do to the cunts who ruined us.”

“So, to be clear, your plan is for us to fuck a married man until he’s ready to burn half of Lys to ashes?” Marra asked incredulously, and Lysara scoffed.

“Hardly half,” she muttered. “Just the magisters who ran us out of the city and murdered our father, uncle, and brothers. Think about it, sisters, from what I’ve heard all three cities are teetering on the brink of chaos, and more than a few fiery cunts in Lys yearn to strike against the other cities, tired of having to deal with them. If things are the same in Myr and Tyrosh, the Kingdom of the Triarchy could collapse within moons. If things really were to get that bad, the Targaryens could sit back, watch the chaos, and then fly in and crush them.”

“They wouldn’t want to conquer the cities,” Marra argued. “Not only would it set the others against them, but our people are too different. We worship different gods, have different traditions, and speak different languages. It’s only because the Targaryens still speak Valyrian that we’re not stuck resorting to that simplistic tongue of theirs.”

“Who said anything about conquest?” Lysara smirked. “We would just need them to sack them. Think of the treasure they could make off with if they descended on the cities while they were at their weakest, treasure that this handsome prince might be more than happy to spoil his mistresses with. We could loot their treasuries, strike down the magisters, and sell their children off as slaves.”

“The Westerosi abhor slavery,” Larra pointed out before Marra could.

“Whatever,” Lysara muttered. “I want our family’s gold back, and if the price of getting my hands on even a portion of it is fucking a dragonrider, that’s hardly a terrible imposition.”

“Why all of us, though?” Marra asked.

“Because he’s already fucking at least two beautiful Valyrian women,” Lysara replied, “true twins at that. If we want to make him ours, we need to give him something they can’t. His little wives and his chubby cousin might fuck him, but they aren’t Lysene girls. Men want what they haven’t had before, and three nubile sisters willing to satisfy his every desire and make his most depraved fantasies come true is something no man could resist.”

“Miladies,” Bethany said as she knocked on the door. “The tubs are here, and we have enough hot water ready for all of them. Do you want them set up in your rooms?”

“Just put them here,” Larra replied, gesturing around the common room of their chambers.

“We’ve bathed together before,” Lysara added.

Bethany nodded, and a moment later, other servants entered with the tubs.

“Do you ever bathe?” Lysara asked Bethany in Valyrian.

“I’m sorry, milady, but I don’t understand,” Bethany replied.

“I asked if you knew what sort of dishes would be served at the feast,” Lysara lied.

“I’m afraid not, milady,” Bethany replied. “Sorry.”

“It’s fine; we’ll learn soon enough,” Lysara replied.

“What was that?” Larra asked in Valyrian.

“Just wanted to make sure they didn’t speak it,” Lysara replied. “I figured that was the case, but we should have tested it before speaking so openly.”

“You’re not wrong,” Marra muttered, kicking herself for not thinking of that sooner, used as she was to barely noticing the slaves around her. “We have to remember that even if they don’t speak the language, their masters do.”

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“I’ve said it before, but your husband is very impressive,” Larra smiled as she watched Jon and Sandoq spar a few weeks later.

“You said that that isn’t Dark Sister he’s wielding?” Marra asked.

“No, our father still carries that blade,” Rhaena replied. “That is Vigilance, once the sword of House Hightower. When our father led a force to retrieve the treasure they had looted during the usurper’s short reign, he seized it as well and gifted it to Jon as a reward for all his good work during the war.”

They watched Jon weave his way out of the taller, larger man’s blow, only catching his Valyrian steel blade with his own to open the man up to a riposte. Jon was faster than the giant, but Sandoq was faster than they’d expected him to be, and he deftly twisted his body away from the thrust.

“We had a Valyrian steel sword,” Lysara lamented. “Truth was its name, a longsword, I believe, which I last saw in my brother Moredo’s hands.”

“I am so sorry, Lysara,” Rhaena said warmly, taking the other woman’s hand. “We also lost loved ones during the war, the queen’s eldest three sons.”

“I had heard,” Marra nodded. “They were from her first marriage, right?”

“They were,” Baela replied stiffly. “Our brother Aegon is her heir now.”

“Was Jon from your father’s first marriage?” Larra asked, still not having quite pieced together how specifically they were all related.

“In a way,” Baela snorted. “He didn’t care for his first wife, and they had no children, but he sired Jon on a Northern woman during their marriage.”

“I cannot imagine having wed one of my brothers,” Larra murmured. Of course, none of her brothers had looked as impressive as Jon.

“Part of me always wanted him,” Rhaena admitted, “and when Lucerys, the queen’s son, whom I was betrothed to, was murdered, and Jon avenged him, I found rather creative ways to show my thanks.”

“This one then convinced me to join in after Jace was killed,” Baela added. “I haven’t regretted it for a moment since.”

“You’re good,” Jon grinned as he and Sandoq ended their spar at a draw. It wasn’t often that he got to wield his sword these days, as few around him were so skilled that he was willing to use it against them, but Sandoq was a fearsome fighter, and him having his own blade of the ancient, magically enhanced metal meant that Jon wouldn’t just destroy it accidentally.

The large man grunted and nodded, the most he could do to reply given that he had lost his tongue in his time as a slave before the Rogares ever acquired him, if the sisters were to be believed. He turned to see all three of them watching him and the other men spar with his wives and didn’t know quite what to think of it. For the first few days after they arrived in Driftmark, the sisters kept mostly to themselves, slowly acclimating to their new surroundings and coming to terms with the myriad ways in which their lives had changed recently. He could sympathize with that, given what his family had gone through not that long ago, but the way that they immediately moved to ingratiate themselves with the twins afterward struck him as suspicious for reasons he couldn’t really put his finger on.

“Jon,” Rhaena beamed as she padded towards him, “Baela’s going to listen to petitions, and it sounds like that will take quite a while today. Do you want to check on the babes with me?”

“Of course,” Jon smiled, taking her hand and rejoining his other wife and their new friends. As he reached Baela, he kissed her softly and whispered, “If you need any skulls cracked, just send for me.”

“Like I need you for that,” Baela smirked. “See you around midday?”

“Sounds like a plan,” Jon smiled.

“We’re checking on my daughter and nephew,” Rhaena said, looking at the Rogare sisters. “Would you like to join us?”

Baela and Jon both looked at her in surprise at that, as did the sisters, but neither of them spoke up. They hadn’t yet introduced their still very young children to their guests, not because they thought that they’d try to harm them, but because they just didn’t know them very well in general. Sharing a look, the two of them both silently agreed to just let this happen if for no other reason than to see what Rhaena was thinking.

“I doubt any of them would try to hurt Maekar or Alysanne, and even if they did, I’d be there to deal with it,” Jon thought to himself, shrugging at Rhaena, who mouthed the words ‘trust me’ back to him, facing away from their Lysene guests.

“If you’re sure,” Marra, the meekest of the three of them, replied while the others nodded.

“It seems like you’ll be staying here for a little while, and it’s not as though you won’t run into our little darlings from time to time anyway,” Rhaena replied.

“You said they’re both around a year old?” Larra asked as Jon, Rhaena, and their guards led them towards the nursery.

“Yes,” Jon replied. “Hilariously, they were both two days apart.”

“We were so close to making them near-twins,” Rhaena chuckled, snapping her fingers and looking disappointed for a moment.

“They still qualify as Dornish twins,” Jon chuckled.

“I’m sorry?” Lysara asked.

“Oh, just a Westerosi joke,” Jon replied. “When a man sires two children on different women in the same year, we call it having Dornish twins because the Dornish tend to be...freer in their affections.”

“Our uncle was briefly wed to Princess Aliandra,” Marra murmured, her eyes dimming as she thought of him.

“I had heard,” Jon replied sympathetically.

“She was with child when his assassin poisoned him,” Larra replied. “Our cousin, Mors, is her heir.”

“I’m surprised you didn’t turn to them,” Rhaena commented.

“It was your father’s men who managed to help ours get us out of Lys,” Lysara said, “and the Martells have other ties to the Triarchy. We couldn’t have trusted them not to just turn us over.”

“Right,” Rhaena murmured as they reached the nursery. “Here we are and...ah, Helaena.”

“Rhaena, Jon,” Helaena replied. “Jaehaerys, Maelor, greet your cousins.”

“Good day, Jon, Rhaena,” Jaehaerys said as Maelor ducked shyly behind his mother, who sighed.

Jaehaera was seated nearby, watching little Maekar and Alysanne intensely as they stumbled around, still just getting used to walking. Alysanne gave up after a moment and crawled towards the older girl, who smiled as she rested her head in her lap.

“Kepa!” Maekar exclaimed, waddling over towards him faster than he should have. He tripped just before he reached him, but Jon caught him and lifted him up, smiling widely at his son.

“Try to master walking before you start to run, son,” he chuckled, holding him up and brushing his silver-gold hair out of his face. “We have some people we’d like you and your sister to meet.”

“Jaehaera, I need to borrow Alysanne,” Helaena said gently.

“Alright,” Jaehaera sighed, having been enjoying holding the baby girl in her lap and stroking her chin, making her coo and grin happily. “Mother, could I go see the ravens?”

“I...if you like,” Helaena replied, not wanting to deny her, even if she couldn’t really understand her daughter’s fascination with the black birds.

“Ser Mychel, escort the princess to the ravenry,” Jon commanded, and the guardsman nodded.

“He has your eyes,” Larra quipped, and Jon chuckled.

“That’s not actually guaranteed,” he replied. “My mother had grey eyes; the Starks usually do.”

“I’m surprised neither of them got your hair,” Rhaena replied as she took Alysanne from Helaena.

“It’s not that surprising,” the former queen consort replied. “Your grandmother has dark hair, but neither your mother nor your uncle did.”

“That’s true,” Rhaena replied.

“She’s going to be a great beauty,” Lysara said, smiling down at the little girl. “Is she speaking yet?”

“Not yet,” Jon replied. “Maekar has a bit of a head start on his sister there.”

“Such a smart boy,” Marra cooed, and Maekar’s eyes went wide as he saw her, looking between her, her sisters, and Rhaena.

“Yes, they’re Valyrians too,” Jon chuckled, kissing his forehead.

Maekar started squirming, and he let him down to run back towards his toys. A moment later, Rhaena did the same with Alysanne, and the lot of them just watched the two toddlers play together for a few minutes.

“Were any of you betrothed back in Lys?” Rhaena asked.

“I was, though the man I was to wed was older than our father,” Lysara grimaced. “Being rid of him is the only benefit of what happened to us.”

“Father was in the process of finding matches for us when everything fell apart,” Larra added. “I doubt any of us would have been as happy as you three, though. You seem to truly love each other.”

“A benefit of being siblings first, I suppose,” Lysara replied.

“That doesn’t guarantee anything,” Helaena commented, earning confused looks from the three of them.

“I was thinking of visiting the capital soon, and I’d be happy to take you three with us,” Jon said before they could get further into the topic of the usurper. “It’s common enough for noblemen to visit to treat with her Grace and my father, and it might be a good idea for you to get to know some of them. You might even find some you would consider wedding…”

“Let’s not push marriage on them so soon, Jon,” Rhaena interrupted, giving him a pointed look, which confused him. “I know very well how long it can take to come to terms with tragedy, and I wouldn’t want you to think that we’re trying to push you off on random noblemen.”

“I don’t even want to think about marriage for the time being,” Lysara replied. “We’re still getting used to the differences between life here and life in Lys, after all.”

“I wasn’t trying to push…” Jon went to defend himself, and Larra just giggled.

“We know,” she murmured, smiling up at him and ghosting a hand over his bicep through his doublet. “You’ve been so generous with us; so very kind; you all have. I have no idea how we’re going to repay your generosity.”

All three of them smiled at him, and Jon hazarded a glance at his first wife, relaxing a little when he saw that she looked amused more than anything.

“Like I say, our father bade us take you in, and I am not one to shirk my duty,” Jon said neutrally.

“If only any of the men back in Lys had been so...dutiful,” Lysara murmured, still smiling at him.

“As Jon said, you remain quite welcome here,” Rhaena smiled. “Now, I was thinking about taking the little ones down to Aegon’s garden. It’s a gorgeous day, and I think crawling around there would be good for them.”

“What do you say, Maekar?” Jon grinned down at his son. “Do you want to see the gardens?”

“Ya!” Maekar exclaimed, and they all laughed at his exuberance.

“Close enough to yes, I suppose,” Jon chuckled.

“I certainly wouldn’t mind seeing more of the gardens,” Larra commented. “They’re utterly beautiful.”

“Our ancestor, Queen Rhaenys, expanded them significantly while she lived here,” Rhaena explained, “and they’re quite well maintained.”

As the group went down to enjoy a quiet morning together, Jon, once he was sure that none of the Rogares were looking at them, gave Rhaena a querying look. When she just smirked and mouthed ‘later,’ he rolled his eyes, wondering just what she was up to.

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“So, do you want to tell me why you specifically interrupted me while I was suggesting that our guests find husbands among the local nobility?” Jon asked a while later as he, Rhaena, and Baela ate their midday meal together in his solar.

“You did?” Baela asked, giving her twin a pointed look, and Rhaena just smirked.

“You know perfectly well why,” she replied.

“Would either of you care to fill me in?” Jon asked, and they both looked at each other, communicating in that silent way that they always had.

When Baela shrugged, Rhaena turned to him and said, “It all started the other day when this one decided to do a little spying.”

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“I really don’t see the point of this,” Rhaena muttered as she followed her sister through one of the hidden tunnels in Dragonstone. “They’ve been perfectly pleasant so far.”

“They’re Lysene,” Baela replied simply. “Our father has been warring with their people off and on for our entire lives.”

“They also got fucked over by their people,” Rhaena replied. “We have common enemies now.”

Baela huffed at that, and Rhaena grabbed her shoulder, making her halt in her tracks.

“Baela, do you know something I don’t?” Rhaena asked.

“Grandfather wrote to me two days ago,” Baela replied. “Apparently the royal treasury is overflowing with gold again.”

“So Father finally managed to track down the last of the stolen coin,” Rhaena smiled. “That’s good news. Why did Grandfather only write to you about it, though?”

“Because I’m the acting Lady while he serves as Hand, and because there’s far more coin there than there was before the war,” Baela replied. “He wrote to warn me because he

couldn't account for that discrepancy, but he had one particular theory that could be troublesome."

"What is it?" Rhaena asked, and Baela rolled her eyes.

"Think, Rhae," she muttered. "The Rogares' bank goes tits up while our father has agents embedded in it, the whole family gets massacred, and then we're suddenly overflowing with coin?"

"You don't think…" Rhaena breathed.

"I don't know," Baela replied. "Grandfather was indirect in his speculation, enough so that if the letter got intercepted, it wouldn't be obvious what he was thinking, but I was able to put the pieces together. He wrote to me specifically, because if Father was more involved than we thought in bringing the Rogares low, and the sisters suspect that, they could become a problem."

"If he did that, why would he have us shelter them?" Rhaena asked. "He wouldn't endanger us knowingly."

"We both know he can be arrogant at times," Baela replied. "It's possible he thinks that they wouldn't suspect him. It's also possible that he really did have little to do with their fate, but if Grandfather could come to suspect that…"

"They could too," Rhaena sighed.

"Precisely," Baela nodded. "I'd trouble Jon with it but he's suspicious of them as is and I wouldn't want him to see things that aren't really there. You, on the other hand, are the most trusting twit I know, so…"

"Hey!" Rhaena exclaimed, and Baela giggled.

"I just mean that you're a more neutral judge," she clarified, and Rhaena crossed her arms in annoyance.

"Right," she muttered. "Well, let's get going. If we're going to blatantly spy on our guests, it wouldn't do to take so long our stomachs start to rumble as we reach them."

The two of them continued on, making their way towards the chambers that had been given to the sisters. They'd been selected not just because the suite had a common chamber that they figured the three would appreciate, but because there was an easily accessed hidden tunnel leading towards them that they figured would allow for this very thing if the need arose. As they reached the hidden door, Rhaena slowly pulled the lever to open it and once it had quietly pushed inward a little, Baela pulled it open a bit more, and they were immediately assaulted by sounds they hadn't suspected.

"Oh, fuck, oh by the goddess, don't stop!" Larra cried.

“I wasn’t aware that they had taken any lovers here,” Baela whispered, surprised by that, as she made a point of keeping herself informed about the palace gossip through her favorite servants.

“Maybe she’s with that big one,” Rhaena suggested, equally. “I can’t imagine he isn’t impressive.”

“He was gelded,” Baela replied immediately. When Rhaena cocked an eyebrow at her, she sighed and explained, saying, “You know that dark-haired slut in the kitchens, the one who’s apparently fucked nearly every man we employ. She had the same idea as you and was deeply disappointed to learn that, while the stones remain, the pillar fell long before he arrived here.”

“Holy fuck, you two are amazing,” Larra whimpered.

“Of course we are, sweet sister,” Lysara replied, her grin evident in her very voice. “Rogares accept nothing short of excellence in all things.”

“Could you not quote Father while we’re fucking?” Marra muttered, earning giggles from the other two.

Rhaena and Baela shared a look of wide-eyed awe, and the latter poked her head in, noticing that the common chamber was empty and that the sounds they were hearing were coming from the middle bedchamber. They held where they were, able to hear enough through the slightly ajar door to make moving any closer an unnecessary risk.

“Marra, you’re licking your twin sister’s cunt,” Lysara chuckled. “Why is quoting Father a problem?”

“Because, love him as I did, I never wanted to fuck him,” Marra replied.

“Fair enough,” Lysara shrugged. “Now, how about we stop teasing this little whore and give her what she so desperately wants?”

“I’m not a...fuck!” Larra screamed. “Oh, fuck, oh, fuck, oh...YES!”

“Such a pretty sight,” Lysara grinned, watching her younger sister writhe in ecstasy. “Our dear hosts won’t be able to resist it.”

“Hosts?” Marra asked, emphasizing the plurality of the word.

“I can pretty definitively say at this point that the three of them are lovers, and they’re all fucking their cousin too,” Lysara replied. “Seducing Jon alone would have been fun, but if we can have them all together, why not?”

“And you...called me...a whore,” Larra panted.

“Oh, like you two won’t happily fuck them too,” Lysara huffed. “If we want their help getting our revenge on the cunts who ruined us, we’re going to need to worm our way into their hearts, and the easiest way to do that is to bed them well and frequently.”

“I think we’ve heard enough,” Baela whispered, quietly closing the hidden door.

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“So that’s their plan,” Jon murmured.

“They’ve probably been thinking about it since they first caught sight of Vermithor,” Baela commented.

“I doubt you’re wrong,” Jon replied. “So how do you want to handle this?”

“I want to fuck them,” Rhaena replied, and he stared at her in shock for all of two seconds before rolling his eyes.

“Rhaena…” he sighed.

“Why not?” Rhaena asked. “They’re stunningly beautiful, they’re already living here, and they want us. They’re understandably focused on revenge right now, but I’m sure if you fuck them senseless with that incredible cock of yours a few dozen times, they’ll realize that there are more pleasant things they could spend their time doing.”

“How about the fact that our father probably had a hand in what happened to them?” Jon asked, not struggling for a moment to think that that was likely true.

“They don’t suspect him, probably because he arranged for them to live here,” Rhaena replied.

“Rhaena actually does have a point there,” Baela commented. “It makes no sense to destroy a family like that and then send their last remaining members to live within stabbing distance of your very young grandchildren.”

“So you don’t think he did it?” Jon asked, trusting Baela to have a clear-headed take on such things, given her personality.

“I think if he did, his later actions are sufficient to make the three of them not suspect him,” she replied. “Nothing that we’ve seen and heard, both out in the open and while spying on them, suggests that that idea has even occurred to them, and it could be untrue. It’s possible that the treasury’s current status is a result of entirely domestic pillaging. The fines imposed on the houses that backed the Hightowers weren’t excessive, but they might have yielded enough to more than make up what was lost. Grandfather found no evidence of anything else.”

“Hmm,” Jon murmured, tapping his fingers on the desk. He knew that Corlys Velaryon often disagreed with his father’s more violent excesses when dealing with his foes, something that he couldn’t argue against since disagreeing with his father’s methods and acting to avoid potential catastrophe was the entire reason he had all that he did in life. “That still doesn’t mean that we should actually bed the Rogare sisters. I won’t pretend I don’t want to, but it could complicate things.”

“Or, it could be a great deal of fun,” Rhaena grinned. “Imagine if we could make those three our pets like Helaena is.”

“I think it’s highly unlikely that they’re of the same bent as Helaena,” Jon chuckled, only to gasp when Rhaena reached over and stroked his cock through his breeches. “Rhaena.”

His sister giggled and nibbled on his earlobe as Baela just rolled her eyes, an affectionate smile on her lips.

“The three of them are lovers; you heard that part, right?” she purred. “Just hearing them go at it made me so fucking wet. You did wonder why I was so soaked for you last night.”

“Where did that innocent little girl I used to carry around on my shoulders and pretend to be Balerion go?” Jon hissed.

“You fucked the innocence out of me a long time ago,” Rhaena giggled.

“What about you?” Jon asked through gritted teeth as he looked to Baela, who stared at the two of them with lust-darkened eyes.

“I was reluctant to bring Helaena into our bed, given that she had far more reason to hate us than these two would even if Father was involved with their downfall, but that turned out well,” Baela shrugged. “I like Marra quite a bit, Larra’s growing on me, and Lysara’s become better as she’s settled in here. I could leave them be without missing them, but I would quite enjoy having all three of them suck your seed from my well-fucked cunt after a round with you.”

“Gods be good, I wed a pair of deviants,” Jon groaned, and they both giggled.

“We’re twins, Jon,” they said in unison.

“Your twin haedars,” Rhaena purred.

“And yet most of our nights end with the two of us cuddled up together,” Baela added, moving closer until she was just as draped over him as Rhaena was.

“Completely naked and full of your seed,” Rhaena grinned. “We left decency behind long ago.”

“And that’s not even counting the kind of things you get up to with Helaena,” Baela giggled.

“Fine,” Jon groaned. “If those little Lysene sluts want me to fuck them, I’ll fuck them. We’ll just have to make sure they drink moon tea.”

“Of course,” Baela nodded. “That should be obvious…”

“Father, when he told me about this, made a point of saying that he didn’t want me to seed them,” Jon admitted, and they both giggled.

“He does know us,” Rhaena chuckled. Undoing his belt, she added, “Now, for being such a good sport, you deserve a reward.”

“I might be the only man in history to be rewarded by his wife for agreeing to fuck other women,” Jon chuckled.

“Well, we’re not typical wives,” Baela smirked, and Jon groaned as the two of them lowered their heads towards his shaft and started peppering it with kisses together.

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“Just like that?” Lysara asked a week later, blinking in surprise as the three of them stood in the middle of Jon’s chambers, looking up at his wives.

“What do you mean?” Rhaena asked. “The three of you have been pretty blatant in showing your desire for us.”

“And the gods know we’d happily have you too,” Baela replied. “So how about it? Jon’s already waiting in our bedchambers with Helaena.”

“Yes,” Larra replied before either of her sisters could say anything. “We were just surprised by the offer, is all.”

“Well, you’ve been living here for over a moon, and we figure we’ve gotten to know you well enough,” Rhaena replied. “I must say, I loved the work that our typical seamstress did with your new gowns.”

“Do you like it?” Larra asked, twirling around and showing off the purple silk gown that clung to her gorgeous figure. The low neckline showed off her large, creamy breasts to a downright scandalous degree, while the high slit in the skirt showed off her legs. “Your woman did do remarkable work, I must admit. I didn’t think we’d get anything in the Lysene style here.”

“She could easily make dresses like them for the two of you,” Marra replied, standing up and showing off how similar her own dark blue gown was to her sister’s.

“We’ll pass,” Baela replied. “I do like how they look on you, though.”

“They’d look good on you too,” Lysara purred, walking close to the princess and looking her up and down. She was wearing a white dress different from her sister’s in a few ways. Its neckline was higher, showing off only the tops of her breasts, but there was a large diamond-shaped hole in the middle, showing off her soft yet flat belly.

“My belly didn’t quite recover from my pregnancy,” Baela grimaced. “I don’t think I’d pull that off quite as well as you.”

“Nonsense,” Lysara whispered, reaching out and resting a hand on Baela’s middle, making her shiver. “There’s nothing wrong with a little roundness in a woman, and your figure is beautiful anyway.”

Baela looked up into her purple eyes and considered kissing her for a moment, though she decided against it.

“Come,” she grinned instead. “Our husband awaits.”

“You really are nothing like what we heard Westerosi were like,” Lysara replied as the twins led the three of them towards their bedchamber. “A man with two wives is shocking enough for your people, but once we realized that you’d made your own cousin into your pleasure slave, we knew we had to have you.”

“Helaena isn’t our slave,” Rhaena snapped as Baela opened the door.

“Gods, yes, Master!” Helaena shrieked, and the lot of them froze, the Rogare sisters just standing slack-jawed.

In the middle of the massive bed were Jon and Helaena, the former entirely nude, showing off his wonderfully muscular body, and the latter wearing nothing but a golden collar around her neck, from which hung a leather leash her apparent master was holding on to. They hadn’t heard the sounds of their apparently frenzied coupling while they were sitting in the other room but quickly realized why when they spotted the wet patch on the pillow in front of Helaena, something she’s apparently been biting before Jon tugged on her leash. They watched Jon fuck her like a man possessed, his hips a blur as he pounded her from behind, and all three of them flinched when he raised his hand up and brought it down hard on her fat ass.

“Gods!” Helaena squealed, clawing at the bedding as she soared towards her peak.

“She just calls him that,” Rhaena clarified sheepishly, though none of the Rogare sisters heard her, captivated as they were by the sight before them.

“Playing at being his slave makes her wetter than anything,” Baela added.

“YES!” Helaena shrieked that moment, cumming so hard she squirted all over him, soaking the bed below.

All five of them watched the older woman convulse and writhe in ecstasy, screaming louder than Lysara, Marra, or Larra could ever remember hearing anyone scream. Their cunts flooded, soaking their small clothes through rapidly as they quivered with desire, all three of them wanting to be fucked by the beast of a man in front of them. As Helaena slumped forward, panting for breath and staring at the floor with glassy, unfocused eyes, he pulled the biggest cock any of them had ever seen from her gaping quim and turned to face them.

“My, my,” he smirked, getting off the bed and walking towards them. “What have we here?”

“Holy shit,” Larra gasped, her eyes roaming over his muscular body.

He was every inch the warrior, his thick, powerful arms, broad shoulders, and well-defined core all showing off just how strong he was, while the scars that littered his body spoke of the fights he’d been in and won. Most impressive of all, though, was his cock, which

stood, almost angrily red and swollen, a long, fighteningly thick and remarkably hard shaft that all three of them came to wonder if they'd manage to take.

"Aren't they stunning, husband?" Rhaena purred, reaching around Larra and cupping her breasts through her gown, making her hiss in pleasure as her palms brushed against her painfully hard nipples. "Once we realized that all three of them wanted to join us for a night of fun, we couldn't resist making the offer."

"Is that true?" Jon asked, looking across them all and smirking at how nearly black their eyes all were. "You want us?"

"Fuck, yes," Lysara breathed. "By the goddess, how do you even fit that thing inside them?"

"Snugly," Jon replied, stepping back and sitting down on the bed. "If you want me, take off your clothes."

The three of them helped each other out of their gowns so quickly it was a wonder none of them tore, and Baela and Rhaena joined in, already very well-practiced at helping each other undress. The moment they were nude, they walked towards the bed, with Baela sitting next to Jon, while Rhaena checked on Helaena.

"How are you, pet?" she asked, and Helaena rolled onto her back, grinning widely up at her.

"He makes me see the heavens," she sighed, and Rhaena giggled.

"I'm glad," she whispered, kissing her cousin deeply.

"They are beautiful," Baela admitted as the three sisters stood before them, completely nude.

As they'd already known from the revealing gowns they favored, Lysara was the thinnest of them, though her waist easily was the narrowest, though with her wide hips and large breasts, she couldn't be truly be called willowy, while Marra was the softest and roundest of them, and Larra was halfway between them. They were all undeniably gorgeous, and as Jon saw their fluids drip through the forests of silver-gold curls between their thighs, it made his mouth water.

"You really aren't like what we imagined when we learned that we'd be sailing to Westeros," Lysara smirked. "Marra always said that you lot were so stuffy and sexless it was a wonder you ever had children."

"No, I didn't!" Marra exclaimed. "I had just read a number of accounts of Westeros and concluded that your people had very different ideas about sex than we did, though clearly that isn't true of all of you."

"Well, we are rather unique," Jon chuckled.

“Oh gods, yes,” Rhaena moaned as she lowered her cunt onto Helaena’s mouth. “That’s putting it mildly.”

“So what would you have of us?” Larra asked, her voice breathy. “Should we suck your big, fat cock?”

“I’ve always preferred them glazed with cunt juice,” Lysara added, and his cock throbbed at her filthy words.

“No, I have something else in mind,” Jon grinned. “Come here.”

The three of them walked closer, their eyes all locking on his massive cock as they drew close.

“By the goddess,” Marra breathed as she saw him up close. “That fits inside all of you?”

“You’d be amazed by how much you can be stretched,” Baela grinned. “By the way, all three of you swear ‘by the goddess’ often. Which goddess is that?”

“We all worship a host of gods, though our primary goddess is Aefia, the goddess of love,” Larra replied. “She will be well pleased by the debauchery we’re about to engage in.”

“Very different from the Seven, then,” Jon chuckled.

“Quite,” Marra replied, shivering as he brought his hands to her hips and slid them up along her sides.

“Such beauties you are,” Jon grinned, “and passionate too, if you worship a goddess who encourages debauchery. You’d be wasted on the average nobleman around here.”

“What else do you propose?” Lysara smirked.

“That will depend entirely on tonight,” Jon replied, cupping one of her large breasts and one of Larra’s at the same time.

“You have no idea the kind of depraved things we’d happily do for you,” Larra purred, raking her nails through his hair as she leaned in close. “You’re the most gorgeous man any of us have ever seen, and you clearly have enough stamina for multiple women. Take us, and we’ll happily fulfill your every fantasy.”

He kissed her then, and she melted into his embrace, pressing her heavy yet firm mounds against his chest. Not to be outdone, her sisters pressed themselves against him too, and soon he had three beautiful Valyrian women in his arms. He kissed Marra next, noting that she whimpered as his tongue plunged into her mouth and relented instantly, and then Lysara, grinning as she kissed him back with passion and challenge.

“Line up on your hands and knees,” Jon commanded, and the three of them scrambled onto the bed, lining up and sticking their arses in the air.

He let out a low whistle of appreciation at the sight. All three of them had rather wide hips, and their arses were all quite round as well, their pale cheeks utterly enticing. He noticed that Rhaena had lowered her face between Helaena's thick thighs between them, licking her cunt as the older woman devoured hers, and he thought, not for the first time, that he really did love how his life had turned out.

"Quite nice," Baela purred, ghosting her hands over Larra's arse before spreading her cheeks wide. "Did just watching my brother fuck our pet's pretty little brains out get you this wet?"

"How could it not?" Larra gasped as she felt the other woman push a finger inside her. "I had never seen anyone fuck a woman that roughly."

"She loves it," Baela grinned. "The harder my lekia fucks her tight little holes, the harder she cums, and Helaena loves to cum so hard she squeals on his cock, isn't that right, pet?"

Helaena pushed Rhaena's arse up just long enough to reply, saying, "Nothing brings me more pleasure than to be used like your toy. I never knew true fulfillment until I felt Jon bury every inch of his cock inside me."

"Holy shit," Lysara breathed, and Baela grinned.

"You know what's really remarkable?" she whispered in her ear. "Helaena was perfectly normal before, but once she got a taste of Jon, she wanted nothing more than to worship his cock as her god. I wonder if you'll change as much."

It was a lie, of course, and Helaena had never been anything close to normal, but Baela figured it would turn the Lysene woman on, and from the way her knees buckled, she figured she was right. Jon had spent the entire time while Baela was speaking feeling up their thighs and asses, letting his large hands glide over their smooth, pale skin and feeling the heat radiating from their cores.

"Rhaena, Helaena, I'm going to have to cut your fun short," he said, and Rhaena immediately rolled off of their cousin, sitting up and cocking an eyebrow at him. "I want the three of you to lie down in front of our guests here."

"You want us to pleasure them?" Lysara asked, licking her lips as Baela laid down in front of her and spread her legs wide. She parted the other woman's silver curls, revealing the glistening pink slit underneath, and smirked, saying, "We can do that."

"What I propose is a contest," Jon grinned. "The three of you will try to make my loving wives and mistress cum, and the first one to succeed will be the first one I fuck."

"They have a clear advantage, though," Lysara complained. "These two were eating each other out for several minutes before we started."

"Oh, don't worry," Jon grinned. "I'll be evening the odds a little."

Larra and Marra both gulped at that, but neither asked what he meant, not wanting to delay things even a moment further. Their arousal had been building since the twins first shocked them with their proposal, but that had intensified immensely after they walked in on Jon and Helaena. He was just so dominant and powerful, not to mention huge. Watching the other woman shake like a leaf while screaming her lungs out at the intensity of her pleasure had been the most titillating thing any of them had ever seen, and the way that Jon had spoken to them since had only made things worse. As they knelt there, just about to lower their heads between the parted thighs of the women in front of them, their cunts quivered with need, dripping hot arousal down their thighs, and they feared that if they weren't touched soon, they'd go mad.

"Mmm, just like that," Rhaena sighed as Marra started lapping at her folds first.

"Oh, gods," Helaena gasped at the feeling of Larra's talented tongue.

"I'm surprised you're still so tight after years of taking that monstrous cock," Lysara grinned as she pushed two fingers inside Baela, who smirked.

"Our cunts recover just fine," she chuckled. "It's our minds that remain fucked. Oh, right there."

Lysara grinned as her tongue danced through the other woman's slick folds, nearing her clit a few times as she gauged just how much direct contact Baela could take just then. She was quite wet, and her clit was fully engorged, so after a few experimental licks that resulted in gasps of pleasure rather than grimaces, she figured she was safe to start being more direct. Just as she started swirling the tip of her tongue around the throbbing nub, though, she heard Marra cry out in shock and looked over to see what happened, grinning as she did.

"Oh, fuck," Marra moaned, digging her fingers into the bedding as she felt Jon bury his face between her plump cheeks and start eating her cunt from behind.

"So that's what he meant by evening the odds," Lysara thought to herself, thoroughly amused.

Larra moaned a moment later, feeling two of Jon's thick fingers push inside her tight cunt. Baela might not have been as close to her orgasm as the others, but Lysara was free to pleasure her without distraction, and she took full advantage of that, curling her fingers upward to stroke the rough little spot she quickly found while she licked and sucked on her taut little pearl. The Valyrian beauty moaned and cried out in pleasure, her thighs clamping around Lysara's head as she felt her pleasure soar.

"I don't know why you were at all dismissive of yourself over your little belly," Lysara smiled, brushing her free hand over it. "You're utterly beautiful."

Baela didn't say anything in response, but the eldest Rogare girl saw the flash of appreciation in her purple eyes and she continued eating her out, eager to have her tight cunt stretched out by the girl's brother and husband.

Marra tried to focus on eating out Rhaena, just as eager to ‘win’ Jon’s contest as her sisters, but it was proving difficult to focus on that or really anything as the man devoured her with skill she’d only ever seen in women. Every man who had ever buried his face between her thighs before had been either objectively terrible at it or, at best, middling. Jon, however, knew exactly what he was doing and seemed genuinely eager to pleasure her. His long, dexterous tongue explored her thoroughly before he decided to wrap his lips around her clit and start sucking gently.

“Holy fuck!” she cried, trying to focus enough on the beautiful woman in front of her to continue pleasuring her even as lights went off behind her eyes.

Larra wasn’t in much better shape, for with three of Jon’s incredibly thick fingers stretching her tight tunnel, she felt increasingly like she was going to burst. He was pressing them against a spot inside her that was driving her mad, and though she was doing better than Marra at keeping her focus on the woman in front of her, as Helaena’s increasingly loud moans of pleasure showed, she was still distracted. Suddenly Jon pulled his fingers out of her, and before she could even complain about that, she felt his tongue start to brush against her pink folds and cried out.

“Gods!” Larra whimpered, resting her head against one of Helaena’s fleshy thighs for a moment as sparks of pleasure coursed through her core and beyond.

“Oh gods, oh gods!” Baela cried, her nails pricking Lysara’s scalp as she held her face to her cunt. “Don’t stop, don’t you fucking stop!”

Marra and Larra both grumbled as they realized that their sister was clearly winning and tried to redouble their efforts, but a moment later, Baela let out a squeal of pleasure, and they groaned.

“Well done,” Jon grinned. “Now let’s see if you taste as good as your sisters.”

“I won’t complai...oh fuck!” Lysara gasped at the feeling of his tongue on her. “Holy shit, you eat cunt like a woman.”

“I know, right?” Marra grumbled, still swirling her tongue around Rhaena’s clit as the princess cried and moaned in pleasure.

“I’ve always been fond of the act,” Jon admitted. “Seeing and hearing women come undone under my tongue has always thrilled me, and I genuinely think women are generally delicious.”

“A massive cock, and you know how to use your tongue,” Lysara marveled. “No wonder these three are obsessed with you.

“YES!” Helaena shrieked, cumming hard, and a moment later Rhaena’s pleasured squeal joined hers.

“Speaking of my cock,” Jon grinned. “I think you’re wet enough for it.”

“I don’t think I could get any wetter,” Lysara groaned. “Please fuck me, Jon.”

She gasped as she felt him brush her folds with the bulbous head of his cock, teasing her further, and gripped the bedding in front of her, sure that this was going to be more intense than anything she'd ever felt before. He pushed forward then, and she gasped as he popped inside her, stretching her wide.

"Holy shit," Lysara moaned, watching as Larra and Marra crawled over to look at them.

"Fuck me, look at her," Larra breathed.

"You look like your cunt is spread taut," Marra marveled, "like it couldn't actually stretch further."

"Having had a child, trust me when I say, yes, it can," Baela chuckled.

"More...than you can imagine," Helaena panted in agreement as she sat up and untied the belt from her collar, which she left on. She'd not need it for a while, and it did get in the way if someone wasn't actually holding it.

"Oh gods, you feel big," Lysara marveled. "You actually burn a bit."

"Well, he is the blood of the dragon," Rhaena quipped, and they all laughed.

"You're fucking tight," Jon groaned, pushing another inch inside her and enjoying her snug heat. "Do you need me to stop for a moment?"

"No," Lysara replied. "I want to see how much of it I can take."

"You'll take every inch, I'm sure," Baela smirked. "We all did."

Lysara shuddered at that, fully aware of the fact that she hadn't taken even half of him yet, and yet she didn't want him to slow down at all. This hadn't gone exactly how she'd envisioned, but the plan remained the same. Become a fixture in their bed and their lives until Jon was willing to burn all her enemies alive for her. If that meant letting him use her every hole, if it meant doing every sick thing she'd ever seen men in brothels try, either alone or with her sisters, if it meant he ruined her cunt for all other men, resizing her completely despite what Baela said, she was willing. As he started fucking her slowly, burying a little more of his cock inside her each time he drove forward, and the pleasure inside her started to grow greater, completely overshadowing the discomfort already, she knew that she was going to enjoy herself at any rate.

"How does he feel, sister?" Larra asked, feeling her cunt quiver with need.

"Good," Lysara breathed. "So good."

"You're taking me so well," Jon whispered in her ear, licking the shell and making her gasp. "You've taken just over half of my cock."

"Holy fuck," Lysara whimpered. *"Half of his cock, and he's already about as deep as most men ever got. He's going to fucking destroy me."*

Marra and Larra ran their hands over his hard muscles, tracing every scar they came across, and he wrapped his arms around their waists.

“We know when our sister is exaggerating her pleasure, and she certainly isn’t right now,” Larra purred. “You must feel amazing inside her.”

“You’ll learn for yourself soon enough,” Jon grinned, capturing her lips with his own.

He kissed her deeply, his tongue tangling with hers as he continued to bury more and more of his cock in her sister’s sweltering cunt. She moaned into his mouth, more wound up than she could ever remember being before, and started grinding her dripping slit on his thigh, desperate for any contact she could get.

“Such a desperate little thing you are,” Jon chuckled as he broke the kiss. “I’m going to slip right inside your wet little slit after Lysara cums, aren’t I?”

“I hope so,” Larra breathed. “I need it so badly, Jon.”

“So do I,” Marra added, cupping his cheek and pulling him over to look at her. “Please fuck me next.”

Larra glared at her for that, but Jon spoke before either of them could, saying, “You’ll both enjoy what I have in mind next.”

“Oh, thank the goddess,” Lysara breathed a moment later as she felt Jon’s hips come to rest against her plump ass.

“You took it all,” Jon smiled. “Such a good girl you are.”

“Fucking hells,” Lysara whimpered, and her sisters both quivered with desire.

“Fuck her, Jon,” Baela called out.

Looking over Larra, he noticed that she, Rhaena, and Helaena were cuddled together, kissing languidly and exploring each other’s bodies with their hands as they enjoyed the simple pleasure, and he grinned.

“Yes, fuck me,” Lysara begged.

Jon didn’t reply in words but simply pulled most of his cock from his depths and pushed back inside hard, making her gasp. He set a gentle pace to start with, fucking her with long, slow strokes, and she quivered and moaned through it, adoring the feeling of him stretching her to her limits again and again. He kissed Marra as he picked up his pace, still holding both her and Larra to him while he fucked their sister, and the other woman whimpered into his mouth. Reaching down, he cupped one of her round arse cheeks and slapped it suddenly, making her cry out.

“Oh fuck, enough of this,” Larra gasped, wiggling out of his grasp and crawling over to her sister.

“What...oh gods...are you doing?” Lysara moaned, the pressure in her core building rapidly.

“Getting my turn,” Larra replied, reaching under her sister and grasping her swaying breasts.

“Fuck!” Lysara cried, the sudden additional pleasure getting to her immediately.

“That’s an idea,” Marra grinned, moving closer to her sister. Jon watched as she leaned in close, thinking that she was just trying to get a better look at how wide he was stretching her, only for his eyes to widen when she spat on her sister’s puckered arsehole. “One thing you should know about my big sister here: she loves getting her ass fucked.”

“No!” Lysara cried. “Your cock would tear me in two!”

“True, but his fingers wouldn’t,” Marra replied impishly, taking one of his large hands in hers and wrapping her lips around his index finger. She made a show of sucking, bobbing her head slowly and sensuously while working it with her tongue obscenely.

“You’re trouble just like them, aren’t you?” Jon grinned, and she returned the look.

“I just hide it better,” Marra replied.

He was fucking Lysara hard by then, and the wet sounds of flesh slapping flesh were echoing through the room, drowned out only by her pleasured screams. As he pushed a finger inside her hot, tight ass, those screams grew louder rapidly.

“Yes!” Lysara shrieked. “More, more, more...FUCK!”

She squealed as she came hard and collapsed on her belly, writhing in pleasure. Jon groaned at the feeling of her tight tunnel spasming around his length and fucked her through her climax, only pulling out when he felt her start to relax. Rolling her onto her back, he took in the sight of the three sisters together and grinned. Though they differed in a few distinct ways, they were very alike, and nowhere was that more true than in their breasts. The full, pale mounds sat high on their chests, capped by large, pink nipples, and he intended to explore them fully before the night was done, but for the time being, he had other things in mind.

“Marra, lie on your back while Larra drapes her body over yours,” he said. “I’m going to fuck you both together.”

“That sounds like fun,” Larra grinned as she watched Marra do as he said. Crawling over her, she shifted along until their breasts were pressed together and their cunts were lined up well enough for what Jon had in mind before looking back at him. “Please, Jon, fuck us like you fucked our sister.”

“Gods...what a cock,” Lysara panted, making him chuckle.

He moved between their parted legs and lined himself up with Larra first, feeling how hot and dripping wet she was. The sound of muffled moans grabbed his attention for a moment and he looked to see his wives and Helaena were spread out in a triangle, their heads between each other's legs. Groaning in delight at that sight, he turned back to the twins before him and pushed inside, smirking at how Larra immediately cried out.

"Oh, fuck!" the Lysene beauty moaned. "Gods, you're so thick."

"Like a bloody horse," Lysara sighed happily, rolling onto her side and watching as a few inches of Jon's cock slipped inside her sister. "Fuck, I think you might be taking it better than I did. How? You're tiny."

"More," Larra whimpered. "Give me more."

Jon gripped her hips and started fucking her slowly, letting her adjust to him as he buried more and more of himself inside her. Catching Marra's eye, he gestured to Larra with his head, and she got the message, kissing her twin passionately. The two of them indulged a passion he was sure they had been indulging for years, given how they were, and he enjoyed the sight of the familiar taboo. Larra was shorter than her sisters, but somehow, she yielded for him more readily than Lysara had, and soon, his entire length was being gripped by her tight inner walls.

"Don't stop," she begged. "I'm so close."

"Fuck her, Jon," Marra breathed. "Fuck her until she cums, and then fuck me."

He had been planning to switch back and forth between them, teasing them further, but as he felt Larra already starting to flutter around him, he knew that wouldn't work and so focused on making her cum. Fucking her with long, hard strokes, he grinned as she immediately started to moan and scream in pleasure.

"More...by the goddess, more!" Larra shrieked.

After being teased, eaten out, and fingered nearly to orgasm only to stop short and then be forced to watch her sister get fucked senseless, she was right on the edge and could have been made to cum by far less than the biggest cock she'd ever taken. With that intense stretch on top of the coil of pressure inside her being wound maddeningly tight, she was well beyond her limits, and when she felt her sister slip a hand between them and start stroking her clit, she let out a scream that could wake the dead.

"YES!" Larra squealed at the top of her lungs, cumming harder than she ever had in her life.

Wave after mind-melting wave of pleasure thundered through her entire body, taking her breath away and making her vision go white. Her body convulsed, trapped between Jon and Marra, and her eyes rolled back as her consciousness slipped away.

"Wow," Marra marveled as she watched her sister go limp. "You actually made her cum so hard she passed out."

“Give her to me,” Lysara offered, waiting until Jon had pulled out of Larra completely before pulling her over, leaving him alone with Marra, who spread her legs wide.

“I’m about as tightly wound as she was,” she grinned.

“It would seem I’ve been a terrible host,” Jon chuckled, and she laughed.

“You can make it up to me,” Marra smirked.

Jon fisted his cock and took a moment to line himself up with her dripping quim before pushing inside, finding that he slipped into her as easily as he had Larra. She moaned loudly and clawed at the bedding behind her, feeling him stretch her out in ways she’d never experienced before. Leaning in, he captured one of her pebbled, pink nipples with his lips, and she gasped in pleasure. He sank inside her tight heat inch by inch, spreading her inner walls wide as he reached parts of her that had never been touched at all while she squirmed and moaned in delight.

“Oh gods, oh fuck, you’re so deep,” Marra gasped, wrapping her arms around him as she felt him bury the last of his shaft inside her.

“You’re fucking soaked,” Jon marveled. “Both you and Larra took me so well.”

“You’ve tortured us since we got here,” Marra whimpered. “I don’t think I’ve ever felt so hot in my life.”

“Well then, let me make it up to you,” Jon grinned, pulling most of his cock from her depths and thrusting forward as he quickly worked his way up to a steady pace.

He’d heard a series of muffled screams one after the other as he buried himself inside Marra, and he wasn’t surprised when, as he started fucking her properly, he felt three people crawl towards him on the bed.

“How close are you?” Rhaena asked, pressing her breast again his back and licking the salty sweat from his neck.

“Getting there,” Jon grunted, close to reaching his limits.

“If you can hold out a little longer, I want you to finish inside me,” Baela grinned. “I want to feed your seed to our new lovers directly.”

“Happily,” Lysara grinned as Larra just grinned at them, still recovering from her orgasm.

“I’d drink down your every load if that’s what it took to keep getting this!” Marra cried. “Gods, I love your cock.”

“Amazing, isn’t it?” Helaena sighed happily. “I never knew sex could actually be good until I felt Jon inside me.”

“So good, so good, so...GODS!” Marra shrieked as she came hard.

With a grunt, Jon pulled out immediately, and Baela lay down on her back, spreading her legs. He buried himself inside her and thrust twice before he let go, filling her to the brim with his seed. The princess wrapped her arms around him, holding him as he came and gave Lysara and Larra a sultry grin full of wicked promise. The two of them returned the look eagerly, well aware that their night of debauchery had only just begun. All three sisters figured that it would take a while to gain enough influence with Jon to get him to do what they wanted, but if the sex remained as incredible as what they'd just experienced, none of them minded that at all.