

Hello, AMagicWriter here. I'm happy to publish the a New Chapter of The Realm's Alpha

Rhaenyra's eyes locked onto Mysaria as she sauntered across the room like a serpent in silk. The barely-there fabric draped over her body did nothing to hide the perfect curves underneath—breasts so full, they teased the line of exposure, an ass that jutted out just enough to make Rhaenyra's gaze linger longer than it should. The sway of her hips, smooth and predatory, set something burning in Rhaenyra's gut, a low throb that pulsed through her, settling heavily between her legs.

"Welcome," Mysaria purred, her accent wrapping around Rhaenyra like a lover's touch. She tilted her head slightly, her lips curling into a smirk as if she could read every thought Rhaenyra tried to hide. "The rooms we keep for those of... importance are this way."

Rhaenyra straightened, lifting her chin, forcing herself to maintain a regal air. She was a Targaryen. She *commanded* this kind of attention. Yet, as Mysaria turned, Rhaenyra's gaze dropped again, betraying her cocky facade. The movement of Mysaria's ass, perfectly framed by the translucent cloth, made her cock twitch.

Following her, Rhaenyra swallowed hard, adjusting her stance to hide the growing bulge. Inside the room, the air thickened. Soft lighting illuminated silk pillows strewn over a large bed, the scent of incense curling through the space. Mysaria closed the door with a quiet click, turning to face Rhaenyra with an appraising look.

"So," she began, circling Rhaenyra like a cat that had found something particularly delicious to toy with. "Tell me, what experience do you have with women, Princess?" Her tone was honeyed, but there was a sharpness there, as if daring Rhaenyra to falter.

Rhaenyra forced a smirk, folding her arms in front of her chest, though her heart pounded. "Plenty," she lied, the words rolling off her tongue smoother than she expected. "More women than I can count, in fact."

Mysaria's smile widened, her dark eyes glittering with amusement. She didn't believe a word, Rhaenyra could tell, but the woman wasn't calling her out—not yet. Instead, she stepped closer, her fingers brushing Rhaenyra's arm, trailing down slowly as if testing her reaction. "Oh, is that so?" she murmured. "Tell me then... what do you like?"

Rhaenyra's breath hitched, the feel of Mysaria's skin against hers sending shivers across her body. She had never been with a woman, never ventured into these unfamiliar waters, but her pride wouldn't allow her to admit it. "I enjoy... control," she said, the words half-truths, half bluff. "Making them beg for me, watching them squirm beneath my touch."

Mysaria's chuckle was soft, mocking, but not cruel. She leaned in, lips brushing Rhaenyra's ear, her breath warm. "Mm, is that what you think? That you can dominate me, Princess?" Her voice dropped lower, seductive, each word a deliberate taunt. "I think you've never been with someone who knows exactly what they're doing... who can see right through your act."

Rhaenyra stiffened, but her pulse quickened, a wave of heat rushing through her veins. Before she could respond, Mysaria was already moving, her hands trailing up Rhaenyra's chest, fingers grazing the fabric of her clothes, brushing over her hardening nipples with deliberate, teasing pressure. "You're not fooling anyone," Mysaria whispered. "But don't worry... I'll teach you."

The boldness of the woman left Rhaenyra breathless, her heart racing as Mysaria took control of the moment. Their lips met—Mysaria's mouth soft, yet firm in its intent, claiming her without hesitation. Rhaenyra was a Princess, she was supposed to command, but here... now... Mysaria was in charge.

The kiss deepened quickly, Mysaria's tongue sliding between Rhaenyra's parted lips, exploring her with a slow, sensual rhythm. Rhaenyra's hands gripped Mysaria's waist, her mind scrambling to regain some semblance of control, but every move Mysaria made was disarming.

Mysaria pressed her advantage, pushing Rhaenyra back against the door, her hips grinding lightly against her, the sensation of their bodies pressing together making Rhaenyra's cock ache with need. A low groan escaped her as Mysaria's thigh slid between her legs, brushing against the hardness straining beneath her clothes.

"I can feel how much you want this," Mysaria murmured against her lips, her hand slipping down to cup the bulge in Rhaenyra's pants. Her fingers closed around it, squeezing lightly. Rhaenyra gasped, hips bucking instinctively into the pressure.

"You're so eager, Princess," Mysaria teased, her lips ghosting over Rhaenyra's jaw, trailing down her neck. "So desperate to prove yourself."

Rhaenyra opened her mouth to retort, but the words caught in her throat as Mysaria's hand began to stroke her slowly, up and down, the friction through the fabric making her cock throb painfully. She bit her lip, swallowing back a moan as pleasure shot through her.

"You've never had anyone touch you like this, have you?" Mysaria whispered, her voice thick with amusement and desire. "No one has ever made you *feel* like this." Her fingers tightened, stroking faster now, each movement pushing Rhaenyra closer to the edge, making it harder to think, harder to hold onto any semblance of control.

Rhaenyra's back pressed against the door as Mysaria's lips claimed hers with a hunger that left no room for hesitation. Their bodies melded together. Rhaenyra's heart raced, the throb between her legs growing.

Each stroke, sent shudders of pleasure coursing through her body. Mysaria moved with precision, teasing the outline of Rhaenyra's shaft, never giving her the satisfaction of full contact, keeping her on edge. Rhaenyra moaned into the kiss, her hips bucking involuntarily as Mysaria's fingers applied more pressure, gliding along the clothed length of her cock.

"You like this, don't you?" Mysaria whispered against her lips, her breath warm, voice dripping with seductive arrogance. "You're so easy to read... so eager." She punctuated her words by

gripping Rhaenyra's cock firmly, stroking her through the fabric with a slow, torturous rhythm that made Rhaenyra's knees weak.

Rhaenyra wanted to respond, to say something witty, something cocky to regain her footing, but all that escaped her was a ragged gasp as Mysaria's hand worked her expertly, her thumb brushing over the sensitive tip with maddening slowness. Her body was trembling, heat pooling in her belly as she felt herself careening toward the edge faster than she could comprehend. How was it possible that she was already so close to coming?

Mysaria's lips broke away from hers, leaving Rhaenyra breathless, her lips tingling from the intensity of the kiss. She barely had time to register the absence before Mysaria's mouth was on her neck, biting down gently, her tongue flicking against the sensitive skin there. Rhaenyra's eyes fluttered shut, a low moan slipping from her lips as she tilted her head back, giving Mysaria more access.

"You're about to cum already, aren't you, Princess?" Mysaria murmured against her skin, her voice soft, teasing. "You're so close... I can feel it."

Rhaenyra's pride flared briefly, trying to assert itself, but the pleasure coursing through her was overwhelming. Her hips bucked into Mysaria's hand, desperate for release, but just as she felt the first surge of her orgasm approaching, Mysaria stopped.

The sudden absence of her touch was jarring, and Rhaenyra's eyes flew open, her breath coming in heavy, ragged gasps. She stared at Mysaria, wide-eyed and confused.

Mysaria's smirk was infuriatingly confident, her dark eyes gleaming with amusement as she stepped back, leaving Rhaenyra panting against the door. "Not yet," she said softly, her voice firm. "Sit on the bed."

Rhaenyra hesitated for a moment, her mind still spinning from the intensity of the near-orgasm, but the commanding tone in Mysaria's voice left little room for defiance. She straightened herself, smoothing her clothes as best she could before walking to the bed, trying to maintain some semblance of composure. Her cock throbbed painfully with each step, still hard and aching, but she forced herself to appear calm, collected. The cockiness she wore like a mask was beginning to crack, but she wouldn't let it fall completely—not yet.

Mysaria turned her back to her, moving across the room to a small table where two cups sat next to a decanter of wine. She moved with the same fluidity that had captivated Rhaenyra from the moment she saw her. Mysaria poured the wine slowly, her back arched just enough to make Rhaenyra's gaze drop to the curve of her ass, her lips parting slightly at the sight. Gods, she was so fucking beautiful.

Rhaenyra swallowed, trying to regain control of her breath as Mysaria filled the cups, her hips swaying in a way that made Rhaenyra's cock throb even harder. The scent of the wine filled the room as Mysaria approached her again, handing her one of the cups with a knowing smile.

"The finest in King's Landing," Mysaria said softly, sitting beside Rhaenyra on the bed, her thigh brushing against hers. "A drink fit for a princess."

Rhaenyra took the cup, her fingers brushing against Mysaria's as she did. She raised the cup to her lips, taking a slow sip, the wine sliding down her throat like velvet, its sweetness mingling with the lingering taste of Mysaria on her lips.

"You still trying to act like you're in control?" Mysaria teased, her voice a low, sultry purr as she set her own cup down, leaning closer to Rhaenyra. "I can see how badly you want it... how much you need me to touch you again."

Rhaenyra's jaw tightened, her pride warring with the overwhelming desire coursing through her veins. She wanted to deny it, wanted to maintain the upper hand, but Mysaria had her figured out. The way her body responded, the way her cock twitched in her pants at the mere proximity of Mysaria's touch... there was no denying it.

She shifted on the bed, setting her own cup down, her cock straining painfully against her pants. She wanted to say something sharp, something biting that would put her back on top, but all she could manage was a soft, "You think you know me?"

Mysaria's laughter was low, velvety, dripping with confidence as she leaned in, her lips brushing against Rhaenyra's ear. "Oh, Princess," she whispered, her hand sliding down Rhaenyra's thigh, dangerously close to her aching cock.

Mysaria's eyes sparkled with mischievous delight as she regarded the flustered princess before her. "Oh, my sweet summer child," she purred, voice dripping with amusement. "There's no shame in being a blushing virgin. In fact, I find it rather... delicious. Why don't you admit the truth, and I'll show you pleasures beyond your wildest dreams?"

Rhaenyra swallowed hard, cheeks flushed crimson. She tried maintaining her facade of bravado, squaring her shoulders and lifting her chin defiantly. "I... I don't need teaching," she stammered, attempting to sound confident. "I told you, I've bedded plenty of women. More than you can count!"

Mysaria's laugh was rich and throaty. "Oh darling," she cooed, "your cock may be impressive, but your lying skills need work. No matter - I'll soon have you singing a very different tune."

Mysaria was quick to remove her clothes, completely naked before Rhaenyra who felt like she was burning alive, her throat dry as Mysaria helped her, her cock sprung out eagerly.

Mysaria straddled Rhaenyra's lap, pressing their bodies close. She leaned in, breath hot against Rhaenyra's ear. "Tell me, Your Highness," she whispered, voice dripping with sensuality, "how long do you think you'll last once I take you inside me? Care to make a little wager?"

Rhaenyra shuddered, entire body trembling with need. She tried to keep her voice steady as she replied, "I... I can last as long as you want. I'm a dragon, after all. We have... stamina."

Mysaria's eyes glittered with amusement. "Is that so? Well then, let's put that dragon stamina to the test, shall we?"

Before Rhaenyra could respond, Mysaria sank down onto her length in one move. The sensation was overwhelming. Rhaenyra's eyes rolled back, a strangled moan escaping her lips as pleasure unlike anything she'd ever known coursed through her. It was too much, too intense - she was lost in a sea of pleasure.

"Oh fuck!" Rhaenyra cried out, her hips bucking uncontrollably. "Gods, I'm... I'm..."

Despite her best efforts to hold back, within mere seconds, Rhaenyra reached her peak with a loud, passionate cry. Her entire body shook as waves of intense pleasure crashed over her.

"Nnnngh! Fuck! FUCK!" she moaned, completely lost to the sensations.

As she came down from her high, she became aware of Mysaria's musical laughter. The courtesan's eyes danced with mirth as she regarded the thoroughly debauched princess beneath her.

"Well now," Mysaria said, tone playfully teasing. "I do believe I've won our little bet, Your Highness. Ten seconds? My my, some dragon stamina that is. I've seen green boys last longer their first time."

Rhaenyra, still panting and flushed, tried to salvage some dignity. "That... that was just a fluke," she insisted weakly. "I was caught off guard. Next time will be different!"

Mysaria's smile was both indulgent and predatory. "Oh, I'm counting on it, my eager little dragon," she purred. "Shall we begin your real education, Princess? I promise, by the time I'm done with you, you'll be able to satisfy any woman in the Seven Kingdoms."

Mysaria leaned back, her body a smooth curve of pale skin and shadows, and she watched Rhaenyra with that familiar smirk—the one that made Rhaenyra's heart race and her cock ache. "You said you've fucked many women, hm?" she teased, her voice low, a purr that sent shivers down Rhaenyra's spine. "But somehow, I don't think that's true."

Rhaenyra, still flushed from their earlier encounter, tried to maintain her composure, but it was slipping fast. "I know what I'm doing," she replied, her voice more defensive than she'd meant.

Mysaria chuckled, reaching out to run a finger down Rhaenyra's cheek, her touch featherlight but commanding. "Do you now? Well, if you do... then prove it."

Rhaenyra swallowed, her gaze dropping to the curves of Mysaria's body, bare and inviting before her. She leaned in, her lips hovering just above Mysaria's collarbone, trying to exude the confidence she wasn't quite feeling.

"Start here," Mysaria instructed softly, tilting her head to expose her neck. "And take your time."

Rhaenyra pressed her lips to the warm skin of Mysaria's neck, kissing softly at first, then trailing down towards her shoulder. Mysaria let out a soft hum of approval, but when Rhaenyra started nibbling clumsily, trying to bite down harder, Mysaria's fingers curled in her hair, tugging her back just enough to correct her.

"Not like that," she said, her voice firm but patient. "You're not eating a meal, Princess. It's all about teasing." She dragged Rhaenyra's mouth back to her neck, guiding her lips with a slow, seductive motion. "Soft kisses... gentle nips... like this."

Rhaenyra followed her lead, her lips moving over Mysaria's skin in delicate kisses, her teeth grazing lightly but not biting down too hard. The change was immediate—Mysaria's breath hitched slightly, and Rhaenyra felt a surge of confidence at the sound.

"Good," Mysaria murmured, her voice warmer now, encouraging. "Now, move lower."

Rhaenyra trailed her lips down further, brushing over Mysaria's collarbone and toward her breasts, which were now exposed, firm and perfect in their shape. Rhaenyra's cock stirred at the sight of them, and she eagerly leaned in, pressing her lips to the soft flesh, her hands cupping them, squeezing.

Mysaria let out a low chuckle. "You're eager, aren't you?" She let Rhaenyra kiss for a moment, but when Rhaenyra moved to suck on her nipple, she did it too fast, too harshly, pulling more than sucking. Mysaria clicked her tongue, her hand tugging gently at Rhaenyra's hair again. "Slow down. You're not trying to rip them off."

Rhaenyra pulled back, looking slightly flustered, but Mysaria smiled, guiding her again. "Like this," she said, her voice soft as she took Rhaenyra's hand and placed it over her breast, squeezing gently. "You have to tease... suck, but don't rush. Make me *want* it."

Rhaenyra tried again, more careful this time. Her mouth closed over Mysaria's nipple, her tongue circling it slowly, flicking over the sensitive bud before sucking just enough to elicit a soft gasp from Mysaria. She felt the way Mysaria's body reacted beneath her, the way her breath hitched, and it made Rhaenyra's confidence grow. She sucked harder, just enough to make Mysaria moan this time, and she grinned around the nipple in her mouth.

"There," Mysaria breathed, her voice a little less mocking, more pleased now. "You're learning."

Rhaenyra's hands roamed over her, squeezing and kneading the soft skin of her breasts, reveling in the sounds Mysaria was making, but before long, Mysaria pushed her back slightly, her eyes gleaming with wicked amusement. "Now, come lower."

Rhaenyra hesitated, her heart pounding as she looked down at Mysaria's thighs, now parted slightly, the soft glisten of her wet cunt clear between them. Rhaenyra had never been this close to a woman's pussy before, and the sight made her cock twitch painfully with desire. But there was a nervousness in her stomach too—she didn't want to mess this up.

Mysaria noticed the hesitation and grinned. "What's the matter, Princess? I thought you'd done this a thousand times before?"

Rhaenyra's cheeks flushed hot, but she squared her shoulders, moving between Mysaria's legs. She leaned in, ready to dive in, her tongue extending toward the slick folds, and she started licking with vigor, again and again, but before she could continue, Mysaria's hand came down gently but firmly on her head, stopping her.

"Not like that," Mysaria said with a shake of her head. "You're not licking your dinner plate clean. Eating pussy is an art, Princess. Pay attention."

She leaned back, spreading her legs wider, giving Rhaenyra a full view of her dripping cunt. The sight made Rhaenyra's cock throb, but she forced herself to focus, waiting for Mysaria's instructions.

"Start slowly," Mysaria said, her voice calm and almost instructional now. "Don't just dive in. Kiss it. Worship it. Make her feel like you can't get enough."

Rhaenyra nodded, her breath shaky as she pressed her lips to Mysaria's inner thigh, trailing soft, teasing kisses along the sensitive skin. Mysaria's scent was amazing, like she was drinking wine as she moved closer and closer to the slick folds of her pussy. When her lips finally brushed against them, she heard Mysaria's soft intake of breath, and it sent a thrill through her.

"Now, lick—*slowly*," Mysaria instructed, her voice a low purr. "Don't rush."

Rhaenyra's tongue darted out, running up the length of Mysaria's slit, tasting her for the first time. The warmth, the wetness—it was overwhelming, but Rhaenyra took her time, licking up slowly, savoring the taste of her. Mysaria's hand tightened in her hair, guiding her.

"Good," Mysaria breathed. "Now, find the clit."

Rhaenyra nodded, her tongue flicking up to the small bundle of nerves, earning a soft moan from Mysaria. Encouraged, she sucked gently on it, swirling her tongue around it, but Mysaria shook her head, pulling her back slightly.

"Too much," Mysaria said with a soft laugh. "The clit's sensitive. You don't want to overwhelm her right away. Tease it. Flick it with your tongue, but don't suck too hard until she's begging for it."

Rhaenyra followed her instructions, her tongue moving more gently now, flicking over Mysaria's clit in soft, quick strokes, then moving lower, licking through her folds, savoring the wetness. Mysaria's moans grew louder, her hips bucking slightly against Rhaenyra's mouth.

"Yes... just like that," Mysaria gasped, her voice breathless now, the teasing edge gone, replaced with raw need. "Don't stop."

Rhaenyra felt a surge of pride and desire flood through her. She licked faster, her tongue circling Mysaria's clit, teasing it before sucking gently, the taste of her cunt filling Rhaenyra's mouth.

Mysaria's thighs tightened around Rhaenyra's head, her body trembling as she moaned loudly, her hand gripping Rhaenyra's hair tightly. "Fuck... just like that," she gasped, her voice breaking with pleasure.

Rhaenyra's heart raced as she continued, her mouth working faster now, sucking and licking with a newfound confidence. She could feel Mysaria's body tightening, her hips jerking as she neared the edge. And then, with a final gasp, Mysaria came, her body shuddering against Rhaenyra's mouth, her slick juices spilling over her tongue.

Rhaenyra pulled back, panting, her lips slick with Mysaria's wetness, and looked up at her, her heart pounding with both pride and desire. Mysaria's eyes gleamed with satisfaction as she caught her breath, her lips curving into a slow smile.

"Well," Mysaria said, her voice still breathless, but full of amusement. "Maybe you're not *entirely* hopeless after all."