The Prince of Dragonstone and The Princess of Dorne

by ssjmrxi

Summary

Jon Targaryen visits Dorne in order to improve the relationship between the Targaryens and Dorne. He didn't know what to expect whilst he was in the south. He certainly didn't expect to find the future Queen of the Seven Kingdoms.
Chapter 1

For years, the Seven Kingdoms had been at peace. It hadn’t been a comfortable peace at first but there were no wars throughout the lands. Roberts Rebellion had ended with his death at the Trident.

Before the Trident, Robert Baratheon had hatched a plan with Tywin Lannister to demoralise the Targaryens. The Mad King hadn’t realised that the Lannister’s had sided with Robert Baratheon, so when Ser Gregor Clegane arrived at the Red Keep, the Mad King allowed him to enter believing that Tywin had sent the Mountain to protect him. That was a fateful error as he raped and killed Elia Martell. He smashed the skull of Aegon Targaryen and one of his men butchered Rhaenys Targaryen. The line of Rhaegar Targaryen ended that day.

Or so they thought. Rhaegar had annulled his marriage to Elia Martell and married Lyanna Stark. The princess gave birth to Jon Targaryen, the heir to the Iron Throne. There were tensions between the Targaryens and the North but Lyanna Stark managed to bring peace to the realm.

And now a 17-year-old Jon had travelled to Dorne in order to build better relations with them. Dorne was the only Kingdom left that showed any hostility towards the crown and hence King Rhaegar and Queen Lyanna had sent the crown prince to improve their relationship. After spending time at Dragonstone, he headed to Dorne in the hope of gaining an ally.

The heat of Dorne was taking its toll on the young Prince of Dragonstone so he decided to ride ahead with his aunt, Daenerys Targaryen, in order to get to the Water Gardens as soon as possible. Whilst Daenerys may technically be Jon’s aunt, they saw each other as siblings. Being the same age, they had grown up together and had been inseparable as children and even now as adults.

‘How do you think they will welcome us?’ Daenerys asked.

‘With disdain’ Jon responded. ‘Well, you may be less so. I represent father’s betrayal to Elia Martell. You’ve done nothing wrong’.

‘Neither have you’ Dany said matter-of-factly.

‘They won’t see it like that. The Red Viper will not see it like that’ Jon said.

‘So, how are we supposed to create an alliance if they hate us?’ Dany wondered.

‘The best alliances are created through marriage’ Jon said. Jon saw the anger in his best friend’s eyes. She truly was a dragon. She opened her mouth to speak but Jon spoke first. ‘You don’t think I’m going to let mother and father ship you off to Dorne?’ Her eyes softened at that. ‘It’s like we’ve already discussed, even when you’re married you will stay in the Red Keep. It’s your home’.

They arrived at the Water Garden and were welcomed by the Prince Oberyn and the Sand Snakes and some other lords and ladies of Dorne. Jon got off his horse and helped Dany down too. The Dornish all reluctantly knelt to the Royal Targaryens.

‘Welcome to Dorne, Your Grace’ Oberyn said sarcastically.
‘Prince Oberyn, my Lords and Ladies, rise’ Jon said and they all stood up. ‘This is my aunt, Princess Daenerys’. They all bowed their heads to her. ‘The rest of our convoy shall be arriving soon, Prince Oberyn. We were finding it quite hot so we rode on ahead to escape the heat’.

Oberyn nodded in understanding. *The boy has never been this far south and has spent some time at Winterfell. He’s not used to this heat. Neither is the princess.* ‘Of course, my prince and princess. I’m sure you must be tired. My daughters shall escort you to your chambers’.

Jon entered the chamber given to him by the Prince of Dorne. It was large and worthy of the Crown Prince, not that Jon cared too much. If it was smaller, he wouldn’t take it as an insult. His mother had made sure he was humble and never spoiled and he appreciated it when he met some of the young Lords and Ladies. They thought themselves so much better than everyone else but Jon tried his hardest not to do that. He spent time with the smallfolk and was very generous to them. He was loved throughout the realm apart from Dorne. *Hopefully, I can change that and bring peace to the Seven Kingdoms.*

He sat down on the bed and relaxed for a moment. It was so much cooler inside and Jon was glad. He was sure Dany was too. The Sand Snakes were exactly what he was expecting. They eyed him up like the vipers they were but still tried to remain polite.

Jon bathed and put on fresh clothes. His clothes were in the colour of House Targaryen. Hopefully, his convey would be here by now with Ghost. His uncle had gifted him the direwolf when he spent time in Winterfell. *Shit, they’ll be scared of the wolf.*

He rushed out of the room but abruptly stopped. ‘Lady Nymeria’ he said almost running into the beautiful woman in front of him.

‘My Prince, I’m here to escort you to my uncle’ she responded.

‘We need to warn your people. My direwolf is with my convey and he will scare grown men let alone children’ Jon said urgently.

At the panicked look in the Prince’s violet eyes, Nymeria and Jon rushed outside. Just as they got to the entrance to the Water Gardens, Ghost ran up to Jon and bundled him down to the floor and licked his face. It made Jon laugh but he quickly composed himself and got up. ‘Lady Nymeria, this is my direwolf, Ghost’.

‘May i? Nymeria asked and Jon responded with a nod. She bent down and placed her hand in his fur. She was shocked at the size of the wolf but she wasn’t scared after she saw the interaction it had with the Prince. She petted his nose as she looked up to Jon. ‘Call me Nym, my prince’.

‘Then you shall call me, Jon’ he said with a smile. Being amicable with a Sand Snake was the perfect way to start his stay in Dorne. However, he wasn’t so naïve that he thought that she was being kind. He knew she was being uncharacteristically kind and he wasn’t about to fall into her trap. But still, Jon felt there was something different about Nymeria in comparison to the other Sand Snakes. She didn’t glare at him when they first met and he felt most comfortable around her than any other he had met in Dorne.

‘Come Jon. My uncle wishes to meet with you’ Nym said.

They walked back through the Water Gardens and Jon saw many children having fun. A lot of them were not highborn either and it made him happy normal children could have the same as highborn
children. His thoughts turned back to Nymeria Sand. ‘What say you to a spar later, Lady Nym?’ he asked. He heard a guard call her that as they left so he decided to call her that. ‘I hear you’re an excellent fighter’.

‘I’ve heard the same about you’ she responded and then smirk appeared on her face. ‘If you’re in such a rush to lose though, why don’t we spar now?’

He chuckled but he didn’t take the bait. ‘It would be unwise to keep your uncle waiting. But don’t worry, I shall defeat you at a later date’.

‘Keep dreaming, my prince’ she said, smirking at him and feeling quite amused. He just grinned back at her.

They walked into a large hall where Doran Martell sat the end of the room. He looked around and saw Oberyn, Ellaria Sand and some of his children. There were also Trystane Martell who stood next to his aunt. Ghost growled in his direction and he backed away from Dany. Ghost padded up to Dany and settled down at her feet whilst everyone looked on in amazement/fear.

‘Apologies for my lateness, Prince Doran. Lady Nym and I had to fetch my direwolf Ghost as he was travelling with my people. I didn’t want him to scare your people, especially the children’ Jon said addressing Doran Martell.

‘It’s quite alright, Prince Jon. Quite the beast you have there. I’m impressed that you’ve tamed it’ Prince Doran said. He then gestured towards his daughter next to him and Jon’s heart beat faster at the sight of her. How did I not see her? He thought. Jon had seen many beautiful women in his life as many Lord’s brought their daughters in the hope of marrying them to the crown prince. She had olive skin and long, black hair that fell into ringlets at the middle of her back. It was not just her face that Jon noticed because even though she was sitting down, he could see that she had a curvaceous body. ‘This is my daughter, Princess Arianne’.

Jon walked further into the room and up the steps. He kneeled down and kissed Arianne’s hand. ‘It’s a pleasure to meet you, Princess Arianne’.

‘Prince Jon’ she said with a slight nod.

He turned around and stepped back into the middle of the room. He had missed the look she sent him but didn’t when he turned around and saw her looking him up and down. She smirked at him and he did well to hide a blush that was threatening to appear. He focused his attention back to Arianne’s father. ‘I thank you for your hospitality, Prince Doran. My aunt and I are honoured to be here in Dorne’.

‘What are your intentions in Dorne?’ he asked quite bluntly.

‘I feel it’s in both of our best interests to improve our relations. My aunt and I have come to do just that. We know there is bad blood between us but…’ Jon said.

However, Oberyn interrupted him. ‘Bad blood?’ he said sarcastically. ‘That’s an understatement’ he hissed.

Doran sent him a look and he didn’t say anything else but the others in the room clearly agreed with him. Jon knew now was the time to try and defuse the situation because if he could calm the Red Viper down, then perhaps the rest would be more willing to become allies. ‘I understand why you
hate my family, Prince Oberyn. I truly do. What my father did. The consequences of what he did... I’ll never be able to make it up to you’. He looked around the room and saw some eyes begin to soften, the most obvious being Princess Arianne.

‘You resent your father?’ Oberyn asked

‘No. I love him but I told him long ago that’s the one thing I can never forgive him for. I still love him despite it but...I can’t forget what his actions meant for Princess Elia and her children’ Jon said sadly.

There was silence in the room until Oberyn spoke. ‘Maybe you’re not so bad’ he said, willing to give the young prince a chance after hearing his words.

‘I lost a brother and sister too that day. I know how it feels’ he said solemnly to Oberyn who nodded. Jon could see the anger building in his eyes at being reminded of what occurred to his sister. Jon decided it was best to leave and speak again in the morning as it was getting dark and he was tired. ‘I’m feeling a bit tired so if it’s ok with you, I’ll retire to my chambers’ he said to Doran.

He nodded and said, ‘We’ll have a meal sent to your room and the princess’s room. We shall talk more tomorrow Prince Jon, perhaps at the feast in the evening’. Jon nodded back to him and walked out arm in arm with Dany as Ghost followed them.

As a guard took them back to their rooms, he spoke to Dany. ‘You were quiet’

‘I already had time to get acquainted with the Martells whilst you fetched Ghost’ she responded.

‘Were they rude to you?’ he asked in Valyrian so the guard didn’t understand.

‘They were polite. You did well in there. You’ll make a great King one day’ she responded, also in Valyrian.

‘Yes, because I’ll have you there to advise me’ he said.

Daenerys’ room was the first to arrive, with Jon’s next door. With neither wanting to eat alone, they went into Dany’s room and waited for their dinner. They sat back on her bed and relaxed.

‘What do you think of Dorne’ Jon said whilst staring up at the ceiling.

‘Hot’ Daenerys said simply. She then shifted herself so her head rested one of her hands. Jon did the same and looked into her eyes as they sat side by side. It reminded Dany of her childhood with Jon. ‘I like their dresses. They’re pretty’.

Jon rolled his eyes which made Dany swat his arm. ‘I’m sorry. Yes, you’re right, they are pretty’.

‘I suppose all you want to do is go and spar with the Sand Snakes’ Dany said.

‘Are you telling me you don’t want to?’ Jon retorted. Dany could be the perfect Lady at times but at other times, she was a warrior princess.

‘You’re not going to be the only one who gets to have all the fun whilst we’re here’ she replied with a smirk. ‘And you may enjoy something other than fighting whilst we’re here’.

He raised an eyebrow to her but she started laughing. He was genuinely confused. ‘What’s that
supposed to mean?’

She tried to stifle a giggle but couldn’t. ‘You’ll find out sooner rather than later I suspect, beloved nephew’.

Their food was brought to them and they continued to talk. Once they were both tired, they decided to call it a night and go sleep. Jon bent down so he was eye level with Ghost. ‘Stay here, boy. Protect Dany’.

‘Jon, what are you doing? He’s your direwolf. He should stay with you’ Dany protested.

‘He’s ours and I’ll sleep better knowing Ghost is here. Let’s not kid ourselves. We are surrounded by enemies’ Jon said.

Dany gave in and nodded. She hugged Jon before he left the room.

Jon returned to his room and undressed himself until he was only in his small clothes. It had been a long and tiring day so it was no surprise when he fell asleep immediately on the large bed.

Dany was sleeping peacefully until Ghost jumped on the bed and nuzzled her face. ‘Ghost’ she said sleepily as she slowly got up. The white direwolf ran towards the door, wanting to get out the room. Dany put on a gown before following Ghost out of the room. The guards at her door tried to stop her but being a Princess has its benefits.

Ghost padded up to Jon’s room and suddenly Dany understood. She told the guards to let her in and she burst through the doors. She ran over further into the room and was surprised to see Princess Arianne sitting by Jon’s bed trying to wake him up.

‘Princess Arianne, no!’ Dany whispered. Arianne’s head whipped around having not noticed that Daenerys and Ghost had entered the room. Ghost’s red eyes locked with Arianne’s for a moment before he walked up to her and placed his head in her lap. ‘When Jon has this nightmare, it’s better to just let him sleep. If you wake him up, he’ll wake up panicked and scared’.

Arianne nodded and turned her head back to Jon. She brushed the hair that had fallen across his eyes. ‘Rhaenys’ he gasped before falling silent again. Arianne’s eyes widened at the mention of her cousin.

‘In his nightmares, he sees the deaths of Princess Elia, Aegon and Rhaenys’ Dany said as she took a seat on the other side of Jon.

‘The Prince wasn’t what I was expecting’ Arianne admitted to Dany.

‘How so?’

‘I expected him to be a spoiled Prince who only cares about himself and cares not for others’ Arianne said.

‘Jon is none of those things’ Dany said.

‘Truthfully, we don’t hear much about the rest of the realm here in Dorne so I just made an assumption. But you’re right, he’s none of those things’.

‘Why are you here?’ Dany asked curiously.
‘I am curious to get to know the Prince better. If you asked me yesterday, I wouldn’t have cared to speak with him at all but what he said in front of my father changed everything’ Arianne said. ‘But when I got here, he was already asleep and he was thrashing around’.

‘Are you sure that’s the only reason?’ Dany said with a sly smile. ‘He’s not hard to look at and I saw the way you looked at him earlier today’.

Dany saw Arianne blush and if she were to guess, Arianne wasn’t the type to blush easily. She was the one to make men blush. ‘Are you two…’ Arianne asked awkwardly. She had never been in this position. She could fuck any man she wanted. It confused her because she didn’t care about getting to know anyone she fucked but Jon was the exception.

Dany snorted at Arianne. ‘Gods no! My family doesn’t do that anymore. He’s my best friend and my brother rather than nephew. I love him but not like that’. Arianne visibly relaxed but Dany didn’t notice as she was looking at Jon. ‘When we were young children we thought we would be King and Queen one day but then as we got older we learned what the relationship between a husband and wife actually is’.

‘Were you disappointed that you wouldn’t be Queen?’ Arianne asked as she continued to play with Ghost’s fur.

‘No. I was angry that I’d have to move and leave my family. Jon however, said that we need each other and my place is in the Red Keep beside him’ Dany said with a smile.

They both looked down to the sleeping prince and realised he had calmed significantly. ‘I’m going to go back to sleep’ Dany announced. Arianne too got up and decided to leave the room. She took one last look at the sleeping Prince before she left, knowing she had a desire she had never felt before.
Chapter 2

Jon woke up feeling refreshed. As usual when he sleeps through his nightmares, he doesn’t remember them. He stood up and walked over to the balcony. It was still early in the morning considering the position of the sun. Jon rested his arms on the balcony as he looked down at Water Gardens below him. It was empty but it was beautiful. He heard the distinct sound of clashing steel in the distance and decided to find out what it was.

He put on black breeches and a dark red tunic that had a small three-headed dragon stitched into it. He threw some water on his face and hair to fully wake him up as he decided he would have a bath after training. He picked up his scabbard from the corner of the room and slung it across his back. The sword had been a gift from his mother and father for his sixteenth name day. They had found the Targaryen ancestral sword, Blackfyre. It was Jon’s most treasured possession and he trained all the time to prove he was worthy of it. His main teachers were and still are Ser Arthur Dayne, Ser Barristan Selmy and his own father. With their guidance, Jon quickly became one of the best swordsmen in the realm.

Jon walked out of his chambers and gave a quick nod to his guards. Jon wondered for a moment if Ser Arthur had arrived yet but he knew his mentor would’ve come to see him if he had. Ser Arthur Dayne was the Kingsguard who was by Jon’s side the most but the Kingsguard were all in King’s Landing during his journey from Dragonstone to Dorne. Jon knew he would enjoy his time in Dorne but he did long for King’s Landing to be reunited with his mother, father and his siblings. It had been near four moons since he was with his family and although he had Dany here with him, he missed the rest of his family. When he was brought out of his thoughts, he realised he could no longer hear the sound of clashing steel. I must have gone the wrong way. Not knowing his way out, he quickly got lost. He looked around and naturally didn’t recognise where he was. Shit, he thought.

Jon continued down a large hallway that didn’t have any rooms connected to it. At the end of the hallway was a single room and if Jon were to guess, he’d say it was one of the Martell’s chambers as the hallway was grand. Realising he clearly went the wrong way, he turned around and began to walk back to where he came from when he heard his name.

‘Prince Jon’ Arianne said which caused Jon to turn around. She was somewhat surprised to see him but glad that he was here. She knew she was attracted to him but she was confused by the thoughts that she had the previous night. Maybe I just need to fuck him and then I’ll forget all about him like every other man I’ve been with.

Jon’s breath hitched as he took in the beauty that was Arianne Martell. Her dark hair looked as magnificent as ever and it didn’t even look like it had been messed up whilst she slept. Jon’s cock twitched in his breeches as he saw Arianne in a thin red dress that she wore to bed. It ended mid-thigh and accentuated her large breasts. The dress wasn’t that tight but it still showed her curves. He looked up at her face and saw that although she was beautiful as ever, she looked a bit tired. Not surprising when it’s still early he thought.
‘Princess Arianne’ Jon said politely.

Arianne walked up to him, swaying her hips as Jon looked on mesmerised. ‘Why don’t you come in my chambers, my prince. As the Prince of Dragonstone and the Princess of Dorne, I feel it’s our duty to get to know one another’.

Jon looked in her eyes trying to see her emotions through her eyes. Jon was good at reading people and he could tell when someone was trying to deceive him but he didn’t see that in Arianne’s eyes. He saw that she was telling the truth but he also saw lust and desire in her eyes that he knew his were reciprocating.

‘Of course, Princess’ Jon responded after a few seconds.

She turned around and walked back to her chambers and Jon followed. He couldn’t help himself and he looked down at large ass. His cock was painfully tight against his breeches as it continued to harden. Arianne glanced back at Jon and saw where he was looking. It made her smirk whilst Jon blushed.

‘Sorry, Princess Arianne. I didn’t mean to…’ Jon began but Arianne waved off his apology.

‘No need to apologise. It’s not like I didn’t eye you up and down yesterday’ she said honestly as she closed the door to her chambers. ‘Take a seat, my prince’.

Jon removed his scabbard and placed it on Arianne’s table. He then sat down in a quite extravagant chair that was placed near the table. It would make thrones look inadequate in comparison. He looked at the room and it was huge. There was 4 adjoining rooms and Jon guessed they were just as large. ‘Like I told your cousin Nymeria you may call me Jon’.

Arianne nodded as she walked over to the end of the room and picked up two goblets and a jug of wine. ‘Well, you shall call me Arianne then’. She walked back over to Jon and placed the goblets on the table and filled both of them. She handed one to Jon whilst she took one for herself. ‘You seem to be getting along with my cousin?’

‘Yes, she’s been quite nice and I find her interesting’ Jon said and then took a large sip of wine. He saw the way she was eyeing him up and he would be lying if he said he wasn’t aroused especially considering she was showing a lot of her olive-coloured skin.

Arianne took a sip of one of the finest Dornish wine’s before putting it down on the table, next to Jon’s glass. ‘She is. However, I’ll think you’ll find me far more interesting once you get to know every inch of me’ Arianne said seductively as she sat down on one of Jon’s thighs.

Jon had experience in women trying to seduce him. He had been able to resist in the past due to the fact most of those highborn ladies just wanted him to make them a Queen one day. Not that Jon was inexperienced in bedding women because he had slept with a few women in the past. He didn’t see Arianne wanting to just bed him for a title. He saw her wanting to bed him because of her desire.

Jon arched an eyebrow as he decided to play along. ‘Every inch? I don’t know if you could handle every inch of me’.

Arianne leaned forward until her lips were by his ear. ‘Really? Maybe you should show me your thick, long cock then’ Arianne said before licking his earlobe. ‘Or maybe you’re just trying to impress me with your lies’.

Jon placed one hand on Arianne’s thigh as he brought her closer to him so that their faces were close. Her large breasts were pressed against Jon’s chest. ‘I do not lie’ he replied adamantly. Arianne
Jon groaned at the friction her hand was causing. He looked back at Arianne and saw that she had a wide smile. 'it feels big but I think I’m going to need further proof, my prince’ Arianne said as she leant forward and began to kiss his neck. Arianne’s hand quickly unbuttoned Jon’s breeches. She slid her hand further into his breeches and brought his cock out of his smallclothes. Jon gasped as he felt her soft hand slide up and down his hard cock. ‘You weren’t lying, Jon’ Arianne moaned as she felt Jon’s hand go higher up her thigh.

She removed her arm from his neck and placed the unoccupied hand on top of Jon’s hand, which was on her thigh. She guided his hand higher up, underneath her dress until it reached her bare cunt. ‘Fuck, you’re so wet’ he said as he began rubbing her cunt.

‘I’ve been wet since I met you yesterday’ Arianne said before she moaned louder because Jon rubbed a particular sensitive spot. ‘I thought of you as I pleasured myself last night’.

‘Fuck’ Jon said again as he increased the speed of his hands. Arianne began panting harder and moaning louder. ‘Did you imagine me fucking you hard?’ Jon asked as he stuck a single digit in her wet cunt. Arianne gasped and then nodded in response. He removed his finger and started rubbing her clit vigorously and he loved the way she screamed into his ear.

Jon stopped rubbing her wet cunt for a moment and Arianne let out small whine. He smiled to himself at the effect he already had on this beautiful woman. What about the effect she already holds on me? Jon took in her appearance for a moment and she seemed flushed. She was breathing quicker and her pupils were dilated. He looked into her dark eyes for a moment before he hungrily kissed her. She reciprocated with equal enthusiasm as she moaned into his mouth whilst still pumping his cock.

Jon’s hands grabbed her thigh and brought it to the other side of him so she was straddling him. They both started grinding on each other as their tongues battled for dominance. Arianne began grinding harder, wanting to increase the friction but Jon stopped her when he remembered the thought he had earlier. What about the effect she already holds on me.

Jon placed his hands on her ass and lifted her up. He stood up and brought her over to her large bed. Once he sat her down on the bed, he saw the hungry look in her eyes and it made putting his cock back in his breeches so much harder. I could just have her now.

‘Jon, what are you doing?’ Arianne asked.

Jon grabbed his scabbard and slung it across his back. Arianne remained on her bed with a confused look that morphed into anger. ‘You must be used to men submitting to you but you didn’t think I would be that easy did you, Princess?’ Jon said with a smirk.

Arianne still had an angry scowl but her lips curved upwards slightly at the challenge he had laid upon her. No-one has ever refused me until this Prince arrived. Maybe I’ve finally found the one who is worth the challenge. Someone worth being with the Princess of Dorne. Someone who is an equal, and not like the weak men I use. Jon isn’t weak, he’s so much more. Fuck, I like him. Jon approached her and studied her face for a moment. Happy with what he saw, he lowered his head and captured her lips in a searing kiss.

He walked away and reached the door when Arianne spoke. ‘We are going to fuck, Jon Targaryen. A lot. Believe me’.
Jon turned his head and saw she had wide smile on her face. ‘Of that, I have no doubt’ he said with a smirk before leaving her chambers.

Chapter End Notes

Arianne’s age is younger than her book age. Jon is 17 Arianne is 20 and Nymeria is 21. Also, some other things are slightly different that I’ll explain later but the main thing is Ned Stark is married to Ashara Dayne. When I said Jon had slept with a few women in the past, I didn’t mean he went around having sex with every girl like Robert Baratheon. Jon has been with maybe 3 women but a number of times with each so he’s not inexperienced at all. And he hasn’t been to a brothel so the women he’s been with were because both found the other attractive.
Jon walked away from Arianne’s room feeling extremely aroused. He wanted to fuck her right there and then but he thankfully got his desire under control. He had never met someone quite like Arianne before. *Yes, many a woman have tried to get into my bed and been very forward with what they want but she’s different. A good different.* Jon would make her work if she truly wanted him. Jon could tell that Arianne was the type of woman who got what wants and he didn’t judge her for that but he wouldn’t be like any man before him.

Jon knew that the time to take a bride would soon be upon him. He’d met with many Ladies but Jon couldn’t truly picture himself with any of them. Rhaegar had given his son a choice rather than force him to marry someone he didn’t care about. Maidens like Myrcella Lannister, who although very kind and caring, were not feisty enough to be with a dragon. Then came women like Lady Margaery Tyrell, who was cunning and extremely beautiful. However, there was no spark between them.

And then there was Princess Arianne Martell. She was different to all the ladies that wished to be his wife. Jon instantly gravitated towards her when he first laid eyes on her. There was no doubt in his mind that Arianne was one of, if not the most beautiful woman he has ever laid eyes on. He was almost certain she didn’t care about his titles and she just wanted him because she desired him. It was refreshing to Jon but he was going to see how long it would take until she begged him.

He managed to find his way to the training yard where some of the Red Viper’s daughters were training. To his surprise but also delight, Ser Arthur Dayne had arrived and was watching the women fight. He didn’t see Ser Arthur as just a Kingsguard or a friend or a mentor. Ser Arthur was like an uncle to Jon and the Dayne’s were his family, with Ashara Dayne being Jon’s aunt.

‘Ser Arthur’ Jon said in greeting to the Kingsguard.

‘My Prince, how are you finding Dorne?’ Arthur asked as he continued to watch the women fight.

‘Incredibly hot’ Jon laughed. *However, it’s not just the temperature that is incredibly hot,* Jon thought. *Arianne Martell is incredibly hot.*

‘It takes some getting used to’.

‘How does it feel to return to Dorne?’ Jon asked.

‘It feels good. It’s been too long. Perhaps I will visit Starfall before I return to King’s Landing’ Arthur responded.

‘Maybe we can bring Aunt Ashara. She must miss Starfall too’.

‘I’m sure she does, my Prince but your aunt’s home is now the North not Starfall’ The Sword of the Morning responded.

‘Well you know how fond Aunt Ashara is of me’ Jon said with a grin. ‘If I propose a trip to Starfall, she can’t say no to me. I’m practically another son to her. And if that doesn’t work, I’ll just get Arya
to convince her’.

Arthur shook his head with a small smile gracing his face. ‘Why is Starfall so important to you?’

‘Because it’s your home and Aunt Ashara’s home. It means something to both of you so it means something to me’ Jon replied.

Arthur chuckled at his reply. ‘You really are your father’s son. You care a lot. Sometimes too much’.

The sparring had finished and some of those who were in the crowd stared at The Sword of the Morning and the Crown Prince. The crowd wanted to see the master and student battle and Jon decided to give the crowd what they wanted. ‘You up for a spar, old man?’ Jon joked.

‘Don’t get too confident. You’ve yet to best me in 17 years’.

‘We’ll see’ Jon said. His facial expression showed confidence but Arthur knew Jon wasn’t on his level yet but he was superior to Arthur at the same age so it showed just how good Jon was.

Jon walked past Nymeria as he made his way towards the centre of the training grounds. She grabbed his arm to stop him. He found it quite amusing as if it happened anywhere else in Westeros, there would be outrage that a bastard touched the Crown Prince. However, Jon didn’t think of bastards badly as the majority of the Seven Kingdoms and he had just witnessed Nymeria training and he was impressed by her so he knew to never take her lightly like most Lords do with bastards.

‘I can’t wait to see you flat on your back, Targaryen. Beaten by Dorne’s finest warrior’ Nymeria said honestly. Whilst she liked the Prince, he was eager to fight her and she didn’t believe he had earned that right yet.

‘The only time you’ll see me on my back will most certainly not be during a sparring session, Sand. I’d like it to a bit more intimate than having many people watching’ Jon replied with a wink. He was just joking around but it had the desired effect as Nymeria looked a bit taken aback. Jon did notice Nymeria’s beauty when they first met but it was Arianne that truly captured Jon. He didn’t want to ruin anything that might happen with her by messing around with her cousin but that didn’t mean he wouldn’t continue his banter with Nym. ‘Perhaps you could give me your favour, Lady Nym and I shall defeat The Sword of the Morning’.

Nymeria snorted and chuckled as she walked to the edge of the training grounds to watch the Prince fight. Nym looked up towards one of the balconies overlooking the training grounds and saw Arianne. The two cousin’s eyes met and Nym could see that there was some hostility in her gaze. I wonder what wrong with her, Nym pondered. Oh…OH! She likes the Prince. She really likes the Prince.

Jon withdrew Blackfyre from his scabbard whilst Ser Arthur Dayne did the same for Dawn. Two legendary swords wielding by a legendary knight and a young Prince. They circled each other, with Jon in particular searching for an opening. Jon feigned a movement forward, trying to make Ser Arthur fall into his trap. However, the old knight knew exactly what Jon was doing as he had taught him that himself.

Ser Arthur slashed Dawn towards Jon’s torso with speed and ferocity. Jon managed to deflect Dawn
with Blackfyre but the strength of the attack by Ser Arthur caused Jon to stumble back a few steps. Jon used his quickness to avoid the next couple of thrusts by his opponent. Thinking he saw a lapse in concentration, Jon surged forward only for Ser Arthur to block Blackfyre at the last moment, elbow him in the face and sweep his feet from under him.

As soon as Jon fell onto his back, he rolled to the side and got up. *Spars with Ser Arthur are rarely uneventful*, Jon thought. Arthur was almost trying his hardest as he wanted to show Jon just how much he has to learn and the fact one can always learn more. Jon was quickly back onto his feet which surprised both Ser Arthur and the crowd. Jon refused to let his eyes meet Nymeria’s as she would be smirking at him with a look that would say: *I told you so*. Jon’s eyes looked past Ser Arthur and into the distance where Arianne, Daenerys and Ellaria Sand were watching on a balcony. He saw Arianne staring at him with an expression he couldn’t decipher. Jon felt some anger rising within him as he refused to look weak in front of her.

He wiped a small amount of blood with his forearm before he twirled Blackfyre in his hands. He smirked at The Sword of the Morning, which confused those who had come to watch as Jon hadn’t really been in the fight at all so far. The sound of their swords clashing reverberated around the training grounds. Jon met each of Arthurs attacks with his own, and even causing The Sword of the Morning to retreat a couple of times.

From the corner of his eyes, he saw Arianne that looked flushed and it made Jon more determined to win. He pushed forward with more ferocity than Arthur had ever seen. Their blades clashed with frightening speed but eventually it was Jon who broke through The Sword of the Morning’s defence. Arthur was caught on the shoulder by Blackfyre and the small cut caused him to wince slightly. Arthur was impressed by his student and proud but he couldn’t let the fight continue because he saw something was different with Jon. *He seems to be controlled by anger and rage. It’s like he’s in a berserk state. Extremely powerful but unpredictable.*

Arthur had seen this a couple of times before when Jon was younger but now that he was as skilled as he was, this ‘berserk state’ was too dangerous. Both times it was to protect Princess Daenerys from Prince Viserys and both times Jon had been victorious in protecting his aunt and best friend.

As Blackfyre came down towards Ser Arthur’s sword hand with the intention of disarming the Knight, Arthur swayed out of the way and deflected the blade. With speed that Jon wasn’t expecting, Ser Arthur drew Dawn up to Jon’s throat before he could react.

‘I yield’.

The crowd were silent for a few moments due to witnessing an enthralling battle but they eventually clapped and cheered for their Dornish warrior. ‘You did well, my Prince. Something was different today and we’ll discuss it later’ Ser Arthur said, patting Jon’s shoulder as he walked off.

Jon looked up at the balcony and saw Dany smiling and waving at him. He returned the smile and wave before his attention turned to Princess Arianne. She gave him a small smile but her eyes told him so much more.

Arianne watched Prince Jon and Ser Arthur battle and she wished her Uncle’s paramour and Princess Daenerys were not there. She felt a heat between her thighs and she felt the need to touch herself as she watched Jon fight. She couldn’t and it was frustrating her to no end. Arianne had heard how good Ser Arthur Dayne was and Jon was keeping up with him. In her eyes, it made him even more attractive. *Fuck, he’s getting me wet.*
Brown and violet eyes locked and Jon gave her an intense look. Arianne imagined that look in a different situation and it made her shiver with anticipation. *I want to fuck him so bad.* The battle ended and Arianne was thankful because it allowed her to leave to return to her chambers and touch herself, thinking of her Targaryen Prince.

Jon resembled his parents in many ways. His looks being one of them but also his interests being another. Like his mother, he enjoyed riding, archery, swordplay and many more physical activities. Riding horses with his mother was an especially favourite hobby of Jon’s. However, he also loved reading just like his father.

Prince Doran had allowed Jon a private room at the back of the library at the Water Gardens. It allowed Jon to read in peace but also, he was close enough to get another book in a matter of seconds. He felt like he should have kept Daenerys company but she had assured him that she wanted to spend time with the Sand Snakes.

So, a couple of nights later Jon found himself in the library late at night. The candles illuminated the room as Jon read a book about Queen Nymeria. He was so captivated by the book that he didn’t hear the door to the room open and close. A shadow from the corner of his eyes caught his attention and he finally looked up from the book.

Jon froze as Arianne stood in front of him in a silky gown. He swallowed hard as Arianne slowly untied her gown and dropped it to the floor. Jon’s mouth was wide-open as he stared at Arianne’s naked olive-skinned body. *Her body is perfect. Perfect breasts. Perfect curves. Perfect ass. Perfect face…Perfect personality too.* Jon surprised himself at his last thought but it was true because she challenged him like no other. The past couple of days proved as much and her feistiness turned Jon on even more.

‘I’ve been thinking of you for the past few days. I can’t stop it and it’s got to a point where I just had to have you, one way or another’ Arianne said in a seductive tone.

Jon was literally drooling and he couldn’t say any coherent words. He just nodded at her words as he backed his chair up. *So much for trying to hold her off for as long as possible. I honestly thought I would last longer than two days.* Arianne swayed her hips as she walked over to Jon. She kissed him deeply which sent a jolt through both of their bodies before she got on her knees and ran her hands up both of his thighs. They both felt the spark at touch of their bodies and neither had felt anything like it before.

‘Arianne, what…’ Jon said before stopping abruptly as one of her hands stroked his cock through his breeches whilst the other unlaced his breeches. Her hand went inside of his breeches and pulled out his hard cock. ‘Fuck’ he hissed as she stroked him slowly. ‘W..what if someone comes in’ Jon managed to say.

Arianne moved underneath the desk Jon was using. ‘No-one will see me’ Arianne assured him before taking his cock inside of her mouth. Jon’s eyes closed and his head fell back at the amazing sensation of Arianne’s hot, wet mouth on his cock. He’d be lying if he said he hadn’t thought of her on her knees for him but he didn’t think it would happen so soon. Her tongue swirled around the head of his cock and he let out a loud moan.

Arianne wanted to grin at the effect she was having on the Prince but her mouth was full with his cock. *He has such an amazing cock. It’s just begging for me to suck it.* Arianne felt the familiar heat between her legs as one of her hands began to rub her slick cunt whilst she continued to suck off Jon.
Suddenly, she went from slowly sucking and licking his cock to taking his entire member in her mouth. She expertly slid all of his cock inside of her mouth with her lips pressed against the base of his Cock. Woah, even I’m surprised I can take all of him. He has a big cock after all. The biggest I’ve ever had.

Jon’s eyes snapped open as she took all of him in her hot mouth. He gripped the side of the chair so hard that his knuckles were turning white but he never broke eye contact with her and she never did with him. Brown eyes were locked with violet until eventually Arianne pulled back in order to breathe. She panted hard as a couple of fingers slid inside of her soaked cunt.

‘Y...you make me...so wet’ Arianne said through heavy breaths.

‘You...You have no idea the effect you have on me’ Jon said with a moan as Arianne stroked his wet cock frantically.

‘I think I do because you have the same effect on me’.

Jon cupped her cheek affectionately and she smiled at him, which he returned. It was the first time that Jon had seen her genuinely smile at him rather than a seductive smile. Arianne gripped the base of his cock as she slid her mouth over it again. Her head bobbed up and down his cock at a faster pace. Jon’s hand threaded through her hair and she resisted the urge to withdraw her mouth and smile up at him again because she really wanted to finish what she started.

His hands rested on her head and he guided her, rather than forcing himself down her throat. She appreciated that and sucked him off vigorously causing him to bite down on his tongue in order to not make too much noise.

‘Ari, I’m really close’ he panted.

She withdrew from his cock with a pop. She smiled at the fact he was using her nickname which was reserved for only her family and now Jon too. ‘Finish in my mouth. I want to taste you’ Ari said before wrapping her lips around his cock again.

Jon trembled at both her words and her mouth. She’s incredible. She was licking and sucking with the purpose of finishing him and it didn’t take long for him to explode inside of her mouth. ‘Ariiii’ he groaned loudly as he held her head. Arianne swallowed spurts of his seed until he was done. She cleaned his cock before looking him in the eyes.

She licked her lips and then got up. She leaned over to his ear and whispered, ‘Next time, I expect you to return the favour’. Her breasts were right in his face and he couldn’t help himself and he took a nipple in his mouth whilst he rolled the other between his thumb and his finger. Arianne gasped into his ear and then licked it. His hands encircled her waist but she reluctantly withdrew her body from his. Not today, my beautiful Targaryen Prince.

Ari walked back and picked up her gown. She put it back on and tied it at the front. She looked back to Jon and smirked. ‘Like I told you before, you and I are going to fuck so much’. A small voice in her head said, not just fuck but make love to each other. Arianne surprised herself by not being scared at the thought. Arianne turned around and walked to the door. She opened the door but before she left, she faced Jon again, who had seemed to finally have recovered. ‘Sweet dreams, my Prince’ Ari said with a wink before leaving.

Jon closed his eyes and inhaled deeply. He opened his eyes and closed them again but the same images appeared when his eyes were closed; Arianne’s naked body and Arianne sucking his cock. Believe me, Princess there’s nothing sweet about the dreams I’m going to have because of you.
To those who were wondering how Ashara is Ned’s wife. Basically, after the war Rhaegar was like ‘nope’ to Hoster Tully. He knew the guy just wanted his grandsons to be Wardens of the North/East. He basically used the war to gain more Kingdoms so Rhaegar got the High Septon to end Ned’s marriage to Catelyn (Robb wasn’t conceived like canon). So therefore, Ned was allowed to marry the woman who he actually loves and all their children are just the same as canon. (Robb is still called Robb but Ashara is his mother because even though Robert Baratheon was an enemy to Rhaegar, he was Ned’s best friend so Lyanna convinced Rhaegar to not be pissed).

Also, Jon in the books as some crazy feats of strength when he’s angry so I used that in this chapter.
Chapter 4

Jon staggered back to his chambers in the Water Gardens with a hint of shock at what transpired earlier. He was not expecting that when he decided to go to the library earlier in the evening. The past two days, Jon and Arianne had gotten to know more about the other as during meals, they were always seated next to each other. Jon had told her about his life in King’s Landing whilst she told him about Dorne.

They both quickly realised they would be a similar type of ruler. They both cared deeply about the small folk. Jon saw the way she was happy that children could play in the Water Gardens no matter if they were highborn or lowborn and it brought a smile to his face. We think alike. We’d be good rulers together. It worried Jon at how quickly he began having feelings for this girl.

And then there was how she was less than subtle about wanting to have Jon in her bed. Jon was attracted to strong women who gave no fucks and Arianne was definitely one of them. He didn’t know how long he could deny himself of her but she decided to make his decision easy by getting on her knees and sucking his cock. Oh Arianne, my Dornish Princess. I am most certainly going to repay the favour tomorrow.

As Jon entered the hallway where his chambers were located, the guards bowed their heads to their Prince. Jon nodded his head in response. He needed to think about what he was going to do with Arianne and more specifically when. However, he was brought out of his thoughts by Daenerys’ voice.

‘Jon!’

‘Dany’ Jon said warmly as she approached him with Ghost in tow. Ghost and Daenerys shared a bond almost as strong as Ghost and Jon and as such the two young Targaryen’s shared the white direwolf.

Dany frowned as she took in his appearance, knowing immediately that something was different. She loved Jon more than anyone in the world, so she knew instantly something was off.

And then it clicked. Dany smiled widely at Jon. ‘Did something happen between you and…’ Dany began but was cut off by Jon as he grabbed her hand and pulled her into his room. He wasn’t about to let the guards hear the end of Dany’s sentence especially as he didn’t know exactly what she knew.

There was silence in the room as Jon took off his shoes and slumped down on the bed. Dany stood by his bed with her arms crossed waiting for an answer but it didn’t come. Dany huffed in annoyance as she took off her shoes and laid down next to him. She turned her body to face his and rested her head in her hand. ‘So, are you going to speak?’

Jon sighed as he turned his body to face her. ‘I like Princess Arianne. I like her a lot’ Jon confessed.

‘I know’.

‘You knew?’ Jon asked in disbelief.

Dany giggled at his lack of awareness. ‘The two of you practically undress each other with your eyes
‘How was your evening with the Sand Snakes?’ Jon asked.

‘Don’t try and change the subject’ Dany said and followed it up by swatting his arm. ‘I know you. I know you better than anyone and you’ve never been like this before. So, tell me did something happen between the two of you?’

Jon blushed as he recalled Arianne sucking his cock. ‘It’s none of your business’ he stated simply.

‘Oh my god! Something did happen’ Dany exclaimed with joy, swatting his arm again. ‘Tell me! Tell me! Tell me!’

‘No. It’s between Ari and I’ Jon said sternly which caused Dany to pout at him.

‘You’re using her nickname. That’s so cute!’ Dany said with a laugh.

‘Ok, I think it’s time you go to sleep’ Jon chuckled before he scooped her up in his arms. She giggled and asked to be put down but Jon just walked to his door with Daenerys in his arms and opened it. He placed her back on the ground just outside of his room. ‘I promise to tell you what’s going on. Just not tonight’.

Dany nodded before hugging him around his neck. ‘Good night’.

‘Good night’ Jon replied into her silver hair, with his arms wrapped around her shoulders.

The pair pulled away and Jon closed the door. He walked back to the bed and sat down on it. He looked up at the ceiling and thought about what Arianne was doing in that moment. A thought manifested in his mind. A wicked smile emerged across his face. *My Dornish Princess, it looks I’ll be repaying you in instalments. You won’t get my mouth on your cunt just yet. I have something else planned.*

Meanwhile, Arianne was walking as quickly as possible back to her chambers. She was close but she then ran into her brother. *For fuck sake.* Arianne plastered on a fake smile as her brother approached her.

‘Quentyn’ Arianne said trying to keep her frustration out of her voice.

‘Ari, where are you going?’ he asked with a raised eyebrow.

‘To my chambers’ she said exasperatedly. ‘Where are you going?’

‘Erm…I. I’m just taking a walk’ Quentyn stuttered.

Arianne shook her head as she walked past her younger brother. ‘I wouldn’t advise going to see Princess Daenerys because not only does she not see you that way but if the Prince catches you, not even father will be able to save you. Plus imagine if Ser Arthur Dayne is guarding her tonight. How do you expect to get past the Kingsguard?’ Arianne said with a laugh as she rounded a corner and made her way her chambers.

She closed the door to her room and immediately took off her gown. She jumped onto her bed, spread her legs and began to pleasure herself. Her eyes closed as she pictured Jon’s face. His violet
eyes stared into her own brown eyes and the thought of him made her touch herself with an added vigour. She climaxed on her fingers with Jon’s name escaping her lips.

Jon woke up the next morning feeling excited for the day to come. He was thinking about where he could get Arianne alone but he also had his mind on other things. Once he had cleaned himself and got dressed, he realised he would still be early to break his fast. Therefore, Jon decided to start writing letters to his family. He wanted to write to them when he got to Dorne but he had been quite busy during the day.

He decided that he would begin with a letter to his sister, Visenya and then get around to the rest of his family. Visenya was 11 and unlike Jon, she had the silver hair of the Targaryen’s. However, she shared their mother’s grey eyes and also her sense of adventure. She desperately wanted to accompany Jon to Dorne so she could explore the other Kingdoms, but Queen Lyanna said she was too young to go.

Vissy,

I’m sorry that I haven’t written to you sooner but I’ve been very busy since I got to the Water Gardens. It’s beautiful here and I’m sure one day you’ll be able to witness Dorne’s beauty for yourself. However, the first thing you’re going to have to deal with here is the heat. Even Dany found it hot and we both know she has some insane resistance to heat. The Martells have been kind so far considering our difficult history but they recognise it was no fault of my own. It’s clear that they hate Father but I can’t say I blame them if I were in their position. Next time I’m sure Mother will allow you to come and if not I’ll just have to sneak you out because some of the views Dany and I experienced on the way to the Water Gardens were breath-taking.

I hope all is well in King’s Landing and you’re not causing too much hassle for Mother and Father! When Dany and I get back, you must show me all that you’ve learned since we’ve been away. Ser Barristan is a great teacher and I know one day you’ll be a fine warrior Princess.

I miss you terribly and hopefully I’ll be able to write to you again soon.

Love always, Jon.

Jon just finished his letter when he heard the door open. He sighed as he knew it was Daenerys. No-one else would barge-in the Prince’s chambers. ‘Dany, what are you doing here?’ Jon asked without turning around.

‘It’s time to eat? Or did you forget because you were too busy dreaming of your Dornish Princess?’ Dany teased.

Jon turned around and glared at her but it had no effect. Daenerys knew when he was truly angry and when he wasn’t and he currently was not angry. ‘I’ll have you know that I was in fact writing a letter to my little sister’.

‘Vissy or Lyarra?’ Dany asked.

‘Vissy. I know how much she wanted to come with us so I thought I better send her a letter first’.

‘Have you finished it? Because I’m sure you want to see Princess Arianne’ Dany said with a smirk.

Jon huffed but stood up anyway, knowing that Daenerys was right. He was eager to see Arianne but
he wouldn’t give her the satisfaction of being right. ‘Let’s go’. They walked out of his chambers with their guards following just behind them. Dany looped her arm around his as he led her to one of the large halls of the Water Gardens. ‘So, how was the evening with the Sand Snakes?’

‘It was fun. We drank and then we saw who the better fighter was’ Dany replied.

‘And?’ he questioned.

‘They’re good’ Dany responded, not giving away who came out victorious.

Jon nodded as they took their seats inside of the hall. Jon’s seat was once again next to Princess Arianne and when she turned towards him, he felt his heart rate increase. She smiled at him to which he responded with one of his own. Unbeknownst to the pair, Daenerys was watching them with a beaming smile as she could see how happy Arianne made Jon.

They ate and chatted with those around them including Arianne’s brothers and cousins. He found that none of her family were really that similar. Quentyn seemed solemn. He was scared every time he and Daenerys talked and Jon guessed he got nervous around women.  *I’ll have to ask Arianne about it later.* Whilst Trystane, the youngest sibling, still had the innocence of a child. The Sand Snakes all had different personalities but they all liked fighting, no doubt inherited from their father. But out of every member of the Martell’s, it was Arianne’s personality that Jon liked the most. She was fierce and adventurous and they were characteristics that Jon found highly attractive. *It also helps that she has an amazing body,* he thought smiling to himself.

‘My prince, I trust that you slept well’ Arianne asked.

‘I…I did, Princess Arianne’ Jon stammered because Arianne placed a hand on his thigh and it was slowly travelling upwards. Jon couldn’t believe that she would be so bold here where her family were breaking their fast. Actually, after getting to know her these past few days and last night in the Library, *I can believe she would do this.* She smiled innocently at Jon as her hand caressed him through his breeches. Jon stifled a groan but his eyes closed at the feeling of her hand.

Jon wrapped his hand around her wrist and looked her directly in her eyes. Her deep brown eyes were mesmerising and he had a hard time thinking straight when he looked into them. Nonetheless, he had to regain his focus and stop Arianne before things got out of hand. ‘If you keep this up, I’m not going to be able to help myself and the whole Hall will hear you scream in pleasure’ Jon whispered in her ear as he placed his free hand on her cunt and began rubbing it through her dress.

Arianne pouted at him but she removed her hand from him. No-one seemed to notice of the glances that they shared apart from Daenerys but eventually Jon had had enough. The small brushes of their hands and their legs built up their need for each other. When they noticed people beginning to leave, Jon grabbed her hand under the table and with his eyes he indicated towards the exit.

They left the hall and Arianne quickly led Jon down a few hallways. She paused in front of a door that she knew was an empty storage room. It was small but Arianne didn’t have time to be picky. She opened the door and shoved Jon inside. As soon as she had closed the door, Jon had her pinned up against it with his mouth on hers. She reciprocated the kiss hungrily as her hands slid underneath his tunic to feel his hot skin. Jon slid his tongue inside of her mouth as he pushed her body right against his. Their kisses were passionate and breath-taking.

They pulled apart for air but Arianne didn’t have any intention of wasting any time. Both of her
hands went to his breeches with the aim of unlacing them but Jon’s hands caught her wrists. He shook his head to her as he brought his mouth to her ear. ‘Not today, Princess. Today is about you’ he whispered into her ear. His hot breath caused her to squirm but he raised her arms above her head and pinned them against the door.

Arianne loved that he was taking charge. She didn’t want someone who would be submissive to her. She had had that too many times and no lover of hers had ever been dominant to her. She longed for it but that certainly didn’t mean it would be like that every time. She also enjoyed being in charge and she would show Jon just that. But apparently it won’t be right now. Jon trailed kisses up the side of her neck. He bit down lightly on her neck which caused her to gasp and he licked the spot. His kisses headed up towards her jaw before finally they reached her lips again. Arianne moaned into his mouth as she licked his bottom lip. One of Jon’s hand squeezed one of her breasts through her dress whilst the other remained holding her wrists. She moaned louder and Jon captured her mouth again to muffle the noises she was making.

Jon let go of her wrists and swiftly spun her around, so that her back was to his chest. Arianne giggled and he could feel the vibrations of her chest. His arms encircled her waist and he sighed contently into the crook of her neck. Arianne felt his hard cock pressed up against her ass. Arianne smiled to herself as she rubbed her ass against his cock. He groaned into her ear and it only made her increase the speed in which her ass thrusted against his cock. She leaned forwards, with both hands flat against the door whilst Jon’s hand settled on her hips.

‘Ari’ he groaned as the friction created between them was a wonderful sensation. Jon lifted her dress up and it scrunched up around her waist. One of his hands continued to hold on to her hip whilst the other found her soaking wet core. ‘Do you ever wear small clothes?’ Jon asked with a small laugh as he slid a couple of fingers inside of her.

Arianne gasped as she felt his fingers inside of her. ‘Not when you are here. What’s the point? I’m always wet for you, my beautiful Prince’ she panted.

Jon lifted her body so it was back up against his chest and then spun her around again. His fingers were pumping in and out of her at a rhythm that was causing Arianne to use Jon’s chest to stifle her moans. She helped him remove his dark red tunic so she could feel his bare chest against her lips. She hadn’t seen Jon without his shirt yet and she wasn’t too surprised when she found a muscular body underneath his tunic. However, she had pictured him to be lean and toned but he was quite a bit more muscular than she imagined. Not that I’m complaining.

‘Faster, Jon’ Arianne said. ‘Please!’ Jon sped up the thrusts of his fingers whilst also adding in a third finger. Arianne’s kisses to his chest and throat stopped as the third finger was inserted inside of her. When Jon’s thumb began rubbing circles on her clit, Arianne knew she was close to her climax. The moment he touched her clit, she wanted to yell in pleasure but she kissed him instead in order to not arouse suspicion as the walls of that particular part of the Water Gardens were quite thin.

‘Jon!’ Arianne cried as she couldn’t help it. Arianne’s thighs quivered as she came all over Jon’s fingers. She placed her hands on his shoulders to keep herself up because she could barely stand after her orgasm. She panted hard into Jon’s shoulder, where her head laid. She pulled her head back slightly to look at him. He was smirking at her. Arianne got on her tip-toes and kissed him fiercely.

‘You are amazing’ she told him.

Jon withdrew his fingers and brought them to his mouth. Their eyes locked as he licked her juices from his fingers. ‘You taste amazing’. Jon then pulled her dress back down. ‘Next time, it’ll be my mouth on your cunt’.
Arianne’s soft hands slid up his chest until one was around his neck and the other was caressing his cheek. ‘I look forward to it, my Prince’.
Chapter 5

Arianne had been busy for the past few days and as such she and Jon never were alone together. It was frustrating Arianne but there was nothing she could do. Arianne’s mind was elsewhere as she sat with her father. He was reading letters and going through important documents for Dorne. As the heir to Dorne, Arianne was forced to learn from him so that she could rule one day in the future. She usually paid attention to her father as she didn’t want to be a disappointment when it was time for her to be the head of House Martell but her mind kept on drifting to her dark-haired dragon Prince. She knew that she had no issues being a seductress to get what she wanted but one look from the Prince and she turned into a blushing maiden.

However, Ari knew it wasn’t a one-way street between her and Jon. She knew what did to him but he was unlike any other in that he never backed down from her. Even though they only knew one another for a short period of time so far, Arianne felt that Jon was special to her and already held a piece of her heart. Ari found it cruel that she found someone who could be her partner in life but belonged to family that her own family despises.

The two young Targaryen’s didn’t receive a warm reception in Dorne when they arrived which was expected after Rhaegar Targaryen dishonoured Elia Martell but both Jon and Daenerys had done a lot in their short time at the Water Gardens to improve the Targaryen reputation. Well, more improving their own reputation in Dorne. Rhaegar is still despised here.

Some of her family had even begun to like Jon. All of her youngest cousins loved Jon or the Dark Prince as Elia called him for his dark hair. There was a clear friendship between Jon and Nymeria whilst Oberyn was slightly less hostile to the Prince. And then there was her. The feelings she possessed towards the Prince shocked her. Arianne had never been one for ‘feelings’ for another but she knew without a shadow of a doubt that she held them for Jon.

‘Arianne!’ Prince Doran shouted, finally getting her attention.

‘What?’ Arianne asked, annoyed that her father interrupted her thoughts.

‘What is wrong with you today?’ Her father asked. ‘You seem far away. It is most unlike you’.

‘My mind is on other things. Sorry’ Arianne said.

‘Other things or other people? One person in particular’ Prince Doran challenged. Arianne raised an eyebrow at her father and urged him to continue. ‘Daemon Sand asked me for your hand in marriage. He cares for you and I wonder if you reciprocate those feelings’.

Arianne snorted and laughed loudly. ‘I assume you said no?’ Doran nodded at his daughter. ‘Good because I feel nothing for him’.

‘My daughter, you will have to marry soon. I’ve held off marriage proposals for too long’ Doran said from behind his desk, wishing that he didn’t have his condition so that he could walk over to his daughter.

‘I’ll cross that bridge when it comes to it’ Arianne said with some anger in her voice. Arianne stood up from her chair and began to leave but froze at her father’s words.

‘What do you think of the Prince?’

She turned around slowly and saw an inquisitive look in her father’s eyes. ‘Why do you ask?’
Arianne said confidently, not betraying her actual nervousness of the question.

‘It seems that he is changing the perception of Targaryen’s here in Dorne. Well perhaps only to a few people’ Doran said. He paused for a moment and the silence seemed longer than it actually was. ‘Is my daughter one of those people?’

‘He is a Targaryen. Are they not the enemy?’

‘Rhaegar is an enemy to Dorne. The young Prince and Princess are not’ Doran countered.

‘He…’ Arianne sighed. ‘He is different to anyone I have ever met. He has a good heart which is rare for a highborn let alone a Prince’. Arianne did not see the need to add anymore words and hence she decided to walk out and leave.

I see, Prince Doran thought with a hint of a smile gracing his face.

Jon found it difficult to train in the scorching heat. He had no idea how these Dornishmen could train for hours but then again, they wouldn’t survive in the North. Jon supposed they were just used to the heat and having spent their lives in it, they were bound to be able to live their lives normally without it bothering them.

Jon’s dark hair was damp with sweat as he sparred with the Red Viper of Dorne. A few strands fell down his face but he barely noticed as he avoided Oberyn Martell’s spear. The Red Viper was everything Jon had heard about. He watched him for a while before asking the older man to spar with him but it was clear that he wasn’t fighting like he was sparring. Jon knew that Oberyn had no love for Targaryen’s and he was probably taking his hate out on Jon.

Jon was surprised at how quick the older man was. He didn’t think he would be as fast as he was and Jon was just about avoiding his spear. Jon’s sword and Oberyn’s spear clashed at a frightening speed but neither of them were willing to give an inch to the other. They were stuck in a stalemate as their sword and spear respectively, were joined together. From the corner of Jon’s eye, he saw a flash of red and the familiar face of the woman he had come to care for. She was walking away and from the brief moment he got a look at her, she seemed annoyed.

However, Jon quickly found himself on the floor, cursing at himself for the small distraction. The Red Viper stood next to Jon’s head and looked to where Jon’s eyes were a moment ago before lowering them to the Prince. ‘Ah my sweet niece was the catalyst of my victory. Many a man have suffered defeat because of a beautiful woman’ Oberyn said to Jon with a smirk.

Oberyn’s gazed towards his paramour, Ellaria. They both looked at each other with lust but it was suddenly broken as Oberyn crashed to the ground. Jon, with his arm, had swept the Red Viper’s feet from under him. He fell face first to the ground before Jon rolled him onto his back. Jon withdrew a dagger and held it at his throat. ‘It seems you suffer from this problem too, Prince Oberyn’.

Jon stood up and offered a hand to the Red Viper of Dorne. When he was back on his feet, he grinned at Jon. ‘You have it right, Targaryen. I have a soft spot for beautiful woman. Men too’.

Jon looked at him awkwardly before excusing himself. As he walked away, he heard Ellaria and Oberyn sharing a laugh. Most likely at my expense but I’m not fucking a man. Fuck that. He and his paramour can fuck all the men and women they want but that’s not me. He walked back to his room with a few of his guards following him, a step or two behind.
Jon entered his room and placed Blackfyre on his bed. He grabbed some fresh clothes before heading out again. There was a bathhouse near his chamber that Doran Martell had allowed exclusive access to the two Targaryens. There were many scattered across the Water Gardens. It was a large room that was surrounded by orange rock and marble tiles. In the centre was a large square tub that was constantly provided by hot water through underground pipes.

Jon stripped out of his dirty clothes and entered the water. It was not as hot as he would’ve liked and definitely not the heat that Dany liked but it was pleasant. The warm water soothed the aches and pains he had received from the Red Viper. He lathered himself in finely scented soap that Daenerys had got for him, removing all sweat that he had worked up whilst he trained. He dipped his head below the water, washing his hair. After a while, he got out and dried himself off. His hair was still damp as he walked back to his chamber in his fresh clothes that were Targaryen red and black.

He was surprised when he entered his room to find someone already in there. Sat on the bed was Arianne looking as beautiful as ever. Jon chucked the dirty clothes he had to the side of the room before walking towards Arianne. ‘What are you doing here?’ he asked.

She stood up and moved towards him. They were mere inches apart when her hand snaked into his damp black hair. She hadn’t uttered a word since Jon came in the room but her eyes told Jon enough. Her hand fisted his hair which made him wince slightly but the pleasure of her lips on his dulled the pain. She pulled away with Jon chasing after her lips. It caused her to smile and giggle which in turn caused a grin to appear on Jon’s face.

‘I’ve missed you’ Arianne said as she brushed some of his hair from his face. She kissed him again licking his lower lip, imploring for entrance to his mouth. He granted it happily and Arianne deepened the kiss. When they both pulled apart, they were breathing heavily. ‘I want you to fuck me, Jon. Please fuck me’.

Jon’s eyes closed at those words. She was practically begging him for it. He didn’t know where this came from because she wasn’t being her usual playful self. Something must have happened. She did look sad and a bit angry earlier. His eyes snapped open when he felt her hand grabbing his cock through his breeches. ‘Ari’ Jon groaned as she began to stroke his hardening cock. He looked at her hesitantly as he wasn’t sure if this was something she truly want. At least right now. I know she wants me just as I want her but she seemed to be distressed.

‘Tell me you haven’t thought about burying your cock deep inside of me and I will stop’ Arianne said as she lifted his shirt over his head. ‘Tell me you haven’t thought about this the moment you laid your eyes upon me and I will stop’. She brushed her lips against his in a tender kiss. ‘Tell me you don’t want me’.

‘I can’t’ Jon muttered against her lips. Arianne went to unlace his breeches but Jon grabbed her hands and stopped her. He placed kiss after kiss on her neck, slowly reaching her ear. ‘I want to taste you’ he whispered to her.

Arianne shivered in anticipation at his words. ‘Then do it!’ Arianne commanded.

Jon kissed back down her neck, along her shoulder before dropping to his knees. With one hand, Arianne held up her red dress whilst the other snaked through his damp hair. Jon nudged her legs apart with his arm. He kissed the inside of one knee before kissing his way up her thigh. Arianne
was making all the right noises as she ran her hand through his hair.

‘Don’t…Don’t tease, Jon’ Arianne gasped as he got closer and closer to her cunt. She grabbed a fistful of his hair and tried to guide his head to her hot, wet core but Jon resisted and moved his focus to her other leg.

‘Be patient. I promise it will be worth it’ Jon said to her. She looked down at him and nodded. Her frustration faded as the anticipation of what was to come took over. His lips moved upwards on her thigh again, making Arianne pant as he got closer and closer to her cunt. This time when Arianne urged his face towards her slick cunt, Jon didn’t resist. His mouth latched onto her cunt, causing her to moan loudly.

‘Oh shit!’ she exclaimed as she felt his tongue between her folds. He has a magical tongue. Fuck me! He was kissing her down there just as passionately as he would her mouth. Arianne had had others give her the ‘Lords Kiss’ but none of them gave her any pleasure like Jon did. He was devouring her like a man dying of hunger and it made her weak at her knees. His mouth sucked on her clit and she almost came right there and then. Jon’s hands wrapped around her thighs, bring himself even closer to her. Arianne was sure that Jon’s guards would be able to hear her moans but she didn’t care. His flicked her clit with his tongue one more time and she came hard. ‘Jon!’ she yelled as he lapped up all of her juices.

‘You taste even better than I imagined’ Jon said before giving her one final lick to her cunt. Arianne shuddered and Jon had to hold her firmly or she would’ve fallen on the floor in a boneless heap.

‘You’ve dreamt of how I taste?’ Arianne asked with a wicked smile.

Jon got off of his knees and stood up. He looked down at her and her mesmerising smile. ‘Why of course, Princess’. He inserted two fingers inside her which made her gasp. When he took them out, he brought them to his mouth and licked them clean. ‘So good’ he said.

I’ve met my match, Arianne thought gleefully before she jumped into his arms and tasted herself on his lips. Her tongue swiped his lips before entering his mouth.

Their lips were glued together until both needed air. ‘Are…you…finally…going to fuck me?’ Arianne panted. Jon gave her a reassuring smile which made Arianne take his hand and lead him towards the bed.

‘Are all Dornishwomen completely bare down there?’ Jon asked, his hands gripping her waist.

‘Maybe? It’s a fashion here’.

Jon hummed in approval. ‘I like it. I think I’m in love…’ Jon said, which caused Arianne to become rigid. ‘with your cunt’.

Arianne let a breath she didn’t know she was holding and laughed. It wasn’t that she didn’t feel like she could love Jon, the opposite really as she’d never felt anything like she felt for Jon. But it would be far too quick to say they love each other. ‘Well my Prince, I can say with some certainty that I love your cock’.

Their bodies were pressed together and it wasn’t difficult for Arianne to slip her hand inside of his breeches. Arianne could feel her desire for him flowing through her like fire and it made her even more excited for what was to come. She stroked his cock eliciting a moan from the Prince. Jon’s chin rested on the top of Arianne’s head as she continued to stroke his cock inside of his breeches.

Arianne walked backwards towards the bed, dragging Jon along with her. Arianne fell onto the bed
bringing Jon down on top of her. His lips immediately went to her neck as she wrapped her arms around him. His fingers brushed against the skin on her arm as it slowly slid up it until he cupped her cheek. He kissed her slowly and it wasn’t like anything Arianne had ever experienced. The kiss was tender and… loving. She kissed him just as gently, reciprocating his movements.

She pulled his breeches down, freeing his cock from them before she helped him out of them. Their kisses quickly became more urgent and passionate. Jon didn’t even take Arianne’s dress off. Her dressed scrunched around her waist as he pulled it down, releasing her magnificent breasts. His hand immediately cupped one whilst his mouth latched onto the nipple of the other. Arianne moaned in pleasure whilst also arching her back slightly.

He sucked the dark nipple gently before he swirled his tongue around it, making Arianne gasp as a bolt of pleasure surged through her. Arianne pulled his hair up a little bit so that he lifted his head to her. Their eyes showed their burning desire for each other.

‘Fuck me’ Arianne pleaded.

Jon happily obliged and entered her. They both sighed before Arianne pulled him down for another passionate kiss. She lifted one of her legs and placed it around his own. ‘Seven hells, Ari’ Jon whispered into her ear. ‘You’re so fucking hot and tight’.

Jon slowly moved in and out of her, revelling in the delightful little moans she was making beneath him. Her hips were meeting his, thrust for thrust as they found a steady rhythm. Her moans were getting ever louder and if Jon was not in the middle of fucking the one woman he desired, he would’ve been a bit concerned that others may hear Arianne.

Arianne was loving every second Jon was inside of her. She had never felt so…complete. Her eyes were shut as Jon continued to fuck her. ‘Faster!’ she demanded as she felt him place kisses to her throat. Arianne gasped and her eyes flew open as Jon pounded into her at a much quicker pace. ‘Oh fuck!’ Arianne cried into his shoulder as her nails dug into his back. His fingers glided down to her cunt and began to rub it frantically, as she got closer to her release. She wrapped both of her legs around him, causing him to get even deeper inside of her as her back arched upwards. ‘Fuck…Oh Fuck…Fuck…FUCK JON!’ Arianne screamed as her cunt tightened around him and she came all over Jon’s cock.

Jon slowed his thrusts as she rode out her orgasm. He placed kiss all along her neck and she hissed when his cock left her cunt. Arianne looked down at his cock which was resting on her stomach. She was surprised that he hadn’t reached his release yet. He’s certainly very skilled in the bedroom. We’re going to have so much fun. She reached down and stroked his cock as his body relaxed on top of hers. She switched their positions with Jon laying down on the bed and her on top of him.

‘I’m going to ride a dragon’ she whispered into his ear before licking it. He groaned and brought her lips against his. She straddled him and brought his cock towards her cunt. She held it with one of her hands as she teased him, not allowing it to fully enter her.

‘Ari!’ he growled.

A surge of desire coursed through her body due to his deep voice and those violet eyes of his that were staring at her. He entered her and quickly fucked her fast. Her eyes closed and her head fell to his chest and he thrusted inside of her wet cunt. Arianne was whimpering into his chest before she pushed herself up and stilled his movements. ‘I said I was going to ride the dragon and I will’. She had a determined look on her face and it made Jon grin.

Arianne rode him quickly and she could tell he was close. She loved the feeling of riding him, his
cock inside of her and his hands on her ass. She wanted his seed and to know that it was her that caused him to release inside of her. His head was thrown back and his grip on her hips waivered. ‘Ari…Fuuuck!’ he growled before exploding inside of her, painting the inside of her cunt white. They both breathed heavily as Arianne collapsed on top of him with her dark hair spiralled across his chest. Jon’s hands held her to him as they their breathing became normal again.

‘Holy shit that was amazing’ Jon whispered into her ear.

Arianne smiled against his shoulder before she lifted her head to look at him. He gently pushed some of her that was covering her face back and then cupped her cheek. ‘It was indeed’ Arianne said before kissing him deeply.
Visenya was bored. Her parents were in a small council meeting whilst Lyarra was with a maester doing one of her lessons. She missed Jon and Dany and wished she could’ve gone to Dorne with them. It would’ve been so much fun! Me Jon and Dany in the deserts of Dorne or Sunspear or the Water Gardens! She was an 11-year-old girl who adored her brother and without him, she felt awfully lonely.

Knowing that small council meeting could go on forever and hence it was unlikely she could go riding with her mother today, Visenya went searching for her Grandmother. Dowager Queen Rhaella, despite getting on in age, looked better than she did in the last few years of the Mad King’s reign and would still be seen as unbelievably beautiful. Her love for her son, daughter and grandchildren lightened up her whole world and the first few years after Aerys’ death, it was Jon and Dany who were her entire world.

She found her Grandmother in one of the gardens with some of the other ladies of the court. When Visenya approached her, Rhaella’s violet eyes lit up and she beckoned her granddaughter over. Rhaella politely ended the conversation with the other ladies and they left leaving the Dowager Queen and the Princess alone. The two sat in a peaceful silence whilst Rhaella patiently waited for Visenya to talk whilst Visenya sat there brooding. It was something that both she and her brother had inherited from their father and Jon in particular had mastered the look. Rhaella had to stifle a laugh as she saw the furrowed eyebrows of her granddaughter that reminded her so much of Rhaegar in his youth as well as Jon.

‘I miss Jon’ Visenya finally said.

‘Oh Vissy’ Rhaella began, hugging her granddaughter. ‘He won’t be gone too long and you can write to him every day. I’m sure he misses you just as much as you miss him’.

‘He better!’ Visenya said with a grin.

‘I know he does, little dragon’.

‘Do you want to know a secret?’ Rhaella said in a mischievous tone. The elder Targaryen knew Visenya wouldn’t be able to say no and it would improve her mood.

‘Yes please!’ she said bouncing in her chair in anticipation.

‘Your mother and father are currently discussing a betrothal for Jon. There’s going to be a royal wedding soon’ Rhaella revealed.

Vissy’s eyes widened and wide grin graced her face. Jon’s getting married! ‘That’s so exciting!’ she squealed. ‘Maybe we can make the cloak that Jon will place on his bride together, Grandmother! It can be our gift to Jon!’

Rhaella couldn’t say no to Visenya and she didn’t want to. She would help her make the cloak for Jon but she did have other gifts that she would give her grandson and future granddaughter-in-law on their wedding day.
Jon’s arms encased Arianne as they both breathed hard. He stroked her black hair as Arianne gave tired kisses to his neck. He was sure that she was going to fall asleep in his arms soon but he had plans that were much more fun than sleeping. However, he knew he needed a few minutes to recover.

‘Ari’ he said whilst stroking her cheek. Her eyes fluttered before closing. ‘Ari’ he said a bit louder and it caused her eyes to open. His cock slipped out of her and she hissed as she felt the loss of fullness within her. ‘You were unbelievable’. His breathing had calmed back down to normal and it seemed the same for Arianne.

‘You were not so bad yourself, my Dragonwolf’ she said against his neck. The way she said my sent shivers down Jon’s spine and it made him hold her against him a bit tighter. ‘You definitely have a talented tongue’. She slipped her tongue into his mouth and their kiss quickly intensified before Arianne pulled away. Jon tried to follow her mouth which caused her to laugh. ‘You also definitely know how to use your cock’. She looked down at their sweaty bodies pressed together, remembering just how great Jon was. ‘Unquestionably, you know what you’re doing in bed’. Jon grinned at her and she playfully slapped his chest. ‘Don’t get smug’.

‘Me? Smug? Never, princess’ he said with a grin before kissing her again.

‘Can I ask you something?’ Arianne had been wondering for a long time but she never found the right time to ask him. What better time than just after we just fucked?

‘You know you can ask me anything’ Jon replied truthfully.

She knew but she didn’t say it just like she would willingly talk about anything in her life with him. ‘Why is your name Jon?’

He blinked a few times as he was not expecting that. Arianne stifled a laugh as it was clear from his face that was not a question he had expected at all. ‘What?’ he managed to say.

‘You’re a Targaryen. Jon isn’t a very Targaryen name’ Arianne said with a smile.

‘Oh, I see’ Jon said. ‘Well, I don’t have the typical Targaryen look apart from the eyes. Perhaps that was one of the reasons’. Arianne nodded, accepting that was probably the reason he didn’t have a Targaryen name. His face became sad and the playfulness that was there moments ago was gone. ‘But that’s not the main reason…’

She sat up and straddled him. She leaned down and placed both of her soft hands on his face. ‘You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to’.

He shook his head and closed the distance between them. The kiss was short but the meaning was clear. He trusts me, Arianne thought. ‘I was supposed to be the third head of the dragon’. At Arianne’s confused look, he elaborated. ‘I was supposed to be Visenya for Aegon and Rhaenys. Your aunt couldn’t conceive again and my father being obsessed with some stupid prophecy needed a Visenya for Aegon and Rhaenys’.

‘So…Your father didn’t love your mother. He just-‘

‘No, they did fall in love…at least eventually. My father was sure I was a girl but my mother was not. She told him that if it was a boy that she would name him for a Stark King but my father never believed that would happen because he was sure I would be a girl’. 
‘Wow. Well, it makes sense now why you are named Jon. Anyway, I like it. A Targaryen name wouldn’t suit you now that I’m so used to Jon Targaryen’ Arianne said. ‘I’ve grown fond of him’.

Before she knew what happened, Arianne found herself on her back. Their positions were flipped and now Jon leaned over her. Arianne had a thing for dark haired handsome men and her prince definitely fell into that category. *I just never believed I would feel this way about another. If he leaves tomorrow, I know I would be devastated.* She remembered her talk with her father earlier in the day. He asked some questions about her and Jon. *Surely, he won’t… He doesn’t like House Targaryen.* She decided to think about that later because her handsome Dragonwolf was looking at her like he wanted to devour her. *And oh, how I would let him. I would let him take all of me. My Dark Prince. My Dragonwolf.* Arianne didn’t know when she began to refer Jon as *hers* but it just felt right to think like that. Her chest was rising and falling quickly as the two lovers stared into each other’s eyes.

His cock was hard again and pressed against her stomach. He leaned down and placed kisses along her throat and she hummed her approval. Arianne’s hands went to the nape of his neck as she brought their lips together. One of her hands grabbed Jon’s cock and lined it up to her cunt. Jon shuddered as he felt his cock come into contact with her slick folds. His cock filled her up again and Arianne couldn’t help but moan loudly at the feeling of him inside of her. She didn’t think she would ever tire of him fucking her.

Their pace was frantic as Jon slammed into her and she fucked him back. She felt so good to Jon that he knew that every girl who came before her hadn’t even come close to how good Arianne felt. Arianne was on another level and he couldn’t stop thinking about exploring every inch of her as his cock pounded into her.

Jon’s mouth found the spot on her neck where she cried out his name. Jon grinned against her skin before licking it and giving her light bites on her neck. His head lowered to her large breasts and he groaned loudly as she was so tight for him as his cock continued to fuck her. His hand squeezed one of her breasts as his mouth latched onto the other. He rolled her dark nipple in between his thumb and index finger causing Arianne to arch her back and hold his head against her other breast. Jon licked, sucked and squeezed her large breasts for gods knows how long but Arianne was moaning his name underneath him so he knew he was doing a great job.

Their rhythm eventually became sloppy as both of them neared the peak again. With a grunt, Jon spilled his seed inside of her whilst she held onto him tightly as she convulsed around him, whispering his name over and over again into his ear.

No words were needed as Jon collapsed beside her and pulled her closer to him. They both fell asleep in the middle of the day, exhausted from their activities.

Arianne woke up before Jon and could feel the pleasant ache throughout her body. The feeling of Jon’s warm body pressed against the side of hers was one she could see herself getting used to.

She looked out of the window of the room and saw that the sun was beginning to set. She knew that dinner would be served soon so she decided to head back to her chambers to get herself ready because she caught her reflection in the looking glass and she looked like she had been fucked very well indeed.

Arianne quietly gathered up her clothes and put them back on. She weaved her hand through her hair and tried to make it look like she hadn’t just been ravaged because she did have to walk through the
halls of the Water Gardens to get back to her chamber.

She placed a lingering kiss to his lips before slipping out of his chambers and avoiding the knowing looks from the Prince’s personal guard.

Jon woke up to a banging on the door. He rubbed his eyes and his vision quickly returned to its normal state. He realised that whilst Arianne had left, the bed was still warm so it couldn’t have been that long ago. He stared up at the ceiling as the scent of Ari still lingered in the room.

The loud knocking on the door made Jon reluctantly get up and put on his clothes. He walked up to the door and opened it only to find Dany staring up at him with a knowing smirk. She pulled at his hand and dragged him into her chambers.

‘So…how was your day?’ Dany asked with a raised eyebrow. Her tone was nonchalant but she was anything but.

‘Erm, fine?’ he said with a shrug of his shoulders.

‘Really?’ Dany said with a smile. ‘Because from what I heard, you and Arianne seemed to have a lot of fun today’.

‘Oh gods’ Jon said, running his hand through his hair.

‘Oh yes, Arianne did seem to say those words a lot didn’t see?’ Dany teased. ‘These walls are quite thin. Keep that in mind if you two decide to spend nights together in your chambers. You wouldn’t want to keep your sweet aunt awake because you’re fucking the Princess of Dorne now would you?’

He laughed at her words. ‘Of course not’. He wrapped his arms around her and she squirmed in his embrace for a few moments before relaxing against him. She smiled against his chest. She always enjoyed the banter between herself and Jon. They’d been best friends from the moment she was born. She always loved the moments it was just her and Jon. They were always meaningful and he would always hold a piece of her heart just as she held a piece of his.

However, she didn’t resent the fact that Arianne Martell had just slept with Jon. In fact, she was happy and she wanted to know the details that led up to them being in bed together. She was curious about what was going on between her nephew and the Princess of Dorne because she had never seen Jon so…besotted with someone. In all fairness, Jon had never been smitten with anyone before so this Princess of Dorne must have been something really special.

‘So you and Arianne…spill the beans. Oh wait, it’s Ari isn’t it? You have a cute nickname for her. I don’t really see how she can give you a nickname though, you have a very short name’ Daenerys mused. ‘Anyway, tell me what’s going on’ Dany said enthusiastically.

Jon sighed and began telling her what was really going on between him and Arianne. Naturally, he didn’t go into too much detail but he never felt embarrassed telling Dany anything because he knew that with the relationship and bond that the pair shared, he could tell her anything.

Chapter End Notes

Ok so I have included Daenerys into Jon and Ari’s relationship but it will be a long time until that actually happens. For the foreseeable future, it’s Jon and Ari but eventually it
will be Jon/Ari/Dany. Dany just doesn’t realise her feelings yet and like I said it will be a while until she does and that’s why she’s so cool about Jon and Ari. But one day she will and she’s not going to sit around whilst Jon gets his girl.

Could you give me some ideas for dragon names for my upcoming one-shot. There will be a dragon for:

Jon
Rhaenys
Aegon
Daenerys
Viserys

it would be really helpful if you could come up with dragon names for each of these characters!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!