All in the Family

by House_Belaerys (House_Blackfyre)

Summary

On his fifteenth nameday, Prince Jon is betrothed to his elder sister Rhaenys and aunt Daenerys. Fearing that he won't be able to satisfy his future brides, Jon seeks advice from the woman he trusts more than anyone in the world, his mother.
Read the tags!

Assuming you've gotten this far and are still interested then I hope you understand that a large portion of this story is portraying a sexual relationship between Jon, Lyanna and Elia.

Lots of incest and smut ahead. If this isn't your kink then don't flame me for it.

This was inspired by the wonderful fic: Compared to a Woman's Love by emmaliza. She's a wonderful author and I encourage you to read her fic, it's the only other Jon/Lyanna fanfiction on this site. (and the only one I can find on the internet, trust me I've looked.)
The Beginning

Prince Jonothor Targaryen

Nervousness had been the most prevalent emotion that Jon had felt for a long while. The nerves affected his sword play. His form was so poor now that Ser Aerys Oakheart had dismissed him out of concern that Jon was coming down with an illness. His nerves affected his diet as well, Jon could barely eat to sate his hunger, even after a long day of training. Even his dreams were affected, haunted by scenarios where he was a disappointment. And it was likely that he would be.

Most boys…no almost all the men in the kingdoms would envy the position that Jon was now in. Only a month before, on Jon’s fifteenth nameday, his father had announced to all the realm that Jon would wed both his sister Rhaenys and his aunt Daenerys, a sister in all but name herself. Some may have grumbled in disagreement that the Targaryens were returning to their practice of incest, wedding brother and sister, and on occasion Uncle and Niece or Nephew and Aunt, in fact the High Septon himself had loudly vocalized just that and was promptly removed from his position. But none would stage a serious protest. For his father, King Rhaegar Targaryen, first of his name, was known as the Conqueror come again.

The lack of a serious protest was likely due to Jon not being the Crown Prince. His elder brother Aegon was playing the Tyrells, Lannisters and Hightowers against each other, the end result was to see which house would have the honor of supplying his brother with the eventual Queen. Jon was second in line, and though he had recently claimed a dragon for himself, many thought his father’s marriage to his second Queen (Jon’s mother) wasn’t legitimate and Jon was a bastard as a result. None would voice the words to his father of course, since the last Lord who had dared to insult Jon’s mother Queen Lyanna, ended up as a meal for Balerion.

While Jon’s father had taken two Queens just as Aegon the Conqueror had done, the taking of Jon’s mother had started a brief rebellion that ended swiftly when his father, aided by a Red Priestess from Asshai, resurrected the long dead dragons Balerion, Caraxes, Sunfyre, Vhagar, and Meleys, which allowed his father Rhaegar to not only subdue Robert Baratheon and his rebel forces but also prevented the Mad King from burning Jon’s maternal grandfather Lord Rickard Stark alive and save his uncle Brandon Stark from certain death; Jon was still apprehensive about the entire act. They will laugh at me when it comes time for the bedding.

He hoped they wouldn’t, but it was almost a forgone conclusion. His sisters Rhaenys and Daenerys, were four and three years older than him, respectively, and widely considered the most beautiful maidens in the Seven Kingdoms. Rhaenys had eyes like amethysts, olive skin that was nearly golden, and illustrious hair the color of midnight. She was still a few inches taller than him, though his last growth spurt had closed the gap dramatically and he still had time to grow, and she was built like a true Dornish Warrior Princess in the style of her mother’s ancestor Queen Nymeria. Daenerys had the beauty and look of Old Valyria, hair like a strand of moonlight and lilac eyes; on her dragon Vhagar, Daenerys was reminiscent of the Dragonlords of old.

Each had an army of admirers and flatterers. Every lord young enough, or rich enough or who had a son of an age with the duo, had propositioned King Rhaegar for Rhaenys’s and Daenerys’s hand in marriage. Jon’s father had refused all the requests even from the Magisters in the free cities who had sent mountains of gifts and gold as bribes. Not even Jon had known what his father was planning, though Jon, ever since he was smart enough to understand the appeal of women dreamed of
marring at least one of them. Never in his life had he thought that he would have been fortunate
enough to wed both. Now though, he feared his nerves would get the better of him and stop his heart
before the wedding.

Despite his happiness with the course of events, Jon struggled in the aftermath. Everywhere he went,
everyone had a voice to air. Men congratulated Jon as if he had won a war single handedly. The
boldest offered vivid advice that left Jon blushing and confused. It was often contradictory. *Never go
down on a lass. With two of them, you’ll just be the disappointment. Or, when you eat their cunts
make sure to be rougher, you’re a man so it will help differentiate you.* From serving wenches to
noble born ladies, one look at him was enough to send a group into a giggle. It felt as if everyone
was expecting Jon to fly or crash spectacularly. The trouble was, Jon expected the latter himself.

He was as green as summer grass in Highgarden. There wasn’t a lack of desire on his part. Jon often
dreamt of his sisters in ways that he was ashamed to admit. The trouble was opportunity. Men knew
not to bring their unmarried daughters or even their wives around Aegon and Uncle Viserys. His
brother and uncle were even caught together entertaining Lynesse Hightower, the wife of Jorah
Mormont, and Amerei ‘Gatehouse Ami’ Frey.

Jon’s mother, his sisters and his elder mother Queen Elia perhaps in an attempt to prevent Jon from
repeating the crude behavior of his uncle and elder brother had repeatedly blocked Jon from any
inroad to gain greater sexual experience. Aegon had tried multiple times to sneak him to a brothel,
Viserys had even paid for a courtesan from Lys to sneak into his bedchamber at Summerhall but
either Daenerys, Rhaenys or his Queen mother prevented the fruition of such plots. Jon’s curiosity
and then frustration had only peaked as a result. He knew enough to know where the parts went and
that women could indeed find pleasure from sex. But there wasn’t much else that Jon knew.

Now, Jon was almost terrified that he’d make a fool of himself during the bedding and Rhaenys and
Daenerys would never bed him again. Or worse, they would only bed him for children and take
other lovers to satisfy their pleasure. *Two women! I barely lasted a minute during my first time. I
wonder if you’ll even get it out of your pants.* Jon had knocked out one of Theon’s teeth for the
comment. Now, the Greyjoy knew to be silent.

Theon boasted about experience, but Jon was hesitant to ask or believe anything that the Greyjoy
heir told him. Theon had been the worst of those with comments until Jon had ruined his smile. The
ward entertained fantasies about both Dany and Nys. *Besides any advice from the son of a man who
was foolish enough to rebel six years after the Black Dread had been reborn was likely bullshit.*

Aegon had joined his father and Jon’s betrothed in putting down a Pirate King near Gorgossos. The
Pirate King had been attacking the Naathi with such great frequency that the quiet, peaceful people
had been forced to send an envoy requesting the crown’s aid. Jon was furious that he wasn’t allowed
to go with them, Vyraxes may have been younger than any of their dragons but his dragon was
strong and swift. Jon’s duty though, along with Uncle Viserys and his Grandmother Dowager Queen
Rhaella, who were on Dragonstone with Viserys’s wife Princess Arianne Martell, was to watch over
their ten rider less dragons as well as hold the throne until his father returned.

Only Jon, his mother and his elder mother Queen Elia remained of the royal family within the capital.
It was early evening; the sun had just set when Jon made his way to his mother’s room. Gathering his
courage Jon knocked on her door.

There was a pause and he heard shuffling behind the door, perhaps an exchange of conversation
before his mother opened the door. Her cheeks looked flushed and her long brown locks were a bit
messy. She wore a thin robe that teased the curves beneath. Jon blushed at the sight and hastily
turned his gaze upward to meet her eyes. After his recent growth spurt, Jon stood a head taller than
her. Even as her son, it was easy to see why his father had risked a war for his mother. She had a pretty smile that lit up her whole face, full pink lips that looked wet in the dim light and eyes the color of stormy skies.

“Jon?” She asked a bit surprised.

“Is this a bad time? I can come back later if necessary. But I just wanted to talk to you.” He could barely meet her eyes.

His mother nodded and spoke a bit too loudly. “No, Jon. Come inside. Your elder mother and I were just speaking.”

Jon blushed as he captured his elder mother’s form. She was clad in a robe of the same style as his mother, though hers was a dark black framed by red while his mother’s was framed with blue.

“Hello Jon, is everything alright?” Elia asked.

It was hard not to stare at her. Queen Elia had been Jon’s first crush. Ever since a boy he had known that he would do anything to defend her. When he was young, six years old to be exact, his mother had fallen very ill along with most of the city due to a spreading sickness, Jon had to be separated from her and was terrified of losing his mother. Queen Elia had comforted him every day until his mother had recovered.

“Uh… yes everything’s fine.” It was nerve racking enough to have to ask his mother for advice on how to satisfy his wives but with his elder mother in the room as well, Jon quickly lost his nerve. Elia reminded him of Rhaenys. Her eyes were dark brown instead of violet, and she was nearly twenty years older than her daughter but no less beautiful. She was slender to the point of being slight instead of Rhaenys’s lean muscle but Elia was no less steel.

“Sorry for bothering you two.”

His mother grabbed him before he could make his exit. “Jon, what is wrong?” She asked. Her hands turned him and then gripped his face, so he could look into her eyes.

He flushed and dropped his head. *How can I ask her without making a fool of myself? And if I can’t even ask this then how am I ever going to learn?*

**Queen Lyanna Stark**

She was worried about her boy. Ever since the betrothal was made public, Jon’s confidence had dipped dramatically rather than rising as she had hoped for. Jon reminded her of the best versions of Benjen and Ned, though he looked more like Brandon mixed with a bit of her husband. He was sweeter than all of them though, a shining light in their family. She knew that Jon’s distress wasn’t due to dislike of his betrothed. Their whole family knew of Jon’s devotion to his elder sister and aunt. If the two had ever tried to use their power over Jon nefariously then Lyanna would have tanned their bottoms herself but both girls loved Jon and were delighted by how he strived to make them happy. His younger age made most of the years between the trio platonic and innocent but his maturation into a man hadn’t gone unnoticed.

Lyanna looked over her shoulder to Elia and they both shared a look of maternal understanding. Aegon had never gone through this faze, Viserys had gotten to him first and had taken him to a
brothel. An action that likely had a very small part in Aegon’s eventual promiscuity but didn’t scare her or Elia any less. Her sister-wife shared the same concern for their youngest.

“Jon, it’s okay. Did you come here because you’re nervous about your wedding night?”

He nodded silently. *He’s so shy and cute.*

“That’s perfectly normal, Jon. Any man would be nervous, especially with two women to please.” Elia’s words were teasing, but the flinch Jon made let both of them know that having to please two wives was the crux of the matter.

“Come sit with us on the bed, Jon. Take of your boots.” Lyanna waited till her son did as ordered and then led him so that he was seated between her and Elia. There was an urge to take his head and rest it on her chest while she held him, but Jon hadn’t let her do that in years and her gown was too thin. Instead, she ran her fingers through his black locks. Jon leaned into her touch. When he made appearances in court, Jon pointedly avoided any of her affections but alone with only Elia’s eyes watching Jon relished in the affection.

Elia leaned into Jon on his other side and she saw her boy tense before his shoulders relaxed. Lyanna and Elia had shared a laugh at Jon’s obvious crush. It was largely innocent, but Lyanna knew that a boy his age wouldn’t fail to notice the thinness of Elia’s robe. The Dornish woman pressed her sweet lips against Jon’s temple. "What is it that troubles you, Jon?" Elia asked, her voice was as sweet as her lips.

He struggled to begin, mumbling a few words. Lyanna rubbed his back in support. "It's okay Jon you can ask us anything."

Jon took a deep breath and then blurted out. "How do you have sex?" Suddenly realizing what he said, his flush deepened. "I didn’t mean that...just I know how to do it but..." He trailed off and looked down at his feet.

"Not how to do it well?" Elia finished for him. Jon nodded, he didn’t meet either of their eyes.

"I've never done anything really. And I can't get answers from anyone that I trust isn't giving bad advice." Jon answered. He looked apprehensive in anticipation of their reactions.

"So, you came to ask your mother? Not me?" Elia teased.

Jon flashed a sheepish smile to her wife. "I'm sorry. I didn't know who else to ask. My mother seemed the best choice."

“Well your mother is certainly experienced but there is something to be said about a Dornish perspective.” Elia flashed a tempting grin that only served to redden Jon’s cheek further.

“Elia, stop teasing him you’re just embarrassing him further.” Lyanna scolded.

“She does have a point. Rhaenys wasn’t quite like her mother typically was. Ever since she could walk, the girl loved being the center of attention. When she blossomed into a woman, her shining star attitude brought an army of admirers. Lately though, Rhae and Dany had taken to focusing their attentions on teasing Jon. They wore more revealing dresses, gave Jon long, intimate hugs and both..."
were absolutely possessive with Jon’s attention. All of these paired together frustrated her boy. Lyanna knew their actions weren’t done out of malice; her husband would have never arranged the betrothal between the three if Rhæ and Dany hadn’t been the ones to suggest it. But she could see the effect their teasing had on Jon, he had always worked hard to impress his sister and aunt, now he seemed desperate to do just that.

“What do you want to learn, my dear?” Elia asked. Her tone was softer this time and her hand patted Jon’s knee invitingly.

“All advice that you can offer me.” Jon answered hastily. His nerves will still evident in his voice.

Lyanna opened her mouth to answer but Elia beat her to the punch. “Well, have you ever kissed a girl, Jon?”

Jon took a moment to answer. “Dany and Rhæ used to make me and Egg kiss them when we were younger. Does that count?”

The honesty and innocence of her son’s answer warmed Lyanna’s heart. She smiled at her son and unbiddenly her fingers massaged the back of his head. “Not really, Jon.” She answered carefully, an attempt to minimize his embarrassment. Inwardly, she was beaming. She knew Rhaenys and Daenerys were possessive of Jon, so much so that the ladies of the court had become aware of the two’s territory. Lyanna hadn’t expected that they would be so successful.

It was a wonder that her husband was so surprised when Rhæ and Dany were so adamant about marrying Jon. Early on in their marriage, when the children were still young, Elia and she had convinced Rhaegar that he wasn’t to betroth their children or Viserys and Daenerys without the children’s consent. With dragons back in House Targaryen’s possession, the next generation would have the luxury of marrying for love. Rhaegar had been taken off guard when Rhæ and Dany both came to him with the request to marry Jon. Each had been flooded with marriage proposals ever since they became of age. Every lord with a son of marrying age had been seeking to win their favor. Even bets were made on tourneys whether Rhaenys or Daenerys would be crowned Queen of Love and Beauty. Rhaegar had fielded the marriage requests and passed them on to his daughter and younger sister who both had declined all the requests with little consideration.

Lyanna and Elia had been far less surprised than their husband. Rhaenys and Daenerys had always been best friends, as girls they shared all of their toys and time, as women it almost made sense that they would want to share a husband. They hadn’t ever made an attempt to separate their children when they grew older. Lyanna had been sorted into different lessons and grouped with the daughters of their bannerman by her father when she turned eleven. Though she and Benjen had always found ways to get around their father’s rules, Lyanna hadn’t spent anywhere near as much time with her brothers as Jon did with his sister and aunt. Paired with the Targaryen family’s history of incestuous marriages, the notion that Jon’s affections for his sister and aunt might turn romantic had always been something Lyanna had considered possible. Elia as well.

“Well, that is a good place to start but it does make this a bit more difficult. “Elia said.

“More difficult?” Jon parroted. His brow creased in confusion.

“Yes, I take it you’ve never really touched a woman before?” Elia asked. When Jon nodded, she released a small sigh. “You’re a green boy, Jon. There’s nothing wrong with that. In fact, I think that Rhæ and Dany will like that very much.”

“She’s right Jon. Your sister and aunt won’t mind your inexperience. They’ll probably adore you for it.” Lyanna added.
Her worry increased when Jon hung his head. “But what if they don’t? What if I make a fool of myself and don’t please them? They could have any man of their choosing but they both got stuck with me.”

My sweet child, you know nothing. “Jon.” Lyanna grabbed his chin when he didn’t look up. Rhaenys and Daenerys, for whatever reason, wanted to save the news that they had picked Jon as their husband till their wedding night. Lyanna didn’t want to spoil that for them but she couldn’t let her son wallow. “Look at me. They both love you and make no mistake that they both are lucky to have you. No man will treat them better.”

Jon looked ready to protest. “But-“

“No buts. Listen to your mother, Jon. She’s right about this one, surprisingly.” Elia teased. Lyanna stuck her tongue out in response.

“So, there’s nothing that you can tell me?” Jon didn’t look the least bit satisfied.

“I didn’t say that. And telling you won’t work. Showing you is better.” Elia answered. Her teasing was back in full force.

Showing him? Lyanna thought with some trepidation. She knew how her sister wife was when she set her mind to something. “Elia, I don’t think we should show him anything.”

Elia turned an admonishing glare on her. “Lya, your boy came to us for help and you want to send him back with no advice? Be thankful Aegon or Viserys aren’t here, otherwise we might have found him in a brothel.”

This time Lyanna blushed. She’s right but… With reluctance Lyanna acquiesced and asked, “What do you have in mind?”

“Jon’s never really been kissed or done the kissing. We should start with that.” Elia answered.

Lyanna’s heart thudded in her chest and she could see a similar, if not more obvious reaction occur in her boy. He looked at the two of them in disbelief. “Kiss you?” He asked Elia.

Her smile was inviting. “Don’t worry Jon, I won’t bite…well at least not too hard. Kiss me.”

Jon gave her a sidelong glance. She nodded. With her consent, Jon leaned in and placed a trembling kiss on Elia’s lips. The kiss was chaste and lasted only seconds before Jon pulled away.

“Relax, Jon. Don’t worry you are here to learn, I won’t tease you.” Elia pulled on his arms and Jon leaned in to kiss her again. This kiss was longer but from the stiffness of Jon’s body, Lyanna could tell it wasn’t much better.

“Was that better?” Jon asked. His tone was vulnerable as if he was anticipating rude criticism.

Luckily, Elia could sense Jon’s fragility as well as she did. “It was better, but a kiss is so much more than pressing your lips together.”

“What do you mean?” He looked as enraptured as he did whenever his lessons with the Maesters covered Daeron’s conquest of Dorne.

“A kiss is with your eyes, your hands, your nose and yes your lips. A kiss is a way to show you care for the person that you’re kissing. You do care for me, Jon?” Elia inquired. Jon nodded quickly.

“Then show me.”
This time when their lips touched, Jon’s body looked less stiff. Though his hands still remained at his side so it was clear that Jon still didn’t understand the true meaning of Elia’s words. Elia soon took the lead, leaning into Jon as one hand fist his tunic while the other arm wrapped gently around his neck. It took several moments for them to part. When they did, Jon looked flustered and he made an obvious attempt to cross his legs, undoubtedly to hide his reaction to Elia’s kiss.

Elia’s hands stopped him. “Don’t worry about it. Your mother and I have both seen it before.” Lyanna chose to remain silent that Jon had been a toddler the last time that they bathed together.

“Much better. In fact, I think you kiss very similar to your mother.”

“Really?” Both Jon and Lyanna asked at the same time.

“Yes. Lya wouldn’t tell you but when we first met, she wasn’t that good of a kisser as well. But she’s came a long way.”

Jon looked at her then. Lyanna saw his gaze fixate on her lips. His lips were full, something Elia and Rhaegar had always complimented her on as well. Lyanna wondered how soft they were.

“I think you should kiss her.” Elia spoke. The words were like cold water running down Lyanna’s spine.

“What?!” She exclaimed. Seeing her son kiss her sister wife was one thing but kissing him herself was something else entirely.

Elia remained poised. “He’ll have two wives, Lya. He should know how to kiss more than one woman. Besides, we both can direct him better if I can watch while you two kiss. You haven’t provided any input so far.”

“I’m his mother, Elia. I can’t kiss him. It wouldn’t be right.” Lyanna pleaded.

“I’m his mother too and by whose standards would it be wrong? He’s going to marry his sister and aunt. By all the gods on this continent and most of Essos, that isn’t right either. We said that we’d help him. This is how we do it. It’s just kissing, Lya.” Elia answered.

Lyanna bit her lip. She has a point. But can I do it? Lyanna looked to her son, he was silent and appeared apprehensive. Lyanna gave him a reassuring smile. “Okay. Come here, Jon.”

Jon didn’t hesitate as much as he did with his first kiss with Elia. Perhaps, the kisses with her sister wife had given him courage. Or maybe he wants just wants to kiss his mother. She shoved the thought down.

Jon leaned into her, his eyes half lidded watching her own. Lyanna closed the gap. Their first kiss was little more than a brush of the lips. Lya pulled back to check her son’s reaction but he was already leaning in for another.

The next kiss was firmer, deeper. Jon’s lips were as soft as they looked, and their fullness was pleasant. Lyanna parted her lips and pulled Jon’s bottom lip between her teeth. She swallowed his surprised gasp and was delighted when he repeated the same action on her.

Lyanna couldn’t help but feel disappointed when they parted. Elia pulled Jon into another kiss without a word and her son responded in kind. Already, Lyanna could see the effect their session was having on Jon. He looked far more confident and sure of himself than he did only a few minutes ago.
When Elia’s kiss ended, Jon was already pulling Lyanna into another kiss. Lyanna followed his lead willingly, proud of him for taking the initiative. Her hands rose to his face, caressing his cheeks as they kissed, and Jon pulled her closer. He was a quick learner and when her lips parted his tongue came out to greet hers.

She and Elia kissed Jon several times and each time it seemed that he improved further. “Very good.” Elia voiced after they parted. “Remember what I said about a kiss being more than just using your lips? Your hands are important too. Touch me here when you kiss me.” She pointed to her sides. Jon followed her instructions and the two kissed again.

Lyanna bit her lip at the sight. Jon’s hands on Elia’s body only increased the intimacy. She realized how exposed they were. They wore only thin robes, if it weren’t for Jon’s clothing then the three of them would nearly be naked. When Jon and Elia parted, Lyanna voiced her concern. “Elia, I think that’s enough. He’s quite good now.”

“Nonsense, Lyanna. Jon still has so much to learn, and we are just kissing.” Elia complained. Lyanna didn’t miss how her hand caressed Jon’s thigh.

Would you say the same if it were Aegon here? Lyanna thought but she didn’t voice it, not wanting to argue when things were going so well. “Just kissing?” Lyanna asked. She didn’t know if the question was to seek confirmation from Elia or to reassure herself.

Jon’s kiss was more hesitant as if he was unsure about her willingness. Lyanna deepened her kiss to assuage his concern. Her lips parted again and soon they were dueling with their tongues. She gasped in surprise when Jon’s hands took purchase on her hips.

Her boy paused, and her eyes opened and met his. “Is this okay?” He asked. She nodded silently.

When they kissed again Jon’s hands were planted on her hips while his thumbs moved in circles caressing her sides. Lyanna could feel the world fall away as they kissed. It had been a long while since Rhaegar had kissed her like this. Sweet, exploratory and full of passion.

Elia spoke as they kissed. “Grab her harder, your mother likes it rougher than I do.”

Lyanna gasped, both in shock at Elia’s words and at how quickly Jon followed her sister wife’s instructions. His hands gripped her hips firmly and his lips followed. For the first time, it felt like her son was in control of their embrace. Heat flowed through Lyanna with the realization, settling just above her navel.

Jon was rougher now, his hands didn’t stay at her hips, they traveled up her back and along her legs while his kiss grew more intense. His teeth scraped against her bottom lip and she couldn’t help but moan when he bit down softly.

“That’s it, Jon. Remember you’re the man, we love when you take charge and your mother loves when you’re a bit rough with her. Don’t worry, she won’t break.”

Spurred on by Elia’s words, Jon pulled Lyanna into his lap. Not thinking straight, Lyanna followed willingly and settled with her legs pointed to one side. She could feel her son’s hardness poke her arse cheek. A mixture of shame and arousal flowed through her like a tidal wave, but Jon held her and his kisses subdued her urge to flee.

When they parted, Elia gently nudged her off her son’s lap. The Dornish woman took her place and straddled Jon, her slender legs finding either side of his hips. The short robe that she was wearing lifted up further exposing a wide view of her thighs. Elia’s lips found Jon’s and they kissed with
renewed enthusiasm.

Jon was gentler with Elia than with her. Elia was shorter and smaller than Lyanna, and her slight form made her more fragile. Her son picked up on this and kissed his Queen with a loving intensity while his hands gently stroked her back. Elia released a small moan of encouragement.

Lyanna watched the two with conflicted feelings flowing through her. Jon’s kisses and the situation stoked a growing lust that she was desperately trying to ignore. The way that Jon held Elia, kissing her so lovingly reminded Lyanna of how Rhaegar was, when she was first brought into their marriage bed with Elia. For the last few years, her husband had been consumed with not only the politics of Westeros but expanding into Essos as well. Distance had grown between the three of them and while she and Elia only grew closer, they both still craved a man’s touch.

“Kiss your mother, Jon.” Elia whispered into her son’s ear.

Jon pulled on Lyanna’s hip so that she ended up pressed against his side. Elia stroked her back as they kissed. The kisses that her sister wife laid on her collarbone startled Lyanna so much that she broke her kiss with her son.

“What are you doing?” Lyanna whispered harshly to her wife. By now, the Kingsguard would be stationed by their door.

Elia looked as if she was being questioned for doing the most natural thing in the world. Indeed, they had been doing much more than this before Jon had knocked on their door but Lyanna didn’t see how that was relevant for Jon’s education. “He’s going to have two wives. He needs to get used to the visual stimulation. And this is still just kissing like we agreed.”

Lyanna wanted to argue but a larger part of her wanted to listen to Elia’s flimsy logic and continue. She remained silent but pursed her lips.

The decision was made for her when Elia began directing Jon. “There’s a difference between a man and woman’s touch, Jon. Your mother likes how gentle and soft my hands and lips are. With you and your father however she likes the roughness, but you need to know when to be rough with her and when to be gentle. Too much of either and you could either hurt her or leave her wanting. There is a balance. Here, watch and repeat what I do.”

Elia placed kisses along the column of her neck while her hands traveled just under her breast. Lyanna had to warn Elia away when the Dornish woman tried slipping her hand into her robe. Elia responded with a rough suck on her neck that drew a gasp. “I don’t want marks!” Lyanna cried.

“Your turn, Jon.” Elia said.

Jon repeated Elia’s actions on the other side of her neck. His kisses were firmer than her sister wife’s and his hands rougher. They settled just under her breasts like Elia’s but his hands were wider and when he splayed his fingers they traced the underside of her breasts.

The moan that Lyanna released was quickly silenced by Elia’s lips on her own. Her kiss was fervent and despite herself, Lyanna returned it with the same desperate enthusiasm. When they parted, her eyes found Jon’s wide-eyed stare.

Elia giggled. “This is what it means to be with two women, Jon. Do you like it?”

Jon nodded eagerly. “I love it.” He answered. “Can you do it again, please?”

Elia smiled. “Gladly.”
Elia claimed Lyanna’s lips again. This time her hands claimed a breast, squeezing it above Lyanna’s thin robe. Elia didn’t have to direct Jon and his hand soon claimed her other breast. Her son seemed fascinated by the weight of her breast and her already hard nipple. He tweaked it gently at first until Elia saw. “She likes it harder than that but with your teeth though.”

Lyanna couldn’t protest because Elia’s mouth was on hers again. Jon followed her sister wife’s instructions and drew her nipple between his teeth. The sensation was maddening, all she could think of was how much better it would be if her robe wasn’t in the way. Lya squeezed her thighs together to relieve some tension but it did little.

Jon seemed to fall in sync with Elia and wordlessly, the two switched places. Lya lost herself in kissing her son, so much so that she didn’t notice Elia working on the sash to her robe until it parted. “Elia!” Lyanna exclaimed.

But Elia was already crawling out of Jon’s lap and pulling Lyanna to take her place. Jon helped her progress lifting her easily and settling her into his lap. The action highlighted just how strong her son had become. Only a few years ago, Lyanna could beat him in a spar and an arm wrestle. Now, he was better than her at swords and far stronger.

Jon’s eyes stopped her from protesting further. The way he looked at her… it was reminiscent of how Rhaegar had looked at her when he first crowned her at Harrenhal. His eyes were a dark indigo like his father’s, Jon shared his father’s penchant for long pensive silences and his gaze mirrored his father’s nearly melancholic stare sometimes but also like his father those eyes could display a deep, near animalistic hunger.

When his lips touched hers again, it was like he was claiming her. His hands roamed across her back, first over her robe but when they reached her sides, he must have took the opening of her robe as an invitation because they quickly felt along her bare skin.

Unbidden her hips rolled against his, her center desperate for friction. Jon answered with a roll of his own hips. Soon the two of them found a frantic, desperate rhythm. Lyanna hardly noticed when Elia slipped the robe off her shoulders. She gasped though when her son took a firm grab of her arse, lifting her slightly and settling her down back against his lap.

She could feel his firm length against her arse. The angle was wrong though, Jon’s clothes trapped his shaft against his leg and she was too close to grind down on his leg, far too enticed by his lips to break their kiss. Blessedly, Elia reached around her hip and her fingers found her core. Briefly they dipped into her, spreading her wetness before they settled on her clit.

As her sister wife rubbed, she whispered, “Cum for me. Cum for your wife and son.”

Lyanna gasped and jerked uncontrollably. Jon released her lips and traced down her neck instead. His hands still played with the globes of her arse, kneading her cheeks. The sensations piled on until Lyanna couldn’t hold on any longer and fell into a pit of pleasure. She squirmed on Jon’s lap as Elia slapped her fingers against her clit.

When her orgasm was done, Lyanna collapsed against Jon, her head resting on his shoulder. Her body felt boneless. To her delight, Jon wrapped his arms around her and stroked her back. “You’re so beautiful, mother. The most beautiful woman in the world.”

He tilted her head back and kissed her cheeks, her nose, her chin and then finally her lips.

“I love you. “She whispered.
“I love you too. Jon answered.

Elia embraced them both. “So beautiful.”
The Prince and His Queens

Chapter by House_Belaerys (House_Blackfyre), House_Blackfyre

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Queen Lyanna Stark

Even naked she felt safe in her son’s arms. He stroked her back and continued to kiss her neck. Elia’s hands joined his, her small fingers traced along Lyanna’s spine. Their combined touch was relaxing but still Lyanna’s heart thudded in her chest as the pleasurable haze eased from her mind. Her body felt more than content, it was primed for more. Realization however struck her with force. What have I done? He’s my son.

Jon didn’t resist when she pulled away from him. Perhaps, he could sense her distress but Lyanna didn’t chance looking at him to see his reaction. She was scared of what her eyes might find and couldn’t decide what would be worse, the same revulsion that she experienced reflected in his eyes or the desire that rang throughout her body. The robe was back on her shoulders before Elia could protest.

“Lyanna. Wait, what are you doing?” Elia asked. Lyanna could hear the exasperation in her tone but pointedly ignored her.

“Jon, I think it’s time for you to leave.” It was hard to look him in the eyes, but she did so anyway, trying to place some steel in her tone but simultaneously hoping to convey that she wasn’t mad at him.

It was difficult to say if she was successful. Like his father, her boy was capable of hiding almost all his emotions behind an unreadable mask of stoic calm when he wished to do so. It was the one that he wore now and Lyanna bit her lip in worry at the mystery unfolding within her son’s mind. Please don’t hate me. I must stop this before we go too far.

Jon moved to grab his shoes, but Elia grabbed his arm “Jon, wait.” Her sister-wife turned to her.

“What’s wrong with you, Lya? There’s still much to teach him and it would be cruel to send him back like this.” Elia motioned to her boy’s crotch. Even with his dark pants, the stain that her wetness left was obvious, though Jon’s stiffness drew even more attention. It traveled long down his thigh and Lya could see her boy was gifted in the same ways as his father was. Are you so perverse that you immediately compare your son to his father?

Anger rose in Lyanna’s chest and she bit back the harsh words that threatened to leave her lips. “Elia, I think this lesson has been enough for tonight.” Elia looked ready to argue but Lyanna held her gaze. It was her Stark gaze, that was what Rhaegar called it. You’re a daughter of the Kings of Winter, makes sense that you can stare anyone into submission. The thought of her husband’s words left a sour taste in Lyanna’s mouth.

Elia acquiesced. “Very well, Jon. You can go, though I think you might want to tuck that in your waistband before someone sees.” Then almost as an afterthought her sister-wife added, “Don’t worry, we’ll have another lesson tomorrow. You have to be up early for the small council meeting anyway.”

A blush tinged Jon’s cheek but he followed her sister-wife’s advice. Lyanna looked away while he
adjusted himself, she doubted Elia did the same. Elia hugged her son goodbye. Every touch between
them seemed too intimate now. The duration was too long, their hips were too close, her sister-wife’s
lips on her son’s cheek seemed to close to his mouth.

When Jon hugged Lyanna, her thoughts on their increased intimacy were running through her head.
They bothered her so much so that she stiffened in her son’s embrace and instead of her hands
wrapping around him, she merely patted his arms. Jon seemed hurt by her response and Lyanna felt a
wave of guilt wash over her. Before she could say anything, her boy was gone, marching through
their doorway without a backwards glance.

“Lyanna. Everything was going so well. What happened?” The disappointment was evident in Elia’s
tone, but her voice was soft.

Lyanna’s anger dissipated somewhat but she could still feel the tension in her gut. “What happened
to just kissing? What would you have done if I hadn’t put a stop to it?” She didn’t mean for her
words to be an accusation, but they had already spilled past her lips before she could stop them.

Elia didn’t rise to her barbs. “You certainly didn’t complain in the moment. Only one person
climaxed tonight and its strange how that person is complaining.”

“I admit it that I lost myself but think of the consequences. If Rhaegar found out“

“Don’t lecture me about Rhaegar, Lya. He is the last person who could complain.” Elia answered.
This time her eyes had a stroke of fire.

“He’s our husband Elia and we’ve never strayed before. I doubt he would be keen on knowing that
we made an exception especially with our own son.”

“If you don’t think Rhaegar is doing the same thing then you are a fool, Lya. A beautiful, caring,
loyal fool.” Elia answered. She was already turning away, sliding under the covers of their bed. This
was Lyanna’s chambers, but they rarely slept apart nowadays.

Lyanna slid into bed next to her sister-wife digesting her words. There had always been rumors that
her husband had three queens: Elia, herself and the Red Priestess from Asshai. They were just
rumors though. Her husband hadn’t strayed from them, that she was sure of. But his recent distance
had made her wonder. Lyanna believed it was due to the additional stress that he was under. The
developments in Westeros, the situation in Braavos and the free cities, their visit to Volantis had also
been eventful and now this war in Gorgossos.

Everyone wanted some portion of her husband’s time. It was expected, he was the King. But she
couldn’t help but feel that even though she wanted his time the most, she received it the least. Elia
was more cynical but Lyanna chalked it up to her sister-wife’s well documented rocky history with
their husband.

Her thoughts troubled her in her sleep and when Lyanna woke she still felt exhausted. She woke
alone, Elia had always risen earlier than her. Most days her sister-wife would let her sleep in, unless
there was some event in court that they needed to attend.

By the time Lyanna got out of bed, the sun was already high in the sky. Her handmaidens helped her
dress quickly. Lyanna wasn’t in the mood for conversation. It was times like these that made her miss
Ashara. Her good-sister was back in Dorne, helping Edric come into his Lordship. Ned was with
Rhaegar along with Brandon on the way to Gorgossos and Lyanna had hoped that Ashara would
wait here in the capital with her and Elia. Dorne was only a short trip on the back of a dragon, even
shorter on the back of Vyraxes and Lyanna knew that Jon would be happy to take her, but she was
loathe to add more on to his duties.

With both Rhaegar and Aegon out of the capital, Jon assumed the acting authority of the King by holding court and passing decisions in his father’s name. He was still one year off from the age of maturity, but her son was so level headed and mature that Rhaegar allowed him to rule with little oversight. He trusts his son and you gave reason to break that trust. Her stomach rolled again.

The days were still long this early in the autumn and Lyanna hoped that she could find time to speak with Jon before the day was over. Like his father, Jon took his royal duties seriously and filled his time with training with the Kingsguard, drilling with the other squires or attending his lessons with Grandmaester Marwyn and his acolytes. The fact that her boy kept himself so busy, now without prodding by either her or Rhaegar made Lyanna proud. Her father nicknamed Jon, Cregan come again, as the old Lord of Winterfell was known for being incredible productive.

She thought that she’d catch a glimpse of him in the training yard at this hour, but the yard was deserted as were the stands. She turned to her escort, Ser Jonothor Darry. “Where is everyone?” He shrugged noncommittally.

A scurrying noblewoman caught Lyanna’s attention. The woman paused, realizing who she was about to run past and dropped into a sloppy curtesy. Lyanna realized that it was Amerei Frey. “Where are you going Gate—… Ami?” Lyanna asked catching herself. Aegon had told her that the Frey girl took some pride in her nickname, but it was still in poor taste to refer to the girl as that. They say that she opens her gates for every Knight that pays the toll, I wonder if those gates would open for her son if she were his mother?

She had a wide-eyed look on her pretty, chinless face. “There’s a trial going on your grace. I do not mean to miss it.”


Gatehouse Ami shot her a bewildered look. “On your son’s order I think. The Commander of the Gold Cloaks is being tried.”

Why wasn’t I informed? She rushed past Ami, Ser Jonothor hot on her heels. Lyanna had to remind herself to slow into a walk when they drew closer to the Great Hall, a queen should never look in a hurry.

The hall was massive and could host over a thousand though there were was less than half that number in the throne room at the moment. It seemed that most of the castle staff and the entirety of the court was in attendance. All eyes on the boy on the throne and the man in front of it.

She and Ser Darry walked around the back of the crowd in an attempt to not draw attention to herself. Jon was not yet sixteen, but people needed to see that he could handle himself without his mother’s interference. Those who saw her parted to let her pass. She moved to the front of the crowd, still some ways away from the base of the throne but on level with where the man on trial was standing.

He certainly was Janos Slynt; his frog face and large jowls were unmistakable even though he was out of his uniform. The man’s clothes were disheveled as if they were thrown on in a haste. His undershirt was still visible, untucked and the overlaying plum tunic was wrinkled. Even his boots were unlaced. A sheen of sweat was visible on his bald pate and his fingers were clenched either due to nerves or agitation, Lyanna couldn’t decide.

“What is the meaning of this travesty? I’ve been dragged from bed in full view of court with no
warning?” Janos exclaimed. His face was red though his anger was still in check.

“Your bed? I didn’t know that you were on such familiar terms with the ladies of Madame Chataya’s fine establishment.” Tyrion quipped. The dwarf was on steps at the base of the throne as was his father, Lord Tywin Lannister along with Lord Stannis Baratheon. Both Lords stood in contrast to the dwarf, tall and imposing with cold, impassive stares that could rival her father’s. Their presence suddenly conveyed how serious the situation was.

“You’re one to talk, Dwarf! I know you’ve spent more coin there than anyone else in this room.” Janos countered.

“Janos… or is it Ser Janos? I forget so please excuse my manners. Though, I suppose titles matter little where you’ll soon be heading. Indeed, I do know that the ladies of the fine establishment appreciate my patronage, though unfortunately for you the reason as to why you are here has nothing to do with where you choose to lay your head or which fields you plow.” There was a snicker that resounded throughout the room at the Dwarf’s words. Stannis’ jaw clenched, and Tywin’s eyes narrowed.

“Your grace.” Janos addressed her son. “I don’t know what lies this Dwarf has told you, but I am a man who has always been loyal to your father. I sing praises to his grace’s good health every night and enforce his will and laws during the day. You could look at a hundred men and find none more loyal than I!”

“Do you sing those praises while you’re fertilizing those fields of yours? Or simply when you’ve been caught up shit’s creek without a paddle?” Tyrion asked. Full on laughter broke out in the crowd and Janos face went beet red.

“Enough.” Tywin Lannister snapped. The Lord of Casterly Rock and Hand of the King turned a disapproving stare to his youngest son, which wilted the Dwarf’s mood. If Tywin had his way, Tyrion would have been out of sight, back at Casterly Rock, managing his father’s projects outside of the public eye. It was Jon’s idea though, not Tyrion’s fathers to bring the Dwarf back to capital. The two had met during at tourney in Lannisport and Jon had sung praises about the Dwarf’s wit until Rhaegar finally relented and offered Tyrion a position in court. “Lord Stannis, do you mind reading off the accused crimes?”

“Ser Janos Slynt, you stand accused of embezzlement of funds intended to properly arm the Gold Cloaks, bribery in exchange for information, unnecessary intimidation of the citizens of King’s Landing resulting in the deteriorated image of the city guard, and abuse of power. All these crimes could be said to add up to treason.” The Master of Laws finished. Stannis was the opposite of his brother in every way. While Robert’s eyes were often filled with either mirth or lust, Stannis’ blue orbs were piercing with little humor.

Janos gaped in surprise. “Absolutely preposterous, Your Grace! I don’t know what lies this Dwarf has told you but clearly, he has poisoned the good minds of yourself and Lord Stannis. I am innocent of any wrongdoing!”

Jon spoke, drawing Lyanna’s eyes to him. The throne he sat on, a seat forged by a thousand swords of his ancestor’s defeated enemies, by the flames of the dragon his father now rode, could either dwarf a man or lend him greatness. Lyanna couldn’t decide which was happening in this case. Her son was still several inches shorter than his father, lankier as well so her mind couldn’t help but notice how small he looked in comparison, but Jon’s face was as composed as his father’s was when he sat the throne. He was even dressed similar to Rhaegar, a tunic of black and red with dark pants and boots. His hair was too messy, the dark curls hung just past his shoulder. A crown would have completed the look. “I would be careful with throwing accusations around, Ser Janos. For what
Tyrion lacks in height, he makes up for in wit. Which makes him the smartest man in the room by far. Further this is not a trial, that will commence when my father returns from his campaign. This is merely to make aware to the court of the crimes that you have been accused of and to give you the opportunity to name any accomplices in your crimes. Unfortunately, corruption in our city watch does extend beyond one man.”

“Corruption? Your grace, I’m sorry but you are mistaken. Is it the word of the Dwarf that fuels these accusations? I plead with you to do away with him.” Janos answered. She wondered why the man kept returning to his tactic of disparaging Tyrion. Admittedly, it was a safer tactic than going after Stannis or Tywin but just as ineffective.

“Do you want a list of our evidence? The names of all the people we spoke to, who are prepared to verify our findings? Perhaps, written ledgers showing the misappropriation of funds? Maybe that isn’t enough, and we might need to bring in every whore that you’ve slept with in the past month and compare the coin that you gave them with your earnings? All of it can be arranged. At this point, a trial is merely a formality and a chance for you to reduce your punishment by naming some of your slimy friends.” Tyrion answered. His mismatched eyes and large head made his smile a bit grotesque, but people still chuckled along with him, Lyanna included.

“I’m afraid my friend is right, Ser Janos. The amount of evidence that we have against you is why the need was felt to bring you into custody before more harm could be done. You’ll be given a proper trial still and the chance to prove your innocence, however it would be wise to take this chance to help us in our investigation rather than fruitlessly resist.” Her son added. His words and demeanor were that of a perfect prince. Jon might have had less patience for the everyday responsibilities of a ruler than he did as a knight, but her son handled himself well.

Her son’s words didn’t soothe Janos. But rather they seemed to enrage him. His jowls quivered, and spittle flew from his mouth. “Lies! I am an honest man!” He turned to the court. “This is an obvious attempt by the Lannisters to replace a position picked fairly by The Lord of Highgarden himself. And they are using a Prince who is little more than a boy to do it. I have always upheld his grace’s laws and worked in my position with the upmost dignity.”

There was commotion on the other side of the room as Lord Mace Tyrell huffed with indignation at being dragged into the matter by Janos. His daughter, Lady Margaery, placed a hand on his arm to calm him and prevent the fat lord from strangling the disgraced commander himself. On her side of the isle, she heard the familiar laugh of Lady Cersei Lannister who was no doubt enjoying the embarrassment brought onto the Tyrells. The quest to be Aegon’s queen had made bitter rivals between the Lannisters, Tyrells and the Hightowers. Limiting the plotting and backstabbing was something else Jon had to deal with, now that his father and brother were away.

“Choose your words carefully, Ser. Anything that you say now will be used against you during your trial.” Jon warned. Lyanna could hear his anger begin to rise. It was subtle, something only a mother or someone very close to him would notice.

“A trial? You’re the son of a whore, by all the laws in the realm I should be a free man until your father or the rightful Prince deems otherwise.” Janos exclaimed. The room went silent.

Almost at once all eyes turned to her, even Janos’s whose beady eyes widened as he suddenly realized that she was present. The sound of her son’s footsteps turned Lyanna’s gaze back to him. He descended the throne and the fury was evident on his face.

“You’re right, Ser Janos. There will be no trial, not for you.” Then he turned to his right. “Ser Ilyn, fetch the block.” Jon’s tone was as cold as ice. Lyanna shivered.
Janos gaped. Maybe, he didn’t believe her son or maybe he was just too stupid to know when to shut his mouth. It was likely a combination of both. “Do you mean to scare me, boy? The King wouldn’t give a child the power to command an execution.”

Jon paused his approach. “You are right, Ser Janos. Ser Ilyn is my father’s executioner and he never gave me leave to use his services.” Then her son turned to his left. “Podrick, fetch my sword.”

*His grandfather’s lessons.* Jon has spent months at a time in Winterfell learning from Lord Rickard. Just as the South taught him the history of Dareon I and the Dragonknight, her father had filled Jon’s head with the history of Cregan Stark and the Old Kings of Winter: Brandon the Breaker, Jon Stark and Theon Stark, ‘The Hungry Wolf’. *He’s passing the sentence and swinging the sword.*

“I don’t believe you!” Janos said exclaimed. Even as Ser Ilyn returned with the block. It was kept in a back room near the Throne for situations like this and Ser Ilyn always remained prepared. The executioner looked disappointed when he learned that Jon wouldn’t need him further. His grim face turned even darker, as if her son was robbing him of a kill.

Podrick Payne took longer to return. No doubt Jon wasn’t anticipating on using his sword. When Jon took his sheathed sword from the squire, realization finally made its way to Janos.

The frog faced man paled and stammered out, “Your grace, surely you jest. I can’t be executed without a fair trial.”

When Jon pulled his sword from its scabbard, Ser Janos screamed. The Valyrian steel blade caught the light spilling from the stained-glass window behind the Throne and the blade glowed like a falling star. Jon calmly handed the scabbard to Podrick and rested the tip of his sword between his feet. “This is no jest, Ser Janos. You forfeited the right to a fair trial when you insulted my mother, a lawful Queen of the realm. Do you have any last words?”

Janos sputtered and shrieked, a stream a piss went down his legs when Ser Ilyn kicked him to kneel over the block. Tears ran down his fat cheeks only to clog in his whiskers. “Please, your grace. I’m sorry for insulting you and the Queen. Send me to the wall!”

Jon looked the pitiful man in his eyes. “No.” He said simply and then bowed his head. “In the name of my father, his grace, King Rhaegar of House Targaryen, the first of his name, King of the Andals, The Rhoynar and the First Men, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms and Protector of the Realm, I, Jonothor of House Targaryen, Prince of the Blood and Lord of Summerhall, hereby sentence you to die.” Then he lifted the gilded longsword above his head. Made of a composite of Valyrian steel and the same meteorite that the fabled great sword Dawn was once forged from, his blade would always be razor sharp.

“Don’t look away. Your grandfather will know.” Lyanna whispered to her eight-year-old son.

*He made a face as if her warning wasn’t necessary. “I won’t” He said.*

*And he didn’t.*

The longsword passed through the neck of Janos Slynt with a single sure stroke. Blood sprayed out across the marble throne room floor, as red as summer wine. Some lady vomited at the sight and had to be held to prevent her from falling. Lyanna could not take her eyes off the blood. The pool spread quickly threatening her son’s boots.

Janos’ head bounced off the ground and rolled. It only came to a stop before the crowd when Podrick halted its momentum with his boot.
“Get the silent sisters and have them prepare his body for his family.” Jon ordered and then he was gone exiting through the side door, Ser Lewyn Martell tailed as his escort. Lyanna wanted to follow, to console him but to do so would make her son seem weak. Any who suspected the Crown’s justice would grow lax without the presence of the King had been proven false. She couldn’t undo her son’s efforts.

It was nearly an hour before the throne room began to empty. She knew that Elia had been there, but her sister-wife had been able to sneak out before Lyanna could catch sight of her. The lords and ladies of the court either wanted to console her for Janos’s words or voice their approval of Jon’s actions. Everyone loves swift justice as long as it is not them on the receiving end.

Lyanna bit her tongue when Lady Cersei Lannister approached. Her daughter, Myrcella trailed behind. The girl was the youngest of Aegon’s potential queens. At only eleven years old, the girl was at a severe disadvantage as her rivals were of an age with Aegon. She’s very pretty though and will likely be as beautiful as her mother. Let us hope that she’s only inherited her looks from Cersei and not her personality. She put on her best fake smile. “Hello, Cersei.” It did turn genuine when she addressed Myrcella. “And how are you, Myrcella?” She asked.

The young Lannister smiled and curtsied politely. “I am well, Your Grace. And I am sorry for that horrible man’s words.” Pink tinged her cheeks. “Your son acted very bravely, I’m sure you’re very proud of him.”

She’s so cute. If Jon wasn’t so attached to Dany and Rhaenys then this girl would make a fine wife for him, even with her bitch mother. “You are too kind, Myrcella. I’ll be sure to pass on your words to my son.” The girl’s entire face lit in delight.

“Your son handled himself very well today. He must have learned much from his father.” Cersei said. The insult wasn’t lost on Lyanna.

“Actually, the act of a man passing the sentence and swinging the sword himself is a Northern custom that Jon picked up from my father.” She turned to Myrcella. “I’m sure that you’ve inherited some things from your father as well, maybe your humor or even an innate skill with a sword. Have you ever practiced with a blade before?”

Myrcella shook her head and shot a quick look to her mother. “No, your grace. I haven’t been allowed to.”

“That’s a shame. In our family the girls are taught to fight just like the boys are. I could teach you if you ever wanted to learn or maybe Ser Jaime could help.” From the corner of her eye, she saw Cersei stiffen. Lyanna let a small smile slip. Victory.

Once Cersei slunk away, Lyanna bid her exit. Normally, she was thankful for her Kingsguard escort but Ser Jonothor was moving far too slowly for her taste. The anxiousness to see her boy made her shake.

She knew it was the first time that Jon had ever taken a man’s life and from experience she knew that even Stark men were affected by the act. Lyanna didn’t have too many memories of her mother, the woman had died when Lyanna was just a girl, taken suddenly by the spring sickness. But one of her earliest memories was of her mother’s helplessness after her father came back from an execution. Her father withdrew into himself, spending hours polishing Ice in the Godswood in front of the Heart Tree. It was a trait that all of her brothers had inherited and possibly her son as well. Hopefully, he hasn’t taken Vyraxes out on a ride. Mounting a dragon after an execution could be seen as a sign of weakness.
The sight of Ser Lewyn at the entrance of the Godswood confirmed her thoughts. “My son is in there?” She asked.

“Along with my niece.” The old knight smiled. Prince Lewyn and Ser Barristan were the ‘grandfathers’ on the Kingsguard. Lewyn’s beard had a touch of black still though in comparison to Barristan’s pure white mane.

Lyanna bid him thanks and walked alone into the Godswood, heading towards the center. The woods were most oft completely deserted until the early evening and the Kingsguard would have done a quick sweep through before leaving her son alone. The thought of Elia and Jon unsupervised brought forth a multitude of emotions within her but the biggest to her surprise was jealousy.

At the center of the woods, she saw Jon’s sword, in its scabbard, resting against the Heart Tree. Her son was nowhere in sight though, neither was Elia. She frowned and began her search through the woods. Where are you two? A twig snapped under her foot and then laughter greeted her ears. “Jon? Elia?”

“We’re up here.” Elia spoke. A second later a rope dropped down from the canopy of trees. Followed shortly by her son who slid down the rope nimbly. Elia’s face peeked out of the circular hole of the hidden treehouse that sat thirty feet off the ground.

Rhaegar had the treehouse commissioned for their kids several years ago but as they grew up the structure saw less and less use. Lyanna had actually forgotten about it. “What were you two doing up there?” She asked her son. His tunic was gone and his under shirt was untucked. The sleeves were short and she could make out where the individual muscles began and ended in Jon’s arms. A light sheen of sweat covered his forehead and the blush on his cheeks told Lyanna that Elia had likely taken liberties with her son.

“Just talking.” Jon murmured. Her son was a bad liar, he had the tendency to drop his eyes when he did so which is why he typically didn’t try to lie to her. Something twisted in her gut. Don’t start lying to me now, Jon. She didn’t press the issue. “What happened to the ladder?” The treehouse had a rope ladder to crawl up to the treehouse. Jon and Aegon had never used it, preferring to clamber up the rope to impress their sister and aunt.

“The rungs rotted away. We must use the rope to get back up. Do you want me to carry you?” Her boy asked. The younger version of her would have bristled at the suggestion, now she grinned at her son in challenge.

“You think your mother is too weak to climb up a rope herself?” She taunted.

“I didn’t say that.” Jon answered, amused.

“Oh so, I’m too old now?” She quipped.

“Well…” Jon trailed off, grinning he dodged her thrown punch.

“Watch and learn my son!” Lyanna said and jumped to grab the rope. The climb would have been easy if she used her feet to work her way up, but Lyanna wanted to show off for Jon and only used her arms. Ten feet up, her biceps and back burned from the effort and then she realized Jon could see up her dress. She chanced a look down on the ground and sure enough her son’s gaze met her own.

“You sure you can make it up?” Jon asked.

“Watch me!” She yelled. She felt like a girl again when Elia helped her through the portal.
“Impressive Lya, but I think he has you beat. He carried me up here on his back.” Her sister-wife said. She looked even more comfortable than Jon. Her cute little feet were bare, and the outer layer of her dress had been discarded as well leaving Elia sleeveless. She was still covered from shoulder to knee, but her neck and collar were exposed.

The treehouse was much warmer than the woods below. It was constructed of fine, polished oak and even with the years of disuse, the floors hardly creaked. There was one window in the room with a somewhat obstructed view of the Heart Tree. Elia had obviously tidied up in her time here, besides his sword, Jon hadn’t spent much time cleaning anything else in his life. Forgotten wooden toys were in the corner as well as an undersized desk and few chairs. In the corner of the room there was a small mattress with the rest of Elia’s dress strewn across it. Rhaegar had commissioned the room with the dimension of children in mind and as such Lyanna felt like a giant in here. Her head scraped the ceiling, Jon would have to bend over to move around. Elia could move unobstructed.

Jon clamored into through the portal a moment later, with much less effort. He pulled the rope through behind him and pulled the cover over the hole. Unless you knew what to look for, the treehouse was nearly invisible, the full canopy of leaves and its position between thick branches gave the treehouse a sense of privacy.

Elia padded across the floor and took a seat on the mattress. Even the floors were cleaned which made Lya wonder if her sister-wife had given the place a dusting. “Pull off your shoes both of you.”

Jon made to follow her sister-wife’s instructions. Lyanna hesitated, remembering how last night had started. Her son made the decision for her and was lifting her legs to work on the strap holding the heel to her foot. “Jon.” Her word was only partially a scold.

“Don’t worry, let me help you.” His smile was disarming and Lyanna let him continue. Her shoes were opened soled with just a thin leather strap around her ankle and toes holding it to her feet. When she first journeyed South, she had found the footwear impractical and somewhat ridiculous, but Elia had quickly showed her how much Rhaegar appreciated the site of his wives in heels. She wondered if her son had inherited that trait from his father as well. Unconsciously, her toes wiggled.

She had thought that Jon would have discarded her heels haphazardly like he did his boots, but her son surprised her when he placed her heels neatly in the corner. Then if that wasn’t enough he lifted her in his arms and carried her the few feet over to where Elia was seated. They settled next to her sister-wife with her seated in Jon’s lap.

Despite her trepidation, Lyanna settled into Jon’s embrace. Her head rested on his shoulder while Elia pulled her feet into her lap so that her sister-wife rested against his side.

“You didn’t have to do that for me, you know.” Lyanna whispered into his chest. One of his hands rested on her hip while the other rubbed her back.

“But I did. He insulted you in front of everyone. Father would have fed him to Balerion.” Jon answered.

He sounds so sure of himself. “You could have left the man to your father.” Lyanna answered. Even as she spoke the words, she knew that they were false. *I’ve spent far too long in the South, saying words with meanings different than what I actually feel.*

“I could have but to what end? Then everyone would know that I couldn’t handle problems on my own.” Jon sounded frustrated at that.

*A boy’s need to prove himself.* “You shouldn’t make decisions on matters of state based on what
others will think. Be mindful of the opinions your actions will generate, yes but do what you believe to be the best course of action.” Lyanna counseled. A year earlier, maybe even a few months ago, Jon would have been irritated by her advice. He was slowly leaving his know-it-all phase and coming to realize the wisdom of his elders.

He smiled, and his hand squeezed her hip. “Anyone who insults my mother pays the price.”

“Does that include me as well?” Elia asked with a smile.

“Of course. Though I think Uncle Oberyn would beat me to it.” Jon grinned. It was true, Elia’s younger brother was fiercely protective of her as well.

“I think you made quite the impression.” Elia said. Then she added, “I don’t think I’ve ever seen Stannis come so close to a smile. Even Tywin looked impressed.”

Lyanna mentioned her conversation with Cersei and Myrcella. Jon missed the subtlety, but Elia caught the hidden details. “In a single morning you wowed the court, impressed Tywin and Stannis and maybe stolen one of your brother’s future Queens away from him. I wonder what else you’ll achieve before nightfall.” Elia quipped, her hands brushed across Jon’s chest drawing forth a sheepish grin on Jon’s face.

Lyanna rolled her eyes. “What did we say about teasing, Elia?”

“Be prepared to satisfy. And trust me I am.” Her dark eyes stared directly into both Lyanna’s and Jon’s. A flush crept down Lyanna’s neck both from her sister-wife’s words and the press of her son’s hardened length against her bottom.

Instinctively, she shifted in her seat. Jon gripped her hip and pulled her back into him. “Jon.” She yelped. His grip relaxed somewhat but he didn’t release her. His pants were looser than the ones that he wore last night, and his cock wasn’t trapped against his leg. She felt the blunt tip press into her arse cheek.

Queen Elia Martell

Elia could see the conflicted look in Lyanna’s eyes. I have to go slow if I don’t want to scare her off. Knowing her sister-wife’s shared fondness for foot rubs, she began by rubbing her soles. Lyanna squirmed momentarily but then she saw Jon’s hand flex on his mother’s hip which caused Lya to settle and rest her head on Jon’s shoulder.

This… thing that they were doing with Jon had initially surprised her as much as it did Lyanna. Feeling his lips on her own, seeing his lips on his mother’s had awoken something in Elia. Perhaps, it was the feel of a man’s lips on hers again. While she loved her sister-wife dearly, there were things that they both craved that only the lesser sex could fulfill. A role that their husband hadn’t been living up to as of late. She knew what it meant when Rhaegar grew distant; the last time resulted in a war and then Lyanna being added to their marriage.

Lya was stubborn though. Which was fitting as she had always been the bridge between Elia and Rhaegar. Lya was their husband’s clear favorite, but also Elia’s own as well. Rhaegar’s distance affected Lyanna more than Elia.

In truth, she was much like her brother Oberyn, delighting in the touch of both men and women. Lya though, claimed that the only woman she had ever been interested in was Elia. Elia would have been quick to believe that, the dreary North was a simpler place with a more conservative culture but Elia
had seen the way Lyanna sometimes stared at Ashara, her brother’s own wife.

Despite Elia’s desires, she had never been free to indulge in her passions like Oberyn had done. Elia’s parents always had plans for her. Dornish lords had their own double standards but the lords to the north of Dorne had a near intolerance for an unmarried lady with more experience than that of a Septa. When she had wed Rhaegar, she had been prepared to play the perfect conventional wife and queen. Rhaegar had completely disregarded that effort when he had chased after Lyanna.

What had angered her the most was not that her husband desired and then pursued another woman, but that Rhaegar had never consulted with her on the matter before he acted on it. His crowning of Lyanna as Queen of Love and Beauty, with no prior warning, caused a scandal that not only insulted her and her family’s name but Lyanna’s own name as well. If Rhaegar had come to her first and had told her that he planned on pursuing another woman, then she would have helped him. An extended invitation to the Stark family for Lyanna to be one of her handmaidens would have been an irrefusable offer, and would have allowed her and Rhaegar to get to know the girl in a much more discrete manner while also not causing any conflicts rather than the civil war started by Rhaegar stealing Lyanna and then disappearing for months.

But she and her husband had never been able to voice their inner feelings easily to one another. And at the time, Rhaegar had seen her just like the rest of the realm saw her, a woman with a fragile body who probably didn’t offer much more under the surface.

She had wanted to hate Lya, hate her for the risk that Rhaegar had brought to Rhaenys and Aegon, but Lya was the breath of fresh air that she had desperately needed. A girl barely sixteen with a newborn on her hip. They were both outsiders in the capital, both expected to hate one another and tear at each other while the court watched. Instead, they had become fast friends and then later lovers. Bringing Lyanna into her bed, even with Rhaegar’s approval had been a challenge.

Ashara had similar difficulties with Ned, a man so honor bound and loyal to his wife that they joked that he could walk past a hundred naked whores and not sneak a peak of a single breast. Lya wasn’t as difficult as her brother but her conservative upbringing was a challenge to overcome. A challenge that Elia had enjoyed.

The challenge was similar here to her as it had been fifteen years ago. If it were any other man, Lyanna would have balked but Jon was special. His devotion to his mother if it had ever been in doubt before, was made clear this morning.

Now, Jon would care for his mother, just as he would do for her daughter and good-sister. She was tired of seeing Lya cry or defend Rhaegar when he would undoubtedly let her down. And she was tired of being the good wife when her loyalty wasn’t returned.

Lya seemed to be in a trance now. Occasionally her toes wiggled with delight, a movement that Elia didn’t fail to notice had captured Jon’s hawk like attention. Perhaps, the son is like his father in more ways than one. Interesting.

Elia traced her hand up from Lyanna’s feet to her smooth, muscular calves. One endearing thing about her sister-wife was how unconventional she was. Often Lya could be found in the training yard alongside her son. The fruits of Lya’s physical activity were evident. Beneath dresses that preserved her modesty, there was lean muscle under pale northern skin.

“Jon did well today, did he not Lya?” While she spoke, she worked on Lyanna’s calves. Her sister-wife’s dress was ankle length and as blue as a winter rose. Elia’s hands worked under it.

The words seemed to barely bring back Lya from wherever her mind went. “Yes, he did. My strong
"boy, your grandfather will be so proud of you when he hears."

Jon blushed at his mother’s praise and the sight warmed her heart. Any praise to Aegon went to his ever-expanding ego but Jon’s bashfulness was something she hoped that he would never truly grew out of.

“I think you owe him a kiss, Lya.” I wish her dress wasn’t in the way. But I cannot ask her to remove it yet.

Lya met her gaze and Elia returned a challenging one. “I kissed him earlier but I think he deserves one from you as well, Lya.”

Lyanna bit her lip and then turned her gaze to her son. Elia could see the unadulterated love and desire in Jon’s eyes. There was little of the hesitation from yesterday when their lips met.

She saw their kiss soon deepen. Jon’s hand worked their way into his mother’s hair while his lips drew forth moans of elation from Lya’s lips.

Elia couldn’t do much from her position but watch in delight. Jon’s confidence had increased significantly since yesterday. His hands roamed across his mother’s body with abandon. First in her hair then her neck and down her back. Lyanna kissed her son back with the same enthusiasm, her hands fist in his black curls while her teeth worked his lip between them.

“Kiss her neck, Jon like the night before. Show us how much you care for your mother.” Elia whispered into his ear.

Perhaps, it was due to the events of this morning or maybe it was due to their secluded setting but Elia could see Lyanna’s inhibitions fall away. Her fellow Queen turned her neck granting Jon access to the column of her throat. He took instantly to the invitation; his hands cradled his mother while he tilted her body.

He’s claiming her. Elia realized. Maybe, Jon didn’t consciously know what he was doing but she had seen the same intensity in Rhaegar’s eyes whenever he had Lya. And Lya was submitting to Jon’s touch just like she did to his father.

The sight of the two sparked such a fire in her that if she were standing then she would have stumbled. Pale northerners who by the laws of every kingdom shouldn’t be in engaging in such a sinful, wanton act. But they were losing themselves in each other. Jon pulled on Lyanna’s gown to expose her collarbone and Lya was helping him!

The heat between her legs became unbearable. Elia stood, startling Lyanna who looked her way in fright. She pulled Lya’s hair, not so hard as Rhaegar did when he took her, but hard enough that Lya gasped before Elia’s lips claimed hers.

She could hear Jon’s groan of delight and cracked an eye open to catch sight of him. He was watching them with a goofy smile on his face that turned sheepish when he caught her eye.

Elia broke their kiss and said, “Play with her breast, Jon. Be firm but gentle. If you’re doing it right then you mother will let you know.”

Jon followed her instructions and Elia swallowed a half-muttered word before it could fully pass from Lya’s lips. If Lya had meant to protest then it was soon forgotten for she responded to Elia’s kisses with a slip of her tongue while her son delighted with her bosom.

Their positioning was awkward, Lyanna half in her son’s lap with her legs to the side, while Elia
stood over the pair. Elia pulled Lyanna from Jon’s lap to reposition her but first she needed to rid her sister wife of some clothing. She worked at the buttons holding the outer layer of Lya’s dress together, desperate to see more skin.

Lyaa’s tensing sobered her somewhat and she looked up to meet the storm grey gaze. “This is fine, right? I just want to take off these layers, so we match.”

Lyaa bit her lip and her gazed turned downward. “Elia I-“, her words faltered.

Jon was off the couch a moment later, embracing his mother from behind. The tension in Lyanna’s shoulders relaxed almost immediately and her fellow Queen led back into her son. Jon whispered something to his mother, to low for Elia’s ear. Lyanna nodded and smiled. The two shared a chaste kiss and then another.

Elia’s fingers again moved to the buttons on Lyanna’s outer layer and this time her sister wife didn’t tense. The layer fell to their feet, a moment later Elia bent to pull up Lyanna’s dress. She didn’t give Lya much time to protest and the dress soon landed on the floor, leaving Lya in a short, sheer slip along with her small clothes. Elia discarded her dress as well, leaving her in a similar slip.

The temptation was there to strip Lyanna entirely. She wanted to see pale skin, high breast capped with brown nipples and that glorious round arse, but she knew that to do so now would be pushing Lyanna too far, too fast. *The wall wasn’t built in a day.*

As on the moved back to the mattress, this time though Lyanna straddled Jon while Elia curled under his arm. They took turns kissing each other. First Lyanna and Jon, then she and Lyanna and finally her and Jon’s lips met. To her delight, Jon’s tongue took the lead and parted her lips. They were dueling a moment later.

The kissing, the feel of both Jon and Lyanna, the site of Lya losing herself in the passion only intensified Elia’s desire. She traced up Lya’s thigh and moved her under the thin slip. Lya’s small clothes prevented her from reaching her prize. The fabric was soaked though. Lyanna broke her kiss and her hand shot down to hold Elia’s wrist.

“I can’t, Elia.” Lyanna’s words were a plead.

Elia paused, studying her sister-wife. Lyanna’s cheeks were flushed, her hair disheveled from Jon’s attention and her full lips were moist and swollen.

But underneath that desire, Elia saw both guilt and fear. Perhaps, she could have manipulated Lyanna into continuing. Her wife was on a narrow ledge and a gentle breeze would be enough to push her in whichever direction that Elia desired. But that would only breed more guilt and conflict down the road.

If Lyanna was to do more with her son then she needed to come to the conclusion that it was fine on her own.

“I understand but look at Jon. We left him yesterday wanting. Let me take care of him, you can watch?” She kissed Lyanna tenderly when her sister-wife nodded.

Jon watched their conversation in silence. Despite his obvious arousal, he didn’t look frustrated in the slightest. Instead, the concern he possessed for his mother was obvious. *You will always be his first love, Lya.*

Lyanna moved off her son’s lap to his side while Elia straddled him. Lya was not so far, the mattress was large enough to hold the three of them.
His thickness pressed against her core. She rolled her hips and ground her core against him. Jon lifted his own in mirror. There’s too much between us.

The buttons on his tunic were quick to yield to her fingers and she pushed the undershirt he wore over his head a moment later. This time her lips traced across Jon’s neck. Similar to his mother, his head tilted to the side to grant her access.

She didn’t linger for long at his neck and soon she was kissing down his chest, his stomach and then further south. Jon’s breath hitched and his abdominals tightened when she place one above his navel.

Dark indigo and storm grey eyes both watched her. Elia grinned. “Lift your hips, Jon. Let us get you out of these pants.” Jon obeyed, and her fingers hooked in his waistline and pulled both his pants and small clothes off. She used the discarded clothes as a cushion and sank to her knees.

She saw Lya’s eyes lock onto Jon’s cock. It was as hard as it could be, red, long and thick. The tip was leaking, and his sack was pulled tight to his body. He won’t last long.

Her nails ran up his thighs, delighting as he squirmed at her touch. “No one has done this for you?” The way Jon looked at her in wonder was answer enough. His cock twitched when he shook his head.

She wrapped her hand around him and couldn’t help but grin when both he and Lya gasped. Jon pulsed in her grip and his hips bucked. “Stay still for me, Jon. Don’t worry, I’ll take care of you.”

He groaned as she began with a gentle stroke. He’s almost as vocal as Lya. This will be fun. “Look at him, Lya. Do you see how big he is? You won’t have to worry about leaving your wives wanting Jon.”

Elia’s prodding wasn’t needed for Lyanna to look. She hadn’t taken her eyes away since Jon’s pants came off. Her teeth worried her bottom lip while she squirmed in her seat.

“Did you ever dream about this happening? That you would have one Queen on your knees for you? And the other wishing that she was in my place?” A heavy drop of precum leaked from Jon’s tip and Elia swiped it and her fist pumped easier with the lubrication. She slid her palm to the base of him and placed a kiss at his tip. Through a heavy lidded stare Elia regarded Jon and asked. “Do you want me to suck you, Jon?”

He nodded eagerly.

“I want to hear you Jon. Do you want my lips around your cock?” Her other hand cupped his balls now.

“Please Elia, I want you.” Jon pleaded.

Elia turned to Lyanna. Her sister-wife’s eyes were wide, and her pupils dilated. “Do you want to watch me suck your son, Lya? Do you want him to fill my mouth or cum on my face, so we can both clean off his seed? We both know you love doing that so much.”

Lya’s cheeks were red with embarrassment but she didn’t pull away. Her hand rubbed at her core over her smallclothes.

“Did you know that, Jon? Your sweet, proper mother is very naughty. She likes being on her knees or on her back. She likes the taste of cum on her tongue. Lucky for you that she likes it inside her even more. Would you like to see that Jon? To see Lya on her knees for you, as I am now? With her pretty pink lips wrapped around your pretty cock?” Her pack quickened and she circled her left hand
around his base while her right thumb brushed over his slit.

Elia kissed the sides of his cock while she stroked. “It’s okay Jon, cum for me now. We know you’ll have some more for your mother.”

Jon’s gasp was swallowed when Lya claimed his lips. His cock swelled and then fired off bursts of seed into the air. The streaks fell across her hands, wrist and painted his thighs. She worked him until he squirmed away from her hands. Before she released him, she took his head between her lips and sucked away the bit of seed still left in his cock.

They were basking in the afterglow when they heard a shout. “Your graces? Where are you?”

Chapter End Notes

Apologies for the plot, I know some are here for PWP but I think a lot of people find it interesting if there is some sort of narrative in their smut as well.

As always comments are appreciated.
The Treehouse

Chapter by House_Belaerys (House_Blackfyre), House_Blackfyre

Chapter Summary

After the Kingsguard interruption.

Chapter Notes

Apologies for the time between updates and this somewhat short chapter. I've been busy with the next chapter of TLE/RoD and real life has it's obligations as well.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Elia

They all froze at the sound of Ser Lewyn’s voice. Jon’s cock was still in her hand coated in his seed and her saliva. He had barely lost any stiffness. The ache between her thighs was maddening. She wanted to make true on her promises, to take him in her throat while Lya watched in envy. Jon was startled though, and she had to grip the base of him to prevent him from leaving the mattress “Sit down, Jon.” She ordered.

“But Ser Lewyn is calling, we have to-“ Jon panicked but she cut him off.

“Jon, I will handle my uncle. Likely he is concerned because we left your sword at the Heart Tree and we have been in here for some time. Calm yourself.” She said softly. Lya had the same skittish look of terror as her son. If my uncle sees their faces, then he will know something is amiss. I’ll give them time to gather their wits.

“I’ll go with you Elia.” Her sister wife said. Lyanna was making to stand when Elia gave her a gentle shove back onto the couch.

“No Lya. Both you and Jon look like you’ve been visited by the Others. Stay here with your son.” Elia grinned. “I will tell them you are comforting Jon, though I won’t tell them how.”

Lyanna accepted the wisdom and leaned back into the couch. Her shoulder was against Jon and her long brown hair spilled onto his chest. Elia was still on her knees with her hand still clenched around Jon’s cock. The excitement had wilted him somewhat.

“No Lya. Both you and Jon look like you’ve been visited by the Others. Stay here with your son.” Elia grinned. “I will tell them you are comforting Jon, though I won’t tell them how.”

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“Before I go first let me clean your boy for you, Lya. He made quite the mess.” Before Jon could react, she had his cock in her mouth, bobbing to take his entire length down her throat until her nose nuzzled in his pubic hair. He let out a low groan and she backed off to repeat the motion, lightly dragging her teeth on his sensitive head before she plunged down again.

Jon’s hips jerked uncontrollably and briefly she let him fuck her face. All too soon he was as hard as
iron, and she had to back off of him less she not gag. Her hand pressed his cock to the side while her lips formed and ‘O’ and sucked the streaks and puddles of his seed from his thighs. When she had cleaned him, she dropped her head and placed a few kisses to his sack before she abandoned him entirely to clean the seed coating her fingers with her tongue. The last, her index finger with the largest glob, she saved for Lyanna. Her sister wife watched the display with wide-eyed fascination. Elia pressed her finger to Lya’s lips and her sister wife sucked the finger in her mouth and dutifully swallowed her possible future grandchildren. All the while Elia’s dark eyes stared at Jon. “Take care of your mother for me Jon. And you Lya.” She looked down at her sister-wife who still had her lips wrapped around her finger. “You have so much to teach your boy, Lya.”

Lyanna nodded submissively. Her look was so intoxicating, wide grey eyes and full pink lips made red from use. Elia wanted Jon to know how well his mother ate her. She wanted Lya on her knees to service both of them.

Another call from her uncle, this time closer, interrupted Elia’s musings. She let out a frustrated sigh. *Any other time. You owe me Lya.* She gathered her clothes and dressed quickly.

Jon made to rise again. “Let me help you down.” He said.

Elia couldn’t help but roll her eyes. “Jon, I might not be as strong as your mother, but I can certainly climb down a rope on my own. Stay here with Lya.”

Jon nodded but the concern didn’t disappear from his eyes. It was as endearing as it was annoying. After a quick check of her dress, she opened the access hole and threw down the rope.

“Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.” She raised her brow suggestively, delighting in the blush that rose from both mother and son before she descended.

**Lyanna**

They were silent for some time after her sister-wife’s departure. The echoes of Elia’s footfalls fell away quickly as well. So did her conversation with the interrupting Kingsguard. *And just what was he interrupting?* Lyanna thought ruefully.

Despite herself she couldn’t help but drink in the sight of Jon’s nude body. Her son shuffled his feet by the now closed access hole. He seemed unsure of whether to conceal himself or to continue to let her have her look.

She could still taste his essence on her lips. At the time, she had barely registered what Elia was truly doing. The desire to please her sister-wife clouded her judgement. But now the realization that she had her son in her mouth, albeit indirectly was pervasive. The image of Elia coaxing her son to spill his seed with her wonderfully skilled hands repeated in Lyanna’s head in an almost dizzying fashion.

A day ago, if her son had stood before her nude and gloriously hard, she would have been mortified. Now though, she had tasted his lips, dueled with his tongue and drank his seed. An unbidden heat further pooled in her legs and unconsciously she pressed her thighs together for the friction.

A surge of affection flowed through her as she caught Jon’s eyes drawn to the motion. Her boy blatantly stared at her calves and uncovered feet. She wiggled her toes and watched as he followed the motion. His cock bobbed further confirming his desire.
With Elia gone it would have been easy to back away, to tell her son to dress himself. But the way Jon looked at her, it was the same look of devotion that he had always held for her but mixed with something new. A look that she had seen on the faces of many men but never her son, one never directed at her. It was desire, plain as day.

“Do you want me to dress?” Jon asked. He looked hopeful but guarded as well.

Lyanna mulled over the words. There it is. My way out if I should take it. We could recover from this, go back to normal. He’ll always be my son and I can just be his mother. She didn’t want to go back though. Elia’s words rang in her mind, you have so much to teach your boy Lya. “Do you want to?” She asked. Her courage had left her for a moment, but she needed to know that he wanted to continue.

With a shy smile, Jon shook his head. There was a hint of a blush on his cheeks that she found endearing. He padded over to her and she couldn’t help but watch how his cock swung against his thighs.

Jon sat down next to her, so close that their thighs were touching. “Is this okay?” Jon asked. She saw his hand fidget on his thigh and she took it in hand and drew his arm around her shoulder. Lyanna rested her head against his chest.

“It’s okay.” She muttered into his chest while her hand stroked his abdomen. Muscles rippled under her fingers and she traced along the lines defining each from the other. His breath hitched when her fingers dipped into the curls around his navel and he sucked in a breath when she circled around the base of his cock. Idly Lyanna stroked him, silently admiring the thickness and length of him in her hand. He won’t be a disappointment here.

When she looked back up to him, she met eyes overflowing with affection and desire. They spoke no words before their lips met in a hurried kiss. Passion seemed to consume them both and their kiss quickly deepened. Jon’s hands found her hip and soon he was dragging her into his lap.

She came willingly for him and her hand moved his length, so it pressed between his stomach and her navel. Her fingers worked through his dark curls while his settled on her hips. As their tongues dueled, Lyanna couldn’t ignore the heat between her thighs. Her hips moved of their own volition, grinding her center against his nakedness.

The friction was both a blessing and a curse. The pleasure it brought was welcome yet frustrating as it did little to ease her growing desire. Jon seemed to have the same issue as her, even as he gasped into her mouth his hands fist in slip. Quickly the material bunched at her hips, exposing her ass. A gasp escaped her lips as her son’s rough hands cupped her cheeks. He bodily pulled her closer, increasing the contact between them.

She rolled her hips against her son’s, drawing an identical hiss from both of them. Her lips abandoned his own to trace down the column of his neck, delighting as he moved his head to the side to accommodate her. Tongue and teeth danced over his skin and she couldn’t resist kneading his skin between her teeth with the intention of leaving small marks. I’m claiming him. She realized.

Jon’s hands weren’t idle. They kneaded the skin of her buttocks, drawing apart her cheeks while the blunt tips of his fingers traced across her rosebud. Lyanna flinched at his boldness and laughed against his throat.

“I want to see you.” Jon whispered. His eyes met her own. She understood his meaning.

There should have been more resistance on her part. At the very least, she should have hesitated.
when he grabbed the hem of her slip. Regardless, her arms lifted, and the slip went over her head to lay discarded. Jon’s eye drank in the sight of her form, nude except for the damp small clothes still concealing her center. His lips found her breast with an intensity that was reminiscent of the days when he still suckled at her breasts.

She caressed his head as he divided his attention between her two peaks. He seemed enraptured by the feel and shape of them and his hands aided his mouth, lifting the orbs so he could kiss the underside. Almost too soon, he abandoned her left breast and latched back onto her right nipple.

Lyanna laughed. “That one was always your favorite.” Jon blushed but he didn’t release her nipple. Instead, he drew his teeth across the sensitive bud in answer.

His hands ran down her back, tracing along her spine before finding her buttocks again. She peered down at him. “You seem fascinated with my bottom?” She questioned with a raised eyebrow.

“Quite fascinated.” Jon responded cheekily and then his hand patted her ass in a sort of half slap.

A guilty sense of pleasure raced through her at the sensation and she unconsciously leaned towards him, arching her back. Jon seemed to understand her desire and repeated his action, this time with enough force that there was a resounding clap as skin met skin.

She tilted up his chin and claimed his lips while he played with her. Her smallclothes were soaked through from her pleasure. They clung to her nether lips uncomfortably and she almost didn’t protest when Jon’s fingers loosened the string on her smallclothes. Her fingers hastily clasped his, in effort to still him from proceeding further. Their eyes locked and a silent conversation passed between them. If Elia were here, her sister-wife would have whispered sweet words that would have froze and then shattered the doubts rising up within Lyanna. But Elia wasn’t here, and the decision to continue fell to Lyanna and Lyanna alone. Jon stilled under her. His eyes stared up into hers silently asking and perhaps hoping for permission. Lyanna lifted her hips and released her grip on his wrist. A moment later she was as nude as her son.

They swallowed each other’s gasp as they came in contact. His cock split her lips and her juices quickly lubricated him, aiding their sudden, desperate slide against each other. Jon’s hands found her hips again and her boy aided her motions. She bit her lip when his blunt tip stabbed her bundle of nerves. Lyanna chased the feeling, riding her son in an almost ruthless pursuit of climax.

One of Jon’s hands found purchase in her mane and a thrill of delight ran through her when he gave it a light tug to pull her lips back to his. She bit his lip in response and her core pulsed when she caught Jon’s eyes. The dark indigo orbs must have mirrored her own; they were filled with an intense almost beast like passion.

“Are you going to cum for me? Was Elia correct or did she drain you dry?” Lyanna whispered harshly.

Jon’s hips bucked up into her in response. The pleasure was plain on his face. He was as close as she was.

“Cum for me Jon. Please, cum for mama.” She swallowed Jon’s scream and felt the first hot spray of his climax hit the bottom of her breasts. Her cunt clenched, and she joined Jon in climax, coating his cock further in a flood of juices. Jon’s cock did its best effort to cover them both. The first shots were the heaviest covering both their abdomens in a thick layer of seed before the final spurts drizzled out in the dying pulses of his climax, spilling his seed so it intermingled in their pubic hairs. What if that was inside of me? She flushed at the thought.
Jon pulled her close, regardless that he was only spreading the mess. “I love you.” He whispered.

“I love you too.” Lyanna returned. They were words she had said a thousand times but now she knew that they held a deeper meaning.

_What have I done?_ She thought. Somehow even with the tiny bit of regret that she harbored in heart, Lyanna knew she wouldn’t stop.

**Chapter End Notes**

Comments are always appreciated.

Next chapter will likely be longer. More world building (and of course smut).

Never thought I’d see the day where people where shipping Jon/Rhaella.

On a second note I wanted everyone's opinion on a possible father-daughter thing going on (Rhaegar/Rhaenys). I haven’t written anything yet but the thought has crossed my mind.

And I don’t know if people want to see some of the Starks included (not with Jon). This means characters like Brandon and Cat, Ned and Ashara, Sansa and Arya etc. Of course with the title and theme of this story that does mean that their will be more incest. For example a Brandon/Cat/Sansa scene or Cat takes advice from Lyanna and Elia and decides to teach Robb a thing or two.

Jon is the main character but I can easily expand this universe if the demand is there. Alternatively this can just focus on the Targaryens (Jon,Dany, Rhaenys ,Lyanna, Elia, Rhaegar and yes Rhaella).

Let me hear your feedback in the comments!
Chapter Summary

Day 3 of the debauchery. Dragons are useful to outmaneuver watchful Kingsguard.

Chapter Notes

I only love my dragon and my mamas I'm sorry...

As promised this chapter is a lot longer than the last. I hope you all enjoy it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Elia

The sound of flesh meeting flesh graced the air, accompanied by Lyanna’s whimper. Elia paused to admire the sight of her sister-wife. She was face down on the bed, her wrists anchored to the bedpost with strong silken knots. Her knees were spread, and her bare ass was raised in the air, the creamy skin bore red handprints. Lyanna’s desire was evident both by the delicious smell of her sex and the juices that dripped from her core coating her thighs.

“Repeat what you did.” Elia whispered. She caressed Lyanna’s ass, admiring both her handiwork and the perfect curvature. Her thumb brushed over Lyanna’s rosebud, prompting a gasp.

“Elia.” Lyanna whimpered. She turned her head and Elia could see the blush staining her cheeks.

“Do not make me ask twice.” Elia warned. She patted Lyanna’s bottom to emphasize her meaning.

“I have already told you.” Lyanna sounded more akin to a girl recently arrived at King’s Landing rather than the Queen of fifteen years she truly was.

“Then you should have no qualms with repeating yourself.” Elia added with an arched brow. Lyanna knew better than to argue. Her sister-wife may have be a warrior queen in the same vein as Visenya but Elia ruled in their bed.

Lyanna rolled her eyes but spoke “We kissed-“

Elia cut her off with a smack to her backside. “Start from the beginning. Do not omit any details.”

“After you left, Jon walked over and sat next to me.” Lyanna said, her voice went a pitch higher when Elia began to fondle her bottom.

“He did not try to dress? He was not embarrassed?” Elia asked. She was surprised, both mother and son seemed to need the direction that she was so happy to provide.
Lya bit her lip as the tip of Elia’s finger teased her rosebud. “No… I mean yes, he was hesitant at first, but he asked if he should dress…”

“And you said no.” Elia finished. Lyanna nodded. “And then?”

“We kissed and then—"

“Where did you kiss?” Elia interrupted. She slid her index finger into Lyanna’s sopping cunt. Her sister wife handled the single digit with ease, so Elia soon added another.

“Oooh… on the lips at first and then his neck.” Lyanna bucked her hips to meet Elia’s fingers but Elia did not increase the tempo.

“Where were your hands?” Elia asked in heated whisper. Hours had passed since their time in the treehouse. Ser Lewyn had come to escort her to an appointment with the ladies of houses Buckwell, Chytering and Chelsted that she had made prior to the execution. To give Lyanna time alone with her son, Elia honored her appointment. It was sweet torture to not put Lyanna’s talents to use but Elia’s philosophy was that pleasure was always the sweetest when it was prolonged.

“I was stroking him.” Lyanna gasped out as Elia curled her hand so that her thumb could play with her clit as Elia’s fingers were buried inside of her.

“You were stroking your son’s cock?” Elia asked with mock shock.

“Ooh… yes.” Lyanna moaned as the tip of Elia’s fingers brushed the rough bundle of nerves at the top of her channel.

“Did you like stroking your son Lya? How did he feel in your hands?”

A sudden blush appeared on Lya’s cheeks. “I loved it.” She admitted quietly. Elia bit her lip in response to the sudden rush of desire that flowed through her.

“What would Westeros do if they knew they had a harlot for a queen?” Lya’s channel clenched around her fingers.

“He pulled me into his lap next.” Lyanna’s breath grew short as she drew closer to climax.

“Were you still wearing your slip?” Elia asked.

“Yes…oh… but he took it off me.” Lyanna was so close that she was rocking her hips back to take Elia’s fingers deep.

She paused and withdrew her fingers, ignoring Lyanna’s groan of frustration. “He stripped you?” She asked, surprised that Jon took such initiative. “Your small clothes as well?”

“Elia!” Lyanna whined when another slap hit her bottom.

“You omitted that detail. What else did you fail to tell me?” She steeled her voice so Lyanna didn’t miss the importance of honesty.

“I rode him till he came all over me.” Lyanna sounded near delirious and Elia realized her sister-wife was so close to falling over the edge that her thoughts alone were near enough to push her over.

It makes sense. Whenever Rhaegar takes her, she becomes his cum slut. Jon elicits the same response. “Lya, you did not take his virginity, did you?”
“No, I wouldn’t.” Lyanna responded but her tone lacked a firmness that would have assured Elia of her sister-wife’s sincerity.

“He’s your son, Lya. You can’t cross that line. Use your hands, your mouth, your breasts but he belongs to our daughters first and foremost. Do you understand?” Lyanna agreed but in her state, Elia believed her sister-wife would have agreed to anything if it ended in an orgasm.

So, Elia took pity on her. She coated her fingers in Lyanna’s dripping juices, briefly traced her sister wife’s clit before sliding a finger into Lyanna’s ass. The gasp that escaped Lyanna’s lips drew a grin on Elia’s face.

Her other hand rubbed lightly on Lyanna’s clit. It was the lightest of touch, but it was enough to bring Lya over the edge. Elia slid a second finger into her sister-wife as she came. She drilled her ruthlessly, giving Lyanna no quarter and prolonging the climax until she was a writhing, blabbering mess.

Elia rose from the bed to admire her conquest. Lya’s face was pressed into the sheets, her chest heaved to regain breath. Her bottom was red and abused while her rosebud clenched repeatedly in aftershocks. Beautiful was Elia’s first thought and her second, I wonder what Jon would think?

Before she untied her sister-wife, Elia took the time to wash her hands in the basin. Once the bonds were undone, Lyanna pounced on her. She could barely get a word out before Lya was diving between her legs.

“Ooh… Lya” Her sister-wife’s eyes grew mischievous and Elia squeaked when Lyanna all but pressed her face into Elia’s cunt. The Northern Queen’s nose parted the lips of her cunt as Lya’s tongue swiped at the skin between her rosebud and cunt. Lya dragged her tongue upwards, dipping into Elia’s wet heat where her lips soon joined the appendage, leading to a lewd slurp of juices. From then on it was a haze of pleasure for Elia. Her sister-wife entered one of her trance like states where she was content to service her partner for hours until her victim begged for mercy and salvation. Both Elia and Rhaegar had missed many morning meetings enduring Lya’s sweet torture.

At one-point Lya had pushed Elia’s legs up until they were nearly touching her chest to bury her tongue into her Dornish wife’s ass.

When Elia could take no more, she pulled Lyanna up to claim her sticky lips. They kissed softly, folding into one another so there was almost no space in between them.

“I am glad some Northern slattern tried stealing my husband.” Elia whispered.

Lyanna grinned and then she sang, off tune “The dragon prince’s wife was as fair as the sun…”

“And her kisses were warmer than the spring.” Elia joined her. They fell into a fit of giggles like girls who had skipped lessons with their septa.

Lyanna

Lyanna woke earlier than the day before, feeling both refreshed and rested despite not finding sleep until the hour of the wolf. Elia still rested next to her, gloriously nude under their covers. She snuggled against the smaller woman’s back and nuzzled her nose into her sister wife’s hair to take a deep whiff of her scent.
Elia stirred, and soft laughter made raspy with sleep graced the air. “Are you smelling me? You Starks really do take your sigil seriously.”

“I cannot help if you smell like delicious prey that I want to devour.” Lyanna emphasized her words by laying soft bites along Elia’s collar.

Her sister-wife squirmed away. “Did you not fill yourself last night?” She asked as she rolled onto her side to face Lyanna.

“Not nearly.” Lyanna licked her lips and wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

Elia kissed her quickly and then leapt from the bed before Lyanna could deepen the kiss. “We need to bathe and I’m ravenous—she help up a hand, interrupting Lyanna mid speech, “—for food, though you are quite tempting.”

“Do you plan on giving the serving girls a show?” Lya asked with a raised brow.

Elia looked caught sight of herself in the mirror along their wall. Her dark nipples atop small breasts were erect. Black hair fell in ringlets down her back. She ran a hand down her slim thighs and smiled as she caught Lyanna’s eyes follow the motion. “Jealous?” She asked.

Eventually, Lyanna did drag her back to the bed but the serving girls were there before Lyanna was successful in seducing her. Once their bath was prepared, they sent the girls away to bathe in privacy.

“What are your plans today?” Lyanna asked once they were alone in the bathing chamber. The cast-iron tub in the center of the room was large enough to fit both they and Rhaegar comfortably. Elia sat in front of her, relaxed as Lyanna worked the lather in her sister-wife’s hair.

“More of the court. Lunch with the Reach Lords, I need to assure them that no offense was taken by Janos and his accusations.” Elia offered. Her eyes were closed, and her shoulders were slack.

“Mace Tyrell wants to grovel then?” Lyanna asked. Janos Slynt was recommended by the Tyrells after all. Common born, but ambitious, Rhaegar had thought Janos’ appointment to such a high position was a boon to the reputation of the City Watch. It was a shame that Janos proved such a disappointment and an even greater shame that the Tyrell recommendation failed. Elia would carefully pick apart the Master of Coin to receive reparations for the offence.

“Not likely, I hear Lady Olenna and Margaery are likely to attend.”

Lyanna winced. “I am sorry.”

“Do not be. Olenna has been subdued ever since Rhaella threatened to rip her tongue out.” They both laughed at the memory. Olenna gained the moniker Queen of Thones for both her wit and her famously barbed tongue which had only grown bolder as she aged. The Queen of Thrones had made the mistake of directing her barbs at the Dowager Queen which had drawn Rhaella’s ire.

“Vyraxes is always here if you do need backup.” Lyanna joked.

“There will be no burning roses today, bad queen.” Elia giggled. “Besides Margaery might very well be our good-daughter.”

Lya’s brow rose. “She is your preferred choice then?”

“Surprised? I know there is some irony that a Dornish woman likes the Golden Rose of the Reach
but… she does seem a good choice. Smart, clearly inherited her grandmother’s wit, and thankfully not her tongue, nice hips and breasts, pretty as well. Maybe even enough to get some trueborn children out of Egg before he fathers an army of bastards.” Her tone grew bitter at the end.

“He has been smart so far.” Lyanna countered. Despite Egg’s eccentrics, she could not have asked for a better elder brother for her son. Jon idolized Aegon as much as Ned idolized Brandon.

“He has been lucky.” Elia intoned. “Imagine, if Gatehouse Ami returned with a silver haired bastard? The noble lineage of House Targaryen undone by a Frey in the family.” Elia rolled her eyes.

“And you think Margaery will curb his tendencies?” Lya asked amused. Margaery was one of the earliest of Aegon’s suitors and Elia had then been vehemently opposed to the Tyrells. Perhaps it was just an inborn bias, Dorne and the Reach shared a bloody history. To see an about-face in her opinion was humorous.

“But curb them. Aegon is like Oberyn, too willful to be tamed. I think the girl is smart enough to recognize that and entertain him.”

Lyanna made a sound of disagreement. “Margaery seems too conventional, pretty yes, but Aegon would tire of her within a year.”

Elia turned her gaze once Lyanna finished rinsing her hair. “And who do you have in mind?”

“I like Myrcella.” Lyanna admitted.

“She is one and ten. Aegon would have to wait years before she came of age.” Elia argued.

“She is sweet, has Cersei’s beauty without the wickedness and would bring to rest any scheming of her grandfather.” Lyanna defended.

“She is also Jaime’s bastard.” Elia whispered. It was a secret that Varys had discovered and one that Rhaegar had shared only with them. They held it as leverage should the need ever arise to bring Lord Tywin down a notch. Casterly Rock would presumably be inherited by one of Cersei’s son’s, Tywin’s hatred for his youngest was well documented. A scandal that large would mar Tywin’s all-important legacy. Neither of them wanted to destroy the lives of three young children but if Tywin’s machinations made it necessary to reveal the secret then they would not hesitate. Fortunate for the Lannisters, they were marrying into a family where incest was hardly a cause to invalidate Myrcella’s validity to be a queen. Especially now. Lyanna thought ruefully.

“You are Dornish, do not tell me you have started to care about bastards.” Lyanna returned in a low voice. If she had learned anything from Varys, it was that the walls of the Red Keep had the tendency to sprout ears.

“No. Though I do not want my grandchildren’s legitimacy called into question but that is beside the point, you criticize Margaery for being too conventional but then suggest Myrcella?”

“The girl’s mother birthed three children by her brother. I think that is unconventional, unless you are a Targaryen.” Lyanna smiled cheekily. “If even an ounce of that unconventional nature was passed down to Myrcella then Egg would be in great company.”

“A cuckolding mother does not inspire the greatest confidence.” Elia made a face.

“She has no twin.” Lyanna pointed out.

“She does have two brothers.” Elia countered.
“Elia!” Lyanna exclaimed. “Tommen is a sweet child and Joffrey is sequestered at Casterly Rock, likely till he comes of age. Joffrey, the heir apparent of the Rock, had formally been at court training with squires near Jon’s age but a servant had discovered Joffrey skinning one of his younger brother’s cats. News of Joffrey’s strange behavior had spread around the castle like wildfire, forcing Tywin to send Joffrey back to the Westerlands to be raised under the supervision of one of his uncles.

Elia shrugged. “I do not trust the Lannisters. Unfortunately for Myrcella, until she proves otherwise I will not trust her with my son.” Elia made her stand and worked a soap filled sponge across her back. “What are you plans for today?”

Her days were never planned as thoroughly as Elia’s nor as intricately as Rhaegar’s. At first, she had found it difficult to meet the demands of court life. Elia had been raised in the south and while Dorne did things differently than most of Westeros, her sister-wife still had years of experience in King’s Landing. By comparison, Lyanna had spent her entire life in Winterfell. As her father’s only daughter, her only true responsibilities were her lessons from Old Nan. The web of lies, power plays and political maneuvering, all foundations of court life, were entirely alien to her. Through her husband and wife, she had found her place. While Elia charmed or intimidated the court’s ladies, Lyanna became the most recognizable face to the smallfolk. “Charity today, most likely.”

“Orphanages?” Elia asked.

“No, not today. I was thinking of heading to Fishmonger’s square and feeding the poor there.” At first, she was disheartened by the sheer poverty of the smallfolk in King’s Landing. In Winterfell and much of the North, families were tight knit and could be relied upon to provide for one another when times grew dire. Those who dwelled in southern cities did not have the same security. Rhaegar’s reign had contributed peace and stability to the realm, not seen in a very long while but there would always be the poor, sick and the hungry no matter who sat the throne.

“Have you made any appointments?” Elia inquired. She worked the sponge between Lyanna’s cheeks.

“No, I wanted my arrival to be a surprise, why?” Almost involuntarily Lyanna leaned forward so her knees rested on the bench built into the tub, granting her sister-wife greater access.

“Skip it then. I want to picnic with you and Jon. “

Lyanna squeaked when Elia abandoned the sponge to work a finger into her arse. The digit was slick with soap and slipped inside of her with little resistance.

“You have your meeting with the Tyrells.” Lyanna groaned when Elia added another.

“At most that meeting will take an hour. Mace enjoys hearing his voice but Olenna keeps him from rambling.” Elia did not pump her fingers like Lyanna wanted, instead she merely wriggled them. “I will have the kitchen prepare a basket for us.”

“The Kingsguard?” Lyanna asked, knowing that this picnic was only pretext for further seduction by Elia.

“Vyraxes can take us. We will leave the knights behind.” Elia answered.

Lyanna bit her lip as she contemplated Elia’s logic. The three knights assigned to protect her, Elia and Jon would not like being left behind but the move was not entirely unprecedented. Rhaegar had flown both her and Elia on the back of Balerion without an escort, Jon routinely raced his siblings to
Dragonstone without the Kingsguard.

“Vyraxes is big enough to carry us all. Will they not be suspicious?” She asked.

“I will handle our loyal protectors. You can simply focus on enjoying your son today.” Then Elia slid her fingers from Lyanna’s ass. She patted a cheek. “There, all clean.”

Forgoing their handmaidens, they emerged from their bath and helped each other dress. Elia wore a yellow dress that contrasted nicely with her darker skin, her hair fell in dark ringlets down one shoulder. The crown she wore was a simple band of gold with three encrusted rubies on its face.

Lyanna slipped on cotton breeches, a dark blue button-down shirt and a leather vest with high boots. Her hair she wore in a high pony tail. The first time that she had spared with Rhaegar, it had caused quite the stir in court. Now those familiar with life in the Red Keep chalked the fashion as one of her eccentricities.

They soon parted, Elia escorted by her uncle Ser Lewyn, while Ser Jonothor escorted Lyanna.

“Where is my son today?” Lyanna asked the Knight. It was only two hours after the dawning sun, but she knew that Jon would not be idle. Perhaps, she could catch him before he broke his fast.

“Training yard.” Ser Jonothor answered simply. The knight was not a man of many words unlike Ser Jaime or Ser Oswell.

The halls of the keep were sparse, and the training yard was empty compared to the week before the war party’s departure. Rhaegar had taken fifteen thousand men, many of them knights in their journey across the sea. The majority of the host came from the Stormlands, though every kingdom contributed men, and even Lyanna’s two eldest brothers answered Rhaegar’s call for war. Still, there was an audience in the stands overlooking the training yard.

The audience was mostly ladies of the court and their children who watched squires too young to accompany their Sers to war. Jon was amongst the boys, instructing a young boy who faced off against another. The boys wore helmets but Lyanna could easily make out Ashara’s eldest son, Bran from across the yard. She caught the tail end of Jon’s conversation.

“…he drops his shield again and you ring his head.” He was kneeling next to his cousin, opposite to Ser Arys who was advising Bran’s opponent. Bran nodded and then readied his wooden sword and shield. His opponent, a boy of similar height, if not a plumper build readied as well. The dust on their armor suggested this was not their first bout.

When their swords clashed, it was immediately apparent to Lyanna that Bran was the more skilled. He slashed at his opponent, battering the other boy’s defenses and forcing him backwards. When the other boy dropped his shield to defend a feint, Bran’s wooden sword smacked against the boy’s helm with a dull clang.

An ‘ooh’ resounded throughout the crowd as Bran’s opponent dropped to the ground. Rather than gloat with his victory, Bran extended a hand and helped his opponent to his feet.

“Tommen, I told you not to drop your shield!” Ser Arys scolded.

Tommen removed his helm, shaking loose blonde hair that clung to his brow. “Sorry Ser.” He hung his head.

“No apologies needed, defend yourself better next time. If that was a real blade, your mother would have a son who was a head shorter.” The Kingsguard turned to address Bran. “Do not get too
confident, Stark. Your footwork needs work and a swordsman half his worth would notice the gaps in your guard.”

“The Ser is right, lads. One victory or defeat does not make a good swordsman or a bad one. Unless your name is Ser Arthur Dayne then there is always room for improvement.” Ser Willem Darry lectured the squires. The Master-at-Arms was a grey-bear of a man, half blind with a gruff but kind voice. He had been training squires long before Lyanna became Queen and would likely do so until his death.

Jon noticed her then. His shirt was slick with sweat and clung to his back and chest tightly. Dark hair stuck to his brow and his indigo eyes brightened. It was discreet, but she noticed the way his eyes rove across her form with an appreciation that should have been absent when a son looked at his mother.

“Aunt Lyanna!” Her nine-year-old nephew shouted and then the boy rushed at her, regardless of the dirt clinging to him as he wrapped his arms around her midsection.

“Hello Bran.” Lyanna laughed as she ran her hands through her nephew’s hair. He was the splitting image of Ashara, black hair with laughing purple eyes.

The on-looking crowd dropped into a bevy of curtsies and kneels. Jon simply stared at her. She met his gaze with one of her own. Does anyone notice the tension between us or is it all in my head?

“My Queen, you are just in time. Bets are being placed on who is the best junior squire.” Renly Baratheon said as he approached. The third son of Storm’s End, Renly closely resembled Robert though he was several inches shorter than his two elder brothers. Black hair fell to his shoulders and the ever-present smile was on his face, a sharp contrast to Stannis’s constant grimace. He was handsomely dressed in a green, silken tunic with matching pants embroidered with golden threads.

“Oh? And who is winning?” Lyanna asked. Undoubtedly, this tournament was held without the knowledge of Renly’s brother. Their Master of Laws had once, unsuccessfully attempted to convince Rhaegar to outlaw both gambling and brothels.

“It is still early but Bran’s already beaten two squires.” Jon said. It was clear that he was proud of his cousin.

“Well, my coin is with family then. I trust you are his coach?” Lyanna asked her son. She took the opportunity to move closer to him. Jon nodded but his eyes were focused on her lips. A bit closer and Lyanna would have been able to smell his scent. Rhaegar had always taken her fiercest when the thrill of battle was in his blood, she imagined Jon…

“My coin lies with the Clegane.” Renly said. Multiple people nodded in agreement.

Lyanna glanced at the child they referred to. “How old is he?” Lyanna asked Jon.

“One and ten.” Her son answered. At one and ten, the boy was already taller than six feet with shoulders that looked as broad as a man twice his age. Lyanna winced at the thought of birthing a child that size.

The hour passed quickly as they watched the squires duel. Jon invited her into Bran’s council where they both gave the boy advice. Bran fought admirably, soundly defeating two boys who were a year elder in a flurry of moves that showcased his promise. The Clegane, clearly the toughest squire in his age group used his considerable size and strength to his advantage. He possessed neither grace nor finesse but soundly defeated his opponents by simply battering them till they yielded.
Bran matched against a boy from the Reach, likely a cousin of the Tyrells as Ser Loras coached the boy. The two dueled until stamina abandoned them both and their swordplay dissolved into battering each other. Her nephew caught a blow on his shield and then dropped his shoulder into the other squire, tackling the boy to the ground. They rolled, grappling for the upper hand until Bran pulled his blunted dagger from his belt and held it to the boy’s throat.

“I yield.” The other boy said.

Dirty and exhausted, Bran rose from the dirt victorious with a smile on his face.

Only the Clegane boy remained undefeated. Jon called the fight to Bran’s disappointment. He showed no fear in facing an opponent who was more than a foot taller.

“Something wrong, Prince? Afraid your cousin will get squashed?” Theon Greyjoy taunted. The Greyjoy was Clegane’s coach, which made sense as the Clegane needed little skill to achieve victory and Theon could offer little advice.

“No Greyjoy, I thought I’d make the bet more interesting.” Jon turned to the crowd. “One hundred golden dragons if Theon lands a hit on me, a thousand if I yield. Who takes the bet?”

Theon scowled as several ladies cheered. Myrcella Lannister was one of them, the young lioness sat next to her younger brother who cheered alongside her.

“Just a hit?” Renly asked. Jon nodded. “I guess I will match the bet.” Another cheer raced through the crowd which had grown considerably larger from when they started. Lyanna spied Elia, along with Cersei and Margaery.

“I bet on the Prince.” Margaery added, which deepened Theon’s scowl.

“Are you sure about this?” Lyanna asked as she helped her son don his training armor. She did not doubt her son, but he had just embarrassed the Grejoy in view of much of the court. Clearly Theon would be looking to draw blood.

Jon simply smiled. “Theon is reckless when he is angry which makes his swordplay even worse. Aegon once japed that he found Theon’s sister in a brothel and Theon could barely hold his sword straight.”

The worry did not leave her. Theon was six years older than her son and an inch taller. He had bested her son before, but those wins were becoming fewer as Jon grew older.

Still, her son seemed confident. He forewent a shield and selected a two-handed training sword. Theon selected a morning star with blunt spikes and a wooden shield. Both weapons were blunted steel instead of wood. Lyanna’s worry increased. A weapon did not need an edge to maim or even kill and the squires had learned long ago to not hold back when fighting the Princes.

Their duel started fast. Theon advanced quickly, swinging his morning star with enough force to break bone if the blows could connect. Jon fought like his brother and father, light and graceful on his feet, either dodging or deflecting Theon’s strikes before they could land. Still, Theon had the defensive advantage of a shield and defended well against Jon’s answering strikes. Theon shoved against Jon, nearly throwing him off balance. Her boy recovered, retreating slightly to put distance between them before he advanced like a shadow cat.

Jon attacked from all angles in a test of the Greyjoy’s guard. Theon was forced behind his shield until finally blade and morning star briefly locked in an overhead bind. Jon spun before Theon’s shield could slam into his side and drove an elbow into the side of the Greyjoy’s heir skull. Dazed,
Theon was defenseless when Jon chopped at his knee, driving him to the ground. Coughing dirt and blood, Theon groaned. “I yield!”

Cheers erupted across the crowd, even from Renly who had just lost two thousand gold pieces. Jon’s eyes were only for her. There was a predatory glint present in his orbs that sent a reactionary shiver down Lyanna’s spine.

The various onlookers interrupted the exchange in their move to congratulate Jon. Margaery and Myrcella spent the majority of the time talking to Jon. The older girl clearly thought that she could win favor with Aegon by charming his younger brother. A blush and a starry-eyed expression indicated that Myrcella’s attentions were focused on Jon alone.

Lyanna was so focused on watching her son that she did not notice Elia sneak behind her. “You know he was showing off for you.” Elia whispered in her ear.

She simply smiled and whispered back. “I know.”

Cersei Lannister approached Jon who was still conversing with Margaery and Myrcella. Lyanna frowned and felt the familiar tug of jealousy in her heart at the sight of the woman. It was reminiscent of whenever Cersei spoke to Rhaegar. The Lannister had made vague allusions that she was willing to be Rhaegar’s third wife. Those comments particularly stung when it became clear that Lyanna would fail to give her husband more children after Jon.

Lyanna could never dispel her unease around Cersei. Despite her disdain that she had for the woman it was impossible to not admit that the Lannister heiress was anything less than stunning. Never had Lyanna seen a golden hair out of place, age had done little to diminish Cersei’s beauty or add weight to her slim figure. Worst of all, Cersei’s green eyes seemed to carry a seductive quality that drove men wild. She wore a gown of Lannister crimson and a headpiece of spun gold rested on her brow, capped by a single glimmering emerald. The jewelry could almost be mistaken for a crown.

Even if her son did not notice, Cersei was obviously flirting. When she stroked Jon’s shoulder, Lyanna saw red.

She grabbed her son, bodily pulling him away from the three highborn ladies. Jon looked startled, but Elia spoke before the situation could be made worse. “If you will excuse us, we have a picnic to attend.”

The smile on Cersei’s lips told Lyanna the Lannister woman knew the effect her flirting had caused.

“Hunger does make the best of us impatient.” Cersei said. Myrcella smiled alongside her mother, too young to understand the game that she was playing. Margaery nodded politely.

“That sounds incredible, especially on a day as nice as today. Where do you plan on going? I would love to attend if you do not mind the company?” Margaery asked.

Lyanna ignored the Tyrell and directed her attention to Cersei. “My son has a dragon, so I suppose anywhere is possible. Where do you want to go Jon?”

Jon seemed surprised but recovered quickly. “Tarth is not too far away. And the pools are still warm this time of year.”

She could have kissed her boy. His response was perfect. Tarth was a beautiful island filled with waterfalls, lakes, soaring mountains and shadowed vales. It was known as the Sapphire Isle for the color of the sea in which it sat. Best of all, Tarth was hundreds of miles away from King’s Landing. It was a several days ride to the closest point on the coast to cross to the isle and to do so one would
need to ride through the Kingswood. By ship, the journey was even longer as one would need to sail up the Blackwater and then around Massey’s Hook before sailing for two days before reaching Tarth. Only a dragon could make the journey trivial.

The blatant jealousy on Cersei’s face was the sweetest victory and Lyanna linked her fingers with her son’s, leading him away. Elia followed, and Jon took the picnic basket from her sister wife, carrying it with ease in one hand.

Vyraxes was already alert when they reached the stables. Rhaegar had torn down most of the Dragonpit but had not ordered a new structure to be rebuilt. Her husband was wary of something similar to the storming of the Dragonpit happening again. As such, much of the keep’s stables had been converted from housing for horses to housing for dragons.

Space became an issue whenever the moving mountains were present but Vyraxes had more than enough room being the only dragon in the city. One could only appreciate the size and majesty of a dragon when they came to the realization that Vyraxes was the smallest of their dragons with riders. The dragon was nearly fifteen years old and hatched a month after an egg was placed in Jon’s cradle, the first to do so in over a century despite the Targaryens continuing the tradition long after the last dragon died.

Vyraxes’s hatching had been taken as a sign of a bright future as none of the eggs placed with the other, young Targaryens had hatched. Rhaella soon bonded with Sunfyre and Daenerys would later mount Vhagar at the age of nine after she was dared by Aegon. Aegon not to be outdone, snuck from his chambers on Dragonstone to claim Caraxes. His first flight briefly ignited a battle between Caraxes and Vhagar who both seemingly remembered being the cause of each other’s deaths and remained bitter enemies to this day.

Rhaegar had to interrupt the dragons before they could tear into each other on the back of Balerion. Rhaenys would mount Meleys on her thirteenth birthday under the careful supervision of her father. Viserys had been feared to be the only Targaryen cursed by being unable to ride a dragon as none of the more recently hatched, riderless dragons bonded with him. It wasn’t until Rhaegar and the Red Priestess discovered Silverwing’s lair and the subsequent revival of the dragon that Viserys found his mount.

Despite being the smallest of the ridden dragons, Vyraxes was no less majestic. The dragon’s scales were as white as snow with red veins crackling across. Crimson eyes, wing and tail membranes gave the dragon an almost demonic appearance. Rhaegar had specifically chosen Vyraxes’ egg for Jon because of the egg’s similar coloring to Weirwood trees. Northerners called Vyraxes ‘The Ice Dragon’, though the dragon breathed white flame that burned rather than froze. At over sixty feet long, from nose to tip with a wing span much wider and a head that could swallow a man whole, Vyraxes still invoked same mix of awe and terror as its brethren.

Jon stepped ahead to embrace his dragon. The stable boys quickly appeared to saddle the dragon. Jon helped fix the saddle straps around Vyraxes’s horns and the bottom of its jaw. Excitement flowed through the dragon as it anticipated flying once again. A stable boy quickly handed Jon a spiked whip and then stepped away as Vyraxes crawled from the stable’s structure. It stretched its long neck and loosed a roar that shook the stable and startled the horses on the other side of the yard. Black horns jutted from its skull and teeth the same color and as long as knives were made visible when the dragon opened its mouth.

Jon secured the picnic basket in one of the many pouches built into the saddle before he helped Elia mount the dragon. Once her sister wife was secured, Jon helped Lyanna up and then sat between the queens. Their legs were tied into the leg straps built into the saddle but Lyanna would still need to
cling to Jon for the most secure ride. Elia was smaller, and her arms were not as strong so she was secured by Jon’s arms. His hands rested on the Dornish Queen’s thighs as he gripped the reins.

“Sōvēs.” Jon commanded and a moment later they were airborne. Vyraxes circled the city once before a powerful flap of its wings cleared them of the city’s walls.

With each beat of Vyraxes’ wings, the ground blurred beneath them. In under an hour, Lyanna could see the distinctive shape of the Wendwater River carving through the sea of green that was the Kingswood. Autumn storms had widened and strengthened the river and below she could see a number of villages had been recently constructed to take advantage.

They flew a hundred feet above the canopy, low enough that Lyanna caught sight of children playing along the banks of the river. On the ground, she knew from experience that the sound a dragon’s wings made was akin to thunder. By the time the children looked up, they likely only caught sight of Vyraxes’s tail.

The wind whipped at Lyanna’s clothes and hair but the heat that radiated from Vyraxes’s form staved off any chill. Jon served as a windbreak but if she tried to look past him the wind stung her eyes. Her boy lent Elia his riding goggles, so she was not blinded. Apparently, the Targaryens had eyes more resistant to wind as Jon was largely unaffected.

Quickly the coastline came into view, followed by the beautiful sapphire blue Straits of Tarth. When her father was still focused on her becoming the Lady of Storm’s End, Lyanna had been taught the history of the Storm Kings, the line of House Durradon and the history of the Stormlands after Orys Baratheon married the daughter of the last Storm King during Aegon’s conquest. A hundred wars had been fought in these waters as the Storm Kings had attempted to lay claim over the Sapphire Isles. Eventually they would prove successful, though not by war but through marriage when one of the countless Durran Durrandon’s took to wife a daughter of the Tarth King.

It seemed so pointless to war over a stretch of land that a dragon could pass over and hardly notice, and then Tarth came into view.

Mountains stretched so high that the peaks were hidden in the clouds. A hundred waterfalls greeted her eyes, some falling so far that the water turned to mist, adding to a low hanging cloud layer that stretched like a crown across the isles. Simply put, Tarth was beautiful and absolutely breathtaking. The majority of Tarth seemed untouched as meadows and forest stretched for miles, unbroken by human settlements. The land was a mix of black, green and startling crystal-clear pools.

Even Vyraxes seemed taken by the sight as the dragon let out a roar of excitement. They circled the isle, passing through clouds and close enough to cliffs that Lyanna could almost stretch and brush the rocks with her fingers. Jon piloted Vyraxes to a small shadowed vale. It was surrounded on three sides by cliffs, decorated by a patchwork of waterfalls with interconnecting pools. At the base, the largest pool was near sixty feet wide with a beach of dark sand and grass growing along its bank.

They landed in a field of sunflowers adjacent to the pool. As soon as Jon unsaddled Vyraxes, the dragon sank into the water.

Elia laid down a spread of blankets that she carried in the basket. Lyanna spread out her arms and took a deep whiff of the air. The smell reminded her of Winterfell and the North, though this land was significantly warmer than her homeland.

Lyanna followed her son and sister-wife and removed her boots before settling on the blanket. Jon sat close so that their thighs brushed while Elia sat across from them, stretched out over the blanket.
Her sister-wife had brought an assortment of food: crusty bread with a soft butter laden center, thick cut bacon, stuffed swan and greens cut with apples.

Lyanna shot a look of incredulity to her sister-wife. “Did you empty the entire kitchen?”

Elia shrugged non-committal. “You have not seen the best part.” She pulled a bottle of Dornish red from the bottom of the basket.

“Are you wanting to sleep out here?” Lyanna asked, aghast.

Elia spoke to reassure her. “This is not as strong as the others.”

The words did little. Lyanna remembered the first time that Elia had challenged her to a drinking contest. Rhaegar had spent that the night holding hair from falling into the privy. Jon’s eyes brightened with interest.

“Can I have some?” He looked to her for permission. On his nameday, Jon drank with Aegon and Viserys. He had ended up vomiting over Rhaenys’s dress. If it ever was a question of the love that his elder sister and aunt bore for him then it was answered that night. Instead of anger, Rhaenys and Daenerys nursed him the entire night.

Elia’s dark eyes turned to her, a challenge. “What do you think? Should your boy have a taste?” Her words were laden with meaning.

They ate and drank. The food was light in her belly and the wine made her cheeks flush and her skin hot. Lyanna giggled at one of Elia’s jokes and she leaned heavily against her son. Jon seemed to radiate the same, ever present heat that Rhaegar did. The heat fascinated her now as much as it did some sixteen years ago when Rhaegar took her beneath the stars with only his body heat as a source of warmth. Her lips pressed against her son’s neck and Jon’s armed curled around her hip.

Elia’s smile was both encouraging and full of mischief. She stood, “Do you fancy a swim?” Her small bare feet padded across the sand. She dipped a toe into the water and then quickly pulled away. “Perhaps not.”

Jon laughed. The drink made his neck and cheeks pink with flush. His laughter was infectious and Lyanna found herself laughing as well, though she did not remember hearing a joke. “That is what dragons for. Vyraxes!”

The dragon shifted in the pool and one crimson eye opened to regard its master. Jon pointed to the water. “Dracarys.”

The dragon reared its head back and took a deep breath before releasing a brilliant torrent of pale white flame. The instant the flame touched the surface, great columns of smoke rose into the air. Understanding its master’s intent, the dragon dipped its head beneath the surface until its maw was submerged. Heat spreading throughout the pool was visible. Closes to the dragon, the water smoked and boiled like a massive cauldron and the effect spread until the surface near the beach boiled as well. Vyraxes spewed flames for an entire minute. When the dragon stopped, most of the pool stopped boiling with exception of the water nearest its form. Steam hung in the air giving the glade a dream like setting.

Jon tested the water first with his foot and then his palm. “It feels like bath water.” He said with childlike exuberance.

“Well, come on then.” Lyanna gasped as Elia stripped. Her sister wife’s outer layer fell to the blanket first, followed by the rest of her dress and then even her small clothes. Elia’s skinny thighs were
revealed, along with her black curls that lay between them. Dark nipples were made erect from both the cool air and likely Jon’s fixated stare. Elia waded into the water and released a delighted sigh. “I cannot be the only one.”

Jon moved first. He all but threw his clothes off in a near comical haste. Lyanna was last but she did not linger. *It is the wine and the mountain air.* She told herself.

When she slid into the water, Jon’s arms wrapped around her pulling her close. Her boy nuzzled into her hair and kissed along her collar. Meanwhile, Elia pressed against her front, mashing their breast together as their lips and tongues danced.

Jon’s hardness pressed against her backside, insistent and in contrast to the gentle caress of his hands across her hips and her sides.

Elia’s kisses left her dizzy and unable to think clearly. She could feel the heat between her legs grow until it was a madness that was all she could focus on. Before she could ask, before she could beg, a slim digit slid into her sex. Her cry resounded throughout the air; before she had to stifle the sound of her delight but now only her son and sister wife would hear the extent of the effect they brought out in her.

Elia’s teeth claimed her nipple while Jon’s rough hand kneaded her breast. Her desire surged. Jon’s shaft slipped between her thighs to rub the underside of her core. The sensation was maddening, Elia’s fingers driving into her when something much thicker, longer and perfectly shaped was so close.

Elia giggled at the frustrated groan that emanated from Lyanna’s throat. “Your mother is so impatient, Jon. Or is it greed?” She gripped Jon’s shaft and slapped it against the bottom of Lyanna’s cunt.

Lyanna leaned against her sister-wife, without a thought given to the invitation she gave her son. Jon’s hand gripped her waist and he thrusted against her. The angle was still wrong, instead of spearing her, his shaft slipped past her lips. *No, I cannot.* Lyanna thought suddenly. She slid away from both her wife and son.

Elia gave chase and Lyanna swam away. Jon followed and eventually it became a game. One that filled their little vale with laughter.

Both Lyanna and Jon knew how to swim but they may as well have been floundering as toddlers in comparison to Elia. To catch her sister-wife, mother and son formed an alliance.

Elia cut through the water as if she were a mermaid from one of Old Nan’s many stories. She taunted them as she repeatedly outmaneuvered them both. Eventually, Jon caught her but Lyanna suspected it was intentional as Elia’s legs wrapped around Jon’s waist. While her wife and son kissed, Lyanna massaged Elia’s back and then her bottom. Elia turned and kissed Lyanna before directing her to her son’s waiting lips. Before she knew, Elia was behind her and once again Lyanna was in the middle.

Jon’s hands gripped her cheeks, lifting her so that she was forced to part her thighs and wrap her legs around his hips. A gasp escaped her as their sexes again came in contact. This time every motion of their hips pressed grazed the crown of Jon’s cock against her clit.

“Carry your mother to the beach.” Elia’s voice never seemed so seductive. The sound of each syllable sent a jolt of desire down her spine.

Jon followed Elia’s instruction without question. All she could do was bury her face into his neck.
Jon laid her down gently but followed as well so that he never vacated the space between her thighs. Elia laid next to her, pressing her slender form against Lyanna so that she was blanketed between them.

They took turns kissing her and her lips were swollen. Elia’s fingers were not idle. They brushed against her skin, pinched her nipples and then finally, blessedly dived between her curls to dip into her center. Lyanna whined when all too soon Elia removed her fingers.

Her sister-wife held her fingers in the air, soaked with the evidence of her desire, an offering to her son. Jon was eager to taste her. He sucked on Elia’s fingers without hesitation.

“How does your mother taste?” asked Elia.

Jon looked at them both. “Delicious.”

“Would you like to know how to make your mother beg for you? To gush all over your fingers? Would you like to taste her, Jon?” Elia traced along Jon’s jawline as she spoke.

“Aye.” said Jon and then Elia claimed his lips. Lyanna watched, awed by how well the two looked together. Elia’s slender form and olive Dornish skin contrasted with Jon’s lean muscle and his lightly tanned skin. It seemed their lessons had their desired effect as when they parted Elia’s eyes were filled with hunger.

“Watch and follow.” Elia said. The two moved so that they were on either side of Lyanna. She moved to close her legs, but Elia gripped one thigh while Jon held the other. When Elia kissed down to her breast Jon watched and then followed. When her sister-wife pulled a nipple between her teeth, Jon mirrored the action. Their hands were not idle either. Smooth and rough, small and large, the hands of a Queen and the hands of a Dragon Prince, her son. They traced down her thighs until they played together at the junction between her core and hip.

“Tease her first. Don’t let her have you right away. She will beg for it.” Lyanna’s core pulsed in response to Elia’s voice.

“Elia.” Lyanna whined when her sister-wife traced her finger around her entrance.

“See?” Elia said with a smile.

Jon nodded and repeated the action. This time though Lyanna’s hand shot down to grip his wrist. She stared into his eye as she directed his finger to slide into her. Jon’s eyes widened at her sudden aggressiveness. Elia merely chuckled.

After a time, Elia said, “Give her another. She can take it.”

Jon looked to her for conformation. Lyanna bit her lip and nodded. Even with her permission he was exceedingly gentle. The tips of his fingers danced across her nether lips before it finally joined its brother inside of her.

“Don’t forget her clit.” Elia said but her fingers were there to show Jon. As he stroked in and out of her, Elia rubbed circles over her clit. The pleasure was intense and Lyanna could not help the sounds that escaped her lips. “Naughty mama, letting your son and wife play with you.” Elia breathed into her ear.

Elia raised her fingers to Jon’s mouth and he was soon tasting her again. “Do you want to taste from the source?” She asked.
Lyanna’s breath hitched as Jon said, “Gods yes.” That was the only warning before Jon’s fingers left her empty. Before she could protest he was descending her body rapidly, leaving a trail of kisses along his way.

When he nuzzled his nose in her curls to take a deep whiff of her scent, Lyanna ‘oohed’. First, a greedy swipe of her son’s tongue made her toes clench. The taste seemed to drive Jon mildly insane as he all but dove between her thighs. His hands gripped her legs and held them in the air, so she was spread lewdly.

There was little finesse to his actions. He neither had the skill nor the experience of her wife or his father. His enthusiasm however, was incredibly enticing. The feel of his somewhat rough tongue digging into her as he drank her juices had her hand fixated to the back of his head. She needn’t worry, Jon was in no mind to escape.

“Remember, focus on her clit Jon.” Elia was suddenly beside her son. Jon followed her advice and his tongue snaked up from her core to lick directly on her clit. A harsh gasp escaped Lya’s lips.

“Be gentle Jon. That’s the most sensitive part of a woman’s body. Too much, too son can be painful.” Elia gently scolded.

Jon pulled away. “Sorry.” He whispered.

Elia gently stroked his cheek. The gesture was oddly maternal, in contrast to the situation. “It is alright Jon. Every woman is different.” Her seductive smile returned. “Perhaps, Daenerys or Rhaenys will want to be ravaged or maybe they need you to be gentle. The key is to watch them while you work. See what they like and what drives them insane.”

“Can I watch you?” Jon asked.

“You want to watch me eat your mama?” Elia teased, when Jon nodded she continued. “Say it.”

“I want to watch you eat her.” His face grew red.

“No. You’re a man now Jon. Soon to be wed to the most beautiful women in the realm. Command me, don’t ask.”

Jon looked between them, after a moment he gathered himself. “Eat my mother’s cunt.” This time it was an order.

Elia followed his direction. Her tongue dipped between Lyanna’s folds before she circled around Lya’s clit. She teased the button with gentle swipes of her tongue. Jon watched attentively as she worked. His hand caressed Lyanna’s spread thigh while the other stroked Elia’s back.

Lyanna worried her lip between her teeth, watching as Elia rose to make way for Jon. Her boy grabbed Elia and kissed her face clean before moving to feast once again. His tongue mirrored Elia’s motions and her pleasure only intensified.

“Do you like that Lya? Your boy is a quick learner.” Her sister-wife smirked. “Give her a finger Jon. Like this—” Lyanna gasped as Elia’s slim digit slid into her. Her sister-wife continued, “There’s this little nub at the top of her channel. It feels a bit rougher than anywhere else. Rub it while you eat her.” Jon’s tongue never left her clit and then his finger was sliding inside of her to replace Elia’s. Her hips bucked in response. “That’s it Jon. Just stroke that spot lightly while you eat her, and she will gush for you.”

Jon followed Elia’s directions. Soon she was racing to her climax. Her hands fisted in the blanket
and her hips bucked, her toes curled, and her cunt clenched around Jon’s fingers. “Cum for your son, mama.” Elia said and then she reached up to pinch Lya’s nipples. That bit of pain mixed in with pleasure brought from Jon’s tongue and finger sent her over the edge. “Don’t stop Jon. Let her ride it out. Listen to her body and slow what you are doing but don’t stop. If you do it right, then she will be nearly ready for another.”

“Gods Jon!” Lyanna shouted as the pleasure continued. Jon pushed her thighs forward and her arse lifted off the ground. His tongue dipped to taste her center before it went lower. Her eyes widened as unbidden Jon’s tongue licked down the skin between her cunt and rosebud before snaking into her asshole. There was no hesitation, Jon penetrated her ass with as much of his tongue as possible.

Elia’s eyes locked with hers and they shared similar expressions of surprise. Jon wasn’t finished. His tongue left her ass and swiped up in a single, long lick back to her clit. He repeated the action several times, eventually stopping to feast on either her ass or her cunt for several minutes.

Seeing that their apprentice needed no further instruction, Elia merely held Lyanna. Her hands played with her sister’s wife’s breast while both watched as Jon feasted. He was most dedicated to his task and his mouth did not leave Lyanna for several minutes. Jon soon had a finger inside of her, the tip of it stroking the magic spot Elia had revealed to him. Soon another joined its brother inside of her. Elia congratulated Jon for taking the initiative but if he heard her, he did not acknowledge the words.

The next orgasm that took Lyanna was even more intense than the first. Her body shook in Elia’s arms and her thighs spread as her hips bucked. The feeling lasted for several minutes, prolonged by Jon’s focused attentions and Elia’s filthy whisperings. Eventually, she had to beg her son to quit as even his most gentle touches were too much.

Jon rose, face slick and covered with her juices. He looked triumphant and Lyanna felt her chest swell with a complex mix of pride, love, both maternal and not-so, as well as a massive amount of desire. She was reaching for her son and he followed her hands to lay on top of her between her still spread legs. Her kisses were greedy, appreciative and dominating. She cleaned his face, bit his lips, kissed his nose and cheeks. Jon matched her passion and they were soon smiling as Elia joined their kiss.

It was a messy one. A three-sided war of their tongues. When Elia was breaking away from her, Jon was there to claim her lips. She felt Jon pull Elia closer and the smaller woman was pressed against her side. Her son was between her legs, one flat the other spread and propped up to give him room. His hard cock throbbed so it beat against the junction of her thigh. Her core pulsed in response. Despite her intense orgasms, Lyanna still felt wanting. The thickness against her and how wet she was made for a deep and persistent craving that she couldn’t ignore.

He’s your son! A voice screamed in her head. There were no Weirwood trees in the south and Lyanna wondered if that meant the Old Gods were unaware of the sins that she had committed, of the sin she wanted to commit. You are a Targaryen. You answer to neither gods nor men. Another voice retorted. She found that she liked that one’s reasoning much more. For centuries, the Targaryens married brother to sister, even while the faith made their objections obvious. The small folk had learned to accept it. Is mother and son so much different? Rhaegar has no sisters but Rhaella has always been more beautiful than most women could even dream of being. The thought of her husband in a similar position between his mother’s spread legs as Jon was now between hers, sent a fierce thrill through Lyanna. If it were any other woman, Cersei especially, then all the thought would prompt would be jealousy. But if her husband had shown his mother love as Jon had just shown her now, then Lyanna knew she could accept it. Did Rhaegar pass that on to you Jon?
Her mind went to sinful places. Her husband was always protective of his mother and he made frequent trips to Dragonstone just to visit. She had seen a portrait of Aerys, made long before madness had consumed him. While Rhaegar’s father had once been handsome, Rhaegar’s near otherworldly beauty was clearly inherited from Rhaella. She thought of Daenerys and Viserys. Daenerys was said to have a beauty rivaled by only Sheira Seastar and Queen Naerys. Viserys was handsome as well, though not as tall as Rhaegar or Aegon and slenderer. They were not conceived until Rhaegar was a man. The crown of Jon’s cock slapped against her clit just as the thought rang in her mind, Is Rhaegar a father of five instead of three?

She rolled her hips against Jon’s and her hand clutched at his arm that held him over her. She wanted answers, she wanted her son. She wanted to watch Rhaegar with his mother. She wanted Jon inside of her. She wanted to be there when Jon put a babe in each of his wives. She wanted to train her daughters how to please her son. “Jon.” She whined.

“Mama.” Jon groaned as he thrusted against her. Elia was stroking his back and kissing his shoulder.

“I want you baby.” Lyanna whispered.

“Lyanna.” Elia warned but her sister-wife’s tone lacked its usual iron. Her cheeks were flushed, and her lips were swollen. Lyanna knew Elia needed release as nearly as badly as Lyanna needed her son.

“Please Elia.” Lyanna begged. Shame had abandoned her. Elia had put her on this path and they would walk down it together.

“We are supposed to teach him Lyanna. Not steal him.” Elia said. Even as she denied Lyanna, she stroked her sister-wife’s flat belly.

*He was mine first.* Lyanna thought reactively but she shoved that ugly thought away. “Not stealing. Sharing. I want to share my baby boy.” Elia looked unconvinced. Jon was silent, watching and waiting for their exchange to end. She knew it was wrong. Jon was just becoming a man and she was his mother. She was supposed to protect him not desire him. But she did not want to steal Jon from Nys and Dany. She loved her girls and wanted them to be happy. She wanted grandchildren to replace the children that she could never have. Rhaegar would always be hers, she would make sure of it but even now she shared Rhaegar with Elia and perhaps Rhaella as well and her love for her husband was undiminished. Why could it not be the same for her son?

Elia’s fingers trailed down to grip the head of Jon’s cock. Her features softened. “You can’t take his first away from Nys or Dany. You need to ask them Lya.” Even as she spoke, Elia guided Jon’s cock so that his head brushed against her clit. Mother and son gasped simultaneously.

“Just the tip then?” Lyanna asked. “Please just the tip. You can hold it Elia, make sure that we will be good. Just the tip, baby. Just the tip.”
Apologies for the cliffhanger. First time writing femslash so I hope that was an enjoyable read. Next chapter will likely feature what's going on at Dragonstone with Rhaella. I wanted to include what Dany and the other Targs are up to as well but this chapter is 10k words and I've written 15k words for TLE’s next chapter so I got tired and wanted to post something.

If you haven't already I do have a Jon/Arya story that I have recently posted. That story may or may not be the foundations for a Jon/Arya/Myrcella ot3 so if that interests you then I suggest checking it out.

Additionally I am on Tumblr as well my username is: thehouseblackfyre

Comments are always appreciated.
Elia

Her sister-wife’s words rang in her head. *Just the tip.* Lyanna looked to her, those fierce Stark eyes both wild with lust and desperation. Her hand was wrapped around her goodson’s cock and almost absentmindedly she rubbed the head against Lya’s core. First her clit, which drew a gasp from both mother and son and then she spread Lya’s nether lips with Jon’s crown. Her grip was tight, a stray buck of Jon’s hips and he would once again be inside the place he entered this world from. Lya’s heels lifted from the ground and her legs parted in invitation.

Her lips were puffy, parted and red. Lyanna had such a pretty cunt. Full lips like the petal of a rose with hair shaved neatly so that the sides were bare and a small nestle of curls lay above. She was so slick that Elia could say her sister was weeping. The smell of sex greeted her nose, mixed in with the pure smell of pines. Delicious. Apparently, Jon thought the same for she felt his cock throb and pulse in her hand.

“Stay still.” Elia whispered into Jon’s ear. She nipped his earlobe as she used his cock to spread Lya’s juices. “Good boy. You have such a naughty mama. Do you see how she begs for you? She wants you Jon.”

Jon bucked in her hand briefly sliding less than a half an inch into his mother before Elia pulled him back. She gathered the excess juices pouring out of Lya and used to them to slick Jon’s shaft. Her strokes were light and teasing but she cupped his sack and knew Jon was close. “Do you know that?” She smiled when Jon shot her an incredulous look. He looked both dazed and awed. “She wants you to fuck her. To bury in to her so deep that you will struggle to pull out.”


“It only took her three days Jon. Three days before she started begging for you.” She hummed in delight when Jon palmed her arse. He pulled her close. “You want her do not you not? “Her left hand stroked him faster while her right gripped his arse. Her nails dug into his cheek. “You want to fuck her, to slide deep in your mama?” She did not give him time to reply before she dipped her head to take his nipple into her mouth. Jon’s hips bucked, and she directed his cock to Lyanna’s hole. The entire head slipped inside and if it were not for hand, Jon would have impaled his mother.

Elia held him there ignoring Lya’s quiet pleas. If she looked to her sister-wife, looked into those pretty storm-grey eyes and saw her parted pink lips then temptation would be too great. Focus. “Your mama is greedy Jon. Very greedy.” The way Jon gasped, Elia knew that Lyanna was clenching around him. “I know it feels good Jon. So good.” She growled into his ear. “But you cannot take her. When she gets like this she will do anything. Anything for this cock.” She squeezed him to place emphasis on her words.

Both mother and son looked crazed for each other and Elia wondered if her words were even registering. Jon looked ready to breed Lyanna as soon as she released him. *Would that not be a sight?* She wanted Jon to fuck Lyanna and if it were not for Daenerys and Rhaenys then she would have guided him inside Lyanna herself. This was Rhaegar’s fault for neglecting his wives and Jon
was more than man enough to atone for his father’s mistakes.

She knew it was wrong to push Jon onto Lya but how quickly the two took to one another made her suspect the desire was already there, lurking just beneath the surface. Rhaenys might be angry with her but she knew her daughter was no maiden. Daenerys worried her though. As much time as her good sister spent with Rhaenys, Elia knew that she was far from innocent, but she did not know if Dany had ever been with a man. They were both older than Jon and came into their womanhood when he was still just a boy. It was not impossible that they had their own histories, despite their possessiveness over Jon. Parenting two girls was hard enough, let alone Targaryen princesses with dragons. Only Rhaegar and Rhaella could demand absolute obedience from them and she knew the former had tendency to want to give his daughter and little sister the world so as long as it brought them happiness.

Her grip on Jon’s shaft slipped as her mind wandered and Lya’s gasp alerted her to Jon sliding deeper into his mother. Elia tightened her grip again, but it was too late, Jon was buried halfway into Lyanna. He stilled, reveling at being buried in his mother while Lyanna’s feet found his hips, desperate to push him deeper inside. Any motion was halted by Elia’s hand.

Both looked at her desperately. Beads of sweat slipped down Jon’s forehead and Elia could see the tension in his arms, his back and most of all in the muscles in his legs and backside. Every part of Jon looked prime to fuck his mother.

“Please Elia… not stealing.” Lyanna begged. Her brown locks fanned out beneath her and her grey eyes were wild with lust. Elia stared at her swollen lips and then her gaze traced down the column of Lyanna’s neck to her chest. Brown nipples were erect and begging to be sucked.

Indecision stilled her. Watching Lyanna get fucked was one of the world’s sweetest pleasures and the fact that it was her sister-wife’s son doing so was even better. But there was guilt there as well. We were only supposed to teach him. And yet Jon moved in her grip; fascinated, she watched as he pulled out slightly before sliding back inside. Her grip prevented him from sliding further than the halfway point but the motion was enough to draw a desperate moan from Lyanna.

Jon repeated the slow, shaky thrust. A shudder went through him and Elia knew that he would not last long. There was a squelch of juices and each time Jon pulled out only to fall back in, her hand grew slicker until he was fucking her hand as much as he was Lyanna’s cunt.

To her surprise Jon kissed her and she was shocked at his sudden display of dominance. Her lips opened under his insistence and soon their tongues were dueling. His hand wrapped around her hip, kneading one cheek and she couldn’t resist spreading her legs and pressing her core against his thigh.

A tickle against her hand turned her attention back to Lya. Her sister-wife was accepting Jon’s shallow thrusts with growing impatience. Lya’s fingers brushed against her knuckle as the digits found her clit. Stormy grey eyes stared back at her while white teeth worried a full pink lip. Elia was torn between preventing Jon from diving further into his mother, letting him slide deep inside while she lay next to Lyanna and helped bring her sister to climax or sitting on wife’s face.

The Stark’s impatience was growing. Every thrust was delivered with more force and her slick grip was offering less and less resistance. Jon slid an inch deeper than before and Lyanna spread one leg wide while the other drove a heel into her son’s backside, adding to the pressure against Elia’s hand. Elia gasped when Jon gripped her ass roughly and then delivered a harsh smack that left her wanting more. Too late Elia noticed Lyanna’s hand wrapped around her wrist and then she was no longer clutching Jon’s shaft.

Jon realizing he was no longer impeded, fell forward, barely catching himself on one arm and then
his hips roughly snapped burying his cock all the way into his mother.

“Fuck!” Lyanna screamed. Both legs tightened around Jon’s hips, trapping her son from moving in any direction except for deeper. Even as Lyanna reveled in being full of Jon’s cock, she used her superior strength to drag Elia to her.

The two Starks adjusted their position and Elia found herself pressed against Lyanna’s side. Any protest she could mutter was swallowed by Lyanna’s demanding lips. Rarely did Lyanna turn the tables on her but with her superior size and strength, she could do so with ease. When their lips finally parted Elia was dizzy with lust. Before she could collect herself, Jon’s lips were upon hers and again Elia felt thoroughly dominated.

Clearly triumphant, Lyanna ordered “Fuck me baby. Fuck mama.” Her hips lifted in invitation. Powerless to his mother’s pull Jon followed as ordered. His answering thrust rolled shook Lyanna’s body and caused her breasts to bounce. Elia watched the motion of the orbs and could not help but dip her head and take a nipple into her mouth. Lyanna’s coo was music to her ears.

Jon gasped. “I can’t…” The shaky rhythm he established was lost only after a minute of being inside his mother.

Lyanna consoled her son. “It’s okay baby.” Her hand rose to stroke his cheek and Elia abandoned her sister’s wife’s breast to stroke Jon’s back. His face looked ashamed. “Cum inside mama.”

“But I-“ Jon looked between them both and then dropped his head. His hips stilled in a desperate attempt to last longer.

Elia spoke then, “Cum inside her Jon. There’s no shame in a quick first time.” Her hand dropped from his back to grip his ass. She kneaded the firm muscle and then guided his hips back to a start. “Fill her up baby. This won’t be the first time, nor the last I expect.”

Lyanna dragged him down to meet his lips and then Jon’s hips quickened. There was no rhythm to his thrusts, just a simple beginner’s desperation. He did not last long. Two to three full pumps before they degraded into simple shudders. Elia moved her hand between his legs to feel his sack. Spasms rolled beneath her palm as Jon fired off shots of what could only be hot seed into his mother. She counted them. Seven. Eight. By the gods she must be packed full of him.

When the spasms finally stopped, Elia watched as Lyanna’s legs wrapped tightly around Jon’s hips. The mother kissed away her son’s sudden tears and whispered sweet words that warmed Elia’s heart.

“You did so good baby.” Lyanna’s cheer was infectious and Elia could not stop the smile from forming on her face.

Jon’s brow furrowed. “But I didn’t last long.”

“No one ever does, not for their first time.” Elia added. She snuggled close to them and Lyanna’s arm wrapped around her shoulder. Even with the cool air, she felt warm and loved.

Lyanna grinned. “And I think someone is ready to go again.” Jon’s gasp and the wicked smile on Lya’s face made Elia guess that Lya had just gave her son a hint to how dexterous her cunt muscles were. “Do you want to fuck mama again?” Lyanna goaded.

Jon nodded, suddenly shy.

“And what about your good mother?” Lyanna asked.
“Lya.” Elia warned but she felt a thrill run through her at Jon’s obvious desire as he stared at her nakedness.

Lyanna ignored her. “She is so tiny and tight Jon. You have to be quite gentle with her. Your goodmother packs such a nasty mouth but she likes it slow and sweet. Do you think you could do that for her?”

Not content to let her sister-wife dominate the situation entirely, Elia spoke. “Do you not want to fill up your nasty mama again? Do you know why we call her the she-wolf? Because she likes it best on her hands and knees. Would you not like to see that Jon? Your mother on her hands and knees, begging for you, pressing her ass back to meet your thrusts? Do you not want to fill her again in this forest? To show her you’re the alpha wolf.”

Jon started moving again. Small thrusts that silenced Lyanna’s goading. Her sister-wife’s hand tightened around her shoulder and Elia slipped a hand down to Lya’s clit. She had thought she won until Jon spoke, “Why not both?”

Chapter End Notes

A quick chapter I know!

Next one will be longer I promise.

Comments are always appreciated.
I have created a monster. Two to be exact. Jon was still pumping into Lyanna, each time he pulled back Elia could see the milky mix of seed and Lyanna’s juice coating his cock. Each stroke gave rise to an answering squelch as Jon buried himself into his mother. Lyanna’s legs were spread wide in order to allow her son access as Jon and Elia took alternating turns in ravaging Lya’s lips. While Jon pumped into his mother, Elia rubbed her clit. Soon Lyanna was crying out, Elia felt her cunt flutter beneath her fingers and Jon gasped as his mother’s cunt milked his cock.

Jon’s words echoed in her head as she watched him stroke his mother through her orgasm. How about both? The way that Lyanna shook and shivered as Jon fucked her through her orgasm was exactly reminiscent of how her sister-wife acted when Rhaegar would take her. Lya gripped his arms in the same way, arched her back during her initial throes and then spread her legs wide so that Jon could slide back and forth into her wet cunt just as his father had done a thousand times before. The ease with which Elia had convinced Lyanna to descend into this depravity had surprised her. Lyanna loved Jon just as much as Elia loved Aegon and Rhaenys but never had her sister-wife shown the slightest interest in a sexual relationship with Jon, not until the night Jon had come to their door seeking advice.

Perhaps, it was the timing of his arrival. Lyanna had her head buried between Elia’s legs when Jon had knocked, and they had to hastily dress to greet him. Still, Elia had thought it would take weeks before Lya would be comfortable with going any further and yet less than three days later, Jon’s cock was buried in her. An uncomfortable thought crossed her mind. What if Aegon had come to us for advice instead? Would I be doing the same as Lya?

“Fuck mama, baby.” Lyanna goaded. Her grey eyes seemed akin to clouds in a thunderstorm, giving the queen an almost feral expression. “I want it all, Jon. Give it all to me.” Elia could see the effect that Lyanna’s backward tilt of the hips had on Jon. The Prince bit his lip and struggled to not fall over the edge again while maintaining his pace.

Lya did not make it easy for her son. She gripped his locks with one hand to drag him down into a heated kiss while the other dug into his buttocks to guide his hips.

Despite the two losing themselves in each other, Elia hardly felt left out. She rubbed Jon’s back and encouraged him with kisses and whispered words. “She’s such a bad mama, is she not?”

Lyanna overheard her and seemed to take the words as a challenge. Her sister wife planted her feet on the ground a moment later as she flipped her son onto his back in a single smooth motion. A gasp
of surprise left Jon’s lips, but his mother maintained their connection. Lya smiled at Elia in triumph. “Bad enough for you?”

Elia claimed her sister-wife’s lips again and again. Lyanna rode Jon like one of her stallions. Briefly, Jon’s hands joined Elia’s on his mother’s backside but Lyanna gripped his wrist and pinned her son’s hands above his head. While Lyanna leaned over Jon and pumped her cunt up and down his cock, Elia proceeded to redden Lyanna’s backside.

Jon did not resist Lyanna’s pin. Instead, he craned his neck to claim a nipple between his lips. Lyanna’s hips stilled as her son sucked greedily at her breast.

Elia could not help herself. “Does that bring back memories?”

Lyanna’s blushed turned her entire face and neck red. “Elia!” She exclaimed.

Elia laughed and delivered another harsh slap to Lya’s ass. “I think that the question was warranted.”

Lya shook her head. “No, it’s completely inappropriate.”

“As inappropriate as having your son’s cock in you while he’s sucking on his favorite teat?” Elia goaded.

Jon for his part seemed to ignore their conversation entirely. His hands had taken advantage of Lyanna’s inattention and they squirmed from her grip to find her sides, holding her in place while he thrust upwards.

“Someone is impatient,” Lyanna said.

Jon pulled away from her nipple. “Can you blame me?” He asked and then he rocked up into Lyanna before she could answer.

“I think that is a challenge,” Elia said. She knew what the words would do to Lyanna. Rhaegar rarely allowed Lyanna to ride him and when he did it was only when she begged for it. However, when Lyanna did mount her husband she became determined to make him cum hard enough that their King would plead for mercy. Once she and Lyanna had tied their sleeping husband’s hands to their bedpost and took turns riding his face and cock. Lyanna had the tendency to either ride their husband through back to back orgasms, regardless of how sensitive his cock grew or bring him close to orgasm multiple times only to deny him climax.

The familiar fire was in Lyanna’s eyes when she looked down at her son. She rocked her hips languidly. “I don’t think you could handle my best.”

Jon looked up at his mother, there was a warmth in his violet eyes. His lips were upturned in a confident smile. Elia thought that he would challenge her but instead, Jon pulled his mother to him and claimed her lips. The two melted into one another.

She touched herself as mother and son made love to one another. The way in which Lyanna’s hips moved as she was locked in an embrace with Jon was intoxicating. Elia groaned as she played with her clit. Lyanna glanced up at her and there was a sudden mischievous smirk on Lyanna’s face.

“I think that I am being greedy,” Lyanna said to Jon. A finger to his lips silenced Jon’s protest as his mother lifted off of him. Lyanna guided her son by his cock over to Elia and then claimed her sister-wife’s lips. Soon Elia found herself on her back. “Fuck your queen, baby,” Lyanna said.

Jon’s wide tip parted Elia’s lips. She tensed waiting for him to slide inside but instead, Jon brushed
his cock head against her clit. Lyanna straddled her face and Elia eagerly accepted the offer and buried her face into Lya’s curls. Her tongue lapped at her sister-wife’s center and amongst the nectar of Lyanna’s juices, she could taste the mix of Jon’s seed. Elia groaned in delight at both the taste and the thought.

Her good-son seemed intent on frustrating her. Instead of sliding home, his cock rubbed and slapped against her clit. The thick shaft split her lips while Jon spread her legs wider. She tilted her hips backward in invitation, but Jon did not answer. Instead, his fingers joined his cock. They explored her lips, rubbed against her weeping hole and she gasped into Lya’s cunt as one even brushed against her rosebud.

Lyanna grinned. “Is my boy being bad? You were the one who said that we needed to teach him.” Lyanna gripped Elia’s hair roughly and Elia responded with a long swipe from the bottom of Lya’s cunt and ended with a swirl of her tongue around Lya’s clit. She pulled the engorged clit into her mouth and sucked. Lya shuddered above her and her grip of Elia’s hair tightened.

The contrast between mother and son was incredible. While Lyanna used her face roughly, Jon was exceptionally gentle. He shifted and for a brief moment, Elia was ready to protest until Jon replaced his cock with his mouth. Between licks, she sighed in delight.

Already, Jon seemed to improve with every passing moment. He paid special attention to her clit. First, kissing the sides and then a gentle direct kiss. His tongue soon joined with gentle licks that both teased and pleased. His hands held her thighs apart but then they ventured to assist his mouth. She wiggled her hips invitingly. Jon took the hint and Elia gasped when he slid a finger inside her while his mouth remained fixed on her clit.

“Do you like what my son is doing?” Lyanna asked. Elia nodded. It was a struggle to focus on Lya’s words and pleasure her sister-wife while Jon worked his magic. After one lesson, it seemed Jon was well on his way to being labeled an oral sex god. Belatedly, she wondered on the actual point of their lessons. If Jon was such a natural, then Rhaenys and Daenerys would have had little trouble teaching him themselves.

Her climax took her by surprise and she clenched violently around Jon’s thrusting finger. To her delight, Jon’s tongue did not pause, and his finger only stilled to rub at the rough bundle of nerves at the top of her channel. Jon’s enthusiasm seemed to increase and her good-son grew determined to bring her to another climax.

Elia imagined her daughter in the same position that she was in, legs spread while her little brother feasted, and her sister-wife and aunt rode her face. Will Rhaenys and Daenerys share Jon like Lyanna and I do now? A more sinister thought crossed her mind. What if we all shared him? The thought of an orgy was as tantalizing as it was scandalous. Could Jon handle four women all by himself? To her mortification, that thought brought the image of Aegon in her head. Sliding between her legs while Jon did the same to Lyanna.

She gasped as Jon finally slid his cock inside of her. Long and thick, Elia groaned as Jon bottomed out. One leg of hers was bent at the knee and spread to the side while the other was held straight so Jon could kiss her foot. He simultaneoulsy stroked her while sucking her big toe with his mouth.

Simply put, Elia was dominated entirely. Never had she felt so vulnerable, desired and satisfied. Lyanna gushed on her face and then reached around to pinch nipples before turning fully to work Elia’s clit while Jon stroked. The command was not voiced but Lya’s intent was clear. Elia eagerly buried her face into Lya’s beautiful ass. Her tongue dived into Lyanna’s cunt. Inspired by Jon’s earlier efforts, Elia traced Lyanna’s rosebud with her tongue before worming the tip of her tongue beyond the crinkled ring.
Eventually, Jon abandoned her foot to kiss his mother and fuck Elia thoroughly. Lyanna gripped Elia’s feet to spread her legs obscenely wide and Jon took advantage. Long, gentle but powerful strokes paired with Lyanna’s deft fingers brought Elia to another climax. Each time that Jon bottomed out, she could feel him brush against the back of her cunt and each time that he pulled away, her cunt resisted greedily.

“I’m going to cum soon,” Jon said as the rhythm of his thrusts were lost. Lyanna moved by Elia’s side and rubbed Jon’s back as he laid over Elia.

Elia rubbed Jon’s back as well and tightened her legs around his waist. “It's okay, baby. Fill me up.” After having Aegon, the Maester’s had told Elia that it was unlikely she would ever grow with child again. Still, Elia planned to take moon tea upon their return.

Jon stared into her eyes and she was captivated by the indigo orbs. His eyes displayed such raw emotion—love, wonder, and lust. She kept staring at his face, watching ecstasy morph his features as he swelled inside of her. Her channel clenched with each sudden pulse. He swelled so much that briefly, it felt as if he would split her open. Even after his climax, his cock was still as stiff as ever. *Youth does have its advantages.*

A groan left her lips when Jon pulled out of her. By habit, Elia spread her legs and watched as a thick glob of seed spilled from her cunt to trace down to her rosebud. Lyà’s tongue was there in an instant, catching the spill before it could fall to their blanket. Her sister-wife dug her tongue into Elia’s cunt. Lyanna formed a funnel with her tongue and slurped the seed until Elia was sure there was no trace of it left.

Jon seemed both surprised by Lyanna’s almost manic eagerness and mesmerized by the position that his mother was now in. Lyà had crawled on her hands and knees to fixate her mouth to Elia’s cunt and now her ass was high in the air, swaying invitingly for Jon.

Elia did not need to direct him. She watched a sudden hunger come over Jon as he wordlessly moved behind his mother. Hands at her hips stilled Lyà’s tongue and Elia laughed as Lyanna all but screamed as Jon slid inside of her in a single powerful plunge. Jon set a quick pace, rough hands gripping Lyà’s hips as he fucked her like a wolf bitch. Elia could hear the impact of their coupling and imagined how Jon’s sack was surely slapping against Lyà’s clit.

She crawled from underneath her sister-wife. At first, Lyanna had been caught off guard but now she was throwing her hips back with as much vigor as Jon’s own. Even mounted, it seemed Lyanna was battling her son for dominance. That is until Jon pulled his mother’s hair back to expose her neck and then sank his teeth into her throat.

Lyanna stilled at the sudden display of dominance. Jon’s hips did not stop. Small, barely there thrust that emphasized his intent.

“Jon,” Elia called out but it seemed that mother and son did not hear her. They were locked in some primal embrace that robbed them of all sense of their surroundings. When he finally released his mother, Lyanna dropped her head onto her crossed arms and fully submitted to Jon’s conquest. A conquest it was, plain and simple. Jon fucked his mother with a sort of rough tenderness. It seemed that he was determined to possess his mother entirely. His hips never stopped but Jon lips and hands were everywhere that they could reach.

He kissed Lyà’s shoulders. Hands trailed across her back. Down her spine or across her ass. Occasionally, Jon would deliver a harsh swat that contributed to the now bright red of Lyà’s arse cheeks. Elia saw Jon’s thumb rubbed between Lyà’s cheeks and by the shocked gasp that left Lyanna’s lips a moment later, he had buried the tip of it into her rosebud.
Lyanna was very vocal and once again Elia was grateful that they had chosen such a secluded place. Cries of “Fuck me, baby.”, “I love you son.”, “Mama loves what you do her.” And perhaps most scandalous, “It's yours, baby… mama’s cunt is yours. Take it.” Echoed across the water and over the dragon’s scales to die off at the cliff’s edge.

She saw Lyanna shake through a climax. Jon followed his mother’s collapsing body and fucked her prone form. Lyanna rose a knee in invitation and then she was half on her side, while her son gripped her breast and savaged her lips. Jon’s three orgasms had bought him staying power and he seemed determined to showcase it.

Lyanna went from on her stomach to on her back. From legs spread to clenched tightly around Jon’s hips. Then her legs were on his shoulder. Eventually, Jon pressed his mother’s thighs to her chest and all but pummeled her cunt until he came with an almost savage roar.

Jon flopped beside his mother. Sweat made him shine and his breath came out in uneven pants. Elia laid beside Jon, her hand joined Lyanna’s in caressing their son’s chest. He was panting heavily; each intake of breath made his abdomen ripple. Further down his cock rested against his thigh, sated yet not fully flaccid.

They rested there for what seemed an hour. Curled against each other as they were, Elia couldn’t help but dose. She woke in a warm cocoon of blanket. Lyanna’s head was between Jon’s thighs. The sound of wet slurps made it obvious to what she was doing.

“Do you like that baby?” Lya asked as she pulled off Jon’s cock. One hand gripped the base of his shaft, while the other played with his sack.

Jon was raised up on his elbows, staring down at his mother. He nodded. “You look so good.”

Lyanna smiled at her son’s praise. Her tongue teased at his opening. “I’m going to suck you good.” She kissed his tip and then her full lips encased his cock head. Jon gasped.

Elia bit her lip. Once again, her fingers dipped into her core. Lyanna was beauty and sex incarnate. The sight of her teasing her son was so damn intoxicating.

“You like your cock in your mama’s mouth, don’t you, baby?” Jon nodded eagerly. Lyanna bobbed to take half of him in one plunge. The rest of the shaft was encased in her circling fist. When Lyanna pulled her lips back the shaft was covered in her spit. “I like being sloppy. Does that make me a bad mama?”

“Yes.” Jon groaned. He threw his head back and then added, “But I love it. I love you.”

That drew a blush to Lyanna’s cheeks. Strange how Lyanna could fuck and suck her son all the while brazenly mentioning their shared blood, but the second Jon said genuine words of affection the Queen blushed like a maid. You’re such a romantic, Lya.

Instead of talking, Lyanna took Jon’s cock back into her mouth. Her fist encircled his base and then turned up and down his slickened shaft while her other hand played with his full sack. Jon’s hips rocked upwards with each plunge of Lyanna’s mouth. The two fell into a lewd rhythm that created an intoxicating sight. Lyanna stroked her son in time with his thrusts, her lips never left his shaft and her grey eyes alternated between closed in concentration and ecstasy and locked with her son’s. Her other hand fondled Jon’s sack and that was enough to send the Prince over the edge.

Lyanna devoured his potent offering, sucking him with an almost fervent hunger that reduced Jon to a twitching, babbling mess. Her sister-wife was relentless and when Jon was finally able to beg his
mother off, his shaft was completely cleaned of his seed. There was a smirk on Lyanna’s face and she flashed Jon her clean tongue and lips. “Yummy,” Lyanna said, triumphant.

Jon laid on the ground, dazed and sated. Lyanna still clutched his softening cock and kissed up his abdomen, to his chest before nuzzling her nose into his neck. He looped an arm around his mother’s waist and laid a kiss upon her brow. The two locked eyes and the look that they shared was full of an intense intimacy that briefly made Elia feel like an intruder to the act. That is until Lyanna turned her head and spotted the movement of Elia’s fingers beneath the blanket.

“Did you like the show?” Lyanna asked cheekily. She turned to her side and Jon followed, spooning against her back while one of his hands lazily played with her full breast. Elia bit her lip and lifted her covers to give her sister-wife a better view. Wordlessly, Lyanna reached over to replace Elia’s fingers with her own.

“Gods.” Elia gasped. As good as Jon was becoming and as talented as Rhaegar’s harpist fingers were, neither father nor son could compare to her sister-wife. Lyanna curled her hand to play with Elia’s clit while a dainty digit slid into the Dornish Queen. Elia took her wet fingers and reached over Lyanna’s shoulder to offer them to Jon. He cleaned each one eagerly.

Lyanna pressed her soft lips against Elia’s own and Elia returned the kiss eagerly. For a time, Jon seemed content to watch the Queens but his grip on Lyanna’s body grew rougher and Elia watched as he kissed down his mother’s spine. Lyanna squirmed in Elia’s arms and then the Northern Queen released a surprised squeak.

“Is he?” Again? Lyanna nodded and her eyes closed in bliss. Elia pulled back and glanced down and saw Jon’s nose buried between his mother’s cheeks. He held one leg skyward while his nose and tongue alternated between Lyana’s holes. Their positioning was too awkward to hold for long and Jon rolled Lyanna onto her back.

“Sit on her face,” Jon said to Elia. The sudden authoritative tone sent a delightful shiver down Elia’s spine. It was a stark contrast to the shy and unsure of himself boy that Jon had been at the beginning of their liaison. She followed the order eagerly and settled herself over Lyanna’s lips. Her sister-wife took to the task of her pleasure with the same enthusiasm and the first swipe of Lyanna’s tongue across Elia’s clit made her shake.

Elia glanced over her shoulder and saw Jon had spread his mother’s legs wide, so both her cunt and ass were bared to him. He placed a final kiss on Lyanna’s clit before rising to position himself. Perhaps it was the gift of youth or the novelty of the situation, but Jon’s cock was long, thick and as hard as ever. He slapped the fat tip against Lyanna’s clit before sliding half of his crown into his mother.

“Tease her.” Elia counseled before he could slide deeper. Jon nodded and with visible strain pulled his hips back, so his cock popped out. Lyanna whined at the sudden loss but Elia gripped her sister’s wife hair and pressed her cunt harder onto Lyanna’s face before she could protest. Jon proceeded to try his best to drive his mother mad. His thumb joined to play with Lyanna’s clit while he slid the full of his length against her core.

Lyanna’s pleas died in the folds of Elia’s cunt. The Dornish Queen was relentless. “Get me off first and then your son will fuck you. Not before.” She relished in the power that she had over Lyanna and rode the Northern Queen’s face like she would a cock. Lyanna’s fingers gripped Elia’s backside with enough pressure that Elia feared she would bruise. The slight pain mixed with the maddening pleasure of Lyanna’s tongue snaking across her clit sent Elia over the edge. Her toes curled and if it weren’t for Lyanna’s supporting grip, Elia would have fallen forward.
“Jon—“ Lyanna started but her son was already sliding into her. This time he plunged to the root in a single motion. Tired again, Elia watched as Jon made love to his mother. Both of their recent climaxes gave the duo incredible stamina. Lyanna did not move from her back. Instead, she used her hands and feet to caress Jon’s back and sides. Their lips and tongue were locked more often than not but when they parted Jon’s lips were pressing against his mother’s brow or her nose or her cheek and occasionally he bent his neck to pull a nipple into his mouth.

“I love you,” Jon whispered, not for the first time.

Lyanna smiled warmly at her son. “I love you too my son.”

Jon seemed inflamed by those words and the pace of his hips increased. He traced the column of Lyanna’s neck with tongue and teeth. Lyanna turned her head to grant him greater access. “Mine.” Jon groaned.

With a small gasp, Lyanna agreed. “Yours. Cum for me baby. Cum for mama.”

Jon plunged his cock into her with short deep thrust. One arm balanced him above his mother while the other clutched possessively at her hip. “I want to watch you too.” Jon protested.

Lyanna’s fingers found her core and Jon watched both their connection and how Lyanna’s fingers danced over her nub. Jon’s pace increased and Lyanna’s legs lifted into the air in offer. She winced at particularly deep thrust and Jon tried to slow. “No baby. I am just really sensitive.”

“Do you want me to stop?” Jon asked with worry in his voice.

Lyanna shook her head and abandoned her core to grip Jon’s backside, pulling him deeper. “I want to feel you cum in me. Use me, baby. Be rough and take me.” Jon gasped when Lyanna bit his lip.

“You’re so tight.” Jon’s words were almost pained, but his eyes were filled with lust and awe.

“You like how I squeeze you?” Lyanna must have done it again as Jon’s pace suddenly faltered. “I am going to milk you as you fuck me. Do you want me to teach your wives how to do that? Which one first? Your big sister or your little aunt?”

“Mother.” Jon groaned once again. Lyanna dug her nails into his backside until Jon pinned her wrist over her head. He rose on one arm and fucked Lyanna with powerful strokes that shook her breasts.

“In me.” Lyanna reminded. “I want to feel you leak out of me.” That sentence was more than enough, and Jon shuddered as he fucked what must have been the very last of his seed into Lyanna.

Afterward the three of them laid there on the sand dozing in the afternoon sun underneath a thin silken blanket. Jon was between the two Queens. His fingers idly played with the locks of his mother’s hair while his other arm was looped around Elia’s torso, holding the small Dornish woman close. “What will we do when we get back to King’s Landing?” Jon asked.

Lyanna wrinkled her nose and buried her face deeper into her son’s neck. She groaned unintelligibly.

Elia laughed. “I think she means that discretion will be needed. Varys has his little birds running throughout the castle, collecting secrets. There is the Kingsguard as well. They are obligated to share any secrets they hear with their King.”

The mention of his father brought a profound look of guilt to Jon’s face. “Father will be mad, won’t
he? I should have not—Elia quieted Jon with a finger laid across his lips.

“Your father has much to answer for himself. For months, he has neglected both Lyanna and me.”

Granted having sex with his youngest son is probably not the best course of action. Jon’s fears were not assuaged by her answer.

“Don’t worry, my son. Everything will be fine in the end. No harm will come to you.” Lyanna said with a smile.

Jon frowned in return. “I am not worried about myself.”

Lyanna stroked her son’s cheek. “Rhaegar would never harm Elia nor I. We can be sure of that. And I think he might be more understanding than you could think.”

“What do you mean?” Elia questioned.

Lyanna shrugged noncommittally. “Just a thought that I had. I may be wrong, but have you ever wondered why Rhaegar spends so much time at Dragonstone?”

“To see grandmother,” Jon said, oblivious to the true nature of Lyanna’s question.

“You think Rhaegar and Rhaella have done, what we have done?” Elia asked. The news should have been surprising. Shocking or revolting even. In any other family, it would have been. Elia remembered her days in Aerys’s court. Rhaella’s sadness had been palpable and only seemed to abate when her son was near. She remembered how angry he would get when tales of Rhaella’s abuse at the hands of his father would reach his ears. Most of all, Elia remembered the fear on Aerys’s face when Rhaegar fed him to Balerion.

“I intend to ask our good mother the next time that I see her.”

**Rhaegar Targaryen**

Before him, two basilisks as large as lions fought for space and breeding rights on the banks of a murky river. At the center of the water, sat a large red rock where dozens of female basilisks rested in the heat of the sun. Deep hisses reverberated from the chests of the males. Mud and blood were flung into the air as they rolled and snapped at each other. Curious, Rhaegar lingered. His spectral form floated unseen above the infested waters.

There were hundreds of other basilisks along the wide banks. Some were the size of house cats, most were as large as dogs. A dozen other males feinted and postured for dominance, but no display was as fierce as the one between these two males. They were the greatest of this colony and would win the right to breed with dozens of the strongest females. One basilisk was dark brown, almost black with bright purple stripes lining its sides, the other a pale cream with red stripes adorning its wide, triangular face. Their back and side scales formed a tough armor, but their underbellies were made of softer flesh.

Strong hind legs flexed, and the dark basilisk leapt into the air as if his muscles were springs. The claws on its slender forelegs tore at its opponent’s sides while its wide mouth angled for the neck. The males kicked, rolled and clawed until the pale basilisk mounted a bloodied retreat. Rhaegar moved on as the dark basilisk released a caw of victory.

A dark spotted sea moved under him. The shallow sea floor was pocketed with deep caverns that opened to subterranean abysses. Thirty leagues passed in an instant before Rhaegar came upon
another isle.

The strain of gazing at such a great distance was beginning to wear on him. His vision was blurred as if a lens was out of focus.

This new isle was dominated by ugly twisting trees. Their gnarled roots groped the ground like hands. Beneath the canopy, the shadows were impenetrable. Strange cries filled the air, basilisks, birds and higher pitched cries that Rhaegar could not discern.

It was the activity in the clearing below that captured Rhaegar’s attention. There was a great gathering of men, women, and children. They were all bare-chested with tan skin that stretched thinly over sharp shoulders, protruding bellies, and rigged spines. Big black eyes dominated their faces, fat lips and slit-like nostrils sat under the dark orbs. All swayed to the savage beat of drums. The women threw back their heads and released sighs of ecstasy while the men bellowed and beat their sticks against the earth.

Before the hundreds of strange folk, a black monolith of greasy black stone stood taller than forty feet. It was a grotesquery, shaped like a toad but more horrible than anything that nature could produce. Each boil on its black skin seemed to give birth to some other denizen from the seven hells. Rhaegar could see sea snakes, shrieks, gargoyles, deformed men with fish like heads and black scaly skin, monstrous whales and creatures whose forms, Rhaegar could not identify. The carvings were as lifelike as the many figures that adorned Dragonstone’s black, crenellated walls yet they lacked the elegance of the Valyrian architecture.

The heavy drums took another beat and Rhaegar watched in horror as the fishermen led prisoners from beneath the darkness of the trees. He recognized the eight Naathi, so peaceful that they walked alongside their captors with bound hands and without a struggle. The other prisoners were not so placid. Lyseni sailors with pale blonde hair bit and scratched until the fish people beat them with sticks. Tyroshi whose garishly dyed hair and beards were fading, screamed for mercy. Dark Ghiscari wept in dirtied rags. There were brindled men who were so thickly muscled that it took six of the Toad Isle inhabitants to move each prisoner. Two led from each of the brindled men’s bound arms while the other four walked closely by with crude spears clenched in their fists. A black skinned Summer Islander ripped a bone dagger from his captor’s waist and buried into the man’s chest before he was fell upon.

Those held in esteem on the Toad Isle were easy to identify. Five Priestesses wore shirts of glimmering scale with headdresses of seaweed. All had bald heads and seemed to stand taller and straighter than the rest of the masses. The Toad Isle men forced the twenty prisoners to their knees at a cliff that towered fifty feet above a frothing sea. One by one, the Priestesses opened the throats of the captives with daggers made of bone. The bodies were dumped into the sea, each splash seemed to make the chanting of the crowd grow louder. When the last body had been swallowed by the churning sea, the lead Priestess, a woman in golden scale and headdress of bright feathers, walked to the edge of the cliff, looked back to the crowd before slitting her own wrists and throat and falling back into the waves. Something stirred in the water.

A hand on his shoulder drew him away from the isle. Before him sat a green obsidian candle on a table of black Ashwood. The candle was three feet high with ridges as sharp as a sword. Elaborate Valyrian glyphs done in white and red were adorned along its length. Rhaegar rose to alertness with a shaky breath. He coughed.

Daenerys’ bright lilac eyes stared back at him, filled with worry. “Rhaegar, are you well?”

He nodded but took a long draught of lemon water to compose himself.
“What did you see father?” Aegon insisted. He sat at the opposite end of the long table.

“Human sacrifices. A larger one this time. A ship must have beached on the isles recently.” Rhaegar answered his eldest child. That promoted frowns from all his war council.

“Pirates or fortifications?” Ser Arthur asked.

“None that I could see, Quaithe?” Rhaegar asked the red woman. Her robes were dark black today. On her neck, she wore an elaborate silver neck dress held together by a sapphire choker with an onyx clasp. Her face was concealed by a red lacquered mask.

“None. Our enemies seem to have the ability to hide from us.” The Priestess of the shadows answered.

Rhaegar’s war council pondered over the woman’s words. He had brought three of his children with him. Aegon was dressed in short-sleeved black shirt with an overlaying vest of studded leather. His silver blonde braid was thrown over one shoulder. His face was smooth shaven, so alike that Rhaegar thought it was akin to looking in a mirror. Aegon’s Valyrian steel sword, Dark Sister, sat close to him, ever present. There were a number of great lords between Rhaegar and his son. Robert Baratheon, the Stark brothers, Randyll Tarly and Ser Garlan Tyrell sent in place of the knight’s father. The Kingsguard knights sat at opposite of the lords, Ser Arthur, Ser Barristan and Ser Oswell in pale white armor and cloaks the color of freshly fallen snow. Rhaegar’s girls sat on either side of him. Both wore beautiful dresses of cream and lilac, thin and well suited for the warm climate of Lys. Quaithe leaned on the far wall behind Daenerys.

“Does it matter? The shits are probably in caves or away at sea. They will not know what hit them when we land.” Robert Baratheon boomed. He had a black beard that entirely encased his jawline. Sweat made his bare arms and shoulders look even more massive. If there was any man more suited to lead the vanguard of the assault, Rhaegar did not know him.

“Blindness is not an issue that should be ignored. Our enemy possesses an ability that they should not have. This suggests that they are skilled in ways that we did not anticipate.” Quaithe’s words were a lie. The two of them had suspected that their enemy might possess such an ability. However, to such a great degree is what surprised them. The near entirety of the isles remains hidden to us. That should not be possible.

“They can hide all they want. Dragon fire will burn them all the same.” Robert Baratheon, Brandon Stark, and Randyll Tarly nodded along with Aegon’s words.

“Hostages, Aegon or have you forgotten?” Daenerys scolded gently. Aegon’s eyes narrowed but they were without malice.

“Princess Daenerys speaks wisely. I would not put it past this corsair to use his slaves as human shields.” Ser Garlan spoke.

“What are your thoughts, father?” Rhaenys asked. His daughter spoke her opinion sparingly, preferring to listen and absorb before letting her own bias to be known. Her dark hair fell loose about her shoulders, framing high cheekbones and pale-olive skin.

“It is best if we proceed with caution. And for you all to wear the wards that Quaithe has prepared for you.” Rhaegar answered. He looked pointedly to his children. Rhaenys wore her bracelet of golden obsidian but Daenerys’s was missing. She blushed under Rhaegar’s glare. Aegon reached under his shirt and held up a pendant of green obsidian. The Kingsguard had followed Rhaegar’s instruction but the lords looked chastised as well. “Go find them before you head back to the city.
This meeting is adjourned.” Before his children could shuffle out of the room along with the lords, Rhaegar held up a hand to stop them.

When they were alone he said, “I want you all to take this seriously. Every single person in our army is more expendable than the three of you.”

“You worry too much father. Fifteen thousand men and four dragons, how can the pirates hope to stand against us?” Aegon questioned. He was as tall as his father now. And likely a better warrior now as well. Rhaegar mused. Aegon had taken to the blade quickly as a child and his reputation as a swordsman only grew in his time at Storm’s End. He thinks like a warrior, like a dragonlord. But even steel and fire can be eclipsed by shadows.

“There is a possibility that this Corsair King has a shadowbinder in his court.” Quaithe answered. Aegon glared at the woman.

“Like yourself then?”

“Likely much less capable, but yes.” Rhaegar imagined the smile behind her mask. “Glass candles burned endlessly in the eternal city even when magic was but an ember in the greater world. That magic is rooted in shadow and fire. All of which a shadowbinder must learn to respect or master, less they be consumed.”

“Duly noted.” Aegon deadpanned.

“You should rest,” Daenerys said to Rhaegar. He did feel tired. The logistics of moving such a large force at such a great distance had many difficulties. Amongst them was placating the merchant lords and their magisters of Lys. Many held long-standing grievances after a tax was instituted on trade passing through the Stepstones and the occupation of the city by the Westerosi navy and four dragons put many of the merchant lords on edge. Not that Rhaegar could blame them. If he should choose it, their force was enough to completely dominate the free city and much of the continent beyond. Aegon is right, no conventional force could stand against us.

“I will.” When there is time. There is reading to be done. Grandmaester Marwyn had scoured the secret vaults of the Citadel for Valyria’s lost tomes; Rhaegar had brought those that he thought would be most useful while Marwyn was tasked with categorizing and documenting the rest. The Citadel’s conclave had protested but they could do little in the way of a royal decree.

Daenerys’s frown told Rhaegar that she did not believe him, but she remained quiet. Even her frown looks like mother’s. Daenerys and their mother shared the same silver-blonde hair and slender forms. The same pretty pink lips and the same pale skin. He brushed a strand of from her cheek and kissed her forehead. “Believe me.” He told her.

Quaithe stepped to his side. “Do not remove your wards even when you sleep. Dreams are when we are the most aware and the most vulnerable, where light and shadow are one. Without those wards, your minds will be a doorway unguarded.”

Rhaegar was pleased to see his children seemed to take Quiathe’s advice seriously. He kissed his daughters cheeks and told his son, “Behave yourself.” Aegon rolled his eyes while Daenerys and Rhaenys laughed knowingly.


“If I may be blunt my king, you look like shit. Rest would do you well.”
Rhaegar laughed. “Duly noted but I will order you to take your own advice as well. Between our journey to Lys and our stay here, I do not believe that I have seen you or any of your brothers sleep. Surely even knights of the Kingsguard need rest?”

“It is my shift to watch over you, my king.” Ser Arthur answered.

Rhaegar waved his concern away. “There are fifteen thousand Westerosi in the city, surely there are knights who are willing to defend me and my family? You can find two to post at my door and I promise not to leave my rooms until morning. That is an order from your King and see to it that your brothers are relieved as well. I suppose that I cannot order the three of you to enjoy your time here…”

Ser Arthur smiled ruefully. “As you say, my king.” It was a short walk from the war council chamber to wing that had been set aside for the royal family. The manse that they were housed in was a large one. Made of red and gold stone, tall towers with domed roofs and vine-covered balconies. Rhaegar’s chamber had floors of white marble, heavy silk draperies that flanked doors to a wide balcony that overlooked the sea. Quaithe moved gracefully to the drapes and pulled them shut. The room was plunged into darkness.

“I wish you would not do that.” Rhaegar said as the door closed behind them.

“Do you fear the dark, my King?” Quaithe asked playfully.

“The night is dark and full of terrors as those of the red faith say.” Rhaegar could hear the sound of her heavy mask hitting the wood of the table, and the jingle of her jewelry as it was removed and finally her heavy robes as they fell to the floor.

“Light, please? Some of us are not blessed with the ability to see in the dark.” Rhaegar asked. With the light from the balcony gone, only a sliver of illumination was found from the seal underneath the door. He moved slowly, with a hand outstretched to grope blindly in the dark.

There was a snap of her fingers and then all the candles in the room were lit at once. Their flame was a pale white that chased the shadows to the very corners. Rhaegar had seen her in all her glory a hundred times but still, his breath hitched. She was a woman of impossible loveliness; a beauty that a war would gladly be fought over. Long silver-gold hair spilled past her waist. Her lips were full and pulled into a smirk, her face heart-shaped, her skin porcelain white and most strange were her eyes; one green and one blue.

The temptress sauntered over to him. With each step her hips swayed, Rhaegar could scarcely pull his eyes away from the motion. She was even shorter and smaller without her robes and mask; the top of her head only reached Rhaegar’s chest. Almost instinctively his hands settled on the swell of her hips. He pulled her closer and pressed his nose to her hair. “It is unfair for you to look and smell as you do.”

Her smile was sultry. “How much does it please you?” She stroked his chest.

The Priestess’s hand undid his tunic deftly and the silk slid off Rhaegar’s shoulders a second later. He tried to compose himself and took a step away from her. “I should read, Quaithe.”

“Quaithe?” Her nose wrinkled. “It is just us now my King, I would prefer that you would use my true name.”

Rhaegar grit his teeth. “Sheira—Before he could say another word, she was tugging on his locks and pulling him into a kiss. And then Rhaegar was lost.
To answer some of your questions, yes this will have a plot outside of the milf smut. I haven't decided how long this one will be but expect more Essos POVs in later chapters.

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