

“Finally,” Jon Snow thought to himself as he spotted his disguised father outside the river gate, known as the mud gate to those who lived near it.

The son of the rogue prince and the bastard daughter of the former lord of Winterfell, Jon was well used to dealing with his father’s mercurial nature, having spent much of his life with the man. He had spent the first several years of his life in the north before his mother died of a sudden illness, and he had been left on his own. His grandsire had been dutiful enough to see to his bastard’s well-being, but that regard did not extend to him. Thankfully, his mother had been frugal through her short life and had saved enough of the meager stipend her father had given her through the years to send Jon to his father after her death.

Prince Daemon Targaryen had reacted curiously when he first laid eyes on his son, then three and ten. In the span of seconds, joy, rage, and curiosity had flitted across his face before he schooled his features and announced that Jon would be coming with him to the Stepstones. He had recently infuriated his brother yet again and had decided to seek glory by taking down the pirates who had been plaguing the region with the open approval of the Triarchy. Prince Daemon trained Jon himself during the war, and the bastard had distinguished himself enough in the Stepstones to earn his father’s approval.

He had spent many years at the dragonrider’s side since, enough to know when the man was plotting something dangerous. Few knew of him outside of Dragonstone, and when the Greens usurped the throne, Jon, having been in King’s Landing at the time, doing a bit of smuggling, decided to stay and act as a spy. When one of his friends in the ancient island keep wrote to him to tell him that his father had been seen plotting with his old paramour and had spoken of visiting an old friend, Jon knew he was likely coming and waited daily by the gate he figured the man would use to try and see him. The only men his father had ever called friends lived in King’s Landing after all, and in the wake of Prince Lucerys’ murder, Jon figured that there was only one reason why his father might try and sneak inside.

“I hear you dislike the Hightowers,” Daemon whispered, a bag of gold held out towards the gold cloak in front of him.

“Fuck the Hightowers,” the large man replied.

“*What are you plotting, Father?*” Jon wondered to himself from just far enough away to overhear them as he watched his father be led by the larger man through the city. “And why not just come to me?”

Thanks to his Stark coloring, nobody ever guessed that he was a Targaryen bastard at a glance, something that was quite useful in moments like this. It was far easier to blend into crowds and follow people unnoticed when you had brown hair. He had no need for a heavy cloak like what his father was wearing just then. Stealthily and carefully, he followed them through the vile-smelling depths of Flea Bottom, until they happened upon a man sitting by a fire with his dogs.

“I hear that you’re one of the Red Keep’s ratcatchers,” Daemon said softly. “Is this true?”

“It could be,” the small man replied cagily.

“I hear you like to place bets as well,” Daemon added.

“You hear many things, it seems,” the man said, furrowing his brow.

“The White Worm knows much,” Daemon whispered, and the man’s eyes widened.

“I thought she was dead,” he muttered.

“Alive, dead, does it matter?” Daemon asked rhetorically. Taking out a heavy coin purse and giving it a shake, he added, “With debts like yours, I doubt many things matter to you.”

The man reached for the purse, only to grimace as Daemon pulled it away.

“As a ratcatcher, you must know the layout of the keep well,” Daemon drawled, “perhaps even better than the royals do.”

“The little cunts make their way in through Maegor’s tunnels,” the ratcatcher spat. “It’s where I catch most of them. Know them like the back of my hand I do.”

“It’s probably best that I don’t know your name, all things considered, so I’ll call you Cheese, and this here is Blood,” Daemon smirked. “The two of you are going to find and kill Prince Aemond Targaryen.”

‘Cheese’s’ eyes widened at that, but before he could say a word, Daemon had tossed him the coin purse, which he quickly opened and looked through, his eyes widening further as he saw just what he held in his hand.

“Half now, and half when you’ve delivered his head,” Daemon said. “He’s silver-haired and wears a patch over his left eye. I don’t imagine he’ll be difficult to spot.”

“If he is?” Cheese asked. “What if we can’t find him?”

“I need the head of a prince, preferably Aemond,” Daemon replied coldly, and Jon sighed internally.

“I feared he’d do something like this,” he thought to himself, scowling.

Lucerys’ murder needed a response, and with the queen reportedly paralyzed by grief, that response was going to come from his father, but this wasn’t what they needed. Using a ratcatcher to infiltrate the keep and kill Aemond was inspired, but the man in question was clearly as craven as his chosen prey, and the guard his father was sending looked to be the type to kill first and ask questions only if prompted. The likelihood of them actually bothering to look for the one-eyed cunt when they could go after easier, much smaller targets was slim, and that would do the queen little good.

Jon watched his father slink off into the night and then turned his attention back to his hired assassins. The two of them spoke briefly before taking off towards the main road. Flea Bottom was tucked away in one of the most far-removed parts of the city, but it wasn’t a long walk from there to the road that connected the Gate of the Gods to the Red Keep. Jon kept to the shadows, quietly following them and hiding behind every other building he came across.

The streets weren’t crowded at that late hour, so he was able to follow them freely, keeping enough of a distance that they didn’t notice. Neither one looked back once, though, and whether that was due to fear about their given task or simplicity, he couldn’t say. All he knew was that before long, they had left the fetid underbelly of the capital and were making their way along the main road towards the keep. Blood grabbed Cheese’s shoulder then, making it look like he was forcing the man along, something that would help keep the eyes of the other gold cloaks off of him. Jon had no such ruse and had to be more cautious once they moved past Flea Bottom, but he managed to keep

up nonetheless and was soon following them into a tunnel, the entrance of which he never would have spotted alone.

“Fucking rats,” Blood spat.

“I did warn you,” Cheese chuckled. “We catchers could spend our whole lives down here and not get them all.”

The man wasn't exaggerating, and as Jon followed after them, not having the benefit of a torch of his own, he hoped that having soaked his shoes in vinegar back in Flea Bottom would help. He'd done it for rats there as well, and it seemed to work, but the little blighters were just so much more numerous in Maegor's tunnels.

“They should unleash a horde of cats down here,” he thought to himself grimly. *“The creatures would feast better than the cunts above them. Well, more at least.”*

As he pondered how to exterminate the vermin around him, Jon continued to follow Blood and Cheese, growing increasingly impressed by the smaller man's extensive knowledge of the labyrinthine tunnel system as he quickly led his companion through its various twists and turns. He was fully sober and confident that he would recall the way back, but he knew that if he'd gone in here alone, he'd have likely gotten lost.

Hearing sounds of a scuffle up ahead, he moved closer.

“I could kill you right here and take your half of the gold,” Blood snarled.

Jon drew his blade quietly, preparing to throw it if he needed to. He needed Cheese alive only long enough to lead him into the keep. Blood wasn't necessary at all.

“I...I know a path up, but I don't know my way around up there,” Cheese gasped, grabbing at Blood's large hand around his throat.

“We'll find a way,” Blood rumbled, letting him go. “Now lead on.”

Jon stepped back a little, not sheathing his blade, as he watched them continue forward. Once they were a safe distance away again, he followed, and before long, they reached what looked like a dead end, save for the pulley on the wall next to it.

“This is it,” Cheese muttered, struggling as tried to loosen the pulley enough to use it.

“Let me,” Blood grumbled, pushing him aside.

Having seen enough, Jon flipped his knife in his hand and threw it, watching with cold satisfaction as it lodged itself in Blood's back. The man exhaled violently and fell to his knees.

“What the fu...” Cheese exclaimed before another knife flew into his chest.

Jon walked calmly over to the dying men and pulled out his knives. After cleaning them on his leather tunic, he sheathed them and searched the dead men's bodies for anything of value. Both still had the coin purses his father had given them, which he helped himself to before pulling their bodies back into the greater tunnel. The rats would eat well that night.

“Now, let’s get this over with,” Jon muttered, grabbing the handle of the pulley and tugging until it moved.

As he spun it around again and again, that dead end became a hidden entrance, and soon his path into the Red Keep was open. His father had spoken of the great castle many times over the years, and Jon himself had visited once when the man smuggled him in on a lark. He had a better grasp of its layout than either of the idiots his father had hired would have, and he, after moving some barrels in the storage room he’d wandered into, to block the hidden entrance, quickly made his way up towards the royal apartments.

“*Where in the hells are the guards?*” he couldn’t help but wonder as he walked quietly through.

As he passed by an open door, he heard a woman gasp, and he froze. The hallways were so dark that she shouldn’t have been able to see him, but he looked inside just to be sure, his hand on the hilt of one of his blades.

“The rats,” Helaena murmured, staring out in front of her as though she were looking at someone; “they’re all gone.”

After saying that, she sat back in her chair, looking as though a great burden had been taken off of her shoulders, and her face broke into the most serene smile Jon had ever seen.

“*She’s an odd one, that cousin of mine,*” he thought to himself, relieved that he hadn’t been spotted after all.

“I’m sure his grace will be relieved to hear that,” one of her handmaidens said then, with a tone that suggested she’d just gotten used to her mistress’ strangeness.

“As will Aemond,” Helaena sighed, sadly. “I know he was so concerned about rats when he moved into our uncle’s old chambers.”

“*Father’s old chambers?*” Jon thought to himself.

That was a bit of good fortune. Not only had his father brought him to the chambers he had maintained in the Red Keep through his grandfather’s and uncle’s entire reigns, but he had also shown him one of the secret passageways leading in and out of them. Quietly leaving the usurper’s wife, he ducked into a small alcove and started pulling at stones, not quite remembering which one was the right one. Eventually, he found it, and a cleverly disguised wooden panel came loose, allowing him to quickly open it, slip inside the hidden tunnel, and close it behind him.

“Of course he moved into Father’s old chambers,” Jon muttered under his breath as he continued onward. “The one-eyed cunt has been trying to become his uncle for years, all while hating him. He probably moved in the second his idiot father died.”

The hidden passageway that Jon entered had a couple entrances, one of which was actually closer to the hidden tunnel he’d emerged from. His father had chosen Maegor’s old chambers as his own as a boy, thinking it stupid that the old king had left them empty, not that he was idiotic enough to say as much to his grandfather. It actually made a lot of sense that one of the hidden exits from it led right to an equally hidden entrance down into the tunnels, given how paranoid the old madman had been.

As he drew towards the hidden doorway into his father's chambers, he drew his blade and steadied himself. Aemond was purportedly a capable warrior, having been trained by that treasonous cunt, Criston Cole, but he wouldn't be expecting to be attacked in his chambers, at least not from a hidden entrance he likely didn't know about. The lever that opened the door was hidden behind a loose stone, and after carefully removing the stone, Jon pulled the lever slowly, wincing as the hidden door popped open, not quite inaudibly, and he steeled himself as he pushed it open just enough to look inside.

"Fucking cunt!" Aemond hissed under his breath to himself as he sat on his bed with his back to Jon and sharpened his sword. "In every possible way, I am better suited to the throne than him. I am a warrior, I ride the greatest living dragon in Westeros, and I alone am a match for our cunt of an uncle. If not for me, he would have already been roasted alive, and he sees fit to mock me. Why, by all the gods, was he born first?"

"Crowning the firstborn son of the king just because he's the king's firstborn son doesn't seem so great now, does it?" Jon thought to himself with a grin.

He didn't know what Aemond was complaining about, and he didn't much care either. It was no concern to him, and soon the one-eyed prince would be beyond all concerns. Padding along the edge of the room silently, knife in hand, Jon thanked the gods that his target was so distracted by frustration. Approaching from his left side, to take advantage of the younger man's missing eye, he moved his knife to his left hand, raised it up, and brought it down right into his throat.

"Hhgg!" Aemond choked, raising his sword instinctively.

Jon grabbed his right arm and forced it back down to the bed, frantically grabbing at the hilt of his sword. While Aemond struggled impressively in his grasp, he managed to get his hand on the hilt and pull the blade away from him, taking advantage of the other man's failing strength. After several seconds of wrestling the prince onto his bed, he finally managed to force him onto his back and look down into his remaining eye.

"The queen sends her regards," Jon whispered as he pulled the blade free and pushed Aemond onto his side. "Fuck, I hope the mattress can absorb all of this."

He held Aemond tightly as he struggled to the last, but his life's blood poured forth quickly from the fatal wound, and in less than a minute, he stilled, the light behind his single purple eye going out.

"There," Jon gasped, feeling his heart hammer in his chest as he slowly calmed himself. "What the fuck?"

In the struggle, Aemond's eye patch had come off, and in the light of the fire, it looked like there was something blue shoved inside the empty socket. Reaching inside, he grasped the hard stone inside and pulled it out, his eyes going wide as he realized that it was a large sapphire.

"This might be worth more than my father was going to pay those idiots to kill him," he thought to himself, pocketing the precious jewel without hesitation.

Silently, he padded over to the door and listened in, hearing what sounded like a man shifting on his feet as he stood watch. He'd expected Aemond to have a guard or two at the door and was relieved to realize that he did, because it meant that they hadn't made enough noise to alert anyone. With his prey dead and unlikely to be disturbed for a while, Jon decided to look around and see what he could take.

“Not valyrian steel, alas,” he thought to himself as he got a better look at Aemond’s sword.

He didn’t exactly think that the usurper would have allowed his brother to wield the conqueror’s blade, but it would have made a nice additional gift for the queen. Aemond had a desk in the corner of the room, something he was a little surprised by, as the younger man hadn’t seemed like the type to care much for letters, and as he looked through the drawers, he found that there wasn’t much in the way of correspondence. There was a coin purse, which he helped himself to, and a few other trinkets he left behind. The most interesting thing was a small wooden box, which seemed to have some sort of engraving on it. Pulling it out, he brought it to the fireplace to try and make out what it said.

“In case you lose the other one,” he read mentally.

Furrowing his brow, he opened the box and had to stop himself from laughing at what he found. A sapphire exactly the same size and shape as the one he’d plucked from the kinslayer’s eye socket was inside, and Jon put a hand over his mouth as he realized who must have sent this, as only one man outside Dragonstone would have dared make light of Vhagar’s rider like that.

“He might be a usurping cunt, and he will die for his crime, but at least he has a sense of humor,” Jon thought to himself, wondering if that was what Aemond had been angry about when he walked in.

In the end, it didn’t matter, and as Jon pocketed the second sapphire, he thought that he had long overstayed his welcome. Grabbing Aemond’s sword, he quickly relieved the dead prince of his head and put it in a cloth sack he found among his possessions. He then carefully put him in bed and stuffed a second pillow under the main one to make it look like he was sleeping with one over his head. It wouldn’t work for long, but so long as the prince wasn’t expecting company that night, he figured that he’d have several hours to escape the city.

Once everything looked as normal as possible, Jon slipped back into the hidden passageway and set out towards the entrance to the tunnels he’d passed through on his way. Just as he was finished closing the door behind him and was about to enter the room he’d emerged from, he heard a voice and froze.

“Who goes there?” the guard snarled.

“Fuck,” Jon thought to himself before carefully placing the sack inside the room and turning around. Doing his best to hide the remnants of his northern accent, he replied, saying, “A ratcatcher, ser.”

“At this hour?” the guard asked, tensing a bit.

“The queen’s been complaining of rats, you see,” Jon replied, trying to sound dumb.

“Why haven’t I seen you before?” the guard asked.

“It’s a big keep, ser,” Jon replied. Thinking fast as he tried to avoid needing to fight his way out of the keep, he said, “Twas Prince Aemond who ordered me to check the traps. We can wake him and ask if you like.”

The guard grimaced and said, “Carry on and be quick about it.”

He left then, and Jon breathed a sigh of relief once he was out of earshot. He figured Aemond was enough of an arsehole that no one would want to bother him needlessly, and he was more than happy to be right about that. Once he was sure that the guard had moved on enough, he grabbed the head, moved the barrels out of the way and slipped back inside the tunnels, closing the hidden entrance behind him as quickly as he could. He grabbed the torch, relieved to see that it was still burning, and made his way through the tunnels. He remembered the path well enough, he was sure, and that meant that he was halfway to escaping what would be a gruesome fate if he were caught.

“One step at a time,” he thought to himself. *“I just hope no one’s moved my fucking boat.”*

“We need to strike back hard,” Corlys argued. “The Vale supports you unreservedly, and the North has sided with you as well. We should shore up your support in the Riverlands and deal with these few lords who have sided with your brother.”

“The Riverlands have gotten fucked like a two-copper whore in every war that’s ever been fought between the red mountains and the neck,” Daemon said. “Controlling the central battlefield early on would give us a distinct advantage. Should the usurper, who’s green in every sense of the word, act as I expect him to, he’ll send his armies in the moment word reaches him that we’ve dealt with his supporters in the Riverlands, allowing us to burn them all.”

“I wouldn’t be sure that Aegon controls much of anything just yet,” Rhaenys scoffed. “He’s surrounded by far more dangerous men than him, and few of them are as green. We still don’t have a viable counter for the threat of Vhagar either.”

“I am well aware,” Daemon snarled, still furious all these years later that the dragon once ridden by his father and his wife was in the hands of Otto Hightower’s grandson.

Rhaenyra sat back in her chair at the center of the room of the painted table and barely listened to her council speaking. All these weeks later, she was still consumed by pain. The daughter she’d never met, the father who had loved her to the end, no matter what that lying harpy she’d once called friend said, and her darling son, all lost to her in what seemed like an instant. There was a gaping hole in her chest so gnawing and terrible that she didn’t know how it hadn’t killed her yet. Upon hearing sounds of arguing outside the door, she welcomed the distraction and rose to her feet.

“What’s going on out there?” she called out.

“My apologies, your grace,” Ser Erryk replied, poking his head inside. “Just someone unable to grasp the concept of you not wanting to be disturbed.”

“I bring news from the capital, your grace,” Jon Snow called out, making her furrow her brow in confusion, “as I was trying to explain to our dear white cloak here.”

“Thank you, Ser Erryk, but let him in,” Rhaenyra commanded, and her loyal queensguard did as she ordered.

Daemon’s bastard entered then, carrying a filthy-looking cloth sack.

“Jon, what’s happened?” Daemon asked, sounding like he was trying to decide whether to be more curious or irritated.

“Our plan worked, Father,” Jon replied, giving Daemon a strange look as he set the sack down on the table. “Your grace, your son can rest easy, for his killer is dead.”

Before Rhaenyra could even grapple with what she’d been told, Jon pulled the sides of the sack down and revealed the severed head of the man she’d spent the past few weeks fantasizing about beheading. Her council erupted in shocked exclamations and cheers around her, but Rhaenyra barely heard them, too busy staring at the decaying head of her half-brother. The Kinslayer’s one remaining eye was lifeless and sunken as he’d begun to rot, and she reached forward with a shaking hand to grab him by the hair and lift him up.

“Your grace, that is not entirely safe to do,” Grand Maester Gerardys warned her. “Corpses spread all manner of disease, after all.”

“I’ll wash my hands,” Rhaenyra muttered, glaring balefully at the head of the man who had murdered her son. “Luke.”

“He’s been avenged, little dragon,” Daemon whispered, taking her free hand in his own. Looking over at his son, he said, “Just like we planned.”

Her uncle was a good liar, but he couldn’t keep the odd edge out of his voice in this instance, and Rhaenyra looked up at him in surprise. Sure enough, there was an odd mixture of glee and rage in his eyes, and she knew at once that he hadn’t ordered his son to do this.

“The ratcatcher led me inside through the tunnels; I slipped into your old chambers, which he had taken for himself, and plunged my blade into his throat before he knew I was there,” Jon explained.

“And you said I didn’t have a viable counter to Vhagar,” Daemon chuckled, looking at Rhaenys, who was still staring down at Aemond’s head in shock.

“This war is over,” Rhaenys declared. “I doubt that they’ll be smart enough to realize it just yet, but without Vhagar, they’re doomed.”

“You’re correct,” Rhaenyra said, setting the head back down. “They won’t be smart enough to realize that immediately. The Riverlands should be our first priority, and I will happily listen to all of your ideas on how to secure the last of them, but there’s something I need to do first. Jon, on your knees.”

“Y...yes, your grace,” Jon stammered as he kneeled before his queen.

“Daemon, your sword,” Rhaenyra commanded.

“You need merely ask, Rhaenyra,” Daemon replied, and he drew Dark Sister. Leaning in, he whispered playfully, “Do be careful now. She is quite sharp.”

Rhaenyra glared at him for a moment before taking the sword, while Jon wondered what exactly she had in mind.

“Lucerys’ birth was easier than Jace’s,” Rhaenyra said, her eyes growing misty as she thought about her lost son again, “and so he remained throughout his life. My sweet and gentle boy is gone, and no death can bring him back, but knowing that his murderer lies dead does bring some relief to my

broken heart, and for that, you, Jon Snow, deserve a reward. I cannot knight you, as your father already did, but I would repeat the ceremony anyway.”

She placed the flat of Dark Sister’s blade on his shoulder and continued, saying, “You knelt to me, Ser Jon Snow. Rise Ser Jon Targaryen, legitimized son of the house of the dragon.”

“Yo...your grace,” Jon stammered, looking up at her in shock.

“You’re certain?” Rhaenys asked.

“I’ve never been more certain of anything,” Rhaenyra replied, handing Dark Sister back to Daemon. “In time, you will be granted a keep and a wife befitting your new station. In addition, you may ask any one thing of me, and I will grant it if it is within my power to do so.”

“You honor me, your grace,” Jon said, his voice thick with emotion.

“An honor you’ve earned,” Rhaenyra said as she sat back down. “Now, excuse us. We still have much to discuss.”

“Yes, your grace,” Jon replied, bowing his head before leaving.

“These sapphires are of remarkable quality, ser,” the jeweler remarked as he looked carefully at the jewels.

“I would expect so,” Jon thought to himself. “Can it be done?”

“Yes, ser,” the man replied. “This will not be cheap, I must warn you.”

“I wouldn’t have expected it to be,” Jon replied.

The door to the man’s shop was thrown open then, and his father rushed in.

“Explain,” Daemon snarled.

“I was just getting a pair of tiaras made for Rhaena and Baela,” Jon replied. “I planned to have one made for Rhaena alone after...everything that’s happened, but I have two sapphires, so...”

“Well, then I hope they are made well and with haste,” Daemon said, giving the jeweler a look that made him gulp.

“You have my word, my prince,” the man said, his voice breaking halfway through.

“Now, with that settled, come,” Daemon said, turning and leading Jon out. Once they were alone in the streets of the small village outside Dragonstone, he turned and just glared at him.

“The men you hired were fools,” Jon explained, not backing down in the slightest in the face of his father’s vexation. “I thought they were going to fuck it up, so I killed them and did it myself. Why you didn’t come to me, I don’t know.”

“Did it occur to you for a moment that I didn’t expect whoever I sent into the Red Keep to escape?” Daemon asked, sounding furious.

“Then why pay them with real gold?” Jon asked, frowning his brow. “Incidentally, that’s what’s paying for the twins’ tiaras.”

“I...sometimes forget that you didn’t grow up as a prince,” Daemon muttered, shaking his head.

“I technically am one now,” Jon said, still trying to come to terms with that fact.

“Not technically,” Daemon corrected him. “You are a Targaryen prince now, son.”

Jon smiled at that and said, “I still maintain that Blood and Cheese would not have killed Aemond, and having them kill anyone else in there would have been a waste of an opportunity.”

Daemon’s violet eyes hardened at that for a moment before he sighed and said, “Perhaps you’re right. Gods I wish I could have seen the look on Otto’s face when he was told. The others will remain convinced that they have a hope of winning, I’m sure; Aegon gets his brains from his father, after all; but Otto, that old cunt is smart enough to see what this means.”

“Well, if that’s all,” Jon said, turning to leave when Daemon grabbed the back of his neck.

“If you ever think you have cause to question my actions again, seek me out privately and do so freely, but if you act on your own again like this, I will be far less understanding,” Daemon whispered menacingly. “You’ve no idea how lucky you got this time.”

“I made fortune my bitch; I’m aware,” Jon bristled.

“You did,” Daemon grinned, letting him go. “Now, you must still have a great deal of coin left over from this, so I’d suggest, to celebrate, you go find someone else to make your bitch.”

“That sounds like a great idea,” Jon lied. “Good day, father.”

“It is indeed,” Daemon said as he left.

“Jon killed old one-eye?” Baela asked. “Good. It’s a pity he couldn’t have done in that dragon-stealing cunt years ago.”

“Viserys would have objected, alas,” Daemon smirked.

“Daemon, don’t,” Rhaenyra said flatly. “Where is your son, anyway? He’s always been welcome to dine with us, and I would have expected on this of all days that he would.”

“He’s probably off celebrating his accomplishment and new status,” Daemon replied.

“Actually, I saw him walking towards his quarters,” Jacaerys said.

“Or sleeping it off, either way,” Daemon muttered.

“Thank you for legitimizing him, your grace,” Rhaena said softly, her lip quivering slightly. “It’s the least he deserved for avenging Luke.”

Rhaenyra reached out and took her hand comfortingly, saying, “I know you cared for him, sweetling.”

Rhaena smiled sadly at the queen, sharing her grief.

“Can we just go kill the rest of them now?” Baela asked, sounding bored. “Without Vhagar, they’d be no match for Caraxes, much less him, Syrax, and Meleys.”

“Vhagar is still in King’s Landing, as far as we know, and dragons who recently lost their riders violently can be rather temperamental,” Jacaerys replied. “Wasn’t it weeks before Caraxes was calm enough to be approached again?”

“That’s true,” Rhaenyra replied, recalling both Daemon and her father mentioning as much. “The rush of battle could easily rouse her to random violence, and that’s not something we want at all, much less in the middle of the city. The usurper might yet surrender as well.”

Daemon closed his eyes so no one would see him roll them and drank more of his wine.

The conversation ebbed a bit then as the family continued to dine together, and Rhaena was glad for it because it let her focus on the myriad thoughts swirling around her head. She had known Lucerys since he was a boy; he was barely yet a man when he had been brutally murdered at the order of that monster. The thought of her mother’s dragon, who had once made her feel so utterly safe, even more than her father, made her want to scream. She hated Aemond already, and killing Luke, whom she had long since known that she was going to wed, drove that hatred to levels that almost frightened her.

He was to be Lord of the Tides, though she knew that the idea had left him apprehensive, and she was to be his lady of Driftmark, and now she didn’t know what she was going to be. Joffrey was presumably her grandfather’s heir now, though in the chaos of the last few weeks, no one had even mentioned it. He was so much younger than her that she couldn’t even imagine wedding him.

“Rhaena?” Jacaerys, asked.

“I’m sorry?” Rhaena asked.

“Are you quite alright?” Jacaerys asked.

“Yes,” Rhaena replied. “I think I just need some air. Excuse me, please.”

“Of course,” Rhaenyra said warmly.

The guards parted for her, and Rhaena walked out into the halls of Dragonstone. She wasn’t lying to back there, and she truly felt like she needed to walk and breathe in fresh air from the windows of the keep, but as she crossed Jon’s door, she knew that she’d been lying to herself. Her mother hadn’t been bothered by his presence in their lives, and so, neither had she nor her sister. He was older than her, about twice her age, and so they hadn’t been all that close while she was growing up, but she’d always known that she could trust him and go to him if she needed help and their father wasn’t around.

She needed to thank him for avenging Lucerys, so she knocked on his door and called out, “Jon?”

No answer came, and she tried again, getting the same results. Furrowing her brow and feeling slightly annoyed at being ignored since Jacaerys was sure that he saw Jon go to his quarters, Rhaena opened the door and looked inside, her eyes going wide at what she saw. Jon was there, alright, and sleeping on his back, but that wasn't the shocking part. The shocking part was the fact that he was completely naked, with nothing but a sheet on his body. Rhaena had never seen a man's bare chest, much less the delicious display that she got then, and before she realized what she was doing, she stepped inside and closed the door behind her.

“Wow,” she thought to herself, feeling her pulse spike and heat pool in her core as she took in the sight of him.

He had a warrior's build; that much was clear, with strong, well-defined muscles on his arms, chest, and abdomen. Rhaena's eyes raked over his body eagerly, a thrill she'd never known going through her as she did. She knew that he was handsome, but she hadn't ever allowed herself to think of him in such terms, and as she stood there then, she found that she couldn't help it. After a solid couple minutes of ogling, she noticed something odd.

His sheet was covering his lower body, giving her a perfect view of his mouth-watering muscles, but as she stood there, she noticed something moving under it. Instantly alarmed and fearing that perhaps some animal, like a large rat, had crawled into his bed as he slept, she reached out without thinking and pulled the sheet down, gasping out loud as she realized that it was no rat.

Jon hadn't gotten any sleep between when he killed Aemond and delivered his head to the queen. He had thought about going right to bed after that, but knew that his father was going to want a word, so he went into the village and commissioned the tiaras. After that, he'd gotten something to eat, gone straight to his quarters, and passed out the second he laid down. He had no idea just how long he'd been asleep when the sudden feeling of cloth being pulled rapidly across his body and a loud gasp woke him. He was instantly alert and reached instinctively for his sword as he opened his eyes.

“Rhaena?!” Jon exclaimed, blinking rapidly to try and clear his vision and make sure that he was seeing what he thought.

“That...you...I...” Rhaena stuttered, staring at him with wide purple eyes.

It took Jon a moment to realize just what she was staring at, and it was only when he remembered that he was entirely nude that he did so. A strangled sound escaped his throat as his hands flew to his groin, trying to cover his rock-hard cock.

“What in the seven hells are you doing in here?” Jon hissed.

“I...I...” Rhaena stuttered before promptly fainting.

“Shit!” Jon exclaimed, barely managing to catch her in time.

Cradling her head in one hand while his other one held the middle of her back, he tried desperately to think of something that could fix this disaster he'd woken to. He had a princess of the blood

passed out in his quarters, and he was completely naked. He didn't have to imagine just how quick everyone would be to jump to the wrong conclusion.

"Father's going to kill me," he muttered.

Eventually, he decided that the best course of action would be to get dressed and carry her out into the halls. Once she was out of his quarters, he could go get Maester Gerardys and have him check on her, though he was sure that shock alone had caused her to faint, and he had managed to stop her from hitting her head. He picked her up and laid her on his bed before putting on his breeches and attaching his belt. He was reaching for a tunic when he heard a soft whimper from behind him.

"Jon?" Rhaena whispered, sounding confused.

"Rhaena, are you alright?" Jon asked, whipping around to look at her.

He rushed over to the pitcher of water he'd ordered brought to his quarters, and poured her a cup.

"Thank you," Rhaena said, blushing brightly as she looked at his still-uncovered chest and recalled what had made her faint.

"What were you doing when I woke up?" Jon asked, sitting down next to her.

"I wanted to thank you for avenging Luke," Rhaena replied. She blushed scarlet as she continued, saying, "I...saw something moving under your sheets and thought an animal had crawled into your bed."

"Oh," Jon said, his lips tugging upward despite himself. "How are you...handling everything?"

He winced at the inanity of his question.

"It's so hard," Rhaena whispered. "I've known Lucerys my entire life; he was my betrothed, and I think I...I still can't believe he's gone. The worst thing is that I'd normally go to the queen when I felt this terrible, but she's just been so broken since the news came. Today was the first day she seemed anything like herself in weeks. Thanks to you."

"I just killed an asshole is all," Jon said, "and there are other people you can go to if you need to talk, you know."

"There are many things I can go to Father for, but I wouldn't trouble him with this," Rhaena sighed. "Grandmother's been a help, though."

"You can come to me too," Jon said, wrapping an arm around her shoulder, "but not like this and certainly not when I'm bloody...you do realize just how much trouble I'd get in if you were found here, right? I'm a bastard, and this isn't..."

"You were legitimized," Rhaena cut him off.

"I...oh right," Jon muttered. He had to still be half-asleep if he'd forgotten that. "Still..."

"You're a prince now," Rhaena said, looking up at him. She gained an odd look in her eye then, as though something had just occurred to her, and she added, "You can wed someone trueborn now."

“I’ve...barely had the time to even wrap my head around that,” Jon admitted.

“What did you think the queen was going to do when you brought the head of her son’s murderer?” Rhaena chuckled.

“I didn’t give it much thought, to be honest,” Jon shrugged, “but I figured it would involve gold, not this.”

“Well, I doubt she’s done rewarding you,” Rhaena said. She bit her lip then and added, “Something we have in common, actually.”

She leaned in then, and Jon’s breath hitched as he realized what she was trying.

“Wait, wait, wait, what?” Jon asked, rushing to his feet.

“The queen promised you a keep and a bride suited to your new station, right?” Rhaena asked, smiling coyly up at him while she twirled a lock of her silver-gold hair around her slender finger. “I heard Grandfather complaining about it.”

“Yes, but that...she meant a lesser lady, I’m sure,” Jon said, taking a step back as she stood up, “not a princess.”

“You’re a prince,” Rhaena whispered. “A princess would be more than an appropriate bride.”

“Rhaena, you’re...”

“Your *hāedar*?” Rhaena asked, cocking an eyebrow. “You know that doesn’t matter.”

“Half my age,” Jon protested.

“There aren’t nearly as many years between us as there are between my grandparents,” Rhaena argued. “Do you not think me beautiful, Jon?”

Jon took a deep breath, not wanting to answer that question, for the answer was surely yes. Rhaena was a true Valyrian beauty, with silver hair and violet eyes. Her heart-shaped face was gorgeous, with flawless pale skin, a slight, straight nose, full lips, and high cheekbones. The rosy blush on those cheeks just then only enhanced her beauty.

“I certainly think you are, my *lēkia*,” Rhaena purred.

“You are Rhaena, right?” Jon asked. He wouldn’t have expected this of Baela either, but she’d always been the bolder twin.

“Of course,” Rhaena giggled. “You know that. You could always tell us apart, even everyone else couldn’t.”

“It was always the eyes,” Jon said, “not the color, of course, but the expression, what I could see in them.”

“What do you see in my eyes now, Jon?” Rhaena asked, taking a step forward.

Jon shuddered as he stared down into her eyes, which he could see, by the flickering light of the fireplace, were dark with desire. He had known the girl in front of him since she was a babe, but she was no babe then. A woman grown and a truly beautiful one at that, seeing her look up into his eyes with wanton lust in her own made his cock spring back to life rapidly, until he was straining against his breeches.

“You’re beautiful,” he murmured, and she smiled widely.

“If I said I wanted you, they’d allow it,” Rhaena whispered, dragging a nail gently down along the hard muscles of his chest, just barely missing his right nipple. “Joffrey’s too young, and Jace is Baela’s. If you deny me, I’ll end up wed to some smelly old lord with lice in his beard and a tiny...”

Jon pulled her in and kissed her, unable to bear hearing another word from her lips. She froze, going still as a statue the second he captured her lips with his, and after a moment, he pulled back.

“Rhaena?” he asked as she pressed a finger to her lips.

“My first kiss,” Rhaena whispered, and Jon shuddered.

He knew he should send her away, that even if she were right about it being possible for them to wed, he should wait until they were to take her, but she was so gorgeous, and the mixture of her almost painful innocence and open desire for him was intoxicating. It didn't help that he'd not had a woman in weeks either, having been too busy before he'd started keeping an eye on the River Gate and even busier afterward. Before he could decide what to do next, Rhaena decided for him as she reached up, wrapped her arms around his neck, pulled him down, and mashed her lips against his.

What she lacked in experience she made up for in enthusiasm as they started kissing passionately, and as she pressed her body against his, the last of his willpower slipped away. Pushing his tongue past her lips, he grinned as she moaned and led her back towards his bed. She fell back into it without hesitating and pulled him down eagerly, running her hands over his muscular back and feeling his various scars as they continued to unleash their desires on each other.

“Gods, Rhaena,” Jon groaned as he broke the kiss for air, “this is wrong.”

“It doesn’t feel wrong,” Rhaena smirked, reaching down to cup his throbbing cock through his breeches, making him groan. “Let me see it again.”

“Fuck,” Jon groaned, standing up and pulling off his belt, so achingly hard at that point that even the threat of being fed to Caraxes wasn’t enough to stop him.

As soon as his breeches fell, Rhaena reached out to grab his cock, and he hissed.

“Be gentle,” Jon groaned.

“Right, gentle,” Rhaena whispered, sounding dazed as she stared at what was clearly the only cock she’d ever seen. “I knew Baela was lying.”

“Huh?” Jon asked, kicking his breeches away.

“She said that she caught two of the servants fucking once,” Rhaena explained, still running her hand up and down his length experimentally. “She said the man’s cock was half this size, though.”

Jon laughed at that, and Rhaena grinned, now realizing why he was laughing. She cupped his balls then, and he moaned.

“Even these are really big,” she murmured.

“Be even gentler with those,” Jon hissed as she continued fondling his balls.

Rhaena moved her other hand to his cock and started stroking it with both. She had no technique to speak of, and the pressure continued to fluctuate between too much and not enough, but he didn't mind. It was hard to with a girl this beautiful, eagerly playing with his cock.

“How do I make it spurt?” Rhaena asked.

“It would take you quite a while to do so by hand,” Jon chuckled.

“Then maybe we should do something else,” Rhaena said heatedly, and Jon felt his breath hitch.

“Are you sure?” Jon asked.

“This war's not going to last long now, Jon,” Rhaena replied, “and when it's over, I don't want there to be any question about who I belong with. Make me yours.”

“Turn around,” Jon rumbled, and Rhaena shivered.

“Okay,” she said, moving onto her hands and knees.

“No, wait, I just meant like this,” Jon chuckled, pulling her back so she was seated with her back to him. “I want this dress and everything under it off before I take you.”

Rhaena whimpered and trembled under his touch as he undid the laces holding her light blue gown together. He moved her long braids over her shoulder and pressed his lips against her incredible soft skin as he revealed her back to the dimly lit room. Once he'd opened enough of her dress that she could slip out of it, he pushed it forward over her shoulders and moved back so she could stand up. She did so and, facing away from him, let the gown pool at her feet. Standing there in nothing but her small clothes, she was vision, with a slender waist, wide hips, a lovely round arse, and long legs.

“You're a goddess, *hāedar*,” he sighed, and she turned around to stare at him, showing her perky breasts, capped with small, hard, pink nipples. They weren't huge, but they looked large on her small frame, and he knew that they'd fit his hands perfectly.

She pushed her small clothes down, revealing the silver curls that topped her sex, and smiled at him, saying, “Then worship me.”

He gave her a wry grin and said, “How would you like me to worship you?”

“I...er...” Rhaena stammered, her confidence disappearing in an instant as she realized that she really didn't know.

“That's alright,” Jon chuckled, walking up to her, “let me show you.”

He kissed her again, grinning as he noticed that she was already responding more actively, having learned from earlier kisses, and led her back to his bed. She pulled him down on top of her eagerly and rolled her hips upward to grind against his hard length. He grinned again at her enthusiasm and moved on from her lips, along her jaw, and towards her ear. He nibbled on the lobe, making her gasp, before kissing a trail down along the slender column of her neck, eliciting wonderfully wanton moans from her.

“That feels so good,” Rhaena sighed as he nipped at her pulse point.

“That’s nothing,” Jon smirked, moving lower until his face was between her breasts.

He cupped the supple mounds with his hands, his eyes locked onto hers, and kneaded them softly. She gasped and moaned, clenching her eyes shut as sensations she’d never known raced through her. When he wrapped his lips around one of her pebbled nipples, she cried out.

“Oh, Jon!” she exclaimed.

“This is how you worship a goddess, my sweet,” Jon grinned, flicking his tongue over the hard peak and making her shiver.

He continued teasing her perfect tits with his hands, lips, and tongue for several minutes, enthralled by how she mewled and gasped under his ministrations. He switched from one to the other and back again, his eyes never leaving her beautiful face as he watched her grow more and more desperate. Her sweet cunt was already growing wet, he knew, for he could smell her arousal, and though he longed to taste her, he waited, wanting to see how much he could draw this out before she grew frustrated.

“Please, more!” Rhaena begged after another minute, unsure what she was even asking for other than release from the sweet torture Jon was visiting on her. The pressure in her core was growing more intense than she’d ever known, and she was starting to fear that she’d go mad if it got any worse.

“As you command, my princess,” Jon smirked, kissing a trail down along her soft, flat belly.

“Wait, what...” Rhaena went to ask as he spread her thighs wide. “Don’t stare at it!”

“Why not?” Jon asked as he parted her curls and got a good look at her taut pink folds. “It’s beautiful.”

“Beautiful?” Rhaena asked, furrowing her brow.

“Very beautiful,” Jon repeated, “and it smells delicious.”

Before Rhaena could question that, he buried his face between her legs and gave her cunt a long lick from base to clit. The silver-haired girl’s eyes went wide as saucers, and she cried out in shock and pleasure. He stared into her eyes as he lapped at her folds, using everything he’d ever learned from his experiences with the many, many women he’d fucked over the years. He knew that most other men didn’t care to do this, but he’d always enjoyed the act well enough. With the size of his cock, it was often necessary if he wanted to actually fuck them.

“Oh gods, oh gods, oh gods,” Rhaena warbled, sounding half-mad already. “Why does that feel so good?”

“You’ve no idea the pleasures you can experience, Rhaena,” Jon murmured, giving her clit a short kiss that made her squeak. “I’ll show you all of them if you like.”

“I want them all,” Rhaena gasped. “Gods, if they feel half this good, I’ll let you show me each one.”

“There are far greater pleasures than this,” Jon chuckled.

As if to prove his point, he pushed a finger inside her, groaning as he realized just how incredible tight she was. He felt her maidenhead and winced, remembering that he was going to break it. He didn’t have much experience with maidens, his size being enough of a hindrance to some more experienced women. Slowly easing his thick digit in and out of her little tunnel, he wrapped his lips around her throbbing clit and flicked his tongue over it repeatedly.

“Fuck!” Rhaena cried, grabbing his head. “Oh gods, don’t stop!”

Stopping was the last thing he intended to do, and as he felt her hot, slick inner walls start to flutter around his slowly probing finger, he began sucking on her clit.

“Oh gods, oh gods, oh GAHH!” Rhaena screamed at the top of her lungs as she came.

Her back arched off the bed, and her thighs clamped around his head as she writhed in pleasure. He didn’t know if she’d touched herself before or if this was her first ever peak, but either way, he was sure that it was the most intense pleasure she’d ever known. He drew out her orgasm for as long as he dared before backing off, not wanting to overstimulate her.

“You cum beautifully, Rhaena,” Jon murmured and it spoke to how out of it she still was that she didn’t blush in response.

“I think...I saw...the heavens,” Rhaena panted, making him laugh. “What...was that?”

“But a taste of the pleasures I’ll show you,” Jon replied, kissing her softly.

“Inside,” Rhaena gasped. “I need you inside me, Jon.”

“This will hurt,” Jon warned her. “You’re very wet but very tight too, and your maidenhead is intact.”

“I know,” Rhaena said, blushing, “but it would be yours anyway if I were to be your bride, and I would rather our first night as husband and wife be without pain.”

The reminder of what she’d proposed broke through the haze of lust that had overtaken his mind and made Jon pause. He’d never truly imagined taking a wife, figuring that he’d spend his life as an instrument of his family’s will and take his pleasures where he liked. If he were to, though, someone like Rhaena would suit him well; sweet, kind, and beautiful. The queen had said that he could ask for anything, and as he stared down into the eyes of the girl he was about to deflower, he knew what he wanted.

As he nestled his cock between her slick folds, she paused and said, “The pain will pass, yes?”

“Yes,” Jon replied, “and it will only hurt this time. After this, there will be only pleasure and peaks that make the one you just felt seem slight, like a withering candle’s flame next to dragonfire.”

“Perhaps we should get you a dragon too,” Rhaena murmured. “At least one of us will have one then.”

“When you can walk straight again, I’ll escort you to the dragon eggs,” Jon promised. “We’ll find you one yet.”

“Walk straight?” Rhaena asked.

Rather than answer, Jon pushed forward, and Rhaena immediately whimpered as the thick head of his cock popped inside her.

“Breathe,” Jon whispered, placing his hands on her back as she jerked forward. “Take a deep breath and try to relax; fighting it will only make it worse.”

“It hurts,” Rhaena complained as her cunt burned.

She knew that it would, but she had underestimated just how much, as she had also underestimated just how large he would feel inside her. It felt like she was being split in two. Jon knew that the best way to ease her through this would be to bury as much of himself as she could take inside her and hold there until she’d relaxed.

She was soaking wet, thankfully, and that helped him to slowly push forward. He caressed her face and whispered in her ear about how impossibly good she felt. They were the truest words he’d ever spoken, as he swore that she was somehow both tighter and hotter than anyone else he’d ever been with. After several seconds of slowly pushing forward, he felt his balls come to rest against her arse and hugged her tightly.

“Gods above, you’re perfect,” Jon groaned, his mind in a state of utter bliss. “So perfect and utterly mine.”

“Yours,” Rhaena whimpered, clinging to him as she breathed through the pain.

“Shh, it’s alright,” Jon whispered, caressing her cheek and smiling down at her. “It will pass. Just tell me when I can move.”

He kissed her then, softly and slowly, and cupped her pale breasts with his hands. She whimpered into his mouth but returned the kiss, and he knew that she’d relax soon, provided he distracted her well enough. Their kisses grew slowly more heated, and he began to knead her sensitive mounds, rolling her nipples between his fingers. Bit by bit, he felt her tight inner walls relax, and soon, her whimpers turned to moans.

“Move,” Rhaena whispered against his lips, and he grinned, pulling several inches of his cock from her clinging depths before pushing forward again.

Even with her just lying there, she was already the best he’d ever had for what she lacked in skill and experience, which she made up for by having the most divine cunt the gods had ever fashioned. If all Valyrian women were like this, he finally understood why they’d always been so reluctant wed them off to anyone else. He was far from a green boy, but he knew that he wasn’t going to last as long as he usually did, not when Rhaena felt this good, and he knew that he had to change something if he was going to make her cum.

“Let go of my waist,” Jon whispered in her ear, and after looking confused for a moment, Rhaena eased the grip her legs had on him.

“Gods, you’re so big,” she moaned.

“And you take me perfectly,” Jon replied. “It’s like you were made for me.”

“Maybe I was,” Rhaena giggled, and he smiled widely at the sound.

Taking her legs in his hands, he moved them up until her ankles were resting on his shoulders, her dainty little feet pointing towards the ceiling. She immediately gasped as she felt him fuck her in the new position, and he carefully changed the angle of his thrusts a few times as he tried to find something that he’d managed to find on quite a few women in the past.

“Gods!” Rhaena screeched as the head of his cock slipped inside something deep inside her that felt almost too intensely pleasurable to bear. “What the…”

“I don’t know,” Jon murmured. “All I know is that it feels bloody wonderful.”

“Putting it...gahh...lightly,” Rhaena cried. “Don’t stop.”

Jon couldn’t have stopped in that moment if he wanted to, too lost in pleasure to think of anything but chasing his peak and driving her to hers. He picked up his pace, fucking her harder and faster, and yet she didn’t complain in the slightest. She reached behind her head, clawing at the pillows as the sensations flooding her grew more intense than anything she’d ever imagined.

Every time Jon hit that spot deep inside her, she saw lights go off behind her eyes, and soon she was soaring towards a peak even greater than what she had before. Her moans turned to screams as the pressure inside her became almost unbearable, and just as she thought it was going to make her mad, she felt something else that made her freeze.

“Jon, stoAAP,” she cried. “Gonna...piss.”

“No, you’re not,” Jon groaned, his eyes going wide as he realized what was about to happen. “Trust me.”

He reached down to stroke her throbbing clit and her cries and screams grew almost deafening.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK!” Rhaena shrieked at the top of her lungs as she came undone.

Her vision went black, and her back arched off the bed as pleasure beyond her wildest dreams thundered through her entire body. She was vaguely aware of the sound of fluid splashing against something, but as she writhed in ecstasy that robbed her of her very senses, she couldn’t even hope that she hadn’t just pissed all over Jon’s bed.

Jon groaned as he felt the geyser of fluid erupt from her cunt and splash against his balls. He’d been with a few women who could cum that hard, but it was rare, and he never would have expected it from Rhaena. His self-control, which was already hanging on by a thread by then, slipped away instantly, and he came hard, flooding her tight cunt with his seed. He let her legs slip from his shoulders and fell forward, barely managing to catch himself on his forearms.

As he gently pressed his forehead against Rhaena's, breathing harder than he had as he frantically paddled away from the capital after escaping the city, there wasn't a doubt in his mind that he wanted her every night for the rest of his life. His cock softened inside her and as he managed to catch his breath, he pulled himself from her depths and rolled onto his back. She immediately rolled over too and rested her head on his chest.

"If it gets better than that, it might kill me," she murmured softly, making him laugh.

"It won't, I assure you," Jon chuckled, running his fingers lazily over her back. "I'll have a gift for you soon."

"Oh?" Rhaena asked, turning to look up at him, intrigued."

"The one-eyed cunt had taken to stuffing a sapphire in his eye socket, and I pocketed it," Jon explained. "I'm having a tiara made for you with it as the centerpiece."

"I hope you washed it," Rhaena replied, grimacing.

"I did," Jon chuckled.

"That seems more like a gift for Baela, but thank you," Rhaena smiled.

"Actually, there was a second sapphire in his desk, so I'm having two made," Jon admitted.

"We'll wear them when we reenter the capital after the usurper's been defeated," Rhaena smiled.

"You don't mind that I'm giving her one too?" Jon asked, realizing just then that she easily could.

"Not at all," Rhaena smirked, resting her head back on his chest. "I'm going to have enough to make Baela envious as is when I tell her about this."

"Hold off on that until I get the everyone's approval," Jon said. After a moment, he asked, "Why would she be envious?"

"Baela's thought you were terribly handsome for years," Rhaena replied. "You're sure this soreness will pass, right?"

"Of course," Jon replied, sounding distracted as images of a truly impossible future danced around his mind.

"Why's it growing again?" Rhaena asked, reaching down and grabbing his cock.

"I have the most beautiful woman in Westeros in my bed," Jon replied quickly.

"Well, don't think that I'm doing anything else," Rhaena muttered, wincing as she rubbed her thighs together. "I'm going to be sore for days."

"I'll have a warm bath drawn for you later," Jon promised. "That will help."

Pleased by that, Rhaena settled back down on his chest, and Jon smiled. He was reasonably confident that he'd be given her to take to wife, given everything, though as the haze of lust faded entirely, he realized that bedding her was still a stupid risk. There was no reason at all to even

fantasize about the things she had put in his head, though. There was no way, under any circumstances, that he'd ever find himself with both her and Baela.

The gods couldn't be that kind to him.