

Five Years Later

"I still can't believe this," Rhaegar muttered. "Oh, come on!"

"Shouting at the other drivers isn't going to make them go faster," Lyanna sighed, "because apparently they're all EIGHTY YEARS OLD!"

Rhaegar looked at her and, despite everything, burst out laughing. Lyanna joined in a moment later, wondering if the sheer absurdity of their situation combined with what an absolute mindfuck the past day had been enough to finally make her crack. The loving couple laughed themselves silly together, well aware that anyone who looked inside their car just then would have thought they looked nuts, and neither one of them cared in the slightest.

As traffic picked up, she sighed and asked, "What are we going to do?"

"Tell them the truth," Rhaegar replied. "We agreed we had to."

"They're going to be devastated," Lyanna whimpered, feeling her eyes grow misty again. She honestly thought that she'd cried more in the last day than she had in years, but she just couldn't help it. How could any parent not cry when they knew that they had no choice but to rip their children's hearts out?

"We wouldn't be in this mess at all if that clinic hadn't been so comically inept back in the day, or if the Supreme Court hadn't..." Rhaegar muttered.

"No one responsible for that fuck-up still works there, and as for the court, we know they had started before that ruling came down," Lyanna replied, recalling when they'd first learned what their children had been getting up to behind their backs.

"In a move being praised by some as a victory for equality and love, the Supreme Court ruled six to three today that laws prohibiting intimate relationships between step-siblings and other non-blood relations are unconstitutional," the reporter read. "Arguing that such relationships do not meet the technical definition of incest, the majority decision said plainly that laws prohibiting them are thus a violation of..."

"Wait, is that real?" Rhaenys asked, furrowing her brow as she sat with the rest of them at the table having breakfast.

"It's on the news," Visenya pointed out.

"Yeah, is it real?" Daenerys asked, and her niece sighed, pulling out her phone and looking into it. "Yeah, shit. I didn't even know that case was before the court."

"You say that like you pay close attention to the courts," Rhaegar chuckled, feeling supremely relaxed as he enjoyed his first morning back from his honeymoon.

"...while critics of the ruling are already warning that it will lead to exploitation and abuse," the reporter finished.

"I can't say I disagree," Lyanna muttered, shaking her head. "This..."

“We’re all dating Jon,” Rhaenys blurted out, making everyone in the room look at her like she was nuts, save for different reasons.

“You’re...what?” Rhaegar asked.

“Rhaenys!” Daenerys and Visenya hissed in unison as Jon himself just looked at her in wide-eyed shock.

“What?” Rhaenys asked. “We were getting tired of hiding it, and since we’re no longer doing anything illegal...”

“What the hell do you mean you’re all dating Jon?” Rhaegar demanded, glaring at him.

“Don’t look at him that way,” Daenerys protested. “He’s hardly taking advantage of us. We outnumber him, and those two are older than him.”

“I should have trusted my instincts,” Lyanna muttered.

“You suspected and you didn’t tell me?” Rhaegar asked, feeling betrayed.

“I didn’t actually think they were dating, but when we first started getting to know each other, I sort of got that vibe from them,” Lyanna admitted. “I couldn’t narrow it down to any one of them, so I figured I was just seeing things. How does this even work, anyway?”

“We share time,” Rhaenys replied simply. “We...to be honest, we’ve been kind of agonizing over what to do next, since none of us wanted to stop, but what we were doing was...”

“Illegal until it wasn’t,” Rhaegar grumbled, running a hand over his face. “Girls, I...do you not think that envy and jealousy won’t become major problems for you all down the line? I don’t want you to end up at each other’s throats.”

“We’ve been together for a...while now, and that hasn’t been a problem yet,” Daenerys replied softly. “We love each other dearly, and we’re all happy for each other, and Jon has been absolutely wonderful since we met him.”

“I do love them, Rhaegar,” Jon assured him. “This isn’t just me acting on some puerile, teenage fantasy.”

“No, you’re just living one,” Lyanna muttered.

“Puerile?” Visenya asked, and Jon gave her a mock glare.

“I guess you’re rubbing off on me...my vocabulary...my...” Jon went to reply, only to panic as soon as what he meant to say slipped out of his mouth.

“Stop talking,” Rhaenys begged, and he sighed.

Rhaegar sighed, wishing that eight in the morning were an appropriate time to start drinking just then, and looked down at his plate.

"I don't like this, both because you've apparently been having a torrid affair behind our backs, committing actual crimes in the process, and because I really do fear that this could do irreparable harm to your relationships with each other if things went poorly," he said, holding up a hand when all four of them went to object. "Let me finish. I do trust you all to make mature decisions, and clearly this has worked out for you so far."

"Rhaegar?" Lyanna asked, and he sighed.

"They're adults, Lya," Rhaegar said. "We can disapprove, but we can't forbid them from seeing each other, not with the law changing, anyway."

"Mum, we really do love each other and...we're happy," Jon sighed. "Seeing them is what helped me get over Ygritte, and I...we are good together."

"This is just so weird, though," Lyanna muttered. "A romance with your step-sister or step-aunt would be strange enough without adding...polygamy to the mix."

"Wait, yeah, polygamy is still illegal," Rhaegar declared.

"Yeah, that only counts for marriage, Dad," Visenya replied, and he deflated at once.

"Right," Rhaegar sighed. "It is bloody strange, though, and you know that you're going to get more than a few odd looks and comments."

"You know we don't care, Dad," Rhaenys replied.

"Wait, is that what you and your cousins kept talking about in hushed voices while we were on Dragonstone?" Rhaegar asked, and they all froze. "I did think you looked vaguely conspiratorial at various points, but everything seemed fine so I didn't look too closely."

The four of them all tried and failed to keep their faces straight at that comment, something that Rhaegar and Lyanna picked up on immediately.

"Why do I get the sense there's something else you haven't told us?" Lyanna asked pointedly, and Jon gulped.

What followed Rhaegar wasn't entirely proud of as the moment he and Lyanna managed to needle their children into admitting that his nieces had become involved in this not-quite-incestuous debauchery they'd gotten into, he'd snapped and started chasing Jon around the table like they were cartoon characters. He'd come to his senses quickly enough, but it wasn't his finest moment, and it ultimately didn't impact anything. His daughters and sister continued to date his stepson, and to make matters worse, his nieces had joined in not long afterward as well...all of them. Not even the baffled look on Aegon's face when he found out made that any better, but it was far from the worst thing that had come of the bizarre relationship that every woman involved insisted was not a harem.

"This is my fault more than anything," Lyanna sighed. "I should have noticed sooner..."

"Lyanna, this is so bizarre; we had the test redone twice, I've looked at the results of the last one three times and part of me is still thinking, 'Yeah, but it's not like it's actually true, right?'" Rhaegar replied. "The sheer odds of it."

“I know!” Lyanna exclaimed. “But, I mean, his eyes, his cheekbones, the way your beards grow in.”

“That makes that one of the most damaging experiments I’ve ever done,” Rhaegar sighed, feeling his clean-shaven face.

“It did look nice until it started to...remind me,” Lyanna muttered. “I know that purple eyes are rare, but seriously, what are the odds? I wasn’t even supposed to raise Jon. He should have come out...”

“Ever so slightly more tanned?” Rhaegar asked, sighing when she buried her face in her hands. “I only gave a sample because Visenya’s birth was so difficult that Elia and I honestly feared that trying for another one could be really dangerous, but we both wanted to try for a son. We were going to explore surrogacy but then when Dany kind of fell into our laps, that whole plan went away.”

“And they swore that they discarded your sperm sample?” Lyanna asked.

“I confirmed it twice,” Rhaegar muttered. “They almost certainly discarded *a* sample, though I’m more likely to learn to fly like a bird than they are to figure out what the hell happened back in the day. I’ve never seen a more disorganized band of fools in my life; I’m tempted to sue.”

“You know we can’t,” Lyanna sighed. “A case that bizarre would draw media attention, guaranteed, and attention is the last thing we want.”

“I know,” Rhaegar groaned. “It will be bad enough telling them the truth; we can’t let anyone else ever learn about it.”

“That would be a disaster,” Lyanna muttered, still trying to figure out how she was going to tell her son that it turned out he’d been dating eleven of his blood relatives for years. *“I somehow doubt that the fact I finally know who his father is will make up for that.”*

She shook her head at that as traffic finally started to break up a bit and they were able to move along more. They were still probably an hour away from the marina and would need to arrange for a ferry to take them to Dragonstone, so the gods alone knew how long it would truly be before she was able to speak to Jon. She could have called him, of course, but ‘your girlfriends are your sisters, your aunt, and your cousins and you need to stop seeing them’ was not the kind of thing you told someone over the phone.

“With the increased yields this year from the mine, we should absolutely be able to afford the acquisition, and, I mean, the numbers are right there,” Jon explained, smiling into the camera as he spoke to Aegon over video chat. “Yes, the last couple years have been rough for them, but that comes down entirely to mismanagement, and we’d just nuke the executive group on day one anyway. The assets in their portfolio could be put to much better use by smarter people, and Royce is swimming in debt right now. Selling off this division would let him get his head above water, and given how their last several quarters have gone, he’s not going to be inundated with offers right now, so we could probably get it for a steal.”

“I like it,” Aegon nodded. “I looked over everything you sent me last night, and I think your analysis is bang on.”

"Is that wise?" Jon asked, concerned, and the older man glared at him.

"I'm fine," Aegon insisted, as if he weren't on the other side of the world for treatment just then. "I think you've found a real gem here, Jon, unpolished, certainly, but those can be the best kind."

"Excellent," Jon nodded. "I'll take care of everything, and if Royce is as desperate for cash right now as I think he is, I'll probably have something ready for you by the time you get back."

"Good," Aegon smiled. "You've really impressed me over the last year."

"Thank you, sir," Jon replied, barely resisting the urge to rub the back of his neck as the praise made him feel awkward.

Not long after his mother and Rhaegar's wedding, Aegon had, needing something to do with his time now that screwing everything that moved wasn't an option anymore, thrown himself into the mine project. It turned out that the gold deposits on his property were even greater than he'd hoped, and the mine he set up turned out to be quite profitable. Targaryen Ltd., the corporation he ultimately set up with his still vast resources, had flourished quite a bit in the years since and made good on his promise to find something for his many daughters to do through it, eventually extending that offer to his sister, his nieces, and Jon, who had discovered that he was actually quite capable in such a setting.

"Tell me, how have my daughters been?" Aegon asked. "I spoke to each of them last week, and they were all evasive. Is something wrong?"

"No, not at all," Jon replied. "We've just all been so busy lately."

"Alright," Aegon nodded. "Well, text me if anything important comes up."

"I will," Jon promised. "Take care."

"You too," Aegon nodded.

The second the screen went blank, Jon sighed, feeling relieved to not have to watch himself in front of the father of eight of his eleven girlfriends. Out of all the parents involved, Aegon had actually taken it the best, his lifetime of bacchanalian revelry leaving him pretty much immune to shock when it came to sex. He also figured he was just about the last person in the world who could judge anyone for what they got up to in the bedroom, and once he made sure that his girls were all happy, he shrugged and wished them well. The same could not be said for his mother and Rhaegar, who took quite a while to warm to the reality of their odd situation, and some of the others' mothers were still less than thrilled with him.

They'd made it work, though, bizarre as their not-so-little arrangement was, and he did still occasionally wonder if he hadn't slipped into a coma years ago and dreamed all this up, Jon couldn't claim to be anything other than ecstatic, particularly with the news they were still waiting to share with everyone. Smiling to himself, he stood up and made his way out of his office at the top of the dragon-shaped tower, something he still couldn't wrap his head around the construction of, and went downstairs.

"It says something about how my life has gone over the last few years that the fact I live in a castle isn't the strangest part of it," he thought to himself, still as in awe of Dragonstone Castle as he'd been when he first saw it half a decade earlier.

There was a decidedly rugged charm to the castle, which, he'd learned in the years since he first saw it, had actually seen battle over the years. It wasn't some palace meant to look pretty, though it was gorgeous in its way, but a true fortress instead. The girls had made fun of him more than once for commenting on how cool he found that, saying that they hoped their castle walls could hold back the horsemen to come, something he found genuinely funny. The reality was that he was living in a castle and dating eleven of the most beautiful women he'd ever met. Life was good, and soon enough, it was going to get even better.

Smiling to himself, he walked into the main sitting room and found all eleven of the girls seated, either on chairs or the floor, reading through the same sort of things he'd seen them reading the last time he saw them. Wincing at that, he knocked on the doorframe to announce himself, and almost all of them jumped.

"Still at it?" he asked, earning more than a few glares.

"Do you have any idea how many things we need to watch out for the next several months?" Mya hissed. "This isn't a manual, it's a horror book."

"Stress is at the top of the list," Aegora muttered, rolling her eyes, and the twins both glared daggers at her.

"How are you not more worried?" Gwenys demanded.

"We're rich, and we have a few really good doctors around here," Aegora shrugged. "It's not like any of us are at great risk."

"Our mother did struggle with Visenya and me," Rhaenys pointed out.

"Yeah, but your mum was a waifish little thing," Aegora replied. "No offense. We're all strong and healthy, and even the tiny ones among us have birthing hips. We'll be fine, so long as we don't turn ourselves into basket cases worrying about shit that happens in, like, three percent of pregnancies."

"Aegora's not entirely wrong," Brynda sighed. "We're young and healthy, and none of us have any real reason to think that we're at great risk, even you two. You could stand to be a little more cautious, of course."

"I'll put off my skydiving lessons until the little bugger's popped out, okay?" Aegora snarked, earning an enthusiastic eye-roll from her albino sister.

"We are likely worrying for nothing," Daenerys sighed.

"Speaking of worrying, how did our father seem?" Daena asked.

"Seemed fine to me," Jon replied. "Truth be told, I don't know why he felt the need to fly off to the middle of buttfuck nowhere like this. He really didn't tell you anything?"

"You know what he can be like," Bellenora muttered.

"It's probably nothing to worry about," Visenya replied. "I looked up the place he went, and there aren't too many specialty clinics in the area, and if it turns out to be the one big one I found, we have nothing at all to worry about."

“What did you find?” Narha asked.

“A hair transplant clinic,” Visenya replied, and all of her cousins let out indignant squawks at that.

“What?” Daena asked.

“Are you fucking serious?” Aegora muttered.

“It might not be that, but there weren’t any medical specialists there that seemed to be any better than people he could see who were much closer, and that place is apparently the best in the world,” Visenya replied.

“Why the fuck would he let us worry like this just so he could go have hair plucked off of his ass and stapled to his head, or however the fuck they do that?” Brynda grumbled and Shiera laughed. “What’s so funny?”

“Nothing, it’s just...that sounds more like something Aegora would have asked,” her sister replied, and she rolled her eyes at her.

“He also doesn’t know you’re all pregnant,” Jon added, and they huffed at that. “So, if he is there to have his hairline topped up, when do you think he’ll be back?”

“It shouldn’t be too long from what I read,” Visenya replied.

“He didn’t indicate that he thought he’d be gone long anyway,” Jon replied. “So now, I just need to invite my mother and Rhaegar over, and we do this.”

“Do you really not want to bring your mums here too?” Daenerys asked, getting half a dozen sighs in response.

“I think it would be best for me to tell my mother on my own,” Aegora replied. “Preferably after dumping a couple glasses of wine down her throat.”

“She’ll notice you’re not drinking too and ask questions,” Brynda pointed out, and Aegora swore under her breath.

“Just say you have a bladder infection and you’re on an antibiotic,” Visenya suggested.

“Why specifically a bladder infection?” Aegora asked.

“Bladder infections are common, not too dangerous if treated, and in an area no one will see physical evidence of,” Visenya replied, and more than a few of them snorted at that.

“Our mother still can’t get over the idea of us willingly sharing a man with each other, much less other women, so we’ll probably want to tell her on our own too,” Mya replied, and both Brynda and Gwenys nodded.

“You’d think our mother would be happier about us settling down, given how she used to get on our case about being such sluts, but it’s just all ‘that’s too weird, and it’s practically incest,’” Narha scowled.

“The courts have been very clear about that,” Bellenora grinned.

“Well, what we do with Jon isn’t incest,” Rhaenys purred, moving over on the couch until she was nearly straddling her cousin, who licked her lips at the sight of her. “Luckily, no one outside this room knows about anything...else we do.”

“Something that is going to need to stay that way,” Visenya muttered as Bellenora kissed her sister deeply.

Jon felt his cock strain against his pants at the sight and remembered the night they all insisted that he knocked them up.

“So, according to Aegon, at this rate I should be able to...” Jon went to say as he entered his bedroom, only to freeze as he was greeted by a truly incredible sight.

For practical reasons, he and his many girlfriends had a few beds that they divided themselves up into groups for each night, following a schedule that Visenya and Brynda had put together for them ages ago. That was only for sleeping, of course, as more often than not, they all came together to have sex, and the most frequent place they used for it was his room, specifically because of his bed. Comically large, it had to be custom made for them, as did their mattress and all their sheets. It was a bed that could hold a dozen people comfortably, and while sleeping like that was a little impractical, sleeping was the last thing he’d had in mind when he commissioned it.

Even still, for as insane as his sex life was and as much as his every friend envied him terribly, it was still unusual for the girls to surprise him quite like this. They were all arrayed on the bed, not a stitch of clothing between them, and all grinning at him hungrily. Licking his lips, he closed the door behind him and approached them, undoing the buttons of his shirt as he walked. The scent of wet pussy was thick in the air, and he knew without even looking at them that they’d spent at least the last several minutes preparing each other for what they had in mind.

“Have I been so busy that I forgot my birthday?” Jon asked, making them giggle.

“No, but what we have in mind will hopefully lead to quite a few birthdays,” Daenerys replied, and his eyebrows shot towards his hairline.

“You mean...” Jon went to ask, trailing off as they all got out of bed and surrounded him.

“We mean that we want you...” Bellenora purred as she pulled off his shirt.

“To take this big, fat cock...” Shiera grinned, running her hands over his muscular chest and abs.

“And pump load after baby-making load into our tight little pussies,” Rhaenys whispered, undoing his belt and tossing it aside.

“Can we even say tight and little anymore?” Daenerys cooed, palming him through his pants as Brynda undid his fly. “He’s ruined us with this monster of his.”

“You’re still as tight as the first time I buried myself inside you,” Jon growled, pulling her in and kissing her hungrily.

“Perhaps, but with a cock this big, we do have to wonder if that has more to do with you than us,” Visenya grinned, knowing that wasn’t true yet finding the idea hot as the hells anyway. “Who’s to say that you haven’t stretched us out so badly that none of us would even feel lesser guys anymore? Not that we’d ever bother testing that, of course.”

“If you want to think that my cock completely reshaped you, I won’t argue with you,” Jon chuckled, kissing her next.

“Because we got sidetracked, I should say we’ve decided that we’re done waiting for you babies, Jon, and you’re going to be in for some very, very fun nights in the near future,” Daena grinned.

“Are you all sure?” Jon asked. “I mean we are all young.”

“We’re in our twenties; it’s not like we’re teenagers,” Mya shrugged.

“And besides, we’re rich and we’re secure, and we’ve been talking about it for a couple years at this point,” Gwenys added. “We are ready.”

“I certainly am, but I just...I’m not exactly going to be putting in the lion’s share of the work here, so I figured I should make certain,” Jon chuckled, making them laugh.

“You’re certainly going to be putting in a lot of work for the next little while,” Narha purred. “There are so many of us, after all.”

“Do you think you can cum inside all of us tonight?” Brynda asked, and he grinned.

His record for orgasms in one day was twelve, so he knew that he could theoretically do what she wanted, though he wasn’t sure just how much he was going to have left in the tank by the time the last one came along. Realistically, he knew that it was likely going to take him a little while to impregnate all of them, but if they wanted to push him to his limits tonight, he wasn’t going to deny them.

“That’s a tall order,” Jon replied, sitting down on the edge of the bed and looking around at all of them. “I might need a little extra motivation to manage it.”

They all grinned at that, licking their lips and staring down at his cock hungrily.

“Move back on the bed and we’ll give you all the motivation you could possibly need,” Daena said.

Wondering just what they had in mind, he pushed himself back until he could rest his head on the pillows and cocked an eyebrow at them, all but challenging them to do something. They swarmed him almost immediately, climbing onto the bed and crawling into position. Aegora straddled his waist, picking up his cock and taking a moment to line him up with her dripping slit before sinking down to the root.

“Gods, I will never get used to that stretch,” the dark-haired beauty moaned.

“Did you draw straws?” Jon asked grasping her hips, and she giggled as Daenerys grumbled.

“Someone was going to end up going last, luv,” Visenya said softly, kissing her cheek, and her aunt sighed.

"If you want to make up for it, you could sit on my face," Jon offered.

"Oh no," Rhaenys grinned. "We have something...else in mind for the rest of us to do."

"What are..." Jon went to ask when Bellenora and Narha pulled his arms out. He gave them a questioning look only to laugh when each of the dark-skinned twins started straddling the arm she'd moved, grinding their slick pussies against his skin.

"You said you'd need a little extra motivation today," Daena grinned, hooking a knee over his torso and pressing herself against his abs.

"And that's exactly what we have in mind," Shiera purred, joining her sister, who quickly snaked her arms around her neck and pulled her in for a deep, passionate kiss.

As Aegora started riding him, rolling her hips slowly to start with as she took a moment to just enjoy the feeling of him stretching her inner walls wide, the others started grinding on him. His abdomen, his chest, his arms, and his legs soon all felt warm and wet as they smeared their juices all over him. He stayed still, marveling at the erotic display, and when they all started moaning, the feeling of their sensitive flesh rubbing against his skin sending sparks of pleasure throughout their bodies. It was as much a symphony of debauchery for his ears as the alluring sight of their gyrating, voluptuous forms was for his eyes, though after a moment, Daenerys crawled over and started obscuring his sight with her incredible ass.

"Actually, I think I will take you up on that," the beautiful blonde grinned as she lowered her dripping cunt down onto his lips.

More than a few people over the years had accused him of using his lovers, not understanding how anyone could pursue any sort of relationship that went deeper than mere lust with that many women. He genuinely loved them and had said as much in response to every accusation, and as he lay there on his back, letting all of them ride him together, he found it funny that, at least in that moment, he was the one undeniably being used and happily so.

"Gods, yes," Daenerys moaned as he started lapping at her folds. "I swear the gods made you to drive women insane."

"What...fucking hells...do you mean?" Agora moaned. "It's not like he's hung like a horse and eats pussy like a bloody god or anything."

They all giggled at that, and Jon just grinned, digging his fingers into Daenerys' fleshy hips to hold her steady as he sucked her clit into his mouth. She cried out in pleasure, leaning on Shiera for support.

"Having fun, my darling aunt?" the blonde beauty asked, turning to grin at her.

"Oh, gods, just like that," Daenerys sighed, her whole body quivering as Jon's tongue did absolutely sinful things to her taut little pearl.

A string of moans spilled from her lips as he kept the pressure and speed of his licking completely the same, driving her towards her peak at a maddening pace. Aegora's moans grew louder and louder as she picked up his pace, riding him as hard and fast as she generally did. Of all his lovers, she was the one fondest of rough sex, seeming to view it as another form of wrestling. Her taut, round ass slapped against him again and again, the wet sound of flesh slapping against flesh

echoing through the room. He couldn't see her just then, his vision obscured by Daenerys' ass, but he knew from experience that her purple eyes were wide and wild just then, black with lust and practically radiating need.

"Fuck me, I love your cock!" Aegora cried. "No one else could ever fill me up like you; no one else could ever make me feel this. Gods, I...fuck, fuck, FUCK!"

She wailed as she came, and he groaned into Daenerys' pussy, trying to hold himself back as he felt her strong inner muscles spasming around him, trying to milk him dry, only to remember at the last minute that this wasn't any normal orgy. He let go, filling her up with rope after thick rope of his cum, and smiled widely when he heard her start to whimper.

"Oh, shit...you filled me up...so good," Aegora panted as she lifted herself off of him on shaky legs and moved aside.

A moment later, another of them sank down onto his still-hard cock, and he gasped as he felt his oversensitive flesh be engulfed in another hot, wet tunnel.

"You okay, Jon?" Visenya asked, holding still as she felt her ass come to rest against his thighs. "If you need a minute, let me know. I know you're going to stay hard at least through two orgasms."

He gave her a thumbs up, making them all chuckle, and she started to ride him, quickly working her way up to a steady pace. The oversensitivity passed quickly, and he was able to focus entirely on Daenerys, whose moans grew louder and sharper as he started exploring her slick pink folds again with his tongue.

"Gods, Jon, don't stop," Daenerys moaned. "I'm so close; you're so fucking good, baby."

Jon lapped at her slit hungrily, happily drinking down every drop of her tangy fluids that he could as she smeared them over his face, soaking his dark beard. He was going to be smelling her sweet cunt all night, something he had no problem with whatsoever.

"Oh, fuck, oh, oh!" Visenya cried as she changed the angle of penetration slightly and felt him hit her fornix. "I'm never going to tire of this."

"Tell me about it," Rhaenys sighed, still grinding on his thigh slowly and sensually, her dripping wet pussy leaking down onto the bed below.

"Half the reason we stopped fucking other guys was fear after what happened to dad," Narha breathed, remembering how relieved she'd felt when the last STI test she ever took came back entirely clear.

"But the rest of it is that Jon's cock is fucking magical," Bellenora sighed, pulling her twin in for a searing hot kiss.

"YES!" Daenerys screamed, cumming hard.

Jon grinned, continuing to lap at her fleshy folds as she writhed atop him, holding onto Shiera for support.

"When she's done, I'm taking a turn," Daena declared, and he gave her a thumbs up in reply, making her giggle.

"I guess the girls at the end of the list for Jon's cock can prioritize his tongue," Mya shrugged, watching Visenya in eager anticipation of her own coming turn.

For the next several hours, they used him as a living sex toy, much to his joy, taking breaks as needed when even his remarkable stamina started to fade.

"More, more, more, YES!" Mya shrieked.

"Harder, harder!" Bellenora squealed. "Gods, just a little...little more, and then you can fill me up."

"Get me pregnant!" Narha cried. "I want your...your...FUCK!"

"So...fucking glad...we agreed to share," Brynda panted, sprawled out across his chest as she came down from her high, already feeling his thick, creamy load spilling out of her as his cock softened inside her.

"Just a little more, just a...a...GODS!" Gwenys cried, rocking herself back against him in time with his every rough thrust. Jon let go with a grunt, having been so mesmerized by her jiggling ass that his orgasm came as a surprise.

"Make me a mum, Jon," Rhaenys whimpered, feeling the pressure inside her core grow almost maddeningly intense as she rode him hard, staring into his eyes. "I want to have your babies."

"Oh, fuck," Jon groaned, letting go with a gasp.

"No, not yet, I...fuck!" Rhaenys shrieked as Daenerys leaned in and started licking her clit. "Oh, fuck, Dany. That...gah!"

"Give it to me!" Daena cried, staring up at Jon as he fucked her with long, hard strokes, having folded her nearly in half. As one of the most flexible ones in the group, she couldn't resist the idea of having him take her in a mating press.

"Just let go, Jon," Sheira sighed as she brushed her hair out of her face, still panting for breath as she came down from her high.

"Don't know...what I have left to give," Jon groaned, digging his fingers into her hips as he fucked her with what strength he had left.

"I...I don't know if I can," Jon panted, trying not to feel too bad as Daenerys looked disappointed. "Maybe if we wait a little bit longer."

"It's fine, Jon," the blonde sighed, resting her head on his shoulder and hugging him. "The idea of getting you to cum inside all of us was a little ridiculous, to be honest."

"I don't know how much I actually had left for you two," Jon sighed, looking at Daena and Shiera.

"If you stand up, there's one thing we could still try," Bellenora purred, and he cocked an eyebrow, wondering what she had in mind.

He stood up, feeling more than a little exhausted, and smiled as she immediately sank to her knees.

“I appreciate the sentiment, but I don’t know if even your skills could revive me so quickly,” Jon said, gasping when she took his mostly soft cock inside her mouth.

“You still underestimate us after all these years,” Narha purred, sinking down to her knees behind him.

He realized what she was going to do a moment before she did, and as he felt her spread his cheeks and press the tip of her tongue against his ass, he groaned in pleasure, feeling his overtaxed cock twitch and start to harden again.

“Remind me to do something nice for you two,” Daenerys sighed, moving onto her hands and knees in anticipation.

“Oh, we will,” Narha grinned before going back to rimming him.

Jon did manage to fuck Daenerys that night before begging his insatiable girlfriends off for the night. They all passed out in a heap, actually using the oversized bed for sleeping for a change, and while, over the next couple months as they all came to learn that they were pregnant, they joked that he managed to knock them all up that night; he doubted it. Either way, though, it was a night he doubted that he’d ever forget for as long as he lived.

“Maybe we should take this upstairs,” Rhaenys purred as Bellenora broke the kiss for air.

“That works for me,” her cousin cooed. “Would anyone here care to join us?”

They all grinned at that, but just as Jon turned to lead them upstairs to his bedroom, his phone rang and he paused as he heard the ringtone he used for his mother. Furrowing his brow, as he knew she generally didn’t call him without reason during the week, he pulled out his phone and swiped to answer.

“Hey, Mum, what’s up?” he asked.

“Jon, do you have a moment to talk?” Lyanna asked, her voice oddly strained.

“Yeah, is something wrong?” Jon asked, holding up a finger when every woman in the room looked at him in concern.

“Rhaegar and I have something we need to discuss with you,” Lyanna replied. “All of you, actually, and we’re nearly...”

“Mum, are you on the water?” Jon asked as he heard the distinct sound of gulls in the distance.

“We’re nearly at Dragonstone,” Lyanna replied, and he swallowed thickly, now fully convinced that something was deeply wrong.

“Okay, now you’re scaring me,” Jon muttered. “You and Rhaegar wouldn’t just come here out of the blue for nothing.”

“No one’s sick or injured or anything like that, but we do need to talk to all of you,” Lyanna explained stiffly. “You’re all done for the day by now, right?”

“Yeah, of course,” Jon replied. “We’ll be waiting for you when you get here.”

“Alright,” Lyanna replied. “I’ll see you in a few.”

She hung up at that, and he just stared down at his phone, confused and more than a little worried.

“What in the hells was that?” Rhaenys asked.

“I have no idea, but Mum and Rhaegar are here and they want to speak with all of us,” Jon replied. “She insisted that it’s not illness-or-injury-related but...”

“But this is fucking weird,” Aegora muttered.

“It’s really out of character,” Visenya fretted. “At the very least, I’d have expected Dad to text one of us first.”

“Mum would too,” Jon added. “Maybe the house flooded and they need help?”

“That would explain why they rushed over here,” Daenerys nodded. “They can stay, of course.”

“Yeah, totally,” Rhaenys agreed. “Why not just tell us over the phone first, though?”

“It’s pointless to speculate,” Daena said. “We just need to wait until they get here and hope that it isn’t too bad, whatever it is.”

“Maybe she’s pregnant,” Narha snickered, making Jon’s eyes go wide.

“That...surely not...” he stammered, and they all laughed.

“It’s highly unlikely, but it would be hilarious, given everything,” Daenerys replied.

“Lyanna’s in her forties, so it’s not impossible,” Bellenora teased, “and we have plenty of evidence in this room that Targaryen men have little trouble getting women pregnant.”

“Stop torturing Jon,” Shiera giggled, and he sighed, shaking his head.

As odd as it would be to get a new sibling at his age, especially after having lived his entire life as an only child, that would still be better than some of the other options he’d considered since he got off the phone with his mother. He went to the anteroom, while they stayed where they were and spent the next few minutes doing his best to tap a hole in the floor with his foot until finally, a knock came to the door. He opened it immediately and forced himself to smile at his mother and Rhaegar as he saw them.

“Hey, Mum,” Jon breathed, pulling her in for a hug and nodding at Rhaegar.

Neither one of them looked unwell, but they did look tense, and his mother felt like a stone statue in his arms.

“Hello, Jon,” Rhaegar said. “We’re sorry for the lack of notice but...”

“Before we get into that, I need to use the restroom,” Lyanna murmured, and her husband grimaced as Jon let her go.

“Really?” he asked.

“We spent what felt like two days in traffic and then immediately got on a ferry,” Lyanna grumbled. “I won’t be long.”

“Right, of course,” Rhaegar replied.

“You remember where they all are,” Jon said, and she nodded, practically running to the nearest bathroom. “So, what exactly is going on?”

“We should wait for your mother,” Rhaegar replied. “The others are all here?”

“Yeah, please, come in,” Jon replied.

Lyanna hadn’t needed to pee that badly since she was pregnant and she sighed in relief as she was finally able to empty her bladder. Sitting on the toilet and burying her head in her hands, she grumbled, “If only the rest of this could be as easy.”

As she finished up and was washing her hands, she noticed a little bit of cardboard packaging sticking out under part of the mirrored medicine cabinet, and, her old motherly instincts kicking in, she opened it up to straighten out whatever hadn’t been put back properly. It turned out to be the packaging for a new tube of antiseptic cream, and she rolled her eyes, taking the small tube out and throwing out the rest so it would fit. As she went to close the medicine cabinet up, though, she noticed a pill bottle that looked slightly familiar and as she realized just what it was, she felt her blood go cold in her veins.

“No,” Lyanna breathed, picking up the bottle and feeling like she was going to throw up as she read what it was and realized, to her horror, that she’d been right. “No, no, no, no, no, no, no.”

“*Prenatal vitamins*,” she thought to herself, breathing more and more heavily as the reality of the waking nightmare she’d just stumbled into sunk in for her. “*Oh, gods, no.*”

Her son had impregnated a woman he was in a relationship with, and that should have been cause for celebration. She should have been grinning from ear to ear and jumping for joy at the thought that she was going to be a grandmother. Even the fact that she was becoming a grandmother barely past her fortieth birthday wouldn’t have put a damper on that, given that her son was, without a doubt, financially ready and mature enough to take that step in life.

“*If only my options weren’t that he had either knocked up his aunt, his cousin, or his half-sister,*” she thought to herself, putting the bottle back and closing the door of the medicine cabinet. Sitting back down on the toilet, she buried her face in her hands and wished she could scream without causing alarm. “*What the fuck are we going to do? Telling them about this was going to be hard enough before there was a baby involved, but now...*”

To her shame, she had, in a moment of weakness, done a little research on the risks of inbreeding, wondering if perhaps they could just not tell them the truth. She’d quickly realized that was ridiculous, but she had learned because of it that the risks, of a single generation of inbreeding weren’t too bad. It was still an inadvisable risk and there was a reason that it was illegal, but there

had been cases she'd read about where siblings were separated at birth and ended up having children together, and the children had turned out alright, so she knew her first grandchild was unlikely to come out with four arms or something like that.

"Why in the world did I not see the similarities between him and Rhaegar sooner?" Lyanna whimpered, shaking her head.

She couldn't not tell them, but she also really didn't want to. She knew all too well that raising children outside of a stable two-parent environment was hard; even with help from friends and family, it was challenging, and knowing that she was going to do that for her little grandson or granddaughter made her want to weep. They had to be told, though, and as she stood up and wiped her eyes, she prayed that everyone she was about to hurt would be able to forgive her for it someday.

Making her way out, she guessed which room they'd all gathered in and made her way over, finding everyone looking tense and uncomfortable, especially Rhaegar, who was standing in the corner looking like he'd rather be anyone else in the world just then.

"Okay, what the hell is going on?" Jon demanded as he saw her. "I'm sorry, but you show up out of the blue, you both look like you're about to confess to murder, and you've clearly been crying in the bathroom."

"Oh, gods," Daenerys breathed, realizing where Lyanna had most likely just been. "Did you find my vitamins?"

"Your what?" Rhaegar asked, confused.

"My...prenatal vitamins," Daenerys sighed, and Rhaegar's jaw dropped.

"*His aunt*," Lyanna thought to herself. "*My son impregnated his aunt.*"

"You're...you're pregnant?" Rhaegar stammered.

"We were going to wait until Uncle Aemon was here to tell you, but yeah, we actually all are," Visenya replied, and both their jaws dropped.

Lyanna and Rhaegar looked around the room in horror, their eyes drifting to each of the eleven women in whose wombs a little incest baby was growing just then, before finally looking at each other.

"You guys are so shocked that you can't speak?" Daena asked, confused by how her aunt and uncle were reacting to the news.

Lyanna and Rhaegar stared at each other, each trying to figure out just at a glance what the other was thinking about the almost dozen bombshells they'd just learned about.

"That's...that's great?" Lyanna replied, trying and failing to keep that upward inflection out of her voice.

"It is?" Rhaegar couldn't help but asked. He almost immediately added, "It is, it is great."

“Did you two get stoned on the way here?” Rhaenys asked. “You’re acting like aliens who just landed on the planet.”

“Sorry, we’re...we’ve been a little distracted lately by...” Rhaegar said, giving Lyanna a look of desperation.

“Our vow renewals,” Lyanna blurted out, feeling as confused by her brain as her husband looked just then.

“Your vow renewals?” Jon asked slowly, sounding baffled.

“Er, yes,” Rhaegar replied. “We...it’s been five years now, and we’ve sort of been mulling over having a vow renewal ceremony.”

“I thought that sort of thing was generally done after at least a decade,” Daenerys murmured.

“I guess, but...our wedding here led to so much for this family,” Rhaegar said. “Look around us. You all live here in part because it gave Aegon and me an opportunity to reunite and for our family to, consequently, grow closer. This would be a much smaller affair, just for our family to give us an opportunity to celebrate all the blessings we’ve enjoyed over the last few years.”

“We were hoping to do it here, and...” Lyanna went to say.

“Yeah, you know that none of us would object to that and Aegon wouldn’t otherwise, but, Mum, why all the secrecy?” Jon asked. “Hells, not that I’m not happy to see you, but...we could have talked about this over the phone.”

“To be honest,” Lyanna lied, “I just kind of...felt like we needed to come. Call it a mother’s intuition, I suppose.”

“You did end up having a lot of news to share with us,” Rhaegar added, his jaw tightening more and more with every word.

“We would have invited you all over to tell you soon enough, anyway,” Rhaenys smiled. “If you’d called ahead, we’d have tidied up your room, but...”

“We’re more than capable of doing that ourselves,” Lyanna chuckled, somehow managing to make that not sound too forced. “In fact, we should probably go take a look at it now. Rhaegar?”

“Right,” Rhaegar nodded. “Congratulations, all of you. We’ll head into town a little later and pick up something we do for dinner to celebrate.”

“Yes, I’m so excited and happy for you,” Lyanna added.

With that, the two of them made their way up to the room that was kept ready for them when they visited, leaving a dozen very confused people behind.

“Okay, what the fuck was that?” Rhaenys asked once she was sure they were far enough away not to hear her.

“I have no idea,” Jon replied. “Something’s clearly bothering them, and I think they changed their minds about telling us what when they found out that you’re all pregnant.”

“That’s...worrying,” Daenerys muttered.

“We’ll probe them for information over dinner and see if they let anything slip,” Visenya said.

“You know, they could actually be high,” Narha said, earning more than a few incredulous looks. “What? They’re middle-aged, not dead, and I’ve seen people act weirder when they took edibles that hit harder than they expected.”

“I doubt my brother and Lyanna are stoned,” Daenerys chuckled, shaking her head. “What’s bothering them, though, I couldn’t even begin to fathom.”

In their bedroom, Rhaegar and Lyanna closed and locked the door behind them and then sat down on the edge of their bed in silence, staring at the wall as if it might have answers for them.

“They’re pregnant,” he said after a moment.

“Yup,” Lyanna replied.

“My son impregnated both of his sisters, all of his cousins, and his aunt,” Rhaegar reiterated.

“Yup,” Lyanna replied.

“Oh, gods, this is a nightmare,” Rhaegar groaned, burying his face in his hands. “What are we going to do?”

“We have two options,” Lyanna replied. “We can tell them the truth and blow up a family that is already bizarre and now has...if any of them are carrying twins, there’s going to be a dozen babies here this time next month.”

“Gods be good,” Rhaegar muttered. “That is...do they have any idea how unfathomably tough it’s going to be raising that many babies at once? I don’t care that there’s a dozen of them it...”

“We can’t tell them,” Lyanna breathed, and he shook his head.

“No, we can’t,” Rhaegar sighed, realizing she was right. “The next year...the next several years are going to be difficult enough for them without lobbing a veritable hand grenade into their lives, and it’s not like things could get any worse here.”

“Yeah, it’s hard to top multiple incestuous pregnancies in a case like this,” Lyanna muttered. “They didn’t know, and hopefully they’ll go their whole lives without learning about it.”

“At least the children will grow up in a stable environment,” Rhaegar sighed, “though as I say that, I realize that this entire castle is going to need to be baby-proofed.”

“I suspect we’ll be spending a lot more time here for the foreseeable future,” Lyanna murmured.

“Yeah, because apparently we’re renewing our vows,” Rhaegar said.

“Ugh,” Lyanna groaned. “I panicked and said the first thing that came to mind. I hope you’re not too upset.”

“You could have done me the courtesy of proposing,” Rhaegar teased, and she smiled for the first time since they got there.

“Rhaegar Targaryen, will you renew your marriage vows with me because I said we would in a moment of panic?” Lyanna asked.

“Yes, yes, a thousand times yes,” Rhaegar replied dryly, making her laugh. “Gods, what a bizarre turn of events. I mean, seriously, what are the chances that through a freak sperm bank mix-up, I’d end up with a son I didn’t know about only to meet and marry his mother nearly twenty years later?”

“Almost non-existent, I’d imagine,” Lyanna murmured. “The children should be alright and they’ll all know who all their siblings are, so it’s not like this will continue past this generation. The risks of incest compound over time.”

“You looked for excuses not to tell them too?” Rhaegar asked, and she laughed humorlessly as she nodded. “We’d just be hurting them at this point, though I’ll admit on a selfish level, I did kind of what Jon to know for other reasons.”

“He sees you as a father figure already,” Lyanna sighed, wrapping her arm around his shoulders and resting her head against him. “You don’t need to be blood for that.”

Rhaegar took a deep breath and sighed, hoping that everything would work out for their family.

It ultimately did, as Jon and his many girlfriends continued to live in Dragonstone Castle together, raising what turned out to be a very large family. When Aegon passed away, it was left to all of them and they happily made it their home, even inviting Rhaegar and Lyanna to move into their own wing eventually to be closer to the family. As he watched his family grow over the decades that followed, Jon never stopped being grateful to his mother for meeting and ultimately marrying his stepfather, as that relationship and the unexpected benefits that came of it brought him nothing but joy.