

Zhalos Rho felt a cold sweat chill him to the bone as he spotted Walano in the distance. The sight of his old home would normally have been more of a comfort to him than that, even with how unpleasant his last encounter with his father had been, but just then, he'd have taken the old man's perpetual displeasure happily if it was the only alternative to what he suffered. He looked out through his Myrish lens and saw the town of Last Lament in the distance. Grimacing at the sight of his old home, he closed his eyes and prayed that the priestesses of Khyalachaya in the temple he used to visit mostly to get his cock wet as a boy would be able to sort this out, because if they couldn't...

"It's getting worse," Zhallabor, his first mate, said.

"I know," Zhalos muttered.

"Like a shriveled prune," Zhallabor fretted.

"I know!" Zhalos hissed. "I know. Gods, we never should have touched that witch."

"No, we shouldn't have," Zhallabor sighed. "We need the help of the gods."

"We need the mercy of the gods," Zhalos muttered, shaking his head.

He looked over the starboard side, seeing the oars moving in uniform haste, and knew that every man behind those oars was facing the same thing. They were all young, most of them under thirty, and to be experiencing what they all were at their ages was...horrifying. They knew it wasn't natural, of course, and they knew who was responsible, not that they could punish her for it. Even if they could, they'd done plenty to her already. The winds were with them, as if the gods themselves knew that they desperately needed to return home, and between that and their oarmen, their swan ship, the Lover's Lance, was soon docked.

"How clever I thought that name was once," he thought to himself, hating that the mere thought of it made him feel ill these days. It recalled something that neither he nor any of the men in his crew wanted to think about just then.

He was the first one off of the ship, and as the winds shifted suddenly, the perfumed air from Spice Street reached his nose. Any other time that would have brought a smile to his face, yet just then, not even the warmth of home could truly lift his spirits. He looked around, spotting a few familiar faces, and as he did so, he noticed something odd. Every man there looked pensive and worried; in fact, they looked much like Zhalos and his men had since the witch's curse first took its effects.

"Zhalos Rho, as I live and breathe," a honeyed voice, and he turned to see Jasala, an old lover he hadn't thought about in years, walking up from the shipmaster's barracks.

He'd spent hours exploring her generous curves back in the day, tracing every inch of her flawless teak skin with his hands and lips as they lost themselves in their passion. She still looked incredible, walking there in her feathered red gown, which clung to her like a second skin, straining against her wide hips and full, large breasts. She stopped just short of him and twirled around, her eyes alight with mischief as she showed off just how low the silk gown plunged at the back, revealing much of her smooth skin and stopping just shy of her incredible ass.

Any other time in his life, the mere sight of her would have had him hard as steel, and he lamented the fact that he didn't even feel a slight twitch. As she turned around, he was about to make some

excuse for why they'd have to wait to catch up when she saw how he was looking at her and froze, her face falling fast.

"Oh gods, no," Jasala breathed. "I...you too?"

"What?" Zhalos asked, feeling his blood run cold as a truly terrible possibility, something he hadn't thought possible, occurred to him.

"Zhalos, you've come back here at a terrible time but I...I thought it was only affecting the men here," Jasala stammered and he closed his eyes, feeling a sense of dread beyond even what he'd felt when he realized that his rapidly shrinking manhood couldn't harden anymore.

The smarter members of his crew caught on too, and as they started to panic, he sank to his knees, wondering if his and his men's terrible decision might have doomed not just them but their people. Meanwhile, more than a thousand leagues away, in a tower in Dorne, a young babe was born, an innocent boy with no way of knowing that he had, by pure chance, been impacted by a curse placed on a land no one in either sides of his family had ever seen.

Many years later

"Yes, Yes, YES!" Daenerys wailed as pure pleasure thundered through her entire body, making her vision go white and her toes curl hard.

Behind her, her loving husband, Daemon, dug his fingers harder into her fleshy hips, continuing to fuck her with long, hard strokes, even as her tight inner walls spasmed around his pistoning cock. The wet sound of flesh smacking flesh echoed through the room, drowned out only by her screams of ecstasy, and he groaned both at the feeling of her perfect cunt milking him and the sight of her reddened ass rippling and jiggling.

There was a time, once, when they'd have been embarrassed by how her voice echoed through the Red Keep when they had sex, as she'd been utterly mortified by Aegon's teasing the morning after their first night together as husband and wife, but both they and everyone else had long since gotten used to them. It wasn't like her screams were the only unusual thing that their family and servants had had to get used to, and as Daenerys slumped forward, her legs going completely numb under the relentless pounding that was driving her half mad, her head landed on the chest of one of the others.

"Agh," Alayaya grunted, waking out of the pleasure-induced slumber Daemon had put her in at the impact of her other lover's face hitting her left breast. She laughed, realizing that the two of them were still going at it, and smiled up at Daemon, saying, "My prince is more a bull than a man. It's a wonder Dany and I can still walk most days."

"Daemon...Daemon, I can't...I need..." Daenerys whimpered, her vision going spotty as she came down from her latest mind-melting orgasm.

"I'm close," Daemon grunted, snaking a hand around her slender neck as he changed positions, fucking her prone into the bed. "Do you want me to stop, or do you think you have one more in you, Dany?"

Just the sound of his deep, rumbling voice was enough to ruin her small clothes most day, and in that moment, even though she was exhausted, still coming down from her last climax, and more than a little sore, it was no different. He changed the angle of his thrusts, driving deep and hitting

her favorite spot just the right way, and the throaty moan she let out would have mortified her if he hadn't long-since fucked the shame right out of her.

"Do it," Daenerys panted. "Fill me up, Dae...oh gods!"

He picked up his pace, fucking her hard and fast, and she started screaming again every time he bottomed out inside her. The pleasure bordered on pain, the feeling of him splitting her open again and again being almost too intense, and yet that was what she loved most about it. Since the first time he fucked her, she'd loved how all-consuming the feeling of being filled by him was. He made her feel tiny in every way, from how he towered over her to how broad his shoulders were and how well-muscled he was, and the way he filled her when he drove every inch of his frighteningly thick cock inside her was no different.

Alayaya sighed happily down at the screaming, squealing girl who had so happily taken her into her and her husband's bed and wrapped her arms around her, holding her to her chest as Daemon did his best to fuck her into the bed. She watched every inch of his massive cock, the biggest she'd ever had by far, disappear into the tiny blonde and marveled at how well she took it. She herself had wondered if she'd be able to when she first saw it, and she was a whore half a foot taller than the princess, but he'd managed it, much to her enduring joy.

"You're taking him so well," she purred. "Milking his big, fat cock perfectly, isn't she, Daemon?"

"She learned everything you taught her well," Daemon sighed. "She's such a good girl."

As he said that, he tightened his grip on her throat and grinned when, in response to both his words and his fingers around her, she clenched hard around him.

"Dae...!" Daenerys cried, going silent as she felt him squeeze her throat.

Alayaya had showed him how to safely do that, enjoying it herself, and Daenerys had gone from thinking that it was utterly mad to not knowing how she'd lived without it after the first time he tried it on her. He was careful not to hurt her, pressing only on spots he knew he safely could, and as she felt herself start to go lightheaded and also felt his cock pulsing inside her, she knew she was about to cum very, very hard. The pressure in her core was as great as she'd ever felt her, her whole body feeling like it was on fire, and when he finally let go of her throat, groaning her name as he came inside her, she went off like wildfire.

"DAEMON!" Daenerys shrieked at the top of her lungs, her whole body writhing and convulsing in ecstasy as she came hard. She squirted like a geyser, flooding the bed, and if she'd been capable of conscious thought just then, she'd have smiled at how much Daemon was going to take pride in that when he noticed. He loved it when he made her absolutely lose control like that.

"You're both so beautiful in ecstasy," Alayaya sighed, pressing her hands against his muscular shoulders when he looked like he was about to slump forward.

"I'm alright," Daemon groaned, pulling his cock from Daenerys' gaping cunt before rolling onto his back, and the young Summer Islander shook her head and chuckled when she saw his turgid length plop against his muscular abdomen.

They'd both made him cum multiple times that night, and he was still able to go. After all these moons, she was honestly starting to wonder if the man had limits, and as he brushed his long, brown hair out of his face, smiling widely while panting for breath, she was struck, as she had been

multiple times before, by just how handsome he was. She was about to comment on that when the sound of sobbing drew her attention and she smiled down at Daenerys, pulling her over so she could rest her head right between her full breasts.

“Shh,” Alayaya soothed, running her long nails through her long, silver-gold hair. “It’s alright, Daenerys.”

“She’s right, my love,” Daemon smiled, rolling over and kissing her sweat-slicked back. “You’re alright.”

The first time he fucked her to such heights of ecstasy they made her cry, he’d been getting dressed to go fetch a maester when she begged him to hold her instead. She calmed down quickly enough and explained, as best she could, that everything had just been so wonderfully intense that it made her cry. He’d have teased her about that if he hadn’t been so relieved that she wasn’t hurt, but instead, he’d just held her and soothed her until they fell asleep, as he expected he and Alayaya were going to be doing that night. As the sobbing stopped a few moments later and as she wiped her eyes and went to turn around, she brushed her ass against his still-hard cock and froze.

“You’re still hard,” Daenerys said, and he sighed.

“It will go down,” Daemon replied, and she turned around to glare at her.

“How many times do I have to finish you to...finish you?” Daenerys asked, sighing and settling on her side between them. “I’m a failure as a wife.”

“You are not,” Daemon said firmly, cupping her cheek. “I love you, Daenerys, I always have, and I am very, very happy with you. What other woman in Westeros would have gone to the lengths you have for their husband?”

“You know it’s not you, Dany,” Alayaya soothed, wrapping an arm around her waist. “Daemon is just a very, very special man. If you want, I could speak to my mother about sending another few of her girls along to help us.”

“I think we could take the whole whorehouse and it wouldn’t be enough,” Daenerys huffed, pushing against Daemon’s shoulder and looking down at him when he rolled onto his back. Poking his shoulder, she mock-glared and said, “You are too much of a man.”

“The greatest I’ve ever known,” Alayaya sighed. “I’m so glad you invited me to warm your bed regularly. After that first time, I swear I’d have barely felt other men.”

“Perhaps it will be for the best that we not bring more of your mother’s girls over,” Daemon chuckled. “I wouldn’t want to leave her destitute.”

“There’s no shortage of women in positions to turn to prostitution,” Daenerys sighed, “but I don’t think that’s our best solution either. I know we’ve been reluctant to speak to Uncle Aemon about this but...”

“What could he even do for me?” Daemon asked. “I’ve always been vigorous; Father says I had the energy of a dozen boys when I was young...”

“I remember,” Daenerys smiled.

“And that’s just sort of lent itself to...this,” Daemon murmured, smiling as he saw his cock finally start to relent. “See? It’s not like I’m always hard.”

“That would make fighting difficult, I imagine,” Daenerys quipped, making him laugh. “I just wish, for once, I could make you so spent that you couldn’t harden again.”

“I’m a young man, Dany,” Daemon sighed, rubbing her back. “I’m very happy with you; you don’t need to exhaust me at night to do that. I love you.”

“I love you too,” Daenerys sighed, resting her head on his chest. “Alayaya, come here.”

The former whore grinned at that, crawling around him and resting her head opposite hers. Daemon wrapped a hand around each of them, thinking, not for the first time, that they looked like polar opposites like this. Daenerys was pale and fair, her hair close to silver, while Alayaya was as dark as polished jet with hair to match. Both were beautiful, and he still could only barely believe that his wife had invited the other woman to be their permanent bed warmer, arguing that she needed, as she put it, reinforcements. He’d both felt bad about that and laughed out loud when he heard it, and while he swore he would have been happy with just the girl he’d been in love with since he was a child, he couldn’t deny that he exhausted both of them regularly.

“Maybe I should speak to someone,” he thought to himself as he heard both of them start breathing more steadily, drifting to sleep quickly, and he closed his eyes, deciding that he’d give it more thought come the morrow.

The sound of blunted steel clanging against blunted steel echoed through the training yard the next morning as the men at arms of the Red Keep honed their deadly craft. Among those training were the two princes, Aegon and Daemon, who clashed fiercely, utterly focused on the other as they traded blows under the watchful eye of Ser Arthur Dayne. The Sword of the Morning kept his face blank and inscrutable, his sharp eyes taking in every movement made by the men he’d trained since they were barely more than half his height.

“Prince Aegon, keep your guard up,” he said, and the silver-haired young man grunted as, as if to prove his point, his brother managed to graze his shoulder with his blade.

“Tiring out already?” Daemon asked teasingly, earning a glare from his brother as he pressed his advantage.

“Hardly,” Aegon chuckled, sidestepping his latest slash and riposting towards his chest, forcing him to step back a bit. “I’m surprised you aren’t, though. I woke in the middle of the night and still heard our aunt.”

“I’d apologize for that, but...” Daemon grinned, ducking under high thrust and quickly stepping inside his guard, pressing his dull blade against his throat. “Yield.”

“I yield,” Aegon sighed. “We’re tied again.”

“And so you’ll stay for the morning,” Ser Arthur said, and they looked over at him, noticing for the first time that there was a servant standing next to their primary instructor. “His Grace wants a word with you in his solar. Both of you.”

“Now?” Aegon asked, confused.

“Indeed,” Ser Arthur nodded.

“How did he sound when he sent you to retrieve us?” Daemon asked, looking at the servant, who tensed.

“Calm, my prince,” the man replied.

“Presumably not about the race then,” Aegon whispered to him as he pulled off his helmet, and Daemon chuckled.

Having a drunken horse race from the Gate of the Gods to the keep hadn’t been the wisest thing he and his brother had ever done, but it had been fun. The two of them changed out of their training armor and made their way to their father’s solar, wondering what was so important that he saw fit to interrupt their morning training. He likely wasn’t angry with them, as the odd time they’d truly angered him, he’d failed to hide that from the men he sent to retrieve them, but that only made the urgency stranger.

“My princes,” Prince Lewyn nodded, opening the door for them as they approached. Their father sat at his desk, poring over some thick tome as he often was when they went to see him there, and as they entered, he gestured for them to sit down without looking up.

“Father,” Aegon murmured. “You wished to see us.”

“I did indeed,” Rhaegar replied, finally looking up. “You are both men grown now, wedded and, hopefully, soon to be fathers yourself.”

Aegon tensed at that, and Daemon knew well why. Unlike he and Daenerys, who had agreed to use moon tea in the hopes of ensuring that they didn’t conceive until at least another couple years from then, his brother and sister had been actively trying to have a child since they wed a few moons ago, without any success so far.

“You are both credits to our house,” Rhaegar continued. “You have grown from the boys you were to men of House Targaryen without shaming yourselves or drawing...*significant* scandal.”

It was Daemon’s turn to tense at that, knowing that he was referring to the rather open secret that was his and Daenerys’ lingering arrangement with Alayaya. What exactly his wife had told his father to make him relent on that subject, she’d never said, but whatever it was, it had worked.

“You are most kind,” Aegon smiled.

“It isn’t kindness, it’s fact,” Rhaegar replied. “The realm has healed well since the days of my father, but there is still work to be done. Our house requires strong alliances to maintain our dominion over our kingdoms, and while that could have been done through marriages...the point is that we require other means.”

“What did you have in mind?” Daemon asked.

“You, Aegon, alongside Rhaenys, are going to go on a royal progress,” Rhaegar replied, and Aegon’s eyebrows shot towards his hairline.

“A royal progress?” he asked. “None of us have done that since...”

“Since Dragons still soared through the skies,” Rhaegar nodded. “There were efforts to arrange such a progress during the early reign of Aegon III, but he put an end to them, and none of us have attempted it since.”

“I’m honestly surprised Aegon V didn’t,” Daemon commented.

“He probably figured he got that done during his Egg days,” Aegon pointed out.

“Regardless, I think it would be a good idea for you two to get to know your future lords better,” Rhaegar replied, “and for them to get to know you in turn. This first stretch will just be the Crownlands and the Riverlands.”

“Understood,” Aegon nodded.

“What am I to do?” Daemon asked.

“You are going to Braavos,” Rhaegar replied. “I have business with the Sealord that we will discuss in depth before you go. You will serve as my representative in the city. Daenerys will go with you, of course.”

“Right,” Daemon nodded. “I won’t let you down, Father.”

“I’m sure you won’t,” Rhaegar smiled, reaching into his desk and pulling out a scroll. “These are my notes on what I want you to accomplish when you meet with the Sealord. Braavos and the Seven Kingdoms would both benefit from developing closer ties with each other, similar as we are in so many ways.”

“I’ll read over it, and we can discuss it in greater length later,” Daemon replied. “Shall I go inform Daenerys?”

“Yes,” Rhaegar nodded as he turned back to Aegon. “In the meantime, we should discuss the more critical points of your upcoming progress.”

“Right,” the older prince nodded, looking at Daemon as he left.

“At least he wasn’t angry with us,” Daemon thought to himself, looking down at the rolled-up parchment in his hand. That didn’t mean that he wasn’t quite surprised by what his royal father had actually wanted to discuss, as this was the first he’d heard of plans to use him and his brother for diplomatic purposes.

“Daemon?” Rhaenys asked, and he smiled as he saw his sister turn the corner. Tall and curvaceous, the tanned beauty had been one of his dearest friends growing up and the one who most fiercely pushed back against those who tried to hold the circumstances of his birth against him. “Were you coming from Father’s solar?”

“I am,” Daemon nodded. “Aegon’s still in with him.”

“What are they discussing?” Rhaenys asked.

“The two of you will be going on a little journey soon,” Daemon replied.

“What?” Rhaenys asked. “Where?”

“Father wants you and Aegon to make a royal progress of the Crownlands and the Riverlands,” Daemon explained. “Dany and I are being sent to Braavos to meet with the Sealord.”

“Why in the world is he being sent away?” Rhaenys asked. “Does my mother know about this?”

“I imagine so, but neither of us asked,” Daemon replied. “Aegon will tell you about everything when they’re done.”

“They’ll both tell me sooner than that,” Rhaenys muttered. “Excuse me.”

Daemon nodded, watching as his sister marched past him towards their father’s solar. She was going to learn anyway and was likely going to be just as irritated by the suddenness of it all when she did, so there wasn’t really any harm in telling her himself. Daenerys, he hoped, would be more open to the idea. They hadn’t sailed anywhere in ages, and while he had visited the city once with his father, she had never seen Braavos, so that much was likely to excite her.

Making his way to their chambers, he nodded to the guards outside as he saw them and let himself in, smirking when he saw drops of water on the floor. That most likely meant that his beautiful wife was bathing, and that never failed to excite him. He closed the door behind him and made his way to the room he knew the servants would have brought her tub to, letting himself in and grinning at the sight that greeted him.

Daenerys was lying in a pool of water that he knew was just entirely too warm for most people, while Alayaya knelt behind her, carefully washing her back.

“You’re back early,” his wife sighed happily, gently kicking a foot out towards him. “Did something happen?”

“Father called us into his solar, and so Egg and I left the training yard early,” Daemon replied, taking her delicate little foot in his hands and gently pressing his thumbs into her sole, making her breath hitch.

“I’m finished,” Alayaya smiled, pouring water over her back to rinse away everything before resting her hands on her shoulders. “You have a little knot here that I could get if you like.”

“Please...oh!” Daenerys gasped as Daemon knelt down and wrapped his lips around her big toe.

Alayaya grinned at that and started massaging the blonde’s shoulders, as eager as ever to pamper the princess. Daenerys squirmed and gripped the sides of the tub hard as the dual pleasure of the massage and the magic Daemon was working on her toes with his lips and tongue assaulted her senses. From the time they were children, she’d always noticed that his touch just felt better in a way she couldn’t explain.

Long before she developed sexual feelings, she’d learned that hugging him felt better than hugging other people, having him play with her hair made her brain tingle, and even just having him ghost his fingers over her skin was marvelous. It was part of why she’d become so taken with him as they grew older and why there wasn’t a man in the world she’d have had as her husband other than him, something she’d made quite clear to Rhaegar before he finally agreed to let them do as they wished.

“Stop,” she moaned after a moment, and they both froze. “Not you, Alayaya; that actually feels like I need something done to it. It’s too soon after last night for me to grow wet again, though, Daemon.”

“I hope you’re not too sore,” Daemon said, letting her foot go and furrowing his brow in concern.

“I’m fine, but I need the day’s rest at least,” Daenerys sighed, groaning as she felt Alayaya work out the little knot in her shoulder. “What did Rhaegar want?”

“To send his sons on diplomatic trips,” Daemon replied, and she sat up immediately, giving him an alluring look at her supple breasts.

“What?” Daenerys asked. “Where does he want you to go?”

“Egg and Rhaenys are going on a tour of the Crownlands and the Riverlands while we are going to Braavos,” Daemon replied. “I hope you don’t mind too much.”

“Why would I mind?” Daenerys asked excitedly. “I’ve always wanted to see Braavos.”

“Um, would I...” Alayaya went to ask.

“We would want you to come with us, yes,” Daemon replied, cupping her cheek and brushing his thumb over her small, round nose. “I can’t recall if you told us when you were last on a ship.”

“Mother took me to see her homeland when I was five,” Alayaya said. “My aunt came to tell her that my grandfather had passed away and took us back with her on her ship to visit my grandmother.”

“What are the Summer Isles like?” Daenerys asked. “You’ve told us a few stories that your mother told you, but...”

“I mostly recall them being quite hot,” Alayaya replied. “It’s not the sort of heat you get in Dorne, though; it’s a wet heat. Buildings there are designed to be far more open than they are here, as the wind is often the only thing that makes the worst days bearable at all. My people wear clothing as revealing as we do for a reason.”

“I figured that was just because they all looked as good naked as you do,” Daemon grinned, making her giggle.

“That too,” Alayaya purred. “When are we leaving? I have wanted to see the Titan of Braavos ever since I first heard of it.”

“I have no idea,” Daemon replied. “Father wanted to discuss the details of Aegon’s trip with him first and gave me his notes on what he wants us to accomplish with the Sealord.”

“My water’s starting to cool, so I may as well dry off,” Daenerys said, standing up. “Once I’m dressed, I’ll join you, and we can read it together.”

“Ah...if I may...” Alayaya went to ask.

"No, you can't tell your mother," Daemon replied sarcastically, making her blush. "We're going to abduct you and take you away, and there's nothing you can do. In fact, we're not going to Braavos; we're sailing west of Westeros, so we..."

"I get it," Alayaya laughed, making him grin.

"You have the rest of the day off," Daenerys murmured, kissing her softly. "Go tell Chataya, and by the time you return, we'll likely know when we're leaving."

"Thank you," Alayaya smiled. "I will help you into your gown first, though."

"Oh, you don't need to do that," Daemon grinned, licking his lips as he stared down at the forest of silver-gold curls obscuring his wife's pretty, pink cunt. "I must prefer her like this, honestly."

"You might object to me still being naked if I join you when you meet with Rhaegar later," Daenerys snarked. "You've said more than once that my body was for your eyes only."

"That hasn't changed," Daemon rumbled, his eyes darkening with desires in a way that made her insides clench, exacerbating her soreness. "I made it very clear to Father, after all, what I'd do to the men in the keep if the bedding ceremony went on unchanged."

"I don't think the people of King's Landing would have much appreciated seeing hundreds of cocks pinned to the walls," Daenerys replied dryly and he chuckled, heading to their bedchamber so he could sit down and look over exactly what his father wanted him to accomplish in Braavos.

Alayaya smiled at the familiar sounds of pleased sighs and cries echoing all around her as she walked into her mother's brothel. This had been her home for most of her life, the place she spent her earliest years when it was still owned by the man who left it to her mother. It was where she'd lost her maidenhead, getting a full gold dragon for it from a short, fat man with a little cock. He'd been sweet, she remembered, and it had all been over very quickly, and while she hadn't derived much pleasure from the encounter, she had taken pride in it. It made her one of the girls, finally able to indulge the desires she'd been feeling for over a year by then, and the price she'd paid for that, she'd thought, was well worth it.

"Yaya!" came an exuberant squeal, and Alayaya didn't even have to look to recognize the buxom redhead rushing towards her.

"Dancy," the Summer Islander beamed, hugging her old friend and smirking as she looked down at the flimsy blue gown she was wearing. "I imagine you've been popular today."

"I'm always popular," Dancy sighed, stretching her arms over her head as she stepped back. "What brings you by here? Don't tell me you've given up trying to sate his equine grace..."

"Shh!" Alayaya hissed, looking around a few of the patrons, who it turned out only noticed them when she shushed the redhead. Taking her hand, she led her further in, saying, "You know I'm not supposed to talk about that openly."

"Sorry, Yaya," Dancy sighed.

"Where'd you learn the word 'equine' anyway?" Alayaya asked, and Dancy giggled.

“You’re not the only one who draws the favor of the highborn,” the redhead replied. “There was this one little lordling who couldn’t get enough of me a moon back or so. Swear he had me thrice nightly for a week, and he was a chatty one when he was spent, so I learned a few new words. Why are you here?”

“I need to speak to...” Alayaya went to say.

“Alayaya,” Chataya sighed happily, and she turned around, feeling warmth fill her at the sight of her mother.

She remained, after all these years, the tallest woman she’d ever met, standing an inch shy of six feet. Alayaya had topped out three inches shy of her height, something that made her generous curves, much like her mother’s, seem even more remarkable. She was wearing her green, silk gown, one of her favorites, and as she embraced her, Alayaya smelled the scent of lilies clinging to her skin.

“My daughter,” Chataya breathed. “I’m so happy to see you. You don’t come back nearly often enough.”

“Don’t be too hard on her, Chataya,” Dancy grinned. “We’ve seen the state that man of hers leaves her in. I’ve never limped like that in my life.”

“Dancy, I think that man there wants your attention,” Chataya said gently, and the redhead nodded, recognizing the dismissal for what it was. “Come, I’m sure you wish to speak.”

Alayaya nodded, and her mother led her into her private rooms, closing the door behind her. As the younger woman sat down, she pulled out a bottle of wine, something she’d clearly filled from something else, and poured a couple glasses of what turned out to be amber wine.

“Is this from back home?” she asked as she picked it up and smelled it.

“An old friend came by bearing gifts a few weeks ago,” Chataya replied. “She came bearing news too.”

“Have they found a way to break the curse?” Alayaya asked, and her mother sighed, shaking her head.

“No,” Chataya replied. “Our men are still ruined and...people are starting to get desperate.”

“I can’t imagine,” Alayaya sighed. “Why have they not simply gone out seeking other men?”

“Some have, but the gods have been clear that our salvation will not be found that way,” Chataya replied. “The first sons borne of such unions have started to grow into manhood but...”

“Their manhoods haven’t?” Alayaya asked in horror. “The curse was not placed merely on our men, then.”

“No, it wasn’t,” Chataya sighed, sipping her wine. “The priests continue to insist that we should trust in the prophecy of Khyalachaya and Jhryos, but...the longer this goes on, the more people are starting to lose hope. The men don’t care; they’re still as passionless as they became after the curse set in, but the women...”

“They’re starting to worry that this prophesied hero is never going to come,” Alayaya said, shaking her head. “Mother, I know you said it was unlikely but...”

“Your prince can’t be the hero, Alayaya,” Chataya muttered. “The gods would not be so cruel to us.”

“It might not have been the gods,” Alayaya argued. “This might be part of the curse. Whoever or whatever did this to us, they sought to doom our people. Making our only hope to break it a foreign prince whose father would object harshly to him spending potentially years in our lands...”

“Why would they create a way to undo the curse at all?” Chataya challenged.

“Maybe that’s a required part of magic,” Alayaya shrugged. “Neither of us know how magic works.”

“It would just be so strange,” Chataya muttered.

“Because our situation is so normal?” Alayaya asked sarcastically. “The high priestess of Khaylachaya said that our savior would have the body of a god and the cock of a bull, that he’d be a great beast of a man like none other, with the virility of...”

“I remember what I was told,” Chataya said. “Your prince is truly such a man?”

“Mother, I...he’s like none I ever had before him, none that you or any of the girls here have ever described,” Alayaya sighed. “There’s just so much...*more* of everything, and I swear he never tires. By the time he finally switched back to the princess the first time he fucked me, I was a drooling, mindless mess.”

“No wonder she sought help in the bedroom,” Chataya shivered, and Alayaya laughed.

“Tell me, Mother, how many other women in this land of stuffy shrews would have even considered encouraging her husband to seek out the company of whores, much less bringing one into their home as a permanent bedwarmer?” Alayaya asked. “The princess did it because no one woman could hope to satisfy her husband. The two of us don’t really, to be honest.”

“He exhausts you both?” Chataya asked, her jaw dropping.

“I did say he was special,” Alayaya grinned.

“You said he was special, not that he was Jhryos made flesh,” Chataya breathed.

“Well, he’s not quite that impressive,” Alayaya giggled, recalling all too well the depictions she’d seen of their people’s god of love. Khyalachaya’s consort was generally depicted as a jet-black giant of a man with a two-foot member sticking out in perpetual arousal. They said all the seas in the world were the fluids their goddess squirted after the first time he took her and that the rains that blessed their homeland were proof of the enduring love between them.

“If he is the one our love gods have said will save us, how would we even...” Chataya asked. “Even if you told him and he believed you, which isn’t guaranteed, the king isn’t going to let his son sail off to another land for years. The trials set forth would be...”

“We don’t know for sure if he is, but the king might not object as much as you think,” Alayaya replied. “The reason I came here was to tell you that I’m going to be gone for a while.”

“Gone where?” Chataya asked.

“Braavos,” Alayaya replied, smiling widely. “The king is sending Prince Daemon there to negotiate...something, and he and the princess are taking me with them.”

“You’ve come to mean a lot to them,” Chataya said, her voice neutral.

“The princess has become...as strange as it sounds, a friend,” Alayaya replied. “I serve them both in every way they desire, and in return, I get to enjoy the perks of their affection. I’ve also come to quite like them.”

“Do you know when you’re leaving?” Chataya asked.

“Not yet,” Alayaya replied. “I’ll come see you again before I leave.”

“Good,” Chataya smiled. “I am happy for you, Alayaya. The kind of life you’re living now...it is not the sort that people like us often do, especially in a land like this.”

“If he is the one,” Alayaya murmured. “How would we inform our people?”

“Our people have been traveling out more and more since this started, seeking any sign of the one the priests and priestesses have foretold,” Chataya replied. “I’m sure there will be another swan ship in the port of King’s Landing soon enough, and when there is, I will speak with the crew about our suspicions.”

“The king probably wants greater trade with Braavos, and if that’s what he seeks, the sort of rewards our people would give House Targaryen for our salvation would be more than enough to convince him,” Alayaya said. “The fortune in gems, spices, and anything he might desire that we would offer would be vast.”

“I suppose he might be more willing than I’d have thought,” Chataya murmured. “Are you excited to see Braavos?”

“I am,” Alayaya sighed happily.

“Well, enjoy yourself and be safe,” Chataya said, making her smile.

“I have the protection of an incredible warrior and his guards, Mother,” Alayaya reminded her.

“I know, but your mother will always worry about you, especially when you’re going off to somewhere neither of us have been to before,” Chataya replied.

“What should I tell Daemon...Prince Daemon?” Alayaya asked, catching herself just a moment too late.

“You could tell him what’s happened to our people and about the prophecy,” Chataya replied. “I might hold off on telling him that you think he’s the man our gods told us about. Let him and his wife wonder about it first.”

"That could work," Alayaya murmured. "Thank you."

"You don't need to thank me for giving you advice," Chataya chuckled. "It's what I'm here for."

Alayaya smiled at that, wondering exactly how she was going to word this to Daemon and Daenerys.

"Do you think this might all be achievable?" Daemon asked as his father finished his explanation.

"Not all at once, but deepening our connection to Braavos could be vital right now," Rhaegar replied. "The slave ships we've caught in our waters, sailing towards the lands beyond the wall, in the last few moons have been unacceptable. They've grown too bold, and in this, we have a common interest with Braavos."

"Not that I'd normally care about the wildlings at all, but..." Daemon went to say.

"No one deserves to be enslaved, and beyond that, I cannot risk the possibility that they might grow bold enough eventually to strike at the lands of the Gift," Rhaegar replied.

"Do you think they would be that stupid?" Daemon asked. "They'd be risking dragging their cities into war with us."

"Truth be told, Daemon, the shore of the lands north of the wall and the shores of the lands just south of it don't look all that different, depending on the time of year," Rhaegar sighed. "The Gift is still woefully underdeveloped, and I wouldn't dismiss the possibility that slavers could mistake it for lands further north. The wildlings might not be my people, but the Northerners are."

"And the slavers don't belong in our waters anyway," Daemon murmured.

"Exactly," Rhaegar replied. "If we could work with the Braavosi to keep them all south of the Vale, that would be for the best. In the long run, I seek an alliance, one that could benefit the kingdoms and Braavos both militarily and economically. What I want you to do is create a foundation from which we could build that. The new Sealord, Tormo Fregar, is a few years younger than I am and should rule the city for quite some time to come. He also appears to be friendly to us, so we have quite the opportunity here."

"I imagine that maintaining any kind of consistent relations with Braavos is made more difficult by their bizarre practice of choosing their rulers," Daemon murmured, and Rhaegar nodded.

"Such a queer custom, that one," he said. "At least if the rule of a land is held by one family, you can be reasonably certain the next ruler won't immediately tear down everything their predecessor worked on; not all familial relationships are as fraught as mine was with my father."

"Where a newly chosen leader could be from a rival family and thus willing to undo everything their predecessor did out of spite," Daemon nodded. "It seems like a woefully inefficient system."

"I don't know how it's worked for them, to be honest," Rhaegar replied. "Probably best not to mention that to Sealord Tormo."

"I won't comment on the appearance of his wife either," Daemon snarked, making his father chuckle.

"I was just joking," Rhaegar replied. "I trust you and Daenerys to handle this. I do have to ask, though, are you going to be bringing..."

"Do you really want to ask about that?" Daemon asked. "You know the Essosi have different ideas about such things, and it's not like I'd take her to meet the Sealord."

"I just don't understand it at all," Rhaegar replied.

"Daenerys did explain, right?" Daemon asked, truly not knowing what his wife had said to his father.

"She did, and I'd rather not revisit that conversation," Rhaegar said to himself, not wanting to recall hearing his little sister say that she was as fond of women as she was of Daemon and the two of them wanted to share one.

"Elia agreed to let you...she did object to my mother," Daemon murmured, looking down, and Rhaegar sighed.

"Elia is a wonderful woman and one who honestly believed that my pursuing Lyanna would help us...with something," he replied evasively. "At the time, I believed that I needed to have a third child, another daughter, and that...it was based on a misinterpretation of something that might not even be valid anymore."

"Hmm?" Daemon asked.

Rhaegar sighed and said, "There was a prophecy that I thought was of vital importance to the survival of our people and that my children were the ones mentioned in it. When you turned out to be a boy, I began to question things, especially after all the bloodshed that came of what I did, and then a few years later this foreign priestess came seeking answers about how fate had changed."

"Please go on," Daemon murmured, thinking this all sounded quite mad.

"Melisandre was her name, and she came speaking of a prophecy that sounded much like the one I had come to believe we would play roles in," Rhaegar continued. "She claimed that something had interfered, that things had changed in ways that didn't make sense to her, and that her god had sent her to find out how something that had been foretold for millennia had been pushed back centuries. I tried to help as best I could, and then she became quite strange, and I dismissed her."

"Strange how?" Daemon asked, and Rhaegar paused, looking like he wasn't sure how he should reply to that.

"It's not important," he replied. "The point is that I realized I had caused great harm for reasons that...ultimately didn't make sense."

Part of him had still wanted to betroth Aegon to Rhaenys and Daenerys at that point, thinking that perhaps they could be the three heads of the dragon, even knowing what an absolute mess dealing with the Faith over it would be, but he quickly gave up on the idea after he sent the priestess off.

"You thought you were doing something good," Daemon said reassuringly, and Rhaegar shook his head sadly.

"I was interfering in things I didn't understand, arrogantly thinking I knew what I was doing," he replied. "That's not what we should be discussing, though. You'll leave in a week, and we'll go over this a few more times between then and now."

"I think I know what's expected of me," Daemon nodded. "Thank you for trusting me with this."

"I'd trust you with far more, son," Rhaegar replied warmly. "You, your brother, your sister, and Daenerys, you are the future of this family, and I am confident that our house will be left in good hands when the time comes."

"Let's hope that won't be for many years," Daemon said, and Rhaegar smiled.

"Your Grace, the queen is here wondering if you could spare a moment," Ser Arthur called out.

"I can go," Daemon nodded, standing up and rolling the scroll back up.

"We'll speak more later," Rhaegar said, smiling as Elia walked in.

"I was just leaving," Daemon murmured, and she smiled, watching him go before closing the door and turning back to Rhaegar.

"Are you certain this is a good idea?" Elia asked as she sat down.

"I think it will be good for them," Rhaegar replied. "Aegon and Rhaenys are more than capable of charming the nobles, and being focused on their duties might help remind them of their *other* duties as well. It's only been six moons."

"Six moons in which I've seen our daughter become more and more displeased," Elia sighed. "Our girl wants to be a mother and..."

"Sometimes these things take time," Rhaegar sighed.

"There's one other thing it takes," Elia muttered. "As strange as I find it to think of my children doing such things..."

"Are you saying they're not?" Rhaegar asked. "Have either of them said anything? I know you thought that they might need to get out of the city to spark things, but I didn't think..."

"Rhaenys hasn't said anything, but I just don't see passion between them," Elia replied. "They love each other, of course, but..."

"They agreed to wed; both of them asked for it," Rhaegar pointed out.

"I'm just beginning to fear that she wanted it more than he did," Elia sighed. "It might be nothing, and my attempts to get Rhaenys to open up to me about it have led to nothing so far, but I'm just worried."

"Not all couples can be like Daemon and Daenerys, my love," Rhaegar sighed, and Elia rolled her eyes. "They also haven't conceived yet."

“Not all couples need to be moved to another part of the keep so we can sleep,” she muttered. “She’s taking moon tea; I know that for a fact.”

Rhaegar sighed at that but said nothing, figuring they’d have children eventually. “It has only been half a year and this city is not the most romantic place in the world. Neither of our children was conceived here. I’d have just sent them to Dragonstone, but I do genuinely think that having the Prince of Dragonstone tour the lands is a good idea.”

“How do you think Daemon and Daenerys’ trip is going to be?” Elia asked.

“They’ll handle themselves well, I’m sure,” Rhaegar replied. “They’re taking their ‘lady-in-waiting’, of course.”

Elia chuckled at that. “It’s positively Dornish of them, though even we wouldn’t generally move our husband’s paramours in with us.”

“I don’t think she’s just *his* paramour,” Rhaegar sighed, and Elia’s eyebrows shot towards her hairline.

“Ah,” she said. “Our children will be fine, I’m sure, but one of the greatest gifts that the gods can give any wedded couple is a child within the first year, and if this helps with that, that’s great.”

“One can hope,” Rhaegar sighed. “When Viserys fell off that horse, we were left with only five of us. I would like to increase that number, and the gods know we’re not doing that.”

“Such things were a little beyond me when I was young,” Elia sighed. “I’m certain that this royal progress will help determine if my fears are unfounded or not, and with luck, both our daughter and Daenerys will come back with child.”

“That would be a true gift,” Rhaegar smiled, taking her hand in his.

A week later, both couples and their parties had gone off on their respective journeys, with Daemon having far less traveling to do. Braavos wasn’t exactly Dragonstone, but it wasn’t that far away either. Still, it wasn’t a particularly short trip either, and after the first few hours, the couple and their paramour found themselves bored, something that they remedied in their favorite way.

“Fucking hells, that feels good,” Daemon groaned, his fingers sinking into Alayaya’s incredibly curly black hair as she slowly bobbed her head up and down on his shaft. It had been utterly coated in Daenerys’ fluids when she started, and she’d taken great pleasure in licking him clean, delighting in every groan and look of joy he gave her, before she took him between her lips and started sucking him.

“I swear...you make me see...the heavens,” Daenerys panted, still coming down from her titanic climax as she lay next to him, grinning from ear to ear and staring at the ceiling with glassy, unfocused eyes.

“There is something positively divine about this cock, isn’t there?” Alayaya asked, her eyes glinting with something Daemon didn’t recognize.

She'd let his cock slip out of her lips just long enough to say that and quickly took him back inside the wet, warm perfection of her mouth a moment later, swallowing him to root. Daemon's legs shook as she massaged his bulbous head with the muscles of her throat, and she giggled around his shaft, adoring the effect she had on him. She hadn't told him about her suspicions yet, fearing that he'd think her mad, and she figured that she'd be better off doing it in Braavos anyway, where he couldn't just have her immediately escorted back to her mother's brothel. He wouldn't abandon her there; she was sure of that.

"Come to think of it, the ship would work just as well," she thought to herself, pulling back until his cock slipped out of her mouth with an audible pop. Wrapping a hand around the base of him, she started slowly stroking him as she said, "Daemon, there's something I need to speak to you about."

"Something important, clearly," Daenerys purred, crawling behind her and cupping her large, heavy breasts from behind as she pressed her own full mounds against her back. Leaning in, she nibbled on her earlobe, saying, "You've never stopped sucking his cock until he came."

"I just came, though," Daemon pointed out. "You might not have noticed her cleaning you up just now, distracted as you were."

"Oh, I noticed," Daenerys grinned. "You're such a good girl."

"Fuck," Alayaya moaned, feeling her cunt, still gaping and swollen from the last time he fucked her, quiver at her words. "It is actually important."

"Oh?" Daenerys asked, stopping her teasing at once. "What's wrong?"

"It's..." Alayaya went to say when a thunderous roar shocked her and Daenerys.

"What the fuck?" the Valyrian beauty asked as Daemon chuckled.

"That was the titan," he explained. "We should probably get dressed, though if you want to speak with us first, Alayaya..."

"No," Alayaya replied, shaking her head. "It can wait. If the Titan's that close, then we're practically in Braavos, and you'll be greeted by some large party that it would be rude to keep waiting."

"If you're certain," Daenerys replied, kissing her neck.

"I am," Alayaya nodded. She could tell them about her people's plight later, preferably after they'd had a few glasses of wine and she had too.