

“49...50,” Daemon said as he finished his final round of push-ups.

He sat down on the floor of his room, panting as he felt his heart race. The pleasant burning ache in his arms made him smile. He had stopped exercising for a while as he moped about after Alys dumped him, and getting back into it and back to where he was before was nice. He was about to move on to the next part of his workout when he heard his phone ring. Jumping to his feet, he answered it without even looking to see who was calling.

“Hello,” he said.

“Daemon?” Alys asked, and he froze.

Her soft, lovely voice, the sound of which had never failed to put a smile on his face from the moment he met her, made him feel like his heart was twisting in his chest instead, and he found himself unable to speak for a solid few seconds.

“Alys,” Daemon said, unsure of what else to say.

“Um,” Alys said, pausing for a moment. “Can we talk?”

A month ago, he would have leapt at that, taking it as a lifeline for their relationship. A lot can change in a month, though, and he found that he had little desire to talk to his ex.

“I don’t know what we have to talk about,” Daemon said. “You made it very clear that we were done, and I’d like to respect your wishes.”

“I made a mistake!” Alys blurted out, and Daemon felt his traitorous heart flutter in response.

“What?” Daemon asked.

“I miss you, Daemon,” Alys said. “I miss...us.”

Daemon sat down on his bed in a daze and, after putting it on speaker phone, placed his phone next to him so that he could bury his face in his hands.

“Bored of Robb, are we?” he asked after a moment, his voice biting and harsh.

“I broke up with him,” Alys said. “He wasn’t...he’s not who I want.”

“Why now?” Daemon snapped. “Why after all these weeks?”

“This isn’t a conversation to have over the phone,” Alys said. “Could you come over?”

Daemon glared down at his phone, angry both at Alys for choosing to insert herself back into his life just as he had started to truly get over her and at himself because there was only one answer that he knew he would ever give her.

“Alright,” he sighed. “Sometime just after noon?”

“I’ll have the place to myself by then,” Alys said, and Daemon almost laughed at how happy those words would have made him not long ago.

"I'll be there," Daemon said, hanging up. "Fuck."

He put the phone back down and groaned. "Didn't see that coming."

He had completely accepted the idea that he and Alys were done for good the moment he learned that she had started dating Robb. It had just been such a betrayal from the both of them that he had cut the pair of them out of his life for good. His anger at Robb had largely evaporated at this point, however, and just hearing Alys' voice again, while painful, had reawakened feelings that he had desperately hoped to do away with. He needed to talk to someone but wasn't sure who he should call.

*"Sam wouldn't have a clue,"* he thought to himself, ruling his old friend out immediately. *"My teammates would invariably say 'fuck her,' meaning that in either or both ways, depending on who."*

Robb, the guy he would normally have asked for advice with girls, was out of the question for many reasons, and that didn't leave him with many options. Thinking about the women he had slept with over the summer didn't give him many ideas, either.

*"Lynesse is out of town,"* Daemon thought. *"Asking Ashara about this would be awkward at this point, plus I haven't seen her since the sentencing."*

He didn't have enough of a connection with any of the other women he had slept with to try talking to them about this, and he snorted at the thought of bothering Cersei with it. There was one among them who, at the very least, would like hearing the news that he had. Grabbing his phone, he scrolled down to Margaery's contact and called her.

"Hey, Daemon," she said, answering after a couple rings.

"Hey, Margaery, do you have a minute?" Daemon asked.

"Sure, what's up?" Margaery asked.

"Alys called," Daemon said. "Apparently she and Robb have broken up."

"Ha!" Margaery crowed, sounding instantly amused. "I mean, wow. That she called you to let you know must mean something."

"Yeah, she says that she regrets breaking up with me," Daemon said. "Anyway, I kinda need to talk to someone about this, and my usual go-to for this sort of thing is a non-option for obvious reasons."

"Yes, I imagine that would be awkward," Margaery said. "So what exactly did she say?"

"Not much," Daemon replied. "She said that she missed me, that she broke up with Robb, and then asked me to come over so we could talk in person."

"Are you going?" Margaery asked.

"I said I would," Daemon said. "The next time I refuse to go to her place will be the first."

"So you said yes by reflex, and now you aren't sure," Margaery guessed.

“Her timing sucks,” Daemon laughed humorlessly. “I’m over her, or I thought that I was. The pain of the breakup had passed, at least, and I had written off any chance of us ever getting back together. I had moved on, and now…”

“Now she’s back,” Margaery said. “So, let’s say that she does want to get back together, to pick up where you left off. Would you want that?”

“I don’t know,” Daemon sighed. “Part of me does. Part of me wants more than anything else to just erase my memories of the last couple months and go back to her like nothing ever happened.”

“As the costar of one of those memories, I am very offended,” Margaery joked.

“Maybe I’d keep one or two,” Daemon laughed. His smile fading, he said, “it’s moot point anyway. I can’t forget anything. The pain of being dumped out of the blue and the greater pain of learning from fucking Theon of all people that Robb had started seeing her isn’t something that I can just put out of my mind.”

“It’s a shame,” Margaery said. “You two were such a cute couple, and you seemed so happy.”

“I was,” Daemon said wistfully. “I’m pretty sure both were for a while. We met the first period of our freshman year. She was late, and the chair next to mine happened to be free. I remember being instantly smitten, thinking she was the prettiest girl I had ever seen. We chatted here and there for a while, but I was too shy to ask her out. When we bumped into each other at a random house party, I had had my first drink and felt bold enough to ask her to dance. We talked for hours that night.”

“For what it’s worth, she was happy with you,” Margaery said. “She and I might not be all that close, but I could tell. What was it that broke you two up, anyway?”

“Sex,” Daemon said. “She wanted to wait quite a while, which I wasn’t thrilled about, but it wasn’t a deal-breaker. Being the last of my friends, of the ones in relationships anyway, to have sex sucked, but I figured it would be worth it in the end.”

“You two were together for years, though,” Margaery said, clearly confused.

“Oh, we did try to have sex after a while,” Daemon said.

“What happened?” Margaery asked.

“I was clueless, and well, you’ve seen my penis,” Daemon said.

“Please tell me you didn’t try to shove that horse cock of yours inside her dry,” Margaery said, and Daemon swore he could hear her wince.

“I wasn’t that clueless,” Daemon said dryly, “but she wasn’t wet enough, and I wasn’t gentle enough, and it just didn’t work.”

“Oh,” Margaery said.

“We tried a few more times after that, but she never enjoyed it, and we never actually did it,” Daemon said. “My frustration over that started to affect the rest of our relationship, but it still came as a total shock to me when she broke up with me.”

"I guess that she had started to get pretty frustrated as well," Margaery commented.

"Yeah," Daemon said. "She said that she just didn't think that we were compatible. She said a bunch of other things, but it's a bit of a blur from there."

"I wonder what's changed," Margaery said.

"I have no idea," Daemon said. "I was happier than I had imagined I could be with her, and I do want that back, but she also hurt me more deeply than anyone else ever has. I have no idea what to do."

"My advice would be to hear her out," Margaery said, "but don't rush back into anything. Robb was her rebound after she broke up with you, and that relationship lasted about as long as rebounds usually do. If sex was the main issue between you two before, well, you don't have any problems with that now."

"That's true," Daemon said.

"It will be up to you if you can learn to trust her enough to give her your heart again," Margaery said, "and if not, then that's that, but that doesn't mean that you don't owe it yourself to take this first tiny step."

"I do want to know what changed her mind," Daemon said. "Fine, I'll go talk to her; I said I would anyway. What about you? With Robb single again, do you think you could rekindle things?"

"Not if he got on his knees and begged," Margaery said flatly. "The difference between us is that you want to get back together with Alys and just don't know if you could, while I am entirely done with Robb."

"He fucked up a good thing," Daemon said.

"Thanks, Daemon," Margaery said.

"Thank you," Daemon said. "I really needed this."

"I was happy to help," Margaery said. "Good luck."

The two of them said their goodbyes, and Daemon put his phone back on his desk. He had a few hours left before he had to meet with Alys, and he wanted to finish his workout and shower before he had to have lunch.

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Daemon raised his fist to knock on Alys' door for the second time and had no more success actually doing so than he had the first time. Staring at the door as though it had personally offended him, he took a deep breath and tried to calm his racing heart. This had never been difficult before, but he had never had any mixed feelings about whether or not he wanted to see the girl on the other side of the door before.

"*I'm just here to hear her out,*" Daemon thought to himself. Shaking his head, he steeled his resolve and knocked loudly.

He could hear the distinct sound of someone scrambling to reach the door, and a moment later it was unlocked and opened to reveal Alys. She looked up at him and took a step forward, as if moving to hug him, before stopping. He couldn't blame her. That had been his first instinct as well.

"Hey," Daemon said.

"Hey," Alys replied, her big gray eyes shining as she stared into his. "Please, come in."

She turned to lead him inside, and he couldn't help but let his eyes wander to her arse. The skirt she was wearing was short enough that he could make out just a hint of the round globes that lay underneath it. Her long, pale legs looked fucking incredible as well, and he felt his cock twitch in his pants despite himself.

"Do you want anything to drink?" Alys asked awkwardly.

"No, thank you," Daemon replied as she led him into the living room. He sat down on the couch, trying not to think of how many times they had made out on it, and said, "you said you wanted to talk, so go ahead."

"I'm sorry," Alys said after a moment. "I'm sorry for everything."

Daemon bit back the cutting remark he wanted to make and just stared at her.

"When I broke up with you, I...things had been awkward between us for a bit," Alys said.

"It was a bit of a rough patch," Daemon argued.

"It was more than a patch, Daemon," Alys said. "I could see that you were getting increasingly frustrated with me."

"Don't pin this on me," Daemon said, his eyes narrowing. "I was nothing but patient and understanding with you."

"Yes, you were," Alys said, her eyes growing damp. "I had...issues with sex."

"Because of your parents," Daemon sighed.

"Dad's sex addiction nearly ended their marriage, and, though they stayed together, it's never been like it was before," Alys said. "Watching them go through that at such a young age and overhearing far more of their arguments than I should have...it fucked me up. You were so patient and understanding with me as I tried to get over that anxiety I ended up with about sex, and then when I finally found myself ready..."

"It didn't work," Daemon said.

"You didn't say anything about it," Alys said, "but I could see the frustration in your eyes every time we had to stop, and I started hating myself for it. Eventually, I started to wonder if it would just never work out."

"So you decided to rip my heart out and start hooking up with my cousin," Daemon snapped.

“Things with Robb...that wasn’t planned,” Alys said. “If you really were just too big for me, if you were never going to fit and we were never going to have sex, can you really say that you would have been okay with that forever?”

“We would have figured it out eventually,” Daemon said.

“Maybe,” Alys said, “but as we got to the end of the year, I started thinking about the future. This is our last year before we head off to college. You were ready to have sex, and so was I, and we just didn’t fit together, so I started thinking that our relationship was probably not going to last the rest of the year.”

“I guess we’ll never know,” Daemon said. “So if you didn’t outright leave me for Robb, where did he fit in to this?”

“Breaking your heart broke mine as well,” Alys said, her eyes filling with tears. “It was so...hard, and I needed a distraction. We met up at a party; we had both been drinking, and we got to talking. One thing led to another, and...”

“I really don’t need to know more,” Daemon said.

“It was a mistake,” Alys said, “all of it. The truth is that I grew so worried that our relationship was going to blow up that I ended it. I was scared and stupid, and I know I have no right to ask this of you, but do you think there’s any chance that you could find it in your heart to forgive me?”

Daemon looked up at her and wondered the same thing. “Look, Alys, you hurt me deeply. If it had just been blindsiding me with the breakup, that would have been different, but moving on with Robb of all people...”

“I know,” Alys said, crying openly by then. “I’m so sorry!”

Daemon couldn’t help it, having always been weak where Alys was concerned, and before he knew what he was doing, he was on his feet and had his arms wrapped around her. She buried her face in his chest, weeping into his shirt, and he found himself struggling with the desire to just close his eyes and pretend everything was fine. The smell of her familiar perfume filled his nose, and together with the feeling of her body pressing against his, it left him with a powerful feeling of nostalgia. As her tears subsided, she looked up into his eyes, and, acting on an old, well-trained instinct, he kissed her.

Alys returned the kiss immediately and with such all-consuming passion that Daemon was taken aback. Moaning, she probed his mouth with her tongue, brushing it against his own. Daemon took a step back, as she deepened the kiss, and took her with him. As he fell back onto the couch, she didn’t stop kissing him for a moment as she climbed into his lap and started grinding on his rapidly hardening cock. All thoughts about how this was likely a bad idea fled him as his blood rushed south from one head to the other.

“Fuck, I missed you,” Alys hissed, kissing along her jaw line and moving to suckle on his earlobe.

“Gods, Alys,” Daemon groaned, wondering who this little spitfire in the guise of his ex-girlfriend was.

“Come upstairs,” Alys whispered in his ear, and Daemon made a decision. It might be more accurate to say that his cock made the decision, and there was a small part of him that remained convinced that he was going to regret this, but he swept her up into his arms and carried her squealing form upstairs.

The second they were inside, he let her down and pinned her to the nearest wall, kissing her deeply while he slid a hand under her tank top. He groaned at the confirmation that she wasn't wearing anything underneath and broke the kiss to grin wickedly down at her.

“No bra?” Daemon asked, his cock throbbing painfully in his pants.

With an impish grin, she pulled her top over her head and threw it in a corner. “That’s not all I’m not wearing.”

She raised her leg and placed it on his shoulder, giving him a view of her perfect, hairless cunt, and giggled at the look on his face.

“On the bed,” Daemon growled, and she whimpered.

He pulled his shirt over his head and threw it over to where hers was. Her skirt joined them a moment later, and as he removed his belt, he groaned at the sight of her naked body. Alys was the palest girl in their class and had been since they met. She never bothered tanning and had no lines, but what she did have was flawless porcelain skin from head to toe. She was thin, with a skinny waist and only somewhat flared hips. Her legs were long and shapely, and her impossibly perky breasts looked larger than they were on her skinny frame. She had one of the greatest bodies he had ever seen, and combined with her beautiful, heart-shaped face and gray-blue eyes, she was utterly gorgeous.

Her eyes locked onto his cock the second it was freed from its confines, and she shuddered, saying, “I’m not as scared of that as I used to be.”

“I’m a hell of a lot better with it than I used to be,” Daemon replied, stepping out of her pants and joining her on the bed.

Alys gasped and sighed as he wrapped his lips around one of her small, pale pink nipples, her arms snaking around his neck to hold him to her chest. He sucked on the hardening nub greedily, grasping and kneading her other mound as he did so. They might not have been the largest he had ever seen, but he had always adored her tits. Switching the other nipple, he let his teeth just barely graze over it, making her cry out. She started grinding up against him, trying to rub her dripping cunt against him.

“Someone’s eager,” Daemon chuckled, enjoying the look of lust in her darkened eyes.

“I need you, Daemon,” Alys mewled, and he kissed her again. The two were like snarling wolves as they made out, each one unleashing pent-up lust and desire for the other. “I want you inside me.”

“Soon,” Daemon said. “I’ll actually fit this time too, I promise, but first, I need to taste you.”

Alys’ breath hitched and her eyes widened as he kissed a trail down her neck, between her breasts, and along her flat, toned abdomen. He kept his eyes locked on hers, enjoying the look of delight on her face as he neared her pussy.

“Are...are you sure?” Alys asked, squirming as he hovered right above her cunt.

Remembering how uncomfortable she used to be about this sort of thing, he pushed a single finger inside her, grinning as she gasped, and pulled it out. He brought it to his lips, his eyes never leaving hers, and sucked her fluids from it, moaning softly in pleasure at the taste. He watched a shiver go through her entire body and smirked.

“Yes,” Daemon said, sinking to his knees on the floor and pulling her closer to him, “I’m sure.”

He stared down at her pussy, noting not for the first time just how tiny her labia were, and planted a soft kiss on the hood of her clit that made her moan. Smirking, he used the flat of his tongue to lather her entire pussy from hole to clit.

“Ohh!” Alys gasped, grabbing his head and pulling him in.

Daemon’s biggest regret about his relationship with Alys, once he started to learn how to be good in bed, was that he hadn’t tried harder to convince her to let him eat her out. If he had put more effort into getting her ready, they would have had sex and the impetus of their breakup wouldn’t have existed. She had been squeamish then about the idea, fearing, he supposed, that she’d taste bad, but from how she was responding now, he knew this would have gone a long way towards fixing their biggest problem back then. Alys bucked, writhed, and moaned against him as he feasted on her with his lips and dexterous tongue.

“That’s so good, so...fuck!” Alys cried, her thighs quivering around his head as she soared towards her peak.

Daemon grinned, enjoying the act of eating her out as much as he always had. He had purposefully avoided her clit up to that point, not wanting to scare her off if she turned out to be unusually sensitive, but as she started to obviously near her orgasm, he decided it was likely safe to move higher.

“Oh gods, right there!” Alys screamed as he flicked his tongue over her clit.

Pushing two fingers inside her slowly, he searched around the upper wall of her cunt for her g-spot as he swirled his tongue around her sensitive pearl. Alys gasped for breath and moaned even louder, grabbing at the sheets around her. When he finally found that rough patch of skin inside her, she cried out. Wrapping his lips around her clit, he gently sucked on it as he stroked her g-spot.

“Daemon!” Alys cried, her eyes wide in disbelief, as her pleasure mounted. “More, more, more, YES!”

Her back arched off the bed as she screamed, and her fluids gushed into his eager mouth. Daemon drank them down happily, grinning as she started writhing and squealing with pleasure as her orgasm tore through her. He continued to finger her as she came but quickly moved past her clit, resting on the bed and looking into her lidded eyes as she continued to quiver and shake under him. Increasing the pressure on her g-spot, he fingered her harder and faster as her orgasm started to subside and smirked as she looked up at him with wide, surprised eyes.

“I think you can cum for me again, Alys,” Daemon said softly.

“What...what...” Alys tried to ask.



“Cum for me, babe,” Daemon said, kissing her pulse point as he continued to finger her.

“What the fu...how in...FUCK!” Alys shrieked, her whole body convulsing like she’d been electrocuted as a second, even stronger orgasm thundered through her entire body.

Daemon smirked as she squirted; a geyser of her fluids shot forth from her spasming cunt, and he pulled his fingers out, watching as the titanic climax continued to fry her brain with ecstasy.

“Delicious,” he murmured after he had licked his fingers clean.

“Holy...fuck,” Alys panted, curling into a ball next to him as her orgasm finally ended.

Her face and chest had turned a bright red during her orgasms, and as that flush faded, he could see the little blue veins along her breasts more prominently. A sheen of sweat covered her entire body as he traced his hand over her side and pulled her in to hug her to him.

“What...the hell...was that?” Alys panted after a moment, still trying to catch her breath.

“I know I made you cum at least once or twice while we were together,” Daemon said.

“Not like that,” Alys said, finally recovering. “Shit, did I pee?”

“You squirted,” Daemon said, brushing her hair behind her ear and cupping her cheek. Before she could ask anything else, he kissed her and delighted in how she melted into his embrace.

Looking into his eyes, her own still slightly glassy, she pressed her lips to his. Daemon responded to the kiss eagerly, plunging his tongue into her mouth. She moaned into his mouth, clearly not minding the taste of her sweet cunt on his lips, and pushed her tongue against his, fighting back with furious passion. Daemon rolled her onto her back and started grinding his cock against her soaking wet pussy.

“So big,” Alys whimpered as she looked down at him and shuddered.

“You’re properly wet this time,” Daemon said, “and I am more than willing to take my time.”

He saw that her thighs were wet with her juices and closed them around his cock as he continued to stroke it along her pussy. There was a slight gap between her thighs, but they were still more than snug around his thick dick. Using the wetness to lubricate his length, he pressed down harder and grinned when she gasped in response to the pressure on her clit.

“That feels good,” Alys sighed.

“It’s going to feel a hell of a lot better,” Daemon said, spreading her legs again.

He fisted his cock, spreading her juices more evenly around it, and rubbed the head between her nether lips, gathering as much of her fluids on it as he could. Once he was sure that he was as slick as he could be, he lined himself up with her dripping hole and pushed inside. Alys gasped, her eyes going wide, and she reached out to wrap her arms around his neck. She kissed him deeply, and Daemon lost himself in her embrace. This was something that he had dreamed about for years: burying himself inside Alys as the two of them shared tender kisses.

She moaned into his mouth as he pulled out of her a little and broke the kiss to cry out as he pushed back inside, reaching further. His lips found her neck, and he trailed hot kisses up the slender column as he continued to bury himself inch by inch inside her hot, almost painfully tight depths. She was even tighter than Myrcella, who had been a virgin when he took her, which likely contributed to their earlier problems, but she was wet enough that he was able to stretch her inner walls around his cock without too much discomfort.

“You’re so big!” Alys moaned.

“Part of that is because you’re tight as a clenched fist,” Daemon groaned.

“How...how much more is there?” Alys asked, her body trembling.

“Just a couple more inches,” Daemon said. “You’re taking me so well, baby.”

“Oh, Daemon!” Alys cried, her hands running down his back.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Alys panted. “It burns a bit, but it feels good too. It’s not like those other times.”

*“That’s because I know what I’m doing,”* Daemon thought to himself. He couldn’t help but think that if he had a little experience under his belt before they tried to have sex, their breakup wouldn’t have happened.

When Daemon buried the last inch of his cock inside her, he brushed against a sensitive spot inside her, and Alys raked her nails down his back.

“Oh gods!” she cried out.

“Alys?” Daemon asked.

“Sorry, that just felt really good,” Alys said, sounding sheepish.

“It’s okay,” Daemon said, brushing her hair out of her face.

She smiled up at him, her gray eyes nearly black with desire, and ran her nails through his scalp. He waited for her to relax around him, more than content to just feel her around him. Slowly, her trembling stopped, and he felt her walls relax just a touch.

“Move, please,” Alys whimpered.

“Gladly,” Daemon said, pulling most of his cock out of her before thrusting back inside.

“Ah!” Alys cried, her head thrown back against the pillow.

He kept his thrusts long and slow to start with, still wary of going too hard or fast with her. As her gasps and moans grew louder, he became more confident, and when she started bucking up against him, he knew that he could speed up.

“So fucking good!” Alys moaned. “You feel so deep!”

“There are upsides to my size,” Daemon chuckled.

He started to fuck her harder and faster, and as he did, her breasts began to jiggle across her chest, drawing his eyes. Reaching up, he cupped the firm mounds and brought his mouth down to capture one of her pebbled nipples between her lips.

“Yes!” Alys screamed.

Daemon smirked as she started to sound more and more overwhelmed. Switching back and forth between her breasts, he did his best to drive her mad, all while spearing his massive length inside her again and again.

“Should have...done this...ages ago!” Alys gasped. “Daemon, I think I’m getting close.”

Daemon grinned and reached down to gently rub her throbbing clit with his thumb. Moving up to her face, he looked her in the eye as he continued to fuck her. He changed his angle slightly, trying to see if he could find one of those really sensitive spots deep inside her. He was pretty sure that he had come close to one of them when he first buried himself inside her, but he hadn’t felt anything since.

“Are you going to cum for me?” he asked.

“I...yes...fuck, Daemon!” Alys cried.

He kissed her neck again, finding her pulse point and teasing it with his teeth, just hard enough to be felt without leaving a mark. Alys’ whole body was starting to go taut under him as the pressure inside her built. He knew it wouldn’t take much more, and when he felt his cock slip inside a little opening deep inside her, he moved his head back so that he could see her reaction.

Alys’ jaw dropped, and her face froze in a rictus of shock and pleasure, as though in a silent scream.

“DAEMON!” she shrieked at the top of her lungs a moment later as she came undone.

With her whole body convulsing and thrashing under him and her already tight tunnel massaging his length spasmodically, Daemon let go with a roar, cumming deep inside her. Her nails raked down his back, and her legs tightened around him as the two of them rode out the waves of pleasure together. Daemon caught himself on his forearms as he fell forward once it ended, panting for breath. Burying his face in her neck, he inhaled her scent, wanting to stay there forever. When he felt that his cock had wilted, Daemon pulled out of her and rolled over onto his back, looking over to watch her chest heave with her every breath.

“That...was insane,” Alys panted. “I didn’t know...I could cum that hard.”

Daemon laughed as pride swelled within him at her words, and he stared at the ceiling as he recovered from his orgasm. Resting an arm above his head, he let his mind wander as the relaxation set in. When Alys shifted over to rest her head on his chest, he brought that arm down to wrap around her, holding her tight.

“Daemon?” Alys asked.

“Yeah,” Daemon replied.

“Were you...seeing Wynafryd?” Alys asked.

“What?” Daemon asked.

“I know you hooked up with her at Talia’s party,” Alys said, and Daemon felt like she had poured ice water over his head.

“How do you know that?” Daemon asked.

“I actually saw,” Alys replied, her voice small.

Daemon sat up and said, “explain.”

“Robb and I had a fight, and he wandered off,” Alys explained. “When I asked Talia if he knew where he’d gone, she said that she thought she saw him upstairs. I passed by the room you two were in while I was searching and...”

“You looked inside,” Daemon said, a certain suspicion settling inside his mind.

Talia had been Margaery’s minion the entire night, letting the other host a party at her home. Margaery had made it pretty clear that she had done it so that Robb would come, apparently so that he could see her being happy without him.

“*Margaery, you clever bitch,*” he thought to himself, equal parts impressed by her brilliance and annoyed at being used.

She had lured him to the party and arranged for him to hook up with Wynafryd, that he knew for certain. She had also admitted that she hosted the party at another girl’s place so that Robb and Alys would show up. Could she have done all that so that Alys would see him hooking up with her longtime rival in the hopes that it would spur her on to dump Robb?

“Daemon?” Alys asked, breaking him out of her reverie.

The idea that Margaery had used him to fuck over her ex led to another, far more unpleasant thought.

“Is that what this was all about?” Daemon asked.

“What?” Alys asked, looking confused.

“This sudden desire to get back together,” Daemon clarified, looking her right in the eye. “Did that come from you being pissed off that I hooked up with Wynafryd?”

“No!” Alys exclaimed. “Daemon, I’ve been regretting breaking up with you for a while.”

“And yet I didn’t hear from you until after you walked in on me fucking a girl that I know you can’t stand,” Daemon scoffed.

“Wynafryd’s a bitch, she’s always been a bitch,” Alys snarled, “but that has nothing to do this. I just wanted to know if you were dating anyone else.”

“No,” Daemon said, getting out of bed. “Dating has been the last thing on my mind this summer.”

“That’s great,” Alys said, joining him on shaky legs.

“It still isn’t,” Daemon said, reaching for his clothes.

“Huh?” Alys asked.

“Aly,” Daemon said. “It’s going to take a little while to get over being unceremoniously dumped for my cousin.”

“I didn’t leave you for him,” Alys said.

“No, but you were seeing him within the week,” Daemon said. “In the span of a few days, I lost the girl I loved and my best friend all while coming to terms with the death of my uncle. I’ve gotten better, but the idea of putting myself out there again for anyone really, frankly, terrifies me.”

“So what does that mean?” Alys asked.

“It means that I need time,” Daemon said, putting on his boxers and pants. “Who knows, when the school year starts up again and I’m back to my regular routine, more or less, maybe I’ll be back to normal enough to consider dating again. If that’s the case, I would certainly be more interested in you than in Wynafryd Manderly, but I will need that time.”

“I understand,” Alys said, disappointment clear in her voice. “I hurt you, and if you’ll let me, I’ll spend the rest of our lives making it up to you, but if you need time, then I’ll give you it. I’m not giving up on us, though. I love you, Daemon.”

Daemon swallowed thickly at that and said, “I love you too.”

Trust was another matter entirely, but that wasn’t something that they could settle that day. The two of them got dressed, and she walked him to the door, kissing him goodbye as he left. He walked away from her house in a daze, almost disbelieving what he had just gone through. Until she mentioned Wynafryd, he had almost felt like he could let the last few weeks go and let things return to normal. He couldn’t shake the feeling that it had only been seeing him fuck a girl she hated that had caused all of this, and he didn’t like the thought.

Snorting, he couldn’t help but think that he was entirely sick of girls his age. From Margaery’s vendetta, to Wynafryd’s very likely knowing participation in her plot, to Alys breaking his heart and then trying to undo it in a fit of jealousy, it was just so immature.

“*Maybe I am better off with older women,*” he thought to himself, shaking his head. Lost in thought, he walked home.