Ignite

by OnlyInAutumn

Summary

Jon and Daenerys become the first to have sex on top of the wall.

He rounded the narrow pathway carved out of ice and found her on top of the wall on one of the vantage points made for scouring the ground below. Her back was facing him, Daenerys staring out beyond the boundary where the trees were barely visible due to the storm. She would have heard him approach, but didn’t bother to see who it was, or maybe she already knew.

The winds died down slightly and Daenerys tilted her head backwards, small snowflakes falling on her face and in her hair. The way he watched her was definitely intrusive, a bit creepy from an outsider’s perspective even, but there was an invisible force that had taken him prison and made him be in constant awe of the dragon queen.

Jon cleared his throat before his thoughts got too deep. “It’s not safe up here, your grace.”

He was about to offer to escort her back down but she cut in before he could, ignoring his previous statement.

“It’s beautiful up here. I’ve never seen snow before.”

Jon took a few steps closer to her but she didn’t glance his way. He contemplated what she said. “I think I’ve seen too much of it,” he countered, a low chuckle finding its way to the surface. “Certainly, enough for a lifetime.”

“Tired of being cold?” she asked gently.

Jon tried to remember a time that he didn’t feel the sharp frostiness of the air assaulting his face or any other exposed skin. “To be honest, I can’t recall what it feels like to be truly warm.”

“You might have liked it in Essos, then. The sun was strong every day. How long will winter last
here?"

He shook his head, overwhelmed by the thought. “I wish I knew.”

It reminded him why he had gone looking for her in the first place. Jon had a cloak made for her at Winterfell and sent to him to give to Daenerys. She was not used the Northerner climate and the snow would only make her dress wet if she were outside too long and didn’t have the protection of an outer layer. As he ran his finger along the deep black furs. He knew it would be a sharp contrast against her hair.

Awkwardly, he stepped closer again, and held it out for her. “This is for you.”

She finally turned enough to look at him, eyes glancing at the cloak. He had specified it to be made of the finest materials available, not wanting to offend Daenerys. She must have grown accustomed to the nicer fabrics Essos had to offer.

She walked toward him, now directly in front. Her hand reached out and brushed the furs. “Thank you. That’s very kind.”

Good. She was pleased with it.

Her eyes traveled up to meet his and stood there, waiting. It prompted Jon to take the plunge and he maneuvered the cloak with his fingers so that it draped over her shoulders, pulling the clasp in the front tight to keep it from falling off. He didn’t know what possessed him at the time, but Jon found himself pulling her hair that was half down free from under the cloak, the long, curled tresses falling onto the dark furs.

Oh.

He had gone too far.

He had touched the queen’s hair without her permission. Jon retracted his hands immediately and held them in a fist at his sides. Miraculously, however, she didn’t flinch or decide to push him off the wall because of it. In fact, there was the hint of a smile appearing.

“Tell me,” she started, “do I look like a northerner now?”

Jon’s eyes lingered on her. He should have looked away, he really should have. But that was the thing, he was hooked. Hooked on her eyes, on the way she was looking back at him. Hooked on her, damn it.

The fire from the torch she must have brought up with her that was attached into place in the iron holder to her left allowed the light to dance off the features of her face. Rosy cheeks, beautiful eyes with dark lashes, full pink lips, and long white hair. The world had never seen such beauty.

Jon somehow regained some composure to respond. “The farthest thing from one, actually.”

“Oh?”

Jon half smiled. “If you haven’t noticed, you’re exotic in comparison.”

“I’m exotic anywhere in the world,” she pointed out, without shame.

It was true. No one Jon had ever seen looked like Daenerys. Her features were unique in every way possible.
“Can I ask, why are you up here, your grace? With the white walkers out there—”

“I just wanted to see what the fuss was about. And by the way, you can stop calling me that. My name is Daenerys.” She paused, eyes going to another flickering torch in the corner before returning eye contact with him. “Or Dany, if you prefer.”

Jon stood in silence, not able to form anything to say. It seemed as though they had crossed into new territory. She had already called him by his name several times, but him calling her, the queen, by her name was so personal.

So intimate.

Jon nodded in response. “Of course.”

So much more needed to be said between them, but that was the true battle for him. How was he supposed to keep his head clear when the most beautiful woman in the world stood before him? They should be discussing strategy on how to defeat the Night King, maybe even how she could win over the Lords of the North, but all that fell apart when she was in his presence. Oh, if only Robb could see him now basically tripping over his own feet because of a woman. Conjuring up complete thoughts and wise sentences was a task that needed focus.

Some cruel trick the gods were playing on him, not that he exactly believed in a whole lot. Daenerys, however, was an answer to unsaid prayers. Three dragons, wealth beyond compare, and a skilled army loyal to her. He hadn’t seen them in action, but had heard the details of when she went and met the Lannister forces after they sacked Highgarden. The Dothraki were ruthless, and that was exactly what the North needed to defend the rest of Westeros against the army of the dead.

Daenerys seemed to be reading his thoughts when she asked, calmly, “Do you think we can win this war against the Night King?”

Another question he couldn’t answer for her. It really made him feel incompetent. “I don’t know,” he told her, voice deep with an edge fear.

He looked out past the wall. They were out there somewhere, waiting. Lurking in the shadows of the storm. That was the worst part, too. No one knew when the dead would make it to the wall and what might happen if they did.

“I’ve been thinking about it a lot lately now that I’m here,” she continued. Once again, she turned toward him. “At least if I die here, I get to die in Westeros, not in foreign lands.”

“You could always leave and go back for Meereen if we fail,” he suggested unwillingly. Sure, she would have to come close to her goal and then flee, but she would survive. Now that he knew her better, a world without her in it sounded like a sad tale he couldn’t bear to hear.

“Leave my people to perish alone? No.”

Jon felt the pull towards her again, this need that overcame him in moments he least expected it. She was fire and he was ice. Opposites. Yet, that was what he liked about her, among the hundreds of others things on the growing list.

“There is something that I’ve been meaning to ask about. Took a knife to the heart?” she recalled from their first meeting.

Before he could get a word out, Daenerys had her hands under his clothes and on his abdomen. He instinctively prepared for the chill he would feel, expecting it to feel like icicles were pressed
against him. But no, there was no cold, only heat. Her hands were like their own lanterns, radiating heat into him and through to his soul. And he was too afraid to move a muscle so he waited until her finger traced the scars. He closed his eyes until she spoke.

“So, it is true.”

“Yes,” he choked out, still taken aback by how brazen she was.

The smoothness of her fingers caught him off guard, even more so than that actual act of her placing her hands on him. In truth, her hands had never wielded a sword or skinned a rabbit, never scrubbed tables or gotten burned on a lantern that was too hot. No, hers were gentle and tender as the fingertips grazed the skin that was disfigured in the shape of a knife wound.

She put her whole palm against his lower abdomen. He wondered if she could feel his heart beating erratically.

“It’s a long story.”

“And?” she further pursued.

“Not a pleasant one.”

She blinked up at him twice. “I have plenty of my own unpleasant stories, Jon, horrific ones of things done to me or things that I’ve seen. It’s not as if your story would be falling on pure ears.”

Daenerys withdrew her hands back out into the cold and Jon found himself grabbing her wrists, not wanting to let her go. Again, she wasn’t bothered by it. “I don’t want you to think less of me,” he confessed.

Her eyes narrowed. “Would you think less of me after you heard my story?”

She made a good point. Jon drew in a breath and relented. “I brought the Wildlings south of the wall, you know that already. Some of the Night’s Watch didn’t agree and stabbed me for it. Apparently, I was a traitor.” He waited a moment before he continued, the uneasiness of embarrassment seeping in. “I was dead and then I wasn’t. I don’t understand how I’m here but I am.”

“Not such a long story after all,” Daenerys commented. She was able to sneak out of his grasp and rest her palm on his jawline, Jon leaning into it without hesitation. “No need to be ashamed about it. The past can either ruin us or make us stronger. And only we can make that decision. I’ve chosen to be stronger, and so have you, even if you don’t recognize it at the moment. And just think, everything that has ever happened has led to this, this moment here, the two of us fighting a war. Together. Just like you said.”

“I never thanked you for coming…”

She shook her head slowly, wisps of hair blowing in the wind. “You didn’t have to.”

He could have said that he was surprised that she had showed up in the North but impulse took over as he grabbed her waist and kissed her instead. She responded with the same amount of passion and Jon knew then that all of what he had felt, Daenerys had been feeling the same.

Jon walked into her until she was positioned in between the side of the wall and himself, allowing no extra space. He picked her up and her legs went around him immediately. Jon pushed against her, wanting to have every part of her, wishing they were elsewhere and not on top of the wall.
Not exactly the most romantic of places.

Or even decent.

Women were complicated, that he knew. Jon wanted more time but her hands were working too fast for Jon to keep up. It would have been easier in a bed by the fire where he could strip her down and kiss her everywhere. In the snow and wind, everything was more difficult. And even despite the climate, Daenerys seemed to know every way to drive him mad. Her fingers grabbed at his hair, her thighs tightened around him when he moved against her, and her mouth went to the part of his neck that was exposed.

“Jon,” she whispered into his ear at the same time her back arched into him and away from the ice behind her.

He was hot then, body filled with heat. The snow didn’t faze him at all anymore, though he did pull his cloak to form a seal around him and Daenerys. Only then did he completely give in to desire. The long dress that fell around her ankles he hiked up further so that the material lingered at the top of her thigh. His thumb went higher and brushed her hipbone, his body involuntarily jolted forward into her once again.

Jon caved at that moment, no longer able to hold up the walls he had forced up around him. “I want you,” he said, the words falling out almost against his will, unable to stop them. He did want her though, had wanted her and thought about her in that way since his time at Dragonstone. The hardness in his pants pressed into her was an obvious indicator of that, and it did not go unnoticed.

His trousers were being undone, Daenerys seeing that he wouldn’t be able to do it and hold her up at the same time. Once the laces were done with, she shoved her hand into the trousers and formed her fingers around his cock, slowly stroking, and he let out a throaty grunt against her lips. Jon couldn’t even kiss her in that moment, feeling her on him was too much of a distraction.

When she pulled her hand out, he wanted to tell her not to stop, please do not stop. But her plans were much grander, yanking the trousers down enough that he cock was out. Daenerys lifted herself up by putting her hands onto his shoulders, head bent forward so her locks fell against his flushed cheeks. They made eye contact. It was enough to send a shock wave through his entire body. He let out an embarrassingly shaky breath that he could see in front of his face when his finger pushed into her thighs so hard his skin must have gone white as she lowered onto him in one swift motion, now level with him again.

So warm, was his initial thought.

His second thought caused him to nearly blurt out a confession to her, to himself, about all the pent-up feelings. Luckily, perhaps, he didn’t get the chance. Daenerys grabbed his face and took his lips once again. Jon’s hips instantly jerked, the small pleasured moan from her as a result only pushed him further down the spiral of desire.

With the support of the icy wall behind her, Jon easily slipped in and out of her. Her head went back, hair sliding on the ice ever so slightly as he continued to thrust. He took the opportunity to bury his head into her neck, sucking at the skin sloppily until she laced her fingers around the nape of his own neck and said his name again.

Gods, he wished that he could take off all her clothes and do it the right way. Feel the curve of her breasts, be able to put his head between her legs and have her grab his hair at the roots. He wanted her to feel as good as he did. That was when the idea came to him. Jon leaned into her a little bit more, if that were even possible, and shifted so that she was supporting herself by the strength in
her legs wrapped tight around him. One hand slipped from her hips to in between them to the spot he was sure would bring her satisfaction.

Jon looked at her to find she was smiling at him as his hand moved and he pushed into her harder. He smiled back, the kind of smile that surely had never been on his face before.

It wasn’t long before his movement became irregular and paced quickly, unable to keep with a rhythm. Not when he was too desperate for a release. Jon was a bit dazed when he felt a tightness around him that he never felt before, the contraction of her walls while he was still inside Daenerys. The sound she made following that would forever he etched into his mind, her bright eyes widening, mouth parted.

It was all too much.

“Dany,” he moaned, barely getting out the syllables before spilling into her, taking hold of her hips once again.

There was a content sigh that came from Daenerys once Jon rested his head on her shoulder, the euphoric feeling stemming through their bodies at the same time.

Some time had passed, who knew how long before he pulled out of her and dropped her back onto her feet gently, dress falling to her ankles once again. Jon laced his trousers back up, mind going too fast to process the events that had just occurred. The small laugh that escaped from Daenerys brought his attention back up to her as she adjusted this cloak.

“What is it?” he asked, curious.

“You’re full of surprises, aren’t you?”

He tilted his head down and captured her lips once more. “We should be getting back before someone worries and comes up here to find you,” he suggested.

She took his hand in hers. “I think they know I’m safe with you.”

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