No One's Business but Mine

by meisie

Summary

Daenerys likes to keep some things to herself, because it's damn hard being the queen of the apocalypse. Sequel to my previous story (click username for girl porn), post Season 7 setting. Here be dragons, and quite a lot of shameless smut. Complete.
Chapter 1

A/N: This is a sequel to my other fic, A Queen can do as She Likes, although reading that one isn’t really necessary. I wrote it today in between helping my man paint windows ;) It’s amusing girl porn about two fools in love, trying to hide it and failing. I hope you enjoy, the response will influence whether I make this a short or long story, so comment and kudos away, if you like.

Daenerys

To be a queen meant that one was never truly alone. Every word, every action, every reaction was out on display for the people to discuss, comment on, and react to, either negatively or positively, especially in the chill, unwelcoming, grudging environment of Winterfell. So, she kept her secrets close, like a miser hoarding a vault of gold.

On the surface, she was all business, entirely focused on wrangling their resources into a coherent battle plan for their very survival, solving problems, quietening arguments, and forcing enemies to put aside their suspicions and fears and come together. But under the surface, she was deeply distracted. She knew it was dangerous, that it might cause her to slip up at a crucial moment, but she needed that hot, consuming fire to stay burning, to keep her going, to make her gasp and shiver and pine for those all too brief moments when she got to cast aside her mask and indulge herself, no matter that it was slowly driving her mad.

‘I don’t want anyone to know,’ she had told him, after he had cracked open and snatched her from the great hall that wonderful, painful night and taken her again, his resolve to stay away from her after the truth came out lasting one long week of cold despair she never wanted to live through again.

It was easier said than done, of course.

Jon had reluctantly agreed, and she had sneaked out of his room, dressed and cloaked, in the early hours of the morning, her ravaged and sore body hidden away under her rumpled clothes until she called for a bath and immediately dismissed her attendants, sinking beneath the water, touching every fingertip bruise and red mark left on her skin with quiet pleasure before she rose and armoured herself for the day.

He was no diplomat, entirely useless at masking his thoughts when he caught her gaze, those dark eyes kindled with a longing that was as clear as day, making her pause and catch her breath. The smarter members of their strange court had caught on quickly, looking at them knowingly, or with disapproval or exasperation, but she was a master at playing the game even if Jon was not, shutting down every enquiry or arch comment with icy blandness, when in her heart, she wanted to shout it from the highest tower in the keep.

He loves me, he loves me, and he doesn’t bloody care.

She was still a giddy girl, deep inside where it was safe. But time had ground on, both moving too fast towards the inevitable battles that could end them all, or too slowly, the grey days slipping by with little opportunity to let the girl loose. The castle was too full of people, the demands for her attention too many, she could feel the tension building and building within her every time they stole a glance at each other around the conference table in the library tower, at a meal in the great hall, or
passing each other in a hallway.

Some days ago, she had been alone on the back staircase and he had swooped down upon her from nowhere, gathering her up as if she weighed nothing and shoving her into a dark alcove, cloak swirling around them and hiding them from view as he bent her backwards and kissed her, all warm, plump lips and questing tongue, the scratch of his beard scraping her raw. It was so unexpected, she had nearly collapsed, her hands clutching at his shoulders before she slid to the floor in an undignified heap. All too soon it was over, the sound of footsteps ascending making him pull away abruptly with a searing look in his eyes, leaving her gasping and wet and frustrated as hell.

In the privacy of her bed that night she had touched herself, thinking of him, muffling her moan into a pillow as she brought herself to a weak and unsatisfying climax, her imagination no match for the reality of his sweet mouth on her flesh, sucking and licking and biting, the feel of him pushing inside her with fingers or tongue or cock, filling her and consuming her. She was denying herself the right to sleep in his bed every night for the whim to keep something precious for herself alone, the self-control involved becoming shakier by the day.

The next encounter had been more devastating. She had been out in the Godswood in the falling snow, wrapped up against the bitter cold as she headed for the dragon’s corner to visit with her children, when a hand had grasped her shoulder and spun her around. She felt the bark of a tree trunk catch in her furs as Jon pushed her against the nearest pine. Startled, she had snarled at him, accusing him of stalking her, and he had merely smiled slowly amidst his beard, brown eyes sparking with amusement at her ire.

‘Don’t tell me you don’t like it,’ he whispered, the low timbre of his voice making her eyelids flutter closed, unable to bear looking into his eyes any longer.

‘It’s too damn cold,’ she had protested weakly, as a gloved hand bunched at her tunic, sliding up her leg, the icy leather brushing the bare skin of her belly and dipping beneath the suede leggings she wore. When she felt his gloved fingertips caress the top of her slit she had moaned urgently and spread her legs wider, forgetting her protests in an instant and lunging at his mouth, penetrating him with her tongue and yanking at his hair, bringing him as close as she could get as he pushed a finger up inside her. Three, four, five strokes of his thumb on her nub, and she was coming, biting at his lips as she fell apart with a shudder.

Then it was over, her knees buckling as he stepped away yet again, the sound of her Bloodriders dragging the carcass of a slain sheep across the woods for her sons rudely intruding on the moment, bringing her crashing back down from her high all too fast.

She had drawn her hood closer around her flaming face and called out to them in Dothraki, and Jon had slipped away through the tall trees. She had watched him leave with regret, but resisted the urge to follow his dark shadow through the blowing snow. It was all becoming too much for her, but she wasn’t sure he felt the same, his admirable self-control keeping him cool and distant in public, though his eyes betrayed him time and again.

With a great effort, she snapped herself from her reverie, lifting her head and smiling at the murmured comment from the elderly Northern lord sitting beside her at the board. Suddenly, she could not bear the dinner for a single moment longer, the babble of voices in the hall, drunk and sober, the crowded press of bodies making the air hot and close, the smell of the food making her stomach lurch, as it did all too often these days. The implications of her weak stomach, tiredness and constantly shifting, churning emotions was nagging for her attention in the back of her mind, but she ruthlessly quashed it.

*There is no time for that,* she told herself firmly, finishing her wine with a single thirsty gulp. She
rose and bid everyone good night, deliberately not looking down the board where Jon was sitting with his sisters; one beautiful, distant and hostile, the younger one just as intimidating, but surprisingly friendly and full of admiration. She still wasn’t sure what she thought of his family, the history between them too much for her to relax in their presence in any way, especially with the strange greenseer brother who knew all.

She left the hall and its crowd of humanity with some gracious but absent-minded words to her dinner companions. Missandei jumped up and followed her closely, a crease of concern on her smooth brow as they halted in the anteroom.

‘Are you all right, your Grace? Do you need anything?’

‘I am fine, my friend. I wish to be alone, please return to your dinner,’ she said firmly, forcing a smile. ‘It would please me to sleep alone tonight. Perhaps you can spend some time with Grey Worm.’

Her advisor looked uncertain for a moment, then backed away. ‘Very well, your Grace,’ she said quietly. ‘I will tell everyone you are not to be disturbed.’

‘Thank you, my friend,’ she said in gratitude. ‘Enjoy your evening, you deserve it.’

‘I will,’ Missandei smiled, her warm brown skin flushing slightly as she turned to leave. She watched her slip away, not for the first time wondering how her adviser’s little romance worked in practice. However it did, it seemed to make her friend very happy. At least someone was getting what they needed without judgement or disapproval.

Sighing heavily, she dragged herself up the grand staircase to her room, feeling both edgy and tired, thoroughly glad to leave them all behind for the night and shut herself away. She closed the heavy door behind her and took off her furs, draping them over a chair, and moved to the banked fireplace, adding more sticks and larger logs, and blowing on the embers to kindle the flames.

As the room grew warmer she shed her layers of clothes, long tunic and leggings and boots and wool chemise, letting the heat of the fire caress her bare skin as she stood over it. She dreamed for a moment of the warm air and light breezes of the eastern lands, wearing light silks against her skin and swimming in the pool on the terrace of her old home in Mereen. It was so cold in the North, cold and hard and heavy with duty and responsibility, she couldn’t help but rebel against the bitter cup she had chosen to drink and long for easier times, the nostalgia making the difficult, bloody struggle of her years in the east a lesser burden to the here and now.

Her hand reached out towards the flames tentatively, a sudden flash of doubt forcing her to try, to see whether she was still the Unburnt now she had lost one of her children and chosen the path of ice and snow. The fire danced around her fingers, warming and tingling her skin, and she smiled in relief, a surge of renewed power straightening her spine.

Now not feeling the winter cold seeping through the stone walls of the chamber, she slowly uncurled the complicated braids from her hair as she watched the comforting orange and red curls of flame, letting her silver hair fall around her nakedness like a curtain as pins and clasps pinged to the floor in the blissful silence. Leaving the candles lit, she climbed into bed, the chilly sheets making her shiver with goosebumps as she settled under the mountain of furs.

She slipped easily into a doze, letting her thoughts wander down twisting paths of memory and desire, the heat of her body creating a cocoon of warmth around her. She stretched her limbs and moaned softly at the thought of Jon, a half dream, half wish for his body above hers, bending her double beneath his weight to drive her into the mattress with each hard thrust, making her submit as
he bit her throat and growled. She would submit only to him, no one else, the freedom of letting go her iron grip on the world an unexpected gift he had given her from the very first, when he had dared to defy her when few others would.

Wet with dark longing, she ignored the urge to satisfy her need and let sleep take her away, her dreams a torrid mix of fire and blood and creeping cold, of flying over a field of bones, then a meadow of flowers, of dead bodies and live bodies, the softness of a brown eyed child’s face under her touch, the grimace of a blue eyed monster, and the taste of hot copper and sweat and frost. Her body twitched and moved restlessly beneath the covers, the fire burned lower, the candles guttered. A silent shadow crept into the room, closing the door and bolting it behind him and leaving a trail of cloak and boots and sword and other items in his wake.

She was suddenly awake, but pretending she wasn’t, keeping her eyes firmly closed and her body in repose as she felt a cold, calloused hand on her leg, the shifting of the blankets and furs at her feet. A kiss on the inside of her thigh, then another, and another, her legs firmly spread and pinned down so she couldn’t escape. She trembled slightly at the itch of soft, bristled hair on her flesh, biting her bottom lip to stop a whimper, fighting hard for silence and the charade of sleep as he put his mouth where she had longed for it to go.

A tongue dipped inside her to taste her flowing wetness, lips nipping and suckling at her folds just the way she liked. Her whole body shook under his hands and mouth, but she stayed mute, the moans choking in her throat as he ate her, the subtle sounds of enjoyment from under the covers making her ears buzz with the rising tempo of her thrumming pulse, but she fought on. She wouldn’t give an inch until he tore it out of her, both very annoyed and very aroused at his midnight visitation after the long days of self-denial.

Rough fingers slid into her cunt, stretching her open with each movement, but still she resisted. She relished each thrust, but stayed limp and passive, even when two fingers became three, a blissful ache in her loins driving her close to the brink as his tongue resumed flicking and circling her nub. But then she felt something new and shocking that caused her to relent with a shuddering cry and a sharp arch of her spine as she caved in, a thumb and finger slipping between her buttocks and into her arse, the sensation of his skilful hand filling both holes all too much.

She climaxed violently, her body thrashing like a landed fish under his touch, stars exploding behind her eyelids as she flew off the precipice, her walls clenching around his hand in hard pulses as he penetrated her once, twice more to draw out the torture.

When his fingers slipped out of her body she felt raw and bruised, but all she wanted was him back inside her, any way he wanted. ‘Take me,’ she hissed between lips bitten ragged. ‘Get up here, now.’

The mound of furs and blankets shifted and fell away and she saw him at last, her mysterious lover, all tangled black curls and wet lips and deep, dark eyes and silvery scars in faint lines across his face, love and lust and open vulnerability, and all hers. The strength of her feelings consumed her in a rush, she was suddenly terrified of herself, knowing she would do any number of reckless things for
this man, even kill for him.

‘I’m sorry to keep you waiting for so long,’ he said with a teasing quirk to his mouth, peeking at her through his long lashes. Gods, he was so beautiful.

She sighed, trying to calm herself down, letting mindless anticipation resume its hold over her instead. ‘I am sure it will be worth the wait.’

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Chapter 2

A/N: I made life hard for myself, switching point of view mid-smut. I hope it works. If you get to the end of the chapter and think I’m going all fluffy on you, worry not. My kink is fighting and fucking, although I am trying to create a plot, somehow. Comments and suggestions most welcome.

Jon

He had woken from the nightmare again that morning, alone in his spartan chamber, gasping and struggling to surface as if he was being smothered by a pile of squirming bodies. The nightmare, or vision, was always the same; an ice white field of bones, freezing tendrils of fog obscuring the scene except for the blood of his fallen friends splashed red against the crusted snow. He lifted his sword to advance at the creeping army of blue eyed horror, but he was weary, so weary, the screech of duelling dragons in the sky filling his ears along with the sound of desperate human struggle. A blast of blue fire lit up the horizon, the sudden realisation that Daenerys was in the midst of the inferno making him drop his arm and stagger towards the dragonfire, screaming and crying and slashing at everyone in his path, friend or foe.

He always awoke before he reached her. He prayed to the old gods that it wasn’t a vision, that it was just his stressed, overworked mind eating itself. So, he could not stay away from her this night, the foul aftertaste of the nightmare haunting him all day. As soon as he could shake off his companions he ran from it, slipping through the castle to her room when most had retired to whatever bed they could find in their crowded quarters, apart from the ever-dedicated drunks in the great hall. He was already fed up with this game, but he respected her wish for privacy, the common sense of keeping gossip and prying eyes to a minimum.

She had been fast asleep when he entered the room, looking like a fragile doll in the great bed, a bewitched princess from an old story, her silver-gilt hair streaming unbound over the pillows, the dark shadows under her closed eyes adding a new worry to the seething mass of them. But she was wide awake now, glowing and rumpled and despoiled and utterly gorgeous, her eyes sparkling with their usual challenge. The urge to take her was hard to resist, but he wanted to take his time, if she would let him.

He sat up, untangling himself from her legs, and slid off the bed. ‘Where are you going?’ she demanded instantly, making him smile and turn around to see her pout.

‘I’m going to get the fire lit again. I was choking under all those bloody blankets, and I don’t want you getting cold.’

Her blue gaze travelled down his naked body appraisingly, fixing on his cock, still standing up as straight as a mast, and she gave a decidedly dirty laugh. ‘I hope you’re not planning on stoking the fire with that.’

His crack of laughter surprised him, but his blush did not. ‘You, my queen, are no lady,’ he observed, suddenly longing for his breeches, lost somewhere on the floor. Turning back to the fireplace, he ignored her avid gaze on his arse, and set to work.

‘Lucky for me you don’t have much use for ladies.’
‘I don’t,’ he agreed. ‘I prefer stroppy queens who nag me to bend the knee, and slap me across the face on occasion, when I deserve it.’

The fire was springing back to life with a sullen roar and crackle of tinder. Her quiet laughter lured him back to the bed. ‘I’m so glad you’re here,’ she said simply. ‘I’ve been miserable without you.’ She was sitting cross legged on the mattress, all smooth limbs and enticing curves, a waterfall of hair hiding her pretty breasts, her face wistful.

He sat down beside her and gathered her up, pulling her soft weight into his lap. ‘Are you sure all this sneaking around is necessary?’ he asked, kissing away the frown line between her brows. ‘I told you I don’t care what everyone thinks of us, and I mean it.’

‘The northern lords and the Lannister soldiers will call me a foreign whore,’ she said bluntly. ‘Your family knows about our blood, and they will be shocked. The rest of them that aren’t shocked or scandalised will love to gossip about it, if only for the distraction. I want to keep this to ourselves, for as long as we can.’

‘If any man calls you a whore, I’ll run them through,’ he growled, his temper igniting, angry at the world outside the room, as he often was when he was with her.

There is a solution to this, a voice whispered in the back of his mind, but he knew that it wasn’t the time to speak it aloud. Instead, he caught her chin, bringing her back from her gloom with a kiss, a reminder he wasn’t near finished with her yet.

She sighed and shifted in his lap, scooting around so her legs forked his waist, dragging at his lips and slipping her tongue inside, her breasts flattening against his chest. He was consumed, once again, by raw need, both shaken and aroused by all he wanted to do to her, the urge to lose himself in her depths and never find his way out. When he had first found the courage to possess her, he had been intimidated, knowing she had far more experience than he, but it had been pure instinct in the end, as easy as breathing, learning what she wanted and acting on it without scruples. If she secretly thought he was a clumsy oaf, she had never shown it.

The kiss was slow and sweet and relaxing, until it wasn’t. When she arched up and offered her breasts to his mouth, he felt a flare of hot desire within him, his half-asleep cock waking up fast at the slide of her loins against its trapped length. She was dripping wet again, it would be so easy to grab her arse, twist his hips and bury himself down to the root, watch her eyes bulge and mouth gape as he forced himself deep inside. Instead, he hid his face in her breasts, teasing each nipple until they were as hard as rubies, pulling at them roughly with his teeth until she moaned and raked his back with sharp nails.

Then he was on his back, sprawled on the bed under her weight, and she was moving down his body, her hair, her lips, and her small, hot hands all over his scarred flesh, her dilated eyes daring him to disobey and move. So, he did. Before she slid down to take him in her mouth, he reached out, lifting her up easily and flipping her around so she was facing his feet. She grumbled a bit, but that soon ended when he grasped her lovely arse and moved her backwards, splitting her thighs to expose her deep, pink cunt, slick with honey. She cried out, her legs shaking as he slipped his tongue in her heat to taste her again, but then he was the one to call out as she took his cock in one deep draw, her lips descending like a tight, hot, sheath until he hit the back of her throat.

It took all his self-control not to stop what he was doing to her, throw his head back and groan and grunt and swear until he released into her clever mouth, but he was stubborn. His attention was divided, the heavy thoughts of the day forgotten as his fevered mind lurched between the firm stroke of her mouth on his cock, the tickle of her hair and tongue on his balls, and making her squirm and push backwards onto his face, her moans vibrating down his length as he fucked her with fingers and
tongue until she was red and swollen and soaked.

The wanton image of her spread open before him was almost too much. His eyelids fluttered closed, and he jerked upwards into her throat as a surge gathered force down below. She freed him with a wet gasp, a ragged, urgent moan escaping, her body flowing like water as she moved back and forth onto his probing hand, her nails cutting into his thighs as she braced herself. He used both hands on her, sliding one finger, then two, into her arse, his thoughts wandering a dark path as he imagined taking her there, how tight and hot and different it would be, how she would whine and struggle and sob like she was doing now, but a hundredfold.

He felt as if he was going to explode, it was too much, too obscene, too confronting, shame and black excitement and tension coiling and coiling like a snake in his guts. She was clenching around his hands, the pulse of her release about to seize him, the crazed noises she was making filling the air, when he freed her. She growled in utter frustration and fell limp, her teeth sinking into his thigh, too close to his balls to be safe.

She cursed him weakly, making him laugh low in his chest, and he shifted under her, tipping her sideways and on her back, a tangle of silver hair and flushed, heavy limbs and angry, blue-black eyes. ‘You better make it good, Snow,’ she murmured up at him through puffed red lips he could not resist kissing, giving her a taste of herself, salt and smoke and sweetness.

In invitation, she lifted her legs elegantly over her head, her tiny feet touching the headboard, her body completely open to him. ‘I dreamed of this,’ she groaned, as he buried himself in her heat. She was so saturated he slid all the way up to her womb in one stroke, her cunt clenching around him like a fist.

He knew he wasn’t going to be able to make it last, too tightly wound to move slowly, so he gave her what she wanted, bracing her legs on his shoulders and driving deep and rough, disappearing into a void of sensation that grabbed hold of him sucked him down, down into her until she was keening his name and begging him to fuck her harder, clutching at the headboard for purchase as he bent her shaking body in two, as strong as steel but soft and yielding, and burning, burning him alive.

His climax hit him like an axe between the shoulders, her name on his lips as felt the surge of his come fill her up. She pushed upwards, taking it all as she rippled around him, draining him dry, her release finding her with her eyes black and wide and her mouth falling open in a silent scream, her beautiful face sheened with sweat and completely lost. His whole body lit up with the pleasure of it, like a horde of ants under his skin. Once, twice more he thrust himself home, and collapsed, sweaty hair tangled in his eyes, slumping with exhaustion into her waiting arms.

Her legs shifted down to twine around his waist, her breasts heaving under his cheek. As her breathing slowed and his softening cock slipped from her body, he moved to her side, dragging the rumpled sheets and blankets over them both and tucking them in, as the room was chilly.

‘How long am I allowed to stay?’

Daenerys smiled contentedly, her eyelids drooping. He noticed the dark circles again, the pallor of her skin as the glow of their lovemaking receded. She looked tired, she had looked tired all day. ‘No one will come until dawn. I gave orders.’

‘You looked ill tonight at dinner,’ he said cautiously. ‘And you didn’t touch your food.’

She wrinkled her nose at him. ‘A dragon is never ill,’ she said lightly. ‘I’m curious, have you ever been ill? A bad belly, the ague?’
She had flipped his attempt at interrogation back around. He shifted uneasily at the direction of the conversation. He still didn’t like to think about who he really was, it was like an aching tooth that pained him to poke at, but poked at anyway.

‘I caught the pox once, when I was very young,’ he said reluctantly. ‘I recovered, and wasn’t marked. Lady Stark nursed me through it, but I don’t remember it.’ He paused, sifting through painful childhood memories. ‘Other than that, no. Apart from wounds.’

‘You have had many of those,’ she said, a fingertip reaching to trace the faint lines of old battles on his face. ‘They make you more handsome, though.’

He wasn’t having her flattery at that moment, determined to find out what was wrong. ‘I didn’t see you eat breakfast either, and when you got up from your chair you looked like you were going to keel over.’

‘Been watching me, have you?’ she said grumpily. ‘Hasn’t anyone ever taught you that it’s rude to stare at ladies? And ask them too many questions?’ She yawned, half closed eyes masking her thoughts well.

‘I thought we’d agreed you aren’t a lady,’ he countered. ‘I’m worried about you.’

‘Don’t be, I’m just tired,’ she murmured, turning her face into his shoulder and yawning again. ‘Go to sleep, Jon. I will be fine in the morning.’

But he couldn’t sleep, not right away. He fell in and out of a doze, mind churning with a thousand thoughts and tasks to be done and crises to solve, but the puzzle of what was wrong with Daenerys was utmost. Not only did she look ill at times lately, but the puzzle of what was wrong with Daenerys was utmost. Not only did she look ill at times lately, but her breasts, which he was entirely familiar with, were different, fuller somehow, her nipples a darker pink. She often looked dreamy and absentminded in quiet moments, and he was sure it wasn’t all about him. What he knew about women’s bodies would fill one page of a book, so he would go find Sam in the morning and ask for his maester’s advice, trusting his discretion, to confirm whether his suspicions were right; that his secret hope, planted deep in his heart, was springing to life at the worst possible time, and she was trying to hide it, or was in denial.

Eventually, his brooding turned into a deep sleep, without another visitation of the nightmare, merely blissful nothingness until the grey light of a winter dawn crept through the windows and woke him as usual. Mindful of the time, he slipped from the bed, dropping a kiss on her peaceful face as he left her. There was water in the ewer, icy cold, so he soaped and splashed himself and retrieved his clothes from the mess on the floor.

As he was buckling his swordbelt the door opened silently, and before he could hide like a fool Daenerys’s advisor and handmaiden slipped inside, looking exotic and very out of place as she always did in Winterfell. ‘Good morning, my lord,’ she said politely, not looking surprised to find him there.

He forced a smile, thoroughly embarrassed, and grabbed his cloak from the floor, swinging it around his shoulders. ‘Good morning, my lady.’

‘I am glad to see you here,’ she said, with a small smile in return. ‘Our queen needs you.’ She was far too discreet to ask questions, but they were visible in her golden eyes.

He coughed and looked at his feet. ‘Leave her to sleep a bit, and make sure she eats something when she wakes.’
When he looked up, he saw the same concern on her face, making him more determined to corner Sam before the castle began to stir in earnest. Missandei nodded silently and moved to the smouldering fire. He left the room, checking the hall before descending the main staircase. Several dark hallways and sleepy looking servants waylaying him later, he reached the library tower. Sam was up, his stocky form bent over a pile of books. He looked like he hadn’t slept at all, his black clothes rumpled and round eyes dark with fatigue. He had taken the news of the death of his father and brother hard, and as a consequence it was not easy to come to him for advice, but he didn’t trust the castle maester enough.

‘What are you reading?’ he said after they greeted each other. His friend could plough through books at a frightening speed, gleaning information that would help them defeat the great enemy. He paced the room agitatedly as Sam summarised the old legends he had read all night, none of it particularly useful.

‘Jon, what’s the matter with you? You’re wearing a hole in the rug,’ Sam finally said.

‘How do you know when a woman is with child?’ he said abruptly, coming to a halt midway between the table and the door. There was a flash of pure shock in his friend’s eyes, then his plump face smoothed out into thought.

‘Well, it’s obvious towards the end, of course, like Gilly when we met her. But in the beginning, it’s hard to tell,’ Sam said carefully. ‘How early?’

‘Very early, maybe a month,’ he frowned, thinking back to the first time, and the many times afterward, on the way to Winterfell.

‘Has she bled?’ Sam said bluntly, and he couldn’t help blushing like a green boy.

‘Not that I know of, but I don’t think she is like normal women in that way,’ he managed to reply, his face as hot as an ember. How he wanted to leave, but he needed to know, more than the urge to escape his friend’s probing.

‘Well…’ Sam began. ‘From what I have read, a pregnant woman usually feels ill, sometimes can’t keep food down. Sometimes, they even faint.’

He snorted briefly at the thought of his queen fainting like a maiden with the vapours, tough little thing that she was, though the dread was slowly building in his chest, making it difficult to speak. ‘What else?’

Sam reddened, his hands fiddling with the pages of the book in front of him. ‘Well, they can get very moody and emotional, blowing hot and cold,’ he explained. ‘And, er…you might notice some small physical changes, like, er…’ he gestured to his chest. ‘This is awkward,’ he sighed. ‘Maybe I should get Gilly…’

‘No,’ he said with finality. ‘No one can know this, Sam, please.’ Terror swamped him in a rush, and all he wanted to do was run back to Daenerys’s room and confront her, get her to admit the hard truth, then hold her close, lock her away with him until the army of the dead came and brought the walls crashing down around them.

She couldn’t fight in the war, because he couldn’t let her. And she was going to hate him for it.

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Chapter 3

A/N: This story could go two ways from here on in, reckless bravado or good old common sense. I’m torn, to be honest. Either way, let me know what you think. Back to our regular scheduled girl porn soon, I promise.

Thank you for the comments thus far xx

Daenerys

As much as it was possible to be happy with the fate of the world on your shoulders, the morning had passed in a contented daze. She had woken up feeling strong and so very alive, her body glowing and warm with a wonderful languor. The interrupted sleep hadn’t affected her, and she had managed to eat a platter of bread and cheese and drink a cup of rich, dark ale without any queasiness. There is nothing wrong with me, she thought with great relief as she dressed for the day in heavy riding clothes and boots, shrugging off Missandei’s careful questions with evasive words and dreamy smiles. Nothing that a good, hard fuck couldn’t fix.

She giggled at her own wickedness as she sat down to have her hair done in a simple long braid, fidgeting in her chair, eager to be gone and outside in the clear crisp air. It had finally stopped snowing, and a weak winter sunlight filtered through the windows. A slice of bright blue sky beckoned her out for a ride with her sons, to feel the dizzying rush of flying through the white and black and grey landscape, making the tiny figures on the ground stop and point, or scatter for cover as Drogon’s huge shadow flitted overhead.

Her belly lurched, not with nausea but with an aftershock of desire as her thoughts wandered back to the night before, the dreary days of deprivation and all too brief encounters making every touch, every movement, rough and demanding or smooth and gentle, incredibly intense. He made love to her with a quiet ferocity that was overwhelming, that put past lovers, who may have been more practiced, in the shade and long forgotten. If just for that, she might have loved him, but it was so much more.

Her whole life had been driven by destiny and expectation, what she had to do, even if she hadn’t always wanted to, but she wanted him more than anything, and she had to fight hard to ensure that it didn’t become to the exclusion of everything else. She knew her closest advisors looked at the pair of them with disquiet, causing a resentful rebellion under her detached façade. I’m still Daenerys Stormborn, and I can still have it all, she told herself stubbornly, as the handmaiden finished with her braids and let her be, stepping away from the dressing table. But she knew that single minded determination to take the throne was fading, had become lost and muddled with the conflicting demands on her strength and purpose.

In a flash, she remembered a vision long ago, in the House of the Undying, of a broken, desolate throne room buried in snow, of reaching towards the Iron Throne and turning away from her birth right at the sound of her children crying. Of passing through a towering wall of ice, and turning away again from her lost husband and child, and solving the warlocks cruel and intricate puzzle. She now knew what it meant, her reflection in the mirror a blurry image of disturbed realisation.

She was meant to be here, with Jon, not fighting for her personal glory, but the war to end all wars.
And it was what she had been born to do, though everything about it was difficult and painful and tragic; except falling in love. That was frighteningly easy, the fight she had put up against it, her infuriation with his stubbornness and defiance, melting away like snow on a dragon’s back as soon as she saw him for what he was. Not just an irritatingly handsome face and figure, but noble and good and beautiful inside.

Lost in thought, she didn’t notice the timid knock on the door, only registering the visitor when they entered the room, a castle servant dressed in humble roughspun and rabbit fur, shuffling bashfully in his cracked and worn shoes as he approached her chair. ‘Lord Snow says you’re to come for a council meeting in the library tower,’ the man mumbled. ‘His brother has news of the enemy.’

Her heart sunk, dread brewing in her mind at hard reality returning. She murmured her thanks and rose to leave, taking her white fur coat from a handmaiden’s waiting arms, for extra warmth in case she had time later for a ride. The appearance of Bran at a meeting was never good. She pitied him deeply for always being the harbinger of doom, seeing the young, carefree boy he could have been under the cold, detached surface, even as she resented his truth and the agony it had brought her.

Her steps were slow and reluctant, the giddy mood of earlier quite gone, and when she reached the tower everyone was assembled in close quarters around the table. A bleary-eyed Tyrion, seated with his brother Ser Jaime and his amusing sellsword friend. Bran, off to the side in his wheeled chair, Grey Worm, standing tall and straight as always, the friendly, red-bearded savage Tormund, who grinned widely at the sight of her, seeming unaffected by his desperate flight from the Wall, and many others. They were all becoming familiar to her by the day, the strange mix of allies that clustered around her and Jon. They were fortunate in their friends.

Her eyes flicked sideways discreetly as she sat down next to Jon in her accustomed chair. His profile was stern and chiselled, the wild black curls of last night drawn back in a tight knot, his brown eyes almost black in the gloom. A tiny muscle was jumping in his neck, a sure sign he was extremely tense. He didn’t look at her. She subsided, disappointed and worried.

‘Well, shall we begin?’ she said calmly, placing her gloved hands on the table. ‘What news from the north?’ The news was always bad, although they had managed to evacuate the remote castle of Last Hearth after the fall of the Wall and move everyone south to Karhold before the army of the dead could advance. The Karhold was a large holdfast, served by a good-sized river that emptied into the Narrow Sea, and there were ships stationed to get everyone out if there was an attack.

‘An ice cloud surrounds the main army of the dead,’ Bran began. ‘I can’t see them, he blocks me. I can only see through the eyes of my ravens, and the cloud is so cold they fall down dead when I send them in.’ The room grew deathly quiet, everyone listening with growing unease. ‘A legion has split away from the main host, away from the Night King’s influence. I can see them, advancing towards the Karhold. They will be there in two days.’

‘Not enough time for our armies to get there, I assume,’ Ser Jaime said. ‘We can send a raven to warn them in time.’

‘So, they can get in the boats and take their chances at sea in the dead of winter,’ Ser Davos muttered. ‘If they get out in time. Old men and women and green boys and suckling babes.’ The old man looked infinitely weary, his grey, furrowed brow a map of despair.

‘A garrison of Northern troops and Unsullied are there,’ she said, trying to reassure. ‘They’ll fight a good rearguard so everyone can escape.’ She didn’t mention that all those troops would probably die in the fighting and become the enemy, but the depressing fact was known by all.

Ser Jaime was frowning, his handsome, weathered face deep in thought. ‘Where did you see the
wights? How many of these walkers are with them?’

‘Two walkers,’ Bran said. ‘A few thousand dead. They are descending down a steep valley that leads southeast, moving slowly.’

Lannister’s narrow green eyes flashed with an idea. ‘The queen can ambush them with her dragons,’ he suggested. ‘Take both of them up there and set the valley aflame, thin their numbers to even the odds with no loss of troops.’

There was a rumble of agreement around the table, and she quelled the dart of fear that ran through her chest, straightening in her seat. ‘That sounds like a plan,’ she said cautiously. ‘The beginnings of one, anyway. Any other suggestions?’ After what had happened beyond the Wall she was terrified of taking her precious children back into battle, but it was inevitable; she had to be brave.

Among the babble of response from the room there was a lone voice of dissent, husky and utterly furious. Jon stood up in a rush, thumping his fist emphatically on the board. She turned to look up at him incredulously. ‘No, I don’t want her going out there. No. I forbid it.’

The room fell silent. She bolted to her feet, a wave of sheer anger making her shake from braids to boots. She ignored his desperate, burning gaze and snarled. ‘You forbid me? Seven bloody hells, why? Do you think I am a useless woman who can’t fight? Need I remind you that I lost one of my children saving your bloody hide?’ The words were scathing, and even through her fury she wanted to take them back. She couldn’t stand the stunned, hurt look on his face.

‘I am the queen, and I have the best weapon in this war. When people need my help, I have to help. Even if it’s a stupid plan, it’s the only plan.’

He was utterly still, only his dark eyes shifting between anger and pain and raw embarrassment. ‘I am your war captain, not Lannister, and I won’t have it,’ he hissed finally. ‘It’s too risky,’

She was going to snap at him again, demand that he tell her right now what was making him balk, curse him for undermining her authority in front of everyone, but then their agog audience began to stir and grumble uneasily. Frozen in place, her tongue in a knot, they stared each other down, his expressive eyes glowering, stubborn and so very aggravating she wanted to slap him. She heard Tyrion loudly agreeing, spluttering that they shouldn’t risk their queen on a fool’s errand. She heard Clegane call them a pair of fucking idiots. She heard Ser Bronn crow at Jaime, ‘I told you those two are at it like rabbits!’ She heard it all, humiliating and worrying and crazily amusing, nearly bringing her to unhinged laughter. But, it was Bran’s flat, expressionless voice declaiming through the babble that caused her to snap.

She broke the deadlock and whirled around, pushing past the unruly crowd of annoying men, and banged out of the room, the portentous words echoing in her brain as she took the tower steps two at a time to escape them. No, she told herself. It can’t be true, not now. ‘Damn them all,’ she spat aloud, stomping at snowdrifts in her path as barrelled across the courtyard and out the other side. An answering roar from the Godswood told her that Drogon had sensed her vile mood, and she slipped through the open gate in relief.

‘Where are you going?’ a voice enquired, and a small, lithe figure stepped into view, swinging her small bravo blade, followed by her faithful shadow, the awkward but imposing Lady Brienne. They had been sparring in the Godswood as they often did; it took more than dragons to frighten off Arya Stark.

‘If you’re going for a ride, can I come?’ Lady Brienne bowed her head respectfully, but Arya’s grey eyes studied her closely. ‘You’re angry at someone,’ she observed. ‘My brother?’
‘Is an arse,’ she snarled, too wound up for politeness. ‘But I better not make him angrier by taking you out into danger. Another time perhaps.’

‘I can look after myself,’ Arya said confidently. ‘But if Jon doesn’t want you to go out, he must have a good reason. Even if he is an arse sometimes.’

‘Your Grace,’ Brienne added quietly. ‘I too don’t think you should go out alone. It’s too dangerous, with those things out there. We don’t know for sure how close they are.’

Her simmering anger flared again, she clenched her jaw to keep her words cool and measured. ‘Thank you for your counsel, ladies, but I am quite accustomed to riding into danger and back out again.’ But before she could leave them, she felt a small yet strong hand on her arm, turning her around. Arya stood there, her gaze direct and knowing. In her hand was a knife, a curved blade with a dragonbone hilt, chased in gold.

‘Take this with you, just in case there is trouble,’ she said. ‘Bran says it was your brother’s knife.’

She took the gift, drawing it from its sheath, examining the bright Valyrian steel wonderingly, then thrust it home, bending to tuck it down the side of her boot. ‘Thank you, Arya,’ she said hesitantly, and turned away before she could change her mind about her thoughtless quest, stalking towards the dragon’s corner.

She heard Drogon roar again, eager to be gone. Sudden tears welled in her eyes as she reached him and pressed her cheek against his scaly hide. *My sons, fly with me,* she thought at them. Rhaegal lumbered over to nose at her and look for a scratch behind his ears, but showed no sign of getting to ready to follow as she climbed on Drogon’s back. ‘Rhaegal, come,’ she called out, but the green dragon only grumbled reluctantly and nosed her again, trying to push her off.

Surprised and exasperated, she tightened the grip of her knees and leaned forward to signal take off. The big dragon growled and snapped at his brother and pushed him out of the way, her hands reached for the black spikes for balance as the massive, burning form beneath her began to slither through the snow to a bare patch of ground, powerful haunches bunching to launch into the air.

The barren trees were dropping beneath them like a stone down a well, the joy of being airborne and above it all not even bringing a ghost of a smile to her lips. As Drogon started to bank and turn in a graceful arc over the grey stone towers, the freedom she had been looking for all morning could not stir her. The tears slid down her face and froze solid in the howling wind as she heard the greenseers words again, heard and understood.

*When the sun rises in the west, and sets in the east,*

*When the seas run dry and the mountains blow in the wind like leaves.*

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Chapter 4

A/N: In which I get ideas above my station and try to write action. I fancied writing a romantic chase and rescue scene, so I went with reckless bravado. It’s probably a bit wonky but I hope it amuses, feedback most welcome.

Trauma and drama leads to eventual excellent smut, I guarantee it.

Jon

At the queen’s dramatic exit, the buzz of intrigue around the conference table continued. The loud, masculine voices, raised in argument or speculation, pounded in his ears, sending the spike of a headache through his temples. He resisted the urge to flop down in his chair and sink his head into his hands, and instead shouted for silence, acting like the king he briefly was. His angry eyes swept over every face, glaring at those who had particularly annoyed him with their shit advice or snide remarks.

‘Out,’ he said, rudely. ‘Everyone out. Leave us.’

There was a scraping of chairs and the thump of feet, and lingering looks from a few brave men; Lannister’s stare of defiance, mixed with unease, Ser Davos’s kindly, worried glance, his brother’s dark eyes, heavy with knowledge and sympathy, a pat on the back and an awkward grimace from Sam. Eventually they were all gone, much to his relief. His legs gave out on him, the leader façade crumbling with rank fear and self-righteous fury.

His hands shook as he unfurled them on the table top, bracing himself against the rolling waves of emotion. How he wanted to hit someone; the familiar rush of pure aggression hard to quash, making him exhausted and unsure of what to do next. He knew Daenerys was in the Godswood right now, getting ready to fly off the gods only knew where; he could hear Drogon’s irascible roar through the thick arrowslit windows of the tower.

The sound of waddling feet caused his head to snap up, a snarl on his lips. ‘I told you to get out,’ he growled, but Tyrion stood his ground, his small form implacable.

‘You fucking idiot,’ he spat. ‘What the hell have you done? My brother is right on one count, you are a bloody dolt.’

It wouldn’t be right to hit a dwarf, tempting though it was, so he sat back in his chair, fists clenching in his lap at the thwarted impulse. ‘This is none of your affair,’ he countered, rather inadequately.

The queen’s Hand bridled, his indignation making him seem taller, more imposing, harder to dismiss. ‘The queen is my affair,’ he said, his lordly voice thick with anger. ‘She has just stormed out of an important council meeting, flying off by herself to take on the dead on her own, because you goaded her into it!’

‘We don’t know where she has gone,’ he said shortly, trying to be optimistic but knowing it was horseshit. ‘She’s probably just gone out on patrol.’

‘Then you’re a bigger idiot than I thought.’ The small man crossed his arms, planting his feet solidly
in the path to the door. 'I'm not bloody moving until you tell me what is going on with you two. First you're in love, then you're not. Then you're in love again, and fighting like utter twats. I can't keep up.'

Brooding silence wasn't going to work, and violence wasn't an option. He gave a great sigh, letting go of all his buzzing thoughts until there was nothing left in him but a numbness. 'She is with child,' he said, in a dead voice like his brother's. 'And she doesn't know it, or is pretending not to know.'

Tyrion's face was blank, then his heavy brow screwed into a deep scowl. Before the dwarf could start shouting again, about how he had ruined his queen, or some other painful truth, he went further, the confession a strange relief.

'When we arrived at Winterfell, my brother told me who my mother was, and that was hard, very hard…' He swallowed. 'I left Daenerys, and it hurt her, but I couldn't stay away for long.'

The scowl faded, replaced by utter confusion. 'Your father is Ned Stark, everyone knows that. Your mother some mysterious common woman he met during the rebellion,' Tyrion said slowly. 'What has that got to do with the queen?'

Speaking it aloud was incredibly painful, and he had managed to avoid it thus far, even in private with Daenerys. 'Ned Stark is my uncle,' he managed to get out. 'My mother was Lyanna Stark, my father…was Rhaegar Targaryen, the queen’s brother.'

He could hear his friend’s clever mind working, the pieces clicking into place. 'Well then…no wonder the both of you have been a right, royal pain in the arse,' he said glibly, but his green Lannister eyes were wide and stunned. 'That's a lot of news to digest.'

'It is,' he said dully. 'I don’t care that she is my blood, I love her. Nothing else matters to me more than that, but if she is pregnant…I couldn’t stand the thought of her fighting before, but now…' His head drooped, eyes closing in a pang of misery.

'Shit,' Tyrion spat suddenly at the sound of a roar and flap of huge leathery wings from outside. 'Off she goes. For the gods' sake, you better go after her...if we lose her and Drogon it will be the end of all of us.' He ran to the windowslit, standing on tiptoes to see out. A rush of panic brought him to his feet as well, crowding out the smaller man for a view. There was wheeling speck of red and black in the blue sky, turning sharply and heading north, alone.

'How?' he gasped, struggling for air as his chest contracted. 'I can’t ride a bloody dragon!'

Tyrion rolled his eyes. 'Well, you best learn fast. The beasts are fond of you, at least. The first time the queen rode Drogon, we were in grave peril, trapped by a mob of cutthroats in the great pit in Mereen. She just got on his back and flew off. It was in her blood.' He stopped and looked up at him, now pacing in a useless circle. 'It is in your blood as well.'

There was a clamour of commotion down below, a growling and screeching from the Godswood, the squeaks of frightened castlefolk running across the courtyard. Then a clatter of boots on the stairwell, and before he could wonder why Rhaegal had stayed behind, the door burst open. 'We have to go after her,' Arya said shortly as she strode into the room, Lady Brienne close behind.

'My lord, I am most concerned,' the big, blonde warrior frowned. 'The queen seemed most upset, not herself, and she has gone out armed only with a knife. If she means to confront the enemy she will be helpless, if ill befalls her dragon.'

His lungs were now so tightly squeezed he felt as if he was going to choke, his heart struggling to
pump blood through his veins. The useless indecisiveness that had gripped him since she had walked out was viciously pushed aside. He snapped into fight mode, eyeing the two women, knowing what they were capable of. Chivalrous thoughts of protecting them from harm were absent; he had gotten himself in enough trouble underestimating the toughness and stubbornness of women.

‘Get warm clothes and dragonglass weapons,’ he ordered. ‘Find every man or woman in the castle with Valyrian steel, and meet me in the Godswood. We will try this.’ He hoped the friendly bond he had made with Rhaegal was going to be enough to convince him to take them all, but he must, there was no choice.

It took precious time to get everyone ready and assembled at the gate, to don warm furs and strap on weapons, and every minute filled him with fear of what he would find if they made it. Arya and Brienne were there; his little sister near hopping with impatience to be off, wrapped in wolfskin and sporting a bow and quiver of arrows, an armed and cloaked Brienne looking distinctly uneasy at the prospect of mounting a dragon. Clegane was there, his ugly face angry as always, Sam’s greatsword strapped to his back. ‘The queen rescued my worthless hide, so I am returning the favour,’ he growled. ‘And I felt like killing some more of those dead cunts.’ Tormund was there too, ever the loyal friend, his great obsidian axe shoved in his belt.

Ser Jaime was not much use in battle with his weak hand, so he had sent Ser Bronn in his stead with his sword. ‘I’m always up for rescuing a beautiful princess,’ the sellsword quipped, an irreverent glint in his hard eyes. ‘And I was getting bored sitting around here freezing my balls off. Mind you tell that dragon not to eat me though, they’re not too fond of me for some reason.’

It was not enough, but he couldn’t chance any more warriors with his untried riding. ‘Everyone follow me, but don’t get too close until I give a signal,’ he said, trying to look calm and decisive as he inspected them. Rhaegal was still roaring impatiently and thrashing around in the snow as if in pain. He turned and advanced slowly towards the restless beast, hand stretched out, making eye contact as he had done with his big brother. He couldn’t speak High Valyrian, but he suspected Rhaegal could understand him regardless, from the time they had spent together, sitting in the dark of the Godswood when he had been feeling low.

‘Hello, my friend,’ he began, his voice steady and deep. ‘We need to go and find your mother, she may be in danger.’ The dragon stopped his racket and cocked his enormous green head to the side, listening closely. He swallowed his nerves and took off his gauntlet, flattening his palm against the dragon’s nose and scratching him affectionately until he subsided from his aggressive stance. ‘I know you waited for me to come,’ he continued. ‘Will you take me, and my friends?’

The dragon purred in answer, his yellow-green eyes blinking once, then he flattened to the ground, bending his right wing to create a rough ladder. Cautiously, he grabbed a handhold and hauled himself up the spiky hide, the heat of the waiting body beneath him burning through his thick gloves. Clumsy and feeling a right fool, he seated himself the way he had seen the queen sit on Drogon, and waved to the waiting crowd under the trees.

Rhaegal growled at them as they approached, particularly at Bronn, but sat patiently as they all hauled themselves up to their precarious seat, Tormund guffawing when he found himself sitting behind Brienne. ‘I’ve done this before, we have to hold each other tight, or we’ll fall off, my beauty!’ A wry smile formed on his lips at the bold words, and Brienne’s disgusted noise in answer, but it faded as he eyed the spikes in front of him, wondering what to do next. He reached out and grasped them tightly and leaned forward, speaking one of the two words of Valyrian he had learned from her.

‘Sōves’

Powerful muscles shifted beneath him, and he grabbed tighter with unease, the rest of the party
yelling or cursing, only Arya whooping with joy as Rhaegal launched off the ground in a single
eager bound, branches of pines and bare oaks slapping against his face as the dragon burst upwards
out of the trees. As the ground grew further and further away and the wind began to howl, he was
less terrified, more amazed, seeing the world from so high, his body adjusting to shift with the steady
beat of the dragon’s wings, as if they were one. He now knew why Daenerys loved to fly so much,
how vital her children were to her; pure magic, fire made flesh.

But, as the hours dragged by with no sight of her ahead, all his bright wonder turned to grey ash. It
was impossible to talk above the shriek of the wind, so his companions were silent. The dragon
seemed to know where he was going, sensing his mother over the long miles. They were heading
north-east, the winter sun crawling low across the sky behind them, casting a massive winged
shadow over the snow. The land was silent and empty, rugged with mountains and valleys of bare
rock and ice and sleeping trees, the sparse villages and holdfasts desolate and abandoned.

The first sign of life was a red glow to the east, a huge slash of leaping flame across the broken
landscape, growing closer and closer. ‘Everyone get ready!’ he shouted over his shoulder. ‘You’ll
have to run as soon as I set down. Stay close, don’t get separated!’ At the head of a steep valley he
saw Drogon on the ground, roaring and shooting flame straight down the valley’s throat, a spear
sticking out of his flank. Rotting flesh and bone incinerated and flew into the air, a glorious,
exhilarating sight, but he knew from bitter experience it could all go to hell in a moment. His eyes
swept the sky, looking for the lost brother, the ice dragon, but Bran’s report was correct, he was
nowhere in sight. It was a relief to know that the great enemy could make such a mistake, and could
not anticipate all their actions.

Rhaegal roared in answer, adding a burst of flame to the conflagration before skidding to land on the
ground, making everyone jump and yell in fright, but they all managed to slide off the dragon’s back
and to their feet in a rush, drawing weapons in a hiss of steel. There was only a score of wights in
sight; the rest were burning. He unsheathed Longclaw and ran, frantically searching the churned-up
ground for her fallen, broken body, for the sign of blood on the snow from his nightmares. There
was only fire, and ash, and charred bones.

He hacked and slashed at the advancing dead, bringing them down easily, his friends around him
forming a rear guard at his back. He could dimly hear the clash of steel and glass, the thrum of his
sister’s arrows, the grunts and curses of effort, the roar of enraged beasts, but his focus was total. His
boots kicked up a pile of ice crystals un-melted by the advancing flames, tugging at his memory of
the bodies of walkers exploding at the blow of his sword. His heart swelled with pride and relief; he
had no idea how, but she had gotten one of them; but where was the other?

A terrified shout from Brienne cut through to his mind, her sword point shaking as she gestured
towards a column of fire. A small form staggered out of the flames on unsteady feet, nearly naked,
hers clothes a charred ruin, liberally splashed with her blood. The flames bent and flowed around her,
filling him with awe, then horror as he watched her try to run, wounded and weak. A tall, grey-blue
figure stalked her, his ice sword rising to strike her down from behind, the flames spluttering and
dying beneath his feet.

He had never moved so fast in his life. He sprinted across the rough ground as if all the demons of
the seven hells were after him, the growl in his throat turning to a feral scream as he knocked her to
the snow, spun on his heels and lunged. Their swords meet in shattering ring that dulled his ears, and
he pivoted to free himself and slash again, looking for weak spots. It wasn’t *him*, only one of the
lesser ones, the ones that he had killed before, but he couldn’t get through his defence to take him
down, every blow of his sword sending a burst of pain reverberating up his arm, but then the huge
form of Brienne came in from behind, felling the walker with one swipe at his legs. He drove the
point of his sword through the familiar, hideous face with a satisfied grunt of effort, and it shattered
into a thousand fragments.

Every wight still standing fell to the ground, and he followed, sinking with fatigue into the melting snow, the sweat on his brow freezing, his breath heaving for air and life. Willing himself to move, he rolled over and crawled to where she lay, the babble of concerned voices around them not registering at all as he reached for her and gathered her up in his arms; a charred, bloodied mess, still and silent and dead.

Utter despair seized his heart, causing tears to leak from his eyes as he shook her in desperation, calling her name as he swallowed his sobs of grief, but then, a miracle; her sooty lids slowly opened, revealing dazed blue eyes, full of relief and love.

‘I knew you’d follow me, you fool,’ she whispered faintly, her wide mouth curling in a tired smile. And he kissed her, right there, uncaring of the chaos and flames and bodies all around them.

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Chapter 5

A/N: I can’t believe I wrote two chapters without any girl porn, this makes up for it.

I won’t waffle on but I understand some people were decidedly pissed off at my last chapter. This story has a simple premise; if Daenerys is pregnant, which is likely after the heavy foreshadowing, what does that mean? How will she react to the news, how will Jon react? Can she fight? She must, they need her and her fire puppies, and she’s hardly a helpless female. There will be madness and stupidity, until they figure it out.

I could finish the story at this point, so let me know if you think it should continue or not. Regardless, thank you for reading and commenting.

Daenerys

She floated, alone in a warm, dark void of nothing, like a child in its mother’s womb, or a leaf lifted high in the sky by a warm summer breeze. It was peaceful there, with no one bothering her all; no pain, no stress. She was reluctant to leave, but everything pleasant eventually ends.

Her memory started flickering back to life in fits and starts. A pair of panicked dark brown eyes, achingly familiar, looking down at her. A ripping pain in her arm and side that made her cry out in agony. Being picked up in strong arms and carried through fire, and feeling confused and disjointed when the motion of running became the beat of wings. Her icy limbs being dunked in a bathtub of scalding water, and fighting the strange women that scrubbed her, struggling and cursing. An old man in grey robes and a dangling, clanking chain of metal links, frowning and poking and prodding, then the revolting taste of chalky potion shoved down her throat.

She was lying down, she knew that much, the weight of heavy blankets above her, a hard body curled against her back, one hand cupping a breast. Wincing at the flare of pain in her arm she reached backwards, running her hand along a smooth flank, the curve of a buttock, reassuring herself Jon was real and whole and alive.

The sleeping body shifted slightly, pressing closer, a rapidly rising length digging into her buttocks, her breast squeezed between clenching fingers. Still too weary and numb to move much, she pushed backwards with a slight twitch of her hips, desire flickering at the slide of his cock against her cleft. She had heard her men say that the first thing to do after a battle was to find someone to fuck, willing or not, and now she understood the brute urge, to embrace life in the face of death, and find mindless relief in someone. If only she wasn’t so damn tired.

Sighing, she settled into the soft feather mattress, the hand sliding down to rest on her belly gently. The void sucked her down again, and she dozed, floating in space for hours, held close and safe in his grasp. Heroes do stupid things and they die, an inner voice carped. Not him, never him. She would burn the whole world to the ground before she let that happen.

When she finally woke in earnest, Jon was sitting up in bed, watching her thoughtfully, the candlelight playing on his bare skin, making him seem as if he was dipped in gold. It was a lovely sight. ‘What are you doing here, in your queen’s bed?’ she murmured. ‘People will talk.’
‘Fuck them,’ he said crudely, his lips twitching in a faint smile. ‘Anyway, they wouldn’t think of saying anything against you, at this point. You’re the hero of this castle. You and the dragons.’

The words gave her a pleasing glow, right down to her toes, she treasured them as much as she did the sight of him, sitting there, completely unaware he was the most gorgeous, precious thing she had ever seen, scars and all.

‘And the dragons, are they all right?’ she asked.

‘They’re fine,’ he said. ‘Drogon took a spear, but he is healing. Both of them are resting on the clifftops, being fed as much goat as they can eat.’

She sighed in relief, and stretched out on her back, hissing again at the pain of her knitting wounds. ‘We were hit with a spear from one of the wights as we flew over, and I had to land before I fell off, like on the Blackwater,’ she began. ‘As we were landing I took an arrow in the arm, and a walker came after me and landed a blow. I still don’t know how, but I stabbed him in the back of the leg.’ Her voice was quiet and subdued. She could still taste the terror she had felt in her mouth, thick and foul, could still feel the cruel blade of ice cutting through her layers of clothes before she spun away. ‘I’ll have scars.’

‘Then we’ll match,’ he said lightly, but his face was brooding, brows furled. She had been stupid, and reckless, her temper getting the better of her yet again, but she had been lucky. Lucky that he had swallowed his pride and anger and came after her, else she would be dead, or worse. ‘I know you are tougher than you look. You don’t need to prove anything to me, or anyone else.’ The words were careful, respectful, but a chill went through her nonetheless. ‘But you can’t fly off like that and expect to manage on your own. Up here, you’re not fighting terrified Lannister soldiers crying for their mothers. Promise me you won’t do it again.’

Her quick flare of temper spluttered and died under the cold weight of reality. When she had departed in a huff, she had been an utter mess, angry and impulsive, wanting to show them all what she was capable of, and running from her vulnerability. She had known only too well how dangerous it was, but she always had to learn the hard way. They had to do this together, they couldn’t afford not to.

‘I am so sorry,’ she said in a small, hurt voice. ‘I give you my word. The next time we have a fight, I’ll go hit someone instead.’

He snorted in amusement. ‘I can think of a few candidates on our council.’ The brief levity faded, his brown eyes deeply serious. ‘Your word, then. I will hold you to it.’

She knew it would not be easy, and they would probably clash again, neither of them being particularly used to following commands, but as her thoughts flew over the terrible scene of battle, the course of events that ended with her hiding in the fire, knowing it was the end for her, she felt afraid again. More afraid than of anything in her past life. There was so much at stake. Her hand slipped beneath the sheets, flattening against her concave stomach, wondering about what to say about the real reason she had stormed out, the confusion and disbelief she still felt. There was no pain there, no blood welling between her legs. The gods that she didn’t believe in must have been watching over her.

She avoided his gaze, miserable as sin, wishing she could go back to sleep, hide in the warmth of his arms, and have desirous thoughts she couldn’t act on but enjoyed anyway. She recalled the feel of his body against hers, the insistent rubbing against her arse even in sleep. A pang of lust spread warmth in her belly and further below, but he was angry with her, and she was injured. He couldn’t take that anger and turn it into furious release, not this time. But, she wanted him anyway, whichever
Beyond sick of the uncomfortable silence, she rolled carefully on her side to face him, and looked up without hiding her thoughts, letting the covers fall from her bare breasts, reaching to stroke up his leg, her small hand landing on his inner thigh, digging her nails in. He looked exasperated for a moment, then his face softened. ‘You can’t possibly,’ he said, his plump lips quirking in disbelief.

‘I’m sure you can figure out the means,’ she said boldly, hoping he would accept the challenge and help them forget. She must have looked a sight, her hair a rat’s nest of half unraveled braids, bruised and swathed in bandages, but she knew it did not matter to him. As he slid down level to take her in his arms, careful not to touch her bad side, his eyes were lit with strong emotion, making her flinch as he lingered a mere inch from her face, staring into her soul.

‘You’re amazing,’ he whispered into her parted lips, planting a soft kiss there, backing off before she could nip at his lower lip. ‘And bloody infuriating.’ Another kiss on her jawline, behind her ear, his warm breath making her shiver. ‘I’m so in love with you, it scares me.’

Not for the first time, she felt her heart break, a wrenching pain that near brought tears to her eyes at the intensity of his feelings. He was normally so quiet and reserved, so tightly controlled that when he let himself loose, it was difficult for her to handle. Unless it was physical. Emotion was not as easy. A half laugh, half sob escaped her, she lifted her weak, wounded arm, her fingers wrapping in his thick, black curls, and brought him down for a kiss, sweet and deep and slow, his beard only tickling her lips and chin instead of the usual rough scratch of possession. She was in no fit state to be used hard as she craved, it would be pure frustration, but she was determined to have him inside her, lost in her body, making her moan and wail and come to completion, even if she suffered in agony later.

Jon held himself above her, his weight borne on his hands, very careful not to touch her with anything but his lips and tickling locks of hair. He rubbed his face against the curve of her neck, nipping her lightly, he pulled and suckled at her nipples so gently she barely felt his mouth around each hard peak. She began to whine, ignoring the darts of pain in her wounds as she bowed upwards, trying to get closer, to feel hard muscle and friction and the heavy length of a cock against the apex of her thighs.

She cursed her injuries silently, the contrast of all the times he had fucked her until she was raw and bruised, with this extreme carefulness and tenderness, scratching away at her control. He hands roamed freely down his back, tracing each line and ridge of muscle, trying to reach the round cheeks of his arse, but not managing. She let out a whimper of pain at the throb in her left arm and he raised his head to look at her through his lashes, brow creasing in warning. ‘Be careful with yourself,’ he rasped. ‘Lie still, or I will stop.’

At this threat, she subsided against the mattress, going limp and obedient, though it was difficult, especially when his mouth moved lower, trailing wet kisses over her stomach, her skin jumping, a dull pulse in her swollen loins starting up as she anticipated what was next. Her mind flashed to the last time he had done this, holding her backwards and imprisoned and spread over his face as she was invaded with a clever tongue and thick fingers, bringing her to the fine edge between pain and pleasure. At the heated memory, she cried out, nearly releasing, though he hadn’t yet touched her.

He was studying her with a slight frown, sitting between her parted thighs, obviously wondering how to give her what she needed without hurting her. His brow cleared and she watched him snatch two pillows from the headboard. He lifted her gently, tucking them beneath her hips so they were tilted upwards. It was comfortable, she could lie back and let her sore body relax, but she was fully open to him.
She felt wetness leak from her as she took him in, bending over in a crouch of limbs, his wild hair slipping over his eyes but not quite hiding the greedy, intent look on his face. The fact she was weak and vulnerable added an extra thrill to the heady rush in her senses, a thousand nerves firing under her skin as his tongue swiped down her folds and opened them, diving inside to lap up her juices and then flicking over her nub in hard jabs. A deep groan sounded against her flesh and she rolled her hips slightly, biting down on her good hand in reaction, muffling the frantic sounds she was making.

Very slowly, too slowly, two fingers eased into her cunt, curling and pressing upwards on the spot that always drove her higher. She dared to move with the motion of his hand, feeling no pain as she urged him deeper and faster. ‘More,’ she moaned. ‘Give me more.’ He added a third finger, the inward pressure almost, but not quite uncomfortable, her body resisting, then yielding at the slow burn of pleasure igniting.

The dragging sweep of his skilled tongue over her nub made her convulse, and then he sucked at her hard, burying his hand deep. The convulsion turned to a rapid pulse of release, she keened low in her throat, her body arching upwards in a jerk as she came against his mouth, his fingers slipping out of her and his tongue pushing in to taste it.

Every inch of her glowed with repletion, she settled down with a heave of air, the knitting edges of the wounds she bore tingling with the aftershocks. She peeked at him through heavy lids as she felt him shift, he rose to his knees before her supine form, painfully hard and ready, his hand slipping down his flat, hard belly, past the half-healed scars, and down to his cock. Her eyes widened as she watched him work himself, his fingers curling around his length and stroking tight and close. It was a wonderful sight, and she imagined lying there lazily, watching as he took care of himself until he released all over her mound, how exciting it would be, but she was just as stubborn as he was.

‘No,’ she breathed. ‘Turn me over, I want you inside me.’ A little frown of concern on his face lasted only a moment, he was too aroused to care about her injuries now; his eyes were black, his lips slick with her, his breathing uneven and loud in the quiet of the room. She was lifted off the bed, her body turned over on her face, limbs carefully arranged, her arse canted at an angle from the pillows under her belly. She turned her head to look, her core blooming with heat as she waited for the first thrust.

With an achingly slow rocking motion, he worked himself inside her until he was fully buried, bearing his weight on his hands. She started to sob and claw at the sheets for purchase, the intense friction of the thrusts into her highly sensitive flesh too much to bear, the sheer relief of being alive and on fire from being thoroughly and carefully fucked by the man she loved bringing stinging tears to her eyes. Every slow, torturous pull of his cock out of her cunt, and in again, caused her to rub against the pillow beneath her, she ground herself into the fabric, unable to reach to touch herself. She had feared that she didn’t have the energy, but she was going to come again, and come hard, but not until he did, fighting the urge to be selfish and grind and push until the ripples of sensation took her over the edge. She began to keen and struggle beneath him, the pressure in her womb building. The weight of his body on hers increased as he bore her down into the bed, taking what he needed to reach his peak, but she had forgotten her wounds, fascinated at watching him above her, the strong muscles in his arms flexing and relaxing, his intense focus, eyes blank and turned inward.

Then, his face transformed, screwing up tightly with a soft growl as he lost himself. She felt the kick of his release hard against the entrance to her womb, and she let herself loose, near howling into the pillow beneath her face as her walls grabbed onto his pulsing cock in possession, feeling nothing, thinking nothing but a savage, mindless pleasure that consumed her in a rush and left her limp and spent.
She was too wonderfully idle to move as he disengaged from her grip with a hiss, happy just to lie there, bare and shameless with his seed sliding down her thighs, but it wasn’t going to be that easy, alas. After a peaceful minute, there was a twitch of blankets over her, the pillows under her hips taken away. She rolled over on her good side, looking up at Jon cautiously. He had that look on his face again, that brooding, obdurate look that she knew well, though his pale skin was flushed with colour, his eyes still dilated to darkness.

‘When were you going to tell me?’

Unconsciously, she cupped her belly again, she was still not quite sure it was true, though he seemed to be. ‘I didn’t believe it,’ she said dully. ‘I couldn’t believe it. I had told myself for years that I was cursed, that my line would end with me, that everything I had fought for would come to nothing.’ Annoying tears were welling in her eyes, and she brushed them away roughly. She recalled the malevolent witch and her words, her vile description of what she had birthed in that long-ago night of blood and spells. A monster, with scales and the wings of a bat. She would rather die in battle than have that in her future again, to give birth to only horror and disappointment.

A hand reached for hers under the blankets, covering it where it rested. ‘I told you that witch lied,’ he said, a smile growing in his face, uncertain, but with a shy pride. ‘Though I hadn’t thought to be proved right so fast. I admit it isn’t the best possible timing, but I am happy. Terrified, but happy.’

Her secret fear, that he would turn away from her in disgust yet again, faded like mist in sunlight. Relief swamped her, the tears fighting with the urge to giggle wildly. ‘Do you intend to make an honest woman of me, Jon Snow, or should we continue to live in sin?’ she sniffled, her fingers lacing with his tightly.

‘A lady usually waits to be asked, so I have heard,’ he said solemnly, his eyes sparking with amusement. ‘But you’re not a lady. You’re a queen, and you can do as you like.’

She laughed then, the joy escaping through the flowing tears. She struggled to sit up, fighting her body and winning. ‘I believe we should observe tradition,’ she hinted, in her most queenly voice.

He uncurled himself from the covers with a wry snort, kneeling before her on the bed, gloriously naked and embarrassed and blushing, trying hard to keep a straight face as he bent over her clasped hands, his eyes full of love and exasperation. ‘My queen,’ he said, in that husky, sweet voice. ‘Would you do me the honour of becoming my wife? I have no kingdom, no riches. I can give you only battles and winter and potential death, but I will love you until my last day. You and my child.’

Her heart lurched, thumping heavily in her chest at the hard truth he had always given her, right from the start. And love, which was the hardest of all.

‘It would be my honour,’ she sobbed, finally breaking down like the girl she still was, beneath all her armour.

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Chapter 6

A/N: So, this was originally mapped out, on scrappy bits of paper, as a seven part fic. However, after I wrote Chapter 5 I considered ending it at the marriage proposal, so I could return to normality. I got a mostly resounding noooo at that, so here is Chapter 6. I have split it, as it was getting too long, so this story will probably be eight chapters in all.

Thank you all for your excellent feedback and support.

Jon

The days were growing colder and darker, with the sun only making its weak presence felt for a few short hours, crawling fitfully across the southern skyline, and compressing the time they had left to prepare for the war to come. He knew what the encroaching dark and the bitter cold meant, better than anyone.

Immune as he was to winter’s bite, he shivered in the stiff, icy wind from the north as he stood on the battlements, idly watching the frantic activity below him in the camps surrounding the castle walls as he gathered his courage for what he intended to do that evening. An assembly of all the lords and leaders had been called, a meagre feast thrown together from the dwindling stores. It was intended as a debrief of the events near the Karhold; the talk of the brief battle being long, loud and divisive since their return. They needed to address what had happened, among other things.

Opinions were mixed on his wife to be and her reckless actions, as he had suspected. The bolder members of their court had been awed and triumphant at their fortunate victory, others deeply disapproving. His sister Sansa had been particularly scathing, worried to death for his safety and not being all that fond of the queen in any case. He winced at the memory of her torrent of angry words, some all too true, others tinged with malice, and his touchy, inadequate response.

How he wished that the two women could grow to like each other, but his sister enjoyed being the Lady of Winterfell, the role of chatelaine giving her purpose and identity after all her years of being at the mercy of monsters, and she did not appreciate female competition. Daenerys did not attempt to involve herself in the management of the castle, but she drew attention and respect and deference that his elder sister seemed to believe was not warranted. Or else, she just had her pretty nose out of joint.

He could deal with it, but the talk from the northern lords was what bothered him. He had to tackle it head on, this reluctance to accept Daenerys as their queen and value what she had brought with her to help them in this desperate fight. He only hoped that the sobering reality of her situation when he had arrived to help her on the battlefield, and her contrition afterwards, the accepted truth of the child growing within her, was enough to ensure there were no more rash heroics, not without him by her side.

They had slept late into the morning, tangled up in each other’s arms, after he had taken the step towards making her his alone, for whatever time they had left, the peaceful feeling of contentment, of rightness, dragging him down into the deepest, most restful sleep he had had in a long while. When they awoke, she had insisted on leaving for Winterfell straight away, ignoring the nagging pain from her wounds and the Maester’s protests as she dressed in borrowed boys’ clothes and had a maidservant tidy her hair into neat braids. He left her then, reluctantly, not wanting her out of his
sight for a single minute, and rounded up their companions, none the worse for wear from the skirmish, and being spoiled with food and ale and warm beds by the grateful castlefolk.

Daenerys had behaved impeccably as she took leave of the Karhold residents in the courtyard later, making sure to thank everyone for their hospitality and demurring when they expressed their thanks for rescuing them from the wight attack. ‘It was not just me, and the dragons, it was the Warden of the North, and his brave companions,’ she said graciously, with that beautiful, wide smile, and he watched her proudly as she turned to the waiting group of friends, clasping their hands in hers, and thanking them each in turn.

Lady Brienne had bowed, Clegane looked uncomfortable, his huge, rough-hewn form towering over her tiny figure. Arya smiled, a real smile that transformed her wary, closed face. Ser Bronn gave her a smacking kiss that made her giggle, and Tormund picked her up off the ground in a big, bear hug, uncaring of the proprieties as usual. ‘I’m glad you’re not dead, dragon queen,’ he said. ‘I couldn’t deal with Snow being more miserable than he usually is.’

‘No, we couldn’t have that,’ she said, as he put her back down on the cobbles, blushing and fighting to put her queenly mask back on, flicking her eyes in his direction, a flash of warmth plain to anyone who was looking. ‘Well, shall we go?’

As they ascended to the clifftops she had insisted on him taking Rhaegal, who had uncurled from his sleeping crouch on the jagged rocks and lumbered forward, heading straight for him with a purring growl of affection. ‘If we are to fight together, you must learn how to control him,’ she had said firmly as he protested. ‘I will take the others on Drogon. Use this time to practice.’

He had argued half-heartedly, concerned about her injuries, but intrigued and excited about the challenge of trying to see if his friend would follow his commands, rather than just follow his mother’s strong presence through air and space. She had wrapped her gloved fingers in his cloak and whispered in his ear, her breath a warm contrast to the icy breeze on the cliffs. ‘A dragon is not a slave, but you can tame them nonetheless, as you know well,’ she murmured, sending a flare of heat down his spine. ‘Don’t overthink it, just feel, and he will know what you want him to do. He is yours now, and you are his.’

Then, she had mounted Drogon with the others and flown away in a great beating of wings and a rain of churned up snow, leaving him alone to follow. He had taken the time to pet and scratch the waiting dragon, speaking to him clearly and confidently. As he climbed up he sent his thoughts through his hands as he grasped the spikes before him, and the dragon pounded forward in a hard run and dived into the void beyond the cliff edge, heading head first towards the Shivering Sea before he banked and swooped around in a graceful arc, making him shout in terror and joy into the wind. On the way home, he tried several turns and rolls, making the trip much longer and colder, but enjoying every precious, frightening moment, laughing and cursing with no one there to hear him, feeling more alive than he ever had during his long struggle back to the land of the living and breathing.

A ringing laugh from the small courtyard behind him disturbed the flow of thoughts; a scuffling and a rich male curse. A smile curled on his lips and he turned his back on the depressing scene of industry below the castle walls to look. ‘If you are going to fight, you must learn how to defend yourself, not rely on blind luck,’ he had told her. He asked the sellsword Bronn and his younger sister to start training her in knife fighting as soon as she was strong enough, knowing that both had the necessary skill to teach her to fight quick and dirty. She had begun lessons near straightaway, as she was healing up fast, but still favoured her left side carefully as she went through stances and moves with her two tutors.
As he peeked over the battlements he saw the sellsword sprawled in the snow. Daenerys offered him her good hand to help him up, her lovely face glowing with a triumphant grin, her scruffy leathers and furs making her look like a beautiful wildling lass. A pang of buried memory went through him, of a different woman in his past, who was also strong and tough and bossy, and long dead.

The thump of footsteps through the crust of snow on the wall walk registered, but he didn’t turn, unable to tear his eyes way from her quick, graceful form, the glitter of the Valyrian steel knife retrieved from the battle held in her small hand as she advanced towards the smirking sellsword.

‘You love this woman, the dragon queen,’ a rumbling voice said, the tall, bear-like, comforting presence appearing at his side, his bushy red beard moving as he smiled widely. He had been so relieved when his old friend had shown up at the gates with the remnants of the Watch, half dead with the cold, their horses reeling and stumbling from the hurried ride south with the shattering first-hand tale of the Wall’s fall.

‘I asked her to marry me,’ he said, no longer caring to keep it to himself, everyone would know soon enough.

His friend guffawed and clapped him on the back, nearly sending him headfirst over the battlements. ‘You are one of the Freefolk for true, Jon Snow,’ he said. ‘You didn’t just steal her from her hut or tent, you stole her from her bloody big castle. And her armies, and her beasts. You have balls of steel, my friend.’

He laughed, pleased he could share his news at last with someone he cared for. ‘I’m cold up here,’ he grinned. ‘Have you got any of that disgusting drink of yours stashed away in your room?’

‘Matter of fact, I do,’ Tormund said. ‘We will drink a toast to you, your dragon queen, and your balls. They will save us all.’

Some hours later, still slightly drunk from the nips of foul liquor he had shared with his friend but his light mood entirely gone, he sat at the high table in the great hall, watching the seething crowd of humanity before him eat and drink and belch as they argued or gossiped or laughed. Hard, wary, northern faces; cynical, sleek southerners in their gilded armour or fine clothes; more exotic characters from Essos with dark skins and strange garb and indecipherable tongues.

Daenerys sat by his side, dressed in her grey tunic with the dragon chain across her chest and red cloak of scales, her moon-pale hair done up in a hundred braids, as if she had known that she needed to appear at her most queenly and intimidating. As she picked at her food with one hand, her other hand was under the table, her fingers twined with his in his lap, the stroke of her thumb in his palm both comforting and stirring. He had no idea how she was going to react to what he was about to do.

When the feasting died down and people started to push their platters away and reach for the wine and ale instead, he got to his feet with a scrape of chair legs, his heavy Stark cloak settling around him protectively as he rose. ‘I have called you all here to celebrate our victory at the Karhold,’ he began, his voice deep, practiced and carrying to the far end of the room, causing people to fall silent and listen. ‘And to tell you all what happened there.’ He gave a brief sketch of the events of the battle as he saw it, calm and authoritative, raising a hand when some tried to interrupt the tale. ‘We lost no man or woman, and we estimate that five thousand wights were killed in the firestorms. Two walkers were killed, one by the queen. If the Night King tries the same tactic, we should go out and fight them again, instead of sitting here waiting.’

He paused to let the lords speak, if they had a need to, sitting back down to leave the floor open, his hand reaching for hers again and squeezing in reassurance as one lord after another got up and expressed their approval, or disapproval, at the queen’s actions, the tiny but implacable form of Lady
Mormont being particularly vocal in her admiration. ‘I say let the queen fight, if she brings us such an easy victory,’ she said firmly, making Daenerys smile cautiously. ‘We need every man, woman and dragon.’

There was a murmur of agreement from around the tables, but then the tiresome, grey headed, granite faced Lord Glover rose to his feet, his expression creased in distaste. ‘I have heard that this woman stormed out of a council meeting after an argument with Lord Snow and flew off on her beast, on her own, with no thought for her safety and those that followed her,’ he growled at the room. ‘Why should we follow a Targaryen woman who can’t keep her temper under control?’ The old man had been singing the same boring song since their arrival in Winterfell, resentful at his chosen king bending the knee, the arrival of the hated southern allies who had deserted Cersei, and having to follow a foreign queen.

He was tired of it, bone tired, anger flaring within him and pushing him to his feet again. ‘Our queen has agreed that she will not go out again without me with her, and others,’ he said sternly. ‘And that is not all.’ He took a deep breath, his dark, defiant gaze sweeping the room, taking in every face before resting on hers, softening at the growing look of surprise in her wide blue eyes. ‘To strengthen our alliance, I have asked the queen to marry me, and she has done me the honour of accepting.’

Absolute uproar ensued, the hall bursting with a babble of reaction. Some were shocked, others less so, but all seemed to have an opinion. He let them talk and shout for attention, his eyes on her face and the shifting emotions there, pride and anger and pure exasperation at his reckless honesty, getting them in trouble yet again.

An imposing Westerlands lord got to his feet, Lord Crakehall or some other, his patrician voice cutting through the noise like a hot knife through butter. ‘Forgive me, my lord. We all know your worth, and all here respected your father, a most noble man from a great house. But, a bastard son is no fit consort for the queen of Westeros.’

Stung at the old, familiar insult that had dogged him all his life, he went to speak, willing to set the truth free in a moment of madness, but he felt her hand grab his arm in warning, and he turned back to look at her. No, don’t, her eyes told him, her alarm quelling the bubbling anger inside him. She rose majestically, and he stepped back to let her have the floor and answer, her voice ringing and formal, though the words were humble. ‘If I am queen of Westeros after this war, and the war in the south, it is my choice whom I marry, and I care not.’ She paused, her lips curling in a shy smile as she turned her head to look at him. ‘I could think of no better man to have by my side than Jon Snow.’

She remained standing, staring them all down defiantly, but the rumble of voices continued, covering the same ground, the members of her inner circle beginning to stir and mutter at the high table, his sisters looking for attention too, one visibly pleased, the other, not so much. Her leader’s voice cut through the room again, tinged with weariness and growing anger. ‘Since you seem fixed on debating this matter without my input, I think I shall retire for the night,’ she announced, breaking away to offer her arm to him. ‘Shall we?’

Glad for the chance to escape before he lost his temper and shouted at them all, he stood up and tucked his arm in hers, drawing her close. Without another word, they traversed the long length of the hall, their faces fixed in impenetrable masks, but she was trembling in his grasp, in fury or happiness, he wasn’t sure which.

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Chapter 7

A/N: The Explicit rating on this story is not false advertising, so if you have a seizure on the bus or in Starbucks or wherever reading this rather dark chapter, I'm so sorry, please don't sue. The context, or an attempt at it, was all in the previous chapter.

Sticking with the same point of view here due to the chapter split. I also note that writers are moody bitches who need motivation to keep going, if I don't get any feedback on this chapter, I will end up ditching the project. Thanks to those who bother to leave a reply, I really appreciate it.

Jon

Their silence was heavy and uncomfortable, hanging over them like a dank, grey cloud as they traversed the hall, but his mind was buzzing like a hive of bees. Every bold step he had taken since he had met Daenerys, was a step away from his old life, his old self. Half the time he felt as if events, and his actions, were out of control and terrifying, the other half was dead calm, and certain that every step was the right one to make, especially this one.

As they entered her chamber, he barred the door behind him in relief, grateful at the new ability to boldly walk off and lock themselves away without caring what others thought. He was going to tell her he was sorry, sorry for not respecting her futile wish to keep their marriage secret until the war was done, and let everyone speculate as they would. He was going to sympathise by cursing the rebellious, mouthy lords and their opinions, but before he could speak she spun around to face him, a hard glitter in her blue eyes.

He braced himself for a barrage of regal disapproval, crowded against the door by her small, stiff figure in her heavy, formal clothes, but she only grabbed his tightly bound hair, yanking him down for a kiss, hot and feverish and instantly arousing. Tongues twined, teeth nipped at parted lips, a raw moan in her throat telling him what this was to be about; not frustration at his rash announcement, but desire, burning and all consuming, leaving him a worn-out husk.

He stood there passively as she tore at his hair with deft fingers, freeing it from its knot, tore at the fastenings of his cloak and thick tunic, only letting himself break free from her demanding mouth to let her drag his undershirt over his head, his clothes falling around their feet as she bit at his throat, sucked at an earlobe, and returned to his lips again to lick them, like a cat with cream. Her wet mouth trailed down his chest, kissing every scar in her path as she sunk lower, falling to her knees before him, fully dressed and unspoiled, her hair a neat coronet of braids he couldn’t wait to see all mussed in a glorious tangle of silver locks.

Her hands slid down his belly, heading for the fastening of his breeches, and in a tearing hurry she had them undone, his cock springing free, rock hard and already throbbing painfully. She took him hard and deep, her beautiful lips stretching wide as she engulfed him in the heat of her mouth, and something wicked inside of him made him grab at her head, forcing himself into her throat, making her eyes bulge and her chest contract in a choke. But then, she found her rhythm, backing off slightly, her lips moving in a sweet motion, gliding over his length easily, her hands holding his cheeks for balance as he surged in and out of her.

When he felt his balls tighten in warning, he tried to push her away, but she clung on, sucking him
down, her tongue swirling expertly under his cock, jabbing hard at the base. He let himself go with a surprised grunt, releasing in her waiting throat, his body shaking, knees wobbling at the breaking wave of pleasure that traveled from his groin outwards to his toes, to the leaping, thrumming pulse in his ears, grateful for the door behind him, holding him upright.

She freed him with a heave of much needed air, her face flushed, blue eyes darkened. He watched her throat as she swallowed his seed in a gulp, shameless and deeply exciting. She had served him well, now he could take his time with her, give her everything he had, make her come and come again until she was weak and spent.

‘What do you want, my queen?’ he asked, his voice rough and uneven at the remnant of his orgasm, which lingered on in his chest.

‘To serve you,’ she said simply, not moving from her place at his feet.

Uncomfortable at the sight of her in supplication, he offered her a hand, bringing her to her feet. ‘But, I want the same. How shall we manage?’ he teased her lightly, placing a kiss on her pink cheek. She sank into his arms with a sigh, her chain of command a cold brand against his bare skin. He wanted her sharp nails raking his back, drawing blood, he wanted her completely submissive under his grasp, the marks of his hands and teeth on her fine skin. He wanted to fuck her so hard that she would be unable to walk in the morning, he wanted everything.

‘I love you,’ he said suddenly, guilt at the darkness of his thoughts causing him to speak.

She raised her head from his chest, her eyes full of understanding. ‘I know,’ she said gently. ‘Now, help me undress.’

He wasted no time ridding himself of his breeches and boots, leaving them in the heap at the door, but he took his time stripping her bare, pausing to kiss her lips, her neck, her shoulders, her breasts as her body was slowly revealed, the once perfect envelope of smooth skin marred by a jagged line of neat stitching on her ribs and a bandage on her upper arm. He bent to kiss the wound carefully and reverently, looking up into her dreamy face as he did so. Her hand landed in his hair, her fingers raking his curls around his face as she liked.

Moving her towards the bed, he sat her down on the edge and climbed up behind her, starting on her braids, unravelling what must have taken a good hour to assemble with his clumsy fingers but wanting to see it all loose and swirling around her like a veil. His erection was already stirring back to life, and he could not stay away from her breasts, palming their soft weight and pinching her nipples until they stood proud, his cock digging into the small of her back as he worked. Her belly was soft under his palm but still flat, but soon it would be swelling with his child, if he could keep her safe.

She was quiet and still, only making the odd soft noise of contentment as he combed his fingers through her braids to free her hair, but the fragrant, exotic scent of it in his nose caused him to growl and squeeze her closer, his mouth finding the curve of her neck and biting down hard. He felt her ignite under his hands, growing rigid, then pliant, turning her head to nip at his bottom lip, a stinging bite that she soothed with the tip of her tongue. As she kissed him hungrily he recalled her on her knees, his cock sliding between those lips and filling her mouth to the brim, and he groaned, fighting to keep his lust under control, until she was ready for it.

He left her and slid to the floor, tugging at her boots and leggings. When she was bare to him he went to kiss her between her parted legs, intending to bury his face in her curls and not move until she found release, but she scooted backwards out of reach, her feet tucking up onto the mattress. ‘Get up here, now,’ she ordered, her eyes narrow and unreadable. Puzzled, he obeyed, and as he sat she
pushed him backwards against the pillows, not gently either, his head knocking against the headboard. He rubbed the sore spot and frowned, but she only smirked in challenge, her eyes sweeping over him greedily until they fixed on his lips.

She sighed longingly, like a maiden, and slid up his body in a crawl, spreading her legs wide as she reached his face, her good hand catching at the headboard for balance. Her scent and her wetness and her pink, glistening flesh was all he could sense as she ground down onto his lips and tongue, controlling the rhythm and friction with each movement of her hips as he lapped at her, suckled at her folds, bathed in her heat, hungry and desperate, only satisfied when she began to writhe and moan urgently, the pitch of her voice and the creak of the headboard telling him she wasn’t going to last beyond minutes like this.

He managed to slip a hand around to touch her from behind, dipping inside her to coat his fingers with her nectar so he could do that trick she loved, to make her come that much harder. When he eased a finger into her back passage, she growled and bore down harder on his tongue. A second finger pushing in deep, and she cried out, her flesh rippling in his mouth in violent pulses, drowning him in her juices as she came with a rough jerk of her hips, her breath gasping between her sharp cries of pleasure. He didn’t stop the movement of his hand in her body, drawing it out, excited by the close fit around his fingers, the beat of her orgasm peaking and receding as she slumped backwards.

He could breathe at last, and just look at her. How beautiful she was, flushed and struggling for air, her nipples hard and dusky pink, her pale hair trailing down her shoulders, her cunt open and slick and inviting, eyes hidden behind heavy lids. When she had composed herself, she moved further down his body, breaking free from his hand. Settling herself astride she lifted his cock from his belly and positioned herself over him, sinking down slowly until he was entirely buried, her wetness easing his path, though she was squeezed close around him.

She arched backwards with a moan of possession, bracing her hands behind her on his thighs, her body an elegant curve, her breasts bouncing at the slow roll as she took him and used him, strong and supple, only moving at a gentle pace, a slow burn that gathered in his groin. The building pressure was amazing, but not quite enough to send him over the edge. But, he could wait and lie there lazily as she pleasured herself, content just to watch her move, her eyes glowing, her wide mouth red and ripe and falling open in satisfaction.

And then, it all changed in an instant. Her hand slid beneath her to where they were joined, holding his cock vertical as she slid off, and she shifted slightly, spreading her knees wider. Her heavy lids veiled her eyes again, and he felt the head of his cock penetrate something much tighter, pushing past a ring of muscle a mere inch. She paused, whimpering, her face contorting, and the beast within him sat up and howled as he realised her intentions. He hated himself for relishing the pained look on her face as she pushed herself further, taking more, but it felt so strange, so shatteringly good, so tight and resistant, that all he wanted was to grab her and force her to take all of him.

When he slipped his hand between her folds to rub her nub to help her, he found her soaking wet, the arousal flowing between his fingers as he slid inside her cunt. With a weak, desperate cry she pushed downwards, taking him entirely into her arse, shuddering all over as she paused to adjust. Gods, she was so tight it almost hurt him as well. His thumb flicked at her nub firmly, and the pain in her face receded. She moaned his name low in her throat and shifted slightly, but seemed frozen and completely overwhelmed.

Carefully, he placed his hands on her flanks, pulling her off his cock as gently as possible, but the dragging motion made him bite his lip nonetheless, breaking the skin. He sat up, moving to kiss her softly. ‘Do you truly want this?’ he whispered, hoping that she did, hoping that he could make it good for her.
She opened her eyes, the azure swamped by fat, black pupils that made her seem possessed. ‘Do it,’ she hissed. ‘Take me.’

He had her on her back in a heartbeat, pushing her legs backwards over her torso and sliding between them, pausing to dabble his fingers inside her wetness and gliding them down between her cheeks for more lubrication. He watched her face carefully as he angled his aching cock and thrust past her resistance, inside her fiery heat. She sobbed in utter abandonment, throwing her head back against the covers, and it felt so incredible he did it again, and again, withdrawing and invading her, stretching her arse properly so he could go hard and deep. She was keening and gasping under him, her face screwed up in reaction, but he could not stop, too caught up in the feel of her gripping him so closely.

The knowledge of what he was doing, using her like the whore she wasn’t, sent him utterly mad as he bent her shaking body over itself and fucked her roughly, bottoming out with each thrust, making her call out to the heavens and grab at the rumpled covers beneath her, bracing herself as best she could. She screamed like an animal in a trap, but it barely registered through the buzzing in his mind, the tangled, black thoughts fighting each other as he chased his climax down a dark tunnel that led nowhere.

Her inner walls seized up around him like a fist, like the thrum of a heart, she was coming, the intense pain and pleasure merging within her in a powerful climax that rocked him and dragged him down into her darkness. He howled then, the agonising knot in his groin loosening as he filled her forbidden depths with his seed, coming in a long pulse that seemed to last an age, draining him of energy and making him whimper, helpless and lost, as he arched, then collapsed over her.

Panting like he had run for miles, he rested against her breast for a long minute before he noticed that she was utterly still and loose limbed beneath him, her eyes closed and oblivious. Concerned, he touched her face lightly, then firmly, slapping her cheek to see if she roused. For an awful moment she was unresponsive, but then she shook her head and grumbled, her lids fluttering open reluctantly, eyes hazy and unfocused as she looked up at him.

‘I fainted,’ she said in a weak whisper. ‘You made me bloody faint, you beast.’

He chuckled in relief, and disbelief, watching her expression switch between annoyance and amazement. Very carefully, he withdrew from her still throbbing body, falling heavily on his side in exhaustion. She didn’t move, and he had to push her legs down for her, she was so limp and boneless. She turned her head and tucked it into her chest, hiding her flaming face, her voice rich and sweet against his thudding heart.

‘In Essos, I met a courtesan once. A very interesting woman with lots of interesting stories,’ she murmured. ‘She told me that passing out during sex is called the Little Death.’

He smiled into her hair, thinking of the exciting life she had before she had come into his like a summer storm, all the people she had met, the battles fought, the strange places she had been. He hoped that they would be granted the time, so that one day, she could tell him all about it. ‘The Little Death, aye,’ he said, uncomfortably smug. ‘Not common, is it?’

‘No,’ she snorted. ‘The lady said that any man that achieved it was refunded their fee, and she was no doubt expensive and very hard to impress.’

‘As are you,’ he said with affection, kissing her flushed forehead. ‘What will you give me, then?’

‘You already have everything, my love,’ she reminded him, her eyes flashing up at him, piercing and direct, then they closed again, heavy with tiredness. She fell into sleep instantly, her small body
slack and relaxed, but he stayed awake longer, struggling to come down from the blissful high. Eventually he fell into a fitful doze, too lazy to grab the blankets and cover them, and reluctant to move her. The room grew colder as the fire died, but he wrapped himself around her, giving her his warmth as she slept.

As first light crept through the shutters he stirred reluctantly and muttered an oath, but then the sleeping woman in his arms bolted upright with a groan, jumping off the bed and holding a hand against her mouth. He watched in concern as she fumbled for a basin and retched miserably, her hair hiding her face as she was sick, and sick again, crouched over on the floor like a peasant. ‘Seven hells,’ she cursed as she sat back, wiping her mouth with a piece of linen, her brow beaded with sweat.

‘I hate that I have done this to you,’ he said inadequately, and feeling shame at what he had done to her the night before as well. She was a queen, the mother of his child, and injured to boot, and he had accepted her challenge and used her like a whore, and loved every minute of it.

She stood up carefully, clutching her stomach, then returned to the bed, her face moving from familiar exasperation to a calm, knowing look as she stood over him. ‘Don’t brood,’ she said. ‘It happens to all women, even queens, and you know I am stronger than I look.’ She laughed briefly. ‘There is worse to come. I will get fat, and idle. I will probably shout at you. Well, more than usual.’

He relaxed a bit, and shuffled over so she could get under the covers, her bare skin now rippling with gooseflesh in the chill of the room. As she settled down, he moved to hang over her face, searching her thoughts out. She looked tired but contented, only a slight shadow of apprehension in her lovely eyes. ‘Why didn’t you shout at me last night? I could have sworn you were furious with me at the feast,’ he dared to ask.

‘I was too damn proud,’ she whispered, with a smile on her lips, wide and dazzling.

He would tuck the memory of that smile away, deep in his mind, to remember later, when he really needed it.

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Chapter 8

A/N: I was feeling a bit flat last week, but my husband encouraged me to keep going and finish this. He’s a right proper lad, and resigned to the fact he’s married to a smutty nerd. So, if you are enjoying this fic, thank him.

This is so girly I wanted to kick my own arse after writing this chapter, but the theme is ‘shotgun wedding at the end of the world’, so it’s fitting, I guess.

I value your feedback. I’m glad people liked the last wild and dark instalment, more of that to come.

Daenerys

And then, there was no more time left.

The last few days had passed in a blur and flurry of preparation, leaving barely any time to eat, sleep or think, let alone lie abed and make love; the building tension, the jarring reminder that they were all here for a dread purpose, killing all smiles, all levity, and all petty arguments about who ruled what kingdoms, and who should marry who.

At council meetings, she had watched Jon’s brother Bran grow more weak, gaunt and hollow-eyed with each passing day, caught in a titanic struggle with his half-trained mind to control his visions, and penetrate the army of the dead’s defences, until he gave them all the terrible news that the dead were less than fifty miles from Winterfell, and the time had come to fight. There would be no more opportunities for sneak raids on divided forces, the great war was here.

The look on Jon’s face when he received the news was horrible, her reflected terror a heavy punch in the guts. They had been granted such a short time to meet, fall in love, fight and fuck and begin to know each other finally, before the end had come. She prayed to the old gods, new gods, all the gods she had never needed before, that it wasn’t the end for them, or their child, or their friends and family, even the unruly lords and commanders under their tenuous control.

It’s not fair, a childish voice piped in the back of her mind constantly as she went about her business, barely seeing her husband to be at all as he threw himself into marshalling troops and resources for their outer defences. Only the memory of their last night together alone, so very dark and demanding and confronting, brought her any pleasure as she continued her lessons, suffered with bouts of recurring nausea, tended to her dragons, and spoke with a tense Tyrion and her other advisers about her marriage, her decision to fight on Drogon in the battle, and other matters that seemed trivial now, even the threat of the plotting bitch Cersei, lurking to the south.

She did not get a moment’s peace until she fell into bed, exhausted and solo, in the early hours, only once waking to find Jon in bed with her, and too tired to do anything about it except wrap herself around him and go back to sleep, disturbed by dreadful dreams that make her twitch and mutter incoherently, despite his comforting presence.

But, this evening, there was going to be a respite from the endless misery and duty. She smiled to herself as she thought of it, the first smile of the day, as she stood in the heat of the Winterfell forge patiently, not disturbed by all the noise, the sweaty men gapeing at her as they hammered and scraped
and polished and cut steel and glass in a frenzy of activity around her. She was getting married tonight, and on the morn, they would go out to do battle. Hardly the most romantic situation, but she didn’t care. For a shining moment, she was happy.

She had never thought that she would marry for love, when she left to take Westeros, resigned to marrying some boorish, dull lord to strengthen her claim, but many strange things had happened since she stepped from her ship onto the shores of her homeland. In some ways, misfortune had dogged her every step since then, but not in this. She was marrying her lover, and she was having his child, and she wasn’t alone in the word anymore. Surely the invisible gods would not be so cruel to snatch that all away from her in the morning.

A tall, brawny figure lifted his head from the curved section of metal he had been carefully tapping with a small hammer, catching her attention with a shy look. She studied his face with interest, seeing the dark blue eyes, the high cheekbones, the black hair of his unknown father. When she had found out the bastard son of her great enemy, the murderer of her older brother, the cause of her flight to the east as a babe in arms, was in her train on the way to Winterfell, she had not been pleased. But, the young smith was innocent of his father’s crimes, and so cheerful and self-effacing, he was impossible to dislike.

He had eagerly taken on the commission of building her a suit of armour, working steadily on it for two days, only pausing to grab a bite to eat or snatch an hour’s rest, or send a servant to bring her to the forge so he could consult with her about what she wanted. It was a light breastplate and backplate in charcoal grey steel, with curved sections that fitted together over her shoulders and upper arms, all held together with buckles and tiny pins. The steel was worn over a felted wool and leather gambeson and breeches, dyed a dark red. It felt heavy and cumbersome, but it was apparently light by normal standards, designed to protect her from projectile weapons and not heavy blows from a sword.

Young Gendry had dared to ask her if she had any silver or gold for ornament, there being none left in the stores, and she had donated a heavy silver necklace and arm cuff from Mereen. Her hand rose to her chest, tracing the silver three headed dragon of her house on the breastplate. With a pang of grief, she thought it really should be two dragons now, but it was fine work, a unique wedding gift from her husband, far better than a ring, or a posy of useless flowers.

‘Nearly finished here, your Grace,’ Gendry spoke over the noise of the forge. ‘Then I can fit this piece and you can go and take it off.’

‘Thank you, Gendry, your work is just wonderful,’ she said graciously.

‘You look amazing, your Grace,’ he said with a bold smile, the smile of a man who appreciates a pretty girl, no matter if she was queen. He really was quite handsome, a nice boy with a good heart, despite his parentage.

‘I look a right fool,’ she smiled. ‘But thank you.’

‘I heard you are to be married tonight,’ the young man went on, moving to her side so he could fit the missing piece to her left arm. ‘You should wear this instead of a dress.’

She laughed, her heavy mood lifting again at his boldness. ‘It would be fitting,’ she agreed, stepping away when he had finished fixing the piece in place. ‘However, I think I have done quite enough to shock people here already.’

She then said her thankful farewells and left, trudging across the crowded courtyard on laden feet, falling into deep thought again, not noticing the castlefolk staring at her as she passed, unattended.
and clad as a small and slightly ridiculous knight. *I should make the lad a Baratheon in truth, to thank him*, she said to herself as she headed inside the keep to the back staircase. It would be nothing to her to do it, despite the bloody past still haunting them all.

She moved slowly up the winding staircase to her chamber, the clank of her armour masking the sound of quick footsteps behind her. The first thing she noticed was a hand on her wrist, then the swirl of a familiar cloak in the corner of her vision. She turned and backed into a remembered convenient alcove, her lips curling in a fond smile as he crowded her against the arrowslit window, his dark eyes sweeping from her booted feet to her steel-clad breasts and sparking with desire and amusement before he leaned in to kiss her, his lips catching hers and latching on, so delicious and unexpected, she could not help but moan.

‘Not this again,’ she breathed, when he let her come up for air, his hands holding her face, very tenderly, but still like ice on her cheeks, flushed from the heat of the forge.

‘I seem to recall you quite liked it, while it lasted.’ His voice was low, a rumble that only she could hear, in case a servant passed by. She felt that rush within her, that pool of heavy warmth in her lower belly, that made her drunk with anticipation as she thought of locking the door behind them that night, one last chance to lose themselves in each other, before the morning came.

She refused to think of anything beyond today and tonight anymore, holding on to her happiness as she pressed herself as close to Jon as she could get, encumbered as she was by layers of wool and leather and steel, her head tilting back against the stone. ‘I recall it’s not proper to kiss your intended before the wedding,’ she said teasingly, doing it anyway, her tongue dipping in to find his. He was silent for a delightful minute, too preoccupied with pushing her against the hard wall, his mouth on hers, scratching her as he kissed her mouth and throat until she was both drunk and giddy.

‘It’s not proper to enjoy your wedding night either, apparently. From what I have heard. It’s either boring or traumatic, for the bride,’ that voice taunted her as he broke away, brown eyes flaring through his long lashes.

‘How disappointing,’ she pouted, then smirked knowingly. ‘We must be improper, then.’

‘We will,’ he promised her, then muttered an oath and turned slightly at the sound of voices at the bottom of the stairway - a dour, northern voice raised in a quarrel with a derisive, southern drawl. ‘I better go sort that out,’ he said, with regret. ‘Where are you off to?’

She hesitated for a moment, then raised her chin. ‘To speak with Ser Jorah,’ she said, and watched his brow furrow. ‘Don’t make that face,’ she sighed. ‘He is my oldest friend. I want to ask him to stand with me tonight.’

‘Isn’t that a bit hard on the man?’ he said carefully. ‘He loves you, he’s always loved you.’

‘And I love him too, just not in the way he wants. He can always say no, but it is important to me.’ Perhaps she was being cruel, but she could count on one hand the people who really cared for her, unlike Jon, who had his family, and his friends from the Wall. She had no family, only Jon.

Leaning in for one last taste, she kissed him briefly and moved away, brushing past to the stairs. ‘I will see you tonight,’ she murmured with an absent smile, and turned and started to climb, fixed on shedding her armour and finding something more comfortable to wear.

She still had not decided what she was to wear that night, and when she reached her room and Missandei started to help her disarm, she asked her friend to go through her chests of clothes and find something. It hadn’t seemed important until now, with all that was happening, but she had a sudden,
very female urge to look stunning, although Jon wouldn’t care whether she turned up to be wed in roughspun and furs, or her armour, as long as she was there.

Changing into a simple warm tunic and breeches, she left her friend to fossick through her meagre wardrobe, most of which had been left behind at Dragonstone so they could travel light, and went to find Jorah. Rather than hunting through the bowels of the castle, she went straight to his room on a whim, high up on the upper floor, under the attics. She knocked on the door, and a deep voice answered. She let herself in without replying, standing with her hands clasped together.

Since it had become obvious that her and Jon were lovers, the knight had been avoiding her, still faithfully following in her wake on the journey to Winterfell, but his face closed and bleak, and older than his years. It had hurt her to see him like that, even through the haze of falling in love. When Jon had left her on finding out the truth of his parents, Jorah had been there, saying nothing about it, but still a great comfort in her frozen misery.

How different her life might had been, if she had found it in herself to love him, all those years ago, after her old life ended so abruptly and she had wandered lost and hopeless across the Red Waste, and through the glittering streets of Qarth. But, he was a loyal friend, nothing more, and she refused to let go of the last link to her old life, cruel though it might be.

‘Khaleesi,’ he said quietly, putting down the greatsword he had been carefully oiling before she arrived. He still insisted on calling her that, stubbornly clinging to the faded memory. ‘I hear you are to be married tonight.’ The words were halting, his bright blue eyes lifting to her face in a flash of mixed emotions. ‘I am happy for you, there is no better man in the Seven Kingdoms than Jon.’

Her heart ached with sadness, but she straightened her spine, her voice simple and direct, not ordering, but asking. ‘My old friend, I have come to ask you to stand with me at my wedding. I have no father to give me away, no brothers left. You are my family, you’ve known me since I was a scared little girl. Will you do me this honour?’

‘You were never scared, Khaleesi,’ he said, with a pained smile. ‘You were always brave.’ She watched him pause, his grizzled blonde head drooping, then he straightened. ‘Brave as a dragon.’ He stood, towering over her in the confines of the small room. She offered him her hands, and he bent over them, placing a kiss there. ‘How could I refuse my queen?’

Tears pricked at her eyes at his nobility, the loyalty he had shown her, all her adult life. Her throat was thick as she struggled to answer. ‘I can think of no greater honour than having you by my side, now and always,’ she said gently, bending to kiss his weathered brow before she stepped back. ‘Thank you, my friend.’

The brief winter day ended, the sluggish sun slipping below the grey horizon, plunging the busy castle into another long, frozen night of wind-blown snow and bitter cold. Outside the window she saw a neat double line of torches springing to life from the courtyard gate, into the depths of the Godwood. Downstairs, she heard crashing and banging and cursing from the castle kitchens; a feast being thrown together for everyone after the ceremony. Only their closest friends and family were invited to witness, neither her, nor Jon, being interested in having a crowd of gawkers for something that was private and personal. They could get married in a sept with a thousand attendants later, making it official in the south as well as the north, if they made it that far.

She pushed the nagging feeling of hopelessness away, and turned from the window, shivering despite the roaring fire. She wore her hair loose, as he loved, only a few simple braids holding it away from her face, decorated with a silver dragon pin. At her throat was a silver collar, holding up a dress of filmy layers of white silk with long trailing sleeves, an old reminder of Mereen, her only practical addition being white suede leggings and boots underneath. She was freezing, even with the
fire, even with her blood that ran hot.

Outside, she would perish, but she could not resist when she returned to her room to find the gown laid out on her bed, elegant, simple, and quite revealing. Jon had never seen her wear something like this; she hoped she looked beautiful enough, despite all the shivering and gooseflesh.

‘You look radiant, your Grace,’ Missandei said cautiously. ‘But you must wear a cloak for the cold.’ Her friend was more sensibly attired, in dark blue wool tunic and breeches, her exceptional hair neatly arranged around her calm, brown face. She would stand with her, and Tyrion, Grey Worm, and Varys, who had arrived just days ago with a wagon train of much needed supplies from Pentos, full of news from the east. It was a small group. Jon would have more, but his would be her friends and family now as well, even if some were not enthused with the prospect.

She was mulling over what cloak would look best, the grey wool or black furs, when there was a discreet knock at the door. ‘Enter,’ she said, stepping forward, her brows lifting in surprise when a tall, elegant redhead entered the room, followed by her smaller sister, carrying a wrapped bundle in her arms. Lady Sansa’s face was stiff and formal, but her usual cold, pale blue gaze was more animated than usual, a polite smile growing, then fading. Arya smiled widely, and nudged her sister in the ribs as the door swung shut behind her.

‘You look like a proper bride, your Grace,’ Arya said. ‘But we wondered about you getting cold, wearing a silly dress. My sister has found something in a chest in the attic that we thought you should have.’

Sansa stepped forward, a little reluctantly, her voice courteous, though she knew the young woman had not taken to her. ‘If you are going to marry a northman, you should dress like a woman of the north, your Grace,’ she said. ‘We thought it fitting that you wear something from our house.’

She moved forward and took the package that was offered. She undid the cord, dropping the linen wrapping. A heavy cloak unfurled to the floor, the white tinged ivory with age, with a wide hood to cover her head. ‘This is beautiful,’ she said wonderingly, stroking the rich pelts; a thick wolf fur lined with grey silk, rare and unique. Immediately, she swung the gift around her shoulders, the warmth settling around her chilly body, comforting, like a lover’s embrace.

She looked up at the two ladies, now her sisters as well. Sansa looked at her with eyes full of raw pain, making her flinch and wonder what was wrong with the girl, but then the courteous mask descended. ‘I found it in an old chest we believe belonged to our aunt Lyanna,’ she said stiffly. ‘We thought it right that you should wear it tonight.’

‘I thank you,’ she said softly. ‘Thank you for the gift, and for taking me into your home and family. You don’t know how much it means to me.’ She knew that the past, all the bad blood and strife, could never be erased, but it they all managed to live through the war, and the wars to come, they could move on and build anew, an alliance of ice and fire that endured, rather than ending in despair and death.

Her voice was thick with unshed tears, and she knew she was going to break down and weep tonight, in front of everyone, like a blushing virgin instead of an iron-willed queen who had seen and done it all. ‘I swear to you both, that I will love your brother to my last breath, and I will destroy anyone that tries to hurt him, dead or living,’ she said, with a touch of her usual fire, struggling for control over her emotions.

‘We know,’ Arya said simply, with a direct, grey look. ‘We wouldn’t let you marry Jon otherwise.’

She suddenly wanted to hug them both, drop her reserve and gather them up like the weepy girl she
was inside, but she settled for a wry smile, dipping in a small bow to the formidable girl. ‘You
honour me.’

There was another knock at the door, her people entering the room at Missandei’s invitation, and the
two sisters left to find their brother, as Ser Jorah, Tyrion, Varys, Grey Worm and two of her
Bloodriders crowded around her to escort her out to the Godswood. After a last-minute fussing over
her hair and cloak, she took a deep breath for courage, and held Jorah’s arm, the Dothraki falling into
step before them as they left her chamber, the others behind them, warmly clad in their best clothes,
the dull greys and blues in stark contrast to her glowing white figure.

She was amazed to find the grand staircase and lobby crowded with people great and small, their
smiles and kind words surprising and heartening. She hadn’t realised that most were happy for her
this day, and didn’t care about politics, or history, or who ruled the north. She was just a bride, going
to be wed to a man they all liked and respected, not a terrifying Targaryen queen, the distraction from
their stress-filled, busy day most welcome.

She smiled confidently at them all, as they progressed through the packed courtyard, her Bloodriders
taking up torches to light their path. The snow was falling lightly, the ice wind blocked by the castle
walls, she felt warm and safe under her borrowed furs, surrounded by the people she most cared for,
floating on a cloud of goodwill from everyone she passed.

The curved pathway of torches led into the Godswood, ending at the massive weirwood tree that
stood there, enduring for centuries, a group of waiting people beneath its spreading branches of bone
white and blood red, lit by the flickering flames. Faces that were familiar to her, and not so familiar,
but all she could see was Jon. The look in his dark eyes as he watched her approach speared her
through her racing heart, the same look he had given her when he stepped into her throne room, not
so long ago; utterly awed, though he had tried so hard to hide it.

She swallowed desperately to clear the hard lump in her throat. In the half light, his eyes were black
pools of warmth she wanted to drown in, but she tore her gaze away to take in the rest as she halted
before him and dropped the hood of her cloak, the snowflakes drifting down and settling in her hair.
He was sombrely clad as usual, his cloak hiding his lean, muscled body, his unruly black hair tied
back tightly, not caring about fine cloth or flashy ornament, but beautiful to her in every way. She
laughed softly, in a vain attempt to stop herself from crying.

There was a rumble from further back in the woods, a shifting of heavy, restless bodies, her sons
sensing her presence, and her attention flicked briefly to a huge white shape emerging from the trees.
It was the elusive Ghost; his odd red eyes burning at her through the dark, poised and watchful. Her
Dothraki stepped back to join the others, holding their torches aloft, and a plump figure stepped
forward, clearing his throat, clad in the dull black of the Watch – Sam Tarly, Jon’s best friend, and
the cleverest man she had ever met, cleverer than her Hand. He was still a little stiff and wary with
her, after what she had done to his family in a moment of rash fury, and she did not blame him for it.
She smiled at him in encouragement, and he shifted awkwardly.

‘Who comes here, before the gods?’ he declaimed, and Jorah straightened beside her. She was a little
bemused that she didn’t get to speak for herself at her own wedding, but it was tradition.

‘Daenerys, of House Targaryen,’ her old friend began, in a formal, rolling voice. ‘A queen, true born
and noble. First of her name, rightful ruler of the Seven Kingdoms, Khaleesi of the Great Grass Sea,
the Unburnt, the Breaker of Chains, the Mother of Dragons.’

She watched her husband’s lips twitch in memory, and she had the sudden urge to grab him and kiss
him right now, and damn waiting.
'Who comes to claim her?'

There was silence for a long moment. Jorah dropped her arm and stepped back, leaving them alone before the heart tree, turned inward, their eyes only for each other. She held her breath, wondering what he was going to say in front of his gods, which path he would choose. He looked hesitant, then his face firmed in determination, his voice direct, but husky and raw with feeling, bringing the tears sliding down her cold cheeks.

‘Jon, trueborn son of Houses Targaryen and Stark, Warden of the North, comes to claim Daenerys, of House Targaryen.’

She didn’t notice the murmur of surprise from the people around them, she was too busy fighting with herself, sniffing and stifling the sobs that rose in her throat, pride and love and pure happiness leaving her a wreck. Though it wasn’t tradition, she reached for his hands for support, needing his strength to hold her upright before she broke down.

‘Who gives her?’

‘Ser Jorah, of House Mormont,’ the old knight spoke from behind her. ‘Who is her sworn shield, and oldest friend.’

‘Do you take this man?’

She blinked away the blur of tears, squeezing Jon’s fingers in hers tightly, looking deep into his soul and trusting what she saw there, as she went to answer. ‘I take this man,’ she said, in a ringing voice, and saw him smile, his stern expression transforming into a very boyish grin.

And before they could kneel and pray, to ask for the blessing of the old gods, he broke tradition again and took her in his arms, close and confining and completely overwhelming. His wild, woodsy scent was in her nose, his lips bearing down on hers, soft and ripe and sweet as he kissed her, uncaring of their audience of gods and men and beasts.

He claimed her as his, and she stepped into the void and yielded, for whatever time they had left.

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Chapter 9

A/N: I am now reaching the end, and I am rather bereft to be honest, but I don’t have it in me to predict what’s going to happen in the Long Night, and this is a shameless love story with lots of porn, not anything ambitious.

There will be an epilogue chapter though, for symmetry.

This is the wedding night chapter, you all know what that means. I am sticking with the female point of view. It is intense, but hopefully it does complement the last chapter. Enjoy, and tell me what you think.

Thanks for all the kudos, by the way. Either you dig weddings, or you’re liking the smut chapters.

Daenerys

She had not liked her first wedding feast all those years ago, and she didn’t like this one much either. Perhaps she was being ungrateful, but it seemed such a waste of precious time, sitting at the head table, all polite and gracious, watching the people get drunk on the new stores of wine from Pentos, loud and red faced and bloody annoying, there being few women present to bring a more civilised tone to proceedings.

We will stay for another hour and leave, if they will let us escape, she thought, picking up her goblet and taking a sip, savouring the tart, thick wine on her tongue, a reminder of faraway summer, and long, drowsy days under hot sunlight. She eyed the tipsy men around the tables with some disfavour, lords and commanders who should know better, but all were full of nerves and in need of some temporary oblivion, knowing what faced them in the morning.

She was hazy on Westerosi wedding traditions, but it was becoming evident that the bride and groom were subject to a fair amount of jests. She tried to take it in good humour, there not being much which shocked her in life, but Jon was different. He had a very dry wit, but he didn’t like to be teased, liked even less his wife being subject to cheeky toasts and lascivious looks, and disapproved of the men wasting their wits on wine when they needed them tomorrow.

The roaring fire behind them and the crowd of bodies had made her throw off her cloak, and she was clad only in her gown, which she had thought was modest enough compared to others she had worn in the past, but by northern standards was like sitting there in a nightgown. She should put her cloak back on and suffer, but a servant had tidied it away, leaving her exposed as the focus of attention. Not for the first time, she wished that she had been born a man, who commanded immediate respect as a ruler, instead of her power being diminished by preoccupation with her looks. She knew she was beautiful by most standards, and had often stooped to use it to her advantage. She longed for a world where it wasn’t what defined her, but a wedding feast was not a good place to dream of such things.

Her smaller hand was clasped in her husband’s, under the table where no one could see. Since the ceremony in the Godswood, he had not let go of her for a moment, even in prayer in front of his mysterious gods. She could still feel the tingle of ancient power in her left palm where she had touched the trunk of the weirwood tree, and wondered again what it meant, the current like a static
shock from rubbing a thick silk coverlet, or a cat’s fur. She knew that Jon had felt the same, the look of surprise in his expressive eyes reflected in hers.

How she wanted to lay her head on his shoulder, breathe him deep into her lungs, and whisper to him to get her out of there immediately, to hell with the niceties, but then another guest approached the high table to wish them well, and she forced a smile and straightened in her chair. As she spoke some courteous words by rote, all she could think of was banishing her tiredness, the nagging itch in her still healing wounds, and taking her husband to bed; to use, or be used, until she was a quivering wreck of bruised and raw flesh. The urge made her squeeze his hand in reflex, and his polite mask faltered as he flicked his eyes to her flushed face, pink from the heat of the fire, and other things.

The lord bowed and stepped backwards, showing deference he had never displayed before, and she felt mildly pleased as well as irritated that she had to get married before this sullen lot of lords showed her any respect, despite all she had sacrificed to be here. Her head tilted, resting briefly on Jon’s shoulder, for a weak moment not caring less what the reaction might be, the cold steel of his gorget pressing against her cheek comfortingly, and he turned to drop a kiss on her forehead, causing a cheer to erupt from a trio of men who were watching.

‘Our Lord has tamed the dragon,’ one man crowed, and Jon stiffened and glared at the offending dolt. She sat up straight and composed her face, torn between laughter and exasperation. All her life, she had been insulted and reviled, spoken of as an object of lust or scorn, it was nothing to her, her shell against slings and arrows now toughened steel. Her husband had endured the same, had been called a bastard since he could understand the meaning of the word, and still he had not learned to deflect, his sensitive soul more vulnerable than hers. And he was possessive, by gods he was possessive, it thrilled her and worried her in equal measure.

The next well-wisher approached the table, a languid, familiar figure clad in his red and gold armour, his cynical, handsome face wary but determined. By his side was Lady Brienne, even more imposing, dressed as a knight as usual. They made an impressive pair, and she looked at them speculatively. Together, they appeared as if they were two pieces of a difficult puzzle that had finally been solved.

She admired Brienne hugely, and would be forever grateful to her for helping to save her life on the battlefield, but her feelings about Ser Jaime were mixed, as were Jon’s. Both of their families had near been destroyed by Lannister ambition, but his break with his vile sister had shown real courage, and the troops had brought with him were vital, so they had to forget the past and accept his presence.

‘Lannister, Lady Brienne,’ her husband said, rather grudgingly.

The lord of Casterley Rock and Warden of the West bowed impeccably, as did Brienne, but his reply was edgy and deprecating. ‘Lord Snow,’ he acknowledged curtly, and turned to her instead. ‘Your Grace. I wanted to wish you well, so I have brought the lady with me for protection against the Starks.’

‘That is probably wise,’ she said mockingly. ‘I believe Arya is still plotting your demise, for when you are no longer of any use.’

‘Which I no doubt richly deserve,’ he drawled, holding up his hands. ‘But I wanted to offer my congratulations, and to tell you that you look radiant. I hope you will be very happy.’ His green eyes grew serious, and she ignored the sullen figure at her side for a moment to listen. ‘I knew your mother, queen Rhaella,’ he said quietly. ‘I was her sworn protector, for a time. You are more beautiful than even she was, and she would be so proud of you today, and all you have achieved.’
A real smile broke on her lips, at the unexpected gift, a memory of the mother she had never known. ‘Thank you, Ser Jaime,’ she said. ‘You are very kind.’

‘I wish you both good fortune,’ Brienne added. ‘I trust in the gods to bring us all through this fight, and others, until all war is done and you can rule in peace, and build the county we all need.’

The words were wonderfully formal, but from the heart, causing Jon to stir and remember his courtesies, his deep voice a little stiff, but genuine. ‘We are grateful to have you both by our side, no matter what has gone before.’

‘My troops march before dawn,’ Jaime said. ‘And none have been permitted to break into the wine stores. Except the lords, they do as they will.’

‘As do mine,’ her husband said wryly.

The blonde pair bowed and stepped away, Lannister’s eyes narrowing at them knowingly as he retreated. Her shoulder was leaning into her husband’s again, her thumb tracing patterns on his palm. Like a flower in search of scarce sunlight, her neck turned inward, her eyes catching his, a plea for escape there, answered by a flare of black pupils amidst the rich brown of his irises.

Not wanting an audience to what was abundantly clear on their faces, she tore her gaze loose, down the board to the group of Starks, all looking tense and gloomy, her Hand, slurring with drink, his uselessness in the coming battle getting the better of his constant fight to stay sober. Lord Varys, twitching impatiently and trying to catch her eye, wanting to deliver his store of news from the east that she didn’t want to hear until the morrow. Only Missandei and Grey Worm looked content, and Jon’s friends from the Wall, all rather drunk as well. Ser Jorah was absent, his difficult part in proceedings done.

A burst of raucous laughter from nearby was a jarring contrast to the high table, a group of men egging each other on in downing horns of wine. One of the men started to sing - some silly, suggestive song, badly out of tune. Another caught her looking and raised his horn in a toast. ‘Here’s to our pretty queen!’ he shouted to the room at large, raising a cheer and shouts of agreement, most rather colourful. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw it, that glower, dark and forbidding, the deeply buried temper flashing to the surface.

‘Let us bed them!’ one reckless fool added, and she wanted to sink her head into her hands, knowing that if they sat here much longer, it was not going to end well. Instead, she straightened her spine and stared the man down, a freezing look that made him cower gratifyingly and sink into his bench, but her disapproval didn’t work on some other, bolder wag.

‘I want to see the pretty pink queen sitting up in bed, and her pretty pink teats!’

The hand covering hers squeezed tightly, making her flinch, his body coiling, ready to spring, but thank the gods, a sudden diversion. Ser Jaime’s companion, that rogue Ser Bronn, got to his feet quickly and shouted. ‘How about a song to sing them on their way, lads?’ and launched into a suitably bawdy tune, his very fine voice pulling the men’s attention away from the pair of them.

‘Let’s go. Now.’ a voice hissed in her ear, a hand clamping down on her upper arm and lifting her to her feet, like she was a naughty child. Mild irritation was threatening to turn into pique as he yanked her bodily out of the hall, slipping through a side entrance quickly, into a dark hallway. He needed to get used to hearing people say nasty things about his wife the queen, if he was to rule beside her one day, and she was going to snap at him and tell him as such, dragging her heels slightly to protest the iron grip, but one simmering look from under his black brows, the pressure of his hand through the thin silk of her gown, made her shut up, for an entirely selfish, unworthy reason.
She shuddered at the sudden arousal that flowed through her, and instead of fighting him, she chose obedience, the incoherent noise that escaped her making Jon snap his head around and halt mid-stride, the anger in his face changing to a look that was predatory, and just as ominous. Her knees bowed, her chest rising and falling in rapid gasps as the stone walls closed in around her, going limp and weak under his fixed stare. And then, she was off the ground, picked up like a ragdoll and carried through the flickering shadows. Her face tucked into the curve of his neck to hide, flaming with her hot blood, her whorish need to submit to everything he wanted of her.

As he walked through the deserted hallway, the quiet man that she loved, the man whose plain sense and self-control she desperately needed to counter the fiery temper that was never far from erupting to the surface, spoke to her as he rarely did, making her breathless and so overcome that if he cared to put her down, she would not be able to stand on her feet.

‘You are mine,’ he said. ‘I don’t want anyone looking at you. I don’t want anyone thinking about fucking you. I will kill the next man who fucking dares.’

It was crude and irrational, she should be annoyed, but she wasn’t, gods help her, she only added more fuel to the fire, her breath escaping in an urgent moan, muffled against the pulse of blood in his throat. His skin there was so warm, his familiar scent so delectable, she could not help but bite him, her mouth sucking harshly to leave a red mark, like he so often did to her.

‘Sometimes, you drive me so mad, that all I want to do is take you to bed and fuck you until you faint, again,’ the relentless voice continued, drawing another moan from her chest. ‘I wanted you from the first, you would have had me killed, for what I was thinking. I hated myself for being a beast and a fool, but that night I dreamed of you, of what you tasted like, how you would feel wrapped around my cock, and every night, until I had you. And now you are mine, and I still dream of it.’

When he got her naked, he was going to find her dripping wet with need. She wanted it so badly, she was reeling with it. She wanted it hard, she wanted it to hurt, she wanted to feel it in her bones, that ownership of her body and soul.

She had not noticed a thing of the journey, too distracted by the flow of confession from his lips, but they were at the door of her chamber, and he was fumbling with one hand for the latch. As the door swung shut she lifted her head reluctantly. Someone had tidied the room, and banked the fire to give out a steady heat. There was wine on the table, and food, the covers of the bed turned back and dried blue and white rose petals scattered on the fine sheets. It was all very thoughtful, but she could not bring herself to care, poised and waiting to see what he would do next.

Instead of putting her down, she was thrown across the bed, falling awkwardly in a tangle of white silk. He dropped to the floor at her feet, tugging at her boots, then her leggings, all the while looking at her with ink black eyes that held not a hint of softness, or tenderness, just blind need. Then he disappeared, lifting her skirts and hiding beneath them, the tickle of rough hair on her inner thighs making her whine as he rubbed his face there, his tongue finding her under the layers of cloth and swiping over her folds to open them. He probed to taste her, oh so briefly, just enough to confirm she was wet and ready before the pleasure was snatched away.

She cursed bitterly, but he didn’t smile as he rose again, too far away, his face remote and preoccupied as he loomed over her dishevelled and desperate from. There was nothing regal left of her at all. She would get on her knees and beg, if she had to.

Horribly slowly, in one long maddening tease, his hands drifted to the buckles, straps and laces of his clothes, falling to the floor around him as his lean, graceful, wonderfully taut body was revealed to her, familiar now but still exciting, her eyes sliding down the ribbed, marred expanse of his belly,
down the soft trail of black hair that led to his cock, a heavy weight that stood straight and thick and long. She bit her lips at the sight of him, caught up in the heavy silence, his flow of words halted now he had her where he wanted.

Her ankles were snatched and she was pulled closer, the fabric of her gown ripping as he bunched it around her waist, and then tearing away from her breasts. She whined in protest, but her indignation was fast forgotten as her legs were spread to receive him, hands clamping down on her arms to hold her in place. Without any preliminaries, he was in her, penetrating so deep and fast she was shunted across the slippery sheets, her head hanging over the edge of the mattress as she screwed her eyes shut and cried out at the glorious ache of being filled to the limit, her resisting cunt rent apart by his beautiful cock, pinning her under his weight, helpless and taken.

As he withdrew and lunged into her again, and again, her core began to yield to him, but still, it ached, his hard length grinding within her tense, shaking body. The blood was rushing to her head, her hair hanging to the floor, she was completely focused on the deep thrusts which drove her into the bed, her womb cramping in protest at every harsh movement, but her cunt was slowly loosening, growing slick and soft as butter, her cries increasing in pitch as she grabbed at his back with raking nails and dug her heels into the cheeks of his arse, fighting to brace herself against the onslaught.

A hand cupped the back of her neck, drawing her head up, his plump lips finding hers and silencing her abruptly. Her lids fluttered, she was torn between wanting to hide from those intent, dark eyes, or fall into them as he fucked her and bent her to his will. When she came, it was agonising and swift, a deep, flaring pulse of release that made her scream in silence, her body grabbing onto his cock and making him growl low in his throat as he followed, his hips slapping in vicious jerks, bruising her inside as he spilled into her womb.

As her lover fell against her heaving breasts, his twitching cock making her wriggle under his dead weight, she felt rather like a shrinking virgin bride would have; ridden raw, her gown in shreds, and her mind overloaded. When he finally slipped from her clasp, she hissed at the sensation, and she wondered how she could take him in her again, and what state she would be in when the morning came, but then his head lifted from her chest, his eyes a glossy black and hazy with repletion, and she simply didn’t care. If she suffered later from being fucked half to death, it would be well worth it.

‘Don’t even think about apologising,’ she murmured lazily as he bent his head to nuzzle at her breasts, his lips closing around a nipple, a glint of white teeth nipping her sharply.

‘I wasn’t,’ he rumbled into her flesh, and she smiled, a hand reaching to stroke his cheek, tracing the line of an old scar, the pale skin flushed with blood under the surface. Her neck was starting to hurt at this angle, so she shifted under him, scooting around to lie back against the pillows with a sigh. He followed, remaining between her legs, bending to kiss the ugly slash on her ribs before moving to her stomach, his lovely round arse sticking up as he knelt before her, dark head resting between her thighs.

He glanced at her once beneath his long lashes, and she whimpered in anticipation, her thighs tensing and closing around his ears in reflex, cradling him there as he opened her with both hands, exposing her to his soothing tongue. Every inch of her red, raw flesh was tasted, the drag of his tongue slow and sweet and so very, very good, licking her clean, urging her closer to the edge of climax in a devastating progress that had her keening and grabbing at his head to push him closer in, her fingers yanking at dark curls to free them so they spread over her thighs.

Every nerve in her flesh was flaring, as she was extremely sensitive, but he was so gentle with her it was driving her insane, her nectar slick on his lips and chin when she dared to look down her writhing body. When he pushed his tongue inside her, she slammed her lids shut, arching off the bed
at the thought of him tasting himself. When he sucked her into his mouth, flicking her swollen nub firmly, she fell to pieces, her release hitting her like a storm, buffeting her this way and that as she cried out and shook under his hands and lips, going completely rigid, then falling in a tangle of limbs as it receded.

There was no respite, no chance to gain her composure. The rags of her wedding gown were stripped away from her, leaving her bare except for the silver collar around her throat. Through heavy eyelids she looked up, seeing he was fully erect again. She gathered her energy to sit up, bury her face in his lap, and return the favour with her mouth, but before she could move she saw that focused intensity return to his eyes, hard, calloused hands grasping her flanks and turning her over on her front. Knowing what he needed from her, she rose on her knees, her head bowed in perfect submission as she spread her legs wide.

His hands rubbed her bottom, kneading and pinching, his breath ragged and harsh as he touched her, one hand running up the column of her spine to her neck, holding her in place. ‘Show me where you want it,’ he rasped, and she sobbed into the pillow at the words, a trembling hand reaching backwards to slide between her cheeks. She dipped down to spread some wetness on her fingertips, then moved upwards, pushing them inside where she wanted him to take her, the tingle of sensation only pleasant. She was so aroused that she knew that this time, it wouldn’t hurt, it would only be shattering and consuming, the blissful feel of him inside her, as close as two people could manage without crawling under each other’s skin.

He was careful, murmuring soft words about how beautiful she was, how good it was going to feel, while all the time spreading her wetness over her tight hole and stretching her until she was mewling and writhing with shameless want. When he entered her, his hand reaching to find her nub and stroke it gently, the pain was only sweet, a deep shiver that escaped in crazed sounds she smothered into the pillows as he worked himself further, her resistance yielding with each slow movement in her arse. She had wanted him to have her in every way possible, and he had fulfilled her desire, as he always did.

When she had adjusted to the fullness within her, her breath sharp and shallow as she fought for air in her starved lungs, she pushed upwards, the pleasure so intense her whole body trembled and threatened collapse. He cursed and gripped her hip, his other hand caressing her nub steadily in circles as he withdrew and lunged deep, starting a steady roll within her tight clasp that made them both cry out helplessly. He was rough with her, then slow and careful, then rough again, a delicious torment that had her howling, her hot blood pumping through every vein as she bent over and took it all.

And then, she was pulled up into his arms, fully seated on his cock, his teeth sinking into her shoulder, his fingers pushing inside her slippery heat, filling her up as he worked her to a furious pitch until she screamed, leaving the ground and flying into the night sky, seeing stars and flashes of light in the darkness which wrapped around her blessedly. She came, and came again, losing strength and sanity with each violent pulse, so delirious she was only vaguely aware he was right with her, a cry that was torn from his dark heart as he bit her viciously in release. She would carry the marks on her skin, under her armour, into war and chaos tomorrow, and her satisfaction would sustain her.

Afterwards, she lay there, her face against his as she struggled to calm the racing of her heart, speechless and liquid in his arms, so flushed and sweaty the creeping chill of the room did not penetrate her skin. She thought that Jon had dozed off for a moment, but then his eyes fluttered open, the brown irises meeting her blue. She didn’t hide, though she was sore in a dozen places and still reeling from all of it. ‘Do you want to sleep?’ he whispered.

‘No, sleep is a waste of time,’ she managed to say, her voice thick and drugged. ‘I just want to lie
here, and look at you, and wonder what I have done to deserve you.’

That made him smile shyly. ‘I’m not worth looking at,’ he snorted in denial. ‘A bit bashed about, and moody with it.’ She knew he hated being called pretty, and was very self-conscious about it.

‘Very moody,’ she agreed. ‘Brooding at your own wedding feast, no less.’

The smile stayed on his handsome, beloved face. ‘They were a pack of rude, drunk fools, and I just wanted to take you to bed, and to hell with them all.’

She laughed softly. ‘Well, you’re not renowned for your manners, but you will have to learn, if we prevail and have a court, and nobles and smallfolk pestering us all day.’

At this flash of an optimistic future, she felt a cold shiver of premonition. The fear, ruthlessly suppressed, returned in a sickening rush, ruining her contentment. Those that believed in gods also believed that death was not the end, but her husband knew, had told her one night when she had finally wrenched the truth out of him, about the wounds on his body that would never truly heal.

If death was just nothing at all, then she wouldn’t care if she was gone either way, but her worst fear, the one that haunted her in the bitter watches of the night, was that she would be left alone in the world once more, to face whatever was left, without Jon. She choked on a sob, the rolling sea of emotion she had been tossed upon all day getting the better of her at last, tears welling in her eyes and rolling down her face.

His expression creased in dismay, and he gathered her up, leaning to kiss the tears away. ‘Don’t cry, love. You need to be strong for me, please don’t cry, I can’t bear it.’

‘Promise me,’ she sobbed. ‘Swear to me you won’t die tomorrow and leave me here, because I don’t want to live if you do.’ And, she meant it, at that moment, in the privacy of their marriage bed, with only him to hear. None of it mattered; her ambitions, her family legacy, her lofty goals to break and remake the realm into something new and better. She could be weak, and needy, and trust him to understand that she was a frightened girl, as well as a queen and a warrior.

‘I can’t promise that,’ he said, ever honest, even when it hurt. ‘We don’t know if our plans are going to work, but I will promise to be careful, if you will.’ His hand slipped down to her flat belly, resting there firmly. ‘And if I fall, you have to keep going, for as long as you can, because of this.’

She could not stop the tears, even as she was confronted with the reminder that it wasn’t just about two lovers, but the child they had made together, a tiny miracle she had not believed was real, and the rest. Their friends, their family, their subjects, and the whole realm, perhaps even the whole wide world. Eventually, she gained control of herself, her sobs and sniffles dying down as he watched her with those depthless eyes, his worry fading to pride when she forced a watery smile at last.

‘Neither of us will fall,’ she said bravely. ‘We will burn them all to the ground and crawl out of the ashes, together.’

With every part of her, strong and weak, determined and faltering, she hoped it was true.
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A/N: Here it is, my attempt at a bittersweet ending. Thank you all for reading my little fic. I made some people a bit mad, some sweaty, some cry even, so it wasn’t too terrible. Most importantly, I had a bloody good time.

I listened to a lot of Florence and the Machine while writing this story, so thanks, Florence, for the twisted inspiration.

My husband read this in entirety. He was a bit horrified, but mostly entertained, as he has been nagging me all week to finish the last chapter.

Let me know if you liked it in the comments, bye for now x

Jon

She had left before dawn, and as he woke to the wavering sunlight on his face, he found the great bed empty and lonely. He rose and dressed for the day and picked at the breakfast a servant brought to him, the frown on his face deepening when he found no note, no word of where she had gone, the attendants he encountered as he made his way downstairs unable to enlighten him to his wife’s whereabouts.

Increasingly irritated as the early morning waned, he dragged himself across the great court to the throne room, stubbornly alone and without guards, armed and plainly dressed in black jerkin and breeches and his old cloak. Though it was too warm for it, the first truly warm day of the southern spring, he wore it anyway, for comfort, armouring himself against the peering eyes, the wheedling petitions, the thousand problems and challenges that faced the broken, half-starved kingdom he had reluctantly acquired. And it wasn’t even his turn to sit in that bloody uncomfortable chair either, it was the queen’s, who had more aptitude for such matters than he ever would.

First order of business, there was a Small Council meeting in the anteroom off the half-destroyed throne room, the sharpest minds left in the kingdom plotting and scheming to borrow money to pay for the food they were forced to import from the east, cement alliances with whatever great houses were left, rout out lurking enemies, and rebuild this shattered city of unruly folk, both great and small.

It was utterly strange to him, to sit there, where his adopted father had once sat, and deal with the same challenges, the same horseshit, and be responsible for so much, strange and wearying and beyond his imagination only a year ago. He did his best, tried to contribute whatever learned wisdom he had, but his mind was elsewhere, with Daenerys, his thoughts not pleasant ones, as was often the case lately. It showed in his face in a sullen, closed off expression that made the Hand of the Queen roll his eyes at his companions, thinking he wasn’t being observed.

If the whole world imploded, Lord Tyrion would survive to crawl out of the rubble. So many others had not. They were fortunate to have his brilliant wit and quick, cunning brain and love of the game, but still, he was aggravating him today, all of it was; the mundane aftermath of a desperate struggle
for life over death he had not expected to see, and wasn’t much enjoying.

At times, he found himself thinking of the past wistfully, of that brief period of deadly calm before the storm broke, when it was just him and her, finding each other by strange chance, and then losing themselves in each other in sheer desperation, before the end came. It didn’t come, but life would never be the same, the high cost of their triumph blighting the victory, and the demands of their new life overwhelming them both.

As the Council members droned on, shuffling papers and counting coppers, he remembered that terrible night, in the cold disorder of the abandoned Red Keep, when she had gone into labour a full month early, her long exhausted body and mind fighting for life for a full day and night of torment that he wasn’t permitted to witness, but could hear well enough, sitting on the floor in the hallway, sick with a helpless fear and rage that had no outlet. She had given him a son, and it had come within a hairsbreadth of killing her, and since then, she had not been herself.

Some fool of a maester had told her there was no chance she could have another, and her melancholy and fierce protectiveness over her only human child had made her illness and distance that much worse. She had been grievously sick for so long, his tough little wife who was never ill, completely worn out and torn up inside, clutching her baby to her empty breasts. She had no room for him then, and when she finally emerged from her sickbed to take the reins again, the distance between them had become a chasm.

In the darkest part of his soul, he had resented the child for nearly taking her from him, until Missandei had marched up to him one day and thrust the squirming bundle in his arms without a word, her normally calm face angry, and rigid with disapproval. It was tiny, almost too tiny to be alive, with a strange, sweet scent that made him bend to sniff and look at it curiously. His little face didn’t resemble either of them yet, he was too new to the world, but he felt his simmering anger cool as he saw the unformed features, the waving fists, heard the odd little noises it made. Then, the child opened his eyes and looked at him steadily, as if he knew who he was, and his heart broke.

With no one around to witness, he had cried then, holding his son close, grieving for all his losses, amazed at being alive and still mostly intact, and a father to this helpless creature, a miracle born of love and desire and magic. Only death can pay for life, his wife had told him, and there had been so much death they had waded through blood before the end.

The had named him Eddard, after his father. Already he had his looks, the same serious dark eyes, and black curls, but his mother’s wide lipped smile. He would much rather be in the nursery right now with little Ned, than sitting in Council, growing more wound up about his absent queen as the day wore on. He intended to go up there straight after court, to wait for her, and see his little son in his crib, not capable of doing much yet except lie there and smile and wave his little arms and legs about, but still so fascinating he could watch for hours without growing bored.

It wasn’t like Daenerys to leave the child for more than a few hours, but lately she had been edgy and restless, tossing and turning in bed, wandering the battlements alone at night, but not reaching out to touch him, tell him was troubling her, or share her frustrations. How he wished she would talk to him, as she used to, he missed her so much, but the immense pressure and trauma of the last few months had his tongue in a knot as well, and he was never eloquent to start with.

Some hours later, the tedious meeting ended, the Council breaking for food and wine before moving on to court business. His feet itched to walk out of the castle and go find Dany, wherever she was, the urge growing by the minute. He suspected she had pulled one of her old familiar tricks, taking off in the hope he would hunt her down, and the prospect both pleased him, and made his temper rumble resentfully.
They moved on to the throne room, the noonday sun casting beams of light through the ceiling that was cracked open like an egg, illuminating the sparse, cavernous space and its crowd of petitioners. He wiped the glower off his face and replaced it with a neutral mask as he took his seat, the court caller announcing his titles to all and sundry, making him uncomfortable as always.

‘All hail Jon Targaryen, first of his name, King Consort to Daenerys Targaryen, Queen of the Seven Kingdoms. Former Lord Commander of the Night’s Watch, former King in the North, the White Wolf, the Slayer of Winter and Bringer of the Dawn.’

Most assumed he had taken the name of his wife’s house because he had no name of his own, which he preferred. The truth would raise too many questions, and would result in stirrings among those who still held that a woman was not fit to rule, despite all the queen had done to save them all. The past was finished and done, it would do no good to dwell on what had gone before. It was carved on his face, in new lines of strain and battle scars, and in all the faces of the people that were left.

They had no fancy trappings of royalty, no Kingsguard arrayed at his feet, only loyal friends in their own clothes or armour and weapons, guarding the family and court. Tough, weathered survivors, some broken and dead eyed, others just happy to be alive. His sisters were in the gallery, the north being a frozen wasteland without food or comfort until spring reached there and people could return to rebuild their lives. The tenacious sellsword Ser Bronn was there, and the Lady Brienne, her pale eyes bleak and empty since Ser Jaime’s noble sacrifice, but still determined to do her duty. The remnants of the wildlings, and Dothraki and suspicious northmen, all very out of place in King’s Landing, much like himself.

His eyes swept the room, noting his friends, and the small groups of merchants and smallfolk and nobles, all subdued and respectful for now, but for how long, he could not say. All the faces that were gone forever were buried in the back of his mind, to remember when he could finally bear it.

He could not sit still as petitioners began to step forward with their tales and complaints, fiddling with his sword, running his fingers over the dulled metal blades of the chair arms, anxious to be gone and on the hunt for his wife. The need to plant crops in the Reach, the need to fix roads and mills and chase out outlaws who were hiding in abandoned holdfasts and villages around the south, the need to get trade moving again across the Narrow Sea, and a petition from the brothel keepers in the Street of Silk to reopen, which made him embarrassed to answer. Where possible, he deferred to their advisors, neither he nor the queen being inclined to be autocratic, though the people looked to them both, stunned and lost and wanting strong rulers to make all the decisions. The people were sheep, as he was often told, by the more cynical members of his Council.

There was a stirring in the open doorway at the end of the hall, two Dothraki drawing his flighty attention with their dark, direct gazes, their stances patient and still and watchful. He motioned them forward, the people moving out of their path quickly as they strode forward, still intimidated by the strange savages in their midst. He recognised them as two of his wife’s Bloodriders. He muttered to Tyrion to take his place in court and ducked into the council chamber, as usual dwarfed by the huge, brown skinned men, bristling with weapons and menace.

‘Great Khal,’ one man growled respectfully. ‘We know where Khaleesi went. Pink men in stone house say you want to know where she go.’

Their new mastery of the common tongue was a bit rusty, but he understood well enough. ‘What do you know?’ he said abruptly, too tense for politeness. He suspected she had not gone far, and he knew she wanted him to find her, but anything could happen to her, if she was alone. There were still many who had no love for Targaryens, or wouldn’t hesitate to attack a lovely woman who appeared defenceless.
‘We escort Khaleesi to dragon pit, then she send us away,’ the other warrior said haltingly. ‘We don’t want to go, but she get angry. We see he fly across big river, into woods. Great Khal go find her there, we help track.’

They would have to go by ferry and horse. Drogon was the only one left of Dany’s three dragon children, the last dragon in the world, the thought making him sadder than most of their losses in the war. ‘Very well, blood of my blood,’ he said awkwardly. ‘I appreciate the help. Saddle the horses, including my black. I will meet you at the stables.’ If anyone knew how to track a dragon through the sky, it was his wife’s guards.

He returned to the throne room, bringing proceedings to an abrupt end for the day. That gained him a few dark looks from his Council, but if he was going to be king, he could bloody well act high handed when he wanted. On that theme, he sent a servant scurrying for his saddlebags and some food, in case he needed to sleep out.

With his eye on the sun, now sinking towards the west, he crossed the many castle courtyards to the stables, only stopping to visit the kennels and collect someone. He was now blind in one eye, with ugly scars criss-crossing his white fur, one leg mangled, but his oldest friend was still breathing, still terrifying to most people in the city, and still liked a good run through the woods. His enormous shape ghosted through the long shadows in the yard, staying out of the sun, but smallfolk and servants still spotted him and edged away quickly, making him smile for the first time that day. There was no one better for scaring off townsfolk on the way to the docks.

With Ghost loping beside him, he left the Red Keep and his responsibilities behind, clattering through the narrow, stinking streets and wynds, with the guards in front, past ruined shells of buildings great and small. Faces peered from windows, gawking curiously, some calling out greetings, some silent, bold women cooing at him as they rode through the Street of Silk. One night, when in his cups, Tyrion had informed him that the bored whores were calling him the prettiest king ever seen in the land, and that they would gladly give him one for free. The tale made him blush like a girl, but others had burst out laughing, making him crack and join in. But still, he didn’t much like the route, hunching under his cloak and digging his heels into his black to quicken the pace.

At the docks, they gave an old captain with a rickety barge a few stags to take them across the Blackwater Rush, the stench of the city, the babble of multitudes receding, sunlight dancing on the rippling water and half drowned ships and siege engines as they advanced slowly. Impatient, he paced the warped, stained boards of the boat, squinting in the strong light at the thick line of trees on the far shore. The Kingswood was a wild and empty place, full of outlaws and boar and slinking shadowcats. Dany could be anywhere, wherever Drogon had left her, his great shadow had been seen by the captain, over the sea. So, he fretted, and grumbled inwardly at this silent guessing game he had been drawn into, intriguing and frustrating, just like her.

When they disembarked, the woods quickly swallowed them whole, only thin game trails traversing the dense growth. The Bloodriders struck out east, and he followed in silence, the huge white wolf running beside his horse on three legs, nose to the ground, nearly as tall as his mount. The air was warm and still, causing sweat to bead on his brow. Stuck in the city, he hadn’t noticed the swift advance of springtime. The trees were a vivid green with new leaves and buds, tiny flowers and ferns unfurling at their gnarled roots. Despite his mood, his body relaxed and his eyes wandered about, enjoying the pretty scene, though it was rather too warm for his icy northern blood.

It was late afternoon when they found the charred bones of a deer in a clearing, the snapped branches scattered about a clear sign that Drogon had been there. Suddenly Ghost took off in front, heading for a break in the trees to the south. ‘Thank you, my friends. I will go on alone from here,’ he spoke, knowing his wolf would seek her out. The men grunted and dropped back on the narrow path, and
he pressed forward, his black horse and garb a stark contrast to the liquid sunlight as he broke cover into a meadow that stretched towards the coast, wide and green and dotted with flowers.

The grass was so tall he could barely see her there, but Ghost found her, nosing at her turned back affectionately. She was clad in rough riding leathers, her silver hair in one long, messy braid to the ground. He dismounted and left his horse to roam free and graze, Ghost moving away to hunt as he sat down beside her.

Her head turned slightly, her face lighting up in a smile he had seldom seen lately. ‘I knew you would find me,’ she said, and he didn’t know whether to smile back, or snarl.

‘What are you playing at? Anything could happen to you out here,’ he said shortly, but his temper was spluttering and dying. She was too beautiful and wild, sitting there in the grass, smiling at him, her blue eyes dreamy and soft, not ice locked and sad, the tight leather of her tunic and breeches hugging her curves as she shifted around to face him. Her feet were bare, her toes digging into the soft dirt. He reached out to remove a long strand of grass from her hair, and she didn’t pull away, leaning into his touch, lids fluttering as his fingertips grazed her cheek.

‘The Dothraki say, that anything a man or woman does of importance should be done outside, under the sky,’ she began. ‘I saw this place in a dream once, in Winterfell. Drogon found it for me.’ She paused for a moment, her gaze naked and honest. ‘I wanted to tell you I am sorry, so sorry for shutting you out. I was so miserable and weak and weepy, I could not stand myself, and I couldn’t bring myself to be even weaker by expecting you to fix me.’ She took a shaking breath, but her eyes were dry, her chin tilted.

‘When I was a girl, all I ever wanted was to go home. Not all this. None of it makes me happy, now that I have it, my mad father’s kingdom, and everything it entails.’

He was not a man of poetic words and comforting lies, but he tried, reaching down in himself to answer her. ‘You are home,’ he said simply. ‘Wherever I am, that’s where it is. And I will try to make up for the rest, if you will let me.’

A single tear slipped down her cheek, then another, she was perfectly still under his touch as he wiped them away, and then she broke, a sob and a shudder of emotion which he smothered with a kiss, not a dutiful peck on the forehead but deep and demanding, and so sweet, his ears buzzed at the taste of her mouth yielding, opening to let him in.

He didn’t want to grab her, bruise her fine skin, or force himself upon her, but it had been so long, the urge to take her fierce and nagging for action. After a brief internal struggle, he let her lead at her own pace, her gentle weight across his lap, the scent of her hair tickling his face as he untangled the braid down her back to free it, the scent of new growth and sunlight, and life. Then her bare breasts were pressed against his mouth, firm and ripe, her teeth nipping at the curve of his neck as he suckled her nipples, rigid and red, causing her to moan and rock against the hardness in his breeches, sullen and aching to be buried inside her wonderful heat.

His fingers dug into her hipbones, urging her to move against him. His cloak was unfurled to the ground, her hands snatching at lacings and buttons on his jerkin, she was hurried and impatient, making frustrated sounds as she worked to strip him bare, but before she could move off him to get at his breeches and boots, he flipped her on her back, looking down at her wriggling on the lining of his cloak, her eyes dark and hungry, her hands snapping at the laces of her breeches and sliding them down her legs.

At the sight of her smooth thighs parting for him, the glimpse of her pretty cunt, neat silver curls and enticing pink folds of flesh, he groaned low in his throat, the brute male urge to take and mark and
rend apart ruthlessly quashed. He blinked to clear the fog from his brain and sat back, ridding himself of the rest of his clothes so he was equally naked beneath the sky. He moved to kiss her, paying court to every part of her he had so dearly missed, the scars of battle and birth only making her more beautiful to him.

She whimpered and shifted under his weight, her skin warm but flaring with goosebumps where his mouth and hands roamed. ‘I love you, Jon,’ she breathed. ‘I love what you do to me, how you make me feel…oh…’ His tongue slipped into her wet heat, silencing her abruptly, only incoherence escaping her lips as he lapped at her sweet flesh, slippery and smoky and flowing into his mouth like honey as he teased her, just enough to bring her close to the threshold, writhing and bucking to get closer to the press of his tongue, but then relaxing and lying passive. ‘Don’t let me come…not yet,’ she pleaded, and his cock jumped in answer, desperate to being engulfed in her core as she came apart around him.

It was difficult to keep at a pace that prevented her from releasing, her keening and jerky movements against his mouth telling him she was very close as he pulled at her swollen flesh, flicked her nub gently, but he managed, the pain in his groin becoming unbearable, as if she had kicked him there. Then she was pushing him away with a sharp cry, squeezing her thighs shut to stop herself from coming, her little teeth sinking into her puffed lower lip.

She sat up, her movements clumsy but determined as she pushed him backwards in the long grass, damp and ticklish under his arse. Her mouth on his cock, her hair slipping down between his legs only made the pain worse, his balls aching as her tongue swiped over the head to taste him before her lips descended, taking him all in one perfect movement.

Then it was his turn to writhe and growl and stare up blindly at the blue sky, her hands on his belly, holding him down flat as she sucked at him slowly and firmly. The glimpse of her lips stretched around his girth sent him mad, arching back against the uncomfortable ground as his balls tightened in her tugging hand. ‘No, please, Dany, stop,’ he hissed, unable to look away, but in torment.

Thank the gods, she relented and freed him with a wet kiss, and rose above him, a vision of sunlit curves and hollows, her eyes wide and dark, her breasts moving with each breath of air. As she settled herself and sank downwards, taking him in her cunt, she keened, her face a blend of discomfort and pleasure as her tight, slick walls grabbed on to his cock, but she kept going until they were joined, her knees spreading wide as she shifted and braced her hands behind her.

He was afraid she was hurting still, but she only moaned and rolled her hips, holding him deep within. It was like being dipped in fire, she was so hot and close, her movements a gentle twisting that made him reach for her arse to urge her faster. She slapped his hands away and lifted up, bringing herself down, and then again, the slide of her cunt around him sending him madder still, her body moving down to press against his chest as she planted her hands on both sides of his head, taking his mouth with a nip of teeth and a probing tongue, moving relentlessly over him until he cried her name.

‘Now fuck me,’ she hissed at last, and he moved like lightning, grabbing her hips and flipping her back over, pinning her down and rutting in her deep and hard, making her scream as he ploughed her into the ground, her legs clasping around his waist, her nails slashing at his back, the scent of crushed grass and flowers and the musk of her sex overwhelming his senses. Every time was like the first, he would never tire of it, the dark need to make her shatter, that strong will crumbling to dust as he used her the way she craved.

He chased her down, making her submit under him, her eyes rolling backwards, her body one long, quivering arch as she climaxed at last, her taut, wet core caressing his length with sharp ripples until
he followed, growling and squeezing his eyes shut as the burn consumed him whole, flowing through his bones as he gave her his seed, and his very self.

As the roaring in his ears receded to a dull drone of satisfaction, he opened his eyes, seeing her lovely face glowing and drunk with her release, her lids heavy over glassy eyes, hair a tangled cloud of silver and gold against the green grass. He couldn’t bring himself to leave her body, so he stayed put, resting against her breast, the heart thumping under his cheek all the more precious to him, since he had so nearly lost her, more than once.

‘I don’t want to go back,’ she murmured at last. ‘Let’s build a hut and stay out here forever, just hunt and fuck and fight, and grow old together.’

He snorted at her whimsy, and looked up at her fondly. ‘What about our son?’

‘We can go and fetch him,’ she smiled. ‘The rest of them can stay put, and figure out how to rule themselves.’

It was a tempting idea, to walk away from it all, live wild and free, it was a prospect that had tempted him sorely before, and would for the rest of his life. ‘We can stay out here tonight,’ he agreed. ‘You’ll keep me warm, I expect.’ She laughed softly, her blue eyes full of triumph at getting her way. ‘But tomorrow, we have to go back, and deal with it all. It is your duty.’

She sighed heavily, her lively expression faltering, but then her chin lifted in determination. ‘And yours, now,’ she said softly. ‘You will help me, and stand by me? Love me, even when I am infuriating and you want to throttle me?’

‘Until my last day,’ he promised, as always, meaning every word.

The End

Chapter End Notes

If you thought I would end this story without a bit of fluff and girl porn, then you haven’t been paying attention.

I had to give Jon some fancy lad titles, just to embarrass him. Sorry not sorry. Thanks Eyeslikeliquidfire for the additional suggestion.

You can find me on Tumblr, being very lazy, useless at posting and sporadically thirsty - meisiesmut

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!