No Rest for the Weary

by ReinaWritesStuff

Summary

"Careless rulers could afford to not bother with their responsibilities, even for a day. Neither she nor Jon were careless rulers, for better or worse."

Notes

If the tags weren't already an indicator, this is NSFW (or on this Easter Sunday, not safe for church).

“They estimate that we are less than a day from the harbor,” Dany said between breaths. “With good weather, of course. I imagine that the weather will be rougher the closer we get to land again. We’ll need to send word that we could be late.”

One hand rested on her chest as she stared at the ceiling. There was relative silence in her cabin that morning which could have been a good time for reflection and planning. The rising sunlight peeked through the boat’s windows, but even the thick glass panes couldn't keep the cold sea air out. Still, Dany ran her fingers over her warmed skin, unbothered by the cool for a change; even welcomed it. Her mind raced with thoughts, but all she could think to do was talk about strategy.

“I believe th-that our arm…ies will be there by the…” She paused, sinking her teeth momentarily into her bottom lip, before going on, “time we get there, especially if we… we're late. I want to be, be su-
ure that we…”

Her voice trailed off again before she could complete the thought. She shifted her body, a slight arch in her back. Her arm now draped above her head, gripping the headboard, the other hand lightly pulling at the bed furs. Dany tried to keep her words going, but it was of little use. Each time she opened her mouth to speak, no words came out. Only sharp gasps and short whimpers.

Jon’s hand slid up the curve of her side and moved over her chest before returning to her leg. Her muscles tightened as his lips wrapped around her core, his tongue slowly moving in and out. He’d teased her near her breaking point, trading off between using his mouth and his fingers; fast and slow. Each move he made more tantalizing than before. She sighed hard as her body lightly jerked with spasms. He pushed her knee up higher, sinking his tongue deeper. That ended any further attempt at Dany speaking about political matters. She roughly clutched Jon’s hair as her moans cut through the silence. Her sounds stirred Jon even more, and he fervently continued his work, fingers gripped hard into her thighs. Closing her eyes tightly with her head pressing back into the pillows, she called out in pleasure one final time.

As Dany settled and caught her breath, Jon very slowly kissed his way back up her body. Over every part of her dewy skin. When he reached her breasts, he grazed his lips over each, flicking his tongue over her nipples. He took his time at her neck, as well, nipping at the sensitive skin beneath her jaw.

“Did you even hear anything I said,” Dany asked, her breathing shaky as she held onto him.

“No,” Jon replied, still kissing her neck, “I'm sorry.”

“Well, it was all very important information,” she said with a feigned sternness, “You'll have to acquire it on your own now. I'm not repeating it.”

“I was busy,” he grinned as he leaned over her.

“You were busy,” Dany repeated with a smirk.

“Very busy.”

She pulled Jon down to kiss her, sliding her fingers down his face and chest. As her hand trailed lower down his body, she playfully bit his lip with a mischievous smile. He laughed along with her and wrapped her leg securely around him.

A sudden knock on the door snapped them both back to attention. They hastily broke apart, and Jon stayed silent. Dany climbed out of bed, grabbing her robe, and moved to the door. She only cracked it open wide enough to see Missandei waiting in the hall.

“I did not mean to disturb you,” Missandei spoke apologetically. Although Dany’s body blocked any possible view of Jon, Missandei knew that Dany wasn't alone. “We should be ready to meet shortly.”

“Thank you. I will be up there soon.”

Missandei nodded and left down the hall. Dany closed the door and turned to see Jon pulling his trousers up and collecting the rest of his scattered clothes.

“If they're looking for you, I'm sure they'll head to my cabin soon, too.”

“Yes, they will,” she replied, sitting back down on her bed.
As Jon moved around the room, Dany studied him. She stared at his hair as his strong hands tied it away from his face. She stared at the muscles in his back. Even the faint red lines her own nails left behind. If she could've, she would have stopped him, running her hands and lips over his bare skin again, and kept him by her side that morning. No meeting or planning. Only the two of them. She was broken out of her thoughts as he put his shirt back on, adding his layers over it.

“Do you ever sometimes wish that no one was looking for us,” Dany asked. Jon turned around and went to sit next to her. “That we could stay in bed all day with no disturbances?”

“I do. Just a full day of lazing around together. Doing whatever we want to do.” He slid his hand up her leg with a grin. “But I don't think we'd be very good at it. Ignoring our responsibilities.”

“What makes you say that?”

“Because we couldn't even make love without thinking of strategies for docking at White Harbor and organizing the armies.”

“You were listening.”

“You see?”

Dany and Jon smiled at each other. But in their eyes, their desire to be done with it all – to simply be together – was all too evident. Regret that they truly couldn't have their day to themselves. Not yet, at least. They kissed again passionately, then Jon stood to leave.

“I'll see you at council,” he said before heading out the door, “Your Grace.”

As the door closed, Dany thought back on his words. She knew that they were true. Careless rulers could afford to not bother with their responsibilities, even for a day. Neither she nor Jon were careless rulers, for better or worse. It was a nice thought for another time, Dany thought with resolve if not with a hint of remorse.

Her eyes were drawn to the corners of her windows. Ice had begun forming thick crystals around the edges. Winter’s reach had even come this far out at sea. Even before they made landfall. Their battle was quickly reaching them, and they all would have to be more steadfast than ever; especially her and Jon. Her time to be a lover would have to be saved for later. For now, she had no choice but to be queen.

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