**In order to help the Winterfell Wolves win a game of paramount importance their Captain Jon Snow deviates from the plan his witty Aunt, Daenerys Targaryen, developed for them. When he gets back to the locker room, turns out Auntie Dany isn’t happy with his little stunt.**

**Notes**

Hi guys! Long time no see I know, but I’ve missed all of my lovely readers so this is my gift to y’all. A fun little smutty one-shot to hold you over until the next chapter of License, and Business or Pleasure (I haven’t forgotten!).

Thanks to all of my Jonerys family that encouraged my darkest and most distracting impulses in order to write this little piece for #BlessedWeek!!

Remember to check your girl out on tumblr @lilacs-with-lavender! Chapter updates are always there first! :) 

You guys rock! Je vous aime tous!
~ K <3

PS. It’s FOOTBALL not ‘soccer’
Hit the Showers

Jon’s heart was pounding out of his chest, the muddy squelch of grass under his cleats and the pounding of blood rushing in his ears all he could hear as he sprinted for the ball.

The Winterfell Wolves hadn’t lost a game this whole season, and as captain Jon intended to keep that winning streak. They were up against Winterfell High’s mortal enemies today, the Casterly High Lions. The lions were a tough team, their captain was a well known talent in the south… but Jon didn’t give a damn, as far as he was concerned his teammates were worth ten Jaime Lannisters.

The wind was trying it’s hardest to blow his hair free from its tight knot and Jon had to focus, his grey eyes on the ball as the misty field revealed more enemy defenders garbed in shiny yellow uniforms. His current red jersey was splattered with mud and so was about half of his right side, but all he could think of was the look of utter loathing his half brother Aegon would give him once they won the tournament. It was his senior year, and Jon was planning on bringing a trophy home for the North.

“REMEMBER THE STRATEGY MEN!”

It was Coach Tormund’s booming voice from somewhere off to his left side that drove him to shoulder the next golden prick in the elbow, sending another sprawling into the mud when he took possession of the slick white ball. As per his usual rotten luck however his path was blocked once he neared the goal.

Their original plan was carefully constructed by the uppity assistant coach Daenerys Targaryen, who just happened to be Jon’s aunt. Why she had chosen to take her advanced sports med class at Winterfell High rather than at the elite Dragonstone Academy was a mystery, but how much she drove her nephew insane was no secret. His teammates often enjoyed watching Daenerys rile Jon up, but even he couldn’t deny that she was a great football strategist.

Sadly though, today’s game plan was failing miserably. Originally Dany had wanted Jon heading up Winterfell’s defense, in order to put most of their effort behind blocking Jaime Lannister’s infamous one man plays, and for the first half it had worked. The game had been close, both teams having a strong offensive lineup and an even stronger defensive lineup, resulting in the current numbers that blinked offensively on the scoreboard across the foggy field. Through the mist one
could just make out the glowing red ‘0 - 0’ the analog clock below it ticking down ominously.

Eventually it became abundantly clear that even the Wolves’s infamous right forward Edd couldn’t break through the Lions’s defense. Jon could hear the muffled voices of his coach on the sidelines, the heavy breathing of his fellow teammates as they waited for Jaime Lannister to execute a throw in. In that moment while sweat and mist dampened his face, Jon knew, he had to take things into his own hands.

He watched the ball sail through the air to number fourteen, a ginormous guy everyone called ‘the mountain’. While most of his team wouldn’t go near him, Jon knew that muscle was just for show, his possession was crap and he was too slow to keep up with Jon’s feints. So this time once the ball was his, he gritted his teeth and ran.

Past his fellow defenders and into the goalie’s line of sight, the poor guy too shocked to even register what was happening, astonished at Jon’s speed as he dribbled up the field. His men, used to his sporadic need to take the lead, adjusted quickly, forwards Edd and Grenn occupying the Lannister defenders until only Jaime stood in Jon’s way.

His blonde hair was muddy and frazzled from the mist, his slight shivering a clear sign that he wasn’t used to the harsh northern weather. Jon didn’t care in the least. He could tell the prick was tired… he’d been pulling his team for the last two hours, too selfish to let others take a stab at the goal and rob him of the glory. Lucky for Jon the other Winterfell Wolves were like family, each one helping the other in every play. Sometimes his friends knew exactly when to deviate from the plan, to change the strategy completely just to let their captain get a shot on goal. And now as grey eyes met green across the muddy field Jon felt the pressure, he couldn’t let them down.

So he raced forward, feinting to the left before spinning around Jaime and running flat out, his eyes darting to the nervously fidgeting goalie as he realized the goal was wide open. In reality it couldn’t have taken him less than five seconds to score, but at the time it had seemed like he was watching himself in slow motion. Positioning his booted feet just so, tuning out the loud feminine shouts from the sidelines, his heart beating in his throat as he swung his right foot hard, the wet and satisfying smack resounding throughout the field as he made contact. All eyes following the ball as the little black octagons blurred and it sailed through the air… brushed the tips of the goalie’s glove and-

“GOAL!!”

The roar from the stands was immense, his teammates cheers deafening as the buzzer for the end of the second half sounded. Jon was enveloped in a storm of damp jerseys and sweaty mops of hair, his brothers forming a tight knot around their captain as they cheered. As they shunted him to the sidelines where she caught his gaze.
She was looking right at him… as usual, her long silver hair braided over her shoulder and damp from the mist. Her usually sparkling purple eyes are narrowed at him, her arms crossed underneath her breasts, the fabric of her tank top just damp enough to give Jon a peak at the mint sports bra underneath. Not to mention despite her furious glare he couldn’t help but notice how fucking fantastic her ass looked in those black tights.

He shook his head in a daze, stumbling through conversation with Edd and merely nodding numbly when Coach Tormund gave him a hearty slap on the back and a ‘great job out there Snow.’ His thoughts were a jumble of lust and guilt.

*She’s your aunt.*

Yeah but look at those lips! Fucking made for me they are-

*That’s the adrenaline talking, shut up.*

You’re Targaryen… it doesn’t matter.

Finally he reached her, managing a lame sheepish smile when he met her gaze. He couldn’t help it, she was so cute when she was this mad. Dany looked at him with one arched eyebrow indifferently, eyeing him up and down in a way that made him want to grab her thighs and hoist her up onto his face-

“Hit the showers, you guys are fucking filthy.”

Jon blinked, why had he been expecting some sort of praise from her sweet mouth? No ‘good job out there Jon,’ no of fucking course not… she saved all the praise for his stupid half brother Aegon. Jon trudged to the showers moodily, grumbling as his post-match elation seeped into the muddy ground below.

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Dany watched Edd slam the locker room door closed behind him, whistling a jaunty victory anthem as he made his way to a rusty ford pickup across the muddy green.

*Finally.*
She’d been waiting for over forty five minutes, watching each of the Winterfell Wolves leave the locker room happily until she was sure she’d have him alone. There’d be no escaping her wrath this time, her stupid pretty nephew always ruined everything. But this time she was determined to give Jon a piece of her mind, obviously that was the only reason she had waited so long to ambush him, it definitely had nothing to do with the fact that he was her ride home.

Imbued with new confidence she trudged through the damp grass, further ruining her expensive running shoes and glancing at the overcast sky above sourly… the clouds were hanging fat and low, just begging to let loose a torrential downpour. At the thought Daenerys hurried to the chipped red door, heaving it open and striding in purposefully, tossing her long braid over her shoulder so it hung down her back neatly. When she reached the middle of the tiled room the cheery sound of running water and the abundance of steam that filled the room stopped her abruptly.

Jon’s things were still in his bag on a nearby bench, his shoes neatly placed underneath and a towel hanging from a nearby hook.

_Oh shit._

She had expected him to be done already she didn’t think- she hadn’t realized he-

He emerged from behind the tiled shower ensconcence like some sort of Greek god, shaking his wet hair like a dog and running his hands through the curly mass. Jon’s full lips were pressed together, his quiet humming permeating the humid air now that the sound of running water was absent. His torso was rippling, lean muscle glistening with moisture and making Dany salivate over his chest, the muscles stacked with obvious power, clenching as he reached for the nearby towel. Her eyes traveled lower, her tongue darting out to wet her lips as the steam revealed the v of his pelvic bone, a smattering of dark hair leading to-

She almost whimpered when the towel obstructed her view, it’s pure surface contrasting her recent thoughts that had been anything but. Daenerys let her eyes wander back up to his chest, instinctively stepping closer to watch his arms flex as he tugged his wet hair into a bun. But when her running shoes squeaked and the game was up, his eyes found hers in a split second and she froze, akin to a deer in headlights.

“Dany?”

His face seemed to be struggling to decide on an expression, going from surprise to confusion to… was that _happiness_? But before she could dwell on how great the nickname sounded in his northern burr, Daenerys thankfully chose that exact moment to remember why she had come to the steamy guys-only locker room in the first place.
“Jon, I’d like an explanation of why you deviated from the plan today. You know my strategies have to help us win games, if they don’t I’ll never convince Tormund to write that letter of rec that I need-”

He frowned, his eyebrows pinching as he looked at her in confusion.

“You never told me about that…”

Dany huffed, getting more worked up as the seconds ticked by.

“Seven hells Jon I shouldn’t have to tell you! You always have to ruin every planned moment with your own selfish ‘oh-so-honorable’ agenda. I’m fucking sick of it!”

When she whirled around his expression had gone dark, his arms crossed over that mouth-watering muscled chest… he was just as angry as she was now.

Maybe that part about the honorable agenda was a bit much…

He looked like he was ready to hit something, his teeth gritted as he spoke.

“I’m always doing those things for others Dany, it’s not about me. Today? This win was really important to my team, I was gonna make sure we won today using any game plan we could.”

His eyes were on the ground, his fingers drumming against his crossed forearms as he stepped closer to her.

“This is about more than just today isn’t it.”

It wasn’t a question it was a statement, as if she couldn’t deny the fact that he was right. It was so much more than just today.

“Well I didn’t appreciate you breaking up with Arianne that’s for sure, she was really quite sweet and I-”

He cut her off, closing the distance between them as he responded.

“And who do you think I did that for?”
“Ugh you stupid pretty northern idiot.”

“Wow obviously yourself Jon, who else would give a shit?!”

Dany huffed toying with her braid and avidly avoiding his gaze and his approaching bare feet.

“Um I don’t know maybe the person who complained every time she came over.”

He was getting really close now, it was getting harder to avoid his gaze.

“Maybe the person who quizzed me on where I’d been every time I stayed out late with her or slept over.”

Dany was gazing at the ceiling now, his body heat fanning the pink glow that had developed around the apples of her cheeks. His voice felt like it was in her ear now, his clean pine scent surrounding her, seducing her, drawing her in.

“Or maybe the person who gave me extra long hugs whenever Ari was around… the hugs that were a little too tight to be considered normal between an aunt and her nephew.”

She shuddered, forcing her eyes to meet his as her face flushed red.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Jon grinned, that smirking arrogant grin that drove her insane. The bastard was enjoying her embarrassment! He started towards her again and Dany stepped back, wary of the new glint in his usually grey eyes.

“Listen Jon, I have to get home, let’s just go. I’ll forget about the stupid letter of rec but you’re my ride so-”

Her back hit the wall of lockers behind her. Startled Daenerys glanced back to take in her surroundings turning back to Jon to continue before stopping entirely.

His hand was above her head, resting against the grey metal lockers. His other hand was at her waist toying with the material of her leggings as she let out a soft squeak of surprise. His eyes were dark, darker than she had ever seen them… he looked… hungry.
Dany felt small, shrinking below him as he leaned closer, the fresh smell of mint and pine overwhelming her as his breath ghosted over her neck. She nearly whined aloud in the quite steamy room. Then the situation became a little too real, and she protested.

“S-s-stop it… I-I’m your aunt Jon.”

At that he froze, tensing above and around her as he pulled back, raising a frustrated eyebrow at her small protest.

“So you don’t want me to bend you over that bench over there sweet aunt?”

Dany’s heart tripped and stumbled, she met his eyes incredulously her mouth inexplicably watering at the mere thought of him touching her. He took her glare as an invitation, sliding the hand that clutched her hip down down… swirling patterns along the synthetic fabric that was molded to her thighs. She was biting her lip, still frozen between the rigid metal and the inescapable wall of muscle that was her nephew. Jon’s eyes never left hers, watching her as his hand finally brushed over where he knew she wanted it. Dany couldn’t help herself, she gasped.

The fabric was nearly soaked through with arousal, that’s what it was like whenever Jon was around… she couldn’t help it. So when he stroked her through the black material firmly Dany’s legs nearly gave out, her whole body shuddering as he chuckled above her.

“Still denying it Dany?”

_Gods his voice!

She felt a surge of wetness at his words, his rumbling accent doing things to her sanity… and her little pink thong. This had to stop.

“J-Jon I-I,”

She paused, breathing deep and steadying her voice. Meeting his black gaze with as much firmness as she could muster,

“We can’t. Rhaegar would never-”

His hand dropped to her waist and slammed her against him, his mouth devouring hers before she could say another word. Dany beat her hands against his chest weakly, resigning herself to the kiss as he stroked and dominated her mouth. She couldn’t help herself. She buried her hands in his hair, pulling at the damp ends and pressing herself against his toweled torso. He smelled delicious, like pine and musk and _Jon_.

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He finally pulled his tongue out of her mouth, an obscene sucking sound filling the locker room. Daenerys nibbled her swollen bottom lip, enjoying the taste of him as he stared at her with a triumphant look on his face. She wasn’t going to stop until he had been inside her now, not after that. But… her sweet nephew didn’t need to know that. A wicked grin flickered onto her seemingly innocent face, replaced by an unassuming one before Jon could notice.

Dany widened her eyes and pouted her kiss bitten lips to complete the damsel in distress look, set on letting him take out all that post-game adrenaline on her.

“Jon if that was the best you could do, I really don’t think we should be doing this… you know the captain of Sun Valley High’s Second Suns asked me out last week. I think maybe I’ll get back to him. After all he’s not related to me so-”

As planned he spun her around so fast she had to stop talking, his arm caressing her throat threateningly as another slipped beneath the tight waistband of her leggings and around the soaked strip of fabric that was her thong. His voice was hoarse in her ear and it sounded like he was gritting his teeth again.

“No one else gets to touch you.”

Dany tried to open her mouth to protest but was cut off, his fingers invading as she nearly choked. Then two digits were nudging her folds apart and a rough fingertip was tickling her nub. She almost came right then and there, mewling around the fingers in her mouth as she collapsed against the lockers. He jerked the fingers that were in her mouth impatiently, obviously catching on fast that the more he ordered her around the more sticky arousal coated his digits below.

“Suck ‘em Dany.”

Her mind was clouded with lust, senses frazzled by his voice his scent. She wrapped her tongue around the fingers in her mouth, sucking tentatively at the rough digits. Jon blew a breath against her neck in contentment, his other hand cupping her mound before abruptly sliding two fingers inside of her, the thickness equivalent to the size of her ex’s smaller cock. She was delirious then, avidly sucking the fingers in his mouth, moaning around them as she leaned into his touch.

Seven hells if these are just his fingers-
Dany felt it in then, the hard swollen length pressing against her arse as Jon pumped two fingers in and out and in again. His thumb rubbing up against her nub as he added another finger, whispering filthy praise into her ear as the digits scissored through her tight channel.

“My sweet little slut of an aunt, you love your nephews fingers stuffed inside of you don’t you auntie?”

She could only whine, a high pitched keen that gurgled from around his fingers. Just when he crooked the thick digits inside of her and Dany could feel her thighs starting to tremble he stopped, withdrawing his sticky hand and licking her saliva off the other. Dany just stood there, mussed and confused, violet eyes blinking wide as she tried to form a logical English sentence.

“W-Why’d you stop?”

Jon licked his fingers one by one, the wet smacks akin to the sounds one might make after a delicious meal.

“I thought this was wrong Dany? I stopped because well… I didn’t want to overstep.”

His face told her anything but what he had just said, the black lust that clouded her eyes also swirled in his and if that look said anything, it was that he was far from done with her.

“Howeover… if I’m not overstepping, then I’d like to give my assistant coach a little physical examination.”

She blinked at him, unimpressed with his cheesy sarcasm and still annoyed at being denied her climax. When he saw her annoyance however, it was like a switch was flipped, and his voice roughened and practically growled as he ordered her.

“Strip Dany.”

It was like that voice flipped a switch within her as well, her hands scrambling to rid herself of the tight black fabric and t-shirt. When she was left in her sports bra and thong she stopped, time slowing with her as she looked at him. She’d expected the same hard commanding expression she’d been met with for the last few minutes but he… he smiled at her. Soft and reassuring and she was reminded that this was Jon. Sweet Jon that once snuck out of training to get her ice cream when that shit bag of a boyfriend had dumped her on her arse. Her nephew that used to sleep cuddled around her when she had night mares as a child, flights of fancy full of dragons and sharp swords.

Dany smiled back, confident and overcome with affection at the flood of nostalgia. She stretched her arms up above her head, slipping out of the sports bra as smoothly as possible and stepping out of the thong. Her self-esteem swelled at his small gasp, his eyes darting all over her like he
wouldn’t ever get tired of seeing her like this in front of him… for him. Finally those sinful depths stopped on her face, keeping eye contact as he flung away the towel around his waist to the floor in a hurry, not even stopping to appreciate her soft exclamation of delight.

Jon’s aunt stopped him however, a hand pressed against his hard chest as she took him in. Dany stepped forward like a sinful siren as she licked a line down his neck, stopping to kiss and suck above his collarbone. Punctuating the mark with a light bite as she curled her arms around his waist, pinching his arse in the process as she kissed from his neck back up to his ear, licking at the lobe as she whispered.

“No one else gets to touch you.”

His arms wrapped around her waist immediately, gripping tight at the hips and Dany sighed when he dipped his head to meet hers. His kiss less of a possession and more of a sweet gesture, his tongue licking her bottom lip as he sipped from her mouth. She nearly melted when she felt his cock against her stomach, pressing against the smooth skin insistently as he shuddered against her. When she tried to drop to her knees and get a taste however he pulled her up roughly by her hair. Dany squealed and whined when he set her down on the wooden bench instead, spreading her legs wide before she could protest and breathing deep when the spicy scent of her arousal filled the small room. He bit and kissed along the inside of her thigh, licking and swirling patterns everywhere but where she needed him. She mewled hopelessly and brought her hands down to tangle in his hair, the once tight knot now unraveling in her hands as she pulled and pushed to try and direct him.

Eventually he obliged, licking a wide strip up her cunt and stopping to swirl around the sensitive bundle of nerves at the top. Dany’s legs shook, she was already close again, seven hells his tongue felt incredible! He signed his name into her folds diving deeper and using his teeth to nip at her nub, tugging it between his lips as screams and gasps fled the confines of Dany’s mouth.

“So GOOD oh oh Jon fuck I’m I’m-”

He could tell she was close and Dany dug her nails into his scalp when he started to pull away, her cunt convulsing around air without his tongue. When he stood and faced her he licked his lips, eyes dark as he ran a hand through his thoroughly ruined hair. She nearly hit him. Daenerys crossed both arms across her bare chest and took up the most indignant and admonishing tone possible.

“How many times are you going to deny me before-”

Jon of course didn’t let her finish, cutting her off with hands squeezing her hips and turning her around, bending her over the bench until her arms were braced against the wood and her arse was
arched up and on display. She blushed heavily, turning to see him at a loss for words as he ran his hands over the smooth flesh.

Before she could speak however he smacked her arse and nudged an inch of himself inside of her withdrawing and entering over and over until her tight hole was sore and stretched around the fat head of him. Dany was gasping, almost drooling in pleasure when he slid about five inches inside of her, a good thickness and a perfect fit she thought dreamily.

But then… he kept going.

Dany yelped in surprise as an extra three inches slid home, his length almost in her stomach as she screamed her shock for the locker room to hear. This seemed to only turn her nephew on more, his balls starting to slap against her folds as he set a punishing pace. He was panting above her, groaning and muttering filth that kept her wetter than the rain that was lashing against the small frosted windows of the locker room.

When he pulled her up against her she dropped her head on his shoulder, so stimulated she could barely think straight, the buildup from before returning with a vengeance when he tensed. The muscles in his arms were bunching as he played with her tits, his cock twitching so deep inside her she thought for one crazy moment it was her own heart beating. Then she remembered his denials from earlier and his little stunt with that mouth of his…

She leapt from his arms, his cock taking quite a few seconds to fully slide out of her but Dany pushed away the empty feeling, instead prancing across to her clothes and swaying her hips at him. When she looked back Jon was a mess, his eyes dark and his hair a wreck, his cock dripping with her essence and his eyes glazed with lust as he frowned. She smiled at him, biting her lower lip and smirking.

“*That* was payback Captain Snow.”

He growled striding towards her and snatching her back into his arms, staring directly at her as he crammed all eight inches of himself inside of her. Dany came, *hard*, flailing and trembling in his grasp as he worked her through it, each of his thrusts making her see literal *stars*.

Daenerys sobbed when he rubbed her again, his husky voice in her ear as his adrenaline seemed to pump into overdrive.

“Come on Dany, give me another, can you give me another love? Please, gods yes- fuck Daenerys.”
His cock was hitting places so deep inside Dany felt him in her throat, her cunt still rippling when she felt a second climax approaching. She whimpered, burying her face in his now dry hair, mewling and muttering nonsense as it hit her again. The wave of pleasure knocking every ounce of energy out of her as she slumped against him, the warm jets of white painting her walls, fulfilling her in a way only her nephew could.

Afterwards he sat them down on the bench gently, a great feat of strength considering his legs were probably as weak as hers. His seed dribbling down her thighs as he pulled out of her with a muffled groan. She rested her forehead against his, grey meeting purple as their heavy breathing mingled in the still steamy air.

“Dany if this is what happens when I don’t follow your strategies…”

She giggled, wrinkling her nose and pecking him on the lips as she got up to change, enjoying the fact that she could feel his eyes on her bare cum stained arse.

“Oh, just imagine what’ll happen when you do follow my strategies… Captain Snow.”

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End Notes

How was that my dears? Please tell me in the comments!!

Is football captain Jon as much of a turn on as I thought he was? What about uppity assistant coach Dany?! Let me know loves I appreciate the feedback.

I’ll be back soon,
~ K <3
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!