Destiny Defied

by PlumedAplomb

Summary

AU in which Viserys becomes impatient with the Dothraki match and takes matters into his own hands, auctioning his sister off to the highest bidder to raise money for an army, and where Daenerys learns that her stolen kingdom can be won at the tip of something other than a sword.
“Four hundred and fifty thousand gold Honors!” The greasy slave broker shouted, and ran his chubby, ring encrusted fingers through his thick, black beard.

Viserys almost dripped with greed. He looked around, crazed purple eyes shooting from buyer to buyer in hope of driving her “bride price,” as he called it, even higher. She was the last of her kind, but fifty thousand was steep. She could see their open lust was quickly tempered by calculations of their clutched purses.

“That’s too much by half, Grizzoh!” A thin, wiry man with a hawk nose shouted. He had been the highest bidder before the outrageous bump left him far outclassed.

“Four hundred fifty thousand going once!” The auctioneer shouted.

“Piss on your mother’s bones, Tak!” Grizzoh retorted.

“Going twice!”

Knowing he was beat, Tak kept silent, his jaw bunching as he gritted his teeth together.

“Sold! To Grizzoh of the Pillow House!”

Daenerys set her jaw, looking straight ahead and refusing to give them the satisfaction of tears or cries of lament. Of all the men bidding, this was the one she had hoped to avoid. Being a house servant and being made to play the harp on special occasions was not so bad, neither was learning a craft, but this?

She would just have to deal with it, and somehow manage to survive.

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“We have been told that information is to be gathered in Lys.” Said the Waif to the No One that used to be a wolf.

“I will set out at once.” Said No One. “Which face am I to wear?”

“Thea’s.” The Waif said with a vicious smirk. “I know you’ve been dying to wear that one on a mission.”

Everyone knew that particular face, it was the only one with teardrops tattooed on her cheeks, she was an escaped slave from a Lysene Pillow House.

No One would have grimaced, but she had better mastery of her emotions than that. The Waif had already given too much away through that smirk, had it been anyone other than a faceless man exulting in victory, they would have loudly taunted her and shouted her shame through the streets.

That smirk did as much.

“Give me the paper.” She said, with no emotion in her voice.

No One looked over the orders, her eyes scanned for the time frame she knew would be listed.
She looked up from the paper, and saw a smile as large as the crescent moon spread across the Waif’s face.

She had won, and No One would bear the shame of her loss forever.

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The Luscious Lady was one of the most well travelled and famous pillow house in all of Lys. It had risen in the ranks a few years before after their slave broker had managed to buy the last female Targaryen. Lys was full of the descendants of Valyria, and silver white hair or purple eyes were not hard to find on their own, but with the two together, the Targaryen girl managed to embody the height of Lyseni beauty.

It was to the Luscious Lady that Thea had been sent. That had been six months ago, and even now, she had to subdue the urge to crush the throat of the next customer who touched her.

Hands that were trained to water dance or break an opponent’s neck were now busy stroking flaccid cocks from half mast to full excitement, then they would bend her over and three or four strokes in they would heave and grunt, and the whole business would be finished with.

It was terrible, repetitive and boring when it wasn’t disgusting or downright perverted, but this was what was required of a servant of the Many Faced God, so she would do it.

At least they had learned not to give her the ones that liked to watch her couple with livestock. That had taken some effort on her part, and a trick she still kept secret from the House of Black and White. Every goat or donkey or pony had taken a turn towards madness and attacked their handler while little Thea patiently waited for her client behind a closed door, eyes shut and turned inwards. The small cattle were unpredictable, and made to rut with a smear of mare’s urine across their noses. After that, if no one stopped them they would fuck until they fell over or died.

The dogs were different, and she would still allow them, for now anyway. At least they were trained and had more stamina than half the men who came in seeking relief. In addition, the rough fur reminded her of an animal that had been lost to her long ago. They also couldn’t give her diseases like half the men who paid to enter this place. Her face was not her own, but her body still was, and always would be.

Besides that, it would look strange and unlucky if all the animals went crazy around her, and none of them were entirely free from the animals, except for Dany. Men would come far and wide to stop at a money changer and get their Honors changed to Silver Stags from Westeros to play the throne for the Silver Princess. Knowing what she did about Dany, that there were stags stamped on the coins only made matters worse, as they reminded her of House Baratheon, and the man that had killed her family before making Dany and her brother exiles.

She had a Stag paying client with Dany right after this one, as a matter of fact.

A groan from the low sofa nearby alerted Thea to her voyeuristic audience, and she stepped her performance up into something worth staring at.

She clenched around the thick shaft lazily pumping in and out of her, and behind her, Balerion, their black dread, let out a soft yip and thrust hard against her. Thea pushed back, opening herself to him with a low, feminine moan that she knew her client would feel right in his balls.

“God, yes, just like that, take it all like the bitch you are.”
She rolled her eyes internally, they always thought the way to soak her cunt was with poorly thought out insults. Balerion’s paws curled tightly around her hips, and she felt the points of his nails through the soft leather mittens he wore so as not to scratch the girls. Growling softly, he doubled his tempo and jammed his steaming cock even deeper, there was a pop as she felt his knot slip inside of her and lock. She let out a shrill cry and convulsed around the thick ball of flesh, a warm deluge of semen shot into her.

Just more to clean up before she met with Dany.

Balerion was the biggest of their regular companions, and once he was in, he usually stayed for awhile. Thea snuck a look at the man on the sofa. He was breathing hard, like he had just been out running, and she could see stray drops of pearly white cum beading along his thigh.

With any luck, he was spent and would just leave and let her and Balerion separate in peace.

“I want to see you come.” He said, his voice shaky.

“I did.” She lied easily. “Didn’t you hear it?”

“I want to see it.” He said again, getting up and walking over to her before positioning himself beneath her and looking up expectantly. His eyes grew wide with fascination as he saw her slit stretched taught over the knot. “Touch yourself, I want to see you come on your fingers.”

The signs were harder to fake under close inspection, hot, reddened skin, hard nipples, goosebumps, she may even squirt if Balerion was lodged deep enough. With a sigh, she took one hand and began to circle her clit. Thea closed her eyes, letting the man and her situation fade out until all she could focus on was sensation. She alternated slow and fast strokes, contracting her walls and feeling the huge, hot girth of Balerion as he pressed against her, filling her.

She groaned and pushed back against the soft, furred belly that brushed against her ass, letting that stoke her fire as well. Surprised, Balerion let out a yelp before remembering his training and pushing back, hitting her in just.

That.

Spot.

“She moaned, feeling her whole body tense, tight as a bowstring, before her cunt did as well, gripping futile at the massive shaft that filled her, dominating her. The taut muscles tried to contract and failed, causing another orgasm to rip through her, deeper this time. Another, harsher cry wrung from her throat, and she felt something warm and liquid drip down her thighs.

Fine, maybe she was Balerion’s bitch, at least for today.

Sweat broke out all over her body, and Thea fairly dripped with it as she shook in the afterglow. She took a breath and it turned into a gasp as she felt the jolting sensation of Balerion slipping free. She lost her balance, and instead of tipping forward and falling on the man, she rolled to her side, catching her breath on one of the soft woven carpets that covered the floors of the pillow house.

“Towels are…” she panted lightly, “in….the hall.”

“Thanks, Thea.” He said, a broad grin covering his face, he had got what he wanted, and was now fully soaked as a result. “See you next time.”
Thea closed her eyes, exhausted for the time being, and took a moment to recover and gather her thoughts. She could hear the wet sounds of Balerion cleaning himself, and she twitched in shock when he returned the favor, tripping over her clit as his tongue lapped up their combined juices in a broad swath.

She gently swatted at him, “Get out of here, you brute.”

He whimpered, but obeyed.

She sat up, tucking her jaw length hair behind one ear and putting herself into some kind of order.

Now, to go see Dany.

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Daenerys sat on the padded stool, naked, as they always were unless they were playing in costumes, and brushed the knots from her long, silver white hair. She had just redone the thick ochre that lined her eyes and almost hid the small tears tattooed in their corners. The inker had taken pity on her, and the Lyseni love for Valyria had dripped down even as far as the slave handlers, so in deference he had given her the smallest tears she had seen on any slave sent to a pillow house.

For that, she was eternally grateful.

The beaded curtain tinkled and she turned, seeing Thea walk in. The girl was slender and androgynous, to an almost frightening extent, and the Lady played upon this with a will, placing her in situations that required either additional penetration or a more masculine energy without the intimidation factor and taboo that came over their clients when bringing in other men. They kept her hair short because of it, and she thought it suited her.

Besides that, she was the only one that could tie a rope harness and fasten on one of their carved phalluses in under five minutes, an immensely useful skill that Dany often called upon for certain scenes.

Like the one her next client wanted.

He was yet another of the Legends of Westeros clan, as she called them, who wanted to take her while she was already occupied on the throne, which would be played by Thea.

If you had to have someone lodged in your ass for more than a half hour, better it was someone you trusted, who had been through everything you had been through and more. For some reason, and she couldn’t place why, there was no one she trusted more than Thea.

“How was it?” She asked her.

Slim shoulders shrugged. “Balerion was the perfect gentleman, and gave me an out from getting fucked by yet another sweaty, musky man.”

“And he’s not musky himself?” Dany asked, joking. “That would explain the smell, I’ve drawn a bath if you like.”

“I would, very much actually.” Thea said. “I’ve got things leaking out of me I would rather not think about.” She walked behind a fabric partition and Dany could hear a sigh of relief as she slipped into the steaming water.

Everyone knew of Thea’s preferences. One of the reasons she had been kept on in such a fine
establishment as this one, when she was not so much to look at, was her exceeding skill at pleasuring the odd female client that walked in with eyes for something other than the nubile young men and boys the Lady owned.

Why the dogs, named for various dragons ridden by her ancestors, were preferable to men, Dany had no idea. She thought maybe it had something to do with kinship, since they were both owned and trained by the Lady.

The dogs were also trained not to harm the girls, and in some cases would bark and growl down an angry client intent on hurting them. If you were going to get fucked, she realized, better it be by one of your own.

Which is why Thea was here.

“I’ve no idea how you manage to get the bathwater so warm.” She called. “Every time I get one the water’s always tepid.”

Dany smiled to herself. “There are certain perks to being the Silver Princess, you know, scalding baths are one of them.”

She heard motion and the slipping of cloth as Thea grabbed a towel and dried off.

“How long do we have?” She asked, returning still naked but now clean and roughly rubbing at her short hair.

“A bit under an hour, if you’re ready.” Dany said.

“If I’m ready?” Thea said, amused. “I’m not the one about to have a chunk of ebony rammed up my ass as I play the regal princess.”

“It’s not as bad as all that.” Dany protested.

“If you say so.” Thea said, shrugging and throwing the towel away. “Is the oil warm?”

“I’m a princess, not a masochist.” She said, going over to a dresser and taking the vial from a warmed pot of water.

“Are you warmed up?” Thea asked.

“Hardly,” Dany replied, “that’s why you’re here.”

“Well then, Princess,” Thea smirked, “shall I play the penitent, or would you like to skip straight to the main event?”

“I think I would enjoy the penitent,” Dany decided, “you do look so good on your knees.”

She tried to use requests with Thea, as direct commands and orders struck a little too close to the truth of their situation.

“Your wish is my command.” She gave a wolfish grin and Dany suddenly understood why those odd women kept coming back for more.

Thea was everything little girls were raised to hope for in a charming suitor and a good man, but instead of being ruled by her domineering nature, as men were, she knew exactly what to do with women, in bed and outside of it, because she was one.
Slim hands spread her thighs apart and she could feel the heat of Thea’s breath on her very center, setting all her nerves afire as she waited for that first, maddening stroke.

Thea’s tongue made contact, tracing the length of her slit, back to front, before circling her clit and sucking gently at it.

Her knees shook.

“Would my princess prefer a stool or the bed?” Came a slightly muffled voice.

“Bed.” She said without thinking, and was quickly supported by a steadying arm as she was led towards the thick down mattress.

As she sat down, Thea left her sight for a moment and collected her tools, the flask of oil, a span of rope, and a thick, dangerous looking rod of ebony with a distinctively carved head and a flat, rounded base.

“As you were.” She gestured.

Dany leaned back and splayed her thighs, rewarded by Thea’s gentle lapping as she attended to the sensitive skin surrounding her opening. She arched her hips up and felt the bold tip of a tongue enter her ever so slightly.

“Yes, please, just like that.”

“Did you want to come before I take the rest of you?” Came the patient question.

“Yes!” She nodded exuberantly, her mind only forming partial thought.

“Only one then,” Thea recommended, “can’t have you worn out before he even gets here.”

Dany concentrated on her breathing and relaxing, exhaling in a huge whoosh of air as she felt two slick fingers enter her alongside the expert patterns still being drawn by Thea’s tongue.

The fingers curled, and her body curled with them, her hips driving against the air in an unconscious rhythm that matched the digits plunging in and out of her.

Lady, she exclaimed to the Weeping Woman of Lys, goddess of whores and pillow house slaves, why couldn’t the clients fuck her like this?

Her body thrust against Thea’s hand, and she realized at some point she had stopped using her mouth and was now sprawled over her, using her narrow shoulders as leverage to drive into her with more force.

Dany felt her pleasure spike with every thrust. She drew her legs around Thea, crossing at the ankles and pulling her closer, deeper, as they kept rhythm together, driving her further and further to the brink of ecstasy.

Then Thea circled a thumb around the tight, sensitive opening of her ass, slick with her own juices, and she lost it, climaxing like a crashing wave as a formless moan was set free of her body. She clung to Thea as a woman shipwrecked, her long nails carving shallow furrows in her back as she did so.

She took a breath, then two, then on the third she was finally coming back to herself, feeling the comfortable, sweaty weight of Thea pressed against her. Even soaked in sex and sweat, Thea
smelled better than anyone she knew.

“Turn over.” Thea said softly, running gentle fingertips across her skin to reinvigorate her.

Dany was about to protest, but one look at those stern, slate grey eyes was enough to remind her that they were running out of time, and there was still so much work to be done to prepare.

She did as she was told, and gasped when Thea’s hand slapped her ass. Not hard, but enough that she felt it right in her clit, and her body prepared itself for another bout.

Strong hands gripped her, spreading her, and a delicate tracery began on the tight ring of muscle that led to Thea’s destination. Dany relaxed, opening herself and concentrating on slow, long breaths. There was pressure and a flood of sensation as she realized Thea had spat some of the warmed oil deep inside her, lubricating her from within.

She felt herself become wet at the thought of it, moaning softly as she rubbed her face into the soft sheets.

An exploratory finger entered, then a second, and then her whole world shrank down to the slow, steady motion of Thea moving in and out of her.

In, and out.

And then her other hand delved through her soaked curls and brushed slow, long strokes across her clit. She could feel every ridge and crevice on the surface of Thea’s hand as she spiked her ever higher.

“You doing all right?” A question, smooth and gentle in tone.

“Yesssss.” Dany hissed, pressing back against both hands.

“Good girl.” Came Thea’s reassuring praise, as the fingers were removed, leaving her emptied.

Before she could complain, the chill, smooth head of something hard was pressed up against her, demanding entrance and the skilled dance across her clit continued once more.

“Relax and breath,” she reminded her, “take your time, I’m here and you’re safe.” Despite their situation, despite the ever constant threat of the slave masters, listening to the sure, hypnotic confidence in Thea’s voice, Dany believed it.

She put her trust into Thea and let herself go, relaxing back into the slow tempo of Thea’s hips, almost imperceptible as she drove deeper and deeper, filling her, sliding past one ring of muscle, then a second, until she could feel the warm, smooth skin of her partner’s thighs and belly press up against her.

Because in this, at least, that was what they were.

“Beautiful.” Came Thea’s soft praise. There was a sodden thud as a damp towel was dropped on the floor next to her, and then Dany shivered with sensory overload as Thea smoothed her hands up and down the length of her back, coaxing every nerve into vibrant wakefulness.

A small copper bell tinkled, and Dany banged her head into the mattress in frustration.

“Lady’s tits!” Thea cursed softly. “That’s not nearly enough time to get ready.”

“It will have to be.” Dany said, trying to ease out of her impalement. Thea backed out, slow and
smooth, and once Dany felt the ridge of the head slip past and out of her, she slumped forward bonelessly, dazed for the moment.

“Catch your breath, clear your head, and I’ll get everything else ready.” Thea promised, her voice hurried.

Pressed into the soft sheets, Dany could hear muffled banging and clanging as Thea prepped the chair she used as the Iron Throne. Cabinets and drawers were pulled open, then shut as loose items were picked up and put away. There was the sound of water pouring, and then footsteps moved towards her.

Thea rubbed the rough surface of the towel across her body. It was warm, and damp, and necessary, but she rolled away and groaned in protest, especially when she spread her legs and gave special attention to cleaning off the parts they had just been pushing the limits of.

“Which dress?” Thea asked, finally leaving her body in peace.

“Silver.” Dany muttered darkly.

“Should I bring it there, or behind the dress curtain?”

“Leave it there, I’ll get up.” Dany promised, rolling over and slowly sitting up. This, at least, was something she could do on her own.

She took the few steps across the room before stepping behind the curtain and shrugging into the draped fabric that passed for a dress. It was more the suggestion of clothing than anything actually practical.

There was the clomping of heavy boots, certainly the client’s, as Thea was barefoot.

“Good afternoon,” Thea said politely, “may I prolong your stamina and kiss away your first, Ser…?”

Dany sighed, they always wanted to be called Ser…

There was the sharp crack of a slap, and Dany heard Thea’s small frame hit the floor.

“It’s Jorah, you filthy slut,” a deep voice said scornfully, “but you will call me Ser.”
Chapter Two

Chapter Notes

I did not make the best impression.

This work is not designed to titillate, though it may.
This work is not designed to hurt, though it may.

This work is meant to bypass thought and touch the secret heart that beats within us all.

If I have angered, I count that as success. Anger is visceral, as is this work.

These women were degraded, violated and imprisoned, anger is what should be felt.

Destiny Defied - Chapter Two

She let herself go limp with the slap, falling to the floor in proper, nonthreatening submission.

Her mind screamed at her to get up and strike down this enemy, show him what it felt like to be used.

She lay still and did nothing. She was not No One, she was Thea, and Thea was a slave.

“Jorah?” She heard Dany’s voice, it sounded strange. It was not the voice she used with clients.

It was not the voice she used when it was just the two of them together.

“Daenerys.” The client said in a lighter voice, walking away from Thea like he had just swatted away a fly and not badly hurt another person.

It was a lie, his real voice, and the real man, had been the person that first walked in.

Thea pulled herself up off the floor, and sat back, kneeling as she watched them.

Dany was beautiful, as she always was, despite the cheap looking rags they covered her with. She was hugging this client, Jorah, in a familiar way that somehow hurt her like that slap never could.

“My bear!” She exclaimed, “You’ve come to rescue me.”

Dany was so sure of it, but Thea was worried. She had seen something else in his hand before he struck her.

The silver glint of Stags.

“I’ve come for you, yes.” He said, in that too gallant voice that irritated her more than her stinging face.

Dany kissed him softly on the cheek in gratitude. “What is your plan?” She asked him. Her words were low and quiet.
“My plan is the same one I told them at the front desk.” He said, and took advantage of their closeness to force a kiss on Dany.

The clink of two Stags on the table next to them made Thea’s stomach twist.

This was the client that wanted to take Dany while Thea played the throne, and it would be so much worse for her because she believed him to be something better than he was.

“It was you?” Dany asked still not understanding, or maybe she didn’t want to. “You asked for this?”

“I waited for you, standing by because you were so pure, but Viserys sold you, and sent me away. Now you’re a whore,” he said it with the same disgust he used when he had called Thea a slut, “and I will have my due.”

He grasped her wrists tightly, his hands were nearly half the size of her forearms, and bulled her towards the bed.

He was so much larger than she was.

She should walk away, or prepare the scene, she should do what she was supposed to do.

What Thea the slave would do.

What the Faceless Men had assigned her to do.

If she was not Thea, she was then No One, and No One had no other purpose than to serve the Many Faced God.

She stood, her bare feet made no noise as she walked silently toward the two of them. Her hands reached out, and she felt the coarse beard covering Jorah’s jaw under her palms. She twisted, hard, putting all of her rage and shame into that one motion.

Seeing the broad, mocking smile of the Waif in her mind’s eye.

Heard the popping snap of bone and Dany’s muffled scream as Jorah’s body fell on her.

She rolled him away, paying little attention as his heavy body hit the floor, her focus was on Dany.

“Are you alright?” She asked, forcing her voice to remain calm, to try and soothe the terror she could plainly see just beyond the faint purple veil of Dany’s eyes.

“You killed him.”

“I did.” There was no point lying to her, not now, not when she needed Dany to trust her the most.

“You could have killed any of them, at any point?”

She nodded.

“Why?”

There were many questions in that one word. Why this one? Why now? Why had she waited so long?

“You put your trust in him,” her voice was ice, “and he cast it away as if it were less than nothing.”
That was the heart of it. Their bodies could not be violated any more than they already had. Their minds could not be tainted by anything worse than the filthy fantasies of men grasping at the next twisted taboo that might make them feel something, anything besides the empty nothingness they carried inside.

But not their trust.

That they kept for themselves, doling it out rarely, or never. Jorah had Dany’s, and he had broken it.

He was about to use a shard of it to hurt her, like the sharp edge of shattered pottery, and she could not stand idly by and watch him destroy the bright gem of Dany’s spirit.

She had somehow kept it, despite years of servitude and countless abuses, and that made her a thing of rare and unequaled beauty.

There was a tinkle of glass beads, and Nisha, the serving girl, walked in.

“Might my lord be interested in some-” She looked at Thea first, surprised and obviously expecting her to be doing more than just standing there, then her eyes went to Dany and the corpse.

Nisha dropped the serving tray and Thea was upon her in an instant. Her hand covered Nisha’s open, screaming mouth and muffled the noise before she could set the whole House down upon them.

Nisha gasped for air, startled, and Thea took the free moment to cock her elbow back and strike her in the temple with two protruding knuckles. She crumpled to the floor like a puppet with its strings cut.

“Is she?” Dany asked, her fear plain.

“No,” Thea told her, “we need her alive.” She looked to the corpse again. “Did he have a knife?”

Dany only looked at her traitorous friend, and made no move to search him.

“Nevermind, I’ll do it.” She flung his cape out to the side before rolling him onto his back. She undid the clasp and pushed it away from him, saving it for later, Dany wouldn’t like her plan, but it was the only way to get her out of here.

She searched his belt, the knot in the leather already half loosened, and grimaced at the thought of why that was before she found a small knife he probably used for meals. She took it and walked back to the serving girl.

Thea stripped off her clothing, one piece at a time, and began to put it on herself. It was lucky she was so slim, Nisha was a tiny thing. The skirt came up shorter than she liked, but there was nothing to be done for it. More than that, Nisha went in and out of the kitchen, so she wore shoes, shoes Thea needed if she wanted to walk out of here alive. They were tight, but she had worn worse in her time.

She reached behind her ears, ready to shed her borrowed face, and then stopped.

This was too important to rush if she wanted Dany’s cooperation.

“Dany,” she said softly, “would you come here, please? I need to show you something.”

She walked towards her, clearly afraid. Her steps were shy, like a nervous deer in the wood.
Thea took a breath. “I’m going to show you something difficult to understand, but I need you to keep calm and quiet while I do it, because if I don’t do this, we won’t be able to leave this place. Will you do this for me?”

Dany nodded silently.

Lady, here goes everything. Thea prayed, not knowing who else to turn to. She reached up, her fingers curling behind her ears. She felt the thick layer of her borrowed face peel off and lay limp against her fingers.

To her credit, Dany didn’t scream. She made a soft, choked noise of panic, but didn’t run or faint.

“What...are you?” The question was shaky and hesitant, and she knew that the netting of scars across her face was showing.

There were dozens of answers she could have given, but she ignored them all.

“I’m the person that’s going to get you out of here.”

She knelt and made two shallow cuts across Nisha’s cheekbones. Drops of blood flowed from just below her tattoos, mirroring the inked teardrops. She pressed Thea’s face down, muttering a few words she had been taught under her breath as she did.

The pale skin blushed to life, and now Thea was someone else.

In a new face and borrowed clothing, she went back over to the body and loosened the boots and belt, holding them in one hand, she picked up the cloak in the other and returned to where Dany was standing. She was still as a statue.

“You need to put these on,” she instructed, extending the hand with the boots and belt.

“They’re big.” Dany said, but put them on anyway. The familiar actions of dressing took some of the stiff shock from her movements.

“I know, but it’s the only way you can get out of here, none of us have shoes, and they’ll notice.”

“They’re going to notice a lot more than just the boots if I walk out of this door.” Dany said.

“That’s what this is for.” She said, reaching out with her other hand and watching the cloth unfurl.

She draped the cloak over Dany’s shoulders, purposefully forgetting about what that custom meant. Those odd, bright, Targaryen eyes looked at her, the beginnings of belief shining in them, and she changed her mind. Maybe symbolism might fall in her favor today.

“It smells like him.” Dany said, her voice shaky once more.

To her own nose, it smelled like old sweat and a winesink, but she didn’t know this man, Dany did.

“I know, but it’s the only way.” She reminded Dany. “As soon as we’re safe, and free of Lys, the first thing I’ll do is find us a bath.” She promised, not knowing if it was even possible.

It helped, even if it might have been a lie.

“Where’s your ochre?” She asked, and Dany pointed to the table near a small mirror. She grabbed it and came back, smearing it all over two of her fingertips as she did.
“I’m going to put this on your face now.” She told Dany.

“But I’m already wearing it.” Dany said, confused.

“Not like this,” she said, and smoothed thick lines of the brown pigment across her cheekbones, blending them downwards with quick strokes. She added a broad, short line to Dany’s chin, then focused her mind and spoke the glamour into being.

“There, finished. Go take a look.”

She did.

“I have a beard!” Dany exclaimed, looking excitedly into the small mirror before reaching up to tug on the wiry hairs.

She laid soft hands on Dany’s own, stopping her.

“You have the illusion of a beard.” She stressed. “It won’t stand up to touch. We still have to keep your hood up so no one gets too close.”

She placed a hand over her own face and concentrated, willing the wrinkles and age lines to appear.

“There.” She declared. “Now I am your angry wife, dragging you back home yet again from the pillow house.”

“And that will work?” Dany asked.

“It will if your voice is deep and angry enough, show me.”

“How dare you keep me from my pleasure, woman!” Dany attempted.

It was worse than a bad mummer’s show.

“Try again, this time pull someone from memory, someone whose rage is so intense that it is almost a living thing.”

“If you meddle in my business one more time.” Dany said, her voice was not overly deep, but sounded male, and the condescending malice within it alerted her senses to threat. “You will wish that I had killed you.”

“That is exactly what I want you to sound like.” She instructed. “The more imperious, the less they will question you.”

Dany looked like she was holding an unwanted secret.

“Whose voice is it?” She asked her.

“My brother’s.”

Of course, what better source than the son of the Mad King? She could see the cost of it on her charge. They had to move quickly before Dany lost her composure.

“Dany,” she said quietly, “so long as I draw breath, he will not hurt you again.”

No promises, no oaths, just that.
Violet eyes rose and leveled.

“Take me away from this place.” Dany said, and this time it was a command.

She backed out first. The cool beads parted and rubbed against her skin.

She began to shout, accusing. Saw the other slaves become scarce and vanish as the staff appeared. They tried to stop the commotion for the sake of the business, but it was too late.

“How dare I?” Dany raged, every inch the petulant Targaryen.

It struck her to the core, and there was a signal to be afraid. She ignored it and continued her jealous litany.

A light cuff meant to look like a slap, and she fell to the floor, holding her face in false shock. It was not hard to fake, as Dany hit the same side Jorah had. The age lines vanished, but it didn’t matter.

No one was watching her.

Then she was cowering, face turned from sight as she slunk out the door, but Dany was incensed, chasing after her like hounds with a scent.

It was brilliant.

The air outside was rich and hot. It stank of civilization.

She looked about, once, twice, then chose her exit path. She made it halfway through the courtyard in front before a gentle shove sent her sprawling.

She cried out dramatically, then rolled away and was up and moving, footsteps close behind her.

She kept on, her breath forced and ragged, always listening for the rhythm just out of reach.

They were in sight of the main harbor. She ducked into an alley, the sweat soaking her clothing pressed against her as she leaned back against the warm stone.

A handful of steps.

She laughed, breathless.

Violet eyes caught her own, a flash of teeth, the white sharp against brown smears of ochre.

It was infectious.

It was brilliant.
Chapter Three

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning: Dany deals with her pillow house PTSD towards the end of the chapter, her memories are not very detailed, but it is potentially harmful to read.

Destiny Defied - Chapter Three

Thea, or whoever her companion was now, heard their target long before she did.

“Wait here.” She said, and snuck out into the busy street. Dany heard yelling and the quick patter of footfalls. Then she returned, a fat purse clutched in one hand and a broad grin on her face.

“That was easy.” Dany said, there was no response but a silent finger across her lips.

_Hush._

A great shadow filled the opening to the alley and Dany felt a twinge of fear.

_Not so easy now._

He was a merchant, his face cruel and his fingers opulent. Likely a slave broker, no other profession in Lys paid half so well in glittering gold and gems.

“You think that was funny, you sniveling little cunt? I’ll show you the backs of my rings for this.”

He charged, quick for a man so large, and she saw the girl sidestep with ease.

The merchant turned, yelled a partial insult, and then fell. He lay on the ground, still.

“What did you do?” Dany asked.

Choppy dark hair caught a hint of breeze from the ocean as she cocked her head to look at Dany.

“The same thing I did to Nisha.”

“But you-” She tried to make sense of it. “How could-” Dany stopped and took a breath. “I didn’t even see you move!”

The barest ghost of a wink. “I did it faster this time.”

Then she was on him, pulling off rings and clothing and even the man’s boots before she claimed them as her own.

They were long and too large on her thin frame, but Dany saw her gaze turn inward and her lips move.

An impeccably tailored young gentleman stood before her, clean shaven and handsome.

He approached her and held a palm out to her face, he spoke the familiar and unknown words.
“How now, good Ser?” He said in poor Lyseni with a thick Westerosi accent.

“Ser?” Dany asked, she looked down in confusion and saw whiskers sprout.

“Same as before,” he said, this time with no accent, “don’t let anyone close.”

Then the buffoonish noble was back.

“Shall we to market to fetch our lady loves silky tokens of devotion?” He asked.

“Our lady loves?” Dany repeated stupidly.

Aggressive grey eyes raked her up and down, and Dany was vividly reminded of how little clothing she really had. “What sport is’t to hunt, and lend no cover for the hind?”

“Silky tokens are clothing.” Dany clarified, understanding. “What dialect is that?”

“The sort they teach from old books to silly young lordlings in Westeros, an archaic and outdated one.”

“So you are a silly young lordling from Westeros, “ Dany said, catching on, “and I am?”

“Art thou my knight, good Ser?”

“A knight with no sword?”

One smoothly manicured eyebrow rose. “Thine oafish bear had’nt a sword. Be it sold or lost, twas still a Ser.”

“Fine.” Dany said, grasping at vague possibilities. “My sword and most of our items are packed aboard the ship that will bring us to Westeros and we are buying some fine Lysene silk clothing for our ladies.”

“Failing that,” a patient voice said, “why else would your sword be missed and our purses be fat?”

“Because…” Dany dug into her memories, sorting every scrap of Westerosi knowledge Ser Willem had impressed on her, and everything she had gathered about Lys in brusque, impassioned smalltalk.

Then, it came to her.

“Because we’re tradesmen!” She said excitedly. “Tradesmen from Tarth that sold all our marble, and skill at arms is beneath us!”

“Art thou my knight?”

Dany shook her head with confidence.

“No, you’re the young bankroll, and I’m your worldly, much more fluent, front man.”

A flash of white teeth, brighter than all the gems they had just pocketed.

It was all the praise she needed.

--

Watching Dany work as her front man, Daeron, was a pleasure.
The name was her own design, and she believed it with her whole self.

Armored in a new identity, she was now fearless. A fearlessness that made all the dickering merchants gasp and clutch at their hearts in shock.

She had never seen gold stretch so far.

Clothing they had, for men and women both, supplies as well, and packs with warm, compact bedding.

A bright flash caught her eye, and she turned, tugging on her man Daeron’s cloak with excitement unfeigned.

“Seest that?” She cried. “No finer blade the land hath ken.”

Daeron turned, skeptical.

“A blade, young master? I thought you were quit of that fancy.”

A fancy? Dany had exceeded even her wildest expectations. A fancy meant they knew nothing about actual swordplay, but it would make it harder to bargain the price.

Or easier to walk away and drive it down.

It took all her self control not to run up and fondle his half dozen Braavosi blade and dagger sets.

It had been so long, and they beckoned to her.

She saw one that looked near the size and style of the set she had surrendered before this assignment.

She gripped the hilt, drew out a third of the blade.

It felt like coming home to a warm hearth.


“Tis fancy dress!” She complained. “Envy me, the prim and proper genteel would.”

Daeron rolled his eyes, “and your father would have a fit.”

She broke down into full Westerosi, not caring if the blade merchant could understand her, begging defied language. “Not if you gave him one to hang in his Great Hall.”

“Me? Gift a sword to your Lord Father?”

“It will work, Daeron, I know it will.” She wheedled.

“Fine.” Daeron turned to the merchant. “What would you have for someone of my build?”

“It’s hands, not height, that make a man.” The merchant said, and held out his own expectantly.

Daeron put his hands out carefully, since they needed to touch many items and exchange money, they were without disguise.

“Soft, and slender.” The merchant scoffed.
“I am a tradesman, not a...soldier.” Daeron said distastefully. “What about those?” He gestured to a rack of short swords, plain and sheathed. Some blades were straight, others flared.

“Not the most impressive blade,” he noted, gesturing to several longswords, “but with hands like that—”

“Hands that his Lord Father also shares.” Daeron said haughtily.

“A short sword is a good sword for hands like that,” he gave Daeron a pointed look, “whoever may own them.”

Daeron walked to the short swords.

“Try a few grips, see if there’s any you like.”

He did, stopping to pull some off the rack and unsheath the blades.

One caught his eye before he even laid hands on it. The scabbard was wrapped in black and red leather strips, cleverly woven into angular patterns that almost looked like scales.

The grip was black, translucent stone, and the hilt looked like leathery, outstretched wings.

Daeron gripped the sword, and his smile was sweet as he revealed a foot of naked steel. The blade itself had a patina of the same pattern as the scabbard. He drew the blade in full. It was ramrod straight, no curves, just hard angles and a shining, deadly, point.

“It’s a good piece, that one.” The merchant said. “Made it as a commission when I was living in Braavos a few years back. ‘Course, the buyer never came to claim it.”

“This work is yours?” She said, forgetting her dialect.

“Qohorik, born and bred.” He said proudly.

“You don’t sound it.” Daeron said, still looking at the blade. He hefted the weight easily.

“I’ve been travelling a long while now.” The bladesmith explained.

“Who was the commission?” He asked.

“He didn’t come himself, no, that would have been beneath him. A man dressed in red and black shows up and asks for a sword ‘fit for a Targaryen dragonknight’ a few months before that prince announces himself and raises an army to take west with him, you’d be some kind of idiot if you didn’t know who it was for.”

Daeron paled.

She stepped in, grabbing the belted blade and dagger that caught her eye before. She opened the purse and fished out two of the larger rings.

Handed them to the merchant, and watched his eyes grow wide.

“That’s enough, isn’t it?” She said innocently, fastening the belt around her waist with a feeling of deep satisfaction.

She grabbed Daeron’s hands and guided the blade back into the scabbard, then she threaded a belt through it and tucked it into her pack. The grip poked out, but a quick wrap with silky dress lace
would keep people from guessing what truly lay underneath.

“Gracious thanks, kind Qohorik smith.” She bowed with a flourish, then dragged a worldless Daeron with her to the docks.

Now they just needed to book passage.

--

She numbly watched her foppish bankroll charter a room onboard a merchant vessel headed toward Westeros.

There had been suspiciously few heading west until she overheard some unemployed sailors trying to find a ship to call home.

War was on.

The lost Targaryen prince had come home to take what was rightfully his, and the current owners took offense.

Then the young noble was waving her forward and starting up a gangplank.

She felt the wood bow and bounce under her slight weight.

Viserys was at war. Viserys would be King.

It was all bought with her freedom, and it made Dany sick inside.

She followed, numbly. Looked around the ship, numbly. It wasn't until they were secure in their quarters and her young lord was unpacking that Dany noticed the glamour was gone and she was being spoken to.

“How are you taking all this?” Her scarred companion asked. A hand waved, gathering in Dany, and the ship, and their situation.

She was free, that was something. She was free, and they were going home. Well, she was going home, she wasn't sure where…

“What’s your name?” Dany asked, shocked that she didn't actually know anymore.

Flat grey eyes looked at her.

“Once,” she remembered wistfully, “I was a Stark, but that was a lifetime ago, and that girl is long dead.”

“A Stark?” Dany asked, eager for distraction, for some spark that could make her feel something beside the dull, drab, numbness, “don't they live in ice castles and ride wolves into battle?”

A short bark of a laugh from the nameless Stark. “No, no ice castles, there were glass gardens though, and my very own direwolf...who knows, she may be big enough to ride, but I could never find her now.”

“What do I call you?” Dany asked.

Slim shoulders shrugged. “Call me anything you like, I'll answer to it and that will be my name.”
“Anything?” Dany was sure she had heard it wrong.

“You can’t come up with anything worse than Daorys, which was the last name this face had. Do you have any ideas?”

“They really called you No One?” Dany easily picked the Valyrian word from the Lyseni. Surprised to hear it from a Westerling. “I’m sure I could do better than that.”

She sized up the slight Northborn and called up everything she had learned so far. “Perhaps I could call you... Egros.”

*The edged blade of a sword, and the sword itself.*

There was no reaction, but Dany knew it was a mistake as soon as the word left her lips. It was an awkward, clumsy word, and this person was anything but that.

She would be more clever at the next, but what to choose?

*Gelenka*, for the tarnished silver of her eyes?
She tossed it aside.

*Zokla*, for the wolf of the North?
That was her life before now, but *zoklitsos* might make an endearment…
She tucked that aside for later.

*Odres*, for the pain and damage she was capable of?
She shook her head. No, the constant reminder would always leave something between them.

*Qana?* She was sharp, that was certain, but it was something more than that…

“Adere.” Dany decided, and knew it for the truth. Quick and sleek, *that* was how she moved. It was a defiant grace that broke logic.

Looking every inch the *zokla* she represented, Adere smirked. “Is that how you see me then?”

Dany nodded and watched her take a step forward with that predatory grace. It closed the distance between them.

Numb was not what Dany felt.

“How do you do that?” She asked.

“Do what?” Adere played coy, but there was a spark behind her eyes, deep and dark.

“Move like that.” Dany said. She ignored the other questions that burned within her.

“Is that all you want to know?” The words were playful, inviting, dangerous.

“To start.” Dany said carefully.

“It is a good place to start.” Smooth agreement.

Then smooth motion as her clasp was undone, the filthy cloak fell away.

She felt lighter, smelled the tang of new leather and old tar.
A creak of wood as Adere knelt, untangling laces.

Barefoot, Dany felt the rough sanded wood beneath her.

Adere stood, soft fingers brushed her neck, the thin dress slid away.

Naked, she felt the still air around them, felt the shift whenever there was movement.

Then remembered, and she turned away, shut her eyes.
Felt the rough, hard edge of the world press down on her.

“Dany.” There was a voice, and a touch, and she shied.

“Dany.” Pressure under her jaw, she succumbed and her head lifted.

The hands were gentle, firm, and patient.

“Dany, look at me.”

These were not their hands, rough and demanding.

These were hands that knew her, knew her limits and her boundaries, knew when to push and when to stop.

These were her partner’s hands.

She opened her eyes, found level grey ones waiting for her.

“Beautiful.” Adere said, as she always did when they conquered a challenge.

With the soft, surprised sound of wonderment that caught something within Dany and held it fast.

Safe from the world for one shining, perfect moment.

She broke, the wound of her grief torn wide and spilling. Her body shook with it, overcome, and it poured from her eyes. Her voice raged, her fists beat the throbbing ache of her heart, and through it all, solid, unflinching arms embraced her, and she breathed the familiar scent of safety, and of trust.
Chapter Four

Chapter Notes

Dirty, dirty, femslash smut.
No dogs, no Jorah.
You're welcome.

Destiny Defied - Chapter Four

In the circle of her arms, Dany was a small thing, frail and trembling, a wounded bird fluttering under cupped hands.

This needed to be made right. Her gambit depended on it. They would run, as fast and far as they could. Put distance between them and her pursuers until layers of white clad bodies and red stone kept her safe and snug as the future monarch she held.

No time for an army, she would be a thing of dark subterfuge instead.

But for that, Dany would need cunning, cunning and wit and as many false masks as she had learned to perform.

She must learn to lie.

For the perfect lie, the teller need know the audience. Dany would learn to read, to read and perform and to lie, these things she would teach her, alongside the sword.

They had time, the span to cross the Narrow Sea to the Sapphire Isle. A foothold in Westeros, and new identities for them both.

A sharp rap against wood.

She was loathe to leave her charge.

Her request, executed and fulfilled, a promise unbroken, but first, the mending.

“Your bath is here.” She mumbled softly into the curled bundle.

A small noise of disapproval as Dany burrowed closer.

“It will be cold if I don't get it soon, and tepid baths aren't my favorite, nor should they be yours.”

Another noise of disapproval, but Dany’s arms went slack around her, relinquishing.

She broke loose and walked to the door, placing a few copper stars in the hand of the sailor that delivered the steaming bucket. They were, after all, Westerosi traders.

She rooted in their bags until she found the sponge they had purchased at the marketplace, wringing it in the hot water until it was soaked through.
“You’ll feel better after.” She reassured.

Adere, she was named and would accept it as her identity, continued her task, bathing Dany with as much fuss as their everyday interactions in the Lady, running rough sponge over smooth alabaster until a small hand covered her own.

A vision of smoldering violet stopped her cold.

An equally smoldering kiss was pressed to her lips and she responded, crushing Dany to her as she felt the heat of her through the water that soaked into her clothes.

Every touch and action between them, her delving of Dany’s most secret places, and they had never kissed.

She stroked the sensitive underside of her tongue and felt Dany melt against her before thought reigned supreme.

“Dany,” she said, tamping down feelings that ached to roam, “Dany, you don’t have to do this.” She managed, though how she would never know, Dany was warm and ready and-

“I’m not a client.” She tried again, valiant. “You don’t have to do this, not with me. I…” She tried to erase the smell of her. “I took you away from all of that.”

“This is not payment.” Dany said, her voice was quiet, iron. Her attention on the buttons of the merchant’s silks, she spoke again, “This is not because some stranger with a coin wished it so.”

It was, but that was a secret Adere would take to her grave, a silent truth known only to her, a ship captain, and the Kindly Man.

*Valar dohaeris, of course you shall have a cabin.*

A moment of indecision, a knife edge of doubt. Was she no better than the men who bought Dany at the Lady? Iron and service did no better than silver Stags, a price was a price.

Indecision was its own cost. Dany’s will was now her own and she used it to advantage. The borrowed shirt fell away, and she was naked to the waist.

Practiced hands did away with her belt and trouser lacing faster than her own.

Indecision lingered. What was she to Dany, just another body to be serviced?

The princess who could be stepped forward and jerked the waistline beneath her hips.

She leaned close, the tips of her breasts brushing across her chest. A neat line of pain blossomed, precise teeth on an earlobe.

“There are no coins between us,” Dany said, whispered words hot against her skin. “No debts, no obligation, just want…” Closed eyelids blacked out the world as Dany’s fingertips slid down the plane of Adere’s chest and stomach, her palm resting just below her navel, a request and a taunt. “And need.”

She opened her eyes and saw Dany’s own. She saw want flare within, a blaze no Stag or Honor could hope to touch. Need she saw as well, to be valued as herself, truly, not as a ransomed war chest.

“I understand.” Adere said, cupping Dany’s hand against her, stepping out of loose boots and
puddled trousers, eyes never leaving.

“I have a need to discuss.” Dany said.

She nodded, waiting.

Dany rose to the balls of her feet, extended her free hand up into the air, and tensed.

Cold water rained down on her head and neck from the forgotten sponge.

“You need a bath,” she said, mischief sparking through want and need.

--

The water was less than tepid. It was a good thing, any warmer and she would not have withstood Dany’s careful cleansing. She nearly lost it with the soap, Dany’s lathered hands slipped across her skin, stretched taut her restraint. Almost to breaking, her relief appeared as an engorged sponge sluiced cool clearheadedness down heated skin. A new problem arose alongside goosebumps, aching nipples hardening in the chill air.

A wink and a smirk, she was not unnoticed, her trials were appreciated and applauded, created by design.

There was no questioning Dany’s motivation now, as her want was quickly becoming Adere’s need.

She waited, patience her armor. It was armor poorly kept, and Dany found many chinks.

The rough, casual press of the towel. Less as it brushed a hip, her jaw, her breast. Flashing purple peeking past white linen.

Patience.

Want.

Patience.

Equals now, playing at the same game, but Dany’s victory meant more, changed more. She would wait, and suffer, wet despite meticulous drying.

No, not despite, predatory eyes followed Dany, unsure as prey. A soft touch on her hand, beckoning. The cot, not the hammock.

She followed, stood, waited. Saw questioning violet, a caress on her jaw.

Yes.

She bent to meet her lips. soft, and sweet, and warm and yes.

Yes as she welcomed the gentle hot velvet of Dany’s tongue, accepted dominance. Felt Dany’s movements change to sweet aggression, pressing against her until she lay on the cot, soft and simple bedclothes beneath. Smooth skin against her own and then Dany’s warm weight straddled atop her hips. Fought the urge to move against her, to touch.

Patience.
Fingers brushed the length of her arms, raising them, her wrists held captive, Dany’s weight shifting. A test of will.

Patience.

Teeth along her pulse point, teasing, grazing, then lips and tongue and pressure. Adere arched, despite herself, lost amid sensation, her hands she left bound.

A kiss, tender first, then teeth captured her bottom lip, drawing it out. A display of power.

Pressure still, unrelenting, until she thought the skin would tear and bleed.

A sudden release, Dany was a merciful queen.

Bruised and willing, she closed her eyes and sought patience against this onslaught.

None came.

She opened her eyes. Patience met patience, vivid purple hard and unyielding as gem.

A proclamation was needed.

Need meeting need.

In another life, this would break her, stubborn refusal her solace and armor. That girl had died.

She had learned since then, and learned well, pride had never truly been an ally. Pride had killed her.

“Kostilus.” Her voice small, caged.

Please. A little thing, casually thrown as manners.

Casual could not touch this utterance.

A kiss then, her reward. Dany staking claim as she never had before. Thrusting tongue turned to hot descending kisses, then fire across her nerves as marks were drawn, a border map of annexation.

She writhed, hips and body wanton, her hands stayed where they had been placed. Dany’s began to roam. Short nails used to intent, caress turned to scratch as she felt the hot strokes rise and flush, memorized by her flesh. Dany’s mouth upon her nipple, suckling gently, drawing attention before teeth spiked pleasure with pain as she kneaded the small mounds of her chest in tandem.

Dany traded one breast for another, fingers mirrored mouth with slow, deliberate accuracy.

Felt slick droplets tickle as they traced downward. Want had become need, and she was drenched in it.

Abandoning her conquered breasts, Dany trekked south. Pitched fever hot, Adere wondered how long she could withstand, it would be a close thing from the start.

Blazing lines struck down her thighs before they were pulled apart, leaving her open, exposed. A broad swath first, awakening and ordering her before the tip of Dany’s tongue traced down her slick centerline. Another pass, and she arched into it, begging for more. Pressure on her hips came as response, an instruction.
Patience.

She huffed, a haltered destrier, and complied, bringing all control to bear as Dany’s tongue drew patterns across the bundled nerves of her clit. There was a moan, wrenched from her, she waited, still...

She was not made of stone.

“Dany.” A warning, urgent.

Her hips were freed, and then hands became much more intimate as two fingers slid into her. She rose to meet them, mindful of the sweet torture wrought by Dany’s tongue. They set a tempo together, her body reacting, rising.

A third finger, stretching her, as Dany repaid in kind what she had always done.

Pushed boundaries.

She could meet her with nothing less than Dany had given her.

She relaxed, and opened to her, setting her jaw as the tempo slowed and she took a fourth, penetration changing shape and girth.

The pace was slow, hypnotic, inexorable.

They moved together, friction abated by her own arousal, arousal stoked by the slow, maddening strokes of Dany’s tongue as she fucked her, making her take everything she was offering.

A wave of pleasure as the fingers curled inside her, touching something deep and hidden.

The ridge of a thumb brushed underneath her clit and she gasped at the sharp, bright pain of knuckles as they fought against taut muscle.

“You doing all right?”

Her words, spoken back to her.

“I’ll be fine, I-”

Dany eased back, slightly. The pain banished, renewed vigor instead took hold as she sucked on her clit, fluttering her tongue beneath it in a way that blanked her mind.

She bucked forward, mindless against the onslaught, but Dany would not take her yet. A hand beneath her, taking space as she rose up, it nested the curve and woke sensation beyond that of her stretched cunt. She writhed, but was held in place, pinned, impaled and claimed.

She would protest, but looked to Dany instead, saw understanding peer back from between her thighs.

How many times had she asked this?

Countless.

"You doing all right?” The question repeated at the price of her lonely clit.

The finger at her ass, wet and intent, continued to tease her, to distract, demolish her will.
“I need an answer.” Her thumb slipped free, worked her clit while the other four thrust smoothly in time with the stroking at her ass.

She was bending like fresh dipped tallow.

“Take me,” she pleaded, her hips in Dany’s rhythm, surrendering something she hadn’t known she could give. “Please.”

A gasp as the pain returned, but she opened, giving everything that was asked as she pressed back, felt the pain subside.

Then it was just Dany, against her, inside her, unquestionable sovereign.

Fingers curled within, and she curled with them, in sync.

Dany moved slow, and she felt every motion, every tendon and muscle.

All of it, fulfilling something she hadn’t known was lacking.

Yes.

Then her hand was back on her clit, fingers curled, pressing against *something* deep and secret within. Her thin composure shattered, hands grasping as she climaxed, shaking and shuddering, her will broken as her body tensed again and again, unable to fully contract and release her. The dragon unyielding within her.

Dany was all she could feel, and she pulled her close, whispering soft nonsense into her hair until her body stopped shaking. She was rewarded with a kiss, tender praise, it tasted of herself, of Dany’s conquest.

“*Gevie.*” She said softly, still deep inside her.

*Beautiful.*

She could have wept.
Chapter Five

Chapter Summary

A short scene I have been sitting on and forgot about, but feels cohesive enough.

“Good, just like that.”

Moisture dripped off her body. Rivulets raced down her bare breasts and hit the floor in thick droplets as she fought to keep herself still.

Adere circled, scrutinizing. Strong hands encircled her waist. A foot slipped beside her own, spreading her legs further apart.

“Wider.” A stern correction.

Dany was stone, unmoving. She’d failed enough times, she wouldn’t let her body betray her again.

Held high in an overhead block was a makeshift sword. An awkward amalgam of canvas, wood and metal made twice as heavy as the dragonblade.

This was on purpose, Dany knew. Her newly forming muscles screamed. She ignored them, focused on form instead.

She ignored the pattering of her sweat on the floorboards. Ignored many things about her environment.

Ignored the constant lull and sway of the ship. Ignored the naked body beside her, testing her.

Clothing was a barrier. Adere said it blocked sensation and awareness.

For Dany it was a reminder of playing a waver Bare skin left nothing to hide behind. No secrets between them, not now.

She looked to unreadable grey eyes. They hid secrets of their own, but Dany was tired of hiding. She let her keep those secrets.

Resolved to stop new ones emerging.

“Better.” Came the judgement. A small tap to her shoulder signalled and Dany broke form. Heavy breaths rose and fell inside her. The strain abated. Her muscles stopped quivering.

A heavy strike hit her chest, ribs raging. Dany fell to the floor and rolled back. She cursed herself for an idiot and almost stood up.

Never drop your guard.

Hand to hand, the floor again. Dany on her back, their weight the same. Adere’s height gave advantage.

Leverage.
But not coverage.

Dany ducked an outstretched arm, tucked cheek and chin tight to a sweat slicked chest. Groped for bone beneath the skin, found the saddle of Adere’s hip.

An instant of remembrance. That same form beneath her hands, iron control stolen, the thief a dragon bold.

She could not afford distraction, not now.

Dany flattened her sole against the ground and drove upwards. All her strength and inertia flowing up through a single point at Adere’s hip. The Northerner flipped and let out a small puff of air as she impacted. There was no other outward reaction.

Righted, Dany faced a decision.

Pin her to the floor and hope she stayed, or try a new tact.

Adere’s body was all corded muscle. It paired with stubbornness and cunning and swayed their matches away from Dany’s favor.

New tact, then.

She leapt up, fast as the space between breaths. Any slower and she was caught. The sword hung nearby, the cursed dragonblade. Dany embraced audacity and angled towards it. She denied her reticence, the sour fear that choked her from within.

Fingers wrapped a hilt like they were born to it. She heard the swift shuffling of a clever counter about to spring.

But she was faster.

Drew the blade forth, a whisper of songs unremembered.

Turned, and encountered bright eyes hued the same as her blade.

“Very good.” Purred words through feral teeth and eyes alight with more than heated combat. “And now?”

Adere made no move to defend herself, left all mortal targets exposed, waiting.

Dany struck, a shuffled step, quick footwork that gained speed day after day, technique becoming instinct.

Her eyes tracked the target, waiting for evasion, for her misstep to be exposed.

There was none, only stillness as her bright blade flickered down in death’s arc to the soft, thrumming veins inside the neck, holding the blood of life.

She pulled the strike, but it was too late.

Dany watched the blade cut, pale Northern skin flowing crimson. Horror eclipsed all triumph.

Adere, true to her namesake, ducked the brunt of the strike.

The injury was dire, not lethal. Mortal soon, but not now.
Not yet.

Blood dripped, poured, soaking the floor as her sweat had. Next dropped her mentor.

“Ready...to...practice...healing?” A wry smile on a wan face, paler than ever before.

Dany thrust downward. The sword tip bit into the sodden wood and held fast. She turned, rushed, knelt before their packs and dug.

The medical kit was in her hands and she knelt before her blood soaked friend.

Bandages first. Dany held pressure, red seeped through and coated her fingers. She needed a plan.

Leaving one hand on the wound, she fished for gut and needle.

Praised the Lady that it was threaded, then dismissed the thought.

Divinity had not saved them, her partner’s meticulous planning had. Memory of a night spent sewing leather and canvas.

Practice, so that the body still knew when rushed panic crushed sense and froze thought.

Dany’s hands took their leave. She watched as one kept pressure and slid upwards. It revealed a flowing gash beneath the skin. Frayed red fibers swam a sea dotted with bone flecks.

“..three layers…” A weak reminder. One for blood and one for flesh and one for skin, else the bleeding never stopped and the joint became hobbled.

The blood was most important. She started there. Missed two stitches when slick fingers faltered, but closed the rift. Watched the pink surface pulse, but not bleed.

Flesh next. Cold white fingers reached and stroked her arm, comforting yet urgent.

A new length of gut, longer this time. Peeled back skin to a hiss and groan. Of course pain.

Anchored stitches dove through the fibers, weaving, then across the gap, pulling shorn parts back into place.

Skin, finally only skin.

A strong sudden grip, Dany looked up from her work.

“...Rinse…” More a tense growl than words.

Dany rose, retrieved the flask of wine they shared a few nights ago. She knelt again, poured it over her work.

The thud of flesh into wood. Adere’s fist on the floor, her body still but for that single outcry. Coracles of bone, drifting down a sea of burgundy.

The wound was clear.

Dany began stitching.

But not before she passed the wineskin to grateful grey eyes.

She put the needle away, stared at the red deluge that covered their quarters, unsure of her next step.
“I’ll...find someone to take care of that...but first, what did you learn?”

An angry growl, surprise when Dany felt it for her own.

“What did I learn?” She felt the stirring rage awaken and uncoil inside, familiar and ancient and new, all at once. “I learned that next time I should kill you and be done with it.”

“You could try,” Adere strained, coughed, “but I’ve got a pretty good healer.”

White teeth the same shade as her bloodless skin. A weak smile, but an attempt.

Dany felt the anger within gutter and snuff out. She could never stay mad, not with her.

“Fine.” A dragon’s growl tempered to annoyance. “I learned the sharpness of my blade, and to remain calm in a crisis.”

“What else?” She asked. Muscles danced beneath skin, chased up and down her body, an attempt to sit up.

Dany placed a hand on her chest, held it there. “I learned that Northern water dancers are terrible patients.” Voice light, eyes stern.

Tarnished silver resistance, as ever. Dany did not waver.

Indecision on the brink of argument, but Adere shut her eyes and lay back. Exhaustion slumped her rigid posture. “Good thing there’s only one of us, then.”

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