

An Interesting Revelation

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/34270321) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/34270321>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	F/M , Other
Fandom:	Game of Thrones (TV)
Relationships:	Arya Stark/Gendry Waters , Arya Stark & Sansa Stark , Jon Snow & Arya Stark
Characters:	Arya Stark , Gendry Waters , Jon Snow (mentioned) , Sansa Stark
Additional Tags:	Kinktober 2021 , Gendrya Kinktober 2021 , Mild Smut , Series
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Gendry Kinktober 2021
Collections:	Gendrya Kinktober 2021
Stats:	Published: 2021-10-04 Words: 1,623 Chapters: 1/1

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by [Katlyn1948](#)

Summary

Sansa needs to confess.

Arya explains.

And Jon arrives.

Notes

Part 2! I chose messy for day 3 of kinktober, and I hope you like how I interpreted today's prompt. There is mild smut in this one and it's only for like a paragraph. I'm saving my smutty kinktober fic in this mini series for the last one...

The Queen in the North paced her rooms until the sun began to crest above the horizon. She had woken in the dead of night, her night terrors plaguing her awake, only for her to realize that it was nothing more than a distant memory.

The maids had come to greet her as soon as the light reached her window. They settled trays of food fit for two people, along with a cask of wine she quickly divulged in. She greeted them in kind, only shooing them away when they began to turn down her furs. She did not want them to see she had not yet bled.

Six moons turns and yet her furs were still pristine, her groin clothes unstained. She had not bled in half a year. She had wished it was due to a babe stirring in her belly, but alas, the gods were not kind. She had yet to allow a man to touch her in such a manner.

No, she feared she had become barren. The trauma her body had endured under the hands of that...monster...had finally caught up. No seed would take root in soil that was tainted. No babe would fill her empty womb. Sansa Stark, Queen in the North, could not bare children.

This was news she had to share to her kin.

Jon would arrive shortly within the day and Arya was just down the corridor. Mayhaps it could have waited until they were all gathered in a room together with no prying ears, but Sansa felt it necessary to tell her sister. She had never wanted Arya to be responsible for producing an heir, in fact, she hadn't thought to ask. She knew her sister like she knew her own mind and believed that Arya was not the type of woman destined to be a mother. Yet, with her unfortunate circumstance, she would have to ask her sister to do the one thing she had craved to do since she was child: be a mother.

With it being early morning, she contemplated on disturbing her sister. Arya had disappeared the night before while the majority of the castle supped in the great hall. Sansa knew that she had been sparring new recruits throughout the day, as well as dealing with a few of the stuffy lords who hadn't liked the idea of following a woman as their leader. It's no surprise she retired early. But this was a pressing matter and Sansa had to speak with Arya before Jon was to arrive.

She quickly pulled on her robe and slipped on her pantofles before quickly descending the corridor towards Arya's rooms. It was a brisk walk from where Sansa had taken residence to where Arya had decided to sleep, considering it was near the opposite side of the castle. It several minutes before Sansa turned the corner to approach the hallway leading to Arya's chambers. She nearly ran into a maid when she did.

"I beg your pardon, your grace, I was just bring Lady Arya her honey bread she requested to break her fast." The maid blushed.

"It's quite alright Alys." She smiled towards the maid. "Why don't I take that from you? I'm headed towards my sister's rooms anyway. I can deposit it to her."

"I—" there was a hesitation in the maids demeanor; something Sansa noticed instantly.

"It won't make you in trouble, I can assure you." Sansa was warm towards the maid, hoping to ease her fears.

"Of—of course, your grace." The maid gingerly handed Sansa the tray before dipping into a low curtsy. "Please excuse me, you grace."

The maid scurried out of the hall, like a mouse scared of cat. Sansa furrowed her brows in confusion, but brushed off the incident, nonetheless and headed towards her sister's rooms. She carefully juggled the tray in one hand while the other rose to lightly ran upon the large wooden door.

She could hear muffled words and the sound of shuffling feet before the wooden door swung open.

Arya looked dumbstruck and Sansa could feel the heat rising to her cheeks.

She had often wondered if her sister had a lover. Surely no woman of nearly twenty would have celibacy on her mind. By the gods, she was terrified of a man to touch her, yet Sansa

still craved to caressed and loved. But seeing her younger sister in nothing more than sheer oversized blouse, with hair askew and cheeks flushed had taken her back. Not to mention the very naked man upon her sister's bed. And not just any man, but a former blacksmith at that.

She needed a moment to gather her thoughts and decided to take a look about the room. Anywhere, really, to keep her eyes from wandering.

Sansa noticed that clothes were strewn everywhere. The only items of clothing that seemed be taken well care of were Arya's swords, as they were tucked in the corner, away from everything else. It looked...messy. Almost as if they were two wild animals ready to rip the other apart. And the smell...the smell was potent. It wasn't sickening, just charged from what she was sure was an exploding night.

"I—I'm so sorry." She shoved the tray of food into her sister's hands and quickly darted down the corridor, escaping the scene before her.

Trying to explain to her sister what had transpired between she and Gendry the night before had been the most embarrassing thing Arya had ever had to do. She hadn't meant for Sansa to find out in manner that she did; seven hells, she hadn't meant for Sansa to find out at all. Yet, her sister did find out, and she was now tasked with trying to remedy a situation.

As she tried to find the words to say, Arya couldn't help let her mind go back to the night before.

It was charged between she and Gendry; he had spent two moon turns away from her and she could no longer wait to sink her claws into his skin. While the others dined and wined, they made their escape, letting clothes fall and teeth bare. Arya hardly had time to close her rooms' door before she felt his hands pull at the laces of her breeches.

It was a riveting and enticing as his hands came beneath her jerkin, caressing her perk tits before pinching the sensitive nubs between his thumb and forefinger. Growls escaped her mouth and she tore at his clothes, ripping them from his body in a frenzy.

In a heap of tangled limbs, they fell upon her bed and it didn't take Gendry long before he was entering her, slamming away the two moon turns of celibacy he had to endure. Deep and rough was her bull as she rode him; and when he took her from behind, she could feel the wave of pleasure build; the coils in her belly tightening before exploding in a heat of ecstasy.

His seed has spilled inside of her womb as he exploded along side her.

It was perhaps the messiest coupling they had every partaken in, but it a coupling she would forever have engraved in her thoughts.

Naturally, she didn't divulge the explicit details of her coupling with Gendry to her worried sister. But rather, admitted that they had been bedding one another since their arrival to Winterfell nearly a year prior.

"How did I not know about this?" Her sister huffed as she sipped on her third glass of wine.

Arya was now fully dressed in her attire, having breaking her fast with Gendry as soon as her sister fled from her rooms.

"We were discreet about it." She assured her sister. "Just in case any detestable lords had anything to say about it."

"You shouldn't worry about them," Sansa scoffed. "It's Jon you need to worry about. To know that one of his best mates; one of the few people he trusts in this world, is bedding his younger sister...by the gods, help the poor man."

"So you don't care?" Arya asked, confusion etched on her face.

Sansa barked a laugh, “I don’t care who you fuck, so long as you are taking precautions. The last thing we need is for you to fall pregnant out of wedlock.”

Arya winced. Sansa may not have said the word, but she might as well have with the said implications.

“You need not worry. He only spilled his seed in me once and I took a drought of moon tea... this morning.” She said in a clipped voice.

Sansa’s eyes softened, “I didn’t mean—what I meant to say, is that if you wish to have a life with Gendry; a real life, then mayhaps a union shall be made.”

“I’m not getting married, Sansa.” Arya scoffed.

“Well, I think that—” before Sansa could finish her thought, horns sounded. Sansa rose from her chair and made her way towards the window overlooking the road leading to Winterfell. From a distance she could see the caravan, the Targaryen sigil flying high.

“Jon’s here.” She said to Arya before turning from the window.

Arya could feel her heart slam in her chest. She was excited to see her brother, for it had been nearly a year since she last saw of him, but she was also terrified of what he might do if he were to find out about her relationship with Gendry.

“Sansa,” She said to older sister. “Please do not tell Jon.”

Sansa’s face turned stoic at her sister’s request. “I will not tell our brother.”

Arya’s felt a rush of relief, only to have it dashed with her sister next sentence.

“You will.”

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