### The Internship

**Summary**

The Starks are forced down to King's Landing for a summer internship program at Baratheon Inc. after their parents decided they're all delinquents.
Chapter 1

Arya was seriously starting to regret sneaking out. Her friends Hot Pie and Lommy had been really adamant about sneaking into the school at night and covering the principal's office with sticky notes. Unfortunately they grossly underestimated how long it would take to cover every inch of the walls, floor, and furniture with sticky notes and the principal ended up catching them before they could even finish a quarter of the office. The last day of their senior year was tomorrow and needless to say she would not be attending.

"I mean, how could you possibly think that was a good idea?" Her mother said for about the fifth time that night.

"Seriously Arya," Rickon cut in, "sticky notes is so immature. You should of used spray paint, I actually have a couple of ideas you could of used, you could of borrowed some of my fireworks and-"

"Rickon! Eat your dinner and be quiet!"

"And don't think you're off the hook for buying more fireworks!" Catelyn added.

"I never said I bought them." he mumbled before returning to his dinner.

"And why would you decide to pull this on the night before your last day of highschool?" Catelyn shouted, returning her attention back to Arya.

"That was the point."

"Don't talk back to me!"

"Then don't ask me questions!"

"Everyone calm down." Ned said.

"After this unfortunate event, your mother and I took into consideration every other unfortunate event you children have been involved in as of late- Arya you used the moves you were taught in your self defense class against a poor kid who bumped into you in the hallway, you got about six fouls in your last two soccer games, and you got into a physical fight with your friend Lommy over a lost pencil."

"At least she won." Rickon said.

"You keep quiet boy," Catelyn said, "you were arrested twice this year for vandalism and theft!"

"Is it technically being arrested if you never spend time in jail?"

"Yes! And you're lucky your father is the mayor and got you out of having to spend even one night in jail!"

"Isn't that technically nepotism?" Bran, who had been quiet up till then, asked.

"You shouldn't be talking either," Ned replied, "you were caught- smoking drugs."

"Smoking drugs?" Rickon snorted, "could you possibly sound any older?"
Ned sighed and then continued, "Not to mention your siblings, Robb was just kicked out of his dormitories for getting drunk on campus, and Sansa dropped out of college because she thought it was a waste of her time."

"Sansa?" Arya asked baffled, "Uptight, perfect, Sansa dropped out of college?"

"If I remember correctly her exact words were 'why would I waste time in college when all I want out of life is a good husband and children'."

"Wow," Rickon sighed, "That girl's got issues."

"Taking all of this into consideration," Catelyn said, "we've decided the best thing for all of you was some responsibility."

Arya did a spit take, "Responsibility?"

"...yes," Catelyn said, "It's really not that big a deal."

"Says you, the housewife who spends her days at home doing nothing." Arya retorted.

"Says you, one of my five delinquent children who each own a giant wolf-like dog that none of you ever take care of."

Ned cleared his throat, "Do any of you remember my old friend Robert Baratheon, he used to come and visit when you were younger."

"The one who's in charge of the world's biggest electronic company?" Bran said in awe.

"Yes, and as you might know the main building of that company is located in King's Landing."

"What does that have to do with us?" Rickon asked.

"I've spoken to him recently, and he's agreed to place all of you in the companies internship program over the summer."

Arya did a spit take once again, "Did you just say we're joining an internship over the summer?"

"He did," Catelyn said, "it's about time you kids take some responsibility and learn how the real world works for once. Your father and I've rented an apartment for you six to stay in."

"You six?" Bran asked.

"Yes, your cousin Jon will be going too."

"Jon's coming?" Arya's eyes instantly brightened.

"Aunt Lyanna, the most overprotective parent ever, allowed Jon, her only child, to spend two months over a thousand miles away from her?" Bran asked.

"It took a lot of convincing, and a guaranty that he'd call twice a day and bring Ghost with him, but yes, she agreed."

"So when are we leaving?" Arya asked.

"Robb, Sansa, and Jon should all be here by tomorrow afternoon the latest so you'll leave shortly after, and you should arrive at King's Landing the next morning."
"Tomorrow?" Rickon gaped, "but that's so soon!"

"Which is why right after dinner you'll go pack."

"Screw that! I have to pack my fireworks." he abruptly got up and ran out of the room.

"No fireworks!" Catelyn called after him.

He stuck his head back in the room, "I'm bringing Shaggy right? Because if so I need to pack his badass collar with the spikes on it, and if not I'm not going."

"First of all, language," Catelyn scolded, "Second, you can all bring your dogs if you promise to take proper care of them."

"When have I ever not taken care of my dog?" He asked.

"One time you left him at the park for like a day and a half." Bran said.

"He was hanging out with his friends! He's part of a really tough dog pack and if he doesn't devote some time to them they'll kick him out!"

"Okay..." Arya said, "Well I'm borrowing one of the spikey collars, Nymeria ate her last one."

"Again?"

"She doesn't like to be oppressed!"

"You can have the blue one with the really sharp spikes if I get to sit in the front tomorrow."

"Deal." She said before joining him to go pack her things.

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"We agreed I'd sit in the front!" Rickon pouted, sitting in the backseat being smothered by six dogs.

"I don't remember agreeing to that." Robb said while throwing their bags into the trunk.

"Remember to stop every couple of hours for bathroom brakes and snacks." Catelyn said struggling to keep from crying.

"With all the sandwiches you made us I don't think snacks will be a problem." Sansa replied.

"And don't think for a second that six dogs stuck in a van for seventeen hours is going to bode over well, you'll have to stop to keep them from killing each other too."

"Yeah, yeah, we'll be fine." Robb said.

Catelyn gave all of her kids bone crushing hugs and her nephew a smile.

"Don't forget to call your mother," Ned told Jon, "She'll have my head if anything happens to you."

"Believe me, I know." Jon said, giving his uncle a hug and then getting into the car.

About twenty minutes into the drive, Bran got super nauseous and made Robb pull the car over so he could puke. About a half hour after that Sansa made them stop at a convenient store to buy new headphones after Greywind stepped on hers. Soon after that three of the dogs went to the bathroom
in the van which warranted a half hour stop at a car wash and several air fresheners. The next several hours of the car ride went like this, until they finally arrived at King's Landing mid afternoon the next day.

"Holy shit it's hot!" Arya said the second the got out of the car.

"What were you expecting? We're in the south." Robb said.

Arya glared at him in response and they all started pulling off layers until they weren't sweating nearly as much.

Jon wiped at the sweat on his forehead, "I'm used to negative temperatures at college, this heat is literally going to kill me."

"It's not our fault you decided to go to college at the Night Watcher's University, and maybe if you wore another color other than black for once in your life, you'd be a little cooler." Robb said shoving Jon's bag in his arms.

"You mean popular cooler or colder cooler?" Jon asked.

"Take your pick." Robb laughed as they made their way up to the apartment.

"Does anyone know what it looks like?" Sansa asked.

"We just found out we were coming here two days ago," Bran said, "We really don't know anything."

"Hmph, well I call my own room."

They opened the door to the apartment only to see a grungy looking living room with a conjoining kitchen and two doors for a bathroom and a bedroom.

"I don't think that's happening." Rickon said as he plopped down on the couch.

Everyone took a look around the apartment before ultimately deciding that Arya and Sansa would share the bedroom with two twin beds, Bran and Rickon would share the pullout couch, and Robb and Jon would sleep on the floor.

"We're gonna switch right?" Robb asked, "Because I'd rather not spend two months sleeping on the floor."

"I have to agree." Jon added.

"We can switch every week or so." Sansa said, "if everyone's alright with that." After seeing everyone's nods she continued, "Who wants to go out for lunch? I'm starving and I'm sure you are all too."

"While food sounds awesome," Bran said, "I'd rather die then spend another minute inside that van."

"We can walk." Jon suggested, "I saw a burger place just down the road."

"Great, and then tomorrow morning we'll go to the office." Robb said.

"Ugh," Arya groaned, "I'd rather die."

"Yeah, yeah, just get in the van."
Chapter 2

The next day, the Starks were forced to wake up before nine which resulted in a very grumpy Arya in much need of caffeine, minimal time for Sansa to do her hair (which might not sound like a big deal but was disastrous to her) and a forming welt on Robb's forehead after Rickon stepped on him while getting out of bed.

"I feel like we should ditch this whole thing and rent a beach house for the summer," Sansa suggested while rummaging through her bag for a granola bar.

"If we did that," Robb said while rubbing his forehead, "I don't think dad'll let us come back home."

They all scowled in agreement before leaving about a pound of food for all the dogs and then making their way to the car and then to Baratheon Inc.

Robb pulled the car into the parking garage under the building where they were surrounded by about every single expensive car ever made. It was practically littered with Ferraris and Mercedes. There was even a car with the super cool doors that lifted up like in Back to the Future.

"This seems all seems a bit excessive" Jon muttered while taking in the view.

"Maybe we should have brought the nicer car" Sansa said worriedly while frantically looking from their worn out SUV to the fancy cars surrounding them, "We don't want people to think we're poor."

"We don't care what people think, Sansa," Arya rolled her eyes, "Don't they teach you that in preschool?"

Sansa glared at Arya, "You know what else they teach in preschool? Manners."

"Does anyone else have the urge to slash some of these tires?" Rickon asked earning him a blank stare from Bran, "No, no we are not."

"Come on," Robb pushed Rickon forward," We're gonna be late."

The Starks entered Baratheon Inc. and it was difficult not to be slightly impressed. The building had a futuristic with large windows and white floors and walls. People scurried busily around the lobby dressed in fancy suits and dresses.

"Now you know why I made you all dress nice," Sansa told them before making her way the the receptionist.

A woman with large front teeth greeted them with a smile, "What can I do for you?"

"My name is Sansa Stark, my siblings, cousin, and I are here for the internship."

"Oh!" The woman jumped up from her chair, "Mr. Baratheon said you'd be coming, follow me, he'll want to see you first." She said as she walked excitedly towards the elevator, "My name is Gilly, by the way. I'm only an assistant around here, my friend Sam got me the job." She started blushing at the mention of her friend and then pressed the very top elevator button, "You all should say hi to him, he's very nice."
"I'll make sure to say hello." Jon said, ever the gentlemen. They stood in slightly awkward silence for the next 30 seconds listening to cliche elevator music.

"Finally," Rickon said after the elevator dinged, "that took forever."

Bran nudged him on the shoulder, "Be quiet".

Rickon glared at him but didn't say another word as they followed Gilly down the hall to a door labeled R. BARATHEON CEO. Gilly knocked and stuck her head in, "The Starks are here, sir."

A loud voice, which greatly contradicted Gilly's reserved one, boomed through the door and into the hall, "Send them in, send them in!"

Gilly offered them a small smile before returning to the elevator. They all exchanged wary looks before walking into the office. The scent of wine hit them before the sight of the big burly man sitting in a way to small chair. "Starks!" He bellowed, stretching his arms out welcomingly. "I haven't seen you since you were this tall!" He said gesturing to the height of an empty bottle on the floor.

"It's nice to meet you Mr. Baratheon." Sansa said politely.

"You must be Sansa," he got up to shake her hand, "you look just like your mother."

She smiled and he moved on to Jon, "And Robb my boy! You look just like your father!"

"Er- actually I'm Robb." Robb told him raising his hand up slightly.

Robert Baratheon looked from him to Jon before replying, "You look more like a Tully than a Stark."

"So I've been told."

"And that must make you Lyanna's boy." He said eyeing Jon like milk a day past its expiration date. "Your mother was quite the firecracker back in the day!"

"Oh, um, thank you? I'll let her know you said hello."

"Yes, yes." He clasped him on the shoulder before moving on to Ayra, "And you must be Arya, you look just like your aunt at that age!"

Arya smiled brightly, she always took pride in the resemblance between her and her aunt. He moved to Bran and Rickon, rubbing the tops of their heads, "Bran and Rickon! You're both turning into strong young men."

They both offered a polite smile though they both patted their hair back down as if it could erase the fact that he very awkwardly ruffled their hair as if they were six.

"I can't tell you how excited I am to have Starks under my roof again, you all make yourselves at home here! All the other interns are meeting in the break room on the eighth floor. Now run along, you don't want to be late."

They left his office and suffered through the long elevator ride again before reaching to break room. Upon seeing it Arya groaned, "You think in a building like this they'd put us in a conference room or something, this room is practically smaller than the apartment."

They were the only ones there save for three people who barely acknowledged their presence. They all took a seat around the table in the middle of the room. Robb grabbed a donut from the middle of
the table and was followed by Arya and Rickon. They waited there for about five more minutes as more people shuffled in. Eventually all the seats were filled with a couple people standing around. All the donuts were gone too which did not improve upon the Starks' already sour mood.

After about five more minutes of waiting, a middle aged man walked in who looked like he'd rather be about anywhere else. "My name is Stannis Baratheon, I'm going to be showing you all the ropes around here. I expect you all to take this internship very seriously as one mess up from any of you could have drastic effects."

"What? They'll spill the coffee they fetched on an important document?" A man with long black hair chuckled from across the room. He was one of the three people present in the room before the Starks came in.

Stannis just glared at him and then continued his speech, "Before we do any work, it's required that we do a get to know you activity." he said the last part like it was acid in his mouth, "I want all of you to take this seriously, it is not game and should not be treated as such."

"Stannis, you should really work on getting that stick out of your ass." The man chimed in again, earning a snort from the man next to him, which earned him a nudge from the woman sitting next to him, the two of them looked nearly identical, with the same brown curls and doe eyes.

Stannis glared daggers at all three of them and clenched his teeth, "After the activity, I will escort you all to an orientation, after which you will on be given jobs for the rest of the day."

"I don't know about all of you but I'm excited." The man responded. Stannis finally snapped at this and pulled the man up by the collar of his shirt.

"I have had enough, Renly! I don't care what Robert said, I want you to leave right now!"

Renly just smiled at that, "Whatever you say big brother."

"Wait," one of the other interns, a man about Jon and Robb's age with messy brown hair spoke up, "You're not an intern?"

Renly scoffed, "Please, I own about a fourth of the company."

The man gaped at him while Stannis continued to glare at him, "Out."

"Fine." He said and before Stannis could object Renly pulled the man next to him into a kiss and then kissed the cheek of the woman who was sitting next to him. At this Stannis grabbed the collar of his shirt and pulled him out of the breakroom, slamming the door behind him and drowning out his laughter.

He walked back to the front of the room and continued as if nothing had happened, "Now, we will proceed with the getting to know you activity, I want everyone to say their name and one interesting thing about them. I'll begin, my name is Stannis Baratheon and I am mainly in charge of shipping products." He gestured to the girl sitting in front of him, "You can go next."

The girl gave him a small smile, "My name is Shireen Baratheon and I like to read." She had a large scar running down one side of her face which she was covering with her hand.

There was a very large man sitting to her right and he spoke up next, "My name is Samwell Tarly, and I guess I also like to read." Shireen smiled at him and he gave a shy smile back.

The girl sitting next to him had white hair woven in intricate braids along with bright violet eyes, "I
am Daenerys Targaryen and I have three reticulated pythons."

"What's a reticulated python?" Rickon asked with a scrunched up face.

"The longest snake in the world."

"And you have three?" Another boy across the tabled asked baffled.

She only nodded her head and looked to the person besides her to continue. He was a boy with blond hair who shuffled his chair away from Daenerys after she talked about her snakes.

"I'm Joffrey Baratheon, son of Robert Baratheon and heir to the most successful company in the world." Stannis' scowl deepened and Daenerys rolled her eyes.

Next was the girl whose cheek Renly kissed earlier, "My name is Margaery Tyrell and I just love meeting new people. I am very excited to start this internship and getting to know each and everyone of you."

"Thanks for the speech Margaery." The boy sitting next to her said, "I'm Loras Tyrell and I like flowers."

Joffrey scoffed at this but shut up after Loras and Margaery both glared daggers at him. The man next to Loras spoke up next, "My name is Greyworm and I used to be a champion wrestler."

Everyone was staring blankly at him until he was forced to speak up again, "Greyworm is a nickname I prefer to go by." The expression on his face ceased any possible questions.

"My name is Missandei and I'm fond of butterflies." The girl next to Greyworm said.

Sansa was the next to speak, "I'm Sansa Stark, I have a dog named Lady."

"My name is Jon Stark," Jon said next, "and I go to college at Night Watcher's University."

"I'm Arya Stark, and I play soccer."

"I'm Robb Stark, and I'm going to follow in my father's footsteps and become mayor of Winterfell."

"My name is Bran Stark and I was in a wheel chair for about a year."

"I'm Rickon Stark, I have a dog named Shaggydog."

After all the Starks, a boy went whose name was Podrick Payne went, followed by two siblings Theon and Yara, and a boy named Gendry.

"Now that that's done with, it's time for orientation where you will all be briefed of your responsibilities over this summer and what benefits you will receive if you execute this correctly." Stannis announced, "Now if you'd follow me down the hall we can get started right away."

"Why did that sound like he's our general and we're all in the army?" Robb asked his cousin.

"I don't know, but I'm not so sure I'm excited to find out."

Chapter End Notes
I really wasn't planning on waiting this long to post this chapter and I'm gonna try to post the next one sooner rather than later, and sorry if it got a little dry at the end, I just wanted to get the introductions over with. Anyway, I hope you guys enjoyed :)}
Chapter 3

The interns were brought into a cramped multi purpose room where they were shown an orientation video that had to be older than all the Starks combined. It featured a much younger, thinner, and more attractive Robert Baratheon. If you looked very closely, you could even see a glimmer of hope in his eyes.

The video was less an introductory video, and more a video on Robert screwing with everyone in the office while telling the audience not to screw with everyone in the office.

The whole video was incredibly painful to watch, but the most cringy, soul crushing part, had to be when Robert was running a sexual harassment skit with his wife Cersei Lannister. Robert seemed a bit too enthusiastic with his slanders and even though Cersei was several years younger and her relationship with Robert must have been fresh, she already looked about ready to kill him.

When it was over, everyone sat in silence for a good minute until Stannis finally spoke, “Are there any questions?”

The only one to muster up the courage to speak was Theon Greyjoy, though his question pretty much summed up what everyone was thinking in one word, “Why?”

Stannis just shook his head, “Robert filmed it years ago and won’t let anyone make a new one. He claims it’s a work of art. Any other questions relating to the video’s message?”

“Message?” Robb murmured, “The only message I got was filming an orientation video while drunk is disastrous.”

Shireen raised her hand, “Is it true that all women working here must undergo a physical checkup from Mr. Baratheon monthly?”

Stannis sighed, “No Shireen, though I’ve never seen Robert try so hard to get anything approved since then.”

There was a shudder of relief from all the women in the room.

“If there are no other questions relating to the video I’ll be giving you all your current assignments.” After waiting a moment he continued, “Theon Greyjoy, Yara Greyjoy, and Robb Stark will fix all the copiers in the building. Somehow they all simultaneously got paper jams.”

Brandon Stark, you’ll be surveying the heads of each department on their opinion of the new software we’re using. Meera and Jojen Reed will accompany you, they’ve informed me they’re running late but will arrive soon enough.”

“Joffrey Baratheon, Sansa Stark, Margaery and Loras Tyrell, the janitors have all gone on strike and you four will replace them.”

Sansa concealed a look of horror, Joffrey didn’t have the same courtesy.

“What!”? He shrieked, “You expect me to clean up after these- these animals! I am the heir to this company!”

“You are also the reason the janitors are on strike,” Stannis replied firmly, “If you had not thrown pencils at them as well as taunting them about their ‘remedial clothing choices’ perhaps you would
be given a job more suitable for a person of you stature.” he said sarcastically.

“They were asking for it! Have you seen their outfits! Who would ever wear navy overalls?”

“You, as well as Sansa Stark and Margaery and Loras Tyrell.”

Sansa started getting lightheaded and the Tyrells looked as if they were having a breakdown.

“Do we really have to wear the janitor uniforms?” Loras asked desperately.

Stannis nodded and Margaery started tearing up. Everyone knew their family owned one of the largest fashion design companies in the world, but their reactions were a little too extreme to be normal.

“If you’re all done complaining,” Stannis said glaring at Joffrey, Loras, and Margaery, “then I’ll continue. Shireen and Rickon Stark will shred anything the employees need shredded. Missandei, Podrick Payne, and Grey Worm, you three can begin arranging old files. Arya Stark and Gendry Waters will get coffee and pastries from the local cafe for Mrs. Lannister-Baratheon’s presentation. Jon Stark, Daenerys Targaryen, and Samwell Tarly will be Robert’s assistants.”

“All three of us?” Daenerys asked.

“You’ll find that Robert is quite- high maintenance. The rest of you will be going through old files and sorting out anything that is outdated. Any questions? No? Then get to work, and don’t expect to come to me with any complaints.”

And with that he left them to fend for themselves.

“I can’t believe we were sent to get coffee,” Arya complained to the intern that was strikingly similar to a younger Robert Baratheon and a current Renly Baratheon, “That is like the single most cliche thing ever.”

“At least we aren’t stuck cleaning or sorting through papers.”

“You’re right I guess. So you got a car?”

“Nah, you?”

“Yeah, but we can’t take it, my brother would die before he let anyone else even touch the keys.” Arya replied temporarily flashing back to the time she stole Robb’s car for a joy ride and he refused to look at her for the next month.

“So you’re saying we have to walk?” He said grimly.

“Unless you’re hiding a car somewhere up your ass then yes.”

Gendry glared at her in response and Arya glared back, this lasted a lot longer than it needed to and after a while Gendry just sighed. “There’s a coffee shop about a block from here, it’s called ‘You Know Nothing John Dough’.”

“Huh,” Arya said, “weird name.”

“What’s even weirder is they guy who owns it, his name is Hot Pie.”
“Hot Pie.” Arya said, considering it. “What sane person would ever choose to be called Hot Pie?”

“You’ll be meeting him in about ten minutes, then you can figure it out for yourself. But don’t judge him to harsh, he may be a half-witted idiot, but he makes a hell of a cherry pie.”

“I’ll believe it when I taste it, to this day I’ve never ate a pie better than Old Nan’s.”

“Old Nan? And you were making fun of Hot Pie’s name.”

Arya shoved him lightly, or at least as lightly as one could shove someone when using most of the weight on the left side of their body, “That’s just what we called our nanny, jerk.”

“First of all- ow . Second, if you’re fancy enough to have a ‘nanny’ what the hell are you doing fetching coffee at an internship?”

“First of all, I’m not fancy , second, none of your business!”

“I didn’t know it was such a touchy subject.”

“It’s not a touchy subject!”

“Then why won’t you tell me?”

Arya just grumbled a response that wasn’t quite audible (probably for the best) and they continued on their walk in silence.

Jon was once again in the elevator listening to most cliche of songs surrounded by the two most opposite people in all of Westeros. Sam, a fidgeting and sweating insecure mess to put in delicately, and Daenerys, a stiff and overly confident women who always looked like she was configuring new ways to cut you up and feed you to her snakes.

But Jon guessed they all had one thing in common; the absolute last thing they wanted to do was be the personal assistants to Robert Baratheon. Jon’s brief meeting with him earlier and the insultingly bad orientation video helped formulate a pretty clear image of him, Jon would bet on his honor as a man of the Night’s Watch (a very weird a slightly cultish fraternity on his campus) that Robert was an even bigger mess than Sam, albeit in a more drunk, rude, and all around gross way.

Dany was the first to exit the elevator when the reached the floor, having the least experience with Robert she still didn’t fully understand the actuality of her situation. Jon and Sam, both having second hand experience, Jon from his aunt, uncles, and mother, and Sam from Gilly, were slightly more reluctant.

With heavy hearts, they walked towards the very end of the hall and into the office of Robert Baratheon himself.

The office space was beautiful, having a view of the skyline of King’s Landing that was magnificent to look at. Unfortunately that was where the niceness of the office came to a stop. It was incredibly overcrowded with useless crap littered everywhere, such as a basketball net designed for toddlers, an odd variation of tea pots, empty beer bottles scattered everywhere, and an easy bake oven with a burnt cookie sitting on top half eaten.

Dany started silently gagging and if possible, Sam started sweating even more. Jon, having already survived the office earlier, was slightly less taken aback, but the smell was still very daunting.
“Mr. Baratheon?” Jon called out. After a while with no answer he made his way towards his desk with Sam and Dany at his heels.

There sat Robert with his head in a bag of chips on his desk.

“Oh no” Sam quivered, “Do you think he’s dead?”

Just then a loud snore echoed through the bag.

“So how do you propose we wake him up?”

Sansa was sure she never wanted anything more in her entire life then to change back into her clothes. The overalls they were being forced to wear were so baggy, unappealing, and so, so navy blue that she wasn’t sure how long she could wear them without having a seizure first.

They were so bad, the Tyrells almost couldn’t pull it off- almost. Sansa was praying Loras was at the very least bi, he was perhaps the most beautiful man she’d ever seen, but as he was temporarily unavailable, if she wanted a boyfriend she’d have to look elsewhere.

Her gaze shifted to Joffrey who was not so discreetly picking at his wedgie. She looked at his lips that closely resembled two fat worms you’d see on the sidewalk after it rained. Right then she decided- she was in love!

They all hawled the cleaning supplies out of a closet smelling strongly of bleach. Margaery held out mop to Joffrey only to find that he recoiled at just the sight of it.

“I refuse to touch that!” Joffrey screeched sounding slightly like a rat being ripped in half. “I am the heir to this company! I will not be treated like a slave!”

“Wow.” Loras said, “That’s pretty extreme, she only offered you a mop.”

“No, he’s right Loras,” Margaery said slyly, “he’s far to good for a mop, everyone knows the highest among cleaners uses a sponge to clean the floor.”

Joffrey, knowing absolutely nothing about manual labor, was not aware that there was no ‘highest among cleaners’. Thus, Joffrey thought he was being clever when he grabbed the sponge and went down on all fours.

While Sansa knew Margaery’s story was utter bullshit, she was enjoying the view far to much to complain.
Theon, Yara, and Robb all stared blankly at the copier. Robb was ashamed to say he’s never actually used a copier before, normally other people would copy things for him. Though in his defense he never expected the day to come where he’d have to fix one. He really thought it would be smaller, this particular copier took up almost half the tiny room and it’s size seemed very unnatural and was making him slightly uncomfortable.

“I don’t suppose either of you know how to fix a copier?” He asked Theon and Yara hopefully, though the looks on their faces begged to differ.

“It can’t be that hard,” Yara said, “I mean it’s just a paper jam.”

Theon looked at the copier sideways as if he was peering into the innermost layers of its soul. “I propose we hire someone else to do it.” He finally concluded.

“And who do you suppose we hire? Stannis Baratheon? I’m sure he’d love to do the job he assigned us to do.”

“Then why don’t you come up with a better idea?”

They glared at each other in complete and utter hatred as siblings often do, and Robb took it as an opportunity to inspect the foreign machine.

“Hey guys! Look at this!”

Theon and Yara crowded next to him and looked to the label he was pointing at.

“Insert Paper Here,” Robb read aloud, “That must be where the paper jam is coming from!” Proud of his deduction and eager for another accomplishment, Robb began to pull out the tray only for it to slam back into place.

“Well then.” Robb said slightly offended.

Theon took it upon himself to pull even harder than Robb did, only to experience the same reaction. Theon grunted and kicked the copier in all his fury. Though this had the exact opposite effect of what he intended and smoke began to billow from the crevices of the machine.

“Oh crap.” They all said in unison.

“Uhhh, maybe we could just move on and come back to this one later.” Robb suggested. Theon and Yara nodded eagerly and they made their way to the next copier under the unspoken agreement that they would not, in fact, come back to that one later.

Bran waited about twenty minutes for the Reeds until two people finally burst in the building soaking wet and genuinely a mess. Bran assumed it was Meera and Jojen from the pictures he’s seen of Howland Reed and his Dad, Howland was also oddly always wet. Bran guessed it was just a side effect from living in a swamp town but considered it weird nonetheless.

“You must be Meera and Jojen,” he said to them, “I’m Bran Stark, we’re supposed to take a survey
about a computer program together.”

“Stark did you say?” Meera responded, “Our father was friends with Ned Stark back in college. He’d tell us stories of the crazy things they’d do when drunk, like one time when they got into a knife fight with Arthur Dayne.”

“Oh.” Bran said, “Um- well I can’t say I’ve heard that one, but- uh, that’s cool I guess.”

“So they survey?” Jojen asked.

“Right! Yeah.” Bran said putting aside the many questions he now had for his father, “It’s about a new computer program they’re using, we just have to go around and ask what people think of it.”

“Okay, I think Jojen and I are gonna try to dry off first, we don’t want to make a bad first impression, then we’ll go do the survey.”

Bran opened his mouth but abruptly closed it again. He decided he was probably better off not knowing.

After about another ten minutes, the three of them made their first stop at the accounting department. Petyr Baelish, commonly referred to as Little Finger due to his astonishing small hands (at least that’s what Bran’s mother told him), was currently in charge though rumor had it Tyrion Lannister was pining for his position.

“Mr. Baelish?” Bran asked, “do you have time for a quick survey?”

Petyr stared at Bran for a moment until finally speaking, “Let me assume, you’re Catelyn Tully’s son? You have her eyes and the same fiery red hair.”

“Oh. Um- Catelyn Stark actually and yeah. Sooo, the survey?”

“Ah yes, tell me, what is this survey about?”

“The new computer program they’re using. If you could just answer a few questions about how you feel about it then we’ll be out of your hair in a minute.” Meera told him.

“Well I don’t suppose I could turn down an offer like that, now, what’s the first question?”

Jojen looked at the list of questions provided to them by Gilly at the front desk and read aloud, “What was your first impression of the program?”

“It appeared to be productive, but as I’m sure you are aware appearances are deceiving.”

Bran leaned over to Meera and whispered, “Should I write that last part down?”

Meera just shook her head as discretely as she could manage and Jojen continued with the next question, “What is your current opinion on the program?”

“Ah-well, I regret to report that I’m not entirely satisfied the program. See, it crashes spontaneously and when it does run properly the programs necessary for me to carry out my job crashes. So you see I’m not overly fond of it.”

“Okay,” Jojen said, “and would you prefer-”

“-Does your mother ever mention me?” Petyr said to Bran, interrupting Jojen.
“No, not really.”

“Oh.” Petyr said dejectedly, “Possibly because we didn’t part on the best of terms.”

“Yeah,” Bran agreed, “that must be it.”

Everyone stood there in an incredibly uncomfortable and awkward silence. Meera saved all of them by grabbing the list from Jojen and finishing the question, “So would you prefer to keep the program or discard it?”

“Discard it, definitely discard it.” Petyr said slowly, drawing out the awkward.

“Right then.” Bran said, “We’ll just be headed to the next department now…”

“What department in that?” Petyr asked, feigning interest in order to make the situation appear less awkward, which he was failing at.

“The legal department.”

“Good luck there, I fear you might have some difficulty with the head of that particular department.”

“Yeahh,” Meera said, “well, um- thank you. And we’ll be seeing you later.” She gave a very bad attempt at a friendly smile while Bran and Jojen nodded their heads before rushing away.

“Where are we supposed to get the papers from?” Rickon asked the girl beside him, “I forgot what your dad said.”

Shireen blushed, “You know he’s my dad?”

“Yeah, well your last name is Baratheon. Oh- and also we get Christmas cards from your family every year.”

“Right. My dad throws out all the ones we get so I always forget about those.”

“Wow, I guess I’ll just tell my dad to stop sending them then,” He shook his head, “What a waste.”

“I’m sorry,” She said quickly, “And my dad said anyone who needs it, but we can start at the top, with my Uncle Robert?”

“Yeah, sure.”

When they walked into the office, Rickon saw Jon and the others who he assumed had just arrived. He could have sworn Jon mouthed, ‘help me’ but before he could do anything Robert called out, “Well if it isn’t my favorite niece!”

“I’m your only niece, Uncle Robert.”

“Exactly, now what can I do for you?”

“My dad sent us to collect papers for shredding, do you have any?”

“Perfect timing!” He boomed, “I need to get rid of a couple papers.” He handed a huge stack over to Rickon who stared wide eyed at the papers, “A few?” He gaped, “This is like, 200 pieces of paper!”

“ Might be, now go get on with it, you still have an entire building’s worth of paper to shred.”
Rickon felt great sadness upon hearing that and rushed them out of the room before he started crying. They made their way to the nearest shredder located in a copy room a floor down.

“Is that smoke?” Shireen asked, looking in the direction of the copier.

“Not our problem. Now, what do you say we get to shredding?”

The first paper in the stack was an outdated business memo, normal enough, the next one was a wikihow article on fighting with a war hammer. Things only got weirder from there, there was an article titled, ‘Help, My Wife is a Mega Bitch!’, one titled, ‘I’m Still not Over my Ex from 20 Years Ago’, another one that was quite agreeable titled, ‘My Son is a Jackass and I Hate Him’ and then about twenty plus pictures of Rickon’s aunt.

“Holy Shit,” Rickon said when browsing through the papers, “Your uncle is a literal a physco!”

“I think that’s a bit extreme.” Shireen replied defensively.

Rickon responded by holding up a crayon drawing of him and Lyanna Stark getting married while some guy labelled ‘Rhaegar’ laid decapitated on the ground.

“Okay, maybe you have a valid point.”

Rickon nodded profusely and continued searching through the papers.
They managed to wake Robert up but it only went downhill from there. Jon even tried signaling to Rickon for help but his attempts were in vain as Rickon took no notice. The first thing Robert made them do was get him donuts from the break room, easy enough right? Wrong. Very, very wrong.

Jon made the mistake of getting him a glazed donut which was then thrown at his head. Daenerys brought one without sprinkles which resulted in her getting pink frosting stuck in her hair, and then finally Sam was sent and brought a jelly filled donut which ended with him getting jelly all over his new shirt and strongly fighting back the urge to whimper and cry.

Jon decided to just bring the whole box which Robert abruptly consumed. Jon was quickly finding Robert to be infuriating, he failed at doing any of his work and spent most of the day browsing risque pictures on the internet and harrassing Dany.

“Targaryen girl!” Robert called out.

“My name is Daenerys,” Dany responded through gritted teeth.

“Yeah, whatever. Why don’t you be useful and go get me a beer?”

“It’s eleven in the morning Mr. Baratheon, are you sure that’s wise?” Jon could have sworn he saw steam coming out of Dany’s ears.

“I didn’t ask what time it was I asked for a beer! Now go and get me one before I fire you like I fired the rest of your family!”

Jon had to physically hold Daenerys back at this as Robert continued his streak of taking online quizzes to see what vegetable he would be.

When Dany came back and handed the beer to Robert she was grinning like it was her name day.

“Dany,” Jon whispered, “are you okay?”

“Thank you for your concern, Jon,” she smirked, “but I’ll be just fine. Just fine.”

Jon gave Dany a sideways glance and discreetly took a step away from her.

“You didn’t um- you didn’t do anything to the drink, did you?” Sam stuttered out.

“Oh Sam,” Dany smiled menacingly, “I would never dream of it.”

Sam also took a step away from Dany and started sweating profusely though he didn’t dare challenge Daenerys.

Both Jon and Sam glanced back and forth from Robert and Dany until Robert finished the beer, it only took about two minutes but as they were expecting Robert to start foaming from the mouth at any second, it felt like a lot longer to Sam and Jon.

Jon was eying Robert wearily at this point, it’d been a couple minutes and still nothing but he still wasn’t sure. While he’d only known Dany for about three hours, he didn’t for one second doubt she
was capable of murder via poison.

After about a few more minutes full of agonizing waiting, Robert started coughing and Sam’s eyes got so wide he looked more like an owl than a person. Jon really started panicking now, he was not about to go down for this. While he was still deciding whether to try and save Robert or just accept his fate and sprint all the way back to Winterfell, Robert spoke,

“That might have been one too many drinks.” He said solemnly, “Haha!” His expression changed from that of forlorn to one of extreme ecstatic, “Nonsense, no such thing! Get me another beer Targaryen!”

Dany’s eyes brightened as she was bounding towards the door.

“Wait!” Jon blurted out, “Why don’t I get it? Daenerys still looks a little winded from her last trip.”

Robert just grunted and waved him off and Jon rushed out of the room proud of himself for preventing his boss from getting poisoned on his first day.

After her nail polish chipped, Sansa decided she’d had enough. Fortunately for Sansa, her three companions hated cleaning as much, if not more than she did, which is really saying something considering that time Ned asked her to clean up a mess Rickon made when he was about three and she took a pair of scissors and ripped up his bed sheets.

After nearly ten minutes of attempting (but not really) to clean, Margaery groaned and plopped down on the floor.

“I hate this!” She cried out. “I have never wanted to die more than I do right now!”

Loras patted the top of his sister’s head in comfort while Joffrey started to throw crumpled up garbage at unsuspecting employees.

When Loras noticed he yelled out exasperated, “You idiot! We’re just gonna have to clean that up again!”

“How dare you talk to me like that!” Joffrey squealed like a pig, “My father runs this company! I can have you fired!”

“Please,” Margaery whimpered, still sprawled out on the floor, “He’s screwing your uncle, you can never get him fired.”

Sansa sighed at this, reminded yet again that Loras was taken, and then shifted her attention to Joffrey who she prayed was available, but wasn’t so sure because obviously he has girls running at his heels constantly with his charming looks and bad boy attitude.

“Joffrey,” she said, taking his attention from the Tyrells, “I can go get those for you, you don’t have to worry about it.”

“Hmm. Yes. That would please me.” He waved her off and she was proud of herself for finding motivation to clean for the first time in her life.

When she’d gathered every last piece of paper and apologized profusely to every disgruntled employee, Sansa rejoined the other three who were either fervently observing their nails (Margaery), scrolling aimlessly through their phone (Loras), or once again throwing crumpled pieces of paper at employees (do I even have to say?).
Sansa was basically fuming, while she had been hard at work, these three were busy sitting on their asses getting nothing done. She was about to do some serious confrontation when she was struck by an idea.

“I have an idea!” She yelled out gaining their attention, “We’re all super rich, right? So let’s just pay someone to clean for us!” She couldn’t believe she hadn’t thought of that before. Her solution to literally every problem she’s ever had has been to pay someone to do it for her.

Margaery’s face instantly brightened and Loras hit himself lightly on his head as if reprimanding himself for not thinking that up before. Sansa eagerly awaited Joffrey’s reaction to her idea and was pleased to see he attempted a malevolent smirk. It looked more like he was having stomach pains but Sansa gave him points for trying.

“Perfect idea, Sansa!” Margaery smiled, “I can’t believe I hadn’t thought of that myself. All that’s left to do now is get out of these tragic clothes.”

The other three couldn’t agree more and quickly began to make their way back to where their clothes were stored which unfortunately meant going through the lobby which was a very highly populated area.

While Sansa was busy using her hair as a mask to prevent anyone from recognizing her, she heard a yelp and turned to see Loras duck under the cleaning cart.

“What the hell are you doing?” Margaery asked as he began frantically positioning the towels to cover the open walls of the cart.

“Renly is right over there!” He whispered back harshly, “I would sooner die than let him see me wearing this.” He motioned to his outfit in disgust.

Joffrey scoffed, “You are utterly pathetic. If I was in charge here-”

He was interrupted by a joyous voice that called out Margaery’s name. They were soon joined by none other than Renly Baratheon who was smiling lavishly.

“Fancy seeing you here Margaery, and in that nonetheless.”

“Ugh, tell me about it,” She responded with a sigh, “Your brother is forcing us to wear them so we can be proper janitors,” she rolled her eyes, “downright cruel.”

“I always told you he was evil.”

“And I should have taken you seriously. Though you can’t blame me considering the first time you told me that you weren’t wearing any pants.”

He waved her off, “Ridiculous, I’m always serious, regardless of whether or not I have pants.”

Joffrey scoffed once again leading Renly to notice he and Sansa were there for the first time. His once joyful expression turned grim as he acknowledged his nephew, “Joffrey.”

“Renly.” Joffrey responded with just as much disdain.

“That’s Uncle Renly to you.” He turned to Sansa, “And we’ve got ourselves a Stark! You must be Sansa.” He said reaching out to shake her hand.

She took his hand and flushed, “Nice to meet you.” He was nearly, if not as beautiful as Loras and
she also desperately wished he were single.

“So Margaery,” he said shifting his attention away from Sansa, “have you seen your brother?”

Margaery shook her head like the loyal sister she was. Joffrey on the other hand had no loyalties and began to smirk, he opened his mouth to point out the awfully embarrassing state Loras was in when Margaery grabbed him by the overalls and planted a kiss on his worm like lips.

When they parted she sheepishly turned to a dumbstruck Renly and said, “We’re actually together now,” she grasped Joffrey’s hand with her own and smiled, “I’m sure you’re simply ecstatic for us.”

“Um… yeah! Very, very happy for you two.” Renly said with the fakest smile Sansa has ever seen, “I’m just gonna head back to work then, um, have fun?”

“We will!” Margaery responded pulling Joffrey towards her and then abruptly pushing him away the second Renly turned his back.

Loras crawled out from the cart and grinned at Margaery widely, “You’re the best sister ever!”

“I know. And you owe me.” She smiled back.

Their moment of sibling bonding was interrupted by a flash of light. They turned to see Joffrey with his phone out grinning like he’d just solved world hunger.

He turned his phone to reveal a picture of both Margaery and Loras, both in a pair of ugly blue overalls. Margaery cried out at the documentation of the worst outfit she’s ever worn and Loras looked ready to faint.

“I’m so glad you decided to give me a chance Margaery. I think we’ll be very good together.” Joffrey said, obviously very proud of his ability to execute the most mundane of black mails.

Margaery looked about ready to kill a bitch but reflecting on that terrifying picture she had no choice but to go along with her for her sake and her brother’s. Sansa was dumbfounded, she couldn’t believe what just happened. The love of her life was taken right out of her grasp! She thought she might break down and sob in the middle of the lobby. She once again shielded herself with her hair and shuffled to the elevator with Margaery, Loras, and Joffrey in tow, tripping occasionally due to they hair and tears obstructing her eyesight.

The bakery was surprising crowded though Arya would never have expected it due to its outlandish name and owner. Behind the counter was an obese boy not to much older than herself with an assortment of doughs and icing stained on his apron.

“How can I help you today?” He asked Arya and Gendry.

“We need to get pastries and coffees. Twenty coffees should be enough, and twice that many pastries.” Gendry responded.

“Coming right up!” Hot Pie smiled politely and motioned for a coworker to take over the register while he gathered the order.

“Who’s that you’ve got with you Gendry?” Hot Pie asked while brewing the coffees.

“I’m Arya.” She told him.

“Arry, did you say? Weird name for a girl.”
“It’s Arya! Arya Stark!”

“My bad Ms. Arya Stark. Here, take this,” he said reaching behind him for a wolf shaped pastry, “I hope this makes up for it.”

“You’re giving me free food? For getting my name wrong?” She asked uncertain.

“Well you seem to be a friend of Gendry’s so it’s important we get along.”

“Cool.” Arya said taking a bite, “I’m not complaining, but we aren’t really friends, we only met this morning.”

When all the coffees and pastries were done and paid for, Arya and Gendry realized they did not at all think things through in the slightest. Staring at five drink carriers and seven separate bags, then back at their collective four hands, it was hard to conceive how they were supposed to leave the shop.

“Umm, maybe we could, like balance the drink carriers on top of each other.” Gendry suggested while staring closely at the food.

“Then what would we do with the bags?” Arya countered. We can’t balance those on top of the drink carriers balanced on top of each other.”

“We could always take two trips.” She proposed instead.

“More like four trips. And not gonna happen, way to time consuming and we don’t want to deliver everything after the meeting already started.”

“Then what are we gonna do?” Arya asked exasperated.

At that exact moment they noticed Hot Pie sliding out of behind the counter for his break. They smiled simultaneously as they instantly decided taking a dough and icing covered baker into an important business meeting was the best idea they’ve ever had.

Chapter End Notes

I'm thinking of changing one of the ships from Robb/Margaery to Margaery and Sansa or something just cause I feel like that would flow better with the story. If anyone is vehemently against that though just let me know and I'll try to make it work.
Their luck with the copiers didn’t increase very much from there. Actually no, it didn’t increase at all. If anything it decreased. Robb, Theon, and Yara managed to not only fail miserably at fixing even one copier, but break a few even more while they were at it.

Robb felt like he was going to cry, never in his life had he ever done anything as hard as fix a copier. He was glaring at the current one with utter unfiltered hatred, how dare it be broken? How dare it require him to fix it?

Theon once again resulted to kicking the copier, which like the previous seven, did absolutely nothing and yet he still insisted on kicking every. single. one. Yara was fondling the inside of the copier, hoping desperately to grab onto something that would fix the machine.

“Ah hah!” She cried out, “I got something!”

Robb just groaned, “You’ve said that every time.”

“But this time I’ve really got something!” She yanked her hand out of the machine and with it came a crumpled handful of papers. To test the machine, she straightened out a piece and attempted to copy it. After a fretful couple seconds of creaking and groaning from the machine, it finally produced a single copy.

They all erupted in cheers, fists pounding in the air and happiness erupting in their hearts. For the first time in his life, Robb felt hopeful. Inspired by their victory, the three of them made their way to the next copier, confident in their newfound abilities.

Yara managed to forcibly fix the paper jam once again and produced another handful of papers. While Theon and Robb were busy patting each other on the back and complimenting themselves regardless of the fact that they did absolutely nothing, Yara was able to get a closer look at the paper that was previously stuck in the copier.

“Hold on a second,” she said peering at the sheet, “This was what jammed the last copier.”

Robb and Theon looked over her shoulder at the paper, through all the wrinkles it appeared to be a flier but for what it was not clear.

Robb frowned, “Weird. Let’s check the next one.”

They took heed of his advice and moved on to the next copier which Yara once again succeeded in fixing, “There it is again!” she called out.

Robb and Theon returned to their designated positions behind her shoulders and peered down at the paper.

“This one is a bit more legible.” Robb observed.

“B ann da, shhh ohhhh,” Theon sounded out, “Fryyyy dayy.”

“Band show Friday?” Yara confirmed at first confused then again with more fervor, “Band show
Friday?? You’re telling me all these stupid copiers are jammed because some jackass wanted to print out fliers for their \textit{band show} ???”

Fuelled by Yara’s anger, Robb and Theon started eagerly nodding their heads, throwing in a few ‘yeahs’ to express their agreement.

Yara crumpled the paper in her first, “We’re finding the person who did this, and mark my words, we’ll make them regret it.”

If Robb believed Yara was taking the paper jams a little too seriously, all his doubts evaporated as Yara and Theon began marching out of the room with zeal. He quickly ran after them, wanting to feel included, and joined in their newfound mission.

It took them awhile to find the legal department. It was on one of the highest floors and hidden in a very maze-like hallway, Bran guessed the company was less than eager to advertise how very often they were in need of the department.

They made their way to the head of the department who was located in an even more secluded area; once you arrived in the large room full of lawyers actively working cases, you had to go through an actual closet with a secret door in the back covered by an assortment of blankets and towels.

Sitting in the office located behind the closet was an exact replica of a twenty year old Robert Baratheon, Renly looked up at them and attempted a welcoming smile, “What can I do for you guys?”

“We’re taking a survey on the new computer program,” Meera said, “If you could just answer a few questions for us we’ll be out of your hair.”

“Mhmm. Well I suppose I have some time.”

“Okay great,” Meera answered while searching her pockets for the questions. Bran and Jojen stood there in silence while Meera fumbled around. Bran kept looking from the door to Renly, very curious as to what the hell was going on.

“Found it!” Meera gave a sigh of relief, “Sorry about that, so, first question- what was your first impression of the program?”

Renly pursed his lips, “Uh, well I guess I didn’t like it? Very odd set up.”

Meera started frantically jotting that down while Bran racked up the courage to say, “Mr. Baratheon, or Renly, or something- um… what’s with the closet?”

“Oh yes,” he sighed, “that. Well you see, in the past when we would win a court case, some of the accusers- instead of taking their anger out on their families and the people close to them like normal people do, \textit{these} people would decide to take their anger out on the head of the legal department which consequently is me. Since I don’t particularly like crazy people barging into my office and threatening to hire an assassin they met at the supermarket once who specialized in, and I quote, ‘sexy assassinations’ some precautions were made. So, next question?”

Meera just stared for a moment before realising she was supposed to answer, “Right, yeah, what is your current opinion on the program?”
Renly ran his hand through his hair, “Say that last part again? I’m a little distracted.”

“Your current opinion on the program.” Jojen said to him.

“It’s garbage, I have to reset it ten times a day and even then it barely works.”

Meera began to scribble on the page and Renly looked off into the distance, “Do you mind if I ask you three a question,” before they could answer he continued talking, “Let’s say there’s this guy, and everything about him is absolutely vulgar from his ugly rat face to his bland spoiled personality. And then there’s this girl, who is a ten in every way, and then they start dating? How does that make sense???”

Meera, Bran, and Jojen all looked at each other very unsure of how to react, “It doesn’t?” Bran replied.

“It doesn’t! Thank you!” Renly perked up at the reassurance of his opinion, “So next question?”

“Would you prefer to keep the program or discard it?”

“Discard it, I don’t know why we got it in the first place, the old one worked fine.”

“That’s it!” Meera smiled, “Nice meeting you, see you later.” She practically pushed Bran and Jojen out the room wanting to get as far away from the weirdness as soon as possible.

After finally finishing shredding Robert’s paper shrine to his aunt and several wikihow articles Rickon desperately wished he could unsee, he and Shireen moved on to higher places, or in this case H.R.

Behind the H.R. desk was a very bald and round man who smelled strongly of flowers.

“Shireen and Rickon,” the man said, “what can I do for you today?”

Rickon puzzledly looked from Shireen to the man, “Why do you know my name?”

The man smiled, “It’s my job to know young Stark.”

Rickon gave Shireen a sideways glance as if trying to telepathically ask her what the hell was wrong with this guy.

Shireen who was accustomed to this odd behavior only smiled back, “Rickon this is Varys, he’s worked here for a couple years,” she turned back to Varys, “We’re collecting papers that need to be shredded, do you have any?”

Varys glanced over at a stack of papers next to his desk, “I do have some papers that are in need of shredding.”

Rickon stepped forward to pick up the papers when Varys voice halted him, “But - I’d rather see it done myself.”

“Are you sure?” Shireen asked, “Because it’s really not a problem.”

Varys placed a hand possessively over the stack of papers, “You are a doll, Shireen but these papers contain sensitive information. I wouldn’t want them to get in the wrong hands.” He snuck a glance at
Rickon which Rickon took as a personal challenge.

“We understand, have a good day, Varys.” Shireen grinned and led Rickon out of the office. Before the door could even close, Rickon whispered in an excited voice, “We need to get those papers.”

Shireen frowned, “But he said he didn’t want us to.”

Rickon chuckled, “Oh Shireen, so innocent.” He put arm around her as they strode down the hallway. “Those papers obviously contain important information, blackmail information to be precise.”

“Blackmail? You want to blackmail people?” She gaped, “Why on earth would you do that?”

“I haven’t thought it through yet, but I feel like it’s definitely our best move.” He said, already plotting all the benefits of blackmail.

“You do realise most of the people who work here who are worth blackmailing, I’m related to? Right?” Shireen said in an attempt to dissuade Rickon.

“I don’t see why you wouldn’t blackmail your family in the first place, but why don’t we take it one step at a time? First steal the papers, then choose who to blackmail with them.”

“I don’t think so, Rickon. I don’t want to upset my father, or commit any crimes.”

“You don’t need to do anything!” Rickon said getting more excited as his plan was formulating in his head, “You just have to let me in on a few minor details.”

“That sounds like something!” She said exasperated.

“If we get caught I’ll say you were in the bathroom the entire time.”

“The entire time? That would be a very long bathroom break, no one would believe that.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll think of something better.” He stopped walking and put his arms on her shoulders, “We just need to get the papers and we’ll be golden. You in?”

“No.” She said firmly, “I’m not going to aid and abet in your- your scheme.”

Rickon frowned, “Well I’m doing it with or without you. But with you would be a hell of a lot easier. That is unless you want me to get caught,” he trailed off.

Shireen pursed her lips, “I won’t sneak into his office, and I won’t do anything illegal. But I’ll tell you a few minor details so you don’t get arrested.”

Rickon beamed, “You really are a doll, now let’s go plan some crimes!”

“No, we’re going to borrow his papers to examine the information, and then return them to their rightful owner.”

Rickon just smirked, “Whatever helps you sleep at night.”

Chapter End Notes
So about the Margaery/Sansa thing, since I did promise Robb/Margaery in the beginning I'm gonna leave them in, but I think the main pairing for Margaery will be Sansa and for Robb most likely Talisa/Jeyne.
While Jon had managed to stop Daenerys’ first attempt to poison Robert, he was fruitless in stopping her second. She slipped right through his fingers, while he was caught up in sorting through the many layers of Robert’s garbage she took advantage of his eyes tearing due to the horrid smell of rotten fruit and dirty socks, and under the guise of getting him a tissue she snuck a shiny blue pill into Robert’s beer. By the time Jon noticed it was too late. Robert downed the beer and topped it all off with a belch.

Frankly Jon didn’t know what bothered him more, the fact that he was unable to stop Dany from possibly murdering Robert or that he never got his tissue. Jon attempted to communicate this to Dany without alerting Robert or Sam, Robert because that would be quite awkward and Sam because he would freak out and cause a total mess.

Dany met his frantic gaze and frowned in confusion. Jon tipped his head toward the door in hopes Dany would take the hint and she did just that, “I’m going to the bathroom,” she told Robert who just grunted in response. Jon quickly followed her out and the moment the door closed he turned to her and whisper shouted, “Please tell me you didn’t just murder our boss!”

Dany tilted her head to the side and pouted, “Of course not. Do you actually think I’m capable of murder?”

Jon suddenly became quite, he looked at her for a moment before responding, “Absolutely.”

“Hmm.” She hummed, “Good. But no, I did not poison Robert. I only drugged him.”

“Oh, you only drugged him? I guess we’re all good then, might as well pack up our stuff and head on home.” He said sarcastically.

“He was insulting me and my family!” She responded vehemently, “I refuse to just stand there and let him take out his insecurities out on me! And will you just relax?!”

“Me relax?” he shouted back, “You’re the one yelling!”

“So are you!”

They both took a deep breath, remembering that it was not in their best interest to shout and draw attention towards their currently drugged boss.

“Okay,” Dany said calmly, “I only gave him sleeping pills, he’ll fall asleep and wake up in perfect health in about five hours.”

“Five hours?” Jon gaped.

“Give or take. The important thing is I did us both a favor. And if you snitch about this you’ll go down with me.”

As an honor bound member of the Night’s Watch, Jon was adamant about agreeing to this at first, but decided that the more honorable thing was to protect Dany from the unforgiving prison system that plagued his dear country- and also himself. He very much wanted to protect himself from that exact unforgiving prison system. His friend Pyp from the Night Watcher’s University told him that on your first day in prison they won’t give you any food until you do certain unspeakable things with a toothbrush. Jon wasn’t sure he believed this but he wasn’t very interested in finding out.
Jon sighed and followed Dany back into the room where they found a passed out Robert and a very upset Sam.

“He just passed out like that,” Sam wildly gestured towards Robert, “I don’t know what to do! I can’t wake him up!”

“Don’t worry, Sam.” Daenerys patted him on the shoulder, “He’ll be fine, I’m sure this happens all the time. Now then, are either of you interested in going out for coffee?”

Jon glanced at Robert snoring blissfully in his sleep and shrugged, “Why not?”

Sansa sulked behind Margaery, Loras, and her beloved as they made their way to one of the break rooms. Margaery and Loras, she noted, were also sulking while Joffrey was strutting down the hallway like he owned the place which consequently he would one day.

Once they found a break room Margaery and Sansa both went straight for the food in the back, no doubt they both had the same idea to eat their feelings. Upon seeing the abundance of fruit and vegetables and lack of sugar Margaery sighed melancholically, “I deserve actual good food.”

Joffrey, always one to add his two sense responded, “It’s for the best, as you’re my girlfriend now you’ll need to stay in shape. I can’t have some cow associated with me.”

Margaery crushed her nails into the banana she was holding, causing yellow goo to stain her hands.

“Let’s just hire someone to clean for us,” Loras said, “I really need a nap.”

“Should we put an add on Craigslist or something?” Margaery asked.

Loras scrunched his nose in thought in such a way that made Sansa depressed once again that he was not her boyfriend, “That might take too long. We need someone right now.”

Joffrey scoffed, “I can’t believe you idiots can’t think anything.”

Sansa who was eager as ever to impress Joffrey and win him back from Margaery chimed in, “I might know a guy. He works for my family but spends some time down here in the summer for the heat.”

Margaery smiled broadly, “That’s great! Why don’t you give him a call?”

Sansa turned to see Joffrey nodding slowly and motivated by Margaery’s encouragement and Joffrey’s approval smiled despite herself, “I will!”

She took out her phone and went into the hallway to make her call in peace. When she returned all three of them were looking at her expectantly, “I’m pretty sure he said yes, we should wait for him by the entrance.”

“Pretty sure?” Loras said quizzically.

“With him it’s difficult to tell over the phone. He did sound enthusiastic though so I think that’s a good sign!”

They all smiled- well, Margaery and Loras smiled and Joffrey made an expression that looked a little like he was being mauled by a feral kitten- and they followed Sansa to the lobby.

After a minute or two of waiting they were greeted by a very large man-child who waved happily to
Sansa, “Hodor!” He said.

“Hello, I’m Margaery and this is my brother Loras.” Joffrey cleared his throat causing Margaery to sigh, “And this is Joffrey.” He cleared his throat again, “My boyfriend.” She sighed once again though this time much more profusely.

“Hodor!” The man said again.

“Right.” Margaery said, “We got that.”

“Hodor.”

Margaery looked at Loras inquisitively, then back at Hodor, “Yes. You said that.”

“Hodor.”

Margaery looked frantically at Loras once again who was far more amused than concerned, and then to Sansa, and then back to Hodor, “I understand. Your name is Hodor.”

“Hodor.”

Margaery laughed in frustration, “What is happening!”?

Sansa finally relented and decided to explain, “All he says is Hodor.”

“Oh.” Margaery said, much more calmly now, “Okay then.”

“Hodor would you mind cleaning for us? It would be a great help.” Sansa said.

He smiled and said, “Hodor.”

Sansa decided to take this as a yes and led him towards the mop closet with Loras, Margaery, and Joffrey in tow.

“This has all the cleaning supplies,” She said motioning to the cart, “And you can wear this,” she said holding up a pair of overalls identical to the ones they were all wearing before.

“Er- or not.” She said after she realized the uniform was about five sized too small. Hodor on the other hand did not seem to agree and eagerly took the overalls.

“All you have to do is clean up any garbage and empty the trash cans. Can you do that?”

“Hodor.” Hodor confirmed.

“Great!” Sansa smiled, “We can go now,” Sansa informed the others, “‘He can handle it from here.”

They nodded and followed Sansa back into the lobby. They were all giddy at having been relieved of their work. Just as they were about to enter an elevator back up to the break room, they heard a loud crash and turned to see Hodor standing in the middle of the lobby with an overturned cart and cleaning materials sprawled across the floor all while trying not to trip over the pools of water that spilled from the buckets.

Loras began frantically pressing the elevator button and when the door opened they all rushed in in an attempt to avoid being seen.

“Crap.” Margaery said, pretty much summing up all of their feelings.
Arya was very proud of her idea. She was balancing several coffees and pastries but so was Gendry and their new dear friend Hot-Pie. They made it about a block so far with no accidents, none of them dared speaking in fear it would break their concentration and cause the food to fall to its doom. Just as they were making their way over to block number two, the sound of her name cause Arya to jump resulting in a bag of croissants to fall to the pavement.

Gendry practically shrieked and attempted to pick up the bag with his foot while Arya peered around for the origin of the voice. She found it came from her cousin Jon and upon seeing him began to grin widely.

“What are you doing here?” She asked from behind several bags and cups of coffee, “Did you have to get something for Robert?”

“Oh- no. He’s um, preoccupied.”

“Preoccupied?” Arya asked, “With what?”

“Nothing important.” The girl Arya recognized as Daenerys said quickly as she picked up the stray bag from the ground and placed it carefully on top of the mountain of bags Gendry was holding.

“As much as I would love for you to continue this conversation,” Gendry interrupted, “If we don’t start moving again my legs might give out.”

“I have to second that,” Hot-Pie piped in, “I don’t know how much longer I can last.”

“Do you need any help?” Jon asked, ever the gentlemen.

“Don’t worry about it, I’m sure you’re busy with your own thing.”

Jon opened his mouth to speak but Dany nudged him, “Yes, Robert’s got us running around like crazy.”

A large man whose name Arya couldn’t recall chimed in, “Yeah because he’s very awake. Definitely not asleep or anything like that.”

Jon and Dany both nudged him and Dany gave them the, widest, fakest, most conspicuous smile Arya had ever seen.

“Best of luck to you,” Jon smiled as he, Daenerys, and the very large man rushed past them.

“That was a little weird.” Arya observed.

“What I’m more concerned about, is that they aren’t going to help us carry these to the office.” Gendry said.

“We’ll be fine,” Arya said while readjusting her bags and coffees. “We should just walk faster so we get there before we collapse.”

Gendry and Hot-Pie nodded in agreement and hurriedly made their way back to the building. When they finally got there, they quickly threw all the bags onto the front desk.

“What room is the meeting with Cersei Baratheon?” Arya asked a very astounded Gilly who no doubt was wondering how they managed to walk across town with all that stuff.

“Um- floor 12, third door to the left.”
Hot-Pie gave her a smile and they carefully picked up their coffee and bags making their way to the elevator refreshed and encouraged by their break at the front desk.

They entered the room and without a second thought dropped the bags onto the large oval table in the middle of the room, wiping off bead of sweat caused by their work well done. Cersei Baratheon did not seem to agree that their work was well done, this was evident by her steaming glare and the smoke billowing from her ears.

The oval table was occupied by several men and women of business dressed in clothes more expensive than Hot-Pie’s bakery- and apartment- and most likely his entire livelihood.

“Here would be two of our interns,” Cersei said through a forced grin, “And the third” She gave Hot-Pie a once over, “Well I’m not entirely sure,” She looked at Arya and Gendry expectantly.

“This is Hot-Pie.” Gendry said as if that explained everything. Upon seeing Cersei’s even more horrified look Arya decided to elaborate, “He works at the bakery we got the food from and he helped us carry all this stuff over here.”

Cersei dug into her pocket and pulled out a crisp bill, “For your services,” She said handing it to Hot-Pie. He opened his mouth to respond but she quickly interrupted him, “I know it might be a lot for you but no worries, please keep the change.”

No doubt she was trying to look good infront of the room full of judging faces, all of which temporarily looked impressed at Cersei’s generosity. Arya sincerely doubted they’d still feel that way if they could see the bill Hot-Pie was holding was a torn five dollar bill with a little drawing of a dancing garden gnome in the corner.

Hot-Pie, very unsure of how to respond, gave them all a nod and rushed out of the room. Arya and Gendry stood there for a moment also unsure of what to do, that is until they noticed Cersei’s look of utter contempt and swiftly followed Hot-Pie’s example.
Robb, Theon, and Yara went through about five more copiers until they were able to find a fully legible flier. On it was a poorly photoshopped man behind a clip art drum set next to an equally awful photoshopped man with a forehead tattoo and a clip art bass magically floating in front of his shirt.

Robb frowned, he did not recognize either of the men and from the look of it neither did Yara or Theon.

Yara blew steam from her nose like a dragon (or at least Robb supposed she would if she was able) and crumpled the paper in her anger.

“Don’t worry, Yara,” Robb said reassuringly, “We can ask around- surely someone knows who they are.”

Theon nodded in agreement and they began their new mission of showing every person they saw the now crumpled picture of the two men.

The three of them must have asked about twenty people and to no avail. Theon groaned, “Who the hell are they? Are they that dull that no one even knows who they are?”

“It is a big company,” Robb said, “Although it is odd that even the security guard at the entrance recognized them.”

Just as Robb was about the suggest they regroup and come up with a different strategy, a certain Tyrion Lannister came into view. Theon and Yara shoved Robb at Tyrion in hopes of beginning a conversation but all it really did was knock Robb right into the man and causing all his papers to flutter to the floor.

“Oh Mr. Lannister I’m so sorry!” Robb proclaimed while falling onto his knees to gather the fallen papers.”

“It’s quite alright, I’m sure you didn’t mean to come barreling into me like some kind of animal.” Tyrion responded.

Robb, who was to occupied with gathering the papers to recognize the obvious sarcasm nodded eagerly, “I’m glad you understand, sir.”

Just as Robb was picking up the last of the papers he saw what must have been a holy image sent straight from the gods. It was a picture of a bunch of blonde people who seemed like they were attempting to smile but it pained them too much to really do so- and in the very center of the photo was the player of the clip art bass with his very noticeable forehead tattoo.

“Mr. Lannister!” Robb said very eagerly and very loudly right into Tyrion’s ear causing the man to jump and drop all the papers yet again, “Can you tell me who this is?” He said pointing to the bassist.

“Oh yes, that’s the new photo for the website. All the Lannisters involved in the everyday activities of Baratheon Inc.”

“Where are you?” Yara said after peering over the picture with no sign of Tyrion Lannister.

“If you squint you might be able to make out my smiling face,” Tyrion pointed to the back left side
of the photo.

Robb took his advice and squinted and to his surprise actually found Tyrion. He was standing in the corner blocked by two other Lannisters. If you looked in between their legs you could just make out a small man with such a strong look of contempt that Robb felt he had to look away.

“You’re not smiling.” Theon pointed out as if it was the most obvious thing in the world- granted, it might have been.

“No, I suppose I’m not. Now what was it you wanted with my dear cousin, Lancel?”

“Lancel?” Robb asked eagerly, “That’s who this is?” He said shoving his finger at Lancel’s face making a dent in the picture.

Tyrion nodded causing the three of them to grin wildly, bursting with ideas of how they could have their revenge.

“Where can we find him?” Yara asked with a little too much enthusiasm.

Tyrion took a step back and eyed them warily, “Why do you want to know?”

The three of them exchanged looks in an attempt to mentally communicate what they would say next- unfortunately this failed astronomically as Robb had only met the other two that day and Theon and Yara tended to avoid each other like the plague.

Robb looked at them with a harsh expression, _No way we can tell him_, he thought, _they’re cousins- he would never let us get revenge on his family._

Yara nodded in agreement, thinking,  _I think so too, he’ll totally tell us, I mean who doesn’t want to screw over their family?_

They both looked to Theon to see his stance, he had a look of determination on his face that communicated he wholeheartedly agreed with them, though he was thinking something closer to, _If we hurry up we’ll have time to stop for pizza._

Now that they were all in agreement they turned back to Tyrion. Once again, their lack of skill in mentally communicating with each other bit them in the ass as they all simultaneously started speaking.

“We need to find him so we could get revenge. He jammed all the copiers and now we have to fix them.” Yara proclaimed at the same time Robb said, “He just looked familiar is all, it’s probably nothing.” While Theon could also be heard saying, “Would you guys be cool if we got pineapple on the pizza?”

Tyrion raised an eyebrow at the three of them, most likely considering what the hell was going on. He was pretty sure Yara was telling the truth and Tyrion knew it would be in his best interest to protect his cousin from their ‘shenanigans’. That is until he remembered he hated his cousin. And his entire family.

“4th floor, third door to your right.” Tyrion said and having gathered all his fallen papers, walked away to resume his work.

Robb and Yara looked at Theon with disgust painted all over their faces, “ _Pineapple_?” They said in unison. It seemed their mutual disdain for Theon at the moment allowed them to momentarily achieve the same thought process like they were attempting before.
“What? It’s good!”

They resumed their looks of antipathy and together they turned towards the elevator and began walking without Theon. Though unfortunately he quickly caught up, “Have you ever tried it? You might like it!”

Robb made an expression like he was about to gag and Yara just shook her head in disgust. Once the elevator doors opened they both rushed in and Robb frantically pressed the door close button in hopes of trapping Theon and his evil taste in pizza outside but it was to no avail as Theon managed to slip through.

“Come on guys! It’s really not that bad!”

Robb and Yara just stared on, refusing to acknowledge his presence.

“I hardly think this is a big deal.” Still silence, “Really it’s just pizza.” No answer, “Okay fine!” He relented, “No pineapple! Now can we please get back to planning revenge as a united force?”

Yara rolled her eyes, “Fine. Robb?”

Robb thought it over for a moment before ultimately deciding that revenge to those who had wronged him triumphs petty pizza topping arguments. “I suppose.”

Yara nodded and Theon sighed in relief, “Great, so what’s our next move?”

“I figure we just walk in there and beat him up a little, get the name of that other bitch on the cover and teach both of them a lesson about proper copier use.” Yara responded firmly.

“That’s it?” Robb asked, “That’s the whole plan?”

“That’s all there is.”

“What if an unforeseen obstacles comes up?”

Yara seemed to ponder it for a moment before answering, “We wing it.”

Robb gaped at her then looked to Theon for help, when he only shrugged in response Robb returned to gaping at Yara, “We can’t barge in there without a plan! And we definitely can’t beat anyone up, it’s our first day- we can’t get fired on our first day!”

“Well if you’re gonna cry about it why don’t you come up with a plan?”

It was then that Robb realized he did not think this far ahead, “Oh. We could- we could, umm…”

“That’s what I thought.” Yara said stepping out of the elevator followed by Theon than Robb.

“Wait! I think I got something,” Robb said clearly grasping at straws, “What if we broke something of his in retaliation, something cheap so if we’re caught we won’t get fired and possibly arrested, but something important enough to annoy him all day if he doesn’t have it.”

“I like your thinking, Robb Stark.” Yara said, “Now all we need is someone to distract him so we can get in his office while he’s not paying attention.” Both Yara and Robb turned to Theon with maniacal smiles on their faces.

“Oh come on!” Theon exclaimed, “Why does it have to be me?”
“Consider it your punishment for liking pineapple on your pizza.” Robb said.

“That’s fair.” Theon mumbled.

They made their way to the third door to the right where through a glass window on the door they saw a blonde man with a very prominent forehead tattoo. Robb and Yara quickly hid behind a garbage can while Theon knocked on the door. Lancel came out and with the door wide open Robb and Yara managed to army crawl into the office.

Theon was attempting to engage Lancel into a believable conversation, asking if he knew where the bathroom and so on.

“What do we break?” Yara whispered eagerly.

Robb gingerly looked around the room, after scanning through several items his eyes fell on the perfect victim, “The stapler! We’ll take all the staples and then he won’t be able to use it!”

“Can’t he just borrow staples from someone else?” Yara asked.

“Oh yeah. Well how about that?” He asked pointing to the cushioned chair right behind the desk.

Yara smirked, “Oh I really like your thinking.”

Outside they heard Theon still in his excuse for a conversation, “I haven’t seen you around yet, any reason for that?” He asked Lancel.

“My cousin, Cersei, she makes me come in through the back entrance. She says my tattoo is a disgrace to the Lannister name.”

“And what a tattoo it is. Is that from some anime or what?”

Robb could imagine the look on Lancel’s face and it was not a forgiving one, “No! It is not from an anime! It’s the sacred symbol of the Seven! Now if you’ll excuse me I should get back to work.”

“No!” Theon shouted a little too eagerly, “I must confess, the bathroom isn’t the only reason I came here. See I heard you’re in a band…” Theon trailed off and Robb stopped listening, correctly assuming Lancel would get excited and never stop talking.

Yara fumbled with one of the chair’s wheels until finally it snapped.

“There!” She loudly whispered, “Let’s get out of here.” They army crawled back behind the garbage can and Theon excused himself from his conversation.

“What’d you guys do?” Theon asked them as the door closed behind Lancel. Robb opened his mouth to reply but was cut off by a crash and a very unmanish yelp.

“The chair?” Theon asked.

“The chair.” Robb confirmed.

“I found out who the other guy in the flier was,” Theon added, “Some guy they call The High Septon. Apparently he’s in charge of public relations.”

“Perfect.” Yara cackled.

“Can we get him after lunch?” Robb pleaded, “I’m starving and curious to see if any members of my
family died of overexertion.”

“Fine,” Yara said, “First lunch, then revenge.”

Theon and Robb nodded their heads in confirmation and the three of them went off to get some much needed food.

While Robb fulfilled his revenge fantasy, Rickon was busy plotting.

“We’ll wait till he goes to lunch, then sneak in and grab the papers.” Rickon said smiling, “Easy peasy. What do ya think?” He asked Shireen.

“I don’t agree with any of this, it’s an invasion of privacy.” She argued.

“I know you don’t agree with it, but what do you think? Will it work?”

She sighed, “I don’t know, maybe?”

He smiled again, “That’s all the confirmation I need. So why don’t you let me in on a few details, for starters when does Varys go to lunch?”

“Any minute now actually, he likes getting an early start.”

“Mhmm, mhm.” Rickon said concocting a plan around this information, “So he goes out, we go in-grab the papers, take pictures for evidence, put them back and- voila! Blackmail material!”

Shireen glared at him as best as she could, she wasn’t really used to glaring at people so it was kind of challenging, “No blackmail.”

“Yes blackmail!” He shouted enthusiastically, turning a few eyes their way.

Shireen hurriedly shushed him, “I don’t know why you insisted on having this conversation in the most crowded break room.”

“In hindsight, not my best idea.” He admitted. “No worries though, I doubt anyone will believe we’re actually planning to blackmail all of them.”

Shireen rolled her eyes, “Say it a little louder why don’t you? And we’re not planning blackmail- you are.”

“Tomato tomato. So you ready to roll? We’re running out of valuable blackmail time.”

“Oh god,” she sighed, “Why did I have to get paired up with you?”

“Some would call it fate,” He said leading her out of the breakroom. By the time they made it to Varys’ office he’d already left for lunch.

“Any idea how long he’ll take, Shireen?” Rickon asked while peering into the room through the glass window.

After a moment with no response he said again, “Shireen?” Rickon turned around and saw her standing a good five yards away, “Shireen.” He called louder.

She snapped her head up, “What?”
“What are you doing all the way over there?” He asked in confusion.

“I told you I don’t want to be associated with your- your crimes .” She whispered the last part in fear someone might hear.

“It’s just an innocent question! How long does he take to eat lunch?” Rickon asked desperately.

“I don’t know! I don’t follow him around all day!” She replied back just as desperately.

“It’s okay, I can do this quickly,” he assured both her and himself. Rickon reached for the door knob and turned it to no avail.

“It’s locked!” He exclaimed in frustration and disbelief.

“Of course it’s locked! He has confidential files in there he wouldn’t leave the door open for any delinquent to waltz through! Now can we please go?” Shireen said very frustrated at this point.

“No- no I can make this work.” He said mustering all the confidence he could gather (which was not very much), “Can I have a bobby pin?”

Shireen scoffed at that, “I don’t have a bobby pin! Why would you just assume I had one?”

“Well I don’t know!” He threw his hands up in exasperation, “Girls always have bobby pins handy in movies!”

She glared at him once again, her form had improved since last time and she suspected by the end of the day she’ll have perfected her glare.

“Okay I get it, that was an unreasonable assumption. Now let’s get back to the matter at hand. How the hell do we open this door?” He asked rhetorically fully aware that Shireen was stubbornly refusing to be his accomplice.

As if a lightbulb appeared above his head, Rickon’s demeanor instantly brightened and a smile crept up on his face, “I have the perfect idea!”

He left Shireen standing there baffled while he checked all the surrounding doors for occupants, after finally finding an unlocked and empty office he gleefully strutted in and emerged only moments later with a tape dispenser.

“What’s that for?” Shireen asked as Rickon made his way back to Varys’ office.

“Stand back.” He warned her as he prayed two years of little league baseball would finally come in handy.

Shireen’s eyes widened to the size of saucers as she finally caught onto what Rickon was about to do, “No! No, no, no, don’t you dare! I swear if you-”

She was cut off by a loud crash and instinctively shut her eyes. When she opened them she was greeted by Rickon sticking his hand through an empty hole in the door and broken glass littered around the floor.

“I really didn’t think that would work,” Rickon said while unlocking the door from the inside, “I was sure the window would be made of plastic or something. Glass really doesn’t seem like a safe idea.”

Shireen made a noise that was some kind of cross between a shriek and a cry. Rickon entered the room with a grin and gracefully swooped up the stack of papers Varys ever so politely denied to give
them before.

“Finally!” He walked back to her stunned face with a smirk, “I’ll let you have to honors of looking through the papers first since I’m such a gentlemen.”

Shireen would have scoffed at that if she weren’t frozen in place. Though she did manage to look down at the stack of papers.

If it was humanly possible, her eyes widened even more and she grabbed the papers from Rickon’s grip and furiously flipped through them all. When she had seen every last paper she looked up at Rickon again and tears started pooling in her eyes.

“Oh no you saw something bad didn’t you? Does it say something about your father? Is your whole world crashing down and everything you ever thought you believed is a lie? I’m so sorry Shireen I didn’t mean for it to end like this.”

Tears were now streaming down her face and she was full on sobbing- wait, no. Not sobbing but, laughing?

Once Rickon realized this he took the papers back from her and cautiously looked down.

“Oh- oh no.”

Rickon was staring at his worst nightmare, he was face to face with the very cause of all his suffering and hardships. The very first paper in the stack was a newspaper copy titled- DANCE RECITAL TURNED DISASTER. Pictured was a five year old Rickon in a ripped tutu with butterfly face paint streaked on the sides of his face from the tears.

“My mom made me do it!” He shouted defensively to Shireen who was now curled up on the floor in tears.

The papers progressively got worse- report cards, police reports, every failed prank he pulled, that time he dressed Shaggydog up as a fairy and let him loose in an AA meeting (don’t ask why- you don’t want to know). There was even a report describing in full detail the events of his eighth grade dance where he mistakenly believed it was a costume party and showed up to formal dressed as Shrek.

Rickon stood in silence, gaping at the stack of papers, all detailing every embarrassing and genuinely awful experience he’d ever had.

“I- I can’t. I can’t blackmail myself. ” He said defeated.

Shireen was pulling herself together, no longer laying on the floor and her tears streaming down at a much slower rate.

“Oh you saw something bad, did you?” Shireen asked through her tears, “Was there something about your dad in there? Is your whole world crashing down and everything you ever believed is a lie? I’m so sorry Rickon, I didn’t intend for any of this to happen.”

“Wow.” Rickon said, “that’s just cold. Now, let’s please leave before we get arrested for property damage.”

“We can’t just leave it like this! Poor Varys won’t know what to do!”

“Poor Varys will manage I’m sure.” Rickon said with disdain, “Now if you’ll excuse me I need to
“No you can’t,” Shireen said, “If the papers are gone he’ll have reason to suspect it was you.”

Rickon pouted and started to tear up himself at the prospect of every single sheet of paper he was holding not being immediately burned.

“Varys said he was going to shred them anyway.” Shireen said reassuringly, “Now why don’t we go to lunch? Some food might cheer you up.”

Rickon was far too upset to recognize he was being treated like a toddler and conceded to returning the papers.

“There you go.” Shireen smiled, “Everything will be just fine.”

He nodded in response and began sullenly walking away- that is until they heard footsteps and started outright sprinting.

After Renly, they took the survey to a few more employees, for the most part it was unanimous- the program sucked. Bran really didn’t expect anything else; while he was barely half way through his first day at Baratheon Inc. he could tell it operated as cheaply as possible. Really it was a wonder the company managed to stay afloat, nevertheless be one of the most successful companies in the world.

They had a few more names on the list but decided to take a short break, after all asking people survey questions was hard work. Bran, Meera, and Jojen found themselves in the corner of what appeared to be an empty hallway, “This internship is a lot more dull than I imagined it would be.” Bran sighed as he slid down the wall into a sitting position.

He was followed by both Jojen and Meera; Jojen who just stared at him blankly in response and Meera who actually decided to verbally answer, “You’ve been here for what, three hours? Four tops? You can’t possibly be bored already.”

“I can and I am.” Bran responded with another sigh before turning to Jojen, “How many people do we have left?”

Jojen brought out the list given to them by Gilly and read aloud, “Oberyn Martell who works in advertising, Varys in H.R., Jaqen H’ghar in sales, and Jaime Lannister who’s the head of security.”

“What does security need with a computer program?” Bran scowled.

Jojen only shrugged in response and the three of them sat in a comfortable silence, that is until Meera furrowed her brow, “Do you guys smell that?”

Bran sniffed the air and joined in on Meera’s confused expression, “That smells kind of like-”

“Yeah. That’s what I thought.”

The three of them regretfully rose from their comfortable positions on the ground and sought out the smell.

“It’s coming from in there.” Jojen said motioning to what earlier they presumed was an empty office. Bran and Meera exchanged one last puzzled look and Jojen opened the door.

They saw an old man who was currently swiveling in an office chair against the wall while enveloped in a thick layer of smoke. Upon seeing the door open he quickly jerked to attention.
causing him to fall out of the chair.

“Uh, hello?” Bran said unsure.

The old man quickly got up and dusted himself off, “Ah, hello children. I was not aware you were up here.” He said with a shaky voice.

“You’re… Pycelle?” Bran asked, “Right? I saw your picture on the company website. You’re on the Board of Directors. They call you the Grand Maester.” Bran said more sure of himself by the time he ended his sentence.

“Oh. You know me. That’s- uh, that’s nice.”

“So Pycelle,” Meera said, “what were you smoking?”

Pycelle quickly put his hands behind his back as if they hadn’t already seen the joint that was stinking up the hallway, “I’m not smoking anything, dear. I believe you must be mistaken.”

“We can still see the smoke.” Jojen stated matter of factly.

“Oh yes. That.” The Grand Maester conceded, “Well you see I believe medically speaking it is in my best interest to-”

“Save it.” Meera said cutting him off, “You can go, we aren’t going to hold anything against you.”

“Oh yes, yes of course.” Pycelle said before scrambling out of the office.

“That was weird.” Bran said after Pycelle was long gone.

“Tell me about it.” Meera said in agreement.

“Guys look,” Jojen said who was investigating the area Pycelle had previously nested in, “It looks like Pycelle left something behind.”

Bran felt a smile creeping on his face, “Brilliant.”
When Jon, Dany, and Sam sauntered into the break room with their coffees ten minutes late it was safe to say they had everyone’s attention. Jon, who was unaccustomed to ever having anyone’s attention (except his mother’s— he had a little bit too much of that) practically shrivelled under everyone’s heavy gaze and shuffled over to his cousins.

Sam followed Jon’s example though Dany decided to do the exact opposite and strut over to her seat amongst the other interns. Jon stared at her in disbelief for what had to be the hundredth time that day until his attention was forcefully taken by Arya who decided his coffee was now hers.

“Hey!” Jon complained.

Arya, showing no remorse just said, “If you got here on time maybe I wouldn’t be so thirsty.”

Jon practically pouted before realizing that the Lord Commander of the Night’s Watch (the guy in charge of his cult-like college fraternity) would disapprove of such behavior.

“So how were your days so far?” Robb asked the lot of them, “I’m not gonna lie I expected to find you all dead by the time I got here.”

“Har har.” Rickon said rather unenthusiastically.

“What’s wrong?” Robb asked, “Did Rickey-poo have a bad day?” He said with the kind of voice you use to talk to angry little babies.

Rickon shot him a glare for the second time before defeatedly slamming his head down on the table. After a moment he spoke up, head still resting on the table, “Did you guys know I got written up in kindergarten for taking off all my clothes and streaking through the halls? I don’t remember that.”

Robb and Jon laughed, “They had to call Catelyn to pick you up.” Jon said.

“Once she got there you started crying and kept running because you didn’t want to get in trouble. If you looked out your classroom door you’d see a naked little five year old with snot and tears running down his face.” Robb barely managed to say through his laughter.

“Huh.” Rickon said, “I must of blocked that out.”

Deciding to leave that train wreck alone, Robb continued on to his next sibling, “Sansa! How has your day been?”

Sansa looked up with red eyes, “Awful! I met the love of my life today and in the span of a morning I lost him.” She then followed Rickon’s example of attempting to make her head one with the table.

“Okay-y. That’s- nice?” Robb said though Sansa only answered with a whine.

“How about you Bran? Was your day any better?”

Bran grinned widely, “I had the best day.”

“Where’d you get those sunglasses?” Jon questioned him.
“I- uh. I found them.”

“You found them.” Jon said. Bran nodded profusely which only made Jon and Robb more suspicious.

“Let me see them.” Robb said sternly, holding out his hand.

Bran shook his head like a wet dog.

Robb pursed his lips, “Well if you really don’t want me to-” he lunged for the sunglasses and grabbed them off Bran’s head before he could react.

“Ha! I knew it!” Robb exclaimed after seeing the red eyes Bran was trying to cover, “Where the hell did you get weed? We’re in an office building for fuck’s sake!”

Bran only shrugged, “You’d be surprised.”

Robb sighed and turned to Arya and Jon, “Please tell me your days were remotely normal.”

“Normal enough.” Arya said.

“Could of been worse.” Jon replied.

Robb nodded, “Good, good. Now can we please start eating?”

Sansa nodded grimly and pulled their packed lunches out of her bag, handing one out to each of them. Robb licked his lips in anticipation, he grabbed the juicy, delectable, sandwich out of his bag and was about to bite in when the door slammed open.

An angry Stannis Baratheon came barreling in, his face red and his fists clenched.

“I have never in my life been subject to such incompetence from my employees!”

Robb sighed dejectedly as he put down his sandwich.

“Not only have you all failed at the tasks given to you, but you managed to leave it in a worse situation then it was! Three - three copiers,” He fumed while holding up three fingers for emphasis, “Were fixed out of the twenty we have over the building. And out of those twenty, seven were left in worse condition!”

Robb avoided Stannis’ gaze and in the corner of the room Theon and Yara were attempting to appear nonchalant by twiddling their thumbs and examining their nails as if they were the most interesting thing in the world.

“And the janitors ,” he seethed, “Hired someone else to clean for them, and when that someone failed- making a bigger mess in the lobby of all places- you ran away!”

Sansa grimaced and saw Margaery do the same. Loras didn’t seem all that affected, Sansa guessed he was just relieved to be out of those overalls. Joffrey on the other hand was glaring right back at Stannis as if attempting the most dramatic staring contest of all time. Suffice it to say he failed and Stannis paid him no extra heed.

“And somebody,” he continued, “threw a tape dispenser through an employees window.”

Rickon started to smirk before Arya quickly elbowed him under the table.
“Since it is obvious you can’t be trusted with basic tasks, the rest of today will be spent rearranging old files.”

There was a collective groan from everyone in the room.

“No!” Stannis said cutting off their groans before they could get too desperate, “Consider this your penance for being the worst group of interns Baratheon Incorporated has ever had the displeasure of employing!”

The only one who seemed even remotely affected by Stannis’ speech was his daughter who starred sheepishly at the ground with her hands placed in her lap.

“Now off with you!” Stannis waved them away and stomped over to the door. Robb took this as a cue that he was in the clear to eat his sandwich once more. He raised it to his lips, his mouth salivating as he yearned for its sultry taste, “And no lunch!” Stannis shouted in anger as he slammed the door behind him.

Robb’s face fell as he dejectedly placed his sandwich back on the table once more.

“He can’t not let us eat! There’s no way that’s legal!” Daenerys proclaimed.

“Yes, well, he is isn’t he?” Bran sighed.

“It’s best we get it done right away anyhow.” Said Missandei who’d been quite up to this point. “Greyworm, Podrick, and I have been rearranging the files all day and we’ve hardly made a dent.”

There was another collective groan from the group. Since Stannis was no longer there to cut them off it went on for an abnormal amount of time.

“We aren’t going to get anywhere by procrastinating via groaning.” Daenerys spoke up after what seemed like an eternity.

“Well I don’t see the problem in trying.” Yara remarked.

Dany sighed, “Why don’t you lead us all there since you know the way?” She said to Missandei.

Just as Missandei had begun to open her mouth she was interrupted by a shrill voice that one could only assume came from a whinny ten year old. Upon looking over their shoulders, it became apparent that the voice instead belonged to a whiny ‘grown man’ as he would surely call himself.

“I won’t go anywhere with the likes of you people!” Joffrey shrieked, “Especially to do… work.” he shuddered after saying that last word.

“Then don’t.” Margaery snapped. “No one wants you there anyway.”

Loras snickered and high fived his sister as Joffrey looked on in shock, “You can’t say that! You’re my girlfriend!”

“So? Last time I checked we were in Westeros. It’s a free country, I can say what I want.” She quipped as she met her brother’s hand in the air for their second high five in a row.

“Snwoiafncnwoaiha,” Joffrey said, well, what he actually said wasn’t intelligible but one can assume it was something like that.

Sansa looked on sadly, she would never treat Joffrey like that if he were hers. She sighed audibly,
“What?” Sansa crossed her arms defensively, “It was a yawn. I’m tired.”

Arya rolled her eyes, “So am I- tired of your bullshit!”

“Ohhhh!!” Rickon said as Sansa took to chasing Arya around the room in fury.

“Everyone!” Jon said in the gruffest voice he could muster, “We should get to work! Goofing off is what got us into trouble in the first place!”

Dany nodded approvingly. “Yes Jon, I couldn’t agree more. Missandei will you lead the way?”

Missandei nodded eagerly, very relieved for an excuse to leave the chaos that now engulfed the room.

Once at the storage room (it’s worth noting that there was room enough to comfortably fit about four people) the nineteen of them shuffled in and claimed their spaces.

“We were just putting anything dated before the year 1990 in this bin.” Greyworm said gesturing next to him to what was indeed a bright blue bin, “Oh. And in alphabetical order.”

“Don’t forget date order,” Podrick added, “Alphabetical order for every year, but the dates also need to line up.”

Theon looked around at all the others, “Is this making sense to anyone? I honestly don’t understand a thing that just came from his mouth.”

Yara shook her head disapprovingly, “This is why dad doesn’t love you.”

“He does too!”

Yara just looked at him, “Does he?”

Theon looked as if he was about to respond but soon decided against it. After what was dubbed as, ‘the incident’ he wouldn’t exactly argue that his dad was overly fond of him in most areas.

The rest of them got to work, there was a shitload of files in there and frankly they’d all rather pour acid down their throats then be in that cramped, humid, room any longer than they needed to.

Because of this, progress was surprisingly made, everything was going quite smoothly- that is until like ten minutes in when Joffrey decided he was too good to do any work.

“Well if he’s not gonna do it neither am I!” Shouted Loras who threw the files he was working on at Joffrey in his anger.

Joffrey gasped, “How dare you! You have no right to treat me like that peasant!”

“ Peasant!? ” Loras said through clenched teeth, “We’ll see who’s the peasant when I’m through with you!”

“That doesn’t even make any sense!” Joffrey shouted and despite all his bravado took off the second he saw Loras move. Unfortunately they were still in the cramped storage room which meant that running also meant tripping over about five people.

The room fell into quick chaos, Loras was fortunately being held back by Margaery who was
fiercely whispering that he still had the picture of them in overalls, while Joffrey scurried like a pig around the small spaces between filing cabinets.

He tripped over Theon who in retribution grabbed his leg, pulling him down onto the hard floor. On his way down, he brought an entire shelf of neatly arranged files with him. In no time files were flying everywhere as people either scurried to get out of the way or jumped in on the action.

Then it happened. Everything seemed to be moving in slow motion leading up to it. Yara was trying to crawl up off the ground, using the handles on the cabinets for support. She was almost up when her foot slipped on another file and she came crashing down on top of the legs of Robb, who was previously trying to restrain Rickon who’d taken to throwing papers in the air. Robb fell down along with Yara leaving Rickon free to throw handfuls of paper into the air. One of these papers whoosed itself into the face of Daenerys. Dany had been trying to coax Shireen out of the corner where she was currently huddled up with her knees drawn tight to her chest whispering to herself that maybe her dad would decide not to kill her after all.

When the paper hit her, Dany frowned and turned under the assumption that someone threw it at her. Alas, she was standing on top of another piece of paper so then sudden twist of her foot on the flimsy material caused her to lose balance and come toppling down.

After seeing her fall, Jon rushed over to help but tripped over Sansa’s head on his way over. He flew head first into the floor and Sansa stood up abruptly in shock and dismay over her ruined hairdo. Sansa backed up right into Arya who had been throwing poorly made paper airplanes in every direction. The sudden motion made Arya throw her current airplane off its original intended course and straight into Samwell Tarly.

The paper airplane hit Sam in the forehead and he immediately started to panic and turned to run out of the room. Just as this happened, none other than Stannis Baratheon opened the door to check on what positive effects his hard love tactic had on the interns.

Unfortunately for everyone involved, Sam had been right next to the door right as Stannis opened it, which meant that as Sam turned to run away in fear of more flying projectiles, he toppled straight into an unsuspecting Stannis Baratheon.

Everyone stopped moving and turned to Stannis and Sam in fear and anticipation. After a few seconds, Stannis finally managed to push a now crying Sam off him. He stood up, dusted himself off, and upon looking into the room of interns declared without a second thought, “You’re all fired!”

Chapter End Notes

I found the first half of this chapter and decided to just have fun with the rest of it, I know it’s been awhile since I last updated but I’m planning on doing it regularly again. I’m aiming for at least once a month.

I hope you guys had as much fun reading this as I had writing it :)
“You’re not fired.” Robert Baratheon asserted to the group of interns crowded in his office.

“Not fired?” Stannis raged, “They wrecked the file room! They have no idea how to work in an office!”

“Yes, well… go talk to Renly about it.” Robert grumbled, “He’s great with the youngsters.”

“That’s because he’s no more than a child himself!” Stannis’ face turned an unnatural shade of red, “He has no qualifications concerning the interns!”

Robert groaned, “As the leader of this company I’m making him qualified! Now go make this his problem and leave me to my work!”

Then interns found themselves actually concerned for Stannis. His face was full of so much blood it was quite likely to explode.

Stannis stormed out of Robert’s office, leaving him to his work (his work which required the use of websites that gave his computer an unprecedented amount of viruses). The interns followed Stannis down the hall in single file; closely resembling the movements of a first grade class on their way from special.

They followed Stannis into the legal department and through the closet that led to Renly’s office. The others were very confused as to why Renly’s office was located in the back of a closet while Bran, Jojen, and Meera, knowingly snickered.

Renly gawked at the crowd that managed to fit in the tiny room but his attention was mostly occupied by Stannis, “Why, I don’t think you’ve visited me during work in… well, ever. And you brought friends with you! How nice.”

Stannis glared at Renly in such a way that would have made a lesser man crap his pants in fear. Renly though, found Stannis’ anger much too amusing to consider any threat he might pose.

“Robert…” Stannis said through gritted teeth, “Robert wanted me to get your opinion on the status of the interns. I believe they should be terminated as time and time again they have-”

“I’m gonna stop you right there,” Renly said, “We can’t fire the interns. There isn’t time to get new ones before the annual Intern Olympics. This year Dorne Enterprises finally accepted the invitation, it would be rude to drop out now.”

Stannis stared at his brother with the blankest of expressions. He was completely unable to determine whether or not Renly was screwing with him.

“Great.” Stannis said.

“Great.”
“I’ll be seeing you later, then.”
“You can count on it.”

Stannis turned on his heel and marched out the room, leaving the interns baffled in his wake.

As soon as the Stannis was safely in the closet which disguised the entrance of the office, Renly put his face in his hands and groaned, “Fuck me. Now I have to convince Oberyn Martell to fly across the country for the annual intern olympics.”

“You mean it’s not a real thing?” Theon asked, slightly disappointed as he’d been excited at the prospect of impressing everyone with his mad skills.

“Of course it’s not real!” Renly snapped. “Have you ever heard of Intern Olympics before?!”

Upon realizing the harshness of his tone Renly sighed, “I’m sorry, its been a long day, I need a drink.”

Several of the interns nodded in agreement.

“Why do you have to make the olympics real anyway?” Robb asked, “Does it really matter?”

“Of course it matters. I can’t let Stannis outmatch me.” Renly said as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

Renly ran a hand through his hair, “You all just go back to work, I’ll figure this out. You may or may not have to compete in office themed trials for the ultimate title of Supreme Intern. We’ll see.”

“What are we supposed to do now?” Shireen piped up. Everyone simultaneously cursed her, they were so close to getting away with no work.

“Clean up whatever mess Stannis was about to go off about. After that I suppose you can just go home.”

Their eyes brightened exponentially upon hearing of their early dismissal. As the day went on it was becoming increasingly more difficult to distinguish the interns from first graders.

Just as the group began to embark on their mission, Renly called out, “Loras! Why don’t you stay in here? There’s- um- things I could use some help with.”

Margaery rolled her eyes just as Loras winked at her, smiling broadly all the while. He couldn’t tell what prospect excited him more, ‘helping’ Renly, or getting out of work.

He practically skipped over to Renly’s desk as the others left the office grumbling over how unfair it was and how much they wish they had a sugar daddy. Well, maybe they just thought that last part to themselves.

Upon their arrival back to the file room they all died just a little bit inside. There were papers covering every inch of the floor to the point where the dull grey carpet was no longer visible. Shelves from the filing cabinets were scattered all over the room and folders littered the area.

“Fucking Loras.” Margaery grumbled. She along with nearly everyone in the room wished desperately to switch places with him.

“We’ll be lucky if we get out of here before the work day ends.” Robb sighed.

“I guess that means we can say goodbye to that early dismissal.” Sansa said begrudgingly.
They walked into the room and were forced to do the one thing they feared they’d have to do at this internship—work. Well, most of them. While the majority were working slowly but surely, silently willing the sweet release of death, others were idly strolling around the room, critiquing others on their filing skills.

“If I were you,” he mansplained to Dany, “I would put the files in the cabinet first, and then arrange them. That way the walkway is clear.” Said the only one using the walkway.

“Well, good thing I’m not you.” Dany said through gritted teeth.

No one took to provoking Joffrey in lieu of the events that occurred earlier, but theoretically, if he were trip on a file and consequently hit his head on a cabinet and begin to bleed out; none of them imagined eagerly jumping to his aid.

Unfortunately that was not the case and he went on annoying the crap out of everyone until they finished, four hours later.

Rickon was sprawled on the floor and groaning as if he’d been shot and the rest of them would mirror his actions if only they had the will to move.

Eventually, Robb decided that staring at the filing cabinets in silence was not the best use of their time so he stood up, enticing his siblings and cousin to do the same.

“I don’t know about you guys,” Robb said to the rest of the room, “But we’re leaving.”

The other interns slowly nodded in agreement.

“I’ll see you guys tomorrow, or something, I guess.” Theon trailed off as him and Yara walked with their heads drooped in exhaustion towards the door.

“We should go too.” Meera said to her brother. They followed the Greyjoys’ example and sluggishly escaped the room that had held them captive for hours while they were subjected to the torture provided to them at the hands of one Joffrey Baratheon.

The others slowly trickled out until only the Starks were left. They were held back by Rickon who was hugging the floor like his life depended on it.

“Rickooooon.” Sansa whined, “I want to go hooooooome.”

“You sound like Lady.” Arya teased.

“Please.” Scoffed Sansa, “Lady would never whine.”

“Can someone please just get Rickon up so we can leave?” Bran begged his siblings.

Robb sighed, “Let’s get ‘im.”

Him and Jon grabbed Rickon’s arms and jerked him off the ground in a movement that was neither graceful nor considerate.

“Ow.” Said Rickon.

Jon and Robb hauled Rickon all the way to the parking lot, his feet dragging behind them as they moved. When they got to the car they threw him inside with the same care they took in picking him up off the ground.
“Ow.” Said Rickon.

By the time they got back to the apartment they were all utterly exhausted. They walked in a way which closely resembled zombies as they filed into the living room. It would it be the kitchen? Oh it’s all really the same one room.

“I forgot how small this place was.” Bran commented. They all sighed in agreement before all six of them collapsed on the couch meant to comfortably fit three and lived the rest of the night in cramped contentment.

The next morning when the Starks arrived at the office, they were greeted by a smiling Gilly. But not normal smiling Gilly like they met yesterday… but suspicious smiling Gilly.

Arya looked at her with pursed lips and a furrowed brow. “Gilly…” He said, “You look… off.”

“Arya!” Robb whisper-yelled, “Don’t be rude!”

“No worries! I just... had late night with the baby! My baby. He kept me up. Cause that’s what babies do. I’m really just tired.”

Now Robb joined Arya in her suspicious glare. Gilly couldn’t take the pressure.

“Alright! I lied! Well.. no I didn’t really lie, my baby did keep me up but he always does that. Well, sometimes. If I do a certain series of events before putting him to bed then sometimes he’ll-”

“Gilly. You’re rambling.” Jon said, stating the obvious.

“Right. Well, it happens.”

“Will you just tell us what’s up!” Rickon snapped, a little rudely too if I might add. He wasn’t exactly the patient type.

“Okay! I wasn’t supposed to tell anyone… but… well you see…” She sighed, “I’ll just say this- you have a surprise waiting for you in the conference room. Well, you and the rest of the interns that is.”

The Starks collectively sighed. Something they found themselves doing a lot lately.

“Thanks Gilly, you were a real help.” Jon said, acting as the perfect gentlemen his mother always wanted him to be.

“No she wasn’t.” Arya murmured, acting as the evil twin of the perfect lady her mother always wanted her to be.

They bid Gilly farewell and begrudgingly made their way to the conference room. Every step they took they treated as if they were walking on glass. Every person they passed they avoided like the plague. Suffice it to say, the ‘surprise’ Gilly had mentioned was making them a tad paranoid.

They entered the conference room, hearts beating so loud they heard drums beating incessantly in their heads and sweat trickled down their brows. The six of them grew more tense with every creak of the door that Robb was pushing forward. His head was bowed in an attempt to shield himself from the horrors that surely awaited within.

And then- “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.” Arya said as the Starks instantly relaxed. Their
tense forms transformed into slouched shoulders and each of their faces harboured an exasperated glare.

Standing on top of the table, right smack in the middle of the room, was none other than Renly. And what was Renly doing on the table, you might ask. Well, that would be a good question but from the faces of the other interns it was obviously apparent that nobody had a fucking clue.

“Great! We were just waiting on you six, now we can get going!” Renly smiled broadly. Way too broadly for nine in the morning. It was unsettling.

The best (or most terrifying, depending how you looked at it) part wasn’t even Renly who had perched himself on top of the table, but what was surrounding the table.

Amid the worn faces of the other interns were supplies. Supplies for what, they didn’t know. But nevertheless they were there. There was packs and packs of paper stacked in the corners of the room. Neon orange traffic cones littered the room and very strangely, so did several packets of confetti. Not something you’d expect in a professional setting, that’s for sure.

But what was most likely the weirdest, most shocking, most appalling thing, had to be the face paint. Why. Just why. Those were the only thoughts in all of the interns heads.

Only, they didn’t really want to know. The truth of the matter was much more disturbing than anything they feared.

“So remember yesterday when I was talking to Stannis and you all watched as I verbally destroyed him? Yes? Great, well then you’ll also remember when I said we were competing in an Intern Olympics with Dome Enterprises who were coming all the way from way down in the south? Well! Great news! Oberyn Martell agreed, do you know what that means?”

They really, really, wished they didn’t.

“It’s training time!”
“Oh.” Sansa said, “Oh no. No I will not. No, no, no.”

“Geez Sansa, say it again for the people in the back.” Arya remarked.

They shared one of their trademark glares until Robb put a hand on both their shoulders, feigning a large grin, “Don’t worry, Sansa. I’m sure this will be quite the… quite the…”

“Experience.” Bran finished for him.

“Right. Experience.” He patted Sansa and Arya’s shoulders before walking to the room’s center.

The rest of them looked at each other questioningly. No doubt wondering if it were still possible to slip out unnoticed. Rickon for one was eyeing the window in a way that made everyone else very uncomfortable. Arya was inching back towards the door. Sansa had her head up to the ceiling as if she were praying- well, maybe that wasn’t too far off.

Jon put a firm hand against both Arya and Rickon, nulling their would be escape attempts. “Come one guys, you’re making a big deal out of nothing. I’m sure it’ll be fine.”

Though Jon’s face betrayed his sentiment. Like Robb, he bore a false smile that flickered every time he made eye contact with Theon who was adorned head to toe in sweatbands.

Eventually all the Starks mustered the courage to join Robb and the other interns in the center of the room where they all gathered around Renly. Theon eagerly handed out multi colored sweatbands to everyone in the circle. Rickon grabbed six and put them all around his forehead. Well, at least he tried to. Most were caught in his hair and a few were covering his eyes though he made no move to fix them.

Once everyone was wearing the matching sweatbands (all of which were decorated with a giant Baratheon Inc. logo and a cartoon Robert giving a thumbs up) Renly decided to finally elaborate on what the hell was going on.

“So as you’ve all probably guessed, if we want to beat Dorne Enterprises were gonna have to get all of you in shape.” He sent a sideways glance towards Sam, “Some of you more than others.”

“And why exactly do we want to win?” Asked Gendry who was situated (unfortunately for him) in the inner ring of the circle.

Renly turned a sharp glare to his direction, “Because if we don’t win, then Stannis gets to gloat about it! Also you’ll all most likely be fired. But that doesn’t matter as much.”

“It does a little.” Murmured Shireen.

Renly pursed his lips and slowly shook his head.

“Oh.” Shireen fixed her gaze towards the floor.

“Well I don’t know about you people!” Joffrey chimed in, “But I refuse! I will not be forced to- exercise ” He shuddered, “In my own building nonetheless.”

“Not your building.” Margaery corrected.
“It will be!” He shrieked.

“Not with that attitude it won’t.” She retorted.

“You can’t talk to me like that! You’re my girlfriend!”

She stared at him imploringly. “Am I?”

“Yes!”

“Hm.” Was all she responded with before turning back to Renly who was watching the scene unfold with a smirk.

“Joffrey. Dearest nephew.” Renly said softly. “If you don’t participate- well…” He walked to Joffrey’s side and whispered the next part of his sentiment so that only Joffrey could here.

The rest of them couldn’t help but feel joy in seeing Joffrey’s eyes widen in fear to the point where they bulged from their sockets.

“Got it?” Renly asked sweetly.

Joffrey snorted, training to maintain a cool exterior though the redness of his face and wide eyes gave him away.

“I’ll do it. But only because I want to.”

“Mhmm. Sure.” Renly hummed. “Now, you can all just get in whatever groups Stannis put you in yesterday. Which is how many?”

“Seven groups.” Daenerys graciously affirmed.

“There’s only six activities so two groups will have to merge. The rest of you figure out with your group what works best for you. Oberyn and I have talked and we’ve decided that the activities will be paper weight lifting, coffee relay, task memorization, obstacle course, obstacle course part two with a twist,” he winked, “and my personal favorite, face painting.”

“What does face painting have to do with the office?” Asked Meera.

“Nothing. We just thought it would be fun.” Renly said as if it were obvious, “Also, I’ve decided to take a break from my ordinary duties to oversee your training. I know, I know- I’m making a huge sacrifice and you’re all extremely grateful. But why don’t you hold your applause for later and start training now.”

The interns stayed where they were, trading the occasional glance.

“Now!” Renly shouted, causing them all the scatter to regain their group.

After about five minutes wasted of arguing and quite a lot of effort from Margaery and Loras to convince Joffrey to join another team, they all finally agreed to combine Arya and Rickon’s groups as they were the smallest.

Robb, Theon, and Yara called dibs on paper weight lifting. They also dubbed themselves ‘Team Awesome’ (all creative credit belongs to Theon).

Sansa, Margaery, Loras, and Joffrey chose obstacle course part two. They were attracted by the mysterious allure. Joffrey expanded his blackmail of Margaery and Loras to include rights to picking
the team name. He chose Team Joffrey. You can infer what the rest of the team’s feelings were.

The newly formed team of Rickon, Arya, Gendry, and Shireen decided the coffee relay was for them. Arya and Gendry supposed yesterday’s task gave them all the experience they needed, and Shireen and Rickon were just along for the ride. They called the name ‘Team Better Than All of You’. Shireen looked guilty when they announced it.

Daenerys and Jon silently agreed that they should participate in a non athletic competition. One look at the sweat already leaking out of Sam’s neon pink sweatband was all the encouragement they needed. They chose face painting and dubbed themselves, ‘Team 1’. Believe it or not but it took a lot of debate and a few tears on Sam’s front before they finally agreed.

Missandei, Grey Worm, and Podrick decided upon obstacle course part one. When tasked with choosing a team name, the best they could come up with was ‘Team Try Our Best’.

Bran, Meera, and Jojen were last and forced to take task memorization. What it lacked in glamour it made up in being perhaps the easiest task so there were no arguments from the three of them. They decided upon the name, ‘Team Grass’. No particular reason.

With all their teams formed and activities chosen, it was time for them to split up for training. The Starks sent each other one last forlorn look before heading off to what would surely become their own personal hell on earth.

Robb, Yara, and Theon stayed in the conference room because all the paper was too heavy to move elsewhere. Theon rubbed his hands together in anticipation, the many sweatbands wrapped around his wrists rubbing together.

“Robb.” Theon addressed him, “You don’t know this about me, but I was the heavyweight champion of my wrestling league. In other words- we got this.”

Yara scoffed, “You were in fourth grade and the only other kid in your weight class had a broken arm. You won by default”

“Tell that to these guns.” Theon flexed his biceps though no change was detectable through his thick jacket.

Noticing this predicament, Theon grabbed his sleeve and tried to subtly lift up the fabric so that it looked like muscle. Catching on, (it really wasn’t that hard) Yara smacked his arm down.

“You wanna see guns, look at these.” Yara flexed her own biceps. Robb whistled. Unlike Theon, there were visible muscles.

“Yeah well, where’s your 2005 Heavyweight Champion medal hanging above your bed? Oh right. You don’t have one…”

Yara and Theon began to bicker, leaving Robb to look around uncomfortably, unsure whether he should interfere or let it play out. After Yara balled her fists and started moving towards Theon with murder in her eyes, Robb decided it was best he stepped in.

“I hate to interrupt, but we should really get to practicing.”

Theon and Yara yielded to his plea and they all eyed the paper. Robb volunteered to go first.

Theon placed one pack of paper into his arms. Not that bad. He was sure he had this in the bag.
Then Theon placed another pack on. Robb shifted his stance. No sweat, he’s got this. Theon placed a third pack. Nooo problem. Not at all. Then there was the fourth pack. Okay, not as easy as he thought it’d be. Still not a problem. He’s totally got this. 100%. It most definitely is not hurting him at all and frankly it’s offensive anyone would think that.

And now comes the fifth pack.

“How much- how- how much do these weigh?” Robb breathed out.

Yara picked up a pack, twisting it in her hands until she found a number. “Each is about twenty or so pounds.”

“Oh. Oh that’s cool. Totally cool.” That meant Robb was holding about 100 pounds of paper. That really isn’t that much when it comes down to it, he’s lifted much more than that in the past. Granted he’s been a little lazy lately. Maybe he skipped leg day once or twice to lounge around eating ice cream but in his defense he’d just gotten a Netflix account so lounging around the house was a necessity. How else would he finish all five seasons of Breaking Bad in a week? Really, he was fine though. 100 pounds was nothing.

Theon added a sixth pack and down he went. Robb’s knees buckled from under him and he was sent flying to the ground- packs of paper flying into the air and along with them Robb’s self assurance.

“Fucking leg day.” He muttered, face pressed into the scratchy carpet of the conference room floor.

Renly set up the obstacle course for Sansa, Margery, Loras, and Joffrey while they stood wide eyed.

“How are we supposed to do this?” Margaery asked.

Renly observed the course with a cocked head, “I’m sure you’ll figure it out.”

They were placed in an empty hallway towards the top of the building which Renly blocked off. Already several people have come trying to cross it. Renly shooed them away each time but that hallway was the only way to the upstairs bathroom. As of right now there were three people hopping behind the traffic cones blocking off the hallway. They thought that Renly would concede eventually and let them pass but Sansa knew better. They were going to be there awhile. Though based on how fervently they were jumping back and forth they wouldn’t have much longer.

Renly clapped his hands together, “Well, you guys have fun. I’m gonna go check on the others.”

He walked right passed the three onlookers in need of the restroom who pleaded at him with desperate eyes. Before he was fully gone he turned around and met their gazes. “Don’t even think about it.” He mouthed.

One of them whined and pushed past him, undoubtedly on their way to the downstairs bathroom. Sansa could only hope he made it in time.

Once Renly was gone they looked back to the nearly impossible- scratch that, plain impossible obstacle course.

It started off simple, weaving through cones. After that there were some hula hoops held up by extra cones that they were to climb through. Easy enough. But then. But then it started. It really started.

After the hula hoops there was a bar attached to the ceiling that they were meant to grab onto and shimmy their way to the next obstacle. It was a thick lead bar about twenty feet long and way to high
up for anyone to be able to grab on and still reach the ground.

After the bar there was a shooting range. Yes you heard that right, *a shooting range*. What that had to do with an office Sansa could hardly say. Though it wasn’t hard to see why Renly added it.

There were dummies dressed in cheap suits with pictures of Stannis stapled to the heads. Targets adorned his forehead, chest, and groin. When Renly was setting it up he had a grin on his face that was so malicious even Loras took a step back.

The guns, at least, were only Nerf guns. Though it was still very unsettling. Sansa supposed that was the twist Renly was talking about. Suffice it to say it wasn’t exactly what she had expected.

After the disturbing dummies was a tightrope. Under it was an array of kiddie pools filled to the brim with ice cold water. The rope was incredibly thin to be walking on with no training or support. Sansa felt her stomach lurch while looking at the ice cubes floating in the pool.

Once they were passed the tightroped, they were intended to crawl through a tube that was filled with some sort of slippery substance. Renly poured a generous amount of the slimy liquid into the tube and Sansa had been too afraid to ask what it was. She hoped for vaseline though she felt a sneaking suspicion that was not quite right.

As if it could get any worse, after the tubes was a wall for them to climb over. How Renly got it in the hallway she couldn’t guess but it was so high that if they were to get to the top they would have to squeeze between the ceiling and the wall to fit through to the other side. There was a small gap on the side for anyone not participating in the course but other than that it spanned wall to wall.

And last was the tarp coated in mud. If Cersei had any idea what Renly was doing up here she certainly would have killed him. Frankly Sansa considered telling her.

Looking at the high bar, the ice water, the vaseline (it made her feel better to keep pretending that it was vaseline), and the mud, Sansa was confident Team Joffrey was not the right fit for this challenge.

Well, at least ¾ of the team. Loras seemed quite into it. While the rest of them stood in stunned silence he’d already begun the course. He flew passed the cones and through the hula hoops and pumped his fist in the air when he hit Dummy Stannis with his nerf gun.

Margaery sighed. “And people say we’re practically the same person. I for one would never do that.” She motioned to Loras who was now whooping with glee after hitting all three Dummy Stannis’ right in the center circle of the target over his groin.

A giggle erupted from Sansa’s lips. Margaery joined in with a laugh that reminded Sansa of honey and flowers and- wait. She was Sansa’s romantic rival. That meant Sansa probably shouldn’t be imagining what else that mouth could do.

She ceased her giggling and turned her attention back towards Joffrey who was struggling through the hula hoop. How adorable! His plush, luscious lips somehow got caught in the plastic of the hula hoop. How that was possible Sansa could not perceive but there Joffrey was, wiggling like a mad man while Loras howled with laughter in the background.

Sansa surged forward to help him but Margaery put an arm in front of her. “I wouldn’t if I were you. He’ll just get all pissy that you’re seeing him vulnerable.”

Sansa frowned. No way that was true! Joffrey was the most kind, caring, gentle, loving soul she’s ever met. She pushed past Margaery and kneeled in front of Joffrey.
“Are you all right? Do you need help?” She asked though she was unsure if Joffrey could hear her over Loras’ laughter.

“Do I wook wike I’m alwight!” He said with his bottom lip still stuck between where the two sides of the plastic join.

“No, not really.”

“Then go get help you stuwpid griwl!” He growled. Sansa gasped and jumped up to her feet. Well that was quite rude. Perhaps Joffrey wasn’t all she hyped him up to be. Perhaps she was… wrong?

Then Joffrey sighed (as best as he could with his bottom lip occupied), “I’m sowwy. Couwd you pwease get help?”

Oh. Oh, how sweet! How could Sansa ever think he was anything less then he was chalked up to be. He was so considerate! She happily trodded off to get him help, right past the two people still frantically jumping up and down in an effort to avoid spoiling themselves.

Arya, Gendry, Rickon, and Shireen were outside in front of the building’s main doors. Posh men and women in suits pushed past them occasionally as they worked out a game plan.

They decided to split up. Renly clued them in earlier that there would be surprise obstacles on their journey so strategically speaking they had a better chance splitting up. Their goal was to get the coffee to Renly who was waiting back in the conference room in under five minutes, no elevators allowed and they had to alternate between stairwells each floor.

They each carried a cup filled with piping hot coffee which would surely burn if it hit skin. Despite that, Arya and Rickon were both hopping up and down to hype themselves for the upcoming relay. Arya would start it the north stairway, Rickon in the east, Gendry in the south, and Shireen in the west. They would each move clockwise to the next one until they reached floor 23. It seemed like that was a lot of floors for just five minutes but no one voiced their concerns.

They were meant to start the second the clock hit 9:30. They stared in anticipation at Rickon’s Spongebob wrist watch, watching the seconds ebb away until ultimately it was time to go. They all sprinted off, running through the lobby and pushing through the crowds with no mercy.

Arya gave the rest of them a salute before running to the north stairway. She bolted up the stairs, careful to keep the coffee cup steady. When she reached the first floor she sprinted to the east stairwell where she repeated her process. Things went pretty steady until the sixth floor. A woman was collecting papers she’d dropped all over the floor and in doing so blocked the hallway. Arya figured it’s been about a minute which meant she was already way behind which meant no time for manners.

She leaped over the shocked woman, spilling a drop on her skin in the process. She cursed under her breath but would not let that stop her. She kept going until she lapped Shireen six times, Rickon twice, and Gendry once.

When she finally reached the conference room she was panting like she never had before. She took slow steps towards Renly who was lounging in a chair, watching Robb fumble over packs of paper with an amused look.

She thrust the coffee into his hand and then put her hands on her knees in an attempt to calm her breathing. Renly casually checked the time on his phone, frowned, and showed it to Arya.
“I did say five minutes, did I not? How are we supposed to beat Dorne and more importantly Stannis if the best you can do is eleven?”

Arya gritted her teeth. Luckily for everyone involved, Gendry appeared just as she was considering escalating the situation. Like Arya, he too was out of breath and frankly looked like hell.

“Not today.” He told her. “Not today.”

Arya nodded. One day though. Hopefully one day soon. Rickon came in a few minutes later. Coffee cup half full and hand a deep shade of red.

“’M okay.” He sputtered. “Just burned myself a bit. I’m totally okay.” He said right before collapsing on the floor and groaning indefinitely.

Shireen came in about ten minutes after that. Renly gave her a disappointed look.

“I’m sorry!” She said. “There was a poor woman who dropped her papers and she needed help!”

Arya subtly looked the other way.

“Regardless,” Renly said, “Start over. By the end of the day I want you to cut your numbers in half.”

Rickon’s groan from the floor grew louder as they all collectively died inside.

They was a surprisingly large amount of face paint present. It was like a birthday clown’s wet dream.

Jon whistled, “At least we aren’t lacking in materials.”

“Too bad we are in talent.” Daenerys responded.

Jon feigned being offended until he realized he didn’t care. After all it was quite true. He still had flashbacks to that time in elementary school when he was assigned a school project. The goal was to create a visual depiction of the book of their choice. Jon chose Mary Shelley’s Frankenstein and the entire poster board was a blob of blacks and greys. It’s safe to say his color palette does not expand past deep greys and blacks.

Daenerys sat Sam down and turned his chair to face her. She stroked her chin in contemplation before her face brightened. She grabbed the paints and got right to work. Like Jon, it appeared she held the color black close to her heart as she used it in excess. That and red. Alarming amounts of black and red, really.

When she was done she swivelled Sam’s chair to face Jon and had a broad smile on her face.

“What do you think?”

“It’s- it’s- well it’s certainly there.”

Dany frowned. “You don’t like it?”

“No! Of course not!” Jon rushed, “It’s just- well, what is it?”
Sam’s face was covered in patchy black paint with the occasional blast of red which together worked to make a confusing array of confusion.

“It’s a dragon.”

“A dragon?” Jon tilted his head. “You know what, I can kind of tell from this angle.”

Dany smiled bashfully, “Well I did say I was lacking in talent.”

Jon’s lips twitched up, “Believe me, I’ve seen worse. Mostly from myself.”

Dany’s smile turned from slightly embarrassed to sincere and Jon counted that as a win.

“Um, guys?” Sam called out. “I think we have a small problem.”

They turned back towards Sam where they were met with an alarming sight. The paint that Daenerys had applied so thickly was converging with beads of sweat and running down Sam’s face.

“Oh.” Dany hummed. “Well that’s not great.”

Sam smiled shyly, “My bad.”

They made the executive decision that Jon would practice on Dany. Not that Sam wasn’t a willing volunteer, just that face paint and an incredibly sweaty face didn’t have a tendency to mix all that well.

Jon pursed his lips as he examined Dany’s face, looking for all the right angles. He eyed the black paint wantingly though managed to constrain himself. If his fifth grade teacher, Mrs. Mordane taught him anything it was that black paint got him nothing but a D in creativity. Instead he reached for the white paint. Dany’s dragon (more like colorless splatches of paint) inspired him to create his own favorite animal, his very own dog/wolf/ultimately terrifying yet incredibly adorable companion, Ghost.

He spun Dany to face Sam when he finished. “Well?” He asked.

“Ghost!” Sam proclaimed.

“Exactly!” Jon felt a sense of pride, maybe his artistic skills were actually more present than he thought. Perhaps this is a sign to try new things in life, get new hobbies, become a more well rounded and happy person. Maybe stop only wearing black? This can become a new beginning for him! A new opportunity to- wait.

“How do you know my dog’s name?”

“Your dog?” Sam spluttered, “I meant a ghost. Like the ‘boo’ kind. You gave her red eyes and everything.”

Jon frowned. “But she was supposed to be a dog.”

Dany sat up and patted him on the shoulder. “It’s alright, Jon. I only wish we knew neither of us could paint before we chose to do face painting.”

Jon sighed. That would have been a good idea.

Sam raised his hand slowly, “I could try, if you guys don’t mind that is.”
“Sam!” Jon said, “Of course! Here,” he sat down, “practice on me.”

Sam smiled nervously and picked up the paint. He didn’t even take two minutes just staring at his face like Jon and Dany did. Jon felt goosebumps form from the cool press of the paint on his skin. Or perhaps it was from the imploring and all consuming way Dany was staring at him. Jon shifted his gaze and let out a shaky breath. Jon was not, how you would say, a cool cat when it came to the lady department. Just ask his last girlfriend Ygritte. All she ever told him was that he knew nothing.

When he was done, Sam took a step back to examine his work.

“How do you wanna start?” Meera asked them.

Jojen pondered for a moment then said, “How about you recite a hundred digits of pi right now.”

Meera paled, “Oh here come the flashbacks to sixth grade math. Uhh, 3.142, wait no, 3.142, no that’s not right. 4.14-”

“That’s enough of that.” Jojen interrupted, “How about you try, Bran?”

Bran shook his hands to warm up, though stopped when he realized that his hands were not at all necessary for reciting numbers. He awkwardly placed them back on his lap. “Here goes nothing: 3.1415926536-”

“It’s actually five.” Jojen said.

“Oh, my bad. 5898-”

“It’s seven.”

“Oh sorry, 7 9327-”

“Oh, it’s three.”

“You know what!” Bran said, “Why don’t you just do it?”

Jojen looked baffled, “Well, I guess if you insist.”
As he rattled off number after number without hesitation Bran couldn’t help but roll his eyes. Maybe Team Grass wasn’t all he thought it was going to be.

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