A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away...

Civil War has erupted across the Galaxy. Under the rule of Cersei Lannister and her enforcer Night King, citizens of Westeros are forced to endure her brutal regime. Under the direction of General Stannis Baratheon, a small group of rebels band together to stop her and take back their homes and their lives.

Within the Rebellion, a young Jedi fights for the survival of not only the Galaxy, but also the
possibility that the Jedi Order can be rebuilt. When she finds herself stranded on a desert planet with no ship and no options, she enlists the help of a smuggler and his father to help her complete her mission. There is more to the man and his father that meets the eye, however, and soon the Galaxy will find a reason to hope again...

*This story will now encompass all of A New Hope, The Empire Strikes Back, Return of the Jedi, and all the time in between. Enjoy my friends!*  

Notes

Hello! I originally started this story as a way to handle my insomnia, and then just continued with it for fun. I love A Song of Ice and Fire and Star Wars (the original trilogy), and decided to merge the two together. I hope you all enjoy the story as much as I have enjoyed writing it. General Disclaimer: I'm not Martin or Lucas, and do not own either story.

See the end of the work for more notes.
The Glass

Chapter 1: The Glass

The glass is half full… the glass is half full… the glass is half full…

The glass is shattered.

No! The glass is fine. It just has some water missing at the top, but there is still water in it. There is nothing wrong with the glass.

Was there ever a glass to begin with?

Sansa Snow stared ahead of her, trying to make sense of her muddled thoughts as she walked towards the Sunspear Cantina. The planet of Dorne was not known for it’s wholesome people, with Sunspear having a reputation as one of the worst shipping ports in the galaxy. The fact that this cantina stood out amongst the rest as being particularly sketchy was promising, though Sansa was unsure if she should be hopeful or terrified at the thought. Still, she had exhausted all her other options, and had no choice but to ask for help. Sansa, and the rest of the Rebellion, had found that when going against the Empire, it was best to find common ground with those who also had a price on their head. The only people she could remotely trust with her situation was the group of thugs currently getting drunk inside its dark walls.

The dry dessert sands of Dorne whipped around her, causing Sansa to pull her hood over her fire red hair and shield her eyes. It was rumored that hundreds of years ago the planet had once been surrounded by water, but years of the harsh dessert sun had evaporated the liquid causing the planet to become a dessert wasteland. Quickening her step, she forced herself to look as inconspicuous as possible as she made her way past shops and buildings towards the cantina at the end of the sand packed street. Noticing the White Walkers coming her way, she turned and pretended to look interested in a woven tunic an old woman was selling at her outdoor shop.

“My, what a beautiful girl you are. Surely, someone as pretty as you is not from around here. Taking a visit, or here on business my dear?” The old woman asked, her face gnarled and wrinkly from the constant sun and dessert storms that often plagued the planet.

“Just making a brief stop to refuel my ship, then I’ll be on my way.” Sansa responded. In truth, Sansa had no time for small talk. She wanted to avoid the White Walker soldiers if she could, and speaking with the old woman seemed as good an option as any. She continued to peruse the shop, gracing the woman with a polite smile as she did so. It wasn’t this old woman’s fault her day had turned out so poorly, and Sansa refused to let her manners suffer because of it.

The White Walkers, in their bulky white battle armor with blasters resting at their hip, walked past her and further down the street, not even sparing a glance in her direction. Sansa gave the friendly woman a wave and moved on towards the Cantina. The mission had been a simple one, as well as her first official solo job for the rebellion. It also might end up being her last one, she thought ruefully, unless she managed to get the fuel the rebellion so desperately needed off planet.

There had been rumors that the Empire was creating a planet-size space station with the capacity to destroy entire moons and planets. If they were able to harness this type of power, not only the rebellion, but entire civilizations would be destroyed. General Baratheon, the leader of the rebellion,
had not wanted to take any chances and tasked a strike force with finding out if this information was accurate. The entire force had given their lives to retrieve and send the information. The group had found that not only was the Death Star a fact, it was also on the verge of being fully operational. General Baratheon, along with the council of Senator Oberyn, Colonel Royce, and Jedi Masters Davos and Tyrion, had decided to strike before the Death Star had the capacity to wipe a single planet out of existence by launching an air strike.

There were, as there always was when planning a mission of this scale, two significant problems. The first was fuel. The rebellion did not have enough of it, so several groups of rebellion cells on each planet had been tasked with getting the fuel together under the guise of collecting it for the Empire. A rebel soldier would come, retrieve the fuel, and head home. With many planets having rebel cells regardless of their affiliation to the Rebellion or the Empire, the problem of fuel was easy to solve.

The second problem was much more complicated. The ship carrying Jedi Master Tyrion and the blueprints to the Death Star had been captured. Everyone on board the ship was believed to be dead. Or tortured and then put to death, if their last outgoing message was anything to go by. Sansa knew it was better for them all if they had been killed on sight and not taken prisoner. The torture methods of the Empire were inhumane, and no one deserved that fate. Stannis has decided to press on with the attack blueprints or not. It was either die fighting, or die from the Empire’s ultimate weapon.

Sansa had been put in charge of flying to Dorne, Many below the council had questioned the wisdom of sending Sansa on such an important mission on her own for the first time. Still, she had proven herself in other jobs for the rebellion, and all five of the council members were sure of her success. In fact, the success in securing fuel from Dorne had been a given since this was Senator Oberyn’s own planet. He had been working with the rebellion since the day the Empress had taken control of the senate, and thus the Republic of Westeros. To his credit, Oberyn’s group of rebel soldiers had provided the fuel; they had just gotten stir crazy. The Empire had sent a few extra White Walker patrol groups that same day (something that occurred regularly and nothing to be worried over), and while Sansa had been checking over the fuel they had stolen her ship and flown away without her or the supplies. Not having enough money to purchase her own ship, unaware of how to steal a ship, and knowing she couldn’t trust any of the Empire pilots who flew the cargo transportation ships, Sansa was left with her only option standing right in front of her. Squaring her shoulders and with her head held high, Sansa Snow walked into the cantina with all the confidence she could muster.

My name is Sansa Snow. I am 19 years old. I was saved from Order Wild Fire by Jedi Nan as an infant. I was raised on the ice moon North Wall amongst it’s people and a handful of Jedi survivors. My Master has been captured or killed by the Empire. I will honor his name as I complete my mission. I will only use the force and my lightsaber if necessary. I will complete my mission and bring this fuel back the rebellion. We will defeat the Empire and restore balance to the force and the galaxy.
Chapter Notes

Thank you for your comments and kudos! It was very exciting to see. I hope you enjoy the second chapter.

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin or Lucas. Or the writer of Wookipedia, who helped me write Guido's description.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 2: The Idiot

*It reeks in here. This is worse then the time I skinned that tuantuan carcass so that I could use its fur for my cloak. I couldn’t get the smell out of my skin for a week. Master Tyrion said he never had to use the force to sense where I was, he could just use his nose.*

Pushing back the feelings that came when thinking of her Jedi Master, Sansa scanned the cantina as she made her way to the bar. On the smaller side, the room was dimly lit with a band playing in the corner. The tune was surprisingly upbeat and merry, considering the type of crowd that was either sitting at the bar or in booths sipping drink and playing games they were no doubt betting on.

Taking a seat at the bar, Sansa asked for a mug of Blue Milk, one of the few things that almost made a visit to this planet worth it. Allowing the force to calm her mind and heighten her senses, Sansa began eavesdropping on the conversations around her. She was looking for someone, gender and species unimportant, who was both desperate for money and very wanted by the Empire. This would in turn make them willing to take the sum she offered, and not turn her over to the Empire as they would end up as equally dead as her. Judging by the crowd, finding someone with an agreeable personality was out of the question, though it would have been nice. She didn’t want to tie someone up and hold them hostage on their own ship unless she had to, but that was a possibility under the circumstances. The rebellion needed the fuel, and sacrifices had to be made.

Half an hour later, Sansa was on her second mug of Blue Milk and still no closer to finding a pilot with the means to carry the fuel. It appeared that almost everyone in the cantina were either locals, owners of smaller ships, or too drunk to fly. Sansa found her eyes roaming to a darkened corner of the room where a human boy around her age with wild curls down to his shoulders and trimmed facial hair sat. The boy, or rather man, was being confronted by what appeared to be a Cronnogmian Bounty Hunter. He was a reptilian humanoid, with black pupil-less eyes, a circular face with a slender snout, large pointed ears, and two saucer-like antennae at the top of his head. Narrowing her focus, Sansa honed in on the conversation, turning to the side and using only her peripheral to watch.

“Jon, Jon, Jon,” the Cronnogmian clicked distastefully, “Drogo is very displeased with you.”

Sansa noticed that the bounty hunter was holding a blaster in his hand over the table, leveling it at the man’s chest. However, instead of looking concerned or scared the man, Jon, looked rather bored with the exchange. He was relaxing in the booth with one leg slung over the table, leaning back and head cocked to the side with an unconcerned smirk on his face. One arm was slung over the end of the booth, while the other was resting lightly at his hip under the table. He looked like he was about
to discuss the days weather, not like he had a blaster trained on him and was moments away from
death.

“Put that thing away Guido before you hurt yourself. Or better yet, keep it out and save me the
trouble,” Jon said with a roll of his eyes. “You can tell Drogo that I have the money. I was on my
way out to deliver it to him personally before you stopped me. Do you want to be the reason he finds
out that I am late in getting it to him?”

“Save it Jon. We both know that Drogo doesn’t care about the money anymore. He is no longer
interested in a smuggler who is known to drop cargo at the first sign of an Imperial ship –“

“Hey! You let Khal Drogo and his psychotic wife know that even I get boarded sometimes—“

“-and the price he has put on your head will soon have every bounty hunter in the galaxy of
Westeros looking for you. Too bad for them I got to you first.” The Cronnogmian lifted his small lips
into a triumphant smile as he put his finger on the blaster’s trigger. “But, if you tell me where the
money is I might forget that I found you at all.”

Jon scoffed as his fingers flicked the dried paint off the wall from behind the booth. “I don’t have it
with me. Tell Drogo that I will get it to him soon.”

Sansa turned her head to the side, pretending to stretch her neck so that she could more fully see the
conversation. Her eyes narrowed as she watched the arm resting at Jon’s hip prepping his blaster that
he had taken out of it’s holster. He raised his hand slightly, aiming his weapon at his opponent.
Guido was now in just as much trouble as Jon, but the bounty hunter was too focused on his own
task and Jon acting too disinterested for him to notice.

“I have been waiting for this for a –“

Jon shot his blaster square at Guido’s chest, killing him instantly and causing his lifeless body to fall
face first onto the table. Sansa noticed that the patrons barely flinched at the death, only looking up to
see who had died before returning to their gambling and drinks.

“I always shoot first.” Jon tutted at the dead body while he got up from the booth, preparing to walk
away. His eyes barely caught Sansa’s for a split second before Jon turned, preparing to leave out the
back door. Nobody made a move to follow him.

Quickly glancing around the cantina, Sansa surveyed the rest of her options. After sitting in the bar
for half an hour and finishing her blue milk she knew that he was the best of the lot for three reasons.

One, Jon was a smuggler. He knew the best routes to get past, or at least avoid, the Empire, and
according to him was barely ever boarded. Or course, that part where he dropped the cargo was
troublesome but she could always take over before something like that happened. Two, Jon had a
price on his head. No, it wasn’t by the Empire but it was by well known crime lord Khal Drogo.
Even Empress Cersei had the good sense to leave him and his lot alone, as long as they weren’t
doing anything to undermine her power of course. Having Jon wanted by Drogo was just as bad as
the Empire, which insured his discretion while transporting the fuel; Drogo had just as many spies
doing his bidding as the Empire. Third, and possibly most important, Jon desperately needed money.
Sansa could tell through the force that Jon had been lying to Guido the whole time. Jon had been too
convincing and Guido too stupid to notice the fib. Somebody that desperate to save his own skin
would surely pick up the job, while not turning her in to the Empire. If he did, Drogo and his bounty
hunters would find him before the money ever reached his hands and kill him. Yes, Jon was
definitely the best choice.
Leaving a small tip on the table, Sansa pushed herself off the stool and prepared herself to follow Jon out the back door of the cantina.

**XXXXXXXX**

*He has to know I am following him. After what I just saw, there is no way he is that stupid that he hasn’t noticed me at this point.*

Sansa was getting annoyed, with no amount of meditative breathing helping to calm her growing temper. She had been tailing Jon for at least twenty minutes, and the idiot hadn’t done so much as glance in her direction once. She was being obvious on purpose, only staying a few steps behind him and even sighing loudly when he purchased his second round of street food in as many minutes. The only time her step had faltered was when she had seen a group of White Walkers, but had regrouped quickly when she saw them turn in the other direction and flag some poor Wilding for going too fast on her speeder.

Running low on time and patience, Sansa determined that she would just have to approach him herself. Entering the large hanger bay where the ships were docked, Sansa made a grab for his arm when Jon turned abruptly and looked straight into her crystal blue eyes. Arms crossed, he leaned casually against the side of the wall while giving her a sympathetic look. Realizing that he had been messing with her the whole time on purpose, Sansa let out a huff, putting her hands on her hips and a scowl on her face. While the thought crossed her mind that her position made her look like a small child throwing a tantrum, Sansa had discovered while tailing Jon that she was actually an inch or two taller than him. This thought helped in giving her some feeling of authority, however small.

*Get it together Sansa, of course you have the authority. You have money and a job to offer him. He is the one that will be working for you, not the other way around.*

“Listen sweetling, I am very sorry but I do not have the time nor the desire to… entertain you right now. However, I am not unsympathetic to your situation so how about I give you a credit or two and you can be on your way, hmm? It’s not you, it’s me.” Jon said, his tone slightly patronizing, almost like he was scolding her and what he perceived were her life decisions.

Cocking her head to the side and narrowing her eyes, Sansa continued to stare into his grey ones while she resisted the urge to double check what she was wearing. There was no need, as she had made the clothes herself. Her linen tunic, while sleeveless, flowed loosely around her. The back was longer than the front in order to conceal her lightsaber, which was strapped into her utility belt in a parallel manner. The remaining Jedi had taken to concealing their sabers on their bodies in order to hide who they were, as opposed to having them hanging loosely at their sides, like the Jedi had done before Empress Cersei made hunting them a sport. Her pants were form-fitting but hardly suggestive, and her soft leather boots came up to just under her knee cap with a side buckle. Inside, unbeknownst to him, she had hidden her small blaster. Her cloak was chosen with the heat of Dorne in mind, made from lightweight material and only coming down to the tops of her boots, with an arm opening on each side. Bearing all this in mind, Sansa came to one obvious conclusion.

“You… are an idiot.”

Jon’s face faltered, showing off a level of surprise and possibly anger. “Excuse me?”

“You are an idiot. Asking me to repeat it twice will not change my mind, only reinforce what you have made me realize.” Jon scowled at her. “Nothing about my appearance, or the way in which I carry myself, suggests that I am a brothel whore looking to make a quick credit. If you weren’t so sure of yourself you would have noticed that already.”
“Listen sweetling, I know you were watching me in cantina and saw the way I handled –“

“Yes, I know, you shot first,” Sansa said with a roll of her eyes. “You are good with a blaster, I will give you that. However, your observation skills leave much to be desired.” Jon gave out a huff, but Sansa pressed on. “Regardless, I am in a bit of rush and am still willing to offer you a transportation job.”

“How magnanimous of you. I’ll pass.” Jon pressed himself up off the wall, turned around, and began walking down the long hall towards the docking station.

Sansa quickly fell in step behind him. “What do you mean you’ll pass?! I know you are desperate for money and I will pay you a large-“

Jon spun around and gave her a hard look. “I don’t take jobs from people I don’t know, or at least never heard of, and I clearly don’t know you. Go find some other idiot that can listen to your grating voice for longer then five seconds-“

“Grating voice?! I’ll have you know there is nothing wrong with my voice. Your ego however-“

“My ego can be backed up by the fact that I’m still alive. How do I know you aren’t some sort of spy for Khal Drogo?”

“What?! How dare you imply that I-“

“Jon!” Sansa turned her head sharply, only then realizing that during their argument she and Jon had gotten close enough to be standing toe-to-toe with each other. Sending him one last glare, Sansa stepped back and schooled her features into a cool mask of indifference. The man was taller then Jon, with short white hair and a trimmed white beard. He was dressed much like Jon in a black vest and tunic, though his pants were a darker shade of blue, and wore a blaster at his hip. The man gave Sansa an apologetic smile, before glaring at the man standing beside her.

“Jon Mormont, how many times have I told you to stop acting like such a damned fool,” the man rebuked. While his voice was stern, Sansa noticed that it was underlined with affection. He turned towards Sansa. “My apologies. My son has yet to find his way with words. If he isn’t off brooding in the corner he is making a fool of himself by opening his mouth. The boy is a brilliant fighter, but a terrible politician.” Jon’s father stuck out his hand. “I’m Jeor Mormont, miss?..”

Sansa offered her hand for him to shake. “Sansa,” she replied simply. She risked a glance towards Jon, noticing that he was starting to do the very thing his father mentioned would happen when he wasn’t talking.

“Sansa, what a pretty name. Is there anything that we can help you with today? As I’m sure you have already discovered, we are a couple of scoundrels but would never turn down such a lovely lady as yourself in need of help. Especially if you have the means to pay.” At that Jeor returned to glaring at Jon.

“It’s as we feared Dad. Drogo has put a large bounty on our heads all because of that boarding fiasco. Probably his wife’s idea knowing her. The only reason we are alive right now is because Drogo sent Guido of all people to take care of us. How do we know she isn’t a spy for him as well?”

“I already told you I’m not a spy,” Sansa gritted out. It was clear that Jon had not picked up diplomacy from his father, whom Sansa was finding to be quite reasonable. Sansa looked Jeor straight in the eye, knowing that what she was about to say could either secure their help or leave her back at square one. She quickly chanted her mantra in her head, gathering up her courage.
“Sir, I have at this moment several thousands of gallons of fuel that needs to be transported, along with myself, off planet to a location that I do not wish to give you,” Jon snorted at that, “at this time but will give you once we are off planet and away from listening ears. I can pay you handsomely for said transportation once the fuel has made it to it’s location. Please let me know if these terms are agreeable.”

Jeor smiled at her kindly. “I would love to my dear, but I am afraid there might be a slight problem with your proposition.”

“What problem is that?” Sansa asked. Dread began to gather in her chest. Something was not right, she could feel it in the force. Something bad was close. The hairs on her neck began to stand up, and her breathing became slightly heavier.

“Well, I am assuming that said fuel is located in the repair bay east of the landing station, which we are currently in. If so, I regret to inform you that the fuel is currently being looked over by six White Walker troopers.”

Chapter End Notes

Star Wars creature equivalents:
1. Cronnogmian: Rodian
2. Wilding: Defel
Chapter Notes

Thank you for all comments and kudos!
This chapter and the one after it were originally one chapter, but I decided to break it up so that we can get both Jon and Sansa's perspective on what happens. First up is Jon.
Enjoy!

General Disclaimer: I am neither George, nor am I the amazing Dave Filoni who has given us The Clone Wars and Star Wars Rebels.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 3: The Team Up

Part One

Maybe I am an idiot.

No girl who works in a brothel would ever run this fast into danger for some fuel. But, what was I supposed to think? She is gorgeous, though annoying as hell. Girls who look like her don’t hang out in seedy bars looking for smugglers to run a job for them. How was I supposed to know just from looking at her that she wanted to hire someone to transport some stolen goods for her? If the fuel is stolen, which I’m not entirely sure it is. She acts like she has too many principles to be thief.

Son a bitch this girl is fast.

Why do we have to run after her when she is running straight towards the Empire anyway? Am I the only person who think’s we should be running away from White Walkers? Why was Dad even listening to her back there?

And how the hell is she running so damn fast?!?

Jon took in deep breaths of sand-tinted air as he continued to run after Sansa. Jeor was slightly ahead of him, barely breaking a sweat in his pursuit of the woman… girl… annoying human. His father was still in peak health for his age, a fact that Jon was reminded of every time Jeor insisted on doing “training exercises” aboard their ship The Knights Watch. Jeor had insisted that they be ready for any type of situation due to the nature of their jobs, and had started teaching Jon at a young age how to handle a blaster. He became a damn fine shot under his father’s tutelage, with his hand-to-hand combat coming in at a close second. They would even run laps around The ‘Watch, something that had come in handy during numerous close calls with White Walkers and even their own business partners. Jon prided himself on being in peak physical condition. As he ran towards the repair bay, however, he began to question if his physical accomplishments were all lies. He was breathing hard and starting to get a stitch in his side.

Sansa skidded to a halt in front of the door leading to the repair bay. Jon noticed with a touch of jealousy that she was barely breathing hard, though he smugly took note of the sweat on her brow. Jeor stood next to her. The man looked like he had just finished a leisurely stroll through one of Highgarden’s many flower sanctuaries. Jon decided not to mention the pain in his side.
Standing with her back to the door, Sansa took in a gulp of air, her next words coming out in a rush.

“Sir, that fuel is of the utmost importance to the Rebellion.” Jon started at that. “I do not know you, but I beg of you to help me secure the fuel from the White Walkers and get it off planet. If not, I fear that the Rebellion, and possibly the galaxy, will soon meet its end.”

Jon had to keep himself from snorting at Sansa’s little speech. It walked the fine line between being overly dramatic and begging. Surely there was no way Father-

“Of course we will help you Miss Sansa. My son and I are no friends of the Empire, and we will do our duty in helping those who wish to see their regime destroyed.”

Jon’s eyes bulged out of his head. While what Jeor said was true, Jon also knew that Jeor had worked diligently to keep himself and Jon away from the Rebellion. When the rumors began that a group of people were uniting together to put an end to the Empire, Jon had wanted to join them right away. He and his father were excellent flyers and highly skilled in avoiding the Empire. Jeor had put a stop to it immediately, stating it was too dangerous for either of them and that he had promised Jon’s mother to always keep him safe. Jon had retorted that their current lifestyle left a lot to be desired on that point. Jeor had only glared at him then, telling him that while a life of smuggling was hardly care free it was decidedly less dangerous then running off and joining a gang of delusional rebels. He believed it was impossible for anyone to topple Cersei and her regime. Therefore, it was best for them to continue with their lives as they were. Jeor had been so passionate in his denial that Jon had never brought up joining the Rebellion again.

Eventually, Jon came to resent them and what they had done to his and Jeor’s lifestyle. Due to the Rebellion’s small skirmishes with the Empire, smuggling was becoming more difficult as the Empire was becoming more alert. Smuggling jobs were becoming scarce, forcing Jeor and Jon to take on very dangerous runs to make ends meet. Jon felt like he and his father would never have been boarded if it hadn’t been for the Rebellion.

Jon made eye contact with his father. “Dad, I’ve got a bad feeling about this. I think it would best for all of us to let the fuel go. If you are so insistent on helping, perhaps the best course of action would be to take Sansa off planet and drop her at the next port town. Perhaps she can steal some more fuel there.”

“I will only say this once. I did not steal the fuel. It was provided to the Rebellion so that we could complete an air strike on the Empire, whose military is currently working on a planet sized space station with the capacity to destroy every planet in the galaxy.” Sansa replied tightly.

Jon crossed his arms in front of his chest. No amount of begging would get him to help her. The problem was he could see that Father was crumbling under the pressure of her pleading blue eyes.

Jeor glanced at Jon, then back to Sansa, and gave a tight nod.

“What do you need us to do, my dear?”

Jon had to physically keep himself from rolling his eyes and scoffing out loud. Maybe this was karma for killing Guido. He had gotten rid of one annoying presence, only to be immediately granted another.

No, Guido had it coming to him. Her coming into my life is just bad luck. Besides, maybe I can convince Dad to get rid of her once we are on the ship and in less dire circumstances. No way is she sticking around for longer than necessary.
Sansa let out a breath. “Here’s the plan. One of you go back and get your ship, while the other person stays with me. We incapacitate the White Walkers, load the fuel onto the ship in the repair station, then high tail it out of here.”

“Well that sounds like a brilliant idea.” Jon replied sarcastically with a roll of his eyes. Clearly battle planning was not Sansa’s forte.

“I will go and get the ship and bring it into the repair bay. I will need no longer then fifteen minutes; I had just completed prepping the ship to launch before I ran into the both of you.”

Jeor turned to Jon, placing an arm upon his shoulder. He gave Jon a smile only a father could give his son, looking into his gray eyes. “Jon, there comes a time when we must choose to do what is easy, and what is right. You know what time is upon you.” Leaving him with a kind smile, Jeor took off running towards his ship.

Jon stood there, already feeling the loss of his father. Jeor was a good man and Jon loved him fiercely. Growing up, he had tried to teach Jon about the importance of duty and honor. Even criminals such as themselves had a code to live by. Jon had always taken these lessons to heart. He hated how his father and himself were always judged for what they did as a job, and not for who they were as people. Nobody ever bothered to learn that they would always help those less fortunate then they when possible, instead of holding onto their money out of greed. They never skimmed money from the top, never cheated their clients out of an extra buck. They treated all species with respect. Thus, Jon knew that Jeor was right. While he hated the Rebellion for what it had done to their livelihood, life under the Empire was no picnic. Hell, Jon hated both groups, but he knew it would haunt him if he turned his back now and didn’t help Sansa. She was annoying as hell, but it was the right thing to do.

Jon took his blaster out of his holster and turned to her. “Let’s keep each other appraised at all times of our next move, and be honest when the other needs help. Do you have a blaster on you?”

Jon watched as Sansa grabbed her blaster hidden in her boot

“Be smart, shoot straight, and we may just make it out of here alive. You got that sweetling?”

“Yes, and don’t ever call me that again.”

They turned to face the door, each taking a deep breath. As a rule of survival, Jon and Jeor avoided White Walkers whenever they could. Hell, they tended to avoid the Empire when possible. This would be his first time directly provoking them. Jon tried to calm his nerves with moderate success. Beside him, Jon noticed that Sansa was barely batting an eyelash and wore a calm look of determination on her face. If she was truly a part of the rebellion like she said, Jon figured what they were about to do was a common occurrence for her.

“All right, as soon as I open the door I want you to crouch down and hide behind the nearest crate we can find. The fuel is on the opposite side of the hangar. We will just have to hope that luck is on our side and we won’t be spotted. Once hidden we can assess the situation and determine the best way to overpower the White Walkers with limited danger to ourselves.”

“And if we are spotted immediately?”

Sansa turned and gave him a smirk. “Blast them.”

Jon could feel his lips twitch upward as he nodded. The girl had guts. He could respect that even if he didn’t like her and her plan was riddled with deathly possibilities for them. He crouched down,
ready to make a run for the nearest crate as Sansa reached for the keypad. The door slid open, and he watched as Sansa immediately ducked down and got ready to run.

They had gotten one foot into the door when he heard Sansa take in a sharp breath and freeze on the spot. He turned to her, noticing that the hair around the nape of her neck was standing on end and her skin had erupted into goose pimples. She was looking slightly to her right. Jon turned himself to see where her line of sight was, vaguely realizing that Sansa had angled her body so that it appeared like she was protecting him from something. No, not something, but someone. At the end of the room, Jon spotted a Flaydian man dressed all in black, with protective armor on his chest, metal bracers covering his forearms, and polished knee-high boots. On each shoulder the sign of the Empire had been sewn into his clothing. His brown hair flopped over his brow, and his green skin seemed to glow under the light. He looked upon them with an evil smile, causing the small red markings upon his nose and cheeks to crinkle. Jon felt like it gave him the appearance of having blood splattered upon his face. He walked towards them at a slow, leisurely pace.

“Sansa my love, what a pleasant surprise.” The man purred, his voice soft and angelic. Jon felt like a womp rat being lead to the slaughter. “Why, it was just this morning that I found myself missing your beautiful face, and it appears the force has heard my call.”

Jon could hear Sansa’s breathing quicken. “Jon, listen to me. No matter what happens, this fuel must get to the rebellion. There is a droid in the right corner of the room. She appears powered down, but she is alert. Her name is LA-D3. She knows where the rebellion is. Don’t worry about me. Take her, the fuel, and leave this place.” She had said it so low and so quickly that Jon barely understood her. He watched as she squared her shoulders, preparing to meet this man head on. He was half way to them now.

“You must be out of you mind if you think I am –”

“Hello Ramsay.” Sansa said coolly, interrupting Jon’s reply. “I regret to inform you that I will not be enjoying your company today.”

“Oh but you will, my lovely. The Empress has already promised me that if I catch you, I get to keep you. And you are a fine catch. A very fine catch.” The man leered at Sansa.

Jon watched Ramsey reach behind him and pulled a crescent shaped metal tube off of his back. Jon had never seen such a weapon before. A loud hum filled the now quiet room. Jon saw a red laser appear outward from the handle. Jon knew instantly by the color of the blade that he and Sansa were facing an Inquisitor, hunters of the Jedi. Jeor and Jon had never met one in person, but they had heard stories of the Sith warriors and what their purpose was within the Empire. Jon’s mind kicked into overdrive.

*If this man is an Inquisitor, then that must mean…*

Jon looked at the back of Sansa’s head, where her red braid hung low on her back. As if in slow motion, he watched her arm disappear beneath her cloak, only to reappear a half second later holding onto a metal hilt.

For the second time in his life, Jon heard the hum of a lightsaber come to life.

Chapter End Notes
Sansa and Jon are in big trouble! Inquisitors, first introduced in Season 1 of Star Wars Rebels, were Sith hunters whose main job was locating and killing (or in some cases capturing) the remaining Jedi. They trained under Darth Vader and had a hierarchy that was based off of their talent with the force and their weapons.

Flaydian=Mirialan.
Popular Mirialan characters in the Star Wars Universe are Jedi Master Luminaria Unduli, Padawan Barriss Offee, and Seventh Sister, who was an Inquisitor and creepy as hell. She was the one who inspired me to give Ramsay his look.
The Team Up, Part 2

Chapter Summary

The battle against Ramsay! I hope the duel does not disappoint. It was difficult to write, but I think it worked out in the end.

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 4: The Team Up

Part 2

“Have you ever been afraid Master?”

“Of course Sansa. Even the bravest of us become afraid from time to time.”

“What are you afraid of?”

“Everything and nothing.”

“… I don’t think that is possible Master.”

“You don’t? And why is that?”

“It doesn’t make any sense.”

“Sansa, you and I are both aware of the past of our people. We know how they were once great protectors of the galaxy, and how they were destroyed by Order Wild Fire and Empress Cersei. Hence, you might say we know everything. How can I not be afraid knowing the past?”

“That makes sense…”

“As for the second part, I am unable to see or predict the future. We may be killed in battle, or may die peacefully in our old age surrounded by those we love. We may defeat the Sith, or live our entire lives in fear. Thus, you may say that I fear nothing, for I know nothing of what is to come.”

“But, Master Tyrion, how can you live if you are afraid of everything and nothing?”

“My girl, fear is the killer of our actions. If we allow our fears to rule us, we will find ourselves paralyzed and unable to move forward or backward. We must face our fears and let them pass through us. Only then can we live.”

Sansa quickly and effectively assessed her situation as she poised her purple lightsaber. Ramsay stood a few feet in front of her and Jon with three White Walkers on either side of him. White Walkers were notorious for having terrible aim and flimsy armor. They tended to attack in groups, overcoming their opponents with numbers as opposed to skill. Jon would be able to handle them
without problems so long as he took cover and hit his mark. The bigger danger was Ramsay. He was second in command to the Grand Inquisitor, who was only one step below Night King in the Sith hierarchy. Ramsay had become obsessed with her after their first duel three years ago. He was constantly hunting Sansa, lusting after her and desiring to make her his play thing. The Inquisitor was also a better duelist than her, something she had learned during that first encounter. She had only escaped from his clutches due to the intervention of Master Tyrion. A year ago when they met she had not been so lucky. Sansa had been captured for a week, only managing to escape due to the kindness of two White Walkers who had taken pity on her. One had freed her while the other had created the diversion necessary to escape.

Calming herself with the force, Sansa exhaled as she took the position of Soresu. Facing Ramsay side on, Sansa held her blade in her back hand, her arm bent at the elbow with her saber an extension of her arm. Her off-hand, which was pointing towards Ramsay, was held up straight in challenge. Under less dire circumstances this hand would be bare, but Sansa was still holding her blaster in a firm grip. Sansa’s legs mirrored her arms, with her dominant back leg bent and her front foot straight, causing all her weight to shift backward.

“Tsk tsk Sansa.” Ramsay tutted, his eyes malicious. “I see you are still favoring Form III. You and I both know this will not work against me.”

He sighed dramatically, holding up his saber and pointing it directly at her chest. “It’s for the best I suppose. Soon we will be together forever, my love. Just you and I, as the Force has always meant it to be.” Ramsay brought his blade to his side and pointed it down, bending his knees slightly.

Sansa refused to let herself flinch at his words. She only needed to distract him for a little less then fifteen minutes. Jeor would be at the bay by then, hopefully with the ships blasters firing. It seemed impossible that she and Jon would be able to defeat both the White Walkers and Ramsay, and get the fuel off planet, but she had to try. Failure was not an option. Not only for the Rebellion, but for herself; she would rather die then be Ramsay’s toy again.

“Jon, on my signal, open fire.”

“Hold up, how am I to know what your –”

Sansa leveled her blaster and aimed straight for Ramsey. As expected, he deflected the laser easily. However, it gave Sansa the half second she needed to create a force push and send their opponents crashing into the wall. Grabbing Jon, she leaped behind the nearest crate. She had only bought them a few seconds at best.

“Can you handle two blasters at once?”

“Of course I can. What have you got in mind? Hopefully something better than your last plan.”

Sansa decided to let his remark go. They didn’t have time for petty bickering. “You take care of the White Walkers, I will handle the Inquisitor. We just have to hold them off until Jeor gets here. Contact him if you can and let him know we need the ships blasters at the ready.”

“Well it isn’t better, but if that’s what you got I can work with it.” Jon nodded, taking her blaster in the process. Holding up his wrist link, Jon hit the commlink button to appraise Jeor of the situation.

“Sansa, you are not playing fair my beauty. Do come out and play with me. You know I love it when we play together.” Ramsay’s voice taunted.

Sansa locked eyes with Jon. Taking courage from each other, they each took in a deep breath and
jumped up from the crate. Sensing the shots before they made contact, Sansa immediately deflected the laser fire while Jon took aim. The White Walkers had fanned out, presenting more of a challenge. His bragging was not for show however, and Jon took out one immediately while the rest took cover.

“Found you.” Ramsay sung out, his angelic voice crystal clear over the sounds of the blaster fire. He charged towards them, his lightsaber poised and ready.

Knowing that she wouldn’t be able to defend herself and Jon from Ramsay’s attacks, Sansa propelled herself over the crate. Holding her lightsaber downward, Sansa positioned herself in the Ataru guard, hoping to fool Ramsay into thinking she had switched forms. While she was proficient enough in Form IV, her lithe build suited the defensive positions of Form III. She could battle in Ataru, but only in short increments. Bending her knees, Sansa let out a cry and jumped up towards Ramsay, swinging her lightsaber back into a circle. She swung it towards her opponent’s head as her body came down from her leap. Ramsay brought his saber up to meet her attack. Sansa noted with satisfaction that it took both his hands grasping the blade to stop her blow.

Ramsay looked up at her with desire. The red dots on his face gave him the look of a predator preparing to eat his next meal. He licked his lips slowly, teasing her.

“My my, someone has been practicing just for me.”

Ramsay shifted his weight, moving his leg out in an attempt to sweep Sansa’s legs out from under her. Sansa sensed the change and flipped backward, coming down into a crouch and holding her lightsaber out to her side. She was vaguely aware of the sounds of blaster fire coming all around her. Quickly scanning her surroundings she saw that Jon had taken down three more of the Empire’s soldiers. She listened for sounds of his pain but heard none; Jon was fine.

Running forward, Sansa held her lightsaber in a two handed grip. She aimed for Ramsay’s left side, but he parried the attack easily. He flicked her lightsaber with his own, and thrust his forward towards her chest. Sansa maneuvered her body out of the way. She slipped back into Soresu, deciding to save her attacks for the last minute or two of the fight. Ramsay was stronger then her; she had a better chance of her blows hitting her opponent after she had tired him out. Continuing to hold her blade with both hands, Sansa held her ground as she effectively blocked Ramsay’s oncoming assaults.

“I see you have a young man with you Sansa. You know I don’t like to share. I suppose I will just have to kill him to show my love for you.” Ramsay grit out.

The light from their sabers made his green skin glow. Sansa noticed tiny beads of sweat across his furrowed brow. Ramsay was starting to feel the effects of their battle. His concentration had increased, and his breathing had become heavier then before. Sansa guesstimated they had been dueling for seven minutes. She just had to hold out for a little longer before Jeor made it to them.

Blocking an attack aimed for her hand, Sansa started in surprise as she watched Ramsay twist his body to the right then leap away from her. Belatedly, Sansa realized that he had dogged blaster fire aimed squarely at him.

“I do believe we should let the lady speak for herself concerning who she is taking home tonight.” Jon drawled as he continued his onslaught. Ramsay barely had time to get his bearings before he was forced to block Jon’s fire with his saber. “Though, if it’s between you and me I regret to inform you there really isn’t a competition. The lady,” Jon glanced at her, “will definitely be going home with herself tonight.” Jon gave her a lopsided grin before focusing his attention back on the Inquisitor.
Jon pointed both blasters at Ramsay and began to set off a quick succession of blaster fire. Using Ramsay’s momentary distraction, Sansa sent a force push his way causing him to falter back.

“That is enough!” Ramsay roared. “You are coming with me Sansa and that boy you have with you is dying by my hand now!” Ramsay held his lightsaber in front of him, his handle turning into a circle and igniting the second blade. Now a staff, he charged towards Jon first.

Holding his ground, Jon immediately opened fire. Each shot was deadly, but Ramsay deflected them easily. Sansa ran towards them. “Jon, hold your fire!” She cried as she leaped in front of him, blocking Ramsay’s blade.

“You stupid bitch! You useless, annoying whore!” Ramsay spit at her.

He put all of his strength behind his attacks, reigning blow after blow down upon Sansa. Using the forms of Soresu, Sansa forced herself to be calm as she defended each of his blows. Her lightsaber was a blur, never stopping as she expended as little energy as she could fending off his attacks. Feeling Jon’s presence behind her, Sansa tried to not give away too much ground to Ramsay. With his speed, it was impossible for her to create any offensive momentum. At this point, they would both be lucky to make it out of the hangar alive. Heart sinking, Sansa knew that the fuel would have to be left behind. Their only hope of survival lay in Jeor. Ramsay was too furious and too skilled to be stopped. She realized now what a fool she had been in thinking she could defeat Ramsay with her current skill level. Though he was tired and angry, Ramsay wasn’t showing any signs of weakness.

Twisting her body through the air to avoid a blow to her chest, Sansa landed on the ground. “Sansa! Stay down!” Jon called. Listening, Sansa crouched her body down as Jon sent laser fire over her head.

Ramsay laughed maniacally at him. “Don’t insult me boy!” He blocked each one of Jon’s attacks with ease. Jon began to move his body in a half circle, causing Ramsay to begin the arc with him. “Do you really think you can defeat me?! I’ll make you a deal. Give me Sansa and I will kill you swiftly. Continue to fight and I will torture you and force her to watch!”

Jon said nothing, only continued his assault. Sansa watched in fascination as Jon continued his rapid fire, never allowing Ramsay a spare moment to gather the force or begin an attack with his lightsaber. Jon began to move forward, causing Ramsay to take only a few steps back.

“Jon, I will be there in twenty seconds. Stand by for emergency docking.” Jeor communicated through Jon’s wrist link.

“If you want to take your droid with us sweetling, you better get her ready.” Jon called to her over his shoulder. Sansa immediately called out to LA-D3, commanding her to come towards them. LA-D3 gave out a scared beep, but none-the-less listened to Sansa and started wheeling her way over. Though often timid in battle situations, the droid was fiercely loyal and obedient to Sansa.

“Oh, how pathetic. A rescue attempt? Is that really all you’ve got boy?”

Jon smirked, holding his fire.

“I’ve got that.” He stated, gesturing behind Ramsay. Ramsay quickly turned around and spotted three small detonators. Before he had a chance to realize that he had walked right into Jon’s trap, Jon set the detonators off using a button on his wrist link.

Sansa quickly covered her head as a small explosion went off. She felt another body on top of her, and glanced up to see that Jon was holding her, shielding her body from the debris.
“You all right, Sansa?”

“Yes, but we can’t underestimate Ramsay for even a second. I doubt that—” Sansa felt a huge gust of wind bearing down on them, cutting of her sentence.

“Believe me, I did not and would never underestimate that piece of shit.” Jon called over the sounds of the ships engine. Sansa allowed him to get her to her feet as they ran out of the ships landing radius. The ship itself was huge, and appeared to be a light freighter, though it was hard to tell as Sansa could only see the underside of it as Jeor flew her down into the repair bay. “Dad, as soon as you can start blasting everything you got towards the south side of the bay. Standing by for emergency docking on your signal.”

“You got it Jon.” Sansa watched as the quad laser cannon swung itself to where Sansa and Jon had last seen Ramsay before the blaster fire went off. His body was nowhere to be seen, but Sansa could sense that he was still in the bay somewhere.

“Cover your ears and get ready!” Jon called. Sansa had just enough time to do as instructed before the loud shots of laser fire went off, shooting half the repair bay to bits. Jon grabbed her arm, and motioned upward. Jeor was hovering The Nights Watch a good twenty feet in the air. Sansa watched at the boarding ramp began to open. Jon reached for her hand, and began to run.

“I hope you can jump!” He called over to her.

Using the rest of her energy, Sansa called upon the force one more time. Giving Jon’s hand a firm tug, she screamed out as she used the force to propel her and Jon into the ship. Tumbling into the landing room, Sansa quickly turned her head to see that LA-D3 had ignited her rocket boosters and was now descending gracefully into the ship.

“Punch it Dad!” Jon screamed into his wrist link, breathing heavily. Sansa felt the ship lurch as it began its ascent out of the hangar. Below, she could hear Ramsay’s angry cries of defeat. Completely drained, Sansa allowed herself to collapse onto the cold floor. Closing her eyes, Sansa let the sweet relief of sleep envelop her.

Chapter End Notes

I think Sansa definitely deserves a much needed nap after that, don’t you?
Any guesses as to the two White Walkers who helped Sansa escape Ramsay? Hint: we will be seeing more of them in the future.
I hope you all enjoyed this chapter and thanks for reading!
Chapter Notes

We will be taking a quick break from our Intrepid Trio this chapter to check in with one of our other characters. Some questions will be answered, while others will be raised. Either way, I hope this doesn't disappoint!
General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 5: Interlude For The Captive

There is no pain, only warmth.

There is no pain, only...

There is no...

Fuck it.

Jedi Master Tyrion Waters let out a muffled cry. The “interrogation” had lasted longer today then it had during previous sessions, and his body was beginning to show signs of severe distress. He convulsed as the IT-O droid gave him another shot of Bavo Six while a White Walker electrocuted the lower half of his body.

“I grow tired of these games little man. Tell me where the rebellion is!” Grand Gregor Clegane demanded. Spit flew from his mouth, mixing in with the sweat that drenched Tyrion’s body. The Hound’s blood red eyes glowed with anger against his blue skin.

“Fuck you.” Tyrion growled as his hands continued twitching. He screamed out in pain as Clegane dug his finger into the cut he had been given the day before underneath his rib cage.

“Tsk tsk Tyrion. That is not a very becoming way to speak for such a famous Jedi.”

Tyrion let out a hollow laugh. “Haven’t you heard? The Jedi are dead.”

“Don’t insult my intelligence Tyrion. I served in The Clone Wars. We all knew of the victories of Jedi Master Tyrion Waters, skilled warrior and tactician. The Separatists would quake in their boots when they would discover it was you and your troopers they were facing.”

“Jedi Master Tyrion Waters died during Order Wild Fire, just like the rest of the Jedi. I am but a humble rebellion solider.”

Clegane gave Tyrion a vicious slap across the face, causing his head to twist awkwardly. Tyrion was no fool. He was well aware the higher-ups in the Empire knew who he was. His small stature and the facial scars he had received during the White Wars were a give-away as to his identity, not to mention those damn Inquisitors that were hell bent on killing him and his Padawan. He was too weak to engage Clegane with the force and he was without weapons, so he went with his next best attack option: being as frustrating as possible.
“I have given you many chances Jedi and you wasted all of them. No matter; we will reach our
destination soon enough. You will have one last chance then. If you do not give me the information I
seek, the consequences will forever be a stain upon you.” Clegane turned to the White Walker who
stood guard at the door. “Take him out of here.”

Giving Tyrion one last slap to the face, this one more mocking then painful, the Hound turned on his
heel and left the room. He was soon followed by the interrogation droid and the White Walker who
had assisted in his torture.

Tyrion groaned as he willed his body into an upright position. He was weak from the repeated
torture, and was left with nothing but will power to make his body move. He was covered in blood,
sweat, and cuts, with sloppily applied bacta patches on only the life threatening ones. Grand Clegane
only wanted him alive enough to answer his questions. The man was an idiot when it came to
military strategy (he tended to favor overwhelming his opponents with numbers as opposed to out
maneuvering them), but even he knew that Empress Cersei would not forgive him if their only
known link to the rebellion died on the interrogation table. The man had only made it to his position
in the Empress’s army by being extremely loyal and surrounding himself with intelligent advisors.

Tyrion wobbled slightly as he attempted to put weight onto his legs. His head was pounding a
demanding rhythm on his skull, and his joints ached from five days of torture. While he was not
interrogated every day, the frequency of the sessions was enough to cripple him physically.

“Here, let me help you.”

Tyrion looked at the White Walker giving him a small nod of his head. Anything else and Tyrion
feared he would pass out from the pain.

“Thank you, young man.” Tyrion took his proffered arm. “You know, if you keep helping me, you
are going to end up at the discipline camps or worse.”

“It’ll be all right. I never wanted to be here anyway. Maybe I will hate myself less if I am there
instead.” His modulated voice replied.

Tyrion hummed his acknowledgment and allowed the soldier to lead him to the door. He was a bit
bigger then the average White Walker (Tyrion could see that his white armor strained against his
girth), but he was kind and had proven himself to be as much of an ally as he could while Tyrion
was held captive. He would often sneak food or small carriers of water into the pockets of Tyrion’s
robes before putting him back into his holding cell. Once, he had even given him a small shot of
serum to help with the searing pain in his muscles and joints. Tyrion often marveled at what the
galaxy had become that such an obviously gentle soul as this was forced to become a soldier to a
mad woman and a regime that cared nothing of its people.

“There are rumors that Grand Clegane has summoned Night King here to aid in your interrogation.”

Tyrion didn’t say anything to that.

“I don’t want to you to think I am telling you this to make you confess the Rebellion’s location. I just
thought you would like to be prepared for his arrival. I know that the Sith and Jedi are enemies.”

“The Jedi are dead boy. You best remember that.”

The White Walker only sighed in response, something that sounded unnatural due to his helmet.

“I’m afraid I have to cuff you now. Don’t worry though, I won’t make them too tight.” The White
Walker apologized as he took Tyrion’s hands. Tyrion winced a bit at the pressure the links brought.
The man was true to his word though, and only made the cuffs tight enough so that they wouldn’t fall off.

The walk back to his holding cell was mercifully short. Laying down on his cot, Tyrion grabbed the small piece of bread the White Walker had left in his pocket today. Chewing slowly, his thoughts began to ponder on pieces on information he knew and speculations he had.

Empress Cersei was desperate to squash the rebellion. Their group had grown from small rebel cells working independently to an organized military-like force with Stannis Baratheon at its head. Stannis had been a famous Colonel during The Clone Wars and very well respected by the citizens of the Galaxy. He had worked quietly for the Empire, but together with Ned Stark had started to organize and sponsor those who opposed Empress Cersei. Once it became apparent that the rebels were no idle threat, Stannis had publicly declared Cersei as the murderer of Robert Baratheon, blackmailer and destroyer of the Jedi, and leader of the Sith. He declared war against the Empire, and welcomed all those who would fight alongside him.

Empress Cersei and her advisors had paid the price in the beginning when they hadn’t taken the rebellion seriously, and were now facing the consequences. Cersei was losing her hold on power, and she knew it. Tyrion figured this was the only reason he had not been killed yet. He was one of four people who knew what really happened that fateful day Cersei took power. The Empress could not afford to allow Tyrion to be left alive with this information; it was bad for business. Thus, Tyrion knew his time was limited to them getting the information they wanted. Unfortunately for Cersei, Clegane, and the Empire, Tyrion had no intention of giving them what they were seeking, death threats or not.

The big question on Tyrion’s mind was what Stannis would do. He knew the power of the Death Star, but did not have the plans necessary to destroy the weapon. Would he still try to make an attack on the Empire without such vital knowledge? Tyrion felt that it was more then likely. Stannis did not like taking risks, but the rebellion was in trouble and everyone knew it. Before his ship had been captured, he had managed to send out a message letting the council know that the rumors of the Death Star’s power were true. At this point, the rebellion had two options: either die from its power or die trying to destroy it. He knew what Stannis and the others would choose, and could not fault them for it. If the decision were left to him, Tyrion would choose the same.

Reaching his hands overhead to stretch out his limbs, Tyrion’s thoughts moved to his Padawan. Sansa was a natural with the force. Her ability to love with her whole heart and care for those around her allowed her to channel the energy field with little effort. She was, however, young and impetuous. Her desire to see the end of the Empire had caused her to make several rash decisions, one of which resulted in her week-long capture with that monster Ramsay. Due to the nature of their circumstances many of their training sessions were centered on combat or military strategy, something she struggled with greatly. His heart broke for her every time she had to wield her lightsaber against the enemy. Tyrion knew she would prefer to mediate issues through politics, but the time for delegations had long passed. The few surviving Jedi were being viciously hunted by Inquisitors and the rebellion was about to make its last stand against the Empire. Poor Sansa had simply been born during the wrong time in the galaxy.

Sansa’s other problem was her inability to understand or get along with those who did not agree with her beliefs. Tyrion felt like he was to blame for this. As a child, she grew up under his influence as he taught her the ways of the Jedi. Yes, nobody else around them were Jedi, but everyone she grew up with hated the Empire; Tyrion wouldn’t associate with those who sympathized or agreed with it for obvious reasons. For the last four years Sansa and himself had been a part of the rebellion. Tyrion had been in contact with Stannis since the end of The Clone Wars and did not hesitate to be apart of his council once he had begun organizing the cell groups. Though he did not force Sansa to come
with him she joined without hesitation. In short, Sansa had essentially grown up around those who
did not significantly challenge anything she believed in. She did not understand how people would
not take up arms like she and her allies did, and unfairly labeled those who did not as cowards or
immoral.

Tyrion sighed heavily. His eyes flitted down to the scar adorning his right forearm. It blended in with
the blood and cuts he had received since his capture. Nobody looking at it would give it a second
thought, assuming it was from the torture he had endured. Tracing the scar with his eyes, Tyrion
thought of the small holo disk that he had embedded into his skin moments before Night King has
come bounding into the control room. He had been inflicted with several scrapes during the battle for
his ship. Tyrion had taken a chance hiding the information to the Death Star on his body, but he had
a hunch that none of his wounds would be treated by the Empire. There were orders to kill or capture
Jedi on sight; why would anyone bother with healing him? His suspicions had been correct. The Jedi
Master had received no medical aid upon his arrival, the information staying safely under his skin.
He had been relieved that his deception had not been discovered and clung to the hope that he would
be able to escape and hand off this information to Stannis and the others. However, each day that
passed left him feeling less hopeful. Tyrion was left with no other option then to sit and wait for an
unlikely rescue, or the more likely scenario of his death by Grand Clegane.

Closing his eyes, Tyrion opened his mind to the force and began to meditate. At least there, he could
find some peace.

Chapter End Notes

Master Tyrion is ALIVE! Though, is it really that big of a surprise? Probably not. It was
pretty obvious that he was Princess Leia in this situation, though SPOILERS not
necessarily the whole story. Actually, I find myself struggling with any type of plot twist
because I feel like there is a good chance that everyone knows the plot of Star Wars and
ASOIAF if they are reading this. Which just makes me that much happier that not only
are people reading this, but some of you are actually enjoying it!
Questions raised in this chapter: Who is the White Walker that is helping Tyrion? And
just who are the other people who know what really happened between Robert, Cersei,
and Order Wild Fire?
Hound=Chiss. The most popular Chiss character in the Star Wars Universe is Grand
Admiral Thrawn, who was created by Timothy Zahn and was originally part of the EU.
Dave Filoni was a huge fan of the character, and received Zahn's permission to use
Thrawn for Star Wars Rebels, where he is currently making the lives of the Ghost Crew
a living hell. While Clegane's species is based on Thrawn's, his character is not.
Chapter 6: Attachments

“Sansa, why are you out in the cold crying? I told you to practice your meditation for the morning. Did something happen?”

“I am sorry Master Tyrion. I just... miss Nan... so much. I know she passed several moons ago, but I ... can’t... help it. I know as Jedi we aren’t supposed to form worldly attachments... or have feelings... but it hurts so much...”

“Sansa, how old are you?”

“Five.”

“Can I tell you a secret that only a five-year-old can know?”

“Oh yes! I promise I won’t tell anyone ever!”

“It’s okay to feel things, Sansa.”

“But, but, Master Davos said –”

“Davos is full of shit and is only half as smart as I am. You can tell him I told you so, bad word included. Sansa, as I am sure you have heard, I didn’t, and still don’t, agree with all the philosophies of the Jedi. I do not think it is okay to not feel our emotions or have attachments. In fact, I believe that if we don’t allow ourselves to feel anger, then we will just keep it bottled up inside of us until it explodes, and then only thing we can feel is anger and darkness. This is when we become susceptible to the dark side of the force.”

“Have you... have you seen this happen before?”

“Yes, I have. I tried to warn the Jedi Council of the danger, but they wouldn’t listen.”

“How come?”

“Change is scary, Sansa. I was asking them to change a philosophy that had been in place since the
beginning of the Jedi. To not change is to stay static and unmoving, but to the narrow minded it can
seem comfortable and safe. Sansa, it is okay to feel all these things you are feeling, but you must be
sure that you don’t allow these emotions to control you. Feel them for as long as you need to, and
then let them go and move on; do not indulge. Our emotions do not control us or our decisions.
There must be balance in all things, even in the things that we feel.”

“But what about attachments?”

“That is something you will have to decide for yourself. But remember this: attachments are neither
good nor bad. It is those we attach ourselves to, and what we do with those attachments, that can
bring about either our downfall or create our ultimate happiness.”

Sansa felt her consciousness begin to awaken. Her body felt heavy and weak from her earlier battle
and subsequent escape by force jump. Experimenting, she gingerly pointed her toes and flexed her
fingers. The young Jedi realized her mistake almost immediately; while Sansa had not sustained any
cuts or broken bones from her fight with Ramsay, her muscles ached from the strenuous battle.
Holding back a groan, Sansa began the difficult task of opening her eyes. They felt like heavy
weights upon her face, but after a few fluttering moments she was able complete her task. As she
squinted against the lights of the room, Sansa gingerly moved her head around to take in her
surroundings. The room was small, with her cot carved into the wall. Below her bed was a small
chest for clothes. Turning her head to the right, she saw that the room had only one chair, which was
currently occupied by Jon Mormont. He had changed his clothes into a long sleeved tunic and a pair
of soft leather pants, both of which were black. He had pulled his hair back into a low bun, giving
Sansa a full view of his profile. Realizing what she was looking at, Sansa had to restrain herself from
rolling her eyes.

“Your father wasn’t lying.” Jon’s head whipped around so quickly that Sansa wouldn’t have been
surprised if he had pulled a muscle. “You really do brood when you aren’t speaking to other people.”

“Sansa! You’re awake! I was so worried about you. You’ve been sleeping for hours. Dad said you
were probably just tired from our battle with Ramsay and the White Walkers, but I was afraid you
had really hurt yourself with that last jump. We didn’t exactly land gracefully when we made it onto
the ship. We don’t have a med droid, so we couldn’t do a scan to check for broken bones or torn
muscles but Dad assured me that –”

“Jon?”

“Yes?”

“Thank you.”

The side of Jon’s mouth quirked up into a smile. “You’re welcome.”

Sansa laid her hand on top of his, giving him a small smile in return. She owed this man and his
father her life. Without them, she would still be stuck on Dorne trying to find a way off planet. Or
worse, a capture of Ramsay’s.

Returning her gaze to the chipped ceiling, Sansa took a mental assessment of her situation. Yes, she
had lost the fuel for the rebellion; just thinking about it hurt. Stannis and the council had trusted her,
and she had let them down. Sansa did not look forward to the call she would soon have to make to
let them know of the situation. She just hoped that they would all understand that it wasn’t truly her
fault, and that she had done everything she could to try and salvage the mission. Surely they would
all understand that it was sometimes more important to live and fight another day then to give your
life to the cause.
Jon gave a small cough, breaking their comfortable silence.

“So… You’re a Jedi? I have to admit that I didn’t see that one coming.”

Sansa gave a small laugh. “No, I suppose it would make more sense to think of me as a prostitute.”

Jon grimaced.

“It’s all right Jon. The Jedi are all but dead. While I understand how you came to that assumption, I still think you are a bit of an idiot for thinking it.”

“Forgive me? I am sorry for calling you that.” Jon offered her his hand.

“Forgiven.” Sansa took his hand into hers, giving it a firm shake.

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Sansa walked slowly beside Jon as they made their way to the small kitchen area inside of The Knights Watch. After taking a few sips of water, she had requested to use their ships refresher. Her hair was matted to her face, and there was dried sweat and sand caked onto her body. The room had a tiny one attached to it, much to Sansa’s delight, as moving farther than a few feet was proving difficult. The shower itself had felt heavenly. Afterward, she changed into some clothes Jon had loaned her while hers were washed. The length was fine since they were of a similar height, but Jon was broader and more muscled, forcing Sansa to cinch the pants at the waist so they wouldn’t fall off. Naturally, his clothes were all black.

I don’t know if thinks he is being unorthodox with all this black or if he just doesn’t realize how cliché his color choices are… Probably the later.

Jon had messaged Jeor through the ships communication system to let him know that she was awake while she had showered. Jeor had insisted that they both meet him in the kitchen while he began to prepare a broth for her to eat, along with some bread. If her stomach could hold down the food, he would give her something heartier in a few hours. Jon had offered to help Sansa walk as she had a slight limp, but she had refused him. While she was smart enough to admit when she needed help, this was not one of those times. Her muscles were stiff and sore, and the only way to ease their pain was to use them, not to lean on Jon for support.

“Ah! There’s our girl!” Jeor called out from the stove as the two entered the kitchen. The room was equipped with only the basics: a stove, a few cabinets, a small ice box to keep food from spoiling, and a chipped table tucked away in the corner. Sansa blushed slightly at the term Jeor had used for her. It made her feel like she belonged on this ship somehow, though she barely knew its inhabitants.

Sansa stared into the man’s kind eyes and smiled. “Thank you so much for rescuing us earlier. I don’t know what we would have done without you.”

Jeor scoffed. “From what Jon tells me, it sounds like you had everything under control.” Sansa started at that, turning her head to see that it was Jon’s turn to blush now. “Technically, I should be thanking you for keeping my son alive and unharmed. It sounds like this Inquisitor was not an easy opponent.”

“No, he wasn’t.” Sansa said simply, too tired to elaborate further. Jeor smiled down at her, understanding and not pressing for more information.

As she turned to make her way to the table, Sansa felt something wet licking at her hand. Looking down in surprise, Sansa saw a huge white wolf with blood red eyes.
“Is that a --?”

“A Winterwolf? Yes. Jon and I found him during one of our trips to the Gods Wood Moon. Poor thing was all alone, next to his dead mother. He may have had siblings, but they were long gone by the time we arrived. Jon and I took him to The Watch and nursed him back to health. He has been a member of our family ever since.”

Sansa gave the wolf an affectionate pat of the head. Growing up on Wall, she had heard stories of Winterwolves but had never seen one in person. They were rumored to be highly intelligent creatures and extremely loyal.

“Why don’t you sit down while I ladle you some soup. Jon, can you grab the bread and the pitcher of water?”

Jon did as he was told, and the three soon sat down. Sansa laughed behind her hand when Jon made a grab for the bread and immediately received a whack on the back of the head from Jeor.

“Ladies first Jon.”

Jon rolled his eyes and offered his bread to Sansa, which she took with a thank you.

Hesitantly, Sansa took the spoon to her lips and took a small sip of the broth. She was surprised to find that it had a delicious depth of flavor. She had assumed that since they lived on their own, Jeor and Jon would not know how to cook.

“This is good soup.”

“Do you like it? Old family recipe.”

Jon barked out a laugh. “Don’t believe him Sansa. Dad made it from a prepared package. We are both shit cooks.”

Sansa didn’t hide her laugh this time, and both men chuckled with her as their laughter echoed off the walls of the small kitchen. During their meal, she learned that she had been asleep for about six hours, and that they were no longer in the Dorne System. They had used lightspeed as soon as they were out of Dorne’s atmosphere and stopped in the Riverlands System. They were currently on course to the Three Sister Moons on the outer rim.

Finishing her last spoonful, Sansa knew it was time to face the inevitable.

“Jeor, would it be all right if I used the ships communications and placed a message to the rebellion? I will need to tell them about what happened.”

Jon snorted as he swallowed a piece of bread. “You are still going to align yourself with those fools?”

“You don’t know anything about the rebellion, so don’t pretend you understand all that has happened.”

“I know that they abandoned you on that galaxy-forsaken, black hole-of-a-planet to save their own skins.”

“That was one group of rebel soldiers, not the entire fleet! They just got scared –”

“A bunch of pussies that ran at the first sign of trouble –”
“Jon! Language!” Jeor yelled sternly. The Winterwolf gave a bark that sounded like a reprimand.

Jon shut his mouth, mumbling an apology. Sansa doubted it was for her.

“My girl, you are more than welcome to use our ships communication devices to contact whomever you need to. If you are done I can escort you to the cockpit so you make your call.” Jeor turned to Jon, narrowing his eyes. “If you are finished, Jon Mormont, you may stay here and put away the dishes.”

“But Dad, what if the Empire intercepts the call?”

“My droid can scramble it. There is nothing to worry about Jon.” Sansa said primly. She was still annoyed with his earlier comments about the rebellion. They were trying to help people, unlike Cersei who only cared for herself. Pushing herself up off the table, Sansa slowly made her way out of the kitchen with Jeor following her.

“Don’t think I don’t know what you’re up to sweetling! You can’t always have the last word, even if you are a girl!” Jon called out from the kitchen. Sansa rolled her eyes.

“Don’t give me that look Ghost. Contrary to what Dad says, women are not always correct.” Sansa could hear the muffled sounds of dishes and silverware no doubt meeting Jon’s wrath as they were thrown into the sink.

Jeor sighed in response as he guided Sansa through the ships hallways. She noticed as they walked that there were many chips along the walls and some rooms were missing their entry doors. The more broken-down areas appeared to be held together with scrap metal and adhesive. Sansa idly wondered how old The Nights Watch was and if it would even get her to her next destination. Jeor seemed to have a lot of faith in it (he didn’t seem like the type to fly something that would put him or his son in danger), so she was left with no choice but to trust in his judgement of ship.

“Once again, I will have to ask you to forgive my son. He is only nineteen and still very much a boy. I am trying to teach him to act like a man, but as you can see I am being met with some resistance.”

Sansa gently patted the older man on his shoulder. “It’s all right. I just don’t understand why he hates the rebellion so much. We are trying to free the galaxy. Surely Jon understands how much good we are doing.”

“Perhaps, but Jon is also aware of how much trouble the rebellion has caused us. He cares more for what is going in on his life now then what could happen to his life in the future.”

Jeor looked down at her sympathetically. Sansa had a feeling that what he was about to tell her would not make her happy.

“Sansa, the cause of the rebellion is a worthy one. The Empire is deplorable. Everyone suffers under Cersei’s rule, regardless of species or status. She monitors everyone, sentences those who do not agree with her, and instills fear by using Night King to do her dirty work. But, the rebellion is not so innocent in their attempts to overthrow her.”

Sansa felt her heart rate start to accelerate. Surely, Jeor had it wrong. She stopped walking, looking up at him with wide eyes as he continued. Jeor, oblivious to her halt, continued forward, leaving her no choice but to follow.

“The rebellion has made Cersei more paranoid then she was before. Innocent creatures, who have nothing to do with the rebellion, are suffering. White Walker patrols have increased, taxes have gone up to pay for the larger military, and people are being forced to send their sons and daughters to fight
for the Empire to meet the demand. These are good, hard working people who just want to keep their heads down and be overlooked. Now, they are being looked at. If they truly thought on their circumstances, then I’m sure some would join the rebellion. But, these are people who are afraid, not only for themselves but for their families. Jon and I don’t exclusively take illegal jobs; if the pay is good, we take legal ones as well. Sadly, those jobs have been harder to come by. Cersei doesn’t trust anyone outside of the Empire, but if employers are seen hiring non-Empire ships they are immediately suspected of aiding the rebellion. As a result, Jon and I have been forced to take on more dangerous transportation runs.”

Jeor gave her a comforting smile, noticing that he was causing Sansa some distress, as he continued. “I do not tell you this to make you question what you believe, Sansa. I myself do not know which way to choose. I know that as a Jedi you are discouraged from having worldly attachments, and that these are things you may not have pondered on as you have no family. For some us in these dire times, family is all that we have and our only immediate concern. You are very brave, but some of us lack the courage that you and those in the rebellion wield. My point is this: perhaps before you judge Jon and his beliefs, think about the circumstances in which he lives first.”

Sansa opened her mouth to reply, but found that she had no words to say. She remembered once, two years ago, she had overheard Master Tyrion and Stannis arguing about the very same topic. Tyrion wanted to ensure the safety of the people, but Stannis could not make such promises. What was right, and what was necessary, weren’t always the same thing. The rebellion was too small, too poor, and the Empire too large. Stannis had conceded that the rebellion would do what they could when they were able for the creatures of the galaxy (he was not uncaring to the plight of others), but only if resources allowed such a thing. He reasoned that once the rebellion won, they would have the resources to make things right for those that had gotten caught up in the fighting’s cross hairs. Tyrion had not been happy with the compromise but there was nothing he could do. Stannis was right; it wasn’t fair, but unless they surrendered to the Empire there wasn’t much they could be done.

To his credit, Stannis had done what he could when they were able to spare the rebellion’s resources. After their conversation, there had been a renewed focus on liberating those planets that the Empire was cruelly punishing. They had already freed Flea Bottom and Stormland, and an attempt had been made for Blackwater though it had proven unsuccessful. The rebellion had regrouped after that, and were preparing for an attack on Winterfell when they had received news about the Death Star.

Sighing internally, Sansa thought about what Jeor had said about Jedi and attachments. She had spent many an hour pondering on what that word meant and if it was something to be avoided. The Jedi had been so sure that attachments and love were something to evade, but Tyrion had never believed that and had encouraged Sansa to decide her own opinions on the topic without outside influence. That had been so long ago, and Sansa still didn’t know where she stood.

Sansa had people she cared for. There weren’t many, but she had friends that she was close to. Some she had met in the Rebellion, and others she had grown up with. But did that make her weak or strong? She wanted to believe that her relationships were her strength, her reason for fighting. But what if they made her weak and didn’t allow her to see the bigger picture? Was she blind to the plight of others because she was too focused on those she cared for, and thus unable to see anything else? Or did her relationships allow her to understand others better because she knew what love meant? Other people were able to put their families first. Was there anything wrong with her doing the same? What was the answer?

Sansa gave out a small “umph” as she blindly walked into Jeor’s back. He had stopped walking, but she had been too caught up in her thoughts to notice.

“Ah. Here we are. Take as much time as you need Sansa.”
Giving her arm a squeeze, Jeor left Sansa alone to the entry of the cockpit, with nothing but her thoughts for company.

Chapter End Notes

Somebody give Sansa a hug! She is having a rough couple of days. I struggled to write her conversation with Jeor because I didn't want it to seem that I was kicking her while she was down, but it was necessary for not only her relationship with Jon, but also her growth as a person. Jeor wasn't chastising her, just offering her another point of view. I hope that he didn't come across as mean or malicious in what he was saying.
Also, it is not my intention to make this story about politics. However, it is a rebellion and it is not like it can be avoided. For those who are worried it will become political commentary however, fear not! I like my stories to be escapism, and this concept of what is right and what is necessary will be the most political it will get.
Thank you all for reading! I hope you enjoyed this chapter and I will see you next time my friends.
Posting one day early! How exciting. I got one of my advanced chapters done yesterday as opposed to today, so I thought, why wait to post? Normally I post on Thursday and Sunday, but with the holidays coming up and things about to get crazy I have been trying to write more. As a result have I been finishing chapters quicker then usual (I always try to stay three to four chapters ahead of what I normally post). Thank you all for your comments, kudos, and hits for the last chapter! I am truly humbled by all those who have taken the time to read my little story.

Anybody going to see Star Wars this weekend? My friend invited me to a private screening she won tickets for tomorrow night, and I am cautiously optimistic. I didn't like Force Awakens, but loved Rogue One, so I feel like there is chance I could like this one as well. Finger crossed! Either way, I grew up reading the EU so I will always have that if I don't like it.

Now, without further rambling, onto Jon's chapter!

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

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Chapter 7: The Olive Branch

*Focus Jon, focus. This may be the time when you finally beat Dad. You just have to think several steps ahead. Now, if you move this piece here…*

*What is taking her so long? She has been in there for over an hour. Not like I care, or anything.*

*Stop thinking about her Jon! She doesn’t even like you. Plus, she is apart of the rebellion. You hate the rebellion.*

*I hate the Empire more. And it’s not that I hate the rebellion, I just hate what it has done to Dad and I. We are already running low on resources as it is, and now Drogo is after us. I don’t know if we can take another hit.*

*Don’t be so selfish Jon. What about her? The Empire is literally hunting her down. If she is lucky it will end in her death. You know what somebody like Ramsay will do to her if they don’t kill her first.*

*I am not selfish! Is it so bad to think about myself sometimes?! Plus, there is Dad to consider. Though he seems to be acting like more of a traitor recently…*

*Aren’t you doing the same thing you are accusing her of? Only thinking about yourself and not trying to understand others?*

*…*

*Well?*

*You can’t ignore yourself Jon.*
Jon?

Jon?

“Jon?”

Jon jumped at the sound of his name. Looking up from the board, he saw Jeor giving him a triumphant smile.

“Shit.” Jon muttered, his eyes focusing on the game of dejarik they had started playing while waiting for Sansa to finish her holo call. Jeor had beaten him again. Jon had been winning for most of the game, but his thoughts had gotten the better of him and he had started playing on auto pilot a few moves ago. He sighed as he began to reset the board, hoping that this time he could focus enough to achieve a win.

“Something on your mind, son?” Jeor asked while he made the first move.

“Yes.” Jon responded while moving his piece, already trying to figure out what type of attack Jeor was planning on making. Every move in this game mattered, especially the first. “I don’t understand Sansa at all. It’s not like I love the Empire. I hate it; you know that. I just don’t understand how she could be all right with risking not only her life, but the lives of so many others when she doesn’t even know if they will succeed.”

Jeor furrowed his brow as he thought about his next move. “Maybe you should ask her.”

“What?!”

“I said maybe you should ask her.”

“She’ll bite my head off.”

“Maybe you should be less antagonistic.”

“So her behavior towards me is all my fault?”

Jeor sighed deeply, looking up from the game. “Jon, how Sansa treats you is how she treats you. It is nobody’s decision but her own on how she chooses to communicate with people. While I do think she has formed opinions of you unfairly, I also think you have done the same thing towards her.”

“If she is at fault as well then why aren’t you having this conversation with her? It feels like you are picking sides.” Jon said petulantly. He was starting to feel like a youngling being scolded for stealing a treat before dinner. He was nineteen, hardly a boy anymore.

“I am not picking sides, Jon. And even if I was, I would always defend you; you’re my son and I love you.” Jeor looked backed down at the board and moved his piece. “Most problems between two people can be fixed by communication. I am just asking you to please think about it.”

Jon remained silent. Once again, he moved his pieces automatically, his mind instead focusing on their conversation. Would it really be so bad to talk to Sansa? They didn’t agree on everything, but that didn’t mean they couldn’t have a civil conversation about the Rebellion without wanting to snap at each other. It would help him to get to know her better, and maybe even understand her. Besides, Jon would be lying to himself if he said he wasn’t intrigued by her. She had been brilliant in the way she had handled Ramsay. Yes, her plan was shit, but she had known Jon wouldn’t have been able to take Ramsay on his own and had given him the White Walkers to deal with while she diverted Ramsay’s attention. There was no question that Ramsay was stronger then her, and the two...
obviously had a history, but Sansa had been courageous and faced him alone before Jon could give her aid. Together, they had made a good team. Perhaps Jon could swallow his pride just a little and make the effort Jeor had talked to him about.

Sighing, Jon gave his full attention back to the game. It was already too late to win, but he could at least make Jeor work for it.

A half hour later, Jon was the middle of making a dramatic comeback when Sansa walked through the door leading to the cockpit and into the small lounge area where they had been waiting for her. Ghost got up immediately and gave her a playful nudge on her side while her droid beeped happily at the wolf. Studying her face, Jon could see that she looked emotionally drained from the conversation.

Jeor was the first one of them to break the silence. “How did it go?”

Jon watched as Sansa winced slightly before answering the question.

“All right. Those on the council who were present were understanding that it was not my fault that my ship had gotten stolen, therefore leaving me stranded. They were not so understanding, however, about the news that an Inquisitor and his White Walker escort were attacked by what appeared to be a Jedi and a young man, and then subsequently shot at by a freighter ship while making their escape. There is also the small issue of half of the repair bay being blown up during said confrontation. Empress Cersei has gotten word of the events, and is launching an investigation into what happened. Only Ramsay and one other White Walker are alive.”

Jon wanted to retort about how the council obviously didn’t care about her and how she had tried to correct what had happened; his pettier side wanted to point out that he really could shoot straight and what she had seen in the cantina was not a fluke. He stayed silent, however, remembering his previous conversation with his father. Trying to be a bigger man, Jon decided to go for a different approach.

“That’s… rough.” Jon replied.

That was good, right?

Right?

Ugh! I’ve never been able to talk to girls. Dad is crazy if thinks we will be able to come to an understanding.

Sansa shot him a quick look, but seemed to sense that Jon wasn’t trying to be antagonistic and only gave him a sad smile.

“Yeah, it was. I understand where they are coming from though. If I had just thought rationally, I would have realized that I should have contacted them first before doing anything else. I just wanted to prove myself so badly. It was my first solo mission and I didn’t want to disappoint any of them. I let my pride get in the way.” Sansa looked at them both then. “I’m sorry to both of you as well. I put your lives in danger. The Empire may not know your identities, but they are aware of you now.”

Jeor waved his hands in the air dismissively. “We have been in worse trouble my dear. Jon and I can take care of ourselves.”

Jon wanted to ask when had they ever been in as much danger as they were now, but again stayed
silent. Thinking before speaking, Jon realized that it wasn’t really Sansa’s fault that they were now known by the Empire. It had ultimately been his decision to help her.

“Dad is right Sansa. You didn’t force us to help you, we chose to.” Jon gave her his trademark smirk. “Though those big blue eyes of yours didn’t help. Dad was always a sucker for a pretty lady.”

_Good one Jon. Dad always said women like to be complemented._

Jeor raised his eyebrow. “Just Dad, hmm?”

Jon felt his cheeks color while Sansa gave out a small laugh. Jon could feel the tension in the room beginning to ease up. Gesturing to the seat next to him, Jon offered the spot to Sansa. She took it gratefully, with Ghost moving to lay his head in her lap.

_I guess I can count him as a traitor now too…_

“I… I, um… well that is I…” Sansa cleared her throat, now looking nervous. “I have a job offer for you, if you are interested. If not, I understand. You will be paid for your services however, so you need not worry about that.”

“What kind of job?” Jeor asked.

“Originally, the council wanted to steal the fuel needed from one of the Empire’s mining planets, but it was deemed too risky. Stannis didn’t want to alert the Empire to our lack of fuel, or cause them to become suspicious of us launching a possible assault. Now, with the Empire investigating what happened on Dorne, the purpose of the fuel they had found, and why a Jedi would be around it, the council has decided there is no point in keeping our need for it a secret. If you are willing, the Rebellion would like to request your services in stealing the fuel from the Empire. I have been given the files our insider had sent to us on the mining station so that we can come up with a plan of attack. Once we are done, you are to drop me off at one of our locations on Wall. From there, the fuel and myself will be transported to our main planet of operations. You will be paid for your services and then sent on your way.”

Jon and Jeor stared at each other as they thought over what Sansa had requested. Jon’s first instinct was to tell Sansa “no” and drop her off at Wall without the fuel. Her life was not in immediate danger, and he wouldn’t feel guilty if he just let this job go in search of something easier. Not to mention, they would once again be poking the Empire. Jon didn’t enjoy the idea of having more blasters fired at him in less then two days.

_There comes a time when we must choose to do what is easy, and what is right. You know what time is upon you._

Jon slid his hands down his face and sighed. It felt like those words were always going to haunt him when it came to Sansa.

“All right, but on one condition.”

Sansa’s head shot up in surprise while Jeor smiled proudly at him.

“Anything.”

“For the love of the galaxy, let Dad and I create the plan.”

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“I fail to see how this is any different from one of my plans on Dorne.”

The mining station was located on Moat Cailin, which they could get to quickly enough via lightspeed. The bigger issue was how to get the fuel without alerting the guards. It was decided that Jon and Sansa would go down first while Jeor stayed on the ship just outside of the mining station’s radar. They would incapacitate the guards just after their nightly shift change when there were less Walkers guarding the fuel, which was already out and ready for transport; the Empire was scheduled to pick up the fuel the next day. Once completed, they would message Jeor who would come pick up them and the fuel. In the unlikely situation that they were boarded again, they had decided to hide the fuel in the ships smuggling holds instead of leaving them in the boarding hanger. It would take more time, but it was safer.

Jon gave her a side eye but kept his gaze on the map of the mining station. “Well, we don’t go in blasters drawn so that is a plus. All we have to do is incapacitate the guards, tie them up, and throw them into the nearest storage closet. We know the layout and where they will be posted so we can avoid being spotted. It will be much quieter and much more organized, don’t you think?”

Jon looked up from the map and gave her a wink.

“What was that?”

“What was what?”

“That thing you just did with your face.”

“You’ve never seen a wink before?”

Sansa burst out laughing. “That was not a wink.”

“Yes, it was.”

“I don’t think so. But keep practicing and I’m sure one day you will be successful.”

Jon gave Jeor a glare when he let out a soft chuckle. His father just shrugged his shoulders and focused on the map again.

“Jon is right. We just want to incapacitate the workers, not harm them. No blasters, or lightsaber, unless necessary. It’s a standard grab and bag job, so there should be no problems.” He looked at Jon and Sansa. “Are we in agreement?”

They both nodded their heads in the affirmative. Jeor left to set the coordinates with Ghost and LA-D3 following him, leaving Jon and Sansa alone together. Immediately the air turned awkward. Jon opened his mouth to say something, anything, but closed it just as quickly. He didn’t want to risk making Sansa angry again when they were about to go into another dangerous situation. They needed to trust each other.

“So… is there a room on board where I can stretch out my limbs? I don’t want to be sore during our mission if I can help it.”

Training... I could do training and not risk looking or sounding like an idiot. This could definitely work in my favor.

“Of course. It’s right next to the kitchen actually. I’m sure you are used to something bigger, but it will work for what you need.” Jon took a deep breath, hoping he wasn’t about to be shot down. “Mind if I join you? It’s been a few days since I’ve practiced my hand-to-hand combat and I could
definitely use the practice.”

Sansa raised an eyebrow at him and they began their walk.

“Not that, umm, not that we have to train together, or anything. I mean, not that I don’t want us to train together. We could. Or couldn’t. You know, whatever you want is great. Not that you’re great. Or not great. You’re fine. Not your looks! You’re personality. Not that there is anything wrong with your looks! So, training… Yeah?”

Jon winced, resisting the urge to open up the starboard airlock and throw himself out into space.

“Training together sounds nice, actually. I haven’t done any training without my lightsaber since…” Sansa made a vague gesture. “It has been a while for me as well.”

“Did you get injured?”

“No, not injured. My, umm, my Master was captured a little under a week ago and we were on a mission together before that. I don’t do much group training without him.” She looked up at Jon, who had furrowed his brows in question. “My friend Gilly trains me with me when she can, but she is a mechanic and usually repairing the X-wings so we aren’t able to do much together during official training hours. There are a few others who would be willing to do one-on-one combat with me, but two of them are Captains and the rest apart of their squadrons. I don’t see any of them very often since they are always on missions, like Tyrion and I. It can be hard for schedules to sync up. For one of them it has been over six months. He lived in the same village that we did on Wall when I was growing up. He was the one who insisted I learn how to use a blaster; said that with the way things were in the galaxy it would be better if I didn’t always use my lightsaber. He and Master Tyrion fought in The Clone Wars together.”

Sansa looked down as the floor sadly, her shoulders slumped slightly forward. “Honestly, not a lot of people want to train with me unless Tyrion is there to supervise. They think I will use the force on accident and injure them, or use it to cheat and win by putting my force behind my blows.”

Jon just stared at her silently.

“Not that I would. Ever. I don’t want you to think that I—”

“All those people are idiots.”

Sansa opened her mouth to respond, but Jon continued before she could interrupt him.

“They are, Sansa. When you train, you should want to train with the best. Clearly, you are one of the best. It was obvious when we were fighting with Ramsay you are accomplished. Anybody who wants to improve their skill should want to train with you.”

“I’m not that good.” Sansa said blushing. “Master Tyrion says I still have a long way to go.”

“Well, he would know since he is your Master, but you are definitely above average. Besides, it obvious you would never hurt anyone unless you wanted to.”

Sansa looked into his eyes, silently thinking over what Jon had said. He watched as a beautiful smile began to light up her whole face. Jon’s heart stuttered; it was such a small movement that he had barely caught it, but he was sure it had happened. He cleared his throat gruffly.

“I am happy to inform you that your first time fighting against me though will end in you admitting defeat. You see, I am quite a good fighter.”
“Yes, but I think you forgot that I have already won.”

“I don’t think so, as I have yet to beat you.”

“You didn’t want to help me when we first met, but you did. Therefore, I won our first fight.” Sansa quirked an eyebrow, crossing her arms over her chest. “I won’t be going easy on you. I intend to keep my streak alive.”

Jon rolled his eyes. “It’s hardly a streak if you have only won once.”

“We shall see, Jon Mormont. We shall see.”
Competition and Conversation

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for your hits, comments, and kudos last chapter! I hope you have all had a wonderful weekend.

We are back to Sansa’s POV this chapter. This will be our last “quiet” chapter before stuff starts to go down. For those familiar with A New Hope, you know what is coming!

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 8: Competition and Conversation

I wonder if there is a way to permanently smack that look off his face without hurting him too badly before our jump. He barely beat me. There is no reason for him to be that smug. If I had used the force there is no way he would have won.

Did he just try to wink at me again?!

That’s it! The next time I see Uncle Bronn I am forcing him to work on my hand-to-hand combat.

He was Master Tyrion’s Captain during The Clones Wars and the leader of the 501st. He is the only one who has ever come close to beating Tyrion, and that was when he was using the force. There is no way Jon will beat me after a few training sessions with him.

Though, I suppose it won’t matter, will it? Jon and Jeor will be gone after they drop me off on Wall. I’ll probably never see either one of them again.

Best not to get ahead of yourself, Sansa.

“Still pouting over your loss sweetling? I warned you it would happened. You should have paid better attention to your left side.”

Sansa bit her tongue to hold off her retort. She refused to give Jon the satisfaction of letting him know that his win had bothered her so badly. It wasn’t her fault that he used a style she had never fought against before.

Jon had used the fighting style native to Skagos, using a combination of punches, elbows, kicks, knees, and foot-thrusts on her all at a rapid pace. In contrast, Bronn had taught her the style favored by Horn Hill, which he had learned while he and Tyrion had been stationed there during The Clone Wars for a few months. The form focused on evading your opponent, waiting for him or her to lose their balance; once this opportunity presented itself, the user would perform either a throwing or grappling technique to subdue the challenger. Bronn had felt like this would be perfect for Sansa’s lithe build, and she could combine it with the evasion techniques she had learned in Form III making her extra efficient. The problem was that Jon had never lost his balance. It was like he was some sort of super warrior, always anticipating how she would evade. Whenever he would make contact, he would never linger and very rarely did combination attacks that would allow her longer access to his body. She had been able to grab him a few times, but he had always managed to break her holds
before she could force him to submit with a swift jab to her arm or a knee to her stomach. He had finally gotten her onto the floor with a swift kick to the shins, causing her to lose her balance. The real surprise had been when he had put her into a submission hold, causing her to realize that he was also trained in the Horn Hill style as well.

_Honestly, I think he might train more then I do. He and Jeor must have a lot of down time in between whatever job they are working. Maybe I should ask Jeor for some help before we reach Wall. Better him then Jon anyway._

_And was it really necessary for him to fight without his shirt on?!_  

“You two ready down there? We will commence drop in two minutes. I’m opening the ramp door now. Wait for my signal.” Jeor’s voice came through Jon’s wrist comm.

Sansa took the stolen White Walker helmet that Jon offered her and kept the older one that looked like the style worn by the Clone Troopers for himself. The helmets were essential due to the air on the planet being toxic. They both wore leather gloves over their hands and thick cowls to cover their necks so that the normally exposed skin would be protected as well, just in case.

Jon put his helmet on, grabbing onto the netting attached to the wall and motioned for her to do the same as the ramp door slowly descended open. While her helmet was white and a bit scuffed up, Jon’s had a blue half circle over the visor, with a thick, jagged edged line going from the middle of the circle to back of the helmet. There was a small red triangle pointing down in between the half circle and visor, and two smaller red circles where the line and arc met. It reminded her of Bronn’s helmet and armor that he never had been able to part with. He had told her that the Clones would paint their armor to reflect their personalities, and so they could tell each other apart during battles.

Next to her, LA-D3 gave a frightened beep. The ramp was half way open now, giving them the perfect view of nothing but toxic mining gas. It was going to be a very long way down.

“Have you ever done a landing like this before?” Sansa heard Jon ask through the helmets comm system.

“Never.”

“There’s nothing to it. Just make sure not to break anything when landing and you should be fine.”

“Thanks for the advice.” Sansa replied sarcastically.

“No problem sweetling.” Jon responded while giving her a two-fingered salute. “I can’t have you hurting yourself just when I started my winning streak.”

“I thought you said one win wasn’t a streak?”

“I changed my mind.” Jon patted her arm patronizingly. “See? You’re already having a good influence on me.”

Sansa huffed and rolled her eyes, though she knew the gesture would be lost on Jon since he couldn’t see her face. She shook his arm off.

“Looks like we’ve been spotted kids. I’ve got two tie fighters coming in. I will lead them away before engaging so you two don’t get caught in the cross fire. Let me know when you ready for pick up. Prepare to disembark in 3,2,1.”

Jon let out a whoop as he threw himself head first off the loading ramp and into a free fall, LA-D3
right behind him. Refusing to give Jon the satisfaction of being the first one of the two of them to land, Sansa took a running leap before jumping out of The Knights Watch.

Locking her arms on either side of her, Sansa angled her body down and relished in the feel of being weightless. All of her anxieties, stress, and worries that had plagued her since she had gotten word of Tyrion’s capture melted away as she allowed herself to be caught up in the adrenaline rush of her descent. Just ahead, she could see Jon in a similar position with D-3 at his side. Turning on her thrusters, D-3 maneuvered herself under Jon’s body while he latched onto her with his arms.

Returning her focus back to their destination, Sansa spotted the landing bay for the mining station coming into view.

“Jon, twenty seconds until contact. LA-D3, maneuver yourself and Jon so that you land on top of the control room away from the eyes of the guards.”

D3 gave an agreeable beep and began to slow her speed down for their landing. Sansa twisted her body to follow them. When she was a few feet from their landing spot, she thrust out her arm and released a small force push, slowing down her descent. She continued the push until she was met with the ground and landed in a graceful crouch. Jon and LA-D3 landed just moments behind her.

“I win. That makes it two to one.”

“It wasn’t a competition!” Jon sputtered.

Patting Jon’s arm in the same manner he had done minutes before, the two proceeded to take in their surroundings. The intel that they had been given by the Rebellion’s Imperial insider had been correct. There were three guards stationed on the loading dock, two at the doors, and most likely three more inside the control room. Since they were on top of the station there was no way to tell for certain, but thus far all their intel had been correct; there was no reason to doubt the number of guards inside.

The mining station was built into the planet's natural rock formations, with only the loading dock sticking out from the surface. Looking down, Sansa saw the dangerous fumes rising up from the large crevice that was below them. Giving a signal to Jon to let him know she was ready, the two proceeded to climb down the rockface towards the station's doors while LA-D3 waited on the top. She would be their eyes and alert them to any oncoming trouble while the two were busy with their descent. The sounds of Jeor’s fight could be heard in the distance, giving them an extra advantage; the White Walkers guarding the fuel were too busy trying to spot the dueling ships and never bothered to turn around.

Leaping off the rock face, Sansa grabbed a hold of the railing and propelled herself onto the landing directly in front of the Walkers. Without a moments hesitation, she sent a direct hit to the soldiers throat incapacitating him. She watched out of the corner of her eye as Jon grabbed the arm of the other Walker, twisting it behind his back before he had chance to take aim. Surrounding her voice with the power of the force, Sansa raised her hand towards the White Walker.

“You will not alert your comrades of our arrival. You will open the door and let us inside.”

The White Walker did as she commanded, letting both her and Jon inside. Once they were in the room, Jon gave him a hard hit onto the back of his helmet with his blaster. The body crumpled to the ground. Removing his armor, Jon shoved his body into the nearest storage compartment.

“Don’t you ever think of using your Jedi mind powers of me.”

“Relax Jon. They only work on the weak minded. You aren’t scared, are you?”
“Hell yes I am. You, my dear, can be quite terrifying.”

The two pressed themselves into the wall as they heard the sound of a single White Walker coming down the stairs that lead to the control room. Thinking fast, Sansa crouched down and leapt on top of him. Positioning herself onto his back, she ripped off his helmet so that he couldn’t communicate with the others and proceeded to put him into a choke hold until his eyes closed.

“See what I mean? Terrifying.”

Using the force to levitate the troopers body up the stairs, Jon grabbed onto his hand once they reached the door. Using his palm, the door slid open. The two remaining White Walkers never looked up from their duties, and never saw them coming. After two quick hits to the back of their neck, the control room was theirs.

“Do you get the feeling like this is too easy?”

“Or maybe we are just that talented.”

Sansa scowled and shook her head. She was still wearing her helmet, but she was sure Jon understood what her head shake meant.

“Look Sansa, not every job has to end in blasters and quick escapes. Sometimes you plan well and things work out. Go ahead and radio the remaining White Walkers to come inside for a quick debriefing. I will wait for them at the door and take care of them.”

Sansa gave him a minute to get into position before doing as instructed. She watched as the Walkers approached the door, then quickly heard the sound of blaster fire. Running to the door, she looked down as she saw the last body fall to the floor.

“I thought you said no blasters?!”

“There was three of them. What was I supposed to do?”

“You could have asked for help.”

“And risk the chance at impressing you? I think not. Besides, now we are tied three-three.”

“This isn’t a competition!”

“It became one once you declared that you were winning!”

Finally giving in to what she had wanted to do since he beat her, Sansa sent a small force push his way. Jon landed on his bottom, looking up at her from under his helmet in what she guessed was surprise.

“I thought Jedi were supposed to be calm and magnanimous!”

“You’ve never met my Master. Go ahead and radio Jeor, let him know we are ready for pick up. I will let LA-D3 know to come and shut down the stations communications systems so they can’t radio for help after we are gone.”

“Fine. But just so you are aware we are still even. That petty move you just pulled does not count as a point.”

“I never said it did. It was more for personal enjoyment anyway.”
Sansa was in the kitchen, humming a tune to herself that Nan would sing to her as a youngling. Jon had been right; not all missions had to end with barely escaping death. Jeor had handled the tie fighters easily and had met them on the loading dock shortly after letting him know they had secured the station. They now had enough fuel to keep the Rebellion fighting for months, as opposed to having just enough for the upcoming battle. The council had been immensely proud of her, and Stannis had even given her a gruff “good job” while Master Davos had smiled proudly. Senator Oberyn was on his way to the Capital to discuss what happened at Dorne to the Senate (in reality they were just political figureheads as everyone knew that Empress Cersei wielded all the power), and Colonel Royce was out discussing flight plans with squadron Captains, so the two had not been in attendance.

*Wherever you are Master, I hope that I made you proud today. I will not rest until the Empire has been defeated. I swear I will get justice for what has happened to you and all the Jedi.*

After Sansa had finished her call and they were on the hyperspace route to Wall, Jeor had declared that a celebratory meal was in order. To nobody’s surprise, Sansa had offered to do the cooking. Jon had offered his help, which Sansa had readily accepted. Trying, and failing, not to notice the pink tinge that colored his cheeks the two made their way to the kitchen in companionable silence.

Grabbing some vegetation from Highgarden out of the cupboard, Sansa cut the food into small pieces while she placed then in a pan to sauté. Jon had set up a small grill on top of the stove’s flame and was grilling some meat from an animal he and Jeor had caught during their stay on Dorne. Sansa was surprised by how nice it all felt. Being on the ship, cooking with Jon, listening as Jeor talked to Ghost while in the cockpit, the chatter coming through the ships communication system. Jeor had been right. Sansa had judged Jon unfairly. She had thought he was selfish and lacked courage, but during the fight on Dorne and their mission to Moat Cailin Jon had shown that he was brave and selfless. It was obvious that Jon loved Jeor, and vice versa; she was sure they would put themselves in harm’s way for the other if the time called for it. While Sansa still felt like it would be the right choice for them to join the Rebellion, she could see why they would make the choice to protect their family instead. It wasn’t her type of courage, but they were still brave, just in a different way then her.

She could hear Jon start to shuffle his feet next to her. Turning the meat, he let out a small sigh.

“Jon? Is everything all right?”

“Yes, it’s just… Can I ask you something? If it’s too personal you don’t have to answer.” Jon looked at her nervously. Smiling, Sansa nodded her head in encouragement.

“How did you escape Order Wild Fire?”

Sansa opened her mouth, but no words came out. That was not the question she had been expecting.

Jon put his hands up in a placating manor. “I’m sorry. I know its probably too personal, and you don’t have to answer. I…” Jon trailed off, looking at a spot over Sansa’s shoulder before clearing his voice and looking straight into her eyes. “I hate the Empire, I do, but I struggle to understand how people can give up everything to fight in a cause that doesn’t seem to have a chance at winning. But, I want to understand. I think I may have judged you unfairly in the beginning and I am sorry.”

Sansa gave Jon a soft smile, feeling the overwhelming urge to reach out and give Jon a hug. He looked so sorry that he had made her upset before. Sansa’s felt her heart flutter. It was so small that she had almost missed it, but she was sure that it had happened.
“It’s all right Jon; truly. I owe you an apology as well. I was rotten to you, for no other reason then you did not agree with me.”

“There is nothing to forgive. I was the one—”

“I was rotten. Just admit it. Forgive me?”

“Sansa, there is nothing to—”

“Forgive me, Jon.”

“I forgive you.”

Sansa stared into his eyes, once again feeling the need to just touch him, be connected to him somehow. Stepping closer, she faltered when she saw Jon take a step away from her and turn his body again to the meat. Feeling the moment disappear, Sansa resumed her task, stirring the vegetation slowly.

“I was only a month old when Order Wild Fire happened. The Jedi came a few hours after I was born; I never went home with my parents or siblings, if I had any. As Jedi, we don’t know anything about our families. The only clue I have concerning my origins is my last name, ‘Snow’. All Jedi are given last names to represent where in the galaxy they originate, but our first names are given to us by the Jedi who work in the nursery. I hadn’t been given a name yet when Order Wild Fire happened.”

Sansa looked down at the vegetables, not really seeing what she was doing. She heard the sounds of the meat sizzling, and watched in a daze as Jon took the pieces off the grill he had created. Taking a step to the side, she allowed Jon to complete her task while she continued.

“I had been crying the night the Troopers came. Nan had taken me out onto the balcony of the nursery, hoping that the fresh air and view would soothe me. She saw the Troopers coming, being led by a man carrying a red lightsaber. Sensing a disturbance in the force, Nan listened in horror as the sounds of blaster fire and screams entered the temple. Nan told me that she didn’t think then, didn’t hesitate. Clutching me, she force jumped onto the nearest building and continued jumping and running until she was far away from the temple.”

Jon finished the vegetables. Opening cupboards to grab the mismatched plates, he proceeded to set the table for their meal.

“How did she survive without being recognized? Weren’t there files on all the Jedi?”

“Nan was a Faceless. As soon as she jumped she changed her appearance to an older man, and kept changing it until she stopped. Stealing some clothes from a drying line, she settled on looking like a young mother with me as her child. She later told me that stealing clothes and pickpocketing others so that we could find a place to stay was the hardest part of what happened. She felt like she was betraying the Jedi and was becoming everything that Cersei accused us of. But, every time she looked at me, she would keep going. Eventually we had the means to have identity papers forged and a weekly rental in a safe neighborhood to stay in until everything calmed down at the capital. She felt that the Troopers would only be looking in the seedier parts of town for the escaped Jedi, and would over look the nicer areas of Kings Landing. She was wrong, but when the Troopers came Nan managed to use a mind trick on them and sent them on their way.”

“How long were hiding out for?”

“Four weeks. Nan would take us out during the day for walks, she didn’t want to stay inside all day
and risk suspicion, and would gather any information she could on what happened and who she could still trust. She discovered that Senator Ned Stark was still in the Capital, and decided to take a chance. He had always been friendly to the Jedi, and she hoped that he would still be loyal. So, disguising herself as a cleaning woman and hiding me in her cleaning bucket, Nan sought out Senator Stark in his home.”

“Is that how you got off planet? With his help?”

“Yes. His wife, Caitlin, was about to go back to Winterfell. Nan became one of her maids, and I continued to be her daughter. Once in Winterfell, we were given a few supplies then sent to Wall. The people there never bowed to anyone, either Republic or Empire. The Starks were wardens over them, but in name only. They had never forced them to pledge allegiance, and allowed them to govern themselves. Senator Stark knew we would be safe there. Before we left, Lady Caitlin discovered I had no name and suggested Sansa. It was a Northern galaxy name and unassuming. When we arrived in Wall, Nan was surprised to find Master Tyrion and Uncle Bronn waiting for us. They too had escaped Order Wild Fire and were living in obscurity in a small village. We settled into a unit right in the middle of theirs, Bronn refused to live with Tyrion who is quite messy, and began our lives.”

“Did the people on Wall know you were Jedi?”

“Uncle Bronn isn’t a Jedi, but yes, those living in our village knew about Tyrion, Nan, and I. Most of those living in our village were Free Folk, so we really stuck out since we weren’t the native species. This was especially true of Uncle Bronn since he is a clone.” Sansa and Jon moved to sit down at the table as she continued. “The Free Folk hated the Empire, and were only loyal to the Starks and Winterfell. They never betrayed us in all our years living there. Their leader, Mance, would even hide us on the rare occasion that White Walkers would show up and flex their muscles. The Walkers never stayed though. Wall is a harsh and unforgiving ice planet; only the strongest of us can survive it.”

“I’m not surprised you lived.”

Sansa’s head turned to Jon in question, her eye brows knitted together.

“You may just be one of the strongest beings I have ever met.”

“I’m not, Jon.” Sansa argued. “I’m not anything. I wasn’t some special baby that was strong with the force that Nan felt compelled to save because I would one day grow up to be special. I was just a youngling that cried one night and wanted to be held.” Sansa idly played with her fork.

“Perhaps, but I think –”

Sansa let out a gasp, clutching her chest. Her heart ached, but she wasn’t sure why. Out in the galaxy somewhere, people were screaming, crying. Their fear was so acute that it reached her out here, on a ship in the northern part of the galaxy. Tears came to her eyes.

“Sansa? Is something wrong?”

“They lurched in their seats as The Knights Watch began to meet turbulence. Jeor’s voice came in through the communication system.

*That’s strange. We haven’t hit the moon’s atmosphere yet, and there are no meteors or asteroids around Wall. What is going on?*
“Jon, Sansa, you two better get up to the cockpit as soon as possible. We have a problem.”

“Dad? What happened? Sansa started crying and then the ship—”

“It’s Wall. According to our coordinates we should be there, but the planet is gone. It’s like it just disappeared into thin air.”

Sansa let out a desperate sob, afraid that she knew the answer.

Chapter End Notes

For those not familiar with Clone Wars (you should check it out because it is so good) Bronn's Star Wars counterpart is Clone CT-7567, otherwise known as Captain Rex of the 501st. He is my second favorite character in Star Wars.

We finally know how Nan and Sansa made their escape! For those wondering, no, Ned and Caitlin did not know that Sansa was their baby. They were just good people who helped out two Jedi who really needed it.

Faceless=Clawdite

Thank you so much for reading! I hope this chapter did not disappoint and I will see you all next time!
Chapter Notes

I was planning on posting this tomorrow, but I am going to be super busy with family that have come to town for the holidays so I thought it would be good to post today. There is a lot of stuff going on in this chapter (character introductions, information on characters we haven't met, big decisions to be made), and I really hope that it doesn't disappoint. These next few chapters are going to be slightly intense since we are moving into the Death Star arc.

For time reference, this chapter occurs while our Talented Trio are en route to Wall.

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 9: Wall

Sansa… Sansa, can you hear me? It’s me, Master Tyrion. I’m alive Sansa. I need you to find me. Use the force Sansa. It will help you.

Sansa, can you hear me? It’s me… I’m alive. You must use the force to find me. I have the plans to the Death Star. The rebellion needs them to aid in their victory. Please find me.

Sansa, can you hear me? I can tell you haven’t been meditating otherwise I’m sure this would have worked. There is always a strong force bond between Master and Padawan. I’m alive and have the plans. You must use the force and find me.

Sansa! Stop being distracted and meditate. Didn’t I teach you to do this once in the morning and once in the evening?! We don’t have time for you to start slipping. I am alive. You have to find me. Use the force and find me.

Come on Sansa. All I am asking for is a few minutes of your time. Just meditate! Even a minute will work!

Sansa!

Tyrion let out a small scream in frustration, though it sounded more like a womp rat begging for water since his throat was so parched. He had been trying to reach Sansa through the force ever since the White Walker had informed him that Night King would be arriving to assist in his interrogation. The Sith Lord did not frighten him, he had already faced him when his ship was captured, but the fact that his death was imminent was a worry. He just needed to reach her to let her know he had the plans. If it came to it she could steal his corpse and cut it out of him. Tyrion was not picky at this point. He would be damned if he let that bitch Cersei win even in his death.

His breathing grew heavy and the hairs on his neck and arms stood on end as he felt the shift in the force that accompanied the Sith. They were dark creatures, giving into their anger and using it for their strength. Tyrion knew this is why Jedi feared anger and hate, and thus sought ways to tamp down those emotions. However, the Jedi had it wrong. The difference between Sith and normal
creatures was that the Sith were never taught how to deal with anger and hate and balance it with love and compassion. Many creatures in the galaxy felt those emotions, and they never turned into red lightsaber wielding, force choking psychopaths. Most understood that anger was a secondary emotion, a consequence of an underlying problem. Once they felt the anger and thought about it rationally, they were able to see the true issues underneath and fix them. The same was true for hate. Sith, however, were taught that anger and hate were the ultimate emotions, and thus the only ways to achieve power.

*It’s not like the Jedi were any smarter. All those repressed emotions ended up hurting too many. If only the council would have understood the need for balance in all things. Maybe then things wouldn’t have ended up this way.*

Steeling himself, Tyrion began to get off the cot and positioned himself in front of the door. Night King was on the ship now, and it was only a matter of time before he was collected for his torture. He knew he looked a mess with his body and hair matted from dried blood and sweat, but Tyrion wanted to demonstrate that while he may be run down physically, he was far from weak. He would not yield to the Empire, regardless of the consequences.

The door opened with a swoosh. Tyrion looked up and was met with his usual White Walker escort.

“I have orders to cuff you and take you to the command room. Grand Clegane and Night King will be there awaiting your arrival.” The man bent down to cuff his hands. It took him several times to clasp them as his hands were shaking from fear. Tyrion once again found his heart going out to him; the man was obviously scared of what was about to happen.

Tyrion placed his cuffed hands on top of the Walkers and looked up into his visor, hoping that he was making eye contact. “Do not let fear dictate your actions. It is natural to be afraid of those who can cause us harm, but we must not let fear allow them to control us. Only you make your decisions, no one else.”

Giving his hands a comforting squeeze, Tyrion walked out of his cell. The White Walker paused for a moment before following him. The two began to walk to the command room, pausing to use a lift before once again navigating the ships circular corridors. Tyrion had been trying to piece together where he was during his capture, but thus far had no luck. He had been confined to his cell and only left for his interrogations. The rooms were in close proximity to each other, so Tyrion was unsure if he was on a battleship or something smaller.

Walking up a few stairs, Tyrion looked around and found himself in the control room of the ship. It was huge. As was the case with most battleships, there was a series of computers on a lower level with a raised walkway splitting the two sides in half. Stairs connected the two together. Computers were interspersed along the walkway, all facing the huge glass window that allowed the ships three pilots to see out into space. Tyrion saw Grand Clegane and Night King waiting at the end of the walkway.

Tyrion looked straight into the Sith Lord’s ice blue eyes, refusing to cower as he walked towards them. Night King had been a man once, but that was long ago. All that was left was pale blue skin, mottled with black frost bite. His skin was so marred in fact that it looked like he had scales flaking from his face, a result of the numerous skin grafts he no doubt had to endure. Tyrion felt like he had purposely left some of the frost bite parts to look more menacing. His arms had the same blue hue, but only his left arm was natural. The right had been cut off just below the shoulder, and he had been outfitted with a mechanical arm. He wore dark blue leather armor, with metal studs sewn into the shoulder pieces and down his arms. His pants were the same, with metal bracers covering his knees and shins. There were rumors that both his legs were mechanical as well, but nobody knew for
certain. He wore his lightsaber at his hip, hanging from his utility belt.

“Aw, Night King. Did you miss me already? I know it has only been a few days, but I do have that effect on people.” Tyrion raised his cuffed hands, offering him a sarcastic wave as he stopped in front of his tormentors.

“Charming.” Clegane smiled down at him, crossing his arms over his chest. “You will find, Tyrion, that Night King is not here to play your little word games.”

“Oh? He must be here to clean up your messes then. You always were a horrible leader Clegane. Cersei must have finally caught on.”

Tyrion let out a burst of air as Clegane punched him the stomach. He managed to keep his balance though, of which he was proud.

“Jedi Master Tyrion, tell me, have you figured out where you are yet?” Clegane crouched over further, getting into Tyrion’s personal space.

Tyrion remained silent, only glaring at the man.

“I will take that as a no. How disappointing. Perhaps stories about you were overindulged.” Getting up, Clegane returned to looking out the window. “No matter. Be honored, Jedi Master Tyrion, you are Empress Cersei’s very first guest aboard the Death Star, the Empire’s Ultimate Weapon.”

Tyrion jolted up right, his mind wrapping around the information. Looking out the window, he saw a small moon out in the distance. He recognized the white and blue of the planet immediately.

“Why are we at Wall?”

“Because Tyrion, you have a choice to make. Tell me where the Rebellion is, or Wall will be met with its demise.”

“What?! Wall is peaceful, it has never done—”

Tyrion let out a gasp as he felt himself begin to be lifted off the floor. He grabbed at his throat, but no air would come into his lungs. Glancing at Night King, he saw his arm extended as his hand began to make a fist.

“Don’t bother Tyrion. Wall is anything but peaceful. Bending the knee to no man makes the planet and its people a liability. You are loyal to the Empire, or you are the enemy.”

“They… were… loyal to… the Starks.” Tyrion wheezed out, the weight on his wind pipe easing slightly so that he could speak.

“The Starks are dead. We had hope that Lord Bolton would tame Wall’s inhabitants, but they have proven too wild for even him.”

Tyrion let in a breath of fresh air as Night King released his hold, falling onto the floor.

“The Starks… are not dead.” He declared through lung fulls of air.

“Are you referring to the Inquisitor’s newest member? I assure you, Bran Stark is quite dead. Only the Tenth Brother remains now. Night King and Grand Inquisitor Lannister have molded him into a Sith Warrior.”

_Bran Stark._
Just thinking about the boy made Tyrion want to weep, though he would give neither of these men the satisfaction. Four years ago, Cersei had discovered that Ned Stark had been aiding Stannis Baratheon and the Rebellion. He had been betrayed by Ramsay Bolton, one of his advisors. He had wrongly assumed his council's loyalty, and paid for it with his life. Cersei had called an unsuspecting Ned back to the Senate for a hearing. When he arrived, she declared his crimes before the Senate and had Night King behead him with his lightsaber. She had forced everyone in the galaxy to watch the holo broadcast.

Following Ned’s beheading, Cersei had sent Night King, Grand Inquisitor Jamie Lannister, and a garrison of White Walkers to Winterfell the next day. Under the Sith warriors’ direction, they killed every member of the Stark household and all they considered to be loyal to them. The only exception had been Lady Caitlin and Bran Stark, her and Ned’s second born son. Night King and Grand Inquisitor Lannister brought the two of them to Kings Landing. Cersei had wanted to give Caitlin the chance to swear loyalty to her and the Empire, and had left Bran alive so that he could continue the Stark line. Like her husband, Caitlin and refused to be cowed and was killed by firing squad a week after her husband. Instead of murdering Bran as well, Cersei had declared the force-sensitive child to be the newest addition to the Inquisitors.

The whole ordeal was sickening. Bran Stark had been a kind and thoughtful child, but Cersei wanted to send a message: death was easy, but betray her and your whole family would suffer for generations to come. There was a possibility, though, that the boy raised by Ned and Caitlin Stark was still in there, somewhere. He had been eleven at the time of his capture, old enough to retain his memories of his parents and siblings and how good they were.

Tyrion looked directly into Night Kings ice blue eyes, fury in his gaze.

“Nobody who is alive is truly dead.” He stated with conviction.

Night King simply responded with a low laugh, which sounded cold and distorted.

“Master Tyrion, how naïve you are.” He said simply. His voice was low and menacing, and every word was accompanied by a puff of cold air.

“To say that I am naïve would imply that I am without experience or wisdom. I assure you that in these two areas I do no lack.” Tyrion replied. He was still hunched over with his hands resting on his knees, but he continued to look Night King straight in the eye, his tone unwavering.

Night King scrunched his face up in anger, putting his hand out to choke Tyrion again.

“Enough.” Clegane waved his arm out in a dismissive manner. He turned his blood red eyes to Tyrion. He moved forward to stand in front of him as Night King moved behind him, effectively boxing him in. “I grow tired of these word exchanges. Tell me where the rebellion is, or Wall suffers the consequences of your actions.”

Tyrion stared out in front him, past Clegane and to the tiny ice moon that had been his home for fifteen years before he, Sansa, and Bronn left it to fight in the Rebellion. The people were strong and loyal. First it had been to the Starks, but only because the Senator’s ancestors had essentially let the moon be self-governed for centuries. However, after the beheading of Senator Stark, subsequent slaughtering of his family, and the brain washing of Bran, they had become loyal to the Rebellion. Wall and its inhabitants had been serving Stannis quietly for the past four years, and the Empire hadn’t suspected a thing due to the history of the moon. Wall’s inhabitants wanted revenge for what Cersei had done to their beloved Senator and his family.

What do I do? If I say no, the entire planet will be gone, destroyed. If I tell them where the Rebellion
is, then the only chance anyone in the galaxy has at living a life away from tyranny is destroyed. Can I sacrifice all those people, the people who sheltered Sansa, Bronn, Nan and I for a cause that may not even win?

If I lie, Night King will sense it through the force. That is why he is here no doubt, to assure I don’t give false information.

What do I do? Who do I save? There is no way to save both groups...

What do I do?

Tyrion remembered the conversation that he and Stannis had engaged in three years ago, though now it felt like lifetimes. He could still hear Stannis authoritative voice as he told him the reality of the war they were engaged in.

What is right, and what is necessary, are not always the same thing.

Who am I to make that call, though? Who is anybody to make it?..

We are just children, playing at the games of men.

Squaring his shoulders, Tyrion looked up into Clegane’s eyes, opening his mouth to answer.

“No.”

“Interesting.” Clegane turned to his second-in-command, giving him orders to prepare for Wall’s destruction. Turning to Tyrion, he spat directly in front of his feet.

“I suppose you have been right all along, Tyrion. The Jedi are truly dead.”

Chapter End Notes

So... anyone still with me? I hope so! This was hard chapter to write due to everything that had to happen, but I am happy with the outcome. If I was in Tyrion’s position, I do not know what decision I would make. It was definitely a damned if you do, damned if you don't scenario.

Yes, the Starks are dead besides Bran. Nobody goes against Cersei, and she used their treason to send a message to her citizens. In regards to Tyrion’s comment about not all the Starks being dead, he was only referencing Bran and not Sansa. Nobody knows that Sansa is a Stark.

I hope that this chapter did not disappoint, and look forward to reading what you all thought in the comments section. Till next time my friends!
A Risky Plan

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for your comments, kudos, and hits last chapter! I am truly humbled by all those who are enjoying my little story.

This chapter takes places immediately after Jon and Sansa are called up to the cockpit by Jeor, and just a little while after what happened to Tyrion. I hope you enjoy!

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 10: A Risky Plan

Something is wrong. Dad is panicked, and Sansa is barely responsive. It’s a miracle she hasn’t collapsed from her grief yet...

What could have caused her to react in such a way? I know our conversation was very personal, but it was so long ago. If it still affected her this way, surely she wouldn’t have spoken about it. No, something else has happened. But what?

Panting, Jon ran as fast as he could to the cockpit with Sansa only a step behind. In truth, she was barely able to see straight due to her emotional distress. The tears were clouding her vision, and her breathing was erratic. Jon had finally grabbed her hand the second time Sansa had stumbled along the hallway, forcing her to let him lead her through The Knights Watch. She had tried to assure him that his help wasn’t necessary, but Jon refused to listen. Sansa had given in, but only when Jon pointed out that she couldn’t even stand without wobbling.

The two ran straight into the cockpit without hesitation, coming to an abrupt halt. Jon immediately let go of Sansa’s hand when he saw Jeor staring at them with a raised eyebrow. He regretted his immaturity immediately as Sansa faltered. He moved to help her, but she failed to see his outstretched arms as she gripped the back of the pilots chair, looking straight ahead into space. Letting his arms drop back to his sides, Jon looked to his father for answers. Jon was surprised to see Jeor’s blue eyes tinged with red, almost like he had been crying. Next to him, Sansa let out another sob.

“Dad, what’s happened? Sansa can’t stop crying, and I swear it’s not because I--”

“I know Jon, don’t worry. It’s Wall. The moon should be here, but it’s not. It’s just gone, almost like it has disappeared. All that’s here is space rock and that small, uncharted moon off in the distance. I have already scanned its specs, and it doesn’t match Wall. In fact, I’m not even sure it’s a moon at all.”

Jon squinted ahead, barely making out the circular shape. It was a dull gray color, not the ice blue and white that normally indicated the missing moon.

“But that doesn’t make any sense. How could—”

“Turn around!”
Both men jumped in surprise at Sansa’s abrupt cry and turned to face her. The young Jedi’s face was stained in tears and her skin had turned pale. There was no mistaking the absolute terror that had taken over her features. “We have to turn this ship around right now! Turn around!”

Jon again reached for her, this time to offer comfort, but Sansa recoiled before he could touch her.

“Sansa, what—”

“Don’t you feel that?! Don’t you understand?! That’s not a planet, that’s the Death Star! It has destroyed Wall! Blown it to bits! We must turn around! Do it now Jeor, I beg you!”

Jon opened his mouth, but no words came out. He felt a tug in the ship. A quick glance at the ships controls showed that they had been locked into place. Whipping his head back to the control room window, Jon could just begin to make out the details of the supposed moon. With dread growing in his stomach, Jon could see that Sansa was right; what was before them was a giant battle station. It was huge sphere shape, with a concave dish on the northern hemisphere. Jon could see that the middle part, the equator, was darker then the top and bottom half and quickly surmised that it must be the stations docking ports.

“Why aren’t you listening to me??” Sansa was near catatonic, banging her hands upon Jeor’s chair. Ghost began to whine from his set in the copilots chair, affected by Sansa’s distress. Jon searched his feelings, trying to find what Sansa was feeling but came up empty. He felt dread, yes, but not so badly that it overtook his entire being.

“We are going to die! Turn the ship—”

Sansa cries were cut short as Jeor came around his chair and placed his hands gently but firmly on either side of her face. Sansa gasped, looking up at the older man. Jon stood by lamely, unsure what to do. Looking back at the station, he knew they were trapped.

“Sansa, listen to me. I feel it too. The pain, the suffering, I feel it all. However, you must control your emotions. We are in a dangerous position, and you cannot fall apart on us. You are strong, and brave, and good.” Jeor dropped his hands from her cheeks and placed them on the tops of her shoulders. “Jon and I need you. We can’t help those who have passed at this time, but we can help those who are still alive. Do you understand?”

Sansa took a deep shuddering breath of air and slowly nodded at Jeor.

“I’ve got a bad feeling about this.” Jon stated.

“We all do, son. But, we aren’t defeated yet. Do you both hear that? We aren’t defeated yet!” Jeor said with determination.

Jon guesstimated that they only had a few minutes left before they would be pulled into the Death Star. He had suspected when the ship had lurched that they had been caught in the ships tractor beam, a fact that had been confirmed as The Watch continued to gravitate towards the docking port in a perfect line. Scrambling his brain for possibilities, Jon rested a comforting hand on Sansa’s back.

“I have an idea.” Jon looked at Jeor, and then Sansa. “It’s reckless, stupid, and there is a very good chance we will be caught, captured, or killed.”

Jon could feel Sansa’s breathing calm underneath his hand. Looking to his Dad, he watched as he gave him a grim nod of his head. Sansa looked over to him, her blue eyes like steel.

“Let’s hear it.”
Jon refused to let fear take over him as he listened to the sound of White Walker boots above him. Glancing to his right, he watched as Sansa clutched her lightsaber with determination, ready to bring the weapon to life and intervene if they were caught in their hiding place. He and Jeor both had their blasters at the ready, but she had told them she preferred to use her saber as she was more skilled with it then the blaster. Having seen her skill first hand, Jon didn’t argue her point. Ghost was at his heels, poised and ready to strike while LA-D3 was positioned next to Sansa.

The first part of his plan required them to hide in the same smuggling compartments that were currently housing their stolen fuel. He had tasked Jeor with creating a log in the ship’s database stating that they had run into pirates and been forced to abandon ship right after their last take off. Luckily, Jon had accidently released an escape pod during the whole boarding fiasco and they hadn’t had time to replace it, thus lending credibility to their log entry. Once the ship was free of White Walkers, they would wait until only two guards remained at the entrance before they started to make some noise. The guards would have no choice but to check out the cause of the disturbance, giving the three of them the chance to incapacitate the guards, steal their armor, and head to the computer room over the docking port. LA-D3 would plug in to the stations computer and find the data on how to disable to the tractor beam, thus making escape possible.

The plan was, in one word, horrible. Jon couldn’t turn his mind off from thinking about all the ways things could go wrong, but nobody had been able to come up with anything better. The glaring issue was how they would only have two sets of White Walker armor, and there was three of them. If they tried to take on more guards, they risked making too much noise. Jeor had insisted that Sansa and Jon take the armor, leaving him with nothing. After incapacitating the officers in the control room they hoped to get Jeor a uniform for the walk back to The Knight’s Watch, but for now they would just have to hope that nobody questioned an old man in plain clothes following two rather short storm troopers.

Jon crouched down as he heard the two guards coming up the ramp. He and Sansa let them get a few feet into the hallway before they both jumped off the wall. Using the same maneuvers that had given them success on Mount Cailin, they incapacitated the guards quickly and set about removing their armor.
Sansa crinkled her nose in disgust. “This smells horrible. I don’t know if I will be able to stomach being in this for longer then five minutes.”

“What’s wrong? Afraid of a little body odor sweetling?” Jon replied as he started to put the armor on over his clothes.

“Of course not.” Sansa replied primly. “I’m more concerned about the armor fitting you. I don’t know if you realize this, but you make a rather short White Walker.”

“And you don’t? You barely taller then me!”

“Yes, but I’m considered tall for my species and gender. You, dear sir, are not.” Sansa gave him a wink before she put on her helmet. “Oh, and that was a wink. I thought you might like to know what it looks like.”

“Wonderful girl…” Jon muttered under his breath as he put his helmet into place. Giving two knocks on the wall, he signaled Jeor to let them know that they were ready to disembark. His father showed up moments later. Jon noticed that one of his boots was bulging a bit. Assuming the old man had grabbed an extra blaster to be on the safe side, he didn’t bother to question him about it.

“She is right Jon. You are rather short for a White Walker.” Jeor laughed, with Sansa quickly following suit.

“I’m glad you both find this situation so amusing.” He grumbled.

From inside his helmet, Jon could hear the commanding officer of the docking station trying to contact the White Walker whose armor he stole. Walking down the dock, he put his hand up to his helmet, shaking his head to give the impression that his comm link had broken. Nodding his understanding, the officer motioned for Jon to come up to the control room. He gave a salute in response, then motioned for Sansa to follow. Walking down the stair, he watched Sansa give what appeared to be a casual wave of her arm but in reality was a force push. Everyone’s attention in the hangar bay was turned to the large stack of crates that she had sent crashing to the ground, allowing Jeor to walk off the ship unseen with LA-D3 right behind him.

“You all right Dad?” Jon asked concerned. Jeor had faltered for half a second before coming off the ship.

“Hm? Oh yes. Don’t worry son. Everything will be fine.” Jeor said. It sounded almost like he was distracted by something. Jon figured it was due to this part of their plan being especially risky, and simply nodded.

XXXXX

Taking over the control room had been relatively easy. Once the doors had been opened for them, Jon had given the officer in front of them a hard kick to the stomach with a corresponding punch to the face. One elbow to the back of his neck later and he had been knocked unconscious. Not to be outdone, Sansa had force pushed the remaining officer against the wall before he had the chance to notify anyone of their take over. The officer that Jon had taken down was close to Jeor’s size, and the man was currently changing his clothes while Sansa and Jon locked the two officers into the room’s storage closet. They both removed their helmets.

“D3, plug into the ships computers and find the information on the tractor beam. We need to know how to dismantle it.”

After giving a series of beeps, that Jon assumed meant “yes”, the droid quickly got to work.
“I’ve been meaning to ask, how do you understand your droid?”

“Rebellion code. Each combination of beeps, whether long or short, stands for something different.”

It only took a few seconds before D3 started beeping again, letting them know she had found their information. Pulling the data onto the wall-mounted screen, the three of them began to quickly read the instructions.

“Damn.” Jon growled. “It looks like we are going to have to shut it down manually.” He pulled at his hair in frustration.

“It doesn’t look too hard though.” Sansa replied. “We just have to go to the room where the beam is located and power down the controls.”

“Yeah, but that just gives us more chances to get caught. How are we—”

“I’ll go.” Jeor said. Jon turned his head to look at him, ready to argue. There was no way in hell his father was going to do something this dangerous on his own.

“No, Dad. We will go. Together. It’s too dangerous for just one of us.”

“Jon, it is better for me to go alone. It will be less suspicious if I am seen walking by myself.” He placed a hand on Jon’s shoulder. “I promise you I have no intention of being caught.”

“No, no. We go together. We always go together on missions this dangerous.” Jon protested.

Jeor squeezed Jon’s arm reassuringly. “I promise I have no intention of being caught.”

LA-D3 started being excitedly, interrupting their conversation. The droid pulled some new information up onto the screen. Sansa, who was paying more attention to the computers then the two men, let out a startled gasp.

“Sansa? Did something—”

“He’s alive! I can’t believe it.” Sansa turned to look at them, a huge smile splitting across her face. “Jon, Jeor, my master is alive!”

“What?!” Jon said, pushing her gently to the side so he could get a better look at the file she was reading.

“Tyrion Waters is your master?” Jeor asked after glancing at the information.

“Yes.” Sansa looked at him questioningly. “How do you know him?”

“Everyone who lived during The Clone Wars knows him.” Jeor replied, resuming his read of the information. “He was a hero.”


“Not for long sweetling.” Jon pointed to the bottom half of the file. “It says here he is scheduled to be flown back to Kings Landing tomorrow, where he will be executed for crimes against the Empire.”

It was Jon’s turn to be pushed aside while Sansa looked at the screen. “Hey, not so hard!”

“What? You pushed me out of the way.”
“I nudged you out of the way. That was way too forceful to be considered a nudge.”

“We have to rescue him.” Sansa said, ignoring Jon’s comment.

“I agree.” Jeor replied. “I will go and shut down the tractor beam, while you and Jon go to the detention cell and rescue Master Tyrion.”

Jon whirled around to glare at his father.

“Hold on just one minute. Don’t you think we should take a second and think about this? How are we going to get into the detention center without raising suspicion?”

“Prisoner transfer. You can say that I was found on the ship and that you are my escort to the holding cells.” Sansa said, already beginning to strip off her armor.

“That still doesn’t solve the problem of Dad going to turn off the tractor beam by himself.”

“Jon, I promise you I will be safe.” Jeor gave him calm smile.

“But Dad, what if—”

“My boy, it is okay to be scared.”

Jon sighed in frustration.

“Fine! I’m scared, all right? Ever since we got on this station I have had a bad feeling and it isn’t letting up. It hasn’t been as bad as what Sansa felt earlier, but I still have this sense of worry and foreboding. I don’t want any of us to be separated. Can’t the three of us just do both missions together?” Jon admitted.

In truth, Jon was embarrassed that he was so frightened. Jeor had always taught him to have courage, but it was just too much for him in this instance. They were playing on the Empire’s turf; it was too easy for everything to go wrong.

Jon saw Sansa open her mouth to respond, but Jeor beat her to it. “There is nothing wrong with fear. It can protect us from situations where we can become injured or worse. However, we can’t let it control us.”

“I do want to save Sansa’s master. It’s just the I’m… terrified.” Jon began to pull at his hair again in agitation. “And who will have your back if something goes wrong?”

“I will have my back. This old man of yours still has a few tricks up his sleeve.” Jeor gave Jon a loving smile. “I’m proud of you for wanting to do the right thing, with no encouragement from me. Don’t let fear rule you Jon. Face it, head on, like I know you can.”

Jon gave Jeor a quick nod of his head. Though he was no longer a youngling, and hadn’t been for a long time, he wondered if he would ever stop learning from his father.

“LA-D3, stay here and keep your comm system turned on just in case we need any help. Jon, you keep your wrist link turned on as well. We will meet back at the ship once we have completed both our missions. Be sure to let me know when you have Tyrion, and I in turn will keep you appraised of my mission.”

Jeor turned to the door, putting his officer hat low on his forehead in an attempt to cover as much of his face as possible. Jon noticed that he had forgone the officers boots and had kept his own to wear.
Jeor turned to give them one last encouraging look before pressing the palm lock to open it.

“Jeor?”

“Yes, Sansa?

Jon looked at Sansa. She was giving his father a contemplative look, almost like she was trying to solve a puzzle.

“May the force be with you.” She said simply

Jeor stared back at her, a slow smile beginning on his face.

“And with both of you.”

Chapter End Notes

Operation Save Tyrion is about to commence! The big question of course is will they be successful.

Poor Jon. It has got to be hard to admit being afraid considering who he is currently with, but our boy did a good thing by admitting why he wanted them all to stay together. It takes a lot of courage to admit being afraid, and I am proud of him for doing. So.... Jeor's repsonse, eh? Did it happen to sound familiar to any other character we have met? Any theories???? I feel like Jeor has been obvious the whole time, so if I have surprised just one person I will be happy. But if not, I will still be happy because Jeor has quickly become one of my favorite characters in this story.

I hope you have all enjoyed reading, and I will see you next time my friends.

Oh, and last thing, Merry Christams Eve! I hope that everyone reamins safe and is happy with with whatever they are doing today.
Hello my readers! I hope everyone has had a good Holiday. Thank you for all the comments, kudos, and hits! I really appreciate it.

Last we left off, Jon and Sansa had decided to go and rescue Master Tyrion while Jeor disabled the tractor beam. Will everyone make it in time? We shall see...

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 11: Rescue

“Master Tyrion, did you ever wish you had a family?”

“No Sansa, I have not.”

“Oh...”

“Is something troubling you?”

“I just... wish sometimes that I had a family. All my friends have one. Gilly’s mom braids her hair for her, and Alys is always playing a game with her siblings. I guess I get jealous sometimes. I know that’s bad, but I can’t help it.”

“It’s normal to be jealous sometimes. Others always seem to be happier than we are.”

“Do you think they are happier than me?”

“Sansa, are you happy?”

“Not always, but most of the time I am.”

“I bet those other people feel the same way. Most of the time they are happy, but sometimes, for whatever reason, they are not. Whenever you start to feel jealous, just remember that those other people aren’t better or happier than you; we all have our problems, and we all have our joys. Instead of letting our jealousy make us angry, we should use our love and kindness to lift others up so that they can experience even more joy.”

“I promise I will try my best!”

“I know you will. And Sansa?”

“Yes Master?”

“I have never wished for a family because I have always considered the Jedi and my brothers-in-arms to be my family. You don’t have to be related by blood to make it so. Nan will always be family, though she has been gone for two years now. Uncle Bronn will always be my brother, and...
you will always be my daughter, not just my Padawan. Now, what do you say we try to get Uncle Bronn to learn how to braid your hair? I’m sure if you give him the same look you did last week when asking him to teach you how to sew he will be more the agreeable to learning.”

Sansa stood tall next to Jon in the lift, her features set in determination. Next to her, she heard Jon give out a modulated sigh. Other officers had tried to get on, but Jon had simply shaken his head. He indicated to them that Sansa was a very dangerous prisoner, and that it was for their own safety that they didn’t get on board. It was lucky for them that the officers hadn’t noticed that Sansa’s cuffs were barely staying on her hands; she had kept them loose just in case she needed to slip them off and fight. Through the steel door’s reflection she could see Jon tapping his index finger impatiently against his blaster.

“Jeor will be fine Jon, just focus on the mission at hand.” Jon gave her a sharp nod to indicate he had heard her, but continued with his fidgeting.

In truth, Sansa had been trying hard not to think of Jeor and the… mannerisms and knowledge… that she had noticed he possessed since she joined them. She had been too busy to dwell on the signs before, but like Jon she was struggling to not think about the third member of their group. Sansa needed her mind to be on the mission as well, but she could feel her subconscious starting to put pieces together to form a conclusion she wasn’t sure she wanted to be true.

The lift opened directly in front of Detention Block A. Forcing her thoughts to turn back to the matter at hand, Sansa waited for Jon to grab her arm before stepping off the lift together. They needed to get to Cell Block AA-23, sub level five. Clearing her throat to get Jon’s attention, Sansa shifted her head slightly, using her chin to indicate a map of the cell blocks mounted to the wall. She waited patiently as Jon memorized where they needed to go before once again following him. It only took them a few minutes, and one wrong turn, before they were in front of the door that housed Master Tyrion.

“Well, here goes nothing.” Jon muttered dryly as he placed his hand on top of the pad.

The doors opened to reveal a work station being manned by three soldiers in black uniform fatigues, one with the markings of an officer. A single White Walker was stationed in front of a walkway that was lined with numerous doors. The officer and one of the soldiers at the desk were human, but the other was a Starfallian. He had tanned skin, and a thick yellow facial tattoo that went from one ear to the other, with small yellow dots underneath the line on his cheekbones. Neither he nor the other young man looked up from their computers.

“What is the meaning of this?” The officer in charge demanded.

“Prisoner exchange.” Jon’s modulated voice answered back. “I had orders to move the prisoner from room 1163.”

“I don’t think so solider. I never received any orders for a prisoner exchange.” The officer looked at Sansa suspiciously.

“Check your log again.” Jon replied. Sansa began to shift her weight from one foot to another. The journey to the Detention Block had taken a good amount of time, and now it felt like they were wasting what precious minutes they had left.

The officer looked down to check his data log for something she knew he wouldn’t find. Sansa coughed slightly, her signal to Jon that they should just use laser power and her light saber, forgoing their charade. Jon made the move to begin positioning his blaster, but the cough caught the attention of the Starfallian. The young man looked up to Jon, and then to Sansa. She watched as his brown
eyes went wide as he made eye contact with her.

“No. Way.” The man said, gasping in shock. He grabbed the arm of his comrade, forcing him to look at Sansa. His partner had a similar reaction upon seeing her, and had to cover his mouth to keep from shouting.

*They must recognize me from the Empire’s files on wanted Jedi. The only time I have ever been to a Detention Cell was when Ramsay captured me. He wanted to break me before giving me the ‘honor’ or taking me to his room.*

The officer in charge looked up from his computer. “What is your identification number Walker? We have no record —”

The man crumbled to floor. Jon had shot him straight in the chest, finally growing as impatient as her. He turned his blaster onto the other two men while Sansa slipped her hands out of the cuffs, preparing to grab her light saber.

Both men put their hands up in surrender as Jon leveled his weapon at them. Strangely, they continued to have two huge grins on their faces even though their commanding officer had just been killed. Sansa took note that the White Walker guarding the door made no move for his own blaster. He seemed content to watch what played out in front of him.

“I told you she’d made it, didn’t I Pyp?!” The human half-screamed enthusiastically. He was practically bouncing in his seat from excitement. “I told you if anybody could make it, it was her.”

“I can’t believe you are alive!” The Starfallian responded. He looked at Sansa with adoration. Jon moved in front of her protectively, but Sansa side stepped him to come in front of the two men.

Sansa’s thoughts returned to her abduction. There had been two White Walkers who had helped her escape. She had never seen their faces, they had been wearing their armor, but they had been so kind to her. Could it be that these were the same men? It didn’t seem possible.

“Are you?... Is it really?...” Seeming to pull herself out of her confusion, Sansa grabbed her lightsaber and brought it to life. The purple bladed glowed.

“Who are you two and why do you know me?” She demanded.

“It’s us Miss Jedi!” Sansa started at that, recalling that she had been called that same name by one of the White Walkers during her escape. “We are the ones who saved you! Well, really, I saved you. Grenn here just made a lot of noise.” Pyp exclaimed.

“Hey! If it wasn’t for me shoving all those crates over and ‘accidently’ starting a tie fighter she would never have made it off Ramsay’s Star Destroyer.” Grenn replied, crossing his arms over his chest. He seemed content to believe that they weren’t in any real trouble.

“Please. I did the hard part by getting Ramsay drunker then a bounty hunter on Dorne so that we had enough time to get her out of the cell. Do you know how horrible it was actually having to spend time with him?”

“Thank the force we got transferred here, eh? Granted, this station is deplorable. I can’t believe Clegane just blew up a fucking planet for the hell of it, but anything is better—”

“Enough.” Jon roared. “We are here for Tyrion Waters. Where is he?!”

Pyp and Grenn jumped at that, before turning to look back at the walkway. The White Walker finally
made a move then, leveling his blaster at Jon.

“Why do you want him?” The modulated voice asked.

“To rescue him. He is coming with us. Now tell us where—”

“How do I know you aren’t here to take him to be executed?”

Sansa couldn’t believe what was happening. Net to her, she could tell Jon was struggling with what going on as well. He ripped off his helmet in frustration and a huge scowl marred his features. Nothing that was going on made any sense. Opening his mouth to speak, Sansa heard the swoosh of the door opening behind her before he had a chance to utter a rebuttal.

“Time for duty change boys. Clegane wants…” The White Walker trailed off as he took in the situation. There were two White Walkers pointing blasters at each other, a Jedi with her lightsaber drawn, a dead officer, and two idiotic soldiers at the computer station.

“Of course.” Jon muttered. Without hesitation, Jon raised his blaster and opened fire at the Walkers coming in through the door.

Bringing her body into the Ataru guard, with her blade facing up, Sansa watched at Jon aimed his blaster and fired at the four White Walkers who had just come through the entrance. The White Walkers had thought Sansa to be the culprit of the dead officer since Jon was still in his body armor, and had not suspected Jon’s attack. Thinking quickly, Sansa leapt in front of Jon.

“Jon, stand down.” Sansa began defending the oncoming blaster fire. “We do this the same way we did on Dorne. I block, you shield yourself with my body and fire when ready.”

“You got it sweetling.”

Jon angled himself perfectly behind her, coming out every so often to shoot at their opponents. Sansa was able to sense the blaster fire before it reached them, and was able to redirect each one back to the White Walkers. The problem wasn’t her and Jon making direct hits, but how many White Walkers kept coming through the doors. Realizing that they had probably alerted their commanding officers to what was going on, Sansa determined that they needed to seal and lock the doors if they were going to have any success. Behind her, she could hear the two soldiers at the computer screaming in terror as they hid behind the crescent shaped desk.

“Hey! Idiots! Either help us or shut up.” Jon yelled at them.

“Well excuse me for being terrified. It’s not every day we have fucking blasters pointed at us down here!” One them called from behind the desk.

“Aren’t you White Walkers?! Have some self-respect!”

“Obviously we aren’t very good ones otherwise we would be stationed somewhere else.” The other one called out.

Sansa heard Jon heave out a sigh in disgust. She wondered if these two were really the ones that helped her escape Ramsay. They knew her, so it felt likely, but they also seemed like scared children, which made it unlikely.

“At least seal the door so no more can come in!” Sansa begged.

She heard keys clicking behind her as one of the them did as she asked. With relief, she watched as
the door began to close. A few of the braver White Walkers jumped through before it sealed to continue the fight, but the majority stepped back and watched the battle disappear from view.

“Finish them off Sansa! We are running out of time.” Jon’s voice called from behind her.

“Take cover!”

Jon began to use rapid laser fire as he made his way behind the desk. No longer having to use her lightsaber to protect him, Sansa halted her defense and drew both hands back. Reaching her arms out wide, Sansa used the force to pick up the remaining three White Walkers and pushed them together, the power of their colliding bodies knocking them out.

Sansa could hear pounding coming from the other side of the door.

“We don’t have much time. We have to get Master Tyrion out now!” She yelled as she ran behind the computer. Sansa could see sweat dripping from Jon’s brow and most of his hair had come out of its bun. Her braid wasn’t looking much better, and she agitatedly pushed the long, loose strands out of her eyes.

“You two!” Sansa pointed her still ignited lightsaber at her maybe saviors. “Tell us where Jedi Master Tyrion Waters is!”

“Once again, I’m Pyp and this is Grenn.” The Starfallian said, pointing to himself and his comrade. “We are not your enemies, so put that thing away.” Sansa glared at him. “Please.”

“Besides, I think Sam if already ahead of you.” Grenn pointed to the corridor.

The White Walker who had been guarding the cells when her and Jon first arrived was standing in front of a door, using his palm to unlock it. Thinking he was about to use Master Tyrion as a bargaining chip to keep from being shot at, Sansa grabbed the dead officer’s blaster and pointed it straight at him. Jon got to his feet and mimicked her actions.

“Stop right there Walker!” She called out to him.

“I promise you can trust me.” The Walker replied. “Just let me open the door and—”

Sansa force pushed him against the opposite side of the wall and began running towards him, Jon staying behind to keep the other two from helping.

“I said stop.” She commanded.

“The door won’t open without a recognizable print.” The Walker pulled off his helmet. The man underneath was young looking, only a few years older than her and Jon. He had a round face, which Sansa hated to admit was rather kind looking, and short cropped hair. He was twenty pounds heavier than the average White Walker, but not so big that he couldn’t fit into their armor. She guessed he was probably forced to drop a few pounds when he first entered the academy. “I promise I want to help you. Please let me open the door.” His brown eyes looked at her imploringly.

Reluctantly, Sansa shook her head in the affirmative. The White Walker got up gingerly, probably a little hurt from her throwing him into the wall, and placed his ungloved hand on the key pad. The door swished open, and Sansa hesitantly walked inside. Resisting the urge to cry, Sansa reached out and placed a shaky hand on top of the sleeping body. Master Tyrion Waters was covered in blood, cuts, and bruises. His hair was greasy, his beard unkempt, and his clothes stained. Unlike Davos, Tyrion did not wear the typical Jedi robes. His usual attire consisted of simple cargo pants, a long sleeved tunic that he usually rolled up to his elbows, and a tech vest that Sansa had made him as a
gift. She could see holes and tears on some of the places where knives and needles had been imbedded into his skin. His breathing was shallow.

*He sounds so tired. My poor Master...*

“Master Tyrion?” Sansa tried to use the most soothing tone possible. “It’s me, Sansa. Please wake up. I’ve come here to rescue you.” Sansa gave him a gentle shake, not wanting to cause his body further distress.

Sansa watched as his brow creased. Slowly, his eyelids began to flutter open. Looking into her blue eyes, Sansa saw confusion and then realization show upon his features.

“Sansa?”

“Yes. Yes! It’s me.” Sansa could no longer contain her tears. “I’ve come to rescue you.”

“Rescue?...”

“You better hurry it up in there sweetling! The Walkers have almost made it through the doors!” Jon called out.

“Coming!” Sansa yelled back. She turned her back towards Tyrion and crouched down. “Get on.” She commanded. Her voice gave no room for argument.

“Sansa, I don’t think—”

“Get on now!” she commanded again. “You are clearly injured, and we only have so much time before Jeor completes turning off the tractor beam.” Sansa started moving her hands, beckoning for Tyrion to get on.

“Jeor?”

“Jeor Mormont and his son Jon are helping me. Not get on before I—oomph!” Sansa let out a small burst of air as Tyrion unceremoniously jumped onto her back.

“Never mention this to Davos.” He grumbled.

Sansa laughed through her tears as she got to her feet. Securing Tyrion’s legs around her waist with her arms, she attempted to run through the door.

“What the—” Sansa stumbled as she collided with the body of the White Walker who had helped her.

“We’ve got company!” Jon called from the opposite side of the hall. Sansa peered around Sam to see that Jon, along with Grenn and Pyp, were taking cover in the doorway of another cell. The two White Walkers had finally drawn their blasters and, along with Jon, were taking turns firing at the soldiers who had managed opening the door to the detention block. Sam was blocking the doorway in an attempt to protect her and Tyrion while he fired at his fellow soldiers.

“This is your plan?” Master Tyrion asked sarcastically.

“Well we didn’t have a lot of time to think of a better one.” Sansa bit back. “Sam, are there any other ways of out of the detention cell besides the front door?”

The White Walker paused as he considered her question. “Well, there is always—” He stopped short as he spied a small detonator that one of the White Walkers had thrown down the hall. Without
hesitation Jon picked it up and threw it back towards the main entrance. The blaster fire stopped, giving them a few precious moments to figure out their next move.

“Garbage shoot! It’s our only chance!” Pyp called out, having heard their conversation.

Jon scoffed. “Did you say ‘our’? You can’t possibly—”

“We’re coming with you mate!” Pyp replied cheerily to Jon. “All three of us! Sam here was going to try to break Tyrion out later tonight anyway.”

Sansa watched as Sam’s cheeks slowly colored in embarrassment. “You were?”

“I… I hate the Empire. We all do. What they did to Wall was… I can’t be on this ship another minute. Cersei was wrong about the Jedi, about Stannis, about everything.”

Sansa looked towards Pyp and Grenn, who were nodding their heads enthusiastically at Sam’s speech. She could see Jon slightly shaking his head in the negative, refusing to trust them.

“All right, my friend. We will take you, all of you.” Master Tyrion said calmly.

“This is not a one man show!” Jon shouted. “There is no way in hell that any—"

“Where is the garbage dump?” Sansa interrupted. If Tyrion trusted them, then it was good enough for her.

“Blast open the grate next to you. It will take too much time to lift with all that is going on. It’s a straight ride down from here.” Grenn shouted. Opposing blaster fire had just resumed.

Jon did as commanded, pointing his blaster at the grate. After a few quick shots, a hole formed that was big enough for them to jump through.

“I’ll cover everyone. Go now!” Sansa took out her lightsaber and made to position herself in the middle of the hallway. She had only taken one step before she felt Sam’s arm stopping her.

“Take this.” He said simply. Sansa looked down, and immediately recognized the silver hilt, covered in scratches and with a slight dent on one side.

“How did you?..”

“I stole it. I thought it could help us with our escape.”

Sansa’s hand hovered, hesitating slightly.

“Use it Sansa.” Tyrion said behind her.

Looking up at Sam, she gave him a tight nod. “Take my Master.”

Sam gingerly took Master Tyrion from her back, placing him down on the floor and using a hand to keep him upright. A hum filled the hallway as Sansa ignited her purple lightsaber and Tyrion’s green one. Holding firm to each, she positioned hers into a reverse grip. Closing her eyes, she stepped into the hallway, trusting in the force to tell her where each blaster fire was headed. After a few seconds of getting used to using both blades, Sansa opened her eyes.

“All of you, go now!” Sansa listened to the sounds of feet behind her as the men jumped down into the garbage shoot. She was unsurprised to find that Jon was the last to go in. He was kneeling by the grate and still shooting his blaster.
“Your turn sweetling!”

Sansa gave a grunt to let him know she heard, and moved her feet slowly but surely to their escape, never stopping her defense. In one swift motion, she turned off the sabers and jumped head first into the opening.

Chapter End Notes

Tyrion is alive! Not only that, but we have finally found out the identities to the White Walkers that have helped both Jedi in their time of need.

Anyone interested in a series of one-shots where we get to see Tyrion and Bronn raise Sansa? I have to admit I have been toying with the idea, and if there is any interest I will definitely write down one or two.

Please leave your thoughts to let me know how you liked the chapter, and I will see you all next time!
Happy New Year my friends! I hope that everyone has wonderful year filled with much happiness.
Thank you for all the comments, kudos, and hits last chapter! Every little bit is appreciated.
I hope that you all enjoy this chapter. It was difficult to write, as all actions chapters are for me, but I feel like it turned out pretty good in the end.
General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni. Or the person who wrote Wookipedia's page on lightsabers.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 12: Master and Padawan

“Dad! Are you okay?”

“Fine son; it’s barely a scratch. Just make sure you keep an eye out for the other two. These tiny little bastards sure can run.”

“Drogo better pay us double for this shit.”

“Jon! Language!”

“Fuck! I think this one just bit me. I always knew that Daenerys was a little off, but this just proves it. Who the hell would want these things as pets?!”

“I admit it is a little strange… Get down! It’s preparing to breath fire!”

“What the—”

“Ah!”

“Dad! Are you okay? And don’t say fine. That little bastard just burned a hold through your tunic.”

“Nothing a few bacta patches can’t handle, now let’s—”

“I swear that is the last time you throw yourself on top of me. I’m not a youngling anymore! I can —”

“Jon, I know you can, but I’m your father. I will always protect you when I am able. Now, what do you say we throw the last one out of the airlock and tell Drogo that only three of these little fuckers survived the hatching process?”

“Done! And Dad?”

“Yes Jon?

“Don’t forget to put a credit in the swear jar!”
Jon came up from the fall gasping for air. The bottom of the garbage dump was covered in liquid that rose to just above his knees. Trying not to think about what he was currently drenched in, Jon looked around to make sure everyone was without injury. Pyp and Grenn were checking the door to see if it could open from the inside, Sam had removed his helmet and was doing a perimeter scan, and Sansa and Tyrion were currently in an argument about whether he would allow her to carry him again.

“What’s our status?” Jon asked. He glanced over at Sansa and Tyrion. “And just get on her back, will you? That girl is stubborn as hell and we don’t need you two arguing in the background while we try to figure out how to escape.”

Tyrion gave him a scowl before complying. After he was secured, Sansa gave Jon a beaming smile as she mouthed the words “thank you”. Jon replied with a curt nod.

“We are totally fucked mate!” Pyp responded. He sounded oddly cheery for someone who had just announced that they were in trouble. “The door only opens from the outside.”

“It looks like the door is the only exit. Going back the way we came is out, for the obvious reasons.” Sam pointed up to the shoot they had fallen out of. It was at least twenty feet up. “Even if we could get up there, the Detention Block is probably swarming with White Walkers.”

“Is there any other way to get the door opened?” Tyrion asked over Sansa’s shoulder.

“We could unlock it via computer, but unless you smuggled one under your clothing I don’t really see that happening.” Grenn responded with a shrug.

Sansa and Jon turned their heads towards each other abruptly, realization dawning.

“Jon, use your comm link to contact LA-D3. Let her know to...” Sansa trailed off as they heard the sound of an engine starting.

“Oh yeah. We are totally fucked now.” All the cheer left Pyp’s voice, replaced with dread. The Starfallian turned around and started banging on the metal door. “Help! Let us out of here!” He screamed desperately.

Jon shook his head in disgust, until he realized what had scared Pyp so much. Fear built up in his stomach as he watched the two opposing walls begin to slowly close the distance between each other.

“I thought you said this was a garbage dump?!” Jon cried.

“Garbage dump, garbage compactor… What’s the difference?” Pyp cried in between banging on the door.

Chaos erupted as everyone started screaming at once.

“Are you serious Pyp?!”

“While I can see the similarities, I don’t think...”

“There is a huge fucking difference! I’m not going to die just because some idiot White—”

“Enough!” Tyrion called. Everyone quieted down, feeling the authority in his voice. “Your petty bickering isn’t going to save anybody. We have two Jedi, three White Walkers, and,” Tyrion looked at Jon dubiously, “your comm link. Everyone take a breath, calm down, and listen to me.”
“Sansa, hand over the lightsabers.” Jon noticed that she did so without hesitation. “You four, take these and start cutting a hole through the door. Double up on each one so that it will go quicker.”

Sansa gave Tyrion’s lightsaber to Sam, who ran over to Pyp and Grenn at the door. He fumbled with it for a second before successfully turning it on. With Pyp’s help, they managed to push it through the door and began to make an arc. Jon put his hand out to take Sansa’s purple saber.

“You,” Tyrion said, pointing to Jon, “give me your comm link. I may be injured, but I can still talk. I will try to contact LA-D3 while you are working on the door and get her to shut down all garbage compacters in the detention cell.” Jon quickly complied.

“What about me Master?” Sansa asked.

“You, my Padawan, are going to stop these walls.” Tyrion said calmly.

“What? I don’t think that I—”

“It’s all right Sansa, you aren’t going to stop them completely. We just need enough opposition to either slow them down or halt them, giving us enough time to either cut a whole through the door or have LA-D3 turn off the system.”

Sansa’s features morphed from hesitation into steely determination in a matter of seconds.

“All right. I’ll do it.”

Jon ran to the door, pushing the button to ignite Sansa’s lightsaber. Together, he and Sam began pushed it through the door and began to move it away from Pyp and Grenn’s line. Within moments, he listened as the garbage compactor began to stutter. Unable to help himself, Jon turned to the side as he continued to pull the lightsaber down. Sansa was now in the middle on the garbage compactor. She had her hands out to the side, and there was no mistaking the strain she was putting on her body as she pushed back against the heavy walls. Sweat was forming on her face, her breathing was heavy, and her arms were shaking. Jon was sure that having Tyrion on her back wasn’t helping, but he knew better then to tell her to put him down.

“You got this sweetling!” Jon called out to her, knowing she could use the encouragement.

Sansa let out a scream, her arms falling to her sides limply. Behind her, Jon could see Tyrion trying to reach the droid.

“Don’t give up now! I know you can do it!”

“Please don’t quit!

“I don’t want to die!”

“Calm yourself Sansa. Find your strength in the force.”

Jon watched as Sansa took a deep breath of air before pushing out again.

“Come on boys! Let’s give our girl something to work with.” Jon rallied. They were so close. Just a few more inches and the would be all the way through.

“I can’t… longer…” Sansa cried.
“Don’t quit now Sansa! We are almost there!” Jon screamed as the lightsabers finally connected. “We did it!”

“Drop down!” Tyrion called out. “Sansa, finish the job!”

Now panting heavily, Sansa dropped her arms before drawing them back. Sending a huge push forward, they all started to cheer as the hole they had created dislodged from the door.

“Agh!” Sansa cried. Jon ran towards her, not allowing her to touch the floor before he caught her. Behind her, Tyrion gave her a pat on the back.

“That’s my girl.” He said proudly. “Sam take me. Can you—”

Jon didn’t even allow the Jedi Master to finish before he had scooped Sansa into his arms. Carrying her out of the garbage compactor as quickly as he could, he looked into her blue eyes as Sansa looked up at him tiredly.

“You saved us all Sansa.” She gave him a weak smile. “Now, let us help you for a bit, hm?”

“All right.” Sansa replied breathily. Walking quickly, Jon hurried them out of the garbage compactor. Sam was waiting for them on the opposite side of the door. He made to go back in to help Tyrion, but the Jedi Master waved him off.

“Thank you, but I won’t be requiring assistance anymore. I am already feeling much better.” He said as he made his way out of the room with a slight limp.

The group hovered around the door, assessing themselves. Jon’s armor smelled horrible, and he made quick work to remove the offending pieces after placing Sansa gently onto the floor. His plain clothes underneath were relatively dry, for which he was thankful. Sam followed his lead and began to remove his armor as well. Unfortunately, the rest of the group were stuck with what they were wearing. Wrinkling his nose, Jon started to make plans for being the first one in the refresher after they made it off of the station.

No, Sansa should have it first. What she just did was amazing. After her, then me. Everyone else can duke it out.

“Who is the most knowledgeable about the way to the docking ports?” Jon questioned, coming out of his thoughts. He moved to help Sansa stand. She did so on wobbly legs, but waved him off when he tried to help further. She bent over, resting her hands on her knees and breathing in deeply.

“I do.” Sam replied. “Where is your ship located?”

Jon gave him the information. Thinking briefly, Sam gave him a nod and assured them that he would be able to get them there the quickest way possible.

“Let’s move out.” Tyrion commanded. “Sam and I will stay in the front, with Jon and Sansa in the back and you two in the middle.” He pointed to Pyp and Grenn. “Everyone keep their weapons at the ready. This is may be the quickest way to our escape, but not necessarily the safest.”

“What should we do if we run into White Walkers or officers?” Pyp asked with his hand raised.

“Blast them.” Tyrion said without hesitation. The corner of Jon’s mouth went up into a half smile as he looked at Sansa.

“This guy is definitely your master.”
Sansa rolled her eyes. “It saved us last time and it will save us this time. Just make sure you shoot first space boy.”

Everyone took their positions. Jon prayed that their defected White Walkers had better aim then every other one he and his father had gone up against, but he highly doubted it. The one in front, Sam, seemed particularly inept at handling a blaster if his skills from earlier where anything to go by. He pitied the person who would have to reteach those three how to aim.

“Jon, Sansa. What’s your status? I’ve completed the job and am heading back to The ‘Watch now.” Jeor’s voice, laced with static, came over the comm link. Jon guessed the garbage fluids had done some damage to his speaker.

“We are currently in route as well. We have successfully retrieved the package along with some extra cargo.”

“Roger that. Stay away from hostiles. I will pick up LA-D3 and meet you at the ship. Over and out.”

As they turned the corner, they were met with three White Walkers. Without even breaking a stride, Tyrion brought his hand out and to the side, sending the Walkers flying hard into the wall. Sam paused briefly to steal one their helmets, saying that it would help him to know where patrols were being called to. His original helmet had been left behind in the garbage compactor.

“How much farther do we have?” Tyrion asked calmly once they started jogging again.

“One more left turn and we will be there.” Sam’s modulated voice responded.

Jon skidded to a halt as he felt Sansa grab him arm. “Wait.” She said a bit breathlessly.

Jon noticed that that her arms had erupted into goose pimples. His stomach dropped, remembering the last time he had seen this happen to her.

“Master Tyrion, wait!” She called up ahead, more forceful then she had been a few seconds ago.

Everyone stopped and looked back her. Jon noticed that Tyrion’s arms looked the same as Sansa’s.

“I know, Sansa. I know.” Tyrion gave her an encouraging smile, though it did not reach his eyes.

“There is no avoiding this. I will protect you so that you can get on the ship and get out of here”

“I will stay back with you. I’ll—”

“Sansa, no. Thank you, but no.” Tyrion looked at each one of them in turn. “Whatever happens, I want you all to leave me and get off this battle station. Is that understood?”

Everyone shook their heads yes.

“Sam, give me your utility knife.”

The White Walker did as he was asked. Jon watched in fascination as Tyrion cut into his forearm and retrieved a small disk out of his arm. He placed the bloody piece into Sansa’s shaking hand.

“This carries the information we need in order to defeat the Death Star. Make sure that Stannis get’s it. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

Tyrion patted her hands and gave her a smile in thanks. Turning to the rest of them, he motioned for
them all to follow him down the hall.

Turning the corner, Jon could see the blast door separating him from his ship. There, just in front of the door, stood Night King. He was alone, a fact that frightened Jon more than if he had been surrounded by White Walkers. Small puffs of cold air surrounded him as he breathed calmly, his ice blue eyes appraising their group. He gave them a sinister smile, no doubt finding them lacking. In his right hand, his red lightsaber crackled menacingly.

“Tyrion, you disappoint me.” He drawled. “A half-planned escape attempt with a group of deserters, your disappointing Padawan, and a mere child. Surely, the Rebellion could do better.”

“Leave them alone Night. Your battle is with me alone.” Tyrion responded.

“Just you?” Night King looked beyond them, to something out in the distance. “I do believe the reunion is now complete. Master.” He said the last word with venom in his voice, dipping his head down in a mock bow.

“Master?..” Jon muttered, confused. Night King was a Sith, so it was impossible for Tyrion to be his master. Not to mention the two were probably around the same age.

Lost to his thoughts, Jon jumped as he felt a warm, familiar hand come to rest on his shoulder. Looking up, he saw the kind eyes of his father staring back at him.

“I love you, Jon.” Jeor said simply before moving forward. Jon had never seen his father stand so tall in all his nineteen years of life.

“Who is that?” Grenn whispered to Sansa.

Before she had a chance to respond, Jeor had made his way to the front of the group, stopping slightly ahead of Tyrion. In his hand, Jon could see the unmistakable hilt of a lightsaber. As opposed to Sansa’s smooth black handle, Jeor’s was more skeletal in appearance. The bottom was silver and black alloy metal with a throttle activator protruding from one part of the cylinder, with a ridged black handgrip. Pushing up on the throttle, Jon watched as a green laser emitted from the silver, cylindrical top.

“Dad?” Jon asked quietly, his voice laced with emotion.

“It’s all right, my son. Everything will be all right.”

Jon turned his focus back to Night King, feeling his eyes on him. As opposed to before, when he had simply over looked Jon, his eyes were now scrutinizing him with renewed interest. Jon tampered down the instinct to throw up in fear.

“Master, you do surprise me. A son?” His eyes returned to Jeor, hate and malice in his words. “You, who lectured me, who abandoned me, had a son?!” He roared. He thrust his free hand out towards Jon. In panic, Jon felt himself begin to lift off of the floor as he was no longer able to breath in air.

I can’t breathe. I can’t breathe. What is happening?!

Dad! Dad, help me!

Jon pawed at his throat, begging his lungs to take in oxygen. Now he wished he had the ability to throw up. Anything was better then the darkness that was overtaking his vision. He watched as Jeor raised his arms overhead, just above Night King.
Everything happened quickly. Jon watched as the entire ceiling above Night King came crashing down on top of him, forcing him to release Jon. He heard his father yell to Tyrion to get them to the ship. Sansa took his hand as Sam led them to a different entrance. Looking back, he saw Night King using the force to lift the rubble off of him and begin to engage his father in a duel.

“No! Let me go! I have to back!” He cried, pulling against Sansa.

“It’s too dangerous Jon.” Sansa continued to pull him forward, away from his father. It didn’t feel right. His father needed him, and he was abandoning him to the second most dangerous person in the galaxy.

“You don’t understand. I have to go back! He’s my father Sansa.” He looked at her, begging. “He’s my father.” Jon choked on the last part, the words sticking in his throat.

“I know Jon.” She squeezed his hand in comfort and they continued running. “Let’s get back to the ship. Once we are there, we can use the ships canons to help him, all right?”

Jon grunted in agreement, picking up the pace.

“Here we are!” Sam called from up ahead. He felt like they had been running for hours, but logically he knew it had been less then a minute.

Leaping through the door, Jon expected an attack from the White Walkers stationed in the bay. To his surprise, they were met by no one. He turned to the direction his father was fighting, and saw that all the Walkers in the bay had gathered at the door to watch their fight. Even Ghost had disembarked, sensing that Jeor may need him. Glancing at The ‘Watch, he saw LA-D3 waiting from them at the ramp.

Jon began to run towards where his father was fighting, unable to control his actions though he knew being close to the battle was dangerous. Watching the fight, Jon came to one quick conclusion: Jeor was amazing. He used the same form that he had seen Sansa favor, holding onto his saber with two hands and effectively blocking all of Night King’s advances. Jon stayed just a few feet before the Walkers to avoid being seen, but he was close enough now to hear Jeor and Night King’s conversation.

“The circle is now complete. When you left me I was but the learner, but now I am the master.” Night King said as he brought his lightsaber over his head and down onto Jeor.

“Only the master of evil.” Jeor calmly replied at the brought his lightsaber up with both hands to meet the blow.

Night King brought his saber back up, moving it around to try and attack Jeor’s left side. Jeor took a step back and brought his blade down to block. Spinning around, Jeor aimed for Night King’s head but the Sith leapt back to avoid the deadly hit. Jeor lunged forward with his dominate leg, now holding his saber in one hand, which Night King easily side stepped.

“You have grown weak Master. You are no match for me now.” Jon wondered what his father must have looked like in his prime if the way he was fighting now was at a lower level.

Jeor leaned his body away from Night King’s saber as it made an arc towards his neck, ducking under the red blade.

“You can’t win, Night. If you strike me down now I will become more powerful then you can possibly imagine.”
“If I strike you down now you will die. It is all very simple.” Night King responded. He dropped his saber to the side, breathing angrily. “You abandoned me, and will pay the consequences.”

Jeor brought his body into the same guard position that Sansa had taken against Ramsay.

“I didn’t abandon you. I left because I had to. I thought you would be all right without me, but I was wrong.” Jeor sighed. “So wrong.”

“Liar! You came back and attacked me! You did this to me!” He raged. Night King pointed his lightsaber directly at Jeor’s chest. “I am going to kill you, then I am going to do to your son what you did to me!”

“I will always be with my son.”

As if sensing Jon’s presence, Jeor looked to him, finding him behind the crowd of onlookers. Looking upon his blue eyes, Jon saw nothing but love.

“Dad…” Jon whispered. “Please, Dad…”

Returning his attention back to Night King, Jeor took his saber into both hands and placed them directly in front of his chest with the laser pointing upward. Time slowed down for Jon as he watched Night King walk forward, take his lightsaber and sweep it across his father’s throat.

“Dad!” Jon cried. He looked for his body desperately, but saw nothing.

Jeor Mormont had disappeared, with only his clothes and lightsaber laying where he once stood.

Chapter End Notes

So, I got to say, I teared up a little bit at the end. I really loved writing Jeor, and didn’t want him to die. But, as every GoT and Star Wars fan knows, he was never going to make it. But, since the man is Obi Wan, I can safely say that we will be seeing him again.

I hope that everyone enjoyed this chapter! We will continue on with Jon’s PoV for the next one as well, since he is definitely going to be going through some stuff.

Please comment if you like. It is always nice to hear how others feel about the chapter and overall story. This is going to be a long one, and I hope that everyone is buckled in for the ride.

Have a great week my friends!
Chapter Notes

Thank you all for your comments, kudos, and hits last chapter! In case you missed it, I have posted a one-shot based of Sansa growing up with Tyrion and Bronn on Wall. It is titled "Adventures in Babysitting: The Jedi Master and Clone Captain Edition. If that sounds interesting to you, and you have the time, check it out! It is short, sweet, and full of fluff.

We will be continuing on with Jon's PoV. There are a lot of flashbacks this chapter, either to specific moments in Jon's life or just things that Jeor has taught him. There is also Jon's thoughts as he contemplates what has happened to him. I hope that nobody get's confused. It all makes sense to me, but I wrote it, so what do I know?

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 13: Grief and Loss

“Hi! I’m Jon! Is it okay if I play with you for a little bit? I’m super fast! My Dad still has some work to do before we leave, and he said I could—”

“No. You can’t play with us.”

“But, I’m really fast! I promise I won’t cheat. Dad says you should always—”

“Your Dad is a criminal.”

“That’s not—”

“We don’t play with criminals. I heard my Mom talking about it when you came into our restaurant yesterday that your Dad—”

“But... but my Dad is trading with your parents right now!”

“It doesn’t matter. Your Dad—”

“My Dad is the smartest, bravest, and kindest person I know! He would never hurt people. My Dad is the greatest ever!”

“NO!” Jon roared. His body collapsed as he felt his legs give out. He knew his knees would bruise from the impact, but he felt no pain as he stared at the place where his father once stood. His instincts begged him to get up and fight, to run away, to do something, but his limbs refused to respond.

“Jon!” He heard Sansa yell from somewhere behind him. Through the ringing in his ears he could hear blaster fire, probably pointed at him. He was only a few feet away from the White Walkers he had stayed behind while his father fought Night King. Surely, they had noticed him once he had
screamed out. He would probably die soon from their inadequate firing.

“Jon! Come back to the ship! Please!”

Sansa was yelling at him again. A flash of anger briefly took hold of his emotions. This was all her fault. Jeor would still be alive if it wasn’t for her and the fucking rebellion.

“Jon, he who wields the blow wields the responsibility.”

Just as soon as his anger came to him, it left. Jon remembered when he was a youngling, and the boys he had tried to play with insulted his dad. He had punched the leader. The spoiled brat had gone off crying to his parents, who were currently paying Jeor for the job he had just completed. Jon had been hurt that Jeor had made him apologize. He felt like it had been the other boy’s fault for insulting his Dad. Jeor had agreed that the boy had been in the wrong, but he told Jon that nobody had forced him to punch the boy. Jon had done that of his own accord, and thus he had to take responsibility for it.

Jon’s eyes flashed in anger as looked at Night King. The Sith Lord was stepping on Jeor’s clothes to make sure he that his body was gone. Jon narrowed his focus; it was Night King’s fault that Jeor was dead. Jon would make him pay for what he did. Jon felt the anger course through his veins, giving him power. As if he could sense it, Night King looked at him and smiled. He began to walk slowly and purposefully to where Jon was still kneeling on the floor.

“The blast door! Close it now!” A masculine voice screamed from behind him.

Close the blast door? Jon didn’t want that to happen. He wanted to face Night King head on, to get revenge for what he had just done to—

Jon flinched as bolts of electricity sparked in front of his vision. Somebody had hit the control pad, forcing the doors to close. Probably Sansa, since those other idiots could barely shoot to save their lives. In despair, Jon watched the doors close before Night King was able to get through.

“Jon.”

Jon startled out of his stupor. He began to look around wildly for the owner of the voice.

“Dad?” He whispered with hope.

Before he could get up and start looking properly, Jon felt a tug on his body. As if he was floating in space, Jon’s body flew through the bay and straight into the waiting arms of Sansa.

“Let me go!” He struggled in her surprisingly strong grip. “I heard him! Dad is still there! I have to—”

“Jon, stop.” Sansa replied sternly. “Jeor is dead, and we will be too if we don’t get off this station.” Her voice became softer as she continued. “I know it hurts Jon, but we can’t grieve now. You are the only one who can fly this ship. Please help us.”

Jon looked up at Sansa. Her beautiful face was tired and worn down. There were smudges of filth on her cheeks from earlier, and her blue eyes were pleading with him to save them. Coming out his stupor, Jon looked around at their situation. Most of the White Walkers had fallen, but a few remained and were shooting at them. He could see the people in the command room screaming down at them and pointing, probably working on getting the blast doors to open. Tyrion had his lightsaber out and was defending them, while Sam and Grenn fired at their attackers.
“Protect them Jon.”

I will, Dad. I promise you I will.

“Everyone, into the ship!” Jon roared. He felt Sansa breath a sigh of relief as she loosened her hold on him.

Listening to his words, everyone began dashing up the ramp. Tyrion was the last one on board, defending them to the last.

Running into the cockpit, he saw Pyp sitting in the Captain’s chair, his father’s chair. The defector was hitting buttons, trying to help them escape. Jon tampered down the anger that quickly tried to resurface. Pyp didn’t realize the significance of where he was sitting, and he shouldn’t have to face Jon’s ire for his ignorance. If it wasn’t for his self-pity, Jon would have already flown them out of the station by now.

“Out of the seat computer boy.” Jon commanded as he grabbed him by the collar. Jon deposited him into the copilot’s chair. He sat down and began to power up The Watch.

“Once again, it’s Pyp.”

Jon snorted at he took a hold of the controls and began to reverse the ship to get them out of the docking bay.

“Don’t touch anything. We don’t need any more problems.” Jon commanded.

“For your information I was originally a pilot for Empress Bitchy before I got demoted to computer systems in the holding cells.” Pyp crossed his arms and smiled. “Apparently I was a terrible shot and couldn’t destroy enough X-wings for the Empire’s liking. It was a tragedy, really…”

“If you are such an ace pilot then why they hell couldn’t you get this thing to start?” Jon asked sarcastically as he turned the ship around. Jeor had been good to his word (of course), and had dismantled the tractor beam. The only thing stopping them from making their escape complete were the four Tie Fighters coming at them.

“Have you seen your ship?” Pyp made a vague gesture to the controls with his hand. “This thing has undergone a lot of work. It’s impressive that it still runs!”

“This ship did the Kings Road Run in 12 parsecs.” Jon said in clipped tones. Nobody insulted The Night’s Watch. “Get us ready to for the jump to hyperspace.”

“Did you hear what I just said? This system—”

“Do it!” Jon growled. The fighters were close enough now to start doing actual damage when their shots made contact. Jon made a steep dive down to avoid their blasters. Pyp grabbed the ships manual hanging off the wall and quickly started familiarizing himself with the hyperdrive.

“Sansa!” He yelled into the ships comm system, flying one handed as he pressed the button down. Jon arced the ship back into a half circle and started to fly in the opposite direction.

“I’m here!”

“I need you and the likeliest person to hit something to man the quad laser cannons.” The ship shook at they took a hit. Cursing under his breath, Jon started bobbing and weaving maneuvers.
“We’re on it!”

“Okay so it says here…” Pyp started mumbling to himself as he followed the ships manual and began to press a few buttons. Jon was relieved to see that they were the correct ones.

“Any preference for location, mate?” Pyp asked, his face buried in the manual.

Jon rammed the ship to the left, putting a Tie Fighter into a direct line of fire with the ventral laser cannon. Jon let out a whoop as he the ship exploded in space.

“I got one! I got one!” Sansa cried.

“Great sweetling, just don’t get cocky. We’ve got three more left.”

“Make that two!” Grenn shouted as he hit another fighter.

“Thank the galaxy one of you can hit something.” Jon muttered as he began to twist the ship around. He slowed down his speed, hoping that at least one fighter wouldn’t be paying attention and would zoom right by them. Thankfully, it worked.

“Oh, Grenn is an excellent shot.” Jon gave him an incredulous look. “Really! Like another handsome bloke I know, he would just miss on purpose.”

“One more left!” Jon could hear the relief in Sansa’s voice as another ship ceased to exist.

“What was with his awful firing back there if he is so good? And why aren’t we hyperspace yet?!” Jon demanded as another shot hit his ship.

“I don’t have any coordinates!” Pyp defended. “And it’s been a while. We don’t exactly get into fire fights with prisoners.”

Jon rolled his eyes. “I don’t care where we go as long as it isn’t here, and you should always keep up with the basics.”

“Take us to Greywater Watch.” Both Jon and Pyp jumped at Tyrion’s instructions. The man limped into the cockpit, aided by Sam.

“Roger on Greywater Watch.” Pyp replied.

“Fuck!” Jon screamed in frustration. He looked down at his ships console and saw more fighters approaching. “Sansa, Grenn, we’ve got more hostiles. Preparing for the jump to hyperspace.”

“I’m almost there, just give me—”

“Punch it!” Jon cried.

Pyp pulled back on the hyperdrive throttle, sending the men in the cockpit reeling backwards. Within milliseconds, the ship was surrounded in the blue lane of hyperspace. They had made it. He looked to the others in the room. Pyp was pumping his fist in the air, Sam looked so relieved he was about to cry, and Tyrion was simply standing stoically behind them. In their seats at the cannons, he could hear Sansa and Grenn cheering.

Jon felt hollow inside.

Tyrion looked at Jon in understanding. “You and I have a lot to discuss.”
Jon didn’t want to discuss anything. He wanted to go into his room, shut the door, and weep. He didn’t want to hear about how his father had lied to him his whole life. He didn’t want to hear how he trained a man who would become a Sith Lord. He didn’t want to hear how his father was dead, and how Jon was all alone in the galaxy now. All Jon wanted was to sleep and hopefully forget, for just a few blissful hours, that his father was never coming back to him.

“Kill the boy, and become the man.”

Jon glumly nodded his head in response.

“All right.”

They congregated in the room just outside of the cockpit. Jon, Sansa, and Tyrion sat at the booth with the built in Dejarik board. The former White Walkers had tried to excuse themselves from the conversation, but Tyrion had insisted that they stay and listen. He told them that if they wanted to be a part of the Rebellion, they should know about some of the history of the Jedi. He said that Jeor’s story was the beginning of the end for the Republic. Listening to Tyrion, the three of them moved to take seats along the wall next to the map computers.

Jon stared numbly at the Dejarik board while everyone got settled.

“I have a surprise for you Jon!” Jeor beamed down at him, a huge box in his hands.

“A surprise?? For me?! Whatisitwhatitisitwhatitis?” Jon looked at the box, but there were no markings to give away what was inside.


Jon took a deep breath in, then let it out in a huge gust of air. He gave a huge smile up at his dad, his front two teeth missing. “May I please know what is inside, Father?”

Jeor laughed again, harder this time, as he ruffled the five-year-old’s unruly hair. “Why, it is only the best game in the whole galaxy!”

“A game? I love games! Can we play? Right now?” Jon started hopping from one foot to the other in his excitement.

“Of course! Why don’t you go grab our tools and then you and I can set it up together?” He gestured to the rickety table that sat in the corner with a cushioned booth wrapped around it. “Why don’t we make this our new table? What do you say?”

“Yes! Yesyesyesyes!”

“Jon? Did you hear what Tyrion said?”

Jon cleared his throat gruffly, meeting Sansa’s kind eyes. “No, sorry. Can you repeat that?” He turned to look at Tyrion.

“It’s all right Jon.” Tyrion took a deep breath, then started over. “Your father, Jeor Snow, was a Jedi in the galaxy during the time of the Republic.”

“But how is that possible?” Sam blurted out. Everyone turned to look at him, causing his round cheeks to turn pink with embarrassment. “Sorry, its just… well… um…” He cleared his throat. “You
see, as White Walkers we are forced to memorize all of the remaining Jedi so that we can capture them on sight. I have never seen a record for a Jedi named Jeor Snow.”

Sam looked to Pyp and Grenn, his eyebrows drawn together in silent question. Pyp scratched the back of his neck, his yellow tattoo scrunch up as he thought about the Jedi files he had seen. Next to him, Grenn rubbed his chin.

“I have to agree with Sam. There aren’t a lot of Jedi left, so it’s not hard to memorize all the ones that are still around. I have never heard of Jeor either.” Grenn shrugged his shoulders.

Pyp shook his head in silent agreement.

Tyrion returned his gaze back to Jon and let out a sad sigh Curiously, the sigh did not sound like pity, but more of a sadness due to something that happened in the past.

“There is no record of Jeor Snow, because Jeor Snow left the Jedi Order. When one decided to leave, all records of that person were wiped from the system. So,” Tyrion looked at the three men along the wall, “the White Walkers never received any information on Jeor because, to the Jedi, Jeor had never existed.”

“But that’s horrible!” Sansa cried. “He was one of them! How could the Jedi just—”

Tyrion put his hand up to silence her. “No attachments, remember? Besides, leaving the Jedi Order meant you were no longer a Jedi. Why keep records on creatures no longer apart of your group? It wasn’t right, but that is the way it was done.”

“Why did he leave?” Jon asked in a quiet voice.

Tyrion let out another sigh, folding his arms across his chest. “That is a very long story. I can shorten it—”

“It’s fine.” Jon interrupted, holding one hand up. “Just tell me, please.”

“To be honest, I don’t know much of Jeor’s early life. As a youngling, you are trained with others your age before you become a Padawan and are assigned a Master. As a youngling, during our trainings, we were often told about the brave missions of Jedi Knight Qorgyle Sand and his Padawan Jeor Snow. How they saved the banished Princess of Skagos and kept her hidden from Bountry Hunters for two years while her planet was at war, how they brought peace to the people of Tarth, how they…” Tyrion trailed off, caught up in the memories of his youth. “Well, stories for another time I suppose. The point is, your father was beloved and respected by all the Jedi, even as a Padawan.”

“Was he your Master?” Sansa asked. Jon stayed silent, already knowing who his father taught.

“No, he was not. I was considered exceptionally bright for my age, and was given a Master while Jeor was still a Padawan. Typically, Jedi were given a Master after twelve standard years, but I was appointed one at the age of nine. Jeor was twelve years older than myself, and was just finishing his Padawan training. I attended his council meeting the following year with my Master where we was appointed to the rank of Jedi Knight.”

“Did he take an apprentice right away?”

“Yes, he did.” Tyrion scratched the side of his face in agitation. “During one of their recent missions, Jeor and his Master came across a boy that Master Qorgly felt was the child of prophecy. Long ago, it was foretold that a creature would be born with the power to bring great balance to the Force.
Master Qorgyle felt passionately that this boy was the one of legend, and determined he would take him on as his new Padawan since Jeor was more then ready to become a Knight. Sadly, Qorgyle died before completing their mission. Hoping to fulfill his Master’s dying wish, Jeor volunteered to train him in his place.”

“That boy, he was…” Jon trailed off, unable to finish.

“Yes, Jon, he was. Jeor trained Night King.”

There was a collective gasp as everyone in room took in the shocking news. Jon shivered, feeling cold and more alone then ever. He felt Sansa place a comforting hand on top of his knee. Looking down, he took his own hand and threaded their fingers together.

“But, how could he? Didn’t he know what the child would become?” Sansa questioned.

“No, Sansa, nobody knew. Jeor had to beg just to train him. The Jedi strived to identify force sensitive children in their infancy, though some, such as myself, were taken as toddlers. Night was already twelve when Brenden and Jeor found him. The council felt that he was too old, and while they felt great light in him, they also felt great anger. They cautioned Jeor against training him, but Jeor believed in his Master and ultimately took Night on as his Padawan.”

“Through the years my master and myself would go on missions with Jeor and his Padawan, and while Night would often find himself caught up in his anger, Jeor would always use a firm hand in trying to calm him down. Your father loved him, Jon. He strived to teach him the ways of the force, but the Jedi ways weren’t always correct in dealing with feelings. Everyone feared the dark side, Jeor included. He taught Night to let go of his hate, but it was to Night’s detriment. Instead of letting it go, Night would just keep it bottled up inside until he could no longer control himself.”

“What happened that caused Dad to leave the order?”

“You know that Cersei’s husband Robert was the chancellor before the Empire was formed, yes?”

Jon shook his head in agreement. He had never had a formal education, but Jeor had always answered all his questions. He had given him the best tutoring their circumstances would allow for.

“For point of reference, Jeor took Night as his apprentice the same year that Cersei married Robert Baratheon and he became Chancellor over the Republic.”

“Wasn’t Robert the youngest Chancellor in history?” Sam asked.

“Yes. Robert was only twenty-eight when he secured the position, and Cersei eighteen when they married. Her father, Tywin, was a Sith Lord and trained both her and her twin brother Jaime in their ways. My guess is that he started in their infancy, but I don’t know for sure.”

“But she was so young.” Sansa blurted out. “How could she—”

“Sex.” Master Tyrion said bluntly.

Pyp coughed loudly while Sansa started blushing. “Oh.” She said.

“Nobody knew it at the time but Cersei had already begun to manipulate the Senate to go against the Jedi during the Clone Wars. She had been the head of the Separatist movement, but she was able to keep the truth hidden by using her Sith identity. Cersei had taken great interest in Night when he first joined the Jedi Order, probably sensing that she could manipulate him over to the Dark Side. She recognized, as did everyone who knew him, that Night was prone to creating attachments. This was
especially true when it came to him and his Master. At this point, Jeor and Night had been together for ten years, though Night had been a Jedi Knight for the past two. Though they were no longer Master and Padawan, the two often worked together during missions since Jeor was one of the few people that Night would listen to. Cersei decided that to get Night to come to the Sith, she would have to break his faith in both the Jedi and destroy his relationship with Jeor.”

“How did she do that?” Pyp asked.

Jon looked around the room. It was obvious that everyone was entranced by what Tyrion was telling them. They were learning, first hand, how Night King had been created. He looked back down at the Dejarik board, forcing himself to keep it together. He fist his free hand, grabbing at pieces of fabric. He felt like he never knew his father at all. Jeor was a good man. How could he be the Jedi Master to one of the most evil individuals in the galaxy?

“She framed Jeor by making it seem like he had killed one of the members of the Senate who was on Robert’s war council. The Senator was known for trying to convince Robert and the others to make peace with the Separatists, and had begun to blame the Jedi for the reason why the Clone Wars were taking so long. Jeor escaped prison when he realized that there would be no trial to clear his name, and decided to go rogue. Myself and my Clone Captain, Bronn, were on leave in Kings Landing during this time. Jeor contacted us, and together we were able to find the true culprit.”

Pyp raised his hand, as if he was a student and they were taking class. Tyrion nodded at him, letting him know he could speak. “But if you knew that Cersei was behind everything, why didn’t you go to the Jedi Council or Chancellor Baratheon and tell the truth?”

“I didn’t discover Cersei’s plan in all this until the end of Clone Wars one year later.” Tyrion shrugged. “The person who had committed the crime was the Padawan to another Jedi, that Cersei had seduced to join the Dark Side. The Padawan had admitted to working with Sith Lord Darth Lioness to frame Jeor, but nobody knew who Darth Lioness was.”

“Why did Dad leave then? If he was found innocent?” Jon’s voice was barely a whisper.

“Jeor had been expelled from the order immediately after he was accused of the crime. The Senate was already planning on his execution by the time he escaped. Myself, Bronn, and Night were the only ones who believed in his innocence. Night had rushed to Kings Landing upon hearing of Jeor’s supposed crime, and would have helped Bronn and I if he had been able to make it on time. As it turned out, Night came just as the Padawan confessed to murdering the Senator before the Senate. After the trial, the Jedi Council offered Jeor his place back as a Master, but Jeor refused them.”

“Why?”

Tyrion’s eyes grew sad then. Jon felt like his grief was being mirrored back at him. “The Clone Wars were hard on Jeor. He had begun to question the wisdom of the fighting. He believed, and he was right, that the Jedi shouldn’t have fought for the Republic. By doing so, we were forced to leave behind those who sympathized with the Separatists and joined them. We weren’t allowed to help planets and creatures who needed us because they weren’t on the wrong side. That, coupled with being abandoned by those he called friends, was too much for him. So, he left. He knew that Night was struggling, and asked me to help keep an eye on him. I tried as much as I could, but Cersei was already manipulating him by then. She made sure that we were never paired together for missions after Jeor left. She wanted Night isolated and alone, with nobody but her to turn to.”

The room was quiet as each person digested the information that was given to them.

_It’s too much. All of it, it is just too much._
Tyrion opened his mouth to continue. “After he left, Jeor—”

“Stop.” Jon let go of Sansa’s hand, bringing his elbows to rest on the table before him. Laying his head in his hands, Jon scrubbed his face before looking back at Tyrion. “Please, just stop. I know there is more, and I know I need to hear it, but I can’t take it anymore. I just… I can’t…” Jon started to gasp for air.

“Of course, Jon.” Tyrion stated kindly.

“My room. I…” Jon stood abruptly, desperate to be alone. He stepped quickly from the room and began making his way to his quarters. Feeling the dryness in his throat, he decided to stop and get a glass of water first.

Stepping into the kitchen, Jon halted as he went to reach for a mug. On the table in the corner, stood the food that he and Sansa had prepared hours ago. He looked at the three plates with their corresponding silverware. Walking slowly to the table, Jon picked up Jeor’s plate. Clutching it to his chest, he felt himself begin to sink to the ground. Finally, Jon began to sob, rocking himself back and forth as he did so.

Alone. I’m all alone.

Oh, Dad…

Jon felt the tears stream down his face as he gasped for air. He closed his eyes tightly, trying to stop himself from feeling. He startled slightly as he felt a soft hand rest lightly on top of his head.

“Dad?” He whispered, looking up with hope. Maybe it was all a nightmare, and he had fallen asleep at the table while Sansa went to go get Jeor so that they could start eating their victory meal.

“No, Jon.” Sansa gave Jon a sad smile. He blue eyes shown like crystals, a reflection of her own tears.

Jon looked back down at the plate, thumbing its rough edges. He and Jeor never bothered with nice dishware. They were smugglers, so neither felt like there was much point.

“My Dad…Sansa, my Dad…” Jon shuddered as he felt his body began to fill with more grief.

“I know, Jon. I know.” Sansa said kindly. She knelt down beside him, taking his shoulders into one arm while the other brought his head to rest against her chest.

“It’s okay to cry Jon.” She kissed his forehead as she began to play with the curls in his hair. “It’s okay.”

Nodding his head in understanding, Jon continued to let the tears fall.

“I will always be with my son.”

Chapter End Notes

Poor Jon. Not only is Jeor dead, but he feels like his father has lied to him his whole life by not telling him about his past as a Jedi. Though Jeor was doing it to protect Jon, it is still a tough pill to swallow.
A common question that has been asked is if Jon is force-sensitive since Jeor is his father. Does anybody want me to spoil this or do you all want to wait and see? As you all know, I LOVE spoilers so I have no problem saying. But, I know some people hate them so I can hold off if that is the preference. (I accidently spoiled a part of The Last Jedi for my family by saying something in our texting thread that I assumed was common knowledge before the movie premiered. Needless to say, it was not and I proceeded to deal with my brother and brother-in-law totally flipping out on me.)

Thank you all so much for reading! Post a comment if you like, and I will see you all next time.
Chapter Notes

I am so sorry for all those who have desired to comment on this story but were unable to! I did not realize that I had the comment section turned off to guests until my sister, who started to read this story and wanted to leave a comment, told me she was unable to. I have fixed the problem, so if you would like to comment and are not an Ao3 account holder you are now able to.

Thank you so much for the comments, hits, and kudos on not only the last chapter but also on Adventures in Babysitting! My husband has given me a lot of ideas for another story, so look for that to be updated around the end of the month.

This chapter was hard to write for a number of reasons, but mostly because it is a new PoV with our Grand Inquisitor Jaime Lannister. I hope you all enjoy what I have created with him.

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 14: The Grand Inquisitor

“Your husband was a fool to side with Stannis and the Rebellion. Your children are dead because of what he has done.”

“No all my children are lost to me.”

“You know what Empress Cersei will do to him once you are dead. Are you that eager for your line to be gone?”

“Those who are without honor do not understand the decisions of those who live by it.”

“You imply that I have no honor?”

“I do not imply anything. Only you know the reason for your actions.”

“Perhaps my honor is different than yours.”

“Murdering those who are innocent is not honorable.”

“I followed the orders of my Master. Is that not honorable?”

“Your Master turns a blind eye to the suffering of others in order to secure her own power. She cares for nothing but herself. She over saw the slaughtering of an entire people and murdered her own husband so that she could overthrow the Republic and declare herself as Empress.”

“You speak of things you do not understand.”
"You follow a person who cares for nothing but herself."

"My Master follows the higher law of the Sith. She honors their teachings, as do I."

"The Sith are twisted and evil. You desire true honor? Save my child. There is no hope for myself and those of my family who are dead. But my son may still live. Save him, and you will understand the true meaning of honor."

Grand Inquisitor Jaime Lannister resisted the urge to gouge his eyes out with his lightsaber as he stood at perfect attention. Perhaps he was being overly dramatic, but these Senate hearings were always so dull. Next to him, his apprentice Bran Stark, or who Empress Cersei and Night King commonly referred to as Tenth Brother, stood just as straight. Both were dressed in their standard Inquisitor armor, though Bran’s head was covered with a metallic, dome shaped hat. He had his visor down, covering his face and causing only his neck to be visible. Jamie wished he had worn his own helmet, if only so he could fall asleep and not be caught.

Hands behind his back, Jaime began to tap his metal bracers impatiently. In the center of the amphitheater, Empress Cersei sat regally on her floating dais. Well, as regal as one could be while covered in wrinkles and with a black cloak hiding most of her features. Cersei has been quite beautiful once, but the final battle with Jedi Master Tyrion Waters had really done a number on her looks. Their confrontation had taken place in the very room Jaime was standing in, immediately following her murder of Robert. Ever the manipulator, Cersei had used her new appearance to her advantage. She had blamed Robert’s death on the Jedi, and had sobbed that she had barely escaped with her life as with her new wrinkles as evidence of the Jedi’s evil natures. While the part of her barely escaping was true (a part of Jaime still wondered how she and Tyrion had essentially ended their fight in a stalemate), the wrinkles had been her own fault. Jaime had watched as she tried to end Tyrion with her Force lightning after the dwarf had managed to retrieve her lightsaber. The Jedi Master hadn’t batted an eyelash as he put up both sabers to block and redirect the attack. Once hit with her own offense, Cersei’s beautiful face had begun to sag and turn pale, her teeth yellowed, the nails on her hands became brittle, and her golden hair burned from her head. Sensing her impending demise, Jamie, who had been watching the fight from one of the entrances to the Senate room, had collapsed the ceiling above Tyrion to save her. It had worked, but the Jedi was able to escape in the process.

"Senator Martell, how do you explain the presence of a Jedi on your planet? She was found in the same hangar as the fuel that had been stolen from the Empire, which does raise suspicion."

Cersei’s voice was loud and clear as she questioned Senator Oberyn Martell. Unlike the rest of her weathered look, Cersei’s voice had retained its melodic quality. As she questioned the cavalier Senator, she never once raised her voice. Instead, she kept her tone even and friendly. Cersei would often use this tactic in order to gain another creatures trust and earn their loyalty. She made them believe that she cared for them and valued them above all others. This was only one of the ways that she had gathered others to her cause in the beginning days of Robert’s Chancellorship.

"My Lady, Dorne is a dangerous place. Surely I can not be held responsible for every stolen good that our valued White Walkers are able to uncover." Senator Martell answered with a smile. Unlike others whom Cersei had questioned over the years, Oberyn Martell never cowered in her presence.

"And the Jedi?" Cersei pressed.

"Working with the criminals who stole the fuel, no doubt. Those who are a part of the Rebellion are deplorable creatures, and aligning themselves with thieves and outlaws reeks of desperation. I have no doubt that soon our Empress and her esteemed army will crush these little boys and girls. To your victory, My Lady.” Senator Martell gave her a small bow.
Jaime resisted the urge to snort.

“You are too kind Senator.” Cersei paused for the round of applause that accompanied Oberyn’s statement, bowing her head in acknowledgment. As was always the case, everyone present was desperate to show their support of the Empire.

Cersei drew up both hands, signaling for silence. “I would like to draw your attention to…” She continued.

Jamie’s eyes glossed over as he began to drown out the meeting again as Cersei continued. At this point, the hearing had been going on for over an hour. The questions were all the same, but with different phrasing to try and catch the Senator in a slip of the tongue. Thus far, all that had been accomplished was further proof that Senator Oberyn Martell was a charismatic flirt who never passed up the opportunity to praise Cersei and her impending victory over the Rebellion. Cersei placed up her hands again, this time to halt whatever ass kissing statement Oberyn was giving as her First Assistant, Euron Greyjoy, whispered a message in her ear. Now paying attention, Jamie watched as she bowed her head in understanding then stood to address the room.

“My esteemed Senators, I am afraid that we must adjourn this meeting until further notice. I call upon those in my war council to please meet in my private chambers following the adjournment to discuss a matter of utmost importance.” Cersei turned her gaze to Oberyn. “My dear Senator Martell, I thank you for your time and patience in answering my questions. Your continued loyalty to not only myself, but our beautiful Empire, is most appreciated.”

Jamie let out a sigh of relief after Cersei excited the room, effectively allowing everyone else to go about their day. Nudging Bran, the two Inquisitors made their way out of Senate Hall and down one of the many corridors. Jaime was starving, and began to idly wonder where he and his Apprentice should go for lunch.

“Master?” Bran asked. He had lifted his visor, allowing Jaime to look into his brown eyes as they stopped.

“Yes, my Apprentice?”

“Do you believe that Senator Martell is loyal to the Empire?”

Jamie stopped walking. Grabbing Bran’s arm, he walked with him over to the wall so that they wouldn’t be in the way of the crowds. “Did you sense something while he was speaking?”

Bran shook his head. “No Master. It was just a thought that I had. I have no evidence to back up my claim.”

Jamie watched as Bran stiffened, certain that he was about to be punished for wasting Jaime’s time with a hunch. Pinching the bridge of his nose, Jamie exhaled a breath of air in frustration. He was not angry with Bran for asking a question, but angry with how Bran thought Jaime would react to it. Unlike how his father had trained him, Jaime had strived to train Bran with a firm, yet kind hand. Knowing how his Sith brothers and sisters would react to this, Jaime had insisted on training Bran in private. While this benefitted Bran in training sessions, it would also confuse him when Jaime was forced to allow Bran to fight against his fellow Inquisitors. Not wanting to raise questions over his teaching methods, and risk Bran being given to another Inquisitor Jaime was overly ruthless towards him when they were amongst others.

“Bran, what is our purpose as Inquisitors?” Jaime questioned, crossing his arms over his chest.
Bran answered instantly. “To find, capture, and kill the remaining Jedi.”

“That is correct, my Apprentice. We do not concern ourselves with politics, only with the Jedi. Do you understand?”

“Yes, my Master. Forgive me for my incorrect actions.” Bran hung his head in shame.

Jaime made a move to rest a forgiving arm on his shoulder, but pulled back. He was a Sith Lord, not the boy’s mother.

His mother, that I watched be beheaded because she refused to cower before Cersei. Even though her family had been killed, and she had no idea that her son would be spared, she still refused to go against her beliefs. Though, I would hardly call what happened to Bran “sparing” him.

“You are not all together wrong in your desire to question Senator Martell. We should discuss with him about the Jedi appearance and investigations he has put forth to find out more information about her. You are wrong, however, in questioning the Senator’s loyalties. In the future, do not stray from our purpose.” Jamie began to walk away from the wall and back towards the hallways. “Come, let us go and grab a bit to eat. We have a long day of training ahead of us.”

The two made their way towards the cafeteria. Bran clipped his visor back down, his sign to Jaime that he didn’t want to speak anymore. Up ahead, he could see Senator Martell speaking with his assistant.

“Senator Martell!” Jaime called out. He turned to Bran. “It would be best to get our questions done as soon as possible, so that we can focus on finding the Jedi’s current location.”

Bran nodded to show that he heard Jaime, but refused to bring his visor back up.

A few feet ahead of him, the Senator turned to look for who had called his name. Upon seeing Jaime, a huge smiled spread across his face. In contract, his assistant looked like she wanted to throttle him for interrupting their conversation.

“Grand Inquisitor Lannister. To what do I owe this pleasure?” The man reached out his hand to shake.

Jamie ignored his outstretched hand, preferring to get to the reason of their conversation. “I have some questions I would like to ask you about the Jedi who appeared on your planet. When would your schedule allow for a meeting?”

Jaime waited patiently while Oberyn’s assistant, Ellaria, retrieved her computer pad from its case. While his contemporaries preferred to demand others give over their time immediately, Jaime was always trying to work with the creatures of the galaxy instead of against them.

“It appears that I am booked for the rest of the day.” The Senator replied, looking at his schedule.

“After dinner?”

“No, no. I am scheduled for drinks later tonight. I am free tomorrow morning however. Does that work for you?”

“Yes. My Apprentice and I will see you then.”

XXXXXXXXX
Jamie Lannister pulled his tan cloak tighter over his head, completely obstructing his face. As Grand Inquisitor he was instantly recognizable, even down in the seedy parts of Kinds Landing. Thankfully, everyone in this part of town desired anonymity as much as he did; nobody gave a man wearing long robes with only the lower half of his face visible a second glance. Up above him the sounds of speeders and the bright lights of the neon signs made their presence known to his senses. Walking along the streets quickly, Jaime made his way to his destination.

The Blue Hound was a smaller bar squeezed between two larger buildings. Everything a creature wanted to know about it could be learned from the neon signs that advertised exotic beauties that were waiting behind the windows black curtains. Without hesitation, Jamie touched his palm to the door pad and stepped inside. Looking up from the bar, the owner, Sandor, barely acknowledged Jaime’s presence. Jamie had once teased him about the name of his bar being a little too obvious, but one glare of his blood red eyes and a blue fist to his mouth later taught him to never question the man about his choices again.

Sitting down at the bar, Jaime ordered himself a stiff drink. Avoiding others, he gulped his first one down before ordering a second. It was beginning to feel like alcohol was the only thing that could calm him these days. Drinking his second one more leisurely, Jaime observed his surroundings to make sure nobody was paying him any attention. Satisfied, he stood and made his way to the back rooms where creatures were being given private entertainment sessions by the creatures featured in the windows. Going through the middle door, Jaime barely glanced at the holo dancer that was in the middle of the room, his attention instead focused on the man sitting on a plush couch that was built into the wall. He locked the door, then went to sit down across from his companion.

“You laid it on a little thick today Martell. I’m surprised Cersei didn’t behead you after getting annoyed by all your ass kissing.”

Oberyn Martell laughed at his statement. “Like all good dictators, Cersei loves her flattery.”

“Maybe lay off on it a bit next time. Singing her praises too much might make her suspicious.”

“Everything makes her suspicious, but your concern is noted.” Oberyn raised his glass to him in a salute while Jaime merely snorted.

Jaime leaned back into the couch, watching Oberyn as he leisurely drank his purple cocktail. Scratching the back of his neck, Jaime let his thoughts wander to what brought him to this point.

 Truth be told, Jaime had become disillusioned with the ways of the Sith when he was just a child. He remembered his mother’s death like it was yesterday. The screaming, the blood; it had been horrible. He had wanted to run and hide when the midwife and med droid came in to tell Tywin that his wife had died due to birthing complications. In his anger, Tywin had torn the droid to bits. Shaking in fear, the midwife had handed his brother, barely a few minutes old, to Tywin. The poor woman couldn’t hold back her fearful tears as she told his father that the infant had been born with a deformity that would stunt his growth. Tywin expected nothing less than perfection, and his new son was far from perfect. Without a second thought, Tyrion had thrown the midwife across the room, her neck breaking as she fell onto the edge of a table. Turning to his two grieving children, Tywin had asked Cersei and Jaime what should be done to the child that had murdered their mother. To Jaime’s horror, Cersei had suggested throwing him into the trash, as killing him quickly would be too kind a
punishment for him. Looking at his sister at pride, and giving Jaime a glance of disappointment for not thinking of the punishment himself, Tywin took the baby outside and threw him in the trash compactor. He had taken Cersei out after as a reward, leaving Jaime behind as punishment to oversee the droids who had come to clean up and dispose of his mother’s body.

Jaime had tried to ignore the sound of crying as he watched the droids work, but he found himself unable to after only a few minutes. He knew he would be severely punished, possibly even killed, for helping the infant, but that child was his brother. Grabbing some formula and a bottle (Sith did not breastfeed their children, and his mother had stocked up on the necessities during the end of her pregnancy), he quickly made the food and ran out the door with a blanket. Picking up the baby, eight-year-old Jaime shushed him as best he could before bringing the bottle to his eager lips.

Looking into his brothers mismatched eyes are he drank greedily, Jaime knew that he couldn’t let him die. His father and Cersei had taken their speeder, but if ran quickly Jaime thought he could make it to the orphanage across town and be back before they returned. Once his brother was done eating, Jaime wrapped him against his chest with a spare blanket. Holding onto the infants head to make sure he didn’t break it, Jaime took off as fast as he could, using the force as he had been taught to increase his speed. Leaving the infant on the stoop, Jaime had watched with bated breath from the corner until the couple in charge had opened the door. Quickly understanding the situation, they had scooped up the baby and taken him inside. Jaime had never gone back, but he knew the orphanage was run by good people, having heard his father complain about their bleeding hearts numerous times. His brother would live, and Jaime would take the secret of saving him to his grave.

Jaime had never been the same mentally after that. Knowing how his father and sister would react to his change of heart, he kept his feelings hidden and instead continued the path of becoming a Sith Lord. It was difficult using anger and hate to channel the force in the beginning, but when he realized how much he hated his father for what he had done to his brother, Jaime had found that it became easier.

Life had only gotten worse for Jaime after Cersei had murdered Robert and declared herself Empress. His twin had had tried to push Jaime into politics and offered him stewardship over any planet of his choosing in exchange for his perceived loyalty, but he had declined her. She had expressed her disappointment in his lack of ambition, and had given him the title of Grand Inquisitor in order to appease her own desires for him that he couldn’t live up to. Jaime had tried to decline, but Cersei had refused to hear him. So, with no other options, he had accepted the position. Jaime had half-hoped that hunting down the Jedi would allow him to find his way back to the beliefs he had strayed so far from, but it only fueled to show him that everything he had been taught about the Jedi was wrong. They were not evil, and didn’t deserve what happened to them. Nobody deserved that, not even his worst enemy.

Jaime had resigned himself to an existence dictated for him by Cersei, but then Caitlin Stark had come along and ruined everything with her little speech about honor. Jaime had gone into the refresher after her beheading and thrown up. For the first time in his life, he felt truly disgusted with himself and everything that he had done. Knowing what Cersei’s plans had been for Bran Stark, Jaime had surprised her by volunteering to train the boy himself. Before, he had always side stepped the responsibility and given it to either Night King or Ramsay Bolton. Cersei had been so pleased with his uncharacteristic interest in training others that she had readily agreed to his request without a second thought. She never suspected he was doing it to protect the boy, which worked in Jaime’s favor.

Taking Bran on as an Apprentice had changed Jaime’s existence for the better. For the first time since brother was thrown into the garbage, Jaime wanted to save somebody. He had done so quietly at first, “accidently” letting important information slip to certain Senators that he knew Cersei and her council suspected of working with the Rebellion. Curiously, Oberyn Martell had not been on the list.
The man was perceptive, however, and after listening in on a few of Jaime’s information sharing conversations approached Jaime himself. Instead of being sly about it, Oberyn had bluntly informed Jaime that he was a member of the Rebellion and asked Jaime if he was trying to snuff out potential spies for Cersei or if he wanted to join. Jaime was surprised by Oberyn’s cavalier attitude of revealing himself to be aligned with Stannis, but the man had merely stated that if Jaime did not wish to join them then he would simply kill Jaime himself. His response had been the same when Jaime had asked Oberyn how he could be sure that Jaime himself was trustworthy. Impressed with his resolve, Jaime had told them that he did want to work for the Rebellion, but as a spy only; he was unwilling to become a deserter and leave Bran behind.

Pulling out of his thoughts, Jaime decided it was time to address Oberyn. The man always acted like he and Jaime had all the time in the world to discuss the situation at hand, but Jaime knew better. He didn’t want to arouse suspicion by staying in the room longer then necessary.

“I see that the intel I sent you about the Empire’s gas mines was correct. Was Stannis able to get enough fuel for his impending attack?” Jaime asked.

“Yes, though the Rebellion has been unable to receive the fuel yet.” Oberyn remarked.

Jamie knitted his brow in confusion. He had seen the report yesterday morning stating that the Empire’s fuel stored on Moat Cailin had been stolen. There was no reason that the fuel shouldn’t have gotten to them yet.

“What happened?”

“It appears that the cargo ship carrying the fuel was intercepted by the Death Star and--”

“What?! How the hell did that happen?!”

Oberyn rubbed his eyes tiredly. “Sansa Snow was chosen to get the fuel from the station after her mission in Dorne failed. While in Dorne, she had come into contact with two cargo smugglers—”

“Blah blah blah. I know all that. I was there this afternoon, remember?” Jaime waved his hand in front of him dismissively. “Just get to the part that I don’t know.”

“Stannis didn’t want two people who were not a part of the Rebellion knowing their location, so he instructed Sansa to take the fuel to one of the Rebellions cells on Wall…” Oberyn became quiet as he trailed off. There was no mistaking the look of tears that were beginning to fill his eyes as he thought about what had happened to the moon.

Jamie cleared his throat gruffly. Any hope, albeit very small, that he had harbored for saving Cersei had fled as soon as he had learned about Wall’s destruction.

“It was a circumstance of being in the wrong place at the wrong time.” Oberyn finished, gulping down the rest of the drink.

“Does Stannis want more information on other fuel sources? They will most likely be heavily guarded now considering what happened on Moat Cailin, but—”

Oberyn put his hand up to stop him. “No. Sansa and her group were able to escape the Death Star. I received word of this after the Senate hearing today. She was also able to rescue Master Tyrion.”

Jamie let out a breath of air, relieved to hear that Tyrion had escaped. The Jedi Master was the only hope the Rebellion had of defeating Cersei if it came down to a one-on-one fight. Nobody else had ever been able to go against her and live to tell about it.
“Please tell me that Stannis is smart enough to realize that they are being tracked somehow? Cersei probably called that meeting to discuss their attack on the Rebellion once she knows their location.”

“He does, and measures are being taken. Stannis has recalled all of our members who are off on missions, and he and Royce are currently working on their battle plans for the Death Star. They will perfect their plans once Tyrion gives them the map of the station.”

Jaime gave him a sharp look. Oberyn never called on him to meet just to go over information he already knew. “So… What does the esteemed Stannis Baratheon want?”

“Stannis is sure of their victory over the Death Star. Once that is completed, he wants to refocus his efforts on liberating Winterfell.” Oberyn looked at him, knowing that Jaime was smart enough to realize what wasn’t being said.

“No. Absolutely not. It is out of the question.” Jaime stated with conviction.

“Jaime, please. It’s the only—”

“I am not handing over Bran Stark to be the poster child for a battle that may or may not be won by Stannis. Do it without him.”

“We need Bran. He is the rightful heir to Winterfell. Without him we will not be able to turn people away from Bolton.”

Jaime snorted. “Everyone on Winterfell hates Bolton. I’m sure—”

“They are afraid of him. Nobody is going to back Stannis when they still remember what happened to Ned and his family. But, if Stannis had Bran, the heir, then people would see that not only could Stannis liberate them, but he could also restore the planet to the glory it once held.”

Jaime narrowed his eyes. “No.”

“Jaime—”

“I said no! I promised Caitlin Stark’s ghost that I would protect her son, and that is what I am doing.”

“By training him as a Sith?” Oberyn asked skeptically.

Jaime snorted. “Bran is no more Sith than I am loyal to Cersei. I have made sure of that during his training.”

“Are you certain? Positive that what he has been forced to do hasn’t somehow influenced his character? I know you haven’t been with him all the time Jaime. I have seen the briefings where he has been forced to go on outings with Ramsay Bolton and Meryn Trent.”

Jaime shifted uneasily in his seat. He thought back to earlier, when Bran had questioned Oberyn’s loyalty. Surely, he wouldn’t have voiced his suspicions to any one else, right? The boy would never turn over someone that he suspected to be apart of the rebellion to the White Walkers, or worse, Night King, without speaking to Jaime first. Would he?

Damn it all. I might as well color my hair white and get it over with.

Jaime raised his hand and pointed his finger at Oberyn’s chest. “Stannis has one chance. I want to see how he handles the Death Star first before I make a decision on where Bran goes. If he is victorious, then I will consider taking Bran to the rebellion.”
“And if Stannis is not?”

Jaime shrugged. “He will be dead anyway, so why worry about the alternative?”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter really sets up plot lines that will be occurring later on in the series. I was unsure about it's addition to the story because I didn't want to give anything away, but ultimately felt like it was important to not only set things up, but to also check in with other parts of the galaxy.

For those wondering, Jaime and Cersei did not experience incest with one another. As a Sith, Cersei uses people to her advantage. Knowing from a young age that Jaime had no political ambitions, Cersei would not have slept with Jaime because doing so would have given her nothing in return. While Jaime will always care for Cersei because she is his twin sisters, he has basically given up on her after what happened to Wall.

Please let me know how you enjoyed this chapter! We will pick up with our main duo (words cannot express how sad I am that it is no longer a trio), next chapter. Until then, thanks for reading!
We Are All Cowards

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for your comments, kudos, and hits! It is so humbling that people are reading and enjoying my little story. Just in case you missed it last chapter, I have fixed the commenting section so now everyone can leave a comment even if you aren't a member.

Apologies for not updating on Thursday. I had the seasonal flu this week, and in between trying to get better, still teaching my fitness classes, taking care of my sick husband, and dealing with my daughters pink eye I never had the brain capacity to edit chapter 15. I did write a lot though, and while that is good, I cringe just thinking about going back and trying to decipher what I wrote while under the influence of numerous medicines. Also, after much deliberation, I have decided on adding a side-plot that may make this baby two or three chapters longer. I hope everyone is okay with that. Oh, and in case anyone is wondering, this story will include the entire trilogy.

I hope that this chapter was worth the wait and that you all enjoy reading what happens to our characters!

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 15: We Are All Cowards

What do I do now?

Where do I go?

What does it matter?

I'm alone.

Just me.

All alone.

I have Sansa, don’t I?

No. She is a Jedi. I will never really ‘have’ her, not as a friend or otherwise.

Ghost?

He will die someday. Probably soon.

No, it is just me.

Alone.
Jon refused to let himself start crying again as the warm water from the shower sprayed onto his face. His eyes were swollen from crying, and his shoulders ached from the grief and tension he was carrying.

After letting himself fall apart while Sansa held onto him, Jon was able to pull himself together enough to eat a bit of food and drink some water. He felt like he was betraying his grief by feeling hungry, but it simply couldn’t be helped. He had performed two physically taxing missions back to back, and needed to replenish his fuel stores. Sansa had joined him at the table, as had Ghost. His loyal companion had curled up next to Jon’s feet to give him some comfort. After they were finished, Sansa had offered to clean up and make some more food for the others while Jon cleaned himself up. All the hyperspace jumps and battles had taken their toll on *The Knights Watch*, and the ship was moving much slower than usual. At the pace they were making, it would take them almost a full standard day to get to Greywater Watch.

Grabbing the towel nearest to the stall, Jon dried off his body and padded into the hall. Bypassing his own door, Jon instead went into his father’s room across from his own. Everything in Jeor’s room was neat and organized, much like Jeor. The bed that was carved into the wall was made, every piece of clothing was either hanging from a pipeline or folded neatly into a dirty hamper, and the small desk housed a single, blue tinted holo projection of Jon and Jeor.

The picture had been taken right after Jon had made the Kings Road Run. He and a few of their acquaintances had gotten into a heated discussion one night after a group job about the possibility of beating the then-record of fifteen parcells. Jon had been sure that *The Knights Watch* could make the run in less time, and bets had immediately been placed. He had set out the next morning for the beginning of the run while the rest of the group headed for the end. Jon had begged Jeor to pilot the flight, but he had insisted that since Jon had made the boast, he should be the one to see it through. He assured Jon that he was confident in his abilities as a pilot and left with the others. Jon would never forget how proud Jeor had been when he had beaten the record. The captured moment was just after Jon had disembarked *The Watch*. Jeor had one arm around Jon’s shoulder while the other was thumping him on the chest with congratulations. One of Jon’s hands was gripping the elbow of Jeor’s arm that was touching his chest, while the other was resting on his head in shock. Jon had thought nothing bad would ever touch him after that.

*What a naïve thought. Bad things happen to everyone. I shouldn’t have thought that I would be immune to that.*

Deciding that he would take the holo projection and place it in his room, Jon made his way to the pipe line that Jeor hung his clothes from. Taking Jeor’s jacket off its metal hangar, Jon brought it to his face and inhaled deeply. The jacket was dark blue, with a popped collar and cargo pockets on the chest, waist, and left shoulder. Draping the jacket over his arm, Jon collected the picture and the blanket folded at the end of Jeor’s bed before making his way to his own room to get dressed.

“Jon? We are coming out of lightspeed. Pyp says that if you aren’t ready to come up to the cockpit he can fly us the rest of the way towards Greywater Watch, though he isn’t as confident about entering the planet’s atmosphere.” Sansa’s voice came in through the ships comm system.

Jon sighed and rubbed at his face before uncurling himself from his bed. After getting dressed, he had curled up under his father’s blanket into a small ball and blissfully fallen asleep for what must have been hours. He hadn’t laid down with the intention of sleeping, but after only a few minutes he had begun to feel overwhelmed by his thoughts. He closed his eyes then, hoping to turn off his mind and give all the thinking a rest. It had worked, but only for as long as he had been asleep. Jon knew
had decisions to make, and it terrified him. Jon had never made a decision on his own before; it had always been him and Jeor, working together as a team.

_Does it really matter what I do? There is only Ghost to take care of, and he will do whatever I want. Maybe Sansa…_

Jon stopped that thought before he could finish it. Sansa would never come with him, and after everything that had happened, he couldn’t really see himself joining the rebellion. Sure, there was the bounty that Drogo had placed on his head, but that didn’t really feel like a good enough reason not to join their cause. After helping Sansa get the fuel form Moat Cailin, Jon would have more than enough money to pay Drogo. If Jon was being honest with himself, the real reason he didn’t want to join came back to his father. Jeor didn’t want him joining the Empire for a reason, and Jon didn’t want to go against his father now that he was gone. Besides, he didn’t think he could handle watching more people he would come to care for die at the hands of the Empire. It was just too hard.

Making his way to the cockpit, he found Grenn and Sam in the middle of a game of Dejarik in the map room just outside of the cockpit. Inside, Pyp was sitting in the copilots chair, preparing for them to come out of hyperspace.

“Where are the Jedi?” Jon asked, noting the absence of Sansa and Tyrion.

“After he cleaned up, Sansa forced Tyrion to lay down and rest. She was on her way to go check on him when Pyp let us know we were going to be coming out of hyperspace. She’ll be back soon.” Grenn glanced up at him before going back to the game. “Thanks for the clothes, by the way.”

Jon grunted. After he had eaten, Sansa had hesitantly asked him if she could take some of his and Jeor’s clothing and give it to their guests. Jon had wanted to lash out and yell at her for her thoughtlessness. How she could put his father’s clothing on people who had worked for the man who killed him? But, as she had looked at him with those blue eyes full of compassion and understanding, Jon had relented. Jeor always taught him to share what they had when they could, and it would be a better way honor to his memory.

“How are you feeling?” Jon gave Sam a sharp look. The man immediately blushed as he realized his error. “I mean… um…”

“Like shit.” Jon replied. Sam shook his head, looking ashamed and causing Jon to feel bad for his harshness. “But, thanks, for asking.” He added on, his tone softer.

Sam gave him a sympathetic look before going back to his game. Making his way into the cockpit, Jon quietly sat down in the pilots chair next to Pyp. The manual was propped up in front of him and turned to the section on hyperspace. He was wearing one of Jeor’s short sleeved tunics, showing off more of his tribe’s yellow markings. He had three yellow circles going down his upper arms, their size becoming smaller the closer they came to his elbows. There was a piece of writing lead in between his lips, and Jon could see that the young man had inserted his own notes into the manual, updating it with the changes that had been made to the ship. Unlike him, he doubted Pyp had gotten any sleep.

“How much longer until we come to Greywater Watch?” Jon asked.

Pyp but the piece of lead behind his ear and grabbed the controls. “We should be coming out of hyperspace right… about… now.”

Jon jolted a bit as Pyp adjusted the ships speed. In the distance he saw the swirling blues and greens of Greywater Watch. Hot and wet, the planet was made up of swamps that were constantly moving.
and shifting. Jon had only been there once, back when he was a youngling.

“So, you really can fly huh?” Jon took ahold of the pilot controls, allowing Pyp to go back to his reading. The Starfallian began to shuffle through the manual until he got to the part about entering a planets orbit.

“You bet your ass I can.” Pyp responded. He scratched along the line of his facial tattoo as he stared out the windshield, the planet becoming bigger the closer they got to it. “I was actually the top pilot of my class. I had always wanted to fly since I was a youngling, and joined the Academy as soon as I was old enough. Starfall is a huge supporter of the Empire. Growing up all we ever heard about was how honorable and great our government was, so it just seemed natural to want to be a part of it.” He sighed, rubbing the pages of the manual as he recalled the past.

“It wasn’t until I started flying Tie Fighters that I realized how horrible the Empire really was. We didn’t just shoot down Rebellion ships, we shot at everything that was thought to be against Cersei. It didn’t matter who was on board or what their status was; if they was even the slightest suspicion that they were Rebellion sympathizers they were to be taken down, no questions asked. I was forced to open fire on a farming town once, just because Cersei believed that they had been giving food to the Rebellion. I found out later that it had just been a dry season, and the farmers weren’t able to produce as many crops as they normally did. I had killed innocent people, families, for nothing. In fact, that seemed to be all I was doing. After that, I wanted to defect but was ultimately too much of a fucking coward to do so. I saw what Empress Cersei did to Ned Stark, and I didn’t want that to be me. So, instead of abandoning the fleet, I started missing my targets and flying poorly on purpose. After a while, I was demoted and sent to Inquisitor Ramsay’s ship. After helping Sansa escape, Grenn and I were beaten for our incompetence and sent to the Death Star.”

“I don’t think you are a coward.” Sansa said from behind them. Jon had seen her come into the room while Pyp had been speaking out of the corner of his eye, but she had motioned for him to stay quiet. Pyp turned around and gave her a sad smile. “That’s all we are Miss Jedi. Cowards. We were afraid of death, so instead of doing the right thing and defecting when we became disillusioned with the Empire, we waited until we had the best chance of living before trying to escape. Maybe we didn’t kill anybody after we realized the wrongs we had committed, but we didn’t save anyone either.”

Looking through the door, Jon could see that Sam and Grenn had stopped their game and were listening to their conversation.

“You aren’t cowards.” Sansa insisted, addressing all three of them. “You are just… different. I—”

“…”

“I joined because my father made me.” Sam interrupted. “My full name is Samwell Tarly. My father is Senator Tarly of Hornhill. Traditionally in Hornhill, the children take on the Senator’s seat after retirement. I am the eldest, so it was my birthright to do so. My father felt me weak, and desired to get rid of me in favor of my brother. I wanted to run away, but I was so frightened of him. I just accepted my fate, and became a White Walker because it was what my family demanded I do. I had plenty of opportunity to escape before leaving for the Academy, but I didn’t. I’m a coward, just like Pyp said.” Sam stared down at the game, his eyes glistening with unshed tears. Beside him, Grenn patted him on the shoulder.

“I joined because I was sick of starving. My parents died when I was a youngling, and none of my family wanted me. I joined a street gang in order to survive. We did all right for ourselves and were loyal to each other, but we struggled after our leader was killed by a rival group. The recruiter promised me three meals a day if I joined. I didn’t care what I was asked to do, I just wanted to eat. I was a part of an elite squad due to my skills with a blaster, but I didn’t like being told to kill people without a reason so I stopped performing after a while. I got sent to Ramsay’s ship a few months
after Pyp, and you know the rest. To be honest, I would still be with the squad if we ever given a reason for what we did. I killed people in my gang, so that part didn’t bother me, but at least I knew who I was killing and why I was doing it. With the Empire, we never told anything, just that it was ‘for the glory of the Empire’.” Grenn said. While Pyp and Sam had looked ashamed, he looked matter-of-fact about the whole thing.

Sansa was quiet. Jon could see she was thinking over everything that they boys had said.

“I…” Sansa trailed off, clearing her throat before continuing. “I cannot begin to understand the life that any of you have lead or the decisions that you had to make. I was raised as a Jedi, and for the obvious reasons I have always been against the Empire. But,” Sansa looked to Jon before continuing, “I am beginning to understand that things are not always black and white, and sometimes we must live in the grey for a time. I don’t think you are bad men. You did the best that you could with the circumstances you had, and nobody should judge you for that.”

“Do you think the Rebellion will ever accept us?” Sam asked. Jon could detect the slightest hint of hope in his voice.

“I don’t know.” Sansa said slowly. “But Master Tyrion and I will vouch for all of you. Hopefully, we can get Stannis and the others to understand why you left the Empire, and that you can be trusted now.”

Jon said nothing, continuing to guide the ship to the coordinates that Tyrion had given Pyp. His whole life he had been judged for what he did, and not for who he was. He sincerely hoped that the Rebellion would be different then most people he had encountered over his life, but a part of him seriously doubted it. Sansa had changed over the last few days they had been together, but she was just one person. The Rebellion was made up of thousands of people. What did her opinion matter, if at all?

XXXXX

Jon put the down the landing gear and placed The Knights Watch in an opening at the Rebel Bases outside hangar bay. Greywater Watch was known for its lush greenery and huge, triangular temples that had been built by the planets original inhabitants generations ago. Having studied some of their architecture in a book he had purchased a few years back, Jon guessed that the Rebellion’s main place of operations was in one of the temples many underground rooms.

Looking around the platform, Jon saw that the Rebellion’s ships looked to be a pieced together as the people who were a part of it. There were freighters, gunships, shuttles, and starfighters, and transport ships scattered along the landing dock. Considering the size of the Rebellion, Jon was sure that there were more ships flying along the galaxy and at other hideouts. Amongst the ships, Jon spotted a few dozen pilots and engineers of varying gender and species scattered about.

Allowing Pyp to power down the ship, Jon stood and made his way to the ventral boarding ramp with the others. Sansa had gone to grab Tyrion once Jon and Pyp had begun landing maneuvers, and the two were already at the blast door waiting for them. Due to his size, Tyrion was the only one of them that had been forced to stay in his soiled clothes. Looking around, Jon could see that Pyp, Grenn, and Sam looked especially tense. After their conversation he couldn’t say that he blamed them. Jon himself was a smuggler. It’s not like he worked for the Empire, but he didn’t exactly work against them either. He and Jeor had worked for whoever paid them; politics had never been a part of the equation.

As the came down the ramp, Jon noted the three men who came out of the ancient temple to greet them. Jon recognized the man in the middle to be Stannis Baratheon, leader of the Rebellion. The
man had short, brown hair that came to a widow’s peak on his forehead and a trimmed beard. Both his hair and beard were flecked with gray. Stannis and the man to his right were wearing light green tunics, brown cargo pants, and a tan tech vest with the insignia of the Rebellion sewn into the breast. The one to his left wore a tunic, a long robe secured by a belt, and a loose pair of pants tucked into his boots. While the other two men had blasters trained into their utility belts, there was no mistaking the lightsaber clipped onto his.

The three men stopped just a few feet from the boarding ramp. Tyrion limped to the front of the group, denying Sansa’s proffered hand for help. The others stood in a line behind them, with the three ex-White Walkers standing at attention. Jon figured their posture was due to their time with the Empire. Since he was never trained in soldier formalities Jon chose instead to stand casually with his arms crossed over his chest. Ghost and LA-D3 were the last to leave the ship, taking their place next to their respective masters.

“Tyrion, it is good to see you alive.” Stannis said. Jon didn’t think the man looked very happy at all, but he didn’t seem like the type to lie. If Stannis said he was happy, then Jon would have to take his word for it.

“Thank you, Stannis. I have these five to thank for my rescue.” Tyrion gestured to the five people behind him.

Stannis gave the group a scrutinizing look as Jon tried not to remember the last time somebody in power had given them a visual assessment. His fingers flexed, wanting to go his neck, but he denied the action.

“I know your Padawan, Tyrion.” Stannis motioned to Sansa with his head. “But I do not know the others. They are?”

“Sam, Pyp, and Grenn, former White Walkers who aided in my rescue and have defected to join our group. I do not know their last names, but I am sure they will tell you during their interviews.” Tyrion replied, pointing to each member of their group as he said their name. “The one at the end with the wolf is Jon Mormont. He had his father Jeor Mormont are the two who rescued Sansa on Dorne and helped her retrieve the fuel from Moat Cailin.”

Stannis stared at Jon, his eyes blinking slowly as he digested the information that Tryion had just given him. The man in the robes looked at Jon in surprise, then back to the ramp.

“Jeor?” He said. Jon noticed the excitement in his voice. “Where is he? Surely he knows that I want to see him, even after all that has happened.”

“Jeor is dead, Davos. He died protecting us from Night King.” Tyrion said bluntly.

Jon looked down, forcing his traitorous tears to keep from falling. He did not want to appear weak in front of the leaders of the Rebellion.

“Oh, I see.” Davos stepped away from line, approaching Jon and placing a hand on his shoulder. “I am sorry for your loss. Your father was one of the best Jedi I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. I am Grand Master Davos Seaworth, former member of the Jedi High Council. Your father and I were friends.”

Davos put his hand out, and Jon shook it. He didn’t say anything, but he doubted that his father and this man were truly friends. Tyrion had said that everyone but him and his Clone Captain had abandoned Jeor when he was accused of murder. If they had been friends, that chord had no doubt been cut when Jeor had left the Jedi.
“Thank you.” Jon replied, not wanting to cause a scene.

“Jeor Snow was a fine man. My apologies for your loss as well.” Once again, Jon did not think that the way Stannis looked matched with what he was saying. Figuring that he was simply a serious man, Jon accepted his condolences.

“Tyrion,” Stannis said, moving the conversation back to the matter at hand, “I trust you have the information necessary for the Death Star?”

“I do.”

“Good. I suggest we take this meeting inside then. Davos, I want you to take these three White Walkers down to our interrogations rooms.” Stannis looked behind Tyrion to Sam, Grenn, and Pyp. “Master Tyrion is a trusted council member, but I would prefer to have another interview you in order to understand your motives for leaving the Empire. Myself and the council will assess what to do with you upon the completion of your interviews.”

“Sounds fair to me mate!” Pyp smiled. Stannis gave him a glare, finding his behavior unamusing and disrespectful. Next to him, Grenn coughed to hide his laugh.

“Royce,” Stannis motioned to the man to his right, “see that Mr. Mormont is paid for his services and is given enough fuel to take him to his next destination.” Stannis looked at Jon. “You are welcome to join the Rebellion, but if not, I ask that you leave quickly. We are in dire straits, which I am sure you have learned from helping Sansa. There will be a battle soon, and we do not have the resources to protect those who are not fighting for us.”

Turning on his heel, Stannis motioned for Tyrion to follow him as he made his way back to the temples. Jon was surprised to see that instead of walking ahead of Tyrion, Stannis instead adjusted his speed for the shorter, injured man.

Perhaps he does care for others, in his own way.

Giving Jon and Sansa’s his goodbyes, Davos rounded up the ex-White Walkers and took them towards the temple. Soon, it was just Jon, Sansa, and Royce in front of The Knights Watch. The man was tall, with grey hair and a grey beard to match. He had a mature, older look about him though he had no wrinkles on his face. Jon guessed he was the second-in-command to Stannis due to the four-dot patch sewn into the lapel of his tunic, designating him as a Colonel.

“Sansa!” The man said, grabbing her into a bear hug. “I am so happy to see you safe! When I found out that bastard Ramsay had intercepted you I wanted to go to Dorne and shoot him myself.”

Sansa detached herself from the man, and gave him a beaming smile. “Thank you, Colonel Royce. I am happy to be home.” Sansa gestured towards Jon. “This is Jon Mormont. He and his father were instrumental in saving not only myself, but Master Tyrion as well. Neither of us would be here without them.” Jon noticed that she said the last part reverently, most likely feeling the ache of Jeor being gone.

“Ah, yes! Colonel Yohn Royce, pleasure to meet you.” Jon stuck out his hand in greeting, but was surprised when Royce side-stepped his hand and gave him a quick hug. “My sincerest thanks for all that you have done for the Rebellion. Have you given any thought to joining us?”

Jon’s eyes darted to Sansa’s before answering. He could see the hope staring back at him that he would say yes. Feeling guilty, Jon turned away from her and looked back to Colonel Royce.

“Thank you, but no. I… I don’t think it is the right decision for me.”
Instead of being offended, Colonel Royce shook his head in understanding. “The fight is not for everyone, though we are always sorry to lose a potential member, especially one so talented as yourself. I will have to echo General Baratheon’s words however. It is not safe for you to stay, so please leave once your ship has been refueled. If you can give me your account number, I can transfer the appropriate amount of credits to you.”

Jon gave him his number. Colonel Royce asked that he only take as much fuel as his ship needed, and then turned to go back into the hut with the others.

Gathering up his courage, Jon turned to look at Sansa. He had thought he would see sadness on her face, but instead he saw nothing. The young Jedi showed no emotion whatsoever, and looked at Jon with a mask of indifference. Jon tried not to think about how her appearing to not care hurt him more then her sadness would have. He took a tentative step forward.

“Sansa, I—”

“Sansa! Sansa!”

Jon stopped abruptly, interrupted by the sound of a Folkian girl running towards them, her arms swinging overhead to get their attention. She had pale blue skin, golden eyes, and two half-moon, yellow facial tattoos on each of her cheeks. Her lavender hair was pulled up into a messy bun and she wore coveralls and a tech vest. Running behind her was a male Gar’den who looked to be about the same age. He was tall, thin, with deep green skin and two lekku that ran down to his mid back. Unlike the girl, he appeared to be a pilot. He wore an orange jumpsuit, with the top half tied around his waist and a black tunic. On his head he wore a white knit cap with two holes for his lekku to go through.

“Gilly! Willas!” Sansa exclaimed, running to meet them with LA-D3 beeping happily behind her. The three friends barreled into each other, hugging and shouting in excitement. Jon’s eye twitched when he watched Willas pick up Sansa and whirl her around in a circle while the girl patted D3 affectionately.

“When we heard about what happened on Dorne, we were afraid that Ramsay might have injured you.” The boy said in a rush.

“No, no, I’m all right. Jon and his father helped me to escape.” Sansa walked them over to where Jon and Ghost were standing. “This is Jon and his wolf, Ghost.”

“Oh wow! A Winterwolf!” The girl gushed. “Everyone on Wall feared they had gone extinct.” Her eyes went distant with the mention of the destroyed Moon, but she quickly pulled herself out of it. The girl looked up at him and smiled. “I’m Gilly, and this is Willas. We are friends of Sansa’s.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you.” Willas said. He noticed that the Gar’den was standing particularly close to Sansa even though it wasn’t necessary.

Jon quickly hated himself for noticing.

You’re leaving Jon, and Sansa is staying.

But maybe if you asked her to...

No.

“It’s a pleasure to meet both of you as well.” Jon’s eyes flashed quickly to Sansa’s face. She was no longer void of emotion, but happy to be reunited with her friends. Jon felt his shoulder’s sag,
knowing that he couldn’t avoid the inevitable.

“I was wondering if you one of you might be able to help me fuel my ship? I have been told to leave as soon as possible due to your circumstances.”

“You’re not staying?” Gilly asked, surprised.

“No, I…” Jon trailed off awkwardly. Though they seemed nice, Jon didn’t want to share his reasons for not joining the Rebellion with those he had just met.

“Gilly can help you Jon.” Sansa stated, sensing his discomfort. “She is one of the best mechanics in the fleet.”

Gilly’s skin blushed lavender with the praise. “I don’t know if I am that good, but I can definitely help you with your ship.” Her eyes darted between Jon and Sansa, sensing that the two wanted some time alone. “Willas, do you mind helping me prep the fuel tubes?”

The young man agreed. After telling Jon where to take his ship to be serviced, the two friends left, leaving Jon and Sansa alone. Jon hated how the air was now awkward and strained between them.

“Jon, I—”

“Come with me.” Jon blurted out. He rubbed at his neck nervously, embarrassed by his outburst.

“What?” Sansa asked, her eyes growing wide in shock.

Jon cleared his throat. “I… uh…” Jon squared his shoulders in determination. He had already said it once. What was the harm of telling her again?

“I would like you to come with me, please.”

Sansa shook her head slowly. “Jon, I can’t. My place is here, with the Rebellion. I will never be safe while the Empire exists.”

“1 could protect you. We will never do any jobs that would take us into contact with the Empire.” Jon swore to her.

“You can’t protect me Jon.” Sansa said sadly, her eyes filled with emotion. “Nobody can protect anyone.”

“But I—”

“You could stay here. Fight for the Rebellion.”

Jon hesitated before answering.

“I can’t stay Sansa. I just…” Jon trailed off, gazing out into the distance. “I can’t.” He finished quietly.

“But why?” Sansa asked.

“Khal Drogo has a bounty on my head. It would be safer for me to pay it off as soon as I can.”

Liar.

Sansa quirked an eyebrow, clearly not believing the reason that Jon had given her.
“Jon, why can’t you stay?” Sansa asked again, with more instance in her voice.

Jon pulled at the end of his bun, causing a few of his curly strands to come loose. He didn’t want her to think less of him, but he was also afraid of what she might do if he didn’t tell her the full truth. With resignation, Jon opened his mouth to answer.

“Because Sansa, my Dad is dead. He refused to let me join the Rebellion when it first started, and I don’t want to go against him now that he is gone.” Jon started to choke up. He took in a shaky breath before continuing. “I just can’t watch more people I care about die. I am a coward, no better than Pyp, Sam, or Grenn.”

“No, you aren’t.” Sansa said with conviction.

“I am, Sansa. I am.”

“Jon, I can’t imagine what you are going through right now.” Sansa walked towards him, placing both hands on his face and forcing him to look at her. “But you aren’t a coward.”

Jon stared at her, wanting to believe what she said.

“You aren’t. Bad things happen to good people. Jeor was good, and a bad thing happened to him. It isn’t fair, and you may never be okay with it.” Sansa voice softened as she continued. “You aren’t a coward Jon. I myself have seen how brave you are.”

“It’s not the bravery that’s the problem.” Jon said, feeling the tears start to fall. “It’s the enduring.”

“Jon—”

“I can’t stay Sansa. I don’t even believe in the Rebellion.”

“I think you do Jon, especially after what happened.”

“Don’t tell me what I am feeling right now!” Jon snapped. Sansa took her hands away from his face like he had burned her. He cleaned his face with his sleeve.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to—”

Jon sighed and fiddled with the hem of Jeor’s jacket. “No, it’s my fault for snapping. You are probably right Sansa, but I am not in the correct frame of mind right now to make this type of decision. If I join the Rebellion, I want it to be because I believe in what they are fighting for and not because I want to get revenge for my father. Justice, yes, but not revenge.”

“I understand Jon.” Sansa came forward again, this time to embrace him in a hug. “You are a good person, Jon Mormont. Take care of yourself.”

“Thank you, Sansa. Good luck, with everything.”

Jon felt her nod her head from where it rested in his shoulder. Pulling back, Jon brought his lips to her forehead and kissed her.

“May the force be with you.”

Chapter End Notes
Poor Jon. Poor Sansa. Hell, poor everyone! This chapter was quite sad in many ways as many characters are forced to look at their reality of their lives. While Pyp, Sam, and Grenn decide to join the Rebellion, Jon decides that he can't and leaves. Of course, does that mean he is gone for good, or will he be back?

Creature Chart:
Folkian = Pantoran. The most famous Pantoran was Senator Riyo Chuchi, who is featured in several episodes of the Clone Wars
Gar'den = Twi'lek. There are many Twi'leks in Star Wars, but my personal favorite is Hera Syndulla form Star Wars Rebels.
Starfallian = Kifar. The most famous Kifar was Jedi Quinlan Voss, who was featured in The Clone Wars and was a main character in the book that detailed the life of former Sith Asajj Ventress.

Hooray for fanart! The talented Cinnamon_Girl had drawn some lovely pictures that were inspired by A Song of Jedi and Sith. Copy and past the links below to see what she had come up with. My favorite is definitely Jon leaning against the wall. That is exactly how I pictured him during his and Sansa's first encounter. For an explanation of her drawings, check out her comments on the last chapter.

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Thank you all so much for reading. Comment if you like, and have a great week my friends.
Chapter Notes

Thank you all for your hits, comments, and kudos last week! I really appreciate everyone who has taken the time to read my story.

I had a lot of fun writing this chapter, and I hope everyone enjoys reading it. I've got four Star Wars Easter Eggs within the chapter, so be on the lookout for some classic quotes and name dropping.

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 16: Suspicions and Battle Plans

Jon…

Jon…

Jon…

Something is different about Jon.

Sansa stood patiently in the lift, waiting for it to take her down to the barracks where her bunk was located. She wanted to visit with Master Tyrion, but knew that he would be in meetings for at least another few hours. Now that the council had the plans to the Death Star, they would no doubt be pouring over the documents, forming their plan of attack. Considering that Wall had just been blown up to demonstrate the Death Star’s power, Sansa knew that they would be flying out as soon as possible. A small piece of her dreaded the confrontation, but she tried to push it down and let hope take its place. The Rebellion would be triumphant.

Stepping off the lift, Sansa walked towards the room she shared with eleven other Rebellion members. Space was limited on the Base, making it impossible for anyone to have their own room. Even Stannis shared his quarters with the other officers and Jedi that made up the council. Palming the door pad, Sansa made her way over to her bunk. She shared the bed with Gilly, who refused to sleep on the top due to her fear of heights. Using the force, Sansa gracefully leaped onto her mattress. It was a standard issue and had numerous lumps, but her exhaustion made it feel like the Galaxy’s most luxurious bed.

Closing her eyes, Sansa sought the comfort of sleep. She knew her body was tired, and she would need her rest for the battle ahead, but her mind was too alert to find peace.

Jon.

Turning onto her stomach, Sansa placed the pillow under her chest as she gave up on sleep for the moment. Tacked to the wall above her bunk were pictures of lightsaber forms that Master Tyrion had given her when she was a youngling. Not to be outdone, Uncle Bronn had responded by creating
diagrams on the various grabs and holds of Horn Hill’s fighting style, Heartsbane. Sansa smiled, thinking about her time as a youngling with Tyrion and Bronn raising her after Nan passed. They had always made sure that she was happy and well taken care of, in between bouts of serious training. While they had never spoken it, Sansa had always felt like there was an unspoken competition between the two concerning who could train Sansa the best.

*Jon was trained by Jeor, who himself was a Jedi. Could that mean…?*

Sighing, Sansa flipped herself onto her back. Thinking back to all the situations that she and Jon had been in, Sansa thought hard to try and discover any sign that Jon could wield the force.

*Jon is an excellent shot. In the Cantina and in the fight against the White Walkers he never missed. Maybe he was able to sense their movements through the force? That would explain why I was never able to get a grab on him while we were training. He could be using the force to heighten his senses and not be aware of it...*

*Or, he has good instincts and reflexes. Jon had said that Jeor trained him during most of their down time in between jobs. Lots of creatures in the galaxy are talented fighters, and they can’t wield the force. Maybe Jon is like Uncle Bronn…*

*Or maybe he does have the force? When he was flying the ship away from the Death Star he was able to get the better of the Tie Fighters even though we were outnumbered four to one. Maybe…*

*Stop it Sansa.*

*Jon doesn’t have the ability to use the force, and even if he did it wouldn’t make him join the Rebellion.*

*Jon is gone. You probably won’t see him again.*

Sansa brought the palms of her hands to her face and rubbed at her eyes in agitation. She knew she was grasping at straws, but she wanted Jon to be force-sensitive so badly that she couldn’t help herself. The problem was that she didn’t understand why she wanted it to be true. Sansa was not the last Jedi, and she was not alone. She didn’t need Jon to be a Jedi so that she could have someone who understood her, and she had friends. Closing her eyes again, Sansa searched her mind for what was is about Jon that felt so… different.

Throughout her life, Sansa had never second guessed her decision to form attachments to others, be it friendly or familial. She considered Tyrion to be her father, she called Bronn “Uncle”, Gilly and Brienne were like sisters to her, and Willas was a close friend. Tyrion had never discouraged her, and Sansa had found these relationships brought her happiness. However, during their brief time together, Sansa had found herself questioning the wisdom of attaching herself to others. While she had hated Jon in the beginning, the more she got to know him the more she grew to care for him. The type of caring, though, felt new to her emotions. It was something she hadn’t experienced before, and it both excited and scared her.

Sansa started to tap her hands against the mattress, annoyed that she was unable to decipher her thoughts. Accepting that she wouldn’t be getting any rest, she hopped onto the floor. Her stomach had begun to rumble, which wasn’t surprising. She had eaten even less then she had slept in the past four days. Thinking about Pyp, Grenn, and Sam, Sansa decided to pick up some food for them and herself.
“Hello Sansa. Anything I can do for you?”

Sansa smiled at the officer. After feeding herself in the mess hall, she had gone back to the kitchens to ask if she could take an additional plate. While extra food was not normally given out, Sansa had found that Rebellion members tended to do what she asked without questioning her due to her status as Master Tyrion’s Padawan. Though she hated the preferential treatment, and was occasionally mocked because of it, Sansa found that she didn’t mind it in certain circumstances. Wrapping the food in a small napkin, Sansa had thanked those assigned to the kitchens and made her way down to where the White Walkers were located.

“Just bringing some food to the prisoners Ben.” She said, raising the food in her hands to show that she was telling the truth.

“Go ahead and leave it on the table.” Ben replied, pointing to his desk.

The interrogation room was in was actuality one large office space, with a storage closet the size of a small bedroom used for questioning. Ben’s desk sat opposite the closet, and the wall in between them was lined with computers. Currently, there were two women and one man typing away on the systems, brows furrowed in concentration. To her knowledge, the only creatures that had ever been interrogated in the past were Rebellion soldiers caught going against orders. Until now, nobody had ever dissented from the Empire. Sansa felt like this was more due to fear then it was actual loyalty.

Sansa’s eyes flited to the closet where she knew Sam, Pyp, and Grenn were.

“Would it be all right if I took it to them? I was hoping to see how they were doing. They saved my life, you see.” Sansa made sure to use the look that always got Uncle Bronn to do what she wanted when she was a youngling.

Ben scratched his chin, pondering over her request. “I suppose that would be all right, but make sure you don’t stay with them too long. We are in the middle of processing their background information. I know you can handle yourself, but I don’t want to get into trouble with Tyrion if something happens to you.”

Sansa agreed to his request and made her way over to the door. Knocking gently to alert them of her presence, she made her way into the room. Sam, Pyp, and Grenn all sat around a rectangular table, their hands handcuffed to the metal bars that connected the tables legs together. Sansa hated that they were being treated as criminals, but there was nothing she could do about it. She knew they could be trusted, but nobody else did.

“Miss Jedi! What a pleasant surprise.” Pyp greeted with what Sansa was beginning to suspect was his usual cheer. “What brings you to our humble abode?”

Sansa let our small laugh. “I brought you some food. It isn’t much, but it was all I could get without the kitchen staff becoming suspicious.”

Grabbing an extra chair, Sansa placed herself at the end of the table. She waved her hand, using the force to expand their cuffs so they could slip their hands free.

Pyp smiled at her. “I always knew that saving you was the best decision I ever made.”

Sansa cut their food into three equal portions before passing it to each of them. “I didn’t grab any utensils or extra plates, so you will have to eat off the table with your hands.”
Pyp took a bite of food, the two others following suit. “After the shit the Empire gave us this is feast.” He said in between bites.

Sansa frowned at that. “Didn’t the Empire feed you? Grenn said that he was promised three meals a day if he signed up.”

Grenn snorted. “They did, but I wouldn’t call that shit food.”

Sansa raised an eyebrow at him, noting that his tone sounded a bit more confident then it had when she had first met him properly on the Death Star. While their current situation wasn’t necessarily comparable, she also felt like Grenn was carrying himself differently even though he was sitting in a chair and shoveling food into his mouth with his hands.

Pyp opened his mouth to speak, bringing her attention away from his companion. “You see, the Empire doesn’t care about us lowly White Walkers. That bitch Cersei and those at the highest levels of the military would get the good grub, leaving us with the scraps. We would get just enough so that we could perform our duties, but not more than that. Even then it was always in some form of gruel.” Pyp said in between bites of food.

“That’s terrible.”

“Yes, but I doubt it is very surprising. There is a reason people join the Rebellion, and while this does taste good, I doubt it is for the food. Well, unless you are Grenn.” Pyp wiggled his eyebrows at his friend.

Grenn glared at him, sending a piece of roll flying at Pyp’s head in response. The movement was quick and precise, the food going straight for Pyp’s eye. Being light, however, it lost some of its momentum during the journey, allowing the Starfallian to laugh as he caught it. Instead of popping it into his mouth Pyp offered the piece to Sam.

“Thank you.” Sam said humbly, accepting the food.

“How was your questioning?” Sansa asked, genuinely curious.

“Pretty basic.” Grenn said with a shrug. “The man just asked us about our positions within the Empire and what made us decide to go AWOL.”

“Too basic, really.” Pyp frowned. “I doubt getting people to trust us in the Rebellion can be this simple.”

“With everything going on right now, maybe we are just an afterthought.” Sam supplied.

“Perhaps, but you have to figure they will have us followed for at least a few months if this planet isn’t destroyed by the Death Star.” Grenn wiped his hands on his trousers, having finished his food.

“Wouldn’t that be a fucking laugh? Escape the Death Star only to be killed by it in the end.” Pyp said ruefully.

“That isn’t going to happen.” Sansa stated with conviction, looking at Pyp and then to the rest of them. “We are going to defeat the Death Star, and then the Empire.”

They all jumped as the sound of a siren began to reverberate throughout the entire building. After a few seconds, the voice of Stannis Baratheon came through the comm link.

“Attention. All hands are to report to Control immediately. I repeat, all hands are to report to Control
immediately. That is all.”

A knock on the door followed Stannis’ message, and Ben came striding through.

Sansa stood, picking up the trash left from the food. “Don’t worry Ben, I heard the message. I was just leaving.”

Ben looked at the three men sitting at the table, and then her. Noticing that their hands were no longer cuffed to the table, Sansa heard him mutter the word “Jedi” under his breath.

“You.” Ben said, pointing to Pyp. “I am to escort you to Control. The rest of you will stay here for the time being.”

Pyp pointed to himself, then grinned eagerly when Ben shook his head.

“Well gents, it’s been fun.” Pyp said, giving Grenn and Sam a two-fingered salute.

Grenn extended his middle finger to him while Sam looked worried.

“Why are taking only him?” Sam asked, his voice full of apprehension.

“You backgrounds all checked out. We need pilots, and this one was a pilot.” Ben explained.

Grenn gave the officer an incredulous look. “You’re going to trust Pyp, just like that?”

Ben shrugged his shoulders. “It is either help us or risk the Death Star unleashing its power on the planet. At least with the first option there is a slight chance he will be alive in the next two hours.”

Pyp smiled widely, his eyes crinkling. “Believe me when I say you won’t regret this. I’m an ace pilot, and Cersei can go fuck herself.” Pyp placed his hand onto Ben’s shoulder, which he promptly shrugged off.

Ben grabbed Pyp’s arm and started to guide him to the door. He stayed in the doorway to keep it open for Sansa, but she hesitated.

“You go ahead. I will catch up.” Sansa said, wanting to follow through with something that had been bothering her since she entered the room.

“You better hurry Sansa. This meeting is serious business.”

Sansa flashed him a smile. “I will be right behind you.”

Ben shut the door, leaving Sansa with Grenn and Pyp. Waiting a few seconds to make sure that Ben wouldn’t come back into the room, Sansa turned to stare at Grenn. He had a blank look on his face, but upon closer inspection Sansa felt like it was too innocent.

“You aren’t stupid, are you?” She asked, her face daring him to tell her otherwise.

Grenn smiled at her, dropping his charade instantly. “Nope.” He said, popping the “p”.

“So why did you act like an idiot on the Death Star? You and Pyp were acting like a couple of younglings with all the screaming, not to mention your aim was atrocious.”

“It is better for you if the Empire thinks you are an idiot. Once I decided that I didn’t like being told to kill innocent people without reason, I changed my personality as well as my marksmanship.” He shrugged. “Trust me when I saw that my aim wasn’t poor on purpose once we were trying to escape.
You are trained in combat, Sansa. I am sure you aware if you don’t keep your skills up, you will lose them. Once I got relocated I barely touched a blaster. Give me one or two good relearning sessions and I’m confident my skills will be up to par again."

Sansa gave him an incredulous look. “Nobody grew suspicious when your entire demeanor changed?”

Grenn shrugged. “War breaks people. I made everyone believe I was weak.”

“What about Pyp?”

Grenn laughed while Sam smiled and shook his head. “I regret to inform you that what you have seen with Pyp is his true personality.”

Sansa smiled and joined in with their laughter. “I was afraid of that.”

“I wouldn’t worry about him Sansa. Pyp really is a good flyer, and he despises the Empire. He won’t betray the trust that the Rebellion has placed on him, even if it is a bit premature.” Sam said earnestly.

“I know he won’t.” Sansa looked between the two of them. “No more games?” She asked.

“No more games.” Grenn agreed.

“Good.” Sansa palmed open the door, hesitating before she left the room. “I will see you both with I come back.”

Giving them both a smile, she walked through the blast door and out of the closet. Not wanting to face the ire of Stannis, she set off into a sprint towards control.

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To her relief, Sansa had not been late for the meeting, though she had been amongst the last of the creatures to come into the room. Thankfully, Pyp and Ben had been kind enough to save her a seat next to them towards the back of the room. Up towards the front, she could see Gilly and Willas sitting next to each other, having been some of the first to arrive.

“Sansa!” Turning to the sound of the familiar voice, Sansa waved excitedly to one of the men who had raised her.

“Uncle Bronn! I had no idea you were back!” She gushed.

Rising from her seat, Sansa rushed towards Bronn and allowed herself to be enveloped in a familiar hug. Looking up, she gave the older man an affectionate kiss on the cheek. Though he was not young by standard years, the rapid aging from his Clone genes had caused Bronn to age quickly. His hair was peppered with grey, and there were wrinkles starting to form around his eyes. Age had not slowed him down, however, and Bronn was still as strong and quick as he had ever been. Stannis had honored his rank during the clone wars, meaning Bronn was still a Captain, only now it was with the Republic.

“General Baratheon called all of us back once you contacted him about rescuing Tyrion. Those on the outer rim may not be able to make it, but I was amongst some of the troops that were close by.”

At the front, Colonel Royce stood, signaling that the meeting was about to begin.

“Better go sit with the rest of the officers. We will catch up soon Princess.” Bronn said, patting her
on top of her head.

Sansa smiled softly at his nickname for her, remembering when she had begged him to play Rescue the Princess all those years ago. Nodding in agreement, Sansa sat back down in her chair while Bronn moved to the front of the room.

“Thank you all for coming.” Colonel Royce addressed, opening the meeting. “Due to time constraints, we will forgo our opening agenda. General Baratheon has requested to say a few words, following which I will proceed with the briefing for our upcoming mission.” Royce moved to lean against the back wall, allowing room for Stannis to take the floor.

“We have received an intelligence report that the Empire has discovered the location of our base. In response to this information, Cersei has deployed the Death Star to Greywater Watch. When it arrives, we will be shown no mercy.” Stannis paused, piercing everyone in the room with his gaze.

“We have a little more than one standard hour before the Death Star reaches our location. In that time, we will launch our assault on the battle station. Through the plans provided by Jedi Master Tyrion, we have found a design flaw in the Death Star.”

The room erupted in conversation as everyone began to discuss the severity of their situation. Sansa could see that more than one creature was afraid of what was to come.

Stannis raised his arm to silence the room. “Quiet down.” He commanded. “Before you joined the Rebellion, many of you were just common citizens of the Galaxy. Now, you are soldiers and you will act as such. Battles are not won by timidity. We will defeat the Death Star and take the fight to Cersei’s doorstep. As your leader, I am confident in our victory.”

“How can you be so sure?” Someone called out.

“Because the alternative is failure, and I will not tolerate failure today or any other day. Colonel Royce will lead you through our attack plan.” Stannis motioned for Royce to come back to the floor, then moved to take his seat.

“My friends,” Colonel Royce started, his voice kind and understanding, “I know many of you are scared. The Death Star is truly a formidable weapon. But as General Baratheon said, we can not fail. Planets are counting on us to free them from oppression, and we will not let them down. It may seem like all we have is hope, but rebellions are built on hope. We will be victorious!”

“Hear hear!” Pyp cried next to Sansa, pumping his fist in the air.

“Be quiet.” Sansa whispered, elbowing him in the ribs.

“What? I am just agreeing with what he said. It was very inspirational!” Pyp whispered back, though he yelled out the last part.

Sansa ignored him, trying not to look at all the eyes that were now focused on Pyp after his outburst. Colonel Royce cleared his throat, bringing everyone’s attention back on to him.

“Thank you, young man.”

“The name is Pyp Antilles, former —mph!” Sansa covered his mouth with her hand, stopping Pyp from completing his sentence. There was a time and a place for members of the Rebellion to learn about his former status as a White Walker, and this was not one of them.

“Sorry for the outburst Colonel Royce. Please continue.” Sansa said. Up in front, Colonel Royce began to set up his computer. Sansa turned to glare at Pyp, unable to keep her mouth from opening in
shock as a computer pad appeared out of nowhere for him to take notes on.

“Where did you get that?” She hissed.

“Nicked it off the desk in the interrogation room.” Pyp shrugged as Ben whipped his head to the side to stare at him in shock. “I like to be prepared.”

Colonel Royce pressed a few keys and turned to the computer screen that took up half the size of the wall behind him. A medium size version of the Death Star appeared on the screen.

“The battle station is heavily shielded, and built to withstand a large scale assault. However, we have discovered that a small, one-man fighter should be able to penetrate the outer defense.” He said, pointing to the specific location with a laser pointer.

“Excuse me sir.” Willas said, raising his hand. “But what chance does a single flyer have against all that?” Willas gestured to the map of the Death Star that was currently highlighting its defense weaponry.

“An excellent question.” Colonel Royce clicked a few buttons on the computer. The map began to show a pathway down a single trench. “As mentioned by General Baratheon, we have found a weakness in the battle station, but the approach will not be easy. You will be required to fly straight down this stretch, skimming the surface of the Death Star, to this point.” The map halted to show a tiny opening. “The target is only two meters wide. It is a small thermal exhaust port right below the main port. The shaft leads directly to the reactor system.” A simulated ship fired two torpedoes into the opening. “A direct hit will start a chain reaction, that should destroy the Death Star.”

The room watched as the diagram blew up on the screen. Looking around, Sansa noticed that many of the Rebellion’s pilots were staring at Colonel Royce in disbelief. Next to her, Pyp leaned forward in his chair, his mouth hanging open.

“Do you think it is impossible?” She whispered. In the background, Colonel Royce was discussing how only a direct hit would set off the chain reaction.

Pyp shook his head slowly. “Are you joking? This is fucking amazing! If I had known about this sooner I would have stolen a Tie Fighter and destroyed that piece of shit myself.” He gave her a bright smile.

“So… definitely possible?”

“Fuck yeah it is!”

Sansa returned her attention to the front of the room, where Colonel Royce had begun to field questions. Every creature present seemed concerned about whether hitting the target was possible.

“What are we supposed to hit it with?” A pilot from behind her asked.

“The shaft is ray shielded, so you will have to use proton torpedoes.”

The room erupted in discussion.

“That’s impossible, even for a computer!” Someone called out.

“Bull shit!” Pyp yelled out in response, causing the room to go silent. Sansa cringed, resisting the urge to scoot away from Pyp so that those in the room didn’t correctly guess that she knew him. “I used to bulls-eye romp rats in my T16 back home and they were no bigger than two meters.” Pyp
gave a thumbs up as everyone looked at him in disbelief.

“For the love of the galaxy, please stop talking.” Sansa ground out behind her hand.

Pyp patted her on the shoulder, causing Sansa to sink further down into her chair. From his position at the front of the room, she could see Bronn looking at her, brows furrowed as he tried to figure out who Pyp was and why he was touching her.

“Thank you for that clarification.” Colonel Royce deadpanned. Sitting next to Stannis, Tyrion had begun to cough to hide his laughing. “We will be heading out as soon as the ships are ready. Good luck, and may the force be with you.”

The room erupted into conversation as everyone began to collect their things. Pyp stood with the rest of them, giving the pad back to Ben. Sansa didn’t miss the look Ben shot Pyp as he thanked the other man for sharing.

“Not so fast.” Ben said, grabbing his arm. “Colonel Royce requested to speak with you after the briefing. You as well Sansa.”

Making their way to the front of the room, the three of them joined Colonel Royce. He was currently speaking with Bronn, but stopped their conversation as soon as they approached him.

“Well Pyp Antilles, you sure know how to make an impression.” Colonel Royce said, shaking Pyp’s hand. “Next time, keep the comments to yourself, all right?”

“Roger roger.” Pyp gave him a flimsy salute. Sansa rolled her eyes.

“We have assigned you to the same squadron as Sansa, under the command of Captain Bronn. I hope you are familiar with flying an X-Wing, or at least it’s programming system.”

“I have never flown one before, but we learned about them in the Academy.” Pyp grew serious. “I would like to get suited up and into the cockpit as quickly as I can. The academy was a few years ago, and I would like some time to refamiliarize myself with the system while the ships are prepped.”

“Of course, of course. Right this way young man.” Colonel Royce began to lead Pyp and Ben out of the room, but they were interrupted by Bronn. He grabbed Pyp’s arm, looking him straight in the eye as he spoke.

“Listen soldier, I know all about your White Walker past—”

“Really?” Pyp said doubtfully, shrugging off his grip. “You were only speaking to Colonel Royce for ten seconds before Sansa and I—”

“Enough.” Bronn growled. Sansa winced, knowing how much Bronn hated being interrupted. “I think the trust that is being placed on you is ill-advised, but we need all the pilots we can get so I understand why General Baratheon and Colonel Royce signed off on this. Make no mistake, however. If it looks like you are about to betray the Rebellion, I will not hesitate to open fire on your ship. Understand?”

“Yes.” Pyp said evenly, unafraid of the warning.

“Good.”

Nodding at Sansa, the three men quickly left the room. Frowning, Sansa turned towards Bronn and crossed her arms over her chest, giving him her best disapproving look.
“Uncle Bronn, was the really necessary?” Sansa chided.

“Yes.” He said without hesitation. He looked at her, his brow furrowed. “How do you know that idiot anyway? Don’t think I didn’t notice him touching your shoulder.”

Sansa laughed, rolling her eyes. “Relax Uncle Bronn. Don’t turn this into that one time on Wall when some poor boy came to bring me flowers. Pyp is just a friend, I think.”

“You think?”

“I don’t really know him very well, but I could see us becoming friends.” Sansa paused, looking down at the floor. “That is, if we even get the chance to get to know each other.”

Bronn patted her head, like he did so often when she was a youngling. “It will be all right, Princess. You heard that idiot talking about his T16 or whatever it was. The Death Star can and will be defeated.”

“I hope so Uncle Bronn. I really hope so.” She said, allowing fear to creep into her voice.

“Haven’t you heard, Sansa?” Bronn asked, looking down and giving her a smile. Noticing her tone, Bronn but his arm around her and brought her head to rest in his chest. The sounds of his steady heart beat helped to calm her nerves, and Sansa felt herself relax slightly. “This is a Rebellion. All we need is hope. And a shit load of fire power.”

Chapter End Notes

We are nearing the end of A New Hope! There is only one more chapter left in the Death Star Arc, and then we will be moving into some new territory that will link Episodes IV and V. To be honest, I did have a bit of a crisis this week on if I should just end the story the next chapter or continue on. I wasn't sure if anyone would want to read the new plot lines, but after stressing about it I decided to continue with the story because, ultimately, it is the story that I want to tell.

Thank you everyone so much for reading! Please comment to let me know what you think about the chapter. Have a great week everyone and I will see you all next time!
Chapter Notes

The Battle of Greywater Watch is here my friends! This is the longest chapter I have written, and I hope that it lives up to expectations.

This chapter is formatted a little differently than previous chapters. It will feature Jon's POV in the beginning, before switching over to Sansa's and the battle. I struggled with writing the actual aerial battle because I feel like everyone knows what happens, but ultimately decided to leave it in. Old information can still be exciting, right?

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 17: Battle of Greywater Watch

I'm doing the right thing...

_Dad didn’t want to me to join the Rebellion, and I am honoring his wishes by leaving... Right?_ 

“Don’t look at me like that.” Jon growled, glancing down at his Winterwolf.

He and Ghost were sitting in the room outside of the cockpit on _The ‘Watch_. The Rebellion had paid Jon for his work on Moat Cailin, and he was currently plotting the best course to get to Dothraki as quickly as possible. It was only a matter of time before Drogo and Daenerys sent another bounty hunter after him, and Jon didn’t want to test his luck a second time. Drogo was ruthless to be sure, but his wife was truly crazy.

Ghost gave an annoyed huff in response to Jon’s words. His red eyes narrowed at Jon, as if daring him to say that he didn’t feel guilty for leaving Sansa and not joining the Rebellion. He placed his paw onto the computer console, turning off the screen.

“Ghost!” Jon exclaimed.

His Winterwolf rolled onto his stomach, expecting a belly rub as a reward for doing something good.

_Damn dog._

Sighing heavily, Jon leaned back into his chair, fingering the hem on the jacket that he had taken from Jeor’s closet. Jeor had been taller than Jon, but due to his broad shoulders the jacket had fit him surprisingly well. It was a little long in the torso, but Jon wasn’t picky with his clothing. He wanted to feel close to his father, and if that meant wearing a slightly ill-fitting jacket that was dark blue as opposed to his favored black then so be it.

_Why did you do it, Dad? Why did you die to protect us?_
Jeor had been the smartest person that Jon had known. Even taking into consideration that Jeor was his father and perhaps Jon was being a bit biased, Jon still had a nagging suspicion that Jeor had known that his duel with Night King would be his last. Which begged the question why would he do it? Yes, Jon was there and in danger, but Jeor didn’t just save Jon. He also protected three White Walker deserters and two Jedi who fought for the Rebellion. Jeor could have just taken Jon and left the rest stranded, but he didn’t. Instead he sacrificed himself for his son and a cause he wouldn’t let Jon join when it first started.

Finally giving into to Ghost’s pitiful looks, Jon reached down and scratched the Winterwolf’s stomach. “What do you think, boy? Why do you think Dad did it?”

Ghost’s tongue lolled out his head, and his hind leg started to tap in time with Jon’s ministrations.

“It just doesn’t make any sense. If Dad knew he was going to die and leave me alone, why would he have gone through with it?” Jon stopped petting Ghost. Placing his elbow onto the desk, he rested his head in his palm as he stared at the Dejarik board. Jeor had loved the game because players always had to think multiple steps ahead to beat their opponent, not just one or two.

Dad’s whole life often felt like a game of Dejarik. The amount of planning he would put into missions and back up plans was astounding. Even in our arguments, he always seemed to anticipate my counterpoint to what he was saying. It’s like he knew I was going to ask to join the Rebellion before it even happened...

Jon sat up a little straighter, his hand falling to rest on the countertop next to the computers. He was suddenly feeling much more alert.

“Ghost, do remember when Dad told me I couldn’t join the Rebellion for my own safety? Do you think he was telling the truth or that he was telling me a lie to protect me? Or, that possibly, it was a combination of both? Maybe Dad was telling the truth about not wanting me to join for my safety, but not for the reasons he stated.”

Ghost sat up immediately, yipping and shaking his head enthusiastically.

“You think so too, huh?” Jon asked, ruffling the top of the Ghost’s head. “Dad was a Jedi, even if he left the order before the end of the Clone Wars. All his people were annihilated. Don’t you think he would want to put a stop to the regime that did that? Especially if his former Padawan was one of the instigators. Dad always stressed taking responsibility for your actions; even if it wasn’t his fault that Night King became a Sith Lord, don’t you think he would want to stop him?”

Jon began to pace the room with Ghost following behind him. He felt like he was missing something, but what? Like a light bulb going off in his head, Jon stopped in his tracks and turned around to look down at Ghost.

“Ghost, do you know what makes a Jedi?”

He barked in response, wagging his tail and rubbing his head under Jon’s hand. Running a hand through his hair with his free hand, Jon’s heart beat began to speed up.

“You don’t think Dad refused to let us join the Rebellion to protect me because I am a Jedi, do you?”

Ghost responded by running around Jon, periodically jumping up down in excitement.

Jon stumbled to the Dejarik board, sitting down heavily on the padded bench. Grabbing at his chest, Jon willed his heart to slow down while his thoughts began to go into overdrive. Ghost laid his head in his lap, sensing that Jon needed so comfort.
“I never knew my Mom. Have I told you that before? She died giving birth to me. Dad said that he promised her during his last moments that he would protect me. What if he wasn’t just protecting me, but protecting what I am?” Jon started patting Ghost’s head, finding the action soothing. “Think about it Ghost. Dad knew that if he joined the Rebellion, he would be outed as a Jedi, which would raise questions if I was a Jedi. If I am one, then I would be hunted by the Inquisitors, just like Sansa and Tyrion. But, by refusing to let me join, he could keep me being Force-sensitive a secret. Being a smuggler wasn’t the safest job, but it ensured that he wouldn’t have to deal with the Empire often since we never ran any jobs for them. Plus, we lived on The Watch. By never staying in one place, it would have made it difficult for the Empire, or anyone really, to become suspicious of any force-wielding tendencies I may have demonstrated on accident. We were never around anybody for longer than a day.”

Jon stared down at his hands, willing himself to remember any time he may have felt the force. Unfortunately, he didn’t know what he was looking for. But, he did know two people who did.

“Ghost, we have to go back! Sansa and Tyrion, they have the answers I am looking for!” He cried, standing abruptly and making his way towards the cockpit. He stopped once he reached the door.

“But, if I go back, that means I join the Rebellion. Am I ready to do that?”

Ghost entered the cockpit, whining when Jon didn’t follow him.

“Is it truly what I want?” Jon asked.

Ghost gave him an annoyed look at his hesitance and began to paw at the pilot’s chair.

Jon thought about all the creatures he had met on his travels. Yes, the presence of the Rebellion hadn’t done some of them any favors, but the Empire had always been oppressive even before Stannis had broken off from Cersei. Those creatures would continue to live in squalor if changes weren’t made. Did Jon truly have the courage to fight for them, even if some of them didn’t want to fight for themselves?

“You know the choice you have to make, Jon.”

“Dad?” Jon said, looking around the cockpit. Jon was alone except for Ghost, but Jeor’s voice had sounded so clear.

Jeor, who had died for more than just Jon.

Jon looked at Ghost and then to the chair. He set his face in determination.

“You’re right Ghost. Dad didn’t just sacrifice himself to protect me, but to protect the Rebellion. I have to go back and help them. It isn’t just about me and trying to survive, it’s about something greater.”

Running to the pilot’s chair, Jon quickly put in the coordinates for Greywater Watch and prepared the ship for hyperspace. He was just outside of the planet’s system. If he hurried, he may be able to help them on their assault with the Death Star before it was too late.

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Sansa sat herself down into her T-65 X-Wing starfighter, waiting patiently as Gilly manned the machine that was currently placing LA-D3 into the ship’s external socket. She was hopeful that her droid wouldn’t need to do too many repairs to the starfighter during the battle, but this was a very dangerous mission she was about to embark on. Realistically, Sansa knew there was a good chance
none of them would come back alive.

In the X Wing next to her, she watched Pyp as he continued to familiarize himself with the ships controls. It was odd to watch the Starfallian take something so seriously. He already had all his piloting gear on, and was currently talking with the mech droid that had been assigned to him about the quickest way to get the ship up to full speed. Sansa knew she would be lying to herself if she said she wasn’t the least bit curious of how well he could fly. Pyp had bragged about it enough times that she honestly wondered if we as good as he said he was.

The sirens attach to the hangar bay started to beep, signaling that it was time for takeoff. Sansa placed her helmet over her braid and closed the canopy. Flipping on the engines, she shook slightly as the ship roared to life.

“May I have your attention.” The voice of Stannis Baratheon came over the starfighter’s comm link. Looking around, Sansa verified that it wasn’t just her X-wing that was receiving this message; all the pilots within eye sight were sitting at rapt attention. “The Death Star was just entered Greywater Watch’s orbit. The battle station is approximately fifteen minutes away from being able to make contact. I repeat, the Death Star is fifteen minutes away from targeting range on Greywater Watch.” Sansa let out a gasp, covering her mouth in horror.

Stannis continued. “Do not be afraid. Our battle plans have not changed, and we will be victorious. I will see you after our victory.” Her comm system went silent, signaling the end of the message.

Looking up from her computer, where she was receiving a series of terrified messages from LA-D3, Sansa saw Tyrion standing next to the blast doors with a pair of ear muffs to protect him from the noise.

“Trust in the force, my Padwan.” He mouthed.

Shaking her head, Sansa waited for the Red Squadron to be called for departure.

“I know that what we just heard is not the best of news,” Bronn’s voice came over the comm to address the pilots next, “but General Baratheon is right. Our mission is still the same. I want each of you to look for opportunities to make the trench run. Once you see it, take it. The rest of us will have your back.”

“Copy Red Leader.” Willas’s voice replied. The rest of the pilots chimed their agreement, though Pyp’s consisted of a “fuck yeah”.

Gold group, which consisted of the Y-Wings, left the hangar first. Sansa watched with trepidation as Willas’s ship flew out of the hangar, noticeable amongst the others due to the flowers he had painted on the outside.

Willas had joined the Rebellion when it first started, and had quickly proven himself as an ace pilot. A member of the highly influential Tyrell family, Stannis had hoped that Willas would inspire the rest of his kin to join the Rebellion. Sadly, that had not been the case. He had confided in Sansa once that his grandmother was very cunning, and would only back those whose power was the most stable, thus securing her own position of influence. Now it was the Empire and Cersei, but if the Rebellion began to win the war she would switch and back Stannis. When Sansa asked him why he hadn’t stayed in Highgarden with his family, Willas told her that unlike the rest of them he held no political ambition, instead caring deeply for those living on his planet. Instead of aligning himself with those who could give him power, he chose to side with those who would help his people the most. While Stannis was far from warm, he did care about the creatures of the Galaxy and their welfare, which made him better then Cersei in Willas’s opinion.
Sansa idled her ship over to the waiting que, where the X-Wings were lining up by call sign.

“All right, let’s move out.” Bronn said, having received word it was their turn.

Waiting patiently for the five X-wings ahead of her to go first, Sansa hit the ships thrusters, gaining the proper speed to keep her from crashing once she left the hangar bay. Once through the opening, she shifted her controls back, turning the nose cone up and quickly leaving the ships atmosphere.

“All wings report in.” Bronn commanded once everyone had left the planets atmosphere.

“Red Two standing by!” Pyp shouted with enthusiasm. “And can I just say—”

“No, you can’t.” Bronn growled back, cutting him off.

Sansa giggled, waiting for her turn.

“Red Five standing by,” She said after four had gone.

Once everyone called in, Bronn directed them to open their wings into attack position. Sansa did so, starting to feel the apprehension that came every time she prepared for an aerial attack.

Unsurprisingly, Bronn had taught her how to fly at a young age. He had started her on speeders, then gradually introduced harder vehicles until she was ready for an X-Wing. Unlike her combat, which Sansa was constantly working on, flying was something that had come naturally to her. While she may not have been as good at Bronn, she could easily hold her own in a fight.

“There she is boys and girls.” Bronn stated as the Death Star came into view, making its way around the moon that was currently protecting Greywater Watch. The battle station was just as ugly as she remembered. “The tractor beam has been turned off, so don’t worry about it sucking you in. Just focus on the mission and everything will be fine.”

Sansa frowned, thinking about how it had been Jeor who had done that. Had it only been a day since he sacrificed himself, so their group could escape? It felt like lifetimes.

“Trust in the force, Sansa.”

Shaking her head a little, Sansa hit the side of her helmet that held the communication system. It had sounded like Master Tyrion had spoken to her, but that was impossible. During aerial battles, Colonel Royce was the one who manned the bases comm systems. Tyrion’s expertise was in ground assaults.

“Use the force Sansa.”

Sansa shook her head again, willing herself to focus on the mission. Now was not the time to start hearing things, even if it was Master Tyrion. Besides, she didn’t have time to try and decipher his meaning. She was a Jedi; of course, she would be using the force to help her. Why did he think she wouldn’t?

“Red Leader, this is Gold Leader. We are starting for the target shaft now.”

Three Y Wings broke off from the group, heading towards their destination while the rest pulled back to engage the surface canons. Though Stannis had called as many pilots back as he could, the combination of the last-minute command and the heavy casualties the Rebellion had suffered while getting the plans to the Death Star left the Rebellion with only eight Y-Wings and twenty-two X-Wings that could be flown. Sansa was sure their lack of numbers had been the main reason Stannis
had given the go ahead to have Pyp fly. The Rebellion was currently desperate, and they needed any pilot they could find to fly their spare ships.

Bronn’s voice came over the comm. “Copy Gold Leader. Our squadrons will cover you. All Red ships, increase to attack speed. Focus all fire on the outer cannons.”

Green squadron echoed Bronn’s words, and soon all the X-Wings were flying towards the battle stations outer defenses that surrounded the target shaft. Turning on her ships deflector shields, Sansa maneuvered herself at the head of her three-man squadron. Her group consisted of Pyp and Obi, a kind boy who had joined the Rebellion two years ago. Flanking her right and left side, the group of three made their way towards the cannons.

“Bravo group, I will fly down and draw cannon fire. Pyp and Obi, you hang back and handle the cannons.”

“Roger Red Five.” Obi said.

“You got it Sassy Pants.” Pyp replied. Sansa rolled her eyes, wanting to chastise Pyp for his poor timing in giving her a nickname. Also, she hated it.

Flying low, Sansa brought her X-Wing to just above the Death Star’s surface. The cannons were grouped into an organized line, which benefited their attack plan. Staying just ahead of their fire, Sansa zoomed ahead while Pyp and Obi held back slightly, waiting for the canons to follow her movements before opening fire with their own laser canons. Sansa’s plane lurched to the right, letting her know that she had been hit.

“You okay there Sansa?” Obi asked.

Sansa looked down at her computer screen, assessing the damage. “I’m fine, just a hit on my power generator. It’s nothing that LA-D3 can’t handle.”

Bronn’s voice came through the comm. “Keep an eye on it Red Five. If it starts acting up, I want you out of enemy territory immediately.”

“Copy that Red Leader.”

Sansa turned her ship around, ready to make her next run.

“I’ll take point this time.” Obi said before Sansa could head down. “Pyp is the better shot, and I can do more good deflecting cannon fire. Sansa, fly high and wait until you are fixed to join us.”

Obi flew his ship low, getting ready to make the run. Sansa stayed up as commanded, though it irked her to be sidelined, even if it would be for just one run.

“Hurry it up LA-D3.” She commanded. The droid beeped in agreement, already half way done with the repair job.

Watching the run, Sansa realized that Pyp was just as good as he had bragged. He expertly dogged cannon fire that Obi was not able to redirect, hitting three canons before having to pull up. All around them, X-Wing groups were performing similar tactics. The battle had already been going on for a few minutes, but it already looked like the Rebellion would be successful. This made her nervous. Everything was feeling too easy, but she held back on voicing that to anyone but herself. It wouldn’t be good for moral if she stated her concerns over the comm systems.

“Nice shooting Pyp.” She said instead, opting for positivity.
“Fuck yes it was!” He exclaimed, bringing his ship around and flying it next to hers. “These ships are far superior to Tie Fighters.”

“How would you know that?” Obi asked, suspicious.

“It doesn’t matter.” Sansa stated quickly. “It looks like Gold team is heading in. Let’s give them some backup during their run and try to pick up some of their cannon fire. Shoot the cannons when you have the shot, but only when Gold team is safe from misfire.”

Both men copied, and they flew their ships low again, this time toward to the trench. Pyp took out one cannon quickly, while Sansa took out another. After Obi hit a third canon, the trench became eerily still.

“Something isn’t right.” Obi said, confused. “None of these cannons have opened fire on us.”

“I noticed that.” Sansa replied, taking aim at another cannon. Instead of defending itself, the cannon just sat there, almost like those manning it had been told to hold back.

“I’ve got a bad feeling about this.” For the first time since the mission started, Pyp sounded worried.

“Attention all fighters. You’ve got incoming hostiles.” General Royce’s voice came through the comm.

Panicking, Sansa looked down at her computer but saw no warning of the impending fighters.

“Are you sure?” She questioned. “I don’t see anything coming on my computer.”

“It’s the Death Star. It’s scrambling our systems.” Pyp muttered.

“Sansa, get your group out of the trench. Focus all your attention on the fighters.” Bronn said. “My team will remain on the outside cannons.”

“Green squadron, join Sansa’s group and engage the fighters. Don’t take them lightly. If the cannons have been turned off, the Empire must be confident in their fighters skill to end us.” General Royce said.

“All ships this is Gold Leader. We copy your commands, and will continue with our run.”

Sansa pulled up of the trench, watching as the three Y-Wings continued to speed down the lane. Looking through her canopy, she saw eight Tie Fighters closing in. While the Rebellion had already lost four ships, numbers were still on their side, giving Sansa some hope. As soon as they were in range, the Tie Fighters opened fire, immediately hitting three of their ships.

*Don’t panic Sansa. We still have twenty-three ships. We can handle these fighters easily.*

“I see the fighters. Bravo group, attack formation. Obi, take point. Pyp and I will cover you.”

Pyp let out a “whoop”, arcing his plane up and placing himself the behind the tie fighters. He immediately started to fire, taking care to not hit Obi who was weaving himself in and out of their target range.

“I’ve been hit!” A member from Gold team cried. Close enough to the trench that she could see what was happening, Sansa winced as she realized that the three-man group was being followed by two Tie fighters. The ship that had been maimed spiraled out of control, colliding with the surface of the Death Star.
“Keep going Gold Leader.” A member of the now two-man squadron encourage. “You are almost —”

The voice cut off, one of the back ships exploding into space.

“Gold Leader, you have two Tie Fighters on your tail. Pull out.” Bronn commanded.

“Negative, just a little farther and I will have the shot.” Gold Leader responded.

“I said pull out. You don’t stand a chance against two Tie Fighters. Let my squadron go in and —” Bronn stopped abruptly. Sansa had flown away from the fight and could no longer see what was happening, but she didn’t need to, in order to know what had happened.

Looking through her canopy, all Sansa saw was chaos, as the highly skilled Tie Fighters picked off the Rebellion ships one by one. Thus far, it looked like only two Tie Fighters had been hit compared to at least a dozen Rebellion ships. Looking down at her computer, Sansa listened to the warning beep as a Tie Fighter flew in behind her.

“Sassy pants, it looks like you’ve got a tail. Hold him off a little longer and I will take care of him for you.”

“Copy Pyp. I’ll take him down low to see if I can get some of these canons in the process. Maybe he will be more discreet with his shooting if there is a chance he could hit the Death Star.”

Sansa flew down towards the remaining cannons, which had resumed opening fire. It appeared that the Empire didn’t care about their ships getting caught in the cross fire. Being victorious was far more important to them then the lives of their soldiers. Sansa took a few shots while weaving her ship to either side so that she could avoid being hit by the Tie Fighter.

“I’m closing in Sansa. Hold your position to stop him from mirroring your movements.”

Sansa adjusted her controls, now flying in a straight line. It made her an easier shot, but Sansa trusted Pyp to get the Tie Fighters before it got her.

“Got him Sansa!” Pyp cried.

Sansa pulled her ship the left, just in time to watch the aftermath of her attacker’s explosion.

“Thanks, Pyp. I guess you really can fly a plane.”

“Never doubt me Sassy pants!”

Together, she and Pyp steered their ships towards Obi, who was currently in a fire fight with another Tie Fighter. Closing in on their location, Sansa took out the flyer easily.

“Base, what’s our status?” Sansa asked. Ships were speeding too quickly for her to get a head count on how many ships the Rebellion had left.

“Bravo group is the only three man squadron left. Gold Six has taken damage to his ion cannons and is unable to offer any fire support. Red Leader is covering him.” Colonel Royce said succinctly.

Sansa let out a breath of relief, happy to know that Willas was still alive.

“And?...” Obi pressed, hoping for better news then what was just given to them.

“Two minutes until the Death Star makes contact with Greywater Watch.” Colonel Royce replied,
worry tinged his voice.

“That’s it?!” Obi squeaked.

“That is fucking more than enough!” Pyp rallied. “We are still here and fighting. Besides, only three Tie Fighters remain. Easy pickings.”

Buoyed by Pyp’s resolve, Sansa took control of her group.

“Listen up boys. We are going into that trench and we are going full throttle. That should keep those fighters off our backs. I will take point.”

“Sansa—”

“No Red Leader, your all that’s left of your unit. Cover us from up top.” Sansa hated to give Bronn orders, but she knew that she was right. Red 7 and Red 9 had been hit while trying to deflect blaster fire. She had flown with Obi since he joined the Rebellion, and she trusted Pyp. It would be better for Bronn to try to help them from outside the trench, as opposed to doing the run with two people whose flying styles he was unused to.

“Copy that. Gold Six, let’s create a diversion for Bravo group. Those Tie Fighter will follow them into the trench, but the cannons don’t have to. Good luck you three.”

“Let’s fucking destroy this piece of shit.” Pyp cried. Sansa imagined that if had said it outside of a cockpit he would have emphasized his point with a fist pump.

Shaking her head in silent agreement, Sansa took her ship back into the trench. They were going twice the speed as the previous group, but it didn’t seem to make a difference. After a few brief moments, all cannons ceased fire.

“You kids have got three Tie Fighters on your tail. I will try to take them from here. Gold 6, pull back.”

“Negative Red leader. Continue your focus on the canons at the end the run. Obi and Pyp can handle these Tie Fighters.” Sansa increased her throttle, hoping to use her speed to outrun the ships.

Bronn hesitated slightly before responding. “Copy Red 5. Gold 6, stay in position. We will carry on with our current mission.”

“Copy Red Leader.” Willas said.

Pyp position his ship right behind her left side, while Obi took her right.

“We are right behind you Sansa!” Pyp cried.

“Sansa, with this speed do you think we will be able to pull out on time?” Obi asked.

“You be your ass we can!” Pyp responded for her. “Never question our leader.”

Sansa smiled. Pyp may be annoying but it was hard not to be caught up in his enthusiasm.

“Don’t worry Obi, it will be just like Beggars Swamp on Greywater.”

“Copy Sansa. We will stay back just far enough to cover you.”

She read her computer message from LA-D3, letting her know that the other two ships had indeed
fallen back, though not by much. Determined to make it to the exhaust port before the Death Star reached Greywater Watch, Sansa increased her speed even more. In response, her X-Wing began to shake, not used to the pace.

“Come on baby, just a little further.” Sansa urged the ship. Hearing a beep, she looked down and saw that her power generator was beginning to malfunction again after its earlier hit.

“LA-D3, it looks like the power generator is giving me some more trouble. Fix it as quickly as possible. I have to maintain my speed.”

Sansa sighed in relief when the beeping stopped, the sign that LA-D3 was working on the problem. Cannon fire inside the trench had begun again, making them dodge enemy fire from both the front and back of their ships. Using a series of up and down bobs, Sansa was able to evade enemy fire.

Suddenly, Pyp’s worried voice came through the comm’s. “My thermal thrust engine has taken a hit. Don’t worry, I can stay behind and—”

Sansa cut Pyp off. “No, Pyp. Get out quick. You can’t do anymore good back there. Obi and I can handle it.”

“Copy.” Pyp replied hesitantly.

Looking up, Sansa watched as Pyp’s X-Wing flew overhead and out of firing range. None of the Tie Fighters followed, leaving her and Obi outnumbered. Bronn was still aiming at the cannons closest to the exhaust port (that were currently shooting at her and Obi), and she didn’t want to call him back to target the Tie Fighters when he only had one more cannon left and was covering Willas, who had been using his own ship to draw their fire. Sansa and Obi had no choice but to continue the run, and hope that the Tie Fighters didn’t get the better of them.

“We are almost there Obi. I am switching on my targeting computer now.”

“Copy, San—Argh!” Obi screamed.

Looking back and to her right, Sansa watched with horror as Obi rammed his X-wing into the wall, his ship exploding. Now it was just her and three highly skilled Tie Fighters. Sansa let out a shaky breath, willing herself to be brave.

*My name is Sansa Snow. I am a Jedi. I got the fuel, and I saved my master. I will not cower!*

Pressing a button on her right console, Sansa leaned herself into the targeting computer that came to just above her left eye. Looking through it, she twisted a control so that she could get a better view of the exhaust port. She was so close now. Just a hundred feet more and she would have the perfect shot.

*Use the Force, Sansa.*

Sansa took her view away from the computer, looking around her cockpit and expecting Master Tyrion to show up any moment.

*Trust me Sansa. Let go and use the Force.*

Calming herself, Sansa pondered the words she was hearing. She could either trust in technology, or the Force. It was either the way of the Galaxy, or the way of the Jedi. Making up her mind, Sansa clicked the button again, moving the targeting computer back to its resting bed.
“Are you all right Sansa? We see that your computer has been shut down.” Colonel Royce asked.

“I’m fine.” Sansa answered back with conviction. She didn’t have time for explanations.

Weaving her ship from left to right again, Sansa cleared her mind, forcing herself to see the target with the Force. She would only get one chance, and failure was not an option. The lead Tie Fighter shot at her, lurching her X-wing as the fire came into contact with LA-D3. From inside her cockpit, she could hear the droid’s mechanized screaming. Her computer immediately started beeping again, this time alerting her to a problem with the stabilizer. Everything seemed dire, but she refused to let herself get caught up in the situation.

There was only her, and the Force guiding her. There was nothing else.

“Almost.. there…” She breathed.

Sensing danger, Sansa whipped her head around without thinking to see that the lead Tie Fighter was right behind her ship and most likely had her targeted perfectly.

*I am going to die.*

*Everyone is going to die.*

Then, as if in slow motion, Sansa watched as the bright blue light of a laser came out of nowhere, destroying one of the back Tie Fighters.

“Bronn? Pyp? Was that—”

“I always shoot first sweetling and don’t you forget it!”

“Jon?!” Sansa cried in disbelief.

As if on cue, Jon hit a second Tie Fighter. It sped out of control, hitting the lead fighter and sending it into orbit before crashing itself into the Death Star.

“You’re all clear sweetling! Now let’s blow this thing and go home!” Jon cried.

Sansa closed her eyes and cleared her mind, waiting for the signal to shoot her proton torpedoes.

*I am so close. Just a little farther and I will be able to see it…*

*There!*

“Now!” She called out to herself. She pressed the button on top of her ships controls, sending the torpedoes flying towards the exhaust port. Pulling the nose up, Sansa forced the X-wing out of the trench as quickly as possible so that she wouldn’t crash into the exhaust port. It was a case of missing by millimeters, but the ship pulled out just in time.

“It’s a hit! I don’t believe it!” Colonel Royce screamed. “All fighters, pull away now. We only have seconds before that things blows.”

Keeping her speed, Sansa took off towards Bronn, Willas and Pyp, who were all flying away from the Death Star. Up ahead, she could see *The Knights Watch*. In contrast to the Rebellion fighters, it wasn’t moving but rather floating idly. Sansa felt like Jon was waiting to make sure she was safe before he headed out.

True to her suspicions, once her ship passed him, Sansa turned around to see that Jon was following
Sansa gently landed her ship, mindful of the hits it had taken. She wasn’t surprised to see Gilly already there, ready with the machine to pull LA-D3 out. Sansa opened her canopy with a slam, eager to exit her X-Wing. Using the force, Sansa lifted herself out of the seat and jumped gracefully from the ship without waiting for the ladder to be brought to her.

“Don’t worry Sansa, D3 will be just fine.” Gilly said assuredly. She had taken the droid out it’s external socket and was examining her along with another mechanic. LA-D3 was unresponsive, and there were scorch marks on her where her circuits had malfunctioned.

“Huh?” Sansa replied, distracted. She hadn’t been paying attention, instead craning her neck to see where Jon had landed. Sansa looked down at her friend, feeling guilty that her first worry hadn’t been for her faithful droid.

Gilly laughed at her. “Go find him Sansa. I will take care of LA-D3.”

“Thanks Gilly!” Sansa gave her a quick hug before taking off to where the bigger ships tended to be docked, figuring Jon would have been told to land there.

“Sansa!” She heard Uncle Bronn call out to her as she sprinted past his ship. He was just stepping off his dismounting ladder.

“Later Uncle Bronn!” She called back. In the background she could hear Pyp laughing at her, explaining to Bronn that she had a very important person to see. Sansa could practically hear Bronn growling through the noise when Pyp mentioned that said person was a man.

Maneuvering herself through the crowds of celebrating creatures, Sansa finally saw The ‘Watch towards the back east wall. Jon had just put down the loading ramp, and was running down it with Ghost by his side.

“Jon!” She yelled, waving her hands into the air. She pulled off her helmet and thrust it into the hands of the nearest bystander, allowing Jon to get a better look at her face.

Jon looked up, following the sound of her voice. Upon seeing her, his eyes lit up and he took off in her direction with Ghost on his heels. He smiled at her, hips lips curving down instead of upward, a trademark that was uniquely him. Feeling her heart speed up, Sansa took off in a crazed sprint. Neither paused when they came close to each other. Instead, Sansa leapt at Jon who caught her in his arms.

“Jon! You came back!” She exclaimed, her voice muffled by his shoulder.

Jon spun her around, causing Sansa to tip her head back and laugh. “‘Course I did.” He said simply once he had stopped.

Sansa stared into his dark brown eyes and leaned her forehead into his. “I am so happy you came back.” She whispered, closing her eyes and relishing being back in his presence.

Jon took her face into his hands and brought his lips to her forehead.

“Me too, Sansa. Me too.”
The Rebels have defeated the Death Star! And Jon came back! And Pyp, Bronn, and Willas all lived through the battle! Huzzah!

I watched the Battle on Yavin IV so many times to get everything right that I feel like I can never watch A New Hope the same way again. It is astonishing to me that I have finished Episode IV for this story, and will soon be moving onto Episode V.

I hope everyone enjoyed this chapter! Please comment if you like. It is always wonderful to hear everyone thoughts and opinions on the story.

Take care my friends and I will catch you all on Sunday!
The Beginning of Something New

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for your hit, comments, and kudos last chapter! I am truly humbled by the positive reactions to The Battle on Greywater Watch.

This chapter finishes up A New Hope with a medal ceremony and some fluff. I think our characters need some time to just be young and carefree, don't you? I hope you enjoy!

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 18: The Beginning of Something New

Are you proud of me, Dad?

I don’t know if this is what you would have wanted, but I’ve got to follow what I think is right for me. Right now, that means joining the Rebellion. I know you didn’t join because you wanted to protect me, but it’s time for me to start protecting others.

I promise you that I will be the man you taught me to be.

Jon took a deep breath, running his hands through his hair and pulling his curls into a low bun. Growing up it was just him and Jeor, and being the center of attention in a large crowd made him nervous. Sensing his unease, Ghost began to lick his hand, making him unable to fidget with the hem of his jacket like he wanted to.

“Don’t be nervous Jon. It’s just a ceremony.” Sansa whispered next to him.

Following their mission debriefing, General Baratheon had announced a medal ceremony for those who had returned from the Battle on Greywater Watch to take place after the evening meal. Jon had been surprised, feeling that Stannis was not one for celebration. Sensing his shock, Sansa told him that Colonel Royce and Master Davos were often encouraging the General to do more to keep morale up. In response to their council, Stannis had started presenting medals for those who distinguished themselves by acts of valor during battle. Jon had been surprised when he had read his name among those to be recognized since he hadn’t joined the battle until the end. Stannis had assured him that his presence was vital in their victory, as it had allowed Sansa to make the shot that ended the Death Star. Stannis’s demeanor had brokered no room for argument, so Jon had simply thanked him for the recognition and gone silent.

“I don’t like big crowds.” Jon muttered, clenching and unclenching his free hand that currently wasn’t covered in wolf slobber.

“Big surprise mate.” Pyp said with a roll of his eyes. “Just keep your chin up and don’t look at anybody It’s the looking that will get you.”
Bronn stepped out of his position at the end of the line and glared at Pyp.

“Get a lot of awards for the Empire, White Walker?” Bronn growled.

Jon started squirming, now wishing that the doors would open so that the impending confrontation would be stopped. If he had been surprised when his name was called as a medal recipient, Jon had been blindsided to hear Pyp’s name called after his.

“Once again, the name is Pyp Antilles. I am proud to say I have never received a medal for the Empire.” Pyp came out of the line to look at Bronn. Both men stood a few feet apart from each other, and Jon felt like they were sizing up the competition.

Bronn crossed his arms and glared at him. “You still flew for them.”

“Yes, I did. Since you have already judged me I will not bother to tell you why I joined the Empire and why I left it, but believe me when I say that I hope the Empire and Her Royal Bitch Cersei all burn slowly and fucking painfully. I stand with the Rebellion.” Smiling at Bronn and giving him a sarcastic salute, Pyp returned to his place next to Jon, patting him on the shoulder as he did so. “I’m happy to have you back mate.”

“Thanks, Pyp.” Jon said, surprised to find that he meant it.

“Pyp and his friends are good, Uncle Bronn. You may not see it now, but you will in time.” Sansa said gently from her place in between Bronn and Jon.

Jon sighed, wondering once again if everyone in the Rebellion would share the same opinion as Sansa once it was discovered where Pyp, Sam, and Grenn came from. That is, if that information was ever allowed to come out. At the moment, everyone but the higher-ranking officers assumed that the two humans and one Starfallian had been liberated from the holding cells of the Death Star at the same time as Master Tyrion, or that they had already been a part of Jon’s crew. It was standard procedure for those looking to join the Rebellion to undergo a series of background checks, thus making their time in the holding cell normal and unsuspicious. Stannis had placed a gag order on those who knew their actual identity, forbidding them to speak the truth. Jon wouldn’t be surprised if the General decided to keep their true origins a secret from those in the Rebellion until the war was over; everyone needed to be focused on battling the Empire, and not each other.

The blast door opened, ending their conversation. Sansa reached out to him, giving his hand a small squeeze of encouragement before letting go. The ceremony was taking place in the Grand Ceremonial Chamber of the Great Temple. Huge stone structures arched along the sides and ceilings of the room, with square openings cut into the stone to provide a view of Greywater Watch’s lush greenery. The Rebellion soldiers were lined up on either side of the walkway and were organized according to their occupation within the Rebellion. At the end of the walkway was a raised platform where the leaders of the Rebellion stood. Jon internally winced looking at the steps leading up to their position, hoping that he didn’t do something stupid like trip and fall flat onto his face.

He had put on his best clothes for the ceremony, though walking next to Sansa he still felt woefully under dressed. He had decided upon seeing her that Sansa could make even the plainest of clothing look beautiful if she was wearing it. He tried to not think about it immediately after, as he didn’t want it to be obvious that he was essentially checking her out. She was wearing a fitted yellow jacket, tan tunic, and brown leather pants that she had tucked into her boots. Instead of her usual braid, she had left her red hair down, letting it flow in soft waves down her back. Jon had stopped himself from reaching out to touch it numerous times. In comparison, he was wearing his father’s old jacket, a black tunic, black cargo pants, and a black scarf. Pyp had snorted when he saw him, wondering if Jon had ever heard of any other color besides black. He had stopped his teasing though when Jon
threatened to rescind his offer to loan him some clothing, leaving him in nothing but his underwear.

Walking up the steps, Jon stopped from completing the last two, having been signaled to do so by Tyrion. The dwarf looked better then the last time Jon had seen him, though his face and arms were covered in numerous bacta patches. Without saying a word, Stannis came forward along with Davos. The Jedi was holding a tray that had five golden medals with green ribbon laid out in a neat line. In the middle of each medal was the insignia of the rebellion. Taking a medal from the line, Stannis first placed on around Bronn’s neck before continuing down the line. Jon was sure that the look Stannis gave him when giving Jon his medal was one that was meant to see into the heart of his very soul. Once complete, Colonel Royce motioned for them to turn around and face those present.

“My fellow members of the Rebellion.” Stannis began, his voice loud and strong. The room was big, but Jon had no doubt that everyone could hear their leader. “Today, we have dealt the Empire and their fraudulent leader a mighty blow. Thanks to the courage of these fine men and woman, the Death Star is no longer a threat to this Galaxy.” Stannis paused a moment, waiting for the applause to calm down before continuing. “We shall never forget the sacrifices that have been made, both during the Battle of Greywater Watch and the ones before it. For those men and women, and for those still living in oppression, we continue to fight. Make no mistake, the war is far from over. Tomorrow, we will leave Greywater Watch behind and search for a new planet for our base of operation. Let us remember tonight, however, that we were victorious. To the Rebellion, and our victory.”

Jon glanced behind him, just in time to see General Baratheon salute his troops. Looking back into the crowd, every member of the Rebellion answered back with a salute of their own.

“Drink up mate! Shit gets real tomorrow!” Pyp yelled over the sound of the party. Handing Jon a mug of homemade moonshine, Pyp took a huge gulp of his drink, smacking his lips together at the taste. He was wearing a short-sleeved tunic and tech vest, putting his tribal tattoos on full display. In the low lighting of the hangar bay, his yellow markings seemed to glow with a life of their own. The bright yellow made Jon think that the color symbolized Pyp perfectly: happy and care-free. While he had seen him serious a few times, most notably this afternoon with Bronn, for the most part Pyp seemed content to enjoy life, especially now that he was away from the Empire.

Jon brought his drink to his lips as he watched the hundreds of creatures around him enjoying themselves. It seemed like the gathering was as much a celebration of their victory over the Empire as it was a remembrance of those who sacrificed their lives fighting for the Rebellion. Every so often somebody would raise their mug and dedicate their next drink to a fallen comrade. After a chorus of agreement, the room would delve into tales about the creature amongst the various groups. Jon had liked that; it made him feel like he was around family, even if he didn’t know anyone and wasn’t apart of any conversations.

To Dad, Jon thought, raising his mug just slightly. Taking a tentative sip, he immediately started coughing. The moonshine was strong and burned the back of his throat.

Okay, maybe not that drink. I will have to wait to dedicate one to Dad when I am not choking immediately after.

“Amazing, isn’t it?” Pyp gushed before taking another swig, his Adams apple bobbing up and down. “How the hell are you drinking this?!” Jon exclaimed. Spurred on by Pyp’s mocking gaze, he took another small sip. This time he managed to keep his mouth closed while coughing.

Laughing, Pyp made a gesture to his numerous tattoos. “You don’t get these sober unless you are a
fucking idiot. Or you want to prove how strong you are. Believe me when I say that was last thing I cared about when receiving mine.”

“I can’t really see you as someone who feels the need to prove their mettle.” Jon agreed sarcastically.

“Nope! I am completely confident that I am a fucking wuss when it comes to pain of any kind.” Pyp finished the rest of the drink, saying that he would wait a few minutes before getting another.

“Are you worried at all about tomorrow?” Jon asked quietly, just in case someone was listening in on their conversation. He doubted the possibility though. They were standing next to storage crates along the back wall, and while the room was filled to capacity, nobody had spoken to them since they had entered. Jon had felt more than overwhelmed when he and Pyp had first entered. As soon as they walked through the blast doors they had been mauled by creatures, shaking their hands and offering their sincerest thanks for saving them. To his relief, the fervor had died down after a few minutes.

“Nah. After today I’m pretty sure I will pass the enquiry and be allowed to stay. Sam should be fine as well. Poor chap is pretty harmless.”

“What about Grenn?”

Pyp rubbed the back of his head in thought. “Despite what Grenn said about still being with the Empire if not for the whole ‘kill people and don’t ask questions about it’ problem, I believe he would have eventually left them. Loyalty means a lot of to him after growing up in a gang where everyone looked out for each other, and it was hard for him to start acting like an idiot all-of-a-sudden just so that he could be transferred. He still did it, because he hated himself and what he was being forced to do, but it took Grenn a while to not feel like shit for what he had done. To him, it felt like an act of betrayal to his fellow soldiers, but he just couldn’t go on, ya know?”

Jon shook his head in understanding. “Do you think they will let you guys say you were former White Walkers?” Jon mouthed the last two words.

“Eh, I don’t care one way or the other. I’m not ashamed of my past because it made me who I am now, but I understand why they would want to keep it a secret. Sam probably wants to forget it ever happened, and I doubt Grenn has an opinion on it.”

Jon set his mug down on a nearby crate, finally finishing his drink. He looked around at the people dancing, trying to spot if Sansa was amongst the crowd. She had been whisked away after the ceremony by Tyrion and Davos. Jon hadn’t seen her since.

“Looking for someone?” Pyp asked, a big dorky grin on his face.

“You know Jon, a friend doesn’t—

Stop it.

Jon sighed, not ready to have yet another argument with himself over his feelings for Sansa.

Pyp sat down next to the drink, folding his arms and crossing his ankles as he leaned back. “Good. Our Sassy Pants sure is special, isn’t she?”
“Sassy Pants?” Jon frowned, looking down at him. “There is no way she is all right with that nickname.”

“It’s growing on her.”

“It’s not.” Sansa said from behind him. Pyp let out a squeak and fell off the crate, causing Jon and Sansa to laugh. Jon tried not to notice his heart rate pick up at the sound.

Sansa was still in her clothes from earlier, though the heat from the planet’s atmosphere had prompted her to remove her jacket. Her tunic underneath was sleeveless, giving Jon a perfect view of her toned arms. Standing with her where her two friends from earlier, though Jon couldn’t remember their names since their meeting had been so brief. He did remember, however, how close the Gar’den had been standing next to Sansa, and noticed with some satisfaction that he was standing next to the other girl now and far away from Sansa.

“No wolf tonight?” The girl asked politely. She was no longer in her mechanic garb, but had on a loose fighting dress that went to just below her knees. It was a deep green, matching the color of the tree tops outside.

“Ghost doesn’t like big crowds.” Jon said rather bluntly, shifting his attention to her. He had been looking at Sansa but trying to make it appear as if he wasn’t looking at her.

“Oh, sorry, I didn’t mean to—”

“It’s all right.” Jon put up a hand to stop her. “To be honest I am not very good with big crowds either.” The girl gave him a kind smile, letting Jon know he was forgiven for his blunt statement.

Pyp hopped off the floor, standing next to Jon. “Sassy Pants! I don’t believe I have had the pleasure of meeting your friends yet. I’m Pyp Antilles.” Pyp said with his usual cheer, bringing his hand to his chest.

Sansa glared daggers at him while her friends laughed.

“You have to admit Sansa, it does fit you pretty well.” The Gar’den said, immediately making him the receiver of Sansa’s glare. The young man shrugged his shoulders before focusing on Pyp. “I’m Willas, and this is Gilly.” He said, pointing between them.

“Pleasure.” Pyp said, shaking each of their hands. “It was an honor flying out there with you today Willas. You have some real skill as a pilot.”

“You’re one to talk. The flying you showed today was first class. I can’t believe you have never flown an X-Wing before. What did you fly before joining us?” Willas asked.

“Oh, this and that. Everyone in my family is a pilot, so it’s hard to remember sometimes.” Pyp said, deflecting the question. “Thanks for the compliment. It’s nice to see some people recognize talent around here.” He said, giving Jon a side-eye. Everyone laughed while Jon rolled his eyes.

“Maybe if you had actually done some flying when you were first in my ship I wouldn’t have been so critical.” He muttered.

“You couldn’t fly his ship?” Willas asked, confused.

“Fuck no! Have you seen that cockpit? That ship has been plucked and prodded so much it’s a damn miracle it still runs!”
“Hey! That ship saved your ass!”

“For which I will be forever grateful.” Pyp said sincerely, placing a hand over his heart in promise.

“Your ship is beautiful. I would love to take a look at it sometime.” Gilly said. “It’s been a long time since I have seen a Corellian YT-1300f light freighter, especially one that has had so much work done.”

Pyp gave out a low whistle. “Nothing like a girl who knows her ships! Are you a mechanic?”

Sansa put an arm around Gilly’s shoulder. “Gilly is one of the best.” She said with pride.

Gilly’s skin turned violet with the praise. “I’m all right.” She said humbly.

“I dunno, if Sassy Pants is giving you praise it might be safer to just agree with her.” He said, dodging a playful slap that Sansa sent his way. “I love your tribal tattoos. How did you get them done?”

“Oh, these are nothing.” Gilly said, waving a hand in front of her face. “You should take a look at what Willas has had done. His marking are true art.” She grabbed Loras, forcing him to turn around so that Pyp and Jon could see his headtails.

Stepping forward to take a better look, Jon could see that, upon closer inspection, Willas did in fact have tattoos symbolizing his heritage on his two lekku. They were just a shade lighter then his natural green skin tone, which Jon attributed to being the reason why he had not noticed them before. Starting at the base of his skull, the roses and vines twisted along his head tails in an elegant manner. After turning back around, Willas began sharing the story of how he got his markings when he was a youngling. Jon zoned out after a few minutes. Though it sounded rather interesting once it delved into horror stories of allowing ancient family heads with shaky fingers to break into your skin with questionable needles, Jon was more interested in speaking to Sansa, who did not seem to be paying much attention either.

“So…” Jon started awkwardly. He wanted to tell her how nice she looked, but was afraid that any attempt at compliments would bring back reminders to when he thought she was a prostitute.

Sansa smiled at him, putting her hands into the pockets of her trousers. “Enjoying your first Rebellion party?” She asked.

Jon looked out into the sea of people, trying to form an answer that would articulate how he felt.

“It’s definitely not what I expected.” He said slowly. “Not that I thought the Rebellion didn’t know how to have a good time, I just thought that with the war on… Not that you are being irresponsible or anything! Well not you personally, I mean you in the general sense. I don’t think you could ever be irresponsible, except for when you didn’t contact your supervisors on Dorne. Not like what happened on Dorne was your fault, it wasn’t, you fought extremely well. When you walked into the bar I thought you were the prettiest creature I have ever seen and that’s why I thought you were a prostitute and… Shit.” Jon shoved his hands into his own pockets, mirroring Sansa’s posture. He was grateful that only half the lights in the hangar were on, hopefully making the red on his cheeks and the parts of his neck not covered by his scarf unnoticeable.

Sansa bumped him on the shoulder playfully, causing him to lose his balance a little. He had thought she would be upset with him, but instead she looked amused. “You know, a simple yes or no would have been fine.” She teased.

“Yes?” Jon answered, wincing when it came out as more of a question.
Sansa laughed at him, shaking her head. Jon breathed in a sigh of relief as the tension between them eased slightly. He returned his attention to the people who were dancing in the middle of the room. Two humans and one Tarth had gotten out some instruments a short while ago, much to the excitement of those present. Looking down, Jon could see Sansa tapping her toe to the rhythm of the tune they were currently playing.

“Do you like to dance?” Jon asked.

Sansa continued to look at the dancing as she answered. “Oh yes.” She said wistfully. “I would love to as a little girl. Don’t tell Uncle Bronn or Master Tyrion I told you, but on days when I was particularly sad while growing up they would play music for me from a holo disk and we would all dance together in the living room. Well, I danced anyway. They both just kind of shuffled their feet around with the occasional arm wave.” Sansa smiled at the memory.

“Sounds like a pretty good childhood.” Jon observed.

“It was.” Sansa agreed. “When Nan died, Master Tyrion and Bronn did the best they could to make sure I was happy and well taken care of, in between serious training session of course. We were always training, not just so I could become a Jedi but so that I could protect myself if they ever left me. In between the training sessions though, during the quiet moments, that’s when I think we really became a family.” Sansa turned to face him, a look of worry on her features and she realized what she had just said. “I’m sorry Jon. I probably shouldn’t talk about such things with Jeor being gone.”

Jon gave her a reassuring smile. “It’s all right Sansa. I asked, and you answered. It still hurts of course, and I’m still processing things, but don’t feel like you can’t share your life with me.”

Jon had actually cried after the medal ceremony, wishing that Jeor had been present to see him receive such a high honor from the Rebellion. He didn’t want to share that with Sansa, though. It wasn’t like he was ashamed of his emotions, but this was a celebration and Jon didn’t want to spend time on heavier topics. Perhaps if he could talk about Jeor without crying we would be willing to share what had happened, but Jon wasn’t in that place emotionally yet. Maybe he would discuss it with her tomorrow if they had a private moment between the two of them, but not tonight. Jon turned to look back at the dance floor.

“Do you, uh, do you want to dance?” Jon’s voice caught in his throat slightly as he asked Sansa the question, making him feel like a youngling.

Sansa opened her mouth in surprise. “Jon Mormont, I do not take you for the dancing type.” She teased.

“I’m not, but I find myself wanting to give it a try anyway.”

“What about our friends?”

They turned their attention back to Pyp, Gilly, and Willas. At some point during the conversation somebody had gone off to get several rounds of shots, which were now neatly lined up on the crate that Pyp had been sitting on a few minutes ago. Half were already empty.

“It looks like they are playing some sort of drinking game. I doubt they would notice if we left for a few minutes.” Jon smiled as Pyp won whatever game they were playing with their hands, forcing the other two to down their shots. True to his word, Pyp did not seem to be the least bit drowsy, though it looked like Willas might not last much longer.

“Poor Willas. He is such a lightweight. I think it has something to do with his species ability to
handle alcohol. Even I can out drink him.” Sansa took her hand out of her pocket and reached for Jon. “Shall we?”

Jon took her hand and allowed himself to be lead towards the moving crowd. While she had held his hand before, those moments had been during times of grief. Needless to say, Jon had not been focused on the sensation of touching her. Now, when there was nothing distracting his thoughts, Jon found that he liked her hand in his. It wasn’t soft or dainty, but rough and calloused like his own. It was a sign that she was a warrior.

How naïve I was to think of offering her protection. Sansa doesn’t need protecting from anyone.

Perhaps though, she wouldn’t mind having a partner? Someone to work with her, and not above her.

Instead of staying on the outskirts, Sansa took him into the middle of the large group. The music was louder here, and Sansa had to raise her voice slightly to be heard. “I find it easier to let myself get swept up in the crowd. On the outside people who aren’t dancing can see you, but in the middle you are just another creature wanting to dance.”

Sansa started to sway her hips to the music, bouncing on the balls of her feet. Smiling at Jon, who hadn’t started to move yet, Sansa took both of his hands in hers as she tried to get him to move in time with the music.

“Just have fun, Jon. Feel the music, and let your inhibitions go. Nobody is watching you but me, and I think…” Sansa’s cheeks turned pink, but from her demeanor Jon didn’t think it was from the dancing. She took a deep breath, as if to gather some courage. “I think you are handsome.” She said in a rush.

“What?!” Jon asked in shock.

“Earlier, you said you thought I was beautiful—”

“I do.” He interrupted earnestly.

“Well, I think you are very handsome.” She said again, albeit more shyly this time.

Jon could feel his smile lighting up his whole face, with Sansa responding in kind. He felt like a youngling again, when his father had complimented him for the first time. This type of compliment felt different though. Not more meaningful, but more… Jon couldn’t place the sensation he was feeling, but he knew that he liked it very much.

“So, just let go and have fun, right?” He said, squeezing her hands. He took a tentative step to the left, then to the right.

“Perfect.” Sansa said, clapping her hands in delight. Following the rhythm, Jon took Sansa’s hands again and began to dance in earnest.

“So, what happened after the meeting? I saw you leave with Tyrion and Davos?”

“Oh, well…” Sansa looked down at their feet, momentarily embarrassed. “After everything that has happened, they both feel like it is time for me to no longer be a Padawan. After a small ceremony with the council present, I was officially made a Jedi Knight.”

Jon scooped her up into a hug, twirling her around. “Sansa, that is wonderful.” He cried. He thought Sansa would make a wonderful Jedi Knight considering how brave and talented she was. While he
mission planning could use some work, Jon figured that was one skill that would come with time.

Sansa laughed nervously as he put her down. “Is it? I won’t have Master Tyrion to guide me anymore. Look at what happened on Dorne. What if I mess up even worse next time?”

“Then I guess I will just have to save you again.” He said with a wink as she looked him in the eye. Sansa laughed, mumbling something about Jon not being able to control his facial muscles very well. After she had calmed down, Sansa took his hands into her and started dancing again.

“Offering to let me join your crew Mormont?” She asked.

Jon gave her a lopsided grin. “I don’t know if you noticed, but we make a great team. Provided I do all the planning, of course.”

“I still don’t think our planning is that different.” Sansa grumbled. “And do the galaxy a favor and learn how to wink, will you?”

Jon put his head back and laughed. Everything had been so terrible and complicated the last few days, and it felt good to let some of that go as he enjoyed himself with Sansa.

The song changed to a heavier beat. In response, those on the dance floor started jumping up and down and pumping their fists in the air. Apparently, the song was quite popular; even though there was no vocalist with the musicians, several people knew the words that went with the music and began to sing along. Letting go of Jon’s hands, Sansa and Jon began to jump around.

“I’ll join you on one condition.” Sansa called over to him.

“What’s that?” He asked. Sansa tilted her head, to where Pyp, Willas, and Gilly were bouncing their way over to him. Willas was stumbling and laughing a bit more then necessary, and even Gilly seemed a little unsure of her balance, but Pyp looked just as peppy as ever. The Starfallian had not been lying when he said he could hold his liquor.

“I don’t understand.” Jon said slowly, hoping that she wasn’t going to do something ridiculous and demand that Willas join them.

“Pyp is an excellent flyer, and you need a copilot.” Sansa pointed out. Jon didn’t miss the obvious hint.

“You’re serious?” Jon said, mulling over the idea. Pyp was a decent fellow, and he was a good pilot…

“Grenn and Sam as well. Grenn can be our muscle, and Sam can be our moral support.” Sansa said a bit too quickly. Jon got the sneaking suspicion that she has been thinking about this for a while.

Now that Jon had joined the Rebellion there was no question in his mind that he would continue to pilot The Knights Watch. Their air force had lost a lot of ships and pilots in their last two battles, and Jon’s ship could easily be used for small squadron missions. He had wanted Sansa with him, of course, but hadn’t given much thought as to who else they would work with, assuming that the Council would assign others to them. Looking over at Pyp, who had finally made their way over to them, Jon couldn’t help but smile. He was the type of dancer that clearly didn’t care about the way he looked, his movements so crazy that it was dangerous for anyone to get too close to him. There was no denying that Sam was kind and could be taught to be a good fighter, but Grenn made him nervous. He got the feeling that he had been holding back on their fight on the Death Star after he told his story on The Watch, and Jon didn’t want to work with someone that hadn’t given him the whole truth. Pyp trusted him, however, and for all of his interesting quirks Jon didn’t see Pyp as the
type to be friends with just anybody. Jon knew he had no choice but to trust Pyp’s assessment of
Grenn for now. But, if he ever thought that Grenn would betray them or send Sansa to the
inquisitors, he would not hesitate to stop him by any means necessary.

Turning to Sansa, who was clutching her hands to her sides and laughing at Pyp’s antics, Jon held
out his hand for her.

“Deal.” He said, sealing his words with a shake.

Chapter End Notes

The gang is getting together! Perhaps not officially, yet, but we are going to get
experience life in the Rebellion via our core characters of Sansa, Jon, Pyp, Grenn, and
Sam. I am trying to think of a cool nickname for them but have yet to figure anything
out, so if you have any ideas just let me know!

Aren't Jon and Sansa adorable at the end? I have found writing feelings is harder for me
than writing action, and I hope that I am writing their relationship as something that is
happening organically and not forced. On a side note, when I told my husband about
my problems with writing emotions he was hardly surprised, since whenever he tries to
use romance on me I just always end up laughing and feeling awkward. I am definitely
more of a Netflix and chill type of gal then candlelight dinners. And while I don't really
see this Jon and Sansa doing that, they do have feelings for each other that need to be
given a voice and explored. I just hope I can do it justice.

Thank you all so much for reading! Please comment if you like, and I will catch you all
on Thursday my friends!
Thank you all so much for your hits, comments, and kudos last chapter! It was so exciting to see that even with us entering into some new territory that will tie Episodes IV and V together, people are still interested in my story. I am very humbled and honored by this.

This chapter will introduce one of the three new plots points that we will soon be reading about. I am really excited about this one, and hope that everyone is as well!

Just a quick note about the tags: thoughts of depression and suicide will be mentioned in future chapters, but not this one. I added the tags now because I did not want to forget about it, and then post the chapter without warning. I will also post additional warnings before the chapter. If there is anyone who will not be able to read the chapters but still want to continue with the story, let me know in the comments and I can send you a summary version of what happened.

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#).

Chapter 19: The Order and The Jedi

“This is wrong and you all know it! Lady Cersei has—”

“Tyrion, you will stop this dissension immediately. We have been lenient with you in the past due to your considerable skill as a Jedi, but if you continue to push your outlandish conspiracies onto us the Council will have no other choice then to—”

“To what? Treat me like Jeor Snow? Turn your backs on me?”

“Nobody is saying—”

“That sure as fuck is what you are all saying!”

“Tyrion!”

“There is a rift in the Force. I feel it, and I know you do as well. We must make the changes before the dam bursts and there is nothing left!”

“You are being dramatic Master Waters.”

“No! I’m—”

“Thank you for sharing your concerns with us. You are dismissed.”

Jedi Master Tyrion Waters stifled a yawn as he made his way down the corridor. The past few days, hell the past two weeks, had been particularly hard on his body and he felt like he was overdue for a long vacation. Knowing that there was no possibility of that happening, he was willing to
compromise with one night of good sleep. Sadly, that didn’t look to be happening in the foreseeable future either.

*Couldn’t the damn meeting wait until after the Rebellion left Greywater Watch? Did the White Walker’s assessment and the decision on what to do with Jon Mormont really have to take place two hours before everyone else was due to awaken and start packing up the base?*

Despite Tyrion and Sansa’s affirmations that the White Walkers could be trusted and should be allowed to join the Rebellion, Stannis had still wanted to personally interview them along with Yohn. Oberyn’s situation in Kings Landing made it too dangerous for him to join via holo projection, though he rarely handled military matters. Oberyn’s main purpose within the council was to handle their political and monetary affairs, as well as maintain communication within their spy network. While his presence would be missed, it was not needed.

During his debriefing after arriving on Greywater Watch, Tyrion had strongly recommended that the three ex-White Walkers stay together and form a squadron of their own under Sansa’s supervision. Along with Stannis, Yohn, and Davos, Tyrion felt like it was a good idea to keep the knowledge of their past a closely guarded secret for the time being. While Sam had never harmed anyone during his time as a White Walker, Pyp and Grenn had. If this information got out, the young men would probably find themselves on the receiving end of something far worse than a verbal lashing from their fellow Rebellion soldiers. Due to their Jedi upbringing both Tyrion and Davos believed in the power of change and forgiveness, but he knew many others did not share this mentally. For their protection, it was better for Sam, Pyp, and Grenn to lie and say that they had been smugglers along with Jon; to say the three of them had been prisoners along with Tyrion would invite too many questions into their background. By keeping them together and in a squadron with Sansa, who already knew who they were, they were less likely to have to make up stories about their past in general. In the Rebellion, squadrons usually ran solo missions and only came back to the Rebel Base when ordered to.

Stannis, Davos, and Yohn had all been agreeable to the idea, with the caveat that the three young men passed their enquiry with Stannis and Yohn. Davos and Tyrion had originally been asked to attend as well, but that had changed when Jon Mormont had flown in to rescue the Rebellion fleet during the Battle of Greywater Watch. Following his return to base, Jon had shared with the Council his change of heart and subsequent desire to join the Rebellion. Tyrion had not been surprised. Despite Sansa’s initial assessment of him, that she had shared with Tyrion while on *The Knights Watch*, Jon Mormont was not an idiot; at least not where it counted. He knew it would only be a matter of time before Jon figured out the true reason Jeor wouldn’t let him join the Rebellion. Once he did, he would naturally seek out the only Jedi left for answers.

Tyrion opened the door to the briefing room, not surprised to see Davos and Sansa already there. It had been his idea to include her in the interview. Not only did Sansa know Jon the best, but she was one of the three remaining Jedi left in the Galaxy. Tyrion felt like she had a right to be let in on official Jedi business, and Davos had readily agreed.

“Good morning Master. How are you feeling?” Sansa asked with a smile. Tyrion had learned years ago that she loved the mornings. As a result, he had often made sure to schedule her earlier training sessions with Bronn so that he could get a few more hours rest.

“Like I could use more sleep.” He replied tartly, his voice full of gravel.

“Cheerful as always I see.” Davos replied.

Tyrion fought the urge to roll his eyes as he took his seat in between Davos and Sansa. During his time as a Padawan and Jedi Master, Tyrion was often at odds with the Jedi Council. He had
disagreed with many of the Jedi practices, and feared that in trying to remain ‘pure,’ the Jedi had lost their way. Davos, as a Grand Master, was a member of the council and often privy to Tyrion’s outbursts. Though they got along better now that there was only three of them left, Tyrion often found Davos to still be a bit pretentious and self-righteous when discussing Jedi affairs. Though, to be fair, Tyrion was unsure if Davos truly acted that way or if he still held a grudge against him. Davos was one of the Grand Masters that had rejected his repeated warnings about Jeor, Cersei, and her manipulation of Night.

“The Med Droid said there was no internal bleeding, just external cuts, bruising, and a sprained ankle. You need to rest Master, otherwise you could do more damage.” Sansa said, looking worried.

Tyrion sighed. “I will be all right Sansa. I promise I will rest as much as I am able.” He gave her a comforting pat on her knee. “This is a busy time for the Rebellion, and I need to help as much as I can.”

“Promise you won’t overdue it?” She asked, her blue eyes pleading with him.

“I promise.” He said.

Scooting his chair back a little, Tyrion formed a circle with Sansa and Davos for two reasons. The first was that his back was sore, and he didn’t feel like leaning over one way or the other in order to address everyone. The second, and probably more important reason, was that Tyrion wanted Sansa to feel as if she were an equal to them. Jon wasn’t due for another half hour, and there were some things he wanted to discuss before the boy was present.

“There is little doubt in my mind that Jon Mormont is force-sensitive.” Tyrion said bluntly, speaking mostly to the older Jedi. Davos, unsurprisingly given his staunch refusal to listen to Tyrion towards the end of the Clone Wars, had been one of the Grand Masters who had refused Jeor’s request to train Night due to his age. While in hindsight it had been a smart decision, Tyrion feared that Jeor would take the same stance with Jon without even getting to know him.

“Have you taken a midi-chlorian count?” Davos asked, his hands folded in his lap calmly.

“Really?” Tyrion asked, wanting to go up to the nearest wall and start banging his head against it. He settled for pointing an angry finger at Davos’ chest instead. “Are we really going back to midi-chlorian’s after everything that has happened?”

Davos sighed. “Master Tyrion,” he started, “while I understand you did not believe in the use of midi-chlorians as a requirement to become a Jedi—”

“Because it was wrong!” Tyrion shouted. Next to him, Sansa winced at his tone. Tyrion pinched the bridge of his nose to calm his anger, making a mental note to soften his tone. He took in a slow calming breath, holding onto the air for a few seconds before letting it out.

“All living organisms carry within them midi-chlorians.” He stated. “While I agree that it is easier to sense the Force with a higher count, you cannot deny the possibility that with the proper training any creature in the Galaxy could learn to wield the Force. All a creature needs to become force-sensitive is to connect oneself with the universe.”

“I agree with Master Tyrion.” Sansa said interjected. Tyrion was proud of her for not being afraid to voice her opinion. “Not because he is my Master, but because of the example of the Sith.”

The room went deadly quiet. Davos blinked slowly, trying to process what Sansa had said. Unable to resist the urge to hit his head against something this time, Tyrion settled for messaging his forehead
with his palms, trying to hold onto the pride he had just felt seconds ago. Sansa was a smart girl. Surely, she was wise enough to understand that in order to get Davos to agree with them she couldn’t say that her opinion was based on the philosophies of the group that annihilated the Jedi.

“Please, hear me out.” Sansa requested. Davos motioned with his hand for her to make her point. “I have often wondered about the Inquisitors, specifically how they were all chosen when they were older to be trained as Sith. Some of them, like Ramsay, are older than I am but none of them were chosen to be Jedi when the Order was still around. Why is that?”

Tyrion straightened in his chair, realizing the point that Sansa was about to make.

_That’s my girl._

“It was because their midi-chlorian count wasn’t high enough. All infants were tested at birth and their results sent to the Jedi Temple.” Davos explained.

“Exactly. They were overlooked by the Jedi, but not by the Sith. While they wield the Force through the Dark Side, you cannot deny they still wield it and quite successfully. Somehow, they manage to do so despite their low midi-chlorian count and being chosen to train at an older age. I do not think how old they at the start of their apprenticeship decides if they will be effective Sith, but rather if they are teachable. Bran Stark is a perfect example of both concepts. He wasn’t trained until he was a teenager, but by all accounts, his training has been successful.” Sansa paused, looking each man in the eye before continuing. “It seems to me that if the Jedi are to continue, we must do away with the belief that midi-chlorians are the be all and end all of becoming a Jedi. While we could take Jon’s count, which is no doubt high considering who his father is, I vote that we go on faith and teach him the ways of the Force regardless. I know what happened to Night King was terrible, but not every creature is like him and we shouldn’t prejudge them for his failures.” Sansa leaned back in her chair and calmly folded her hands in her lap, mirroring Davos’s posture.

“Sansa is right.” Tyrion said. “The Jedi Order systemized their methods of choosing Jedi at the expense of spirituality and intuition. They were more ‘Order’ than ‘Jedi’, but we can change that.” He pleaded.

Davos sat quietly, a slight furrow in his brow as he thought over what Sansa and Tyrion had said. Twenty years ago, Tyrion knew what he would have said to such a speech, but things were different now. He just hoped that Davos could understand that.

After a few minutes, the Grand Master spoke. “I agree.” He said simply, offering no explanation as to his change of heart. Sansa let out an excited breath and smiled, while Tyrion nodded his head in understanding.

“Thank you, Davos.” He said sincerely, a touch of surprise still coming though. Tyrion rolled his neck around to ease some of the stress he had been carrying.

Davos looked over to him and frowned slightly. He seemed upset that Tyrion would be shocked that he had agreed with them. “It would be a lie to say this topic isn’t something that I have thought about over the years. Do not assume, Tyrion, that I am the same man that I was during the time of the Order. I am aware of my faults and have sought to improve them. However, change cannot happen with the Jedi Order simply because you wish it to be so. It must be done after careful consideration, and with the knowledge that it will benefit those that it affects.”

“I know.” Tyrion sighed as he remembered the past. “I admit I was… less than diplomatic from time-to-time when I was younger, but you are not the only who has changed in the interim. I am more rational then I once was.”
“Thank the Force for that.” Davos said with a slight chuckle. To his surprise, Tyrion found himself joining in.

*Perhaps I have allowed old grudges to influence my opinion of him. I forgave the White Walkers for their past, but I have not allowed Davos the same courtesy."

*Forgiveness is never easy when you are the one who feels wronged. Only the strong of heart can accomplish it.*

“Now that the issue of whether Jon should train as a Jedi is settled, we have more thing to discuss before he arrives.” Davos paused, furrowing his brow in thought. “Who among us is going to train him?”

XXXXXX

Tyrion sat patiently as Jon Mormont took the seat in front of the three Jedi. He was happy that Davos had chosen to open the door to let the curly haired young man into the room. With his back turned to them, the Grand Master had missed the way Sansa had sat up a little straighter and brought her braid over her shoulder upon Jon’s entrance. While Tyrion was grateful that Davos had changed his stance on midi-chlorians, he doubted that he would be open to allowing attachments in the same day. He had suspected that Sansa may feel more then friendship for the young man when she had comforted Jon after losing his father. Though he doubted that his former Padawan understood the new feelings she was experiencing, he knew that with time she would that she was growing to care for Jon as more than a friend.

Tyrion gave a silent chuckle in his seat, his crossed arms bouncing on his chest.

*Heh, Bronn is not going to react well to this new development. If he thought the boy she had a crush on as a youngling was bad, he hasn’t experienced anything yet.*

*I wonder when I should break the news to him…*

“Welcome, Jon Mormont.” Davos said kindly after Jon had taken his seat. “Thank you for joining us at this hour. If possible, we would like to keep our meeting brief, due today’s schedule.”

“I understand, sir.” Jon said. He had placed his hands in his lap, and one of his legs was bobbing at the knee just slightly. Though he was obviously nervous, Tyrion was impressed that he kept his tone even and confident. It showed that he had courage.

“Before we begin, I would like to know if you have any questions for us? If you do, now is the time to ask.” Tyrion stated. He had not been able to finish telling Jon about Jeor’s past, and would not have the opportunity to do so for some time after this morning. Tyrion was to stay with Stannis and Yohn on the Rebel’s command ship *The Lord of Light*, while Jon would become a member of Sansa’s squadron. While he feared what Jon would ask, he felt like he deserved to know the truth about his father.

“I do have one question. I… I was wondering if you could tell me if I was force-sensitive?” Jon looked at the three Jedi, hope written clearly on his face. Tyrion was unsure if the hope was due to them being able to give him answers or if Jon desired to become a Jedi.

“You don’t want to know more about your father?” Tyrion asked, raising an eyebrow at him.

“Yes, I do.” Jon said quickly. “Of course, I do. There are many things about Dad that I didn’t know, but to be honest I am still working through all the information you have given me. I would like to make peace with the knowledge I have been given, before receiving more.”
“You don’t think it would be easier to find out all at once?” Tyrion pressed, ignoring the glare that Sansa was sending his way.

“No.” Jon looked down at his feet, his hand rubbing at his eye. Tyrion was sure the he was close to tears, but admired Jon for holding himself together. “Let me have this time, please. When I am ready to know more, I will tell you.”

“We understand, Jon.” Sansa said, sending one last warning look to Tyrion before facing Jon. “Nobody will pressure you to learn more about Jeor until you are ready.”

Tyrion sighed. He wondered if Sansa realized that even though her protecting Jon was kind-hearted, she was only delaying the inevitable back lash that would follow once Jon learned everything that Jeor had endured. While Tyrion did not agree with waiting, he was understanding enough not to push the issue. Jon was a man, and Tyrion would respect his decision.

“Thank you Sansa.” Jon mumbled, before taking in a shuddering breath and returning to look at the Jedi. “I would like an answer to my first question, please.”

Tyrion looked toward Davos, content to let him answer. He wanted to see how the Grand Master handled Jon’s questions about the Force after the decisions they had made earlier.

“Jon, have you ever experienced the feelings of the Force before?” Davos asked patiently.

Jon crinkled his forehead, scratching at his neck as he thought about the question. “I don’t know. I never even thought it before yesterday.” He shrugged his shoulders.

“What about in combat?” Sansa prompted. “When you and I trained together, it was almost like you could sense my moves before they happened.”

Jon thought about her words for a few seconds before sighing. “It’s possible, but again I am not sure. Dad trained me for combat since I was a youngling. While I admit that I am talented in anticipating my opponent’s next move before it happens, I don’t know if that is because I am tapping into the Force or if it is because I have been fighting for so long.” He said honestly.

“That is understandable.” Davos said. “Let us start with a simpler question then. Jon, do you know what the Force is?”

Jon’s cheeks turned a bit pink before he shyly shook his head in the negative. “Dad never spoke about the Force or the Jedi. Anything that I know about them has come from what I have heard about the Sith over the years due to Night King and the Inquisitors, or what I have experienced firsthand with Sansa. I want to say the Force is what gives us power, but it feels like so much more than that.”

Davos nodded his head encouragingly. “You are correct Jon in your assumption that the Force is what gives a Jedi their power, but it is more than that. To put it simply the Force is an energy field that combines all living things; it surrounds us and binds the Galaxy together. The Force can be used for many purposes, including protection, persuasion, wisdom, the manipulation of matter, and the performance of great physical feats.”

“Is it really that simple?” Jon asked a bit incredulously.

Tyrion chuckled to himself, a small smile playing at his lips as he thought of all the youngling who struggled with the Force because they would make it too complicated. Next to him, Davos pondered how best to answer the question.
“On the surface, yes. There are some Jedi who have spent lifetimes trying to understand the ways of
the Force and only feeling like they have scratched the surface of it’s power. However, a knowledge
of the basics must be understood before doing such things. You must feel the Force and let it flow
through you. While not easy, it is unnecessary to make it more complicated than it should be.” Davos
replied with some encouragement.

“Do I have the ability to use the Force?” Jon asked once again. He leaned forward in his seat, his
hands bracing either side of his chair as he waited eagerly for their answer.

“We believe,” Davos motioned to Tyrion and Sansa with his hand, “that all creatures have the ability
to wield the force. To do so, you need to be able to properly connect yourself with the universe and
its energy.”

Jon bit his lip and nodded his head slowly, thinking over what Davos has said. “All right…” He said,
comprehension still coming to him.

“It will make more sense in practice, Jon.” Sansa said, slightly teasing him.

At least, Tyrion hoped it was just teasing and not her attempt at subtle flirting. He had the urge to talk
to Sansa to make sure she understood that it was important to keep her growing feelings for Jon
hidden for the time being, but quickly decided against it. Sansa was a smart girl. He didn’t want her
to think he was chastising her for forming an attachment that had the possibility to be positive and
meaningful.

Tyrion just hoped she could keep her feelings from showing while Davos was still present.

“I didn’t say I didn’t understand, I was just thinking over what Master Davos said.” Jon said
defensively as he glared at her.

“Oh, so you weren’t confused?” Sansa challenged. “Because it looked to me—”

“Just because I wanted a few extra moments to make sure—”

“Anybody could see that you were having problems—”

Davos clapped his hands together, effectively ending their conversation. He gave Sansa a brief look
of disappointment for her outburst before returning his attention to Jon.

“Jon, do you have any more questions about the Force at this time?”

“No.” Jon stated with conviction, sending one last glare at Sansa.

“Very well.” Davos said. Tyrion was pleased that his interruption had stopped Sansa and Jon before
their fight escalated any further. There was a certain tension to their words that could easily be
mistaken for malice, but Tyrion doubted it as such.

Davos continued his address to Jon. “Since you are not a youngling, the three of us have decided that
you are to train as a Padawan immediately. It is my honor to inform you that I will be your Jedi
Master.”

Jon visibly stiffened at that, a slight brooding look taking over his features. Tyrion was hardly
surprised by this. There was little doubt in Tyrion’s mind that Jon’s opinion of Davos was no doubt
being influenced by what had happened to Jeor when he had been accused of murder. He most likely
didn’t want Davos to train him, already viewing him as disloyal.
“Unfortunately,” Tyrion interrupted before Jon could voice his displeasure, “Davos will not be able
to train you at present. Both he and I are needed to oversee the relocation of the Rebellion. While it
wouldn’t be difficult for him to do both, your skills as sole pilot of The Knights Watch are in demand.
Stannis has decided that Sansa is to lead a squadron to scout out possible locations for the Rebel
Base, with you as acting pilot. Our hope is that during this time, you will be able to teach Pyp
Antilles how to fly your ship so that you can eventually join Davos on either the command ship or
the new Rebel Base.”

“I am to put off my training, then?” Jon glowered. Tyrion didn’t think it was possible, but the boy
looked even more upset then when Davos had told him he was to be his Master.

“No, Jon.” Sansa said, a smile on her face. “I am to be your Jedi Master for the time being.”

Just like that, Jon’s anger melted away. Tyrion thought he looked like a youngling who had just been
told he could have dessert before supper.

This time he did face palm. Realizing his error when he saw Davos look at him in question, Tyrion
tried to play off the move by scratching his forehead.

Could these two be any more obvious? They need to hide their emotions and fast or else Davos is
going to take Jon with him on the command ship, consequences from Stannis be damned.

“Really?” Jon said, a little too much excitement in his voice.

“It will just be the basics of course. I am still learning myself, but we didn’t want to postpone your
training.” Sansa looked down at the floor, a pink color coming to her cheeks. “I hope that is all right
with you. I know I was just made a Jedi Knight and—”

“Sansa, I would be honored to have you as my Master.” Jon said with conviction, and just a touch of
admiration. “All though, don’t think this will mean I will go easy on you in our training sessions out
of respect for your position. I do believe I am leader in our competition, and —”

“You are not the leader! I have at least one more point then you—”

“Each of those White Walkers I took out on Moat Cailin easily counts as one each—”

“I told you they didn’t count! Besides—”

Tyrion rolled his eyes and let out a loud cough, reminding them that there were other people in the
room. Sansa gave a slight jump at the noise and began playing with the end of her braid. Having
raised her, Tyrion recognized the gesture as something she did when she was embarrassed.

“Well, I am glad that is settled.” Tyrion said, a bit of scolding in his tone. “Jon, if you do not wish to
train Pyp on how to fly The Knights Watch, then I am sure General Baratheon would be willing to
appoint another pilot to you.”

“Nah.” Jon said with a dismissive wave of his hand. “Sansa already told me about the squadron last
night. I don’t really mind…” Jon drifted off as Sansa started to shake her head to get him to stop
talking.

“Really?” Davos asked. “That is surprising, since General Baratheon has held off on making an
official announcement about its creation until after he has met with the White Walker deserters.
Tyrion?” The older man looked down at him, an eyebrow raised in question.

Immediately, Tyrion felt like he back in front of the Jedi Council, about to receive a scolding for
something he had done that they did not agree with. What was different was that unlike all those years ago, Tyrion was no longer a youngling or a Padawan.

“I told Sansa after her knighting.” He said without remorse. “She was frightened about being on her own and I thought it might cheer her up to know that she would be leading her friends.”

Davos sighed. “Very well.” He said, turning his attention back to Jon. “Jon Mormont, it is with upmost honor that I welcome you to the Jedi Order. The path ahead is not easy, especially during these trying times, but I am confident in your ability to overcome hardship and become a talented Jedi Knight. Your father…” Davos stopped, looking slightly off into the distance with guilt showing on his features. He cleared his throat. “Jeor was a good man, Jon. I will never be able to correct what has happened in the past, which I know Tyrion has discussed with you. We had lost our way as Jedi, and very few were able to see it. My instincts told me that Jeor was innocent, but I favored the evidence before me. I had hoped that once the mess was properly dealt with I would be able to make amends with Jeor, but it was not to be. It hurt to see him leave, but I understood his decision. Out of the three of us before you, I harbor no illusions that I am the last Jedi you would want as your Master. Jon, I promise you that I am a man who learns from the past. I hope that you can put your opinions of me to the side, and that we can work together as Padawan and Master once time has permitted it.”

The Grand Master stood, and walked over to Jon. To everyone’s surprise, he took knelt down in front of the young man. Both men had tears in their eyes as they thought about Jeor Mormont, the life he had lead and the end he had met.

“Jon, will you do me the honor of being my Padawan once your time with Sansa has ended?”

The silence in the room was deafening. Even Sansa had to wipe stray tears from her face as she watched the scene play out before them. In his mind, Tyrion willed Jon to say yes to Davos. When Davos had first volunteered to train Jon, Tyrion had been hesitant to agree. Not because Jon and Davos were needed in two separate locations to help the Rebellion, but because Tyrion knew that Davos was a traditionalist when it came to the Jedi philosophy. While not necessarily bad, the Jedi had lost their way before the start of the Empire, which is why it had been so easy for Cersei to manipulate them. Calming his mind and putting away his past prejudices, Tyrion allowed the Force to guide him as he pondered his decision about Davos. After a few moments of meditation, Tyrion felt strongly that it was the will of the Force that Davos train Jon. That had been all the confirmation that Tyrion had needed to say yes. He just hoped that Jon understood the significance of Davos asking to be his Master, and not demanding it.

Running a hand through his curls, which he had left out of their bun today, Jon took in a shuddering breath. Wiping his eyes with the back of his hand, he opened his mouth to give his answer.

“Yes.”

Chapter End Notes

Jon is a Jedi! Sansa is his Master! The squadron is official! Tyrion totally ships Jonsa!

I am really excited about the possibilities of Jon being a Jedi, and having Sansa initially train him. Thus far that dynamic has been really fun to write and I hope it does not disappoint.
Thank you all so much for reading! Comment if you like, and let's see if you can guess what the other two plot points will be! Both will be revealed in Chapter 20 on Sunday.

Have a great weekend my friends!
The Chance to Help Someone

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for your hits, comments, and kudos! It still amazes me that people are reading, and enjoying my little story.

This chapter will introduce to major plot points to the story. I sincerely hope you enjoy them!

TRIGGER WARNING: The beginning of this chapter deals with a character begging to die. If this is a trigger for anyone, please skip the italic section and go straight to the regular print.

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 20: The Chance to Help Someone

“He… he killed my mother. My father, my siblings, my friends… They’re all dead!”

“Stop crying.”

“My mother… He just cut her head off. He just CUT HER HEAD OFF!”

“Stop shouting.”

“Kill me.”

“What?”

“Just do it. Everyone else in my family is dead. I want to join them. Kill me now!”

“I’m not going to kill you. I am your Master. You have been chosen to become a Sith and will train to become the newest member of the Inquisitors.”

“I just want to die! I am begging you to show me mercy and kill me!”

“I will not disobey my Master, and neither will you.”

“You’re master just killed my entire family! I don’t want to follow any of you! Please, if you have any honor—”

“Enough! I am going to train you and you will obey me. Do you understand?”

“….”

“Do. You. Understand?”
Jaime Lannister sat alone in The Hound, with nobody but Sandor Clegane for company. He was tired, stressed, and wanted to go home and sleep before he and Bran headed out later that day for Dorne. In the two weeks following the destruction of the Death Star Cersei had been on a war path. The entire planet had been on lockdown while she had personally questioned every member of the Senate and their retinue to uncover if any of them was working for the Rebellion. Thus far three Senators had been thrown into holding cells for further questioning. Jaime felt sorry for them. He hoped they would be able to endure the torture they would soon be put through, or that they would be given a quick and painless death. Jaime knew that none of them had anything to do with the Rebellion (Oberyn seemed to have nine lives and had not been suspected) but there was nothing he could do for them without revealing his own position. Thankfully Cersei had not thought of her fellow Sith as being possible turncoats, though Jaime figured it was only a matter of time. He placed his empty glass on the table after drinking the rest in go. As always, he wanted another. Knowing it wasn’t a good idea to get plastered before his meeting, Jamie resisted the urge and settled for refilling his glass with water instead.

“Miss your brother Sandor?” Jaime asked, attempting to make conversation with the Houndian. His red eyes glared at him before he looked down at the floor he was currently mopping and spit on it in disgust.

“Would you miss your bitch of a sister?” He asked, moving the mop to clean up his spit. The bar had closed an hour ago.

“Fair point.” Jamie said good naturedly, taking a bite of his meal that he had brought with him. While the food that Sandor served at the bar was delicious, it was also covered in thick layers of grease and fat. Jamie had learned early on that he was better off brining in outside sustenance if he wanted to maintain his trim physique.

“The only sad thing about his death was that it was fucking instantaneous.” He growled.

Finished with his one talking point, Jaime continued to eat while he watched Sandor clean his bar. Like his brother, Sandor Clegane had once been a part of the Republic Army. While not as high ranking as Gregor, Sandor has been an officer in his own right. After the Empire had been created, Sandor had remained with the military for a time before becoming disillusioned with the shit that Cersei was spouting. He had resigned from his position and cashed in his pension. Disowned by his family, Sandor had bough the bar from an older Gar’den who had been looking to retire. To those on the outside, it looked like Sandor had hit rock bottom and had only bought the bar that he so often frequented because his money had run out. It was all a farce, however. Sandor had been with the Rebellion from the beginning. He frequented the bar, a favorite among While Walkers and seedy Senators, in order to eavesdrop on their conversations. Any information that was worth noting would be passed on to the Rebellion. Creatures who came into the bar barely noticed him since he was always there, and his Houndian ears made catching Empire secrets an easy task. He had bought the bar without a second thought, continuing to feed the Rebellion any information that he learned while on the job.

“How’s the kid?” Sandor asked once he was done mopping the floor. He took the credits out of his drawer and grabbed a book. Sitting across from Jaime at the bar, he began to count his numbers for the day.

Jaime winced. “Normal, I guess.”

Sandor continued to count to his money. “Is that a problem?” He asked. While more acquaintances then friends, Jaime had occasionally confided in Sandor over the years about Bran.
“No… yes?..” Jamie scratched his cheek, agitated. “Fuck, I don’t know. Bran was so sensitive when
he first came to Kinds Landing—”

“Watching your entire family killed would do that to you.”

“—and now it is like he has no emotion at all. You would think what happened with Wall would
have affected him somehow, but the kid hasn’t so much as acknowledged the moons destruction. I
know he didn’t live there, but it was one of Winterfell’s moons. If anything, it was a symbol of the
home he once had.” Jaime sighed. He picked at his food, finding that he no longer had an appetite.

Sandor finished counting his money and began to make notes in his ledger. “Maybe he has taken to
your training.” He offered.

Jamie snorted. “What training? Sure, Bran is able to wield the Force sometimes, but for the life of me
I am not sure what he is doing to use it. I try as much as I can to keep him away from using anger
and hate to fuel his power, but it’s not like I can teach him the way of the Jedi with Night King and
Cersei breathing down my neck. Besides, even if I could I wouldn’t know how. The only thing Bran
excels at is his lightsaber training.”

“Just because he doesn’t lust for power doesn’t mean he is incapable of feeling anger.”

“Really? I had no fucking idea that was possible.” Jaime muttered sarcastically with a roll of his eyes.
He saw Sandor’s hand twitch into a fist, but he stopped short of throwing a punch. Jaime resisted the
urge to rub his jaw in remembrance of the last blow Sandor had thrown in his direction.

“You know what I mean.” Sandor growled. “Bran has plenty to be upset about. If he has embraced
the Sith philosophy as you fear, you better watch your back. You don’t want him seeing you as
weak and trying to overthrow you for your position.”

“It’s amazing there are any Sith left considering that mentally.” Jamie said, leaning forward onto the
table and resting his elbows on the bar. Rule Two of the Sith Code ensured that the relationship
between Master and Apprentice was not one of trust. Instead, each was expected to be constantly
looking for any weaknesses in the other. If found, it was the duty to overthrow or replace the other.
The teaching was the main reason why Jaime had never taken an Apprentice before Bran. “I didn’t
even train Ramsay and I have to field off his pathetic murder attempts every time he wants to spar
together.”

Sandor huffed out something resembling a laugh in response. Jamie allowed Sandor to finish his
books in silence. He had just finished up when they heard the back door to the bar open. Only two
people owned a key to the place, and with Sandor already being present Jaime did not have to guess
who had arrived.

“Hello Brienne.” Jaime said, standing to greet her.

Brienne rolled her eyes at Jaime’s attempt at chivalry, waving a hand for him to sit. While most Tarth
women were thought to be exotic beauties, Brienne did not fall in line with that tradition. She was
tall and muscular. Her skin was an ashy orange color, and she had white circles of various sizes
covering her cheeks and nose that resembled human freckles. The tips of her montrals curved away
from each other into sharp points. Brienne’s two front lekku came to just below her small chest while
the one in the back hung to her waist. While plain for her species, Jaime did think the pattern on her
montrals and lekku were beautiful. They were a pure white, with ice blue triangular lines running
from tip to tail.

Brienne removed her traveling cloak before sitting down. She was wearing her normal apparel of
cargo pants, grey long sleeved tunic, and a tuantuan leather jacket. Jaime had often felt that Brienne could be beautiful if she tried a little harder in the wardrobe department, but had the intelligence to keep his mouth shut on such topics. She politely thanked Sandor for the water he grabbed for her, and took a few sips before addressing them.

“Sorry to keep you waiting. I had some problems with my ship when coming into orbit.” She explained, her accent crisp.

“What happened?” Sandor asked. While Jaime was not considered important enough to halt his work for, Brienne was. He set his books aside and gave her his full attention.

“Landing gear took a hit during out last fight. Pod is taking a look at it and should have it fixed soon enough.” She took another sip of water.

Unlike most squads in the rebellion that had anywhere from five to twenty creatures, Brienne only worked with Podrick Payne, a young human boy she had saved from being hanged while on assignment in Fleabottom. Jaime felt the boy to be a bit useless, but for whatever reason Brienne saw potential in him and was determined to make him into something. It seemed like this time she was aiming for mechanic.

“Not to be rude,” Jamie interrupted, earning another glare from Sandor, “but I do have an early morning assignment and would like to get a few hours of sleep. I’m assuming you want to talk about Bran Stark, correct?”

Brienne didn’t so much as bat an eye lash as she nodded her head in confirmation.

“Careful man.” Sandor admonished. “Piss her off and she will beat the shit out of you.”

“Thank you, Sandor.” Brienne replied while keeping her focus on Jaime. “The Rebellion is still looking for a home, but once that has been determined General Baratheon would like for Bran to join them as soon as possible.”

Jaime faltered for a bit before replying. He had known this was coming after the Battle on Greywater Watch, but he still didn’t like the idea of handing over Bran without any assurance on how the boy would respond. At best he would be elated to be free of the Empire and eager to return home. At worst he would lash out and try to kill what Jedi the Rebellion had on sight before trying to kill everyone else. Before, Jaime had been sure that the former would be Bran’s response, but now…

“I don’t know if now is the right time.” He hedged. Sandor narrowed his eyes while Brienne blinked at him slowly, a sign that she was losing her patience.

“I know you care for him Jaime, but it will never be the ‘right time.’ Bran has been tortured enough.”

“I’m not saying it will never happen Brienne.” Jaime said, a bit heated himself. He knew she didn’t think so, but he was getting a bit tired of people talking about Bran like he was a thing and not a person. “I am concerned about how Bran will act once he is around creatures that he has been indoctrinated to hate for the last four years.”

Brienne’s annoyance fizzled. “I thought you said that he wasn’t taking to the ways of the Sith? That you weren’t—”

“I am trying Brienne, but I am not with him all the time. He has been going out with Ramsay more often this past year. I fear the bastard may have gotten to him.” Jamie said, furrowing his brow his brow in worry.
“Is his lightsaber still purple?” Sandor asked.

Jaime looked to the other man. “Yes, but I have seen red bleeding through more often then not.”

Sandor sighed in disgust. Traditionally kyber sabers were attuned to the Light side of the Force and would attempt to resist any efforts made by practitioners of the Dark Side. The only way a Sith could use a kyber crystal was by dominating the crystal with the Force, causing it to “bleed” as it was bent to their will. Bran, unable to dominate the crystal and not a full practitioner of the Dark Side anyway, had a purple blade as opposed to red. Jaime had been afraid that the crystal wouldn’t respond to him at all, but Bran was still in tune with the Force even if Jaime wasn’t sure what side he was using. Thankfully, the color had only ever been seen once before on Tyrion’s apprentice and due to its novelty Bran had escaped having the shit beat out of him. Jaime had been able to explain the color away by saying that the kyber crystals were now recognizing the Dark Side of the Force as a legitimate power.

“I am not opposed to Bran joining the Rebellion in the near future, but I want to be sure that he will not cause problems or become a spy for the Empire before he does so.” Jaime continued.

“How do you propose we do that?” Brienne asked.

“A test run.” Jaime responded. “We put him in a situation, ideally with me, where he will be forced to decide to either fight Rebellion soldiers or show them some level of mercy. If am there, it will ensure that if Bran does become combative I can stop the situation from escalating.”

Brienne looked at Sandor while the two mulled over Jaime’s proposition. The Houndian gave her a shrug. “It’s not a bad idea. Even with his last name and what it symbolizes, I doubt Stannis would want him joining the Rebellion if he is just going to cause problems.”

“I agree.” Brienne said slowly, still mulling the idea over. “What is your assignment right now?” She asked Jaime.

“Investigating the old Jedi Temples in the Riverlands System. Cersei’s military council thinks there might be a chance Stannis will house the Rebellion in one of the old structures due to him using the Grand Temple of Greywater Watch” Jaime shrugged. “I’ve already sent out of the information to Stannis to make sure he avoids the area for the time being.”

Brienne tapped the fingers of her right hand on the bar while she studied Jaime and what he had told her. Jaime tried not to wither under her stare. While he liked Brienne, it would be a lie to say that she didn’t make him nervous from time to time. Jamie was no saint, but he always felt so lacking whenever he and Brienne would discuss Rebellion business. Though she had never said it, Jamie was sure that Brienne was constantly disappointed in him on some level.

Finally, after what felt like hours, Brienne stopped taping her fingers and took another drink of water, finishing the glass. “How do you feel about making a stop at Tarbeck on your way?”

Jaime furrowed his brow. “Well, I wouldn’t exactly say that Tarbeck makes sense as a pit stop since it isn’t even in the same direction. What are you thinking, Brienne?”

“Sansa Snow has just been made a squadron leader. She is currently leading a group of four men, one of which is her Padawan for the time being.”

“Sansa Snow? Tyrion’s old Padawan? She has taken a pupil?” Jaime said in disbelief. While Sansa had been a Padawan of Tyrion’s most of her life, Jaime was surprised that they would choose someone fresh out of training to become a Master. “Did she skip becoming a Knight?”
Brienne shook her head. “Sansa was knighted after the Battle of Greywater Watch. She is only a temporary Master; Davos will take over the training once he is able. Her and her squadron, code name Crow, have been assigned—”

Jaime snorted. “Crow? As in, the black annoying birds that live in the Northern Galaxies? That’s her squadron name?”

Brienne narrowed her eyes at the interruption. “Yes.”

“Really? Nobody could come up with something better then ‘Crow’?” Jaime found himself feeling highly disappointed in the Rebellion’s creativity for squadron names.

“What’s the difference? It’s just a name assigned to a squadron.” Brienne said through her teeth, truly becoming annoyed now. She took in a deep breath before continuing. “As I was saying, Sansa and her squadron will be investigating the old Droid Factory the Separatists built on Tarbeck to see if it is a feasible location for a new Rebel Base.” Brienne stopped, looking at him expectantly as he put the pieces together.

“I see.” Jaime said slowly, realization dawning. “Sansa and her Padawan would be the ultimate test for Bran. Does he try to apprehend them, or does he let them escape?” Though he loathed giving Tyrion another opportunity for boasting, there was no doubt that his former Padawan was extremely talented. She could handle Bran easily if he decided to follow through with his Sith training, but if he turned the other cheek Jaime wouldn’t have to worry about Sansa attacking Bran. Unlike her Master, Sansa was compassionate and nonconfrontational. If Jaime and Bran didn’t pursue her or her Padawan, she would most likely let them go without engaging in combat.

“Consider it done. When will her squadron reach the planet?” He asked as he brought his plate over to the sink. He knew better then to ask Sandor to wash it for him.

“One standard month.” She responded, handing Jaime her glass to wash. He took it without complaint.

“Hm… It would only take us a week to get there from here.” Jaime said, thinking out loud. “I have been meaning to go to Dorne for appearances sake since Sansa was last spotted there, so I suppose I can stop there first. Bran will get suspicious if we hang around an old droid factory for three weeks.” Jaime finished his task and put the dishes in the drying rack while Sandor began to lock up the bar. “Was there anything else to go over?”

Brienne put her cloak on, placing the long hood over her montrails. While it was still obvious that she was a Tarth by the way the fabric clung to her horns, it was impossible to tell who she was with the cloak hanging low on her forehead. “No, not right now. Oberyn and I will be in touch.” She turned to Sandor. “Thank you, Sandor.”

The Houndian grunted a reply, moving towards the back where his office was located. Jaime grabbed his cloak, asking Brienne where her ship was docked. While her end destination wasn’t the same as his, they would be able to walk a few blocks together before separating. The two left out the back door with Brienne locking it behind her. Unsurprisingly, the streets were still bustling despite the hour. Jaime often felt that nobody in Kings Landing ever slept, himself included.

“I would like to ask you a question Jaime.” Brienne said a few minutes into their walk. Jaime had been happy to find that the silence between wasn’t as strained as it had been the first few times they had been together.

“I doubt my response would stop you if I said ‘no’.” Jaime responded ruefully. “Just be mindful
about… things."

It was well known that Cersei had spies everywhere, though it was harder to eavesdrop around the seedier parts of Kings Landing due to the constant hustle and bustle. Jaime often found himself with a headache after spending time down at Sandor’s bar whenever he walked there due to the high level of noise on the streets.

“I am aware.” Brienne said tartly. She took a deep breath before continuing. “Would you ever leave? Your job?”

Jaime stopped walking and gapped at her, causing a few creatures behind him to hit his back. He was so shocked that he barely registered them cursing at him for his thoughtlessness. Rolling her eyes, Brienne grabbed his hand and continued walking.

“Surely you must have thought about it.” She pressed.

“Only occasionally.” he lied.

“I doubt that.” Brienne said, seeing right through him as always.

The truth was Jamie thought about leaving the Empire daily. He was miserable and wanted nothing more then to take Bran and get as far away from all the fighting as possible. There were two main problems, however, with him defecting. One, Jaime knew Cersei would not take his betrayal well. She would send all available Inquisitors after the two of them, thus putting Bran in even more danger. Two, Jaime was a Sith Lord and Grand Inquisitor; any creature familiar with those terms would know that Jaime had murdered innocent people to gain those titles. He was ashamed of what he had done, and while he wished he could go back and change the past, that was not an option. While the Rebellion tolerated him acting as their spy, he doubted they would be happy to have him working for them in person.

Jaime glared at Brienne. “If you are so sure of the answer then why ask?”

“Because I need you to be sure of the answer.” She looked over to him, catching his eye. “Jaime, are you sure that Bran is truly the last Stark?”

“What?!” He hissed, his anger rising. Every creature who knew Jaime knew better then to ask him about the Winterfell Massacre. Cersei affectionately called it the Red Wedding, due to all the blood that was spilled. “How could you fucking ask that? I was there. I saw all the bodies, and murdered some of them.”

“I ask because I think you are wrong. For the last six months I have been tracking down a lead. At times it felt like a fools errand, but there is a possibility that Lady Stark and Bran were not the only two to survive.”

Jaime stared at her incredulously.

“How is that possible?” He asked, his heart rate speeding up. It almost felt cruel to give him the hope that maybe he wasn’t a total monster, that one more Stark sibling lived.

“Arya Starks body was burned and mangled beyond recognition. We all assumed it was her because the body found in her room had small wisps of brown hair on what was left of her skull, and the build was similar. Due to the fact that most of her body was bits of boney ash with few parts actually covered by skin, nobody was able to run tests to know for certain. However, what if the body that was found wasn’t Arya but one of her handmaidens? Winterfell Castle has many secret passages. It is possible that there was one in her room and that she escaped that way.” Brienne explained slowly.
Jamie knew she realized that what she was saying was hard for him to hear, and she didn’t want to cause a scene. The last thing they needed was to be questioned by the White Walker patrols that occasionally walked along the streets.

Jaime stayed silent as he thought over what she said. Even without Brienne’s summary, he didn’t have to think too hard about the circumstances that surrounded Arya and her death to remember the events that happened. White Walkers had cornered Arya in her bedroom after she had run away from them. The girl had a blaster on her and had opened fire on them. Wanting to be done with the fight as quickly as possible, the White Walkers had thrown a thermal detonator into the room, while torching it at the same time, decimating the area. At least, that was what Jaime and the other officers had deduced from the scene. Due to the ancient structure of Winterfell, the detonator had caused the ceiling to cave in, killing all the White Walkers who had been attacking her.

“How did you find out about this?” Jaime asked.

“General Baratheon has been sending some of his officers to treat with Jaqen H’ghar, leader of the Valar Dohaeris on Braavos. He hopes to get them to fight for the Rebellion, though the odds of that happening are very slim. Anyway, while there one of the officers reported that he saw a young man who looked very similar to Arya Stark. Upon learning of this information, I was sent to discover if there was any credibility to what was seen.” Brienne sighed, frustrated. “As I am sure you are aware, trying to discover anything on Braavos has been a nightmare. All the clans are secretive, and there is so much fighting going on all the time it has been impossible to learn anything.”

“What does this have to do with me?”

“I need help, Jaime. Specifically, your help. I know you are dedicated to Bran right now, which is understandable. Once he leaves, however, I would like you to consider coming with me to Braavos and finding Arya. You are a warrior, and the Braavosi respond to that. I know you aren’t proud of it, but you have killed people to get to your position, which is something they respect. I am too honorable for them, and have run into problems when trying to meet with the Dohaeris clan. Also, if Arya is with them, there is the strong possibility that they have indoctrinated her with their desire for bloodlust. She will want revenge for what has happened to her family. If she sees you, then I have no doubt we will be allowed into the clan, if for no other reason than to give her an opportunity to kill you.” Brienne stopped, ignoring the dirty looks that were thrown her way. The time had come for them to go their separate ways.

“I am to be used as bait then?” Jaime asked, stopping as well. He set his face into a hard scowl.

“I won’t let her kill you Jaime, you have my word.” Brienne placed a hand on his shoulder. “I am offering you an opportunity to give Bran his sibling back. I know you didn’t murder any of the Starks, but you did bring death to members of their household. When this is over Jaime, you will have to answer for the things you have done. But, in the interim, you can bring two lost souls some happiness and peace.” Brienne removed her arm from Jaime. Using both hands, she pulled at her hood up slightly so that Jaime could see her whole face. “We have other spies Jaime, so don’t use that as an excuse. I know you are capable of doing what is right, but nobody can make that decision but you.”

Without waiting for his reply, Brienne turned and walked away, quickly getting lost in the crowd.

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“Everything ready for takeoff?” Jaime asked, coming into the cockpit of his ship, Golden Lion. It was a G9 Rigger freighter, a relic from the Clone Wars that Jaime had found in a junkyard. Needing a distraction from the path his life had taken, Jaime had bought it on a whim and refurbished the ship
in his spare time. He had even asked Bran to work on it with him from time to time, hoping that it would get the boy to see that he could trust him. It never worked.

“Yes Master.” Bran replied He was wearing his Inquisitor helmet with the visor down again. Jaime had noticed that Bran had begun to show his face less often after the Battle on Greywater Watch. He tried to broach the topic with him during a training session, but Bran had spit out that he wasn’t weak and demanded that the session continue.

“Good.” Jaime replied, holding in a sigh. It felt like all communication between the two of them had become short, succinct sentences.

“I have set the coordinates for the Riverlands System. We will be arriving in—”

Jaime raised his hand to stop him, pretending he didn’t notice Bran’s shoulders flinching. “There has been a change of plans. We are to stop in Dorne first to investigate the Jedi appearance. I know it happened two weeks ago, but a follow up was never done and that will take priority before investigating the Jedi Temples.”

“Yes Master.” Bran began to put the new coordinates into the ships computer system. After a few minutes of double checking to make sure everything was set properly, Golden Lion was cleared for takeoff.

They flew out of the planet’s orbit in silence. Jaime piloted the plane, with Bran sitting stoically next to him. Once they were in hyperspace, Jaime excused Bran to leave and told him that they would train in a few hours. Giving Jaime another “yes Master,” Bran stood and retired to his cabin.

Once he heard the swoosh of his door closing, Jaime placed his head into both hands and let out a frustrated scream. His ship was old, and not particularly fast even if it had been remodeled, meaning that it would take them six standard days before they reached Dorne. Jaime didn’t know what he was going to do with Bran during that time.

I made a huge fucking mistake by not telling him who I really am once I joined the Rebellion. Everything with Bran is falling apart, and I don’t know if I can fix it before he becomes worse. He was scared and emotionally unstable for months after I started training him. I didn’t know if he could be trusted with my secret, and now I don’t know if I can trust him with people who desire to help him and keep him safe.

My only hope now rests with Tyrion Waters former Padawan. Sansa Snow sounds like a kind girl, but after that shit with Ramsay kidnapping her, maybe she won’t be as compassionate as we thought.

I could mention the possibility that Arya is alive, but he will probably think I am only telling him that because we have orders to find her and kill her. And what if she is alive? The Braavosi are the last group of creatures to end up with, next to the Sith. If by some miracle the girl didn’t harbor any mental trauma from the Winterfell Massacre, she sure as fuck will now. That planet has been having a Civil War since its creation; all they do is kill rival clans for the sake of pride. At least Bran has had me to watch out for him, though I have done a pretty shit job of it considering his current behavior.

What a fucking nightmare.

Pulling himself roughly from his chair, Jaime grabbed a nearby box of tools and headed to the kitchen. He had recently received his order for some new cabinet fixtures from Wolfswood. They were completely unnecessary, but Jaime had run out of things to fix on the ship and had started to
redo the interior instead. At the moment, overpriced wooden cabinet facings sounded like the perfect project to stop all the thinking he was doing. Rolling up his sleeves, Jaime set off to work.

Chapter End Notes

So... thoughts? I know that everyone is in shock that I would name their squadron Crow, but I feel like if we can move past that then we will all be able to see that some very major stuff happened this chapter ;)

Plot Point 1: Something is seriously wrong with Bran. Jaime is on the right track with being concerned and not wanting to hand him over to the Rebellion right away. While Jaime's heart is in the right place, the way that he has handled Bran leaves a lot of room for improvement. In his defense, he has not come from a loving environment and probably doesn't know the first thing about helping people, but something is going to break in their relationship, and soon.

Plot Point 2: Arya! Was that her that was spotted? And will Jaime leave the Empire to help Brienne? Hm....

Star Wars Creature Guide:
Tarth = Togruta. The most famous Togruta was Ahsoka Tano, apprentice to Anakin Skywalker. Also, she is one of my top five favorite characters in Star Wars, and since I love Brienne I thought I would base her species off of Ahsoka as a tribute to both characters.
Braavos = Mandalore. If Arya is alive, she has been taken in by a clan of Mandalorians.

I am on vacation (I am actually posting this chapter from my hotel room), and there will be no updates for two weeks. I was actually going to have Thursday's post be the last one, but I really felt like this would be a good place to take a break in the story.

Thank you all so much for reading! Please comment in you like my friends and I will catch you all in two week!

Preview for the next chapter, since I am gone and want to give you all something to look forward to:

“You’re using your natural strength again. You need to use the Force to help you balance.” She chided.

Jon grunted in response, too focused on his task to respond.

“Let go and use the Force.” Sansa commanded.

Jon scowled. “How do you know that I’m not using the Force?” He challenged.

“Your muscles are flexing. If you were using the Force you wouldn’t have to put them under so much tension.”

“Are you checking me out sweetling?”

Sansa let out a huff and crossed her arms over her chest. “Are you seriously asking me that, right now?”
“Unresolved sexual tension!” Pyp yelled through the comm link.
Chapter Notes

I'm back my friends! I was originally going to post on Sunday, but I have been slowly editing this chapter whenever I have found a spare moment. Since it is ready, I thought I would post today instead of waiting. Hooray!

Thank you for all the hits, comments, and kudos! It is great to see that people are enjoying the story now more then ever since we are going into some original territory.

This chapter starts a four chapter arc that deals with Sansa training Jon and their mission to Tarbeck. Anybody remember that? Ya know, the mission that Jaime is going to intercept them on so that he can see what Bran does? Fingers crossed everything goes well! But that isn't for another two chapters, so let's enjoy some Jonsa moments first.

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 21: Feelings

*Master Tyrion and Master Davos were wrong.*

*I am a horrible Jedi Master.*

Sansa stood atop *The Knights Watch*, trying in vain not to frown at the man doing a handstand across from her. The wind from the planets atmosphere whipped around them. She had pulled her hair into its signature braid, but after being hit in the face several times by the tail she had taken some leather and wrapped the excess into a low bun at the base of her head. The wind, combined with the movement of the ship, were perfect training conditions. If Jon could focus with everything that was going on, he could focus just about anywhere. Unfortunately, as was so common in the last three weeks, Jon had struggled to feel and use the Force. Instead of trying harder, he would complain and fall back on his own natural skill despite Sansa’s protests.

“You need to focus Jon.” She said tartly. It was only a few minutes into their session and Sansa was ready to throw him off the ship.

“I am focusing!” He said with a grunt. Jon’s hair was becoming damp with sweat despite the wind chill. A few drops fell off his forehead and onto the ship. He was exhorting some effort, just not the right kind.

“Focus on letting go!”

“Focus on letting go!”

“Focus on letting go!”

“Trouble in paradise?” Grenn asked with a raised eyebrow a few feet away from them. Though not as playful as Pyp, Sansa was beginning to learn that Grenn had just as much wit. As opposed to jokes, however, Grenn tended to manifest himself with sarcasm.
Sansa sent a glare his way. “You worry about your trainee and let me worry about mine.”

“Listen to Sassy Pants, Grenn. You don’t want her going Jedi all over your sorry ass.” Pyp said through the comm link on her wrist.

“Stop eavesdropping and fly the damn ship!” Sansa yelled without thinking. Cringing, she tried to take some calm, meditative breaths but was so stressed out they barely helped.

The training exercise had been Sam’s idea. They were one week out from Tarbeck and had stopped at Hornvale to refuel. Jon was going nowhere with Sansa’s current lessons on the Force and Sam had suggested a change of atmosphere to see if something different would help Jon tap into the force. While she was certain Sam hadn’t meant that she take Jon on top of the ship while Pyp hovered them thousands of feet above ground, it had sounded like a good idea at the time. Grenn had agreed, and he had forced Sam to go top side with them as well so that he could work on his aim under “stressful conditions”. True to his word, Grenn’s skills with a blaster had improved after a few training sessions with Jon, and the former White Walker had taken it upon himself to help Sam improve his aim. Currently, Grenn was working with Sam on his hand-eye coordination. He was throwing old food cartoons at him that he had stuffed with rocks he had gotten during their refueling. Sam would catch them and then throw them back to Grenn’s hand that he would place at various heights as quickly as he could.

“You need to let go, Jon. Feel the Force flow through you.” Sansa said, a little softer this time.

“I would rather hold on, thanks.” Jon muttered. He closed his eyes none-the-less, trying to let the force flow through him and give him balance as the wind whipped around them. Sansa sighed and moved a few strands of hair out of her eyes that had come loose from her braid.

Sansa had assumed, along with Tyrion and Davos, that training Jon in the Force would be a simple enough task. They were, to her frustration, very wrong. The problem wasn’t that Jon lacked the talent, but rather that he was so skilled in everything else that he didn’t need to rely on the Force to make things happen for him physically. The muscle memory in his arms was so good that he could shoot targets with his eyes closed, his eyes so sharp he could deduce what move Sansa was going to do next, and his body so toned that he could perform any physical feat without much effort. Jon knew he could do it, too, so whenever Sansa tried to inhibit his senses and make him use the Force, he would easily get frustrated within a few seconds and start doing it the way he was used to. Even when she tasked him with meditation and moving objects, Jon would either fall asleep or use his hands. Most training would end up with them yelling at each other in frustration, and then Sansa crying at night when she was alone for being a failure.

Pyp and all his comments about “simmering sexual tension” weren’t helping either.

Sansa watched as Jon hesitantly raised a hand, trying to balance through the wind and the slight movements of the ship. He was shirtless again, arguing that he didn’t like how his tunic kept coming free from his pants while he was upside down. Sansa absolutely hated how defined his chest and stomach were. It was very distracting, but she refused to give Jon the satisfaction of knowing that he had that effect on her.

_I am a professional. I am only watching his chest and midsection for training purposes._

Jon’s muscles flexed, telling Sansa everything she needed to know about the situation.

“You’re using your natural strength again. You need to use the Force to help you balance.” She chided.
Jon grunted in response, too focused on his task to respond. He muscles didn’t release and became more defined. If Sansa wasn’t so frustrated she would have started to wonder how such a thing was possible.

Sansa rubbed her temples with the heels of her hands. “Let go and use the Force.” She commanded.

Jon scowled. “How do you know that I’m not using the Force?” He challenged. He did have his eyes closed, but Sansa suspected it was to keep all the sweat that was now coming off his chest from getting into his eyes.

“Your muscles are flexing. If you were using the Force you wouldn’t have to put them under so much tension to keep your balance.”

“Are you checking me out sweetling?” Jon opened his eyes and gave her a smug look.

Sansa let out a huff and crossed her arms over her chest. “Are you seriously asking me that, right now?”

“Unresolved sexual tension!” Pyp yelled through the comm link.

“Fly the damn ship Pyp!” Sansa screamed. She was quickly losing control of her emotions. “Jon, I am your Jedi Master and you will treat me as such. Answer me honestly. Are you using the Force to hold your handstand?” Her eyes narrowed, daring him to lie to her.

Jon sighed, easily flipping himself into an upright position. He cast his eyes downward, a frown on his lips. “No.” He said, embarrassed.

“Jon—”

“It’s just so hard! I didn’t expect it to be this difficult.” He pulled at his hair in frustration, freeing the wild curls from their bun. “I’m sorry Sansa.”

Sansa sighed, feeling guilty for loosing her temper. “It’s all right Jon.” She glanced over at Grenn and Sam, an idea forming. She grabbed the training staff she had brought topside with her. “Let’s try something else for now.”

Sansa handed Jon the staff, calling for Grenn and Sam to come over. “Jon, hold the staff and close your eyes. Grenn and Sam, I want you two to throw the cartons at Jon, and don’t hold anything back. Jon will need to use the force to blocks the cartons.”

“You got it.” Grenn said with a smile on his face. He raised his eyebrows at Jon, letting him know he wouldn’t go easy on him while he casually threw a carton up and down with one hand. Sam fiddled with his and looked extremely nervous.

“It’s okay Sam. You need the training as well.” Jon encouraged. He gave him a small smile in understanding.

Grenn looked at Sam. “Aim for the vital parts of his body.” He instructed. It was clear there would be no mercy from the former White Walker. While he respected Sansa and her skills as a Jedi, Grenn had made it clear that all he would ever need was his wits and a good blaster.

Closing his eyes, Jon brought his body into the Ataru guard with the tip of the staff facing up and his body weight going to his back leg. Jeor had taught him how to fight with a staff, but he was more adept at using both sides of the weapon as opposed to just one. While having a staff lightsaber was not unheard of, Jon had not yet gone to a Jedi Temple to retrieve a kyber saber crystal. Sansa had
decided to train him in Form IV on the chance that the crystal didn’t split.

Sansa motioned for Grenn to take the first turn. He wound his hand back and projected the carton forward, his arm a blur and he put all his power behind the throw. He aimed straight for Jon’s chest. Jon swung the blade down and then up, trying to bat the carton out of the way. His form was sloppy and his movements too slow.

“Gah!” He gasped, clutching at his chest where he had just been hit.

Since he couldn’t see her, Sansa didn’t resist the urge to bring her hand down her face this time. “Be precise Jon and remember the forms. Keep the staff up.” She instructed.

“I’m trying.” He ground out through clenched teeth. He prepared his stance this time, cocking his head to one side. She knew he was attempting to hear the carton this time, but kept her mouth shut. The wind and the engines were too loud for him to be successful.

Sansa motioned for Sam to take his turn. Blushing furiously at being the center of attention, Sam pulled his arm back and aimed his carton for Jon’s front hand. While not as fast as Grenn’s throw, Sansa was pleased to see that Sam’s aim had improved. However, she was not happy that Jon failed to move his body out of the way. Jon dropped the staff as he opened his eyes and started shaking the pain out of his hand.

Sansa walked up to Jon and thrust her finger into his chest. “You can’t listen for it Jon! You have to feel it.”

“I’m trying.” Jon insisted, batting her hand away.

“Are you?” She challenged. “We have been at this for three weeks—”

“Don’t tell me what I am and am not doing!” Jon hissed, his own temper flaring.

Sansa picked up the staff, her forehead creasing in anger. “I am only telling you what I am seeing. You are extremely talented Jon, but you are relying too much on your talent and not on the Force.”

“Well what do you propose I do about it?” Jon responded tartly.

Sansa’s face fell as she searched her mind for a response. Master Tyrion always knew how to help her, but Sansa didn’t know what to do with Jon.

*Failure. I’m nothing but a failure.*

“I don’t know. I—.” Sansa’s voice cracked, and she could feel tears coming to her eyes. Out of her peripheral, she saw Sam motion to Grenn to open the hatch, wanting to give her and Jon some privacy. Sansa closed her eyes in shame. “This is a mistake. You should have stayed with Master Davos.”

“What are you talking about?” Jon said, taken aback. Sansa had always managed to keep her self-doubt away from him and the others, but she couldn’t stop her emotions from showing after Jon’s latest failure to channel the Force.

“I’m only letting you down. I’m sorry.” Sansa looked down, not wanting Jon to see how awful she felt. “I’m not a Master. I’m barely a Jedi Knight.”

“Sansa, no. That is not what I—” Jon reached out a hand to touch her cheek. Sansa turned away from him and headed towards the hatch. She gently nudged the two men out of the way, practically
sprinting to her quarters once she was back inside.

Sansa laid curled up on her side, her blanket pulled up to just under her nose. She had allowed herself a good cry for a few minutes, hoping that her tears would wash away her negative emotions. It didn’t. If anything, she felt even worse, and couldn’t stop the few stray tears that continued to fall.

*What was I thinking when I said I could train Jon? He would better off with someone who knew what they were doing. After this mission I should send him back to Master Davos. Pyp has got the basics of the ship down, and can probably figure out the rest on his own.*

*Maybe I should have just stayed a Padwan.*

Sansa sighed as she heard footsteps coming down the hall. They stopped at her door, a hesitant knock filling the now quiet hall.

“Go away Jon.” She called, her voice slightly muffled by the blanket she had now thrown over her head.

The knock came again, this time a little more confident.

“Not now Jon. Please.” Sansa pleaded, her tears beginning to fall in earnest once more. The last person she wanted to talk to right now was Jon. She had let him down, and she didn’t have the emotional fortitude to face him right now.

Ignoring her requests, Sansa heard the door slide itself open. Peaking out from her hiding spot, Sansa felt her face go slack with shock as she looked at the person standing before her.

To say that Sam Tarly looked nervous was an understatement. The poor young man looked downright terrified to be in her room after she told him in no uncertain terms that she didn’t want to be bothered. Sam’s entire face was crimson with nerves. He was staring at shoes, his kind brown eyes afraid to meet her own.

“Sam?” Sansa asked bewildered. She pushed the blanket down to her waist and sat up on her cot.

“I know you said to go away, but I thought… Well, I thought you might like some company.” Sam found the courage to look up at her.

“All right.” Sansa said slowly. Looking at Sam’s earnest face she found that she was unable to deny his request for company. She scooted herself over to one end of the cot and made room for Sam on the other. She had never spoken to Sam alone before. He was extremely shy and preferred to stay in the company of either Grenn, whom he shared a room with, or Pyp.

Unlike the other living quarters on *The Knights Watch*, Sansa’s had been converted from a storage closet. Despite her assurances that she was comfortable sharing a room with people of the opposite gender, they had all insisted that as their squadron leader she should have her own space. She had placed her old mattress that she had been issued from the Republic onto the floor and used spare crates for her meager personal belongings. Taking inspiration from Jeor, she hung her clothes from an open pipeline.

Sansa’s mattress dipped slightly from Sam’s added weight as he brought himself down to sit next to her. While bigger than your standard White Walker, Sansa would hesitate before calling Sam fat. He probably had been once, but the forced diet from the Empire had probably caused him to lose a good amount of pounds.
Squaring his shoulders back for some courage, Sam let out a breath of air before looking at her. “I know what it is like to feel like a failure, like no matter how hard you try you will never be good at anything.”

Sansa opened her mouth and then closed it several times, trying to find her voice to respond to him. Sam mistook her quietness for anger and quickly continued.

Sam looked down at his hands that were wringing together nervously in his lap. “Not that I came here to tell you how you feel! You probably know better then anyone how you feel. I just thought… that you…”

“It’s all right Sam.” Sansa gave him a gentle nudge with her foot to encourage him to look at her again. “I do feel like a failure. I was entrusted to teach Jon the ways of the Force, and so far, all I have managed to do is yell at him for his shortcomings. Choosing me for his initial training was a mistake.”

Sam gave her a small nod in understanding. “All my life I have felt like I wasn’t good enough, no matter how hard I tried. My father was ashamed of me, and the Academy instructors never hesitated to throw my inadequacies in my face every opportunity they had. I grew to hate who I was.”

“What changed?” Sansa asked. She found herself momentarily forgetting her troubles as she listened to him speak about his own struggles.

Sam shrugged. “Unlike Pyp and Grenn, I was always on the Death Star. I constantly saw prisoners being treated inhumanely. I felt awful for them but was too afraid to help. I was useless, remember?” Sam paused, a self-deprecating smile appearing on his lips. “When Pyp and Grenn became stationed in the same cell block as me, I had given up all hope of ever being able to do anything. I didn’t even think I was worthy of friends. Pyp, though, he saw me, you know? He saw how lonely I was, and he became my friend. It was nothing big at first, just an invitation to sit together with him and Grenn at mess. The closer the three of us became, the more I felt that I did have something to offer others. When they told me about how they helped you, I knew I had to do something as well, even if it was small like smuggling medicine to prisoners or leaving them food in their pockets.”

Sam sat in silence as he reflected on the things he told her. Sansa wanted to ask him so many question, but instead remained silent as well. Sam had never spoken to her before, and she didn’t want to interrupt the moment they had created.

“While still a failure by Empire standards, I didn’t feel like a failure anymore. In the grand scheme of things, my actions didn’t change the tide of the war, but it did make a difference for those I helped. If I had never tried, I would still be a failure. But, I did try, and by doing so I became a lot happier. I learned to love myself.” Sam looked at her straight in the eye. “Trying is not failure Sansa, it is an effort on the path to success. These last three weeks with Jon, you have learned how not to train him. Maybe the next time, you will figure out how.” Sam gave her a bashful smile.

“Thank you, Sam.” She said, patting his knee. Sam shyly returned the gesture.

“Just between you and me, I do think training Jon would be difficult. He is so talented at everything. At least with me, Grenn can start at the lowest level.” Sam said, starting to rise from the bed. He let out a surprised “oomph” when Sansa suddenly grabbed his hand and brought him back down to her eye level.

“What did you say?!” She demanded, her eyes wide.

Sam winced, thinking she was about to yell at him. “It’s just that… well… I have terrible aim, so
“Sam you’re a genius!” She interrupted, flinging herself off the bed and running her fingers through her hair. The long copper strands had come free during her crying session. She hastily grabbed a piece of thread, pulling her hair into a half bun at the crown her head while a few pieces remained loose around her face. She paced the room back and forth as she began to speak in a rush.

“Jon is so adept in every type of combat imaginable that I just took for granted that using the Force would be second nature to him. It was the same with the lightsaber; I assumed because he could use a staff he would pick up the forms without even batting an eyelash.” Sansa marched up to Sam and placed both hands on top of his shoulders excitedly. “Except Jon is terrible!” She squealed with delight. “And I mean, truly terrible at all things Jedi related. He can’t even get a spoon to levitate.” Sansa started to laugh like a maniac as she started passing the room again.

“Sansa? Are you—”

“I’m fine Sam! Perfect even. Jon is horrible and it’s all my fault!” She declared with a smile.

Sam frowned at her in confusion. “I don’t really understand.”

Sansa grabbed his hand and started to drag him out of the room. She needed to find Jon, apologize for her mistakes, and beg for another chance. “I never taught him the basics because I assumed he didn’t need them. I couldn’t have been more wrong. Jon may not be a youngling, but I still need to train him like one.” She halted suddenly, causing Sam to stumble a bit. “Where is Jon?!” She asked in a rush.

“I’m not sure. After you left he mumbled something about—”

“Say no more, I know exactly where he is!” She let go of his hand and took off towards the lower decks of the ship.

“But you didn’t even let me finish!” Sam yelled after her.

Sansa halted looked over her shoulder. “If Jon is mumbling that means he is only one step away from brooding, and there is only one place on this ship where Jon likes to brood.” She began to run again, heading towards the ventral quad laser canon. She waved a hand over her shoulder before rounding the corner.

“Good talk Sam!”

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Sansa looked down into the medium-sized compartment that housed the control for the quad laser cannon. Jon sat in the chair, his legs stretched out before him and his hands resting behind his head as he gazed out of the glass dome. The Knights Watch was still idling in the clouds, and Sansa had to admit that the view of the blue sky among the swirling white was beautiful.

“I’m coming down.” Sansa called to Jon. She started to descend the ladder.

Jon didn’t say anything to her declaration. His only sign of hearing her was when he shifted his body so that Sansa could squeeze in next to him on the chair. It was an extremely tight fit, though not all together uncomfortable. Jon slung his arm around the back of the chair, cocooning Sansa into his side. She tried not to think about how their bodies molded together perfectly.

“I see you didn’t feel the need to put a shirt back on.” Sansa teased, hoping to lighten the mood.
Jon shrugged. He continued to look at the clouds moving idly along the glass.

“Jon.” Sansa said, taking her hand that wasn’t cradled next to Jon’s body and bringing his face to look at hers. Sansa stared into his grey eyes, pleading with him to understand her. “I am so sorry.”

Jon’s forehead wrinkled in confusion. “Sorry? For what?”

Sansa dropped her arm and stared out the glass. “I am a terrible Master.”

Jon shook his head vigorously, his inky black curls tickling Sansa’s cheeks due to their physical closeness. “You have nothing to be sorry for Sansa. If anything, I am the one that needs to apologize. I don’t know why feeling the Force is so hard to me. I feel like a youngling all over again.”

“That’s because you are youngling.” Sansa said. She gave him a playful nudge on his shoulder. “Jon, you are one of the best fighters I have ever seen, and your marksmanship is almost always on point.”

Jon returned the nudge. “Almost always?” He teased.

“Fine. Always” Sansa rolled her eyes, turning to look at him. His grey eyes carried a warmth that Sansa had gotten used to since they had left Greywater Watch. Their faces were only inches apart, and now that the previous emotional heaviness was diffused, Sansa felt a different type of tension coming between them.

Thank the Force Pyp isn’t around.

And why couldn’t Jon put his shirt on before I came down here to have this discussion? I am making a new rule for appropriate training clothing after this.

Sansa put her head down, inadvertently causing it to fall into the crock of Jon’s shoulder. She was trying to diffuse some of the fluttering that her heart had started making as he looked at her. Unfortunately, this new angle gave her a better view of Jon’s broad chest and the slight dusting of curly black hair that covered his muscles. It wasn’t so much that it covered the sharp angles of his body, but just enough to give him a rugged look.

Or maybe I will just let him keep his shirt off…

Focus Sansa!

Sighing, Sansa sat up as straight as she could and cleared her dry throat. “Jon, I have gone about your training all wrong. I—”

Jon shifted his body so that he was facing her, allowing him to speak to her without craning his neck. “Stop! If you are going to tell me that you are sending me back to Master Davos, I will refuse to go. I know that Master Davos will train me eventually, but for now I don’t want anyone but you. I just need to try harder.” He said with conviction.

Sansa gave him a comforting smile that she made sure reached her eyes and shifted herself to mimic his body position. There was little room on the seat though, and she had to rest her leg closest to the back of the chair atop Jon’s bent one so that she could face him properly. Sansa began to feel her heart flutter again with their bodies only inches apart. She forced herself to ignore it.

“Jon, I am not going to send you back to Master Davos.” She said with a soothing tone. Jon let out a breath and his shoulders sagged in relief. “I was afraid that after today you would want to return and train with him, and I was going to beg you to give me another chance. However, after talking it over
with Sam I feel like I know now how to train you. It may seem a little too easy at first considering your current skill level, but I believe this is the best way to teach you. That is, if you are sure you still want me.” She finished quietly. Despite Jon’s earlier declaration, Sansa wanted to be absolutely sure that Jon was agreeable to her being his Master.

Sansa tried to keep the fear from her face while Jon mulled over what she had said. In truth, Sansa was dreading Jon’s return to the Rebel Base. The thought of being away from him for an undetermined about of time made her heart ache. A naïve part of her wanted to believe that it was because Jon was her friend, but she knew she could only hold on to her naivety for so long.

_Don’t deny what you know you feel, Sansa. Jon is more than a friend and Padawan._

_Isn’t he?_

Sansa looked down at Jon’s hands resting in his lap. She wanted so badly to reach out and touch one, but the confusing emotions going on inside of her made Sansa think that it might be a bad idea. Since they left Greywater Watch, Sansa had noticed that Jon had begun to touch her more often. Enjoying the way that they physical contacts made her feel, Sansa did not hesitate to respond in kind. Sansa always felt a sense of happiness and peace during these small moments of intimacy. Holding Jon’s hand was almost as easy as breathing, but sitting here, so close together, it felt like something more. Or maybe it had always been something more, but due to Sansa feeling so comfortable and safe around Jon she had never found the need to ponder upon it.

_Is this what it means to care about someone as more than a friend?_

As if sensing her desire Jon’s hand reached for her own. Slowly, he rubbed his thumb over her knuckles. There was no sparks or electricity as he did so, just a feeling of everything being right, like coming home after a long day of work. Sansa found that she liked this feeling better.

“I will always want you, Sansa.” Jon said quietly. He kept his head bowed down and focused on their hands. Sansa felt like there was more to his meaning than her being his Jedi Master. Her heart felt like it was going to beat out of her chest as she imagined what Jon had meant by his statement.

_How is this what it feels like to love someone? Can I love him, if I am not with him in that way?_

Jon took her other hand into his own, this time linking their fingers together. He leaned his forehead against hers, staring into her eyes. Sansa felt her breath quicken as her thoughts went into overdrive.

**Jon is good.**

**And brave.**

**And loyal.**

_I never want to part from him._

Jon flicked his eyes down to her slightly parted mouth, and ever so slowly began to lean towards her. Sansa felt her eyes begin to flutter. She had never been kissed before but there was no doubt in her mind that this is what she desired in the moment. Sansa felt safe and whole in Jon’s embrace. While a part of her was scared that she would embarrass herself and do it wrong, the larger part knew that Jon would take care of her. He was always taking care of her.

_Just a little closer…_

“Oi!” Pyp yelled down at them. Sansa and Jon jumped at the interfering noise. Jon sighed and gave
her a lopsided grin while his chest and shoulders began to turn a pale shade of pink. Sansa thought he looked adorable. “We are about to leave the planet’s atmosphere and make the jump for hyperspace.”

Jon cleared his throat before looking up at Pyp. “Do you need my help?” He asked. Detangling their limbs, the two began to climb up the ladder.

“Nope.” Pyp said, smiling widely at the two of them with his arms crossed over his chest.

Jon scowled. “Why did you call us up then?” He demanded. Sansa had the thought that she should try to protect Pyp from Jon’s anger, but quickly decided against it. Jon wasn’t the only one put out by Pyp’s interruption.

Pyp threw his arm over Jon’s shoulder. “I didn’t want to pass up the opportunity to show off that I could do it without you, so naturally I had to come and find you. I was going to force your broody ass back to the cockpit and amaze you with my piloting skills.” Pyp bragged. Jon threw his arm off of him. Pyp only smiled wider in response. He turned around and started making his way back to the cockpit, with Jon walking next to him and Sansa only slightly behind. “Trust me, had I known you two were finally resolving all of this sexual tension I never would have interrupted you. I don’t think my delicate sensibilities can take much more of this, to be honest.”

Jon coughed while Sansa blushed. “I don’t know what you are talking about—”

Pyp laughed. “Sure sure.” He said sarcastically. He eyed Jon out of the corner of his eye. “And put a shirt on will you? Poor Sassy Pants is liable to get the wrong idea of what a man should look like after getting an eye full of that every day.”

Jon punched Pyp in the arm, causing Pyp to yelp in pain. “Careful ass hole. I bruise easily.” He said, rubbing his arm.

“It’s not my fault you’re a total whimp when it comes to any type of physical exertion.” Jon responded.

Sansa laughed behind them. Two weeks ago she had forced Pyp to join the rest of them in running laps around The ‘Watch. He became winded after only half a lap. He insisted that as a pilot he didn’t need to be in the same physical shape as the rest of them. Grenn had slapped Pyp on the back of his head, telling him that he would be the first to die if they ever had to run away from the ship. Pyp called him a dirty word, which resulted in Grenn forcing him to do extra laps unless he wanted to “have his fucking pansy ass handed to him”. Unfortunately for Pyp, no matter how much he feigned sleep, Grenn or Jon were always dragging him out of bed and forcing him to run with them after that, though his running was more of a jog/power walk.

Sansa smiled as she listened to their petty bickering continue. Looking at the back of Jon’s head, she once again felt the sensation of being home as long as he was near her. She placed her hand over her heart, letting the warmth of the moment over take her.

Chapter End Notes

Pyp! You and your horrible timing! Or perhaps great timing? Was it too soon for them to kiss, or was the timing just right? TBH I don't even know, and I'm the author!
However, Jon and Sansa's relationship is going to start progressing. They no longer
have the threat of the Death Star looming in the background, and as a result will finally be able to analyze what they are feeling, which they didn't have the time to previously.

I hope Crow Squadron and their interactions lived up to expectations! It is so much fun writing them. We only got a glimpse in this chapter, but there will be more coming.

Since it was so much fun last time, preview for the next chapter:

Jon gave her a smug grin, shaking off his inappropriate thoughts. “I’m ready to beat you again if that is what you are asking.” As opposed to stretching, Jon was lightly bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet and swinging his arms side to side.

“Will you two hold off on the flirting before I vomit? It is way too early for this shit.” Pyp complained. Unlike Jon, Sansa, Grenn, and even Sam, who was currently copying Sansa’s movements, Pyp was lying on the floor with one arm slung over his eyes.

Jon nudged him with his boot. “What are you even complaining about? I’m the one who took the last shift in the cockpit. I haven’t slept in almost a day.”

Pyp snorted in mock sympathy. “Do you know how much sleep is required to keep this looking so handsome?” He sat up and pointed to his face. “By the time the war is over I am going to look like I am an Elder, not a roguishly handsome young man.”

“Is that what you are calling your looks these days?” Jon taunted. Next to Sansa, Sam gave a shallow cough to hide his laugh.

“What was that, Tarly?” Pyp asked, narrowing his eyes.

“Nothing.” Sam said good naturedly. Jon was happy to see that despite remaining relatively quiet most of the time, Sam had gotten over his initial shyness from being around new people.

“Good, because I am planning on kicking your ass today and I don’t want it to be too embarrassing for you.” Pyp responded. He picked himself up off the floor and started to half-heartedly stretch out his muscles with some dynamic movements. He seemed satisfied with two light squats and an arm circle for only one arm.

“Geez Pyp, could you be any more of an ass hole in the mornings?” Grenn asked from his position against the wall.

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Thank you all so much for reading. Please comment if you like.

Have a great week my friends!
Thank you all for your comments, kudos, and hits! As always, it really means a lot to me.

Friends, this is by far the longest chapter I have written. It is over 9000 words and 17 pages. I sincerely hope that nobody gets bored!

Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Filoni, Lucas, or the person who created one of my favorite fitness memes. Bonus points if anyone can spot the quote.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 22: Tarbeck

Hey Dad.

I know I normally talk to you before I go to bed, but it’s my turn for the night shift and I am not sure when I will get to sleep so I thought you would talk to you now.

Sansa has a race planned for today’s training session. Since we will be in Tarbeck soon, we won’t have time to do much else. Like I said yesterday, it is becoming easier to recognize the Force. It feels… peaceful, calm, and steady. But, you already know that, don’t you? Don’t worry, Dad, I’m not upset about you keeping your past a secret from me anymore. I know you did it to protect me. I just wish we could talk about it face-to-face, you know?

Everything is going well on the ship. Pyp is a really good pilot, and ‘The Watch will be in capable hands once I leave to go train with Davos. Is it bad that I don’t want to leave, Dad? I like it here. Pyp, Grenn, and Sam are all good creatures. They are becoming my friends. I know, I know, I still remember crying to you as a boy that I would never have friends and you assured me I would someday. You were right, of course. Now I have three. Technically four if you count Sansa.

Dad, I really like Sansa. She is so beautiful. No, Dad, I am not just talking about the way she looks. I know it sounds strange, but the more I get to know her the more beautiful she becomes. It is almost like her personality enhances the way she looks. Is that strange? I want to tell her how I feel, but I am scared. What if she doesn’t feel the same? Or if she doesn’t want to change our relationship the way it is now? I know I need to talk to her about it. I promise you I will once the time is right.

I love you Dad. Thank you for listening.

I will talk to you tomorrow.

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“We are ready for this?” Sansa asked as she did some light calisthenics. She was wearing a form fitting tunic that was shorter than her other shirts, low boots, and pair of shorts that Jon found to be very revealing. Jon had been trying hard all morning not to stare at her long and athletic legs. He had a sneaking suspicion that this was her way of getting even with him for always training with his shirt
Jon decided to never wear a shirt while training again.

Damn, those shorts are leaving nothing to the imagination. Not to mention all her stretching is giving me a perfect view of her—

Get a hold of yourself Mormont.

Jon shook off his inappropriate thoughts and gave Sansa a smug grin. “I’m ready to beat you again if that is what you are asking.” As opposed to stretching, Jon was lightly bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet and swinging his arms from side to side. Ghost gave a bark in solidarity from his place next to LA-D3 along the wall.

“Will you two hold off on the flirting before I vomit? It is way too early for this shit.” Pyp complained. Unlike Jon, Sansa, Grenn, and even Sam, who was currently copying Sansa’s movements, Pyp was lying on the floor with one arm slung over his eyes.

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“What was that, Tarly?” Pyp asked, narrowing his eyes.

“Nothing.” Sam said good naturedly. Jon was happy to see that despite remaining relatively quiet most of the time, Sam had gotten over his initial shyness from being around new people.

“Good, because I am planning on kicking your ass today and I don’t want it to be too embarrassing for you.” Pyp responded. He picked himself up off the floor and proceeded to half-heartedly stretch out his muscles with some dynamic movements. Jon snorted when he realized that Pyp’s “warm-up” consisted of two light squats and an arm circle for only one arm.

“Geez Pyp, could you be any more of an ass hole in the mornings?” Grenn asked from his position against the wall. He had one arm raised up against it and was rotating his body in the opposite direction.

Pyp just gave him a mocking look while raising his middle finger. Jon let out a huge laugh with the rest of them joining in. Pyp always had something smart to say; it was very refreshing when any of them got the best of him and made him resort to crude hand gestures.

“All right, let’s review the rules.” Grenn said, pushing off the wall and coming to stand in front of them. “We will be doing 50 laps—

“That is going to take way too fucking long—"

“—around ‘The Watch. Sansa and Jon will be allowed to use the Force and will be competing against each other, while Pyp and Sam race against each other.” Grenn finished his statement, ignoring Pyp’s protest. “I will be running as well but won’t be competing.”
“Question, sir!” Pyp called out, raising his hand. “What’s the betting pool?”

Jon rolled his eyes and patted Sam on the back. “The smart money is on Sam.” He said, looking over at the larger man. Jon smiled to see him blushing under the praise. He gave Sam an encouraging squeeze on his shoulder. While Sam still had a long way to go, there was no doubt that he was improving both physically and even emotionally now that he was away from the Empire.

Pyp rolled his eyes. “Obviously.” He said, not at all ashamed in his lack of physical prowess. “I was talking about you two.” He motioned between Jon and Sansa. “I’m willing to place a week’s worth of night duty on Sansa kicking your ass. Any takers?”

“No fucking way.” Grenn said shaking his head. He motioned for Sam to join him in doing some lunges while they waited to start. The two started to move along the width of the hall. Ghost, becoming impatient, walked along side of them. The wolf normally joined the group for the daily runs. While he typically stayed with his master, Jon’s ability to start calling upon the Force had begun to make it difficult for Ghost to keep pace. Today he would be running alongside Grenn.

Pyp looked over at Sam. “What about you Sammy?”

Sam smiled and shook his head as he moved his legs forward and back. Jon let of a huff of annoyance.

“Thanks for the vote of confidence.” He mumbled, crossing his arms over his chest and scowling.

“No offense mate, but have you seen Sansa? That girl is no joke.” Pyp said, slinging an arm around Jon’s shoulders.

Jon fought the urge to look over to his Jedi Master. Sansa was sitting on the floor with both legs straight out in front of her as she leaned over to touch her toes. Yes, Jon had seen Sansa; it was impossible not to. And, more specifically, he had definitely seen Sansa’s legs this morning when she had met him outside of his father’s old room. He had not appreciated the knowing look that Pyp had given him when she came into their room while they finished getting ready.

Jon shrugged off Pyp’s arm, deciding it would be better to not respond to the taunting. Now that he was actively thinking about her Jon was no longer able to keep himself from looking at Sansa. She was blushing from all the praise and trying to hide her face behind the tail of her braid. Jon felt like it made her even more beautiful.

I wonder how far that blush—

Focus Jon.

Ever since their conversation in the glass dome, Jon had become even more aware of Sansa then he already was. This was true both physically and emotionally. Everything about her fascinated him, from the blue of her eyes to the graceful way her limbs moved as she taught him Soresu. Jon loved to watch the light play alog her body as it highlighted her lithe, muscular frame. Sansa physical beauty was enhanced by her kindness, loyalty, intelligence, and understanding. Yes, she could also be a huge pain in the ass when she wanted to be, but Jon liked that about her. He respected that she refused to be pushed around, and would now listen and contemplate the differing opinions of others.

In short, Sansa was lovely.

Jon resisted the urge to place his hand over his beating heart as she rose from the floor and gave him an encouraging smile. He had never experienced love beyond what he and his father shared and was unsure what to look for. He had read books that featured an all consuming love, the kind of passion
that was fiery and electric, and Jon had assumed that if he were to ever fall in love that he would feel like the characters he had read about. He spoke to Jeor a couple of times about his mother growing up, but Jon noticed as he grew older that Jeor always spoke of her as if she were a good friend, and not a lover. Unlike the stories, Jon had never felt a bolt of electricity whenever he and Sansa would hold hands, or when their bodies would brush against each other. Instead, he would feel content and peaceful, as if everything in the Galaxy was right as long as Sansa was there with him. In a way it was similar to how Jon would feel when he would use the Light Side of the Force.

Perhaps that is love. A sense of belonging, of being home with the one who matters most. While it does seem too soon to say that I love her, it feels like that is where I am headed.

Jon took his spot next to Sansa as they all lined up for the race. Grenn had taken it upon himself to call for the start since he was not competing against the others. Originally, they were going to have LA-D3 or Ghost give them the signal, but both Sansa and Jon had argued that either one of them would show favoritism to their respective master. Since Grenn didn’t care who won between the two of them he volunteered to be their second choice. Nobody listened when Pyp tried to use the favoritism argument against him, much to his ire.

Grenn positioned himself against the wall and raised one hand in the air. “Runners ready?” He questioned.

“Wait! I’ve just got to do one thing.” Pyp yelled dramatically. Everyone in the group turned to look at him. Jon opened his mouth in shock once he realized what Pyp was doing.

“Are you taking your shirt off?!” Sansa exclaimed. She whirled around to Jon and punched him in the arm, hard.

“Ow! What was that for?!” Jon said as he rubbed the sore spot. He was convinced she had used the Force in her hit to make it more painful.

Sansa pointed to Pyp as he discarded his shirt to the side and turned to look at them. The Starfallian had even more tattoos then Jon had previously thought. There were large circles that began at the top of either side of his ribcage. They descended in size as they made a vertical line that stopped at hipbones

Sansa pointed an accusatory finger at a topless Jon. “This is all your fault! If you hadn’t been parading around half naked maybe I wouldn’t be dealing with two topless men as they throw their testosterone around.”

Jon put his hands on his hips. “Excuse me? I will have you know—”

“She is right Jon.” Pyp interrupted. “I just figured Sansa finally needed to see what a real man looks like. You and all your rippling muscles are giving her a false sense of reality.”

Jon snorted as he looked at Pyp. Though he was slightly defined, and Jon was using the term slightly very liberally, he was also skinny. Jon reasoned that the only reason Pyp looked the way he did was because of his genetics, not physical exercise.

“Anyone else planning on stripping this morning?” Sansa narrowed her eyes at Sam and Grenn, daring them to face her wrath if they so much as touched their tunics.

Sam shook his head and crossed his arms over his chest in an effort to try and hide more of his clothed body.

“I’ll pass.” Grenn said. He gave them all a sly smile. “I wouldn’t want to make these boys look any
more ridiculous then they already do.” Grenn gave Pyp the same hand gesture from earlier. “Now, can we all please get into position? I think Ghost is going to have a meltdown if we don’t start soon.” Grenn motioned down to Ghost who had begun pawing at the floor. The wolf was eager to begin his run.

Jon crouched down low to the floor. He leaned his body over his bent right leg and straightened out his left. If he wanted to beat Sansa he would need all the help he could get, and that included having a good take off. Sansa and Sam took the same position on either side of him, while Pyp began to examine his nails at the end of the line. Sansa turned to look at him, the excitement of competition evident from the huge grin of her face. Jon winked at her, causing Sansa to tip her head back and laugh.

“Now!” Grenn called, throwing his body flush against the wall so that he wouldn’t be trampled. Jon and Sansa took off into a quick sprint, with Grenn not too far behind. While he was fast, Grenn was no match for Jon and Sansa’s speed, especially since the race was technically a training exercise for Jon in wielding the Force. Pyp and Sam brought up the rear, jogging at a more leisurely pace.

They finished the first lap quickly and began the second.

“Remember Jon, clear your mind. Draw upon the energy of the Force to aid you.” Sansa said next to him. She didn’t show any signs of fatigue despite their grueling pace.

Jon did as his Master instructed. True to her word, Sansa had scaled back on Jon’s Jedi training. While she still spent the same amount of time teaching him, Jon was only now allowed to do what Sansa deemed “the very basics”. For the past week Jon perfected the forms of Soresu, ran laps around the hip, and meditated. (He swore the back of his head would always have a bump from the many times Sansa would thump him with his training staff when he fell asleep.) During each practice Sansa would instruct him to clear his mind and allow the Force to flow through him, to recognize it’s potential and to remember how it felt to have it inside him. The first few times had been a struggle and Jon found himself becoming easily distracted, but after three days Jon had been able to identify the tingling sensation of the Force as it dwelled within him. It was like a small light, warm and pure. The more Jon focused on it, the more he felt it spread throughout out his whole body. When Jon had described the feeling afterwards to Sansa, she had squealed in delight and leapt into his arms. Sansa had told him that what he experienced was the Light Side of the Force. She taught him it was easy to differentiate between the two because while the Light brought peace, the Dark only brought anger. While it was easier to wield the Force this way, anger was a quick emotion and therefore it’s power unstable. The Light Side of the Force was harder to maintain but was equal in power to the Dark Side and longer lasting.

Fighting to maintain his cool demeanor, Jon listened attentively to her in-depth description of the differences between the Light and Dark Sides of the Force. He was ashamed when he realized his feelings at the sight of Jeor being murdered were in fact the Dark Side of the Force. In his anger the Dark Side tempted him with the power to take vengeance against those who had murdered his father. Unlike his struggle with the Light Side, feeling the Dark Side had been easy. As we watched Sansa’s face light up as she continued to talk about the Light Side, Jon knew he didn’t want to disappoint her. Thus, he decided to keep what happened to him a secret.

Jon cleared his mind of distractions as he continued to run. He evened his breathing and relaxed his body. Looking deep within himself he began to call out to the Force. It was there, just beneath the surface of his conscious thoughts, and Jon reached out to, almost as if he was extending his hand. Feeling it’s power flow through him, Jon easily picked up his pace.

“Good Jon.” Sansa said, matching him stride for stride. “Remember, this is exercise is twofold. You
have found the Force, and now you must hold onto it. I know you are competitive and want to beat me. Those feelings can easily turn into anger and a desire for power. This is the Dark Side of the Force. Your true purpose here isn’t to beat me, but to maintain the calm of the Light Side while in a stressful situation.” Sansa gave him a quick glance. “Do or do not, there is no try.”

Jon frowned at her. “That… makes no sense. How am I supposed to ‘do’ something if I don’t ‘try’?”

Sansa threw her head back and laughed. “I completely agree, but Master Tyrion sure did say it a lot growing up.” She playfully nudged him with her shoulder before taking off ahead on him. “Let me know if you ever figure out its true meaning!”

Grunting, Jon kicked off his feet and used the Force to catch up to her.

“Ugh. I am never moving again.” Pyp complained. He threw himself dramatically onto the bench next to the Dejarik board.

“I told you to stretch afterward.” Grenn muttered, taking a seat next to him. Unlike Pyp, Grenn did not look the least bit tired after their daily run.

Pyp sat up straight, gabbing Grenn’s arm and looking at him with wide eyes. “What if exercise is actually bad for your body? And soreness if your body’s way of telling you that?”

“Doubtful.” Grenn snorted, taking his hand and pulling Pyp’s arm off him. The slight movement exacerbated Pyp’s sore muscles, and he began to whimper in his chair about the evilness of physical exercise.

Jon shook his head in disgust at Pyp dramatics. Not wanting to be any closer to his complaining then he had to, he decided to take a seat next to Sam at the computers. Grenn glared at them and their betrayal of not saving him from Pyp. Sansa stood in the middle of the room ignoring them all. She was prepping LA-D3 to holo project the map of the Droid Factory they would soon be exploring.

“Congratulations on your win today, Sam.” Jon said, patting Sam on the back. The larger man had not only beaten Pyp but had done so by a few minutes.

“Thank you.” Sam said sincerely. “It is actually getting easier the more I do it. I know it isn’t much, but it helps me feel like I am worth something.”

Jon nodded his head in understanding. Completing any type of task, whether easy or difficult, was always rewarding.

Pyp shot them a look of annoyance from across the room. “All of this exercise is overrated. I’ll have you know that if we competed in an aerial challenge I would wipe the floor with any of you.” Pyp looked between Jon and Sansa before resting his eyes upon Jon. He winced as he raised his hand and pointed a finger at him dramatically. “I challenge you!” He exclaimed.

Jon smiled back at him. “Deal.” He said easily. “After we are done with the mission we can stay on planet for a while and run some maneuvers.”

“Be prepared to suffer a double loss today Mormont.” Pyp vowed.

Jon scowled. He knew the point of the competition was for him to control his competitive nature and keep his feelings neutral so that he could maintain the flow of the Force. While he had done that successfully, he was still smarting over his defeat. “If Sansa didn’t Force leap to the end I would
have had her.” He grumbled.

Sansa laughed at his declaration. She finished setting up LA-D3 and turned to face the group. “Don’t kid yourself Jon. I had plenty of kick left. Besides, the leap was fair game since we were both using the Force.”

“I thought we were just using the Force to help us with strength and speed!” He yelled.

“It’s okay Jon.” Sam said placatingly. “I’m sure you will beat Sansa someday.”

“Yeah, maybe when Cersei decides to surrender to Stannis and become a Jedi.” Pyp laughed.

Jon resisted the urge to start pouting, reminding himself that Jeor had always taught him to lose with dignity. While he wasn’t embarrassed that he lost to Sansa, he was annoyed that he hadn’t thought to try a Force leap. Of course, it was hard to consider doing one when he had never accomplished it before. During their post running stretch, Sansa congratulated Jon on his ability over the past week to master the basics. She declared that he was now to try levitating objects as well as Force pushes and pulls. When he had asked her when she thought he would be ready for a lightsaber, Sansa had deflected the question saying that he still needed to focus on his forms. While Jon understood there was more to being a Jedi than wielding a lightsaber, he could not deny how excited he was to receive one of his own. He trusted Sansa, however, and knew she would take him to a temple once she felt he was ready. Jon dropped the subject.

Sansa clapped her hands. Everyone stopped talking and turned their attention to her. “As you know, we have been assigned to investigate an abandoned droid factors on Tarbeck used during the Clone Wars. It is the hope of the Council that the Rebellion will be able to use the location for the home of its new Rebel Base. LA-D3, will you please pull up a map of the factory?”

The droid gave an aggregable beep. Immediately a blue building came out of her optical holographic projector. An old factory appeared before them in the middle of the room. The blue prints were the originals, and Jon figured that while the factory was still standing it most likely didn’t look as pristine as it did in the holoprojection. Made out of rock and cement from the planets natural resources, the factory was a giant dome shape with cylindrical chimneys coming out of the top.

“The droid factory was a part of a battle during the Clone Wars. The Jedi and Clone troopers launched an unsuccessful assault to shut it down.” Sansa explained. “General Baratheon and his advisors are interested not only in the building itself, but also the natural tunnels that were formed underneath it by the native population. The hope is that the building will be large enough to house the Rebellion and its ships.”

“What about the tunnels?” Sam asked. His hand was cupping his cheek and his brow furrowed in deep thought as he examined the map before them.

“After the Clone Wars, the Empire massacred the Tarbecks. Cersei wanted to keep it a secret that she had been leading the Separatists and saw their knowledge as a threat to her power. The Council fears that some of the Tarbecks may have survived and went into hiding underground. We are to investigate the tunnels to see if this is true.”

“I’ve never heard of the Tarbecks before. What type of creature are they?” Pyp asked.

“They were a winged, semi-insectoid species that were born into hives and lead by a Queen. If only a Queen and a virile male survived, that would be enough to ensure the species could live on.” Sam answered. He blushed as all eyes looked at him in shock. Sansa’s mouth opened a little in her bewilderment. “I like to read.” Sam said, as if that explained his knowledge of Tarbeck Hall and its
inhabitants.

“Thank you, Sam.” Sansa said. Her look of shock was now replaced with one of appreciation. Sam blushed even harder under her praise.

Focusing back on her droid, Sansa asked her to show the group the rest of the blueprints. LA-D3 expanded the holo projection to show the tunnels that ran underground. There were dozens of them, with no discernable reason linking them all together. Grenn gave out a low whistle. He stood up and moved towards the projection to take a closer look.

“These tunnels look like they will be a bitch to navigate.” He muttered, scratching his chin.

“I agree.” Sansa said. “I have already programed D3 to memorize their mapping so that we do not get lost. Jon and I will take her and investigate the tunnels while Grenn and Sam look over the factory.”

Pyp raised his hand. Jon laughed when he winced at the movement. “Where would you like me, oh fearless leader?” He asked Sansa after sending a glare towards Jon.

“You will stay behind with the ship and be our look out.” Sansa said, her tone brokering no room for argument.

Naturally, Pyp paid no attention to her subtle warning. “What?!” He cried. “I have been busting my ass with all of this fucking training and you are telling me to sit on the ship and make sure nobody catches you?!”

“Yes, I am. And as your leader, you will follow my orders.” Sansa said, this time with more authority in her voice. Thankfully Sansa was so focused on Pyp that she didn’t notice Jon wiggling uncomfortably in his seat. His body did things when it heard Sansa become bossy, and Jon didn’t feel comfortable revealing that to the present company. He took some meditative breaths and willed himself to focus on anything else but her.

Jon looked at Pyp as he thought over what Sansa said for a few moments. He smiled and cradled the back of his head in his hands. “All right.” He said simply.

“Really? That’s all?” Sam asked, confused. He, along with everyone else, had assumed that Pyp would put up more of a protest.

Pyp shrugged. “Sassy Pants knows what she is doing. Besides, I am so sore I can barely walk.”

Grenn shot Pyp a look of disgust while Jon rolled his eyes. “You know that the best remedy for that is to actually move around, right?” Grenn asked.

“Lies.” Pyp scoffed.

“Gentleman, if we can get back to the matter as hand?” Sansa asked, resting her arm on her hip like a school teacher getting ready to discipline a youngling. Jon started to wiggle again.

_Damn it man. Get your shit together._

All eyes turned their attention to Sansa. Jon wisely kept his focus on the floor.

“Thank you.” Sansa said. Feeling her eyes on him, Jon looked up to see Sansa staring at him. “Jon, how long should it take us to reach the factory?” She asked.
Jon cleared his dry throat, ignoring the looks that Pyp and Grenn were giving him. He turned to the ships mapping computer. They were already out of hyperspace and were currently floating just outside of Tarbeck Hill’s atmosphere. “I’d say about an hour, maybe less.”

“Good.” Sansa gave a quick nod if her head. “Pyp, prepare The Knight’s Watch to enter the planet’s atmosphere and start us a course for the factory. I want the rest of us to prepare for our mission. Since this should only take a couple of hours and we will be staying close to the ship, I do not anticipate the need for a full field kit. Blasters and thermal detonators should suffice. I doubt we will need to use them, but I would prefer for us to be prepared for anything.”

Sansa looked around the room and made eye contact with each of them. “I know that some, maybe even all of us, feel like we have something to prove with this mission. I understand that, but let’s not do anything reckless, all right?”

Everyone nodded their heads in understanding. Jon knew that Sansa was stressed and wanted everything to go perfectly so that she could show the council she was ready to be a squadron leader. Sam and Grenn viewed this as their first opportunity to show their loyalty to the Rebellion, while Pyp wanted to show that his earlier performance at Greywater Watch was not a fluke. Jon didn’t feel one way or the other about the topic but wanted things to run smoothly for Sansa.

“Good. Let’s plan on meeting back here once The ‘Watch has entered Tarbeck Hill’s atmosphere. And may the Force be with us.”

Jon tried to keep his body from shivering in fear as he, Sansa, and LA-D3 made their way down the Droid Factory’s twisting tunnels. The air was stale, it was unbearably hot, and there was no outside light source to guide them. Sansa had her lightsaber activated and held it over their heads to provide some light, causing everything to glow different shades of purple. They followed closely behind D3. The droid’s holoprojector displayed the catacombs they were currently navigating with a small red dot showing their position. They had only covered about a quarter of the labyrinth in an hour.

The tunnels themselves were architectural masterpieces. Jon assumed that they would just be standard holes dug into the ground. He was quickly proven wrong, however, as soon they entered the caves. The Tarbecks had clearly put a lot of time and effort into making sure that each wall was supported with mud-based cement pillars that lined the walls and sometimes the center of the structure. The columns were decorated with elegant curves and markings, giving them a decorative quality even though they were used for practical purposes.

“Keep an eye out for any signs of life. The Tarbeck’s would nest along the walls and ceilings of the tunnels.” Sansa reminded him. She had her hair pulled back into a half bun, and the soft curls along her neck were moist with sweat.

Jon shuffled around the skeletal corpse that was laying in the middle of the walk way. His stomach rolled when he quickly ran into another. “I doubt there were any survivors. It feels like we are walking through a graveyard.”

Sansa hummed in agreement. Jon used his scarf to wipe the sweat from his forehead, grateful that he had left his jacket on The ‘Watch. He pushed the rolled-up sleeves of his tunic up past his elbows.

“Too bad there isn’t a way to use the Force to create a cool breeze down here.” He remarked dryly.

Sansa laughed. “If you discover one let me in the on the secret. I can’t wait to take a cool shower once we are done. My tunic is probably see through at this point.” Sansa motioned to her tan,
sleeveless tunic that was damp with sweat.

Unable to resist, Jon sneaked a peak to see that Sansa was right. While not completely see through, Jon did have a pretty good glimpse of her breast band underneath her shirt.

“Close enough.” He muttered. Jon winced once he realized that he had spoken before thinking. “Sansa, I am so sorry. I don’t want you to think that I don’t respect—”

Jon was cut off by the sounds of Sansa’s laughter as it echoed off the surrounding structure. “Jon, I do not, nor would I ever, think that you don’t respect me. I…” It was Sansa’s turn to blush now and look at him shyly. Jon began to feel the familiar stirrings in his heart. “I like it that you find me attractive. The way you look at me, it makes me feel beautiful.”

Jon gave her a look of surprise. “It does?” He asked.

“Yes.” Sansa assured him. “Besides, I like to look at you too.” She looked down at her feet and tried to move her hair around to hide the embarrassment evident on her face.

“You do?” Jon’s voice was filled with wonder. He knew that Sansa found him handsome but hadn’t given much thought to her constantly desiring to look at him.

Jon’s heart swelled. He didn’t know it was possible to feel so complete in such a dreadful place.

“Yes.” Sansa said again, only softer this time. “Is that all right, that I like to look at you?” She asked innocently. It struck Jon that Sansa was just as new to her feelings for him as he was for her. It made him happy to know that they would learn this new territory together.

Jon gave a nod, bumping her on her shoulder while staying mindful of her blade. He wanted to hold her hand again but decided to wait until the mission was over.

Sansa smiled at him as the continued down the dark path. “Is there anything else you want to ask?”

Jon hesitated, following LA-D3 as she took them through another tunnel. Once again there was no sign of life. The only difference was that the further from the entrance they got, the more Tarbeck corpses they found. Jon winced as his steps crunched beneath him. There was no avoiding the bones now.

Jon sighed. He knew this wasn’t the place to ask his next question, but it had been nagging at him and he wanted to know the answer.

“Sansa, when do you think I will be ready for a lightsaber?” Jon asked. Sansa faltered in her steps, clearly not expecting the question or the change in topic. Jon noticed her face fall as she looked to the feet.

“Someday.” She said quietly.

Jon gave her a sharp look. She had deflected him once before, and he had let it slide. But now that she was sidestepping the question a second time, Jon felt himself wondering what was so bad about desiring a lightsaber. Sansa, sensing Jon’s confusion, called out to D3 to halt her movements. She turned her body to face Jon, moving her lightsaber off to the side of her body so that it was no longer in between them.

“Jon, are you familiar with how a Jedi receives a kyber saber crystal?”

“Don’t you just go the Jedi Temple and find one?”
Sansa sighed, wiping the sweat from her flushed cheeks. “It’s a little more complicated then that. There is only one Jedi Temple that is home to kyber crystals, and it is located on Winterfell. While not impossible to go there, it will be difficult considering the planet is currently loyal to Cersei.” Sansa looked him in the eyes and gave him a sad smile. “I just want to protect you Jon.”

“I understand, but surely we can—”

Sansa shook her head at Jon, causing him to stop speaking. “I’m not referring to the Bolton’s. The Temple, it… tests you. It will show you things. It could be events that have already happened that you have not made peace with or your fears of the future. Only those who can overcome the obstacles are able to hear the call of their crystal, while others are lost to the caves forever. Their Masters wait for them outside the cave, and they never stop waiting. Never. I was eight when Tyrion took me to Winterfell Temple.”

Jon looked at Sansa closely. Her eyes were glossy, no doubt remembering her own trial. “What did you see, Sansa?” He asked gently.

“Nothing.” She said quietly. “I saw nothing, for I was all that was left. No other Jedi lived but me. I was doomed to be alone, the last Jedi, forever. I screamed and cried, but there was no one left to hear me.” Sansa brought her hand to her throat and began to rub it, caught up in the feeling of her screams.

“How did you overcome that?” Jon asked. He understood the feelings of being alone after Jeor died. He couldn’t imagine how Sansa had felt experiencing that as a youngling.

Sansa’s blue eyes returned her focus back to Jon. “Those who can feel the Force are never truly alone.” She said simply. Sansa motioned for them to resume their walking. She gave D3 an affectionate pat on her head to get her to start moving again. “Every Jedi must face the trial of the temple. I know that. But you have already been through so much. I don’t know what the Temple will show you, and I selfishly wanted to spare you for as long as I could. I’m sorry Jon.”

Jon looked at her profile as it glowed purple. He could see that Sansa was feeling guilty again. There was little doubt in his mind that Sansa was berating herself for not making the right decisions as his Master. “There is nothing to be sorry for, Sansa. I understand why you were hesitant. I couldn’t imagine going through what you did right now. I just wish you hadn’t been so afraid to talk to me.”

Sansa looked at him. Her blue eyes were full of guilt. “I’m sorry Jon. I am still learning how to be a good Master.”

Jon smiled at her, reaching out to put a strand of hair behind her ear. It was damp with sweat, but Jon didn’t mind. “It’s all right. I’m still trying to figure out how to be a good Padawan. We can keep learning together.”

We will learn everything together.

Sansa gave him a firm nod and they continued walking. LA-D3 turned, igniting her thrusters so that she could go through a small, door-less opening that had been drilled into the wall. Looking at the map, Jon saw that they were about to go into one of the offshoot rooms that didn’t connect to anything else. Sansa turned off her lightsaber so that she could crawl through the small space with Jon right behind her. It was a snug fit, but thankfully they only had to crawl a few feet before they came to a larger room. They dusted themselves off. Sansa made a grab for her lightsaber once she was done. While the map from LA-D3 gave of a blue glow, it was very faint and only allowed them to see a few inches directly ahead of the projection.
“Leave now, Jon.”

Jon furrowed his brow, confused.

Dad?

Since Jeor’s death Jon had begun to speak to Jeor every night before he went to sleep. He would look at the holo picture and tell him about his Jedi training, his growing friendships with Grenn, Sam, and Pyp, something funny he had seen Ghost do, and his confusing feelings for Sansa. It helped Jon to remember him and come to peace with his death. Besides the time on the Death Star, and when he had decided to return to the Rebellion, Jon had not heard Jeor’s respond back to him. He had concluded that those times he had heard Jeor has just been the longings of his heart and had not pondered on it since. He wasn’t grieving now, however. In fact, he wasn’t even thinking of Jeor, but there was no mistaking the voice he had just heard.

“Leave Jon!”

Jon began to feel dread rise up from the pit of his stomach. Looking at his arms, the only thing he could see in the blue glow, he watched as his hair began to stand up on end.

“Jon?” Sansa asked, her breathing labored. She turned on her lightsaber. The purple light danced off the walls that surrounded them. Looking up, Sansa took in a quiet, horrified gasp.

Following her gaze, Jon looked up to see hundreds of cocooned insects lining the walls and ceiling of the large room. They were yellow and see through. Jon’s eyes widened in terror at his perfect view of the Tarbecks growing inside. Sansa grabbed Jon’s arm and pointed to section along the far corner of the wall. To his horror, Jon saw that a good quarter of the cocoons were already open and empty.

“We need to leave.” Jon said. He grabbed Sansa’s hand. They slowly and quietly made their way towards the entrance. “Turn off the lights.”

Sansa and LA-D3 listened without question. The room was plunged into darkness, save for LA-D3’s thrusters as she flew herself back out of the opening. Jon felt like even that was too much light, but there was no way he was leaving Sansa’s beloved droid behind. As quietly as they could, Jon and Sansa made their way out of the tunnel. As soon as their feet hit the floor they took off into a sprint back towards the tunnel’s only opening. LA-D3 lead the way, keeping her thrusters on so that she wouldn’t have to navigate the terrain. Jon felt that she looked like a mechanical torpedo.

“Did you see that? Some of them were empty!” Sansa cried. Jon watched with envy as she Force jumped over a group of courses.

“No shit.” Jon replied. “We have to message the others, tell them what we—ah!”

Jon let out a cry as his knees gave out. He fell to the floor with such force that small bits of bone and skin from the carcasses fluttered around him. Jon felt nauseated, and he wasn’t sure it was because of their situation.

“Jon!”

He placed his hands onto his temples.

*What is wrong me?!

Jon flinched as he felt a soothing hand begin to rub the back of his neck. “It’s all right Jon. It’s the
Force. I feel it too. It is letting us know there is a disturbance. It is probably warning us about the Tarbecks. Everything will be—” Sansa stopped short as their comm links began to buzz with static.

“Queen Crow, this is Yellow Crow. We have got a huge fucking problem.” Pyp whispered harshly. The fear was evident in his voice.

“I know! It the Tarbecks. Jon and I found—"

“Screw the Tarbecks!” Pyp somehow managed to screech while still whispering. “Jamie fucking Lannister and his fucking Apprentice have just landed and are approaching the droid factory. Right. Fucking. Now. I repeat—”

“What the fuck?!” Grenn interrupted him. “You’re sure?”

“Yes ass hole! There is nothing wrong with my fucking eyesight.” Pyp growled. “Besides, Ghost is going crazy. It’s almost like he can sense them.”

“Big Crow and Brother Crow, what is your location?” Sansa said. Jon knew she hated the code names that Pyp had come up with but considering their current situation she had no choice but to use them. Anyone could be listening in on their conversation.

“Upper levels of the Droid Factory.” Sam said quickly.

“Good. You two head to the roof. Do not under any circumstances engage the Inquisitors. King Crow and I will handle them.” Sansa lifted Jon up from the ground. His sickness had faded thanks to the breathing exercises that Sansa had taught them. The two started to sprint again. Once again in his short life Jon felt like he was running away from one danger and towards a much worse one.

“Yellow Crow, prepare the ship for pick up.” Sansa instructed.

“Roger roger. What about you two?” Pyp asked.

“We’ll be in touch.”.

Having calmed down enough to use the Force, Jon picked up his speed with Sansa next to him. Jon had never felt himself run so fast in his life. Everything was a blur and they sprinted down the tunnels. Due to their pace they were able to cover their previous distance in a quarter of the time.

“Queen Crow and King Crow, we have eyes on the Inquisitors. They are heading down the tunnel. Brother Crow and I are heading to roof now.”

Sansa’s only response was to pick up the pace.

“What can you tell me about the Inquisitors?” Jon called over to her. He wasn’t breathing heavy, thanks to his training, but the heat of tunnels was almost unbearable with his raised body temperature. Jon could only hope that his hands weren’t so slippery that he wouldn’t be able to wield his blaster.

Sansa thought over his question for a few moments before responding. “I’ve never met Jaime Lannister, but as Grand Inquisitor he is only position below Night King in Sith hierarchy. Bran Stark is his first and only Apprentice. I’m sure you aware of his story.”

Of course Jon knew about Bran Stark. Hell, everyone in the Galaxy knew what Cersei did to him and his family. Just the thought of it make Jon feel like throwing up all over again
“I do.” He said simply.

Sansa nodded her head. She grabbed her blaster from her hip holster and motioned to Jon. “Catch.” Sansa said, throwing him her blaster. Jon caught it easily. “Our best option is fight them as a team. We have to weaken them to the point that we are able to get past them and head to the ship.”

“So… basically run away?” Jon questioned. He skidded to a halt and grabbed Sansa’s arm. “Shouldn’t we make a stand?”

“We make a stand and we are dead. We barely survived Ramsay, and he was just one Inquisitor. Now there are two.” Sansa narrowed her eyes. Jon knew from her look that she would tolerate no arguments from him. “This is us living to fight another day.”

“Understood.” Jon said, starting to run again.

They took a few more turns. Jon became anxious when he looked at the map and saw that they were close to the entrance. He knew that there was little time left before their confrontation. He slowed down his speed by a fraction and prepped his blasters. Sansa raised her hand to signal for him to stop. She raised her lightsaber and brought herself into the opening stance of Soresu. It reminded Jon of the first time they fought together. He took comfort in the memory; they had survived Ramsay, and maybe they would survive Jamie Lannister and Bran Stark as well. Jon took a knee beside her back leg holding his blasters at the ready. He smiled as LA-D3 brought herself down in front of him to act as his shield.

Jon listened intently as he began to hear the distant sounds of a male voice approaching them. The voice became louder the closer the Inquisitors got to their position. Jon thought that the owner was speaking rather loudly, which didn’t make any sense to him. Surely the Inquisitors must feel their presence just as Jon and Sansa had felt theirs. Wouldn’t they want the element of surprise on their side?

“A little loud, aren’t they?” Jon whispered to Sansa.

She didn’t have time to reply before Jon saw the red and purple glow of lightsabers illuminating the wall that connected to two paths together. Jon looked up at Sansa, who seemed just as surprised to see a light that matched her own. Jon barely had time to think on the implications of such a thing when the two holders of the weapons turned the corner and came into view.

Both Inquisitors were tall, though the one not wearing a helmet was more stocky and muscular than his companion. Besides the helmet, which covered the wearers entire face, both of their outfits were similar to Ramsay’s: black chest plates with the red insignia of the Empire, black tunics and pants, and tall shiny black boots.

Maybe I should reconsider wearing black so often...

The one holding the purple blade took the stance of Ataru and positioned himself in Form IV. Jon recognized the stance from his lightsaber training. Sansa was teaching him both From III and Form IV, the first for defense and the second for offense. Besides those terrible first three weeks, Jon had not fought her in either Form since Sansa had begun Jon’s new training regime. Instead, Jon had been repeating the position movements over and over until they became natural to his body. Even if he had a lightsaber he would not have felt comfortable dueling against either man, but thanks to knowing the positions he knew that Form IV was weak against blaster fire. Jon would have to focus all his attention on him.

The man with the red blade eyed them warily and quirked a single eye brow. To Jon’s astonishment,
he held his blade loosely and seemed not at all interested in making a move against them.

“Are you Sansa Snow are her Padawan Jon Mormont?” He asked. Jon assumed that he was Jamie Lannister due to him looking to be in his mid-fifties. Unlike Ramsay and even Night King, the Inquisitor before them sounded tired and weary.

“We are.” Sansa said. Jon was pleased to hear the lack of fear in her voice. He continued to keep his focus and blasters pointed at Bran. He knew he had no chance against Lannister, but Bran was young. While he may be more skilled in the Force then Jon, Jon was sure that he possessed more battle experience.

At Sansa’s response, Jaime let out a long sigh. His shoulders dropped as they released their previously held tension. He turned off his lightsaber and placed a hand on Bran’s shoulder. The young boy flinched noticeably at his touch.

“What the hell…” Jon breathed.

The scene before them was reminiscent of what had happened with Pyp, Grenn, and Sam on the Death Star. Jon shook his head slowly in disbelief. It was impossible that the Inquisitors were defectors considering their positions in the Empire. He looked up at Sansa and saw her knuckles had turned white on the hand that was gripping her lightsaber. She looked convinced that the they were here to attack them. Jon trusted her judgment.

“Bran.” Jaime said kindly. Jon narrowed his eyes as he watched the scene play out. “I hope you pass the test that is before you.” Jaime gave Bran a gentle squeeze before returning his attention back to Jon and Sansa. The younger man’s body looked like it was shaking in fear.

Quickly, and without warning, Jaime Lannister reached out both hands towards Jon, LA-D3, and Sansa. In the time it took Jon to blink the Grand Inquisitor sent a vicious Force push their way. Sansa anticipated it and leapt out of the way, but Jon was too slow. He felt his body lift of the ground and was sent flying towards a cemented pillar. All his breath left him as he hit the column with his back, hard. Jon crumbled to the ground. Stars were dancing around his eyes. In the distance he heard the thud of D3 as she mirrored his movements.

“Jon! Are you all right?!” Sansa yelled out to him. Jon gave his head a small shake to stop the room from spinning. To his dismay he saw Sansa charging ahead towards the Inquisitors without waiting for him to recover. He tried to stand but his knees buckled.

Jon opened his mouth to yell at her to wait for him. The words never came, though, as his body once again levitated off the floor. This time he was Force pulled towards Lannister. He threw Jon behind them, placing themselves in between him and Sansa. With a sinking feeling in his stomach Jon realized they were taking him hostage. He had lost his blasters in the first Force push and only had his hand-to-hand skills to defend himself with. Jon shakily got to his feet. Before he could take his first step, Jamie Lannister stepped behind his Apprentice so quickly that Bran had no time to react. He sent out another gigantic Force push. Bran’s body was thrust forward on a collision course towards Sansa. She skidded to a halt and sent another Force push towards Bran to stop him from ramming into her. In that moment, Jon watched as Jaime raised his hands, and, with little effort, brought the entire tunnel caving in around Sansa and Bran.

“Sansa!” Jon roared, struggling to get to his feet on shaky limbs.

No! This can’t be happening again. It just… it can’t!

Jon’s eyes began to fill with tears. Sansa, his lovely Sansa, was stuck under a pile of rock and rubble.
She could be dying. She could already be dead.

He looked at Jaime Lannister with rage. “You killed her!” He roared.

All around him was darkness. He could feel it coursing through his veins. His anger and pain fed his power. He would kill Jaime Lannister for taking Sansa away from him. Jon had never felt so strong when using the Light Side.

“Jon, you must calm yourself, my son. Beware the power of the Dark Side.”

Jon ignored the voice of his father. He was dead. Sansa was dead. The Light Side did nothing but make him weak. The Dark Side was where the true power lay.

Jaime looked at him, cocking his head to one side. He no doubt felt the power that was surrounding Jon. “Do not go down that path boy. Few who do are able to return, and those that come back are never the same.” He reprimanded. “The Dark Side will bring you nothing but pain and sorrow. Cling to the Light, and never let it go.

Jon let out a harsh breath of air. He blinked a few times. His heart willed him to listen to what Lannister had said; what his Father had said. Jon gave out a cry of despair as the fight left him. He was ashamed of himself. Why did he always turn to anger when his grief became too much to bear?

I just want Sansa back.

“Is she dead?” He asked, his voice hollow. “Did you kill her, and your Apprentice as well?”

The Grand Inquisitor shook his head. “No, I have not.” He sighed.

Jamie sat himself down with his back against the cave-in facing Jon. He had managed to bring the entire structure down, and light shown through from the droid factory up above. Jaime tilted his head up so the could feel the light on his face. Once again, Jon was struck with how tired and weary he looked. Jon cautiously sat down against the wall opposite of him. LA-D3 rolled over to rest next to him. Jamie looked at Jon and gave him a comforting look.

“Hopefully, Jon Mormont, I have saved us all.”

Chapter End Notes

Cliffhanger! Am I right?

So much happened in this chapter that I don't even know where to begin. Jon is becoming stronger, his feelings for Sansa are growing, Jeor is possibly talking to him, he has once again felt the pull of the Dark Side, and Bran and Sansa are now stuck in a cave-in orchestrated by Jamie Lannister. Oh, and Pyp is sore from running. How will Crow Squadron make it out of this situation? Tune in Thursday to find out!

I hope everyone enjoyed reading the events as they played out! I don't know how this chapter got so long, but I had a blast writing it so that is good.

Preview for next chapter:

“Oh Mother.” Bran sobbed. In his mind, he knew the Jedi lying unconscious on the
floor was not Caitlin Stark, but he couldn’t help himself as he curled next to her and
nestled himself into her shoulder.

One quick heads up: The next chapter deals with The Dark Side of the Force. It is truly
awful. Please be aware of the trigger warnings in the tags as these will be dealt with
extensivley. If anyone is unable to read the chapter but would like to continue with the
story, send me and e-mail on Thursday and I will send you a summary of what happens
without mentions of suicide and self loathing.

Thank you for reading my friends! Please comment if you like and have a great week!
Wow. The amount of love I received from the last chapter was astounding. Thank you all so much for your comments, kudos, and hits! It is an honor to be writing something that others are enjoying.

This chapter was difficult to write for a number of reasons. It is just... sad. Or maybe it isn't sad and I am super emotional? I'm honestly not sure. Big shout out to my sister who answered all my questions on the Dark Side and convinced me that what I had written was not outside of the rhelm of possibilities when it comes to Star Wars.

TRIGGER WARNING: This chapter deals with manipulation, self loathing, and suicidal thoughts. Please do not read if any of this is something that could trigger you. If you would like to know what happens, I am more then happy to provide you with a quick summary of what occurs in this chapter. Just let me know in the comments.

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 23: The Dark Side of the Force

“How was everyone’s day today?”

“Arya stole my blaster.”

“I did not! Robb is lying. Robb, tell Dad and Mom that you are lying right now!”

“I am not lying. I saw you sneak it back into my room after you were done using it.”

“Arya! You are far too young to be handling a blaster.”

“But Mom! What if something happens and I need to protect the family?”

“That is why we have guards Arya. You can practice with one when you are older.”

“Fine. Since we are sharing secrets, I saw Robb—oomph!”

“Robb! Don’t throw food at your sister!”

“But—ack!”

“Arya! Don’t retaliate by doing the same thing I just told Robb not to do! Bran, dear, how was your day?”

“B’an climb!”

“What was that Rickon?”
“B’an climb up up!”

“Bran I thought I told you—ugh!”

“’ickon trow!”

“Rickon, don’t through food at your Mother. Now Bran, I thought your Mother and I told you—gah! Caitlin, did you just throw your food at me?!”

“Well everyone else was doing it.”

“I didn’t throw food Mom!”

“Bran, stop bragging and join in. Food fight!”

Bran Stark slowly opened his eyes to find nothing but darkness. His body ached, and he was so tired. Bran wanted nothing more than to sleep; it was the only time when the voices were quiet, and he was able to remember his family without fear. While he did have nightmares often, Bran had learned early on that there were things far worse than watching his home burn to the ground and seeing his parents beheaded. Bran was just grateful that even in his nightmares he was able to see his family once more. His father Ned, who had always made time for his wife and children despite how busy he was as a Senator. His mother, Caitlin, who had been loving and kind. His older brother Robb, who despite their age difference would often play with him. His older sister Arya, who hated all things “lady” and loved getting into trouble. And his baby brother Rickon, who was wild and carefree. Bran desired nothing more than to go home and return to them.

Do you really think they would love you if they saw you again? You are a Sith, a member of the very group that murdered them.

Though we are using the term ‘Sith’ rather loosely, aren’t we? Even your own Master can’t be troubled to discipline you properly.

You are nothing but a disappointment.

Bran brought his hands to the sides of his helmet. He took it off slowly just in case he had sustained a concussion during the cave in. Taking a deep breath, he cradled his head in his hands.

“Please, stop.” He whispered. The voices always sounded more menacing in the dark.

What voices? There is only one voice you hear Bran, and that is yourself. I am you.

“No… you aren’t me…” Bran felt his heart rate begin to speed up. “You can’t be.”

You are afraid. I can sense it. Fear is good. Use your fear, let it turn to hatred. Let your hate grow and give you power.

Bran began to whimper. “I don’t want to hate anybody. I just want to go home.” He cried.

You lie so easily to yourself. You do hate, Bran. You know you do. You hate the people who have done this to you.

“…yes, but…”

Good. Hate is good.

“But Father always said—”
Your father was a fool! He was weak. He deserved to die. You are as weak as he was. But, if you embrace your hate, you could become more powerful that any creature in the Galaxy. You could destroy those who have hurt you.

“I don’t want to destroy anyone.”

Liar.

“I don’t! I…”

Liar.

“Stop!” Bran screamed, squeezing his eyes shut. “Please stop. I… I want…” Bran trailed off, afraid to say what he truly wanted. He began to curl into a tight ball on his side while he tried to keep his tears at bay.

You’re Master knows how weak you are. That’s why he put you here. He wants the girl to kill you so that he can take a new Apprentice. He can’t even be bothered to kill someone as pathetic as you.

Bran let the tears flow freely. The voices never stopped, no matter how hard he tried to get them to go away. Even the sacred memories of his family were becoming tainted by the voices. The voices didn’t want him to care for anyone other then himself. He gave a jump when the body next to him started to groan. Grabbing a small torch light from his utility belt, Bran clicked it on. The tiny space that trapped them became illuminated.

“Mother?” Bran whispered.

Bran gingerly brought himself to his knees. His hand shook uncontrollably as he reached out to touch the Jedi’s face. Due to the poor lighting and his helmet, Bran was unable to get a good look at her face when he and Master Lannister first encountered her in the tunnels. He had been shown holo pictures of her during his training, but those had been rough sketches based on eye witness accounts. (Ramsay had offered to show Bran his own personal holo pictures he had taken of Sansa during her capture, but the thought of Ramsay showing him anything was revolting). Now that he was able to see her properly, Bran discovered that the Jedi looked like a younger version of his Mother. She had high cheekbones, thick auburn hair, and pale skin. Bran was sure that if she opened her eyes, they would be Tully blue, just like Caitlin Stark’s had been.

“Oh Mother.” Bran sobbed. In his mind, he knew the unconscious Jedi lying next to him was not Caitlin Stark. However, it was the deepest desire of his heart to be with his family again.

Would it be so bad to pretend for only a moment?..

Bran was unable to help himself as he curled next to her. He took one of her hands into his own and nestled himself into her shoulder. Bran closed his eyes. He hoped that holding onto her would be able to bring in some peace in what he felt would be his last moments. Even if the Jedi didn’t kill him when she awoke, the lack of fresh oxygen soon would. He supposed he could use the Force to move the rubble above him, but Bran’s ability to wield the Force was tenuous at best.

Bran did not want to be a Sith. The voices were constantly telling him to allow fear, anger, and hate to control him. He was ashamed of the numerous times he would slip and tap into his feelings. The resulting power that Bran felt was exhilarating. However, the excitement only lasted for as long as wielded the Force. Bran hated himself afterwards for succumbing to his emotions and would vow to never use the Force again. He was always unsuccessful.

Sometimes, on the rare occasions that Bran was able to make the voices stop, he would allow himself
to get caught up in the memories of his family. He was so happy when they were alive and Bran cherished the love they had shared. It was during these times that Bran would feel a small ray of light begin to take root in his heart. The light brought him peace and love, two emotions he desperately wanted to keep inside of him. Bran would try so hard to cultivate the feelings and help them grow, but, just like trying to avoid his negative emotions, it never worked. The voices always came back to chase the light away from him. Once this happened he would feel nothing but emptiness. Bran had begun to wonder if it would be best to forget his family. Whenever he was able to remember them, it made the pain of what his life had become even worse.

The Jedi moaned again. Her fingers started to twitch as she began to awaken. Bran snuggled in closer to her, knowing that she would soon push him away since they were natural enemies. He knew he should disengage from her and make a move to harm or kill her like he had been trained to do, but the thought of giving her a mere scratch made Bran feel sick. She looked so much like the woman who raised him. Bran’s heart refused to listen to his brain, and so he clung to her for as long as he could.

Another few blissful minutes followed before the Jedi’s eyes began to flutter open. Her brow furrowed as she took in her surroundings. Feeling Bran next to her, she turned her head and looked him straight in the eye. They were Tully blue, just like Bran had suspected. Time stopped as they gazed at one another. Bran tried not to cry as he remembered his mother looking at him with those same blue eyes, only Caitlin’s were always filled with love, not confusion.

Bran tensed as he began to feel a tingling in the back of his head. He stiffened his jaw to try to keep the inevitable from happening but knew it would be of no use. Feeling his eyes roll into the back of his head, Bran felt himself being swept away from his surroundings. His mind reeled while the Force carried him across time and space. Distantly, he thought he heard the girl ask him if he was all right.

Bran was standing against the wall of a large room. He was not alone. In the center of room, opposite the fireplace, laid a huge canopied bed with an assortment of furs and blankets scattered along the floor. Laying on the bed was a young woman. Her face was red and splotchy, her clothing drenched in sweat, and her large stomach noticeably contracted every few seconds. The woman was in labor. Under the direction of a med droid, she bent her knees as her hands clutched one of her linen sheets.

“Mother?” Bran whispered in shock. He had been unsure at first, but there was no denying the unique color of her hair.

With a start, Bran realized that the room he was standing in belonged to his parents at Winterfell Castle. He turned in a slow circle as he drank in the room that brought back so many memories. Portraits of his parents and ancestors adorned the walls, couches and lush rugs stood before the fireplace, and there was an ornate desk where his father would sit and compose letters on his personal computer.

“Why would the Force show me this?” Bran wondered out loud. He had learned from the first Force vision that nobody could see or hear him. There was no point in trying to hide his presence by keeping his thoughts to himself. He allowed his mind to wander as his Mother continued with the early stages of her labor.

Bran visions started the day after the Battle on Greywater Watch. He had been meditating, thinking about the people he knew on Wall. Bran had felt the rift in the Force during the moon’s destruction and had wept at the subsequent pain he felt. His father would take him to the moon often while he was growing up, and Bran grew to care for it's strong and courageous people. It made him feel sick to know what had happened to the moon, but the voices tried to convince him that Wall deserved its
fate. To his horror, a small part of himself began to agree with their words. He never wanted to believe what the voices told him, but they had been speaking to him for so long that he was finding it difficult not give in to them.

During his meditation, Bran struggled to focus on honoring the memory of those who had passed. How could he honor them when he was a part of the very group that created the Death Star? He began to hate himself, and the voices liked it. The darkness crept inside of him, growing bigger, stronger, and commanding him to hate. In a moment of desperation Bran forced himself to remember a time when he and his family had eaten a meal together. He smiled as he remembered how Robb and Arya’s petty fighting had dissolved into his parents and siblings throwing food at each other in between fits of laughter. It was one of Bran’s happiest times as a child. The despair left him, and the light took its place. The feelings of love that accompanied the light felt so tangible that Bran reached out with his mind to touch it. As he did so, he found his mind being carried away by the Force to the exact moment he had been remembering. Bran stood there in shock as he watched the events unfold as he recalled them, only this time he was a witness and not a participant. He had come back into his body feeling happier then he had since the before the Red Wedding. The voices didn’t like that. They tried to convince him that the Force showed him the vision so that he could take revenge and kill those who murdered his family. Bran didn’t want to kill anyone, but the voices wouldn’t stop, and the memory soon became tainted. Bran resolved to stop meditating after that. He never wanted to experience another Force vision, and the subsequent voices, again.

Bran quickly learned that the Force did not care about his desires. The visions came to him unbidden and without warning. Before, Bran would wear his helmet when he found himself apart of larger gatherings. He hated accidently making eye contact with another creature and seeing pity or fear reflected in their eyes. Now, after the visions, he wore his helmet constantly. He hoped that the lack of light and sound would dull his senses and make the Force less likely to call out to him. But, like everything else, he had been wrong. Nothing could stop the visions from coming.

Initially wanting to approach Master Lannister about his visions, Bran quickly thought better of it. Master Lannister would tell Empress Cersei. Once she knew about the things he had seen Cersei would start noticing Bran again. It had been torture when she fawned over him and his purple lightsaber. Master Lannister had told her that the crystals were finally becoming one with the Sith, and Cersei had deemed him “special” to their Order. Ramsay hated him for becoming her new pet and had beat him every day for a week when Master Lannister wasn’t around. Bran had been grateful when Empress Cersei moved on to other things once she finally became bored with him.

Thus far, the Force has shown Bran many things that he did not understand. Besides his first vision and the one he was currently in, Bran always saw events concerning people he did not know. He saw two Jedi locked in an epic lightsaber duel on a planet covered snow. He saw a young woman giving birth to a small child in a sterile room while three others, whose faces he couldn’t see due to the bright lights, looked on behind a glass wall. He saw a young boy with curly hair playing a game of Dejarik with his father. And, lastly, he saw Night King as he battled a Jedi on board the Death Star before the Rebellion destroyed it. Until now, Bran had never been shown his family again, for which he was grateful. He didn’t want the voices ruining anymore memories.

“It is time to push Lady Caitlin. Would you like Senator Stark with you?” The midwife asked kindly. Caitlin looked to be in severe pain and her hair was soaked in sweat. Bran wondered why she hadn’t insisted on pain syrup to help with the labor.

“Yes, please.” Caitlin said in between gasps. The midwife nodded. She directed a med droid to go and retrieve Ned. The older man burst through the door and rushed to his wife’s side before the med droid had the chance to open the door.
Bran’s heart soared from seeing Ned Stark again. “You always were there for all of our births, weren’t you Father?” He said with a smile.

He watched in reverence as Ned rushed to Caitlin’s side. Bran moved himself to stand next to them so that he could watch the birthing from over Caitlin’s shoulder. While he loved his family fiercely, he had no desire to see his mother’s private area that was now exposed.

“How is Robb?” Caitlin asked as she melted into Ned’s touch.

“He is fine sweetling.” Ned said as he positioned himself at her side. He placed a kiss on top of her head. “He is already planning all the games he is going to teach his new little sister once she is born.”

Caitlin laughed. The sound was as beautiful as Bran remembered. He was grateful that here, in the visions, the voices could not reach him. For just these few moment Bran would be allowed to bask in the light of his parents as his mother gave birth to Arya. He sat down on the bed next to his Mother and aligned his breathing with hers. Though she could not see or feel him, he liked to think that synchronizing their breathing was helping in some small way.

“You are doing lovely Caitlin. Just a little more and our beautiful daughter will be with us.” Ned soothed at Caitlin cried in pain. “You should have taken the pain syrup.” He chided softly.

“I am Northern. I need no aids.” Caitlin responded tartly. Bran smiled at his mother’s reprimand. Caitlin had not been born in the Northern Galaxy, but she had adopted their mindset as the years went by.

“One more push Lady Caitlin.” The midwife instructed.

Caitlin gripped Ned’s hand and pushed with all the strength that was left in her. She let out and gasp and fell back into the pillows. Bran heard Arya’s wailing immediately as she left their mother’s body. Caitlin laughed in happiness at her cries while Ned peppered her face with kisses.

“We just need to clean her up and draw a blood sample. It won’t be too long and then you can hold your daughter.” The midwife told them. Caitlin nodded her head in understanding as joyous tears rolled down her cheeks. She pushed out the afterbirth under the supervision of one of the med droids while the others cleaned and tested the new baby.

Bran began to tap his foot as he impatiently waited for the midwife to bring Arya to his parents. He felt just as excited as they did to see her. He had been close with all his siblings and Arya was no exception. They would often play together as children, running around the castle and getting into all sorts of trouble. Bran sat up a little straighter as soon as the midwife declared their tests finished.

“Here is your daughter, Lady Caitlin.” The midwife placed a tiny baby swaddled in pink into Mother’s open arms. “She is beautiful.”

Bran craned his neck so that he could gaze upon his older sister. He inhaled sharply as he saw a beautiful baby with pink chubby cheeks, and a full head of flaming red hair.

“That… isn’t right.” Bran murmured to himself. Arya had brown hair without a hint of red in it. Next to him, Mother and Father were cooing at the baby as she looked up at them with crystal blue eyes.

“What?..” Bran furrowed his eyebrows at the baby. He knew that an infant’s eye color would change as they got older, but there was no denying that the girl had the same blue eyes at Caitlin.
“She looks just like her lady mother.” Ned said. He delicately caressed the babe’s cheek with his fingers.

Bran shook his head quickly. Arya did not look like Caitlin at all. While alive, she had favored the Stark side with brown hair, brown eyes, and a long face. Bran turned his head and watched as the med droid showed something to the midwife. The woman frowned at the data before turning a sympathetic eye to his parents. Before they could notice, she quickly schooled her features into a mask of excitement.

“Senator Stark and Lady Caitlin, I have wonderful news. Your daughter’s midi-clorian count far exceeds the minimum requirement to become a Jedi. There can be no doubt that she is Force-sensitive. I shall inform the Jedi Council on Kings Landing at once. The closest available Jedi will arrive on Winterfell shortly to collect her.” The woman gave his parents a smile that did not reach her eyes. “Congratulations. To birth a Jedi is a great honor.” She turned on her heel and quickly left the room without another word.

“A Jedi?” Bran said, looking down at his older sister.

Ned and Caitlin Stark had never mentioned to Bran, or his brothers and sister, that they were siblings to a Jedi. In fact, he had never known that Caitlin had been pregnant outside of the siblings he had grown up with. Bran frowned as he looked at his devastated parents. It didn’t take much thought to understand why his parents had kept the baby a secret. The Jedi Order frowned upon attachments; for all intents and purposes, the baby before him wasn’t technically his sister or their daughter. Looking at their pain, he couldn’t blame them for not wanting to speak about such things only to have old wounds reopened. Bran had always thought that having a Jedi in the family would have been a great honor. He had never thought about the sacrifices the parents had to make in never knowing their children.

Bran raised his head as his mother gave out a great sob. She clutched his sister and brought her to her chest. The baby was hungry and needed to be fed.

“But she is my daughter! Mine!” Caitlin cried. The baby in her arms sensed her distress and began to fuss.

“No, she isn’t.” Ned said sadly. Caitlin began to sob uncontrollably. She reluctantly gave the baby to Ned, who passed the infant over to the med droid. He instructed it to give her a bottle before returning his attention to his distraught wife. Bran watched in pain as the droid whisked the baby out of the room and away from her parents.

“We won’t even be able to name her!” Caitlin cried as Ned held her. No longer able to rein in his emotions, he began to cry with his wife. Their tears mingled together on Caitlin’s birthing gown.

“I know.” Ned said sadly, rocking her back and forth. “I know.”

Bran blinked his eyes as the vision began to change. Quicker then he could blink, he was running next to a Faceless woman carrying a baby that was only a few weeks old. Bran could hear the shots of blaster fire and the screams of children coming in the distance. Turning his head, Bran realized that the woman was a Jedi, and that she was running from Order Wildfire. The retreating Jedi Force jumped onto a nearby building. She took a momentary pause to adjust the child in her arms, giving Bran the perfect view of a familiar head of red hair.
“You survived?” Bran asked in shock.

He continued to run next to the woman. He willed for her to keep going and not stop until she and his sister were safe. He watched as the woman finally stopped and took in her surroundings. She cradled the baby against her and promised the child that she would always keep her safe. Bran reached out to the baby and the woman. He wanted to reassure them that everything would be all right even if they couldn’t hear him, but the vision changed and he was unable to.

A few years passed by. The little infant had grown into an adorable girl with red hair just like her mothers. She was being carried down a hill by a Clone, screaming and laughing as they played a game together. She appeared to be happy and well taken care of as she protected the Clone from imaginary attackers. Bran smiled and laughed as she pretended to be injured.

Next, he saw her with her Master. She was practicing her lightsaber forms with her small training staff. Bran thought she looked quite fierce despite her young age. Every so often she would get her footing wrong, making her little face scrunch up in annoyance. She wanted everything to be perfect. Her Master laughed at her impatience. The little girl frowned severely when he teased her about being a perfectionist. His laughter soon turned into mock terror as she chased him around the yard with her staff. She yelled at him for his failings in not teaching her the positions properly. Bran winced every time her staff hit its mark. He imagined it didn’t hurt too badly though, since her Master continued to laugh and tease her as she ran after him.

The vision moved again. He was in a Temple. His sister sat hunched over beside him. From what he could see of her face, she appeared to be around the same age as the last two visions. Small whimpers were coming from her shaking body. Looking around, Bran recognized the Temple as home to the kyber saber crystals for the Jedi. While he had received his kyber crystal at a Sith Temple, he had studied this one in a book he had found as a youngling. He looked down as she gave out another whimper. The poor girl was terrified.

“Please! Somebody please help me!” She called out. Her voice bounced off the caves surrounding her. “I don’t want to be alone! I’m so scared!” She fisted her hands in her hair as she lost herself to her fears. “I can’t be the last one. I just can’t be.”

Bran held back tears as he listened to her pleas. He knew what it felt like to think you were alone, the last one left of a family. He walked up to the girl and knelt beside her.

“You are never alone.” He said quietly to her. He knew she wouldn’t be able to hear him, and that everything he was seeing had already happened, but she was his sister. He had to help her.

“You will never be alone.” He repeated, stroking her hair “I have seen all the people who love you. Mother and Father loved you the moment you were born. Your nanny loved you and saved you. Your Master loves you. Your Clone Trooper loves you” Bran gently enveloped her into his arms. “I love you, dear sister. You are my family. You are so loved, and so very, very brave.” Bran said gently.

As if she heard him, the little girl’s tears stopped falling as she looked around. She took in a few shaky breaths as she tried to get her bearings.

“My name is Sansa Snow.” She said with gentle courage. “Tyrion Waters is my Master, and Bronn my Uncle. I am never alone, because I have the Force. With the Force, I will never be truly alone.”

Bran smiled as she dusted herself off and continued to chant that she wasn’t alone. He moved to follow her as she set off in search of her crystal. He frowned as the back of his head began to tingle.
“No.” Bran pleaded. “I don’t want to go back. Please don’t send me back; just let me stay with her a moment longer.”

The Force didn’t listen to him.

Bran gasped. It felt like he hadn’t taken a breath in hours and he greedily gulped in the stale air. His mind was momentarily clouded, but he remembered everything that had seen after a few seconds.

The Jedi… she is my sister. I am not alone anymore!

Bran shot himself up into a seated position as his mind reeled from the implications of what the Force had shown him.

“Oh.” He said as his head hit the rocks overhead. In his excitement he had momentarily forgotten that he was trapped beneath a pile of rubble.

“Are you all right?” A kind voice asked him. Turning his head slowly, Bran saw a very familiar pair of blue eyes looking at him.

“Sansa?” He said slowly. Bran was unable to keep the love he had for her as his sister out of his voice. The girl blinked a few times in confusion at his tone. Bran didn’t care. He wasn’t alone anymore, and neither was she. They could be a fa—

Kill her.

Bran’s eyes widened in horror at the command. “What?! No!” He shook his head vigorously, scooting as far away from Sansa as he could.

You are weak. Kill her now and you will be able to have enough power to strike down your enemies

“I don’t want to kill anybody.” Bran whimpered. He closed his eyes as tightly as he could.

Liar. She will never care for you. Jedi have no family. You are her enemy.

“It’s going to be okay.” Sansa told him kindly, sensing his panic.

Bran could hear the dirt moving around them. He opened his eyes to see Sansa cautiously crawling towards him.

“Stay away from me!” He screamed.

Kill her now. Become the destroyer you were always meant to be.

“I don’t want to kill anybody! I just want to go home!” Bran cried.

All around him he could feel sparks of electricity as the Force responded to his unstable emotions. He could hear the rocks above them cracking.

“It’s all right.” Sansa said again. He could tell by her tone that she was trying to soothe him. “Let me help you.”

Bran shook his head. He was a monster. She had to stay away from him.

She is the enemy.

Kill her now!
Above him, the rocks began to shift and move slightly.

“What did you say?” Sansa asked. Bran could hear the confusion in her voice.

The Force showed you who she was so that you could kill her and gain the ultimate power.

Do. It. NOW.

“NO!” Bran roared, rocking himself back and forth.

Bran’s body sent out a huge involuntary Force push. He looked up just in time to see their small cave begin to collapse in on itself. Bran closed his eyes again, this time in anticipation of death.

“Please just let me die.” He whispered before everything around him turned to black.

For the third time in so many hours, Bran Stark cautiously and slowly opened his eyes. Moving his head slowly, he recognized the room he was in as his own personal quarters on Golden Lion. Master Lannister gave him the room after the renovations were completed and encouraged him to decorate it however he wished, even offering to pay for the expenses. Bran had quickly recognized the offer as a trap. If he chose modest adornments, Master Lannister would see him as weak and desire to cast him aside. If he chose more expensive decorations, Mater Lannister would assume he was prideful and desired to over throw him. Bran decided it was safer to choose nothing and leave the room as it was: a small bed carved into the wall and a flimsy box for his clothes. He often feared that even the box was too much of a statement that he was growing attached to the room and therefore assumed his position as Master Lannister’s Apprentice was an assured title. He decided to get rid of it after their trip to the Riverlands System.

“Bran, are you awake?” Master Lannister asked him. He had brought a chair into the room and was sitting next to Bran’s bed. He looked concerned for him with his forehead creased in worry and the slight bags under his eyes from lack of sleep. Bran knew better. Master Lannister was a Sith and didn’t care about anybody. He was more than likely upset that Bran had made him look weak by not killing Sansa.

“Yes Master.” Bran answered robotically. He stopped staring at Master Lannister and instead looked at the ceiling over his bunk. He waited for the voices to come, but they were silent. Even they couldn’t be bothered to tell him what a failure he was.

Master Lannister sighed loudly, causing Bran to flinch. He had never hit him, but Ramsay did every time Bran disappointed him when they were forced to go on missions together. He was sure that Master Lannister wanted to as well and only restrained himself to give Bran a false sense of comfort. Bran was sure he would beat him any day now. Sometimes he wished Master Lannister would just get it over with. The anxiety of waiting was worse then the actual punishment.

“Bran, tell me what happened.” Master Lannister said.

Bran thought over the question. If he told him what happened he would have to explain the Force Visions. If he did that, Empress Cersei would once again fawn over him. He would also have to explain that Sansa was his sister, thus putting her in even more danger. There was no doubt in his mind that once Master Lannister found out about their relationship he would force Bran to murder her. The Sith viewed murdering family members as the ultimate way to obtain power. Bran felt tears sting his eyes as he thought over his options. He hadn’t let himself cry in front of anyone since he
saw his mother beheaded.

There was only one solution to his problem.

“Kill me.” He said, his voice clear and unwavering. From the sharp intake of breath he knew Master Lannister had heard him.

“What?” Master Lannister whispered harshly.

“Kill me.” Bran repeated again. He didn’t care if Master Lannister saw him as weak anymore. He just wanted to die and end his suffering. He could never be with Sansa, and the rest of his family was gone. Death was the only way to return to them and find peace again.

“Bran, what are you—”

“Just do it!” Bran screamed, throwing himself from the bed and at Master Lannister. He grabbed Bran by the shoulders and held him at arm’s length. “I am begging you to kill me!”

“Why?” Master Lannister asked, his voice breaking.

“I can’t take it anymore!” Bran cried. He lost all strength in his legs as he fell to the floor. Master Lannister knelt before him, never letting his grip on his shoulders go. Bran gripped his head in agony.

“I can’t make the voices stop. They tell me that I am weak and pathetic and that the only way to be strong is to murder others. But I don’t want to kill anyone! I just want to go home! Please kill me and let me go home!” Bran cried. He no longer cared about concealing the truth from Master Lannister. If simply requesting death wouldn’t persuade him, then Bran would provide the necessary reasons to convince him that he was an unworthy Apprentice.

“The Force shows me things. I have seen events in the past as if I were there. Sansa Snow is my sister. I saw my mother give birth to her. The voices wanted me to murder her for power, but I couldn’t. I don’t want to hurt anybody! Don’t you see that I am weak? I am unworthy to be your Apprentice. Please… I am begging you…” Bran gasped for air, finding it harder to breath as his sobs became more pronounced. “I am nothing but a failure. Please just let me die.”

Master Lannister shook Bran’s shoulders. He forced Bran to look at him. To his shock, he found tears streaming down Master Lannister’s heartbroken face.

“Oh, Bran. I am so sorry.” Master Lannister said gently. “I have failed you.”

Bran shook his head quickly. The last thing he wanted was this man thinking he had failed to teach him the ways of the Dark Side.

“No!” Bran shouted. He began to panic that Master Lannister would try to fix the errors he had made in teaching him. “I don’t you to try harder. I don’t want to be a Sith. I just want the voices to stop. Make them stop!” He pleaded again.

Master Lannister only cried harder at Bran’s confession. “Bran, I would never ask you to kill your sister.”

“Liar!” Bran screamed. Master Lannister was a Sith Lord. All they cared about was power. Bran fragile hold on reality snapped form his Master’s efforts to manipulate him. “You want me to kill her! You all want me to kill her!” He screamed. Unable to control his body, Bran began to lash around.
“Bran! Stop!” Master Lannister yelled. “You must calm down before you hurt yourself.”

“Liar!” Bran screamed again. “You are nothing but a liar and a murderer!” He raged. From deep within Bran could feel the darkness begin to engulf him, but he was too far gone to resist it. Bran could feel the power of the Dark Side begin to grow within him.

“Bran stop!” Master Lannister pleaded again as he sensed the growing power surrounding him.

*What right does he have to be angry? He murdered innocent people.*

“No!” Bran screamed. The voices always came back.

*Let the anger flow through your veins. Embrace the power and strike down your Master!*

“Kill me!” Bran pleaded again. He was too weak to go against the Dark Side. This was his last chance at peace before he lost himself completely.

Bran looked at Master Lannister. He was barely able to see his face even though he was a few inches in front of him. The darkness was creeping in. It clouded his vision and made it difficult to focus. Bran started to scream as the rage overtook him. His body felt like it was being torn apart.

“Bran!” Master Lannister screamed. He sounded so far away.

*You will kill him and avenge your family.*

“You have to fight it Bran!” Master Lannister shouted, struggling to be heard over Bran’s constant screams. “This isn’t you! You are a Stark. You are good, and kind, and honorable. You are the son of Ned and Lady Caitlin.”

Bran’s throat ached from his yells, but he couldn’t stop. His body began to convulse as he tried and failed to fight the darkness.

*Let go Bran. You are tired and weak. Let go and let me take control.*

“You're name is Bran Stark. You are not a Sith. Do you hear me?! You are not a Sith!”

Miser Lannister flung himself at Bran. As he always did, Bran flinched, his muscles remembering what to do whenever Master Lannister approached him even if his mind was not altogether present. That split second of hesitance was all Master Lannister needed, and he took the opportunity to do something to Bran that he hadn’t experienced since his mother died.

“You are good, Bran.” Master Lannister said, taking Bran and enveloping him into a hug. It was firm, and caring, and through the haze of darkness it reminded Bran of his time on Winterfell with his family. “You are good and strong. The voices are wrong about you.”

The darkness receded in Bran slightly. It was not enough to release its grip on his heart, but it allowed Bran to think a little clearer. Bran opened his mouth to reply but found he couldn’t speak. He was in shock that Master Lannister was hugging him like his father used to. It felt genuine and real.

“You are Bran Stark of Winterfell.” Master Lannister said. He was holding Bran’s head against his chest and rocking him back and forth as if he were a youngling. It reminded Bran of when Caitlin would comfort him after he had fallen and hurt himself. “You are loved by your parents, and by your siblings. You are strong and courageous for being able to resist the Dark Side for so long. Do not give into it now when you have come so far.”
Bran thought about Sansa in the Temple. He had assured her that she was not alone, even though it was always how he felt. But here, right now, as Master Lannister held him and urged him to resist the Dark Side, Bran began to wonder if he had ever truly been by himself.

“I…I am Bran Stark of Winterfell.” Bran repeated to himself. He continued to cry, only this time the tears felt like they were cleansing him instead of damning him. “I am good, and kind, and strong. I am not a Sith.”

The darkness left him. The voices stopped.

“I am not a Sith. I am good.” Bran said with a little more conviction this time. He willed himself to believe what he said.

Bran continued to chant to himself for a few minutes until he had calmed down enough to think clearly. Master Lannister released him and held him at arm’s length again. He looked Bran in the eye. “I would never ask you to kill your sister, Bran. Never.” He promised him.

Bran nodded his head. He sensed through the Force that Master Lannister wasn’t lying. His heart rate began to slow down as his emotions began to calm. Bran took in a few shaky breaths as he tried to get his bearings. He looked at Master Lannister again, and for the first time since knowing him began to wonder if the concern he had showed him for the past four years had, in fact, been genuine.

Bran wiped at his face with the back of his hand.

“I believe you…”Bran said slowly. He was surprised to find that the words he had spoken to Master Lannister were the truth.

Master Lannister nodded and released his shoulders. Bran positioned himself against the wall, his body feeling heavy and tired.

“I hear the voices too, you know.” Master Lannister said. He stretched his legs out as he settled in beside Bran.

“You do?” Bran asked in shock. In his naivety he had assumed that he was the only weak enough to experience such things.

Master Lannister looked at him in understanding. “Of course I do Bran. All those who train in the Force hear the voices calling out to them, enticing them to give in to their hate and anger. It’s how the Dark Side gains its followers.” Master Lannister sighed, scratching the side of his face. “You never said anything about it, so I assumed you never heard anything at all. I was wrong, and I am sorry.”

“You’re sorry?” Bran asked. His forehead crinkled in confusion. Sith were never sorry about anything.

Master Lannister looked down at the floor ashamed. “I have not been a good Master to you. Instead of protecting you from the Dark Side and Cersei, I have left you unprepared to face the challenges of the Dark Side. In trying to hide the fact that I care about you, I allowed Ramsay to beat you. I murdered members of your household. I didn’t try to stop Night King from beheading your mother.” Master Lannister started crying again as shame took over him. He rested his face in his hands. “I have no right to even apologize to you Bran, but I am sorry, for everything. Every wrong I have committed towards you and your family stains my soul. I am unworthy of forgiveness for what I have done, and yet I try to atone for my crimes in the hopes that someday I can be worthy of protecting you. I am the weak one, not you.”
“Master…” Bran trailed off, honestly not knowing what to say. He had always been afraid that Master Lannister was one step away from killing him because he was weak, and that all his perceived kindnesses were traps meant to exploit him.

The back of Bran’s head began to tingle.

He was standing beside a dumpster outside of a wealthy looking home. The door opened, and an older looking man carrying a screaming infant approached the garbage. Without warning, the man took the baby he was holding and threw it inside before turning around and leaving without any signs of remorse. A few minutes later, the man walked out again, this time with a young girl. The two got into his speeder and left.

It broke Bran’s heart to hear the infant’s screams go unheard. More then ever he hated that he was nothing more than an apparition and could do nothing to save him.

The front door of the home slammed open. A little boy, who looked like a younger version of Master Lannister, ran out. Making sure that the older man was gone, the boy sprinted to the dumpster and lifted the crying infant out the garbage and back into the house. A few minutes later he emerged again, this time cradling the child in a blanket. Bran jogged slowly next to him while the little boy sprinted with all his might. An orphanage came into view, and Bran realized that the boy was saving the child.

The vision faded and changed. He saw Master Lannister as he appeared now, though less tired. He was walking into a seedy looking bar called The Hound. Bran followed him inside. He watched as Master Lannister met with Senator Oberyn Martell. To his shock, Bran listened as Master Lannister told Senator Martell where the Rebellion could find the plans to the Death Star. Before departing Senator Martell asked how Bran was doing.

“How is the young Stark?” Oberyn asked.

Jaime shrugged, looking worried. “Quiet as always. That fucker Ramsay is getting to him again.”

“It’s good that he has you to protect him.”

Jaime scoffed. “Yeah, right. I can’t protect him the way I want without raising suspicion. If Cersei ever discovered that I am a spy for the Rebellion, she would torture Bran thinking that he has been acting along side me. The best I can do for him is try to avoid turning him into a Sith, but every time I try to speak with him about his feelings he snaps that isn’t weak and changes the topic.” Jaime looked at Oberyn in guilt. “I am so fucked up that I think of him as my son, even though I murdered members of his household. I am unworthy to even be in the same room as Bran, let alone protect him.”

The back of Bran’s head began to tingle. The Force had showed him everything it desired him to see.

“Bran! Are you all right?!” Master Lannister was shaking him again, this time in panic. “Bran you’ve got to fight it!”

Bran blinked a few times as his eyes adjusted to the light of the room. He looked into the worried eyes of his Master. He waited for the voices to come back, as they always did after the visions, but there was nothing in his head outside of his own thoughts.

“You… saved your brother.” He stated slowly. He caught himself from falling as Master Lannister dropped him to the floor. He scooted back as if Bran had burned him. “You… spy for the
Rebellion.”

Master Lannister’s jaw dropped. The shock evident on his face.

“Yes.” He said simply, honestly.

Bran took a few moments to study him. He concluded that he had never known Master Lannister at all.

“You and I… have a lot to talk about.”

“…yes.”

Chapter End Notes

So... Thoughts? I feel like out all of the chapters I have posted thus far this one has made me the most nervous because it is so different from everything else. I really had to push myself to write this, and I hope it reads the way I want it to. I like it, but then again I am the author so...

Poor Bran. The Dark Side is horrible, and he has been facing it all alone for years. It really broke my heart to write the last scene with him and Jaime, because we know that Jaime does in fact care for him but Bran doesn't know that. I tried to write it in such a way that we could still feel Jaime's heartbreak over Bran's fragile state even if we couldn't hear his thoughts. TBH I cried when I wrote it, then teared up again when I edited it.

Another thing I really struggled with was the using Force visions to reveal that Sansa is a Stark. I didn't want Bran's visions to be plot drivers. But, then I realized they totally do that in the show, so I stopped worrying about it. Now Bran and Jaime know the truth about Sansa, and Bran knows that Jaime is a spy for the rebellion. This brings up a very important question: are they going to stay with the Empire or are they going to defect, together?

Thank you all so much for reading! Comment if you like and I will catch you all on Sunday for my next update. Take care my friends!
Friends

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for your comments, hits, and kudos last chapter! I appreciate everyone who takes time out of their schedules to read my story!

These next three chapter are going to be dealing with everything that has happened, while also giving our characters a break before a bunch of stuff goes down. Basically, these are our 'breather' chapters. I hope that you all still find them interesting!

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 24: Friends

“Look at these Uncle Bronn! Aren’t they beautiful?”

“What are those?”

“Winter roses.”

“Where did you get them?”

“Lux Bontari gave them to me. He said they match my eyes. Isn’t that lovely?”

“…”

“Uncle Bronn, what is wrong with your eye? Why does it keep twitching?”

“Did this ‘Lux’ say anything else?”

“He thinks I have the prettiest hair he has ever seen. He and his Mom are going to the sweets shop tomorrow and he invited me to go with him. Can I go Uncle Bronn? Please?”

“No. You have training tomorrow.”

“What about after training?”

“You have training all day.”

“But Uncle Bronn I have to stop training sometime!”

“You have training after training.”

“That doesn’t make any sense! Please! Pleasepleasepleaseplease!

“Sansa—”
“Pleasepleasepleasepleaseplease—”

“All right, fine.”

“Yes!”

“But only after I interview him and make sure his intentions towards you are honorable.”

“Uncle Bronn, that’s silly. I’m nine.”

“If you want to go, then he has to be interviewed by me.”

“Okay… Promise you will be nice?”

“I’ll be nice.”

“And no cleaning your blaster in front of him like you did when Oli Raydor invited me to go and play with him?”

“I will absolutely be cleaning my blaster during our interview.”

“Uncle Bronn!”

Sansa let out a small moan. She rolled her body on its side which resulted in her muscles screaming in agony. Even breathing hurt as her rib cage fought against the expansion of her lungs. Sansa had been sore from battle and training enough times to recognize that this was not one of those situations. Her body was seriously injured.

“Careful Sansa. Don’t move too quickly.” Jon said. His voice was laced with worry.

“Hurts.” Sansa whimpered. The pain in her ribs was increasing by the second. She moved her arms to wrap around her torso but that only made everything feel worse. Sansa’s body began to shake from the pain and her breathing became ragged. She heard Ghost whine from somewhere in the room. LA-D3 echoed his worry with low and sorrowful beeps.

“Can’t. Breath.” She gasped.

Sansa listened to Jon’s footsteps as he ran away from her. He yelled frantically for Sam. After giving up the larger man hearing his calls, Jon instructed D3 and Ghost to go and fetch him. Cautiously opening her eyes, Sansa tried to focus on her surrounding but immediately regretted her decision. The lights in the room were too bright. Her entire room began to spin and she felt the urge to vomit.

“Jon. Sick.” She coughed out. Her arms shook as she tried to get herself off her bed so that she could throw up in the refresher and not on her floor.

Jon looked at her and quickly realized what was about to happen. Grabbing her small trash bin by the door, he dumped the contents onto the floor and ran over to her side. He placed her arm over his shoulders and brought her into a half-seated position. The pain from moving was enough to break the dam. Sansa threw up everything in her body until there was nothing left but bile while Jon gently rubbed soothing circles into her back. Sansa felt so awful that she couldn’t even find it in herself to be embarrassed. While her stomach felt better, her ribs felt like they had been split apart.

Jon patted her neck for a few moments after she was done. “Feel better?” He asked.

Sansa shook her head very slowly. She afraid quick movements would induce the nausea again.
“It’s all right sweetling. Sam will be here soon and will know how to help you.” Jon soothed. He laid her gently onto the bed and grabbed the bin to move it outside.

“Don’t leave me.” Sansa whimpered. She wanted to reach out for him but the skin on her right arm felt like it was being torn in two.

Jon looked at her, his grey eyes filled with tenderness. “Never.” He said, his voice breaking slightly.

He walked back to Sansa with quick steps. Instead of sitting on the floor next to her, Jon removed his shoes. He gently laid himself next to her in the bed, his front to her back.

“Where does it hurt Sansa?”

“My ribs. I can barely breath.” Sansa couldn’t stop her body from shaking in pain. “The skin on my left arm feels like it has gone through a droid shredder, and my head hurts from all the bright lights.”

Jon scooted himself closer to her so that there was no space between their bodies. Mindful of Sansa’s midsection, Jon propped himself up onto one arm and began to stroke her hair. Sansa felt her heart flutter as her entire body began to flood with warmth. She still shook in pain, but somehow it didn’t seem as bad as it had a few moments ago.

Jon nuzzled his face into her hair and gave the crown of her head a kiss. “I thought you had died.” He whispered.

Sansa gave a slight chuckle. “It will take more than a cave in to get rid of me.” She joked. “Besides, who else if going to take you to Winterfell Temple to get your kyber saber crystal?”

Jon gave out a hollow chuckle. “No jokes about this Sansa. I don’t think I will able to ever joke about this.” He went silent. Sansa slowly turned her head to see his lips pursed and eyes narrowed.

“I’m all right Jon.” She soothed. She forced her arm to reach behind her and place a shaky hand onto his check. Jon grabbed it and kissed the inside of her hand.

Sansa closed her eyes as Jon resumed moving his fingers through her hair. The nausea was returning. She hoped that Sam would show up soon, otherwise she might throw up again. She breathed a sigh of relied as she heard the unmistakable sounds of several pairs of feet running down the hall.

“Sassy Pants!” Pyp screamed in worry. She opened her eyes just in time to see Grenn punch in the arm.

“Quiet ass hole.” He said in a much softer voice then Pyp.

“Sorry.” He whispered. For the first time since she had known him, Pyp looked contrite for something he had said. “We were all really worried about you.”

Sam came into the room holding a med kit. He knelt next to Sansa and began to unpack the supplies.

“How long have I been asleep for?” Sansa asked. She was trying to keep her breathing shallow to mitigate some of her chest pain. While it was helping, it resulted in making her dizziness worse since she was no longer breathing in enough oxygen.

“Not counting when Jon grabbed your unconscious body from the rubble and carried you back to the ship? Only a few minutes at the most. We had just barely left the planet’s atmosphere when Ghost and D3 came to get us.” Grenn explained. “Judging by how injured you are its not surprising that you were unable to stay passed out for long.”
Sansa looked up at Jon with wide, thankful eyes. “You carried me?” Sansa asked. Jon gave her a smile that did not reach his eyes and nodded. He gently helped Sansa sit up so that Sam could assess the damage done to her body.

“Against my express orders not to do.” Sam chided. “I told him that you could have a broken neck, but he wouldn’t listen.” Sam took out a needle and filled it with a creamy liquid that Sansa recognized as Milk of Poppy.

“I told you the Inquisitor checked her out and said she was fine. The Tarbecks were trying to get through the rubble. We didn’t exactly have a lot of time to be cautious.” Jon said hotly.


Jon nodded silently. He was watching poor Sam like a hawk to make sure he didn’t hurt Sansa during his assessment. Sansa couldn’t help but feel a little sorry for him. Jon looked like he was ready to break something.

Sam sterilized her shoulder with rubbing alcohol before giving her a shot. Sansa felt the effects of the drug seconds after it entered her system. The pain behind her eyes stopped and the shaking in her limbs turned into more manageable tremors. Sam took his hands and began to gently feel Sansa’s ribs for injury. With a blush Sansa realized that she had been topless the whole time, with only her breast band and torn leggings covering her. Once he was done with her ribs Sam removed Jon’s scarf that he had used as a bandage around her arm. The quick breath Sam, Pyp, and Grenn took in upon the reveal let her know that she wasn’t ready to look at her wound yet.

“Apparently that fucker helped Jon save you after throwing a shit ton of rocks on top of you and his Apprentice.” Pyp explained. He sat himself down on the foot of the bed and placed a comforting hand on top of Sansa’s knee. From behind her Jon growled. He reached out his arm and flicked Pyp off her like he was some annoying bug.

“Will you shit heads stop hitting me?” Pyp asked indignantly.

Grenn rolled his eyes. “Stop being an idiot first. Sansa is in pain and Jon is clearly in ‘protective mode.’ As always, read the room Pyp.”

“Still…” Pyp complained petulantly. On look at Sansa though and he shut his mouth before he could complain any further.

Sam took a small pen light out of the med kit. Shinning it into Sansa’s eyes, he asked her to follow the light. The pain was blinding, and it made Sansa feel dizzy again. Sam put the light down and closed the kit.

“Well, I have good news and bad news.” Sam said. His eyes flitted to Jon’s before he looked at her. Sansa wasn’t sure if Jon had held her a little tighter at the announcement of there being bad news or if it was just her imagination.

Sansa gave him an encouraging smile, which probably looked more like a grimace. “I didn’t know you were familiar with medicine, Sam.”

Sam blushed. “I’m not really. I was considered too stupid at the Academy to be chosen for field medicine, but I read as much as I could on the subject in my down time.”

“Don’t let him fool you Sansa.” Grenn said, patting Sam’s back. Sansa giggled when the weight in Grenn’s arm sent Sam leaning forward. “Sam knows a lot about medicine. Even without a med droid or the proper materials, I’m sure he can fix you up.”
“Well…” Sam said trailing off. He gathered up his courage and continued. “You don’t appear to have internal bleeding, which is about it when it comes to the good news. You have a concussion, two cracked ribs, and your left arm has been severely cut in several places.” Sam once again looked at Jon before finishing. “Honestly, you need a bacta tank. The ship has a few patches, but nothing that will help with your concussion.”

Pyp scratched his chin as he thought about Sansa’s predicament. “We are close to Lannisport. Maybe we could stop there and—”

“No.” Sansa interrupted. “Even if we weren’t with the Rebellion, I am still a Jedi. My picture is in all the systems. We will all be captured as soon as my identity is discovered. After that, it would only be a matter of time until the Inquisitors come to get us.” Sansa leaned back against Jon and closed her eyes. “I will just have to make do with what we have on the ship.” Sansa sighed. The medicine was relaxing her body and she was starting to feel tired.

“No falling asleep.” Grenn said sharply. Sansa immediately opened her eyes, looking guilty.

“I know.” She said lamely. “Sorry.”

“How many bacta patches do we have?” Jon asked. “We can still go to Lannisport and steal some from a hospital if we need to.”

“We have two big, rectangular shaped ones that will cover her rips. There are a few smaller ones for cuts, but nothing long enough for the whole of her arm. If we pieced them together we should have enough to cover all her cuts. If not, I will have to stitch them closed the old-fashioned way.” Sam answered. He gave Sansa an apologetic look for not having more supplies on hand.

“It’s all right Sam.” Sansa assured him. “I am lucky that we have anything at all.”

Sam nodded his head. “I will cover what I can with bacta patches, then stitch up the rest. They will be ready to come out in a week. By then we should know if your concussion has gotten better. If so, you can resume light physical exercise. I cannot emphasize enough that it needs to be low impact and nonstrenuous. You can lead Jon in training, but under no circumstances are you allowed to be physical with him.”

Pyp let out a snicker at the end of the bed. Everyone turned and looked at him.

“What?” He asked defensively. “Is my mind really the only one that went there? We all know that Jon wants to—”


Sansa blushed when she realized that Sam’s advice could be construed as something more than just Jedi training. Without bidding, her mind traveled to the moments they had spent together in the cannon’s glass dome and the way he had looked without his shirt on. From her place on his chest, Sansa could hear Jon’s heart rate picking up. He was no doubt thinking the same thing she was.

Sam coughed in an attempt to diffuse some of the tension that was quickly filling up the room. “I can apply the patches to your ribs now, or I can wait until after you have used the refresher. Before we do either though I need to take care of your arm. It needs to be cleaned and sterilized before I apply the bacta or the stitches. There is a good chance that some gravel and dirt has gotten stuck in the cuts. I will wrap it with some fresh bandages and then you will need to keep it dry while you wash.” Sam looked down at the floor and took a deep breath in before letting it out. “Honestly, Sansa, I think you might need some help bathing. Your arm is useless, and you can barely move the other one due to
the pressure on your ribs. We can fill up a bin some water so you don’t have to stand, but someone
needs to watch you just in case you have problems with your concussion. You could easily pass out
again and drown.” Sam gave her a look that suspiciously looked like pity. “I’m really sorry Sansa.”

The room became quiet while Sam left to fetch a bowl of water so that he could begin to wash
Sansa’s arm. Even Pyp was mercifully silent, for which Sansa was grateful. Nobody had seen Sansa
naked since Nan had passed fourteen years ago. By then she was already proficient in washing and
clothing herself. Sansa cared deeply about Jon, but she didn’t want his first time to see her naked to
be like this. Even if he swore to keep his eyes closed the whole time, Sansa was afraid that she
would be too distressed from his mere presence and demand that she do everything herself. This
would either cause them to fight or for Sansa to injure herself further. Sam was the ideal choice since
he knew the most about her injuries, but he was so painfully shy that she doubted he would be of
much help.

Too bad Ghost and D3 lack arms and opposable thumbs.

“I’ll help you Sansa.”

Sansa gently turned her head to where Pyp was sitting on the side of the bed. Her jaw opened
slightly in shock. Out of everyone in the room, Pyp hadn’t even entered her mind. She was actually
pondering if she could convince Grenn to help her even though they knew each other the least out of
everyone. The Starfallian gave her an encouraging smile before turning a glare at Grenn.

“Don’t you fucking tell me to read the room.” He said with an accusing finger pointing at his friends
chest. “I am reading the room and that is why I offered.”

Grenn put up both his hands in surrender. “I wasn’t going to say anything.”

Behind her Jon’s body tensed in anger. In response, Sansa started to rub soothing circles into his
thigh were her hand rested. Jon eased slightly, but Sansa could feel the annoyance radiating from his
body. She knew without asking that Jon didn’t want anybody seeing Sansa so vulnerable, and no
doubt thought that if anybody should be helping her it was him. Sansa was appreciative for his
silence. It meant a lot to her to know that Jon was going to let her decide who she would feel most
comfortable helping her instead of demanding what he wanted.

Sansa stared at Pyp while she considered his offer. She was not attracted to him in the slightest, and
she knew he felt the same way about her. In fact, Sansa felt that if she had ever had a brother she
would have felt about him the same she felt about Pyp. He gave her a dopy grin while she looked at
him, causing her to laugh a little. She felt comfortable around Pyp. She knew he would try to help
her not feel awkward about the situation.

“Thank you Pyp.” She said. Sansa hoped that he could hear how much she meant it. “Your help
would be wonderful.”

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“Are you ready?” Pyp asked cheerfully, opening his arms to her. He was looking at her, but not
really focused on her as she stood naked before him save for the bacta patches on her ribs and the
bandage on her arm. Thankfully there had been enough patches for her to not need stitches.

“Yes.” Sansa said quietly, her eyes on the floor.

“I know what you are thinking Sassy Pants, and I can already tell you that it isn’t true.” Sansa looked
up at him and frowned. “I am not going to drop you on your ass so don’t even worry about it.”
The comment caught Sansa off-guard. She blinked at him a few times before bursting into laughter. The bacta patches had already begun to heal her ribs, and she was pleased to find that the movement didn’t hurt her as much as it could have.

“If you drop her I will beat the shit out of you!” Jon called from behind the door. This caused Sansa to laugh even more. Tears came to her eyes. After the hell that she had endured, it felt good to laugh, and Pyp had already helped her do it twice.

“Roger roger.” Pyp called back.

Walking towards Sansa, Pyp gently placed one arm under her knees and the other under her arms. Walking her over to the bin, Pyp knelt himself down as he lowered her into the tub. He jerked a little bit as he lowered down to his knees.

“Sorry. I’m still really sore.” Pyp said chagrined. “Is it just me, or does our race this morning seem like it happened days ago as opposed to hours?”

Sansa nodded her head at his question. She sucked in a breath as her body settled into the tub. The water was cold. It barely came to her waist, offering her no chance of modesty. Sam had apologized for this, but with their water rationing rules on the ship there was nothing he could do. Sansa bent her knees slightly towards her body so that she could fit.

Pyp grabbed an empty jug that Sam had brought with the tub. Whistling to himself, Pyp began to pour the icy water over Sansa’s body. The temperature of the water made her skin pebble and nipples harden, but Pyp just continued to whistle and rinse her as if nudity was a common, everyday occurrence for him.

“You are sure you don’t want me to get naked?” He asked with a wink as he lathered up a rag with a bar of soap.

“Positive.” Sansa replied in between giggles.

“If you get naked I will beat your ass!” Jon roared. He gave the door a hard slap with his hand to accentuate his point. Sansa’s giggles turned into full-fledged laughter. Pyp rolled his eyes.

When they had first been left alone in the refresher Sansa had wanted to crawl into a hole and hide due to her embarrassment. Pyp, sensing her discomfort, had started taking off his shirt. Sansa assumed he was only doing it to keep his shirt from getting wet, but when he started removing his boots and grabbing at his trousers she had given out a shriek in mortification. Jon ran in eyes blazing and fists swinging. He grabbed Pyp into a choke hold and demanded that Pyp explain himself before he castrated him. Gasping for air, Pyp told Sansa he figured she would feel more comfortable if he got naked first. Grenn had sighed in disgust from the doorway where he and Sam stood. He came forward to start hitting Pyp in the back of his head for his stupidity while Jon continued with his choke hold and Sam chuckled at both of them to stop. Sansa had stood their watching the whole thing in bewilderment, but when Pyp looked at her and winked, she couldn’t hold in her laughter at the whole ridiculous situation. She had ordered the boys to leave after that. While Pyp helped her take off her clothes with his eyes squeezed shut, Sansa found that she no longer felt uncomfortable in the least. When she had asked Pyp if he planned the whole thing, his only answer was a smug smile in the general direction of her head.

“Grenn, do me a fucking favor and take King Crow to get cleaned up? I can’t concentrate with all his yelling.” Pyp said loudly towards the door. Sansa heard some scuffles outside before everything went silent. Apparently Grenn had been successful in dragging Jon to other refresher on the ship.
“Was that really necessary?” Sansa chided.

“Fuck yes it was. I saw what you looked like when Jon carried you to the ship; I don’t blame him in the least for hovering. However, him yelling at us through the door is not going to help him or you feel any better about the situation. Jon needs some time to take a breather.” Pyp finished lathering up the rag and handed it to her. “I was thinking you could wash your front while I take care of your upper back and hair. If you need any help with anything just let me know, otherwise I will let you get to it.” Pyp gave her an encouraging fist pump. “You got this Sansa!”

Pyp’s encouragement made Sansa feel like she was about to compete in a prestigious competition as opposed to bathing herself. He sat down with his back against the tub to afford her some privacy while she cleaned her legs, stomach, and chest. It felt silly, but Pyp’s encouragement made her want to do her best with the simple task.

They sat in companionable silence while Sansa washed herself. The bacta patches were already doing their job of healing her cracked ribs. While she was still in pain, they were low on milk of poppy and Sansa had refused a second does of the pain medicine, it was more manageable then it had been earlier. She filled the cup with water to rinse herself off.

“Ah!” She gasped as she dropped the cup back into the water. Picking up the cup had caused a shooting pain to start in her side.

Pyp scrambled to his feet. “Everything okay?” He asked with concern.

Sansa smiled at him sheepishly. “It appears that a cup full of water is a little too heavy for me. Is it okay if you rinse me off?”

Pyp smiled and nodded his head. As she listened to the sounds of water splashing against her body, Sansa thought about what Pyp had said earlier about Jon. Due to her injuries taking priority Sansa had not yet had the chance to ask about how she and Jon had gotten out of the catacombs. She remembered everything leading up to the cave-in, but her brain was fuzzy about the events that took after.

Sansa leaned forward as Pyp began to scrub her back. “Pyp?” She asked hesitantly. From the way she looked and the way he said Jon had acted, Sansa wasn’t sure she wanted to know what had happened on Tarbeck. However, as a squadron leader and Jedi, she knew her duty trumped her personal feelings. “Do you know what happened after the cave in?”

Pyp was silent as he gathered his thoughts. Lathering up some soap into his hands, he began to speak as he washed her hair. “To be honest, I’m not too sure of the details myself. From the cockpit we were able to see some of the factory collapse and it looked pretty bad. We were afraid that the Inquisitors had gotten you. We tried to contact you and Jon on the comms but we didn’t get any response. Grenn and Sam went to down into the caves to provide back up on the off-chance that you were alive, and if not to collect your bodies.” Pyp took in a shaky breath. Sansa could only imagine how hard it would have been for all three of them to think that she and Jon had died. “Grenn used the tracking device on Jon’s comm link to find you. Once they got there, they found Jon barely responsive from grief. Sam said he just sat there in a daze, promising them that you were still alive and that they couldn’t leave without you. The real kicker was Jaime Lannister. Apparently he was sitting against some rocks like he was waiting for a spot of tea or something.”

Sansa furrowed her brow as Pyp began to rinse the suds from her hair. “Jaime Lannister? As in, Grand Inquisitor Jaime Lannister? He was just sitting there, not attacking anyone?”

“ Nope.” Pyp said, popping the ‘p’. He went to the dry rack and grabbed Sansa’s towel. “Grenn said
that he told them that as long as they didn’t try to kill him or his Apprentice, he would leave everyone alone.”

“That doesn’t make any sense…” Sansa trailed off. She forced her brain to try and remember what had happened with Bran Stark when they had been trapped, but nothing was coming to mind. She sighed, frustrated.

“No, it does not.” He said. Pyp grabbed a towel off of the drying rack and pulled it between both of his hands. Reaching under Sansa’s arms, he lifted her from the tub while covering her body with the towel at the same time. He placed her gently as he could onto her feet.

“You know, the best way to help sore muscles—”

“Lies! More exercise does not help sore muscles! It just makes them more sore!”

“Right.” Sansa said skeptically.

Pyp began to gently dry off Sansa’s body. “Anyway, we think you might have fought the Apprentice while you were trapped. After you had been stuck in there for a while the rocks and dirt had begun to sink in a second time. Jamie Lannister used the Force to push the rocks away and keep them from crushing you while Grenn, Sam, and Jon, got you and Bran Stark out. You were both passed out from whatever happened between the two of you.”

Pyp finished drying her body. Grabbing a fresh set of clothes from the floor in the corner, he motioned for Sansa to lift her legs so he could help her with her underclothes and trousers. “What happened after that?”

“Nothing.” Pyp said with a shrug. “Sam was worried about you being unconscious and the blood gushing from your arm. Lannister gave you quick medical scan with a tool he had on him to see if you had any internal bleeding. He declared you would be fine, picked up his Apprentice, and left. Considering who they are, it was all very anticlimactic, cave-ins notwithstanding.”

Sansa lifted her arms as Pyp put on her shirt. Something about Jamie Lannister’s behavior was not right. Even when he had been walking towards their position in the tunnels Sansa had felt like he had been too loud, almost as if he had wanted them to know that he and Bran were close by. Then, instead of engaging them, he had thrown his Apprentice at her and caused the rocks above them to collapse. At the time she had thought that he was trying to kill her and Bran Stark in one fell swoop, but now she wasn’t so sure. It almost sounded like he cared from Bran, but the notion was impossible. Sith didn’t care for anyone but themselves.

“All done!” Pyp said cheerily, clapping his hands and pulling Sansa out of her thoughts. “May I help the beautiful lady back to her chambers?” He held his hand out to Sansa like she was a princess.

“Of course, good sir.” Sansa said. His behavior reminded her of the games she had forced Uncle Bronn to play with her on Wall.

Pyp took her hand into his and patted it slightly. “Alas, I am afraid we are not meant to be. There is a certain curly haired idiot who will surely throw me out of the airlock if I was to steal you away from him.”

Sansa felt her cheeks flush as Pyp slowly walked her back to her room. She felt distressed at the thought of Jon worrying so much about her safety, but also strangely elated about it as well. It was nice that he cared about her and her wellbeing. If it had been him trapped with an Inquisitor, Sansa wouldn’t have rested until she had clawed every piece of dirt and gravel out of the way to get to him.
“Pyp, can I ask you another question?” She asked.

“Of course Sassy Pants. No secrets between friends, am I right?” He said grinning at her and wriggling his eyebrows.

“Have you ever been in a real relationship before?” Sansa said in an embarrassed rush. She had grown up on a harsh planet, been trained to be a Jedi, had fought numerous foes, and yet still felt so innocent when it came to her feelings for Jon. She cleared her throat. “I mean, have you—”

Pyp raised his hand to stop her. “Don’t worry, I understood you. And to answer your question, yes, I have. I have also been in love before, though I doubt you are ready to talk about that just yet.” Pyp turned to look at her and gave her a sly smile. “You can’t fool me Sassy Pants. This is about Jon, isn’t it?”

Sansa felt the blush on her cheeks cover her who neck and face. She wished that Gilly was traveling with them so that she could take her about it, but her close friend was star systems away. Pyp was the only other choice to help her sort out her feelings. He was nonjudgmental, surprisingly insightful, and most importantly, her friend.

“Yes.” She responded softly.

Pyp gave her a knowing look. “I knew you two had something more than sexual tensions going on.” He teased.

Sansa coughed in embarrassment.

“Hey, don’t be embarrassed. Kissing and having sex is a perfectly natural—”

“Please stop now.” Sansa begged. She was attracted to Jon and had found herself dreaming about… doing things… with him recently, but she was still too new to everything to even think about having sex with him.

They stopped in front of her door. Pyp palmed the pad and they stepped inside her little room. “You know, if you can’t say it, you aren’t ready for it.” Pyp observed as he helped her lay down in bed.

Sansa rolled her eyes at him. “That’s the point, Pyp! I don’t know if I am ready for anything. How do I know if what I am feeling for Jon is truly a desire to be in a relationship with him?”

Pyp hummed in thought. “That is always a difficult question. Sometimes, I feel like we are overthink or overcomplicate what we think we should feel for another creature in order to be with them, that we completely miss the opportunity at something wonderful because it doesn’t fit into this idea we have created for ourselves. When I was younger, I thought that all you needed for a relationship to be successful was physical passion, such as kissing and sex. While attraction is an important part of any relationship, being with someone is so much more than that.” Pyp looked down at her and smiled. “I’m going to ask you some questions, and I want you to think about their answers. When you picture your future, is Jon there or is he absent? Does being with Jon want to make you a better person? Are you the best version of yourself when you are with him? Do you know Jon’s faults, but still want to be with anyway? It’s my guess that you already know the answers to all these questions, Sansa. I think what you really need to ask yourself is what is holding you back from discussing your feelings with Jon.”

Sansa gently laid herself on the side of her cracked ribs while Pyp sat on the floor next to her. She thought about what Pyp had said. Sansa felt her heart speed up as it always did when she thought about Jon. She hated to admit it, but he was right; Sansa did already know the answers to his
questions. Sansa had always dreamed of working with Masters Davos and Tyrion to rebuild the Jedi. She pictured herself becoming a Jedi Master and teaching younglings about the Force. Jon was there, standing next to her as he taught a group of his own. As for Jon helping her to the best version of herself, there was no doubt in her mind that traveling with Jon and Jeor had turned her into a more compassionate and understanding woman. Even training Jon was forcing her to become a better Jedi as she sought more knowledge of the Force and how best to share her discoveries with him. Sansa was not blind to Jon’s faults. She hadn’t liked him when she first met him, and while those personality quirks were still there they no longer grated on her.

“You’re right Pyp. I do want to be with—”

“Don’t say it!” Pyp yelled, interrupting her and gingerly placing a hand over her mouth. “Jon should be the first to hear it, not me.”

Sansa blinked her eyes to show him that she understood. He removed his hand from her mouth and patted her on the head. “I know. I am just so afraid.” Sansa said. She knew in her heart that fear was the true reason she had not told Jon about all of her feelings towards him.

Pyp raised his eyebrows and gave her a disbelieving look. “That does not sound like the Sassy Pants that I know.”

“It’s true.” Sansa insisted. “What if he doesn’t feel the same way?”

“He does.”

“What if this changes our Master and Padawan relationship?”

“It won’t.”

“How can you be so sure?” Sansa asked incredulously.

Pyp rolled his eyes and held up his hand. He lifted a slender finger. “First, Jon is crazy about you. Anybody with eyes can see that.” Pyp raised a second finger. “Second, you and Jon are both adults. Lot’s of people work together and still have a successful relationship. Talk to each other, set some rules, and you will be fine.”

Sansa and Pyp turned their attention towards the door as the sound of footsteps began to become louder. Sansa placed a hand over her heart and gathered up her courage. She wasn’t allowed to fall asleep with her concussion, and Jon had volunteered to stay up all night with her. With their forced togetherness, now seemed like a good time for Sansa to share how she felt.

“Wish me luck Pyp.” She said as the footsteps got louder.

“Nah, you don’t need luck.” Pyp gave her a wink, which made her think of Jon and laugh. “Everything will be just perfect.”
Sansa finally gathers up her courage to tell Jon how she feels! Hooray! The next chapter is basically all Jonsa as they navigate their feelings for each other as well as what Jon has been experiencing with the Dark Side.

For those who are looking forward to seeing what happens with Bran and Jaime, they will be back very, very soon.

I am sad to say there will be no update on Thursday. My husband is going out of town for work and while the chapter is written I wont really have the time to sit down and edit in between work and the kids, since editing actually needs all of my focus.

Preview for Chapter 25:

Sansa’s entire face lit up as Jon entered the room. She was laying on her side in looser fitting clothing that Jon recognized to be her sleep wear. Jon tried to return some of her happiness but his attempt at smiling was unsuccessful. His stomach was in knots over the things he wanted to tell her and how she would react to them.

“Jon? Is something wrong?” Sansa asked. Her smile disappeared from her face. It was replaced with a small frown and furrowed brow. She started to get up so that she could meet him.

“No, Sansa.” Jon said. He reached out a hand to stop her. Sansa's frown deepened.

Thank you for reading my friends! Please comment if you like. I will catch you all next Sunday!
Chapter Notes

Hello my friends! Thank you all for your hits, kudos, and comments last chapter!

As of today, we are officially half way through this story... according to my first draft. To be honest, this baby might end up being a few chapters longer than 50. I hope everyone is okay with that!

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Filoni, or Lucas.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 25: Being Honest

“Dad! Are you all right??”

“Yes, Jon, I will be fine. It’s just a—”

“Don’t you dare say it’s a fucking flesh wound. The laser blast went straight through you shoulder. Here, let me apply some pressure to stop the bleeding. We need to head back to the ship immediately and get you a bacta patch.”

“I will be all right Jon.”

“Fucking bounty hunters. What the hell are they going after us for? We haven’t done a damn thing.”

“I suspect Drogo and Daenerys sent them. I doubt they are too pleased with us right now.”

“Great. Now we have to watch our backs from both the Empire and gang lords.”

“It will be all right Jon.”

“How can you say that?! Look at all this blood. If something were to happen to you I—”

“Would move on with life.”

“Dad—”

“Jon, I will always be with you. Even if I die, I will live on inside of you, because you are my son and I love you. But you can not live in the past. You must learn from it and continue on with life.”

Jon cleaned the steam from the small mirror with his hand after he finished drying himself off. Unlike Sansa, he had no physical evidence from their time with the Inquisitors. He didn’t even have a concussion from the hit he took when Jaime Lannister Force pushed him against the stone pillar. Sansa’s beautiful body looked like she had been beaten by a steel bar while Jon looked the same as he had before Tarbeck.

You are weak.
Jon looked down at his hands. He had been terrified that Sansa had left him behind. His despair had turned to anger so quickly after the cave-in that Jon didn’t have time to register what he was feeling before the Dark Side started to call out to him.

*You couldn’t protect her and now she is hurt.*

*Sansa would never want someone as pathetic as you.*

Gasping, Jon took a few steps back. The darkness was calling to him again. He felt his heart rate speed up. He didn’t want to feel the Dark Side. It scared him and tempted him all at the same time.

“*Love, Jon. You need to love.*”

“Dad?” Jon felt the tears welling up.

As he always did, Jon turned around to see if he could find Jeor. His voice sounded so close whenever Jon would hear him. But, like every other time, Jeor was not there. He would never be there.

*Why would your father bother with someone like you?*

*You joined the Rebellion when your father told you not to.*

*You are nothing but a disappointment.*

Jon closed his eyes to keep his tears from spilling onto his cheeks. Behind his lids he could see Jeor so clearly.

“Daddy, please help me.” He begged.

“*Soon Jon. I promise you.*”

Jon sank to the ground. He thought of Sansa’s broken body when he had pulled her from the rubble, of Jeor’s death at the hands of Night King, and of his fear of being alone. Jon felt a cry of despair escape his lips.

“Hey! You okay in there?!?” Grenn yelled. He started to bang his palm against the door. “I’m coming in so cover your junk unless you want to give me an eyeful.”

The door whooshed open. Jon hastily covered his cock with the palm of his hand. He had already placed his towel on the drying rack and it was too far for him to reach in time. While Jon wasn’t ashamed of nudity, out of everyone in the squadron he knew Grenn the least. He didn’t feel comfortable exposing himself considering his current emotional state.

“Again, huh?” Grenn asked. He grabbed Jon’s towel and threw it at him. Jon wrapped it around his waist before rising from the floor.

“I don’t understand what you mean.” Jon said evasively. He pushed past Grenn and exited the refresher. Not to be deterred, Grenn quickly followed him into his room before Jon could shut the door and set the lock.

Grenn crossed his arms over his chest. Jon felt like a youngling about to receive a scolding. “Don’t play stupid with me Mormont. I may not believe in the Force like you and Sansa but there is no denying the darkness that has surrounded you. It was so strong in those tunnels I thought I would choke from it. At first I thought it was Lannister but the guilt on your face when we found you told
me everything I needed to know. I felt it again just now before I came into the refresher.”

Jon’s jaw dropped at the implication of Grenn’s words. “Do you… feel the Force?” Jon stuttered.

The muscular man rolled his eyes at the question. “Fuck no. That is my point.” Grenn turned around to give Jon some privacy while he dressed. Jon grabbed a long-sleeved tunic and calf length trousers. He planned on staying up all night with Sansa and wanted to be comfortable. He put them on mechanically while he listened to what Grenn said.

“I grew up on the streets in a gang. I served in an elite combat unit for the Empire. I have spent my entire life surrounded by strong, powerful creatures. You, Jon Mormont, are a very talented individual. There is little doubt in my mind that you have the potential to be a powerful and skilled Jedi.”

Jon tapped Grenn’s shoulder to let him know he was done. He turned around and looked Jon straight in the eye. “Everyone want’s the strongest creature, Jon. If they have them, they always win. Always.” Grenn placed a hand on Jon’s shoulder. “Do you understand?”

“Yes.” Jon said quietly. He tried to keep the shame from showing on his face.

“Good.” Grenn dropped his hand and made his way out the door.

They walked in silence while Jon digested everything that Grenn had said to him. He didn’t feel like he had the potential to be a strong Jedi. Hell, at the moment he was just trying not to feel like a failure for being tempted by the Dark Side. Jon was unsure if he was truly as special as Grenn believed.

“You should tell her, you know.” Grenn said, interrupting Jon’s thoughts.

Jon shook his head at the suggestion. “I don’t to worry her.”

Grenn snorted at Jon’s reasoning. “You don’t want to worry ‘Sansa your Master’ or ‘Sansa the girl you want to be with’? And don’t bother denying your feelings. Trust me, if Pyp can pick up on it then you are doing a piss poor job of keeping it secret.”

Jon rubbed the back of his neck at the considered the question. “Both, I guess.”

“You sure about that?” Grenn slowed down his pace so they could finish their conversation before reaching Sansa’s quarters. “If you can’t make the distinction, a relationship between the two of you will never work.”

Jon’s temper flared. He grabbed Grenn by the shoulder and turned him around to face him. “Who the fuck do you think—”

“Cool it kid before you hurt yourself.” Grenn shrugged off Jon’s shoulder and leaned himself against the wall. “Unlike some other idiots aboard this ship, I don’t normally get involved in other creature’s personal business. But, we are squadron. I want us to be able to fucking work together with as minimal shit between us as possible. If you and Sansa want to be together, then be together. Just remember that when you train together, she is your Master first and lover second. You have some serious problems going on right now. Don’t let your feelings for Sansa keep you from approaching her as your Jedi Master. You need fucking help, and Sansa can help you.”

Jon mirrored Grenn’s position on the opposite wall. “When did you become so knowledgeable in relationships?” Jon asked. His was annoyed by Grenn and his sudden interest in Jon and Sansa’s relationship.
Grenn gave him a smirk. “Don’t deflect Jon.”

“Don’t be an ass hole Grenn.” Jon shot back.

Grenn barked out a laugh. He began to walk towards Sansa’s room with Jon at his side. “I know I sound like a prick, but I am trying to help you. I believed you when you said you were afraid of Sansa’s reaction as both your Master and the woman you care for. I pressed because I wanted to make sure that you believed it. Considering where you are at with your Jedi training you can’t let your personal feelings for Sansa keep you from treating her as your Master. Personally, I don’t think you have anything to worry about when it comes to discussing your problems with her. Sansa is kind and understanding. She will listen to you and help you in any way she can.”

“I keep telling myself that, but Sansa wasn’t always so nonjudgmental. When we first met she hated me because she couldn’t understand why I wouldn’t fight for the Rebellion. I know she has a come a long way and doesn’t think like that anymore, but a part of me is afraid that she will send me back to Master Davos once she hears about my struggles with the Dark Side. What if she sees me as weak and decides she doesn’t want me to be her Padawan? What if…” Jon paused. He really didn’t know Grenn very well, and what he was about to say was very personal.

“Go on.” Grenn encouraged.

Jon steeled his nerves and decided to take a leap of faith and trust Grenn. “What if she is disgusted by me? What if she stops caring for me because I was tempted to give in to the Dark Side?”

Grenn rubbed his chin while he thought about his response. Jon appreciated that he didn’t answer right away. He had just shared some of his deepest fears, and he was glad that Grenn was taking the time to think about what he said instead of quickly dismissing his feelings.

“I can understand your concern. I barely knew Sansa before she met you due to her time on Ramsay’s Star Destroyer, so I can’t speak to who she was before. But, I know Sansa now and so do you. She is not the woman you first met.” Grenn patted Jon on the back as they turned the corner. Sansa’s door was open, and they could hear her and Pyp speaking to each other. “Put your faith in Sansa, Jon. She won’t disappoint you.”

Jon opened his mouth to speak but found that he didn’t have anything to say. His mind was reeling from everything that Grenn had told him. Nodding in understanding, Grenn told him that he would be in the kitchen with Sam and left. Jon decided that it would be best to gather his thoughts before returning to Sansa.

Though he hated to admit it, Grenn pushing him to admit his feelings had helped Jon realize his error in not talking to Sansa. Wasn’t she always saying that “fear was the mind killer”? Jon had let his fear of her reaction dictate him not telling her about his run-in with the Dark Side. Instead of the situation resolving itself, everything was becoming worse. He was also ashamed to admit that he had the done the very thing he was afraid Sansa would do to him: judge her. Grenn was correct about Sansa was not being the same person she was before. She had grown so much in their time together. Jon liked to think that he had been a part of that in some way. She was helping him so much and he hoped that he was helping her as well.

Pyp came out of the room with a dopey smile on his face. He gave Jon a silent, two-handed air fist pump when he passed him. Jon was surprised that he hadn’t tried to talk with him but figured Pyp knew how eager Jon was to return to Sansa and didn’t want to get in the way of that. Pushing himself off the wall, Jon realized how unfairly he had judged his former White Walker companions when he first met them. He assumed they were all useless idiots who would need a lot of help before they were able to accomplish the simplest of tasks. Jon couldn’t have been more wrong. Pyp was
surprisingly insightful, Sam was very intelligent, and Grenn was an excellent marksman and teacher.

*I was wrong about them and Sansa when we first met. I only hope that I am wrong this time as well.*

*I don’t want to part from her.*

XXXXXXXX

Sansa’s entire face lit up as Jon entered the room. She was laying on her side in looser fitting clothing that Jon recognized to be her sleep wear. Jon tried to return some of her happiness but his attempt at smiling was unsuccessful. His stomach was in knots over the things he wanted to tell her and how she would react to them.

“Jon? Is something wrong?” Sansa asked. Her smile disappeared from her face. It was replaced with a small frown and furrowed brow. She started to get up so that she could meet him.

“No, Sansa.” Jon said. He reached out a hand to stop her. The bacta patches would heal her quickly but Jon knew not enough time had passed for her ribs to be completely healed. Sam had instructed her to lay on the side of the cracked ribs so that she would be able to take deeper breaths. This would help to prevent lung collapse while the bacta patches restored her bone structure. “You need to lay down.”

Sansa did as she was told, though Jon could see she wasn’t happy about it. He didn’t blame her. Jon hated when his body was hurt and thus unable to do what he wanted. Sansa reached out her arm that wasn’t laying beneath. Jon quickly took her proffered hand into his own. She gave him a gentle tug, letting him know that she wanted him to sit down beside her.

“You have something important to tell me, don’t you?” Sansa asked once Jon was settled.

Jon nodded his head. He was laying on his back and staring at the ceiling. Sansa gave his hand a gentle squeeze. Taking courage from the gesture, Jon turned to look her in the eye. He needed to see her reaction when he told her. He needed to know if she could accept him despite his weaknesses. He needed to know if there was a chance, however small, that she could still want him.

The air around them became thick with nervous tension.

“Sansa, I –”

“Jon, wait.” Sansa said quickly. Jon stopped talking, his mouth opened in midsentence. It surprised Jon that Sansa would interrupt him when it was obvious that he needed to talk to her. She gave him a sheepish look. “I’m sorry to interrupt you. I know that you have something important to tell me, but I have something I must tell you first.”

“All right…” Jon said slowly. He wanted to argue with her to let him go first, but her blue eyes were begging him to let her speak. Jon was powerless to her gaze.

Sansa closed her eyes and took a few deep breaths. She opened them slowly. Her blue eyes locked with Jon’s.

“Jon, I care about you. Deeply. And not in the way the way that you care for a friend.” Jon’s stomach dropped to the floor. This was everything he wanted to hear from Sansa, and the timing was horrible. Jon couldn’t stop the frown from his face as she continued. “I care about you in the way that a lover does.” Sansa blushed as she confessed the depth of her feelings. Jon wanted to cry when he realized how lovely she looked. “I want to be with you Jon. I know it might be difficult since I am your Master, but I don’t care. You are all I want.”
“I…” Jon trailed off. He didn’t know what to say to her declaration.

Sansa gave him a soft smile. She let go of and his hand and began to stroke his cheek. “You should know Jon that nothing, nothing, will change the way I feel about you.” Sansa lifted her hand and placed a delicate finger in between his eyes. She gently raised her hand to lift Jon’s distressed brow. “I know what you are about to tell me will not be pleasant news. It is written all over your face. I wanted you to know my feelings first so that you don’t think that I only feel this way for you out of pity.” Sansa trailed his eyebrow before returning her hand to his check. “You mean everything to me Jon.”

Jon raised his hand to cover the one that Sansa had placed upon his check. He didn’t need the Force to know that everything Sansa said was the true. It was written clearly on her beautiful face. Jon felt a tug in his heart as he gazed at her.

“Sansa.” He whispered. Mindful of her injuries, Jon gently brought himself closer to her until his body was flush with hers. He tilted his head until their foreheads were touching and closed his eyes. Sansa grabbed his hands and knitted their fingers together before resting them between their bodies. Jon could feel that her heart beat was moving just as quickly as his own.

“My lovely Sansa.” Jon said again, his voice full of wonder. He silently thanked his father for raising to be the type of man that Sansa would deem worthy of her affections.

Jon opened his eyes to see her blue ones starting back at him. Before, when she had looked at him like this, Jon hadn’t understood what her eyes were silently telling him. His heart swelled that he now knew the meaning behind her gaze.

Jon’s eyes left her own and traveled down to her mouth. Her lips were pink and sweet looking. Jon slowly tilted his head and brought his mouth to hers. It was soft, and hesitant, and wonderful. He could feel her lips turn upward as she smiled into their kiss. Wanting more, Jon opened his mouth slightly. He brought her bottom lip into his mouth and applied a bit more pressure. Sansa let out a contented sigh. She began to slowly move her mouth in time with his own. Warmth spread throughout Jon’s entire body.

This is love.

Sansa pulled away after pressing one last kiss upon his lips. She had a light blush upon her cheeks and a dreamy look in her eyes. It pained Jon to know he would soon be taking her happiness from her, but there was no other choice.

“Sansa, I… I have to talk to you.” Jon said. He refused to be the type of man to keep secrets from her any longer. Grenn was correct in his council that if Jon wanted to be with her, he needed to tell her everything.

Sansa snuggled her head under the crook of his neck and sighed. “I know Jon. I promise I won’t interrupt you anymore.”

Jon gave a light chuckle. Sansa was notorious for interrupting him regardless of the situation. It should drive him crazy but it was just another thing he liked about her. She was never afraid to speak her mind. Besides, she would always let him finish whenever he would call her out about it.

“Sure sure.” He replied.

Sansa brought her head out from under his chin and gave him a shocked look. “Why Jon Mormont. I never thought I would live to see the day that you would start repeating one of Pyp’s phrases.”
Jon winced when he realized that she was right. “Fuck me.” He muttered. He truly liked Pyp, but he did not want to start acting like him.

“Swear jar.” Sansa teased.

Jon rolled his eyes. “I will never win with you, will I?”

“Nope.” Sansa leaned forward and gave him a quick peck on the lips. Jon’s heart soared at the sign of affection. He wanted to believe that kissing each other could become a natural form of intimacy between them, like hand holding and light caresses.

If she even wants you when you are done talking to her.

You are weak.

Jon frowned at the negative thoughts that began to take root in his head. His body stiffened next to Sansa. She scooted back from him so that she could get a better look at his face. Jon was saddened by the lack of contact but also grateful for it. He didn’t know if he could share his problems with Sansa while she was in his arms.

“Something is deeply wrong, isn’t it?” She asked. The frown on her face was mirrored by his own.

“Yes.” He said. Jon sighed. The time had come to tell her the truth. Unable to look her in the eye, Jon settled for staring at the wall just beyond her shoulder. “Sometimes I hear voices in my head. Well, not really voices per say. It is my voice, but at the same time it feels like it is someone else speaking to me and not my own thoughts. It’s hard to explain.” Jon looked down at his hands in shame. “It’s the Dark Side. It has been tempting me with the promise of untold power if I give in to my hate and anger.”

Gathering up his courage, Jon forced himself to look at Sansa. Her face showed neither pity nor judgement. “How often had this happened?” She asked with a calm tone. Jon could tell that she was no longer the girl that had kissed him but his Jedi Master. He was grateful to her for making the distinction.

Jon didn’t have to think very hard to remember each time the Dark Side had spoken to him. “The first was when Dad died. I was so angry at Night King for murdering him. I wanted to kill him the same way that he murdered my father.” Sansa’s face became sad as she recalled Jeor’s death. His passing had not been easy on either of them. “The second was today after the cave in. It was similar to when Dad died. I thought I had lost you and I was so angry. The Dark Side promised to help me kill Jaime Lannister if I would give in to my feelings. It happened again just now after I finished my shower. Only this time it tried to convince me that I was weak because I couldn’t protect you. It said you wouldn’t want me anymore.”

“Do you remember how you were able to overcome the temptations?”

“The first time was just a matter of circumstance. When the blaster fire hit the panel it forced the blast door shut. Once that happened, you Force pulled me back and helped me to calm down so that I could fly the ship.”

Sansa nodded her head. “I remember feeling the darkness. At the time I thought it was due to everything that was happening. Jeor had just been murdered and Night King was coming after us. But now…” Sansa got a far away look in her eye as she recalled their escape from the Death Star. She cleared her throat before refocusing on Jon. “The Dark Side wants you Jon. I am sure of it. However, not everything gets what it wants. Do you understand?”
"Yes." Jon said softly. He was unable to keep the doubt from his voice.

Sansa gave him a sharp look. "It doesn’t matter what I say, though, does it? You have to believe that you are strong enough to overcome the pull." Sansa softened her face. "What about the other two times? There was no blaster fire or Force pulls then, were there?"

Jon rubbed his hand down his face. "No." He said. He hated to think about what happened today on Tarbeck. He was ashamed that Jaime Lannister, Grand Inquisitor of the Sith, was the one to stop him from giving in. Which, now that he actually thought about it… "Sansa, something isn’t right."

Sansa frowned. "Yes, Jon, I know. That is why we are talking about this. I promise I will do everything I can to help—"

"No, I’m not talking about that." Jon said cutting her off. Sansa gave him a glare at being interrupted. Jon thought it a bit hypocritical of her but decided that it wasn’t the time or the place to call her out on it. "I’m talking about Jaime Lannister."

"Lannister? What does he have to do with you feeling the Dark Side?" Sansa started to look truly pissed as she thought about the upspoken possibilities of what she thought Jon was implying. "Did he try to steal you to be his next Apprentice? I will fight him to the death before I allow—"

"Sansa that’s not it at all." Sansa closed her mouth and waited for him to continue. Jon’s mind was racing as it thought back on what Lannister had told him when he had sensed the Dark Side within Jon.

Jon was still laying on side and facing Sansa, but suddenly found himself with the need to work off some of the anxiety that had built within him before his talk with Sansa. He stood up and began pacing the room.

"I’m sorry I yelled at you. I am not angry or upset. My mind is just trying to figure something out and you were jumping to the wrong conclusions," Jon told her bluntly. He stopped pacing when he heard Sansa grunt. She was trying to raise herself off the bed and not having much success. Jon sighed. He should have known better then to get up. He quickly moved to help Sansa sit up.

"I’m sorry as well. I am just worried, is all." Sansa said once she was settled against the wall.

"I know." Jon went back to pacing. "When I thought I had lost you, I almost gave in to the Dark Side. Dad tried to stop me—"

"Wait." Sansa said. She put her hands up in a placating gesture. "I know neither one of us wants to interrupt the other, but did you just say ‘Dad’? As in, Jeor, your father?"

Jon ran his hair through his curls. He hadn’t meant to tell her that part. "Yes. I have heard him speak to me on a couple of occasions. Mostly when I am in danger, all though he did help me decide to come back and join the Rebellion." Jon waved his hand idly in front of him. "It doesn’t matter. I mean, it does, but not right now." Jon gave Sansa a pleading look. "Can we talk about that later?"

Sansa nodded slowly. Jon was happy to see she was mindful of her concussion and was avoiding making any quick movements.

"Okay, so, where was I? Oh yes." Jon gave himself a self-deprecating smile. "Jaime Lannister sensed that the Dark Side was tempting me. He told me that the Dark side would bring me nothing but pain and sorrow, and to cling to the Light. Then, when I asked if he had killed you, he said that he had caused the cave-in in the hope that it would ‘save us all’." Jon stopped his pacing. He turned to look at Sansa. Her bottom half of her mouth was open and she was blinking slowly as she took in
all of the information.

“Jon, you don’t think?..” Sansa trailed off.

“That Jaime Lannister could be a Rebellion sympathizer?” Jon finished for her.

Sansa brought her hand to her hair. She began to idly twirl a strand in between her fingers. “Pyp, Grenn, and Sam all left the Empire. But, while this may sound harsh, they were nobodies. Sure, Pyp and Grenn were at the top of their squadrons but at the end of the day they were just regular soldiers. Jaime Lannister is Empress Cersei’s twin brother. He is third in the Sith hierarchy. He... he has killed innocent people. It just doesn’t seem possible.”

“But what if it is?” Jon went to sit next to Sansa. “Do you remember anything that happened while you were trapped with Bran Stark?”

Sansa sighed. “I wish I did. The damage to my head must have caused me to forget what happened.”

“Damn.” Jon said.

“It’s all right Jon.” Sansa said as she patted his hand. “I will share what happened with Jaime to the Council when I give them my report.” Jon shot her a pleading look. “Don’t worry. I won’t mention the Dark Side at all. I will just tell them about Jaime not attacking us. That in and of itself is suspicious.”

“Thank you, Sansa.” Jon looked down at his lap. “I don’t want anyone to know about that just yet.”

“I understand.”

They were silent for a few minutes while each of them digested all the information they had just shared. Jon took Sansa’s hand and began to idly play with her fingers.

“Jon?”

“Hmm?”

“What is your biggest fear?”

“Loosing you.” Jon said without hesitation.

Sansa hummed at that. She went silent again. While Jon had not declared his growing love for Sansa, he doubted that she was unaware of his feelings for her. He had not been subtle with his growing attraction for her since they met.

“What about before you met me?” Sansa asked, interrupting Jon’s thoughts.

“Losing my father.” He replied easily. “Why do you ask?”

With Jon’s help, Sansa shifted her body so that she could look at him. “The Dark Side knows what we fear and uses that against us. I think it using your fear of being left behind by those you care for against you.” Sansa frowned. “Jon, I think your biggest weakness is attachments.”

“Attachments?” Jon asked confused. “How can caring about people be a weakness?”

“It isn’t, unless you are unable to let them go.” Sansa gave him a sad smile. “Think about it Jon. You get upset about things fairly often, but you only have become truly angry twice. First when Jeor died and second when you thought I had died. Why?”
Because I thought I should have been able to protect you. I was weak.” Jon felt tears come to his eyes as he once again recalled carrying Sansa’s unconscious body in his arms. “Is it so wrong to want to save those I care about?”

“Of course not Jon. But we must also be able to accept that sometimes we can’t stop bad things from happening. Traditionally, the Jedi Order has frowned on attachments for this very reason. I, along with Master Tyrion, do not agree that attachments are inherently evil, nor do I agree that becoming angry will lead us to the Dark Side. Anger is a quick, secondary emotion that is caused by something else. I believe that when we take the time to understand why we are angry, we are able to focus on our true problems. The reason I think you struggle with attachments is because when someone that you care about is taken from you in a cruel way, you become angry and desire revenge. This is understandable. As Master Tyrion puts it, lots of creatures feel those emotions and don’t become Force wielding psychopaths. The problem is, that unlike regular creatures, you are in tune with the Force; with the knowledge of the Light also comes the temptations of the Dark. As a Jedi you must be stronger than the temptations that come to you. In the past, many Jedi weren’t, and that is why they created the rule that banned Jedi from bonding themselves with others. You cannot fear loss, Jon. If you are to become a Jedi and still attach yourself to others, you have to be accepting of the twists and turns life will give you. I am not saying that you can’t grieve over what happens, but there is a difference between grief and anger.”

Jon was silent. His heart was aching over the implications of what Sansa had said to him. “Do you think that we can’t be together?” His voice cracked in grief.

Sansa pondered his question for a few moments before answering. “Jon, what I say to you now I say as both your Jedi Master and the woman who wants to be with you.” She took Jon’s hand and brought it to rest on her cheek. His hand tingled as she shared some of her warmth with him. “We can be together. I know we can. But only if you feel like you are strong enough to overcome the temptations of the Dark Side. I will not be your downfall. I only desire to be your strength.”

Jon caressed her cheek with his thumb. “I will give up being a Jedi before that happens. I choose you over the Order any day.”

Sansa smiled sadly at him. “It isn’t that easy Jon. The Dark Side has marked you. Even if you gave up being a Jedi, it will still call to you. It desires your strength to make itself even more powerful.”

Jon frowned. He thought back to the first time the Dark Side spoke to him. He had felt the Dark Side when Jeor died, but it hadn’t come back to tempt him until today. Why was there the pause in between the two occurrences?

“When Dad was killed, I blamed you initially.” He gave Sansa a look of shame. She had blinked a few times in shock but urged him to continue. “I thought it was your fault he had died because you were the reason we were even on the Death Star. But then, when I thought about it, I knew it wasn’t your fault but Night Kings. Having had the time to grieve, I feel like I have made peace with his passing. I am no longer angry, nor do I desire revenge. I want justice, yes, but not revenge. I don’t think the Dark Side tempted me after that because it knew there was nothing to tempt me about.” Jon brought his knees up to his chest. He crossed his arms and rested them atop his elbows. “With you, it’s different. You aren’t gone. You are still here, and I want you to stay here with me. I think that it why the Dark Side has called to me more today then it did after Dad’s passing. It knows you could be my weakness and so it tempts me.” Jon turned his head to look at Sansa. “I don’t want you to possess you, Sansa. I love you.”

Sansa’s mouth relaxed into a silent ‘o’. Her eyes became misty as tears began to form. “Oh, Jon.” She whispered.
Jon slowly brought his hand to her heart. “I love you, Sansa.” He repeated. “With everything I have I love you.”

“Love, Jon. You need to love.”

“Sometimes, whenever I am in danger I can hear Dad as if he right next to me. Today, in the refresher, he told me that I needed to love.” Jon caressed Sansa’s collarbone with him thumb. He could feel her heartbeat flutter under his hand. “He is right Sansa. Love is the opposite of the Dark Side. Love is kindness, and understanding, and patience, and supporting one another. It is caring about someone more than yourself. It is sacrifice. If I love you, truly love you, the Dark Side can’t touch me.”

“Do you truly think so?” Jon could see by the look in Sansa’s eyes that she wanted so desperately to believe him.

“Yes.” Jon said with conviction. “I am weak to the Dark Side because I am still learning how to love you while maintaining balance with the Force.” Jon gave her a sheepish smile. “I have never loved anyone before you except for Dad. It’s a little different, don’t you think?”

Sansa gave a laugh. The tears in her eyes began to fall, but Jon could see that they were tears of happiness and not despair. Jon’s hand left her heart and cleaned the tears from her cheeks.

“Will you teach me how to love you, Sansa? To love you properly, without jealousy, possessiveness, or mistrust?”

Sansa laughed through her tears. Her face was splotchy, her hair was damp, she was covered in bacta patches, and she had bruises over half her body. To Jon, she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

“Yes, Jon. I will.” Sansa breathed out. She brought her hands up to cover his own. “We will learn everything, together.”

Chapter End Notes

The feels! Right?! Maybe? I hope so... I have determined that writing emotions is 100 times more hard than writing action scenes. This chapter went through several rewrites. So, I am unsure if it is actually good, or if it is good because I know it is better than what is was before. If that makes sense.

Anyway, Jon and Sansa are together! Huzzah! Hopefully Sansa can help Jon with feeling the Dark Side, because while it sounds easy in theory to love purely in practice it is anything but. I really want what they feel for each other to be pure and innocent, in contrast to the Galaxy that they are currently living in.

No chapter updates for Thursday again. I have got to finish a costume by the end of the week, while still working and watching my girls, so I just wont have time. But all updates should return to their normal days next week.

Preview for next chapter:

Sam returned from the refresher. He nudged Sansa with his elbow and motioned to the
VIP box that was placed in the middle of the stadium. In an instant, Sansa realized why Jon had made himself unrecognizable. Walking into the middle of the box and taking his seat, which looked more like a throne, was famed gang lord Khal Drogo. He was an Essosi, with tanned skin and dark black circles that surrounded his eyes. Each shoulder was tattooed with thick black lines that looked like claw marks. They ran from his pecs to the back of his shoulder blades. He was shirtless, though he wore tight leather trousers, and had a thick black belt around his midsection with two blasters on either side. His wife, Daenerys Targaryen, sat next to him. She looked like royalty with her silk robes draped around her body, strategically placed to show off just enough skin to make creatures want to see more. Unlike her husband, Daenerys was a Dragon'i. Her skin was a combination of traditional human skin with a spattering of blue, shimmering scales along her shoulders and hair line. Her violet eyes missed nothing as she and her husband gazed at the podracers.

“Well, that explains a lot.” Sansa said dryly. She looked down towards the pit station where Jon and Grenn were sitting. Jon had angled himself on a crate behind Grenn so that it would be hard for Drogo and Daenerys to see him.

“Do you think he knew?” Sam asked. He removed his scarf and poured a small amount of water onto it. He let out a sigh of relief as he began patting the cool cloth along the back of his neck.

“For his sake, I hope not. Otherwise he will be doing three-a-days for a month.”

Thank you all for reading my friends! Please comment if you like. Have an amazing week!
Podracing

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for your kudos, hits, and comments!

This chapter was meant to be a fun, one-off chapter that tied up some looser plot threads while letting our characters enjoy themselves. (Trust me when I saw a lot of stuff is going to start happening as we begin to make our final push towards Empire Strikes Back.) Long story short, the chapter started to become really long so I ended up breaking it into two parts. Oops? Honestly, it was just becoming too fun to write. I hope you all enjoy it!

Disclaimer: I am not Lucas, Martin, Filoni, or the helpful people on Wookipedia who explained podracing for me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 26: Pod Racing

“Are you all right?”

“I… want… to kill.”

“It’s going to be okay.”

“I want… to kill you!”

“No, please. Don’t hurt me. Let me help you!”

“Kill you!”

“NO!”

“Sansa! Wake up!”

Sansa lifted her hands to her eyes as the bright light of her room assaulted her senses. She felt a pair of warm, strong arms envelope her.

Jon.

It must have been him and the lights that had awoken her for the nightmare.

Sansa clutched Jon’s shoulders and buried her head into his naked chest. She took a deep breath and sighed as she inhaled the scent of his soap. The smell was comforting and helped to ground her.

“You all right Sassy Pants?” Pyp asked from behind Jon. It was surprising to hear his voice though not unwelcome.

Sansa nodded into Jon. Letting him go, she blushed slightly when she realized that her screams must
have been louder than she thought. There were currently three humans, one Starfallian, a mech droid, and a white Winterwolf crammed into her tiny room. Sansa narrowed her eyes as her brain registered one very important detail from the picture she was seeing.

“Is everyone on this ship allergic to wearing clothes?” Sansa gritted through her teeth.

Only Sam had the decency to blush at her question, which Sansa found funny since he was the most clothed out of the four of them. Both Pyp and Jon were topless and wearing sleeping pants that came to their mid-calf. Sam had on a pair of baggy shorts and a sleeveless tunic. Grenn, somewhat surprisingly since he always made sure to wear long sleeve tunics and cargo pants that covered his entire legs, was the least dressed of them all. The only article of clothing on his impressively muscular frame was pair of tight shorts that sat low on his hips and came to his mid-thigh. It was the first time Sansa had seen him without a shirt. He raised his hands to rub at his eyes and she caught sight of two tattoos placed on each of his inner biceps. One was the insignia of the Empire and the other was the sign of the 501st Legion. Sansa frowned. The 501st was the group that had massacred those present in the Jedi Temple during Order Wildfire. Sansa suspected that this was the true reason that Grenn had repeatedly refused to take his shirt off during training; he didn’t want Sansa to know that he had fought with some of the same creatures that would have killed her had she not escaped. Sansa lowered her eyes before Grenn could realize that she was staring at him.

“I’m so sorry for thinking that your welfare was more important than hiding our bodies from view.” Pyp muttered sarcastically between bouts of breath. Both he and Sam were panting from their sprint to her quarters.

“Right.” Sansa said. She was instantly humbled by their sacrifice. “Thank you for coming and helping me.” She said sincerely. Sansa smiled as Ghost laid down at her feet. Not to be out down, LA-D3 rolled over to stand at the head of her bed.

“Did you have another nightmare?” Sam asked gently.

Sansa nodded her head. She had been having one every night since Sam had given her the okay to sleep two weeks ago. It was the same dream every time. She was back on Tarbeck with Bran Stark, and he was trying to kill her. Sam had suggested that perhaps it her was brain trying to help her recover her lost memories, but something about the dream didn’t feel right. It was almost as if her brain had muddled the truth of what happened. Thankfully, this was only the second time that the boys had heard her screams. The other nights Sansa had been successful in keeping her fears to herself.

Jon raised himself from his crouch and sat himself down on her bed. She leaned into him. Sansa let out a contented sigh when he began to stroke her hair.

“Are you sure that you aren’t remembering what happened?” Jon asked. He gave her a kiss on her forehead.

“The dream does feel real,” she said reluctantly, “but at the same time it seems like it is only a fragment of what really happened. I honestly don’t think that Bran Stark tried to kill me at all.”

Sansa let out a huge yawn. The lack of sleep was beginning to wear on her. Grenn, seemingly satisfied that she would be all right, left her room to go back to bed. Pyp glared at his back as he left.

“Insensitive ass hole.” He muttered under his breath.

“Be nice Pyp. He is just tired.” Sansa reprimanded.
Due to Sansa’s inability to train with Jon until Sam gave her the okay, Grenn had replaced Sansa as Jon’s training partner while continuing his sessions with Sam. Sansa was sure that the Grenn was working harder than any of them at present. His days consisted of running, hand-to-hand combat, staff fighting, and target practice. She didn’t blame him for wanting to get more sleep before she forced them all to run in the morning. Sam had given her the okay to begin light forms of exercise a week ago, which basically meant jogging in the back with Pyp. Her ribs and arm were healed, but without a bacta tank Sansa was forced to heal from her concussion the normal way.

Sam gave her a kind smile. “Whatever happened in that cave was significant, Sansa. The dream is your brains way of trying to remember what happened.” He patted her knee. “Just give it some time. I am sure you will remember everything soon.”

“I hope so. I feel like I haven’t slept in weeks.” Sansa let out another huge yawn. She was too tired to hide it behind her hand. “We should all go back to sleep.”

“No.” Jon replied quickly. “I am not leaving you here by yourself. What if you have another nightmare?”

“I will be fine Jon. I just need to…” Sansa trailed off when she caught sight of Grenn making his way back into her room. Well, what looked like Grenn from the waist down anyway. His arms were piled so high with various blankets and pillows that she could barely see the top of his head.

“Hey dipshit.” Grenn said. He kicked Pyp in the back of the knee, causing the other man to lose his balance and fall forward. “Call me insensitive again and I will kick your ass.”

Pyp rolled his eyes. He jumped off the floor easily and began to hand out the various sleeping necessities to everyone in the room.

“I assume you are sleeping in bed with Sansa?” Pyp asked nonchalantly as he handed Jon a pillow.

Jon’s face turned beet red. He began to stutter while trying to answer Pyp’s question.

“I would like you to, if that is all right.” Sansa said softly next to him so that the others wouldn’t hear. “Maybe you can keep the nightmares from reaching me.”

Jon nodded his head. “I would to as well. I don’t like that you are suffering.” He whispered back. He gently bumped his forehead against hers.

Sansa smiled as she settled herself back into bed. Jon laid down between her and the wall. He placed one arm under his head and used the other to bring him closer to her. Jon kissed her on the back of her head before burrowing himself into her hair.

“Love you.” He whispered. Sansa snuggled into him until there was no space between the two of them.

During the last two weeks Jon had experienced the pull to the Dark Side three separate times. Once had been when during training with Grenn. Since their encounter with the Inquisitors on Tarbeck – Sansa had tried to share her concerns about Jaime Lannister with the Council and had been unquestionably shut down – Sansa had decided that Jon would soon need to make the travel to Winterfell to receive his kyber saber crystal. Wanting Jon to be prepared for the responsibility, and because his forms were now perfect, Sansa had enlisted Grenn to practice sparing with Jon. Having watched them train for so many hours in the past, Grenn was able to adapt to the new fighting style surprisingly well. Jon’s first loss to Grenn had resulted in Jon panicking that he was too weak to become a Jedi. While Sansa was proud that he hadn’t thrown a fit over his loss, she was distressed
that Jon turned to self-loathing instead. He had grabbed his head in agony as the Dark Side tempted him to let his hatred towards himself turn into hatred towards other people. Quickly recognizing the signs of what was happening, both Sansa and Grenn were able to keep Jon from giving in.

The second two times occurred when Jon and Sansa were alone together. After their first conversation together in the cannon’s glass dome, they had taken up cloud and star gazing together as a method to destress. Sansa also didn’t mind that she practically had to sit in Jon’s lap for the two of them to fit and that his arms were always around her. They would sit there happy and content, but then the Dark Side would call Jon weak and tell him that Sansa would eventually leave him. It tried to convince Jon that the only way to keep, and therefore possess, her would be to turn to the Dark Side. He had been so distressed both times that Sansa would bring his head to her chest while caressing his face and whispering soothing words in his ear.

Sansa squeezed Jon’s hand that was draped around her waist. She wished she could help Jon more with his feelings towards the Dark Side, but the simple fact of the matter was that Sansa had learned to control her fears, as well as following the ebb and flow of the Galaxy, as a child. While she did have times of anger or fear, she would always make herself think rationally about what was going on and why she felt that way. Jon had assured her over the past two weeks that her knowledge was helping him. While she didn’t doubt Jon – they had promised not to withhold information from the other ever again – Sansa wondered if he wouldn’t also benefit from someone with firsthand experience.

Coming out of her thoughts, Sansa watched with droopy eyes as Pyp, Grenn, and Sam began to lay out their blankets for the night. Pyp slept next to the bed with Grenn beside him, and Sam laid perpendicular to them with his head towards her bed. Pyp snuggled up into his blankets before frowning.

“Damn it! Who is turning out the lights?” He asked in mock horror. He burrowed further into his blankets to let everyone know it wouldn’t be him.

“Fucking hell.” Grenn muttered.

Sam began to move before Sansa called out to him to stop. “It’s all right Sam, D-3 can do it.”

LA-D3 carefully maneuvered around the men sprawled out on the floor. Once she came to the switch, she extended out a thin, metal, three-pronged hand and punched out the light. The room was enveloped in darkness save for the glow of LA-D3’s sensor lights.

“Ah. Much better. You’re the best D-3.” Pyp chirped happily. “Now, for the more important question. Who is going to tell a scary but at other times hilarious bed time story?”

Grenn threw the blanket over his head in annoyance. “You have got to be fucking kidding me. Go to sleep Pyp.”

“But I want a story! Stories and slumber parties go together like—”

“Don’t even finish that.” Grenn growled.

“I’ve never had a slumber party before.” Sam observed from his place on the floor.

“Me neither.” Jon said. Sansa could tell from the sound of his voice that he was trying hard not to laugh at their situation.

“Does sleeping in the barracks count?” Sansa asked innocently.
“Fuck no! We are so having a bedtime story.” Pyp declared as he pumped his fist in the air.

Grenn groaned underneath his blankets. Pyp cleared his throat and began to talk about the time when he was growing up on Starfall. He was sixteen, and his friends had stolen his clothes before he had the chance to leave the bathing house. Sansa’s eyes began to grow heavy when he got to the part of an elderly woman beating him with a broom when he tried to steal clothes off her drying line. Sansa turned around and snuggled in to Jon’s warm chest.

“I love you too, Jon.” She whispered. She could feel Jon smile into her forehead.

“Sleep well, sweetling.” Jon whispered while he caressed her cheek.

Sansa closed her eyes. She felt like she was back on Wall again, safe and surrounded by those who cared for her.

Sansa jiggled her leg up and down while Sam finished putting away the squadrons small medical kit. It had been four weeks since her concussion. Sansa had been physically active for most of her life and the forced rest had taken a toll on her mentality. She had started cleaning the entire ship top to bottom every day to keep herself busy when she wasn’t supervising Jon and Grenn. Much to his annoyance, she had also started making Pyp do more workouts while Jon was resting. She was not ashamed that she had used her wide, pleading eyes to make Pyp say yes. She was bored and needed entertainment. While Jon swore The Knights Watch had never looked better, and Pyp had never appeared fitter, Sansa herself was ready to start climbing the walls.

“Well?” Sansa asked. She gave Sam her best pleading look that had always ensured Uncle Bronn, and now Pyp, would give her whatever she wanted.

Sam laughed at her desperation. “Well…” He said. He rubbed his chin as if deep in thought. Sansa wanted to grab his arms and shake him.

“Go easy on her Sam.” Jon said from his place at the kitchen counter. He poured him and Sansa a cup of caff. “Sansa might end up using her Jedi mind control and make you give her a clean bill of health.” Jon gave her an eye twitch.

“I would never!” Sansa said in mock indignation. Jon snorted as he sat down next to her at the table. If Sansa weren’t so anxious she would have teased him for getting worse at his eye twitching—she refused to call it winking on principle—and not better. This last one had looked like half his face was beset with tremors.

Sam gave her a sly look. “I don’t think that would work on me anyway. Don’t you have to be weak minded for that?”

Grenn laughed at Sam’s quip. He had just gotten out of the refresher before joining them in the kitchen for breakfast. Much to Sansa’s annoyance, he had apparently gotten over his hang up about walking around shirtless after the group had come to save her from her nightmare. He finished making his breakfast and moved to join them. He sat on a spare crate and balanced his bowel in his hand. “Just tell her Sam. I’m liable to lose my damn mind if she yells at me for improper Ataru forms one more time. I’m not even a fucking Jedi.”

Sansa huffed and crossed her arms. While she may have been a bit more harsh in her directions as of late, it wasn’t really her fault. She would love to see all them not be allowed to do barely anything for
four weeks and see how they liked it. Well, all of them minus Pyp. He was already doing the bare
minimum even with her forced exercise program.

“Sorry.” Sam said looking apologetic. “Sansa, you are—”

“I’ve got it bitches!” Pyp yelled as he walked into the kitchen. He held his tablet up triumphantly.

Sansa’s eye twitched. “What. Was. That?” She didn’t care what Pyp called everyone else in their
squadron, but she drew the line when it came to what he was calling her.

Pyp barely glanced at her as placed his tablet in the middle of the table. “I mean, I’ve got it bitches,
and Sassy Pants.” He declared. Sansa let out a huff and rolled her eyes. She had long ago given up
on getting Pyp to stop calling her that. Finding no other seat available, Pyp perched himself up on the
small island in the middle of the kitchen.

“And just what is it that you’ve got?” Jon asked with a quirked eyebrow. He leaned himself into the
booth and slung an arm over the back. He began to rub small circles into Sansa’s arm.

“A way to make us money.” Pyp answered with a grin.

Sansa gave him a confused look. “Money? Why do we need money? The Rebellion gives us—”

“Breadcrumbs, Sansa. The Rebellion gives us breadcrumbs.” Pyp said dryly. He put his arms up in a
placating gesture before Sansa could start yelling at him. “Look, I’m not saying that the Rebellion
doesn’t give us enough to get by, and I know we are lucky to receive what we do, but I’m sure I
speak for all of us when I say we could use a little more. Just look around the kitchen. None of us
can even sit down at the same time to eat because there aren’t enough chairs. Grenn looks like a
fucking idiot right now.”

“Hey!” Grenn said indignantly between a spoon full of oats. He stuck his spoon in his mouth and
flipped Pyp off before turning to Sansa. He took his spoon out of his mouth. “While I hate to admit
Pyp being right about anything, he does have a point. We could use some more thermal detonators
and I would love to get my hands on a blaster riffle for longer range attacks. Baby Jedi over there
should have a second blaster as well.” He motioned to Jon with his head. “Very few people can
accurately aim two blasters at once and Jon is one of them. We are wasting his talents by only giving
him one.”

“We could also do with some more medical supplies. We are out of bacta patches after healing your
injuries, and low on milk of poppy as well.” Sam supplied. He raised himself from his chair to go
and prepare some breakfast. Pyp promptly jumped off the table and took the open seat.

“The ship could use some fixing as well.” Jon said with a rub of his chin. “The hyperdrive is acting
up again. It would be nice to have some spare parts just in case. We don’t want the ship to
breakdown right in the middle of fight with the Empire.” Jon turned to Sansa. “It’s your call of
course, but the extra money would be nice.”

“You are cleared to resume training and missions, if that helps with your decision.” Sam said. He got
out a cartoon of eggs and offered to make some for anyone who was still hungry. Jon and Pyp had
yet to eat, so he took out half a dozen and began to crack them into a bowl.

Sansa watched Sam cook while she thought over their options. While she hadn’t thought about it,
taking on side jobs for extra money would have its benefits. *The Knights Watch* was a good sized
freighter and most of their money went to fuel. Since they were not flying with the fleet, they were
unable to take advantage of what Sansa, Jon, and Jeor had stolen from the Empire. It would also be
nice to have some extra food on hand since everyone on the ship seemed to have never-ending appetites.

“All right…” Sansa said slowly. Pyp’s face instantly lit up. “For the record, I am not saying yes, yet. I would like to hear what your idea is first before I make a decision.”

Pyp clicked his tablet on. He picked it up and proudly showed her the page he had pulled up. “Podracing!” He declared with gusto.

“Podracing?” Jon asked skeptically. “Don’t you have to have a podracer for that? Last I checked we didn’t have one on the ship, unless you have been hiding one under your mattress.” Jon’s lips raised slightly as he taunted Grenn. Sansa was momentarily distracted by how full they looked. They were so soft against her own lips and he had tasted like—

*Focus Sansa.*

Pyp rolled his eyes at Jon. “Getting a pod racer will be the least of our problems. We are currently in the Essos System. Every year Red Waste holds the Annual Bricklayers Classic on their planet. This year’s race will be taking place tomorrow afternoon. And guess who just got sick?”

“Khal Drogo.” Jon said dryly.

Sansa gave him a sharp look. “Please tell me you remembered to pay him for the bounty on your head.”

“Relax Sansa.” Jon said. He lifted one side of his mouth up into a smirk. “I took care of that before we left Greywater Watch. Worried?”

“Ugh. Can you guys stop flirting for five minutes so I can finish talking about my master plan?” Pyp asked with a frown. Sam laughed from his place in the kitchen. The eggs were done and he began to place them onto the plates. Sansa frowned when she noticed that one had a huge crack in it.

Jon scooted closer to Sansa and began to play with her hair. “No.” He said simply. Sansa blushed. She allowed herself a quick gaze at his lips. They were moist from the caff and looking extra soft this morning.

*Just one kiss couldn’t hurt before Pyp starts speaking again, right?*

Sansa moved her head and gave Jon a swift kiss on the kips. It sent a little thrill to her heart.

“Anyway.” Pyp said forcefully. He gave them each a look of mock disgust before continuing. “Ben Quadrinaros’ entire pit team has come down with dragon scale after taking a tour of Khal Drogo’s palace. Why he gave his wife dragons as pets is beyond me.” Pyp stopped when he saw Jon looking at him a little too innocently. He raised an eyebrow at him. “Anything you want to share, Jon?”

Sansa gave Jon an appraising look. He was acting very guilty for someone who had no prior knowledge of what Pyp was going to share with them. Unless…

“No. Way.” Sansa said as the pieces began to click into place. “You gave them those dragons, didn’t you? Jon, those creatures are dangerous! Do you know how many creatures Daenerys Targaryen has forced to work with them by using her ‘pets’ as weapons?”

Jon gave her a glare. “It was a job! It’s not like Dad and I knew what the hell they were going to use them for.”
“Jon Mormont, you should have known better then to—”

“We threw one of them out of the airlock! Those pieces of shit kept trying to burn us! That has to count for something.”

“That doesn’t excuse—”

“For the love of the Galaxy just have sex and get it over with already!” Pyp cried. He rubbed his fingers against his temples. “Or at the very least a good org—”

“Shut up Pyp!” Jon and Sansa yelled in unison. The Starfallian promptly closed his mouth. He let out an annoyed huff and leaned back into his chair.

Grenn laughed as he got up to rinse out his bowl. “Let me guess. Your plan is to forge some documents saying that you, Jon, and myself are an experienced pit crew. We get hired on for the Classic. Sometime during then and the race, Quadrinaros either comes down with dragon scale himself or we lock him in a storage closet. His sponsor will then have no choice but to choose you as the replacement. You enter the race, win, and we receive your half of the winnings. Correct?” Grenn finished washing his bowl and placed it in the dry rack. He raised an eyebrow at Pyp.

“Actually, I was thinking about holding him hostage on The ‘Watch.’” Pyp grumbled. He folded his arms over his chest in a pout.

Jon laughed. “Well, I’ve had worse plans. And it’s not like this one will be life-and-death.” He took his and Sansa’s empty mugs. He placed hers into the sink before pouring himself another cup of caff. “Honestly Pyp, I’m impressed you even came up with that much. Forging the documents will be easy enough, as will getting the drop on Quadrinaros. You sure you know how to podrace?”

Pyp rolled his eyes. “Would I have suggested it if I didn’t, ass hole?” Jon slapped him in the back of the head before sitting down next to Sansa again.

“It’s your call sweetling, but, and I can’t believe I am saying this, I think it’s a good idea.” He took a sip of caff and looked at her expectantly.

“Me too.” Grenn said. “We could use the extra credits.” He pointed a finger at Pyp. “Just be sure not to give me same lame ass pseudo name.”

Sansa turned to look at Sam. “What do you think? Out of all of us you are the smartest when it comes to strategy.”

Sam flushed under her praise. He scratched his cheek as he thought over Pyp’s proposal. “Honestly, it is pretty bad. But, considering the goal is to get Pyp into a podracer it will have to do. My biggest concern is that we are all wanted by the Empire. Even with fake names our pictures are out there.”

Jon waved a dismissive hand in the air. “Believe me when I say that won’t be a problem. Dad and I have been to a few podraces in Essos when we would run things for Drogo. With the exception of Sansa, every one of those creatures in attendance probably has a higher bounty then the rest of us. If they take us in they will just be turning themselves in as well, and that is only if they recognize us with the forged documents.”

“Do you think I should stay on the ship then?” Sansa asked.

Jon shook his head. “You will be fine with just a scarf over your hair and some ill-fitting clothing that covers your entire body. It will help you look plain. All the creatures there will just over look you.”
“Jon’s right. If we are going to do this we should all be in the stadium together, just in case anything goes wrong.” Grenn said. He let out a yawn and stretched his hands over his head. “You better decide soon though. We will want to get working on those documents as soon as possible.”

All eyes in the room turned to look at Sansa. Pyp’s were especially wide and pleading. Sansa thought over all the items that they had requested. Only a few could be considered things that they wanted and didn’t need, such as Grenn’s blaster rifle, but Sansa couldn’t deny that everything would be useful. Sansa let out a long sigh. Pyp took this as a good sign and sat up eagerly in his chair.

“You all know this is going to end in disaster, right?”

“Of course.”

“Yes.”

“I would be surprised if it didn’t.”

“A disaster of awesomeness!”

Sansa laughed and shook her head. “All right. Let’s go win some credits.”

The heat on Red Waste made Dorne look like a blustering winter. Sansa felt like she was melting from all the sweat her body was producing. It didn’t help that she was covered from head to toe in a pair of Jon’s old clothes, with only her face and hands visible.

“Would it be too much to ask to go to a cold planet just once?” Sansa grumbled. She gratefully accepted a carafe of over priced water from Sam. It was beyond their meager budget to purchase it and had been worth every credit.

Sam patted her leg in understanding. Sansa winced as the material stuck to her skin. “It is a bit warm, isn’t it?” Unlike her, Sam was wearing a short sleeved tunic and trousers that came to just under his knees. He did have a scarf over his head to protect his ears and neck from the harsh dessert sun, but unlike Sansa’s it was hanging loosely and allowed some body heart to get through. Due to the heat, and the fact their seats were covered by a huge canopy, Sansa predicted he would take his scarf off soon. Finally giving in, Sansa rolled up the cuffs on her sleeves and trousers just a few inches.

“Ah, that feels better.” She sighed.

Jon had been right in his prediction that no creature would look at Sansa if she had her body covered with clothing. He had neglected to say, however, that this would be because the majority of female, and even some male, creatures in attendance would be in various states of undress. While there were some female creatures who were conservatively dressed like Sansa, the majority were not. Sansa couldn’t help but look at their outfits longingly. She was just so hot.

“We have an exciting announcement to make!” A voice boomed over the loud speaker. Sansa focused her attention on to a gigantic computer screen. The announcer of the competition’s face appeared. “It appears that Ben Quadrinaros has contracted dragon scale and will be out of the competition.” The announcer paused for dramatic effect while some of the audience booed. “His replacement has been chosen from his pit crew. Let’s give a warm cheer for Zander Freemaker! If you would like to change your bets now, please head to your closest gambling box. We will proceed with the race shortly!”

Sansa and Sam stood up as several people hurried to change their bets. Pyp had begged them to bet
on him so that they could win more credits, but Sansa had staunchly refused.

“I can’t believe our luck.” Sam muttered under his breath. “Are you thinking about forgiving Han for transporting the dragons now?” H asked. Sansa had thought her eyes would roll into the back of her head when Jon declared Han Solo as his pseudo name. Still, she supposed it sounded less made-up than Pyp’s choice.

“Not a chance.” She said tartly.

Sam barked out a laugh. They resumed their seats and maintained idle conversation while waiting for the podracers to be brought out. Sansa thought Sam’s neutral topic choice on the state of moisture farming in the Galaxy to be an interesting choice, but she made sure to nod and hum in the appropriate places. At least is was dull enough to ensure nobody would bother eavesdropping.

The giant computer screen cracked to life once more. The two heads of the Troig announcer took up the entire space. The one with red colored hair and a monocle, Fode, began to announce the podracers as they came into the arena. Pyp was announced close to the end. Sansa couldn’t help but tsk when he began to blow kisses into the crowd. Grenn was not amused either. He punched him in the arm and pointed to the podracer that he and Jon were pushing into the arena. They had tied a rope around LA-D3’s midsection and she was currently at the front of the racers huge engines, simultaneously pulling and guiding them to their starting place. Pyp threw one last wave to the crowd before he began to help

“Let’s see if he can put his money where his mouth is.” A man observed from behind their seats.

“That guy looks like an idiot. Did you see the odds on him dying during the first lap?” His companion replied.

Sansa fought the urge to bring her hands to her face and groan. She had clearly been distracted by Jon’s close physical proximity when she decided to agree to this stunt. She shifted to her side when Sam tapped her shoulder to let her know he was headed to the refresher. Left alone, Sansa leaned forward and watched with interest while Jon, Pyp, Grenn prepared the podracer. It was a standard two turbine racer with a small cockpit that only fit the pilot. At the end of each turbine where three yellow air scoops that extended out several feet. Sansa knew enough about engines to know that this addition would help with maneuverability. Pyp took his seat in the cockpit and began to power up its system. The energy binders turned on and effectively hooked the turbines together. He gave Jon and Grenn a thumbs up to let him know everything was working. Picking up their tool boxes, the two made their way over to the pit station. Sansa frowned when she realized how many layers Jon was wearing as he walked away from the podracer. Both he and Grenn were wearing a pair of short sleeved overalls. Grenn had tied a bandana around his forehead to keep his sweat from getting into his eyes, but Jon was wearing a hat, goggles, a bandana around his nose and mouth, and ear muffs.

Sam returned from the refresher. He nudged Sansa with his elbow and motioned to the VIP box that was placed in the middle of the stadium. In an instant, Sansa realized why Jon had made himself unrecognizable. Walking into the middle of the box and taking his seat, which looked more like a throne, was famed gang lord Khal Drogo. He was an Essosi, with tanned skin and dark black circles that surrounded his eyes. Each shoulder was tattooed with thick black lines that looked like claw marks. They ran from his pecs to the back of his shoulder blades. He was shirtless, though he wore tight leather trousers, and had a thick black belt around his midsection with two blasters on either side. His wife, Daenerys Targaryen, sat next to him. She looked like royalty with silk robes draped around her body, strategically placed to show off just enough skin to make creatures want to see more. Unlike her husband, Daenerys was a Dragon’i. Her skin was a combination of traditional human skin with a spattering of blue, shimmering scales along her shoulders and hair line. Her violet
eyes missed nothing as she and her husband gazed at the podracers.

“Well, that explains a lot.” Sansa said dryly. She looked down towards the pit station where Jon and Grenn were sitting. Jon had angled himself on a crate behind Grenn so that it would be difficult for Drogo and Daenerys to see him.

“Do you think he knew?” Sam asked. He removed his scarf and poured a small amount of water onto it. He let out a sigh of relief as began patting the cool cloth along the back of his neck.

“For his sake, I hope not. Otherwise he will be doing three-a-days for a month.”

Sam hummed. “Normally I would try to defend him, but this time I agree with you. If Han knew, then…” Sam shrugged his.

They sat in silence as the green, larger head announcer named Beed went over the rules of the race. A map of the course came up on the screen. The racers would have to navigate, canyons, rock formations, open desert, and one cave for three laps in order to win. The average time for each lap would take the faster podracers five minutes to complete. Looking at all the other more experienced racers made Sansa extremely nervous. Pyp was talented, and though she would never admit it to his face he was a better pilot then Jon, but this was different. Pyp had only done local podraces as a youngling and teenager on Starfall. The last race he competed in was five years ago when he was seventeen.

The stadium began to beep to let the drivers know that the race would be starting within seconds. From his spot in the VIP box, Drogo stood. He bowed down to his wife. She smiled at him and placed a large mallet into his hands. Standing, he took the mallet and swung it against a giant metal gong. The resulting ding caused the light on the track to turn green. Faster then Sansa was able to blink, all the podracers took off pass the starting line and away from view. Well, almost all of them.

“Oh no! It looks like young Freemaker has got a problem with his engine. He is going to have to fix it quick if wants any chance at competing.” Fode observed as he fixed his monocle. Everyone in the stadium started to laugh.

The screen divided into two boxes, with one following the leaders of the race and the other on Pyp. Surprisingly, Pyp did not appear to be affected by his podracer’s malfunction. He bit his bottom lip and hit a few buttons before powering down the engines. He turned the ignition once more and pushed his handles back. Sansa sighed with relief when Pyp sped off. From the pit she could see Grenn shaking his head at the misstep.

“Thank the Galaxy we didn’t bet any money on him.” Sansa muttered.

Sam gave a noncommittal grunt and kept his eyes focused on the computer screen. The camera droids were only showing the lead racers; Pyp was no where in sight. Sansa cringed when one of the podracers flew directly into a stalagmite inside Lunar Cave and blew up.

“Here come the first of the racers! Sebulba is in the lead with Gasgano close behind!”

Sansa could barely make out of the podracers as the zoomed by. Almost everyone in the stadium watched the screen as the first and second place podracers began to ram into each other in the open desert. Only Sansa, Sam, and a few dozen other creatures kept their eyes towards the end of the course. Sansa knuckles turned to white from where she was gripping the bench.

“Leia, look!” Sam shouted. He grabbed her shoulder and pointed to the distance.

“No. Way.” Sansa breathed. There was no mistaking the yellow of the turbines as Pyp’s podracer
flew into the stadium. He was going so fast Sansa thought her neck would snap as she followed his entrance and exit.

“I have to go to the refresher.” Sam said abruptly. He stood up and began to move Sansa’s legs to the side.

“Again?” Sansa asked surprised.

“It’s the stress!” He said over his shoulder.

Sansa let out a small chuckle and returned her focus to the screen. A small box in the left-hand corner was displaying the current leader board. Against all odds Pyp had somehow managed to pass two more racers after starting his second lap. He now sat in fifth place. Sansa clinched her hands into fists.

“Come on…” She breathed.

Pyp was close enough to the leaders now that she could see his tiny yellow podracer in the background. She leaned left and right with him as he maneuvered the rock formations in Beggar’s Canyon. When the racers entered Laguna Cave the camera droids stopped following them and instead made their way to the exit.

“Come on. Come on.” Sansa repeated. She held her breath as one pod racer flew out of the cave, then another. “Yes!” She squealed. Sansa didn’t know how it was possible, but Pyp had somehow managed to maneuver himself into third place.

“It looks like things are heating up on the course for the final lap! Zander Freemaker is making a dramatic come-from-behind push for first place. Can he do it?!"

Sansa grabbed Sam’s arm and pulled him down into his seat as soon as he came back from the refresher.

“Ouch!” Sam cried. He delicately removed Sansa’s hands, which were in a vice grip around his arm.

“Sorry!” Sansa said in a rush. “But can you believe it?!?” She stood and screamed with the rest of the crowd when the top three podracers, which included Pyp, flew by.

“Oh no! It looks like Sebulba and Gasgano are boxing Freemaker in. This might be the end of him.”

“I don’t know how he is going to make it out of that one. Stick a fork in him because he is done!”

Sansa and Sam clasped hands as they watched Pyp continually get slammed into on either side of his podracer. Jon and Grenn were faring no better with the tension. They were both standing and craning their necks so that they could watch the drama unfold. Grenn had his arms crossed over his chest and was tapping one foot impatiently while Jon was lightly bouncing on the balls of his feet.

One look at the VIP box let Sansa know that Drogo and Daenerys were not paying the pit any attention.

“He just has to make it the Waldo Flats.” Sam breathed. He was so amped up it sounded like he had just gotten done with one of their morning runs. “Once he gets there they will have no choice but to drop into the flats and fly single file. He only has a few more kilometers to go at that speed.”

Sebulba pulled back on his accelerator, leaving Pyp and Gasgano behind. Pyp began to rock his podracer back and forth. Sansa assumed it was so he could jostle Gasgano out of position. She cheered in surprise when Pyp used his momentum from the outswing to arc his podracer over
Gasgano. While upside down, he increased his speed and pulled ahead of him before righting himself and diving down into the flats. The maneuver took less than a second.

“Holy fuck.” Sam said in shock.

“They are coming out of the flats and Freemaker is right on Sebulbas tail!”

“Uh-oh. Looks like Sebulba is resorting to his dirty tricks again and the crowd. Is. Loving it!”

Sansa winced as she watched Sebulba throw spare parts out of his cockpit and back towards Pyp. He managed to dodge each one excellently, though Gasgano wasn’t so lucky. A steel looking bar flew right into his engine. He disengaged his cockpit from his turbines and managed to avoid the ensuing explosion.

“It looks like Gasgano is out of the race. Everyone else is too far behind to stand a chance. Let’s see if Freemaker can pull off the impossible.”

“I have never heard of this kid before! Have you?!” Somebody yelled to Sansa’s left.

“No! This is insane!” Her companion screeched.

Sansa was so excited she didn’t ponder on the potential problem of Pyp being too talented and this raising suspicion. Sansa soothed her worries by telling herself that Pyp was a natural with words. If they had to he could just make up some convincing lie while receiving his winnings and then they could book it off planet.

“They are neck and neck coming into Devils Doorknob!”

Sam tensed beside her as Sebulba began to tap into Pyp’s side. With his larger turbines, he managed to shove Pyp off the course and onto the surface ramp. Unable to slow himself down, Pyp flew straight up into the air and out of the tunnel. He appeared to be freefalling for a few moments before he hit a few switches and threw his controls back. He accelerated straight down and back into the tunnel.

“I don’t believe it! Freemaker has turned the situation to his advantage. Freemaker is in the lead!”

The crowd went wild at Pyp exited Devils Doorknob ahead of Sebulba.

“Don’t get too excited yet folks. Sebulba may still have a few tricks up his sleeve!”

Sansa started to jump and down on her feet. Sam had no choice but to go along with her since she still clutched his hands. “Come on Freemaker! Kick his ass!” She screamed.

“Yeah!” Sam shouted in agreement. Sansa was happy to see that he was just as caught up in the moment as she was.

“Here they come!”

Ignoring the screen, every creature in the crowd turned their heads towards the Essosi Flats. Even Jon and Grenn were craning their necks to see who would win.

“It looks like Sebulba is taking the lead!

“No! Freemaker has shoved him off course!”

“I don’t believe it! IT’S FREEMAKER!”
The sound of the stadium was deafening as Pyp flew his podracer across the finish line uncontested. Even Drogo and Daenerys were standing and cheering from their box. Sansa and Sam threw their hands up in the air and screamed until they needed to pause for breath.

“He won! That stupid idiot won!” She cried.

Pyp circled his podracer around as he decelerated his speed. He stopped right in front Jon and Grenn. He threw himself out of the cockpit and tackled them to the floor in his excitement. They wrestled around the floor in celebration as small bits of colored paper floated through the air.

Sansa and Sam spun around in circles as they laughed and screamed. She cupped her hands over her mouth to let out another cheer in Pyp’s direction, but what she saw in the pit made her go rigid. Confused, Sam stopped celebrating and followed her line of sight. During their playful scuffle Jon had lost his ear muffs and hat. His hair hung in loose, sweaty curls and the bottom half of his face was now visible due to his scarf falling off of his face. While he still had the goggles, those who knew Jon would be able to recognize him if they were paying attention.

In unison, Sansa and Sam slowly turned their heads to the VIP box. Drogo was talking to a few of his associates about the race and was therefore distracted. Daenerys, however, was looking down at the three young men with interest. She turned and said something to the guard standing next to her. She pointed down to Jon, Pyp, and Grenn who were still celebrating. The guard nodded his head at her command and left. Sansa turned to look at Sam.

“Well, let’s go save them before Daenery’s kills them.”

“Agreed.”

Chapter End Notes

Well, that didn't end well. I was really nervous to write Daenerys because so many people feel so passionately about her. I hope that everyone recognizes that in this chapter, and the next, I was really just having a bit of fun and aren't bothered too much.

It saddens me to say that starting this week I will only be able to update on Sundays for the foreseeable future. I really want to update twice a week, but the chapters are becoming longer and more intricate, so I just dont have the time for two updates like I did before. But, have no fear. I am not abandonning this story. I would never do that. I am still ahead in the chapter count, and want to stay that way, hence my decision to update once a week.

Preview for next chapter:

Sansa continued her army crawl through the ventilation shaft. She passed by two more rooms before she heard the all too familiar voice of somebody whose beautiful, black, curly hair she wanted to rip out.

“Sansa is going to kill me.”

“Damn straight she is.” Sansa muttered. She smiled when she heard Grenn say the same thing to Jon.
“Do you think she will at least let me keep my trophy?” Pyp asked hopefully.

“I am going to throw that fucking piece of shit away as soon as I see that nearest garbage compactor.” Grenn growled. Pyp let out a frightened yip while Jon nodded his agreement with Grenn’s idea.

Thank you all so much for reading! Please comment if you like.

Have a fabulous week my friends and I will catch you all on Sunday : )
Looking Out For One Another

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for your comments, hits, and kudos! I love writing this story, and your support has meant the world to me.

Trigger Warning: mentions of PTSD. It begins with LA-D3 beeping and ends at the end of the section with the "XXXX".

And now, without further adieu, our exciting conclusion to Podracing!

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Filoni, or Lucas.

Chapter 27: Looking Out For One Another

We could use the money Sansa.

Sansa grunted as she pushed one hand in front of the other.

I swear I paid the bounty Sansa.

Sansa tried not to think about the copious amounts of sweat dripping down her back.

The plan will be shot to hell Sansa.

Sansa forced herself to not throw a tantrum when her shirt became stuck on a screw that was clearly too long for the two pieces of metal it was meant to hold together. Pulling at her shirt with one hand, Sansa winced when she heard the familiar sound of ripping fabric. She pulled at the shirt again but only managed to get it more stuck. Admitting defeat, Sansa carefully scooted herself backwards so that she could slip out of tunic before continuing her journey.

You’ll come rescue us, won’t you Sansa?

“Oh, I’ll rescue you.” Sansa muttered. She continued her army crawl throw the ventilation shaft. “And then I will throw you all out the air lock.”

It had been four weeks since Sansa had done a proper workout. Even with the aid of the Force, she still found herself tiring quickly as she navigated her way towards Jon, Pyp, and Grenn were being held.

Everyone is doing extra laps in the morning. Except for Sam, and possibly Grenn; basically, just Jon and Pyp.

Sansa’s elbow hit the side of shaft, hard. She bit down on her lip as pain soared through her arm.

Grenn’s back on the list.
Sansa and Sam had excited the stadium as soon as they saw Daenerys’ lackey approach their fellow squadron members. Only Jon and Grenn appeared suspicious when he instructed them to follow him off the raceway; Pyp was too busy clutching his over-sized trophy and drinking celebratory alcohol straight from the bottle to realize anything was wrong. Lucky for them, there was a good number of creatures in attendance who didn’t feel like it was a terrible idea to bet on an unknown podracer. This had allowed Sansa and Sam to get swept away with those who were leaving the seating area and heading towards the betting booths to cash in on their winnings. Sansa messaged LA-D3 as soon as she was sure that nobody was eavesdropping and instructed her to keep and eye on where Jon, Pyp, and Grenn were being led. Once they were placed in a holding area, she was to meet them at the entrance to the hangar bay.

Hiding behind a stack of crates, the three of them had worked out a plan to rescue their friends. Thanks to Sam being a genius, they were supplied with a map of the stadium. When Sansa had congratulated him for thinking ahead—he’d asked LA-D3 to download the blueprints before they left the ship—Sam had blushed and told her that he was sure a rescue would happen at some point. Sansa thanked him sincerely and told him that all future mission planning would be under his direction.

Jon, Pyp, and Grenn were placed in one of the holding rooms on the stadium’s main floor. They were used for creatures who were unable or refused to pay off their loosing bets. Unfortunately for Sansa, Sam, and LA-D3, the floor was swarming with gang members all guarding the various holding cells. Daenery’s lackey had placed two guards in front of their door before leaving to retrieve his mistress. They didn’t have enough time to scout the stadium for a uniformed creature that was Sansa’s size (who was hopefully wearing some type of face mask to keep her identity a secret), incapacitate him or her, steal their clothes, and convince the guards at the door that the now disguised Sansa was allowed to go into the room. This left her and Sam with only one choice: the ventilation shafts. Sam had been too big to fit through the narrow space with her, so it had been left to Sansa to crawl her way into the tiny opening while Sam created a diversion. His decision to make a particularly surly looking Essosi believe that a Gar’den was robbing her had been a stroke of genius. Once inside the shaft, it was a straight shot to where the rest of their crew was being held. Instead of winding tunnels, the cooling duct was just one long line from one end of the building to the other with small grates letting in a pitiful amount of air to the rooms below.

Sansa allowed herself a small growl when her pants got stuck on the metal edges of the grate she was crawling over.

*Wear baggy clothes Sansa. Nobody will be able to recognize you Sansa.*

“Nobody is going to recognize me half naked either, are they Jon?!” Sansa hissed. She brought her hands down to her sides, a remarkable feat considering how tight the space was, and took off her pants. If Jon, Pyp, and Grenn couldn’t fit in here she was going to lose her mind. There was no way the guards were going to let the four of them walk out the door without Drogo and Daenerys’ okay.

*Control. I need to keep calm and remain in control.*

Now left in her underclothes, Sansa continued her army crawl. She passed by two more rooms—her stomach rolled when she heard the unmistakable cries of one man being beaten for not being able to pay his debt—before she heard the all too familiar voice of somebody whose beautiful, black, curly hair she wanted to rip out.

“Sansa is going to kill me.”

“Damn straight she is.” Sansa muttered. She smiled when she heard Grenn say the same thing to Jon.
“Do you think she will at least let me keep my trophy? Ow!”

“I am going to throw that fucking piece of shit out as soon as I see that nearest garbage compactor.”

“It’s not my fault! Jon here is the one—”

Pyp’s sentence was cut off by the sound the ceiling grate hitting the floor with a soft thud. Sansa had been able to dampen the sound by using the Force, which she was quite proud of considering she was far from being ‘a tranquil river of peace’. She looked down the opening to see three very shocked faces looking up at her.

“Hi, Sansa.” Jon said with a nervous smile. “How are you?”

“And may I just say you’re looking lovely this afternoon?” Pyp said. Sansa didn’t miss how he moved his trophy closer to him from its position on the table.

“Save it.” Sansa snapped. She jumped down the shaft and landed in the crouch before righting herself. The three men were sitting around a long, wide table. They didn’t appear to be cuffed. “Everyone into the ventilation shaft.”

Sansa moved out of the way so that she could give Grenn and Pyp and leg up. Looking at them expectantly, she was surprised to find all three staring at her with their jaws hanging to the floor.

“S-Sansa… are… are you? Umm… Well…” Jon coughed uncomfortably. His cheeks were bright pink. Sansa had a suspicion it wasn’t from the heat.

“Am. I. What?” Sansa placed her hands on her hips, daring him to finish his sentence.

*Control. I am in control.*

“You know Sassy Pants, I find it highly hypocritical that you lecture us daily about proper training attire when you show up here—”

“Save it, Pyp.” Sansa shot him a death glare. Pyp wisely shut his mouth. From the corner of her eye she saw Jon wiggling in his chair. “What’s wrong with you?”


“Okay…” Sansa said slowly and a bit disbelievingly. Jon was acting strangely, but she didn’t have the time or the patience to address his behavior right now. “All right, whose first?”

Grenn looked at the ventilation shaft skeptically. “I doubt Jon and I can fit. Our shoulders are too broad. Pyp and his skinny ass might though.”

Pyp hugged his trophy. “I am not leaving without this.”

Sansa rubbed her temples to her forehead. She felt like she was dealing with younglings. “Well then by all means enlighten me to your—damn it!” She hissed. Looking at the door in horror she listened as one distinctly feminine voice commanded the guard to let her into the room.

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.” Pyp cried out. It reminded Sansa of when they were in the garbage compactor on the Death Star.

Thinking quickly, Sansa threw herself behind Grenn and lined her body up with his. He was the tallest and most muscular of the three. She would be caught soon enough, but hopefully not before Daenerys had entered the room and had the door shut behind her. Grenn puffed himself out in an
effort to hide more of her body. Jon quickly pried Pyp’s trophy away from him and placed it on the table in between him and Grenn to give Sansa an added level of protection. Sansa evened her breathing and calmed her mind just in time to hear the swoosh of the door. She heard two sets of feet enter the room.

*_Shut the door. Please, shut the door._*

“How interesting.” A woman’s voice said. It was low and seductive. Sansa assumed it was Daenerys. She breathed a sigh of relief when she heard the door shut.

Daenerys feet moved softly towards the desk. Sansa forced her body to mold into Grenn’s. The walking stopped just in front of the wide table.

“How I have missed you Jon Mormont.” Daenerys purred. “You were always my favorite.” Sansa frowned at her tone.

“I’m not Jon Mormont. You have the wrong person.” Jon shot back evenly. Sansa was proud to hear that his voice showed no fear. She also didn’t mind that it held no signs of affection.

Daenerys let out a low, disbelieving laugh. “I think not, Jon. I could spot those curls from a mile away. They are quite distinct, you see. Your lips are also rather memorable.”

Sansa frowned at what Daenerys was implying. Jon had told her he had never been with anyone before. She knew he would never lie to her about something like that. Was it possible then, that Daenerys?...

_Control._

_Control._

_Control._

“I am not Jon Mormont. You have the wrong person.” Jon said again. His voice was laced with a bit more authority this time. With a start, Sansa realized that Jon was trying to use the Force to manipulate Daenerys. It was a bit weak, but Sansa was impressed that he was attempting such an advanced technique when he had just barely learned to levitate small objects a few days ago.

Sansa listened as something glided across the metal table. Taking a chance, she peeked out from behind Grenn, making sure to do so on the side that wasn’t next to Jon. Sansa’s jaw flexed at the scene before her. Daenerys Tagaryean was currently leaning over the table and giving the three seated men a perfect view of her cleavage in her very revealing dress. Her scales and hair glittered in the light. To their credit, none of the men were looking at her breasts that appeared dangerously close to spilling out of their confines. This did not deter Daenerys. Her eyes were focused entirely on Jon. She looked like a predator who had finally caught its prey.

“Oh Jon. You were always too honorable for a scoundrel.” She licked her lips and gave Jon a feral grin. “You betrayed us by dropping the cargo. Yes, you paid the bounty personally, but it was never about receiving the credits.” Daenerys dipped down a bit lower.

_Control._

_Control._

_Control._
Daenerys reached out a hand to stroke Jon’s beard. “Now, I know you and your companions have not been truthful with your documentations.” She let out a chuckle. “‘Han Solo?’ Really Jon, I think you can do better than that.” Daenerys stroked one finger over his lips. “You are lucky I haven’t said anything to Drogo yet about your lies. How about you come with me, and I let the other two go on their merry way, hmm?” She gave him a pearly white smile. “We will have such a delightful time together. Just you, me, Drogo, and your punishment.” Daenerys bounced one of Jon’s curls while her eyes flashed with anger.

“My punishment?” Jon questioned. He raised a single eyebrow.

“Death, of course.” Daenerys said almost too gleefully. “By dragon fire.”

Fuck control.

Sansa slowly came out of her hiding place and stood at her full height.

“Get away from Jon. NOW.” Sansa snarled in her best attempt to be intimidating. Truthfully, she doubted her success. She was half naked and covered in dirt and sweat.

Jon smirked. “You did it now, Daenerys.” He warned. Daenerys frowned and began to turn her head towards Sansa.

From the corner of her eye, Sansa saw Daenerys guard make a move for his blaster. Sansa reached out her hand to him and looked directly in his eyes.

“You will not draw your weapon.” She commanded, her voice laced with the Force. The guard did as directed. He left his blaster in his holster, his arms now hanging limply at his sides.

Daenerys brow wrinkled in confusion “What—umph!”

Faster than the woman could blink, Sansa cocked back her arm and sent a punch directly to her face just like Uncle Bronn had taught her. The smaller woman crumbled to the ground.

Sansa raised her hand back to the guard.

“Your mistress was wrong.”

“My mistress was wrong.”

“Jon Mormont was never here.”

“Jon Mormont was never here.”

“You are letting us go.”

“I am letting you go.”

Sansa went to Daenerys prone form. The woman’s eyes were fluttering, and she was trying to focus. Sansa took advantage of her momentarily weak mind.

“You were wrong,” Sansa said. She forced her will to be stronger than Daenerys’.

“I was wrong.” Daenerys whispered.

“It wasn’t Jon.”
“It wasn’t Jon?” She asked. She looked up at Sansa almost as a small child would.

Sansa laced her voice with more of the Force. “No. It was not Jon.”

“It wasn’t Jon.” Daenerys said back with more conviction. Sansa nodded her head to let her know that she was doing a good job.

“You will lead us out of the holding cells and let us go.”

“I will lead you out of the holding cells and let you go.”

“You will never look for Jon Mormont again.”

“I will never look for Jon Mormont again.”

Sansa instructed Daenerys and her guard to sit and wait in the corner of the room. They weren’t to leave until Sansa ordered them to do. Like puppets, they did as instructed. Sansa turned to look at Pyp, Jon, and Grenn. All three had their jaws hanging open.

“That was hot.” Jon observed. He was wiggling in his seat again and his eyes were a shade darker then normal. Grenn had his arms across his chest and was looking at her approvingly.

“It’s nice to see the return of bad ass Sansa.” Pyp said. He reached across the table and brought his trophy back over to him.

“She never left.” Jon defended. He looked back at Sansa with admiration. “That was amazing, love.” Jon gave her his special smile, the one where the corners of his full lips turned down and made her heart flutter.

Grenn stood. The sound of his chair scrapping the floor brought Jon and Sansa out of their momentary trance. “Charming, as always, but we need to leave. Now.” He raised an eyebrow at Sansa. “Are you planning on walking out of here like that? You wouldn’t look out of place considering what others are wearing, but I just wanted to double check.”

Sansa glanced down at her breast band and very tight, revealing undershorts. “I would rather not…” She murmured. She looked at the gown Daenerys was wearing. Sansa sighed. She knew it would be cruel to take the smaller woman’s dress from her, no matter how much she didn’t like her.

A piece of cloth was tossed onto Sansa’s head. Looking down it at it her hands, she realized it was Jon’s coveralls. She risked a peek to see if he was now in only his underwear. Sansa was relieved to see that he had worn an undershirt and trousers under the pit uniform. He gave Pyp his hate and scarf and instructed him to cover his face so that he wouldn’t be recognized. Realizing that nothing was covering her hair, Grenn undid his coveralls. Removing his shirt, he handed it to Sansa so that she could wrap it around her hair like a scarf.

Sansa and Pyp quickly donned their disguises. Once covered, she sent a quick message to Sam to take LA-D3 back to the ship and start preparing her for flight. While not a pilot, Sam had learned a few things from observing Jon work with Pyp.

Turning to Daenerys and her guard, Sansa laced her voice with the Force one more time. “You will now escort us out of this room, then return to your duties. You will never mention what has happened.”

Daenerys and her guard parroted back her commands in unison. The man palmed opened the door and lead them from the room. Sansa was grateful that there weren’t as many guards in the hall as she
and Sam suspected. Still, it felt a little too easy when they made it to the end and exited the hallway. She tried to remind herself of what Jon had said on Moat Cailin about things just working out sometimes. Unfortunately, nothing had gone well today besides Pyp winning, and even that had turned out bad for them.

Placing her hand onto the curve of Jon’s back, Sansa quickly led her group out of the Stadium. She was grateful that Jon and Grenn had convinced Pyp to leave his trophy behind. Thankfully, Pyp had worn a helmet and goggles during the race and had only removed the goggles for the short awards ceremony. He was still too unknown for creatures to recognize him on sight— covering his facial tattoos with the scarf was a huge help— but the trophy would have instantly given away his identity.

Sansa felt the stress within her build as they exited the stadium and made their way to the outside docking station.

“Everything is going to be all right.” Jon whispered in her ear. He took the hand that was on his back and wrapped it around his waist. He placed his hand on top of hers. “Look, there is *The Watch* now.” He said, pointing out into the distance.

Sansa nodded solemnly. “Maybe…” She said, still a little doubtful. There were plenty of people in the large space coming to and from their ships. There was still plenty of time for them to be caught.

“Yeah, don’t worry about it, LeAnne.” Pyp said cheerfully. Sansa rolled his eyes. She not surprised that Pyp had already forgotten the false name she had chosen for the mission. Grudgingly, Sansa did give him some credit for not using her real one.

“You know you just cursed us by saying that, right?” Grenn asked. He started to make his way up the ramp that Sam had let down for them.

“Nah.” Pyp shook his head. “Everything is going to be…” Pyp trailed off.

There, at the top of the ramp, was a very worried looking Sam. Ghost, sensing the tension, was sitting silently next to him. “We have a problem.”

*Ah, there it is.*

“What happened?” Jon asked. Sansa reluctantly let go of his hand so that they could board the ship. Sam looked worried and letting go of Jon made Sansa feel like she was letting go of her anchor to sanity. Their whole “mission” was utterly ridiculous and a huge waste of time.

Sam moved out of the way so that they could all enter the ship. He hit the button to pull up the ramp. Once done, he shut the door and turned to face them. The poor man looked like he was going to have a panic attack.

“Well…” Sam said slowly. “It isn’t really a problem, per say…” He gave an imploring look to Sansa. “Please don’t be mad at me.”

“What happened Sam?” Sansa said tightly. She crossed her arms over her chest and gave him her best authoritative look. Sansa hoped it went over better this time than it had in the holding cell.

Sam shifted his feet back and forth. “Well… you see… I may have sort of placed a bet on the podrace.”

Pyp sucked a gasp of air in shock. “Sammy! You gambled?! I’m impressed.” He exclaimed with a delighted look on his face.
“Save it Pyp. He obviously lost otherwise he wouldn’t be so nervous.” Grenn said. “How much did you lose Sam?”

“Lose?” Sam shook his head. “I didn’t lose. I won.”

“You won?!” Jon asked incredulously. Sam turned pink and nodded. “Sam, you won! But that’s brilliant!”

Sam frowned. “It is?”

“Of course it is!” Jon declared. “Why wouldn’t it be? The whole point of coming here was to win money. Since Pyp will probably never get paid it’s great that you made something.”

“Well, about that...” Sam scratched the back of his neck. “I had LA-D3 plug into a computer while Sansa went to rescue you guys. She transferred all of Pyp’s winnings into one of the bank accounts we made while we were traveling to Red Waste. Once we made it back to ship I had her transfer it again to Jon’s private account he created with his father so that the Republic wouldn’t notice our sudden spike in funds. With all the transferring I did it will be impossible for any creature to track us through it. I did the same with my winnings as well.”

“How much credits did you win Sam?” Sansa asked quietly. She nearly collapsed when Sam told her the number.

“But that’s more then I made winning!” Pyp sputtered. “What the hell did you bet on?!”

“Everyone thought you were going to die during the first lap.” Sam explained. Pyp let out a squeak of annoyance while Jon and Grenn started laughing. “The odds were 150/1.”

Jon and Grenn laughed even harder.

Sansa furrowed her brow. “So when you said you were going to the refresher?..”

“I was really gambling. The first time I went to place the bet, and the second I went to collect my winnings just in case we didn’t have time after the podrace.” A look of shame crossed Sam’s face. “I am so sorry I went against orders Sansa. I used our squadron money to place the bet. Not only that, instead of waiting for you I used LA-D3 to get us Pyp’s winnings. You must be so upset with me.”

The look of shame of Sam’s face was obvious.

Sansa blinked at Sam slowly. Her mind was reeling from all the money that they now had. Unable to help herself, she let out a girlish squeal. Sansa jumped over to Sam and threw her arms around his neck. “Sam! You’re amazing!” She let herself down and looked at the rest of the squadron. “Jon, grab the meat. Grenn, turn on the grill. Pyp, grab the alcohol I know you keep hidden under your bed. We can all have one small drink each.” She placed an arm around Sam’s shoulder. “I think a victory party for a job well done is in order!”

“Don’t you think we should leave the atmosphere first?” Jon asked. He gave her a half smile, amused by her excitement.

“Of course, Jon. That goes without saying.” She patted him the on back as she walked past him and towards the refresher. “Thank you for volunteering to fly the ship while the rest of us get cleaned up.” She turned to give him a wink. “Consider it your punishment.”

XXXXXXXX

Sansa smiled as she looked around her tiny room. Everyone was sleeping in the same positions they
had taken two days ago, but the circumstances were very different. They had eaten their victory meal after everyone had cleaned up in the refresher. While Jon and Grenn cooked the food, Sam and Sansa had made Pyp a medal out of a small metal gear and a spare strip of leather. Pyp had teared up when they placed it on his neck. During their meal he gave them all an animated play-by-play of everything that happened during the podrace. Even though she already knew what happened, Sansa still found herself sitting on the edge of her seat as Pyp recounted what happened. He was a natural story teller.

After their meal, Sam pulled out a deck of sabaac cards that he purchased during their last fuel stop. They had played for several hours in her room while asking Sansa to share stories about what it was like to grow up with a Jedi Master and Clone Trooper as her caretakers. Sansa didn’t have the heart to send everyone away once they began to doze off, so she had declared another sleepover in her room. Much to Grenn’s happiness, there were no bedtime stories this time.

“Sansa? Are you still awake?” Jon whispered from his place on her bed.

Sansa hummed in response. Jon nuzzled into her neck and placed a delicate kiss at the spot where her neck met her shoulder. She was laying on her back with Jon snuggled into her side.

“Thank you for saving us today.” He murmured. Sansa smiled as his breath tickled against her skin.

Sansa turned her head. She rearranged the arm that Jon was holding and began to caress his collarbone. “I will always come back for you Jon.” Sansa smiled into his forehead where her lips met his skin. “Besides, I couldn’t leave you to the likes of Daenerys Targaryen.”

Jon let out a laugh. “Jealous?” He teased.

Sansa nudged him with her foot. “Hardly.” She scoffed. Sansa moved her body so that she was laying on her side and facing him. “I didn’t like that she looked at you as if you were her property.”

“Daenerys is a very ambitious woman, perhaps more so than her husband. She collects people that she feels can help further her desires. I always intrigued her, but Dad made sure that I was never alone with her. He was aware that she wanted me to join with her and her husband, so he never allowed me to be in a position where Daenerys could approach me. Because of that, Dad taught me to be wary of people who are unable to look beyond their desires for power.” Jon sighed. “It was another reason I was cautious to join the Rebellion. I thought those who were apart of it only cared about bettering their own lives and didn’t care about those their fight was affecting. After meeting you, I realized that I was wrong.” Jon rubbed their noses together. “I love you Sansa.”

Sansa smiled. She knew she would never grow tired of hearing Jon say that he loved her. She brought a finger up to his check and stroked his whiskers.

“Did you know that Drogo and Daenerys would be there today?” She asked. Sansa wasn’t angry about what had happened anymore—it was basically impossible to be considering all the credits that Sam had secured for them—but she was still curious.

Jon shook his head. “I swear that I didn’t. The Bricklayers Classic is a lower tier race. They traditionally attend the splashier events, like the Boonta Eve Classic. If I had known I wouldn’t have left the ship.” Jon nudged her legs open. He rested his own between hers. “That was brilliant when you Force controlled Daenerys. I tried to do it myself, but I think it is still too advanced for me.”

“I was impressed when I realized what you were attempting. It might have worked on a weaker minded individual.” Sansa sighed. “We were lucky that I was successful. Daenerys is not weak; it probably only worked because the punch temporarily disoriented her.”
Jon let out a soft groan in the back of his throat. His hands began to fidget. “That was good. You did
good.” He grunted.

Sansa giggled. “Just good? I believed your exact words were ‘hot’”. Sansa teased.

Jon brought his hand to her waist and gave it a firm squeeze. “Fine.” He said in a low voice. Sansa
felt her heartbeat speed up. “It was incredibly hot too see you kick ass. I find myself very attracted to
you when you take charge of a situation and give out orders.”

Sansa quirked a brow as realization dawned on her. “Is that why you have been wiggling in your
seat lately?”

“Yes.” Jon said evenly. His eyes were a shade darker than usual. “Is that so bad?” Jon looked down
at her lips.

“No.” Sansa breathed out. Her heartrate sped up as Jon moved his mouth closer to hers. Sansa licked
her lips in anticipation.

“Good.” Jon stopped just before their mouths met. “I am going to kiss you now. First, because I love
you. And second, because I find you so very desirable.”

Sansa let out a soft moan in the back of her throat when Jon’s lips pressed upon her own. He took his
hand and carded his fingers through her hair. She had left it down after her shower, and he used the
opportunity to grip the loose strands between his fingers. Wanting more, Jon pulled her more firmly
into him as his lips began to move against her own.

This kiss did not feel like the others they had shared. It spoke of want and desire. He opened his
mouth wide to her and confidently traced her lower lip with his tongue. He had never done that
before. Sansa found the she quite liked it. She parted her lips a little more and allowed him into her
own mouth. He scraped the roof of her mouth with his tongue slowly before he sought her own. He
let out a low moan when their tongues met and began to move with each other.

Needing Jon closer, Sansa laid herself down onto her back. She brought her hands onto Jon’s
shoulders and encouraged him to follow her. He did so, but only with the top half of his body. She
sighed in pleasure as the weight of his chest came down onto her breasts. They were aching for
something, but Sansa didn’t know what. Jon let go of her hair and brought his hands to her hips. He
slowly began to bring his hands closer to her chest, while his kisses became harder and more
demanding. He sucked slightly on her tongue before moving his lips down onto her neck, nipping at
her skin as he went. His fingers found the outside of her breasts, and Sansa realized that this is what
she needed more off. She moved her leg to hook it over Jon’s hip. She needed all of him on top of
her. She slowly drew her leg down his own. Jon hummed in appreciation. He began to tilt his body
on top of hers—

“Beep! Beep! Boop! Beep!”

Sansa lifted her hips up and rubbed herself against Jon. He licked his way up her neck, drawing a
low moan of pleasure from her. Surely whatever LA-D3 wanted could wait…

“We’re under attack! Everyone take cover!” Grenn screamed. Sansa’s mind came violently back to
the present. Jon jumped off her. They both sat up panting as their eyes adjusted to the now
illuminated room. She turned to the door just in time to see Grenn grip the sides of his head with his
hands. He was breathing erratically and had a wild look in his eyes. “The ships. They are coming
back.”
From his spot in the corner Ghost let out a soft whine.

Sansa moved to go to Grenn but Jon reached out an arm and stopped her. “Let go Jon. I have to—”

“Jon’s right Sassy Pants. Leave this to me and Sam.” Pyp said. He sighed and climbed out his blankets. Keeping a wide berth of Grenn, he quietly and carefully left them room. Sansa heard his footsteps quicken once he made it the hall.

Sam stood up. He placed his palms up so that Grenn could see he had no weapons in his hands. “Grenn, I am going to touch—”

“Don’t touch me!” He screamed. He squatted down into his heels and curled himself into a ball.

“All right, Grenn. I wont touch you.” Sam said soothingly. “Can you tell me your name?”

“My name is Grenn. I don’t… I don’t have a last name.” He whimpered.

“That’s all right.” Sam soothed. “Lots of creatures don’t have last names. Do you know where you are, Grenn?”

“Stormland. The rebels… they are…”

Sansa put a hand over her mouth to keep herself from gasping. Jon, sensing her distress, placed a warm hand on her thigh and squeezed gently. Sansa had been on Stormland when the Rebellion had freed the planet from the Empire. It had been a bloody battle that had lasted for two weeks. It was clear after three days that the Rebels would be victorious, but Cersei had refused to surrender, and numerous Empirical troops had been forced into suicide missions. There had been many casualties.

Pyp stood in the doorframe with a glass of water in his hand. “Grenn, I have brought you some water. May I give it to you?” He asked gently.

“No! Don’t touch me!” He screamed.

“All right, buddy, I wont touch you. I am just going to place it on the ground. Is that all right?” Grenn nodded. Pyp placed the glass within touching distance of Grenn. “I know it’s hard, but I need you to drink the water.

“No… I…”

“Grenn, I have put some water next to you. You don’t have to, but it would help if you drank it.”

Grenn reached out a shaky hand. He stayed crouched down but managed to pick up the glass. He took a slow sip.

“Good. That is good.” Pyp said. His voice was still calm, but there was the right touch of encouragement to go along with it.

“Grenn, where are you?” Sam asked again.

“I…” Grenn’s eyes came in and out of focus. “I’m not sure…”

“That’s all right. There is a blanket right next to you. Would you like to hold it? It's very soft.”

Grenn took one last sip of water. He placed it next to him and crossed his legs to sit down on the floor. He picked the blanket up and began to rub it in his hands.
“Your name is Grenn. You used to be with the Empire, but you aren’t anymore. Who do you fight for now?”

Grenn furrowed his brow. “Myself. I fight for myself, and for the Republic.”

“Who leads us?”

“Stannis Baratheon.”

“Who is in our squadron?”

Grenn’s eyes became clearer. “Sansa Snow is our leader. She is very kind but can be scary sometimes. Jon Mormont is our pilot. I like Jon. We spar together right now because Sansa got hurt. Jon doesn’t like when I win. Pyp Antilles is our co-pilot. He is my friend, even if he is a bit of an idiot sometimes. Sam is our medic. I train him when I am not working with Jon. He helps me get better.” Grenn took in deep breaths of air.

“Where are we at?”

“Home, on The Knights Watch.” Grenn’s eyes left the blanket. He looked around the room slowly. Sansa worked hard to keep the pity out of her face when he focused on her. He quickly adverted his eyes.

“Thanks guys.” He said quietly.

“Nothing to be ashamed of.” Pyp said jovially. He gave Grenn a pat on his back. “Want to talk about it?”


Sansa cleared her throat. “LA-D3. She started beeping at us.” Sansa looked over to the corner where the droid was waiting quietly. Sansa was proud of her for sensing the danger in the situation and not communicating with them until Grenn was better.

The droid took this as her cue to begin relaying her message again. Sansa gave Grenn a quick look to make sure he wouldn’t have another episode, but he acted as if nothing out-of-the-ordinary had happened. Sansa frowned as she realized his attacks were most likely common occurrences. They had been together for a little longer than two months and she had never suspected anything to be wrong.

Sansa jumped a little when she realized that everyone was waiting for her response to LA-D3’s message. She blushed. “I’m sorry, D3, can you repeat that?”

The droid did so, but with a little more sass behind her beeps. Clearly, she was not happy that her Master had ignored her.

Sansa sat up a little straighter. “Master Tyrion? He wants to speak with us right now?” She asked quickly.

Before they had gone to bed Sansa had instructed LA-D3 to plug in to The ‘Watch’s computer system. Since they weren’t in Empire space, there wasn’t a huge need to have someone be awake at all times. Everyone had been sleeping on the same schedule with D3 keeping them appraised of anything that happened. Nothing ever did, until tonight. The Rebellion Council had not given them
any assignments since Tarbeck. They were waiting until Sansa’s concussion was healed. Sansa had instructed Sam to wait until after they were done on Red Waste before letting them know she was ready to take missions.

“Sam, did you message the council before we made it back to the ship?”

Sam shook his head. “No. I thought it would be a good idea to wait until we were out of the Essos System before doing that. Just in case they got suspicious about why we were here.”

Jon frowned. “Maybe they have found a new base.” He gave Sansa a comforting smile that did not reach his eyes. “We better head to the cockpit now and find out what he wants.”

Sansa nodded slowly. Her heart, which had felt so full moments ago, felt like it was breaking. First with Grenn, and now at the possibility of Jon leaving her.

*It’s too soon. I’m not ready.*

Sansa felt tears begin to prick her eyes.

*Is it wrong of me to want to stay with him for just a little longer?*

Sansa blinked to keep the tears at bay. She knew that worrying about something out of her control was pointless, but with every breath she felt her heart bleed a little more.

*How naïve of me to think that Jon would be the only one struggling to say goodbye.*

Sansa closed her eyes and took a few calming breaths. She would allow herself to be sad later, but her squadron needed her right now. She cleared her mind of all uncertainties and called upon the Light Side to give her strength. She picked herself up and walked over to Grenn.

“Are you all right? Or do you need a moment to—”

“I’m fine.” Grenn insisted. “You aren’t to treat me any different, understand?”

“As your leader I will treat you as I see fit.” Sansa told him evenly. “Sam, tell me the truth.”

Sam looked nervous to go against Grenn, but respected Sansa as his leader. “He has post-traumatic stress disorder.”

“The Empire wouldn’t do a fucking thing to help him. All they cared about was performance and results. It was Sam that saved him. He hacked into some files one night while Grenn and I kept watch. He read about it and has been helping him ever since.” Pyp said. “Any little light or sound used to set him off, but not anymore. Now it’s only the nightmares that can get to him.”

Sam blushed. “He needs a professional, but I have done what I can.”

“But I actually care that I get better.” Grenn insisted. “You aren’t to treat me any different, understand?”

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Sam blushed. “He needs a professional, but I have done what I can.”

“Bullshit.” Grenn said. “You are better than any Empire doctor they could have given to me. You actually care that I get better.”

Sam blushed even brighter. “You’re my friend.” He said simply.

“Have you had any problems while we are on missions?” Sansa asked Grenn. She didn’t want him to feel like he wasn’t apart of their conversation when it was about him. While she was upset that the three of them would keep something so important from her, she knew that Grenn was proud. He wouldn’t want her to think him weak.
“No.” Grenn said. His tone left no room for doubt. “I swear that if I did I would have fucking told you.”

“It’s true Sansa.” Sam supplied. “When we were on Tarbeck he was fine. Even farther back, on the Death Star, he didn’t have a single episode. Pyp and I had been helping him for about a year at that point. They were both transferred to the Death Star immediately after freeing you from Ramsay.”

“He hasn’t had any problems while we have been sparring either.” Jon said. Sansa looked at him and raised an eyebrow in silent question. Jon put his hands up in surrender. “I didn’t know about this either. But, I would have noticed if something was wrong during our training, believe me. You would have as well. You have been watching Grenn like a hawk for the past four weeks.”

Sansa nodded. She gave Grenn a sharp look to let him know he was not to lie to her with her next question. “When you said that you acted crazy in order to get the 501st to transfer you?”

Grenn scowled. “I never said I was in the 501st.”

Sansa rolled her eyes. “I can tell by your tattoos.” She made a gesture to his biceps. Thankfully everyone was still dressed. They had all been too tired to prepare for bed before falling asleep.

Grenn suddenly looked very worried about her knowledge of his previous squadron. “Sansa, I swear, I didn’t—”

“I know Grenn.” Sansa said gently. She placed an arm on the bicep with the 501st symbol. “You are too young anyway, and not a Clone.”

Grenn gave her quick nod. “What I told you was true. I didn’t show any signs of PTSD until after I was moved to Ramsay’s star destroyer. Pyp helped me as best he could, and I improved slightly, but it was really Sam that made a difference. I would never endanger our squadron. If I feel like I need to be taken out of the mission, I will inform you beforehand.”


Grenn smiled and nodded back. Sansa turned to look at Sam. “I want you to continue to study on how to help Grenn. The more knowledge we have on this, the better. Also, I want you to train Jon and I on what to do if he has a flashback. You and Pyp won’t always be around to help.”

“Done.” Sam said.

The conversation finished, Jon got up off the bed and stretched out. He gave Ghost an affectionate pat on the head. “Well, we better go see what Tyrion wants.”

Just like that, the momentary calm that had settled over the room after Grenn’s flashback left. It was replaced with nervousness and unease. Once again, Sansa pushed back her feelings for just a little longer. She fully intended on confronting them, but there was a time and place for that.

Nodding at Jon, Sansa motioned for LA-D3 to lead the way.

XXXXXXXX

“Sansa, you are looking well.” Master Tyrion said. LA-D3 had projected his and Colonel Royce’s life-size images in the middle of the computer room. Pyp, Grenn, and Sam sat on the booth around the Dejarik board while Sansa and Jon grabbed some spare crates to sit on.

“Thank you, Master Tyrion. Sam gave me a check-up before dinner tonight. He says I am all clear
and ready to resume my regular schedule. We were planning on calling you in the morning to tell you the news.” Sansa lied. She forced her face and tone to remain neutral. Attempting to fib to Master Tyrion was a fools errand, but Sansa was hoping that it was possible on a holo call. She didn’t want to explain why they hadn’t called the Council immediately after Sansa was declared healthy two days ago.

Master Tyrion raised a single eyebrow. “Did he? That’s—”

“Wonderful news.” Colonel Royce interrupted. The older man looked tired and worried. Sansa was just grateful that whatever it was they had called them for was clearly more important to Colonel Royce than allowing Tyrion to question her any further. “We are sorry to call during such a late hour in your area of the Galaxy, but we have a received a distress call from Mistwood. Empress Cersei has discovered that the planets Governor, Val Azadi, has been covertly leading the underground Rebellion movement on the planet for years. To punish the planet, Cersei has declared that all children under the age of three are to be rounded up and given the great honor to be chosen as either servants, White Walkers, or Inquisitors.”

“That fucking bitch.” Pyp growled.

“Hear hear.” Jon muttered.

Sansa raised her hand to stop anymore declarations from happening. They all needed to focus. “How did the Rebellion receive this information?”

“We received the call from Governor Azadi about an hour ago. She and about a dozen others were able to escape the White Walkers. They are currently hiding in the basement of a fellow rebellion member’s home. As of right now Cersei only suspects Azadi and her council members to be with the Rebellion. She doesn’t know that over half the planet it disloyal to the Empire.”

“When will the children be moved off planet?” Sansa asked. “And can we count on the locals for back up?”

Master Tyrion scratched his face in agitation. While Sansa was grateful to see he no longer carried any bruises or scars from his time on the Death Star, he still looked just as tired. “Five standard days.” Jon got up and went to the mapping computer. He began to chart their course for Mistwood. “Governor Azadi believes that you will be able to receive help from the citizens. Even those who were not with the Rebellion had their children taken. Unfortunately for Cersei, her move has made more people desire to go against her, instead of fearing her. We have been given the location of Governor Azadi’s hide out. The planet is on lockdown, and only Empirical ships are being allowed in. You will need to fly into the planet undetected, and then rendezvous with the her.”

Jon looked up from the map. “We are a day and a half out of Mistwood.” He stated. “We can use the ship’s cloaking device to break the planet’s surface. We will just need to come in far enough from the planets living area to not be spotted, and park several miles away. If we fly low we should avoid any problems.”

Colonel Royce nodded. “Be aware that Inquisitors have been assigned to pick up the children. They are to look for Force sensitivity in them. Those who show an aptitude for the Force will be chosen to be Inquisitors without question.”

Sansa thought of Jaime Lannister and Bran. “Do we know which Inquisitors have been chosen?”

Tyrion sighed. “We don’t. Plan for the worst.”
Sansa nodded. She looked at her squadron to see that everyone was determined to succeed in this mission. Even Ghost looked ready for battle. Sansa determined that unlike the last few times were Pyp and Ghost has stayed on the ship, this mission would be all hands-on deck.

“May the Force be with us.” She breathed.

Chapter End Notes

Hooray for Sam! He got them all the credits they could ever want by one well placed bet.

Hooray for Sansa! She saved everyone. Did anyone catch the Die Hard reference at the beginning? As my husbands favorite Christmas movie, we watch it every year. I couldn't resist doing a little tribute at the beginning.

Hooray for Jonsa! Writing any type of emotions is hard for me so I hope it turned out okay...

Poor Grenn. He has some problems for sure, but he is surrounded by people who care about him, which is super important. I am glad that his character is being really well received. It may have taken us some time to get to know him, but we are definitely learning more.

Will they be able to save the younglings in time???

Preview for the next chapter:

Chapter 28: The Return of the Inquisitors

... but which ones?? We have already met three! Is it them, or are the others we have yet to meet?..

And... that's all she wrote, folks! Thank you all so much for reading my friends. Please comment if you like. Have a great week and I will see you all next Sunday!
The Return of the Inquisitors

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for your comments, hits, kudos for the last chapter! I really appreciate all the support this story is receiving.

I hope you all enjoy this chapter! I dedicate this to my husband, who helped me come up with the basic plot while we were taking the dog and our girls for a walk. He is the best.

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 28: The Return of the Inquisitors

We will enter the hospital. We will save the younglings. I will never let my anger control me.

We will save the younglings. I will not let my anger control me.

We will save the younglings. I will not let my anger control me.

“King Crow, this is Queen Crow. We are preparing to clear the perimeter. Over.” Sansa’s voice came in low and soft over the comm link.

Jon eyes quickly and efficiently swept their surroundings for intruders before responding. He, Grenn, and Pyp were currently laying on their stomachs and using Mistwood’s natural greenery to keep them from being spotted. The planet was tropical, with huge canopy style trees and thick, lush foliage. The trees that they have chosen to hide under had low branches and leaves as big as their torsos, giving them the perfect vantage point. Unfortunately, Mistwood was also hot, though Jon barely noticed. Nothing could compare to the heat of the last three planets they had been on. He smiled as he remembered Sansa’s hair instantly frizzing up as soon as she exited the ship due to the planet’s natural humidity. She had blushed prettily when he told her that he thought her hair was lovely no matter what it looked like. It had been a nice, momentary reprieve to do something as normal as compliment her hair.

“Copy Queen Crow. We are in position now. Over.” Jon whispered. From beside him he heard Pyp give a low whistle as his neck craned up to take in the height of the building. The hospital was in the shape of a large X and fifteen stories high. While Jon had seen taller structures, he would have at least had the luxury of using either the stairs or the lift to reach his destination. Unfortunately, neither of those were an option tonight.

“Copy. You are to wait and listen for our signal. Do not proceed until it has been given. Be advised: the presence of hostiles is likely. Over.” Jon could hear the tightness in her voice. He knew Sansa was trying to be strong and not worry them, but there was no denying what they had both felt as soon as they entered the town.

“Copy.” He whispered. If Sansa was going to be confident for their sake, he would do the same for
her and Sam. “Over and out.”

Jon placed both hands on the damp forest floor. The evening dew had already begun and reflected off the light coming from Mistwood’s two moons. Soon, if everything went according to plan, they would have only moonlight to see. It was the job of Sansa’s group to cut the power. Once done, the rebels would then engage in a fire fight to distract the White Walkers while Jon, Grenn, and Pyp scaled the hospital building. It had been obvious to everyone in their squadron that Sansa had been apprehensive to part with Jon for the mission, though she had refrained from voicing her fears out loud to avoid embarrassing Jon during the planning session. While Jon had been able to maintain his Force control in Red Waste— which he was particularly proud of considering how much he disliked Daenerys and her husband— there was still the fear that he would have another moment with the Dark Side during their mission. There was no way to know for sure, however, so Sansa had reluctantly parted with Jon while voicing her hope that he would be all right.

Jon closed his eyes. He could still see the crystal blue color of Sansa’s eyes before she had turned from him and walked out into the night.

_I love you, Sansa. Be safe._

Jon frowned at the dark surge of energy that began to creep up his spine.

_How can she be safe? You abandoned her._

_You let her walk away to die._

Jon slowly began to fist the dirt beneath his fingers. He didn’t want to alert Grenn and Pyp to his feeling. They were supposed to watch for the signal, not be distracted by Jon and his inadequacies.

_Sansa is strong. She can take care of herself. She will be safe._

Jon took in a deep breath of damp forest air. He forced his will to be stronger than the temptation of the Dark Side.

_Leave me._

Jon closed his eyes and pictured all the plants and insects that surrounded them. He saw them glow with life. They were peaceful, calm, and steady. They did not worry about what they could not control.

_She will die. You are too weak._

He pictured the Light Side giving him strength. It flowed through his veins and brought him peace.

_Leave me._

_She—_

_Leave me!_

Silence.

Jon let out a breath of relief when the voices obeyed his command. Grenn turned his head and gave him a curious look. Jon wondered if he sensed what had just transpired. Grenn raised his eyebrows, confirming Jon’s suspicions.

“Don’t worry, I’m fine.” Jon said assuredly. “You?”
Grenn gave a short nod. “Good.” They hadn’t spoken of Grenn’s episode since the night of the incident. Sam had counseled Jon and Sansa to avoid asking Grenn about his experiences and to wait for Grenn to let them know when he was ready to share. The look Sansa had subsequently given him once Sam had completed his advice let Jon know that going against Sam’s council would be a very bad idea.

Pyp shuffled nervously from his place on the other side of Jon. “I’m just peachy in case anyone cares.” HE said dryly. “In fact, nothing excites me more than scaling a wall that is several stories high. And don’t even get me started on the high possibility of there being creatures inside the hospital who are far deadlier then those friendly White Walkers that Sansa and her group will soon be getting rid of. It’s a regular party.” Pyp let out a shaky sigh and dug the heels of his hands into his eyes. “I’ve got a bad feeling about this.” He said in a low voice.

Jon looked at Pyp and frowned. “There are younglings inside, Pyp. Innocent younglings. We are here to save them.” He scolded.

“I fucking know that. Why do you think I am here?” He hissed. “Is it so terrible to be scared even when you know you are doing something that will help others?”

Jon took a closer look at Pyp. The poor Starfallian was beyond terrified. Jon placed a comforting arm on top of his shoulder. “It’s not Pyp. A coward runs, but a hero fights. You are no coward.”

Pyp gave him a wry look. “I thought I was here because out of all of us I look the least intimidating.” He said dryly. “I believe Val’s exact words were ‘send the skinny ass, non-threatening, dim looking one to save the children’.” Pyp rolled his eyes. “Because there is no way that I would have ever been allowed to be a part of the Empire.” He said sarcastically.

“Well, that and the fact that Sam isn’t strong enough to scale the hospital wall.” Grenn remarked.

“Fuck off.” Pyp retorted. He lifted his hand to flip off Grenn.

“It was a compliment dipshit.” Grenn glared. He reached out and flicked Pyp’s offending gesture away. “Sam kicks your ass in everything except flying. I only meant—”

“Everything will be fine.” Jon interrupted. Though they were good friends, Pyp and Grenn were often at each other’s throats if one felt insulted by the other. Both were a little delicate when it came to the topic of their skills as fighters. “We just need to make it to the roof, open the hatch, and find the room where the White Walkers have taken the younglings. The cleaning droids were there this morning. They saw the younglings being escorted upstairs, but they never came back down. It stands to reason that they are still in holding on of the upper floor of the building. Several of Val’s men have been on rotation to keep an eye on the hospital. They have all verified that what the droids told us.”

Pyp rested his chin in his hands while he continued to stare at the top of the building. “That’s all well and good, but this has got to be a fucking trap, right?”

Jon held in a sigh at the obvious problem with the information they had been given: no creature keeping watch on the hospital had been able to see into the building. Before the White Walkers had taken the younglings inside they had drawn all the window coverings. However, according the hospitals blue prints, there were no secret tunnels or passages in the hospital. The only way in and out were its main entrance and the four emergency exits. Since none of the creatures keeping watch had reported seeing the younglings leave, it stood to reason that the children would still be in the same spot now as they were this morning.

Jon rubbed his chin as his eyes followed Pyp’s to the top of the building. “It’s a high possibility, but
we can’t worry about what-ifs. Besides, even if it is, once the other group has taken care of the outside guards they will begin working through the lower levels of the building. There aren’t as many White Walkers stationed on the inside as there are on the outside. All the White Walkers stationed here are from when Cersei thought the planet was loyal, so we are only dealing with two or three dozen. Compare that with the thirty or so men and women that are fighting with us and we have got a good chance that the mission will turn in our favor.” Jon began to crack his knuckles. “If it is a trap, we just have to hold off whoever we are facing until reinforcements arrive. I’m confident that Grenn and I can take care of any White Walkers we might come across while you protect the children.”

“What if there are Inquisitors?” Pyp whimpered.

Grenn’s patience snapped. “Pyp, will you calm the fuck down? It’s like you weren’t even at the planning meeting.” He growled. Jon could see Grenn was getting antsy for the signal, thus his low tolerance for Pyp’s questions. Grenn pinched the bridge of his nose and took in a few deep breaths. “Nobody has seen the Inquisitors arrive on the planet in the last two days. Sansa admitted that the darkness her and Jon have been sensing could just be the presence of the White Walkers and what they desire to do the younglings.” Grenn eyes narrowed and his eyes flashed dangerously. “It’s fucking disgusting. If there are Inquisitors, Jon and I will handle them while you take the younglings and run your ass off out of the building.”

“I know, I know.” Pyp said glumly. He looked at Jon and Grenn. “I’m sorry. I am just really scared. I’ve never done a mission outside of a ship before. I’m usually providing air support, not fighting on the front lines like you two.”

Grenn nudged Pyp in shoulder. “Didn’t you just leave the ship to go podracing?” He asked.

Pyp rolled his eyes. “That is hardly the same thing ass hole and you fucking now it.”

Grenn’s face instantly softened. “I know. I’m sorry.” He said.

Jon looked up to the top of the building. He thought about everything Sansa and Jeor had taught him about fear. “I’m scared too, Pyp. I don’t know what is waiting for us inside the hospital. But we can’t allow our fears to dictate our actions. Creatures on this planet need us to help them.” Jon sighed and looked down at his hands. “Even if we aren’t successful, we still did what is right.”

Grenn looked at him sharply from the corner of his eye. “Sansa will be all right Jon.”

Pyp nodded. “It will take a lot more than a couple of White Walkers to take her down.” He placed a hand on Jon’s back and patted it several times.

Jon felt his eyes sting a little. He hated that he was away from Sansa. Every instinct in his body told him that he needed to stay with her and watch over her. Jon was afraid that if he always insisted on trying to protect Sansa, then the Dark Side would use that to convince him that the only way to keep Sansa away from harm would be to control her. He was learning that loving Sansa meant trusting her. Yes, there would be times when they would work together side by side, but there would also be times when they would have to do things separately. Jon needed to believe that she could handle herself on her own. If something did happen to her during this mission… Jon shook his head as he stopped his train of thought.

*If it is indeed time for Sansa to leave me, then it will happen whether I am there or not.*

*I must accept things as they are. Getting angry will not change the course of time.*
In the distance Jon heard the sounds of blaster fire. White Walkers were screaming about intruders breaking through the gates. One by one, the lights on the hospital ground went out. There were still a few on in the main building, but not enough to illuminate the grounds.

“Crow squadron, you have your opening. May the Force be with you. Over.”

Jon, Pyp, and Grenn wordlessly lifted themselves off the dirt floor. There was no gate surrounding the hospital, so they were able to make their way out of the brush and straight to the building without difficulty. Wiping the dew from his hands, Jon reached out and placed his fingers inside the grooves of brick that made up the outer structure of the hospital. He calmed his mind and searched for the power of the Light Side of the Force. He found it hovering around the surface of his very being. Humbly, Jon requested it’s help. He immediately felt the Force’s strength flow his veins; he was no longer using his physical energy to climb up the hospital but the power of the Force. A little farther down, he could hear Grenn and Pyp’s breathing start to pick up due to the exertion of their ascent. Jon did not envy them for only being able to use their physical strength for their climb. Jon smiled. He had come a long way in such a short amount of time, and he was eager to see what would come next in his training.

Jon put his weight into his toes and one of his hands. “How are you doing boys?” He called down to Grenn and Pyp as the fingers in his left hand searched for a place to grip the wall. They were a quarter of the way to the roof now, their movements slow and precise. Due to the low lighting, they had to rely on touch to find the perfect placement for their hands and feet.

Pyp grunted. “I never thought I would say this but thank the Galaxy for all those fucking pull ups that Sansa made me do in the past four weeks.”

Jon let out a small chuckle. It was physically impossible for Jon to train all day, and being unable to train herself, Sansa had found herself with a lot of free time. Looking for new hobbies on a ship full of creatures on the Empires most wanted list had proven difficult. Much to Pyp’s horror, and every else’s amusement, Sansa had decided that the best way to spend her time when not training Jon was to make Pyp try whatever new exercise regime that her brain could come up with. Pyp, feeling both sorry and slightly scared of Sansa, had reluctantly agreed to be her test subject. So, for every day over the past month, poor Grenn had been doing everything from pull ups to crawling around The ‘Watch on his hands and toes.

“It looks like the training came in handy then, eh?” Grenn said with a teasing lilt. Whereas Pyp was a good body length away from him, Grenn was right on Jon’s heels. Jon didn’t think it would ever stop surprising him that Grenn could be so strong without the aid of the Force to help him.

Pyp let out a snort. “Not the running.” He said dryly. “Never the running.”

Jon made it to the top first, with Grenn a close second. It was a little tricky maneuvering their bodies over the ramp and onto the ceiling, but they managed with only a few scrapes on their hands. Seeing Pyp’s arms shaking slightly as he finished his climb, Jon and Grenn extended their hands to a very grateful Pyp and helped to pull him over the ledge. They quickly made their way to the rooftop door.

“Be careful, my son. Danger is close.”

Feeling his anxiety start to rise, Jon took a deep breath in and out. He pictured the night when Sansa had awoken them up with her screams. While it may have started out badly, in the end they had all gone to sleep happy and content. Jon had stayed awake for a while after Sansa’s breathing had evened out. He watched her chest rise and fall with her even breaths and felt love and peace radiating from his body as he laid next to her. He used those same feelings now to keep himself calm and from feeling fear.
I will be careful Dad. I promise.

Jon silently opened the unlocked door. He took his two blasters out of their holsters and began to prep them. “Blasters ready. We don’t know what we will find down there.” He gave Pyp a wary look. “Just remember—”

“Yeah, yeah.” Pyp waved off his concern as he grabbed his blaster. “I know I am the weakest shot, but I promise I will only go for the bad guys.”

Grenn raised an eyebrow as he took his blaster rifle of his back. He had been excited to find one amongst the array of weapons that Val and her crew had collected for their mission. Jon expected that Grenn would buy it from them once their task was completed.

“No longer afraid, Pyp?” Grenn asked as he situated the rifle in his hands. He rested the shoulder stock against right shoulder. He left hand held onto the grip located underneath the barrel and his right hand held the handle with his finger close the trigger. Not for the first time, Jon was grateful to know that Grenn was fighting along side him and not against him.

“I am fucking terrified mate.” Pyp said with a serious face. “But, I am also pumped up on adrenaline from that damn climb. It’s helping with the nerves.”

Jon gave him an understanding nod. Taking point, he led Pyp and Grenn down to the fifteenth floor. Only the security lights were on. There were computers, cots, equipment, and powered down droids lining the halls of the facility. It gave the hallway an abandoned and somewhat creepy vibe, though Jon didn’t feel like anything could ever be as disturbing as catacombs on Tarbeck. Jon felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up and his stomach started to churn uncomfortably.

“I’ve got a bad feeling about this.” Jon said, repeating Pyp’s words from earlier.

“Quiet.” Grenn commanded. He raised his hand to stop them from moving. “Do you guys hear that?”

Jon strained his ears. There were still the sounds of yelling and blaster fire coming from outside, but that was easy to hear. He knew Grenn was talking about something else. He drowned out the fighting and zeroed in a sound that did not belong. There, in the distance, was a youngling. He or she was in obvious distress if the cries were anything to go by. Listening further, Jon was surprised to realize that the sound was not on this floor.

“Did they move the younglings?” Pyp asked with a frown.

“They must have.” Jon replied. “Or it could be a distraction from the youngling’s true location. Remember, nobody saw them leave this floor. Let’s check all of the rooms here first before going downstairs.”

Grenn and Pyp nodded. The majority of the floor had been used for droid repairs and storage. The rooms were large, cluttered, and empty of younglings. In fact, it looked like the rooms hadn’t been touched since the floor had been shut down. There were no signs of anyone having been there in the past few days.

Jon rubbed a hand through his beard in agitation. “Something is not right about this. Have either of you seen evidence of anyone having been here?”

Pyp and Grenn shook their heads. Grenn motioned to the floor. “There is a few days’ worth of dust on the floor, but only our footprints show up on it. Somebody has been lying to us.”
“Shit. Shit. Shit.” Pyp said. He placed his palms on his forehead and began walking in circles. “We are going to fucking die.”

“Pyp, calm down.” Jon said. He was careful not to sound upset and risk distressing Pyp even more. “I agree with Grenn that someone has been conning us the entire time, but I don’t think it is Val. Master Tyrion and Colonel Royce said that she has been loyal to the Rebellion since its infancy. And the younglings have been taken. These are her creatures that she has been serving for years. If anything, it is someone in Val’s crew that has been manipulating us. Cleaning droids can easily have their memories altered.”

Pyp snapped his fingers together. “It was the men keeping watch on the building. Didn’t one of them say they were a father? The Walkers must have cut them a deal. Betray Val—”

“—and he gets his son or daughter back.” Jon finished for him. “Fucking hell. I will radio Sansa and let her know what is going on.”

“What about the crying?” Grenn asked.

“We have to investigate.” Jon looked at Grenn and Pyp. “I know it’s a trap, but they don’t know that we know. It could work in our favor. Besides, there is a youngling being held hostage by a group of White Walkers. We have to help it.”

“I agree.” Grenn said. Both he and Jon turned to face Pyp.

“What?” Pyp said with a severe frown on his face. “Of course I fucking agree dipshits. How can you even question that? Just because I am scared out of my damn mind doesn’t mean I am not fucking with you on this.”

“Good to know mate.” Jon said. He patted Pyp on the back. He raised his comm link to his mouth and pressed down on the transmission. “Queen Crow, this is King Crow. We have a message of upmost importance. Please take yourself to a secure location immediately. Over.”

The three men stared down at Jon wrist as they waited impatiently for Sansa to respond. Jon forced himself not to jiggle his foot from nerves. He knew Pyp was trying to be brave, if his last statement was anything to go by, and wouldn’t benefit from Jon showing any weakness. At least Grenn was acting like a fucking machine despite the circumstances. Jon was both curious and slightly afraid hear about his time in the 501st once he felt ready to share.

A small amount of static filled the room. “Crow Squadron, this is Queen Crow. You are clear for message. Over.” Sansa said. She sounded slightly winded, which wasn’t too surprising considering this was her first real mission after taking a month off. The Force was meant to enhance one’s abilities, not create something that wasn’t there.

“It’s a trap.” Jon said bluntly. “We have received false information regarding the location of the younglings. We suspect that it was the Estermontian that Val tasked to watch the hospital. We believe that he struck a deal with the White Walkers in exchange for his own child. Has anything gone wrong on your end? Over.”

“Negative. We have just secured the outside of the building. Val and the others are rounding up the White Walkers now. Over.”

“What about inside? Over.”

“All the White Walkers are accounted for. To be honest, the fire fight was pretty uneventful. I don’t
think these White Walkers have ever seen battle experience. Come out of the building. We will question the man and find the true location of the younglings. Over.”

“Negative.” Jon winced. He knew Sansa would be upset that he was ignoring a direct order. He hurried to continue before she could override his message. “We have ears on a youngling downstairs. We suspect it is just the one being held hostage so they can lure us to their location. I believe the Empire is using this opportunity to take members of the Rebellion captive. Over.”

Sansa was silent. “King Crow, you are aware that all of the White Walkers have been accounted for? Over.”

Jon looked quickly at Pyp and Grenn before answering. They both nodded. Every single one of them knew what she was implying. “We are. Over.”

“Wait for me to come. I will handle the situation with you. Have Yellow Crow and Big Crow exit the building immediately. They are not to engage. Over.”

“Negative Queen Crow. We will stay here and finish our mission. If you are unable to get the Estermountain to talk, use Ghost. He should be able to sniff out the younglings if given something of theirs to reference.” Jon frowned. He wanted Sansa with him more than ever but he knew he couldn’t allow her to come to their aid. Yes, their lives were in danger, but it didn’t matter compared to what else was at stake. “The younglings are more important. Over.”

Sansa went silent again. Jon didn’t envy her position – she no doubt wanted to protect and save both groups—but being a leader meant making tough decisions. If Sansa couldn’t do it, then she wouldn’t have been chosen as their squadron leader.

“Crow Squadron, you are to retrieve the youngling. Once done, get out of the hospital immediately. I will appraise of you of our location once we know where the younglings are. Do not engage unless for defensive purposes. Do you understand? Over.”

Jon let out a breath. He was grateful that Sansa trusted them. “Copy, Queen Crow. Over and out.”

“May the Force be with all of you. Over and out.”

Jon let his hand fall to his side. He felt the need to say something inspiring, but couldn’t find the words. He took in a deep breath of air. “Listen, I—”

“It’s fine, Jon.” Pyp said. It was bit muffled due to him chewing his fingernails from stress. He took his hands out of his mouth and straightened his back. “We all know what it down there waiting for us. There is no point in delaying the inevitable.” Pyp gave his companions a two fingered salute before turning on his heel and making his way towards the stairs.

Grenn nudged Jon with his shoulder. “Come on King Crow. We can’t have his skinny ass showing us up.”

Jon gave a small chuckle. Pyp waited for them at the entrance to the stair landing. Without a word, Jon palmed opened the door and lead his group down the stairs to the fourteenth floor. Jon tried not to think about how they were walking towards the one thing that scared him most next to the thought of losing Sansa and facing the Night King: Inquisitors. There was no doubt in any of their minds that it was the Sith followers who had orchestrated the trap.

The three of them exited the stairwell quietly. Grenn waved his hand to get Jon’s attention and directed him to look down at the floor. It was spotless. Taking this as a sign that whoever was on the floor did not want to give away their numbers, Jon began to walk down the corridors. After fifty feet
the hall split off into two different directions. After a quick listen, Jon pointed down to the left corridor. The youngling’s cries became louder the farther down the hall they got. Unlike the fifteenth floor, the fourteenth looked like it was mostly office rooms for the creatures that worked at the hospital. Potted plants and plush chairs were placed against the walls, and there were numerous portraits of distinguished creatures who had worked there over the years.

Jon raised his hand into a fist and signaled for the other two men to stop. He motioned to the door directly in front of him with a lift of his chin. It was obvious that the crying was coming from the room behind the door. Grenn took a knee on the right side of the door. He raised his rifle to be level with his shoulder and placed his finger on the trigger. Pyp, who was looking as pale as a sheet, stood next to Grenn. His blaster shook slightly due to the shaking of his hands. Jon frowned. He understood the thinking behind sending Pyp with them—Pyp really was harmless and would be the least intimidating to younglings—but he wished they would have taken into consideration Pyp’s lack of preparation for nonaerial battle. Jon decided that after the mission he would have to talk to Sansa about training Pyp in the same style as Sam with blasters and tactical maneuvers. After what happened tonight he doubted that Pyp would disagree with it.

Jon placed his back flat against the wall. He raised his arm and turned his hand to that he could palm the door open.

“Be safe, Jon. And be smart.”

Jon nodded his head, both to acknowledge Jeor’s advice and to let Grenn and Pyp know that he was ready to open the door. Slowly, but without hesitation, Jon touched the panel. The door gave a familiar whoosh sound as it opened. The hall filled with the terrified cries of the youngling.

Grenn and Pyp looked at Jon. He took a deep breath in and out. In one fluid motion, Jon pivoted on his foot while simultaneously bringing his blasters out and to shoulder height.

“Fuck. Me.” He breathed. Jon wanted to stop Pyp and Grenn, to tell them to run as far away from this place as he could, but they were already positioned next to him by the time he realized who they were up against. Pyp let out a strangled cry of fear. Looking down quickly, Jon saw the muscles in Grenn’s back tense up.

“Well, well, well. What do we have here?” The smooth voice of Ramsay Bolton questioned. Jon hated the red dots that lined his nose and cheeks. It made him look like he had slaughtered a poor defenseless creature and then wore its blood as a sign of pride. “If it isn’t the useless pretty boy who tried to keep the object of my affections away from me.”

“I believe I kicked your ass, you piece of shit.” Jon said calmly. It wouldn’t be wise to get angry. Jon would need to use every bit of the Force that he could call upon to get the three of them, and the youngling that was currently struggling in the other Inquisitors arms, out of the hospital alive.

“I wish I could have been there.” The Inquisitor holding the youngling said. He gave a dark and menacing chuckle.

Unlike Ramsay, his partner was a native of Flea Bottom. He was tall and muscular. His skin was ashen gray. His eyes were a dark brown and almond shaped. Deep lines that were native to his species began under his eyes and ran the length of his cheek bones. It made his face look like it had been carved from stone. He was dressed in the traditional Inquisitors uniform, and like Bran Stark wore a dome shaped helmet on top of his head, thought his visor was left open. In his arms was a small Estermontian. Huge tears came out of her large black eyes. Her light green head-resses swayed as her body shook with fear. Jon narrowed his eyes when he realized that the Inquisitor was holding the toddler in such a way they he could easily snap her neck.
Ramsay gave a sickeningly sweet smile meant for his companion, though his eyes never left Jon. “I doubt that Trant. I kill everyone who has seen me weak. It teaches them a lesson, you see.” Trant snorted. Ramsay ignored him and kept his eyes on Jon. “You know what I want, don’t you bastard?”

Jon narrowed his eyes. “I am no bastard.” He stated with conviction.

“Really?” Ramsay taunted. He gave him a look of mock surprise. “I doubt that. I heard about your father, Jon Mormont.” Jon frowned. It wasn’t surprising that Ramsay knew his name, but he didn’t like the shiver that went down his spine when he heard Ramsay say it. “Jeor Snow was a pathetic excuse of a Jedi. What makes you think he wouldn’t fuck—”

“That’s enough Ramsay.” Grenn interrupted. He leveled his rifle straight at Ramsay’s heart.

Jon had to blink a few times to keep himself from seeing red. His father had told him to be smart, and that is what he intended to do. The weak way would be to get angry. The smarter way would be to remain clear headed and think rationally. Jon stared at the youngling. Her clothes were soiled and rumpled. Jon doubted that either man had fed her or let her go to the refresher. He had to get her out of their hands.

Ramsay stared down at Grenn. “I know you.” He said with narrowed eyes. “You are the one—”

“Cut the bull shit.” Jon interrupted. Ramsay brought his eyes back to Jon. “Where are the younglings?” He demanded.

“Gone.” Ramsay replied. “I will speak slowly, bastard, so that you understand. This was all a trap, you see. Our beloved Empress wanted to—”

Quicker than Ramsay and Trant could blink, Jon holstered his blasters. Reaching his arms out, Jon called on the energy building up inside of him. To the shock of the Inquisitors, and his companions who had only ever seen him levitate small objects, Jon Force pulled the crying youngling out of Trant’s arms and into his own. Grenn and Pyp leaped out of the doorway as Jon fisted the panel then blasted it. The door locked. Jon had to jump back to avoid the two red lightsabers that came through the door and began to carve out an escape.

Jon cradled the youngling in his arms and began to run down the hall towards the stairwell. He jumped a bit when he heard the hole that the Inquisitors made be blown out of the door. It had taken them less than a minute to get through. Turning the corner, the three men kept up their brutal pace.

“You will pay for that bastard. I will see to it personally.” Ramsay called after them. The three of them ran faster. Jon was proud to see that for once in his life Pyp was actually keeping pace with his companions.

“Jon, give her to me.” Pyp panted. He held out his arms to Jon. “You’re the better shot. I will take care of her.”

Jon nodded and handed the infant to Pyp. He immediately started to coo at her to try to get her to calm down. It was in vain. Younglings were perceptive, and the little girl no doubt sensed that they were all in very big trouble. Jon reached for his blasters. Turning around, he began to run backwards while taking shots at the Inquisitors, who had just turned the corner and were gaining on them. Grenn followed suit with his rifle. The Inquisitors had no choice but to halt their running and begin to deflect blaster fire. They were still advancing, but with slower and more precise steps.

“Keep running Pyp. Get that youngling out of here.” Jon yelled.

“But what about you?” Pyp cried. The youngling screamed even louder.
"We will hold them back. Get to Sansa. Tell her—"

"My love is here?" Ramsay got an evil look on his face. Jon could see his eyes begin to glint as he thought over this new information. Ramsay sighed, low and slow. "I regret to inform you that Trant and I are done playing games. Time to die." He declared. He got down into a crouch and prepared to jump closer to Jon and Grenn.

"Pyp, get the fuck out of here now!" Jon screamed.

Pyp clutched the child to his chest and took off sprinting towards the stairs. They were only a few feet away.

"Be a dear and stop them Trant?" Ramsay purred. "I am tired of playing with my food."

Trant reached out his hands. Jon felt his body lift from the group as he and Grenn were sent flying into the back wall. Thinking quickly, Jon pushed his hands back and stopped them by using the Force. Since he was the only one facing the wall, Pyp found his footing the quickest. Hitting the palm pad, he opened the door and took of running down the stairs. Jon and Grenn made to follow, but they were too late. Ramsay forced jumped himself into the entrance of the hallway. He ignited both ends of his lightsaber and began to slowly walk towards Jon and Grenn as they backed away from him and towards Trant. Jon raised both blasters and pointed them at either man, though he knew it was useless. At this range they would easily redirect his fire and kill them both. Grenn seemed to realize that and took a combat knife out of his belt. He held it in a reverse grip as he brought his arms up, ready to strike. All they could do now was see who would make the first move.

"It looks like the bastard has found himself a Master." His eyes narrowed. "Did that bitch teach you the Force? Do you think yourself special because she showed you some attention?" Ramsay smiled. "I bet she teased you, didn’t she? Sansa loved to tease me as well. Especially when she would—"

Pyp’s screams echoed into the hallway. "No! You can’t take her! I won’t let you take her!" He cried desperately.

Ramsay raised his eyebrows at the sound of blaster fire and halted his movements. Pyp screamed in terror once more before the sounds from the stairwell went silent. Jon forced himself not to think of the implications.

"Well, it seems like our reinforcements have arrived." Ramsay said. He looked from Jon and then to Grenn. "We will kill you." He said pointing to Grenn. "But you, bastard, have revealed yourself to be very interesting. My Master will want to speak with you."

Jon’s mind went into overdrive. There had to be some way to get out of this. They were now stuck in the middle of Trant and Ramsay, and there was a high probability that Pyp and the youngling had just been killed. Ramsay raised his lightsaber overhead and prepared to bring it down on top of Grenn. Without thought, Jon did the only thing he could think of in the situation. Letting out a cry, he dove towards Ramsay’s legs and tackled him to the ground. The Inquisitor was not expecting a non-Force move and toppled onto his back. From the corner of his eye, Jon saw Grenn send an elbow to Trant’s chest before slicing him across the cheek. He had been momentarily distracted by Ramsay falling and didn’t see Grenn coming. Grenn kicked him viciously in the chest before pulling him down on top of his knee. He slashed his knife down his unarmored arm. Small droplets of blood began to fall to the floor.

Thinking quickly, Jon used the back end of his pistols and rammed them down onto the tops of Ramsay’s knee caps. His first instinct had been to shoot him, but Ramsay was powerful and Jon still didn’t trust doing so when he could easily end up the receiver of his own blaster fire. Ramsay let out
a scream of pain and anger. In retaliation for the hit, Ramsay took his lightsaber and thrust it down
towards Jon’s head. Jon grabbed his hand before the blade could make contact with him and quickly
sent a vicious jab into Ramsay’s armpit, then quickly rolled off Ramsay’s legs before he could
counterattack. Grabbing Grenn, the two began to sprint towards any open room while Ramsay and
Trant struggled to get their footing. Jon felt like their best option at this point would be to jump out a
window. He was sure he could use the Force to—

“Hello again, Jon Mormont.” The voice of Jaime Lannister said. He nodded his head once at Jon
before doing the same at Grenn. “And Grenn.” He said calmly.

The two men skidded to a halt. There, in the stairwell, stood Jaime Lannister and Bran Stark. Well, at
least who he assumed was the Grand Inquisitor and his Apprentice. They were not dressed in their
Inquisitor uniforms but rather plain clothes that were similar to what Jon and Grenn were wearing.
Somewhere in the back of his mind Jon thought that this might be significant, but he didn’t have the
time to dwell on such things with Ramsay Bolton currently on a rampage.

Jon turned his focus to Grenn, who looked just as confused and worried as he was. Out of options,
the two of them stood in the hallway, speechless and panting. Behind them, Ramsay began to laugh
manically while Trant stood up. The larger Inquisitor clutched at his stomach, still feeling the effects
of Grenn’s blows.

Jaime Lannister said nothing. He reached to his side and unclipped his lightsaber from the top of his
trouser. Instead of igniting the double blade, he detached the handle at the middle, creating two
weapons.

Ramsay let out a cry of excitement. “You are all going to fucking die now, bastard. Just like that
tattooed piece of shit and the youngling. You, your companion, and that pathetic band of rebels
helping you are all going to be murdered and I will bath in your blood.” Jon was disgusted to hear
Ramsay slightly turned on by the notion of murdering people. “But not Sansa.” He purred. “I will
kill everyone else on this shit hole and then take Sansa back with me. And this time, I will make her
mine.”

Bran Stark took in a sharp breath. Jon pursed his lips and narrowed his eyes at him. They had all
assumed that Bran had tried to kill Sansa due to her nightmares, but Jon wondered if maybe Sansa
had been correct in her assumptions that her dreams were incorrect. Bran gripped his lightsaber so
tightly that his knuckles were turning white.

“Easy Bran.” Jaime said softly. Bran’s body instantly relaxed, though he maintained a firm grip on
his lightsaber. Jaime looked down at his hand and then back to his eyes. “Are you sure, Bran?” He
had a look of concern on his face.

Bran turned to him and nodded.

“You were always too fucking soft with him, Lannister. Don’t you know you have to beat the shit
out of him to get him to listen?” Ramsay smiled and brought his lightsaber out to his side. “No
matter. We shall kill these two quickly enough.”

Jamie Lannister walked slowly towards Grenn and Jon. Bran followed at his side. Jon raised an
eyebrow when Lannister give both him and Grenn a reassuring smile.

*Be smart, Jon.*

Jon thought about what Jamie Lannister had told him in the tunnels on Tarbeck. How he had shown
concern over his Apprentice. How he had checked Sansa for injuries before leaving them. How he
had let them live.

Jon looked at Grenn and gave him a slow shake of his head. He silently instructed him to do nothing. Grenn scowled but never the less obeyed. Both men held their breath as Jamie Lannister and Bran Stark approached them, and then passed them. Ramsay frowned.

“What…” Trant trailed off.

The Grand Inquisitor ignited his lightsabers. Holding them both in a reverse grip, he positioned himself in front of Jon, Grenn and Bran. Behind his right shoulder, Bran’s purple lightsaber hummed to life.

“You will never touch Bran Stark again, you piece of shit.” Jaime glowered at both men. “Someone will die today, but it will not be the men who follow the Rebellion. That includes Bran Stark, and myself.”

Chapter End Notes

And... scene! I feel like I am horrible with cliffhangers, but I am super proud of this one. Don't we all want to see a match-up or Ramsay, and I suppose Trant, against Jaime and Bran?

Jon is making a lot of growth this chapter, and I am proud of him. Actually, everyone is really growing this chapter. Jon is learning to trust that Sansa will be all right without him while silencing the Dark Side, Pyp is trying to be brave, and Grenn is trying to help his team mates with their emotional stuff instead of keeping to himself. Not to mention the off-chapters growth of Jaime and Bran and whatever has happened to them over the past month to make them fight for the Rebellion. Exciting stuff!

Preview for next chapter:

Bran closed his eyes. He focused on the small light that resided in his chest. He took slow deep breaths in and out of his nose.

My name is Bran Stark.

He pushed the throttle on his lightsaber, activating the single blade. He heard his weapon hum to life.

I am the son of Ned and Caitlin Stark.

Bran raised his lightsaber overhead in the Djem So attack stance of Form V. Holding the hilt with both hands, he angled the blade back and down at a 45 degree angle.

I am good.
Thank you all so much for reading my friends! Please comment if you like.

I hope you all have a fabulous week and I will catch you next Sunday!
Chapter 29: Creating a Path for Yourself

“Father, why didn’t you punish that man?”

“What do you mean? I thought I did punish him.”

“I’m not talking about the father, I’m talking about the son. You passed harsh judgement on the father, but the son you merely slapped on the wrist. Why?”

“Bran, do you think I am a good parent?”

“This sounds like a trick.”

“I promise I won’t get angry over your answer.”

“Well... I think you try your best to be a good parent. Sometimes I don’t agree with you, but I don’t think that makes you a bad parent.”

“Bran, you are a very wise young man. Now, do you think that boy’s father was a good parent?”

“No. It sounds like he did some terrible things to him and forced him to be a criminal.”

“That is correct. Now, I believe that the boy never realized he had a choice to disobey to his father. He has been mentally and emotionally abused into believing that he had to obey. I still punished him because what he did was wrong, but his punishment was lighter because I believe what he needs is for someone to take care of him and teach him how to become better than what he is now.”

“How do you know that isn’t just a bad person like his father?”

“I don’t. Maybe placing him in a secondary school will help him, and maybe it won’t. But what matters is that now he knows he has a choice, whereas before he didn’t.”
“Like Theon? When he came to live with us?”

“Yes, Bran, just like Theon.”

Grand Inquisitor Jaime Lannister let out a long, drawn out sigh. He had spoken to Bran for what felt like hours about his childhood, how Cersei rose to power, his appointment to Grand Inquisitor, how talking with Caitlin Stark about honor and her subsequent beheading had shaken him, why he chose to take Bran on as an Apprentice, and how he was able to join the Rebellion. The more he spoke the more fascinated by his tale Bran became. Master Lannister had always looked rather tense, but the more he spoke to Bran the more his shoulders eased, and his body relaxed. It was like a huge weight was being lifted from his shoulders the more he confessed to Bran.

Bran couldn’t believe it when Master Lannister came to the part of his story about how he gave Senator Martell the plans to the Death Star. It was like the person sitting before him was someone he had never met before.

“You are the reason why the Rebellion was able to win the Battle on Greywater Watch?” Bran asked incredulously.

Master Lannister shook his head. They were still sitting in his room with their backs against the wall. “It wasn’t just me.” He explained. “All I did was tell Stannis where they could find the information for the blue prints. Archer Ebrose is the one who designed the Death Star. He created the weakness that made it possible for the Death Star to be destroyed.”

“But why would he do that? I thought all who fought for the Empire were loyal to the cause?” Bran asked, slightly confused. He had been with the Empire for four years. It felt like everyone who was aligned with Cersei stood with her because they agreed with her, not because they were forced to. Well, everyone except for him.

Master Lannister sighed and rubbed the back of his neck. Bran winced when he heard the audible pops that accompanied the gesture. Not for the first time that night, Bran wondered what kind of life Master Lannister had been living. “Ebrose was an engineer for the Republic. He deserted the military after Cersei took control and went into hiding. The Empire found him, killed his family, and forced him to create the Death Star. He made them believe he had learned his lesson and was loyal, but that was far from the truth. Before he died, Ebrose sent me a message telling me about a ‘chink in the armor’. Realizing what he meant, I used my military codes to find out where the Empire was hiding the plans to the Death Star. Unfortunately, the blueprints could only be accessed physically and not via download. I sent the information to Oberyn, and you know you the rest.”

Bran nodded. He had celebrated quietly in the refresher when he heard about the destruction of the Death Star. He had regarded the pilots who had dealt the battle station the final blow to be heroes. It had never occurred to him that there where others within the Empire that also deserved that title.

“How did Ebrose die?” Bran asked quietly. It felt important for him to know so that he could honor his sacrifice. It seemed that no creature knew what he had done for the Rebellion except for Jaime, and now Bran.

“The Empire had no more need of him once the Death Star was complete. Grand Clegane shot him in the back of his head.” Master Lannister looked Bran in the eye. “Everyone is disposable to the Empire. Everyone.” He said with more than a touch of disgust. “I loved my sister when we were children, but she changed after she ordered my father to kill my brother. She became cold and cruel, the perfect Apprentice.” Master Lannister’s eyes grew cloudy. He stared off into the distance as he remembered his childhood. “I had hoped that I could save her once, but now…” Master Lannister’s eyes refocused. “Bran, for everyone to live, Cersei must die.”
Bran frowned. “Are you going to do it?” He asked. Jaime had done horrible things, but somehow, it didn’t seem right to ask that of him. Cersei was evil, but she was also his twin sister.

Master Lannister shrugged his shoulders. “If it comes down to it, then I won’t hesitate to do so. Though, to be honest, I do not think that is what fate has in store for me.”

“But she is your sister.” Bran argued. “How could you do that?”

Master Lannister looked down at his hands. They were rough and callused from his years of wielding a lightsaber. “My sister died a long time ago. Her actual death is just a formality at this point.”

“I don’t want to kill anyone.” Bran said quietly. He had been taught during his Sith training that killing people was the ultimate way to achieve power. The voices were always begging him to take the life of another creature to become stronger. Bran didn’t want to be a Sith, so he had avoided the ultimate achievement in becoming one. He was afraid that if he did so now, there would no saving himself.

Master Lannister sighed. “I know you don’t, Bran. I would never ask you to.” He said quietly.

Bran furrowed his brow. “How can you say that?” He asked a bit accusingly. “You taught me that to become a Sith I had no choice but to murder people.”

“I know.” Master Lannister said calmly. “But think about it Bran. I told you those things, but did I ever encourage you to do them? Did I ever put you in a position that would require you to do so?”

Bran thought back to all their time together. In hindsight, Bran realized that whenever Master Lannister would teach him about Sith law he had always done so dispassionately. In fact, Bran felt like he learned more about being a Sith when he was forced to go on excursions with Ramsay and other Inquisitors than he ever had with Master Lannister.

“Do you think the Rebellion would ask me to kill people if I joined them?” Bran asked. He brought his legs into his chest and rested his arms atop his knees.

“Yes.” Master Lannister said bluntly, causing him to wince. “We are in the middle of a war, Bran. Creatures have died, and many more will continue to do so.” Bran placed his head into his hands and let out a whimper. “Bran, there is a difference between killing people because you want it, crave it, desire it, and doing so out of self-defense. Everyone who fights in the Rebellion is doing so because they are defending their right to live. You may be too young to remember, but Stannis tried politics before declaring war on the Empire. Cersei and her council believed themselves too powerful to be defeated and refused to listen to him.” Master Lannister rubbed at his eyes. Dark purple circles had become a permanent fixture on his over the years. Bran had assumed that it was only physical exhaustion, but now he suspected that it was also mental. “Cersei has murdered millions of creatures and has sent just as many to labor camps to die slow and terrible deaths from overwork and starvation. She blew up a moon just to demonstrate her power. Her followers get fat and rich due to their support of her and do not care about the suffering of others. Not all who fight in her armies believe in her cause, but many do. Stopping her and those who fight for her can save many more. Make no mistake Bran, it is possible for one person to destroy an entire nation. Cersei Lannister is such a person.”

“I understand. I do, it’s just… I don’t want to become a Sith. I don’t want to kill people for revenge or because I desire to do so.” Bran mumbled through his hands.

“So don’t.” Master Lannister said. “If you take the life of another, do it because there was no other
choice, when all other options have failed you. Don’t do it for power or vengeance.” Jaime shrugged his shoulders. “Who knows? Perhaps you joining the Rebellion will show other creatures that they don’t have to fight for Cersei. Maybe they will surrender, and instead of killing the opposition we can take more prisoners.”

Bran took his head out of his hands and looked at Master Lannister. “Do you…” Bran let out a shaky sigh. “Do you think the Rebellion would even want me?” He asked. He felt like no creature would want anything to do with him considering his affiliations with the Empire, not to mention his problems with the Dark Side.

Master Lannister snorted. “You have no idea how much Stannis wants you to join the Rebellion. He has been after me to hand you over to them for at least a year now, if not longer.”

Bran frowned. It sounded like the Rebellion thought of him as a pawn and not a person. “I’m not an object to be traded around.” He said with conviction.

“Believe me when I say that I agree with you.” Master Lannister stretched out his legs and crossed his arms over his chest. “I refused Stannis at first because I wasn’t sure if the Rebellion had a shot in hell at defeating Cersei. I didn’t want you to escape her only to be brought back into her clutches if the Rebellion lost. But now, after the Death Star…” Master Lannister knitted his brows together. “There is no denying that Stannis has all the momentum right now. Just this past month three more star systems have declared for the Rebellion.”

“So, what? You were just going to drop me off at the nearest Rebellion cell without any type of warning whatsoever?” Bran said with a hint of bitterness. How could Master Lannister say that he cared about him when he was just going to leave him with a group of people he didn’t even know?

Master Lannister eyed him warily. “Hey, it’s okay. I am just—”

“I’m fine.” Bran insisted. “The voices haven’t come back.” He wrinkled his brow and searched within himself. “It’s weird. Normally I can feel them there, just beyond the surface of my consciousness, but it’s like they are gone completely. Now I just feel me, and nothing else. Does that make sense?”

Master Lannister nodded his head. “It does. Many creatures who study the Force are tempted by the Dark Side. Some feel the temptations constantly, while others are able to overcome the pull and never feel it again.”

“Which one do you think I am?”

“I don’t know.” Master Lannister said. He pulled on his bottom lip thoughtfully. “It’s too soon to tell. But you are strong, Bran. Even if you feel the pull for the rest of your life, you will never give in.”

“How can you be so sure?” Bran asked doubtfully

“Because you are strong Bran. And you are special. The Force has chosen you for a special purpose.” Jaime gave Bran a supportive smile.

“Do you really think so?” Bran asked. It almost seemed to good to be true that there were good things in store for him and his future. Everything had been dark for so long. Was it possible that the darkness would soon end for him?

Master Lannister nodded his head. “Your visions, Bran, are not normal.” Bran frowned. Master Lannister quickly continued. “I am not saying that there is something wrong with you Bran, but simply that the Force has chosen you. There is power in knowledge. The Force is giving you
knowledge by helping you to see into the past. What you see could hold the key to stopping the Empire.”

“Maybe…” Bran said slowly. He didn’t like being told he was special. It made him remember how Cersei would treat him. Bran decided that he would think on why he was chosen to see things through the Force later. He steered Jaime back to their original conversation before they had gotten side-tracked. “You said that General Baratheon wanted me to join the Rebellion?”

“He does. I don’t know if you are aware, but Stannis has set his sights on Winterfell. The liberation of the planet had to be put on hold due to the Death Star, but now that it is no longer a threat he has returned to preparing for the assault. Stannis feels that if he has you to be the face of the battle, many of the planets in the system will align themselves with the Rebellion and fight against the Empire.”

Master Lannister gave him a piercing look. “Bran, I was never going to just ‘drop you off’ with the Rebellion. What happened on Tarbeck was a test to see how you could handle being around people you have been indoctrinated to hate. For your own safety, I had to see if you would try to kill Sansa Snow and her Padawan or let them live.”

Bran’s eyes filled with tears. “Sansa… she is my sister.” Bran whispered. He rubbed the heels of his hands into his eyes. All of the information was quickly becoming too much for him. He needed time to digest everything. “Master, I—”

Master Lannister raised his hands to halt Bran’s words. “Jaime. My name is Jaime. I am nobody’s Master.” He said. “You are not the only one of us that desires to have nothing to do with the Sith. But to leave them… It is a long and difficult road. I fear that no matter how hard I try, it will make no difference. I will always be a monster.”

Bran let out a shaky breath. He didn’t know if he was ready to hear what Master Lannister—Jaime—had to say, but he sensed that it needed to be said. “Why did you participate in the massacre at Winterfell?” Bran asked as delicately as he could.

Master Lannister turned his head and gave Bran a hard look. He silently asked Bran if he truly wanted to know the answer to his question. Bran gave him a steady nod, making him appear more courageous than he felt at the moment.

“I took part in the Winterfell Massacre because I was given instructions to do so for the glory of the Empire.” Master Lannister said without emotion. Bran understood his need to distance himself from being a part of something that he wasn’t proud of. Master Lannister rested his head back against the wall and stared at the ceiling. “Did you know that I was a soldier in the Clone Wars?” He asked.

“No.” Bran answered. He wasn’t familiar with any part of Master—Jaime’s—life before his Apprenticeship, besides the fact that he was related to Cersei.

Jaime nodded before continuing. “It wasn’t anything glamorous. The war was handled mostly by the Jedi and Clones, but there were a few creatures such as myself who commanded Star Destroyers and worked with the Jedi. My father had placed me in the military academy when I was a teenager so that I could spy for him and help Cersei become Empress. ‘Good soldiers follow orders’ my military leaders said. In a way it was like what my father, who was my Sith Master, taught me. It was either follow what he said or face punishment. The ultimate one, of course, was death.” Jaime’s body shivered slightly at the memories. “That is what I grew up with my whole life. You follow your leaders and don’t ask questions. That is what it meant to be a good soldier, and a good Apprentice. Sure, I was encouraged to look for my Master’s weaknesses so that I could overthrow him, but I was never to question his directives. When I was told to murder people in the name of the Sith or the Empire, it never occurred to me to question it.”
“You did once.” Bran said quietly. He remembered the most recent vision the Force had shown him. “You saved your brother.”

Jaime rubbed his hands together. “I had to.” He said with a sad type of conviction. “I couldn’t let him die.” Jaime cleared his throat. “He was just an innocent baby.”

“Do you think he is still alive?”

“If he is, I hope he is far away from the mess that our Galaxy has become.” Jaime lips quirked up into a small smile. He let out a huff that was meant to be a laugh. “What am I saying? I could tell just from looking at him that he was a fighter. I bet he is right in the middle of things, probably on the side of the Rebellion.”

Bran raised his eyebrows. “What makes you so sure that he would fight for the Rebellion?”

Jaime’s smile quickly turned into a frown. “Because he never grew up with my father or Cersei.” Jaime frowned. “I saved him, but I killed many others. I didn’t know them, but I knew what would happen to me if I didn’t obey, so I murdered without question. I justified it by saying that the creatures the Empire ordered me to kill would at least meet a quick end, as opposed to what would happen to them if some of my colleagues were given the order. Really, I was only saying that to keep myself from feeling guilty for the things that I had done.” Jaime leaned his head against the wall and stared up at the ceiling. “I didn’t kill your family Bran, but I killed members of your household. I have no excuse for what I did. I am sorry.”

Bran looked at Jaime, really looked at him, for the first time since he had met him. Instead of seeing a Sith Master that he had always feared, he saw a broken-down man who perhaps never had a chance to be anything in life besides what he was molded to become.

Bran stood up and looked slowly around the room. He realized now that whenever Jaime had encouraged him to renovate the small space, it was so that Bran could find a bit of respite from the problems he was facing. He ran a hand through his hair and looked down at his Master. Without hatred or disgust. If anything, Bran looked like he was trying to understand him. “You know, I always find it interesting when you ask creatures why they did something, and if you don’t like the answer, their reason suddenly becomes an excuse.” He said. “Master—”

“Jaime.” He insisted. “You call me Jaime. I am nobody’s Master.”

“You are my Master.” Bran said quietly and with conviction. “You cared about me when no one else did, even if you had to hide it. I may not like that you did that, but you were right to do so. If Cersei had suspected, for even a moment, that you had any type of fatherly feelings towards me she would have taken action against you.” Bran ran his hair through his hands. “I am not condoning your decisions, or the countless crimes you have committed, but I…” Bran trailed off slowly as he watched him with his wide brown eyes. He shook his head and cleared his throat. “You have given me some things to think about. My father, and my mother, always encouraged my siblings and I to think for ourselves. Yes, we were expected to follow the rules, but we were given space to ask questions. It doesn’t sound like you had any of those privileges throughout the course of your life.”

Bran’s eyes moved to gaze at the crate that held his meager belongings. It felt like decades since he had been home instead of a few short years. Perhaps, more than feeling like a place where he could be himself, Jaime had wanted his ship to feel like home. Bran wondered if Jaime had ever felt that way about a place.

“When I was a youngling, my father took care of Theon Greyjoy, nephew of Cersei’s first assistant Euron, for a time. It was obvious when he came to live with us that honesty and kindness were not
attributes that Theon had been taught. Later, he confided in us that his own father rarely took notice of him, and with his sister away at the military academy it had been left to caretaker droids to raise him. Theon... was not kind when he first came to live with us. When I talked to my Father about it, he said that nobody had ever given Theon a chance to be anything, be it good or bad. Father had taken him in to give Theon a chance.” Tentatively, Bran reached down his hand to help his Master off the floor. “You made a good decision when all you were ever taught was how to make bad ones. You went against the group you are a part of when you were taught to never question the orders of others.” Bran gave him a small smile. “That has to count for something. No, it doesn’t erase what you have done, and I am not saying that I forgive you for what happened to my family, but I believe you are trying to be better than what you were, and I want to be a part of that.” Silent tears began to stream down Jaime’s face. He slowly took Bran’s hand and allowed the younger man to lift him off the floor. Cautiously, Bran put his arms around Jaime and gave him a hug. “You were a good Master to me, even though I didn’t realize it at the time. It is not too late for you to be a great one.”

“You saved my life Bran. You and your Mother.” Jaime wept.

“Thank you for saving mine as well.” Bran replied. He wondered at that moment who was the young man and who was the Master.

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Bran closed his eyes. He focused on the small light that resided in his chest. He took slow, deep breaths in and out of his nose.

My name is Bran Stark.

He pushed the throttle on his lightsaber, activating the single blade. His weapon hummed to life.

I am the son of Ned and Caitlin Stark.

Bran raised his lightsaber overhead in the Djem So attack stance of Form V. Holding the hilt with both hands, he angled the blade back and down at a 45-degree angle.

I am good.

The light within Bran began to grow. He could feel the Light Side of the Force as it began to envelope his entire being.

I am kind.

Bran cocked his head to one side. He bent his knees slightly as he prepared to Force jump towards his opponent.

I am not a Sith.

Letting out a small cry, Bran jumped towards the back corner of the cargo room. He brought his lightsaber over his head as he came down from the jump. Opening his eyes, he saw Jamie smiling at him as he brought his own blades up to counter the blow. Unlike other Inquisitor’s who split their single kyber crystal in half to create a staff, Jaime was the owner of two crystals. Thus, his hilt disconnected at the middle so that he could wield two blades at once. He held the longer blade in his dominant right hand, and the shorter shojo in his left hand.

“Very good Bran.” Jaime said proudly. He relaxed his left arm and brought his shojo down and to his left to strike Bran at his waist. Bran pulled up on his blade and flipped his body backward and out of the way.
“Thank you Master.” Bran said with a smile.

Jaime chuckled. “Don’t get too comfortable. I may be old, but I’m not dead yet.”

Extending his palms, Bran sent a Force push towards his Master. Jamie anticipated the attack. He jumped up towards the wall and kicked off it with his right foot. Swinging both sabers overhead, Jamie brought them down on top of Bran in the same move that his pupil had used earlier. Bran brought his lightsaber overhead to parry the blow. As soon as Jamie’s feet touched the ground, Bran transferred his weight onto his dominant foot and swept his opposing leg towards Jamie’s body. Jamie flipped overhead to avoid losing the advantage. Bran completed the turn to face him and sent out another Force push. This one was smaller and only meant to bring Jamie to the floor instead of sending him flying backward. It had the desired effect, but Jamie sent out another push of his own as he was falling to avoid letting Bran make the killing blow. Bran put out his palms and hovered just about the floor. Using his legs, he kicked up and out to right himself.

Bran raised his saber overhead and angled it backward once more as he and Jaime circled each other. Jaime reversed the grip on his shojo as he bent both elbows. Holding both blades towards his left side, Jamie straightened both his arms. He angled one lightsaber towards Bran’s neck and the other at his wait. Bran immediately shifted his wrists and blocked the blow while keeping his blade angled downward. He pushed his arms up to stop the movement and to force Jaime’s blades away from him. Finally spotting a chance for an offensive move, Bran bent his elbows and sent a slash towards Jaime’s neck while keeping both hands on his hilt. Jamie easily blocked it with his shojo. Bran arched his body back to avoid Jaime’s counterattack with his main lightsaber. Using his non-wielding hand, he jumped backwards off the floor and away from Jaime.

“Very good, Bran.” Jaime praised. He turned off his sabers and clicked the ends of the hilts back together.

Bran wiped the sweat from is brow before turning of his own lightsaber. He placed his hands on his knees as he panted from the exertion. “It’s getting… a bit… easier…” He said between gulps of air.

Unlike him, Jaime was the picture of perfect ease. He didn’t even look exhausted. “Good.” He said. He moved to the crate that was next to the door. He grabbed his and Bran’s canteens of water and his own personal tablet. Sitting down with his back to the crate, he motioned for Bran to join him.

Bran took the canteen gratefully. He greedily drank from its contents.

“Any voices at all?” Jaime asked as he powered up his tablet. He didn’t look at Bran when he said it, but there was not denying the concern in his voice.

“None.” Bran answered truthfully before taking another sip of water. This time he drank it more slowly and carefully. He didn’t want to be water logged once they started again after their break.

Jaime gave a small nod in response. It had been three weeks since Tarbeck and Bran had not heard the voices once since he had been forced to confront them. While a part of him was worried that they were just letting him get comfortable again, a larger part hoped that he was done with them for good; that he had shown the Dark Side that he was stronger than their temptations would ever be.

“It says here that to wield the Light Side of the Force one must be calm and steady.” Jaime mumbled as he read from the electronic pages. Bran smiled. He knew what Jaime was about to say next, since this topic had been discussed at length for the past three weeks. Being respectful, Bran remained quiet so that his Master could finish. “It also says that happiness and love can increase its use as well.” Jaime rubbed under his chin as he continued to read the old Sith texts. “It could be a load of shit since we are having to read in between the lines here, but it seems to be working. Darkness can’t
be where light resides.” Jaime turned to scrutinize Bran. “You aren’t lying to me? You really haven’t heard anything?”

Bran shook his head. “I haven’t, I promise.” Bran touched his palm to his chest. “Whenever I meditate I can see this light inside of my very being. It grows more every day.”

“No more self-loathing?”

“Well…” Bran hedged. He didn’t want to worry Jaime any more than he was already worried, but he knew that he had to be honest in order for him to continue to make progress. He also didn’t want Jaime to feel any more guilt than he already did.

Jaime took a sip of water from his canteen. “Well…?” He pressed.

“For almost four years I was constantly being told by the Dark Side that I was useless and pathetic, and that it was good that all my family was dead because they wouldn’t even want me. I would always try to argue that it was wrong, but in the end, when I asked you to kill me, I believed the Dark Side. After being told something like that for so long, it was hard not to believe it anymore.” Bran said quietly.

“Do you still feel that way now?” Jaime asked.

“Yes and no.” Bran sighed. He took his lightsaber that he had placed next to him and began to polish the metal on the hilt with his shirt. He wasn’t comfortable expressing his feelings and his hands needed the distraction to help him continue. “In my head, and in my heart, I know that it isn’t true.” He gave a soft smile. “Whenever I begin to even feel those things, I repeat the words that you said to me. ‘I am Bran Stark. I am good. I am not a Sith.’ It empowers me and helps me stop any negative feelings before they can surface.” Bran turned his hilt around and began to work on the opposite side. “I just thought that with the voices being gone, I wouldn’t feel this way anymore.” Bran felt his eyes prick with fresh tears.

Jaime was quiet while he thought about what Bran had said. He lifted his hand to pat his arm but thought better of it and relaxed it by his side. Bran was thankful for his hesitance. His self-doubt wasn’t the only thing he was struggling to overcome. Realistically, he knew Jaime would never hit him—he was always careful in trainings to use the barest amount of Force in his blows—but Bran had conditioned himself to expect punishment from him.

Jaime scrolled through the pages on his tablet. Finally finding what he was looking for, he turned it towards Bran so that he could see the screen. “I don’t think it is strange for you to still feel that way. It has been three weeks Bran, not three years. Healing from that takes time.” Jaime pointed to a particular passage. Skimming through it, Bran read about how the Jedi were weak because they chose to heal the wounded instead of strike them down and move on. “I think that the reason you don’t hear the voices now is because you are trying to heal yourself mentally and emotionally. That is a good thing. We know that the Light Side clings to goodness, and that is why I don’t think you are hearing the voices even with your struggles.”

Bran frowned. The tears threatened to spill onto his cheeks. “So, it is just me then?” He said softly.

“Yes, but I don’t think that is a bad thing.” Bran looked a Jaime in disbelief. “Let me finish.” Jaime said, raising his palms up to Bran to stop him from interrupting. “You can’t control the Dark Side. It tempts you into making you believe it can, but really it controls you and uses you for its own gain. Just think of all the times you told it stop but it never did; it’s because the Dark Side has no master but itself. In contrast, you, Bran, are your own master. You can’t control your thoughts, but you can control if you indulge in them and let them determine your actions. Before, you would try to stop the
voices and you never could. But now, when it is just you, you are stopping your thoughts before they can take root and harm you. If you were unable to do so I would worry that you may have a mental illness, but I don’t think that you do.”

Jaime raised his hand once again. Bran slowly nodded his head to let him know it was okay to touch him. This time he only winced as Jaime placed a solid hand on his shoulder. “I know you are struggling Bran, but I am happy that you are. If everything was suddenly all right after all the trauma you have experienced, I would be concerned that you are repressing your emotions again.” Jaime removed his arm from Bran and began to fidget with his tablet. “I am glad that you feel like you can talk to me about all this, even though I may not know how to help you.” He said gruffly.

**Bran gave out a small chuckle.** It appeared that they were both uncomfortable with talking about how they felt. Though with Jaime it wasn’t too surprising. It had been three weeks since their conversation, and Bran often found himself thinking about Jaime’s life growing up. In fact, it was a popular topic for his meditation. Bran desired to forgive him for all of the horrible things he had done, not for Jaime’s peace of mind, but for his own. Bran knew if he held on to the resentment that he felt towards others who had wronged him and his family, it would only be a matter of time before the voices came back to tempt him again. Bran did not want that. So, while forgiveness was the harder choice – and he was beginning to understand why the path to becoming a Jedi was much harder than that of a Sith due to their call for forgiveness—Bran resolved to keep trying. At the very least, he was beginning to understand why Jaime had felt like he had no other choice but to do the things he did. Even looking at Jaime now, so cautious to let Bran know that he appreciated him opening up to him, Bran wondered if Jaime was ever told that it was okay to feel anything beyond hatred and anger.

“Master, I was wondering…” Bran said cautiously. He had been thinking about something for a while, and now seemed like as good a time as any to bring it up. “Do you think it would be possible for you to leave the Sith as well? Maybe you could try to become a Jedi, like you are teaching me to do?”

The frown on Jaime’s face was so severe that Bran worried it would give him permanent wrinkles. He couldn’t help the immediate tensing of his shoulders that came as a result of displeasing Jaime. Seeing his reaction, Jaime immediately softened his expression. “No.” He said simply, definitively. His tablet beeped to let him know of an incoming message.

“But—”

“Bran, it just isn’t possible.” Jaime said. He opened the message but paused to finish their conversation before reading its contents. “You speak of there being a light within you? There is only darkness within me. I am a monster. The Light Side would never respond to me.”

“If that were true then it wouldn’t respond to me either.” Bran insisted. “I used the Dark Side before, you know that.”

Jaime closed his eyes in guilt. “Not like I have.” He said quietly.

“No, not like you have.” Bran agreed. “But it’s like you have said, the Light Side is associated with ideas of good, generosity, healing and wisdom. I know you desire to have those qualities, and it’s obvious that you—”

“I didn’t take you in to redeem myself Bran, nor is that I joined the Rebellion. I did it because I couldn’t look at myself in the mirror anymore.” Jaime interrupted.

Bran could see that he was starting to become agitated. While his reaction would have been enough
to stop Bran before, Bran knew that they needed to have this conversation. Calling upon his courage, Bran forged ahead. “Perhaps in the beginning, but you said so yourself that you care for me as if I am a son. That is love and love is a part of the Light Side.” Bran declared.

For just a short moment, Bran saw what he thought was hope flicker behind Jaime’s pupils. Just as quickly as it came though, it also left. “It just isn’t possible Bran.” Jaime said. He returned his gaze to his tablet. Bran opened his mouth to speak again but Jaime cut him off before he had the chance. “It just isn’t.” He insisted.

Bran decided to take Jaime’s cue and let the conversation end. However, if Jaime thought that the topic was over he was mistaken; if Bran could learn to make peace with Jaime and the things that he had done, then Jaime could learn to do the same. Perhaps it was too far of a stretch to think that Jaime could be a Jedi, but Bran thought that it was in realm of possibility for him to stop being a Sith.

Standing, Bran begin to stretch his stiff muscles. They had been training relentlessly in between trying to decipher how to use the Light Side of the Force and making sure that they stayed on course to the Riverlands System. Bran began to walk through his Form V stances when he heard Jaime let out a growl in the back of his throat. He was gripping the tablet so tightly that Bran could see his knuckles begin to turn white.

“What’s wrong?” Bran asked carefully. He could feel the hairs on his arms and neck begin to stand up. All around him, the Dark Side of the Force began to crackle with electricity as Jaime fed it his anger.

“That fucking evil bitch.” Jaime said low and deliberately. “It appears that my sister,” Jaime spat out the word as if it were poison, “has discovered that Mistwoods governor, and most of its people, are actually loyal to the Rebellion. As punishment, she has decided to take all the younglings age three and under back to Kings Landing. I doubt I have to tell you what will happen to them.” Jaime said. He looked meaningfully at the Empire insignia that adorned Bran’s armor. Bran felt a shiver go down his spine. “I just received a message from Ramsay Bolton, the Inquisitor that has been put in charge of the mission. He and Trant have been given orders to go and retrieve the children, but to first lay a trap for any members of the Rebellion who are undoubtedly going to come to the planet’s aid. They will be there in seven days.” Jaime leaned his head back and covered his eyes with his free hand. “Damn it!” He screamed. “I can’t even send a fucking message to Oberyn. The Empire has this place wired to the teeth. All forms of communication are tracked. The people on that planet are as good as done for.”

Bran stood there with his mouth open in shock. “What?... How?...” He stumbled over his words. Bran knew the Empire was terrible, but this was a whole different level of evil that did not seemed plausible. Even in war, there were rules, weren’t there?

Jaime raised his tablet to Bran. “I just received a message from Ramsay. Nobody is to warn Mistwood or their Governor what is about to happen to them. Apparently, the Senators meeting with Cersei was done in secret. Ramsay has requested that we go as their backup. It appears we are the closest to the planet besides them.”

“Thank the Galaxy for that!” Bran exclaimed without thinking.

Jaime’s anger quickly turned to confusion at Bran’s outburst. He narrowed his eyes when he realized what Bran was implying. “No. Absolutely not. We can’t—”

“Master those younglings—”

“—I am supposed to protect you—”
—could die if we don’t save them—

—Ramsay is going to kill you once he realizes you are a traitor—

—you will be there to protect me, but who will protect—

—not to mention the Rebellion members we encounter will shoot first and ask questions later, as they should—

—we have to save them!” Bran shouted over their arguing. Jaime closed his mouth in shock. In the four years that he had been with Jaime, Bran had never disobeyed him. “We have to.” Bran pleaded.

Jaime stood and began to pace back and forth in front of him. “Bran, you are my only priority. I must think about your safety. This is too dangerous. Think of the consequences that could occur if you declare for the Rebellion. Cersei will order your death on sight. No, I will tell Ramsay that it isn’t possible for us and have him find someone else.”

“We declare for the Rebellion.” Bran replied, stressing the ‘we’. “I am not going there alone. We will go together and let everyone know where our true loyalties lay.”

Jaime pulled at his hair. ‘Regardless of if I want to leave the Empire or not, it won’t work. Only the Jedi Council knows that I am a spy, and they only tolerate me because I provide them with useful information. None of them actually want me to join officially.” Jaime gave out a sardonic laugh. “Hell, they are probably hoping for my death so they don’t have to explain why they trusted a Sith Lord to help them.”

“I don’t care about the political implications of what we do. My father taught me to be honorable. You and I both know that allowing those younglings to be taken by Cersei would haunt us for the rest our lives if we did nothing to stop it.” Bran argued.

Jaime stopped pacing. “Bran, this is obviously a trap. Cersei is hoping that some high-ranking Rebellion officials or Jedi are sent to the Mistwood’s aid. Sansa could be there. Are you even ready for that?” He questioned.

Bran stiffened noticeably. Of all the things they had discussed over the last three weeks, Sansa Snow, no, Sansa Stark, had not been a topic of conversation. This was not from lack of trying on Jaime’s part. He had mentioned Sansa to Bran on several occasions, but Bran had always deflected by telling him that he was not ready to discuss his new-found sister. They had even discussed the likelihood of Arya being alive and if they should both go with Brienne to try and find her, but never Sansa.

In truth, Bran was afraid of what would happen if they met each other again. While he wasn’t a Sith anymore, if ever, its not like Sansa knew that. Plus, Jedi were against familial attachments. Bran was terrified that once they told Sansa the truth about her origins, she would reject him as her brother; if it wasn’t because of his Sith training, then it would be because she wasn’t supposed to have a family. Bran was desperate to be with his family again. As of right now, that meant Sansa. Yes, Arya was a possibility, but Bran had been firm in not allowing himself to get his hopes up that the boy a former member of his household saw was really his sister in disguise. Thus, to him, Sansa was his only family left. Bran didn’t know if he had it in him to handle her not wanting any type of relationship at all.

“I don’t know.” Bran said honestly in answer to Jaime’s question. “It scares me to think that she may not want anything to do with me. Her and I may be all that is left of the Stark’s, but what if she doesn’t even want to be a Stark?” Bran shook his head at his negativity. He was allowing his fear to
dictate his actions. Jedi needed to be brave. “I can’t let that stop me.”

“Bran—” Jaime stopped when Bran raised his hand to silence him.

“I know you are afraid of loosing me, but you can’t let that stop you either. Those children need us, Master. We might be their only chance.” Bran pleaded.

“The Rebellion could get there before us, Bran. We might not even make it out of the ship before we are shot at.”

“Then we stay on the ship and fly away.” Bran took the tablet from Jaime and began to put in the coordinates for Mistwood from the current location. “We are only a little over a week out. We won’t get there before Ramsay and Trant, but there is a good chance we might make it before a counterattack can even be made. The rebels on the planet will most likely wait for an emissary from the Rebellion before striking, and Ramsay won’t move the younglings before then. He will need them for leverage. Unless they have a team that is a day away from the planet, we should be able to stop Ramsay and free the younglings while everyone is still in hiding. We don’t even have to let them know it was us. We can disguise our faces somehow.”

Jaime stopped pacing. He put his hands on his hips and stared at Bran. “There are a lot of assumptions with your plan.”

Bran shrugged. He met Jaime’s gaze with his own determination.

Jaime threw his hands up in the air. “Fine. We go. But.” He pointed his finger at Bran’s chest. “You will listen to me the whole time, you understand? Ramsay and Trant will be our biggest problems. They didn’t get their positions by bribing anyone.”

“I guess it is good you are the Grand Inquisitor then.” Bran said with a smile.

Jaime let out a short laugh. “You bet your ass it is.” Jaime made a gesture to Bran and then to himself. “We go in plain clothes as well. I have some spare ones in my room. Hopefully it will throw creatures off as to our true identities since Inquisitors are associated with their black clothes and armor, but I doubt it. Everyone knows who we are.”

Bran nodded. “Yes, I agree.” Bran walked towards Jaime. Mirroring his actions only a short while ago, Bran placed a hand on Jaime’s shoulder. In the back of his mind he wondered when he had caught up to Jaime in height. He was now only two or three inches short than his Master. “Thank you, Master. It is the right thing to do.”

“You Starks are going to be the death of me.” Jaime said dryly. He patted Bran’s hand. “All right. Let’s go plot a course for Mistwood.” Jaime turned and began to go up the ladder that lead to the main floor of the ship. “And be prepared for your training to be kicked up a notch or ten. We are taking no chances with Ramsay as our opponent.”

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Bran jiggled his leg anxiously in his copilot seat next to Jaime. He was so nervous that he was unable to appreciate the green lush of Mistwood’s natural forest canopies. Though it was dark, the moisture in the air glittered off the dark green leaves, giving them a luminous look in the moonlight. Jaime’s ship skimmed just above the surface as he flew them towards the hospitals launch bay.

“Any other messages from Ramsay?” Jaime asked.

Bran checked his tablet for what felt like the hundredth time. “None.” He said. Bran frowned when
he watched all the outside hospital lights turn off. “Do you think we should be concerned?” Bran asked. He pointed down to the hospital before the flew over it.

“No more than we are concerned about everything else that is about to happen.” Jaime grunted. He idled the ship above the bay before slowly beginning their descent.

Bran nodded. It would be a lie to say that he wasn’t apprehensive about what they were about to do, even if freeing the younglings, taking on Ramsay and Trant, and declaring their support for the Republic was the right thing to do. Still, he knew his nerves could not touch what Jaime was feeling. He was about to turn his back on everything that he had ever known and been trained for since childhood. It was a big step for Jaime and one full of uncertainty. Bran didn’t care what anyone else said about what Jaime had done or what he was going to do; in this moment, he was proud to call Jaime ‘Master’.

Jaime parked the ship in an open spot close to the exit that would lead them to the hospital. Unsurprisingly, the launch bay was deserted, save for two White Walkers who stood with their weapons at attention in front of a storage closet. They waved to Jaime and Bran before returning to their positions. Jaime indicated with his hands under the console for Bran to stay quiet until they were out of the cockpit.

“What do you think they are guarding?” Bran asked as soon as they left the room.

Bran was wearing a pair of Jaime’s tan trousers and a white, button down tunic whose sleeves he had rolled up to his elbows. While he was almost as tall as Jaime, he was not as wide or muscular. They had fashioned a pair of suspenders for him out of some old leather belts and spare buttons to keep his pants from falling down, since the pants themselves had no loops to put a belt through. He held his lightsaber in his hand since his Inquisitor armor had a built-in holster that he normally used. Jaime promised him that after their mission he would help him build a new hilt so that the saber could clip in to a utility belt. They had both sworn to never wear their Inquisitor armor again.

Jaime shrugged at they made their way to the exit. He pressed a few buttons to let down the landing ramp before palming the door open. Unlike Bran, his lightsabers did have a clip since his hilts were older and made before he became an Inquisitor. He had clipped the weapon into his dark green cargo pants, where they dipped just slightly under its weight. He had left his brown, short sleeved, V-necked tunic untucked and had refrained from zipping up his cargo vest. Bran had seen him hide a small blaster in the inside pocket.

“Do you hear that?” Bran whispered as they made their way out of the ship. It was faint, but Bran was sure that he heard crying coming from the room that they White Walkers were guarding.

Jaime nodded his head. “Don’t say anything.” He instructed again under his breath, his lips barely moving.

Bran and Jaime began to walk towards the White Walkers. Jaime kept his gate casual and unconcerned. Bran envied that he was able to stay so calm under the circumstances, though he supposed it was something that Jaime had learned over the years. There was a reason Jaime was still alive after being a spy for four years. Bran wrinkled his nose the closer they got to their destination. It smelled like a sewer.

“Grand Inquisitor, we almost didn’t recognize you without your uniform.” One of the Walkers said. He saluted Jamie and Bran, who outranked both men as Jaime’s apprentice.

Jaime smiled at them and waved his hand in front of his body. “I almost didn’t recognize myself. I thought it would be better to appear in plain clothes so that we could get the jump on the rebels.” The
crying behind the doors became louder. Jaime continued on as if he hadn’t heard anything. “Any status updates we should know about? I haven’t heard from Inquisitor Ramsay in a few hours”

“The rebels are currently launching an assault on the hospital to save the younglings.”

Jaime raised an eyebrow. “Is that so?” He put his hands on his hips. It wasn’t a menacing gesture, but Bran saw that his fingers were ghosting over the hilt of his lightsaber. Jaime looked so relaxed that Bran doubted the White Walkers even noticed.

“Yes, sir.” The other White Walker said. He gave out a chuckle. “Those fuckers are walking right into a trap. Ramsay bribed one of the younglings’ fathers that if he lied and told Val and her men that the younglings were in the hospital, he would give him his daughter back.”

“He and Inquisitor Trant are waiting in the hospital now. If the rebels can get through the White Walkers and into the hospital, there is no way they will defeat those two. They are as good as dead.” His partner finished.

Jaime laughed along with them. “Ramsay is always stealing all the fun, isn’t he?” Jaime made a motion to the door behind him but kept his dominant hand on his hip next to his saber. “What you are two guarding then?”

“The younglings. They have been in here for about a day. We are under instructions that they aren’t to leave until—”

Faster than Bran could blink, Jamie raised his left foot and kicked one of the White Walkers in the stomach while unclipping his lightsaber with his right hand. Pressing the throttle, he slashed one through his armor across his chest. Bran, not wanting the other to message anyone through his helmet, quickly jumped forward. He grabbed the Walker’s weapon and threw it the side before ripping the helmet from his head.

“Bran!” Jaime yelled. Bran instinctively leaned back while Jaime brought the tip of his lightsaber to the man’s throat. “Is there anything else we should know?” Jaime growled.

“N-no.” The frightened man stuttered.

“Good.” Jaime said. Bran closed his eyes as Jaime slashed his throat. “Bran, get the door open.” Jaime instructed.

Shaking slightly, Bran palmed opened the door. No longer restrained, the smell that awaited him ignited his senses. The room smelled of shit, piss, and sweat. One quick look around the room told Bran why; none of the children had been allowed the decency of using the refresher and were forced to defecate on themselves. Unable to hold it in, Bran turned around and threw up next to the White Walkers dead body.

Jaime patted him on the back. Kneeling down, Jaime raised his hand and showed the younglings three fingers. “Who here is this many years old?” He asked kindly. Many in the group were crying, but a few of the braver children raised their hands after spying their captors bodies on the floor. “I need you to be my special helpers. Can you please help the smaller ones walk out of the room?”

One of the taller human younglings pointed to the creatures that looked like they should still be on their mother’s breast. There were about two dozen them laying on the floor, maybe more. Bran noticed that even though they were young the older children knew that the infants couldn’t be placed on the hard floor, and had removed tunics and cloaks to make the surface softer for them. “Baby.” She said softly pointing them. “‘o wal’.” She shook her head.
Jaime nodded. “That’s all right. My friend and I will help them.” He said kindly. He smiled at the
girl. “Can you be my leader out of the room?” The little girl nodded bravely. Taking the hand of a
smaller child, she hesitantly walked out of the room. Satisfied that there was nothing out there that
could hurt them, she walked with confidence towards the center of the bay.

Bran held his breath as he walked into the room and grabbed the nearest infant. He turned to look at
Jaime expectantly, but the older man already has his eyes closed and arms extended. Letting out an
exhale, Jaime opened his eyes and gently Force lifted everyone in the room, including Bran. All the
younglings went quiet as they watched the babies be levitated out of the room with wide eyes and
open mouths.

“‘edi!” The little girl squealed pointing at Jaime. Neither Bran nor Jaime had the heart to correct her.
It would terrify the younglings more if the children discovered what both men had been trained as.

“Is everyone here?” Jaime asked. The younglings looked around and nodded. Bran was happy to see
that most of the crying had stopped, save for the smallest ones in the group. “Good, now who can tell
me…” Jaime trailed off as he scanned the younglings. The light in the hangar bay was brighter than
in the storage closet, giving them a better look at the filth the children were covered in. Jaime’s eye
narrowed on one in particular. “What have you got on you? Hm?” Jamie whispered. He knelt next to
a small Tarth who was crawling on the floor.

Bran sucked in a breath. Looking around, he saw at least six similar looking vests on other
younglings in the group. “No…” He whispered in horror. “It’s not.. No…” He cried in a small voice.
He shook his head rapidly from side to side.

Jaime frowned severely. “Ramsay’s insurance policy, no doubt.” He muttered. He inspected the
bomb that was strapped onto the Tarth. “Remote detonator by the looks of it. My training in these is
hazy at best. We will have to get the detonator from Ramsay and destroy it before—” Jaime stopped
his sentence abruptly at the sound of the large doors to the hangar bay opening. He turned around
and ignited his lightsaber. “Bran get behind me.” He instructed. Bran clutched the infant that he was
holding to his chest and stood behind his Master. Some of the younglings began to cry again in fear.

Bran let out a shocked gasp as a head of very familiar red hair came charging into view with her
purple lightsaber, so like his own, already ignited and ready to attack. Hot on her heels was a larger,
kind looking man about her age, a large direwolf, and a woman that Bran recognized to be the
governor of Mistwood. About twenty armed rebels and a service droid brought up the rear.

Sansa Snow skidded to halt when she realized what it was she was seeing. Her lightsaber hung
limply at her side and confusion was written clearly on her face. The snowy white direwolf ran in
front of her. His hair was standing on end and he laid himself down into a menacing crouch. He let
out a low growl in the back of his throat. The larger man, who was panting slightly, looked from
both Bran and Jaime to their own group and back again.

“Well, this was certainly unexpected.” The man next to Sansa said.

“No.” Jaime sighed as twenty-two blasters were simultaneously raised and pointed straight at his
chest. “This was pretty much how I thought it would go.”

Barn quickly ignited his own lightsaber and went to stand with his master. If what Jaime feared was
about to take place, then they would face it together.
So... I'm sorry? I know you were all wanting the big fight to happen, but I felt like this really needed to happen first. It is was a really big deal that Jaime and Bran showed up to help Mistwood, and Jon and Grenn, and I wanted to explore that. I promise that next chapter will have the showdown between Ramsay and Trant. I hope that it doesn't disappoint!

Preview for Chapter 30:

Sansa eyes focused as she came out of her trance. She raised her own purple colored lightsaber and pointed it directly at Bran’s chest. “You, Bran Stark.” She said. Bran’s skin paled a little to have been called out by her. “I am going to ask you a question and I want the truth. If you give it to me, we will listen to what you have to say.”

Val glared at Sansa. It was obvious that the older woman did not appreciate Sansa being in charge of the mission, but it seemed that the Rebellion still followed the antiquated philosophy of the pre-Empire days: the Jedi outranks every creature and is always in charge.

Bran stoically nodded his head to let Sansa know that he wouldn’t lie to her. “Ask me your question.” He said. Jaime appreciated how brave he was being. They both knew what Sansa was going to ask, and how she reacted to the information could crush Bran, or worse, kill them both.

“On Tarbeck, after the cave in, did you try to kill me?” Sansa asked. She raised her chin and narrowed her eyes, almost daring him to lie to her.

That's a rap! Thank you all so much for reading my friends, and please comment if you like. I hope this week if wonderful for all of you. Catch you all next Sunday!
Happy Sunday my friends! Thank you all so much for your comments, kudos, and hits last chapter!

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

Chapter 30: Caring for Others

Is your brother dead?

Yes, Master.

Good. I must punish you for your momentary weakness. You have given me no choice.

Yes, Master.

It is weakness to care for others. I am punishing you for your weakness.

Yes, Master.

Whose fault is it that you are being punished?

Mine, Master.

It is always your fault, isn’t it?

Yes, Master.

Jaime Lannister resisted the urge to facepalm as soon the doors to the launch bay opened. Of all the towns on all the planets in all the Galaxy, of course Sansa Snow would be on this one. It was just the way his fucking life was going at the moment. Why wouldn’t Bran’s long lost sister, not to mention the object of Ramsay Bolton’s disturbing obsession, be on Mistwood?

Seriously, this could not get any—on, no, it just did.

Jaime knew that Bran meant well, but was it necessary to draw his own lightsaber and stand with him in solidarity? Hell, Jaime didn’t even blame the rebels for immediately raising their blasters after Bran’s little stunt. If it didn’t look like they were on Mistwood to take the younglings when the Rebels first opened the doors, it sure as fuck did now. By igniting his lightsaber, Bran had unintentionally made it look like they were using the younglings as bartering chips; the fact that he was still holding the small infant only made the whole scene worse. The direwolf next to Sansa was crouched low to the ground, ready to rip their throats out.

I have got to have a conversation with Bran about tact when this is over.

Contrary to how this may look, we are going to live through this, because there is no fucking way Bran and I are dying by they very people we are trying to help.
“Give me one good reason I shouldn’t shoot you down, you Imperialistic pieces of shit.” Governor Val Azadi demanded. She was a beautiful human, which was hardly surprising to Jaime. It seemed that all the attractive women he knew were either disappointed in his life choices or desired to kill him.

“Well, it would cause your clothing to be spattered in red blood. That’s going to distract the eye.” Jaime replied sarcastically. He waved his hand in front of him as he referenced Val’s strange choice of white tunic, white cargo vest, white leather pants, and white boots. “I mean, were you trying to be noticed during your quest to storm the hospital, or were you just—”

“Enough, Inquisitor.” Val growled. She narrowed her grey eyes at him. Her blonde, waist length hair fluttered as her body shook with anger.

“Master, I really don’t think it is wise to incite their anger if we want them to trust us.” Bran whispered. The youngling in his arms started to whimper from the tension in the room. Bran began to bounce lightly in an effort to calm him down. The direwolf cocked his head to one side as his blood red eyes took in what Bran was doing. Jaime wasn’t sure if he imagined it, but it seemed like his fur relaxed slightly.

Sansa Snow narrowed her Tully blue eyes at them. Unlike Val, her and the man next to her—that Jaime recognized to be a member of her squadron—were dressed in all black. Bran’s voice had been low so that no creature but Jaime and the direwolf should have been able to hear him, though it appeared that Sansa was able to pick up on his whispering. Jaime hoped that her Master had taught her something other than eavesdropping, such as being able to tell the difference between friend and foe. Not for the first time, Jaime wished that the Jedi had listened to Tyrion Waters when it came to his repeated warnings about Cersei all those years ago.

There was a tug on Jaime’s trousers. He looked down into the huge, green eyes of the girl who had helped him earlier. “Edi!” She said pointing in between Jaime and Bran. “hey help!” Jaime smiled at her courage. Her gesture seemed to ease the direwolf’s misgivings completely. Letting out a huff, he laid down at Sansa’s feet, content to rest his giant head on his crisscrossed front paws. Sansa looked down at him and frowned.

_Smart dog. Maybe he should be in charge._

The little girl’s bravery inspired the other younglings to come out of their fear-induced trance. All at once, the younglings who were able to speak, and the ones who thought they could, were motioning towards Jaime and Bran while attempting to explain how they had helped them.

The man next to Sansa looked between the younglings, the lounging direwolf, and his own group with a furrowed brow. His eyes moved to Sansa for a moment, but she seemed too entranced by Bran’s purple colored lightsaber to even be able to register the new development. Her pupils were moving quickly, and her brow was furrowed in deep concentration.

“Governor, wait.” The man said. He raised a hand to indicate for everyone to hold their fire. “If we shoot now, we will no doubt hit the younglings. Besides, I…” The man cleared his throat. “I think we might be able to trust them?”

Jaime winced as his voice went up towards the end of his sentence, effectively turning it into a question. Where was the big, muscular guy that had come to save Jon and Sansa from the cave-in? He looked like someone who could get shit done.

“You can trust us.” Bran pleaded. “We aren’t with—”
“Bran.” Jaime interrupted. “There is a time and a place for that but trust me when I say this isn’t it.” Bran frowned at him, but nevertheless nodded to show that he understood.

Sansa eyes focused as she came out of her trance. She raised her own purple colored lightsaber and pointed it directly at Bran’s chest. “You, Bran Stark.” She said. Bran’s skin paled a little to have been called out by her. “I am going to ask you a question and I want the truth. If you give it to me, we will listen to what you have to say.”

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Jaime appreciated how brave he was being. They both suspected what Sansa would ask; how she reacted to the information could crush Bran, or worse, kill them both.

“On Tarbeck, after the cave in, did you try to kill me?” Sansa asked. She raised her chin and narrowed her eyes, daring him to lie to her.

Both Jaime and Bran relaxed slightly. They had assumed that Sansa would want to know about Bran referring to her as his sister while in the midst of his mental breakdown. This question was much easier to answer and made Bran, and be extension Jaime, look very trustworthy. Sith were supposed to kill Jedi, and neither of them had attempted to do that on Tarbeck.

“No, I didn’t.” Bran said. Jaime was proud that his voice did not waver.

“Why?”

“That is two questions, my dear Jedi. You only asked for one.” Jaime retorted. Sansa frowned as the younglings began to scream more insistently this time that Jaime and Bran were Jedi. She opened her mouth to argue, but Jaime forged ahead before she could interrupt him. “We truly do not have time for this. Trust us or don’t, but there are bigger issues at play here. Ramsay Bolton and Meryn Trant are here. We need to find and intercept them before Ramsay tires of playing soldier and decides to blow up the younglings.”

“What are you talking about?” Val asked. She and her followers were still aiming their blasters at him, but Sansa’s companion lowered his.

Thank the Galaxy that at least one of them has some common sense.

“Ramsay Bolton, third brother, and Meryn Trant, fifth brother. These are not Inquisitors to be taken lightly.” Jaime motioned to the younglings behind him. “Six of these children, maybe more, have bombs strapped to them.”

Val’s men began to shout in outrage. Sansa’s jaw tightened while she looked behind him to verify his words. Her mouth opened in horror when she realized that everything he had said was true.

“Jedi, my Apprentice and I are here to help.” In a sign of good faith, Jaime deactivated his lightsaber. Bran followed his actions. Jaime clipped his weapon back onto the waistband of his pants. He raised his hands with his palms out. “Please, let us help you.”

For a few agonizing moments, Sansa stared at both Bran and himself. She looked to her squadron partner. “Sam?” She asked. Jaime thought it interesting that she would defer to him and not Val.
Sam nodded his head. He sidestepped Sansa so that he could face Val. “Governor Azadi, for reasons we cannot go into at this moment, I can say with full confidence that these two men standing before us are not followers of the Empire.”

Val frowned severely. “With all due respect, I am the leader of this planet. Not you, and not her.” She glared at Sansa.

Sansa raised her chin at the woman. “I have been put in charge of this mission, and we are trusting them.” She powered down her lightsaber and turned around to address Val’s followers. “When this mission is complete, I will take Grand Inquisitor Jaime Lannister and his Apprentice Bran Stark back to the Rebellion as our prisoners. Until then, we are to trust them. Is that understood?” Sansa stared every single creature in the eye as she spoke, letting them all know that she was the creature in charge. Everyone present, including Val, nodded their heads.

Sansa quickly made her way over to Jaime, Bran, and the younglings. Bran clutched the child he was holding closer to his chest, almost as if it could protect him from being close to Sansa and the feelings her presence would create. Her nose wrinkled at the smell coming from the younglings.

“Sam, with me. Val, assign a few men to keep watch. Does anyone here have any bomb experience?” Sansa asked as she began to inspect a vest. The direwolf trotted up behind her. He began to whine as he sniffed the bomb on the youngling.

Jaime frowned when nobody offered any help. “Do you have a way to get a hold of the Rebellion? Surely there must be someone who can help.” He suggested as he took a knee next to her. It was obvious that if the vests were taken off it would trigger the bomb to explode, but beyond that Jaime didn’t know a damn thing about the colors, cross wires, or anything else.

Sansa’s shoulders tensed slightly at Jaime’s proximity. Clearly, she did not feel comfortable being so close to a Sith. “I know someone we can call. My droid LA-D3 can help us.” Sansa motioned for her droid to come forward. She directed her to place a call to the Rebellion. She nervously cleared her throat before turning to face Jaime. “I have a favor to ask of you.”

Jaime raised his forehead in surprise, but remained silent as he waited for her request.

“Three members of my team, Jon, Grenn, and Pyp, are still in the hospital. I believe they are walking into a trap created by Ramsay and Trant.” Sansa looked towards the children. “I have to stay here and help them. Nobody else in our group possess the skills necessary to face the Inquisitors, except for you and your Apprentice.” She looked Jaime in the eye. Slowly, she raised her hand to him. “If you can save them, I will speak on your behalf to the Jedi Council. I cannot guarantee they will not punish you, but perhaps they will not sentence you to death so quickly.”

Jaime smiled at her. The poor girl had no idea that he was already with the Rebellion, but he appreciated her offer all the same. “Consider it done.” He motioned for Bran to put the youngling down so they could leave. He passed the little boy off to Sam. “Get the fucking vests off these children and get them out of here as quickly as possible. I will do my best to get the detonation device away from Ramsay, but I can’t guarantee I will be able to do so before he decides to blow everyone up for the hell of it.” Jaime stood. “You and I have much to discuss Sansa Snow. Until next time.”

Giving her a quick nod, Jaime and Bran quickly made their way out of the hangar bay and towards the hospital.

“Wait!” Sansa called after him. She motioned to Sam to give her his wrist comm. Sansa ran up to them and handed the device to Bran. He winced slightly at her outstretched hand. Impatient, Sansa
grabbed the hand not holding his lightsaber and placed the wrist comm in his palm. “Use this to contact us. My team, they might already be…” Sansa blinked a few times. “The channel is already set up. We will get the vests off the children and take them to a safe spot in the city.” Turning on her heel, Sansa made her way back over to her droid whose call had gone through to the Rebellion.

XXXXX Well, if there is one high point to this fucking nightmare it’s that I get to beat Ramsay’s fucking ass. That is always a plus.

“You will never touch Bran Stark again, you piece of shit.” Jaime glowered at both men. “Someone will die today, but it will not be the men who follow the Rebellion. That includes Bran Stark, and myself.”

Ramsay laughed manically at his words. His eyes danced with unbridled happiness and excitement. “Why am I not surprised in the least?” He turned to Trant. The man from Flea Bottom was never known for his intelligence, so it was unsurprising that he looked confused at the turn of events. “Oh, keep up dumb ass. Jamie here has just outed himself as a Rebellion sympathizer.” Ramsay pointed his lightsaber directly at Jaime’s heart. “Now I find myself at a crossroads. Do I kill you along with everyone else or do I take you back and allow Empress Cersei and Knight King to torture you first and then kill you?”

“Jon, Grenn, I suggest you two leave. The Rebel’s will need your help. Bran and I can handle this.” Jaime said to the two men behind him.

Bran gripped his lightsaber a little tighter from his spot next to Jaime. He hated to put so much pressure on him, but while Bran had never been good with the Force he was an excellent duelist. Trant was no pushover, Bran would be able to handle him while Jaime dealt with Ramsay. The blood dripping down Trant’s arm and into the carpet was promising.

“No fucking way.” Grenn growled. “We started this fucking fight and we are going to finish it.”

“Grenn is right.” Jon agreed.

Jaime sighed. It was typical self-sacrificing Rebellion bullshit. “Fine.” He said tightly. He rotated the wrist of his dominate hand and held the lightsaber in the traditional grip but kept the hold on his shoto in a reverse grip.

Ramsay licked his lips in excitement. “Let the games begin” He said with glee.

From the corner of his eye he could see Trant take a step forward and made an aggressive swing for Bran’s side. Bran expertly flipped himself back and out of harms way before bringing his blade up to deflect a blow. “Help the kid!” Jaime ordered. Unfortunately, that one sideways glance was all the attention he could spare Bran. Ramsay would require everything he had.

With a sick smile, Ramsay ignited the bottom half of his lightsaber and turned it into a staff. Holding it out in front of him, he brought his free hand back and thrust it forward. Jaime brought up both his hands into an ‘X’ shape and met the blast head on. Using the Force to weigh him down, his body only moved an inch or two.

Ramsay ran forward. He angled the top half of the staff down towards Jaime’s neck and shoulder. Jaime raised his dominate hand to defend against the attack. Using his shoto hand, he used the blunt end of hilt to hit Ramsay square in the jaw. The man fell backwards but recovered quickly enough to block against both of Jaime’s sabers as they came down upon his head.

“Where is it mother fucker?” Jaime demanded as Ramsay’s sent a gust of wind directly into Jaime’s
stomach. The downward pressure of his blades let up as he took a few steps back.

“Why Jaime, whatever are you talking about?” Ramsay taunted. From behind him he could hear Bran scream out in pain. He forced himself not to check on his Apprentice and keep his focus on Ramsay, who was charging towards him.

Jamie brought his hands out in front of him. He crossed the middle of his blades in an effort to get Ramsay’s neck stuck in the middle. In response, Ramsay leaned himself back and put his lightsaber in between the cross, stopping the movement. He pushed his blade out to open the cross. Jamie blocked the bottom saber as he brought it up and towards his arm.

“My, my, sounds like little Bran isn’t doing too well.” Jaime jumped up over Ramsay as he made a sweep for his legs. He turned around just in time to dodge a parry from Ramsay that was meant for his left side.

His chest and left side now open, Jaime raised his leg and sent a kick directly into Ramsay’s oblique. He crashed into the wall. Jaime used that tiny moment to risk a glance and see how Bran was doing. He was laying on the floor and breathing heavily. One hand was clutching his middle. Jon had taken up Bran’s lightsaber and was using Form IV to keep Trant at bay while Grenn was using a large, military-grade knife to cut into any piece of unarmored flesh he could find.

“Out of the way!” Bran screamed. Both Jon and Grenn moved to the side as Bran used the Force to push Trant against the wall. The impact was so devastating that a tiny portion of the wall cracked before Trant crumbled to the floor.

“Don’t let up!” Jaime yelled out to them before returning his attention to Ramsay. “It looks like old Trant is done.” He observed.

“Hardly a loss.” Ramsay scoffed. In the background Jaime could hear the sickening sound of flesh being ripped open. The smell of death permeated the air.

“Hey kid, you all right?” Jon asked.

Bran was clutching his stomach and looking extremely pale. He took in Trant’s body with wide eyes. He quickly threw himself onto his hands and knees as he began to dry heave on the floor.

Ramsay looked at Bran and frowned. “Poor child is still weak. I will of course be keeping him as a prize.” He turned to look at Jaime and raised an eyebrow. “You understand, don’t you?”

Ramsay reached above them. Jaime could hear the cracks as loud as thunder as the cement began to break. Within half a second the entire ceiling came caving in on him.

That fucking bastard used my move.

Jaime quickly deactivated his lightsabers and clipped them to his pants before reaching up. He levitated the rubble just as Ramsay leaped out of its path. He started stalking his way towards Bran, Jon, and Grenn.

“Ramsay!” Jaime yelled.

Jaime threw the rubble to the opposite side of the hallway. Running towards Ramsay, he kicked himself off the wall before landing in front of him. Jaime kept his eyes trained on the hilt of Ramsay’s lightsaber. In the exact moment that he brought the blades towards him, Jaime shot his
hands out. He grabbed both of Ramsay’s wrists with his hands, effectively halting Ramsay’s momentum. Jaime squeezed with all the strength the Force would give him. The pressure on the inside of Ramsay’s wrists caused him to loosen his grip on the hilt. Shifting his weight on his right foot, Jaime brought his right knee up and thrust his foot out to hit Ramsay square in the stomach. Ramsay dropped his lightsaber as he went stumbling back. Jaime picked it up and pointed it directly at Ramsay’s throat.

“You are beaten.” Jaime snarled. He cocked his elbow back to thrust the tip of the lightsaber directly into Ramsay’s throat.

Ramsay began to laugh like a maniac. “Oh, is this what you were talking about?” Quicker than Jaime could blink, Ramsay reached into his utility belt and pulled out a thermal detonator. Jaime hesitated. “Or this?” In his other hand Ramsay held a small cylindrical device. He placed his thumb on top of both activation buttons. “Decisions, decisions. Who gets to live and who gets to die?”

“You will die.” Jaime said. He narrowed his eyes and looked between both devices.

“Wrong. I guarantee it.” Ramsay said sinisterly. “But, I will make you a deal. Let me out of here alive and I will refrain from activating either one.”

“I will kill you now and end the problem.” Jaime pointed out. He gripped the lightsaber a little tighter.

“Ah, but you won’t, will you? It’s too risky. I could easily detonate them both before the lightsaber makes contact.” Ramsay smiled at him, triumphant. “Do we have a deal?”

Jaime ground his teeth together. “You will leave this planet immediately. No harm will come to anyone. Do you understand?” Jaime asked. He felt sick making a deal with a psychopath. Under any other circumstance he would have let Ramsay kill them both, but Bran was here. He couldn’t risk it. “Get up fucker.” He growled.

Ramsay slowly raised himself to his feet. Jaime kept his lightsaber pointed at his throat. Ramsay began to walk backwards, his eyes never leaving the tip of his stolen lightsaber as Jaime forced him to the stairwell. Jon, Grenn, and Bran kept close to the wall as he passed them. Ramsay turned his arm to palm the door open. He continued to walk backward until his back hit the handrail.

“Gentleman, it has been a pleasure.” Ramsay swung his legs over the rail. He positioned his feet at the edge of the stair before jumping down the center of the winding staircase.

Jaime let out a breath of air he didn’t realize he had been holding in. He hurried over to his Apprentice. “Bran are you—” Jaime stopped his question midsentence as the sound of a round ball hitting the carpeted floor filled the quiet hallway.

“Fucking hell.” Grenn muttered.

The thermal detonator began to quickly beep from it’s place next to the door of the stairwell. Jaime estimated that they only had a few seconds before it went off and eviscerated the entire floor.

“Everyone, into the room!” Jaime commanded. He grabbed Bran and slung him over his shoulder as he ran into the nearest room. “The window! Quick!”

Jon raised his hands out and sent a Force push to break the glass. Without missing a beat, he grabbed Grenn around the waist and jumped out of the building. Jaime was hot on his heels. He could feel the heat coming from the explosion’s fire just as his heel kicked him out of the window sill. He thrust his hand out and levitated himself and Bran just inches from the ground so he could gently put his feet...
onto the ground.

“You okay kid?” Jaime asked. He took Bran off his shoulder and placed him onto the grass. There was a diagonal slash from his right collarbone to his left oblique. It didn’t look too deep, though it was hard to tell. The heat from the lightsaber had immediately cauterized the wound. He used the Force to sense for Ramsay’s dark presence but felt nothing. The fucker had gotten away.

Bran nodded his head at Jaime’s question. “I’m all right. It wasn’t that deep.” He began to get to his feet on wobbly legs. “It sent a shock to my system is all.”

“Fucker took a cheap shot.” Grenn muttered. He looked away from Bran and to Jon. “Don’t you fucking dare tell Pyp about how carried me to our escape. The dipshit will never let me live it down.” Grenn turned towards Jaime and narrowed his eyes. “Where is Pyp?” He demanded.

Jaime rolled his eyes. “He is fine, though his aim could use some work. He took a couple of poor shots at us. I told him that if he stopped embarrassing himself we would let him and the youngling go. I don’t think I have ever seen someone run so fast.” Jaime returned his attention to checking over Bran.

Jon sniggered behind his hand. “Are you sure that was Pyp? He isn’t exactly known for his speed. And you bet your ass I am telling him about how I carried you to safety.” Jon said cheekily as he answered Grenn’s earlier question. He ducked out of the way when Green sent a punch to his shoulder. “Sorry, but I have never had that much control over the Force before. We floated down like a fucking feather. I have to tell the squadron, for training purposes of course.” Jon’s eye twitched. Jaime couldn’t tell if it was a wink or a spasm.

“Training purposes my ass!” Grenn took another swing at Jon.

“Hey! It’s important to share my progress!” Jon yelped when Grenn managed to flick his fingers onto his forehead. “Watch it ass hole.”

“Master?” Bran whispered. Jaime looked away from the two men and over to his Apprentice. Bran put his arm over Jaime’s shoulder and began to slowly walk towards the two men. “I think maybe I might like being with the Rebellion.” He had a wistful smile on his face as he watched Jon and Grenn continue with their petty bickering. Jaime knew that he was thinking about the family he had lost.

“Hey, you two.” Jaime called out to them. Both men turned their heads to look at them. “Call the Jedi. Tell her that we…” Jaime trailed off as a ship flew overhead. He looked up and watched as Ramsay’s personal vehicle flew over their heads.

Jaime’s knees gave out as the ground shook violently beneath him. His ears started to ring at the loud sound of several loud bombs going off. He quickly turned his body towards the hangar bay that was only a quarter of a mile away from the hospital. A huge cloud of billowy black smoke rested on top of the fallen structure. Everyone was rooted to their spots on the ground as they realized what had just happened.

Jon revered first. “Sansa!” He screamed. He took off in a sprint. “Sansa!” He screamed again desperately. Jon gripped the sides of his head roughly and let out an agonized scream as he fell to the floor.

Jaime frowned. The scene before him felt very familiar; it was almost a mirror image of what had happened with Jon on Tarbeck. The air around them began to thicken with the Dark Side as Jon continued to scream in pain.
What is the true relationship between Sansa and Jon? It is almost like they are linked romantically, but that isn’t possible. Is it?

Sansa was trained by Tyrion.

Tyrion is not a conventional Jedi.

But, surely, even he would warn her away from such things, considering what happened in the past. Wouldn’t he?

Bran’s body tensed next to him, bringing Jaime out of his thoughts. “Master, do you think?..”

Jaime sighed. There was no denying the power that was emanating from Jon’s body as the poor young man shook like a leaf. “Yes. Probably worse then you.” He said solemnly. “It happened as well on Tarbeck, while you and Sansa were trapped in the cave-in. He thought I had killed her. The Dark Side took advantage of his grief and offered him power to destroy me. I don’t think the way Jon is tempted is by the Dark Side is the same as you, but the promises are always the same: ultimate power, strength to overcome your enemies, world domination, blah, blah, blah.”

Bran tore his eyes from the scene and turned his head to look at Jaime. There was confusion wrinkled into his brow. “Master, doesn’t the Dark Side speak to you as well? These past four weeks we have spoken at length about what it has done to me, but never to you.”

Jaime let out a hollow chuckle. “I’m afraid that I am disappointment even to the Dark Side, Bran.” He said. Bran opened his mouth to speak again but Jaime cut him off. “To answer you question, no, the Dark Side doesn’t speak to me. It did once, but it doesn’t anymore.”

“What?! But that could mean—”

“It doesn’t, Bran.” Jaime said defeated. “This is another conversation for another time.” Jaime made a motion towards Jon. He was crying on the grass in a fetal position.

Tears filled Bran’s eyes as he watched Jon. “We have to help him Master.” He begged.

Jaime nodded. If anybody could understand what Jon was going through, it was Bran Stark. The two began to slowly walk towards Jon so that they wouldn’t startle him. While not as powerful as it had been moments ago, the Dark Side was still there, in the distance of the atmosphere. Jaime guessed that Jon was trying to fight it, with moderate success.

Jaime stopped walking when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. “Don’t. I will take care of him.” Grenn said simply. There was no denying the worry in his eyes as he gazed towards his comrade. Grenn tilted his chin towards the comm link that Jaime was wearing on his wrist. “See if you can contact anyone. Her call sign is ‘Queen Crow’, while Sam’s is ‘Baby Crow’.” He looked towards Jon. “If she and Sam are dead, I will need help restraining him. I am sure you can feel the struggle he is having with the Dark Side. He doesn’t want it, but he isn’t strong enough to fight it.”

Jaime raised an eyebrow at him.

“I am not a fucking Jedi so don’t even ask.” Grenn said to his unspoken question.

Jaime couldn’t stop the small laugh from his escaping his lips. “Believe me when I say I never thought you were.” Jaime’s smile quickly turned into a frown when he refocused his attention back to Jon. “Let me know when you need me.”

Bran gently set himself onto the grassy floor. “Give me the comm. I will try to contact Sansa. I…”
Bran turned his back to Jon and Grenn, who was silently walking towards his partner. “It’s too hard for me to watch this right now.”

“I understand.” Jaime handed Brann the comm link and knelt next to him. “I don’t think she is dead, Bran. Sansa is a smart young woman. I am sure that her and her group were able to dismantle the bomb vests and get out of there before Ramsay blew it up.”

Bran glumly nodded his head. Jaime unclipped his lightsabers from his pants. Crossing his arms, he placed himself in between Bran and Jon.

Grenn stopped a foot from Jon. Jaime noticed that he kept his knife in hand, no doubt for protection just in case Jon lashed out at him. “Jon?” He asked softly. Grenn crouched down to be eye level with Jon. “Jon, what happened?”

“I… my head… they won’t stop.” Drops of tears rolled off Jon’s face and into grass. “Grenn, it just won’t stop.”

“All right. It’s going to be all right.” Grenn said.

“How can you say that? She could be—Sansa, she could—” Jon gasped for air.

“Because this isn’t the end Jon. Not for you, and not for me. We are here, and we will continue. For them, and for ourselves.” Grenn reached into his cargo pants. He clicked the button of the small cylindrical device he had retrieved. Jon’s face began to glow with hues of blue as he looked at the holo picture.

“Dad.” Jon cried. He reached out with his hand and let his finger hover over the image of Jeor Mormont.

“What is that you have been saying about your Dad, Jon?”

Jon’s hand left the picture and went to his heart. “That he is here, with me.”

“That’s why you still hear him sometimes, isn’t it?” Grenn asked.

Jaime started at that information while Jon nodded his head. If Jon was hearing Jeor Mormont, then that could only mean one thing. Jaime’s eyes pierced the picture. Jeor Mormont had been a very strong Jedi. Was is possible that he had discovered the secret to becoming a Force Spirit? It was said to have been legend, but Jaime knew that many Jedi and Sith had searched for the means to immortality. Even his father had spent many years combing through the ancient Sith texts to see if such a thing were possible. It had been to Jaime’s overwhelming satisfaction that once he died, Tywin Lannister had stayed dead.

The trees around the hospital rustled, despite the lack of wind blowing around them. Jaime tapped Bran on his shoulder to get his attention. Thus far, Bran had only gotten static in his pursuit to contact Sansa or Sam. His Apprentice turned around and looked up at him in question. Jaime pointed to where he had heard the noise and to his ear, directing Bran to listen. The rustle happened again as Jon spoke quietly to Grenn. Bran hobbled to his feet and unclipped his lightsaber. Something was in the forest, and it was coming towards them.

“I love Sansa.” Jon whispered. “Why won’t the voices understand that I just want to love her, not possess her? They won’t stop.”

“You are strong, Jon. Everyone wants the strongest in their squad.” Grenn said. He brought one hand behind his back and motioned to the trees where the sound was coming from. His focus was on
Jon, but he was prepping himself for another battle if it was needed.

“No. I am not strong. I…” Jon choked back another sob. He rubbed at his moist eyes. “I am alone.”

“Jon.” Grenn said sharply. The harshness of his tone broke Jon out his stupor. “You are not alone. I am sitting here next to you. Pyp is out in the forest somewhere, probably running around like a fucking idiot looking for us while holding a youngling. Are Sam and Sansa dead? Maybe. But even if they are, does that mean that you are alone?”

Jon sat himself up onto his knees. He picked up the holo picture of himself with his father. “No, it doesn’t.” He said a bit hesitantly. Jon cleared his throat. “I am not alone. I have you, and Pyp, and the Force. With the Force, one is never alone.”

Bran sucked in a sharp breath. Jaime opened his mouth to ask if he was all right, but Bran shook his head. They needed to focus on other things. The bushes around the hospital started swaying side to side.

Grenn reached out a hand and put in on Jon’s shoulder. “Are you back?”

Jon nodded. “I’m back.” He stood up and dusted himself off.

“Good. Because I think—”

A large white direwolf shot out of the forest and straight towards Jon and Grenn.

“Jon! Grenn!” A woman’s voice screamed. Like an answer to a prayer, Sansa Snow came sprinting out of the forest, flanked by a much slower Sam and Pyp. She flung herself into Jon’s arms so fiercely that they went tumbling to the ground. “The blast blew out our comms. I was so afraid.” She exclaimed. Sansa laughed when Jon began to pepper her face with kisses.

“You are all right? You are real?” He breathed. Sansa nodded her head. Jon cupped her cheeks and gave her a full kiss on the mouth.

“Omph! What the—?!”

“You lucky fuckers!” Pyp screamed jubilantly as he threw himself on top of Jon and Sansa. He wrapped his arms around them both. “Sansa was freaking out about feeling the Dark Side and—”

Grenn cleared his throat to get Pyp to stop talking. “We took care of it.” Grenn hedged. Jaime assumed he did not want to break up the happy atmosphere. Grenn sat himself down next to his teammates. Pyp quickly grabbed his arm and pulled him towards the group. “Listen dip shit—”

“Sh. Don’t fight it.” Pyp soothed. Grenn laid there awkwardly as Pyp and Sansa threw one arm around his upper half. “Get in here Sam!”

Sam laughed. He laid himself down on his back and ruffled Jon’s hair with his hand. “I can’t believe we all lived through that.”

“Me neither.” Jon said ruefully.

“It was scary as shit, right?” Pyp said.


“I am so proud of all you.” Sansa smiled.
“So… does that mean we can have more victory alcohol, or—”

“Pyp!” Four voices said in unison.

Bran sniffled. He was smiling despite the tears streaming down his cheeks.

Jaime squeezed his shoulder. He wasn’t naïve. He knew the road ahead of them would not be easy. But, as he looked at the five young creatures laughing and rolling around the floor together, Jaime couldn’t help but feel something that he hadn’t felt since he ran his brother to the orphanage: hope.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope that this chapter did not disappoint! I know a lot of you were/are excited for Bran and Sansa, but as Jaime said there is a time and place for everything and younglings with bombs on their chests was not the time to drop the truth of Sansa’s heritage. Is it the right time next chapter? SPOILERS: yes.

Hooray for Jaime and Bran to officially be with the Rebellion. And as we can see from Bran’s emotions, they couldn’t have picked a better squadron to be with.

Preview for Chapter 31:

“Okay… yeah… right.. So, to recap, because I feel like that is important.” Pyp said, finding his voice first. “Jon, Grenn, and myself were lured into a trap by Ramsay and Trant. Sansa, Sam, and their group found the younglings, who were being rescued by Jaime Lannister and Bran Stark. Grenn thinks that Jaime and Bran rescuing us was a ploy to get to Jon, who may end up being a super powerful Jedi if he can get his Dark Side problems under control. Which, considering what just happened…” Pyp not so discreetly looked at Sansa’s wrist before clearing his throat. “But, Grenn’s theory is full of shit, because in actuality Grand Inquisitor Jaime Lannister, Sith Lord and twin brother to Empress Bitch, is a spy for the Rebellion and his Apprentice Bran Stark is Sansa’s biological brother.” Pyp looked at Bran. “Which you know because?..”

Bran cleared his throat. “The Force shows me visions. I saw her being born and subsequently taken away from our parents. I also saw her escape from the Temple and some of her life on Wall.”

Pyp’s eyes widened as he very slowly nodded his head. “That makes sense.” He said with a monotone voice.

Thank you all so much for reading! Please comment if you like and let me know what you think. Have a great week my friends and I will see you all next Sunday!
Chapter 31: Everyone Is Going To Be Okay

All I want is to be with Jon.

“Well, I would like to say it has been a pleasure, but…” Val gave Sansa a self-deprecating smile.

No, I need to speak with Val first.

Then I need to speak with Jaime Lannister and Bran Stark to try and decipher what their true intentions are.

Then we all need to sit down and debrief each other on what happened during our respective missions.

Then I need to debrief the Council on the entire mission.

Then I need to rethink our food rations and sleeping arrangements now that we have two more creatures on the ship.

Do we even have enough clothes for everybody?

Sansa waved her hand in front of her body. The gesture was meant to assure Val that there were no hard feelings between the two of them, and to help calm the thoughts in her own mind.

“No, I understand.” Sansa said with a half-smile. Besides the hand gesture, it was all the reassurance she could offer at this point. She was physically tired, emotionally exhausted, and unable to ease the stress that was beginning to form along her shoulder blades as she thought of all the tasks she had yet to complete.

Content with Sansa’s half-hearted assurances, Val raised her hand. The gesture took the younger woman by surprise. To say that Val had been displeased with her from the start would have been an understatement. The woman had questioned Sansa’s leadership at every turn and hidden it behind a smile that came off more patronizing than supportive. Still, Sansa couldn’t fault Val for her behavior. Her planet had been placed on lockdown, her followers captured, and younglings were taken from
Looking down at Val’s proffered hand, Sansa’s half-smile spread into a full one. She smiled genuinely as she gave Val’s hand a firm shake. “You are good leader, Val. I can see why your people respect and admire you.” Sansa said sincerely.

“We wouldn’t have been able to save the younglings if it wasn’t for you. We owe you and your team a huge debt.” Val took her other hand and patted Sansa’s shoulder before releasing her from her grasp.

Sansa shook her head. “No debt. We did what was right.”

She noticed that Val failed to mention the vital help they had received from Jaime Lannister and Bran Stark but decided to let it go. Sansa couldn’t begrudge Val for not wanting to think of them when it was their fellow Inquisitors that had strapped bombs to younglings.

“Regardless, let General Baratheon know I will be in touch. When it comes time to liberate Winterfell, he will have an ally in Mistwood.” Val promised.

Sansa fought the urge to scoop the blonde woman into her arms and swing her around in an excited hug. Val offering her services to the Rebellion was not something to be taken lightly. While General Baratheon had liberated the rest of the planets in the Stormlands System, he had been unable to secure Mistwood. The mines on the planet were considered irreplaceable to the Empire, and so a cease fire agreement had been made when Cersei pledged to stop the fighting if General Baratheon agreed to forgo Mistwood. Sansa still remembered how angry Tyrion had been when the Council decided to agree with Cersei’s proposal. Feeling abandoned by the Rebellion, the citizens of Mistwood had sworn to continue the fight against the Empire themselves, declaring that they would defeat them on their own and without Rebellion aid. It was a sign of how truly desperate their situation was that they had called the council at all; nobody had heard from Val in the three years since the cease fire. If they were willing to work with the Rebellion officially again, then that could mean a greater chance at victory over the Empire.

Sansa thanked Val profusely for her offer. Agreeing to a drink the next time she was in the planet’s atmosphere, she turned and boarded the ramp to The Knights Watch.

Perhaps Jon and I could—

No. There are other matters that are more important. I will spend time with Jon when everything else has been taken care of.

Sansa made her way into the map room and towards the cockpit. Jon and Pyp were already preparing the ship for launch, while Grenn and Ghost kept watch over the two Sith they had acquired. Sam was either in the kitchen or the supply closet, prepping food or collecting medical supplies. Not seeing LA-D3 anywhere, Sansa assumed that she was with Sam.

Sansa rolled her shoulders while she thought about the events of the last two days. The mission on Mistwood had been emotionally draining and one that would give her nightmares for weeks to come. Her eyes pricked with tears as she recalled seeing those defenseless younglings covered in a days’ worth of their own filth. She had explained the situation to Uncle Bronn as soon as her call was connected, and he had immediately started barking orders on how to take off the vests without...
activating their sensors. It had not surprised Sansa that he had dealt with similar devices in the Clone Wars, though those had been strapped onto droids and not children. Once the vest were taken care off, Sansa had lifted the younglings that couldn’t be carried with the Force and proceeded to sprint out of the building and away from the hospital. They had only gone a hundred or so when they heard the shattering of glass and a soft boom coming from the hospital. Sansa had started to panic when Jon, Grenn, and Pyp didn’t immediately check-in after the explosion. Thankfully, her fears for Pyp were soon allayed when he ran, quite literally, into the middle of their group with a traumatized youngling in his arms. Handing her off to Val, he quickly appraised them of not only Jon and Grenn’s desperate situation, but also how Jamie Lannister and Bran Stark had let him go without even drawing their weapons. He noted wryly that he doubted it was due to his superior blaster skills.

After making sure the younglings and rebels were a safe distance from the hangar bay, Sansa, Pyp, and Sam began their sprint into the forest surrounding the hospital. They had only gone a few feet when they fell to the floor from the second, and much larger, blast from the hangar bay. They resumed their sprint once they found their footing. The Dark Side had crept up on her then, making her fear that perhaps the ship that had flown overhead moments ago, hadn’t been Ramsay’s. If Ramsay had somehow defeated her boys, plus the Grand Inquisitor and his Apprentice, then it would be up to her to finish what they had started. The possibility of Jon being dead was not something she allowed herself to focus on. Her grief had been there, residing firmly in the back of her heart, but she was a Jedi and the mission leader; her feelings came second. The black hole had only lightened when Jon enveloped her in his arms and she had assured him that they were both alive.

“Hey Sassy Pants.” Pyp acknowledged her presence in the cockpit with a two-fingered salute. “We are almost ready for take-off.” He flipped a few more switches, bringing The ‘Watch humming to life.

Sansa began to idly play with Jon’s curls while she watched Pyp complete preparations. Jon’s presence next to him was a mere formality at this point. Pyp could now operate the ship on his own without help and had been able to for the past week or so. Sansa felt her chest squeeze as the hole in her heart fought for its return. Pyp being able to fly on his own meant they no longer needed Jon as their pilot.

“No, I can’t think about this now. There are other items of business I must attend to.

I must be strong.

I am their leader.

I am a Jedi.

For the second time in so many hours, Sansa once again pushed her feelings to the side.

“Sansa? Did you hear me?” Sana looked down to see Jon frowning at her. There was concern in his eyes, but Sansa quickly gave him a practiced smile to let him know that she was all right.

“No, I’m sorry. Could you repeat your question?” Sansa said with a carefully neutral tone.

“I asked where you wanted to go?” Jon repeated. The view from outside the window became black as they left the planet’s atmosphere. Stars and constellations that called other systems their home quickly twinkled into view.

Go. They had to go somewhere. Sansa turned her head to where Jaime and Bran were sitting around the dejarik board. Grenn was sitting across from the on the mapping chair, a scowl on his face and
his arms crossed over his chest to show his muscles. Ghost was lounging on top of his feet. Though he was a prisoner, Jamie Lannister seemed very unaffected and relaxed despite the tense atmosphere. The same could not be said for Bran Stark, who was so tense that his shoulders were almost to his ear lobes.

*They need to be taken to the Rebellion. The Council will want to speak with them directly.*

Sansa looked down at the top of Jon’s head. He was quizzing Pyp on how far they could make it before having to refuel, first without the use of lightspeed and then with it.

*Jon needs to be taken to Master Davos. He isn’t…*

*We don’t…*

Sansa couldn’t bear to finish the sentence. The team would always need Jon. He was their unofficial second-in-command.

*Grenn can be your second. He was in the 501st, the elite of the White Walker squadrons. He knows combat and military tactics. He went toe-to-toe with Trant and won without a scratch.*

Jon is our pilot.

*Pyp is the better pilot, even if nobody wants to admit it to avoid boosting his ego. The only reason Jon was better at first was because he knew how to fly The ‘Watch, but that isn’t true anymore.*

Jon is our strategist.

*Sam is the strategist now. You said so yourself after the disaster on Red Waste. He is the only person on the ship that really excels at military planning.*

He is an excellent shot.

*Everyone on the ship is an excellent shot, minus Pyp. You, Grenn, and even Sam can train him to become better.*

In a flash, Sansa saw all the plans that she had mentally made with Jon go up in smoke. Most prominently had been her desire to take Jon to Winterfell to get his kyber saber crystal, but her plan to do so had been put on hold due to her injuries from Tarbeck. Winterfell, and the space they would have to fly through to get there, was heavily guarded by the Empire. There was a good chance they would be engaged in combat before they even made it to the planet. She had decided to wait until she was healed, but then there was Pyp and his stupid podracing, Mistwood requesting their help, and now… And now here she was, with two prisoners who needed to go the Rebellion and the cruel reminder that she wasn’t Jon’s true master. That position belonged to Master Davos. Sansa was just a stand-in.

Sansa’s fingers curled into a fist. She hated that she had to think logically and rationally about their situation. Her heart begged her mind to find one reason, one plausible explanation that could keep Jon with her for longer than either a few days or months—she had no idea where the Rebellion was in the Galaxy—but every reason she came up was quickly shot down. Sansa knew that sending Jon to train with Master Davos was the right thing to do, but why did it feel like doing the right thing was going to tear her heart in two?

In that moment, Sansa wished she was anything but a Jedi and a leader. She longed for the freedom that being a regular creature could afford her. The burden placed upon her, not just concerning Jon but with everything that needed to be done, felt like it would topple her over at any moment.
Focus, Sansa. You must focus.

“We will talk with the Inquisitors first to see what their intentions are. Upon completion, I will have LA-D3 place a call to the Council.” Sansa cleared her throat to keep her emotions from slipping through her voice. “It is time to return to the Rebellion.”

Pyp covered his mouth. He began to choke on the water that was drinking during Sansa’s announcement.

“O—okay.” He stammered. Pyp’s eyes slowly moved between Jon and Sansa. “I will just be… um, yeah.” He clutched his canteen as if it was a lifeline and quickly made his exit from the cockpit.

Jon stood slowly and turned to face Sansa. His eyes bore the look of betrayal and his lips were pursed together in unhappiness. “I thought you said we would make that decision together.” He growled.

“No, I didn’t.” Sansa shook her head. She wanted to run away from the cockpit like Pyp had done, to throw her body under the sheets of her bed and hide from her responsibilities and this conversation. Maybe then the pain that was beginning to spread throughout her body would cease to exist.

“You said you would consider my feelings and look at all the options first.” Jon placed his hands on his hips and narrowed his eyes. It was obvious he was getting ready for an argument.

Sansa’s own temper flared. She was always having to be careful about Jon’s feelings, but did he ever stop to consider her own?

Did he ever think about how difficult their situation was for her?

Sansa narrowed her eyes. She would be damned if Jon started to question her authority considering all the shit she had to dealt with when it came to their mission, their crew, and him.

“Considering your feelings and making a decision together are two separate things Jon.” Sansa replied icily.

“That’s bull shit!” Jon whispered fiercely. Sansa was grateful that he was at least mindful of the people in the map room next to them when it came to his tone. “You are not just my Master or my leader Sansa, you are—”

“Stop it! I know what I am and what I am not. I am your squadron leader, but I am not your Master. That is Davos, who it is time to return to. Whatever else I am has no bearing here.” Sansa scolded.

Jon’s lip curled into a sneer. “How wonderful it must be to not let such things as feelings get in the way of your decision making. If only the rest of us could have that luxury.”

Sansa saw red. Sansa rested her own hands on her hips, mirroring Jon’s stance. She refused to take the bait of Jon’s implications. She was the one in charge here, not him.

“I am your leader, Jon Mormont. I was chosen for the position because unlike everyone else on this Galaxy-forsaken ship, with the possible exception of Grenn, I can actually separate my feelings from my duty.” Sansa pointed her finger to the map room. “We have two Inquisitors on board that need to be taken to the Rebellion as our prisoners. Or have you forgotten that?”

“Of course I haven’t!” Jon snapped. “Nobody is going to fucking forget that they are here, but don’t use them as a reason to change the subject. This is my fucking life you are making decisions about.
Being in a relationship means that we are a team. You don’t get to dictate what happens to me. If I leave to go train with Davos, it because we have discussed it, not because you have dictated it.”

“Oh, please.” Sansa rolled her eyes. “It’s clear that you are only using our relationship as an excuse to keep yourself from having to train with Davos. Grow up Jon.” Sansa hissed. “It’s time for you to leave the squadron to train with Master Davos and you know it. Pyp can fly the ship, Sam can do the planning, and Grenn is just as adept as you are in physical combat. There is no reason for you to stay.”

Jon narrowed his eyes at her. “So, what you are saying, then, is that you no longer need me.” He said with a low voice.

“Everyone is replaceable Jon.” Sansa answered condescendingly.

Sansa regretted the words as soon as she said them. Jon’s implications had hurt her, and like a youngling she had wanted to hurt him as well.

Jon took a step back. His mouth twitched in anger.

“Jon, I—"

Jon slowly raised a hand to silence her. He cocked his head to the side. Sansa wasn’t sure if it was a trick of the light, but she thought she saw his eyes flash between purple and grey. The air in the cockpit became thick and dark as it swirled with the energy of the Dark Side. Sansa’s knees began to wobble under the pressure.

“You stupid, ungrateful, bitch.” Jon’s words cut through her heart. “I gave you everything. Everything!” He roared. “I love you and yet you tell me that I am replaceable? Were you planning on leaving me as soon as you got what you wanted from me? Fuck me and be done with me, is that it?!”

Sansa’s heart sank. She was stronger than her pettiness and hurt feelings, and yet that was the first thing she turned to when Jon had gotten upset with her.

“Jon, this isn’t you.” Her voice cracked with emotion. She tentatively reached out a hand to comfort him. “What I said was wrong. Please, come back to me—"

“Come back to you so you can play your games with me?!” Jon screamed. Sansa took a step back to put some space between them, but Jon grabbed her wrist and squeezed. Sansa let out a yelp of pain. “You will never be rid of me, do you understand? I own you. I will possess you until—"

“That’s enough.” Jamie Lannister yelled. He held his deactivated lightsabers in both hands and was standing in the doorway to the cockpit. Next to him, Ghost let out a low growl. His teeth were sharp and menacing. Sansa’s heart broke when she realized that the person he was warning wasn’t Jaime, but his beloved Master. “Let her go, Jon.”

“She is mine!” Jon roared. He began to lift Sansa by her wrist off the floor. His grip was so tight that Sansa thought her bones would crush from the pressure. “She. Is. Mine.” Jon reached out his free hand and thrust it towards Jaime and Ghost. Jaime let of a cry in the back of his throat as he stood there, powerless to move. Jon had bound them with the Force.

“Jon, you have to fight it. Stop this, please!” Sansa cried. From behind Jaime and Ghost she could hear Grenn and Bran as they tried to move the two still figures out of the way so they could come to Sansa’s aid. “I don’t want to fight you. Let me help—”
“Shut up you stupid whore! You lied to me! You lied when you said you loved me, and you lied to me about the Dark Side. This is the ultimate power.” Jon smiled at her wickedly. “It will make you mine.”

“Jon, this power is only fleeting. You can’t control it. You must—”

“I said shut up!” Jon screamed.

Jon flung her towards the wall, the movement causing him to release the Force bind on Jaime and Ghost. Sansa hit the side of her body hard. She crumbled to the floor in pain, vaguely grateful that she hadn’t hurt her head again. She watched through sad eyes as Ghost quickly covered the few feet between himself and Jon. He jumped up and he sank his teeth into the exposed flesh of Jon’s forearm. It wasn’t strong enough to break the skin, but hard enough to get Jon’s attention.

The power in the room diminished as quickly as it came. “San… Sansa?” Jon cried. “Sansa? Oh fuck, what have I done?! What have I fucking done?!” Ghost whimpered as he let go of Jon’s arm. He began to lick the area where he had held Jon’s arm in an effort to comfort him.

Sansa made the mistake of putting her weight on her wrist as she tried to pick herself up from the floor. She easily collapsed again from the pain. A pair of arms that she didn’t recognize gently lifted her to her feet.

“Hey, are you all right?” Bran Stark asked gently. His brown eyes showed nothing but concern. Unable to help herself, Sansa let out a gasping sob as big, fat tears began to fall down her face.

“Jon. Oh, Jon.” She wailed. She looked around the cockpit but couldn’t see him anywhere.

“Master and Grenn took him into the other room. They were afraid he would hurt himself.” Bran explained. He sat her down in the co-pilots chair. Gently lifting her hand, he began to examine her injured wrist.

“You don’t understand. The Dark Side, it wants him. He can’t control what is happening to him.” She pleaded. Sansa didn’t know why, but she felt like she had to explain Jon’s actions to Bran. “Don’t judge him.”

“Hmm…” Bran replied. His brows furrowed as he looked at the bruising that had already begun. Unlike the previous time on Tarbeck, Sansa’s skin didn’t crawl from their proximity. “I have already heard that once today.” He said.

“What—”

“The power you felt when you were running towards the hospital? That was Jon. He was upset because he thought you had died.” Bran gently felt her bones. “I don’t think anything is broken, most likely it is just a sprain. Nothing a bacta patch can’t fix.” Bran placed her hand back into her lap and sighed. “Perhaps Master is right, and the Force does have a reason for showing me visions of the past. It is what brought me back to you, after all. But, maybe it is not you and I that need each other, but Jon and I.”

Visions? Bran and Jon needing each other? That didn’t make any sense.

“I don’t understand.” Sansa said slowly.

“You, and your companions, assume that Master and I do not understand what Jon is going through, but you are wrong. If anyone understands him, it is the two us, and perhaps myself most of all.” Bran gave her an encouraging smile. “You see, I have faced the lure of the Dark Side, and have defeated it
with the aid of my Master.”

Sansa’s jaw slackened as her mouth opened in shock. What Bran was saying couldn’t possibly be true. He was an Inquisitor.

“If you are no longer a Sith, then why were you so worried the second you came onto the ship?” Sansa demanded.

Bran’s smile slowly faded. “There are things that I must tell you Sansa, that you may not like.” Bran looked out of the cockpit to where the others were sitting. Jon’s head was in his hands while Pyp patted him on the back to offer him some comfort. “But, seeing how you care for Jon, and all your teammates, has given me some hope.”

“Hope for what?” Sansa asked slowly.

Bran returned his gaze to her. “Hope that you may want a family after all.”

Sansa crinkled her brow. “But I have a family.” She said, more than a bit confused now. It felt like Bran was having a conversation with himself for all the answers he was giving her.

Bran gently patted her knee. “Yes, you do.” The weight behind his words was unmistakable.

He got up and offered her his hand. She was surprised to find herself taking it without reservation. It was almost as if her soul recognized something within Bran Stark that it saw within herself as well. Bran patted her hand as she linked her arm through his own. While only her wrist was injured, the side of her body that hit the wall was already starting to feel stiff and sore. She would have to ask Sam if they had any cream she could rub on her hip and shoulder to keep the bruising down.

The scene in the map room was a grave one. There was no mistaking the small puddle of tears that had collected on the dejariik board. Jon was so consumed in his grief that he hadn’t noticed Sansa and Bran exit the cockpit. Pyp’s eyes had tears in them as well. He would periodically wipe them from his face while simultaneously rubbing circles into Jon’s back. Jaime Lannister stood next to the door they had just exited with his arms crossed over his chest. Sansa tried not to dwell on the fact that his lightsaber was still in his hand. She tried to take some comfort in the fact that he had reconnected the two blades, but it didn’t make her feel much better. Nor did the fact that Grenn’s position mirrored Jaime’s, except he was sitting in the mapping chair, had a knife instead of a lightsaber, and his attention was focused entirely on Jaime and not Jon. Sam was standing awkwardly in the hallway that led to the kitchens along with LA-D3, the two of them having missed the entire episode but sensing that it was better to not ask questions.

Ghost left his spot around Jon’s legs and trotted over to her. He let out a low whine as he began to lick her injured wrist.

“I’m okay, Ghost.” She said gently.

“No, you’re not.” Jon cried. He lifted his head from his hands to look at her. He could barely open his eyes, they were so puffy from his crying.

“Jon, it wasn’t you.” Sansa insisted.

“Wasn’t it?” Jon challenged. He looked at Jaime. “Isn’t that what the Dark Side does? Uses our own feelings against us?”

Jaime snorted. “If only.” He muttered sarcastically. Sansa glared at him. “Jon, I have met my fair share of violent men and women. All the Dark Side has to do is blink at them and they are its
servants for the rest of their lives. Ramsay and Trant are and were two such people. Sansa is right, but also wrong. The same goes for you.”

“Master is right.” Bran said. “Everyone has fears and insecurities, and the Dark Side wants you to believe that you are no more than these two things. But that isn’t true. You are more than the negative thoughts and emotions you feel, no matter it says.”

Grenn snorted. All eyes in the room turned towards him. “I’m sorry, but has nobody else noticed that all of Jon’s problems with the Dark Side started after meeting the esteemed Grand Inquisitor and his Apprentice on Tarbeck?” He glared daggers at Jaime and Bran.

“That isn’t true.” Jon rasped. His voice sounded like sand paper. Sansa longed to go to him but the atmosphere in the room kept her rooted in place. “I felt it once before, when Dad died.”

“But did you feel it anymore after that?” Grenn pressed.

Jon shook his head. “No, I—”

“Exactly.” Grenn stood up and began to walk towards Jaime and Bran. Jaime, sensing the threat, shifted himself to stand in front of Bran.

Pyp’s eyes darted between the two men. “Grenn, calm the fuck down. Think with your head and not you ass.” He scolded. “Your accusations aren’t helping the situation.”

“I am the only one here thinking with my fucking head.” Grenn growled. He stood toe to toe with Jaime. “What if what they did was all part of some grand plot to entrap Jon? We have all sensed in him the potential to be stronger than any of us can imagine. So why wouldn’t the Sith want him as their biggest prize?”

Pyp shook his head. “You keep saying that but the only thing I have ever sensed from Jon is repressed sexual longing.”

“That’s because you are a fucking idiot.” Grenn pointed his finger roughly into Jaime’s chest. “How do we know that our friends here are truly our friends?” He shoved Jaime slightly.

“Watch it boy.” Jaime snarled. He swatted Grenn’s arm away.

“I am not a boy.” Grenn retorted with just as much venom. “You let Sansa, and the rest of us, live so that we would trust you. Now, you are on our ship and we have no choice but to take you to the one place that Cersei desires most: the location of the Rebellion forces. Sure, you just saved Sansa again, but only because Sansa must be alive in order for Jon to fear her death. That is the only thing that Dark Side has to tempt him with.”

“Grenn, stop the judgements for two seconds—”

“No! Our lives are at stake here! Sansa is clearly not in the mindset to take care of things, so I will.”

Sansa opened her mouth to protest with as much conviction as she could muster, which was sadly very little. Grenn had been right in his assessment of her. She was mentally and emotionally exhausted from the mission and the fight between her and Jon, not to mention the throbbing in her shoulder and hip from where she had hit the wall. She felt like it was impossible to think straight.

“Grenn, Pyp is right.” Sansa said feebly. “Maybe we should just—”

Jaime let a growl out of the back of his throat. “You speak of things you do not know.” He
interrupted, addressing Grenn’s accusations.

“Don’t I?!” Grenn yelled. He pulled the sleeves of his tunic back until his tattoo of the 501st showed. Jaime stared at the image in shock. “That’s right fucker, I know exactly what the Empire, and the Inquisitors, are capable of, so don’t you and your piece of shit Appr—”

“Don’t you dare speak of Bran Stark that—’

“I say we kill both of them now before they can—”

“I think that everyone just needs to calm—”

“You lay one finger on Bran and I will tear—”

“Just try it asshole and I—”

“Master is a spy for the Rebellion and Sansa Snow is my sister!”

The accompanying silence to Bran’s statement was so deafening Sansa felt like she could have heard a pin drop. Grenn took a couple of steps away from Jaime, his eyes blinking rapidly as he processed the information. Sansa turned her head to look at Bran, who seemed to be trying to look anywhere but at her. Both Jon and Pyp had their mouths open, but no sounds were coming from them. Jaime began to rub his temples with both hands, while poor Sam looked more confused now than ever. Even Ghost had his head cocked to the side as he looked around the room.

“Okay… yeah… right.. So, to recap, because I feel like that might be important.” Pyp said, finding his voice first. “Jon, Grenn, and myself were lured into a trap by Ramsay and Trant. Sansa, Sam, and their group found the younglings, who were in the process of being rescued by Jaime Lannister and Bran Stark. Grenn thinks that Jaime and Bran rescuing us was a ploy to get to Jon, who may end up being a super powerful Jedi if he can get his Dark Side problems under control. Which, considering what just happened…” Pyp cleared his throat and winced. “Anyway, Grenn’s theory is full of shit, because in truth Grand Inquisitor Jaime Lannister, Sith Lord and twin brother to Empress Bitch, is a spy for the Rebellion and his Apprentice Bran Stark is Sansa’s biological brother.” Pyp looked at Bran. “Which you know because..?”

Bran cleared his throat. “The Force shows me visions. I saw her being born and subsequently taken away from our parents. I also saw her escape from the Temple and some of her life on Wall as a youngling.”

Pyp’s eyes widened as he very slowly nodded his head. “That makes sense.” He said with a monotone voice.

Sansa’s heart rate started to pick up and her thoughts went in to overdrive. Everyone in the room was so shocked by this new revelation that nobody noticed when her breathing began to become a little shallower, except for Bran. He was still helping her to stand up right. Though he wasn’t facing her, his body sensed her shift in demeanor. He turned his head to look at her and frowned.

“Sansa?” Bran asked with concern. She could barely hear him through the cotton that seemed to be stuffed into her ears.

Sansa hummed a weak reply.

Senator Ned Stark and Lady Catelyn Stark had been the ones to save her and Nan from Kings Landing. Sansa had only been a few weeks old at the time. Had they known it was her? Had they known, but not wanted her because she was a Jedi? Did they discard her, because it was too
dangerous to keep her?

Master Tyrion had told her that nobody knew who their parents were when they became Jedi. They had no relationships, and no family. There were no records of their heritage. Had he been lying to her? Did Ned Stark discard her at Tyrion’s feet, telling Tyrion that she was his daughter but that he wanted nothing to do with her? Tyrion wasn’t just her Master; he was her father. Had her father lied to her for her entire life? Had Bronn known as well? Did they lie not to protect her, but to protect the Starks?

Sansa swayed slightly. She shrugged herself out of Bran’s arms and leaned against the wall.

“So… alcohol then?” Pyp asked from his place at the dejarik board. Sansa forced herself to listen to his voice and not her turbulent thoughts. “I am sure I speak for everyone when I saw we could all use a drink after the shit we just went through.”

“Really, Pyp? That’s the best you can do right now?” Jon snapped. He elbowed him in the ribs.

“Well I’m sorry if humor is my go-to for stressful situations Jon, but I am sure I speak for all of us when I say getting shit-faced for five minutes wouldn’t be a bad idea.”

“Nobody is getting drunk right now Pyp.” Grenn chastised.

“And Bran is far too young for alcohol.” Jaime gave Pyp a disapproving frown. “And who gets fucking drunk on a ship when being shot to hell by the Empire is a literal concern?”

“It was just a thought.” Pyp leaned back into the booth and looked at Bran. “How old are you anyway, kid? Because—oh shit!” Pyp threw himself from the booth and ran straight towards Sansa, whose face had drained completely of color. “Somebody catch her!” He cried.

Sansa felt the room begin to spin as all eyes pointed towards her. Her chest began to constrict, and her knees wobbled. No matter how hard she tried Sansa couldn’t seem to get enough oxygen. Her legs finally gave way and she felt herself start to sag towards the floor. Thankfully, Bran and Pyp were able to keep her from completely collapsing.

“Lay her down and put her feet up!” Sam called out. He ran over to a spare crate and placed it under her feet. “Grenn, go fetch her a cool wash rag.” Pyp took Sansa’s hand and began to pat it while Sam removed her boots. “You are going to be all right. You are going into shock.” Sam soothed.


Sansa looked over to where Jon was sitting. She pleaded with her eyes for him to come to her.

Jon slowly shook his head and looked away from her, his body rooted firmly in place.

Pyp let out a huff. “Sansa fucking needs you. Get off your ass and come help her.” He pleaded.

Jon shook his head more rapidly this time. “I can’t. What if—what if I?” Jon pulled at his hair and groaned. His eyes began to mist over with tears as he recalled the events that happened just moments ago.

Pyp gently placed Sansa’s hand onto the floor. He got up, marched over to Jon, and grabbed him by the shoulders. “That wasn’t you, Jon. Don’t let what fucking happened control you.” He insisted.

“Please?” Sansa begged. To her ears she sounded like a scared youngling. Her breathing hadn’t slowed and she felt like she was about to throw up. Her skin was cold and clammy.
Jon placed both of his hands on the dejakir board, pressing his fingers into the checkered blocks. Sansa couldn’t help but think it was those same fingers that had caressed her skin so lovingly only days ago, but that had also gripped her wrist so tightly she had feared he would snap the bones mere moments ago.

“No. It’s not safe.” Jon said resolutely. His tone let them all know he wouldn’t change his mind about coming to her aid.

Pyp let go of Jon’s shoulders as if he had been burned. Jon recoiled, afraid that Pyp might slap him, but was quickly taken by surprise when Pyp shoved his way back into the booth and enveloped Jon into a hug. “It’s going to be okay. You are going to be okay too.” He whispered. Jon sobbed into his shoulder. “Everyone in this room is going to be fucking okay damn it.” Pyp insisted.

Sansa began to cry. The stress of the mission, Jon’s outburst, the information that Bran shared, her fear of being betrayed by the two men who raised her, and Pyp’s insistence that they would all be all right was too much.

“Sansa, you have to calm down.” Sam said. He gently began to run his fingers through her hair. “I know there is a lot going on right now, but you will pass out if you keep crying like that.”

“Too much.” Sansa gasped. She kicked away the crate holding her feet up and curled herself into a ball. Sam tried to pry her body open but she was too strong for him.

She squeezed her eyes shut. Why couldn’t they all just go back to two days ago? When they were all together, laughing and playing cards and celebrating how Sam and Pyp had won them all enough money to see them through the war and beyond.

“When didn’t they keep me? Why did they give me away? Did they know? Why didn’t they tell me?” Sansa whispered to herself frantically.

Sansa listened to the sounds of rustling clothes and a body laying down next to her. She opened her eyes, hoping to see grey ones staring back at her, but she was meet instead with warm brown ones.

“Brother?” She whispered.

Bran gave her a timid smile. He hesitantly reached out his hand and placed it on top of hers. His shoulders relaxed when she didn’t pull away from him. “Yes, I am your brother.” He started to cry. “I’m sorry, I don’t mean to cry. I have wanted to return to my family for so long, but I couldn’t. I didn’t think I would ever have a family again. But then, the Force showed me you.” Bran took in a shaky breath before exhaling slowly, trying to get ahold of his emotions. “Sansa, my sister, Mother and Father loved you so much. They didn’t want to give you away, but they had no choice. They were only able to hold you for a moment before you were being whisked away by the med droid to become a Jedi.”

“But they saved me! Senator Stark disguised Nan as one of Lady Catelyn’s hand maidens and passed me off as her daughter. He is the one who sent me to Wall to be with Master Tyrion and Uncle Bronn.” Sansa’s face scrunched up in pain. “Didn’t they recognize me? I was their daughter. Didn’t they want me?”

“I don’t know, Sansa. The Force didn’t show me that. But, I do know our parents. I saw their heartache when they were told you were to be a Jedi. All Mother wanted was to keep you with her. It’s possible they didn’t recognize you, as your time with them was so short.” Bran stroked her hand with his thumb. “If they knew it was you, then they made the best decision they could by giving you to Master Tyrion, Nan, and the Clone to raise. Those three were able to keep you safe more than
Father and Mother ever could. Father and Mother didn’t give you to them to protect themselves from having a Jedi daughter, they did it to protect you. They loved you.”

Sansa felt the tightness in chest loosen slightly. “You think so?” She asked. She sounded so hopeful and innocent.

“Yes.” Bran said with conviction. “You are so loved, Sansa. I have seen all the people that love you. Mother and Father loved you the moment you were born. Your nanny loved you and saved you. Your Master loves you. Your Clone Trooper loves you.” Bran squeezed her hand. “I love you, dear sister. You are my—”

“Family.” Sansa breathed. “I—I have heard that before. In the temple. I was so afraid and alone. But then a voice came to me, and told me—”

“That with the Force, you are never alone.” Bran finished for her.

“You were there? With me?” Sansa eyes went wide. “You saved me.”

“Yes, I was.” Bran said. “I don’t fully understand it, but I was.”

Grenn returned to the room. He raised an eye at Jon being held by Pyp, but otherwise remained silent. He handed the compress to Sam, who held it against Sansa’s neck. The shock of cold helped her skin return to its normal temperature. Sansa felt like she could think a little clearer.

“In the temple, why did Jaime force the cave-in?” She asked.

“To save me.” Bran said simply. “If I could be around a Jedi and not want to kill them, then I would be able to join the Rebellion and be the face of their campaign to take back Winterfell. He didn’t know your heritage at the time. Honestly, I don’t think anybody did until the Force showed it to me.”

“Yes, but why did Jaime do it?”

“Master loves me. I am like a son to him.”

Sansa frowned. That didn’t sound right. “No, that can’t be true. Jaime Lannister is a Sith, he has—”

“He is not a Sith, and neither am I.” Bran said with conviction. “We have done what was necessary to survive, but we are no Sith.” Bran sighed, clearly sorry for interrupting her. “In the cave, when I woke up, I thought you were our mother. You look so much like her. The Dark Side wanted me to kill you as soon as it knew who you were, but I refused. That is why the cave collapsed the second time. I couldn’t control the Force energy that surrounded us.”

“What happened after that?”

Sansa’s breathing evened out while she listened to Bran recount everything that had happened to him and his Master over the last month. It sounded like a story that Nan would tell her as a youngling, about a boy who would overcome the Dark Side and go on to save the world. When he finished, he looked at Sansa with big brown eyes, waiting for her response.

“I don’t… I don’t know what to say.” She told him honestly.

Bran looked crestfallen at her statement, though he quickly schooled his features. “I understand.” He quickly got to his knees before Sansa managed to grab his arm to stop him.

While it had calmed her greatly to know that Master Tyrion and Uncle and Bronn had not lied to her...
about being a Stark—though fully intended to give the council a piece of her mind when it came to
the truth about Jaime—Sansa didn’t know how she was supposed to feel about Bran being her
brother, or Senator Stark and Lady Caitlin being her parents. She had never known them, and she
still didn’t know if she believed that they hadn’t given her up because she was a danger to them.
Bran didn’t think so, but he didn’t know for sure. His opinion helped ease Sansa’s fears, but only by
half.

“Wait. Let me explain.” Sansa slowly mirrored Bran’s position with the help of Sam and Grenn. “A
lot has happened today.” Sansa’s vision quickly flitted over to a brooding Jon before returning to
look at Bran. “I just need time to process everything.”

Bran nodded sullenly. Sansa’s heart broke. The poor young man wanted a family, and she, a
stranger, was all that was left. He probably thought that as a Jedi she was rejecting him because of
his Sith training, but that wasn’t true at all. Sansa’s mind quickly scrambled for a solution.

“In the mornings, we all go running before breakfast.” She blurted out. Bran raised his eyebrows.
“Jon and I tend to go faster then everyone because of the Force. Well, lately Grenn has been running
with Jon due to my concussion needing time to heal, but that is beside the point. Tomorrow, would
you like to join me? Be my partner?”

A huge grin split across Bran’s face. He nodded enthusiastically. “Yes, I would like that very much.”

“Any maybe after you and Jaime can join us for training? We usually do marksmanship and physical
combat first, and staff training in the afternoons.”

Bran blushed. “I am not very good with a blaster.” He admitted.

“Perfect. That makes two of us.” Pyp call out. “Grenn can be disgusted with us at the same time.”

Bran’s already impossible smile became even wider. Risking a glance at Jaime, Sansa softened at the
smile he was giving Bran. It reminded her of the ones Master Tyrion and Uncle Bronn would give
her when she was excited about something as a youngling.

“I doubt the kid is as bad as you.” Grenn observed. “I still don’t know how you are alive right now.”

“I fly the fucking ship, that’s how.” Pyp said flipping him off. “And just for that I am going to shoot
even worse than normal tomorrow just to piss you off.”

“No offense Pyp, but I don’t see how you could get any worse.” Sam said seriously.

“Watch it Tarly.”

“No, I think I will be all right.” Sam started to laugh. “All I have to do is run away. You are never
able to catch me.”

Everyone in the room started to laugh. Even Bran and Jaime chuckled, though they did not
understand the inside joke that was Pyp’s lack of physical prowess. Only Jon sat quietly, his fingers
outlining the squares on the dejark board and a frown on his face. Sansa stood to go to him, rolling
her eyes as Pyp began to once again beg for alcohol, but this time for celebratory purposes since they
had saved the younglings and lived to tell about it.

Sansa reached out her uninjured hand to Jon. She would have Sam put a bacta patch on her injured
later, but she needed to do something more important first.

The whole time we have been together I have put my duty before my love for Jon, but not now.
Right now, Jon needs me. Not his leader, not his Master, but me.

I hope I am enough.

“Won’t you come with me Jon?” Sansa asked him gently. Jon kept his eyes resolutely on the dejarik board, refusing to look her.

Sam let out a small cough. “I finished making some food if anyone is hungry.” He said, more than hinting that they should all leave to give Jon and Sansa some privacy. “Also, we should probably grab a spare shirt for Bran. I am sure we have at least one, somewhere.” Sam said with a furrowed brow. He, Pyp, and Grenn were all still wearing clothes from Jeor’s closet, or extra items from Jon’s. “We might need to make a discreet shopping trip soon.”

Grenn let out an audible groan. “I am not fucking shopping. I will stay here and watch the ship. The last time we did something ‘discreet’ Sansa was dropping out of air ducts and Pyp was crying over a huge ass trophy that had to be left behind.” Grenn patted his leg. “Come on Ghost. Let’s get you some dinner as and see if we need to plug in D3.” The large white direwolf trotted after Grenn towards the kitchen, with LA-D3 beeping merrily from behind.

“Sansa dropped out of an air duct?” Bran asked with wide eyes.

Pyp slung his arm around Bran’s shoulder. “Your sister is bad ass, kid.” Pyp gave a cheerful laugh. “Oh, the stories we could tell you about Sassy Pants, right Sam?” Pyp and Sam started to guide the young man towards the kitchens. “You see, I had just won the Bricklayers Classic Podrace—”

“You know how to podrace?!” Somehow, Bran’s eyes managed to get even wider. “Master, did you hear that? That is so amazing!”

Jaime snorted and rolled his eyes. He lifted Pyp’s hand to remove his arm from around Bran’s shoulders. “What I am heard is the sounds of idiots that are probably going to get us all killed.” He muttered.

Sam gave out a quiet chuckle. “Pyp’s not so bad once you get to know him. Really, it’s Sansa and Grenn you should be afraid of…” Their voices started to trail off the farther they got down the hallway.

“And me.” Jon whispered. “They should be afraid of me.”

Sansa made sure to keep her hand steady. “Jon, look at me.” She pleaded.

Jon sighed heavily. “You aren’t going to leave me alone, are you?”

“No.”

Jon slowly turned his head up to look into her blue eyes.

“Jon Mormont, you are everything to me. Everything.” Sansa reached down and gently took his hand into her own. “Won’t you come with me? Please?”

“Why?” Jon whispered.

“So I can love you.” Sansa answered simply.

In her heart, Sansa pleaded for Jon to give in to her.
Take her hand Jon! Just take it!

Writing the argument between Jon and Sansa was really difficult. Both of them were feeling the same thing, but didn't think that the other person cared, causing them to want to hurt each other. It isn't mature, and it wasn't pretty, but I think their reactions to each other were understandable. They both just went through a lot, were tired, stressed, and emotionally exhausted.

The truth it out! Not only about Sansa's heritage, but also about Jaime being with the Rebellion. The good news for them is that they are on a ship with three former White Walkers, who should technically be the most understanding and accepting of them wanting to leave the Empire since they did as well. While Pyp and Sam are willing to make an effort with them, Grenn at the moment is not, but that isn't too surprising considering who he is. We might need another ridiculous mission for them all to come together while they are en route to the Rebellion, and flying towards the plot lines of Empire Strikes Back. Just three more chapters left my friends!

I felt like Sansa's reaction to finding out that she is a Stark was pretty understandble considering everything else that had just happened to her. While it hurt to not have Jon comfort her, I felt like it really needed to be Bran for a number of reasons. I must confess, I cried a little when writing their conversation. I am also really excited for the next phase of Bran's journey. His life has been shit the past four years, and he is not just gaining a sister, but four over the top and ridiculous brothers.

Preview for Chapter 32: (actual conversation)

ME: You don't want to sit next to me on the couch?
HUSBAND: I though you were going to work on your story, so I was going to lay down on this one.
ME: But characters are taking their clothes off and I need support!
HUSBAND: What you are writing over there?!
ME: Are you going to support me or not? I need help!
HUSBAND: I'll come sit next to you but I am not describing things for you.
ME: That works.

That's all she wrote my friends! Please leave a comment if you like to let me know your thoughts on this chapter. Have a fabulous week my friends and I will see you all next Sunday! Cheers!
“Daddy, why are we on this planet? It’s freezing!”

“We are northern Jon, the cold doesn’t bother us.”

“I thought we lived on a ship.”

“You are right, but we have the North in our blood.”

“Maybe…Who are we meeting this time?”

“Governor Stark wanted us to drop off some medical supplies to Wall. Their political situation is…delicate, and the creatures here don’t receive a lot of help from the Empire.”

“What does ‘political situation’—Daddy, Daddy! Look over there! I think that girl is crying.”

“Hmm, she does seem rather sad. Why don’t you go over there and cheer her up while I look for our contact?”

“Oh no Daddy. She is too pretty. She won’t want to talk to me.”

“Jon, you are five.”

“Daddy! Don’t laugh at me.”

“I’m sorry. I just found it amusing that a young boy such as yourself is already looking at girls.”

“But her hair is so beautiful. It’s like the color of fire and sunsets and flowers.”

“She does have pretty hair, doesn’t she? Are you sure you don’t want to go say ‘hi’ to her? She
looks awfully sad."

“No! I’m too shy. She probably wouldn’t even like me.”

“What makes you say that?”

“I don’t know how to talk to girls.”

“Jon, talking to girls is the same as talking to any creature. You must be kind, polite, and treat them with respect. You don’t make fun of them, push them, or tell them they are anything else but beautiful. Do you think you can do that?”

“Yes Daddy!”

Sansa’s blue eyes bore into Jon’s grey ones. He felt like she was seeing into his very being. With that one look, Sansa could undoubtedly see his shame and anguish. Jon hated the Dark Side and what it had done to him, but most of all he hated himself. In the back of his mind he could feel the Dark Side fanning the flames of his self-loathing, but he couldn’t muster up the energy to care. What was the point? The Dark Side always seemed to win the end.

“Please, Jon.” Sansa pleaded. “Come with me.”

Jon could no longer bare to look at her achingly beautiful face. It hurt to see that she cared for someone like him.

He was a monster, no better than Ramsay.

Jon began to outline the squares of the dejarik board in an effort to distract himself from his emotions. “How can you stand to be near me after what I just did?” He rasped.

Sansa reached out her injured hand and began to softly trace the curls around Jon’s forehead. Jon wanted to lose himself in the comfort of her touch, but kept himself from giving in. He turned his face so that she could no longer touch him. Sansa, ever stubborn, responded by sitting down instead.

They were so close to each other physically, but emotionally it felt like they were in two separate galaxies.

Sansa curled her hand around Jon’s, stilling his movements. “I made mistakes too.” She whispered. “I was so caught up in everything that needed to be done, I didn’t think about what should be done. You asked me where we should go, and that one question tore me apart because the answer was something that I have been dreading ever since our meeting with Master Davos and Master Tyrion on Greywater Watch. My heart was breaking in the moment. Every thought I had of you leaving hurt, so I forced myself to stop feeling anything.”

Jon frowned, “Why didn’t you tell me that?” He asked, though to his hears it sounded more like a demand.

“Because I am your leader.” Sansa explained.

Jon’s temper flared. “I hate it when you use that as an excuse. You can use that argument every time, but that doesn’t mean you’re right.”

“Jon, I made the decision that you need to go back to the Rebellion as your leader. I had no choice but to put my personal feelings aside. I know you don’t want to go back, but it is time.” Sansa sighed. “As your leader, I also made the wrong decision by telling you what you were going to do
without any preparation or discussion. I know that you struggle with us being separated, and I should have spoken to you about my plans first before announcing it.”

“I know.” Jon said sullenly. His shoulder’s deflated. “Even when we were arguing, I knew in my head that you were making the right decision.” He placed his hand over his heart and squeezed. “It just hurt so much in here. When you started to act so matter-of-fact about the whole thing, I felt a darkness begin to consume me. It was like a war was going on in my head. I was certain that you didn’t want to hurt me, but another part of me believed that you did.”

“I did.” Sansa whispered, ashamed. She removed herself from Jon and looked down into her own lap. Out of the corner of his eye Jon could see a severe frown on her face. “Like a youngling, I did want to hurt you. It made me upset that you were so quick to accuse me of not caring about you, when that was far from the truth. My heart was breaking as well, and it hurt that you couldn’t see it. I wanted to feel what I did, so I lashed out. It was stupid, and childish, and I am sorry.”

Jon shook his head. “You have nothing to apologize for.”

“Yes, I do. I may not have hurt you physically, but I did hurt you emotionally.” Sansa lifted her injured wrist. Jon forced himself to look at what he had done to her. “I didn’t leave a bruise that can be seen, but I left one all the same.”

Sansa rubbed at her eyes with the heels of her hands. “I am so sorry Jon. So very, very sorry.” She began to snuffle as tears feel down her cheeks. “I was selfish to want to hurt you that way. I thought you had died during those explosions and that I would never see you again. When I saw you next to the hospital, I was so relieved. I thought I would burst from happiness. But then, I had to make the decision for you to leave, and it just wasn’t fair. I couldn’t even enjoy you being alive for one moment before I had to start planning for your departure.” Sansa began to sob even harder. “Can you ever forgive me? I should have spoken to you first, told you how I felt, how much it hurt. I should have made sure that you knew how grateful I was to have you with me, promised you that we would spend all of our last moments together, I—”

Jon couldn’t take it anymore. He scooped Sansa up into his arms. Placing her on his lap, he began to rock her back and forth. “Shh, sweetling. You have nothing to be sorry for.” Sansa laid her head against his chest and sobbed.

“Yes, I do. You know that I do.” She cried. “We are both responsible for what happened.” Her tears stained his shirt.

Jon sighed. “Sansa—”

Sansa lifted her head from Jon’s chest. Her eyes were watery and her face red and blotchy. With his thumbs, Jon delicately cleaned the tears from her cheeks, but it made no difference. Sansa continued to make fresh tears while she waited for Jon’s answer. It looked like she was barely breathing.

Jon pressed a kiss to her forehead. Though he did not feel like she had done anything wrong, it was clear that Sansa felt that way. If she needed him to forgive her so that she could be at peace, then so be it.

“I forgive you, love.” He said, lips against her skin.

Sansa let out a shaky breath. “Thank you.” She looked into Jon’s eyes and gave him a tremulous smile. “Do you remember our first few days together?” She wiped the tears from her face with the back of her hand. “We drove each other crazy. I honestly wanted to slap you a couple of times just to get you to shut up.”
Jon raised an eyebrow at her. “You basically did, you know, on Moat Cailin.” He said dryly.

Sansa let out a little chuckle. “That was a Force push, and you were acting so smug I couldn’t help it.” Sansa rolled her eyes. “Anyway, once I got to know you, really know you, I couldn’t stop myself from falling in love with you. I was a goner the very moment you came back and told me to take that shot against the Death Star. As soon as my ship landed, all I could think about was going to you. You were the first creature I wanted to share that moment with. Not Gilly, not Uncle Bronn, or even Master Tyrion, but you. It felt so natural to want to be with you even then.” Sansa traced the lines of Jon’s eyebrows. She gently pulled them up in an attempt to ease the frown in his forehead. “You challenged me, pushed me, supported me, cheered for me, and cared for me. I am a better person because of your presence in my life.”

Jon closed his eyes. Sansa leaned forward and placed delicate kisses upon each eyelid before kissing his lips. “You are not replaceable Jon Mormont. Yes, there are others who can do what you can, but nobody can replace you in my heart. To me, that is what is most important.”

Sansa leaned forward and kissed him again. She stroked his cheeks with her thumbs as she slowly moved her lips against his. The kiss was simple, and sweet, and spoke of the love she had for him.

Jon had never felt so unworthy of anything in his life.

Mindful of Sansa’s injury, Jon softly touched her wrists and brought her hands away from his face before pulling his lips away from her as well. Sansa looked at him and frowned.

“I am a monster.” He whispered. It was so quiet that he wasn’t sure if Sansa had heard it, until a look of horror came upon her face.

“Jon, no.” She shook her head quickly. She grabbed his face yet again and stared deeply into his eyes. “You get away from him. He is mine! He isn’t yours!” She commanded. “You can’t have him! I will never let you have him again!”

Jon rubbed his thumbs over her hips in soothing circles. “Sansa, it’s all right. It isn’t the Dark Side saying that. It is me.”

Sansa face crumbled. “But that is even worse!” She cried. “You are not a monster. You are good, and strong, and kind, and true. You have to believe me Jon.” Sansa dropped her hands from his face. She placed them on his shoulders and squeezed lightly. “Please believe me.” She pleaded.

Jon stared into her beautiful blue eyes. “What I did to you… that wasn’t how I was raised. My father taught me better than that. I know better than that. I was just so hurt and confused. The Dark Side kept telling me that you didn’t want me because I was weak, but that if I showed you my true power that you would have no choice but to be mine. I just wanted you to want me.” Jon looked down at the dejarik board, ashamed of himself. “The things you said, it manipulated them, and made me think that you have been using me this whole time. That you never really loved me at all. I was so tired from the mission, and you and I wouldn’t stop fighting. It felt like it was easier to give in to the Dark Side then to keep fighting.”

“What did it feel like? When you gave in?”

Jon closed his eyes. “The power was indescribable. I have never felt so strong in my life. It felt like the Force was mine to command, almost like it bowed down to me. I have never felt that way using the Light Side before. It was like I could do anything. But, at the same time, it was terrifying. The power was only given to me because I had to pay the price for it, and the price was surrendering myself to my anger. In the moment it felt like I was in complete control, but in hindsight that wasn’t
true at all. The Dark Side was in control; it manipulated me into believing that I was its Master.”

“How did it feel? When you hurt me?”

Jon opened his eyes quickly. While anyone else would have looked at him accusingly, Sansa face showed nothing but love and concern.

“It felt… disgusting. When I let go and gave in to the Dark Side, it was like I was me, but at the same time wasn’t me.” Jon frowned as he tried to find the words to describe how he felt. “It was almost as if there were two separate manifestations of myself fighting for dominance. The first was how I am now, how you know me, and the second was what you saw when we had our fight. The dark me overpowered the real me, but then when he started to hurt you the real me started to fight for control.” Jon looked between them and began to idly play with a lock of her red hair. It was coarse and dirty from their mission, but just as tracing the squares of the dejark board had done, the simple act helped to ease Jon’s mind as he relived what happened. “It was too late by then. I wasn’t strong enough to stop him.”

“But you came back.” She said softly.

Jon continued to fiddle with Sansa’s hair, unable to look at her. “Yes, but only because of Ghost. When he bit me, the sensation allowed me to take control again.”

Sansa rubbed a finger up and down Jon’s forearm. “No, before that. When he threw me, the Force bind on Jaime and Ghost was broken. Maybe you were already close to defeating him, and Ghost merely helped the victory.”

“I was still too late.” Jon rasped. Her acceptance and understanding felt worse than her treating him with disdain. Jon deserved Sansa’s anger, not her forgiveness.

“Better late than never.” Sansa countered.

Jon found the courage within himself to bring his head up and face Sansa again. “When I faced off against Ramsay, all I wanted to do was beat the shit out of him for all the disgusting things he had done to you. It took everything I had just to remain calm. Someone like that doesn’t deserve to live.” Jon took in a shaky breath. “Sansa, what if I am just like him?” He asked, his words laced with fear.

Sansa narrowed her eyes and set her jaw. “You aren’t, Jon.” She said with conviction. “You will never be him. Never.”

“How can you be so sure?”

Sansa’s eyes turned thoughtful as she contemplated the best way to answer him. “Do you remember what Jaime said? That sometimes all the Dark Side has to do is blink at someone and they will be its servant forever?” Jon nodded his head. “Ramsay Bolton is one such person. I didn’t know him before the war, but nobody is like that just from the Dark Side. He beat me, tortured me, stripped me naked, grabbed me, and threatened to rape me. He only held off on doing so until he had broken me completely. He didn’t want to risk the chance of me injuring him.”

“Why didn’t you?” Jon asked. He had always wondered why Sansa had never fought off Ramsay with the Force after being captured by him.

Sansa stared off into the distance. “Because not even the Force can fix broken bones and starvation. He kept me asleep for two days without food, so that by the time he awoke me I could barely lift my hand, let alone use the energy necessary to call upon the Force. I was weak and heavily injured when Grenn and Pyp saved my life. If it wasn’t for the bacta patches that Grenn hastily slapped onto me.
before carrying me from the room, I would never have been able to fly the ship they stole.” Sansa blinked a few times, coming out of her memory-induced trance. She looked at Jon. “I don’t think that the Dark Side forced Ramsay to do any of that to me. He just did it because he wanted to. And he enjoyed every minute of it.”

Jon wrapped his arms around her and pulled her back into his chest. He began to stroke down the length of her braid. “He will never touch you again, Sansa. I swear it.”

“I swear it, too.” Sansa stated with convictions. She snuggled farther into him. “You aren’t him, Jon. You aren’t any of them. If you were, then you wouldn’t be having an internal struggle. Bran is right. You are more than your anger and your fears. They are apart of you, but they aren’t all of you.” She kissed his neck softly. “I would never love someone who is evil or cruel. One of the reasons I love you is because you are neither of those things.”

“But I got angry, let him take control—”

“You were tired, emotional, hurt, and scared. What you did was understandable. You are just starting out Jon. Remember, you have only been training for two months. Everyone makes mistakes in the beginning.”

“Did you?”

Sansa voice grew very serious. “The first time I used my lightsaber, I cut off all my hair on accident. I thought I would never be beautiful again.”

Jon couldn’t stop himself from laughing at the thought of a young Sansa, traumatized by no longer having her beautiful, long hair.

Sansa raised her head. “It isn’t funny. It was a very serious situation. I was afraid to touch my lightsaber for a week.” She gave him her sternest glare.

Jon continued to laugh despite the look she was giving him. “Oh, come on Sansa, it is a little funny.”

The corners of Sansa’s mouth twitched. “I suppose it is a little comical.” She relented. She touched his lips with her hand. “I am so happy to see you laugh right now.”

Jon smiled at her. “It feels good to laugh. Like somehow, it means everything will be all right, you know?”

Sansa smiled back at him. “Yes, I do.” She rubbed her thumb along his whiskers. “You made a mistake Jon, and I forgive you for it.” She hesitated before continuing. “I—I think you should talk to Jaime and Bran about what you felt when the Dark Side had control over you.”

“Do you think they can help me?” Jon asked.

“I do.” Sansa said with conviction. “When Bran was talking to me alone in the cockpit, he said that with Jaime’s help he was able to overcome the Dark Side. He said he believed the Force had shown me to him so that we could be reunited, but after seeing what happened to you, he feels he was shown me so that he could ultimately meet and help you.”

Jon thought over her words. It was difficult for him to discuss his problems with the Dark Side. It made him feel embarrassed and weak. He would much rather work through his problems on his own, with help from Sansa when necessary.

“Be smart, my son.”
“Dad?..” Jon mouthed, his lips barely moving. He blinked his eyes a few times. He could have sworn that he had just seen his father in the corner of the room for the barest of moments. He looked hazy and slightly ethereal, but there was no mistaking the image for anyone other than Jeor Mormont.

Be smart... Be smart...

With a start, Jon knew exactly what he needed to do.

“I will talk to Bran and Jaime, Sansa. I don’t know if what Bran said was true about being sent here by the Force to help me, but I know we can’t do this on our own anymore. We did the best that we could, and we did well, but I feel as if the Dark Side is trying harder now more than ever. If Jaime was able to help Bran overcome the Dark Side, then maybe they can help me as well. If not... Well, then I suppose that is what Davos if for.” Jon sighed. “I don’t want to, it will be awkward and uncomfortable, but if I don’t face this head on then the Dark Side will win. I will never let that happen.”

Sansa gave him a satisfied smile and a single nod. She had never looked prouder of him.

“Good.” She said. Wiggling off his lap, she made her way out of the booth and gave Jon a dazingly bright smile that lit up her entire face. “Will you come with me now?”

Jon looked down at her hand. “You still want me? After all that?” He knew her answer, but he needed to hear it.

“Always.” She breathed.

Jon squeezed his eyes shut as the last of his tear drops fell onto the dejarik board. He would never tire of hearing Sansa say how much she loved him and wanted him in her life. Slowly, Jon raised his hand and took her own. He carefully brought her hand to his lips and placed the softest of kisses upon her knuckles.

“I love you.” He whispered. “With everything I have I love you.”

“I know, Jon. I promise you, we will get through this together.” Sansa answered. She placed the back of her hand against his jawline. “Come.”

“Yes. I will.” Jon said without hesitation. He lifted himself from the booth, refusing to let go of Sansa’s hand the entire time. It made moving a bit more difficult, but it was worth it. He needed her touch to heal him. “Where are we going?” He asked as soon as he stood.

“First, I need to make an announcement to the rest of the crew.” Sansa said as she began to lead him towards the kitchen.

“Announcement?”

Sansa hummed. “Haven’t you noticed? Poor LA-D3 got injured during our battle. It will take at least ten to get her fixed before we can place a call into the Rebellion, maybe more.” Sansa cocked her to the side. “Probably more.”

Jon furrowed his brow. “She did? It will? I could have sworn she looked—”

Sansa stopped walking. “She did, Jon.” She turned to him and blushed. “I thought, that with everything that happened, you would maybe want to spend some time together? The two of us? We won’t get as many chances once tomorrow comes. I will need to figure out what to do with Bran and
Jaime, and we will need to resume training, map a course for the quickest way to the fleet, go shopping for some—"

“I am not leaving the ship for clothes.” Jon stated firmly.

Sansa rolled her eyes. “I was going to say supplies. We have two more mouths to feed.” They started walking again. “What is it with you and Grenn and shopping? Don’t you find it a bit ridiculous that you are both willing to get shot at without question but when it comes to clothes—”

“I am not doing it and you can’t make me.” Jon said with a pout. “If there is one non-Empire related thing in this Galaxy that I hate, it is clothes shopping, right after Khal Drogo, his psychotic wife, and their demonic pets.”

Sansa sniggered. “Challenge accepted.” She declared. “Um… a—about my earlier question…” Sansa stuttered. Jon noticed that her blush was starting to creep down her neck.

Jon’s cheeks colored to match Sansa’s. She looked uncharacteristically nervous, which made him think that she was implying something. His cock twitched slightly in excitement, his mind immediately going to the gutter. He cleared his throat gruffly.

“I—I would love to spend time with you?” Jon winced as his voice went up an octave and his statement came out as more of a question. He sounded like a damn youngling, which considering his previous intimate experiences—making out with Sansa—was not surprising.

Thank the Galaxy he had Pyp as a roommate. At least he wouldn’t look like a total idiot.

“I wasn’t talking about sex.” Sansa said. Jon immediately felt a mix of relief and disappointment. Relief because he didn’t think he was ready to have sex either, and disappointment because… well, he was a man who was deeply in love with his stunning girlfriend.

“I just, I need to be alone with you.” Sansa continued. She took in a shuddering breath. “You say you can’t live without me, but I am worried of what I would do if I lost you. Yes, I would go on, but I would only feel like half a person. Don’t you know that I need you too? With what time we have left together before you leave, I want to spend it with you, in whatever capacity we have.”

Jon squeezed her hand. “Me too.” He said simply.

XXXXX

Sansa paced back and forth in her tiny bedroom. It had felt bigger before they left the ship for their mission, but now it felt too small for even one person.

_Sansa Snow, this is not the time for a meltdown. You are a grown, mature young woman who is in love with somebody worthy of how amazing you are._

_Now, grab your towel, your nightclothes, and your courage because you are going to get naked and take a shower with Jon Mormont and it isn’t. Going. To be. Weird!_

“Gah!” Sansa lightly stomped her foot and ran her fingers through her hair in agitation.

“Something wrong Sassy Pants?”

Sansa let out a shriek and sent a force push towards the doorway.

“What the fuck Sansa!” Pyp screamed. He was on his back, the pile of clothes he had brought with
Sansa blushed. “Sorry Pyp. I didn’t mean to.” She reached down to offer him a hand. “You just scared me.” She began to help him pick up the clothes he had been carrying. “Are these—”

“You bet your sweet ass they are Jon’s clothes.” Pyp walked into her room and placed them at the foot of her bed. “And don’t tell Jon I said your ass was sweet. I don’t fancy getting pummeled tonight.” His body shook in a fake shudder.

“Why are you bringing them into my room?” Sansa asked. She was more than mildly confused as to what was going on.

“Uh, because you two are moving into together.” Pyp rolled his eyes as if it was the most obvious thing in the Galaxy. “I would tell you to keep up, but I don’t want you hitting me either. You punch harder then Grenn, and that’s saying something.” Pyp rubbed his shoulder, no doubt thinking of all the times Grenn had hit him.

Sansa mouth opened in surprise. “We—we are?! I don’t remember making that d—decision.” She sputtered.

“You are correct, my fair lady. We made it for you after you and Jon fed us that totally fabricated lie about LA-D3 being hurt.” Pyp shook his head in mock disgust. “I mean, really Sassy Pants, the droid was right there beeping that she was fine the entire time.”

Sansa blushed at being caught in her lie. It had been obvious by the looks that Pyp, Grenn and Sam were giving them that they didn’t believe a word her and Jon were saying, but they were at least kind enough not to say anything about it at the time.

“Anyway, after you two left I suggested that you and Jon should move in together. Grenn and Sam will be sharing with me, while Jaime and Bran take the second room. Oh, and Jaime would like you to know that he isn’t going shopping for new clothes either. Something about it being tooemasculating after all the shit he has had to deal with recently. Sam suggested that we go to a planet that has already been liberated by Stannis, so after we are done talking I’m going to head to the cockpit and start charting a course. I thought briefly about turning around and just heading back to Mistwood, but I don’t think we should bother them after everything they have been through. Plus, we do have two Inquisitors on board at the moment.” Pyp’s eyes turned thoughtful. “You know, I think we might be able to trust them. Bran seems like a good kid, just a little emotional. He started crying into his meat when Grenn started shoving me to scoot over and make room for him at the table while Sam nagged at us to behave. As for Jaime, he is a bit surly, but his sarcasm seems to be on point. They should fit in just fine, provided they aren’t scamming us of course. Knowing Grenn, he is probably already making plans for the occasion.” Pyp rolled his eyes.

Sansa was speechless. In the time it had taken her to come back to her room from the kitchen, her crew had already taken care of some of the problems that needed to be dealt with. She hadn’t even discussed with them what needed to be done or that she needed help.

Sansa’s eyes went wide as Pyp grabbed her for a spontaneous hug. “I am so happy you are alive.” He pulled back but kept his arms around her as he gave her his trademark goofy grin. “You don’t have to do it alone Sansa. We are all here to help. Sam is going to drop off some extra food for you and Jon as soon as he is done cooking it.” He let go of her and made his way out the door. “Now go get your man, otherwise poor Jon will leave the refresher only to find that all of his clothes have mysteriously disappeared. He’s in the one on this side of the hall.” Pyp called over his shoulder as he walked away.
Sansa blinked several times. In that moment, she had never been more grateful to the creatures who had left her stranded on Dorne, leaving her with no other option than to go into a bar and try to find someone that would be willing to help her get the stolen fuel to the Rebellion. It had seemed like the worst day of her life, but now Sansa saw it as the best thing that had ever happened to her. If it hadn’t, she would have never been taken in by Jeor Mormont and his son Jon. She remembered fondly her pivotal conversation with Jeor, where he brought to light her prejudices towards others who did not fight for the Rebellion. Not only did this help her to look past her initial dislike of Jon to see what was below his brooding exterior, but it also gave her the chance to work alongside three of the best creatures she had ever met in her life. Creatures who were so much more than White Walkers who had once fought for the Empire. Creatures who looked after each other, helped each other, and protected each other. Creatures who had sensed all her problems, and who had helped her because they were good and kind, not for some form of recognition.

In her heart, Sansa vowed to do everything in her power to keep Pyp, Sam, and Grenn alive through the war.

Quickly gathering her toiletries, Sansa made her way to the refresher and towards the one person she would always be the most grateful to Jeor for giving her.

Sansa didn’t bother knocking; she simply palmed the door to the refresher and stepped inside the small space. The room was about the size of a large closet, with a toilet on one end of the wall and a sink and mirror across from it on the other. The shower was nestled into the corner. There was a small amount of steam in the room from the heat of the spray, but not enough to hide the back of Jon’s body from her as he held his head under the water. He was bracing himself with his hands along the wall, giving Sansa the perfect view of his very defined back and shoulders. While Jon had been fit when she first met him, the muscles along his body had begun to bulk up even more under her intense training regimes.

“I will be done in two minutes guys, then you can have your turn. I just need to—Ah!” Jon let out an intense scream as he turned around and saw Sansa standing in the middle of the room. “S—S—Sansa?!” He croaked, quickly putting his hands in front of his crotch.

“Hello.” Sansa said. She was sure that if she turned to look at the mirror she would see her blush creeping all the way down her neck. “I thought we could shower together.”

“What?!” Jon squeaked. He pressed his back into the wall. “I thought you said you weren’t ready for… you know…”

“Sex?” Sansa asked. Her blush was replaced with a small smirk due to the fact that Jon couldn’t even say the word.

“Yes.”

Sansa shook her head slowly, her eyes never leaving Jon’s. “I’m not, but I am ready to feel closer to you.”

Jon gave her a look of disbelief. “By bathing with me?” He asked skeptically.

“I just…” Sansa furrowed her brow as she searched for the right words to express herself. “I need to feel you, all of you. Today has been hard on both us, emotionally as well as physically. When I hold your hand, it brings me warmth and comfort. I thought, that maybe if we held each other skin-to-skin, that it would help to heal the hurt in both of our hearts.” Sansa looked down to the tops of her
bare toes. She hadn’t bothered to put her boots back on after her episode. “I didn’t want to wait until later. I was afraid something might interrupt us, and we would never get the chance to be together.”

Sansa’s shoulders slumped at the sound of the shower being turned off. She hadn’t thought that maybe Jon wouldn’t have wanted their first time naked together to be in the shower. Maybe the setting was too awkward for him. Sansa closed her eyes, hoping that a black hole would come and swallow up the ship so that she wouldn’t have to live with the embarrassment of what she had just attempted.

“Sansa.” Jon whispered. He had opened the shower door and placed a towel onto the floor so that he wouldn’t slip and slung another towel around his hips.

“I’m sorry Jon, I wasn’t thinking. I should have asked you first before I—”

Jon walked towards her. He cupped her cheek and brought his mouth towards hers. He placed a gentle kiss on her lips.

“Sansa.” He whispered softly. “Will you let me undress you?” He asked, his eyes boring into hers.

“Yes.” Sansa breathed.

Jon placed his forehead against hers. “I need to feel you as well, sweetling.” He brought himself back from her and kissed the top of her forehead.

Reverently, Jon undid the button on her soft leather pants and slid them down her hips. Sansa hummed at the sensation when the rough pads of his thumbs grazed the outside of her legs. He raised one leg and then other. Placing the pants to the side, Jon looked up at her in question as he brought his hands to her undergarments. Sansa gave him a smile and firm nod. She grabbed his hands and brought them to her hips, helping him pull down the first few inches. Jon’s eyes never left hers as he pulled them all the way down. Jon stood. Raising her hands overhead, Jon grabbed the bottom of her tunic and pulled it up. Sansa’s breathing speed up. There was now only her breast band and Jon’s towel between them. Jon took a step forward so that he could undo the hooks in the back. Their chests were touching, allowing Sansa to feel his own heartrate beating in time with her own. She could feel the pressure on her breasts release once the hooks were unclasped, but Jon’s body again her own kept the band from falling.

Jon placed his head into the crook of her neck. Sansa shivered as she felt his breath ghost along her skin. “I love you.” He said so softly that Sansa almost didn’t hear it.

Sansa raised her hand and carded it through his wet curls. “I love you.” She responded just as gently.

Jon brought his hands down to his towel. Sansa, while a virgin, was no fool. She knew what was pressing into her. “I am sorry. I can’t help it.” Jon apologized.

Sansa felt her own desire pooling low in her belly. She turned her head to kiss the top of Jon’s head. “I can’t either.” She told him honestly.

Placing her hands onto Jon’s chest, Sansa gently pushed him away to release the band. Jon dropped the towel at the same moment. With nothing between them now, Sansa quickly wrapped her arms around Jon. Her body immediately relaxed as she felt the calming effect of his skin caressing hers.

“Can I look at you?” Jon asked. He nuzzled himself farther into her shoulder.

Jon’s question and subsequent action caused Sansa to become hyper aware of her body. Most notably, how dirty she was. Sansa hadn’t cleaned herself for almost two days. Her body was covered
in grime and dry sweat, her hair was oily, and she was sure that her body did not smell pleasant. The relaxation she had felt moments before was soon replaced with mortified tension.

“Sansa? Did I do something wrong?” Jon asked. He began to raise his head from his shoulder. Panicking, Sansa grabbed his head and slammed him into her collar bone. “Ow!” He cried. He tried to move his head, this time to massage out the pain in his forehead, but Sansa refused to let him move.

“I smell!” She squeaked. “I smell and I’m dirty and my hair is greasy and I don’t know what I was thinking! You are going to be seeing me naked for the first time and I haven’t bathed in two days!”

“I don’t think shoving me towards your underarm is the answer to your problems.” Jon replied, his voice a bit muffled.

With a gasp, Sansa removed her hand from Jon’s head and instead shoved him away from her. Not anticipating her quick change in demeanor, Jon stumbled backwards before catching himself against the door to the shower.

“Don’t look!” Sansa screamed. She threw her arms over her chest and crossed her legs. “I look horrible!”

Jon reached out a hand to placate her. He kept his eyes locked with hers. “Sansa, it doesn’t matter. We train together all the time. You are almost always covered in some form of sweat—”

“Are you saying I smell all the time?!?”

“No!” Jon rubbed a hand over his face. “I’m saying that I don’t care. I love your body, not because of what it looks like—”

“I told you not to look!”

“—or what it smells like, but because it houses who you are. I love your soul, and your body houses your soul. So, I love your body because it is your home.”

Sansa’s eyes began to fill with tears. “Promise?”

Jon smiled her special smile. “I promise.” He took a hesitant step towards her. “Would you like to shower now? Will that help you?”

Sansa nodded her head. “Yes.” She smiles sheepishly. “Can you just not look? At least for a little bit.”

“Of course. I promise I will keep my eyes honorable the entire time if you want me to.” Jon gave her a wink.

Sansa let out a giggle. “Just for the first little bit.”

Holding hands, the two of them stepped into the shower. It was just big enough that the two of them did not have to touch each other if they didn’t want to, but Sansa hoped that after she cleaned her body her insecurities would quickly change. She bent her head back over the spray as the warm water wetted her hair and the back of her body.

Sansa looked at Jon, quirking an eyebrow when she heard his pained moan.

“I’m okay.” He insisted before Sansa had a chance to ask. “It’s just…” Jon sighed. “The woman I
love is in the shower leaning back to wet her hair and I am only inches from her and I swear I am not looking but I am weak, all right?” He said in a rush.

Sansa giggled. She lifted Jon’s hand and brought it over his eyes. “Give me thirty seconds.” Sansa gave Jon a quick peck on the lips.

Grabbing her own personal bar of soap—Sansa refused to share with the rest of the squadron—she quickly went about scrubbing every inch of her body, twice. The first time was to get clean, and the second time was to make sure she no longer smelled like sweat.

Sansa straightened her back and let her hands rest at her sides. “Okay. You can look now.” She said, taking deep breath before slowly letting it out.

Jon opened his eyes. He reached out his hand. “You’re beautiful.”

“But you haven’t even looked yet.”

Jon placed his hand over her heart. “I have already seen you here, and that makes you beautiful.”

Sansa felt tears prick at her eyes. She raised her own hand to place over Jon’s heart. “You are beautiful here too.” She said, hoping that Jon believed her.

Her body shivered as Jon slowly moved his hand in between the valley of her breasts. His eyes followed his hand. “Can I?..”

The heat in between Sansa’s legs came back instantly. “Yes.” She breathed.

Jon gently traced the under swell of her left breast. He swept his hand along the outside before tracing the top. He flipped his hand over, tracing her stiffened nipple with his knuckle before moving on to her other breast.

“I’ve… I’ve always been embarrassed by them.” Sansa rambled. He was making her feel so very good and she didn’t know what to do to break the tension. “They are so—”

“Perfect?” Jon raised his other hand and cupped both of her breasts into his hands. Sansa blushed as her breasts spilled out of his hands. When she was starting puberty, some of the other girls on Wall had teased her about having a large chest. Her friend Alys had assured her that they were just jealous, but the result of their teasing caused Sansa to become rather self-conscious about her breast size. She always wore loose tunics and kept her breast band rather snug in an effort to hide her true size. But now, with the way Jon was reverently staring at them, she wondered if Alys had been correct.

Jon bent down and placed an open mouth kiss on the top of each breast. His beard tickled her sensitive skin. With a sigh of regret, he released her. He began to trail his hands down the sides of her waist. He bent down just as his hands gripped her hips. Sansa tried not to blush when she realized that Jon was now staring at her most intimate area. He rested his forehead just above her auburn curls and took a deep breath in. He skimmed his hands over the curve of her bottom before resting both hands on the backs of her thighs and squeezing lightly.

“Everything about you is perfect.” He breathed. He stood up and kissed her softly on the lips. “Would you like to look at me? At least, the parts you haven’t seen yet.” He teased, referencing all his shirtless training sessions and the fact that Sansa had already seen his naked backside.

Sansa continued to look in Jon’s eyes while her hand tentatively left the side of her body. Jon,
knowing what she was seeking, guided her hand along the rest of the way. He closed his eyes in pleasure as Sansa gently cupped his balls into the palm of her hand. Looking down, Sansa saw Jon’s hardened cock standing up straight in between their bodies. She used a single finger to trail along his balls towards the tip. He was soft and warm, thick and masculine. She couldn’t help the whimper that escaped the back of her throat as it twitched.

Jon opened his eyes. They were near black. There was no denying the desire in them. She had to advert her eyes from his, the look in his gaze too intense.

“Sansa, love, we don’t have to do anything. For tonight, this can be enough.” He said, sensing her hesitation.

“I want to, so badly.” Sansa moaned out. “I am just… scared. I know it’s silly, but everything I do with you is my first time doing it.”

Jon looked at her with understanding. “It is that way for me as well. If this is all that we do, then I am happy with this.”

Sansa pulled at the ends of her hair. “Well, there is one thing that I have always wanted you to do…” She trailed off.

Jon quirked an eyebrow. “What is that?”

“Will you wash my hair? Please?”

Jon blinked a few times before clearing his throat gruffly. “Yes.” He rasped.

“Don’t you ever tell Pyp this, but I am grateful that he took charge for once.”

Sansa laughed and nodded her head in agreement. “You know, I would almost be afraid that Pyp would suffer from a lack of confidence considering how none of us ever want to let him know when he is right, but…”

Jon hummed in agreement. After their shower, they had returned to her-- no their-- room and shown no hesitation in eating all of the food that Sam had dropped off for them. Exhaustion had settled in not long after their last bite. It had been a long few days, and Jon felt like he could sleep for a week or longer if it were possible. Everyone else on the ship was preparing for sleep as well, so Sansa and Jon had brushed their teeth and climbed into bed. Sansa turned onto her side, so that it was her back alongside his front. She rested her head onto his bicep and sighed in contentment.

Jon both loved and hated how right it felt to lay in bed and hold Sansa while they both fell asleep. Loved because it reaffirmed to him that they were created to be together, and hated because their time together was limited. He nuzzled into her neck and smiled when Sansa sighed again for the second time in so many minutes. She turned her head so that she could look at him. Leaning in, she touched their foreheads together.

Jon’s cock twitched.

_Damn it man, get it together!_

Sansa smiled. Her blue eyes sparkled as they gazed into his own.

_Stay strong!_
Sansa closed her eyes and let out a shaky breath. “Jon--”

_Fuck it._

He cut her off with his lips on hers. Sansa kissed him back, her body twisting all the way around as her hand came up into his neck and hair.

Jon whimpered. They were dressed, but only barely. Sansa was wearing a tunic and underclothes, while Jon was in his undershorts. Her skin felt electric. Try as he might, he couldn’t get the image of her naked in the shower out of his head. It had been a struggle not to grab her while he was washing her hair, but it seemed small in comparison to the restraint that he was showing now.

Unable to help himself, and wanting to know if she felt the same, Jon pulled his mouth away from hers. “I know we said no sex, which I totally agree with because I am not ready for that, yet, soon though, very soon, but could I, maybe, well, do something else instead?”

Sansa’s brows furrowed. “What do you want to do?” She asked, a light blush beginning to stain her cheeks.

Deciding that he was more a man of action than words, Jon took a deep breath. He flattened her on the bed, staying by her side. Slowly, his eyes never leaving hers, Jon pulled Sansa’s tunic from her torso. Their mouths met again, but not for long. He moved to her jawline, neck, and collarbone, eliciting soft sighs from Sansa. He placed soft butterfly kisses down to her chest, and with a vigor he didn’t know he’d been holding back, he sucked at one of Sansa’s pebbled nipples.

This earned him a loud moan, boosting his confidence to go further.

Trailing his hand across her hips, he rested it atop her pelvis, seeing if she would stop him. She didn’t. He pressed his way down, urging her to open her legs. When his hands brushed against her core, she bucked. His heart raced from the feel off her wetness and warmth, his mind conjuring up what it would feel like to have his cock deep inside her.

Later… Very soon later...

He dipped two fingers inside, and Sansa tensed at the odd intrusion, her hands shooting up to grip his shoulders. But she didn’t push him away. It was as if they both were waiting for the other to react, to show some outward sign that what was happening should be explored more.

Jon decided to leap first.

He took his fingers out, then slid them back in, repeating the process in a languid gesture. Sansa’s tension didn’t subside. He massaged her insides while his palm rubbed against where he assumed the clit was located. After all, he had never done any of this before.

Jon decided that on a purely academic level, he would look more into the human female anatomy during his down time.

Sansa moaned, unable to articulate a response to Jon’s ministrations. In seconds, he was on her again, pressing himself against her side and nipping and lapping at her breasts. He watched her reaction, feeling how her legs twitched and her body writhed.

Jon made it a slow process, because he wanted to enjoy it, but most of all, he wanted her to enjoy it.

Sansa’s muscles tensed and her back arched. The moans escaping her lips began to come out hard and violent. Around his fingers, her inner walls contracted, trying to pull him in deeper.
And then the moment passed, Sansa sagging against the bed and breathing hard. He let go of her nipple with a pop. Gazing down at her, Jon became mesmerized by her beauty. She looked spent and euphoric.

He removed his fingers. The once cool room now felt warm. He twisted and bent down to retrieve the towel from the floor, cleaning Sansa before he wiped his hand clean. The fabric drifted over his hardened cock, and he flinched, glaring at the tent in his under shorts and willing it to disappear. He tried to angle himself in a way to hide it; he didn’t want Sansa to see his erection and think that she was obligated to—

“Are you going to take care of that?”

He snapped his attention to her, seeing that Sansa’s eyes were staring between his legs. Her skin was still flushed, though Jon guessed some of the color came from a blush. Sansa wetted her lips before bringing her eyes back to his.

Jon gulped. He had every intention of letting their intimate moment end with Sansa’s climax, but then her hand reached out and grabbed him softly.

“You—you don’t—”

“Neither did you.” Sansa interrupted. “But you wanted to, and I want to as well. It isn’t about the action Jon, it’s about what it can bring.” She kissed him softly on the lips. “I want us to share this moment, together.”

Sansa loomed over him, pushing his back into the mattress as she made quick work of his undershorts. His erection stood at attention, and Sansa eyed it with a hint of curiosity and a glint of desire. She palmed him again, and Jon couldn’t suppress the deep groan that rumbled within his chest.

She worked his shaft, up and down, her thumb caressing over the smooth skin of the tip. It was maddening, her touch burning deep into his nerves as her movements stayed rhythmically slow. A part of him wanted this to last as long as it could, but he knew it wasn’t possible. Not after what he had just given her. He was already dripping from just these few moments. No, Jon wanted to peak, to come while knowing that Sansa was watching him and helping him along.

He was so close.

Jon wrapped his hand around hers and squeezed, pumping himself faster until his mind exploded into a frenzy of sparks. He came with her name on his lips, his neck cording tight.

Letting go of his hold on her, Sansa milked every last drop from him, letting it all spill out onto his belly. Through labored breathing and hooded eyes, he watched her reach for the towel. As delicately as he had done before, Sansa cleaned Jon first and then herself.

Jon reached out to smooth her hair behind her ears. “I am glad, it was with you.” Sansa face lit up and she kissed the palm of his hand. “I only ever want it to be with you.” He sat up and took her face into both hands as he brought their lips together. It was slow and lazy, their tongues mingling together.

Sansa gently pulled him down to lay on top of her. She placed his head directly over her heart. “I love you so much, Jon.” She whispered. “You are my strength during this dark time.”

Jon placed a soft kiss over her heart. “I will love you always, Sansa.” Jon kissed her heart one more time. “Always.”
Sansa wrapped her arms around Jon. She rested her head on top of his as they both closed their eyes. Jon listened as Sansa’s breathing evened out, signaling that she had fallen asleep. He let her peace and love fall over him, and soon joined her.

Chapter End Notes

I know, I know... Pyp is the best, isn't he? LOL.

A lot of stuff happened for Jon and Sansa this chapter, but I think what was most important is that they realized that they don't have to go it alone, nor do they only have each other for support. They have an entire crew ready and willing to pitch in so that they can take the time the time that they need to heal each other. I have a lot of favorite parts this chapter, but one of the top ones is when Pyp comes in and lets Sansa know that they have done half of her workload.

Another great part was Jon coming to the decision to talk to Bran and Jaime. It won't be easy, and he doesn't necessarily have a lot of time to do so, but they are two people that can and will help him.

Also, JonSa moments! I am a big believer in the healing power of touch, and I really wanted to use that to show how much they love and care for each other.

Question: We have two more chapters left before they meet up with the Rebellion, causing the momentary end to crow squadron. Does anybody want one last chapter full of shenanigans, via the shopping trip that nobody wants to go on?

Preview for Chapter 33:

“Morning.” Jaime said neutrally. He motioned to the men in the room with the wave of his hand. “Nobody told me that clothes were optional. Should Bran and I take off our shirts as well?”

Sansa’s left eye twitched. “I suppose if it will make you more comfortable.” She replied through gritted teeth.

Jaime barked out a laugh and rolled his eyes. “Pass. I'm too old for these juvenile pissing contests.”

“She's right. Nobody wants to see your old-man flab anyway.” Pyp said airily without looking up from his nails.

Bran stifled a laugh as Jaime went about taking off his shirt. He alone knew just how much time his Master spent on his physical appearance.

Pyp’s jaw dropped to the floor. “I take it back. I want to look like you when I grow up.” He said with wide eyes as he took in Jaime’s definition on his chest, arms, and back.

That's all my friends! Please comment if you like and let me what you thought of our mostly JonSa chapter, with a little wingman Pyp thrown in. Have a fabulous week my friends and take care!
Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for your comment, kudos, and hits last chapter!

Trigger warning: mentions of blood and death during the first few paragraphs.

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 33: Happiness

“Remember Bran, the man who passes the sentence should swing the sword. If you would take a man’s life, you owe it to him to look into his eyes and hear his final words. And if you cannot bear to do that, then perhaps the man does not deserve to die.”

Bran Stark opened his eyes with a start. He looked around him, disoriented when he didn’t immediately recognize his surroundings. He felt his body begin to relax when he remembered that he was on The Knights Watch with his sister Sansa, her crew, and Master Jaime Lannister. Putting his hands into fists, Bran rubbed the sleep from his eyes.

The nightmare had felt hauntingly real. He was back on Mistwood fighting Trant alongside Jon and Grenn. Trant had still died just in real life, but not calling Bran a murderer. He had become drenched in Trant’s blood as it spurted forth from his sliced neck. Bran screamed out as he began to drown in the thick red substance. He woke up once his head went completely under and he was no longer able to breath.

Bran opened his hands and turned them back and forth in front on his eyes. He wouldn’t have been surprised to see them stained with red. Next to him, Jaime let out a soft snore. Bran turned his head and stared at Jaime’s unconscious form. He was tempted to wake him up to discuss his nightmare but quickly decided against it. He had never seen Jaime so relaxed, even in sleep. While he knew their current situation was not without its own troubles, Bran was happy to see Jaime finally getting some rest. His problems could wait until morning.

Morning.

Bran smiled at the thought of getting to train with Sansa in a few hours. He would have to be careful about appearing too eager. Before going to bed, Jaime had cautioned him to resist smothering her. He didn’t say it to hurt him, but to help Bran understand that Sansa might need some time to come to terms with everything she had endured the past few days. Bran readily agreed and promised to follow her cues.

Wiping the sweat from his brow, Bran quietly made his way out of bed and towards where he remembered the kitchen to be. He was thirsty and needed a glass of water before falling back asleep. His stomach growled, letting him know that he would need a snack as well. Bran had been unable to eat as much as he normally did during their meal earlier.
Bran’s hand skimmed the wall while we walked down the dim hallway. He smiled faintly as remembered his time spent with Jaime, Pyp, Grenn, and Sam during their meal. Jaime had obviously been a little annoyed, and his exhaustion didn’t help his mood, but the other three had reminded him of what family dinners were like on Winterfell. There was laughing, scolding, and even a bit of food throwing when Pyp had succeeded in stealing a piece of meat off Sam’s plate. Bran didn’t think that the quieter man would have retaliated to his food being stolen, but to his surprise Sam was just jovial and relaxed as Pyp, only not as talkative. Grenn, however, was sarcastic and scary. He made Bran nervous and didn’t like the suspicious looks he kept sending Jaime.

_I will just have to keep an extra eye on Grenn during our time on the ship. Nobody will hurt Master, especially now that he is finally away from the corruption of his sister and the Empire._

Bran made it to the kitchen, after only one wrong turn, and palmed the light. The fluorescent bulbs flickered on slowly. It took them a solid minute to warm up and bring enough light into the room to allow Bran to see what he was doing. Grabbing the same water cup that he had cleaned earlier after dinner—he had volunteered to do dishes to show the others that he was willing to earn his keep—Bran filled the glass with water and set down. He chose a meiloorun from the fruit bowl in the center of the table for his snack.

“Careful, kid. Those are Sansa’s favorite.”

Bran let out a yelp and jumped in his seat. There, coming through the doorway, was a half dressed Grenn and the white direwolf Ghost. The large beast padded over to the table and rested his head on the seat next to Bran. His blood red eyes stared at the food longingly.

“Ghost. Don’t beg for scraps.” Grenn reprimanded. He went to the counter to get himself his own glass of water. Bran tried not to stare at his tattoos. The 501st had been the battalion sent to Winterfell to murder his family.

“I wasn’t there.” Grenn said simply as he sat himself down.

Deciding that Bran wasn’t going to share his snack with him, Ghost made his over to Grenn. He placed his massive head onto the man’s lap. Grenn absent mindedly began to scratch the back of his ears.

“I… I don’t know what you mean.” Bran stuttered. He kept his eyes focused on the meiloorun in his hands. He had only taken one bite but found himself no longer wanting to finish his snack.

“Sure you do, kid.” Grenn pointed to his bicep and then to the scar over his right shoulder. “I was shot in the shoulder and the hip during a skirmish on Pyke a week before the Winterfell Massacre. The glorious Empire couldn’t spare a bacta tank for a regular foot solider, even if I was an elite one and Captain of my own squadron, so I was stuck rehabbing on low-grade bacta patches and half-assed physical therapy for four weeks. I was fucking lucky. My entire squadron was killed on Winterfell.” He took a sip of water. “They were the ones that got blown up with your sister.”

Bran’s jaw went slack. “I—I… well, that is, um….” He stuttered.

Grenn raised an eyebrow at him while Bran continued to flounder for words. In truth, he didn’t know what to say. The person he was raised to be wanted to tell Grenn that he was sorry for the loss of his team, but another part wanted to remain silent and offer no condolences. His teammates killed his family and friends. They deserved what they got.

Didn’t they?
Bran winced. No, that wasn’t right. That sounded too much like what the Dark Side would want him to think, and Bran didn’t ever want his thoughts to align with that part of the Force. He had forgiven Master Jaime for the part that he played, but did that mean he was supposed to forgive everyone?

“Don’t think about it too hard, kid. War is hell.” Grenn took another sip of water. “Good and bad people die, on either side. The mistake we make is thinking that everyone on our side is good, while everyone on the opposing side is bad. Some of the men and women who died from my squadron were good creatures who believed the bullshit the Empire fed them. They thought what they were doing the right thing and gave their lives to the cause.” He grabbed the remaining meiloorun out of the bowl and took a bite. “Other creatures were pieces of shit. They got what was coming to them.”

Bran frowned when Grenn took another bite of fruit. “I thought you said they were Sansa’s favorite?” He said, pointing to the meiloorun.

Grenn shrugged his broad shoulders. “They are my favorite too. Unlike everyone else on this ship, Sansa doesn’t scare me.” His eyes scrutinized Bran and he titled his head towards Bran’s forgotten fruit. “Besides, you obviously want to eat yours, otherwise you wouldn’t have chosen it. Sometimes it is easier to eat with someone.”

“Why are you being nice to me?” Bran blurted out. He winced when he realized that he had once again done something without thinking.

Grenn gave out a laugh. “I don’t hate you, kid. Shit happened that was beyond your control, and you were forced to do what was necessary to survive. I get that.” Grenn narrowed his eyes. “I do not, however, trust or like your so-called ‘Master’.” Bran opened his mouth to argue with his statement but Grenn raised a hand to silence him. “You can tell me what a great person he is all you want, but I am a grown man and I can make my own decisions. If Jaime Lannister is really as reformed as he says, he will just have to prove it.” Grenn took another bite of his meiloorun. He titled his head towards Bran’s fruit, encouraging him to do the same.

“I suppose that is fair.” Bran said slowly. He swallowed a small piece of fruit. The atmosphere between the two of them was awkward, but thankfully not malicious. Bran took his time trying to think of something to say that wouldn’t be considered invasive or off-putting. “So… were you hungry as well?”

Grenn snorted. “Nightmares. Thankfully Ghost sensed what was happening before I had a full-blown episode. I figured we had more than enough of those today.” Grenn scratched Ghost behind the ears. “Getting and up and walking around helps me to get my bearings.”

“Oh.” Bran said quietly. He mentally slapped himself for failing to ask a simple question. How was he supposed to get these creatures to like him if he kept saying stupid stuff? He wished he was more like Robb, who had never struggled for friends, or Arya, who never cared what anybody thought.

Grenn tapped him on the shoulder. “Don’t beat yourself up about it kid. You keep doing that and you will have problems before you know it. You didn’t know, and if people get offended over stupid shit like innocent questions then they are the real assholes, not you.”

Bran stood up a little straighter in his chair, instantly feeling better.

“You also shouldn’t care about what people think.”

Bran wilted.

Grenn laughed again. “I’m just playing with you.” He finished his fruit. Taking the pit, he threw it
perfectly into the sink before returning his attention back to Bran. “What brings you to the kitchen tonight?” He asked.

Bran turned his half-eaten mealoorun over in his hands. He debated on if he should tell Grenn the truth. He seemed like a decent creature, but it felt too soon to share personal things with him. Still, if he wanted any of their trust he would have to demonstrate that he trusted them enough with his struggles. Besides, maybe if he spoke of his nightmare he might be able to throw in a few bits about Master that would help Grenn not be so suspicious of him.

“I had a nightmare as well.” He said quietly. “About Trant.” He took another bite of fruit to avoid Grenn’s scrutinizing gaze.

“First time?” Grenn asked. He didn’t have to elaborate; Bran knew was Grenn was speaking of.

“Yes.” He whispered. Bran resisted the urge to throw his head into his hands and cry. He was so ashamed of himself. He had sworn to never kill anyone, but in the moment, when it had come down to them and Trant, he hadn’t hesitated.

Grenn’s chair scuffled across the floor. Bran risked a glance at his direction and was surprised to see Grenn pick up the chair and move it so that he could sit next to Bran. Instead of offering words of comfort, he sat there quietly while Bran tried to get control over his emotions.

“Am I a murderer?” Bran asked innocently.

“I can’t answer that kid. Only you can.” Grenn replied. “All I can say is that we are at war, and it was either him or us.” Grenn stared off into the distance. “I have killed my fair share of men and women. That has been my life, my entire life. After a while, I just became numb to it.”

“What changed?”

“Me. The Empire. The battles I fought.” Grenn rubbed over his tattoo. “It wasn’t any one thing. I just… didn’t like who I had become. The Empire kept telling me to kill creatures, said it was for the glory of the Empire, but it felt wrong. Life is sacred, and they weren’t treating it as such.”

Bran raised his eyebrows. He gave Grenn an appraising look. “That sounds like Jedi teachings.”

Grenn snorted. “Don’t make me laugh.” He rolled his eyes. “Anyway, I found myself asking the same question you are asking yourself now. ‘Am I murderer?’ I would ponder it over and over after every mission.”

“What… What did you decide?” Bran held his breath as he waited for Grenn to answer.

“I am not going to tell you.”

“Oh.”

Grenn looked at him out of the corner of his eye. “It’s not because it is too personal, but because I don’t want my own perceptions of myself to influence your own answer to that question.” Grenn stood up and stretched his arms overhead. He turned to face Bran and placed a heavy, yet comforting hand on his shoulder. “Just think about this kid: you were either going to be killed, or taken into Ramsay’s custody and wish you had been killed. In the moment, not every creature can be taken captive, nor do they want to be. While it isn’t right to be judge, jury, and executioner, the reality of war is that sometimes, we have no choice but to be.” He patted Bran on the shoulder one more time before moving towards the door. “You can keep Ghost for the rest of the night. Pyp and Sam can help me if I need it.” Grenn walked out of the doorway and down the hall. “But no scraps!” He
called over his shoulder.

Ghost laid down with a huff. Crossing his massive head over his front paws, he looked up at Bran and then the fruit. Bran smiled at him.

“Just one little piece.” He whispered. Bran bit off a piece of fruit and placed it in the palm of his hand. Ghost started to wag his tail in excitement as he licked Bran’s hand clean. Bran patted the top of his head. “It will be our secret, all right?” Ghost nodded his head.

Bran finished the meiloorun in a few more bites and stared down at the pit. He thought about Trant’s death. The Inquisitor had tried to kill him. If it hadn’t been for Jon tackling him to the ground, Bran would have gotten much worse than a minor flesh wound. When he had Force pushed him back into the wall, there was no doubt in his mind that Trant was going to kill them if they didn’t wrap up the battle quickly. If Trant had succeeded, then it would have been him and Ramsay against Jaime. Though he was strong, Bran doubted even Jaime could have handled the two of them alone. In that moment, Bran had only wanted to protect himself, his Master, and the two people who were fighting to save him as well. Was it so wrong to want to live? All it took was one look into Trant’s eyes and Bran had known what he needed to do.

Bran took a deep breath. “Don’t think Bran. Just answer the question.” He stared into Ghost’s eyes. “Did I help to kill Trant because there was no other way?”

“Yes.”

“Did I enjoy killing him?”

“No.”

“Am I murderer?”

“No.”

Ghost barked, seemingly happy with Bran’s answers. He began to lick Bran’s fingers where there were still traces of the meiloorun juice.

“It’s a good thing that I am asking myself these questions, isn’t is Ghost?” The direwolf wagged his tail. “If I was a murderer, then I wouldn’t care at all that Trant died. I don’t know if what I did was right, but I know that it was necessary to save myself and others. Perhaps I will never be okay with it, but I think that is a good thing.”

Ghost reached up and gave him a big, sloppy lick on his cheek. Bran let out a laugh, feeling as if a weight had started to lift from his shoulders.

Bran enclosed the meiloorun pit into his fist. He stared at the sink, and then at his hand, looking between the two several times before coming to a decision. Angling his body towards the sink, Bran raised his arm overhead and threw the pit. It rebounded off the counter twice before landing in the sink.

Bran’s entire face lit up with a smile. “C’mon Ghost.” He said. The large direwolf immediately started to follow him out of the kitchen. “You can come sleep with me tonight.”

Together, the two made their way back to Bran’s room.

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“Master! Master wake up! It’s time for training!” Bran half-shouted. He began to shake his torso when Jaime refused to awaken.

“Bran, it is too early.” Jaime slowly opened one of his eyes. “This is why we do all our trainings mid-mornings, after breakfast. I—”

“Am not a morning person. I know.” Bran rolled his eyes.

Bran had barely gotten a few hours of sleep himself due to his nightmare and subsequent talk with Grenn, but had experienced no difficulty waking up that morning once his alarm had gone off. His talk with Grenn, his recalling of his conversation with Jaime, and his own thoughts had left him feeling happier than he had been in long time. He was going to get to train with Sansa today, and nothing would stop him from that. Not even Jaime and his laziness.

“Get up!” He said, shoving the older man one more time.

“All right, all right, I’m up.” Jaime growled. He sat up and ruffled Bran’s hair while he let out a huge yawn. “Sometimes I forget that you are only fifteen.”

Bran’s smile faltered. “Me too.” He said quietly. He looked down at the floor, trying not think about what a nightmare the past four years had been.

Jaime stood up and rested a hand on Bran’s shoulder. “It’s good to see you acting your age.” He said with a smile. “We can’t erase what happened, tough Force knows I would like to, but don’t let the past keep you from being happy now.”

Bran’s smiled returned. Jaime was right. If he truly wanted to honor the memory of those who he lost, he would need to live his life to the fullest. Father, Mother, Robb, Rickon, and even Arya, wherever she was, wouldn’t want him to be sad, especially know that he was amongst people who cared about him.

“You’re right.” He said. Bran raised both fists out in front of him. “I am going to have a great run with my sister!” He declared.

“That’s my boy.” Jaime said. He ruffled his hair one last time before turning around to get dressed. He began to put on his pants when he stopped abruptly. “Bran, do you realize what just happened?”

“No?” Bran replied. His voice was muffled due to him pulling on his shirt. It was black, and a bit large on his skinny frame, but it was the only remaining one they had on board that wasn’t in use or dirty. Unlike everyone else it seemed, Bran was actually excited to go shopping for supplies. He used to be his Mother’s constant companion whenever she needed to pick something up and didn’t want to ask one of their droids to do it. It made him fell, well, normal, to do something so mundane.

“Did the ship lurch or something?”

“No.” Jaime said, suddenly very serious. “Bran, you didn’t flinch.”

Bran pulled his over his head and stared at Jaime in shock. “I didn’t?” He asked, a bit dumbfounded. From his place on the bed, Ghost let out a delighted bark.

“No!” Jaime screamed. He faltered on his feet from the shock of seeing Ghost taking up half of Bran’s bed. “When did that thing come in here?!”

“Oh, ya know…” Bran rubbed the back of his head sheepishly.
Jaime crossed his arms over his chest. “Bran?”

Caught and with no way out, Bran proceeded to tell Jaime about what happened with Grenn while they finished getting ready for training.

“Are you mad? That I spoke with Grenn instead of you?” Bran whispered as they walked down the hallway. He didn’t want to be late for the run, so they had no choice but to finish their conversation in the open. Ghost followed them from behind.

“Of course not.” Jaime replied. “Grenn is the only smart one on this ship. He was right to suspect us of fowl play, even though it was all nonsense. Everyone else on this ship is too trusting. Besides, he gave you some damn good advice.”

Bran frowned. “But isn’t it a good thing that they did trust us rather quickly? If they hadn’t then Sansa and Sam would have let Val and the others shoot us.”

“Well it was good then, but it was also clear at the time that we weren’t the enemy. They should have immediately started asking questions as soon as the mission was over.”

“Maybe they are just good creatures?” Bran supplied.

“No, I am pretty sure they are all a bunch of idiots hidden underneath actual fighting talent. I can only imagine what their planning sessions must be like.” Jaime muttered. He looked like he wanted to say more on the topic, but wisely kept his mouth shut since they were only a few feet from the cockpit.

They walked into the room in silence, a few minutes early. Sansa, Jon, Pyp, and Grenn were already present and in the process of warming up. Well, at least three of them were; Pyp was sitting on top of a crate and picking at something under his nails. They had been chatting about something but stopped once Bran and Jaime walked into the room. Ghost, oblivious to the sudden change in atmosphere, trotted over to Jon happily and gave his hand a lick.

“Morning.” Jaime said neutrally. He motioned to the men in the room with the wave of his hand. “Nobody told me that clothes were optional. Should Bran and I take off our shirts as well?”

Sansa’s left eye twitched. “I suppose if it will make you more comfortable.” She replied through gritted teeth. Bran noticed that Jon was trying and failing not to look at her backside as she bent over to stretch her legs.

Jaime barked out a laugh and rolled his eyes. “Pass. I’m too old for these juvenile pissing contests.”

“It’s fine. Nobody wants to see your old-man flab anyway.” Pyp said airily without looking up from his nails.

Bran stifled a laugh as Jaime went about taking off his shirt. He alone knew just how much time his Master spent on his physical appearance.

Pyp’s jaw dropped to the floor. “I take it back. I want to look like you when I grow up.” He said with wide eyes as he took in Jaime’s definition on his chest, arms, and back.

Sansa let out a groan. She stood—allowing Jon to focus on his own stretching—and buried her face into her hands. “Where is Sam? I need someone to save me from this insanity.” She rubbed her hands down her face before looking at Bran and Jaime. “We normally do our own warm-ups, and then pair off into groups for our run. This morning, we will only be doing twenty-five laps around the watch. Bran can run with me, and then Jaime will run with Grenn.” Her tone brokered no room
Jaime and Grenn both glared at each other but remained silent. Bran was just grateful that Jaime had stayed true to his word from the night before about following the current status quo of the crew hierarchy. He hadn’t been given orders like this since The Clone Wars, but he promised that he would try for Bran.

“I will keep my shirt on.” Bran promised. He and Jaime both started to do some torso twists.

Sansa gave him a grateful smile. “Thank you.” She said. “I—"

“Nope, you gotta take off your shirt.” Pyp interrupted. “We are men, and men run without their shirts on!” He declared with a fist pump.

“Stop acting like an idiot Pyp. If the kid doesn’t want to take his shirt off he doesn’t have to.” Grenn started doing lunges across the room. “And get off your ass and start warming up.”

“I am warmed-up!” Pyp cried indignity.

Jon snickered. “Jacking off in the morning doesn’t count.” He said in mockery. He started to do some jumping jacks next to where Pyp was seated.

Pyp flipped him off. “I will have you know, I did not do that this morning. I actually got a good night sleep for once, since I didn’t have to listen to cries of ‘Oh Sansa, like that Sansa’—”

Jon’s arm “accidently” slapped Pyp in the face.

“I told you, a bunch of idiots.” Jaime whispered to Bran while stretching his neck. Bran laughed behind his hand.

“Sorry I’m late!” Sam ran into the room, a bit pink in the face. LA-D3 came in behind him. “I thought I would make us some bread for when the run was over since we are already out of the pre-bought loaves.” He wrinkled his brow. “I have never worked with that oven before, since we normally don’t bake anything, so I hope the ship doesn’t catch fire.” He went over to the wall and started to stretch out his upper body.

“I’ll keep my fingers crossed.” Pyp remarked dryly. He raised his hand in the air. “Question!”

“Oh, fuck me.” Grenn muttered. “Not this shit again.”

“We are not placing bets Pyp so don’t even bother asking.” Sansa scolded. “All right! Everyone pair up!” She called out with a clap of her hands.

“But this was a good one!” Pyp cried. “It was going to be how long into the run before Jaime and Grenn start punching each other. I’ve got 100 credits that says it will only be five laps in. Any takers?”

Jon rubbed his chin. “That is a good bet…” He trailed off after a single glare from Sansa. “But of course, I will follow Sansa’s orders.” Jon raised his hands to make the number thirteen once Sansa turned her back to him. From the corner of his eye, Bran saw Sam make the numbers two and one to signify twenty-one.

Sansa, oblivious to it all, walked over to Bran. She smiled at him and punched him lightly on the shoulder. It was a little awkward, but Bran appreciated that she was trying.
“Are you ready?” She asked him.

Bran smiled and nodded his head. “I am!” He cried with excitement. He winced when he realized that he sounded a little too eager. He cleared his throat. “I mean, yes, I am.” He said a bit more maturely. Sansa let out a giggle.

“I am still recovering a bit, so I may not run as fast as the others. Are you sure you will be all right going a bit slow?” She asked kindly.

“Of course. It’s been a while since I have run myself. Master and I have been stuck on a smaller sized ship for the past few months.”

“You have?” Pyp said with interest, having eavesdropped on the conversation. “Second bet! I’ve got 50 credits that says Grenn will beat Jaime. Any takers?”

Sam raised an eyebrow. “Do you even know how the Force works?”

“Do you?” Pyp challenged. He crossed his arms over his chest.

“No.” Sam admitted. “But I have seen Sansa in action, and I can only guess how capable Jaime must be considering his position.” Sam pointed his hand towards Jaime. “He wins, no contest. I don’t think it matters if he has been running recently or not. Sorry Grenn.”

Grenn shrugged. “I am all right with making you look like an idiot when I win.” Sam laughed good naturedly.

Jaime scowled. “I wouldn’t get too cocky if I were you, boy.” Jaime retorted. “Just to take you down a peg, I am going to kick your ass without using the Force.”

Sam’s face fell, no longer sure of his victory.

“Anyone else?” Pyp asked quickly before Grenn and Jaime could start arguing with each other.

Bran looked at Sansa. He didn’t want to make her mad, but he couldn’t betray Jaime. Plus, it was hard not get caught up in the comradery. “I am going to say Master.” He said. Jaime gave him a proud smile.

Pyp clapped his hands in delight. “That’s the spirit kid! Jon? Sansa?”

Jon rubbed his chin. He avoided looking at Sansa. “Grenn. He has bested me several times already, and that was when I was using the Force.”

Jaime raised his eyebrows at this new piece of information. Bran could tell that the wheels in his head were turning, but he remained silent.

Sansa rubbed her eyes with the heels of her hands. “I will be the bank.” She sighed in defeat. “I swear, it’s like being with younglings.” She looked around the room. “Are you all finished? Can we actually run now?”

Everyone nodded and took their spots along the hallway. LA-D3 gave out two short beeps, and then one long one to signal their start. Jaime and Grenn took off ahead of everyone. Jon, who was running with Ghost, quickly moved in behind them. Sansa and Bran settled for a medium pace, while Sam ran with Pyp. From the sound of it, however, it seemed like Sam was more of a coach to get Pyp to go faster instead of being his actual partner.
Sansa and Bran ran in companionable silence for two laps. Bran wanted to speak with her but decided to let her set the pace in their run as well as their conversation. Halfway into the third lap, Sansa finally seemed ready to talk.

“So…” She coughed. “Um, to be honest I don’t know where to start.”

“That’s okay. I don’t really either.” Bran admitted.

Sansa nodded her head. “That actually makes me feel a bit better. I want to get to know you, but I don’t want it be because I felt forced to, if that makes sense.”

“It does.” Bran said. In his heart he was thrilled that Sansa wanted to know him not just because he was her brother, but he forced himself to keep a calm façade so that he wouldn’t overwhelm her. “Why don’t we start by asking each other basic questions? See if we have anything in common?” He suggested.

“That sounds—”

“On your left!” Jaime called from behind.

Sansa and Bran immediately moved to the right side of the wall to make room for Jaime and Grenn, who were currently neck-and-neck. Jon and Ghost came by immediately after, hot on their heels. Sansa blushed when Jon gave her a wink—or was it a face twitch?—and patted her on the bum before moving on.

“Who do think will win?” Bran asked once they resumed their pace.

“I am cheering for Ghost.” Sansa said seriously. Bran let out a laugh, which made Sansa laugh as well. “At least then we won’t have to listen to bragging all throughout breakfast.” Sansa scrunched up her forehead in thought. “How many siblings did you—we—have?”

“There were three others besides us.” Bran smiled as he allowed himself to remember them. “Robb was the eldest. He was like our Father, very honorable and full of justice for those that were suffering under the hand of the Empire. He loved of all us very much and liked to play with us despite being older. He and Arya would often get into fights. She was the next child after you.” Bran laughed. “Arya drove Mother crazy. All she wanted was for Arya to act like a lady, but all Arya wanted to do was play in the dirt and learn how to shoot Robb’s blaster. Mother finally relented and told her that she could learn when she was older before she passed away. She—” Bran stopped himself from telling Sansa of the possibility of Arya being alive. He wasn’t sure if that was supposed to be common knowledge. “She would, of liked you, I think.” He said instead. “I came after Arya, and then Rickon was the baby. He was crazy. Always running around acting like a different animal depending on what his favorite one was that day. Only Father was able to get him to settle down.”

“They sound lovely.” Sansa said. “I… I am sorry, for what happened to them.”

Bran frowned. “Me too. The Dark Side used their deaths as a way to manipulate me. It would tell me that the only way to bring their murderers to justice was to use its power to destroy them. When I refused its temptations, it would then say that I was a disappointment and that my family hate who I had become.” Bran shook his head a little to dispel the memories. “It was all lies. Master helped me to see that I am good, and kind, and not the type of person that the Dark Side wanted me to believe.” Bran turned his head towards Sansa and smiled quickly before refocusing on the hallway. “I can remember them now, without worry of the Dark Side trying to taint my memories. It had helped me heal.”
Sansa placed her hand on his shoulder. “I am really happy that you can remember them now without pain. Nobody should have to sacrifice their memories of loved ones out of fear.” She said earnestly.

“Thank you.” Bran responded. “What about the Clone? I have noticed that you call him ‘Uncle’.”

Sansa smiled, a full smile that lit up her entire face. “Oh, Uncle Bronn.” She said with a mock sigh. “He was Master Tyrion’s Clone Captain during the war. He and Master Tyrion discovered the truth about the chips that Cersei had implanted inside the clones’ brains at birth that would force them to implement Order Wildfire. He had his removed before it happened, hence why he can be around Tyrion and I without wanting to kill us.” Sansa smiled. “He acts all tough on the outside, but on the inside he is total softy. He wanted me to call him ‘Uncle’ so that Tyrion wasn’t the only one with a special title. He was always willing to play games with me, like Princess and the Soldier, read me stories, and even learned how to braid my hair. He and Master Tyrion were always doing things like that, to try to give me a normal childhood.” Sansa’s eyes misted over. “Sorry.” She said sheepishly. “It looks like you aren’t the only one who cries a lot, it seems. I guess we have that and our purple lightsabers in common.” She nudged him with her shoulder.

“And good childhoods.” Bran said, nudging her back. “Favorite drink on three. One, two three—”

“Blue milk!” They both said in unison.

“It is so good, right?” Sansa said patting her stomach.

“The best.” Bran agreed.

“We will have to put it on the list when we go shopping for supplies.” Sansa started to pick up her pace. “What about your favorite hobby? Outside of training?”

Bran was silent as he thought about the question. He hadn’t done anything for enjoyment the last four years. Jaime had always encouraged him to, but since he thought everything Jaime suggested was a trap he had instead spent his free time laying in bed and staring up at the ceiling.

“I used to go climbing when I lived in Winterfell.” Bran remembered aloud.

Sansa furrowed her brow. “Mountain climbing?” She asked.

Bran shrugged. The memories were foggy as a result from not thinking about them for years, but they were still there, in the back of his mind. “Mountains, trees, buildings. One time, Robb took me ice climbing.” Bran laughed. “He made me promise not to tell Mother and Father, but it was hard to keep it a secret when he fell and broke his wrist. We lied and told my parents it was from falling down the stairs, but I don’t think they believed us. They always seemed to know, ya know?”

Sansa laughed. “Yes, I do know. One time when I was older I snuck out and went to a party that my friend Alys was throwing. Uncle Bronn didn’t want me to go because boys would be there, and Master Tyrion didn’t want me to go because he didn’t want to be kept up half the night listening to Uncle Bronn worrying about me. I went to bed early under the guise of having a headache, jumped out the window ten minutes later, and went to the party.” Sansa rolled her eyes. “I thought I was so sneaky, but I should have known better when I was woken up a full two hours earlier than normal for a surprise hike through the forest.”

Bran felt himself relax. Over their initial awkwardness, he and Sansa began to converse freely with each other. He was right in the middle of a story about Theon betting Robb that Arya could beat him in a hand-to-hand fight when they were interrupted by Jaime’s group again.

“On your left!”
Sansa and Bran moved over again. It looked like Jon had surpassed Jaime and Grenn and was currently in the lead, followed by Jaime and then Grenn.

Bran raised his chin towards the runners. “Won’t Jon lose the bet if he wins?”

Sansa sighed. “Jon is purposely going fast to force Jaime to go fast. The bet wasn’t who would be the overall winner, but who would win between Jaime and Grenn. Jon is trying to tire out Jaime while Grenn holds back and conserves his energy. Jaime will exhaust himself trying to stay with Jon, Grenn will come from behind, etc. etc.”

Bran’s eyes went wide. “But that’s cheating.”

Sansa patted him on the back. “Welcome to Crow Squadron.” She said sarcastically.

Bran made a split-second decision. He started to speed up. “Hey, what are you doing?!” Sansa called out as she picked up the pace to catch up with him.

“I have to help Master!” Bran called over his shoulder. “He promised me he would be nothing but agreeable, but if this is how things are going he deserves a chance to win his way!”

Sansa caught up with him. “I’m in.” she said simply.

Bran gave her a look of shock. “But don’t you want Grenn to win? Plus, Jon and Pyp who betted on him?”

Sansa shrugged. “They are all a bunch of idiots. Besides, I never really punished them after the podracing fiasco.” She smiled wickedly. “This will be the perfect revenge.”

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Grenn and Jon groaned as they flung their bodies onto the floor in the kitchen. Pyp nudged each of them in their ribs with his toe, giving them a look of disgust. Bran smiled behind his hand as went to take his place next to Jaime and the small, booth-style table in the ships kitchen. Sam’s bread was delicious, and he was already on his second helping.

“Ow! What the fuck?!” Jon whined. He made a pass at Pyp but was too slow due to the amount of energy he had used earlier.

“That’s for loosing me money, assholes.” Pyp muttered. He went over to the kitchen and grabbed a couple of slices of bread. Grabbing a jar of preserves, he made his way over to the table and sat himself down next to Bran. “Can you believe those two? Embarrassing.” He scoffed. Pyp started to spread some jam onto an extra thick slice.

Grenn flipped him off. “Lofty words from someone who came in last, again.”

“Yea, but I always come in last.” Pyp said between bites of food. “You are Jon are supposed to be the male examples of physical prowess.” Pyp eyed Jaime, who was sitting on the opposite side of Bran and drinking a mug of caff. Bran had not been surprised that his Master had limited himself to only one slice of bread. “Teach me your ways, oh excellent one.” He pleaded.

“No fucking way.” Jaime stated.

Bran sniggered. He smiled up at Sansa who, along with Sam, were cooking a huge plate of eggs and potatoes. Sansa gave him a discreet wink that nobody else saw before returning her focus back to their cooking. Both Jaime and Bran had insisted doing the food preparation, but the other two had
taken over once they were done.

Their treachery had been simple enough. They merely used the Force to pull Jon and Grenn back mid stride, while pushing Jaime slightly forward. Neither Jon nor Grenn had noticed since it was done in small doses, but Jaime had. Once he figured it out, Jaime—who was in the back and thus out of the other two men’s eyes sight—had given them a thumbs up behind his back, letting them know to continue. Once it is was clear that Jaime would be the victor with only five laps left, Bran and Sansa eased up their Force use, and started walking so that Jon and Grenn wouldn’t notice them (they had been hiding behind closets and spare rooms every time one of them started to look back). From the looks of their prone positions, Bran surmised that they must have all out sprinted the last few laps in an effort to catch up to Jaime.

“Breakfast is ready.” Sam called out. He grabbed a plate for Sansa before helping himself.

“Sweet!” Pyp shot up like a rocket and made a beeline for the skillet. “And we are never buying lame bread again. That was fuckling delicious Sammy.” He patted the larger man on his back. Sam nodded his head and blushed under the praise.

“Sansa, beautiful Sansa, be a dear and bring me a plate of food?” Jon begged pathetically. Neither he nor Grenn had moved from their positions on the floor.

Sansa pretended to think about his questions for a minute before responding. “No.” She came up and patted his curls before grabbing the one spare chair and sitting down. “And losers clean up after.”

Pyp scowled, his excitement over breakfast forgotten. “This keeps on getting better and better!” Pyp half gripped, half shouted.

Both Jon and Grenn grunted as the forced themselves to standing. Jaime, Bran, Sansa, and Sam all laughed at them as they shuffled over to the counter to make themselves plates.

“Sam, where the fuck are the bacta patches? I haven’t been this sore in months.” Grenn asked.

Sam shook his head and smiled. “I don’t think so. Those are for emergency purposes only.”

Grenn muttered to himself something about knowing where Sam slept at night before sitting down.

The room quieted down for a minute or two while everybody ate their food. It was better than anything Bran had tasted in a while. Neither he nor Jaime knew how to cook, so they mostly grilled meat or bought premade meals. Take away was also popular when they were on a planet for an extended period of time.

“When do you plan of calling the council, Jedi?” Jaime asked. “And Sam, the bread is good.”

Sam blushed. Bran puffed up with pride at Jaime for complimenting him. He knew that sort of stuff wasn’t easy for Jaime, but he was glad to see that his Master was making an effort.

Sansa swallowed her food. “After we are done here. We will need to get the Rebellion’s location, and then set our course. I was thinking we could all go shopping—”

“No.” Several voices said emphatically, cutting her off.

Sansa threw her fist down on the table, causing the plates to rattle. “Stop acting like younglings. Does every on this ship eat? Does everyone on this ship wear clothes? Unless you are LA-D3, the answer is yes. We are all going so deal with it.”
“Hear, hear!” Pyp raised his glass in agreement to Sansa’s speech. “Besides, we all need to go so that we can do some bounty hunting—”

“What?!”

“Are you out of your fucking mind?!”

“You can’t be so stupid that you don’t realize we are the one’s who are wanted by bounty hunters.”

“Fucking hell, not this shit again.”

“We did make a good amount of money last time…”

“How is this my life now?”

Pyp clapped his hands. “Thank you all for your enthusiastic responses.” He said cheerfully.

Jaime and Grenn snorted, then glared at each other for having the same response. Bran stifled a smile. While things were hostile now, he had a good feeling that Jaime and Grenn would get along soon enough.

“As I was saying, before you all so rudely interrupted me, bounty hunting!” Pyp said the last two words with a ridiculous amount of dramatic flair. He pointed to Jaime and Bran. “We currently have two Inquisitors that are wanted by the Rebellion. We are going to a Rebellion aligned planet. We turn them into the bounty office, collect the reward, then spring them out. Easy.”

“That… is dreadful planning.” Jaime deadpanned.

“Yeah, but we all know that Jon will do it if he gets the chance to see Sansa half naked coming out of an air vent again.” Grenn sniggered.

Sansa glared at Jon, who was calmly eating his breakfast despite what Grenn just said and the look Sansa was giving him. “Aren’t you going to defend my honor?” She questioned.

“It was hot as hell.” Jon said with a shrug. “I make no apologies.”

Sansa gave him a disgusted look. She shook her head slowly before returning to her food.

“Come on, you guys. This plan is foolproof.” Pyp widened his eyes to accentuate his begging.

Jaime spread jam onto his second piece of bread. “I see the bar for good plans is decidedly low on this ship.” He observed.

“Damn straight it is!” Pyp said with a surprising amount of pride. “I mean, really, what is the worse that could happen?”


“Don’t fucking call me that—”

“—is right.” Grenn said, not even acknowledging Jaime’s interruption.

Sam scratched his head in thought. “We did make a surprising amount of money last time, and—.”

“And we don’t need anymore.” Sansa glared at him.
Sam blushed, but soldiered on. “No, we don’t.” He agreed. “But we can give the reward to Mistwood. I’m sure they could use the extra credits right now.”

Bran, who had been silent thus far, decided to voice his opinion. “It could be a good idea, for training purposes as well.” Jaime and Sansa both raised their eyebrows at him. “We haven’t all worked together yet, and it would be good to see how we fit as a team.”

Sansa turned to Jaime, who turned to Bran. “You really want to participate in this insanity?” He asked.

Bran nodded. “I think it will be good for the entire crew. Besides, I’m sure can handle anything that comes up. Everyone on this ship is very skilled.”

Jaime sighed. He turned to look to Sansa. “Your call Jedi, but Bran and I will go along with it.”

Jaime looked at Pyp. “This time.”

Pyp let out a whoop of excitement. He looked at Sansa expectantly.

“Oh, fine.” She said, defeated. “I guess it can’t be any worse that last time, right?”

“It is going to be so much worse and you know it.” Pyp chirped. He took a huge bite of bread and gave her a wink. “Take notes Jon, because that is how you do it. Not that ridiculous twitch shit you got going on.”

“I’d hit you right now, but I can’t expand the energy.” Jon snorted. He resorted to flinging a piece of food at him instead.

Sansa sighed. “We are so screwed.” She grabbed a slice of bread from Pyp’s plate and shoved then entire piece into her mouth.

Everyone’s mouths opened in shock. Jaime discreetly moved the rest of and Bran’s slices closer to him and away from Sansa.

“Don’t you feel like that was a bit excessive?” Grenn observed.

Jon started coughing in an attempt to hide his laughter.

Sansa chewed angrily before swallowing the whole thing in one bite. “Stress eating. Don’t judge.” She grabbed her empty plate and stood to put it in the sink. “I will go ahead and place the call to the Rebellion while the rest of you prepare for our supply run. Be ready to leave in one standard hour.”

Jon cleared his throat. “What are you going to tell them?” He asked. Bran wasn’t sure, but he thought he detected a bit of worry in Jon’s voice.

Sansa gave him a comforting smile. “That we went to Mistwood, Ramsay and Trant were there, and that we were helped by two defected Inquisitors.” She came around the island and stroked Jon’s cheek briefly before turning to look at the group. “There are some conversations that should be done in person, and in my opinion that includes me being a Stark and Jon’s struggles with the Dark Side. However, I am opening this up for discussion. If any of you feel like we should tell the council via holo call, now is your chance to voice your opinion.”

Jaime rubbed his chin while the rest of the group remained silent. Bran understood her hesitation in not wanting to say anything about them being brother and sister. Considering who the Starks were and what they meant to the galaxy, Sansa may find herself becoming a major player in the battles to come.
“Have you told the council about his problems yet?” Jaime asked.

“No. Jon asked if we could wait the first time it happened, and I respected his request.”

Jaime nodded his head once. “I agree then, to both questions. Stannis might want to announce you being a Stark to gain support for Winterfell, and you should be there for those discussions.” Bran nodded his head in agreement, unsurprised that he and Jaime had been thinking the same thing. “As far as Jon is concerned, Tyrion might be accepting of what is going on, but Davos is another story.”

Sansa frowned. “But he said he changed. When we were deciding if we were to train Jon despite his age, Davos agreed to it.”

“That was before Jon’s problems began.” Jaime pointed out. “I don’t know how familiar you are with Night King—”

“We are familiar.” Grenn cut in. “We know nobody wanted to train him due to his age, but Jon’s Dad did it anyway.” His eyes narrowed towards Jaime. “Don’t compare Jon to that monster.”

“Yeah, Jon is not a fucking lunatic.” Pyp seconded.

“We will never let Jon get that far.” Sam vowed.

Bran shivered as he thought about Night King. He had always wanted to throw up whenever he was in his presence. The dark energy that surrounded him was suffocating. “Sometimes I feel like he is more terrifying than Cersei.” He said as he touched his hands to his neck. Jaime had always made sure that Bran was almost never around him, but that didn’t mean that Bran never experienced the pleasure of watching him Force choke someone into submission.

Jaime gave him a sharp look. “He isn’t. Cersei is the one who created him, and don’t ever forget that. She wants you to think that he is the one to fear, because that is how she gains your trust. Night is nothing more than her powerful and terrifying lap dog.”

Jon cleared his throat. “He murdered Dad. It was like he meant nothing to him. Just raised his lightsaber and did it.” Jon closed his eyes. “There wasn’t even a body for me to bury.” Jaime raised his eyebrows and cocked his head to the side.

Sansa picked up the last spare crate in the kitchen. She sat next to Jon and gingerly placed his head into her shoulder. Slowly and lovingly, Sansa moved her hands through Jon’s hair. It reminded Bran of his parents.

“Jon, I need to ask you something.” Jaime said. Jon nodded to let him know it was all right. “On Mistwood, you said you hear your Dad. What did you mean by that exactly?”

Jon eyes misted over. “Sometimes, when I am in danger, I can hear Dad talking to me.” A tear fell down his face. Sansa cleaned it with her thumb before going back to stroking his hair. “The first few times, I actually thought he was here in the room with me. He voice warns me to be careful, gives me advice, or tells me that he loves me. Yesterday, I even thought I saw him for a brief second.” Jon closed his eyes. “But it is just me talking to myself with Dad’s voice. He is dead. He isn’t coming back.”

Bran blinked a few times to keep his own tears from falling. He knew exactly the type of grief Jon was experiencing. The desperation of wishing that your lost family would come back to you, not wanting to face the harsh reality that they were gone forever. Bran was at least grateful that Jon could remember his father in peace and not have to worry about the Dark Side corrupting his memories like he had done. It had only been during the past month that Bran had been able to grieve his loss in
peace. Jaime, sensing his grief, patted Bran on his leg.

“Jon, what I say I do not say lightly.” Jaime placed both hands on the table. He leaned forward and looked Jon straight in the eye. “Jeor Mormont is not dead.”

There was a collective gasp around the table in response to what Jaime said. Even Bran was unsure what Jaime was talking about. In his experience, creatures who were dead stayed dead, especially those who had the unfortunate luck of being at the end of Night King’s blade.

Pyp crossed his arms over his chest and glared at Jaime. “Watch it, Lannister.” He ground out. All traces of his happy-go-lucky personality were gone. “Jeor Mormont is a fucking hero that saved my life. You will not disrespect his memory and his son by making such wild claims.”

“Cool it, tattoos.” Jaime said evenly. “Jeor’s body may be dead, but his spirit continues to live on this plane.”

“Explain.” Sansa demanded. She had moved her arm away from Jon’s shoulder so that she could hold his hand instead. From the looks of Jon’s knuckles, it looked like he had a death grip on her while he tried not to fall apart. He didn’t look angry but more on the verge of having an emotional breakdown. His eyes were brimming with tears and he was working hard to control his breathing.

“My Father was my Sith Master. When he got older, he became terrified with the thought of death. There was a rumor amongst both Sith and Jedi that it was possible to deny the will of the Force upon dying. By doing so, their spirits would be in an intermediate state between life and death. The Sith believed that they could retain their powers while in this form, but the Jedi did not. Instead, the viewed this in-between time as a period where they could offer advice and teach those who needed them. Both sides agreed, however, that the spirit could retain their individuality and would return as voices, dreams, or apparitions.” Jaime explained.

“Did your Master learn the technique?” Sam asked. His head was resting in his hand and he was rubbing his cheek as if he was in deep thought.

“Fuck no.” Jaime replied. “And believe me when I say that we are all better off for his failure. But, due to Jon’s descriptions, I believe that his own father was able to do so.”

“If Dad was successful, then why I haven’t I been able to see him or communicate with him more often?” Jon asked. “I can’t control when he comes to me, or when he leaves. It just, happens.” He looked like he was trying to stifle the hope that was shining in his eyes.

Bran couldn’t blame him for not wanting to hope for something so impossible only to have his dreams dashed. It was how he currently felt about Arya.

Jaime shrugged. “I am not sure about that. My guess is that it has something to do with your ability to wield the Force. It might be because you are not yet strong enough in the Force to maintain the connection, or because Jeor is using the Light Side to sustain himself and you have traces of the Dark Side within you.” Jaime leaned back in his chair. “Get rid of the Dark, and I have no doubt you will see your father again.”

Jon looked at Bran and then Jaime. He took in a deep breath before letting it out. He raised his head from Sansa’s shoulder and squared his shoulders. “Will you help me defeat the Dark Side, so that I can become a Jedi like my father?”

Jaime looked at Bran. He raised his eyebrows in question. Bran smiled and nodded his head.

“Yes, Jon. We will.”
Lots of feel this chapter!

When I contemplated who should talk to Bran about Trant, I instantly felt like it should be Grenn. Though he doesn't like or trust Jaime, I could easily see him wanting to help Bran. They have both had difficult childhoods, and it felt natural that Grenn would want to help him if he was put in the position to do so. Also, I hope you all enjoyed their conversation.

Yeah for more running moments with Crow Squadron. I love how Jaime summed them up: idiots with actual fighting talent.

We finally get some answers about Jeor and what Jon has been experiencing when it comes to him. And Jaime and Bran said yes to helping Jon! Though really, was there any doubt? I think not! I am personally really excited for this development, and hope you all are as well.

Preview for Chapter 34: Shenanigans!

Pyp looked down at the electrical cuffs that connected his hand with those of the rest of the squadron. "Yup." He said with a smile. "This is exactly how I thought this would go."

"I see the general intelligence bar for this squadron is exceptionally low as well." Jaime observed dryly. He tried to raise his cuffed hand to scratch his face, but Grenn stubbornly kept his arm down, making the movement impossible.

Jon patted Sansa on her head as she frowned. He tried not to laugh at how comical it looked, since their hands were linked together, forcing her to also rub her head.

"Sometime I really wonder." Sansa sighed.

Just a general note that I will be on vacation for the next two Sundays, so no updates for two weeks. I am, however, planning a one shot with young Jon and Sansa. I don't know if anyone noticed, but last chapter Jon was on Wall with Jeor when he saw a sad girl with hair the color of sunsets, fire, and flowers. Any guesses who that may be?

Thank you all for reading my friends! Please comment if you like. Have a fab two weeks and I will see you all soon!
Thank you all so much for your comments and kudos, not only for this story but also on The Sad Girl With The Pretty Hair. I am so happy that you all enjoyed it so much! And yes, for all those wondering, Jeor and Tyrion did know who Jon and Sansa were when they met again.

Thank you all so much for the vacation well wished. I had a wonderful time with my sisters in NYC, and am very happy to be home again.

Mom Warning: skip past the bold lettering. Love you!

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 34: Grocery Shopping

Dad?

It’s me, Jon. I—

No, this isn’t right. Jaime said that you are alive. If you are alive, then that means you can hear me.

Jon took in a deep, shaky breath.


Jon slowly turned about the room, desperately searching for any traces of his father. He hoped that by simply saying the word Jeor would appear before him. Jon’s shoulders slumped. Instead of his father, he only saw clothes scattered along the floor and the bed that Sansa had insisted on making before leaving this morning.

Jon sighed as he gave another quick glance around the room. It didn’t look like communicating with Jeor was going to happen just because he wanted it to. This didn’t surprise Jon, but he couldn’t help the small part of him that had hoped for it all the same.

When Jaime had first told Jon his suspicions that Jeor managed to cheat death, Jon was angry and upset. He didn’t think that Jaime was trying to hurt him on purpose, but that he was sharing with Jon some fanatical theory thought up by the Sith. The more Jaime spoke, however, the more Jon began to believe that what Jaime was saying about Jeor was a very real possibility. His heart soared to think that he could be with his beloved father again; that Jeor loved and cared for him enough to find a way to keep his soul from moving on so that he could continue to help Jon made his heart swell with love.

Jon gently laid down on the bed that he now shared with Sansa, mindful of his sore muscles. He quietly stared at the ceiling for a few minutes as he gathered his thoughts. This would be his first time
speaking with Jeor out loud since discovering that his soul was still on this plane. Jon wanted his words to be perfect.

“Dad, I don’t know if you are here right now, or if you can even hear me, but thank you.” Jon rolled onto his side. His eyes easily found the holo picture of him and Jeor that sat atop an upside down box. It was the only item of his that Jon had put somewhere before going to bed last night. “Thank you, for knowing that I would still need you even after you died. Thank you, for finding a way to stay with me for a little longer. Thank you, for loving me. I know you can’t help me yet, because there are some things I still have to take care of, but I promise you I will defeat the Dark Side so we can be together again. I promise I won’t fail, and you must promise that you will be patient and wait.”

Jon strained his ears, but there was only silence. He gave a half smile.

“I will take your silence as agreement, Dad. You better speak up now or else you will have no choice but to wait for me.”

Again, there was silence, but not the heavy kind that comes from sadness and grief. It was the peaceful kind, the one that a creature feels when they know everything will be all right.

Jon nodded his head. “It’s a deal.”

Jon glanced at the clock hanging from the wall. There was thirty minutes left before he needed to get back to the cockpit and begin prepping The ‘Watch to enter Stonehelm’s atmosphere. His eyes zeroed in on the mess, his mess, scattered along the floor. While cleaning was Jon’s least favorite chore, he knew that Sansa liked to keep her room nice and tidy.

“Okay.” Jon clapped his hands together. “Dad always said you should treat your special someone right. If that means cleaning, Jon Mormont, then it is time to clean.” Jon patted himself on the back. “You’re a good boyfriend.”

Ghost padded into the room, hearing the last part of Jon’s statement. He barked in agreement.

“Thank you.” He said, patting his loyal Direwolf on the head.

Pulling his curls back into their trademark bun, Jon got to work refolding his clothes that had thrown in the corner. Jon smiled when he came across a black tactical style scarf that had belonged to Jeor. While he had given most of Jeor’s things to Pyp and Grenn—Sam had gotten most of his clothing from the Rebellion due to his larger size—Jon had kept anything of sentimental value for himself. This scarf in particular had been a favorite of his father’s. Jon had never questioned where his Dad had gotten it from, but now that he was more knowledgeable of Jeor’s past he guessed it must have been something he received during the Clone Wars. Figuring that it would be too warm on Stonehelm to wear Jeor’s jacket—thank the Force they were finally going to a planet that had a mild atmosphere—but still wanting to feel close to him, Jon wrapped the scarf around his neck.

“Nice scarf.”

Jon looked over his shoulder and smirked. Sansa was leaning against the doorframe, her hands crossed at her chest. She was still wearing her tiny running shorts and tank top from earlier. Jon walked up to her. He playfully tugged the end of her braid to bring her face closer to his. Angling his head, Jon placed a sweet and gentle kiss atop her lips.

“Hi.” He breathed.

Sansa smiled. “Hi.” She gave his lips a quick peck before putting her hands onto his chest and
pushing him away. “Careful, I haven’t been to the refresher yet.” She cautioned.

Jon rolled his eyes and laughed. “I think we established last night that I don’t really care about that.” He followed her into the room and palmed the door closed.

A light blush formed on Sansa’s cheeks. She shyly looked down at the floor. “I really liked last night.” She whispered.

Jon took both her hands into his own. “Me too.” He knitted his fingers together and kissed each of her knuckles.

Sansa took in a deep breath raising her gaze to meet his own. Jon noticed that look. It was the one she gave when she was trying to gather some courage.

“Jon, after last night, I have decided that I ready to have sex with you.”

Jon coughed. “Wh—what?!” He asked. His eyes bulged out in shock. Jon had expected her to tell him about her conversation with the council, not that.

Sansa’s determination faltered. She looked down at her feet. “I… Did I say something wrong?” She whispered. She disentangled her hands from Jon’s and began to worry them together in front of her.

“I don’t want you to feel pressure to be with me, it’s just that last night was so beautiful and I was afraid at first but I’m not afraid anymore but if you are still nervous then we don’t have to do anything because I feel like it is important for us both to feel ready and I love you so much and I wouldn’t want you to—”

Jon brought his hand under chin. Lifting up slightly, Jon stared deeply into Sansa’s blue eyes. They were filled with love, but also worry that she had upset him somehow.

“Sweetling, you didn’t say anything wrong.” He said. Sansa gave him a tentative smile. The worry left her eyes and was replaced with hope. “I was just, surprised, by what you said. I didn’t expect you to say that.” Jon rubbed his thumb along her cheek bone. “You are right. We should both be ready before we reach that level of intimacy.” Jon gave her a half smile. “I am ready, if you are.”

Sansa’s face lit up. “Truly?” She asked.

Jon gave her a sweet kiss. “Truly. I want to be with you Sansa, in every way possible. But, I am wondering what changed between yesterday and today?”

Sansa gave his shoulder a light tap. “I could ask you the same thing. I swear your voice went up ten octaves when I brought up spending some time together alone yesterday.” She teased.

Jon rolled his eyes. “I was surprised.” Sansa raised her eyebrows. “And a little nervous.” He conceded. “I’m afraid I won’t live up to your expectations. I just want it to be good for you, and for me.” Jon frowned. “Is that bad that I want to enjoy it as well? That doesn’t make me selfish, does it?”

Sansa shook her head. “I don’t think so. I feel the same way.” Sansa cocked her head to the side as she thought about Jon’s earlier question. “To be honest, I haven’t really spoken to anyone about sex at all. Master Tyrion and Uncle Bronn gave me the very standard and very awkward ‘this is what sex is’ talk years ago, but beyond that…” Sansa trailed off as she thought about her past. “I never really felt comfortable talking about intimacy with the few friends I had when I was younger, and Gilly was my only friend who was a girl once I joined the Rebellion. Well, there was also Brienne, but she was almost never around. Anyway, I thought about it a little then; it was impossible not to with the amount of hooking up that goes on in the barracks, and the gossip that went along with it. A lot of girls said that it hurt, or that it was rushed and hurried and that they didn’t enjoy it as much as they
thought they would. Others said that it was good and pleasurable as long as you were with someone who knew what they were doing. Since I didn’t think I would ever find someone that I wanted to be with, considering my position as a Jedi and the current state of the Galaxy, I never asked Gilly about it. But now…” Sansa trailed off. She touched Jon’s check softly. “After last night, I know I have nothing to be afraid of. I know you will take care of me and love me the way that I deserve. And I promise that I will do the same for you. I know it will be our first time and things may be awkward, but it will still be special because it is us.”

Jon brought his forehead against her own. The amount of trust that she put in him was astounding. “I promise I will take care of you.” He swore. He raised his head. “To be honest, hearing that you don’t know a lot about it actually makes me feel better. I know how it all works, but beyond that…” Jon trailed off and laughed. “You are right. It will probably be awkward as hell, but I wouldn’t have it any other way.” He shrugged his shoulders. “Besides, we will just have to do it as often as we can so that we can become good at it.” Jon winked at her.

Sansa threw her head back and laughed. “Whatever you say, Jon.”

**Jon gave Sansa a soft kiss on the lips.** Sansa hummed in pleasure, leaning forward to apply a bit more pressure. Jon moved his lips slowly in time with her own. He felt his toes curl at all the love that Sansa was pouring into her actions. Jon had never thought kissing someone else could be so intimate. He had always assumed it was something that creatures did to feel pleasure and that was it. But now that he had kissed Sansa, had been with Sansa, he understood how kissing was seen at its own language of love.

Jon brought his hand up to her cheek, wanting to pull her closer. Sansa gasped when he accidently skimmed the outside of her breast on the way. Though unintentional, the gesture lit a fire within Sansa. She greedily licked at his lips with her tongue. Helpless to her request, Jon opened his own mouth wider and licked at her tongue with his own. She tasted of the jam she put on her toast during breakfast. Jon had been mesmerized watching her take dainty bites of the bread. The way her mouth had formed around the bread made Jon think of her mouth on other areas of his body, sucking and licking until he begged her for mercy.

It had been a fucking miracle that he wore baggier shorts this morning.

Sansa bunched her tunic into her hands. Grabbing at her hips, Jon brought her body flush with his own. He moaned in pleasure as he felt Sansa’s hardened nipples against his chest. His mind flashed to how beautiful her bare chest had been last night. He had never been much of a breast man—he would never forget how he felt the first time he saw Sansa’s gorgeous red hair—but even he knew how well-endowed she was. Needing to feel more of her, Jon put his hand under her shirt until he found her breast. He squeezed gently, earning him another appreciative moan.

Putting her arms around his neck, Sansa began to walk them back towards their bed. She stumbled slightly. Jon opened his eyes as he righted them, bringing him face to face with the most evil thing in all the Galaxy: the clock.

Twenty minutes.

Sansa fell onto the bed. She pulled Jon on top of her. Sansa made quick work of his scarf and vest before shoving her hands under his shirt and pulling it off of him.

I...

Jon groaned when she threw her leg around his hip and started to rub against him. Jon loved that they were the same height. It meant that his very obvious arousal was right where it needed to be.
Even through their clothes he could feel how warm she was. And how wet.

“Mm, Jon.” Sansa traced the outline of his muscles with her fingers. “You feel so good.” Sansa brought her hand down and cupped him before roughly kissing him again.

Jon’s eyes rolled into the back of his head. His cock was straining against his pants and he was sure he was leaking. Unfortunately, his eyes once again caught the time of the clock.

_Fifteen minutes._


_I… really hate myself sometimes._

As if his arm was made of lead, Jon grabbed Sansa’s hand and removed it from his cock. His entire body screamed at him in protest.

_I am a saint._

Sansa looked up at him and frowned. “What?..”

Jon winced. He tried to ignore her heaving chest as he motioned to the clock with his chin. “You only have fifteen minutes to shower and get ready. As much and I really, really, really want to do something, anything, with you, we don’t really have the time.”

“You’re serious?” Sansa asked him incredulously. She looked over to the clock and them to him.

Jon nodded.

_I am a fucking saint right now._

Sansa rolled her eyes. She flipped Jon onto his back and straddled him. “But what if I want to do something?” She challenged. “I can take a really fast shower you know.”

“Sansa—mmph.” Jon sighed in pleasure as Sansa pulled down his trousers and underclothes in one swift motion. She collected the pearly white liquid at the tip of his cock with a single, dainty finger, before rubbing it up and down his shaft.

“Perhaps we don’t have time for both of us, but at least let me give you something.” She begged with hooded eyes.

Helpless to her request, Jon merely nodded. His hips bucked up as Sansa closed her fingers around him and began long and languid strokes.

_Well, I am a man, after all._

XXXXXXX

“All right bitches and Sassy Pants! Whose ready for some—ow!” Pyp rubbed the back of his head in pain. Stopping his descent down the ramp, he quickly turned around to confront the suspected culprit. “What the hell Grenn!?” He demanded.

Grenn let out a laugh. “Wrong dipshit.” He said, stopping his descent as well.

Jon, who was only halfway paying attention, sent Sam a look of apology after running into his back. Unfortunately, Pyp and Grenn were at the front of the group, and their lack of movement had stalled
Grenn continued laughed as he pointed over to Jaime. The older man who was glaring at Pyp with his hands on his hips and a severe frown on his face.

Pyp let out a yelp that sound like a wounded animal trying to take its last breath. “What the hell Lannister? I thought you were going to be my mentor?!” He cried with indignation.

Bran started coughing in an attempt to hide his amusement.

Jaime scoffed. He raised his hand and help up a single finger. “One, I never said that. And two,” he held up a second finger, “I am not a part of this ‘bitches’ thing you have got going on so don’t refer to me as such again.”

It was like a lightbulb had gone off in Pyp’s head. “Oh, that what this is about.” He gave Jaime a dorky smile and punched him in the arm. Jaime didn’t so much as sway. “If you’re in this group, you are subject to all nicknames that I come up with. Some are on the spot, and some are observational.” Pyp shrugged. “I know it sounds like a lot, but I think you will be able to keep up.”

Jaime narrowed his eyes. “I just can’t tell if you really are that stupid or if you are actually trying to be dim.”

“Stupid.” Jon, Sansa, Sam, and Grenn all said at once.

“Pull the knife out of my back why don’t you.” Pyp muttered. He pointed at all everyone in the group. “Traitors, the lot of you.”

Bran stopped coughing and started to laugh out loud now. It struck Jon in that moment just how young he looked. He had some muscle definition, but for the most part was tall and lanky like most adolescent creatures his age.

Grenn raised an eyebrow at Bran. “What are you laughing at, kid?”

“Everyone. You are all so funny.” Bran observed. His laughter died off and he wiped the moisture from his eyes. “I never thought I would be happy again.” He looked up at Jaime before returning his attention back to everyone else. “Thanks to Master, and to all of you, I know that I can be once more.”

Sansa walked up to Bran and enveloped him into a hug. “I am so glad, brother.” She whispered.

Bran blushed before putting his arms around her.

Pyp raised his hands. “Group hu—”

Jaime flicked him on the forehead. “Don’t even think about it Tattoos.”

“Hear, hear,” Grenn muttered. He ruffled Bran’s hair as he and Sansa parted from their hug. Jaime raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms over his chest at Grenn’s sign of brotherly affection, but otherwise remained silent.

Ghost whined and started turning in frantic circles behind Jon and Sansa.

“Time to go everyone!” Jon started shooing everyone down the ramp. “Ghost is going to start peeing on my leg if he doesn’t find a spare patch of grass soon.”

The landing bay was located on an open field towards the outskirts of Stonhelm’s main city. The
creatures on the planet were mainly fisherman, but there were a few that worked the earth outside of the city. Jon could see some crops growing out in the distance. From what Sansa said, the planet had become mostly self-sufficient without the presence of the Empire stealing away their food and money. They still traded for what they needed but did so with other planets in their system.

Jon took in a deep breath of ocean air. It was fresh and crisp. While he was used to the stale air on the ship, he couldn’t deny how grateful he was every time he was able to breath in natural oxygen. From the corner of his eye he could see Sansa’s hair as it began to sway with the cool ocean breeze. He smiled and kissed Sansa on the cheek.

“Oy! Love birds! Keep the displays of affection for the ship, will ya?” Pyp called over them.

Jon smiled lovingly at the beautiful red head standing next to him. “Not a chance.” He said. He kissed Sansa again, this time on the lips.

They stepped off the platform. Ghost immediately took off into a bush that was close by. Jon didn’t expect to see him again until it was time to leave the planet. Ghost was a Direwolf and loved to stretch his legs and hunt when given the chance.

“I think it is nice.” Sam said as they walked along the grass. “With everything going on, its wonderful that two people can still find love with each other.” He looked down at Bran, who was standing between him and Jaime. “Don’t you agree?”

Bran nodded. “Yes.” He replied. “It reminds me of my parents.” He cleared his throat. Jon guessed that he was trying to keep himself from crying. “So, where are we going first?”

Bran situated the hat over his head so that it rested just over his eyes. Both he and Jaime had covered their heads before leaving the ship in an effort to keep themselves from being recognized. Thankfully, hardly anyone had seen Bran Stark the past four years and Jaime was never shown in propaganda the Empire put out—he explained that it was his one caveat to taking the Grand Inquisitor position—so nobody was too worried about them being recognized out on the streets.

Sansa let go off Jon’s hand so that she could get out her personal tablet with the list of items they would need to purchase. Jon, not wanting to lose contact with her, placed his arm around her waist and rested his hand on her hip. The group continued to head towards the town, which was only a quarter of a mile from the docking bay.

“From the list that Sam and I put together we will need clothes, food, and a few items of furniture. Remember, credits aren’t an issue so we can get whatever we like, but we do need to be mindful being able to fit everything on the ship. And no alcohol.” Sansa said sternly.

“Yeah, that’s not going to happen.” Pyp said sarcastically. “How are we supposed to celebrate our victories? With water?” He questioned with mock horror.

Sansa ignored Pyp’s comment and continued to scroll down the screen. She looked over at the group. “We can divide and conquer, or we can all stay together.” She lowered her voice. “Under no circumstances are we to go to the bounty hunting office until after we are done. Our shopping is more important.”

Sam rubbed his chin. “I think divide and conquer sounds like a good idea. We can easily split ourselves into three groups. How about we all take about two hours, then meet somewhere for lunch? We can finish everything else after.” He suggested.

Everyone nodded their head in agreement. It was decided that Jon and Sansa would get the
groceries, Pyp, Sam, and Grenn would get the furniture, and Jaime and Bran would get whatever clothes was needed. Jon was surprised when Jaime insisted that he and Bran pick up the clothing. However, he had been less surprised when Jaime pointed out that he would rather join the Empire again than have a bunch of imbeciles with no fashion sense dress him. Bran had tried to argue with him, but quickly gave up once Jaime also mentioned that if Bran hoped to every have a girlfriend, he would stick with the clothes that Jaime picked out for him. Considering how nice Jaime’s old clothes looked compared to what every other male in the group was wearing, Jon found himself agreeing with him.

Their group reached the outskirts of town after only a few minutes of walking. Like Mistwood, Stonehelm had old brick structures of various heights that were created by the original inhabitants many centuries ago. They had been updated to align with current technology, but still managed to maintain their classic appeal. The town itself was situated right outside of the coast line. Through the gaps in the buildings they were able to see the expansive ocean that surrounded most of the planet. It was lined with numerous fishing vessels. Since everyone had already seen the ocean before, they decided to continue with their tasks at hand and not take a detour.

Sansa happily waved goodbye to their friends when it came time for them to all go their separate ways. She gave Jon a quick peck on the cheek before practically skipping off to their destination. She smiled at every creature that passed them and even said ‘hello’ to a few. Jon laughed at her behavior. He had never seen Sansa so carefree and happy. Every so often she would turn to look at him and give him a dazzlingly smile. Instead of her normal braid, she wore her hair down and loose. She was also wearing her one and only skirt. It flowed around her body and came to mid-calf. Jon had been surprised when she put it on, but Sansa had declared that today was special and it deserved a special choice of clothing. Jon wasn’t so sure what was special about going shopping, but he appreciated how lovely she looked as her hair and skirt waved gently in the sea breeze.

“So, what did the Council have to say?” Jon asked idly. Sansa hadn’t gotten the chance to share anything of her conversation with him yet. They had been… distracted in their room. The only other time they could have spoken about it was when they were all preparing to leave the ship, but trying to get everyone out the door was like herding lost sheep, and Jon had completely forgotten to ask.

Sansa shrugged. “I don’t think Master Tyrion believed me when I said that LA-D3 was broken for a time, hence why I hadn’t reported in sooner.” She rubbed her arm sheepishly. “I don’t think he believed me the last time I lied to him about my concussion either. He will probably want to talk about that when I see him again.”

Jon looked at her from the corner of his eye. Her shoulders were bunched just slightly from tension, her former happiness gone. Going over her words in his head, Jon frowned when he realized that she had sidestepped the information he was looking for.

“Where are they?” He asked as casually as he could. He knew the answer couldn’t be good and didn’t want to upset her further by using a harsh tone. After all, their impending separation was just as difficult for her as it was for him.

Sansa gave him a quick glance over his shoulder. “Oh, well, you know…” Sansa ducked her head down and hid behind her hair.

Jon sighed. “Sansa—”

“I know, I’m sorry.” She interrupted quickly, her cheery tone sounding forced. They started to walk between two buildings. “They are—oh look! The ocean!” Sansa tugged on Jon’s hand and immediately led him between two buildings and towards the sandy beach.
Jon frowned as he watched her practically run towards the water, which they had already seen several times in the last few minutes. She quickly kicked off her shoes and bunched up her skirt so that she could feel the water along her feet. Watching her, Jon knew what the problem was at once. The Rebellion was close to them, which meant it wouldn’t take long for them to travel to their destination. Sansa’s heart was no doubt aching from this information. Jon also suspected that she was worried about how he would take the news, hence her deflection of his earlier question. The calm and happy Sansa from this morning was gone; she was now sad and stressed.

Jon took in a deep breath. Sansa had stood by him during all of his heartache. It was now time to do the same for her.

“Love—”

“Isn’t it beautiful?” Sansa said as she raised her hands towards the ocean’s horizon. “It’s so calm and peaceful. It’s almost as if time is standing still.” Sansa looked over to him with wide and misty eyes. “Do you think if we stay here, time will stop for us?”

Jon felt his heart break at Sansa’s simple and innocent question. Jon removed his boots and rolled up his trousers. He quickly bridged the gap between them and wrapped his arms around Sansa’s waist. “It’s all right, Sansa.” He whispered. “Everything will be all right.”

Sansa turned in his arms. “I know. It’s just…” Sansa let out a tiny sob. “Do you ever just feel like the Galaxy is against us? We never seem to catch a break. Every time we are finally able to have some peace, something new comes to take it away from us.” Sansa buried her head into his neck. “Jon, this could be it. We could have no more than this moment. We could die before…” Sansa let out a heartbreaking sob. “Why must everything be so hard?”

Jon tightened his hold on her and let her cry. Sansa was always so strong and brave. She was the glue that held everything together for him, for them. If she needed a moment to cry at how unfair everything seemed, he would not take that away from her.

The waves beat against their legs while Jon held her. He ran his fingers through her hair, occasionally kissing her brow and telling her how much he loved her, how much she meant to him. After a few minutes, when she had quieted down, Jon took her face into his hands. Her cheeks were splotchy, her nose runny, and her eyes red-rimmed.

Jon knew he would always love her.

“Life is hard Sansa. I think, in a way, it is supposed to be. If it was easy, then there wouldn’t be any satisfaction is anything that we do. Life is wonderful because it is hard.” Jon stared deeply into her eyes. “This is not our end, Sansa. I will see you again. We will live, and we will win.”

Sansa gave him a watery smile. “You really think so?” She asked. There was a small amount of hope shining in her eyes.

“Yes, I do.” Jon said with conviction.

Jon took off his scarf and cleaned the tears from Sansa’s face. She shuddered slightly from the breeze and cold water. Jon smiled at her blush as he began to wrap his scarf around her.

“Are you cold? You can use my scarf.”

Jon blinked a few times. He eyes began to gloss over slightly as his memory tried to show him another time he had done something similar. He was a youngling, and there was a girl with beautiful red hair like Sansa’s crying across the street. Jon had wanted to make her happy. He had handed her
a black scarf…

“Jon? Are you all right?” Jon’s eyes refocused on Sansa. Her brows were drawn together and she looked worried.

Jon smiled at her. “Of course.” He assured her. Jon shook off the memory. Whatever it was, it must not have been very important otherwise he would have remembered it before today.

They held hands as they made their way back over to their discarded shoes. After putting them on, they began started to walk back towards the market.

“They are in the outskirts of the Dorne System.” Sansa said after a few moments. Her voice was low, making sure that nobody heard her but him.

Jon raised his eyebrows in shock. “Really? That’s surprising considering you were last spotted there.”

Sansa shrugged. “The system is huge, and Oberyn is with the council. He keeps them appraised of where the Empire might be.” Sansa lowered her eyes. “We are to use lightspeed to get there. It will only take half a day at most.”

Jon lightly bumped her shoulder. “Plenty of time for us to make some good memories together.” He said as happily as he could.

Sansa looked at him in disbelief. “You aren’t sad? Or upset?” She asked.

Jon sighed. “Of course I am. To be honest, I am a little shocked they are so close and it will take some time for me to process everything. But, there is nothing we can do about where the Rebellion is or how quickly we will get there. We can, however, be sure to enjoy our time left.” Jon started to swing their hands back and forth as they walked along the street. “What do you say?” He put his hand on his heart dramatically. “Will you, Sansa Snow, do me the honor of accompanying me to the market today?” Jon flashed her his best pleading look.

“It would be my pleasure, sir.” Sansa said. She let out a laugh. “You know, even if this is a Rebellion aligned planet we should probably still be careful with using my real name.”

Jon let go of Sansa’s hand. He put his arm around her waist and rested his hand on her hip as they entered into the market. There were hundreds of creatures in the open square. Dozens of stalls were lined up and down the open space. The calls of creatures and droids could be heard over the sounds of chatter as they shop owners called out their goods for sale.

“What shall I call you then? Leia?” Jon asked as they perused the vendors. Scattered amongst the various food stalls were a few creatures selling homemade articles of clothing and jewelry.

Sansa scrunched up her nose. “No. The less we remember about that debacle the better.” Sansa’s face turned thoughtful. “Actually, when I was younger, Master Tyrion used to have me say my name was…” Sansa trailed off, a necklace at of the shops catching her eye.

“It’s us.” Sansa said. She held up the necklace for Jon so he could see it better.

At the end of a thin leather strap was a metal pendant with a crow in its center. The crow was stained black and was sitting atop a brown branch nestled inside a hollow golden ring. The design was beautiful in its simplicity. Sansa had a soft smile on her face as she gazed at it for a few moments. With a small sigh, Sansa took the necklace and placed it back on the hook before moving on.
Jon quickly fell into step beside her. “Why don’t you buy it? We have the credits.” He asked. It was obvious she had loved it.

Sansa shrugged her shoulders. “It isn’t practical. I know we can afford it, but it seems silly and frivolous to buy a necklace during the war.” She motioned towards her skirt. “Even this is impractical.” She observed.

Jon frowned. “I don’t think so. I think it looks nice.”

Sansa smiled. “Thanks, but I can’t exactly fight an Inquisitor while wearing it.” Sansa pulled out her tablet. Calling out to a basket droid, she began looking for the items that they needed. “The truth is, I like feminine things.” She said as she scrolled down her list.

Jon frowned. Besides the skirt, he couldn’t recall a time when Sansa had ever gravitated towards anything that other creatures would define as classically feminine.

Sansa opened her mouth to continue. “I like stories about romance, and princes, and princesses. I like pretty dresses. I like pretty necklaces.” Sansa sighed. “I like all of that, and I feel weak for it.” She told him honestly.

Jon cocked his head to the side. “Why? Just because you like those things doesn’t mean that you aren’t strong.”

Sansa started to walk towards a food stall that was selling root vegetables. “Nobody thinks those things are symbols of strength Jon.” They started to look over the vegetables, putting the ones that looked good into their cart.

“Then those people are damn fools.” Jon said. “So what if you like wearing pretty things and can wield the Force? One doesn’t have to negate the other. You are strong, talented, and independent. You are also kind, forgiving, and understanding. Liking pretty things didn’t stop that. Hell, you defeated Daenerys in nothing but your underwear.”

Sansa laughed. “I did, didn’t I?” She raised an eyebrow at him. “Do you really think so?”

Jon nodded. “Yes. I think it is good that you like different types of things.” Jon squeezed her hand. “You can kick ass, and wear skirts on your days off while reading stories about a Prince and Princess falling madly in love.” Jon winked at her. “I will even read them to you.” He volunteered.

Having gotten what they needed from the stand, Jon took out his card and paid the stall owner. Sansa checked off the items they had purchased before moving on to the next stall. About halfway through their list, Jon announced that he needed to use the refresher and that he would catch up with her soon. He passed the jewelry stall on his way back, and quickly made up his mind.

Sansa’s mouth opened in shock when Jon presented her with not one, but two crow pendant necklaces.

“Sometimes, you just need something impractical.” He explained. Jon clasped the necklace around her neck.

“But two of them?”

Jon turned his back to Sansa. “The second one is for me.” He handed the necklace to Sansa so that she could put it on him.

“I didn’t know you were one for jewelry.” Sansa said.
“I’m not.” Jon said. “But I thought it would be nice to have a matching pair. That way, when we are separated, we will be able to wear these and think of each other.”

A huge smile bloomed across Sansa’s face. She leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. “Thank you, Jon.” She whispered. “Sometimes, you can be a big pain, but other times you are just lovely.” She gave him another quick peck.

Jon laughed. “Compliment accepted.” He said.

“Ugh.” Pyp flopped down dramatically into the seat next to Jon. “I never want to go shopping again, especially with these two.” He rubbed his temples dramatically. “For the love of the Galaxy, please tell me there is alcohol with this meal.”

Bran laughed. “Was it really that bad?” He asked. He was already wearing the new clothes that he and Jaime had purchased for themselves. His pants were fitted and tucked into his brightly polished tan boots, with a pair of expensive looking leather suspenders keeping them up instead of a belt. His tunic had a slight ‘v’ at the collar. It also looked like he had gotten a haircut.

“The worst.” Pyp declared. He raised his hand to signal for the bartender to come and bring them some drinks. “Sam may be a genius, but when it comes to making decisions of the everyday variety he overthinks everything.”

Sam nodded. “It’s true.” He conceded. He was looking over his purchasing receipts. “In fact, I still wonder if it wouldn’t have been better to—”

“No more!” Pyp half screamed.

“It’s not like I did anything.” Grenn folded his arms around his chest. “It makes no sense to be upset with me. You are just hungry and tired.”

Pyp threw his hands up into the air in exasperation. “That’s the point! You did nothing, which made everything take longer. You could have at least tried to help us.”

“I don’t shop.” Grenn said evenly.

“Oh for the love of—”

“Well, Bran and I were quite successful in our endeavors.” Jaime said with a smile. Jon suspected that he was taking a little bit of joy in bragging about his success. “We found some excellent quality items. The craftsmanship on this planet is remarkable.”

Pyp, Grenn, and even Sam all responded by flipping him off.

Bran tipped his head back and laughed. “You asked for that one, Master.”

Jaime quirked a small smile. “I suppose.”

Sam looked to Jon and Sansa. “How did you two fare? Anything exciting happen at the market?”

Sansa’s fingers rested on her collar bone where her crow pendant laid hidden under her tunic. “It was perfect.” She said wistfully.

Jon stroked her thigh under the table in agreement. Their time grocery shopping really had been wonderful. They didn’t have any problems finding the items that they needed and were done
relatively quickly. After dropping their purchase off at the ship, they had taken off their shoes and strolled along the shoreline at the beach one more time while eating ice cream that Jon had purchased for them at a local vendor.

Pyp scowled, annoyed that nobody else had struggled except for his group. He opened his mouth, no doubt to say something smart, but promptly shut it when the bartender made his way over to their table. Everyone tried not to stare when they saw that he was a Folkian, with Jaime refusing to look anywhere but the table. Bran stared at his Master and frowned.

“What’s your pleasure?” He asked. His voice was rough and a bit gravelly. He had wild red hair and a beard to match, with pale blue skin and golden eyes. His face was adorned with three yellow upside down triangles tattooed underneath each eye.

“Alcohol. Whatever you got.” Pyp asked as congenially as he could. He motioned to Bran. “And something for the little one.” He added.

The man rubbed under his chin. “House special all right? It’s real popular around here.”

Everyone nodded their heads. The man turned around to go get their drinks. Nobody made a motion to speak once he was gone, the silence around the table deafening.

“It’s not your fault.” Grenn said “You can’t blame yourselves for every damn thing the Empire has done. Take responsibility for the shit you caused, but if you didn’t cause it then it isn’t your fault.”

Jon’s jaw slackened while he stared at Grenn in shock. The former White Walker trying to comfort Jaime was all together surprising. Bran shot Grenn a thankful look before rubbing Jaime’s shoulders.

“Grenn is right.” Sam soothed. “The blame rests on those who made the decision.”

“I should have stopped her.” Jaime whispered. “I should have let Tyrion fucking kill her.” He rested his head in his hands. “I followed her damn orders for years and for what? I turned on her too late. I am a fucking waste.”

“If we are measuring our worth by all the things we should have done, then I believe we are all lacking.” Sansa said. “Everyone makes mistakes. Everyone does things that they realize they shouldn’t have done when looking back. What makes everyone here at this table different is that we learned from all the things that we did wrong. And when I say ‘everyone’, I mean everyone.” Sansa emphasized.

“My dad taught me that we can either learn from the past or run from it.” Jon said. “We can’t change anything that has happened, but we can influence what will happen.”

Jaime kept his head down.

“They are right, Master.” He said. “I know it is hard to move on. Just this morning I was feeling like everything was going to be better because I realized that I wasn’t a monster, but then I felt like the worst creature in existence only a few moments ago because I was associated with the Empire when Wall was blown up.” Bran took a deep breath. “Perhaps we will always feel guilt over the things we have done, but that doesn’t change who we are now.”

“And who are we Bran?” Jaime whispered. “Who am I?”

Bran looked at Grenn, a silent conversation passing between the two of them.

“I don’t know who you are, Master. Only you can answer that. But, I know that I am trying very
hard to be a good person. And, that I am able to do so because I am surrounded by creatures who are also trying to do what is right.”

Jaime cleared his throat. “When did you get so wise, kid?” He asked, looking over at Bran. His eyes were glassed over from the tears he was holding back.

“I had a good father.” Bran said. He gave Jaime a soft smile and took in a deep breath before letting it out slowly. “And, I believe, I have a good one now.”

Jaime reached out and enveloped Bran in a hug. They both sniffled as tears ran down their cheeks.

“That was beautiful.” Pyp whispered. He rubbed his eyes with a napkin.

Jaime let go of Bran. He raised an eyebrow at Pyp. “Are you crying Tattoos?” He asked incredulously.

Pyp wiped his eyes with his sleeve. “I am a sympathetic crier. I make no apologies.”

Grenn rolled his eyes. “Of course you are.” He muttered.

“Well I think it is wonderful.” Sam said, a little misty eyed himself.

Everyone at the table chuckled as Pyp flicked Grenn on the back of his head before raising a fist to Sam in solidarity. The mood was decidedly lighter when the bartender returned with their drinks and menus for their lunch specials. He gave them a few recommendations before preparing to leave again.

“Name’s Tormund if you need anything else.” He said with nod of his head. “I’ll be back in a few to get your orders.” He turned on his heel and left.

Jon took a sip of his drink as he watched him go. The name ‘Tormund’ sounded very familiar, but for the life of him he couldn’t remember where he had heard it from. From Jaime’s furrowed brow, he could tell he was thinking the same. Jon made a mental note to ask him about it once they had ordered their food.

Pyp gulped his entire drink down in one go. “Force, I needed that.” He raised his now empty glass to the center of the group. “Here is to a better future than the past, and to kicking Cersei’s ass!”

“Hear hear!” Everyone cried.

Jon took a small sip of his drink. It was strong and a bit bitter, but overall fairly good. He picked up his menu and yawned. “So, what is everyone thinking about—”

Thunk!

Jon raised his eyes from the menu to see Pyp passed out at the table.

“What the—” Grenn’s eyes rolled into the back of his head. Jon reached across Pyp and caught him just in time before his head crashed into the wood like Pyp’s had done.

Sam raised his finished drink. “Drugged.” He slurred. “We’ve been…” He trailed off as his head lolled backward.

Jaime grabbed Bran’s arm. His movements were slow and sloppy. “Bran we’ve got to—Bran?!” Jaime shook him, but it was too late. Bran was already asleep. Jaime tried to pick him up, but his limbs stopped responding and his eyes closed.
Jon wrapped his arms around Sansa protectively. They were on the inside of the booth, and too weak to move everyone out of the way and fight for their escape. His mind was telling him to get up and fight, but his body was so tired.

Sansa rested her head on his shoulder while he placed his on top of hers. “Jon… I’ve… bad… feeling…” She breathed.

“Yes.” He said. He closed his eyes. “Me… too…”

The room went black.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, Crow Squadron! Some of you may notice that my preview for this chapter was not included, and that is because this chapter started getting really, really long. Like, too long. Have no fear though. it will be coming up next!

Also, Tormund!! As a Space Pirate!!! Who else is excited?!?

This chapter when through three re-writes, so I honestly don't know if it is good or if it is just better then everything else I wrote, which was not good. Either way, I really hope you all enjoyed it. I really like seeing how Jon is the one to comfort Sansa when she really needed it, and that Sansa really learned from their last argument that it is okay to break down and cry. I actually had to go back and read some earlier chapters for some plot lines, and it is amazing to see just how far they have both come from their bickering selves. I am so proud of them!

I don't really have a preview for next chapter, since it is the same as the last preview, but the chapter will the called "The Trouble With Crow Squadron." I feel like that really says it all.

Thank you all so much for reading! Please comment if you like.

Have a great week my friends!!
Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for your comments, kudos, and hits last chapter! I really appreciate all the time you guys take out of your lives to read my story.

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 35: The Free Folk Gang

“Did you see that Dad?! That Folkian just threw the Essosi clear over the bar!”

“Of course I saw it Jon. Everyone in the bar saw it. Check please!”

“Aw, do we have to leave now? The fight is just getting started.”

“Jon, this is a bar, not a fighting ring. It’s only a matter of time before everyone starts throwing punches.”

“I’m pretty sure we can—holy shit! I have I never seen a knife that long! Or would you consider that to be more of a sword?”

“Knife. It is only twelve inches, at best. Besides those serrated edges definitely give it more of a knife—oh for the love of the Galaxy stop drooling Jon.”

“But this fight is amazing! I can’t believe we didn’t have to pay for it.”

“Well, we did have to pay to eat here, so we technically did. From the looks of it I bet both of those creatures are space pirates.”

“Space pirates?! I didn’t even know such a thing existed. It sounds exciting.”

“They do. They are the lowest of the low when it comes to the riffraff of the Galaxy.”

“Don’t you think that is a bit judgmental, considering we are smugglers?”

“No. Remember this Jon: when dealing with space pirates, they will only ever worry about themselves. You can’t trust them.”

“But doesn’t everyone do that?”

“To a certain extent, yes. But creatures also live within a code of their own rules. That makes what they are willing to do for self-preservation predictable. Space pirates have only one rule: always go for the maximum payout. They could be trying to send you to prison one day, then working with you a month later because you offered them more money. Then once your bounty goes up, your right back to where you started.”
“That does sound—did he just body check him and gut him at the same time?! This is amazing!”

Jon groaned. His head was pounding a vicious rhythm against his skull and if he didn’t move carefully he was pretty sure he was going to throw up. Even Jon’s left arm felt like it had gained an extra twenty pounds. When he tried to move it to rub his eyes he found that it was near impossible to lift. He tried the right one, but it seemed to be stuck against a particularly uncomfortable pillow.

“Move your fucking leg asshole.” An annoyed voice said. It was fuzzy and distant.

“You’re the only asshole dip shit.” Someone else responded.

The voices began to become clearer, their sound increasing the pain Jon was feeling in his head. He wanted to tell the owners of the voices to shut up, but his tongue felt dry and heavy inside his mouth.

“Excuse me?! And how is any of this my fault?” Someone screeched.

“You had to go and order fucking alcohol—

“That is fucking bullshit! Bran drank fucking grape juice and he is still—”

“Can you two shut the hell up for two seconds? My damn head is killing me—”

“Join the club asshole.”

Jon felt his fingers and toes begin to twitch. While he had wanted to wake up initially, he decided that after listening to all the voices arguing it would be better to fall back asleep.

“If you don’t shut it I will be the only creature in the club—”

“You know, I think if we all just calmed down and thought about our situation rationally for two seconds—”

“Quiet the lot of you! I think Jon is finally coming to.”

Jon felt his arm raise up and begin to stroke his cheek, along with a second, smaller hand. It was weird, because he was fairly certain his brain did not tell his arm to do that.

“Jon, love, are you all right?” Sansa’s sweet, beautiful, and blessedly quiet voiced asked him.

Jon slowly began the painful process of opening his eyes. The first thing he saw was a very worried looking Sansa staring down at him. The second thing he noticed was that Sam was practically on top of her.

Jon pulled his eyebrows together. “What?..” He trailed off, confused.

“It okay.” Sansa said soothingly. She began to feel his body for any broken bones. Jon once again noticed that his hand, through no effort of his own, was moving along with her. There was also a fourth hand that he did not recognize touching him as well.

“Nothing seems to be broken.” Sam said. Jon deduced that the unrecognizable hand must have been Sam’s, and that the reason Sam was so close to Sansa was so he could check Jon for injuries. What didn’t make sense was why Sam didn’t move away to give them some privacy now that Jon was looked over.

Sansa let out a breath of relief. “Good. That means only Bran is still asleep.”
Jon followed her gaze to the other side of the room. He was still laying down and could only make out Bran’s legs through the line of creatures to his right. Grenn was sitting next to him with his arms crossed and had, to his surprise, had Jon’s arm resting in his lap. Jon pulled his arm away from its position. While it did move this time, it also took Grenn’s arm with it. Jon narrowed his eyes. Around each of their wrists were two glowing cuffs that were linked together by a similar glowing chain. They were electrical cuffs; every time the owner tried to slide them off their wrists or break them, they would squeeze tighter. Jon lifted his chin and saw the same type of cuff around his and Sansa’s wrists.

_Oh. Fuck._

Jon’s mouth opened and closed. This couldn’t be happening, could it? He whipped his head to the side to look down the line. To his horror, everyone had the electrical cuffs around their wrists.

Grenn scowled. “Have you figured it out yet or do we need to spell it out for you?” He muttered.

“No.” Jon said. “Nonononononono.”

“Yeah, he’s figured it out.” Pyp said. Unlike his normally cheery self, he sounded annoyed and depressed. “Fucking sucks, doesn’t it?”

Jon sat up with such forcefulness that it caused Grenn to lurch forward as well, the pressure on his hand too much for him to fight against. Ignoring Grenn’s curses, he scanned their surroundings quickly. The room that they were in was clearly some sort of cell. It was large enough that all seven of them would be able to move around comfortably, if they weren’t all connected at their wrists. Three of the walls were made of solid white brick, with the fourth wall made of thick metal bars that ran from the ceiling to the floor. One the other side of the bars stood a small table with a bowel of exotic fruits. Two Folkians sat at the table with their feet up, playing sabaac. One of them glanced over at Jon and waved cheerfully before going back to her game.

“What the hell happened?” Jon whispered, eyeing the guards warily. He didn’t want them to overhear their conversation.

The female who had looked at him before gave out a laugh. “Don’t even bother.” She said as she placed a card down on the table. “We can hear everything. Save your vocal cords and talk like a normal creature.”

“Yes and flirting with them doesn’t work either.” Pyp pouted. He tried to cross his arms over his chest but the combination of Bran still being passed out and Jaime refusing to budge left him with no other option but to jut his bottom lip out and scowl.

“I told you weren’t my type.” The woman said. She gave Grenn and Jaime an appreciate eye. “You two on the other hand—”

“No.” They both said.

She shrugged your shoulders. “Suit yourself.”

Jon looked up and down the line at their linked hands. It went Bran, Pyp, Jaime, Grenn, Jon, Sansa, and Sam. Jon did not envy Jaime’s position in the line; it would be a miracle if Pyp, Jaime, and Grenn didn’t try to kill each other by the time they escaped.

_We are going to escape or die trying. There is no way any of us can live like this for longer then five minutes. Sansa and I definitely like each other most out of everyone in the group, and even we need a break every once in a while._
Jon nodded his chin towards Bran. “Why is he still out?” It was disconcerting that everyone had woken up except for the youngest. They had only been with Bran and Jaime for two days, but it was hard not think of Bran as a little brother already.

Jaime sighed. “Sam and I think it’s because of his small size. It will probably take him longer to burn off the drug then the rest of us.”

“Who drugged us?”

“Tormund Giantsbane, leader of the Free Folk Gang.” Jaime shook his head. “I knew his name sounded familiar, but I just couldn’t place it. This guy and his group have been working since before The Clone Wars.”

Jon snapped his fingers together and pointed towards Jaime. Sansa glared at him for inadvertently snapping her wrist with his actions. “That’s it!” He exclaimed. He shot Sansa an apologetic look before continuing. “I’ve heard of him as well. A couple of years ago Dad and I were in a bar and watched him get into a fight with another patron. It was vicious.”

“Do you know anything else about him besides his love of bar fights and drugging people?” Sam asked.

Jon shrugged. “Probably not as much as Jaime.”

“Great.” Grenn muttered. “All he knows is that the guy is a space pirate but is somehow not wanted by the Empire.”

“That’s because unlike you idiots we don’t get caught!” The male Folkian called out. His female companion gave him a fist bump.

Pyp looked down at the electrical cuffs that connected his hands with Bran and Jaime. Letting out a huff, he threw himself dramatically down onto the floor. “I knew this would happen!”

Unlike Jon, Pyp was not strong enough to bring Jaime and his arm down with him. So, instead of his arm and hand resting on his side, it was suspended in air while Jaime stubbornly kept his own arm under his chin while he thought.

“Oh please.” Jaime said with a roll of his eyes. “Nobody is that omniscient.” He tried to raise his other cuffed hand to scratch his face, but Grenn, in act of solidarity for Pyp being unable to move his arm, kept his hand arm down. What followed was a ridiculous tug of war as both men tried to prove who was stronger.

Pyp snorted at their pissing contest. “You don’t understand. This squadron is cursed. It’s like everything that can go wrong for us, will go wrong.” Pyp wailed. He kicked his legs out like a youngling throwing a tantrum.

“If that were true we would all be dead right now.” Sam observed. “I’m sure there is a way for us to get out of this. We just have to think of something.”

“Yeah, and then communicate it with our eyes.” Grenn said. He blinked a couple of times dramatically to prove his point while he continued to struggle with Jaime. “Face it, we may actually be screwed this time.”

Sansa frowned. “Stop it, all of you.” She demanded. Everyone turned to look at her. She tried to stand but had to settle for taking a knee since both Jon and Sam were still sitting. “I refuse to believe that this is an impossible situation. Yes, we are stuck in a jail cell with guards that can hear
everything we say—
“—you really might as well give up—”
“—and fighting is pretty much impossible with all of our arms linked unless we plan on kicking the enemy to death—”
“—that’s never going to work Red—”
“—will you both shut up!” Sansa screamed. The two Folkians promptly shut their mouths and raised their hands in surrender. “I am trying to have a private conversation with my team here. Have some respect and stop interrupting me!”

Pyp laughed from his place on the floor. “Word to the wise: don’t piss off Sansa. She will cut you down.”

Sansa blew the hair on her forehead out of her face. “Thank you Pyp.” He gave her a thumbs up. “As I was saying, we are smart and damn good fighters. If anyone can escape this situation, it is us.” Sansa side eyed the two guards. They were clearly paying attention to what she was saying—the female’s cards were upside down—but they didn’t seem as inclined to say anything like the had before. “Now, I think we can all agree that we have been in worse situations than this.”

Jaime raised his eyebrows. “You have?” He said, his voice dripping with sarcasm. “My, I just can’t believe it.”

“Save it Jaime.” Sansa snapped. “What are our resources?”

Pyp looked at Sansa like she had grown two heads while everyone else at least attempted to think about her question. It was plain to everyone that Sansa’s sanity as hanging by a thread. Her cheeks were flushed red in annoyance and her right eyebrow was twitching every so often. Jon wished he could rub soothing circles into her back, but that would either result in twisting Sansa’s arm or letting Grenn also touch her. Jon didn’t think Sansa or Grenn would appreciate either option, so he opted for a soft smile instead.

Sam coughed. “Sorry.” He said. He started to cough again. “I don’t think—cough—my allergies like this—cough—planet very—cough—much.” He looked over at the guards. “Can I have a glass of water please? My throat is very dry.”

The man rolled his eyes. “Please. It’s obvious you are going to swipe the keys at my hip and knock me out the second I come get close enough.” He gave all of them a hard stare. “Nobody in this room is getting anything, do you understand?”

Sam kept coughing but nodded his head. He placed his hands in front of his mouth to try to keep the sound muffled. Jon frowned. He was pretty sure that Sam was faking at this point just to prove that getting the keys hadn’t been his plan. If only they could—

Jon’s eyes narrowed at Sam’s index finger. A quick glance at the guards told him they were no longer paying attention to their group and had gone back to their game. Leaning his head forward, Jon saw that every time Sam’s hands shook from coughing, his outside pinky would spell a letter. His head made the smallest of nods, letting Sam know that he understood.

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Of course! It was so simple that Jon couldn’t believe he hadn’t thought of it before. Sam wasn’t coughing to try and get the guards to come closer, he was doing it to see if one of them would divulge if they had the keys to the cell. They did, which meant all Jon or Sansa needed to do was mind control them to let them go free. While the guards didn’t seem stupid, Sansa had been able to overcome Dany.

Jon brushed his connected hands against Sansa’s. He made sure she was looking him in the eye. “Have I ever told you how beautiful your mind is?” Jon’s eyes flitted to the guards before looking back at her. “Sometimes your will is just so strong that I feel like you can make me do anything.”

Sansa’s brow furrowed at Jon’s words.

*Come on sweetling. You can put it together.*

“Oh fucking hell.” Pyp whined. “First we get captured and now I have to listen to this shit. Is there no justice in the world?”

“Quiet.” Grenn said. He stretched his legs out in front of him. “Jon is right. Sansa can manipulate anyone to do anything. We all know it is true.” He started tapping his foot towards the guards.

Sansa mouth formed an ‘o’ shape. Her eyes lit up with understanding. “While I am smart, sometimes I do need help wrangling others to come to my side. I suppose that is why Jon and I make such a good team.” Sansa gave him a devious grin. “Right Jon?”

“Right.” He said.

Pyp made a gagging sound. He was still laying on the floor and was thus unable to witness the silent communication that was going on. Jaime, however, was very much paying attention. Faster than Pyp could blink, Jaime raised both of their hands and clamped them firmly over Pyp’s mouth.

Jon calmed his mind of every doubt he could possibly feel about their plan. He knew his will needed to be strong to make the guards do as they said, and that meant he had to believe in what they were doing. He closed his eyes and pictured their plan. He pictured them overcoming their guards and escaping. As his confidence grew, so did the light inside him.

*We will succeed.*

Jon and Sansa raised their hands in perfect sync.

“Guards.” Sansa said. Jon could feel that her voice was already laced with the Force. She wasn’t
calling to them, but demanding their attention.

Both the male and female guard turned to face her. Jon pulled from the energy that surrounded the room and directed everything that he could feel towards their opponents. From the corner of his eye, he could see Jaime watching him with rapt attention.

The male guard sighed. “What do you want—”

“Stop talking.” Sansa said.

The guard immediately closed his mouth.

Understanding dawned on the female guard. She made a move for her blaster, but Sansa was quicker.

“You will both listen to me. Do you understand?”

The woman’s eyes glossed over.

“Yes.” They both said.

“You will unlock our doors and let us go. You will raise no alarms. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

The male guard quickly unhooked his keys and made his way towards their cell.

Sansa looked at the female. “Go stand in the corner and do not move.”

“Yes.”

The power in the room was thick and palpable. Jon could see little beads of sweat starting to form on her forehead from exertion. He frowned. Unlike Sansa, Jon didn’t feel very tired at all. Thinking that he wasn’t trying hard enough, Jon reached out with as much power as he could muster.

Grenn gasped. “Holy shit.” He muttered as the energy level in the room began to rise.

Jaime nodded. “Yup.” He said.

The lock clicked. The guard opened the door before going and standing next to his companion.

“Do you have the ability to dismantle the cuffs?”

“No.”

Jon’s heart sank. He had been hoping that they would be able to break their bindings.

“Very well. You will stay in that corner. You will raise no alarms. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

Jon and Sansa lowered their hands, knowing that they wouldn’t have to worry about them anymore. He gave Sansa a small kiss on the forehead to let her know she had done well before addressing one of the many problems they were going to face while escaping.

“So…Bran is still passed out.” He said. There was really one solution to the problem, and Jon hoped that it wouldn’t be met with a lot of complaining. He could only handle so much sass at the moment.
“Pyp, do you think you can carry him?” He asked.

“Youp.” Pyp said without hesitation. Jon was grateful that he hadn’t made some smart-ass remark before agreeing, but didn’t want to press his luck by questioning him about it. “Kid probably only weighs 100 pounds soaking wet.” Pyp bent over and threw Bran over his shoulder with little effort.

“You drop him and I will kick your ass.” Jaime threatened.

Pyp rolled his eyes. “Calm down, Papa Bear. Bran will be fine. I always take care of my own, and as much as I am sure you hate it, you and Bran are now apart of Crow Squadron.” Pyp gave him a steely look. “I don’t abandon my friends. Ever.”

“Yes, yes, Pyp is a fucking saint.” Grenn said impatiently. He started moving towards the door, dragging Jon and Jaime with him. “Now let’s get the hell out of here before more guards show up.”

“Agreed.” Jon said.

The all lined up against the wall with Sam closest to the door. Carefully, he took his one free hand and palmed it open before cautiously looking outside.

“Clear.” He whispered.

The group silently made their way out of the room and down the hallway. Through a window, Jon was able to deduce that they were in some sort of compound outside of the city. It looked like they were surrounded by grass and there was a farm out in the distance. Thankfully the sun was still up. Jon hoped that meant they had only been out of it for a couple of hours, and not a full day.

“Not to be a buzz kill here but does anyone know where we are going?” Pyp whispered after three minutes from his place at the end of the line. He shifted his shoulders so that he could get a better grip on Bran.

Sam opened his mouth, but then quickly shut it at the sound of creatures approaching. They all quickly ducked behind a wall of storage crates, holding their breath that they wouldn’t be caught.

“Do you know what Tormund plans to do with the captives?” A deep husky voice said.

A higher pitched male voice responded. “As far as I know he put out a feel to the Rebellion to see how much they would give for them. He even threatened that if they weren’t willing to double what the Empire offered on their wanted ads he would go to the Empire instead.”

“Sounds like Tormund. What did he tell the Empire?”

“The same thing. He is waiting to see who offers us more money before setting up a drop off point.”

“Is he going to give up all of them?”

“Nah, I think he is planning on keeping that tattooed one around. He’s the same guy we saw win the Bricklayers Classic. Tormund wants to go into podracing for the money and swears that guy could win him a fortune.”

“No way. I will have to ask for his autograph…”

All heads turned towards Pyp as the voices faded into the distance. He gave them his smuggest smile.

“When you got it, you got it.” He said with a shrug of his shoulders. Bran flopped helplessly with the
“Regardless,” Jaime interrupted, clearly not amused, “which way do we go?”

Sam shrugged his shoulders. “You guess is as good as mine.” He said. “There isn’t exactly a map anywhere to let us know where the nearest exit is. To be honest, Sansa and I have just been following our instincts.”

“So, let me get this clear.” Grenn said tightly. He took in a few slow, deep breaths to help control his temper. “We escaped, but now we need to ask for directions?!”

Sansa rolled her eyes. “Calm down. This is not as bad as it seems.”

Jon was unsure if she was trying to convince herself or everyone else.

“Really?” Grenn said with disbelief. “You sure about that? Because we are either in huge shit with the Rebellion, or the Empire is coming to get us, and we don’t have a fucking map!”

“Yes.” Sansa said calmly. It was her turn to practice slow breathing while her eyes flashed with annoyance. “But, almost all of the open rooms we have passed have had windows inside of them. We just need to double back to one, open the window, and jump out.” She gave Grenn a triumphant smile. “No problem at all.”

Grenn raised their cuffs. “What about these.” He asked

“We can break them with a lightsaber once we get back to the ship.” Jaime peeked over the top of the crates. “Looks like there is no one around. If we are going to do this, we better do so now.”

The group cautiously came out of hiding. Sam started to lead them back to the nearest room they had seen.

“It should be just around this—” Sam stopped without warning, his pause creating a domino effect. Sansa crashed into him, causing Jon to hit her. He went sprawling backwards into Grenn, who lost his footing and collapsed into Jaime. The weight from Jaime’s arm brought Pyp falling face first into Jaime’s stomach. Bran, still unconscious, laid on top of both of them, oblivious to everything.

Jon looked around Sam to see what had stopped him. In the middle of the corridor were at least twenty Free Folkians, armed to the teeth with different types of blasters.

Sam hung his head and sighed. “Anyone got a Plan B?”

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Jon rolled his neck, trying desperately to ease the tension in his shoulders. It was a wasted effort. Thanks to their first escape attempt not working, and their second one being a disaster, they were now all suspended in air by two electric forcefields. The overheard one ran parallel to wall and held their hands overhead, while the one on the bottom connected their feet together. At this point, Jon wished that he was chained to a wall so that he could bang his head against it and put himself out of his misery. He looked longingly over at Bran. The kid was still completely passed out. Jon couldn’t be sure, but it looked like he might have started drooling. Jon envied his ignorance.

“Well, at least we aren’t cuffed together anymore. That is a plus, right?” Sansa said.

If Jon thought she was holding on by a thread before, he now wondered if she had lost her mind. There was no way that this situation was any better than the last two. However, one look at her
beautiful face told him to keep his mouth shut. The twitching in her eyebrow had moved down to the corners of her eyes. Jon began to wonder if maybe he would be stuck sleeping in the cockpit tonight.

Pyp scrunched up his face at Sansa’s question. “Is it Sassy Pants? Is it really?” He asked doubtfully. He turned his head to glare at Jaime. Despite their lack of cuffs binding them together, they were all still in the same line as before. “I don’t want to blame it all on the second escape attempt, but, what the hell. Jaime, this is your fucking fault.”

Jaime snorted. “I don’t recall you telling me to stop when I suggested blowing out the back wall of the cell. In fact, I think your direct words were, ‘blow that fucking piece of shit to the sky and get us out of this hell hole’.”

“Well it seemed like a good idea at the time.” Pyp grumbled.

“I was against it.” Sam said unhelpfully, and bit self-righteously. “I told you it was a bad idea, that we had no idea what was on the other side of that wall, but you just wouldn’t listen to me.”

Jaime huffed. “In every other building the jail cells are on the outside of the building. It was the logical conclusion that there would be open fields on the other side, not the fucking mess hall.” He defended. “It just doesn’t make sense! Who builds a place like this?!”

“I do.” A dramatic voice from the doorway said, his Folkian accent thick and heavy. “One does not survive on the outer rim by being predictable.”

Six heads all turned to see Tormund Giantsbane standing in the doorway. He had gotten rid of his bartender get-up and was now wearing clothes that better suited his vocation. His red leather duster swept an inch or two over the floor as he strode confidently into the room. The collar was folded down with studs along the hemline and a pair of metals pads rested on the shoulders. His tunic was white and crisp and his brown leather pants were tucked into a pair of laced-up boots. On either side of him were the two guards that Sansa and Jon had overcome earlier with the Force. Jon tried not to notice when the female winked at him.

Tormund place his arms behind his back and began to pace up and down the line. “My friends, I must say that I am quite surprised with your behavior. I have been nothing but hospital towards you, and the way that you have repaid that hospitality is quite frankly very disappointing.” Tormund looked at Sansa and shook his head. “And by a Jedi, no less! You should be ashamed of yourself.” He reprimanded.

Sansa let out a loud guffaw. “I don’t know who you think you are—”

“Tormund Giantsbane, leader of the Free Folk Gang.” He brought his hand up to his forehead. He gave a few flicks of the wrist and bowed slightly. “But, I am sure you already knew that, which leaves me disappointed in your intelligence as well.”

Jon was unsure if he was supposed to feel offended or slightly entertained while the Folkian was speaking. While almost everything he was saying was an insult, it was all said matter-of-factly, without malice, and his facial expressions always seemed to match whatever it was he was saying. The man really did look saddened by their earlier actions.

“You’re one to talk.” Jaime interrupted. It was clear from his harsh interruption how he felt about Tormund and it wasn’t the first of Jon’s inclinations. “Who the fuck puts the cafeteria right behind the jail cells? It makes no sense!”

Grenn looked at Jaime incredulously. “You are never going to get over that, are you?” He said with
a disbelieving shake of his head.

“No! Geographically, it should have been put on the outside of the building. Everyone knows that!” Jaime leaned his head forward. “And what the fuck is wrong with Bran? I swear if you hurt him I will fucking kill you slowly and painfully.”

Tormund waved his hand in front of him dismissively. He was clearly unaffected by Jaime’s threats. This made Jon think that Tormund was either very dumb, or very sure in his own personal strength and the strength of his fellow gang members. Jon wished he knew which one it was.

“The boy will be fine.” Tormund said, interrupting Jon’s thoughts. He patted the male guard on the back. “It was poor Orwell’s first time drugging anybody, and his hands were just a little shaky. I am sure your companion will wake up in a few hours, blissfully unaware of all the pain you have put me through.”

Pyp’s eyes widened and his mouth hung open. “The pain we’ve put you through?” He started to flail around in his constraints. Instead of looking of menacing, however, it just looked like poor dancing. “You’re the one who captured us!” He screamed.

“Well, as my mother always said, ‘one hostage is good, but two, well, that is just good business.’” Tormund opened his arms and motioned to all of them. “And I must say, business is booming!” He threw his head back and laughed.

“Be that as it may, what do you plan to do with us?” Jon gritted out with forced patience. He had determined from that last comment that everything Jeor taught him about pirates only caring for themselves had been correct. “We overheard some of your men talking. Who paid more? The Rebellion or the Empire?”

Tormund shook his head. “Tsk, tsk. You know it is not polite to eavesdrop.” He said with a wag of his finger. He sounded like a parent scolding a youngling for sneaking a treat before dinner.

“Cut the bullshit and tell us.” Grenn demanded. “The Empire is going to kill us if you hand us over to them.”

Tormund raised his arms up and down like they were weight scales. “Well, we do all have to die sometime, so…” He shrugged. “Most people live in fear because they don’t know when death will come for them. Considering your line of work, you should be grateful that I am trying to help you with that problem.”

“You can’t be serious.” Sam replied. He shook his head in disgust at the way Tormund was speaking so casually of their possible demise.

“Not that you deserve this good news, but it seems to be your lucky day so I will make an exception. The Rebellion has offered to pay me not in worthless credits like the Empire, but in spice from Dorne. Very expensive, and very valuable.”

“They have?” Sam asked. He furrowed his brow. “That is… surprising.”
Jon agreed. The Rebellion wasn’t exactly known to be rolling in the funds. None of the banks could support them for fear of retribution, and they never received any credits from the planets they had liberated; the council preferred to be given food and supplies to help their soldiers. Nobody was being paid to be a part of the Rebellion, Stannis included. While spice wasn’t a credit that could be taken to the bank, it was something that could be used to get other items, such as new parts for ships and blasters.

“Yes, well, I spoke to Jedi Master Tyrion Waters personally, we are dear friends from the Clone Wars you see, and he seemed very intent on getting you all back.” Tormund said.

Sansa eyes grew as wide as saucers. “You were? And he is?” Her shoulders slumped while Tormund grinned triumphantly. “I… am in so much trouble.” She said. Her head fell to her chest.

Jon looked at her in sympathy. While their kidnapping couldn’t be considered her fault, he had no doubt that the Council would not be happy that they had to trade to get her and the squad back.

“At least we aren’t going to the Empire.” Jon said. “What’s a slap on the wrist in comparison to going back to Ramsay, right?”

Sansa made a noncommittal grunt. “Your right.” She said. She lifted her head and did her best to smile at him, though it did not reach her eyes.

Tormund resumed pacing. “Yes, yes, it is all about perspective. Believe me, what I am asking for is a pitance compared to all the emotional and physical damages you have put me through. Do you have any idea how expensive it is going to be to replace that wall?” He motioned to the female guard with his chin. “And poor Ygritte here might never be the same after your Jedi voodoo!”

Jon grimaced slightly as Ygritte made moon eyes at him.

Tormund patted her on the back. “This woman is a warrior, and now look at her. Flirting with the enemy when I taught her better.”

Pyp stuck out his lower lip. “Figures she still wouldn’t go for me.” He whined. “I need a new crew. I am never going to get a girlfriend with you guys around.”

Sam snickered, “Yeah, because that is the big issue here.” He raised an eyebrow at Tormund. “What are you going to do with us now that a deal has been made?”

Tormund sighed. “What to do, what to do.” He looked down at his fingernails. “I don’t want to kill you, per se. In fact, you seem like nice creatures. Especially the young man who is still passed out; he hasn’t given me any problems at all. I can tell from this he is the best one out of all of you.” He pointed to Pyp. “And you. I had such high hopes for you. You were going to be my podracing star. Unfortunately, I find that I can no longer employ you. I am sorry, but you have left with no other choice. I cannot reward bad behavior.” Tormund started to walk towards the door, flanked by Orwell and Ygritte. He palmed the door before turning to look at them one last time. “This is just business, and once I get what I want, I will think about the possibility of being friends with you all again. Now, try not to complicate things by breaking out again, hm? Your Jedi Master should be here within the hour.” With a whip of his duster, Tormund and the guards left the room.

The room descended into silence. Everyone stared at the door in different states of shock. Whatever Jon had been expecting, it hadn’t been that. While it was clear that Tormund was self-centered and only concerned with getting the best business deal for himself, the way that he phrased everything left Jon feeling strangely guilty.
“Well, I like him.” Pyp said. Jon leaned the lower half of his body over so that Pyp could feel the full weight of his stare. “What?” He asked innocently. “The guy is brilliant. Almost everything he said was a thinly veiled criticism, but he was so honest about it I can’t even be upset.” He looked at the door wistfully. “I want to be him when I grow up, making amazing one-liners and kicking ass at the same time.”

Jaime raised an eyebrow at him. “I thought you said you wanted to be me.”

Pyp looked at Jaime hopefully. “Are you offering? Because I am more than willing—”

“No.” Jaime said definitively. He sighed. “What do you all think? Should we try another escape or just wait for Tyrion to come save us?”

Sansa groaned. Jon was sure that she would slump to the floor if it was even possible. “Don’t remind me.”

Grenn rolled his eyes. “It’s not your fault Sansa. There is no way you could have known those drinks were poisoned. Don’t be so hard on yourself.”

Jon nodded his head. “Grenn is right. If the Council is upset about us getting captured at a bar on a Rebellion-aligned planet then they are just a bunch on ass holes.”

“I guess.” Sansa said slowly. “Really, more than being afraid of getting yelled at, I just feel really embarrassed. We have a Jedi Knight, a Padawan, the Grand Inquisitor, his Apprentice, and three Former White Walkers in our group, and we have been outsmarted by a space pirate. Even if the Council isn’t mad, I will never live this down.”

“Who cares what they think.” Jon said with conviction. “Our squadron may be dumb sometimes, but we are badass. We saved those kids at Mistwood. That’s what matters, not this.”

Sansa smiled at him. This time it did reach her eyes. “Your right. We are a good team, aren’t we?”

“Hell yeah we are!” Pyp cried with enthusiasm. “What should we do for the next hour? To go back to Jaime’s question, I don’t think we should break out again considering our current track record.”

“I agree.” Sam said. “We could always play twe—”

“No!” Grenn interrupted. “I fucking hate that game. It’s the only thing I am bad at.”

Sansa giggled. “Well, now we have to play.” She teased. “What game is it?”

“Twenty questions.” Sam answered. Grenn gave out load groan in protest but everyone ignored him. “We used to play all the time on the Death Star. One of us picks something to be, it can be anything, and we have twenty questions to guess what it is.”

“Yeah, and Grenn was fucking terrible at it.” Pyp pointed out. “I never knew somebody so smart could fail to guess that I was a bantha. It was so obvious.” Everyone chuckled. “Well, what do you say Sassy Pants? Ladies first?”

Sansa bit her lip while she thought about something to be. While he didn’t really want to admit it since their situation was a little dire, Jon did think playing a game like this could be fun. Since they couldn’t escape, there wasn’t anything else to do, and every single one of them was competitive. Even Jaime looked intrigued by the idea.

“All right! I’ve got one!” Sansa said with a bright smile. “And it’s really good too. Nobody is going
“Pressure is on then, isn’t it?” Jon asked cheekily. “You know, what I said earlier was true. I always have found your intelligence to be very attractive, but nothing compares to your—"

“Last rule!” Pyp yelled. “No flirting while we play. Everyone agree?”

“Agreed.” Jaime, Grenn, and Sam said in unison.

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Jon was laughing so hard that tears were filling his eyes. He tried to stop to keep them from falling, but one look at Grenn’s face that was red in anger made it impossible. He turned his head to wipe his tears on his still suspended arms. Everyone else was laughing as well at Grenn’s inability to make a single correct guess. Even Bran was twitching, though that was probably due to his body trying to wake him up from the drugs.

“Grenn…” Pyp panted. “You—laugh—are so—laugh—fucking stupid!”

“Oh my gosh he is!” Sansa giggled. “I never knew you could be so clueless Grenn. I don’t even think Jaime was trying very hard!”

Grenn turned his head up and down the line, glaring at everyone. “Laugh it up ass holes.”

“Oh, we will.” Jaime chuckled. For someone who was usually so restrained, it was refreshing to see him enjoying himself.

“All right, its my turn.” Sam said with glee. He had just won the last round. “I already know what I want to be, so we can get started. Who wants to guess first?”

“Me!” Sansa volunteered. There had been no denying that even though they were currently captured and waiting to be rescued, Sansa was very much enjoying herself. After the first round was over, Sansa had gushed that she loved playing games growing up. “Are you—oof!”

Everyone let out a gasp as their bodies immediately fell to the ground. The lights were out, and cooling vents had stopped blowing air.

“Power outage.” Sam guessed.

Jon slowly wiggled his fingers. They had been suspended for at least ninety minutes. While his legs felt fine, his arms had long ago gone numb from their position overhead. He began to swing his arms side to side to try to get the blood flowing back into them.

The room lit back up, with a quarter of the light it had previously had. Jon guessed the new source of power was coming from a backup generator.

Jaime immediately searched for Bran in the now lit room. “Bran!” He yelled. He rushed forward to the young man, who was laying on the floor in a crumbled heap. “Are you all right?”

Bran snored loudly.

“Pretty sure he is fine.” Pyp said sarcastically. He rubbed his lower back where he it had hit the cement. “Anybody else thinking about stealing whatever Tormund gave him for a sleeping aid?” He raised one of Bran’s arms before letting go. It fell to his side without hesitation. “This kid is out.”

They all turned their heads towards the door. It was faint, but the sound of yelling and blaster fire
could be heard in the distance.

“You don’t…” Sansa gulped. “You don’t think that is the Empire, do you? What if they traced the call that Tormund made and are now here to take us?” Her eyes went wide. “What if they take Master Tyrion? He is on his way right now!”

Jon placed his still tingling hands on Sansa’s shoulders. “It’s going to be okay Sansa. I know it has been a rough few hours, and we haven’t had a very good track record of defending ourselves today, but if it is the Empire we can make this work for us. They won’t just be going for us, but the Free Folk Gang as well. We can use the Force to open the doors, incapacitate a few guards, take their weapons, and make a run for it.” Heavy footsteps ran past the door. “It is chaos out there, and you know what they say about the third time.” He gave her a smile and a wink.

Sansa took in a few, deep breaths. “Your right, I’m sorry.” She squared her shoulders. The scared Sansa left, replaced with the leader of Crow Squadron. “Pyp, you carry Bran again. Sam, once we get weapons you cover for him. Jaime, use the Force and get the doors open. We will overpower the first group—”

Sansa was interrupted for the second time in so many minutes. This time, it wasn’t from power problems, but from the bright red lightsaber that had just broken through the doors surface. It began to make a slow but sure arc.

“Well, fuck.” Pyp said. He quickly picked Bran up off the floor and situated him onto his shoulder in the same position he had used earlier. They only had a minute, maybe less, before the owner of the saber would break into the room. “Plan D, anyone?”

“Line up against the wall now.” Jaime commanded. Everyone in their group did as they were told. “Sansa, as soon the creature comes through the door, tackle them to the ground and get their lightsaber. Jon, Grenn, and I will take care of the others who are undoubtably with them. Sam, protect Pyp and Bran.” Jaime paused, realizing that he was leading their group. He gave Sansa an apologetic look. “Sorry, I—”

Sansa shook her head. “It’s fine. We needed a quick plan and you came up with one.” The lightsaber was only inches from completing the circle. Sansa positioned herself on the side of the door opposite of everyone else. She gave Jaime a silent nod to let him know she was ready. “If I look like I am in trouble, don’t hesitate to help. We don’t know who is behind that door.”

The circle completed. The dull sound of a kick could be heard as whoever was on the opposite side tried to dislodge the concrete from its hole. After a dozen or so, the piece finally broke free. It landed with a loud thud onto the floor. A small creature stepped through, its face covered by a long black cloak. Without hesitation, Sansa instantly sprang from her place on the wall.

“Ah!” the creature screamed. It was high pitched and feminine. “Let me go! I come in peace!”

Sansa quickly stood up so that the creature could turn around. “What? How?” She said in disbelief.

Jaime looked through the hole that was created. He shook his head, letting Jon and the rest of them know that there was no was else on the other side of the wall.

The creature on the floor stood up. She pulled back her hood, to reveal a violet haired, blue skinned, and golden tattooed Gilly. She gave Sansa a huge grin.

“Hi Sans.” Gilly said. She gestured to the bag resting at her hip. “Promise you won’t attack me again? I come bearing gifts.” Jon’s eyes widened in shock as Sansa’s friend pulled out four lightsabers, three
blasters, and one thermal detonator. She placed the items onto the floor. “I hope you don’t mind me breaking into your ship, but it was necessary to get you all out of here. Master Tyrion said to grab anything that I thought was useful, but my bag is only so big. I hope this is enough.”

Sansa let out a squeal of delight. She picked Gilly up and swung her around the room laughing. She gently placed her back onto the floor before picking up her lightsaber.

“Boys, I do believe we are back in business.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is long, does nothing for the plot, and was a total blast to write! I realized half way through that this was the last time Crow Squadron is going to be together for the remainder of the story (let the theories start now!), and as a result I am so happy that you all wanted too see them get into yet another mess. Pyp is totally right when he said they have the worst luck.

I hope you all liked Tormund. He really does have the best and most honest assessments in the series and books, so I took that and gave it a fun pirate flair. Unlike other characters that have made special one time appearances, Tormund will continue to pop up through out the rest of the series, though he won't be a main character.

Tyrion is back, and he means business! The next chapter will bring us back to his perspective.

Total side note, but I have started another story. It is an Avengers/Hunger Games mash-up. If anybody wants to check that out, you can find it on my works page. It is called The Infinity Games. If you do read it, please comment and let me know what you think!

Thank you all so much for reading my friends. Please comment if you like and have a fab week!
Chapter Notes

So sorry for missing last week! I started to teach at a new gym, while finishing work at my old gym, and school got out for the girls, and life has just been crazy! I am so happy that everything will be normal this week now that my old job is done.

Thank you all so much for your comments, hits and kudos!

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 36: I Came To Help You, Not Rescue You

“Are you scared to receive your lightsaber, Sansa?”

“A little.”

“Really? I am surprised. You always act so brave.”

“This is my first time doing something without you or Uncle Bronn. It makes me nervous. And…”

“And what?”

“Nan used to tell me stories about the Jedi younglings who went in search of their kyber saber crystals and became lost in the caves, never to return. She said that their Masters’ would wait for them until they died as well.”

“That does sound a bit scary.”

“What if I fail? What if you die because I gave in to what the Temple shows me?”

“Sansa, you won’t fail. I would never have declared you ready to receive your lightsaber if I did not think you were ready to face the challenges of the Temple. If, for some reason, you are gone for an entire day, I will come and find you. I won’t leave you in there to die.”

“You won’t? But isn’t that against the rules?”

“Haven’t you heard? I don’t care much for rules.”

Jedi Master Tyrion Waters was having a perfectly normal day in a string of rather uneventful ones. Not that he was complaining, of course. The past two months had been a welcome reprieve considering all the action the Rebellion had seen before the Death Star was defeated. Tyrion felt his chest swell with pride when he remembered that Sansa, the girl he raised since infancy and that had been equal parts brilliant and a royal pain—he supposed that was the reality of being a parent— was the one to deal the final blow. Bronn bragged that it was all the things that he taught her that made her successful, but Tyrion had respectfully disagreed. She had used the Force to know when to take
the shot, and Tyrion could not have been prouder.

Tyrion looked at the clock on the wall, set to Kings Landing time, and frowned. It was his turn to oversee the skeleton crew that manned the Rebellion’s flagship, *The Lord of Light*, during the night shift. Drumming his fingers idly, Tyrion waited for his own personal computer to power up. It was the middle of the night and his eyes were getting droopier as the minutes ticked by. To keep shift hours fair, every member of the Rebellion was required to rotate through the night shift; how often a creature was a part of the night crew was determined by how many active members made up their assigned field, such as pilots, mechanics, communications, ground troops, etc. Due to there only being four active council members on the ship, Tyrion found himself staying awake until 5 AM on every fourth day. It was always during his all-nighters that Tyrion found himself really hating Oberyn, whose absence made Tyrion’s turn come one day sooner than it should have been.

The ships speaker started to cackle, letting him know that a message would soon be forthcoming. Tyrion flung his head back, resting his neck on the back of the chair. Nothing good ever came from the ship’s speaker at this hour. Tyrion prayed to the Force that it would be nothing more than a small skirmish amongst some tired and surely crew members.

“General Waters, you have a holo call.” A high-pitched woman’s voice said. She sounded young and tired.

Tyrion raised his head slightly, even though the woman speaking to him couldn’t actually see him. “For me, personally?” He asked with a quirked eyebrow.

“Sort of?” The girl said, her voice raising at the end to turn her sentence into a question.

Tyrion winced. It was too early—or late, depending on your life choices—to be dealing with unsure creatures. Thanks to the Battle of Greywater Watch, the size of the Rebellion had almost doubled. The problem was that only a small number of volunteers possessed any type of military skills. Thankfully, Davos had been put in charge of overseeing the training of the new recruits and not Tyrion. The Jedi Master was not ashamed to admit that he may have played up his injuries to dodge that responsibility.

“What did the caller say?” Tyrion asked, trying to sound as neutral as possible.

“Nothing really, just that he wanted to talk to the person in charge. The call is coming out of Stonehelm, so I just assumed that he was a part of the Rebellion. I mean, it’s not like we share our call frequencies with just any creature, right?” She said in a rush.

The girl sounded anxious. Tyrion suspected that all those exaggerated stories about his temper had reached her ears and she was afraid of being scolded by him. While known for being irritable when he didn’t get enough sleep, Tyrion thought it was grossly unfair that creatures said he often snapped or yelled at them during their night shifts. Being short was not the same as losing one’s temper.

“All right. Go ahead and patch him through to the Council’s meeting room.” Tyrion said. He uncrossed his ankles that had been propped up in Davos’ usual seat, sitting up a little straighter. “And thank you for handling the situation correctly.”

“Your welcome.” The girl chirped. She no longer sounded nervous. “Have a good night, Sir.”

Tyrion rubbed his eyes. He was halfway through his night shift and was starting to feel the fatigue that came with the lack of sleep. Instead of hanging out in control, he had grabbed a cup of caf and hidden in the Council’s room to play some games on his personal tablet. Whatever this call was about, he hoped it was over with quickly. He squinted as the dome on the table began to beep before
projecting the caller in a blue hue.

Oh, shit.

Resisting the impulse to hang up immediately and instruct the creatures in control to pretend like this call never happened, Tyrion instead plastered a big fake smile onto his face. He also put his feet back up on the chair.

“Tormund Giantsbane.” He said by way of greeting. “I would say I have missed you, but we both know that you be a lie.”

A lie is putting it mildly. I really hate this guy.

Tormund placed a hand over his heart, his jacket crinkling with the movement. His leather duster was the only thing Tyrion liked about him. “Why, Tyrion Waters, you wound me.” He said with mock hurt. “You haven’t called me in years and this is the greeting I receive? Why, I am beginning to think that our friendship was one-sided.”

Tyrion rolled his eyes. “I don’t know what time it is in Stonehelm, but I am tired and do not have the mental capacity nor the desire to deal with your word games right now.”

Tormund beamed at him. “A compliment if I have ever heard one. It is both a burden and a curse to be so intelligent, wouldn’t you agree?” He put his hands behind his back to puff out his chest even more than it already was.

Tyrion snorted. It had been at least twenty years since he had seen Tormund, and the mouthy Folkian had not changed in the least. He supposed there was some comfort in knowing that even with the Empire in control some creatures were able to remain unchanged, but… Tormund annoyed the hell out of him. It would have been nice if Tormund had disappeared on the outer rim somewhere after the Clone Wars, never to bother Tyrion again.

“Enough small talk Tormund, what do you want? And don’t pretend to act ‘innocent’ about wanting something either. I know how you work.” He demanded, putting air quotes around the word “innocent”. He refused to be distracted by Tormund’s theatrics. It was all an act anyway, to keep people from suspecting his true intelligence. And, unfortunately for Tyrion, Tormund was actually very smart.

The Folkian chuckled good naturedly. “Oh, Tyrion, you were always the funniest Jedi I have ever met. I believe that is why we always got along so well.”

“You tried to kill me the first time we met.”

“It was just business! You must learn not to take everything so personally.” Tormund began placing back and forth. Raising one hand in the air to gesture with while he lectured Tyrion about life, the cosmos, and other such bullshit. “You cannot go through life thinking everything is about you. Imagine how crushed you will be once you find out that isn’t the case. Even though you are old, it is never too late for you to learn this important lesson. Think of how much peace you will feel knowing that there are more important things in the Galaxy besides yourself.”

“I will bear that in mind.” Tyrion said dryly. Tormund’s little speech felt a bit rich coming from a creature that literally seemed to make every sentence about himself. “Now, about your holo call—”

“Must if always be about business with you? I was hoping we could catch up first.” Tormund pouted. He looked genuinely hurt that Tyrion did not want to talk with him just to talk.
Tyrion narrowed his eyes. Perhaps if he was more awake… No, he still wouldn’t want to catch-up with Tormund even then Tyrion had learned long ago it was better not to get caught up in a conversation with Tormund. The man could go on for hours about nothing.

Tormund’s shoulders sagged in defeat. “Fine, fine.” He waved his hand in front of his face. “Though it causes me deep sadness to see that you do not care about me enough to mend the rift that time has created, I shall get straight to the point.”

“Finally.” Tyrion muttered under his breath. He eyed his tablet longingly. This ridiculous conversation was cutting in to his game time.

Tyrion rested his hand under chin while the holo camera focused onto something in the back of room. No, not something, but someone, and a lot of someone’s at that. In fact, one of them had a very familiar head of red hair…

Fucking hell.

Tyrion’s mind quickly dispelled any traces of fatigue. What would happen next was very important. He had to choose his words, and even his body language, very wisely. He sat up straight and his arms gripped the sides of this chair. Tyrion needed to look like he wanted the group back and that he wasn’t faking his feelings towards them. Thankfully, he didn’t have to act for that part.

“As you can see, I have acquired some creatures that might be of importance to you. And the Empire. But we won’t worry about them right now.” Tormund said the last two parts too quickly and too flippantly for Tyrion’s liking. There was no doubt that Tormund had either called the Empire already or would do so immediately after talking to him. In true pirate fashion, he was looking for the best deal. “Poor dears. They came to me in dire straights, needing to be rescued—”

“No, they didn’t.” Tyrion interrupted calmly. Tormund knew that Tyrion was smart, and if he started acting dumb now by believing his lies then Tormund would be less likely to trust him. “Tell me the truth, otherwise you will have no choice but to deal with the Empire. You know how distrustful they can be.”

The camera cut back to Tormund. “Yes, yes. Completely classless, the lot of them.” He nodded sagely. “Why, just yesterday I was eavesdropping in on the communication between two death stars and the language they used. Distasteful, to say the least.”

“Sadly not everyone is able to look towards their leadership to know the best way to act.” Tyrion observed.

*Step One: Stroke Tormund’s ego.*

It was subtle, but Tyrion was willing to bet that to man that made everything about him, Tormund would not miss Tyrion’s compliment.

“I have always felt like it is important to lead by example.” Tormund said, shrugging nonchalantly. *Check.*

The camera cut back to Sansa and her crew. “As I was saying, I found these poor souls, begging me to save them from thirst. Parched to the bone, they were.” Tormund clucked his tongue a few times to sound sympathetic. “You know I can never turn down a creature in need, and while I tried desperately to stop them, I’m afraid they drank themselves into a stupor before passing out. Especially that small, skinny one. Just between you and me, I don’t think he has ever tasted alcohol before. Those so-called friends must have pressured him into it having a taste. Anyway, It wasn’t
until after they passed out and my men began to take care of them that I realized their importance to the Rebellion.”

Tyrion listened closely to what Tormund was saying. In between the bullshit, it was fairly obvious what actually occurred. Tormund most likely had some sort of restaurant or drink stand set up. While he probably didn’t drug everyone to keep the locals from becoming suspicious, he probably did drug creatures he recognized from Empire’s classified wanted files. While typically only available to the Empire’s military—Cersei didn’t like paying for outside help, because that meant less money for her—things such as ‘classified’ and ‘for certain eyes only’ never stopped Tormund from downloading the information during his routine hack jobs. This posed a very big problem for Tyrion, because it meant Tormund knew exactly who and what he had captured, and how valuable they were.

Step Two: Negotiate.

“How much did the Empire offer you for them?” Tyrion asked with just the right amount of panic in his voice. He needed to sound worried, but not overtly so.

“Why Tormund, you know I don’t talk about anything so distasteful as money.” Tormund said slowly. His smile turned greedy and he gave Tyrion a knowing look. “It makes everyone in the room feel uncomfortable.”

The gears turned in Tyrion’s head. Tormund had not directly answered the question about the Empire, making him unsure about their status in the trade. Tyrion knew that Cersei only offered rewards in money, when she offered them at all, and Tormund hated money; it’s value fluctuated with the economy, and the economy was currently a nightmare because Cersei didn’t know how to run it. Tormund did, however, like goods, especially expensive goods whose value was always high. He needed to name-drop something that was valuable, but not so valuable that it would be outside the realm of possibility for the Rebellion to have some.

“You know, I have heard good things about the spice coming out of Dorne lately. Everyone wants some.” Tyrion raised an eyebrow. “It’s a wonderful thing to have during these trying times. Don’t you agree?”

“I have heard so as well. I have been trying to procure some for myself but have been unsuccessful thus far.” Tormund frowned and placed a hand over his heart. “I trust you don’t bring this up in jest, Tyrion. It would crush me deeply that you dangle such a desirable commodity in front of me only to have it taken away.”

Tyrion shook his head. “Of course not. The Rebellion has in its position several hundred pounds of Dorne Spice. One of our crews just stole some a few months ago, and we have had some trouble trading it.” He sighed. “It is hard to find creatures willing to work with us.”

Tormund nodded sympathetically. “I understand completely. The judgements never stop, no matter how kind you are. So, this spice…”

“Yours.” Tyrion said. He gave him a number that had Tormund practically salivating. “Do we have a deal?”

“Yes, I believe we do.” Tormund said with glee. “I swear nothing will happen to my new friends while they are under my care. I shall think of them as my children,” he flicked his wrist towards Jaime, “except for the older one. I suppose he can be a long-lost cousin or something of that nature.”

Tyrion set up a time for Tormund to be expecting him, no weapons of course, before signing off on the call. Putting his tablet back into his desk, he quickly made his way out of the council room and
towards the sleeping chambers. The creatures that he needed were not working the night shift, and he hoped that they wouldn’t be too surly to wake up.

Step Three: Betray Tormund and get Crow Squadron back.

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Tyrion looked out the cockpit window as Kingsguard came out of hyperspace in thoughtful silence. Looking down at his watch, he was pleased to see that it had only been four standard hours since his talk with Tormund. He had successfully devised a plan to rescue Sansa and her crew, though he hesitated to use the word ‘rescue’. Knowing Sansa, she had most likely tried to escape from her confines at least once. However, knowing Tormund, she had probably been unsuccessful. She was smart and talented, but Tormund had been around the block numerous times when it came to handling hostages and making deals. The only reason Tyrion escaped him upon their first meeting—Tormund had been trying to “relocate” the Tarthian jewels that Tyrion was in the middle of transporting—was because he had the power of the 501st behind him. Looking around the room, Tyrion only slightly wished that he was still fighting with the clones he once considered his friends, but who ultimately tried to kill him due to the chips implanted in their brains. Well, all of them except Bronn.

Tyrion looked over to the man sitting in the Captain’s chair. When they first met, Tyrion wasn’t sure what to make of Bronn. He was stickler for the rules and had no patience for some of Tyrion’s riskier ideas. Over time, however, Bronn had begun to relax. He realized that there was a time for rules, and there was a time to let said rules go to hell if it meant the survival of you and your men. Order Wildfire and the fall of the Republic had been for both men. Each had lost their entire way of life; the Jedi were gone, and the Clones were now puppets to the Empire. Tyrion had felt so guilty in the beginning that he hadn’t been able to stop Cersei or save anyone. He and Bronn were separated when he went to confront Cersei while Bronn fought back the clones that had turned on them, and for days Tyrion thought he had perished as well. He had been so relieved when Bronn showed up on Wall with nothing but a beat-up ship and a small rucksack. In the grand scheme of things maybe it didn’t really matter that Tyrion had only been able to help one loyal Clone Captain by removing his chip, and thus giving him free will, but to Tyrion, it meant everything.

“Thinking of the good old days, Sir?” Bronn asked next time him. Tyrion narrowed his eyes, frowning at the grey that was sprinkled amongst Bronn’s brown hair and beard. Bronn was looking old, a side-effect of the rapid aging that came with his creation. Tyrion had tried to find a way to stop it once they removed his chip, but his research was put on hold once they started living on Wall and raising Sansa. He currently had some of the Rebellion’s doctors looking into the possibly, but things did not look hopeful.

Tyrion subtly gestured to the map room just outside of the cockpit and those that were sitting inside of it. “If this reminds you of the good old days then I think you and I have very different memories.” He replied sarcastically. “And why are you calling me ‘sir’? You haven’t done that in years.”

Brons shrugged. “We haven’t run a mission in years. Old habit, I suppose.”

Tyrion nodded in understanding. He’d never been one for military protocol, but Bronn had been raised that way since infancy. His whole life was nothing but military training, and then fighting. Despite the severity of their situation, it had been slightly funny when Bronn first came to Wall and didn’t know what to do with himself. Sansa had saved Bronn’s life in that way, though she probably never realized it. She had given him, given all of them, a purpose.

When Tyrion began to put the mission plan together, Bronn was the first creature he woke. There
had been no hesitation from his friend to come with him. Eyeing Bronn’s heavy duty tactical backpack sitting behind his chaoir, Tyrion suspected that maybe Bronn had been a little too eager to be apart of the mission. Tyrion wasn’t sure that four thermal detonators, a handful of stun grenades, six smoke bombs, three back up blasters, and two stun batons were really necessary. Bronn’s face had fallen when Tyrion told him no uncertain terms to leave the flame thrower in the artillery room. Considering all of Bronn’s equipment, Tyrion was tempted to instruct the rest of their team to stay on ship and wait for the all clear signal. Bronn was like a one-man army.

Bonn began the ship’s descent as Kingsguard met Stonehelm’s atmosphere. Their first stop would be to find The Nights Watch. Though he trained Sansa to keep her lightsaber with her at all times, Tyrion suspected that she was without it during the time of her abduction, and that Jaime Lannister and Bran Stark did not have theirs as well. Tormund loved to brag about his acquisitions and had once sought to sell kyber saber crystals on the black market. If Tormund had their lightsabers, Tyrion would know about, and would most likely be paying for their release separately. Though Sansa could fight without her saber, and he suspected Jaime could as well though he barely knew him, Bran was young, and Tyrion doubted his abilities regardless of how much Night King had bragged about him. The Free Folk Gang’s fighting prowess was not to be underestimated, and it would be better for everyone involved if Sansa, Jaime, and Bran were fighting at full capacity. Thus, Tyrion and his crew would go to The Nights Watch first, retrieve the weapons, and then head to Tormund’s compound. He wasn’t sure about the ex-White Walkers who made up Sansa’s crew—she only gave them the facts of their missions and not their combat stats—but he hoped that at least one of them had improved with their aim since being on the Death Star. That one tattoo kid could fly extremely well, but that wouldn’t exactly help them in this specific situation.

Tyrion calmly looked at the members of his small task force as he walked into the mapping room. Out of all of them, Pod gave him the most worry. He liked the kid, but he was unskilled in combat. He and Brienne often went on scouting and information gathering missions that hardly saw any blaster fire. Their last fight had been an aerial one right after the Death Star had been blown up. They had run into some Tie fighters, but all Pod had to do was man the cannon while Brienne handled the maneuvers. Tyrion internally sighed. In truth, he hadn’t wanted to bring Brienne along either, but it was her ship that he was commandeering, and it felt like the nice thing to do. He also didn’t feel like having her yell at him once she found out he had “borrowed” her vessel.

Gilly tentatively raised her callused blue hand. While she was not necessarily a skilled fighter either, Tyrion had chosen her for two very specific reasons. One, she was Folkian and would be able to walk amongst the gang without problems. Two, she was the best mechanic in the fleet. While her strength lay in engines, she understood anything electrical.

“Can we go over the plan one more time?” She asked tentatively. Her skin started to turn violet due to her nervous blush. “I have never been on an actual mission before. I’m more than a little nervous.”

Willas Tyrell gave her a gentle nudge on her shoulder. His lekku swayed with his movement. “Don’t be nervous Gills. You’re one of the few creatures that actually stays up-to-date with their combat training. You’ve even been doing all those new courses they have set up with the new recruits. You’ll be great.”

Gilly’s blush turned to a darker shade of purple. “Even so, I would like to go through the plan again, just to be safe.” She said, twirling a piece of violet hair around her finger.

“Me too.” Pod said. Unlike Gilly, who looked slightly nervous, Pod looked like he was ready to throw up. Tyrion began praying to whatever divine being may have existed in the Galaxy that Sansa’s team could fight. Otherwise, this mission was going to be a short one.
Pod let out a gasp of air as Brienne patted him firmly on the back. “Stiff upper lip Pod. Shoot straight and first, and you should be fine.”

Tyrion nodded. “Brienne is right. I won’t lie to you all and say that the possibility of us engaging in combat is low, because it’s not. I have dealt with the Free Folk Gang before and they do not give up their hostages unless they have received payment for them. It is paramount that we stick to the plan.”

*Plus, if any of you get hurt, I am going to be in deep shit.*

Tyrion had not told the council of his plans to help Sansa and her team. Instead, he had woken Yohn and explained that Sansa had called and needed help carrying all the supplies she purchased back to the Rebellion. Thankfully, Yohn was only half-awake at best and did not question Tyrion’s very flimsy story. He had also made sure to stop by control and explain to the girl who took the holo call that the man in question was from a ship yard and was calling upon Sansa’s request; he had simply wanted to know if Tyrion could fit the spare crates that Sansa purchased onto his ship. Since she was new, and a bit afraid of him, the young woman didn’t question him either.

What the creatures a part of the mission knew varied depending on how much Tyrion could trust them. Bronn, Gilly, and Willas were all devoted to Sansa and would do anything for her. They knew that Tyrion was going to help her without the Council’s knowledge, and that he wanted it to stay that way. Brienne and Pod, however, were told a different story. He knew that Brienne cared for Sansa—they had grown close whenever the two of them were off missions at the same time—but the Tarthian was very principled. She would never do a mission without the full backing of the Council. With no other options, and really needing her ship, Tyrion took the easy way out and lied to her. Knowing how shrewd Brienne was, he made to sure mix in a bit of truth to make it convincing. He told Brienne and Pod that Crow Squadron had been captured by viscous pirates and were waiting to be sold to the Empire. The Council had decided to launch an off-the-record rescue attempt and needed their help and Brienne’s ship. Brienne was hesitant at first, not completely trusting him, but after Tyrion “accidently” mentioned that Jaime Lannister and Bran Stark were captured as well, Brienne had practically sprinted towards her ship to prep it for lift off.

Tyrion walked over to the mapping computers and pressed a button. A medium sized, holo projection of Tormund’s compound hovered in the air. Brienne had been able to hack into Tormund’s system to retrieve the blueprints while they were traveling in hyperspace. In typical Tormund fashion, the set-up of the compound made no sense.

“While we are as of yet unsure where Crow Squadron is being kept, my guess is that they are located somewhere in here.” Tyrion pointed to a small cluster of rooms in the middle of the compound.

Brienne frowned. “Are you sure about that? Most jail cells are located on the outer walls of a building.” She pointed to the rooms lined up along the outer walls.

Tyrion rolled his eyes. “Yes, but Tormund is obsessed with being unpredictable. If they are anywhere, it will be where we least expect. However, time will be of the essence and we don’t want to leave anything to chance. Once we have retrieved the lightsabers, all of us minus Willas and Pod will continue on foot to the compound. They will remain behind to pilot Kingsguard.” Tyrion nodded towards the two men. Willas was the best pilot in the fleet, and him offering aerial support would be crucial. As for Pod, the ship was familiar to him, and he had manned the ventral laser cannon at least once before. It seemed like the safest place to put him. “Gilly, where is the compounds electric box located?” He asked kindly. Tyrion already knew the answer, but he wanted her to know that she knew it as well. It would help to ease her nerves.

Gilly pointed a finger towards a medium size metal box located a few feet from the back door. “Here.” She said. Tyrion smiled when he noticed that her fingernails were painted a bright pink. It
reminded him of Sansa when she was a little girl. “You will open the box and I will cut the wires, killing the electricity. You and I will then enter the building through this door here.” She gestured to the door behind the electrical box. We will only have a minute before the back up generator kicks in. During that time, you will Force compel a member of the Free Folk Gang to lead us to where Crow Squadron is being kept.”

Willas ruffled her hair, causing Gilly to break out into a brilliant smile. Tyrion nodded proudly at her. “Very good, Gilly.” He turned his attention to Willas. “What about you?”

“Once Pod and I receive your signal, I will fly to the compound and focus all fire on the outside defenses, and wherever else is needed.” Willas said. “I will then fly us all back to *The Nights Watch* once everyone has boarded the ship.”

Tyrion nodded. “Pod, you are to provide support for Willas by manning the ventral laser cannon.”

Pod nodded. “Yes, sir.” He croaked. Pod winced and cleared his throat. “I mean, yes, of course.”

Willas laughed. He reached around Gilly, who was sitting between the two of them, and patted Pod on the back. “Don’t worry, man. I am the best flyer in the fleet. I’ll bet you right now that this ship does even get a scratch during out fight.” He boasted. Tyrion resisted the urge to roll his eyes. He had yet to meet a flyer that wasn’t in love with his own skills.

“See that it doesn’t.” Brienne said evenly. She gestured to the side entrance. “Bronn and I will enter through here and create a distraction for you and Gilly to draw the Folkians away from the prisoners. Thanks to all the toys that Bronn brought along, I don’t think that will be a problem. Once we receive word that you have freed Crow Squadron, we will begin to make our war to the rendezvous point.” She pointed to the front door. Tyrion didn’t like that it was the obvious place for them to exit, but it was the only place available to land the ship. The other three sides of the building were surrounded by hills made of dirt and whatever Tormund had buried into the fields behind them.

“Entering the planet’s atmosphere now, Sir. ETA to *The Nights Watch* is fifteen minutes.” Bronn called from the cockpit.

Tyrion felt the ship began to descend under his feet. Even after all these years, he still felt the roll in his stomach that came when landing. It was a product of The Clone Wars. Tyrion and his men had experienced many close calls when they would land in battle zones. He had never gotten used to the heavy blaster fire and difficult landings, or watching other ships get blown to hell when somehow his miraculously made it every time.

Tyrion shook off his anxiety. It would do no good if he started to fall to pieces. “I want everyone back here and ready with their weapons in ten minutes.” He instructed. He turned off the holo projector and faced his team.

Willas, Gilly, Pod and Brienne all nodded their heads in agreement. Tyrion was happy to see that Gilly had lost her nervousness now that their mission was beginning. Her golden eyes, the same shade as her tribal tattoos, were shinning with excitement and determination. Pod looked slightly less ill, which Tyrion considered a win. Willas began to crack his knuckles in anticipation for flying and Brienne rolled her neck.

“May the Force be with us.”

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Tyrion quickly ran down the dimply lit halls of the Free Folk Gang compound. Thankfully, there had
only been one minor snag with the plan thus far. He and Gilly had overheard via the comm link on their guide’s wrist that Tormund was personally going to oversee the protection of his hostages while the rest of his gang took care of Brienne and Bronn. Tyrion was left with no other choice but to drop Gilly off at the door holding Crow Squadron before directing the guide to lead him towards Tormund, who was coming from the southeast direction. He had been proud of Gilly when he explained to her that he needed to leave. She simply nodded her head before taking the lightsaber that Tyrion had pushed through the door and continued to the make the circle.

The ground shook slightly. Tyrion firmly planted his feet to avoid falling, but his companion wasn’t so lucky. Tyrion quickly helped him back to his feet before taking off again. The very loud sound of canon fire could be heard from outside, signaling Willas and Pod’s arrival. With a smirk, Tyrion almost wished he had made some sort of bet with Willas about not getting a scratch on *Kingsguard*. Tormund had the entire front of the compound protected by TX-225A Occupier tanks. The Gar’den would definitely have his work cut out for him when it came to avoiding their powerful laser canons.

Tyrion’s comm link gave a slight crackle before Gilly’s frazzled voice came over the speaker. “All units, this is Spector 7. I have the package. We are heading towards the—

“—thank you so damn much for saving our—”

“—will you shut the fuck up so she can—”

“—why don’t you both keep it down—”

“— rendezvous point now. Over.” Gilly said. Tyrion was impressed that she was able to finish with all the background yelling that was going on. Crow Squadron sounded very… dedicated to sharing their opinions.

“Spector 7, this is Spector 2. Is everyone safe?” Bronn asked quickly. Unlike Gilly’s situation, his voice was surrounded by blaster fire and Brienne screaming orders for him to throw one of their smoke bombs. Tyrion only felt slightly bad for the Folkians who had the unfortunate honor of going against those two.

“Six of the seven are—”

“—that mother fucker drugged Bran straight onto his ass! You better keep Jaime away from him—”

“—are you seriously that incapable of not speaking for two sec—”

“—I think the more pressing issue is how are we going to make it out of here without being—”

“—are we still supposed to be using our code names for this or—”

“—unharmed. The youngest is still asleep but does not seem to have any injuries. Over.” Gilly said tightly.

The sound of Willas’s chuckling came through the comm. “Sounds like you are having a good time, Spector 5. We have shot down two of the tanks outside and taken out the cannons on the third. There are only two left in working condition. Spector 6 and I will have this finished by the time you exit the building. Over.”

“Spectors 2 and 3 heading towards the rendezvous point now. Over.” Said Brienne.

“Copy all units.” Tyrion replied. “I will meet you there as soon as I am able. Over and out.”
Running down the corridor, Tyrion heard the familiar sound of electricity pulsing.

Tormund.

Tyrion halted. He reached out to his guide to stop him as well. Tyrion felt pity for the young man he had Force controlled. He was weak, but it wasn’t really his fault that Tyrion had been able to overpower him so easily. Tyrion didn’t want him getting into trouble from Tormund for being weak minded.

Tyrion quickly laced his voice with the Force. “You have done well. Turn around and walk out of this building using the back exit. Lay on the floor and feign injury until someone finds you. Tell no creature of me or what you have done.”

The man nodded without hesitation. Turning on his heal, he quickly darted back the way they had come.

Tyrion unclipped his lightsaber from his utility belt. Pushing on the activation button, his green lightsaber hummed to life. Taking a stance in the middle of the hall, he waited for Tormund to come to him.

He didn’t have to wait long.

“Ah, Tyrion, I knew it was you.” Tormund said calmly. He held his ignited electrostaff casually at his side. “I must say I am quite proud of your attempted betrayal. Your Master was always too principled about such things, but I always suspected that you were more of a scoundrel, like myself.” Tormund placed his free hand across his chest. “I don’t think I have ever been happier with you than this moment.” He said proudly. “I hope that my own behavior has inspired this turn of events? I do love inspiring the younger generation to become like me.”

“Of course.” Tyrion said, eyes remaining on the electrostaff. The metal bar was two inches thick and the same height as Tormund. It was constructed of lightsaber-resistant phrik alloy. Tyrion knew from experience that no matter how many times he hit it, the alloy would not so much as bend. Both ends were equipped with electromagnetic pulse-generating tips that glowed a vibrant yellow. Though the power in the tips could easily kill a creature, judging from the sounds of the pulses it appeared that Tormund only desired to shock him. “What kind of student would I be if I never allowed myself to learn from the best?”

Tormund puffed out his chest. “I am the best, aren’t I?” He threw his head back and laughed, his whole body shaking with happiness. He pointed the tip of the staff closest to Tyrion at his throat. “Taking you prisoner is going to hurt me, my friend. But, I am afraid your betrayal has forced my hand. It’s just business, you see. You would make me more money than everyone else combined. Cersei really hates you.”

Tyrion cocked his head to the side. Cersei did hate him—he was the reason behind her grotesque appearance—but that wasn’t the point of their conversation. “Can’t you just let our group go? In honor of our friendship?”

“No.” Tormund said, all signs of cheeriness gone. His tone made it clear there would be no more negotiations.

Tyrion stood tall, his hands at his sides. He had already known the answer, but still wanted to give Tormund the opportunity to avoid their fight. It wasn’t going to look good for him when he lost.

Tormund maintained his power over the Free Folk not by being the strongest—though to be fair he
was a good fighter—but by being the cleverest. Tormund never did anything unless he was sure it would end in his favor. Unfortunately for him, he was predicting the end of their fight based on the Tyrion he had faced twenty years ago, not the Tyrion of today. And, despite his earlier sarcasm, Tormund really had taught Tyrion something very important: never be too proud to call for back up.

Tormund made the first move. He brought his electrostaff in front of his chest in a wide grip and ran towards Tyrion. Planting his feet, Tyrion deactivated his lightsaber and quickly clipped it back onto his belt. He lunged to the side and arched himself back as Tormund brought the tip of his staff down towards his head.

“You store your weapon already?” Tormund taunted.

Tyrion crouched down. He made to sweep Tormund legs, but the Folkian was too fast and quickly jumped up and over them.

“A lightsaber is not my only weapon.” He replied easily.

Tormund kicked his leg towards Tyrion stomach. Tyrion grabbed it with one hand, stopping the movement. He gathered the Force in his free hand and pushed Tormund towards the opposing wall. He hit his back hard but managed to keep a hold of his staff.

“And what is the second?” Tormund asked.

Tyrion pushed down on his comm link. “Calling for help.” He bopped to the left and then to the right, avoiding Tormund’s attack to his shoulders. “All Units this is Spector 1.” Tyrion flipped back, the beam barely missing his midsection. “I am in the southeast part of the compound.” He bent down to avoid a blow to his chest. “I am in combat with the leader.” Twist. “Need assistance.” Jump. “Over.”

“Admitting that I am stronger than you, eh?” Tormund laughed. “You Jedi always were weak fighters.”

Tyrion unclipped his lightsaber and brought it back to life. “Hardly.” He said. He brought his saber down into the middle of the staff. His blade crackled, but the metal did not break. “It is impossible for me to reach your body due to the length of your staff. It enables you to fight me while remaining out of my range.” Tyrion leapt back, placing one hand onto the group for balance. He smirked. “Why fight harder, when I can fight smarter?”

Tyrion reached out with the Force and sent the three crates lining on the side of wall towards Tormund. He was able to avoid the first two, but the third clipped him on his leg and sent on falling to the ground. Finding his opening, Tyrion leapt up and brought his lightsaber overhead. He brought it down just as Tormund managed to roll away. Tormund came up one on knee and thrust the end of his electrostaff towards Tyrion’s chest. Tyrion dropped to his knees and leaned his body all the way back until the his head touched the floor. He brought his lightsaber up underneath the staff and batted it away. Tormund’s arm flew back from the power of the push. Tyrion placed both palms onto the floor. Untucking his legs, he rolled his body into a backwards handstand before landing on both legs. He came out just in time to defend his left side from another swipe of Tormund’s staff.

Tormund pulled back first. Swinging the staff overhead he brought the opposite end of the staff towards Tyrion’s right side. Tyrion turned his back to the electrical tip. He deflected his hit by bringing his lightsaber overhead and pointing the saber down. Bending his legs, Tyrion forced his arms up, bringing the staff with him. He left go of the hilt with this right hand and once again Force pushed Tormund back into the wall.
“You are officially starting to piss me off Jedi.” Tormund grunted.

Tyrion looked beyond Tormund’s shoulder and smirked. “That’s too bad, because I believe they are just getting started.”

Tormund whipped his head around to see Sansa, Jon, and Jaime Lannister all running straight for him. Both Sansa and Jaime had their lightsabers ignited, their purple and red glow lighting up the dim hallways.

The duo skidded to a halt on the opposite side to Tormund. Sansa brought her lightsaber back into the opening position of Soresu. Jaime, a practitioner of the Sith and wielding his two lightsabers, prepared himself in Form VII. He crouched down with his chest facing Tormund and his dominant right foot in front of his left. He held the shoto in a reverse grip on his left side, the blade behind his body. His right arm was bent with his main saber at shoulder height and parallel to his body.

Jaime growled at the Folkian. “Bran hasn’t woke up yet you piece of –”

Tormund dropped his electrostaff to the floor and raised both of his hands in surrender. “I have decided that this venture is no longer profitable.” He said quickly. Tyrion smirked. He knew this would happen if he called for backup. Tormund loved winning, but he also loved staying alive more, and this was one fight he wouldn’t win. “You have my permission to leave this compound.”

“You have decided?” Jaime scoffed. He shifted all of his weight onto his front foot. “I will show you what you have—”

“Jaime!” Tyrion yelled. “Stop now!”

Jaime halted, though it was obvious that one wrong move from Tormund would see Jaime lunging for him.

Tyrion quickly sized up the former Grand Inquisitor. He hadn’t seen or spoken with Jaime since the fateful fight with Cersei nineteen years ago. They had been enemies then, but something had changed in Jaime when he took Bran Stark on as his Apprentice. He had started to care about something other than his own survival, resulting in him no longer being blind to the horrors of the Empire. It had been Tyrion, and surprisingly Davos, that had backed Obbery’s decision to bring Jaime into the Rebellion’s spy network. Due to the nature of his work, nobody from the council ever worked with Jaime except for Oberyn, but Tyrion was always blown away with the caliber of information Jaime gave them. He was also impressed with the overall change in Jaime. After taking on Bran and joining them, he had stopped leading all of the Empires military campaigns. In fact, he was rarely in the news at all. The only time he and Bran were ever seen were during official Empire events, when all Inquisitors were required to be present.

Tyrion walked over to where Tormund was standing. Not trusting him to pull a fast one of them, Tyrion pointed the tip of his lightsaber at Tormund’s throat. “Sansa, grab the electrostaff.”

Sansa deactivated her lightsaber and clipped it to her belt. She walked over to the staff without hesitation, her trust in Tyrion, Jon, and Jaime absolute.

Tormund made the mistake of wiggling his fingers when her eyes flicked down for a split second to the staff. Jaime raised two fingers from the hilt of his lightsaber and pushed Tormund back into the wall. He continued the push longer than necessary, momentarily paralyzing Tormund.

Tyrion internally sighed. Jaime’s anger was getting the better of him, and though he didn’t want to, they needed to play nice with Tormund. “Jaime.” Tyrion said again. “That is enough. We don’t need
to make an enemy of Tormund.”

“An excellent observation.” Tormund gasped. He rolled his shoulders once Jaime pulled back. “I will no longer bother you, and you will keep that annoying little group off my planet.” He straightened out his shirt and duster that were in disarray from the fighting.

Sansa quirked a brow. “Annoying?” She said in disbelief. “We were annoying?”

Tormund removed his hat and began to message his forehead. “Have you ever listened to yourselves? All that fighting and name calling and quipping. It’s enough to drive anyone crazy. I would have you let escape the second time if you hadn’t blown out the wall and lost me money on the repairs.” Tormund replaced his hat. Crossing his hands over his chest, he glared at his three former prisoners.

Jaime started to laugh in disbelief. “If you had just placed the cell in a normal—”

“Forget it Jaime.” Sansa interrupted. She rested the electrostaff against her shoulder. “His placement of the cells will never make sense.” She looked at Tyrion. “Shall we get going?”

“If I may make one request?” Tormund asked innocently. Tyrion nodded. “Keep the lightsaber pointed at me? I can’t afford to lose face amongst my men.”

Jaime laughed. He disabled his shoto. He walked up next to Tyrion and pointed his lightsaber at Tormund’s stomach. “Why not two?”

“Even better!” Tormund beamed. He turned on his heel and began to walk towards the entrance to the building. He added a slight limp to his walk and held on arm against his chest to appeared injured.

Rolling his eyes, Tyrion, Jaime, and Sansa followed silently behind.

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Tyrion closed his eyes, letting the sounds of the distant ocean calm his body. He heard the chatter of the two groups of creatures talking amongst themselves but couldn’t find the will to try and decipher what they were saying. He just let their sounds float into the air around him and become noise in the background.

“Tired?”

Tyrion looked up and gave Sansa a small smile. To say that he was tired was a gross understatement. He hadn’t slept in a full day, and now that the adrenaline from the mission had faded, he felt like he was running on fumes. When Brienne had suggested he sit down while they loaded The Kingsgaurd with some of Crow Squadron’s “extra purchases”, he had at first declined the offer. He was the leader of the group, and the leader always rested last. At least, they did until the entire crew demanded that you rest because you were starting to act a bit surly and one of them threatens to pick you up and chain you to the nearest chair. Deciding that it wasn’t the worth the fight, and with his vision starting to blur, Tyrion had sat himself down on the grass in between the two ships and tried not to doze. He supposed he would have been more comfortable on the ship, but he had been in space for two months. Tyrion always took the opportunity to appreciate life in all its forms whenever he had the chance.

Tyrion patted the grass next to him. Sansa returned his smile and eagerly sat down next to him. The sun was just beginning to set—the days in Mistwood were long and the nights short—turning the sky a beautiful orange. Tyrion was reminded of when he and Sansa would often sit like this on Wall
when Sansa was a youngling. Life had seemed so hard then, but looking back on it now, raising Sansa had been one of the happiest times of his life.

“Thank you, for coming to my rescue.” Sansa said. She brought her knees up to her chest. Crossing her arms over her legs, she rested her chin on top of her knees.

Tyrion chuckled. “I didn’t rescue you. I helped you. There is a difference.”

Sansa turned her head to look at him. She gave him a wry smile. “Aren’t you the one who said that everyone needs to be rescued sometimes, and that there is nothing wrong with that?”

Tyrion’s chuckle turned into a full laugh. When had Sansa gotten so smart? “Using my teachings against me, are you?” Tyrion scratched the back of his neck. The smell of the ocean was strong, and it made him sad that he wouldn’t have time go see it before they left. “I stand by what I taught. Hell, I very much needed rescuing from the Death Star and I am not ashamed to admit it. But, when thinking on your situation, I don’t think this was an instance where you needed to be rescued. You are smart, and you have a good crew. You would have all figured it out eventually.”

Sansa’s forehead crinkled. “Then why did you come?”

“Because I am your Master. I will always come for you, when I can.” Tyrion shrugged. “And because Tormund would have called the Empire if I hadn’t made a deal with him, and I couldn’t let that happen.”

The two crews congregated once they were finished with their tasks. Jon’s direwolf had shown back up once Jon had disembarked from Kingsguard. He had bolted out of the woods and run straight to his master, as if he sensed that he had been in danger and wanting to see if he was all right. Bran was also with them, having awoken thirty minutes ago. It was amazing to Tyrion to watch Jaime dote on the teenager while Sam did a quick physical assessment on him. Though the way they came together was horrible, Tyrion was grateful they were both able to find some peace with each other. Watching them reminded Tyrion of how he and Bronn had treated Sansa at that age. Tyrion inwardly laughed. He did not envy Jaime for having to deal with puberty and the angst that came with it. While it had been a proud moment form him when he had managed to come back from the store with the correct purchases for either Sansa’s menstruation, her acne, or whatever else she needed, Tyrion was content to never go through that phase again. Though, he was sure if she asked him to go shopping for her, he probably would. Such was the life of being a parent, he supposed.

Jon called out to them to let them know that everything was loaded, and that it was time to leave. Though she tried to hide it, there was no mistaking the soft look Sansa gave him when she told him they were coming. It was obvious that her feelings for Jon had grown during their time together.

Sansa gave Tyrion one last smile before moving to get to her feet. He reached out a hand to stop her. There was something that had been on his mind since she had spoken to him about her mission on Tarbeck, but Tyrion had ignored it. However, after speaking to her two more times since then, he knew there was no denying his suspicions.

“Sansa.” Tyrion said slowly. Sansa frowned. He was using his ‘Jedi Master’ tone, the one she said he always used whenever she was in trouble. “I know you have been keeping things from me about

Tyrion sighed. He knew Sansa was lying to him. He took in a calming breath. He was exhausted, and his first instinct was to snap at her, but Tyrion knew that doing so would only cause her to continue to lie. “Sansa, I am not upset with you about lying to me.” Sansa winced, knowing she was caught. Tyrion rushed to continue. “I know you would only do so to protect those you care for. Am I right?”

Sansa guilty nodded her head. “I love him.” She whispered. “I love him very much.”

Tyrion’s heart broke. He had known something like this would happen. He could still picture the day he had come out of the grocery store to see little Sansa playing with a young boy with dark brown curls and grey eyes that looked so much like his mothers. Tyrion had known who the boy was before he even saw Jeor standing on the other side of the street. When Sansa had told Tyrion that Jon was with her on the Death Star, he had been shocked. These were two people who should have never met again—their lives were so different—but had somehow managed to do so against all odds. There was no denying that it was the will of the Force for Jon and Sansa to be together, but that did not make their future any easier.

“I know you do, Sansa.” Tyrion said kindly. “I would never ask you not to. But, you must understand that there are things you do not know, things that must happen, that could either bring you together or tear you apart. If you a want a future with Jon, you must be strong, courageous, patient and kind.”

“Do you… Do you really believe that we can be together?” Sansa asked. Her blue eyes shined with hope.

Tyrion stood. He held out his hand for Sansa to help her stand. He looked over to where Jon was waiting for him. His future would be the hardest of all them, but Tyrion believed that was why he was meant to be with Sansa. She had the power to give Jon all the strength he would need to fulfill his own destiny.

“I do.” Tyrion said simply. “The Force has willed it.”

Chapter End Notes

And… scene! Also, the end of the of the "middle chapters” that link A New Hope and Empire together. That’s right my friends, Empire starts next chapter. Who is excited? I am! I have a lot of fun things planned for this next part, and I hope everyone enjoys where our characters are going.

Preview for Chapter 37:

Jaime crossed his arms over his chest and gave the group a sparkling smile. It was the one he tended to flash when he wanted to use his charm to get what he wanted. Bran
doubted that it would work on the current group. “Going somewhere?” He asked a little too kindly.

“Yes.” Davos said slowly. He motioned to Tyrion, Jon, and Sansa. “We were just going to have an official Jedi meeting. I don’t know if you are aware, but Jon will be training with me now.”

Jaime nodded his head slowly, acting surprised. They both already knew that piece of information, but Bran didn’t think it was their place to share how they knew. He doubted Jon’s episode would remain a secret for much longer.

“Perfect.” Jaime said. He ignored Pyp, Sam, and Grenn who had managed to catch up with them and kept his eyes on Davos. He patted Bran on the back. “Bran is a Jedi and will be joining you.”

Thank you so much for reading my friends! Please comment if you like! I love reading what everyone's thoughts are for the story. Have a fab week!
Okay Bran, be strong. There is nothing to fear.

You are going to calmly step off the landing ramp and onto the ship that houses hundreds of Rebellion fighters, who, up until yesterday, wanted to kill you.

No problem.

Right?

Bran coughed to hide his nerves. It didn’t help. His stomach contracting made him even more aware of how terrified he was, and now he had the very real urge to run to the refresher and vomit. Which, the more he thought about it, sounded like a good idea. Maybe if he threw up, he wouldn’t feel so hot.

“Don’t be nervous kid. Everything is going to be fine.” Grenn said. He was standing next to him at the door while they waited for Pyp and Jon to finish landing procedures.

“Either that or it will be a huge shit show.” Pyp’s cheery voice said through the speaker. They were on a broadcast frequency so everyone on the ship could communicate without pressing buttons. “Don’t worry, we got your back. Bro’s before—”

Sansa slammed the button on the speaker, cutting Pyp off before he could say yet another offensive comment. Bran was starting to learn that nothing could stop Pyp from saying whatever he wanted; he had most likely finished the sentence to Jon without missing a beat. While sometimes annoying, like now, it was also a bit refreshing. After four years and never feeling like he could trust anybody, Bran appreciated that he always knew where he stood with Pyp. If he had a problem with someone, Pyp would confront it without hesitation. Bran wished he could be a bit more like that. In fact, everyone on the ship had traits that Bran wished he could emulate. Grenn was fiercely loyal, Jon was courageous, Sam was empathetic, and Sansa was always doing her best on any task she was given, even if it was something as mundane as washing the dishes. They were all good creatures, and Bran was grateful that it was their team they had helped on Mistwood. He couldn’t imagine any other crew being as good for them as Crow Squadron.

Bran started to smooth the nonexistent wrinkles out of his clothes. In his desire to be accepted by the
creatures in the Rebellion, he had spent a ridiculous amount of time choosing what to wear. The
clothes he and Jaime had bought were nice, but Bran was afraid they were too nice. He didn’t want
to show off that he and Jaime, well mostly Jaime, had a lot of credits to their name. He had finally
settled on a long sleeved V-neck tunic, leather trousers, and mid-calf lace up boots. He had forgone
his mid-knee soft wool jacket. Though he loved the way it felt, it was also the most expensive thing
he owned. If it was cold on the ship, he would just have to suck it up.

Moving on from his clothes and beginning to fidget with his lightsaber, Bran let out a small smile as
he looked at the hook that allowed it to hang from his utility belt. Bran wished he had been able to
sleep his nerves away during their flight to the Rebellion, but thanks to the drugs Tormund’s lackey
had given him, Bran wasn’t sure when he would be able to sleep tonight. Jaime, Grenn, and Sam
were able to keep him entertained for some of the flight as they told him about their imprisonment,
failed escape attempts, and Tyrion’s group coming to their aid. During their story telling, Sansa had
brought him some spare parts they had hanging around the ship. With Jon’s help, Bran had been able
to weld a clip onto his hilt so that his lightsaber could now hand from his utility belt. Through it all,
Bran couldn’t stop laughing while Jaime continuously complained about the layout of the Free Folk
Gang compound.

The ship ricocheted only slightly as the landing gear made contact with the cemented floor. Bran’s
knees wobbled more than was necessary. He felt Jaime’s comforting hand steady him, preventing
him from falling onto the floor in a pathetic heap.

“It’s going to be fine, Bran.” Jaime said, repeating Grenn’s words from earlier. “Remember what I
told you when you found out about me being a spy? Everybody in the Rebellion wants you because
you are a Stark. They all know that if we get Winterfell back then we have the loyalty of the North,
the biggest star system in the Galaxy. Once that happens, it’s only a matter of time before Cersei is
crushed.”

“But what about you?” Bran said with a slight tremor to his voice. There was no hiding the fact that
Jaime had done some horrendous things. Even as a spy for the Rebellion, his hands hadn’t always
been clean. Bran wanted to protect Jaime from what creatures may do to him just as much as Jaime
wanted to do so for Bran. “They are going to hate you.”

Jaime shrugged. “Everyone hates me. At least here I can be hated by creatures who cause I actually
agree with.”

Bran wasn’t so sure that Jaime was as nonchalant about the whole thing as he claimed. He opened
his mouth to argue, but Jon and Pyp walked up to let them know they could disembark the ship,
stopping what he wanted to say. Not wanting to let the topic go unaddressed, Bran resolved to
wait for a better time to talk with Jaime.

The door slid open. It somehow felt very fast and very slow all at the same time. Bran gasped at what
he saw. His hands that had been so hot only moments ago now felt cold and clammy.

“Well this feels a bit excessive.” Grenn muttered under his breath.

“I’ll say.” Pyp remarked. “We didn’t get this kind of greeting when we defected. We were held in a
fucking broom closet for hours.”

Sam let out a hollow laugh. “You mean Grenn and I were detained for hours. As I recall, you got to
leave and help destroy the Death Star.”

“Well it felt like hours.” Pyp grumbled. “It was so cramped in there that I—"
Sansa elbowed Pyp in the ribs. He gave a pathetic little yelp while he rubbed his side. “Don’t forget that nobody beyond the higher-ups actually know you three were White Walkers. It’s a secret, and it’s going to stay that way. Understand?” Sam, Grenn, and Pyp all nodded their heads. Sansa stepped forward to the front of the group. “Jaime, Bran, you two stay next to me at the front. I don’t want you walking in the back or middle and risk looking like our prisoners.” She gave a quick clap of her hands. “Let’s go.”

Bran held his head as high as he could without looking like his nose was in the air. With fake confidence, he walked down the loading ramp. It looked like every member of Rebellion that was housed on The Lord of Light had been instructed to gather in the ship’s docking bay. There was even a vid droid to broadcast Bran and Jaime’s arrival to the ships and rebel cells that weren’t present in person. All of docked ships had been moved to the sides of the spacious room to make room for the creatures. They were all grouped according to their positions and were standing at attention with their hands behind their back. At the front was Stannis Baratheon, leader of the Rebellion. He was flanked by Yohn Royce and Jedi Grand Master Davos Seaworth. Bran couldn’t even bring himself to look him in the eye. He was afraid that if he did, the Grand Master would find him lacking. He wished that he had Ghost by his side to offer him some comfort, by the Direwolf seemed content to stay at Jon’s side. LA-D3 seemed to sense his words and gave a few comforting beeps from her place behind Sansa.

Bran jumped slightly at the sound as Kingsguard completing its landing. Tyrion had insisted that Crow Squadron go into the hyperspace lane first and with them bringing up the rear. Sansa paled considerably at the suggestion. It was obvious that Tyrion suspected they weren’t always being truthful with their field reports. Tyrion assumed that if he didn’t force them into hyperspace first, they would somehow find a way to procrastinate their arrival. Bran had only been with Crow Squadron for a few days but he suspected that Tyrion was probably right. They did seem to be a little care-free when it came to following the rules.

Sansa calmly stepped of the ramp first. She inclined her head towards the council members before standing at attention and waiting for the rest of team to come off the ramp. While used to ceremonial greetings from his time with the Inquisitors, Bran was unsure of the proper protocol for the Rebellion and tried not to look too awkward as hurried to stand next to Jaime. At least his Master looked every bit as confident as he normally did. LA-D3 gave him a gentle nudge with the top of her head. Bran took the opportunity to place his head on top of the metal, letting its feel calm him down.

“Welcome back, Sansa.” Yohn Royce said warmly. He had a huge grin on his face. “We have prepped for your arrival, but General Baratheon would like to say a few words now that you are all here.” He turned his attention towards Bran and offered his hand. “Colonel Yohn Royce. It is a pleasure to finally meet you, Bran Stark. I look forward to all the work we can do together.”

Bran ignored the quiet growl that emitted from Jaime’s throat at Yohn’s implications. Grateful that only he and Sansa could hear it, Bran took Yohn’s hand into his own to shook it. He had a frim, though not unpleasant, grip. Bran hoped that he didn’t notice how clammy his own hands felt.

“Making new friends, Yohn?” Tyrion asked from behind their group. He walked around the line and took his place next to the rest of the Council. His gestured to the crowd of standing at attention. “What’s all this for? Is Stannis going to announce that Cersei finally did us a favor and died?”

Yohn laughed. Stannis only looked slightly amused while Davos shook his head at Tyrion and frowned. Yohn explained that Stannis would be addressing everyone in the Rebellion. Tyrion nodded his head in understanding, thinking it a good idea to address Jaime and Bran joining the Rebellion in own fell swoop. Crow Squadron and Tyrion’s team were ushered to stand along with the rest of the troops in the front row. Bran and Jaime moved to go with them but were halted by
Davos. He explained that since they were the main reason for Stannis’s speech, they were to stand in the front where everyone could see them.

Stannis took one step forward. He cleared his throat and brought a small amplifier to his mouth so that the entire room could hear him. The vid droid quickly rolled in front of him and began recording. Bran was impressed to see the entire room looking at him with respect. Whenever he had been forced to attend Cersei’s speeches, all the creatures looked at her with fear, or, if they were wealthy, blind adoration. Jaime explained that the rich loved her because she made them richer by taking everything away from the middle and lower classes. Everyone else loved her because they didn’t want to die.

“Members of the Rebellion, as you have been told this morning during your briefing, we are welcoming to our ranks today former Grand Inquisitor Jaime Lannister and former Inquisitor Bran Stark.” Bran resisted the urge to hide behind Jaime as all eyes in attendance turned to look at him and his Master. “I know that some, if not all, of you question the Council’s decision to let two people who were influential members of the Empire join our group.”

“Damn right!” Someone from the back yelled. “That mother fucker killed my people!” He shouted. Many in the crowd murmured their agreement.

Bran winced. He wanted to scream that he hadn’t killed anybody, besides a fellow Inquisitor, but he doubted it would do much good. Nobody would believe him, and Jaime had most likely done whatever that person was accusing them of.

Stannis held up his hand to quiet the discontent. “I understand your arguments. I don’t think I need to remind you that, on their way to join me after I declared war on the Empire, my own wife and daughter’s ship was gunned down, killing all on board” He paused briefly, quickly clearing his throat. Nobody in the Rebellion was immune to Cersei’s cruelty, no matter what their rank was. “What the Empire has done, and continues to do, is inexcusable. I make no pardons for what Jaime Lannister and Bran Stark have done while in their service. However, I will acknowledge the invaluable help we have received from them, and I request that you do so as well. I will not go into details for the safety of others, but let it be known that Jaime Lannister has been working closely with the Rebellion for years, providing us with the information necessary to help stop our enemy. Without him, we would not be able to have Bran Stark join us, who is necessary in our pursuit of gaining the North. These two men were also instrumental in saving Mistwood and the dozens of children that were captured there, whom Cersei planned to enslave or worse.” Stannis turned to look at Bran and Jaime. “Gentleman, thank you for your service on Mistwood and for your aid in past events. I publicly welcome you to the Rebellion.” Stannis gave them both a crisp salute. Walking back to the Council, he resumed his position at the center of the line and handed the amplifier to Yohn.

“My fellow soldiers, I echo the words of General Baratheon. I too welcome Jaime Lannister and Bran Stark to the Rebellion.” He came up to them and shook their hands again, only this time it was so everyone could see the gesture. “I hope we will all be able to put our past grudges aside so that we can work successfully with one another. Thank you, and that will be all.” Yohn said jovially. It demeanor was a stark contrast to the mood of the room. Stannis had been serious during his speech. His voice had kept the same tone the entire time and his face neutral. The crowd, however, had fluctuated between shock and open hostility. Though he seemed nice, Bran found Yohn’s cheeriness a bit jarring considering the circumstances. “You are dismissed.”

The crowd dispersed. Bran did his best to ignore the crude hand gestures and curse words that were clearly being sent to him and Jaime. While he appreciated Pyp’s scowl in everyone’s general direction, Bran doubted that it would help ward of the hostility. With his lanky frame, Pyp looked completely harmless.
Bran startled slightly when he felt Jaime’s hand grab him by the bicep. “Come on.” He insisted. He started to walk quickly towards the room’s open doorways. Unlike Bran, Jaime held no reservations about walking amongst those who hated them. He expertly weaved them around the crowd. One quick glance behind him let Bran know that Pyp, Sam, and Grenn were following them.

“Where are we going?” Bran asked.

“To where you are supposed to be.” He replied.

Bran craned his neck to follow Jaime’s line of vision. A few feet ahead of them he could see Jon, Sansa, Davos, and Tyrion, with Ghost and D3 trailing behind their respective owners. Both Jon and Sansa looked very sad. There was a good amount of distance between them and they were not holding hands like they tended to do when not on missions.

“Tyrion!” Jaime yelled. Several creatures jumped at the sound of his harsh voice. Bran sent the scared creatures an apologetic smile. He didn’t want to give them another reason to be afraid of them.

Tyrion and his group came to a halt. They turned around to wait for Jaime and Bran to catch up. Jaime let go of Bran’s arm, no longer feeling the need to direct him through the crowd since most of the traffic had dispersed the farther they got into the hallway.

Jaime crossed his arms over his chest and gave the group a sparkling smile. It was the one he tended to flash when he wanted to use his charm to get what he wanted. Bran doubted that it would work on the current group. “Going somewhere?” He asked a little too kindly.

“Yes.” Davos said slowly. He motioned to Tyrion, Jon, and Sansa. “We were just going to have an official Jedi meeting. I don’t know if you are aware, but Jon will be training with me now.”

Jaime nodded his head, acting surprised. They both already knew that piece of information, but Bran didn’t think it was their place to share how they knew. Though, he doubted Jon’s episode would remain a secret for much longer.

“Perfect.” Jaime said. He ignored Pyp, Sam, and Grenn who had managed to catch up with them and kept his eyes on Davos. He patted Bran on the back. “Bran is a Jedi and will be joining you.”

Davos frowned. “He is?” He asked, a bit surprised.

“Damn straight he is.” Grenn interjected. “Kid is just as much a Jedi as any of you. If you are off to discuss Jedi business, then Bran should be there as well.”

Davos peered at Green. “And you are?..”

“Somebody that you will probably end up working with in the future. Until then, I wouldn’t worry about him.” Jaime flashed another perfect smile, effectively bringing the attention back to him. “Bran has overcome the pull of the Dark Side. For the past month, I have been training him to become proficient in the Light Side of the Force. That makes him a Jedi.”

Davos appraised Jaime for a few tense moments. Saying nothing, he walked over to Bran and raised his hand. Bran held his breath. Trying desperately to keep himself calm, he placed his hand into Davos’ offered one. He was grateful that this time his palms weren’t sweaty.

“Hello, Bran Stark.” Davos said. His tone was not unkind, but Bran was so scared that he would reject him that he couldn’t help his shoulders tensing at his words.

“He—H—Hi.” Bran stuttered. He was so ashamed. Jaime had taught him to be brave and he was
completely falling apart. It was all he could do to maintain eye contact with the Grand Master.

“Interesting.” Davos said. He let go of Bran before walking over to Jaime and shaking his hand as well. “Very interesting.” He repeated. He gave a single nod of his head. “Very well. Bran, you are welcome to join us, as is your Master.”

Jaime disagreed. “I will come with you, but I am not his Master anymore.” He pointed between Tyrion, Davos, and Sansa. “He needs someone who can help him, someone who understands the way the Light Side works. That isn’t me.”

Davos raised an eyebrow at him. “You helped Bran overcome the Dark Side, correct?”

Jaime frowned. “Yes, but how do you know that? Did Sansa tell you?”

Davos shook his head. “No, she didn’t.” He offered no further explanation. “You also taught him how to use the Light Side, yes?”

“He did.” Bran interjected before Jaime could answer. “He did all of that. Master taught me everything I know. I would like to stay with him, if it is possible.”

Jaime put his hands on his hips. “Bran, we have talked about this. I don’t think—”

Davos raised his hands to stop their impending argument. It had been a source of contention between them over the last month. “The younger generation can teach us many things, but it is up to us to listen to them. We would all be wise not to repeat the mistakes of the past.” He pointed to Sam, Pyp, and Grenn. “You three will come with us as well.”

“We aren’t Jedi.” Grenn said definitively. “It’s not our place.”

Pyp looked at Grenn like he had just grown two heads. “Are you out of your fucking mind?!” He whispered loudly. He was close enough that everyone could hear him, rendering his effort at being discreet pointless. “This is a Jedi meeting dipshit. Nobody has ever gotten to go to one of those unless they were Jedi.” He grabbed on to Grenn and Sam’s wrists. “We are going, and that is final.”

Davos’s eyes flitted over to Tyrion before looking back at the three ex-White Walkers. “There are many factors that caused the fall of the Jedi Order. Over the years I have found myself pondering those reasons. I believe that the Order made a mistake by always shrouding the Jedi in secrecy. Creatures didn’t trust us because they didn’t know us. Our no attachment rule made us aloof and standoffish, not to mention parents fearing us because they didn’t want us to take the infants away. I do not want to repeat that mistake again. You are all the traveling companions of Jedi, and the information we discuss will affect you as well.” He paused, looking at Grenn. “If you do not want to come, I will not force you, but know that you are welcome.”

Grenn thought over his words for a few moments. He ignored that puppy dog looks that Pyp and even Sam were giving him. He disentangled his wrist from Pyp’s grasp and putting his hands on his hips. “I will go.” He said. “But, I am not a Jedi, and neither are those two. I don’t want us getting caught up in your problems. Galaxy knows the three of us have enough shit to deal with without adding more to it.”

Davos nodded. “Very well.” He said. He turned on his heel and started to walk down the corridor. The rest of the group quickly followed him. “Let us hurry. We have much to discuss and not much time before dinner is served. I know how much Tyrion likes his desserts, and I would rather not deal with his complaining about missing out on them.”

Tyrion blinked a few times in shock before barking out a laugh. “Why Davos, I didn’t know you
could make a joke. You are full of surprises today, aren’t you?”

Davos stopped in front of a door. He palmed it open before ushering everyone inside. “As I have said before, you aren’t the only one capable of change Tyrion.” Tyrion smiled and gave him a sarcastic salute before walking inside, everyone else following. Bran was the last to go. He stopped when Davos placed a hand on top of his shoulder. Davos gave him a comforting smile. “Everyone is capable of becoming someone better. We just need to work for it, and encourage others to do the same.”

Bran gave him a grateful nod before walking into the room. Maybe nobody else would ever see that Jaime and Bran were not who they used to be, but what did it truly matter? At the end of the day, Bran was the one living with himself. He knew who he was, and he knew who Jaime was, and that was all the mattered.

The silence around the room was deafening. Nobody was speaking or even moving after Bran and Jaime explained to them their version of the events on Tarbeck, Bran’s Force visions, discovering that Sansa is his sister, how Jaime helped Bran overcome the Dark Side, and what lead them to their decision to leave the Empire. Bran didn’t know what they were more shocked by. It was a lot of information to process, and that was without mentioning Jon and his own problems.

Bran opened his mouth to continue, but Davos help up a hand to stop him, saying that he needed more time to sort through his own thoughts before continuing. Tyrion agreed with him. Bran understood and allowed the silence to continue. Parched from speaking, he leaned forward and poured himself a glass of water from the pitcher at the center of the table. They were sitting around a large, circular table in a medium sized conference room. There were enough chairs for all eight of them to sit, with a few left over. Bran was grateful that the table was a circle and thus, did not designate who the leader was by their seating position. It made him feel like he was equal to Davos, Tyrion, Sansa, and Jon. It helped him to feel like he was truly a Jedi and no longer a Sith.

Jon started to fidget in his seat next to Sansa, across from Bran and Jaime. Bran’s heart went out to him. Jon’s secrets would be out in the open soon. After Davos’s comments about change, Bran was hopeful that he would still be willing to work with Jon. Creatures could also change for the worse, but Bran knew that with the proper help and guidance Jon wouldn’t be one of them.

Bran returned his attention to the two humans sitting across for them. Out of everyone, Davos and Tyrion seemed to be taking the news the hardest. This wasn’t surprising since they came into the meeting knowing next to nothing about their situation. Davos was blinking quickly and his lips were pursed together, while Tyrion, in contrast, looked a bit distraught.

Sansa placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. “It doesn’t matter.” She said softly. “I will always be your daughter.”

“Thank you. I thought, for a moment, that you would…” Tyrion took in a shuddering breath. He patted Sansa’s hand. “You all must excuse me for my human moment.” He cleared his eyes and looked about the room. “While Sansa’s heritage is something that bears future discussion, in lieu of the other information we have just received, I propose that we discuss the possible impact of her being a Stark another time.”

Everyone around the table nodded their heads in agreement. Out of everything Bran had told him, Sansa being a Stark wasn’t truly all that important in the grander scheme of the Rebellion. There was a possibility that she may be of some use politically when it came to reclaiming Winterfell, but the creatures residing in the Northern Galaxy were wary of outsiders and didn’t know her. Her status as
a Jedi could help get them some backing, but not as much as Bran or even Arya’s presence could. Everyone knew them as Ned Stark and Lady Caitlin’s children—they would all accompany Ned during his visits to the other planets—while Sansa was merely a long-lost daughter. Knowing the North, they would probably pay more attention to the ‘lost’ part of that term as opposed to the ‘daughter’.

“Bran, when did these visions start occurring?” Davos asked, his eyebrows knit together. “To my knowledge, I have only heard of one other Jedi experiencing such things, and that was centuries ago. I am not as knowledgeable, however, with Sith history. Jaime, have you seen or read about anything like this occurring?”

Jaime shook his head. “I haven’t. My Father was a sadistic, power hungry bastard. He would spend hours poring over ancient texts looking for anything that could make him more powerful. If it had occurred before, then I would have known about it.”

Bran took a few moments to compose himself. Speaking of his visions made him uneasy. While he knew the people around him meant him no harm, he was still of the mindset that it was better to go unnoticed and to be forgotten after his experiences the last four years. He took another sip of water to steel his nerves.

“I started having the visions after Greywater Watch.” He said slowly. “The first time, the Force showed me a memory of my family. I was so happy to see them again that I didn’t really comprehend what was happening. I was in the room with them, but it was more like I was watching a holovid. I could stand and move around and speak, but nobody was able to see or hear me. It was only until later, when the voices tried told me the Force was showing me my family so that I would be inspired to take revenge, that I realized what happened. After that, I tried to never think about my family again. I didn’t want my memories of them to become dark and tainted.”

Bran sniffled as he remembered how quickly the Dark Side had taken away his momentary happiness. He rubbed his eyes to keep the tears from falling. “I never wanted to have another vision again. I tried everything I could to stop them from coming. But, no matter how hard I tried, they wouldn’t stop coming. I have seen two creatures, who I believe to be Jedi due to the color of their lightsabers, fighting each other on an ice planet. One kept screaming and calling the other Master, saying that he had betrayed him. Another was of a woman giving birth to a child. I believe her family was there with her, but the lights were so bright it was hard to really see anything at all. She died before the med droids could save her. Then I saw a young boy playing Dejarik with his father…” Bran’s trailed off, his mind deep in thought. He hadn’t thought much of his visions over the past month, besides the ones with Sansa, but there was something about the scene that looked very familiar. The boy had an unruly hair of dark inky curls, and the Dejarik board was nestled in the corner of a spaceship…

Bran snapped his fingers together. “It was you!” He exclaimed. He pointed a finger straight at Jon. “The Force was showing me you! That must have been your mother that was giving birth. You look exactly like her. She had dark curly hair and her face was the same shape as yours.” Bran placed his hands in front of his chest, moving them up and down to emphasize his words. “How could I not have realized this before? It all makes such perfect sense! It has always been about you. Our suspicions that I was shown Sansa to find and help you were correct.” Bran furrowed his brow. “Remember how Grenn said that he believed Jon has the potential to be one of the strongest among us? It must be true. The power that I felt when he was overcome by the Dark Side was astronomical —”

“—Bran—”
“—and it was all raw power. He had Master bound so tight he couldn’t even move. The Dark Side must want him due to his potential—”

“—hey kid—”

“—which makes sense because it’s not like Cersei or even Night King will be around forever. His father must have felt it as well. Maybe that it what inspired him to cheat death and—”

“—stop talking now—”

“—come back as a Force Spirit, which is really.”

“—ixnay on the Force Spirit—”

“amazing when you think about it. I know you didn’t see him Master, but Jon’s demonstration of using the Light Side against Trant was amazing, even though he has only been training for two months. Just imagine what he will be able to do once he defeats the—”

“—seriously Bran you have to—”

“—Dark Side! Jon could even defeat Cersei and—”

“—Bran!” Jaime roared.

Bran turned to him innocently. “What is it Master?” He had been so caught up in his theories that he hadn’t been paying attention to anything else. “Is something?..” Bran gasped. He quickly looked around the room to see creatures once again looking at him in disbelief, only the information that he had just shared was so much worse. “Oh, shit.” He winced.

Pyp shifted uncomfortably in his chair. “We are so busted.” He whispered.

Grenn leaned towards Pyp, covering his mouth with his hand. “Still happy we came to the meeting now, ass hole?”

“Not even a little fucking bit.” Pyp responded. The looks that Tyrion and Davos were giving them all was enough to make even the toughest man shudder. Only Jaime looked calm and collected.

Tyrion cleared his throat. To say he looked angry was an understatement. “For future reference, that is the type of information that is shared immediately.” He glared at Sansa, all traces of his earlier worries gone. “How could you not share that with us? If anyone is struggling with the Dark Side you should—”

“It wasn’t her fault.” Jon interrupted. He stood straight in his chair, refusing to apologize for withholding information from Davos and Tyrion. “I asked her not to say anything. I was hoping that with her help, I would be able to overcome the lure of the Dark Side before rejoining you. It worked for at time, but as Bran alluded to, recent events have made it clear that the Dark Side will not let me go so easily.”

Davos gave Jon a sympathetic smile. “The Dark Side is a truly terrifying entity, isn’t it?” Jon nodded solemnly. “All who become Jedi must face this trial Jon. This is why as Jedi we taught younglings as opposed to adults. Their innocence, optimism, and brightness helped them to overcome the pull at a young age. When we are older, it can be harder to forgive, to understand, and to show compassion. We are quicker to judge and hold onto our anger.”

“Is that why you didn’t want Dad to train Night King?” Jon asked. “Because he was too old?”
Davos nodded. “Yes. I sensed great anger in him and was afraid that it would take over his soul. I also sensed within him great good, but I feared the anger and strongly discouraged Jeor from training him. This was my mistake.” Jon whipped his head to the side to look at Davos. “I wrote Night off before giving him a chance to learn and grow. While my lack of faith in him was but a small contributing factor in why Cersei was able to lead him astray, if I had strived to build a relationship with him perhaps I could have prevented what happened.” Davos sighed. He opened the palms of his hands, gazing down at the lines that crossed along his palms. “One of Jeor’s favorite teachings was that we could either learn from the past or run away from it. These past nineteen years, I have chosen to learn from it.” He gave Jon a reassuring smile. “I will teach you the ways of the Force, Jon. I do not doubt that Sansa has been a wonderful teacher, she is very talented, but her knowledge of the Force is still in its infancy. If you are as powerful as they say, you will need a more experienced teacher.”

“I will train him as well.” Jaime added. Davos cocked his head to the side. “He needs me, and Bran. We have defeated the voices in our own heads. We can be of some use to him.”

“I agree.” Tyrion said. “I do believe that the Force has led you both to him, but I feel like there might be more to it than just bringing you together to help him overcome the Dark Side. There have been plenty of Jedi who had gone astray, and the Force has never staged an intervention such as this. It leads me to believe that there is something special about Jon, that there is a destiny he must fulfill.” Tyrion made eye contact with everyone in the room. “There is a strong imbalance in the Force. I believe that Jon could be the Chosen One that is meant to bring it back into balance.”

Jon’s jaw dropped in disbelief. “But there is nothing special about me, at all.” He shook his head quickly back and forth. “I—”

“Even the most normal people can change the course of history, Jon.” Davos interrupted.

Pyp raised his hand. “Hold up. No offense to Jon and his so-called awesomeness, but I thought Night King was supposed to be the Chosen One? Did he give up that title when he became a Sith?”

Sam nodded his head. “That’s right. When Tyrion was telling us the story of how Night King came to be, he said the main reason Jeor pushed so hard to train him was because Jeor’s Master believed Night King would bring balance to the Force.”

“Well he certainly hasn’t done that.” Grenn remarked dryly. “If anything, he has fucked it up even more, which leads me to believe that all your Jedi prophecies are a bunch of shit.” He flashed a sarcastic smile. “No offense, of course.”

The corners of Tyrion’s mouth twitched. “I agree that it sound does sounds like a load of shit, but I was present for this prophesy, so I would highly encourage you to believe in it. Jeor and I assumed that Father was talking about Night King at the time but considering past events it seems like Jon could be the Chosen One instead.”

“I do sense a strong Force signature within him.” Davos said. “It is a bit cloudy, no doubt due to the presence of the Dark Side, but if Jaime and Bran can help him overcome it, then Jon should be able to—”

“Will you all stop talking about me like I am not fucking here?!” Jon yelled, breathing heavily. He stood and leaned against the table. “This is my life you are talking about. My life. You are saying that I am meant for things that I don’t even understand. Balance to the Force? Prophecies? Destiny?” Jon ran his hands through his hair. “I don’t even know if I believe in that shit.”

“You should Jon.” Tyrion reprimanded. “The Force has chosen this for you since your birth.” He
motioned between him and Sansa. She had stood as soon as Jon finished speaking. She was holding him in her arms, almost like she could protect him from everything that was happening. “You and Sansa—”

“Stop implying that I have no control over my life!” Jon growled. “My decisions are my own! Mine!” He yelled. His face was red with anger.

Sansa kissed Jon’s forehead. Bran was surprised that she was showing such obvious affection in front of the older Jedi, but neither seemed to be surprised by her gesture. “It’s all right, Jon.” She soothed. She glared at Tyrion and Davos. “Stop it. You are making him upset.”

“I can’t believe I am saying this, but Jon, sit your sweet ass down and fucking listen to what those two have to say.” Pyp interjected before Tyrion and Davos could answer Sansa.

Sansa narrowed her eyes. “Pyp—”

“No, Sansa.” Pyp interrupted. He had a distinct scowl on his face, which felt odd somehow. Pyp always came across happy and upbeat, in sharp contrast to his intimidating tattoos and love of foul language. He crossed his hands over his chest. “Jon can’t be handled with kid gloves right now. We are talking about the fate of the fucking Galaxy here. I understand your anger about us acting like you aren’t here, but we should listen to what Davos and Tyrion have to say. Life is a bitch, and sometimes we are forced to hear and do things that are unpleasant.” Pyp pointed to the door. “Creatures are out there are starving and dying because of Cersei and Night King. If you can be the one to stop if, don’t you think you should listen? I know you may be scared, but you don’t have to go this alone. Sansa is here for you, I am here for you, hell, everyone in this room is here for you. Now get your shit together.”

Jon buried his head into Sansa’s shoulder. After a few moments, he straightened himself up and pushed her slightly away, so that he was standing on his own and not using her for support. The corner of his mouth turned up into a lopsided grin. “We are all going to be fucking okay, right?” He asked.

Pyp smiled, his yellow facial tattoos scrunching up. “You bet your ass we are going to be okay.”

Jon sat down in his chair, Sansa following suit. “Sorry for my outburst.” He said, contrite. “I just… I don’t like being made to feel like I don’t have a choice in things.”

“Jon, I think you are confusing destiny and being chosen.” Davos said calmly. “Like Night King, I agree with Tyrion that you have been chosen to bring balance to the Force. This is different from destiny. When we say something is your destiny, then it implies that no matter what you do, what is destined to happen will happen. Being chosen is different. You have been chosen for something, but it is your choice if it will happen or not.” Davos motioned to Pyp. “What your friend said is not incorrect. When the Force realized that Night King would not bring balance to the Force, the mantle was then given to you upon your birth. Like him, you can deny what has been set aside for you, and it will most likely go to someone else. But, if you choose to fulfill the prophecy and bring balance to the Force, it will become your destiny to do so. It is your choice your Jon.”

“I have a question.” Sam asked quietly. He flushed red due to the attention that was now directed towards him. “You speak of the Force as if it is a single being. Why is that?”

Tyrion scratched his chin. “It isn’t one being, but three. Or, at least it was.” He explained.

Jaime knitted his brows together. “That is a myth, Jedi.” He said, his tone serious. “I am willing to indulge you with your prophecies but leave Mortis out of this.”
Sansa furrowed her brows. “Mortis? I have never heard of that before. Is it some sort of religious order, like the Jedi and the Sith?”

Tyrion shook his head. “No, Sansa. Mortis is a place. It exists in a spiritual realm and is not part of this Galaxy.”

Jaime rolled his eyes. “You can’t know that for sure.” He scoffed. “It is all conjecture—”

“I can know because I have been there.” Tyrion said with conviction. Jaime promptly closed his mouth in shock. “I was called there once, during the Clone Wars. I was flying with Jeor and Night. We were running a mission together when we received a distress signal that was over two thousand years old. We followed the signal and found ourselves on Mortis. It was home to Father, Daughter, and Son, living embodiments of the Force and its power.”

“Are you saying that the Force took on corporeal beings?” Bran asked slowly. Like Sansa, he had never heard of something like this happening before.

Tyrion nodded. “Yes. Son was the embodiment of the Dark Side, and Daughter, Light. The energy of The Force had created them. Their Father, the unifying power of the Force, watched over them and kept the peace to maintain the balance of the Force. As creations of the Force, their bodies were subject to the same rules as you and I, such as aging and death. It would be easiest to think of them as mortal Gods. It was through them that all beings received their power. This is how balance was maintained throughout the Galaxy.”

“What happened to them? Clearly there is a misbalance in the Force now, so something must have occurred to make it so.” Grenn question. He was listening very intently to the story that Tyrion was telling. It was in direct contrast to his earlier attitude of not wanting to attend the meeting at all.

“Son was growing restless and wanted to unseat Father as the leader of the Force. Father sensed this and used his powers to call for us. He was growing old and feared that he would not be able to control his children for much longer. He recognized the power in Night to become the Chosen One. He deemed him his successor and requested that Night stay on Mortis to help keep his children in balance. Night refused him.”

“But why would he do that?” Bran asked. “Didn’t he care about the state of the Galaxy?”

Tyrion shrugged “To be honest, I don’t really know. I never asked him, and he never shared the reasons behind his decision. I have my theories, of course, but they are nothing more than speculation and would not help us with our current predicament.” Tyrion’s eyes flitted to Jon so quickly that Bran wasn’t sure if he had imagined the movement. “To stay on Mortis meant to stay there forever. We were only granted passage to it because of Father and his powers.” Tyrion rubbed at his eyes. There were small purple smudges beginning to form underneath the rims. “Anyway, as we were leaving, Daughter came to stop us. Her brother had imprisoned Father and was threatening to leave the planet and wreak havoc on the Galaxy. We ran to stop him and engage him in battle. He lunged for Father, but before he could give the killing blow, Daughter jumped in front of Father and died protecting him.”

“Is that why there is imbalance now? Because Daughter is dead?” Jon asked.

“Yes.” He said softly. “Son as well.” Tyrion placed his hands onto the table, rubbing his thumb and forefinger together on his right hand. “Daughter’s death sent Mortis into chaos. The planet lived off their power, and without her to balance it out darkness soon descended. Father begged Son to stop his plans, but he refused. Before he could escape Mortis on our ship, Father killed him. With their deaths, the parts of the Force that they controlled went back out into the Universe. Father was
severely weakened and could not maintain the balance that was necessary. While all Force wielders received a surge of power with their death, it was the Sith that ultimately benefited. Not because the Dark Side is stronger, but because it easier to wield. It is not, however, easier to control, as I am sure Bran and Jaime can attest.”


“Yes.” Tyrion answered. “I am unsure if he is mortal like his children or immortal like a true God. He appeared old when I met him, but that could have been his chosen appearance. When he left Mortis, he prophesied that Night could be the one to bring balance to the Force in the Galaxy, or the power within him could be used for great evil. I don’t think I have to tell you which one occurred.”

“Do you think it is Father that is giving me the visions?” Bran asked. He had never thought about it before, having not known about his existence, but now that he knew about Father it made sense. If Father controlled the Force, then he would be the one sending the visions to Bran.

“Yes, I do.” Davos said. “I believe that he trying to communicate with you. The Dark Side knew he would guide you to the Chosen One, which is why it would speak to you immediately after the visions. It wanted to manipulate what you saw to keep you from your purpose.”

“But how does that work?” Pyp asked. “If Son was killed, who is talking to Bran?”

“Son was the embodiment of the Dark Side. When he and Daughter died, their Force essence spread out in the Galaxy and into all living things.” Davos explained. “We all have good and bad inside of us. Those who wield the Dark Side have allowed the bad to overpower the good. When I say that the Dark Side was tempting Bran, think of it as the opposite part of his conscious that dwells within him, the one that is prone to falling into temptation and doing immoral things, but amplify that by an infinite number and you have what he was experiencing.”

“Like an angel on one shoulder and a devil on the other?” Sam asked.

Davos nodded. “Yes, just like that.”

Sam beamed to hear that he was correct.

“That makes sense.” Bran said. “I never wanted to admit it, but the voices I heard were really just one voice. I would lie to myself and say it was multiple creatures because I didn’t want to face the truth.” He looked down at the table. “It was really me that I was hearing the whole time.”

“It is the same with me.” Jon agreed. “It’s always my own voice that speaks to me, only it sounds different. It’s darker somehow, more sinister.”

“But why chose me? Why not just speak directly to Jon?” Bran asked. That was the part that he didn’t understand. Before, it had made sense that he would be given visions so that he and Jaime could find Jon. But now, after learning about Mortis, he wasn’t so sure. Why didn’t Father just contact Jon directly, and help him to realize his potential as the Chosen One?

Jaime put his hand on Bran’s shoulder and squeezed gently in a fatherly gesture. “It’s because you listen, Bran.” He explained. “Jon has already shown that he would have gone against the visions had he received them from his outburst. Also, what do you think would have happened to Jon if he had tried to find us? We were with the Empire. He would have been under suspicion the minute he approached us.” His blue eyes smiled warmly at him. “It had to be you Bran. You are good, and you are kind.”

“Jaime is right.” Jon said. “I wouldn’t have listened. It took a lot for me to join the Rebellion, and I
can’t imagine that I would have tried to find you willingly considering your previous positions.”

“Bran, have you had any visions since then?” Davos asked.

Bran hesitated. Jaime was a very private person, and Bran didn’t think it was right to air all he had seen concerning his life. While he felt that Jaime saving his brother’s life could help others understand that he wasn’t truly evil all those years he pretended to be so, Bran also didn’t think it was his story to tell. If Jaime wanted creatures to know, then it would be up to him to tell them.

“Only one. It was a conversation between Master and Senator Martell. It was shown to me so that I would know how much he cared for me, and that I could trust him.” Bran said, deciding that a half-truth was better than lying.

“I would like to make a proposal.” Davos offered. He turned to his right to where Tyrion, Sansa, and Jon were sitting. “Jon, you do not have to make any decisions about your future right now. However, I do think it is a good idea for you to continue training as a Jedi and working to overcome the pull of the Dark Side. I will not judge you if you do not walk the path of the Chosen One, but the potential within you to become something great is too strong to ignore completely. You could help us win this war, whatever future you chose. I will take over your training, with Bran and Jaime working with you to help you defeat the Dark Side. Do you agree?”

The room was silent while Jon pondered Davos’ offer. After a few short moments, he gave one quick nod of his head. “I agree.” He said. He hesitated slightly before continuing. “I… I don’t know what to make of the prophesy and will need more time to think about such things, but I do appreciate that you are not forcing me into becoming the Chosen One.”

Davos nodded happily. “Bran? Jaime? Do you agree as well?”

“Yes.” They said together. “Your proposal concerning us is something that he had previously decided.” Jaime finished. “We will be happy to stay here with you and train Jon.”

“It is decided then.” Tyrion said.

“Yes, it is.” Sansa said quietly. Her previous protective attitude was gone, replaced with a resigned look of sadness. “Would it be all right it was stay on the ship until tomorrow? Or is there a mission you need the squadron to go on immediately?”

“Well, about that…” Tyrion’s eyes began to sparkle. “The Rebellion’s search for a new base is over. How would your squadron like to stay with us for a month or so to help us set up?”

Sansa’s jaw dropped in shock. She opened her mouth a few times, but no words would come out.

“You mean, we can stay? For a little longer?” Pyp exclaimed. He started to jump and down in his seat. “The family doesn’t have to break up yet?!”

Davos laughed. “Yes, that it what we are saying.”

“Well, Sansa, what do you say?” Tyrion nudged her shoulder. “You are the leader.”

“Yes!” Sansa exclaimed. She leapt out of her chair and gave Tyrion an excited hug. “Yes, we will stay! For as long as you let us, we will stay.”
So... It sort of makes sense, right? There is a lot of information dropped here, and I really hope that it came together. In my fear of making it easy to understand, I fear that I only made it more confusing...

In concerns to Jon being the Chosen One, I decided to go a little Dr.Strange in Infinity Wars with the whole thing. SPOILERS AHEAD. When Strange speaks to Tony about there being multiple futures that could happen based on their decisions, I decided to go with that here. I like the idea that Jon could be the person spoken about in the prophecy, but still had the ability to choose whether or not he wanted to be. I didn't want him to feel forced to bring balance, but let it be something that he decides. Plus, it keeps us all guessing, right?

Mortis is an actual place in Star Wars canon, thanks to The Clone Wars. I have made some changes on it for the sake of my story, but if any of you are curious about it I encourage you to check it out.

No updates this weekend. I am going out of town to celebrate my anniversary, but will see you all when I get back.

Thank you all so much for reading. Please comment if you like, especially if you are confused or I need to make some changes to clarify some things.

Have a fab week my friends!
Hello my friends! Grab some popcorn because this chapter is the longest one yet at 20 pages! Crazy, right? And that is with me saving some things for next chapter. Break it up if you need to, because this could take a while.

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

Chapter Notes

That meeting went surprisingly well.

Sansa’s fingers reached out and found Jon’s. The meeting was over, and everyone was milling about the table talking to each other about the events that had transpired. Her arm tingled as Jon caressed his thumb over her knuckles.

Jon and I can stay together.

Her heart filled with happiness at the thought of being able to stay with Jon for a while longer. She didn’t know if she would ever be ready to say goodbye to him and was grateful that she didn’t have to for a while longer.

If it were up to Sansa, being separated from Jon for at time would never happen.

Sansa smiled at Davos and Tyrion laughed at a joke that Pyp made. It was lame, and juvenile, and Sansa couldn’t help but laugh along with them.

We can all stay together.

Sansa wasn’t sure when she had started to feel like Pyp, Grenn, and Sam were family, but she knew it hadn’t taken long. She was even beginning to feel that way towards Bran and Jaime. Those two were another reason that she was glad they would be able to stay with Rebellion. She looked forward to getting to know her brother, and helping Jaime see that there was goodness in him. He was such a lost soul, and she hoped he would soon find an anchor that could bring him happiness.

Davos stood and turned towards Jon and Sansa. “Jon, would you mind if I speak with you, Bran, and Jaime briefly? I just want to discuss when we should start your training. It won’t take long.”

Jon squeezed Sansa’s hand. “Yes, Master Davos.” He said. The four of them left the table and congregated in the corner of the room. Sansa eyes followed him, admiring the muscle definition in his back. He was wearing his standard all black attire, and the rolled-up sleeves of his tunic helped to accentuate his strong forearms. The color of his clothing used to make Sansa think of Inquisitors, but now it made her think of Jon.

Sansa stood, making a move to join Pyp, Grenn, and Sam. They looked deep in conversation, almost
as if they were plotting something. Sansa quickly dismissed the idea. The only thing Pyp seemed capable of planning was how to get out of training, and it wasn’t like they needed to prepare for another mission. Crow Squadrons only priority at the moment was helping the Rebellion set up their new base of operations at Frozen Shore.

Her eyes flickered over to Tyrion. He was standing by the wall, away from the others. Sansa quickly changed her destination and walked to join her Master. He smiled to acknowledge her presence, but otherwise remained silent. Sansa knew he was struggling with the things he had learned from their meeting and decided to let him be the first to speak.

“So… Do you want to talk about it?” Tyrion asked after a minute a silence. Though they were standing away from the others in the room, his voice was low to prevent eavesdropping.

The corners of Sansa’s lips turned up slightly. “You sure you want to miss dessert?” She teased. All joking aside, Davos had not been wrong in his earlier assessment of Tyrion’s eating habits. The man loved his desserts. While Tyrion gave serious thought to her question, Sansa allowed herself to reminisce on the events that gave Tyrion his sweet tooth.

The end of The Clone Wars, and subsequent rise of the Empire, were not easy on Tyrion. In the four weeks before Sansa and Nan arrived on Wall, Tyrion had taken to drinking rather heavily. He felt immense guilt over what happened to the Galaxy and his personal failure to kill Cersei. The arrival of Bronn, and then Sansa and Nan, helped somewhat. Instead of being drunk all day, he limited himself to going to bars in the evening.

It hadn’t been until Nan passed away and Tyrion found himself becoming Sansa’s main caretaker that Tyrion quit going to bars all together. One their first night together without Nan, Sansa had started crying after dinner, afraid that he was going to leave her like Nan and never come back. One look from Bronn let Tyrion know that if he wanted to leave, he would have to fight Bronn just to make it to the door. To placate Sansa and stop her from crying, Tyrion suggested making a dessert together. By the time they were finished with eating their treat, cleaning up, and Sansa’s nighttime rituals, Tyrion had been too exhausted to leave the house. The next night, Sansa cried again, and Tyrion offered to make dessert once more to help calm down. The same routine continued for the next several weeks, until Sansa discovered that she no longer needed to cry to keep Tyrion from leaving. Tyrion stopped going to bars, and his drinking became something he only did in social gatherings.

Of course, their nightly ritual presented a few problems, such as expanding waistlines on Tyrion and Bronn, who were used to being quite fit due to their previous lifestyles. Not wanting their family time to stop, Sansa started looking up how to make healthier desserts with their help. Their waistlines were saved, and they only indulged in the rich stuff occasionally.

Sansa smiled wistfully. She had always suspected that Tyrion and Bronn knew that her crying had been fabricated, a ploy to keep Tyrion from leaving. Nan never approved of Tyrion’s pastime, and Sansa had promised her before she died that she would do everything she could to get Tyrion to stop drinking and feeling sorry for himself. At the time, all her five-year-old brain could think of was crying to get what she wanted. Since it worked the first time, and then the second, Sansa kept using it until it was no longer necessary.

Tyrion shrugged at her question, bringing her thoughts back to the present. “I can always go to the kitchens and steal something.” He said with a mischievous grin. He looked at the clock that hung on the back of the wall. Their meeting had taken much longer than anticipated. Tyrion sighed. “I will probably have to go there to make myself something anyway. Dinner hours are basically over.” He said glumly.
While the kitchens were always open, meal hours were kept on a strict time. Stannis liked everything to be scheduled and orderly. Each crew took turns with meal prep and clean up. Once meal time was over the staff had to attend to their regular duties, so if you missed meal time and still wanted to eat, you were forced to do it yourself. Hardly anyone ever missed.

Sansa winced. “Sorry about that. I should have prepped you and Master Davos beforehand concerning all the information that needed to be shared.”

“Yes, you should have.” Tyrion agreed. He leaned against the wall and crossed his feet at the ankles. “I am not going to guilt trip you because I know you do that enough on your own.” He scratched his temple. “I understand why you did it Sansa, but I hope you understand how dangerous it was to keep Jon’s problems away from us.”

Sansa crouched down against the wall next to him, bringing herself to his eye level.

“I do.” She said.

Sansa looked over at Jon, who was in deep conversation with Jaime, Bran, and Davos. She hadn’t let herself think on it before, but it hurt that she was being left out of such an important conversation. There was nothing to be done, though, as she was no longer Jon’s Master. At best she could offer some advice on how to teach him, but she didn’t want to come off as knowing more than Davos and even Jaime. Besides, Tyrion needed her now more than they did. Perhaps she would offer advice later, during one of his first training sessions.

“Jon didn’t want me to say anything. He was afraid that you would reject him if I did, so I promised that I keep it from you. I tried to help him overcome it, but in the end it was too much for me. He needs more than I can provide.” Sansa explained.

Tyrion nodded his head. “I am sure you did all you could for him.”

Sansa nodded her head sadly. She couldn’t help but feel like a little bit of a failure. Jon had been entrusted to her, and she was handing him off to Davos in less-than-perfect condition.

“Don’t be sad, Sansa.” Tyrion said, patting the top of her knee. “Sometimes in life we try our best and things still don’t work out. It doesn’t mean we failed, it just means that perhaps it wasn’t meant to be. The real failure would be if we didn’t see our plans through to the end, and instead quit before completion. Admitting that Jon needs help from someone more experienced doesn’t make you a failure. It makes you a mature and humble adult.”

Sansa lips quirked upward. Master Tyrion always knew what to say to help her. Though sometimes it was not what she wanted to hear, it was always what she needed to hear. Sansa did not ask if Tyrion meant the words he was saying; if he thought she was a failure he would tell her so and would follow it up with questions to help her determine how she could improve.

“Thank you, Master.” Sansa said. “In my head I know that to be true, but sometimes it helps to hear it form someone else, you know? I didn’t train Jon to be recognized, but it is nice to have you acknowledge the work I have done. And, while I know that you and Master Davos are not happy with my decision to keep certain things from you, as his leader, I stand by my decision.” She said the last part with confidence and her chin held high.

Tyrion chuckled. “I don’t know that I will ever agree with you on that.” He said. Sansa opened her mouth to argue her point, but Tyrion continued before she could object. “I respect that you were the leader and did what you thought was best. Maybe later you will change your mind, but if not…” Tyrion shrugged. “We don’t have to agree on everything.”
Sansa joined in his light laughter. “No, I suppose we don’t.” She agreed. She caught sight of Bran grinning up at Jaime while he ruffled the younger boy’s hair. Sansa looked down at her feet, suddenly somber. “I don’t know what to make of finding out that I am a Stark. A part of me is scared this might change everything, that if I embrace the name I will be sacrificing everything I have known to do so. Another part of me thinks I am being silly, and that it doesn’t have to change anything. Having a different last name doesn’t make me a different creature, does it? I want to believe that, but if it’s true, then why didn’t the Jedi let us keep the names of our ancestors? I know it has to do with attachments, but what if it is more than that?” Sansa gave a small tsk of her tongue. “And this is about the time that I begin to wonder if maybe I am overthinking everything.” She rubbed her eyes with the palms of her hands. “Why must everything be so hard Master?”

Tyrion carefully reached out. He placed a hand on Sansa’s wrist and brought her hands away from her eyes. He pointed towards where Jon was standing, before motioning to the rest of the creatures in the room. “Everyone’s life is hard. Perhaps it is not in the same way as others, but everyone’s trials are difficult because they are their own. Look at how these creatures’ lives have been enhanced because of the difficulty. The could have let it destroy them, but instead they rose above it to become something great.”

Sansa’s eyes filled with tears as she pondered what Master Tyrion was speaking of. Wasn’t life wonderful because it was hard? Is that what made it worth living?

“Does it really matter if you take the Stark name? Maybe, or maybe not. Not all decisions are life-and-death, though with this war it can feel that way. In this instance, I think you can be a little selfish with your decision. Do what you will make you happy Sansa.”

Sansa wiped the single tear that fell down her cheek. She sniffled. “I meant what I said. No matter what I decide, you are still my Father. I mean no dishonor to Senator Stark, but you raised me, cared for me, and loved me. Is he my Father as well? Yes, but so are you. I don’t ever want you to forget that.”

Sansa leaned over to rest her head on top of Tyrion’s shoulder. She would often do so as a small child when she was scared or sad but hadn’t made the gesture in years. As she grew and became more capable she did away with some of her more childish tendencies, associating them with weakness. Now, however, the gesture felt more about strengthening the bonds of family.

Tyrion cleaned the moisture from his own eyes before patting Sansa on top of her hands. “You are very wise, Sansa. Very wise.”

He looked at the grouping of creatures on the other side of the room. Davos, Jon, Bran, and Jaime had finished their talk and were walking over to Pyp, Grenn, and Sam. Ghost and D3, sensing that it was time to leave the room, made their way over to them from their corner Jon looked over at her and flashed her a quick smile, causing her heart to flutter.

Tyrion cleared his throat, having seen the exchange. “I only hope, my child,” he said seriously, “that when the time comes, others will be able to listen to your wisdom.”

Sansa frowned. She opened her mouth to question Tyrion’s meaning, but was cut off by Pyp calling out to her that it was time to go to the kitchens. Resolving to discuss it with him about later, Sansa helped Tyrion to stand before joining the rest of the group.

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Sansa leaned back into her chair and sighed. She patted her belly in satisfaction. Though Crow Squadron had eaten on the ship on their way over from Stonehelm, Sansa found herself unable to say
no to the helping of chou-shou the kitchen staff had prepared. They were all grateful to Yohn, who, upon noticing their absence, ordered the staff to set some of the meal aside for them. Even the dessert had been delicious. It was a blue milk ice cream with nuts from Riverrun. Sansa had never tried it before, but as soon as she took the first bite she knew it would be her second favorite dessert after meiloorun cakes.

Once they were finished, Davos made his apologies, explaining that it was his turn for the night shift and his desire to take a quick nap before his duties began. Sansa waved him goodbye, happy to see that the old Jedi Master really was changing and that his words were not just for show. Sam volunteered to take their plates back to the kitchen and wash them along with Jon and, surprisingly, Jaime. Before they left, Sam mentioned to Tyrion that they needed to restock their medical supplies. Tyrion offered to help them clean up as well, saying that he would take them to the ships med bay once they finished. Kissing her forehead, Jon told the rest of the group to meet them on the ship before they all disappeared into the kitchens, leaving Sansa, Pyp, Grenn, and Bran at the table. LA-D3 and Ghost stayed next to them, Ghost content to lay at her feet instead of going to help with the clean up.

Pyp let out a gust of air. He glanced quickly at the doors to the kitchen before leaning over the table dramatically. “All right team, we have about thirty, forty minutes tops before those losers make it back to the ship. Operation Jon and Sansa ba—mph!” Pyp’s words turned into muffled sounds as Grenn slapped his hand over Pyp’s mouth.

“Can you possibly talk any louder dipshit? The Jedi are likely to hear you.” Grenn whispered harshly. He quickly pulled his hand away from Pyp’s mouth with a disgusted look on his face. “Did you just lick my fucking hand?!”

“You left me no choice.” Pyp defended, though his tone was quieter this time. “We don’t exactly have a lot of time here, and you cutting me off is not helping.” He stood quickly, gesturing for the others to follow his lead.

Sansa raised an eyebrow at both them and Bran, who was looking anywhere but at her. “What are you all planning?” She asked suspiciously. She crossed her arms and stayed in her seat. “I am not going anywhere until you tell me what is going on.”

“Relax Sassy Pants.” Pyp said easily. He slid back into his chair. “You should know by now that if I am actually putting the time into planning something, it is going to be…” Pyp brought his hands together and then slowly pushed them apart, wiggling his fingers as if he had just performed some sort of magic trick. “Amazing.” He said with flourish.

“I suppose that could be true.” Sansa said slowly. While nobody on the crew actually bothered to plan out their schemes—Sansa refused to call their podracing and never started bounty hunting escapades as missions—they did actually do well planning things out that actually mattered. Thus, if Pyp was putting thought into something for longer than five seconds, whatever he was thinking about must be important.

“I really think you will like this, Sansa.” Bran said. His cheeks were stained a bright pink and he still wasn’t looking directly at her. He shifted in his seat. “It has to do with you and Jon.” He motioned to Pyp, who was grinning like a loon. “Pyp and Sam thought that you two might like some time alone on the ship tonight, to—” Bran coughed abruptly. “Well, you know, do what creatures do when they are in a relationship together. Or not in a relationship together. I am pretty sure Master was never in a relationship with any of the creatures that he would sometimes go and visit at the—”

“Okay!” Pyp said cheerily. He slung his arm around Bran’s shoulders and gave him a little shake. “I think we can all agree that Bran here is adorable and innocent, and that we will all be teasing Jaime
about the information we just learned in the near future.”

Grenn flicked Pyp’s arm off Bran. “What the kid is trying to say is that we all decided to vacate the ship tonight so that you and Jon can have some much-needed alone time together. Considering all the shit you have been through the past few days, we all felt like it was the right thing to do.” Grenn shrugged his shoulder before leaning back in his chair. “You two are adults and can do whatever you want. We don’t need or want the details.”

Sansa blinked at them a few times, completely speechless, as her mind thought over their offer. Since they would be staying with the Rebellion, there would be more than enough time for her and Jon to spend some time alone together.

A small part of Sansa felt bad displacing everyone for a single night, especially after the hostile looks that were sent Jaime and Bran’s way. But, the bigger, selfish part of her, really wanted to be alone with Jon, to know that they could be together and that there wasn’t a chance of interruption.

“Bran, are you truly you are okay with this?” Sansa asked. Despite what she wanted, she knew she would feel terrible shuttling Bran and Jaime somewhere else. “I won’t accept your offer unless I am sure that you are Jaime are okay here on the ship. I would feel terrible if something were to happen to you both while I was being selfish.”

Bran stopped fidgeting in his seat. He gave her a soft, reassuring smile. “I’m sure.” He said. “You are my sister, and if this is how I can help you to be happy for a little bit, then so be it. Besides, I used to lie to lie for Robb and Theon all the time when they would go to the who—”

Grenn sneezed discretely.

Sansa gave a little laugh. It was sweet that Pyp and Grenn were trying to keep her from hearing about brothels and whore houses.

“What about Jaime?” She asked.

“He is very interested in the two bottles of Dornish wine hiding underneath my bed that I offered him.” Pyp rolled of his eyes. “Older men and their classy alcohol. So predictable.” He looked over at Bran and Grenn. “Was it just me or did he sound a little too interested in asking Brienne if we could crash on her ship tonight?”

Sansa coughed, turning the attention back onto her and the situation at hand. She loved Pyp, but he could get off-topic too easily and would drag everyone else with him. “Have you already spoken to Jon about it?” Sansa asked.

Grenn shook his head. “We haven’t been able to get him away from Davos or Tyrion long enough. Pyp and Sam came up with the idea while the rest of you guys were talking after the meeting. We asked Jaime and Bran about it while the four of you were grabbing the food, and now here we are talking to you.” Grenn stared at Sansa intently. “Believe me Sansa, Jon will have no objections to what we are proposing.”

Ghost barked his agreement.

Sansa looked at the door leading to the kitchens, the gears shifting in her head. She knew Grenn was right. Jon would accept their offer without hesitation.

Her cheeks began to grow hot and her belly did a little flip just thinking about tonight. Was it too much to hope that tonight would be the night? She wanted to be with Jon desperately, and knew he felt the same. With no one on the ship, they could take as much as they needed to feel comfortable
with each other. It wouldn’t be hurried sex, but a declaration of their feelings for each other. Sansa couldn’t stop herself from imaging how he would feel moving against her, their skin caressing as he whispered how much he loved her. He would kiss her and hold her and give her that special look that he only showed to her, the one that told her how much he cared for her without saying a single word. It would be a little awkward because neither one of them had done it before, but it would also be special because they would be sharing their first time together. Besides, they would have all night to get it just right…

“Nobody tell Jon.” Sansa ordered in a low voice. “I want it to be a surprise for him.” Pyp, Grenn, and Bran all nodded their heads. Sansa quickly stood, the others following suit this time with Ghost and D3 behind them. “Do you think you will have enough time to gather all your things and transfer them to Brienne’s ship in time?” She palmed the door, leading the others to the docking station. Sansa had stayed on The Lord of Light numerous times and knew the layout better than the rest of them, who had never been on it at all.

Pyp scoffed. “Sansa, what is there to take? I don’t know if you have noticed, but we all sleep in our –”

“I’ve noticed.” Sansa interrupted.

Grenn laughed. “Don’t worry. If there is one thing the Empire actually taught us, it was how to pack and move out in a hurry. I can grab Sam’s stuff while Bran grabs Jaime’s. We will be in and out in five minutes.”

Sansa quickened her pace towards the ship. Her thoughts jumbled together as she thought about what she needed to accomplish in the short time she had before Jon made it back to the ship. She had showered and shaved, thank the Galaxy, but her hair was in her standard braid. She knew Jon liked it down, and she wondered if she had enough time to run her heat plate through it to make it straight and shiny as opposed to her usual soft waves. Or maybe the waves would be good? Jon liked how she looked, so did she really need to change anything?

*Screw my hair. What am I going to wear?!*

Sansa’s stress levels with up another few levels as she inwardly began to panic over her lack of wardrobe. She was in the middle of a war, so it didn’t make sense to have a lot that needed packing and unpacking, but she knew without even looking at her meager possessions that there was nothing that could even remotely be considered lingerie. All her breast bands were functional, as were her undergarments. There was not a scrap of lace or silk to be found. She did own several dresses, but all except one were in Tyrion’s shared quarters, and she would rather wear his boring breast band and practical panties than go into his room and risk running into either him or another member of the council and explain why she wanted a dress to begin with. Besides, even if she wanted to, she didn’t have time. Which meant borrowing something from Gilly was out of the question as well. She didn’t even know where her friend was at the moment.

“I don’t know what to wear to have sex with Jon!” Sansa squeaked out before thinking about the ramifications of saying such a thing out loud. She quickly threw her head into her hands as a group of Rebellions members, who were walking pass them during her outburst, snickered at her.

“Fuck off ass holes!” Pyp called out. He flipped them off.

Not wanting a confrontation, Sansa grabbed Pyp and Grenn—who was flexing his ridiculously large biceps—by their elbows and started to drag them into docking bay. She couldn’t even look at Bran. As soon as she said the word ‘sex’ he had turned a bright shade of red and started to power walk towards The Nights Watch. Sansa supposed that talking about the act of sex as opposed to knowing
they were having sex but not really talking about it was slightly different, hence his embarrassment over this but not over mentioning where his brother and Master liked to spend some of their free time.

Sansa gathered up her courage as she quickly glanced at Pyp and Grenn. They were adults, Pyp admitted that he had been in love before, and she had a hard time believing that Grenn would be celibate at twenty-eight. That had to know what was considered sexy, right?

Waiting until they were safely into the ship, Sansa wasted no time in directing them towards the mapping room while Bran made a beeline to grab his and Jaime’s toiletries. Both men sat down in the booth. Ghost and D3, sensing the importance of the conversation, sat at attention next to Grenn. Neither Pyp nor Grenn of them made any effort to hide their amusement, but Sansa was too stressed to care. She had nobody else she could talk to about this, and if she didn’t get some help she was afraid that Jon would find her alone on the ship, glaring at her dresser as she willed something to call out to her.

“I want to have sex with Jon tonight.” Sansa said bluntly. She began to pace across the length of the room, fidgeting with the tail end of her braid. “I know he finds me attractive, but I want to be extra attractive tonight. For him because I love him, and for me because I want to feel pretty.” Sansa stopped pacing and turned to them both. “There is nothing wrong with wanting to feel pretty, right?” She asked.

Pyp and Grenn silently shook their heads. Ghost gave her an encouraging bark and wagged his tail.

Sansa resumed pacing. “The problem is I have nothing that is feminine. Nothing.” Sansa emphasized with a slash of her hand. “I don’t know what to wear and I want to straighten my hair but I am afraid it might be too much and I am stuck thinking that I shouldn’t care about any of that because Jon loves me for me but I still want to impress him and then I wonder if it is bad that I want to impress him and—”

“Breath, Sansa.” Pyp instructed. “You won’t be able to accomplish anything if you keep freaking out.”

Sansa nodded. She took a few cleansing breaths. She was still stressed, but at least her heartbeat had slowed down. “Will you help me, please?” She begged. “I don’t know where Gilly is, and I have no one else to ask.”

Pyp stood. He quickly made his way over to her and enveloped her into a hug. “Of course we will help you Sansa. You are the sister I always wished my own sisters were.”

Sansa raised her head to look at him. She was tall, but Pyp was the tallest creature in Crow Squadron. He at least a head and a half taller than her. “You have sisters?” She asked. Pyp never spoke about his family. All she knew was they disowned him once he stopped flying ships and was transferred to the Death Star. He was considered a disgrace.

Pyp nodded. “Six of them. Three before me, and three after me.” He said matter-of-factly. “But, that is a conversation for another time.” He let her go. Tilting his head, he gave her hair an appraising look. “Honestly, sex can be a little messy and your hair can get everywhere. Unless you plan on being on the bottom the whole time—which you shouldn’t—you might want to leave your hair in a braid. There is nothing worse in my opinion than getting hair in your mouth when things are finally starting to happen. But, I have noticed that Jon likes to play with your hair when it’s down...” Pyp tapped his finger against his chin. “You said you wanted to straighten your hair?” Sansa nodded. “Go with your first instinct then. But maybe keep your hair tie around, just in case. Also, lay a towel down.”
Sansa felt the tension in her shoulders ease slightly. “Got it.” She said, grateful for the advice.

“Wear something of his.” Grenn cleared his throat. “Like a shirt or even a vest.” His eyes looked distant, like he was remembering something from another time. He shook his head slightly before refocusing on Sansa. “He would like that.” He said softly.

Pyp gapped at him, surprised that he had shared anything. “Why Grenn, look who is being helpful.” He said slyly.

“Save it dipshit.” Grenn replied quickly. “I have been in a fucking relationship before.”

“Yeah, with your CO.” Pyp muttered.

It was Sansa’s turn to be surprised. “Really? Your CO?”

Grenn shrugged. “I like strong woman.” He said, his tone matter-of-fact.

“What was she like?” Sansa asked. She couldn’t help but be intrigued. While they didn’t necessarily have the time for her question, Grenn rarely spoke of himself, and Sansa didn’t want to let the opportunity to learn something about him pass her by.

“She was like you.” Grenn said softly, his eyes full of emotion. He looked at Sansa tenderly. “She was lovely.” Realizing what he had said, Grenn quickly averted his gaze.

Sansa’s mouth fell open slightly, and her eyes widened. She shook her head slightly. No, it wasn’t possible. It was just her frayed emotions playing with her. She had imagined the way Grenn looked at her, she was sure of it.

“No.

“Sansa—”

“Quiet Pyp.” She interrupted. She raised her hand and pointed her finger out the window. The object stopped moving a safe distance from the fleet. Sansa hoped that I was a good sign that it wasn’t what she was thinking. “Do you see that?”

Pyp turned his head to where she was pointing. He sucked in a quick step before bodily shoving Sansa out of the way and running towards the pilot’s chair.

“No.

“What the fuck Pyp?” Grenn growled. He pushed himself out of the bench and walked towards where Sansa was standing. “Weren’t you just telling me to treat Sansa—” He stopped abruptly, his vision zeroing in on what Sansa and Pyp were seeing. The object had been joined by two others, one on each side.

*Please let it be trash.*

Grenn ran his fingers through his hair. “Pyp, we need to—”
“I’m fucking on it.” Pyp growled. He started switching buttons at fast as he could. The sound of *The Nights Watch* engine roared to life.

Bran came running into the room. “What’s going on? Why is the ship—oh fuck!” He cried. “Why haven’t the alarms been sounded?!”

Sansa’s stomach dropped. She couldn’t deny it any longer.

The objects were Tie Fighters.

“They are too far. Lookouts probably don’t even know what they are seeing yet. Give it a few seconds and they will figure it out.” Pyp replied. He turned around and quickly threw the ships manual into Bran’s hands. “Sit down kid. I need a copilot and Sansa and Grenn need to man the guns.” Pyp looked back out the window. Three more Tie Fighters appeared. “I count six right now, but you know there are more to follow. Let’s just hope it is a single squadron and they aren’t with a Star Destroyer. It looks like they are scout——”

Pyp let out a huge gasp. Faster than any of them could blink, a Super-class Star Destroyer, one of the largest and most powerful Imperial starship to ever be crated, appeared before them. Sansa’s skin crawled when she took in the snow-white coloring of the ship.

“Night King.” She whispered.

A loud beeping sound made them all jump. Ghost began to whine at the noise.

“All units, we are under attack. I repeat, we are under attack.” The calm voice of Stannis Baratheon said. Sansa appreciated that even now, as what looked like a hundred tie fighters began to emerge from the *Executor*, Stannis was able to keep his poise. A good leader did not crumble under pressure.

“All available pilots are to defend the Rebellion fleet while we prepare to make the jump for hyperspace. Coordinates for the jump will be sent directly to your ships. All fighters are to defend the fleet while we prepare to make the jump. May the Force be with us.” His voice cut out, but the sound of sirens wailing remained.

Sansa watched as dozens of pilots ran towards their ships. Willas was among them, running towards his Y-wing with the rose painted on the side. Sansa knelt down next to D3 and made sure that her radio was turned on so she could receive the jump coordinates.

“That’s our cue!” Pyp cried as a mechanic began to flag them towards the runway. He flipped a few switches. “Bran, look up the directions on how to get us to hyperspace. I will take care of the maneuvers while you prep. It’s on page twenty-three.” Pyp gave Bran a cocky smile. “Don’t worry kid. I put in some notes. Now the directions actually make sense. You have fucking got this!” He said with a fist pump.

“But what about Master?” Bran cried, scrambling to get to the correct page. LA-D3 beeped behind him, letting them know she had received the jump coordinates. She plugged into the ships mapping system and immediately started to download them.

“There’s no time!” Pyp yelled. “We’ll meet back up with him once we are safe on Frozen Shore.”

Sansa lurched back as Pyp pulled the controls towards his body. *The Nights Watch* zoomed out of the hangar bay, the first of the Rebellion’s ships to enter the fray. He quickly brought the ship down and twisted to the right. A dozen Tie Fighters came flying towards them. Pyp maneuvered the ship towards *The Lord of Lights* cannons that were mounted towards the tail end of the ship. He smirked as one of the cannons hit the tip of a Tie Fighter. It spun out of control before coming into contact
with another ship. They exploded on impact, taking out a third that had been too close. One hand on the controls, Pyp weaved in and out of their fire power while he placed his other hand on top of a small cylindrical ball. Glancing at the tactical screen on top of the device, he expertly swiveled The Watch’s dorsal cannon and began to fire at the Tie’s that were still behind them. He took out one easily.

“You really are an amazing pilot.” Bran said with awe. He let out a whoop as two X-Wings flew in behind them, offering them cover and targeting the remaining Tie’s. Sansa let out a breath of relief to see that they were no longer the only ship in the fray.

“You bet your ass I am kid!” Pyp agreed. “Also, most flyers for the Empire are worthless. Now get us the jump to hyperspace. It will take the bigger ships no longer than five minutes to be ready.” He dived for The Lord of Light, pulling up at the last possible second. Three fighters were not so lucky and exploded into the surface. He took his hands off the remote control and snapped his fingers at Sansa and Grenn. “You two stop fucking around and man the canons. We have minutes here, not hours.”

Sansa snapped out of her shock. It was jarring thinking of how only moments ago she was thinking about what to wear for her night with Jon, and now she was staring down the ship of the second most dangerous person in the Galaxy. Grabbing Grenn’s wrist—telling herself that nothing was different and she had imagined everything—Sansa them out of the cockpit and towards the dorsal and ventral cannons.

“You take the dorsal cannon.” Sansa instructed quickly. “I’ll take the ventral.”

“Like I would be fucking dumb enough to take the ventral.” Grenn muttered. “Isn’t that your lucky spot at this point?”

Sansa blushed slightly. She thought about all the times she and Jon had spent together in the cannon as they gazed at the surrounding star systems. She would lay in his lap, head on Jon’s chest while he caressed the length of her hair. Of course, it hadn’t all been stargazing, especially once they decided to be together. There were also passionate embraces when Jon would place his hands under her shirt and graze his lips and tongue along her throat while she would respond in kind. Sansa had even dreamed once of her and Jon making love in the tiny space.

“So what if it is?” Sansa defended, not that she really needed to defend herself. She and Jon were adults. “We—” Sansa grabbed onto the wall as the ship shook lightly from being hit. It was minor, telling Sansa that they hadn’t taken any damage. “Don’t you think we could use some luck right now?” She challenged.

Grenn gave a grunt. “I don’t give a shit what canon you take as long as we don’t fucking die.”

“Agreed.”

Sansa let go of his wrist as soon as they came to the tunnel leading to the dorsal and ventral cannons. Without stopping her momentum, she began to climb down the ladder as quickly as she could.

“Shoot straight!” She called up to Grenn. He gave her a thumbs up before disappearing into his own chair.

Sansa dismounted the ladder. She grabbed the headset that would connect her to The Watch’s communication system. She secured the piece around her ears while simultaneously sitting in the chair. She grabbed the twin firing grips and flipped the power switch on the overhead consul. Placing her thumbs on top of the triggers, Sansa firmly planted her feet in the pedals to rotate the gun
left or right. The tactical targeting computer came to life. Two five-by-five grids appeared, with a circle in between the two. Small arrows moved around the screen representing the Tight Fightes. Eyes flickering between the screen and the window, Sansa shot at three Tie Fighters as they flew past her cannons. She let out a whoop of excitement when her first shot hit a Tie dead center.

“Don’t get cocky Sassy Pants.” Pyp cautioned. Sansa smirked, recognizing the same advice that Jon had given her when they were escaping the Death Star.

“Wouldn’t dream of it.” Sansa replied.

The entire situation felt a bit like déjà vu, with her and Grenn manning the canons and Pyp in the cockpit. Sansa frowned. Jon should be here, flying the ship and keeping them away from danger. While it was true that Pyp was the better pilot—Sansa would never say that out loud to anyone—this was Jon’s ship. He grew up here, and it was his to pilot. Sansa doubled down on her focus. She would make sure that The Nights Watch, and all its current crew, returned to Jon in one piece.

Two arrows appeared on the top corner of Sansa’s screen. Anticipating their arrival, Sansa angled the controls and pressed down on the pedals so that the cannon would be in position by the time they appeared in front of her. Sansa’s thumbs pressed the trigger buttons as soon as the two Tie Fighters appeared. Her fire followed the ships. She managed to hit one but missed the second. The Tie made a sharp U-turn before it started to fly directly towards her cannon. It fired at her, but Pyp managed to angle The Nights Watch up and out of the way before the laser fire could make contact.

“Nice flying Pyp.” Sansa compliment. She moved her cannon down and took aim at the Tie. She managed a hit after a few adjustments, blowing the ship to bits.

“Don’t mention it. Wait, check that. Mention it every fucking ti—”

The ship shook violently. Sansa held onto the firing grips until her knuckles turned white, keeping herself from being thrown from the chair. This was nothing like the tremor from earlier. Sansa looked up the tunnel to make sure that Grenn was all right from the blast.

“What the fuck was that?” Grenn growled. He looked down to Sansa. She gave him a thumbs up to let him know she was okay.

“Pyp, talk to us.” Sansa demanded.

“I need you both to head to the ship’s engine room. Now.” Pyp replied. He sounded worried. “There’s smoke coming up from the grates and I’ve got a shit load of warning beeps.”

“What about the cannons?” Sansa asked. She took another shot at a Tie Fighter that was heading straight towards them. It weaved in and out of her laser fire, flying for the top of the ship. “Grenn, Tie Fighter heading your way.”

“I see it.” He said. Sansa craned her neck to see what was going on, even though she knew it would be fruitless. She could only see the underbelly of the ship, not the top.

“Bran can handle the fucking canons from the cockpit!” Pyp snapped in anger. In the background Sansa could hear Bran beginning to protest. “Forget the jump to lightspeed kid! We aren’t fucking going anywhere! Use the trackball controllers to your right and hit something! You two get your asses up her now!”

Warning bells began to go off in Sansa’s head. Pyp never lost his temper in battle. Ever. Sure, he often became scared or overwhelmed, but he never got angry. Whatever was going on was not good.
Sansa ripped off her headset as quickly as she could. Climbing up the ladder, she paused to let Grenn dismount first before pulling herself out of the tunnel. They took off in a sprint towards the engine room.

“I’ve got a bad feeling about this.” Grenn muttered. He was breathing heavy and beads of sweat were beginning to pool around his forehead.

“You and me both.” Sansa replied.

They skidded to a halt at the sight of the smoke coming from the ship’s engine room. It was located in the middle of the ship and was accessed by pulling up on a square of floor panel and then jumping down. Sansa willed herself to stay positive. *The Nights Watch* was still flying, and that had to count for something. Whatever was wrong, it couldn’t be that bad, right? She grabbed the fire extinguisher that was clamped to the wall and the corresponding pair of goggles. She hastily put the goggles on over her head to prevent her eyes from tearing up due to the smoke. Nodding her head to Grenn, she pointed the nozzle down and pulled out the pin. Grenn pulled the panel up with a grunt. He immediately started coughing as a huge cloud of smoke travelled straight into his face. Sansa waited for him to take a few steps before she jumped straight down and into the engine room, her shirt pulled over her nose to help keep her from inhaling the smoke. Quickly locating the damage, Sansa pushed down on the discharge lever. Thankfully the fire had not been as bad as she first expected. Once the smoke cleared, she called up to Grenn.

“We’re all clear!” She yelled. She walked towards the panel of frayed wires.

During her four-week healing period, Sansa had forced Jon to give them all a three-day, in-depth course on the workings of *The Nights Watch*. While it hadn’t been interesting—Pyp was the only one really interested and was forced to elbow Grenn several times to keep him awake—it had been extremely informative. All it took was one quick glance and Sansa knew what was wrong.

“Fuck me.” She whispered.

*This is not the same as last time.*

*At all.*

Grenn walked up behind her. “Sansa, did you just—oh fuck!” He cried. “Fuck fuck fuck.” He motioned to the frayed wires that powered the ships hyperdrive. “Is this even salvageable?” He questioned desperately.

The ship shook, taking another hit. Sansa stumbled back. Grenn’s arms shot out to keep her from falling. Remembering his look from earlier, Sansa quickly found her footing. She looked at the wires and panels that controlled the ships hyperdrive in desperation. The answer was obvious, and yet she couldn’t blame Grenn for asking the question. Within a matter of moments, possibly seconds, the Rebellion fleet would be making the jump to hyperspace. They would be on the other side of the Galaxy, while Sansa and her crew would be stuck here, staring down Night King’s Star Destroyer and whatever Tie Fighters were left. Without their hyperdrive, it would take them months to make it to Frozen Shore.

Sansa’s heart began to beat wildly in her chest. It seemed so insignificant right now, but she couldn’t stop her thoughts from going to the one person she cared for more than anyone in the Galaxy.

*Jon.*

*My Jon.*
And Sam.

And Jaime.

The ship shook again, more violently this time.

“We need to get our here.” Grenn said.

Sansa nodded her head in agreement. In three strides, she placed her hands on the edge of the entrance to the engine room. She hoisted herself up with ease before taking off towards the cockpit, Grenn hot on her heels. She and Grenn didn’t stop their brutal pace until they were inside. The view outside the window was chaos. Tie Fighters and the hodgepodge of Rebel ships were chasing and firing at each other while the larger Rebellion cruisers focused the majority of their fire at the Star Destroyer. To her horror, Sansa realized they were already down one cruiser. D3 rolled up to her and began to fire off a series of worried beeps.

“What the fuck is going on down there?” Pyp screamed at them. He made a sharp turn to avoid colliding with a Y-Wing. Ghost whined from his bed in between the two pilot chairs. “The fleet is getting ready to make the jump to hyperspace in a matter of seconds. D3 is flipping out that the computer is refusing the coordinates.”

“You know what’s wrong, Pyp.” Grenn said. He didn’t sound angry, or scared, but resigned to their situation. “We aren’t going anywhere.”

There was a beat of heavy silence, accentuated by the sounds of the battle outside.

“I know.” Pyp said quietly, his voice full of emotion. “I knew the whole time, but I hoped…” He trailed off. His shoulders sagged slightly. “It doesn’t matter.” He whispered to himself. He weaved through the dueling ships. “It doesn’t fucking matter.”

Sansa was unsure if Pyp was trying to convince himself or everyone else in the cabin.

Bran looked back at Sansa and Grenn with worried eyes, taking his hand off the control for the cannons. “What happened?” He asked. There was a slight tremor to his voice.

“Kid, the cannons!” Pyp scolded. “We’ve got two tie fighters headed this way.” He pointed to the computer that showed two arrows quickly approaching them.

“Sorry.” Bran murmured. He turned himself back around and began to fire at the Tie’s using the manual controls. His shots were off, most likely a result of his hands shaking. Thankfully, Pyp’s excellent flying kept them out of range of their laser fire. Sansa recognized Willas’ Y-Wing zoom past them as he began shooting at the retreating fighters.

“The hyperdrive is blown.” Grenn explained. “In a few seconds there is going to be nothing between us and every damn Tie Fighter that’s left, not to mention Night King’s Star Destroyer.

“But Master—”

“Forget it kid.” Pyp said. “D-3, get us the call the Rebellion.” D3 wheeled over the ship’s comm system within the cabin and plugged in to make the call. “All we can do right now is worry about us. We will see Jon, Sam, and Jaime again, but not anytime soon.”

“Crow Squadron this is Rebellion Ship 1.” Yohn’s voice said through the system. Like Stannis, he sounded cool and collected. “We will be making the jump to lightspeed in thirty seconds.”
Pyp motioned for Sansa to speak into the radio. She was their leader, it was her duty to give the news concerning their situation.

“Rebellion Ship 1, this is Queen Crow.” Sansa said as evenly as she could. “The Nights Watch has sustained heavy injuries. Our hyperdrive is no longer working. We can repair it, but not right now and not without the proper tools. We will be unable to make the jump. Over.”

Sansa placed her hand over her heart where a dull ache was beginning to form. It was strange, because she was not entirely sure that the feelings were her own. Yes, she was sad, but she wasn’t allowing herself to focus on that now.

Was she?

“Copy Queen Crow.” Yohn said. Sansa though she heard yelling in the background, but it was muffled, and she couldn’t be sure. The dull ache began to grow into a slight pain. Ghost tilted his head, considering her. “We are unable to offer any assistance for you at this time. Over.”

“Copy. We understand. Over” Sansa said. She hadn’t planned on allowing any ships to stay behind to protect them anyway.

“Crow Squadron, we will radio once we are out of hyperspace. Good luck, over.”

The line went dead. The only sound to be heard in the room was their heavy breathing and the occasional explosion of a ship meeting its end.

“It doesn’t fucking matter.” Pyp whispered again. He began to turn a few switches on the overhead counsel. “It doesn’t fucking matter.” He said, this time more loudly and with a bit more conviction. “I am Pyp fucking Antilles. I am the greatest flyer in the fucking Galaxy.” Pyp pulled the controls back as far as he could. Sansa sat down in the chair behind Bran before she fell over from the thrust of The Nights Watch zooming forward. LA-D3 planted herself between their seats, putting her breaks down to keep her from moving. “I am getting us out of here in one fucking piece or so help me I will come back as Force ghost even though I know nothing about the Force and kill Cersei Lannister myself!” He shouted.

“What are you doing?” Sansa asked, hands holding tight to the armrests.

“Putting as much space as I can between us and whoever else is left here in the next five seconds.” Pyp yelled. His face was set with rigid determination. “Bran, check the maps for anything that we can use for some sort of cover, diversion, or landing option. I don’t care what the fuck it is as long as it gets us out of this mess.”

Bran turned to the wall on his left and pulled up a small map of the area. It wasn’t as extensive as the computers in the back, but it would work for what they needed.

Sansa rubbed at her chest. The pain that had started was now moving to every part of her body. Even her toes began to ache. Sansa tried to will the pain go away, tried to focus on the movements of the ship as Pyp weaved them through the Rebellion’s cruisers, but nothing seemed to help. The anguish wouldn’t stop. Sansa just didn’t understand it. Now was not the time for histrionics, but tears were beginning to pool at her eyes.

LA-D3 began to beep ominously. Forcing herself to focus on the matter at hand, Sansa and the rest of the crew watched every ship in the Rebellion fleet disappear in streaks of blue.

Sansa let out a painful gasp. The weight of the pain was crumbling her. She hunched over and began to sob. It felt like the desperation was crawling into every depth of her being.
“Sansa?!” Bran called to her. He made a move to go to her but remembered his assignment and stayed at the computer. “Are you all right?”

Ghost stood from his pillow. He placed his large snout on top of her lap and began to whine.

“It’s okay Sansa.” Pyp soothed from the captain’s chair. “You will see Jon again, I promise.” Sansa sobbed harder. “Grenn, stop staring like an idiot and help her, will you? Bran and I are too busy trying to keep us from dying but you are just sitting there like a jack ass.”

Sansa’s thoughts stilled. Her body continued to sob and shake with grief, but her mind latched on to what Pyp has said.

“It’s not mine.” She cried. Sansa shook her head wildly, her tears falling on top her clothes with the movement. It wasn’t her grief she was feeling at all. “It’s Jon. Everything I am feeling is Jon.” Sansa pulled her hair in agitation. “He’s so heartbroken and worried. That’s why I can’t get myself to calm down. I am feeling his emotions, not my own.”

Bran nodded his head. “It’s a Force connection.” He reasoned before pointing to a spot on the map. The ship started to give a warning beep, letting them know that the Tie Fighters and Executor were beginning to close in on their very small lead. “There is an asteroid field here, but nothing else.”

“Done.” Pyp said. He turned another switch and The Watch began to speed up once more. A part of Sansa was concerned about the all the fuel they were surely spending, but she was so overcome with her emotions that she couldn’t find it within her to voice her concerns.

_Someone help him. Please._

“You can’t be serious.” Grenn said to Pyp. He eyed the asteroid field dubiously. “You don’t have to do this to impress us.”

Pyp tilted the ship, easily dodging laser fire. “They would be crazy to follow us, wouldn’t they?” He challenged. Without any hesitation, Pyp took them into the field. “Bran, you stay here and help me. Use the cannons and blast any asteroids that get too close. Grenn, take Sansa to her room before heading back to the dorsal cannon to help Bran. I’m sorry to sideline you Sansa, but I’m pulling rank.”

“I believe I outrank you, dipshit.” Grenn pointed out.

Pyp rolled his eyes. “When it comes to what we are doing right now I fucking outrank everyone. Until Jon reigns it in there isn’t much Sansa can do here.”

Sansa mutely nodded her head. She didn’t know if it was the Force connection that she and Jon obviously shared—she had never thought they had one before— but what she was experiencing now was infinitely worse than what she felt during Wall’s destruction.

Sansa shakily raised a hand to Grenn so that he could help her stand. Ghost moved out of the way to give him room but stayed close to keep offering her some comfort.

Grenn hesitated. Sansa knew he was uncomfortable after what he had confessed earlier. But, was it really a confession though? Sansa wasn’t so sure, and at the moment she really didn’t care. She could barely move without help.

_What is happening to Jon?_

_Is there no one to comfort him?_
“What you said earlier, it doesn’t matter.” Sansa whispered between ragged breaths. Her head was beginning to sob from all the crying. “You are my friend, and I need your help.” She stared into his murky green eyes. “Please help me. Jon’s emotions are overpowering me. I can’t stop them. Please, Grenn.”

Grenn hesitated only a second longer. Silently, he walked over to Sansa. Placing one hand around her shoulders, he placed the other under her knees and lifted her up. He faltered only slightly with the sway of the ship as he walked to her and Jon’s room.

No, it is my room now. Only mine.

The tears continued to fall, showing no signs of letting up. At this point Sansa wasn’t altogether sure that it was only Jon’s emotions she was experiencing. She knew she was strong and capable of pushing her emotions to the side when the time called for it—and the time definitely called for it—but with Jon’s emotions flowing through her she was unable to continually reign in her own. She was grateful to Pyp for being able to take control of the situation. They were in his element, and she knew he would see them through the asteroid field safely. Knowing Pyp, he had probably flown through one before on a bet.

Grenn palmed the door open and gently laid her down into the bed. Ghost curled up at her feet.

“Would you like me to get some milk of poppy?” He asked. Sansa had never heard him speak so softly. “It will help you sleep.” He winced as the ship shook. “Pyp, Bran, D3 and I can handle what is going on. Maybe if you sleep, Jon will as well.”

Sansa nodded her head. Grenn left the room, leaving the door open for his return. Sansa turned to her side, caressing the pillow that Jon slept on.

She closed her eyes and pictured Jon’s Force signature. It was strong, and sure, but also carried small pieces of anger and despair; it had the possibility to be as bright as the suns of Dorne if only the clouds in front of it could evaporate into the atmosphere. If there was a bond like Bran had suggested, she should be able to speak with him as if he was in front of her. She reached out in the Galaxy, her own signature mingling among the energy that surrounded her.

“Jon?” She whispered.

Silence.

Sansa redoubled her efforts and continued.

“Jon, it’s me. Sansa. Your Sansa.”

Silence.

Sansa refused to give up. Jon was hurting, and just because he couldn’t hear her didn’t mean he couldn’t feel her. Sansa would keep talking to him, letting him feel the comfort her words brought her.

“I am so scared Jon. I am trying to be brave, but your pain is making it difficult.” Sansa wiped a tear from her cheek. “Pyp is flying us into an asteroid field. He says it the only way to keep the Empire away from us. Can you believe it?” Sansa choked out a laugh. “I’m sure you can. You probably would be right there next to him, flying into it without a single thought so you could save us all.”

Sansa paused. The pain in her heart began to ease slightly, giving her hope that Jon could feel her.
“I love you, Jon Mormont. I need you to calm down, do you understand? I can feel your pain, and your worry, but I promise you we are going to be all right.” The corner of Sansa’s mouth quirked up into a smile. “We are all going to be fucking all right.” She giggled. “Would you believe me if I said that wasn’t my first time cursing today? Out of character, I know, but believe me when I say the time called for it.”

Sansa’s heart skipped a few times. She couldn’t be sure, but it felt like Jon might be laughing with her. The grief turned to a dull ache.

“When this is over, we are going to get married.” Her brows knitted together. “You will marry me, won’t you? If you don’t, I will send Master, Uncle Bronn, and even Pyp after you.”

Sansa smiled softly as feelings of love washed over her body, wringing out the pain she felt earlier.

“I think we will have to name one of our children after Pyp. You know he will pester us about it until we do. Of course, our first son will be named Jeor, after your Father.”

Sansa let out a calming sigh. With every breath she felt her muscles begin to lose their tension. She closed her eyes and relaxed into their bed. She was wrong earlier. This was still her and Jon’s room. It would always be theirs, no matter how long their separation.

“We are going to have at least four children Jon; one for each Uncle to spoil and teach. Pyp will teach one how to fly, Sam will teach one how to heal, Grenn will teach one how to be strong, and Bran will teach one how to overcome the trials of life.” Sansa looked at her fingers, realizing she had missed some people. “I miscounted. We will have to have at least seven, otherwise Master, Uncle Bronn, and even Jaime might get a little jealous. And of course, they will be spoiled equally by us.” She smiled wistfully. “Our children will be so loved, Jon. Can you see it? They will be loved, and cherished, and wonderful because they will be ours.”

Sansa could picture their children so clearly from behind her eyelids. They would be a perfect combination of her and Jon. Some would have red hair with grey eyes and high cheek bones, and others with black curly hair and blue eyes. They would run and play and laugh and never know a day of war and death.

“I love you Jon. So much.” She sighed. Her breathing grew deep and heavy. Perhaps she wouldn’t need the milk of poppy after all. “Be strong Jon and be brave. We will be together again. I promise.”

Sansa struggled to stay awake. There was so much more to say, but she was so tired. She breathed in the smell of Jon that lingered on her sheets.

“I will always be with you.” She exhaled, sleep taking over her completely.

That night, Sansa dreamed of a battle between two Jedi on a planet made of ice, and of a little boy with inky curls playing hopscotch on an icy sidewalk.

Chapter End Notes
This chapter... yeah. Honestly, I am unsure what to say about it besides it's Empire and everything sucks right now. Our amazing group has been broken up and will not be back together until, well, I don't want to spoil anything (yeah right) but I think we all know how long they will be separated for. Cue Cloudy City! And Night King! And Ramsay! And Theon! And Jedi Temples! And Jon running around in a jungle with his shirt off! And carbonite, because, let's be honest, somebody is getting frozen.

Concerning updates, the rest of this summer is bananas with my schedule. As I said in my comments on the last chapter, I really thought that Friday was going to be my new day to update, but then I got my one daughter's hockey schedule and my others daughter's ice skating schedule and, yeah, it's not going to be Friday. Honestly, I am not sure what day is best at this point. But, never fear, I am not abandoning this story nor stopping the updates, they will just not be on a scheduled day until mid-August when school starts up again.

Thank you all so much for reading my friends! I cherish every comment, so please don't hesitate to let me know what you think.

Cheers!
Moving Forward

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for your comments and kudos last chapter!

Questions are answered this chapter, plans are made, and we are closer to meeting a character that will be integral to the back half of our story. I hope you all enjoy!

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 39: Moving Forward

“Why must things change Master? Why can’t everything stay the same?”

“Change is how we grow, Sansa. It is scary, and hard, and most times we don’t want to do it. But, if we allow it to, our new circumstances can make us stronger and greater than what we were. We must not fear change, but embrace it.”

Sansa let out a small sigh. She rolled over and burrowed herself into the sheets, reaching for Jon as she did so. They had only been sleeping in the same bed for a week, but she’d already grown accustomed to him laying next to her. The warmth of his body helped her relax. Sansa didn’t think she had ever slept so well than when Jon was next to her.

Sansa frowned. She moved her arm across the bed and found nothing but more blankets and a lumpy pillow that belonged to Jon. Sansa didn’t understand why Jon didn’t get rid of the old thing and buy a new one. When she first suggested it to him, he looked at her in horror. Jon insisted that all the lumps were in just the right places. Sansa couldn’t contain in her eye roll. She had also given him a light slap on the shoulder and a head shake when he said that she would soon be converted to the pillows lumpiness.

“Jon.” She sighed. Her voice was tired and scratchy. She placed her arms around the pillow and brought it to her chest. “When you are going to…” Sansa let out a gasp, her world crashing down around her as she recalled everything that happened before she fell asleep.

Sansa opened her eyes and sat straight up. She blinked a few times to reorient herself, the quickness with which she got up making her dizzy.

“Jon!” She gasped quietly, not bothering to hide her despair.

Jon was gone. So was Sam, and Jaime. The entire Rebellion was star systems away, making the jump to hyperspace while they had been left behind. Her face scrunched up in sorrow as she recalled how she had been unable to lead her team due to Jon’s emotions overpowering her.

Sansa placed her head in between her hands. She grabbed fistfuls of hair and pulled gently.

Pyp. Bran. Grenn. I left them all.
Her anxiety levels begin to rise. So much had happened in such a short amount of time, and the weight of everything felt like it was crippling her. There were decisions to be made about where to go and how to get there. She didn’t know how long she had been asleep—hopefully no more than a few hours at most—but she was sure that at this point everyone in the Galaxy knew who they were.

Or maybe they didn’t?

Night King and those running his Star Destroyer had no way of knowing they were personally on The Night’s Watch.

Right?

If Night King didn’t know it was them—how could he—it was possible they could go to any planet in the Galaxy with just their usual set of worries. That is, if they had enough fuel to even get them to a planet. Pyp had used a substantial amount of fuel to get them to the asteroid field. And, even if they did have enough fuel, what about their food supply? Yes, they had just bought supplies, but some of their necessities were still on Tyrion’s ship.

Did they survive only to die by lack of fuel, starvation, or bounty hunters?

Sansa’s breathing started to pick up and her hands shook. It was all too much. The responsibility, the separation, her position as leader which necessitated her making decisions. She wasn’t even sure if she could contact the Rebellion for instructions. Usually after attacks such as this they maintained radio silence for a few days while changing their frequencies, just in case the Empire had cracked their code and used their messages to decipher their location.

What am we going to do?

What am I going to do?

Sansa clutched her chest, her breathing becoming shallow. The stress, the responsibility, it was all too much.

Too much.

It’s too much.

A warm feeling began to spread throughout Sansa’s chest. It felt as gentle as a caress upon her skin. Touching her heart, she felt it begin to slow down as something from beyond her own emotions brought her comfort.

Sansa closed her eyes. Centering her mind, she took a deep breath in and slowly let it out, looking inward for her own Force spirit. She let out a small gasp of surprise. Within her own body and spirit was a small piece of Jon’s Force signature. It looked like tiny little balls of bright green energy surrounded by swirls of stars and was hovering right above her heart. Jon’s spirit moved with the rhythm of her breath, sending out little bits of his essence with every pump of blood that moved outwards towards her muscles, bones, and organs. Sansa smiled as she watched her own energy, the same shade of purple as her lightsaber, flutter around his own. It almost appeared like they were dancing together.

“Jon?” She whispered. “Can you hear me?”

The energy continued to flutter around her own. It was no longer sending her comfort since she had calmed down but seemed content to remain within her and move with her own energy.
Sansa crinkled her forehead. Her knowledge of Force bonds was limited at best. Tyrion had told her once that depending on the strength of the bond two creatures could speak to each other through their Force energy. It was clear that she and Jon were linked together by the Force and could feel the other’s emotions. However, what wasn’t clear is if that was all they could experience, or if they could foster the bond to make it stronger.

Sansa sighed. The tension in her muscles eased and she could feel her shoulders and neck relax. She imaged Jon sitting behind her, hugging her to his chest and kissing the top of her head. She would lean into his embrace and wrap her arms around his own. They would be surrounded by their love and the Force, finding peace in each other.

“I love you Jon.” Sansa whispered. Even though he could not hear her, it still felt like something that needed to be said.

Her energy responded to her words by twirling around Jon’s. They danced merrily together until it was hard to tell where one ended and one began, even with the differing colors. Sansa wondered if what she was seeing was a mirror of what Jon could see within his own body through meditation, or if he was seeing it within her own body? If so, did that mean she could see within him? Or was Jon’s energy a permanent resident within her due to the bond, and acting of its own accord without him knowing it?

“Gah!” She breathed out.

Sansa flopped back onto her bed. She opened her eyes and began to flail about in her bed in frustration.

“Why does this have to be so confusing?!” She pouted.

Sansa’s stomach growled in response, offering her no answers but reminding her that it had been a while since she last ate. Sansa wondered just how long she had been sleeping for. She hoped that it was only a few hours, but she suspected that it was longer than that.

“No… they are coming back…we must get out…”

Sansa gave a small frown as the sounds of whimpers began to fill the quiet room. Looking down, she saw Grenn sleeping fitfully next to her bed. She had been so consumed by her own worries and then trying to communicate with Jon that she had failed to realize she wasn’t alone.

“No. No!” Grenn screamed, no longer whimpering. His body went rigid and sweat appeared on his forehead.

Sansa reached out a hand to wake him. He was having a nightmare and needed to get out of it. She frowned, her hand stopping a few inches above his body. Sam had told her not to touch Grenn to wake him if he was having a nightmare. He could mistake her for someone trying to harm him and hurt her.

“You are okay Grenn.” Sansa said softly. She leaned forward to help him hear her but made sure to stay out of arms reach. “You are on The Nights Watch. What you are experiencing right now isn’t real.”

Grenn covered his head with both arms. He rolled himself into a fetal position. Sansa’s heart cracked. While it may have been unintentional, Grenn was holding himself the same way a creature did when explosions were going off around them.

“Will you open your eyes? For me?” Sansa asked. “I think it might help you.”
Grenn whimpered. He rocked himself back and forth.

“Please, Grenn?” She whispered.

He shook his head.

“I won’t hurt you.” Sansa promised. “Nobody on the ship will hurt you.”

Grenn let out a shaky breath and slowly opened his eyes. They were filled with fright and unshed tears. He looked about the room wildly.

Sansa recalled the questions Pyp and Sam had asked him during his last episode.

“Grenn, may I touch you?” Grenn’s eyes shot over to her. “Please?” She added.

Grenn nodded his head once. His eyes were still glossy, signaling to Sansa that he was still unsure and confused about his surroundings.

Sansa slowly got off her bed, careful not to startle him. She reached out and gingerly pulled one of his hands away from his head so that she could cradle it in her own.

“You are safe here. Nobody will harm you.” She whispered. “We are on our ship. Me, you, Pyp, and Bran. You are safe.” She repeated. “Nobody will harm you.” It felt important that he knew that.

Grenn furrowed his brow. “Safe.” He said, though it sounded more like a question. “On The Nights Watch.”

Sansa smiled softly. “That’s right.” She affirmed. “Do you know who I am?”

“You’re Sansa.” He replied. “I rescued you from Ramsay. He hurt you, and I didn’t like it. I helped you escape so he wouldn’t hurt you anymore. You saved me from the Death Star.” His eyes focused. “You are Sansa.” He said with surety. “Pyp is with us. He saved us from the Empire. Bran is here. He saved Jaime.” He frowned. “Jon, Jaime, and Sam aren’t here anymore.”

“No, they aren’t.” Sansa agreed sadly. “Are you…” She trailed off, not sure how to ask him if he was all right now and if he wanted to talk about his nightmare. She looked and stared at their joined hands. She had taken it to comfort him. She could see Grenn from the corner of her eye. He was looking at their hands as well, but with a pained expression on his face. It had felt right to take his hand to comfort him, but now that he was out of his episode it didn’t feel right to continue the contact.

Grenn gently pulled their hands apart, sensing Sansa’s discomfort.

“Do you want to talk about it?” She asked, deciding to be upfront with her question. Sam had told her to offer after each flashback. Grenn hardly ever said yes, but it was important for him to know that they were always willing to listen on the rare occasion he did want to share.

“Yes.” He rasped. Sansa blinked in surprise. He looked up at her with sad eyes. “But not about my dream. You and I both know what we need to talk about.”

Sansa shook her head. “Grenn, we don’t have to talk about that right now. You were in shock just a few moments ago and—”

“You aren’t to treat me any different, remember?” Grenn interrupted. “That’s what I told you when you and Jon found out about my PTSD. I am not a child. I know this might shock you when we all
have to deal with Pyp and his oversharing, but just because I don’t talk about my feelings all the time doesn’t mean I can’t express them.”

“I know that.” Sansa defended. She had never experienced Grenn being so short with her. Pyp and Jon yes, but never her and never Sam. “I am just concerned, all right? A lot of stuff has happened in the last few hours—”

“Sixteen.” Grenn said, looking down at the digital watch he wore on the same wrist as his comm link. His eyebrows furrowed, and he frowned. “That fucking stupid ass—”

“Sixteen hours?!” Sansa shrieked. She looked for the clock that she had mounted to the wall when she first moved into the tiny space, but it had fallen down at some point during her slumber. “Why didn’t any one wake me?” She demanded.

Grenn shrugged. “We didn’t need to. Pyp flew us into a crater inside an asteroid—”

“He what??!”

“—to get us away from the Empire. It turns out Night King really was crazy enough to follow us—”

“—Nobody thought to wake me and tell me this? How—”

“—but none of that is really important right now—”

“—I think it is very important—”

“Sansa!” Grenn said a bit forcefully. “Look, I don’t like talking about how I feel, ever. It makes me feel weak and uncomfortable. But, I need to talk to you about the things I have said, before I can’t any longer. I will answer all your questions after I am finished, all right?”

Sansa closed her mouth. While her mind was still reeling from everything she had missed, if Grenn needed to talk to her than she would sit and listen. It was the right thing to do as a leader and a friend. Besides, he was right about them needing to talk. There was so few of them now, and Sansa didn’t want the mood on the ship to change any more than it already had due to her and Grenn acting awkward around each other.

“All right.” She agreed.

Sansa leaned back into her mattress and stretched her legs out in front of her. It felt good to relieve some of the tightness in her muscles after sleeping for so long.

Grenn cleared his throat. He crossed his legs and his arms. For someone about to share something personal, Sansa couldn’t help but think that he looked rather closed-off.

“I knew who you were the second Ramsay brought you aboard his Star Destroyer. Hell, we all knew; it was our job to know who the remaining Jedi were. Considering there were only three of you at the time, it wasn’t that difficult. I was assigned to be your guard and your escort. I…” Grenn’s eyebrows knit together. “I don’t want to talk about what he did to you. I wouldn’t want someone reminding me of the battles I went through and the people I lost, so I won’t do that.”

“Thank you.” Sansa whispered. She was grateful that Grenn understood that she didn’t want to talk about what happened, even though it would make it harder for him to speak about his feelings.

“What he did to me, it will always be there, but it’s in my past, you know. It happened to me, and it was terrible, and sickening, and wrong. I don’t let it affect me like I did those first few months after I escaped, but that doesn’t mean it doesn’t still cause me pain to talk about it.”
Grenn nodded. “I understand, believe me.”

Sansa gave him an appreciative smile. She thought back on the White Walker that was always standing on the inside of her door, refusing to let herself think about the rest.

“So… You were the one who would sneak me food and medicine, yeah?” She said, moving the topic to a place that caused her less pain. “And let me guess, you and Pyp inspired Sam to do the same for Master Tyrion during his capture as well.”

“Yes to both.” He confirmed. “After your first day on the Star Destroyer, I knew I couldn’t just leave you in your room without any help. I went to Pyp to see if he would help me with my plan. We were good friends by then and I knew I could trust him. He stole some food for me in the kitchens while I got the medicine in the infirmary. After making sure Ramsay was in bed, I went into your cell to deliver what we managed to steal. You were asleep, and when I woke you up, you looked so terrified to see me hovering over you. I quickly showed you the food and medicine, but you wouldn’t take it.”

“I thought it was a trap. I was afraid that if I took it, Ramsay would run through the door and punish me.” Sansa laughed. “I realized that wasn’t going to happen once you started placing bacta patches on my cuts and shoved the food into my hands.”

Sansa smiled warmly at him. Grenn would come in every morning before Ramsay showed up to remove the patches and dispose of the evidence. He would always make sure that the patches were a low dosage; just enough to stop the pain but not enough to heal the wounds and make Ramsay suspicious.

“You saved my life. I never would have made it the whole week if it wasn’t for what you brought to me.”

Grenn shrugged. “It was the right thing to do.”

“Yes.” Sansa agreed. “And no one else was doing it.”

Grenn shifted around uncomfortably. It was obvious he was unused to praise of any kind. He continued on, ignoring Sansa’s compliment.

“You are strong Sansa. You would have survived without my help.” Grenn rubbed the back of his head. “You were always so kind to me. For those few minutes I was in your room, you would talk to me like a real creature, not someone that was built to destroy. You were so open, and beautiful and I…” Grenn sighed. He dropped his hand, letting his guard down as he did so. “I fell in love with you Sansa.”

Sansa stared at him silently, not out of surprise but because she did not know what to say to such a declaration. She would never love Grenn the way that he loved her, and he knew that.

“When you and Jon came to save Tyrion I was so relieved to see that you were alive. There were rumors of your survival, but nothing substantial. What happened between you and Ramsay hadn’t been made known to the lower level Walkers yet, especially those working in a cell block on the Death Star.”

“Sam said that the three of you were going to escape the night we came. Was that true?” Sansa asked.

Grenn nodded. “Yes. Seeing what the Death Star did the Wall was the turning point for all of us. We couldn’t hide behind our excuses any longer.” Grenn cleared his throat a few times, and Sansa saw
the tears beginning to form in his eyes. Though he had no part in the actual destruction, Sansa couldn’t imagine the guilt they all carried in knowing they were working on the star ship that destroyed an entire planet. “I still loved you, even after all that time. You showed me there was still some good left in the Galaxy, that Cersei hadn’t corrupted everything. I had hoped that maybe, after some time…” Grenn gave her a self-deprecating smile. “Well, it doesn’t really matter. I watched you with Jon after Jeor died saving us. You didn’t comfort him the way that a friend would, and he didn’t receive it that way either. It was obvious that you two were going to be together, even if you didn’t realize it.” He gave a hollow laugh. “I was probably the only person not surprised to hear that Jon came back to help with Greywater Watch. You are not the type of woman that leaves a man’s heart easily.”

“What happened? To the woman Pyp spoke of?” Sansa whispered.

Grenn frowned and his eyes turned sad. “She left me. I confided in her about my concerns with the Empire and why we were fighting, and she called me weak.” He snorted. “She said she wouldn’t report me out of respect for our relationship. In the end, she loved the Empire more than she loved me.”

Sansa couldn’t help the tears that began to form at his story. Her heart was aching for Grenn and the pain he must have felt over being abandoned. Yes, he had learned to love again, but to someone who would not reciprocate his feelings. She ignored the wave of comfort that washed over her body in response to her sadness. It only made her feel worse that she had Jon, even now, and Grenn had no one.

Grenn grabbed a small handkerchief out of his pocket. He offered it to her so that she could wipe her eyes with something other than her hands or clothes. Sansa took it gratefully.

“Jon is my friend.” He continued while Sansa composed herself. “I love and respect him. I respect you as well. I swear to you Sansa, I will never do anything to dishonor our friendship or the relationship you have with Jon. It’s obvious to everyone that you two were made for each other. I never would have said anything, but then Pyp said something and you asked a question and I got caught up in thinking of the past and let my guard down. I’m sorry.” There was so much sincerity in his voice that Sansa didn’t doubt for one second that he was telling her the truth.

“I know you wouldn’t.” Sansa responded. “I trust you Grenn.” She said honestly.

Grenn gave her a grateful smile. “Thank you, for not saying your sorry that you don’t love me in the same way or pitying me. I don’t want that. I just… I want us to be okay.” He rolled his eyes. “It isn’t like I was sobbing into my pillow every night the last few months because you were with Jon and not me. You chose him, and I accept and respect that.” He narrowed his green eyes at her. “Sansa, I don’t want things to turn awkward. I don’t want you to analyze every look or every action I do. I’m still me and you are still you, and I hope we can still work together successfully.”

“There isn’t anything to think about.” Sansa insisted. “You are a crucial member of this team, especially now that our numbers have gone down. I will need you to be my second and lead us when I cannot.” Sansa stood and held out her hand to help Grenn up. He took it, but there was no pull against her hand as he stood; Grenn was showing her that he could stand on her own. “Thank you for telling me all of this Grenn. I am grateful that you can trust me enough to be honest with me about your feelings. I will always be grateful to everything you have done for me.” She kissed him on the cheek. Not in a romantic way, but a friendly one.

Grenn smiled down at her. “Don’t tell Jon. He'll kick my ass.”

Sansa threw back her head and laughed. Grenn had bested Jon several times before during training,
but Sansa suspected that nobody would beat Jon after his training with Davos and Jaime.

She frowned, her sudden light-heartedness forgotten.

“Where is Bran?”

Grenn shrugged. “Dunno.” He responded. “He was a mess after Pyp finally allowed him to step away from the copilot’s chair. It seemed like the natural decision to have him watch you first. Kid needed some time to himself to set emotions straight.”

Grenn made his way out the door with Sansa following him. They walked quickly towards the kitchens. Sansa was no stranger to hunger, but it had been a while since she had been forced to skip meals due to missions. Her body wasn’t used to it like it once was.

“How did Pyp do after I left?” Sansa asked.

Grenn gave a grunt of pride. “I have known Pyp for years and I have never seen him take charge like that. I think being with the Rebellion is doing wonders for him. He’s a natural leader when he stops acting like a fucking idiot for five minutes.” He looked down at his wristwatch again. “That dipshit. He growled. “We agreed to four hours shifts until you woke up. He was supposed to relieve me four hours ago. I can’t believe I slept that long.”

“I know the feeling.” Sansa agreed. “I was tired, but sixteen hours feels like it might have been a bit excessive.”

“It was probably Jon.” Grenn observed. “It sounds like you two are feeding off each other’s emotions. I have no doubt he was completely exhausted after his outburst. He probably needed the sleep, and it caused you to sleep as well.”

“I hope not.” They turned the corner in the direction of the kitchen. “Shared emotions I can handle, but I don’t want him screwing with my sleeping schedule. That isn’t going to work well when we are in completely different star systems.”

Grenn shrugged. “Maybe you just needed the rest then. We have been through a lot of shit in the past 48 hours. I am still fucking sore from that stupid run we did before we went to Stonehelm.” Grenn rolled his shoulders a few times. “I doubt being locked up by that annoying ass helped much either. I can’t believe he was that fucking smart.”

“And patronizing.” Sansa observed. She palmed the door so they could walk into the kitchen. “I still feel a little guilty for putting Tormund through so much, even though he was the one who kidnapped us.”

“Tormund was a bloody genius and fucking inspiration.” A gravelly and tired voice said. “Being kidnapped by him was one of the defining moments of my life. I plan on bragging about it to my grandchildren.”

Sansa winced as Pyp stood up from behind the small kitchen island. He was clutching the entire bag of caff so tightly that his knuckles were white. He had black smudges under his eyes from lack of sleep, and even his yellow tattoos seemed less bright than normal.

Pyp gave a loud yawn. “Anyone want some caff? I am making a fresh pot.”

Sansa’s jaw slackened as she watched Pyp dump a quarter of the bag into the brewing machine. He seemed unconcerned that some of the contents were spilling over the top.
Grenn let out a sharp tsk. “Let me make the coffee Pyp.” He nudged Grenn out of the tiny kitchen area and towards the table. “You look like shit.” Grenn emptied out the filter before refilling it with a normal amount of caff. He put the unused granules back into the bag.

“I just saved your shitty ass for a second time so watch the fucking insults.” Pyp’s head landed on the table with a loud thud. “So. Fucking. Tired.” He looked up at Sansa, his golden eyes wide and pleading. “Tell Jon to get his shit together because there is no way in hell I can be in charge again. I don’t know how you deal with all the pressure.”

Sansa ruffled his hair. “You did really well Pyp. I’m proud of you.” Pyp gave her a goofy grin before resting his forehead back onto the table. “Mind sharing how you saved a second time while I make us something to eat?” Sansa asked lightly. She made sure not to sound annoyed or upset when voicing the question. Pyp had done his best, and she didn’t want him to feel like he had messed up.

“Nope.” He said tiredly. “I have been too scared to leave the cockpit, so I haven’t had anything besides water and old caff that D-3 would bring me. Your droid is a fucking angel.”

“Bran didn’t make you anything?”

“I don’t think he can cook. He looked fucking terrified when I even suggested it. You would have thought I asked him to go against Night King.”

Sansa walked over to the ice box and opened it. Looking over the fully stocked reserves, she decided a quick meal would be best. She didn’t think Pyp would last long and she wanted him to eat before getting his much-deserved rest. Her lips turned downward slightly as she grabbed the remains of Sam’s bread. Refusing to let herself get caught up in the memories of everyone eating and laughing together, she cut the half-loaf into slices and set it before Pyp with a jar of jam.

Pyp rubbed the heels of his hands into his eyes. “You know the crater that I flew us into?” Sansa and Grenn nodded their heads. “It wasn’t a crater. It was a fucking space slug. Bran and I figured it out while we were cleaning the Mynocks off the ship.” He picked up a piece of toast and dipped it into the jam, the act of spreading it too much work.

Grenn sighed. He took the piece out of Pyp’s hand and began to place the jam onto it for him. “Of all the fucking luck.” He muttered.

“No shit.” Pyp agreed. He took the bread from Grenn gratefully. “Needless to say, I got us the hell out of there, but Night King found us quick enough.”

Sansa put some seasoning on the fish she and Jon had purchased. The creature was native to Stonehelm and considered a delicacy. It wasn’t really a splurge for them to purchase it since they were all wealthy from podracing, but Sansa had still felt a little indulgent buying it. She was going to cook it for Jon for their date. Since that was clearly not going to happen now, Sansa decided that they all deserved a little indulgence considering what they had just been through. It was a miracle they were even alive.

“How did you get us out?” She asked.

“It was amazing.” Bran interjected, walking into the kitchen. He looked just as bad a Pyp, but in a different way. His eyes were red rimmed, most likely from crying, and his hair was askew from running his hands through it one too many times. He wore a pair of thick, black framed glasses on top of his nose. He gave them a tap. “I usually wear lens correctors, but my eyes are too dry right now.” He explained. “All the crying hasn’t helped.” He said quietly.
Sansa nodded her head in understanding. Bran’s body language made it obvious that he didn’t want to talk about his feelings at the moment, so she let his remarks go and decided to keep things focused on the matter at hand.

“So, what was so amazing about Pyp’s flying?”

“Everything.” Bran gushed. He offered to help Sansa and Grenn with their food, but she insisted he sit and rest while telling his story. “Once we realized that we were inside the throat of a colossal space slug, Pyp flew us out of there as fast as he could. We just barely missed its jaws closing down on us.” He let out an involuntary shudder. “Naturally, as soon we left the asteroid we ran in to the Empire. All the Tie’s had either been destroyed in the field or called back in, but Executor was still out there along with two other Star Destroyers that had been called in to help locate us.”

Grenn filled two mugs to the brim with steaming helpings of caff. He placed them in front of Pyp and Bran. “How did you manage to escape that? I know you are good, but nobody is that good.” He walked over to the stove and placed a griddle on top for the fish.

Pyp took a deep sip of the hot drink. “I am asshole.” He said with a smack of his lips. “I flew The Watch straights towards Night King’s ship.”

Sansa choked on the water she was drinking. “You did what?!” She shrieked between coughs. Grenn gave few swift whacks on the back. “When did this happen? And why didn’t you think to wake us?” She sputtered.

Pyp raised one finger. “It all happened about an hour ago.” He raised the second finger. “It didn’t seem necessary.”

Sansa gave him an incredulous look. “Why is it that nobody seems to think that it is necessary to wake me for things?”

“It wasn’t a situation in which I felt like death was likely.” Pyp said nonchalantly. He finished his caff and stood to get another glass.

“And how exactly did you come to that conclusion?”

“Are you dead?”

“No.”

“There’s your answer.”

Sansa furrowed her brows. “By that reasoning—”

“Don’t think about it too hard.” Grenn interrupted. The fish sizzled on the grill. “It will only make less sense than it does right now.”

“Anyway, as I was saying before you all descended into uncalled for disbelief, I flew the ship straight towards the Executor and opened fire on the fucker. I was on Star Destroyers my entire piloting career. The rear of the cruiser’s command tower is the weakest part of the ship because it is not covered in sensors. At the last moment, I veered away from my collision course and attached The Watch to the command tower. Those dipshits never suspected a thing. About ten minutes ago, the fleet began to change their flight patterns. It was obvious they were beginning to make the jump to hyperspace, most likely thinking we had done the same. Before every jump Star Destroyers dump all their trash. Once the trash was let out, I detached the ship and we floated away with it.” Pyp raised his mug to Sansa and Grenn. “And that is how it’s done bitches.” Sansa glared at him. “And Sassy
Sansa rolled her eyes. “You have your moments Pyp. Not often, but you certainly have them.”

“Aww, stop. Your making me blush.” Pyp said with a wink.

Sansa and Grenn finished preparing the meal. Instead of everyone coming to the island and filling up their own plates, Sansa instead brought the pots to the table and set them in the center. Grenn grabbed the plates and silverware. He passed them out before sitting down. Everyone quickly dug in. It was obvious from their voracious eating that everyone was extremely hungry.

“Where are we now?” Sansa asked. She took a bite of fish. It was perfectly cooked and tasted delicious. She willed herself not to be sad that Jon wasn’t here to share the meal with her. He had already comforted her once and she didn’t want to worry him a second time.

“Just outside of the Dornish Marches.” Bran said. “The asteroid belt was moving pretty quickly in that direction before we flew out of it.” He looked at her with sympathy. “The Rebellion sent us a message via D3. They said they were relieved to learn that we are alive, but requested we have no direct contact with them until further notice. General Baratheon is concerned there might be a spy in their midst and is placing a halt on all outgoing and incoming messages for the time being. We…” He sniffled. “We can’t talk to Master or Jon or Sam. Not until we get the okay for communications or we join the main body of the Rebellion again.”

Sansa nodded. She pushed her dejection to the side. She had figured something like this would happen, but had hoped that it wouldn’t all the same.

“Well, we have a couple of options then.” She observed, trying to keep her voice posit. Bran was disheartened, Pyp was exhausted, and Grenn was looking to her for leadership. It wouldn’t do to wallow in despair. “We will have to stop at either a planet or a space station wheel to repair the ship.”

“Preferably one where we can go unnoticed.” Grenn added. “We don’t need another Tormund situation on our hands.”

Bran cleared his throat. He looked at each one of them before blushing. “I have an idea. That is, if you want to hear it.” He said a bit shyly.

“Let’s hear it, kid.” Grenn encouraged. “There is no need to be so scared about it.”

Bran adjusted his glasses. They had slid down his nose a bit while eating. “I know. I just… Master isn’t here anymore. I didn’t realize it until recently, but he always acted as a sort of buffer between me and the other adults. Before him, I had Robb and even my sister Arya. I guess I am just worried about sounding dumb. You guys are all smart and have more experience than me.” He looked down at his empty plate. “I don’t want you all to think I am stupid.”

Grenn snorted. “Have you met Pyp?” He asked dryly.

Pyp nodded. “It’s true. I am a total idiot.” He said without shame.

Sansa rolled her eyes. She started to place food on Bran’s plate before he could protest. “Regardless of Pyp’s problems, we would never think you are stupid Bran. Everyone has to start somewhere.” She finished filling his plate with seconds and encouraged him to eat some more. They would have to worry about portions later, but she decided that for tonight they should eat stress free. “Father recognized your potential, and so do we. If your idea is no good, then we will try to think of another one, all right?”
Bran took a bite of vegetables. “All right.” He agreed. He took a deep breath to gather some courage. “Theon Greyjoy lived with my family for nine years. He became a brother to me and my siblings. He is the current leader of the gas mining guild on Shield Islands. He lives on the main island of Oakenshield.”

“Shield Islands?” Pyp questioned. He rubbed his chin while he thought over what Bran was saying. “It isn’t close. It will take us a good amount of time to get there.”

“Five months, give or take.” Bran answered. Pyp raised an eyebrow at him. “I looked it up before coming to the kitchen.”

“Greyjoy?” Sansa asked. “Is he related to Euron Greyjoy, Cersei’s right-hand man?”

“Yes…” Bran said slowly. Sansa opened her mouth, but Bran quickly continued before she could further question the wisdom of trusting a Greyjoy. “Theon hates his family. The only one he ever liked was his sister Asha, and she left home while he was living with us. Theon’s father never treated him well. When he went home after living with us for nine years his father Balon basically disowned him, saying he had become more of a Stark than a Greyjoy, as if it was something dirty and to be ashamed of. Theon tried to prove that he was honorable to Balon, but in the end nothing worked. He left Pyke with nothing but the ship he stole and a few hundred credits.”

“How did he come to manage the mining guild?” Grenn asked.

Bran shook his head. “My best guess is that he conned it away from somebody, but I’m not sure. After he left Pyke he took up gambling and smuggling to make money. He wrote to Robb often of his exploits. Dad was disappointed that he didn’t chose a more honorable path but was at least happy that Theon didn’t stay with his emotionally abusive family. He offered to help him a few times but Theon always told him no. He wanted to make it on his own.”

“What’s his status with his family now though?” Sansa pressed. “Just because he hated them then doesn’t mean he hates them now.”

“Euron killed Balon in a coup to take over Pyke and the Iron Islands System three years ago. That is how Balon came into Cersei’s inner circle. He took control of the system and swore fealty to her.” Bran rubbed his eyes under his glasses. “To be honest I haven’t spoken to Theon since the Massacre of Winterfell for the obvious reasons, but I can guarantee that any sympathies he may have had towards the Empire, and I cannot stress enough that he hated the Empire when he lived with us, were gone once Euron killed his father. Theon may have hated Balon, but the man was his father. There is no way he would side with those who rewarded the act of his murder.”

“However, Theon is in charge on a mining guild. While they aren’t officially a business of the Empire, he must be doing work with them. The Empirical Fleet needs fuel, and they don’t have enough mining planets to meet their own demands.” Pyp pointed out.

“Yes, but Bran may have a point about Theon not supporting the Empire.” Sansa said. Pyp and Grenn looked at her in question, while Bran beamed to see that she was supporting him. “The Republic has taken fuel from The Shield Islands Mining Guild before.”

Pyp snorted. “By ‘taken’ don’t you mean ‘stolen’?” He asked with a roll of his eyes.

“We paid for it after we took it!” Sansa defended. “And we only had to be sneaky about it the first time. It’s a little hard to do business transactions when you don’t know who you can trust. I was never assigned to those missions, but Willas was. He said they were the easiest grab jobs he’d ever been on. They never faced any aerial resistance and they were able to land and load the fuel without
any problems. He said the second and third time a couple of creatures even came out and helped them.”

Bran leaned forward over the table. “Was one of them half-Harlawii and half-human?” He asked, his eyes full of hope.

Sansa shrugged her shoulders. “I don’t know. He never described the creatures. Willas only said that they helped them load the fuel, told them where to drop the money, and wished them luck on their travels. They never asked if they were affiliated with the Rebellion, and Willas never offered the information.”

Bran deflated a little bit but recovered from his disappointment quickly. “It doesn’t matter.” He said with a shake of his head. “Even if Theon wasn’t there to greet them, he still allowed the fuel to be taken. That’s proof we can trust him.”

“Is it?” Grenn challenged. “He’s a businessman. Maybe he just wanted the money.”

“He could have gotten more money from the Empire by turning them into the nearest White Walkers.” Bran pointed out. He rubbed the side of his face in agitation. “We can go in circles about whether or not we can trust Theon for hours but the fact of the matter is we don’t have a lot of options and we need to go somewhere to fix the hyperdrive.”

Pyp let out a loud yawn. “I don’t really see what the difference is concerning whether or not we can trust him. We need to go somewhere, and unless you have a better idea Grenn it sounds like this Theon might be it. Besides, if he decides to betray us we can always kill him—”

“What?!?”

“Are you out of you fucking mind?!”

“You can’t be serious right now.”

“—or tie him up and throw him in a closet. With you three I am sure it will be easy enough.” Having finished his meal, Pyp rested his head back onto the table. “I am too tired to make a fucking decision. I vote with whatever Sansa decides. She is the leader, after all.”

Sansa chewed on her bottom lip while she considered the information that Bran had given her, supplied with what she already knew about Shield Islands. The simple fact of the matter was that Pyp was right; they only had the once choice in Theon Greyjoy. Allowing Willas and his group to take the fuel without questions was promising, plus he had an established relationship with Bran. Even if did have Empire sympathies at this point in time, his love for Bran might outweigh his inclination to turn them in.

Sansa nodded her head once, her decision made. “We will go to Theon Greyjoy and seek out his help.” Bran’s face erupted into a smile. Grenn frowned and folded his arms over his chest, while Pyp simply gave her a thumbs without bothering to move his head. “We will not call him beforehand, just in case he does become tempted to share our arrival with the Empire, nor will we stay longer than necessary.” She glanced at the ice box. “Unfortunately, we only have enough food and water to last eight, maybe nine weeks. Pyp, while navigating our course I want you to check to see if there are any wheels on our way to Shield Islands. We will order what supplies we need from there and have them flown to us via droid delivery. We will only order food and water, not supplies for the hyperdrive. Though it is unlikely, I don’t want us to raise suspicion about the state of our ship and have some mechanic force us to bring it in to look at before he sells us the parts.” She looked at Grenn. “I know you don’t like it, and frankly I don’t either, but Pyp and Bran are right. Theon
Greyjoy and his mining guild are our only option.”

Grenn let out a huff. “Fine.” He said tightly. He began to collect the dishes from the table and took them to the sink. “But at the first sign of trouble, we are out of there. Agreed?”

“Agreed.” Sansa said. She frowned as Pyp began to snore from his spot at the table. Sighing, she used the Force to levitate him so that she could carry him to his room without jostling him around.

Bran stood to help Grenn with the dishes. “There won’t be any trouble.” He swore. “Theon would never betray me.”

“Let’s hope so kid.” Grenn said, not bothering to hide the doubt in his voice. “Let’s hope so.”

Chapter End Notes

Theon is coming! This is not a drill my friends. He really will be showing up in all his glory very soon. I originally had him at the lone White Walker who saved Sansa, but when I was thinking about who would make a great Lando there was just no denying that it should be Theon. Thus, Pyp and Grenn got that honor. As those two, especially Pyp, have become favorites amongst you all, I am glad that I went in that direction.

Yup, Grenn is in love with Sansa. BUT, there are no love triangles in this story. He loves her, but he also respects her and Jon and is not going to make a move on her. Grenn is about to go on a very big journey for his character, and his love and desire to protect Sansa while Jon is gone will be what starts it. Spoilers??

I hope everyone enjoyed this chapter! Thank you all for being so understanding that updates will be a bit slower over the summer. I appreciate all the support you all give.

A quick note about their Force Bond: think less The Last Jedi and more The Clone Wars, Rebels, and Knights of the Old Republic. Also, did anyone see the trailer for the brand new season of Clone Wars?? CHILLS!!

Have a fab weekend my friends! Please hit me up in the comments to let me know what you think of our new developments. We will be leaving this group for a bit as we train with Jon, learn more about their bond through him, have him get his lightsaber, and confront the darkness that is inside of him. Sounds exciting!
Hello my friends! I am unsure if there is any interest left if in this story as it has been a month since I last updated (more on that at the end notes), and the length continues to grow. However, for those of you who are still around, I give you the newest chapter. Also, thank you for sticking with me!

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, Filoni, or Gidwitz

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 40: Counting to Ten

One… Two…

This is dumb.

No, there has to be a point.

Focus Jon.

One… Two… Three… Four…

Could this exercise be anymore boring?

One…

Can somebody stop making that fucking sound?!

Ugh! Focus Jon.

One…Two… Three… Four… Five… Six..

Fuck it. This whole thing is a waste of time.

XXXXXX

“I wish I was coming with you.”

Jon turned to looked at Sam. He’d been focused on packing his very meager belongings—all his clothes were on The Watch when The Lord of Light made the jump to hyperspace—and forgotten that Sam had promised to stop by before his training with Doc Luwin to say goodbye. Excluding what he had been wearing that day, his personal belongings were all taken from the Rebellion’s collection bins. Stannis wasted nothing. If a creature in the Rebellion died, their belongings were gathered together for others to go through and use if needed.
Jon had felt like a thief taking a departed creature’s things. Willas had tried to help by giving him some of his own clothes, but the Gar’den was slimmer and taller than Jon, and nothing fit correctly. Still, he supposed it was better than Jaime’s situation, whose ‘brand new, expensive, and fashionable’ clothes were also lost to him. Listening to him complain about it, Jon felt like Sansa needed to protect two things for Jaime: Bran, and Jaime’s wardrobe.

Sam frowned. “I should be coming with you. The squadron is already split up; we shouldn’t fracture it anymore. Maybe I could speak to Davos and—"

“It’s all right Sam.” Jon said. He smiled at his friend and placed gently punch him in the arm like he would a brother. “There is nothing for you where I am going. You will be able to apprentice under the best doctors and medical droids the Rebellion can offer if you stay here.”

Jon returned his attention back to his packing. At least his underclothes were somewhat new. He had “borrowed” some of the ships linen and offered a trade to a creature named Satin. In exchange for Jon helping him with his target practice, Satin would sew him some underclothes. They were a bit tight, but they would work.

“Still,” Sam pressed, “I don’t like that we are going to be even more split up then we already are.” He handed Jon four pairs of socks. “It doesn’t feel right, us being here and Sansa’s group being who knows where. I don’t understand it. Bran was so sure that he was meant to help you, but now that is impossible.”

Jon grunted. He grabbed his father’s jacket and ran his fingers over the worn material. It felt like the only memory he had of his childhood. Not for the first time, he was grateful that he had chosen to wear it before his separation from the group, from Sansa. He reverently laid the jacket on the top of his rucksack. He grabbed the drawstrings and synched it closed.

“I guess that it the whole point of the ‘chosen vs. destiny’ shit that Davos and Tyrion were talking about. Chosen means there are different futures and endless possibilities.” Jon said a bit hotly. He could feel his anger rise by the barest of fractions. He ignored it, reasoning that it was too small to be harmful. “Another one had us staying together, but that isn’t the one we are living in now.” He wrapped his scarf around his neck.

Sam frowned. “I wonder how they are doing.” He said sadly. “Not even Tyrion knows where they are or what they are going. I don’t understand why Stannis won’t let us open communication with them. It’s been—"

“I know how long it’s been!” Jon screamed. His anger grew exponentially, and blind rage began to overtake him.

Sam let out a long sigh through his nose. The sadness upon his face was replaced by a look of pity as he watched Jon’s entire body tense up. Sam would have feared Jon’s outburst over a month ago, but not anymore; it happened too often now.

“I have felt the pain of separation every minute of every day for the past month! You know nothing of how long it has been!” Jon screamed so loudly he thought he might lose his voice. He could feel the veins in his throat pulsing his blood fed his rage. “How dare you remind me of such things? Who are you?! You are nothing compared to me! NOTHING!”

Jon’s breathing became labored and heavy as the Darkness began to consume his soul. The smart part of his true self that still remained fought against its power. Jon gripped the sides of his head so tight that he saw stars. He closed his eyes as the room began to spin in swift circles. In the distance he could hear Sam calmly calling for Jaime—his room was across from Jon’s—but it sounded so far
away.

_How dare that pathetic creature not fear your power._

_He is the one responsible for your separation from Sansa._

_You will teach Sam a lesson. It is the only way._

Jon gripped his head tighter. He felt like he was drowning, with only a precious few seconds left before death came to claim him.

_If that piece of shit hadn’t asked for your help, you would have stayed with Sansa._

_Now she is alone with two other men._

_Maybe she is already fucking one of them._

_Maybe she doesn’t even love you anymore._

_Teach Sam a lesson. Punish him for his mistakes._

_It is the only way._

Jon shook his head. Those events weren’t, and couldn’t possibility be, true. He was being manipulated. Jon had volunteered to stay behind. It wasn’t anyone’s fault that Sansa and Jon were separated. It was just something that happened; an unfortunate accident. And Sansa would never leave him for Grenn or Pyp. She loved him. None of them would do that to Jon.

Right?

_Liar._

_You are too weak to admit the truth._

_Join with me and I will make you stronger than the pathetic lies you tell to protect yourself._

“I’m not a liar.” Jon said through gritted teeth. “You’re manipulating the truth.”

Jon tried desperately to remember everything that Jaime had been teaching him about the Dark Side. It would take things that happened and twist them around to benefit its own agenda. It wanted Jon to be angry and give in to his fears so that it could control him. If he allowed himself to get caught up in the half-truths, then he would forget the actuality of past events.

_Why do you refer to me as if I am someone else?_  

_I am you, Jon. We are one and he same._

“No, you’re not me. I am nothing like you.” Jon pleaded.

_Be honest Jon. You like it when I take control. That is the only way—_  

“No!” Jon screamed. He felt nauseated from his own emotions. “That isn’t true!”

_I’m not the liar, Jon Mormont._

_You are._
Jon curled himself into a ball and began rocking back and forth on the floor. Tears began to form behind his closed eyes. He felt angry, pathetic and weak. For one tiny moment, he allowed himself to believe that he was everything the Dark Side said.

Jon whimpered as a warm feeling began to take root in his heart. It was honest, and loving, and selfless, and hopeful. It was beautiful and caring and just one touch of its power made Jon feel like he had the love of the entire Galaxy flowing within him.

It was Sansa, coming to save him like she always did.

Tyrion had told him that Force signatures were reflections of an individual’s personality. As her light continued to flow through him, taking on the dark energy that resided there and expelling it from his soul with strong will and determination, Jon knew that Tyrion’s description was accurate.

*You can only hide from the truth for so long.*

Sansa’s light pushed harder against the Darkness. There were two factions at war within him, and Jon was nothing more than a bystander to their fighting.

Perhaps he really was weak.

He groaned as his unintentional moment of doubt allowed the Dark Side to surge within him once more. His limbs tingled as Sansa covered him once again in a blanket of her love. The Dark Side hissed against her, but it was no match for her own power. It quickly began to recede once more. Jon could sense its anger at having been expelled by Sansa.

*One day, Sansa will lose, and you will be mine.*

*We will finally come together, as it was always meant to be.*

*It is your destiny.*

Jon let out a large gasp, both at the Dark Side’s ominous words and at the feeling of it leaving his body. His skin tingled as Sansa’s energy danced merrily inside of him. Tyrion taught him that by meditating he would be able to see Sansa’s essence within himself, but Jon had never tried to do so. He knew that if he did, he would also see his own force signature, and Jon feared its appearance. What if it was dark and ugly, and stain upon her own purity?

Some things were better not to know.

“Jon?” Sam’s voice said gently. “Are you all right now?”

Jon slowly opened his eyes and let go of his head. He was sure that he would have fingerprint sized bruises along his forehead and scalp. Looking about quickly, he saw Jaime standing next to Sam, who was hovering over him and looking extremely worried.

“Yes.” Jon said. He averted his gaze to the floor, not wanting to look at Jaime’s disappointed expression. He knew a reprimand was coming if Jaime’s scowl, pursed lips, and crossed arms were anything to go by.

“Yes.” Jon said again.
Jaime ran a hand down his face. He sighed harshly. “Fucking hell Jon.” He ground out through gritted teeth. He moved out of the way, allowing Sam to check Jon’s pulse. Two days ago when Jon had been overtaken by the Dark Side, his breathing had become so erratic that he’d passed out as soon as Sansa was finished expelling it from his body.

The room was eerily silent as Sam counted Jon’s beats per minute, the tension between Jon and Jaime so thick that it could be cut with a knife. Beads of sweat began to form on Sam’s forehead due to the atmosphere. The only positive was the lingering power of Sansa’s force signature. It always remained a few hours after each episode to make sure Jon was all right.

Sam gave him a tight smile. “Everything sounds just as it should.” He said. He stood up from his crouched position and offered his hand to Jon.

“Thanks.” Jon said, accepting the help. It felt like his body had gone through a vicious battle. The weight of the Dark Side was beginning to wear him down, not just emotionally but physically as well. It was getting harder and harder to regroup after each attack.

Sam looked between Jon and Jaime. The disappointment in Jaime’s brow so deep that Jon worried he was going get permanent wrinkles.

Considering how vain Jaime was, Jon didn’t think it would be a bad thing for his pride to be knocked down a beg or two.

Sam coughed uncomfortably. “Well, I will just, uh… yeah.” He quickly began to make his way towards the door.

“Forget it Sam.” Jaime said with a huff. “We are due to meet Davos on the docking bay in ten.” He gave Jon a sharp look. “Anything I have to say to Jon can wait until then. The Galaxy knows Davos will need to hear about it, though the odds of he and Tyrion not feeling what just happened are extremely low. I am sure the both already know what happened.”

“Well maybe if Davos felt it he can give me something else to do than count to fucking ten.” Jon muttered. “He’s wasting my time.” He said, a month’s worth of pent up frustration bubbling to the surface.

Jaime cocked his head to the side. “I’m sorry, but did you or did you not just have another fucking episode with Dark Side that required your girlfriend to save your ass?” Jaime ran his fingers through his hair in agitation. “Look Jon, I will be the first to admit that when it comes to your training, the past month has been little more than a wash. Between traveling to this Galaxy-forsaken snow planet, setting up the base, scouting missions to make sure we don’t have to worry about Frozen Shore’s native creatures, Davos’ meetings…” Jaime trailed off and sighed. He walked over to Jon and placed a hand on his shoulder, his previous frustrations gone. “It’s a good thing we are leaving the planet to train without interruptions. But,” Jaime gave Jon a hard stare, “there is a reason Davos is starting you off this way.

“To punish me.” Jon said mutinously. “I have already been through all this youngling level shit with Sansa. Ask Sam, he was there.” At the mention of his name, Sam began to look anywhere but at Jon and Jaime. It was clear he didn’t want to be apart of the conversation. “Sansa didn’t understand how to train me, but she figured it out quickly enough. You would think that Davos with all his grand, eternal wisdom would realize that I am not some fucking youngling that needs to start at the beginning. One of the reasons I trained with Sansa in the first place was so that I would be ready for his ‘advanced knowledge’ once I joined him.” Jon threw his hands up in the air. “He is acting like my time with her never fucking happened. I levitated a baby towards me and helped defeat an Inquisitor for fucks sake! What the hell is his problem?!"
Jon stomped back to his bag and looped his arms through the straps to place it on his shoulders. He and Jaime were the only two people who continued to sleep on *The Lord of Light* after landing on Frozen Shore. All the other creatures slept in the barracks the Rebellion had set up inside the caverns they were currently hiding in, but Jon and Jaime were special. Jon because he’d scared the shit out of everyone during his breakdown when Sansa and the rest of their team couldn’t make the jump to lightspeed, and Jaime because he was the only one who could control Jon during his mood swings that wasn’t needed in meetings all the time. It also didn’t hurt that by keeping Jaime with Jon during their sleeping schedule, they were effectively keeping him away from all the creatures in the Rebellion who desired to kill him Jaime his sleep. Thus far, the only Rebellion members to show Jaime any sort of friendliness were Brienne, Pod—who was still scared of him but at least tried to brave—Gilly, and Willas. Jon had been slightly surprised by the last two, but they had simply said that if Jaime had gained Sansa’s trust, then that was good enough for them. The four of them, along with Sam, made up a small scouting unit.

Jaime scoffed at Jon’s complaints. “You have also had almost daily problems with the Dark Side.” He pointed out. “That doesn’t exactly inspire any confidence in your Force control.”

Jon placed his hands on his hips. “I’m sorry, but I thought it was your responsibility to help me overcome the Dark Side.” Jon mocked. “Maybe if someone actually fucking taught me something useful I would be better at overcoming its pull!” He yelled.

Jaime narrowed his eyes. “True Force Masters recognize that they know nothing about the Force and continue to study it, learning something new every day.” He chastised. He adjusted the straps of his own rucksack, which he had been wearing when he came into the room. “My Father thought Davos was the only Jedi that we needed to fear during Cersei’s take over, the only one worthy of our attention. It would be in your best interest to take seriously what he is teaching you instead passing it off as ‘youngling level shit’.”

“What about Tyrion? Wasn’t he the one to discover Cersei’s plot, not the esteemed Davos?” Jon questioned sarcastically.

Jaime rubbed at his forehead. “Tyrion came out of fucking nowhere. We fooled everyone, except for him. It was… unexpected.”

Jon’s eye twitched. “Then why doesn’t Tyrion fucking teach me!?” He challenged. “If Davos is so fucking smart then why the hell were you able to fool him? Shouldn’t he have known? He said he trusted evidence over instincts. Aren’t Jedi supposed to go off their damn feelings?” Jon’s anger flared with each sentence and question. He felt only mildly guilty when Sansa tampered it with her energy, effectively stopping another Dark Side takeover before it could start.

“What do you ask because you truly want to know, or because you are a child throwing a tantrum?” Davos’ calm voice asked from outside his room.

Jon jumped, having not heard Davos come down the hallway during his tirade. Though, truth be told, he probably wouldn’t have heard him even if he hadn’t been speaking. Davos had a very light tread due to his years of being a Jedi.

“So… is it okay for me to leave now, or?…” Sam stuttered. The tension between Jon and Jaime had felt thick but compared to the energy now swirling about the room it had been down right pleasant. “I really don’t think I need to be here for all of this.” He gestured between the three men in the room.

“It is quite all right Sam.” Davos said kindly despite his tense expression remaining focused on Jon. “We are only speaking with one another. Besides, I know you want to say good-bye to your friend before we leave.”
Sam rested his head in between his hands. “I am not made for these types of situations.” He muttered. Without warning, he went over to Jon and gave him a hug. “Jon, I love you. You are like a brother to me. I dream of the day when you, Grenn, Pyp, Sansa and I are all able to go to a restaurant or sporting event without shit happening to us. I wish you good luck in your travels. I have no doubt you will be able to kick the Dark Side’s ass. Take care and I will see you when you training is complete.” He gave Jon two swift pats on the back. Letting him go, Sam turned swiftly on his heel and departed the room at a pace that was between a power walk and sprint.

Jon sighed. Sam hadn’t even given him a chance to respond before leaving. He felt guilty for being one the reasons that Sam was do uncomfortable. Ignoring Davos’ raised eyebrows, he ran after the only member of the original Crow Squadron that was still with him.

“Sam, wait!” He yelled, not at all surprised that Sam was already halfway down the hall. The former White Walker had gained some impressive speed with all the training he had done since joining the Rebellion.

Sam paused and turned around. “Yes?” He said slowly. He looked behind Jon to see if Jaime and Davos were following him.

They weren’t.

“Thank you, Sam for everything.” Jon said. He rubbed the back of his neck. “This past month has been been…” Jon pursed his lips together as he tried to think of the right word to describe the last four weeks.

“Fucking bullshit?” Sam offered, lips quirking slightly.

Jon huffed a single laugh. “Maybe not that bad.” He placed his hands in his pockets. “I know that I haven’t been the easiest creature to live with, due to my Dark Side episodes and my frustrations with my training, or lack thereof.” Jon looked down at the floor. “I know what other creatures have been saying about me. They think I am crazy or possessed by the Dark Side, or worse a Sith pretending at being a Jedi. I heard you defend me against them. I appreciate it, truly. You have stood by me this whole time and I am grateful.”

Sam placed his hand on Jon’s shoulder. Jon hesitantly looked up into his brown eyes. They were kind, which was fitting; Jon didn’t know if there was ever a creature in the Galaxy as kind as Sam.

“I believe in you Jon.” He said with conviction. “You are smart and talented. I believe that if you chose to be so, you will be on the one to bring balance back to the Force and save the Galaxy.”

“Do you still want to come with us? I could use you to keep me from making an ass of myself.” Jon said with a smile.

Sam laughed. “I have a feeling that Jaime will do a good job with that. Besides, you are right. I do want to stay here.” He stuck out his hand for Jon to shake. “Succeed Jon.”

“You too.” Jon said, shaking his head. “When I come back, I expect you to be the best damn doctor in the Galaxy.”

“I will.” They let go of each other. “And Jon?”

“Hm?”

Sam hesitated, as if he knew what he was about to say could not be received well by Jon.
“It’s all right Sam. Sansa is still with me. I won’t have another problem.” Jon assured him. She always stayed for a while after each episode to make sure that he was all right.

Sam waived his hand in front of his chest, dismissing his comment. “No, it isn’t that. I am more afraid that what I am going to say will hurt your feelings instead of making you angry. You’re my friend, and I don’t want you to be even more discouraged than you already are.” Sam took in a deep breath and squared his shoulders. “I know you stopped trying to fight the Dark Side so you can feel Sansa. You worry that you will lose her, but you won’t. She’ll always be with you, Jon. You don’t have to feel the Dark Side for that to happen.” Sam looked at Jon worriedly. “I fear that if you keep allowing yourself to over indulge in your anger, there will come a time when even Sansa isn’t strong enough to help you.”

Jon opened his mouth to respond but found himself speechless. “I—well, that is—”

“It’s okay Jon. I’m not judging you. I know you miss Sansa, and you just want to be close to her in any way you can. You may not even be aware that you are doing it. It’s okay to need people, and need help, but make sure you know the difference between needing help and becoming dependent on it. You are the one who is going to defeat the Dark Side within you, Jon, not Sansa.”

Jon furrowed his brow. Had he been doing what Sam said? If so, it hadn’t been a conscious decision. Recently, whenever the feelings of the Dark Side began to creep up, it had been different. When he was still with Crow Squadron, the feelings had been gradual and something that Jon was able to stop before they got too out of control. But since coming to Frozen Shore…

Jon shook his head. No, that wasn’t completely true, was it? His problems had truly started when Sansa told him it was time to join the Rebellion. Faster than Jon could blink, the feelings of anger, rage, and hurt, had overcome him. He hadn’t had time to understand what was happening, let alone have the mindset to fight the power of the Dark Side. Almost all his episodes in the past month had been more of the same. Someone would say something, or Jon would become frustrated over a situation, and within seconds he was screaming with irrational rage while everyone near him cowered in fear. The recent one with Sam had been slightly better—he had managed to put up a small fight—but had he really done all he could have to stop the voices were before Sansa intervened? The more he thought about it, the more he wasn’t so sure.

“Am I dependent on Sansa?” Jon whispered, more to himself than Sam.

Sam gave him a sad smile. “Only you can answer that, Jon.”

Jon’s eye twitched. “Is it too much to ask for a ‘yes’ or ‘no’ sometimes?” He groused. “I am getting a little annoyed with all of the ‘only you know the answer’ responses.”

Sam laughed. “Maybe you should stop asking questions that only you know the answer to.” He teased. He looked down at his comm link as it started beeping. Sam punched Jon affectionately in the shoulder. “I’ve got to go before I’m late for my first session with Doc Luwin. “Do well Jon, and stay safe.”

Jon gave him a two fingered salute. “Always.” He said. He made sure to keep his tone carefree and easy, even though he was feeling anything but. Jon worried that if he continued to tell Sam his worries, he would cause Sam to miss his first day with Doc Luwin altogether.

Sam smiled at Jon, a happy one this time, before turning around and walking down the hallway. Jon watched him go wistfully. He was the last creature that represented Jon’s life when he was with Crow Squadron, and now he was leaving, just like the rest of his team had done. He instinctively reached out his hand to seek out Ghost’s comfort before pulling it back and letting his arm hang
limply at his side. Even Ghost was no longer with him. Just like Sam had been the representation of his team, Ghost embodied his time growing up with Jeor on their ship.

Jon sank down to his knees, leaning on the wall for support.

“I can do this, right Dad?” He whispered. He gently fingered Jeor’s black scarf that he wore around his neck. “To be honest, I don’t even know what ‘this’ is. Do I want to be the Chosen One? Do I not want to be the Chosen One? When did everything become so difficult and confusing?”

Jon sat down on the floor. He placed the back of his head against the wall and groaned. “Sam is right. I have been relying too much on Sansa. I wasn’t doing it on purpose, I was just so tired of fighting it on my own and I knew she would help me. I miss her so much that is aches. I wanted to feel her with me and I…” Jon rubbed at his eyes with the heels of his hands. “I fucked up, Dad. I thought I had become a man, but I am still nothing but a boy.”

Jon paused. He held his breath, waiting with desperate hope that Jeor would respond to him like he had done those few times over a month ago.

He didn’t.

Jon’s face scrunched up in pain as he felt the moisture begin to form on the backs of his eyes. Perhaps if waited just a few more moments…

Nothing.

Tears pricked his eyes as Jon continued to listen to the silence of the hallway. He closed his eyes, not wanting to look at the blank walls where the Force ghost of his father could have if only he was stronger with the Force. He hadn’t heard anything from Jeor since Mistwood. Davos and Tyrion had confirmed Jaime’s theory that Jon needed to be stronger in the Force to allow him to see and communicate with Jeor.

Jon rebounded from his initial sadness over the news quickly. Considering how much easier it’d been for him to grasp the Force once Sansa started to teach him in a different manor, Jon assumed it would only be a few days as most before he was interacting with Jeor again. It never happened. Davos was needed at meetings, Jon was needed for scouting missions, and no progress was made. Well, at least not with the Force anyway. Jaime was still accessible, and he and Jon had taken to sparing together daily with Jon borrowing Jaime’s shoto and elongating the blade into the traditional length of a saber. Jon had approached Jaime after one of their sessions and in his frustration begged Jaime to teach him instead; he was tired of waiting for Davos to give him more to do then close his eyes and count to ten. He was shocked when Jaime denied him. To Jon’s frustration, the older man had stood behind Davos and his pointless exercises.

Jon jumped as a solid arm was placed atop his shoulder. He quickly shrugged it off.

“Go the fuck away Jaime.” He said harshly. Jon suspected that the Dark Side would be gaining power right now if it wasn’t for Sansa’s continued presence within him. “I will be ready in five minutes so just leave me the hell alone—”

“I’m not Jaime.”

Jon winced at the sound of Davos’ voice. He wryly wondered if maybe he should get the man a bell to help alert Jon to his presence. At least then he wouldn’t surprise him anymore.

“Sorry.” Jon said. “But, do you think that maybe you could go away even though you aren’t Jaime? It’s just, I’m kind of having a moment here, and I don’t want to—”
“I’m not leaving Jon.” Davos said, his deep voice leaving no room for argument.

Jon nodded his head, defeated. When he wanted to be with those he loved he couldn’t; when he wanted to be left alone to wallow in his misery he couldn’t do that either. He placed his hands on the ground to push himself off the floor. If he wasn’t going to get what he wanted, he might as well grab his rucksack and head to the ship. He didn’t need to look at a clock to know they were running behind schedule.

Davos ignored Jon as he got to his feet. He instead sat himself down on the floor and indicated for Jon to resume his former position. Jon retook his seat, resigning himself to never getting what he wanted for the rest of the day.

“Aren’t we supposed to be leaving soon?” Jon asked petulantly. He knew was beginning to act in the manner that Davos accused him of earlier, but he just didn’t have it in him to care.

“We can spare a few minutes.” Davos said. He stretched out his legs in front of him and placed his hands on his lap, his right one over his left. “Jaime has agreed to meet us on the ship and will begin flight procedures on his own.”

“Perfect.” Jon mumbled.

Davos gave a small laugh. “Indeed.” He said. He turned his head to look at Jon. “I am going to ask you a question, and then I am going to tell you a story. I do not want your answer until after I am finished. Do you agree?”

“Do I have a choice?”

Davos sighed out of his nose and his shoulder slumped. “Jon, we have been through this before. You always have a choice.”

Jon scratched the scruff on his face. He had let his beard grow a bit longer due to the frigid temperatures on Frozen Shore. “Fine, but I get to ask you a question on my own as well.”

“You will find your answer in the story I am about to tell.”

“But you don’t even know what I am going to ask.” Jon argued with a frown.

Davos smiled at him knowingly. “You want to know why I am asking you to count to ten, correct?” Jon nodded. “If after listening you still do not understand, then I will tell you.”

“Deal.” Jon said instantly. If someone was finally offering to give him an answer that didn’t involve him ‘looking within himself’ then he wasn’t going to argue. Jon situated himself so he could face Davos directly while listening to the story. “What is your question?”

Davos looked Jon straight in the eye. “Jon, why do you want to be a Jedi?”

Jon had to resist the urge to roll his eyes. He didn’t understand how that was a question that would require him to think about the answer. Hadn’t he already decided the ‘why’ when he first met with Davos, Tyrion, and Sansa on Greywater Watch?

Jon opened him mouth. He didn’t need to listen to the story in order to respond. “I already told you. It’s so I can—”

Davos held up his hand to stop him. “Questions that seem easy often have the most difficult answers.” He reasoned. “I don’t want your answer yet. Listen first, answer later.”
Davos cleared his throat. Jon felt like it was a dramatic way to start his story but held his tongue. He nodded to let Davos know he was ready to listen.

“A long time ago, in a Galaxy far far away, there lived a sickly man with his three sons. The oldest son was strong and handsome. Everyone in their tiny village believed he would become a successful man one day. The second son was wise and clever. Everyone thought that he too, was wonderful and would become their leader. Unlike his two brothers, the third and youngest son was quiet and thoughtful. Due to his contrasting nature, everyone thought him to be an idiot. The third son did not agree with what was said about him, but thinking him in denial about his situation, nobody in the village listened.”

“One day, the oldest son announced that he was going out into the world to seek his fortune. His father begged him not to go. ‘I am old and sick,’ he said. ‘Your brothers and I need you to help with the farm. Who will take care of the animals and tend the fields? We will starve!’”

“‘My brothers can see to those duties.’ He argued. Without a second though, he left his father’s home to seek his fortune.

“Soon, he came to a dark and frightening forest. He hesitated, scared of what was inside. As he took his first steps into the trees he saw a buboicullar sitting alongside the path.”

“‘I am hungry!’ The creature croaked. ‘Won’t you share your food with me?’”

“The oldest son scoffed. He had only packed enough food for himself and did not want to share with a lowly creature. ‘Begone, you filthy buboicullar! I am off to seek my fortune!’ He made to kick the buboicullar before continuing on the path. The creature said nothing and watched him go.”

“Soon, the oldest son came to a great palace. It walls were high and made from polished stone that glittered in the sunlight. ‘Perhaps this king will make the commander of his armies!’ He exclaimed. He commanded the guard to take him inside to meet the king.”

“Inside the palace, the king sat atop a simple throne and wore no crown. ‘What do you seek?’ He asked the oldest son.”

“‘I come to seek my fortune.’ He replied eagerly.”

“‘I see.’ The king said. He gave the boy an appraising look. ‘Then your fortune you shall have.’”

“Faster then the oldest son could blink, the king clapped his hands and transformed him into a fly. A long tongue shot out of the king’s mouth. He caught the oldest brother and ate him.”

Jon’s jaw dropped in shock. He didn’t know which was worse, the older brother who turned out to be a bit of an asshole or the sort-of-a-cannibal king.

Davos raised an eyebrow at him. “Are you still thinking about my question, Jon?”

Jon quickly closed his mouth. He rubbed the back of his head sheepishly. “I was in the beginning, but I may have stopped once you started talking about the brother refusing the buboicullar food.”

Davos rubbed his chin. “I see.” He said slowly. “See if you can think of the question for this next part.” He directed.

Jon rolled his shoulders back. He would make sure to think of his answer while Davos finished the story.
“Time passed and the young man’s father accepted that he would never see his eldest son again. His second and third sons worked twice as hard to take care of the animals and crops while caring for their sick father. Soon, the second son announced that he too was going to leave their farm and enter the world to seek his fortune.”

“Don’t go!” The father begged. ‘You must stay and help with the farm. Who will take of the chores while you are away? We will surely starve without you.’”

“The second son scoffed. ‘My brother can do all the work.’ He argued. He packed a bag full of food and headed for the door. ‘I am off to seek my fortune!’”

“The second son followed the same road that his older brother had previously taken. He too hesitated when he came to the dark and scary forest. Taking a deep breath, he headed inside. He stopped after a few feet when he came upon a tokah sitting in the middle of the path.”

“I am hungry.” The tokah purred. The feline eyed his bag with longing eyes. ‘Won’t you share your food with me?’

“The second son shook his head. ‘I am off to seek my fortune. I cannot share my food with you.’ He said dismissively. ‘Begone and bother me no more.’ He raised his leg as if to kick the tokah. The creature ran away, hungry and frightened.”

“Soon, the second son came upon the same castle that his brother had found. His eyes grew as wide a saucers as he took in its size and grandeur. He went to the palace guard and was told that a great king resided inside the palace.”

“Perhaps he will make me his closest advisor!” He exclaimed.”

“He quickly demanded the guard take him inside to meet the king. When he came upon the throne room, he found the king sitting upon a simple chair and without a crown. The second son was not very impressed but decided that he would seek his employ anyway upon remembering the size of the castle.”

“What is it you seek?” The king asked from his seat on the throne.”

“I have come to seek my fortune!” The second son declared.”

“The king titled his head and examined him. “A fortune you seek?” He asked. The second son nodded eagerly. ‘Very well. Then your fortune you shall have.’”

“The king clapped his hands together. Faster than he could blink, the second son was turned into a mouse. The king reached out a great paw, crushed the son, and ate him.”

Jon blinked a few times, considering the story up until that point. On the surface, every creature sounded a little fucked up, especially the king who was most definitely a cannibal. He thought about what Davos had said about easy questions having difficult answers. The thought was also applicable to the story being told. On the surface it sounded like a simple tale, but there was a deeper meaning hidden beneath the top layer.

He stared at Davos, whose countenance had begun to change as the story went on. His gaze grew more intense and there was power behind his voice. Jon could feel the energy of the Force as it radiated off him.

“Back at the farm, the youngest son worked three times as hard to take care of the animals and harvest the crops. Though the father’s health did not improve, through the son’s hard work they were
able to remain sheltered and fed.”

“One day, the youngest song approached his father. ‘I would like to go out into the world and discover what has happened to my two brothers.’ He said.”

“The father sighed. His heart ached for his two lost sons. If they could not make it, surely the youngest would not as well.”

“‘You are just a simple boy. You could become lost, or worse. You must stay here and take care me and the farm. I won’t survive without you.’ He pleaded.”

“The youngest son shook his head. ‘I have prepared ten pails of milk for you to drink, a hundred eggs for you to eat, and several pounds of vegetables for you to cook. Eat what I have set aside for you, and I promise I will return before it is all gone.’”

“The son led his father into the kitchen to show him the truth of his words. Upon seeing how hard his youngest son had worked, he nodded his head and allowed him to go.”

“Packing enough food for his journey, the youngest son set out on the same path as his brothers the next morning. He grew afraid at the sight of the dark and scary forest. He gathered his courage and walked inside, surprised to find a tip-yup on the side of the road.”

“‘Please feed me.’ The tip-yup clucked. ‘I am so very hungry.’”

“The youngest son sat down next to the tip-yup and opened his bag. He laid out all the food he packed before the creature. Hungry as well, the two shared a meal together. The tip-yup had an enormous appetite. Before long, there was no more food left for his journey. The tip-yup thanked the youngest son for his kindness and disappeared into the forest.”

“The youngest son continued on his journey, now without the necessary food to sustain him in his travels. He became very weak and hungry. The farther he went, the more his legs shook, and his stomach knotted from hunger pains.”

“Just when he thought he could go no further, he came upon the castle that had enamored his two older brothers. He became excited upon learning of the king who resided inside.”

“‘Please take me to your king.’ He asked the guard kindly despite his weakened state. ‘I believe he might know what happened to my brothers.”’

“The youngest son followed the guard inside. He knelt before the king who sat upon his simple throne. ‘Please help me, your majesty.’ He begged. ‘I am looking for my brothers, who have disappeared while seeking their fortune.’ His stomach rumbled loudly. The son blushed. ‘I am also a little hungry. Perhaps I could work in exchange for a meal and a place to sleep? I must return to my father soon before his supplies run out.”’

“The king studied the youngest son. He clucked his tongue with pity. ‘Your brothers are dead.’ He said bluntly. He clapped his hands together. To the son’s astonishment, a large burlap bag appeared in his lap. ‘Take this food back to your father’s home and feed it to the tip-yup you have there. If you do, you shall never go hungry again.’ The king’s eyes sparkled with mischief when the son’s stomach rumbled again. ‘And stop by the kitchens on your way out.’ He added.”

“The youngest son gratefully took the sack from the king. After a warm meal and packing his bag with supplies, he made the journey back to his home where his father was waiting for him. The older man cried with joy when he saw his youngest son return home. He ran out to meet him. The two embraced, the father telling the son that he was well fed with the food the youngest son had set aside
while he was away.”

“The two men fed the king’s feed to their tip-yup’s. The small fowl gobbled it up quickly. To the youngest son’s surprise, when he went to collect eggs the next morning he found a golden egg in each of the tip-yup’s nests. He took the golden eggs to his father, who suggested they sell them at the market.”

“The king’s prophecy came true. With each egg they sold, the father and his youngest son were able to pay off their debts and live comfortably on their farm. They were never hungry again.”

Davos leaned back into the wall, the story was finished. He crossed his arms over his chest and raised a single eyebrow at Jon. He didn’t say anything, content to let Jon ponder the story.

Jon rubbed his hand thoughtfully over his chin. “The first two brothers were proud and impetuous.” He said, preferring to voice his thoughts aloud. “They were also selfish. They only cared about themselves and their fortune. They didn’t give a second thought to leaving their sickly father or the added responsibility it would put on the brothers or brother they left behind. Also, they were unkind to the creatures they met. Instead of sharing what they had, the kept it for themselves. They wouldn’t listen to—” Jon abruptly cut himself off. He dropped his head forward and groaned. “I am both the first son and second son, aren’t I? And you are the king.” He said, realization dawning.

Davos’ lips twitched. “What makes you say that?” He asked innocently. Jon wasn’t sure, but he thought he saw a spark of pride in his eyes.

Jon’s shoulders slumped. “This past month I have been so frustrated with my situation. I learned so much with Sansa as my Master, and I felt like you disregarded everything I could do. Instead of being teachable, I was stubborn and obstinate. I wanted my immediate reward. I felt like I deserved it.”

Davos nodded his head. “Go on.” He encouraged.

“One of the things that made the third son different is that he prepared for his departure. He learned how to take care of someone, which is what made it possible for him to share his food with the tip-yup. This is comparable to my time with Sansa. What she taught me prepared me to work with you.” Jon rubbed his hand down in his face. “Where I differ from him is that when the king told him to do something, he did it without question even though there was no evidence to suggest that giving the tip-yup’s the feed would cause them to lay golden eggs. He did it on faith.”

“Yes, he did.” Davos agreed.

Jon looked Davos in the eyes. “I have had no faith in you, and I am sorry.” He said, truly contrite. “From now on, I will do what you ask of me without complaint.”

“Thank you, Jon.” Davos said. There was no hint of bitterness in his voice for the way Jon had acted. “I would be remiss if I did not offer you an apology as well. Not for the way I trained you, but for not being more accessible for trainings.” He frowned. “I did not anticipate how busy things would be on Frozen Shore. Once I realized that we would not be able to train here successfully, I went to Stannis and told him that we would be leaving for a time. He wasn’t happy being told what to do, but you are more important that my duties here.”

Jon blinked a few times, stunned to hear that Davos found him to be a higher priority then his responsibilities with the Rebellion. It reminded him a bit of how Jeor always told him that no matter what he accomplished in his life, raising Jon would always be the best thing he had done.
“Now, as to my question, do you feel like you have an answer for me?”

“Yes.” Jon said definitively. He opened his mouth to speak but Daovs continues before he could answer.

“Did it change from a few minutes ago, before you heard the story?”

Jon titled his head to the side, pondering the question. “No, it did not.” He answered truthfully. He wasn’t sure if that was the correct answer, but thought it best not to lie. Jedi could always tell when another creature was lying.

“Then why did you find it so difficult to think on your answer during the story, when you already knew what it was?”

Jon furrowed his brow. “Well, that is, I…” He blushed in embarrassment. “I guess I got distracted.”

Davos gave him a bit of a smirk, which looked odd on the normally stoic Jedi. “And that, Jon, is why I have asked you to count to ten.”

“Huh?” Jon asked, more that bit confused.

Davos pointed a finger at Jon’s head. “A Jedi’s mind must be calm and still. Distractions will always come, but we cannot lose focus on our mission regardless of what is going on. With stillness of mind comes the true power of the Force.” Davos looked at Jon thoughtfully. “You are very strong, and very talented. You have been able to do some remarkable things with the Force despite your thoughts and emotions being anything but calm. Just think of how powerful you can truly be, once you are able to master this.”

Jon thought back to the times when he had been able to successfully manipulate the Force. “With all due respect, I don’t think what you are saying is accurate. I already possess a good focus, otherwise I wouldn’t have been able to use the Force previously. I scaled the wall of the hospital on Mistwood. Believe me when I say that took longer than ten seconds.”

Davos raised both of his eyebrows at Jon. “Why did you climb, when you could have jumped?” He asked a bit too innocently.

Jon lips curved down. He didn’t like where this was headed. “I had other creatures with me. I had to help them.”

“Oh, so you carried them then?”

“What? No. They carried themselves.”

“Then why did they need you?”

“To make sure they didn’t fall.”

“Then why didn’t you levitate them?”

“Because I…” Jon furrowed his brow. He knew the point Davos was making, and he didn’t like it. “Because I lacked the ability to do so.”

“And why do you think that is, Jon?” Davos asked gently. Jon appreciated that he wasn’t trying to be patronizing when he knew he had made his point successfully.

Jon’s shoulders slumped. “You’re right.” He said, defeated. “I do lack focus. I can keep my mind
calm for a few seconds at best, but other than that I get distracted easily. There is just so much going on that it is hard not to think, you know?"

Davos nodded sagely. “Yes, Jon, I do. This is the hardest concept for Jedi to grasp, and one that only the strongest of us are able to master. I am not teaching you how to stop thinking, but rather how to think with a calm and clear mind. When you do so, calling for the Force to you will be as easy as breathing. You won’t even realize you are doing it. Just like you no longer register your brain telling your legs to bend and stretch when you walk, you will no longer have to physically call the Force to you.” He gave Jon a smile. “You can do it, of that I have no doubt. It will just take time.”

Jon sighed. He tried not too look so glum, but what Davos was speaking of sounded impossible.

Davos stood. “Have faith Jon. In yourself, and in the Force.” He offered his hand to him.

Jon hesitated. It felt like Davos was offering more than his hand to him. Jon felt that if he took his hand, then he would be accepting everything Davos had said; he would be making a pact to follow his teachings and try his best to succeed, which he admittedly had stopped doing a few weeks before. This time, Jon really had to try.

Jon took Davos’ hand into his with a firm grip. “I will.” He swore.

Davos’ eyes softened, sensing the deeper meaning behind Jon’s words. The two men began to walk back towards Jon’s room to grab his and Davos’ rucksack. The Jedi had been wearing his when he first entered Jon’s room, and he figured the old man had left it behind when he came to speak with Jon.

Davos clasped his hands behind his back. “Now, why don’t you share with me why you want to be a Jedi? I confess to wanting to know your answer very much.”

“To help people.” Jon said simply. “To save the Galaxy from the Empire. And…” Jon hesitated. His third reason was more personal, and he didn’t want Davos to think him selfish after their conversation. It felt like they were finally starting to be in a good place.

“The last reason is because of my Dad.” He confessed slowly, trying to gauge the older man’s reaction. “If I defeat the Dark Side, then I can see him again.” Jon looked down at the floor. “I miss him.”

“Your father was a powerful Jedi.” Jeor said neutrally.

Jon gave a wistful sort of smile. “Of course he was.” He said matter-of-factly. He looked at Davos with a bit of surprise. “You don’t think that is selfish of me?”

Davos shook his head. “I did not ask you this question to judge your answer and deem it worthy. The path ahead is long and dangerous, and I wanted you to be sure of your reasons for choosing the way you have. Jeor was a good man. I too would like to see him again and apologize for my mistakes. I do not judge you for desiring this.”

Jon gave him a grateful look.

“I would, however, like to point out one simple thing.” Davos said.

Jon immediately felt himself tensing up, his guard back in place.

Davos chuckled. “It is nothing bad Jon. I merely find it interesting that you want to become a Jedi to help save the Galaxy, yet you are so resistant to becoming The Chosen One, whose sole purpose is
to stop Cersei and bring balance to the Force. Is there truly a difference?"

“Yes?” Jon said, wincing when the affirmative came out more as a question. Jon groaned. He ran his fingers through his hair. “No.” He said with more surety. “There isn’t.”

Jon palmed the door to his room. Sure enough, Davos’ own bag was lying on the floor next to Jon’s. He bent down to pick up his Master’s first before grabbing his own.

Davos accepted his rucksack with a grateful nod. “It is a hard decision, is it not?”

Jon grunted as he picked up his own bag, even though it was fairly lighter than Davos’.

“I am afraid of what it will mean if I fail. I know another person will be chosen, like with myself becoming The Chosen One after Night King chose the path he is on now, but what is the same thing happens with me as it did with him? Yes, there will be another chance to bring balance to the Force and save the Galaxy, but life has been shit for the last twenty years. The thought of things continuing on for that long, or longer, makes me sick. How many more creatures will suffer before Cersei is stopped?”

“Only you can make the decision about whether or not you take the mantle of The Chosen One.” Davos said. He waited patiently at the door while Jon strapped his blasters’ holster around his waist.

“I will not pressure you into doing so. It is a very big responsibility and not one that should be taken lightly. Even I do no understand how balance to the Force will be brought about, I only know that it will happen. I will say only this: do not let fear of failure be the reason you choose not to go down that path.”

Jon walked out the door. He and Davos began to walk towards where the ships were located. Stannis had not been able to spare any official Rebellion vessels for their departure, knowing that it would be months before he got it back. It had been Tyrion’s suggestion that they taken his own personal ship that he and Sansa would use for missions before she met Jon and became the leader of Crow Squadron. It was a small HWK-290 light freighter whose original design was meant for high class politicians and wealthier creatures of the Galaxy. The style had been discontinued during the Clone Wars in favor of battle ships. Tyrion paid a cheap price for the ship on Wall and had fixed it up as a sort of hobby, adding four dual laser cannons and a blaster cannon turret. Jaime had been beyond excited when he was shown the changes, having also spent a considerable amount of his time rebuilding a relic ship before it was lost in the explosion on Mistwood. Jon had smiled as he sat with the two men and talked long into the night about modifications made to ships and what could and couldn’t be done. It was one of the few times that he, along with Jaime, had actually felt content while on Frozen Shore.

“Sansa used to tell me that ‘fear was the mind killer’. Jon admitted. He waved to Jaime who was sitting in the cockpit while he finished up flight procedures. He began to walk up the ramp with Davos. “I know she is right, and I use to think that I wasn’t afraid of anything. But then I lost Dad, and with that came the fear of losing more people that I have grown to love and care for. Once I let the fear begin, it started to seep itself into other aspects of my life. Plus, this feels a lot deeper that just being afraid of failure. So many things are at stake if I can’t bring balance to the Force.”

Jon made his way to his room on the ship, which was coincidently Sansa’s old room. He wasn’t embarrassed to admit that he had taken some of her old clothes that still remained and breathed in their scent, hoping her smell still lingered on the fibers. Tyrion had refused to take her things out of the ship when she joined him and the others, reasoning that the room belonged to her and she would always have a place with him when she needed it.

Davos took a seat on the lone chair in the room as Jon began to unpack. “Fear can be healthy or
unhealthy depending on how you look at it.” He explained. “Fear can keep up from doing things that can bring us or others harm, but it can also stop us from doing what we know to be right. Now, once again, I am not saying that becoming The Chosen One is the right decision. I’m not. I just want you to be able to understand the difference behind not choosing to be The Chosen One because you are afraid to do so, or not becoming it because you feel like it is not the right choice for you for whatever reason.”

Jon finished putting his clothes away. He smiled to see them placed gently next to Sansa’s. Even their clothes looked like they belonged together, his darker choices matching her more neutral tones. He shook his head a bit, ruefully realizing that he really did lack focus. Davos and he were having a serious conversation and here he was getting all misty eyed over some clothes.

“I understand.” Jon said, turning to face Davos. “I am going to hold off on making a decision until our training is finished. Hopefully I will have defeated the Dark Side by then and will be able to make a decision when I am free of its power. Then I will know if it is fear holding me back or something else.”

“An excellent decision.” Davos agreed.

“Ships ready for take-off.” Jaime said through the ship’s comm. “Jon, I need you up here to help me fly it out.”

Jon pressed the button that linked Sansa’s room to the main system. “On my way.” He said. Out of the three of them, he was by far the best flyer. His chest had puffed up a bit when Tyrion, after seeing him do some maneuvers with Willas, had expressed how much his flying reminded him of his father. Jon didn’t think he would ever tire of hearing that he was like Jeor.

“Where are we going?” Jon asked as he followed Davos towards the cockpit. He placed his hands in his pockets. He had been too surprised at Davos’ announcement last night that the two of them and Jaime would be leaving Frozen Shore in less than twelve hours that he had forgotten to ask about their destination.

“Wolfswood.” Davos replied. He stepped aside to allow Jon to enter first.

“Wolfswood?” Jon questioned. He was more than a bit surprised. “Isn’t that planet a bit dangerous?”

Jaime snorted. “Doubtful. The rumors about its dangerous wildlife and strange spiritual juju were most likely exaggerated by some candy ass hunters who got spooked at the sound of a damn twig snapping.”

Davos raised his eyebrows at Jaime. “Have you been there?” He asked.

“Fuck no.” Jaime scoffed. “I’m not insane.”

Jon’s lips twitched as he tried to hold back a laugh. “I thought you said there was nothing wrong with the planet?” He asked a bit too innocently.

Jaime flipped the last of the switches, bringing Hand of the Jedi to life. “They are, but it’s not like I have had the time to find out for myself personally. I have been busy the past few years, if you haven’t noticed. Ending the Republic, disappointing my sister, disappointing myself, becoming a spy for the Rebellion, trying to keep Bran from the Dark Side, doing a shit job at keeping Bran from the Dark Side, defecting, saving your ass… It times time.”

Jon snorted at Jaime’s dramatics.
“Jaime is mostly right.” Davos said from his seat behind Jon and Jaime, ignoring the end part of Jaime’s speech. “The wildlife there is fairly harmless as long as we don’t provoke them. However, the planet does have a rather strong Force signature, which is one of the reasons why I chose it for our training grounds. I thought it would be good for Jon to be surrounded by natural energy.”

“What was the other reason?” Jon asked. He pulled back on the ships controls. He easily flew them out of the dock and towards Frozen Shore’s atmosphere. Jaime let out a low whistle at the seemingly endless scene of white below them.

“The Jedi Temple, of course.” Davos said.

Jon felt his heart rate begin to speed up. This time, however, it wasn’t due to anger but hope.

“Really?” Jon asked. He tried to sound nonchalant but there was no denying the tremor of excitement in his voice.

Davos smiled. “Yes, Jon. I believe that it will soon be time for you to receive your lightsaber. There are many planets with temples on them, but Wolfswood is the closest one that it isn’t heavily guarded by the Empire or already destroyed. The rumors about the planet’s less than savory atmosphere will be a benefit to us.”

Jaime silently nodded his head in agreement.

“I—I won’t let you down.” Jon stuttered, his excitement getting the better of him. “I’m not afraid.”

Davos raised an eyebrow. “I thought you said that you now fear many things.”

“I do.” Jon quickly amended. He scowled at Jaime who gave out a low chuckle at Jon contradicting himself. “But this is different. Becoming a Jedi and becoming The Chosen Ones are two different things. One implies that I will be apart of a group that will help save the Galaxy, the other means I alone will be the one to bring certain events to pass. While being a Jedi has its own stresses, it is not as frightening to me.” Jon squared his shoulders and looked back at Davos. “I’m not afraid.” He reiterated. “I will become a Jedi.”

Davos looked at him intensely. “Yes, you will.” He said quietly. “Just like your father.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so there are three reasons why this chapter took so long.

1. I realized two pages in that I really understood nothing about Luke's training with Yoda. I mean, how was it any different from his time with Obi Wan? After internet searches proved fruitless, I found a book called "So You Want to be a Jedi" that covered their training in length. Finally, inspiration! Also, a 300+ page book to read. That did take some time.

2. This chapter was originally written in the middle of Jon's training on Wolfswood. After the first 10 pages were told entirely in flashback, it became clear that I needed the flashbacks to be their own chapter. Thus began me writing 40 and 41 at the same time.
Chapter 40 was done! But, it felt incomplete without 41 and I wasn't sure if I should post 40 on my own. After consulting with Jen, and thinking on it for another week, I decided to post this one on its own.

And that, my friends, is why it took me a month to post. I hope I haven't lost anyone, though if I have it is understandable. For those still around, thank you so much for reading. Thankfully updates will not take as long now, as school is back in session. PARTY!

Please comment and let me know what you think. Have a fab week!!!
Letting Go

Chapter Notes

Hello my friends! Still with me? I hope so! I wanted to have this chapter up weeks ago but SLC FanX took up all my spare time (why do I wait until the last minute to finish my cosplay?!) so I didn't get it out as soon as I would have liked. The great news is there is no more cosplay to make and summer is over, so hopefully I will be back to some kind of schedule very soon. In the meantime, here is another ridiculously long chapter that I once again had to split up because Jon and Jaime both had issues that just wouldn't go away.

Enjoy my lovely readers!!

General disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 41: Letting Go

“Daddy?”

“Yes Jon?”

“I wish we could stay like this forever.”

Jeor smiled as Jon snuggled closer into his chest. He reached up and ruffled the young boy’s unruly curls. They were laying on the lush grass of Crakehall. The sky had been clear tonight, a perfect opportunity for star gazing. Jon had insisted he was not tired when Jeor had mentioned the possibility during dinner. He’d been so excited that instead of using the ramp to exit The Nights Watch he flung himself over the side and into his father’s waiting arms. Jeor had used the Force to lighten Jon’s fall. He was getting old, or perhaps Jon was getting heavy.

“You will have to grow up sometime Jon. You can’t stay a little boy forever.”

Jeor laughed. “I suppose you are right.” He said, smiling at Jon fondly. His agreement appeased the young boy, and he returned to resting his head against Jeor. “I only meant that someday you will have to ki—.” Jeor stopped abruptly and frowned.

“You will have to grow up sometime Jon. You can’t stay a little boy forever.”

Jon leaned up and gave Jeor a very serious expression for a five-year-old. “I am not little anymore. Two days ago you said I was getting big and would need new pants soon.”

Jeor laughed. “I suppose you are right.” He said, smiling at Jon fondly. His agreement appeased the young boy, and he returned to resting his head against Jeor. “I only meant that someday you will have to ki—.” Jeor stopped abruptly and frowned.

“What’s wrong, Daddy?”

Jeor shook his head. “Nothing. I was just thinking that, though you are getting very big, there are some words that perhaps you are not ready for.” Jon searched his brain for an age-appropriate way to explain to Jon the importance of growing up, not just physically but emotionally.
“Like ‘damn’?” Jon asked innocently. “I heard you whisper that yesterday when you dropped the wrench on your toe.

“Yes Jon, like ‘damn’.” Jeor agreed, silently thinking they would need to start using a swear jar soon. He refocused his thoughts on their original conversation. As was typical for most boys his age, Jon was very good at going from one topic to another in half a second. Thankfully Jeor’s mind was as sharp as it ever was, and he quickly thought of an age-appropriate way to explain becoming a man to his young son.

“I wish we could stay like this as well Jon. You will always be my boy, but one day I will wake up and you won’t be a boy anymore.” He kissed the top of Jon’s head. “There comes a time in every boy’s life when he becomes a man. What sort of man is up to him.”

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DAY 1

Jon spun on his heel as he looked around Wolfswood. It was one the largest planets in the Northern Star System next to Winterfell. Unlike many of the planets in this part of the Galaxy, Wolfswood did not constantly have snow on the ground. To be fair, Winterfell didn’t either, but due to Wolfswood’s proximity to its own personal sun the forest covered planet tended to have more traditional seasons. Unfortunately for Jon that meant the planet was currently in the middle of summer. He sighed as he unraveled his scarf and used it to clean the sweat already pooling on his brow. It was beginning to feel like the cold atmosphere on Frozen Shore was a tease, and he was destined to spend the rest of his life on uncomfortably hot planets and moons.

“Brood all you want but this is much better than Frozen Shore.” Jaime said, correctly guessing the reason for Jon’s discomfort. He threw Jon a crate full of supplies. “One more second on that fucking planet and I would have ended up looking as frost bitten as Night King.”

Jon rolled his eyes at Jaime’s dramatics. He easily caught the heavy crate, using the Force to strengthen his limbs. During their trip, Davos had explained to Jon that while he did excel in using the Force to help him with his physical strength, he struggled with the more ethereal qualities of the Force. This was not surprising considering that Jeor had devoted much of Jon’s childhood and youth to learning how to defend himself. Even Sansa had focused more on that part of Jon’s training, though it was possible she hadn’t realized it. They were apart of a squadron, whose very existence implied they would see combat; Jon’s ability to use the Force to help him win at battle would benefit them more than his ability to meditate, at least on a surface level.

“How did Night King come to look like that anyway?” Jon asked. From the corner of his eye he could see Davos beginning to unpack the tent they would be sleeping in for the foreseeable future.

“He doesn’t look like any humanoid creature I have ever seen.”

Jaime shrugged. “Fuck if I know.” He replied. He threw Jon another crate with ‘food’ written across the side in big red letters. “We didn’t exactly cuddle around the campfire bonding over the latest in Sith discoveries. The man is fucking crazy. Smart, and talented, but crazy.”

“He was left for dead by Jeor on Skane.” Davos said nonchalantly. He continued to put up the tent, unaware of the shocked expressions that both Jaime and Jon were giving him.

“Huh?” Jon said dumbly. He must have heard Davos wrong. Jeor would never do something like that to another creature. “Dad did—he did what?” He sputtered out.

Jaime hopped down from the ship and crossed his arms over his chest. He tapped his fingers against
his biceps impatiently while both he and Jon waited for Davos to expound upon his statement.

Nobody had ever mentioned such a battle to Jon. His mind went back to all the times that Tyrion had tried to tell them more about Jeor, with either Jon himself or Sansa stopping him. He wondered if perhaps this was what the Jedi Master had been referring to when he said he would learn things about his dad that he would not like. Tyrion must have been afraid that Jon would have been disappointed in Jeor for not finishing Night King when he had the chance and thus sparing the Galaxy from his evilness, or for leaving him to suffer in such a state.

Davos began clipping the tent poles together. “As you already know, Night King destroyed the Jedi Temple on Kings Landing. Along with his Clone Troopers, whose chips had been activated to see the Jedi as threats to the Republic, he slaughtered everyone inside, destroyed the records, and burned the place to the ground. At that point he had been completely ensnared in Cersei’s lies. Night believed her when she told him the Jedi were the real enemy and had become nothing more than war profiteers and murderers.” He motioned for Jon to come over and help him put the poles through the tent’s fabric. “Once his mission was completed, he was commanded to travel to Skane. The planet was home to the Separatist leaders. Cersei told Night King that if he killed them, and with the Jedi already being dead, the war would be over. Tyrion found out about his plan and sent a desperate message to Jeor. He begged him to stop Night and, if possible, bring him back to the good side.”

Jaime picked up a hammer. He secured the stakes into the ground while Jon held them in place. The tent was a good size and would be able to fit them and their belongings comfortably. Jon had assumed they would be sleeping on the ship, but Davos wanted him to become familiar with the power and energy of the Force that dwelled on Wolfswood; he did not feel like Jon would be as successful if he slept on a ship.

“Was that the vision Bran saw when he spoke of two figures fighting on an ice planet?” Jaime asked.

“Yes.” Davos confirmed. “Upon his arrival Jeor quickly deduced there was no saving Night. He believed everyone was his enemy, including his once beloved master whom he believed abandoned him. Jeor was able to overcome Night after a lengthy battle. When it came time to deal the killing blow, however, he found he could not end the life of a young man he had once considered a friend and loved so dearly.”

“So he left him to die instead?” Jon asked with a furrowed brow. “How is that any different? In fact, it almost sounds worse.”

Jeor had always taught Jon to end the suffering of an animal they were hunting as quickly and humanely as possible. Leaving a creature to die didn’t sound like Jeor at all.

“That, Jon, is something you will need to ask Jeor when you see him again.” Davos replied. He placed his hands on his hips as he looked over their tent approvingly. Nodding his head once in satisfaction, he turned his attention to Jon and gave him a sad smile. “Jeor never told me his reasons for his decision, nor would I have expected him to. I only saw him briefly after what happened. Things were still strained between us. He only spoke with Tyrion and Stannis, not with me.”

“You were seriously planning for the Rebellion minutes after the creation of the Empire?” Jaime asked a bit incredulously. He reached his hands overhead, wincing at the pops his back made.

“In a way.” Davos answered. “We knew all the sympathy was with Cersei—we heard the reports of Tyrion ‘attacking’ her and your brave rescue—and weren’t sure who we could trust besides each other, and possibly Ned Stark. Nothing was official then. All we knew was we couldn’t let Cersei stay in power. We decided to put out feelers over the next few years to see who was willing to rise up against the Empire. We had hoped Jeor, a skilled fighter and tactical genius from his time during
the Clone Wars, would join us. He did not.” He motioned to Jon. “You were barely a few hours old, and already more important to Jeor than anything in the Galaxy. Your father loved you, Jon, so very much. He chose you over everything else. Never forget that.”

Jon blinked back tears. “I know.” He said, his chest swelling as he thought about the sacrifices his father made to protect him over the years. “He always told me I was his whole world. I never understood what he meant until after his death.” He looked down at his shoes. “I just wish I had known sooner. Maybe it would have changed things.”

“The most dangerous phrase is ‘what could have been’.” Jeor said. He placed a hand on Jon’s shoulder. “Never forget the goodness of now, Jon.”

Jon nodded his head sullenly.

Jaime cleared his throat. “Well, this has become a bit too touchy-feely for me.” He muttered. “Can we finish unpacking now or should we hug it out first?”

Jon let out a laugh. He wiped his eyes before the tears from Jeor’s declarations could fall. “I would rather not hug your pompous ass.” He joked, walking over to the crate that held their sleeping bags. Picking out the comfiest looking one, he picked it up to unroll inside the tent.

“Agreed.” Davos said. He followed Jon’s lead and grabbed out his own sleeping bag. “Where are you going?” He asked Jaime.

Jaime Force-jumped back into the ship. “To get the best fucking mattress on the ship.” He called back. He gave Jon and Davos a smug grin. “You didn’t really think I was going to sleep on the cold, hard, floor like you two fools, did you?”

Jon rolled his eyes. He opened the tent flap to let Jeor in first before following him inside. He walked over to the left corner of the room and began to unroll his sleeping bag. “How hard do you think it is going to be sharing a room with him for the next few months?” He asked genially. He had grown used to Jaime’s pomp and circumstance over the last month and found it more entertaining than annoying.

Davos laughed. “Not as hard as it would have been years ago, I assure you.” He sat down on his bag and turned thoughtful. “I knew Jaime during the Clone Wars. He effectively hid his Force signature from me, but it was obvious even to the untrained eye that Jaime was miserable. His smiles were forced and his self-deprecating humor all for show. He is a completely different creature now. Happiness is not something we should ever take for granted, Jon. Jaime is happy now. Yes, his life is still difficult and full of uncertainty, but for the first time in his life he is truly happy.”

“That’s because I stopped living for myself and started living for something more than myself.” Jaime called from outside the tent, having heard their conversation.

Jon rolled his eyes. Living with creatures with enhanced Force hearing had taught him there was no such thing as a private conversation. He moved to open the tent for Jaime but quickly discovered that he didn’t need help. Jon’s jaw dropped as he watched Jaime nonchalantly stroll into the tent with not just a mattress, but a frame as well, both being levitated by the Force.

“Where did you get that frame?” Jon asked in shock. “And how did you move so fast?”

Jaime gently sat his belongings onto the floor. “One, I borrowed it from the Rebellion. Those fuckers already think I’m a huge asshole. If they discover what I have taken—they won’t—it’s not like I will lose my standing with them.” Jaime picked up the mattress and but it on the frame. “And two, it is
amazing how quickly you can do something when you have proper Force control.” He spread his arms out in front of him in a grand gesture to show off his bed. “Take a look Jon. This is the future that awaits you.”

Jon snorted. “Thank the Galaxy I finally had that example. Now I really feel inspired.” He deadpanned. In honor of Pyp, whose smartass Jon missed quite a bit, Jon flipped Jaime off.

Davos shook his head at their antics. “Gentleman, as enlightening as this all is, I do believe that Jaime, however inadvertently, has made an excellent point.”

Jaime looked up from making his bed. Along with the mattress and frame, he had somehow secured some very fluffy and cozy looking sheets and pillows. “I have?” He asked.

“Yes.” Davos confirmed. He walked over the tent and raised the flap. “It is time for Jon’s first lesson.”

“So, what are we going to do first?” Jon asked, his words quicker than usual. He and Jaime followed Jeor out of the tent. Despite the bumps of the past month, he was excited to finally begin his training with both Davos and Jaime. “Meditation? Lightsaber forms?”

Davos looked at the ship docked in front of them. “I was thinking levitation.” He said, eyes never leaving the ship.

Jon rubbed his hands together in anticipation. Force levitation was something that he continued to struggle with. “Sounds good to me. As you know I am not the best with…” He trailed off as Davos raised an arm out in front of him.

The power of the Force began to swirl around the Grand Master. It was both dense, stifling, and a little inspiring. Even Jaime—who Jon had seen do amazing feats with the Force—looked a bit in awe of Davos and the energy he wielded. Jon followed the line of Davos’ outstretched hand towards the docked ship. He took a step closer and squinted his eyes. Was it just his imagination, or was the ship beginning to shake?

“What the fu—” Jon’s jaw dropped to the floor, the rest of his sentence escaping him as the very ship Jedi Master Tyrion Waters let them was borrow was raised by Davos. He risked a glance at the older man. His face was set in deep concentration. Jon was sure that if he waived his hand in front of him Davos wouldn’t so much as blink. His arm moved mere millimeters, causing the ship to become fully levitated off the ground.

“Fucking Jedi.” Jaime muttered. “Damn show-offs the lot of them.”

“Come now, Jaime.” Davos replied. His tone made it sound like they were having afternoon tea. “I have known the Sith to be quite the exhibitionists.”

Jaime snorted.

Jon’s head followed the ship. His front, back, and right sides were all surrounded by dense forest, but to his left was an open field full of tall grass and wildflowers. Jon’s eyes zeroed in on the large lake that was situated about half a mile away, nestled against the mountains.

“Master, you can’t possibly—”

Davos dropped the ship directly into the body of water without preamble. The floor beneath them shook from the impact and medium sized waves spilled onto the shore line. Jon’s jaw dropped as he watched the ship slowly but surely sink to the bottom. He opened his mouth to speak but found he
couldn’t think of a single thing to say.

“Well, Tyrion is going to be pissed.” Jaime drawled sarcastically. “I would say it would be a shame, but that guy is a bit too smug for my liking, so, eh.” He shrugged. “A little humility wouldn’t hurt him.”

Davos ignored the comment. He calmly walked over to Jon, who was still gaping at the lake like a fish, and patted him on the back.

“Do, or do not, there is no try.” He patted Jon’s back twice. “Shall we begin?”

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DAY 6

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“—Ow!” Jon yelped. He rubbed the back of his head where Davos hit him with a stick, though it was starting to feel more like a club from all the use it was receiving. “I thought I fucking had it that time.”

“You didn’t.” Davos said seriously.

Jon’s emotions flared slightly with annoyance. Sansa’s force energy quickly tampered it down before he had a chance to confront the feeling.

“Ack!” He screamed as another hit was place atop his shoulder, this time from a much thicker branch. Jon turned to glare at the culprit. “What the fuck Jaime!?” He rolled his shoulder a few times to ease the pain. “I’m pretty sure Davos just established I did not open my eyes at the designated.”

Jaime gave him a knowing look. “That is for letting Sansa fix your problems.” He said with a wag of his finger.

Unlike Davos, who was sitting behind him, Jaime was sitting on a fallen tree log looking equal parts amused and bored. Jon suspected he had used the Force to get the branch to hit him just so.

“I told you I can’t fucking control that.” He growled. He threw up his hands in desperation. “It’s like she has been on high alert lately. Every time I even feel a touch of negative emotion she squashes it out before I even get the chance.”

“She isn’t helping you; she is crippling you.” Jaime pointed out.

“I. Know.” Jon flung himself onto the forest floor. He winced at the feeling of leaves and dirt sticking to sweaty back. He wasn’t sure if all the sweat was due to his intense meditation or the heat that enveloped the forest.

“You have to get her to stop, Jon.” Jaime said.

Jon scrubbed his hands down his face. “I’m aware.” He said harshly. “But it’s not like I can communicate with Sansa and tell her that. Thus far I have only been able to reach out to her when her emotions are in disarray, which has been a grand total of one time. Sansa is an island of calm.”
Davos hummed an agreement. “She is a good Jedi. It is unfortunate that Sansa has had to hide the most important part of herself during her short life. There is much good she could do for the Galaxy beyond fighting the Empire.”

Jon sighed. “I just wish I knew more about the bond. Maybe I could communicate with her outside of our emotions, but I just don’t know. Nobody fucking knows.”

Jon had been dismayed to learn that any information concerning Force bonds had been lost with the destruction of the Jedi Temple on Kings Landing. Anything he did know, which was very little, came from Davos and Tyrion, neither of which had studied the phenomenon beyond what they learned as younglings. Sith were not known to create such relationships—in Jaime’s words they all just wanted to kill each other—so Jaime had been no help either.

Davos rubbed his chin thoughtfully. “I don’t see why you couldn’t communicate with her beyond times of distress. Have you tried looking within yourself to see if it helps you understand how you and Sansa are connected?”

“No.” Jon said sullenly. “I am too scared of what I might see.”

Davos glanced briefly at Jaime, an unspoken conversation going on between them. After a few moments Jaime gave Davos the briefest of nods. Jon wondered what they were communicating but decided not to press the issue. He would find out when they both felt like he was ready.

Davos returned his attention back to Jon and gave him an encouraging smile. “Something to ponder on later, hm? For now, let us continue.”

Jaime called back the stick he had thrown at Jon. He hit it against the log and smirked. “I think that is an excellent idea.”

Jon glowered at him. “Did you train Bran like this?”

Jaime scoffed. “If any creature touches Bran they will face the consequences, and that includes Ramsay Bolton. That asshole will get his, I assure you.” He flexed his hand, as if preparing to give the killing blow.

“If you want to kill him I suggest getting there before the hundreds of others who would like to do the honors, Tyrion included.” Davos pointed out. He clapped his hands together twice. “Take your position Jon. You were only off by two seconds last time.” Davos tapped a finger to Jon’s temple. “Clear your mind and let the Force guide you.”

Jon nodded. Crossing his legs, he tilted his head back and forth to ease the tension in his shoulders. For him to get it right, there could be no stress or unease within his body. He was to sit still and let the Force flow him. Through its power he would feel time as it passed over the planet. Jon was to open his eyes at exactly five minutes. Any sooner or later would find him getting hit with Davos’ stick and whatever Jaime felt like throwing at him.

Jon reached out into the dense forest with his Force energy. This part of the exercise was not difficult; he had done it before when comforting Sansa. Where he struggled was understanding how something as elusive as time passed without the use of his eyes or ears. Davos had said repeatedly that the Force would guide him, but guide him to what exactly? A clock?

Jon shook his head minutely. He needed to trust and focus, not doubt and be distracted.

A tiny bird flew around the trees, its wings beating in a steady rhythm.
Fish swam within the lake looking for something to eat.

Leaves rustled against the wind.

A flower opened its petals to drink in the sun.

Everything was alive through the power of the Force. Even the planet was not idle as it continued to turn on its axis and slowly revolved around Wolfswood’s blue sun. Jon reached out to the center of the planet. He scrunched his eyes as he willed himself to feel the planet as it moved, signifying the passage of time. He blocked everything from his senses but very core of the planet’s lifeforce.

Jon’s entire being shook with awe and wonder. The planet was moving, and he could feel it.

He tentatively opened his eyes.

“Not bad.” Davos said slowly. His face was so close to Jon that their noses almost touched. His brown eyes sparkled with intensity. “Not bad at all.” He pulled back and smiled.

“Again.

XXXXX

Day 15

“Are you ready?” Jaime asked. He twisted his body from one side to the other before bending at the waist to touch his toes.

“I am always ready to kick your ass.” Jon replied. He rolled his neck a few times to relieve his stiff joints.

“Likewise.” Jaime replied dryly.

Jon began to rock back and forth on the balls of his feet. The only official Jedi training that Davos had allowed since arriving on Wolfswood was meditation. Due to all the sitting Jon had taken to running in the evenings after dinner to let out some of his pent-up energy. Jaime and Davos never accompanied him, silently understanding that Jon needed some time by himself to unwind. Jaime would do his own personal exercises in the morning while Davos and Jon meditated, and Davos typically excused himself from physical fitness all together, saying he was too old for such things. Though he looked human, Jon was beginning to wonder if Davos was in fact a humanoid-looking species. Whenever he spoke about his age he sounded like he was several hundred years old, when physically he only looked to be in his mid- to late-fifties. At their oldest, those of the human species only lived to their nineties.

“Are you gentleman ready to begin?” Davos asked. He looked thoroughly unamused by their banter. Jon considered this a step up from the first few days when he had looked downright annoyed (he blamed it on Jaime).

“Always.” Jon said with a cocky grin. While he relished his time running alone, he was extremely excited for a rematch against Jaime. “This time there won’t be anyone to help you win.”

“Yeah, because I cheated.” Jaime snorted through his nose.

Jon put his hands on his hips. “You know it was never proven that I—”

“Very good then.” Davos said, ignoring the escalating tension. He walked towards Jon with his arms
“Don’t run too fast. I am old and don’t want to be jostled around.”

“Huh?” Jon asked, confused.

“You are going to carry me during your run.” Davos explained matter-of-factly. “How else am I to instruct you?”

Jon blinked his eyes a few times, the meaning of Davos’ words sinking in. Jaime smothered a laugh behind his hand.

“You can’t be serious.” Jon replied. He looked Davos up and down. While he wasn’t large, he was tall and surprisingly muscular despite his age and lack of physical exertion.

The whole idea could only end in disaster.

“Of course I am.” Davos said. He turned Jon around and placed his hands on his shoulders. “This is how Jedi train, Jon. I am sure Sansa did the same with Tyrion.”

“That’s different.” Jon argued. He took a step forward to balance himself as Davos successfully jumped onto his back without warning.

“How?” Davos asked, his mouth right next to Jon’s ear.

Jaime gave up trying to hide his amusement. Crossing his hands over his stomach, he clutched his sides and threw his head back, laughing at Jon’s bewildered and uncomfortable expression.

“Well, it’s just—ya know, it’s…” Jon cleared his throat. He felt extremely awkward with Davos clinging to him. “Tyrion is like, short, and small, and you—”

Jon stopped his mumbling at the sound of Davos laughing heartily behind him. The old man gracefully slipped of his back.

“Don’t worry, my Padawan, I am only teasing you.” Davos chuckled. He glanced over at Jaime. “I do believe this means I have won the bet, yes? You didn’t believe Jon would even let me get on his back.”

Jaime rubbed the tears from his eyes. Jon glared at him. He didn’t think it was that funny.

“You made a bet?!” He accused scathingly.

“Believe me when I say it was fucking worth it.” The look on your face? Priceless. If only I had my holocamera.”

Jon crossed his arms over his chest. Expecting Jaime to act him age was clearly a waste of time, but Davos should have been too mature for such nonsense. Jon thought of his feigned disinterest earlier. Had Davos been playing him the whole time?

“Who are you?” Jon narrowed his eyes at his Jedi Master suspiciously. “Making bets? Having fun?” He shook his head. “What happened to my Master? The man who cringes every time Jaime says the mirror is too small for him to look at his ‘handsome physique’?”

“What is the purpose of this life if you cannot experience some joy?” Davos questioned a bit too innocently for Jon’s liking. “I apologize if I have hurt your feelings in anyway.”

Jon let out a huff. He didn’t think Davos sounded very sorry at all. “Whatever.” He grumbled.
“Good.” Davos said with a single nod, apparently settling the matter. He motioned towards Jon’s full looking rucksack sitting on the ground next to the tent. “I will be joining you, but as your running partner. You are, however, required to wear this during the exercise. You will practice balancing the weight of it on your back with the Force.”

Davos levitated the bag over to Jon. His arms sagged from the weight as Davos placed it into his arms. From the feel of it, Jon figured he might as well be carrying Davos on his back; both the bag and the man weighed the same.

Davos gestured in front of them. “Look around you my Padawan. What do you see?” He pointed to the denser side of the forest that was opposite the lake and meadow.

Jon did a quick scan of the perimeter. “Trees, rocks, dirt, pine cones, some birds, and a fallen log.”

Davos hummed. “Is that all?”

“Yes?” Jon said with a quirked eyebrow, unashamed that his affirmative came out as a question. He knew Davos was going somewhere with his questions but wasn’t exactly sure where.

“Close your eyes and tell me again.”

Jon did as he was told. He jumped when Davos placed his arms onto his shoulders and spun him around a few times. He moved his head from side to side in an effort to reorient himself.

“Trees—”

“Where are the trees, Jon?”

“Uh…” Jon raised his hand and moved it around in a general direction. “Over there? Maybe?” He was mostly sure that he was facing in the same direction before he closed his eyes.

Jon opened his eyes with a gasp as Davos hit him in the back of his head. For someone that was supposed to be magnanimous, Jon was beginning to think that Davos was a bit of an asshole when it came to hitting him.

“Don’t remember. Feel, with the Force.” Davos walked over to a pile of leaves and pine needles three feet in front of Jon. “Your eyes will deceive you Jon. What looks like one thing is often another.” He placed his stick into the pile. It went down a few inches instead of stopping immediately on contact. When Davos pulled it back, Jon saw mud sticking to its end. “Enhance your senses Jon. You will know where to go, and where to avoid. It is the same meditation that you have done before, only now it is with your eyes open. Trust the Force, and not your eyes.”

Jon nodded, understanding what Davos wanted him to do. It was a simple step-up from his previous meditation exercises. Like before, he was to send out his own Force signature, or Force energy, so it could interact with the signatures of the plants and animals around him. The information would then be brought back to him. What made this exercise harder was that Jon was meant to do it while simultaneously moving and drawing in the energy around him to sustain his physical exertions, and apparently not trusting what his eyes were telling him.

Jon frowned. While he could do both exercises separately, it felt daunting to perform them at the same time.

Maybe it was a bit harder then he initially thought. Was he really ready?

Davos gave Jon an encouraging smile. “You must believe in the things you cannot see. This includes
the power that resides within you.” He gently placed a hand on top of Jon’s head and his heart. “You will do fine, Jon. If you fall, you will get back up. If you are unable to stand, then you will crawl. Do not give up before you have begun.”

“Right.” Jon said a bit hesitantly. He cleared his throat. “Right.” He said with more determination. He bent down and grunted as he put the bag onto his back. “I’m ready.”

“Very good.” Davos said with a clap of his hands. “Let us begin.”

Jon took a single step forward.

He promptly fell on his face.

“Damn it.” He groaned as he raised his face out of the mud. His jaw ticked when he heard Jaime start to laugh, again. “Of all the fucking—"

Jon took in a sharp intake of breath as his temper flared in annoyance and without warning.

_Davos has given you an impossible task._

Jon threw his face back into the mud to his shame. He knew what was coming; they all knew what was coming. He felt like a youngling that was unable to fix his own problems.

_Davos doesn’t care about you at all._

_You must show him that you are superior—_

Jon involuntarily sighed as Sansa’s presence overcame his feelings of hatred.

He wondered if he could just stay in the mud forever.

“You can’t use her every time you—”

“I know Jaime.” Jon raised his face to glare at him, though he doubted he looked very menacing. “As always, thank you for that helpful observation.”

Jaime gave Jon a sarcastic thumbs up. “Anytime Jon.” He said with a smile.

Jon grunted as he struggled to push himself out of the mud. The added weight of the pack and the stickiness of the mud made it difficult. He tried to use the Force to help him, but his hands slipped and he once again fell face first into the muck.

Perhaps he would be crawling today, at least for a little while.

Jon raised his head. Taking a deep breath in, he used a little more of the Force this time and was able to successfully bring himself up to his hands and knees. He put one hand out, and then another. When he was sure he wouldn’t collapse again he moved his knees as well.

“I should have brought some fucking gloves.” He heard Jaime mutter.

Jon turned his head and smiled slightly as he watched Jaime Lannister, former Grand Inquisitor and Sith Lord, get on his hands and knees and begin to crawl through the mud with him.

“Just be sure to crawl fast, yeah? I would like to be home before dinner. It’s Davos’ turn to cook tonight and he takes years to prepare a single meal.”
Jon’s small smile turned into a full-fledged grin as Davos got down on his other side and copied Jon and Jaime’s movements.

“At least what I make is edible.” Davos pointed out. “You can’t cook at all. It’s amazing you are malnourished and anemic.”

“I’m rich.” Jaime said as if that somehow explained everything.

“You’re a youngling.” Davos countered.

Jon laughed. Somehow, crawling didn’t seem so bad anymore. The bag was already beginning to feel lighter and his movements easier as he took in the surrounding Force energy little-by-little. He vowed to get up and run once he made the tree line.

_I am ready._

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DAY 23

Jon jogged through the forest, making a concerted effort to slow his breathing down as he did so. Even though he was working hard it did not mean he needed to be breathing hard, and his body needed all the oxygen it could get at present.

He pumped his legs and arms in an effort to go faster. Jon hoped his pace now looked like an actual jog and less like power walking. He was loath to admit it but he was fairly certain he wasn’t going as fast as he was thinking in the beginning. He faltered slightly at the small rock formation that came into view. He would need to maneuver them in order to stay on his current path.

Hop.

Hop.

Hop.

“Shit.”

Jon jumped off the loose rock before he lost his balance and fell.

“Use the Force.” He muttered to himself. “Don’t trust your eyes.”

To be fair, that rock had looked petty steady.

Jon regained his composure and mentally reached out to the remaining rocks. He resumed his pace, only faltering one more time.

A giant Wolftree stood before him. They were the tallest trees in all the Galaxy. Their trunks were ashy red and evergreen leaves grew on their thick branches. Jon jumped up to the closest branch that rested twenty feet above him without hesitation this time.

“Fuck me.”

Jon winced at the ominous sound of the branch beginning to snap. He swung his legs out and released his grip, sailing over to one a little bit higher up. He continued to jump and climb amongst the branches until he was three quarters of the way up the tree. He looked down and nodded in satisfaction. He was at least one hundred feet up at this point, maybe more.
“Trust.”
Jon closed his eyes.

“The.”
He opened his arms out to either side of him.

“Force.”
Jon jumped off the branch and into the air. This was, without doubt, the highest freefall he had ever attempted without the use of a pack or droid to help his fall.

A warning ping went off in Jon’s mind.

He opened his eyes just in time to see himself hurtling towards a very painful looking branch. He titled his body minutely to the right to avoid impact. He continued his adjustments, moving himself this way and that to avoid hitting anything. At this speed it could very well prove deadly.

The ground growing closer, Jon quickly calculated the amount of opposition he would need to use to land softly on the ground at his current speed. He reached out both hands and pushed down lightly.

“Damn it.”
Jon grunted as his feet hit the ground with too much impact. He tucked himself into a roll to avoid spraining his ankles or worse, impressed that he was able to do so and come of out it while wearing his bulky, rock filled backpack. Well, mostly come out of it. Jon completed the roll but decided to remain sprawled out on his back. He chose to ignore the rocks poking into him. He was tired and laying on the floor sounded like a good idea at the moment.

Jon looked around to see both Davos and Jaime staring down at him, arms crossed and matching thoughtful expressions on their faces.

“Better.” Davos tilted his head to the side. “Not good, but better.”
Jaime nodded his head in agreement.

Jon smiled. He raised a fist into the air and made a little pump. “Crushed it.” He whispered with exhaustion laced-joy. Last time he hadn’t been able to make it halfway up the tree before he was falling to the ground, not to mention getting himself stuck in some rotten tree trunks he was using to cross a river. This time had gone much better. He felt like he was finally starting to understand how to listen to the Force before he moved while using it to sustain his strength at the same time.

“Again.” Jaime said with a roll of his eyes. “And this time without hesitation.”
Jon nodded. He took another minute on the ground to gather himself before standing. Turning himself around in a small circle, Jon decided on which area of forest looked best for his new destination. He never ran the same place twice during these sessions to avoid cheating himself.

“Just try to keep up. You two are looking old.” He called over his shoulder as he began to run towards his new destination, Jaime and Davos right behind him.

This time he was sure it was definitely jogging pace.

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Jon eyed the fishing pole wearily. “You swear this is on the level?” He leaned towards the pole, trying to decipher if it was in reality a weapon or perhaps a wild animal that was going to attack him at any moment. Both Jaime and Davos had taken to tricking Jon to test his reflexes, whether by offering him something but really throwing it—Jon had not found that amusing when it came to the cooking knives—or having one of them manipulate his surroundings with the Force while he spared with the other one. They were especially fond of placing items behind him that could make him loose his footing, all in the name of ‘realism’.

Jon sometimes—most of the time—disliked both Davos and Jaime.

“Take the fucking pole or I am going to leave your ass here to help Davos clean the outhouse.”

Definitely a trap.

“I don’t think so.” Jon said with a shake of his head. He walked away to go find Davos. Maybe it was a trick to get him to help clean the outhouse but dealing with shit sounded better than having Jaime either attack him the fishing pole or test how long he could hold his breath under water. Jon muscles were sore and he was tired. He was looking forward to going to bed immediately after dinner tonight.

*I am really partying it up as a nineteen year old in this Galaxy if I am excited about being in bed by eight. What’s next? Dinner at 3 PM so I can be in bed by five?*  

Actually, that doesn’t sound too bad. I wonder if I can convince Davos…

“I’ll let you use my mattress for a week if anything happens to you.”

Jon quickly spun on his heel and walked back towards Jaime. He took the pole without hesitation and began to walk towards the lake, ignoring Jaime’s knowing look as he did so. Who cared if Jaime knew that Jon was jealous of his mattress if it gave him the possible chance to sleep on it? It seemed that no matter where Jon placed his bedroll at night he was always sleeping with a rock or twig jammed into some part of his anatomy. Even if this was a trap it would be more than worth it; Jon would finally get a good night’s sleep and Jaime wouldn’t look so well-rested and annoying in the mornings. It was a win-win.

They walked to the lake in silence. It wasn’t that Jon didn’t have anything to say—he did—but he was unsure of how to bring up his problems with the Dark Side without it ending in chastisement. Jaime was always telling him to stop letting Sansa help, and Jon wasn’t in the mood to ask for something that would ultimately lead to a lecture. He got that enough during his training sessions; he didn’t need it in his spare time as well. He was also a little bitter. He doubted Jaime would have treated Bran this way.

They sat down on top of a fallen log. Jaime opened the small tin can he was carrying and took out two earthworms for each of them. Jon baited his pole before casting it out into the lake. It was a beautiful view. The water was surrounded by tall green grass and bright yellow flowers. In the distance there were mountains so high so that there was still snow on them despite the heat in the valley below

“Think we will catch a ship?” Jaime asked.

Jon smirked as he recalled Davos dumping Tyrion’s ship into the lake. It felt like a lifetime ago, though it couldn’t have been that long, could it? In truth Jon wasn’t even sure what day it was.
Everything on Wolfswood seemed to blend together. His days consisted of eating, training, eating again, more training, eating, and then either sleeping or training by himself. He was beginning to understand why Jedi trained younglings instead of adults. While he didn’t necessarily have a life in comparison to others, he missed the one he did have before coming to Wolfswood.

“Do you think Davos sunk the ship to trap me here?” Jon gestured to the lake. “I can’t run away when the only means of transport is stuck under water and gathering rust.”

“No. I think he did that because he wants you to retrieve it once you are ready.” Jaime let out a hollow laugh. “It will probably be symbolic of your journey or some such shit.”

Jon furrowed his brow. “But that’s impossible. The ship is huge, not to mention the fact that I can’t even see where it is.”

Jaime looked at him from the corner of his eyes. “Didn’t you just levitate some stones today?”

“That’s different.” Jon argued, thinking back on the day’s lessons. He had balanced upside down on one hand while moving several medium sized stones into different formations. It reminded him of when Sansa had tried to get him to do the same thing while on the outside of The Knights Watch, the only difference being that this time he had done it successfully. Well, most successfully. There had been a few slip-ups, but Jon had not quit, and he felt like that was more important than being perfect. “Those stones can’t even compare to the size and weight of the ship.”

“Your eyes deceive you Jon.” Jaime slowly began to reel his wire back. “A ship is a ship, and a stone is a stone, but at the end of the day they are just matter that has been manipulated either by the Force or man into something more. The same power that moves the small stone is the same power that moves the large ship. You are the one that is making them different.”

“You sound an awful lot like a Jedi Master.” Jon pointed out. He knew Jaime didn’t like any reference to the possibility of him being or becoming a Jedi, and the petty part of him couldn’t resist the opportunity to comment.

Jaime snorted. “Don’t make me laugh. Everyone, be it Sith or Jedi, learns to think of things equally when learning Force levitation. It is how they call upon the Force that is different.”

Jon bit his bottom lip. He moved his pole back and forth between his hands, uncaring that it was probably ruining his chances at catching a fish. Jaime had given him an opportunity to voice his concerns about the Dark Side, but did he want to take it? If he didn’t ask now, would he miss his chance to do so?

“Jaime, is the Dark Side stronger?” He asked in a small voice. He was afraid of the answer, but he had to know.

“No, it isn’t.” Jaime said without missing a beat. His voice was clear and certain. “It may seem that way because of the current state of the Galaxy, but Cersei and Night King only defeated the Jedi through trickery and manipulation. If it wasn’t for those fucking chips implanted into the clones, the Jedi never would have been defeated.” Jaime propped his fishing poll into the sand and turned to look at Jon. “Make no mistake Jon, the power of the Dark Side is quicker and easier to use. It is easy to become angry, after all. But, it is almost impossible to stay angry forever. Those who do are the truly evil ones. The rest of us are left with nothing but feelings of guilt and shame when we are done using it, which the Dark Side then uses to make us angry again. It is a vicious cycle that never ends.”

“Do you really think I can overcome the Dark Side?”
“I do.”
Jon’s eye twitched.
His jaw tightened.
The back of his head tingled.
His hands turned into fists.
Anger—no, rage—began to pulse through his body.

“If you do, then why haven’t you taught me?!” Jon demanded with a fierce snarl. “You have been nothing but a fucking dog this entire—”

Sansa’s energy sparkled within him. His anger ceased and the tension in his shoulder’s melted away. He risked a glance at Jaime. The older man was staring at him, chin resting in his hand and a bit of concern showing in his blue eyes.

Jon placed his head into his hands and groaned. “What is wrong with me?” He cried. He looked up and glared at Jaime. “And don’t say Sansa.”

Jaime raised his hands. He turned his palms towards Jon in a placating gesture. “That time, I wasn’t going to.” He rested his arms on top of his knees and returned his gaze towards the lake. There was a deep frown on his mouth and his eyebrows knitted together.

Jon was taken aback as he realized that Jaime looked equal parts worried and depressed.

Jaime let out a deep sigh, his eyes never leaving the calmness of the lake. “The truth is Jon, I don’t know what to teach you or how to help you. Bran should be here, not me.”

Jon furrowed his brow. “What do you mean? You defeated the Dark Side. You can help me—”

“You can’t defeat something that gave up on you before you even had the chance to do so. I never dispelled the Dark Side like Bran.” Jaime’s lips turned up into a self-deprecating smile. “Like everyone else in my life, it recognized me for what I truly am: a lazy asshole with no drive or ambition. I had enough self-hatred that there was nothing it could say to me I hadn’t already said to myself. Oh sure, it tempted me for years and succeeded. It was easy to use my hate against my father to make me angry, but it never succeeded in sustaining my anger. Each time I used the Dark Side I felt so dirty and pathetic. Once my piece-of-shit father died and Cersei became Empress there was nothing left to incite my anger. I still hated some stuff, and I could get pissed over that well enough to control the Force, but ultimately what the Dark Side wants is power and control over everything. Once it realized that I had no desire to rule anything, and I would not help it get what it wanted, the Dark Side left me, saying I was no longer worthy of its presence.”

Jon stared at Jaime in shock over his admission. He felt like he was truly seeing him for the first time since they met.

“When did all this happen?” He asked gently. Jon didn’t want to sound forceful and risk Jaime closing up on him.

“When I was throwing up in the bathroom after watching Catelyn Stark die.” Jaime looked down at his hands, his eyes unfocused as he relieved the moment. “I looked in the mirror and I hated myself. I wanted to die, but I thought of Bran and how Catelyn had asked me to save him and I…” Jaime sniffed. “I saved my brother once. Cersei sentenced him to death because our mother died giving
birth to him. Father took her out to celebrate and left me at home because I was too weak to suggest it myself. I heard him crying in the dumpster and I couldn’t bear it. I grabbed him and ran as fast and gently as I could to the orphanage and left him on the doorstep. I saw him as I thought of Bran. If I didn’t take Bran Ramsay would, and I just wanted to save someone like I saved my brother.” Silent tears began to fall down Jaime’s cheeks. “I am pathetic. I saved Bran to try to bring some sort of absolution to myself. No wonder the Dark Side doesn’t want me. I don’t even want myself. Bran insists that I am good but it is all fucking bullshit. I am out here trying to help the maybe Chosen One defeat the Dark Side which will probably end up in my twin sister dying and I…” Jaime let out a heart wrenching sob. “What the fuck am I doing? It feels right to be here but do I even know what ‘right’ is? Do you? Does anybody?!?”

Jon opened and closed his mouth a few times, unsure of how to respond. It felt like everything he could possibly say at that moment would feel hollow and forced. Instead, he subtly shifted himself a bit closer to Jaime, hoping that his proximity would comfort him.

The two of them set them sat there as time seemed to slow, with nothing but the sounds of Jaime’s sobs and the birds chirping in the breeze to break through the silence. It reminded Jon of when he was a youngling; he would cry for hours about something mean another child had said during one of their travels or his own frustrations with not getting something right the first time he tried it. Jeor would hold him while he cried, saying that sometimes creatures just needed a good cry to feel better. Perhaps it was true for Jaime as well. He already looked lighter than he had moments ago.

Jon let out a small smile when Jaime’s sobs calmed down before stopping all together. He made no move to speak, nor did Jaime. The two simply sat, side-by-side, watching the lake. Occasionally a ripple would form from a bug landing atop the water or a fish swimming close to the surface. Sometimes there would be more than one and when they would meet, one would cancel out the other. Jon thought about the ripple effect of Jaime’s decision to take in Bran. It had led him to the Rebellion, which had led to him delivering the location of the Death Star’s plans, which had led to him finding Jon and Sansa, which had led to Bran overcoming the Dark Side, which had led to them defecting from the Empire, which had led them to save the children of Mistwood, which had led him to where he was now. Would all the good Jaime had done help him to overcome his sins, or was he doomed to relive the evil he had done due to the brainwashing he had received from his father, sister, and the Dark Side? Was there no such thing as restitution for past mistakes? Jon didn’t know the answer, but he knew it was not for him to judge.

Jon’s mind thought over the details of Jaime’s admission. There was something within the story that didn’t make sense, and his mind was nagging at him to figure out what it was.

“Jaime…” Jon said slowly. He didn’t want to cause Jaime more grief after he had calmed, but he felt like he needed to voice his thoughts out loud. “Are you sure you didn’t defeat the Dark Side on your own?”

Jaime’s mouth twitched. “I told you it left me because I was of no use to it. It wasn’t like with Bran. He struggled and yelled and thrashed about. It was terrible. He looked he was possessed, which, when I think about it, isn’t too far from the truth.”

“But you and Bran are two different creatures. It wouldn’t be the same for each of you, would it?”

Jaime ran a shaky hand through his hair. “What’s your point, Jon?”

“I think you defeated the Dark Side on your own. I think it left you with those parting words so you would never think you defeated it. I think it wanted you to be miserable in the hope that someday you would return to it.”
“You’ve got to be fucking kidding—”

“You will you just think about it for a damn second?” Jon demanded, cutting Jaime off. “Grenn told me —”

“Yes, because Grenn is so in tune with himself—”

“—that the Dark Side only wants—”

“—he doesn’t even realize that he is—”

“Jaime Lannister will you shut up and listen?!” Jon yelled. He winced when he realized that he had inadvertently laced his words with the Force. “Sorry.” He said sheepishly. “I didn’t mean to try to Force control you, but what I am about to say is important, and I need you to listen.”

Jaime crossed his arms over his chest and raised an eyebrow. Jon figured it was as close as he was going to get to Jaime telling him to continue, even if it did feel like he was mocking him.

“Grenn told me once that the Dark Side wants me because I am strong, and those that desire power always want the strongest on their own side. I am the Chosen One; this is why it wants me. Bran is clearly special, hence why the Dark Side wants him. Hell, I don’t even know if it matters if you are someone who can do great things for it or not. Maybe it just wants to keep people from becoming Jedi and doing good; I don’t know. What I do know is that I have seen you perform some amazing feats in combat and on a regular day. You are talented Jaime. Maybe it wasn’t some big showdown like it was with Bran, but when you looked at yourself after Caitlin Stark died and swore that you would protect her son, I think that was you overcoming the Dark Side. Darkness can’t be where there is light and taking care of Bran and saving him was good. Your whole life changed because of that one decision. You say you did it for yourself, but I think we both know that is not true. You hide behind it because sometimes it is easier to continue to hate yourself than it is to forgive yourself, but I have seen you with Bran. You love him, and he loves you. Maybe you didn’t love him in the beginning, maybe it was simply compassion towards him, but I don’t think you decided to care for him out of selfish reasons. If you did, then I think the Dark Side would have stayed, and ultimately would have used it against you.” Jon fiddled with the hem of his shirt. “The Dark Side doesn’t want you to love anyone. It wants you to possess and use them. I may not know a lot, but I know that.”

Jaime blinked at Jon a few times, silently mulling over everything Jon had said.

“Oh, I don’t know.” Jaime said slowly. His lips curved up into his trademark smirk. “Maybe you do know something, Jon Mormont.”

“Does that mean you believe the things I said?” Jon asked, hopeful.

Jaime sighed. “Maybe?” He rubbed his chin. “It is just—”

“Hard to believe the best of yourself? That maybe you did succeed?”

“You are right about one thing Jon.” Jaime picked his fishing pole back up and began to reel in line in. “Sometimes I feel like it is hardest to forgive myself for the things I have done. I think I should have known better, or told my father to fuck off, or ran away and hidden in the orphanage with my brother. I lied to myself constantly for a time, letting myself believe I was maybe happy after Cersei came to power, but none of it was true.”

“Dad used to tell me we are the only ones that know if we are truly sorry for something we have done. If we know the sorrow we feel is true, and the atonement we undergo for our actions is genuine, then we should be able to forgive ourselves for the things we have done.” Jon handed Jaime
a fresh worm to put on his line. “Being sorry doesn’t mean we escape punishment, but if we are truly sorry then we are willing to go through the punishment because we know what we did is wrong.”

“Do you really think I deserve forgiveness?” Jaime threw his line back into the water.

Jon’s lips twitched. “Only you can answer that.”

Jaime threw his head back and laughed. “How long have you been fucking waiting to turn that back around on me? Or Davos?”

“Forever.” Jon laughed. He reeled in his line. His worm was still on the hook, so he decided to forgo changing it out before casting it back in. “Why did you really want to come out here with me?”

“Oh, Davos put me up to it of course. Said it was either this or cleaning the outhouse. I don’t clean, so fishing with you seemed like the better option.” He turned to Jon and gave him an earnest look. “Thank you, for the things you have said Jon. You have given me a lot of think over.” He said sincerely. “And honestly, I would have spoken with you soon anyway. Maybe not today, but soon.”

“You’re welcome, and thanks.” Jon narrowed his eyes and pursed his lips in thought. “There is something else I am curious about. How do you use the Force, if the Dark Side is no longer with you?”

“I just do.” He said with a shrug. “I didn’t think I would be able to once the Dark Side left me—”

Jon opened his mouth to reply, but Jaime waved him off.

“—or I defeated it, but I have never had any problems connecting with the energy around me. I am obviously still using the Force, it is just different. I don’t use it via my emotions.” Jaime’s line went taunt. He began to gently reel it back, not wanting to lose the fish. “Sometimes I wonder if maybe we are the ones that create this idea that there is only the Dark Side or the Light Side of the Force. I am not sure if I believe all of Tyrion’s story about Father, Son, and Daughter, but in a way it does make some sense. By splitting the Force into two halves, Father created the Light Side and Dark. But he still uses the Force, doesn’t he? I don’t think he would be able to communicate with Bran if he didn’t. What side does he use? Both? Maybe to him, who created the Force, perhaps it is neither good or bad, but a power that we wield and turn into such things.”

Jaime let out a low whistle as his fish broke through the water. It was huge, with bright red scales and purple fins. It had to weigh at least five pounds.

Jon’s mind went into overdrive. If what Jaime theorized was true…

“Do you think that is what it means to bring ‘balance to the Force’? To get rid of Jedi and Sith all together and begin to teach the Force as something more unifying instead of distinctive?”

Jaime reached for the box he had brought with him. Jon was mildly surprised to see there was snow inside. Jaime gently laid the fish on top of the ice before closing the lid.

“Before you even ask, I got the snow during one of my morning excursions.” He placed another worm onto his hook. “As for your voiced question…” Jaime rubbed his chin. “Honestly, I think you might be on to something. This whole fucking war started because Sith wanted to rule the Galaxy and eradicate the Jedi, not to mention the problems creatures where having the Jedi at the time. I am sure Davos could explain that to you in more detail, but what happened to your father is a perfect example of how much the Jedi had lost their way. While I am sure there will still be some sick sons-of-bitches who will try to destroy everyone and bring the Dark Side back, and self-righteous Jedi followers, perhaps doing away with the factions wouldn’t be such a bad thing.” Jaime recast his line.
He glanced over at Jon and raised his eyebrow in question. “Thinking about becoming the Chosen One?”

Jon sighed. He reeled his line back in, bothered that he hadn’t caught anything. Maybe he did need a new worm.

“I don’t know.” Jon selected a new worm from their tackle box. “It doesn’t feel right deciding the fate of the Galaxy when I can be so easily swayed. As you know, I can’t truly defeat the Dark Side —”

“— until Sansa stops helping you.” Jaime finished for him.

Jon nodded. “I wish I could speak with her, but Davos sunk our only source of communication.” He said, gesturing out to the lake.

“Have you thought about speaking to her through the bond? Davos said it could be possible.”

Jon threw his line out a bit rougher than was necessary. “If it is I can’t figure it out. How do you speak with someone you aren’t physically with without a communicator?”

“Through the bond.” Jaime said as if it was obvious. His line went taught, signaling he had caught yet another fish. “What did it feel like the one time Sansa needed you?”

“ Weird.” Jon resisted the urge to scowl at Jaime’s luck and instead focus on the matter at hand. “I felt stressed and overwhelmed for no reason at all. When I realized what was happening, I pictured myself reaching out and comforting her as if she was present.”

“How do you think you were able to feel her?”

“Through the bond.”

Jaime hummed. “Interesting how that is the answer to both our questions.” Jaime smiled at his newly caught fish. It was somehow bigger than the first one. “Jon, don’t you wonder how Sansa knows when the Dark Side is beginning to overpower you?”

“No.” Jon lied.

“No, you liar.”

Jon let out a huff. “Fine. Yes, I have fucking wondered all right? And before you tell me what it is I need to do, I already know so don’t bother.” Jon gripped his pole tighter, hoping it would cover the fact that his hands were beginning to shake from fear. “Surely you, of all creatures, understand the fear and anxiety I feel at seeing what is inside of me.”

“I do understand.” Jaime took the fish off the hook before laying it into the snow chest. While it was more than they would need for tonight, they could smoke the extra and eat it over the next few days. “There is no hiding from the truth that is inside you, Jon, but believe me when I tell you that what you are afraid of is not what you will see. Also, fear is the mind killer, don’t let it stop you from doing what is right, etc. etc. and all that bullshit.”

Jon smirked and rolled his eyes. “Thanks for sparing me from my second least favorite lecture.”

He sighed, silently admitting defeat to Jaime when it came to catching fish. They wouldn’t need anymore meat the next few days and Jon believed in not taking more than what was necessary. He took the worm off the hook and threw it into the lake for some fish to eat eventually.
Jaime clasped the snow box closed. He stood, stretching his arms overhead. He winced as his back let out a few pops. “Everybody has a Force signature; you know this. When you look inside yourself, you see your Force signature as it gives life to your body. Only those who are truly corrupted, such as my lovely sister, have the blackest of souls. Not even mine was all black.” He picked up the box and his fishing pole.

“What color was it?” Jon asked, standing. The two men began to walk back towards camp.

“Last time I looked, it was mostly black, with small patches of bright blue.” Jaime glanced down at his shoes. “It looked like the blue was suffocating from all the darkness.” He said quietly. “I won’t bullshit you Jon. It was terrible, and I haven’t looked within me since. I know what you are afraid of. I know. But seeing your essence isn’t going to ruin you or your chances at becoming a Jedi. Maybe it will frighten you, or maybe it will inspire you to get rid of the Dark Side once and for all. The point is you won’t know until you do it.”

“I know.” Jon said. He resigned himself to his fate. He would have to be brave and look, no matter how much it terrified him.

XXXXXXXX

Day 38

Jon turned on to his side with a frustrated huff. He kicked his legs out in an effort to get his bed roll to lay against him more comfortably. He stayed in that position for thirty seconds before flinging himself onto his back.

Jaime’s words from the day before had been haunting him since their conversation ended. The way Jaime phrased it made him think that perhaps he was making looking at his Force essence into something bigger than what it was. Yes, there was bits of the Dark Side that resided within him, but that wasn’t what made Jon who he was. He strived to be good and kind and fair, things that his father taught him.

Dad.

Jeor was a good man—the best—and Jon was his son. Surely Jon’s Force signature took after his fathers? He didn’t know if the Force followed the rules of genetics, but if it did, then his own signature should be nothing to fear. Perhaps Jeor had once had a bit of the Dark Side in him as well and had to get rid of it like Jon needed to do. The thought that he and his Dad could have gone through the same experiences when it came to the Force buoyed his spirits.

Jon scrubbed his hands down in face in determination. In one swift motion he threw his bed roll off his body and stood. He walked silently through their tent, not wanting to wake Davos or Jaime. If he was going to do this, he wanted to do it on his own.

Without thought his legs carried him back towards the tranquility of the lake. The moon was full and guided his way. At first glance, nothing had changed since his conversation with Jaime. But as the power of the Force flowed through every living thing that lived on Wolfswood, Jon knew that everything was different. Creatures were older, plants taller, and the planet farther into its rotation as it made its way around the sun. Winter was coming, and everything would change, only to be reborn again in the warmth of spring.

Jon laid down on the soft sand. He gazed up at the stars and planets twinkling through the dark sky. He wondered if Sansa was out there somewhere, or if she was in a different Galaxy all together. He felt the power of the Force acutely as he breathed in deeply. It surrounded his being and invaded his
senses. It felt so tangible to him that it felt possible to reach out and touch it.

“What do you want, Jon?”

“To be with Sansa. I want to marry her and have children with her, to love her for as long as I have breath in my body.” Jon answered. He was too caught up in the energy swirling around him to realize that it was the voice of his father speaking to him.

“Close your eyes Jon and let your heart guide you.”

Jon closed his eyes.

“Do not be afraid of what you will see but believe in the goodness that lives within you.”

Jon cleared his mind of doubt. He felt every muscle in his body relax and he took a deep breath in.

“Show me what it is a seek.” Jon whispered, asking the Force for guidance.

He slowly opened his eyes. He was no longer laying on the sand looking at the stars, but in a bright golden room that seemed to continue for as far as his eyes could see. Within the room flowed millions of vibrant green orbs. Jon looked down at his hands and gasped. They were translucent, allowing the bright golden hues of the room and green orbs to travel through them. In that moment Jon knew that he was looking within his very soul.

It wasn’t scary at all.

It was empowering.

Jon slowly circled the expanse before him. He frowned a bit when he saw the occasional black dot among all the blue, but it was as Jaime predicted. There were only a few, certainly not enough to taint his whole soul though Jon supposed there was more during his episodes. At present there was maybe a few hundred mixed in with the thousands of green ones.

A flurry of activity caught Jon’s eye. He turned his head just in time to see a mass of purple Force energy hurtling towards him. The colors swirled around him in a frenzy.

“Sansa?” Jon whispered. Or did he merely think it in his mind? Whatever the case, the colors stopped their ministrations—they were currently cocooning him in what Jon guessed was a hug—and stood before him at attention. Well, most of them anyway. He smiled at the at the few errant ones that refused to leave his side and were currently nuzzling into the palms of his hands.

“Are you Sansa?” Jon asked again.

The lights moved up and down in perfect synchronization. It reminded Jon of a school of fish.

He chuckled as a small black dot came within a few inches of him. Sansa’s energy quickly flicked it away as if it was nothing more than an annoying insect. If Force energy could hiss, Jon had a feeling that Sansa’s energy would have done so.

“I…” Jon frowned. The purple energy reminded him so much of Sansa. He didn’t want to hurt it when it had done so much for him, but he had to learn to stand on his own to defeat the Dark Side. He couldn’t create a life with the energy’s owner until he did.

Jon reached out his hand. He ran his hand from the top of the grouping to the bottom in the same way that he would caress Sansa’s hair when they would lay together at night.
“I love you, very much.” He whispered. The lights leaned further into his touch. “You have helped me through some very difficult times in my life. First when Dad died and then when I struggled to control the darkness within me. You cared for me when I thought I had no one left in the Galaxy. You personify kindness, and compassion, and strength. I want you with me always, and it is for that reason I need you to leave me for a time.”

The purple lights wilted. Jon continued his caresses, and with his opposite hand reached out and touched the middle of the circle with his fingertips, imagining that it was Sansa’s cheek.

“It is nothing you have done sweetling. You have helped me during times that I could not help myself. I want to be able to do the same for you. I want to become someone that can share my strength with you. And, I want to be able to do that for myself.” Jon wiggled his fingertips, causing the bright purple lights to bounce merrily. “I will defeat the Dark Side. I will do it for me, for you, and the Galaxy; the last thing the creatures of Westeros need is another psychotic Sith running loose. I will do so utilizing the tools that you, Davos, and Jaime have taught me. Don’t you see? Even though your presence won’t be with me, you will still be with me here,” Jon pressed his hand against his head, “and here.” Jon moved his hand to his heart.

The purple energy condensed into a tight ball. It brought itself against Jon’s cheek and began to move in a circular motion, constantly rearranging itself so that every molecule could feel Jon against them. The ball pulled back and floated in front of Jon’s eyes.

“Will you tell the part of me that resides within Sansa to come back as well? I am afraid that if I feel her sadness I won’t be able to go through with all this.”

The mass moved up and down again. Jon leaned himself forward and touched it with his forehead. He closed his eyes and breathed in deeply. He could feel Sansa’s energy becoming smaller and smaller until there was only one tiny speck left. It moved itself around his hair, hands, eyes, and lips before disappearing like the rest.

Jon opened his eyes. He stared up at the stars, his consciousness back in the outside world.

“I love you.” He whispered out into the Galaxy, out to where Sansa was. “When I see you again I will be the man that you need. I swear it.”

“There comes a time when every boy becomes a man. The sort of man is up to him.”

In one swift movement Jon pressed his palms into the sandy beach, pushed himself into a sitting position, and twisted his torso. His eyes focused, and his jaw dropped.

“Dad?”

Chapter End Notes

Thoughts?!?!

I don’t know about you all but I am proud of Jon, Jaime, and Davos. Jon is getting to a place where he can stand on his own and confront the Dark Side without Sansa (I loved writing the part with her Force energy and I hope it read well), Jaime is finally in a place where he can heal, and Davos is teaching and learning how to have a bit of fun in the process.
Thank you all so much for reading. Hit me in the comments to let me know what you think and I will catch you all on the next update!

Chapter 42 Preview:

Chapter 41: Letting Go

Jon leaned back on the balls of his feet. He grunted in pain as Davos pulled the blindfold impossibly tighter against his head.

“I feel like I am on some fucking game show on Astapor.” He placed his on his hips suspiciously. “You two aren’t going to dangle me from a tree while blood from my pricked finger alerts the wildlife to my presence, are you?”

“Don’t forget about the ring of fire that stands between you and the wildlife. That is always my favorite part.” Jaime let out a chuckle. “Classic.”

Jon smirked. “I hate to tell you Jaime but you and Pyp have more in common than you think. Those stupid reality shows were some of his favorite—”

“Don’t you ever say that shit again Mormont.” Jaime replied, all traces of amusement gone. “Just for implying such a thing I am going to have to—”

“Can you see, Jon?” Davos asked, ignoring their petty bickering.
Chapter 42: You Can’t Save Everyone

Jeor looked down at the tiny baby resting inside his hands. Jon was smaller than average, a result of being born two weeks prematurely. Jeor had breathed an audible sigh of relief when the midwife informed him that he was fully developed. He would be able to take him back to his ship the next day as long as he passed a second series of tests and was able to drink the formula given to him without any problems. Jeor made a mental note to put the times Jon would need to see a doctor or med droid into the ship’s computer. Since he didn’t have a home planet he would need to take Jon to whatever planet or wheel was closest at the time. He wasn’t the only creature to live on a ship and travel full-time, so Jon’s clinic-hoping would not raise suspicion.

The tiny baby slowly opened his eyes. They were milky grey and searching.

“Hello, my boy.” Jeor whispered. Jon’s eyes went cross-eyed for a moment as they struggled to focus. “I am your father.” Jeor brought Jon closer until he was about foot away from his face. Jeor smiled as Jon’s eyes focused on his own. “I think that sounds a bit too formal for us, don’t you think? I like ‘Dad’ better. I think that will fit you and I just fine.”

Jon stared at him, thoroughly unimpressed with his musings. This did not deter Jeor in the least as he began to bounce Jon up and down gently. All younglings had been required to spend a portion of their time volunteering to help in the nursery before they were paired with a master. While it had not been Jeor’s favorite part of the day—battle strategy had always been his favorite—he also didn’t dislike the time he spent there. If anything, he had been rather neutral towards the whole thing, seeing the benefit of learning how to care for others but never really forming a bond with one of the babies or toddlers.

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During a mission with his master an elderly man once asked him if he liked younglings. He chuckled at Jeor’s noncommittal shrug, telling him that regardless of his feelings towards other’s children, he would always love his own. Jeor had been a teenager at the time and found the whole conversation rather ridiculous. He would always be a Jedi and would never father children, and he felt the old man to be a bit presumptuous in his declaration of Jeor becoming a father someday.

“I guess he knew more than I ever did.” Jeor said softly. He ran a finger over the tiny tufts of dark black hair that covered the top of Jon’s head. The longest parts where only an inch or so long, Jeor
wondered if he would have curly hair like his mother.

“You have been in this world for only a few hours and you are already the most important thing in my life.”

The baby blinked his eyes a few times. Without warning, he scrunched up his tiny face and began to cry. His body went stiff and his tiny hands fought to free themselves from the blanket they were swaddled beneath. Jeor chuckled as his mouth opened and closed and his tiny head buried itself into Jeor’s chest, sucking in a huge piece of Jeor’s tunic. Taking care to walk as carefully as he could—he would never forgive himself if he tripped or fell—Jeor made his way over to the plush chair that sat in the corner of the nursery. They were at a hospital in Dragonstone, one of the few places that Jon could be born without being taken away from him. Stannis Baratheon had proven himself an ally to the last remaining Jedi, which consisted of only Davos and Tyrion, within minutes of the Republic’s demise.

Jeor blinked back tears as he brought the nipple of the bottle of Jon’s mouth, mindful to support his head. His tiny mouth latched on and he sucked greedily.

“It is just going to be you and me. Your mother, she didn’t…” Jeor took in a shuddering breath, trying not to think of Tyrion and how he had kindly offered to take care of burial preparations. The baby closed his eyes and continued to drink happily. “You are so special. There are some that might want to take you away from me, to use you for what you could be, but I will never let that happen.”

The sucking slowed before stopping completely. The nipple fell out of the baby’s mouth and a soft snore came from his nose. Jeor gently brought him to rest of his right shoulder and patted his back.

“You are my son. Mine, and no one else’s.”

Jeor knew, thought they hadn’t mentioned it, that Stannis, Davos, Tyrion, and other allies were already planning for a Rebellion. It would undoubtably be many years in the future. As he pressed his cheek against his son’s head, he already knew the answer the question they would ask him.

“I am going to teach you so many things. I will teach you to be brave, courageous, and honest. I will teach be kind, work hard, and be loyal. And, most of all, I will make sure you always know just how much I love you.”

Jeor gently kissed the top of his head. “I will always be with you Jon Mormont.” He said tenderly. “Always.”

XXXXXX

“Dad? Is it—are you really—can you possibly be?..”

Jon choked back a sob, not sure if it was from the pain of remembering Jeor’s death or the fact that he was finally seeing his father again that was causing him to be overcome from his emotions. He waited for Sansa’s presence to calm him before remembering that she was no longer with him. Jon fell to his knees, having grown unaccustomed to feeling things so deeply over the last two months. A pair of familiar black boots came into view. The only difference was they were now translucent and tinged with a light blue hue.

Jon looked up and stared into Jeor’s kind blue eyes. “I missed you so much, Dad.”

“We too, son, me too.” Jeor placed a loving hand onto Jon’s back. Jon’s eyes widened at the
sensation. He could feel the touch of his father, but it lacked its usual heaviness. Somehow, his corporeal body could interact with the objects that surrounded it.

Jon stood on shaky legs. He collapsed against the solid form of his father and wrapped his arms around him. Jon couldn’t remember the last time he had hugged Jeor; it had to have been when he was still a youngling, before he began to insist that he was too old for such things.

He had been a fool to ever stop.

“When I saw you die, I felt like a part of me disappeared with you. I heard you, in my head. I thought I was going crazy. But then Jaime told me there was a possibility you became a Force Spirit and I found myself hoping it was true, that I would be able to see you again. But then I didn’t hear you for the longest time and I thought maybe everyone got it wrong.” Jon lifted his head from Jeor’s chest. “I love you, Dad.” Jon said, a few tears falling down his cheeks. He burrowed his head back into Jeor’s chest. “I love you.”

Jeor patted the top of Jon’s head. The nineteen-year-old in him knew that he was being treated a bit like a child, but the son in him didn’t care. It reminded Jon of when he was a youngling and would hurt himself. Jeor had always been there to comfort him and kiss away his cuts and bruises.

“I know, Jon. I love you too.” Jeor said. His voice was thick with emotion. “Even though you never saw me, I have been by your side this entire time.”

Jon’s elation quickly turned to mortification. He stepped away from Jeor and quickly rubbed his eyes to clear away the tears.

“The whole time?” He choked out, wincing as his voice broke at the end of his sentence. His mind flashed back to his shower with Sansa and their subsequent activities. She would never let him touch her again if she knew there was a possibility that Jeor’s spirit was in the room, and Jon wouldn’t blame her; some things were not mean for a parent’s eyes.

Jeor smiled knowingly at Jon’s sudden change in demeanor. “Well, not everything. Just like there are some things you don’t want me to see, there are some things I don’t want to see as well.” He rubbed his chin in thought. “I like Sansa. She is everything I could have hoped for in your life partner. Plus, my grandchildren are going to be adorable.”

“Dad!” Jon sputtered. He rubbed the back of his neck while his cheeks flushed in embarrassment. “We aren’t even to that point yet.”

Jeor shrugged. “An old man can hope, can’t he?” He gestured to the log that he and Jaime had sat on the day before. “Even though I have been here for you this whole time, I would still love to hear you tell me everything you have experienced.”

Jeor sat down. It amazed Jon that his spirit was still able to interact with the environment around him instead of floating through or above things. Figuring it was a Force thing, Jon sat down next to his father.

“Where should I start?”

“At the beginning.”

Jon opened his mouth. He told Jeor about how Sansa had brought him out of his grief so that he could fly them to safety, his disbelief at finding out that Jeor had been a Jedi and Night Kings master, and how he refused to join the Rebellion, believing that Jeor wouldn’t want him to stay and help. He told him about his decision to return and flying into the Battle on Greywater Watcher –Jeor assured
him he understood and supported his decision—, how his Jedi training with Sansa was rough at the beginning, how he improved the more they worked together, about his missions to Tarbek and Mistwood, their close calls with Daenerys and Tormund, Jaime and Bran’s defection, their crew’s separation, his training with Davos and Jaime, his struggles with the Dark Side, and how he broke off his connection with Sansa so that he could ultimately become stronger.

As he spoke, Jon’s mind flashed back to a time when he was a sullen teenager. He had been bullied, this time not about their occupation but because the other boys thought he was too short to play with them and kept calling him ‘runt’ and ‘castaway’. It had been hard to walk away and not punch the little assholes in the face. He had sat down alone on the open desert plain and watched as the planet’s two suns set into the sky. Jeor joined him after a few minutes of solitude. The two had simply sat together in silence, watching the setting of the sun. Jon found comfort in Jeor’s calming presence and his anger gradually decreased. Though their situation now was different, and they were speaking to each other, the peace and love Jon felt at the time mirrored what he felt now. Jeor laughed, smiled, and looked at Jon with concern at all the appropriate times. Though he had lived it, Jeor acted as though he had no idea what Jon would say next.

“I am so very proud of you, Jon.” Jeor said when Jon had finished with all that he wanted to say. Jeor’s voice was thick with emotion. “You made some good decisions, and some questionable ones, but you never lost sight of who you are. Even when you lost yourself to the Dark Side, you never gave up hope that someday you would be able to overcome its hold on you. And now, here you are, training to become a Jedi.” He looked at Jon. The love on his face was evident. “I am honored to call you my son.”

Jon opened and closed his mouth a few times, trying to form words but unable to. He was rendered speechless by Jeor’s declaration. He threw his arms back around his dad without hesitation.

“I love you Dad.”

“I love you too, son.”

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DAY 50

Jon calmly sat cross legged in the middle of the field of grass and wildflowers that separated the lake from the mountains behind it. His eyes watched Jaime as the older man paced back and forth. He held his lightsaber in one hand and was gently tapping it into the palm of his other. Jon was grateful that for once it didn’t look like he was going to be hit on the back of his head with a stick.

“All right, the good news is that Sansa is longer with you.” Jaime said. He was looking down at the ground and his brow was furrowed in concentration.

“And the bad news?” Jon pressed after waiting a few moments for Jaime to continue.

Jaime huffed. “There is no bad news.” He stopped his pacing and sat himself down across from Jon. “You manned-the-hell-up and decided to face the fucking music on your own. Good for you. Shit is going to get more intense and you now have the balls to fight it head on.”

Jon titled his head to the side. “Thanks?”

Jaime rolled his eyes. “It’s a compliment.”

Jon puffed out his chest a little. Jaime and Davos were not free with their praise, so he couldn’t help being a little giddy every time they told him he had done something right.
“Don’t get too excited.” Jaime groused.

Jon rolled his eyes, refusing to let Jaime’s sarcasm deflate his happiness.

“Anyway.” Jaime stressed, more than ready to move on from complementing Jon. “When you looked inside yourself you saw the black energy of the Dark Side. I saw the same thing when I looked within myself the first time.” He took a deep breath. “But, after sharing your experience with me, I decided to grow a pair myself and looked at my own Force energy once again, and I have a theory.”

Jon’s jaw dropped. “You did?” He asked in shock. “What did you see?”

Jaime ignored Jon’s questions. “My theory is the dark energy living within you is not your actual Force energy but swells of the Dark Side that have invaded your soul.”

Jon let out an annoyed huff, no longer happy. Would it hurt Jaime to be forth-coming more than the one time? “You know Jaime, I just asked you a—”

“I believe this is why Sansa was so protective of your own energy.” Jaime interrupted, disregarding Jon. “When the Dark Side energy touches your own, it causes your energy to change and become corrupted. Once you are able to overcome the Dark Side completely I think this unnatural energy will leave you and all that will remain is your natural energy.” Jaime scratched the side of his face. “I think that is why people, or even Jedi, are able to feel what we term ‘negative emotions’ but not go fucking crazy; it’s because there is no Dark Side within them to take advantage of their momentary weakness and gain control.”

Jon thought over what Jaime had said. He was pleased to find that it made sense. He’d had three run-ins with the Dark Side since letting go of Sansa, and each one had been horrible. He had tried to talk himself out of it like before but failed each time. The temptations were simply too strong, and Jon was admittedly ill-equipped to handle it, having grown used to Sansa’s help. It was more than a tad bit humiliating when he realized just how much he had relied on her.

“I won’t be able to help you overcome the Dark Side, Jon, but to be honest I don’t know that anyone would have been able to. I have thought a lot about our conversation and the things you said. I believe you are right in that the way each creature overcomes the Dark Side is different. For some it may be gradual, and for others one specific moment. But, I do think with this new information I have hypothesized you will be able to keep your episodes at bay until the time comes when you are forced to either confront the Darkness within you, or you find that each small moment of victory has wiped out the Darkness completely.”

Jon nodded his head. “I understand.” He said. He gave Jaime a small smile. “I am glad you have thought over the things we talked about.”

“Are you ready to begin?” Jaime asked, once again ignoring Jon’s obvious desire for much information.

Jon let out a huff of annoyance. “Are you going to ignore my questions or are you actually going to tell me if you are feeling better or not?” He demanded.

Jaime’s lips quirked up into a smile. “Get this right and I will tell you what I saw and the conclusion I came to. Agreed?” He held out his hand to shake on it.

“Agreed.” Jon said without hesitation. He eagerly shook Jaime’s hand.

“Very good.” Jaime said. He closed his eyes and placed his hands onto his knees, palms up. Jon quickly followed suit. “Now, let us begin.”
Jon ran through the forest, Davos hot on his heels behind him. Unlike other training exercises where Jon had been required to demonstrate his use of the Force through different maneuvers, this time Davos had directed him to reach out to the Force and let it guide him to where he needed to go.

They had been running for three days. Neither of them had packed supplies, both thinking that the exercise would only last a couple of hours at most. They ate food they scavenged and drank water they boiled from rivers and streams. Jaime had originally been with them. When it became evident after the first day that Jon had not reached his destination, he volunteered to go back to camp and watch over their things. He never thought he would feel this way, but Jon did miss Jaime, slightly.

Jon made a quick turn to the right. He suddenly stopped running and looked at his surroundings.

“We are close.” He placed a hand on his chest. “I can feel it.”

“What do you feel?” Davos asked calmly. Neither man was breathing heavily, due to using the Force to strengthen their bodies.

Jon frowned. “Darkness, and immense loneliness.” He turned to face Davos. “Why would the Force lead me to such things?”

The corner of Davos’ lips lifted into the smallest of smiles. “I could tell you, but I do not think you would like the answer.”

Jon nodded his head, understanding the meaning beneath Davos’ words. This was yet another thing that Jon would have to find the meaning of on his own. He walked towards the dense cluster of trees and bushes that shielded a deep red rock face. He pushed the bushes aside to see they were protecting the entrance to a dark cave. The air felt cold and stale inside. He could see his breath coming out in small white puffs.

Against his better judgement—Jon wanted to run away and never return—Jon forced his legs to take him farther into the negative energy swirling space. He could barely see in front of him, his way dimly lit by cracks at the entrance. The roots of tall Weirwoods grew all around him. They were littered with spiders’ nests. Jon recoiled in horror as a long, thick snake slithered atop his feet. Its skin was covered in red spots that reminded Jon of Ramsay’s tattoos. It was a chilling comparison.

He was afraid. Jon could feel the fear pulsing through his veins with each breath. And yet, the fear felt like it was coming from outside his body instead of within. It was as if the atmosphere was pouring fear into him instead of his emotions creating it on their own.

Jon’s breathing tightened. He felt, rather than saw, the hairs on his arms on the back of his neck begin to stand on end.

A figure appeared in the distance, his boots crunching ominously on the leafy floor.

Night King.

Jon drew a shaky hand to Jaime’s lightsaber and unclipped it from his belt. He willed himself to take courage, to be brave, but the closer Night King got the more the fear from the cave pulsed through him. He hit the activation button on the lightsaber. The red blade illuminated the cave in its blood-colored hue.

Night King smiled at him. His frost-bitten and pieced together face contorted unnaturally; it was as if his lips hadn’t turned upward in years. He raised his lightsaber and pushed the throttle, activating his
own lightsaber.

Jon hated himself for noticing how the twin colors complimented each other, like they were a part of a matching set. He quickly reminded himself that the lightsaber he wielded was Jaime’s and not his own, and that Jaime was different now. The red color did not make the saber evil; it was the person who wielded it.

Jon quickly brought his lightsaber to his side to deflect Night Kings opening attack. He sucked in a breath at the raw power of his opponent. Taking courage in the fact that his own strength was holding, Jon continued to block each attack as he searched desperately for an opening.

Night King lunged towards him after taking a small step back. It was a bit hesitant, and Jon recognized it as the opportunity he had been waiting for. Jon raised his blade as quickly as he could. It connected with Night King’s neck, decapitating him.

Jon watched with grim satisfaction as his opponent’s head fell to the floor followed by his limp and lifeless body.

“What the…”

Jon recoiled in horror as he stared down at Night King’s head. Only, it was no longer the face of the Sith Lord, but his own staring back at him. Bile rose in the back of Jon’s throat. Feeling like he was going to throw up, Jon clutched his stomach and ran towards the entrance of the cave.

After what felt like hours, but was in reality mere seconds, Jon burst through the entrance to the cave. He ignored the scrapes from the tree’s barren branches as he fell to his hands and his knees. He took deep breaths in a desperate attempt to rid himself of what he had just experienced. It was no use. The image of his head rolling on the ground would be forever etched into his memory.

Jon looked up to see Davos sitting down on a fallen Weirwood tree. He had a stick in his hand and was idly drawing pictures into the dirt.

“Where were you?” Jon asked. He didn’t say it as an accusation, but more out of a general desire to know why Davos hadn’t come into the cave. Surely, he felt Jon’s distress? “Why didn’t you come to help me? I thought I saw Night King and I—” Jon cut himself off abruptly. He wasn’t ready to share what happened just yet.

“You, and what you take with you, are the only things that can enter the cave.” Davos explained. He continued to draw images into the dirt. “I could not have come in even if I wanted to.

“It is what I carry with me?”

“Yes.” Davos confirmed. He motioned to Jaime’s lightsaber that was still clutched in Jon’s shaking hand. “This, of course, but also this.” He said, pointing to Jon’s mind. “What did you feel when you entered?”

“Loneliness.” Jon said. “And fear. Only, it wasn’t my own. It felt like the cave was feeding it me.”

“Hm.” Davos said. He finally stopped his drawing and looked up at Jon. “What do you fear Jon? More than anything?”

Jon stood, having finally gotten ahold of his emotions. He stared at the bushes and trees that made up the cave’s entrance. “Being alone. I…” Jon looked down. He swallowed the lump that was beginning to form in his throat. “I am afraid that in the end, I will be the only one left in my own life.”
“Do you let the fear control you, or do you take your weakness and make it into the best part of who you are?”

Jon looked over to Davos and sat next to him on the log. “Is that possible?”

“Do you know what I fear?”

“Nothing?”

Davos chuckled. “We all fear something Jon.” He waved his hand towards the ground. Jon’s forehead pulled back in surprise when he realized that Davos hadn’t been idly drawing at all. In the dirt, between the fallen leaves and branches, was a picture of Jeor Mormont. “I fear that I will never be able to apologize for the mistakes I have made towards those I have hurt or judged unfairly.”

It took a few moments for Jon to find his voice. “Oh.” He said a bit lamely.

“However, instead of letting that fear consume me, I have tried to use it to make me better. There are some who are gone, that I may never be able to make amends with, but there are those who are still alive, that I can speak and apologize to. I can also remember this principle in my interactions with other creatures. I should listen to them and treat them with kindness and respect. I believe this is how we use what we fear to benefit not only our lives, but those around us as well. I used to think that fear would lead us to hate and anger, and while that is true to an extent, it can also lead us to becoming a better version of ourselves, if we let it. If we do this, then our fears are no longer something we have to overcome, but something we overcame.”

Davos patted Jon’s knee before standing. He stretched his arm overhead. “What you have to decide Jon, is—”

“What sort of man I want to be.” Jon interrupted.

Davos quirked an eyebrow at him.

Jon stood. The two men began to walk towards the direction of their campsite.

“It’s something Dad told me when I was young. I have been pondering it a lot lately.” Jon explained. “What you are talking about, it’s the same as what he taught me. I have to decide what I want to be, and how I want to get there. Then, I have to the courage to do it.”

Davos smiled at him proudly. “I think if you keep going down the path you have chosen, you will find that you where you are is exactly where you wanted to be the whole time.”

Jon winced slightly as he thought back to Night Kings head and how it had transformed into his own.

“I hope so.” He whispered. “I really hope so.”

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DAY 88
Jon leaned back onto his heels. He grunted in pain as Davos pulled the blindfold impossibly tighter against his head.

“I feel like I am on some fucking game show on Astapor.” He jutted out his bottom lip. “You two aren’t going to dangle me from a tree while blood from my pricked finger alerts the wildlife to my presence, are you?”

“Don’t forget about the ring of fire that stands between you and the wildlife. That is always my favorite part.” Jaime let out a chuckle. “Classic.”

Jon smirked. “I hate to tell you Jaime but you and Pyp have more in common than you think. Those stupid reality shows were some of his favorite—”

“Don’t you ever say that shit again Jon Mormont.” Jaime replied, all traces of amusement gone. “Just for implying such a thing I am going to have to—”

“Can you see, Jon?” Davos asked, ignoring their petty bickering.

Jon was impressed how unflappable Davos was when it came to his temper. He was almost tempted to bring him aboard The Knights Watch once Crow Squadron was back together again. If he could maintain his composure around that group, Davos really was the perfect example of proper Jedi temperament.

“I can feel the change in the breeze as you wave your hand in front of my face.” Jon responded. “But as far as actually seeing your hand, or anything else, the answer is no.”

“Very good. Now…” Jeor trailed off. Jon listened to the movement of the branches beneath him as he began to shift around. “Do you feel that? The change in the Force?”

Jon resisted the urge to turn towards the presence of his father. He could feel Jeor near, watching him, but he didn’t want to confirm Davos’ question. Jeor had asked Jon before leaving him to not reveal that Jon had seen and spoken to him with Davos. He wanted to focus only on Jon for the time being, and not Davos and his likely apologies. When Jon had ribbed him for still holding a grudge against Davos after twenty plus years, Jeor had grumbled that he wasn’t perfect and would work on it.

“The only thing you are feeling is Jon trying not to be scared.” Jaime taunted.

Jon neither confirmed or denied Jaime’s statement, knowing he would be found out for lying.

“Perhaps.” Davos said slowly, not quite believing Jaime but unable to decipher that what he was feeling was Jeor’s Force spirit. “Well, never mind.” He said. He focused on Jon once more.

“The task is both simple and difficult.” Davos reminded him. He reached for Jon’s hand and placed Jaime’s shoto into this palm. Jaime had joked that the weapon no longer belonged to him since Jon was always using it during their training sessions. “You are to use the Force to predict Jaime’s movements and defend yourself. This should be easy as you have been training for battle for quite some time. The difficulty comes in the terrain.”

Jon gulped. He tried not to think about the fact that he was currently standing on a narrow cliffside that had taken them over an hour to hike. The view was spectacular and a bit terrifying. It also didn’t help that both Davos and Jaime had told him in no certain terms that if he fell, it was up to him to save himself; they would not be helping. Jon was sure that Jeor wouldn’t help him either, promises of protecting him not-withstanding.
An involuntary shudder rippled down Jon’s spine. Maybe Jaime was right, and some of what Davos was feeling was Jon trying to repress his fear.

“You must use the Force to tell you where every rock, tree, animal, and insect is located. One wrong step and you fall.” Jeor continued, unaware of Jon’s inner turmoil.

“I understand Master.” Jon said. He winced at the sound of his voice quivering in trepidation. He tried to tell himself this was no different than the meditation exercises he’d done in the beginning, but just thinking it felt like a load of bullshit.

Jon took a deep cleansing breath. He quickly looked within himself and saw the familiar black spheres of the Dark Side. Thankfully there was only the normal amount. He mentally instructed his energy to stand watch over them and to let him know if they began to touch and corrupt his natural energy. Under Jaime’s tutelage Jon had learned how to bond and communicate with the energy living inside him. Each one was different and unique, and all of them together made up the core of who Jon was. The ones that Jon put in charge of watching the dark energy were the among the most patient. They would alert Jon’s conscious of any changes.

“What are you scared about anyway?” Jaime asked. His voice came from in front of Jon and brought him out of his momentary meditation. “You jumped out of the hospital in Mistwood, not to mention the fact you have been nosediving off weirwood trees for weeks now.” The quick humming of his lightsaber indicated that Jaime was doing some warm-up maneuvers before their fight.

“I could see the ground. That makes it infinitely different.” Jon deadpanned. He waved his arms towards his toes. “The only reason I know where the ground is at this moment is because I am standing on it.”


Jon resisted the urge to throw himself onto the floor and kick his legs in frustration. He wondered if Jedi knew any other type of advice besides ‘trust in the Force’.

He doubted it.

“Let us begin.” Davos said with a clap of his hands.

Jon also wondered if Davos knew any other way to signal that it was time to begin his training exercises.

He focused his thoughts. Taking a deep breath, Jon’s thumb found the button to—

“What the fuck Jaime?!” He screamed from the ground. He placed his hand on his chest where Jaime’s boot had connected with him. He felt confident it would leave a bruise. “That was a fucking cheap shot you ass—”

Jon quickly rolled to his right, letting out a small gasp when his shins hit against some sharp rocks. He placed his hands on either side of his head, braced his core, and kicked his legs out in front of him. As soon he was righted he ignited his lightsaber. He took a small bit of comfort in hearing the blade hum to life.

“Do or do not, there is no try.” Jaime called out to him.

Jon brought himself into the opening stance of the Ataru guard. He barely had enough time to complete the position before he sensed Jaime’s next attack. He shifted to his left and brought his blade up to defend against Jaime’s downward attack.
“That is becoming my second least favorite phrase.” Jon grumbled.

Jaime gave a hollow laugh. He pressed down harder, the blades cackling with electricity. Jon brought himself down into a deeper squat. Focusing the strongest energy of his body into his legs and arms, Jon pushed his body in a standing position and lifted his arms at the same time. He smirked when he felt Jaime’s lightsaber pull back and heard the gravel shifting under his feet as Jaime stumbled back.

*Break it down Jon,* he thought to himself, *make it simple.*

**Step one: let the Force take control of your movement.**

In the few seconds before Jaime attacked again, Jon forced his mind to stop giving commands to his body and let the Force take over his senses. He needed his thoughts to be open to his surroundings and creating a plan to defeat Jaime, and he couldn’t do that and defend himself at the same time. Davos was right; he had been training for lightsaber duels for months, and for battle almost his entire life. While the Force wasn’t going to create skills he didn’t have, it could help him to utilize the ones he already knew. Davos had told him using the Force would become akin to muscle memory, and this was his first chance to see if he could do it.

*Don’t think, just do.*

He smirked when he realized what his own advice sounded like.

Keeping his thoughts clear, Jon dulled his mind to the sensations around him. It was difficult, as it was contrary to everything that Davos had taught him during those first few weeks on Wolfswood. He struggled to tune out the sounds of wildlife, the plants as they moved with the breeze, and the rotation of the planet; he could feel every movement and hear every sound, and he needed to trust that his body, along with the power of the Force, would protect him from such things while his consciousness devised a plan to defeat Jaime.

Jon felt the overwhelming urge to jump back. It was in the back of his mind, not the forefront, and with every millisecond the premonition drew stronger.

He jumped.

Landing in a crouch, Jon brought the blade of his borrowed saber down on his right side. He flicked back against Jaime’s saber as soon as it made contact with his own. Using his free hand, Jon pulled back with his free hand and sent a Force push in what he hoped—no, knew—was Jaime’s position.

“Very good Jon.” Davos said from his right.

Jon nodded to let Davos known he had heard him. He raised his lightsaber overhead and placed his free hand out in front of him, back leg bent and front leg straight.

*Don’t think.*

Jon jumped up, dodging the sweep to his legs that he somehow knew Jaime was trying.

*Just use the Force.*

He flicked his wrist to block the blow to his right side.

*Don’t.*
He grabbed Jaime’s wrist while twisting his body to the side.

*Think.*

He let go, ducking down to avoid the punch sent towards his jaw.

*Okay, okay. Deep breaths. You are doing this. Your body is responding to the Force as it lets you know where Jaime is and what his attacks are.*

Jon blocked another jab, this time to his left.

*Part One, down.*

He coughed.

*Well, mostly down.*

Jaime had managed another swift kick to his ribs. He took two giant leaps back to give him a chance to let the air back into his lungs. He rubbed the back of his head when he inadvertently ran into a tree trunk.

*Time for Part Two: use the Force to help me see, even though I can’t actually see at the moment.*

*Simple.*

Jon racked his brain for the slightest bit of inspiration that could help him decipher how to see with the Force as his body continued to block Jaime’s attacks. A part of him thought it was the same concept as his ‘battle sight’—the term he would now use to reference what he was currently doing—but Jon quickly dismissed the idea. If it was the same than Davos wouldn’t have emphasized there being two separate parts to this exercise. Or would he? Jon was beginning to think Davos wasn’t always as straightforward with him as he seemed to be.

Jon’s legs wobbled as he stepped onto a pile of rocks. He let out a cry of pain as Jaime took advantage of his momentary weakness and kicked him in the shins. Falling on his back, Jon rolled out of the way before Jaime’s lightsaber made a direct hit as well.

*Shit.* Jon delicately touched his nose and winced when his hand came into contact with warm, sticky blood. It was result of his face rolling onto the same rocks he had lost his footing on moments before.

*“Need a minute?”* Jaime asked.

Jon frowned. If Jaime was asking, then his injury must be bad. He gingerly took off his scarf and began to dap at his wound.

*“No, I want to keep going.”* Jon said with determination. *“Inquisitors and White Walkers aren’t going to stop because of a little blood.”* He stood, ignoring the blood as it continued to come out of his nose. He needed to finish this battle and fast; discovering how to see with the Force would have to come another time.

Jon took one step back, and then another. He wasn’t sure if he could sustain a prolonged attack towards Jaime without being able to see, but perhaps he could do a series of quick jabs and Force pushes once Jaime came close enough.

He took another step back.
“Don’t go easy on me just because—”

“Jon! Stop!”

The warning was too late.

Jon’s stomach bottomed out as he felt the all too familiar feeling of falling through the sky. This time, however, there was no droid to slow down his fall and help him land safely on the ground.

For the briefest of seconds Jon thought about calling out to Jeor to save him, or at the very least taking off the damn blindfold so he could see where he was falling, but he knew doing so would be no different than the reliance he’d had on Sansa all those months.

“No. Cheating.” He whispered through gritted teeth.

Jon quickly recalled the view from the top of the mountain and how long it had taken the three of them to make the ascent. He had at least two minutes before he hit the ground.

_I can do this._

_I am going to do this._

Davos told him that he needed to see, and if Jon had learned anything about Davos during their time on Wolfswood, it was that Davos often told him things that had a deeper meaning.

He needed to _see_ with the _Force._

He had ‘battle sight’; now he needed ‘Force sight’.

Jon tuned himself back in to the movement of the planet and what his subconscious had been taking in. Forty seconds had gone by, which meant he had one minute and twenty seconds left before impact. Jon cleared his mind once more of his outside surroundings. He didn’t want any distractions.

He thought about he used the Force in battle. Whenever he wanted to put extra power behind his attacks, he would focus all his energy into specific areas of his body. When Jon had deflected Jaime’s blows earlier, he had put more energy into his shoulders and arms. Was it possible Force sight worked the same way?

Sixty seconds left.

_Well, it’s now or never. It either works or I die trying._

Jon thought of Sansa, how her eyes sparkled when she laughed or the way she lightly bit her tongue when she was in deep concentration. He steadied his resolve. There would be no dying today. Jon relaxed every muscle in his body. It took a few calming breaths to do so, but eventually he was able to become completely boneless during his fall.

Fifty seconds.

Jon sent the Force residing within him towards his eyes. He felt the power as it congregated around his irises and pupils.

Forty seconds

Nothing happened.
Jon scrambled. He forced himself to remember basic anatomy Jeor taught him as a child. Eyes took in images and the brain processed those images. So, theoretically, he would also need to send parts of his Force energy to where the images where processed. But where was that take place? The lessons were so long ago, and he couldn’t remember.

Thirty seconds.

Think…think…think…

I just have to think back to when—

Back! That’s it!

Jon quickly sent the quickest parts of his energy to the back part of his brain. He took a deep breath in and out.

Twenty seconds.

Please let me see.

Jon could feel his eyes and brain straining in an effort to see.

Fifteen seconds.

Please let me—

Jon gasped. He could see. Not in colors, but he could see the organic planet and all its wildlife in outlined brown hues and where his position was within the environment around him. It was amazing. He saw the tops of the lush trees, the birds flying about, the wildflowers that were scattered along the forest floor. He was so close that all he had to do was reach out and…

“Oh shit!” Jon cried, his sight zeroing in on the ground that he was very rapidly falling towards.

Without thought, Jon threw out both hands and sent a Force push towards the ground. It was too strong. Jon flew high up into the air, breaking through the tree line. He paused for the barest of moments, arms and legs spread wide, before he once again began to fall towards the floor.

“Oh, let’s try that again.” Jon whispered. He once again moved both arms out in front of him. “Just a little softer this time.”

Jon sent out a soft and delicate Force push. His speed slowed down minutely. He sent out another one, this time a little stronger. He slowed down even more. Feeling good about his current speed, Jon sent out his last Force push, this one strong enough to slow him down but not completely halt his movements or have him rebound like his first attempt. Exhaling slowly, Jon continued the push until his feet softly touched the ground.

Panting heavily and with his knees buckling, Jon collapsed onto the floor. His hands shook as he grabbed the blindfold and removed it from his head. He waited impatiently for his eyes to adjust to the bright light.

“Fuck me.” He whispered. Everything he was seeing now was just as he had seen it with the Force. The only difference was how he saw it.

Jon rested his hand onto his forehead in disbelief. He began to laugh, the sound wild and crazy. He couldn’t believe he was alive, that he had done it. It had sounded impossible, but Jon had made it
possible. He turned his head to smile at Jeor. He was standing a few feet away and smiling broadly. “I did it Dad.” He laughed with equal parts elation and exhaustion. “I saw.”

Jeor’s smile became impossibly wider. “Yes, you did.”

XXXXX

DAY 93

“Jon, I believe it is time.”

Jon dropped his fork onto his plate with a dull clanking sound. Nothing good ever came when Davos said those six words to him. He glanced at the older man suspiciously. “What’s next? Learning how to breathe under water?”

Jaime rolled his eyes. “That isn’t even fucking possible Jon.” He pointed out sarcastically. “Be realistic.”

“How the hell am I supposed to know what is possible and what isn’t?” Jon pointed to his eyes. “I can see things while my eyes are closed, Jaime. Hell, for all I know the Force can convert water into oxygen while I ride a giant tortoise underwater into battle.”

“Now you’re just be ridiculous.” Jaime countered.

Jon huffed into his food. Despite their bonding at the lake months ago, Jaime still managed to annoy the hell out of him on a regular basis. He was like an irritating older brother, even if he was old enough to be Jon’s father, albeit a very close-in-age one.

“Jon, look at me.” Davos asked. There was little doubt it was a command despite being said with kindness.

Jon grudgingly acquiesced.

“It is time for you to go to the temple, Jon. Both Jaime and I have discussed it at length and we feel like you are ready to face whatever trials will come to you once inside.”

This time Jon dropped his food. “Really?” He asked in disbelief. His eyes flickered to a grouping of trees just off into the distance. He could see Jeor leaning against a tall Weirwood, his arms and ankles crossed and a proud smile on his face. He nodded his head once, letting Jon know that he agreed with Davos and Jaime’s decision.

“Yes, really.” Jaime said. “But do us all a fucking favor and take less than twenty-four hours. The last thing I need is to starve to death waiting for your pansy ass to come out of the temple.”

“I am sure Jon will find that a most inspiring reason to succeed.” Davos said dryly.

“Or fail.” Jon muttered under his breath.

Jaime flipped him off. Jon quickly returned the gesture while Davos whispered something that suspiciously sounded like ‘younglings’ under his breath. The expression made Jon add on another couple of years to Davos’ suspected age; he was currently at least three hundred and twenty-two years old, and counting, by Jon’s estimation.

Davos picked up a nearby stick. Setting his cleared plate to the side, he bent over and began to draw a picture of the geographical region that surrounded their little campsite. “We are currently here.” He
said, using an ‘x’ to point to their location. He moved the stick over the lake and the mountain region that surrounded it. He drew another ‘x’ at a valley that rested on the opposite side of the mountains. “The Jedi temple is here. It will take us about seven days to make it there on foot, five if we push ourselves. We will leave first thing in the morning.”

“Why can’t we just fly the ship and get there in a matter of minutes?” Jaime asked. He stood and stretched out his muscles before collecting both his and Davos’ plate to wash.

“That is not the Jedi way.” Davos explained. “It is important for Jon to spend these next few days pondering his existence in the Galaxy and his relationship with the Force while among the natural elements. Normally he would also fast from food and do nothing but meditate, but…” Davos looked at Jon, his lips twitching slightly. “Nobody really wants to be around Jon when he has skipped a meal.”

“Ha ha.” Jon deadpanned. “You know, living with the two of you hasn’t exactly been a barrel of laughs. He pointed his fork to Davos. “You are a bit of a slob, Master.” He moved his hand to point to Jaime. “And Jaime is so vain I often feel like there isn’t room for the two of us in his presence.”

“It is difficult being this talented and good looking.” Jaime said with a wink.

Davos laughed. He stood from his position and moved to help Jaime with the cleanup. “Why don’t you retire for the evening, Jon? We have a long journey ahead of us and it will be good for you to get as much energy as you need.” He patted Jon lightly on the shoulder. “Do not worry, Jon. You will do well in the temple.”

Jon bid both Davos and Jaime goodnight. Though it was still relatively early, the day had been grueling, and Jon looked forward to being able to get in a couple more hours of sleep than normal.

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“No! Stop!” Sansa screamed.

Jon spun around. All around him was darkness.

A male voice screamed in pain and agony. Was it Grenn? It sounded too low and deep to be either Pyp or Bran.

“You fucking bastard!” Pyp cried.

Jon’s stomach bottomed out. If Pyp was speaking that meant Grenn had been injured. Where were they that such a thing could have happened? Grenn was practically superhuman in his strength and intelligence.

“I am going to fucking kill you and fucking piece of—”

Jon winced. He recognized the sound of someone, most likely Pyp whose rant had been cut off, gasping for air. His hands went to his throat and he was reminded of when Night King had squeezed his neck so tight with the Force that he couldn’t breathe.

“Stay away! Stay away all of you!” A younger voice said desperately. This time Jon was sure it was Bran. He sounded like he was trying to be brave but there was no mistaking the frightened edge to his voice.

Jon’s thoughts went into overdrive.
“No.” He whispered. “No. It can’t be.”

There was a thud as something fell onto the floor followed by deep gasps for air. “That will be quite enough from all of you.” A deep, granulated voice said calmly.

Jon let out a muted gasp as his body jerked to a sitting position. His breathing was heavy and he could feel sweat dripping down his back. He placed a hand onto his temple and squeezed.

“What was that?” Jon croaked in horror. He quickly looked around the tent to confirm that Davos and Jaime were still asleep.

Jon roughly scrubbed his hands down his face. He climbed out of his sleeping bag. Without a second thought, he began to quickly put on the nearest pair of clothing. Jon couldn’t explain it, but he knew that was he just experienced was not a dream; it had been too real. Though it was not the same type of vision that Bran described having, Jon knew the Force was showing him something, an event that had yet to happen.

Sansa, Pyp, Grenn, and Bran were in trouble, and Jon was going to help them.

He reached inside his rucksack for his belt and two blasters. Jon hadn’t needed them at all for the duration of his stay on Wolfswood. He trusted in the Force and his abilities as a Jedi—how could he not after the things he’d done? —but with Night King involved he knew that he would need all the power he could get. Sansa had wielded a blaster and a saber during her fight with Ramsay. If need be, Jon would do the same.

Jon quietly walked over to where Jaime’s lightsaber and shoto laid on the nightstand next to his bed. Jon hesitated as he reached out for the shoto. The blade did not belong to him nor had he earned its power. Yes, Jaime let him use it for training, but Jon always returned it to him at the end of the day. It he took it, Jon would be stealing.

He set his mouth in determination as he remembered Sansa’s scream, Grenn’s pained cries, Pyp choking, and Bran’s shouts. Without another thought, Jon picked up the shoto and clipped it onto his belt.

“I’ll bring it back.” Jon whispered to Jaime’s sleeping form. Both he and Davos continued to sleep peacefully, unaware that Jon would be leaving them in a matter of moments. Jon’s mind flashed to when Bran had declared that Jaime was like a father to him and how happy Jaime had been at the declaration. “I will bring him back too. I will bring them all back. I swear it.”
Jon took one last sweep of the small space to make sure he hadn’t forgotten anything. Saying one last silent farewell to Jaime and Davos he opened the tent flap and began to run towards the lake. He was unsurprised when he saw Jeor’s body appear before him.

“Stop, Jon.” Jeor’s voice told him calmly.

Jon sidestepped his father’s blue-tinted form and continued his relentless pace. He didn’t have time for conversation. He had seen a future that involved the suffering of his friends and the love of his life at the hands of Night King. He was going to save them, and no amount of warning from his father could stop that.

“Jon!” Jeor called out harshly. “I said stop!”

Jon pushed his legs harder. He skidded to a halt, raised his hand, and activated his Force sight in one swift motion. Ignoring the life that swirled around him, Jon quickly located Tyrion’s ship resting at the bottom of the lake. He let out a sigh of relief when he saw that it was unharmed.

Jon gasped in anger at his hand being pushed down. He turned off his sight and glared at his father.

“What the fuck Dad?!” He growled. “Sansa, Pyp, Grenn and Bran need me. I don’t have time for this.” He raised his hand again only for Jeor once more to push it down. It was gentle, and without malice, but it still made Jon’s eye twitch with anger.

“You saw a future, but not the only future.” Jeor said. Jon avoided his gaze, unable to handle the pity that was in Jeor’s blue eyes. “You know there is more than one future Jon. If you go, you may be creating that one you have seen. If you stay, you may be able to avoid it all together.”

“I’ve got to save them!” Jon cried. “They need me.”

“Do they?” Jeor challenged. “They are all strong in their own right. If you go, you could make things worse.”

Jon couldn’t believe what he was hearing. Jeor taught him to always do the right thing and to never abandon a creature I need.
“Or I could make things better.” He pointed out. “Maybe the Force showed me that future so I could stop it.” Jon threw his hands up in frustration. “We could go back and forth on this for hours, but no matter what you say it won’t stop me.”

“You don’t even know where they are.”

“They are in Oakenshield.” Jon said after the briefest of pauses. It reminded him of when the Force had led him to the cave; it was as if he was being called there.

“Jon, if you go now you could destroy all you have worked for, all they have fought and suffered for. How do you even know which side of the Force showed this to you? It could be a trap.” Jeor watched as Jon as he began to pace up and down the lakes shoreline. “There are things you don’t understand, knowledge you do not possess. Are you ready to face all of that for a future that might not happen?”

Jon could feel his patience snapping. “Who the fuck are you?!” He accused. He stopped his pacing and rounded on his father. “How can you even say such things? Are you even you anymore or did something happen when you died? Because the man who raised me, that I know and love, would never stop me from helping others.” Jon took a step forward. “You are not my father.” He said harshly.

Jeor stepped away from Jon as if he had been burned. His face drew back in pain, and he looked at Jon with a kind of sorrow Jon had never seen.

The silence between them was deafening.

“Where you go, Jon, I cannot follow. If you are to face Night King, you must do so alone and without help.” Jeor’s voice was without emotion, a stark contrast to the hurt that showed on his face.

Jon looked down, instantly contrite. Jeor loved him and wanted to protect him. How could he say those things to him? What kind of man did that make him?

“Dad, I—”
Jeor raised his hand towards the lake, cutting off his words. Jon watched as the water began to ripple, slowly at first. The small movements were soon replaced by bubbles. Jon took a few steps back to avoid the shoreline as it began to flow towards him. The sounds of water hitting the surface cut through the silent night at Tyrion’s ship broke the surface of the lake. It was covered with seaweed but looked to be in otherwise good condition. Jeor moved the ship towards the green field that surrounded the back of the lake and gently set it down.

Jon looked at the ship, speechless.

“I do not want to lose you the same way I lost Night. He too got lost in a vision of the future. In his effort to stop it, he sealed his fate and made it happen.” Jeor said softly, his voice now tinged with sorrow. “If this is the decision you have made, then so be it.” Without another word, Jeor disappeared into the night.

“Dad! Wait!” Jon cried. He turned around in a circle, looking desperately for his father. “Please! I’m sorry! I shouldn’t have said those things!” He turned on his Force sight and strained his eyes to see farther than they ever had before.

There was no trace of Jeor anywhere.

Jon dropped to his knees in anguish. He placed his hand over his heart. He could feel his anguish turning into fear from the words Jeor had said. His hands turned clammy as he recognized what was happening to his Force signature. The fear, the anger, the sadness; it was all too much in such a short amount of time. Jon needed to get ahold of himself, and fast.

Jon closed his eyes. Looking within himself, he saw his Force energy turning black due to his heightened emotions. He did a quick assessment of his feelings before anymore of his energy became corrupted. He’d learned over the last few months that the voices only started when more than half his energy became corrupted.

He was scared; Jon knew it without having to dwell on it for longer than a few seconds at most. He feared his friends dying, though, if he was being honest with himself, Jon knew death would be a gift compared to being taken prisoner. Grenn and Pyp would no doubt be tortured mercilessly for information, Bran would be taken back to Cersei, and Sansa… Jon forced his beating heart to slow at the thought of her being given to Ramsay like she was some sort of prize.

*I am afraid, but I am not angry.*
Jon summoned the small spheres of bright green Force energy. They swirled around him as he gave each one an added amount of strength.

_I fear the future, but my fear is not the dictator of my actions._

Jon sent his energy out into the darkness. He could feel the tug-of-war within himself as he struggled to overcome his fear of losing those he loved, of being alone.

_I will find my friends._

_I will save them._

Jon’s courage grew. As it did, his fear abated. He watched as the green energy began to touch the blackness. A few began to change back to their original vibrant color.

_I will not allow Night King and the Dark Side to overtake me._

More of his energy began to change. Jon could see that he was almost back to his original Force energy balance.

_I am Jon Mormont_

_I am brave, and strong, and true._

_I am my father’s son._

_I am a Jedi._

_That’s the man I want to be._
Thank you all so much for reading! Please comment to let me know what you think. These last three chapters have been so difficult to write and any type of note on how you think I have done would be much appreciated. That being said, I am so excited to get back to our other group!

Preview for Chapter 43:

"Pyp!" Sansa screamed. She stood from Grenn's mercifully unconscious form and ran towards the open door where a White Walker was currently dragging Pyp's limp form. She managed to catch him before he fell to the ground. "Oh Pyp." She whispered.

"S'okay." He slurred. Blood dripped from his mouth. "I've had worse."

Sansa doubted that. One of his eyes was swollen shut, his body was littered with fresh bruises, and he was hiding one of his hands underneath his shirt. Sansa gently touched it to try to get him to let her see the damage but, with strength she was surprised he still had, he refused to let his arm budge.

"Pyp, let me-"

"How could you?!" Bran yelled. He stood from his place next to Grenn and stepped towards Theon, who had entered with Pyp and the White Walker. "I trusted you. I thought of you as my brother." He raked his hands through his hair in desperation. "Night King wants us all dead!"

"He isn't after you at all!" Theon argued. Sansa noted he didn't even try to apologize or make excuses. "He's after somebody called, um, Mormont. Jon Mormont. He swore to me that-"

"Jon?" Sansa whispered. Her face turned ashen white. "What does he want with Jon?"
Chapter 43: An Obvious Betrayal

“It is important to know when you are beaten.”

“I don’t understand. How is surrender ever a good thing?”

“Sometime surrender doesn’t mean surrender.”

“That doesn’t make any sense.”

“When the time comes, you will understand.”

Pyp folded his arms over his chest. “We have the worst fucking luck in the Galaxy.” He said with a severe frown.

Sansa reached into the box, picking up a leather whip. “Well, it could be worse.” She threw the whip to the side of the room. “No Ghost! It’s not a chew toy!” She called out to the direwolf who had gone running over to the object.

Ghost dropped the whip with an annoyed huff. He walked over to the large crate that was laying in the middle of the ships loading bay. He gave it a few investigative sniffs. After deciding the contents were of no use to him—Sansa didn’t want to think about who exactly had placed the order—he left the room to go look for something to entertain himself with.

Pyp picked up a large hanging apparatus. “Maybe we should keep this stuff and try to sell—”

“We are not keeping the sex toys Pyp!” Sansa said sharply. She gave an apologetic look Bran whose cheeks were a severe shade of red.

“Are you sure?” Pyp asked. He grabbed some leather chaps that were missing a few important areas. “I bet we could make a shit load—ow!” Pyp dropped the clothing back into the bag. “Stop hitting me asshole! That one is going to leave a bruise.” He rubbed the back of his head.

“Stop playing with all this shit. You are making the kid uncomfortable.” Grenn countered. He collected the other items that Pyp had taken out of the crate and began to put them back inside.
“It’s not that…” Bran said uncomfortably. “It’s just that I am pretty sure I saw some stuff like this in Robb’s room once.” His blush extended all the way into his neck. “I thought they were just normal toys, not, ya know,” he waved his hand, “adult entertainment items.”

Pyp raised an eyebrow. “Looks like was your brother was into some kinky—” Pyp leaned himself over to the side. He grabbed Grenn’s wrist in mid-air before he could use it to hit him again. “Touch me again bitch and I will cut you!” Pyp screamed.

Grenn gave him an impressed smile.

“Yes, yes, Pyp, well done.” Sansa said distractedly. She worried her bottom lip as she contemplated the matter at hand while the boys praised Pyp’s improvement in hand-to-hand combat, Pyp being the loudest one to offer himself congratulations.

They would have to contact the space wheel’s market and let them know they had delivered the wrong items. She was worried that staying in the same area much longer would be dangerous, but there wasn’t much they could do about it. They had very little food and water left. Sansa looked over to the large barrels now lining the wall. At least they had gotten the fuel they needed. If something was to happen, they would be able to fly away.

Sansa tried not to think about how they wouldn’t get very far without lightspeed.

“Bran, can you contact the market and let them know there has been a mix-up with our order? Have them bring a service droid to pick up the crate and see if they can just refill our order instead of trying to find what happened to our food. If we need to pay for it again, that’s fine.”

“Of course.”

Bran turned to walk out of the room with Grenn behind him. The older man had not slept well and wanted to take a quick nap before their afternoon training session. Sansa sighed as she watched Grenn walk away. They all knew what Grenn was really saying when he said he hadn’t slept well, but unless he offered to talk about his episodes, she knew better then to push him.

“Well, looks like it’s just you and me Sassy Pants.” Pyp said as soon as their friends left. He gave her a wiggle of his eyebrows. “What say you and me take this out back?”

Sansa rolled her eyes. “Charming as ever, but I am going to have to pass.” She walked over to the fuel cannisters. “Can you help me with…” Sansa trailed off. Her eyes glassed over, and she absent-mindedly put a hand over her heart.

Something was wrong.

Something was very, very wrong.

“Jon?” She whispered. Sansa spun on her heel, looking around the room. “Jon?” She said a bit more loudly.

His presence was so strong it felt like he was standing next to her, and yet, it felt like he was also fading away, never to be seen again.

Sansa gasped. She fell onto her hands and knees as if she had been injured. She supposed in a way she had been. It felt like some unseen force was ripping a piece of her soul out of her body.

“Sansa?” Pyp kneeled in front of her and placed both hands on top of her shoulders. “What’s wrong with Jon? Is it the Dark Side? Has it succeeded in taking him away from us?”
Sansa looked up at him with tear filled eyes. She shook her head quietly, not understanding herself what was going on. “I don’t know. I…” The fear in her face was matched by his own.

Sansa hadn’t been this overcome by Jon in months. She forced herself to focus on what she was feeling and to not be overpowered by her emotions to the point she couldn’t think clearly.

“It isn’t Jon feeling this way.” She said, realization dawning. “It’s me.”

Pyp furrowed his brow. “Is it the sex toys? Did they make you miss him? I know you two didn’t have sex, and you probably aren’t into that kinky shit, but maybe it just made you sad he wasn’t here?”

Sansa would laugh if he wasn’t so serious. Even clueless, Pyp’s desire to help others never diminished.

“No. I’m not sure what it is.” Sansa forced her breathing to remain steady despite her heart rate speeding up. “I will have to look inside myself.”

Pyp sat down. He leaned against the fuel barrel and straightened his legs out in front of him. “Do whatever you need to do. I won’t leave you.”

Sansa gave him a grateful smile. Closing her eyes, she felt her mind wander until she could feel herself being transported into the center of her very being. She opened her eyes. She was no longer looking at Pyp but looking at the vibrant purple spheres that represented who she was. Amongst them was a sprinkling of green that belonged to Jon’s spirit. Sansa would often come to this place during her meditation. She loved watching her essence mingle with Jon’s. It helped to ease her loneliness at his absence and served as a reminder of how much he loved her; it was their love for each other that created their bond.

This time was nothing like the others.

Sansa watched in horror as, one-by-one, the pieces of Jon residing within her began to float away and disappear into the distance. It was as if they were being called back by their master. But that couldn’t be possible unless…

“No!” Sansa cried. She ran—or at least what felt like running—towards the green lights as they moved farther and farther away before disappearing completely. “No don’t leave me!” Sansa couldn’t feel any traces of the Dark Side amongst them. She didn’t understand why they would leave her, unless…

Sansa felt herself crumble. “Don’t you want to stay with me? Don’t you…” Her bottom lip wobbled. The last of the green lights disappeared. “Don’t you love me anymore?”

Sansa let out a heart wrenching cry. Jon promised to never leave her. Their bond was created because of the connection of their souls. Now, without him here, Jon had severed their connection without warning or explanation. And how could he explain? He was out there in some part of the vast Galaxy training to be a Jedi while she was stuck on a ship without lightspeed and with express instructions to not contact the Rebellion until further notice. They hadn’t spoken face-to-face in months. Their only communication was through the bond, which mostly consisted of Sansa protecting Jon from the Dark Side.

What if Jon resented her for helping him? What if he thought she was only doing so because she found him weak?

Was it her help that made him leave?
Sansa barely reacted as a group of her energy came up to her. They encircled her body in an effort to
comfort her. She felt Jon’s love coming through them. They were trying to tell her that Jon needed to
face his trials on his own using the strength he had given her, and that he would return to her when
he defeated the Dark Side.

They told her that Jon loved her still.

Sansa was too caught up in her grief and the trauma of seeing Jon’s energy disappear to listen. She
opened her eyes, not wanting to be in a place that used to bring her peace but now brought her
nothing but pain.

“What happened?” Pyp asked. His voice was tinged with worry. “Is Jon—”

Sansa felt the dam break at the mention of Jon’s name.

“He’s gone!” She sobbed. She threw herself into Pyp’s arms and buried her head into his neck.

Pyp’s breath hitched. “When you say gone, do you mean..?”

Sansa shook her head, understanding what Pyp couldn’t bring himself to say. “He is still alive, but he
severed our connection. I watched his Force energy leave me. It just disappeared without hesitation.
Why would Jon do that?” Sansa rubbed her eyes into Pyp’s tear stained shoulder. “It hurts, Pyp.”
She cried pitifully. “It hurts so much.

Pyp rubbed his hands through her hair. “It’s okay, Sansa. It will be okay.” He soothed. He gently
pulled her away for him so he could look her in the eye. “This is Jon we are talking about. Jon. That
stupid idiot loves you more than life itself. If he severed the connection, it is for good reason.” He
gave her a small smile. “Everything will be all right. You’ll see.”

Sansa sniffled. “Do you really think so?” She asked.

“I do.” Pyp said with conviction. “I can’t imagine what it felt like to see him leave Sansa, but I know
he will come back loving you just as much as he did before, if not more.” He put his arms around her
and gave her a hug. “If not, I will kick the ever-loving shit out of him.”

“Okay.” Sansa hiccupped. “Maybe… maybe you are right.” She said, afraid to truly hope but not
wanting to argue the point.

In truth, it didn’t matter what Pyp, or anyone else, said. It was up to Sansa to believe in Jon. She tried
to remember the way it felt when he held her late into the night, how his lips would turn down just
slightly when he smiled, and how his eyes lit up when they would gaze at the stars. Whenever she
would get close to recalling those feelings and emotions, her mind would immediately take her back
to a few moments ago, when the last piece of Jon disappeared. It felt like her soul was being ripped
away because it was; Jon was a part of her, and now he was gone.

Her mind told her to believe, but the devastation of her heart disagreed.

Perhaps Pyp was right, and they really were all cursed.

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Sansa looked out into Oakenshield’s atmosphere. It was the middle of the night, or at least it was for
them. It was around midmorning in the city, a fact Sansa knew because she had already called their
transport system to schedule a landing. She would need to wake up the others soon to begin landing procedures, but Sansa wanted a few more minutes to herself before beginning that chore. She loved her boys dearly, but none of them did well at being woken before their scheduled times. Even Ghost could be a bit surely.

Sansa’s gaze turned towards the stars and planets twinkling out into the distance.

“I miss you, Jon.” She said quietly. “It’s been hard since you left. Every time I think I have convinced myself that you still love me, I remember the pain of that day, and I wonder if I am a fool for wanting to believe.”

Sansa’s eyes remained dry. She had cried herself to sleep every night for a month; she didn’t have anymore tears left to give.

“I am trying to trust my heart, Jon, but it is so hard sometimes. When I lay alone at night I tell myself you severed our connected out of necessity and not because you no longer love me.”

Sansa stood and gave the stars one last sweeping look.

“I love you, Jon. Please come back to me.”

Sansa turned on her heel and walked out of the cockpit.

She didn’t give the stars a backward glance.

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“Do you fucking smell that?! Fresh fucking air!” Pyp screamed.

“It’s tinted with gasoline dumbass.”

Pyp shot Grenn a dirty look. “Can you and your negative bullshit not rain on my parade for one fucking second?” He began to skip down the ramp, completely forgetting his momentary annoyance, and waved his hands over his head in excitement. “It’s land!” He cried. Ghost ran down after him, tail wagging and barking happily.

Sansa wasn’t sure who was more excited about not being on *The Watch* anymore; the Starfallian or the direwolf.

Grenn snorted as they watched Pyp throw himself down onto the cement landing and attempt to give it a hug. “It’s the same fucking floor that have the ship.” He pointed out once he stepped off the ramp. “Nonorganic.”

Pyp let out a scandalized gasp. “It is not!” He rubbed his hands in soothing circles onto the floor. “This is different because I haven’t been staring at it for the last one hundred-odd days. And how dare you call it nonorganic?! All materials come from somewhere dipshit.” Pyp gave Ghost an affectionate scratch on his stomach. “Don’t you agree Ghostie?”

Ghost responded with rolling himself around the floor.

Sansa shook her head ruefully at Pyp’s antics. While there weren’t snow-capped mountains or lush garden meadows, Sansa could appreciate Oakenshield for two things: it’s beautiful fluffy clouds that surrounded the floating city, and the fact that it was larger than a freighter. The city of Oakenshield was a large, man-made structure that floated high above the core of the gas giant. It was saucer shaped and contained three hundred and ninety-two levels made up of houses, offices, factories, the
gas refinery, repulsorlift engines, and the tractor beam generators that kept the city afloat and in position. As Baron Administrator, Theon Greyjoy controlled all aspects and inner workings of the city.

“Surely it wasn’t that bad?” Sansa teased. She patted her thigh to call Ghost back to her. She could see the doors to the outdoor landing bay opening and she didn’t want him accidentally jumping on their welcome group in his excitement.

Ghost dutifully came to sit next to her, his heavy tail thumping up and down. Sansa gave him an affectionate pat behind the ear. “You lived on space stations for years before you deserted. Isn’t it the same thing?” She asked.

Pyp gave the floor an air kiss before standing. “It is most certainly not the same thing. I actually had room to stretch my legs on those Galaxy-forsaken hell holes.” His placed an arm on top of Sansa’s shoulder and started at her intently. “I love you Sassy Pants, but you, Grenn, and Pyp are driving me fucking insane. If I have to train, cook, clean, study, or play dejarik one more time I will seriously lose my shit.”


Pyp flipped him off, bringing his hand back just in time before Grenn could catch his fist. Bran sniggered behind his hand. He quickly changed his laughing to sound like coughing when both Grenn and Pyp shot him with a death glare.

“Nobody understands the pressures I am under.” Pyp muttered. He walked over to LA-D3, muttering about how unfairly everyone was always treating him. The droid offered a few beeps of understanding.

The doors finished opening, revealing a young man and woman waiting on the other side. Sansa straightened her shoulders; she was apprehensive and wanted to make a good first impression to the creatures who would be protecting them from the Empire for the foreseeable future.

Bran pointed to the man who looked to be in his mid-twenties.

“There he is!” Bran exclaimed. He started to run. “Theon!” He shouted over and over as he waved his hands in the air. He barely broke pace when he caught up with his friend. Bran threw his arms and around him, enveloping him in a deep hug. Theon returned the gesture. He patted the younger boy on the back a few times.

The woman standing next to Theon looked nonplussed by the familial exchange. Sansa wondered if she was perhaps part cyborg. She had deep mahogany colored hair that was shaved off just below her ears to make room for the biotech headband that wrapped around the back of her skull and covered each of her ears. She looked to be no older than her mid-thirties, but Sansa couldn’t tell for sure. Most creatures with robotic supplements tended to age differently than their non-metal counterparts depending on where their enhancements had taken place.

Grenn folded his arms across his chest. Despite his dislike of their situation, he looked pleased to see Bran so happy. “It is always good to see him acting his age, don’t you think?”

Bran let go of Theon. His face morphed from one emotion to the next as he talked animatedly to Theon.

“Yes.” Sansa agreed as she watched her brother, who was currently leading Theon and his female companion towards their little group.
Bran paused in what he was saying to give them a big wave before continuing with his discussion. Though their circumstances were less than ideal, Sansa was grateful for the time they were able to spend on *The Nights Watch*. It had allowed her and Bran to grow closer without feeling like they needed to rush things, which had worked in their favor. Those first few days after separating from the Rebellion had been rough. Both Sansa and Bran were lost in their grief over the abrupt departure of Jaime and Jon. Even Grenn and Pyp were melancholy for a time, having not been separated from Sam since first meeting him and missing Jon as well. Sansa was unsure if any of them would ever truly be happy until their group was reunited.

It had been Pyp, of course, who helped them overcome their sadness. They were all sitting down to dinner when he came in, threw himself into the booth dramatically, and began telling his favorite story about Sam. He had barely managed to keep the tears from falling. Grenn shared next. He was not nearly as emotional as Pyp, which was hardly surprising, but he shared a sweet and succinct story about Sam staying up all night with him after a particularly bad PTSD episode. His story caused Bran to sob as he recalled Jaime doing the same for him those first few nights after he defeated the Dark Side. Jaime didn’t sleep for three days, instead watching over Bran to make sure the darkness did not try to come back. Sansa was barely able to say Jon’s name before her own tears began to flow without restraint. They all sat there for a few minutes doing nothing but cry, with the exception of Grenn, who instead hung his head solemnly and patted Pyp awkwardly on his head while he cried into his shoulder. After, when Grenn offered to make them all dinner while they rehydrated themselves with large glasses of water, they began to tell more stories, only no tears accompanied them. They laughed as Grenn spoke of Sam coming to Pyp’s rescue when he thought he saw a spider in his bunk—in his defense it was a ‘large ass and totally poisonous spider’, Pyp remembering when he managed to convince Sam to help him steal Grenn’s clothes while he was in the shower, Bran remembering how Jaime refused to wear his Inquisitor helmet because it would ruin his hair, and Sansa sharing how Jon mistakenly thought she was hitting on him when they first met.

Everyone’s spirit became lighter after that night. Though they still missed their friends and loved ones, their situation felt less dire somehow, and more hopeful. Suddenly their separation seemed only temporary and not permanent as many of them secretly feared.

Once he was no longer depressed, Sansa found herself less afraid to ask Bran about his life before she met him (she had held back for those few days, not wanting to ask Bran something that would upset him even more than he already was). They talked about what it was like for Bran to grow up on Winterfell, the dynamics between him and their parents and siblings, and how he grew closer to Jaime after finding out that he was a spy for the Rebellion. Though she sometimes found herself wistful of what-could-have-been had she not been a Jedi and remained on Winterfell—she learned she had the honor of Ned Stark, the look and grace of Lady Caitlin, the intelligence of Robb, the courage of Arya, and the playfulness of Rickon—Sansa did not find herself wishing for a different past. She would never trade her time with Tyrion and Uncle Bronn on Wall for anything. They were a family just like the Starks had been, regardless of their blood.

During Bran’s stories talk often turned to whether Sansa would claim her ‘birth right’ and lead Winterfell after the Rebellion took it back from the Bolton’s and the Empire. The Starks had led the planet for so far back as anyone could remember; they were considered royalty by the planets in the North, and Winterfell in particular. The eldest child always became the senator without exception due to the family being fair, just, and honorable. Technically this position belonged to Sansa, regardless of her being raised off-planet and as a Jedi. If she declined it would then go to Arya if the rumors were true about her being alive. If they were not, then Bran would receive the honor.

Sansa always deferred when Bran asked her what she wanted to do about making her heritage public
knowledge after the war. To his credit he never pressed the issue though it was obvious he wanted her to remain with him, regardless of who took charge of Winterfell. Sansa had always assumed that after the war she would rebuild the Jedi Order and begin to train Force-sensitive children along with Davos and Tyrion. Now, presented with another option, she wasn’t sure what she wanted.

She longed to speak with Jon on the subject.

She longed to speak with Jon on any subject.

Her mind flashed back to seeing the last of Jon’s force energy disappear.

Did Jon want to speak with her?

Or had Davos done something to make Jon believe that a relationship with her was the wrong choice? He seemed open to them being together, but maybe it was all just an act.

Or maybe Davos had seen how Sansa was Jon’s biggest weakness and thought it best that Jon send her away.

Or maybe Jon decided on his own that he was better off without her. If they weren’t together, the Dark Side couldn’t use their relationship against him.

Maybe he didn’t lo—

“And who is this beautiful young woman?” A deep, accented voice asked.

Sansa jumped a little. Her thoughts had consumed her to the point she didn’t realize Theon Greyjoy was now standing right in front of her. As she looked into his handsome face set with a bright and effortless smile, Sansa realized she was grateful for the distraction. Anything was better than following her thoughts down a road that would only hurt her.

“Hello.” Sansa said kindly. She offered her hand to shake, but Theon sidestepped the gesture entirely, favoring her hand with a kiss instead.

Sansa decided it was best to ignore both Ghost and Grenn’s warning growl. Drawing attention to it would only make it worse.

As was the norm with most creatures born from two different species, Theon’s looks favored one parent over the other. In his case, it was his Harlawii mother that dominated his physical appearance. He had light violet skin with an occasional pink coloring that represented his human ancestry. Starting just above his eyebrows and angling down into his hairline were darker violet spots that varied in size; the same markings were also on the backs of his hands. His wavy, light brown hair hung around his neck and ears, his light blue eyes sparkled, and his lips were full, causing his smile to light up his whole face.

“I’m—”

“My sister, Sansa Snow.” Bran cut in. “She’s a Jedi.”

Sansa winced internally, though on the outside she kept a look of practiced neutrality. Before they descended into the planet’s atmosphere they had decided not to tell anyone of Bran and Sansa’s true relationship. While they were not told by Tyrion and Davos to keep it a secret before their abrupt separation from the Rebellion, they were unsure who they could trust on Oakenshield. Grenn, once again vocalizing his dislike over their plan to trust Theon Greyjoy—Sansa resisted the urge to bang her head against the wall after hearing the same unhelpful speech for what felt like the hundredth
time— feared if word got out about Sansa being a Stark then some creature would notify the Empire of their presence without thought.

It was common knowledge throughout the Galaxy that Jaime Lannister had defected from the Empire and had taken his apprentice Bran Stark with him. Though Cersei most likely desired to keep it a secret—it didn’t look good that her own brother was now against her—they needed to catch Jaime and Bran somehow, thus their pictures began to appear with other criminals. Pyp, being Pyp, had made a huge production of Bran’s first ‘wanted poster’ when he saw it on the daily news feeds. They now had a blown-up copy hanging on their fridge in *The Watch* next to a photo Pyp downloaded of him winning the Bricklayers Classic.

Due to Cersei no longer controlling the last remaining Stark, Winterfell, and Roose Bolton’s hold on it, was becoming precarious at best. It seemed every day there was new story about Rebellion sympathizers on the planet gaining traction, followed by another story about Cersei’s increasing displeasure with Roose Bolton and his inability to squash the dissenters.

“Bran.” Grenn said sternly. “We agreed to keep you and Sansa’s relationship a secret.” He looked at Theon, who was looking at Sansa with a bit more interest than before. Grenn gave him a warning glare. “Nobody is supposed to know.”

Theon waved off Grenn’s concern as if they were discussing nothing more than the possibility of rain for the day. “I will take the secret to my grave.” He swore. Grenn looked at the woman behind Theon. “As will Mel, of course.” He added breezily. “Though, I must ask, why the secrecy? Isn’t another Stark in the Galaxy something to be celebrated?”

From the corner of her eye Sansa saw Pyp began to mockingly bang his head against LA-D3’s body. She couldn’t say she blamed him for his dramatics. The two of them had just spent the last hour listening to Grenn and Bran ‘discuss’ the topic at length.

“Grenn is worried that Cersei might try to come after Sansa to regain her hold on Winterfell if she can’t manage to recapture me.” Bran explained. He shot Grenn a glare of his own, which was impressive considering Grenn had at least fifty pounds of muscle on him. “I told you we don’t have to hide it from Theon. We can trust him to help us.”

Grenn put his hands on his hips. “Look kid, you haven’t seen him in—”

“—he was raised alongside me as my brother regardless of his blood—”

“—oh for the love of the fucking galaxy not this shit again—”

“—Pyp you stay out of this or I swear to—”

“That’s enough!” Sansa yelled, effectively halting Grenn and Bran’s disagreement along with Pyp’s complaints. She flashed Theon her best apologetic smile. “I am sorry, but we have been on the ship for so long and I think it is starting to wear on our nerves. I am sure we can all agree that if Bran trusts you then we can trust you as well, yes?”

“Of course, m’lady.” Theon gave her a little bow. The gesture, along with his shiny cape, reminded Sansa of the princes in her goodnight stories that Uncle Bronn and Master Tyrion would read to her. Grenn snorted. He purposefully walked in between Sansa and Theon and bumped him in the shoulder before heading towards the doors. Ghost trotted to catch up to him. He licked Grenn’s outstretched hand a few times to help him calm down.

“Oh.” Theon said with a frown. He rubbed the place where Grenn had collided with him. “That
wasn’t very nice.”

“Vicious little fucker, isn’t he?” Pyp said. “But that’s Grenn for you. Always protective of his own, regardless of gender or skill level.” He shook hands with Theon. “Pyp Antilles, at your service. Don’t pay too much attention to his outburst. We are all very grateful to you for hiding us until we can get the ship fixed.”

Theon quickly regained his good mood. He adjusted his cape and began to lead this towards a waiting Grenn and Ghost. “It’s no trouble at all. It made me nauseated every time I was forced to watch those propaganda videos of Cersei parading Bran around like he was some sort of fucking prize.” He slowed his pace to match Bran’s. “I was so relieved when I heard about your defection.” He said, addressing only the younger boy now. “I had hoped you had gone somewhere far away from the war, but I guess I shouldn’t be surprised you joined with the Rebellion.” He ruffled Bran’s hair affectionately. “You are just like Robb; always wanting to do what is right, damn the consequences.”

Bran blushed. “Do you really think so?”

Theon nodded. “Of course, I do.” He sidestepped Grenn—who was standing directly in front of him and making no effort to get out of the way—and walked over to the door lock. Taking a small keycard out of his utility belt, he swiped it across the pad. The large metal doors began to open. “Robb and I used to talk about running away when we were old enough and fighting with the Rebellion. Of course, there was no organized group them, just a couple of small cells working independently, but we would often hear their stories whenever we would go to the—” Theon coughed abruptly and turned bright red. “Pub?” He cleared his throat. “Yes, it was definitely the pub.”

Bran snickered. “I know you two went to the brothel. I overheard Mom yelling at you and Robb after getting caught.”

Theon shuddered. “Lady Stark could be downright terrifying when she wanted to be.” He walked through the doors and began to lead them through a series of circular hallways. “Anyway, it was our plan to join, before… well, before Asha left home and my father thought I could be the prodigal child and then subsequently disowned me when I refused to do what he asked.” He stopped suddenly and looked down at his shoes, grief written upon his face. “I am sorry, Bran, that I wasn’t there for you when you needed me. I was off gambling and drinking while your family was being slaughtered and you were forced to become a monster.” He took in a deep, shuddering breath to get his emotions under control before looking up at Bran once more. “I am here now and I swear I will protect you. I won’t let anything bad happen to you, understand?”

Bran threw his arms around Theon and patted him on the back in what Pyp was always referring to as a ‘bro hug’. Sansa wasn’t surprised to see her brother comforting him. There was no mistaking the honesty and sincerity in Theon Greyjoy’s voice at his declaration of sorrow and his promise of protection.

“Of course, I believe you Theon. That is why we are here.” Bran said, his voice a bit muffled due to it head resting on Theon’s shoulder.

“Good. Very good.” Theon cleared his throat gruffly. He let go of Bran and continued their walk. “Now, if you will continue to follow me, I will show you to your rooms. I have picked—”

“We sleep together.” Grenn interrupted.

Sansa’s shoulders sagged. Apparently Theon’s sincerity had not been noticed by everyone in their
group. After a beat of awkward silence, Theon’s eyebrows shot into his hairline and a devilish grin spread across his face.

“You do?” He asked slyly. “Surely you leave young Bran here out of the equation though, correct? I am all for free love as much as the next creature, but he has been through enough as it is and I don’t think—”

Sansa felt her cheeks turn a dark crimson when she realized what Theon thought Grenn was implying.

“That is not what he meant!”

“Oh?” Theon asked, nonplussed. He stopped and turned to look at her fully. “Does that mean you are single, then? Because I wouldn’t mind getting to know you—”

“That is not what she meant!” Grenn growled.

Pyp coughed to cover up his laughing. “What Grenn here is trying to say is he would feel more comfortable if we all shared a room, but slept separately of course. He probably thinks you are trying to split us up to capture us and sell us to the Empire.”

“Why don’t you fucking spell it out for him, Pyp?”

Bran frowned. “Nobody really thinks that, Theon.” He shot Grenn a look. “Grenn is just being cautious, right?”

Grenn glared at Theon mutinously.

“If you would all like to share a multiroom suite, then I am sure we can arrange it. I will have my assistant Mel check to see what options we have available. Since I am unsure if the rooms are ready, why don’t we have bite to eat while we wait?”

Theon turned on his heel and once more began to lead them towards the kitchens while his assistant Mel broke off from the group and walked in the opposite direction to check on suite availability.

“You know, we hold no love for the Empire here on Oakenshield.” Theon said a bit hotly. Sansa suspected he did not appreciate Grenn’s implications. “I never would have allowed Bran to come here if I thought there was even one sympathizer amongst us. Any enemy of my fucking piece of shit murdering uncle and his bitch Empress is a friend of mine.”

Sansa slapped the back of her hand against Grenn’s chest before he could make a retort.

“Why don’t you and Pyp go on ahead?” Sansa said to Theon. She grabbed Bran by the arm and kept her hand at Grenn’s chest to hold him in place. “I just need to have a quick word with Bran and Grenn before we eat. We can meet you in the dining area.”

Theon crinkled his brow. “But you don’t know where—”

“We will find it.” Sansa said sweetly.

Pyp took the hint. He threw his arm around Theon’s shoulder. “Why don’t I tell you about the time I won the Bricklayers Classic? It was pretty fucking impressive, if I do say so myself.”

Without warning, Theon grabbed Pyp on either side of his face. He leaned in closely. “Are you?..” He narrowed his eyes. “Well fuck me, if it isn’t Zander Fucking Freemaker!” He let go of Pyp’s face
and let out a hearty laugh. “Apologies for not recognizing you sooner. I won a shit load of money off
you in that race. You were bloody brilliant!”

Pyp nodded. “Of course I was.” He agreed sagely. Pyp glared at Sansa and Grenn from the corner of
his eye before returning his attention to Theon. “You bet that I would win, right?”

“Of course not!” Theon chirped in between laughs. “I am not that fucking stupid. I bet you wouldn’t
die. With all the credits I won I am doing a total remodel of my personal bathroom.”

Pyp glowered at him. “Wonderful.” He huffed, crossing his arms over his chest and sticking his
bottom lip out in a pout.

This time it was Theon throwing his arm around Pyp. “You have to tell me all about it. I swear my
heart was in my throat during that last lap. I thought for sure Sebulba had you…”

Sansa waited until the pair of them rounded the corner. When she was sure they were out of ear shot,
she dragged Grenn and Bran into a small alcove a few feet away. She lined them up against the wall
and gave them both her best look of annoyance mixed with disappointment.

“I have had it with you two.” She chastised. She placed her hands on her hips and pulled herself to
her full height. Unfortunately, both men were still taller than her—Bran would not stop growing it
seemed—but she more than made up for the height differential in body language. She pursed her lips
at Bran. “You knew weren’t supposed to tell Theon about our true relation. I understand you think
we can trust him, but the majority of us felt like it would be best to error on the side of caution. You
do not get go against the group just to prove a point.”

Bran looked down at his shoes, instantly contrite. “I understand.” He whispered.

Sansa sighed. She knew he was feeling embarrassed and ashamed of his behavior, but what he did
was wrong, and she had decided months ago that Bran was no longer to be handled with kid gloves.
She understood why Jaime kept things from him, and went easy on him, but there wasn’t a need for
that anymore.

Still, he was her brother. Sansa made the mental note to talk with him more later to make sure he
understood her chastisement had no bearing on her love for him.

Sansa turned her attention towards Grenn. “And you.” She said, refocusing her thoughts on the
matter at hand. “I understand that you don’t want to be here, and you don’t trust Theon despite
Bran’s recommendation, but The Knights Watch is broken and we need to fix it. This was the best
option we had at being safe. Could it blow up in our faces? Yes.” Sansa placed her hand up to stop
Bran from interrupting. “But if it does we will handle it. Let’s not start making assumptions until we
have evidence to back it up.”

“Fine.” Grenn said grudgingly. “But I still say we leave at the first sign of trouble.”

“I agree.” Sansa said. She glanced at Bran, who nodded his head silently in agreement. “Though I
am not sure there will be any. I could sense Theon was being genuine when he said he hated the
Empire and would protect Bran.”

Sansa turned and began to look for the nearest creature or droid that could lead them to the kitchens,
thinking about how Pyp said they were all cursed and Jon leaving her only a few minutes after
his declaration. “I know bad luck seems to always follow us around, but let’s give good luck a
chance this time.”

XXXXXXXX
Sansa paced the length of her room, skirts swishing around her. Theon had insisted on having his cleaning service wash and press all their clothes during their stay. He wanted them to think of their time on Oakenshield as a type of vacation. Apparently their laundry service was either very busy or very slow, because after four days none of them had gotten their things back. While Pyp, Grenn, and Bran, were all essentially wearing the same thing, Sansa had been given dresses and various gowns for her stay. The new wardrobe wore on her nerves. Not because she didn’t like to wear pretty things — she did — but because each time she put one on it was just another reminder of how accommodating Theon Greyjoy had been and how there really was no reason for her suspicion of him to grow with every passing day.

Drawing her bottom lip between her teeth, Sansa, for what felt like the hundredth time, tried to figure out the puzzle that was Theon Greyjoy. Or was there even a puzzle to solve? Sansa ran her hands through her unbound hair with a huff. She couldn’t even tell if there was something wrong with Theon or if Grenn’s unfounded accusations were finally getting to her.

For every suspicious act of Theon’s there had been at least two that made her wonder why she doubted his allegiance. He originally tried to dissuade Pyp from working on the ship, insisting he relax and take it easy. Once he realized that Pyp’s presence during the repairs was nonnegotiable, he made sure his repair team knew to listen to Pyp without question and to work whatever hours Pyp decided. He didn’t keep tabs on their whereabouts, gave them full access to his computers, and spent as much time with Bran as he could when he wasn’t working. He had even trained with them on one occasion. The look on his face when Bran bested him was filled with brotherly pride.

In short, Theon had been nothing but accommodating, kind, and totally normal.

“Ugh!” Sansa pulled at the ends of her hair in frustration. Theon had even given her access to a maid should she desire any help with getting ready in the morning. When Sansa had turned down the offer — she knew she was being overly paranoid but was afraid the girl would be used to spy on her — Theon had simply shrugged his shoulders and told her to let him know if she changed her mind.

“Tell me about it.” Pyp said as he walked into the room, having heard Sansa’s shout of exasperation.

Unlike Sansa, who didn’t know if she was supposed to be feeling suspicious or grateful, Pyp looked extremely happy.

“Repairs going well?” Sansa asked.

“You bet your sweet ass they are.” Pyp said with joy. He gave himself a congratulatory fist pump.

“One or two more things and we should be fucking done. We can leave the day after tomorrow.” He glanced around the room. “Where’s Grenn and Ghost? Those two have hardly left your fucking side since we got here.”

Sansa swallowed down her annoyance at the mention of Grenn and Ghost’s recent actions. The two had made some sort of creature-direwolf agreement to become Sansa’s protectors during their stay. She hadn’t gone anywhere by herself just in case some creature had sold them out. It was sweet they cared about her to do so, but annoying as hell.

“Looking for D3.” Sansa explained. Pyp raised his eyebrow, silently asking her to continue. “I sent her out this morning to check the stations computer logs, again. Grenn wouldn’t stop asking me to have her another sweep. After twenty minutes I couldn’t deal with his conspiracy theories anymore so I finally acquiesced.”

“When was this?”
“Right after you left to work on the repairs.”

“Shit.” Pyp muttered. He had gone to work right after breakfast, which had been four hours ago.

“When D3 scanned the computers yesterday it only took her two hours. Grenn and Ghost both noticed I was getting worried and volunteered to go search for her.”

Pyp walked over to the small kitchenette and poured himself a tall glass of water. Sansa knew he wished it was alcohol, but Pyp had abstained from the fermented liquid, afraid that if he took it something bad would happen and he would be unable to fly them to safety. He swore he wasn’t paranoid like Grenn and simply wanted to be prepared for anything.

“What do you think—"

“We are fucking leaving here as soon as fucking possible and I don’t want to fucking hear any fucking arguments on the topic.” Grenn growled as he barreled through the door. Ghost trotted in behind him, a large and heavy looking bag strapped along his back.

“O-fucking-kay?” Pyp responded with raised eyebrows. He looked at Sansa, but she simply shook her head, unsure what caused Grenn’s outburst. “Anything you want to share with the class mate, or —"

Grenn rounded on Pyp. “None of your smartass shit Pyp. I swear to the Galaxy I can’t fucking handle it right now.” He warned, shoulders so tense they were almost touching his ears.

Sansa walked over to Ghost. He was laying on the floor and whimpering. She unwound the straps that kept the bag in place. It was heavy, and she suspected that contents were causing the direwolf’s distress.

“What’s wrong, Grenn? You can’t come in here demanding our agreement without any type of…” Sansa trailed off as she looked inside the bag to view it’s contents. “Oh, no.” She breathed.

Pyp stood to take a peak. “What the fuck…” He placed his hands on his hips. “Who could have done this?” He breathed out.

Sansa fought the tears that threatened to spill as she began to take LA-D3 out of the bag, piece by broken piece. The droid had been a gift from Master Tyrion and Uncle Bronn when she joined the Rebellion. They didn’t want her flying in a squadron with the standard rotation of droids and felt she would be safer with one that was for her alone. LA-D3 had been by her side for every battle, every training, and all her down time. Sansa felt she was more of a loyal companion then some inconsequential droid.

“I shouldn’t have sent her out.” She whispered. “This is all—"

“—the fault of the creature who did this, not you.” Pyp interrupted before Sansa could voice her innermost thoughts. “You didn’t do this Sansa, they did.” He gently took the pieces of LA-D3 that were in her hands and began to lay them out on the floor. “I’m a mechanic, I can fix this.”

“But you work on ships.” Sansa said. She looked at Pyp with watery eyes.

“It’s all wires and hard metal.” Pyp gave her a confident smile. “What’s the difference?” He shrugged.

“We will all work on her.” Grenn promised. Sansa gave him a small smile in thanks. He nodded his head in acknowledgment before he began to pace the same line Sansa had done moments earlier. “I
don’t think this was a random attack. Everyone knows D3 belongs with us. Whoever did this did it on purpose. She probably found something in the computers call log they didn’t want us to know and disassembled her to silence her. We need to leave, now.”

“I don’t disagree.” Sansa said slowly. She began to take out the rest of D3’s parts. Maybe if they found her memory chip, they would be able to plug it in The ‘Watch and find out what she discovered without alerting anyone on the base. “But the ship isn’t fixed yet. If we leave now we are dead in space like we were before. We need the hyperdrive.”

“Can’t Pyp fix it while we are in space?”

“I can, but that still makes us without a hyperdrive until I do.” Pyp started to look over the parts with Sansa. “Maybe we should tell Theon what happened.”

“What?!” Grenn shouted.

Pyp put up his hands in a placating gesture. “Just hear me out.” He said. Grenn glared at him but otherwise remained silent. “Theon hasn’t done anything to earn out distrust besides being extremely nice and accommodating. Maybe we have it all wrong. Maybe it’s other people on the station we should be distrusting, but not him.”

“I can’t believe you are still trusting that fucking prancing peacock—”

“Miss me Grenn?” Theon’s roguish voice sounded from the doorway. “We just had breakfast this morning, but I am rather appealing, so I can understand why my absence would leave a hole in your heart. Wouldn’t you agree my lovely Sansa?” He gave her a wink.

Sansa ignored the momentary clinching of her heart at the gesture. Theon may look like a prince with his blue eyes, dashing smile, and affinity for shiny capes, but he wasn’t her prince. And while Sansa wasn’t sure if her prince even wanted her anymore, she would continue to give her heart to him until she knew for sure that Jon no longer cared for her.

Bran glared at Grenn from behind Theon’s shoulder. While they both had been true to their word, with Grenn no longer being outwardly hostile and Bran not sharing more than he was supposed to, things had been strained between the two since arriving on Oakenshield. Bran wanted Grenn to admit he had been wrong about Theon, and Grenn wanted Bran to admit he should be exercising more caution around his friend. It was difficult for Sansa and Pyp to watch their stalemate. The two had formed a very brotherly relationship, and it was becoming unraveled due to a disagreement.

“I ran into Theon on my way back from lunch. He has some free time right now and offered to give us a tour of the gas mines in his private ship.” Bran said. His scowl dropped when he looked at Sansa and Pyp, who he was not currently annoyed with. “I thought it could be fun.”

Sansa smiled at Grenn in an attempt to ease some of the tension that was rolling off his body. “I think a break from our current activities sounds wonderful.”

Grenn grunted. “Fine.”

“Just give me a minute to change.” Pyp frowned at his grease stained clothes.

Theon waved his hand. “No need. You will be working on the ship later, and I only have so much time.” He walked back towards the door and palmed it open. “Shall we?” He said with a little bow.

Sansa didn’t know if she wanted to laugh at once again thinking Theon was some sort of prince or bang her head against the door. There was no reason to distrust him when he was being so nice.
So why did she have a feeling in her gut that just wouldn’t go away?

Theon led them in a direction Sansa had never been before. It made her unease swell up towards her chest, but she worked hard to tamper it down. The station was huge, and there were lots of places she hadn’t been during the past three days.

“You never told us how you got to be in charge of this place, mate. Would I be wrong to assume gambling was involved?” Pyp asked affably. Sansa was grateful that unlike Grenn, Pyp was more than willing to give Theon a chance, though she was sure their shared love of betting on sporting events helped.

Theon snapped his fingers together. “You would be correct.” He said with a laugh. “I was playing a high-stakes game of sabaac against the administrator, and he put Oakenshield up as collateral. He lost it to me in a bluff.”

“Impressive.” Grenn deadpanned. “How do you keep the Empire out?”

“It isn’t as difficult as you would think. We are a small operation, and though I was finally able to get this place to turn a profit last year, it wasn’t big enough for the Empire to take notice. They come to get fuel, sure, but due to our size and slimmer revenue than other gas planets the Empire basically leaves us alone.”

Sansa’s stomach gave a lurch. She looked over to see Bran’s breath beginning to hitch. His face looked cold and clammy.

“Are you all right?” She whispered. Pyp and Grenn were listening intently to Theon’s continued explanation, and Sansa didn’t want to alert them to sudden feelings of sickness.

“I think so.” Bran rubbed his stomach. “Maybe it wasn’t something we ate for lunch? We both drank the blue milk. Maybe it was expired.”

“Yes, but didn’t Theon have it—oh!” Sansa gave Grenn an apologetic look as rebounded of his back. The three of them had stopped walking, and Sansa had failed to notice.

“Sansa? Are you all right?” Grenn asked. He placed a hand on her forehead. “You’re cheeks are flushed.”

The hair on Sansa’s neck stood on end.

“I have just made an agreement that will keep the Empire out of our business for good.” Theon said, ignoring Grenn’s concern for Sansa. He grabbed Bran by the wrist and pushed him behind his back. “I’m sorry.”

Theon swiped his ID card over the door’s locked panel.

Sansa swallowed the bile rising into her throat.

The signs had been there, and she had been too foolish to notice.

Night King sat directly in front of her at the the end of a long rectangular table. His frost-bitten face looked at them smugly while his hands rested casually atop his lap. Sansa knew his relaxed position was meant to send them a message—they were no threat to him.

Behind Night King stood Ramsay Bolton.
Sansa’s eyes widened in fear. She tried in vain to chant her mantra, but it was no use. She had faced Ramsay once and managed to keep her fear in check, but with Night King’s evil presence looming between them, Sansa couldn’t keep her hands from shaking uncontrollably. Her mind was transported to a time when Ramsay had held her hands so tight he had broken the bones in both palms. He didn’t like that her hands shook; he said she did it on purpose to make him feel like a monster.

Ramsay’s blood red eyes scanned the group until they found Sansa. His eyes languidly roved up and down her body as he licked his lips in anticipation. Unlike his superior, he held his lightsaber in his hand, ready to attack if needs be.

He had always had his lightsaber drawn those first few days of her capture. He would tap it against his metal bracers, waiting patiently for Sansa to make a move against him.

When she refused to play, Ramsay would force her to.

When she refused to scream, he broke her jaw so that she could no longer hold it closed.

“I win, my love.” Ramsay whispered. It was so low that only those with Force-heightened senses would be able to hear it. He raised his hand into the shape of a blaster and bent his thumb.

Grenn shifted himself until Ramsay could no longer see Sansa from his position.

“Like hell you have.” He growled. Grenn raised his blaster and opened fire at Night King and Ramsay.

Night King stood from his seat, his chair falling behind him with a dull thud. It was too calm a sound for the chaos that erupted around them. He raised his palms and somehow absorbed the blaster fire into his hands and disintegrated it.

“Grenn! Watch out!” Bran screamed.

Sansa wasn’t sure if what happened next took place in mere seconds or hours. Somehow everything was moving so quickly that it felt like she was seeing it happen in slow motion.

She turned her head around just in time to see Ramsay charging towards Grenn at top speed. Grenn shifted his aim towards Ramsay, but Night King called his blaster towards him. He moved to reach for his knife, but his movements to defend himself were too slow. Ramsay smiled at him triumphantly. Grenn’s hand barely circled around his knife’s hilt by the time Ramsay stood within striking distance. He raised his lightsaber. The red beam hummed ominously as it sliced through the air, straight for Grenn’s head.

“No!” Sansa shouted, her voice thick with desperation.

She didn’t want to play this game, but Grenn would die if she didn’t.

Sansa thrust her hands out towards Grenn as quickly as she could. She felt the power of the Force pumping through her limbs. She watched with wide, terrified eyes, as Grenn’s feet left the floor and he began to move towards her with such speed that Sansa’s allowed herself a small bit of hope. Ramsay’s lightsaber was inches from his head, but perhaps she had been quick enough.

Maybe they would all somehow make it out of this alive and unharmed.

“AH!”
Grenn’s body fell against her with such force that it caused Sansa to tumble onto the floor. She knew she needed to stand, to defend them, but she couldn’t bring herself to disentangle her body from Grenn’s. The depth and pains of his screams ripped her very soul. He clawed at his eyes with his hands while he kicked the ground with his legs.

Sansa hadn’t been fast enough.

She shielded Grenn’s body with her own.

The first and only time Sansa had used the Force against Ramsay he had killed the guard standing to the left of her door without hesitation. He had moved to kill the other guard before Sansa begged him not to, swearing she would never do such a thing again.

The other guard had been Grenn.

“I can’t—I can’t!” He panted desperately. Sansa had never heard such fear from his voice. “I can’t see! Oh fuck I can’t see!”

“You fucking bastard!” Pyp screamed.

Sansa stared down at Grenn’s face in horror. A perfect line made its way from one eye, across the bridge of his nose, and straight through the other. Sansa bit back a gasp as he cautiously opened his eyes. There was a thin grey line through each eyelid. His pupils were no longer green but milky white.

Ramsay’s lightsaber had burned out his eyes.

Grenn would never see again.

“Sh.” Sansa soothed as best she could. She cradled Grenn in her arms and began to rock him back and forth.

“I am going to kill you, you fucking piece of—ack!”

The sound of Pyp choking filled the room. She looked up from Grenn’s terrified face to see Pyp desperately clawing at his throat. Night King’s hand raised in front of him and his fingers were squeezing together in a fist.

A chill went through Sansa as she watched Night King force Pyp to struggle for his life. She had never seen someone look so bored and unaffected over taking a life.

Sansa forced herself to clear her head and take a quick assessment of their situation. Grenn was blinded, Pyp’s breath was being stolen from his body, and Bran was face-to-face with people who physically and mentally abused him. They would not be able to fight their way out of this, but that didn’t mean there wasn’t a way for them all to survive and fight another day.

All at once, Sansa realized what Master Tyrion had meant all those years ago when he taught her that sometimes surrendering wasn’t truly surrendering.

“I’ll take care of you.” Sansa whispered. Grenn slowly nodded, his body movements becoming still. “I will take care of all of us.”

“No, you won’t.” Bran said. He sounded so much older than his fourteen years. “I will.”

With a power far stronger than anything he had previously shown, Bran sent a surging Force push
towards Ramsay. The Inquisitor went flying towards the wall. His back hit against the concrete with a loud thud. As soon as Ramsay made contact, Bran’s focus zeroed in on his lightsaber. Like Night King had done to Grenn’s blaster moments ago, Bran called the weapon towards him.

“Stay away! Stay away all of you!” Bran commanded. He held the saber in the reverse grip that Jaime so often favored. Bran grabbed Theon’s blaster and held it with his other hand before Theon could pull it out and use it against them. His grip on each weapon was so tight Sansa doubted anyone was going to be able to rip either out of his hands.

Ramsay brought himself up into a half crouch. He looked feral with his upper lip curled away from his teeth.

“Ramsay.” Night King said. His low voice was full of authority. “Wait.”

Sansa let out a silent sigh of relief to see Night King’s hand open slightly. Pyp breathed in a small amount of precious oxygen. It wasn’t enough to keep him from dying, and he was still dangling off the ground, but it would give him a bit more time.

Theon turned to look at Bran. He had been standing in front of him, like he wanted to protect Bran from what was about to happen, but that was impossible. Theon betrayed them; Sansa didn’t think he cared about Bran at all.

“Bran, what the hell do you think you are—”

“Shut the fuck up!” Bran shouted. Tears of hurt and anger fell from his eyes. Bran turned to look at Night King. “I see things. The Force, it shows me what has happened and what will be.”

It was a lie mixed with the truth—to her knowledge Bran could only see the past—but putting the two statements together made the fib harder to decipher. There was nothing in his body language that suggested he was being less than honest, and Sansa felt no disturbance in the Force at his statement.

With a sharp breath, Sansa felt her body begin to fill with unspeakable dread when she realized what Bran was planning to do.

“Bran, don’t—”

“I swear to you I will serve Empress Cersei and the Dark Side for the rest of my days. I can win the war for you. I can see everything, but you have to let them go.” With a swish he lifted the blade to his own throat. “If you don’t, I will kill myself, and you will never have my power, and the Rebellion will defeat you. I have seen it. Together, we can stop such a thing from happening. You need me.” His eyes flitted over to Pyp who had begun to turn purple. Bran brought the saber until it was just hovering above his skin. “I am special, and Empress Cersei loves creatures who are special. She will punish you if you let this offer pass you by. I swear I will never leave her side again, but you must let them live.”

The next few seconds were fraught with tension as Night King looked at Bran with a single raised brow. Without warning, he began to let out a low chuckle in the back of his throat. It made the blood in Sansa’s veins feel like they had been doused in ice cold water. He opened his fist. Pyp fell to the floor, coughing and spitting as he breathed in deep breaths of air.

“Do I have your word?” Bran asked, his eyes never leaving Night King’s.

Night King looked beyond Bran to the opened doors behind them. Sansa followed his gaze. She
watched with horror as a small squadron of twenty White Walkers began to line up in rows of five. They wore a single blue pad across their right shoulder with the symbol of the 501st etched into the leather. Night King had brought not only his highest-ranking Inquisitor, but members of their highest-ranking military unit.

Sansa stood. “It’s no use, Bran.” She gently placed her hand on top of his and deactivated the lightsaber. Bran’s face crumbled before her. “It is important to know when you are beaten.”

Bran nodded his head once, choking back a sob. He didn’t understand what she meant, but he would, someday. Sansa vowed that she would find a way to get them all out of this, but the time was not now.

All that mattered now was living to fight another day.

Theon placed a hand on top of Bran’s shoulder. “Bran, it is going to—”

“Don’t.” Bran said harshly. “I have been surrounded by nothing but lies and deceit since my family died. I thought being here with you would be different, but I was wrong. At least Master cared about me, did it to protect me, but you…” Bran shrugged off Theon’s shoulder. “You only cared about yourself.”

Theon stepped away from Bran as if he had been burned.

Sansa threw Ramsay’s lightsaber to Night King. It was the last of their weapons, and she preferred him to have it instead of Ramsay. He was the more powerful of the two, but he was also the more level headed. As backward as it seemed, it felt safer to give him the weapon.

Night King caught the hilt of the saber easily. He sat it down next to his plate. Sansa realized for the first time the large dining table was set with fine crystal china, wine glasses, and polished silverware. In the middle sat an assortment of fruits, meats, and cheeses.

“That will be quite enough from all of you.” Night King said calmly. He gestured to the place settings. “Sit down. We have much to discuss.”

Sansa was conscious of two pairs of eyes focusing on her, waiting to see what she would say and do. She tried not to think of another pair of eyes that should have been with the others but would never join them again.

Knowing there was no other option, Sansa bent down and grasped Grenn’s hand. “Can you stand?” She asked.

Grenn swallowed. “Yes.” He held her hand firmly and began to raise himself off the floor.

Sansa intertwined their arms to help lead him to a seat. She looked over to where Pyp was still positioned on his hands and kneed. She didn’t allow herself to gaze at the small purple bruises that were beginning to form on his throat.

“Pyp? What about you?”

He nodded. “Just a scratch.” Pyp said hoarsely. He got into a crouch position before he was grabbing his head and panting heavily. His skin turned pale and his vibrant yellow tattoos looked sallow.

Bran ran over to Pyp and placed his hands under Pyp’s arms before he passed out onto the floor.

“It’s okay. I’ve got—AH!”
Bran’s blood curling scream echoed off the walls as Ramsay’s knife broke the surface of his skin and sank into his shoulder. Pyp tried to bat him away, but it was like watching the wind trying to fall over a weirwood tree. Pyp was too weak, and Ramsay too strong.

“Never.” Ramsay brought the knife down Bran’s arm slowly. “Use the Force.” He stopped the movement at Bran’s elbow. “On me.” He began to twist the knife into a circle. “Again.” He drew the knife out of Bran’s arm. He stood and casually walked back over to sit down next to Night King.

Blood began fell out of Bran’s arm at an alarming pace.

“What happened?” Grenn asked quickly. He began to move his head around, forgetting no matter where he looked, he wouldn’t be able to see Bran. “Where’s Bran?”

“He played.” Sansa said.

Grenn sucked in a sharp breath, knowing what Sansa meant. He pulled on Sansa to lead him to Bran, but she stayed horror stricken in place. Sansa knew what happened to creatures who engaged Ramsay. You either won and ran away, or you faced the consequences.

Sansa should have known this would happen.

“It is the fault of the person who did this, not yours.” Pyp said.

It was Ramsay’s fault that Bran was bleeding to death, but it felt like Sansa had given him the knife.

“Bran!” Pyp yelled. He took off his shirt and threw it around Bran’s arm to try to staunch the bleeding.

“Pyp.” Bran whispered. The color drained from his face and his breathing grew heavy. “I don’t… want… to go home… stay… and fight…”

“You will kid.” Pyp said with a touch of desperation. “If you don’t, Jaime will kill me, yeah?”

Bran let out a hollow laugh.

Theon ran over to Bran, sliding slightly on the blood that laid in an ever-increasing puddle on the floor. “This isn’t what you promised me!” He yelled at Night King and Ramsay. He fumbled with the clasp of his cape. “You said Bran would remain with me, unharmed.”

“You made a deal with the devil?” Pyp scoffed. “You really are stupid.”

Grenn gave up on pulling Sansa. He dropped to his hands and knees and began to crawl on the floor, following the sound of Pyp voice and reaching his arms out.

Pyp removed his blood-soaked shirt from around Bran’s arm. He threw it to the side, where it fell on the floor with a sickening splat. He yanked Theon’s cape from his hands and once wrapped Bran’s wound with cloth.

The sound of Pyp’s shirt hitting the floor woke Sansa from her stupor. Her thoughts began to race into overdrive. Bran played the game, but Ramsay had not killed them. In fact, the only two people who were close to being killed were Grenn and Pyp. Sansa was unharmed, and the only reason Bran was injured was because Ramsay was insane and reacted like a petulant, violent child.

Sansa’s mouth formed the shape of an ‘o’ and her eyes went wide. Whoever controlled the Starks controlled Winterfell. Cersei no longer had Bran, and her hold was slipping. Bran was always going
to be taken prisoner regardless of whatever deal Theon made, but being taken prisoner meant you must be taken alive.

“Tired.” Bran said quietly. His skin was white as a sheet. “Master…not…your fault…”

The rise and fall of Bran’s chest slowed.

He closed his eyes.

Pyp slapped Bran’s cheek in a moment of desperation. It left a bright red stain of blood. “Bran! Don’t you fucking dare!”

“Bran?!” Grenn screamed. He reached Bran’s hands. “Bran!”

Sansa looked at Night King. His hand was wrapped around Ramsay wrist, stopping his arm in midmotion as Ramsay brought a tea cup to his lips. The look of pain on Ramsay’s face told Sansa everything she needed to know. Bran was supposed to live, and if he didn’t, Cersei would not be pleased.

Night Kings eyes met her own. An unspoken communication passed between the two of them. Sansa felt like she was making a deal the Dark Side itself, but it was the only way to save Bran.

It was the only way for them to live.

Night King gave her a single nod.

Without hesitation, Sansa Force pulled Ramsay’s lightsaber, which was still resting atop the dinning table, towards her. She ran over to Bran once it was in her grasp. She put a shaky hand to his throat, letting out a breath of relief when she felt a pulse. It was faint, but it was there.

“Pyp, Grenn, hold his hands down.”

Sansa ignited the saber. She removed the clothing around Bran’s wounds and resisted the urge to vomit. Ramsay had cut him clean to the bone.

“Bran, I love you.” She said, her voice thick with emotion. “Thank you for trying to save us. Now, I am going to take care of you.”

Sansa took the tip of Ramsay’s lightsaber and placed the hot point into the wound.

Bran’s eyes snapped open and his entire body seized up from the pain. “AH!” Bran screamed, the sound vibrating off the walls around them. “It burns!”

“Theon hold his head down!” Sansa commanded.

She slowly brought the saber in the same direction that Ramsay carved, cauterizing the wound as she went. The smell of burning flesh assaulted her nostrils.

“Is it working?” Grenn asked over the sounds of Bran’s screams. His thumbs delicately rubbed across Bran’s skin in an effort to try and calm him.

“Yes.” Sansa breathed out in relief. There was no more blood coming from the places the lightsaber had touched. “It’s going to be okay Bran. This will stop the bleeding.” Sansa soothed. She was inches from being finished. “I’m almost there.”

“It feels like I’m on fire!” Bran cried. The tears from his eyes left track marks across his blood
marked cheek where Pyp’s hand had touched him.

“Flames are kick ass.” Pyp said, trying to get Bran to think of something else. “Plus, chicks dig scars. This will take your sexiness factor up to a thousand. We will have to beat the girls back with a broom.” He promised.

Bran laughed weakly at Pyp’s attempts to make light of the situation. “I’m… too young to date…” Bran grit out. It was easier to play along with Pyp’s words than face the truth. Bran wouldn’t be going anywhere with them; he would be going back to Cersei. “Not… allowed to… until I’m sixteen.”

Pyp flashed him a sad half-smile. “When you do date, we will make sure you get on the best.”

The next few moments were fraught with silence as Sansa finished her task. Theon ran his hands through Bran’s blood-soaked hair. Sansa wanted to shove him away, but she refrained from ordering Pyp or Grenn to do so. Battles had to be chosen wisely from here on out, and Theon was not worth their time.

“Done.” She breathed out at last. The scar was jagged and ugly, but no more blood poured out of the wound.

“Good.” Bran gasped out. “Rest… now?” The tension in his body slowly began to melt away.

“Yes, Bran.” Sansa said. She placed a hand over his chest. She took comfort in the fact that it continued to rise and fall, giving him life. “You can rest now.”

Bran closed his eyes, falling asleep instantly. He would need to be monitored and woken often to drink plenty of fluids, but not for now it was better if he slept.

Night King stood from his chair. He continued to hold Ramsay’s hand in his grasp, forcing him to stand as well. Sansa noticed with grim satisfaction that his eyes were clouded over with pain.

“You are all the captives of the Empire.” Night King said. “You will accompany Inquisitor Bolton and myself back to Kings Landing where you will become useful to the Empire.”

Pyp opened his mouth to speak, to rebel against Night King, but he stopped himself when he saw Sansa shaking her head silently.

“Very good.” Night King said. “Greyjoy, accompany the prisoners to their holding cell.”

Theon gently laid Bran’s head onto the blood-stained floor. “I request that Bran Stark remain with me. You gave me your word—”

Night King raised his hand that was not currently holding onto Ramsay. “The plan’s have changed.” He pointed a finger at Theon’s chest. “Do not disappoint me.”

Theon shook his head, fear etched into his face. “No, of course not.” He responded quickly. He walked around the battered group and towards the door. “Follow me.” He said, not bothering to spare them a backwards glance.

“I’ll take Bran.” Sansa said. She placed her hands under his shoulders and bellow his knees. She raised his gingerly, mindful of his injured arm. She wound bandage it and make him a sling with them hemline of her dress as soon as they made it to their cell.

Grenn didn’t protest Pyp’s hand as he took it into his own. Their shoes squished along the floor as
they followed Theon.

“He stays.” Night King said abruptly.

They all turned around slowly to see him looking directly at Pyp. Sansa’s breathing hitched as she realized the second part of her earlier conclusion. She and Bran were important, but Pyp and Green were not.

“It is time to make yourself useful starting now, Pyp Antilles.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry! Everything had to happen, but I'm sure my apologies don't lessen the blow. Things will get better, Jon is coming after all, but not before things get worse.

For those wondering about the chapter preview from last time, it has been moved to the next chapter. It was originally in this one, but I added a lot to the original outline, and the ending felt like a good place to cut it off.

I am still fiddling around with the idea of a Grenn one-shot that details how he fell in love with Sansa and his reaction to seeing her with Jon. Any takers?

Please comment and let me know what you all think!
Chapter Notes

I hope everyone had a wonderful New Year! My goal, amongst other things, is to finish this story. The great news is that we are already on the down count. Huzzah!

Special thanks to my wonderful Mama, who answered all my medical questions.

General Disclaimer: I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 44: It Will Only Hurt For A Moment

“No! Don’t touch me!”

“Sh.”

“No! Stop!”

“It’s okay. It’s me, not Ramsay.”

“…oh.”

“Come on. We have to go.”

“I don’t... He is going to... Please don’t take me to him!”

“I’m not taking you to him. I swear it.”

“Where are we going?”

“You are going home.”

Sansa let out a small gasp as she was shoved mercilessly into the holding room. She was holding Bran’s unconscious body in her arms, and his weight combined with Grenn’s heavy arm on her shoulder caused her to lose her balance. She quickly angled her body towards the floor to take the brunt of the fall. Bran didn’t need anymore injuries.

“Sansa? Are you all right?” Grenn asked. He was reaching out on his hands and knees—Grenn had fallen as well but managed to do so in the opposite direction of Bran and Sansa—to locate her.

Sansa silently nodded her head before remembering Grenn could no longer see her. “Yes.” She said. Rolling to her side, Sansa gently laid Bran down onto the cold floor. She reached out to Grenn. Squeezing his hand for assurance, she pulled him over to sit next to Bran’s sleeping body.

“We need water for Bran.” Sansa said, standing. She forced herself to look into the clear blue eyes of the person who betrayed them. “He lost a lot of blood. The cut was clear to the bone. I’m worried if he doesn’t get surgery soon—”
Sansa fell onto the floor once more as a vicious slap hit her across the face.

“You don’t make demands, Jedi bitch.” A modulated voice clipped from above her. Sansa looked up to see a 501st White Walker looming over her menacingly. “One more word out of you and I am going to skin that wolf of your and grind your precious droid into dust. You don’t tell me—”

“Walker.” Theon Greyjoy’s calm voice interrupted. “I believe Night King and Grand Inquisitor Bolton have both expressed that Miss Stark is to remain unharmed during the duration of her stay.”

The blood drained from Sansa’s face when she realized Theon had referred to her by her familial name.

“Do not touch her again.” Theon warned.

“I don’t take orders from you, Sir.” The walker pointed out sarcastically.

“No.” Theon conceded. “But I rather detest the idea of dying, so I suggest we all follow the orders we have been given, agreed?”

The White Walker said nothing.

“Very good.” Theon said, taking his silence as agreement. Theon looked down at Sansa. There was neither pity nor remorse in his eyes. “I will send Mel with bottles of water, but no bacta patches. What happens to his arm is of no consequence to me.”

“You fucking traitorous piece of shit.” Grenn growled. “You never cared about Bran.”

Theon ignored the insult and accusation. Spinning on his polished heel, he made his way out the door and in search of his assistant. The trooper followed behind him, leaving no guards inside the room. Sansa was grateful for it; they would be granted a small reprieve without the looming presence of the Empire. Her heart sunk immediately when she thought of the one other creature who should still be with them.

“Pyp will be all right.” Grenn said, sensing where Sansa’s thoughts had gone. He rested a hand on Bran’s chest to make sure his heart was still beating. “He is tougher than he looks.”

Sansa wasn’t sure if he was trying to convince himself or her of Pyp’s strength.

“I know.” She said, unsure of who she was trying to comfort. She scooted herself over to where Grenn and Bran were. Her body felt like she had just fought in a great battle despite the fact she had been spared from any physical harm.

Guilt plagued her. What right did she have to feel tired when she was whole and in one piece while her friends had parts of them taken away?

“Don’t, Sansa.” Grenn said, once more sensing her thoughts. He placed his hands in front of his face and turned them side to side. “Nobody hates you, or even blames you, for not being hurt while the rest of us are. If anything, we are grateful for it. Besides, just because you weren’t hurt physically doesn’t mean you weren’t hurt emotionally. You were still injured. The only difference is we can’t see your wounds.”

Sansa pushed a few tendrils of Bran’s hair away from his forehead. It was still damp from blood.

“How can you be so sure?” She asked softly. “You are only one person.”

“Because none of us are assholes.” Grenn said bluntly. He rubbed his eyes, his entire face contorting
in agony.

Grenn pretending he was without pain was all for show. Sansa felt for him, knowing that the only reason he wasn’t passed out like Bran was because Grenn’s brain would not allow it to happen. He was a soldier, and soldiers were to be alert at all times regardless of personal injury.

“It isn’t easy watching people you love and care for be cut down without remorse. I understand that better than most. You feel helpless and worthless that you can’t turn back time to stop their pain or transfer it to yourself. But you can’t beat yourself up about being spared either. Shit happens, sometimes to you and sometimes to others. If you are someone it didn’t happen to, use your life to help make it better for those who weren’t spared.”

“I will.” Sansa said meaningfully. “And thank you.”

Grenn was right. It wasn’t her fault they were injured, and she wasn’t, and she couldn’t allow herself to think that it was. Once she did she knew she would never stop. It was up to her to take of them now and make sure nothing more happened.

“Thank you, Sansa.” Grenn said, his voice breaking. He held out his hand for her to take. She placed her palm within his own. Unlike when she held hands with Jon, there was no spark of electricity or current of love, but a strong sense of loyalty and friendship. “If it wasn’t for you, I would be dead.” He gestured to his eyes with his other hand. “I can’t see, but I can still fight. Don’t worry. I will find a way to be useful again.”

Sansa patted the top of their joined hands. “You already are useful.” She assured him. She placed his hand into his lap and took hold of both his shoulders, gently easing him back until he was laying down next to Bran. “You should rest. I know you are in pain.”

The corner of Grenn’s lips turned up into a smile. “I can’t fool you, can I?”

“I’m your leader. I see everything.”

Grenn rolled onto his side. He curled into a tiny ball, placing a hand on Bran’s chest once more. Sansa rested her back against the wall and stretched her legs out in front of her. She knew she wouldn’t sleep until they were somehow out of this mess, or, the more likely scenario, on a star destroyer to Kings Landing. The only hope she allowed herself to have was that they would somehow be allowed to remain together.

“Sansa?” Grenn said softly, pulling her from her thoughts.

“Yes?”

“You can’t let Jon know we are in trouble. He can’t come here no matter how bad things get. He is the strongest, and everyone wants the strongest.”

Sansa reeled in shock. She hadn’t told anybody about Jon severing their Force connection. Only Pyp knew, and that was because he was present when it happened. He had tried convincing her to let the others know, but Sansa always refused any effort he made to talk about Jon in that context. She didn’t want to voice out loud what happened. If she did, then Sansa would once more be forced to face the truth and possible finality of Jon’s leaving; he was gone, and she didn’t know if he was ever coming back.

“I won’t call Jon. I promise.” Sansa said. She choked back the sob that was threatening to escape at her partial lie. She wouldn’t call Jon, but it wasn’t because she did want to; it was because she couldn’t.
The rest of the tension left Grenn’s body as he finally allowed himself to relax. “Even if we die, Jon will still be alive. I believe there is some comfort in that.”

“Me too.” Sansa agreed quietly. She pulled her legs into her chest and rested her head on top of her knees, watching Grenn’s quick breaths gradually turn into slow steady ones.

Sansa wasn’t surprised to find she meant the words to Grenn’s statement. Wasn’t that a part of love? Hoping the best for someone, that they live and be happy, even after your death? Sansa didn’t know how Jon felt about her, but she knew she still loved him with every part of her soul. Even if Grenn hadn’t suggested it, and she still had their bond, Sansa would never have alerted Jon to what was going on. She couldn’t protect him from the Dark Side anymore, but she could protect him from running head first into danger. If sacrificing her freedom was all she could do for him, then she would do it gladly, every single time.

Sansa threw her head back and laughed. “There is no way that is Visenya riding a dragon.” She said between giggles. “I think you hit your head a little too hard when Grenn threw you down during training today.”

Jon glared at her. “That is so Visenya.” He raised his hand and pointed to the constellation that was directly in front of them, gesturing to each cluster as he described what they were. “That part right there represents her body and she is clearly surrounded by dragon wings.”

Training that day had been grueling for Jon, and both he and Sansa had found themselves looking forward to some time alone in the ship’s ventral cannon star gazing. It was their nightly ritual, and Sansa was beginning to think of the small pod as their special spot on the ship.

“You know, Grenn wouldn’t have gotten the drop on me if someone hadn’t been extra distracting during our spar.” Jon muttered. He stuck his lower lip out and glared at her with his trademark pout.

“I have no idea what you are talking about.” Sansa said airily. She placed a finger in between his eyebrows and pushed his forehead up. “You shouldn’t pout so much; it will give you wrinkles.”

Jon narrowed his eyes. “You do so know what I am talking about.” He gave her thigh—both her legs were resting in his lap and his arm was slung across her shoulders—a gentle squeeze. “You were wearing those short running shorts of yours and decided to do some bendy stretches directly in my line of sight.” Jon leaned forward until his lips hovered just above hers. “You’re a smart girl Sansa. You knew exactly what you were doing.”

Sansa shook her head and smiled. “You are supposed to be looking at your opponent and not getting distracted by outside sources. It’s your fault Grenn exploited your weakness.”

Jon skinned his hand towards her hip. Sansa shrieked when he gave it a little squeeze. She jumped, and Jon used her momentary distraction to position her onto his lap until she was straddling him.

Sansa’s let out a low moan as Jon gave her bum a firm squeeze.

“And I suppose you have no idea that when you bent over I could see the barest hint of your ass in those shorts.”

Jon’s hands traveled up her torso. Sansa bit her lip when he squeezed her rib cage. His thumbs skimmed the underside of her breasts.
"Or that your shirt was so loose that I could see the outline of your breast band when you bent over and it fell forward."

Sansa closed her eyes as Jon continued his ministrations. She let out a small gasp when Jon rolled his hips, allowing Sansa to feel what her little display had done to him. In truth, she had done it on purpose, but she wasn’t going to let Jon know that. She was tired of him parading around topless—the past few weeks of training had really done wonders on his already impressive body—and Sansa felt a little payback was in order.

"Yup." Sansa breathed. She hummed in appreciation as Jon began to pepper her neck with kisses. "Absolutely no idea."

Jon pulled back to look at he with dark eyes. "Liar." Jon whispered.

Sansa licked her bottom lip slowly before placing her lips upon Jon’s in the lightest of kisses. His hands moved up into her hair and tugged her closer. Sansa pulled back when she felt Jon’s tongue graze along her mouth.

"Whose to say?" She said with a cheeky wink.

Jon smiled, his lips turning down and his eyes twinkling with desire.

"Who indeed."

Sansa’s eyes refocused at the sound of painful moans. It had been at least an hour, if not more, since Theon disappeared with the promise of water. Sansa had occupied her time by reliving some of her happier times with Jon. The thought of Jon soothed her troubled soul regardless of what it was she meant to him. She looked at the two sleeping bodies to see Bran clutching his hair and bending his legs in pain.

All thoughts of Jon quickly left her mind.

"Bran? What is it?" Sansa asked with worry. She crawled the few inches to Bran and placed a hand atop his brow, letting out a sight of relief that he wasn’t burning with fever.

"My arm." He gasped. "It hurts." Bran opened his eyes. His brown irises were milky from the pain. "I don’t feel good."

"It’s going to be okay." Sansa assured him. "You lost a lot of blood, but the heat from the saber should have killed any bacteria that might have been present in the wound and you don’t have a fever."

Bran let out a small whimper. "I can’t move my arm."

Sansa began to rip strips of fabric from the hemline of her dress. The front was coated in dried blood from when she had kneeled beside him, but it was better than nothing, and Bran no longer had any open wounds that could become infected from something dirty.

"You won’t be able to move your arm unless you have surgery." Sansa explained. She helped Bran into a sitting position. It was too quick, and he turned paler than he already was immediately.

"Sorry." She said, carefully laying him back down and lifting his feet into the air. "The cut was clear to the bone. It ripped through your muscle and tendons. If you get surgery quickly, the med doc should be able to sew it all back together."

Sansa’s unsaid words hung thickly in the air between them. There was no guarantee of Bran getting
any medical help, and even if he did it might not be soon enough. There was a very real chance that Bran’s arm would have to be cut off and replaced by something mechanical.

A single tear fell down Bran’s cheek. “I was just trying to help. I didn’t want anything else to happen to us.”

Sansa took his uninjured hand. She brought it to her lips and placed a soft kiss on his knuckles. “I know.” She said gently. She ran a hand through his hair, uncaring that it was matted with blood and dirty. “You were very brave. Jaime would have been so proud of you.”

At the mention of Jaime’s name, Bran’s eyes became wide and fearful. “Sansa, you can’t—”

“I know.” She interrupted, already knowing what Bran was about to say. “Grenn and I already spoke about it. I won’t call Jon, and by extension Jaime, here to rescue us. We can’t drag them into our mess.” Sansa thought about their brief capture by the arrogant and surprisingly smart pirate Tormund Giantsbane. “There will be no help for us this time.”

Bran nodded his head slowly. “It’s better this way.” He said with as much conviction as his weak body could muster.

Sansa waited a few more minutes before carefully bringing Bran into a sitting position once more. He took the change in position much better this time and allowed Sansa to set him against the wall. Once she was sure he wouldn’t fall, Sansa began to construct a sling out of the torn fabric. She bent his injured arm and wrapped the fabric around it before tying it to his neck like a sling. The second piece she wrapped around his arm and chest to prevent any movement from happening. Once done she checked on Grenn to make sure he didn’t have a fever as well. Satisfied with his temperature, Sansa positioned herself next to Bran. She opened a bottle of water Mel had brought them a few minutes after Grenn fell asleep and offered it to Bran, instructing him to drink slowly.

They sat in silence as Bran took small sips from the water bottle. Once he was certain that it would not make him sick, he began to take more hardy gulps until the bottle was mostly finished. Sansa fiddled with the cap in her hands. She forced her mind to stay in the present, but it was difficult when the present was so bleak and her memories so calming.

Bran finished his water bottle. Placing it down beside her, Sansa picked up another. Bran stopped her before she could unscrew the cap.

“Don’t.” Bran motioned to the remaining three bottles of water on the floor. “There is one for each of us. I won’t drink more than my share.”

Sansa frowned. Bran’s sacrifice was unsurprising, but he needed the water more than they did. While Grenn was blinded, he had been done so with a saber, which had cauterized the wound at the same time it cut through his irises. He had experienced no blood loss.

“This is all for you.” Sansa argued. “You lost more blood than the rest of us.”

“That we know of.” Bran said silently. “Pyp is still gone. We don’t know what is happening to him.” Bran sniffled. “He could be dead by now and we—”

“It’s okay Bran.” Sansa placed the water down and rested a hand on Bran’s shoulder. “Pyp will be—”

“Don’t lie to me!” Bran whispered harshly, mindful of Grenn sleeping only a few feet away from them. “This is all my fault! I led us here. I insisted we could trust Theon and look what happened! He betrayed us, betrayed me. I thought he was my brother, but he isn’t. And now Grenn is blind,
Pyp is Force-knows where, and you—” Bran let a desperate moan. He turned his head to look at Sansa, huge tears pooling at his eyes. “Ramsay used to brag about what he did to you, what he would do to you once he got you back. It was disgusting. I heard him pleasuring himself once in the bathroom while he detailed every sick and twisted thing he would perform on you once he got you back. And now you are his captive once more and it is all my fault!”

Guilty sobs racked Bran’s body. His shoulder shook with every breath, and he covered his mouth in an attempt to muffle the sounds he was making.

“I am so sorry, Sansa.” He said between split fingers. “So very, very sorry.”

Sansa watched him cry. She didn’t know what to say to comfort him that wouldn’t sound forced. Sansa was not stupid; she knew what Ramsay was going to do to her if he took her onto his ship. He would rape her and hold some poor creatures’ hostage with the threat of killing them if she made any move to resist him. She felt like throwing up when she realized that it would most likely be Grenn and Pyp to show them that while they may have fooled him once, he was still the dominate creature.

Pyp’s voice rang in her ears.

“I shouldn’t have sent her out.” She whispered. “This is all—”

“—the fault of the creature who did this, not you.”

“Bran, listen to me.” Sansa pleaded.

Bran roughly shook off her hand. His crying was becoming more erratic, and Sansa feared he would have a panic attack if he did not calm down. She threw her arms around him without hesitation, remembering when Bran told her that Jaime had done the same thing during his final confrontation with The Dark Side when he thought all hope was lost.

“You are Bran Stark.” She whispered, making sure her hold on him was comforting but still lose so it wouldn’t aggravate his injury. “You are good, and kind, and loving. You are my brother and I love you. You trust people, and that’s good. Sometimes people will be worthy of your trust, and other times they will fail you, but you can’t let that stop you from trying to see the good in everyone.” Sansa rubbed Bran’s back lovingly. “Are we in trouble right now? Yes. Is there a very good chance that the worst has yet to come? Yes.”

Sansa’s voice cracked. If she thought about what was to come then she would break down like Bran, and that wouldn’t do. Bran, Pyp, Grenn; they all needed her to be strong. But more than that, Sansa needed to be strong for herself.

Bran took in a shuddering breath. “Do you think they will kill us?”

“If we do not escape, yes.” Sansa said simply, honestly. There was no point in lying about it. “I don’t think there will be attempts while on Oakenshield, but examples will be made of us. You and I might last longer than Pyp and Grenn, but eventually Cersei and Ramsay will torture us one step too far or simply lose interest.”

“You don’t think the Rebellion will try to rescue us?”

“I hope they don’t. We just…” Sansa sighed, thinking of when Master Tyrion was captured. He was an important leader of the Rebellion and no rescue efforts were ever launched on his behalf. The outcome of the war was more important than one person. “We aren’t important enough to risk lives on. Nobody is, not even General Baratheon. Jon and Jaime, Master Tyrion, Uncle Bronn, Willas, Brienne, Pod, and Gilly might try, but they will most likely be stopped before anything can happen.
This isn’t like when Tormund had us. There is a very good chance the mission could go south and everyone is killed before they even see us. It would be a pointless and waisted effort.”

Bran’s crying slowly began to calm down. “I know.” He pulled back and made the move to clean the tears from his face. He winced when he saw the dried blood on his hands and dropped them to his sides. “I wanted to die for so long, but not anymore. Now I want to live. I want to take back Winterfell and stop Cersei.”

Sansa looked down at her blood covered dress. Though it was dry, and she had used it to make a sling, Sansa she doubted Bran would want to clean his eyes with the material. She opened another water bottle and handed it to Bran. She was grateful when he took it without hesitation.

“Don’t mistake what I say to mean we are without hope. I know things seem bleak now, but they have before, and we still lived to fight another day.”

Sansa removed her long, sleeveless vest. Her dress had small, capped sleeves, and no blood stained them. She ripped each one at the hem. Taking the bottle from Bran, she took a few precious drops and wetted the cloth. Sansa slowly and carefully began to clean the spots of blood and dried sweat from Bran’s face. While it seemed almost criminal to waste the water on something as simple as washing, Sansa knew it would help Bran’s mentality to not feel dirty.

“I was certain I was going to die the first time Ramsay captured me. I was weak, broken, and starved. My last night there, he told me I was officially ready to be made his, like it was some sort of honor. I laid on the floor after he left completely numb. I thought there was no hope left for me. And then the door opened. A stormtrooper came inside, took my hand, and told me I was going to fly away and never come back.”

“Grenn?”

Sansa felt a soft smile grace her features. “Yes.” She confirmed. “And he was right. Thanks to Grenn and Pyp, I managed to escape from Ramsay, even when I thought there was no chance of it ever happening.” Sansa rubbed Bran’s cheek with the back of her hand. His face was clean, and she was pleased to see a bit of color had returned. “You thought nobody loved you or cared about you after the Massacre of Winterfell, but Jaime showed you he took care of and protected you the whole time, even though you never knew it. Nobody but our own men and women thought we had a chance to defeat the Death Star, but one good shot proved the Rebellion was more than a ragtag group of defectors.” Sansa brought her hand to her chest and made a fist. “There is always hope, Bran. There is always a chance to fight again. We fight until the very end, and if we die, then another comes and fights for us.”

Bran looked at her, his face full of emotion. “Okay.” He said, his voice a bit shaky. He squared his shoulders and gave Sansa a nod of his head. “Okay.” He said again but with more determination.

“Bran, nothing that has happened is your fault.” Sansa promised him. “Sometimes you are to blame, sometimes others are to blame, sometimes everyone is to blame, and sometimes there are circumstances that are beyond everyone’s control.”

“I know.” Bran said. He rolled the bottle around in his hands, careful not to spill. “It doesn’t make me feel any better right now, though.”

“I know.” Sansa rested her head on his shoulder and snuggled into his side. “I feel the same.”

Bran rested his own head atop hers. “I love you Sansa.” He entangled their fingers together. “I’m sorry I couldn’t protect you.”
Sansa patted his leg. “I love you too, little brother.”

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Sansa urged herself not to cry while she waited for Master Tyrion to finish his shopping. Nan had died two months ago, and Sansa missed her desperately. Master Tyrion was nice, and Uncle Bronn always read her stories when she asked, but she missed the way Nan’s eyes would light up whenever Sansa helped her with the cooking or the way they would snuggle under the blankets and sing songs together. Master Tyrion and Uncle Bronn’s hugs were fine, sort of, but they were nothing like the warm hugs Nan would give before bedtime. Sansa didn’t have a mother, or a grandmother, but she was sure that if she did they would have been like Nan.

Sensing her sadness, Master Tyrion had promised he would make her favorite meiloorun cakes after supper to cheer her up. Sansa accompanied him to the market. Uncle Bronn was out hunting, and Sansa was too young to stay at home by herself.

Sansa sniffled. The more she thought about Nan the more she wanted to cry. She hoped Master Tyrion would be done soon and she could go home. Maybe she would feel better after taking a nap.

A pair of small, brown boots caught Sansa’s attention. She slowly looked up to see a boy her age staring at her anxiously. He was wearing a thick dark grey woolen coat, a black scarf, black mittens, and had a black cap on his head, with small, inky black curls sticking out the bottom. Sansa strongly thought his favorite color must be black.

“Wow.” The boy said. “You have the prettiest eyes I have ever seen.”

Sansa blinked a few times, caught off guard by the compliment. Nan always said her blue eyes were beautiful, but Sansa had never heard someone her own age talk about them, much less a boy.

“I like your hair too!” He added in a rush.

Sansa felt a bit of a blush beginning to stain her cheeks. She thought the boy had pretty hair too, but she was too shy to tell him so.

“Thank you.” She said, remembering that Nan had taught her to always thank someone for a compliment. She also remembered Uncle Bronn telling her not to talk to strangers. Sansa was a Jedi, and lots of creatures in the Galaxy didn’t like the Jedi. That was why there was only her, Master Tyrion, and Master Davos left.

“I’m not supposed to talk to strangers. My Uncle says it isn’t safe.” She mumbled sadly.

“I’m not a stranger.” The boy’s eyes pleaded with her. “I’m—”

“Sansa!”

Sansa opened her eyes with a jolt. She had started to nod off while Bran told her a story about when Robb and Arya were trying to sneak out of their home to attend a podracing event. Bran had caught them and begged to be taken along. Sansa enjoyed podracing as much as the next creature, but she didn’t love it as much as Bran and Pyp, and her energy was quickly wearing out now that it looked like Bran would be all right for the time being. She had started to fall asleep during Bran’s in-depth description of one of the many crashes during the race. Bran had patted her head and assured her it was all right to take a small rest. Sansa tried to argue, saying she would rest after they left Oakenshield, but Bran insisted, promising to wake her if anything happened.

“Pyp!” Sansa screamed. She hadn’t meant to be so loud—Grenn was still asleep—but relief at seeing
Pyp alive caused her voice to go up a few octaves.

She stood from her place against the wall and ran over to the opened doors where a White Walker was currently dragging Pyp’s limp form. This one was different than the one who led them to their holding cell. Unlike the other Walkers who wore a leather shoulder pad on their right arm, this one wore a blue paneled leather collar around his neck that flared upward around his shoulders. The piece represented his position as leader of the 501st. A holster for each of his blasters hung from his utility belt on either side of his hips. Without warning, the Walker threw Pyp’s body across the room. He landed with a dull thud as his body crumbled onto the floor.

“Oh, Pyp.” Sansa whispered once she was next to him.

“S’okay.” He slurred. Blood dripped from his mouth, one of his eyes was swollen shut, and Sansa could see the marks of needles on his arms. Someone had given him a shirt to replace the one he lost. It was dark red and silky to touch. Sansa suspected it belonged to Theon. The gesture made her upset, as if giving them water and Pyp a nice shirt would absolve him of his crimes against them.

“I’ve had worse.” Pyp assured her.

Sansa gave out a weak laugh. “Of course, you have.” She said in attempt at levity. She grabbed Pyp at his elbow, trying to look at the hand he was hiding from view under his shirt. “Pyp let me see—”

“No.” He said defiantly. With strength she was surprised he still had, Pyp refused to let his arm budge.

“Pyp, just let me—”

“How could you?!” Bran yelled.

Sansa looked over her shoulder to see Theon in the middle of the room. Bran stood across from him on shaky legs, using one the room’s diagonal beams for support. The look he was giving Theon was a mix of betrayal and anger.

“I trusted you!” He cried. “I thought of you as my brother. We were family, you and I, and you sold us to the highest bidder.” Bran gestured around the room. “Night King wants us all dead!”

Theon placed his hands on his hips. “He isn’t after you at all.” He argued, his tone only slightly quieter than Bran’s.

The leader of the 501st quietly walked towards the door and shut it. Sansa wasn’t sure if it was to punish them or keep other creatures from hearing their conversation. She supposed they would find out soon enough.

“Don’t try to apologize—”

“I am not apologizing, Bran.” Theon said evenly. He ran a hand through his hair. “Like I said, he isn’t after you at all. He’s after somebody called Mormont. He wants him and is using all of you to get him.”

Sansa felt all the blood drain from her face. “Jon?” She whispered in horror. Pyp’s body stiffened next to her. “What does he want with Jon?”

“He is the strongest. And everyone wants the strongest.”

Sansa shook her head quickly. “No.” She stood and grabbed the sides of Theon’s shoulders without
realizing what she was doing. “He can’t have him!” She screamed. “You tell Night King that he can’t have him! Jon isn’t here, and he won’t be coming, so he can go ahead and—”

“I don’t make the rules.” Theon interrupted. He shrugged Sansa’s hands off his shoulders. “Night King is convinced that Mormont is on his way here as we speak. There is nothing I can do about it.”

“How could you do this, Theon?” Bran asked, his voice thick with emotion. “How could you sell us out?”

Theon looked at Bran. “I didn’t.” He said. His eyes pleaded with Bran to believe him. “You were tracked by some Wilding space pirate.”

“What?!” Pyp asked with disbelief. He furrowed his brow. “Are you talking about Tormund Giantsbane?”

“That annoying asshole? Fuck no. It was one of his subordinates.” Theon pointed to Sansa. “Miss Jedi here messed with his head and he didn’t like it. He hit your ship with a tracker during your last space battle against the Empire when your hyperdrive broke. He kept tabs on you the whole time to see where you would end up. Once he figured it out, he told the Empire and got a fat reward for his troubles.”

“But why would he wait that long?” Sansa asked. “Surely he could have turned us in sooner.”

Theon shrugged. “You lot are worth a shit ton of credits, and every day you weren’t caught the number kept getting higher. What was the rush? Without a hyperdrive, you weren’t exactly going anywhere.”

“Of all the fucking luck…” Pyp muttered.

“Night King and Ramsay showed up a few days before you did.” Theon continued. “They threatened to burn the whole city unless I helped them. They thought Jon was with you. When they realized he wasn’t they decided to keep you as bait.”

“But how is Night King so sure that Jon will come?” Bran asked. The anger on his face was now replaced with one of worry.

Theon rolled his eyes. “I told you I don’t know. It’s not like I am in constant communication with either of them.”

“You could have fooled us.” Pyp growled.

Theon readjusted his cape, which had gone skew from Sansa shaking him. “I have done everything I can. I will bring you more water, and food, but what’s done is done.”

Theon turned on his heel. He pressed the palm of the door to open it.

“Hey Theon.” Pyp called.

Theon paused in the middle of the doorway. He placed his hand on the frame and looked over his shoulder at Pyp. “Yes?”

Pyp flashed his usual goofy grin. His teeth were stained with blood. He removed his hand from his shirt. Sansa let out a tiny gasp. Pyp’s index finger had been cut to within an inch of his palm and a quarter of his middle finger was missing. Pyp didn’t care, however, and he flashed Theon one of his favorite hand gestures.
“Thank you so much for you help.” Pyp said, his voice dripping with false happiness. “And fuck you.”

Theon’s mouth formed into a tight line. He glanced behind him to make sure the Walker was following him, the two leaving without another word.

“Sansa.” Grenn’s groggy voice called out. All eyes in the room turned to look at him. Grenn braced his hands on either side of his body and pushed himself into a seated a position. “I lied.” He croaked.

Sansa knelt next to him. Making sure he still wasn’t feverish, she grabbed one of the three remaining water bottles. “Here, drink this.” She commanded. She placed his hands on the bottle. “Careful. It’s pretty full.”

Green slowly brought the drink to his lips. He choked a bit when the water came out faster than he anticipated. Sansa ignored her desire to reach out and help him; she knew it would hurt his pride if she did so. Grenn adjusted the tilt of the bottle, successfully taking a few sips.

Pyp made his way over to them on his knees. “How are you feeling, buddy?” He asked, clapping Grenn on his shoulder.

“Like shit.” Grenn said, his voice no longer dry and gravelly. “And don’t fucking calling me that.”

“Nah, it’s done and happening.” Pyp said with a wide smile. “And can I just say…” Pyp paused, overcome with emotion as he gazed at each one of his friends. “I am so fucking grateful we are all alive.”

“Me too.” Bran said quietly. He sat down with the rest of their group.

“Me three.” Sansa said with a faint smile.

The corner of Grenn’s mouth twitched. “Do I fucking have to say me four?”

“Yes.” All three of them said in unison.

Green toasted them with his bottle. “Me four.” He said with a slight smile playing on his lips.

The four of them settled into a circle. Bran sat at the wall once more with Grenn next to him. Sansa and Pyp sat across from the with their legs crossed.

Pyp offered the last water bottle to Sansa. “Here.” He said simply.

Sansa shook her head. “No. I’m the only one not injured. You should have it.”

“Don’t start that bullshit again.” Grenn muttered.

“I don’t know of what bullshit you speak, but if it pertains to Sansa needing to drink water, I totally agree with everything you may or may not have said.” Pyp raised the water to her eye level and began to shake it back and forth to try and tempt her. “Halfsies?”

Sansa rolled her eyes. “All right.” She conceded.

Pyp reached for the empty water bottle and poured half their shared one inside. Sansa took it from him with a grateful smile.

“So…” Grenn breathed out after a few moments of silence. “What’s the damage to Pyp?”
Pyp swished some water around in his mouth to clear out the blood. He leaned over and spit out the liquid across the room. While the crude gesture would normally bother Sansa, she couldn’t bring herself to care. After the hell they had been through, what difference did Pyp spitting on the floor make?

“First they strapped me down and used a set of wires to shock me at a ridiculously high voltage. When the pain got to be too much they would poke me with needles that contained some sort of liquid to keep me from passing out. They would also punch me in the face and ribs for the hell of it, hence my eye being swollen shut and the bruising on my torso.”

Pyp lifted his shirt to give Sansa and Bran a view of his midsection. There were several black bruises beginning to form, as well as a few superficial burn marks and cuts. Everything looked ghastly against the backdrop of Pyp’s yellow circular tattoos and tan skin.

“After they grew tired of listening to me scream obscenities, a Walker pulled out a knife and began to cut off slices of my index finger like it was a fucking piece of sausage. They had just started on my middle one when that fucking asshole Theon came in saying that Night King wanted me taken to the holding room with the rest of you. The bloody bastards stopped the bleeding by pouring some sort of powder on the cut then setting it on fire.” Pyp stared down at his hand. “I’m fucking lucky. I am really attached to that finger. The index one I can live without but the middle one…” Pyp looked up at them and grinned. “It’s fucking important.”

Grenn scoffed. “Leave it to you to be worried about whether or not you can flip someone off, dipshit.”

“Don’t you worry buddy, I already have.” Pyp assured him. “Theon had the fucking honor of getting it with the new finger. I like to think that seeing me missing a part of it made it even more offensive.”

“Do you think he was telling the truth?” Bran asked quietly. “About the space pirate tracking us, and the Empire threatening to burn the city if he didn’t help them?”

Grenn rubbed a hand down his face. “It’s possible, kid. It’s not like it is far fetched for the Empire to do such a thing.”

“Can we please not start justifying Theon’s fucking actions yet?” Pyp groaned. “I would like to stay pissed off at him for our hellish circumstances for at least another five fucking minutes before we start doing that understanding bullshit.”

“Agreed.” Bran looked at them all with a sullen expression. “But is it bad that I hope it might be true?”

“Of course not, Bran.” Sansa said soothingly. “Theon was your friend. If what he says is true, then that means he didn’t sell us out for profit, but because there was no other choice.”

Bran gave her a grateful smile.

“Anyway, back to what I was saying.” Grenn said with a final drink of his water. He turned his head in the general direction of Sansa’s voice. “Sansa, I take back what I said about not communicating with Jon. If he really is coming you must convince him to stop. If the Empire get’s him and manages to exploit his weakness to the Dark Side that would be it for the Rebellion. Jon can’t come here no matter how bad our circumstances are.”

Bran nodded his head. “I agree. Lie if you have to, but don’t let Jon come anywhere close to Oakenshield. If stopping Jon is our way to preserve hope for others and our way to keep fighting,
then I say we do it.”

Sansa opened and closed her mouth as she struggled to find a way to share with Grenn and Bran the secret she had been keeping from them for months. She turned to Pyp for support, but he was making sure to look anywhere but her.

Sansa worried her bottom lip.

“I…well, that is—you see…”

Sansa hung her head in shame as she tried to figure out if she was a liar for withholding Jon’s absence from them or a coward because she was afraid to admit what happened out loud; it would lead to questions, which would force Sansa to admit her biggest fear that Jon no longer loved her.

Bran’s eyes widened. “Did something happen to Jon?” He asked with panic in his voice. “Has the Dark Side already defeated him? Were you too scared to tell us? Has he—”

“No, nothing like that. At least, I don’t think so.” She said with a frown. “I honestly wouldn’t know if it did or didn’t.” Sansa rubbed her arm for comfort. “Jon severed our connection months ago. It happened right after you two left to see about us getting our groceries when the wheel sent us the wrong package. I became sad, and when I looked to see what was wrong, I saw—”

Sansa coughed to try and hide the sob that was threatening to escape. There were nights when she’d woken in tears when her dreams had forced her to relive watching Jon’s Force energy disappear.

“Jon’s energy is gone.” She said in a hollow voice. “I don’t know why, but it is. I haven’t felt him since then nor can I reach out to him.”

“Are you sure?” Grenn asked. “I am not doubting you, Sansa, I just want to be aware of our options.”

“I understand.” Sansa looked up from the floor with watery eyes. “I tried to reach out to him once. It was a week after it happened. I was hurt, and worried, and scared. I was afraid that he…” Sansa couldn’t bring herself to finish the sentence. If she said that Jon didn’t love her, then any hope she had forced herself to build up would be shattered. She cleared her throat. “There was a wall surrounding him, one that I couldn’t breach. He didn’t want me there so I left. I never tried again.”

“Oh, Sansa.” Bran breathed. He rose from his spot and placed his good arm around her in the best hug he could manage. “I am so sorry.”

Unable to hold her emotions in check any longer, Sansa began to weep silently into Bran’s shoulder.

“He still loves you, I am sure of it.” Bran assured her. He rubbed soothing circles into her back. “It probably just has something to do with his training. I don’t know about Davos, but Master Jaime is surprisingly passionate about being able to prove oneself without help. I’m sure that is all it is.”

“Bran is right.” Grenn injected. “Jon loves you more than anything; it’s why the Dark Side would use his feelings for you against him. If he severed the connection of his own choice, it had to be for a good reason.”

Sansa gave them a small smile, once again feeling the war between her head and her heart. Everything they said to her she had said to herself on numerous occasions. Her head believed it, but her heart wouldn’t accept it.

“Thank you.” She released Bran and wiped her eyes with the ends of her hair. It didn’t feel very
good, but it was the cleanest thing available to her at the moment. “You two aren’t mad at me? For not telling you?” She asked, her voice vulnerable and scared. They needed to be united more than ever, and Sansa didn’t think she could handle them being upset with her.

“Of course not.” Bran gave her an affectionate pat on the shoulder. “I understand why you did it. Things like that can be hard to talk about.” He gave a brotherly kiss to her forehead before returning to his place next to Grenn.

“I agree.” Grenn said. He rubbed his eyes. “But this does leave us with a huge fucking problem. How do we warn Jon not to come when we can’t communicate with him?”

Pyp sighed. “We don’t.” He looked up to the ceiling and frowned. “There is only one thing we can do right now.”

Sansa tilted her head to the side. “And what is that?”

“We wait, and hope to the fucking Force that Night King is full of shit.”

XXXXX

Theon kept half of his promises. Water was brought to them on a regular basis but no food. Since the room was without windows, Sansa was unsure how much time had passed since they were thrown into the room. All she knew for sure was that it had been at least a day. Thankfully, there had been no more torture enacted upon them, unless you counted food being withheld and watching as Mel was held at blaster point to ensure nobody tried anything while they were given time to go to the refresher.

Bran and Grenn slept most of the time and only woke sporadically. When they did, Sansa and Pyp made sure to give them plenty of fluids. Grenn’s eyes constantly itched from his injury and he had to be watched over in his sleep to make sure he didn’t hurt himself further. Pyp had removed his shirt once more and Sansa had torn it into long strips to place over his eyes and hands.

Every hour that passed saw Sansa’s concern over Bran’s arm continually growing. He would never be able to move it without immediate surgery, and every minute they spent with him not receiving the necessary medical care made Sansa more worried that his arm would have to be amputated. She never voiced her concerns.

The blows to Pyp’s face caused him to have severe head and neck pain, hurting him more than his hand and torso. They had nothing cold to reduce the swelling. Pyp was alert and his normal talkative self, giving Sansa a slight sigh of relief that there was no internal swelling or bleeding occurring within his brain. His ribs also appeared to unbroken. When he did lay down, whoever else was awake allowed him to place his head in their lap to keep his head propped up.

Nobody knew what happened to Ghost or D3. It was like they had disappeared from Oakenshield never to be seen again. Sansa continually asked Theon or Mel whenever they brought them fresh water if they had seen either of them. She was worried the Walker had made good on his promise to grind D3 into dust and skin Ghost of his pelt. Theon’s answer to her questions was the same every time: no creature had seen them, and it was probably for the best if they were never found.

The doors opened with a whoosh. All conversation in the room ceased at the sound. They were debating whether leather or cotton seats were more comfortable and if more ships should have cotton seats if so. It was stupid, unimportant, and a comfort to talk about something so pointless.

The hair on Sansa’s arms stood on end when she realized this visit wouldn’t result in water or a trip
to the fresher. Theon and his assistant Mel—who were always present during those times with a small retinue of two or three Walkers—were nowhere to be seen. Instead, the leader of the 501st marched into the room with twelve White Walkers behind her.

“Is it Theon?” Grenn asked beside her. Pyp was laying with his head in her lap and Bran was curled up next to him to help keep him warm. The room wasn’t necessarily cold, but without a shirt, and very little body fat to speak of, Pyp was constantly shivering. They had discovered quickly that body heat was the only thing that would help him stay warm.

“Get up.” The Walker’s modulated voice commanded before Sansa could respond. The voice was higher than most, and Sansa suspected that the Walker was not a ‘him’ but rather a ‘her’.

Grenn sucked in a sharp breath of air. His eyebrows rose from underneath his eye band and his mouth opened in shock. He never asked which battalion was overseeing their capture, and nobody offered up the information.

Grenn cleared his throat. “My—”

“We are leaving.” The Walker interrupted curtly. “Now.”

Sansa raised her hands up in a placating gesture. “All right.” She said in a neutral tone. She didn’t want to have any trouble.

Pyp pushed himself off the floor. Once he was sure he was on steady legs—the pain in his head often made him dizzy—he reached down and placed his hands under Bran’s shoulders to help him stand as well. While Bran was doing better, the lack of food was taking its toll on his already weakened body. Pyp placed Bran’s good arm around his shoulder, allowing Bran, who could only walk a few steps on his own, to use him as a crutch.

Sansa stood. Her lips turned down when she saw Grenn attempt to stand while simultaneously trying to hide his wrapped hands behind his back. Her expression quickly turned to anger when she heard one of the White Walkers snicker.

“Not so strong are you now, Grenn?” The Walker said with derision.

“Fuck off asshole.” Pyp bit out with venom. “Grenn is ten times the creature any of you shitheads will ever fucking hope to be. He may be blind, but he can still fucking see, unlike you assholes.”

Grenn shook off Sansa’s help and forced himself to stand on his own. She knew he was struggling with looking weak in front of men and women he went into battle and bled with. Grenn hardly spoke of his feelings when it came to his decision to leave the 501st, preferring instead to stick to the facts. Grenn was devoted to those he cared for, and the decision to leave his battalion behind most likely came with copious amounts of guilt for what he perceived was deserting them.

“He got what he deserved.” Another walker said. This voice was feminine sounding as well. “He manipulated everyone into thinking he was weak only to defect and help kill us all later. What a fucking joke.”

“Creatures died because you weren’t there to save them.” One accused. “Good, loyal, creatures.”

“You deserve to die as well, you piece of shit.” A Walker in back spit out.

With every taunt and jeer, Grenn folded farther and farther into himself. Without warning, the Walker who started everything took his rifle and aimed it directly at Grenn’s
chest. Their leader, realizing she was losing control of the situation, raised a hand in warning. “We have express orders from Night King himself. The traitors are to be questioned upon their arrival in Kings Landing. No harm is to come to them before then.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

The Walker lowered his weapon.

The sound of blaster fire rang out into the room.

Grenn stumbled onto the ground. He forced his mouth to stay closed as a cry of pain ripped from his chest. The fire had gone straight through his right knee cap, shattering it.

“You fucking bastards!” Bran yelled. He pulled Pyp in the direction of Grenn’s fallen form. He didn’t have to pull very hard, and the two friends where at his side in an instant.

It took every ounce of Sansa’s self-control to not lash out and use the Force against the Walker as Grenn struggled to not scream out loud while Pyp and Grenn held each of his cloth covered hands. In an effort to redirect his pain, Grenn was once more trying to tear at his eyes.

“I said that’s enough.” The commanding officer shouted. She walked over to the Walker and ripped his weapon from his hands.

“It was a misfire.” The Walker lied. “It won’t happen again.”

The leader turned the weapon around. Taking the butt end of the blaster, she raised her arms and hit the Walker on his head. The helmet cracked from the force of her blow.

“See that it doesn’t.” She seethed as he stumbled backwards. “Or I will have you court martialed.” She turned around and looked at Sansa. “We leave, now. There will be no more delays. Night King and Grand Inquisitor Bolton are waiting.”

“Oh yes, don’t mind us you pieces of shit.” Pyp muttered sarcastically. “We only have two people that you and your kind fucked up to the point they can’t fucking walk. No big deal.” He once again helped Bran to his feet. The two of them walked through the parallel rows of White Walkers and slowly made their way towards the door. Anger was etched in both their faces.

Bran stared each one of them down with narrowed eyes and pursed lips. “You may have us now, you may think you have won, but what you have done to us will come back to haunt you.”

“By who?” A walker asked skeptically. “You?”

Pyp let out a hollow laugh. “You will wish you were so fucking lucky.”

Sansa bent both her legs and squatted down with her back facing Grenn. She took his arms and placed them around her neck. “Let me carry you.” She said as gently as she could.

Grenn nodded. His throat had turned red from the strain of not screaming out in pain and there was sweat beginning to form on his brow. He placed his good leg on the outside of her body while she positioned the other. Sansa held on securely to the place underneath his knees and stood. She took a small step back due to lifting his entire weight. Grenn was pure muscle, and while Sansa was strong, she was more lean and agile, her training focusing on speed and agility and not brute strength. She pushed aside her temptation to use the Force to lighten her load. If anyone suspected what she was doing, their punishment would be severe, orders or not.
Sansa took one small step forward, and then another, and another. She curled her toes to help grip the floor and keep herself from falling. Like everyone else in their group, she walked without shoes. All their pairs had been soaked in Bran’s blood and nobody wanted to step foot in them again. With a small bounce, she adjusted Grenn to rest more firmly upon her hips. With each step she gained a bit more confidence and widened her stride just a bit more.

They walked in the middle of the Walkers while their leader led them through a long series of hallways. Sansa could feel the perspiration drip down her forehead and back as Grenn became heavier in her arms.

“You can make it Sansa.” Grenn whispered to her. Her voice was laced with pain. “You are the strongest of us of all.”

“I thought that was Jon?” She asked with a wry smile.

Grenn paused. “I hope Jon never steps foot in this place.” He said in a low and hollow voice.

Sansa hummed in agreement. She was breathing heavy now and speaking felt too difficult. She was so engrossed in willing her feet to move that she didn’t realize the group had come to a stop. She bumped into Pyp and Bran, giving them an apologetic smile when they momentarily lost their balance.

The group waited while commanding officer of the 501st pushed in a number code to allow them into their destination. The doors opened ominously. It looked dark inside with only an eerie orange glow for light.

Sansa took a deep breath when it came her and Grenn’s turn to enter the room. She winced as her bare feet met sharp, heavy metal grating. It felt like a thousand needles were pricking her skin.

“Where are we?” Grenn asked, having felt the change of atmosphere. The room was hotter than the hallway and there was steam rising from through the openings in the floor.

“Some sort of chamber.” Sansa responded. She gingerly navigated them down the steps into a large circular area. “There are thick tubes weaving along the ceiling and a large mechanical arm in their center. Below them is a deep metal crater. It looks like mining creatures are manning the control station. It might be a kind of engine room, but I’m not sure. I’ve never seen something like this before.”

“Carbon freezing.” Bran said. He and Pyp were waiting for them at the bottom of the steps. “The room is used for carbon freezing. I saw the process when I traveled with Father once to Moat Cailin.” He and Pyp hobbled to where Theon and Mel where waiting for them. “You remember, don’t you Theon? Father took you everywhere with us as if you were his own son.” From his tone, it was obvious that Bran hadn’t forgiven Theon for his actions. “So tell me, what’s going on, brother?” He said, his voice dripping with disdain.

“Sansa is being placed into carbon freeze.” Theon said underneath is breath.

The blood drained from Sansa’s face. Someone lifted Grenn from off her back. She faltered at the loss of extra weight, only dimly aware that Pyp and Bran where looking at her with horror. A Walker came forward and place handcuffs around her wrists. It felt like it was happening to some other creature and not her.

All Sansa could see was the steam as it rose from the floor and circled ominously around her.

“This is not what we agreed to Night!”
Sansa eye’s flitted away from the hole, which she now realized was the carbon chamber, and moved towards the direction of Ramsay’s angered voice. He was following Night King down the steps and towards the opposite side of the circle. Ramsay looked furious. His green face was pinched in anger and his blood red eyes flashed dangerously.

“We agreed that Sansa was mine to take and do with what I wanted.” His hands balled into fists and the air became charged with sparks of electricity as the Dark Side fed off his temper. “She is MINE!”

Night King crossed his arms over his chest. “Ramsay, you shame yourself with your temper.” He reprimanded calmly. He looked over the carbon freezing chamber with an appreciative eye. “You went against Mistress Cersei’s orders. I warned you there would be consequences to your actions.” He cocked his head to the side and turned to regard Ramsay. “If your punishment is unsatisfactory, then I will kill Sansa instead. It is of no consequence to me if she lives or dies. You are the one who wanted her. The other three will serve our purposes of extracting information on the Rebellion well enough.” He slowly raised his arm in Sansa’s direction.

Sansa’s heart rate sped up.

“This is bullshit.” Ramsay growled. His eyes darted between Sansa and Night King’s outstretched hand. “She is no good to me dead!”

Night King halted his movements. “You prefer the carbon freeze instead?”

Ramsay ground his teeth in defeat. “Yes.” He hissed.

“Very well.” Quicker than Sansa could see, Night took the arm that was raised towards her and viciously slapped Ramsay. The younger man went sprawling to the floor. “I grow tired of your tantrums Ramsay. Sansa will stay frozen until the Rebellion is defeated, and not a second less. It would be in your best interest to not press me again. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes, my Lord.” Ramsay said with practiced neutrality and a bow of his head.

“Very good.” Night King barely spared Sansa a glance as he once more focused on the carbon freeze chamber. “Put her in.”

“NO!” Grenn screamed. Sansa looked over her shoulder to see Grenn struggling against the arms of the leader of the 501st. “You can’t do this to her!” He swung his elbows around wildly as he tried to stay balanced on his uninjured foot. “Don’t do it, please!”

“Sansa!” Bran’s cries carried in the background of Grenn’s screams. “Sansa, no!” He pushed against Pyp in an effort to get to her. Tears streamed down his face.

Pyp pulled Bran into a bear hug. He stared into Sansa’s eyes and gave her a grim smile.

“Stop, please.” Sansa quietly pleaded. She couldn’t scream even if she wanted to.

Grenn and Bran quieted immediately, though Bran continued to cry in Pyp’s shoulder.

“I…” Sansa’s voice broke. She took in a deep breath, looking at each one of them individually. “I love you. All of you are. You are not just my friends. You are my brothers.”

Grenn’s body went limp. He covered his head with his hands and forced himself to take in deep breaths. The pain was too much for him.

“I love you, Sansa.” He cried softly. “I’m sorry I couldn’t protect you. I’m so sorry.”
Sansa wanted to reach out to him but knew she wouldn’t be allowed to do so. She hoped her words would soothe him. “You saved my life. Everything I have is because of what you did. I will always be grateful to you, Grenn. Always.”

Sansa allowed a White Walker to pull her towards the center of the raised dais. She could no longer feel the pain of the metal grating as it dug into her feet. She was numb to everything around her, only aware that she was descending into the lower depths of the pit because her vision of Grenn, Pyp, and Bran was slowly fading away.

“I’ll take care of them, Sansa.” Pyp called out to her. He cradled Bran’s sobbing body in his arms and rocked him back and forth. “I will. I promise.”

“I know.” Sansa said. She forced herself to give Pyp one last smile. “You’re Pyp Antilles. You will be amazing.”

The descent stopped. A Walker and one of the mine workers put her body against a cold metal slab. The worker directed her to keep her eyes focused on the flashing green light. Once it turned yellow, she would have a few seconds to expel all the air in her lungs. When it turned red, the freezing process would begin. They exited out a small door underneath the light, leaving Sansa alone.

The light flashed green.

Jon? Are you there?

It’s me, Sansa.

Sansa didn’t bother trying to send her thoughts out into the Universe in an effort to connect with Jon. If he pushed her away now, she didn’t think she could bear it. Instead, she allowed herself to pretend that he could hear her, even if it was impossible.

As the green light continued to blink, Sansa decided there was nothing wrong with pretending.

*I am going to be gone for a while. I hope you aren’t too disappointed when you find out I didn’t fight back. If I had, Pyp, Grenn, and Bran, would have been punished. They have been through so much already. I didn’t want them to be hurt again.*

The green light continued its steady rhythm.

*You brought me so much happiness Jon.*

*When I was with you, I saw a future I never thought I could have.*

The light turned yellow.

Sansa steadily let all the air out of her lungs.

*I love you Jon.*

The light turned red.

Sansa closed her eyes as steam engulfed her body.

Her last thought was of the way Jon held her when they would fall asleep. If she pretended hard enough, then maybe she could believe that was what was happening to her.
Fun fact: the idea for this chapter is what started my idea for this entire story. I laid in bed thinking, what would Jon do if Sansa was frozen in carbonite, and how would he get her out? Thus, A Song of Jedi and Sith was born!

Thank you all so much for reading. Please comment to let me know what you think!

Have a fabulous day my friends!!
How Far We've Come

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for your positive feedback from last chapter. I cherish every comment, hit, and kudo.

General Disclaimer: I am neither Martin, Lucas, or Filoni

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 25: How Far We’ve Come

“I got another call from your CO today.”

“Naturally.”

Pippa Antilles’ eyes flashed with annoyance. She kept her mouth closed, however, preferring to glare while her husband did the speaking. Pyp doubted her current muteness would last much longer.

“Watch it, son.” Mikal growled. “We are having a serious discussion about your future with the Empire. Your back talk is neither necessary nor appreciated.”

Pyp pressed his lips into a thin line. He swallowed down the bile that arose whenever somebody mentioned the Empire. He hated everything about Empress Cersei and her purge of those who dared to think, speak, or fucking breath differently than her. Most of all, Pyp hated himself for following her.

He watched as his four-year-old sister, Nina, walked into the frame of the holo call. Her purple curly hair was pulled back into pig tails and she was holding a stuffed space ship that had been in the family since Pyp was a boy. Her wide green eyes flickered between their parents and Pyp’s blue-tinted face. She backed up slowly and scurried into the other room once she felt the palpable tension that existed between him and his parents.

“Your CO said that you have been slipping on missions. She finds it surprising that you went from being the best pilot in your squadron to suddenly messing up maneuvers and not hitting targets.” Mikal raised a single eyebrow. “Any ideas how my son, the crown jewel of Starfall Flight Academy, could suddenly become such a failure?”

“The food here is shit. Maybe it has gone to my brain.” Pyp deadpanned, refusing to heed his father’s earlier warning. If his parents were going to talk to him like a child then he was damn sure going to speak to them how he fucking wanted.

Pyp knew before the start of their conversation Mikal and Pippa wouldn’t understand his disillusionment towards the Empire. Starfall was a very loyal planet, and everyone who lived there worshipped at the altar of Bitch Cersei. Both his father and mother had been top pilots for the Republic and then the Empire, his two older sisters were leaders of their own flight squadrons, his two younger sisters were at the top of their class at the Academy, and his two very youngest sisters
were already showing signs of following in their parents and siblings’ footsteps. Hell, there was a whole fucking room at their house dedicated to everyone’s trophies, medals, and plaques, and nobody had more awards than Mikal and Pippa’s only son. He would already be a squadron leader himself if it wasn’t for his lack of responsibility, aversion to leadership, and recent loathing of the Empire.

Pippa narrowed her green eyes threateningly. “We have stayed silent while you have thrown away every opportunity to make something of yourself, but we cannot stand by any longer.” She said tightly.

Pyp rolled his eyes. If his mother actually believed that bullshit, then she was losing her fucking mind.

Mikal and Pippa Antilles had always been very loving and supportive of all their children. They were at the front row of every race, cheered the loudest, taught each of their children how to fly despite busy work schedules, and offered a shoulder to cry on during the rare occasion that one of their children lost. Pyp hoped that he would be able to go to them with his doubts about the Empire and his desire to no longer fly for them and find an understanding ear to talk to. He had been very, very wrong. His parents support only extended as far as their children doing what they deemed was best for them.

“Yes, and I fucking thank you for that.” Pyp muttered sarcastically to Pippa’s blatant lie.

Mikal and Pippa’s disappointment in him started when it became obvious that Pyp was never going to be more than a platoon leader at best. At first his parents were concerned, thinking something was wrong with him, but when he explained that he simply did not want a leadership position, they were less than pleased. He was the son the famous Mikal and Pippa Antilles; he would live up to his potential and bring honor to their name. When Della and Merry were both promoted to captain, his parents became more upset and disappointed with him.

When Pyp began to underperform in his missions, his commanding officer—a close friend of his fathers—called to let Mikal know of his errors. Mikal’s holocall consisted of a let of yelling about how Pyp was making a mockery of his family name, and how dare he not give their beloved Empire the very best. Pyp was only able to say two or three words before Pippa came on and expressed the same feelings as Mikal. Over the next few weeks as Pyp began to miss targets on purpose and faked illnesses to get out of flying, his parents became more irate.

“Do not talk to your mother like that.” Mikal hissed.

Pyp scoffed. His mother had a worse mouth than he did.

“Pyp, you are a member of this family. It is time you start acting like it. Your father and I did not raise you to be a disgrace to the Empire and our family name.” Pippa said.

Pyp decided it was best not to mention how they also raised him to show love and understanding towards his family. It felt a little petty, even for him.

“Do your duty or face the consequences of your actions.” Mikal warned. “It is your choice.”

His mother turned off the call before Pyp could make a rebuttal.

Pyp threw his head into his hands and let out a muffled scream. He didn’t have to be a fucking genius to read between the lines of what his parents were saying; if Pyp did not start flying to the best of his ability and stop embarrassing them, he would no longer be a part of their family.
Pyp swallowed thickly, refusing to cry. There had been no emotion in Mikal’s face when he gave the ultimatum. Feelings of love, devotion, praise, and everything else he associated with his parents were gone. He wondered if ever really knew his parents.

Pyp had made his choice, and his family would make sure he lived with it.

“Pyp had made his choice, and his family would make sure he lived with it.”

“It’s going to be all right kid.” Pyp whispered to Bran. He ran what was left of his fingers through the young boy’s hair as he continued to rock him back and forth. “Sansa will live. You’ll see.”

“What if it kills her?” Bran cried.

Pyp felt his shirt becoming soaked from Bran’s tears. He worried that if Bran continued to cry, he would lose what little hydration his body had left.

“I can’t watch as another one of my family members die. I just—I can’t.”

“Sansa’s made of tough stuff.” Pyp assured him. “I watched her make the run on the Death Star all by herself. It will take a lot more than being frozen in carbonite to kill her.”

Pyp shielded Bran’s face as a large bucket of liquid carbon was poured down into the pit, followed by copious amount of steam, signifying the freezing taking place. Bran reminded him of his sister Rys. They were the same age, and both tried so hard to act so much older than they really were. Pyp hadn’t heard from Rys, or any member of his family, since before he was assigned to Ramsay’s ship. He thought of his sisters, and his parents, every day. Della and Merry could have been killed in action and he would never know. Nyla was eighteen now, old enough to join the Empire’s flight academy. He had sent her a holo card for her birthday; he sent them all holo cards for their birthdays.

Every single one of them was sent back.

Even Pyp’s sisters in the fleet had ceased contact with him once he was demoted to Ramsay’s star destroyer. He was sure the eldest, Della, had caved in to pressure their parents were placing on her to cut Pyp out of her life to punish him. His other sister, Merry, probably did it of her own free will. They were born sixteen months apart. Pyp was the better flyer, but Merry was more competitive, and felt like Pyp was always outshining her on purpose. She never liked him and was probably glad to be rid of him. Nyla, Rys, Elsie, and Nina lived at home and were bound to the rules Mikal and Pippa created. They wouldn’t be allowed to call Pyp even if they wanted to, which was something he strongly doubted. Pyp knew, without having to be told, that every member of his family hated him.

Pyp stopped trying to contact his family via birthday holocard’s once he joined the Rebellion. Disappointing them was one thing but becoming a part of Rebellion would be viewed as an even deeper betrayal. It was better, and safer, for everyone to believe Pyp died when the Death Star exploded. Though his family probably knew of his survival by now—his damn wanted posters was practically everywhere—Pyp made no attempts to contact them. His family would be shunned and Nyla and Merry would be investigated if it was discovered that Pyp was in contact with him, regardless of whether they wanted it, and Pyp knew they didn’t. His parents and sisters probably preferred to think of him as dying for the glory of the Empire on the Death Star as opposed to still being alive and fighting for the Rebellion. If believing that was last bit of happiness Pyp could give them, then he would do it willingly.

The top of a large metal slab peeked through the steam. Only the front part of Sansa’s body was visible. Her lips were parted, and her eyes were scrunched close, making her look like she was in extreme pain. The shape of her hair fanned out around her like a halo. Sansa’s hands were raised in
the gesture of surrender. Her skirts swirled around her body and the tips of her toes were visible.

For the first time since it happened, Pyp was grateful Grenn was blind. The sight of Sansa’s silver, carbon coated body looking like it was trying to break free from the square piece of metal behind her would have crushed him.

Sansa and her prison fell to the floor with a load *clang*.

“Is she alive?” Grenn rasped out, his voice hoarse from yelling. Pyp found it odd that he was still being held up by the commanding officer of the 501st. Any other creature in the squadron would have dropped him, and probably shot his other knee to hell for good measure.

Bran peeked out from Pyp’s shoulder to watch Theon as he approached Sansa. “Please be alive. Please be alive. Please be alive.” He whispered.

Theon bent down. On the side of the block was a small electronic readout that measured Sansa for signs of life. He pressed a few buttons and pulled a switch, giving the commlink he was wearing on his wrist two nervous taps while he waited for the results of the scan. Even though he hated Theon with the passion of a thousand fiery sons—he wasn’t a Jedi and he would be damned if he forgave that fucking cretin for betraying them—he didn’t really blame him for fearing what would happen to him if Sansa perished. Ramsay was obsessed with Sansa. It spoke of Night Kings power that Ramsay, while angry with the Sith Lord, did not challenge him when Night turned his prize into a life-sized trophy that couldn’t be played with.

The light of the readout turned green.

“She’s safe.” Theon tapped his watch once more time. “She is in perfect carbonation.” He turned towards Night King and Ramsay. “Sansa will stay this way as long as you desire, untouched by time.”

“Fucking hell.” Pyp breathed out. He felt like he had aged sixty years in the few seconds it took Theon to confirm what he, Bran, and Grenn were praying for.

Grenn rested his hands in front of his face. His body was still shaking with anxiety. Pyp considered it a fucking miracle he hadn’t had an episode yet. He silently willed Grenn to keep himself together for just a little longer.

Bran sagged against him in relief. “We have to make it out this alive, too, for her.” He whispered quietly, lips barely moving.

Pyp quickly glanced at Night King and Ramsay to make sure they weren’t paying attention to their side conversation. The two men were deep in conversation concerning whose ship Sansa would fly on during their trip back to Kings Landing. Ramsay wanted her with him, of course, but Night King didn’t want to reward him with Sansa just yet.

“Theon, take the prisoners to my ship.” Night King instructed. He placed a hand on Ramsay’s shoulder. Ramsay’s jaw ticked with annoyance at the contact, but he held his tongue. “The Jedi will remain in the hands of Grand Inquisitor Bolton.”

Ramsay’s lips twitched with happiness and desire.

Night King walked up a ramp towards the back end of the room that turned into a darkened tunnel. He paused, looking over his shoulder and turning his inhumane eyes towards Bran. “A Stark should always be in Winterfell, don’t you agree?”
Bran sucked in a sharp breath. “But... but I thought...” He shook his head a few times, eyes wide with fear. “You said you didn’t care if she lived or died. Doesn’t that mean Sansa isn’t very important?”

“We only need one Stark. You will be killed in the same manner as your father, Bran Stark, and your sister will take the value you leave behind.”

Night King walked into the darkness.

All remaining color left Bran’s face when he realized the implications of what Night King was saying. The Empire was going to use Sansa’s lineage to protect their power in Winterfell. They no longer needed Bran, because they had her. If the Empire won the war, they would unfreeze and breed her, most likely with Ramsay. Her children would be fathered by a monster and puppets to the Empire.

Pyp swallowed the bile rising in his throat.

He would be damned if that was Sansa’s fate.

Pyp did a quick mental assessment of their situation as he silently watched Ramsay press a button on the electronic console. Sansa levitated into the air. Ramsay signaled for two White Walkers to push her out of the room while he followed from behind.

Rescuing Sansa in their shitty state was out of the question. It broke Pyp’s heart that she would have to wait for them to be ready before they could stage a rescue, but he comforted himself in reasoning that to her, it would only be a moment in time. And there would be a fucking rescue. Pyp didn’t give a damn what Stannis Baratheon and his fucking council said. He would get Sansa away from Ramsay with his bare hands if he had to.

Pyp was going to get them all out of here.

“Time to go.” Theon said. He looked at Bran, his eyes momentarily flashing with concern, but he covered it up quickly.

Bran pushed away from Pyp. “I can walk.” He insisted. “Go and help Grenn. I doubt any of the Walkers are going to carry him, and he can’t put any pressure on his leg.”

Pyp let out a small tsk as Bran swayed on his feet. “Oi, asshole!” He called to Theon. He was already up the stairs and waiting for them by the door. “If you want the prisoners to make it to the ship, some fucking help would be appreciated.” He spit out with venom.

Theon looked around the room. He picked up a piece of spare metal piping and began to walk down the steps. “Here, use this as a walking stick.” He said, offering it to Bran.

One of the Walkers standing behind them pushed his blaster in between the pipe and Bran. “No. That can be considered a weapon.” He nudged the pipe back towards Theon. “The traitor will have to walk on his own.”

Theon raised an eyebrow. “Do really think any of these creatures are going to fight against us?” He challenged. “One of them can’t walk, one of them can’t move his arm, and the other one’s face is so swollen he can barely move his head due to the pain.” Theon thrust the pipe towards Bran once more, angling it around the blaster. “They pose no threat to us.”

“Listen, Greyjoy, I don’t know who you think—”
“Let him use it.” The commanding officer’s voice cut in. “Greyjoy is right; they are weak and pathetic. They are no match for our strength.” The Walker unceremoniously dropped Grenn to the floor as if to prove her point. His knees took the brunt of the fall. Grenn let out a muffled cry of agony as he curled himself inward into a little ball.

“Fucking bitch.” Pyp muttered under his breath.

He walked gently over to where Grenn was laying on the ground. There were small cuts in his clothes where his knees had made contact with the metal grating. Tiny drops of blood stained the holes. Pyp couldn’t begin to imagine the amount of pain his friend was in, not only physically but emotionally as well. He knew from the first time Grenn came to him, begging for his help to steal bacta patches from the med bay, that he was in love with Sansa.

Pyp helped Grenn pull one of his covered hands free, the frayed fibers having caught in the sharp metal. “Up you go.” He said, placing Grenn’s arms around his shoulders and grabbing onto his knees. “Why the fuck are you so heavy?!” Pyp grit out between clenched teeth once he was in a standing position.

“I can’t… deal… with your shit… right now.” Grenn panted. It sounded like he had just finished running one of those fucking marathons he and Sansa were so fond of.

“This isn’t me giving shit. It’s me stating a fucking fact.” He shifted Grenn slightly so that he could rest on Pyp’s nonexistent hips.

“Not… my fault… you walk… on… toothpicks.”

“And to think I was going to help bathe your sorry ass once we got back to The ‘Watch.”

Grenn let out a hollow laugh. “We aren’t going to back to The Nights Watch ever again.” He balled his hands into fists. “We are going to fucking die you know. It is inevitable.”

Pyp walked behind Bran as Theon led them out of the room. The kid was leaning heavily on the pipe for assistance.

“Death is always fucking inevitable. Spoilers; every creature dies at some point. But.” Pyp took in a deep breath and blew it out slowly. “We aren’t fucking dying today so get your shit together. I know everything is fucking terrible, and I promise we are all going to have good cry about it later, but we need to be the best version of ourselves right now to get out of this fucking mess.”

“You know we can all hear you talking about escape, right?” A White Walker asked, cutting into their conversation.

“Perfect.” Pyp gritted out as sweat began to pour into his non-swollen eye. “That will make our fucking escape that much more humiliating for you dipshits.”

Pyp chewed on his bottom lip as he forced his skinny ass and Grenn up the stairs. It felt like his legs were going to give out at any fucking moment considering he was carrying a creature that was twice his weight and pure muscle. While Pyp always thought being ripped and muscular was vastly overrated—he had a girlfriend before he joined the Empire Flight Academy and he truly believed there had to be more females in the galaxy who found tall, skinny guys with an amazing sense of humor attractive—he wouldn’t be complaining if he gained one bit of strength or fucking ten at the moment.

Pyp forced his thoughts back to their escape and not on his body threatening to give out on him without warning. Though he hated to admit it, Sansa being taken away from them was a point in
their favor. Having Sansa away from them meant the ever-psychotic Ramsay no longer gave two shits about their group. He also wouldn’t be on their ship, but his own. Night King still posed a problem—a big fucking nightmare of a problem—but he was not currently with them. If their capture really was a trap to lure Jon away from his training, and Jon was in fact on his way to rescue them, then Night King would be preparing for his presence and, like Ramsay, not paying their group any attention. Pyp hoped Night King was like most male creatures and couldn’t fucking multitask.

The only real threat at the moment was the 501st guarding them, and Theon.

Right?

Pyp crinkled his brow as he watched Theon fucking Greyjoy lead them down Oakenshield’s many hallways. Was Theon truly a threat? He carried a blaster—every fucking creature in the Galaxy did so that wasn’t anything to write home about—but, now that Pyp thought about it, Theon had let a few key pieces of information slip during their short conversations. The first being that he made a deal with the Empire to keep Bran with him. While foolish to believe anyone in the Empire would keep their word, it did prove that he cared for Bran and wanted to keep him safe. Second, he was forced into complying with the Empire, implying he only helped them because of the threats against Oakenshield, and not because Theon was loyal to the Empire or desired the copious amounts of reward money being offered for their capture. Third, he told them the reason they were taken prisoner was not because of them personally—well, excluding Sansa of course—but because Night King wanted to trap Jon. Knowing that Jon was coming meant a possible rescue was coming, or, that Theon realized Jon was special as well despite not knowing who he was and didn’t want Night King to have him either. He could have told them about Jon with the hope they would somehow be able to warn Jon to stay away.

Pyp’s eyes narrowed on the back of Theon’s ridiculously perfect head of hair. He listened to the clank clank clank of the metal pipe as it fell in time with Bran’s slow and steady steps. Why had the asshole given Bran the pipe? There were plenty of shitty scraps laying on the floor of the carbon chamber; anyone could have worked and been less likely to take a White Walker out after one blow to the head. Bran was weakened, yes, but he still had the damn Force, and transit was always the best time for prisoners to escape. There tended to be less guards then because it was assumed the prisoner had already submitted to their will.

A quick glance at their fucking escorts told Pyp he was correct. There was Theon and the 501st commanding officer, one guard on their right and left, and then two brining up the rear. When they were being transported to the carbon freezing room there had been double that number. Two had gone with Ramsay and the others… Pyp’s eyes widened as lightbulb went off inside his brain, which he always knew was fucking smarter than most assholes gave him credit for. The CO had sent them away along with Mel while Pyp was getting Grenn situated. She wanted them to do another sweep of the city to see if they could locate Ghost and LA-D3. Night King wanted D3’s memory chip for the information it could provide on the Rebellion. Theon had told Pyp’s group nobody had seen Ghost and D3 that very morning, but Mel told the Walkers one of their citizens had mentioned seeing a large white wolf in the evening, which couldn’t have been true.

For the first time during their walk, Pyp noticed there were no other creatures walking in the hallway. He was unsure of the time, but even if it was very late in the evening—or early in the morning depending on your life choices—there should be at least a few creatures who worked in the mines moving about.

Theon gave his watch another two taps.

The CO responded with two taps of her own on the hilt of her holstered blaster.
“No. Fucking. Way.”

“Let me guess. We were just taken to a firing squad instead of Night King’s ship. Bran is now going to be forced to watch us be killed right in from of him before he is taken back to Kings Landing and beheaded.” Grenn said with a resigned, lifeless voice.

“I told you to cut it with the bullshit.” He whispered back with a roll of his good eyes. He was nervous there had been damage done to the one that was swollen over—those last few fucking punches were completely uncalled for—but he felt like it would be a dick move to complain about it in front of Grenn. Once they were back with the Rebellion, he would quietly have it looked at by a med droid and keep whatever permanent damage occurred to himself.

They turned right, and then left.

The CO took both blasters out of her holster.

Theon rested a casual hand on top of his.

A flash of dark mahogany hair ran ahead of them. Mel turned, her own blaster drawn and pointed it just beyond Theon and the CO.

“What is the meaning of—”

The Walker never finished his question. He fell to the floor, the shot going straight through his armor and chest.

Theon and the CO turned, mirroring Mel’s position. Before anyone else could fire, a dozen Cloud City guards ran through one of the doors lining the hall. They aimed their weapons at the White Walkers.

“Is someone dead?!?” Grenn asked quickly. His breathing picked up and it sounded like he was on his way to having a panic attack. He rubbed his forehead into Pyp’s neck to try and soothe himself.

“Is it Bran? Is it—”

“Thorne is dead.” A deep, feminine voice said.

Grenn sucked in a breath upon hearing the voice. “I knew it was you.” He whispered hoarsely. “I knew it.” He raised his head from the crook of Pyp’s neck and looked in her general direction.

“Hello, Mya.”

“Grenn.” She said evenly. “I regret to inform you that you and your friends will not be going to Kings Landing as planned.” Mya focused her attention to the remaining White Walkers. “Theon are I are staging a coup.”

Pyp considered the woman in front of them while Theon collected the weapons from the surrendered White Walkers. She was human, and pretty in an exotic sort of way. She had a boyish haircut that was tailored to fit her dainty, feminine features with the ends of her hair curling loosely around her face. Her high cheeks bones were sharp and angular, her lips full, and the dark brown of her almond shaped eyes matched the color of her hair.

Theon handed a blaster to Pyp and Bran each before giving the rest of the weapons to Mel and the other Cloud City guards. “Hold them in the security tunnel and keep it quiet.” He stressed to his assistant. He flashed Mel a quick and appreciative smile. “Good job.”

Mel bowed her head in acknowledgment. She spoke to the guards with a series of hand signals
before leading the Walkers to their temporary holding cell.

Theon didn’t speak again until the disappearing group was out of hearing distance. “We are going back to *The Nights Watch* and getting the fuck out of here. If we hurry we should be able to—”

“Now hold on just a fucking minute!” Grenn roared.

Pyp winced. “Keep it down dipshit! That’s my ear your yelling in.” He shifted Grenn’s weight so that his mouth wasn’t so close to his ear. “Do you want to alert then entire fucking facility that we are being rescued?”

“Don’t be so trusting Pyp. Look where that shit got us last time.”

Bran looked down at the floor, guilty.

Theon pinched the bridge of his nose between his thumb and forefinger. “We don’t have time for this bullshit. Night King is going to discover our treachery as some point, and we need to be the hell off this planet before that happens.” He glanced around the hallway, as if expecting the Sith Lord to walk by any second. “We need to get out of here and back to *The Nights Watch.*” He held a hand out to Bran. “Get on my back. I can carry you—”

“How am I supposed to trust you Theon?!” Bran whispered angrily. His face was twisted with pain. “Look at everything we went through because you—”

“I told you I had no choice!” Theon slashed his hand through the air to emphasize his point. “They were going to burn the entire city if I didn’t—”

“—this whole thing could be a trap to get us to—”

“—I just captured the White Walkers—”

“—you betrayed us—”

“Enough!” Mya yelled, her voice strong with authority. Apparently, she didn’t care about alerting anyone to their current situation. “You can trust us, or not, but either way we are going to your ship and getting the hell of this planet.”

“No, we aren’t.” Grenn growled. His grip tightened against Pyp’s shoulders. “You expect me to believe that you, of all creatures, have betrayed the Empire. You, who—”

“Yes, Grenn, I have.” Mya stated. “And we can talk about all of that later, but right now, we really need to—”

“Bullshit!” Grenn spit out. “You only ever cared about—”

“Grenn, you have to believe that I—”

“—I can’t believe anything you—”

“For the love of the Force and fucking Galaxy can everyone shut the hell up for one damn second so I can fucking think?!” Pyp interrupted. He would have massaged his temples if it didn’t mean dropping Grenn onto his ass.

Everyone closed their mouths and looked at him expectantly.

Pyp quickly thought about all the observations and conclusions he made a few moments ago. His gut
—which was rarely wrong except during times of extreme hunger—was telling him they could trust Theon fucking Greyjoy and Mya, who was most likely the woman Grenn had dated while with the 501st but never named. While willing to throw out common fucking sense if only he was at risk, Pyp also had Bran and Grenn to think on, which made him more cautious. He didn’t care if he died in an effort to get them all to safety—he was the leader now, damnit, and a good leader put themselves at risk to save their team—but he fucking cared if Bran and Grenn lived.

“As crazy as it fucking sounds, I am willing to trust you.” Pyp ignored Bran’s look of incredulity and Grenn’s loud guffaw. “However, this could very well be some sort of test or trap meant to punish us later. We all know how Sith Lords fucking operate.” He narrowed his eye at Theon. “You are going to have to do fucking better than capturing some piece of shit White Walkers to show us you are serious.”

Theon pursed his lips together at Pyp’s challenge. He let out a sharp whistle.

“Ghost!”

Jon’s loyal direwolf came bounding towards them out of nowhere, the bag carrying LA-D3’s parts still strapped to his back. He jumped onto his hindlegs to give Theon an affectionate lick on his cheek. Ghost ran over to Bran next, circling around him with excitement before making his way over to Pyp and Grenn. His happiness at seeing them quickly diminished when his blood-red eyes took in Grenn’s broken state. He let out a low whine and nuzzled his large snout against Grenn’s bare foot.

“Ghost?” Grenn asked with surprised. He unhooked his arms from around Pyp’s shoulders and dangled one towards where Ghost was standing. The direwolf moved his head to touch Grenn’s outstretched palm. “I don’t fucking believe it.” He said with a slight tremor of emotion to his voice. “I thought you were dead.”

Ghost gave his palm a few licks to reassure Grenn that he was very much alive.

“Why does Ghost trust you?” Bran asked slowly, wanting to believe that Theon was helping them but remaining hesitant due to past twenty-four hours.

Theon patted his thigh twice. Ghost gave Grenn’s fingers one final lick before returning to Theon’s side. He sat down next to him, tongue out and tail wagging.

“I had Mel bring him to my rooms while myself and the White Walkers were escorting you to your holding cell. I hid him and D3 in my cape closet. I knew he and the droid were important, not only to you but to the Rebellion as well.” Theon scratched Ghost behind the ears. “You have to believe me when I say there was no choice, and I will never stop apologizing for what I have done, but when I say we have to go, I really mean it.”

Pyp eyes flitted from Ghost, to Theon, to Mya, who was scanning the perimeter with a severe frown on her face. There was really only one conclusion to come to.

“We will trust you.” Pyp said carefully. “But it doesn’t mean we fucking forgive you.”

Theon’s shoulders sagged in relief. “Good enough for me.” He eyed Bran and Grenn. “We have to move, and fast. Bran, can you run on your own or do you need—”

“I can and I don’t.” Bran cut in. He gently placed the pipe next to the wall to keep its sound from echoing down the hallway. “If I use the Force I will be fine. Unless, of course, you plan to punish me for doing so?”
Theon sighed. “Bran, nobody is going to do that. If you just listen to me—”

“Pyp, how fast can you run with Grenn on your back?” Bran asked while turning his back on Theon, ignoring his appeal to understand him and the decisions he made.

“I am going to be fucking honest and say not very.”

“I will take him.” Mya walked towards them. “We trained with twice his weight in basic.”

Grenn’s arms rewrapped around Pyp’s shoulders, squeezing him too fucking tight. “No. I stay with Pyp or I don’t go at all.”

“Grenn, remember what I said about needing to stop with the bullshit?” Pyp hissed.

Grenn nodded his head.

“That statement includes me as well. Your heavy as shit and I can barely feel my legs. If we want to get back to The Watch as quickly as fucking possible, she is going to have to carry you.”

“Fine.” Grenn said grudgingly. “But you better fucking drop my ass the second we are on the ship.”

“Deal.” Mya began to take off her armor as quickly as possible. “I will run faster without the extra weight.” She explained, revealing the typical black long-sleeved shirt and loose black pants worn by Walkers underneath their armor. She was slimmer than the armor had led Pyp to believe, but Pyp doubted there was anything but hard muscle underneath her clothes if Grenn’s physique from his time in the 501st was anything to go by.

Mya reclipped her utility belt and two blasters around her waist before grabbing an ear piece out of her helmet and situating it behind her ear. She walked over to Pyp and helped him place Grenn gently onto the ground, careful to not put any weight on his bad leg. Grenn hesitated briefly before allowing her to place him onto her back. Unlike Pyp, or even Sansa, who to be fair, was starved and under extreme emotional duress, Mya didn’t falter.

Pyp rolled his neck a few times to work out the tension, gratefully taking the blaster Mya offered to him. “All right, bitches, were to?”

Mya’s lips pursed in anger. “What did you—”

“Leave it.” Grenn said. He was trying to hold onto her with the minimalist of touches. “Let’s just get out of here and back onto the ship. The sooner we do that, the sooner we can warn Jon and—”

“He is already here.” Mya interrupted.

“What?!” Pyp, Bran, and Grenn yelled simultaneously.

Mya took off down the hallway at a brisk running pace. It wasn’t a sprint, but it was still a fast, and Pyp was fucking thankful for all the runs he had been forced to endure under Sansa’s supervision. If he hadn’t, he doubted he would be able to keep up with her and Theon in the physical state he was in. The pain in his head was getting worse with every breath he took.

“Flight traffic control spotted an HWK-290 light freighter enter atmosphere a few minutes before Night King summoned me to collect you.” Theon explained. He reached out his hand and motioned with his fingers to indicate they would need to turn right at the next hallway. “Freezing Sansa in carbonite was a practice run. He wants to capture Jon in the chamber and take him back to Kings Landing.”
“But why?” Bran asked. He wasn’t breathing heavily, a sign that he was using the Force to supply him with energy.

Pyp made a mental note to thank Jamie fucking Lannister for making sure Bran would be strong enough to handle any physical situation.

“He’s chosen Jon to be his new apprentice.” Mya explained. The group turned right, followed by a quick left that took them into an outside hallway. “I overheard Night and Ramsay discussing—oh shit!”

Mya skidded to a halt as their group came face-to-face with half a dozen White Walkers running a patrol. She opened fire without hesitation. Pyp quickly followed her actions. He remembered everything that Sansa and Grenn had taught him. He his good on his target, made sure his knees were slightly bent—that one wasn’t too hard considering everyone was running for cover behind one of the many arched buttresses lining the hallway—and made sure to keep his breathing even. He let out a gust of relief when he realized almost all his shots were reaching their intended targets.

“Bran, a little help here!” Pyp called behind him. He came out from behind the buttress and sent a few rapid fire shots towards the direction of the White Walkers fire. “We need the Force to get out of this mess quickly!”

“I’ve got one good push in me, maybe two!”

“Make it count kid!” Grenn yelled over the noise.

Bran closed his eyes, gathering Force energy into his body.

“When he pushes them back, make a run for the lift.” Theon instructed. He gestured across the hall to where a large white capsule with a curved door was situated. “It can take us to the lower level where the ship is located.”

The rest of their group nodded their heads.

“On my count!” Bran shouted. He positioned his back against the buttress. “Three…” Bran took in a deep breath. “Two…” He raised his good arm. Bending it at the elbow, he pushed his arm back until his hand was flush with his torso. “One!”

Everyone in their group ceased their fire as Bran leapt into the middle of the hallway. His face screwed up in concentration, Bran sent a mighty Force push towards the advancing White Walkers. Their bodies lifted a few inches off the floor and their arms flung out to their sides as they were sent careening away from them. There was no wall for the Walkers to collapse them into, but the impact of them hitting the floor at such a speed was enough to at least disorient them for a minute, possibly more.

Bran swayed on his feet.

“Theon! Grab him!” Pyp instructed as he began to follow Mya and Grenn towards the lift.

Without missing a step, Theon flung Bran over his shoulder, mindful to carry him on the side of his good arm.

Mya jammed the button to close the elevator as soon as Theon stepped all the way into the lift. She pressed the floor number for the landing bay.

Pyp ruffled Bran’s hair. “Great fucking job kid!”
Grenn reach out for Bran. Mya, sensing what he desired, brought him closer until he could pat a mitten-covered hand against Bran’s head. “You did so good.” He smiled. “So good.”

Bran looked up to give them a small half-smile between pants. “Thanks.” He breathed out. “Give me... a minute... be fine... soon.”

“No fucking way.” Theon said. He resituated Bran to rest a bit easier on his shoulder. “Your staying with me until I get us on the ship.”

Bran relaxed his head until it rested against Theon’s back. “We’ll... see...” He said, too exhausted to argue.

“They will have notified the other Walkers of our escape. We don’t have much time.” Mya said.

Theon gave a quick nod. “Mya, notify air support to meet us on dock 1-9-7-7.”

Mya pulled a transmitter out of her utility belt. “Spector One this is Spector Two. We are requesting immediate assistance on dock 1-9-7-7. ETA...” She raised an eyebrow at Theon. He raised four fingers in response. “Four minutes.” She placed the transmitter back into its pouch, not bothering to wait for a response.

“Air support?” Pyp asked incredulously. “How the fuck do we have air support?”

Theon flashed him a smug smile. “Don’t you know? You guys are very popular.”

The lift opened. Bran insisted on being put down as Theon began to run out the door and towards the dock. Theon relented, but only after Bran promised to tell him if he started to feel dizzy. He halted abruptly when they passed one the city’s speaker boxes.

“Stop!” He called. Theon backpaddled and put a code into the box. “I can’t let the creatures who live here be taken captive.”

“How touching.” Grenn muttered. “If you only you cared about everyone equally.”

Theon ignored the insult. He took out a small microphone and pressed down on the power button. “Attention. Attention. This is Theon Greyjoy. The Empire has taken control of this city. I advise everybody to enact evacuation code D and leave before more Empirical troops arrive. Good luck.”

Theon shoved the microphone back into the box and resumed running.

“How wonderful that you get to fucking choose who you get to save and who else is left to rot.” Grenn sneered. “You fucking piece of—”

Grenn’s verbal attack was muffled out by the sounds of running feet and screaming. The hall quickly filled with creatures—many of them families—running for their lives to make it off Oakenshield before the full power of the Empire arrived. Thankfully, their group was currently running with the crowd, and did not have to push their way through.

Pyp brought up the rear, making sure there were no White Walkers behind them. He knew Mya was right and that it was only a matter of time before another assault came their way. Their only chance was to—

“PYP!” A familiar sounding male voice screamed. “PYP STOP!”

Dread filled Pyp’s stomach. He knew that voice. Even though Mya said Jon was already here, a small part of him, a foolish part, hoped it wasn’t true. But, as he turned his head to left and looked
down the intersecting hallway, there was no mistaking Jon Mormont desperately pushing against fellow creatures to get to them. He was twenty feet away at least and getting farther by the second.

Jon looked like hell. There were black smudges under his eyes, his hair was greasy and pulled away from his face, and his beard was unkempt.

“Jon!” Pyp yelled. “It’s a trap!”

He tried to stop to allow Jon to get to him, but the crowd was too strong, and he was too weak. He looked ahead to see nobody in their group even realized what was happening. Theon was holding Bran by the hand and running through narrow openings between creatures, begging Bran to hold on a little longer, while Mya was only a few steps behind them shouting for creatures to move. Pyp was the only creature to hear Jon’s shouts.

“I’m here to help you!” Jon yelled as he was being pulled further and further away from Pyp amidst the chaos. “Where is Sansa?!”

Pyp waved Jon away with his arm, careful not to hit any innocent bystanders. “Don’t worry about her!” He lied. It was difficult, but he knew it was what Sansa, what any of them, would have wanted. Jon needed to be kept away from Night King at all costs. “It’s a trap! Get out of here!”

“No!” Jon shouted. His voice was getting harder to hear as the distance between them grew. Soon Pyp would no longer be able to see him. “Help… you!”

“GO!” Pyp screamed as loud as he could before he made his way to the end of the intersection, a wall effectively separating them. He could no longer see Jon and warn him of the danger that awaited him if he stayed on Oakenshield. “May the Force be with you, my friend.” He whispered thickly.

Once more, Pyp forced himself to compartmentalize everything he was feeling and thinking. There was only one goal—get off the fucking planet—and he couldn’t be distracted by the tide of emotions swirling inside him.

Theon cut through the crowd and turned left towards where The Nights Watch was docked. Pyp recognized his surroundings from when he would walk to and from the ship during the week. He breathed a sigh of relief—he couldn’t fucking think about Jon right now, he just couldn’t— when they made it to the doors without incident. Pyp suspected the Walkers would be waiting for them on the other side, but there was nothing they could do about that now besides preparing themselves to fight and hoping that whatever air support Theon and Mya had secured would provide them with adequate protection.

Pyp rushed over to the doors and punched in the code to open them. Theon had insisted The Watch be docked on a code-protected landing bay. At the time he said the extra security was for their protection, but Pyp suspected the real reason was to make sure they never left. All Theon had to do if he got suspicious was change the code and—

“Fuck.” Pyp slapped his hand against the code pad in frustration. “They changed the fucking code!”

“What?!” Theon pushed Pyp out of the way and took out his ID badge that granted him access to any room in the city. He pressed it against the scanner under the lock pad. The light flashed red. “Mother fucking piece of—”

“Walkers!” A citizen screamed.

“Great.” Green moved to rest his head against Mya’s neck. Once he realized what he was doing, he
stopped himself, preferring to not initiate any extra contact with the woman. The action furthered Pyp’s suspicion that Mya was the woman who ended their relationship over Grenn’s Rebellion sympathies. “Why wouldn’t they show up now?” He asked no one in particular.

Bran, the second tallest among them after Pyp, looked over the heads of the creatures as they rushed by.

“We’ve got about eighty seconds, maybe less.” Bran ran over to the double door, knocking on it several times to get a feel for its thickness. He placed his fingers in between the small crack where the two doors met. “I saw Master do this once. Of course, he had both hands, but if I can get at least one to open halfway…”

Mya raised her blasters. “Theon, get your ass over here. We are going to need back up soon.” She quickly glanced at Bran before returning her attention to the advancing White Walkers. “Fifty seconds!”

Sweat pooled at Bran’s brow. “Come on, come on.” He panted. He was trying to use the Force to open the locked door, but it only budged a few inches. Bran was too weak. He hunched over, resting his hand against his knee. “I don’t think I can do it.” He breathed out.

“Sixty seconds!”

Pyp placed his blaster on the floor. He grabbed Bran by the shoulders and maneuvered him back to the door. “Yes, you fucking can.” He placed his own bruised and bloodied fingertips on the door. “I will pull, and you push with everything you fucking got. If you do this, I promise you first rights to the best damn shower of your fucking life!”

“Fifty seconds!” Theon positioned himself against the wall opposite Mya and Grenn, who was looking paler by the seconds. “You got to make it happen Bran otherwise we are fucking dead.”

Bran let out a whimper.

“Thank you for that very inspiring comment, Greyjoy.” Pyp muttered sarcastically. He dug his fingers into the small opening Bran had made. “Come on Bran, you can fucking save us.” He began to pull, his muscles straining against the weight of the door.

Bran tucked his hand into the door and began to push against it once more. He grit his teeth together as he used all the Force he could gather around him along with his own physical strength.

The door moved another inch.

“Forty seconds!”

“Did I ever tell you about the time Sansa saved us on the Death Star?” Pyp gritted out. He felt like his arms were about to be ripped from his sockets, but the door was moving, and he refused to call it quits despite the pain.

Pyp would pull open a hundred doors if it meant getting them all to safety. He may not have the family he grew up with anymore, but he had a family now, and he would protect them until the end.

Bran shook his head, too tired to speak. The door continued to slowly move open. They only needed a few more inches, then they could slide through it shoulder first. Grenn would have to be passed between them, but, as far as Pyp was concerned, that was just a small detail.

“We were trying to escape an onslaught of Walkers, so we jumped down the garbage shoot from the
detention cell. It was actually like what is happening right now, minus the fact that we aren’t surrounded by fucking garbage that smelled like shit.”

Bran let out a small laugh. The distraction was working, and there was a bit more Force behind his pushing now as he thought of his sister.

“Thirty!”

“The compactor started closing in on us and we were locked inside.” Only an inch or two more and they would be able to make it out. “She had to use a Force push to keep both walls at bay while we cut a hole through the wall with her and Tyrion’s lightsabers. She was fucking amazing.”

“Twenty!”

“She… still… is!” Bran shouted the last word as he collapsed in Pyp’s arms. His body had given out on him, but it didn’t matter; Bran’s actions had saved them all.

“Get your asses over here right now!” Pyp shouted.

Mya and Theon ran over to the door, their backs facing them while they kept their weapons drawn.

“Give me that!” Pyp pulled the blaster out of Theon’s hands. He shot at the door lock to make sure nobody would be able to open it before unceremoniously shoving Theon through the small opening. He picked up Bran and pushed him through as gently as possible. Theon caught him on the other side and scooped him up into his arms. “Run to The ‘Watch and prepare take-off maneuvers! Now!”

“But I don’t know how—”

“I’ll help.” Bran whispered, interrupting Theon. He sounded like he would pass-out completely at any moment.

“You bet your ass you will kid! Now go!” Pyp took Grenn off Mya’s back before instructing her to go through the door.

“What about you?” Grenn asked hoarsely. “Can’t… leave… you behind.”

Pyp made sure Mya had a good hold on Grenn before squeezing himself through. “Like I would ever let you leave my amazing ass behind.” He teased. He made it through the opening and started running towards the ship behind Mya and Grenn. “I’m the fucking heart of this—AH!”

Pyp let out a blood curling scream as he felt himself land hard, face first, onto the concrete. He’d been shot, in the back of his right shoulder.

“Pyp!” Grenn screamed. He pulled at Mya’s shoulders in a desperate attempt to get her to turn around. “Mya, go back! Go back!”

Pyp saw stars and once more felt blood dripping down his face. If he didn’t have a concussion before, he certainly had one now. He looked behind him once he was able to get his eyes to focus. The Walkers were aiming their blasters through the opening in the door and shooting wildly. Their armor was too bulky, and they would be able to make it through the crack without taking it off. Pyp flattened himself into the floor, trying to become as small as possible.

Mya ignored Grenn’s pleas and kept running towards the ship in a zig-zag pattern. “Air cover is on its way. He’ll be fine!”
“Like hell!” Grenn wiggled his hips, trying to get Mya to drop him. “I’m not leaving—”

“Keep going!” Pyp yelled. He squeezed his eyes shut and gripped the hard floor with his fingertips. He had to get up, but his head was pounding, and he was sure if he tried to stand on his own he would throw up. He would be damned if Grenn somehow convinced Mya to come back for him.

“You have to keep going!”

“No! I can’t lose someone—”

Grenn’s voice was drowned out by the sounds of engines roaring overhead. Pyp cautiously raised his head as the ship’s twin ventral canons fired at the White Walkers, careful not to blast the door directly and inadvertently create an opening for the Walkers to get through with their armor still on.

Pyp blinked a few times, sure that what he was seeing was due to the number of hits his head had taken in the last day and a half.

“Della?” Pyp whispered.

The ship was angled down, giving Pyp the perfect view of the cockpit and the young woman flying it, not that Pyp needed to see his older sister to know the ship flying overhead was one of the many his family owned. Pyp could recognize the sound of the BTL A4 Y-wing’s engines anywhere; it was Mikal’s personal ship during the Clone Wars. His heart raced with concern as the ship took hit after hit from the blasters. It didn’t matter to him that Della had abandoned him when he needed someone in his life. Della was still, and always would be, his big sister, and she was currently flying a relic ship that wouldn’t last long against the higher-powered blasters the Walkers used. Della didn’t seem to care, however, as she flew her ship closer and closer to the doors. She turned the ship around sharply before crashing it back side first into the wall, effectively locking everyone in.

Smoke rose ominously from the underside of the ship.

“Della!” Pyp screamed, afraid the ship would catch fire at any moment. He winced in pain as he forced himself to stand, careful of the shoulder that had been shot. Thankfully, the blast had gone clear through, and there didn’t seem to be any pressing damage besides the wound hurting like a bitch.

Della kicked the cockpit’s windshield out with her feet. She ducked into the ship, disappearing momentarily from view. A few second later—Pyp counted every fucking one of them—a head of brown, bushy, curly hair popped out from the cockpit. The young woman’s face was covered with brown freckles intermixed with bright yellow dot tattoos. It was Pyp’s younger sister, Rys. She slid down the nose of the ship before turning around and raising her arms.

Della reappeared, her purple hair that she inherited from Mikal piled on top of her head. She had a military issued pack on her back and held a large blanket in her arms. She cradled the blanket and its contents against her chest as she mirrored Rys’ earlier actions. Placing the bundle gently into sister’s outstretched arms, the two of them began to sprint away from the smoking ship and towards their brother.

“Pyp!” Della cried, skidding to a halt and kneeling before him. Without hesitation, she threw her hands around her brother and pulled him into a bone-crushing hug. “Oh Pyp.” She breathed out, her voice thick with emotion.

Pyp slowly raised his arms to return the hug. He thought he would never see his family again, and yet, here, now, were two of his beloved sisters, come to rescue him. Pyp allowed himself a single, small sob once he felt Rys’ arm around his back, her bundle nestled between them.
“Thank the Galaxy you are okay.” Rys breathed, her voice just a bit deeper than Pyp remembered it to be. “We wanted to get you out last night, but Theon told us to wait until it was safe.”

Pyp breathed in the scent of his sisters as they disentangled themselves from each other. They smelled like wildflowers from Starfall. “I…” Pyp shook his head gently; he didn’t know what to say. Was any of this even real? “Thank you for coming for me. I—” Pyp’s eyes focused on the blanket in Rys’ arms where a small head of curly purple hair and brown eyes was peeking through the opening. “What the fuck is Nina doing here!!”

“Missed you.” Nina said in her adorably high-pitched voice, as if that explained everything about her, Della, and Rys’ appearance. “Love you Pyppie!”

Pyp couldn’t stop himself from reaching out and patting her head. “Love you too Ninny.” He said softly. “I love all of you. I thought of you every day. I—” Pyp coughed abruptly. The smoke was starting to become thicker as it swirled around them. “I think we need to get to the fuck off the docking bay before Dad’s ship explodes.”

“I agree.” Della extended her hand towards Pyp and helped him stand. “Do you think you can run on your own?”

“Fucking question of the day.” Pyp allowed Della to pull him up. His legs felt okay, all things considered, but he wasn’t going to turn down help if she was offering. “I can run, but hold my hand just in case, okay?”

Della nodded. “Right.” She slipped her hand into his and gave it a reassuring squeeze. “Let’s go!”

The four of them took off towards *The Nights Watch,* whose engines thankfully roared to life. Theon might be a fucking prick, but he had come through for them by getting the ship up and running under Bran’s guidance.

“Faster! Faster!” Nina giggled as she bounced in Rys’ arms.

“Do you think she understands the severity of the situation?” Pyp asked.

“Probably not.” Rys said as she adjusted Nina onto her other hip midstride. “She’s only six and thinks this is some grand adventure like in her story books. I’m not sure Nina has realized we won’t be seeing Mom and Dad for a while.”

“Yes, I do!” Nina insisted, suddenly serious. “What Daddy and Mommy did was wrong. I want to stay with Della and you and Pyp. Not them.”

“Okay, sweetling, okay.” Rys said. She smoothed her hand on top of Nina’s curls. “We will let you stay with us.”

“Yes!” Nina said. She brought her tiny fist out of the blanket and punched it into the air.

The siblings dashed onto the ramp and sprinted their way into the ship. Mya was waiting for them, and she punched the button to recall the ramp and shut the door as soon as they were all inside.

Pyp hunched over, his hands resting on his knees and breathing heavily. He dug deep into his reserves. All that was left to do was fly them off Oakenshield and towards the Rebellion. Rest would have to come later.

*What about Jon?*
Pyp squeezed his eye shut. What could they do for Jon? Yes, they had more able body fighters now—well, sort of. Mya was clearly a fucking force to be reckoned with and Theon wasn’t bad when it came to treachery and deceit, but Della was a flyer like him. They were taught hand-to-hand combat in the Academy if they every went down behind enemy lines, but its not like anyone kept up on that shit. He doubted Rys knew anything about fighting and blaster, and Nina was six. That left them with two and half fighters, at fucking best.

Could he really leave Jon, one of his best friends, behind?

Wasn’t that the job of a leader?

Making the tough decision to save many even if that meant sacrificing the one?

But Jon was important. He couldn’t sacrifice him to Night King. Could he?

Pyp resisted the urge throw his head into his hands and scream. He didn’t know what choice to make. All he knew for certain was there were creatures on this ship who were looking to him to get them off Oakenshield alive.

Grabbing onto the wall for support, Pyp began to make his way towards the cockpit amidst his sisters’ objections that he needed to rest. “I’ve got to get us out of here. Bran can’t fly with one hand and I’ll be damned if Theon Greyjoy becomes a hero.”

“Rys and I will fly the ship.” Della insisted. “You can sit in the back and tell us what to do.” She looked at the interior of *The Nights Watch* skeptically. “It can’t be too difficult. This ship looks like it is being held together by tape and a prayer.”

“Hey! This is the fastest ship in the—”

“Pyp, get up here!” Theon’s panicked voice came through the intercom. “Something is wrong with Bran!”

“Son of a bitch!” Pyp cursed. He picked up his pace.

“Son of a bitch!” Nina chirped happily behind him.

“Nina!” Della gasped. She gave Pyp a side-eye that rivaled their mothers. “Watch your language, Pyp.”

Pyp look down at the youngest member of the Antilles family. “Nina, there are appropriate times and inappropriate times to curse. What you just learned was the appropriate time. Try to remember that, okay?”

“Okay!” She beamed up at him.

They made their way into the cockpit, Mya with them, where a very worried Theon was shaking Bran’s unconscious form. Grenn was mercifully nowhere to be seen.

“Mother fucker.” Pyp exclaimed, running a hand through his hair. “Nina, once again, this is another appropriate time to curse.” Pyp ignored the roll of Della’s eyes as his mind scrambled to come up with a plan. He took a deep breath. “Della, take the captain’s chair, Rys the copilot. Della, get us into the air while Rys looks up how to get us into lightspeed. That is, if we can even get to lightspeed. Theon?” Pyp looked at the other man expectantly. “It is fixed, correct?”

“It is.” Theon replied, his focus never leaving Bran. “Mya and I fixed it ourselves last night.”
The warning lights began to flash, indicating approaching TIE fighters. “Mya, go down the left hall until you come to the ladder for the cannons. Take the ventral. Della, Rys, or myself can operate the dorsal from here.”

Nina pulled at the hem of Pyp’s shirt. “What about me? I can fly.”

Pyp smiled at her. “Of course you can, but I need you to go down to the kitchens and collect all the medical supplies from the large closet behind the door.” Pyp pursed lips together and gave a sharp whistle. A few moments later, Ghost came bounding into the room, sans LA-D3. “Ghost, show Nina were the med supplies are, all right? We need to start treating Bran and Grenn for their wounds as soon as possible.”

Ghost huffed in agreement.

Nina hid behind Pyp’s leg. Ghost was taller than her, and she had never seen a direwolf before. It was more than a bit scary for a six-year-old.

Pyp knelt down in front of her. “Nina, Ghost is very kind. We will not hurt you. I promise.”

“Okay…” Nina said slowly.

Ghost lowered his massive head and butted into her side with his snout, indicating to Nina to follow him. She did so with a hesitant step that grew more confident once she realized that Ghost would not harm her.

Mya ran down the hall opposite Ghost and Nina while his sisters took their positions. Della had flown a lot of ships, and though *The Nights Watch* was different due to all the upgrades, the principals of lift off were still the same. She placed both hands onto the controls and pulled up. It was a bit jerky, but soon they were flying away from Oakenshield and the two TIE fighters sent to stop them. Della flew the ship in a series of evasion maneuvers while Mya took aim from the cannon.

Pyp glanced down at Bran. His eyes were white and unseeing. Pyp’s shoulders sagged in relief when he realized what was going on.

“He’s okay.” He said, gently pulling Theon away from Bran to get a better look. “His eyes, they do this when he is caught up in a Force vision. He hasn’t had one since joining us, at least not that I know of, but he told us what to look out for.” Pyp smoothed down Bran’s hair. “I’m not sure how long he will be out. We can take him to his room and—”

Bran let out a huge gasp. His back arched off the floor and his eyes returned to their normal color. He grabbed Pyp by his sleeve and pulled him down until their faces were inches from each other.

“Jon.” He said, his brown eyes searching Pyp's. "We have to save Jon.”

Pyp listened to the sounds of the ship's blasters, the turn of the controls, and Rys' soft whispers as she read how to get the ship into lightspeed.

There was really only one decision to make.

"You got it, kid."
Chapter End Notes

Some chapters write themselves, and this was one of them. While I did waiver with whether or not to make Pyp the POV character (I hate the idea of introducing a new voice so late in the series), it just felt right to do so. He has come very far from the White Walker banging on the door of the trash compactor, and I really wanted to highlight his journey. Thanks to Jen and Liz for helping me make this decision!

Please comment and let me know what you think!

Thanks for reading my friends!!
Thank you all so much for your comments, hits, and kudos last chapter! As always, I appreciate all the support I receive on this story.

General Disclaimer: I am neither Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 46: The Sort of Man You Want To Be

“Jon, if you go now you could destroy all you have worked for, all they have fought and suffered for. How do you even know which side of the Force showed this to you? It could be a trap. There are things you don’t understand, knowledge you do not possess. Are you ready to face all of that for a future that might not happen?”

“Who the fuck are you?! How can you even say such things?! Are you even you anymore, or did something happen when you died? Because the man who raised me, that I know and love, would never stop me from helping others. You are not my father.”

“Where you go, Jon, I cannot follow. If you are to face Night King, you must do so alone and without help.”

“Dad, I—”

“—I’m sorry.”

Jon swallowed down his bitter feelings of guilt as he apologized for what felt like the hundredth time since leaving Wolfswood.

“When you come back, we can fix the rift between us, can’t we?”

Jon had reimagined his argument with Jeor as many times as he had apologized for his actions. In his daydreams, Jeor did not disappear but instead listened and accepted Jon’s apology. The two of them sat on the fallen log overlooking the lake once more, discussing Jon’s next move. The air between them would be heavy, but only due to the severity of Jon’s situation and not because of their argument. Jeor listened to him and understood him. He was proud of him. He supported him. They would make a plan, together, on how to best save Jon’s friends and loved ones. When Jon flew away, it was with the promise that Jeor would be waiting for Jon’s return.

Jeor was still proud of him.

Jeor still loved him.

Jon loathed when his fantasy would end and his mind was forced back to the present.

Reality was a bitter pill to swallow.
Jeor hadn’t sat down to listen to him. Instead, he raised Tyrion’s ship out of the lake—seeing Jeor present him with the transport Jon needed while looking at him with such sadness in his eyes had torn Jon to shreds—before leaving Jon with a few parting words about how he hoped Jon did not make the same mistakes Night King did. Jeor had never laid a physical hand to Jon, but in that moment, it felt like Jon had been slapped across the face. He couldn’t remember a time when Jeor had looked so disappointed in him. Jon understood why Jeor didn’t want him to go—Jon wouldn’t want his only child running head first into untold danger either—but he wished Jeor would have tried to understand Jon’s feelings a bit more before getting upset with him.

Jon rubbed a tired hand over his chin, his palm stinging slightly from the wiry whiskers that grew thicker with every passing day. The five-day flight to Oakenshield had been tough. His Force-dream, coupled with his fight with Jeor, left Jon barely sleeping and without an appetite. He supposed that was for the best in a macabre sort-of-way; there was no food on the ship and he didn’t have time for another Tormund and The Free Folk Gang situation to happen if he attempted to purchase any. Thankfully, there was some unopened water bottles Tyrion had stocked in the kitchen pantry that nobody unpacked before Davos dumped the ship in the lake. Jon was grateful for the fluids, but the water was precious, and he had to ration it out to make sure it lasted not only for his trip there, but also for his trip back with hopefully five extra creatures. Jon only drank when necessary and barely enough to satisfy his thirst when he did.

Careful to not let his emotions get the better of him—in his current mental state it was difficult to not feel defeated—Jon gently docked the ship at the appointed landing platform, releasing a sigh to break the silence that surrounded him. Jon willed his mind to remain calm and focused. It was difficult despite all his training to the contrary. No matter what he did, Jon could not shake the feelings of fear and uncertainty that swelled within him.

The only comfort Jon had was the continued silence of the Dark Side that dwelt within him. But, the longer the voices remained silent, the more it felt less like a comfort and more like a foreshadowing of something terrible, almost as if the voices were waiting for his weakest moment to strike, and they knew precisely when that moment would come. With the feelings of the Dark side simmering just below his consciousness, Jon’s already delicate mental state came to the point of almost breaking in half. Instead of using his hypothesis to ensure that he never showed weakness, thus never allowing the Dark Side to strike, all it did was cause Jon to curl up into a ball and sob.

Jon tried to turn his weakness into a strength like Davos, and even Jaime, had taught him, but he failed time and time again. Sometimes, in his darker moments when all he could think of was Sansa’s screams and Jeor’s disappointment, Jon wondered if he had learned anything at all from his training, his silent promise to himself that he would not be defeated before leaving Wolfswood a distant memory, lost in the midst of the fear, hunger, thirst, loneliness, and guilt that constantly weighted him down.

For the hundredth and first time Jon told Jeor he was sorry.

“PYP!” Jon screamed as loud as he could. He was going against the crowd, and more and more creatures seemed to be appearing out of nowhere to push against him as the seconds ticked by. “PYP STOP!”

Hope swelled within Jon’s chest—it felt like years since he had felt anything but negative emotions—as Pyp turned his head towards the direction of Jon’s voice.

When Jon first landed on Oakenshield, nothing appeared out of the ordinary. The normal number of creatures were milling about the halls, and nobody appeared to be worried about anything beyond their normal day-to-day activities.
The announcement over the loudspeaker changed everything.

Creatures, many of them families, ran screaming into the halls, clutching bags and younglings against their chest desperately as they made their way to their ships to escape the oncoming presence of the Empire. Jon had been forced to go in the direction of the crowd back towards where his ship was docked rather than continue his search for his friends. It was by pure happenstance that he saw an injured Bran being pulled along by an unfamiliar looking creature with Ghost running in front of them, a heavy looking bag strapped onto his back and providing a path for them through the crowd. An older, frail looking man had dropped something, and Jon, taking pity that no one else bothered to help him collect his spilled food, bent over to offer his assistance. He was helping the man back onto his feet when he spotted Bran. The old man told him it was Theon Greyjoy, leader of Oakenshield and owner of the voice who warned everyone to evacuate, pulling Bran through the crowd. The knowledge gave Jon a small sense of relief. He reasoned that Theon could at the very least be trusted, if his announcement of the impending arrival of the Empire and the way he seemed to be protecting a very injured Bran was anything to go by.

Relief, however, quickly turned to dread when Jon saw the rest of his team following behind Ghost, Theon, and Bran. Grenn was being carried on the back of a petite woman whose size was no indicator of the strength she possessed as she ran to keep up with the front of the group. Grenn looked horrible, his eyes and hands covered in dirty bandages that looked stained with sweat. He was pale and breathing heavy despite being carried. Pyp brought up the rear, his face swollen and bruised to the point that Jon almost wouldn’t have recognized him if it wasn’t for his yellow tattoos.

Jon’s hands began to shake when he realized Sansa was not among them.

“Jon!” Pyp screamed. He looked worried and scared, and Jon wasn’t sure if it was because of his presence or the hell Pyp had obviously endured. “It’s a trap!”

“How do you even know which side of the Force showed this to you?” Jeor asked, his voice pleading with Jon to calm down and think about his actions. “It could be a trap.”

Jon forced himself not to mirror Pyp’s worry with his own.

“I’m here to help you!” Jon yelled. It felt like a lie to his own ears. Had he truly been sent to help Sansa, Pyp, Grenn, and Bran? They were already injured and appeared to be escaping with the help of Theon and the woman carrying Grenn.

“It could be a trap.”

Jeor looked at him with disappointment.

“Where you go, Jon, I cannot follow.”

Jeor raised his hand towards the lake and gave Jon the one thing he desperately needed even though Jeor did not agree with Jon’s action.

“If you are to face Night King, then you must do so alone and without help.”

Jon pushed aside his memories, and with it the growing dread they brought on. He felt like they were suffocating him.

“Where is Sansa?!”

Jon let out a grunt of frustration as the crowd surrounding him grew denser, making it impossible to break through to get to Pyp, who himself was being forced to move with those around him.
However, unlike Jon, the crowd was going in the direction Pyp desired. The only way to effectively separate the creatures between them would be via Force push, but Jon suspected it would only cause more chaos. The creatures around him were scared and irrational, and they would most likely assume he was Sith instead of Jedi.

Pyp waved Jon away with his arm. “Don’t worry about her!” He pleaded, his voice a dim whisper above the crowd.

The walls began to close around Jon, and he swallowed down the horror that grew with every beat of his heart. It was impossible to push aside his dread now.

Pyp was lying.

Something was wrong with Sansa.

Very, very wrong.

“It’s a trap!” Pyp repeated. “Get out of here!”

“It could be a trap.”

Jeor gave Jon one last look of hurt and regret before he disappeared.

Jon shook his head. He needed to think clearly.

Pyp wanted Jon to abandon them, but it was impossible. Even if the Force did not bring him here to save his friends, and Jon was beginning to think that was the case the more he watched his friends being dragged along with the crowd and disappear behind a wall, further separating them, what Pyp was asking was impossible. He couldn’t leave them and save himself. That was the coward’s way, and while Jon was many things at the moment, a coward was not one of them.

“No!” Jon shouted. It felt like everything was happening in slow motion the farther he and Pyp got from each other. Ghost, Theon, Bran, Grenn, and the woman carrying him were already gone, and soon Pyp would be as well.

“Help…”

Jon choked on his emotions. It couldn’t be a trap. It just couldn’t. If it was then it would mean Jeor was right, and Jon’s presence was going to make everything worse.

“You!”

Pyp shook his head as much as was possible given his condition.

“GO!” He yelled one final time before disappearing behind the wall at the end of the intersection.

“You know there is more than one future, Jon. If you go, you may be creating the one you have seen… If you go, you could make things worse.”

“What have I done?” He whispered hoarsely. He gripped either side of his head and squeezed. “Sansa…”

Jon stumbled on his feet. His chest ached, and he felt like he couldn’t breathe, his fear overtaking him.

“Dad, what have I done?!” Jon whimpered in between pained gasps for air.
Jon waited for the Dark Side to come to him, to offer him untold power to take back Sansa from whatever danger she was in and strike down everyone who hurt his friends, his family, but nothing came. The anger, the hatred, the desire for blood was still there within him, but it made no move to help him.

It was waiting, always waiting, to strike Jon when he could no longer fight back.

“Stop it!” Jon screamed. He ignored the dirty looks creatures gave him at his outburst, allowing them to push what they thought was a crazy human against the wall. “Stop waiting for me to show you how weak I am!”

Silence mocked him.

“I am weak! I am! I am alone and weak and stupid and I—”

Jon turned his head to the right abruptly, his voice cutting out midsentence. His legs began to move on their own as he allowed himself to be swallowed up in the movement of the crowd. He could feel it; the call of the Force, telling him where to go, where he needed to be. It pulled his body to an unknown destination as if he was connected to an invisible string.

It was leading him towards the trap both Jeor and Pyp had warned him to run away from, but Jon found himself unable and unwilling to stop himself from answering the call.

Left.

Right.

Left.

With each step Jon felt like he was fulfilling his destiny, even though he was unsure if he believed in such a thing. Like the cave of Wolfswood, Jon knew at this time and at this moment, he was exactly where he needed to be, despite the direness of his circumstances.

Onto a lift.

An eerie calm settled over him.

Off the lift.

The Dark Side pulled him, called to his soul, and Jon followed it without hesitation.

Left once more.

Jon looked around the abandoned hallway. Nobody lived on this floor. The only evidence that any creatures had been here were papers scattered about, evidence the workers had left in a hurry. It reminded Jon of Tarbeck. There was a deep sense of foreboding to the setting, almost as if the abandoned halls knew the trials that awaited him if he continued.

He stopped in front of a door. There was nothing special about it—it looked like every other door on the floor—but he knew this was where the Force, the Dark Side, wanted him to be.

“Fuck!” He whispered sharply. He shook his hand at the spark of electricity that occurred without warning as soon as his fingertips made contact with the door.

Jon narrowed his eyes. “Sansa?” He asked in disbelief. He blinked a few times, trying to convince himself that what he was seeing was not real, but there was no denying the small orbs of vibrant,
purple Force energy that hovered around the door. There must have been two dozen of them, maybe more.

Sansa’s energy pushed against Jon’s chest, trying to get him to move away from the door and what awaited him on the other side.

“What happened to you?” Jon asked quickly, his eyes brimming with tears. “Where are you? Are you hurt? Please, let me—oof!”

Jon stepped back against a particularly hard nudge. His eyes followed Sansa’s energy as it moved down the hall, waiting expectantly for him to follow. Jon made to follow her, but once more the energy pulsing from behind the door was undeniable, drawing his gaze towards it once more.

Purple lights danced before his eyes, shaking themselves back and forth.

“Sansa, I…” Jon hesitated, running an agitated hand through his greasy bun.

Jon knew who was waiting for him beyond the door.

He took a deep breath, filling his lungs to the brim with much needed air.

“I have to do this, Sansa, for myself. The Force, the Dark Side, it brought me here, and no matter how afraid I am, or how much I want to run away, I have to open that door. I just… I have to.” Jon pleaded with Sansa’s energy to understand him. “I thought at first I was brought here to save you, save everyone, but now I know that isn’t true. I was brought here because I am me, and I need to find out why that is so important.” Jon searched his feelings. “I don’t think it is because I might be the Chosen One, but because of something else. Something… more? Or maybe deeper?” Jon winced. “I know that doesn’t make any sense. I barely understand what I am saying. The truth is, Dad was right. This whole thing was a trap and I am scared, and tired, and hungry, and feel like a fucking failure. I don’t know what the hell I am doing, but I am here, and it feels right to be here, even though it was by the machinations of the Dark Side. I love you Sansa, always, but I won’t let you stop me from facing what is to come.”

Jon narrowed his eyes as he engaged Sansa’s energy in what felt like a battle of wills. It was if she was physically in front of him, lips pursed, arms crossed, her long auburn braid resting over her shoulder as her blue eyes assessed Jon and the things he had told her.

“Please Sansa, please understand.” Jon begged. “Dad, he didn’t—he was so—he…” Jon blinked back a fresh wave of tears, surprised his body was willing to spare the moisture considering how dehydrated he was. “Dad didn’t understand. He was so disappointed in me. He…” Jon felt a few tears break the surface and run down his grimy cheeks. “Please try to understand Sansa. Please. I can’t have you disappointed in me as well, not now when I am about to face something that I don’t understand.”

Sansa’s energy moved towards Jon. He reared back slightly, afraid that it might slap him for his stupidity, but instead they rested themselves upon Jon’s tear stained cheeks. Moving in slow circles, Jon closed his eyes as Sansa dried his tears.

“I love you.” Jon cried, unable to hold back emotions that had flooded him for the past several days. “I have missed you so much. Sending you away was one the most difficult things I had to do, but it was necessary for me to progress, just like what I am about to do is necessary as well.”

Jon raised his hand, sighing as Sansa’s energy floated through his fingertips.

“Wait for me?” Jon asked.
Sansa’s energy bobbed up and down. Starting at the bottom of his feet, the energy began to swirl around him slowly before finally stopping at the top of Jon’s head. It placed a small bump on his forehead, reminding Jon of the times when Sansa would place a kiss upon his forehead before floating down the hallway.

Jon refused to watch her go.

“If you are to face Night King, you must do so alone, and without help.”

With steely resolve that felt more forced than natural, Jon raised his arm to the door. Before he could use the Force or Jaime’s lightsaber to cut through—he would need a keycard to open it manually—the door opened with a loud whoosh.

Jon swallowed thickly as he peered into the dark room with its neon orange and blue lighting coming from the electrical equipment inside. The door closed behind him as soon as he was inside. Jon walked towards the stairs that led to the center of the room, his boots making an ominous clanking sound against the metal. He frowned when he saw the dark red stains on the metal, thinking of Pyp, Bran, and Green and their bare, blood-stained feet.

“The Force is with you Jon Mormont.” Night King’s gravel-laden voice spoke within the darkness, cutting through the sounds of the machines and Jon’s boots without preamble. “But you are not a Jedi yet.”

The neon lights from the machines turned brighter, allowing Jon the perfect view of Night King as he stood across from Jon on the other side of the walkway. Unlike Jon’s former companions, Night King did not have so much as a scratch on his leather armor or frost-bitten face. His lips curled back into a horror-looking smirk as he took in Jon’s worn appearance. Jon’s hands fidgeted under his gaze, but he forced himself to hold his ground. He would not cower like he did last time he met the Sith Lord.

Jon silently walked down the steps, holding Night King’s blue eyes with his own. Unlike Sansa’s shade of blue, which were warm and inviting like the sea, or impossibly bright when she was angry, Night’s looked cold and cruel; they reflected his soul and the Dark Side that lived within him.

Taking deep breath, Jon walked across the room and ascended the steps where Night King waited for him, all the while musing over Night King’s statement.

Was he a Jedi?

A week ago, when Jon was leaving Wolfswood, he would have said ‘yes’ without hesitation. He had done everything Sansa, Davos, and Jaime asked of him over months of training. He wielded the Force with confidence, managed to calm the temptations of the Dark Side, and anticipated several moves ahead during each mock battle. But now, after a week alone with only the thoughts of how Jeor was disappointed in him and the screams of his friends to keep him up at night, with no food to fill his aching belly, Jon wondered if ever understood the meaning of being a Jedi. Each day alone, and with only his morbid thoughts for company, had chipped away at the resolve he’d made to be strong before leaving Oakenshield. He was nineteen, turning twenty in a matter of weeks, and Jon felt like a youngling that allowed his emotions to control his actions.

Jon reached for Jaime’s lightsaber. Unclipping it from his belt, he ignited the weapon.

Night’s eyes narrowed at the red that glowed before him. “That is not yours.” He said with a gesture of his forehead.
“I borrowed it.” Jon replied.

Night King let out a rumble from deep within his chest. Jon suspected he was trying to laugh, but it sounded dusty and unused. He unclipped his own saber and pushed down on its throttle. Distantly, in the back of his mind, Jon realized that Jaime’s blade no longer held the same color as the Sith Lord he was facing. Over time, Jaime’s had become lighter, more pink in color, the purity of the kyber crystal beginning to shine through, not unlike the soul of its master.

The two beams crossed, hovering mere inches away from each other while their owners waited for the other to make the first move. Jon’s jaw ticked slightly. He had never been particularly patient, and now was no exception.

Night smiled smugly as Jon brought his lightsaber down and up once more, aiming for his chest. Night batted Jon’s attack away easily with one hand gripping his lightsaber. Jon took a small step back and the two men reset their opening stance.

Jon lunged forward. He raised his arms and made a quick slash downward. Night King deflected once more. Jon’s temper flared with annoyance. Despite his presses, Night King continued to defend against Jon with only one hand. Jon knew it was meant as an insult; Night considered him an unworthy opponent, thus refusing to give Jon his very best.

The air left Jon’s lungs as Night King’s counterattack sent him sprawling to the floor. He placed his hand behind him and righted himself quickly before Night could take advantage of his prone position. Jon took a few tentative steps forward. Jaime’s lightsaber twitched as Jon tried to goad Night King into attacking first, but the Sith Lord resisted, preferring to step away from Jon’s slow advances. His lack of movement raised Jon’s suspicions. Night was acting like he wanted to take Jon alive, not kill him. Jon dismissed the idea as quickly as it came. Yes, this was a trap, but it had to be to kill him, to eliminate the threat Jon posed as the possible Chosen One, not take Jon prisoner.

“You have learned much, young one.” Night King said, pointing a finger at Jon. Somehow, despite the cloying heat in the room, his breath still managed to come out in small, cold puffs.

“You’ll find I’m full of surprises.” Jon shot back. While he didn’t feel very confident, he figured it wouldn’t hurt to fake it just a little. Then, if Jon was lucky, maybe he would actually believe it.

Still holding onto his lightsaber with one hand, Night King sliced through the air and towards Jon shoulder. Jon barely had time to deflect before another quick jab was made, and then another. Night was fast, and Jon was left feeling like he was always half a step behind. He watched with horror as his lightsaber went flying out of his hands and towards the pit below after a particularly powerful hit of Night’s saber.

“Ah!” Jon breathed out as Night King kicked him in his ribs.

Jon crumbled to the floor, feeling the sting of Night’s boot a second time, sending him tumbling down the sharp metal stairs. He pushed himself up and jumped back just in time to dodge Night’s leap towards him.

“Your destiny lies with me, Jon.” Night declared. He pointed the tip of his lightsaber at Jon’s chest. “Jeor knew this to be true.”

Jon curled his fingers into fists. His fingertips bunched around the edges of Jeor’s jacket. Sweat fell into his eyes as he began to shake his head back and forth.

“No.” Jon said. He took a small step back. “That isn’t true. You brought me here to kill me, not to
“You think you know what kind of creature Jeor Mormont was?” Night scoffed. He continued his slow advance towards Jon. “Your entire life has been a lie.” He said with patronizing pity.

“Stop it!” Jon cried.

Jon took another step back. Without warning, the floor opened below him, and he went falling down into a deep hole filled with machines and wires.

“All too easy.” Night King said from above. “Perhaps the Empress was wrong about you after all.”

Jon looked around the small space in panic as copious amounts of smoke began to surround him. Looking up, Jon jumped towards the thick tubes that weaved in and out overhead. Reaching out with his arms, he climbed as high and as fast as he could.

“Impressive.” Night purred.

Jon looked down just in time to see Night’s lightsaber swing up and into the tubes. Jon pulled his legs in to avoid the tip of the blade.

“Most impressive.”

Jon dropped down from the tubes. Grabbing onto the one that Night King had cut in two, he aimed the opened tube into Night King’s face. The Sith Lord let out a gasp as the smoke made contact with his bare skin. Keeping his hand on the tube, Jon twisted his body around and called out to Jaime’s lightsaber. He didn’t let go until the lightsaber was securely in his hand and ignited. Jon let go of the tube and swung his saber towards Night King in one swift motion.

Night King blocked his attack once more.

“You have been taught well.” Night King said during a quick succession of blows directed towards Jon’s torso. “But you have not been taught everything. Release your anger. Is it the only way to defeat me.”

Jon ignored his opponents enticing words. It was becoming glaringly obvious that Jon was outclassed by Night King in every way. His mind quickly went back to his first fight with Ramsay against Sansa. Granted, Sansa had done all the work, but Jon was stronger now, and like Ramsay, Night seemed to want to play with his food as opposed to devouring it right away. Furthermore, it appeared that Night preferred to take Jon hostage and present him as a gift to Cersei and not kill him like Jon first suspected. As Jon continued to dodge a barrage of efficiently times jabs and thrusts—one managed to cut into his left forearm before he had a chance to deflect—Jon realized that Night’s desire to capture him might work to his advantage. Since Night was not exerting his full power against him, Jon hoped that he might be able to overcome him just long enough to escape. Like his and Sansa’s fight against Ramsay, Jon just needed a way to distract him.

Jon calmed himself. He allowed the Force to take control of his body’s movements while his mind began to formulate an escape plan. His weapons consisted of Jaime’s lightsaber, the Force, and his two blasters that he had yet to draw. Around him were machines and pillars of smoke coming from both the floor and the broken tube.

Returning his mind back to the present, Jon dodged another attack from Night King. He flipped his body back and over the pit and perched himself up on the control panel on the second floor landing. Quickly, Jon deactivated his lightsaber and pulled out his blasters. He opened a quick round of blaster fire towards Night King. The Sith Lord raised his hand and absorbed the fire. Jon’s jaw
slackened in shock, but he quickly reminded himself that he had already predicted his shots would not meet their target anyway and willed himself to remain calm.

Jon bit back a small, relieved smile as he felt his blasters begin to be tugged from his grasp. Instead of letting them go, however, Jon strengthened his grip and allowed himself to be Force pulled towards Night King. The older man’s eyes widened slightly in surprise, before quickly turning to glee. He increased the speed of his Force pull, but Jon, who was used to free falling at unchallenged speed, released his blasters before countering the pull with a Force push of his own. However, instead of directing it towards Night King, Jon used his energy to push himself away from the floor. Jon sailed over Night King’s head. Releasing his push, Jon kicked the lower half of Night King’s back with every ounce of strength he had. Night King stumbled. Jon quickly added a Force push of his own, effectively sending an off-balance and surprised Night King into the pit that Jon had been in moments before. Using the Force, Jon quickly sealed him inside before jumping up into the thick and heavy tubes. Jon ignited Jaime’s lightsaber and cut threw the tubes in one perfect slice. He looked down just in time to see them land on top of the pit, which had already opened a few inches, effectively sealing Night inside.

Knowing he only had a minute or two at best, Jon leaped from the tubes and towards a darkened part of the room that led into a winding tunnel. He hoped that Night King would assume Jon had chosen the logical choice and ran out of the front door, but he doubted that something as fickle as luck was on his side at the moment.

Jon looked around as the tunnel gave way to a cluttered, darkened corridor. Turning to his left, Jon walked over to a large paneled window that gave a perfect view of one of the floating city’s many reactor cores. A flight or two below was a narrow ledge that workers could use to reach the reactor for maintenance.

The sound of footsteps sent Jon spinning around. “But—but how is that?” Jon sputtered as Night King slowly approached him, dread filling his stomach once more. “I didn’t sense you at all.”

Night let out a tsk. “Haven’t you figure it out, Jon?” He asked patronizingly. “I control the Force.”

Jon sucked in a breath. His breathing began to speed up and his sweat covered body turned ice cold as pieces began to click into place. “You sent the Dark Side to me, didn’t you? It wasn’t the Force calling to me, but you.” Jon felt like he was going to throw up. “You don’t control it, you manipulate it.”

Night King shrugged. “Control?”

Jon crashed into the wall as a piece of machinery hit him against his head. He blinked back the stars that danced before his eyes.

“Manipulate?”

Jon grabbed onto his stomach as a wrench went flying against his rips.

“You will find, Jon, there is no difference.”

Jon raised his saber to try and deflect the objects sent hurtling his way, but the Force around him felt muddled and wrong, and he did not understand how to use it. Without warning, Jon’s fleet let the floor as a computer shattered the window behind him. The pressure from the reactor shield acted as a vacuum, sucking Jon inside and forcing Night King to brace himself against the wall. Jon landed on the railing connected to the reactor shield with a loud thud. Jaime’s lightsaber fell out of his hand, and he rolled uncontrollably off the platform before managing to grab on at the last moment.
Jon gripped onto the railing with his fingertips. Using the Force to strengthen his battered arms, Jon pulled himself onto the landing. He scrambled over to where Jaime’s ignited lightsaber lay. He pushed himself up onto his legs and raised the saber overhead just in time to counter Night King’s blow to his head.

Jon struggled to find his balance as Night King pushed down on Jon’s lightsaber with his own. His tunic was soaked with sweat and Jon could feel it beginning to seep into Jeor’s jacket as well. Jon had put it on before leaving Tyrion’s ship, foolishly thinking it would help him feel the love Jeor had for him and not think about their last confrontation. Like so many other things, Jon had been wrong.

The top half of Jon’s body started to lean precariously over the railing as Jon struggled to find any type of upward momentum. He put everything he had in his attempt to bat away Night’s lightsaber, but the Sith Lord was simply too strong and Jon too weak.

Against his better judgement, Jon quickly glanced over the railing and down into the great expanse below. The reactor shaft seemed to go on forever with no ending in sight. Jon was sure that if he started to fall he would never stop.

Night King took advantage of Jon’s brief loss of focus. He raised his free arm without easing up on the pressure he was using to keep Jon from raising his lightsaber, and shoved Jon down onto the walkway as if he weighed no more than a bag of feathers. Jon forced himself to keep his head up so that his back would take the brunt of the fall. If he were to receive a concussion, or worse, pass out from the impact of his head hitting the metal, then he would be done for.

Jon sucked in his neck as the tip of Night King’s blood red lightsaber stopped mere millimeters from enacting the killing blow.

“You are beaten.” Night King’s cold voice said. There was no hint of triumph in his tone, only a mere stating of facts.

Jon inched away on his hands and feet as Night King continued to step closer. Jon’s eyes never left the lightsaber as it hovered over his throat menacingly, his entire body beginning to shake with fear. Jon gulped, trying to parch his dry throat.

With each movement backward Jon could feel the darkness within him beginning to gain strength. It didn’t say anything, didn’t make a move to help him, but Jon could feel that it was close, so very close, to making its move against the light that resided in his soul. Jon would soon be fighting two battles; one against the man before him, and one against the deepest and darkest parts of himself.

Night King looked down at him with mild amusement. “It is useless to resist.” He taunted. “Don’t let yourself be destroyed as Jeor was.”

“How dare you mention him!” Jon roared. “You murdered him!”

Jon raised his hand and pushed Night King’s lightsaber away quickly before rolling on the ground to get away from Night’s counter attack. He pushed himself onto his feet and gripped his lightsaber firmly in both hands. He moved his arms to the left to block Night King’s next attack. The sabers only touched for a millisecond before Night raised his overhead and brought it down towards Jon’s left shoulder. Jon leaned to the right to avoid the blow, giving a small grunt of satisfaction that his dodge had worked. Night barely missed a beat, however. He raised both arms to shoulder height and swept his saber in a sweeping arc meant for Jon’s head. Jon ducked down into a low squat, narrowly missing the blade.

Night King slowed his arms to stop his arc and prepare his next attack, presenting Jon with a small
but possibly crucial opening. Jon stood, pulling his arms into his side before lunging forward with his right foot and thrusting the point of his lightsaber towards Night King. He barely made contact with the Sith Lord’s armor before the older man was parrying the blow, his lips curled into a snarl. Jon jumped away, mindful of the walkway becoming more narrow the closer he got to the reactor beam. The wound he’d inflicted was superficial at best and would most likely only result in Night needing a bit of patchwork done to his leather-based armor.

Jon turned his jumps into small shuffles. He forced himself not to look down once more as the walkway turned into a ledge no thicker than 12 feet with the reactor beam standing at the very end. There was nowhere else for Jon to go. He bent his knees, preparing to Force jump over Night King and towards the door that lead back into the carbonite chamber.

Night brought his saber up once more as Jon’s feet left the floor.

“AH!” Jon screamed, the veins in his throat feeling like they would burst as his throat turned raw from the force and length of his scream.

Jon fell to his knees as nothing but pain seared throughout his body, beginning and ending with his right wrist. He looked down to assess the damage. Jon’s eyes widened with horror and disbelief as he realized why he was in so much unbelievable pain. Night King had cut his hand that was holding on to Jaime’s lightsaber clean off, leaving nothing but burnt, molted skin behind. Jon swallowed down the bile as it rose up in his throat, his entire body breaking out into a cold sweat. His curls were plastered to his damp skin and he slipped slightly as he began to back up on his hand and knees once more, though to where he did not know.

He was trapped, just as Jeor had predicted.

Nobody was going to come and save him.

You are weak.

Jon shook his head as the voices—his voice—began to start.

“You are weak.” Night King echoed.

“No…” Jon whispered, unsure who he was responding to. “No, I’m not… I’m—No… I…”

Jon’s body started to go into shock. He had no weapon—Jon knew his blasters would be useless against Night this close—and he had nowhere to hide. It was simply him and the Dark Side in both physical and emotional manifestations.

Jon clutched his injured arm to his chest as he continued to scramble away. Night King, knowing he had Jon exactly where he wanted him, did not bother to follow him off the platform.

You are weak, Jon.

Jon whimpered.

You said so yourself mere minutes ago.

He shook his head rapidly, trying to make everything stop much like a youngling would in a scary situation.

You didn’t need him, or me, to tell you the truth.
You figured it out all on your own.

Jon blinked as black dots swam in front of his vision. He could see the power of the Dark Side as it swirled around Night King, beckoning for him to give in.

“I am weak,” Jon conceded, his voice thick with emotion, “but I—”

Night King smiled at Jon as if he were an animal he meant to devour.

“You are weak, Jon, so very weak.” Night King placed his hand atop his chest. “But under my tutelage, you can become so much more than you ever imagined was possible.”

“But… but I already have a Master.” Jon argued pathetically. “Three masters.”

“Were they really your master’s Jon? Or were they just placeholders for the only one who would truly teach you about the powers of the Force?” Night gestured between them. “The Force brought you here, to me. That means something, doesn’t it Jon?”

Davos is a has-been.

Jaime is a joke.

Sansa admitted to you herself that she didn’t know what she was doing.

All that training, and you could not even stand toe-to-toe with a Sith Lord.

“Stop it.” Jon whimpered.

It is time for you to have a true Master.

Night King raised a single, icicle-looking eyebrow at him. His lips pulled up in a smile of mocking satisfaction. “You hear it, don’t you?” He raised a light-blue finger to his temple. “You hear what you truly are inside your head.” Night cocked his head to the side and he let his hand fall. “Why do you fight yourself, when giving in will make you become everything you always wanted to be?”

Jon felt the air push out of his lungs as his footing slipped, causing him to fall onto his stomach. He reached out to the tractor beam, pulling himself up to stand on the few pieces of machinery that jutted out from its core.

“That isn’t the sort of man I want to be!” Jon yelled, though it sounded like more of a sob. He didn’t know if he was trying to convince Night King or himself, or if he was lying like the voice inside his head always accused him of. “That isn’t the sort of man Dad taught me to be.”

Jon had never needed Jeor more than in that moment, and no matter how desperately he called for him, Jon knew he would never come.


Jon gently eased himself around the tractor beam. The ominous sound of Night King’s heavy boots assaulted Jon’s ears. He peeked around the beam to see Night King calmly walking onto the ledge.

“Your father?” Night King chuckled, the sound dusty and ancient. He shook his head mockingly. “Oh, Jon, what lies have you been fed by that man?”

Jeor never told you he was a Jedi.
“He told he was your father, convinced you that he cared, but it was all a lie.”

*Jeor never taught you about the Force.*

“He never loved or cared about you.”

*If Jeor loved you, he would have trusted you with his secrets.*

“He merely tolerated you, pretending to love you, because he feared the power within you.”

*Jeor never loved you.*

“Jeor Mormont lied to you, Jon, and it started the day you were born.”

*You must ask yourself, why, Jon.*

“Stop it!” Jon whimpered. He clutched the beam tighter, his knuckles turning white from the sheer force of his grip.

*You can never stop the truth.*

Night King extended a frostbitten hand towards him.

“Jon, *I* am your father.”

“NO!” Jon roared. His lips pulled down into a deep frown as anguish filled his chest and his ears began to ring. It was a lie, it had to be.

Jeor Mormont was his dad.

*He lied.*

Jeor raised him.

*He feared you.*

Jeor loved him.

*If he loved you, then why did he abandon you?*

Jon’s grip began to loosen.

“It isn’t true!” Jon whimpered, his voice desperately trying to reject the thoughts swirling inside his mind. He shook his head as Night King continued to stare down at him. “Tell me it isn’t true!”

Night King’s lips turned back into a vicious snarl. “How dare you call me a liar!” He raged. “Everyone in your life has lied to you Jon Mormont,” he said the last word with a sneer, voice dripping with disdain, “except for me! I loved your mother more than my own life, but the Jedi would not allow us to be together. I married her in secret, our love strong and true. When she came to me to tell me of her pregnancy, I could not contain the joy that spread throughout my body as I thought of becoming of father.” Night King’s eyes flashed a vibrant shade of purple as his anger began to grow. “But the Jedi took *her* from me! They corrupted her, making her believe our love was an abomination, all because of *their* fucking traditions. I tried to convince her of their lies, but Jeor took her from me! He took *everything* from me!”

Jon recoiled in on himself. The story sounded hauntingly familiar.
“Do you really think your precious Jedi Master will allow you and your beloved Sansa to be together?”

Jon swallowed thickly, his mouth suddenly dry. “But… But Master Davos and Tyrion—”

“Make no mistake Jon, they will not let you and Sansa be together.” Night King spit out. “They are only using you for the future they desire to come to pass, just as they did me. They all lied to me.” A vein in Night’s neck began to pulse with the beat of his anger. “They deceived me, just as they deceive you every day!” He roared the last word, the air around them crackling with electricity.

Jon felt the hair on his arms stand on end as he took in the sheer power of the man standing before him.

“You will never get what you want with them!”

They all lied to you Jon.

“But—"

Listen to the only creature that has ever told you the truth; the only creature that feels you are worthy to know the truth.

“I know you love Sansa just as deeply as I love your mother. I would never want my son, my own flesh and blood, to face the horror of living a life without the one you love most by your side. I have Sansa waiting for you, frozen in time and safe from the horrors of the war.” Night King stretched his hand just a bit farther towards Jon. “Under my tutelage, and with the power of the Dark Side, the true power of the Force, you can have her for as long as you desire. You can have everything you ever wanted; Sansa, a family, and the power necessary to protect.” Night smiled once more. “You can defeat Mistress Cersei. I have foreseen it. But, you can only do so under my tutelage. Together, you and I can rule the galaxy with your beautiful Sansa by your side.”

You could have everything.

You can have Sansa.

Jon felt his eyes roll into the back.

He saw Sansa. Her long red tresses were flowing behind her as she ran towards him. She wore a deep purple dress that complemented her pale skin and sparkling blue eyes. Sansa gently took Jon’s hand into her own softer one, caressing his knuckles. She placed the hand on top of her flat stomach, beaming as she nodded in affirmation.

The vision changed. Jon looked down as children—his and Sansa’s children—played within the garden of their home. Sansa stood in the middle of them, as if she was the sun in which they all revolved. Sensing his eyes upon her, Sansa turned, raising her arm and gesturing for him to join them. His daughter giggled, her red curls bouncing as her brown-haired brother made a face at her antics. Their youngest son, barely able to stand he was so small, babbled happily at Sansa’s feet.

“Yes Jon.” Night King’s voice whispered into his ear as Jon continued to watch his children play. “See the vision, let if flow through you, consume your senses.” His father’s voice encouraged. “It will all be as you see it.”

The is the truth, Jon, the only truth that matters.
Jon felt himself falling farther and farther into the scenes that danced before his eyes. His head fell back in bliss as Sansa ran her fingers through his hair after arriving home. She was pregnant with another child. She whispered endearments to him, telling him how much she loved him and how she was so, so proud of him.

*Is unlocking your true potential really so bad if this is the end result?*

*Or have you been deceived into believing such things, just like you have been deceived with everything else?*

Jon sighed as Sansa pressed a delicate kiss to his cheek. She swore that she would never leave him; she would love him and stay by his side forever.

She would give Jon everything he had ever wanted.

“Aren’t you tired of fighting it, my son?” Night King asked, his voice soft and soothing. “Give in to what feels right. It is the only way.”

Jon’s children ran towards him. He kneeled down. His three boys and one girl jumped into his arms without hesitation. They tickled his sides and kissed his cheeks.

*With me, all this is possible.*

“Join me, Jon.” Night King urged. “Take my hand.”

*Give in to me.*

Sansa kissed him.

“Join me.”

His children wrapped their tiny arms around him.

*Become one with me.*

The blackness began to overtake Jon. It didn’t hurt like it had before. It felt good, right, to feel the strength of the Dark Side flowing through his veins as he continued to watch the life that he dreamed of having dance before his eyes.

*Become the man you were meant to be.*

Jon raised his injured arm towards Night King.

“Very good.” Night said with evident pride. “With me as your guide, you will become more powerful than any other creature in the Galaxy. Nobody will be able to stop you.”

Jon nodded his head. He did want power; there was no use in denying it. He sighed with happiness as he felt his own power swirling inside him, no longer bound by his foolish misunderstandings of what the Dark Side truly was.

*You will be happy.*

“I will be happy.” Jon whispered.

Night leaned forward to grasp Jon’s forearm. “You are my son.” He said. “Mine, and no one else’s.”
Jon hesitated.

He had heard those words before, long ago and uttered by someone else.

A spark of light took root in Jon’s blackened heart. Night King and visions of his future with Sansa no longer occupied his mind. Instead, he saw a memory of a time so long ago that he was surprised his mind was able to remember it, let alone bring it to the forefront of his mind.

Jon felt a strong and steady hand cradling his tiny body. He was being held by his dad—

_No, not him, he is an imposter, the Dark Side whispered, and a liar._

The tiny parts of Jon’s soul that were still his own refused to listen.

Jon relaxed at the sensation of Jeor stroking one of his chubby cheeks tenderly as he fed Jon from a small bottle. The milk was soothing, and Jon felt his eyelids begin to close before he completed his meal. He snored softly, distantly hearing Jeor give a small chuckle before raising him to his shoulder and patting his back.

Jon’s eyes blinked open tiredly from the change of positions.

“You are my son.” Jeor said, his voice filled with love. “Mine, and no one else’s.”

Jon felt the barest bit pressure as Jeor carefully pressed his cheek atop Jon’s tiny head.

“I am going to teach you so many things.” Jeor promised. Jon gently bounced against Jeor’s chest as he began to rock Jon back and forth. “I will teach you to be brave, courageous, and honest. I will teach you to be kind, work hard, and be loyal.” Jeor placed a tender kiss onto the crown of Jon’s head. “And, most of all, I will make sure you always know just how much I love you.”

*Love, Jon. You need to love.*

“Love…” Jon whispered to himself as he pulled out of the memory. His eyes focused onto Night King once more. “Love.” He repeated, this time a bit more sure of his statement.

All at once, dozens of memories danced before Jon, eliminating his view of Night King.

He was a young boy, no more than five, placing a bacta patch on a cut Jeor received from a cooking.

He was older, sick with a fever. They were on the ship, but the medicine they had was not strong enough to heal him quickly. Jeor stayed up with him all night, pressing a cold compress to his brow, making sure he drank the necessary fluids, and providing a shoulder for him to lean on when he needed the refresher.

He was making Sansa’s bed while she showered. She was too exhausted when they woke, and Jon wanted to help take care of her in some small way.

Sansa was humming softly while she mended Jeor’s jacket that Jon had accidentally ripped on Tarbeck. He hadn’t asked her to, but when she saw how distraught Jon was over the damage, she had taken it without a word and gotten out her needle and thread.

He was making a cup of caff for Pyp, who had been up all night reading the flight manual for _The Night’s Watch._

Pyp was laughing happily while he folded Jon’s laundry, regaling Jon with stories of his youth while
Jon rested after a rough day.

He was helping Sam inventory their medical supplies.

Sam was up before everyone else to surprise them with breakfast after their morning run.

He was cleaning Grenn’s blasters.

Grenn was taking the time to teach him a new hold.

He was cleaning up Davos’ side of the tent.

Davos was volunteering to clean their outhouse.

He was sitting by a lake, listening to Jaime as he told Jon his deepest secret.

Jaime was writing to Bran, even though he couldn’t mail the letter, so Bran would know Jaime was still thinking about him when they were reunited.

He was on a lake, watching as Jeor raised the ship Jon needed so that he could save his friends.

“Love, Jon. You need to love.”

Jon let out a deep gasp as his mind finally, truly, understood what Jeor’s voice had told him all those months ago.

The greatest love in the Galaxy was not only receiving love, but also giving love.

Jon had been happy, truly happy, not only when others were showing their love for him, but when he was able to show his as well. The Dark Side would make it so people loved him, but would Jon really be able to love them in return when they were nothing more than puppets for the Dark Side to use to keep Jon’s allegiance?

While the vision of the future could give Jon what he wanted on the surface, would it really be fulfilling? Would he really be happy with Sansa’s blind adoration of him? Would it mean she no longer called him out on his bullshit, helping him to become a better creature? Jon didn’t want a follower, he wanted a partner, someone who would stand with him and look ahead with him towards their future, not stand behind him and gaze only at him, as if there was nothing else to look to.

The Dark Side wasn’t offering him love.

It was offering Jon the chance to be selfish.

“There come’s a time in every boy’s life when he becomes a man. What sort of man—”

“—is up to him.”

Jon brought his injured arm back to his chest, his heart filled with steely determination. There was nowhere to go and nowhere to hide.

If this was to be his final test, he would not fail.

“It’s time for you to leave.” Jon said, his voice strong and steady. He wasn’t speaking to Night King, but to the darkness that no longer had any place inside of him. “You are to go, and never return.” He lifted his chin. “I don’t need you to be the man I want to be.”
“You must kill the boy and let the man be born.”

The darkness within him wailed in anger, but Jon refused to listen to its words of enticement. He took a deep breath, breathing in everything that was good and pure in the Galaxy. With each exhale, he forced the Dark Side from his body.

Night King’s blue frost-bitten face pulled back with displeasure. “What did you say?” He demanded. His patience was beginning to wear thin.

Jon raised himself a bit higher onto the beam. “I am never going with you.” He swore, standing with as much courage and dignity that his broken body could muster. “Never.”

Night’s eyes blazed with fury. He raised his lightsaber towards Jon in an effort to intimidate him. “You are my son! You are coming with me!” He shouted.

“You may be my father, but you are not my dad.”

The Sith Lord reeled back, his teeth bared with displeasure.

“There comes a time in every boy’s life when he becomes a man. What sort of man, is up to him.” Jon loosened his grip. There was nothing below him for as far as his natural eye could see, but he knew he needed to take the leap. “It is time for me to kill the boy and let the man be born.”

Jon let go of the beam. He felt neither anger nor fear as he began to fall, but a deep sense of calm. The farther he got from the beam, the farther the dark energy became, until he could no longer see the small black spheres as they floated aimlessly around the shaft without their former host to latch onto.

Jon’s lips twitched into a smile, and a small giggle began to develop in the back on his throat.

“I did it.” He breathed out. He began to laugh uncontrollably, his eyes crinkling and hope swelling in his chest. “I did it!” Jon screamed louder. His voice vibrated off the metal walls that made up the shaft. “I defeated—Oh shit!”

Jon let out a pained gasp as his bruised body made direct contact with the shaft, a result of wind being allowed into the tunnel as part of its automatic cleaning process. Without warning a piece of the wall Jon slammed into opened, sucking him inside head first along with the waste the wind had collected.

“Well that was a freebie.” Jon muttered.

With what little energy that remained in his body, Jon closed his eyes and turned on his Force-sight. Finding the end of the garbage shoot, Jon realized that, unlike the Death Star, he and the rest of the toxic chemicals from the reactor shaft were going to deposited into Oakenshield’s cloudy atmosphere.

Jon pulled his arms into his sides as he slid down the shoot, bracing himself for his release. He would be deposited right above a long, T-shaped antenna that was connected to the floating city. If he was able to angle himself just so, he would be able to reach out and grab the rod with his good hand and sit on the narrow cross beam until he figured out his next course of action.

Jon let out a grunt as his legs made impact with the antenna first. He felt himself swing backwards. Without hesitation, Jon grabbed onto the part of the antenna that was attached to the city and pulled himself up. He wrapped his arm around the rod and situated his legs so that he was able to sit without much effort.
Closing his eyes, Jon began to reach out with the power of the Force.

“Bran.” He whispered, his voice carrying with the wind and his own energy. “Help me.”

Chapter End Notes

Jon did it! Also, I hope it all makes sense?? There are so many call-backs and flashbacks that I hope everyone understood what was going on, when it was the Dark Side as opposed to remembering something Jeor said, etc. I get it, but I also wrote it, so its not like me understanding what I was doing really means anything. Also, Jeor was never with Jon. He was truly on his own. Whenever he heard Jeor's voice, it was him recalling what was said, and not Jeor speaking to him via the Force like in previous chapters.

Please comment and let me know what you all think!

Have a fab day!
Caff Batter and Conversations

Chapter Notes

General Disclaimer: I am neither Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 47: Caff Batter and Conversations

"What do you think the hardest thing to do in life is Father?"

"Forgive, Bran. The hardest thing you will ever do in your life is learn how to forgive."

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“There he is!” Bran screamed. He pointed to a small figure in the distance.

Theon let out a low whistle. Harlawii’s were known for their good eye sight, and even though he was only half, Theon had been gifted with the gene.

“That’s Jon Mormont?” He asked a bit skeptically. “He looks like shit.”

Bran resisted the urge to Force push Theon out of the cockpit. First, because it would send him crashing into Pyp, who was standing behind him, and second… Bran couldn’t think of a second reason. He knew it should be because he was a Jedi and the Force should never be used for personal gain, but he currently wasn’t feeling very Jedi-like towards Theon, thus causing that particular argument to have no bearing on his decisions. Bran had trusted Theon, and Theon had betrayed them.

“You would too if you fought a battle against the second most dangerous person in the Galaxy. Oh wait, you’d be dead asshole.” Pyp growled. He moved to stand behind the captain’s chair, his fingers wiggling back and forth anxiously. “Fucking hell Della, can’t you fly a bit more delicately? The tie fighters have already been dealt with. We don’t want the wind from the engines to—”

“I know how to fly a ship, Pyp.” Della cut in. She kept a steady hand on the control. “I can’t handle your backseat driving right now. Either take over or keep your opinions to yourself.”

“I am trying to help.” Pyp’s one good eye widened as he tried to get a better look at Jon, whose body was becoming larger and more defined the closer they got to him. “And you know I can’t fucking fly. I can barely keep everything in focus. My head is fucking killing me and the whole crew is in pieces right now.”

Della sighed. “It’s fine. Just let Rys and I handle the flying, all right? As soon we pick up your friend you and everyone else are getting immediate medical attention. No arguments. You need your rest just like every—"
“No.” A deep and ragged voice said behind them. “Nobody is resting until we are safe in hyperspace.”

Bran and Pyp spun around to see Grenn leaning against the doorway to the cockpit. He was panting heavily, a hand was wrapped around Ghost’s collar. Nina stood behind him with an exasperated look on her young face. She was holding a huge box of medical supplies in her hands.

“I’m sorry Pyp. I tried to get him to stay put but he wouldn’t listen to me. He hopped on one leg the entire way here.” Nina shifted from one foot to the other due to the weight of the box. She narrowed her eyes at Ghost. “The puppy betrayed me.” She said in all seriousness.

Ghost angled his large nose towards the floor. He somehow managed to look contrite and not-at-all sorry at the same time.

“Ghost is not a puppy.” Green pointed out.

Pyp rolled his good eye. “Nina is six. Everything is a puppy to her.” He side-stepped Grenn and Ghost. Ruffling her curly hair, Pyp took the box of supplies and set it down on the floor before Nina fell over from the weight.

“Grenn, you need to rest.” Bran said gently. Grenn continuing to overexert himself wouldn’t do anyone any favors, least of all Grenn himself. “I know you want to help, but there is nothing you can do in your current state.”

“I am not sleeping until we are off this Galaxy-forsaken hell hole.” Grenn said stubbornly.

Pyp let out a tsk. “At least sit down then, mate.” He motioned for Ghost to get out of the way before placing himself under Grenn’s arm.

Using Pyp as a crutch, Grenn hobbled his way over to the open seat behind the captain’s chair. “What’s the situation? How close are we to being in hyperspace?”

“Wow. That guy looks like shit.” Rys interrupted before Pyp or Bran could respond to Grenn’s question. “Theon was right.”

“I told you so.” Theon smiled smugly.

Grenn cocked his head to the side. “Who looks like shit?”

Bran winced.

“Jon.” Both Bran and Pyp answered simultaneously.

Now mere feet away from their former teammate, everyone in the cockpit except for Grenn were able to see what Theon already had. Jon’s normally well-kept curly hair was damp with sweat and blood. It stuck to his grime covered face. There were dark bruises underneath his eyes from lack of sleep, his jacket and pants were ripped in various places, and his arm not holding onto the antennae…

Bran sucked in a breath.


“Well… Sort of.” Pyp hedged.

“Sort-of?!”
“Your friend is currently hanging on for his life on antennae underneath and outside the city. He is also missing his left hand.” Theon rubbed his chin. “Honestly I don’t think those things were built to hold dead weight like that. They are meant to keep things up, not have dead weight hanging of them. If we don’t hurry Jon might—”

“As always, thanks for your continued help, Theon.” Pyp interrupted tightly. He placed a finger onto the ship’s intercom. “Mya, get up here and get Grenn back into bed.”

“Hey, I told you—”

“Everyone who is sick or injured will be placed in my room. It is now the sick bay. You are going there, and you are staying.” Pyp’s tone brokered no room for argument. “Della hover the center of the ship until it is directly under Jon. Theon, Bran, and Ghost, come with me.”

Pyp spun on his hell and ran from the room. Bran quickly took off after him, followed by Theon and Ghost.

“Where are we going?” Theon asked.

“To the elevator shaft. It is connected to the ship’s air lock. We use it to go outside for repairs.” Pyp skidded to a halt. He turned the door handle to the elevator and slid it open. He grabbed Theon’s arm and pulled him into the tiny space. “You’re strong, right?” He looked Theon over critically.

“What the fuck kind of question is that?!?”

“The relevant kind.” Pyp placed a confused Theon onto the elevator dais and handed him a carabiner. “Connect yourself to the ship before you open the hatch so the wind from the planet doesn’t sweep you away once the airlock opens. Jon is going to let go of the antennae, and he is going to fall into your arms, and you are going to catch him and hold him as the elevator shaft carries you both into the ship. I swear to the fucking Galaxy if your arms so much as wobble I am going to throw you off this ship and let the Empire deal with your sorry ass. Understood?”

Theon flashed Pyp a charming smile. “You know, if you needed my help, all you had to do was ask.” He said cheekily.

Pyp pressed the button to send the elevator up towards the top of ship. “Go to hell, Theon.”

Bran watched Theon’s body disappear. He tapped his foot impatiently as he waited with bated breath to hear that Jon was safely back on the ship. Next to him, Ghost began to whine.

“It’s okay, boy.” Bran assured the direwolf. He gently patted his head. “Jon will be okay. You’ll see.”

“Bran, listen to me.” Pyp turned to look at Bran. His face serious. “There is a chance this is a trap. Jon may have succumbed to the Dark Side. Jon could be using our relationship with him to capture us for the Empire once more.”

Bran frowned. “Do you really think that’s possible? I don’t know Jon as well as the rest of you, but he seemed adamant that he would never lose the battle to the Dark Side.”

“Sansa was taken captive. There is no way Jon doesn’t know at this point.” The humming of the elevator stopped. Pyp and Bran listened to the opening of the hatch. “You saw Jon when Sansa announced he needed to return to the Rebellion. He lost it, and that was when she was safe with us. I want to believe Jon is stronger than all the shit he is struggling with but I…” Pyp swallowed. “A good leader protects his crew. I need you to feel with the Force if Jon has gone over to the Dark
Side. If he has, you can’t hesitate to do what is necessary to stop him.” Pyp looked Bran in the eye. “I know you are injured, and I know I am asking a lot, but I wouldn’t do so if I didn’t believe in your strength.” Pyp glanced down. “You too, Ghost. You stopped your master once from hurting Sansa. Can you stop him from hurting us as well?”

Bran opened and closed his mouth, unable to find the words to respond to Pyp’s declaration. Ghost let out a low whine but nevertheless nodded his head at Pyp.

The elevator hummed once more.

“If Jon has turned, you and Ghost hold him off for as long as possible. Theon and I will run to the cockpit. I was seal us all inside and send Mya to you for backup. I suspect her strength will be a huge asset.” Pyp returned his gaze to the elevator shaft. “Do I have your word, Bran?”

“I…” Bran’s heart pounded in his chest. He knew what he should say, what he had to say, but it hurt him to say anything. Jon was someone he respected. He didn’t want to fight him; he wanted to help him.

Bran took in Pyp’s steely determination, unable to fathom what it must be like for him to have ponder such a thing as fighting his friend. Bran squared his shoulders. If Pyp could bare the burden, then so could he. “I will, if the situation calls for it.”

The tension in Pyp’s shoulders eased slightly. “Good. Thank you.”

“You’re a good leader, Pyp.” Bran placed his only good arm onto Pyp’s shoulder. “You will see us back to the Rebellion. I know you will.”

Pyp blinked his one good eye quickly. He lightly patted Bran’s hand. “I never wanted to be a leader. The Empire, my parents, they all told me I would be nothing but a waste of talent.” He cleared his throat as Bran removed his arm. “I never knew that in order to lead, you needed to have a cause you were willing to fight for. I know that now.”

Bran nodded. The tops of Theon’s boots came into view. They were clean, polished, and fresh from the blood that stained the shoes Bran and the others left behind. It had been Bran’s blood that stained them. The blood Bran spilt because Theon sold them out to the Empire.

A small voice in Bran’s head reminded him Theon had also saved them, along with Mya and Pyp’s sisters.

Bran blocked out the voice, longing to speak with Master Jaime as he did so. Surely he would understand Bran’s hesitance to forgive Theon and wouldn’t judge him for feeling so conflicted.

“I’ve got him.” Theon’s voice called into the room once his knees and the tops of Jon’s dangling feet could be seen. “And, just so you know, I am more than strong enough to——”

“Show off to a creature who fucking cares!” Pyp called up. He lowered his voice. “All right, kid, do whatever it is you have to do. If something is wrong, act casual until we are out of the lift. I will take Theon away, and then you and Ghost do whatever is necessary to take hold of the situation.”

The elevator dais landed before Bran had a chance to respond. He closed his eyes, not wanting Jon’s pitiful state or his anger towards Theon to mess with senses.

Bran would never allow what he wanted to be true to cloud his judgement again.

He only had a split second make a decision regarding Jon. He reached out with the Force towards
Jon, stretching his senses for even the smallest bits of Dark Energy. If Jon was like Night King, Cersei, or even Ramsay, there wouldn’t only be darkness within him, but surrounding him as well, waiting to do his bidding.

Bran furrowed his brow minutely. There was deep anguish surrounding Jon. Hurt and confusion poured from his soul, but there was no Dark Side anywhere to be found.

Bran opened his eyes as quickly as he closed them. His breathing hitched. “Jon, did you?..” Bran trailed off, unable to finish the question and finding it hard to hope for the answer he desired.

Pyp’s shoulders immediately tensed back up, misinterpreting Bran’s shortness of breath for fear. He quickly eyed Bran and Ghost before leading everyone back into the hallway. The direwolf was whining from the sight of seeing Jon being held like a small youngling and trembling uncontrollably. His behavior only aided in Pyp’s confusion over the situation.

“Bran, why don’t you Force carry Jon back to his room? Give Theon’s arms a break.” Pyp suggested casually. “Ghost can stay with you.”

“Hey! My arms are doing just fine.” Theon argued. “I dare say I am a lot stronger than you and those tooth picks you are calling legs”

The ship rocked violently.

“We’ve picked up for more Tie fighters!” Rys’ panicked voice came through the speaker. “Have you got him? We need to get out of here as quickly and as possible!”

The ship rocked again.

“I need to some fucking back up on the cannons!” Mya shouted.

“Fuck!” Pyp cried. He walked up to Jon and grabbed both his cheeks between his hands. “Who the are you?!?” He demanded. His voice was laced with stress and thinly veiled panic. “Who the fuck are you?!”

Jon blinked. Once. Twice. It was as if the simple question held more weight than Pyp, Bran, Ghost, or even Theon could possibly understand.

“I am Jon Mormont.” Jon responded with emotion. He was using every bit of energy he had to speak clearly and without pause. “I am Jeor Mormont’s son. That’s who I am.”

Pyp placed a sloppy, brotherly kiss on Jon’s forehead. “Damn right you are!” He took off sprinting towards the cockpit. “That’s good enough for me! Bran, message me if you have any problems, and take Jon to the sick bay. I will meet you there once we get the jump to hyperspace.”

Theon shifted Jon’s weight in his arms. “Am I missing something?” He asked with a raised eyebrow.

Jon let out a small laugh. It sounded more like a wheeze. “Pyp is c-c-crazy.” He breathed out. His body began to shake a bit more violently. Bran suspected he was going into shock if he wasn’t there already. “Go… to the ‘ockpit. Help him.”

Bran frowned. He began to walk towards Pyp’s room, which they would have to pass the cockpit to get to. “I don’t think that is such a good idea, Jon.” Bran said slowly. “You are really injured and need immediate medical attention.”

“But… me. You.” Jon said. He tugged on Theon’s shirt to get him to stop in front of the entryway.
that led to the cockpit. “W—Wols’ood.” Jon took a deep breath. “Wolfswood!” He had half-shouted. “Davos and Jaime...there. Safe.” Jon closed his eyes. “Go-o there first.” Jon quickly rattled off the coordinates without pause before rolling his head onto Theon’s shoulder. His shoulders slumped and he became nothing more than dead weight.

Bran panicked. “Jon?!” He grabbed Jon’s wrist—he refused to let himself think about how it was Jon’s only wrist—and breathed a sigh of relief to feel Jon’s steady pulse beneath his fingertips. “Thank the Force.” He whispered. “Ghost, show Theon the way to Pyp’s room. I will go and tell the others to set the course to Wolfswood.”

“Got it.” Theon briefly glanced down at Bran’s arm. His eyes flashed with concern.

Bran resisted the urge to shield his injury away from Theon. It would take them several days to make the journey to Wolfswood. Bran didn’t want his pity; he didn’t want any creature’s pity. Theon’s look reminded him of the way creatures in Kings Landing would look at him when he and Jaime were still with the Empire. They didn’t see him but his brutally murdered family, just as Theon only saw his broken arm and not the emotional turmoil he experienced.

For the briefest of moments Bran wished he still had his old Inquisitor helmet to hide himself for the pitying stares of others.

Bran walked down the short tunnel that opened to the mapping and sitting room silently. He forced himself to push his feelings to the side. There would be plenty of time for a breakdown later—Bran was positive one was brewing for all of them—but if everyone else could compartmentalize their feelings for the task at hand, so could he.

Walking past the booth where he had spent long evenings playing dejarik with Sansa, Grenn, and Pyp, Bran walked into the cockpit. All around him was chaos. The ship exited Oakenshield’s atmosphere, only to be welcomed by Night King’s Star Destroyer. The Night’s Watch pulsed up sharply to avoid a head on collision with two incoming tie fighters.

“This is starting to feel fucking familiar.” Pyp growled. He was standing in between Della and Rys, his knuckles grasping each chair so tightly they were white. “Rys! We need the jump to hyperspace NOW!”

“I’m trying!” Rys cried. She had the book opened in one hand while the other was on top of the swivel ball that manned the dorsal cannon. “You haven’t even told me where to go yet!”

“Fucking anywhere!” Pyp replied. “I would do it myself but everything is beginning to appear in groups of three.”

“There is a place in the outer rim territories that doesn’t have a huge Empirical presence due to Khal Drogo. We can go there.” Della offered before Bran had a chance to tell them about Wolfswood.

Pyp sucked in his lips. “Well...”

“Well what?” Della challenged. She navigated the ship to the right and increased their throttle. “Mya, take care of the two tie’s in front of us. I need open space for the jump.” She commanded into the speaker.

Pyp rubbed the back of his neck. “The thing is, we aren’t exactly on the best of terms with Khal Drogo or his wife at the moment.” He said sheepishly.

“You have got to be fucking kidding me.” Rys scoffed. She had one eye on the manual and another on the window in front of her.
“It’s not my fault Jon is a sexy man beast who dropped their cargo!” Pyp cried. “I mean, Sansa did go all Force mind-powers on the wife who seemed a bit obsessed with him so maybe it will be okay? It’s hard to remember it all when the wife was basically all breasts in the face and then Sansa was half naked coming out of the air shaft and kicking ass and I was trying really hard not to look because you know I would never objectify women but seriously her boobs were like right there and I —”

“Pyp!” Three voices cried in unison.

Pyp raised in hands in surrender. “I’m sorry! Women are angels and I will never look at another pair of—”

“Save it for later!” Rys interrupted. “And tell me where to go!”

Della let out a whoop as Mya took out one of the Tie fighters. Rys continued to press down on the orb, her focus now completely on the tactical screen. There was no way she would be able to put them into hyperspace and shoot at the same time.

Bran scooted himself in between the copilot’s chair and the wall.

“What the hell are you doing?!” Rys asked indignantly. The space was cramped, and she was forced to come to the side of her seat to accommodate his presence.

“Getting us the jump to hyperspace.” Bran began to put in the coordinates to their destination. He ignored the severe glare Rys was sending him. “Focus on your aim. I will take care of the rest.”

“I can do both.” Rys said with annoyance in her voice. “You don’t even know where to go.”

“Wolfswood.” Bran said calmly. “Master Jaime and Davos are there. Jon left them to come and help us. When we need to get them before returning to the Rebellion.”

“Watch it!” Rys warned after Bran accidently elbowed her in the shoulder. “I can’t shoot with you blocking the screen.”

“You aren’t shooting anything anyway.” Bran replied curtly. His patience was beginning to wear thin due to the high stress of the situation.

“Yes, I am.”

“No, you aren’t.”

“Yes, I am.”

“No, you—”

Three warning pings went out.

“I don’t care where we are going but make it happen now!” Pyp commanded. “We’ve got seconds before we are completely bombarded by the rest of the fleet.”

Bran pushed down on the hyperdrive switch to lock in their coordinates. He threw himself over Rys and pulled down on the throttle to begin their jump. “Punch it!”

Della pulled back on the controls without a second’s pause. The speed of the jump caused Bran to push back into Rys while Pyp braced himself between the two chairs. Bran willed the blue light of the hyperspace lane to appear.
“Work… work…” He whispered.

Blue lights zoomed past the ship.

“We fucking did it!” Pyp cried. He righted himself before throwing his arms around his older sister. “Della you were fucking brilliant!” He kissed the top of Della’s head before lightly punching Rys in the shoulder. “You too Rys!”

Bran let out a deliriously happy laugh.

They were safe.

The Empire couldn’t get to them now.

“You can get off me now.”

Bran choked on his next laugh. He’d been so intent on seeing the blue lanes of hyperspace he hadn’t realized he was now sitting across Rys’ lap. Bran turned his head only to realize his face inches was inches from hers. He was close enough to make out each individual brown freckle from the hundreds scattered along her face. Every inch or so a small dot tattoo, the same bright yellow as Pyp’s, mixed with her freckles along the apples of her cheeks. Her skin was the same light brown as Pyp’s, but her eyes were a striking, vibrant green that reminded Bran of the color of pine needles found on trees native to Winterfell.

“Right. Sorry.” Bran coughed out. He braced himself on the control panel and began to wiggle as best he could off Rys and back onto his feet again. It was difficult considering he only had one arm available to him.

The movement caused Bran to be hyper-aware of the pain in his head which he had been forcing himself to ignore up until that moment.

“Hey, are you okay?” Rys asked as Bran’s breathing became shallow.

Bran’s hand began to shake and he felt sweat pooling at his brow. “I…” He trailed off. Giving up trying to stand, Bran grabbed at his forehead, struggling to remain alert and focused.

Had his head always felt this terrible?

Had there always been this throbbing sensation in his damaged arm?

Had his knees always felt this wobbly?

Bran couldn’t remember. All he knew for certain was that his eyelids were feeling heavy and sleep sound like a good idea.

The last thing Bran heard was the panicked cries of those around him as he succumbed to his body’s desire.

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Bran slowly and gently blinked opened his eyes. They were tired and stung from having his lens correctors in for days. The room itself was dark save for a small blue light coming from the desk on the opposite end of the wall. He gently turned his head one way and then the other. He was in Pyp’s room, or rather, the ship’s sick bay. Grenn and Jon were sleeping on the twin beds, Pyp was placed in the middle, and Bran was placed perpendicular to them with his feet pointing to the door. Both
Bran and Pyp were laying on mattress’s that had been brought into the room.

Bran felt along his injured arm. On top of his cut was a long strip of bacta. Bran swallowed down his despair. He wasn’t stupid; he knew the bacta patch could only do so much. He needed surgery to repair the damage. Every minute he went without it was another minute his chances of amputation went up. And, if that did happen, what right did Bran have to even complain about such a thing? Grenn was blind, Pyp was missing fingers, and Jon no longer had one of his hands. A small part of Bran hoped that he did lose his arm. That way he wouldn’t have to live with the guilt of being saved when standing next to Grenn and Jon.

Gently removing the blankets from his body, Bran was startled to find himself mostly naked save for a pair of underwear. His body was clean and free from blood. Bran ran his hand through his hair to find it fresh and washed. He furrowed his brow as his mind struggled to recall just how he had gotten cleaned and bandaged. Everything was hazy. The only thing Bran remembered with certainty was being carried to the bathroom and someone taking off his clothes and helping him get into a large make-shift bathtub with lukewarm water. He reasoned he must have also been given something for the pain in his head as it no longer ached like before. Bran was also pretty sure he had been woken up several times to drink water and use the refresher, but the memories were cloudy at best, and he wondered if such things had merely been a part of his dreams.

Bran cautiously swung his legs over the edge of the mattress. He didn’t feel dizzy as stood but he could tell that his body was weak. He needed food and water, but not before taking a trip to the refresher to relieve himself and take out his lens correctors. Bran smiled as Ghost lifted his head from Jon’s mattress. He was sleeping at the foot of Jon’s bed and Bran’s movements had awoken him. He made to jump off the bed and come to Bran’s aid, but Bran raised his hand to stop him. While he could use the direwolf’s assistance, Ghost had been parted from Jon for months, and Bran didn’t want to break them apart.

Bran shuffled himself across the cold floor. His feet barely left the surface, and he kept one hand on the wall to brace himself. It hurt to stand straight so he stayed hunched over. After using the refresher—he gave up trying to take out his lens correctors when he realized he needed both hands—Bran made the seemingly never-ending journey to the kitchen.

The light was already on when Bran arrived. “Hello?” He asked. “Is anyone in here?”

A small crash followed by a frightened scream filled the space. A cloud of white powder rose up from behind the counter.

Bran shuffled his way towards the counter. “Sorry.” He coughed, breathing in what smelled like flour. “I didn’t mean to frighten…” Bran trailed off as a head of curly brown hair covered in specks of white came into view. “You.” He finished a bit lamely.

Rys cleared her throat. “It’s okay.” She said with a wave of her hand. “I was just going to make a caff cake for Pyp when he wakes up. The ship has all the ingredients and it is his favorite.” Rys grabbed the broom off the hook and began to clean up the mess. “I haven’t seen or spoken to Pyp in a very long time. I wanted him to know I still thought about him even when he was gone.” Her green eyes became wide and she looked up at Bran, slightly panicked. “I don’t have to, of course. This is your ship and your food. Its probably a stupid idea anyway to waste our supplies on something so frivolous.”

“I think it’s nice.” Bran said honestly. “Most of my family is—” Bran cut himself off. He coughed again, but this time it wasn’t from the smell of flour. “Well, you probably know all about me and my family.” He rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly, suddenly hyper aware that he had no clothes on. He fought to keep a blush from forming along his cheeks before it began to travel down his neck.
and onto his chest. Bran cleared his throat. “Anyway, I, uh, felt the same way when I found out Sansa is my sister.”

“The Jedi that Ramsay took is your sister?”

“Yes.” Bran confirmed. He dropped his arm to his side once he realized that rubbing his neck could also be interpreted as him trying to show off his nonexistent muscles. He had seen Grenn do the same thing once in front of a mirror, and then been sworn to secrecy to never tell anyone what he saw. “When the hyperdrive broke and we, uh, got separated from the Rebellion, Sansa was devastated. We all were. I wanted to do something nice for her, but I couldn’t cook or bake, so I, uh, I had Pyp and Grenn teach me a few things.” The corners of Bran’s lips twitched into a smile. “The first dinner I, uh, made for her and the rest of the guys was decent at best. But, uh, she still appreciated the gesture. Pyp is one of the best creatures I have ever met. I know he will be, uh, grateful that you made it for him.”

“You think so?” Rys’ eyes turned hopeful.

“I, uh, do.” Bran said, feeling more than a little tongue tied as he stared into her green eyes.

Rys raised an eyebrow. “You sure do say ‘uh’ a lot.”

Bran coughed for a third time before swearing it would be his last time. “I’m really hungry. It must be, u—” Bran cut himself off before he sounded like an idiot again. He smiled sheepishly, wishing to the Galaxy he at least had on a shirt. “I just need some food, I think.”

Rys gave him a little nod. She gestured to the kitchen’s booth-like table. “Della made some soup for whenever you woke.” Rys took out a saucepan and set it on the stove. She clicked on the burner and began to pour a small amount of soup into the bowl. “It should take only a few minutes to heat up. Would you like a slice of bread while you wait and a glass of water?”

“Yes, please.” Bran watched her move around the kitchen with confidence. “How long have I been asleep for?”

Rys sat the water and slice of bread down in front of him. “Three days.” She answered easily.

Bran winced. “Probably.” He mentally thanked the Force he had been spared from such embarrassment after his ‘uh’ performance a few moments ago.

Rys opened the ice box. She took out a large plastic container and set it onto the counter. “Della made some soup for whenever you woke.” Rys took out a saucepan and set it on the stove. She clicked on the burner and began to pour a small amount of soup into the bowl. “It should take only a few minutes to heat up. Would you like a slice of bread while you wait and a glass of water?”

“Yes, please.” Bran watched her move around the kitchen with confidence. “How long have I been asleep for?”

Rys sat the water and slice of bread down in front of him. “Three days.” She answered easily.

Bran’s eyes turned as wide as saucers. “What?!?” He asked in shock. “How is that even possible?”

Rys frowned. “You guys are all seriously injured.” She looked toward the door as if she expected Pyp, Grenn, or Jon to walk through now that Bran was awake. “Jon kept waking up on the first day screaming about the pain in his wrist. He would also cry out for his dad, begging for him to come and speak with him. It always ended with him promising Sansa he would save her. It was horrible.” Rys sniffled. “Grenn kept trying to scratch his eyes. We removed the bandages because they were filthy, but we didn’t know why they were there to begin with and didn’t replace
the ones on his hands because there were no injuries there. We realized it when he kept tearing the
bandages off his eyes and scratched his lids raw.” Rys turned away from the door. She walked back
to the oven and stirred Bran’s soup. “They have both been on steady doses of poppy milk so they
can sleep and allow their wounds can heal without interruption.”

Bran quietly watched as Rys ladled the warm soup into a bowl. What she described was horrifying.
Bran was not unused to such experiences due to his time as an Inquisitor and visiting the battlefield
with Master Jaime, but he suspected Rys had never had to endure such things. His heart went out to
her.

“I’m sorry you had to go through that.” He said quietly as Rys brought his food to him. He dipped
his spoon into the soup and blew on it. “Before my family was murdered, my brother, sister and I
would fantasize about running off and joining the Rebellion. We thought it would be amazing to join
the cause and fight against the Empire. We imagined we were heroes bringing justice to the Galaxy.”
Bran swallowed the soup. It was delicious, filled with root vegetables and freshly made noodles.
“We were naïve to believe such things. The cause of the Rebellion is just, but what we have to do to
achieve freedom from the Empire’s tyrannical rule is more difficult than I ever imagined.”

Rys began to pour the wet ingredients for the caff cake into a mixing bowl. “Theon told us about
how you grew up together. He took care of you the entire time you were sleeping.”

Bran snorted into his soup. “I’ll bet.” He ground out in between his teeth. “Did he also tell you how
he is the reason we are in this mess? Grenn is blind and Sansa is little more than a trophy for a
madman all because Theon didn’t see fit to warn us away from danger.” Bran took another sip of
soup. He barely tasted the flavor.

Rys’ brows pinched together. She started to add the wet ingredients to the dry ingredients, mixing
them together methodically until the batter was the desired consistency.

The silence between them was heavy. Not because things were awkward between them—Bran
seriously hoped the most embarrassing things he would every do in front of her was accidently
passing out on her lap and saying ‘uh’ more than was necessary—but because Bran was stewing in
anger.

Bran finished the last of his soup at the same time Rys placed the cake into the oven. She took the
wooden spoon she had used to mix the batter and scooped along the walls of the mixing bowl.
Picking up the bowl, she grabbed another spoon.

Rys walked over to the table and sat down across from Bran. “Want some?” She offered Bran the
spoon covered in caff cake batter. “I’m sure you probably aren’t supposed to eat it, but…” Rys
shrugged. “Does it really matter if you have a bit of raw batter at this point? Besides, sweets always
make me feel better when I feel terrible. I ate a whole container of blue milk ice cream when we got
the news about the Death Star exploding and Pyp being dead, and then I ate another one when I
found out he was alive and my parents had hidden it from me and my sisters.”

Bran licked the batter off the spoon. It was delicious and he didn’t hesitate to tell her so.

Small spots of pink appeared on Rys’ cheeks. “Thanks.”

Bran thought she looked like a painting with all the different colors and dots swirling around her
face. He forced himself to pay attention to his spoon. He wanted to ask her about her parents and
sisters but kept his curiosity to himself. He didn’t always feel comfortable discussing his own family
with people he didn’t know and wanted to show her the same kindness he wished certain creatures
had shown him over the years.
“Dad and Mom aren’t bad creatures. I don’t want you think they are.”

Bran raised his eyes to look at Rys once more. Her face looked so earnest and her green eyes were pleading with him to understand a situation Bran didn’t really know a lot about. Pyp never spoke about his family; Bran didn’t even know if he had more sister’s than the ones currently on the ship.

“I didn’t think they were.” Bran said slowly. He was unsure if she was subtly hinting for him to ask her about her family or simply speaking out loud. He decided to error on the side of caution and stick to his earlier resolution to not ask any questions. If Rys was anything like Pyp, she would speak what she was thinking and feeling without any prompting from him.

“Did Pyp ever tell you that our family is wealthy? Like, really wealthy?” Rys asked.

Bran shook his head. He was happy to find doing so no longer caused him to feel dizzy or nauseated thanks to the soup and water he consumed.

Rys scooted the mixing bowl towards the middle of the table. “Dad and Mom and extremely loyal to the Empire. They never really told us why we were no longer able to speak with him after he was transferred from his flying position to ship maintenance on Ramsay’s Star Destroyer, but it didn’t take a genius to figure it out.” Rys rolled her eyes. “We are all good flyers, but Pyp is insanely good. They took a lot of pride in that and it hurt them when he didn’t live up to his potential. We all assumed they were disappointed in him and were punishing him by cutting him off from us for a time to try and inspire him to become a pilot again. None of us liked it, but we were kids still living at home, so what could we do?” Rys reached over to the middle of the table and scooped up some batter for herself. “Dad and Mom were devastated when the Death Star blew up, especially Dad. In a way he felt like it was his fault for not raising Pyp to take life and its responsibilities more seriously. Dad taught private flight lessons and Mom was a teacher at the Flight Academy on Starfall. They threw themselves into their work after Pyp’s supposed death. They wanted to produce the best flyers possible to stop the Rebellion and end the war to avenge Pyp’s supposed death.”

Bran hummed. He watched Rys lick the spoon clean of batter. Feeling like he should say something, but not wanting to upset her, Bran decided on what he felt like was a safe question that she would probably answer on her own without any prompting from him.

“How did you find out Pyp was alive?”

Rys’ full lips turned into a thing straight line. “Just because my parents aren’t bad people, doesn’t mean they don’t make fucking shitty decisions.” She said with just a touch of hurt in her voice.

Bran winced internally, his effort to ask Rys something that would not upset her failing spectacularly. “I’m sorry.” He said quickly. “I didn’t mean to—”

Rys tugged at the ends of her curly hair. “It’s fine.” She interrupted. She sat her spoon down and leaned back into the chair. “Mom is good friends with the editor-and-chief of the Starfall Empirical Times. They are the ones that post the wanted posters for the planet. Due to their friendship, the editor told my Mom that not only was Pyp alive, but he was aligned with the Rebellion that both her and Dad hated so much. In an effort to keep Pyp’s defection a secret, Mom and Dad paid her friend and the paper an enormous amount of credits to keep the news from coming out. Everybody on Starfall, including my sisters currently living at home, think Pyp is still dead. Only Della and my other sister Merry who flies for the Empire know the truth.”

“How did you discover the truth about Pyp?”

The corner of Rys’ lips turned slowly turned into a smile. Her green eyes sparkled with the
anticipation of telling Bran a secret. “I’m a member of the underground Rebellion movement on Starfall.”

Bran’s mouth opened in shock. “Wh—what?” He stammered. He supposed it made sense considering she and her sisters had come to Oakenshield to save Pyp, but Bran thought they had done so solely for their brother and not for the cause he belonged to.

Rys beamed. “Really, really.” She confirmed.

It reminded Bran of when Pyp would say ‘roger, roger’.

“There was this guy a school who was ridiculously popular. We ran in the same social circles but were never really friends. One day, a few months after the defeat of the Death Star, Brake started to sit next to me in shop class. He never really said anything to raise my suspicions he was being anything other than friendly. He would ask how I was doing, how my family and I were holding up after Pyp’s death, what projects I was working on… normal stuff. Every so often he would make a joke about the Empire. It was nothing that could be considered rebellious but could raise suspicion if heard by creatures who didn’t know him. I didn’t realize until later Brake was testing me. He wanted to see if I would tell on him or if I would correct him. When he realized I was trustworthy and more apathetic towards the Empire than loving of it, he asked me if I wanted to come to a party with him and his boyfriend. Only, it wasn’t a party, but a gathering of Rebellion sympathizers who would listen to either Yohn Royce, Tyrion Waters, or even Stannis Baratheon’s messages to those in the Galaxy who wished to join them and what they could do to help the cause on their own planet. It was at that very meeting Brake showed me Pyp’s wanted poster and told me what my parents had done to keep the information from me. After that I swore I would do everything I could to help my brother not die a second time. Even if everyone else in my family abandoned him, I wouldn’t.”

“Why do you think your parents did that?”

The smile slowly left Rys’ face. “I don’t know. I was so angry when I went home. Over the next few days I barely spoke to my parents. I claimed it was from stress at school and they either believed me or decided it wasn’t important enough to press the issue.” Her green eyes locked with Bran’s. “What I do know is creatures can sometimes make poor or incorrect decisions to protect themselves. I also know creatures will make poor or incorrect decisions in their effort to protect others and try to save them. I want my parents to be the second one, but, deep down, I am afraid they are the first.”

Bran ran his fingers through his bed-rumpled hair. “Master Jaime lied to me for years. I believed he was loyal to his sister and the Empire, but he wasn’t. A conversation he had with my mom and her subsequent beheading changed him. He was a secret informant to the Rebellion for years and I never knew. He kept everything from me to protect me. He feared if he was discovered I would be punished as well. Master Jaime wanted me to be able to honestly say I had no idea of his deception.” Bran’s eyebrows knit together and he let out a hollow laugh. “I kept things from his as well. Only, unlike Master Jaime doing so to protect me, I did it to protect myself because I didn’t think I could trust him. I never told him about my Force visions, or the beatings Ramsay gave me, or the Dark Side’s manipulations of who I thought I was. I never said anything until it became too much. I begged him to kill me, but he refused, because he loved me like a son.”

Bran blinked back tears. He didn’t know if Rys had brought up the topic of her parents because of his situation with Theon or because she simply needed someone to talk to who was outside her situation, but what she said about the reason’s creatures made decisions affected him.

“In my head, I know Theon made the right choice. None of us would have been able to forgive ourselves if Oakenshield had burned to ash because he warned us of the Empire’s presence. But a part of me still hates him because he was like my brother and he lied to me.” Bran let out a small sob.
“He lied and now Grenn is blind and Sansa is gone and Pyp doesn’t have all his fingers and I may never use my arm again and it just hurts.” Bran clutched his arm to his bare chest. “It’s hurts that I wasn’t important enough for him to chose me over the lives of everyone else. Master Jaime chose me, and he barely knew me. How can I ever reconcile what he did and what Theon did after being raised as my own brother for years?” He placed his head in his hand and let his tears flow freely. “It hurts so much.”

Rys stood from the table. She went to the small pantry and grabbed a fresh dish towel. She handed it to Bran before patting him on the back awkwardly. “Creatures crying makes me uncomfortable.” She explained. “But I think you should cry as much as you want until you feel better.” She gave him two more taps on the back that were a bit too hard to be considered soothing. “You just… do what you need to do.”

Bran nodded his head.

He cried for Grenn who could no longer see.

He cried for Pyp and his missing fingers.

He cried for Jon and the hell he most likely endured at the hands of Night King.

He cried for Sansa and the horror she must have felt before her body was frozen in carbonite.

Most of all, Bran cried for himself. He cried for the youngling he was once was and the horrors he had endured to become the creature he was now. He cried for his father who would never see the man Bran became with each passing day. He cried for his brothers who would never know Bran joined the Rebellion just like they had always dreamed. He cried for his mother who never knew that her last plea to a man she didn’t trust would save her son’s life. He cried for the relationship he could have had with Master Jaime from the beginning if only they had trusted each other in the beginning.

He cried because, deep down, he knew that if he had been in Theon’s position, he would have done the same thing.

And, finally, Bran cried because he knew that forgiveness, while difficult, was the correct thing to do.

Bran took a few, deep cleansing breaths once he felt he had no more tears to give. “Thanks.” He said softly. He looked at Rys who was still standing next to him. Thankfully, she had stopped the unpleasant whacks to his back. “I—”

“We should be in Wolfswood’s atmosphere in sixteen hours.” A feminine voice said.

“Your brother wasn’t lying when he said this hunk of metal was fast.” Theon responded. He sounded tired.

“The sooner we get to Wolfswood, the sooner we can get Bran’s arm the help it needs. I only hope we aren’t too late for—”

Theon cut himself off as he and Della walked into the room. His eyes widened with shock when he saw Bran awake and sitting at the table.

“Rys! Have you made another boy cry, again?” Della reprimanded once she took in Bran’s red eyes and tear stained cheeks. “Now is not that time for that kind of behavior!”
Theon took a half step towards Bran before halting. Bran could see Theon wanted to come over and comfort him, but he was restraining himself, unsure of how Bran would react towards him.

“I didn’t make Bran cry!” Rys responded indignantly. “It just happened!”

The oven beeped, putting a halt to the possibility of the sisters fighting. Rys walked over to the oven and took out the cake.

“Perfect!” She declared happily. She motioned for Della to come over to look at her creation. “Just like Mom makes at home.”

The sisters began to reminisce over memories of eating caff cake, ignoring the awkward tension between Bran and Theon.

“Are—are you feeling all right?” Theon asked timidly. “It’s about time for your next round of pain meds. We can go down to walla walla tablets if you are feeling better and don’t need something as strong as poppy milk. Or you can keep using poppy, if you like.”

Bran considered Theon. There were smudges under his eyes from lack of sleep and his hair lacked its normal shine.

“He took care of you the entire time you were sleeping.”

Bran sighed. He wasn’t ready to forgive Theon—it would take time—but he was ready to try and repair some of the damage to their relationship.

“Actually, I think I would like to shower first before I take my medicine.” Bran started to shuffle towards him. “Can you help me walk to the refresher and grab a clean pair of clothes for me?” Bran’s eyes flitted to Rys and her sparkling green eyes. “I don’t want walk around practically naked.”

Theon grinned hesitantly. He held out his arm for Bran to take and led him out of the room. “Of course. I’ll help you for as long as you need it.”

“I know.” Bran said. He gave Theon a small and hopeful smile. “I know.”
This chapter was difficult. I originally wrote the entire thing from Pyp's perspective, hated it, and rewrote it from Bran's perspective while scrapping 90% of the original. While writing the new chapter I kept debating on whether or not I should just give up and abandon the story completely. This story has never been big with comments, but it was depressing that there was virtually no response on the last chapter after I spent so many hours on it and felt like it was one of my best chapters yet. Even yesterday when I started to edit I was unsure if I would even post what I had written. But, as I sat reading the chapter, I found myself falling in love with my story and characters all over again and felt compelled to give them the ending they deserve. If anyone is still out and there and reading this, I hope you enjoy what is now the beginning of the end. Chapter 47 marks the end of Empire and the next section starts with two arcs in between now and Return of the Jedi. The first will be a small group of rebels going and trying to find Arya, and the second will be Jon's lightsaber. Return of the Jedi will begin with the Battle of the Bastards and saving Sansa.

Thank you to all who read this story.

Hannah
Chapter Notes

Thank you all for your comments, kudos, hits, and well wishes last chapter!

I wrote this one, then rewrote 90% of it while editing. I think it is better???

Also, this chapter marks a slight change in format. While I normally have each chapter from one POV, there will now be a few with several POV characters. There is just too much going on, and we will need to check in with some characters for a few things, but not for enough time that it would warrant a whole chapter. It will most likely be this way until the end.

General Disclaimer; I am not Martin, Lucas, or Filoni, nor am I Sylvester Stallone (you'll see)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 48: How Hard You Can Get Hit

“Nan! Nan!” Tyrion cried. He ran towards her, not caring if he was drawing attention. Everyone on Wall knew he was a Jedi. If they couldn’t be trusted with that sort of information, Ned Stark wouldn’t have brought him here, and Mance Rayder certainly wouldn’t have let him stay.

“Tyrion!” Nan cried. She let out a small sob as she fell to her knees before him. “I thought I would never see anyone again.”

Tyrion reached out his arms to embrace her. Normally he wouldn’t hug any creature regardless of the circumstances, but Nan had been a fixture at the Jedi Temple on Kings Landing since before he was a youngling. He grew close to her during his time at the nursery and always made sure to visit whenever his schedule allowed.

A small cry stopped Tyrion from wrapping his arms around her. Nan smiled at him nervously, revealing a small babe that was nestled against her chest with a sling under her thick winter cloak.

“You… had a baby?” Tyrion asked in disbelief.

Nana chuckled softly. “She isn’t mine. During the attack, I was on the roof with her.” Nan gently took the infant out of her sling and cooed softly. “I think she is special, Tyrion. She was restless for hours leading up to the attack. She felt what was going to happen, I know it.” Nan smiled. “She saved us.”

Nan offered the baby to Tyrion. He took her cautiously, having not held such a small creature in a long while.

The little girl was adorable. She had tufts of red hair on the crown of her head, rosy cheeks, and
long, thick lashes. She opened her eyes to look at him, scrunching her face as she took in his scruffy appearance.

“What is her name?” Tyrion asked softly.

“Sansa.” Nan said. She rubbed a finger against the baby’s cheek. “Her name is Sansa.”

“Would you stop shifting around? You are making me nervous.”

Tyrion scowled. He stared resolutely forward. The Rebellion headquarters were located underground in the icy caves of Frozen Shore. A huge camouflaged door built into one of the planet’s many mountains connected the outside of the planet with the docking bay.

“If you think tapping your fingers against your thigh has gone unnoticed, it hasn’t.” Tyrion bit back. He felt a bit like a youngling with his petulant response, but it was hard to care.

It felt good to get angry. Anger was a safer emotion than the dread swirling around his heart like a vice.

Bronn snorted. “At least what I am doing is subtle. Every creature on the platform can see you are nervous. You are a leader of the Rebellion. Act like it.”

Tyrion opened his mouth for a firm and swift rebuttal laced with enough curse words to make even the most seasoned of creature’s blush.

“Will you both stop it?” Sam cut in before Tyrion and Bran could really get going. Sam was also fidgeting, but unlike Tyrion’s shifting weight or Bronn’s tapping fingers he was switching between having his hands either clasped in front of or behind him. “Something is really wrong and your petty bickering isn’t helping any of our stress levels.”

“Agreed.” Gilly muttered. Her eyes roamed along the skyline as she looked for The Night’s Watch. “The ship will be here any second and I don’t want Sansa’s first image of us to be breaking up a damn shouting match between her Master and her Uncle.”

“If Sansa is with them.” Willas said grimly. “Davos never mentioned her once when the call came through; hell, he never mentioned anyone. All he said was Crow Squadron was caught up in the Empirical takeover on Oakenshield and there were heavy injuries on their side. He didn’t even say why he, Jon, and Jaime were with them to begin with.”

“He didn’t mention casualties. That has to mean something, right?” Sam said hopefully. He looked towards the others for confirmation but nobody returned his gaze; everyone was too busy looking for the ship.

“Everything is going to be fine.” Gilly whispered. Tyrion didn’t know who she was trying to convince. “It just has to be.”

Tyrion didn’t have the heart to tell Gilly she was probably wrong. He may be a cynical ass some of the time—most of the time—but he liked Gilly and didn’t see any point in hurting her when she would soon be forced to face the truth. He burrowed deeper into the fur coat Sansa made him. Living on Wall for years had acclimated Tyrion to frigid temperatures, but he still felt the chill of the frosty air deep down in his bones.

Something was very, very wrong.
Tyrion hadn’t been on duty when the call from Davos came in saying his group had rendezvoused with Crow Squadron and were need of immediate medical attention the second they landed. Willas had taken the call, having been in the control room at the time looking over current Empirical flight patterns they had received from one of the Rebellion’s contacts within the Empire. He had immediately ran to Tyrion to tell relay the news. Tyrion had made Willas tell him everything twice before cursing Davos for not being more forthcoming. A deep feeling of foreboding had begun as soon as he dismissed Willas. It continued to grow larger the longer he waited no matter how much Tyrion tried to tamp it down.

Tyrion shifted to his right foot and then his left. “Sorry.” He said a bit sheepishly when Bronn looked down at him sharply. “I’m not good at waiting. You know that.” He rolled his shoulders a few times to try and ease some of the tension that had been a permanent fixture since his conversation with Willas. “I just…” Tyrion sighed. “I have a bad feeling about this.”

“We all do.” Gilly responded. “It doesn’t help that we haven’t heard anything from either group in months. One them could already be—”

“Don’t, Gilly.” Sam said gently. He placed an arm around her shoulders. Gilly leaned into his chest, welcoming the gesture. “If we keep going through all the what-if’s we will make ourselves sick. Whatever happened, we will face it to—”

“There they are!” Willas shouted. He pointed his finger up and to the right. “The ship looks okay. That’s a good sign, isn’t it?”

“Tyrion’s ship isn’t with them.” Bronn pointed out. He bounced up and down on the balls of his feet. “That isn’t a good sign.”

Tyrion didn’t respond. He didn’t give a damn about his ship.

It was replaceable.

Sansa was not.

Doc’s Luwin, Targaryen, and Wolkan proceeded to shout orders to the med droids the more the ship came into view. The droids readied their stretchers. Sam should have been with them, but despite his stoic façade, Tyrion could feel his nervousness. It was more comfortable for him to stand with those he had befriended during his medical training.

Tyrion held his breath as The Nights Watch dropped its landing gear. The ship was the proper distance away from the creatures on the landing bay, but close enough for those with good vision to see into the cockpit.

The door to the bay closed with an ominous echo.

“Who is that flying the ship?” Bronn asked anxiously. “I have never seen her before.”

“She looks familiar.” Willas cocked his head to the side as he studied the young woman’s tan skin, yellow facial tattoos, and purple hair. “I think we were in the Academy together, but I can’t place her. She might have been a year or two over me.”

“More defectors, you think?” Sam asked.

“It wouldn’t be a bad thing if there were more.” Gilly untucked herself from Sam’s side, prepared to run with the rest of them once the ship’s loading ramp was put down. “Maybe we could make some vids with you all and inspire others to leave to as well.”
“Maybe.” Willas hedged. He didn’t sound as convinced as Gilly about the idea. “I never finished flight school before I defected, but I know she did. Creatures in the Rebellion accept me because I never fought for the Empire but accepting those who did is a whole different story.” He gently nudged Sam in the shoulder. “No offense.”

“None taken.” Sam said honestly. “I don’t mind a select few knowing about Pyp, Grenn, and myself; makes life easier. Jaime faced a ton of shit before he—”

Tyrion took in a sharp breath as the ship’s loading ramp began to fold down. He didn’t bother waiting for it to touch the ground before he began to sprint towards The Night’s Watch. Every creature and droid standing with him quickly followed his movements. Despite being the shortest in the group, Tyrion wielded the Force. He used it to move his legs at such a pace that they looked like nothing more than a blur. It was something his own Master taught him to do so many years ago to help Tyrion never feel like he was at a disadvantage because of his small stature.

“Medic!” The voice of Jaime Lannister screamed. “We need a fucking medic!” He jumped down the ramp before turning around and levitating an unconscious and ashy looking Jon Mormont off the ship and onto the nearest stretcher.

Jon’s direwolf Ghost let out a small growl the moment Doc Targaryen and his accompanying med droids tried to examine him.

“It’s okay, boy.” Sam said gently, coming to their aid. He placed his palms up and silently instructed everyone around him to do the same. “We just want to help him. You will let us, won’t you?”

Ghost carefully sniffed each one of them. Once he determined they were no threat to Jon, he sat at attention not to Jon’s stretcher while Jaime quickly rattled off his many injuries that bacta had not been able to heal.

Tyrion’s heart rate sped up as his mind caught up with what he was seeing. If Jon was seriously injured than Sansa would have refused to leave his side. Wouldn’t she?

“Sansa!” He screamed, elbowing the rest of Crow Squadron out of his way as he tried to climb the ramp into the ship. “Sansa!”

Davos gave him a knowing look that Tyrion did not care for as he levitated Grenn off the ship, followed by a rather petite but strong looking. Along with another creature Tyrion had never seen before, she was taken over to the awaiting intelligence officers by Davos once Grenn was laid on the stretcher.

“Master Tyrion?” A young man’s voice said from above him.

Tyrion slowly looked up.

Bran Stark stood mere inches before him, but the look on his face made Tyrion feel like he was miles away. In the back of his mind he realized Jon must have been very hurt for Jaime to not be demanding every Rebellion medic exam Bran’s bandaged arm, but, it he was honest with himself, Tyrion didn’t care about Bran’s injury at all. He was only dimly aware that Bronn, Gilly, and Willas were now standing next to him as he watched Bran cautiously make his way down the stairs with Pyp’s assistance. Behind the two of them was the girl who flew the ship, another girl that looked to be Bran’s age, and a small youngling.

There was no Sansa.
“No.” Tyrion whispered. He shook his head back and forth. “It’s not—no!”

Wylls took in a sharp breath of air while Bronn and Gilly remained silent.

Bran stepped off the ramp. He knelt before Tyrion, looking at him from behind his black rimmed glasses.

“Sansa is alive.”

Gilly let out a relieved gasp.

“Then where is she?!” Tyrion demanded with narrowed eyes. He was no fool; something had happened to Sansa, otherwise she would have been there standing next to him, assuring him she was all right.

“She is a captive of Ramsay Bolton.”

Tyrion took a step back. His ears began to ring, the dread that had been growing inside of him threatening to swallow him while.

His eyes turned glossy. Bran no longer stood before him. It was Sansa, crash landing onto the Lord of Light after she had escaped that monster. She was emaciated, littered with cuts and bruises, and so weak she could barely move her body. She’d collapsed into his arms as soon as she stepped off the plane.

For a brief, horrible moment, Tyrion had feared the worst.

It wasn’t until he felt the comforting pulse of her heartbeat that Tyrion feel like he could finally breath again for the first time in days. He stayed with her every night she was in the sick bay, holding her hand and soothing her when her nightmares consumed her mind.

He’d held her hand every night until she no longer needed him to.

“I know it may be too much to believe, but Sansa is safe right now.” Bran told him. He looked to the others. “She is frozen in carbonite. Ramsay isn’t allowed to do anything until—”

“How the fuck did you allow this to happen?!” Bronn seethed. His voice was no louder than a harsh whisper and his cheeks flushed with anger. “She was your leader and you just let her—”

“Bran sacrificed his arm and almost lost his fucking life trying to save Sansa.” Pyp cut in. He maneuvered himself until he was standing in front of Bran like a shield. “You speak of things you do not know, nor do you fucking understand. Your judgment is ill advised and misplaced.”

Bonn leaned into Pyp until they were mere inches from each other. “You listen to me you fucking piece of—”

“Hey! Don’t you fucking talk to my brother that way!” The girl who looked to be about Bran’s age interrupted. She picked up the younger girl and took a few steps forward. She was very brave to be willingly engaging Bronn when his emotions were running high. “He is one of the reasons they were able to get off that damn planet, and Bran was another.” Bran’s ears turned a small shade of pink at her praise. “Pyp and Bran should be given your respect, not your—”

“I would gladly give them my respect if they had managed to bring—”

“—don’t you fucking dare make light of Sansa’s sacrifice—”
“—she saved all our lives—”

“—then why didn’t you save her—”

“That’s fucking enough!”

The sound of Jaime Lannister shouting was enough to bring Tyrion out of his stupor. He looked around, realizing that his group was the only one left on the dock. He blinked a few times, realizing that Willas and Gilly were no longer with them. Tyrion had been so caught up in his grief he hadn’t seen them walk away.

“Bran, your arm needs attention immediately.” Jaime put his arm around Bran’s shoulder like Pyp had done before. “Let me take you to the med bay.”

“But what about the debriefing? I should be there.” Bran argued.

“I will take it from here, kid.” Pyp said calmly. He ignored Bronn’s crossed arms ad pinched lips and turned his full attention to Tyrion. “I am the interim leader of Crow Squadron until another one is appointed. I will conduct our debriefing. My only request is that my sisters be kept with me. They don’t know anything about the Empire, and with our older sister Della being questioned, I don’t want us to be split up. Nina is seven and scared.”

As if on que the youngling in question snuggled up to her sister and stuck out her bottom lip. She looked at Tyrion with wide eyes, and he wasn’t all together sure she was actually scared or just really good at pretending to be to get what she wanted.

Tyrion rubbed his hand over his face as he mulled over Pyp’s request. He didn’t want to do the debriefing; hell, in that moment, the last thing he wanted was to be a leader of the Rebellion. All Tyrion wanted was to go in to the room he shared with Yohn, lay down in his bed, and cry. Then, he was done, he wanted to steal a ship and blow up every obstacle that stood in his way of getting Sansa out of Ramsay’s clutches. Unfortunately for him that did not seem like a possibility for at least a few hours. His personal grief over Sansa’s situation would have to wait. One glance at Pyp’s gaunt face and tense shoulders told Tyrion he was also doing the same.

The boy had become a leader.

“How old are they?” Tyrion asked, looking at the two girls. The younger girl, Nina, was clutching a stuffed ship that seemed to appear out of nowhere to her chest.

Tyrion’s mind flashed back to holding Sansa in a similar manner when she was just a toddler. She’d had a bad dream, and Nan was sick, so Tyrion had taken her for the night. He walked the halls of her room, rocking her back and forth and telling her stories of his more entertaining adventures as a Jedi. Sansa had snuggled up to him as if he was the only creature that could keep her safe.

She had held a stuffed direwolf.

“Nina is seven and Rys is sixteen.” Pyp answered.

Bran coughed awkwardly. “If they can’t stay with Pyp they can come with me.” He volunteered. His cheeks and neck were now flushed red along with his ears. “I, uh, I can wait until you are, you know, done before I see the, uh, medic.”

Jaime rolled his eyes and scoffed. “Nice try, teenage romance, but you are going to the med bay right now.”
“Master!” Bran hissed. He cleared his throat when he caught Rys looking his way. “I don’t know what you are talking about.” He whispered harshly.

“Perfect. The last thing I want to do is have that conversation with you right now.” Jaime started to lead Bran towards the doors that would lead them out of the bay and towards the med station.

Bran resisted. “But Tyrion hasn’t answered yet. I may, uh, need to, um, help—"

“Your sisters can stay.” Tyrion cut in. “But they are not allowed to speak about anything we discuss until further notice.”

He knew he was thinking with his heart and not his head; but Tyrion didn’t give a damn. So many had been torn apart from the war. Tyrion couldn’t bring himself to be the reason to break up another one, even if it would only be for a few hours at most.

Pyp nodded eagerly. “They won’t. I swear it.”

Bran rubbed the back of his neck. “You can, uh, trust Rys. She joined the, um, the Rebellion cell on, uh, Starfall.”

Jaime placed his head into his hand and ran it down his face. He slowly shook his head before he began to lead a more willing Bran away. “Of course she did, kid.” He said with a sigh that reminded Tyrion of his own reaction when Sansa discovered a boy she liked for the first time.

Nina transferred herself into Pyp’s arms as their group followed Bran and Jaime off the bay. With his enhanced hearing, Tyrion could hear her whispering to her brother, asking if she had been good and done the pouting correctly like he had asked her to do. It should have irked him, but all it did was make Tyrion think of Sansa more. Her long red hair sloppily braided—it had taken a while for Bronn to master the skill—as she begged him with impossibly large blue eyes to stay with her after dinner and make dessert.

Next her saw her adorably worried look when she realized Tyrion and Bronn had started to gain weight and swiftly threw out all the sugar before he could stop her, declaring in her youngling, high-pitched voice that they needed to eat better.

He saw her bruised and broken hand that he held every day until she no longer needed him to.

Tyrion took in a shuddering breath as he palmed the door to the room they used for mission debriefings. No matter how hard he tried during Pyp’s retelling of events, he couldn’t stop himself from seeing the image of a battered Sansa crawling away from a stolen ship and collapsing into his arms.

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Tyrion walked down the halls of the Rebellion camp without seeing anything in front of him. He had ended his meeting with Pyp—Bronn hadn’t said anything once it was finished, stalking out of the room in frustration and anger in his need to be alone—and was immediately pulled into another by Stannis.

Tyrion didn’t know which one had been worse.

He wasn’t sure there was even an answer.

“How did it go?” An exhausted looking Jaime Lannister asked.
Tyrion blinked a few times as he took in the man he hadn’t previously registered was sitting on the ground in front of him. His mind caught up with his body, realizing he was now in front of the medical wing. Tyrion sat down next to him. The dirt ground was chilly due to the planet’s atmosphere, but Tyrion was so numb emotionally that he barely felt the extra chill.

“Do you know what happened to them?” Tyrion asked. His voice was hollow and expressionless.

“I do.”

“Then you know how it went.” Tyrion leaned his head back against the wall that stood between the two men and the med bay. He could hear the sounds of surgery happening behind him. He didn’t want to listen to and quickly tuned it out.

He didn’t want to picture broken bodies.

Tyrion sighed deeply as Jamie silently waited for him to continue. “At first I thought I would be mad at them, or her, for allowing Ramsay to have her, but no matter how hard I try, I can’t be anything but proud of Sansa and the decision she made.” Tyrion stared blankly at the ceiling above him. “Sansa saved them all by recognizing when to surrender. Her sacrifice made it possible for Theon and Pyp’s sisters to save them.” He sniffled. “All she wanted to do when we left Wall was protect others. I can’t fault her for doing that.”

“No, you can’t.” Jaime rolled a pair of black frame glasses back and forth between his hands. They were the pair Bran had been wearing earlier.

“Bran was very brave.” Tyrion said. He knew the words would offer little comfort—Sansa had been brave too but that didn’t stop the ache in his heart despite his pride in her decisions—but he felt the need to say them all the same.

“He was.”

“It doesn’t make it any easier, does it?”

“It does not.”

Tyrion breathed out a slight smile. There was some comfort in Jaime Lannister, of all creatures, understanding his situation without having to say much of anything.

“What did the doctor say about Bran’s arm?” Tyrion asked after a moment of silence.

Jaime squeezed Bran’s glasses in frustration. “We shouldn’t have put bacta patches on it. The bacta healed the cut skin, but because they were bandages that is all they did. It didn’t reconnect his torn ligaments, tendons, and muscle tissue. They have to reopen the cut.” Jamie drew his lips into his mouth before letting them back out. “Doc Wolkan says there is a chance he could use his arm again, but it is slim, and we won’t know until Bran wakes up from surgery. If it doesn’t work his arm will be amputated and he will be fitted for automail. Either way he will need months of therapy before he is fully healed.”

Tyrion looked at Jaime from the corner of his eye. “Bran doesn’t have months.” Tyrion said slowly.

Jaime might no longer be a Sith Lord but he was still a Lannister, and they were well known throughout the Galaxy for their tempers. The last thing any of them needed right now was for him to have a fit of anger, however warranted.

Jaime slowly turned his head. “Come again?” He asked through gritted teeth.
“The debriefing I had with Pyp wasn’t my only meeting.” Tyrion scrubbed his hand down his face. He felt like he’d aged a hundred years. “Once Pyp was done relaying what happened I got an urgent call from Stannis ordering me to come to the command room for an emergency council meeting. Even Oberyn was there via holocall despite the increased surveillance he has been facing.”

Jaime’s eyes went from anger to worry within seconds. “What happened?”

“Roose Bolton, his wife, and their son are dead. They were poisoned while eating their evening meal.” Tyrion chuckled humorously. “Cersei is placing the blame on the Rebellion.”

Jaime blinked once. Twice. The air around them tensed.

“Who is in charge of Winterfell now, Tyrion?” He asked.

“Ramsay Bolton.”

Jaime opened and closed his mouth as he processed the information. “He killed them.” He said definitively. “You know he did.”

“Aye, I know it.” Tyrion replied. “But it doesn’t matter because he holds the lost daughter of Winterfell as his hostage. Everyone in the galaxy knows who Sansa is now thanks to one of Cersei’s mandatory broadcasts.”

“What did she say?”

“That Sansa is the true heir to Winterfell despite never growing up there or knowing her family. That once the war is over, she will wed Ramsay Bolton and once more fill the halls of Winterfell Castle with true Stark-born children. That Sansa came to them willingly with evidence of who she was in an effort to bring peace once more to the North. That she chose to be frozen in carbonite so she no longer had to experience the horrors of war and that she agreed to come back once the Rebellion admitted defeat. That she…” Tyrion swallowed thickly. Everything Cersei had said about Sansa was utter bullshit and he couldn’t stomach repeating all of it. “Does it really matter, what she said? The fact is Cersei has put a Stark in Winterfell and the Northern star systems are so desperate for a Stark, any Stark, to come home and remind them of what they once had they no longer care who it is.”

“That isn’t true.” Jaime said with a shake of his head. “The North doesn’t know Sansa; they know Bran. All Stannis has to do is—” Jaime cut himself off abruptly. He narrowed his eyes at Tyrion as realization of why Bran wouldn’t have time to rest dawned on him. “No.” He growled out. “No, no, NO!”

“It is the only way, Jaime.” Tyrion looked down at his hands. “You knew this would happen. Bran agreed to it. The time has come for him to stay true to his word and unite the Northern planets against Cersei. We will storm Winterfell in—”

“Bran needs to rest!” Jaime whispered angrily. He didn’t want to shout and risk alerting those on the other side of the wall of his and Tyrion’s disagreement. “I understand that is why Bran, and even myself, are here, but the Rebellion is acting too quickly and you know it. Cersei will expect immediate retaliation. By having Bran begin to meet with the Northern planets you are playing right into her hands. I refuse to allow Bran to take part in such an ill-thought out plan until—”

“Damn it Jaime we are out of fucking time!” Tyrion interrupted harshly. “Every day Cersei has Ramsay parade Sansa and her frozen body around the streets of Winterfell like she is some sort of goddess they should fucking worship and not a grown woman who was forced…” Tyrion felt his chest tightening. “Who was forced to…” He shook his head quickly to get a hold of himself. “There
is no more time. We have to do this now before it is too late.”


“No, you aren’t.”

Jaime scoffed with disbelief. “If you think I am going to let Bran and I be separated, again, you and the rest of the fucking council are delusional. Do you have an idea the dangers he may face galivanting across the fucking Galaxy looking to gain support? None of the Northern planets have declared for the Rebellion, and, according to you and the fucking brilliant council, they aren’t likely to with Sansa now in Winterfell. Any one of them could easily capture him and give him back to Cersei. When that happens, he won’t be coming back at all. He will be fucking dead!”

“He is to be accompanied by Brienne with Pyp acting as pilot.”

The glasses in Jaime’s hands began to shake. “No. That is completely unacceptable. That is only two creatures, and Pyp is all but fucking useless in battle. I will accompany them, end of discussion.”

Tyrion felt his forehead begin to twitch with agitation. “Brienne is more than formidable on her own, and Pyp has grown since you last saw him. You know that. He led the remainder of his team to safety once Sansa was—once she was…” Tyrion cleared his throat. “The smaller the group, the less chance they have at being discovered. Bran will start at Braavos to see if the rumors of Arya being alive are true. You will be allowed to travel there with them as Brienne feels your presence will be useful, but you will leave the group once your mission is completed. The hope is that Arya will not only join Bran but inspire the Valar Dohaeris to take up arms with the Rebellion and fight for Winterfell. To have them on our side would be—”

“No.” Jaime said once more. “I appreciate you all allowing me to travel to Braavos but I will not leave the group once we are done. I will stay with them during the duration of Bran’s campaign. You cannot—”

“It has already been decided Jaime. It is your duty as a soldier to—”

“Don’t you fucking dare talk to me about duty Tyrion! If this was Sansa—”

“It is Sansa!” Tyrion slapped his hands on the floor. It trembled beneath his fingertips. “Don’t sit there and pretend that if Bran wasn’t captured by Ramsay Bolton you wouldn’t be willing to do anything to get him back, because you would, immediately, and don’t you dare fucking deny it. I raised that girl. I saw her grow from a babe that I could hold in my hand into a young woman who gave her life to save her friends because that it what I taught her to do as a Jedi and as a creature. Now she is in the hands of a monster who has surrounded himself with ten thousand Empirical troops because he knows, he knows, that I will not rest until she is safe at home with me. And you know what? He is right. Ramsay is right and I don’t fucking care. If taking Winterfell is the only way to get her back, then I am going to do it without hesitation.”

Tyrion ran his hands through his greasy and unkept hair. Showering had been all but forgotten while he waited for The Night’s Watch to enter Frozen Shore’s atmosphere.

“You don’t think we fucking realize it’s a trap? Of course we do. None of us got out positions by being stupid. Its not like we are fucking storming Winterfell tomorrow. It will take Bran months to carry out his mission. During that time Stannis, Yohn, Davos, and myself will be pouring over every piece of military strategy and intel we have, as will you. That is why you stay, but Bran leaves. We need you here, giving us your opinion, so that we have the best chance of winning. If we are unable to claim Winterfell Sansa will…” Tyrion lips turned down into a frown. “She will—” He forced a
coughed. “Sansa… she needs…”

Tyrion couldn’t hold back his emotions any longer. He felt his cheeks become wet as his tears began to steadily fall. His right leg began to shake as he struggled to keep himself from sobbing.

“The Order was all I had.” Tyrion said softly, his voice cracking from the weight of his emotions. “It was all any of us had, and it was taken from us by your father, your sister, and you. I lost everything. I thought I was all alone in the Galaxy, that Davos and I were fated to be the last remaining Jedi, until that tiny, precious girl was placed in my arms. My entire universe shifted when she opened her eyes and stared into my own. I will never forget how bright and blue they were despite her being so young. They were expressive, full of wonder at the world around her. She…” Tyrion took in deep gulp of air. It felt like he was drowning. “She—she is my…”

Tyrion couldn’t finish. He leaned his back against the wall once more and sobbed as he brought his hands to his face.

Bran was wrong.

There was no comfort in Sansa being frozen.

Tyrion felt his weight shift as Jaime placed a heavy hand on his shoulder. It was a brief, and he quickly removed it after a few moments, but it felt comforting to have had it there.

“You’re right.” Jaime said quietly. “If the roles were reversed… you’re right.” He sat quietly as Tyrion continued to cry. “I understand.”

“If it were possible I would leave Frozen Shore and retrieve her myself, but I can’t. It isn’t like before with the Free Folk Gang. We need an army to defeat Ramsay and claim Winterfell. What we have now is not enough.” Tyrion’s face crumbled as he imagined Sansa’s last moments before she became suspended in time. “I wish I could go back to the moment she left us to return to her ship after dinner. I would hold her hand and beg her not to go.”

“Don’t go down that road, Tyrion.” Jaime warned. “It is dangerous, and no happiness or comfort ever comes from it.”

Tyrion raised his eyebrows at Jaime. “Has that ever stopped you from wishing you could change your past?”

“Of course not.” Jaime said honestly. “I wouldn’t be a creature if I didn’t.”

Tyrion hummed his agreement. They sat in comfortable silence, Jamie no doubt listening to Bran’s surgery while Tyrion no longer actively tried to push away his grief. It felt good sitting next to him, though if somebody had told Tyrion such a thing was possible years ago when Jaime was actively trying to kill him to stop him from killing Cersei, Tyrion wouldn’t have believed it. It was calming to grieve next to someone who didn’t judge him for feeling the way he did despite his position in the Rebellion. He knew Bronn hadn’t meant anything hurtful about his earlier statements, but what he said about Tyrion needing to keep his emotions in check wasn’t untrue. Tyrion was a leader in the Rebellion, and that meant constantly staying in control of himself so those under him did not worry, but here, in the hallway with just himself and Jaime, he felt like he could allow himself to feel his grief freely and without guilt.

Jaime resumed fiddling with Bran’s glasses. “Surgery is done. They are going to close him up now.”

“He’ll make it.” Tyrion said. It was his turn to comfort the creature sitting next to him. “Bran is a Stark. They were born fighters.”
Jaime’s lips turned up into the faintest of smiles. “Yes, they were.”

Pyp leaned his head into his hand as his eyelids began to droop. The last forty-eight hours, fuck, the last two fucking weeks had been one nightmare after the other. He needed sleep, but the med bay chairs were shit and he had been told numerous times that he wasn’t allowed to sleep on the cots now that he was no longer a patient. Bran, Sam, and Grenn had begged him numerous time to go back and sleep on The Night’s Watch with his sisters—there wasn’t any space to house all four of them without split them up so Tyrion had allowed them to sleep on the ship instead of in the barracks—but Pyp had refused. He spent time with his sisters every spare moment he could in between planning meeting for his upcoming mission and check-ups with Doc Wolkan, but evenings were always spent in the med bay.

He was a leader now. It was where he belonged until everyone—


Pyp let out a small yelp of fright. He unceremoniously fell out of his chair and onto the cold earthy floor.

“Sorry.” Jon croaked. He let out a small laugh from deep within his chest. He sounded like one of those creatures who smoked cigs back on Pyp’s home planet. “I didn’t mean to scare you.”

“Don’t apologize for Pyp and his scared ass.” Grenn said. He stood and began to cautiously reach around for the water he knew was placed on Jon’s bedside table. He gave a small smile of triumph once his fingers connected with the small cup before picking it up.

“I’m fine, by the way.” Pyp muttered.

“Don’t worry, Pyp, I was worried.” Sam said kindly. He immediately began to check the machine Jon was hooked up to.

Bran took the cup from Grenn, using his once-injured arm to do so. The surgery had been a success, and after three one hour sessions in the Rebellion’s lone bacta tank post-surgery, Bran’s arm was finally declared healed, though it would take time for its strength to fully return.

“Small sips, Jon.” Bran instructed. “You have been out for almost nine days. We don’t want to shock your system.” He gave Jon an encouraging smile. “We all had take small drinks too, but now look at us. You will get better just like we did.”

Jon nodded minutely. He allowed Bran to bring the cup to his lips—his bed was at an angle so they didn’t need to prop him up—and took a slow, cautious sip. The act alone seemed to exhaust him.

“Thank you.” Jon’s gaze swept across the room. “For everything.”

Pyp reached out and squeezed Jon’s hand. “Anytime.” He said simply.

“Everything looks good, Jon.” Sam declared after reading the machine. He returned to his chair next to Pyp, while Bran and Grenn sat on the other side of Jon’s bed.

Even though they all begged Pyp to sleep in his own bed at night, Pyp had noticed none of them seemed capable of following their own advice to rest. Someone was always next to Jon waiting for him to wake up. Even Jaime sat vigil when he wasn’t in his own meetings, the two of them having grown closer during their time on Wolfswood.
Jon reached up to scratch his head. He stopped half way, his eyes wide as he took in a hand that was no longer missing. “But, but I—”

“Automail.” Pyp explained. “I hope you don’t mind but I gave Doc Targaryen the go-ahead to fit you with one. You wouldn’t wake up and the decision needed to be made quickly.

“It will function like a proper hand.” Sam explained. “I helped with the surgery myself.”

Jon opened and closed his fist a few times, a cloudy expression overtaking his features. “It’s like Night King.” He whispered so quietly it was barely audible. “Just like him.”

Bran winced. “Jon, you will never be like Night King.” He said quickly. “You defeated the Dark Side. You—”

“Night King is my father.” Jon interrupted, his eyes remaining on his new hand. “My real father.”

A shocked silence permeated the room.

“O—oh.” Pyp stuttered. He didn’t know what to say, or if he should say anything at all. “That is… unexpected?”

Jon placed his hand on top of the blanket. He turned to his bedside table, where Pyp had placed the holo picture of him and Jeor that used to sit in the room Jon shared with Sansa. Pyp had thought it would be nice for Jon to see it when he first woke up, but now he couldn’t help but wonder if he had made a mistake in doing so.

“He may be my father, but he is not my dad.” Jon reached out. He brushed his fingers over the smiling face of Jeor Mormont, his lower lip beginning to tremble. “I wish I could talk to him and tell him how much I love him, but he left me, and he won’t come back.” Jon blinked quickly. “I don’t know how to get him to come back.”

“He will come back, Jon.” Bran promised. “Jeor Mormont gave his life for you. He learned to live beyond death for you. When the time is right, he will come. I know it.”

“How can you be so sure?” Jon asked. His voice was full of longing.

“Because he loves you.” Grenn answered.

Jon pursed his lips together. His Adam’s apple bobbed up and down. He nodded his head once, then murmured a quiet thanks once he remembered Grenn could not see him.

Pyp looked at each creature who sat around him. Jon, Grenn, Bran, and Sam; they were all despondent and withdrawn.

“Everything is fucking shit right now.” Pyp blurted out before he could think and stop himself.

Grenn glared in his general direction, and he hastened to continue before he received a tongue lashing for not reading the room. He couldn’t be sure, but he felt like he was about to share something that needed to be fucking said and could quite possibly be epic as well.

Either that, or he was about to make a giant ass of himself.

“But, that is life, isn’t it? No creature is going to hit as hard as life. We have taken a beating, yes, but over these last few months I have determined that life isn’t about how hard you hit, but how hard you can get hit and keep moving forward. Pressing forward, never giving up, that is how we win.” Pyp
looked at each of his friends once more. “Right?”

“Right.” Jon agreed after pondering Pyp’s words. “I took a lot hits from the Dark Side, and Night King. At one point I contemplated finally giving in. Everything was so hard, and I was tired of fighting it. But then I remembered something Dad said to me, the example he was to me of giving love to others. I remembered Sansa and the love she gave me. I thought of you, all of you, and the examples you were to me of friendship. I took a hit, but I kept hitting back, and kept moving forward, until I won.”

“I am so proud of you Jon.” Bran said. He reached out and patted Jon on the leg. If anyone in the room understood the demons Jon had faced, it was him. “We all are.”

Jon smiled briefly in acknowledgement of Bran’s words. His eyes returned to the mantle and the second holo pic Pyp placed there. It had been taken during their traveling to Oakenshield. Sansa stood in the middle. She looked beautiful and luminous as her head titled back in laughter. Next to her Pyp and Bran were making silly faces while Grenn looked slightly annoyed with their antics. Even Ghost was there, licking Sansa’s cheek affectionately. D3 had taken the picture.

Jon picked up the projection and set it down in his lap. “Will you tell me about her? What I missed?” He asked. His eyes never left Sansa’s glowing face. “I swore to her Force energy that I would come back for her once I was defeated the Dark Side. It was something that I needed to do on my own, but it is done now, and all I want is to be with her again. She is the other half of my soul.”

Pyp and Bran shared mutual expressions of discomfort. Sam shifted in his chair uncomfortably—he had been filled in on everything he had missed during their separation—while Grenn scowled. They were all thinking the same thing, and nobody was sure how, or if they even should, bring it up.

Jon looked up from the picture. “Is something wrong?” He asked curiously.

“No, nothing.” Pyp said before anyone had a chance to speak. He could see Grenn wanting to say something, to confront Jon over Sansa’s hurt and confusion about him leaving her, but it was as they had suspected; Jon’s Force energy did not leave Sansa because he no longer loved her, but because he felt like he needed to defeat the Dark Side without help. There was a fucking time and place to reveal things, and now was not the fucking time to confront Jon about his decision and how it affected Sansa.

Fuck, Pyp didn’t know if there was a ever time. What happened was between Jon and Sansa and did not need to be discussed by a fucking committee.

“Sansa missed you very much while you were gone.” Bran added, understanding what Pyp was trying to say without actually saying it. “You too, Sam.”

Sam chuckled. “I am sure she was crying into her pillow every night with my absence.” He joked good-naturedly.

“I was.” Grenn deadpanned. “Every fucking night.”

Everyone laughed at Grenn’s sarcasm.

“Don’t worry, Sammy, we missed you too. Especially when Sansa would make us read those dry as fuck medical books.” Pyp rubbed the heels of his hands into his eyes. “They were so fucking boring.”

“I thought they were a little interesting.” Bran said. “I liked the part about how to stitch skin back together.”
Pyp pulled a face. “Ugh, stop fucking talking. That one made me want to throw up.”

“That’s because your too fucking delicate.” Grenn said. He leaned back in his chair and crossed his arms over his chest.

“I am not fucking delicate!” Pyp argued. “I got the shit beat out of me and I never once said a damn word to any of those fucking Walkers. I am strong as hell.”

Grenn shrugged. “Your tough when it counts.” He said nonchalantly.

“Now listen here, you candy ass. I am just as strong as—”

“Me too.” Sam agreed. “It was lonely here without you all.”

Pyp gave Sam a sly grin. “Was it really?” He asked, deliberately drawing out the length of ‘really’ for dramatic effect. “Because I would think Miss Gilly the Lovely would take offense to that. Don’t you?” He wiggled his eyebrows.

Sam turned pink. “W-w—well, I did—that is, I may have—”

“Sam, do you have a girlfriend?” Jon asked. A huge smile split across his face.

“Maybe?” Sam rubbed the back of his neck. “I mean, we have defined anything, but I really like her. She is kind, and smart, and funny.” He grinned. “I really, really, like her.”

“Good for you Sam.” Jon said. “I am happy for you, truly.”

“Thanks.” Sam replied. “But it isn’t nearly as sweet as what Bran’s been up to since he got back. He is just so adorable with—”

“I told you, I don’t like her.” Bran interrupted. The tips of his ears turned a vibrant shade of red. “She is just a friend.”

“And that is all it will be.” Pyp warned. “That is my sister you are crushing on, kid. You better watch it. I don’t want to walk onto The Night’s Watch and see you two sucking face.”

Jon raised an eyebrow at Pyp. “‘Sucking face?’ Really?” He chuckled. “Is that what the kids are calling it these days?”

“That’s what I am calling it and believe me when I say I don’t want to fucking see it.” Pyp grumbled.

Grenn barked out a laugh. “What are we? Four years old again talking about crushes around the fucking playground?”

Pyp flipped Grenn off before realizing his error. He quickly regrouped. “Fuck off, asshole.” He said instead.

“You first.” Grenn taunted back, the minutest of smiles playing at his lips.

“Not bloody likely.” Pyp quipped. He clapped his hands together. “While I do love good fucking banter, I believe it is time for Jon to get up and walk his sweet ass out around the hall a time or two.”

“Agreed.” Sam said with a nod. “Doc Tagaryean said you needed to move as soon you were
Jon rolled his shoulders a few times. “Sounds good to me.”

“Good, because there is a direwolf right outside that door who has fucking refused to leave until he sees your ridiculously handsome face.” Pyp said. “I felt like a real asshole every time I left from here telling him you weren’t awake. I think he Ghost get’s his pout from you.”

“He learns from the best.” Jon said he with a shrug. He turned his head towards the door. “Ghost?! You there?” He called out.

A happy bark came from the other side of the door.

“We weren’t allowed to bring him in due to all his fur. The poor guy has been beside himself with worry.” Bran placed one hand under Jon’s arm while Pyp took the other. They gently brought him to the edge of the bed and helped him stand. “Hopefully he doesn’t jump on you.”

Once they were sure Jon wouldn’t fall, Sam unlocked the wheels of Jon’s heart machine so he could push it during their walk. Grenn stood as well. He picked up the small metal pipe Doc Wolkan had given him and began to move it across one side of the floor and then the other. He slowly made his way around the bed and towards the sound of their voices.

“Sixteen steps to the door.” He whispered quietly to himself.

Neither Jon nor Grenn were able to move very quickly, but the mood was far from depressing as they slowly made their way to the door. It was hard to be sad when each step caused Ghost to bark and scratch the floor with excitement.

“I’m almost there!” Jon called out to him.

The sounds of heavy and quick paws jumping up and down quickly followed the declaration.

Bran palmed the door open. Jon’s face lit up once he saw Ghost sitting at attention with his tongue hanging out of his mouth and tail swishing along the floor so quickly Pyp could barely see it.

Jon reached out a shaky hand. Ghost happily licked at his fingertips.

“I missed you too.” Jon said. “So much.”

Ghost barked. He nudged Bran to the side so he could walk next to Jon. Bran laughed, hardly objecting to keeping them apart.

They set off on their slow and steady pace down the hallway. For every story they told Jon and Sam of their time traveling to Oakenshield, Jon and Sam would then reciprocate by telling one of their own. Soon they were all laughing at the sex toys mix up, or Jon falling out of trees only to land on his face by not understanding how much of the Force he needed to use to ease his landing, or Sam sharing his disastrous first date with Gilly.

Nobody spoke of the bad times, of their captivity, of Jon’s fight against Night King, or Sam’s struggles with learning how to become a doctor. It was like there was an unspoken agreement between them; tomorrow they would focus on what needed to be done, but today, right now, they would allow themselves to be happy.
Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for reading!

Please comment if you like, and have a fab day!
The Different Paths We Take

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for your hits, comments, and kudos!

I am neither Martin, Filoni, or Lucas.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 49: The Different Paths We Take

“I have something to tell you. Something important.”

“What is it, my love?”

“I am with child.”

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Tyrion unclipped his lightsaber from his belt. He calmly brought it to his side and closed his eyes, reaching out to the Force and feeling every living being around him. His thumb hovered over the throttle of his lightsaber. He took a step back with his right foot. Bringing the blade over his head, he bent his arm at the elbow and brought his body into the opening stance of Form IV. Tyrion knew all the forms—he took pride in how well Sansa yielded Soresu—but the Ataru fighting style had always been his preferred way of dueling due to his small stature.

Swish.

Tyrion sighed. The sound was minute—nothing more than a rustling of fabric—but he heard it all the same.

“I know you are back there.” Tyrion called out as he turned to face a group of boxes lining the wall behind him. He had hoped to ignore the watcher for the duration of his training session, but it no longer seemed possible. “Time to come out.”

There was small ‘eep’ followed by the crashing of boxes. A tiny boot appeared first, following by thick woolen pants and a long, deep blue buttoned-down coat. Nina Antilles slowly peeked her large brown eyes around the corner of her hiding place to ascertain if she should she run away or stay put. Her purple curly hair was pulled into two pigtails on either side of her head.

“I’m not going to yell at you.” Tyrion assured her. “You aren’t in trouble, though I doubt you have been given permission to be here. Shouldn’t you be with your sisters or brother? Or the daycare center?”

Nina pursed her lips out into a classic pout. She brought herself away from the boxes, now convinced from Tyrion’s words that he wasn’t going to yell at her. “Della is in a meeting, Pyp is helping Grenn with his physical therapy, and Rys made me promise I wouldn’t say what she was doing.” She sighed dramatically. “The daycare is so boring. There is nothing to do there but play
with the other kids.”

Tyrion raised an eyebrow at Nina’s declaration. “Don’t you like playing with the other kids?”

“I do.” Nina said absent-mindedly, not realizing she was contradicting herself. Her eyes shifted away from Tyrion’s. “But I would much rather be doing that.” Nina raised a small, mitten covered hand—Tyrion didn’t think it was that cold within the mountain, but the sight of her being so bundled up reminded him of dressing Sansa to the point where she could barely move her arms—and pointed to Tyrion’s lightsaber.

“No.” Tyrion said quickly before Nina had a chance to ask what she was implying. “No, no, no, no, no.” He shook his head in between each no. “Definitely not. Time to find your—”

“Oh please! Please, please, please!” Nina begged. She clasped her hands in front of her. “I will be the best student you ever had. I will listen to everything you say and practice super, duper hard.”

“No.”

“Please!”

“No.”

“Pretty please?”

“No.”

“Pretty, pretty please?”

Tyrion rubbed his hands through his hair in annoyance. Why did all youngling believe that placing a ‘pretty’ in front of ‘please’ would get them what they wanted? He did not want a pupil; he’d already had the perfect padawan in Sansa. Even before her, when the Jedi still lived, Tyrion had never planned to take a pupil. He was not especially fond of younglings nor did he possess the patience necessary to teach them the ways of the Jedi. Training Sansa had not changed Tyrion’s opinion on either subject. She had been a dream pupil but teaching her was not without difficulties. She had been willful, spoiled—though to be fair that was his fault—and struggled with the basics of lightsaber combat. Tyrion was not a young man anymore. Could he really take on another pupil in the midst of a war when he still lacked patience and often looked at the younger generation with gratitude that it wasn’t his responsibility to raise them? He had loved being her Master, true, but it was because he loved Sansa, not younglings; she had made their time together special.

“Do you even understand what you are asking?” He asked, though it sounded more like a demand. He willed himself to have patience. Nina had most likely seen him or Davos train in passing and thought it looked fun. He doubted she had thought about what she was asking for longer than a few seconds at best.

“To be a Jedi.” Nina said with a nod of her head. Her pigtails bounced up and down with the movement. “They are the heroes of the Galaxy. I want to be just like the one everyone wants to save. Sansa Stark.”

Tyrion felt his grip on his lightsaber tighten. He furrowed his brows, annoyed at the tears that continued to come to his eyes whenever a creature mentioned Sansa to him. He wondered if the swell of emotions would ever stop, or if he would just learn to live with it, like he had learned to live with everything else that had chipped away at his soul.

“What do you know of Sansa?” He asked slowly in an effort to keep his emotions from
overpowering him.

“Pyppie tells me stories every night before I go to sleep of all his adventures with the Rebellion. Sansa is in all of them, and she is always saving everyone from danger. I want to be just like her.”

Tyrion bit his lip, having not expected her response. He gestured to her stuffed ship peeking out of her coat pocket. “Wouldn’t you rather be learning how to fly a ship? It seems to me that is what everyone in your family does.”

“I can fly and be a Jedi.” Nina pointed out with all the wisdom of a seven-year-old. “Pyp says Jon Mormont is the second-best flyer in the Galaxy behind him, and he is a Jedi.”

Tyrion snorted. “Your brother would say that.” He muttered under his breath. Flyers in the Galaxy were always rather cocky, but Pyp Antilles seemed to be in a league of his own when it came to his opinions concerning his own talents.

“Pretty, pretty, pretty please?” Nina tried once more. “I really will listen to everything you say. I promise!”

Tyrion crossed his arms over his chest. It was clear Nina was very determined and would not simply let this go. She reminded him very much of Sansa in that way. He cocked his head to the side, studying the youngling before him, forcing himself to let go of his biases and look at her with her open eyes. Nina was rather short for her age, but Tyrion knew firsthand that size did not equal speed or strength. She was probably not physically fit, but she was also seven, and if she was it would have been surprising.

Tyrion reached out to her with his Force energy. He felt no traces of the Dark Side lingering around her, only the bright, effervescent energy and pureness of a creature who’d been loved and cared for all her life. Tyrion found no fault with this. He believed all creatures should have such a life. And, underneath that happiness that enveloped her, was a strong sense of desire and courage. He could feel Nina’s desire to do good and be good. While Tyrion would not test her for midichlorians—he was forever grateful he and Sansa had convinced Davos to do away with such archaic practices—it was doubtful her count was very high; she did not give off a strong Force presence despite the energy swirling around her. Nina would have to work hard to control the Force inside her.

“You do understand this won’t be fun?” Tyrion asked. He hoped his warning would be enough to scare Nina into deciding she did not want to be a Jedi. “You will have to work, and you will have to work hard.”

Nina began to bounce from one foot to the other in excitement. “I can work hard.” She said quickly. “I helped take care of Pyp and all his friends when they were sick on the ship, and I always put away the toys at daycare.”

Tyrion sensed her honesty. While the work he was referring to would be much more difficult, her examples told him she could follow orders. Tyrion recalled his own Master telling him during his Padawan year that when training any creature to be a Jedi, all they needed to have was effort and a desire to learn. Talent could be taught, but effort could not.

Tyrion’s resolve slowly but surely began to crumble.

“You will have to get permission from your siblings.” Tyrion told her in his last attempt to get her to change her mind. He was running out of reasons to deny her. “You are seven, and there are things we do that will be dangerous. I can guarantee you will get hurt.”
A thoughtful look crossed over Nina’s face. “All of my siblings? Or just one of them?”

“Is there a difference?”

“No.” Nina said almost too quickly. “No difference. I will get permission.” She said with confidence.

Tyrion raised his eyebrow in silent challenge.

Nina gave him a wide, toothy grin. “Rys will give it to me, especially if she wants me to keep her secret.”

Tyrion felt his interest peak despite himself. As a Jedi, he knew he should teach Nina about the dangers of blackmail, but as a creature… Well, it would be a lie to say he wasn’t curious how Nina was going to get her sister to say yes. He had a hunch this was bigger than the girl’s crush on Bran Stark, which Tyrion had the unfortunate privilege to know about. He had been forced to listen to Jaime complain about it at breakfast that very morning—Tyrion truly sympathized with him but it was too fucking early to listen to his complaints before at least three cups of caff—and how Jaime looked forward to leaving for Braavos and no longer be forced to endure Bran’s awkward attempts at flirting.

“So… Is that a yes?” Nina pressed.

If he was being honest, and Tyrion always forced himself to be brutally honest with himself, Nina had everything he would look for in a pupil, if he wanted a pupil, which he didn’t.

But if he did...

Tyrion eyes focused on Nina once more. He tried in vain to come up with a reason to refuse her proposal but found any argument he made lacking.

“All right, fine. I will train you.” He said grudgingly.

Nina let out a loud shout of excitement. “Yes!”

“On one condition.” Tyrion said quickly before she got carried away with her celebrating. He gestured to curly pigtails, his mind flashing back to a little girl with beautiful red hair and her subsequent meltdown when she accidentally cut it off with her lightsaber. “You must always pull back your hair.”

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Jon turned slowly on his heel, Ghost circling around him, as he took in the view before him.

“Beautiful, isn’t it boy?” He asked with equal parts reverence and wonder.

Ghost nodded in agreement as they gazed at the valley below them. It was autumn on Wolfswood now, summer nothing more than a distant memory and soon winter would be coming. The leaves of the majestic Wolftrees were various hues of deep yellow, orange, or a mirror of the red trunks that grew from the earth below. Coming out of the dense forestry was the domed grey top of the Jedi Temple. If they continued with their current pace, Jon guessed they would be their destination in two days.

Jon sat down on the cool earth and stretched his legs out before him. Ghost rubbed his nose against Jon’s pack, silently asking for the water inside. Jon smiled at him. He removed his pack, taking out a small tin bowl and the water skin he had filled that morning before they set off on their journey. Jon
placed the bowl onto the floor. He filled it halfway with water before taking a few sips for himself. He nibbled on some berries they had come across during their trek up the mountain. Even if Jon had wanted to do the traditional fast that Jedi partook in during their journey to the temple—he smiled slightly as remembered Davos teased him for being grumpy whenever he went without a meal—Jon was under strict order from Doc Targaryen and Sam to stay fed and hydrated during his journey. He had lost several pounds during his trip to Oakenshield and while his body was fully healed thanks to the medicinal properties of bacta, the weight would take longer than a few hours in a tank to put back on. He couldn’t afford to skip a meal.

The climb to the top of the mountain had been steep and taken several hours to complete. They had climbed two smaller ones before it, with one of those being nothing more than a sheer face of stone. It had been too high to Force jump—Jon had been unable to see where the cliff ended—leaving him no choice but to listen to Ghost’s whines as he maneuvered himself up the stone with his hands and feet, using the Force to strengthen his grip and keep him from falling. He had used a strong and energy draining Force pull to bring Ghost to him once he reached the top.

Finished with his water, Ghost let out an exhausted huff and collapsed next to him. He nuzzled his head against Jon’s thigh. Though he would never describe his direwolf as overly affectionate, Ghost had been loath to leave Jon’s presence since they had reunited. It was almost as if he was afraid that Jon would disappear permanently if he wasn’t there to protect him. Jon absent-mindedly began to stroke Ghost’s white fur as he continued to gaze at the top of the Jedi Temple. His thoughts wondered to one of the last times he spent with Davos before coming to Wolfswood.

“Well done, Jon. Again.”

Jon wiped the sweat from his brow. He was panting heavily and had discarded his shirt hours ago. He’d smiled slightly when he did so, remembering Sansa and how she claimed to hate it when they were first met, though her eyes roaming his muscles chest always told a different story.

“I almost had you this time!” Bran exclaimed. He was laying on his back and breathing deeply.

“Don’t beat yourself up over it too much, kid. When he wants to be, Jon is on a completely different level than most creatures.” Jaime reached his hand out to Bran, which he gratefully accepted.

“Even you, Master?” Bran asked between sips of water.

Jaime gave a cocky grin. “Well, I’m not most creatures, am I?”

Jon rolled his eyes. It had been two weeks since he’d awoken in the med bay. While time in the bacta tank had healed both himself and Bran, it did not rebuild the muscle or strength they both lost due to both starvation and severe injury. As soon as they were both able both Davos and Jaime had immediately put them to work to get their bodies back into peak physical condition. Though the council had wanted them to leave days ago, Maester Luwin had put his foot down, insisting that Bran was not allowed to travel until his say so. Neither Stannis nor Tyrion had liked it, but both had deferred to the doctor’s knowledge.

“When do you think that started?” Jon motioned with his head towards the corner of the room where Tyrion was currently walking Pyp’s younger sister Nina through the positions of Ataru. “I didn’t know she was Force sensitive.”

“She isn’t.” Davos said. “At least, not in the way you, Jaime, and I are. She is more like Bran in that regard. The Force lives within her, but it will take more effort for her to control it than those who were traditionally chosen to be a Jedi.” Davos watched as Tyrion patted Nina’s foot with a staff to get her to push it back. “It’s a whole new Jedi Order. Like Bran, I think little Nina will prove to be
more than talented when it comes to using the Force through her own hard work and dedication."

Bran blushed under Davos’ praise. “Thank you, Grand Master Davos.”

“I only compliment those who are truly worthy of it.” The corner of Davos’ lips twitched. “It is why I have never said anything good about Jaime.”

Both Bran and Jon laughed at Davos’ surprise joke while Jaime simply scowled and muttered curses towards the older man under his breath.

Jon and Bran sparred two more times before calling it a day. The pride was evident in Jaime’s eyes when Bran managed to best Jon during their last session. Sensing Jon’s growing exhaustion, Bran had defended against every one of Jon’s attacks, waiting for him to become too tired and slip in his form. It had worked. Jon had ended up on his back with a staff to his throat—he had no lightsaber to use after losing Jaime’s so they had trained with wooden staffs instead—and a cheering Jaime in the background.

“Jon? May I speak with you for a moment?”

Jon finished pulling his shirt through his head before nodding at Davos’ request. Jon had told them about what had happened on Oakenshield during one of their visits to the med bay. While it had hurt that Davos, and also Tyrion and General Baratheon, had known of his true lineage the entire time—Jaime had been shocked like the rest of them—Jon did appreciate that none of them had ever feared him or treated him like he would walk the same path of his birthfather. In Davos’ own words, Jeor was Jon’s true father, and if he did not see fit to share that Jon was his adopted son, then he did not feel like it was his place to say anything either. Jon had cried when both Davos and Jaime told him there wasn’t a single piece of him that would ever be like Night King.

Davos sat down on one of the crates along the edge of the wall while Jon began to stretch on the floor. Instead of facing each other, the both continued to watch Tyrion’s lesson with Nina. He was gently taping her with the edge of his staff to test her balance while she remained in the opening stance of Ataru.

Jon pursed his lips together as a thought begin to form in his mind. “Master, do you think—”

“I do, and I will see to it personally.”

Jon’s gave him a quick and grateful smile. It didn’t surprise him that Davos would know what he was going to ask before he even did so.

“Jon, I believe it is time.”

Jon couldn’t help the ominous shiver that ran down his spine. Nothing good ever came from Davos saying those six words.

“I’ve got a bad feeling about this.” Jon muttered.

Davos chuckled. “No, Jon, it is nothing to be alarmed about.” He crossed one leg over the other, a thoughtful look on his face. “I simply meant it is time to go to the Jedi Temple and receive your lightsaber.”

“Do you really think I am worthy?” Jon asked, more than a little doubtful in himself. It felt like with the more knowledge and power he gained, the less he felt qualified to receive a kyber crystal. There was still so much to learn and he had made so many mistakes that would not have beset another creature. “I abandoned you and Jaime. I allowed myself to believe in Night King’s Force
manipulations. I—"

“Defeated the Dark Side.” Davos interrupted.

Jon leaned back on his hands, his stretching finished. “True, but I made so many errors getting there.”

“That is true, yes.”

“You could have waited at least a few seconds before agreeing with me.”

Davos’ face turned thoughtful. “Everyone makes mistakes, Jon, but that doesn’t mean you must pay for them the rest of your life. What would be the point of forgiveness if that were the case? There is a reason and a purpose behind all that we do. You are not your mistakes. You fall, you rise, you live, and you learn. That is the wheel on which our lives turn. If you had not been manipulated by Night King to go to Oakenshield, you would not have defeated the Dark Side.”

“That is true,” Jon allowed, “but I still feel like I know next to nothing about the Force. Every time I learn something new, there is always another five things that have yet to be discovered. How can I go to the temple with the knowledge that I know essentially nothing at all? Does my ignorance really make me worthy?”

“Is it really ignorance, Jon, or humility?” Davos paused to allow Jon the time to ponder this thought.

“I feel like you are testing me, and if I say humility than you are going to say only the prideful believe they are humble.” Jon grouched.

Davos chuckled. “It is not a test Jon. Your belief that you have so much more to learn about the Force shows to me you are humble. You recognize there is more knowledge to be had. This is what makes you worthy. The strongest among us are the ones that never stop challenging themselves, the most intelligent the ones that never stop learning. Humility is what qualifies you to lead.” Davos gazed intently at Jon. “It is why you are the Chosen One.”

Jon looked away from Davos. “I don’t know if that is who I want to be.” He told him honestly.

“I understand Jon, but the time is coming soon where you can no longer put off your choice. Do not hide from the decision you must make.”

Ghost let out a small annoyed huff, bringing Jon’s mind back to the present.

“Sorry boy.” Jon resumed scratching Ghost behind the ear. “I didn’t mean to stop. Busy thoughts, you know?”

Ghost placed an understanding paw on top of Jon’s leg.

Jon’s eyes returned to the top of the temple once more. “Can you feel that?” Jon asked. His heart pounded deeply within his chest the longer her looked at the stone structure. “I have felt the temple calling to me with every step. It wants me to be there. I can feel it.”

Jon pursed his lips together, remembering another time on Wolfswood when the Force had called him to a specific location. Unlike the Dark energy that swirled around the cave, however, Jon felt a deep sense of peace and calm radiating from the Temple. It felt right to be there, and the closer he got to his desired destination, the more it was undeniable that this was where he needed to be.
“I was afraid before we came here. Isn’t that silly?”

Ghost cocked his head to the side. His red eyes assessed Jon as he continued.

“I have done so many things, faced so many opponents, but I feared the Temple and it finding me unworthy. But, I’m not afraid anymore. Master Davos is right. Mistakes, failures, triumphs, successes; this is what makes us creatures. I would only fail if I allowed my errors to determine my fate. I am not that sort of man. I am someone who learns from my past and walks towards my future.”

Ghost pressed his nose against Jon’s chin affectionately before laying down on his lap once more.

Jon reached his hands overhead. His muscles were sore from his climb, and it was obvious Ghost was content to stay where he was for the next few hours. He decided they would camp on the top of the mountain for the night before resuming their journey tomorrow.

“Two more days.” Jon whispered, more to himself this time than to his companion. “Two more days.”

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Bran bit his bottom lip in concentration. He peered over his cards at the ones placed on the table.

“You cheated.” He said after a moment’s thought. It wasn’t an accusation but a statement of fact.

Theon smiled. “Of course I cheated.” He boasted. “Cheating at sabaac is how you win. The question, my dear Bran, is when and how did I cheat?”

“There is no way that is correct.” Bran said skeptically. “Not that you cheated, but that you are encouraged to cheat. What is the point of having rules?”

“To get passed them. That is what makes cheating fun.” Theon winked. “Now, in order for you to not get your ass handed to you when you play this for money, or, even better, a creature’s possessions such as their clothes, ship, or planet they are in charge of, I am going to keep cheating and have you watch to see if you can spot it. That will be your first step to learning how to win the game.”

Bran looked at Theon with disbelief. “I don’t think—”

“As much as I hate to admit it, Theon is correct.” Pyp said. He was sitting next to the mapping station, trying to figure out which hyperspace lanes would be the safest to use for their journey to Braavos. They had received word an hour ago the Empire’s fleet was on the move and they would need to change their current route accordingly. “Anybody who doesn’t cheat as sabaac is a fucking idiot.”

“Don’t listen to them Bran.” Brienne called from the cockpit. “There is nothing wrong with integrity and honesty.” She gave a small laugh. “That being said, you do need to cheat at sabaac if want to leave the game with your money and clothing intact.”

Bran hit his head against the table with a dull thunk. He detested cheating. “Maybe I’m not cut out to play—"

“Pyp!” Jaime’s curt voice called from the hallway. Bran turned his head to the side, keeping his chin on the table, as he looked towards the doorway that led to the hallway. “You won’t believe what I just found!”
“I hope to the fucking Galaxy it’s alcohol.” Pyp muttered under his breath to keep Brienne from hearing him. “I don’t fucking know how we are expected to not drink for this entire long ass mission.”

“Agreed.” Theon said. He plucked Bran’s cards from his hands and began to shuffle the deck. “It’s like we are expected to live by the fucking Faith of the Seven pamphlets creatures were always passing out on Pyke to get Krakenii’s to stop drinking.” He scoffed. “Because that is fucking possible.”

“I doubt that’s what it is. Master doesn’t sound very happy.” Bran kept his eyes on the doorway as the sound of Jaime’s boots became louder. He furrowed his brows in confusion at the unmistakable sound of a second set of feet.

“Stop tugging me!” A distinctly feminine voice whispered harshly.

Bran immediately sat up and began to comb his fingers through his hair in an effort to tame it down. He barely heard Theon instructing him on how to shuffle the deck to a player’s advantage if you were the dealer, but only if said player promised to give you at least half of their winnings. Otherwise, according to Theon, fuck them.

“Theon, you are doing it all wrong.” Pyp called over to them. “You are supposed to—what the fuck?!” He yelled in equal part shocks and anger.

Bran tried to keep his ears from turning pink while Theon didn’t even bother to hide his laughter of delight as everyone in the room took in a very angry looking Jaime Lannister next to a very unapologetic looking Rys Antilles.

“Hello.” Rys said casually, as if her being there was the most natural thing in the world. “I decided to join you on your mission.”

“Are you fucking kidding me Rys?” Pyp rubbed his hands down his face in agitation. “Do you have any idea how fucking dangerous this mission is? Not to mention you don’t even have permission to fucking be here.” He pointed to an annoyed looking Jaime. “Not even Lannister is allowed to be with us for the whole fucking thing!”

Rys glared at Pyp. “I can fight.”

“Can you?” Jaime challenged. “Because during the few weeks we were waiting for Bran to be healthy enough to travel I never caught you in the training room once.”

“Just because you didn’t see me there doesn’t mean I wasn’t fucking there.” Rys challenged.

“So you know how to use a blaster then?”

“Bran was teaching me before we left.”

Bran fought the urge to sink down into his seat as four pairs of eyes brought their attention towards him. He gulped. “It was just a few times. In the evening. For a little while. Three hours at most.”

“Delightful.” Theon said with a mischievous grin. “Please tell me you put your arms around her as you—”

“That’s my fucking sister you are talking about Greyjoy.” Pyp snarled. “You better fucking watch it.”
“Oh, please.” Theon said with a roll of his eyes. “Everyone knows Bran has the hots—”

“What is going on in here?”

The attention in the room mercifully shifted to Brienne, Bran’s current savior whose interruption had stopped Theon from embarrassing him further. She leaned against the doorframe of the cockpit with her hands on her hips. Her montrals swayed slightly as she took in the situation around her.

“You aren’t supposed to be here.” Brienne said in a clipped tone as her eyesight finally settled on Rys. “I suggest you explain yourself.”

Though she managed to keep her expression neutral, Bran knew Brienne wasn’t happy Rys had managed to stowaway on her ship. She was a stickler for following orders.

Rys squared her shoulders and showed no fear as she answered Brienne’s question. “Pyp is my brother. I hid away on your ship so that I could remain with him. I thought Pyp was dead for months and was separated from him for years before that due to the mistakes of my parents. I left my parents and my sisters on Starfall to save him. I refuse to be separated from him again. I swear to you that I can be an integral part of your team. I am a good flyer and a quick study when it comes to combat.”

Jaime scoffed. “You can’t fucking expect us to—”

“I am the leader of this crew, Jaime, not you.” Brienne calmly interrupted. “I will take it from here.”

Brienne pushed herself off the doorway and took a few steps towards Rys. Pyp moved to stand between them, but one look from Brienne quickly halted his movements.

“Do your sisters know you are here?” Brienne asked.

“Yes. Nina found out what I was planning but swore to me she wouldn’t say anything if I gave her permission to train to be a Jedi under Tyrion Waters. I gave it to her as part of our agreement. I left a note for my sister, Della, explaining my reasons for leaving. I am sure she has read it by now.”

Pyp pulled at the ends of his hair in equal parts frustration and disbelief before Brienne could respond. “Well that is just fucking perfect, isn’t it? You give permission to Nina to get herself fucking killed by allowing her to become a fucking member of the most wanted group of the Empire so that you can come and get yourself fucking killed. On top of which, you didn’t even have the fucking decency to tell Della goodbye.” Pyp slowly clapped his hands together. “Way to go, Rys. Way. To Go.” Pyp’s eyes shot daggers at Jaime and Bran. “Did you two fucking know about Nina? Because if you did and didn’t tell me the bromance is fucking over.”

Jamie raised his hands together in a gesture of innocence. “Don’t look at me, tattoos. I thought it was common knowledge that your sister was training with Tyrion. It isn’t our fault your sisters schemed behind your back, which, by the way, sounds like something you would do. It must be a family characteristic.”

“I thought you knew as well.” Bran added. He agreed with Jaime that it sounded a bit hypocritical of Pyp to be upset with Rys and Nina’s deceit considering the shit he constantly pulled on The Nights Watch on their way to Oakenshield. Unlike Jaime he did not think it wise to aggravate a very irate Pyp and thus kept his opinion on that subject to himself.

“No, I fucking did not know.” Pyp growled. “But I am oh so happy to fucking find out about it from my sister who has been lying to me for Force knows how fucking long, who, by the way, is no longer fucking safe on Frozen Shore but on a ship with me to one of the most dangerous planets in the fucking Galaxy!”
Rys’ face crumpled. “That isn’t fair, Pyp. I wanted to come here to protect you. I just barely found out you are alive. I can’t bear to have you die a second time.” She looked to Brienne, her bright green eyes wide and pleading. Bran had never seen her look so vulnerable. “Della and Nina had no choice but to stay on Frozen Shore, but not me. I just got him back. Please don’t make me lose him again.” Rys blinked back tears. “Please. I love him. He’s my brother.”

Pyp’s anger eased up by the barest of degrees.

“How well can you fight?” Rys opened her mouth but Brienne quickly continued before she could answer. “Do not over embellish your capabilities. I want the truth.”

Rys’ shoulders slumped. “I’m not very good with a blaster or hand-to-hand combat. On Starfall I only ever flew ships, but I swear I am very good at that. I was the best in my school. And I am an ace mechanic.”

“She’s, um, getting better. At fighting.” Bran offered. He ignored the glare Jaime was giving him. “Her hits are getting a bit more power, and, uh, her aim has improved. A lot. When we practiced. Which wasn’t often. Just every night. After dinner. Until we left for our mission.”

Theon coughed to hide his laugh.

Brienne pursed her lips together as she considered Rys. “I am not happy that you broke the rules to come onto my ship, but I understand your reasoning for doing so. Family is the reason I fight for the Rebellion.” She gave Rys a barely present smile. “I will not send you home.”

“What?!” Both Jaime and Pyp shouted in unison.

“But I will not have you become a liability either.” Brienne continued as if she hadn’t heard Jaime and Pyp. “I will take over your training. If your sister is training to become a Jedi, then you too will train to become one of the best fighters the Galaxy has ever seen. Is that understood?”

Rys beamed. “Yes, it is.” She grabbed Brienne’s hands and gave them a squeeze. “Thank you. Thank you so much.”

Brienne let go of Rys’ hands and patted her on the shoulder. “You’re welcome.” She turned her attention to Theon and Bran, the matter settled as far as she was concerned. “Shall we play teams for sabaac? I haven’t played for a while but if we are going to Braavos we will need to have our wits about us. Jaime, you are with me.” Brienne sat down without preamble at the table. She motioned for a sullen looking Jaime to join her. “We should beat these kids easily, don’t you agree?”

Jaime didn’t say anything. He silently sat down next to Brienne. He looked far from happy that Rys was allowed to stay, and Bran suspected it had nothing to do with her breaking the rules and everything to do with the fact that Bran may have a very tiny, hardly there, maybe thought about her during all his free time crush on Rys Antilles.

Pyp stood from his chair and began to roll it towards the table. “We are so having a fucking conversation after we beat these dipshits.” He muttered to Rys. He locked the chair in place and sat down with a huff. “I am watching you, Greyjoy.” He brought two fingers to his eyes before pointing them back to Theon to emphasize his point.

“Watching me beat your stupid ass, most likely.” Theon said smugly. “This game is how I made a living before I became the leader of Oakenshield. Bran and I will be victorious, even if the poor summer child next to me doesn’t understand how to cheat yet.”

Bran tried in vain to keep his heart rate from speeding up as Rys scooted in next to him. She smelled
like flowers and her thigh nestled comfortably against his own. Unsurprisingly, he felt the smallest bit of movement in his groin when she turned towards him and gave him a quick heart stopping smile before she leaned towards Pyp to discuss their strategy, her shirt riding up to show the barest sliver of skin on her back.

Puberty, not the Empire, was going to be the death of Bran Stark.

He was sure of it.

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Jon tilted his head to the side. He assessed the granite structure before him, unable to keep his signature brooding stare from taking over his features. After a few moments he came to a very important and obvious conclusion.

“I’m fucked.”

Ghost ignored his negativity—Jon would argue it was more him being realistic—and began to sniff around the Jedi Temple in hopes of finding some sort of entrance. Jon didn’t have the heart to call him back even though he knew Ghost’s attempts at helping him where all in vain. He had already circled the large dome shaped structure three times, plus jumped up a few trees for a better look, and found no type of door, window, or any other form of opening that would allow them inside. It was if the Jedi who built it only created a roof without a home to stand atop of.

“I suppose I can always blow a hole into it.”

Ghost ceased his sniffing. He gave Jon a look of incredulity.

“I’m kidding, boy.”

Jon closed his eyes, turning on is Force sight to see if maybe there was a hidden entrance somewhere or at the very least something inside the granite walls, but his efforts proved fruitless. The temple was immune to his power.

“Fuck.”

Jon scratched the side of his face—his beard would need a trim as soon as he returned to Frozen Shore—and considered his situation. He wasn’t angry or frustrated, but more so confused as to what his next step should be. He had no idea how to get inside and neither Davos nor Jaime had mentioned getting inside the temple was not going to be as simple as pushing open a door or jumping through a window. He felt completely unprepared for the task that stood before him.

Ghost let out a loud and excited bark. He began to paw at the dirt surrounding the base of temple furiously. He jumped up and down a few times, his long tail wagging behind him. He looked to Jon before looking to the floor and back once more.

His interest peaked, Jon walked over to where Ghost had resumed his digging. He gave him a few pats on the torso before crouching down next to the small hole Ghost was forming. Instructing Ghost to sit, Jon placed his hand into the earth and reached out into the world below the forests surface with his Force energy. He felt the old and ancient roots of the Wolfswood trees, animals burrowed in their underground nests, and insects creeping about. In the midst of it all was a deep, cavernous rock that shone brightly despite the darkness of the earth that surrounded it.

Jon raised his hand from the earth. He peered up at the rock that stood before him, an idea beginning to form in his mind.
Jon stood. He walked away from the temple until he could no longer feel the stone beneath his feet.  

“Ghost, to me.”

Ghost ran to him without hesitation, sensing that something was about to happen.

“Let’s hope this works, boy.”

Ghost gave him an encouraging head bump before sitting at attention next to him.

Using every ounce of Force energy his body possessed, Jon raised both his hands and reached out towards the Temple. He visualized his Force energy surrounding the temple, almost as if he was embracing the structure in a firm hug. Once he felt like he had an ethereal grasp on the temple, Jon minutely raised his arms up towards the sky.

The ground beneath him immediately began to shake as the Jedi Temple spiraled upwards.

Jon ignored the sweat dripping down his brow as he continuously pulled the temple out of the earth. Ancient Jedi symbols appeared, their red markings a stark contrast to the grey shades of granite that made up the outside of the structure. Jon felt his eyes beginning to cross from the combination of the spinning temple and its symbols, but he forced himself to focus as the beginnings of a large, hollowed out shape began to appear. The higher the temple rose, the deeper it became, until Jon was able to see a simple wooden door amid the granite.

The earth settled as Jon lowered his hands. Without saying a word, he walked towards the entrance, Ghost at his side. The air became colder the deeper he went into the hollowed-out rock, but Jon felt no chill. His body was alight with the Force and his blood hummed with electricity. He stopped in front of the wooden door, unsurprised to find there was no way to open it. Raising the temple had been his first test; getting inside would now be his second.

The door was tall, humble, and unassuming save for the large portrait at its center. An old looking human man with dark skin and a long white beard dominated the majority of the space. He wore a blue gown with golden trim. In one hand was a staff and in the other was an orb that looked like it was glowing. His blue eyes gazed down at Jon, and countless others before him, in judgement.

Jon licked his lips. Before he could comprehend what he was doing or if he should even be doing it, he opened his mouth to speak.

“I am Jon Mor—“

Jon cut himself off before he could continue. He stared silently at the man’s judging blue eyes, his thoughts a mixture of emotions.

Was his name Mormont? Jon knew, he couldn’t describe how he knew but he knew, the portrait of the man on the door was the embodiment of the Force that resided in the temple. Regardless of not being an actual living and breathing creature, Jon was going to be judged by this man; he would either be found worthy and allowed to enter or rejected and sent away.

The portrait would know if Jon was lying.

Jon bit his bottom lip. His battle against Night King flashed before his eyes. He saw his gloved hand extended out to him as he declared Jon to be his trueborn son before hearing the same words from Jeor as he held Jon as a newborn babe. He heard himself telling Pyp who he was once he was safely back on The Night’s Watch.
He was Jon Mormont, even if the last name was something that was given to him and not something he was born with.

Wasn’t he?

Did a last name really determine who he was?

Or was it a symbol of the creature he decided to be? The family he had chosen?

Night King was his father, but he was not his dad, and there wasn’t a question in Jon’s mind of the truth in that statement. Jeor would always be his dad, and while Jon could very easily reject his last name due to their nonblood relation, he never would. More than being born as someone’s son, Jon chose to be Jeor’s son. He chose him because not because Jeor raised him, but because Jon loved him.

Jon cleared his throat as he was overcome with emotion. He stared into the eyes of the painting.

“I am Jon Mormont, Jedi, and Padawan to Jedi Knight Sansa Stark, Jedi Grand Master Davos Waters, and former Sith Lord turned Jedi Knight Jaime Lannister. I am in search of a kyber crystal. I ask to enter your temple. Please.”

The orb glowed brighter. Jon felt his feet leave the safety of the floor. He floated higher and higher until he was eyelevel with the painting. He blue eyes pierced Jon’s soul as if Jon’s words had brought it to life.

“Chosen One.”

Jon blinked. The lips of the portrait hadn’t moved but Jon had heard his voice. “Wh—what?” He stuttered.

“You are the Chosen One, are you not?”

Jon swallowed down his nerves.

“The Jedi who still live say that I am, but I…” Jon bit his lip. “I do not know if I am, nor do I know that I want to be. I only know that I want to help others and end the oppressive rule of the Empire. I want to live in a world where the creature I love is no longer hunted down for who she is. I want to raise our children without them fearing the power inside them and how there are those who would hurt them for that power. I want to live a life of peace. I want the fighting to stop. I want the creatures of the Galaxy to prosper.” Jon took in a deep breath. “I am Jon Mormont. That is who I am.”

Silence surrounded him as the man in the portrait considered his words. It felt like an eternity as Jon waited for an answer.

The portrait shone brightly.

“You may enter my temple, Jon Mormont. Your past awaits you.”

Jon’s body floated gently to the floor as the heavy wooden door slowly began to open.

“It is time for you to determine your future.”

Jon took a cautious step inside, followed by another. Ghost walked quietly beside him. Just a few feet beyond the door was a large circular room. It was lit by hundreds of flaming torches lining the tops of the walls. Every few feet were cave like opening carved into the granite. Unlike the entrance
to the temple, they had no doors, allowing easy access to their tunnels and the kyber crystals that lived within the temple.

Jon ignored the bones that littered the floor as he walked to the center of the room. They were the evidence of the padawan’s who had come to the temple and failed, leaving their poor master’s to wait for them until death took hold of their bodies.

“Don’t worry, boy.” Jon said softly to Ghost. He patted the top of his head to ease the direwolf’s nerves. “That won’t be your fate.”

“No, it won’t.”

Jon spun on his heel. He eyes widened and lips parted at the sight before him.

“Dad?” He whispered hoarsely, his voice thick with emotion as he stared in wonder at Jeor’s blue tinged form.

Jon didn’t give Jeor a chance to respond before he was running towards him. He threw his arms around Jeor without hesitation and buried his neck into his shoulder.

“I am so sorry, Dad. So very, very sorry.” He cried. “I was wrong, and you were right, and…” Jon felt tears begin to fall down his cheeks. “I love you, Dad, so much. You… you’re my dad.” Jon removed his head from Jeor’s shoulder and looked up at him with hope-filled eyes. “You know that, right?”

Jeor’s eyes filled with love and understanding. “I know, Jon.” He said. He kissed the crown of Jon’s head, reminding Jon of all the times he had done so when Jon was a youngling. “You are my son. Always. I forgive you.”

Jon felt a heavy weight lift from his shoulders as he heard the words from Jeor he had been longing for since he left him on the shoreline in Oakenshield.

“Dad, I—”

A flash of purple lights from beyond Jeor’s shoulder cut Jon off before he could continue.

“Sansa?” He asked in disbelief.

Jeor chuckled. “She and I have been waiting for you for quite some time. She has been very worried.”

Jon stared with wide eyes as Sansa’s Force energy floated towards him. Unlike before, when she had smothered him with affection, the lights stopped a foot or two before him. He sensed they were taking in his presence to look for injury. They floated down to his right hand and slowly circled it.

“I lost it, in my fight with Night King.” Jon raised his arm and flexed his hand into a fist. Sansa followed his movement. “I am fine, sweetling.” He promised her. “The automail has taken some time to get used to, but it functions like a real hand. I’m good as new.”

Satisfied with his answer, the lights pecked Jon on his lips lightly before resting on his shoulder. He felt the love she had for him radiate through his body. Jon raised his hand and lightly caressed her with his fingertips. He longed for Sansa, and while he was forever grateful to her for leaving him with a piece of herself, the presence of her Force energy filled him with a stronger resolve to get her back from Ramsay at all costs.
“Night lost his hand too, when he was your age.” Jeor said, bringing Jon’s attention back to the moment. “I was captured and about to be executed when he and your mother came to save me. He was Rhaegar Waters then, and he was my friend.” Jeor smiled sadly. His eyes spoke of a million things that Jon couldn’t begin to comprehend. “Can you forgive me, Jon? I have kept so much from you. I wanted to protect you from the harsh reality of your conception and birth, but I fear in the process I have hurt you.”

“I forgive you.” Jon said without hesitation, unsurprised to find the words were true even if he had not realized it until he said it out loud. “But I would still like to talk about it, all of it, with you. I want to understand why you did what you did.”

Jeor nodded. “I would like that as well, son.”

Jon’s chest warmed to hear Jeor refer to him as his child. He gave Jeor another quick hug, this one full of promise, before he resumed his examination of the room they stood in. He turned around in a slow circle as he examined all the possible pathways he could take.

Jon took a small step forward. He felt himself being called towards one opening in particular. It looked brighter than the others. The closer he moved towards it, the more the swelling in his chest grew. He knew this was the way to choose.

Sansa’s Force energy nuzzled against his cheek. He watched as she floated away, resting herself next to Jeor. Ghost laid down at his old master’s feet.

“I will come back.” Jon reaffirmed. “I promise.”

Jeor looked at Jon with pride. “I know you will.”

The purple lights bobbed up and down while Ghost gave him an encouraging bark.

“I love you. All you of you.”

Jon returned his attention to the door. There was no hesitation in his step as he walked under its archway.

“Jon?”

Jon turned around. He raised an eyebrow at Jeor, wondering what would cause him to call out to him.

“Tell her hello for me, will you?”

Jon’s eyebrows knit together. “What?” He asked, confused by Jeor’s declaration.

Jeor simply smiled. He offered no further explanation.

Jon silently nodded his head. Taking a deep breath, he walked into the heart of the temple, unafraid of what was to come, and unaware of a painting of a young woman with her baby boy beginning to form above the path he had chosen.

Chapter End Notes

While I am not an episodic writer and like sticking to one POV per chapter, I found this
one fun to write and necessary for the progression of the story. The next two chapters will follow this style in order to keep the plot moving as we make our way towards Return of the Jedi and the return of our lovely Sansa. But first! Jon receives his lightsaber, and Bran finds another lost sister.

Thank you all so much for reading! Have a great week and please comment if you like!!
Chapter Notes

I'm back! Sort of. For those following my other story, you know I wanted this chapter and the one following it posted weeks ago. But, I got asked to make a last minute cosplay costume for a friend for a convention she was attending with only fourteen days to make it. Because of that I got behind on my own cosplay, and with SLC FanX coming up at the beginning of September I had to put everything else on hold so that my husband and I do not look terrible. I have been sewing nonstop for weeks! Anyway, last week I desperately needed a break, and with my cosplay 90% done and my husbands completed I decided to relax and spent my time catching up on reading and editing this chapter. While I would have liked to have dropped this one and the next chapter at the same time, which is completed but not edited, my sewing break is now over with only this chapter ready to post. I'm not sure when the next one will be up, but do not worry. This story and my other one have not been abandoned. Just put on hold until my cosplay is done.

General Disclaimer: I am neither Martin, Lucas, or Filoni.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 50: Across the Stars

“Daddy?”

“Yes, Jon?”

“Do you ever miss Mom?”

“All the time, son. All the time.”

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Jon’s heart beat erratically against his chest. He wasn’t sure if its rapid pace was due to his fear or anticipation. After a moment’s reflection he decided it was most likely a bit of both. He was excited to be inside the temple after his months of training, but his mind couldn’t help recalling the outcome of the last time he had been all alone and without companionship.

His mechanical hand flexed involuntarily.

“This isn’t the same.” Jon whispered to himself. “I am not the same.”

After his conversations with Davos on both Wolfswood and Frozen Shore concerning his feelings, Jon had accepted that he was always going to feel doubt, fear, and even a little unworthy of the power he wielded—they were natural emotions—but he didn’t have to let them control him into nonaction and anger. He would instead turn those emotions into something beneficial to him. He was afraid of the unknown the temple presented, but he had already walked through the door; he would not let his fear lead him into turning around and running back to where Ghost, Jeor, and Sansa’s
Force energy waited for him. Instead, he was going to use it to help him be more alert of his surroundings. If he knew where he was, he would be less afraid.

His weaknesses would become his strengths.

Jon moved one foot in front of the other, continuing to walk forward. There was no way to tell if he was going the right way; he only knew it felt wrong to turn around and go back the way he came. Going backwards felt like a regression somehow. It felt symbolic, as if turning around would turn him back into the creature he was before he defeated the Dark Side, before he decided what sort of man he was going to be, before he met Sansa.

Jon needed to keep moving forward.

Long, menacing formations of stalactites and stalagmites created from kyber crystals shot up from the ground and the ceiling. None of the individual crystals that made up the imposing structures shone brightly to Jon’s eyes. Everything around him was cast in the same grey and black sullen hues. Jon knew without being told that when he came upon the crystal that was meant for him, it would shine brightly, a light in the darkness.

He just needed to keep moving forward to find it.

He could not doubt.

Jon’s heart began to slow down as he took a right, followed by a left as he navigated the winding tunnels. He no longer felt anxious, but like his body was being pulled by some sort of invisible string. He knew he was going in the right direction now. His entire body was thrumming with electricity. It was the same feeling he’d experienced when Sansa collapsed into his arms on Dorne after Jeor rescued them from Ramsay, that he’d pushed away as soon as it happened because he didn’t want to feel anything towards her at all.

He felt like he was coming home.

The tight walls of the cave gradually grew wider and wider until Jon found himself no longer in a tunnel but a massive cavern. Stalagmites of crystals piled on top of each other, so thick and voluminous that Jon could barely make out the ground below him. They were high and endless and made the ones that he had just seen in the tunnels look like dwarfs in comparison. Some were so tall they met the jagged edges of the stalactites that jutted out from the walls and ceiling. The power from each individual crystal of the millions that were present was mesmerizing, but none seemed as powerful as the one that shone brightly in the hands of a young woman who sat perched atop the highest stalagmite.

Jon took in the woman above him as she moved the crystal around in her hands. Unlike Jeor, the woman did not appear in various shades of blue. She sat with her profile facing Jon. Her hair was brown and curly, not unlike his own, and her skin pale. Jon briefly thought she was alive before dismissing the thought just as quickly. It had been twenty years since Order Wildfire. No creature could have survived in the Temple that long without food or water. Jon wondered if he was meant to fight her to earn the crystal she was holding; from the way it shone and called to his soul, he knew the crystal was created for him and not her.

“Hello?” Jon called out. His voice bounced off the crystals and echoed up to her perch. Jon thought he might try to reason with her for the crystal instead of resorting to fighting right away. “I was wondering if I could—”

“I am not going to fight you.” The woman replied before Jon could begin to form another sentence.
She had a Northern accent that reminded Jon of the way his dad and Sansa spoke. “I have been waiting for you for so long. I would never fight you.” She said with sadness and tinges of despair. “Never.”

Jon frowned. She spoke as if she knew him, not as the Chosen One, but as Jon. “I don’t under—”

The woman raised her head and turned to look at him. Her grey eyes perfectly matched his own, as did the shape of her face and the fullness of her lips. Jon felt like he was staring into a mirror. He was the spitting image of her.

“Jon.” She said, her voice thick with emotion. He could feel her love from him radiating off her body. “My son. My, beautiful, wonderful son.”

Jon reeled back in shock. It was the third time someone had referred to him as their son in his short life. Deep in his bones, Jon knew the declaration was as true from her lips as it was from the two men who had also uttered the words.

“All things are possible through the Force, Jon. Surely you know this by now.”

Jon nodded his head. “I do.” He confirmed. He began to walk towards her with steady feet. The path was steep, but he never once looked down to check his footing. Jon found he couldn’t look away from the woman before him even if he wanted to. He knelt in front of her, his eyes full of wonder.

“You don’t look like Dad at all.” He said, referencing Jeor’s blue coloring in comparison to her pale skin and grey eyes. “You look alive.”

“Your father is alive.”

“No, he isn’t.” Jon replied emphatically. He would not let anyone, including his mother whom he just met, tell him who his father was. “My dad is dead.”

Lyanna’s face crumbled. She looked down at the crystal in her hands once more. “I suppose you are right. Rhaegar is dead. He has been since your birth.”

Jon scowled. It appeared Lyanna either did not understand Jon’s meaning or she chose to be ignorant of it. “No.” He didn’t want to cause her any pain, but he needed her to understand. “Jeor is my—”

“The creature that parades around in Rhaegar’s skin is not your father, nor he is the man I fell in love with.” Lyanna continued as if Jon had never said anything. “He is Cersei Lannister’s lapdog.”

Jon let out an internal sigh, feeling his shoulder’s sag as he did so. Perhaps it was best to drop the argument of who is real father was for the time being. Through the power of the Force he was finally meeting his mother, and it seemed wrong to taint the moment with a petty argument. He wanted to get to know her and not fight with her. Jon knew a bit about Lyanna—her name, that she was from the North, and that he looked just like her—but not a lot of specifics. When he was young Jeor would tell him stories of her, but Jon noticed from an early age that speaking of Lyanna caused Jeor immense sadness. Jon soon stopped asking once he was aware of Jeor’s distress to spare him the pain her memory caused.

“Were you a Jedi?” Jon asked, thinking perhaps this was why her spirit was within the Temple.

Lyanna shook her head. “Neddy, Benji, and I use to play Jedi when we were younglings, but no, I
am not. I suppose being the wife of the former Chosen One and the mother of the current one has
given me some special privileges, hence why I have been waiting for this exact moment to meet you
and give you this for so many years.” Her lower lip began to tremble, and she clutched the crystal in
an impossibly tighter grip. “Or perhaps never being able to move on is my punishment for the
mistakes I made.”

Jon cautiously reached out to her. He took one of her hands into his own, gently uncurling it from the
crystal before entwining their fingers together. “Whatever the reason, I am glad of it.” He whispered.
Lyanna looked up at him with wide eyes. “I have always wanted to meet you.”

Tears spilled down Lyanna’s cheeks. “I am so sorry.” She placed her head into his shoulder and
wept. “I wanted to stay, I tried to stay, but I couldn’t. Too much damage had been done.”

Jon ran his fingers through his hair. “It’s all right.” He thought back to his upbringing, of sitting on
Jeor’s lap as he learned to fly The Night’s Watch or staying up late into the night hoping to finally
beat him at dejark. “I had the best childhood.” He cleared his throat, quickly becoming emotional
himself. “I never felt unloved or unwanted by Dad. Never.”

Lyanna nodded her head against him. She pushed herself away from him gently. “I know you did.”
She wiped the tears from her cheeks with her hand. “Jeor would never let harm come to you, but it is
not the life I wanted for you. It should have been Rhaegar and I raising you. He was so happy when
he found out I was pregnant. He wanted to be a father more than anything. But then he began to
have these dreams and Cersei took him away from me and I…” Lyanna choked back a fresh wave of
tears. She looked so young; a woman frozen in time whose death had come too soon.

“Would you like to tell me about it?” Jon asked softly. He sensed that this was the reason she was
here, and her story and how he would react to it was his test to find if he was worthy of his crystal.

“No,” she told him honestly, “but I will.” Lyanna gave him a watery smile. “In order to know where
you are going, you must first know where you came from. I must warn you, though, it is not a happy
story.”

Jon returned her small smiled with one of his own. “Not all stories must be happy in order for them
to be told.”

Lyanna let out a small laugh that sounded somewhere between bitterness and happiness. “I suppose
you are right.”

XXXXXXXX

Lyanna wiped at the sweat lining her brow. She grimaced when she felt it mixing with the dirt and
sand that stained her skin. Being born and raised in Winterfell, Lyanna was finding the head of Red
Waste unbearable. It made Dorne look frigid in comparison.

“How much longer?” Jon asked softly. He sensed that this was the reason she was here, and her story and how he would react to it was his test to find if he was worthy of his crystal.

“Not all stories must be happy in order for them to be told.”

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sand that stained her skin. Being born and raised in Winterfell, Lyanna was finding the head of Red
Waste unbearable. It made Dorne look frigid in comparison.

“How much longer?” she huffed.

“We are almost to town.” Jedi Master Qorgyle Sand said. His tone was matter of fact and without
much feeling, much like the man himself. “We will get the parts we need then leave just as quickly.
Red Waste is not a place to tarry for longer than necessary. We will need to make haste if your father
is to make his speech before the Senate about the Trade Federation’s secret plans to invade
Winterfell.”

Lyanna hummed her agreement. She was born to the Stark family’s head chef and his wife. When
her parents died in a tragic accident when she was only six years old, Lyanna had been adopted by
Senator Rickard Stark and his wife Lyarra. They, along with their sons, had loved her as if she was one of their own from the very start. Though it had taken her a bit longer to learn to care for them—she was afraid they would try to erase the memory of her beloved parents—Lyanna had grown to love them fiercely.

“I doubt it was by accident the Federation chose to threaten our planet while our family was away on vacation.” Lyanna said bitterly. “We have been reduced to hiding on the outer rim while those creatures spread vicious lies about us.”

Master Qorgyle placed a hand on her shoulder before withdrawing it quickly. Lyanna supposed it was his way of offering comfort. “It will be all right, my Lady.” He motioned to the shop sign that stood at the end of the dusty road. “Soon you will be home in Winterfell.”

Lyanna followed Qorgyle in the shop. It seemed everywhere there was a flat surface an assortment of different parts for ships and speeders were on display. It appeared more cluttered than organized, with no rhyme or reason to how the merchandise was placed; if there was an open spot, then a part sat on top of it. A boy that looked to be few years younger than her manned the counter. In Winterfell, he would have been considered too young to work, but the rules were different on child labor in Red Waste.

“Pardon me, young man, but we are looking for—”

“Wow!” The boy gasped, interrupting Qorygle. His violet eyes were glued to Lyanna’s. “Are you an angel?”

Lyanna raised her eyebrow. “A what?” She asked.

“An angel.” The boy repeated. “I heard the deep space pilots talk about them. They are supposed to be the most beautiful creatures in the Galaxy.” The boy leaned forward to get a better look at her. “You are really beautiful.

Lyanna suppressed the urge to giggle. If he had been older than her own fourteen years of age, she would have thought the boy was trying to flirt with her, but the earnestness and hope radiating off him let her know he was being sincere in thinking her an angel.

“No.” She gave a slight shake of her head, her lips forming into a soft smile. “Not an angel.”

“Rhaegar! Get back to work and leave these two travelers alone!” A sharp voice yelled out. A winged Essosian came out of the back room. He flew over to them, his large eyes assessing them. “What do you need, Jedi?”

Qorgyle frowned. “I am not a Jedi.”

The creature rolled his brown eyes. “Don’t fucking insult me. I didn’t survive on Red Waste without learning how to spot certain types of people. What do you need?”

Lyanna perused the shop, content to let Qorygle do the negotiations. She was only with him because she couldn’t bare to stay on the ship and listen to her brother’s immature jokes combined with their petty bickering for another moment. She loved Brandon, Benjen, and Ned, but sometimes they could be a little much.

“I’m Rhaegar.” The boy said from behind her. “What’s your name?”

Lyanna turned around. She held out her hand for him to shake. “Lyanna.” She frowned slightly at the bolt of electricity that went up her arm as their hands made contact. “Do you work here?”
“Sort of.” He rubbed the back of his neck. “Watto owns us. Mom and I are slaves, but someday soon we will be free. We have been saving up our credits. Once we have enough we will leave this planet and never come back.”

Lyanna scowled. She couldn’t believe slavery still existed in the Galaxy. “How old are you?” She asked, wanting to change the subject before she went over to Watto and accosted him for owning other creatures. An outburst from her would only hurt their chances of getting the parts they needed.

“Twelve.”

“I’m—”

“Time to go, Lyanna.” Qorgyle interrupted. He sounded frustrated. “This establishment does not have what we need.”

“You won’t fucking find a better price!” Watto yelled out. “Try all you like but you will be back tomorrow.”

Qorgyle and Lyanna walked out of the shop.

“Hey!” Rhaegar called out to them. He ran after them down the street, ignoring Watto’s calls to return. “Do you need a place to sleep for the night? My Mom wouldn’t mind you staying with us until you find what you need.”

Qorgyle considered the boy. Whatever he felt from him must have been agreeable, because he accepted the offer.

The part they needed was too expensive. Rhaegar offered to win the money for them in a podrace. Qorgyle bartered with Watto, not only for the part but for Rhaegar and his mother’s freedom if the boy won. He argued the prize money would be more than enough to buy the part and both creatures. Watto refused; he would sell him the part and Rhaegar’s freedom but that was it. It would be bad for his business to lose all his workers—Lyanna’s teeth ground together when he refused to call them slaves even though they all knew that is what they were—and the mother was of more use to him than the son.

Rhaegar won the race. The Stark’s ship was repaired, and Senator Stark was able to present his case against the Trade Federation to the Senate. His speech did not stop the Federation from attacking Winterfell. With the help of the Jedi and the soldiers who remained inside the castle, the Starks were able to take their planet back.

Master Qorgyle died in the attack. He had sworn to Rhaegar he would train him to be a Jedi before leaving Red Waste, telling him that the power within him was strong. It was his dying wish for his own Padawan, Jeor Snow, to train Rhaegar in his place. He believed the boy to be The Chosen One.

Lyanna said goodbye to Rhaegar on the steps of Winterfell Castle. She wished him the best in his Jedi training before going their separate ways. Whenever she saw a Jedi over the passing years, her thoughts would go to him, and Lyanna would wonder if he had become the Jedi Qorgyle believed he would be.

“This is unacceptable!” Lyanna raged. “A threat has been made on your life and we are just
expected to tuck tail and run?!”

Brandon Stark took in a deep breath in an effort to gather some of his patience. “We are not running. Chancellor Baratheon thought it best for us to return to Winterfell until the culprit behind the attacks is discovered. I will have two Jedi assigned to my protection detail—”

“It’s the Trade Federation! They have never regained their power after father exposed them. Now that he has passed they have made you, his son and Senate successor, their target. Don’t be blind!”

“Lyanna!” Brandon said harshly. He looked around the room as if a spy would burst forth at any moment. “Do not make such accusations without evidence to back it up. What if the wrong creatures —”

“I don’t fucking care who hears—”

“—remember who you are—”

“—how dare you imply—”

“Are we interrupting something? Because we can always come back at another time.”

Lyanna spun on her heel, ready to give whoever dared to interrupt her and her brothers heated exchange—she and her brothers never fought, they just sometimes spoke to each other curtly and at a higher octave than in normal conversation—a piece of her mind.

“Listen you—”

“Hello, Lyanna.”

Lyanna’s brown eyes widened and her jaw went slack. Two Jedi stood before her, but it had been a decade since she had seen either of them. Time had changed one in so thoroughly that Lyanna had trouble believing it was him standing before her.

“Rhaegar?” She questioned in disbelief.

Rhaegar smiled bashfully. He was tall and lean, his muscles apparent even under the Jedi robes he wore. His white hair hung in waves down to his chin and was pulled back on either side of his head to keep from getting in his eyes. “It’s been a long time.” He said. His voice was deep and masculine.

She smiled at him. Without thinking she went and threw her arms around him, enveloping him into a hug. They had become something close to friends during their short time spent together before he left for his Jedi training, often staying up into the night and sharing their fears and dreams of the future.

“It’s good to see you again.” She said, her voice muffled as she briefly rested her face into his shoulder.

“You as well.”

Lyanna let him go, refusing to think of the way his voice sent a tingle down her spine, before turning to Jeor and giving him a hug as well.

She also didn’t think about how the hug from the older Jedi felt different than the hug from the younger one.

“How have you been?” She took a few steps away from Jeor so she could take them both in. “Keeping Rhagar in line?” She asked teasingly.
Jeor rolled his eyes. “As much as he will let me. He is quite willful.”

Rhaegar crossed his arms over his chest. “And you, Master, are quite bossy.”

Lyanna laughed. Brandon came up behind her, excited to see the two Jedi as well after so many years. She moved out of the way to allow Brandon to shake their hands in greeting. She blushed slightly as Rhaegar’s eyes would continually find hers despite his conversation with the other two men.

It didn’t escape her notice how handsome Rhaegar had become.

They travelled back to Winterfell in disguise on a ship that looked like it would fall apart at any moment and with so many creatures it felt impossible to let her guard down. Rhaegar sat next to her, his shoulder lightly brushing hers due to lack of space. They spoke well into the night after most creatures had gone to sleep, each sharing stories of what happened to them during their time apart in hushed whispers.

“You cheated!”

“I did not!”

“You did so!”

“No, I didn’t.” Rhaegar’s eyes danced with mischief. “It is not my fault you are slow.”

“I am not slow!” Lyanna gave him a shove to the chest, annoyed that he didn’t so much as sway from the pressure. “You used the Force to beat me! Admit it!”

“Admit that I am faster than you.” Rhaegar winked. He was barely panting from their morning run, while Lyanna knew she would be feeling their speed and distance later. “Also, I do believe I get something for winning. That was the agreement, was it not?”

“Ugh!”

Lyanna reached out to shove Rhaegar again, but he danced away from her before she could make contact. Her foot twisted. She held her breath and braced herself for her inevitable fall into the chilly snow, but the impact never came. Instead her cheek was met with a warm and solid chest.

“Are you all right?” Rhaegar asked with concern.

Lyanna felt her heart begin to beat rapidly from her chest, and it wasn’t from physical exertion. Rhaegar gently placed her onto a nearby bench as he checked her ankle for injury. Her body warmed from the softness of his hands as he gently touched her atop her layers of clothing. In his hands, Lyanna felt like the most important thing in the Galaxy.

“Looks like a sprain.” He said with a frown. He looked between her and the castle—still a good distance away—before coming to a decision.

Without warning, Rhaegar scooped Lyanna up into his arms and carried her towards her home.

Lyanna felt her cheeks stain pink. She knew she could protest—she should protest—but she refused to listen to her better judgment and allowed herself to indulge her fantasies just this once. Rhaegar
and Jeor had been staying with them for almost a month. He had been her constant companion, a result of him having to protect Brandon, and by extension her since she was his personal assistant. They ate together, ran together, read together, and would often talk long into the night like they had done when they first met and again on their flight to Winterfell. Lyanna often found herself hanging on Rhaegar’s every word, eager to hear what he would say next. The way he listened to her was no different. His violet eyes would sparkle with interest even when she was speaking on something as dull as what they should have for supper.

Lyanna rested her head against Rhaegar’s chest. She closed her eyes as she listened to the steady beating of his heart. If she tried hard enough, she could pretend Rhaegar wasn’t a Jedi, and the way he was holding her wasn’t the way of a friend, but of a lover.

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“I made this for you.”

Lyanna looked up from the book she was reading. It was another quiet evening in Winterfell. Jeor and Brandon had gone to bed some time ago. Lyanna was beginning to fear that due to there being no other attempts against Brandon, Jeor and Rhaegar would soon be asked to leave. She wanted her brother to be safe, of course, but she didn’t want Rhaegar to leave.

And Jeor, she quickly reminded herself.

“What is it?” She asked. She sat her book down at her side and leaned forward to get a better look.

Rhaegar flipped over his closed palm. He opened his hand to reveal a square shaped charm made from the white bark of a Weirwood tree. Inside were hand carved designs of an ancient language Lyanna had seen before but did not know. It was connected to a think leather rope.

“It is meant to bring you good fortune.” Rhaegar explained. “I want you to have it to remember me by. No matter where I am, I will always wish for your safety and happiness.”

Lyanna gently took the necklace from him. “Thank you, Rhaegar.” She smiled, looking up into his eyes and hoping that he understood what she was trying to say but couldn’t voice aloud. “I will always treasure it.”

Rhaegar returned her smile. His lips were full and soft looking. Not for the first time, Lyanna wondered what it would be like to kiss them. She had never kissed a boy before, and she longed to give to Rhaegar what she had not desired to share with others.

That night, Lyanna slept holding the pendant tightly within her grasp. She never let go.

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Jeor could no longer stay at Winterfell. He had received information about an insurgent threat to the Empire that could be linked back to the attack on Brandon. He left Rhaegar in charge of security.

The same night Jeor left, Rhaegar began to have nightmares of his mother’s death. He withdrew from Lyanna, his grief overcoming him. Her heart broke as she watched him become nothing but a hollow shell. She snuck into his room one night, begging him to go to his mother and save her before anything could happen to her. Rhaegar was hesitant until Lyanna told him that she would do it on her own, without him.

They left Brandon a note.
“I killed them!” Rhaegar raged. “All of them! The women, and the children. They raped my mother, and I killed them.”

Lyanna’s face crumbled. What Rhaegar described was horrific, but could she really judge him? He was curled into himself, heaving great sobs as his entire body shook from his grief and his actions. She took a tentative step towards him, and then another. She knew he would never hurt her, but she was unsure if he wanted to be comforted or to left alone.

“What have I done?” Rhaegar rocked himself back and forth. He gripped his head so tightly Laynna was afraid it would burst. “Oh fuck, what have I done?”

All hesitancy left Lyanna. She fell to her knees by his side. She enveloped his body into her arms, running a hand through his hair and kissing his brow without thought.

“I cannot begin to understand the depth of your feelings.” She said softly into his hair. “What you have done, it is not my place to judge. I would bring harm to those who did to my family what they did to your mother.”

“I am a Jedi. I’m supposed to be above feeling.”

“Perhaps the Jedi are wrong.” Lyanna said more harshly then she intended. “Perhaps it is good to feel things like anger and hurt. Maybe that is the only way to know what true happiness really is.”

Lyanna respected the Order, but the more time she spent with Rhaegar, the more she hated their teachings on forming attachments. Love was painful, but it was also beautiful, and they were taking it away from those who followed them.

It wasn’t fair.

Rhaegar said nothing to her statement. He simply placed his head onto her shoulder and wept.

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Jeor had been captured by the Separatists, a group of underground planets that were planning a civil war to overthrow the Empire to gain their autonomy.

Rhaegar received Jeor’s distress call as they were preparing to leave Red Waste. He was in Essos, a planet so close to them they could be there in a matter of hours. Lyanna knew for all their bickering, Rhaegar loved his Master, and he loved him. He hadn’t been able to save his mom, but perhaps, with Lyanna’s help, he could save Jeor.

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Lyanna watched the opening to the auditorium become wider and brighter with hollow eyes. They were underground, captured, and would soon be executed along with Jeor. Their attempts to rescue him had only resulted in their capture.

“It will be all right.” Rhaegar said. “I will think of something. I won’t let you die. I swear it.”

Lyanna laughed bitterly. She had been dying every day since Rhagar came back into her life, only it wasn’t a physical death, but an emotional one. She was in love with him, and every day with Rhaegar was like a knife to her heart. They could never be together. He was a Jedi. He would leave her to protect the Galaxy, and she would remain in Winterfell, aiding her brother as his assistant.
and nursing her broken heart.

“I love you.”

Rhaegar sucked in a sharp breath. He turned to Lyanna with wide, shocked eyes. He opened his mouth to speak, but Lyanna forged ahead, not wanting to hear that he could not love in her return. Honesty was all she had left in these last moments, and Lyanna wanted to be honest, not only with Rhaegar but with herself.

“I have been in love with you ever since I saw you standing in Brandon’s apartment. There is no point in hiding it any longer.” Lyanna gathered up her courage to return Rhaegar’s gaze. She was surprised to find his face soft and tender, not harsh and judgmental like she had expected. “Before I die, I wanted you to know.”

Rhaegar brought his lips to hers without warning. The kiss was harsh and demanding, a desperate plea for the other to not give up and to live for a future that could await them if they were able to survive the next few hours.

“Marry me.” He said against her lips, their breaths mingling with one another.

Lyanna pulled back. “What did you say?” She gasped. They were seconds from leaving the tunnel. It didn’t feel like the time to be having this type of conversation, but she had started it, and she was going to make damn sure they both finished it.

“I am in love with you, Lyanna.” Rhaegar’s violet eyes shined with devotion. “I have been since I was a child. When we make it out of this alive, and I swear to you we will, will you marry me? Please?”

“But—but what about the Order?”

“We will keep it a secret from them. Nobody has to know until we are ready to tell them.” Rhaegar kissed her cheek tenderly. “I cannot live without you. Say you will be mine.”

The roar of the crowd ripped Lyanna back into reality. She hooded her eyes with her bound hands to keep them from burning in the harsh desert sun. The colosseum was huge. In the middle of the dirt floor stood five poles with chains hanging from the top. Jeor was already attached to one, his hands locked overhead. He scowled as they came into view.

“Rhaegar? Lyanna? What are you two doing here?” Jeor demanded. He was less than pleased to see them.

“We came to rescue you, Master.” Rhaegar replied. He allowed himself to be led off the chariot and hooked into the pole next to Rhaegar.

“Good job.” Jeor deadpanned. “It looks like you can both die with me today as well.”

“Nobody is dying today, Master.” Rhaegar stared daggers at the Essosi as he treated Lyanna roughly, shoving her off the chariot and pulling her harder than was necessary towards her own pole. “At least, none of us are.”

Jeor scoffed.

Lyanna looked about the amphitheater as her hands were placed into cuffs that were too tight. She could feel the as it trickled down her arms, hear the cheering of the crowd as their names and sentence was given, feel the vibrations on the ground from the monsters that would soon be let free
to eat them, and came to the quick realization that she had never done anything for herself in her very short life.

“Rhaegar!” She yelled out to him.

He turned to face her with a look of steely determination. Lyanna could practically see the gears in his head turning as he formulated a plan to get them all out. He hadn’t given up and Lyanna knew she couldn’t either. She was face to face with her future.

“Yes!”

Despite the odds against them, Rhagaer, Lyanna, and Jeor all lived to see another day. They were saved by the Jedi Order.

Lyanna married Rhaegar in a simple ceremony with only the heart tree of Winterfell as their witness. They merely walked into the sacred area alone one day, pledged themselves to each other as they knelt before the heart tree, and walked out. Nobody knew of any changes upon seeing them once more, but they knew, and it was all that mattered.

Their wedding night was filled with love and passion. Neither had ever been intimate with another, but Rhagaer had worshipped every inch of her, declaring that she was the only creature he would ever bow down to. He had also sheepishly admitted to her that he read several books on how to please her so she was not left wanting. Lyanna had laughed at his declaration, shyly admitting that she had done the same on their journey back home to Winterfell. He spent inside her that night and continued to do so every time they came together. It never occurred to either of them to do so. Their love was pure and true, and the very thought of asking him to pull out made their love feel cheap and dirty. Every time Rhaegar filled her with his seed Lyanna felt whole and complete; it was up to the will of the Force if it was meant for a child to grow within her.

The Separatists declared war against the Republic days after the secret wedding. The Jedi were called upon to fight against the Separatist’s droid army and bring peace back to the Galaxy. Fighting alongside them was the Republic’s own military and a group of Clone Troopers created specifically for times of war.

None of the fighting made sense to Lyanna. She especially hated how the Republic used the Jedi as their own personal weapons. How could they bring peace to everyone in the Galaxy when they fought for one side and eschewed the other? She had friends who were Separatists who needed help, but the Jedi refused to come to their aid because they were on the wrong side.

Lyanna never voiced her doubts to Rhaegar. The war was taking a toll on him, and she didn’t want to worry him with her own doubts in its validity. She continued her work as Brandon’s aid and helped him lobby for peace. Chancellor Baratheon barely listened to him. He seemed only concerned with his wife Cersei’s opinion or his father-in-law’s. There were times when Lyanna suspected they were the two who were really in power, and Chancellor Baratheon was no more than a figurehead.

Lyanna was constantly grinding her teeth whenever she was in Cersei’s presence. If there was anyone she truly hated, it was her.

“I don’t like the way she looks at you.”
“Who?”

Lyanna rolled her eyes. She nudged Rhaegar with the tips of her feet in annoyance. They were lounging around in her apartment—technically their apartment but nobody knew of their relationship except for them—and enjoying a rare day of neither of them having to do anything. Rhaegar had just returned from a two-month long campaign and Lyanna had made sure to take a week off work so they could spend some time together. She had so many things planned, places to go and eat where nobody would know them and they could just be without fear of getting caught, but it seemed Rhagaer had other plans. Lyanna wondered if either of them would put on clothes for the next six days.

She secretly hoped not.

“Cersei Baratheon. Or Lannister. Or whatever she is calling herself.” Lyanna found it odd that even though she was married and had legally changed her name to Baratheon, Cersei still referred to herself as a Lannister. “She looks like she wants to eat you, and not in the ’I’m hungry and willing to resort of cannibalism for survival’ way. The other way.”

“Does she?” Rhagaer asked with a raised eyebrow. He shrugged his shoulders, looking back down at the book he had been reading to her. “I never noticed.”

“You never noticed?” Lyanna scoffed. She’d wanted to pull Cersei’s perfectly styled blonde hair out when she had openly flirted with Rhaegar in front of her, Brandon, Jeor, Chancellor Baratheon, and several other creatures after Rhaegar and Jeor were done giving a debriefing of their mission to the senate. Lyanna had not liked the way her arm had rested on Rhaegar’s chest for too long or the sly smiles she had continually given him.

“Nope.” Rhaegar said with a shrug. He raised his eyes to look at her from over the book. They were sharing a blanket, but it wasn’t long, and her bare breasts and stomach were exposed to him. Her curly hair cascaded down her shoulders. “Too bad for her I am a happily married man and have only ever had eyes for one girl in my entire life. She is kind, and funny, and intelligent, and feisty, and quite lovely when she gets a little jealous.”

Lyanna couldn’t help the flush that crept down her neck as his eyes grew a few shades darker at her reaction to his words. She loved how he said it was because of her that he never noticed Cersei, and not because he was a Jedi.

“Oh?” She said with feigned indifference. She purposely crossed her arms under her breasts to hide them from his view. “Is that why?”

Rhaegar smirked. He sat the book aside and crawled over to her until he was laying atop her warm body. “There will only ever be you, Lyanna.” He placed a delicate kiss on her throat. “Only you.”

XXXXX

Two years into the war, Jedi Master Jeor Snow was accused of killing a Republic Senator. He was innocent, but it was not proven until after he had been expelled from the Jedi Order and about to be executed for his supposed crimes. He was saved through the efforts of fellow Jedi Tyrion Waters and his Clone Captain, Bronn.

Rhaegar had been away on a mission during the ordeal. Lyanna had been desperate to call him but feared it would seem inappropriate— everyone knew they were friends but they were always careful to make sure it never looked like anything more—and thus refrained from doing so.
Rhaegar stared at the walls of their home in stunned silence upon returning with the news that Jeor would not be returning to the Order after he was proven innocent. He’d become too disillusioned with the Jedi and the Republic as the war carried on for seemingly no reason. Jeor felt it was best for him to leave than continually give his life to a cause he no longer believed in. It was only when Lyanna placed a gentle hand into Rhaegar’s own that he curled into a ball around her tiny frame and broke down. Jeor had been like a father to Rhaegar; now he was gone, and Rhaegar was unsure if he would ever see him again due the Order’s ridiculous teachings on attachments.

Lyanna silently wept next to her grieving husband. She wished, not for the first time, she could take all his pain away.

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Lyanna paced back and forth, back and forth, for what felt like hours. She barely felt her skirts swishing around her ankles. Rhaegar would be coming home today. He had only been gone for two weeks—barely anytime at all when compared to his previous absences—but she had something important to share with him, something that would change their lives forever, and she was afraid.

What if Rhaegar didn’t want her anymore?

He had become something of a war hero these past few years. There was talk he was going to be placed on the Jedi Council. Her news could ruin all of that.

What if his career was suddenly more important than her? Then their—

“Lyanna! I’m home, love!” His strong voice called out to her. She heard him close the door and place his bag down. “Where are you? I’ve seen nothing but droids and ugly men for the past…” Rhaegar trailed off as he walked into their living room. With a worried gaze he took in Lyanna’s worried appearance and the faint indent in the rug from her pacing. He rushed to her side, taking her small hands into his own. “Is everything all right? Are you hurt?”

Lyanna slowly shook her head as he checked her for injury. “No, not hurt…”

“Did something happen to Brandon? Benjen? Ned? Caitlin? Robb? I know Caitlin is with child again. Perhaps there have been complications so early into her pregnancy?”

Lyanna kept shaking her head. She loved that he knew all about her family even when the only one he knew fairly well was Brandon. Unbidden tears sprung to her eyes and she realized anew just how much he meant to her. “No, they are all fine.” She said slowly.

Rhaegar’s frown deepened. “Are you—do you no longer love—”

“No! Nothing like that.” She gave him a quick kiss on the lips to assure him she still loved him as much as she ever had, possibly more now that a piece of him and her was growing inside her womb. “We are going to have a baby.” She took his hands that were holding her cheeks and brought them to her stomach. “I’m pregnant.”

Rhaegar’s eyes flitted back and forth between her stomach and her own. She searched his face, looking for signs of anger or regret, but all she could find was pure joy.

“Truly?” He breathed out in awe. His eyes shined with excitement.

Lyanna smiled, her first true smile since finding out the news two weeks ago. She nodded her head in affirmation.
Rhaegar let out a shout of excitement. He scooped her up into his arms and twirled her about the room. “I am going to be a father!” He cried joyously.

Rhaegar placed her gently onto the floor as if she was made of glass. He knelt in front of her and placed his ear to her stomach.

“Rhaegar, it is too soon to hear—”

“Sh.” He mock-scolded her. “It may to be too soon for those machines, but I am a Jedi, and our son has a strong heartbeat. He will be a strong warrior, like me, and have a sharp mind, like his mother. The best of both of us.”

Lyanna ran her hand through his wavy white hair. It was getting too long; she would need to trim it soon. “A son.” She smiled. “How can you be so sure?”

He looked up at her seriously. “A father knows these things.” He told her sagely.

“And what about a mother?”

“Lyanna threw her head back and laughed, feeling the rest of her worries melt away. She and Rhaegar fought as often as any other married couple, and they made up just as much. Lyanna was independent, and Rhaegar never forced her to agree with him or tried to rule over her simply because he was a man and she was a woman. They were equal partners in every sense of the word.

Lyanna eagerly opened her mouth as Rhagaer pulled her down for a kiss.

In her heart, she knew everything was going to be all right.

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Lyanna heard the screams before she was truly awake. She sat up quickly, pulling at the light on her nightstand to illuminate the room. Next to her, Rhaegar was shouting in his sleep. Her heart broke as she watched tears fall down his cheeks and onto his pillow.

“Rhaegar, my love, you are all right.” She whispered to him. She was careful not to touch him lest he accidently harm her. “You are here, with me. You are safe.”

Rhaegar woke with a gasp. He took in their room, his eyes falling on her last and the swelling of her belly. She was five months along. Soon it would be difficult to hide from her family that she was pregnant. Neither she nor Rhaegar had discussed what they would do when that time came. They were too happy and excited and didn’t want to burst their own little bubble just yet.


Their son gave him a strong kick to his hand, almost as if he was admonishing him for interrupting his own sleep.

Rhaegar exhaled sharply and his shoulders sagged from unseen weight. He threw his heads and began to sob uncontrollably.

“What did you dream of?” Lyanna whispered. She placed a kiss atop his brow and rubbed circles into his back. His nightshirt was soaked with sweat.
“I saw you and our son dead on the birthing bed.” He cried. “I was left alone, and you both were gone before my eyes, never to return.”

Lyanna felt her heart breaking. She understood perfectly the despair Rhaegar was experiencing. Every time Lyanna watched him leave for a mission, she was afraid it would be the last time she ever saw him. Even without the war being a Jedi was dangerous. Many of them died before their hair had a chance to grey or wrinkles formed around their eyes.

“I will not die, nor will our son.” Lyanna swore to him.

“How can you be so sure?”

“Because even if something were to go wrong, women rarely die birthing children anymore thanks to our Galaxy’s medicine and technology.” Lyanna reasoned. She knew Rhaegar often thought with his heart, but there was no denying the fact that most women who gave birth in the Galaxy survived despite complications. “I will be fine. I saw the midwife yesterday. Both our son and I are healthy and strong.”

Rhaegar nodded. He drew in deep breaths to calm his emotions. It was dangerous for her to use a midwife and not a droid whose memory could be wiped, but Lyanna had heard wonderful things about the woman from her sister-in-law, Caitlin Stark. The midwife had aided in the birth of her nephew Robb and done an excellent job. Wanting her pregnancy and birth to be as normal as the circumstances allowed, Lyanna had convinced Rhaegar to let her use the midwife. She had sworn the midwife to secrecy over her pregnancy, claiming the baby’s father was a result of a one-night stand with a creature she had just met; she wanted to keep her condition a secret until the right time presented itself to inform over-protective brothers. Lyanna had even thrown in a few tears to get the woman to feel sorry for her. It had worked. Rhaegar had even been able to attend two appointments with her, posing as a concerned friend, without suspicion. It seemed impossible for anyone to think he, a Jedi, was the father of her child.

“I can’t live without you.” Rhaegar whispered to her, his voice thick with emotion. “If you die, I die. You are all that I have left.”

“I know.” Lyanna whispered back. She did not know if she would ever find the strength to continue on if Rhaegar died before her. Their love was all consuming, and yet, it did not frighten her. Their love gave her strength and courage to live. “If I could keep you forever, I would.”

Rhaegar’s lips captured hers in a desperate kiss. He cupped her checks in his hands as he laid her back into their bed, mindful of their child that grew inside her. She could feel he was desperate to connect with her in the way only two people who loved each other as completely as they did could.

Lyanna gave into his need willingly, whispering quiet endearments of love and devotion as they were both swept away in ecstasy.

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The nightmares didn’t get better. They became worse, to the point that Rhaegar began to leave their bed after she fell asleep so he would no longer wake her. All her pleas to have faith in her and their son being safe fell on deaf ears. He was too consumed in the visions of his mother and their subsequent fulfillment. Rhaegar was convinced she and their son would die, that they would disappear from his life just like his mother and Jeor had done.

Lyanna watched with despair as the man she loved became a shell of his former self.
If only she knew what to do.

“Where have you been?” Lyanna demanded.

“Out.”

“Out? Out where?” She asked testily. “You have come home late every night for the past three weeks.”

Rhaegar’s eyes flashed dangerously. “I have been busy.”

“Liar.” Lyanna challenged. She was due in six weeks. She was tired, achy, swollen, and felt like she barely knew the man standing in front of her. “You no longer speak to me, and when you do it is in curt sentences. You are always angry or upset. I spoke to Davos yesterday and he said—”

Rhaegar advanced towards her with hard steps. “And what did the great and might Jedi Grand Master Davos Waters have to say? Did he finally admit fault to what happened with Jeor? Did he say I was nothing but a disappointment? That I would never become a member of the fucking Jedi Council? That I—”

Lyanna refused to be cowered. She squared her shoulders and held her ground. “He is worried about you, Rhaegar. We all are. He told me you have been spending all your time with Cersei—”

“—oh not this shit! Again!” Rhaegar shouted. “What do I have to do to get you to believe me when I say I love you?”

“Try being at home!” Lyanna screamed just as loudly. Hot tears fell onto her cheeks. “Try listening to me. Stop chasing after some stupid nightmare that is never going to—”

“Don’t you dare make light of the horrors I have experienced! My mother is dead! Jeor is gone! You understand nothing of the fear that I have, nor do you try to! Stop being so fucking selfish.”

“I am sorry for you mother and Jeor, Rhaegar, truly I am, but don’t allow what happened to them to cloud your vision. I am alive, as is your son, and if you were home for longer than a few seconds at a time maybe you would realize that we need you—”

“I need you alive! Both of you!” Rhaegar spun around. He grabbed the vase next to their couch and flung it across the room. It had been an heirloom from her mother, her real mother. It was all she had of her.

Lyanna felt her heart breaking as she watched the small pieces of ivory fall to the ground.

“Everything I do, I do for us, for our family.” Rhaegar opened the door to their apartment. “Maybe you should remember that next time.” He walked out without another word, slamming the door behind him.

The day after their argument, Lyanna received news from Winterfell. Ned and Caitlin’s child, a beautiful baby girl, had passed away.

Lyanna tried desperately to message Rhaegar but to no avail. He would not take her calls nor answer her messages. She needed his love and his comfort, and she was left without both.
The flight to Winterfell with Brandon had never felt so lonely.

“Whose is it?”

Lyanna forced herself to remain calm. “I don’t know what you are—”

“My wife has been pregnant with two children.” Ned cut in harshly. His eyes were rimmed with red from tears and his skin was pale and listless. He was in the midst of grief, but despite his obvious pain, his stare still managed to pierce Lyanna to her very soul. “Do not lie to me.”

Lyanna’s lips turned down into a frown. “I’m sorry.” She pushed some dirt around with her foot. Caitlin had needed to lay down after the funeral. Sensing Ned needed some time away from those attending the funeral, she offered to take him for a walk in Winterfell’s glass gardens. “You are grieving. I shouldn’t have lied to you. You deserve the truth.” Her thoughts turned to Brandon and Benjen, who were still none the wiser to her situation. “You all do.”

Ned reached out for her hand and gave it a comforting squeeze. “It is all right.” His gaze turned distant. “We all have our reasons for hiding the truth. Sometimes a lie is best to protect to those you love.”

Lyanna looked up to him with tears in her eyes. How could she even begin to tell him the extent of what she had done? Of how she wasn’t even sure where her husband was, or if he still loved her. She opened her mouth to speak, to finally tell the truth, but instead found a sob escaping her throat. Even with the way he had last treated her she couldn’t betray Rhaegar. She felt Ned tug lightly on her hand and bring her into his chest.

“It’s all right, sweet sister.” He said once more. Ned ran his hands through her hair. “Whatever has happened, we will figure it out.”

Lyanna cried harder. He was the one with the lost child, and yet her brother was comforting her.

“Everything is such a—such as mess.” She burrowed herself as close to him as her stomach would allow. “I love him, but somehow everything has turned out so wrong.”

Ned gently lifted her face. “Is there a chance you can still make things right?”

Lyanna bit her bottom lip. She thought of all the memories she shared with Rhaegar. The last few weeks had been nothing short of a nightmare, but there were years of happiness that came before all the fights and sleepless nights. Lyanna couldn’t turn her back on that.

“I think so.” Lyanna said with a small nod of her head.

“Then you have to try.” Ned gave her a smile. “Anyone you have chosen to love must be special. Will you tell me about him?”

Lyanna smiled. “I will.” She stepped away from Ned and absentmindedly began to rub her stomach. “After the baby is born, I will tell you everything.”

Rhaegar never came back home. Lyanna still saw him from afar whenever she attended a Senate meeting with Brandon, but Rhaegar was always with Cersei Lannister. Robert had requested a Jedi bodyguard for Cersei due to multiple threats made on her life, and Cersei had personally requested
Rhaegar, hence their sudden closeness. Whenever Lyanna would try to approach him, he was whisked away before Lyanna could take more than a single step in his direction.

Rhaegar became Cersei’s constant shadow. Lyanna could feel her blood boil whenever she would see Cersei tilt her perfectly round lips towards his ear and whisper some secret only the two of them understood. Robert never seemed to care, which was hardly surprising. Everyone knew he cheated on Cersei and everyone knew Cersei cheated on him. It was the worst kept secret in the Galaxy.

Nobody on the Jedi Council seemed concerned about him being in her presence. In fact, the only creature who seemed troubled by Cersei at all, besides Lyanna herself, was Jedi Tyrion Waters. She overheard him and his clone captain talking one day while she was out for a stroll in the Senate. Their voices were low. Lyanna was only able to pick up bits and pieces, but from what she gathered it sounded like they suspected Cersei, her father Tywin, and twin brother Jaime to be Sith Lords who had orchestrated the entire war to help them take over the Galaxy.

Lyanna covered her mouth to hide her gasps before fleeing the scene as fast her pregnant body allowed. She didn’t want to be believe it—a part of her couldn’t believe it—but it all made sense. The manipulative smiles Cersei cast towards the Senators, Tywin’s constant presence behind Robert, the way he never seemed to make a decision without consulting the two of them; they had been using everyone from the beginning. Lyanna didn’t know anything about the brother, but she was sure he was cut from the same cloth.

Her heart pounded erratically against her chest. If Cersei was a Sith, and she had Rhaegar, could that possibly mean…?

Lyanna squared her shoulders. Rhaegar was her husband. Cersei Lannister and her family could not have him. No, she wasn’t a Jedi, but she was just as brave and strong as they were. She hurried home, making excuses to Brandon about having a headache, to pack a bag for both herself and her husband.

First, she was going to save him.

Second, she was going to get him the hell away from Cersei Lannister.

And third, they were going to leave Kings Landing and the Order, and never look back.

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“I’m coming! I’m coming!”

Lyanna grabbed the blaster she kept in her nightstand and gripped it firmly before walking cautiously to the door. The longer she took, the more desperate the knocking became.

Everything had descended into madness seconds after she walked through her door and grabbed her suitcase. Sirens had begun to blare outside warning the city of emergency. Turning on her holoscreen, she saw reports of it being discovered that the Jedi had orchestrated the entire war and were the true enemy of the Republic. They had killed Robert Baratheon and Cersei Lannister was nowhere to be seen. All Jedi were to be shot on sight; those living in the Jedi Temple in Kings Landing had already been executed, including the younglings.

It made Lyanna’s veins turn to ice.

What had happened to her home, her Galaxy? How had everything come to this?

With the news reports continually becoming more grim with every second that passed, Lyanna
quickly packed her bags. If Rhaegar was still the man she fell in love with—she hoped with all her heart he was—then she knew he would not be captured or killed. He was too skilled to allow anything like that to happen.

And if he wasn’t, and Cersei had manipulated him into believing the lies about the Jedi...

Well, she would just have to stun him and then take him away. She didn’t care if she was eight months pregnant and wasn’t allowed to lift anything over twenty pounds. Nobody was going to stop her from taking Rhaegar someplace safe, and that included him.

Lyanna gasped when she looked through the peephole. “Jeor?!” She exclaimed. She opened the door without hesitation and threw her arms around the man, unable to keep her tears at bay.

If Jeor was here, surely everything would be all right. He would help her save Rhaegar.

“Lyanna, have you—” Jeor stopped his sentence short and pulled away from her without warning. He glanced down at her obviously large stomach with wide eyes.

Lyanna realized her error quickly. Besides Ned, she hadn’t hugged any creature who wasn’t her husband in months. Her hands moved to shield herself, but she forced them to return to her sides. She refused to be ashamed of the life she and Rhaegar had created together.

“It’s his, isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

Jeor ran a shaky hand through his hair. It was tinged with gray, something that had occurred in the year since she had seen him. “I always suspected something was going on between you two, but I never thought either of you would act on it. I thought…” Jeor sighed. “Well, it doesn’t matter now.”

“Why are you here, Jeor? In Kings Landing?”

“Tyrion contacted me a few days ago. He suspected Cersei—”

Lyanna held up her hand to stop him. “I already know.” She brought him inside and locked the door. “I fear she has gotten to Rhaegar. I am going to save him. You can help me or not, but either way I am leaving.” She zipped up both her suitcase and Rhaegar’s. “We are never coming back to Kings Landing or the Order.”

“But what about your family?”

“Rhaegar is my family.” Her voice was hollow even to her own ears. Ned, Caitlin, Robb, and Benjin were all safe on Winterfell, but she had yet to hear from Brandon. She chose to believe he was safe inside the Senate building, where he was working in his office before the attacks began; her heart could not bear the alternative. “I love my brothers, I do, but Rhaegar is my whole life, as is this child. I love them more than I love the others. I have to make a choice, and this is it.”

Lyanna pushed away the guilt at knowing she would never get the chance to tell Ned the truth.

Jeor rested his hand on her shoulder, causing Lyanna to tense up immediately. She suspected the gesture was due to his pity and not from his desire to comfort her.

“Lyanna, Rhaegar has—”

“I don’t want to hear it.” Lyanna snapped. She shrugged his hand away. “Whatever he has done it
is all her fault. If we can get Rhaegar away from her, he will come back to me.” Lyanna stared into Jeor’s blue eyes, begging him to understand. “There is still good in him. I know it.”

Jeor searched her face. “All right.” He said after a few moments of silence. “If you believe in him, then I have no choice but to do so as well. I will help you.”

Lyanna felt the tension within her ease slightly. If Rhaegar wouldn’t listen to her—her heart throbbed within her chest when she recalled a time not too long ago when he would always listen to everything she said even if he disagreed with her—he would surely listen to Jeor.

Jeor picked up both suitcases. They quickly made their way to the front door.

“Do you know where Rhaegar is?” Jeor asked. “He hasn’t been seen since before the attack on the Jedi. Tyrion believes he—”

A loud sharp ring echoed threw her apartment. Her eyes connected with Jeor’s briefly before she rushed to the receiver.

It was Rhaegar.

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Jeor gently landed his ship, The Night’s Watch, onto the icy fields of Skane. It had snowed recently and everything was covered in frost. Rhaegar appeared before the ship, seemingly out of nowhere. His black clothes swirled around him imperiously and his eyes, normally so kind and loving, looked up into the cockpit with rage.

Lyanna recoiled in horror as Rhaegar’s eyes met her own. They were no longer violet but a deep red that reminded her of the color of human blood. Her hands instantly went to her stomach to protect her unborn son. She had never been afraid of Rhaegar, and she had never questioned her decision to save him during the entirety of their flight, but as his unfamiliar and terrifying eyes bore into her Lyanna could not stop the chill that ran down her spine.

The person standing in front of her was not her husband.

“No.” She whispered raggedly. Her breathing sped up and she felt her son kicking hard against her ribs; her distress was causing him agitation. Lyanna turned to Jeor with tears in her eyes. “He is still there, somewhere, isn’t he?” A single tear fell from her check and onto her stomach. “You have to save him, Jeor. I need him.” She glanced down to her stomach. “We need him.”

Jeor placed his hand on top of her own. He gently rubbed circles into her the topside of her wrist. It reminded Lyanna so much of her father, her real father, when he would give her comfort from her nightmares before he passed away.

Jeor gave her a faint smile.

There was no hope in it.

“Lyanna, I—”

A scream of pure rage cut into his words. The sound pierced Lyanna’s heart like a dagger. She looked down from the cockpit to see Rhaegar looking at them, at Jeor’s hand placed on top of hers, with white hot fury.

“Rhaegar.” She whispered. Her heart felt like it was breaking. His hand slowly began to reach for
Rhaegar closed his index and thumb into a tiny fist. A snarl played at his lips.

Lyanna clutched at her throat in desperation. She could no longer breath. No matter how much she begged for her lungs to take in oxygen, her body would not listen to her. She clawed at her throat. It felt as if someone was strangling her. Tears continued to stream from her eyes as she felt her baby begin to shake within her womb. Her body was lifted off the chair until she floated inches from the ground. Water spilled from between her legs along with something thicker.

The smell of blood permeated the air around her.

She was going to die, and her unborn child with her.

“Rhaegar, stop!” Jeor commanded.

Lyanna felt her hair whip around her as a strong push of air made its way out of the cockpit and towards the man who inhabited her husband’s body. With blurred vision, she watched as he went flying backwards into the piles of snow that stood behind him. Lyanna dropped to the floor as Rhaegar’s hold on her was severed.

With the last bit of consciousness she had, Lyanna threw her arms around her stomach in an attempt to protect her son.

A painful scream ripped from Lyanna’s throat.

“You are doing well, Lyanna.” Jeor pushed her sweat slicked hair away from her forehead. “Just a little more.”

“It hurts.” She whimpered. “Galaxy, it hurts.” Lyanna could not stop the spasms of pain that ripped through her body, but it was not the physical pain she was referring to.

Her heart was broken in two.

“I know.” The tears from Jeor’s eyes mixed with her own. “I tried to save him, but he is gone.”

“No—no.” Lyanna stuttered as another labor pain wracked her body. “You must save him. He is still there. I know it.”

Jeor looked at her with pity. Lyanna averted her eyes. She had awoken to the lower half of her body tightening and cramping with a pain she had never experienced before in her entire life. Jeor was running with her in his arms, screaming that she needed immediate medical attention. With a voice laced with anguish, Jeor had quickly explained to her that they were on Dragonstone and under the protection of Stannis Baratheon, who had proven himself an ally to the last two remaining Jedi. She had buried herself into his chest as Tyrion Waters had given her a knowing look as they made their way to Lady Baratheon’s personal chambers. She had listened numbly as a med droid explained to Jeor that she had lost too much blood, that her child’s heartbeat was slowing, and that they did not have the supplies necessary to save her.

“Don’t worry about that now.” Lady Baratheon placed a cold cloth along her heated skin. Lyanna suspected she had been given the whole story of what had happened when Jeor had called them seeking asylum. “You must be strong for your child. Just one more push.”
Lyanna nodded her head numbly to indicate she had heard her. She wanted to believe Lady Baratheon’s words, but with each exhale she could feel her life slipping through her fingertips.

There would be no life for her to live with her son.

Lyanna gripped the sheets into fists as she gave one last strong push.

“It’s a boy.” The modulated voice of the med droid said. She held up her son in her metal arms so Lyanna could see him. His face was smushed from the birthing canal and his limbs were closed in on each other. A small, pathetic wail came from his delicate lips.

He was beautiful and perfect and alive.

“Jon.” She whispered. “My handsome, sweet boy.” Lyanna’s breathing slowed. The small machine she was hooked up to began to beep wildly. Lyanna felt her eyes beginning to grow heavy.

Her job was done. Her body was able to hold on long enough to bring Jon into the world, but there was nothing left now that her task was completed.

“Help her!” Jeor instructed.

“She has lost too much blood.” The droid said in a practical voice that was devoid of emotion. “We do not have the supplies.”

Next to her, Lady Baratheon began to weep. She walked towards the med droid and took Jon from her arms before laying him down next to her.

Lyanna gently stroked a chubby cheek with her finger. He was already so calm despite the trauma of birth.

“I love you.” With the help of Jeor and Lady Baratheon, she curled onto her side and enveloped him into her arms. She could feel the affects of her afterbirth, but it did not matter. She would be gone before it had the chance to pass through her. “Your father, he wanted you so badly. He is still in there somewhere. I know it.”

Lyanna smiled as she placed her finger into Jon’s tiny palm. He held onto it tightly.

“You must save him for me. You are the only one who can.”

She closed her eyes.

“I will be with you. Always.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this chapter was so long! It was hard cramming three movies into one chapter. Hopefully you all liked it! I love Anakin and Padme's relationship as seen in Clone Wars, and I really went for that vibe here with Rhaegar and Lyanna.

Comment if you like and have a fab week!
End Notes

Just a quick note on Sansa's last name. Because Jedi are taken away from their families at birth, I decided to use the last names 'Snow', 'Water's, etc. to designate where they are from but not what family they belonged to. I did this to emphasize how Jedi are against worldly attachments. Also, it is a big Galaxy, and nobody cares if you are a bastard.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!